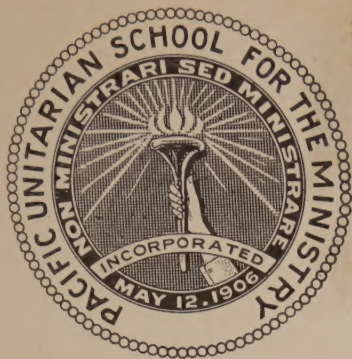




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Liberty, Holiness, Love.

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

ANY one who exhorts Spiritualists, as we have recently done in these columns, to their very evident duty to distinguish between reality and fraud is sure to bring down upon him the wrath and indignation of a great many Spiritualists who seem to be altogether indifferent as to the existence of fraud and humbug. And so we have received a number of letters—more than we can print—arguing the general subject of Spiritualism. The best answer to such communications is to refer them to the original article in this paper on "The Duty of Spiritualists," in which the existence of a wide range of psychical phenomena generally denominated Spiritualism was freely recognized. The exhortation of a correspondent to choose between materialism and Spiritualism is just the exhortation we have made. The fact is that a good deal that passes under the name of Spiritualism is materialism of the grossest kind. We do

not think that faith in the future life can be increased by any such fraudulent jugglery. Let the whole range of psychical phenomena be freely investigated, but let not gross fraud and deceit be labelled spiritualism.

THE dedication of a church for Christian Scientists in Boston is an indication of the increased following which this new sect has attained, and of the sincerity and devotion of its members to their new religion. In this religion Mrs. Eddy is the chief prophetess, and the religious exercises in this church are to consist of readings and expositions from the Bible and Mrs. Eddy's work. We shall watch with interest the history and activity of this church. It remains yet to be seen whether it will develop organic force, and whether it will be a factor of importance in social and moral reform in this city. Certainly, there is room enough and work enough for any church that undertakes to apply Christianity and science to the ills of our day. We must wait to find whether this science is really Christian or this Christianity is really scientific.

WHAT shall the preacher's theme be? In nothing is the successful preacher more successful than in the choice of his themes. A great preacher said that a good text would write half the sermon. But by a good text we do not merely mean a Scriptural motto, but a real theme, which gives heart and life to the sermon. The text may be taken from the Bible or from the newspaper, or from some book on the preacher's desk, or it may be taken directly from human life. There are occasions which bring their own theme; and the preacher may be glad of them, and may say a word in season. But he must just as truly speak out of season in the sense of bringing to the attention of his congregation things that are often too far from their thought and interest. The theme may sometimes be in the air, and then the congregation look to the minister as to a moral barometer. Or it is a subject which is not in the air, but which ought to be; and the preacher may create a fresh breeze of interest where attention has been languid and somnolent. The preacher needs a quiver full of arrows, but he needs to know as well when and where to shoot them.

NO ONE is better acquainted from personal knowledge of the condition of the Armenians and their relation to the Turks than Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who is the founder and first president of Robert College. In an article in the *Advance* Dr. Hamlin expresses his opinion with the greatest freedom. Referring to the sultan's commission of inquiry concerning the recent massacre, he says: "But the sultan has sent a commission of inquiry. This is always done in such cases. Its object is to whitewash the guilty parties. I have known of many 'commissions.' I never knew one whose report was not worthy of the indignation of every lover of truth and justice. Unless English and American and German commissioners shall be allowed to go under strong military protection, the truth will never be known. One missionary thinks that at least twenty-seven villages have been destroyed; another, forty-eight. The real number may be beyond the greatest or less than the least. The truth will ultimately be known if foreign powers prosecute the inquiry with earnestness, backed up by a show of gathering naval force. The Turks are skilful in promises and non-performances; but firmness, backed up by power, always brings them to terms."

DR. HAMLIN adds: "The Turkish government knew perfectly well the absurdity of an Armenian rebellion. The Armenian people in that region are a quiet, hard-working peasantry, unarmed, unused to

arms, in the midst of a Moslem population six to their one, armed and used to arms from boyhood up. The Turkish government knew the absolute impossibility of the poor Armenians getting together to make any resistance. Lambs do not endanger the existence of wolves or tigers. From the beginning the idea has been inexpressibly absurd." Dr. Hamlin accuses the Turkish minister at Washington of using dishonorably a letter published a year ago by him in the *Congregationalist*, in which he deprecated the formation of Huntchagist or Armenian revolutionary societies. Copious extracts from this letter have been scattered all through the Turkish embassies of foreign lands for circulation. Dr. Hamlin protests against every line which the Turkish minister has quoted. This minister, by the way, is a native Greek, who ought to be engaged in a better service than in assisting the Turkish government in its trickery and cruelty. Very naturally, the Greeks repudiate Mr. Mavroyeni. The Greek Senate has before it a bill to relieve the sufferings of the several thousand Armenians who have escaped to Athens.

ONE of the best things a boy can learn at college is how to behave himself decently, though, if his education has not been neglected, he will have learned this before going there. It may not be necessary to introduce books of etiquette in the course of study, but a young man ought not to come out of college without having some idea of what it means to be a gentleman. His head is not merely to be a cistern for facts. If his character is not educated, as well as his memory and intelligence, he may be more dangerous than valuable to the community. Therefore, all instruction and encouragement in brutality and disorder are to his disadvantage as well as to that of the college and the community. We are glad to see, therefore, that President Harper of the Chicago University will not tolerate for a moment the brutality of hazing, and that the young men who propose to indulge in it will get their walking tickets. Many of our colleges have been governed on what has been called the parental plan. They have been conducted on the assumption that boys "would be boys," and hazing and all the disgraceful rowdiness of college boys have been carried on largely because the college faculties were accessories to the fact. The practice could long since have been stopped if the college authorities had meant business, as President Harper evidently does. With a higher sentiment of manliness in our colleges, the hazing brutality will disappear. Chicago University will become still more popular when it is known that its standard of conduct, like its standard of scholarship, is considerably higher than that of a village academy, and that it assumes that one of the first duties of a university is to influence conduct and character.

THE perfect naturalness of the story of the birth and development of Jesus as given in the oldest Gospel is an indication of its historic character. Had Jesus been regarded first as a God, he might have been represented as assuming at once a human form, as the Grecian divinities were supposed to take the form and character of human beings when they chose. And modern Spiritualism goes so far as to declare that it is possible for a spirit to become materialized on earth without a new process of birth, though such materialized spirits do not stay here very long at a time. But the author of Mark, now generally regarded as the oldest Gospel, assumes the natural human birth of Jesus. In Matthew and Luke we have the beautiful story of his childhood. The poetic and miraculous decorations which are used do not interfere with the deeper and essential facts for which they furnish the mythical adornment. We could ill spare these fervent poetic rhapsodies. The same writers, wishing to set

Jesus in a historic human line of ancestors, traces his genealogy back to Abraham and to Adam. Since Adam is declared to be the "son of God," the human is traced to its divine source not only in Jesus, but in the presumed father of the race. In Adam and in all his posterity this divine heritage is revealed; and the truth of the miraculous story in Luke is that the Holy Spirit may be manifested again and again, with new glory and power, in the incarnation of a divinely human child.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER FOR 1895.

The *Christian Register* is not a journalistic experiment: it has lived for seventy-four years. In that time it has established a certain character and position. It has stood in the vanguard of religious thought. It has represented a free method of inquiry. It has sought to follow the apostolic injunction,—to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. In its columns the progressive religious thought, sentiment, faith, and ideals of American Unitarianism have found free expression; and this paper has been one instrument in effecting the development and propagation of the ideas, methods, and principles it has expressed. Literature, art, music, philosophy, ethics, theology, philanthropy, domestic economy, have all found a place in its weekly ministrations.

In all this various service, the *Christian Register* has aimed pre-eminently to be a religious journal. The breadth it has given to the interpretation of that word does not impair the emphasis it places upon it. It will continue to fulfil the same office and pursue the same purpose. It will be broadly humanitarian, as it has been in the past. It will continue to pay special attention to applied Christianity in every department of sociological and philanthropic interest. Its pages will not be devoid of instruction and entertainment. It will minister to the nursery as well as to the library. But it will not forget its special mission as the flag-bearer of a movement of religious forces in America which is becoming more closely united, more effectively organized for work.

The place filled by the *Christian Register* is not filled by any other journal. American Unitarianism has entered upon a new epoch in its existence. Let not the new era of peace be an era of stagnation. We ask the co-operation of our readers, first to make the *Register* all that it should be, and then to give it the widest circulation.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE opening of a new year, for one reason or another, has been an impressive occasion to all nations far enough advanced to have a measure of time corresponding to the earth's revolution about the sun. Generally, this has been a season for great rejoicing and for the giving of many presents. The Hebrew people mark the first day of the year by much blowing of horns. The Chinese are said to have a very good custom of preparing for its arrival by paying up all their debts. The Persians exchange gifts of eggs, possibly a symbolic ceremony more innocent and less burdensome than the New Year customs of some Western races; for it appears that a Roman emperor once felt obliged to limit by imperial decree the value of presents that his subjects might bestow. The American people have not been led to great extremes in this particular method of celebrating the day, but their general tendency to overdo whatever they take an interest in is so evident that it is some comfort to read of other nations which have suffered from the same complaint.

As the descendants of the Puritans are sometimes led to wonder why the Pilgrims in the "Mayflower" might not have chanced to make a landfall farther to the south, and thus have directed attention and led

the path of emigration to a more genial clime, so one is disposed to query whether the wise men who settled the calendar might not just as well have given us a beginning of the year that coincided with some real landmark on our journey round the sun. The vernal equinox, for example,—the time when in northern latitudes (where most civilized peoples dwell) the days and nights are of equal length,—would be a good point from which to reckon. With the dawn of spring to enliven our hearts, what zest would be added to our celebration of the opening year!

But the conservative may perhaps feel that, if even the calendar is not safe from attack, verily the world is going mad with reforming zeal; and it must be acknowledged that in one respect the present arrangement is to our advantage. The world is, on the whole, none too rich in festivals. We have our spring-time feast, as it is; and, though the time for beginning our new year is somewhat arbitrarily fixed, it provides us with another occasion to make good cheer at a season when on our part of the earth's surface nature gives to none but those who love the ice much to be thankful for. If we can wisely temper and arrange our holiday-making so as to carry it on from the closely preceding Christmas and prevent the New Year from being a mere anti-climax to what has gone before, doubtless the calendar is, for the present, an institution that may be allowed to stand.

One thing, however, should be insisted upon: it is a time to make what happiness we can. The world is wiser than any individual, and its customs have determined that this is properly a day to be spent in rejoicings. They who meet its advent with groans and tears are out of touch with the main stream of healthful human sentiment. To be sure, none of us are much in love with growing old; and to many there is a tinge of sadness in the reminder that another of the swift years has slipped away from us. But all the more, and for this very reason, should we turn our thoughts to life's brighter side.

The best preparation for old age, and for what is to come afterward, is a life well spent in loving and happy usefulness. Idle as is the attempt to drown the suggestions of anxiety and regret with any din of silly pleasures, yet there is a perfect antidote for melancholy in good and wholesome activities. Let the cup of life be full, and no one tastes the dregs that may be at the bottom.

Can we not feel that the past year has taught us its lessons,—that we see more of God's truth, know more of the way of peace and health, are able to do better work and to turn our energies to better account than when we stood on the threshold of the year that has closed? Doubtless, it has been a trying year, and will pass into history with an evil name for the hard times it has brought. But there are signs that the knowledge and capacity of the whole people have broadened under its discipline, and that, as a nation, we stand better able to cope with the problems that confront us. Surely, each one of us has learned much during this term of life's great school, and may go on with the consciousness of belonging henceforth to a higher class.

It is a good time to count up our treasures, at least those of the mind and heart; and, as for our sins, or our resolve now at last to turn over a new leaf, it should be so much the business of every day to get the better of our shortcomings that perhaps we are not great gainers by setting apart a special portion of the twelvemonth to attend to that matter. New Year resolutions are proverbially frail; and such an atmosphere of doubt hangs over any new departure of virtuous conduct at this time that it may be the adventurous pilgrim would be wiser to select another day for his proposed entrance upon untrodden paths.

But however that may be—and it is to be confessed that this view springs from some distrust of the habit of taking much notice of one's sins while anything "lovely and of good report" can be found to think about,—let our wish for a "Happy New Year" spring from hearts that have been gladdened by thoughts of the blessings that attend their way, and of the heavenly goodness that has made our lives so rich. So shall the wish be no mere perfunctory or complimentary greeting, but shall carry with it a real note of joy, to touch an answering chord in those to whom it is addressed.

THE NEW NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament is like a monument built of conglomerates, and inscribed all over with testimonials to the greatest fact of human history. We are learning to regard it as a body of early Christian literature of varying value, the product of honest and earnest minds, wonderfully elevated and illuminated, not without true spiritual prompting and guidance, yet also not without intellectual and moral limitations, and not without "the stain of their times." When the morning of Christianity dawned, there were clouds all around the sky. These clouds must have made the morning all the more picturesque, but we need not confound their shadows with the sunshine which they both obscured and glorified.

In the four Gospels and apostolic letters it is easy to find elements borrowed from Ezra's compilation of ancient records and traditions, from rabbinical commentaries, from apocalyptic writings of post-Maccabean times, from Zoroastrian mythology, and from Greek and Philonic philosophy. We are no longer free to treat these elements as materials for the construction of dogma, or as a part of the substance of faith; but they are rich illustrations of the development of religious thought, and, having passed into language and literature, they readily lend themselves to the service of religious expression.

The words that represent only fancy and dream-stuff have certain dramatic properties: they may serve as pigment and picture serve painter and poet, or as unmeaning sounds and syllables serve the musician. They may become vehicles of noble feeling and true thought, or may be used as the adopted and accepted names of facts. We do not give up such words as *jovial*, *mercurial* and *saturnine* because we have no faith in Jove, Mercury, and Saturn: we do not hesitate to use the creations of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and the other magicians, precisely as if they were historic characters.

Our means of expression would be sadly impoverished if we were to insist on the rejection of all this mass of disintegrated metaphor which is packed down in the dictionaries. In how many families have the phrases chance-coined by infant lips been caught up and adopted as household words, without detriment to good understanding or to domestic veracity, and with real enrichment to sentiment as well as to vocabulary! And who does not dread to converse with a man whose lack of sympathetic imagination compels him to challenge every expression which cannot be taken in a hard and literal sense,—the blockhead! The speaker or writer whose mind moves freely in the world of thought should be equally free in the much narrower world of words. But, if human thinking is a mixed product, human language is more fallible still.

It is possible that Paul, Peter, John, and the others expounded the new faith in terms which cannot always be exactly interpreted nor vindicated; that they dressed up the gospel in the literary costume then in vogue; that they entertained some erroneous conceptions of their Master, of world history, and of the divine government. All this may be frankly admitted without in the least impeaching or impairing their testimony to great underlying facts and forces.

This testimony found its real warrant, not in their scholarship, but in their personal experience. Herein is stored up its permanent and commanding excellence. A profound regenerating influence had passed upon those early believers in Jesus. They were conscious of being illuminated, uplifted, and transformed by their faith in the divine humanity which they shared. Of historic events they could only speak on the authority of tradition. Of philosophic or theologic matters they could only speak according to their education. But of their own experience they could speak with exulting confidence. Their explanations and theories have a less certain basis.

This distinction has been growing clearer in the light of recent studies. Apostolic conceptions of the person and rank of Jesus, of his Messianic office, and of the measure of his wisdom and power, seem to have taken form and color, at least in part, from rabbinical imaginings and from current philosophic notions; and their value is qualified accordingly. Besides, as we have already seen, they were obliged to express themselves in the inadequate dialect of their time. Let us also have the modesty

to add that their meaning may often be deeper and truer than our understanding, and that our differing experience may not always serve as a key to theirs.

The higher criticism itself need not assume to be infallible: it is enough that it helps us to a clearer vision and a better method; that it gives us leave to exalt the spirit above the letter; and especially that it brings the history of religion into harmony with what little we know of evolution itself,—that is, into harmony with the divine processes by which *what was* has become *what is*. It is death alike to the rude and crude Ingersollism which tramples tares and wheat together into the mire, and to the obscurantism which insists that the tares must be treated as equally sacred with the wheat, merely because they are found growing together.

UNITARIANISM OR CALVINISM, WHICH?

Rev. James De Normandie of Roxbury Sunday before last delivered a sermon in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, in which he spoke of the Christian doctrine of salvation and of Jesus as a savior. The reporter who undertook to give an abstract of his speech must have become a little bewildered as to the theological points of the compass, for he made Mr. De Normandie speak as follows:—

Now what are the conditions of salvation? Mankind, having fallen from a state of innocence or grace, deserves only God's wrath and everlasting punishment. Stern justice demands it. God, seated upon his throne, admits the claim. Jesus Christ promises to bear the punishment of mankind, and is brought to the cross and crucified for the redemption of humanity.

The only assurance of salvation which a believer in the Christian religion can have rests upon God's sovereign purpose, whereby he has predestinated some men, women, and children to eternal life and others to eternal death.

Mr. De Normandie's friends must have been surprised to see what seemed to be something like a somersault into Calvinism, and we have received a letter from a lady asking us if this report "represents the generally accepted belief of Unitarianism." We should say it did not, and that it does not represent the generally accepted belief of Mr. De Normandie, either. But, as a statement of the theology he repudiates, it is pretty good.

The Boston Herald, in an editorial paragraph, has corrected what it calls "an annoying error." It says:—

"A strange error appears in the report of Rev. Dr. De Normandie's sermon, preached in Parker Memorial Hall on Sunday last, which appeared in the Herald, by which Dr. De Normandie is made to give sanction to the theology of Jonathan Edwards. This is so unreasonable on its face as to hardly do that clergyman a serious injustice, for no intelligent person could for a moment believe it of him. What he said was, of course, exactly the reverse of what he is reported as saying. The mistake was made in condensing the report. As the effect of this process, the theology which it was intended to repudiate is stated; but there was an unfortunate omission to add Dr. De Normandie's repudiation of its positions. The mistake would be amusing, were it not for the feeling of mortification it causes those who made it."

EDUCATING BY IDEALS.

A professor in one of the New England colleges, in addressing a large audience a short time since, said: "I have learned, as a teacher, that the thing which does most to educate is an ideal. . . . My work is to teach history,—American history; and, in my efforts to do that, the thing I chiefly care for is not that the young men who come under my charge shall know when battles occurred and why certain movements took place, but that, when the work is done, they shall go forth into the world better citizens for having studied these things."

The man who takes this stand as an instructor shows that he himself is following a noble ideal,—an ideal vastly higher than that of the old teacher of history, whose one ambition was to have dates of battles and the length and order of the reigns of kings reeled off by rote, giving the best opportunity to the boy with the phenomenal memory, and leading others less gifted in that

respect and with small weight of conscience to carefully transcribe all figures in the lessons to their cuffs or finger-nails. If the event to be remembered is not of enough importance to impress the date upon the brain by force of association, it is possible that the thing was of not so much import, after all. Young people should have it impressed upon them that it is not the brilliancy or popularity of the men connected with public events which make such men remembered. Brief popularity alone marks no one as an ideal man. Dr. E. E. Hale, in speaking recently to the students of Brown University, drew an illustration to teach this lesson by comparing the lasting influence of two such men as Tristram Burges and Francis Wayland. The former was a brilliant and powerful speaker from Rhode Island, now nearly forgotten, of whom his biographer says he was "eminently logical and terribly sarcastic." The other was a man whose influence widens and is more deeply felt as the years go by, because he followed close after his high ideals.

Another illustration might be drawn from a notable gathering of men who met in Boston last week in memory of Charles Sumner, and to express their recognition of the service to the world given by Edward L. Pierce in preparing the life of the senator. The meeting was representative of the old coworkers and friends of Mr. Sumner. Many of them spoke; and the burden of every speech was that, because Sumner "stood for the supremacy of the moral sentiments in government," he had secured a permanent place in the respect and affections of the people. He cherished exalted ideals, and followed them; and, therefore, twenty years after his death the halls of Boston echo with cheers at the mention of his name. It would have been an inspiration to good citizenship, could the boys and girls of the high schools in this city have heard the various speeches, and especially Senator Hoar's eulogy of twenty or thirty men who have left their impress on New England from the simple fact that, in the highest and best sense of the word, they were good citizens.

There is no better way of educating than by setting models worthy of imitation before the young. And never was there greater need than to-day for education in patriotism and in the highest civic ideals.

Musings.

I AM told that this day on which I am writing is the first of January, 1895. But I have no evidence of the fact. To me it seems precisely like the three hundred and sixty-sixth day of 1894. If it were not for astronomical reasons, I should be in favor of making a year thirty-six or forty-eight months long. It would greatly reduce old age. A man of eighty, with a year of forty-eight months, would not be over twenty; and this change, I am sure, would certainly suit some ladies of my acquaintance. I wonder whether Methuselah and the other patriarchs who attained to such a great age did not do it by juggling with the calendar. Possibly their year was only three months long. I have actually seen, in New England, spring, summer, and autumn all crowded into six months. The rest was all winter. Jupiter, I find by consulting my encyclopædia, has a year nearly equal to twelve of our years in extent. So that, if one could choose to be a Presidential candidate, he would better try Jupiter rather than Mercury, whose year is only eighty-seven days long, if he wanted a long tenure of office. The salary might have some bearing on the question. Fifty thousand a year in Jupiter would be small pay compared with fifty thousand a year in Mercury. But, on the whole, I assume it is just as well to be reconciled to the length and shape of the earth's orbit, since it is not easy to get on to another planet; and we are by no means sure that we should better our condition if we could.

ONE reason why New Year's Day makes no impression on my mind is because I am living in Boston, with the sad consciousness that I have lost a holiday. No one born and brought up in New York City, with a heritage of Knickerbocker tradition, can come to New England without feeling a strange sense of deprivation on New Year's Day. As a child, there was com-

pensation for the fact that Christmas was only twenty-four hours long in the fact that New Year's Day was soon to follow. The whole week was redolent of holiday. In those early youthful years there seemed something almost supernatural in the transition from the old year to the new, as if there were really some seam between the years, and as if the clock might jolt a little as it passed over the divide. I well remember the intense curiosity with which, for the first time in my life, I watched with almost breathless interest the clock approach the hour of twelve on the last night of the year. But there was not a click or a tremor to show that the clock had the slightest emotion on the subject: it struck out twelve with apparent indifference to the terrible significance that with the last stroke it had killed a year. Then there was the joy of the morning greeting, the jocund "Happy New Year!" There was usually a boy's excuse for going to the baker's that morning, and getting a New Year's cake along with the purchase. Then came the round of calls,—the happiest and most wholesome, and at the same time the unhappiest and most unwholesome, feature of the day. It was a jovial old custom, which needed frosty air and the jingle of sleigh-bells and bright sunshine for its elements of cheer. And, if these had been the only elements of cheer, the day would have been wholesome enough. But the tons of heavy cake and the hogsheads of hot stuff and liquor that were transferred to human stomachs made the day full of moral and physical peril. Many a young man took the first step on the round of dissipation on New Year's Day. The "Happy New Year" of the morning gave place to drunken revelry in the evening; and, though the shops and factories were open the next day, the number of workers was visibly less. It was a riotous way for many to begin the new year; and, though the Methodist watch-meeting furnished an opportunity for the religious to begin the day with holy vows, I suspect that there was more desecration than consecration during the day, and that morally it would have been better for many if the year began on the second day instead of on the first.

WHILE in Washington, I was induced by a companion—a member of a Baptist church in good and regular standing—to go with him to the theatre. I do not often go to the theatre: first, because I do not often have a free ticket; and, second, because I find human life itself more dramatic and interesting than any representations of it. But, when a Baptist Sunday-school teacher invites me, I generally say, "Yes." I do not like to throw cold water upon his hospitality. The play we saw was Howard Bronson's "Shenandoah." It is a remarkably well-written play. It was written not to be read, but to be acted, and is full of all those dramatic incidents and striking situations which keep the attention and interest of an audience perpetually alive. It is a story of the war, and the representations of battle and of military movements are more realistic than I supposed they could be on the stage. There were two or three strands of love woven into the picture, and they were all handled skilfully; and the author was as generous in the treatment of his foes as one could ask. Southern chivalry was shown at its best. The scoundrel of the play was a Northern renegade. But I suspect a great many of my readers have seen the play, and I need not describe it in detail. But what struck me as curious was that, though the drama extended over all the years of the Civil War, there was not a Negro in the play from beginning to end; and no one could have told from the text that the Negroes had had anything to do with the war! What made it more curious was that the last scene was laid in Washington, where I saw the piece; but all the servants in the house were white, and the fun of the play was produced by an Irish sergeant and an Irish servant girl! You will hunt far and wide in Washington—especially among families of Southern birth, like those figuring in the play—before you will find an Irish servant girl. Colored servants have been invariably the rule, and this feature was decidedly an anachronism. There is no lack of pathos and humor in Mr. Bronson's admirable production, but I have wondered how he could have resisted the temptation to bring the Negro in somewhere in a play from which he could not historically be left out.

Brevities.

What we all need to take this year: the elevated road.

Do not fail to read Dr. Martineau's beautiful New Year's sermon.

A text for Unitarians this year: "Say unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

Mr. Sprague's address on "Liberalism" shows how a layman can go to the heart of the matter.

By an oversight the name of the author of the story entitled "Some New-fashioned Christmas Presents," in our issue of December 20, was omitted. It should have been credited to Miss Carrie A. Parker of Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

In the *Methodist Recorder* Rev. J. H. Lucas arraigns "the stage-coach Christian," and says that "what the world needs to-day is lightning-express Christianity." The stage-coach Christian, he says, lacks speed, and capacity, and runs into ruts.

The Lexow Committee seems to have been courageous until it got to the superintendent of police, when its courage suddenly deserted it. However, Superintendent Byrnes has tendered his resignation; and, as he has become very rich while in this office, he can retire, and live on his income.

The *Presbyterian* truly says: "It is only one side of the truth to affirm that we educate our children: we should round it out by adding that they also educate us. Parents and children touch each other at all points, and can learn much from one another by mutual contact and practical experience. Happy the home where each and all gather up the lessons daily inculcated, and use them for each other's benefit!"

Editors must be careful how they use the word "forge." The *Congregationalist* means to be complimentary when it says that "Dr. Burrill forged a number of epigrammatic sentences in the course of his brilliant address at the Boston Congregational Club." Dr. Burrill may resent the accusation; but, if told that it is meant that his epigrams were scintillating sparks of eloquence struck out on the anvil of the occasion, he may be placated.

No one in this country is better qualified to treat the subject of crime and criminals than Frederick H. Wines, LL.D., who is now giving a course of eight lectures on "Crime and Criminals" on Monday and Thursday evenings before the Lowell Institute in Huntington Hall, Boston. Mr. Wines's lectures cover the whole subject of the evolution and relations of crime, the history of the subject of punishment, and of efforts of reformation as well as measures of prevention. Three lectures have been given. The remaining five will be of much interest and importance.

A correspondent of the *New York Weekly Witness* asks, "Is the use of tobacco sufficient to condemn us when we stand before the throne of God?" We should say to this inquirer that, from our reading of Scripture, we have not learned of any person going to heaven who used tobacco; but we read in Revelation that there arose a "smoke out of the bottomless pit," and "the smoke of their torment [or should it be the torment of their smoke?] ascendeth up forever and ever." This inquirer may govern himself accordingly. For ourselves, we propose to be on the safe side.

Just see how one cruelty begets another. The Japanese consul-general in this country, apologizing for the inhumanity of the soldiers at Port Arthur, says: "Your lynchings in the South are familiar to the Japanese; and all the world remembers the burning of one person at the stake at Paris, Tex. There were five thousand men who witnessed and approved it,—one-fifth as many people as were in our army of invasion. They were citizens: ours were soldiers, and dealing with people who had mutilated the bodies of their fellow-soldiers." This only shows that Japan must be careful how she follows the example of this country.

The *Congregationalist*, in a notice of Dr. George E. Ellis, says: "As an historian, he was thorough while he was enthusiastic, and at the same time eminently fair in his judgment. His 'Half-century of the Unitarian Controversy' is the most candid and

reliable discussion of that period of excited feeling and keen dispute. Dr. Ellis always held the respect and esteem of those who differed from his religious views. Dr. H. M. Dexter, for nearly forty years editor of this paper, and one of the ablest writers in our denomination on subjects of controversy with Unitarians, was his warm friend and admirer."

The admirable address of Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., on "The True Basis of Readjustment," delivered before the Association of the Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School June last, has been printed in pamphlet form; and a few copies have been placed on sale at the Unitarian Building at 25 Beacon Street. Dr. Woodbury's address is not a reminiscence or revival of buried controversy, but a thoughtful, logical consideration of problems of thought and sociology which belong to our own time, and which are of living practical importance. Dr. Woodbury summons us to new occasions and new duties, and his solution is the only one that will solve a problem which we believe with him is not insoluble.

Pro and Con.

ATHANASIUS AND ARIUS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I do not remember saying, as reported, that "we are all Athanasians." But Athanasius, I think, was nearer than Arius to the truth. Yet no single or triple personality can express the omnipresent and omnipersonal One,—that infinite Self in which all our selves begin and end, and whose garment is the world. We idolize if we personify the Being apart from the offspring and the work. Athanasianism was a step forward: Unity, not Trinity, is the goal.

C. A. BARTOL.

AN IMPOSTOR.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Several letters have been written to me from our Boston churches, making inquiry about a man who has asked aid, claiming to be a member of my congregation. He has been given money in several instances. He gives a different name each time. This man is an impostor, and I take this method of warning our churches not to aid him.

F. A. GILMORE,
Pastor First Parish.

Haverhill, Mass.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In the interesting *Life* recently published by Houghton there occurs, at p. 334 the following extraordinary statement:—

"Mr. Curtis was in his religious sentiments what, for lack of a more definite term, is called a Unitarian. For many years it was his habit, when the Unitarian church on Staten Island was without a pastor, to read of a Sunday, from the pulpit, a sermon to the congregation. He was the vice-president of the National Unitarian Association; and he not infrequently spoke on questions involving the religious duty of the citizen, in the church of his friend, Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn. It is needless to say that he was not a sectarian, and that there was no taint in his mind of that narrowness and bigotry* which are the peril of a belief rejecting much of what is most generally accepted."

There is a certain fitness in saying that the name of a religion does not convey one's whole religious faith, just as the name George Curtis, while limiting and defining the personality, did not embody the whole man. But the issues involved here are much deeper and graver.

It would readily appear to most biographers that, in the case of a sincere and earnest person like Curtis, his religious belief was an essential part of him, not to be laid on or off, whether narrow or wide.

Nearly every page of the book reveals a high moral purpose in the man, deep religious conviction faithfully lived out. He sacrificed and testified—as the citation shows—to his Unitarian faith. If such conviction, such life, such manly doing, was not a part of the Unitarian idea and of a positive faith, where did it come from?

To picture this noble man as trembling

*Italics are ours.

on the verge of narrowness and bigotry is exquisitely absurd. The matter would hardly be worthy of notice, were it not a fair sample of much supercilious ignorance, which attempts to belittle the great Unitarian faith by calling it a system of negations. OBSERVER.

SPIRITUALISM: A REPLY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In the editorial in the *Register* of November 29 on "The Duty of Spiritualists" much—in fact, too much—emphasis was placed upon "fraudulent" spiritual manifestations, or, rather, too much emphasis was placed upon all spiritual phenomena as fraudulent, especially those received through professional mediums. The strong point in the article, and one which Unitarians, Spiritualists, and all earnest, true students of the occult receive, is the appeal to accept only the genuine in all that comes from the spirit world through the media. That the phenomena exist is granted, but the degree of the genuine is to be established; and the manner of establishing evidence as proposed by the editor is the one that every true Spiritualist has used. He has applied test conditions, and received all that he had hoped for and more than he had anticipated. That a percentage has deceived itself maybe is true, and that another percentage has been deceived by alleged mediums is also true. That, however, has naught to do, here nor there, with the facts of spiritual phenomena. The danger of credulity and gullibility exists, and few there are who are not susceptible to some form or phase of them; but that does not destroy the facts of spiritual phenomena. Let us be careful in all investigations of any line of truth, for that is our duty; but that carefulness or scrutiny will not destroy either the conditions for receiving nor the facts of spiritual phenomena.

First, let it be said, in reply to the editor, that he is very much at sea or misinformed, or he has been very much deceived himself, when he says that *materialization* is a fraud. I have attended over thirty séances for materialization, most of them under strictly scientific and test conditions; and I make bold to deny that I was deceived, since there was no possibility for being deceived. At these séances there were genuine materializations of incarnate spirits. I have had over two hundred slate writings with the best mediums in the world; gotten paintings in oil between slates held in my own hands and under test conditions; gotten the writing on the rostrum when the slates were brought, washed, and hung on a string from the ceiling by a sceptic; gotten it on slates hung from chandelier, above and under the table, anywhere and everywhere, in Greek, Hebrew, Egyptian, Chinese script, and when neither the medium nor myself could read a word of it (at a later time I had to have it read for me or I had to dig it out as best I could from my past knowledge of the dead languages); gotten it at night between slates in my own bedroom. And are all these manifestations of the spirit to be set aside as fraudulent? Would I so deceive myself as to write the message in a script altogether different from mine own, draw a beautiful face that I could not do when awake, or sign the name Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the message? I know that Spiritualism is true; that its phenomena are genuine; that the spirit, in and out of the body, has power over matter, and can manifest through and in matter.

That many Spiritualists care more for the phenomena is true; but are there not many of our denomination who are still bound to *materiality*? Who should throw the stone? Still, what is to be done but to elevate the world, whatever may be our creed or faith, by our spirituality, then by our love, life, and charity? The spirit is ready and willing to manifest to any seeker after truth: it only asks you to give it the necessary means and conditions. If you say, Let the dear ones now gone from your midst come to you, then you will believe, very well. Make the conditions in your own home, and patiently await results. As Jesus said, "To him who asketh, receiveth; who knocketh, it shall be opened unto him; who seeketh, he shall find." Neither God nor spirit is a respecter of persons. Choose, then, between materialism and Spiritualism; but drop all hypercriticism, egotism, caste, self-love, and self-righteousness.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Minister.

For the *Christian Register*.

UNATTAINED.

BY LISA A. FLETCHER.

The hills that seem the dearest
Lie far away,
The songs whose notes ring clearest
Are not to-day.

The blossoms that are fairest
Hide from our sight,
The beauty which is rarest
Seeks not the light.

The bird of sweetest singing
Is hid and shy,
The bugle-call is ringing
But far and high.

The joy with promise surest
May yet be chilled,
The wish which seemeth purest
Be not fulfilled,

Ideals most we cherish
Be unattained,
Hopes that are fondest perish
Ere they are gained.

Yet if the pure ideal
We seek afar
Be ne'er to us the real,
Only a star,

Still he who aye pursueth
The noblest, best,
The far peaks nearest vieweth
Of his high quest!

A DELIGHTFUL POET.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

My poet's name is John B. Tabb. I have never seen him face to face; but, none the less, he is my friend. And the way of it I might put in Browning's words, varying them a little here and there to suit my purpose, thus:—

"I have a friend over the sea.
I like him, and he likes me.
It all grows out of the verse he writes."

The Brownings will recognize my variations, and the other kind will look the poem up. But the sea which divides me from my friend is only a slight theological difference,—that between a Roman Catholic and a Unitarian; and, as they say that there is no middle ground between Unitarians and Roman Catholics, they must be very near together. Though I have not met my friend in the flesh, I cherish many of his letters; and I have his photograph, on the back of which he has written, in such a hand as only the finest spirits use, this very characteristic little poem:—

My Sister Sunshine smiled on me,
And of my visage wrought a shade.
"Behold," she cried, "the mystery
Of which thou art afraid!"

"For Death is but a tenderness,
A shadow, that unclouded Love
Hath fashioned in its own excess
Of radiance from above."

The little book (Copeland & Day, Boston) in which this poem now appears (p. 30) is very secular in its appearance, very notional and eccentric, and not successfully or agreeably so, to my thinking, with every poem contracted at the top of the page. So many of the poems are quatrains, or but little longer, that the suggestion of a birthday book inviting autographs is inescapable. But this whimsical peculiarity must not prejudice the vagrant reader against the substance of the book, and encourage him to think that he can safely pass by on the other side. Here is no wounded traveller requiring his oil and wine, but a Good Samaritan, who can help him in his necessity,—especially if he is starving for a little fancy of an exquisite purity and daintiness. He will find that some of the quatrains fill the page much better than sometimes the poems of quite famous poets which crowd its length and breadth. Just as a little picture sometimes needs a whole wall space to itself, so is it here. Only we would have given the poems space to spare in all directions upon the generous page rather than such prodigality at the bottom and such penury at the top.

However secular the appearance of the little book,—it has a cover of unique design,—attractive, too,—the picture of my friend's face is not such, nor the habit of his life. It is evidently the face of a priest; and he is Father Tabb, a professor devoted to his work in St. Charles College, Maryland. He dedicates his book to Sidney Lanier, with this "Ave":—

Ere Time's horizon-line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.

And now that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge,
I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there.

And hereby hangs another tale, which is that our poet was not only a friend of Lanier, but his companion-in-arms, and shared with him the hospitality of a Northern prison in the time of the Great Rebellion. There are two other poems to Lanier, one of them "the trumpet of a prophecy," of more courageous sound than has been justified by the event. It heralded a forthcoming volume of Lanier's poems:—

Snow! Snow! Snow!
Do thy worst, Winter; but know, but know
That, when the spring cometh, a blossom
shall blow
From the heart of the poet that sleeps below.
And his name to the ends of the earth shall
go,
In spite of the snow.

These poems are remarkable for their individuality. Sometimes, in the bravery of their conceits, they make us think of Emily Dickinson; but always here the fancy, however hyperbolic, describes its curve within the limits of a perfect form. Of quaintness there is much,—surprising turns of thought and illustration, a playing upon words and upon ideas that is most ingenious. Everywhere here nature is sacramental: it exists to symbolize some spiritual thing; and a doubt occurs whether Father Tabb is a close observer of natural things, except in that sphere—the meteorological—in which Shelley was pre-eminently at home. And in this connection it is noticeable that Shelley is a favorite with our poet, and is honored by him with a poem which is, perhaps, as good an example as any of the intricate ingenuity with which he works: as if he were one of those artists of Japan who work in ivory, making charms that stir up kings and connoisseurs to rivalry:—

At Shelley's birth
The Lark, dawn-spirit, with an anthem
loud
Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to the Cloud,
That, like a flower night-folded in the
gloom,
Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death
The Sea, that deemed him an immortal, saw
A god's extinguished breath,
And landward, as in awe,
Uphore him to the altar whence he came,
And the rekindling flame.

Of poems innocently paltering in a double
sense the two upon Father Damien are not-
able examples:—

FATHER DAMIEN.

O God! The cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring,
"A leper white as snow."

THE SNOWDROP.

A nun of Winter's Sisterhood,
A snowdrop in the garden stood
Alone amid the solitude
That round her lay.

No sister blossom near was seen,
No memory of what had been,
No promise of returning green
Or scented spray.

But she alone was bold to bear
The banner of the spring, and dare,
In Winter's stern despite, declare
A gentler sway.

So didst thou, Damien, when the glow
Of faith and hope was waning low,
For souls bewintered, dare the snow,
And lead the way.

Many of these poems linger in a dim half-light. They haunt the moments between night and morning, sleep and waking, life and death, with a curiosity that is more pleased in being baffled than in learning all. Take, for example, "A Winter Twilight"; and at the same time let it witness to the fact that a delightful and ingenious fancy does not exhaust our poet's gift: it has its reserves of strong imagination, which finds its best expression in the sonnets which are, with two or three exceptions, the longest poems in the book:—

Blood-shotten, through the bleak, gigantic
trees,
The sunset, o'er a wilderness of snow,
Startles the wolfish winds that wilder
grow
As hunger mocks their howling miseries.
In every skulking shadow Fancy sees
The menace of an undiscovered foe,—
A sullen footstep, treacherous and slow,
That comes, or into deeper darkness flees.

Nor Day nor Night, in Time's eternal round,
Whereof the tides are telling, e'er hath
passed
This Isthmus-hour,—this dim, mysteri-
ous land
That sets these lives asunder,—where up-
cast
Their earliest and their latest waves re-
sound,
As each, alternate, nears or leaves the
strand.

Another poem of strong imagination is that in which the Indian of San Salvador sees as in a vision the three ships of Columbus, and also what their coming means for his dusky race. There is more real poetry in this than in all the other poems of the Columbian year that we have seen so far. Insomnia has had many poets, but few have touched the height of my friend's on that subject. One called "Homeless" breathes the sweet pity of a soul for its deserted tenement. There are several poems that imply the special religious point of view of the author; but let the reader sympathetically adjust himself to that, and he will find them among the loveliest in the book. But here is one, "To the Christ," that has no sectarian implication:—

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me.
When one with him, then one with Thee;
Nor, save together, Thine are we.

And here is a wee bit of a Christmas poem the dubious theology of which is con-
doned to a very great extent by the daring
homeliness of the idea. It is called "Out
of Bounds":—

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get him back his ball!

I could make this anthology of Father Tabb's poems much longer without taking one imperfect flower, but I wish to leave the reader to discover for himself that I have left as good as I have plucked. Therefore, commending to all mothers the cradle song (p. 106), I will take "A Bunch of Roses" for the last, along with which, in my privately illustrated copy, is a picture of Saint Anthony of Padua with a baby in his arms:—

The rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother
Until about a month ago
Had never met each other;
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Half-way with rosy fingers meet
To kiss and play together.

GIANT SHELLS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

If divers, with the modern equipment, had existed in some of the early geological eras, they would, in their wandering at the bottom of the sea, have seen some remarkable sights. There was a time when everything seemed to attain gigantic size. There were sea serpents as long and longer than the whales of to-day; sharks one hundred feet long; crablike creatures as long as a man, as the wonderful pterygotus; and, more remarkable than all, the shells that to-day are, as a rule, small and delicate, and used, in the main, as ornaments and curiosities, that in some instances attained gigantic proportions.

Such a diver, in walking along at the sea-bottom, would have seen suddenly looming up before him in the distance an object like a gigantic telescope, yet poised in mid-water. At one end projected long arms, that waved to and fro or resembled the pliable spokes of a wheel without a tire. Suddenly this cigar-shaped object would shoot ahead with the velocity of an arrow, cleaving the water like a knife and leaving a train of phosphorescent light behind like the tail of a comet.

This strange creature was possibly twenty feet or more in length, and, according to Dr. Newberry, the eminent geologist, must have weighed several tons. It was the giant of all shells, the *Orthoceras titan*,—truly a Titanic monster. The *Orthoceras* are all extinct, but are represented to-day by their cousins, the cuttlefish, the nautilus, and others. Another of this family, the Ammonite, somewhat resembled the pearly nautilus of the present, and was divided off by pearly partitions, as was this shell; but the ancient representative was a veritable monster.

Some years ago some workmen in the

Middle States came upon a number of these shells buried in an ancient beach. The discoverers thought they were cart-wheels; and a local paper facetiously announced the discovery of a fossil chariot-wheel, spokes, and all. The great shell was as high as some of the boys who stood by, being four feet and a half in height, and resembling a rude wheel. In an attempt to discover the nature of the find it was cut in two with a stone saw, thus exposing the partitions, which were filled with earth.

The exposed surface was then polished, and presented a beautiful appearance. Quartz crystals had formed in the various chambers, giving the entire shell, or its polished surface, the appearance of a huge carnelian. One of these stone shells weighed several hundred pounds, and, when alive, must have been a singular object.

In our own time there are gigantic shells, their presence sometimes being disagreeably forced upon the finder. In the South Pacific, where the ocean is apparently cut up with small islands or reefs of coral, the *Tridacna*, or king of the clams, is found,—a gigantic two-valved shell, with deep radiations or convolutions, that often weighs five hundred pounds, the animal alone weighing thirty pounds.

These monsters are found imbedded in the coral rock, a singular frill of lightly colored flesh only appearing above the surface. This habit has been the cause of a number of accidents to natives as well as white men. The locality where they are found is frequented by collectors of marine curiosities, who send the shells, sea-fans, and corals to America and Europe, where they are distributed to the curiosity dealers all over the world.

In searching for shells, the collectors wade along the shallow lagoons or reefs, followed by a flat-bottomed boat, into which they toss their various finds.

On one occasion an inexperienced man was hunting for shells without a boat, having merely a native net thrown over his shoulders. Seeing what he thought was a large sea-anemone of beautiful tints, he struck it with his foot, and in an instant was thrown upon his face, screaming with agony. The seeming anemone was a giant shell that, startled at the sudden attack, had closed its huge valves, and held the collector a prisoner as firmly as though he had been clasped by a vise. In fact, the shells cut through skin and bone.

The unfortunate man was some distance from help; and, as he had started at low tide, the treacherous waters were rising. For an hour the victim underwent untold agonies of pain and apprehension, fearing that the tide would rise above his lips. Struggles were useless; and he heroically waited until a canoe came in sight, when he signalled the occupants, who, after much difficulty, released him, the animal having to be killed by severing the great muscles that held the shells together.

A number of such instances are on record, and large sharks have been caught by the shells in the same way. Some natives at the New Hebrides Islands, seeing an unusual commotion some distance from shore, went out, and found a ten-foot shark beating the water, hurling itself this way and that, as though held by some enemy. Approaching, they found that the big fish was held firmly by the tail, the lobe of which had touched the fleshy portion of the shell, and been caught.

To excavate one of these giants often requires the work of several men for a week, as the shell at times is deeply encased in the solid coral rock, which has to be cut away. One animal taken was served as a dinner to the crews of two vessels, affording a meal to fifty men. One species of these shells is very common, and is used as an ornament; while others serve as receptacles for holy water in churches and cathedrals.

A fine specimen may be seen in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, and another in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris. The natives employ them as water vessels; and a circular piece of the white shell, highly polished and worn upon the forehead, is considered an insignia of rank.

Among the largest bivalve shells known is the geoduck, a huge clam of the Alaskan coast, that attains a weight of five or six pounds, one shell affording food for a large family.

The conchs, especially those known as queen and trumpet conchs, are among the giants of the univalve shells, weighing in

the latter instance sometimes twelve pounds,—ponderous objects, as they move along on the sandy bottoms of the lagoons of their choice.

The method of locomotion among these large conchs is singular, particularly when observed from above. The shell reaches out its foot,—which is armed, in the case of the common strombus, with a sharp-pointed, sabrelike operculum,—thrusts it into the sand, and gives a powerful wrench, which forces the shell along in a series of jerks. The real giants of the mollusca are few, and are confined mainly to those described.

POETRY AND PATRIOTISM.

BY EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

The relation that poetry and music bear to patriotism is a natural one of action and reaction. The love of country, the quick thrill of response that stirs in the heart at the call of the fatherland, finds as ready and natural expression in these forms as does the passion of the lover or the aspiration of him who desires to live in the spirit. On the other hand, appreciation of one's own country, honor for its traditions, and fidelity to its ideals, are immeasurably strengthened by the poet's words or the recurrent strains of a national hymn. The soldier marches better and fights better, not only for the life and the trumpet, but also because of remembered words that remind him how dear and worthy is the cause, calling for brotherhood and courage. No one who remembers anything of the immense mass of popular patriotic poetry that was one accompaniment and result of our Civil War can fail to see the value it had in keeping aglow the very sentiments that inspired it, and which it reflected with more or less adequacy. It is true that very little of it had permanent value, falling in this respect below the patriotic poetry of similar struggles in other countries; but it is also true that no one reading to-day those songs, and calmly judging them by literary standards, especially when separated from the music on which their vitality chiefly depended, can realize all that they meant in the times that produced them. That illiterate rhymers were moved to metrical expression as well as men and women of education and definite literary purpose only proves the need felt in all hearts for this kind of utterance, which is at once both outlet and stimulus. It may well be that the thought of John Brown, rudely clothed in inharmonious words as it was, yet stirred as many hearts as did ever "Maryland, my Maryland," though the one is almost meaningless, judged apart from the times which produced it and from the melody that carried it; and the other is good literature besides. In considering the place of patriotic poetry, this office of inspiration in time of desperate need is first and most obvious. The poems or songs struck out at white heat, glowing with the ardor of patriotic devotion, have nerved many a soldier's heart in time of battle or in the night-watch or the suffering of the hospital; and they have strengthened, too, many a mother or sweetheart in the equally hard duty of waiting courageously at home alone. There were many of these on either side the dividing line that fulfilled this office; but few of them retain their old power, except possibly over those to whom they remain as part of that entire experience. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" is a magnificent exception. It may not have supplanted the words of "John Brown's Body" with the soldiers on their marches; but, beating as it did in time with the very heart-throb of the nation, it gained that place which it has held ever since, touching the younger generations, to whom war is unknown, with the same thrill of half-mystic exaltation that we knew thirty years ago. Noble tribute it is to the power of this air and this measure that poets have continued to write patriotic lines to it even in days of peace; and for the sake of showing how its early association with John Brown has also associated it with the echoes and re-echoes of his deed done, read the beautiful "Decoration Day Hymn" of Mr. Gannett's, written in 1884:—

"One moment on the scaffold, and he left it holy ground.
Three hundred thousand heroes now lie guarding it around,
And reverent hearts are pilgrim still to many a sacred mound;
And the Right goes marching on.

"Then if perchance a nation's soul from out her shame shall rise,
And light of justice kindle fresh within her chastened eyes,
The God who dooms shall save her by the pain that purifies;
And the Right goes marching on."

Estimate for a moment, too, the tremendous influence of such a poem as Lowell's "The Present Crisis." Every stanza of those rushing, heart-piercing lines contains words that will ring forever, words that have served as the texts for many another leader of thought. One's breath quickens and the eyes moisten even to read it to one's self in a critical, unimpassioned moment.

Thus we come to the consideration of that class of poems, not songs, not hymns, but thoughtful, intellectual appeals to the feelings of patriotism that ought to be consciously present in every heart, but which, if they were there dormant, such words would surely awaken. They demand not only courage and devotion in a crisis, but well-ordered purpose that may become a principle of continued action. Highest among these we place, do we not, Lowell's "Commemoration Ode?" How that calls us, by the memory of all the past; by the sacrifices of those dear ones "dark to the triumph which they died to gain"; by the thought of freedom, "that high privilege that makes all men peers"; and by the glory of the future,—how it calls us to be simply and unalterably true to the present!

It seems to me that the wonderfully fine ode of George Woodberry is not nearly so well known as it should be; but, surely, every student of patriotic poetry cares for it, when once it is made his own. To quote here the words of another, to whom I would gladly give credit, did I know his name: "All that we hope our land may one day be, all that we sometimes lose faith in its ever being, speaks clarion-clear and sure in these passionate lines. To read them is to quicken every high impulse of loyalty." Remembering this ode, one remembers, too, the noble sonnet which breathes recognition of the truth that the utmost glory of a nation is found, not in war, but in peace. The traveller, musing on the Mediterranean, hearing the evening gun at Gibraltar, contrasts the sword of England, quickly drawn, with the sword of his own country, sheathed in honor, and says:—

"Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am. Would wars were done!
Now westward look: my country bids good-night,
Peace to the world from lands without a gun."

Yes, peace has its own struggles, its own victories; and it is well that the poets call us to recognize this, to face the common, every-day duties toward our country no less than to do and dare in the time of sudden trial. Both demand true patriotism. Both may be encouraged and rewarded by the poet's word and the musician's strains.

There is yet a third class of poems, not written expressly as utterances of patriotic feeling, and yet so alive with the very spirit of the country they represent that they can never lose their place in national affection. The words of "Highland Mary" and "The Land o' the Leal" stir the Scottish heart to loyal remembrance as truly as do the pipes that play "The Campbells are coming." The folk-songs of all countries retain much of the original characteristics of their birthplaces, and touch the heart with their simplicity and truth. It is not many years since the folk-songs came to be studied; but already we feel that through them we come very near the heart of the people, and understand something of their hold on those who have always known and loved them. By this study, as in many other ways, our regard for patriotic poetry broadens into a feeling of human brotherhood, which yet takes away nothing of our loyalty to our own country. Lowell wrote nobly:—

"For mankind are one in spirit; and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong.
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame.
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

And so it comes that we want no patriotism that forbids us to thrill with indigna-

tion at the wrongs of other countries. We want no allegiance that narrows our sympathies instead of broadening them, no love of home that does not bid us desire freedom and enlightenment for other homes also. America would not be America if it could not respond with sympathy and help to the call of an Armenia. It is more fitting that we to-day should be glad of our national freedom and unity because a short time ago in Faneuil Hall burning words were spoken for the country that has neither. Just because we can thrill with quick response to the words of our own poets, can we also appreciate the pathos and patriotism of one who writes:—

"If freedom unbounded were proffered to me,
I would choose still to share thy sublime slavery,
O my mother, Armenia.

Were I offered proud Europe, to take or refuse,
Thee alone, with thy griefs on thy head, I would choose,
For my country, Armenia.

"If a mantle of purple were given to me,
A mantle for kings, I would wrap it round thee,
Poor Armenia, my mother.

"If the fire of my youth and its sinews of steel
Could return, I would offer its rapture and zeal
Ail to thee, my Armenia.

"Had a lifetime of ages been granted to me,
I had given it gladly and freely to thee,
O my life, my Armenia!

"Might I choose from the world where my dwelling should be,
I would say, Still thy ruins are Eden to me,
My beloved Armenia."

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER.

We rise more by helping inferiors than by courting superiors. The pride that cares only for ostentatious things degrades its possessor: the humility that admiringly enjoys the commonest simplicities of existence is morally exalting. The lower our love creeps, the loftier our life climbs.

Whatever tasks or privileges may demand our attention, the first claim on us always is to see that we are ready to perceive our duty and earnest to discharge it.

Is life worth living? Not to those who live for nothing. Belief in pessimism is a punishment. It is but right that to those who live for worthless ends life itself shall seem worthless.

The supreme devotion of men to the accumulation of wealth, and to the enjoyments it purchases, begets in them a bestial contempt for everything truly noble. Whatever is ideally beautiful and commanding rebukes them: therefore, they instinctively hate it. Their dominant universal is the mindless mass of property. Each one cares more for himself than he does for the whole. The ethical principle, which is the essential bond of a nation, thus vanishing, the nation itself begins to rot and dissolve. Nothing save the consecration of its individual members to stainless intellectual and moral ends can insure the freedom, the happiness or the perpetuity of a State.

No acquirement of pieces of property can compensate us for the loss of peace of mind.

A good man, knowing that he is thought bad, is tempted to become bad. Let any man, who is not too base, know himself to be thought better than he is, and he will grow better.

The snail carries with him the house in which he lives. The body of man is only his instrument: the house in which he lives is the universe.

What we do in an hour may seem insignificant, but an hour can never be insignificant.

Many persons seem to hold that religious faith consists in abstinence from thinking and a refusal to reach intellectual clearness. But he who is religiously in earnest will not remain satisfied without realizing in definite ideas the contents and meaning of his faith.

Spirits are mutual *vacua*, perfectly penetrable with recognition, but perfectly exclusive of identification.

To assimilate the wisdom of others is becoming wiser ourselves.

One of the commonest errors of man is to take too much thought and too little care of himself.

Perfected religious experience culminates in perfected speculative insight. Then philosophy, becomes an individual thinker self-mediating as the unity of himself, nature, humanity, tradition and God.

The slave who fancies himself free because he has engraved the word "liberty" on his chains, not merely remains a slave but also proves himself to be a fool.

If it is a profane fact that small things make mean men proud, it is a divine counterpart that great things make noble men modest.

We should understand one another better if we compared ourselves with one another less and with universal standards more.

INTERIOR PERCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY.

In external reflection, as seen in outward nature, we have only phenomenal abstractions, nugatory evanescences, broken results disconnected from their cause. No permanent or free unity is manifest there. But it is startlingly different in the conscious inner world of spirit. There we experience the related presentation of a series of living mirrors, composing a whole whose reflections are the distinctions of its own substantial activity. And the modes of that activity form an intercirculating system without a breach in the continuity and identity of its self-diversifying freedom. He who has taken direct possession of this in rounded consciousness knows himself to be a free person dowered with immortality.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Where one man achieves a complete acquaintance with himself, millions on millions live and die utterly destitute of such insight. A multitude are quite familiar with their own vices and with the superficial traits of other men, but remain wholly ignorant of the sublime virtues and the mysterious powers of realized human nature. The peerless maxim, "Know thyself," which is said to have descended from heaven, points to the acquisition of a self-consciousness so transparent that its seeing transcends the whole phenomenal universe. It is by self-knowledge that God eternally causes and enjoys his own perfection, and distributes it multiplied in repetitive images. Men are these images; and it is only through a perfecting self-knowledge, achieved by their own effort in co-operation with divine grace, that they are redeemed from the selfish and empty ignorance with which they begin. By learning to know themselves through and through, they also learn to know God, and thus to fulfil their destiny. Their destiny is to render actual at last the infinite goods which are but possible at first. The knowledge of any image involves the knowledge likewise of its original. In free spirit whatever is reflected is seen, and whatever is seen is repeated in the appropriating consciousness which converts it into its own experience. In this way the formal wants of the dependent and hungering selfhood are replenished with the substantial fruitions of God. And so the Creator, as fast as they are presented, redeems with the sterling coinage of his own blessedness the symbolic promises primarily deposited in the capabilities of the creature. Every genuine human want is a divine pledge redeemable the moment the bearer becomes aware of its significance and brings the claim to the treasury of the Absolute.

ORDER OR DUST-BINS?

BY ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

Did you ever taste Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse's immortal bowl of gruel, "thin, but not too thin,"—the gruel he pressed upon his friends? upon the sick, I suppose, to make them well; on the well, to make them better.

This paper aims to be thin, but not too thin,—if possible, airy, floating with bright wings through aroused imagination, yet touching the finer chords that vibrate in the depths of the heart. That eloquent preacher, Dr. George Putnam, said a sermon should consist of successive waves of thought; that is, I presume, never be content with a level monotone of thought, however sound and worthy. So I hope to inspire without wearying.

A title is of great importance. Shall I call this paper "Order or Dust-bins"? Order is dignified: it is heaven's first law. Dust-bin is common, not to say untidy. Yet of dust we are, and to dust we shall

return. The reconciliation of the dust of the body with the order of the soul makes the conflict of life, stirring in every one of us at each moment of passing experience. Some women make themselves and their households miserable by their ultra-neatness. A child is seldom more happy than when grubbing in the dust, not to say mud. A too neat mother is an ogress to her offspring. In the good old days of Boston (when our lives were not in danger), in the days of *pantalettes*, children trembled at the grassy streaks caused by rolling down the two banks on the Beacon Street Mall, and hid the ink-spots on their Holland aprons; and, while the costume of childhood has changed, the grubbing of the child and the neatness of the mother still conflict. Dear mothers, embrace the dust-bin rather than impair the harmony between you and your child!

The charm of a drive is greatly lessened to me by wayside rubbish. If I were mistress of my old-time agility, it seems as if I should be tempted to spring from the vehicle and, if allowed, do a little toward clearing up the loose boards, straw, rusty iron, and dock-leaves,—in fine, tidy up for once what is destined never to grow beautifully less. There are *clearance* sales. Is *road* clearance impossible? Magistrates appoint tree-planting days. Will they not see to it that not only dumping-grounds be cleared up but roadside rubbish? Kind Dame Nature sets us an example. Her busy fingers lose no time in covering up scars; and, if we bruise our long-suffering flesh, there is nothing so quickly heals it as Nature's cool, wholesome beverage. I do not blame farmers, with scant time to eat or rest, for allowing so much rubbish near their houses and barns. But, if their minds worked as deftly as their hands, the order in which they plant their onions and corn would open their eyes to Mother Nature's love of order, to her steady efforts to cover up the blots and scars of man's carelessness by her graceful garniture; would mark the clustering festoons of the wild grape swinging from tree to tree, and the creeping of the blackberry vine over stone and mound. Man cannot make a blade of grass; but he can, by method and slow degrees, keep in order and shapely style the clumsy materials with which he works. Then the inner and outer eye would grow more observant of and more grateful for the delicate bloom of the wild rose, and would study the sky as the face of a friend,—not merely anxiously in haying-time and harvesting.

Houses are women's farms. Is her husbandry in order? Is she a spendthrift in cookery, so losing the opportunity of helping the poor, and of welcoming to a hospitable board? Does she hoard in closets and attics furniture that would make other homes comfortable? Does she allow dust to gather on books and magazines, and finally forget them,—books and magazines for which the young and the old, South and West, hunger and clamor? We are inert. We mean to do better; but now is the accepted, possibly the only day to do good in this way. The Women's Alliance, the Post-office Mission, the *Cheerful Letter* "sisters," the Lend a Hand Clubs, are working to this end. But there are individuals standing idly by, not clearing their lumbered shelves; mistresses of dust-bins, but not daughters of order! May the coming winter not prove fruitless in this respect!

Some one says, "All rooms in which people habitually live have a body and soul of their own." It seems to me we more readily care for the body of the room than for its soul. Else why do we heap up bric-à-brac, and think more of style than of comfort? Why do we eagerly accumulate household treasures that in a few years we shall be as anxious to disperse as we are now desirous to gather?

One may say: "Why trouble about clearing up houses and roads? All that will settle itself. My mind is eager to roam in the fields of literature and art; I cannot think of folding clothes and keeping ribbons in order. When I want anything, I just have a little hurricane in my bureau drawers; and what I want comes to the surface." Such-minded persons, having no method with their own affairs, have precious little time for the trifles that make so large a part of the happiness of life. "Ships that pass in the Night" well says, "For some natures learn with greater difficulty and after greater delay than others

that the real importances of our existence are the nothingnesses of every-day life,—the nothingnesses which the philosopher in his study, reasoning about and analyzing human character, is apt to overlook, but which, nevertheless, make him and every one else more of a human reality, and less of an abstraction." Another writer says: "The greatness of the little things in this world is probably only equalled by the smallness of its great ones in the next. . . . A curious thing it is to mark the vital, far-reaching effects of the most trivial and utterly unimportant acts and circumstances upon the lives and destinies of human beings." Exactness is one of the essential requisites of composition: it is likewise one of the essential requisites for the integrity of daily living. Those who are faithful in what seem to some the insignificant duties of life are most apt to fulfil the large ones. Exactness becomes habitual.

Having treated of outer relations with roads, farms, houses, with the care of clothing, and wise patience with children, let us look for a moment at our inner economy. The higher intelligences must long to clear up the dust-bins of the mind, the corners littered with cobwebs, obscuring with their films the moderately clear working possible to our fallible brains. How we mismanage the furnishing of the mind! How we forget that children learn more from what they read than from what they study, leaving their reading to haphazard! How many novels we all read,—often sensational, and sometimes worse,—the "old fogies" setting the young men and maidens the pernicious example! One of the shadows of the last hour may be the regret for this waste of precious time. But, when it comes to the solemn thought of how we have wasted the celestial opportunities of the heart,—have loved, but been slow to show it,—the pity of it seems too great to be borne. But the life-mirror, which was dusty or befogged, clears a little even in the last hour. Let us prize that hour. It is said that, if each man who goes to church would live up to the instruction he received there, the world would be saved. A hopeful prediction, considering how few men go! But women, who value the church and profit by it, must not be disheartened by the non-attendance of the former. Individual improvement must be their aim and solace.

A last word is apt to be in the minor key: it is a farewell, and one unwillingly parts with a friend or a listener. The chastened word is the enduring word, and allies us to the future for which we hope and long; and this with no disparagement of innocent merriment. A laugh clears the air, and carries us over many a rock in our daily life. It has been well said of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Another has passed into the realm of history, which, we believe, will forever record his success . . . in the most delicate expression of human feelings of the deepest and tenderest kind." This which is true of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the embodiment of wholesome humor and genial happiness, may be true of all who—not by the use of the pen, but by the word of sympathy, the smile of appreciation, the thoughtful kindness—make this life sweet for others, and help them to wait for the explanation of what perplexes and pains here.

KITCHEN GARDENS.

BY ALMA J. NOBLE.

The work of the kitchen garden may afford suggestions to girls who wish to make their winter count for something, since it is one that has proved most successful in practical working. It is best explained by the description of one which was conducted with much satisfaction last winter in a city in Western New York.

A mission chapel in one of the tenement-house sections of the city served as school-room. Here the children flocked every Saturday afternoon at two o'clock,—children ranging in age from two and a half years to sixteen, and coming from homes of every description. A few clean-faced girls, with hair neatly combed and clean aprons, indicated thrifty parents and happy homes; but, alas! they were few and far between. The majority of the scholars were poorly and scantily clad, and often so dirty that it was necessary to apply soap and water before allowing them to enter the school-room. But what else can be expected of

children who are in the street from early morning until late at night?

At two o'clock, with one of the teachers in her pretty white cap and apron at the head of the line, they marched, two by two, upstairs to the main room, where they took their places, and after a song repeated the Lord's Prayer. A chord was then struck on the piano; and they all arose, saluted the American flag, which was always draped over the platform, and repeated this little pledge: "I give my heart and my hand to my country,—one country, one language, one flag." This was followed by "America" or some other patriotic song. The population of our cities represents so many different nationalities, and there is such an undercurrent of unrest, that the idea of patriotism cannot be too strongly instilled into these young minds.

A half-hour was given to general exercises, which consisted chiefly of an object-lesson and appropriate songs, such as the Washing Song, Bed-making, Table-setting, or Sweeping Song, the first verse of which runs like this:—

"Away, now swiftly flying,
It is our sweeping day.
With brooms and dusters hieing,
To work without delay.
First open shutters wide,
Move little things outside,
Then sweep, sweep, sweep, my little maid,
To make your room so neat."

A little talk was given at the third meeting last winter on "Personal Cleanliness," illustrated with a drawing; and the effect was surprising in the number of clean hands and faces the following Saturday, and, indeed, throughout the winter. Other object-lessons were given on habits, thoroughness, orderliness, politeness, unselfishness, and other phases of a higher standard of life.

At 2.30 P.M. six classes marched downstairs, where they sewed for forty minutes on garments for themselves. Each girl was allowed to choose her work,—a handkerchief, apron, skirt, or night-dress; and, when finished, it was given her to take home. Some of the quick workers added three or four good garments to their wardrobe.

While these six classes were sewing, the other six were having lessons in housework, and were provided with miniature articles of furniture with which to work. For instance, there was a small stove, complete in its appurtenances, by means of which they were taught how to build a fire properly, remove the ashes, keep the stove clean, and *never* to use coal-oil for lighting. In the washing lesson each girl has a complete outfit,—tub, washboard, wringer, laundry-bag containing *real clothes*, a line and clothes-pins; and it is needless to add that here, at least, washing is robbed of its ordinary prosaic guise. The object is not only to teach work practically, but to broaden the minds and impart as much information as possible concerning the common things of life. Thus the care of the lamps suggests an instructive little chat about petroleum,—the driving of oil wells, the various uses of oil, its absorbing and also its dangerous qualities.

One of the most important lessons is the table-setting; and it is really pitiful to see how utterly ignorant are many of the art of setting a table, even in the simplest manner. A few calls at their homes, however, solved the mystery. Occasionally we would find a dirty table-cloth; but oftener one or two loaves of bread were placed in the middle of a bare table, around which the family gathered for its frugal meal. So they were taught not only how to set the table, but how to sit at table, and how to eat. Bed-making, sweeping, and dusting, and other lessons might be mentioned; but enough has been said to give an idea of the work and, we hope, to inspire others to go and do likewise. One bright girl gave each class a talk on "Fresh Air," and we were more than rejoiced to hear that in some cases her counsel had been heeded. Such remarks as these came to us from the mothers: "Mary never goes to bed now without opening the window," or "Kittie throws back the bedding and opens the window every morning, because the teacher told her to."

At the expiration of the first forty minutes the whole school comes together for fifteen minutes of marching and gymnastics, which is a restful change, and over which the children are wildly enthusiastic. Then the sewing classes take the housework lessons, and *vice versa*.

About twenty children under five years of age constituted our nursery department. These were amused with kindergarten songs, games, and stories. This was one of the most interesting features of the work. The attendance averaged about eighty, and we had an excellent corps of twenty teachers.

It was downright hard work, and required no little sacrifice to give up every Saturday afternoon; but we were abundantly repaid by the changed manner and appearance of many of the children, and by words of appreciation from some of the mothers, who really long for a better life for their children. We recall one woman, the mother of nine children, who said: "I am sorry for my children, for I am so busy from morning till night that I have no time to teach them anything; and so, whenever I can spare her, I want Mary to go to your school. She comes home, and tells me all about it."

Other mothers, of course, are perfectly indifferent, and only send the children to get them out of the way. But, whatever the motive that brings them, for about three hours every week they are under the influence of quiet, refined, and interesting girls, whose sole object is to place before them a high ideal of womanhood, and to show them the necessity of keeping their homes so clean—no matter how poor they may be—and so attractive that the fathers and brothers will enjoy their evenings there.

There are very many of these little waifs who are susceptible to kindly and refining influences; and can we not afford to give our Saturday afternoons to them if by so doing we can carry a little sunshine and the warmth of love that may perhaps develop their better natures?

"From the reek of the pond the lily
Has risen in raiment white,
A spirit of air and water,
A form of incarnate light."

THE ITHACA CHURCH.

In connection with the present movement in behalf of the church at Ithaca, the following letter from Andrew D. White, ex-minister to St. Petersburg and ex-president of Cornell University, will be of interest. It was written to Rev. E. E. Hale soon after the burning of the church.

Dear Mr. Hale,—You have doubtless heard of the calamity which has befallen your church in Ithaca. In common with all right-thinking persons, I feel sure, there and elsewhere, who have any acquaintance with the matter, I deeply regret it.

Though brought up in another Christian fold, and still attached to it, I have long recognized—indeed, highly valued—the influence of the Unitarian Church in leavening the so-called "orthodox" bodies of the country.

It was this which years ago led me to suggest the establishing of such a church at Ann Arbor, and at other points where thinking young men are assembled. It was not that I cared to make them Unitarians, but it was to give them some idea of the noble currents of religious thought which have come down to us, especially from such hearts and minds as those of Milton, Newton, Locke, Channing, Bellows, Freeman Clarke, and their compeers.

Small as the Unitarian Church is in numbers, it has certainly a great missionary work to do of its own sort, and such a situation as that at Ithaca should be maintained in full efficiency. A good church—even a better one than that to which Rev. Dr. Stebbins sacrificed so much—is the first necessity.

That church in Ithaca, from the beginning feeble as it has appeared to be, no doubt, in your denominational statistics, has really done a great work. It has afforded an open pulpit where modern thought could be reverently expressed without any limitations of dogmas; and, as such, its value was especially foreseen by Mr. Cornell in the early days of the society here.

There are to-day 1,600 students in Cornell University: within five years there will be nearer 2,000; and it is not too much to expect—in view of the figures obtained at the University of Michigan—that in ten years the number will be near 3,000. The church has a beautiful situation, which nearly the whole body of students pass morning and evening, and is in a situation to influence them morally and religiously, no matter to what other church they may habitually go. Of course, I do not at all propose a new church as a centre of *proselyting* as a centre of religious and ethical thought, practically modifying for good the whole mass of generally accepted dogmas.

There is another reason why I regard this church with especial favor: the number of thoughtful young men and young women who are breaking away from the generally accepted creeds of Christendom is large and constantly increasing. No effort on the part of "Orthodoxy," so called, is able to prevent this. I have myself seen young men, who, when in college, were the most devotedly orthodox supporters of the Christian association, break away after graduation, if they had not done so before.

The question then arises, Shall such men go into blank negation, and, scoffing, array themselves against Christianity and cut themselves loose from organized Christian effort? or shall they be retained in a fold which does not exact from them acquiescence in doctrinal statements which they cannot give?

Here especially your church is of vast use in holding to Christianity men who, without it, would be arrayed against it.

I regret that I have myself so many calls upon me of all sorts that I can make but a very small contribution; but I sincerely hope that some of the wealthier liberal-minded people of the East will consider this case in all its bearings, and see whether it is not one which demands speedy aid from them. I remain very respectfully and truly yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.
Legation of the United States,
St. Petersburg, February 30, 1893.

President Schurman also wrote to Mr. Scott, the pastor, expressing the hope that the church might soon be rebuilt, and adding, "The Unitarian church has done so much for the exhibition of spiritual religion and the quickening of moral fervor that no community that has felt its vitality and light can suffer to see them extinguished." These letters and the fact that their writers have both contributed to the building fund show the general service which this church is doing for liberal Christianity. Pictures of the new building may be seen at 25 Beacon Street, and checks may be sent to the treasurer, M. C. C. Platt.

Spiritual Life.

Be as little children holding up their cups to the fountains. Wait not for a vase or chalice of silver. Take thy common, every-day cup of coarse ware, and hasten.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

For, if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For, if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.—*Paul.*

How good it is for those who are bereaved and sorrowful that our Christian festivals point forward and upward as well as backward, that the eternal joy to which we are drawing ever nearer is linked to the earthly joy which has passed away!—*Mrs. Charles.*

The face is an expression of the soul; and each thought, each expression, makes an imperishable impression upon the soul. Every word spoken and every action done in the presence of a human being makes an impression for eternity upon an immortal soul.—*Dr. Brooks.*

One cannot too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offence. Not to grieve long for any action, but to go immediately and do freshly and otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong: else we may make the delay of repentance the punishment of the sin.—*Thoreau.*

Of this we become sure: religion spiritualizes, inspires, and consoles us. The strait gate and narrow path are blessed for all who find them, and are the same for all who seek them. But this oneness of morals is learned experimentally: it cannot be taught dogmatically.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

The great tendency among men everywhere is to follow the standards and ideals that are dominant in the particular society in which they happen to move. It is a great thing to have a standard that overtops my little circle and yours; that can be seen from community to community, from nation to nation, from age to age. Such a standard has the Christ-life come to be.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

"My life shall be a challenge, not a truce! This is my homage to the mightier powers, To ask my boldest question, undismayed By muttered threats that some hysteric sense Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne Where wisdom reigns supreme. . . . Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who dares Look up to thee, the Father, dares to ask More than thy wisdom answers."—*O. W. Holmes.*

The energy of disappointment and despair produced by limitation and defect; the energy of sorrow for our dead, of hopeless passion, and of ruinous loss; the energy of noble shame for good things left undone and ill things done,—all this can be transmuted into energy of use and good and helpful holiness, as certainly as light and heat and electricity and magnetism and chemical affinity and mechanical force can be transmuted into each other. It is a gospel of deliverance, of hope and cheer.—*John W. Chadwick.*

A man must have a reserve of character and purpose. "To the good man no harm can come, be he alive or dead." He must have a reserve of reputation. Let others think well of us, it will help us to think well of ourselves. No man is free who has not his own good opinion. A man will wear a clean conscience as he would a clean shirt, if he knows his neighbors expect it of him. He must have a reserve of love, and this is won by the service of others. "He that brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from himself." He must form the ties of family and friendship, that, having something at stake in the goodness of the world, he will do something toward making the world really good. *David Starr Jordan.*

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, January 5. Subject, Lesson XV., "The Sermon on the Mount, Part I." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

It seems invidious, almost, to pick out any particular Christmas service for children; but it is quite proper to say that no minister throws himself into such exercises more earnestly than Rev. J. C. Jaynes of West Newton. He always carefully prepares an entertaining narrative for the young people, which commonly is so engrossing that they lean forward and forget the flight of the minutes. The elders say that they also obtain edification from these exercises. The carols of the latest service issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society were sung at West Newton with great vigor and inspiration.

Sunday-school Christmas trees are very common now in our churches, and they are of decided benefit. There is a place in them for a proper remembrance of the scholars themselves in slight gifts, and at the same time the children can bring presents for the poor and the unfortunate. It would seem that that method is the best which combines both. There is no reason why a child in favorable circumstances should be deprived of the pleasure which comes from the sharing some slight gift in common with all the others. On the whole, each succeeding Christmas-tide seems to be ampler in its good will and fraternal greeting to all ages and all conditions of people. The Christian Church does well to put this day of human love and divine blessing so conspicuously forward.

We hear of most successful Christmas services all over the country, conducted by the Sunday-school with the congregation as part of the audience. This is a growing custom of merit. The children of the church should often be brought into the centre of affairs, and a service held in which young and old can participate. There are many beneficial results from such a habit. In Providence the five Unitarian Sunday-schools of that city were brought together in the afternoon of Sunday, December 23, at 4.30, in the First Congregational Church (Rev. Augustus M. Lord, pastor). The galleries were filled by the different schools, and the body of the church was given to the adults. The interest in the exercises was deep and hearty on the part of all.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE Lend a Hand Hospital, 37 Williams Street, will be dedicated next Sunday afternoon (January 6) at three o'clock. The Home and Hospital are intended for the widows and orphans of soldiers not now living. The public is invited.

THE Worcester Association will meet with Rev. A. S. Garver, Worcester, Tuesday, January 8, at 9.30 A.M. Essay by Rev. G. W. Kent. Subject, "Suffering and Sin: An Interpretation." Sermon by Rev. J. M. Wilson. G. F. Pratt, Scribe.

THE monthly business meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women will be held on Mon-

day, January 7, at eleven o'clock, at 25 Beacon Street. Officers of other Branches are invited to be present.

REV. JOHN BELDEN BIDWELL, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE. The next meeting of the New England Associate Branch Alliance will be held in Jamaica Plain, First Congregational Society, in the latter part of February. The exact date will be given soon.

CAMBRIDGE Association of Ministers meets on Monday, January 7, with Rev. J. A. Buckingham, 35 Waban Street, Newton. Collation at 1 o'clock P.M. Paper by host, on "He descended into hell." Train leaves Boston & Albany Station at 12.02 P.M. Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

NEW YORK UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Next regular meeting Monday, January 7, at the parish house of All Souls' Church, 104 East Twentieth Street. Directors' meeting at 4.30 P.M.; business meeting at 5.30 P.M.; supper at 6 P.M.; discussion at 7 P.M.—subject, "What shall we sing in our Sunday-schools?"—opened by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.

ANOTHER accession to Unitarianism from the Roman Catholic priesthood is announced. Rev. L. de Beaumont Klein, D.Sc., who was preaching at Effra Road, Brixton, on Sunday, was until lately a fellow and professor of biology at University College, Dublin. He was also tutor in the family of the late Lord Chancellor O'Hagan. The change in his theological views is due to his scientific studies and to the influence of Dr. Martineau's writings. He is accredited to Unitarians. The *Inquirer* says with the very highest testimonials, including that of Cardinal Vaughan, under whose direction Dr. Klein has preached in several London churches. He has also a high reputation for pulpit eloquence.—*Christian World.*

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: January 6, Rev. Edward C. Guild. Services at 10.30 A.M. and at 3.30 P.M. Evening service, music and a short sermon. The seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline will conduct the Wednesday noon service on January 9.

Ministers' Monday Club: January 7, 10.30 A.M. Rev. J. M. Marsters will preside. Rev. George H. Clare will give the address, on "The Priesthood."

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon service at 3.15; evening, at 8, when Rev. S. J. Barrows will speak upon "The Religious Life of Greece" with stereopticon illustrations.

South Congregational Church: The subjects for the class in Good Citizenship during January are: January 6, "Industrial Education," conducted by Mr. Samuel H. Hubbard; January 13, "The Italian Workmen," by Mr. John Storer Cobb; January 20, "Municipal Health," by Dr. Edward M. Hartwell; January 27, "The Unemployed," by Prof. Davis R. Dewey.

Parker Memorial (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening services. January 6, at 7.30, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke. Subject, "The New Year." Music by the "Ariel Ladies' Quartette." All seats free, and a welcome to all. Prof. F. G. Peabody of Harvard College will speak Wednesday evening, January 9, at 7.45, in the free lecture course. Subject, "The Colonization of the Unfit." All interested are cordially invited to attend.

GREENFIELD, MASS.—The new church will be dedicated on January 10. Rev. M. J. Savage will preach the sermon.

KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., held its regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall on December 19, with a large attendance. Dr. George B. Twitchell presided. Mr. Archibald M. Howe addressed the club on the subject, "What can a Layman do?" The address was a very happy statement of the present Unitarian opportunity, and of the place in which the laity can make their influence felt. The Unitarian Association was mentioned, and the healthy and manly character of the religious life enforced. Rev. C. B. Elder followed the speaker; and, with brief remarks by members, the meeting adjourned.

RUTHERFORD, N.J.—Christmas Sunday was a red-letter day with the Church of Our Father in this place, especial attention being given to the musical features of the services. Besides an admirable double quartette of singers, a quartette of string instruments accompanied the organ both morning and evening, adding greatly to the richness of the service. Both morning and

evening congregations were very large, that in the evening requiring the use of camp chairs, and filling our little church to its utmost capacity. The pastor, Rev. George H. Badger, took the opportunity of the large attendance of the evening to explain the attitude of the Unitarian Church regarding the place of Christ in religion and our deep faith in the divinity of manhood which he stands for. An attractive feature in our evening services is a very worshipful musical litany prepared by our music director, Mr. E. J. Luce, including an impressive setting of the Lord's Prayer and two short collects.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Brown's Bronchial Troches are unequalled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

A Safe Rule.—In the purchase of any piece of furniture, selection is an important matter; but in no case is it more valuable than when one is buying a table. From its very position in the centre of the room a table gains added prominence, and too much thought cannot be given to its wise selection. Herein lies the advantage of making such a purchase at a place like Paine's, on Canal Street, where the assortment is as large as the combined stock of half a dozen ordinary furniture stores.

Washington Excursions. All Expenses Included.—A series of personally conducted excursions to Washington, D.C., during the season of 1894-95, designed particularly to accommodate the people of New England, will be operated via the Royal Blue Line. These excursions will cover a period of seven days; and the rate of \$23 from Boston will include fare for the round trip, hotel accommodations in Washington, transfers, and all necessary expenses. The next excursion will leave Boston Wednesday, January 23; and other dates will be announced later.

For information, tickets, and circulars, call on or address A. J. Simmons, New England Passenger Agent, 211 Washington Street, Boston.

The Vaults of the Security Safe Deposit Company in the Equitable Building on Milk Street, Boston, have just been enlarged and refitted, and are now believed to be as complete in their appointments and as secure as it is possible to make them. The man or woman having valuables of paper or of plate as to the security of which they wish to be perfectly safe will find these vaults well worth critical examination. The time has long since gone by for the storing away of valuables in private safes with the consequent worry and fear of burglars. Safe Deposit Vaults have, to a large extent, taken their place; and one is easily satisfied of the reason why after examining such conveniences as this company offers.

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa the eminent German Chemist, Prof. Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. . . . Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer."—The delicious breakfast Cocoa made by WALTER BAKER & CO. of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals or dyes or artificial flavors are used in it.

Marriages.

In Plymouth, 22d ult., by Rev. Charles P. Lombard, Henry W. Royal and Maria R. Knapp.

In Leominster, 25th ult., by Rev. George M. Bodge, Walter E. Parker and Ethel F. Montgomery, both of Leominster.

In Leominster, 25th ult., by Rev. George M. Bodge, Albert E. Payson and Mary E. Morgan, both of Leominster.

Deaths.

MRS. AUGUSTA L. CONANT.

The Unitarian church in Wilmington, Del., has suffered a great loss in the passing away of Mrs. Conant. She has been identified with the Wilmington society since its formation, and has been one of its most active and useful members. Faithful in her devotion to the Unitarian cause, and unusually effective in her work in its behalf, she deserves not only the affectionate remembrance of her friends and neighbors, but the grateful recognition of all who belong to our household of faith. Mrs. Conant was prominent and influential in the philanthropic and benevolent activities of the city in which she lived; and her counsel, which was always wise and progressive, was highly prized.

The Sunday-school of the church owes its existence and its continuance almost entirely to her self-sacrificing devotion. In the face of difficulties that would have discouraged most leaders, she manifested a brave and perseverence seldom seen. She was a member of the board of trustees of the church, and its secretary. She was indeed a pillar in the church, and she will be sadly missed in all our social and church life. She was intensely loyal to the grand principles upon which Unitarianism rests, and shared to an unusual extent the enthusiasm which often especially distinguishes the leaders of our work in missionary fields. Happy indeed would it be for our churches if we had more like her! Strong in the faith which made her life useful and distinguished,

"Her peaceful being slowly passes by To some more perfect peace."

G. W. S.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE would like position as housekeeper, or as companion to an invalid or elderly person. References of the best. Address C. M., Care *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

TRUTH'S DWELLING-PLACE.

BY CAROL NORTON.

Not amidst the din of life
Doth the heart its Saviour know;
Not to those of earthly strife
Comes the Spirit's afterglow.

Not to men to error wed
Come the riches of his love;
Not to minds by dogma led
Falls the Freedom from above.

But to him who conquers sin
Comes the fruit of righteousness;
And the pure do heaven win,
With its joy and blessedness.

In the silence deep of thought
Lives the substance of all prayer;
And no hope can come to naught
If our pure trust leaves it there.

Deep within the Holy Place
Dwells the White Christ evermore;
And the beauty of his face
I would seek, and then adore.

The Pulpit.

THE LAPSE OF TIME AND THE LAW OF OBLIGATION.

BY JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D.

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."—GEN. viii. 22.

Whoever may step out into his garden or throw up his window, to breathe the first air of a new day or a new year, cannot fail to be struck with the insensibility of nature to our divisions of time. The greater and the lesser lights of the sky feel not the seasons of which they are appointed to be signs. No great bell of the universe tolls away the passing spirit of the year; no chimes ring out from the restless wind to greet the period new-born. The calm, eternal heavens maintain their silent steadfastness; the star slips past the meridian wire which divides century from century, as though it were a vulgar moment, without pause to think or trembling to feel how awful the mark it sets afloat on the current of eternity. The unconscious earth lies still and patient as before, feeling only how the trees rooted in its bosom are leaning and rocking in the night breeze, and its snow-mantle is folded here and unfolded there with caprices stranger than a child's. No stream suspends its song to listen to the moments flowing by, no tide stands still to watch that wondrous sea of time that ever ebbs, yet never fails. Even life, in its several forms and generations, exhibits the same passionless continuity, and glides from era to era without a celebration. The cautious bud skulks near the bark, and sleeps unmoved within its varnished case, watching the royal sun as its thermometer, but heedless of him as its timepiece. The animals browse on or sleep through crises the most impressive. And the men whose life goes by the pulsations of their blood rather than the colors of their thought, to whom, sensation remaining the same, nothing becomes materially different, have no days in their calendar chalked with the white mark of sanctity, but remember their anniversaries mainly by their dinners, and would lie down at the most solemn point of history, if it happened to be time to rest.

At the instant when lower nature exhibits this unconscious uniformity, many a wakeful mind recognizes a transition of the deepest import. Though the bridge which stretches from year to year exists only in our idea, it is a station most real and most commanding. The perspective of the past, with its sharp forms, its clear light, its receding groups, its boundary circle of protecting hills, lies open to the eye of love; and the hazy passes of the future, with only gleams of glorious sunshine cutting across the deepest darkness, and facing the mountain shades with the green-painted slope, invite the heart of mystery. How plain, as we stand there, becomes the sense of what we are and what we were! With how brilliant a sadness do the young hopes, the high resolves, the capacious ambitions of our fresh days revisit our humbled hearts! As we look into the midnight of the departing year, how do the radiant images of blessings lost glow amid the space, till, as they begin to smile on us again, the darkness closes round them, and the saintly sight is gone! And, even when we call around us the living company of friends, the most cheerful eye cannot wander over the circle without many a pause of serious wonder.

The recent child that has the stature of the man; the infant we have nursed that is now the mother; the fresh, careless youth faded, perhaps, into morose, disappointed manhood, and sunk from a fair promise into a false prime; the comely form of many a matron faint and drooping now; the brow no longer smooth, the hand no longer firm; the lines of sorrow on the cheek deeper than the tracery of age; and all the hieroglyphics of mortality,—make us feel that we do not share the immobility and cannot affect the indifference of mechanical nature, and convince us, as we hear the great wheel of necessity humming its dreadful monotony, that we must either rise into a transcendent faith or fall into a sad despair. Whoever is imbued with the wisdom of a pure heart, and touched with the simplicity of Christ, will check the rush of feeling toward confusion, and, surveying the field of life from the high station of love and faith, remain to the end master of its priceless opportunities.

The habit of regarding time rather as a physical than as a human thing is connected with not a little low morality, and dictates many a sentimental thought, whose currency ought not to hide from us its falsehood. It is often said that the lapse of years affects our duty by shortening the period of service; that, the nearer we are brought to the limit of our present career, the more does it behoove us to make haste and overtake our work; that the lessening sum of moments must be spent in making ready for our change of scene. And, if this be meant only as a suggestion of natural feeling or compunction for past remissness, it states what will approve itself to every good mind. It is not fit for man to walk blindly to such a migration as death. So great a thing can be worthily approached only with the open eye of reason and of trust. And whoever knows that it is not far, as the martyr waiting for the kindling of his fires, or as the aged and stricken, whose summons has been signed and whose respite cannot be prolonged, will fall into a corresponding attitude of thought, and find some soft and solemn hues steal over his affections. He cannot but stand upon the watch, ready for the hint that trembles on the confines of the hour; for it is not in our nature to feel no difference between a near certainty and a far. And, when by altered place the distance has become the foreground, it would argue an unmanly insensibility, did it not engage us more. But this is simply the natural posture of the affections in an unperturbed mind: it is not a matter of obligation. It expresses preparation, but does not constitute it: it reveals the Christian lineaments, but does not trace them. Much more than this is implied in the usual lessons drawn from the lapse of years; and it greatly concerns our primary notions of Christian duty to understand the precise manner in which that duty is affected by the seasonal changes of our life.

Strictly speaking, very little, in relation to a man's duty, depends on the diminishing quantity of his time to come. Whether it be a day or a half-century makes no difference in the nature or the intensity of his moral obligation, though it must doubtless affect the external actions on which it may be rational for him to enter. Nay, if there were no such thing as death for him at all, if he had the early Christian's expectation of immortality on earth, the sentence of reprove for his animal nature would bring no release from the glorious bonds that are laid upon the spiritual. Every hour would retain its priceless worth, notwithstanding the most copious supply; nor could eternity itself cheapen the moments intrusted to his will. When Paul gained the conviction that he was raised above the touch of mortality; when he first looked into the opening avenue of ages, and saw himself, with living feet, securely passing through; when he felt that he could defy the perils of shipwreck and the sword of persecution,—did it abate his earnestness, and whisper to him that he had time enough? Did it turn his eager haste into an easy stroll? Did it fill him with moral indifference to the world that slumbered above the elements of explosion? Far otherwise. It cooled his personal interests, and made him so far from quiet heart; but it set his conscience on fire, and he spake the truth, he soothed the sorrows, he warned the sins, which would have been the objects of his care, had he beheld that age of Providence as we look back upon it now. "What would you wish

to be doing," was the question once put to a wise man, "if you knew that you were to die the next minute?" "Just what I am doing now," was his reply, though he was neither repeating the creed nor telling his religious experience, but, for aught I know, posting his accounts or talking merry nonsense with his children round the fire. Nothing that is worthy of a living man can be unworthy of a dying one; and whatever is shocking in the last moment would be disgraceful in every other. The most trivial things, in their order and season, lose their moral incongruity and meanness: the most lofty, when misplaced, are deprived of all their greatness. He who is snatched from the world at his prayers, when his work is overdue, may well pass with culprit heart away; while the punctual Christian need not be scared to find himself brushing his hat within a minute's reach of the saints in heaven. In truth, it is impossible to borrow motives from the mere approach of death, without withdrawing them from the other parts of life. If, as our term hastens to expire, we have just reason for putting forth more strenuous service, then, in proportion to the remoteness of the goal, we must have reason equally just for less strenuous service; our obligations must be times unruled or ratio; there must be times unruléd or slightly touched by conscience, when its authority is inchoate and immature. Were it thus, sins of deepest dye in a life that had a year to run would have a lighter shade if five remained, and might be altogether bleached by exposure to twenty summer suns. I need not say how degrading it is thus to assign chronology to the rule of duty, to give shifting seasons to immutable Law. It is to look at the most solemn of realities through illusions of our fancy, to suppose the holiness of God capable of relaxation and intensity by changes purely physical, to subject his approval to our laws of mental distance. The proximity of death may, indeed, open our eyes and startle us with the consciousness of truths but ill discerned before; but the truth itself was no less there; the duty so pressing on our hand is not created, but only found; the neglect that weighs newly on the heart is not a product of to-day, but, oh, of how wearisome an age!

Thus there is always a lax side to this sort of morality. It connives at our waiting to be faithful till we can scarcely help it, and, by pressing us to future haste, slurs over past delay. If it be possible thus to make up for lost time, then human duty must be a kind of task-work assigned in definite quantity to our hand, with no stipulation but that at some time or other it shall be done. If it be capable of compression, it must admit of dilution; remissness may be compensated by diligence, and early assiduity may exhaust and prematurely finish up our obligations. Against a conception so base every true soul presents an involuntary remonstrance. This responsible existence is not a jail, in which we are imprisoned on the ticket system, and permitted to work out our term of hard labor, and by good use of spare hours go free into idleness and ease forever after. Its sacred bondage is no state of miserable punishment, of grievous expiation, to be sighed over and gone through, but of severe and glorious privilege, which, once embraced, can never be resigned; to be clung to through the changes of death as of life, like the piercing yet saving crucifix of self-denial. It is as the vow of pilgrimage to a holy land, the sepulchre of saviors and of saints, the field of prophets' glory, the mount of divine transfiguration, which, real as it is in God's universe, lies nowhere in our geography; to which we take our passage in vain by any steamship; which the Bishop of Jerusalem cannot help us to find out; the very light of whose beauty and colors of whose identity appear to have fled, as we stand upon the common hills and look into the turbid streams, yet whose image, ineffaceable from our believing hearts, still tempts us on, explorers of successive worlds, and devoted to an endless quest. Whoever cannot resign himself to an absolute impossibility of moral collapse and rest,—however much he may have charge from the service of God by the length of his fidelity, is a stranger yet to the true and loyal heart, and has taken the vow of the hireling, not the sacrament of love. On this, indeed, rests all the talk about its being time to prepare for the

change of worlds. It implies that our duty is but a means to a future end, the medicine followed by the sweetmeats; that the cine followed by the submission to it is soon to period of our submission to it is soon to close; that we shall then have done with it, and reached the great holiday of our existence. This is to renounce the primary sentence. This is to renounce the authority of conscience, to refuse the authorizations of God. It denies his divine right over us, and sets him on the level, bargaining with us. It abrogates the whole law of obligation, proclaims that there is nothing above interest, establishes the worship of wages, and degrades heaven and immortality into a gigantic pay-day. I know of no more shameful profanation of great and holy realities. The doctrine of retribution is most true and solemn; but it constitutes no duty, it changes none, it implies them all. If we were not bound without it, we should still be free to please ourselves under it; and it would be nobody's affair but ours if we chose to pocket our remorse, and take the consequences. No, it is not retribution that establishes the moral law, but the moral law that establishes retribution. The shadow falls not backward from that world to this, but forward from this world to that. It is our nature and our conscience that demand and must determine our future lot, not our future lot that is to create our conscience and regulate our nature. The true disciple's heart claims no recompense, but renders willing service after service, "hoping for nothing again," and, though full of high expectancy and lighted with the immortal glow, deriving thence nothing of the faithfulness of duty, but only its grandeur and its joy; content to be among the "children of the Highest," whether in one world or in two, for an hour or for untold years.

While nothing in relation to human duty depends on the diminishing quantity of our time to come, everything depends on the ever-changing quality of present objects and events; and thus it is that the lapse of years reads the true lesson to our conscience. The mere flight of dead and empty duration, and our own particular relation to it, are of little moment; but the shifting attitudes of the things within it, the vicissitudes of the beings it contains, are of the highest and most fearful concern. They are the conditions of all our action, whose happy adaptation to them constitutes our moral wisdom, whose disregard of them makes our negligence, whose variance from them creates our folly and our sin. We live in a world of progress and unrest. Every object by which we are surrounded is passing through evanescent states, which must be caught, or they are gone; and, since all our work, not being mere flourish of activity in emptiness, has constant reference to these, there is not a particle of it that can wait. If it is not struck down upon the instant, its solid efficiency is all wasted, and its movement only beats the air. It is not the seasons only and the clouds that change from day to day, so that, if you cut not your corn by the timely autumn sun, the hail will pelt out and the damp skies rot the hopes of the year. But

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there is nothing that stands still in time, so that no duty at all admits of delay. Each is strictly the duty of the moment; and our moral life is a race of perpetual speed, in which at every step the ground breaks from beneath us; and, if our foot be not ready for the advance, we must sink with it, and fall away. The child neglected to-day is less teachable to-morrow. His pliant and submissive heart, permitted to collect the crust of ignorant self-will, will need some softening ere you can begin; and his eager questions, betraying the wide-open mind, once pushed rudely back, you cannot gain entrance till by false keys you have unclosed the curiosity that was suffered to collapse. The act of social kindness which is a gracious attention this week becomes an overdue debt the next, and is presented with sad apology instead of received with glad surprise. The want which we vainly purposed to relieve soon looks up at us with reproachful face from the still graves. The tears we failed to wipe away dry upon the cheek, and leave us in the presence of the averted features of distrust instead of the eye of sweet reliance. The wounded tenderness to which we spoke not the timely and soothing word passes into permanent soreness instead of healing into grateful love. All round our human existence, indeed, does this same thing appear. The just expectation which we have disappointed cannot be recovered. There must be a long undoing before you can weave again in even lines and pattern fair the tangled web of life. Simply to reinstate the former conditions that should never have become confused is ever a vast and weary task; a barren and negative necessity, fruitless of positive good; the mere burdensome creation of our negligence. It is truly humiliating to think how enormous a proportion of the world's activity is spent upon the mere repair of evils occasioned by human unfaithfulness. When the physician has reckoned all the diseases and sufferings he witnesses which involve any element of guilt; when the lawyer has counted the suits brought to him by fraud, injustice, and cupidity; when the tradesman has told how much of the cost he incurs is in looking up the debts which else would not be paid, or watching the servants who cannot be trusted out of sight; when the labor has been weighed which is occasioned wholly by broken promises and disappointed expectations and interrupted contracts,—how much, think you, would remain to constitute the real productive and progressive work of mankind, compensative of no artificial evil, but fulfilling the appointed Providential good? If every posture of things were seized by the faithful conscience at the right moment, and no crisis were lost, who will venture to say what sorrows would be saved, what complications would be unravelled, or even what interval would be left between the heaven we hope for and the earth we live in? Nor must we forget that, while objects around us perpetually change, we ourselves do not stand still. We also are subjects of transient and evanescent states, bringing with them their several obligations, and carrying away their fruits of tranquillity or of reproach. Each present conviction, each secret suggestion of duty, constitutes a distinct and separate call of God, which can never be slighted without the certainty of its total departure or its fainter return. The spontaneous movement of the heart can then only be replaced by the strivings of a heavy and reluctant will, with twice the work and only half the strength. The different feeling of to-morrow is destined to a different work, and cannot be diverted to accomplish the task which was due to-day. And so the power which is not wisely spent must be wildly wasted. Our true opportunities come but once. They are sufficient, but not redundant; and we have time enough for the longest duty, but not for the shortest sin.—*London Christian World.*

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

LIBERALISM.*

BY E. CARLETON SPRAGUE.

Inasmuch as I have not engaged in our discussions, it has been my habit, at the first of our yearly dinners, to say a few words in respect to some of the interests or objects or ideals of our club. I remember saying at our first meeting, four years ago, that we had adopted the title of "The Liberal Club of Buffalo," using the adjective "liberal" in the sense of the noun "liberty," because, among other things, and within the limits of a reverent spirit, the utmost freedom of opinion and expression was to be the right of every member and guest of the club. To-night I am moved to preach to you a short sermon, particularly for the benefit of the younger brethren, taking our name as a text, for the purpose of elucidating as clearly as I can the meaning of the word "liberal," using the adjective "liberal" in the sense of the noun "liberalism," or "liberal-mindedness," as distinguished from the more broadly significant word "liberality." I think it will not be unprofitable, at the beginning of our new year, to devote a little time to the inquiry what we mean by liberalism, and whether it is a profitable thing, or whether it is a detriment to private character and the public welfare, as seems to be supposed by that most conservative of conservatives, Mr. John Ruskin.

It requires a skilful surgeon and a keen blade to dissect the mysteries of the human body. But it requires a still more skilful surgeon and a still keener blade to dissect the profound and subtle mysteries of the human mind. I am obliged by my topic to invade somewhat the shadowy realm of metaphysics. I am painfully sensible how inadequate I am to my subject. Nevertheless, I propose to give you the best thought of which I am capable.

Let me begin, then, by saying that I know of no more instructive teachers of liberalism (always excepting the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount) than two men, separated by more than eighteen centuries of time, and by marked contrasts of mind and character, although in perfect accord upon this topic,—Saint Paul and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Saint Paul has expounded the leading principles of liberalism with unsurpassed precision. I ask you to listen to four or five of his profound sayings, and to ponder them in your hearts. "One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth." "Why judgest thou another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." "Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?" "There is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean." He enforces his doctrine with a practical application: "Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no question for conscience' sake. For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." It is thus that Paul announced the supremacy of his own convictions over a large body of the most rigorous provisions of the Mosaic law.

From the teachings of Saint Paul I venture to formulate, with sufficient precision, I think, for practical uses, this moderate statement of what I conceive to be the main proposition of liberalism. That proposition is this: that, as to all subjects of long-continued differences of opinion between equally honest and intelligent men, it is the right and the duty of every man to respect and follow his own carefully considered and conscientious convictions, without any assumption, however, of infallibility, and with a mind always open to new light; and that it is equally his duty to cultivate a spirit of respectful consideration for the carefully considered and conscientious convictions of other men. It is the sacredness of every man's convictions, subject only to his own master, which Paul proclaimed. To respect our opponents is easy: they may be among our most honored friends. To respect their opinions is the difficult duty of the liberalist,—difficult particularly because an opposing opinion apparently implies an assumption of superiority of intelligence, which is extremely irritating to our pride in our own opinions. If we were all Isaac

*An address delivered before the Liberal Club of Buffalo on the evening of November 16 by E. Carleton Sprague, president of the club.

Newtons, equally wise and equally modest, picking up pebbles on the shore of the ocean of truth, we should all be accomplished liberalists.

I shall not attempt this evening to discuss what our duties are in regard to convictions which are not carefully considered, or which are not conscientious, or which are neither carefully considered nor conscientious.

I know of nothing more interesting in the history of this department of thought than the splendor with which the liberalism of Saint Paul is elaborated and illustrated by the genius and example of Emerson. It was the key-note of the first page of his first book, "Nature," and was one of the chief burdens of his subsequent discourse. I shall not attempt to quote many of his words. The substance, in part, is this: our fathers met the moral and spiritual as well as material problems of life and nature face to face. They solved them as best they could for themselves, and proclaimed their convictions to the world. We, their children, infinitely better qualified than they, by training and knowledge, to solve these problems, living face to face with life and nature as well as they, knowing, to use his expression, that "every new thought which genius and piety throws into the world alters the world," conscious, it may be, at times, of inspirations which seem to be from a source higher than ourselves, nevertheless dare not utter our convictions. We bow to the authority of the Fathers, of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, or Locke, or of some synod or council or convocation or assembly or convention. Above all, we crouch in fear of the prevailing public opinion which is in a constant conspiracy against our independence. By and by some exceptionally courageous man thinks our thought, proclaims it to the world, moves the world, and is recognized as one of its prophets, while we shrink into our proper insignificance, and die with grieving over our own cowardice. Emerson, on the contrary, asks why should we not enjoy original relations with the universe. Certainly, we as well as our fathers are invited to solve its secrets. Certain it is that more accurate knowledge has been acquired during the past two centuries than during all the preceding ages put together; and, therefore, our convictions are entitled to more respect and authority than the convictions of all the preceding ages put together. Let us always remember that self-trust is the essence of heroism; that to trust our own thought, that is genius; that there is nothing more sacred than our mental integrity; and that virtue consists in fidelity to our carefully considered and conscientious convictions. He equally insisted upon the respect due to the carefully considered and conscientious convictions of others, and his sincerity was manifested by his example. He never dogmatized, and was to a rare degree free from pride of opinion. He was earnest in his convictions and courageous in proclaiming them, but they were always subject to emendation. He was the first to appreciate, and was an enthusiast in his admiration of, such originals as Alcott, Thoreau, Whitman, and Margaret Fuller. Believing that men's minds are as various as their faces, and that each is inspired by its own peculiar genius, he was every man's disciple. He was always on the lookout for new light from the humblest of his

associates, and gave undespairs audience even to the scores of half-witted pilgrims who found their way to his house in Concord for the purpose of exhibiting with paternal fondness the still-born offspring of their mental parturitions. He reiterated in a thousand ways his belief that there dwells in all men some spark of the Divine Spirit, and was in this, as well as in his liberalism, a disciple of Saint Paul. His reverence for the capabilities of man was unbounded. "A drop," he writes, "is a small ocean. A man is a representative of all nature." "It is one light that beams out of a thousand stars: it is one soul that animates all men." "The world is nothing: man is all."

I have dwelt thus long upon the writings and example of Emerson because I think they afford an object-lesson of liberal-mindedness more instructive than any amount of abstract dissertation.

In the next place, gentlemen, I think it is quite apparent that, with the advancement of modern knowledge and culture, liberalism, so far as it is based upon respect for other men and their opinions, is becoming more a matter of mental constitution and attitude, largely the product of heredity and early environment and of general culture, and less a matter of the number and character of our beliefs; so that in all the range of thinking people, from the extremist of mystics to the most sceptical of rationalists, you cannot tell where you shall find your liberalist or your bigot. In regard to respect for our own convictions, where they are strictly spontaneous and unaffected by exterior influences, especially in the daily affairs of life, it is a necessity of human nature, a necessity of our mental constitution. It is difficult to imagine the performance of any conscious and voluntary act in ordinary life which is not the result of the conviction that the act is appropriate to the occasion, and of our respect for that conviction. Were it not so, we should stay fast-rooted where we are, and lose the power of action. There is nothing, therefore, more easy than to respect our own convictions. When we come to the question of respect for the convictions of other men, we meet with a disagreeable trait in human nature, which, it seems to me, is quite unaccountable, since it can hardly, upon the theory of evolution, be charged to our unfortunate and much abused brute ancestors, to whom we attribute most of our vices, but in whom this trait is very slightly, if at all, developed. I refer to the almost universal spirit of contempt for other people and their opinions which seems congenial with our mental constitution. It is remarkable how vigorously it appears in little children. It is very potent in half-educated people, and diminishes with increasing intelligence, without regard to particular beliefs. A semi-barbarous white man delights in despising a black man, while I suppose that all true gentlemen will heartily sympathize with the fine saying of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts that he thanked God that he never despised any man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black. The cruelty of a contemptuous spirit is manifest when you consider that the world is full of men and women who meet with cheerful fortitude the most pitiless blows of fortune and of their adversaries, while there is no man or woman, however humble, who will not

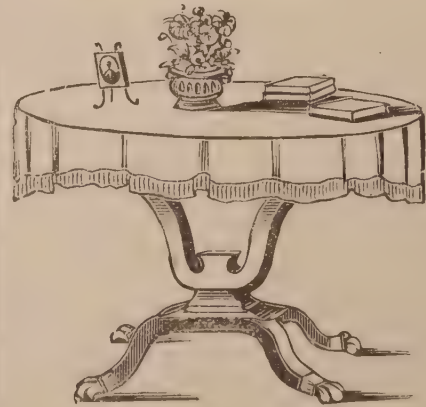
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sweetly and patiently? Among the many she has written there must, it would seem, be one or more such: the law of averages would necessitate it; but at this writing we do not recall its name.

THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA ACCORDING TO OLD RECORDS TOLD BY PAUL CARUS. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.—It does not seem to us that Dr. Carus has done well to blend his own matter indistinguishably with that of the Buddhistic writings. He tells us that many passages, and, indeed, the most important ones, have been literally copied from the translations of the original texts. "Some are rendered rather freely, in order to make them intelligible to the present generation. Others have been rearranged. Still others are abbreviated." The opening and closing chapters are entirely Dr. Carus's own matter in the spirit of the original books. It is evident from these confessions that, however freely the reader may go to this book for moral and spiritual enlightenment, he cannot go to it for exact knowledge of what Buddha was and taught. We come closest to him and to the real Buddhist teaching in the "Parables and Stories," of which a very interesting selection is given. But a much better result would have been achieved if Dr. Carus had given us a series of exact transcripts from the original documents, and with these a series of essays upon mooted points.

THE BORDERLAND OF CZAR AND KAISER: NOTES FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Bigelow, in spite of the opposition of Russian officials and of embarrassment at every point, has managed to say something about Russia; and that it is not more favorable to the Russian government is because that government had no intention of allowing Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Remington, his artist companion, to travel in Russia and tell what they saw. The chapter entitled "Why we left Russia" will be accepted as a sufficient explanation, not only why Mr. Bigelow and his companion did not stay there, but why many others find Russian rule intolerable. There are interesting chapters on the German soldier, and on the Emperor William's stud farm and hunting forest. A chapter on "The Preaching Gospel of Russia" is a story of religious persecution, which shows how heavy and intolerant is the Russian yoke. Mr. Remington's illustrations are as happy as usual.

SIBYLLA. By H. S. Cunningham, author of "Wheat and Tares," "The Heriots," etc. New York: Macmillan & Co.—This is a good story of a man who has Browning's "need of a world of men," and, in the exercise of his public duties, fails to see that he is leaving his wife too much alone, not physically, but intellectually, and in her desire for sympathy and fellowship. Naturally enough, she comforts herself a little with the friendship of another man, until his friendship becomes full fledged and proposes an aerial flight. But nothing of this sort has been in her loyal heart. In the mean time circumstances conspire to make her sympathy necessary to her husband, and the Saturnian days return. The book has a kind of anti-climax in its detailing of the fortunes of the subordinate gentleman of the story. This is soup after meat, when the main business has been satisfactorily finished.

OTTO'S INSPIRATION. By Mary H. Ford, author of "Which Wins?" Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.—This is a musical story, and it makes a pleasant music for the mind and heart. That particular feature which names the book—the boy's claim of angelic inspiration—does not help, but rather hinders, but not seriously, for it is not done obtrusively. The contrast of the hard matter-of-factness of the heroine's parents and the boy's ideality, their conception of his violin as a devilish instrument,—all this is well done; and we like them all the better because, when he comes home famous with a real "Stradivarius" of his own, they still do not succumb. A real "Stradivarius," by the way, is getting to be almost as common in fiction as in fact (?); and in the latter region there are enough, like the bits of the true cross, to build a seventy-four.

THE BASIC LAW OF VOCAL UTTERANCE. By Emil Sutro. New York. E. S. Werner.—This writer claims to have discovered a new vocal cord, and to prove that speech sounds are the product of inspiration as well as expiration. He combats all our accepted theories regarding voice, drawing a distinction between the air taken for life purposes and the air taken for voice and speech. There is much in the book that may be of interest to voice teachers and specialists.

THE BURDEN OF ILL-HEALTH: HOW TO BEAR IT. By Lula Lyon Topping. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.—This tiny book, written after "a weary experience in the solitary way," is sent out as a special message of help and cheer to invalids. The helps are mental and spiritual, leading the

mind into thoughts of patient waiting and loving sympathy. A few appropriate poems are added to the seven short chapters.

Miscellaneous.

The Year Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches makes its appearance in familiar form, with revised lists of parishes and ministers, and the usual information about Unitarian organizations. The book may be had at 25 Beacon Street at 20 cents a copy.

The "Unitarian Pocket Almanack for 1895," issued by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at Essex Hall, is a small, neatly bound publication, containing the same class of information as is afforded by our own Year Book, besides blanks for memoranda, engagements, and daily jottings,—all very compact and convenient.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1894 is fully equal to its predecessors in the number of good stories, interesting articles of description, and bright anecdotes that it contains. It is too bulky for convenient reading, but convenience and comfort will matter little to the boy or girl who has a chance to turn its fascinating pages.

Orra Langhorne, whose name is well known in Boston through her contributions to daily and weekly papers, has published in pamphlet form a story of the New South, entitled "Aunt Pokey's Son." It is written with the design of showing that there must be some point of contact where the two races occupying the same country, using the same language, professing the same faith, can meet as friends in the changed conditions that have come to both. Mrs. Langhorne was born a slaveholder, and she has taken each character in her little story from real life. Printed by J. P. Bell & Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Ernst Haeckel, well known for his numerous works on biology and paleontology, has written a little book that should be of peculiar interest in these days of doubt and unrest. It takes up the subject of Monism as a connecting link between religion and science, and bears as a sub-title "The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science." It will be published at once by Macmillan & Co.

Under the title of "A College Town Pulpit," Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., publishes a series of monthly sermons. Subscription price, 50 cents a year, 5 cents a number. The subjects of the first five sermons of the current year's issue (September to January) are: "The Soul's Cry for God"; "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal"; "Sectarianism: Its Causes and Cure"; "The True Cross of Christ"; "Was Jesus God, and How he came to be Worshipped." Send subscriptions to address as above. Reductions in price will be made to Post-office Missions and churches ordering the sermons in quantities.

Macmillan & Co. announce the second volume of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" as ready at last. The first volume of this revised edition was issued in September, 1893; and this unexpected delay has been caused partly by the pressure of Mr. Bryce's political duties, and partly by the labor involved in the writing of new chapters and revision of others. These new chapters are timely and interesting, dealing, as they do, respectively with the Tammany ring of New York, as an example of the perversion and corruption of democratic government under certain conditions, the influence of physical conditions on the development of the American people, and the reconstruction of the South.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Scribner's Magazine. Volumes XV. and XVI.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. Lullabies of Many Lands. Collected and rendered into English verse by Allina Stretteil. Price \$2.50.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. The Parasite. A Story. By A. Conan Doyle.

From Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. Episodes from Andreas Hofer. By Otto Hoffmann. Price 25 cents.

Petit Livre d'Instruction et de Divertissement. Price 20 cents.

From the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. The Little Epicure. 700 Choice Recipes.

From Williams & Norgate, London. Pessimism, Science, and God. Spiritual Solutions of Pressing Problems. By John Page Hopps.

From T. Fisher Unwin, London. Children's Services, with Hymns and Songs. To which is added Ethics for the Young. By W. L. Sheldon.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. "La Mariposa." By Helen Frances Lowe. Within the Temple. The Sister's Hymn. Home, Sweet Home. The Revival. Devotion. Sunlight. Reveries transcribed for the Piano.

Friend or Foe. Duet for Tenor and Baritone. By J. C. Macy.

Pensées Amoureuses. Waltz. By R. Chase Carrington. Love's Sun hath set for me. Song. Words and music by Will Blythe.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.
TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY IDA M. COOKE.

I do not ask new, richer gifts of thee,
Whate'er be thine:
I only ask that thou wilt leave to me
The things called mine.

For the Christian Register.
GRACIOSA'S LUCKY PERSIMMON-TREE.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

I don't suppose there is any idler creature in the world than a Northern invalid spending a winter in Florida. My Cousin Dorrie had been really ill, and I was ailing. So a council of the powers that be at home had met, and decreed that we leave college at Thanksgiving and travel South with Dorrie's mother, my Aunt Powers. What lazy creatures we were! Dorrie and I never opened a book or even exerted ourselves to dress in anything but outing skirts and shirt-waists.

But every evening, as the air grew a little cooler, we did muster up energy enough to stroll down the road, and amuse ourselves with quizzing Graciosa. This personage of romantic name was what is commonly known in the South as a "poor white," and she was a character. Dorrie and I blessed the day when we discovered her; for she saved us many a pang of ennui, as the novels say. We would lean over the rail fence near the barnyard while she milked the cows; and, as the stream of rich milk descended into the pail, we would draw Graciosa out. She was sixteen, but she did not know how to read or write. She was maid of all work and general farm drudge for her step-father, her mother having died and left a numerous brood of half-brothers and sisters to Graciosa's care. What amused us most about Graciosa was her superstitions. Her mind was fairly crammed with the most curious ideas about charms and conjuring spells and such matters. Moreover, she clung to her belief in them with a tenacity no ridicule could weaken.

"Graciosa, Graciosa," said Dorrie, meditatively, one evening. "You have a very romantic name. Do you know you ought to be a queen of fashion or something of that sort, Graciosa, with silk dresses to wear and a carriage to ride in. You really ought to, Graciosa. It's only fair to that name."

"I reckon I will be some day, Miss Dorrie. I sholy will! My maw done name me Grashiosy. She had book-learnin', did maw,—just like you-uns, Miss Dorrie; and so shall I some day. My maw tole me befo' she die that the wise woman down yandah at the Cornahs done tole her some owdacious good luck plum boun' to come t'me. So I'm a-lookin' fo' it. I s'pect it gwine be mighty fine when it gits hyar."

Graciosa twitched her faded calico sun-bonnet and straightened up with an important air on her milking-stool. Dorrie and I looked at her gravely. One is too lazy to smile in Florida. We took our amusement internally, as the doctor directed us to take some of our medicine.

"Well, Graciosa," I said. "Did the wise woman tell your mother what the good luck was going to be?"

"Naw, Miss Pauline," the girl replied. "She was took with a fit, and couldn't speak no mo'. But I tell you what I s'pect it'll be. My maw owned this plantation befo' she married my step-paw; and her antsistahs buried a fohtune of money somewhere on the place, to keep it from the soldiers. I used to heah my maw tell about it often and often. I reckon, Miss Dorrie, I gwine fin' that money when my good luck done come."

One evening, a rare occurrence, we found Graciosa unoccupied; and where should she be, of all places, but perched up in the persimmon-tree over our heads. She smiled down upon us from among the green leaves and yellow fruit.

"Mighty cool up hyar, Miss Pauline," she said sociably from her airy height. "The ole witch on Mavry's Hill done say to my maw that this pashimmon's a lucky tree fo' me. So, when I git a minute to myself, I climbs up to see if my good luck's on the road yit."

I don't know what put the idea into our

heads, I am sure. There is a time-honored proverb that Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do, and I suppose he is equally attentive to idle brains. At any rate, when that absurd Southern St. Valentine's Day arrived, with its singing birds and blossoming flowers, it brought to us a desire to play a joke on Graciosa. So that evening, when we sauntered down to our usual trysting place under the persimmon-tree, we called Graciosa over to the fence; and Dorrie said modestly:—

"You know, Graciosa, that we have a little book-learning; and, when you told us about the buried treasure and the lucky persimmon-tree, we were interested to study into the matter. Now there are books of magic, and we found a charm just to fit your case."

"My! In a conjurin' book!" exclaimed Graciosa, in an awe-stricken tone.

"Listen, Graciosa; and hear the charm; and, if you do everything just as I tell you, you'll surely find a hidden treasure. Today is St. Valentine's Day; and in all the books it is a great day for magic and spells. Wonderful things can be done on St. Valentine's Day if you know just how to do them. So you can see that the evening of St. Valentine's Day is a splendid time to try a charm, especially if the moon shines, as it will to-night. Now, first, you must gather some persimmons from this tree and some pig-nuts from the hollow over there, and bring them here at nine o'clock to-night to this very spot. You must lay the persimmons round in a circle—so," Dorrie explained; "and then arrange the pig-nuts in a triangle inside the circle—so." And she showed Graciosa a drawing of the design on paper. "Then the charm begins. You must let down your hair, and step into the centre of the circle and triangle; and, pointing to the three corners of the triangle, you must say,—

"Owls of the air and bats of the night, Bring me your candles, that I may have light."

"Then, Graciosa," I finished solemnly, "you must begin to dig; and the treasure will be yours."

Graciosa's black eyes lit up with a simple faith. She believed every word we had said. Dorrie and I began to feel a little ashamed of ourselves, to take advantage of so trusting a mind; but Graciosa said eagerly:—

"I kin remembah it all, Miss Dorrie; and I'll sholy fin' it! Don't you fret! I don't know how to thank you-uns, noways; but I feels it in hyar. 'Deed I do, Miss Pauline!" And she clasped her hands over the front of her shabby cotton waist.

At quarter to nine that night you might have seen Dorrie and me watch our chance, creep under the rail fence, and, digging little holes in the dry, sandy earth, deposit two or three silver coins in each, and cover them up carefully again. Then we hid in some bushes, and saw Graciosa carry out Dorrie's orders to the letter. It gave even us rather an eerie feeling, though, when Graciosa unbraided her heavy flaxen hair, and, letting it fall about her, stepped into the triangle, and recited Dorrie's silly couplet with dramatic effect. Her long hair glistened almost white in the moonlight, her large dark eyes were gleaming with excitement. I must say she was an uncanny-looking maiden, as she picked up her spade and began to dig. We watched her until she dropped her shovel hastily and stooped over. She had discovered our silver, for we heard her cry out, "Hyar's some of it a'ready!"

By that time we were tired of the joke; and, whistling to Ajax, our Newfoundland dog, we started for a moonlight stroll. It was cooler at night, and therefore pleasanter walking. Dorrie and I were never afraid when we had Ajax with us. I do not know how long we were gone; but I think it was after ten o'clock when we neared the lucky persimmon-tree on the way back, and Dorrie clutched my arm and pointed ahead: "Look!—She's digging yet!"

Then, indeed, contrition entered our souls, to think that we had led this poor, over-worked farm drudge to toil all that time over what we knew to be a fool's task. We had supposed that, after she had found our little heaps of silver and nothing more, she would soon tire of the fruitless operation. We started forward both at once, and were just about to speak, when Graciosa gave a scream, and bent over the good-sized hole her strong arms had already succeeded in digging. She looked up, and saw us.

"O Miss Dorrie, Miss Pauline! I've struck it. It's thar, sholy!" said Dorrie, "Nonsense, Graciosa!" said Dorrie, sharply. "It's a stone, most likely."

But, when we had peered into the hole and sounded the object Graciosa had struck, it did seem to be metallic; and by and by, when Graciosa had dug deeper, we could see that it certainly was a box. Dorrie and I were still rather sceptical; but, when we looked at Graciosa's excited eyes and white face, we determined to see the matter through. We had danced, and now we must pay the piper. We made Graciosa rest under the lucky persimmon-tree while we hastened back to the hotel, secured two burly men with pickaxes, and piloted them to Graciosa's charmed circle.

"Now, there's something in that hole," I said; "and, whatever it turns out to be, you shall be paid for digging it up."

"Mayhap it's a coffin, lady," said one of the men, not liking the job so late at night. "Too short," said the other, "unless it be a baby." After which gruesome suggestions the two Cornishmen set to work.

So it happened that in about half an hour a queer little procession filed into Aunt Powers's sitting-room,—the two men carrying between them a heavy iron strong-box with a steel-barred lid; two bewildered, nonplussed young women, Dorrie and I; and a young farm girl in faded calico, with long fair hair, Graciosa.

I awoke aunt, and called the landlord; and at midnight on that memorable eve of St. Valentine the box was forced open, and revealed to our dazzled eyes heaps and rows of yellow gold Spanish dollars and silver Mexican coins. I never saw so much money all together in my life, and I don't suppose I ever shall again.

"They do say, Miss, that her mother's folks way back came from Mexico and were Spaniards," said our landlord, "and that that's where she gets that queer, high-sounding name and those big black eyes."

Dorrie and I each took Graciosa by the hand.

"We want to congratulate you, Graciosa," Dorrie exclaimed. "You have quite a little fortune now of your own, and we shall take particular care to get a lawyer to-morrow who will see that no one takes it from you."

Graciosa fell on her knees, and gazed at her wealth. "To think, Miss Pauline, that you and Miss Dorrie done conjured it up out of the air!" she ejaculated.

And, if ever there was a pair of humiliated, repentant damsels in this world, it was Dorrie and I when we laboriously explained to simple-minded Graciosa the joke we had played upon her that Valentine's Day.

But, when she looked at her good luck, she could not help forgiving us; and, when she went away to "get book-learnin'" and became a jolly school-girl herself, I think she understood us.

PATTY COON.

At intervals a little sob came from the corner rocking-chair.

"Papa will find another coon some day, dear, perhaps," said Grandma Hulbert, tenderly.

"But not another Patty," said Rita, whose grief was as deep, if not as tearful, as Leah's for their lost pet. "Not another fuzzy, twinkly little Patty. Oh, never, grandma!"

"Here comes Harry, running. Bless me, how he's running!" said grandma, looking down the road. Harry's head was really half a length ahead of his heels until he tumbled in at the sitting-room door.

"Joe—Bentwick's—trapped—Patty!" he cried.

"Oh!" cried the children. "Who told you?"

"Saw her!" panted Harry.

"Joe traps for his living," said grandma.

"But of course he'll give up Patty."

"He won't!" said Harry, getting back his breath. "He says he trapped Patty fairly in the woods, and we let her get away. He says her skin is worth a pair of shoes to him, and we must buy her back if we want her."

"Where's my bank?" cried Leah. "I wanted a new muffler, but I'd rather have Patty."

"It isn't right to buy our own coon!" declared Rita, pulling on her jacket.

"Grandma, isn't she our own coon yet?"

"I think she is," said grandma. "But

remember, dear, Joe looks at it from his point; and you must talk gently."

Joe Bentwick was leaning over the gate watching for them as Leah, Rita, and Harry came up.

"Joe," said Rita, quietly, "may we please see if you have our coon?"

"There's her cage," said Joe, gruffly.

"Patty, Patty!" cooed Leah.

A little black nose was thrust between the wood bars; and two gentle, timid little eyes peered up at her.

"Oh, Joe! Let her out!"

"You poor Patty!" cried Rita. "Joe,

her foot has been hurt in the trap! Can't we have her?"

"She's worth shoes to me," muttered Joe.

Harry glanced irresolutely at his feet, encased in stout new shoes. He was about Joe's size. In a twinkling both shoes were off, and he held them out to Joe. "They cost three dollars," he said; "and I earned them myself. Try them on."

Leah held Patty nestled up in her arms.

"They fit," said Joe, with a relaxing smile. "It's a swap. Take your old coon.

Only next time look out she doesn't run away."

Harry trudged home barefoot; and, although he winced when he pulled on his old shoes, Patty's delight over her bread and milk, and his sisters' delight over Patty, more than paid him.

Next morning, when mamma stepped out on the piazza, there lay Harry's new shoes with a little note tied to one string. It ran:—

I can't keep these shoes. I feel too cheap. The coon is yours, anyway. I was mad 'cause you're better off than me. Keep the shoes.
JOE BENTWICK.

"I'll find a way for Joe to earn some shoes," said papa, when he had read the note. And he was better than his word. In time Joe learned to love Patty Coon himself.—Lillian L. Price, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE BUNNY PLATE.

When Beth's birthday came, her two little friends, Bertha and Edna, who lived across the street, wanted to give her a present. So they talked to mamma about it.

"You might take her a quart of pecans," said mamma; for they had a barrelful.

"Are you sure she'd like them just as well as if we buyed them new?" said Bertha.

"You like them as well every time I let you have them," said mamma.

So it was settled that after their naps they should take them over, and they did not mean to take long naps; but Edna slept so long that, when she woke up, she found Bertha had taken the nuts over, and then had gone down town for mamma. Edna did not like this at all.



“You see,” said mamma, “you slept so long; and Bertha wanted her to have them before dark, so she could eat some. She told her they were from you, too.”

“Oh, but I didn’t hear her say ‘thank you,’” wailed Edna.

“You can go over now a little while,” said mamma.

So Edna went upstairs to get dressed; and then she looked through her box of toys to see if there wasn’t something she could give all alone. “But there’s something a-ailing of ’em all,” she said finally. Then she turned to Bertha’s box; and there she found the “bunny plate,”—a little plate with a bunny’s head painted on it. She had once owned a kitty plate, but it was now broken; and she thought the bunny plate the most beautiful thing in the world.

“My!” she thought. “Wouldn’t Beth just love such a silvernear [souvenir] as that. I b’lieve I’ll take it over; and then I’ll give Bertha a lot of my old things, and she won’t care.”

Edna found Beth setting the dolls’ table with a new set of dishes, out under the trees, for a tea-party. “O Edna!” she cried. “I’m so glad you’ve come. I was just going over after you and Bertha, and I just love the nuts!”

“Here is a present from me all alone,” said Edna, holding out the bunny plate.

Then, although Beth kissed her and said it was lovely, and thanked her ever so many times, yet Edna did not feel as happy as she expected. “I—I—can’t stay,” she said. “I’ve got a bad pain inside me.”

When Bertha came home, Edna was sitting on the lower step of the porch, feeling very unhappy.

It did not make her feel any better to have Bertha kiss her, and give her a bag of peppermint sticks she had bought for her. So she burst out crying, and ran over to Beth’s like a small whirlwind.

“O Beth!” she cried. “You’ll not like me any more; but I—I—stealed Bertha’s bunny plate to give you without askin’ her. And it’s made me sick, ’specially when she bringed me this candy. You can have it.” She said all this very fast and with her eyes shut tight, so she shouldn’t see the dreadful face that she was sure Beth would make up. But Beth took up the bunny plate, and put it in her hand. Then she kissed her again, and said:—

“Never mind, dear! I know how you feel,—just as I did when I took mamma’s stick-pin once without asking; and seems as though it stuck right through me some-way, ’specially after I lost it.”

“O Beth, you are a comfort!” said Edna, hugging her tight.

Then she went home, and told Bertha about it; and afterwards they came over and ate supper with the dollies.

“We had the splndidest time,” said Edna that night to mamma, “and the best little frosted cakes with ‘Beth’ printed on ’em in candies. I ate four, ’cause the pain in my inside works was all gone.”—*Churchman.*

BLACK-EYED SUSY.

She was only a yellow daisy, clasped tightly in the hot, feverish hand of a little child in the Roosevelt Hospital. It was a sultry August day; and, when the box that the Flower Mission had sent in, fresh from the country, was opened in the children’s ward, a cry of delight went up from the little patients as they caught sight of the mass of beautiful white daisies. Lying patiently on one of the cots was a little flaxen-haired German girl from the East Side; and, as the box of flowers was passed along the ward, the one yellow daisy, with its great brown eye, attracted her attention. The nurse, seeing the wistful look in the blue eyes, lifted the gay flower from the midst of its snowy companions, and laid it on the child’s pillow.

Eagerly the small hand stretched out for the flower, and quickly raised it for a moment to the parched lips; but the daisy thought that never, on the hottest August day, had she felt so warm a wave pass over her sunny head. And then, too, the little hand held her so tight and firm that it sent a sharp pain straight through the daisy’s lungs. She gave a quick little gasp, then smiled brightly up into the child’s face.

Something in the little sufferer’s eyes encouraged the daisy to speak; for you know that children can understand the flowers’ language, though they, somehow,

always seem to forget it when they are grown. So this brown-eyed daisy, looking up into the child’s blue eyes, began to forget that her lungs were being squeezed in rather an uncomfortable fashion, and, nodding a gay good-morning, said, “Perhaps you’d like to know my name, and where I come from?”

The child bent her head in answer, and the daisy continued:—

“I suppose you must be one of the sick children I have heard about. Perhaps you are too tired to talk, so I’ll do the talking, and you can listen. And, when you want me to stop, just turn my face down on the pillow; and I won’t say another word. But, please, if you wouldn’t mind not holding me quite so tight, I could breathe just a little easier. There! That’s better. You know my lungs are mostly in my legs.

“Now I’ll tell you all about myself. My last name is Rudbeckia, and my first Susy. The boys and girls up in the country where I was born and have always lived all call me Black-eyed Susy; but that is such a long name to remember! So you can just call me Susy. Our family all live in big, big fields,—not in great brick houses like this; and we all wear yellow dresses, and have brown eyes just like mine. Our family isn’t as large as my cousins’, the Ox-eyes. They sometimes have whole meadows all to themselves, while we have only patches here and there among the Grasses.

“The Grasses are sort of connections of ours. There are the Sorrels and Clovers, and the great swells, the Blue Grasses; but the Ox-eyes are our own cousins. They are rather proud, to be sure; but then they are such pretty girls, with yellow hair, and they always wear white dresses. They don’t care very much for anybody but the Buttercup boys, who wear such shiny yellow jackets and bright green trousers. The Ox-eyes are very clever girls, and can tell people’s fortunes. I used to wish I could do so, too; but, when I found that they had to have their pretty clothes torn to pieces, and that it hurt them so badly that they generally died of withering, then I wasn’t sorry I was born a Rudbeckia, with black eyes and a yellow dress. You know we daisies had rather die on our own green stalks than wither. If we die on our own stalks, we know we will be buried in the cold earth; but the next year we will come up again,—only, instead of one, we will be two, three, or even five daisies. That’s the reason the family don’t die out. But, when somebody picks us and throws us away, we don’t know exactly what does happen.

“Coming down here, though, I heard something that makes me think that, after all, perhaps it isn’t such a dreadful thing to be picked and carried away from the place where one was born.

“I was out in the field with the family. We had just waved a good-morning to West Wind as he flew by, when I felt myself clutched by a hand,—not a little white one like yours, but a brown chubby one; and I heard a child’s voice say: ‘Oh, my! What a pretty Black-eyed Susan! I’m going to send her to the city for the sick children. She looks so gay and bright, I know they will be glad to see her.’ The next I knew I was in a box with a lot of my cousins, the Ox-eyes. I was the only one of our family, and at first I felt very unhappy and lonely to be shut up in the dark; but something that my cousins were saying soon made me forget all about it and listen.

“July was asking June, who is the oldest of the family, what ministering angels were. June said she did not know exactly; but she overheard the lady that put us in the box say to the boy and girl, when the girl asked if she did not think we must feel badly to be picked and shut up in a box to be sent ’way off from the meadows and fresh country air into the hot, dusty city, that she thought not, if we only knew we were ministering angels, and could cheer the poor little sick children. June said: ‘I listened hard to find out what the lady meant. She told the boy and girl that angels had wings, and that their dresses were white, just like ours. She talked a long time with them; and I think she meant that, if we didn’t scold about being taken away from the meadows, but smiled our brightest and happiest at the sick children, and didn’t complain even when they squeezed us hard, that, when we wither, perhaps we will have wings and fly away.’

“When June stopped, all the Ox-eyes called out: ‘O Sister June! Do you

really think we’ll ever fly?’ And July said: ‘Oh, how much nicer than going down into the ground, even if you know you are coming up again!’

“‘Well,’ said June, ‘I can’t say positively; but I know that my grandmother once told me that, when she was young, a butterfly lit on her shoulder, and whispered in her ear, “I once was a daisy just like you,” which frightened her so she shook all over; and the butterfly flew away, and never came back again.’

“‘Oh, oh, June!’ exclaimed all the other daisies. ‘Then you think we’ll be lovely white butterflies with pretty fringed wings?’

“When I heard June say she thought we should all be beautiful butterflies, I felt so happy, until I happened to remember I wasn’t an Ox-eye in a white dress,—only a poor little Rudbeckia in a yellow one. I felt a big sob coming right up in my throat, when suddenly I thought, I’ll ask August—she’s the youngest of the family—what she thinks about it.

“August waited a few minutes, and then said: ‘Don’t you know, Susy, there are lots of yellow butterflies? Perhaps you’ll be one of them.’ So all the time I’ve been thinking of that; and, when the box was tossed and tumbled about, and we felt sore and bruised, I said to myself: ‘Never mind! Some time maybe you will be a lovely, big yellow butterfly.’

“But perhaps you are tired now; but, please, before you go to sleep, won’t you tell me what you think? Do you really, truly believe I’ll ever be a butterfly?”

The child’s sleepy little head nodded an assent; and the daisy contentedly curled over on her side, stifling the one homesick throb for a sweet breath from the meadows with the thought that perhaps ere morning dawned she might have spread her yellow wings. The nurse, passing through the ward at early morn, saw only a peaceful little sleeper. A happy smile hovered about her mouth, and in her hand was still clasped a faded flower. But, just as she turned away, the South Wind whispered in her ear this secret: “Just at break of day there floated out through the open window a beautiful yellow butterfly. It soared far above the brick walls and roofs of the houses, until at last it was only a tiny golden spot against the blue, blue sky.”—*Selected.*

WATCHED OVER.

A Scotch school journal recently published the following pathetic anecdote:—

The crack batsman of a school cricket team was the only son of a gentleman who for many years had been blind. He had played and loved the game in his boyhood; and, when his son was old enough to take a part in it, he would be led to the field every time he played, and anxiously follow every stroke through the eyes of his companions. Upon returning home, the game was eagerly discussed, and the son advised in every detail. Last summer the father died suddenly. The next week, to the surprise of the school, Tom, who mourned bitterly for his father, asked to take his place in the team. He played with unusual care and brilliancy, and, when the game was over, went to the umpire.

“How did I play?” he asked anxiously.

“Never better. You outdid yourself,” was the reply.

“Because,” the boy said, as he turned away, “it was the first time my father ever saw me bat.”—*Youth’s Companion.*

CONCERNING PINS.

One article of the laws of the ancient pin-makers of Paris was that no maker should open more than one shop for the sale of his wares except on New Year’s Eve and New Year’s Day. Then the court ladies obtained money from their husbands, and flocked to the shops for their yearly supply of pins. Hence the term “pin-money,” which, when pins became more easily obtained, ladies spent in other luxuries; but the term “pin-money” is still in use. So long ago as the year 1347 a royal princess had twelve thousand pins delivered from the royal wardrobe for her use; and in 1400 the Duchesse d’Orléans purchased of Jehan de Breconnier, pin-maker of Paris, several thousand long and short pins, besides five hundred pins of English make. Thus we find how long ago pins were made,

and were in use in great quantities, both in England and in France. So we can well understand how, when this country was young, pins were to the colonists a very essential part of their outfit; and, when sending to the mother countries for different articles of household use, pins were never omitted from the lists. We find in an old Boston newspaper an advertisement dated May 11, 1761, setting forth that John and Thomas Stevenson had imported, among other commodities, pins and needles.—*Interior.*



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Spirit of the Press.

The Boston Transcript of December 22 thus speaks of the *New World* :—

A particularly interesting article in the current number of the *New World* by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, entitled "The Mimicry of Heredity," will draw attention both to the subject of which it treats and to the review in which it appears. Everybody nowadays is reading and talking about Kidd's "Social Evolution," and this article is an original contribution to the same subject. The popular theories of heredity which are the slang of the readily wise are here shown to be a mixture of true heredity with quite another thing.

But we refer to this fascinating chapter, which will stimulate complementary as well as complimentary discussion, mainly because we wish to say a word in regard to the *New World*. One of the notable utterances of Anniversary Week was that in which Prof. A. V. G. Allen declared that no other review in the world is open to the advanced scholars of every denomination, through no other channel can their influence flow. This review is therefore the voice of the foremost men in religious thought,—the only voice through which they may find expression, through which the world may hear them. It is finely named the *New World*.

Efforts are being made to place this review on a permanent financial footing. They ought to receive generous support, and that from no one denomination alone. In name, in character, in aim, this is not the organ of a sect. The new world in which scholarship is not hampered by creeds, nor bound by ecclesiastical associations, nor dependent upon denominational favor, is the world now to be entered and possessed. That this review is opening up this world, and meeting the great opportunity before it, no one can doubt who looks over the names of its contributors. Leading scholars at home and abroad have both dignified the review and found in it a new organ of power. Holtzman and Pfeiderer in Germany, Réville and De la Saussaye in France, are only a few of the men who have given the *New World* rank in the Old World. Nor is its range a narrow one for scholars alone. The article we have quoted is, in the best sense of the word, a popular one, and represents the thoughtful consideration of familiar topics which makes the *New World* a necessity for the layman who would keep in touch with modern thought. But, in the nature of the case, the constituency of such a review cannot at first fully pay its expenses. Its continuance at the present time depends upon the support of those who will give something more than their subscription to maintain this quarterly in the high place which alone among other reviews it has chosen to occupy. No benefaction could be in a higher sense an investment than the gift which should establish the *New World* beyond peril. We commend it to the magnanimous laymen in every church who love the beautiful and open face of truth. A few such men could make the *New World* a permanent foundation on which every church would gain new strength and authority.

Charities and Reforms.

The Lend a Hand Home for Soldiers' Widows, at 37 Williams Street, has fitted up a building especially for hospital purposes. This will enlarge their opportunities in their charitable work. There will be simple services of dedication at this hospital at three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, January 6. It will be a favorable opportunity for the friends of the charity to visit the home and hospital.

The Immigrants' Homes supported by Methodist women are considered by their representatives as among the best works they carry on. They have one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia; and hundreds of women have passed through them to good Christian homes, and have, through the care given them in these Homes, been saved from lives which would have been worse than death.

Dr. Joseph Krauskopf is devoting all his perquisites and lecture fees to the establishment of a model farm near Philadelphia, where graduates of orphan institutions and other capable boys and girls may be trained into skilful farmers. It is to be modelled after one in Odessa, now in the third year of its existence. The trade and science of farming, stock-raising, dairying, and gardening will be taught practically and technically.

The first biennial report of the Illinois State Home for Juvenile Female Offenders is at hand. The Home has been open only a year. Seventeen girls have been received, of whom five have already been discharged. The report states that the general advancement of the girls is very encouraging, and that much has been done in these few months to soften their dispositions, improve their manners, and advance their education in the home and in the household.

Manual training in all departments is a part of the education of each girl. Judging from the well-known names of the board of trustees, there is no doubt of the wise, careful management of the Home. Dr. Jessie E. Shears is the physician.

A school for girls has been established in Ceylon which appeals earnestly to Americans for aid. Mr. Peter de Abreio recently visited England to explain the need of education in the island. After his return the Ceylon Educational League was formed, which maintains the Musæus Girls' School and Orphanage. It has two honorary secretaries in America, Mrs. Alice B. Stockham of Chicago and Mrs. C. P. Wallace of Massillon, Ohio. They need a permanent building in place of the present mud-walled structure covered by a roof of palm-leaves. The four English teachers give their services without pay, having left their homes to work for the elevation of women in this country. They ask for contributions to the building fund, and also for money to be used as free scholarships. Fifty dollars will pay a girl's expenses in the school for a year. Money may be sent to Mrs. Marie M. Higgins, Musæus Girls' School and Orphanage, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon.

Here and There.

The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.

The population of Greece is increasing faster than that of any other country in Europe at present.

An electrician says the time is rapidly approaching when a ship will be able to telegraph to either shore of the sea she is traversing without cable or any direct connection.

The public schools in Dundee have decided to make the highland fling and the strathspey of Tullochgorum and other forms of dancing part of the curriculum. Education in dancing, however, will require an extra fee, and will, therefore, be optional.

A new feature in electric railway work is an electric street-sprinkler used in Philadelphia on the suburban roads where much dust is raised by trolley-cars going at high speed. It has two 30-horse-power motors, holds 2,700 gallons of water, and can run 15 miles an hour while sprinkling.

In 1925 a prize of \$1,000,000 will be given to the writer whom the Russian National Academy shall adjudge to have written the best biography of Alexander I. The prize is the outgrowth of a fund of 50,000 roubles given by a favorite minister of Alexander I. in 1825, and left to accumulate at compound interest for a century.

According to the Glasgow *Evening News* it appears that the latest statistics issued by the German Imperial Health Department give to Berlin the honor of being the healthiest city in the world. The death-rate is given as only 16.3 per 1,000. The unhealthiest city is Alexandria, which, despite its unvarying fine weather, its three hundred fountains, and its soft sea breezes, has a death-rate of no less than 52.9 per 1,000.

Soap is found to be one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection. It seems that for a long time after the cholera epidemic of last summer the people of Hamburg were afraid even to bathe themselves with Elbe water; but MM. Forster and Nijland of that city claim to have shown by experiment that ordinary toilet soap, added at the rate of an ounce to about twelve quarts of water, will kill the cholera bacilli in about ten minutes.

Prof. Holder tells us that deep in the heart of Borneo there is a very curious bird, which is called the garden-bird. The bird is but a little larger than the robin, and builds a mound apparently three or four feet high, which, wonderful to relate, is hollow. This is not its nest, for it has one in a tree not far distant. So this mound of green twigs is simply a pleasure house, a summer home, perhaps, to which this little bird goes for a rest or a change.

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Personals.

Probably the oldest bicycle rider in New York is Mrs. Margaret Ploster of Schenectady, who is ninety-three years of age.

Dr. Mary P. Eddy was the first woman to receive a diploma from the Imperial Academy of Medicine in Constantinople, early this year, opening the way for a new era of woman's medical services throughout the empire.

It is proposed by some of the friends of the late Rev. Seth Chandler to erect, by subscription, a tablet to his memory in the Unitarian church, Shirley, of which he was pastor for over fifty years; also to place at the same time a tablet to Oliver Holden, the composer of that hymn to which Mr. Chandler himself refers in his history as "that divine tune, Coronation."—*Commonwealth*.

The North Carolina *Christian Advocate* contains an interesting article on the Webb School of that State and its principals. It is a leading preparatory school, and is called the strong right arm of Vanderbilt University. Thoroughness of work, interest in living topics, and moral discipline are said to be the leading characteristics of the schools; but the following hint of their methods has a strange ring to one acquainted only with the Northern preparatory schools: "The Webbs are disciples of the famous Dr. Busby. In this delicate age it is getting unpopular for teachers to use the rod, or, if they use it, they use one composed of lilies and roses, the latter stripped of thorns." The Webbs have beech limbs to furnish them with the very best material, and I have seen a string of boys somewhat less than a mile long led to the 'thicket.' Accounts of flogging have been greatly exaggerated."

Perhaps the most notable thing about the curriculum of the Philadelphia schools for manual training is the amount of work which is not manual training. There are five departments in the school,—the humanities, mathematics, science, drawing, and manual training. The curriculum is a constant source of surprise. What are we doing with German and analytics and chemistry and political economy in a manual training school? it is asked. We are doing with them precisely what other high schools are doing with them: we are trying to make them the instruments of culture. This misapprehension is doubtless our own fault. One would expect that in new schools the nomenclature at least would be accurate. But ours is singularly inaccurate. The name of one department out of five has been chosen to designate the whole, and a branch capable of representation in all grades of school work has been made to arbitrarily stand for a given grade. In this the movement is guilty of a double inaccuracy, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the outside world has misunderstood both the content and grade of the schools.—*Dr. C. H. Henderson, in the Popular Science Monthly for November*.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—The "Harvard University Catalogue for 1894-95" is a volume of 623 pages, 40 pages larger than the catalogue for last year. A further comparison of it with last year's catalogue shows that, in spite of the severity of the times, the university has continued its steady growth. The courses of instruction offered by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences last year covered 51 pages: this year they cover 58. Changes are made in the courses given in many of the long-established departments of study, especially in Greek, English, philosophy, history, mathematics, physics, geology, as well as in the comparatively new department in the art of teaching. New departments have been established in architecture and in mining engineering. Last year one course only was offered in architecture. Five courses are now offered; and five more of higher grade are bracketed, a sign in this case that they will be offered when students are prepared to take them. Last year the courses given by the department of engineering did not cover three pages of the catalogue. This year they cover over six pages. This year, too, a course in astronomy is given, and also one in military science. The number of students has increased. In the college there are now 1,667, in the Scientific School 308, in the Graduate School 258, in the Divinity School 50, in the Law School 404, in the Medical School 454, in the Dental School 80, in the School of Veterinary Medicine 62, in the Bussey Institution 12. In the whole university there were last year 3,156 students: this year there are 3,290. In these numbers the students in the Summer School are not included. There were of them last year 346; this year, 493. With the increase in the number of students there is also an increase in the number of teachers. Last year there were 322 teachers: this year there are 337.

Temperance.

Dr. L. Bremner says that he has seen melancholia, more often mania, and very frequently general paresis, hastened and precipitated by excessive use of tobacco. That tobacco really does cause insanity is evidenced by the magic effect seen in some cases after the discontinuance of the drug.

In the County Tyrone, Ireland, there is a district of sixty-one square miles inhabited by nearly ten thousand people, having three great roads communicating with market towns, in which there are no saloons, entirely owing to the self-action of the inhabitants. The result has been that there is not a policeman in the district, the poor rates are one-half what they were before, and the police magistrates testify to the absence of crime and disorder.

Alarming figures are given as to the recent spread of drunkenness—or, at any rate, of excessive drinking—in France. In Marseilles there is now a drink-shop for every forty adults! The proportion of lunatics whose insanity is traceable to alcohol is also rapidly rising. It is believed that the phylloxera disease in the vineyards, by making wine scarce and dear, led to the habitual consumption of ardent spirits. The phylloxera is now got rid of, and cheap pure wine is again plentiful. But, probably, the new and evil habits will not be equally soon got rid of.

Alcohol clearly cannot lessen the power of outside influences which harm us. It can as clearly not increase our own powers in so far as they enter into this conflict with the outside world. It rather makes us less skilful and able. What can it do, then? It can deceive us. It dulls our appreciation of powers outside of us until they seem so much smaller that we are sure we can conquer them, and so we gain a feeling of satisfaction. Nine-tenths of those who take strong drink seek this feeling in alcohol. This is their "refreshing" at eventide, their "rest from the day's cares," their forgetfulness of sorrows; but it rests upon a deceit, and at the least trial falls into ruin. He who to-day forgets is not any stronger to-morrow, and so is constantly tempted to a new appeal to his false friend until his senses are so dulled that every duty is forgotten. His holiest interests are but shadows and mist before his eyes, and he knows nothing more but thirst for the deceitful drink. Even the defenders of alcohol at last call a halt; but they have forgotten that the first steps are much more easily undone than the later ones, when the brain has in a measure lost its power to control. They do not forget through malice, but because they have not rightly understood the physiological effect of alcohol.—*Dr. Justus Gaule, in the Popular Science Monthly for November*.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 3. HAPPY BABYHOOD.

Every mother wants her baby to thrive, because a healthy child is a happy child. The question of how the baby shall be fed is demanding the attention, as never before, not only of the mothers in the land, but of the entire medical profession also, because it is now realized how much the health of a child can be influenced by proper nutrition during the years of babyhood. As the result of the improper feeding of the infant, the vitality of the child is impaired, and he grows up weak and puny. In these days when artificial food is being so generally resorted to for infants, the demand for a substitute for mother's milk has brought out many foods for which great claims are made. Gustav Mellin, an English chemist, was the first to discover and combine the requisite properties necessary for an artificial food, and with his discovery the rational feeding of infants commenced.

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"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?" "Yes. It cured me, too." "What of?" "Faith in the faith cure."—*Exchange.*

Ignoramus: "How did England's great comic journal come to be called *Punch*?" Wiseacre: "From the *modus operandi* of getting a joke into an Englishman's head." *Puck.*

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—*Globe.*

There is a good story told of a Hertfordshire farmer. A few nights ago he went home late, and drank a pint of yeast in mistake for buttermilk. He rose three hours earlier the next morning.—*Tit-Bits.*

A political orator, evidently better acquainted with Western geography than with the language of the Greeks, recently exclaimed with fervor that his principles should prevail "from Alpha to Omaha."

"Will you have some oatmeal?" said Mary's mother at the breakfast-table on Christmas morning. "No, mamma," answered Mary. "I think I won't waste my stomach on oatmeal to-day."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Clara: "It's really too absurd, this idea of any one believing in ghosts in this age of electric cars and bicycles." Tom: "Not at all, when you consider what these inventions are doing to keep up the supply."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Toddles: "Papa, I know why bleed comes out when I run a splinter in my toe. It's because my toe is already full, so it can't hold any more, so the splinter runs it over. Isn't that the reason?" Papa: "Yes, my son."—*Tennessee Methodist.*

Adams: "What are you reading?" Brown: "It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim." "How so?" "If you fall overboard, all you have to do is to turn to page 57 and read the directions, and you are safe."—*Standard.*

Nurse enters the Door of Professor's Study.—"I am happy to tell you, Professor, a little son has just arrived." Professor (looking up abstractedly from his book): "Eh? Oh, just ask him to wait in the ante-room a minute, please."—*Peninsula Methodist.*

Wee Albert, two and a half years old, is very fond of green corn, but is not permitted to eat it very often. He watched grandma eating it one day with longing in his small soul. Presently he said coaxingly, pointing to the cob, "Can't I have the bone, gamma?"—*Youth's Companion.*

A French lady, staying in America for some time, was wrestling with the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine. As the dinner went on, she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance, she declined it, saying: "Ah! Thanks, no, monsieur. I eat only acquaintances."—*True Light.*

A minister in Florida had been laboring hard to raise money for a church. Finally, a friend from the North sent him the last hundred dollars needed; and the day he received it he was presented with a son and heir. The Sunday following the congregation shook with suppressed laughter, when the poor man, thinking only of the donation, thanked God for the small *succor* that had just arrived!—*W. H. McElroy.*

RHETORIC OF THE SKY AND SEA.

Within two weeks the following notice has been printed in a paper in one of the largest cities in the Union:—

Salem Baptist Church, Champlain Avenue, N.W., Rev. S. Geriah Lamkins, B.D., pastor: Preaching, 11 A.M., by the pastor. Subject, "The Magnitude, Light, and Revelations of the Guiding Stars of Individuals and Natives in their Respective Firmaments."

If we might be permitted in our glow-worm sphere to have an opinion, we would meekly suggest that "natives" in the foregoing is a misprint for *nations*. We will not, however, speak carelessly of the colored brother's rhetoric, since to our knowledge a clergyman of the Church of England has recently said in preaching upon Jonah, "And what, my brethren, were the reflections of the prophet in his strange marine abode?" And one of our own ministers,—every drop of whose blood was Anglo-Saxon,—in his early days, being unacquainted with astronomy, preaching from the text, "The Lord God is a sun and shield," began with this sublime strain: "My beloved brethren, have you ever considered how much we owe to the king of day, that mighty orb whose rays bring all things into visibility? Were it not for the splendid beams of the sun, we should have to be content with the pale and insufficient light of the moon."—*Christian Advocate.*

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

THE whole country has been protesting against the massacre in Armenia. Does it protest as vigorously against the recent outrages in Georgia? A white man and a Negro got into a quarrel, and the Negro would have been killed by the white man if he had not succeeded in killing the white man first. Then came an outburst of fiendish cruelty and revenge on the part of the riotous mob. Seven or eight Negroes—whose only offence was that they were distantly related to the murderer, and also that they did not know, and therefore could not tell, where the murderer was concealed—were cruelly murdered; and torture was inflicted upon others. The State authorities, however, were not oblivious to the disgrace and the lawlessness; and State troops were ordered out to suppress the riot. The real cure for all this evil is not alone in calling out the militia, but in developing a sentiment of justice and a respect for law and order in the South which shall make such scenes impossible.

FROM the very beginning Christianity showed a great capacity for sect-making. There are indications of the tendency to diverge in the disputes between Paul and Peter which represented different ideals and principles. In the first three centuries the swarm of Christian sects was very large. The unity which Christianity secured through its alliance with the Roman empire was a unity which was geographical and political rather than religious; and, when the Roman empire went to pieces, Christianity broke up into sections with it. The Roman Catholic Church has been able to maintain a unity which is organic, but not spiritual; and to-day, in this country and in Europe, the new Catholicism and the old are arrayed against each other. In the Catholic Church the development of different orders and societies has supplied, to some extent, the demand for variety which is secured yet more fully in the different sects of Protestantism. We begin to see to-day the waste that comes from the multiplication of religious asteroids; and the call for religious unity is an endeavor to counteract, by some centripetal principle of unity, the tendency to fly off into sects. But the best that we may expect to accomplish, and that which is most desirable, is to secure the unity which exists in diversity,—a unity like that which holds the planets in their courses, so that each moves in its own while they all move in some relation to each other, the sun shedding light and warmth and the planets reflecting to each other the light they receive.

THE distinction between Episcopalianism and Congregationalism is often lost sight of. But, when there is any talk of unity between these two branches of the Church, the differences soon come to light; and they are found to be not merely differences of creed or liturgy, but fundamental differences in relation to the source of authority of the Christian ministry. It is the old stumbling-block of the apostolic succession. The Congregational churches might indeed insist that the primitive Church was essentially Congregational, and that an organized prelacy was something of much later origin, and that, therefore, Episcopal bishops ought to receive their ordination from some Congregational church. If historic authority were the main thing, this argument would be valid; but it would be an immediate departure from Congregational principles to urge it, since it is part of the Congregational belief that the real apostolic succession is communicated, not through the Church, but through the Holy Ghost. It is not that Congregationalists place less stress upon ordination, but, rather, that they mean to give it a higher sanction. But this view of ordination does not make it a barrier to ministerial equality or intercourse, and is not, therefore, a barrier to Christian unity. A great deal of elasticity has been introduced in the interpretation of Episcopal creeds and standards. But the Episcopal theory of ordination is still too inflexible to permit the Episcopal Church to enter into the fellowship of other and larger bodies of Christians who share with them the honor of tracing their Christian lineage back to Jesus and the apostles.

ON the other side the Baptists in this country, comprising the largest number of Congregationalists, hold, like the Episcopalians, a tradition which is also an obstacle to their complete fellowship with other Christians. We mean the tradition of close communion. We call it a tradition because, like the Episcopalian tradition of apostolic succession or like the practice of infant baptism, it has no Scripture authority whatsoever. It is the more strange, therefore, that the Baptists, who pride themselves on taking the New Testament as their guide, should impose a usage for

which not a single text in the New Testament can be cited, any more than a single genuine text can be found which teaches the doctrine of the trinity. It is very curious to see what doctrines have been built up simply on foundations, not of the New Testament word or spirit, but simply on pure assumption or inference. Thus, from the beautiful words of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was drawn the remarkable inference that only children who were baptized would be received by him; and so priests have hastened to put a little water on a child's head before it dies, so that it may not be flung into hell instead of into the arms of Jesus. If such an inference is extraordinary, is it not also extraordinary for the Baptist Church to assume that, when Jesus asked his disciples to remember him at the last supper, he meant only those who had been baptized, and still further those who had been baptized by immersion, and that Baptists should thereupon refuse to observe this beautiful custom with other Christians who have never been baptized after their particular mode? Thus it is that Episcopalians fence themselves round with a theory of ordination, and the Baptists fence themselves round with a theory of communion, so that no Baptist minister would be allowed to administer the communion to the Episcopal laity and no Episcopal layman would be free to partake of the communion in a Baptist church, because, according to Episcopalian theory, the Baptist minister has not been ordained, and, according to Baptist theory, the Episcopalian layman has not been baptized.

It is the ambition of Leo XIII. to bring about a reunion of the Eastern churches with the Holy See; and to this end he has just written an apostolic letter, which is the result of a recent conference of certain Eastern prelates with the pope. In this letter Leo XIII. refers in eloquent terms to the dignity and glory of the Eastern Church, and to the particular customs and modes of worship which it has guarded and transmitted. The pope, therefore, has issued a series of regulations for the preservation of the Eastern rite, in which any Latin missionary who, by counsel or help, shall win over any Oriental to the Latin rite is to be deprived of and excluded from his office. This concession carries with it the right to use unleavened bread, and, we presume, to the communion in both kinds, as is the practice of the Eastern churches. Various other regulations are in the nature of generous concessions to Orientals in the use of their own forms and traditions.

THIS will make the work of Latin missionaries much easier. But that it will go very far to secure a union between the two churches we have no idea. The old theological division under which the Roman Church maintains that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, while the Greek Church maintains that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, still remains. It is the difference of two words only, and it is not likely that the Roman Church will expunge from its creeds this interpolation. But a still greater barrier to union lies in the fact that the Eastern churches are national churches, none of which would think for a moment of recognizing the spiritual supremacy of the Roman pontiff. The Greek Church in Greece, in Russia, in Bulgaria, in Asia Minor, and elsewhere, and the Armenian and Syrian churches, have their own separate and independent governments; and the patriarch of Constantinople no longer exercises authority over the Metropolitan of Greece or over the Church of Russia. If the Greek Church cannot be united under the authority of a single patriarch, it is still less likely to accept the authority of the pope of Rome. Too much significance

must not, therefore, be ascribed to the directions of the pope to his Latin missionaries.

How easily personal and theological prejudices are carried into broader fields of work where they should be distinctly absent! Father Ducey attended the Lexow investigation, and brought upon himself the condemnation of Archbishop Corrigan. Dr. Parkhurst made a crusade for righteousness and good government, but his own presbytery declined to commend his work. It is curious indeed to find a representative of the Catholic Church on one side, and of the Presbyterian Church on the other, taking a position to furnish aid and comfort which must have made the heart of Tammany glad. The true inwardness of the matter is well stated by the *Outlook*: "There can be no question about the loyalty of the Presbyterian Church of New York to the great movement in behalf of civic righteousness, but there are many members of the presbytery who have not forgotten that Dr. Parkhurst is more than a leader in the cause of civic righteousness: he is also one of the great leaders of the liberal movement in theology. It is significant that the same papers which announced that a communication had been presented to Dr. Parkhurst, signed by distinguished representatives of all denominations in New York, and headed by Bishop Potter, asking what testimonial would be most appreciated by him, also announced that his own presbytery had delayed action for a month before venturing to approve his work. The trouble comes from the fact that the presbytery has in it so many irresponsible and unrepresentative men."

THE HOARY HEART.

There was never a time, perhaps, when moralizing of the bald, direct sort was more out of fashion than in our own, or when the experience of the old, in some of its phases, seemed to tell less upon the development of the young. The decay of reverence, not for religion and the higher range of morals only, but for what is sweet, lovely, and of good report even in the garnered wisdom of worldlings, is one of the sad signs of our time.

New knowledge has intoxicated the world; but, when the headiness of this fermenting wine has passed, we shall find that the old foundations still stand, based on deductions of the wisest heads, the richest hearts, of the race. Fact-gathering has been carried to the extreme limit in our schools: the children's heads are crammed with facts, ill-arranged and badly assorted, but partially understood, which help little toward a harmonious, all-round development, and in many cases impede growth.

Get wisdom, get understanding, says the sacred writer; but who thinks of instilling wisdom into young minds in our day? It is an old-fashioned, discredited virtue; but in the last resort we shall find it is the only sane rule of life,—the renewing power by which the soul is kept young and vigorous.

A few vital precepts by which life is kept lovely and fresh and vivid to the very end are worth whole libraries of unformulated facts. Our day is so overstocked with information and detail we are in danger of losing the power of living sanely, wholesomely, cheerfully, to the very end. Oh that the teachers, along with the "ologies," would put a few living principles into the children's heads and hearts, to make them hunger for the satisfaction of an ideal temperance and probity,—a rule of life that garners the capacity for enjoyment as something more precious than gold and rubies! Oh that they would give to the children the fine winnowed wheat of experience by which life is gently led into the way of never-failing zest and pleasure! There is no other word in our language, except love, so sadly abused as pleasure. The poor thing is dragged through all the filth and

Many things have contributed to the broadening of this idea. People have come to see that just as much imagination and mental grasp may go into the building of a great bridge as into the writing of a great book. The growth of manual training, the broadening and strengthening of our scientific schools and our institutes of technology, have introduced new ideals, and shown new educational standards. In the case of women this is even more evident. Once a girl's education was rated chiefly according to the number of "accomplishments" she could count on her fingers. If she could sing Italian songs, paint alleged pictures, embroider in wools and silks, she had received an education. It sounds odd to-day to read, in the strong and effective plea made by Miss Willard to the legislature of New York in 1819, her recommendation of "drawing and painting, elegant penmanship, music, and the grace of motion," as necessary branches for a female seminary. Yet her whole paper was an argument for more solid instruction of girls, and there is no more forcible way of estimating the changes brought about in seventy-five years than by comparing the actual facts then and now. Now girls study scientific cookery, practical sanitation, and kindred subjects; and no one hints that these matters belong to a lower class of interests than do other courses in the same college.

Education is becoming democratic. We are going back to the saying of Emerson that caste inequalities exist, not in outward accidents, but in the powers of expression and action; that the common man is the victim of events, the aristocratic man is at home in his own mind. This kind of aristocracy is not to be entered by accumulating a certain number of facts or even principles in one's own mind, only to be forgotten when a university degree is gained: it cannot be won by passing through a required number of courses; but it means getting control of one's own powers, getting mastery over one's own self, mentally and physically. Men now leave college to enter a factory, entering at the lowest grade of work, determined to master every round of the disagreeable, commonplace, necessary details. They endure the dust and grime, the noise of whirring wheels, that become torture to unaccustomed ears, and steadily and manfully work their way up. This is an aristocracy that must be earned, and we are beginning to find out that it means even more than we have expressed here. It means character.

GEORGE M. STEARNS.

How fine a man can be made from a rollicking, mischievous boy, a minister's son, who was known as the "parson's devil" because of his uncontrollable pranks, was seen in the life and character of George M. Stearns. The unique elements in the character of the boy were not lost or stifled in the growth of the man. The loving disposition so demonstrative in his childhood ripened into large capacities for affection and friendship in his later years. The geniality of the man was warm enough to be felt through the whole State. The responsibilities of life, the burdens and attritions of large practice, could not repress that bubbling humor which was one of his most characteristic features, and endowed him with a perpetual youthfulness. Those who heard his address at the Unitarian Festival some years ago will never forget the remarkable impression he made. His father, Dr. Stearns, was a Unitarian minister at Rowe. The son was also closely identified with the Unitarian Church; and the minister who preached in the Unitarian church at Chicopee a few years ago had the responsibility of preaching to two of the most prominent men in Massachusetts,—Gov. George D. Robinson and George M. Stearns. He was a liberal giver, a warm friend and supporter of the ministry, though as far as possible from the old Puritanic or ascetic type. In the old Puritanic scheme there was no provision for such a man in the church. Mr. Stearns would have been altogether too worldly to be brought under that scheme of salvation. Nothing but his conversion would have sufficed. Yet it would not have been difficult to find under the Puritan scheme close-fisted, shrewd, canting deacons, whose thin veneering of piety covered a very worldly nature; and the verb "to deacon,"

the street cars monopolizing the few seats that the street car company vouchsafes to its patrons, and almost never rising for a woman or an older man.

One day last week several passengers entered a car when the conductor was at the front, and did not notice in what order they came. Among them was a tired-looking woman with a boy apparently in his teens. All had to stand. Later a seat was made vacant; and the boy was slipping into it with hot haste, when the conductor, who was a gentleman, said, "My boy, let this lady have that seat." In a shamefaced way the boy stood up; and, half apologetically, the weary woman dropped into it. "This lady" was the boy's mother, though the conductor did not know it. Unconsciously, he had taught that boy a needed lesson in politeness. Why had he not had it before? Was it his mother's fault?

Too often this rudeness on the part of children is considered smart. One of the blemishes of an otherwise clean and attractive play that has been popular lately is that the children in it are so rude. Perhaps it may be said that it would not be a genuine picture of Maine life, were they otherwise; but, if it be true that those are typical children, then that proves what has been already said, that American children need better training in the arts of polite life.

Polite manners are, it is true, a matter of the heart; but the heart may be right, and its external manifestation uncouth. What parents and teachers need to do is to show that inward politeness and outward decorum and courtesy should be inseparable. And boys and girls who are old enough to observe should be incited to select models whom they may imitate to their own advantage and to the pleasure of those who come in contact with them.

It is possible—at least the charge has to be met—that some of this lack of deference and courtesy may arise from our democratic institutions and methods of life. When Cobbett was here, he was much impressed with the good manners of American boys and girls. He noted that they are not as servile as the children of the Old World. But perhaps, in the development of smartness, independence, and freedom, we may have gone to the other extreme, until we are in danger of having the rude standards of the football field introduced into private life. Children uniformly take their manners from their elders; and, if there is something wrong in the manners of our youth, it may be that it is just because there is not that deference, courtesy, and respect for others, that old-fashioned gentility, among their seniors which there ought to be. If the boy did not give the seat in the car to his mother, it may be because half a dozen women may sometimes be found standing in the street-car where a dozen men occupy seats; and, if the car is in the Back Bay, the proportion of selfish men may be quite as great as if going through the South Cove.

CASTE IN EDUCATION.

Our forefathers were a plain, hard-working people, who cut down their own trees, tilled their own fields, and stood much on a common level, so far as outside distinctions were concerned. All were poor together, and shared what would now be called privations. The leading man of the town, he who was elected representative year after year, was quite likely to be a blacksmith or an inn-keeper when at his own work; and, apparently, no one thought the worse of him for it. Still, the possession of education, the power of book-learning, were always grounds for unusual respect from one's neighbors; and the claim of reverence freely accorded to the minister came not solely from his authority as spiritual magistrate, but from his superiority in realms of knowledge but little explored by the busy people of his charge. He shared with the chief dignitaries of the State in honor. Col. Higginson has drawn a graphic picture of the black-gowned, black-gloved, solemn personage known as the Puritan minister. One wonders if he didn't feel a little lonely occasionally, so and does not wonder at the occasional cases of extreme reaction that have been preserved for us. The dignity of the minister has always been shared, however, by the lawyer, and in lesser degree by the physician; and the common reference to these as the "three

sobriety and self-control. Brutality comes in from lack of observance of the Greek mean, the point beyond which privilege becomes license.

Dire are the penalties imposed upon us for not learning God's laws of restraint and temperance, and for the too late discovery of the ease with which abused nature turns to disgust. To know the delicate, high, and holy use of his powers is the birthright of every child. Without this our religion cannot be religious,—it will only be perfunctory; our morality will not be moral, our love will not be lovely, all our efforts will lack spontaneity, our prayers cannot be truly prayerful. God cares not for a wilted offering: he asks the sweetest and holiest emotions of the soul.

CHURCH AND STATE.

We publish on another page some extracts from a sermon by Rev. Dr. Hawthorne, a Baptist minister of Atlanta, Ga., on the subject of "Church and State." The Baptist Church has, from the beginning, taken a firm stand against the alliance of Church and State; and Dr. Hawthorne is true to the principles and traditions of his denomination. We often hear such doctrines and principles as he defends set forth by secularists, and those whose interest in religion is somewhat doubtful; but the most ardent secularists could not state more forcibly, radically, or logically the reasons why, in this country, Church and State should not be tied up together. That these utterances come from a Christian minister, who is as deeply interested in the progress of religion as in the progress of the State, ought to add much to their force. It is in the interest of religious liberty as well as of civil liberty in this country that no element of civil or ecclesiastical freedom should be sacrificed through compromise or co-ordination. We have pointed out before in these columns that, while the American principle of separation of Church and State is theoretically accepted, there are various practical departures from it which are illogical and dangerous. The State in this country never seeks to acquire power at the expense of the Church: the encroachments are stimulated and projected from the side of the Church. They are endeavors to secure for organized religion political privileges, concessions, and power. There are those who insist that God and Jesus Christ shall be recognized in the Federal Constitution, or on the use of State funds for sectarian purposes, or on the appointment of chaplains in public services, or on the exemption of denominational school property, churches, and parsonages from taxation. All such agitations, and every concession or compromise they secure, however apparently innocent, are fraught with danger.

Dr. Hawthorne speaks none too strongly in repudiation of such secret organizations as the American Protective Association, which seeks to introduce religious tests into politics, and, while ostensibly seeking to preserve religious liberty, is aiming a blow at the political rights of American citizens. At this time Dr. Hawthorne's words need to be widely circulated and carefully heeded. They are bold and manly, and as religious as they are thoroughly patriotic.

MANNERS.

What is to be done with our boys and girls? "Ours" because we find the failings in our own children, if we look carefully enough. Where does the blame lie, that they are so rude at times,—so inconsiderate, so inclined to take the easy and selfish side of life? Is it our own fault, or can we blame the climate for ill manners as well as for sharp voices? Certainly, there is an outside manner among young people across the sea that is strikingly absent among the great mass of American children. Watch a bevy of young girls on their way to their homes or pitiful boarding-houses in the dusk of evening. How they delight to push against those they meet, as though by accident, and then snicker, and seem to think it the funniest thing in the world, poor things, so few are their opportunities for real fun! Look at a pack of boys—the word "pack" is deliberately chosen—just let loose from school, each trying to outbid the other in rough horse-play and, perhaps, good-natured attacks upon passers-by and upon each other. Every trace of gentleness and refinement seems lacking. See them in

degradation of this world, is smutched and tainted with every species of vice and low self-indulgence, and then held up dripping and misshapen as something worthy of desire. It would seem that the world might be reformed, could we but vitally teach the children what pleasure really is,—how chaste and pure and simple, how easily extracted from common things and the mere essentials of existence!

From an age of shams, half-truths, and false science, from the smattering and glossing of minds smart, but not profound, we must return for the training of youth to the foundations of reverence, justice, fidelity, and constancy. Either the science is very poor or the morality is very thin that mutually exclude each other in the schools. To make the youth love virtue, what more than this is required, and what less will satisfy the demands of conscience?

The waste of youthful feeling in all that makes youth desirable, lovely, and blessed to itself and to the world,—especially in our great cities,—is enough to make us shed tears of blood. New-fangled systems of ethics, new and showy styles of economics and political economy, are not going to cure the evil. A man may have all these things in his head; and yet his heart may be gray and hoary if he has not learned the art of keeping the little ray of enthusiasm, the twinkle of deep and healthy emotion, alive in his soul.

It is the day of youth that wishes to appropriate the sheaf of experience without going into the field to reap and bind. Youth pushes and jostles age in the pulpit, at the bar, in the counting-room, in our schools and colleges. Age must often yield the *pas*, though better equipped for service than ever before.

There is waste of faculty at this end of the line; but it is sadder and more abundant at the other, where too much strain and stress are laid on youth, where mental and physical capital are squandered in few years which ought to last until extreme old age, and still leave a handsome balance.

Youth is only the velvet on the flower of life. While we say it is passing, it is gone: the first gray hairs have appeared, the first wrinkles about the eyes. But sadder far than these physical tokens are the signs that the power of enjoyment and self-renewal has been wasted. While the youthful glow still lingers on the cheek, the heart has begun to grow hoary. It has lost its energy by which it creates its nobler zests and appetites. The awful admonitory and punitive powers that exist in nature can prove to us both God and immortality. The lash of Nemesis was not given for self-flagellation to a creature that may suck poison as often and as long as he pleases, and still enjoy life. The soul, avenging itself for its own sins and abuses, shows that it has a power lying beyond the sphere of will. Its weapons are disgust, powerlessness, satiety, nameless ennui, that lead to suicide, to insanity, or to death-in-life.

The faculty of relish is the most delicate and vibratory and responsive of all the qualities of soul. God has written his sternest laws, most awful and irreducible to formulas, over against the abuse of the good gift of enjoyment. Punishment lies hidden in the nature of every emotion, every impulse, every desire. It is only a benumbing, a lowering, you say; but what more awful than these? The deadly oncoming of indifference; the blasé, worn-out temper; fires burned down to ashes; a black ring of dead things, a smoky pit, where once was a rose-garden; hatred and loathing at the sound of shawm and cymbal and trumpet, the dancing feet of maidens, and the witchery of bright eyes,—can anything be more retributive than these? Beauty, love,—so called,—faith, hope, all fallen to rotteness; cursing and ribaldry in the place of prayer,—these come with the hoary heart, and come too often while the maiden down is still upon the lip.

Do we not see all around us the wrecks made by this species of waste? There may be no actual debauchery, there may be sufficient strength to keep the respectable appearance and to win what is called success in the world; but the gold of youthful feeling has been scattered to the winds, and men are led by mere hoariness of heart to commit suicide without apparent motive.

Temperance and probity, the old Greeks taught, were the health of the youthful soul. These have not been extensively taught in our colleges. We see athletics as a craze, not as a noble and wholesome training in

sad to say, has actually been introduced in the dictionary as a synonyme of pious cheating. Mr. Stearns covered his faults with no pious evasions. Everybody knew that he loved horses and a horse-race. And one of the most familiar and characteristic stories about him is his reply to the minister who, having criticised horse-racing in a sermon, felt obliged to apologize personally to Mr. Stearns when the service was through. "It is a mighty poor sermon," said the latter, "that does not hit me somewhere." The man was not a Pharisee or an egotist; but he could quote the Bible as easily as authorities on law or make a speech, earnest and without pretension, at a Unitarian conference.

He stood high in his profession, not only for his inimitable addresses, but for his sound legal knowledge and ability. His nature was one which easily revealed itself, and it was always the same. But only those who got near to his heart knew how rich and deep were his friendships and affections. His reputation extended far and wide; but he was most loved in the town of Chicopee, which he had made his home for so many years, and by those who had felt his hand-clasp and come within the charm of the family circle.

Musings.

SEVERAL of my friends have adopted a new fad. It is that of going without breakfast until twelve or one o'clock each day. The assumption is that dyspepsia in this country arises mainly from heavy breakfasts; and so this rock of stumbling is not reduced to very small proportions, but is to be removed altogether, and consolidated with dinner or lunch. I have a friend who has tried it with great success. Although during the last summer he arose early, at 5.30 or 6.30 o'clock, and took a great deal of exercise in the shape of manual labor, he ate nothing until twelve o'clock. The assumption is that it takes the stomach time to wake up; that it is not very vigorous in early morning; and that it is better, therefore, to wait until noon before putting it in commission. My friend who has adopted this plan has certainly improved in health, and is an enthusiastic advocate of the change. In his case it has certainly worked well. But then I have another friend who, on finding that his supper distressed him, abolished it, and adopted the two-meal plan, and then, finding that his dinner was still an inconvenience, concluded to live on one meal a day, and to take that at breakfast. For many years, therefore, he has eaten a breakfast of remarkable dimensions, enough to satisfy him for twenty-four hours. I am not going to commit myself by attempting to decide which method is better for dyspepsia,—that of making the early breakfast the heartiest and the only meal or that of giving up the breakfast altogether. My experience with the human stomach is that it can be made to adapt itself to a variety of customs and contents. It learns to adjust itself to circumstances with a remarkable power of accommodation. But, after living outside of that organ, and perhaps, to a certain extent, inside of it, for nearly fifty years, I have about concluded that a light Continental breakfast, a mid-day lunch, and a six or seven o'clock dinner, is about the right thing—for some people.

THOUGH I leave to the doctors the question of the gastric value of the annihilation of breakfast, I cannot help thinking that there are certain moral and æsthetic losses in its abolition. It takes away one of the most powerful motives for getting up in the morning. The sluggard will say, "If there is no breakfast until twelve o'clock, I will not get up until 11.30." But such logic will be fatal to the new theory, because it would bring the hour of rising and the hour of breakfast too near together; and the person who rose at 11.30 would be obliged to take his breakfast at 5.30, which, again, would bring his dinner somewhere about midnight. As I look back to my boyhood, better than any alarm clock as an inducement for early rising was the announcement when I was called that there were to be buckwheat cakes for breakfast; and with it is associated the remembrance of huge bowls of bread and milk, which furnished a good lining for a school-boy. There are memories of coffee and hard-tack taken on the

plains just as the summer sun was rising; and there are memories of camp breakfasts with my friends the Shaybacks in which the hot Johnny-cake helped to make life worth living; and there are memories of oatmeal breakfasts in Scotland, where delicious cream and oat-cakes were united with "these porridge." If the medical world decides that the breakfast must be annihilated, I may yield to the edict; but it will not be without a pang.

Brevities.

A writer in England estimates that the extra expense incurred by the community at the Christmas season amounts to \$65,000,000.

Mrs. Yates of New Zealand is the only woman mayor in the British empire. She is to visit England on a lecturing tour at the close of her term of office in New Zealand.

It is said that a ton of gold used in filling teeth is annually buried in American cemeteries. This presents a new temptation to ghouls, and is another argument for cremation.

The pastoral epistle written by Rev. George M. Bodge of Leominster to his people may find an application outside of his own parish, just as the letters of Paul and John, which were written for special churches, and not for the general public, have, nevertheless, been very useful for general edification.

Just how much the Armenians care for religion and education, and what sacrifices they are ready to make to secure these, may be seen from the fact that the Armenian Protestants in Turkey raised \$37,000 last year for the support of their churches and schools. And this is the people the Turks are trying to stamp out.

It is a part of the mission of women to help men fulfil their manhood, as it is a part of the mission of men to help women fulfil their womanhood. When viewed from this aspect, the relation of the sexes assumes a higher significance; and such subjects as suffrage stand on a higher plane because women need the opportunity which it gives and men need the results of the duty it imposes.

It would add a new terror to the ministry if ministers were to be held responsible for holding church property. In England a man stumbled over some railings in front of an East London Baptist church. He sued the minister for damage. The judge maintained that the minister was no more responsible for the chapel in which he preached than the judge was for the court in which he administered justice.

Rev. William R. Lord of Christ Church, Dorchester, has tendered his resignation, to accept the call of Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn. Of course, his resignation in Dorchester is a sad blow to this society. But the courageous, resolute, and generous spirit in which it is accepted shows that societies as well as ministers may be led to take just and reasonable views in regard to the claims in other fields of the cause which it is the duty of all churches to promote. Mr. Lord has worked with great earnestness and self-sacrifice in behalf of the society at Harrison Square; and his influence has been felt in Boston and throughout the whole community in favor of good government, temperance, and other reforms, to an extent which makes his departure a public loss. But the loss to Boston will be balanced by the gain to St. Paul.

Pro and Con.

IS IT THE ONLY EXCEPTION?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In a letter to the New York Herald styled "An Interview," Col. R. G. Ingersoll says:

The world is growing better. There is more real liberty, more thought, more intelligence, than ever before. The world was never so charitable or generous as now. We do not put honest debtors in prison, we no longer believe in torture. Punishments are less severe. We place a higher value on human life. We are far kinder to animals. To this, however, there is one terrible exception. The vivisectioners, those who cut, torture, and mutilate in the name of science, disgrace our age. They excite the

horror and indignation of all good people. Leave out the actions of those wretches, and animals are better treated than ever before.

Is this the only "terrible exception"? Perhaps the colonel knows of no other. He does not go to church. If he did, he could not enter the portals of any of our fashionable places of religious entertainment without seeing attached to the carriages that line the sidewalk, whose owners are acknowledging their sins within the sanctuary, poor suffering brutes whose backbones have been amputated, and whose faces are distorted by the agonizing pressure of the curb-bit and check-rein.

The great agnostic is constantly inveighing against religion, but this is a stronger argument against some of its professors than any that he has yet adduced.

JOHN CODMAN.

Soda Springs, Idaho.

THE GREENVILLE (S.C.) SALE.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

We wish to thank the many kind friends who responded to our call for aprons for a sale to be held early in December. The responses were very generous; and we feel much pleased at the result, for we realized about \$100. Several ladies and children were dressed in Mexican style; and, with the help of a young lady just from Mexico, we made several Mexican dishes, and served them in a room decorated in Mexican colors. The recipes for these dishes were printed in little booklets and sold, but we have quite a number left. If any one will send three two-cent stamps, I shall be pleased to send one. These recipes we have tried in our own family, and find them delightful.

We have tried to answer all contributors personally, but some came with no mark by which they could be identified; but they were very gladly received.

We feel that perhaps the richest result of our sale has been the bond of sympathy that has grown up between us and those who have helped us in this matter. We feel richer not only in dollars, but in friends. The world is wider and sweeter to us than before.

Rev. Mr. Westall of Asheville, N.C., preached for us Sunday, December 23. We held our meeting in the opera house, but it was too cold to be comfortable. He came as a stranger, but left us a new friend. He told us he thought he might be able to help us with our building, so our hopes grow.

MARY PUTNAM GRIDLEY,
Rec. Sec'y Unity Circle.

MR. CURTIS'S BIOGRAPHER.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Your "Observer's" criticism of Mr. Curtis's biographer is an interesting one. I find the account of Mr. Curtis's religious life inadequate, and have criticised it as so elsewhere. But I think your correspondent will be surprised when I tell him that Mr. Curtis's biographer is a very radical Unitarian of the unchurched variety, much more negative in his theology than Mr. Curtis was. Certainly, the implication of his statement that "narrowness and bigotry" are specially "the peril of a belief rejecting much of what is most generally accepted" is amusing and a little startling. But perhaps, instead of rebuking Mr. Cary, we should welcome his expression as a reminder that "narrowness and bigotry" are not the exclusive peril of the conservative and orthodox. For myself, I have found much more narrowness and bigotry among extremely radical people than among the orthodox; but that is probably because I have seen more of them. The typically narrow and bigoted individual of our time is—I suggest—Col. Ingersoll; but I have known some Unitarians who would put him to his trumps. (And, by the way, I have seemed to find something less than absolute breadth and perfect liberality, a certain inclination to narrowness and bigotry, in your correspondent's suggestion that all of Mr. Curtis's political and social earnestness and fidelity came from his Unitarian connection, and could have had no other source. In fact, it had many others.) To say that Mr. Curtis was not narrow and bigoted at the end of such a story as Mr. Cary has so admirably told is, of course, very much like saying that he did not steal chickens or cheat at cards. Mr. Cary himself says, "It is needless" to

say it. It is so far as Mr. Curtis is concerned, but it is not needless to be reminded by a radical thinker that narrowness and bigotry are the besetting sins of "the dissidence of dissent" as well as of a straight-out Orthodoxy. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

TEN PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The investments to which I wish to call the attention of your readers are not to be had on the stock exchange or, perhaps, of any of the State Street bankers. They are much safer than those in which the bankers and brokers deal. They are the kind which the old epitaph had in view when it said, "What I gave, I have." In this class of investments I observe that there is a very wide variation in the margin of profits. I have no quarrel with those who are willing to put their money into projects that pay only two or three per cent.; but I am a great believer in "gilt-edge securities" that pay a high rate, and that permanently. I see that many persons, apparently from want of experience or thoughtfulness, do not know these high-class investments. They do well to put their money (if they have plenty to give) into the two-per-cent. variety; but it is a pity that they do not know the existence of a superior sort.

For example, I see to-day in one of the newspapers that some kind-hearted person makes an appeal for raising money to give a gold watch and chain to a policeman who saved a boy's life from drowning. At once individuals rush in, and subscribe hundreds of dollars for this praiseworthy purpose. I like this; but what I find fault with is that people will give five, ten, and twenty-five dollars each for the brave policeman's watch, and will give no more, or nothing at all, for certain great and permanent investments,—for instance, such a one as Gen. Armstrong organized to reach millions of souls starving for wisdom and the bread of life, and in their ignorance a menace to the health of the nation.

Take another instance. The Unitarian churches are laboriously supporting the Montana School, which reaches the children of one small tribe of Indians. This is worthy work, though there is no doubt that the national government, which owes peculiar duties to its Indian wards, ought to assume the whole system of education among the Indians. It is also to be hoped that the time is not far distant when we may hold the government responsible for this work. Meanwhile we have recently been told of the work of the Calhoun School, started in Alabama by Miss Dillingham and Miss Thorn. This school has had three hundred pupils, besides a large class of adults in the night school. In other words, it directly educates three hundred and fifty individuals, at a cost of \$5,000 a year, or less than \$15 each. These pupils are not the members of a little local group or tribe; but they belong to a race, numbered by millions, whose destiny for weal or woe touches a vast section of our common country. The Montana School educates some sixty children, and costs \$200 apiece, aggregating more than twice the whole expense of the Calhoun School. Granting heartily that the Montana School yields 2 or 3 per cent., is it not clear that the other is at least a 10 per cent. investment?

Again, at Tuskegee, as at Hampton or Atlanta, you have not simply boys and girls, the average children of the neighborhood, as at Calhoun; but you have the picked youth of their race, those who have enterprise enough to work out their own education, those who will be leaders and teachers in hundreds of communities. There are seven hundred pupils at this one great school. The small sum of \$50 a year secures the cost of the training of one of these scholars. Here is another 10 per cent. investment.

I hope that your readers will not misunderstand me. I am not writing to advise them against the good 2 per cent. securities. I write with an eye for true perspective and a sense of due proportions. I wish your generous readers to see the great, remunerative, and truly hopeful things in their comparative magnitude. If people will give ten or twenty-five dollars each to encourage policemen to do their duty and to be brave, how much will they be seized with enthusiasm to give toward the great life-saving enterprises of the nation?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

dicular, cut here and there by little bays that form the mouths of cañons that are in various instances dotted with cottages and hotels. Avalon is the largest of these settlements, standing directly on a crescent-shaped beach, the mouth of a deep cañon that reaches back into the mountains that are gradually lost in the blue haze that hovers about their peaks. Avalon is crowded in summer with Southern Californians; and, possessing a wonderful climate that makes each day like its fellow, never too warm and never too cold, it fills up with Eastern tourists in the winter,—a winter in name alone, as the island is then covered with wild flowers.

Almost the first thing one hears here are the legends about the old islanders and a mysterious temple that was away off in some cañon, a temple to the Indian god, Chinghinich. Then, if it is ridiculed, some one quotes old Torquemada, and gives almost verbatim his description of the temple, which is to the effect that, when he landed, the natives took him to the so-called temple, that was a circular place surrounded by a fence of stones and posts driven into the ground, in the centre of which was a huge god that had the sun and moon painted on its sides; while the posts were decorated with pictures and feathers, certain birds, the Spaniards learned, being sacred to the god. The temple has totally disappeared, but has been the object of search ever since the description of it was found.

The curiosity stores of the little town abound in strange objects in stone that have been taken from the graves and mounds of the natives, and there are many things to arouse the curiosity and interest of the visitor. The principal Indian site has been covered by the Hotel Metropole; but from this place tons of material, it is said, were taken some years ago, and sent to various institutions.

Recently, in wandering through the island, about fifteen miles from this locality, I came upon several sites where the natives had lived, easily recognized by the black earth that had been discolored by the fires built upon them for ages. This earth was mixed with abalone shells, speaking evidence of native occupation, as the localities were two or three miles from the coast where the shells were obtained.

The first evidence I found of the old inhabitants was a cavern. I was following down a small rocky cañon, hoping to find a trail up to a singular boulder I had noticed several miles away, when I discovered what appeared to be the mouth of a cave at the level of the winter stream. Creeping in, I found that it led upward, but had been so filled in from the wash of the stream that it could not be entered. Climbing up the bank, I saw that the cavern was formed of an immense boulder, and, on passing around, found on the opposite end an opening large enough to contain a family, and that had evidently been used by a number of natives. The floor of the cavern was strewn with or made up of the tell-tale black earth and bits of abalone, and numbers of these beautiful shells could be seen in the cave. A huge rent in the boulder had been covered with small rocks as a roof, which had fallen in, showing that an earthquake or something had disturbed the rude home.

On the floor were several articles representing the household gods. Among them was an old stone mortar that had been used to grind their acorns, and near by was the grinder or pestle. Digging in the black earth, several curious objects were uncovered,—an oblong bead, partly punctured and made of steatite from the neighboring quarry; a large oval stone with a hole in the centre, either used as a weight or in some game, like quoits. There were several pieces of bone knives, a piece of a bone flute or musical instrument, which was simply the hollow leg of some animal punctured with holes, and one end stopped with asphaltum. Some of the abalone shells had the holes closed in the same manner with asphaltum, and were used as drinking vessels and for various purposes.

Within a radius of a mile I discovered the sites of four or five Indian settlements or villages, and many curious objects. From one location several feet of native beads were taken that had been buried with their owners. There were ornaments of pearly abalone, fish-hooks of the same, and bands of the shell to bind upon the head,—suggestive of æsthetic tastes; flint daggers,

arrow-heads of white quartz; scrapers or grinders, dishes of steatite or harder stone, ground out after infinite labor. Some of the latter would hold a quart: others were small and used as paint pots, the paint being found in one.

Perhaps the most interesting spot visited was the ancient quarry where the steatite mortars were made. Here were all the evidences of ancient manufacture, and on the face of the rock the circular markings of many pots, as they were begun and left years, probably ages, ago.

It is said that the natives were Serranos, and that the last were removed to the mainland by the mission fathers when the missions were established by Junipero, Serra; but nothing definite is known. All that remains to tell the story of the native race are the curious objects in stone that are found here and there on the island.

Pasadena, Cal.

A BREEZE FROM THE SOUTH.

BY REV. GEORGE L. CHANEY.

When the czar of Russia, inspecting the proposed route of a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and noting its crookedness, took his pencil and drew a straight line from city to city as the course he wished, he only anticipated the imperious demands of commerce in this latter day. Millions are spent and spending yearly to shorten the time-distance between one industrial centre and another, or one strategic point and another; and, not content with what steam-engine and electric trolley can do, the impatient car of progress is proposing to take on wings, and literally to go by the air-line from city to city. Rapid and cheap transit is coming to be the decisive factor in determining the values of products and the location and growth of cities. As the Suez Canal revolutionized commerce, so the coming Nicaragua water-way will reverse some of the great trade-currents of the world. The Gulf Stream of traffic will run the other way; and the Father of Waters will carry his loads of cotton, corn, coal, and manufactures to the South-west instead of the North-east.

In this *bouleversement* of trade, how inevitably the Gulf States and cities of this Union will spring into importance and increase! New Orleans, with its deepened ship-channel and its capacious levees, will be the broker between America's abundance of goods and Asia's abundance of people. Galveston, with the jetty-harnessed tide of its great bay, ploughing a furrow twenty feet deep across its bar, will give and take of the abundance of sea and land; Mobile will barter Alabama's coal and iron for the sweets and spices of both Indies; and Pensacola and Tampa will make Cuba and Chicago partners in a reciprocal business.

It takes no prophet to foretell the coming greatness of the emancipated South. Worldly men see it, if the children of light are still in the dark about it. Money by the millions is spending itself in railroad, mining, irrigating, manufacturing, producing enterprises. Long-headed, far-sighted capital is looking South for its future investments. The star of empire, which formerly went West, is now facing South. Many a frost-nipped emigrant from Nebraska and the chilly North-west is moving South or South-west, and erelong these Southern States will have the elect people of the country among their permanent residents.

If we had a prescience of all this before our recent tour from Richmond, Va., to San Antonio, Texas, by the border States, and back to Richmond by the Gulf States, we feel a certainty of it now. And, whatever interest we previously had in colonizing an expurgated Christianity at the South, is intensified by what we have seen. The country needs it; for, with few exceptions, the religious teachers of the South are so committed by their church standards to disproved views of the Bible, and so wedded to superannuated dogmas and methods, that they do not dare or care to approve the results of modern scholarship, even when they know them, or to accept the emendations which science has made upon conventional Christianity. As a consequence, the thinking, reading people, who find the heresy of truth, as it appears in all the live literature of the day, can get no respectful recognition in any of the churches. Cast out and cast down, these sincere people have no remedy but silence, and no com-

panionship but the solitude of their own hearts. They make an appeal to the Unitarian Church which no other church can or will listen to. Whether these isolated protestants of the spirit can be affiliated, folded, brought into correspondence, if not immediate co-operation, with societies after their own hearts or not, remains to be seen. Already something has been done toward this happy end; and, for one, the writer of this letter counts it a high privilege to minister to these sheep in the wilderness.

Not that the South is a wilderness to any other than the honest unbeliever in traditional opinions in religion. In other ways one may find a genial neighborhood and make a contented home in many portions of the South. But liberal Christianity, as it is found under many sectarian names at the North, is not commonly found here.

So much in explanation of our Southern ministry of reconciliation through religious sympathy. We do not ignore and would not conceal the difficulties of the work and the paucity of its visible results. And yet, if there be any virtue or any praise, it must be in the furthering thoughts of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and their presentation wherever they are needed,—which is everywhere, South as well as North.

It is never pleasant, but it is sometimes necessary, to dwell upon the hard side of the situation. We quote from a letter recently written by the Southern vice-president of the Women's National Alliance,—a woman who has had ample opportunity to know whereof she writes,—as a fair and strong putting of the Southern problem:—

"How impossible it is for the American Unitarian Association to meet everybody's demands, with an empty purse which depends on the wealthier churches for filling, and how hard it is for our Southern churches to realize that exactly the same conditions exist in every society from San Antonio, Tex., to Highlands, N.C.! Numbers few; intelligence and interest out of all proportion to pecuniary condition; indifference, prejudice, or open hostility the attitude of those outside the immediate church; a population migratory and changing; restlessness among the clergy and timidity and self-distrust among the people, combined with enthusiasm and belief in the cause, and great anxiety for success; business depression universal, and results small,—out of all proportion to the force expended. The old simile of using a trip-hammer to crack a nut comes into mind. There is one thing, however, which every Southern minister knows; and that is that, if the man who may be considered the strongest man in the denomination should be put in his place, his success would be no greater than that of the present incumbent. There are some things that cannot be hurried. The ascent of common sense is a slow process. To disabuse a conservative mind or a conservative people of its prejudices is not the work of a day, nor to be achieved by a revival meeting, although I think, if we could only get the masses of the people to come together, to be revived by our thought, the rate of progress might be somewhat increased."

I would add to this extract that nobody down here is afraid or daunted by the lions in the way,—least of all the writer of that letter. On the contrary, we can stand it if the lions can. The present Daniel is a trifle tough. But it takes grit and endurance to be a Unitarian, whether lay or clerical, at the South; and people who are short of those qualities do not undertake it. In time this process of elimination ought to give us a sturdy strain in our Unitarian Church. The survival of the fittest is on our side. It is a hard law, but it works well for what survives.

Between the churches of authority, with Rome at their head on the one side and the Church of reason on the other, the final issue with a progressive humanity ought not to be doubtful. Meantime, however, the former hold the field, and pre-eminently the Southern field. If, as we have been told, the points to be occupied by an enterprising church are the places where the Roman Catholic Church has invested most money, then New Orleans and the Texas cities are our objective points. In Galveston, I was told, the Catholics hold over a million dollars' worth of property. And it is so in every prominent city of the South.

Here we are at the end of our space, and not a word of the three months' tour of the Southern States, during which we visited

seventeen cities in nine States, where we have churches, or circles wishing to become churches, or friends waiting for our word. Never since we have known this field did it look to us so inviting, never so discouraging,—inviting, because really needing us and our Church of the two commandments; discouraging, because, while the field is so white, the laborers are so few, and the needful money to put them afield so scanty.

Three months of lecturing, preaching, talking, counselling, spurring, comforting,—in a word, ministering; seven thousand miles of travelling. But why speak of distances travelled and labors done? Do not even the publicans the same? The commercial traveller by my side goes two miles to my one, for the sake of trade; and I doubt not his business perplexities are as great as those of the Church. I hope his pecuniary profits are more satisfactory than are those of the Southern liberal clergy. But these are hard times for everybody, and we must all labor and suffer together. As for the story of these wanderings, is it not told, or telling, with all the interesting details and incidents by the way, in current numbers of the *Southern Unitarian*? And does not every person really interested in our Southern work take, read, and inwardly digest that monthly book of the Acts?

Enough for the exclusive reader of the old reliable *Register*, if he sees and considers what is here written.

CHURCH AND STATE.

A BAPTIST MINISTER'S VIEWS.

BY REV. J. B. HAWTHORNE, ATLANTA, GA.

Centuries elapsed after the death of the apostles before Christians ever thought of asking anything but protection for their religion from the civil power. When Constantine, by an imperial edict, abolished Paganism, and established Christianity as the religion of Rome, he was more an enemy to the truth and kingdom of Christ than the inhuman Nero, who illumined his public gardens with the burning bodies of the saints.

The doctrine of Christ, of his apostles, and of all the churches of the first centuries of the Christian era, was that religion is a matter that belongs to the individual conscience, and that every human being should be left free to determine for himself what to believe, what to worship, and how to worship.

In regard to the relation of the State to religion, the people of this country are theoretically a unit; but, practically, they are far from being united. They believe that it is the duty of the State to protect every man under its jurisdiction in the exercise and enjoyment of his religious convictions, be he Jew or Christian or Mormon or Mohammedan or Pagan. They believe that the State has no right to compel any man to support religion. They believe that the conscience of the infidel should be just as free from State interference as that of the Christian. They believe that Robert Ingersoll should be just as unmolested in his rejection of the gospel as I am in the acceptance and practice of it. They believe that no man should be compelled to support any religion, and that all such compulsion is a violation of the rights of conscience. They believe that the solitary function of the State in respect to religion is to protect it,—to see that every man is unmolested in the exercise of his religious faith. They believe that State patronage of religion, in any form, is incompatible with the rights of conscience. If they were only consistent with their principles, how free we should be from the discords and bitter contentions which now disturb the peace of our country, and provoke thousands of our people, not only to reject Christianity, but to despise and hate it!

But the people of this country are not consistent with the views which they hold upon this subject. They believe in the absolute non-interference of the State in all matters of religious faith and practice, and yet millions of them seek the help of the State to propagate and establish their religious doctrines and worship. Every year they are asking the federal Congress and the State legislatures and city councils to do things which violate the rights of conscience.

Let me call your attention to some of these strange and mischievous inconsisten-

ask for your closer acquaintance, confidence and fellowship? His aim and earnest purpose is to be helpful to you now in any way that may offer, and to become such a friend to you and with you that, when trouble or trial may come to either, our friendship shall be a tower of strength and hope. I you are now giving your loyal support to our church, if each Sunday finds you in your place in the congregation, your pastor

wishes to express his gratitude for the help and support thus given to his ministry. If you are not a regular attendant at the Sunday service, he wishes you to know how much he misses you, and longs to see you in the congregation.

In these times the church, our church, needs the loyal support of every true citizen, each according to his ability. The church needs you, my friend, to stand with those who are giving it their loyal support. Do you not need the ministry of its faith, its worship, and its kindly fellowship? Is there any more vital interest in life than religion? Every man, woman, and child ought to belong to and help support some religious institution. Our church needs you, my friend: your pastor needs your help and co-operation. Will you not join with him and others in the society to make the "New Year" bright, hopeful, and happy for all?

Sincerely and cordially your pastor,
GEORGE M. BODGE.
Leominster, January 1.

PLYMOUTH PILGRIM MEMORIAL CHURCH.

John D. Long, 5 Tremont Street, Boston, for the committee on rebuilding the above church, acknowledges receipt of the following contributions:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,163.46
No name, Boston.....	5.00
Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.....	30.00
C. H. Smith, U.S.A., Washington, D.C.....	1.00
Alfred T. White, Brooklyn, N.Y.....	50.00
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D. N. S. Boston.....	10.00
Nilton Reed, Fall River.....	5.00
Some women of Plainfield, N.J.....	16.00
H. A. Oakman, Marshfield.....	5.00

\$1,501.46

Jan. 4, 1895.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks," at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, January 12. Subject, Lesson XVI., "The Sermon on the Mount, Part II." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance in Jamaica Plain will be on Wednesday, February 27. In the morning Mrs. Beach of Bangor will read a paper on "The Work of the Alliance in its Relation to the Sunday-school," and Mr. Horton will speak. In the afternoon Mr. Edward Cummings will speak on "Strikes."

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: January 13, Rev. Howard N. Brown. Services at 10.30 A.M. and at 3.30 P.M. Evening service with music and sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. John Cuckson will conduct the Wednesday noon service on January 16.

Ministers' Monday Club: January 14, 10.30 A.M. Rev. John A. Savage will preside. Prof. F. G. Peabody of Cambridge will give the address, on "Preparation of a Sermon."

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon service at 3.15; evening, at 8, when Rev. Francis Tiffany will speak upon "The Modern Crusade of Europe upon Asia." The Winkley Guild meets at seven o'clock. On Monday evening, January 14, at 7.30, the second in a series of good citizenship meetings will be held. Mr. William H. Sayward will speak upon "The Relation between Employers and Employed."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening services. Sunday, January 13, at 7.30, Rev. John Cuckson. Subject, "Nature and God." Special musical attractions. Boy choir, 23 members. Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper, choir-master. All seats free, and a welcome to all. Wednesday evening, January 16, at 7.45, the last lecture in the social science course at Parker Memorial will be given by Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell. Subject, "Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation." Free to all.

Dorchester: The resignation of Rev. William R. Lord as pastor of Christ Church, Dorchester, has been accepted, not without sorrow, by his people, in the conviction that the call which has come to him

is a call of duty. In accepting his resignation, the society say: "We accept his resignation and acquiesce in his decision in hearty sympathy with his purposes, and send him to his new and important sphere of duties with entire faith and confidence in his fitness for the work. It is with great sorrow that we consent to dissolve the relations of the past seven years, and we feel a great sense of loss in Mr. Lord's departure; but in this vote we hereby pledge ourselves to an earnest continuance of effort in the work which he has begun and so ably sustained during his pastorate here." The resignation will take effect March 1.

AYER, MASS.—All ministers in the vicinity of Ayer are invited to meet in the town hall of that place at 9.30 A.M. on Tuesday, January 15. It is intended to bring together all ministers who may accept the invitation as fellow-workers, and to recognize their common aims, and to raise the question whether anything more can be done by co-operation to promote these aims. The call has been signed by men of all denominations, and is extended to ministers from any distance from Ayer.

CHELSEA, MASS.—Rev. Henry Powers of the First Unitarian Church of Chelsea has resigned his pastorate, which took effect Jan. 1, 1895. The Standing Committee, in accepting his resignation, passed unanimous resolutions expressing their appreciation of the services Mr. Powers has rendered to the church and city, acknowledging his ability and scholarship, and the good he has done in connection with the work of the Associated Charities and in the no-license campaigns, and regretting that the present condition of the society and the smallness of numbers make it necessary to sever the relations of pastor and parish.

LEICESTER, MASS.—A correspondent writes: "In late years exchanges of Christian courtesy between churches of different creeds have been multiplying, but one in which the First Congregational (Trinitarian) and the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Churches of this town were concerned was sufficiently marked in its departure from traditional usages to warrant special mention. The former church has recently installed a new pastor; and, as he took possession of the parsonage near December 1, arrangements were made for a New Year's reception. Recognizing the fact that Mr. Seaver has even more recently taken up his abode in the town, the occasion was made one of double welcome. In the early evening the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Church entertained at supper its sister society of the Second, with their pastor and family; and the church afterward welcomed in the parish parlor the members of both parishes at a formal reception, of which the honors were impartially shared by both ministers and their families. Exchanges of courtesy between pastors and people of different churches are yearly becoming more frequent, Unitarian ministers in Templeton, for instance, having exchanged with Orthodox and Baptist brothers, been cordially welcomed to membership in the ministerial club of the neighborhood, and, on at least one occasion, have taken part in an installation; but, if this incident is not unexampled in the history of the two divisions of the Congregational Church, it is sufficiently rare to be published with admiration marks. It should certainly be very difficult for pastors or their flocks to be unfriendly after such an exhibition of Christian spirit.

McMILLIN, WASH.—The First Unitarian Church was dedicated December 16. The following persons took part in the exercises: Rev. F. H. Adams, Puyallup; Rev. O. L. Fowler, McMillin; Rev. W. E. Copeland, Salem, Ore.; Mr. James Shippen, Seattle; Mr. A. D. Hale, McMillin. The new church was further consecrated by the marriage of Miss Linnie Hale, daughter of Mr. A. D. Hale, and Mr. John McCollin.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—In accepting the resignation of Rev. Frederick Preston, the congregation voted the following testimonial, addressed to Mr. Preston: "At the annual meeting a committee was appointed to extend the assurance of the gratitude and appreciation of the members of the First Unitarian Church of Memphis for your faithful labors of the past six months in our midst. As chairman of that committee, I offer you our heartfelt thanks for the great assistance you have given us in establishing a liberal church in our city; for your generous self-sacrifice in our behalf; your constant and kindly courtesy to every member; your broad, joyous, and loving views of life and helpfulness that gave us a spiritual uplift every Sunday, and a never-failing help for the duties of the coming week,—for all these with full and heartfelt thanks. Sorrowing that in your accustomed place we shall see your face no more, we bid you God-speed in your every future plan and purpose, and pray fervently may all good come to you now, henceforth, and forever! Lide Meriwether, I. Baker, Fred Schubach, Committee."

NEW YORK, N.Y.—On Friday, January 4, the regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in All Souls' Church. The philanthropic news report was given by Mrs. James D. Smilie, and it dealt with the work of the Charity Organization Society of the city. Miss Warren of Yonkers, N.Y., gave an interesting religious news report. The subject for the day was "The University Settlement." The speakers were Miss Catharine Jones, Miss Ada L. Woolfolk, Miss Doughty,—all college women and workers in their respective settlements,—Miss Mildred Conway, and Miss M. E. Butterick. The subject had been arranged in the following sub-topics: (1) "The Sociological Methods of the University Settlement"; (2) "Its Attitude toward the Problems of City Life"; (3) "Its Attitude toward Socialism, Organized Labor, the Unemployed, and toward Religion." It was a well-attended meeting, and great interest was shown in the work and scope of the University Settlement as described by the speakers.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Rev. Carl G. Horst has tendered his resignation as pastor of Unity Church. The Unitarian Congregational church here unites with the Advent, Baptist, orthodox Congregational, Methodist, and Episcopal churches in observing the "week of prayer." The meetings are held in the First Church, and are conducted by the different pastors in turn.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—The Roslindale Sunday-school is proving a very live and potent factor in the life of the society. Its membership is considerably over one hundred, and its average attendance is very high, and the interest manifested in the work of the school more than is usual. Over two hundred members and friends attended the Christmas services, which were given in a manner that showed a great deal of careful preparation and earnest work; and the annual festival and tree were also well attended and much enjoyed. A social club has been organized in connection with the school, which serves to keep up an active interest in all its work, besides making the members acquainted with each other and establishing an *esprit de corps* which cannot but be of advantage to all connected with it.

SIOUX CITY, IA.—A correspondent writes: "The poetry section of Unity Club has finished an interesting study of early New England life and character, and closed its work in this line with a New England reception and dinner, where pumpkin pie was considered the height of culinary art. The members of the club and their guests dressed in the quaint costumes of the New Englanders of ante-railroad times, and the pretty young girls who acted as waitresses were charming in the cap and kerchief of the Puritan maiden. Many of the characters of 'Old Town Folks' and 'The Minister's Wooing' were out in force. There were after-dinner speeches on 'The New England Thanksgiving,' 'The Quiltin',' 'Child Life in New England,' 'The Meet-in'-house,' 'The Muster,' 'The New England Kitchen,' and 'The Sunday Clothes,'—spicy, bright, fresh, and original, witty, pathetic, or laughably humorous. 'Auld Lang Syne' was lined out, and sung with vigor."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Dec. 1. First Congregational Society of Jamaica Plain, Boston, additional.....	\$10.00
" 3. H. L. G., to complete life membership for Miss Annie H. Nichols of Kingston.....	25.00
" 3. Society in Trenton, N.Y., and as life membership for Frederick W. Guiteau.....	50.00
" 3. Society in Belmont, on account.....	50.00
" 4. Society in Milford, N.H.....	16.00
" 4. Society in Ashby, additional (in all \$54.55), the whole including life membership for William Forsman.....	25.00
" 5. First Parish, Hingham, including life memberships for Henry C. Harding, Harry L. Thomas, and Stetson Foster.....	238.80
" 7. Society in Clinton.....	83.02
" 12. Society in North Easton, additional (in all \$238.20).....	100.00
" 14. Society in Francetown, N.H.....	12.00
" 19. Society in Yonkers, N.Y.....	61.90
" 19. Greenville H. Norcross, Boston.....	100.00
" 19. Miss Laura Norcross, Boston.....	100.00
" 24. First Parish, Portland, Me., on account.....	235.00
" 24. Society in Ashby, additional (in all \$58.05).....	3.50
" 26. Legacy of the late Mrs. Anne M. Sweetser, Boston, additional.....	20,000.00
" 28. Society in West Bridgewater, on account.....	40.00
" 29. J. Randolph Coolidge, Boston.....	25.00
" 29. Contributed in dimes through Miss Weld, additional (in all \$1,020.50).....	15.10
" 31. Society in Lawrence, additional.....	40.00

GRINDALL REYNOLDS FUND.	
Dec. 12. Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard, Boston.....	20.00
" 29. Thomas Gaffield, Boston.....	100.00

INDIAN SCHOOL, ETC.	
Dec. 10. Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians, etc.....	150.00
" 10. Sunday-school of society in Peabody.....	3.50
" 10. Sunday-school of society in Berlin.....	1.00
" 10. Sunday-school of society in Nashua, N.H.....	3.00
" 10. Society in Framingham.....	7.50
" 10. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Bangor, Me.....	12.00
" 10. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Newport, R.I.....	20.00
" 19. Mrs. Hutchins, Boston.....	3.00
" 19. Miss C. P. Parsons, Belfast, Me.....	1.00
" 19. Sunday-school of society in Charleston, S.C.....	12.00
" 24. Sunday-school of First Congregational Society of Jamaica Plain, Boston.....	13.30
" 24. Mrs. Daniel Low, Salem.....	10.00

Dec. 24. Ladies' Unitarian Charitable Society, Brookfield.....	\$5.00
" 24. Christmas offering of Sunday-school of society in Littleton.....	5.00
" 24. Sunday-school of society in Lawrence, Kan.....	1.25
" 24. Society in Belmont, including \$10 for Tuskegee Normal Institute.....	20.00
" 24. Sunday-school of Society in Belmont, including \$5 for Tuskegee.....	15.00
" 31. Sunday-school of society in Hamilton, Ont.....	2.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CHURCH BUILDING LOAN FUND.	
Dec. 1. Charles P. Ware, Milton.....	45.00
ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treas. C. B. L. Fund.	

Business Notices.

Personally conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.—It is at this season of the year that people's thoughts turn to some method by which the rigors of our northern winter climate may be escaped; and a trip to the "Land of Flowers," if only for a short time, offers the easiest solution of the question.

In order to give the public an opportunity to visit Florida at a very reasonable cost, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a series of tours to Jacksonville; and the well-earned reputation acquired by that company for the superiority of its personally conducted tours will be maintained for this year's series. Since the system of personally conducted tours inaugurated by that company has been in effect, none but words of commendation have been received. Its unexcelled train service, experienced Tourist Agents and Chaperons, and, above all, its moderate charges, leave nothing to be desired.

The tours to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks' stay in Florida, will leave Boston on January 28, February 11 and 25, and March 11 and 25, 1895. The rate, including transportation, meals *en route*, and Pullman berth on special train, is \$65.00; from New York, \$50.00.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., to whom application for space should also be made.

A Curious Fact.—It is undoubtedly true that twice as much furniture would be bought to-day if people only realized how low are the present prices for fine furniture. For example, at Paine's on Canal Street they are in many instances selling their best work at actually less than half the figures charged for it only three years ago. Yet how few persons know this fact.

Washington Excursions. All Expenses Included.—A series of personally conducted excursions to Washington, D.C., during the season of 1894-95, designed particularly to accommodate the people of New England, will be operated via the Royal Blue Line. These excursions will cover a period of seven days; and the rate of \$23 from Boston will include fare for the round trip, hotel accommodations in Washington, transfers, and all necessary expenses. The next excursion will leave Boston Wednesday, January 23; and other dates will be announced later.

For information, tickets, and circulars, call on or address A. J. Simmons, New England Passenger Agent, 211 Washington Street, Boston.

The Genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs, Hoarseness, or Irritation of the Throat caused by cold.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Great Barrington, 1st inst., by Rev. Carl G. Horst, of Pittsfield, William H. Kemp, of Dorchester, and Villa E. Wright, of Great Barrington.

Deaths.

IRA P. FARRINGTON.

The First Parish, Portland, Me., has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. Ira P. Farrington. Mr. Farrington was born seventy-four years ago in the State of Vermont. As a young man, he went to Lowell, Mass., and entered the employ of his brother, who kept a clothing store. In 1845 he came to Portland, and established himself in business. Since that time he has been a respected citizen in this city. He was always a quiet, unassuming man, earnest in everything that claimed his interest, severe toward all false pretence.

He has always been associated with the most worthy charities of the city, and usually in some official capacity. His judgment in business affairs was of a high order. This ability he has always freely shared with the organizations in which he was active.

For twenty-seven years Mr. Farrington was the treasurer of the ministry at large, known as Preble Chapel. This is the means by which the First Parish reaches the poor of Portland. In this office Mr. Farrington had the practical control over the working of the institution.

During his residence in Portland Mr. Farrington was a most regular attendant at the First Parish, serving it officially and otherwise in a most faithful manner.

The large fortune he left was, for the most part, distributed among the benevolent institutions of the city in a wise and discriminating way. Mr. Farrington died December 17. He leaves a wife, but no children.

WANTED.

A LADY COMPANION for an elderly lady. Must be bright, a good reader, pleasant, and generally agreeable. Unitarian preferred. References given and required. Reply to E. J. GLASGOW, JR., 3656 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

A LADY OF LONG EXPERIENCE wishes a position as managing housekeeper, or any suitable position of trust. Best references. Address Mrs. LEWIS, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

AN American woman who can make herself generally useful wishes the care of an invalid. Country preferred. Terms reasonable. Address E. T., care the Christian Register.

HOME WORK WANTED by lady with family. Either writing, cake-making, or sewing preferred. Mrs. H. M. JONES, Dover, Mass.

WANTED.—In Concord, Mass., children to board. Good schools. Orphaned or motherless tenderly cared for. Best of references given and required. Address M. E. G., care Christian Register.

—William I. Lawrance, in the Transcript.

BY REV. J. M. SCOTT, ITHACA, N.Y.

By this the race has moved up, by it is still moving: by this every gain of man has been achieved, every greater gain must be achieved. Alas for the man or nation that is not haunted by an ideal! For who has not dreams of the night that will not allow his activities to be at rest in the day? And this is the truth of Messiahship, this the origin of the Christ idea. It is the creative purpose of God compelling man unto work, unto growth. Let us all cherish our Messiahs. Let us receive them gladly. Let us

And so can we find in this the secret of the Christhood of Jesus. He gave men ideal life to live, and ideal life to live in the very midst of this present world, as though he said to us, "Be seeds, and transform the soil that cannot feed, that but mocks hunger, into the harvests that satisfy,"—as though he said: "Here is marsh; but you may build it into marigold and show forth the yellow tenderness that is in the sun's heart. Here is dampness where the cattle cannot feed. Transform it into iris that can show the sun's heart of blue. Just where you are, whatever the earth conditions be, you can transform them into a self, into a life, that will show forth the human love in the heart of your Father in heaven. Your very cares and disappointments you may transform into a life, into a self, that will show forth the human truth that is in the heart of your Father in heaven." Jesus showed what a splendid life, what a holy and tender character, what a priceless manhood lies hidden in us all, in these dull earth conditions under which we live. The oak turns the storms that beat upon it into strength with which to play with them. The violet turns the storms into sweetness to breathe out upon their hurry or their following quiet. So Jesus turned all the adversities of this life—all its hamperings, its very cruelties and death—into sublime and deathless love and truth. He turned the blows that killed him into prayers of forgiveness for those who struck the blows. He transmuted all the earth life into a spiritual beauty and power, all the struggling, sinning, sorrowing humanity into a divineness that in wonder we call God. As it is written in the story of his transfiguration, wherein not alone the face nor the body, but the very dust-defiled garments, became a shining splendor above the brightness of the noon-day sun, so did he transfigure all our condition, all our humanity, its very dust-stained garments of sin, into a spiritual worth and grandeur still inspiring men. He turned tears into the soul's deep laughter, which only holiness knows. He transformed earth's sins into a holiness that could look the perfect God in the face, and say in a happy child-heartedness, "Father."

As we cling to our kind, finding humanity the meaning and joy of life, so we have clung to this truth of the unity of Jesus with his Father and our Father. And this faith has made sorrow fill with a human comfort we call God's Spirit. It has made sin shamed into a holiness that we call God's new creation. It has made death fill with a sunrise of hope, the dear master of life's human friendliness; and, with rapturous lips, we have named it resurrection. It has made everything a human kindness, the whole earth shaping unto some grace of neighborliness.

And so we have called after Jesus in our sins, that he might forgive. So we have pleaded his consolations in our sorrows, and found the peace of comfort filling our hearts. We have cried to him when death had made us desolate; and we have grown into a joy of believing that death is not victor, but the vanquished and blessed servant of life, enriching us all.

So this Christ idea is born out of the need of our human hearts, out of ourselves being made. We must have an ideal toward which, in which, to grow, else will death hold all the ways of our being. We must

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have love and friendship in the universe,—a God and Father who is human in all his ways, to whom the least and most helpless one in his creation is as dear as is her helpless babe to the tender and true mother. Out of this need the Christ has come and taken his place.

So long as he does for us this work, we need not worry much over many questions that may arise in regard to him. He may be history or legend; he may be in reality man, or what some would call a work of art, a great dream of the suffering, hungering soul of man after a love and life endless, satisfying. These are not the essential questions for the vitality of the Christ idea as the story of Jesus realizes it for us. Simply does he make your humanity alive with ideal life, showing you a truth, a love worth devoting your life to its realization? Then to you he is Christ. Cherish him with all tender and holy reverence, as the growing things of the meadow cherish so the life-essential sun. If his story for you gives you an ennobling thought of God,—an ideal God, in whose love you could be at perfect peace, in whose service no sacrifice could be too great; a God worth compelling men to believe in, as you would compel them into the very sunshine of love; if in the face of Jesus you can see the Father of your own life, the human tenderness of your own destiny,—then cherish him as Christ, even as the grape, filling its heart with a love to blush purple in unselfishness, cherishes its life-essential sun. The test of the Christ is in your own spiritual natures. Only him whom your affection can crown i Christ to you. In what quickened nature you experience, in that is his throne, out of that is his worship. If you cannot use him as historied reality, use him as hope's symbol; use him as your life's ideal, whichever you strive to realize; use him as your ideal of the universe, whichever you trust may prove to your whole nature that it is the very everlasting reality.

And now this personal truth: we must reveal to men in ourselves ideals worth living for; we must reveal in our characters, in our lives, a God worth trusting in. It is a sublime thing to so live that these who know and love us shall realize in us how divine is human nature; that in us men may realize how divine must be the universe, that such men are its creation. We can, we ought to, show forth the divinity that is our Father. Alas for us, when we so live as to compel our neighbors to think poorly and meanly of humanity, of the God out of whose creative tenderness we have come! No treachery to life greater than this!

We are just the holiness and worth of humanity to our neighbor,—just to him the holiness and worth of God. We are Christs, true or false, to ourselves, to our fellows. By so far as we have influence over others, we make them see the universe of man and the universe of God in our image and likeness. Therefore may we strive to attain unto the holiness we dream, the splendor of character we behold in the Christ. No more certainly are the glory of the sun and the transfiguration of the earth in the rose than are the glory of God and the transfiguration of man in just our lives, in just ourselves. Ah! the splendor, when we attain it, of being able to say, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; for I and my Father are one,"—the splendor of being the star-point of light in this dark earth,—the star-point wherein we show the worth of man and the worth of God, the divine humanity whom creation is fulfilling!

"If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say
That, of all mankind, I cleave to him;
And to him will I cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, the air."

It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult.
George Eliot.

Coming down to Jesus, we find him teaching that pure and simple religion which is non-sectarian,—nay, which is the only possible cure of sectarianism. He strove ever to draw attention away from forms, ceremonies, traditions, speculative beliefs,—away from everything external, incidental, secondary in importance, and therefore tending to divisions and contentions, to the deep, central, vital matters, about which there could be no contention.—
J. T. Sunderland.

THE CATTLE OF NINEVEH.*

"And also much cattle."—JONAH iv. 2.

Everybody knows that the book of Jonah contains a remarkable story about a fish. It is likely that the information of a great many people in regard to this book is altogether confined to the limits of this story. What is the book of Jonah about? It is about a fish which swallowed a man. That would be the answer of a surprising number, even of intelligent people.

The truth is, however, that, while there are four chapters in this book, the account of the adventure with the fish is contained in three short sentences. The book of Jonah is one of the most interesting, suggestive, and instructive books in the whole Bible. It is one of the text books of tolerance. It teaches the universal love of God. It does not hesitate to compare the prophet of Israel, to his disadvantage, with the pagan crew of a Mediterranean sailing-vessel. It records the quick answer that God gave to the prayers of pagan Nineveh. One of the lessons of it is that all promises of punishment are conditioned upon the penitence of the criminal. The most absolute menace of certain destruction is taken back and changed into benediction when the sinner is sorry for his sin. The Book of Jonah teaches us how to read some hard sentences in the New Testament about the damnation of the wicked. It is a book of justice and of mercy, a revelation of the universal fatherhood of God. The least important part of the book is the story of the fish.

To fasten upon that, to emphasize that, to bring that into the foreground, and to put all the great religious lessons of this wonderful book into the dim and neglected background, is as if a congregation should seize upon some petty figure of a great sermon, some singular illustration or momentary error of utterance, and think about that, and talk about that, and forget all the helpful words that had been said besides. That, indeed, is human nature. But we need to be on guard against the mistakes of human nature. Take a pencil and mark out those three verses, and then read this wonderful, wise, uplifting book.

If we are to give attention to any animals in the book of Jonah, we will do well to leave the fish and take the cattle. Let us stand upon the solid ground. Let us turn our backs upon this mysterious fish, which we see but uncertainly beneath the shifting waves, and which, it is possible, belongs rather to the world of poetry than to the world of real fishing-smacks; and let us consider the cattle that we know,—the every-day cows and horses of old Nineveh, which Jonah cared so little about, and which the critics and commentators and indifferent readers have cared no more about, but which were of interest and value in the sight of God.

For we read that Jonah was disappointed when his fierce sermon failed to come true. He stood out in the suburbs of the city on that fatal fortieth day, and watched the sky. He prayed for thunder and lightning, for red-hot shafts of destruction, for fiery hail and brimstone, for Sodom and Gomorrah over again. And, when the sun went on shining, and the day came to an end, and the town still stood, and no torment from the hand of God touched it, Jonah was sore grieved. He felt himself abused. God had dealt unkindly with him. God had sent him to preach punishment, to prophesy hell; and then God had not punished. Better that all Nineveh should perish, Jonah thought, than that his sermons should be thus discredited.

Then God spoke to Jonah. God told Jonah that he loved those children of his in Nineveh; yes, the most ignorant and the meanest of them; yes, even the very cows and horses of Nineveh.* "Should I not have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

The lesson that I want to emphasize is that God cares for cattle. God looks down upon this city, and he thinks not only about the good people; and the important people, as we count importance; and the rich and influential people; and the poor people crowded together in narrow and un-

* Reprinted from "The Heresy of Cain," a book for the times, by Rev. George Hodges, D.D., dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House, New York.

clean dwellings, living in destitution, physical and intellectual and moral, scarcely knowing the difference between right and left, scarcely knowing the difference between right and wrong; but God thinks also of all the horses in the city, knows what sort of food they have, and what kind of stables they live in, and the work that is put upon them, and all the treatment that is given them. God has regard for all the cattle, for the horses and the cows, for the cats and the dogs, for the birds, for all the living creatures he has made. God is present not only in the house of prayer, but also in the stockyards.

Jonah was willing—yes, and desirous—that the inhabitants of Nineveh, the men and the women and the little children, should all die horribly. He stood by with a certain pleased anticipation, waiting to see the agony begin. There is an unmistakable element of cruelty in human nature. The story of the life of man has fearful chapters in it,—chapters written in red; records of war, of massacres, of murders, of martyrdoms. Jonah has stood exulting a hundred thousand times, and watched the vindication of his doctrine in the torments of his brethren. The whole world over, in savagery and in civilization, in all lands, in the times that are told of in the ancient histories, and in the day that is recorded in this morning's paper, that old inhuman attitude of the prophet by the city is to be seen.

Think of the slaughter by the great armies of Assyria and Egypt! Think of the horrors of the old religions, with their mutilations and their human sacrifices! Think of the slave life of Greece and Rome, where the fair ladies of society thrust the long pins that held their hair into the flesh of offending servants! Think of the vast multitudes of pleasure-seekers who crowded the amphitheatres of the empire, as gayly as people go now of an evening to the play, that they might watch the murder of their fellow-men, and study the agonies of violent death; where the vestal virgins, the women of religion, held down their thumbs to indicate to the victorious gladiator that he was to hack his victim's head off! Think of all the barbarous punishments, the crucifixions, the martyr fires, the racks and wheels, the black dungeons! Think of the tortures of the inquisition, of the woes of Russian prisons, and the agonies of Siberian exile! Think of what is going on to-day in Central Africa at the hands of Arab slave-traders! Or do but read the daily papers. Study there the fearful story of man's continued inhumanity to man. Learn of the injustice, of the oppression, of the real wrong, of the blows and the beatings, of the murders, that day by day take place in every city.

Abel's cry has been echoed all along the centuries.

Here is a man who beats a little five-year-old boy with a clothes-line, doubling up the rope and using it upon the baby, "all over his body and across his face," until he is a "mass of bruises and lacerated flesh."

Another father—not once nor twice, but many times—whips his two motherless children, a girl of seven and a boy of nine, with a whip that was meant for driving mules.

Still another fastens a dog-chain about the neck of his ten-year-old son, and beats

him with a heavy strap upon his naked body; and the mother, in the same family, "tortures another of their children by holding his hand, first the palm, then the back, upon a hot stove."

And yet some people think that we have no need of a Humane Society, without which these fiendish crimes would never have been brought to punishment!

One by one the great and conspicuous cruelties of man against man are being done away. The conscience of the race is getting more and more awakened. We are no longer content to stand apart like Jonah, willing to watch the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. The cruelties of the old savagery and the old civilization have almost ceased out of decent society. The prize fight is the last survival of the murders of the arena. Africa is the last stronghold of slavery. The desire of all good people to-day is to preach at least the need of the deliverance of all those who are held captive, even in the bondage of our industrial conditions. The old fierce punishments are mitigated. The whole Christian world reprobates Russia for her toleration of a form of imprisonment which was once well-nigh universal. The race is growing kinder. Domestic cruelty, the longest to survive and the hardest to get at, is being driven out into the light, thrust into the patrol wagon, and brought up at the bar of justice. Public sentiment, which was once as indifferent to suffering as the expectant Jonah, is more tender-hearted, more indignant against the agents of pain, and more Christian than it has ever been before.

Now, we need to carry this tender mercy a little farther on. We need to remember that the Christian spirit of love reaches out and takes in not every human being, but every living creature under heaven. We need to remember that God our Father is the Father also of the cattle.

God cares. He cares for all the little birds. Jesus has reminded us how the heavenly Father feedeth them, and how not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. If the little bird falls to the ground because somebody has shot him or thrown a stone at him, just for the pleasure of shooting or stoning, God notices that. If the little bird is stoned or shot in order that he may be torn to pieces and made into ornaments for women's bonnets, God knows that. And God cares.

God cares for all the horses. Not a horse is overburdened or overdriven or ill-treated without God's notice.

It is evident that a good many people think that they know more about horses than God does. God gave the horse an arched neck, but we have improved that with a check-rein. God gave the horse eyes to see with, but we have provided him with blinders. I saw one day in London an exhibition of the instruments of the Arab slave-traders. There were the yokes that were fastened to the necks of the captives, and the manacles that went about their wrists and ankles, and the heavy chains with which they were loaded down, and the stout whips with which they were beaten. It would be possible to arrange a similar exhibition of the implements of a man's cruelty to his humble slaves, the horses.

There would be the check-rein, by which the head is held up in a constrained and unnatural position and the eyes are brought

AN ERROR.

Do you remember the story of the countryman? They showed him Bunker Hill Monument as the place where, in the Revolutionary War, the brave Warren fell. The countryman said he didn't wonder it killed him if he fell from the top of that thing.

The mistake of the countryman was simply an error of date. He was putting the monument back a hundred years. It is just the same mistake which our customers are constantly making on furniture prices.

Take this Book Cabinet as an example. Because we sold these Cabinets for \$185 only a few years ago, many people now conclude that they do not want one. They overlook entirely the fact that we are selling this Cabinet to-day for *considerably less than half that sum.*

Specifications: Finest Veined Spanish Mahogany; three separate Cabinets; superbly carved frieze, pillars, base, and mouldings; griffins, heraldic shields, etc., in full relief. Top 13 inches in width for ornaments. Massive claw feet. Adjustable shelves. Sliding doors with separate locks.

PAINE'S FURNITURE CO.,
48 CANAL STREET.



away from the ground, where they ought to watch the way of the feet, into the blinding face of the sun,—one of the inventions of the devil, and the cause of constant and increasing and absolutely unnecessary pain. There would be the blinders, by which the horse, who sees out of the side of his eyes, is rendered incapable of properly taking care of himself, made ready to take fright at sounds which he cannot understand, and has his sight impaired, and learns a new kind of pain in consequence. There would be the sharp bit, which frets and cuts the mouth, and puts the sensitive creature into almost intolerable pain. There would be the whip, with its abundant possibilities of ministering suffering in the hands of hasty or foolish or ill-tempered or ignorant drivers.

One of the most remarkable things that will be pointed out concerning this display of instruments of torture in the museums of the twentieth century, in the days when religion means so much that it is concerned with the discomfort of the humblest living creature, will be their entire uselessness. They will be seen to serve no purpose whatsoever, save to put one of man's most intelligent and willing and faithful servants into a condition of needless suffering.

To do to others as we would have them do to us is a rule so wide and far-reaching that it takes in every creature that the good God has made. It includes the cattle. God looks upon every tortured horse, whether he be tortured in anger by a brute of a driver or whether he be tortured in ignorance and thoughtlessness for the sake of following a foolish fashion. And God cares.

A Hebrew prophet promised long ago that in the millennium "Holiness to the Lord" should be inscribed upon the bells of all the horses. Yes, and on all their harness, "Holiness to the Lord,"—on every strap and buckle! And nothing left in all the harness upon which that sacred phrase could not consistently be set; nothing left which would offend the sight of the righteous and merciful God, who cares even for the cattle.

Christian people ought to be more thoughtful, more attentive to the comfort of those dumb creatures who can only look at us, and cannot speak, and who depend so utterly upon us. Another Hebrew prophet, who looked in his time into the golden age of the ideal future, saw a reign of perfect peace, in whose benediction even the wildest of the animals shared with man. A little child, he said, shall lead them. And a Christian poet, who likewise in vision dreamed of the blessed world to come, beheld those living creatures joining in the adoration of men and angels before the throne of God. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The "creature" is the brute creation,—the cows and the horses, the cats and dogs, the sheep and goats, of our fields and streets and homes and stables. And the "sons of God,"—that means us as we ought to be. And the lesson is that God has made these animals dependent upon us for protection, for guidance, for help, for betterment, for inspiration. God has given these animals into our care. He looks to us to minister to them, to be kind to them, to love them. Every man in a stable has a responsibility which God puts upon him. The whole great brute creation, travelling in pain, too often at the hands of man, waits with "earnest expectation" for that redemption of the creatures which will begin when we are all better Christians than we are at present.

To be tender-hearted ought to be one of the characteristics of the Christian. To make this world a better and happier world to live in for all the men and all the women and all the little children and all the living creatures that are in it is the mission of religion in which we ought to be missionaries.

Surely, nobody can always know what is right. Yes, you always can for to-day; and, if you do what you see of it to-day, you will see more of it, and more clearly, to-morrow.—*John Ruskin.*

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside. Instead of beginning with the heart and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

Literature.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.*

Mr. Cary's book ranks high in the series to which it is the last addition. Dr. Holmes's "Emerson" was unique. Putting that aside, Mr. Lounsbury's "Cooper," Mr. Higginson's "Margaret Fuller," and Mr. Woodberry's "Poe" attain the highest excellence, baffling the invidious comparison; and Mr. Cary's "Curtis" makes a fourth with these. It has in it an element of surprise, especially for those who do not know the writer's private tastes. An editor of the *New York Times*, a writer of excellent editorial matter, a political reformer, deeply interested in the reform of the civil service, closely associated with Mr. Curtis in that reform for many years, we were prepared to find his book complete upon the line of his special work and his special sympathy with Mr. Curtis; and it is not less so than we expected it to be. Yet, if there is a difference of good and better between the political part and the literary, it is certainly not to the disadvantage of the latter. Nowhere is Mr. Cary's mastery of his subject easier, and nowhere does he write with more delicate discrimination, than in the chapters on the Howadji books, "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," and "Trumps." Of these five, the last delights him least; and his reasons for his qualified admiration are stated with much frankness and deliberation. What some have thought a too glowing fancy in the "Nile Notes of an Howadji" and "The Howadji in Syria," he finds simply expressive of the author's sympathy with his subject. The "Nile Notes," it appears, was severely criticised in some quarters; and the young writer's father was troubled not only by the criticisms, but by his own partial sympathy with them. A letter from Curtis to his father stands for what he has written without the least apology. It is respectful and affectionate; but it says, "Had I written the book to please you, I would not have published it, because it would not have pleased myself." A good many readers will think the estimate of "The Potiphar Papers" too favorable, but many more will sympathize with the tender admiration which the biographer lavishes on "Prue and I."

The book has several surprises, and one of the most interesting is that which reveals the maturity of Curtis's thought and expression when he was nineteen and twenty years of age. A common impression has been that his anti-slavery convictions were slow in coming to maturity. It seems that they were not. In 1844—he was born in 1824—we find him writing to his father in the terms of clearest conviction as to the true character of slavery, with sympathies tending strongly to the disunion solution of Garrison as the only hopeful one. Remembering his admiration for Sumner's appeal to Webster in his first great speech in the Senate, Aug. 26, 1852,—"Assume, sir, these unperformed duties,"—one's interest is redoubled in his own anticipation of Sumner's thought eight years in advance; and the expression is but little in arrears,—"How nobly might Mr. Webster, a man too great that we should ever despair, crown his fame in hearts which would fain welcome him, but cannot yet, by assuming this position!" There is abundant evidence that not only the lighter style of his essays, but also the graver style of his editorials and orations, was an early acquisition, if it did not, like reading and writing, "come by the grace of God."

Had Curtis remained in America, he would probably have been shoulder to shoulder with Lowell in the Mexican War,—the war against that foul iniquity; but from 1846 to 1850 he was abroad. And, though he had much sympathy with European revolution, the life of a *flâneur* was not auspicious for his progressive interest in the anti-slavery cause. After his return, also, immersed in his first lecturing and journalism, in the Howadji books and a round of social pleasures, it took him a little time to orient himself. In 1856 the process was complete; and its completion was signalized by the delivery of his address before the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. From that time forward every stage of the great conflict had its appropriate utterance, more eloquent and

*GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. *American Men of Letters.* By Edward Cary: Boston and New York: Houghton & Mifflin.

more important after the appeal to arms was made than ever before. But there were many other lectures and addresses of the same period; and one very characteristic same period; and one very characteristic one, on "Modern Infidelity," should not have been passed over in silence. On nearly half a hundred lecture platforms in one season it declared the Unitarian doctrine of the right and duty of the freest thought upon the highest themes as clearly as it has ever been enunciated in any Unitarian pulpit. Mr. Cary's touch upon Mr. Curtis's religious thought and action is less intimate than we could wish. His connection with the Staten Island church and with the Unitarian body would have borne some stronger emphasis without injury to the truth or to the proportions of his public life. The American Unitarian Association is not yet quite "National"; but we are obliged to Mr. Cary for that prophetic word, while regretting that he makes no mention of our friend's presidency of the National Conference and the three noble addresses that he made before that body. For matters purely theological he had little thought or care. No one was less sceptical; but he believed much, and not in many things. The outcome at Saratoga would have rejoiced his heart; for he, too, accepted the religion of Jesus as love to God and man, and had sympathies of mind and heart for all honest thought and work, however named.

Himself an editor of first-rate ability, Mr. Cary's estimate of Mr. Curtis's editorial work on *Harper's Weekly* has a peculiar interest. He finds the secret of its excellence in his imaginary talking with his readers. "He seemed to have his reader as clearly in his mind as if he were sitting before him; and he reasoned with him, appealed to him, suggested to him, as he would have done, had their eyes met. And the editor did not make the mistake of either overrating or underrating the person to whom he addressed himself. I have sometimes thought that this imaginary companion was conceived by him with a very serious reference to the character of the *Weekly* as it was when he took charge of it, and that his typical reader was one who primarily liked to look at pictures, and whose interest thus attracted was to be directed by the writer." It is certain that Mr. Curtis wrote in pictures very often, but this much more frequently in his orations than in his editorials. Closely associated with him in his civil service reform work, and in his political independency, Mr. Cary deals with these aspects of his friend's life with great sympathy and intelligence. He shows how little suddenness there was in his course in 1884, what ample preparation for it in his previous speech and action. He makes short work of the unmitigable stuff that a delegate to a convention is bound to support its action, showing that a resolution to that effect was rejected by the Republican Convention of 1884, in response to a speech by Mr. Curtis which anticipated his subsequent action. The book is rich in Mr. Curtis's letters, and one of the most admirable is that explaining his political course in 1888. But the most beautiful of all is that which he wrote upon the death of Lincoln, to whom he had been loyal when so many fell away, doing more, perhaps, than any other to effect his renomination in 1864, as in 1860 he had done more than any other to bring back his party from its repudiation of the Declaration of Independence in subservience to the will of Horace Greeley as the self-constituted representative of the border States.

Mr. Cary has given us a truly admirable book. Those who knew Mr. Curtis best and loved him most will best appreciate its quality; and some of these will find, so far have they been heretofore from exaggerating the beauty of Mr. Curtis's character and the nobility of his life, that their admiration did not equal his deserts.

J. W. C.

HISTORIC DANVERS.—Not the least gratifying evidence of the increasing interest in the study of general or local American history among our people is the growing number of books that give, separately, a more or less full and popular account of our towns and cities, many of them accompanied by pictorial illustrations of notable striking objects or features of the places thus brought to view. They are all valuable, bringing together and preserving, as they do, for future use a large variety of needed information, much of which might

otherwise be lost in the course of years; and many of them, at least, are got up in a very tasteful and pleasing form, at the same time that they are highly instructive. "Historic Danvers" is one of these. It is a small and modest yet pretty and elegant volume, bound in embossed paper covers and published by Mr. F. E. Moynahan, editor and proprietor of the *Danvers Mirror*, its contents consisting of about fifty pages of admirably written text by Mr. Ezra D. Hines, and of not less than sixty-five charming pictures of the principal things of the old historic town which the reader of the old history would most likely wish to know or visitor would most likely wish to see about. The story of each and all of the latter is graphically told us in the running sketch, whose author is well known in Essex County for various other excellent productions in this line of literary work. We have room to mention but a few of the many attractions which he so felicitously describes, such as the famous old "Train-describes," with its huge boulder memorial; the Rebecca Nurse and George Jacobs' witch-houses; the homes or birthplaces of Gens. Israel Putnam, Moses Porter, and Grenville M. Dodge, Cols. Israel Hutchinson and Jeremiah Page, and Dr. Samuel Holton and Rev. Dr. Benjamin Wadsworth; the venerable but delightful residences of the original hive of the Porter family; the Peabody Institute; the State Lunatic Asylum; St. John's Normal College; "Oak Knoll," or Whittier's last home; the "Endicott pear-tree"; "Folly Hill," and the lane at its base, where was one of Hawthorne's favorite haunts; several conspicuous monuments; and the numerous churches of the town, with the site of the first meeting-house. The neat little book covers, in its way, two and a half centuries or more; and two or three of its last pages furnish directions that only make it still more a capital guide for the stranger. It may be had at Damrell & Upham's Old Corner Bookstore, and is well fitted for a gift to any one who is fond of matters of local interest or annals of the past.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SECOND CHURCH IN BOSTON. By George H. Eager. It is not easy, at the best, to make a history of a local church interesting to the general reader. Particularly is it difficult when that history has to be compressed into something less than one hundred pages. We took up and read, easily within a half-hour, the little historical sketch of the Second Church of Boston written by George H. Eager, and were surprised, when we finished its perusal, to find out how much valuable information had been condensed in so small a volume. It was as though we were reading a chapter of the religious history of New England rather than the recital of the fortunes and misfortunes of some one city church. The reason for this larger interest is that, with possibly a single exception, the doings of no one church in Massachusetts has had a profounder influence upon the destinies of the Commonwealth than this old Second Church. One has simply to call to mind Cotton Mather of witchcraft fame, or remember Increase Mather, afterward president of Harvard College, to see what ministers in colonial times presided as spiritual leaders over the historic society. Then there is Henry Ware, Jr., who, with Channing and Palfrey, played so important a part in moulding the new theology in the early days of the Unitarian controversy. With Ware, Emerson stands forth, whose clear-eyed vision and courageous stand as to what he believed true marks an epoch point in the religious thought of our whole land. King Charles was beheaded in 1649, and in that year many of the Puritans believed that their new commonwealth of God was to be forever established. The enthusiasm in old England was felt here in New England, and the Second Church in Boston was founded and started on its eventful career. In a little more than a century it is a "hot-bed" for patriotism. The West Church was pulled down because it had been used as a signal tower to give intelligence to the provincial army. The Second Church suffered the same fate, and thus were "the king," punished for their disloyalty to the church has had as its pastors Rev. Robert Laird Collier; Rev. E. A. Horton, now president of the Benevolent Fraternity; and Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the present incumbent. In 1899 the church reaches its two hundred and fiftieth year. It is meant shall be placed in the present building as a testimonial. This history of the Second Church, it is announced, is to be sold; and the entire proceeds are to be given to the above purpose.

THE BOYS' REVOLT: A STORY OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. By James Otis. Illustrated by W. P. Hooper. Boston: strike of bootblack boys in the city of New York, and it abounds with many exciting scenes and graphic incidents. The description all the features of tyranny, cruelty, and suffering which mark the larger and more

notorious strikes. The bootblacks were induced by their leader to form a union; and then war was declared against the Italians and all others who would not join. The result shows how much injury was done to many without gaining the end desired. The narrative of the schemes and selfish aims of the boss, and the way in which he used the money for his personal ends, is told with vividness and force. The various characters have a distinct individuality. We not only see the grasping tyranny and cunning selfishness of Baldy and Skinny, but also examples of brave endurance and moral heroism and noble generosity on the part of others. Taken as a whole, the story of this revolt is not only very interesting, but a realistic description of one of the phases of the labor struggle; and it is none the less important in its suggestions because the actors on the stage are boy bootblacks.

RAVENSHOE. By Henry Kingsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. In two volumes. \$2.—It is a matter for surprise, when one stops to think about it, that Henry Kingsley's novels have been so little known in America; and this new edition of his books is certainly something to be welcomed. Henry Kingsley was the younger brother of Charles Kingsley. He won distinction as a journalist and editor; and many will remember that he went through the Franco-Prussian War, and was the first Englishman to enter Sedan after it was surrendered. Mr. James Payn, the English critic, has been saying lately that his novels are sure to outlast those of his more famous brother. "Ravenshoe" is a good one for the beginning of the new edition, as it reveals admirably the author's power of narration and his delightful humor. The plot is involved and unusual, serving well to bring out the strength of the various characters. It is a book to be enjoyed.

ROMANCE SWITZERLAND. TEUTONIC SWITZERLAND. By William McCracken. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 2 vols. These two pocket volumes are not designed to be a guide-book, but put in a brief form historical and biographical details such as the tourist will find useful. By way of explanation, it should be said that the term "Romance" in the first volume is applied to those parts of Switzerland where Roman or Latin influences have remained uppermost, while the "Teutonic" embraces that portion where the German element prevails. The author is well known as the historian of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," and his long and close knowledge of Switzerland enables him to speak with authority. These two volumes will prove of value as travelling companions, and have an interest to those who wish to recall the memory of places, persons, and incidents connected with their previous travels.

AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT. By Helen H. Gardener. Boston Arena Publishing Company.—Miss Gardener is remembered chiefly as the author of "Is this your Son, my Lord?" and "Pray you, Sir, whose Daughter?" the general purpose of which was based on such extreme opinions as that expressed in the preface to the latter, which characterized the mothers of the race as "a helpless, ostracized class, pariahs of a corrupt civilization." Remembering their sensationalism and occasional crudeness, it is pleasant to find Miss Gardener relying on other methods for the success of her new book. This is a tale of days before and during the war. The difficulties, both moral and social, in the way of the loyal Southerner who yet felt a conscientious distrust of slavery and an unwillingness to be bound by its tyranny, is well represented. The book will be read with considerable interest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFREY HAMLIN. By Henry Kingsley. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.—The new edition of these Kingsley novels is attractive both by reason of general appearance and convenient size. This one is hardly the equal of "Ravenshoe" in interest or in construction. The two volumes are almost as distinct as two separate books, the latter half introducing new characters, new scenes, and new interest. It is true that this very irregularity of plot renders the stories of the book much more like actual experience in real life. Fate takes an erratic course, too, sometimes; and characters appear and disappear in our lives without warning us of the ultimate part they may play in our fortunes.

AN AGITATOR. By Clementina Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is not a story, in one sense of the word: it is rather a character sketch, in which an earnest man is studied analytically. It aims to show the sequences of experience through which he passes to arrive finally at real poise and correct self-estimate. The culminating incidents of the book are the unjust arrest, conviction, and imprisonment of the agitator for stealing ballots, which would have cost him his election. Without the movement or interest that makes a book popular, this yet repays the reading. It is printed in the convenient form of the "Little Novels," easy to hold and easy to read.

THE LITTLE EPICURE: 700 CHOICE RECIPES. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.—The title well characterizes this book, unless one may take exceptions at the adjective. Only an epicure could appreciate the half-hundred sauces; the variety of marvellous entrées and salads; the startling drinks, ranging from a "Virginia night-cap" at a cost of twelve cents to a "champagne cocktail" worth \$5. This feature of appending the price of a dish to the receipt for preparing it is something new. The book is one that will make for high living and exceedingly plain thinking. It is by a woman,—the more's the pity!

ST. JOHN'S WOOLING. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1. This writer will be remembered as the author of "Oblivion" and other books which have won the praise of critics and the interest of readers. This is a pleasant love-story, neither dull, on the one hand, nor sensational, on the other. The hero is a nice clean Englishman, the heroine a bright, brave Texas girl; and the course of their true love is skilfully set before us from the time of their first meeting, under unusual circumstances, up to the final confession and settlement of their life plans. It is all bright and pure and worth reading.

THE PARASITE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Doyle is sure of an audience in these days; but, even if this book were by an unknown writer, it would attract attention by its vigorous treatment of an interesting theme. Hypnotism is, doubtless, to receive even more attention in the immediate future than now; and, while Dr. Doyle's book is fascinating as a story, it is also a strong protest against the yielding of one's own will to a power that, however helpful it may prove in isolated instances, is yet sure to weaken in the long run. Such a protest is needed.

FOUND AND LOST. By Mary Putnam Jacobi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The two stories bound together in this slender blue volume are entitled respectively "Found and Lost" and "A Sermon from Notre Dame," and are reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1860, and *Putnam's Magazine* of February, 1869. They appeal to the reader's own thought and imagination, and he needs to be responsive to their moods and suggestions in order to appreciate their strength. They deserve well of the reading public, but they are not likely to become popular.

A BREAD AND BUTTER MISS. By George Paston. New York: Harper & Brothers. The masculine pen name is particularly inappropriate when attached to such a book as this, which seems modelled after those of the Duchess and kindred writers, though unredeemed by the occasional brightness that often makes even the lightest of light books readable for an idle half-hour (if anybody has idle half-hours in these days). Its pictures of English life as brought out in two weeks of a house party would be sad and discouraging, were they not so manifestly untrue to reality.

Miscellaneous.

The two bound volumes of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1894 appear in substantial linen covers that open not grudgingly, as do those of many large volumes, but willingly and temptingly. It is only when the magazines take on this new form that one realizes the variety and richness of their contents.

The Magazines.

The *New Century* is a new monthly paper published in the interest of the Lyceum League, aiming as such to stimulate good citizenship and to aid good government. The December number opens with an article by Mr. Edwin D. Mead on Edward Everett Hale, under the title "A Great American," and the subtitle "Perhaps the Greatest Man in America." With this number comes the new constitution of the Lyceum League, which provides for the co-operation of clubs and societies in general sympathy with its aims, with no regard for sex distinctions.

At the annual meeting of the National Household Economic Association it was voted to have an organ in which the valuable papers and reports of the national and State associations should be published, and which should serve the various interests of the general work. The result appears in the *Journal of Household Economics*, a monthly magazine, which proposes to treat scientifically the problems of the home in sanitary and dietetic matters. The Women's Educational and Industrial Association will have a department. The opening number, issued in December, contains a leading article by Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick on "The Science of Household Affairs," "Unwholesome Architecture," "Southern Kitchens," "The Boston Cooking School,"

"The Hygienic Bedroom," and similar practical subjects receive attention; and there are also articles by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Diaz, and others. The well-known names of contributors and editors are a guarantee of the high rank which this periodical will undoubtedly take in its own lines of work, and the first number is full of interest and promise.

Literary Notes.

Among other articles in the *Atlantic* for January may be mentioned the opening chapters of a new serial by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "A Singular Life"; three short stories: "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown, a new writer of much promise; part one of a two-part story by Mrs. Wiggin, "A Village Stradivarius," and "A Wish Fulfilled," by Lafcadio Hearn. In this last story there is a graphic description of a young Japanese soldier leaving his home for the war in the East.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. The White Company. A Novel. By A. Conan Doyle.
From D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Land of the Sun. Vistas Mexicanas. By Christian Reid.
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For the Christian Register.
REPETITION.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The butterflies are but flowers in motion,
Frost forms and ferns to the eye are kin,
Cloud banks and mountains are loving brothers,
The prairie rolls where the waves have been.

Mosses of land and of sea are kindred,
The coral forms are of branching trees;
And even the living things of ocean
Are not sole sport of the land-locked seas.

The splintered crag and the shivered iceberg
Are one to the eye where distance dims;
The curling smoke and the rain-clouds mingle,
And soft in the ether the fleece form swims.

The finny tribes of the wide-spread waters
Repeat old forms of an early day;
The bird yet carries a trace of the reptile,
Though now the impulse to soar has sway.

The carving done in the sculptured cañon
By ice and water in days long flown,
In subtle tracery, but reneweth
Old forest forms in the plastic stone.

The crystal snow has a thousand faces,
Yet every face is a flower-like star;
And world after world in the nebulous spaces
Globes itself as it shines afar.

For the Christian Register.

SLING-STONES FROM HEAVEN.

ABRIDGED FROM MAURUS JOKAI.

BY EVA CHANNING.

In about the year 1667, while the Turks were ruling in Hungary, Kuzuk was pasha of Grosswardein; and the good city of Debreczin had much to suffer from his fiery temper and arbitrary disposition. Finally, the city obtained in Stefan Dobosy a magistrate who was himself not slow to anger. So that, when Kuzuk, on some slight provocation, threatened to come down upon the inhabitants of Debreczin, Dobosy briefly sent him word that he would be welcome. Two days after that the pasha encamped with his army before the city.

Debreczin possessed neither walls nor moats: its only protection lay in twelve brick towers with thatched roofs, which would at once fall to the ground under fire. One of these towers guarded each gate of the city, yet at a respectful distance, so that a hostile invader should not feel obliged to pull it down, and force the inhabitants to build it up again! The roof of each tower was tenanted by storks, which solemnly stood on one leg and chattered by the hour together, as if they were the most faithful guardians of the city. Kuzuk had drawn up his army before all twelve gates at once, and brought a large cannon to bear upon each one. This was the manner in which he proposed to parley with the people of Debreczin.

At this juncture the city sent to treat with him a Greek, by name Panajoti, an old acquaintance of the pasha, who was usually employed on ticklish missions. When questioned, this ambassador began:—

"Your Excellence, as soon as this incorrigible Stefan Dobosy heard your threats, he at once put all the women, girls, and children into wagons, and sent them up to Tokaj. Then he gave orders that all valuable property should be destroyed, and, as soon as the enemy seized the city, fire should be set in forty places at once, all the inhabitants should arm themselves, and be prepared to break out at one of the gates, and leave Debreczin forever. So your Excellence must take the responsibility if the sultan should ask what has become of the great city of Debreczin, which has so faithfully paid taxes to the Porte, and so liberally quartered the Turkish soldiers."

The pasha flew into a violent rage, but had to acknowledge himself beaten. It would never do to destroy such an important city as Debreczin, and he felt that Dobosy was the man to carry out his threats. So he packed up his cannon and withdrew, sending a message of pardon to the city, whose inhabitants drew a long breath of relief. But hardly had Kuzuk reached Grosswardein, when he called in hot haste for Badrul Beg, the leader of his Moorish cavalry, and gave him the following orders:

"To-day at twilight take five hundred mounted men, and start in the direction of Dioszeg, asking the way of every one you meet. At midnight turn off into the swampy meadow on the left, so that your tracks may be lost. Ask the shepherds in the fields the way to Leta, and kill your

guides when you reach there. Enter the great forest beyond the town, and get the charcoal-burners to lead you to the end of the wood opposite Hadráz. Then kill your guides again, and remain on the watch. In the course of a day or two, or it may be a week, you will see a procession of four or five hundred peasants' wagons approaching from Tokaj. They will be filled with beautiful women and girls, and probably money and trinkets to boot. You are to take all these women prisoners, and bring them to me at Grosswardein. Any valuables you may find you can divide among your soldiers. Give heed, and remember you carry your life in your hand!"

From Tokaj, along the high road, comes a long procession of wagons in the direction of Hadráz. It is the women of Debreczin,—five hundred wagons full of women and girls, not a single man among them tall enough to raise the whip. The women are driving themselves. Whoever God intended for a man among them has his little hands neatly bound down with swaddling bands, for he is yet an infant! We can almost fancy we hear the gay chatter, as they relate to each other how finely the Turks were frightened away from the city. Some of the wagons were filled only with young girls, who sang the old Hungarian songs as they moved forward. The girls in one wagon would begin; and all the remaining wagon-loads would take up the refrain, until the welkin rang, and the little larks no longer had the courage to vie with them in singing.

At noon the whole caravan halted on a low green hill in the midst of a wide plain. No city or village was in sight. Here and there a little hamlet was visible, surrounded by hay-ricks; but there was no trace of cultivated fields. All was deserted pasture ground. Only the wonderful Fata Morgana—called by the Southerners "mirage," and by the Hungarians "Délibáb"—was in an extraordinarily good humor that morning, and beautified the scene by its charming pictures of billowy seas, blue islands, lofty forests, and stately palaces. On the hill the girls watched the fairy landscape, as it changed and one fantastic shape dissolved into another.

"See!" cried one. "That is just like the church with the high steeple in Debreczin. And there is the watch-tower at the gate of Grosswardein!"

"Girls," scolded a young woman, who stood below with her fat-cheeked baby, "it is not well to joke about such things. It never brings good luck to recognize any house in the Délibáb. Misfortune always comes to a city which appears thus in the air."

"Look!" all cried suddenly in a breath. But the word died upon their lips, and they all gazed spell-bound with horror and astonishment. What was this sudden apparition? In the direction of Hadráz, high above the enchanted ocean, there was suddenly defined against the sky the gigantic shape of a horseman,—a genuine warrior, with a quiver on his shoulder, a pointed turban on his head, and reins in his hand. "Jesus Christ, do not desert us!" murmured the terror-stricken crowd.

The next moment other figures appeared, all armed giants, some of them standing above the mock sea as far as the flanks of their horses, while others only emerged head and shoulders above the waves. Suddenly all this began slowly to dissolve, until nothing remained in the sky but two light blue bands upon a misty yellow background.

"Jesus Christ! Turk and Tartar are lying in wait for us!" shrieked the women, running together panic-stricken in the midst of the barren wilderness. The mothers seized their children, and ran to the wagons. The maidens scattered their cherished neckerchiefs and earrings along the road, that the robbers might pick them up while they gained time for flight. The wagons were turned from the road, and driven at a break-neck pace across the rough fields. There was no singing now. Only the silent prayer went up from many a heart: "O thou mighty God above, thou who hast so wonderfully betrayed to us the ambush of our wicked enemy, protect us, thy weak handmaids, from his wicked persecution, since we trust in no one else but in thee, thou heavenly God!"

And the Lord did have some other little miracles in store for that day. As the illusory visions vanished from earth and sky,

the real landscape came out with surprising distinctness. Clouds with silver linings of rose in the sky, followed by darker belts of cloud which gradually obscured the view, while the wind seemed to mutter from afar, "Run, run!" And meanwhile the wagons were plunging on at full speed in the direction of Bössörmény.

Badrul Beg had carried out Kuzuk pasha's instructions to the letter, and had been encamped for two days in the forest near Hadráz. On the third day the advance guards who were posted at the edge of the wood announced to their leader that some distance off on the plain a long procession was visible, which raised a dust as of hundreds of wagons following one another. "It is they!"

Badrul Beg stationed himself on the top of a hill to watch. Perhaps he was that very giant whose image first appeared upon the sky with quiver and turban. "It is they! Only let them come nearer! No one can warn them of the danger,—no one!"

Even as he spoke, however, the approaching dust-cloud halted, remained stationary a few minutes, and then, most unexpectedly, turned in another direction and fled from sight at a gallop. Badrul Beg gazed around him in a fury: "Who can have betrayed us?"

As if in answer to his question, the wind rose, the high birch trunks began to bow and groan, and a terrible storm lifted itself howling over the plain.

"Up with your spears!" he shouted, undismayed, to his riders. "Our spears will pierce the storm, and we must follow the fugitives. Out upon the plain!"

But the whirlwind was before them, and in the next minute had enveloped the troop of Badrul Beg in so dense a cloud of sand that no one could see his next neighbor. Not even the lightning could penetrate the darkness; but they could hear the deafening peals of thunder which shook the earth and drowned even the voice of the wind. The horse of Badrul Beg reared, and the wind tore off his turban.

"O thou God of the Hungarians," bellowed the Negro, shaking his fist at the sky, "do you take sides with your own people? Nevertheless, you cannot save them from me!"

At the moment these blasphemous words were uttered a hard object struck his shoulder with such force that his arm sank powerless at his side. What was this? Nothing more nor less than a big piece of ice, which was the forerunner of all the rest; for now heaven launched its sling-stones thick and fast. Down they came with a crash and a rattle,—some like birds' eggs, others similar to transparent nuts, others still like the butt-end of a battle-axe; while in some of them many separate lumps were welded together, so that these missiles often weighed several pounds.

"Allah Kérím! Allah Ekber!" yelled the terrified Moors, vainly fleeing the pursuing "sling-stones" of ice, which they had never seen in their Oriental homes. "There is no safety but in God, who is God!" bellowed the predestinating Turks. And all scattered this way and that, whither their horses carried them. When the tempest had passed, Badrul Beg found not more than fifty out of his five hundred warriors. Some twenty lay dead and dying around, with gaping wounds and broken ribs; some had been pelted from their horses by the ice; others were actually buried in it, so that only their hands were visible.

"Miracles are happening here upon earth!" cried, in dismay, the Ethiopian leader, who had never in his life beheld ice before. "Who can fight against Heaven? The Hungarians have a special God, who works miracles for them. Allah preserve us from the anger of the strange God!"

Badrul Beg was not clear in his own mind whether Kuzuk pasha would believe his account of the disaster if he returned without his booty and with the remains of a routed army. Surely, nothing could be stronger testimony to the truth of his words than some of these identical "sling-stones" which had made such havoc in his ranks. Accordingly, he took four of the iron-bound chests which he had brought to contain the trinkets of the Debreczin captives, and had them filled to the brim with hailstones. They were then fastened across the backs of horses for the homeward journey. For greater security he pocketed the keys, and sealed up the keyholes with wax.

It was a two days' journey to Gross-

wardein, during which time he was joined by the remnant of his scattered army, who appeared in sorry plight, with broken bones and bruises. Meanwhile the sun blazed down from morning till night; and from the iron-bound chests dripped the water, while they steamed at the top.

In Grosswardein Badrul Beg appeared before the pasha with a lame arm and in all humility, and told his story. Kuzuk pasha was incredulous, and the chests were produced as evidence. When the seals were removed and the chests unlocked, lo! they were completely empty,—not a trace of the "sling-stones from heaven." Badrul Beg rent his upper garment. "Allah be merciful to me! The God of the Hungarians makes the stones with which he slew my warriors vanish out of locked chests!"

"Wretched coward!" exclaimed the pasha, who did not believe a syllable. "Many geese can kill a dog. Surely, those heroic women must have given you a fine reception!" And thereupon he had Badrul Beg led out and hung before his gate.

The women of Debreczin reached their home and friends in safety. Kuzuk pasha always believed that it was they who had so thoroughly overthrown Badrul Beg, and from that day he began to respect them highly.

This story stands written in the archives of the worthy city of Debreczin. You who read it, remember that God on high still knows how to protect his faithful, and that his arm is no shorter now than it was then.

A GOOD REFERENCE.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought despondently. "However, I'll try and appear as well as I can; for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and, when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit,—but other boys had appeared in new clothes,—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

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"Prompt," was his mental comment: "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen, and wrote his name. "Very well, easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again. "I haven't any," he said slowly: "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:—

My dear John,—I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John,—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him five years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John: he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer, heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—*Exchange.*

HOW CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS HELPED BESSIE.

When Uncle Jack came one evening to take us all to the museum, mamma said she was afraid to trust him with such a tribe. But he said nothing could happen at a museum.

"I'll count them," said he. "A buff girl and a blue girl and a pink girl, and a brown knickerbocker boy, a gray knickerbocker boy, and little Billee in sailor rig, —six in all."

And mamma laughed, and told him never to let go of Billy's hand; and off we went, as soon as we could get our hats on. We had never been to a museum before, and we thought it splendid. There was an aquarium full of fish, and cages full of birds, and some cats in one cage and some monkeys in another. A band kept playing, and a lecturer told us what everything was. Then we went into a room full of stuffed animals and curiosities; and then into another, where there was a gorilla and kings and queens and poets and presidents and singers. The gorilla was stuffed; but the folks were made of wax, with such nice clothes on that they looked like truly people. Queen Victoria was plump, like grandma; but Queen Elizabeth was as stiff as her ruffle.

Little Billy was frightened and cried, and so Uncle Jack took us to the refreshment-room to have supper.

The band played while we had our refreshments; and we could have stayed all night, only a bell began to ring, and uncle said it was closing time.

"Now, follow me, children," he said.

There was a big crowd; and a woman with lots of flounces and a big hat pushed me with her elbow, and I dropped my handkerchief. I stooped to pick it up, and some one stumbled over me. Another somebody gave me a push. I just saved myself from falling downstairs, and somehow got pushed back into the room. It was the round room with the wax figures in it, and I thought I would go back and take one more look at them; and I gave a scamper, and ran around the room. It was such fun to be all alone there! But, just as I got around again, all of a sudden the lights went out—swish! And just at the same time the door banged to, and I was shut into the big room; and, though I screamed and beat upon the door, no one heard me. I began to know the museum was closed, and I was shut up there for the night.

It is very foolish to cry if you can help it, but sometimes you can't. The only comfort I could get was to sit down on Queen Victoria's throne, because she looked just a little like grandma.

Although the lights were all out, the moon shone through the big skylight; and I could see pretty well. And I felt better close to her, though she did stare, than if I had been near Queen Elizabeth, who had Mary Queen of Scots' head cut off. The gorilla was dreadful; but I kept saying, "He is stuffed." And the worst feelings I had were about mamma and Jennie and Kitty and all the rest. They would think I was killed by a trolley-car or lost in the dreadful streets. And all of a sudden I remembered that it was Saturday, and next day Sunday, and that they would not open the museum until Monday. Then I *did* cry.

If there had been windows, I could have climbed up to them and knocked on the panes; but there was only a skylight, as I told you. The moon was right overhead, and it seemed as if she ought to see me; but she sailed on, big and white, and cold as ice. Queen Elizabeth looked as if she wanted to behead me, too. George Washington looked noble, but he didn't seem to see me. I felt as if they were all live people, who would not speak to me. I got up and began to run around the room, crying dreadfully; and all of a sudden I ran against Christopher Columbus.

"Oh Christopher Columbus!" I cried. "You discovered America. Do discover a way for me to get home!"

Now, they tell me he is always pointing. He is supposed to be just in sight of land, you know. But it seemed to me, there in the moonlight, that he lifted his finger when I spoke; and it was all the same to me as if he had, for I looked where he pointed, and there on the wall I saw a messenger-call. We have one at our house. You pull it once for a messenger and twice for police, and three times for the fire-engines. Christopher Columbus had discovered a way for me to get home. I ran back to him, and reached up and kissed his hand.

"They ought to have been ashamed to put you in chains," I said. "Don't you think I'd better call the firemen? The messenger-boy couldn't get in, the police might think I was a burglar, but the firemen would be sure to come."

Columbus looked kind; and I pulled the call three times, and three times again. It did not seem five minutes before I heard a noise outside, and there were the engines; and feet came flying upstairs, and the door burst open. I stood close to Columbus; and the big fireman walked up to me, and stooped down.

"Hullo!" said he. "Did you give the alarm, little one?" "Yes, sir," I said. "I was left behind and shut up in here, and I rang for you, because I know that the brave fire-laddies always save little girls from burning houses."

"To be sure!" he said.

Then he carried me downstairs, and told the other men, and they all hurrahed for me; and then he took me home to my house, and he carried me all the way.—*New York Ledger.*

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Bertel Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, began life under adverse circumstances. His father drank, his mother was an ignorant peasant, and neither of them could give the boy the slightest advancement in life. His interest in wood-carving seemed to bring out the only signs of intelligence he ever showed at this early age. As one writer says, like Claude Lorraine,—who could never be taught to make a tart, though his father was a pastry cook, nor to read a book,—he was quite dense to the charms of reading. Yet he could carve wood; and, when he was eleven years old, a friend procured for him admission to the Danish Academy of the Fine Arts. And there he made marvellous progress.

At the age of seventeen he won a small prize medal awarded by the academy as a prize for drawing and modelling, and about that time he was required by the laws of the Lutheran Church to present himself for confirmation. The chaplain, however, in examining him, found him so deplorably ignorant of the simplest book-learning that he was about to send him to the lower form, when he happened to ask:—

"Was the student who gained the silver

medal your brother, or any relation to you?"

"It was I," responded Bertel, confused; and the good clergyman's tone and look changed at once.

"Herre Thorwaldsen," said he, respectfully, "you may go into the upper form."

In the years of his prosperity Thorwaldsen used to declare that he had never felt such elation as at the first use of that respectful title.

His fellow-students at the academy remembered him as very silent and shy,—a youth who cared little for their sports and escapades, but who worked while they were talking, and who generally finished his preliminary sketch while they were deciding how a subject should be treated. Yet he was not self-confident, and an approaching contest for a gold medal filled him with such alarm that his fellows had only to say, "Thorwaldsen, remember the examination!" to set him trembling.

On the appointed day he appeared with the rest; but, when the subject was given out, "Heliodorus expelled from the Temple," panic seized him, and he rose and fled. On the way out of the building he met a friend, who persuaded him to return; and he won the prize.

The story of his life is full of alleviating incidents of high attainment and idleness, and it was only after he made a visit to Rome that he awakened to the true meaning of an artist's life. Thereafter he lived on the full flood of public favor as very few men have done. Success attended him daily, and to the very end.

CAMBODIAN CHILDREN.

Cambodian children are docile, obedient, quiet in their sports, and very respectful to their parents. They are never seen presenting anything to their father with one hand, negligently or hurriedly; but well-brought-up children, observing well the old customs, offer the object requested with both hands, gracefully bowing. They do not eat with their father unless he invites them, but with their mother and her women, in whose charge they are. They do not sit with their father or on the same level, because it is proper for children to be always placed below their father. They have likewise a great respect for their mother; but it is more intimate than that for their father, who is also master of the house, and is designated by a word that means master and prince.—*A. Leclère, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A GHASTLY DISEASE.

Different Doctors Give It Different Names.

The Result Always the Same.—Speedy Death.—Until Recently, Considered Hopeless.—Now, New Methods. Salvation.

Nothing is more alarming than diseases of an ulcerous nature. A continual gnawing away of life-generating tissue, until a vital spot is reached, an artery is severed, or from sheer weakness death ensues.

Especially in Gastritis—ulcers of the stomach—is terrible suffering experienced. The symptoms, though not at first alarming (seemingly a slight attack of indigestion), gradually become worse, so that no nourishment can be retained on the stomach, and unless the trouble-causing ulcer produces death by perforation, the patient

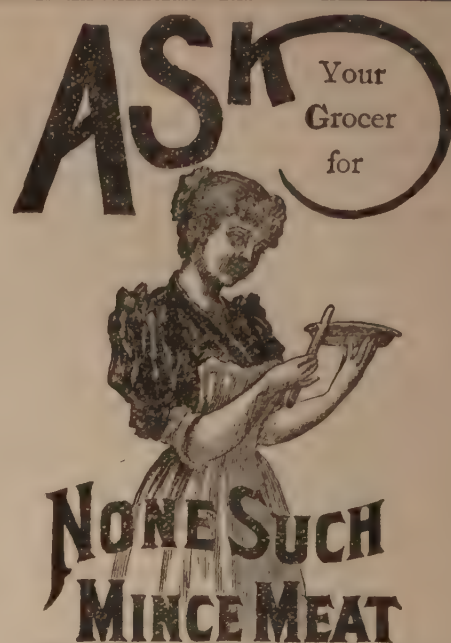
Dies of Starvation.

In Consumption, where the ulcers attack the lungs, the termination is very similar, as it is, in fact, in any of the wasting diseases to which are given various names, according to the organs affected.

By the methods of physicians of to-day thousands of lives are being saved in cases that a few years ago were considered hopeless. The first step now taken to effect a cure is to make new blood and tissue, give the patient strength, and keep him "on the gain" by administering Bovinine.

Bovinine is not a medicine, but a greatly concentrated extract of the most vital elements of lean raw beef. The life-maintaining qualities of this wonderful preparation are simply marvellous. Dr. A. M. Cook, of New Castle, Pa., states that he maintained life in his wife, while suffering from gastric ulcers, for three weeks without giving her anything through the mouth, injecting Bovinine instead.

With such results as this, it is not to be wondered at that Bovinine is indorsed by physicians everywhere, and has become recognized as the greatest factor in saving life, hastening recovery from sickness, and warding off disease, ever given to man.



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ANNA C. LOWELL.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the late Miss Anna Lowell of Roxbury we copy from our French contemporary, the *Protestant*:—

We have received from America the sad news of the death, at an advanced age, of Miss Anna C. Lowell, who worthily bore a name dear to all the liberals of America. Profoundly religious and animated by the purest Christian spirit, Miss Lowell was universally loved and venerated in Boston for the great part that she took in all works of philanthropy and of sound religious and moral propagation. We owe to her a respectful tribute of regret, for her Christian generosity extended even unto us. When Rev. Athanasius Coquerel, *filis*, visited America, he had the honor of being presented to her. She became interested in the charity work of the liberal Protestantism of Paris; and ever since, each year, when the sale of *La Réunion Protestante de Charité* is held, a check from Boston, enclosed in a touching letter which doubled the price of the large offering, reminded us that Christian love is not limited by distance. The memory of this noble Christian will be piously preserved among us as in America, and we offer to those who mourn her the tribute of our religious and sincere sympathy.

DR. THOMAS HALL.

Died, Dec. 27, 1894, at Coosada, Elmore County, Ala., Dr. Thomas D. Hall, aged sixty-five. The *Montgomery Advertiser* says: "Dr. Hall was one of the best known physicians of this section. He was a colonel in the Confederate army, a brave man, warm-hearted and true; and his friends are legion." In a region where our views were then wholly unknown Dr. Hall became a strong Unitarian, although he never saw a Unitarian minister, and never met but one person of kindred faith outside the friends in his vicinity who were converted by his own influence. He had outgrown religion known to him only in the orthodox creeds taught around him. The death of his beloved wife made him long for some sustaining faith acceptable to both head and heart. At that time he chanced to see Miss Ellis's advertisement of Unitarian literature, and began a correspondence which ended only with her life, and has been continued ever since by another member of the Cincinnati Branch of the Women's Alliance. Dr. Hall became the most zealous of Unitarians, delighting in nothing more than in lending his literature and influencing others to accept views so precious to himself. As the result of his efforts, there is now a little group of earnest, intelligent people in and around Montgomery, few in numbers, but fine in quality, destined no doubt to be the nucleus of a Unitarian church some day in that capital city. To sow the seed that should lead to the upbuilding of such a church was Dr. Hall's most ardent desire; and, when it comes, his name is sure to be remembered as its pioneer and founder. Not only was his liberal faith a source of great comfort and strength to himself, but it enabled him, as a physician, to speak words of higher cheer and brighter hope to the sick and dying, which were found unspeakably precious and helpful. After he had begun circulating Unitarian sermons, the Methodist minister in his town undertook to expose the new heresy, taking for his theme a sermon of James Freeman Clarke's that had fallen into his hands. As he went on vigorously denouncing both sermon and writer, he exclaimed, "Away with this fellow!" This was more than Dr. Hall could bear without a protest. He arose, and said: "Dr. Clarke is not a 'fellow': no one in Boston is more highly honored and respected than he," and then left the church. These last months, as his disease, heart disease, progressed,—a disease which his own knowledge assured him was incurable,—he felt his religious isolation at times profoundly. It was pathetic to have him write, "I wish I could look once before I die on the face of a Unitarian friend." His Cincinnati correspondent hastened to write that Rev. George L. Chaney was even then on his way South, and proposed stopping in Montgomery to look upon the faces of the faithful few there. But Dr. Hall's fears that he should not live to meet Mr. Chaney were destined to be realized. He met death with entire calmness, watching his own case as a physician to the end, knowing almost to a moment how long he could live.

The thought of this earnest man thinking out his own faith alone, cherishing it so staunchly in a community where it inevitably brought him a degree of isolation, distrust, reproach, should be at once an encouragement to the Post-office Mission work and a stimulus to greater zeal on the part of those Unitarians rejoicing in many church and social privileges, which too often they take as a matter of course, with no feeling of responsibility in laboring to share these opportunities with others less favored in location. M. P. W. S. Cincinnati, Ohio.

GEORGE M. STEARNS.

You ask me to say a word about Hon. George M. Stearns. Let me assure you that, the better you knew him, the more difficult to comply with your request.

He was not one of those men who touch human life at points, but one who was touched on every side, as the atmosphere touches the body, and felt all that this contact with humanity brings with it.

He entered into the joys of life with a vigorous relish; the sorrows of the unfortunate were always eloquent in their appeal to him; and the wrongs that men inflict on man, woman, or child, awakened all the energies of his intellectual and moral nature, and pledged them at once to have the right done for the benefit of both parties. For he was never revengeful.

His mind, whether in preparing a case or at the bar, reading a book for pleasure or in private conversation, was astonishingly active and alert. His powers were all in hand, and along all lines an exhaustless wit bubbled up as naturally as a fountain.

I never saw a man with a finer sense of moral relations. He never called right wrong or wrong right; but he called all acts by good, honest English names, whether his own or those of others. I recollect hearing a venerable lady, who was very proud of him, remonstrate with him when he persisted in calling raffling at a church fair "a lottery." "George," said she, "don't call it a lottery. Call it a gift enterprise." The last word had hardly fallen from her lips when he replied, "Mother, you can't put up any 'umbrill' that God cannot see right through."

His knowledge of the Scriptures was very great, and his use of them was decidedly original. He once persuaded his minister to take a share in a church "gift enterprise," promising the minister that he should surely draw a case of beautiful knives. The fact was fortune favored him. But the next morning they were sent to the parsonage with a letter containing a characteristic Scriptural allusion: "Last night I inveigled you into buying a lottery ticket with the promise you should draw. Remembering the fate of Ananias and Sapphira for lying to a holy man, cowardice prompts me to send this."

To those who knew him, and their number was legion, there was something greater about him than the successful lawyer and finer than the brilliant wit. There was an indescribable charm about the man. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of his social and domestic life, and nothing but a sense of duty could draw him away from the little circle that frequented his fireside. His smile would win a child, and his welcome was a benediction.

No minister ever had a kinder critic or a more considerate listener, and no church a more loyal son. His friends, now that the strong, genial man has gone, must feel the weaker; but they must ever esteem it a great good fortune to have known him.

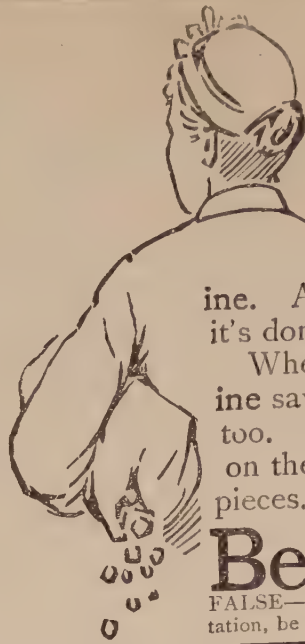
CALVIN STEBBINS.

Personals.

Miss Lucretia Babcock, who died last month in Milton at the age of eighty-three, had for forty years been a subscriber to the *Christian Register*. Her father was one of the original subscribers, at the solicitation of Mr. David Reed. So that this paper has had an uninterrupted course in that family.

A correspondent from Pepperell reminds us that a year has passed since the sudden death of Mrs. Martha Blake in a sleighing accident. A year has not lessened the fragrance of her memory in her old home, where she was so much beloved. She was a friend to every one, interested in all good works, and especially the willing helper in religious undertakings, while in her own family she was a perfect example of love and fidelity.

Among the ministers who have served in the upbuilding of the Christian spirit throughout our land, to few has been given a grander work than to the venerable and gracious poet who sang his curfew song ten years or more ago, but the fires upon the hearthstone of whose mortal life were covered but a few days since. Dr. Holmes has fulfilled a grand ministry. He has spoken the noblest word for God. He has always been lovingly reverent to Jesus Christ. His wit has been the solvent of bigotry. He has never in all his fun been a trifler with truth. He has broadly done for the religious thought of the century what Whittier did for the political.—Rev. S. E. Her- rick, D. D.



You're Losing Something.

every day that you try to worry along without Pearline. And what's the use? What do you gain? You can't have washing done more safely than it's done with Pearline. And it can't be done more cheaply—if it's done safely.

Where you lose is in time and labor. Pearline saves half of both. You lose in clothes, too. You can't rub them clean in the old way on the washboard, without rubbing them to pieces. All these things that you lose are money.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 350 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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UNSOLICITED COMMENTS:

I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts*.

I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska*.

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY.

The New Year. Rev. S. W. Brooke.
Gain in Unitarian Thought. John W. Chadwick.
Kidd's "Social Evolution." J. C. Kimball.
Coming. Mary Chace Peckham.
The Keys of Saint Peter. I. Charles W. Wendte.
The Use of Liberty. W. H. Ramsay.
Recompense. Charlotte Leech.
The King's Garden in the New Year. William Brunton.
No Unitarian need apply. H.
The Creed of a Liberal Jewish Rabbi. Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf.
New Year Greetings. Batchelor, Hale, Cuckson, Ames, Shippen, Fenn, Crothers.
An Editorial Farewell. J. T. Sunderland.
The Workmen. Maud L. Cotton.
Our London Letter. S. Fletcher Williams.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

DEPARTMENTS:

Sunday-schools, by Edward A. Horton; Guilds, by B. R. Bulkeley; Temperance Work, by Christopher R. Eliot; Literary Notes.

News from the Field.

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10. Jesus: Dogma versus Character. (By Rev. Rush R. Shippen.)
11. Loyalty.
12. Burdens.
13. What can Jesus be to us To-day.
14. How God comes into his World.
15. The Value of the Unknown.

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The Twentieth Series of Mr. Chadwick's Sermons is printing in the usual form for the season of 1894-95. Copies can be had for six cents each, the annual series for fifty cents, including postage of copies sent by mail.

Now ready:—

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2. A Glorious Church.
3. Good out of Nazareth.
4. The Nearer God.

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HELEN KELLER.

TACITA LOQUITUR.

BY RUTH PUTNAM.

A living spirit prisoned in a cell,
Four jailers guarding each an entrance gate,—
Speech, Hearing, Taste, and Sight forbid by Fate
To bear a simple message or to tell
Earth's humblest tidings. Thus in darkness fell
The spirit dwelt, her thoughts or small or great
In utter solitude. Kin, friend, or mate
Bereft of means an ingress to compel;
Yet strong the being of that hidden soul,
And every cruel, cruel bar it has o'erleapt,
By simple touch alone has made the whole
Inspired world her kin, has grown adept
In thought sympathy. By one portal
Has life opened to this soul immortal.

A HUNGARIAN TRIBUTE.

The Supreme Consistory of the Hunga-
rian Unitarians have sent the following
letter to the American Unitarian Associa-
tion:—

Dear Christian Brethren,—Our beloved
bishop, the Right Rev. Joseph Ferencz, in
his annual report, mentioned very mournfully
the death of your distinguished secretary,
the late Rev. Grindall Reynolds; and all
the members present received the sad record
with a deep sympathy, and unanimously
agreed to express our sorrow in the min-
utes, too, and at the same time to let you
know of our decision.

And we do this for the reason,—since
your highly esteemed secretary has done a
great service in the interest of Unitarian-
ism in the United States of America, the
inspiring and animating effect of which has
come across the ocean to us also,—we do
this because the departed one gave so many
tokens of his fraternal love to the Hunga-
rian Unitarians that the Supreme Consis-
tory, in the year of 1893, in acknowledg-
ment of his merit, has elected him as an
honorary member of the Consistory.

And, when we take sincerely part in your
sorrow over the death of the late Rev. Grin-
dall Reynolds, we wish the success of your
Association, and express our hope that you
will find a zealous and indefatigable secre-
tary instead of him, who will carry the
useful work of your society in the same
spirit. May the blessing of the only one
God rest upon your Association!

With kind regards and fraternal greetings
we remain,
For the Supreme Consistory,
L. NAGY, Secretary.

Charities and Reforms.

The call for the third biennial convention
of the World Woman's Christian Temper-
ance Union invites all interested to meet in
convention June 14-21 in Queen's Hall and
Exeter Hall, London. All temperance,
women's, purity, and labor organizations
are invited to send fraternal delegates. The
British Women's Temperance Association
holds its meetings contemporaneously. The
leading temperance speakers of England and
America will be on the programmes; and
distinguished Women's Christian Temper-
ance Union leaders of Canada, Australasia,
South Africa, India, China, Japan, and the
Hawaiian Republic will be present.

A most useful work of the Massachusetts
Emergency and Hygiene Association is that
done in their training classes of women at-
tendants. These attendants take a regular
course of instruction, and fit themselves for
care of the sick in cases where the services
of a thoroughly trained nurse are not re-
quired. Many people will appreciate the
advantage of securing an attendant for seven
dollars a week instead of a nurse at twenty-
one dollars or more, when the patient is
not seriously ill. They have had seventy-
five pupils, sixty-five of whom have nearly
steady employment. The second daily class
for this winter will begin soon, as well as
the Friday evening classes for nursery
maids. No pupil is admitted under twenty
years of age. This opens a new source of
livelihood to young women, and ought to
attract many. Applications may be made
to Mrs. D. H. Kinney, 29 St. James
Avenue, or Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, 45
Commonwealth Avenue. The course of in-
struction consists of forty lessons followed
by an examination with a tuition fee of ten
dollars.

Art.

An exhibition of pictures of the late Mr.
E. T. Billings was opened last Monday
evening in the rooms of the Unity Art
Club, corner of Boylston and Exeter Streets,
Boston. Many friends have loaned pictures
in their possession, but we miss from the
collection some of Mr. Billings's best por-
traits. Nevertheless, there are enough
there to show the sincerity, truthfulness,
fidelity, and soulful character of his work.
Mr. Billings had not the affectations and
extravagance of some of the extreme modern
school. He did not paint merely to show
what he could do with his colors, any more
than a good writer writes simply to show

his style. Nor did he have the vices of
modern impressionism. His style was can-
did rather than superficial, sober rather
than extravagant. His picture portraits
have the verity of a likeness. That of
James Freeman Clarke is the best we have
ever seen of him; and Mr. Billings had the
distinction of painting the best picture of
Dr. Clarke's classmate, Oliver Wendell
Holmes. His Wendell Phillips conveys
something of the orator as well as the man.
A portrait of a little child with golden hair
is a beautiful depiction of child life. A
portrait of Mr. Billings's friend, George
Fuller, painted when a comparatively young
man, is full of deep prophetic intensity.
The interior of a wheelwright-shop is
worthy of a Dutch master; and there are
many other studies, a few of them land-
scapes, which reveal Mr. Billings's native
power in the maturity of its exercise.
Though many of these pictures belong to
private and public collections, there are
others which Mrs. Billings offers for sale;
and the opportunity to secure some example
of Mr. Billings's work is one of which
American collectors may well avail them-
selves.

Here and There.

Missouri has the smallest number of
women convicts in her State prison of any
State in the Union. There are but sixty-
nine in a population of three thousand.

In Italy a plant, *Agaricus olearius*, is
found on the trunks of olive-trees, that
often emits a bright light of a blue tint
that is so vivid that sometimes it can be
seen in the daytime.

There are no cats within the limits of
Leadville, Col., the thin atmosphere at that
altitude (10,200 feet) being fatal to them.
They are, however, not required, the town
being free from rats and mice from the
same cause.

Envelopes were not used in Japan until
recently; and letters were always folded in
a piece of paper, which was wrapped with
great care, according to prescribed forms,
differing according to the relation and rank
of the person addressed.

The oldest emblem of royalty in existence
is the iron crown of the Lombards. The
inner strip of iron, according to tradition,
was beaten out of one of the nails used at
the crucifixion. Its most distinguished
wearers have been Charlemagne, Charles V.,
and Napoleon.—*Port Chester Journal*.

In Scotland cock-fights were sanctioned as
a school recreation till the middle of the
last century; and the master received a fee,
called "cock-penny," from the boys on the
occasion. As late as 1790, at Applecross
in Ross-shire, "the cock-fight dues" were
reckoned as a part of the schoolmaster's in-
come. If the income of foot-ball were ap-
plied to the salaries of college professors
they would be substantially increased.

The Best Food For Children?

is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with the healthful new vegetable shortening, **COTTOLENE** instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene.

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During the Month of January,

If you are like most readers of this paper, you will have a few dollars to invest—perhaps a few hundreds or thousands. You doubtless wish the best possible rate of interest consistent with safety.

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Pleasantries.

"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the city." "What is that?" "Post no bills."

A country cemetery has the following notice over the gate: "Only the dead who live in the parish are buried here."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"He doesn't behave as if he belonged to the best society," said one young woman. "No," replied the other: "he behaves as if the best society belonged to him."—*Washington Star*.

"Children are the sunshine of life," observed Wilkins. "Indeed they are. My son turns night into day for me. Sunrise for me at 3 A.M.," sighed Robinson.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A little girl somewhat noted for her quaint and original sayings said the other day at the breakfast-table that "she had got a piece of bread head-first down her cough-pipe."—*Standard*.

Bertie: "I should think that poor dog would take cold, mamma!" Mamma: "Why so, Bertie?" Bertie: "Why, because he has on nothing but his collar and cuffs."—*Harper's Young People*.

"It's awful queer to me," said Jimmie, as he thought it over. "I can't see why chickens that haven't any hair have combs, while dogs and horses that have hair don't have any combs."—*Harper's Young People*.

Darwin acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him seriously what a cat has which no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation; and then the sly little puss answered, "Kittens."

A gentleman remarked that it was very kind in Sunday-school teachers to instruct children without pay. "But, sir, we do pay something," said one of the boys. "Do you, my boy? What is it then?" "Please, sir, we pay attention."

"Books that have helped me?" said an eminent citizen,—"books that have helped me? I guess that Webster's Dictionary contributed as much to my elevation as any. I used to sit on it regularly at meals when I was a small boy."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Their Redeeming Feature.—Mme. Bashleu: "I think Ruskin's titles for his books are so happy." Mme. Smithson: "How so?" Mme. Bashleu: "When you know the title of one of his books, you always know one of the things it isn't about."—*American Reformer*.

Customer: "You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?" Clerk: "Yes'm: we always make a 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?" Customer: "Yes: you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat, and here's your fifty cents."—*Omaha World*.

When J. A. Froude was a student at Oxford, the controversy about faith and works ran high. An examiner asked a candidate what was the value of works. Not knowing the theological views of the questioner, he carefully and cautiously replied, "A few of them would do a man no harm."

Smythe: "Too bad, Miss Bwown's so awfully near-sighted, isn't it, Chawles?" Chumley: "Y-a-as, me boy." Smythe: "Why, d'ye know, I've been told she weahs her glasses to bed." Chumley: "How's that, Haw-wy?" Smythe: "So's she can wecognize the people she meets in her dweams."—*Life*.

An American who was travelling in Europe, when he visited the Vatican, the residence of the pope, asked to see the cattle-pens. The attendant was very much surprised, and said: "Cattle-pens? Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor." The response was: "Where in the world do you keep the papal bulls?"—*Outlook*.

GERMAN BULLS AND JOKES.

Herr Szafranski, a German journalist, has published, under the title of "Humors of the Reichstag," a few utterances of German deputies. Here are some of them: Herr von Ludwig: "The people, the masses, know well enough that it is extremely difficult to become rich suddenly by honest toil, excepting in the case of inheritance or marriage." Herr Liebknecht: "Yes, I should say the case is tragic if it were not so sad." Herr Rickert, taunting the Ministry: "Upon the Ministerial benches we hear nothing,—nothing but profound silence." Baron de Nordeck de Rabenan, speaking of the taxes on wine: "If I were to define bottled wines, I should say that all wines that are in bottle are bottled wines." Herr Westphal: "To squeeze the juice out of a lemon and then give it a kick,—no, it is too much." Herr von Schalscha: "If you were to take twenty members of this Chamber, I do not think you could fix the limits of immorality." Dr. Greve: "Is there a more burning question than that of cremation?"

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Editorial.

SEVERAL of the London newspapers which have sent or are about to send special correspondents to Armenia have been advised that the sultan will not allow them to accompany the official commission. The Turkish government dreads the newspaper, and it is known that attempts at bribery have been made through Turkish agents to keep details of the massacre from the American press. It is said that the English journals have decided, therefore, to make an independent investigation. The report of the official commission cannot be rendered for several months on account of the deep snow which covers the region which needs to be visited. The British consul in Ezeroum has suggested a preliminary inquiry at that place, to hear the testimony of refugees and other witnesses. The same might be done advantageously at Athens, where a large number of Armenian refugees have congregated.

CURSES frequently come home to roost. In dealing with the Armenian question, especially that phase of it which relates to the protection of naturalized Armenian citizens of this country who may be in Turkey, the United States has been reminded of the fact that it has claimed and exercised the right to exclude from this country such people as it may desire, and, as in the case of the Chinese, even a whole race. The United States Supreme Court has declared the law to be constitutional. This position of our government gives a leverage for Turkey to claim that it has a right to exclude from its dominions people of any class or nationality which it deems objec-

tionable. Thus the result of our own barbaric laws falls upon our own shoulders. Before we can quite reform Turkey, we need some reformation at home; and it would be in order, to this end, to agitate for the repeal of these objectionable and unrighteous laws.

DWELLERS in Brooklyn are now seriously inconvenienced by the strike which was ordered last Monday on nearly all the trolley lines. The difficulty between the men and the managers of the roads is one that would be best settled by arbitration, as it is a difficulty which has two sides. On the one hand, the men claim, with a justice which is admitted by some of the most experienced railroad men, that their services as motormen are certainly worth \$2.25 or \$2.50 a day. It is work which requires the most constant vigilance for the protection of life and property, and a good class of men is indispensable. On the other hand, the representatives of the railroad companies say, and maintain that they are able to confirm their allegations with proofs from their books, that the roads have not paid during the last year, and that it would be impossible for them to make advances on wages at the present time. These statements and other matters relating to the question of extra trips are such as ought to go before a competent board of arbitration; and it is to be regretted that the efforts thus far made by a representative of the State Board of Arbitration to effect a compromise have failed. A prolonged strike will mean a great loss to the railroad companies, a loss to the men, and great inconvenience to the public.

IN Georgia a minister of the gospel and a layman fell into a discussion on the subject of infant baptism. We are not informed as to which side the minister took; but it is evident that he could not rely wholly upon the strength of his argument, and that his weapons were not drawn from the armory of Scripture texts, for the discussion grew so hot that the minister drew a revolver and fired at his opponent. But his aim was as bad as his intention. Failing to hit him, he drew a knife, and succeeded in slashing the clothing of his adversary. This is not the first time that weapons have been used in theological controversy. When Christianity formed an alliance with the civil power, it was not alone by the cross that she conquered. The sword became an instrument, strangely enough, for the propagation of the gospel, as it did for the propagation of Mohammedanism. But it is as true as ever that force cannot take the place of ideas. This is one reason why, after the political conquests of Christianity, the ideas and customs of the tribes it had conquered continued to live in Christianity itself: the conquest was external, not internal. As for the minister referred to, it would seem that a contest concerning infant baptism ought to be decided by water instead of by fire, and that it would have been more ecclesiastical if he had thrown his opponent into the river instead of attacking him with knife and pistol.

SENATOR HILL maintains that senators should be elected by popular vote. His experience has been such that he will probably be believed when he says that the election of senators by legislatures gives an opportunity for scandalous intrigue and corruption in politics. But, if this is the main argument, it is not a sufficient one. Instead of authorizing the election of senators by popular vote, it is an open question whether it might not be better to abolish the Senate altogether. In the original conception of that body it was assumed that State sovereignty was directly represented through the vote of the legislatures. The Senate thus stands as a political body representing State traditions and interests over-

against the popular representation in the House. As a matter of fact, however, the Senate does not represent any more directly or perfectly the interests and sentiments of the whole people of any State than these are represented by the members of the House; and, though the Senate has always been the more dignified body, it is doubtful if statesmanship and political foresight are any more common in that body than they are in the other. The arguments which may be advanced for the preservation of the House of Lords as representing a titled nobility cannot be advanced for the preservation of the Senate.

THE worst evil of this dual system of chambers is not in the federal government, but in the fact that the scheme has been copied in all the State legislatures and in most of our municipal governments, where there is not the slightest reason for the existence of two legislative bodies. Instead, therefore, of beginning with the abolition of the Senate, which might as well be effected if there is to be an election by popular vote, we would begin with the abolition in our cities of the common council, leaving the legislative power in the hands of a single body, such as the board of aldermen. This reform might work up, as the evil it has intended to correct has worked down; and, after we have dropped the State senates, we might find that the national Senate was superfluous. In its history in the past there have been men of statesmanlike power and dignity, who have given great character to that body. There are a few such left; but the influence of such men would be equally potent for good, if not more so, in a single legislative chamber.

PRESIDENT ELBRIDGE GERRY of New York, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, has introduced a bill into the legislature of that State for the punishment of wife-beating and some other forms of cruelty by flogging. If there is any criminal to whom such a mode of punishment might rightly be applied, did it seem best to employ it at all, it would be the cruel, brutal wife-beater. But criminal statistics show, and, indeed, the whole history of penology, that cruelty is not repressed by cruelty. The more severe the punishments, the more severe have been the crimes which accompanied them; and one reason for this is, no doubt, the fact that the sentiment which permitted the application of cruel punishments was but coincident with the sentiment which created the crimes. So the establishment of the whipping-post in New York would by no means tend to lessen the crimes for which it was prescribed. On the other hand, it would give a certain prominence to flogging as an instrument of punishment which might find imitation in school discipline and in domestic life. If we are to apply physical punishment instead of moral force to criminals, there is no reason why we should stop with flogging or why it should be limited to certain classes of crimes. The argument that "the punishment should fit the crime" is only another form of applying the Hebrew law of retaliation, which ought by this time to be superseded by more Christian ideas and principles in relation to retribution and reformation.

IN the realm of natural law we may predict some things with tolerable certainty. We can foretell the motions and periods and conjunctions of heavenly bodies, and may calculate eclipses for years ahead, the changes of the moon and the motions of the tide; but, when it comes to the operation of economic laws upon human life and society, we can speak with no such absolute certainty, because the factors are constantly changing, and we cannot be sure that we have included and computed them all. Cities have often been mapped out on the

grandest scale in the confidence that a tide of commercial prosperity was sure to bring them growth and wealth. But some unlooked for element has suddenly appeared, and destroyed the whole calculation. Many commercial failures are the result of changes in the price of a commodity so slight that they almost seem inappreciable at first, but, in the aggregate, are of immense force. So we cannot predict with certainty what will be the result of the operation of forces and elements that enter into the industrial and social revolution that is going on at the present time. The introduction of labor-saving machinery has brought about vast changes in the industrial situation, many of which were described and analyzed in the papers we published a few years since by Hon. David A. Wells. We have not yet passed out of this transitional era, and just where it will leave us even the wisest prophet can hardly predict with infallibility. But we may declare with some certainty that, in the social struggle which accompanies this industrial evolution, the political economist is not the absolute arbiter. There are ethical elements which will certainly enter into the solution. This gives us some confidence to hope that the result, whatever it may be, will be better for society and for the individual.

PARISH ECONOMICS.

"The business affairs and engagements of the parish should be undertaken and carried out as sacred trusts, with all the exactness, fairness, and fidelity that can be expected in the acts of any trustee." So writes Dr. Washington Gladden in "Parish Problems," a book published a few years ago by the Century Company, copies of which might be handed about with edification among ministers and laity. The affairs of religious societies fall into looseness, and often into scandalous disorder and damage, merely because it is not quite realized that all business must be managed on business principles.

It is more shame to say that the ethical standard is sometimes below the level of what men of the world call "honor." There are religious societies which are very slack about meeting their engagements, and we have heard an architect say that none of his dues were so hard to collect as those incurred by church building committees. The record of delay and failure in payment of the salaries of pastors, janitors, and other employed persons would supply many shady pages of ecclesiastical history. It is not always easy to fix the responsibility for this form of practical injustice and cruelty; but in every case there is culpable carelessness on the part of those who first make a contract, and then plead the inability act as an excuse for its non-fulfilment. Some restraint ought to be laid upon the tendency to go in debt, and take the chances. This is a rock on which many promising enterprises have gone to sad wreck. Why should not a religious society, like any other family, live within its means? Why should it incur bills, and expect somebody else to pay them?

However it may be with other corporations, a religious society must have a soul and a conscience, or lose its reason for existence. Its hold on the respect of the community will depend, in part, on its business standing; and its moral influence will surely be compromised and impaired by any neglect to fulfil its obligations, or by any unfairness, even toward the boy who raises the wind for the organ.

But good nature and good intentions do not cover the whole ground. There are nice questions concerning the acquisition, holding, and administration of church property, which call for lawyerly wisdom and counsel; and, for want of due attention to these questions, the good cause itself must deeply suffer. Trustees who are chosen for their pious zeal, but who lack practical qualifica-

tions, are quite as likely to wreck the ship of Zion as are those who represent only the worldliness and indifference of the average congregation. Good housekeeping and skilful kitchen management are not more necessary to the health and comfort of the family than are prudence, tact, foresight, and considerate attention to the outward and inward prosperity of a church.

It is always in order for the pastor to stir up the pure minds of the people to the performance of duty along every line; but, with rare exceptions, he would do well to leave "temporalities" to the care of his parishioners and their chosen officers and committees, always keeping in sympathetic touch with them, but never weakening their sense of responsibility by taking their duties on himself. Any church which imposes on its minister the necessity of sitting up nights as nurse to a sick treasury must not expect him to be wide-awake in the pulpit nor vigilant as a watchman upon the walls.

No pecuniary outlay ought to bring such large returns of benefit,—and benefit of the finest kind,—both to the contributors and to the community, as the money devoted to the promotion of pure religion and human welfare. This return of benefit depends on two conditions,—the spirit in which it is given, and the wisdom with which it is expended. These two conditions are vitally related: each is a cause, and each is an effect. When we fear that the money will not be well applied, we give grudgingly; and, when they know that the dollars come reluctantly, those in charge of the expenditure are apt to take narrow, niggardly, and unhelpful views of their own service. On the other hand, when we see and feel that our contributions are turned to good account for the church and the world, we can never give enough; and, when the disbursing committee feels itself strongly backed, it is inspired with a just ambition to deserve confidence by undertaking larger enterprises and by placing every appropriation where it will do most good.

There is a call for closer study of parish economics; for, since whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, surely the best work in the world deserves to be done in the best way in the world. As in every congregation are some who are fitted to take charge of the music or of the Sunday-school, so there are some who are competent to serve on the Committee of Ways and Means, and to think out such practical problems as these: What are the best methods of providing a regular and dependable revenue for the church? Considering the actual resources of the people, how much can we wisely undertake to raise year by year? To what uses can this money be applied, so as to secure the best results? How can waste and leakage be stopped? And how can the spirit of self-taxation be quickened and sustained, so that giving may be prompt and joyous?

No two parishes are alike in situation or needs: no two committees might reach precisely the same conclusions. But the principles and objects are everywhere the same; and, when we really care enough for these, the will is sure to make the way. One beautiful form of service to God and man may be found in thoroughly organizing and prudently guiding the business affairs of the local church. As the value of the Sunday service may turn, in part, on proper heating and ventilation, so the usefulness of the entire spiritual plant to the community may depend on the wisdom, vigor, and steadiness of its financial administration.

SUFFERING FOR BREAD.

In a land of plenty it seems incredible that people should starve to death, or even suffer the pangs of hunger and be unable to meet their bodily wants, especially if they are able and willing to work. But the pitiful stories of actual need are new every day. From Nebraska, from Kansas, from Ohio, come accounts of destitution and suffering that are heart-rending, and that call for more sympathy because this destitution has come from causes beyond their own power to prevent. Failure of harvests for three successive years in the West, and mining difficulties in Ohio, have left hundreds and thousands of families in want of bread and clothing to meet this severe winter weather.

And, if the whites of those regions are suffering, not less severe is the distress among the Indians. The Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, through the sec-

retary, Mr. Herbert Welsh, has issued an urgent appeal for food supplies from the general public for the Navajo Indians. It is desirable to have it come in this way rather than through the general government, to avoid the appearance of such supplies being a return to the wretched method of giving rations. For the last few years every effort has been made to put an end to that pauperizing plan; and so successful have the efforts been that three-quarters of all the Indians in the country are now self-supporting. In some cases seed, implements, stock, and other useful things have been substituted for the mere giving of food and blankets, to the great betterment of the Indians and their development in manliness. It would be a great pity to have rations restored, yet these people should not be left to starve.

The Navajoes are sheep-raisers, and the exquisite fineness and native beauty of their blankets are well known to those who have been in the West. Up to the present time they have been self-sustaining; but for four years they have had no crops, and their ponies and sheep have had insufficient food. Wool, too, has been but five cents a pound; and during the hard times they were unable to dispose of it, even at that price. They have been obliged to kill and eat their sheep, the source of their income in good times, and even their hardy little ponies, till now there is nothing between them and starvation but the merciful hand of a generous community.

Nor are the Navajoes the only sufferers among the Indians. As long ago as last October Bishop Walker reported that among the Sioux of Dakota he found in one day eighty families who had nothing in their lodges to eat. They had "planted their wheat, done their best to save it; but there was no crop. He told the following pitiful story:—

"I came upon one wigwam where sixteen women were gathered. Fifteen of them had been invited by the sixteenth, because she had something to eat. I saw the great pot in the centre of the group. It had in it a brown, ugly mixture; and I found it was flour mixed with water and choke-cherries pounded up, with the pits left in 'to fill up.' . . . The woman in Scripture who had a little meal and a little cruse of oil baked a cake for herself and child, that they might eat it and die. That seemed to me to be the condition of this people. They told me they did not know where the next meal would come from, and some of these women had babies in their arms!"

Unhappily, one does not need to go so far to find hunger stalking. Daily we see in the great cities people without work, seeking it everywhere, and bearing in their faces the gaunt look that hunger alone can give. But, whatever the fault, and however far away the remedy for the poverty of the East, this special distress in the West, which comes through no human fault, should be met by human sympathy and human help. Food, clothing, and money can be wisely used; and he gives twice who gives quickly.

CATHOLICISM AND LIBERTY.

One of the most notable of recent occurrences in Boston was the banquet of the Catholic Union on Wednesday of last week, when some ringing utterances were heard from Catholic laymen on the subject of civil and religious liberty. "Religion the Safeguard of American Liberty" was the topic of the evening; and, as a matter of course, it was strongly insisted upon by the various speakers (two of whom were Protestants) that religion must be a necessary element of our growth as a people. This view is so often urged, and is so well established in the minds of a majority of thinking men, that it is not necessary to reproduce the eminently thoughtful and impressive arguments brought forward on this occasion.

But there are features of the history of the Catholic Church which make the question of its present attitude toward American institutions one of considerable interest. Perhaps there ought to be no uncertainty as to the devotion of Catholics to the principle of civil liberty; but such uncertainty undoubtedly exists, and elsewhere than in minds inflamed and excited by religious prejudice. It is this fact which makes the utterance of such sentiments as were expressed last week very welcome to us all. If we had doubts, we are glad to

have them set at rest. If we before felt no anxiety, we are still glad to have the anxiety of others so well answered.

We cannot reasonably entertain a suspicion but that these gentlemen are as loyal to our form of government as we could ask them to be,—far more loyal than not a few Protestants, who seem to have concluded that our experiment with government by the people is practically a failure. No such despairing note was sounded at this banquet. Not only was the forward look a hopeful one, and the backward glance one of sincere admiration for the founders of the nation, but such general views of our national life were advocated as give warrant of deep attachment to the ideas upon which it is established.

One of the speakers, while disclaiming the attempt to define religion, said, "We know that it consists of love, submission to an exalted superior, a sense of dependence, reverence, gratitude, and hope for the future." This is a very excellent definition of religion, save for the ambiguity of one of the terms employed. Religion is, unquestionably, man's service of God, and therefore demands "submission to an exalted superior." The religious man must needs reverence whatever and whoever embodies or represents to him the will of God. But does this statement mean that the Bishop of Rome is that particular representative whom all men are bound to obey, on pain of being eternally lost? We suspect the time has not yet come when many American Catholics can be brought to answer that question squarely. Meantime it is of interest to note that there is nothing in the definition thus offered which will need to be taken back. It is only a question of the interpretation of certain phrases, and we are far from wishing to imply that Catholics must put upon these words the narrowest construction.

The great speech of the hour was made by Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. This is a name so closely connected with at least one important reform that we might expect to find it here set above an unusual expression of thoughtful and earnest patriotism. They who are fortunate enough to read the whole speech will not be disappointed in this expectation. Mr. Bonaparte begins by describing what we must now call the old-fashioned idea of a free State, though he holds, what we may at least hope to be true, that it is still the dominant and characteristic feature of American thought. It is the conception that "government shall not only compel every one in the community to mind his own business, but, in this respect, shall set them all a good example; or, in other words, the very limited scope in our view of legitimate governmental action. . . . In any case of doubt the presumption is in favor of private agencies." He goes on to point out, what deserves the attention of all thoughtful men, that we have religious liberty only because that is one of the far-reaching consequences of this view that we should "strive to make the State's duties as few and as easy as possible." He further says: "We do not deem the civil government competent to determine the comparative merits of different faiths. That function is reserved to the individual citizen. . . . And, as we forbid the State to become a Church, so we forbid or at least discourage its undertaking any business to which anybody else can and will attend. Advocates of communistic experiments among us are men who have not yet become, who, for the most part, never will become, Americans. For the mass of our people their visions of Utopia are unattractive and well-nigh unintelligible. An omniscient and omnipotent government, making everybody happy according to rule, is, to Americans, not only a dream, but a nightmare."

All this is exceedingly good talk, from whatever source it comes. It is a new illustration of the strange things which the whirligig of time brings to pass that a Catholic should now be urging in Boston the ideas upon which the Puritans founded American institutions, as their protest against what the Catholic Church was then doing in the world, while some descendants of the Puritans are advocating a socialism which may fairly be called a reflection of the mediæval Catholic ideal brought forward to the present time.

While the path of a free State, like that of a planet, is found in a middle line between opposing forces, whose extremes are represented by anarchy and socialism on

either hand, there can be no doubt as to the direction in which American life heretofore has seen its greatest foe. One ideal is that the government should take charge of everything. The other ideal is that it should take charge of nothing which the people can otherwise contrive to manage and regulate. Practically, our people have found a middle path between the two, always with a leaning toward the latter ideal, and an instinctive fear of the corruption and tyranny that a large measure of governmental authority is likely to bring.

Our liberties have endured for a century on this basis. Monarchy, as a threat to their continuance, has now ceased to be even a bugbear; but socialism, in some one of its many forms, may become a formidable foe. It is some rebuke to those who have wondered whether the Lord were not guilty of neglect in allowing such an institution as the Catholic Church to live so long to find it now arraying itself as one of our strong defenders against a threatening antagonist.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

A correspondent of the *Outlook* asks a pertinent question:—

I heard the assertion to-day that the best scientific works, and, in fact, 90 per cent. of the literature that was worth reading, has been given to the world by authors who do not believe in Christianity. Will you give me the names of some leading scientists who are Christian, and also the names of some leading authors who hold the Christian faith?

This question brings forth the following pertinent answer:—

This question, periodically asked, raises a profounder question,—What is Christianity? If Christianity is the belief in three divine Persons (who are not persons in a sense which an unlearned man can understand), in the existence of sin and death through the fault of the ancestor of mankind, in the propitiation of God by the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty, and in the endless misery of a multitude of mankind, then the assertion above made is true. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in opposing Christianity, regards himself as opposing the above-named tenets and others of like character. But, if by Christianity is meant that conception of God and of the life acceptable to God, and of Jesus Christ as the ideal of that life and the beloved of God, which is presented especially, but not exclusively, in the Synoptic Gospels (the first three), then the exact reverse of the above assertion is true; and it would not be easy to give the name of any respectable scientist or leading author who is hostile to Christianity, so understood. Indeed, Mr. Spencer himself, in his "Data of Ethics," comes essentially, if not formally, upon what, in this view of the matter, appears to be Christian ground.

It will be seen from this answer how much the New Orthodoxy represented by Dr. Abbott is like the Unitarianism represented by Channing, Bellows, and James Freeman Clarke.

Musings.

I FOUND Philadelphia last week, judging from the welcome I received, to be a city of brotherly and sisterly love. I stayed over a train to pay my respects to two souls which, in point of age, are nearly a century apart. One was the little Spring Garden baby, the pride of the Unitarian society: the other was Rev. Dr. Furness, our beloved patriarch, who last Sunday celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his ordination and installation as pastor of the First Unitarian Church. The Spring Garden baby looked very much like spring, and was as blooming as a vernal garden. I had forgotten to take any myrrh and frankincense with me; but, when I got to the place where the young child was, I rejoiced with exceeding great joy. With a mother who is an accomplished architect, and with a father who believes in good government, the fortunes of this child ought to be securely established. It is ninety-three years since Dr. Furness was as young as this Philadelphia baby. The infant is still bound by the infirmities of infancy, which sometimes correspond to the infirmities of age. It has not learned to walk, nor to talk the English language, nor to feed itself. The beloved patriarch, on the other hand, seemed to be altogether free from the infirmities of age; and there are many men of sixty—indeed, of fifty—who are older than Dr. Furness at ninety-three.

WHAT most delights and inspires me with Dr. Furness is not merely his remarkable memory, so faithful and prompt in its delivery of whatever is summoned, but the fact that he is still living actively in the present, with a gladness hold upon the life that now is and a serene and childlike faith in the life which is to come. In this respect he strongly reminds me of another friend of mine of the same age, whose conversation always naturally falls into the events of the day rather than those of fifty years ago. Of course, a life as long and as rich as that of Dr. Furness has a vast deal of reminiscence and of experience on which the visitor would naturally wish to draw; but, fascinating as is the stream of anecdote illumined by flashes of wit and humor, it is still more delightful to feel that this old man eloquent has not been soured by the acerbities of life, but that its attritions have, somehow, added to his polish, and that his nature is as transparent as it is sweet. To me it is rather sad to find an old man whose spirit has been curdled by bitterness or one who has lost his faith and his spirituality, who can spread his hands with no benediction for the world or look forward with no faith to the life that is to come. It is further delightful to find that Dr. Furness has never lost his interest in his own profession. He loves to preach now, and people love to hear him. Though his voice is still rich and deep, though his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated, it is the spiritual freshness and richness of the man which are most impressive. So, if there was a halo about the head of the infant, there was also a halo about the head of the patriarch; and the man, whether from East or from West, who is wise enough to make his pilgrimage to the inn on Pine Street need not be a magician, and need not carry his frankincense and myrrh. The dear old saint can furnish the magic, the spices, and the fragrance. The gifts he possesses are better than any you can take him.

As I entered the house of my friend in Baltimore, I noticed that he had on a dress suit. "I know where you are going," I said. "Yes," he said, "and you are going with me." As I hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra in only twenty-four regular concerts each season, with, say, half a dozen public rehearsals and a few of the Cambridge concerts thrown in, making perhaps thirty to thirty-five orchestral concerts during the season, I was very glad to accept my friend's kind invitation to go with him. Not that I am an enthusiast for a programme wholly made of Wagner's music, when it is divorced from its scenic and dramatic accompaniments. The two absolutely belong together; and, when you divorce them, you separate Wagner from himself. But it is a delight to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra in anything they undertake to play, and some of the music was superb. Then it was a special privilege to hear the orchestra in Baltimore's new music hall. It is a hall of which any city might justly be proud. It is cheerfully and beautifully decorated. Its acoustic properties, judging from my point of hearing, are admirable. The only serious defect in its structure is in the unusual width of the galleries on the sides, so that from the back seats no view can be obtained of the stage. Baltimore has shown itself to be a generous patron of the liberal arts; and the assurance of members of the orchestra that Baltimore audiences were warm and appreciative, and more demonstrative than in Boston, was ratified. The night was thick with snow and sleet; but inside the hall the temperature, emotionally speaking, was of the genial, sunny South. Well, such grand playing as that of the Symphony Orchestra ought to melt an Iceland glacier; and I have seen it actually melt a Boston glacier, and turn it into a vapor of enthusiasm.

It was my good fortune, likewise, to be in Brooklyn last Saturday night, and the fortune of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be there also at the same time. Such a programme as Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music, and Schumann's Concerto for pianoforte, played by Adele aus der Ohe, was irresistible; and I counted it a special providence that there was a ticket waiting for me when I got to Chandler's Saturday morning, for I had written for it four days in advance. Beethoven's immor-

tal Seventh Symphony can never be worn threadbare, or lose its brightness of color or the tragic solemnity of its *Allegretto* or the glory of the trio in the *Presto*. Adele aus der Ohe has tied up her hair, but her hands are not tied; and she plays with the same simplicity, power, accuracy, composure, and fire which mark her as unmistakably one of the few living players whose touch reveals the soul of the piano. I thought again of Gilder's beautiful sonnet, an apotheosis of her genius. And that word "genius" is the only explanation of the fact that Mendelssohn wrote the wonderful overture to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music when he was only seventeen years old!

Brevities.

Don't growl: the "Pleasantries" are on page 15.

We do not believe much in Napoleonism, but such Bonapartism as is revealed in the editorial on "Catholicism and Liberty" demands our respect and admiration.

The broad and comprehensive interpretation of modern charity by Rev. Thomas Van Ness shows that the charity lecturer to-day in that ancient and honorable course may find abundant scope for a fresh and invigorating mind.

The road runs to-day from Jerusalem to Jericho, and the priest and the Levite pass by. The good Samaritan is there, too. His spirit is the same; but his conception of duty is still more intelligent, and his service further reaching.

How earnestly some women are devoting themselves to the consideration of social reform may be seen from the article we publish this week on "Methods of Social Reform," the first of two papers delivered before the Philadelphia Women's Alliance. The second paper will be published next week.

The *Christian Inquirer* (Baptist) declares that the pulpit and press ought to tell millionaires that they cannot afford to die without thinking of the claims of religion. What it means is, not that millionaires must prepare themselves for heaven, but that they "owe something to the world they live in."

The evangelical ministers in Seattle have formed themselves into a close corporation, and shut themselves up in a 9 x 10 creed with a fence around it. No one is admitted to membership who, in addition to subscribing to the Apostles' Creed, does not believe that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin, and that the Bible is the only and infallible word of faith and practice.

A package of tracts published by the Japan Unitarian Association shows that the words of Dr. Channing, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, and other leaders of Unitarian thought, have taken on a fresh lease of life in another country. The printed characters look very strange and difficult; but one has faith to believe that the spirit of their English originals has survived the translation, and may carry inspiration far over the seas.

Pro and Con.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Allow me to second Mr. True's motion, that the Unitarian Conference come West. I suggest St. Louis as an excellent place, as the location and railroad facilities are excellent, and there are two good Unitarian churches here. Other liberal churches here would also be hearty in welcoming the Conference. It would doubtless give Unitarianism quite a stimulus, although the Western churches are very active.

J. W. CALDWELL,
Associate Minister a Non-sectarian Church.
St. Louis, Mo.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Austin, Tex., desire to acknowledge the numerous and generous gifts of money and fancy articles sent by many of the Alliance Branches, and by other Unitarian friends throughout the North, in aid of their recent bazaar.

The entertainment was most successful, and the sum realized of greatest possible benefit to the little Unitarian church at Austin.
EMILIE HOWSON, Sec'y.

STARVATION IN NEBRASKA.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Reliable information has been received which fully corroborates the recent statements in the newspapers concerning the destitution in Nebraska. The utter failure of crops has caused wide-spread misery among people ordinarily in good circumstances. Several cases of death by starvation are reported. The situation is serious in the extreme, and immediate assistance is necessary. Contributions of money may be sent to the undersigned, No. 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS.

THE UNITARIAN CURTIS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Mr. Chadwick hastens to become the champion of Curtis's biographer. In spite of his acumen, like many hasty advocates in handling a bad cause, he misses the main point under discussion. His formal announcement that Mr. Carey is a radical thinker and very "negative in theology" does not change the nature of Mr. Carey's statement concerning the religious life of Curtis. Religious faith, religious conviction, change the development and affect the life of any man holding such conviction. Father Damien, Theodore Parker, Emerson, differed in their respective faiths; and their lives differed accordingly. Is not this principle of the essence of biography? This is not an occasion for splitting hairs about Ingersoll's bigotry: it merely requires plain common sense.

Carey's biography is interesting, but quite incomplete as a life of Curtis. In parts it is overloaded with details; while other parts of the life, more important, are neglected or slightly treated. Yet it is a sound book, as a whole. For it makes it clear that its own statement that Curtis religiously hovered on the verge of "narrowness and bigotry" is not only a futile, but an absurd notion.

If this Unitarian idea was both the environment and outcome of such a life on the religious side, why be squeamish about saying so? Why drag in the rubbish that the Unitarian idea—in its whole, not in its parts—is a system of negations?

Doubtless, the solid religious convictions which Curtis brought out from Brook Farm and his early associations matured into daily bread, which nourished him throughout his steadfast and enduring life.

Life is mysterious, and not easily comprehended in its beginnings. Much was expected of both the Curtis brothers in the old days. A bright girl of Boston said, "It would be worth while to marry George, to have Burrill around the house."

OBSERVER.

UNITY SERVICES AND SONGS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

May I, through the *Register's* columns, call attention to the revised edition of "Unity Services and Songs" just published by our Western Unitarian Sunday School Society? The book has been in use in many of our schools for several years, and the revision has had the help and suggestion of this large experience. Mr. Blake of Chicago, who first compiled these services and songs, has given great care to the revision, assisted by friends engaged in Sunday-school work. The revision follows the same general plan and method as the earlier edition; but the services have been much improved, and the songs have been nearly doubled in number. The noble choral music in connection with the responses is a marked feature in the book. Altogether, the services—fourteen in number, and covering the great themes that touch heart and conscience as well as our deeper thought—combine beauty, dignity, and strength. It is not the perfect book, as the Committee of Revision modestly say in the preface; but it is in the direction of the perfect book. And it has gone further in the way than any other of which I have knowledge, certainly for the schools of our so-called liberal churches. I am sure a stranger to the book would be greatly impressed by hearing any one of these ser-

vices well rendered in any Sunday-school, and they can all be well rendered with use. They will also educate to a richer service in our churches. I am sure I shall be helping some Sunday-school workers, dissatisfied with the manual now in use and looking to make a change, by thus calling wider attention to Mr. Blake's book, of which copies may be had upon application to the Society, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. I think 50 cents is the mailing price.

F. L. HOSMER.

St. Louis, January 9.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In a recent number of the *New World* occurs an article on the above subject by Albert Réville. It contains these words (p. 214): "For myself, in accordance with the adage, 'He did it who profits by it,' I affirm that, if the body of Jesus was taken away, concealed, or destroyed, it was Jews—very probably Jews of the Sanhedrim—that we should regard as the agents of this removal." And he gives, as their motive, a fear lest the sepulchre should become a place of pilgrimage.

We do not read of Jewish pilgrimages except to the temple of Yahveh. Probably they would have been regarded as savoring of idolatry. The sepulchre was not unfitted for a place of pilgrimage merely because the body was absent, as experience shows. And the Jews had everything to lose by the removal of the body; for they anticipated, as the evangelist admits, that its removal might lead to a rumor of a resurrection.

I have been of opinion since 1872, when I thought the matter carefully over, that Joseph of Arimathea was the man who (assisted by his servants) removed the body of Jesus. The story that it was removed by disciples (Matt. xxviii. 15) may not have been quite unfounded, though the apostles were ignorant of it. Joseph seems to have feared lest indignities might have been offered to the body after the Sabbath, and therefore to have made arrangements for a temporary sepulture, to be followed by a removal before the Sabbath should come to an end. The deep sleep of the soldiers may be accounted for by drugged wine, for nothing is more natural than that Joseph should have offered them wine on their going on duty in his garden. The light of the lanterns playing on the eyes of the sleepers may have suggested the dream that a shining one had descended from heaven.

If Joseph and Nicodemus did not know that the resurrection was a fiction, why do we hear no more of them in the annals of Christianity?

H. W. B. M.

EPISCOPALIAN JUGGLERY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The Episcopal church in Great Barrington antedates the Revolution. This year it has completed a very expensive stone rectory, upon which is a large indebtedness. Reading constantly in the *Register* and many Unitarian publications the struggles with the debt upon many churches, it seemed that the simple device of this rector to raise a sum, great or small, might be utilized by all of our churches. Early last spring he distributed one hundred and twenty-five common pottery jugs, appropriately numbered and registered. They cost a little over one cent apiece. Some were sent by members of the society to loyal friends in different States. They were called in for December 7, and on that evening were broken at the rectory in the presence of as many of the society as desired to witness the event. Some of them contained offerings for marriage, birth, birthday, recovery from illness, etc. The smallest contents was sixty cents, and the largest thirty-three dollars and forty cents,—four hundred dollars in all, the jugs averaging three dollars and twenty cents.

The rector's wife served chocolate, which gave a social turn. There are very many Unitarians in towns with no Unitarian churches who would be glad to take a jug, and all societies know such isolated friends. This method is submitted to our varied organizations with the suggestion that jugs be distributed January 1, and called in July 1, when the contributors will receive new jugs. For mutual interest and to spread the method, let reports appear in the *Register*.

M. H. T.

For the *Christian Register*.
EXPERIENCE.

BY EVA CHANNING.

As every wave that, curling, laps the sand
 Leaves, ere it backward glides, some symbol fine—
 A bit of seaweed or a sinuous line—
 To mark the ocean's impact on the land,
 So passion's ebb and flow, upon the strand
 Of human life, must ever leave its sign;
 And there is naught can change this law divine,
 For where the cause, there the effect is planned.

Shall we lament because the smooth white shore,
 Surrendering its purity in part,
 Is soiled with many a damp and noisome thing?
 Nay, let us rather glory in this store
 Of nature's treasures, and with grateful heart
 Welcome the richness that all life must bring.

THE HOSPITALITY OF ART.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING, SR.

The story is told of Oliver Cromwell that he once entered a Romish chapel, accompanied by an escort of soldiers. Merciless iconoclast that he was, he looked about the sacred edifice for artistic plunder; and, seeing a row of silver statues in their niches on the walls, he inquired what they were intended to represent. "Those are the twelve apostles, may it please your Majesty," replied one of the attendants. "Take them down, then," said Cromwell, "melt them, and send them about doing good, as their Master did!"

I never liked Cromwell for that piece of Vandalism; but, remembering that he saved the cartoons of Raphael to England and the world, paying for the lot the ridiculously low price of \$1,500, I long ago forgave him. And now, when we come to think of it, there was a touch, at least, of common sense and philanthropy in this Vandalism,—a recognition to a degree of what Ruskin everywhere insists upon, both directly and indirectly; to wit, that art is only to be valued for the quantity and the quality of the lessons which it teaches. And who knows, after all, but those apostles might have been more useful to the world after being coined and put into circulation than they ever were before, especially as it is very probable that they represented the degraded art of the period.

I remember that Mr. Emerson somewhere gives pretty distinct intimation that statues and paintings in private galleries have got into the wrong places, and should be removed to public conservatories, where they can teach the people lessons of wisdom. The loan collections which annually bring benedictions to the masses in our large cities are a partial concession of the truth and justice of Mr. Emerson's words.

I recall at this moment a great painting in a magnificent mansion of New York City,—one of a few, in its class, of superlative worth to be found in the Western World. During the past ten years of its sequestration what lessons of moral heroism, and of truth and grace in form and color, this grand historical composition might have taught to uncounted thousands! But there it has hung, "a light under a bushel," through all these years, its beneficent shining only occasionally visible to a dozen or so of invited guests. I think a flag should be hung at half-mast in recognition of a public bereavement like unto that. But the bereavement is not intentional, for the owner of that painting puts the greater part of conventional philanthropy to the blush with his really regal contributions in money to beneficent ends of all kinds. If he knew how that painting, in its frescoed closet, could bless the people, he would, at least once a year, send it forth to a loan collection, even if he had to hire a squad of policemen to protect it from harm.

Yes, there is great hospitality in art, both in kind and degree. That great gilded masquerade which goes under the name of "society" thinks it knows what hospitality means, with gold and silver dishes, and *menus* which Ahasuerus might have envied. But the cold joint and pot of ale which Charles Lamb used to set upon the sideboard for his guests, supplemented as they were by the wonderful talk of a rare apostleship of intellect, was entertainment which makes "society" look like a constituency of beggars.

Now and again an opulent collector recognizes the obligations and privileges of hospitality in art (as did Miss Wolfe, for example, in her royal bequest to the Metropolitan Museum), and spreads a board of magnificent proportions for the generation that now is and generations yet to come.

In thinking of regal entertainers like these, one recalls the command of the master of the feast in the gospel parable,—“Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.”

Over here in the Bavarian capital, where I am writing, we have, in the relations of social recognition, an exclusive court life,—one of the inevitable accidents of royalty. But in the relations which appertain to culture we have a democracy of the widest horizons and the largest immunities. In the great Royal Library, for example, where I have been for years gathering musty and mouldy things which not many people care much about, I see at the desks and tables all social grades represented; and a literary board, which ranks only third among the great intellectual hospices of the world, is spread for prince and peasant alike. Poor, miserable plebeian that I am, I will endure exclusion from the royal table in the palace if I may sit in this larger and more affluent hospice in my old clothes.

So with the art galleries. People from your side of the big ferry pay their thousands to get over here and see the treasures of our royal galleries of sculpture and painting; and, when they get here, they find that small farmers and men and women of the serving class, in their homespun, get all the Madonnas and holy families, with quantities of *entrées* in the shape of *genres*, landscapes, animal pieces, besides the grand painted epics of Kaulbach and Piloty,—all for a few cents of car-fare, or, mayhap, for less than the cost of a mug of beer. I call that hospitality of the noblest dimensions; and a peculiarity about it worthy of notice is that the day on which the Master said it was "lawful to pull an ox or an ass out of the ditch" is the one of all others when this hospitality has its grandest and most populous exhibition. I rather like to see these two-footed proof-texts of the evolutionary dogma pulled out of their ditches on Sunday. Thus much, by the way, concerning the public hospitality of art, of whose conditions and noble immunities much remains unsaid. But it was the successes and the blunders of private hospitality that I was thinking of when I began this paper. On a far lower plane we know much of private hospitality,—the vast outlay of money which it costs, as well as the consuming solicitudes, the weariness of nerve, and the premature senilities which not seldom are inseparable from it. In what is called "society" private hospitality is the most tyrannical and exacting of masters, and, like some Oriental slave-driver of the olden times, scourges its long processions of captives to their tasks. Let me propose resolutions of condolence for all concerned in this disheartening enterprise. It is on the higher planes of culture that I desire to write a few sincere words concerning the ministries of private hospitality, especially as these ministries invoke the aid of art in their realization. But the lessons which such a theme suggests are too many to be crowded into a single article.

Munich, Bavaria.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

I.

What distinguishes man from the rest of the animals inhabiting the earth? The capacity to know God and to obey him with freedom and delight.

No one who is not himself corrupt can believe everybody else to be so.

The more strenuously we strive to undo ourselves, the sooner we succeed in undoing ourselves.

To pluck a flower is to kill it. Abstinence preserves. To enjoy a happiness is to make it vanish. Is it not the same with misfortune, too? No sooner has an affliction arrived, than it is already surmounted. Otherwise it destroys us, and so slays itself.

Glorious memories of the past reflected by imagination into the future kindle noble hopes in the present.

They who consecrate their amusements will not desecrate their employments: they who desecrate their employments will never consecrate their amusements.

Prejudice and partiality limit attention to what favors our side, and thus, as it were, make us deaf in one ear and blind in one eye.

What is the supreme task for every per-

son in this life? To dethrone his private will, and in place of it enthrone the Universal Will.

UTOPIAN FAITH NOT FOLLY.

One is often astonished and pained in noting the sneers cast by the baser portion of the rich and prosperous classes at those who cherish generous hopes of a better future for humanity on earth,—a redeemed civilization, in which universal justice will secure abounding plenty, leisure and joy for all. The satisfaction which any good man takes in his blessings is bitterly alloyed by his knowledge of the deserted and destitute shut out from partaking with him. I do not see how any true man who believes in God can fail to recognize this alloy as a divine pledge of the rightfulness of his hopes, however complacently selfish conservatives may continue to stigmatize them as visionary and Utopian.

EVIL NO DISPROOF OF GOD.

Evil is the incompatibility between what is and what ought to be. We achieve our nobleness by converting that incompatibility into identity. Thus evil is a logical condition for the production of good. Evil is deficiency of being and function. The fulfilling supply of that deficiency is good. But, if that prophetic vacancy did not precede, this supplementary fruition could not come in. Free personality brings its worth to consciousness only by changing evils that are presented as existent into the goods that they show to be wanted. Timely food removes the wasting evil of hunger with the restorative good of nutrition. No good whatever can become actual save as subsequent to something which was merely possible. If there were no ignorance, the acquisition of wisdom would be an impossibility. Empty intelligence, distressed by the evil void, foresees and cries out for replenishment with the good of knowledge. Perfection is the total act of spirit, the complete fruition of its powers. All degrees of evil consist in defects of act. Now, were there no evil pre-existent, as potential ground to be raised into actuality, the successive degrees of perfection constituting the progress of created spirits from nothing to God could not be elicited. Then the sparkling spectacle of existence through all its infinite series of ranks would be changed to a fixed monotony. Evils, therefore, as necessary accompaniments of a free and progressive experience, are no disproof of the existence and providence of God. They are the imperfect acts, the erroneous and perverted tentatives, whereby probationary creatures are experimentally ascending through the creation to the Creator.

The true revelation of God to man is parallel with the evolution of the idea of God in man.

Truth is the platform of God which the politicians wish to shove aside with theirs.

METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM.*

BY LEONORA D. MONTGOMERY.

I.

It is futile for one to talk of social reform unless one knows what are the social evils; and upon this subject it is almost impossible to appreciate how dense are the ignorance and carelessness of the great majority of our fellow-creatures, this ignorant portion being, in large measure, either the producers of many of our social evils or their result.

What are our social evils? I answer ignorance and sinfulness and carelessness, these three; but the greatest of these is ignorance.

The results of these causes can be read in the faces or lives of the individuals that one may meet in a walk of a dozen squares through our city's streets, and in the streets themselves. Some of them are, socially, disease (hereditary or acquired), drunkenness, profligacy, unequal and unhappy marriages; and, politically, pauperism, anarchism,—including strikes, corrupt administration of government, innumerable evils that result from the war between capital and labor, and, unfortunately, many of the methods that are undertaken to relieve these evils.

So long as we consign to some remote cell of our inner consciousness our impression that things are going wrong; so long as we wait for an expected millennium to come,

*A paper read before the Philadelphia Women's Alliance.

based on a belief—vague, but consolatory—that something is going to happen some day to clear our atmosphere of all the pestilential fogs that now vitiate it; so long as we are content to remain in passive indifference to our social and political evils,—just so long will they continue to increase and multiply. On the contrary, just as soon as we discover that what is wrong can be righted by patient effort, and just as soon as we determine to study our social evils and begin to do our best to abate them, then, and only then, will some of the evil results of ignorance and sinfulness and carelessness be met squarely. But, if we do not overtake them, they will overtake us.

In trying to define the relation of the individual to mankind and to the State, one of the first puzzles that confront the student is how far the individual in question is responsible for his actions, and how much he is handicapped or helped in his struggle for existence by generations of ancestors. We cannot do ourselves greater injustice than to take it for granted that all men are born free and equal. This is so only so far as the law is concerned, and frequently, in our present time, very untrue there. Otherwise, men are born unequal, shackled with traditions and environments that are far from leaving them free agents, and with mind-forces that are just as dissimilar as the expressions of their faces. It is contended, by some that there are compensating advantages in each individual's life that square his sum of enjoyment with that of other individuals, but this contention seems to be a cousin to that trite remark that "nothing will make any difference a hundred years hence." The best we can do is to accept our lives with their compelling forces of character, and whatever of good heredity and environment have given them, and make the best of the stuff that is possible.

That is the ideal form of government under which individuals are able to attain the highest point of development, notwithstanding handicaps of obscure birth, poverty, or hereditary mischance. As if to make the problem of how a child's life will evolve more interesting to the philosopher and less hopeless to the child, we have those curious paradoxes in which we find children born in the meanest squalor dying in the midst of luxury, and those born with every conceivable advantage of wealth ending their days amid hopeless disease or poverty. The question of environment and heredity is so important that it behooves us to remember that we are the product of what has gone before, and are responsible for what comes after.

To me the most important problem that is at issue to-day is how far our entire population may enjoy a certain degree of comfort in the present and security as to the future, so that none except the vicious and idle need have absolute want to confront them. This brings us at once face to face with the war between labor and capital. It would be a mistake to confine ourselves to what are usually called social conditions, and overlook the political phases of the question. Political and social economy must go hand-in-hand. The recent tendency of capital has been to concentrate in trusts and monopolies, the distinct outcome of which is millionaires and paupers.

Now, while the social reformer will admit that the religion of work is one of the safest and surest methods of reform, when he comes to consider the work that has gone toward the accumulation of great aggregates of capital, it is evident that a great many have contributed, while a few have benefited. It is a matter that scarcely admits of doubt that a man cannot accumulate a million dollars in an ordinary lifetime without irreparable injury to certain of his fellow-men. This has exceptions in rare instances, which I have not time to enumerate.

The labor unions into which men have entered have done a great deal both to educate them, and to strengthen them in their demand for shorter hours of labor and more equitable rates of wages. Their late attitude in regard to strikes has been, however, unhealthy. As regards the forming of labor unions, it may be that the climax was reached in the recent announcement that a new organization was to be formed that should include in its membership all the wage-earners in the country. Social economy hardly admits the organization, certainly not the success, of such a movement. We saw its failure in Debs's recent exper-

iment, which was practically a test among all railway men such as the former would be among all wage-earners. It is right for labor to organize for its own benefit, just as capital may do; but the interests of the capitalist and the laborer are mutual, and should not be made antagonistic, as is the present tendency, aggravated, it is just to say, by the monopolistic attitude of the capitalist and the ignorance of the wage-earner, who, as an intelligent voter, has the inherent power to right himself, if he but realized it.

There are different methods in which persons set about to cure or abate certain social evils; for, in spite of our pessimists, there is a very large number of persons working, according to their light, to make the world better for their having lived in it. This has developed in very many popular reformers a tendency that is constantly met with, and which is most harmful to true reform. It is the adoption of what homœopaths would call a surface cure. They see drunkards and the evil effects of drunkenness, both present and to come; and they set actively to work to close saloons and prohibit the sale of intoxicants, without recognizing that the desire to drink springs from causes, or combinations of causes, having their roots in the worst impulses of men, and that, so long as these dominating desires remain, legislation will be merely a check—and not an efficient one—upon the satisfaction of these desires. It is reported that Miss Willard asked Edison if he was a total abstainer from early good home influences, and that his answer was: "No. It is because I have better uses for my head." Either to make men realize that or to cure them of the desire to drink seems more rational than simply to endeavor to have men sign a temperance pledge. This work is one of slow growth, and seems discouraging; but the creation of a moral sentiment in favor of temperance among our professional men has done a marvellous work in late years. At present, among well-bred people, the turning down of a wine-glass is no more questioned than the failure to eat of a certain dish that is placed before one. It required, not many years ago, moral courage to decline wine, even if one disliked it.

Concerning profligacy I do not feel that I can say much beyond this: that it springs from the immoral tendencies of men and the low wages that are paid for a great deal of women's work; that it has been estimated that, if all women who to-day are dishonored were eliminated, in six months enough would come forward to take their places. This question is probably the most delicate, and at the same time one of the most dreadful, that we deal with. It lies with every woman, however, to demand an unequivocal single standard of purity for herself and the men with whom she associates, and it is a satisfaction to know that public sentiment is beginning to include this subject in its powerful grasp.

There has been violent force brought to bear upon the home life of our country,—a nation's best defence. Those who believe in its sanctity, and that it has reached its highest known development in cultivated American families, need not be dismayed, but reassured. If it is good (*and it is*), it will stand; and the present agitation will eventually strengthen it. It has for its fundamental principle the strongest emotion in our lives, and one that has strengthened steadily with civilization. But there are black spots upon what should be a fair surface, and soiled pages in what should be a clean book. So much unhappiness and far-reaching misery springs from marriages that have been hastily or ill-advisedly entered into! The tendency of our divorce laws has uniformly been toward greater laxity until recently, when the recognition of the evil resulted in the formation of a National Reform Association, the outcome of the New England Divorce Reform League. It is hoped some day to have a National Marriage and Divorce Law, but at present this is impracticable. The outcome of the earnest work which is being effected by this organization will materially influence our laws and our people.

Probably one of the questions that most closely interest women is the application of charity and the methods taken to relieve want. I do not know whether it has been estimated what theoretic proportion of their wealth should be contributed under present conditions by generous and philanthropic citizens to the poor of their cities. If we

think of the money that is contributed annually to the poor who are always with us (I often wonder if we do not *keep* them with us), through our municipality, the churches, hospitals, schools, and colleges, workingmen's unions, public, semi-public, and private charities, it will soon be seen that an immense sum of money is annually disbursed in this way. In order to lay an uneasy conviction that Philadelphians spend in charity annually an amount altogether disproportionate to the apparent result, I tried to obtain an estimate of it. It was a hopeless task; but I am more than ever convinced that much work that is now done by private individuals should be done by our municipal government, particularly in the slum district. If our streets were well paved; if our building and sanitary laws were enforced, the streets well policed and well lighted at night, and what should be common privileges granted,—enough schools under proper school officers, filtered water, good gas, and a complete separation of the municipal affairs generally from politics,—a better public conscience would be created, that would bear remarkable fruit.

Under present conditions, and with their greater leisure, much philanthropic and charitable work must be done by women. There is no money equivalent for the service which a score of intelligent and public-spirited women are rendering Philadelphia to-day. But they must be broad in their conceptions, definite in their aims, and ready for the largest intelligence in the furtherance of their work. The best work will always be done by men and women working together. Just here I should like to say that my own observation has convinced me that the present undoubted activity of women in charitable and philanthropic work has its logical conclusion and success only in securing to her her right to exercise the suffrage. Without it her most urgent pleas are futile, her strongest endeavors almost valueless, her hardest work unproductive of lasting good, and her valiant efforts to right the present social wrongs only the application of an external cure for an internal malady. It will be a new responsibility, heaviest to those whose share of lifting life's burdens is already heavy, but whose preparation for this greatest right of mankind has been more thorough than that made by any previous disfranchised body of persons.

To show sympathy with those whose lives are not favored, there exist in our city an almost countless number of organizations. Whether the majority of these charities help or injure their beneficiaries, or whether it is part of a system of heaping up unhappiness for the future, or whether the good intention that goes with a great deal of misdirected work is taken into account by the recording angel, it is impossible to say. It remains that the student of social conditions has an immense field to cover, the most perplexing problems to try to solve, and the most profound sense of littleness as a factor in helping to better the social condition that can well be imagined. When we begin to discuss methods of reform, the questions broaden and thicken. That which is helpful to one hinders another, what is reform to one is retrogression to another. However, the interests of mankind demand that the hours of labor be shortened, a living wage with something over be paid to workmen, that the laws of our country be in accord with intelligent sentiment, that the government of our city, State, and nation be administered by men who represent the best element of our citizens, and that the strongest moral sentiment be aroused in favor of each individual cultivating his life to its best uses.

AN EVENING AT THE HONOR CLUB.

BY A. F. M.

The Honor Club is one of the many factors with which Rev. Stopford Brooke is doing his work in the great London world. He founded the club: it bears the name of his daughter, Miss Honor Brooke; and, through his constant help and interest, it is making a bright place in the lives of many working-girls. The club does not differ in its aim and practical workings from many others in our own land, but the life of the London poor seems so narrow and barren of comfort that it is a pleasure to remember and to write about an evening spent with those English girls.

The Honor Club occupies a large, old-

fashioned house in Fitzroy Square, only a few minutes' walk from the busy Tottenham Court Road, with its great shops and manufacturing establishments. The house was brightly lighted, and looked very inviting as we stood on its steps one crisp December evening, the guests of a quiet, brown-eyed maid-servant. A little girl with very smooth hair and a big white pinafore answered the ring; and we tarried a moment in the hall, where our companion registered her name and deposited the penny that is the evening's fee. Interested visitors are always welcome; and we received a cordial greeting from the matron, who met us as we turned from the desk. With her we went into the different rooms. Some of those devoted to special work,—the one where drawing and French classes meet, that one set apart for dressmaking, the little gymnasium,—these were not to be used on the evening of our visit; and so the fires were not lighted. It was Friday. The girls would be tired with five days' standing and working, too weary for anything but "a good time," so it was recreation evening.

The two sitting-rooms were very pleasant. They were plainly furnished; but soft-coal fires burned in the grates, deep red table-covers looked warm and cosy, and easy-chairs and low hanging-shelves of books tempted to an hour of reading and rest. One girl had already yielded, and was deep in the second volume of "Little Women." What a far-away world must it have seemed, that of Jo and Beth and Laurie! And yet she was for the time in that same bright, sunny world.

"This is a very popular place," our guide said, as she turned up the gas in a little square room bordered with deal tables, over which hung saucepans, long-handled spoons, and other culinary utensils. It was the kitchen, where the girls take turns in spending Tuesday evenings. The club provides materials, and they are shown how to cook inexpensive, nutritious dishes; and then they have a little feast upon the results of the lesson.

As we went downstairs, the size of the club was spoken of. "How many? Over a hundred belong. Some nights we have seventy-five or eighty, sometimes not more than thirty. There will not be very many to-night. You see it's close on to Christmas, and the girls from Maple's and the other big places have extra hours. But a good many are in small shops, and then there's always some who come just to get warm. Lots of girls who do tailoring have to stay all day long in rooms where there's never any fire, or else just a little stove big enough for the irons." The thought of those cold, damp, oftentimes fog-laden work-rooms made the contrast all the greater as we went into the bright, cheery apartments where perhaps a dozen girls were clustered around a generous fire. These spacious rooms were the "drawing-rooms" of the old mansion in its society days. Beautiful pictures were on the walls; a sweet, womanly face looked down from the portrait over the mantel; a piano stood near the wide-opened folding-doors; and the floors were bare and smooth for dancing.

The girls were cordial in their manner as we joined the fireside group. A pretty, black-eyed cockney lass was the centre of the circle. She was thin, poorly dressed, untidy, and looked as if she knew very well what it was to be cold and hungry. But here she was warm and content; and her jolly laugh made even the pale, sad girl by her side look up with a wistful smile. She was born to rule in her own little kingdom. Just now she was busy on a large, queerly shaped piece of faded red felt. She had impressed her neighbor into her service, and a serious question was under consideration. The binding for the thick, coarse material proved unsuitable; and the only thread available was a reel of bright red cotton. These difficulties did not daunt Hope. "It's too narrer, but they never chinge things where I bought it"; and she and her helper began to trim one side of the ragged edge of the felt with the rusty braid, sewing it on with the brilliant cotton. And such stitches! Evidently, Hope was not a member of the sewing-school. "Yer see it's an apurn for me dad. He said he'd give me a Christmas box, perhaps, if I did as much for him; but didn't yer see the lidies?" And Hope won for us a respectful nod of recognition from each of the new-comers, and she did it with an

ease and a grace that many a girl of higher social standing might envy her.

"Did you ever 'ave a Christmas box, 'ope?" asked a shy little girl, the youngest in the room.

"Yes, dear, once. I hung up my stocking last year, and found a ha'penny in the toe. Lucky there wasn't a hole in it that time!" And Hope laughed as merrily as if there was no pathos in the thought of a poor lonely ha'penny in a poor old stocking.

A brief lull in the chatter greeted the entrance of a tall, fair, sweet-faced young lady who had given herself to be the helper and friend of these girls for each Friday evening during the winter. Some one asked for a dance, and soon eight or ten couples were solemnly gliding to the notes of a waltz. It was the most lifeless dancing imaginable, but all seemed to enjoy it. "Ain't it lovely?" the youngest girl sighed. On and on the kind musician played, and our fireside group grew and lessened as relays of dancers came and went. Hope refused many proffered partners, and kept diligently at her work, which was not, æsthetically considered, a great success.

The girls asked a great many questions. America was to them very far away. "What is it like?" "It's some bigger than England, isn't it?" "Isn't it very, very hot?" "You haven't any city as big as London, though." "Do the girls there have any clubs like this?" "Please tell me is *everybody* in your country black?" This from an eighteen-year-old girl would have been the more surprising, had not a seemingly intelligent carpenter on the banks of the Wye asked the same question a few months before. "Don't you 'ave a great deal of country in America? It's 'most all city here." At this statement one girl said with dignity: "I've been in the country, out to 'Amstead 'Eath; and, my! wasn't it rowdy on a bank holiday!" Poor London girls! To think of Ilkley Moor, with its waves of fragrant heather; of the Cornish coast, where sea-pinks grow close to the gray rocks; of Westmoreland's lakes and Devon's fair combes,—so near, as we count by miles, and yet so far away to them! It makes one give thanks for the quiet "Holiday House" that a friend of the London working-girl is striving to maintain within a shilling's fare from the great city.

The music stopped, and some of the girls went off with the pretty young lady to rehearse for a little play they were preparing for Christmas week. It was the quiet, crocheting girl who proposed a story; and of course it was Hope who silenced some chatters with: "Do be quiet, girls! Put down your piper, Jean. One of the lidies from America's going to tell a story."

So it was that these London girls came to hear about "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen." It was the first thing that flashed into mind. It was not sad; it did not seem to preach to the girls, who, far better than we, knew what temptations and struggles come into a life of poverty and hardship. I wish that Mr. Davis himself could have seen those girls as they listened, and heard the "Fancy! A *biby*!" when, with Rags, they first saw Marg'ret. They enjoyed her nestling close and putting her dear little face up to his, grieved when she was suffering, and drew long breaths of relief when the police matron said that the child would not die. And much satisfaction was expressed when disreputable Rags turned into a respectable member of the community, with a milk route and sweet Baby Margaret with him on the front seat.

By this time the Christmas actors had come down, and the evening was almost over. Some—a very few—had paid their pennies at the table in the corner for a cup of tea and a bun.

"Would they accept a general invitation,—let one treat them?" we asked the young lady, who was wrapping herself up for the long homeward drive.

"I think not," she replied: "they are very independent, and very sensitive."

"Please come again. Come next Tuesday. It's cooking class, and we are going to make Christmas puddings."

It was Hope who held out this bright prospect, and the invitation was warmly seconded by some of the older girls.

"Yes'm, we do like this club: it's real homely. We tried the Polytechnic a time, me and Madge; but it was too big, too much going on. It tired us."

This came from a tall, thin girl whom the others called Selina, and whose only remark during the evening had been a query

as to whether America had a queen who spent millions of pounds, while some poor girls found it hard to get a shilling.

We lingered for a few pleasant words with some girls with intelligent, refined faces. They had been at their extra holiday work, and had only looked in on their way home for a glimpse of the bright, cheery rooms. They were evidently girls with whom it would be a delight to work. Our last glimpse back showed us Hope kissing the pale, sad girl, with a "Good-night, dear." Then we went out into the clear, frosty night.

During our London life we had heard Mr. Brooke many times. We had the rare privilege of listening to his tribute to Tennyson; we were even then enjoying his newly published volumes; we had heard sung his hymn, "Eternal Peace"; we knew of his labors for the unemployed. No wonder, then, that we came away from the Honor Club cheered, and with new courage for the world, because such a man gives thought and care for the working-girl!

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

On January 11, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, was held the regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board,—ten ladies present. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, New England vice-president, presided.

The director for Eastern New York presented reports from every Branch in the section. All seem to be actively engaged in the work. At Lenox Avenue a "Religious New Committee has recently been appointed, which gives at each meeting a summary of our own denominational affairs, and also of matters of interest in other churches." This is similar to the "Committee on Religious Intelligence," which forms one of the most interesting committees in many of the New England Branches, and seems of such value that the directors are authorized to recommend the plan to all who have not adopted it already. The Lenox Avenue Branch has contributed \$25 to the Church Fund. Unity Church, Brooklyn, has a large study class of forty-eight members, and is following the course suggested in Leaflet No. 1. Most of the New York and Brooklyn Branches are carrying on the Post-office Mission with success. The Newburg Branch has reorganized with four standing committees; namely, "Visiting, Work, Social, and Study." Meadville reports great impetus given by the visit of Mrs. Dix and Mrs. Davis last June. This Branch has sent large boxes of books South and West. The Branch at Cincinnati is at work vigorously since the return of the national vice-president. Both the First Church and Unity have held successful Fairs. At Toronto the Branch has raised \$20 for church expenses. At Hamilton, Canada, the members are discouraged, having lost heavily by death and the continued depression of the times. The Branch has contributed nearly \$100 toward church expenses, half of it being realized from lectures given gratuitously by Rev. Mr. Woude. The Branch at Buffalo has sent \$50 to Ithaca. Rochester holds regular meetings, and has sent \$75 to Ithaca; while the Ithaca Branch is bending all its own energies to help to lessen the debt on its church, by socials and entertainments have already raised \$100. The Branch at Syracuse has reorganized with the Alliance as the centre of all the women's work of the church. Mrs. Bell, director for New Jersey, reported that the Orange Branch was active, and had sent a box of articles to Austin for its fair, and a barrel of clothing to Miss Putnam in Dakota. The Passaic Branch holds two meetings each month,—one for work to raise money for the church, and the other for study, Rev. Mr. Camp conducting the class. Plainfield has taken for a subject for papers and discussion, "Our Own Little World," meaning Plainfield. At Rutherford the Branch holds meetings every two weeks during the whole year,—in the morning in summer, and in the afternoon in winter. They are reading "Creation of the Bible," and working for their own church. The Philadelphia Branch is composed of the First and Spring Garden Churches of Philadelphia; the Germantown, Wilmington, and Vineland churches. Three meetings have been held, averaging about eighty members in attendance. Papers were read upon "Individual Responsibility in the Church, in the Home, and in the State"; "Methods of Social Reform"; and "If Unitarianism is the Truth, why does it not attract the Uneducated?" An impromptu collection was taken up for Austin, Tex., amounting to \$13; and one for Ithaca, amounting to \$20. The Spring Garden Branch, called the Friendly Society, resumed its meetings in October, and has met weekly. The members have been sewing for the annual fair, which was held in November, the proceeds amounting to \$427, which is passed into the treasury of the church for its much needed support. A contribution of articles was sent to the

church sale at Austin, Tex. The Baltimore Branch has sent \$5 to Greenville, S.C. The Washington Branch reports the Post-office Mission work as having been opened vigorously by the new secretary. They sent \$5 to Austin, Tex.

The Southern States contain eleven Alliance Branches. Those at Greenville, S.C., and Memphis, Tenn., were organized in 1894. Texas has two Branches; South Carolina, two; North Carolina, two; Tennessee, two; and Louisiana, Georgia, and Virginia, each one. At Greenville, S.C., where we have a Branch, there is no organized church. All the other Branches were formed in existing churches. All have joined the Southern Associate Alliance, which proposes to hold a public meeting at Baltimore in April or May at the annual meeting of the Southern Conference. Every endeavor will be made to have it a worthy and representative gathering. The president of the Branch at Asheville, N.C., Mrs. Westall, proposes establishing a school for the mountain children at her residence on Sunset Mountain, and will be very glad of supplies for school use,—books, charts, maps, etc. At Atlanta the church has met with a serious loss in the sudden death of Dr. Schumann. The Branch is making efforts to purchase a new organ. Concerning Austin the vice-president writes: "This society deserves the most and the best we can do for it. The women are indefatigable. Branch meetings are held regularly, and what they simply cannot do at home they do not hesitate to ask assistance for; and very reasonably, too, since we can do no better work than to supplement such endeavors as theirs, and hold up their hands in the midst of such active opposition as surrounds them. In the Branch at Charleston, S.C., among other changes, the time-worn 'basket' is to be abolished; and the articles for sale are to be produced by busy fingers, to be thus employed while the minds of the members are being improved at the regular literary meetings. The Book and Tract Society, which has heretofore been an independent institution in this community (established 1820), having been dissolved, it has been proposed that the Helping Hands take up their work in the form of a Post-office Mission." At Chattanooga the Christmas sale proved very delightful and profitable, and at the next meeting the Branch hopes to hand \$100 to the church treasurer. At Greenville, S.C., the Branch is full of enthusiasm at the success of its recent fair, as nothing of the kind was ever before attempted by the members. Sunday services are regularly held at Mrs. Putnam's house. The new Branch at Memphis, the Branches at Highlands, and at New Orleans are all full of promise. A great deal is being accomplished in Richmond, where the Branch is interested in many lines of work. San Antonio completes the list of Southern Branches, and is quietly working under Mr. Shultz, who is also doing a mission work at South Heights.

The secretary reported the formation of a new Branch at Buffalo, called the Park-side Liberal Society Branch. New Branches have also been formed in Charlestown and Neponset, Boston, Mass. It was announced that the next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance would be held with the Jamaica Plain Branch on February 27, with a most attractive programme.

The following appropriations were reported. First Parish, Dorchester, has sent to Green Harbor \$50. First Parish, Cambridge, sent \$25 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Sherborn, \$10 to West Somerville, \$25 to Austin, Tex., and \$50 to Montana. First Religious Society, Roxbury, sent \$25 to Green Harbor and \$25 to Montana. New South Church Branch, Boston, sent \$10 to Green Harbor. Milton, Mass., sent \$10 to Ithaca; and Watertown, Mass., sent \$5 to the same and \$5 to St. John, N.B. Yonkers, N.Y., sent \$1.84 to the American Unitarian Association; and First Congregational Church, Providence, sent \$32 to Miss Deane.

In discussing the various activities in which the Branches are engaged, the Executive Board instructed the directors to remind all the Branches that the aim and purpose of the Alliance is denominational. While much of the charitable and philanthropic work done by Unitarian women is necessary and noble work, which should not be neglected, the Alliance stands for "something deeper and higher." According to the by-laws, its object is, "primarily, to quicken the religious life of our Unitarian churches, and to bring the women of the denomination into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship"; and, secondly, "to promote local organizations of women for missionary and denominational work, and to bring the same into association." Where all the church work is done by committees reporting to the Alliance, a "Committee on Benevolent Work" or "Charities" looks after that special part; but the real work of the Alliance is religious and denominational.

Rev. Mr. Chaney, the Southern superintendent for the American Unitarian Association, was received by the board, and gave a most interesting account of the Southern field. Mr. Chaney enlarged upon the proposition he had before made of sending resident ministers on missionary "circuits" in their own sections. This the

ministers will willingly do if travelling expenses can be assured. Mr. Chaney has formulated a plan for ten such circuits which would cover a large part of the Southern States. The Branch of the First Parish, Dorchester, has already appropriated \$200 for one such "circuit"; and it is hoped that other single Branches, or two or more uniting to send one man, may enable Mr. Chaney to fully carry out his wishes.

It was voted by those present that the urgent recommendation of the Committee on Appeals be made known to all the Branches; namely, that Branches contribute, in such measure as seems to them best, funds to aid in the circuit missionary work to be done in the South under charge of Rev. Mr. Chaney, and that all moneys therefor shall be sent to Mrs. George L. Chaney, 611 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. If any Branch desires it, direct communication can be established between it and the person engaged in the proposed circuit work.

The important needs recommended by the Committee on Appeals are at present those of Ithaca, N.Y.; St. John, N.B.; Hamilton, Ont.; Rochester, N.H.; Chelsea, Mass.; Sharon, Mass.; San Antonio, Tex. EMILY A. FIFIELD, Rec. Sec'y.

A BRAVE MOTHER.

A hunter in Kansas narrates the following: "I had shot a sandhill crane. Other birds were near; but every one took to its wing on the instant, *except the mother bird*, who came immediately to the rescue of her half-grown offspring, which I had wounded so that it was unable to fly. She guided its movements until it planted its feet on her back, and then flew slowly away with the smaller bird to a place of safety." This cruel hunter of a harmless bird should have learned a lesson from this brave mother. So should girls and women learn it, for the man was probably shooting the birds for bonnets and hats.—*Selected.*

The Sunday School.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The fourth regular meeting, twelfth season, 1894-95, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, January 21. Subject, "Special Sunday-school Features": (a) "The Offer of Rewards," Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston; (b) "Sunday-school Concerts and Entertainments," speaker, Rev. E. J. Prescott, Kennebunk; (c) "Lend a Hand Clubs and other Philanthropic Work," Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, to be followed by three-minute talks by the members. Reception Committee: Mr. Frank A. Drew, chairman; Miss Mary E. Glidden; Mrs. Mary May Eliot; Mr. Alexander W. Wilson; Mr. M. M. Burdick; Rev. C. C. Carpenter. Louisa P. Parker, Secretary.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, January 19. Subject, Lesson XVII., "John the Baptist in Prison." Primary at 2 p.m., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

Miss Lilian Freeman Clarke continues the publication of her excellent leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus." No 5, on "Jesus in the Synagogue," is now ready; also a succeeding issue entitled "First Lesson on the Sermon on the Mount." These sell for 2 cents a copy, or 50 cents a hundred, and can be obtained at the Unitarian Sunday School Society Rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The one-topic graded lesson leaflets on the "Life of Jesus" are now out for February, the subjects being: "The Parable of the Sower," "Jesus sending out his Disciples to preach," "Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda," "Death of John the Baptist." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. They are printed together in one leaflet, the price being 50 cents a hundred for both.

The tidings from Belmont are interesting. Just before Christmas a class of young ladies in the Unitarian Sunday-school gave an afternoon and evening entertainment, realizing about \$80. Half of this was kept for the school's use, and the other divided between the Montana Industrial School, the Tuskegee Institute, the Kindergarten for the Blind, and the North End Mission. The Belmont church and Sunday-school are good friends of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, thanks to the zeal and faithful loyalty of Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor of the church and superintendent of the Sunday-school. He also has charge of the movement at Waverley, which goes bravely on. The Belmont church has sent for the current year a generous donation to the Sunday School Society, as it always does, and will follow it up with another good contribution to the same society from the Sunday-school itself.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. W. I. LAWRENCE has accepted a call of the Unitarian church of Meadville, Pa., to become its pastor, and has already taken up his residence in that city, and will enter soon upon his duties. The church at Meadville and the Theological School are alike fortunate in securing the inspiration which Mr. Lawrence's ministry is sure to awaken.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: January 20, Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., of New York. Morning service at 10.30, and at 3.30 evening service, music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. S. W. Brooke will conduct the Wednesday noon service on January 23.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday evening, January 20, at 7.30, Rev. Albert Walkley. Subject, "Modern Piety." Music by Mrs. Helen M. Young, soprano; Mrs. F. W. Woodcock, alto; Mr. William H. Jones, tenor; Mr. Frank R. Sircorn, bass. All seats free, and a welcome to all.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon service at 3.15; evening at 7 (guild) and at 8, when Rev. C. R. Eliot will speak upon "The Story of the Oxford Martyrs," with stereopticon pictures. Good citizenship meeting on Monday evening, January 21, at 7.30 o'clock. Mr. Samuel F. Hubbard will give an address on "Trade Schools."

BELMONT, MASS.—A correspondent writes: "The local Branch of the Women's Alliance is holding a series of open meetings one afternoon in the month in the beautiful Sunday-school room of the church. There is first a formal meeting, and then an informal cup of tea, while the open fire gleams and crackles on the hearth. Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. Barrows left the Register office, not in a storm herself, but while a tremendous storm was raging outside, and came out to our meeting at Belmont, and spoke to us out of the fulness of her heart on 'Armenia and the Armenian Outrages.' Her talk was a very instructive and inspiring one, and out of it we trust that something may grow for the larger good of the larger whole. Mrs. Bygrave presided, as usual, at the meeting. The clock and mantel ornaments given by a gentleman of the parish in memory of his wife are much appreciated. On Christmas Sunday, when our church was finely decorated with evergreens, the pastor appeared in the pulpit in the gown which had been presented to him by Mrs. Smith, the beloved and sweet-souled wife of Rev. Amos Smith, the first minister of the parish."

GREENFIELD, MASS.—All Souls' Church, the beautiful new home of the Unitarian society, was dedicated to its religious and social purposes last week with services of peculiar fitness and interest. The church has been described and pictured in the Register. Its solid style of architecture, with the solid square tower as its most imposing feature, faithfully reproducing the shire-town English church of six centuries ago, is an appreciated gain to the town; while the ancient model has yielded perfectly to the modern requirements of church housing. Its location sacrifices a little of the charm that ampler grounds would have added to the beauty of the church, with the gain of a good position from a business point of view; and the church stands physically, as it is hoped it will spiritually, very near the heart of the town. Its cost, by the report of the Building Committee read at the dedication by Hon. E. A. Hall, is shown to have been \$27,000; and the society is but \$2,000 in debt for its construction. It was formally accepted by F. E. Wells, Esq., chairman of the church committee. A house-warming on the evening preceding the dedication was attended by several hundred people, representing all the churches of the town. For the dedicatory services the auditorium proved itself none too large, and the aisles and open spaces were crowded. The order of service was prepared by Rev. Arthur Anderson Brooks; and its inspiring passages, read responsively, finely presented in dignified form the liberal and more reverent idea of consecration. The sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage was practical because it adequately defined the relation of a church to the higher life of the people,—its text, "The church of the living God,"—and dedicated the church to the progressive revelation of God; to a reverent, earnest, loving worship; to the service of God, of which the highest form is the service of man.

The other ministers having a share in the service aside from the pastor were Rev. C. B. Elder of Keene, N.H., Rev. Bradley Gilman of Springfield, and Rev. W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg. But none took a larger or more touching part in the exercises than Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., who was brought into the chancel on a couch,

and could only listen, because of his enfeebled condition, to a service which marked the fulfilment of one of the most ardent wishes of his life, full as it has been of spiritual church-building.

The following Sunday found the society settled in the new house; and Rev. A. A. Brooks made an earnest completion to the act of dedication in a deeply serious sermon, on a text suggested by the name the society had chosen for its church, "All souls are mine." H. C. P.

HAMILTON, ONT.—The society here has been very much stimulated and helped by two very interesting platform meetings which were held on the evenings of January 8 and 9. At the meeting on Tuesday evening addresses were delivered as follows: "The Religious Situation To-day," by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo; "The Transient and Permanent, the Local and Universal in Religion," by Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N.Y.; "What the Modern Church must stand for," by Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York. On Wednesday evening the following programme was carried out: "The Religion of Jesus an Undogmatic Religion," by Rev. W. C. Gannett; "Salvation determined by Character, not by Creed," by Rev. D. W. Morehouse; "The Duty of the Hour for Unitarians," by Rev. T. R. Slicer. Rev. J. H. Long, pastor of the church, presided, and conducted the services. The church was well filled at both meetings by attentive and appreciative audiences; and a deep impression was made, which cannot fail to result in a greater interest in our cause through the city. Such meetings are very helpful to our isolated churches, and should be held more frequently.

LACONIA, N.H.—A friendly visit was paid by officers and members of the Concord Branch of the Women's Alliance to the Branch in Laconia on Saturday, January 12. The afternoon was given up to the visitors. The president of the Laconia Branch presided. Miss Mary A. Downing, director for New Hampshire, gave an interesting account of the Branches in that State, with hints about the best methods of local work. Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter, president of the Concord Branch, urged the importance of the missionary work, reminding Alliance members also that the association exists to quicken their religious life, and emphasizing the importance of the religious study class. Mrs. F. L. Phalen read a thoughtful and suggestive paper on "The Work of Women in our Churches." The meeting resolved itself into an informal reception, after which the Branches parted, feeling helped and strengthened by the friendly visit.

MANCHESTER, N.H.—The Unitarian society has extended a call to Rev. Charles J. Staples to become its pastor, and the call has been accepted. The society is looking forward with much interest and confidence to welcoming their new pastor, and has fresh hope of new prosperity.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.—Rev. W. C. Litchfield has resigned his pastorate here, to take effect March 5. The resignation is received with regret by the many friends, both within and outside the society, which he has made since his location in town.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—There was a large attendance last Sunday at the First Unitarian Church in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. William H. Furness, D.D., and of his installation as pastor of the First Unitarian Church. The attendance was very large, and the pulpit was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. From the Philadelphia *Ledger* we take the following abstract of his discourse: "Dr. Furness began by saying that he was ordained pastor of the church Jan. 12, 1825. He was more thankful than he could tell to all his friends. The world changes too rapidly to those growing old. The art of printing inaugurated a mighty revolution in human affairs, but the numerous inventions of the past fifty years are working greater changes. We are having irresistible proof that the freest government is the strongest government. Those early connected with the First Church were men of marked character. Among those mentioned was John Vaughan, who was distinguished, among other things, for his charitable labors among the poor. Some other early members were James Taylor of Scotland and Ralph Eddowes. Then there was Mr. Birch of England, Mr. Small, Mr. James Wood, and William Turner. It was to men of this stamp, said Dr. Furness, that seventy years ago a boy of two-and-twenty was invited to minister as their teacher. Throughout this vast universe nothing is standing still, and we are all soon forgotten; but immortal is He in whose name we are gathered in this place. Those who heard Dr. Channing preach felt they were walking in the triumphal procession of truth. He had a grave, slight figure; and his voice was flexible, sensible to the slightest emotion. People in New England, said Dr. Furness, were Unitarians long before the name was published. Thousands of converts have

been found already made. There is no creed so important as the simple lesson of human respect. That is the special office of Christianity. Dr. Furness has never been inclined to preach what is called doctrinal sermons. Unitarian thought, said he, is pervading all denominations; and why, therefore, should we be anxious to have more Unitarian churches? That denunciatory *ex-cathedra* spirit that characterized Orthodoxy has disappeared. In this community I have found many friends among all denominations. The lapse of seventy years admonishes me that the day is far spent, and the shadows are deepening. May Heaven's best blessing be on you and yours forever more! Seated on the platform were the pastor, Rev. Joseph May, D.D., and Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer of New York. A reception was tendered Dr. Furness and Dr. May in the parlors of the church on Saturday evening. Many prominent men, both among the laity and clergy, met the doctor, and congratulated him upon the conclusion of seventy successful years of service in the church."

STONEHAM, MASS.—The First Unitarian Church will celebrate its freedom from debt by holding a festival Thursday evening, January 24. With its financial freedom it hopes to enter upon a new era of spiritual prosperity.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—The Salt Lake City *Tribune*, giving a detailed list of the churches, sixty-two in number, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on New Year's Day, says of our organization: "The first shall be last, and the last first," says the Bible. If this article were not arranged alphabetically, the First Unitarian Society would have a higher place. Although one of the youngest church organizations, it has steadily increased; and the year just passed has been an important one: first, on account of the resignation of Dr. Utter and the advent of Rev. Stanley M. Hunter as the pastor; and, second, the removal from the Salt Lake Theatre to Unity Hall, where the society has found a permanent home. The congregation numbers now over two hundred; and the Sunday-school has six teachers and fifty pupils, under Dr. Utter's care. The Unity Club was organized by the new rector, Mr. Hunter, and has made rapid strides. The Ladies' Unitarian Society is an executive body, and has done excellent work through the year. Mr. Hunter also conducts a class for the study of the different doctrines of the sects of America, and the meetings of this class are very interesting."

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—Twenty-eighth annual meeting with the First Unitarian Society, Clinton.—James C. Duncan, minister.—January 23, 24. Programme: Wednesday evening, 7.30, sermon, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Cambridge. Thursday, 9.30 A.M., devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. J. H. Weeks, Westboro; 11 A.M., essay, Rev. A. J. Culp, Winchendon,—subject, "Faith or Agnosticism,"—discussion opened by Rev. F. W. Greenman, Fitchburg; 12.30 P.M., collation; 2.30, essay, Rev. V. E. Southworth,—subject, "An Animated Moderation in Church Affairs,"—discussion opened by Rev. C. A. Roys, Uxbridge.

THE MICHIGAN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE. The dedication of the People's Church in Kalamazoo was held in connection with the annual meetings of the Michigan Conference on December 18. It began with a supper given in honor of the men who had helped to build the church. Two hundred guests were present. Rev. Caroline Bartlett introduced Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., as toastmaster. After the driving of the last nail, Mr. Edward Frobenius delivered over the finished building with words that were responded to by Miss Bartlett. The architect, the stone-cutter, the carpenter, the decorator, and the organ-builder then spoke in turn, after which all the guests were invited upstairs to the Stone parlor, named in honor of Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, who delivered an address of welcome. Portraits of Mrs. Stone, Miss Helen Blount, and Mr. Silas Hubbard were presented and hung.

Wednesday morning the session was opened at nine o'clock with a devotional meeting led by Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin, Ill. At ten o'clock Mayor Osborn delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by Rev. Mr. Gould of Chicago, Rev. W. A. Taylor of Jackson, Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., Mrs. Agnes D'Arcambal of Detroit, and others. At eleven o'clock Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago gave a talk on "What to teach our Young People." At two o'clock P.M. Rabbi Grossman of Detroit gave a fine address, "What is Judaism?" followed by Rabbi Fischer of Kalamazoo and Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin. At 3.30 the business session of the Michigan Conference opened, Rev. Mr. Sunderland acting as chairman. A nominating committee was appointed, and the report of the treasurer was made and accepted. The conference then adjourned. At 7.15 the formal dedication of the People's Church began. Rev. A. N. Alcott offered the prayer of thanksgiving. The Scriptures were read by

Rabbi E. K. Fischer and Rev. A. N. Alcott. After an anthem Rev. Miss Bartlett introduced E. E. Brownson, chairman of the Church Building Committee, who gave a short history of the committee's work. After closing, he presented the keys to the society represented by Mrs. Harry B. Hoyt, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who responded for the board and society. Rev. Clarke G. Howland spoke of his past association with the church, and greetings were read from Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Rev. Dr. Small of Chicago University. The dedicatory sermon was by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. Rev. Miss Bartlett paid an eloquent tribute to the late Silas Hubbard. Then followed a responsive service by the minister and congregation and a dedicatory prayer by Rev. Marion Murdoch of Cleveland, Ohio.

Thursday morning the conference opened at nine o'clock with a devotional meeting, led by Rev. W. A. Taylor of Jackson. An address on "The Importance of Business Methods in Church Matters" was given by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago. At eleven o'clock Mr. B. F. Underwood of Chicago gave a most scholarly and interesting address upon the "Positive Side of Liberal Religious Thought," and Rev. Marion Murdoch also read an able paper upon the same topic. Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins of Chicago gave an address upon "The Jesus Christ of Christian Science," followed by Mrs. Delia Robb of Jackson.

The business session of the conference was held at 3.30. The Committee upon Nominations reported as follows: for president of the conference, Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich.; vice-president, Mr. Delos C. Brownell of Kalamazoo; secretary, Mrs. F. P. Jordan, Ann Arbor; treasurer, Mr. A. M. Tinker, Jackson. Missionary Committee: Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor; Mrs. Delia Robb, Jackson; Rev. G. W. Buckley, Sturgis; Rev. Mr. Rowan, Detroit; Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo. All of whom were duly elected. It was moved that the conference extend their heartfelt thanks to the People's Church for the courtesy and royal entertainment extended to the delegates and friends from away. Adopted. It was moved that a vote of thanks be extended to the papers of Kalamazoo for the full and complete report of the several meetings held during the conference and dedication of the People's Church. Adopted. On motion the conference adjourned. A platform closing meeting was held at 7.15 P.M. Four twenty-minute addresses were given upon "What can Religion do for this World?" participated in by Rev. Marion Murdoch of Cleveland, Ohio, B. F. Underwood of Chicago, Rev. Lee McColester of Detroit, and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, after which the organ was very appropriately dedicated. The benediction by Miss Bartlett closed one of the most interesting and inspiring meetings in the history of the Michigan Conference. J. C. Richardson, Secretary pro tem.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, January 8. There were present Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Wells and Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Dole, Fox, Gaffield, Hale, Howe, Lincoln, and Savage. The record of the last meeting was read and approved, and the monthly statement of the treasurer was presented. It being the day for the consideration of work in the Southern States, and the superintendent, Rev. George L. Chaney, being absent, all appropriations were postponed for one month, excepting one of \$185 to continue the Southern and Indian work for six months. It was voted

"That the Executive Committee be instructed to examine and audit the accounts rendered by the secretaries and superintendents of the various departments for traveling and incidental expenses, and receipts for preaching, and report the same at least once a year to the directors."

Upon the recommendation of the Western Committee it was voted that \$800 be appropriated to the First Unitarian Society of Helena for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1894.

Upon recommendation of the Publication Committee it was voted that new editions of the following books be authorized, at a cost not exceeding the sums mentioned, for "Unitarianism: Its Origin and History," \$150; for "The Perfect Life," Channing, \$75.

A communication from Rev. Edward B. Payne of Berkeley, Cal., was referred to the Pacific Coast Committee. A letter from Rev. Charles W. Wendte, describing the many openings for work in California of which we ought to avail ourselves, was also referred to the Pacific Coast Committee.

At the last annual meeting it was "Resolved, That we heartily recommend the formation of a ministry-at-large, to co-operate with our local secretaries in opening and establishing preaching stations at all available points throughout the land."

After discussion it was "Voted, That the Secretary be instructed to correspond with our superintendents and with secretaries of local conferences, with a view to ascertain how far it may be possible and expedient to carry out the plan of

opening and establishing preaching stations as recommended by the Association at its last annual meeting, or how far it may be possible and expedient to further our cause by holding local conventions, and to what extent such measures are likely to meet with sympathy and pecuniary support from the population we desire to reach, or from our own churches in the different sections of the country."

A letter was received from Rev. Frederick Preston asking for an appropriation of \$500 to establish a Unitarian church in the City of Mexico. This was referred to the Committee on the Pacific Coast.

A letter from Rev. C. H. Rogers of Oklahoma, asking for an appropriation of \$100 for a printing-press, was referred to the Western Committee.

Adjourned.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Bronchitis.—Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will give effective relief.

A Hint on Household Decoration.—We give our readers to-day a valuable hint on household decoration. Nearly every family has some bits of bric-a-brac of greater or less value. It is surprising how much their value is enhanced if they are framed in a small cabinet, and placed on exhibition in the parlor. Collectively, they are always effective; and it costs very little to secure a very charming small Curio Cabinet at Paine's on Canal Street.

Washington Excursions. All Expenses Included.—A series of personally conducted excursions to Washington, D.C., during the season of 1894-95, designed particularly to accommodate the people of New England, will be operated via the Royal Blue Line. These excursions will cover a period of seven days; and the rate of \$23 from Boston will include fare for the round trip, hotel accommodations in Washington, transfers, and all necessary expenses. The next excursion will leave Boston Wednesday, January 23; and other dates will be announced later.

For information, tickets, and circulars, call on or address A. J. Simmons, New England Passenger Agent 211 Washington Street, Boston.

A Great Institution.—The Royal Baking Powder Company is perhaps the widest and best known manufacturing institution in the world to-day,—everywhere popular and ever growing in public confidence. The good qualities of the "Royal Baking Powder" have been tested by the world's millions of housewives; and, from the beginning of the manufacture of this highly favored article of kitchen excellence, it has been in constant and increasing demand. Great credit is due the company for producing such a high-class article of baking powder and keeping it uniformly pure and free from harmful ingredients in its manufacture. The Royal Company is a business institution of almost inconceivable magnitude, and its lines of trade reach out into the remoteness of all sections of the civilized world. It takes both brains and money to successfully conduct the affairs of such a business institution, and the article of manufacture must itself be superior indeed to so thoroughly attach itself to the consumer.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Tours to "The Golden Gate."—Apart from the rare pleasure of visiting new places and witnessing novel scenes, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's tours to California will prove better educators than any number of lectures or books on travel. The immense scope of territory traversed will expand the ideas of all tourists, indelibly impress upon their minds enlarged views of this mighty Union and its vast possessions; and they will return to their homes prouder than ever of the great land whose borders are protected by the Stars and Stripes.

These tours have been arranged under the company's renowned personally conducted tourist system; and passengers will travel in magnificent Pullman trains, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Parties will leave Boston on February 19 and March 19, 1895.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Deaths.

At Littleton, 2d inst., Mrs. Sarah L. Converse, aged 75 yrs.

As the wife and widow of Rev. E. G. Adams of Templeton, who died in office eighteen years ago, Mrs. Converse was widely known for the notable place she filled in church and town during the thirty years' of her husband's pastorate in Templeton. Childless herself, her motherly heart adopted early all the children of the parish. Magnetic, enthusiastic, and sympathetic, she was largely gifted with the potencies of personal influence, and wielded them for good, suggesting Wordsworth's description of another,—

"A woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

In the church in Templeton, which had furnished the field of her more active labors, and in the church in Littleton, which assisted in the nurture of her earlier years, she preserved to the last a warm and generous interest. Her sunny disposition and cheerful faith helped to relieve the long days and months of her last illness. Death for her had no terrors, and we felt that the line recently called to our attention had beautiful fulfilment in her case,—

"Death is but a tenderness."

HOME WORK WANTED by lady with family. Either writing, cake-making, or sewing preferred. Mrs. H. M. JONES, Dover, Mass.

AN American woman who can make herself generally useful wishes the care of an invalid. Country preferred. Terms reasonable. Address E. T., care the *Christian Register*.

A LADY OF LONG EXPERIENCE wishes a position as managing housekeeper, or any suitable position of trust. Best references. Address Mrs. LEWIS, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

A middle-aged woman, with kindergarten training and experience, would like a position as housekeeper, or would accept a place as companion. Best references. Address H. W., 334 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

For the *Christian Register*.

HEAVEN.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

Oh great, wide country, border land to this,
Home of the souls who've entered into bliss!
We strain our eager eyes
To where thy summits rise:
A veil of splendor hides from sight
The wonders of thy world of light.

Oh undiscovered land, beyond the hills!
To make the journey, all our being thrills.
Is there some shining way,
That leads to perfect day?
A path along the starry blue?
For half, meseems, it shineth through.

Where hang the heaven-lit lanterns of the stars,
Where sunset draws its gold and silver bars,
Is here the jasper gate,
Where our beloved wait,
To give us welcome on thy peaceful shore,
To lead us, children, to a Father's door?

Oh restless soul! that thou should'st wish to know,
What could not profit until God bestow!
To try to look beyond
May but disturb the bond
Of simple trust: then rest thy peace,
And fear in deep tranquillity shall cease.

For thou perchance shalt find heaven is within,
The shining way where duty does begin;
God and the angels there,
Giving unceasing care;
Thy soul shall be the jasper gate,
Where thy beloved ever wait.

The Pulpit.

THE MODERN SAMARITAN:*

A NEW INTERPRETATION OF CHARITY.

BY REV. THOMAS VAN NESS.

"The cause that I knew not I searched out."—JOB.
"But the greatest of these is charity."—PAUL.

Once or twice before we have tried to get at Paul's exact meaning when he uses the Greek word *ἀγάπη*, so differently translated in the old and new version of Corinthians. Evidently, some eighteen hundred years ago, the word had not within it the large meaning which Paul desired to express. Possibly it was used loosely, to cover a variety of qualities, much as with certain very admirable words in our own language. Be that as it may, it is apparent that no better word could be found, even in the most cultivated tongue of antiquity. Consequently, the apostle is antequity required to make use of it. In his letter to the Corinthians we find it as the subject and centre for a remarkable exhortation. To guard against misunderstanding, Paul first carefully excludes the things he does not mean by *ἀγάπη*, and then adds, in sentence after sentence, what he does mean by it, until the word comes to the listener's ear freighted with such a wealth of significance that, up to the present hour, no word in any language has greater import or deeper meaning.

We shall not now analyze the word, but simply stop to inquire what one element within man is capable of manifesting itself under such different characteristics as patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, sincerity.

Surely, nothing less is defined here than the very qualities of the soul itself. Our translators, in taking the word "love" for the English equivalent, must have had in mind not so much its smaller modern interpretation as its good old Teutonic meaning; for, as you know, love comes from *leben*, to live. To love, then, is to live: not to love is not to live. Love, therefore, is life. As Luther puts it, when I say I devotedly love another, I mean that I desire to be in perfect union with that I love,—his wishes my wishes, his joys my joys. No more will my acts be done simply to please myself. In proportion as my love is strong do I give up myself,—the self disappears in others. I lose my little life, and find it larger, more complete, in union with that life which is beyond and outside the petty circle of conscious personality.

What sweeter, finer definition of God than that which is in the New Testament, "God is Love" (*ἀγάπη*), because God is infinite Life? There is, then, the element of sacrifice in this word "love." In some way it means the renouncing, to a certain extent, of our own life, or, to more exactly state it, the *sharing* of our personal life with those around us. Judged from the religious standard, it is only in so far as we do put self into our actions that there

is anything either moral or unmoral about them. A man may give of his wealth, his eloquence, his knowledge, his property, as Paul would say; but, if in this giving there is nothing of himself, of his own "life-fibre," then it is not the giving of love we witness, but merely an automatic semblance of the same, out from which there is extracted all soul quality.

Thus much being understood, the practical question arises, To how great a degree must the sacrifice of self be carried? What actions in this direction shall we applaud, what condemn? As we look back over history, we see a great wave of enthusiasm arising, which sweeps hundreds and hundreds of men into the ranks of the Crusaders,—those who enlist, and give up home and property and family to devote themselves to the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. Apparently, they carry out most literally the injunctions of Jesus to sell all that they have, to renounce father and mother and wife and child for what is thought imperative duty to the Christian cause. What shall we say, then, of the Crusaders? Are they worthy of our highest applause? As we ask the question, there comes to our mind that second children's crusade which the empire of Russia so lately knew. A children's crusade I call it, because the young men and maidens who went forth from the cities to preach to the peasantry the gospel of socialism were little more than children. Analyze that stage of Nihilism, the period of propaganda, and you find it as unselfish, as enthusiastic, as fully dominated with lofty religious zeal, as fully consecrated in its efforts to reclaim the lost, as any period in mediæval days. I know of nothing more pathetic than the picture of those university students and well-born sons and daughters forsaking comfortable homes and going forth to live with poor, dull, unlettered peasants,—to work with them at the hardest and most menial employments, in order that, when night came, they could gather these same mujiks into some thatched cottage, and by the light of a dim smoking candle read and expound the new gospel of Nihilism; and in Western Europe to-day we find men devoting themselves to a political idea, and committing acts or writing articles in its name which send them to prison or to worse. Yet, even as they go, they shout with a glad confidence their faith, in the phrase, "Long live anarchy!"

Are all these, then, to be commended along with the early Christian saints, martyrs, and teachers? At once we answer, No; for, as Paul has expressly stated, something more is requisite than mere blind faith in a cause such as would remove mountains, or a willingness even to give one's body to be burned.

These self-regardless acts have no more reason to be classed among those termed "charitable" than the needless sacrifice of Xerxes's nobles to please a whim of that sovereign, who, when he so commanded them, paid him reverence, and then plunged into the wild sea to their certain death; or than the brave generosity of certain members of Napoleon's old guard, who at moments of danger rushed in, and took the blows intended for their general. Love may be willing to go to such lengths if needs be, but the cause or the man for whom so much is given must be well worthy of the sacrifice. A *right-acting intelligence* as well as a strong-moving emotion is essential, otherwise the most extravagant generosity may be worse than useless,—more, it may be sheer folly or blind madness.

What we can thus see so plainly in regard to these more exaggerated enthusiasms should not be lost sight of when we come to examine the less dramatic actions in our own every-day experiences in business or domestic relations. A mother must not carry her devotion to her children to that point where her own health is ruined, a father must not slave at his business so that he is worn out before his time, nor must a wife completely sink her individuality in order that her husband may better enjoy the things of the world. In short, proper love for others may often imply due regard for self. It is exactly here where a great amount of intelligence needs to be brought to bear on the simplest acts of every day, in order that each may do his charitable duty, not only, as he supposes, to others, but as well to himself. We repeat, illuminated intelligence should go hand in hand with fervid emotion,—the head yoked with the heart. Otherwise, the

best-intentioned person, by a sudden act, may do more harm than can be corrected by many after years of the most conscientious and painstaking labor.

Having now a firm basis upon which to stand, let us go forward to ask *when*, as it were for others or for society's welfare, we should give of ourselves, and when even to the point of death. I think Ruskin helps us to the answer; and, because of the pertinence of the quotation, I give it entire:—

Five great intellectual professions exist in every civilized nation. The soldier's profession is to defend it; the pastor's, to teach it; the physician's, to keep it in health; the lawyer's, to enforce justice in it; the merchant's, to provide for it. And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it. On due occasion; that is, the soldier, rather than leave his post in battle; the physician, rather than leave his post in plague; the pastor, rather than teach falsehood; the lawyer, rather than countenance injustice.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged to place his own son in the position of a common sailor,—as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master and owner of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman,—as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men.

And, as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his vessel in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel,—as a father would, in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

"As a father would act toward his own son." Here is a partial answer to our question: here, at least, is the rule to put into effect in our relations with those persons who are of the lower classes. *Lower*, did I say? Yes, lower, but only in the sense that a son is lower than his father; for such persons have the same inherent capacities we possess, only those capacities are latent, not yet developed. Like as with a child, so with them: their misfortunes, their sufferings, come mainly through unregulated emotions, from an inability to realize to their own imagination the needs of the future, and, consequently, an improvident waste of the things immediately at hand. Thus are they content to lead a happy-go-lucky existence, bounded each day by the hours of that day; and, just as we notice in the boy the hasty temper that would destroy its possessor united with a generous self-abandon which comes from inexperience, so can we find counterpart characteristics in the poorer and improvident classes.

What is our method with the child we love? Because the qualities of disposition which betoken unripeness and youth appear in him, do we therefore cast him off? Nay, for the very reason that he is so in need, so weak in the things that give success in life, do we strive the more earnestly to see that his education is not neglected. It is the aim of every intelligent and loving father to have his son learn self-control and economy, to know how to make the will supreme over the emotions and passions, more especially to learn the right relations which should exist between man and man in business and social intercourse.

To how great an extent is the merchant striving to do this same thing with those in his employ? How much time and thought is the manufacturer expending in trying to develop the bodies and souls of his work hands, as well as in trying to get every iota of labor out of them? "The function of wealth," it has been said, "is to secure perfection of character and the promotion of social welfare." The promotion of social welfare! How largely does the income of the millionaire go toward the social uplifting of the masses? how far to the perfection of his own character? In the light of our text these, indeed, are most pertinent questions.

In this connection, possibly, it may not be altogether out of place to refer to the late Pullman strike, although, as a rule, it is not well for purposes of illustration to point to recent actions, where passion and prejudice make it difficult for men to see events in their proper proportion. Nevertheless, it is fair to ask whether Mr. Pullman, after having induced a certain number of working people to come to the town

which he had built, where they were largely at the mercy of his will and dependent upon his power, acted toward them, in their first exhibition of childish anger, as a father would toward his own son. And it is equally fair to ask whether, if such had been his procedure, there would have followed the strikes, riots, and bloodshed, the loss of property, and the prostration of a happy and thriving industrial centre, with the present hard and strained relations between employer and employees. Further, it is not inappropriate to inquire whether such forbearance, such an intellectual attitude, would not have been more truly *charitable*, and therefore more worthy of applause, than the giving of ever so many hundreds of dollars to missions, churches, or the relief organizations of Chicago.

Let us pass now to another phase of the subject. If charitable feelings are correctly developed, they will lead us not only into more just relations with our fellows, but, concomitantly, there will be on our part a more earnest study of present social and political conditions.

Civilization is in a transition stage. Real freedom of opportunity for all men is but a phrase. There exist to-day in society many hindrances to individual progress, such as inherited privileges, unjust discriminations, legal monopolies, etc. These mainly help one class to the detriment of another. The love and tenderness exhibited by the Samaritan are admirable; but for us, in order to duplicate his good act, it is not necessary to wait until the traveller is knocked down on the Jericho road, beaten, robbed, and left half dead by a ruffianly gang of fellows, before we go to his assistance. While not so ostentatious, it is certainly more useful, and consequently more commendable, to inquire how it happens that the Jericho road is unsafe, and to bring the whole weight of our influence to bear upon the police system, in order that the safety of the public roads may be maintained. The act which seeks to prevent is certainly as charitable as the act which, after the mishap, steps in with brotherly help and sustenance.

But intelligent charity will go one degree further. Not only will it require of us to give our time and our energy to public duties as citizens, but it will command as well that we spend some thought on the consideration of what is wrong in the present conditions of society. Why are men out of work and compelled to tramp from one State to another, often under the temptation of robbing and stealing from the travellers on the Jericho road? How comes it that we have hungry ones, when there is more in the land to eat than can be used? How comes it that certain people are cold, when there are millions of tons of coal in the ground, and many of these people are willing to dig it? How comes it, I repeat, that people have no home but the highway, when whole counties and districts of land are lying idle, of no good to either man or beast? No, it is not enough to visit the sick and give alms to the poor. These do not now express the whole duty of philanthropy. Jesus commanded his first followers to comfort the sorrowing and visit those in prison. But, as it has been well said, "he commands you and me in this century to investigate the *causes* of physical evil; to master the science of health; to consider the question of education with a view to intelligent action on the part of the poor, the question of labor with a view to their prosperity, the question of trade with a view to the business health of the body corporate." And, while all these investigations are made, with free expense of our energy, our time, and our means, let us not afterward be afraid to try to work out in society that rearrangement of human life which is in accord with the results such investigations give. Let us awake, then, from our apathy. To such study each one of us is called. The times demand it, loyalty to the kingdom of God demands it. Remember, we are accountable not only for the evil which we ourselves do, but for the evil which we might have prevented. "The cause that I knew not I searched out." This spirit of the ancient writer must be ours to-day.

Lastly, what does charity imply to equals? i.e., what does it impose upon us when we are with those who are of the same station in life? First of all, a patience with their weaker characteristics and a disposi-

*A sermon preached Dec. 9, 1894, at the Boston Quarterly Charity Lecture founded 1702.

tion to suffer long without complaint for their sakes; added to that, a kindness and an instant generosity where actual need arises; combined with these, a humanity which should be the very opposite of that egotistic forwardness so common in the average young American; then a gentle courtesy, which willingly takes a subordinate position in public or on a committee, and gladly joins in the applause to one who perhaps may be considered a rival in business or professional life, "is not easily provoked" by opposition or perhaps in the midst of a monetary or free-trade discussion, but lays aside social prejudice and acts with a Christ-like guilelessness, not believing the evil told of a neighbor, and refusing absolutely to join in the petty social gossip that finds amusement in picking to tatters and holding up to laughter the reputation or pretensions of a friend.

As Drummond has well said, "The business, the real business, of our lives—of your life, of my life—is to have these characteristics of charity fitted into our own characters." The supreme work to which we need to address ourselves is to learn love. Life is not a holiday, but an education. The one eternal lesson for us all is, *How better can we love?* The greatest of these is charity, life. Without that all else is as nothing. Friends, are we willing to give self? *To such renunciation, and to nothing less, do I invite you this morning.* Said Garibaldi to his Roman friends before he would accept them as his soldiers: "Citizens, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle, and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodging, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watch-posts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries. Those who love freedom and their country may follow me." So, for the ideal kingdom and the promised land, saints, apostles, martyrs, and confessors have gladly given their all, suffering privation and hunger, disappointment and sickness, sorrow and death; for they looked forward to a city which hath eternal foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Now, behold, the word of our leader comes to us, saying, "Advance!" Shall we alone prove unfaithful?

THE HOME SCHOOL.

BY REV. LYMAN CLARK.

Parents having children to educate, and needing, as many do, the help of a boarding-school, may well seek these conditions.

The best educational facilities are required. The teachers should be well qualified, and should have the needful facilities with which to work,—well-furnished school buildings, dormitory, class-rooms, laboratory, library, gymnasium, and campus or grounds for recreation. With these facilities the education, health, and physical training can all receive the proper attention. The home care and training that will be provided at the dormitory will be a very important feature of the school situation. There should be a distinct recognition of the need of training in the habits, manners, and social usages that belong to good society. The education should be furnished under conditions favorable to the acquirement of good social habits. The religious associations should have careful consideration. If the school gives proper attention to the elementary virtues which are the foundation of every good life, the special religious associations preferred by the parents may be found in the neighboring churches. Denominational teaching has no proper place in the class-room. Catechisms are not good text-books for school use.

It is easily seen that the supply of all these facilities requires a liberal expenditure of money. When President Eliot outlined for the Unitarian Club a high-class fitting school, "polydenominational," as he described it, the cost was estimated at \$500,000. About \$500 is needed for the apparatus with which to prepare a pupil for Harvard College in the single study of physics.

Various good schools are found, under Unitarian or liberal management; but, because of the fact that other denominations have done more in the direction of the thorough furnishing of their denominational schools, Unitarians have often sent children to these schools. And not unfre-

quently the pupil has sent the parents an invitation to come and see him confirmed, as the result of the proselytism of such schools. Such a case was reported to the writer last week. Many of our churches have suffered the loss of some of their young people by this process. There is need of a Unitarian mission to Unitarian children. They have, in a measure, been a missionary field for the other denominations by means of the denominational schools. We should earnestly ask the question, What can be done? The will of the late Mrs. J. M. Hunt of Nashua is reported as containing a bequest of \$3,000 for Proctor Academy. Unitarians have, individually, given more for undenominational education than President Eliot asked for in behalf of a polydenominational school. Jonas Clark gave several million dollars to establish Clark University at Worcester, Mass. Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N.H., was established by the gift of a million of dollars. Both of these benefactions came from Unitarians. The writer hopes to see the time when good home schools, under Unitarian control, will receive that liberality which is called for to put them in condition to do the best work. Proctor Academy and the Prospect Hill School have both, for the past dozen years or more, been seeking an endowment. These and other schools ought to have it. Rev. Brooke Herford, in a report made as chairman of the Council of the National Conference, called for a high-class school. Such a school might well be built up at Concord, Mass., or some other desirable location. The object is worthy of having a half million of dollars devoted to it, perhaps in memory of some one of the noble benefactors of humanity whose names are a part of our history.

By comparatively recent action of the American Unitarian Association we have now a school committee for the denomination. The writer is not aware that there has been any meeting as yet for the consideration of the general situation. Such consideration is needed, and some report might well be made which would embody a denominational policy. There is no good sense in our committing our children to other denominations to educate while we whet our zeal in behalf of missions to the great world about us. If Unitarianism is good for the world, as we believe, it is good for Unitarian children; and they ought not to be sent to schools that will deny them the privilege of attendance at a Unitarian church or Sunday-school.

We need good home schools, equal to the best. There is no good logic in our taking the position that, as others have conducted denominational schools in a way that we disapprove, therefore we will do nothing. We should rather educate in what we think to be the better way. The example of Mrs. Hunt in aiding the educational endowment that is so much needed is to be commended.

Several of our ministers are devoting themselves to this work. Such as have the needed scholarship, sympathy with young people, good business sense and administrative faculty, may well do so. The educational work is a distinct interest of the denomination that ought to have its corps of ministers devoted to its effective advancement.

Our Committee on Education might well examine the work or status of existing schools, and recommend to the denomination such as are worthy of the support of our people. The Year Book ought to contain a satisfactory list of such schools, which may thus be commended to Unitarian patronage.

NEW YORK LETTER.

One is reminded by the new spirit of reform that is at work in our municipal affairs of Emerson's address on "Man the Reformer," delivered in 1841. Now, as then, all things seem to hear the trumpet and rush to judgment. The last thing to be publicly assailed is the gross abuses connected with the public schools in this city. Last spring one of the commissioners of the School Board took it upon himself to visit personally every school-building in the city, and to take notes upon its condition. For his valuable services in this matter he lost, some time ago, his position on the board. His report disclosed a state of things which was a disgrace to those who were responsible for it. The abuses seemed to exist

largely in the schools for the poorer children. These were outrageously overcrowded, in one case one thousand little ones being packed into a building containing sixteen inadequate rooms, with not a safe exit in case of fire. The disclosures regarding unsanitary plumbing, lack of light and air, were too dreadful easily to credit. Yet these facts have just been substantiated by more recent visits to the schools made by reporters of the *New York Times*. The semi-annual report of Mr. Snyder, Superintendent of School Buildings, shows that few, if any, of these abominable conditions have been remedied since first disclosed. "It is lack of money," says the Board of Education. "Not a sufficient excuse," say the reformers. "New York may not spend sufficient money on its schools, but it is entirely certain that what it does spend is wastefully used." Aroused public sentiment, the ultimate force in the American government, and courageous Mayor Strong will undoubtedly bring about a reform of these evils.

Emerson, in his address above referred to, says that the very extravagance of abuses often makes the reformers tend to an extreme idealism. Such is evidently the opinion of Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, one of our best authorities on all matters pertaining to civil service and good government. By means of a series of newspaper articles on "Police Reorganization," Mr. Eaton has endeavored to turn aside the immanent danger of too extreme and experimental reforms in the police service. He does not favor a single-headed police commission, which some prominent men have advocated; and he does not believe in a too sweeping and immediate change in the personnel of the present police force. He advocates the adding of three new members to the present Board of Commissioners, each to hold office during good behavior. His plan also includes the preparation of a well-digested police law, and the reform of many other unwise present arrangements.

All Souls' Church has been the centre of a large share of our denominational activities of late. On Friday, January 4, at a spirited meeting of the New York League, "The University Settlement" was discussed by some of the workers in this noble social movement. Miss Catherine Jones traced the historical development of the University Settlement, and described its sociological methods. The movement originated in England, spread into Scotland, and came finally to the United States in 1889. Hull House in Chicago, under the charge of Miss Jane Addams,—there reverently and affectionately known as the "angel of Hull House,"—and the house on Rivington Street in this city, were the first American settlements. Briefly defined, a University, Social, or College Settlement, is a house located in a poor district, and filled with earnest, educated, warm-hearted men or women, who attempt no sudden and strange reforms, but quietly study the needs of the neighborhood, and then try to supply the initiative force which will help the poor people to do for themselves.

Miss Ada L. Woolfolk gave a talk on the attitude of the settlements toward the problems of city life. One of her most striking statements was that life among the poor prevented the making of and the giving of support to unwise laws. As an example, she took the temperance question. While continually fighting the evil of intemperance, no settlement would give its support to the closing of the saloons on Sunday. Men would have their beer every day in the week. Depriving them of a legitimate way of obtaining it led to bribery of the policemen, and to general dishonesty all around. Even the little children were not exempt. They fibbed glibly to protect their parents.

Both Miss Jones and Miss Woolfolk spoke without notes, and with an ease and eloquence which testified to good training. Miss Mildred Conway continued the discussion by giving an account of the men's settlement at No. 10 Delancy Street. Miss M. E. Buttrick gave a thoughtful paper on the attitude of the settlements toward religion. Miss Doughty of the Philadelphia Settlement said that, unlike working-girls' clubs, the settlements did not isolate an individual member of a family by bestowing all its advantages upon one. It reached the child in the kindergarten, the mother, the father, and the grown-up children in the various clubs and training classes that it fostered. She had known one member of a working-girls' club who grew to be

ashamed of her ignorant mother. Such a tragic outcome was impossible under the working methods of a college settlement.

The meeting of the New York Sunday School Union held at All Souls' parish house on January 7 was an extremely interesting one. The admirable address by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot on "What shall we sing in our Sunday-schools?" drew forth an interesting and instructive discussion. Mr. Eliot has also recently given a highly commended address before the New England Society of Brooklyn on "The Poets and Poetry of New England."

Cards have just been issued for a reception to be given at the parish house by All Souls' Church to its new assistant minister, Rev. Frederick J. Gauld. Mr. Gauld is winning the approval of all for his able and efficient services in connection with the mission work of the church. In order the better to provide for this work,—which, under the management of the Friendly Aid Society of this parish, has developed to considerable proportions,—a building has just been purchased on Second Avenue where this branch of the church's work will in the future be largely centred. It is to be called the All Souls' Friendly Aid House.

A paper on "Some Recent Novels," by Rev. Dr. James G. Townsend, was read at the last ministers' lunch, held, as usual, at the Reform Club. Dr. Townsend was severely critical of the modern novel, and his strictures drew forth an animated discussion. The stories of the lamented Stevenson did not escape Dr. Townsend's criticism. This is the more interesting because of the recent memorial meeting at Carnegie's Hall to do honor to the memory and genius of Mr. Stevenson. The audience was a large and brilliant one, and the literary men on the platform seemed to tacitly testify by their presence to the high place of honor that the late romancer had won in literature. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman presided at the meeting. Of the six addresses made, none was more tender than that of Dr. Edward Eggleston, a friend of Mr. Stevenson, who knew him, he said, to be one of the most lovable of men, never set up with his own reputation, and whose matchless literary work was free from the taint of the "eroticism" of the modern novel typified in Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant. Likewise, none of the addresses was more eloquent than Mr. Carnegie's, who fittingly spoke for the first time in his own hall to do honor to the genius of his fellow-countryman. The other speakers were George W. Cable, John Foord, and David Christie Murray. The latter told a story of himself and Sir John E. Millais. Being asked by the latter if he would like to become a great painter, and replying that he would, the artist said, "Well, Mr. Murray, you have only to put the right colors in the right place." So in literature it was putting the right word in the right place,—an art which Mr. Stevenson had apparently mastered.

Another genius whose work is just now receiving attention here is the late George

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Inness, two hundred and forty of whose pictures, belonging to his estate, are on exhibition at the galleries of the Fine Arts Society in Fifty-seventh Street. At the American Art Galleries on Twenty-third Street a score or more of paintings by the same artist are also on exhibition. Of No. 7 in the latter collection Mr. Benjamin Constant has taken pains to say in the press that, "if signed by Millet, Turner, or Corot, it would be worth \$10,000 or more. No warm and stormy day in June has ever been better felt or expressed better." Both collections present an embarrassment of riches to the picture-lover. Word-pictures from some of the poets flash to mind while standing before some of these remarkable canvases, many of which deal superbly with such difficulties as the representation of "A Quiet-colored End of Evening." It is hoped by many that the New York Metropolitan Museum will secure some of these pictures at the public sale in February of those belonging to the artist's estate.

M. A. M.

Literature.

EMERTON'S "MEDIÆVAL EUROPE."*

The work that lies before us is one that will be of great use to the young student of history, for it fills a real gap in English historical literature. The work of Hallam is long since superannuated; Guizot's "History of Civilization" is teeming with errors; and the latest work on the subject, Henderson's "Germany in the Middle Ages," is too rugged in form, and too much a mass of detail, to be of service to the beginner. Whatever slight faults we shall have to point out later in Prof. Emerton's style, there is no doubt but that the narrative flows on gracefully and easily, and that the reader is led on very naturally from one event to another. The "philosophic grasp" which he praises in Otto of Freisingen is a quality which Prof. Emerton possesses himself to a considerable extent. The second chapter, for instance, on the development of the papal power, from the earliest times to the end of the Carolingian period, is remarkable as a logical treatment in small compass of an intricate and difficult subject. Extremely useful are the rich literary references which head each chapter, although it is much to be regretted that the author did not know of the later edition of Wattenbach's "Geschichtsquellen" (1885 and 1886), which might have furnished him occasionally with references to better texts of original sources. The new edition of "Dahlmann-Waitz," which gives a complete bibliography of German history, came out too late to be of use.

The greatest fault that we have to find with Prof. Emerton's book is a certain one-sidedness and want of proportion: certain subjects, which seem to have interested the writer especially, are treated with great fulness; others, equally important, are disposed of in a most cavalier manner. Thus the conflicts of the empire with the papacy fill nearly half the book; but the reign of Henry VI., in which no such conflict took place, but which, nevertheless, is one of the most important in the history of the empire, is sadly neglected. Mention is made, indeed, of Henry's vain effort to make the throne hereditary in his own house; but nothing is said of the fact that the princes at first acquiesced in the plan, and at the diet of Wurzburg (April, 1196) drew up charters to that effect, having been promised, not, as Prof. Emerton has it, that fiefs should be hereditary, but that they should be transferable to daughters and collateral relatives in default of direct male heirs. Henry was obliged to relinquish his plan, and did so with a good grace, but, nevertheless,—a point on which Prof. Emerton has not a word to say,—succeeded more nearly in realizing the old imperial ideal of world-monarchy than any of his predecessors or successors. The hand of death was laid upon him in the moment of his triumph, but not until he had gained the rule of the Sicilian-Apulian kingdom, not until he had forced the king of England to become his vassal for the moment, and had wrung such tribute from the Greek empire that the tombs of the emperors had to be sacked to pay the lordly demands. Surely, the man who did all this deserves to have devoted to

him more than one-tenth of the space given to a Conrad II.

Take another instance of the author's tendency to be one-sided, and to tell but half the story. The vain efforts of Otto I. to carry on the administration of his great monarchy by the aid of the national dukes are told with some detail; but no mention is made of the new policy which the disappointed emperor adopted,—how he rested his hopes henceforward on the clergy, and commenced making them those huge grants of lands and immunities which, continued on a still larger scale by his son and grandson, until whole counties had been deeded away, were so to enrich the Church as to make the later war of the investitures a struggle for life or death between the empire and the papacy.

Decidedly, one-sidedness is the author's besetting sin. It is one-sided that, in a chapter which deals with the intellectual life of the Middle Ages, there should be no mention of the "Nibelungenlied," or of that great exponent of the highest chivalry, the "Parsifal" of Wolfram of Eschenbach. It is one-sided, too, to dwell on the French and Italian communes, and not to attempt to trace the growth of those German cities which, on the empire's fall in 1250, were to become heirs for a time of the imperial or at least the royal power.

Of actual mistakes there are few to chronicle, though the startling assertion cannot well be passed by that the conversion of lands into feudal proprietorships was more rapid and more complete in Germanic than in Romanic countries. Nor was it ever possible in Germany to lay down the general principle, "Nulle terre sans seigneur." There were always allodial holdings, though the latter were sometimes dignified by the euphonious title of "fiefs of the sun." In ending our review, we would like to call attention to one or two colloquialisms which might well be eliminated in a new edition. Other expressions had better be used for the "direct lord, who 'took it out' of the tillers of the soil"; for the "Roman party, which had 'tossed up its hat' for Otto III."; and for the "pilgrims of the cross, who were now 'cutting their eye-teeth' with a vengeance." H.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES, RELIGIOUS, LITERARY, AND SOCIAL. By Phillips Brooks, late Bishop of Massachusetts.—Edited by Rev. John Cotton Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.—Phillips Brooks is known to the public as the great preacher. His brother has now given us a collection of essays and addresses comprising all of which there is any satisfactory record of his public utterances outside of the pulpit. These are of value, both for their intrinsic merits and also because they give us a fuller insight into his general opinions and intellectual methods. His printed sermons have already made evident the breadth of his sympathy and the elevation of his thought. The same spirit which made him the great preacher pervades these general addresses. We note in him the peculiarities which marked both Stanley and Frederic Robertson,—the power of seeing the truest and best features in different and even opposite opinions, and so stating them as to make them appear as one side of the truth. His mind was not critical, but receptive; and this enabled him to come into agreement where the critic would find reasons for dissent. Thus, like the bee, he gathered honey from very unlike flowers. He looked on all subjects from a broad and elevated point of view, and his mind was fresh and alive to what he saw. This he urged upon others. "The Church has no unwritten law, no interpretation of her creed to which her children must conform. That is a truth concerning her on which we always must insist. She has her creed, in which all her children alike believe; and all believe differently. Thus she keeps the union of identity and variety, which all living things must have. Thus she bids each believer be a sharer in the belief of all, while at the same time he holds his own personal conviction clear. Dogmatism loses the liberty and life of personal conviction, scepticism loses the largeness of universal faith. The Church, if she holds her creed as a creed ought to be held, is neither dogmatic nor sceptical, but keeps both the special and the universal, and makes them minister to each other. This is why she is the home of generous belief." Akin to this breadth of thought was a vivid belief in the power of truth, and that man is a child of God. He made his appeal to the human soul with the deep conviction that, in its best moods, it would respond to that which was truly noble and heroic. Both in his preaching and addresses this is marked. Thus, in his address on Luther, in speaking of the reformer's great central truth of justification by faith, he says: "It was of the soul and the experience, not of

the reason. Faith was not an act, but a being; not what you did, but what you were. The whole truth of the immanence of God and the essential belonging of the human life to the divine; the whole truth that God is a power in man, and not simply a power over man, building him as a man builds a house, guiding him as a man steers a ship,—this whole truth, in which lies the seed of all humanity, all progress, all great human hope, lay in the truth that justification was by faith, and not by works." Again, in his address to the Children's Aid Society, he asks: "What is to keep the world safe in the midst of all these dangers? The great, everlasting, primal things underlying history. In new regions of danger, amid forces of greater comprehensiveness than ever before, it is human character: it is the simple nature of man known in his divineness as a child of God." Once more, we see how much stress he placed on the power of personality. Thus, in his address before the Divinity School at Yale University, on "The Teaching of Religion," he asks: "And now what is this primary comprehensive conception of the religious teacher's work which grows in the mind of the Christian minister through many years of work? I answer without hesitation. It is the personal conception: it is the notion that his task consists in bringing the personal Christ to the personal human nature, to the human soul. I am sure that the highest delight and the highest effect of a man's preaching comes just in the degree in which all the circumstances of his work,—first, its great perpetual departments, the instruction in doctrine, the awakening of feeling, the enforcement of law; and then all its minute details, the methods of preaching, the habits of study, the ways of parish government, the relationships to individuals,—all find their dignity, their interpretation, their urgency, and their harmony with one another by being included in one simple conception of a personal introduction of person to person, of the teacher by every means in his power, making real and influential the personality of Jesus Christ upon the personalities of the men whom he is teaching. . . . The minister who has reached and holds always the simplest picture of what his ministry means, that he is to make the personal Christ known to men, in the same way, in the same sense, only with infinitely more of responsibility and joy than that with which one man makes his brother know another man who has helped him, and who he knows may help them both,—the minister to whom this picture of his work in life is always clear, to whom all the duties and circumstances of his ministry play within this picture, giving it vividness, but never making it confused and dim,—he is the preacher, in every land, in every age, who really teaches men religion." We have given only a few thoughts which this new book suggests. As a whole, it is very inspiring; and, if it does not present any newer features of the great preacher's thought and method than have been already given in his printed sermons, it represents him in a broader field. And it cannot fail to remind us once more of the power, vitality, and inspiration of the personality of Phillips Brooks.

SOCIALISM AND SOCIAL REFORM. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—Prof. Ely does not belong to the ranks of the unemployed. No man who wields a hammer or a hoe can be more industrious than he. His volumes, of which this is the last, form a little library on social and industrial problems; and this volume is more interesting from the recent attacks made upon Prof. Ely by the Superintendent of Education in Wisconsin. His book bears out the claim of the preface, that it is written in a conservative spirit. It is not revolutionary, and certainly not anarchistic. Prof. Ely is a conservative of the progressive order, who is not satisfied with the existing conditions. A large proportion of his book is descriptive and analytical of socialistic ideas and schemes. The word "socialism" is generally used very loosely; and a good deal of space is devoted by Prof. Ely in defining, explaining, and clearing away misapprehensions. His attitude is apologetic, sympathetic, expository. Some of his vindications would apply to one system of socialism, and not to another; for there is nothing clearer than that there is socialism and socialism. There is a great difference, for instance, between the English Fabians, who are students and observers of socialism, and the extreme and dogmatic schools, such as may be found among German socialists or communists in this country. The rapid decline of Nationalism is recognized, and its general absorption into the Populist movement. Mr. Ely draws distinctions between socialism and social reform which it is necessary to quote to indicate his position: "Socialism, finally, must be contrasted with social reform. The two often favor similar measures, and are confounded by loose observers; but, the more carefully one looks into them, the greater appears the difference. Socialists themselves have come to see this, but it has not been so generally perceived by the more pronounced opponents of socialism. Social reform has been called by a German writer 'positivism,' to

indicate its positive constructive nature. It does not hold that an entire social reconstruction is necessary, but believes that much which has been done in the past and is incorporated in the existing society is very good; and it proposes the careful development and improvement of existing institutions. Social reform does not find any one panacea for social evils, but holds that remedies are numerous, because society is many-sided and complex. Social reform views with favor what socialists and adherents of the panaceas generally look upon with impatience as mere patchwork. Social reform looks to the Church and voluntary associations of men as well as to the State for further growth and improvement. Social reform is very generally willing to extend the functions of government, and is not unfrequently willing to go so far as the socialization of monopoly; but it does not see the desirability of the socialization of the entire industrial field. Social reform is conservative, and not revolutionary." The second part of the volume deals with the strength of socialism. The waste which comes through competition is shown by instances of which there are a multitude; but the good results of competition, which are often exhibited in increased accommodations and opportunities for the public, are not fully exhibited. That some of these wastes would be reduced under socialism is evident, but there are elements in individualism which the abolition of competition would sacrifice. It is clear that Mr. Ely sometimes states the objections to socialism without really answering them. In the concluding part of his work the author presents what he calls "The Golden Mean, or Practical Social Reform." He favors the socialization of national monopolies and wide diffusion of property under laws of inheritance, public employment bureaus, and public ownership of forests. Many other ways of social reform are suggested. The variety and breadth of Prof. Ely's suggestions; the fact that he has no single panacea for the cure of all ills, but is rather a general practitioner,—create confidence in the reader. The man who shows how much may be done is not so dangerous as he that claims that to do anything is impossible, or he who advocates a single cure-all for the diseases of society. An appendix contains valuable matter for reference, and the excellent bibliography at the end will be a great help to the student of socialism.

GREAT COMMANDERS: GENERAL LEE. By Fitzhugh Lee, his Nephew and Cavalry Commander. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The present generation of readers is fortunate in being able to estimate the worth of the great actors in the war for the Union, undisturbed by any of the prejudice and heat which were apt to attend all contemporary discussions, North and South, of the men and operations of that critical time in American history; and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's story of the life of the great Confederate soldier will aid in furthering a dispassionate view of the spirit which led the South to battle. The story is told with great love and reverence for its hero, as, indeed, no picture of such a character could be justly presented without admiration for his high order of military skill, his disinterested devotion to what appeared to him to be his plain patriotic duty, and his constant modesty and gentleness toward friends and opponents. To put into such limited compass a fairly full account of Lee's campaigns would be a difficult undertaking; and so it is chiefly the beginnings of the war which obtain here their best presentation,—the times when Lee was making his first impressions upon the imaginations of lookers-on, which were to be deepened as the war proceeded through temporary victory to final disaster. Concerning Gettysburg, it is evidently the biographer's judgment that to Longstreet and Ewell belong the responsibility of the Confederate defeat, which is recognized as the turning-point when hope of a successful maintenance of the Confederate nation began to fade into doubt. The military criticisms of Union commanders and campaigns are such as would come from any impartial critic, and are fair and kind.

THE FAIRIES' FESTIVAL. By John Witt Randall. Edited by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. Illustrated by Francis Gilbert Atwood. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.—Although born in 1813, the author of this poem is unknown to fame. Dr. Abbot tells us that in 1856 he published at his own expense a volume of his poems, with the title "Consolations of Solitude." The sale was meagre, and the remnant of a small edition was soon withdrawn for gratuitous distribution. It would be interesting to know how many readers of this volume were readers of that also. The writer of this notice congratulates himself that he was one of them, the gratuitous copy coming to him from Stanley Abbot, a brother of Dr. Abbot,—one of those for whom Harvard built her Memorial Hall,—when he was at Phillips Exeter Academy in 1859. "The Fairies' Festival" is well deserving of its tardy publication, and of the beautiful and sumptuous book in which it is enshrined. Mr. Atwood's illustrations are in perfect sympathy with the poem, and are

*"MEDIÆVAL EUROPE," 814-1300. By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D., Professor of History in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

very charming by that sign. The only shadow of regret that rests upon the poem is that it is not addressed to the intelligence of children, but to the maturer mind. It is very bright, and it is very beautiful, and it is very far from being orthodox. Its comment on the traditional theology is by no means flattering. Dr. Abbot informs us that it is part of a longer poem, and that the rest will some time be printed, and with it the "Consolations of Solitude," revised by the author. Those who love poetry for its own sake will find abundance of it here.

GREAT COMMANDERS: GENERAL HANCOCK. By Gen. Francis A. Walker. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Gen. Walker's story of the career of a famous Union corps commander is full of personal affection for an officer with whom he was in intimate official relations in the Second Corps, and awakens in the reader the author's admiration for Hancock as a man, a soldier, and a patriot. The delineation of battles is spirited and vivid, bringing back to at least one combatant, in some of the momentous occurrences in which Hancock bore a leading part, the memories of the field in certain life-like ways which few recent narratives of battle have so stirred. With outspoken praise for the great company of lesser officers to whom the Army of the Potomac owes its fame quite as much as to the more renowned generals, there are also some brief but effective characterizations of faults, blunders, and malicious falsehoods of soldiers and historians, which are a confirmation of the judgment of some other students of the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

THE MANXMAN. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It is not too much to call this a wonderfully strong novel,—strong in its study of different characters, its analysis of the opposing desires in a single human heart, which impel alternately upward and downward; and strong, too, in its plot, which culminates in a climax not unlike that of the minister's confession in "The Scarlet Letter." There are many elements making up this book, of which one would like to speak in detail. The character of Philip is one that deserves thoughtful study, so true is it, both in its strength and weakness, to the real humanity of which we are all a part. Peter Quilliam is a nobly conceived and developed creation, like none other that we know in fiction. Manx life is pictured with the best kind of realism, and the local coloring is distinctive and probably faithful. Taken in its completeness, this is a remarkable novel, and establishes the place of its writer as none of his other books have done, despite their power.

MINISTERS OF GRACE. By Eva Wilder McGlasson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.—There are actresses and actresses; and even one who seems flippant and impossible socially may be as true as steel and as good-hearted, if not better, than if she had been born in the purple. That is one thing that this novelette seems to say, and another is that intolerance and self-righteous pride are not the lightest of sins. Moreover, the book says these things very well, though the character of the old parson seems too strained and overdrawn to be quite natural. A little more restraint as to his eccentricities would have been more artistic, perhaps; but his point of view is well suggested. The gentle, reserved daughter who breaks his heart is a lovable creation.

CHRIS, THE MODEL-MAKER: A STORY OF NEW YORK. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated by B. W. Clinedinst. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.—This boys' story is written in a way that would please Alice herself, as it has "plenty of conversation." The bright boy, the strong boy, the talented girl, the musical wash-woman, and the other characters talk a great deal; and, if they repeat themselves and are not especially brilliant, perhaps they are all the more natural. The characters are all attractive, with high motives, who conquer their distasteful surroundings without becoming either painfully moral or goody-goody.

IN THE DOZY HOURS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.—Miss Repplier is the kitten's friend. She is also the book-reviewer's friend; and her papers on "Gifts," "Guests," "Sympathy," and the rest, show her the friend of many others. There is a charm about these papers that makes one long for a cloudy day and an open fire to read them in the most appropriate atmosphere. Yet at high noon the bright sunlight does not dispel their attractiveness. When the book is finished and laid aside, the reader feels that he has been talking with a friend.

Miscellaneous.

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, in their "Students' Series of English Classics," have issued two new numbers,—Tennyson's "Elaine" and Goldsmith's "Traveller" and

"Deserted Village." They are carefully edited with notes, introductions, biographical sketches, and suggestion for class-room study. (25 cents.)

Other English school-books just out are published by the American Book Company, New York, in the series of "Eclectic English Classics." The current numbers are "Woodstock"; "A Midsummer-Night's Dream"; "Silas Marner"; Macaulay's "Essay on Milton"; and Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas." The text in each case is supplemented by an introduction and foot-notes.

"Introduction to English Literature," by F. V. N. Painter. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. This work aims to solve the problem of teaching English literature by bringing examples of the different periods before the pupil, in connection with the lessons on the history and development of style. The seven periods are illustrated by representative works from the greatest writers of the times, and suggestive references to the lesser writers are also given.

The Magazines.

The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for January opens with an article from the celebrated Austrian economist, Dr. Böhm-Bawerk, in answer to Prof. J. B. Clark's criticisms on his theory of capital. Prof. Macvane of Harvard writes on "Some Neglected Duties of Economists as regards Public Opinion." Mr. Warde Fowler of the University of Oxford gives a detailed account, with topographical illustration, of the agricultural development of an English rural parish, the existence of which dates from before Domesday. Dr. J. H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins has a short, abstruse article on "Marginal Rent." Mr. William Smart of the University of Glasgow describes some of the industrial enterprises of that city; and W. B. Shaw writes his annual review of "Social and Economic Legislation in the United States." Among the notes is one on the need of more thorough provision for the effective redemption of bank-notes than has been made since the war. The usual Bibliography follows; and an appendix contains the text of the new income tax act, with notes showing the origin of its various provisions.

Napoleon, as he entered upon his Jacobin career, both in Corsica and France, is the topic of the January instalment of the *Century Magazine*; and Mr. Sloane starts off with the assertion that this period has been hitherto neither described nor understood. He gives with minuteness the history of this time immediately preceding the thrilling episode which brought the young officer to the public gaze. One of the most interesting articles is "Scenes in Canton," which portrays the features of criminal and social life, and brings before us many striking peculiarities of this unique people. Mr. Brooks continues his "Glimpses of Lincoln in War Time," with several fresh anecdotes which throw light upon the President's character. "A Lady of New York" is photographed by W. L. Metcalf; and the "Festivals in American Colleges for Women" is given, with the varieties which characterize them. Passing from the terrestrial, we have a sketch of "Maxime's Experiments in Aërial Navigation," which is full of faith in the future flying-machine. Mr. Maxime says, if half the time and money and talent were spent on this special invention that has been given to the balloon, "aërial navigation would soon be so perfected that flying-machines would be as common as torpedo-boats; and the whole system of modern warfare would be completely changed." In addition, we have other articles of interest, besides the usual departments.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From *Littell & Co., Boston*.
Littell's Living Age. Sixth Series. Vol. IV.
From *Ginn & Co., Boston*.
Choice Reading. Favorite Chapters from Favorite Books.
School Libraries. Why, how, where to get One for Schools, Teachers, Homes.
From *Macmillan & Co., New York*.
The Message of Man. A Book of Ethical Scriptures. By Stanton Coit. Price \$1.75.
From *S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago*.
Social Growth and Stability. By D. Ostrander.

Music Received.

From *Oliver Ditson Company, Boston*.
The Gondoller Cachuca. By Leopold Kessler.
Hie-Spy. Song. By J. E. Lakeman.
Polonaise Heroïque. By Charles Wels.
The Greater New York. Grand March. For Pianoforte. By Charles Wels.
A Song of the Four Seasons. By Girard Barton.
The Light of Love. Composed by M. A. Knight.
Lilac Blossoms. Morceau à la Mazurka. By J. J. Gallaher.
Eileen Astore. Sing me a Song of Home. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Edward St. Quentin.
A Love Kiss. Waltz Song. Words and music by Chas. Gilbert.
The Castle Square March. Two Step. For Pianoforte. By Irving A. Blossom.
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The Home.

For the Christian Register.
DRIFTING.

BY MABELLE P. CLAPP.

A wide expanse of sky and sea,
A tiny open boat,—
Grayness above, around, below,
As silently I float.

Unbroken stillness broods o'er all,
Even the gulls have flown,
With not the smallest sail in sight,
And I feel so alone.

I cannot bear the solitude,—
My heart is filled with doubt
When in the deep, far-reaching dome
The friendly stars shine out.

And now I feel no more alone
Upon the restless sea,
Those loving stars are keeping guard,
And watching over me.

How often on the sea of life
There comes a breathless calm!
Drifting alone 'neath solemn skies,
We feel a vague alarm.

But, when the silence and the dark
We can no longer bear,
God always sends some ray of light
To tell us of his care.

For the Christian Register.

THE BOY WHO WENT TO DO-NOTHING LAND.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

He "hated" to split kindlings, he "hated" to do errands, he "hated" to bring a pail of water, he "hated" to go to school, he "hated" to wash his face and brush his hair.

His mother was almost in despair; his grandmother said he would outgrow it; his Aunt Lydia thought that "a good spanking would take it out of him"; and his father, a dreamy minister, said mildly to his wife, when she implored him to interfere,—
"Manage the child in your own way, my dear."

The boy was by no means vicious, only "constitutionally tired." His head always ached on "composition day"; and his back always pained him at house-cleaning time, when every little lift is welcome. He loved nothing better than to lie stretched out under a tree in summer or on a soft rug before the fire in winter. He was almost too indolent to come to his meals, and that is saying a good deal for a boy. He refused fresh shad, because he "hated" to pick out the bones, and declined cherry-pie, because it was "such a trouble" to take out the stones. The active sports of other children had no attraction for him; and he disliked reading, because it tired his hands to hold the book.

One lovely June morning his mother and his Aunt Lydia insisted that he should pick the strawberries for dinner. Tears and excuses were of no avail. If Master Maurice expected to eat, he must work. His mother was canning cherries, the "girl" was baking, his father was writing his sermon, and Aunt Lydia tied on a flapping straw hat and began to pick peas.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Maurice, after he had picked about half a pint: "how my back *does* ache! Why can't they grow on bushes like other berries? I wish I lived in a country where nobody *ever* had to do anything!"

"Oh, you do, do you?" said a tiny, squeaking voice close beside him. "You actually have mental energy enough to *wish*. I am surprised."

Maurice turned more quickly than he had ever done in his lazy life. A green-capped gnome was staring at him out of a cluster of strawberries.

"Did you ever read about 'the Do-nothing Kings'?" asked the gnome, swaying lightly on the slender stalk.

"N-n-no, sir," chattered Maurice, trembling as if with a chill, though the day was unusually warm.

"Do you suppose *they* had a good time? They didn't. The people whom they called their subjects hated and despised them, and their names have been handed down through history with the disgraceful title aforesaid."

Maurice hung his head, and slowly picked another berry.

"No doubt you have often heard this elevating jingle," continued the gnome:—

"I wish I was the President
Of these United States.
I'd eat molasses candy,
And swing upon the gates.

Now, wouldn't that be a dignified position for the chief magistrate of a mighty nation? Don't you suppose presidents have to do something, and emperors and kings and queens? It makes 'a pretty kettle of fish' in any country when the monarch leaves everything to his prime minister. To come down to common folks, how would *you* be fed, clothed, sheltered, and kept in repair if your parents didn't do anything for you? Don't you suppose your mother would enjoy reading the latest magazine or the daily paper many a time instead of darning your stockings or patching your jackets and trousers? (By the way, it is a mystery to me how you manage to wear them out, since you neither play nor work.) Your Aunt Lydia recently spent half a day in arranging the new carpet, curtains, and furniture in your room; and then you were so ungracious as to whine when she asked you to put away the hammer and tacks. I suppose you wonder how I know all these things, but gnomes have their own way of finding out."

Maurice hung his head still lower, and picked two more berries.

"Since you have expressed a wish to live in a country where nobody ever has to do anything, I think I can arrange for a short visit to such a place. We call it 'Do-nothing Land.' Just stretch yourself out flat on this grassy spot near the Seckel pear-tree, close your eyes, and fix your mind on vacancy, and we shall be there long before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

Maurice glanced at the house, but no one was in sight. He looked over toward the pea-vines, but Aunt Lydia's flapping hat presented its back to him. He set down his pail, and slowly followed the gnome's directions. In a few seconds he felt himself softly sinking through the earth, which seemed to part like waves of water. When he opened his eyes at the gnome's command, he was lying on a couch of the softest moss, directly under a well-laden cherry-tree. The sky was as blue above him as it had been in his own country, the air as balmy, the sun as bright; and the only noticeable feature was the entire absence of buildings, roads, fences, bridges, and tilled fields. Hosts of little people were lying on other beds of moss under other cherry-trees, and occasionally they opened their mouths to let ripe cherries drop into them. Their clothing appeared to be green leaves plastered to their bodies with a kind of clay.

Maurice looked around for the green-capped gnome. Instantly the brisk, sharp-tongued little fellow stood beside him.

"Ask all the questions you wish. You are curious to know how these people get a living, are you not? When the cherries have all dropped from one bough, they move themselves slowly along the ground until their mouths come directly under another well-laden bough. They are thus fed more simply even than the birds of the air. They are enabled to swallow the stones of these cherries without the slightest injury to their constitutions. Think what a terrible exertion it would be to contract the muscles of the arm sufficiently to take out the stones and throw them away!"

He looked piercingly at Maurice as he spoke.

("He knows all about the cherry-pie business," thought Maurice. "I can tell by the way he eyes me!") "What do the people eat when the cherry season is over?" he asked.

"They wait for early apples, plums, peaches, pears, and grapes to ripen. In winter they crawl into caves, and lie dormant till fruit time comes again. They are forbidden to stand, walk, or even sit, under pain of death. This country would have no right to exist longer, as a country, if a single one of its inhabitants ventured to do anything. Their clothing, you observe, has grown to them naturally, and requires no washing, ironing, or mending."

"Is this country on any of the maps?" asked Maurice, a little ashamed of showing his ignorance, yet anxious to learn more about this wonderful "Do-nothing Land."

"I shouldn't think you *would* know much about geography or any other study," was the tart reply. "No, it is not on any map. It was thought best to leave it out, lest too many children would want to come here on days when the lessons were hard. It is located near that vast domain, the Chinese empire. It had to be in one of the temperate zones, for obvious reasons. In the frigid the inhabitants would starve and freeze; in the torrid they would be obliged

to fan themselves, to say nothing of keeping off fierce animals and venomous serpents. Moreover, tropical fruits are too large and heavy to drop comfortably into their mouths; and cocoanuts and pineapples would require effort to prepare them suitably."

"How are the people punished when they break the laws?" asked Maurice.

"A peculiar kind of electrical shock first strikes the culprits speechless and senseless, then gradually withers them up like autumn leaves. As you crawl from tree to tree, you will occasionally observe such withered law-breakers, whom you must avoid as you would a pestilence, inasmuch as the shock is communicable long afterward."

Maurice shuddered.

"Look out there!" cried the gnome, hastily. "I wouldn't do that kind of thing, you know. Too much muscular action about it. You'll be getting into trouble if you are not careful, and I feel responsible to your friends for your safety."

Maurice began to heartily wish himself at home. He would have given all the ripe cherries on the branches above his head for one glimpse of Aunt Lydia's straw hat flapping over the pea-vines, and even an order to bring wood for the baking would have been music to his ear.

"Right over there," continued the gnome, with a sweep of his arm, "lies another country. Cast your eyes in that direction (without lifting your head, however), and tell me what you think of it."

Maurice obeyed, and saw, to his amazement, flourishing cities and villages, with busy mills and shops, ripe fields, well-tended flocks, and throngs of cheerful, active men, women, and children, all carrying useful implements or hastening to take part in some occupation. Contentment shone on every face, hand grasped hand in hearty comradeship, pleasant voices gave greetings that bespoke thorough respect for self and others.

"That," said the gnome, "is the 'Country of Happy Industry.' Its customs, laws, and penalties, as you may well imagine, are the exact opposite of those here. Now, from all you have seen and heard, tell me honestly which you would prefer as a permanent residence."

"Oh, that one, that one!" cried Maurice. "Let that country be mine while I am away from home!"

"It is already yours, my boy, and has been all your life. Is not your very own land the 'Country of Happy Industry'? I am enabled to show you this vision by means of a peculiar trick, but it must soon fade. I fear you do not yet fully appreciate the advantages of living in such a land; and so, for your own good, I have arranged for you to spend some months here, where there is absolutely nothing to do."

"Oh, no, *no*!" Maurice almost shrieked. "I will do better. I will carry wood, and chop it, too. I will run all the errands, and pick all the berries—and—and!"

"Maurice! Maurice! *Maurice!* Wake up, child! You have been sleeping here in the sun till your face is as red as a winter beet. Get up and put cold water on your head, or you will have sun-stroke."

Maurice flung his arms around Aunt Lydia until the flapping hat was so squeezed out of shape that it might have been taken equally for a coal-hod or a wrecked market-basket.

"O Aunt Lydia, I've had *such* a dream! I don't believe I shall ever be lazy again as long as I live."

"Blessed be dreams, then!" said his aunt, looking ruefully at the hat, which nevermore would flap again; "but *who* would have dreamed that you had such strength in those good-for-nothing arms of yours!"

PITAPAT AND GOLDIE.

Pitapat was a gray cat, with a white forehead and black stripes, and white stockings on her feet, and big, big eyes that shone like stars.

Goldie was a canary, with bright golden feathers and long legs, and a sharp bill, and bright black eyes. When he wanted to see anything, he turned his head sideways. He came out of a dear little egg, in a long green cage at grandma's house. I often saw his mother feed him and his three little baby brothers and sisters. When he was old enough, grandma gave him to me. He sang beautifully.

Aunt gave me Pitapat. When she was a kitten, I put ribbons about her neck. Some were blue, and some were red. She would run after a ball. One day she went down cellar, and caught a mouse. I told her how wrong that was, but my papa said that cats would do such things as long as they were cats.

One day mamma took me to a china-store to buy a little pink bath-tub for Goldie, who loved to bathe, and a saucer for Pitapat to drink milk from. We stopped at the drug-store for cuttle-fish and a paper of seed for Goldie, and bought a little package of dried catnip for Pitapat. The things were all in mamma's shopping-bag, and she let me carry it. I could hardly wait until the door was opened, I was so anxious to get in; and I ran up to the play-room two steps at a time.

Generally, when I opened the door, Pitapat cried "Mew" and Goldie chirped a "How-do-you-do!" This time I heard not a sound.

The window was open; and outside, on the roof of the porch, sat Pitapat, with her back up* and her tail as big as a sausage. And—oh, alas! I shall never forget that moment!—there on the floor was Goldie's cage, upside down, the bottom out, and empty.

I gave a great cry. Mamma said: "Oh, dear! How dreadful!" And papa came in at that moment.

"Just as I thought," he said. "Pitapat has found Goldie too great a temptation to resist, and has eaten her, bones and all. But who took the cage down?"

"O papa," I said, "I left it on the bureau. I forgot, but the door was shut."

"The door is shut now, but the bottom is out," said papa. "Don't cry so. I'll get you another bird."

"It won't be Goldie," I said. "Oh, cruel Pitapat!"

"Mew!" said Pitapat. "*Mew, mew, mew!*"

She came in at the window, and rubbed her head against my dress; but I just *hated* her.

I caught up my little red-handled broom, and chased her out of the house and into the street.

"Stay there, you wicked thing!" I said. "You shall never come into my house again! You are a murderess! You killed my sweet, sweet Goldie, and ate her up!"

Oh, how I cried after that! I almost made myself sick. When dinner was ready, papa carried me down in his arms; but I could not eat anything. I kept thinking of Goldie, all munched up, and of Pitapat, that I used to love so and had driven away; and I did not feel like the same little girl,—oh, not at all!

After dinner we went into the library. Mother made me lie on the sofa, and covered me with an afghan, and played on the piano for me. Papa asked me if I wanted a little dog. But I said:—

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"No, please. I will never have a pet again."

And just as I said that the door-bell rang, and in came the girl.

"A lady to see you, ma'am," she said.

And in walked a stranger.

"I don't think you know me, Mrs. Brown," she said. "I live next door. To-day, just after you went out with your little girl, my big cat, Whiskers, jumped out of the window upon the porch, and went into yours, call him as I might. The next moment something fell; and Whiskers came flying out, with your gray cat after him. And I saw your canary fly out, too, and up into our tree. Whiskers must have tried to catch it. He is wild for birds. But your Pussy fought dreadfully with him. I was shocked. And all the while I heard the poor bird crying out up in the tree. And the wild birds kill canaries, you know. So I called in a lad out of the street, and asked him if he could catch the canary. And he said he thought so, for it could not fly far. And he has been up in the branches all this while. He has just caught it, and I do not think it is hurt a bit. I am so glad!"

Then in came the boy with Goldie in his hands,—my dear, pretty Goldie, alive and well, and mine again!

How mamma and papa thanked the lady! And what a lot of money papa gave the boy, though the lady had given him some before!

It was worth anything, papa said, to see his little daughter happy once more. Bridget ran for the cage; and we put Goldie in it, and gave him his seed and sugar and water and cuttle-fish.

"After all, Pitapat was innocent," said mamma.

"Oh, my poor Pitapat!" I cried.

And I ran to the door, and looked out. It was quite dark, but I heard a sad little cry somewhere; and there in the corner of the area I found my poor darling, cold and hungry, and took her in my arms.

"I never ought to have believed it of you, pet," I said. "It was wicked of me. Can you forgive me?"

Pitapat answered, "Mew!" and rubbed her nose against my hand.—*New York Ledger.*

LOST IN THE WHEAT.

It was a day in July. The thermometer ran high in the nineties, and the air was so oppressive that even the birds and insects seemed to have entirely disappeared.

It had been an unusually busy morning for Mrs. Holt. She had been up since three o'clock; for to-morrow the harvesting would begin, and there were great preparations going on, as in this prairie home it was the gala time of all the year, when the nearest neighbors came to help gather the beautiful grain that waved in the sunlight and covered a thousand acres or more of the surrounding country. Nothing but a sea of yellow in every direction!

Little six-year-old Clifford thought there never had been such a day since he could remember. Mamma was so busy she did not want him in the kitchen, and it was so hot out of doors that he could not play at all.

At last he ran to his mother, just as she was making her last tin of biscuit, and said:—

"Mamma, please put me to bed. I am so sleepy and tired. Rover is asleep; and Kitty and I will go, too."

"Run away, Clifford. I am too busy. If you are so sleepy, go upstairs and lie down in your cot; but you had better play until after dinner, and then take a nap with me."

Clifford did not like the idea of going upstairs alone, so he ran outdoors to play, as his mother had told him. But the shade was only in such a little place by the house, and he would just go over there by the wheat. It looked cooler there, as the grain waved in the breeze. So he trotted over the road to the edge of the grain; and, sure enough, it really was cooler. So he sat down in the shadow of the tops, that stood four feet high. As he sat there, his attention was attracted by some little red-birds that were flying back and forth into the wheat. Suddenly he remembered what his papa had told him the night before about these birds, who had built their nests all through the grain. And Clifford had felt so sorry for the baby birds that would be so cruelly killed by the big machine. All at once he thought: "I will go a little way in

and find some nests, and I will put them in my hat and carry them out in the orchard. How glad the poor mamma birds will be when I save the little birdies' lives!"

Now, Clifford's mamma had often told him never to go away from the house alone; but he had forgotten all else now, in his wish to save the lives of the young birds that were in such peril. So into the forest of yellow glory he made his way. On and on he went, hunting for the nests. Finally, the poor little man was so tired of making his way and of searching in vain for the birds that, after an hour's tramp, he decided "to go home to his mamma." So he turned around and started back; but which way was back? He was so small that, in coming through, he had not broken a single stalk, but had slipped between them, and so had not left a trace behind.

He turned back, expecting, of course, to come right out in sight of mamma's kitchen door; and he wondered if dinner would be ready, and if mamma would be glad to see him now. So he made his way a little farther; and then he thought he would sit down and rest just a little while, and perhaps he would hear the dinner-horn blow. Then he would run on home.

When Mrs. Holt finished the biscuit, it was time to prepare the dinner. Once or twice the thought of Clifford's flushed face came to her; and she thought he must have gone upstairs after all, because it had been such a long time since she had seen anything of him. When noon came, a shrill blast of the long tin horn brought Mr. Holt and his two men home to their dinner. To Mr. Holt's inquiry, "Where is Clifford?" Mrs. Holt replied, "Asleep upstairs." His dinner was carefully put away for him, and the men returned to their work.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Holt awoke with a start from the long nap she had taken on the dining-room sofa, where she had thrown herself for a little rest before going upstairs. Her first thought was of Clifford; and upstairs she flew, into the little room where his cot stood. He had not been there at all, nor in her room. Thoroughly alarmed, she went up into the garret, where he sometimes played; but all was silent and empty. The next instant the horn sent its call echoing over the prairie in blast after blast, recalling Mr. Holt in great haste. All was confusion now. What had become of Clifford?

The first thought was of the small creek that ran half a mile beyond the house, and its banks were searched in vain for a trace. They went along the road for miles in each direction; but nothing was to be seen except the golden-headed grain on either side, nodding their good-night to the setting sun. At length, as the great full moon was rising, they returned home, the father in hopeless despair, not knowing what was to be done next to find his child, whether alive or dead. Mrs. Holt was living over the morning in a perfect agony of remorse for the hasty words, and the thought that, perhaps, now there would be no Clifford ever to trouble again.

Some of the nearest neighbors had come by this time to join in the search. Just then a thought came to Mr. Holt of Rover; and, calling him, he said: "Where is Clifford? Go find Clifford!" This he repeated several times, until the dog began smelling on the ground.

It was some time before the track across the road was found; but, when it was, the dog went straight into the wheat and disappeared. Mr. Holt followed, the moon making it almost as light as day.

After going a little way, he stopped and called to Rover, thinking what nonsense to be wasting the time in this way. No doubt, Rover thought he was after birds; and, besides, he was breaking the wheat all down. And he had told Clifford never to go into the grain for that very reason. But Rover would not come back, but ran on as if he understood just what he was about. So he followed as rapidly as he could. All at once Rover came to a stand-still, wagging his tail gleefully over a blue sailor hat, in which was a nest of little birds with their mother. Mr. Holt was sure now that Rover knew best, and urged him on. And in a few minutes they came to a little curly-headed boy lying fast asleep, and his face all swollen with crying.

The next instant he was awake and telling papa he was so hungry, and he had found one nest of birds, and, when he tried to find his way home, he could not.

As his father held him in his arms and started for the long tramp back, two big tears fell on the curly head, as he thought of what would have happened if it had not been for Rover.

All summer long, way out in the prairie, was a large square of wheat that the machine never reaped; and in the midst was the happiest family of little red-birds, whose home was in a blue sailor hat.—*Frances M. Concklin, in Canadian Baptist.*

OATS' BEDS.

Cats are the most obstinately capricious in their fancies about their beds of any domestic creature, says a writer in the *Spectator*. They will follow a particular rug or shawl from room to room, if it be removed, in order to sleep on it, or insist on the use of one chair until they get their way, and then, for some reason, take a fancy to another. The cleanliest of all animals, anything newly washed or very fresh and bright strikes them as just the thing for a bed. A nicely aired newspaper lying on the floor or in a chair, or linen fresh from the wash, is almost irresistible. Out-door cats seek a warm as well as a tidy bed. The writer was once much surprised, when passing through a large ship-building yard, to see a cat fast asleep, lying, it seemed, on a muddy path. But the spot which the cat had selected for its couch was one at which a hot steam-pipe passed under the road; and the mud was there baked into a warm, dry cake, which made not only a clean, but an artificially heated sleeping-place. But the oddest taste in beds developed by a cat was that entertained by a very highly bred gray Angora, which was justly petted and admired by the family in which it lived. For some months it would only sleep in or upon a hat, if such could be found, ladies' hats being preferred. If it could discover one with the inside uppermost, it would lie inside of it. If not, such was its love for this form of couch, it would curl itself round the brim, and, with its long furry tail and pliant body, made a fine winter trimming to a summer hat. By some accident a drawer in which all the "summer" hats had been disposed for the winter was left open for some days, after which it was discovered that all the hats had been tried in turn, the cat having finally selected one adorned with white laburnum flowers, which never recovered from the "ironing" to which it had been subjected.—*Watchman.*

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CHICAGO LETTER.

In all the holiday festivals held in Chicago none seemed quite so suggestive as that given by the Salvation Army. They had been at work for weeks collecting money, by nickels more often than by dollars. The solid work of preparing the dinner commenced some days earlier. The night before many of them sat up all night, watching the cooking. Beginning at 10.30 in the morning, they served, in relays, more than three thousand persons, without money and without price, to a good turkey dinner. Whoever witnessed the scene will never forget it,—the bare, big room; the crowd of forlorn, discouraged, "out-of-joint" people, eating or waiting their turn, contrasted with the smiling, cheery faces of those who served. There was no heavy mechanism in that service. The work went with a cheer, and it went with a song.

When a "Salvation lassie" put a heaped-up plate of food, hot and tempting, before a man, saying kindly, "Eat and be filled, and God bless you!" over many a dull eye and sodden face there flashed a human look, and many a rough and grimy hand furtively wiped a tear away.

One thing we are all learning, and that is that what the Salvationists call being "saved" is what all the world calls being saved; and it is the finest showing of purely practical Christianity that the world has seen for many a long day. It means to forsake the old sins,—not some day or gradually, but at once; to be clean and honest and loving; to go to work for yourself, and to lend a helping hand to others. There was health and hope and mental alertness in the faces of the "saved." "You must be very tired after you have worked so long," said one who looked on. The answer was chanted back, with a smile,—

"They shall run, and not be weary;
For they rest, for they rest on the Lord."

In one of the fair homes in Chicago—one that is not lent, but dedicated, to hospitality—Gen. Booth gave a familiar and friendly talk during his recent visit. All that he has done is explained by his own personality. Strong and wise, and fair-minded and sincere to the core, he has a pitiful nature, combined with the shrewdness of a man of business. All that is emotional, noisy, and peculiar has been very much in evidence all over the world. The beat of the drum and the tambourine, and the shrill cries, have sounded much like a party of mountebanks on the streets, or as if a sad little monkey was making merriment for his fellow-beings. In explanation of their methods he said:—

"When I had a clear call, and my darling wife had a clear call, we went from the clean country parishes to be evangelists and preach the gospel in the slums of London. For the first year or two I worked almost in vain: the people would not come and hear me. Then I tried preaching in the street, and they wouldn't listen to me. But I noticed, if a band of street musicians came along, they would gather around them, and follow them up and down. One day I said: 'If it's noise you want, noise you shall have! And perhaps you'll get your first notion of salvation through a song.'

"Well, from the very first, it was a success. They came and stood to listen to the tambourines; and, while they stood, I made them hear the salvation of our Lord and Saviour.

"As for the military part of it, that grew of itself. People like organization, and they like to belong to each other, and they like to wear a uniform. It is good because it identifies a man with his company, and it commits him to his work. As for the girls, you may wonder at those bonnets and jackets; but all round the world it is a protection. In the darkest slums, in every hell on earth, the 'Salvation lassies' are known by their dress; and they are known to be about the Lord's business."

If Gen. Booth has used devices of a showman, he has used them wisely, to catch the roving eye, and to startle and awaken the intelligence of the ignorant and miserable. The crude method is adapted to the crude material. It is not for the cultivated classes to criticise those who have taken the difficult "first steps" with the fallen. Out of the submerged tenth he finds a good percentage who can be "saved,"—saved in all senses; those who, by the impulse of religion and the steady-ing and controlling force of new friends

and new allies, will work out their own salvation if they have a chance. Work is the first and last test of sincerity and worthiness in the Salvation Army. The general inspires you with faith in himself precisely because he has borne the same test. He worked long before he talked. He has learned the wisdom of a social science that is practical because he has studied people, not books about them. His example should be edifying to the talking philanthropist, who is now going out of fashion. So many men and women have felt a call to be a guiding star, to go before in the clean, cool heaven, and shine for those who trudge and toil. Those who do the work are apt to look up distrustfully these days, and cry, "Come down, O star, and hitch yourself to one of these loaded wagons; and let us see you sweat a little as well as shine!" Gen. Booth's schemes of help and colonization are put to his universal test: they work. Why doesn't the world put its shoulder to the wheel, and help him to do more of it? We have all heard of the "week of privation," by which the Salvationists raise money among themselves. Here is the experience, the organization, the working force, to put this philanthropy into practice.

"Why," we ask Gen. Booth, "shouldn't the whole Christian world have its 'week of privation,' live on bare necessities, eschew luxury, and give that surplus for this end?"

But he shakes his head,—this man who has had experience. "The churches don't like us very well."

"But the people?"

The Methodist bishop who stood by said: "It might be. It may be. General Booth, it is possible."

Hail that day!

After the death of Prof. Swing—the man who was expelled from the Presbyterian Church for heresy some twenty years ago, and the man of, perhaps, the widest personal popularity of any man in Chicago—his church was utterly bowed down. They felt that for them the sun had set, and there was no more day. They met, and solemnly passed a resolution to disband. Then they talked over old times, and the bonds of fellowship began to assert themselves. And they talked of the ideas for which their leader had stood; and they saw that these were living, and not dead. Presently they reconsidered the resolution, determined to keep together, and to look for—a man! In Evanston, the old suburb of Chicago, was Dr. Hillis,—a scholar, young, free, liberal. He had fought for the freedom of the theological schools, and the freedom of the preacher, in the recent Presbyterian Church trials. This man was called to fill the place of Prof. Swing. The bond of union of the Central Church is undenominational, of the sort that holds in Unitarian churches of the old school. Would the synod consent? The members were, part of them, Dr. Hillis's opponents in the recent controversies. But the synod did consent, and gave the young preacher their blessing, and sent him out consecrated and ordained to preach in an undenominational church! If this sort of thing goes on, other people besides Othello will find their "occupation gone."

Rev. W. W. Fenn has made a most promising beginning of a mission church in the "Hyde Park" region of Chicago. He has had a cordial welcome. But Mr. Fenn is carrying a double burden. If he could give to it all his time, this new field for a Unitarian church would blossom and bear fruit a hundred-fold. M. K. B.

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The Cabinet within is carpeted with silk tapestry of a rare floral pattern. Beneath the floor is an enclosed cabinet for private treasures. The back of the Cabinet is a French plate mirror with heavy plate glass shelves. The glass in the sides and front is double-curved.

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A hero came from battle, where the slain
Lay piled in bloody heaps upon the plain;
And all the people sang the hero's praise,
And crowned him with the victor's honored bays.

A simple child fought hard against a sin,
And won a mighty victory within:
No one rehearsed his praise or sung his fame,
But heaven's recording angel wrote his name.

—Selected.

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The death of this venerable lady recalls associations which take back the memories of some of us for half a century. She has been an invalid for many years; but, such has been her willingness to forget her own weakness, and such the constant hospitality with which she welcomes every guest, that her pleasant home has been, I might say, a place of meeting for many who will look back to their conversations with her and remember the sweetness and resignation with which she bore trouble in every form. The death of her daughter, so well remembered by all who knew her as a daily inspiration in life, wherever she touched life, was, of course, a most serious blow in Mrs. Edes's life, and caused a loss which was always fresh to her. But she bore even this suffering with Christian resignation, looking forward faithfully to a meeting beyond this earth with the daughter so dear, with the children who were taken from her in early life, and with her husband.

It is nearly fifty years since he closed his short but useful ministry. Some of us remember with interest still the honesty of purpose and faithfulness of life with which this young man had engaged in the ministry of the gospel. He entered Harvard College as an undergraduate, but was prevented from taking his degree there. So strong, however, was his interest in the ministry that, after a short business experience, he resumed at the Divinity School his professional studies; and in the class of 1831 of that school he graduated. He was at once settled in Eastport, but the severity of the climate there compelled him to leave an attached parish; and he was afterward the minister of the new Unitarian church at Augusta, and died while he was in charge of that at Kennebunk. In any part of the State of Maine, to this hour, one meets those who were under lifelong obligations to this young man for the influence of the purity of his character and his earnest words. A small volume of his published sermons justified entirely the regard in which he was held by his associates. Among these were Mr. Bernard Whitman and Mr. Andrew Peabody. Mr. Whitman contributed to the *Christian Examiner* a memorial of him when he died, and to the end of Dr. Peabody's life he always spoke of him with gratitude and interest.

Of such lives, though we say that only the memorial is left, the influence can never be lost; and in the distinguished family which bears this honored name the group of these three will always hold a distinguished place in the memories of those who have known them.

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Spiritual Life.

Men do not become holy by a careless wish: there must be study, consideration, liberation, and earnest inquiry.—*Spurgeon.*

It is only when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*George MacDonald.*

We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality.—*Joubert.*

When the faith about Jesus fails, the faith of Jesus lives. Hope with his hope, love with his love, see God as he sees him, and there is life and hope for us.—*Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter.*

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.—*George Eliot.*

Thinking, not growth, makes manhood. Accustom yourself, therefore, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To join thinking with reading is one of the first maxims, and one of the easiest operations.—*Isaac Taylor.*

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them,—that it was a vain endeavor?—*Thoreau.*

Pleasantries.

Wanted.—The dynamics of a particle of truth; also, the spectrum analysis of a white lie; also, a horse well mounted for the microscope.—*E. R. H.*

Two children were looking at a Parian of Laocoön and the serpents. "Oh, ma," exclaimed one, "come here and see the firemen all tangled up in the hose!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A little girl was writing her geography lesson on the Arctic Ocean. Among other things she said, "The Arctic Ocean is used principally for purposes of exploration."—*Outlook.*

A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied: "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

Flossie was watching the masons lay brick, and the process interested her greatly. "O mamma," she exclaimed, as she saw the man putting on mortar, "they're buttering bricks, ain't they?"

Fingle: "There goes a woman with a history." Fangle: "That female who just left your office? How do you know?" Fingle: "She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me."—*Buffalo Courier.*

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "what makes you think that Tommy disturbs the neighbors with his drum?" "Oh, nothing," said Mr. Wilson, "only Mr. Smith gave him a new jack-knife to-day."

"So," said Mr. Donegan, "they've been printing the funeral notices av a man that wasn't dead yit. It's a nice fix he'd be in it he had been wan of these people that believes iverything in the newspapers!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"What were the Jewish feasts?" "Bean-feasts," was the prompt reply. "Mention an instance of charity in the Bible." "They brought him a penny, and he said, Whose subscription is this?"—*Westminster Gazette.*

An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear Sir,—I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles, as required by act of Parliament."

The teacher told the class to make the numerals from 1 to 12. The class went to work, and one little boy got through very quickly. The teacher praised him for getting through his lesson so well. He looked frankly at her, and said, "Yes'm, I copied them from the face of the clock: the rest did not."

Overheard in the Hen-house.—Speckled Dominicker: "I learned something awful about Miss Plymouth Rock to-day." Mrs. Leghorn Whyte: "For gracious sake, what was it?" "She prides herself on her family connections, you know; and she hasn't any. She was hatched in an incubator."

One of Mr. Ruskin's peasant neighbors has been interviewed in regard to the author of "Verona." "Mr. Ruskin? Oh, yes: 'e's very popular. 'E's a professor, ye know. Lots o' people asks about 'im. But 'e's a queer sort of man, too. D'y'e know, sir, 'e's that queer 'e won't let 'is man use a mowin'-machine on 'is land. 'E says it must be cut by 'and, because a mowin'-machine ain't nat'ral, an' makes too much noise!"—*Outlook.*

An organ-grinder had been playing before the house of an irascible old gentleman, who furiously and amid wild gesticulations ordered him to move on. The Italian stolidly stood his ground, and played on until arrested for causing a disturbance. The magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested. "Me no understan' mooch Inglese," was the reply. "Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go," said the magistrate. "I tink he come to dance," was the rejoinder.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

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It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.

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The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder for twenty-five years. The founder has continuously conducted its business and is still at the head of its management. Thus all the knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

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They use the ordinary cream of tartar of the market, which contains tartrate of lime, and is frequently mixed with alum, phosphates, or terra alba. The frequent tests by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health show the great extent of this adulteration.

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This is refined in the mammoth works of the Company (erected at a cost of over half a million dollars) by special, patented processes, by which means there are secured to the Royal Baking Powder exclusively ingredients absolutely free from tartrate of lime or other adulterant or inert matter.

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Scores of brands of baking powders have been placed upon the market since Royal was introduced. Most of these have died; none have achieved a general success, while the Royal has increased in popularity until its sale is general in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. Nothing but the superior quality of the Royal Baking Powder could have effected this.

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The Christian Register

Liberty, Holiness, Love.

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

THE American Unitarian Association has received contributions since the beginning of the financial year from fewer churches than the year before, but in nearly every case the contributions have been increased, the total gain being 33 per cent. The arrangement by which the Association accepts, for the present, the half-time services of Mr. Batchelor as secretary, while it is the best that can be made under the circumstances, prevents active service in the field. The plans which have been discussed for the creation of a financial secretaryship cannot be immediately carried out on account of constitutional objections. The final decision may be postponed until the annual meeting in May. Meanwhile the work of the Association must go on. In 1894 fourteen churches contributed in January, eighteen in February, sixty-one in March, and one hundred and sixty-three in April, the last month of the financial year. Now, if all contributing churches could begin the work at once, it would be of great advantage to the Association, and to the many interests dependent upon it for care and support.

"The foundations of the old theology," said Prof. Swing, "are gone." But the foundations of religion are not disturbed or endangered by the fact. They are securely laid in human nature itself, and cannot be displaced any more than the foundations of Ararat. Theological systems are man-made. They represent the history of human thought about God and the universe. They change with the changing year and the evolution of thought and life. But the religious sentiment will continue to find new, abundant, and constant expression for itself, not only in the intellect, but in the emotional and ethical life of man.

If there are religious tramps who go from church to church, there are also the well-rooted steady-goers who may be found in the same church and in the same pew from Sunday to Sunday. The minister expects to find them there just as any other part of the church furniture. He thinks of them when he writes his sermon, and when he delivers it. Their attendance at church does not depend upon barometer, thermometer, or any other weather instrument. The question whether they shall go to church does not come up to them at all. They go to church as regularly on Sunday as they go to their business on Monday. Nothing but positive physical inability can keep them at home. They have not sampled all the churches in the city, they go not merely to "hear" this man or that: they are an integral part of the church itself, as much as the foundation on which it stands or the pillars that hold it up.

THERE are two kinds of optimism. There is one that is lazy, apathetic, negligent. It does not recognize its responsibility and duties. It assumes that there is a good time coming. But it does nothing to bring it in. It is as indifferent as the fatalism of the Mohammedan who folds his arms when the town is burning. But there is another optimism which is helpful because it is inspiring to effort as well as to faith. It believes in the final victory of goodness and righteousness; but it also believes that men are instruments for the fulfillment of these,—that man is a coworker with God. It believes that its work will accomplish something, and that there is a power of goodness, wisdom, and love in the universe that is shaping things toward the divinest ends. Such a hope strengthens the nerveless arm.

WE had no intention of arraigning the entire New York presbytery as opposed to Dr. Parkhurst in his work in New York, or as unwilling to give him the effect of their moral support; and a correspondent in another column places the responsibility for the postponement of the vote of confidence and commendation upon the shoulders of one man. Dr. Parkhurst has had too many assurances of the approval of his brethren in the ministry, irrespective of denomination, to be much disturbed by the action of this man, who took advantage of the rules of the presbytery to postpone action upon the resolution, which would undoubtedly have passed if it could have been put. Evidently, this Presbyterian clergyman wishes to emulate the reputation of a member of Congress who has earned for himself the name of the great American objector. But it is a singular position for a minister to take concerning Dr. Parkhurst and his work, and we are not surprised that our correspondent wishes to exonerate the presbytery for the responsibility of having such a man within its membership.

SOME of the railroads have declined to continue a practice long customary of giving to ministers orders for reduced rates, and some have announced their intention of terminating these arrangements by the

first of April. Some of the religious papers have commented unfavorably upon this action; but we see no reason why railroad managers, any more than any other class of business men, should be expected to make discriminations in favor of ministers. The telegraph companies charge the full rate; and, as a general thing, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker ask the full price. Such favors to ministers are a part of the old donation system, in which ministers were paid about half of what they ought to receive and the rest was made up by donation parties. When they are properly paid by their parishes, they do not need to accept compassionate doles from the community. But, in the matter of receiving favors from railroads, ministers have received much less from these corporations than have newspaper men, legislators, and politicians. Ministers have regularly paid half-fare, while the others have ridden on free passes. The dole to the minister has been in the nature of charity: the free pass to the legislator and the newspaper man has often been in the nature of a bribe. When advertising is paid for by transportation, it is fair and legitimate business; but, when editorial columns are retained in exchange for such privileges, it means a venal journalism.

IT is gratifying to know that the United States government is planning to extend its educational work among the Indians. There is every reason to believe that such extension is in the interest of the Indian as well as of the government. The broad and deep lines in which the government conceives this work and is already doing it may be seen by the report of Dr. W. N. Hailmann, the Superintendent of Indian Schools. Dr. Hailmann represents advanced methods in education. At last it seems as if there were good ground for believing that the administration of Indian schools and agencies will be taken out of politics. Dr. Hailmann cordially reports in favor of the civil service law in relation to Indian schools. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is equally earnest in support of this provision; and the address of the Secretary of the Interior before the Board of Indian Commissioners, quoted elsewhere in our editorial columns, shows that the highest authority in the service is thoroughly in earnest in this matter.

THE question may be asked, What is the relation of the government to moral and religious education in Indian schools? The best answer is to quote a paragraph from Dr. Hailmann's report:—

The moral and religious training in Indian education, as in all other education, is of paramount importance. It gives direction and permanence to whatever else may be done in the educational work. Unfortunately, in established religions the religious spirit has been so overlaid with matters of creed and ritual that it has become extremely difficult to give religious instruction and training in public institutions without danger of offence to some denomination that may consider its interests neglected or its doctrines impugned. Nevertheless, it seems that all the various denominations and sects are steadily reaching an agreement that schools may—without injury to any one of these sects and denominations, and, indeed, with profit to them all—lead the children through instruction and training to the love of God and man, and that this may be done effectively without touching upon any of the doctrinal points that separate religious people into competing groups. It is evident that in these matters the Indian schools cannot lead, but must of necessity follow public opinion and professional practice established in the public-school systems of the land. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that superintendents and teachers place themselves in sympathetic relations with the religious tendency of the locality in which they labor, that, through example, instruction, and simple religious practices in the schools, they cultivate in the children reverence and good will. Prayer, if prayer is in their

hearts; the religious song; and the simple teachings of the Bible,—afford abundant material for this. Throughout, however,—in prayer, song, or Bible-reading,—everything should be avoided, in substance and form, that has in any way a proselyting tendency.

PARISH REVENUES.

The revenue of a free government depends on the self-taxation of the whole body of the people. Their willingness to impose such taxation, directly or through their representatives, must arise from patriotic confidence that the money gathered into the public treasury will be used for their benefit. Nobody grudges a dollar when it is likely to bring a return that is worth more than the dollar. The citizens of each municipality take pleasure and pride in generous outlays for public buildings, schools, streets, parks, sewers, police and fire departments, knowing that all these are made possible by their own contributions, and that every judicious expenditure adds to the value of all property and to the security, convenience, and comfort of life. If any inhabitant is suspected of hiding his taxables from the assessors, he exposes himself to a certain amount of infamy. At the basis of the assessment there is a principle of justice, at least in theory; for the law aims to lay those sacred public burdens on the shoulders of all who share the resultant advantages, and who are at the same time able to pay something without risk of becoming a public burden themselves.

A church is like a small free State. It rests on the voluntary principle, and it requires a regular and dependable revenue. It cannot, indeed, enforce collections; it cannot seize or distrain property. But this disability ought to be more than made good by its deeper and stronger hold on the hearts of its members. It is a poor kind of church that cannot justify its claim upon their higher sentiments,—their loving loyalty, reverence, and gratitude. As a matter of plain justice, the rule which applies to civil assessments should apply also to voluntary contributions for the support of religious institutions,—"from every one according to his several ability."

The Hebrew law of tithes has always laid hold of the Christian conscience and imagination, because it suggested the devotion of a fixed portion of every one's income. The Jewish custom was not peculiar. From Smith's Dictionary of the Bible one may learn that "numerous instances are to be found of the practice of heathen nations—Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Arabians—of applying tenths derived from property in general, from spoil, from confiscated goods, or from commercial profits, to sacred and quasi-sacred and also to fiscal purposes; namely, as consecrated to a deity, presented as a reward to a successful general, set apart as a tribute to a sovereign, or as a permanent source of revenue." The fact worth noting is that the tax for the altar was paid as promptly as the tax for the throne. But in those lands and times religion was a State institution, and the priests were public officers as truly as the kings. In America, at least, we have changed all that; and, if religious institutions are to exist at all, their financial support must be provided for by those who believe in them. This permanent divorce of Church and State is fortunate for both, and no love is lost by their separation. They dwell together amicably in the same territory.

The methods of providing for parish revenue are various; and there is doubtless a good, a better, and a best. We do not here discuss the relative merits of pew-ownership, pew rentals, and free seats with a treasury filled by subscriptions and offerings. Something depends on traditions and social tendencies. Any method which is well worked is doubtless better than any other which is unravelled out by careless han-

ding. Three conditions may be considered as essential:—

1. There should be such vital interest in religion for its own blessed sake as will make the people willing and glad to provide for its public expression,—not as a charity nor as a luxury, but as a leading necessity of life. To make such provision must be an accepted part of religion itself, so that no obligations will be met more cheerfully, promptly, and regularly. The most successful appeals are not those in which money is most talked about, but those which inspire us with love for a cause. Henry Ward Beecher once said that, if he wished to raise a large sum from Plymouth Church for any worthy object, he should preach and pray to inspire his people with love for God and man; and then the money would come of itself. We believe the same holds true of the stated revenue of a church. Given clear minds and warm hearts; given a church whose services are worth supporting, and whose usefulness to the community is seen and known of all men,—and the people will realize that they cannot afford to let it languish for want of means. Open hearts will make open hands; and there will be a minimum of dunning or drumming, and a maximum of that common feeling which makes of many members one living body. "Good will" is the main item of church capital.

2. The rule already mentioned as underlying the ancient law of tithes should be accepted by the whole body of religious people; namely, that contributions should be measured by ability. We should do voluntarily and systematically for the Church just what the law requires us to do for the State. We may quote with approval from an unknown writer, who vouches for the following plan as a success: "Each member of the church presents the trustees with a statement of the cash value of his property, after deducting all debts. After obtaining subscriptions from all others not belonging to the church who yet are willing to assist in maintaining it, the trustees assess the balance of the expenses for the year upon the church members, according to the valuation reported by each. On this plan there can be no deficiency. In its working it is found that some, whose taxes would be very small, voluntarily pledge themselves to give larger sums."

3. The finances of the church should be organized as thoroughly as those of a manufacturing company, and its business should be conducted on business principles. The financial committee and the treasurer should be selected with reference to fitness. They should be of good report, wide-awake, tactful, and competent; they should make a complete list of possible contributors, with frequent revisions; they should keep in touch or in friendly relations with the whole constituency, without making their own functions obtrusive. The happiness of a household depends largely on the administration of affairs in the kitchen; but the rattle of utensils, the sputter of cookery, and the details of larder and market are kept at a certain remove from dining-room and parlor. And we have known some religious societies whose temporalities were managed with such quiet efficiency that the creak of machinery was hardly heard. But quietness does not mean secrecy or concealment; and, if the officials of Church or State act as if the receipts and expenditures must be covered up, there will be no end of open or smothered suspicion. People like to know what use is made of their own money by their own stewards.

4. Promptness and regularity in the payment of dues—inward and outward—will go far to promote the good name and usefulness of the religious society. Here is a matter in which "through slackness of hands the house falleth in." Hundreds of churches have collapsed for want of due and timely attention to their own affairs. Often it is the fault of slovenly officials, often it is a low standard of duty among the members; often it is a blind superstition, which assumes that, because the church is a divine institution, it will somehow be upheld without human hands. "I bless the Lord that I have been a member of a church for twenty-five years, and it hasn't cost me twenty-five cents," said a noisy prayer-meeting brother. In nearly every congregation are some who think of the church as a piece of sacred clock-work, which is endowed with perpetual motion, and are quite unaware that it is kept in motion by the beating of faithful hearts

and the co-operation of many hands. The same irrational theory, probably, accounts for the foolish and wicked readiness of religious societies to run in debt and take the chances. There are hundreds of small and poor societies that do not hesitate to incur obligations without visible or probable means of payment, and some of them take it as a grievance that somebody does not come forward and pay their debts. It should be said that, in common honor and honesty, a church, like a private individual, should adopt a scale of expenditure based on a known and available income. To hold religious meetings from house to house, to meet in a small hired hall, or to build a cheap house of worship; to engage a minister for one-half or one-fourth of the time; and to depend on lay services and printed sermons, when no other arrangement can be afforded,—these measures are honorable, and may be edifying. But to begin with a pretentious building and a mortgage, and to go on with a pastor whose promised salary is continually to run behind, is to poison the spiritual fountains with an immorality of which worldlings would be ashamed.

We close with a passage from "Parish Problems": "If it were only felt that a well-filled treasury is as indispensable to the true prosperity of the church as purity of doctrine,—that money is as important as prayer; and, if what men consecrate to the cause were more nearly proportioned to what they expend for their own pleasure,—wherever else there might be a falling-off, there certainly would be none here. A church debt would be out of the question. Instead of scrimping here and there and everywhere, we should find broad views and generous expenditures."

OPEN DOORS.

Baptists and Unitarians both belong to the great Congregational body, and illustrate the principles of independency fully and consistently. One advantage which each of these organizations possesses is that they have no established creed or articles of faith to which subscription is required. It is an easy thing, therefore, to move from one of these denominations to the other. As a general thing, the transitions which take place are nearly all from the Baptist to the Unitarian fold. Much less frequently a Unitarian becomes a Baptist. Recently, however, an example is given of a movement in both directions; and that, too, by the same individual.

A Baptist minister became dissatisfied with the Baptist Church, and decided to become a Unitarian. He therefore changed his connection, and soon after was elected pastor of the Unitarian church in the same place. After a pastorate of two years he has now resigned his connection with the Unitarian and gone back to the Baptist fold.

Why this minister left the Baptists for the Unitarians, and why he afterward left the Unitarians for the Baptists, are personal questions which are less interesting than the larger fact that the doorways of communication were kept open in both denominations. When he left the Baptist Church, he was not excommunicated or disowned; and, when he became a Unitarian, he did not have to abjure former beliefs nor subscribe to formal standards. Now that he has withdrawn from Unitarianism and returned to the Baptist fold, he is not excommunicated by the Unitarians; nor has he been required to pass an examination before a council or to submit his opinions to any ecclesiastical synod or hierarchy. It was natural that some explanation of his return should be made, and this was done at a meeting of the Baptist Ministerial Association; but he was subject to no catechising concerning his doctrinal opinions. Judging from the reports of his addresses which we have received, it would seem that he left the Baptist denomination because it was not free enough, and because he was not in harmony with it on theological points, and that he returned to it because Unitarianism was too cold to satisfy him. No doubt church affiliations are often simply a matter of spiritual temperature, but there are also doctrinal and dogmatic barriers which frequently have to be overcome. The change of a minister from one fold to another is less important than the fact that the doors are open, and that they may swing on their hinges either way.

This very freedom of ingress and egress, however, shows how much responsibility is laid upon the individual who proposes to change his denominational relations, and how important it is that he shall be fully persuaded in his own mind. The minister referred to crossed the Unitarian threshold, but did not pass into its interior life. He began immediately to preach before his own convictions had been settled. He was in a state of mind to need guidance rather than to guide, and it would have been wiser for him to have spent a year or two at Meadville or at the Harvard Divinity School until he ascertained where he himself stood.

If he found the Unitarians too cold, and he himself was warm with the true life, might not that be a reason for staying among them? We have known an instance in which a minister, who came from the so-called evangelical ranks, and who felt the Unitarian climate a little frosty in comparison, felt all the more deeply that here should be his opportunity to serve as "a burning and a shining light."

There are many ministers who are coming into Unitarianism from other denominations. We rejoice to welcome them, not more for what they may get than for what they may bring. Some of them have passed to the very centre of Unitarianism as a religious philosophy and a religious experience before leaving their own fold; and their churches to which they have ministered have had the advantage, which in some cases has been very great, of this ripening and growing process. Such ministers, who bring the glowing heat of their convictions and the joy of their freedom, are a great gain to Unitarianism, and give it fresh power and impulse; but, when a minister leaves another denomination and, without stopping to make sure of his own mental bearings, comes into Unitarianism simply for the sake of getting the advantage of its freedom, and without knowing what he is going to do with it, he is not in a position to lead and inspire. He should be ranked with novitiates and catechumens, as not ready for full fellowship. Full fellowship in the Unitarian body is not a matter of initiation or of ritual degrees. The only way one can obtain it is by being in full sympathy with the life, spirit, purpose, aims, and ideals of Unitarianism. This is nothing that can be conferred. It must be a personal experience; but, until one has entered it, whether inside the Unitarian organization or outside of it, he would better refrain from becoming a teacher of a faith which he has not fully possessed, because it has not fully possessed him.

PROGRESS IN INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Though the hands of the dial sometimes seem to indicate that the wheels of Indian affairs are moving slowly, yet they are never quite still; and the meeting held in Washington last week shows that they may keep better time in future. The annual conference between the secretaries of the various missionary societies of the country and the Board of Indian Commissioners brought together many friends of the Indian, who discussed various matters relating to their welfare for the space of eight hours, the speakers ranging all the way from the modest laywoman up to the Secretary of the Interior, who made an interesting and broad-minded address.

At the time of the Mohonk Conference it was stated that the coming in of President Harrison caused a complete revolution in the agency system. Very few agents—only two or three—were left undisturbed. On the accession of President Cleveland there was a reversal of the whirligig, and again but two or three agents retained their places. If an honest confession be truly good for the soul, then the Secretary of the Interior did his some good. He said:—

"During the first six months of service—I must admit the charge—we made changes too fast: we went too rapidly. But we had all sorts of charges pouring into the department and into the Indian Bureau against agents,—charges that seemed to be credible. And we yielded to them, and very probably made removals that should not have been made; for we have found that we cannot have good agents without having charges brought against them."

"It is the purpose of the administration to take the very best men we can find, without any special investigation as to what have been their past affiliations so far as

political parties are concerned, as we expect to tell them, when they get there, if they make any proffer of political convictions, we will try to get other men to take their places."

"We have also recommended an increase of pay for Indian agents. I do not believe that there is any work in connection with the service that is so important—I speak advisedly—as to place on a reservation a man as agent who is capable, faithful, and who will stay there. . . . That is the secret of proficient work upon the reservation."

Those are the sentiments that suit the friends of the Indian. If they can be as bravely carried out as they were frankly outspoken, the reservation will be wisely ruled till it gradually disappears with the incoming civilization.

Other points considered were the value of reservation day-schools, and the importance of bringing children as fast as possible into the schools of the States and Territories where they may chance to live. Minnesota is about to try a promising experiment looking to this. A boarding-house is to be erected, where, under proper supervision, Indian youth may find a home. They are then to attend the public schools of the place, paying the same tuition that any non-resident would have to pay. This method might be adopted in various States, to the mutual benefit of the schools and of the pupils, both red and white.

The reports from missionary bodies were, on the whole, favorable. The orthodox Congregationalists showed that their schools had perhaps suffered, but the missionary zeal and success had manifestly increased since the thousands of dollars of government money had been relinquished.

All missionary bodies were exhorted to turn their energies toward civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, since the government is willing to look after secular education.

One of the greatest helps toward the civilization of these still barbaric races, and the creation of an attractive home life, is the employment everywhere of field matrons. A resolution was adopted urging Congress to appropriate more money for this purpose.

Speeches by Senator Dawes and Col. Kidd, commissioners to the Indian Territory, reiterated the story of the disgraceful condition of things there, where, in a territory destined by treaty for the sole use of Indians, there are five white persons to every Indian; where sixty thousand white children are without schools, and lawlessness and immorality make life hideous. The only remedy for this state of things seems to be for the United States, in behalf of the whole country as well as of the inhabitants of this demoralized section, to make it a Territory subject to United States laws. The belief of those whose judgment is to be trusted is that the old treaties, which have been abrogated by non-observance on both sides for so many years, are no longer valid. If this be true, there is nothing in the way of a speedy adjustment of affairs in the Indian Territory, were the government in earnest. There is sure to be a strong opposition by those whose pecuniary interests are involved, and who are likely to veil this fact under a pseudo-regard for the sacredness of treaties. This battle for law, order, decency, and right in the Indian Territory will be one of the last battles needed. With a thorough system of education, with competent and non-partisan agents, and with administrative officers in sympathy with the long-persecuted or neglected race, the Indian problem may well be considered nearing the longed for solution.

Musings.

In a recent issue of a Boston daily paper a portrait in a public hall—which, we may remark, was not a rogues' gallery—was identified as that of S. J. Barrows, who was described as "the editor of the *Congregationalist*." Some time ago a cut of the same individual in a Boston paper was published, by mistake, as the president of the Amesbury Board of Trade, though the mistake was corrected in time to relieve that gentleman of any serious consequences, such as receiving invitations to preach on Sunday or getting a heavy bill for laying his sidewalk. The mistake now made by the reporter, in conferring upon the writer the editorship of the *Congregationalist*, was not a malicious one; but it might create needless alarm in the Congregational House,

the American Board, and among the readers of that paper. It is true that we have sometimes had to do work for the *Congregationalist* which it did not do itself. We have had to instruct our orthodox brethren on various points of theology and policy; we have had to plead in behalf of the fathers and grandfathers of the heathen; we have had to deliver charges to foreign missionaries, and occasionally to varnish the American Board,—all of which might have been better done by our contemporary. But we never thought of charging anything for these services; and, if the *Congregationalist* should send us a five-thousand-dollar check for salary, it might embarrass us in accepting it more than it would embarrass our contemporary in paying it. But nowadays that paper is doing its own work so thoroughly and so well that there is but little opportunity for us any longer to aid in that direction. It has faced to the front, and is marching forward with a joyful, elastic step; and, though its editor is about to conduct a party to the old Jerusalem in a few weeks, he is conducting his readers more surely toward the new Jerusalem, which is a yet more important destination. It requires some personal courage to be the editor of the *Congregationalist*. The office of the paper is in the Congregational Building; and we happen to know, from personal investigation, that the library in that building is stocked with sermons, in addition to much other valuable material, which are so sulphurous that the slightest friction might involve the whole establishment in a vast theological conflagration. But the Unitarian Building is only a block away; and Unitarianism has some credit, perhaps too much, for being a fire-extinguisher.

THE papers report that three men have been arrested in Hamburg for speaking disrespectfully of the new musical composition of the German emperor. These men ought to have known that a musical composition by an emperor must be a royal production, and that to pass any criticism upon it is a case of musical high treason. The emperor, it must be recognized, has certain advantages as a musical author and publisher which Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and other uncrowned composers did not have. The emperor has an army of a million or two men behind him. He has an organized police system all through the empire. With such forces at hand, any musical composition he achieves is bound to be a success. It does not matter what the character of the composition may be. It might give Bach a fit of sickness, make Mozart smile and Beethoven mad; but, if it is an imperial composition, it must secure the veneration and admiration of several millions of subjects, whether they know anything about music or not. We have not heard the emperor's composition. It may be very good, or it may be one of those productions which are best rendered at a deaf and dumb asylum. We have heard it said that it was a good piece of music; and, judging from the fate of these Hamburg critics, it is dangerous to say anything else. But, whether good or bad, we cannot help recognizing the undoubted advantages which an emperor has who goes into music business. With a few Krupp guns and a regiment of Uhlans, the emperor could take a whole opera-house by storm. Let a few musical critics be court-martialed and hanged, and it is quite possible that the emperor might do a greater service for musical art than he is aware of. Gessler, if there ever were such a man, hung up his hat for public admiration: the Emperor William hangs up his song. He must be careful lest some one shoot an arrow through it. However, we hope the emperor will go on composing, so long as his music is not too martial. We should be sorry to have the imperial troubadour hang up his harp on a willow-tree, and go off to the wars again.

Brevities.

The Tuskegee Negro Conference meets at Tuskegee, Ala., under the auspices of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Wednesday, February 20. All of the States in the "Black Belt" of the South will be represented.

We publish this week the second of two papers delivered before the Philadelphia Women's Alliance on "Methods of Social

Reform." Mrs. Klingelsmith, like the lady who preceded her, calls attention to moral phases of this conflict which are often overlooked in economic discussions.

The centennial celebration of the building of the First Parish meeting-house at Westford, Mass., which was held last November, is commemorated in a pamphlet containing the able historical address of Rev. John C. Kimball, and abstracts of the other addresses and of the letters received on the occasion. A good picture of the church faces the title-page.

The many friends of Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter in this country will be thankful to hear that on his journey from Liverpool to Oxford he and his wife escaped with a few bruises from a terrible railroad accident, in which thirteen people were killed and nearly a hundred and fifty wounded. The escape was a miraculous one, but the shock to the nerves was very great.

Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, in an article in the *Independent* on "The Parliament of Religions," says: "But it is said that some of these 'pagans' did not fairly represent pagan faiths. What is our own habit? When we put forward our representatives of Christianity, do we not select the choice spirits, or do we choose from the 'slums'? Why not be as fair to others as to ourselves?"

The personality and influence of Dr. Grindall Reynolds are inevitably associated with the Unitarian Building in this city, and it is fitting that his portrait should honor its walls. The committee who have had the matter in charge announce that the portrait is now finished, and will be presented at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, on Tuesday, January 29. The exercises will be held at Channing Hall at 3 P.M. The public are invited.

The letter which we publish in our "Religious Intelligence," under the head of "Toledo, Ohio," from the Methodist church to the Unitarian, is full of the spirit of Christian courtesy and kindness, and in strange contrast to the spirit which closed the Saratoga Methodist church to the Unitarian body. We believe the spirit of love is sure to triumph in the long run, and such friendly relations as this letter exhibits will do much to help it on.

Prof. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary, New York, recently lectured in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at Newark, N.J. Dr. Briggs received a warm welcome, and the Newark *Advertiser* says: "The large audience which gathered in that church to hear Dr. Briggs last night is a demonstration of a spirit of liberality and tolerance that should prove instructive to the denomination which has practically rejected the foremost scholar in the Presbyterian Church in the United States."

The *Christian Advocate* has discovered that "running a church is a good deal like running a coal fire. You must keep the coals together, shake out the ashes occasionally, and feed it at every opportunity. The preacher who depends wholly on keeping the coals together will not have a fire long, neither will the preacher who is always shaking out the ashes; while the preacher who is always adding new fuel without using the shaker will soon have his church so full of clinkers that he will have to dump the grate and start over again."

A Roman decree has just been issued, declaring that Catholics cannot become members of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, or Sons of Temperance. The *Republic* says: "The publication of the decree was something of a surprise. Hereabouts there are not many Catholics affiliated with the three organizations mentioned, but the situation is said to be otherwise in other sections of the country. The decree is very explicit, however; and no Catholic who joins these societies or retains his affiliation with them will be considered entitled to the rights and privileges of the Church."

The *American Hebrew* paid this tribute to Dr. Holmes: "Profoundly religious as Holmes was, it was not so much any theoretical doctrinal difficulties that stirred his feeling against certain exaggerated, gloomy phases of religious life in New England as it was his buoyant joyousness which kept him ever youthful in spirit throughout his life, even to the last. He was of all men, perhaps, the most thoroughly tolerant. However much he valued his own opinions and convictions,—and he was too little ad-

died to cant to hold them cheap,—he had ever an eye ready to see the good in views other than his own."

Archbishop Ryan, in a recent address, said: "I do not believe that any enlightened members of any Protestant denomination maintain that the members of other denominations or the members of the Catholic Church shall be excluded from salvation simply because they belong to such organizations. I am quite certain that the Catholic Church does not exclude Jews, Gentiles, and Protestants from salvation. She leaves such judgment to Almighty God, who alone knows each individual soul, and can alone judge of its merits or demerits. This is but one of the many misunderstandings of Catholic doctrine. What we want, above all things, is a more thorough knowledge of one another and of our real principles; and this reproach of our indifferences as a cause of agnosticism must lose much of its force."

The old Puritans trusted in God and kept their powder dry. Their military and religious fervor were easily combined. Rev. John C. Kimball, in his interesting sermon at the Westford First Parish Centennial, said: "There was no fire in the building except the few live coals brought in footstoves from the altar of a neighbor's kitchen, and the very ample kind set forth in its doctrines; and, as this doctrinal kind was not supposed to be inflammable to gunpowder, and as lightning—its only other danger—was not what the Lord would be likely to send down on his own abode, the place was used not only as a magazine of truth, but as a safe storehouse also for the town's cartridges and flints." In the Dorchester meeting-house, more than a century earlier, this experiment nearly ended in blowing up the meeting-house. But, dangerous as this custom was, it was, perhaps, not as dangerous as the storage of spirituous liquors in the church cellar which was in vogue in some other places.

Pro and Con.

LONG PASTORATES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Your report of Mr. Chadwick's thirtieth anniversary sermon, published in your issue of December 27, quotes Mr. Chadwick as claiming that only five members of the Unitarian clergy had been settled in one parish longer than he had served in Brooklyn; and the five referred to are then mentioned by name. Evidently, Mr. Chadwick has unintentionally overlooked the pastorate of Rev. George M. Bartol of Lancaster, Mass., which began Aug. 4, 1847, and which, therefore, exceeds the term of service of two of those mentioned by Mr. Chadwick.

Indeed, the First Church of Lancaster, Mass., shows a very remarkable record of long pastorates. From May, 1705, down to the present day, it has had only five pastors, namely; Rev. John Prentice, 1705-1748; Rev. Timothy Harrington, 1748-1795; Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, 1793-1840 (two years as associate pastor with Mr. Harrington); Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1840-1847; and Rev. Mr. Bartol since 1847. Can any other church make a similar showing for the past one hundred and ninety years?

A. M. B.

DR. PARKHURST AND THE NEW YORK PRESBYTERY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In one of your "Editorial Notes" in the issue of January 10 is a reflection which seems to me very unjust. You refer to the action of the presbytery of New York in postponing for one month action on the proposed commendation of Dr. Parkhurst for his noble work. You say there, "The true inwardness of the matter is well expressed by the *Outlook*"; but you leave readers utterly in the dark about the *real outwardness* of it. The plain fact was that the proposed action was blocked for that meeting by the objection of one man. So far as appears, if every other member present had been an ardent admirer and warm personal friend of Dr. Parkhurst, the action taken must have been just what it actually was. The *Outlook*, which thought it proper to assign the *motive* for the action, did not venture to justify its imputation by pointing to any different course the majority could have taken. The *Independent*, which is one of the representatives of the conservative element in the Presbyterian

Church, and a pronounced opponent of Prof. Briggs, scored this Mr. Mullally who interposed the objection in the severest terms. The imputation of motive in the face of such an utterance ought to be supported by some shade of proof.

But, on the other hand, the improbability of such a motive shared by other members of the presbytery as explaining the action taken is shown by another consideration. Though the conservatives of that body may be narrow and bigoted, it has not yet been shown that they are fools. However bitter the feeling of these men might be against Dr. Parkhurst, they would hardly venture, unless they were fools, to commit themselves to a course which they must see would chiefly discredit themselves and their cause. However bitter might be the feeling of a company of men against a railroad manager, they would hardly care to express their resentment by standing on the track to protest against the running of his flying express train. A crank might do it, but a company of people in their senses are not likely to. It seems to me, therefore, utterly unlikely that Mr. Mullally's action expressed the wish of anybody but himself; and I am sure you will agree that it is not conducive to the interests of religion of any sort, liberal or orthodox, to attribute unworthy motives to a company of men when a simpler and more creditable explanation is at hand.

ARTHUR SMITH.

AN EXPERIMENT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

It was one that reminded the thoughtful Unitarian of the wise artilleryman who stood by his own gun and blazed away.

In the Unitarian church of Vineland, N.J., twelve Sunday evening discourses were recently delivered by representatives of as many isms. Each discourse was an answer to the question, "What does the ism stand for?" The speakers told what the Baptist Church, Presbyterianism, Universalism, Swedenborgianism, Congregationalism, Metaphysical Healing, Methodism, Quakerism, Seventh Day Baptist Church, Spiritualism, Episcopalianism, and Unitarianism stand for. Ten of the lectures were delivered by clergymen. A lady presented the claims of Metaphysical Healing, and an editor the claims of Quakerism. With one exception, each speaker was a member of the denomination which he represented. The writer was the exception, when speaking on Methodism, which he did at the request of the pastor, after the Methodist minister declined to do it. The writer also spoke on Unitarianism, and heard all the others except one.

Did that course of lectures advance the cause for which the Unitarian Church stands?

It seems to me, and to the closest observers and most thoughtful persons whom I have consulted, that it did not. For, while the congregations were for the time larger than usual, and most of the discourses were interesting and instructive, the following facts were obvious:—

Many of the unusual attendants were present but once, and then to listen to a description of their own ism.

When most of the discourses were measured by what is commonly taught in the pulpits of the denomination represented, it was very manifest that the dogmatism of the denomination was being greatly minified and the liberalism as greatly magnified.

Some of the orthodox doctrines which are most offensively superstitious to the liberal mind were either not mentioned or merely hinted at, or alluded to in a very unimpressive manner. This peculiarity was so marked that it repeatedly elicited the question, "Why does he keep so much back?"

The general effect, so far as I can learn, was the confirmation of each orthodox person in his satisfaction with his own ism, and in his opinion that Unitarianism is unnecessary, if not positively harmful. As this effect was produced, in part, by deceptive statements, the cause of truth, freedom, sincerity, rational religion,—that is, the cause of Unitarianism,—was not advanced.

This course of lectures was, at least, a slight addition to the growing testimony which affirms that Unitarianism can best advance its cause by clearly, persistently, and uncompromisingly delivering its own message by every possible means and at every opportunity.

WILLIAM M. GILBERT.

For the Christian Register.
MEA ANIMA.

BY RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD.

Rouse thee, my soul! too long hast thou been dreaming!
Too long in Circe's garden thou hast strayed!
Rise in thine own true stature, undismayed!
Rise, and behold a new day brightly beaming!
Leave thy false husks, that are so goodly-seeming!
Cast off the garb in which thou art arrayed!
Spurn thou the mire, in which thou long hast laid,
And rise to greet the light upon thee gleaming!
Be not content to live alone for pleasure,
Which glows and fades with every changing hour!
Work on and up for more enduring treasure,
Some more befitting and ennobling dower,
By which thou canst in ever-widening measure
Assert the fulness of thy deathless power!

METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

II.

BY MRS. M. C. KLINGELSMITH.

There are two ways of working in the reforms of the day,—the way of yesterday and the way of to-morrow; for in reform, as in the Hebrew language, there is no present. A reform that stands still is as useful as a horse with that habit, and is as liable to an early death. The way of yesterday was a good way,—nay, a most excellent way for yesterday. The way of to-morrow is far better for to-morrow, but to-morrow has not come for the most of the children of men. What can we do, then? Why, live for our reforms as we live for our children, in their future, meanwhile giving them daily bread and making their clothes a little larger every season,—not groaning because they grow so fast and take more care and cloth every year, but rejoicing in their growth, and thanking God that some day they will be children no longer, but self-supporting and independent of our fostering care. But it is of all things the most important that we have an ideal for the future, and train our reforms to grow toward it.

What reform have we most at heart? According to each soul's interest will be the answer. Social purity, surely, is vitally important. Drinking of a polluted pool, we cannot attain to health; and without health nothing is possible. But shall we in any way antagonize any soul seeking the good of others by the way we seek for this pearl of great price? Surely, there is a way in which pure women may love their sisters' souls, and vindicate their sisters' right to safety, without for one moment casting a deeper shadow on the brother who walks beside her! In this question, one of the most tangible points is the absolute injustice toward woman of the present inequality between the sexes. She suffers outwardly, visibly. The degradation and the scorn, the shame and the suffering, despair and death, are her portion; while the sharer of her sin sits in the sunshine of the smiles of men, and faces heaven cheerfully in the belief that God is as lenient as man. In our revolt against this horror of injustice, we cry out against the immoral morality of our age, and demand that at last justice be done to woman as to man. "Let us right this hideous wrong!" is the cry that goes up: "let justice at last be done to woman!"

But I would change that cry, that demand. It is true, terribly true; but there is another side less obvious, but even more bitterly true. And my changed cry would be, "Let us have an equal standard of morality, not merely for the saving of woman, but for the saving of man!" Let the mere materialists argue the point from their side, if they choose. The world does give its food and its drink, its medals and its gilded crowns, to the evil man, while thrusting out the woman to utter infamy. If this were all, the wrong were all on one side. But to the great majority to whom mere living is not life, who know that life has higher aims and deeper meaning, it must finally come to be held as truth that in this custom of ours we are dealing out a deeper measure of injustice to men than to women. When we enter a household and see the daughter well trained, well-mannered, thoughtful for others, finding her pleasure not wholly in her own satisfaction, but in that of the whole household, and then we see the son of the house untrained, ill-mannered, thoughtless, careless of others, indulged because he is a boy and must have his fling, do we not turn away, saying the daughter will be a happy, fortunate woman, whatever misfortunes may be-

fall her,—her happiness is secure in herself? But of the son we say the world may be at his feet, and his family sacrifice themselves on the altar of his selfishness; but he is doomed: never can he grow to his full-statured manhood, never know what happiness is, unless some fortunate misfortune teach him the realities of life. Has not the great world-family been teaching its sons and daughters just in this way? It has been severe on its daughters, repressive, demanding too much of self-sacrifice in some ways and too little in others, narrowing down and pinching in, but all the while training, sweetening, uplifting, till the woman of to-day is what we find her,—refined, sensitive, cultivated, almost free from the baser brutal tendencies that have lingered so long in humanity.

But on its sons the hand of correction has been laid all too lightly. They have not been sufficiently helped to save their own souls alive. Rather has the slight penalty, the mere flavor of misdoing given to their sinning in this way, made it a more attractive thing for them to tread "the primrose path." That they have found bitter things and fatal dangers there has been owing to the mercy of God, and not to the justice of man. Humanity has not been just: it has been far too merciful. But God's justice is more merciful than man's mercy, and to it we owe the preservation of our brothers. It is time we found out our duty in the matter, and should do what in us lies to save mankind from the cruel mercies which go so far to destroy it. Not in selfishness, not in any spirit of even righteous wrath, but in the spirit of love, and the desire to uplift those whom we have helped by our weak indulgence to hinder and retard, shall we enter upon our crusade for social purity.

Looking at it in this way, is it not evident whose soul it is that is in need of salvation? We speak of the lost woman, when perhaps the woman of whom we speak may be led by the very injustice of man, and the merciful suffering which is the consequence of her sin, to find her way back to the realm of pure spirits; while the man whom we neither speak or think of as lost, sunk in the sensual satisfactions of the physical life, sinning, and not as yet consciously suffering the consequences of sin, is losing the last semblance of similitude to the immortal. Cruelly, crudely, ignorantly, we are saving the soul of the woman; but, in our condoning of the error of the youth, the sin of the man, the cynical soullessness of unrepentant age, we do so great a violence to the soul of man, and so shut it out to sin, so shut it in to vice and selfishness, that it is no wonder that the epithet pure has become almost entirely a feminine one, and the young girl who confesses that she expects to find a soul as pure as her own only sees facing her a world of cynic smiles. We know what we suffer, and we know what we lose by all this; but what they suffer, what they lose, few seem to think. Is the temporary and the transient, then, so much more than the immortal and the eternal? We do need justice, indeed, but justice for both. Our system of morals is criminal, but we do not need ask for better things for the sake of women merely. As women, it is an even more gracious task to say not because we, as women, bear a most unjust share of the burdens of sin, do we ask your help, but because you are our brothers and our fathers and our husbands, and, being so, are far dearer than ourselves, do we ask you to help save your souls alive.

For the temperance work there is much the same to be said, except that we are nearly a hundred years of agitation ahead on that question. The days when the drunken curate and dram-drinking parson were on every hand, nor won an instant's disgrace therefore, when a great Scottish patron only stipulated that the ministers whom he chose should be good-natured in their drink, are in the dim past. Set our social customs straight: make it as disgraceful for your son to be drunk as your daughter, give him the protection you give her. I can understand how mothers with daughters can endure, even uphold, the present social customs: injustice is a possible thing to bear when you are sufficiently used to it, and all the past history of the world shows how hard it is to arouse the oppressed to feel their oppression. The daughter seems safe, according to the common ideas, and is protected from much temptation. But her sons! How can a mother who really loves her son as well as her daughter see the one saved and pro-

tected, the other thrust out and tempted, ruined before her eyes, simply because it is popularly supposed to be a strengthening process necessary to manliness? A woman who can think of no better way of hardening and strengthening the manly fibres of her son than these so long in favor seems to me to sadly lack the inspiration love should give. Doubtless, the toughening processes of the red Indian were extremely successful. Would any mother of to-day envy the cruel, pitiless nature evolved by that process for her sons? Yet it was a more merciful system than ours, and the degradation of soul it entailed was far less. Unless the mothers of sons see that these things are looked at differently, who shall say the fate that waits them is not deserved?

The third great question, the political and social equality of the sexes, is one that is so wide-reaching in its extent, it is bound up with every matter that we can touch with our hands or think with our brains. Folded in this question, lie all the meanings of the nineteenth century. Here we see, again, how unjust our customs have been to men. We talk of women's rights, we rebel against our limitations; and we do rightly. But, if men were not so easily kept within the limits of their traditional line of thought, they would be agitating even more vigorously than we are for the even more valuable rights of which they are deprived,—rights for which we suffragists are agitating, but as yet almost unconsciously, and in the name of women's rights. For it is most certain to those who have looked deeply and with eyes anointed to see through the veil of custom and prejudice that the present moral, social, and political conditions, including the position of women and their relation to men, is even more unjust to men than to women. It is the obvious injustice that is ours; and that is why the first rush of our enthusiasm is to the righting of women's wrongs,—a cause to rouse our deepest and our warmest sympathies, and call for work of heart and mind and soul, yet, looked at merely as work for women, far narrower than the full, free, and true scope of the work, which is indeed a work for the uplifting and uniting the whole of humanity. Women are indeed unjustly denied the power to regulate the conditions in which they live, and in which their children must grow up; but men are unjustly burdened with a responsibility which they often confess they are unable to carry without public disgrace and private shame. Good women have been denied certain powers and duties; and the result has been that their power, denied its legitimate outlet, has, breaking out in the form of influence, devastated the lives of myriads of men,—some unknown and obscure; some, world-rulers, kings of men or of the minds of men. Power will show itself, and, denied its rightful sphere, will seize upon some realm where it will work for the undoing instead of the uplifting of men. Who suffers in this case the most? The woman loses much, undoubtedly: one cannot be harmed without the other being harmed also, and legitimate rights cannot be replaced by gain of illegitimate power. But the man who loses the power to govern himself, who loses the blessing he might have had in the council and help of a pure and strong woman, loses far more. He is indeed lost who surrenders his soul to another. Women lose in dignity, in helpfulness, in mental, moral, physical development. Men lose in purity, spirituality: mentally, morally, and physically, they degenerate. We are denied the right to grow: they are devoted to decay. Which is worse? Arrested development may lead to decay; but it need not, if growth can but be stimulated again. But, when the state of active decadence has arrived, then must we hasten the active measures to restore health, if it may be restored, to the diseased part. Our position is hard; but we have seen our danger, and the inert mass feels the working of new impulses.

Do those who have not yet begun dream how good it feels to grow? But it is for those who do not as yet dream that there is danger that our most earnest work is needed. Men are restless in the face of the conditions of to-day. They call the things that threaten by many names,—anarchy, socialism, individualism, tyranny of the man, despotism of the mass. There is danger in the air, but no man knows the name of the destructive power. They model their governments on the old, old plans, and, in the face of the ruin or decay of every one, won-

der why they, too, feel the irresistible downward trend of their own system. They must first unlearn most of the old lessons,—harder far than to learn,—and, when that is done, turn their faces, not to that old sunken sun the glow of whose going down is but a dying brilliancy, but toward this new dawn to which we point, whose fairy colors, indeed, may fade, but which fade not into night, but to the full beauty of the clear, blue heavens,—the life-giving and soul-inspiring light of the glorious sun.

ISLAM.

BY REV. W. R. W. GARDNER, ADEN, ARABIA.

The religion known to us as Mohammedanism is called in the Koran Islâm. "And I have chosen Islâm to be your religion" (Sales's Koran, Chandos Series, p. 74). Islâm is an Arabic word, meaning surrender or submission; and the true believer is he who submits or surrenders himself to God. But this submission must be to God's will, not in any general way, but as it is given in the Koran, and to Mohammed as his prophet. And, though in many places Islâm is said to be the old religion of Adam, of Noah, or of Abraham, yet Mohammed himself is to be regarded as the first "Moslem," or "Submitter." "Say, verily I am commanded to be the first who professteth Islâm" (p. 90). "This have I been commanded. I am the first Moslem" (p. 104). The Koran is not composed by Mohammed, but was composed by God himself, and inscribed by him on the preserved table (p. 185); and a copy of it was brought down by Gabriel, who revealed it to Mohammed bit by bit, as occasion required (p. 451 and pp. 11, 12). It does not claim to supersede the former revelations by abrogating them, but by confirming them (p. 12). It teaches that there is one God, who is Creator and Ruler, omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. He is merciful and compassionate, but his mercy and compassion are reserved for those who submit to him. "And the faithful men and the faithful women are friends to one another: they command that which is just, and they forbid that which is evil; they are constant at prayer, and pay their appointed alms; and they obey God and his apostle. Unto these will God be merciful, for he is mighty and wise" (p. 142). He is not our Father, but our Master. "He is your Master; and he is the best Master, and the best protector" (p. 257). And the Mohammedans here in South Arabia deny most emphatically that he is our Father, even in a metaphorical sense. We are only his slaves, they say.

Man's duty to him is not said to be love, but submission, service. Prayer must be said five times a day, and consists in the repetition of certain sentences with certain postures, kneelings, and gestures. The suppliant must pray facing what he believes to be the direction of Mecca. Alms-giving is a kind of tax or tithe, and is obligatory on all. "O believers, bestow alms of the good things which ye have gained," etc. (pp. 29, 30). And alms-giving is efficacious in gaining pardon. "If ye make your alms to appear, it is well; but, if ye conceal them, and give unto the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins" (p. 30). Alms should be given as a duty to God, and not in the hope of gaining anything here on earth, but in the hope of a reward hereafter. "And ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God" (p. 30). And the recompense of alms-giving is certain. "And what good thing ye shall give, it will be repaid you" (p. 30).

Fasting is also obligatory. "The month of Ramadan shall ye fast," etc. (p. 19). The fast must be kept for a whole month,—the month of Ramadan,—from the time in the early morning that one can distinguish between a black and a white thread until sunset time. During this time no food must be eaten, no water drunk; nor can smoking even be indulged in. But, as soon as the sun sets, feasting may begin; and the indulgence of the sexual passions during the month of Ramadan, which the teachings of the Koran seems not merely to allow, but to encourage, is in strange contrast with the nominal reason of the fast, to "be constantly present in the places of worship."

Another duty of the Mohammedan is pilgrimage. Every true believer ought to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca at least once

in his lifetime. "Perform the pilgrimage and the visitation of God" (p. 21). "Verily, the first house appointed unto men to worship in was that which is in Becca (Mecca); . . . and it is a duty toward God, incumbent on those who are able to go thither, to visit this house" (pp. 42, 43). These four,—prayer, fasting, alms-giving, and pilgrimage,—with belief declared in the word, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," is what is required of a Mohammedan as his faith and practice.

Many other precepts are inculcated in the Koran, such as honesty, kindness, justice, etc. Wine, lots, divining-arrows, images, are spoken of as an abomination,—the work of Satan, and to be avoided (p. 84). As a reward for serving God here below, the believer can look forward to heaven, where he shall have an eternity of happiness and bliss, enjoying such pleasures as he has enjoyed here, and others which have been forbidden here. "And happy shall be the dwelling of the pious; namely, gardens of eternal abode into which they shall enter. Rivers shall flow beneath the same. Therein shall they enjoy whatever they wish" (p. 197). "The description of paradise which is promised unto the pious: therein are rivers of incorruptible water, and rivers of milk the taste whereof changeth not, and rivers of wine pleasant unto those who drink, and rivers of clarified honey; and therein shall they have plenty of all kinds of fruit, and pardon from their Lord" (p. 375). That these things are not allegory is very plain from the following passage: "There shall they enjoy wives subject to no impurity" (p. 3. See also pp. 395, 396, p. 60). Such is to be the reward of the pure. "And this shall be the reward of him who shall be pure" (p. 237).

Yet no one, however much he may try to follow the precepts of the Koran and its teaching, can be sure of reaching heaven. "But he only shall visit the temple of God who believeth in God and the last day, and is constant at prayer, and payeth the legal alms, and feareth God alone. These *perhaps* may become of the number of those who are rightly directed" (p. 136). Nor, on the other hand, can any find just cause for despair. "O my sons, go and make inquiry after Joseph and his brother, and despair not of the mercy of God; for none despaireth of God's mercy except the unbelieving people" (p. 178).

The Position of Woman.—The Koran teaches that by nature, not merely by circumstances, woman is inferior to man. Yet women are to be respected because of their position in regard to the continuance of the race. Married women are completely in subjection to their husbands, who have the right to punish them at discretion with confinement or beating. "Men shall have the pre-eminence above women because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the one of them to excel the other, and for that which they expend of their substance in maintaining their wives. The honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands; for that God preserveth them by committing them to the care and protection of the men. But those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke; and remove them into separate apartments, and chastise them" (p. 58). The husband has also the right to divorce his wife at pleasure, by repeating at three separate times, or even thrice at one time, the words, "I divorce you." And the repetition of these words constitutes divorce. There can be no reunion unless the divorced woman has been in the interval married to another man, and has lived with him at least one night, and has been, in turn, divorced by him. "But, if the husband divorce her a third time, she shall not be lawful for him again until she marry another husband. But, if he also divorce her, it shall be no crime in them if they return to each other, if they think they can observe the ordinances of God" (p. 24). A woman cannot divorce her husband. She can only claim that he divorce her, and must make good her claim by proving ill usage, want of proper maintenance, neglect of conjugal duty, or some other such action; and, even then, she loses her dowry, which she does not, if divorced by her husband. This shows the unequal positions of men and women.

Polygamy also is allowed by the Koran. A man may have four wives, and, besides these, concubines from his slave-girls. "And, if ye fear that ye cannot act with

equity toward orphans of the female sex, take in marriage of such other women as please you two or three or four, and not more. But, if ye fear that ye cannot act equitably toward so many, marry one only or the slaves which ye shall have acquired" (p. 53). "Now are the true believers happy, who humble themselves in their prayer and eschew all vain discourse, and who are doers of alms-deeds, and who keep themselves from carnal knowledge of any women except their wives or the captives which their right hands possess; for as to them they shall be blameless" (p. 257). This shows that concubinage is allowed. While polygamy is recognized by Mohammed as being a likely cause of trouble in the house ("Ye can by no means carry yourselves equally between women in all respects, although ye study to do it," p. 68), yet Mohammed's own conduct with regard to marriage gives the idea that polygamy is the higher and better state; and it is therefore provided for in heaven. Mohammed claimed to have a special dispensation direct from heaven, allowing him more wives than common believers. "O prophet, we have allowed thee thy wives unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth. . . . This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee, above the rest of the true believers. We know what we have ordained them concerning their wives, and the slaves whom their right hands possess" (pp. 318, 319). And, when Mohammed died, he had nine wives and two concubines living.

All believers are brothers, and should be treated kindly, whether personally known to each other or not. "Shew kindness unto parents and relations and orphans and the poor, and your neighbor who is of kin to you, and also your neighbor who is a stranger, and to your familiar companion, and the traveller, and the captives whom your right hands shall possess" (p. 58). But unbelievers, such as Jews or Christians, are not to be made friends of. "O true believers, take not the Jews or Christians for your friends" (p. 80). The murder of believers is forbidden. "But whoso killeth a believer designedly, his reward shall be hell" (p. 64). But unbelievers are enemies, especially pervers. These last are to be killed wherever they are found. "And, if they turn back from the faith, take them and kill them, wherever ye find them" (p. 64).

At first Mohammed taught that force was not to be used in trying to influence men to become Moslems. "But, if thy Lord had pleased, verily all who are in the earth would have believed in general. Wilt thou, therefore, forcibly compel men to become true believers?" (p. 157). But later Mohammed taught that war was to be carried on against the infidels. "War is enjoined you against the infidels" (p. 22). And the true religion is to be thus established. "Therefore fight against them until there be no opposition in favor of idolatry, and the religion be wholly God's" (p. 129).

That slavery is allowed by the Koran is indisputable from the many references to it which may be found. But, more than that, the permission granted by the Koran to cohabit with female slaves gives a great impetus to the desire for its perpetuation, and makes slavery a recognized and established custom and social usage.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the main points in the teaching of the Koran. But one must always remember that by *all Mohammedans* the traditions of Mohammed are also an authority in matters of faith and practice. So that much of the Koran must be interpreted in the light of Mohammed's own life; and, while we may divide between the earlier and the latter periods of his life, Mohammedans do not. The latter part of his life, which was impure, sensual, and cruel, is just as saintly in their eyes as the earlier part. And very many Mohammedans follow the example of Mohammed rather than his precepts. What Mohammedanism is in practice in South Arabia I shall show in a following paper.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY REV. HENRY A. MILES.

One of the most scholarly and trusted of the biographers of Jesus (Milman, in his "History of Christianity"), alluding to the crucifixion, says that the Roman soldiers gathered around it "the most savage and wanton insults."

It must be remembered that this is what

lawyers call an *obiter dictum*,—an observation dropped by the way, without pretence to a full review. If it be only an echo of traditional feelings, it is none the less to be regretted that it is not more discriminating. The facts deserve some scrutiny.

This kind of punishment passed, during centuries, through many changes. In the long run there was a gradual mitigation of severity.

At first the naked body was impaled on a young tree, when the branches had been trimmed off, and its top point had been sharpened. This point was thrust up through the person, entering the lowest part of the body. It was the execution which required the smallest preparation, and was perfectly effectual. It was also the most horrible. The arms thrown out in all directions could bring no relief, and awakened compassion for the excessive agony.

There are repeated allusions in the Scriptures to this earliest mode,—such as "hung on a tree," "the accursed tree." Classical phrases refer to the same fact,—"the *infelix arbor*."

The next step was to stretch out and bind the arms on a cross timber, leaving the internal body un mutilated. Hence came the name of this punishment, the cross. Doubtless it gave momentary relief, though it may have delayed death,—sometimes hastened by breaking the limbs.

Later a benumbing drink was offered to the victim. Some kind hand reached this to Jesus. Subsequently, a shelf was provided as a seat or a rest for the feet. Finally, the presence of friends was allowed. They were not repulsed at the crucifixion of Jesus.

His death took place in some stage of this merciful advancement,—not surely in the first,—but no one can exactly say how. The popular impression that he was *nailed* to the cross is wholly unauthorized. That barbarous and bloody method may have been common in earlier times, when there was no thought but to have life taken with despatch. There is not a word said about *nails* by either of the evangelists in their account of the execution. The only place where that word is found is in the interview with the incredulous Thomas, subsequent to the crucifixion. That theatrical passage appears only in one Gospel, and it is supposed to be a marginal anecdote accidentally inserted into the canon. Biblical scholars tell us that we are by no means sure that we read the original Bible when we read that story.

Ghastly pictures of the bleeding hands and feet were afterward very common, and still are. They were devised to affect the imagination and sensibilities. After the myth of the finding of the cross, in the fourth century, the possession of one of the nails was coveted. A wonderful power was imputed to them. A long list might be made of the cathedrals, churches, monasteries, chapels, and of superstitious old persons, all of whom purchased at great price one of the nails,—in all, perhaps enough to build a house.

Crucifixion has been named as peculiarly a Roman barbarity, but it is well known that it had been inflicted in many Oriental countries long before it was adopted by Rome. We need not go back to primitive savage times to see what a great advance it was upon former methods of execution. Criminals were precipitated from high rocky cliffs; and their broken, mangled bodies were left to be devoured by dogs and wolves. Sometimes they were cast into dens of wild beasts; sometimes they were helplessly fastened in lone, desert places, where their flesh was gnawed by hyenas and their eyes were picked out by ravens; sometimes they were immured in dark and damp cages, amid serpents and vermin, until they starved. Burning to death over a slow fire was the punishment often decreed for heretics. The sufferer on Calvary had a better doom under the order, decency, and well-established rules characteristic of Roman power.

It seems fair to remember also the state of mind generally produced by long-continued scenes of violence and murder then common in Judea. Such times have an indurating effect. Life which is less secure has less value. It is relinquished with a bravery which in other circumstances seems impossible. This is the merciful compensation. Every public man knew that he was in hourly peril. He was to some degree prepared for it. The noble victim was entirely conscious of his precarious position.

We see how frequently he referred to it. It was neither with the indifference of a Stoic nor with the sensitiveness that went beyond self-command.

We need not exaggerate the necessities of his condition by imputing to him the pusillanimous feelings of our day. He had the best thing for him and for us. It was the victory of long habits of self-discipline. All this takes him out of the theological haze of a vague, unintelligible demigod; and we see one beloved of the Father, tempted in all points like ourselves, coming to our side, and filling our hearts with his heavenly wisdom and divine courage.

As to the degree of his sufferings, we have some hints of a trustworthy kind. He could not have received much bodily injury. The reporters say that he started the day after he left the tomb—Saint Luke says it was the *same* day—for a walk of seven or eight miles to Emmaus. What indignities he had received were more of ridicule than of physical maltreatment. In that age, and long afterward, those condemned to death were regarded as outlaws, and were generally exposed to insult and outrage.

Probably, there was here but little of this, compared with other cases. Some restraining influence overawed the scene. There was no mob violence. Compare it with our lynching. Even bystanders silently smote their breasts with grief. Only four Roman soldiers took part in the transaction. Learned Jews do not doubt that it was strictly legal. A Roman centurion exclaimed, "Truly, this was a Son of God!" He could discover real greatness, while the unappreciative and cowardly disciples took to flight. In the famous Florentine gallery there is a painting of the mother of Jesus standing at the cross. It is by Michel Angelo, and it is called "The Passion." While the other women veil their heads amid their sobs and screams, she looks intently upon her son with unblanched face, and with the calmness of perfect trust. The picture seems to tell us that she had no doubt it was all right. She had believed what he had said to her. It would come out just as he had foretold. The event was worth all its cost. The whole world would in time be blessed by it. It was woman's faith and love that inspired that attitude and look. And, if art has here rightly interpreted her, and all this was true to that mother's feelings, it was more noble than anything else ascribed to her.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MINISTERS.

Thirty-seven ministers of nine different denominations together all day long in a little hall, talking, eating, voting, and planning, and not a single quarrel, theological or personal! Instead of Ayer, Mass., Jan. 15, 1895, ought not the place and date of such an event to be written Utopia, Anno Millenario 1, 1st month, 15th day?

Rev. W. J. Batt, the energetic chaplain of the reformatory at Concord, was the leader of this enterprise. He is naturally of a hopeful disposition; and many years of experience have confirmed him in the belief that there are no human beings—not even ministers—beyond the possibility of reformation. So he set to work. Preliminary meetings were held at Concord Junction in Ayer, which resulted in the gathering above described.

The purpose of the meeting was to testify to mutual friendliness, to recognize such aims as are held in common, and to raise the question whether there is anything more to be done in the way of co-operation to promote the great object to which all ministers should be devoted.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. S. P. Everett of the Baptist church in Ayer. Rev. W. J. Cloues of the Baptist church in Littleton was made chairman, and Rev. B. A. Goodridge of the Unitarian church in Harvard, secretary.

There were present representatives of Trinitarian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedish Congregational, Advent, and Union churches. Father Sheedy of the Catholic church in Ayer expressed his hearty sympathy with the meeting, but could not be present.

Papers were read during the morning by Rev. W. J. Batt, on "The Signs of the Times," and by Rev. C. S. Brooks, on "The Danger of Secularism." Free discussion of these papers, and of the general aim of the meeting, filled the time until

12.20 P.M., when the meeting adjourned for lunch.

In the afternoon Rev. L. B. Voorhees of the Union Congregational church of Groton read a brief but pertinent essay on "Unity in Diversity." He did not believe it possible or desirable to obliterate denominational differences, but thought we might at least rub out the lines of ignorance of each other and of each other's work.

A Committee on Resolutions which had been appointed during the forenoon then offered its report. The report was accepted, and some lively discussion concerning its adoption followed. In substance, this report, which was read by Rev. A. J. Rich of Milford, N.H., was a recommendation that a permanent organization, to be called the Union Ministerial Association, be formed; that its object be to encourage the union and co-operation of ministers and churches in charity, fellowship, and good works; that semi-annual meetings be held; that a committee, consisting of one from each denomination represented at the meeting, or from such denominations as shall be found ready to co-operate, shall be chosen to prepare a plan of organization, and present it at the next meeting.

The discussion of this report made it evident that it would be impossible to decide upon the spot the question of permanent organization; but so strong was the feeling in favor of at least one more meeting of this sort that it was voted with practical unanimity to instruct the Committee on Resolutions to call another meeting within six months, the precise date and the place to be left to their discretion.

The discussion in the afternoon was especially interesting, as showing the difficulties with which some of our orthodox brethren contend in attempting to follow out their fraternal impulses. It is doubtless true, in many cases, that there could be free interchange of pulpits between orthodox and liberal ministers if it were not for prejudice in the pews.

With the serene and saintly faces of Dr. Putnam and Dr. Young shining upon us, with their inspiring words ringing in our ears, it was impossible for the rest of the Unitarian contingent not to listen with demure satisfaction as one after the other of our orthodox brethren confessed to having taken part in Unitarian ordinations and installations without visible injury to himself. Bless the dear souls! They might join with us and we might join with them twice as often, and nothing but good could come to either of us by the experience.

Perhaps a carping critic might object that there were no very definite results from the meeting; and it is true that no special work was laid out, and no formal organization was effected. But there was a very definite result in the increase of cordiality and fraternal feeling, of respect for each other's work, of desire for more intimate relations in the future.

B. A. G.

Spiritual Life.

For whatever happens to me each day is my daily bread, provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand, and so feed upon it.—Fénelon.

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.—John Ruskin.

I beg you, my dear friend, whatever be your suffering, to learn first of all that not to take your sorrow off is what God means, but to put strength into you, that you may carry it. Be sure your sorrow is not giving you its best unless it makes you a more thoughtful person than you have ever been before.—Phillips Brooks.

That right and justice actually rule the world may be open to dispute; but that they ought to, that they are supreme over all else, that our part as men is to help make them rule, that human life has this as a part of its ultimate law and aim,—of this one may be as sure as that the earth is under his feet; and the sense of it seems to lend infinite dignity to this passing life of ours.—James Vila Blake.

The struggle against material difficulties develops the qualities of patience and perseverance and courage; and, undoubtedly, the fruits of the ages—mercy, unselfishness, and charity—could not possibly be exercised and trained except in a world where wrong and oppression, misery and pain and crime, called them into action. Thus even evil

may be necessary to work out good. An imperfect world of sin and suffering may be the best and perhaps the only school for developing the highest phase of a personified spiritual existence.—A. R. Wallace.

HYMN OF DEDICATION.

[Written for the dedication of the South Unitarian Church, Worcester, Mass.]

BY DR. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.

This humble house our hands have raised
We dedicate, O Lord, to thee;
In service simple, pure, and free
Here shall thy holy name be praised.

And those remembered of all time,
Who toiled and died to make men free,
The good and great of history,
Prophet and sage of every clime.

No creed shall cast its shadows o'er
The lowly threshold all may pass;
No narrow dogma, rude and crass,
With harsh confession bar the door.

But, wide as range of human thought,
Strong-set in love our faith shall be;
For all at last must come to thee,
Our Father, as Thy Jesus taught.

Within this temple deign to stay,
Our humble offerings, Lord, accept,
And keep, who hast our fathers kept,
Thy children of a later day.



THE SOUTH UNITARIAN CHURCH, WORCESTER, MASS.

THE SOUTH UNITARIAN CHURCH, WORCESTER, MASS.

The South Unitarian Society of Worcester dedicated on the evening of January 16 the beautiful church which crowns their efforts in the last six years.

The church stands a mile south of the nearer of the two Unitarian churches which already existed, and in the midst of a fast growing population, from which a strong congregation has been built up. Two years ago Rev. George W. Kent became its minister, and his unwearied devotion to the work of the church has been a large element in their success.

The original plan was to build the church of wood; but, by the generous help of Mr. James A. Norcross, it has been carried out in brown stone, and the fine tower has been added. It stands nobly situated on the Main Street of the city, the site being elevated, advantage of which has been taken to secure a range of well-lighted rooms, which for the present accommodate the Sunday-school beneath the main floor. The plans include, however, a large chapel in the rear of the church, which will be built later.

On the main floor, reached by a broad and easy staircase in the tower, is the auditorium, with a seating capacity of about three hundred. The pulpit and organ occupy one corner of the room, the pews—semi-circular in form—facing this corner. In addition to a number of smaller windows, the auditorium is lighted by two fine windows by G. W. Wise of Boston,—one to the memory of the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Norcross; the other, in honor of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who

began in Worcester his work as a minister. On the same floor as the auditorium, and opening into it, is a large room seating over a hundred, and serving as a parlor for the ladies and a place of greeting and fellowship before and after the Sunday services.

The entire building is lighted by electricity, and is amply supplied with toilet-rooms, cloak-rooms, kitchen, and all the offices of the modern church home. The cost, including the land, has been about \$40,000.

At the service of dedication the church was filled to its utmost by the members of the society, their neighbors, and their loyal friends of the two older churches. Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., of Millbury, and Rev. B. F. Eaton, pastor of the All Souls' (Universalist) Church, joined in the opening exercises. Rev. Austin S. Garver of the First Unitarian Church told with tenderness and with pride the story of the growth of the society,—of the humble beginning in an unused school-room; of the later discouragements and successes; of the faithful, united work which has been given to it. And then minister and people joined in the service of dedication, and in the noble hymn which had been written by a member of the congregation. Rev. Calvin Stebbins of the

Seattle, and the other continuing eastward. Once this junction point passed, and the train plunges into the virgin forest which borders the northern Pacific slope of the Cascade Mountains. The bright noon seems to turn to twilight. Monster trees, shooting up from the ground as straight as arrows, lift their heads way above the general level of pine and fir trees as we know them in Maine and Canada. The ground is a tangle of underbrush and decaying timber, and it appears to the untrained eye as though it would take giant strength and years of labor to clear a space in such growth and establish anything like human civilization.

There comes in sight, by and by, a small shedlike station, a rude platform, a country store, with a house here and there to be seen through the woods, and a half-made, winding road running down to the river, upon which there stands a very good-looking frame building, which might be a school-house or a church. This settlement in the woods is McMillin.

Not a pleasing or hopeful prospect did it seem to me that Saturday afternoon, as I stepped out into the damp, chilly atmosphere, and walked across the wet earth to the country store. On the next morning I was to preach to the little Unitarian society, and the announcement of my coming had been spread far and wide in the neighborhood. A small notice of the fact was printed and stuck outside the store, which, by the way, serves as the post-office, the express office, the McMillin Club-house, and for various other purposes.

I walked across to the main building of the town (?). It was an unsightly and dismal structure, as it stood there unpainted, without windows, without doors, unplastered, and the water dripping from the roof. This, I understood from my host, was to be the Unitarian church. Slowly, laboriously, this much had been acquired. It meant generosity on the part of some such as we more favored ones know little about. It meant odd hours of work by the carpenter belonging to the society. It represented hopes, the future,—a common village home.

The next morning the sun came out hot and clear, and dried up some of the moisture which seems an everlasting heritage from all the years that have been. Further down the road was a little school-house, which had escaped my eye on the first inspection. Here the church service was held, and long before the hour appointed people began coming from the settlements in the woods and the new farms started on the river bottoms. I have preached to many congregations, scattered from San Diego in the extreme South-west to Bar Harbor in the extreme North-east, but never to one where it was so easy to talk or where I had such appreciative listeners. After the sermon questions innumerable were asked. Possibly there was not one in that audience originally a Unitarian. Each had religious needs that were met by our presentation of the gospel, and each found a home and peace in the liberal faith.

How, it may be asked, was this little congregation kept together? Mainly through the untiring efforts of one Mr. A. D. Hale, who from the beginning to this day has been the helper, the inspirer, the father of the little church. When the Tacoma or Seattle minister could not come to the backwoods settlement, Mr. Hale would gather together the congregation, read to them a printed sermon, teach in the Sunday-school, collect money, work on the church building, write to friends outside. Every moment of time he could spare from the duties of postmaster, storekeeper, express agent, were devoted to the church. So steadily, bit by bit, the building gathered to itself completeness. In spite of the slowness of money, the work progressed; and the furnishings were put in,—a pulpit platform, then a few chairs, then an organ, until at last, all being ready, after years of slow, painful, and discouraging work the temple is finished and dedicated. Thus has Unitarianism demonstrated in this case its power as a missionary gospel. Thus has it shown what patient perseverance on the part of poor people can accomplish. May the new church be indeed a light on the pathway which shall light every man and woman of the settlement on the road of life toward the better home!

Even the smallest place has some significance. You would notice this blank, if it were not filled. Be sure that you fill some place yourself.

THE McMILLIN CHURCH.

BY REV. THOMAS VAN NESS.

A few weeks ago a modest notice appeared in the "Religious Intelligence" column of the *Register*, stating that the church in McMillin, Wash., had been dedicated. This colorless little article conveyed no impression to the general reader as to the meaning of that dedication, and the heroic history which was back of it. Some time in the autumn of 1891 I took the overland train on the Northern Pacific bound East from Tacoma to St. Paul. After crossing the neck of Puget Sound, the train entered the Puyallup Indian Reservation, soon to emerge into the low valley of the Puyallup, where the town of that name, in the midst of the hop district of Washington, now stands. Possibly a mile further on the railroad divides, one branch going north to

PLYMOUTH PILGRIM MEMORIAL CHURCH.

John D. Long, 5 Tremont Street, Boston, for the committee on rebuilding the above church, acknowledges receipt of the following contributions:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,501.46
George H. Eager, Boston.....	25.00
A descendant of Elder Brewster.....	500.00
Solomon Hall, Boston.....	5.00
John E. Hudson.....	100.00
Two Pilgrim descendants, Providence, R.I....	10.00
J. Mason Little, Boston.....	25.00
A. F. Estabrook, Boston.....	25.00
	\$2,191.46

January 19.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, January 26. Subject, Lesson XVIII., "Jesus and the Precious Ointment." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

When Rev. John A. Bevington was induced to take charge of the Barnstable church and Sunday-school, it was very evident that prosperity would attend the work. We learn that the Sunday-school is in a flourishing condition. The teachers and scholars all seem interested in the work. The attendance is good. The superintendent is Mr. Bevington. The number of teachers and pupils have almost been doubled under his administration. The one-topic graded leaflet lessons issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society are used, and the scholars seem more interested than in former text-books. For the first time in its history the Sunday-school sent a contribution to the Unitarian Sunday School Society last year. The pupils meet every week at the church, and practise tunes. They also give contributions, and work to help the "Children's Mission" and other philanthropic objects.

The new Song and Service Book for some time in preparation by the Unitarian Sunday School Society is now nearing completion. All the material is in the hands of the printer. The date of publication can proximately be fixed about the end of March. There will be ten general services and ten special services for Christmas, Easter, etc., twenty in all. The number of hymns and tunes will be about two hundred, old and new. The music is of a four-fold character,—valuable old tunes, carols liked by our Sunday-schools, attractive new tunes from other denominations not known to our Sunday-schools, original music composed expressly for this book, and also the standard congregational tunes and Psalms which ought to be well known both in Sunday-school and church. A vast amount of care has been taken to produce a satisfactory result; and, despite the many obstacles which attend such a work, it is believed that the New Song and Service Book for church, school, and home will satisfy the majority of our Sunday-schools. It is expected that this book will be sold for 25 cents a copy or \$3 a dozen.

Religious Intelligence.

THE next meeting of the Ministers' League will be held on Monday, February 11, instead of January 28. Due notice will be given of the same.

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall Monday, January 28, 10.30 A.M. Address by Rev. F. H. James, upon "Taoism." The public is invited.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—At the meeting of the New England Associate Alliance in Jamaica Plain, February 27, Mr. Dole will speak on "The Sunday-school Question," and Mr. Balch will follow Mr. Cummings on "Strikes."

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: January 27, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson will preach. Services at 10.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

Rev. Charles G. Ames will conduct the Wednesday noon service on January 30.

ROXBURY: Thirteen women of the First Religious Society of Roxbury send \$100 to the American Unitarian Association, seven of them giving \$10 each, and six of them giving \$5 each. A hint to other parishes.

West Roxbury, Mass.: On Sunday, January 6, the society of the First Parish was much surprised and pained to hear its pastor, Rev. Frank Wright Pratt, read his letter of resignation. Mr. Pratt came to the church nearly four years ago; and his good work is so evident that his departure will be a loss, not only to the society, but to the whole community.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon, at 3.15; evening, at 8, when Rev. Arthur May Knapp will speak upon "Lessons from

Japan," with stereopticon views. The Winkley Guild meets at seven o'clock. On Monday evening, January 28, at the good citizenship meeting, Mr. Edwin Ginn, member of the Municipal League, will speak upon "The Tenement-house Problem."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday evening, January 27, at 7.30. Rev. Minot J. Savage. Subject, "Religion and the Church." Attractive music by Miss Lillian Carllsmith, contralto; Mr. Leon Van Vleit, 'cellist. All seats free, and a welcome to all.

Last year an effort was made, under the direction of Dr. E. E. Hale, to relieve the suffering among destitute sewing-women. A work-room was opened in Parker Memorial Building, and much good was done by the movement. This year the enterprise is under the charge of the Martha and Mary Club, and good personal work is being done among the same class of women. There is an accumulation of garments which it is desirable to sell, that the work may go on. The club holds a sale of clothing every Thursday, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., at the Parker Memorial Building, entrance on Appleton Street. Here women's and children's clothing, men's and boys' flannel shirts, pillow-cases, etc., neatly made and of good material, can be purchased very cheaply. This is a good opportunity for charitably disposed persons to buy clothing to send to sufferers at the West or to give to needy ones at home, and at the same time aid a worthy charity in Boston.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.—Rev. H. H. Woude, of Toronto, Canada, lectured in the Unitarian church on "Hamlet" before an appreciative audience. A new organ, costing \$2,000, is being built by Emmons Howard of Westfield, Mass., for the church. It is to be finished "on or before the first day of April." Evening meetings for the second season are being held. They extend from November till May.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—At the Unitarian church on Richmond Street, Dorchester, last Sunday Rev. Frederick B. Mott began a course of sermons entitled "The Faith for To-day." The object of this course is to endeavor to set forth the elements of a religious faith broad enough and reasonable enough to meet the intelligence of well-read men and women to-day, and at the same time inspiring and vital enough to serve for the daily help and encouragement of all in the many duties of life. The first subject in the course was "Man as he now knows himself"; and the discourse was an attempt to state the results of modern scientific investigations as showing the human race to be the crown of age-long periods of gradual creation out of lower forms, and not the work of a miraculous moment. This conception, of course, makes man the highest work of God; but it compels him to see himself as bound by reciprocal ties to all the world beneath him. And the depth whence he has come hints of the height to which he is destined to ascend. This sense of his relationship to the rest of the universe broadens a man's mind and sympathies. He feels that his genealogy behind him includes the myriad living forms of nature's host, while his inheritance is yet to be the perfection of his Father, God. The modern man can now understand better than has ever been possible in the past Christ's great idea of sonship to God. Mr. Mott said that men and women to-day who could not build up any satisfactory religious faith upon revelations or assumptions could begin here with the large and comprehensive fact of their recognized relationship to the rest of the universe and their membership with the mighty family of God. That is a clear, undogmatic basis for a reasonable faith. Mr. Mott will continue the course by speaking upon "The Great Teaching of the Bible." *Dorchester Beacon, December 12.*

EASTPORT, ME.—The meeting-house of the Unitarian society at Eastport was dedicated Thursday, Jan. 13, 1820, Rev. Andrew Bigelow, the first pastor, who had made the midwinter passage from Boston by schooner a few days previous, conducting the services and preaching the sermon. On Sunday, the 13th of the present month, Rev. H. D. Catlin, the pastor, preached a special sermon in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the event; and the following Wednesday a parish festival was held in the church vestry of the present members of the society. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bucknam, young children at the time, were present at the services three-quarters of a century ago; and Mrs. Sophia Shead, a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden of Puritan fame, still well and active in her ninetieth year, was a member of the choir at the dedication.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Unitarian Club, at its meeting on January 17, had the very great pleasure of listening to an address on "The Religious Faith and Heroism of the Armenians," by Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, who was followed by a young Armenian, a graduate of the "Euphrates College," who related some of his own experience of Turkish rule, and thanked Mrs.

Barrows for her address. Rev. F. A. Bisbee agreed with the previous speakers that we could do little to assist the Armenians except by manifesting our sympathy with them, and suggested that, if consular agents were chosen for their fitness instead of for political reasons, we would probably receive fuller and more accurate information of events occurring in the countries to which they were accredited, and they would probably exert a greater influence in the communities to which they were sent. Prof. Ludlam added to the interest of the meeting by some fine recitations.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—The following subscriptions have been made toward the Building Fund of the Fourth Unitarian Society, South Providence, R.I., payable when the sum of \$7,500 has been pledged: V. O. Taylor, Providence, R.I., \$100; James M. Scott, Providence, R.I., \$100; Charles W. Bowen, Providence, R.I., \$100; Nathan H. Truman, Providence, R.I., \$100; Francis Colwell, Providence, R.I., \$100; Joel Metcalf, Providence, R.I., \$50; total, \$550. Pledges may be sent to Dr. V. O. Taylor, Box 1,459, Providence, R.I.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—The Unitarian society held a special meeting, and adopted resolutions regretfully accepting the resignation of their pastor, Rev. C. F. Nichols, and expressing appreciation of his earnest purpose during the pastorate. The resignation is to take effect March 1.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mr. Chadwick returns from St. Louis full of enthusiasm over the great and beautiful city which he has now visited for the first time. The weather proved extremely cold, but the warmth of his welcome made him quite indifferent to that. He lectured to the Eliot Club on Saturday, January 12, and the next day preached for Mr. Snyder in the morning and for Mr. Hosmer in the evening; and on the following Tuesday he addressed the Unitarian Club. He found Mr. Snyder's one of the most beautiful of our Unitarian churches, and the society abounding in good works. Mr. Snyder has a second pulpit in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, from which every Sunday morning he preaches a sermon two columns long, from half a dozen different texts, in closest touch with the great national or local questions of the time. The shadow of John Learned's death is still dark and heavy on his people, but nothing could be happier for them than Mr. Hosmer's coming to take up and carry on the work of that dear friend with whom he was associated in the closest bonds of common hopes and fears. It was very beautiful to have Learned share in the service on Sunday evening with his noble hymn,—
"To-day we would renew the quest."

TOLEDO, OHIO.—The Methodists have for some time conducted their worship in the Unitarian church. They have now entered a building of their own, but have sent the following letter to the trustees of the Church of Our Father:—

"Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I communicate to you the action taken last evening by the official board of Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church at their first meeting in their new building. It was unanimously resolved that a hearty vote of thanks be tendered you and your membership for the accommodations and privileges which you so kindly furnished us in your church, and for your uniform kindness and courtesy toward our church organization while we occupied your building. You have certainly been fraternal toward us; and we appreciate this spirit of brotherhood which you have exhibited, and we trust it may bring forth a more generous spirit of fraternity among the different churches in this portion of the city for all the future years. With best wishes for your continued prosperity, I am yours fraternally.
"I. N. HUNTSBERGER.
"By order of the Official Board."

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—Rev. J. C. Jaynes, having nearly completed a ten years' pastorate in the West Newton church, has been voted a six months' vacation, which he will spend with Mrs. Jaynes in a trip abroad. In further token of affection for and appreciation of the pastor and his wife, the members of the congregation join in presenting them with a sum of money, to be used toward defraying the expenses of the trip. During the last ten years this church has been materially enlarged, and yet not a single pew can now be obtained.

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The January meeting of the league was held on Wednesday, January 16, at the Second Parish Church, Worcester. After the secretary's report an interesting paper on "Children's Theology," written by Miss Lydia Ball for the Clinton conference last fall, was read by Miss Lizzie H. Ball. Mrs. J. B. Stone added to the interest of this paper by reading her notes of G. Stanley Hall's lecture on "Religious Education of Children from a Psychological Standpoint." The subject of the day was "Boys"; and the first paper, written by Miss Dora Knight of Hopedale, on "Is

Hero-worship the Boy's Best Help in learning Patriotism?" was read by Miss Anna M. Bancroft. Intermission for luncheon was taken, and over ninety women sat down to the tables. They represented thirteen towns in Worcester County, besides Boston and Framingham. At the afternoon session the following papers were given: "How shall we teach Boys Justice, Courage, and True Chivalry,—the Highest Standard of True Manliness?" written by Mrs. C. H. Roper of Hopedale, and read by Mrs. F. E. Smith; and "How shall we fortify them against the Temptations of College and Business Life?" by Miss Julia F. Darling of Mendon. Many a boy-lover was present; and the personal experience and belief of the mother who had "brought up boys" brightened the discussion, and helped others anxious to put before their own children the highest incentives to manly and upright living.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association, called by the president to consider Southern work, was held at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, January 15. There were present Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Wells, and Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Crothers, Dole, Fox, Gaffield, Hale, Hosmer, Howe, Lincoln, Lyman, and Savage. The record of the last meeting was read and approved. Rev. George L. Chaney, superintendent of missions in the South, was present, and presented his reasons for the various appropriations recommended by the Committee on the Southern States for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1895. The following appropriations were made: to Rev. Henry A. Westall, at the rate of \$900 a year, for services at Asheville, Greenville, and Knoxville; to the Church of Our Father, Atlanta, Ga., \$500; to Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock, Austin, Tex., at the rate of \$500 a year; to the First Unitarian Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$900; to the First Unitarian Church, New Orleans, La., \$500; to the First Unitarian Society, San Antonio, Tex., \$400; to the Unitarian society of Memphis, Tenn., \$700. It was also voted "that the salary of Rev. George L. Chaney, superintendent of missions for the Southern States, be continued at the rate of \$2,500, for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1895, with travelling expenses, receipts for preaching to be deducted." As an appropriation for Richmond had been already made to the first of March, an appropriation for the remainder of the year was postponed to the March meeting. On suggestion of the secretary, it was voted "that the Finance Committee be instructed to report on the investment of legacies at the February meeting, and to make some definite recommendation as to the future financial policy of the American Unitarian Association." Adjourned.

Business Notices.

A Cough should not be neglected. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy, and give immediate and sure relief.

Mr. D. E. Ranney, of the firm of Joel Goldthwait & Co., sailed for Europe Wednesday of last week in search of specialties for the coming season.

An Interesting Point.—In the design of any piece of furniture there is nothing that seems so trivial and is really so important as the third proportion,—its height. This is well illustrated by the new Parlor Cabinets, which are fast becoming all the rage. They are only about one foot lower in height than the ordinary Cabinet of the past, but they seem like an entirely different piece of furniture. An engraving of one of these new Low Cabinets is shown in another column in the announcement of Paine's Furniture Company.

A Unique and Generous Offer.—A very novel offer is being made by that well-known firm, Joseph Breck & Sons, of Boston. They advertise that they will give the same amount of money as will be awarded by any Horticultural or Agricultural Society in the United States as first prizes for products raised from seeds or bulbs purchased of them.

In the past more than an even proportion of the prizes given by such societies in New England for floral and garden exhibits have been awarded to products grown from Breck's seeds. It would seem, therefore, as though Breck had taken considerable upon his shoulders, and will undoubtedly be called upon to pay out no inconsiderable sum of money. But such generosity will undoubtedly revert to his benefit; for it will mean that Breck's seeds, always popular, will be sought after more than ever. And, then, seeds that are bred to produce prize winners are none too good for the amateur gardener.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Pembroke, 15th inst., by Rev. Henry D. Dix, of Norwell, George A. Young and Julia O. Wood.
In Templeton, 12th inst., by Rev. J. M. W. Pratt, Gilbert G. Hadley, of Worcester, and Mrs. Arabel Currier, of Canaan, N.H.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

HOME WORK WANTED by lady with family. Either writing, cake-making, or sewing preferred. Mrs. H. M. JONES, Dover, Mass.

For the *Christian Register*.
TO SOLITUDE.

BY MONTAGUE DONNER.

O thou dear Solitude, give me thy balm,
 Wherewith to soothe these aches that wring my
 heart,
 And lull the storms that through its shadows
 dart
 With whispered gospels of the yearned for calm.
 Teach it anew the long-forgotten psalm,
 Through the last plaintive echo which the smart
 Of slander and neglect had left apart
 To give coy promise of a future palm.
 Then shall my soul awaken into harmony,
 And answer to the call of Nature's voice,
 Ever in thy embracing sympathy
 Most eloquent. So shall my spirit poise
 On soaring wing, and through thy sovereignty
 Be taught again to bless and to rejoice.

The Pulpit.

LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. FISH, JR.

"Laborers together with God."—1 Cor. iii. 9.

According to the ancient Hebrew idea, the necessity of toil was a penalty imposed upon mankind for Adam's disobedience; and a somewhat similar view has prevailed in most nations of modern as well as of ancient times. Labor, that is, has been regarded as a curse; and in some countries a stigma is still attached to it. To be compelled to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow is considered degrading. Men are ashamed to have it known that they or their fathers before them ever did anything useful for a living; and, even where no such feeling is entertained, the weariness and painfulness associated with the idea of necessary toil have given birth to a very general desire to avoid or escape from it, if possible.

It does not require any great knowledge of history to see that this desire has been the source of some of the worst evils by which mankind has been afflicted. To it may be traced, for example, what John Stuart Mill called "the subjection of woman." In primitive society man, regarding hunting and warfare as the only honorable pursuits, used his superior strength to make woman do his work. It was the wife's business to hew the wood, draw the water, and till the ground, while her lord and master took his ease under the shade of a convenient tree or in the shelter of his wigwam; and traces of this state of things are still to be found, even in civilized lands. To this day you may see the German peasant striding home from the fields at night, smoking his pipe and swinging his empty hands, while the woman, who has toiled all day beside him, pushes the wheelbarrow on which are piled the implements of their common labor.

This desire, again, is the main source of what Wesley so aptly named "the sum of all villainies." A strong man, finding his wishes increase beyond the capacity of his wife to supply them, enslaved his weaker neighbor, or induced his tribe to join with him in a raid upon some neighboring tribe, in order that he might bring home a prisoner to minister to his comfort. This appears to have been the origin of human slavery. It is the origin, too, of most of those tribal conflicts which still make Central Africa little better than a den of wild beasts.

Once more, in the desire to escape from toil is to be found the source of a very large part of the crimes against property and person which constitute one of the chief scourges of human life. It is, of course, not money for its own sake that the thief, embezzler, and bribe-takers want, but what money will bring,—first of all, the power to purchase the services of others and the accompanying exemption from all disagreeable exertion for themselves.

Such are a few of the evils which hatred of honest toil has inflicted on our race. And what would be the probable result if this feeling were to be still more fully and generally indulged,—if the common love of idleness and ease could be completely gratified? Suppose the Hebrew ideal of paradise were to be actually realized. Suppose the earth were now a Garden of Eden, with trees always ready to drop ripe fruit into our mouths, with a climate of delicious and perennial softness, and all other outward conditions suited to a life entirely without effort,—a life of blissful ignorance and unconsciousness even of the difference between good and evil. Would that be a

desirable state? Would it be better than our present lot? Surely, no one who has an atom of true manly or womanly feeling, no one who has ever known the joy of a pure and noble aspiration, a conquered temptation, or a difficulty overcome, can seriously think so. It would be a state of perpetual infancy. A man might as well long to return to his cradle as sigh for such a condition. That we are not in it, or a worse one, now we largely owe to labor. Labor not only provides our subsistence, it not only gives us our art, our science, and our separate homes, which alone make possible the joys and sanctities of family life: it is also one of the chief sources of our best happiness, and the main agency in all our progress. Who is properly fitted to experience the highest joy that comes from rest and ease? He only who has fairly earned his hours of leisure by faithful toil. Who is really qualified to enjoy the blessing of honorable self-respect and the satisfaction of a peaceful and contented mind? He only who knows the consciousness of having worked for a worthy end. I do not forget that there is such a thing as excessive labor,—that many thousands in every land are ground down by the greed of individual employers, or by unjust customs and institutions, into a condition little better than that of slaves. When a man is compelled to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day in order to keep the wolf from the door; when a woman is able to earn the pittance necessary for her support only by giving nearly every waking minute to the monotonous "stitch, stitch, stitch," which makes her a machine instead of a living being,—there is clearly something wrong, something sadly in need of readjustment, in our social organization.

But compare the condition of even these overburdened sons and daughters of toil with that of the fashionable idlers and butterflys whose energies are chiefly employed in devising the most attractive and exciting methods of "killing time," and it will be found, on the whole, safer and more wholesome. The revelations of gilded depravity occasionally made show that "Satan still finds work for idle hands to do." Of course, it is not true that virtue is confined to the homes of the poor and struggling. Some of the noblest examples of consecration and self-sacrifice have been found in palaces. But it is true that virtue and toil go properly hand in hand. It is true that without toil there can be no virtue.

You remember the picture—idealized, no doubt, but containing important elements of truth—which Robert Burns gives, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," of the laborer's return at the close of the day to his humble home,—the wife's smile of welcome, the happy family reunion, the wise parental advice, the frugal and wholesome meal, and after it the reverent evening prayer.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blessed with health and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle."

We should do well to adopt the sentiment of this prayer as our own. Beyond all doubt, America's greatness, even more than Scotland's, is built on the virtue and content diffused through a multitude of humble homes. One of the chief dangers looming up before us is this same contagion of luxury which the poet dreaded for his native land. Colossal fortunes bring colossal temptations in their train. It would be idle to deny, it is impossible to ignore, the fact that the influence of great wealth is too commonly corrupting. Immense private fortunes were the accompaniment and sign—in part, also, the cause—of the decay of ancient Rome; and we see them to-day sowing the seeds of mischief and discord far abroad. Sometimes, indeed, a possessor of large wealth is evidently anxious to use his means in the service and for the good of his fellow-men; and we are quick to give to all such—to the George Peabodies and the Peter Coopers who have held their

riches as a sacred trust—the honor which is their due. But the average man is not wise enough or good enough to be safely intrusted with the enormous irresponsible power which the unlimited control of these vast accumulations of property confers.

Consider for a moment how great this power is, and how selfishly it may be exercised. Ten or twelve persons, it is said, own, or did own a few years ago, one-half the land in Scotland. In that fact alone there may seem to be little significance. But suppose those ten or twelve persons were to agree to turn their entire possessions into a wilderness, who could prevent them from depopulating the country and inflicting unspeakable misery upon the many thousands of people now living upon their estates? This has, indeed, actually been done to a limited extent. One great proprietor, having purchased a tract extending from sea to sea, converted it into a vast deer park, cruelly evicting, so it was reported at the time, large numbers of poor tenants who had occupied their little homes all their lives, as their ancestors for many generations had done before them, and who expected that their children and children's children would be allowed to occupy them after they were gone. No doubt this man, and many another like him, would say: "Is not the property mine? Have I not bought it and paid for it, and may I not do what I like with my own?" The answer is: "No, it is not yours to do what you like with in that sense. You did not make your wealth alone: it was made for you, in great part, by others, who labored with you and in your behalf. You hold it to-day by the consent and with the aid of your fellow-men, and you must answer to them that the use you make of it is not detrimental to the common welfare."

This is the answer which more and more people every year are prepared to give, and the temper in which they give it will depend very much on the conduct and spirit of the men who call it forth. A laboring-man, watching the building of a great house in New York, was heard to mutter, as he saw some beautiful bronze work put up, "That'll have to go to the melting-pot one day." If our millionaires are known to draw large incomes from tenement-houses which they allow to remain far less decent and comfortable than the stables which they build for their horses; if they push selfish schemes with unscrupulous tyranny, and practically refuse to admit that the public have any rights that they are bound to respect; if they flaunt their luxury with vulgar ostentation before the eyes of their suffering and struggling neighbors,—there will be more mutterings of the same sort; and before many years have passed a storm will break out beside which the Chicago anarchist riot will seem utterly insignificant.

Other conditions favorable to such an outbreak are multiplying with unexampled rapidity at this moment; for it is not the genuine workingmen—the men who are engaged in earning their bread and supporting their families—who are the chief immediate source of danger: it is the idle, homeless, hungry men who have nothing to lose, and, possibly, much to gain from almost any change in the social order. Idleness leads to mischief quite as certainly among the poor as among the rich, and often to a more openly destructive and disastrous kind of mischief. That the unemployed have grown into a vast army is a fact which is now forced upon our attention in such a way that we cannot ignore it if we would. Of course, some who belong to this army do not wish employment, and will not work under any circumstances, unless absolutely compelled. There was a time, within the memory of many still living, when the tramp was practically unknown in this country. We read of him in books and papers describing foreign life, and thought him a strange, sad product of monarchical institutions; but we never for a moment imagined that we should soon become only too well acquainted with him here. And we are not yet fully awake to the importance of dealing with him as seriously as his case properly demands, for his sake as well as ours. It would seem, however, as if this blindness could not last much longer. A study of the American tramp lately published by one who has been a temporary member of the fraternity did something to reveal the nature and extent of the evil in an exceptionally direct and convincing way, and the march of the various

so-called armies upon Washington afforded an important object-lesson to the whole country.

No doubt, there were men in those armies who had honestly sought employment and had failed to find it. According to Rev. Dr. Duryea, the detachment which he saw at Omaha was largely made up of such men. "Most of them," he says, "were skilled mechanics, some of them professional men, and the rest intelligent and well disposed laborers." But this must be exceptional.

But it is only too certain that there are in this country thousands of able-bodied men who have not the slightest intention or desire to earn their own living. It is said that, out of twenty of the unemployed who were offered work at fair wages in a neighboring place a few months ago, only two accepted the offer. The rest apparently belonged to the large class who enjoy a roaming life, and are entirely satisfied to depend on begging or stealing for their support. That such men easily become a danger to society, that they are readily gathered into bands which may be very formidable to the authorities of any town, has been evident for some time.

This is the testimony which Dr. Stanton Coit, who has had great experience in work among the poor of London and New York, has lately given: "During the first six weeks of unavoidable idleness the man rises at five in the morning, searches all the advertisements in the newspapers for situations, and calls at one factory after another through the day. The second six weeks, finding that the search for work is vain, he has given it up, but is restless and troubled. The third six weeks, if hunger has not already driven him to crime and beggary, he at least has begun to wonder how he ever cared for work at all."

From this statement, which is doubtless true in general, however numerous the exceptions may be, we get a suggestion as to the prospect before us which is by no means reassuring. We are clearly destined in the near future to see a vast increase in the army of chronic idlers, already so large and threatening; and, the longer the present situation continues, the greater that increase will be. Surely, it is time to do something to check the growth of the evil. What can be done? That is the pressing question that confronts us to-day.

Without going into any of the deeper problems of social reorganization which this question may suggest to some, I wish to say a very few words in regard to two entirely practical and practicable measures, which, if widely adopted, could hardly fail to be attended by important good results. The first measure is especially applicable to the tramp community. It consists in the enforcement, as far as humanity will permit, of the law based on many generations of experience, and declared by Saint Paul in the words, "For, even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that, if any would not work, neither should he eat." It is undoubtedly the ease with which men who do not wish to work obtain all that is necessary for their support without working

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which is largely responsible for our present condition. I have lately seen in a newspaper published in a country town a request from the selectmen of the town to the citizens to refuse to give even food to strangers applying at the door. It seems to me that the authorities of all our towns should adopt measures which would justify them in making and insisting on a similar request; that is, they should be ready to furnish at the public expense a very simple but sufficiently substantial meal to every applicant, on the one condition that he should do a certain amount of work for the town in return.

It will probably be objected that this method has been often tried, and has proved ineffectual; but the trouble is that it has been tried on too small a scale. Within the limited area affected by such partial experiments as have been made I believe it has been extremely effectual, when properly and persistently carried out. The towns adopting it have been, as a rule, very carefully avoided by the tramp fraternity. As far as they are concerned, the dangerous nuisance is practically at an end. All that is required to abate it altogether, or at least destroy its worst features, is to get enough towns to treat it in the same way to deprive idle vagabonds of a convenient place of refuge, and take away the chief attraction of their wandering life.

But this, of course, would reach only a part of the difficulty. It is far better to save the true manhood and self-respect which a man must lose before he becomes a tramp than to attempt to cure him after he has fallen into that deplorable state. The only way to do this is to provide work for those who want it, but are unable to find it for themselves. Here, too, at a time like the present, it is only the public authorities who can satisfactorily meet the need. I believe employment should be furnished on public works to all who cannot obtain it in any other way. I know what an outcry is raised against this suggestion on the ground of its so-called socialistic character. I have read the history of the French public workshops of 1848, and I am aware that they were a failure. But our conditions are not the same, and it would not be difficult to avoid the mistakes then made.

Give two minutes' thought to the question, and see how plain it is. It may be taken for granted that no one proposes to allow these people who are anxious to earn their living, but who are unable to find anything to do,—these brothers and sisters of ours, whom some of us could call by name to-day in this town, and who, perhaps, have young children depending on them for support,—it may be taken for granted that no one proposes to allow them to starve. Well, then, here is the simple alternative. Either they must be supported in idleness, or they must be given an opportunity to do something in return for what they receive. In the one case you incur the very serious risk of pauperizing them, and so inflicting upon them a grave moral injury, besides making them a permanent public burden. In the other case you give them a chance to preserve their independence and self-respect; and at the same time you receive, in the good roads, the new sewerage system, the playgrounds and parks, or other improvements, which are created by their labors, what may easily prove to you or your children far more than an equivalent for the money you expend. Which seems to you the wiser method? Which is likely, in the long run, to be the least burdensome to the community? Which, considering the moral and spiritual interests involved, is the most worthy to be called the Christian method? Can any one hesitate as to the answer?

This is not the time or the place to attempt to meet the practical objections that may be raised. But it is not likely that the difficulties in the way would be any greater here than they were found to be in England during the cotton famine of 1861-65, when extensive public works were undertaken to relieve the wide-spread distress. The plan is said to have worked admirably in that case. It was well understood to be a temporary expedient to meet a temporary need. When the cotton trade revived, the men went back to the mills of their own accord, even before the public works were suspended.

But, whatever special methods may be adopted in special emergencies, the great lesson, for rich and poor alike, which the

pulpit and the Church should strongly emphasize, is the dignity of all forms of useful labor, and the duty which rests upon every human being to engage in that form which is best suited to his strength and capacity. No man or woman in good health has a right to lead an idle life. It does not so much matter what kind of work we do. With God there is neither high nor low. His activity is manifest in the ground beneath our feet as fully as in the stars above. The great thing is the spirit which we bring to our work. To be laborers with God, we must aim at something of the divine thoroughness. Every willingly slighted work is an evil work, and serves an evil end. To be laborers with God, finally, we must have larger than merely selfish aims. We no longer believe in a God who cares only for his own glory, but in one who is always working for the welfare of even his smallest creatures; and we are to be "imitators of him, as dear children." Helpfulness is the truest holiness. In the practical realization of this idea lies our true health, our only salvation.

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where long forgot it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And, lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair.

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray;
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more";
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis,
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm,—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

WILLIAM H. SMITH.

It was a good man, though not a conspicuous one, that till recently bore this name. His title to recognition, as clear as that of our Reynolds himself, was simply in the noble deeds he did and the life of simple beauty that he lived. Others might lead men: it was his vocation to confer blessing, and this he did with a bountifulness and a grace which are certainly rare.

It is of his character that I set myself to write. Yet in a sentence or two it may be well to place him. Peterboro, N.H., wants him recorded as her son. He may have been the boyhood playmate, as he was the lifelong friend, of Dr. John Morison. He married the sister of Dr. Albert Smith, a woman who in generous impulse and noble self-denial was worthy to stand by his side. Retiring from a successful business, he for several years was inclined to a peripatetic life, spending a portion of the year in St. Louis; later in Alton, Ill., where his son settled in business; his winters, in Boston; his summers, at Hampton. Once he visited the Holy Land, led thither by the pilgrim heart.

But his character,—and how to tell of the beauty I have seen! To most his characteristic grace was probably benevolence; and through this, if contemplated in relation with the vital piety out of which it came, we may see him. I have never known one in whom benevolence was more prevailing, but it was never spasmodic: it was of principle, not impulse. It came of something deeper than itself,—the religion of love to God and man. He was a Unitarian to whom the name of Jesus was unspeakably dear; and hearing the admonition, "Freely thou hast received, freely give," in loving fealty he obeyed. Something of the spirit of his giving may be seen in one or two particulars:—

1. I would not be too free with another's habits; but, really, to understand this man's giving, we need to place it beside his living. He did not first provide luxury for himself, and then bestow the convenient surplus: in very marked degree the reverse

of this. A Commonwealth Avenue mansion had been possible to him. Nor was he wanting in the taste that should appreciate it. Yet a caller found him in a modest chamber, with comfortable but inexpensive furnishings,—a few books on the table, a few pictures on the walls; himself—yes, and herself—clad, not in purple and fine linen, but in the dress that quiet taste and simple comfort asked; and, seen abroad, not otherwise. His expense account I do not know; but many a minister who, with a salary of \$1,500, finds the self-denials of this world too hard, supports an outward standard beyond that of this man, whose gifts may have mounted high into the thousands any year. And—something his modest lips could never have confessed, but which his friends well knew—he practised this severe economy as respects himself that the margin for his benevolences might be the larger.

2. Another feature of his giving was his self-effacement in it. He could have reared to himself a monument,—a church, a school, an asylum; yet, for all his many gifts to such, I know not that his name is inscribed anywhere save in the hearts that loved him. A prominent metropolitan clergyman not very long ago preached one vacation Sunday in a New England country town. The next week it appeared in a Boston newspaper that Rev. —, preaching at —, "gave his services." Here was a man who might give thousands, and no newspaper hear of it. He was ever alert for the better opportunities to give. Men toiling for wealth or fame are scarce more earnest than was he in his benevolences. Yet not only did he not tell his left hand what his right hand was doing: he almost practised deceptions upon his left hand to throw it off the scent. Giving mainly for religious uses, or where pressing need invited, a detective could scarce have kept track of him. He seemed to have the art of dropping his money into the needed place, and then—not being there. I once heard Dr. Reynolds tell of his bringing contributions to the Association: "The manner of his coming might suggest a thief who must be sure the way is clear before him, only there is something about him that makes me wish I might leave my pocket-book in his way, that he might fill it up for me. He comes to the desk and offers his 'mite,' which he regrets is not more, and then—vanishes." Yet at that time the noble secretary could not name him. He was to him a kind of materialized impersonality that brought him money. The good deed he simply must do: the guerdon which most men ask he not only sought not, but shrank from. As truly as another disciple, he might have said, "Lo, I have left all, and followed thee"; and it had been impossible for him to have asked, "What shall I have therefore?"

These aspects of his character show the spirit of his work. And the scope of it, as estimated in burdens lightened and causes aided, he and the recording angel could alone have known. And he, I am sure, forgot. The hard-pressed widow found money in her purse; the young man seeking an education was sped on; the library, the school, or the asylum, got a needed furtherance; and all for His sake, and with no noise. Through more channels than one his money flowed into the treasury of the Association. He could also play association himself with aid to some society

struggling into existence or staggering under some debt, or to some minister toiling at an outpost. Our better religious literature,—how did he scatter it abroad! The story is that once William G. Eliot remarked in his pulpit that he knew where \$30,000 could be used to good advantage, and that within a few days our friend quietly placed it in his hand. I know only the story, and that it is credible because told of him. The amount of money thus disbursed I have no means of estimating, but several fortunes, it is safe to say. Could his various contributions to our denominational work be shown in figures, they would surely place him in the very first rank of our denominational benefactors. As he became older, the benevolent sentiment grew upon him; and to mention need in his presence was to invoke relief which was almost too sure to come. A philanthropic lady was once seeking aid in some benevolent enterprise. "Have you spoken with William Smith?" I asked. "No," she replied; "but I have had the matter incidentally mentioned in his presence, which is enough for him." The last time but one that I called upon him I was on my way to a distant part of the city on a little errand of helpfulness. From an incidental remark he divined my errand, and would be told the features of the case. Placing a roll of bills in my hand, he said, "Tell the lady it was sent her." Perhaps she thought it came from Heaven, as indeed it did. During the last year or two of his life he entertained very generous thoughts of our Divinity School. But in the financial disturbances of the times his own affairs became deranged, and he must needs leave behind the memory of a generous desire he could not fulfil.

It is inexpressibly pleasant thus to recall him in association with his good deeds, so very, very many! How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven! yet here was one who entered there, lived there, with his very riches made investment there. The Commonwealth Avenue mansion he did not have; but, by foregoing it, he built himself a palace in the City of God. Commonwealth Avenue mansions we need not disparage, nor such as build them; but, in comparison with the soul that for Christ's sake can forego them, how paltry and ephemeral they look!

While I thus dwell upon his rare benevolence, it must not be supposed that this is the only grace for which his friends remember him. He was the rarest combination of smile and piety,—of smile that made the piety always cheerful, of piety that made the smile seem holy. With heart as gentle as a woman's, in the proof of virtue I think we would have matched him against Cato, doubting not that the Roman would be the first to falter.

Though the least conventional of men, I have never known one of gentler manners. Perhaps one could not say of him, as Emerson said of one of his brothers, that he never "moved save in the curve of beauty." But that utter kindness of heart flowed into all his conduct; and he bore, not merely "without abuse," but always to honor,—

"The grand old name of gentleman."

While clearly implying that this man was a saint, it seems hardly worth while to specify that he did not write novels or expound philosophies or sway senates. There are combinations of which we sometimes



Low Cabinet.

It will not need a very clever woman to realize the possibilities of this Low Cabinet. Remember that it stands only 50 inches from the floor, and is a totally different piece of furniture from the ordinary Parlor Cabinets.

These Low Cabinets have just come into fashion. They are very effective. The entire back is made of bevelled plate glass, and the effect of such a large reflective service can scarcely be appreciated till it is seen.

The shelves are admirably planned, each one being located with a view to its position in the general scheme or effect. There is the new curved guard on the outer end of each shelf.

The side galleries are of brass,—a classic pattern of festooned pillars. To avail of a very light construction, extra care is taken with the joiner work of these Cabinets, which is all of solid mahogany, mortised and tenoned.

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dream of rare beauty with rare beauty; but, when we come to a particular case, we would not trust the experiment. A picture of Landseer's will long hold the eye, and the skies of Turner are wonderful; but a sweep of the brush of Turner across the canvas of Landseer would leave not a trail of glory, but of disfigurement. It is much so in human life. Given a type of beauty, we are offended rather than pleased at the suggestion of combining it with any other. In the result this dear charm were lost, and possibly there were an incongruity in its place. The simple beauty of this beautiful soul is enough for me; and, could I place upon his forehead Plato's crown, I would not.

Some of us are poorer than we were, yet it is beautiful to think how exceeding rich we've been. Is life worth living? What measure of pain and buffet shall countervail against the blessed privilege of knowing such a man? I thank my God that I knew him, and that I loved him. Because I knew him, life has other meaning to me: I can look up with other trust, and forward with other hope. In the light of his example the future brightens. In such a man how can I fail to see, not only the possibilities, but the prophecies, of what humanity may be?

A. W. JACKSON.

Meadville, Pa.

SAY IT WHILE THEY LIVE.

Bishop Potter recently told the following story:—

"Several years ago some of us were assembled in Calvary Church, New York, to bear our testimony to the life and influence of the late Dr. Edward Washburn. I may venture now to violate the confidence of a domestic incident which transpired then, and which, I think, you will own to have its significance and appropriateness here. One after another, Phillips Brooks, and others like him, rose in their places in that crowded study to tell what they owed to the genius, to the high spirit, to the unswerving loyalty to duty, to the splendid courage, to the rare scholarship, to the philosophic insight, to the prophetic utterance of Edward Washburn. The testimony was done. At the door, all the time, there stood a slender woman, who had stood, during his life, nearest to him of whom we spoke. I never shall forget her face,—the passion of it and the pathos of it,—nor the power, tender but reproachful, with which she spoke, when at length we were still: 'Oh, if you loved Edward so, why didn't you tell him of it while he lived?'"—*Churchman*.

THE MILK QUESTION.

Farmers naturally resent the recent rules of the Board of Health, but it would be well for them to remember that the board is rather behind than ahead of educated public sentiment. The first rule was an order for inspectors' certificates, to be signed by a local reputable veterinarian; and no demand was made for the tuberculin test. This position was found to be untenable; and reluctantly the tuberculin test applied by an expert was required, as inspection even by the best educated eyes notably failed to detect tuberculosis in diseased cattle.

It is quite safe to say that the present movement has "come to stay." For years we have been improving, or trying to improve our surroundings,—sewerage, trapping, and ventilating traps,—putting all our ingenuity at work to remove the known sources of disease; while all the time the advanced science of the day knew that we were throwing wide our doors and inviting the most deadly contagion into our houses, and offering it to our friends and children in our milk supply. This knowledge, once the possession of the few, is now rapidly becoming the possession of the many; and either milk must go, or it must come to us in unquestionable shape.

It is no longer its integrity, the amount of cream that rises, the amount of suspected dilutents in it, or even the artificial aid of color, thickening, or preservative. It is simply the question of germs; and already the use of milk is lessening. Thousands of families boil it. Thousands avoid it when possible, and with good reason; for milk has been proved to have conveyed to the human race tuberculosis, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, dysentery (ame-

bic), cholera infantum, cholera, and ulcerative stomatitis. It also labors under far more than a suspicion of having extensively carried influenza, especially in its gastric and enteric forms. It would not be impossible, under a universal public disgust, for the whole business to be ruined. The conservatism of the kitchen still holds on to it in cooking, but it seems probable that very soon we shall have recipes for all necessary dishes without it. Science can do that much, if called upon.

Cream, so difficult to sterilize, will find less and less use. The farmer will not need to rob the few quarts he handles; and butter,—well, the Eastern nations clarify it by heat into a sort of oil, which they admire, and which the biologist will probably consider safe. But lands flowing with milk and honey will no longer excite longing anticipations or cause wars for the acquisition of such enticing territory; for the honey of to-day, if we believe the food-pessimist, is but a flavored glucose in artificial combs, and the milk that should normally flow beside it may well, in the coming days, be also a chemist product. So it seems possible that the only thing that can arrest the rapid descent of the cow and her products is this very inspection,—an inspection so thorough as to command the hardest of all things to command, perfect confidence.—*Medical News*.

BOOKS FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST.

BY LILIAN FREEMAN CLARKE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange desires this winter to make an especial point of sending libraries to some of our churches in the South and West. Church libraries would be, perhaps, a better name than Sunday-school libraries, although we wish to include books for children and for young people.

The importance of a good library, especially in a town where there is no public library, can hardly be overestimated. It helps the life and growth of the church, and is of great value beyond the congregation, taking the place and doing the work of a free public library; influencing and forming the mind of the young people in the town; providing healthful, innocent recreation; becoming a centre for clubs and study classes; and preparing the way for the public library of the future.

One very interesting and hopeful feature of the work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is the desire that exists among the young in so many places for good, wholesome, standard literature—history and biography especially—in places where such works cannot be obtained.

If we can provide half a dozen of our churches in the West and South with the nucleus of a good library, we shall probably do more good than the same expenditure either of labor or money could accomplish in almost any other way.

We give below a list of books, as suggestions; but other names will no doubt occur to all who read it. It is not intended to limit ourselves to these, but all that are mentioned we know to be useful.

Any one willing to aid in this enterprise, either by sending books or giving a little money to fill up vacancies, is informed that the books will be received and packed at the vestry of Arlington Street Church, and may be sent there at any time, addressed Miss Bertha Langmaid. Contributions of money may be sent also to Miss Langmaid, addressed 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass. Lilian F. Clarke, Chairman; Bertha Langmaid, Secretary,—Cheerful Letter Exchange Committee.

Books for Children and Young People.—*"The Man without a Country," "How to Do it,"* E. E. Hale; *"Drifting and Steering," "One Day's Weaving," "Archie's Shadow," "John-Jack," "Jeannette's Sisters,"* Lynde Palmer; *"Crofton Boys," "Feats on the Fiord,"* H. Martineau; any of Miss Alcott's books, any of Mrs. Whitney's; *"The Cooking Club of Too-Whit Hollow,"* Ella Farman; most of Jacob Abbott's books, especially *"Franklin the Apprentice Boy,"* All of Juliana Ewing's books; Jules Verne's books (some of which may now be found in the Alta Edition); Henty's books; Miss Yonge's books for children, especially *"Countess Kate," "The Stokesley Secret," "The Little Duke," "Kenneth."*

Good Standard Fiction.—The works of Scott; Dickens; a selection of Charles Reade, Trollope, and Thackeray; George MacDonald; George Eliot; Jane Austen; Charlotte Brontë; Miss Yonge, especially *"The Chaplet of Pearls"* and *"The Dove*

in 'the Eagle's Nest'; Mrs. Stowe; Hawthorne; Holmes; Mrs. Gaskell; E. E. Hale's books, especially "In His Name."

Good Standard History.—Macaulay; Motley; Parkman; especially Fiske's *"History of the United States."*

Good Biographies.—Parton's *"Franklin,"* etc.; Abbott's short biographies (a long series of these); Lives of Dorothea Dix, S. J. May, Mary Carpenter, Samuel Sharpe, and other Unitarians.

Travels.—Too numerous to mention. The recent explorations in Africa attract boys.

Good Books on Subjects connected with Natural History.—John Burroughs's works, Olive Thorne Miller, etc.

Books that are Helps in Bible Study.—Such as, *"How we Got our Bible"* and *"The Old Documents and the New Bible,"* Paterson Smith; *"Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived,"* Estlin Carpenter; any of the valuable recent series called *"By-paths of Bible Knowledge,"* especially *"Dwellers on the Nile"* and *"Races of the Old Testament."*

Finally, good literature of all sorts.

Literature.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.*

We welcome this little book of Prof. Hudson's as the satisfactory response to a real need of the reading public. It has been the misfortune of Mr. Spencer to suffer, perhaps more than any other writer of our time, from misconception, owing, mainly, to the formidable task of acquainting one's self with his writings, which few of his severest critics appear to have undertaken. Henceforth there will be no excuse for such misrepresentations. Prof. Hudson, who is not only an intelligent disciple of Mr. Spencer, but who has also had the rare opportunity of long association and acquaintance with him, gives us an interpretation of the main features of his philosophical system, which must be recognized as lucid, correct, and authoritative.

The biographical sketch with which the volume opens is somewhat fuller than anything which we have heretofore had, and is not only of personal interest to all admirers of Mr. Spencer, but of psychological value to every student of philosophy. In this respect, as well as in the details of his early life, it is superior to the sketch by Prof. E. L. Youmans,—published in connection with Cazelle's *"Evolution Philosophy,"* and recently reprinted in Fiske's admirable life of Youmans,—and also to Daniel Greenleaf Thompson's interesting biographical lecture in the Brooklyn Ethical Association Series. We must probably be content with these three brief biographies, all valuable and supplementary to each other, until the publication of Mr. Spencer's autobiography, now completed, but not to be given to the public during his lifetime.

The chapter on *"Spencer's Earlier Work"* shows that, however diverse were the topics treated by his facile pen, there was a thread of unity running through the whole prophetic of the doctrine of evolution, which was to become the corner-stone of the syn-

* AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. With a Biographical Sketch. By William Henry Hudson, Associate Professor of English Literature in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 12mo, 234 pp. Price \$1.25.

thetic philosophy. Mr. Emerson, whose forte was not criticism, was too hasty in characterizing him as a mere "stock-writer" upon all sorts of subjects, as he also was in his extravagant eulogy of Walt Whitman. Nor were Higginson, Pollock, Taine, and others more correct in regarding Spencer as the exposition of a phase of Darwinism, his own views of evolution as a universal method in nature having been reached in entire independence of Darwin, and published prior to the publication of *"The Origin of Species."* An interesting chapter on *"The Development of the Synthetic Philosophy,"* of equal psychological value with the Biographical Sketch is followed by one on *"The Spencerian Sociology."* Those who, from sheer ignorance of the facts, have credited Mr. Benjamin Kidd's naive claim that no one before himself had seriously attempted to apply the doctrine of evolution to the interpretation of sociological phenomena,* will find in this chapter an effective antidote. Mr. Hudson clearly shows that Mr. Spencer's individualism is no *a priori* theory bolstered up by the terminology of evolution, but a consistent outcome of the doctrine as applied to social development.

The concluding chapters on the ethical and religious aspects of Mr. Spencer's philosophy will be read with profound interest by all candid and open-minded thinkers. Mr. Spencer's original acceptance of the intuitive theory of morals, his conversion by the study of evolutionary principles to a modified "rational utilitarianism," and the marked contrast of his ethical system with that of the empirical utilitarianism of Bentham and his school are clearly and admirably set forth. Not less excellent is the author's frank, truthful, and unforced exposition of the religious outcome of the Spencerian doctrine. The conclusions will hardly be acceptable in their entirety by Christian theists, but that they afford opportunity for a sincere and profound manifestation of the religious sentiment cannot be denied by any one familiar with the thought of such disciples as Prof. Hudson and Prof. Fiske.

Quoting approvingly Wordsworth's familiar *"Tintern Abbey"* lines as exemplifying the rational religious outcome of scientific thought, our author concludes with this hopeful outlook for that method of interpretation necessitated by the acceptance of the synthetic philosophy:—

Of one thing, at least, we may rest assured. As each larger thought of the universe has at length been grown up into, and from the vantage-point then reached men have looked back and seen their older conceptions in all their limitations and crudity, so will this largest thought yet brought upon the horizon of our possibility be also emotionally appropriated. . . . Then, indeed, will the religious emotions, harmonizing with a wider, truer, and deeper knowledge of the Cosmos, and a fuller and profounder sense of the Reality of which the universe is but a fleeting manifestation, as much transcend the religious emotions of our own day as do these the religious emotions of the fetich-worshipping savage. Nor can the future progress of science do otherwise than strengthen and enlarge them. As knowledge grows from "more to more," so will "more of reverence in us dwell"; and the choral harmonies of knowledge and

* In *"Social Evolution,"* and recent interview reported in the *Outlook*.

CARPETS.

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feeling in the time to come will be richer and vaster than the broken music of the past. For with every fresh exploration through a universe which is literally pulsating with life,—a universe “boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward through the whole,”—one fact will ever rise into greater distinctness and fill a larger place in the minds of men,—the fact that, among all the “mysteries which become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the absolute certainty” that we are “ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from whence all things proceed.”

It is to be regretted that the excellent typographical presentation of the work of Prof. Hudson was not supplemented by a suitable index and a satisfactory portrait of Mr. Spencer. We hope these deficiencies will be supplied in future editions.

L. G. J.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN. WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ROADS THEY TRAVELLED TO REACH HARPER'S FERRY. By Richard J. Hinton, author of "English Radical Leaders," etc. New York: Funk, Wagnalls & Co.—The need of another life of John Brown, after Mr. Sanborn's elaborate biography, is not at first sight apparent. If Funk & Wagnalls wanted such a book for their "American Reformers Series," and could get Mr. Hinton to write it, it is a pity that they did not make it obligatory on him to boil it down to the consistency of their "Whittier" and others of the shorter volumes. There was a place for such a book, Von Holst's brief sketch not filling it; and, could Mr. Hinton have practised a rigid self-restraint, and at the same time kept a steady hand upon his exuberant style, he would have made a much more valuable book than that now presented to us. But this has great merits. It is an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm for John Brown. The writer has not had to lash himself into any rhetorical admiration. He knew the man, and honestly admired his qualities; and those parts of his book which reflect his personal knowledge are the most valuable. Next to these we should place the various passages dealing with Gov. Robinson's later treatment of John Brown's memory,—terribly severe, but not less just on that account,—and those dealing with Eli Thayer's "Guide to Posterity for the Better Appreciation of himself." But Mr. Hinton sometimes inclines to their depreciation of all heroes except their own, with the difference that their heroes are themselves, respectively, and his is John Brown. His estimate of the old hero is highly exalted; but it has not the vice which was so great a deduction from Mr. Sanborn's "Life and Letters of John Brown," his ascription of a supernatural character and office to his hero,—a strange proceeding for one who had sat at Parker's feet, and learned from him the lesson of the natural humanity of Jesus. Notwithstanding the fulness of Mr. Sanborn's book, Mr. Hinton's contains much new and valuable matter. Of course, its indebtedness to Mr. Sanborn's book is immense; and occasionally it is for something which further search on his part could not have verified, such as John Brown's surveying of the Virginia mountains for Oberlin College. "And some there be that have no memorial"; and, therefore, it is good to have the supplementary sketches of Brown's men. The matter in the several appendices is a valuable addition to the five hundred and eighty-two preceding pages. The mechanical making of the book shows many signs of haste and carelessness. The publishers had no right to treat Mr. Hinton's book in such a slipshod fashion. The proof-reading has not been intrusted to a competent hand, and the errors are not few; and some of them are gross. Still more reprehensible is the way in which the portrait illustrations have been prepared. If they have any merit, it is that they reproduce the ruinous appearance of the original daguerreotypes and ambrotypes. But there was no call for this, and the appearance of the book is needlessly coarsened by it. We have spoken of the exuberance of Mr. Hinton's style. It mars his book; but it is not inconsistent with an average quality at once clear and forcible, with many an epigrammatic phrase and lively characterization. One lays down the book with fresh conviction that John Brown's belief that his work would "pay" has been amply justified by the event. Not many strokes of heroism in the world's history have paid so well.

THE SONG-LIFE OF A SCULPTOR. By William Ordway Partridge, author of "The Technique of Sculpture," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Browning, in "One Word More," has given us the perfect expression of the artist's disinclination to rest contented with his habitual vocation. Dante must paint his picture, Raphael must write his poem,—“so, for once, to be the man, and not the artist.” So Mr. Partridge—he would shrink from the comparison, but why should we?—must make his venture in poetry, to convince himself and us that his manhood is something wider than his sculptor's art. In sober truth, it must, however, be confessed that song, and not sculpture,

was his earliest love. But, though his earlier poems, as we remember them, in a thin volume of Italian make, are very greatly excelled by the best parts of the volume which he now puts forth, few, if any, who have seen the best work of his sculptor hand will have a moment's doubt that he did well in making sculpture the main haunt of his ambition. If all his strength had gone to poetry, this judgment may have been dishonored by the event. A lofty intellectual and moral idealism is the prevailing characteristic note. The best work is almost invariably in the sonnets. The following are very beautiful, and some of them are very strong: "Keats," "Mid-ocean," "Courage," "The Cup of Life," "For a Statue of Shakspeare." In "Courage" a word so archaeological as "atrium" gives the tide of feeling an unhappy pause. Some of the most interesting and impressive poems are a direct expression of the sculptor's delight and enthusiasm in his art, and of his gratitude for the help and comfort that have come to him in his labors from his dearest friend. Taken together, the poems indicate a process of development; and it requires the author's tenderness for the first-born of his muse to explain the retention of a few in a company where they are so much overshadowed.

DER BESUCH IN CARCER. Von Ernst Eckstein. Edited by T. A. Stephens. New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.—With what enthusiasm this "Humoreske" will be received by schools we can easily imagine. The Germans take pride in this sketch as being one of the funniest and most amusing bits that they have, and the reader will certainly agree with them. Notes and vocabulary in great measure do away with the idiomatic difficulties; and, to the credit of the editor, be it said that he does not explain the jokes.

Literary Notes.

All short stories and poems by Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, and other popular writers are now carefully copyrighted in this country; and the unauthorized republication of a story or poem involves liability for violation of copyright.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. A Selection from Child-life in Prose. A Selection from Child-life in Poetry. Edited by John Greenleaf Whittier. The Deserted Village, and Other Poems. By Oliver Goldsmith. The Old Manse and a Few Mosses. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Riverside Literature Series. From Lee & Shepard, Boston. In Wild-rose Time. By Amanda M. Douglass. Price \$1.50. Jean Belin. The French Robinson Crusoe. From the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Price \$1.50. From Copeland & Day, Boston. Poems. By John B. Tabb. Price \$1.00. From Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Institutes of the Christian Religion. By Samuel V. Gerhart. With Introduction by Philip Schaff. Vol. II. From Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. The Book of Job. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. English Classics Series. From Henry Holt & Co., New York. Neighbors of Ours. Slum Stories of London. By Henry W. Nevins. Price \$1.00. From D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System. A Historical Sketch. By George H. Martin. From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. In the Heart of the Bitter-root Mountain. The Story of "The Carlin Hunting Party," September to December, 1893. By Heclawa. Prince Henry the Navigator. By C. Raymond Beazley. Price \$1.50. Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music, together with Music as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond. Price \$1.75. The Currency and the Banking Law of the Dominion of Canada. By William C. Comwell. From Macmillan & Co., New York. The Ralstons. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. \$2.00. The Rubies of St. Lo. By Charlotte M. Yonge. The Divers. A Romance of Oceania. By Hugh Nisbet. Price \$1.25. From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Philosophy of Mind. An Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology. By George Trumbull Ladd. Price \$3.00. The Elements of Ethics. By James H. Hyslop. Price \$2.50. Rhetoric: Its Theory and Practice. "English Style in Public Discourse." By Austin Phelps. Price \$1.25. The Religions of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Price \$2.00. From Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N.Y. Heart Treasures. By Fannie A. Damon. From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Popular Scientific Lectures. By Ernest Mack. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Un-American Immigration: Its Present Effects and Future Perils. By Rena M. Atchison.

Music Received.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. Spring Song. Gounod. Rose Marie. Molloy. Transcriptions for the Piano. By Joseph Poznanski. The Merry Men of Cambria. The Rose of Love. My Home. Three Songs. Words by George Coronway. Music by J. W. Parson. Pray How? Barcarole. Two Songs, with Piano Accompaniment. Words by D. K. Janowitz. Music by Sigmund Herzog. Good Night. Morning. Arrangements for the Guitar. By Charles de Janon. A Nice Young Man. Words and music by Stafford Waters. Gaiety Girl. Lancers. Music by Sidney Jones. Cupid's Dream. Composed by Rose Mansfield Eversole. Jeannette. Gavotte. For the Piano. By Gustave d'Aquin. Spring-time. Polka. Composed by J. A. Robertson. Grande Polka de Concert. Four Hands. Arranged by Louis Raymond. The Fencers. Sabre Dance. Composed by Rose M. Eversole. The Bells of the Long Ago. Words by Harriet Francene Crocker. Music by J. A. Robertson. Say, Love, Yes, Love. Words and music by William H. Friday. Menuet Antique for Piano. By S. B. Mills. Sunset and Evening Star. Gloria in Excelsis. Sometimes a Light surprises. Crucifix.

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The Home.

A USEFUL GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden hies.
Now she is washing the dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!
Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh.
Coming whenever you call her,
Running whenever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

—Selected.

For the Christian Register.

"CUTIE."

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

An acquaintance of ours, who was intending to break up housekeeping for a time, asked us one day if we would not accept from him the gift of a little black-and-tan dog. At first we said "No"; for we thought of our pet cats, Abbie and Topsy, who were afraid of dogs, and were also very jealous of a rival in our affections. But he urged that this dog was remarkably intelligent and affectionate; and he wanted to find a home for it where he knew it would be well cared for and appreciated, asking permission to bring it to us, that we might see it. So it was brought,—a half-grown little black-and-tan, with a beautiful form and face. Her eyes were large and bright, with a very intelligent and soft expression; while she was as sprightly and frolicsome as a kitten. We at once decided to accept the gift; and, though the cats were quite demonstrative in their feelings of indignation and disgust at first, they were on passably amicable terms with her after a few days' acquaintance, Abbie even becoming quite attached to the little stranger. Topsy gave her a "wide berth," or pretended not to see her at all.

Cutie had been taught very little beside her name by her former owner; but she learned very readily the things we attempted to teach her, and, having once understood what was wanted, seemed to take great pleasure in doing it. While talking to her, she would look intently into our faces, and cock her head this way, then that, as if trying to understand; while her ears (which were never mutilated by the barbarous practice of clipping), sometimes extending straight up at full length, at other times partly raised, with the lower half falling over the erect portion, added much to the animation and intelligence of her face. She was exceedingly affectionate and demonstrative from the first,—traits which have seemed to increase as she grows older.

Whenever her master and mistress have returned home from either a short or long absence, she manifests her joy by jumping and running about the room, barking occasionally. Then, standing up on her hind feet, she runs up with her forelegs playing in the air like drum-sticks. As soon as we are seated, she springs into the lap of one, then the other, embracing us alternately by putting her forelegs around the neck and laying her head against the cheek. She will embrace no other person except when told to do it. This she seems to do intuitively, having never been taught to express her love in this manner. She has been taught to sit erect and hold her paws to her breast, to shake paw, sneeze, say her prayers, rest her head in one's lap, walk about the room on her hind feet, play "dead doggie," catch and bring the ball, sing, and squeak her rubber doll in her mouth, which she does when told to "make the baby cry." Her singing consists of a prolonged tone, sometimes on a low key, at other times very high and shrill. If one says, "Sing higher," and gives her the pitch, it is amusing to see how she tries to imitate the sound, and also surprising how well she succeeds. She is very fond of music; and, as soon as she hears a hand-organ or band in the street, she rushes about to find her squeaking rubber doll,

which, when found, she continues to make squeak to the best of her ability, as if she thought that was helping the music along. She knows a fire alarm at the first stroke, and will rush to the window and watch to see the engines go by (an engine-house being near us). Having seen it pass, she goes and lies down quietly again.

One day a little black-and-tan dog came to the house with an errand boy. As soon as Cutie saw him, we noticed that she began to run about the room as if searching for something. She finally ran into the next room, and returned in a moment with her little rubber ball in her mouth. Running up to the stranger dog with it, she dropped it directly under his nose, and then looked up into his face as much as to say, "You may play with my ball." A little boy or girl could not have been more generous toward a visitor.

She enjoys catching mice. As the mice were somewhat troublesome, we set a small trap, made like a little wire cage, with a hollow wire wheel attached. This trap, of course, catches the mouse alive and unharmed. As soon as Cutie learned by the first mouse caught the use of this trap, she became greatly interested, and now goes several times a day to see if there is a mouse in it. She does this frequently of her own accord, and always promptly when told, never disturbing it in the least. If she hears the trap spring, she jumps up and runs instantly to it; and, if there is a mouse caught, she calls us to come by repeated low whines.

She is very fond of riding in a carriage. Last summer, while riding out with her master and mistress, she accidentally fell out between the wheels, and was run over, breaking two of her ribs, and laming her back for some time. After this she was just as eager to ride as ever, if the carriage had two seats in it; but, if she found on getting to the door that the carriage was a single-seated one, she would skulk away and hide, no inducement being sufficient to tempt her to enter it. She was afraid to trust a single-seated carriage again. She is very fond of being in the country in summer. Last summer she took a great interest in a brood of young chickens just hatched, and liked to follow the mother hen with her downy brood about the yard all day. She was very careful not to frighten or harm the little chicks, though her curiosity prompted her sometimes to just touch them with the end of her nose or with her paw. When the hen brooded the chickens, she would lie down as near her as she dared, and wait for the little ones to come out from under their mother's wings again. The hen and chickens finally became so accustomed to her presence that they lost all fear of her; and we frequently saw her sitting erect or lying on the lawn close to where the hen was scratching, with the chickens running all about her.

She likes to go about the table at meal-times and beg for titbits of each one. This she does by standing erect on her hind feet, waiting patiently to be noticed. If no attention is paid her, she utters a little whine, scarcely audible, and looks wistfully for a response. None being given, she whines a little louder, and awaits the result. After repeated attempts of this kind she sneezes, or reaches out her paw and touches a hand or an arm, to attract attention. She is very fond of butter on bread or cracker. If bread is given her with no butter on it, she takes it in her mouth, and lays it down close beside her, then looks alternately at the bread and the person who gave it her, and whines. If one says, "Does Cutie want some butter on her bread?" she sneezes, and jumps about with great animation to express her preference, and, when the butter is applied, eats the bread readily.

She dislikes flies very much, and in hot weather spends considerable time catching them. She never eats them, but bites them, and then, dropping them out of her mouth, watches to see if they are dead. If they stir at all, she bites them again until they are lifeless. She also sets a little trap for flies in the following way. When given a piece of cake or any food that flies are apt to eat, she carries it in her mouth to some part of the room where the flies can get at it readily, and then lays it down on the carpet. Then she keeps very still, and watches for the flies to alight upon it. As soon as one appears, she catches him, and then looks for another. We have seen her sit and watch a tempting morsel in this manner for nearly half an hour before eating it. After catching sev-

eral flies and killing them, she eats up her bait. This was never taught her, but taken up of her own accord.

Cutie dislikes taking a bath; and, if she hears anything said about it, or sees preparations being made for one, she gets out of the way as soon as possible. One day I said to the servant in her hearing, "I must give Cutie a bath," and went to the bath-room to get the water ready. Coming back for Cutie, she was nowhere to be found. We called from room to room, but all was still. At other times she readily comes when called. Knowing that none of the outside doors had been opened in the brief time I had been in the bath-room, I searched room after room, and called, but to no purpose. Finally, I looked into a small bedroom upstairs, the door of which had been left slightly ajar, and was just concluding that she was not there, when a slight and suspicious-looking elevation in the centre of the bed attracted my attention. There was no perceptible motion in this little round elevation, neither was there any apparent disturbance of the pillow-shams or bed-blankets. I called "Cutie!" but there was no response. On going to the bed and laying my hand on the uneven place, I felt beneath this little creature curled up and lying as flat as possible, so as not to be seen. How she could have crawled in there and not have disarranged the pillows or blankets is a mystery. I took her carefully out from between the sheets, while she whined most beseechingly, as if to say, "Oh, don't give me a bath!"

She is exceedingly sensitive, and will appear almost heart-broken if you call her "naughty" (the only punishment she has ever known); while she shows great animation and evident pleasure at being called a "good doggie." Whenever blamed, she can never rest satisfied until it is all made right again, and then often goes to get her little ball or squeaking rubber doll, and bring to have us play with her.

She is always delighted to go out with either her master or mistress, but will never go with a stranger unless told that she may. Then she bounds off with apparent satisfaction. When told that she cannot go, she lies down quietly and will not follow, though the door might be left open. Even when told she may go, and has her blanket on (which she wears out of doors in cold weather), she goes to the farther part of the room and stands or sits erect, waiting in patient expectation for the word "Come." Then she leaps like a deer, and runs about her escort in circles, barking with a peculiar "dog talk" which she uses on such occasions. One day her mistress was making preparations to go out shopping. Cutie noticed it, and ran up to her, playing her fore feet in the air as usual, begging to go, too. Her mistress said: "Cutie can't go this time: she must stay at home, and take care of her master. Master is asleep." The little creature instantly ran quietly up to the sofa where her master lay sleeping, stood up on her hind feet, and balanced herself with one paw resting on the sofa, while she held up the other paw, slightly bent, without touching it to anything. Bending over, she sniffed her master's face without touching it. Then she slowly and carefully put her fore feet down upon the carpet, crawled under the sofa, and lay down quietly, where she was found by her mistress on her return a half-hour later, still guarding her sleeping master.

A crusty old bachelor, who disliked pets, once visited at the house of her master. He said one day, contemptuously, pointing at Cutie: "If I were going to keep a dog, I would have a large one that was good for something, if I were you. She isn't of any use!" From that time Cutie ignored that man. He sometimes tried to call her to him, to test her; but she paid no attention, though extremely fond of being petted. And, if he attempted to put his hand upon her, she showed her teeth and growled,—a thing we never before or since knew her to do to persons admitted to the house. But we sympathized with her, and were glad to see her show a proper resentment.

Enough has been said in the various true stories of dogs to prove that they possess more intelligence than is generally supposed, and that kind and gentle treatment tends largely toward the development of that intelligence. We believe there may be considerable truth in the assertion made by a certain Frenchman, who says, "The best part of a man is the dog there is in him." They are certainly most noble examples of fidelity.

DOLL ORPHANS.

The day after we'd been to the entertainment at the Orphan Asylum Cousin Lilly and Cousin Rose and I sat talking it all over, and Lilly said:—

"What would have become of those poor children without fathers and mothers if good people had not built that big house for them?"

"Oh, poor things! Think of it!" said Rose. "It was so sweet to see them, all alike, in their little blue checked dresses and white aprons, marching into the great hall, looking so happy."

"There are a good many doll orphans," said Lilly,—"dolls who have no one to take care of them."

"I know of one," said I. "She sits all alone in the corner of the arbor of the empty house on our corner. She is on the bench. Her hair is all off, and her face is scratched, and she has nothing on but a flannel skirt."

"Oh!" said Lilly. "And I know of one in our washerwoman's dooryard. It lies on its face. Once I said, 'Mrs. Suds, I think your little girl has left her doll outside.' And she said: 'Oh, no, Miss, dear! It's just an old one she threw away when a good lady gave her a new one.'"

"A deserted doll!" sighed Rose.

"I saw one right in the street the other day," said I. "One of its arms was pulled off."

"How terrible!" said Lilly. "And our mothers would not let us bring such dolls into the house, and we would not want them to live with our own dolls. But I really think we ought to make a home for them."

"Let us do it!" said I. "We all have spending money. Why not take some of it and provide for orphan dolls?"

"Where shall the home be?" asked Lilly.

"There is a little building at the end of our garden," said I; "and there are two rooms in it. Brother Tom has a workshop in one, and I'm sure we can have the other. There is a stove there in winter. The gardener builds a fire there every day for Tom, and it is good and warm."

"The very place!" said Rose.

So that evening I asked mamma if I could have the room for a dolls' orphanage, and she said, "Yes, of course." So I told Lilly and Rose, and that night we sent cards to all our friends. This is what we said:—

If you know of any doll orphans, kindly send them to our home. We have opened an asylum. By orphans we mean thrown-away dolls, of which nobody takes care.

LILLY, ROSE, KITTY.

Then we went about to look for our orphans; and the doll in the arbor of the empty house, the washerwoman's doll, and the doll that lay in the street were brought in. We showed them to Nurse Elizabeth;

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and she washed them all with ammonia, and put them in the sun to dry. So they were clean, but dreadful. Six little girls brought in ten more little orphans. Sarah Pool brought three. She had a grown-up sister, who had put her dolls up garret, neglected, but clean. Sarah said her mother would not let her have any but new ones to play with. Mary Brown brought one that was up in a tree. Every one had a history. Cousin Lilly, who had heard her mother talk of the management of the orphanage, wrote down all that was known of them in a composition-book, with their names. We had to name them. We began with "A," and they were: Anna, Bertha, Clara, Delia, Ellen, Fannie, Gracie, Helen, Ida, and Jessie, Kate, Laura, and Maria and Nellie. So we had fourteen dolls. One I have not mentioned. Brother Tom took it away from a boy who was putting her in a bonfire. Brother Tom was interested: he came to our meeting. All the girls who brought orphan dolls came, and we took up a collection for blue gingham and white plaid muslin to dress them all alike in. Because so many had lost all their hair, we made caps for them; and Tom—was ever such a good brother?—painted all their faces white, with pink cheeks and blue eyes. Tom contributed twenty-five cents. He is rather rich. Papa gives him an allowance of fifty cents a week.

Never shall I forget the day when all our sewing was done, all our dolls dressed, all our little beds made,—each with white quilt, blankets, and pillows,—and our doll orphanage ready for its reception, and we sent cards to all our mothers and fathers. Our place was in good order, with matting on the floor and pictures from old picture-books on the wall; and every doll stood beside her bed. And Tom had written an address. It was this:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel honored to be called upon to speak at the opening of our new Dolls' Orphanage. You will see how healthy and happy all our orphan dolls look; and there is a saucer on the table in the next room to receive any contributions you may please to give, as we hope to enlarge our charity.

Then everybody clapped their hands, and almost everybody laughed; and papa explained that that was because they were so much pleased. But grandma cried a little and said that it was such a beautiful idea, and that we were little angels; and she gave us a dollar. Everybody gave us some money, so now we can at any time get other beds and more gingham; and we wish to say that we are ready to welcome any orphan dolls who have heads left. When their heads are gone, we think they must be dead; but we would sew any loose ones on, and they would be painted.—*New York Ledger.*

THE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.

About a year ago a baby gray squirrel was found crawling helplessly at the foot of one of the great pine-trees at Round Lake. He was the most fascinating bit of silvery-gray and white babyhood that could be imagined. He had a tip-tilted pink nose, and a slender plume of a tail that gave no promise of the great feathery proportions it afterward attained.

He fell into kindly keeping, and was brought up in one of the cottages, like Pip of "Great Expectations," "by hand." When he had attained the mature age of four weeks, as nearly as could be estimated, he began to eat nuts. Candy was given to him, occasionally ripe apples and other tidbits. He built a nest in the eaves of the cottage, and established himself in his home. He was sent out into the woods when he was about six weeks old, and learned the secret of climbing the heights of the great pine-trees and leaping from bough to bough. He found where the sweetest forest nuts grew, and learned all the pleasures of wild squirrel life. Nevertheless, he did not desert his human friends, but came back regularly to his nest as soon as the shadows of evening began to gather. After snow came the little fellow would come into the house several times during the day, apparently for no other purpose than to warm himself by the glowing hearth-fire in the living-room. He was full of frolic on these occasions, sat by the fire and danced on the lounge, making the most picturesque little circles in the air in the progress of his play.

A ball of rubber, a spool of gay silk, almost anything, became a plaything. He

played with paper napkins, and rolled them into the most absurd crinkly balls for no purpose but play. Sometimes he would disappear in the midst of his fun, and return with an air of "on business bent," bringing a couple of nuts, which he would proceed to put down the back of the neck of any female friend who might be playing with him: he shunned the male shirt-collar. As he never looked for these nuts again, it was supposed that he regarded them as his contribution to the general support of the family, and did not consider his friends in the light of walking store-places for his own benefit. He was very fond of candy, and showed delight whenever a box of fresh bonbons was opened. He would take one, and then another, when they were offered him, and would eat them with an air of a connoisseur in sweets. After this he would smooth down the lace papers around the candy-box with his deft little paws, and tuck them around the remainder of the candy, watching to see the cover put on. He never attempted to take any away to "store," as he did nuts. He trusted, apparently, to his human friends to save the candy for him,—a confidence which was often abused.

About Christmas time the little squirrel left his friends. It was mating season, and they had long known that there was another little gray squirrel in the woods to whom he took nuts. They could see him leaping (or thought they could) about in the great branches of the highest hemlocks; but, apparently, he had forgotten his friends. When spring came, the workmen who were repairing the cottage found a little squirrel, who often came about and showed an appetite for cooked dainties in their luncheon pails. On one occasion a piece of custard pie was missing; and the man looked up and saw a gray squirrel sitting under a tree with a piece of pie in his paws, eating it gravely down from the point, in human fashion, not nibbling the crust in vulgar rat fashion style. Apprehension was felt that the little pet squirrel was the thief, but nothing more was heard of him during the summer mating season. In the fall, when the nutting season was at its height, the squirrels in the grove, owing to the partial failure of the nut crop, were unusually clamorous at the cottage doors. There came with them one little fellow who forcibly demanded entrance, instead of timidly standing off like the others. He sprang up at the door, and scratched like the old pet for admittance. When he was let in, he proceeded to bury nuts about the cottage in all his old places. One of the young ladies tried the effect of drumming on the lounge,—a movement which, the year before, would invariably set him into an ecstasy of play.

He answered the signal, and laid himself on his back, and played in the old kittenish fashion. A squirrel's movements are so much lighter and more rapid than those of a kitten that the comparison seems inadequate. It is a thing of the wild forest, a beauty of motion born amid the waving pine needles,—a grace that cannot be compared with that of any domestic thing. The little squirrel from this moment was known. In his mute, wild way he had told his story. He now comes regularly to the cottage, and asks to come in. He sleeps in the pine-trees; but in the cold, gray dawn he comes to the bedroom windows and flattens his nose against the pane, and pleads to be let in and have his breakfast with the family.—*New York Tribune.*

EDUCATION OF THE HINDU GIRL.

The greatest care and anxiety of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughter to home life and make her a good housewife. When a girl is seven years of age, her mother teaches her to cook and to clean the pots. Hindus have two kinds of washing. One is the daily washing of every-day apparel, for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindu must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks it has bathed. A woman first gives a bath to her children, then she takes a bath herself, and thereafter goes to

cook. The clothes are changed and washed every day.

The mother teaches the little girl to sew and to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple. She has no paint on her cheeks and no hooks and thorns in her hair. She adorns her hair with ornamental flowers made of gold. These are fixed on the knot of hair. A small round mark of red paint is made on her forehead. The absence of the mark from the forehead of a woman indicates that she is a widow, for widows have not the privilege of wearing it. By the time she is fifteen she learns all things pertaining to general housekeeping and cookery. In short, the mother makes her daughter a good housekeeper before she goes to live with her husband.

NOT A MATHEMATICIAN.

Mr. Birkbeck Hill (an Oxonian), in his recent book on Harvard College, admits that nothing could surpass the grossness of the ignorance of many of the English undergraduates who may have come up, or, rather, have been kicked up, from the most famous schools. Mr. Hill says that he used to hear one of the first mathematicians of Oxford piteously lament the fate which condemned him to try to pound a little arithmetic into the heads of young men whose understandings had been hopelessly disordered or were congenitally feeble. "Why, sir, do you not use your common sense?" he one day asked, impatiently, one of his pupils. "I did not know that common sense had anything to do with arithmetic," was the reply. Another undergraduate, fresh from Eton, was seen by his tutor adding up a column in which he had entered two shillings and sixpence six times over. He was thus laboriously arriving at the cost of half a dozen pairs of stockings which he had just bought. "Why do you not do it by multiplying?" asked the tutor. "I do not know what you mean," the youth modestly answered. When the process was shown to him, and all the mystery of the multiplication-table was unveiled, he was much taken with the extraordinary facilities which it afforded.

FAITHFUL TILL DEATH.

A Wisconsin farmer was recently "drowning out" gophers in his cornfield, when a mother gopher came struggling through the torrent with a little one, which she laid at his feet, and immediately descended to her nest and brought up a second. After breathing for a moment, she went down again, and soon came struggling up with a third, but died as she emerged from the water-filled hole.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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Medicine naturally becomes of little avail, and the various organs of the body, debilitated from a lack of nourishment, take on themselves the disease that was originally the cause of the "breakdown," and help hasten the end.

Such cases, though too prevalent, are happily becoming less frequent. The prominent physicians of to-day do things differently from those of twenty years ago. They first put the patient in a condition to stand the "siege," then enrich his blood, create for him new strength, and "build him up" generally. The patient is then in a condition to derive benefit from his medicine.

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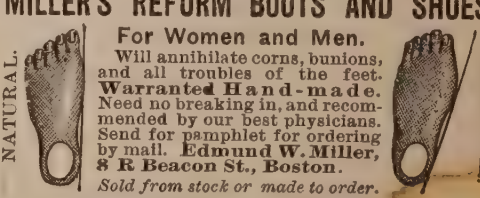
The advantage of this is obvious. A patient already greatly weakened by disease, needs to husband every particle of strength. A few drops of Bovinine will impart as much nourishment to the body as would be derived by a well person from an ordinary meal; and, in getting this nourishment, the stomach has been forced to do the least possible amount of work.

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PROF. THOMAS METCALF.

In the death of this veteran teacher, who for twenty-eight years was closely connected with the State Normal School at Bloomington, Ill., the West has not only lost one of its best known, most respected, and universally loved educators, but the Unitarians of the West, and all those who work for liberal religion and practical Christianity, have lost a devoted coworker. He was a man who advanced our cause by exemplifying its nobility more than by argument or controversy. He was indeed one of the pillars of the church at Bloomington, serving it in every possible capacity, from preacher to usher. In the Sunday-school work, both at home and in the broader field of the Unitarian Western Sunday School Society, he was always a most diligent worker. Prof. Metcalf represented the finest issues of New England life,—a Massachusetts boy who early in life carried West that fine blending of culture and moral enthusiasm which gathered into itself strength and intensity in the larger opportunities of the West. He was a man of deep reverence without superstition, by temperament a conservative, but by conscience and culture a radical in the profoundest sense of the word,—a man who sought reality, expected new light, and welcomed larger vision. His position as head of the training department in this great normal college for fourteen years made him pre-eminently the teacher of teachers, and through the young men and women that have gone out from under his tuition to all parts of the country he still lives and works. The mortal remains were carried back, and they now rest in the bosom of Massachusetts earth. His spirit remains in the West; and those who knew him and loved him send grateful thanks to New England for this high gift, and humbly pray for more. Let New England send more of such men into our missionary fields, and we will need fewer of its dollars. J. L. J.

Charities and Reforms.

The latest result reported of the Day Nursery Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago is the establishment of a Day Nursery in Georgetown, British Guiana. A gentleman from that place visited the Nursery in the Children's Building, and was so impressed with the practical wisdom of the institution that he took back with him the rules and regulations guiding the Day Nursery work in this country. There are also reported two new Day Nurseries in the West started from the Day Nursery Exhibit.—*The Altruist Interchange.*

A Stundist woman from a village in the province of Kieff has just left Rostoff, on the Don, in the company of a gang of prisoners bound for the Caucasus. She has been banished for a term of five years by administrative process on a charge of adherence to Protestant tenets after repeated requests from her village priests to renounce her heresy. She has left a husband and two quite young children in Russia. Whole families are often enough sent from their homes on charges of heresy,—the usual course, however, is for the head of the house to be banished,—but this is the first instance, to our knowledge, of a woman being transported for this offence.—*Christian World.*

On October 12 the Loan Bureau of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church completed eight months of its career, with results which are far from unsatisfactory to Dr. Greer and others who are particularly interested in the problem of lending money to the worthy at low rates. A total sum of \$24,554.50 had been loaned up to that day, and the repayments amounted to nearly \$8,000. Loans were made to 768 different families, embracing nearly all trades and professions, many nationalities, and a great variety of religious belief. The losses sustained by the fund thus far have been extremely few and small, and no mortgages have been foreclosed. The holders of outstanding loans are paying their monthly instalments regularly, and over sixty loans have been paid off and cancelled.

The "Tenement House" number of the *Altruist Interchange* ought to be widely read. It is true, as the editors confess, that the tenement-house perplexity is a question so vast and so complicated that these articles, suggestive as they are, do not include all that might and ought to be said. The question is first stated thus: "The subject may be viewed from two important points,—from that of the political economist and from that of the humanitarian as well. From the vantage-ground of the former, these

human hives teeming with population seem a menace. They mean a wrong balance in the books of the body politic. They mean crime and want and resultant jails, asylums, hospitals, and workhouses, to be maintained at public cost. The sight of human beings upon whom God's sunshine rarely falls, who know nothing but narrow court-yards and dirty alleys, who are more absolutely the slaves of the "sweater" than black man ever was of Southern planter, brings to the humanitarian a feeling akin to despair. There is no use in shutting our eyes to the wretched conditions of tenement-house life: they exist,—the only question is one of remedy, and speedy remedy at that." The leading article is by M. Katharine Jones, and describes the conditions in New York.

A plan of organized work, novel in many particulars, has been devised by Miss Margaret Hard, of Englewood, N.J., which, if it can be carried into execution, will be the most practical exponent possible of the doctrine of altruism. An association has been formed called the Society of Consecrated Talent, whose fundamental principle is that each member shall make one personal effort a year or shall donate the income of one day to further the purposes of the society. The purpose of the organization is a combination of Toynbee Hall, People's Palace, and College Settlement. While making no claim to distinct originality, the society is broad in its scope. It spreads its drag-net of charity and kindness broadcast, and draws in from every class servers as well as those to be served. In forming the plan, cardinal, priest, rabbi, evangelical clergyman, rector, ethical teacher, musician, teacher, physician, author, artist, actor, and society men and women have evinced their interest and pledged their co-operation. Following the trend of the times, the plan aims at two important ends,—non sectarianism and centralization of work, recognizing in this latter particular the teaching of the day, that the principle of modern business must be applied to the distribution of modern charity.—*The Altruist Interchange.*

Personals.

The French Academy of Natural Sciences has just awarded the Jansen medal for original work in astronomy to Prof. George E. Hale of the University of Chicago. This is a great honor, both for the young university and the young professor, who, although only twenty-six years of age, has already reached the first rank in his own department of work.

An event to be remembered in the Eddowes household occurred at Greeley, Col., on Oct. 24, 1894, when Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eddowes celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Sarah E. Howard, a warm friend of the family, composed a poem for the occasion, which was read before a pleasant gathering of friends. Mr. Eddowes is a grandson of Ralph Eddowes, one of the founders of Unitarianism in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Eddowes are both over seventy years of age, and are as devoted to one another now as they were fifty years ago. Mr. Eddowes entertained his guests by playing a few tunes on the flute he played when first married.

Here and There.

A sale of Bibles was held in Boston last week, when \$1,000 was paid for the Soldier's,—a pocket Bible, 16mo, and consisting of sixteen pages,—and \$800 for the first English Bible printed.

In New Hampshire there is a great game farm, said to be the greatest in the country. On it are found Wyoming elk, antelope, wild boars, buffaloes, reindeer, Rocky Mountain sheep, and European red deer. The owner does not allow these animals to be killed.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson's plans are prospering. The reindeer in Alaska and northward are growing more numerous. At Port Clarence the reindeer are multiplying rapidly, and in a few years the government will not have to send provisions to keep the natives alive.

Dr. Baxter, examining surgeon during the Civil War, in tabulating the results of his examinations shows that, out of every 1,000 clergymen examined, 954 were unfit for military duty; out of every 1,000 journalists, 740; of physicians, 670; of lawyers, 544; while, of farmers, only 350 were thus disqualified.

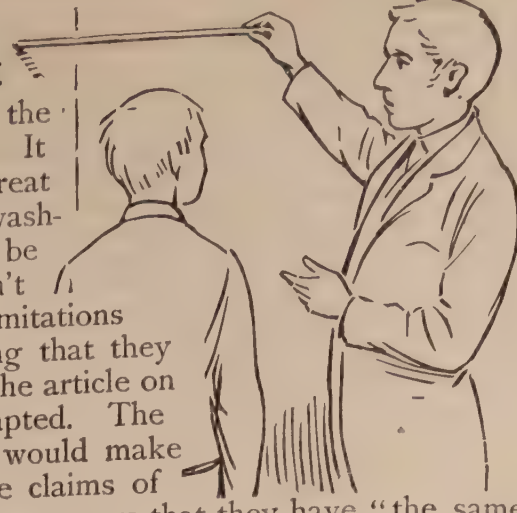
A monument to Father Damien, the lepers' friend in the Hawaiian Islands, was unveiled last Sunday in Louvain, Belgium, amid the great rejoicing of the people. An establishment for the education of missionaries for the lepers of Oceania has been in existence in the Belgium capital for some time. There are at present eighty or ninety students in training at the Damien Institute.

Not Up to the Mark

—that's the way with the imitations of Pearline. It isn't surprising that so great a household help in all washing and cleaning should be so largely imitated; it isn't surprising that these imitations fail; and it isn't surprising that they make still more popular the article on which the fraud is attempted. The merits of Pearline alone would make its sales increase, and the claims of peddlers and unscrupulous grocers that they have "the same as" or "as good as" Pearline—mind you, never "better than" Pearline—have placed Pearline on the top notch.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.



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I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*
I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

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THE RED CROSS.

An article has recently been issued by the Red Cross Society which explains its origin and methods. The ideas which culminated in the International Treaty, now adhered to by forty-four separate nationalities, were conceived by M. Henri Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, a member of the Society of Public Utility of Switzerland. Happening to witness the battle of Solferino in Italy, June 24, 1859, he became horror-stricken by the needless suffering of the wounded and dying, who lay upon the field for days without medical aid. M. Dunant described in a souvenir book which he wrote the scenes which so profoundly stirred him.

He sets forth in his book plans for joining the governments of the world in an international compact which should afford immunity and protection to civil aid upon battlefields, thereby augmenting the military medical facilities and reducing the needless suffering. His ideas were earnestly taken up by his society; and, with the aid and co-operation of the Swiss Federal Council, a conference of nations was held in Geneva in October, 1863. And that was followed by the Geneva Convention of August, 1864, at which the treaty which bears that name was created. This treaty was at once signed by sixteen leading nations, which number has since been increased to forty, including the United States. The latter gave its adhesion by act of Congress March 1, 1882. The act was ratified by the Congress of Berne—the international ratifying power—June 9, 1882, and proclamation by President Arthur June 26, 1882. The incoming administration of 1881 was the first to awaken to the national importance of the Red Cross; and to the lamented Garfield, Arthur, Blaine, and Windom is due the credit of grasping the merits of the treaty with the utmost fervor. The Red Cross (a red Greek cross on a white ground) is the universally adopted emblem or insignia of that organization which is known as the Red Cross Treaty of Geneva. The resolutions of the Geneva Conference provide that there shall be in every treaty country one committee, and only one, whose duty it shall be to co-operate in time of war by all the means in its power with the medical and sanitary service of the army; and this committee shall place itself in communication with the government of its own country, in order that its offers of assistance in case of need may be accepted. In the event of war the committees of belligerent nations shall furnish relief to their respective armies in proportion to their respective resources; and, if need be, they shall solicit the assistance of committees of neutral nations within the treaty. With the concurrence of the military authorities they shall, upon request, place nurses upon the battlefields, but only under the direction of the military commanders. The interchange of communications between the several national committees is made through the Swiss committee, which bears the title of the "Comité International." As early as 1865 it had been indirectly proposed that the committees might increase their usefulness by relief work in cases of calamities other than war, but the proposal met with no favor. It was not until the formation of the United States Committee in 1881 that such a feature, owing to the earnest advocacy of such a progressive measure by Miss Clara Barton, took practical form, and thereby broadened the scope of the humane work. The matter was laid before the International Committee, which ably seconded Miss Barton's efforts. By that committee it was submitted to the other treaty countries; and, finally, unanimous sanction was given. The change or addition to the original intention became known as the "American Amendment." What this amendment has meant to the sufferers by fire, flood, pestilence, cyclones, and other great calamities in our own country during the past dozen years, need not be repeated here.

There is hardly a section of the country that has not made its acknowledgment in tears of gratitude. Upon adopting the treaty of the Geneva Convention, each nation is required to at once instruct its army in the philanthropic and humane objects, and the provisions of the treaty. Japan gave its adhesion to the Treaty of Geneva in 1886. In 1889, at the third reunion of the Japanese Red Cross Association, his majesty the emperor was tendered and accepted the presidency. In accepting, the emperor spoke as follows: "I am more than honored by this distinguished assembly in receiving and accepting this honorable position. It will give me great pleasure to be an active worker in an active association."

The full protection of the emblem of the Red Cross was given by an imperial decree forbidding its use for any purpose except by the army and the Red Cross Association. There can be little wonder, then, that the association is doing such noble and efficient work during the present hostilities; nor that the Japanese Minister of War promulgated, on September 22 last, a notice to the army and to the inhabitants recalling to their minds their obligations and duties in behalf of the cause of duty and mercy to the suffering, sick, and wounded, whether of their own army or that of their enemy.

A close relationship exists between the

American and Japanese Associations. A delegation of citizens of Tokio waited on Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross in 1886, and requested of her information and forms as to the organization of and methods employed by the American committee; and it is most probable that, should the exigencies of the present war tax the Japanese Association beyond its capacity, the American committee would be among the first to be applied to for assistance. And no other national committee would be more generous or prompt in its response. The spirit of the Geneva Treaty insists that, immediately a soldier is wounded or becomes disabled by sickness, he is no longer a belligerent, but becomes from that moment a neutral, a subject for the merciful care of those employed in administering relief under the treaty. Hence Japan, by instructing her army to show the same degree of tender mercy to a wounded, sick, or even a dead Chinese soldier that they would to their own, is simply carrying out with the most commendable faithfulness the obligations she took upon herself when her solemn signature and seal were given to the Geneva Convention, because this is not more nor less than every other treaty nation has pledged itself to do. This is what the Red Cross means; and no better object-lesson could be given to those who would know what the Red Cross is than that now being shown by the treatment of Japan toward her own and her enemy's sick and wounded. The notable and commendable charity of Japan so widely spoken of to-day is the result not so much of the "exceptionable humanity, progress, and advancement" of Japan as of the protection of the Red Cross, the co-operation of her military with it, and the strict discipline of her troops in regard to it. Japan is not only in perfect accord with the letter and spirit of the Red Cross, but her splendid work in this war challenges the admiration of the world. His majesty the emperor at once grasped the vital principle which is the foundation of the Red Cross,—the protection of its insignia,—and, having enacted laws prohibiting its use by any one unauthorized by the Red Cross Society or the War Department, is enabled to carry out the wise and beneficent provisions of the Geneva Convention unhampered.

The American National Red Cross has its headquarters at Washington. Its presidency was tendered to President Garfield, who declined in favor of Miss Clara Barton, "as a just recognition of her valuable services in having brought the Red Cross into this country, and carried the treaty through Congress and the American Amendment through the foreign ratifying powers."

Our American National Red Cross, under its amendment, has rendered relief in great disasters in civil life of the last twelve years. It now remains to be seen how well our government and people would perform their part in recognition, protection, and discipline in case of war.

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Mr. Podgers: "I see that old hen just come out of the cellar. What has she been doing down there?" Mrs. Podgers: "I guess she's been laying in coal."—Christian Work.

"I went to Sunday-school yesterday," a little girl said to her aunt, "and the teacher asked me 'who made me.' So I just told her nobody made me. I wonder if she thought I was a paper doll!"

Policeman (to wheelman, who is riding on the side path): "See here, young man! You can't ride there." "Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me." And he shot out of sight.—American Wheelman.

Having heard of a shark, and thinking it would be a fine addition to his "Zoo," little Harold said to his father, when starting for the office one morning, "Now, papa, be sure and bring me home a little ocean with a shark in it, won't you?"

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think that you would chew it so fine as that."

A little girl had a kitten. She was very fond of it, and it was a great delight to her to hear it purr. One night she was restless, and her mother said, "Cynthia, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?" "I can't," answered the little one, "papa purrs so loud."

In trying to gain a rational explanation of how a human mind can disappoint its proprietor, a story of an Oakland litigant throws some light on the problem. A friend asked him how he happened to lose his case. "Oh," he replied, "I had a lawyer who got to talking, and went off and left his mouth running." If one wants one's mind to do good service, one must stay by, and hold it to its work.—Pacific Unitarian.

TRIALS OF A NATURALIST'S WIFE.

Richard spent the evening in examining some of the minute worms found in the muscles of a man (*Trichina spiralis*). . . . R. assured me that, in comparison to what surgeons had often to meddle with, it was sweet.

January 5 (1836).—Richard went to Bruton Street to cut up an ostrich. He is now engaged in writing on the "paper nautilus," and there is a lovely little specimen in spirits on the table.

June 21.—Engaged all day in drawing a wombat's brain for R. . . . 26th.—Finished the wombat's brain.

November 17.—Last night a kangaroo (dead) came to R. from the Zoo.

December 28.—Wrapped up the tortoise in flannel before I went to bed, and put it in the cellar.

April 11 (1837).—Dr. A. Farre and Mr. Darwin came here this afternoon. After tea muscular fibre and microscope in the drawing-room.

February 1.—The defunct rhinoceros (late of Wombwell's menagerie) arrived while R. was out. I told the men to take it right to the end of the long passage, where it now lies. As yet I feel indifferent, but when the pie is opened—

February 6.—R. is still at the rhinoceros.

November 21 (1849).—R. brought back with him to dinner Dr. Buckland, Prof. Agassiz, and Dr. Mantell, and afterward entertained them to their hearts' content with the microscope. They made some experiments in blood globules. Dr. Buckland's blood irregular, that of Agassiz regular. Dr. Mantell, who stated that he had a very slow circulation, on examination proved to have blood globules of a decidedly larger size than the others.

April 10 (1843).—He dissected a chimpanzee. Willie watched his father dissecting till he himself smelt like a specimen preserved in rum.

June 11 (1846).—The presence of a portion of the defunct elephant on the premises made me keep all the windows open, especially as the weather is very mild. I got R. to smoke cigars all over the house.

February 16.—Found the cook had a queer-looking bit of fish, which R. had brought in and told her to cook for dinner. There was only part of it in the kitchen, and I did not recognize it. The cook's chief objection seemed to be the name (*Anarrhichas lupus*) which her master had called it, and she was doubtful if a fish with such a name could be a fit thing to send up to a table. It turned out to be what they call a "wolf-fish," and R. declared it not at all bad.—From the Diary of the Wife of Sir Richard Owen.

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Editorial.

THE full text of the last encyclical of Pope Leo to the Church in America has just been given out. It is moderate, pacific, and conciliatory. It is of more interest to Catholics than to non-Catholics, because it chiefly relates to the condition and administration of the Catholic Church in America. The faithful are exhorted to submit loyally to the authority of the Church, the bishops are exhorted to concord, the position of the papal legate is defined. The attitude of Catholics in regard to divorce is commended, and they are exhorted to shun secret societies. In considering the causes of the prosperity of the Catholic Church in America, the pope says: "The main factor, no doubt, in bringing things into this happy state were the ordinances and decrees of your synods. But, moreover, thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America, and to the customs of the well-ordered republic. For the Church among you—unopposed by the Constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals—is free to live and act without hindrance."

REFLECTING, however, that such a eulogy of American institutions might be deemed a disparagement of monarchical institutions and a surrender of the prerogative of the Vatican, the pope says: "Yet it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable states of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced. The Church would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority." This is very frank, and is unquestionably true. Roman Catholicism is monarchical in its history, character, and spirit; and, undoubtedly, this has led to much opposition from Protestants, which has grown to be bigoted and unjust. Though the pope is true to the genius of Catholicism, he nevertheless accepts the Constitution of this country as it is. "The Church," he remarks, "should keep pace with the great republic in the march of improvement, and aid in its growth." And this he would seek to bring about, not by any political method, but by strengthening the constitution of the Church, and by the spread of education.

THERE are two ways of doing missionary work. One is to plant seed, and water and cultivate it, and train it into organic life: the other is to seek to create the atmosphere which makes things grow and blossom and fruit. The influence of Unitarianism has been largely atmospheric. It has sought to create, and has succeeded in some measure in creating, a more genial climate; it has swept away clouds which obscured the sun; it has proclaimed a philosophy of religion and life which are gladder and brighter for it. And all this is a service not to be lightly estimated. But what it still needs to do is the work of seed-sowing and cultivating. This can only be done by the laborer in the field. The laborers are coming now more numerous than ever to till the old fields; but what is also needed is that missionary genius which prompts and fits men to sow the seed in a new soil, and to water and tend it until it becomes a strong and well-rooted and independent growth.

ARE the signs of the times in this nineteenth century more hopeful, or are they more depressing? There are those who do not hesitate to maintain that the world is getting worse,—that the outlook, at any rate, is more depressing than encouraging. If this be true, it constitutes, first, an indictment of human society, and then of the Providence which rules the world. It were sad, indeed, if, after centuries of development, the verdict of human consciousness were that this very development in the world had made men less fitted to enjoy the present or to hope for the future. The development of human consciousness enables man to recognize and to feel the pain of conditions which would not be felt in a state of savagery; but the same development enables him to discern and to devise methods of relief, and to recognize grounds of hope and promise which cannot be seen or felt by the shorter-sighted intellect of the savage or the child-man. It would be sad indeed if, with the development of science, art, literature, ethics, and religion, there should not be a basis for a philosophy of life which would be hopeful and encouraging. We believe most assuredly that a cold, chilling agnosticism, or a lurid pessimism, is not to be the outcome of either science or religion. For our religious faith there is a basis as firm as Immutability itself; and for our hope there is the inspiration of a trust in God and the belief that man, through his development, may help God to realize his purposes in human life and society.

THE Boston *Transcript* calls attention to the fact that, while Unitarianism has not suffered from any serious secession, it is obliged to meet a problem which comes from the accessions it has received from other denominations: "The number of ministers who have during the last few years joined the Unitarian fellowship in different parts of the country is such as to have completely changed the proportion between the number of vacant parishes and the number of available ministers. A few years ago the proportion gave the churches trouble: it was hard to obtain the required supplies. Now the burden falls on the ministers, and men are on the waiting list who would formerly have been eagerly sought. This state of things affects not only those who have come into this ministry, but those who are ready to do so; and men who would be counted accessories in more senses than one have been advised to postpone such action. The breakers ahead are those of the topmost waves which fall in advance of the mass. There are, in fact, more ministers than the denomination knows what to do with."

THIS is a state of affairs which furnishes Unitarianism with an opportunity which it ought not to be slow to embrace. It has prayed and pleaded for messengers to take the gospel, and now the messengers are coming faster than they can be sent. Commenting upon the significant fact, the Boston *Transcript* continues: "But this is a problem that most denominations would like to face. It has its difficulties, but it has also its promise. Our figure of the breakers should carry us not to the shallows, but to a tidal force behind. The tendency which now brings the burden upon the profession will afterward distribute that burden, so as to turn it into strength for the Church at large. A movement which has brought strong leaders and is now gathering strength, even in its restraint, is a prophecy of the time when it will spread among the people. This cannot fail to be the significance of the remarkable fact that we have noted. It is an embarrassment of riches. The overproduction has its root in causes which are bound to balance it in increased distribution. Where the shepherds go, those who know the voice of the shepherd will follow; and we venture the prophecy that the legend of Unitarian secessions will finally vanish before the fact of Unitarian increment, which, as present accessions indicate, will not be unearned."

THE political crisis in France has been followed by a political crisis in Greece, though there is necessarily no connection between them. President Casimir-Périer had a short and unimportant career, terminated by his own resignation under the feeling that the responsibilities of the office were too great for him. The return of imperialism in France would be a calamity; and it is a question whether the French Constitution would not be greatly improved if it were fashioned more after our own, with a president elected for a definite period. Undoubtedly, it would be a relief to many French patriots if they knew that the new president, M. Felix Faure, would remain in the office for the next four years. In Greece Mr. Tricoupi, having failed to secure the majority in the Voulé, has resigned. Statesmen in Greece are not plentiful; and, financially, the situation of the country is very unfortunate. It is possible that Mr. Delyannis, for many years an opponent of Tricoupi, may be called to succeed him. But he is an old man; and, though he has enthusiastic followers, it is doubtful if he can secure the confidence of the whole people or maintain for any length of time a majority in the Chamber.

EVIDENTLY, Broad Churchism has assumed somewhat alarming proportions in the estimation of the bishops of the Episco-

pal Church. Their pastoral letter recently published is one prolonged cry of "Wolf!" The substance of this letter demands more extended comment than can here be given; but the bearing of its observations lies in the application of them, and this is not left in uncertainty. "A heresy which would seek at the altar protection from the penalty of a violated vow forfeits the respect and tenderness due to honest doubt." We know well enough at whom this is aimed, as surely as if names were spoken. These good bishops are strenuous that their clergy shall not be guilty of "handling the word of God deceitfully." We wonder if some of these latter may not ask whether their shepherds make the most honest use of Scripture when, after being commanded not to stray in word or thought beyond the narrow pastures of the past, they are exhorted to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free!" However, the letter is proof that signs of independent thought have awakened some apprehension in the Episcopal breast, and is therefore evidence that progress has been made.

THE *Outlook*, "though not conscious of any occasion for it as a letter of admonition or warning," responds to the "Pastoral" with warm professions of its own adherence to the Apostles' Creed. You see, my Lords spiritual, that, if your suspicions have glanced at us, they are quite misplaced. Really, the outside world must smile a little at the artlessness of these professions. The bishop's letter explicitly sets forth the historic faith that Jesus Christ is "the only Son of God." The *Outlook* believes in "Jesus Christ as God manifest in the flesh," and would seem to have its readers think that the two statements are quite the same. It thinks that "the tendency of our age is not to minimize, but rather to exalt the doctrine of the incarnation." Quite true! But is its own doctrine of the incarnation that which the bishops have now reaffirmed? We fear the bishops will not be convinced by the *Outlook's* declarations and will want to examine it still further before admitting it to full fellowship.

OUR SOUTHERN WORK.

In the new South that is rising it seems now possible to renew the interest in the work of the Unitarian Church which was excited in the early part of this century. When John Adams and John C. Calhoun signed the covenant of the Unitarian church in Washington, it seemed possible to such men as Thomas Jefferson that Unitarianism would soon be established throughout the South. The causes which led to the defeat of that expectation are now in the past. A new generation is coming forward, to whom this is ancient history. Again the causes are at work which make it possible to commend the principles of the "religion of the two commandments" (as Mr. Chaney likes to call it) to the cultivated people of the South. There is no considerable Southern community in which there are not men and women of great intelligence and high culture, who know what is going on in the higher realms of thought. They know, and frequently say in letters and private conversations, that ideas are abroad which will certainly destroy the claims of the churches which offer an exclusive salvation. No matter how many thousands follow those who preach the old creeds, they know that intelligence is quietly moving out from the shadow of the old beliefs.

The obituary notice recently published in the *Register* is one instance of many. Dr. Hall of Coosada, Ala., a colonel in the Confederate army, a man of social influence, falling in with some of our literature by chance, became an ardent Unitarian. One whose father was a planter and a slaveholder, a graduate of Harvard College, and

a graduate from Calvinism, writes: "The South affords a great field for Unitarian work. Wherever I go, I find men and women to whom the old orthodox house no longer affords shelter. They are ready and willing to enter upon a broader life, if only they can find some leader to follow."

We are slowly coming back to social and political conditions which are favorable to the spread of liberal ideas and principles without the interference of sectional prejudice. The Unitarian Church, so far as it is a temporal institution, is founded on the principles which underly the Constitution and government of the American republic. Trust in human nature, confidence that freedom of thought is essential, and belief that whatever improves the quality of the life is of first importance,—these are simple working principles. They commend themselves to men and women of intelligence everywhere. They are working to some degree in all churches, but there ought to be a great future for the one that puts them forward as its characteristic methods. Whatever else it may do, the Unitarian Church of necessity makes its appeal to that class of men and women who reveal themselves wherever they are as ladies and gentlemen, without carrying the mark of the town or city in which they may happen to have been born. There are a few hundred thousands of such human beings who recognize each other wherever they may meet,—whether in Paris or San Francisco, in Boston or Tokio. They read the same books, they are interested in the same subjects, they have similar moral standards, and they have the same social traditions and habits. In the South there are many of this class. From this time onward it will be an increasing class. It comprises the men and women from whom ideas will work downward through all the strata of social and political life, until they reach the bottom. Whatever else it may do, the Unitarian Church ought to appeal directly to this class. Winning them, it will win the creators of public opinion,—those who fix the standards of social excellence; those who, in time, will be imitated and followed by the less intelligent classes.

To do this kind of work does not in any way make it necessary to overlook or neglect any other class in the South. The work among the freedmen and their children has appealed successfully to the imagination and the conscience of Northern people, and it has seemed to be both a duty and a privilege to take some part in the civilization of the colored people. The response has been eager and inspiring. The poor whites have to a less extent excited the interest and attracted the attention of Northern Unitarians, although the work to be done among them is equally important for the welfare of the nation. But it would be a mistake of the first magnitude to suppose that Northern Unitarians can confine their interest and attention exclusively or mainly to the less intelligent classes of the South with any hope of permanent success. The many problems which must arise between races so different can only be settled by bringing the intelligence of the South to bear upon them through the highest moral and social ethics. If Unitarianism is what we believe it to be, it follows as the day the night that a Unitarian church in the South, rightly formed and well developed, will be made up of men and women who regard their relations with the less fortunate members of society about them from the highest point of view. Planting such a church in Georgia, for instance; making it really a success; getting together a large congregation of men and women thoroughly alive with the inspiration of this form of religion,—we have made a centre from which streams of the best moral and religious influence will flow into all the community around.

A Unitarian church solidly established anywhere becomes by natural processes the fountain-head of every kind of social reform and progress. Benevolence of every rational kind flows naturally from such an institution. Public spirit is generated; and, greatly out of proportion to their numbers, the men and women in such a church will be chosen to conduct affairs of State. Patriots, lovers of our common country, all who believe in and are ready to work for a great future for our republican institutions, may put all their power into a sound-hearted, well-organized Unitarian church, confident of reaching through that all the higher interests of human life.

JOHN FARWELL MOORS.

After a long and lingering illness Dr. Moors died last Sunday at his home in Greenfield; and thus another marked Unitarian minister has gone. He was favored in his ancestry; for his parents, in their position and character, were typical illustrations of the best features of New England yeomanry. Born a farmer's boy, in Groton, Mass., Dec. 10, 1819, he was trained in the schools and academy of his native town, and entered Harvard College in 1838, and graduated in 1842. Then, after the usual three years' course at the Divinity School, he graduated in 1845; and early in the next year, January 28, he was ordained over the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Deerfield, Mass., where he remained until he was invited to take charge of the Third Congregational Unitarian Church at Greenfield in 1860, and continued his ministry here until 1884, when he was chosen by the American Unitarian Association as special minister for the New England States. Though at this time he had passed his prime, he entered upon his new work with the zeal and vigor of a young man, until about two years since he was obliged to resign on account of his health, and spent the rest of his life among friends to whom he was endeared by strong attachment.

Dr. Moors was eminently fitted, both by native gifts and training, for the duties of a minister. He had, to a remarkable degree, executive ability; and he carried into his parish work a sagacity, foresight, and judgment such as belong to men who succeed in large business enterprises. Though not pre-eminently a student, he kept himself fully informed of the current religious thought of his time. He was careful in the preparation of his sermons, and also gave a large portion of his time to the practical affairs of the parish. Believing that the church should touch and influence life at various points, he took a wise and deep interest in the public welfare. He devoted himself to education, and exerted a very marked influence by his various official positions. Both at Deerfield and Greenfield, for many years, he was the leading member of the School Committee; was also president of the Board of Trustees of Deerfield Academy, and was the first president of the consolidated corporation of the Deerfield Academy and the Dickinson High School. Later in life, convinced of the need of a seminary for young ladies which should be free from direct sectarian influences, he was the founder of the Prospect Hill School, which is now in a flourishing condition under the management of Rev. James C. Parsons.

During his ministry Dr. Moors filled many places of public trust, and was chosen both as a representative and senator to the General Court. Early in the war, under the inspiration of the patriotism of those stirring times, he became chaplain of the Fifty-second Regiment, and carried with him into the army the same fidelity, tact, and wise judgment which marked him through life. He not only gave the soldiers spiritual counsel by preaching, but in various ways became helpful. The sick found in him a sympathizing friend; the hospital heard his cheering word; on the march he would place a tired, wounded soldier on his horse, and walk by his side. He also wrote letters to the families at home for his comrades in arms. Thus his relation to them was not only that of a minister, but of a personal friend and brother. So closely allied was he with his regiment that he compiled its history, which was printed in 1893. The soldiers were so strongly attached to their chaplain that for years after the war closed he was called upon both to officiate at the glad hour of marriage and to light up the darkness of the open grave.

As a preacher, Dr. Moors was direct, simple, and practical. In his convictions he was a thorough Unitarian, and did yeoman's service for the faith he so deeply loved. Still, he valued most highly those great practical truths of religion which bear directly on daily life and character. Few men have illustrated, both in their preaching and their lives, more fully the rich quality of common sense. If we define eloquence as that power of speech which influences the hearers, then Dr. Moors possessed that gift. But he was wholly free from striking rhetorical effects. His sermons were marked by clearness of statement and vigor of thought. His Alma Mater bore

witness of her appreciation of his ability by giving him the degree of D.D.; and he was heard with acceptance in all the Unitarian pulpits, especially in the Connecticut Valley, where he was so well known and esteemed.

His ministry derived additional strength from the fulness of his work in his parish. He was a man with a quick eye to see, with kindly sympathies, and a devout spirit. "As a comforter at the bedside of the sick or dying," says the *Springfield Republican*, "John Moors was what a minister should be. He brought cheer, he gave wholesome thought and hopeful outlook, and his prayer with the invalid in view of departure was the prayer of faith in the brotherhood of Jesus and the fatherhood of God."

His long residence in the Connecticut Valley, and the active interest he took in the churches of that section, gave him an exceptional knowledge of their needs, and made him a power. Often, at the meetings of the Ministerial Association, in his conversation he would show a minute acquaintance not only with the condition and needs of the neighboring parishes, but also with the personal characteristics of the leading members, greater in some cases than that possessed by the settled minister. When he began his missionary work in New England, he carried with him this same wise and minute oversight, which, taken with his other rare qualities, enabled him to add so large a number of new churches to the Unitarian communion.

Dr. Moors, in his private relations, was kind, genial, and sympathetic. He was decided in his opinions, and stoutly defended them. Many young ministers have been befriended by his aid and advice. His home was lighted up with cordial hospitality. Many can recall the cheerful welcome which brightened the hearthstone. His last days were shadowed by a lingering illness, the pains of which were alleviated by loving care and faithful devotion. He desired to live until the new church was consecrated. Only a short time since our columns gave the touching picture of the loved and honored pastor stretched on a couch as he was carried into the church, that he might witness the service. His cherished wish was gratified, and he has passed on. As loving hearts who have ministered to his last days are now filled with sorrow, they have a rich treasure of consolation which comes from the memory of a life so full of usefulness and faithful service, and which has brought light and cheer to so many in the hour of stress and need.

LOVE IN WAITING.

The familiar three-word text "God is love" is on our lips from the time that we can lisp, yet perhaps we may be grown men and women before any realization of that evangel penetrates our hearts. And even then it may not come through any mystic or transcendental experience. Simply from the manifestations of love in humanity we may come to believe with our whole hearts that God is indeed love, that out of his fulness we are all filled.

The mother croons her songs of love into her baby's ear, and the child grows up in an atmosphere of affection; but not till the deep experiences of life have come to her own heart can she appreciate what was the depth of love which was waiting to be revealed from that mother's heart. Not till parental love stirs her breast before the advent of her own child can she truly realize what love in waiting means.

The patience, the sweetness, the strength of this quality in love, are manifested in many ways. But for this quality how would the repentant son or the erring daughter dare to come back to the old home, and to those within it who have been disgraced and burdened with sorrow? For rarely indeed is the prodigal disappointed in his confidence. Not only is the door still open, but the father goes forth to meet the wanderer on his return.

One finds this love between friends. Years may go by, and they do not meet. No word has passed between them. Chance brings them once more within each other's grasp, and instantly the slumbering love is kindled anew and burns on, a steady, cheerful fire. What a joy and rest in life to have the assurance that at any turn one may thus come upon unexhausted springs of pure affection, oases where love is ever in waiting!

And not only for personal friends is this boon reserved. It is equally ready for the true man or the true woman, as soon as they shall be known. The human heart recognizes the claim upon it, and responds gladly. One sees this in a parish where a man may come unheralded, unpraised, who, by strength of his innate purity of life, strength of purpose, and warmth of affection, calls out at once the best that is in his people; and, before he realizes it, he feels about him the warm air of love that has been only waiting for his coming. And he is inspired and strengthened for his work, knowing that such a love will be patient and forgiving, helpful and comforting.

It is not strange, then, that, little by little, such experiences as these should finally lead one into a deep trust in the great Source of all love, and that, in spite of the sorrows, the trials, the cruel things of life, the trusting soul should be able to repeat with confidence the childhood text,—learned then because it was the shortest, spoken now because it is the sweetest,—"God is love."

PERSPECTIVE.

The true artist must master proportion and perspective, and so must the historian. We do not know things as we ought to know them until we see them in relation to other things. Events in our own life need to be studied to know the relation of proportion and perspective. Certain experiences seem very much to us to-day. The childish grief seemed a great mountain; but, after one has travelled many years on the road of life, it becomes a mole-hill. Certain experiences which are very vivid, and which take a large canvas in our imagination, drop into miniature when we view them in relation to the whole course of our lives, and in relation to the lives of others. It is one art of life to know how to hold things in just comparison,—to be sure that we do not overrate our particular misfortunes, magnify our ills, and minimize our blessings. There are scenes which fill our eyes now which we need to see in relation to many events which are to follow them. The true perspective of life, the true sense of proportion, will show us that we have often exaggerated or deformed, and that our conceptions have not wholly corresponded with reality. Thus we need to walk by faith because our sight is so often defective.

YOU.

Considered merely as a piece of mechanism and so much *avoidsupois*, it has taken the mechanical forces of the universe and many combinations of matter to make you what you are. You have a history. It does not begin with your birth, with that of your father or mother, or your grandfather or grandmother. It goes back into the long past. The roots of your genealogy cannot be traced. They are lost in the primeval history of the world.

But you are something more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of flesh and bone, with a telegraph system of muscles and nerves, with an engine pumping several gallons of blood through your veins and arteries. You are something more than a box of brain set on a vertebral column, with eyes and ears, and hands and feet, and powers of speech. All these are your instruments, but they are not you. You command them. They are your servants. Whether you go back through as many generations as your body is a speculation we will not stop to consider. The fact is that *you are here*,—a tenant of this house, and a master of these instruments. What can you, and what will you do with them? They can be made to minister to you, they can be made to minister to others around you. You can use them selfishly or generously. The relations into which you enter are not absolutely those of anybody else. You are invested with power and privilege. You are summoned by opportunity and duty. You are made of intellect, heart, conscience, social faculties, powers of will, religious and moral sentiments. Physically, you are separate and independent. Socially and morally, you are bound by ties which cannot be broken.

And so the question of your life is not yours alone. It is the question of your attitude to the whole range of activities which bring you in relation to your fellow-

men. Your life would be poor, poverty-stricken, if you did not share the product of countless other lives. There is no century in the world that has not enriched you. You are an heir of the blessings of liberty and civilization. What are you to do with these bequests, this freedom, these powers, these opportunities? What is this life of yours? Its significance will depend upon the use you make of it. It may be a life of selfish isolation, or a life which is shared, and which gives as freely as it has received. The appeal which comes to you is yours because only you can receive it. The duty which belongs to you cannot be shifted to anybody else. There are personal duties which belong to you alone because they grow out of the fact that they beckon you and nobody else, and so the call which comes to you cannot be delegated to anybody else. Others may shape your life, but you alone can live it. Master its lessons, bear its burdens, suffer its disappointments, fulfil its duties, meet its retributions, and enter into its rewards.

Musings.

I WAS in a crowded Boston electric car last Sunday night. There were constant appeals from the conductor to "pass up front"; and the car seemed almost as elastic in its capacity as an old Broadway omnibus, in which there was always "room for one more." A large proportion of the passengers were women. There were five Chinamen all comfortably seated, while there were twelve women standing. The conductor made an effort to have the Chinamen move up; but the result was only about three more inches of room, not enough for another passenger. The conductor looked as if he would have liked to take these Chinamen by the back of the neck and haul them to their feet, or else put them out of the car; and, if he had acted in the spirit and suggestion of the law passed by the United States Congress, the Chinese would have had to go. But, as it was, they knew their rights, if not their privileges; and so they laughed, and "held the fort." It was one of their rights to sit down: it was one of their privileges to stand up and make room for five ladies. They clung to their rights, but ignored their privileges. I said to myself, "It is unfortunate that these Mongolians have not better manners, that they are not trained into more deference to women, that they do not consider it a privilege to rise and give their places to more lovely creatures. Would Americans be so impolite if they went to China?" Then it occurred to me that it might be worth while to look around the car and see how many men of American or European origin were sitting. There were just six; that is to say, the Americans outnumbered the Chinamen by one. Then I reflected that perhaps the Chinamen had not brought their manners from their own country, but had learned them here, and perhaps were taking a lesson that evening from the six white-faced men in the same car. And so I concluded that politeness, like charity, would better begin at home.

My Baptist friend who took me to the theatre when I was in Washington in December was not with me when I was there two weeks ago, but perhaps it was the force of his example which induced me to attend a revival at Albaugh's Opera House. It was not a revival of religion, but a revival of Napoleonism. The play was Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne." Sardou does not print his plays until they are pretty well stage-worn, say for four or five years after they have been written and played. So, if you want to read a new one, you must go to the theatre and have it read to you. The French playwright has cleverly utilized the newly awakened interest in Napoleon, but he has not done it to offer any incense at the shrine of the hero. His real hero is Mme. Sans Gêne, a French laundress, afterward made a duchess. And it is she who completely conquers Napoleon, and makes him bend to her purposes, and notably when she presents to him an unpaid washing bill which he had incurred when he lived in a fifth-story attic in Paris. Sardou furnishes an excellent picture of court life under Napoleon, with its intrigues, scandals, suspicions, and revolutions of fortune. But he brings out also the power of a true love to defy the caprices of the emperor and his courtiers. And this is illustrated by

Mme. Sans Gêne and her noble husband. I was relieved to find that there was no cheap hero-worship in this play. Napoleon was pictured pretty much as he was. The play is one which will exact applause from the upper gallery, where the gods who have abandoned the pit bestow their favors. Sardou has written for the people, and not for royalty; and his play will not do any damage to the republic.

Brevities.

New York's Strong-minded mayor has already begun to feel the barbs of criticism.

With this number we bid good-by to January. Two-thirds of the winter gone, and still so much of the winter's work undone!

The statement of the *Presbyterian Journal* that "ministers and good people in general disapprove of dancing" is rather hard upon Episcopalians.

Apples have been so abundant in New England this winter that the brains of the people ought to scintillate after consuming so much phosphoric acid.

The record of the Boston Unitarian Club, as given on another page, shows how much earnest thought and practical effort may be aroused by a well-organized institution.

Dr. Talmage says he will preach out of doors as soon as the weather permits. The doctor knows that such a temple will probably not burn down during his lifetime, and that it cannot be sold for debt.

The *Presbyterian Journal* publishes nine reasons against dancing, but nearly every one of these reasons would be utterly void if good Presbyterians would take charge of and encourage this amusement under right conditions.

The *Methodist Recorder* has introduced a new beatitude, "Blessed be taffy!" It may be doubtful whether this ought always to be numbered among things blessed; but the *Recorder* explains,—"when it is warmed by the fires of human love and drawn out by the fingers of human helpfulness."

An English exchange advises "single women who nurse cats and indulge in poodles and canaries, or spend their time in dress and frippery," to turn their energies to philanthropic work. If there are any such in Boston, the Associated Charities will be glad to educate them as friendly visitors.

It is often asserted that, if the laity were as ready to follow their convictions as the clergy, whole religious societies would come over into the liberal ranks instead of allowing the pastors to go by themselves. The fact that in the past three years the number of Unitarian ministers is increasing faster than those of any other sect, chiefly by accession from those sects, points that way.

A Presbyterian clergyman writes the following tribute to the *New World*: "I hope the *New World* will be a success financially. In my opinion, it is a success intellectually and spiritually. Every article is pregnant with the deepest thought, with poetic imagery, with pure intellectual culture; and, above all, such articles are weighted with keen practical arguments for the good and the true in religion, science, and art."

A writer in the *Amherst Literary Review* thinks that Mr. Chadwick's book, "Old and New Unitarian Belief," will do much to correct popular erroneous beliefs about Unitarianism, showing that it means the elevation of man rather than "the dragging down of Jesus." The writer says earnestly: "We do not know anything about the niceties of theological controversy. We only know that we are thankful Mr. Chadwick has given us such an inspiring message. Because Unitarianism is the reason he has given this lesson of hope to men, we are glad that Unitarianism has been and is."

Rev. J. T. Sunderland has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Unitarian*; and Rev. F. B. Mott, who for several years acted as junior editor, has taken the editorial control. Mr. Sunderland was the founder of the *Unitarian*, and devoted himself with great energy and earnestness to the work and service he had planned. If at first the *Unitarian* seemed somewhat sectional, it has grown to be more and more

national in its purpose and its service; and it will be still more representative of Unitarian thought and life. The devotion and ability of Mr. Sunderland established the journal; and, under the care of Mr. Mott, we believe that our contemporary is prepared and equipped to enter upon a new career of prosperity.

The *London Christian World* gives Rev. Thomas K. Beecher the credit of founding the first "institutional church" in the world. Forty long years he has labored devotedly in its service in Elmira. "Mr. Beecher saw early the awfulness of the waste in most Protestant churches in keeping the house of God closed one hundred and sixty-three hours and open five hours in the week; while the public-houses, which outnumber the churches, are open eighteen hours and closed six every day. The substitution of both amusements and intellectual activities of a high order in the church for those which are questionable or unqualifiedly evil elsewhere has wrought lasting beneficial results. The church keeps 'open house' every day in the year and all day long. Lights are out at nine o'clock."

Mr. Chadwick can answer for himself, but we must emphatically decline to accept the standard of "Convention Morals" which Mr. Snyder defends in our "Pro and Con." The standard of party ethics is one thing; the ethics of good citizenship, another. Unfortunately, they do not always coincide. Party ethics are simply based on party cohesion. In the last election both parties preached over and over again the detestable doctrine, "Never mind the men, but vote for the party"; and under this plea corrupt men were elected to office. To leave a party for personal pique, because one cannot have his own way, is one thing; to exercise the "divine right of bolting," as did James Freeman Clarke and George William Curtis, because one prefers country to party, is another. And, in our view, Mr. Snyder's argument does not minify in the least the moral significance and the moral clearness of the action of George William Curtis.

Pro and Con.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

When Wisner was to be settled in the Old South Church, he invited Lowell of the West Church to give him the right hand of fellowship. The quadrant's local difference on the compass signified no diametric diversity of creed. Both churches were Congregational in good religious standing. But the ecclesiastical council resolved to set Lowell aside as not orthodox, and so countermanded Wisner's choice. Shortly afterward the two ministers met; and Lowell said, "I suppose we may be permitted to shake hands on the street." One of Wisner's successors, Gordon, joined with the clergy of many denominations to observe the fiftieth anniversary of the last minister of the West Church. With all its changes, the passing century witnesses thus a growth of charity. The hard-and-fast dogmas, transported like stakes that measure the glacier's motion into a milder climate, drop out and cannot be gathered up.

C. A. BARTOL.

THE SINGLE TAX.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

A few months ago I contributed some articles to the *Christian Register* upon the subject of the single tax. They brought me many letters of inquiry, most of the writers asking the question where they could find the most satisfactory statement of the single tax in the briefest space. For the enlightenment of such, will you kindly allow me to mention a little pamphlet by Mrs. Eliza Stowe Twitchell, entitled "Economic Principles"? A letter enclosing 15 cents, addressed to her at Wollaston, Mass., will procure the book. It contains only forty pages; but therein are compressed the vital principles of the new reform, and presented in a manner to interest and enlighten the reader. I commend it to all those who would investigate what, to my mind, is the fundamental reform of the day. For a more elaborate compendium I would recommend the "Outlines of Louis F. Post's Lectures," just published by the Sterling Publishing Company, 106 Fulton Street, New

York. Its price is 50 cents. It is illustrated with charts which speak to the eye, and with a text and copious notes appealing to the common understanding. Any one who masters the above-named books will have an excellent basis for comprehending the larger works of Henry George.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston.

CONVENTION MORALS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In his admirable review of Mr. Cary's "Life of George William Curtis," my good friend J. W. C. uses this expression: "He [Mr. Cary] makes short work of the unmitigable stuff that a delegate to a convention is bound to support its action, showing that a resolution to that effect was rejected by the Republican Convention of 1884, in response to a speech by Mr. Curtis which anticipated his subsequent action."

I claim to be an independent in politics, and I was bitterly opposed to Mr. Blaine's nomination; but I am just stupid enough to believe that Mr. Curtis did not understand the ethics of his position. I sympathize with the "unmitigable stuff" of which Mr. Cary has made "short work." There can be no doubt, I think, that, speaking in general terms, it is understood to be a political and party axiom that delegates to a national convention will support its candidate. Each delegate has his own preferences; but, when the majority has spoken, he is expected to accept its decision. Otherwise there could be no such thing as party discipline and cohesiveness. Beyond question, Mr. Curtis was elected a delegate by a party constituency that accepted this principle. And there is no evidence to show (I think) that Mr. Curtis formally protested against this interpretation of his political duty in the primary meeting that gave him its suffrages. There is no evidence to show that he protested against this interpretation in the columns of the powerful journal of which he had complete control. The men who sent him to the convention, and the whole Republican party, had the best of reasons for believing that he recognized the generally received ethics of party action. Mr. Curtis declared in the convention that Mr. Blaine's nomination was "unfit"; but he knew that Mr. Blaine was a possible, probable, and even a certain candidate for nomination. If I remember rightly, a majority of the delegates had been pledged to Blaine before the convention met. It was not as if a man totally unfit for the position had been sprung upon the convention, under circumstances that left no doubt as to the corrupt influences that secured his success. And, even in such an emergency, Mr. Curtis's course would be clear. It would have been his duty to leave the convention at once, and allow his place to be filled by a less scrupulous alternate. But, when the nomination was made which he had abundant reasons for believing would be made, he remained a member of the convention, and, presumably, took part in the nomination of Gen. Logan. Mr. Cary says that the convention refused to pass a resolution formally binding every delegate to the support of the successful candidate, and that Mr. Curtis's speech in opposition to that resolution indicated his subsequent action, and, no doubt, in Mr. Cary's mind, justified it. But the inferences drawn from the convention's action by Mr. Cary, I think, are unwarranted. What the convention meant to say was, not that every man was to be free to "bolt," and still retain his standing in the Republican party,—such a conclusion would be palpably absurd,—but that such a resolution was unprecedented in party action, and implied a doubt of party loyalty which ought to be taken for granted.

I have unstinted admiration for Mr. Curtis, but I think he was morally confused respecting his political duty in the famous campaign of 1884. If a man works with a political party, he should accept the fundamental principles of party organization. If Mr. Curtis wanted to be absolutely free to fight Mr. Blaine, he ought to have refused to be a member of the convention which was morally certain to give him its nomination. And upon this decision I should like the judgment of such honorable gentlemen as John D. Long, ex-Gov. Robinson, Cabot Lodge, ex-Gov. Russell, John Andrew, and Senator Hoar.

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis.

ROBERT BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE 136TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF BURNS, JAN. 25, 1895.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Dear Robert Burns, the years are flying,
And all along Time's roadway lying
Great names, like fallen leaves, are dying;
But thine is seen
A leaf on Life's tree, death defying,
Still fresh and green.

A peasant child, the State could find thee
But some low task to which to bind thee:
So she to penury resigned thee,
Like penny-wise man,
Nor saw the proud wings bound behind thee,
A poor exciseman.

The Church, through creed-blind eyes that scanned
thee,
A heretic rebellious banned thee,
Nor knew what wings of angels fanned thee
With breaths of truth,
Nor heard the higher voice command thee
With loving ruth.

When shone thy star o'er all declension,
Society's cheap condescension
For its amusement deigned attention
To thy great name;
But who would now their lordships mention
But for thy fame?

The learned, blinded by their letters,
Saw thee in ignorance's fetters,
Too proud to bow before thy "betters,"
Nor dreamed that thou
Wert one to whom all men, as debtors,
One day would bow.

O Poet, born of Scottish heather,
Of daisy blooms and misty weather,
Aurora tints, star-beams, no tether
Thy fancy bound
To heaven's height, or hell's deep nether,
Or sight or sound.

The scented winds o'er Ayrshire blowing,
The Doon amid its grasses flowing,
The plough, the mouse, the daisy growing,—
These knew thee poet;
Now all earth's winds thy thoughts are strowing,
And all men know it.

The cotter, 'mid his children kneeling,
The eldritch fear Tam's blood congealing,
The louse o'er fashion's bonnet stealing,—
Things mean or grand,—
Thou'st wrought to lessons of high feeling
With magic hand.

O peasant-born, thy heart of fire
Taught all earth's lowly to aspire,
The real to seek with high desire,
The coin to scan,
Than stamp of rank to value higher
The God-made man.

Oh, truer than thine age's preaching,
Thy heart of sympathy, outreaching,
Enfolded in its sobbed beseeching
—The lowest hell;
There rings out in thy hopeful teaching
Death's own death-knell.

Thou wast no saint; but man or woman,
Who knows what 'tis to be but human,
What hounds of passion still pursue man,—
And we are such,—
Will hear God's whisper of the true man,
"Thou lovedst much."

We walk God's earth, though few men know it;
"The eye to see, I will bestow it,
Make him of common things the poet,"
Great Nature said;
"The hidden glory, he shall show it
Where'er men tread."

While stars shall wander their blue spaces,
While spring flowers seek their old-time places,
While hearts beat, and from human faces
Love looks out fair,
We'll con the lines thy genius traces,
Dear Bard of Ayr!

THE HIGHER GENEROSITY.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWES.

How many of us realize that there is a higher and truer generosity than the generosity of giving,—and that is the generosity of taking? And the latter virtue transcends the former, because it necessitates a nobler outlook on life, a juster appreciation of its true values, and a greater indifference to the ordinary estimates of mankind. The virtue of taking is one which is seldom recognized or thought about. The world's coarse thumb and finger fails to plumb the motive of this subtle and beautiful virtue, as it is generally feeling after the much less exalted sentiment of gratitude,—a much more vulgar and ordinary emotion, with which the love of God has little or nothing to do. Gratitude and happiness man can do without, when he has replaced them by blessedness and love.

The generosity of taking involves an altruism of which the ordinary would-be-benefactor of his kind is incapable. It is comparatively easy to give clothes or money, or to visit the average poor, to read to invalids and send books to light-houses or hospitals, all the time cherishing an inward feeling that we are making the world and

ourselves better by doing so; but it is not at all certain that this is the case. All these things are futile, so long as we are conventional and exclusive and condescending, and assume too much superiority. What possible good can come from visiting a very poor woman more than a very rich one, unless we carry to each that something which puts the thought of either poverty or riches into insignificance? Of the two, the rich one is infinitely more likely to stand in need of help of this nature than the poor. It is much more difficult to maintain a hold of the spiritual verities in intercourse with the conventional, worldly type than with the poor, who have few traditions, no conventionalities, scanty mental resources, and many needs. But, like that higher generosity which does not overestimate the value of material objects in comparison with love, it requires a higher type of spirituality to keep one's self unspotted in the world, to reach the hearts and souls of the comfortable and accomplished people, than to leave it, and associate solely with those who take kindly and easily to our ideas. There are, perhaps, as many people worth saving in one class as in another. I think that Jesus was as apt to love the young man who had great possessions as any one of the poorer sort, and to feel as entirely at home in the houses of the rich and the great as among the simple fishermen who were also his friends. If he had made himself disagreeable about matters of minor conventionality, the Pharisees would probably not have asked him to dine with them. On the contrary, he mildly reproaches one of them for not having observed the customary forms with him as with others. This reproof, coming from the greatest form-breaker, the most profound radical, of his day, shows the delicate balance, the knowledge of man, the largeness of vision, which are possessed by those souls who move the world. "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," he said; but one involves the other.

How limited the ordinary human nature is in this respect, how unspiritual, is shown in the workings of all great moral and religious movements,—in their one-sidedness, their materialism, their machinery. All these have a certain value, perhaps, but of a lower quality, simply because it is appreciable, and tends toward appreciable success. The garb of nuns and priests, the uniform of the Salvation Army, the dress of the Shakers, the ritual of jewels and incense,—all appeal to the lower nature of man, and testify to his weakness. They may serve as stepping-stones and crutches for the feeble,—man is a poor creature!—but, taken as an end, as a virtue, they are as false and pernicious as the most expensive and absurd garment ever turned out by a fashionable man-milliner.

So it is with the higher generosity. What love, what subtle insight, what dignity, is necessary to bear an obligation well! and above all, what unselfishness! What discernment is involved in the recognition of the fact that, because it is more blessed to give than to receive, we have no right to let a petty pride interfere with our neighbor's blessing! By just so much as we love to give ourselves, we should see that others, too, love it as we do, and not withhold from them their pleasure.

This is not by any means saying that we ought to allow ourselves to be provided for indiscriminately or by every one. Only for love's sake can we give ourselves; and there are too many people in the world, alas! who value their own bestowments so highly, and are so obtuse, that there is no resource but to refuse them, as the only adequate method of showing what we believe to be their true value. But it is a poor and narrow spirit which does not accept the fact that obligations are one of the great factors and educators in the development of the soul.

"Is, then, a noble independence nothing?" some one may rightly ask. "Is it a higher quality to sit by and accept than to work and eat the honest bread of labor?" By no means! But the thing balances itself; for the spiritual nature does not need luxuries, and can dispense with material comfort. So that all we can give in this way is nothing to it, willing as it may be to accept what we can offer.

It is not written that the heavenly child refused the gold, frankincense, and myrrh that were brought to him; but who can suppose he had need of them? Do we count Jesus Christ under an obligation to the

man who spread the last supper for him and his disciples in his great upper room, or is Christ's spiritual power impaired by his accepting it? Was Marcus Aurelius lower than those teachers and helpers of whom he records so nobly his testimony of undying obligation? What could the gilded youth of Athens offer to the man who stood a day and a night oblivious of all things except the workings of his own mind, and who could endure frost and snow barefoot with indifference? But Socrates, with his last breath, called upon his friend Crito to pay for him his debt to Asclepius.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn. Let us not reject any of the strands given us to make the fabric beautiful, and we may be sure that what we are weaving will not be perfect if we omit the delicate golden thread of a generous acceptance of help from whoso can give it.

In a little poem by Miss Adelaide Procter called "Maximus" are these verses, which express this thought most felicitously:—

"I hold him great who, for love's sake,
'Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

"I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives,
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success.
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less."

A NOTABLE POEM.

BY A. EMERSON PALMER.

Rudyard Kipling calls it "McAndrews' Hymn." He might have called it "The Praise of Steam" or "The Oratorio of the Engine." It would make no difference. By whatever name, it would breathe the same inspiration, carry the thoughtful reader onward with the same irresistible swing, and teach the same lesson of the immanence of God in all the works of nature and of man. It is truly a great poem, one of the greatest of recent years. At this moment I recall nothing to compare with it since John Hay's "Israel" appeared in the *Century* for May, 1887. Assuredly, one is in the way of missing many good things who fails to read the magazines, though he is pretty certain to find the best of them put into books later on. But who would wait, when for a paltry quarter he can buy *Scribner's* for December and make Kipling's great poem all his own?

This is not a poem to be glanced at, or even read once and cast aside. Not until the third or fourth reading, I should say, will the majority of readers begin to enter into the spirit of the poem; and I can bear witness that fifteen or twenty readings do not exhaust its meaning. It is uneven, but at times, and repeatedly, rises to great heights.

McAndrews is the chief engineer of an ocean steamship. In the extract from a private letter which precedes the poem we are told that "the engines made him feel quite poetical at times"; and we can well sympathize with the wish of the writer of the letter that he had known the "pious old bird" earlier in the voyage. The strong, stern, weather-beaten face of the old Scotch engineer looks out at us in Mr. Pyle's first picture from his post beside the engine; and I am frank to confess that I like him better here than in the picture which represents him as a young man leaning over the ship's rail. It is a pretty picture, but it does not seem to me that the artist has caught the spirit of the poem.

The scheme of the poem is simple. To the "auld Fleet Engineer" steam is the only real thing in the world:—

"Lord, Thou hast made this world below,
The shadow of a dream,
An', taught, by time, I tak' it so,—exceptin' always Steam."*

What his engines mean to him—the medium through which steam does its work—is set forth in two of the most powerful lines in the poem:—

"From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see
Thy Hand, O God,—
Predestination in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod."

*The punctuation of the poem, as printed, is not good; and in the extracts which I give I have taken the liberty of inserting a comma or two, to make the meaning clearer.

The engineer is unable to sleep, and decides to

"Stand the middle watch up here,—
alone wi' God an' these
My engines, after ninety days' o' race an'
rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-
bangin' home again."

They are coming up the Channel, and are within a few hours of port. The sub-engineer in charge, Ferguson, is anxious to get home to his wife, and has increased the speed of the screw three turns. Though "there's none at any port for" him, McAndrews can easily put himself in Ferguson's place. "Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!" he exclaims, addressing the engine. With characteristic Scotch thrift, he comes back to this thought in the closing strain of the poem, this time addressing Ferguson directly:—

"Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal?"

Which question is followed by the puzzling remark, "I'll burn 'em down to port." The most satisfactory explanation which I have heard of this is that McAndrews means that he will make up for Ferguson's extravagance when he gets to port by keeping the fires very low when only cargo steam is required.

The poem is a monologue, and embraces reminiscence, experiences at sea, temptation, sin, and repentance, contempt for first-class passengers and their ideas, and lofty and elevating religious feeling. Some of McAndrews's language—for example, his reference to Calvin's "Institutio" and his use of the word "artifex," as well as his familiarity with the terminology of the Calvinistic religion—suggests that he may have been a student of Scotch divinity before becoming a "boiler whelp." Through the whole work we feel the beat and throb of the engines, which, to McAndrews's mind, constitute a great orchestra sounding forth the praise of God and his chiefest work, steam. The engineer's youthful experiences—his yielding to the tempter's voice, his repentance, his fear lest he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and his conversion—are described with power. Then comes the feeling that he has been of some service to his fellow-men in carrying thousands of them safe from port to port. A vivid picture is given of a voyage round the world. We see the huge vessel lying helpless on the waves, with her shaft broken and the fuel so nearly exhausted that they have to burn the masts,—"three jiggers burned wi' smoke,"—and again "steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floc an' blow," with

"The bergs like kelpies overside, that girn
an' turn an' shift
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God,
goes by the big South drift."

And how the grim Scotch humor comes out in the next couplet!—

"(Hail, snow, an' ice that praise the Lord:
I've met them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route or they
anither kirk.)"

There is a touch of pathos in the engineer's reference to the "Deferential Valve-gear" which he invented. But he found that one had to "stay in port to mak' a patent pay"; and so he burned his working plans, with all he hoped to earn:—

"Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what
that meant to me,—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to
Thee."

McAndrews, as has been said, has little patience with first-class passengers; and we are quite prepared to appreciate, if not to share, his indignation at the question of the titled "dude" whom he had shown over the ship only because he was a relative of one of the owners. The viscount asks, "Mister McAndrews, don't you think steam kills romance at sea?" And even Scotch Presbyterianism is not proof against the temptation to use language commonly deemed profane. That very morning the engineer had been down below to see what ailed some part of the machinery; and, as he lay on his back with the giant cranks descending within three inches of his nose, he has no doubt of the real romance which steam at sea engenders. Here no condensation of the poem can indicate its strength, virility, and sweep. Only a poetic genius could have produced this superb description of the various parts of the engine, like the several instruments in an orchestra, blend-

ing together and giving forth a noble harmony; while here and there the quaint humor of the Scotchman perforce crops out. Let me quote a few lines:—

"Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well
Printed an' bound in little books. But why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns,—the loves and doves they dream.
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime,
Whaur to—uplifted like the Just—the tail-
rods mark the time;
The crank-throws give the double-bass; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves;
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rods' return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced, an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
'Not unto us the praise, or man,—not unto us the praise!
Now, a'together hear them lift their lesson,—theirs an' mine,—
'Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!
Mill, forge, an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!"

One cannot fail to note the force of the word "purrin'" applied to the dynamos: no other adjective in the language could convey the same meaning. Not only is the gentle noise of the dynamos accurately suggested, but there is a hint given that they are the old engineer's pets. That single word is a touch of genius. Observe, too, the delicious *naïveté* in the second line following, as well as the renewed indignation at the viscount and all of his kidney evidenced in the last line of the citation.

Enough has been said to show that we have here a poem of rare quality, bearing the unmistakable marks of poetic genius. Kipling's ballads have had a wide popularity, but here he reaches deeper depths and rises to far loftier heights. The decade which witnesses the production of "McAndrews' Hymn" need have no apprehension that the twilight of poesy is at hand.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

ITS HISTORY, GROWTH, AND PRINCIPLES.

To re-establish the religion of Jesus of Nazareth; to demonstrate to the world that this religion has an ever-operative Divine Principle which heals both sin and disease; to exalt the idea of Deity as impartial Love,—the One Father and Mother God,—and Man as the unfallen likeness of this God; and to emphasize the supreme dominion of Spirit over the flesh, of Good over all types of evil, the eternal reality of Mind, and the unreality of matter,—this can be called the fourfold mission of Christian Science.

"To give to man Christ's love,
To lift from sin above,
To bear the message of His peace,
To bid the restless heart-throbs cease,
To heal the sick and free the bound,
Till songs of praise from all lips sound,—
Such is its mission here."

Any attempt to define so vast a theme as Christian Science in a few words must necessarily end in giving but a meagre outline of its history, nature, aims, organization, and growth; but, if its cardinal characteristics can be briefly given, these will serve at least to pave the way for a more critical survey of its works as one of the vital and significant forces of the great spiritual awakening of the era in which we live.

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT.

The Movement properly begins with the discovery by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, in 1866, of the spiritual truth that constitutes the fundamental statement of the system;

i.e., that "all Causation is Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon." In relation to this point it has been well said: "Not that Truth included in the scientific statement is new. Its presentation is by way of discovery, not of creation,—a fresh discernment and apprehension in the human consciousness of things which are eternal."

In 1875 the first edition of the Text Book, "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," by the Founder, was published. In 1894 it had gone through eighty-nine editions of one thousand copies each.

In 1879 Mrs. Eddy founded and organized the Mother Church of Christian Science in Boston known as "The First Church of Christ, Scientist."

On Jan. 6, 1895, the new edifice of this Church was dedicated. Four different services were held on this day to accommodate the six thousand persons who came to participate in the event.

The Mother Church is a testimonial to the Founder of Christian Science. It is situated in the Back Bay district of Boston, and was built with the offerings of Christian Scientists the world over, at a cost of over \$200,000, exclusive of the cost of the land. It is a massive and beautiful stone edifice, a fitting testimonial to one whose labors have brought to suffering humanity a mighty boon and panacea for both moral and bodily ills.

There are nearly three hundred Christian Science Churches, and over two hundred and fifty thousand adherents of the religion, in the United States and Canada. It has also spread to Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, Greece, Italy, France, China, Japan, Ceylon, and Australia.

In 1881 the Massachusetts Metaphysical College was chartered, with Mrs. Eddy President. During seven years some four thousand students were taught by her in this institution. In 1883 the regular official organ of the Movement, the *Christian Science Journal*, was founded by Mrs. Eddy; and in 1886 a national Christian Scientist Association was formed, which body created the Christian Science Publishing Society, with headquarters in Boston.

The Movement is thus well organized; yet it lays but little stress on mere outward organization, but depends upon the sympathetic spiritual unity of its adherents to advance its teaching and healing.

ITS PRINCIPLES.

In taking for its motto, "Not things, but Men; not matter, but Mind," the recent Parliament of Religions sounded forth the key-note of the Christianity of the twentieth century, and prepared the way for a more metaphysical interpretation of the teachings of Jesus.

Christian Science is no mere revival of transcendentalism, nor is it the speculative and undemonstrable idealism of Berkeley, Kant, Spinoza, or of certain other past and present philosophers. It is the sober verdict of a spiritual, illumined mind, which proves its faith by its works, and seeks to attain to the possession of the essence of Christianity rather than of its outward forms.

In Christian Science we have consummated a long-looked-for union; namely, the marriage of Religion and Science. To be divinely true, the teachings of Jesus relating to the nature of God, man, the universe, and individual salvation from sin, disease, suffering, and death, must be also scientifically true; and, if scientifically true, they must be demonstrably true; and, if demonstrably true, then must not Science be Christian, and Christianity be one with Science?

If asked to name the basic and cardinal doctrine of Christian Science, we would at once answer, "The absolute and eternal Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence of Good, Divine Consciousness, Mind, Life, and Love as Deity or Causation." But suppose, on giving this answer, we are met with the assertion that this is not alone the basic doctrine of Christian Science? To this we would say, "The statement that Good, Mind, Consciousness, Life and Love, as Deity, is all-power, all-science, and all-presence, makes the Divine Mind the only Truth or Ego of being, and forces us to admit the unreal, temporal nature of evil, matter, hate, discord, and death. That which opposes itself to the All-Good can neither be of divine origin nor a part of the eternal plan of Wisdom."

In a recent lecture before a Medical Society in California Dr. A. A. Sulzer had

this to say upon this basic statement of Christian Science, which is so generally misunderstood: "At the threshold of our study, then, we are met by an apparently absurd proposition; i.e., that the very existence of those things which have been most apparent to us do exist is denied. It is this abrupt announcement of the major propositions of Christian Science which often repels investigation, because of seeming puerility in its first utterances. But let us loosen the hinges of those propositions a little, so that they may swing open and disclose the real meaning.

"Wessn the Christian Scientist asserts the non-existence of certain evident manifestations of nature, he does not, if sufficiently advanced, mean quite what he is misunderstood to mean. You are walking along the street with the glare of the electric light behind you. Before you is a shadow as visible to the passer-by as you are yourself, and it moves as rapidly and as truly as yourself, and, in a sense, is as much a fact as is yourself; yet is it something, or is it nothing? There it undoubtedly is; yet, just as undoubtedly, it is absolutely nothing. It is rather the mere absence of something: that which is lacking is *light*. Still, it is a manifestation of something to material sense. The one All-Good, the Divine Mind, is the only permanent Reality; and it is ever life and health to all who earnestly, persistently, and intelligently strive for it with purity of heart.

"To ignore this truth of the One Eternal Good as the only Reality, and to seek for causation in inert clay, is, in the eyes of the Christian Scientist, to mistake effects for causes, the temporal and transitory and powerless for the real and eternal, the shadow for the substance, the shadow to be the thing itself, the disease to be the reality instead of the absence of the only reality,—reality which Jesus taught stands ever ready to supplant the substanceless evil with the substance-Good."

Turning to Webster, we find the word "real" defined as "actually being or existing, true," and "unreal" as "that which is not substantial, having appearance only." Holding to these definitions of the words "real" and "unreal," can we for a moment argue that sin, sickness, discord, and death are real (true), at the same time assert our firm conviction that Good, health, harmony, and life, eternal and undying, are also real (true)? Rather let us say with Paul, "God is light [source of knowledge], and in Him is no darkness [Empire of Satan, the grave] at all."

Christian Science, then, teaches that evil is real to the human mind and personal sense, but unreal to the Divine Mind and to spiritual sense. Hence the stress it lays upon right thinking and proper mental training, to the end that all evil in human consciousness be destroyed by the individual acquisition of the Mind of Christ.

"The natural man [natural, illegitimate, bastard, formed by the lower animal nature merely, Webster] receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The inevitable result of wrong thinking is wrong acting, and the sure outcome of both is mental or bodily suffering. Discord and suffering, like false notes and mathematical errors, imply broken law. All Law is divine; and, as long as the divine law is broken, either knowingly or ignorantly, suffering will be the lot of human-kind.

This doctrine of the reality of Good and unreality of evil is the very heart of Scripture, and in no wise tends to blind one to the evils of mortal existence, but, on the contrary, increases one's ability to distinguish good from evil, and intensifies one's hatred of "whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." For only as men grow into the divine likeness do they gain the discernment that enables them to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Christian Science exalts the idea of God's impartial Love, and the ultimate universal salvation of all men from that which wars against the divine likeness. It holds strongly to the idea of an eternal law of progression through which man rises from glory unto glory into the grandeur of divine sonship. It proclaims the Brotherhood of man as the central fact of existence, and the present (though unseen) perfection of man and the universe; also the great truth

that things are thoughts, and that the true substance or nature of the multitudinous objects of creation, including man, the image of the Divine Mind, is the Creator of all things, "in whom we live, move, and have our being."

It accepts the Messiahship of Jesus Christ, and looks upon the founder of Christianity as the Wayshower to the life divine, whose works were not supernatural, but divinely natural, and whose career all must reproduce in their own. It also teaches that sickness is no more a part of God's law than sin is. As it cannot be truly said that a man in the act of committing a wrong deed is reflecting his heavenly Parent, the All-Good, so it cannot be asserted that a sick man expresses the true essence and dominion of sonship with the God who gave man "dominion over all things." It emphasizes the idea that the same spiritual power or law that heals sin will and *does* heal every manner of disease, and that true Christianity consists of imitating the life of Jesus. Hence, as he, his disciples, and the early Christians healed sin and bodily disease for the first three centuries of Christianity, through the power of the Word, or the divinely Spiritual Light or Mind, so must all Christians to-day; for did Jesus not say, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do," and "These signs shall follow them that [not you, but *them*, in this and in all times] believe"? "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." This healing was not miraculous with him, nor was it a special and mysterious gift to Jesus and to his immediate disciples, but was the manifestation of a law of Mind "as eternal as the everlasting hills"; and, as all law is eternal, it is here to-day, ever ready for man's use. Its interpretation of the Bible is a metaphysical and spiritual one. It recognizes its inspiration and divine mission, and holds it to be the Word of Good uttered by inspired men, their inspiration being governed by the extent to which they had risen in the scale of Being into oneness with Spirit, with rising clearness toward the zenith of revelation through the teaching of Jesus Christ and the Revelation of John.

It lays especial stress upon the law, "Like creates like," and repeats Jesus' words, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." Hence it holds that the animal and material never evolve their divine and deathless opposites, the spiritual and immaterial. Consequently, it rejects the common teaching that evil is the means to good, or, as one has said, that "the evils of this world are the growing pains of good." It also rejects the theory that man, the reflection of the Perfect Mind, the climax of creation, is ever less than man. In the place of the notion that imperfection begets perfection, and death ushers men into the immortal and perfect Life Divine, it invites thought to the rationalism of the teaching that man has but to come into at-onement with the divine nature—i.e., purity, love, perfection, and Soul—to know that

"God is the Everlasting Right;
The Eternal Day, that knows no night;
The Good, that giveth only Light;
The Truth, that is the only Might;
The Purity, that knows no dross;
The Soul, that never knoweth loss;
The Unseen Fount, that ever springs
Within the heart of men and things,
To keep them sweet and pure."

Strange it is that, in this hour of scientific advancement and religious development, any really thinking people can be found ready to stamp a system that exalts and proclaims the exclusive supremacy of Good over evil, and of Mind over matter, and lifts the standard of manhood and womanhood, as visionary, vague, and undemonstrable.

It was authentically stated at the recent Parliament of Religions that hundreds of thousands of people have been reformed by its benign influence, and over one million cases of hopeless disease healed by it in the last decade of this century.

At this present stage of the Movement's career it is interesting to recall the words of Wendell Phillips, who, in making mention of the early work of the Founder of Christian Science, said, "Had I young blood in my veins, I would help that woman." Also the utterance of A. Bronson Alcott, who said, in speaking of the Christian Science instruction in one of Mrs. Eddy's classes, "You are taught all

there is worth knowing in our institutions of learning, and more than they can ever furnish."

The men and women of the present hour stand amid the falling walls of creeds, amidst changing scenes, and under threatening skies; yet amid all there shines over all nations the sun of progress, liberty, reform, and spiritual growth. Old things are passing away, and all is becoming new.

In its presentation of rationality, liberalism, and Scientific Religion, and in its rejection of dogma, form, mystery, and blind belief in religion, Christian Science is surely a messenger of the good new days.

Hypnotism, the action of the educated mortal or human mind, is the antithesis of the stately healing power of the Christ Mind. The first is born of animality and magnetism; the latter, of chastity, purity, and Christ-likeness. Hypnotism, which is being so generally used in these latter days as a criminal power, is the human antipode of Divine Mind, which heals disease and destroys evil.

The principles of Christian Science have nothing in common with spiritualism, mind cure, faith cure, and theosophy.

The Standard Dictionary defines Christian Science as follows: "A system of moral and religious instruction founded upon principles formulated by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy (1866), and combined with a method of treating disease mentally as presented in Mrs. Eddy's 'Science and Health.' Christian Science is based upon teachings of Scripture which it interprets, giving the Christ Principle and rule in Divine Mind, which heals the sick and sinful. It explains all cause and effect as mental, and shows the scientific relation of man to God."

To-day Christian Science insists that, if we would destroy vice, annihilate the myriad forms of evil in the world, and reform man, we must go directly to mental causation, and there wrestle with, and overcome sin, disease, and death in the human mind. Centuries of bitter experience have proven the fallacy of attempting the destruction of vice and vicious habits by mere corporeal punishments and penalties. Men must be shown the way to destroy the conscious and unconscious thought-germ of evil and disease ere it would destroy them. Amid the awful manifestations of depravity in human consciousness, can it be reasonably argued that the perpetual exalting of the pure and perfect ideal is detrimental to substantial progress out of evil and imperfection into good and perfection? If not, then Christian Science must be freely accorded the right to continue its labors for the establishing of Christ's Kingdom of justice, love, purity, health, and right on earth, by pursuing along its well-chosen line of action its practical demonstration of divine law, in the train of which follow the destruction of sin, the healing of disease, and the ultimate triumph of the high ideal of manly and womanly perfection. Truly sung our loved Lowell,—

"Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real."

Current Topics.

ARGYLE vs. HUXLEY.

—The controversy still wages in England between what may be regarded as two different classes of thinkers. This is seen in the article by the Duke of Argyle in the December *Nineteenth Century*, which is a reply to a paper by Prof. Huxley in *Nature*. We are not here concerned with the duke's defence of Bacon, but with the questions at issue. After stating what he supposes to be the doctrine of Huxley,—that physical conceptions are the only region into which the human intellect can penetrate, and that the idea of two spheres vanishes under the teaching of modern science, so that little is left of one but "cloudland,"—the duke says this is "simple nonsense." "There is no need," he adds, "in arguing against it, considering that all the interests of human life—all moral and spiritual truths on which we habitually rely in our individual, social, and political conduct—are entirely inaccessible to this physical 'organon' or method, and that the habit which has become common of confining the word 'science' to the physical science is a habit in-

capable of defence." Continuing on this line of argument, he says: "We must at once set aside any philosophy as irrational which denies to our knowledge of any kind of truth the title and rank of science. Neither love, nor justice, nor mercy, nor benevolence, nor duty, nor, indeed, any other moral or spiritual truth, is even approachable by the 'organon' which Mr. Huxley sets up as the coming ruler over all 'the regions into which the intellect can penetrate.'"

Objection is still further made to Mr. Huxley that he does not stand up to the unity of nature, but adopts and dwells upon a separation between the natural and the supernatural. This the duke calls the grossest of all the fallacies of modern philosophy. "There is not one of the physical sciences which does not lead up to some 'law' which is an adjustment,—a combination of elementary forces, a thing invisible, a purely intellectual conception,—considering some established methods of work which are obviously by a Mind other than our own." Furthermore, he does not believe in the supernatural; "that is to say, I do not believe in any existence outside of what we call Nature which is not also an existence inside of it, and even filling it to the very brim." "In denying distinctions which Bacon saw, Mr. Huxley is setting up a far deeper distinction between two worlds than that which he ridicules and condemns." At this point the Duke of Argyle passes to the discussion of the doctrine of evolution. The only one which is indisputably true is simply this: "that throughout the universe of nature, so far as we know it, everything happens through the operation of definite causes, which are so managed as to co-operate in the production of certain definite results." This general doctrine, furthermore, has nothing to do with theories about the ultimate nature of those causes or about the conditions of time under which they have worked. The point of difference, as stated in this article, is that Mr. Huxley's doctrine is "that all life, as known to us in animal and vegetable organisms, has been evolved by the processes of ordinary generation, and no other." The Duke of Argyle, after a fuller outline, which we must omit for lack of space, affirms with confidence that Huxley's doctrine seems to deny one of the most far-reaching conclusions of his own science and the teaching of one of its chiefest apostles:—

No one knows better than Mr. Huxley the doctrine of the great John Hunter, that life is the cause of organization, and not its consequence. Somehow and somewhere, and at some time, organic life was really originated in our world; and the first organism was not its own originating cause, but, contrariwise, life was the cause of the first organism. It cannot, therefore, be true that science affirms of organic life that it began by ordinary generation, and "no other way." But, if life must have been at least once introduced into our planet by "some other way" than ordinary generation, evolution as conceived by Mr. Huxley ceases to hold the place which he assigns to it. If organic life has certainly been otherwise begun, we cannot possibly decide on any safe *a priori* grounds that the other—the originating—process, whatever it was, may not have been many times repeated since organisms were first created.

THE BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1894.

The secretary has the honor to report for the Council the operations of the club for the past year. Its prosperity continues, its membership is full, its waiting-list is large, and a wide interest continues to be awakened in its monthly meetings.

During the year the Council voted to print and issue twenty thousand copies of the "Unitarian Annual," edited by Rev. D. M. Wilson, which has been widely circulated in Unitarian homes. It was prepared with a view to give, in an illustrated and attractive form, information as to the activity of the denomination in every department of its work; to awaken the individual and personal interest of all Unitarians in their missionary enterprises; and thus to stimulate the yearly contributions of the churches to its funds. The demand for this little publication has been such, from all parts of the country, that the Unitarian Association has issued another edition of ten thousand copies from the plates which have been transferred to them. The issue of this particular pamphlet carries with it no pledge for a renewal of it another year.

The National Conference at Saratoga in

September greatly quickened our denominational work. It moved the churches to a deep sense of the obligation resting upon them to carry forward our Unitarian Christianity with a zeal and power never before known in its history. It has proved and is proving a *revival* in the best sense,—an awakening of our people to their great opportunity for the spread of our rational faith, so fitly paraphrased in the new words which the Conference has inscribed upon its banner.

We represent in this Unitarian Club, to a larger degree, perhaps, than any other organization, the bone and sinew, the strength and physical resources, of our religious faith. However widely scattered, however strong, or however weak our individual churches may be, they all look, naturally, to the great centre of Boston Unitarianism for courage, for faith, for stimulus, and for example in the work before them. What organization so fit for leadership as ours? Where, if not here, shall our constituency look for wise suggestion, for helpful, generous service in the good cause,—to whom, if not to us, for that spirit which unfolds the new banner of love to God and love to man, and carries it to the front of battle?

Action upon the death of Dr. Grindall Reynolds has been appropriately taken here. Let us renew again our sense of this great loss to our cause. Almost from the day of his death, after the adjournment of the Conference, we have been discussing, in public and in private, the new plans for the future operations of the Unitarian Association. The new secretary, the enthusiastic choice of the entire body of Unitarians in America, has been elected. We had the pleasure of introducing to you here at our last meeting the gentleman selected for financial secretary,—a highly trained business man, all on fire for his cause; and we hope he will accept the office. It is our duty to stand back to back behind these officers. It is not an easy task we commit to them. *It is our business they are doing.* Let us see to it that it is not half done, or is but falteringly done, because of failure on our part to generously sustain it.

Our necrology covers loved and honored names,—William R. Austin, Robert S. Covil, Charles G. Wood, Theodore H. Bell, and James Wentworth Brown. We recall the name of Charles G. Wood with peculiar tenderness and sorrow. He was closely identified with every movement of our denominational life. He gave his best powers and resources freely to our cause, and for all good causes his generosity rose above the standard of many generous men. Indeed, there were few interests in Boston appealing to the sympathy of the public where he did not reach out the hand of help and healing, as if it were the privilege of his life to be in touch with suffering everywhere. The quiet dignity and charm of his presence here will long be remembered.

James Wentworth Brown, in the full maturity of life; and Theodore H. Bell, who had passed the golden line of threescore years and ten,—both passed suddenly on to join the invisible company of those who had faithfully served in their day and time. The activity of the former in large business enterprises, which still left leisure for all good works, and for all the kindly amenities of life; the gentle, retiring disposition of the latter; and the service of both in all noble causes in the community,—brought to them large circles of friends, who mourned their loss.

We have had several memorable meetings during the year. In January Dr. Lyman Abbott gave an inspiring address on "Personal Religion," which added a noble paper to our literature. Those who were present will recall the thrilling earnestness of his speech,—the prophet's voice proclaiming the eternal verities. In February we had a discussion of the question, "Is Righteousness the Law of the World?" by Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Mr. Merle St. Croix Wright, and Rev. Mr. Savage. In March we welcomed a large company of ladies to the hospitalities of the club, and listened to addresses by Mr. Jacob A. Riis of New York, and by Dr. Robbins of the Rivington Street College Settlement of that city, on "The Children of the Poor of Great Cities," illustrated by the stereopticon.

In April we had the pleasure of listening to an address by Dr. Felix Adler of New York on "The Teachings of Jesus." It was an event to be remembered by those of us who sat under the charm of his speech and felt the profound, tender reverence of his thought. He seemed to lead us back by simple steps directly to the personality of Jesus himself, as we listened to the fresh interpretations of his great ethical teachings. It seemed at the time to many of us that this address was the great event in our history.

The summer then intervened; and our October meeting gave us the echoes of the great Conference at Saratoga.

In November Mr. Francis C. Lowell read a remarkable paper on the subject of "God and the Ideal of Man." By general consent, I think, this paper has taken its place in our memories as one of the noblest among many noble papers read upon this platform. It is to be hoped that it may be reproduced, and given a place in our permanent literature.

The December meeting brought our year to a close by addresses by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, George W. Stone, and Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, on "Business Methods in Missionary Work"; and a noble policy was outlined there.

A remarkably wide and friendly interest is taken by the public in these monthly discussions. The press echoes our words, and we have an audience much greater than the one usually gathered here. We hear of this even from friends in other religious communions, who follow our work with care, and are often inspired by our inspiring themes.

Whatever the subject may be, we never forget that we are Unitarians, and carry deep in our hearts the great verities of our faith. And, because we are Unitarians, we naturally ally ourselves with every good cause that works for righteousness and truth, whether found within or without our denominational lines, still working that the kingdom of God may the sooner come on earth.

All of which is respectfully submitted in behalf of the Council.

WILLIAM HOWELL REED, Sec'y.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, February 2. Subject, Lesson XIX., "The Parable of the Sower." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—At the fourth meeting of the season the secretary announced that the directors had filled the vacancy in the Executive Board by appointing Hon. Charles H. Porter of Quincy president, and by choosing Mr. Frank B. Thayer for the vice-presidency.

The first speaker, Rev. Edward A. Horton, spoke upon "The Offer of Rewards in Sunday-schools." He called attention first to the fact that, though the schools, as a whole, disapprove the practice, yet there are many walks in life where we find prizes given. If the law of compensation is necessary in what we may call the outer world, why should we not use it in the Sunday-school? The danger lies in encouraging rivalry and greediness, the very spirit which we are trying to correct in our pupils, and in the fact that those who lose the prize are apt also to lose interest. The child may be taught to strive for the approbation of teacher, minister, and superintendent. Then, too, the true child has a love for knowledge, and will appreciate the benefit to be derived from regular attendance in a wide-awake school.

The second topic, "Sunday-school Concerts and Entertainments," was assigned to Rev. E. J. Prescott, of Kennebunk, who urged that children have frequent entertainments in which they may take some part, however slight. They care much more for school or church, if taught to feel that it is their school or their church. He advocated a richer form of service, and that we use vastly more music. If a concert be held, let it be a genuine, religious, helpful concert.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, who has succeeded wonderfully in her Lend a Hand organization, unconsciously revealed the secret of her success as she spoke upon the subject, "Lend a Hand Clubs and Other Philanthropic Work." After enumerating the "four grand divisions" of our work,—Lend a Hand Clubs, Unity Clubs, guilds, and King's Daughters,—Mrs. Spencer said that she has found the Lend a Hand Club most helpful to her in her work, and for this reason: it has a twofold object,—to develop the spiritual side of one's nature and to give friendly help. The guild cultivates the giving of expression to religious thought; but is it natural for youth to look within, is it healthful to have too much introspection? Will not an occasional religious service for young people provide as well for that? Such a service may be under the control of the Lend a Hand Club. But this club, to exist, must do something for somebody else. So Mrs. Spencer forms her whole school into one club, and has it work for some *city charity*. The truly liberal church teaches all people to work together socially, and it is a real hurt to youth to feel itself in isolation. If the children find that they can meet with other children on some common plane, they will love their own school more, however small it may be.

Miss Kate L. Brown made a brave defence of guilds. Rev. B. F. McDaniel spoke of the helpfulness of both organizations, and believes that no one who knows the work of either will do away with either. Rev. Mr. Shippen of Dorchester says that the system of rewards takes its supply in outward motive, while the object of religious work is, or should be, in inward motive. He suggests a new line of work for the young people; namely, to take reading to older ones who are kept from attending church or lectures. He would make it on a wider plane than the so-called Bible readers, and believes that, whatever

book be chosen, the youth will get some good from such contact with their elders. Mr. Reccord of Cambridge has found help in a roll of honor containing the names of the ten pupils whose attendance has been most regular during the year.

After another word or two from Mrs. Spencer, the meeting adjourned at 8.30, as usual.

NEW YORK UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Next regular meeting, Monday, February 4, at the parish house of All Souls' Church, 104 East Twentieth Street. Directors' meeting at 4.30 P.M., business meeting at 5.30 P.M., supper at 6 P.M., discussion at 7 P.M. Subject, "Sunday School Music," continued from last meeting, opened by Rev. Stephen H. Camp. George H. Badger, Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, February 7, at twelve o'clock.

THE fine portrait of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., painted by Mr. Jacob Wagner, was presented to the American Unitarian Association in Channing Hall Tuesday afternoon, January 29. The presentation was made on behalf of the committee by Mrs. S. E. Hooper. Informal but appreciative remarks were made by Hon. George S. Hale, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. E. J. Young, Prof. Joseph Henry Allen, Rev. Solon W. Bush, and Thomas Gaffield, Esq. The likeness was considered an admirable one, and gives general satisfaction. The committee and the donors received the thanks of those present at the meeting, as they will, though unspoken, those of many other friends of Dr. Reynolds and the Association,—not only for the gift, but for the promptness with which the plan was carried out.

CHANNING CLUB.—The January meeting of the Channing Club was held last week. Mayor Curtis, Rev. W. R. Lord, and Rev. Mr. Beach of Cambridge were the speakers. The mayor thought it would be a good thing to take the control of granting saloon licenses out of the hands of men controlling the police. The two powers should be distinct, and in the hands of two different boards. He believed, too, that young men ought to take a greater and deeper interest in political affairs. Rev. William R. Lord also spoke on the "Norwegian Liquor System," the topic of the evening. He compared the saloon as it is to-day with the saloon as it would be under the proposed bill, and outlined the arguments advanced in favor of the adoption of the measure. Rev. Mr. Beach of Cambridge, in his speech, gave an outline of the history of the plan proposed in the bill, and told something of its workings in Norway and Sweden.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: February 3, Rev. W. H. Lyons will preach. Services at 10.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

Rev. M. J. Savage will conduct the service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, February 6, at twelve o'clock.

Ministers' Monday Club: February 4, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Loren B. Macdonald will preside. Prof. C. C. Everett, D.D., will give the essay, on "The Devil."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Service on Sunday evening, February 3, at 7.30. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Subject, "Religion of Daily Life." Music by boy choir, twenty-three members. Mr. J. J. Cooper, choir-master.

South Congregational Church: The subjects and speakers before the class in good citizenship for the month of February are: February 3, Prof. T. D. Lindsay, "The Grammar School and the High School"; February 10, Curtis Guild, Jr., "Practical Politics"; February 17, N. W. Ladd, "The Massachusetts Legislature"; February 24, John Storer Cobb, "Cremation."

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon service at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. John Cuckson will speak upon "Great Ideals." On Monday evening Mr. Charles H. Rutan will speak in the good citizenship series, upon "Municipal Reform." Other meetings in this series will be as follows: February 11, "Trades-unions and their Relation to the Future," by Mr. Harry Lloyd of the Central Labor Union; February 18, entertainment, music and readings, programme to be announced later; February 25, "The Golden Rule and Competition," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, author of "The American Citizen"; March 4, "Child-saving," by Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, manager of the Children's Aid Society.

BILLERICA, MASS.—On Wednesday afternoon, January 23, Mr. Minot O. Simons was ordained to the pastorate of the First Congregational Society of Billerica. The council was organized by the choice of Rev. A. P. Putnam, D.D., of Concord as moderator, and Rev. C. A. Staples of Lexington as scribe. Pastors and delegates from the following churches were present; namely, Lowell, Chelmsford, Bedford, Concord, Lexington, East Lexington, Littleton, and Wellesley Hills. The day was sunny and pleasant, the congregation filled the church, and the services were impressive and inspiring. Mr. Savage's sermon was especially quickening and uplifting, on "The Church of the Living God"; and the address to the people from the retiring pastor, Rev. C. C. Hussey, who for nearly thirty years has been a faithful minister, honored and beloved by the whole town, was most tender, affectionate, and beautiful. Mr. Simons has a united and happy people, and a career of great usefulness lies before him.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—On Monday evening, January 28, Rev. Messrs. J. W. Chadwick and S. A. Eliot were the guests of the Congregational Club, and the speakers of the evening, upon "Oliver Wendell Holmes."

LAWRENCE, MASS.—The Unity Club has published a neat programme for its weekly meetings through the winter, indicating a study of leading Americans in politics, theology, history, and various branches of literature.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. B. F. McDaniel at Newton Centre on Monday, February 4. Collation at 1 P.M. Essay at two o'clock. Subject, "The Congestion of Wealth in the United States." Train leaves Boston & Albany station at 12.02 P.M.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Evidently, a good degree of prosperity prevails in the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, as is shown by the annual report of the treasurer, which states that the receipts of the society have met the current expenses of \$7,292.79, with a balance of \$50 in the treasury; while the church debt has been reduced from \$40,550 to \$36,400. Some improvements in the gallery of the church have been paid for out of a specially contributed fund of \$1,000, making the total expenditures for the year, for all purposes, \$11,907.23. The new sittings let during the year have amounted to \$627.50.

OMAHA, NEB.—The activities of Unity Church were never so brisk as this winter. The women are plying their needles, making and mending clothing to send to the needy in the south-western part of the State. Unity Club is attracting unusual attendance, especially in the political economy and Shakspeare sections; and the Sunday-evening lectures provided by the club are awakening much interest. The literary event of the winter, however, is a course of six lectures to be given on consecutive Monday evenings, commencing January 28, the proceeds of which bid fair to liquidate an organ debt of \$500. Three of the lectures will be by members of the congregation; one by the city superintendent of public schools, Dr. A. P. Marble, late of Worcester; one by Rabbi Franklin of Omaha; and one by Rev. Elinor Gordon of Sioux City. Nine out of twenty-two announcements of "Coming Events" in a recent number of the Omaha *Excelsior*, society newspaper of the city, are of lectures to be given at Unity Church. The Sunday morning congregation, though showing the loss, by removal from the city in late years, of a number of staunch supporters, and having the shifting character that so marks the attendance in Western churches, is steadily increasing. The Sunday-school has become a decided success, leaping in the last year from next to nothing up to an average attendance of seventy-five.

STONEHAM, MASS.—The First Unitarian Church of Stoneham celebrated its freedom from debt by a festival on Thursday evening of last week. About two hundred people attended the banquet, which was served in the tastefully decorated chapel of the church. The company was welcomed by Rev. James Herman Whitmore, the minister of the church, under whose inspiring leadership this consummation has been brought about. Addresses were made by Mr. Whitmore, who presided; Myron W. Messer; William B. Stevens, Esq.; Rev. H. C. De Long of Medford; and Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester, N.H. Among the invited guests who were present were Mr. George H. Ellis, publisher of the *Christian Register*, and Rev. Edwin Hitchcock, pastor of the Methodist church of Stoneham. Letters of congratulation were received from Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Mr. Walter S. Blanchard, president of the South Middlesex Conference; Rev. E. A. Horton; Mr. Archibald M. Howe of Cambridge, and others. During the evening music was furnished by an orchestra of young people con-

nected with the church. In their joy over this deliverance from the bondage of debt, the members of this church remember with gratitude the assistance which has been so kindly rendered them by the American Unitarian Association and the South Middlesex Conference; and they hope that in the future they may be more earnest than ever before in advancing the principles of liberal Christianity under which they are organized.

SWITZERLAND.—The Protestants of Geneva have established a new journal, entitled *Le Signal*. Such a journal has long been needed to express the sentiment of progressive Protestantism.

WESTBORO, MASS.—The people of the First Unitarian Society have raised money for electric lights in the church, and a memorial window is to be placed over the pulpit. Twenty-nine persons were received into the church during the month of December.

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Worcester Conference, which met with the First Unitarian Society, Clinton, Mass., January 23 and 24, was one of the largest and most successful sessions in the history of the conference. An inspiring sermon was preached by Rev. S. M. Crothers, from the text, "Gallio careth for none of these things," Acts xviii. 17. If religion is to be identified with some outgrown dogma or some one system of theology, then the theologians and philosophers are rightfully interested; but others will "care for none of these things." If religion is identified with a ritual, it is only the Churchmen who are interested; and Gallio may rightfully say, "I care for none of these things." Men want to live their higher life, to develop their own life to the fullest results. People are not indifferent to the religion of Jesus. We would learn what that religion is, and how to apply it, even if it cuts right through the churches, showing us that everything which separates man from his brother separates him from God. The wisdom of religion is found not in books: it exists as well in the busy street as in the study. If you care for the sanctity of your home, you then come to the centre of religion. You build your homes and warm them with your love, but can shut out neither sickness nor death. You cannot make earthly homes which have no partings. The time will come when you will each see before you the inevitable. As in a trap, you see the trapper, and know you cannot escape. Then your joy is turned into bitterness, unless you have found something by which to be reconciled to that which must come. You must have learned to believe in a love larger than your own.

The conference was continued on Thursday morning with a devotional service by Rev. J. H. Weeks of Westboro, who spoke on "Social Life." The secretary, in his annual report, congratulated the South Church, Worcester, on the completion and dedication of its new edifice, referred to the suggestion of the Council of the National Conference that the local conferences make some effort to bring the detached Unitarians into living touch with organized Unitarianism, urged the need of the churches giving their generous support to the American Unitarian Association.

The essay of the forenoon was read by Rev. A. J. Culp of Winchendon, on "Faith and Agnosticism." The essayist undertook to show that the history of the Church is an illustration of the triumph of faith over the vacillations, uncertainties, and obstinacies of reason. Intellectual difficulties remain, but faith overcomes. Notwithstanding the discoveries of science and the results of Biblical criticism, showing traces of human infirmity on nearly every page of the Bible, people continue to believe and worship. Deeper than all intellectual statements, deeper than all forms of doctrine, the churches rest on the unshaken rock of faith. Yet faith is not impatient of doctrine. Age after age the Church has asked those who knocked at its doors what they believed, thus manifesting an extreme solicitude in the matter of doctrine. This was not a piece of stupendous folly long drawn out: rather it served a divine purpose in sifting out those who had it in them to become members of the living Church from those who lacked some inner vital quality necessary to such a consummation. Christianity has hitherto looked for the man of belief, and has shaped its demands accordingly. The person who stands baffled and confused in the presence of the unknown or the unknowable, not daring to believe, not venturing to hope, did not furnish the material for church-building. Such a one is marked with a certain incapacity of head or heart that unfits him for the moral and spiritual emergencies of life. The world is still to have a Church, and it will be a Church of faith. We may be less sure of many things,—may trust more and know less. We may have to stand on some simple statement that has more faith in it than half the creeds. It will never be less than a belief in God, the Father Almighty. The discussion of the essay was opened by Rev. W. F. Greenman, and continued by

Messrs. Pratt, Littlefield, Allen, Hayward, Garver, and Blood.

The essay of the afternoon was read by Rev. V. E. Southworth of Ware, and called forth an animated discussion. The subject of his paper was "An Animated Moderation in Church Affairs." It was an earnest plea for "energy of mind with balance of mind" in the conduct of the church life. The essay was a philippic against preachers and people. It was a daring challenge to the members of the conference to disprove their lukewarmness and immoderate conservatism. After the discussion was opened by Rev. C. A. Roys of Uxbridge, who pleaded for more inspiration in our churches, while contending that there was as much earnestness in them to-day as ever before. It was seen that free platforms are not a rare thing in the Worcester Conference. The discussion was participated in by Messrs. Weeks, Greenman, Wilson of Hopedale, Porter, Pratt, Hayward, Kent, and Stebbins.

Rev. G. H. Hosmer of Neponset, Boston, represented the Unitarian Temperance Society, and in a short address gave the conference some information concerning the work of the Temperance Society.

A resolution on the death of Hon. Phineas Ball, the first president of the association, and a man of rare simplicity and integrity, was unanimously adopted.

The Missionary Committee, consisting of Messrs. Greenman, Kent, and Duncan, was reappointed, and \$50 appropriated for its use. The following officers for the coming year were elected: president, Charles H. Blood (Fitchburg); vice-presidents, Rev. George H. Ball (Upton), John C. Otis (Worcester); secretary, Rev. J. C. Duncan (Clinton); treasurer, Edward F. Tolman (Worcester); directors, Jonathan Smith, Esq. (Clinton), Mr. E. W. Batchelder (Upton), Mr. W. S. Heywood (Sterling); Rev. Messrs. A. F. Bailey (Barre), W. F. Greenman (Fitchburg), A. S. Garver (Worcester); auditors, John C. Otis and Theodore S. Johnson (Worcester). A vote of thanks to Rev. S. M. Crothers for his excellent sermon was unanimously adopted. The motion of Mr. Garver expressing thanks to the Clinton parish for its admirable hospitality was unanimously carried by a rising vote.

Business Notices.

The Church of Light.—In grandfather's days somehow it didn't seem just the thing to have the inside of the church as bright and cheerful as the home. Folks thought that there was piety in dim religious light. Nowadays religion is the food of week-days as well as of Sundays, and people worship in the light. It's rather hard to make folks see the light of heaven in a dimly lighted church. The original command, "Let there be light," was decidedly material. I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl Street, New York, has just issued a book of Church Light,—129 engravings of chandeliers for gas and oil, electrolights, reflectors, side lights, and every kind of fixture for the lighting of a church. This book is worth having, and it's free to any one who will send a postal card request for it.

The Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn, N.Y.—The Phenix is one of the excellent companies of New York State, of which there are many. It began business in 1853. It has a capital stock of \$1,000,000. Although the past year has been a trying one for fire insurance underwriters, the Phenix, owing to its excellent management, is able to show a handsome surplus as compared with last year,—namely, \$406,359.53, which is \$245,000 increase. The assets amount to \$5,350,275.93. The company reports this year, among its assets, about \$480,000 less due for premiums in course of collection. George P. Sheldon is President, Charles C. Little is Secretary.—*N.Y. Independent.*

Twins.—The pair of exquisite Twin Bedsteads in enamelled white iron, with full trimmings of polished brass, which is shown in another column by Paine Furniture Co., is one of the greatest bargains we have ever seen advertised in chamber furniture. It seems almost impossible that this pair of bedsteads can be sold at \$13. A representative of this paper has seen the bedsteads; and they are beauties,—dainty and neat as wax, light but strong, and occupying only one foot more space than a double bed.

It seems hardly possible, but nevertheless it is true, that on an average every fifty-fifth person you meet wears W. L. Douglas Shoes. Did you ever realize what an immense undertaking it is to supply one article of wearing apparel to over one million people?

Mr. A. E. Winship, of the *Journal of Education*, is organizing, and will personally conduct, a delightful European party, sailing on ("City of Rome") June 29.

Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Dorchester, 28th inst., Martha M. Clapp, widow of the late Frederick Clapp, in her 83d year.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A LADY OF LONG EXPERIENCE wishes a position as managing housekeeper, or any suitable position of trust. Best references. Address Mrs. Lewis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

For the Christian Register.

HEAVEN.

BY CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Never a sigh or tear, you say;
Laughter and sunshine the livelong day,
Regret and pain banished for aye;
In heaven, you say.

Yet sighs and tears have helped most here,
And joy and pain have stood so near
We knew not which to hold most dear,
Which helped most here.

I like heaven in the making best,
On earth, where truth and love join quest
For good that lies in work, not rest,—
Heaven in the making best.

The Pulpit.

CAN CALVINISM BE IMPROVED?

BY REV. JOHN SNYDER.

A careful study of the changes proposed by the Revision Committee of the Presbyterian Church in the Westminster Confession of Faith will reveal the fact that revision is demanded by ethical rather than logical considerations. It is evident that a feeling largely prevails in the Church that there are certain bald expressions to be found in the "Confession" which are obnoxious to the modern man's sense of justice, and it will be seen that the efforts of the revisers have been mainly directed to the removal or modification of such expressions.

Thirty-nine changes have been suggested by the Revision Committee. Perhaps fifteen or sixteen of these changes may represent an alteration in the religious feeling and moral sentiment of the Church; but only five or six, at the most, suggest any essential modification of its theological position. Some of these changes exhibit a commendable desire to erase from the "Confession" all traces of the acrimonious controversy with the Church of Rome which marked the birth of Presbyterianism. The denunciation of the pope as the "man of sin," the "antichrist," and the "son of perdition," is happily to be eliminated; while all the references to the Roman Church are softened and deprived of their controversial sting. The earnest declaration of the Confession that such as "profess the true, reformed religion should not marry with infidels, papists, or other idolaters," is changed, so as to read, "Such as profess the true religion should not marry with infidels, nor with the adherents of false religions." In like manner the word "condemnation" is substituted for "damnation," leaving a margin of benevolent uncertainty respecting the final fate of those who incur the Church's censure. The section which condemns prayer for the dead and "for those of whom it may be known that they have sinned the sin unto death" is to drop the last paragraph. The Confession declares, with perfect directness, that good works done by unregenerate men are sinful. The revisers would delicately intimate that the works of unregenerate men "do not meet the requirements of the divine law, and hence cannot be pleaded as a ground of acceptance with God." The amendment would seem to the superficial observer to be more acceptable to the ethical sense of mankind; but it is evidently based upon a radical misconception of Paul's words, "Whatsoever is not of faith is of sin." The original article is to be preferred. The same may be said of the change wrought in the article which treats of the fall of man, etc. The article reads, "From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgression." To these words the revisers would add, "Nevertheless, the providence of God, and the common operations of his Spirit, restrain men from much that is evil, and lead them to exercise many social and civil virtues." It is difficult to see how this addition strengthens or clarifies the original article. If it means to teach that unregenerate men are constantly doing actions which are for the benefit of society, it is a truism. If it means to declare that such actions, even when directed by the providence of God, are calculated to favorably affect the final destiny of unregenerate men, it contradicts that article, which teaches that the good actions of unregenerate men "do not meet the requirements of the divine law, and cannot be pleaded as the ground of acceptance with God." The

suggested changes in these closely related articles tend to weaken and confuse the Church's doctrines, and make no real concession to the enlightened moral sense. If an unregenerate man is sent to hell, it can make but a slight difference to him whether his sentence arises from good works that are sinful or good works which do not meet the requirements of the divine law.

But the attention of those who study the works of the Revision Committee is naturally centred upon its treatment of the doctrine of election. And this, of course, is by far the most important part of its work. The doctrine of election is justly regarded as the corner-stone of Calvinism, the foundation upon which the vast structure of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith squarely rests. Accepting this doctrine as its major premise, the Confession will be seen to be the most complete and masterly piece of logic which the ecclesiastical mind has created.

The Calvinist accepts all the common and familiar features of the orthodox scheme. He holds that all men are guilty of disobedience because of their relation to their "federal head," that Adam's sin condemned the race to everlasting punishment, from which they were conditionally rescued by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, the second person in the Trinity, the condition attached to this rescue being the acceptance by the individual transgressor of Christ's freely offered sacrifice of himself. Thus far the different branches of the evangelical Church concur. Beyond this we see many and important differences. These differences may be considered under four distinct heads.

1. The Catholic doctrine. Catholic theology holds that, by Adam's fall, while man was left in a wretched and ruined state, yet he retained sufficient natural morality and reason to guide him into the true Church, and that his full salvation is secured by the sacramental relations he voluntarily establishes with this supernatural institution.
2. The Arminian churches. They teach that every man, though a fallen creature, entirely lost without Christ, may, by the exercise of his own free will, accept the proffered salvation of Christ; that God neither foreordains nor designs the fate of any human soul.
3. The primitive Universalism, which holds that, while all men are lost in Adam's sin, all men are redeemed by the sacrifice of Christ.
4. The Calvinistic churches. Basing themselves, in common with the preceding churches, upon the fall of man and the sacrifice of Christ, they hold that God foresaw and foreordained the whole history of man's disobedience and spiritual death, and the means of escape that would be offered by his beloved Son. Therefore, and by necessity, he must have foreseen and foreordained the life and final destiny of each individual of the race. This is the bare doctrine of election, stripped of its accidents and accessories. And this doctrine the Confession of Faith enforces in the plainest and most unequivocal terms. The chapter which treats of "God's Eternal Grace" says, "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death." Also, "These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be increased or diminished." Therefore, "Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him thereunto; and all to the praise of his glorious grace." "The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creature, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." For all these statements the revisers propose the following substitute, "God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and im-

mutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath predestinated an innumerable multitude of mankind unto life, and hath particularly and unchangeably chosen them in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love,—not on account of any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him thereunto; and all to the praise of his glorious grace." But "the rest of mankind God saw fit, according to the unsearchable counsel of his will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, not to elect unto eternal life; and them hath he ordained to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice. Yet hath he no pleasure in the death of the wicked; nor is it his decree, but the wickedness of their own hearts, which restraineth and hindereth them from accepting the free offer of his grace made in the gospel."

Under the head of "Effectual Calling" the Confession emphasizes the doctrine of election by declaring that only those who are predestinated unto life are effectually called by God's spirit to the use of the means by which their salvation can be secured. It teaches that mankind, under the dispensation of this divine grace, is but a passive instrument in God's hands, and that "elect infants, dying in infancy," and all classes of elect persons "who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word," are saved by the free grace of God. In their treatment of this phase or consequence of the doctrine of election the revisers would strike out from the article on "Effectual Calling" the limiting clause which in the Confession strictly confines the means of grace to the elect. They would deny that in the process of salvation man is altogether passive (although they would declare that he is "dead in sin"); and they would substitute for the clause which asserts the salvation of "elect infants" the words "infants dying in infancy, and all other persons not guilty of actual transgression, are included in the election of grace, and are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how he pleaseth."

It is plain enough to the most superficial reader that the dominant object of the Revision Committee is to reconcile the doctrine of election, and all its logical consequences, to the enlightened moral sense of this generation; and, if the suggested alterations have any definite meaning, they would seem to involve the entire abandonment of this doctrine of Election and the complete surrender of the Presbyterian Church to the essential principles of Arminianism. While the committee has retained and even emphasized certain forms of phraseology relative to this doctrine, it has broken some of the strongest links in that logical chain which was so courageously wrought by the Fathers of Westminster.

To every thoughtful man the spectacle of a great Church attempting to readjust and resolve the mighty problems of life and destiny is one of the most profound interest. And we may well pause and ask ourselves the momentous question, Will the adoption of this report bring the Presbyterian Church into greater harmony with the religious sentiments and philosophical convictions of the nineteenth century? I am convinced it will not. Unlike the English Prayer Book, which is susceptible of verbal and even doctrinal improvement, because it is and was intended to be a theological compromise, the Westminster Confession is absolutely homogeneous in its structure. It is a theological vertebrate. It bears the apparent marks of no doctrinal concessions or compromises, and was evidently the product of a body of men who were in essential unity upon all great doctrinal questions. Like the czar of Russia, who rejected the report of the engineers who had been engaged to build a road from Moscow to St. Petersburg because the proposed road deviated from a straight line in order to touch important towns on the route, so the Westminster divines have built a straight line of logic from premises to conclusion, not deviating to touch a single theological concession. To strike from that Confession a single important doctrine would be like amputating the arm of a man. The amputation may be necessary to save his life, but it must always impair his usefulness and strength. Can

the system of Calvinism be improved by these proposed changes? Can it be improved by any changes that will not permanently impair its usefulness to the Presbyterian Church?

Accepting as its basis the commonly received "scheme" of Orthodoxy, I am sure that Calvinism not only possesses more logical consistency, but greater moral dignity than any other system to which that scheme has given rise.

What were the admitted moral consequences of Adam's disobedience? They were of such a serious nature that they required the sacrifice of a God to cancel and obliterate them. Without that sacrifice man would have been sentenced to everlasting condemnation. We may well leave out of the account the system of the older Universalism, because that system is discredited and obsolete. Calvinism is really confronted among evangelical churches only with the theologies of Arminianism and Catholicity. The latter finds man, if not utterly ruined and undone, yet so constitutionally impaired in his moral and spiritual nature that he may be compared to a sand-blind person, who has vision enough to see the light, but not enough to distinguish objects. To this vision, deranged and impaired, are presented the claims of a supernatural Church; and the man is held responsible for its acceptance or rejection. With a vitiated spiritual sense, he is expected to discriminate between an infallible institution and a multitude of pretenders. And upon that decision rests his eternal destiny.

And Arminianism is in precisely the same predicament. Conceding the lost condition of mankind, it yet throws upon mankind the responsibility of rejecting or accepting the sacrifice of Christ. The poor soul, with clipped pinions, and weighted with the lethargic poison of inherited sin, is expected to rise to the moral height that is implied in the acceptance of redemption; and thus a weight of awful responsibility is thrown upon a vitiated and partially paralyzed will.

Calvinism escapes from these moral absurdities and contradictions. It declares that by Adam's transgression all men are made dead in sin, wholly incapable of acceptable moral activity. Therefore, as no individual man can be the object of God's moral preference, it bases God's selection of certain men for salvation purely upon his sovereign pleasure. Arminianism affirms that every soul consciously rejecting Christ must go to hell, but it makes the consequences of Adam's fall practically inoperative until the first dawn of moral discrimination. Dying in infancy, the soul escapes those consequences entirely. Reaching the shadowy borderland of moral apprehension, it becomes heir to the awful inheritance. Thus are the dread issues of heaven and hell thrown into the weak and wavering scale of a child's vitiated will and immature intelligence.

Calvinism declares that every soul in the universe bears the equal penalty of Adam's sin. Those in whom that penalty is cancelled have been selected by the mysterious preference of God himself. Under any system of theology man accepts the omnipotence and omniscience of God. Therefore, it follows that from the doctrine of election there is no logical escape. Every man believes in election who believes in the absolute foreknowledge of God. Even Mr. Ingersoll practically accepts that doctrine. The great agnostic regards man as the product of a series of inherited moral necessities, which have created alike the criminal and the saint. His system is pure Calvinism, minus the foreknowledge of God at one end of man's career and heaven and hell at the other end. The Calvinist sees that all men are morally slain by the sin of Adam, and he throws upon God the sole responsibility of selecting from the mass of the dead those individuals who are to be the objects of his saving grace. He cannot base his selection upon moral grounds. His reasons for preferring one man above another are hidden in the abysmal darkness of the divine nature. And, whatever may be the consequences of that divine choice, they must surely be as operative upon the child dying in infancy as upon the man dying at fourscore years.

The theologian who imagines that he is vindicating the moral character of God by throwing upon the human soul the responsibility for its own damnation, while he recognizes that God has, directly or indi-

rectly, created the conditions that make that damnation possible, or who denies the possibility of infant damnation, while he crowds upon the narrow stage of the first six or seven years of conscious existence the awful possibility of eternal destiny, must have a very shallow conception of the demands of the human conscience.

Consistent and logical Calvinism takes out of human hands the final question of human destiny. That question is left to the unsearchable will of God. And, while individual Calvinists have always speculated upon the vexed problem of the ratio of the saved and lost, yet there is nothing in the system itself which necessarily limits the possibility of universal salvation. It might, consistently with itself, even adopt the Catholic doctrine of "invincible ignorance," and hold that every soul has been divinely elected for salvation who is incapable of "being called by the outward ministry of the word." That would not only include "infants dying in infancy," but the teeming millions of heathen lands. This would limit the possibility of future danger to those Christians who have the misfortune to have reached the years of discretion.

Calvinism may have but a slight foothold in the Bible; but it is surely socketed in the necessary conceptions of human philosophy, and it is re-enforced by the undeniable facts of human life. Every philosophy leads to the massive and closed door of fate and free will. We can only escape from the doctrine of moral necessity by falling back upon the primal consciousness of personal freedom. And we see that men and women are born into the world weighted with the dread consequences of inherited misconduct,—people in whom the sense of moral responsibility can scarcely be said to exist. The student of human history and experience might well declare that the mass of men seem to be "elected" to a destiny in which the personal will, at times, plays but an insignificant part. Whether that destiny—be it good or evil—expresses the mysterious purpose of an infinite Intelligence, or merely represents the results of a blindly operative natural force, may be one of the unsolved problems of philosophy. Little children are born bearing the curse of sin, which defiles them in soul and body. They are predisposed to all evil, and made wholly opposite to all good. Whether, as science supposes, they are bearing the inevitable burden of a brutish ancestry, or, as Calvinism declares, the imputed sin of a "federal head," cannot, I conceive, be a question of much practical difference to them.

Calvinism has no place in Christianity; but, if it would cut itself clear from its very equivocal Biblical support and stand fairly upon the basis of philosophy, it would, as a system, command the intellectual respect of mankind.

If what has been said will stand the test of examination, it is certain that Calvinism cannot be logically improved by the verbal changes and obscurations it is likely to receive at the hands of the Revision Committee.

Of one radical improvement it is susceptible,—an improvement which would denude it of all of the ethical objections which, as a pure philosophy, it must always encounter. We have seen that it harmonizes with some of the most significant phases of human experience, that it offers a possible solution for some of the obvious moral mysteries of human life. It is not a cheerful view of human destiny to imagine that all spiritual inequalities, all hereditary taints of blood and brain, are inherited tendencies of evil springing from the mysterious will and pleasure of an infinite God. Such a conclusion is awfully inconsistent with the spirit of the New Testament. But it is a view which is philosophically tenable, and in its moral results does not differ radically from the common judgment held by such thinkers as John Stuart Mill, that human ills are probably due to the intractable nature of the material with which the divine hand works. The vast difference between this common judgment and Calvinism is that the former, if it looks beyond the confines of this present life, sees that the inevitable ills of existence may be educational in their nature, and that present sorrows, and even sins, may find their compensation in the final enrichment of character. Calvinism conceives of a future from which the ethical element of probation is rigorously excluded.

Whatever may be the educational advantages vouchsafed to the elect, the non-elect are shut up in a prison-house of remediless, useless, purposeless, and perpetual suffering. The ethical sense can endure the thought of suffering, even if that suffering is permitted or inflicted by God. Every theist must hold some modification of this doctrine. But to believe that God burdens men with sin, poisons their years with suffering, and then allows them to die impenitent, granting them no final destiny except eternal damnation, is to conceive an injustice so gross as to outstretch the capacity of human language. It does not lighten the injustice by the weight of a feather to urge the responsibility of personal freedom. To make the punishment of sin eternal is to rob such punishment of all moral significance. Whether the sinner eternally damns himself, or is eternally damned by God, is not a ground for the slightest moral distinction. The mere existence of an eternal punishment for sin makes the creation of free will in man an act of the greatest injustice and cruelty.

To give Calvinism, then, a logical place in philosophy, it must readjust its eschatology to more rational conceptions, it must take from its vision of the future the fixed and crystallized states called heaven and hell, it must leave room for the soul's growth out of the conditions which seem inevitable in its earthly career.

The essential theory of Calvinism may be the best solution of the universe. It is at least conceivable that God deliberately determined before the foundation of the world to bring upon men the sorrows and sins and burdens under which they groan, and from many of which it is impossible for them to escape. The indictment which men like Mill and Schopenhauer bring against nature may be, possibly, brought against God. Such a theory contradicts the central doctrine of Christ; but it is ethically endurable, provided it encloses the conception of an unlimited opportunity in the future for spiritual development and education. Lacking this, the system becomes a horror of great darkness. This is the only improvement in Calvinism which does not involve either the sacrifice of its logic or the surrender of its morality.

Sermon Gleanings.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

The truth that I desire has reference to the present conduct of life, to the relations in which I stand to those around me, and to the duties which these relations involve. And I am perfectly satisfied that, if I seek to ascertain the truth that lies near to me, within my own immediate sphere, I shall have employment for all my time and all my strength; and I shall obtain all that I need. Life, at the longest, is very short. We are here to-day, and to-morrow we are gone. Let me try to harmonize the things that are close to me. This, I say, is a great work; and it takes all that a man has in him to do it well. With the best endeavors, I shall fail oftentimes. Still, I may make it my aim, the commanding principle of my life, to cultivate a desire for such truth as is needful for my guidance. I cannot afford to waste a moment.

It is a great thing when we have learned to distinguish things indifferent from matters of vital moment. The misfortune is that men are forever mixing up chaff with the wheat, and making no distinction; or, if they make any, it is in favor of the chaff and to the neglect of the wheat. Thus religion, or what men call their religion, instead of being the actual business of life, the discharge of all natural obligations, has become a mere childish formality, a barren routine of words, which people are so engrossed with repeating that they are blind to the iniquities that fill the world with misery.

What wonder is it that intelligent and thoughtful men lose all interest in religion, all faith in the possibility of arriving at any truth in regard to it, when they who profess to be seeking and advancing religious truth turn the whole subject into such a pitiable thing as this; when the results are as worthless as we see; and when shadows are worshipped, dogmas and forms; tithes of mint, anise, and cumin are scrupulously paid; while justice and the love

of God are ignored. Who cares to inquire whether such a religion as this be true or not? It carries its low, earth-born origin written on its long face; and every man who is not blinded by prejudice and self-interest may read it running. Again, I say, it is a happy thing for us, it is the turning-point, the beginning of a new era in our existence, when we learn to distinguish. This we cannot do until we cease to take counsel of our prejudice, our passions, and our temporal interests, and are actuated in all things by one simple desire,—to see everything, not as it falls in with our comfort and success, but as it truly is. We all know how pleasant it is to gratify one's pride, how hard it is to suppress the bitter feeling and the hasty word, how easy to commit ourselves to the popular opinion, and to find shelter in the authority of the many. But, oh, how much nobler and happier it is to put one's self entirely out of the question, and to see every case in which we are concerned precisely as it stands! It saves us from doing others any injustice and from the reproachful and mortifying remembrance; from the blush of shame which mantles every man's cheek when the hour of calm reflection comes, and he is forced to recollect things said or done in the heat of passion which truth does not justify.

I counsel you, dear friends, to cherish the love of truth in the little things of life, in the sudden and hourly emergencies of social intercourse. He who is faithful to this love in the ordinary circumstances of every day is being prepared for the critical moments which try the stuff and quality of men. But by what a host of hostile influences is the precious desire of truth every instant surrounded! It is endangered by the strength of our kind sympathies, by an undue complaisance, tempting us, for the immediate prospect of conciliating the good will which is so dear to us all, to suppress or to compromise the truth. This danger is so great that the field of battle does not offer greater occasion for heroic courage than a social party or the domestic circle. Then, again, in what numbers of the young does the fine sense of truth suffer detriment from the habit of exaggerated speech in which we fall, from our anxiety to create a sensation! It is a delicate and difficult work to guard against these cunning influences. But it pays. Truth rewards those who are faithful to her with a more than royal munificence, and rewards them with a sense of security and power such as nothing else can give, and with an influence in the world which no advantage of education or position can bestow. Yes, it is the truth-loving men, the men who prove that they love nothing so ardently as to be just,—it is these who, in the long run, rule the world, and control the course of human affairs. These it is, or the sainted memories of these, that give men comfort and guidance in times of uproar and danger. Jesus of Nazareth sacrificed himself for the truth, wrote his testimony to it in his blood; and now to his dominion there will be no end. He reigns and must reign in the grateful faith of mankind.

Finally, as it is not the possession, but the desire, the love, the spirit of truth, which is the one highest qualification of any human being, let us have done, once for all, with estimating men by the faith they possess, by the opinions which they avow. Whenever we see evidences of a truthful disposition, there let us freely accord our respect and confidence as to a friend of God and a brother of Christ. And this I say, not in reference to those who are styled orthodox: we seldom find any difficulty in being liberal toward those who believe more than we do. It is those who believe less than we, those who wholly reject what we warmly maintain, whom we are most apt to distrust and to look down upon with "an unconscious self-righteousness," as if we were better than they,—not because we are heartier lovers of truth, but because of certain forms of thought which we hold to. This is the sin of the whole Christian world. In the pride of our mere Christian name, we undervalue those who, though they do not accept the Christian name, yet give abundant evidence that they seek only truth. I would be emancipated from the bondage of mere names. I would learn to honor the desire of truth as the most expressive sign of the grace of God, when it appears in those whom the Christian world denounces as infidels and atheists. I would learn to recognize no other

distinction than that between those whose supreme desire it is at all times to behold things as they are, and those who wish only to see things as they please and serve them. Meditate on this thing, my friends. I commend you to the All-ministering Spirit. Raise your hearts to that in silent and inexpressible worship!

Spiritual Life.

Our happiness is an incident, and not an end. The end is that God's glory, his own nature and being, be manifest in us. All else may go uncared for: happiness will take care of itself, and strength and peace will flow from celestial heights.—*Horatio Stebbins.*

How many weeks will any of us be able to live without coming to some spot where it will be felt as a rational comfort to believe that all our way, step by step, trial by trial, surprise, success, failure, loss, removal, was ordered for us by Him who sees the end from the beginning?—*Bishop F. D. Huntington.*

To-day thou shalt discover lack in thy brother of integrity or of high moral standards, but beware of self-righteousness. To-morrow thou shalt thyself disappoint a friend, or fail in helpfulness or in deep spiritual insight. Thou shalt fail even as thy brother failed, unless thou hast beheld his fault only with love and sorrow.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

If you could once make up your mind in the fear of God never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous, and like one out of breath, would stop and take breath, you would find this simple, common-sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could accomplish.—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

Spirit of the Press.

The San Francisco *Report* commends the example of the Unitarian Club of that city, insisting upon punctuality:—

The fact that the Unitarian Club has solemnly resolved that members must be punctual at the annual dinner to-night, and that laggards will be given but five minutes' grace, will strike people from more civilized communities with surprise,—not surprise that people are required to be punctual, but that they have to be so informed. There is nothing much more indicative of bad breeding than lack of punctuality in social or personal affairs, or of lack of proper training when the matter is one of business. But it is a cold, unpleasant truth that punctuality is hardly expected by a very large number of San Franciscans, either in social, personal, or business matters, or those of amusement. The ease, comfort, and general desirability of perfect punctuality in all spheres of life, from the arrival of a train to the warning tap of a theatre conductor's bâton, cannot be appreciated by those who have not at some time enjoyed them. However, it is only a matter of time. We shall all follow the example of the Unitarian Club some day here,—be punctual ourselves, and insist upon punctuality in others.

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THE UNITARIAN CLUB OF NEW YORK.

"The Modern Novel" was the subject considered at the annual dinner of the Unitarian Club, which was held Wednesday evening, January 23, at the St. Denis Hotel.

Rev. Dr. James G. Townsend, by request, repeated his paper previously given at the Ministers' Luncheon. At the end of the dinner he was introduced by the president, Mr. Gilman H. Tucker, who in his opening remarks sketched the growth of novel-reading.

Dr. Townsend's paper was earnest, eloquent, and carefully reasoned. In substance he charged "that, for the most part, the novels of to-day are tiresome, trivial, unreal, or false"; but he gladly excepted "The White Company," "The Manxman," "Rhoda Fleming," "The House of the Wolf," and "Marcella," books which express, at least, something of worth, something of beauty." Dr. Townsend admitted that the novel should be a work of art, and maintained that it should be something more than this. The author in the field of fiction should be an artist, teacher, and a prophet; and his work should make for education, for morality, for beauty,—in all which many of the novelists of to-day lamentably fail. It is not the mission of the novelist to discover new ideas; but he should give the ideas of his time in noble forms, enshrine them in beautiful women and loving men. The pathos, the mystery, the meanness of life, are not to be excluded; but the great movements of humanity, with their many examples of gladness, goodness, and courage, are to be included. The long and short stories of to-day have often a depressing element. They gather for us a multitude of facts that are of no more consequence than the sweepings of the floors of our common rooms. It is not the reporter who makes the novelist, "but he who with clear and simple glance perceives the salient, the revealing, the inspiring fact."

Passing by, in his criticism, the class of ephemeral and commonplace writers,—in which class he placed Ouida, Conway, Haggard, and Besant,—Dr. Townsend spoke of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, in the judgment of many, stood first among recent story-writers. He granted him a foremost place in the world of letters, but thought that the critical faculty in Mr. Stevenson exceeded the creative. His stories did not possess the simplicity, the completeness, the beauty, the sustained vigor of the whole, the gradual culmination of thought and feeling, which should make the writer rather than fine passages and climaxes of sensation.

So, too, with Du Maurier's "Trilby." The book has a certain charm. This is found in its style, its dramatic situations, and its strange characters. But the main personages of the story are a hypnotizing devil; an almost too good youth; and a *blanchisseuse de fin*, who, after an awakening of a true sense of shame, declares on her death-bed that her darkest sin was an act of thoughtlessness to her little brother,—a strange ethical implication, that makes the loss of chastity one of the minor vices.

Dr. Townsend closed his paper with a remonstrance against the morbid character, the prevailing pessimism of the recent novels. This he attributed to a loss of faith,—not in God in a theological sense, but in man, in goodness, in truth, in beauty.

Miss Marguerite Merington spoke next. Her address was witty and colloquial rather than argumentative. She believed that spirituality was, after all, the thing to be striven for by novelists and all men.

Mr. Robert Bridges, who followed Miss Merington, is the assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine* and "Droch" of *Life*. His weekly literary criticism for the next number of that paper he anticipated by reading it to the club. It is called "Little Way Off," a criticism of the pessimistic novel, of Ibsenism, and can be read in the current number of *Life*.

Mr. Bridges was not inclined to take the modern novel very seriously. It was rarely a guide to life, because it was not written by a practical person. As a Presbyterian, he would rather take the Shorter Catechism for his guide than "The Heavenly Twins." After stating that there were novels that were written for respectable people and novels that were written for fools, and after criticising the "new-woman novel," the

"sanitarium novel," the "scientific pessimistic novel," Mr. Bridges summed up his remarks by saying: "The true novel should be devoted to the life of good, healthy men and women. It should teach wholesomeness of living. It should be an expression of good or bad human nature, but it should be strong; and it should encourage goodness, healthy living, high ideals."

Rev. John W. Chadwick next spoke. He did not think that Dr. Townsend had the right perspective. The modern novel is not the novel of the last few years only. We should go back far enough to include Trollope, Dickens, Meredith, and others of their set. What we speak of as the novel of to-day may be the merest eddy in the current. Mr. Chadwick agreed with Mr. Bridges that the modern novel must not be taken too seriously. We do not go to the novel for moral help, although the best of the works of fiction often do give us this help. Nor must we judge the novel of to-day too narrowly. The wonder is, not that we have so much dullness, but that we have so much brightness. The harm of the middle-class novel is intellectual rather than moral. It produces, so to speak, a fatty degeneration of the mind; and, if it hurts us morally, it is because we are all of one piece. The test is, Does a novel make us care more for the mean than for the good things of life? If it produces the former result, it is bad for us: if the latter, it is good for us.

This closed the after-dinner talk, and there only remained the election of officers for the new year. The committee on nominations presented the names of the following gentlemen, who were unanimously elected to serve for the ensuing year: president, John A. Taylor, Esq.; vice-presidents, N. R. Holden and Monroe B. Bryant; secretary, Percy D. Adams, Esq.; treasurer, Charles H. Pinkham, Jr.; members of the Council, Henry L. Faris, William H. Kenyon, Esq., DeBorden Wilmot, Esq. Mr. Taylor, on taking the chair, made a fitting and most excellent address.

M. A. M.

A LAYMAN'S CREDENTIALS.

Our readers will be interested, perhaps amused, to see the form of the credentials which an English bishop gives to people who are willing to go round and read among the poor in his diocese.

Some of us can read without being commissioned by some one else. But there are stages in society where, undoubtedly, such a document as that which we copy—particularly if it has an Episcopal seal—carries a certain weight with it.

Even Paul says, "How shall they go unless they are sent?" And perhaps we shall be asked to believe that Paul waited, brooding in Tarsus for some years before he went out on that mission which has changed the world, and that he waited simply because nobody asked him to go that he was too modest to start on his own responsibility.

SEAL. Mandell—by divine permission Bishop of Peterborough. To our well-beloved and approved in Christ, John William, Greeting. We do by these presents grant unto you our Commission to execute the office and perform the duties of a Lay Reader in the parish of Loughborough, within our Diocese and Jurisdiction, on the nomination of the Reverend Thomas Pitts; and we do hereby authorise you to read such of the Holy Scriptures and explain the same to the aged, sick, and impotent, and to such other persons in the said Parish as the Incumbent shall suggest and direct; to read the appointed Lessons in the Parish Church; and also to read publicly in the Mission Rooms, or in any other place allowed by Us, such portions of the Morning and Evening Service in the Book of Common Prayer as we shall appoint and direct, and after such service to expound some portion of Holy Scripture to those assembled, or to read such godly homily or discourse as by the Incumbent may be judged most suitable and edifying. And we exhort you to seek out Children not baptized, and to notify cases of sickness to the Parish Priest, and to give diligent heed to Prayer and the Study of Holy Scripture, and to be an example of Godliness, Sobriety, and Brotherly Love; and we do hereby notify and declare that this our Commission shall remain valid and have full Force and Authority until it shall either be revoked by Us or our Successors, or a fresh Institution to the Benefice shall have been made and completed, at and after which last-mentioned time it shall be competent for an Application to be made to Us or our

Successors for a Renewal and Continuance of this our present Commission and Authority. And so We commend you to Almighty God, whose Blessing and Favour we humbly pray may rest on you and your Work. Given under our Hand and Seal this Tenth day of April in the Year, etc., etc., 1894, of our Consecration the Third.

Literature.

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—In this novel, we are assured, George Meredith delights his friends and confounds his enemies as he has not done for many a day. It has been compared to his next before this, "One of our Conquerors," greatly to the latter's disadvantage. Certainly, this book is much shorter than that, and contains much less dull reading. But how about the relative moral value of the two? "One of our Conquerors" was a story of the collapse of a man of brilliant social unreality. The book was morally bracing and inspiring. But in "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" we have quite another matter. Lord Ormont is a brave and able and distinguished British general. In the first chapters we have a boys' school and a girls' school in the same town; and in the former there is a boy, and in the latter a girl, full of enthusiasm for Lord Ormont's character and career, and with a generous liking for each other. These chapters have a delightful promise in their pleasant stream. They are as good as the opening chapter of "Diana of the Crossways" is bad. Meredith has written nothing better of the life of boys and girls. Years pass; and, when we meet Aminta again, she is the wife of Lord Ormont, who is sulking, like Achilles in his tent, because the British public has been dull to his great worth. And shortly Matthew Weyburn, Aminta's school-boy lover, becomes his private secretary, with a view to writing his military memoirs. To punish the British public for treating him so shabbily, Lord Ormont plays off his wife upon it as a woman doubtfully virtuous and perhaps irregularly joined with him. He is, however, about ready to do her every honor, when she declares her independence, and goes off with Weyburn, to be matron, while he is teacher, of a school for boys and girls in Switzerland,—"woo'd and married and a'." Thrown a good deal together, the wine stirred in the cask: the old love had "renewed its ancient rapture." No one can deny the beauty with which Mr. Meredith sets forth the loves of Weyburn and Lady Ormont, culminating in "A Marine Duet,"—a love-scene, the parties to which are swimming with a fine hilarity. The reviewers have generally taken for granted that Mr. Meredith means to set the seal of his approval on the conduct of Aminta and her lover. They understand him to say that such a marriage as that of Lord Ormont and his Aminta is more honorable in the breach than in the observance. These opinions may be just, but they are not necessarily so. He may mean no more than that such a marriage as that tends to make such a rebellion as Aminta's, and that, given two such persons as Aminta and Weyburn, they would do as he lets them do. But the last point gives us pause. Mr. Meredith's characters generally act from their individuality with a remarkable coherency. But Matthew Weyburn does not seem to be the man to do what he is represented as doing. He is singularly self-contained, and even something of a prig. True, even such have broken down under the stress of an abounding loveliness of womanhood. Your man of intellect is often capable of a grand passion to an astonishing degree,—most astonishing to himself. But Weyburn's conduct does not seem to be logically related to his moral character. He and Aminta are less satisfactory than the other characters in the story. Aminta's aunt is a terror of vulgar social ambition. Lord Ormont's sister is one of his best creations, as imperious as Queen Elizabeth, and as impatient with her feminine restraints as Mary Queen of Scots,—a woman who would be a man. Lord Ormont's mingled strength and weakness are as true and sad as their reality in human life. As for the style of the book, it is inimitable,—at least, such is our hope. A cross sea was never choprier. But Mr. Meredith might say with Father Taylor, "My verb has lost its nominative, but I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven all the same." Many of his sentences are a kind of queer notation, which convey no definite meaning; but we snatch at something tangible in the dark. Others yield up a meaning clear enough to the third or fourth reading. Others still are packed with meaning, beauty, wit. Like Browning, Mr. Meredith often seems to be writing in a shorthand of his own invention. But we understand enough to make us glad and thankful, while we cordially forgive the rest.

J. W. C.

MICAH CLARKE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper Brothers.—This vigorous account of an English Covenantor who took part in the uprising of Monmouth bears little resemblance to the stories with

which the name of its author is at present chiefly associated. The narrative is told in the first person; and, if all those who resisted the Stuarts had been like Micah, possessing "the thews of an ox and the heart of a woman," one can well believe that this handful of resolute peasants, with their pikes and scythes, might indeed have altered the whole course of English history, as he says they came within an ace of doing. The book is long and closely written, but it has shown itself interesting enough to hold the attention of readers of different ages. It is a noble historical novel, deserving the attention it has received, and suggesting that we may expect other really great books from a writer who is something more than popular.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM: A HISTORICAL SKETCH. By George H. Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Many of the books in the International Education Series are mainly interesting to those who are making a serious study of pedagogy, but the present volume will appeal to many classes of readers. Mr. Martin is one of the Supervisors of Public Schools in this State, and has had abundant material at hand for his interesting book. He sketches the successive steps of progress in education here, as compulsory teaching, compulsory schools, compulsory certificating of teachers, compulsory supervision, and compulsory school attendance. Besides these, he notes other highly important epochs, and reviews their influence and results. The book is well worth attention from all who are interested in our public school system, from whatever cause.

I AM WELL: THE MODERN PRACTICE OF NATURAL SUGGESTION. By C. W. Post. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is the second edition of a text-book for those who desire to use mental practice for healing, and the author has endeavored to state the subject so that it may be readily grasped without preliminary study in psychology or metaphysics. It gives rules for daily treatment, first bidding the patient "to still all voices from intellect which will object to the teachings herein." So far as it promotes steadiness of nerve and quiet of mind, no one need object to its teaching, however much or little he may believe in or distrust the extreme positions stated.

MASTER AND MEN; OR, THE SERMON ON THE MOUNTAIN PRACTISED ON THE PLAIN. By William Burnet Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.—The main thought of Mr. Wright's book is indicated by the subtitle. It is an honest endeavor to understand the words of Jesus in the face of the problems and perplexities that meet the student of Christianity as it presents itself to-day. The writer believes that the current religious discussions and so-called infidelity are

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THE CHURCH AND SECULAR LIFE. By Frederick William Hamerton. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.—The eight lectures which this book contains were delivered at the Church of Our Father in Pawtucket, R.I. They consider the relations of the Church to education, charity, business, labor, politics, and other aspects of life and society. They are written out of a belief that the Church is, potentially at least, the best and strongest agency at hand to help bring about a better social order, and that the Church should assert itself as having to do with every activity of human life.

SOCIAL GROWTH AND STABILITY. By D. Ostrander. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.—This book is a consideration of the factors of modern society and their relation to the character of the coming State. The author writes from a belief that from the wage-earner is withheld his just proportion of the benefits which have come to this age by reason of the great discoveries in mechanical science. He thus desires to promote a better understanding in regard to men's relations to one another. He considers these relations in various phases. The book is thoughtful, but rather diffusive.

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES: GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, EDWIN BOOTH, LOUIS KOSSUTH, JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. By Parke Godwin. Harper & Brothers.—These essays or addresses are rich in graphic description, delicate analysis, and genuine appreciation. They present their subjects as seen by one quick to catch characteristics and able to compress much comment and judgment in short space. Kossuth and Audubon have especially needed such interpretation as this. The essays will all be read with interest.

THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE. By Thomas C. Hall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. \$1.—Rev. Thomas C. Hall is the son of Dr. Hall of New York, and is now settled over the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago. His Presbyterianism is of the progressive kind; and his sermons are not intended to be theological, but practical. Four of the sermons are concerned, respectively, with the impulsive, the intellectual, the ethical, and the mystic types of Christianity, taking Peter, Paul, James, and John as their representatives. Mr. Hall writes with directness and vigor.

PESSIMISM, SCIENCE, AND GOD. By John Page Hopps. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.—The name of Mr. Hopps is familiar not only to English, but American Unitarians. He says in a brief prefatory note that the preparation and publication of this book were suggested from "beyond the veil." There are twelve meditations, representing the circle of the year, and considering in different lights and shadows "the mystery of God, the dark problem of misery and sin, the dim gropings, and the exultant certainties of science."

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF TINTORETTO. By Frank Preston Stearns. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Much has been written about Tintoretto in the way of eulogy or illustration, but no systematic examination of his works or analysis of his claims to honor has ever appeared in English. Mr. Stearns has performed his task in a thorough manner, and the result is a book that will be interesting and valuable to every lover of art or art history. The frontispiece is a fine reproduction of the portrait of Tintoretto by himself.

JEAN BELIN. From the French of Alfred de Brébat. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.—Jean Belin is the French Robinson Crusoe, and this book is issued as a companion to "The Swiss Family Robinson." Jean and his companions are cast upon an uninhabited part of Africa, where they show the same fertility of resources and ingenuity of invention that we should expect from rivals of our old friends. The book is not only interesting, but suggestive of the value of self-help and thoughtful action.

UNDER FRIENDLY EAVES. By Olive E. Dana, Augusta, Me. Published by the author. \$1.25.—Those of us who have country cousins may find their likenesses hung under these friendly eaves. They are not rural or rustic or even picturesque; but they are natural. These sketches are made without much attempt at style or finish; but they are sweet with sympathy. In the collection there are, perhaps, too many Thanksgivings, Christmases, and Valentine Days for one season's reading.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE. By Frank Walters. London: Philip Green.—The seventeen sermons in this book are not connected with each other except as they all urge the power of goodness, and the importance of

the religious life. Mr. Walters believes in the coming of the kingdom of God on earth, that there is no permanent power of evil in the world, and that suffering is the minister by which man is compelled to work out nobler conditions of life. Thus his gospel is one of encouragement and hope.

Miscellaneous.

Three recent numbers of the Riverside Literature Series give, respectively, selections from Whittier's "Child Life in Prose," "Child Life in Poetry," and poems of Goldsmith. The latter includes "The Deserted Village," "The Traveler," and other poems, edited with a biographical sketch and notes, both explanatory and suggestive.

The book of Job is published in Maynard's English Classic Series in such a way that it may be easily studied as a dramatic poem deserving its high place in literature. The text is printed as in the revised version, the poetical portions being put in lines. The notes are comparatively few in number, designed, usually, to elucidate a passage that might be misunderstood.

HERALD SERMONS. By George H. Hepworth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.—In an introduction to this book Mr. Hepworth describes a conversation with Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*, showing how the idea of printing weekly sermons in the Sunday edition of that paper originated, and then states his aim in writing them. They avoid controversy, aim to be non-sectarian, and simply tell the people what is necessary to an honest life. They are all short, and treat of practical topics.

Books Received.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
History of the People of Israel. From the Rule of the Persians to that of the Greeks. By Ernest Renan. Price \$2.50.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.
Little Nature Studies for Little People. From the Essays of John Burroughs. Edited by Mary E. Burt.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
Lessons in the New Geography for Student and Teacher. By Spencer Trotter, M.D.

From Louis H. Ross & Co., Boston.
Gilbert's Responses. Especially adapted for Quartette or Chorus Choirs. Compiled and arranged by J. L. Gilbert.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala. Written by himself. 2 vols. Price \$5.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Music of Hungary. English Words by Anne Reeve Aldrich. Music by Celeste D. Heckscher.
I will lift up mine Eyes. Oh, tell me, thou Life and Delight. Cast thy Burden on the Lord. A Cycle of Sacred Songs. By Frederick W. Batchelder.
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We say "God-speed" to dear ones when they leave us

For distant lands beyond the foaming wave,
But ever still, for word and sign and token
That all is well, our hearts, expectant, crave.

How do they fare, the well-beloved, the living,
Who seek, afar, earth's wonders on their way?
We follow all their footsteps in their journey,
And watch and wait each message, day by day.

We lay our loved away,—our dead and dearest;
How fares the soul? our hearts in anguish cry.
"Tis not for us to rend the veil of silence,"
Who ne'er have drunk from sorrow's cup reply.

"Seek not communion with the world of spirits,
And all thy efforts, unavailing, cease;
Turn thou to others in the throng of living,
Leave thou the dead to slumber and to peace."

The dead, who loved us, come again in longing!
Would they be happy in some far-off sphere,
Estranged from all the tender ties once sacred,
Which made of life its consecration here?

No! Still they love us! Still they long to tell us,
In wondrous way, by message and by sign,
"All is not lost! we seek you as you seek us!"
Wouldst thou shut out these messengers divine?

CHRISTMAS AT RAMONA RANCH.

BY SARAH E. SPENCER.

You will wish to know how your wards and their guardians in the hills of Montana spent their Christmas. Had it not been for the mysterious preparations going on all over the house,—the unpacking of barrels and boxes at night, when the young Crows were in the land of dreams; and the careful closing of doors when they were awake,—one could scarcely realize that Christmas was so near at hand. The weather had been so mild it had seemed more like October than December. We had wondered how Santa Claus was going to endure such warm weather, when, lo! a change comes on Sunday. It blows and it snows, and the mercury sinks down until it stops at ten below zero. That will do for Christmas weather.

The Indians had returned from their summer home at the agency, and had camped near by for several days, so as to be handy to send a messenger each day to find out "how many sleeps to Christmas." The hills had lost one more of their beautiful evergreen ornaments, and this time the Indian boys had been intrusted with its selection; and you may be sure it was a handsome one, with wide-spreading branches.

For several days the teachers had been busy assorting, marking, and hanging up the many gifts which had appeared from the depths of boxes and barrels, where they had been packed weeks before by loving hearts and generous hands so far away. These tokens of good will, many of them, were labelled "A merry Christmas to the little Indian boys and girls!" "A merry Christmas to the little Crows!" or "A merry Christmas to all at Ramona Ranch!" Most earnest and cordial thanks for the kindly greetings as well as the beautiful presents for the children!

Tuesday evening finally arrived, and with it we hear the glad cry of the children, "The Indians are coming!" Sure enough, we can see them coming in separate parties from the north and the south,—from the camps of Sorrel Horse, White Fox, Big Ox, and Old Wolfe. How different this cry of the children from what it would have been a few years ago! They are not coming now in war paint and feathers, and riding wild ponies, but are, most of them, on foot, coming leisurely to enjoy their children's Christmas festivities. It is a great pleasure to the children that their "people" can be with them at Christmas time. Many of them always begin asking, "Can my father, mother, and grandmother come?" as soon as they begin asking, "How many weeks to Christmas?" This time some of their friends evidently came without their supper, for at our table the children forego eating their favorite biscuits that "my faver might have it." The fathers, mothers, and "friends" continue to come until we can count seventy-five, besides many papposes which peep out of hoods and blankets from the broad backs of their mammas. When our ushers get the crowd of Indian visitors packed in Hemenway Hall, you who know the location may, if you can, come in to see and listen. In the east end of the room are all the "big Indians," banked against the wall and packed

in on the seats, in the aisles, and on the floor, so that, if one tries to get in, he must walk over their heads. A few of the large boys and girls occupy seats, but most of them take the wall for support. The small children have "reserved seats" on rugs and carpets on the floor in front of the tree.

In the west end of the room is the tree, with branches reaching from side to side and gracefully bending with the weight of dolls and toys of every description. We will try to listen to the children's Christmas songs, but our eyes as well as our thoughts are on the fruits of the tree. If I had been set back fifty years or more, and were cherishing expectations from the tree, I should be wondering which of those beautiful dolls perched in the branches or swinging from a limb was to fall to my lot,—whether it would be one of the beautiful blondes dressed in blue, with eyes to match, or a lovely brunette in pink gingham. Then there is a flaxen-haired sailor-boy in blue, pronounced lovely by all. The thoughts of the boys are on the strains of melody which they will evoke from those horns and mouth-organs, or perhaps they are longing for a book, a knife, or an engine. Perhaps, also, all are thinking of that pile of sixty bags of candy and peanuts as helping to make "merry Christmas." That bushel basket of peanuts on the floor, all know, is for the visiting Indians as they pass out.

When the children finish their songs, the door opens. A fairy appears, and introduces a son of Santa Claus, since it is stated that Santa Claus, Sr., has gone on a long journey elsewhere. Our young Santa bears his honors well, and helps to distribute the presents with celerity. To give a picture of bright faces and satisfied looks is impossible. We wish the young ladies who spent so much time in dressing the pretty dolls could see the loving looks and caresses bestowed on them. Our Ruth brings a sweet little brunette to the table, which she holds with one hand while with the other she manages to eat her dinner. The boys seem as well pleased with their toys, mittens, caps, and knives; and, of course, every one is delighted with a bag of peanuts and candy.

When the Indians are invited to pass out, that bushel basket of peanuts is soon empty; and so is the room.

Now pass with me for a moment into the play and sewing rooms, which have been given up to the children for an hour to visit with their parents and friends,—to eat peanuts and show their treasures. All sit on the floor, to the number of one hundred and forty,—the children dressed in their Sunday best, and many of the Indians in civilized costumes. All are talking,—a medley unintelligible to us; but looks and actions are not so, and we know that they are happy.

JOHN HENRY'S ADVENTURE.

"John Henry, John Henry! Come here to me-e-e! Quick now! Do you hear-r-r?"

"Yes, ma!" came in a clear, shrill voice from far down the snowy road; and presently the boy came into sight.

He was a very small boy, indeed,—a thick-set, rosy boy, with cheeks like bright, speckled apples; and he was swinging two small school-books round and round at the end of a long, thin strap.

It was late in the afternoon; and John Henry was just returning from the district school-house, which stood at a fork in the road fully half a mile away.

"John Henry, what is the matter? You're late,—later'n usual," his mother said. She was a good-hearted, busy woman, but very apt to be severe.

"Yes, ma. Teacher she kep' me in 'cause I spelled rate R-A-T, an' 'cause I forgot an' drew Bobby Long on my slate stead o' doin' sums."

"O John Henry, you're an awful bad boy!"

"Yes, ma: I guess I am," he assented cheerfully. He had heard it said of him so often that he had come to believe it must be so.

"And here I've been waiting and wondering what had become of you!" his mother went on. "For I want you to take back this umbrella I borrowed yesterday of the minister's wife, when I got caught down in the village in the storm. You take good care of it now, John Henry; and

give my compliments to Mrs. Tomlinson, and tell her I'm much obliged. And be sure to remember to take off your hat and wipe your shoes well on the door-mat. And I want you to go just as quick as you can."

"Yes, ma. I could go twicet as quick on my skates,—if you'd only let me!"

"Well, well, John Henry, go anyway you like, so long as you don't get into any mischief and are back by supper-time."

Five minutes later, and the small, chubby boy, with a big, baggy, brown cotton umbrella in one hand and a large pair of skates (which his big brother had outgrown, and he himself had not yet grown into) in the other, sat himself down on the river's bank.

Another minute, and he was off, and speeding down the river before the wind, with both arms swinging in unison with his rapidly moving legs.

Half an hour later, and the same boy was toiling up the river against the cutting wind to the very place whence he had started, and where the big umbrella, which he had forgotten, was lying prone on the icy bank. He had never once thought of it until a bend in the river far below had brought the church and the minister's house into view, and had so recalled his errand.

And now it was growing late, and John Henry's sturdy legs were working hard in his effort to overtake the time his forgetful head had lost.

But at last he had a luminous idea. Why should not the big umbrella do its share of the work? The wind at his back was blowing harder than ever as John Henry tugged at the obstinate fastening, until it finally consented to open; and then, "Hurrah!" he cried, for he was an ice-boat now, and was skimming along with all sail set.

"Hurrah! but whoa there! Not so fast!" For the umbrella, with a sudden ominous flap, has turned itself inside out.

Never mind: it still serves as a sail, still helps him to skim over the ice with flying speed; and it will be time enough to turn it back again, he thinks, when the end of his journey is reached.

"Hurrah!" He has come now to the place where the river broadens, and where there are other skaters; and yet, by the wonderful umbrella's aid, he passes them all. They pause, and regard him with amazement,—this small, flying figure under full sail. They even point their hands at him, and call out; but their words are lost in the boisterous shriek of the wind.

"Hurrah!" And he laughs for glee. But crash! And, as the ice gives way beneath him, John Henry's laugh ends suddenly in an outcry of distress.

Oh, how bitterly chill the icy, black water is! How swift is the current which is trying to draw him under, and how brittle are the sharp edges of the ice which crumble away at his grasp! His mother had bidden him not get into mischief. What would she say if she saw him now? But, mindful of his trust, he still clings desperately to the fateful umbrella; and that steadily buoys him up.

Help is soon at hand; and, by the aid of planks and a rope, John Henry is drawn up out of the hole at last, a chilled and shivering boy, and minus the cherished, but too large skates, which, loosened, no doubt, by the spasmodic workings of his frightened legs, have gone to the bottom of the river, their final resting-place.

Lifted by friendly arms, John Henry is being borne away to a cottage on the shore near by, when, "Oh, be sure an' bring along that umbrella!" comes in smothered tones from the depths of the great-coat in which they have muffled him from head to foot. And so the umbrella is brought along.

The minister and his wife had just seated themselves at supper, when there came a knock at their door. Mr. Tomlinson rose to open it, and stood, lamp in hand, surveying in speechless astonishment the amazing spectacle of a very small being clad in the garments of a full-grown man. The trouser-legs and coat-sleeves, though rolled up to their utmost extent, were still many inches too long; and the coat-tails were dragging upon the ground. The wreck of a big umbrella was firmly grasped by one invisible hand, while the other was making ineffectual efforts to remove a sodden and battered cap.

"Ma sends her compliments," the strange, small figure began.

"But who or what are you?" interrupted

the astonished minister. "And who is ma?"

"I'm Mrs. Perkins's John Henry, an' I've come to bring back the umbrella Mrs. Tomlinson lent ma. An' I fell in a hole in the ice with it, an' lost my skates, an' broke three ribs, an' tore it awful—three of its ribs, I mean; an' another man he pulled me out, an' lent me his clothes while mine's a-dryin' by the fire; an' I come right along to ask if you'd let me take it back home again till we could get it mended. For ma'll feel awful 'cause I broke it, an' I'm dretful sorry," the small figure ended breathlessly.

The minister had drawn John Henry into the room, and it was all that he and his good wife could do to keep from laughing outright at the comical sight before them.

"You are sure you are not hurt yourself? Nor cold? Well, then, it doesn't matter about the umbrella. You needn't feel badly at all," Mrs. Tomlinson kindly assured him. "It was an old one, anyway; and I'm glad that you got off so well, though I'm sorry about your skates. Now sit right down here and have some warm supper with us."

"No, ma'am," John Henry said, though he looked at the table with hungry eyes. "'cause ma told me to go as quick as I could; an' I went an' forgot the umbrella first off, an' had to go back; an' then I fell in, an' I've been gone an awful long time already."

"Well, then, take all these cookies to eat on your way. I'm glad to see that Mrs. Perkins has such a good and truthful little son."

John Henry shook his small head vigorously. "I ain't a bit good," he said sadly. "I guess most any one can tell that; but I don't tell lies about things, 'cause that makes a feller feel too awful small an' mean."

Then, with a queer little bob of the head, he vanished into the outer darkness before the minister or his wife could put out a detaining hand.

By the time John Henry had gone back to the riverside cottage and exchanged the borrowed clothes for his own, which had been drying there during his absence,—and had given his new friends Mrs. Tomlinson's delicious cookies (all but the one he couldn't help eating on the way) in return for the kindness they had shown him, and had trotted the long country mile from there to his own home, it was dark, and very cold, and long past supper-time. John Henry's spirits had been falling lower at every step of the way, for the prospect of his mother's reception of him preyed upon his troubled mind.

But the idea of trying to deceive her never occurred to him. To escape the foreseen whipping by telling a falsehood would, as he had said to Mrs. Tomlinson, have

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is a good thing, as the many times you are offered "something just as good"

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Steam Cooked That's Why

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made him feel "too awful small and mean." But he did not want to give his mother such a "turn" as she had had the day of Brother Jake's fall from the barn-loft; and he was still puzzling how to tell her about his unfortunate plunge in the river, and its consequences, without giving her unnecessary alarm, when home was reached.

"Late again, John Henry!" was his mother's rigid greeting. "There's some supper I saved you. Now sit right down and eat it. There's time enough for talking and excuses afterward."

John Henry needed no second bidding, but fell to work with the ravenous appetite of a hungry boy.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Perkins, when he had finished, "what did Mrs. Tomlinson say?"

"She said," John Henry answered thoughtfully,—"she said it didn't matter."

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed in astonishment.

"You see, ma, it had got broke," explained John Henry.

"Got broke! When, I should like to know?"

"When I lost my skates," John Henry said sadly.

"Lost your skates, indeed! And how did that happen?"

"You see, ma, it happened when—Well—you see, a boy broke through the ice; an' it was awful cold an' wet. But there wasn't no danger, for the umbrella was bigger than the hole. So he didn't get drowned, after all. An' that was what made me late."

"What boy was it?" asked Mrs. Perkins, eying him now with growing anxiety and suspicion.

"Your boy, ma," said John Henry.

"I know I'm dretful bad, but I didn't mean to be. An' they got me out all right, only my skates was so big they fell off an' got lost, an the umbrella it somehow got broke in the ribs. You ain't much scared though, are you, ma? I knew you'd scold; but, somehow," straightening his small self bravely, "I guess I'd rather take the whipping than not tell you 'zactly how it happened."

And thereupon he went back to the beginning, and told the entire story.

But happy-go-lucky, thoughtless, truth-loving little John Henry got only tender mother-hugs and rare caresses on that eventful night.

And his delight can be better imagined than described when the next bright Saturday morning he found a pair of fine new skates by his bedside, a present from kind-hearted Mrs. Tomlinson.

As he was starting out right after breakfast to try them, his mother called him back and said: "Now, John Henry, just you try to remember to keep yourself out of mischief, and out of danger as well. I know you're not really a bad boy, but only a very thoughtless one. And mind," she added, with her face puckering into one of her rare smiles, "don't you ever try to turn yourself into an ice-boat again,—and with a borrowed umbrella, too."—*Judith Spencer, in Observer.*

DORA AND HER RING.

As little Dora was feeding some birds out of her window, a pretty ring slipped from her finger and fell, and nobody could find it. She felt very sorry, for the ring had been given to her by her grandmamma. It was too large for her; and she put it on only once in a while, and then would lay it away. Somebody said, "How foolish for her to feed the birds!" One day, three or four weeks after she lost the ring, Dora thought she would look for it again; and she found in the bushes beneath her window a bird's-nest, and, peeping in, saw five little birds. The mother-bird flew around so wildly that Dora thought she would wait till some other day to look at the little baby-birds. But she got only a peep now and then, for the mother-bird kept watching as if she feared somebody would rob her nest. But one day in July, when all was still, Dora stood tiptoe and gazed into the nest. The birds had all gone, but she saw something shining brightly in the soft down at the side of the nest where the birds had lived. It was her own precious ring, which had fallen into the nest! She never lost it again, and she was always glad that she fed the birds.—*Little Men and Women.*

For the Christian Register.

TOM AND DOROTHY.

BY A. D. M.

[Two little Boston children who are much interested in the Home for motherless little negroes at Mount Pleasant, N.C., and the beautiful work of Miss Munroe, who is giving her life to be a mother to these homeless little ones, have received the following sweet acknowledgment of their Christmas presents.]

Who can they be? Who can they be,—
This little Tom and Dorothy?
I wonder whether they're large or small,
Whether they're short or whether they're tall,
If they are fat or if they are lean,
And how many Christmases they've seen,
Bless me! how old can these children be,
This little Tom and Dorothy?

I wonder whether their eyes are bright,
Whether their hair is dark or light:
It isn't woolly, that's very clear,
Like that on the heads of the children here.
They must be good, these little elves,
And thoughtful of others beside themselves,
To send their picture-books and toys
And pennies to these little girls and boys.
Bless me! how I'd like to see
This little Tom and Dorothy.

One thing I know, these children two
I shall have to judge by what they do:
Their hands are willing, their hearts are kind,
The pleasures of others thus to mind.
May they ever be kept, these hearts and hands,
In the way of the dear Lord's commands.
God bless them both, wherever they be,
This dear little Tom and Dorothy!

WHAT HAPPENED TO DOT.

Dot was on the porch getting Clementina Blanche to sleep, when she heard mamma coming downstairs. "Dottie, where are you?" she called. "Don't!"—

Dottie jumped up all at once, and, slipping softly down the steps, ran out into the orchard as fast as her two little legs could carry her.

"I don't want to know anything about any don't's," she said to herself. "Charlie Norton said for me to come over there after dinner, and his mother would let his Dickey bird out of the cage a little while, and I want to go. I don't mostly suppose she was going to say, Don't you go out of the yard, she was prob'ly just going to tell me not to play in the sun. Anyhow, I didn't hear her say not to go away, so I'm going."

And away Dottie went across lots over to Charlie's, but she felt guilty all the time; for, after all, she was pretty sure that mamma was going to say, Don't go away. However, the surer she felt, the faster she ran.

"I didn't hear her say a word 'bout not coming," she kept saying.

They had a great time, she and Charlie. Mrs. Norton shut the doors and windows, and let Dickey out of his cage. He flew from one to the other, and hopped about, and seemed to enjoy it so much.

Finally, Mrs. Norton said he must go back to his cage, but this Dickey did not wish to do; and he was so cute about it that the children were very much amused.

He would perch on a chair or picture, and let Mrs. Norton almost catch him, then, just as she was about to put her hands on him, off he would go to some point beyond her reach, and, cocking his little head on one side, pour forth a flood of melody.

The children were on the lounge: in their excitement they stood up, leaning against the wall.

Suddenly, without any warning, out went the lounge, and over on to the floor went the children. Dottie struck her head on a sharp corner, and for a few minutes she felt too faint and sick to move. Then she broke out sobbing. "I want—to go—straight home—to my mother," she said between her sobs. And home she went soon after, her head done up in brown paper soaked in vinegar.

"Did you call to me, and tell me not to go away?" she asked the first thing.

"Why, no, dear," answered mamma. "I called you an hour or so ago to ask you if you didn't want to go to ride with papa, and I could not find you, and he has gone alone."

Poor little Dottie, her tears fell afresh at this.

"I runned away, so's not to hear, 'cause I was 'fraid you meant to tell me not to go away, and I wanted to go over to Charlie's; and we fell, and got hurted, and I haven't been to ride with papa this long, long time."

It was too bad, wasn't it? Dottie thought so a great many times that long afternoon, as she lay on the lounge with a hard headache.

"I expect I deserved it all," she said to her mother that night, "but I'll remember after this. It is always just so when I'm naughty. I always get into troubles."

"Yes," said mamma, "it's the way with us all. The Bible says the way of the transgressor is hard; and it always is. The right way may look the hardest and most uninviting; but it is the safest and happiest in the end, my little daughter."

"Yes'm," said Dottie, meekly, "I guess it is. I'll remember."—*Child's Hour.*

THE USES OF CORK.

In Spain beehives, kitchen pails, and other culinary utensils are made of cork, including pillows. In Italy images and crosses are carved out of it, and footpaths are paved with it. In Turkey it forms cabins for the cork-cutters and coffins for the dead. In Morocco it appears in the form of drinking-vessels, plates, tubs, and water conduits. In Algeria shoes, armor, and boats, and various articles of furniture consume their share. Cups made of cork have been recommended for the use of hectic persons. One familiar article in which a great deal of cork is used in our own country is the cork jacket, an adjunct to the outfit of the mariner which cannot be dispensed with. This life-protecting apparatus, although no doubt a vast improvement on the original, cannot be classed among modern inventions; for Plutarch, in his life of Camillus, mentions that the messenger sent by that general to his fellow-citizens when besieged in the Capitol used a cork jacket in swimming across the Tiber, the Gauls being in possession of the bridge. The Portuguese use cork for structural purposes, such as roofing houses and lining wells, as well as in articles of domestic use.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing,—his grass may grow and his steed starve,—as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cuts that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

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"A BRIGHT HOME MAKES A MERRY HEART." JOY TRAVELS ALONG WITH

SAPOLIO

MISS LUORETIA BABCOOK.

In a recent number of the *Register* was a brief mention of the death of Miss Lucretia Babcock. Hers was a life which, though spent in comparative seclusion, deserves more than a passing notice. Born in Milton eighty-three years ago, she passed nearly sixty years in the house where she was born, the last few years of that time being spent in faithful and loving attendance on an aged and helpless mother. After her mother's death she lived entirely alone for nearly twenty-five years. By nature she was cheerful and sympathetic, and her interests were wide and far-reaching. She lived in the lives of others, and her friends never went to her for advice and sympathy without coming away cheered and helped. Though her means were small, her private charities were constant. She was active in church work during the early years of the Unitarian church in Milton, and kept up her attendance at church, and at the social meetings of the parish, as long as her strength would allow. She had an intense love of nature, and the ability of getting great pleasure from every-day things. Her religious faith was strong and unflinching, but she felt no weariness of life. She often said: "I am in no hurry to get through. I have enjoyed my life." Her illness was short and painless; and the end came just as she would have wished, for it had always been her great dread to live to be a burden to others. Many of her earliest and warmest friends have died within a few years, but she leaves a large circle to whom she is an unspeakable loss.

Education.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, M.A., of Boston was invited by a number of prominent gentlemen in Washington,—including Secretary Hoke Smith, Carroll D. Wright, William T. Harris, and a number of senators and representatives,—to deliver a lecture on "Robert C. Winthrop and the Peabody Education Fund." Mr. Mayo accepted the invitation; and the lecture was given at Lecture Hall of the Columbian University, corner Fifteenth and H Street, last Monday evening.

Science.

Experiments made upon certain freshwater crustaceans, says the *International Journal of Microscopy*, show that they are sensitive to sounds corresponding to more than forty thousand vibrations per second (sounds that we cannot hear), and to ultra-violet rays that we cannot perceive. Now, all the rays that we can perceive appear to us with definite colors; and it should be the same with these animals. So that it is probable that they see colors that are unknown to us, and that are as different from those that we are familiar with as red is different from yellow or green from violet. It follows from this that natural light, which seems white to us, would appear colored to them, and that the aspect of nature would be entirely different to them from what it is to us. It is possible, therefore, that to certain animals nature is full of sounds, colors, and sensations that we have no idea of.

Charities and Reforms.

THE TUSKEGEE CONFERENCE.—The fourth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference will be held at Tuskegee, Ala., under the auspices of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Wednesday, February 20. All of the States of the Black Belt of the South will be represented. All friends who wish to study at first hand the condition and prospect of the Negro are invited to be present. Between seven and eight hundred representatives of the common, hard-working Negro farmer, and other classes, attended the last conference. Further information may be had by addressing Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.

KINDERGARTEN WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.—We are in receipt of the "Fifteenth Annual Report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association of San Francisco." In opening this report, the president, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, says that, notwithstanding the stringency of the times, the past year has been one of the most successful of all the years of the association's work. Two new kindergartens have been organized, making a total of 38 now under this board, with a total annual enrolment of 3,504, an increase of 186 over the former year. The total receipts for the year were \$39,017.88; total number of children trained during the fifteen years, 18,126, nearly all of whom were from 3 to 5 years of age. Strong testimony to the value of the work is given by the superintendent of public schools, the principals of primary schools, and the chief of police. The last-named states that his opinion is based upon the reports received from police officers. Mrs. Leland Stanford has permanently endowed her memorial kindergartens, having given \$100,000 for

that purpose. From first to last this noble woman has contributed \$179,000 to the work. Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst has also been a liberal contributor. Eighteen of these kindergartens are permanently endowed. A very valuable adjunct of this work are the mothers' meetings, where thrift, industry, and domestic economy are inculcated. The "Extracts from Teachers' Reports" form a most interesting feature of this fascinating compendium of information concerning this great and good work on the Pacific Coast,—a work which owes more to the organizing capability, wise head, and loving heart of Mrs. Cooper than to any other cause.

Here and There.

A London physician states that he recently attended six cases of typhoid fever, and in every instance the mischief was traced to the eating of oysters.

According to statistics recently furnished to the *Medical News* by Dr. James Wood of Brooklyn, of all the patients applying for treatment at the chief dispensary of that city, no less than 10 per cent. are teadrunkards.

An English chemist named Armstrong asserts it as his belief that no chemical action ever takes place except in the presence of some substance capable of being decomposed by electricity, and that therefore all chemical phenomena are electrical.

A Trieste physician states that 252 cases of diphtheria have been treated with serum within three months, the mortality being 17½ per cent.; and that in 65 cases which had to be treated without serum, owing to the scant supply, the mortality was 50½ per cent.

The uses to which paper is put are constantly increasing. Cornices, panels and friezes, medals, boats, carpets, mattresses, and even coffins and telegraph-poles are among the articles now manufactured out of paper; and inventors, it is said, are hoping to find a preparation of compressed paper that will serve as a coating for the armor of war vessels, and not only protect it from corrosion, but even add to its power of resistance.

A tornado in Eastern Oregon last June was attended by hail in the nature of sheets of ice, which averaged from three to four inches square and from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. Prof. Cleveland Abbe, in the *Monthly Weather Review* for July, says that these sheets of ice had a smooth surface, and in falling gave the impression of a vast field or sheet of ice suspended in the atmosphere and suddenly broken into fragments.

Chicago has the first woman setter of music type in the person of Mrs. L. S. Jones. Mrs. Jones is said to be the pioneer of her sex in this work in this country. She thinks it a valuable and very suitable trade for women, as it requires patience and neatness rather than strength. She is of New England birth, and learned her trade in Boston, against pronounced opposition from the members of the other sex working at it.—*Sunday Journal*.

The Boston *Herald* says: "In variety of occupation the Armenians must be placed first among all the races which we have entertained in Boston. Barely eight hundred strong, they can show engravers, artists, electricians, photographers, furriers, carpet merchants, enamellers, jewellers, brass-finishers, confectioners, plumbers, shoemakers, restaurant-keepers, fruiterers, and members of many other trades, besides clergymen and students. The patient 'Turk' who weaves a thick rug in one well-known window, the young woman who rolls 'Turkish' cigarettes in another, are Armenians. They pick up English in no time, at once look about for some trade demanding skill and yielding opportunities, and in two or three years are employing workmen under them. With this brightness, ambition, and adroitness, they join attractive address and a fine Oriental intelligence, which procure them the welcome they crave into polished social circles."

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ORIGIN OF THE HEBREW SABBATH.

Though it is quite possible that the Israelites may have invented a seven-day week and a weekly Sabbath spontaneously, like the Tshi and Gã tribes, yet the evidence of the books of the Old Testament goes to show that they borrowed both these institutions from the Babylonian Assyrians during the captivity, and that, prior to that epoch, they had, like the Mendis, Bechuana, and Sofalese, only a monthly Sabbath, which was the festival of the new moon. No mention of a weekly Sabbath is to be found in Joshua, Judges, the books of Samuel, or the first book of Kings. After Deut. v. 15 no mention of a weekly Sabbath is found till we reach 2 Kings iv. 23; and the word "Sabbath" does not appear either in Psalms or Proverbs. But there is more than a mere omission to mention a weekly Sabbath in the old historical books: there is evidence that the institution was unknown; for many occurrences are described by which the weekly Sabbath, had it existed, must have been violated. Jericho was encompassed for seven days in succession, which must therefore have included one weekly Sabbath (Josh. vi. 13-16). During the events narrated in 1 Sam. xxix. and xxx. David was on the march for twelve days in succession, without any day of rest being observed; and, since Solomon gave a feast to the people of Israel which lasted fourteen days (1 Kings viii. 65 and 2 Chron. vii. 9), and so must have included two Sabbaths, he could have known nothing of the injunction that on the Sabbath every man was to abide in his own place (Ex. xvi. 29). Elijah must likewise have broken the rest of several weekly Sabbaths (1 Kings. xix. 7, 8). In the article on "Marriage and Kinship among the Ancient Israelites" we gave several valid reasons for supposing that the Levitical law was not compiled till about the period of the Babylonian captivity; and this ignorance of the institution of the weekly Sabbath on the part of those who must have known about it, had it existed, is an additional reason. We cannot suppose that the Sabbath rest was wilfully broken, for its violation was considered so grave a crime as to be punished with death.—Col. A. B. Ellis, in *Popular Science Monthly* for January.

Temperance.

THE BEER-DRINKING MANIA.

An insurance journal of Berlin, *Die Deutsche Versicherungs-Zeitung*, in its notice of Dr. Brendel's lecture before the Anthropological Society of Munich, is letting the German people know what some of their leading scientific men think of the habit of beer-drinking,—a habit which German immigration has gone far to render national in the United States. After referring to the prevalence of drunkenness in modern times, which he called "the alcoholic period of man," Dr. Brendel spoke as follows: "Alcohol, which apparently brings so much pleasure to its partaker, acts as poison, if even consumed in small doses daily, by means of its cumulative action, as strikingly shown here in Munich, the centre of beer consumption, by the frequent sudden cases of death of apparently healthy men. Fatty enfeebled hearts, shrivelled kidneys, fatty or hardened livers, changes in the texture of blood-vessels, which cause paralytic strokes and softening of the brain by bursting in the brain, chronic catarrhs of the stomach and bronchial tubes, etc., trembling of the limbs, aberrations and diseases of the mental faculties, delirium tremens, etc.,—these are some of the consequences of an immoderate drinking of alcoholic stimulants.

"Prof. Dr. Bollinger of this city [Munich] has in the same manner proved the prevalence of various diseases of a definite nature of the internal organs caused by the universal drinking of beer. A normal heart or kidney is the exception only here in Munich. This state of affairs also injures the progeny in a most serious manner. Dr. Demme found that of the children of non-drinkers 82 per cent. were sound, while of those of drinkers only 17 per cent. were sound.

"Although large quantities of beverages were drunk formerly, still only in the last century, and more especially only in the last decades, in which the brewer's art was

perfected, drinking has become universal. It has spread everywhere, and increased to a frightful, most alarming extent. It has been introduced even into country communities; and the only inevitable consequence will be the thorough degeneration of the human race, if the evil is not checked before it is too late.

"Although it is contended that beer contains less alcohol than either wine or whiskey, it is, nevertheless, as injurious as either of them; while its vaunted nutritive value stands in no proportion to its price. When a man is required to perform the greatest feats of corporeal exertions in battle, sport, explorations, etc., the baneful effect of alcohol is most strikingly shown. . . . In spite of the marvellous advantages of our present age, a great retrogression in an ethical sense is undeniable, the chief cause of which is principally due to the increase of drunkenness, because the beer saloon has become the centre and focus of social life."

A course of lectures at the Royal Institution which has created much interest is that by Capt. Abney, on "Color-blindness." Excessive tobacco-smoking has long been known to be an important factor in color-blindness, and Capt. Abney indorses the truth of this observation.

It appears, from the recent report of the English War Office, that at the present time more than thirty thousand English soldiers serving in India are total abstainers; and it is found that, taking these into account, and comparing their record with that of those who indulge, to a greater or less extent, in the use of liquor, the abstainers are the model men in the service. The records of the hospitals show that the liability of the total abstainers to sickness is only one-half as great as the liability of the alcohol-consumers.

It is a very noticeable fact that, as a rule, the habit of smoking blunts the moral sense to the extent of inducing in the smoker disregard of the feelings, tastes, and rights of others, and even of fine decency. Some very curious cases in point could be cited. Here is the latest. *Scene:* A long-distance express-train at St. Pancras.—In a smoking compartment, a delicate-looking woman and three young children, aged about five, seven, and nine. "Are you all going to smoke?" gayly asked a bystander. "Oh, no!" replied the woman,—"only my husband." That important person soon after went in, and, for his own bit of self-gratification, subjected the woman and his young children to the foul chances of a smoking compartment, perhaps for half a day. That is precisely the cloudy and quite unconscious callousness which the steady habit of smoking does frequently produce.

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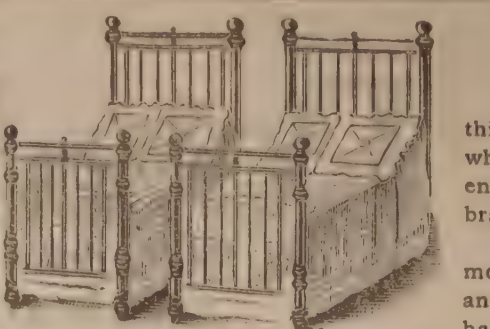
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Irrascible Old Gent: "Waiter, this plate is quite cold!" Waiter: "Yes, sir; but the chop is 'ot, sir, which I think you'll find it'll warm up the plate nicely, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

Gladys: "Mamma, my teacher was talking about synonymes to-day. What is a synonyme?" Mrs. Catherwood: "A synonyme, darling, is a word you can use in place of another one when you do not know how to spell the other one."—*Truth.*

Social Buffalo is having a great time with duplicate whist. The women are daft over it, and the *Commercial* says that concise invitations now take this form: "Duplicate whist at eight; two tables, individual scores. Husbands may be ordered at eleven."

Guibollard looks at his watch with concern. "I can't understand it," he says to his wife. "What has happened to my watch? I think it must want cleaning." "No, papa," chimes in little Fanny: "I am quite sure it is clean, because baby and I have washed it in the basin."

Mrs. Ormiston Chant tells this joke about herself. When before the License Committee of the London County Council, she overheard a gentleman ask another, pointing to two of the witnesses, "Which of those old cats is Mrs. Chant?" Mrs. Chant leaned over, and said, "That particular tabby, sir, is behind you."

An organist spoke often and long about her proficiency upon the organ, but one Sunday in the midst of the anthem the insignificant blower let the wind die out of the bellows; and, as the player was in despair, he looked around the instrument, and inquired, "Don't you think *we* play the organ now?"—*Advance.*

At a reception in Paris a traveller, who was a strong "Anti-Semitic," was talking to Rothschild on the beauties of the island of Tahiti, and sarcastically remarked, "There are neither hogs nor Jews there!" "Indeed!" retorted Rothschild. "Then you and I should go there together. We should be great curiosities."

Sullivan bought a goat, for which he paid \$5. Shortly after he received a tax bill on the goat of \$8. He called on Rafferty, the assessor, and said, "Why do you tax me \$8 on my goat, when I paid but \$5 for him?" "Well," said Rafferty, "I have carefully read what the statutes say; and it reads, 'Whoever owns property abutting on the street shall be taxed \$4 a front foot.'" *Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A gentleman who was going to Algeria for his health promised to bring back to a friend some of the fresh fruit of the date-palm,—a luxury which the friend had long wished to enjoy. But he came back without it, having totally forgotten the commission. His friend chided him sadly. "But, really, you must pardon me," said the traveller. "You know I have always had such a poor memory for dates!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Müller meets his friend Nagel at the Turkish baths. Each is troubled with a gouty foot, and has been ordered massage by his doctor. During the operation Müller cried out lustily with pain, while Nagel maintained a stolid composure, greatly to Müller's astonishment, who afterward asked him: "How could you stand the rubbing so quietly? Didn't it hurt you atrociously?" "Nothing of the kind," smilingly replied Nagel: "I simply held out my healthy foot!"—*Lustige Blätter.*

A RUSSIAN STORY.

A good story about a Tolstoyist comes to us from Tiflis. The Tolstoyist, Prokopenko by name, had some business with the governor of Tiflis, and presented himself at the chancery dressed in the peasant's costume which he habitually wears. The officials were simply amazed at the "peasant's" temerity, and hunted him unceremoniously out of the chancery. In a few days he returned in the fine attire of a gentleman, was politely received by the officials,—who, of course, did not recognize him,—and ushered into the governor's presence. Prokopenko, like a true Tolstoyist, seized the opportunity of explaining to the governor how absurd the whole matter ought to look in the eyes of a sensible man, of showing on what a foundation of folly all the business of "receiving" rested. To the governor's credit, it must be added that he took his lecture good-humoredly, and told his officials that Prokopenko, at any rate, was to have free access to him, even when attired as a peasant.

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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

THE sad loss of the "Elbe," with three hundred and thirty-four souls, is the dark cloud in the news of the week. Thus far only twenty-one survivors can be counted in the total number of passengers and crew, and only one woman among these. The sad story is lighted up by no record of heroism or supreme devotion to duty on the part of those from whom it might be expected. There was a sad lack of discipline on the "Elbe"; and the captain of the "Crathie," the vessel which collided with the "Elbe," who might have stood by until the extent of the damage was learned, sailed away without saving a soul. The captain of the "Elbe" was not on duty at that time, and is not held responsible for the accident, and went down bravely with his ship.

THE remarkable thing about the pastoral letter of the Episcopal bishops is that it should have been written in this day and age. Written a hundred years ago, it would not have seemed so much out of place. The bishops are making a plea for a faith once delivered to the saints, but it is not the faith of to-day. Therefore, they lament. But the faith of to-day now delivered to the saints is something which contains the best

faith of the past expanded and blooming into new and richer color, and ripening into still better fruitage, and with buds of promise on the stem. The pastoral letter is a mechanical and physical rather than a luminous interpretation of Christianity. It is of the letter which killeth rather than of the spirit which maketh alive. It is in the shape of a dose of morphine to put their Church to sleep instead of a reveille to wake to the new light of to-day. But, if the bishops are bent on being historic, let them go back far enough to the earliest Christian faith, and they will find that the virgin birth, and the Deity of Jesus, and the infallibility of the Bible, were not a part of the faith first delivered to the saints, as a study of the book of Mark and the Epistles of Paul would show. These elements, like the doctrine of the apostolic succession, were ideas grafted upon early Christianity,—not far from the root, indeed, but, nevertheless, no part of the root itself.

AH, the humor of the *Churchman*! Or is it not meant for humor? Is it simply an unsuccessful attempt to be serious, when it speaks of the Episcopal Church as "*the American Church*"? It is very much as if the eighth son in a family of a dozen children, and visibly much smaller than any one of the seven brothers, should maintain that he alone had the right to represent the family name. His older and larger brothers might smile at this manifestation of childish weakness, and the claim would develop amusement rather than acknowledgment and respect. If the *Churchman* will turn to the record of the Church Congress in which this subject was discussed at length, and will read the powerful address of Bishop Brooks on that occasion, it will see how this strut of childish arrogance was rebuked by one of its own household. It is arrogant indeed for any religious body in this country to assume the title of *the American Church*, just as it is arrogant for any one religious body to assume that *it* is *the Christian Church* against all the other churches in Christendom. We believe there is no official warrant for the use by the *Churchman* of this term, and a larger part of the Episcopal Church would join with Phillips Brooks in rebuking any such stilted pretension on the part of one of their denominational newspapers.

IN his annual report, just issued, President Eliot of Harvard College treats the subject of college sports with refreshing frankness and vigor. He shows the excess to which they have been carried, resulting not in the invigoration, but frequently in the exhaustion, of the participants. It is against football especially that President Eliot directs his criticism: "In particular, the game of football grows worse and worse, as regards foul and violent play, and the number and gravity of the injuries which the players suffer. It has become perfectly clear that the game, as now played, is unfit for college use. The rules of the game are at present such as to cause inevitably a large number of broken bones, sprains, and wrenches, even during trial or practice games played legitimately. And they also permit those who play with reckless violence, or with shrewd violations of the rules, to gain thereby great advantages. What is called the development of the game has steadily increased its risks, until they have become unjustifiable."

PRESIDENT ELIOT recognizes what every candid person must admit, that the players themselves are not wholly responsible for the evils of the game: "They are swayed by a tyrannical public opinion,—partly ignorant, and partly barbarous,—to the formation of which graduates and undergraduates, fathers, mothers, and sisters, leaders of society, and the veriest gamblers and

rowdies, all contribute. The state of mind of the spectators at a hard-fought football match at Springfield, New York, or Philadelphia, cannot but suggest the query how far these assemblages differ at heart from the throngs which enjoy the prize fight, cock fight, or bull fight, or which in other centuries delighted in the sports of the Roman arena. Several fatal accidents have happened this year to school-boys and college students on the football field; and in every strenuous game now played, whether for practice or in an intercollegiate or other competition, there is the ever-present liability to death on the field. It is often said that, by employing more men to watch the players, with authority to punish instantly infractions of the rules, foul and vicious playing could be stopped. The sufficient answer to this suggestion is that a game which needs to be so watched is not fit for genuine sportsmen. Moreover, experience indicates that it would be hard to find trustworthy watchers." The extravagant expenditure for teams throughout the season, the fact that such sports as football involve dangerous reactions, and that they have no direct application, like many other sports, in the after life of business or professional life, are pointed out. President Eliot has set an example which we hope the presidents and faculty of other colleges will be prompt to follow. The united action of the colleges will soon stop the evil.

CATS are fabled to have nine lives, but the lives of heresies are innumerable. Theological persecutors have drowned, burnt, crucified the heretics; but they have not slain thereby the heresy. It has come again and again to light, wearing a new body and a new name, and dressed in new clothes and speaking a different language, but still the same old heresy. It may be attacked again, disrobed, and beaten, or hewn, like Agag, into pieces; but the pieces will come together again: a spiritual phoenix will rise from the ashes whenever there is enough truth in a heresy to give it that immortality which all truth enjoys. There are, to be sure, heresies which are simply ephemeral notions and fancies, eccentricities of thought and manner, which are superficial and perishable. But the truth which may be represented in a heresy cannot be buried or exterminated. It will come up with its inevitable questions again and again. It will come in at the door of the church or at the window. It may be labelled Unitarianism, Universalism, Arminianism, Pelagianism; or it may appear under the name of Orthodoxy or Calvinism itself. But by and by the heresy which appeared as a foe is welcomed as a friend.

IN religious work we need both the power of impulse and the power of principle. Impulse is intermittent: it flashes and flames, and then dies out as suddenly as it appeared. It may flash in the pan, or it may serve to give a momentary but mighty impulse to some object, as the powder speeds the bullet. Impulse, therefore, is not to be undervalued. To roll the bullet does not do what is accomplished by shooting it. Impulse means a sudden concentration of power; and it may be mighty in an individual, in a church, an army, or a community. But it needs to be re-enforced by the steady application of well-conceived and well-directed principle, which acts with even continuity. The slow, steady action of the drill is needed before the cartridge can do its work. Constructive processes are generally slow. Architects must carefully plan, and workmen must toil laboriously, to lay foundations and rear superstructures. The things which grow in a night are likely to wither in a day. So in religious work, while we need revivals of enthusiasm and the enthusiasm of revivals, we need the steady determination and persistent action which come from the clear

consciousness that work must be done because it is worth the doing. There must be just such labor as the farmer puts day by day into his field because he knows that he is a laborer together with God.

THE BISHOPS' PASTORAL LETTER.

THE one thing that seems clear about the pastoral letter of the Episcopal bishops is its purpose to resist the tendencies which have characterized the Broad Church party. It is plain enough at what its authors mean to strike, or, rather, threaten to strike; for never was there a more skilful flourish of swords appearing somewhat terrible, but hitting nothing in particular. The letter abounds in phrases that are calculated to carry much comfort to the ultra conservative mind without doing any damage whatever to progressive views. Is it possible that this was partly within the scope of its authors' design, and that they chiefly meant to pacify those who have been saying of late that "something ought to be done"?

The bishops say that they have considered their duty "in view of certain novelties of opinion and expression which have seemed to us [them] to be subversive of the fundamental verities of Christ's religion." But what these novelties are we are not told. Not one of them is so referred to or described that it can be identified. When the apostle Paul addressed one of his churches in reproof, he left no uncertainty as to the exact things to be complained of. A hundred years hence any student of ecclesiastical history reading this present letter will search it from end to end in vain to discover what innovations and heresies it was meant to combat. The letter says, "We reprobate and rebuke the irreverent rashness and unscientific method of many professed critics, and the presumptuous superciliousness with which they vaunt erroneous theories of the day as established results of criticism." A good mouth-filling sentence, but what does it mean? Who are these critics, and what are their erroneous theories? There is not a line or a phrase further to enable us to distinguish them. If any one is pricked by his conscience to confess judgment, time will discover him; but certainly the bishops have displayed a most Christian spirit in that they have refrained from launching their accusations at any particular person or thing. And we imagine that those to whom the letter is addressed will, therefore, with one consent, charitably bestow its teachings upon their neighbors.

The main body of the letter is concerned with setting forth, in the language of the creeds, the two doctrines of the Incarnation and the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Its assumption appears to be that the exact ideas of the past are thus handed on to the present and the future. "Fixedness of interpretation is of the essence of the creeds. . . . The creeds of the Catholic Church declare eternal truths. . . . It were derogatory to the blessed Spirit to suggest that any other than the original sense of the creeds may be lawfully held and taught."

Elsewhere the bishops speak of their Church as one "to which, in a peculiar manner, the deposit of faith has been intrusted." Now "deposit" is a highly suggestive word. It suggests something that is indeed hard and fixed, but at the same time something that is dead. The faith of the past has produced a deposit. When it was alive, it wrote itself into a literature; and that literature remains, in part, till the present time. But is any educated person now simple enough to believe that people of to-day can read these ancient phrases and attach to them exactly the same meanings which their authors once put into them? If this be the belief, then the Catholic Church must ask her children to receive it by an act of pure faith. Certainly, it is impossible to prove that the ideas of Ortho-

doxy have undergone no change; and all natural probabilities are against such an assertion. Words remain without change on the written or printed page, but not in the living speech of men. The phrases of which a creed is composed are not lifeless bricks to retain their color and form after thousands of years have passed away. They are among the most changeable of all changing things, and it would be a miracle indeed if any dogma handed down by their means had been preserved precisely as it was first conceived. They clearly have the right of it who would hold a creed for "substance of doctrine." There is no other way in which it can be held, and they who think they have the faith of the Apostolic Church unchanged and unimpaired merely cherish a delusion.

As to the two doctrines with which the letter deals, they are here to be found in their most narrow and literal form. No tendency to broaden them out into universal principles of the spiritual life is recognized or tolerated. Jesus Christ is "the Only Son of God," the one instance of God made manifest in the flesh. Inspiration is spoken of as if it virtually ended when the New Testament had been composed, and this by men one of whose great doctrines is supposed to be that of the inspiration of the Church. The promise, "When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth," is read as if it applied only to those who wrote the Gospels and the Epistles.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the utter futility of this attempt to stand against one of the strongest mental currents of our time. Thinking people have nowhere the least interest any longer in alleged events or occurrences which bear no relation to the action of universal laws. That we have as yet explored only a little portion of this wonderful universe is now generally recognized, and there is small disposition to deny any statement of fact simply because it is marvellous or strange. But it must present itself as a fact that belongs, presumably, within the supreme and perfect order by which all things are comprehended, and which is all the divine government of the world that thinking people now care to talk about. If this affirmation that God rules by laws which stand fast forever, and not by special edicts published only in this or that particular place, be what the bishops regard as one of the "erroneous theories of the day," then we are sorry for them as often as it is their fortune to be found in conflict with it.

Somehow, this document does not read in all its parts as if it had been penned by one "to the manner born." Men who have been brought up on dogma from their earliest years are apt to become so accustomed to it that they do not sing its praises in quite such triumphant strain. At all events, we feel sure that the letter fails to represent adequately the best and highest tendencies of the Episcopal Church; and we have no fear that it will serve as a serious check to the growth and spread of those influences which now cluster about its greatest bishop's name.

SELF-JUSTIFICATION.

One wonders sometimes how many men or women are accepted by their friends and neighbors at their own valuation. Probably not one of us. A man may know that in his heart he has desired to do the right thing, that he has tried to struggle against temptation and has fought against an unutterable longing, when others can see only the pitiful weakness and the final failure. Another may be aware that he holds the admiration of those around him, and yet carry with him the consciousness of secret shortcomings, which, if known, might almost paralyze the faith of those nearest to him. How Browning has taught us to respect the hidden struggles of which the outside world can know nothing! How he has revealed to us the golden philosophy that a man's true success may rest in his apparent failures, and that only God can see the whole! Nevertheless, it is quite likely that, in the long run, a man's reputation among those nearest to him is not very different from what he deserves. Character, as it concerns others, is the sum of the impressions we make upon them by our daily living; and it is not often that any amount of self-explanation can change the final result. A man cannot make his neigh-

bors believe that he is truthful by simply going to their houses and assuring them that he would not tell a lie. On the contrary, they would immediately begin to wonder how he came to feel the need of such self-assertion.

The helplessness which a man feels under unjust suspicion is indeed almost unbearable; and it is small wonder, perhaps, that in earlier times innocent people were sometimes willing to appeal to even the most preposterous and inflexible methods of self-justification. The old ordeals were based on the belief that God will defend the right, even by a miracle if need be; and the innocent one was challenged to throw himself on God and abide the result. In one ordeal the accused was required to plunge his arm up to the elbow in boiling hot water, and he was pronounced guilty if the skin was injured in the experiment. In another he was bound and thrown into the river. If he sank, he was acquitted, curiously enough; but, if he floated, he was accounted guilty. His acquittal availed comparatively little, however, when he was drowned in the process. There seems to be little reason in such trials, and yet one is reminded of them by hearing of the method of self-justification taken by a student in a New England university recently. Having heard that a classmate had circulated false reports concerning him, he immediately procured a horsewhip and chastised the defamer until, presumably, his honor was satisfied and his innocence proved to his own satisfaction. Apparently, this was not the deed of hasty, unreasoning wrath, but deliberate action. More than that, a club of young men in the college sent resolutions of sympathy to the horsewhipper when he was expelled from the place. They sent these resolutions, not as to one of their own number, whom they were sorry to lose, and who in a moment of passion had done that for which he would undoubtedly be sorry at a time of reflection, but as a deliberate recognition of the creed that personal honor may be maintained by such methods. Such attempts at self-justification are evidence of an undeveloped ethical sense and a lower form of civilization. "Wouldn't you have had him resent it?" asks a boy, eagerly. But resent it to what purpose? In such a way as to tacitly give the impression that it could be resented in no other way? Have matters been improved by the fact that his answer to the charge simply proved his ability to knock down and injure his accuser?

It is a good thing to remember that in this world we really need not trouble ourselves as to whether we are getting our just deserts or not. On the one hand, it is of no avail to claim more than we are receiving in any way than by setting to work to deserve more; and, on the other hand, when we ache with the hidden weakness, and feel as if we could not endure the good opinion of others, we may take it as the needed encouragement to try all the harder to conquer that weakness. Emerson has said that the world is full of judgment days. We need not speculate as to what other men think of us. "As much virtue as there is, so much appears: as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands." "A man passes for what he is worth. What he engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands."

KEEPING IN TUNE.

Once in a while a man is born with a genius for keeping in tune with life, just as occasionally one is born with such an exquisite ear for musical tones that he is never false in his notes. If he sings in a chorus, he is never guilty of a false tone. The musicians in the orchestra might tune their instruments by the yet finer instrument of his voice. One listens to such a singer with rest and satisfaction. There is no unconscious anxiety lest he swerve from the key in such a way as to make the cold shivers creep down the spine. Those who sing with him lean on his voice, and find in him a natural leader.

So the man whose life is in tune with the best life of the world is the consolation and the support of those who stand near him. The world may be full of harsh sounds, but his note is clear and true.

Morbidness and gloom may cloud the vision of others, but for him the sun shines clear. There is no fog so dense that his faith does not shine through, no clamor so loud that it drowns the purity of his note.

Such men, like poets, are born, not made. It is a gift, like genius. And yet, as genius is often but another name for a talent for hard work, so this tuneful spirit may be cultivated, where nature has niggardly refused the gift at birth. How may this be done?

The first essential is good health. Nothing so easily puts one out of tune with life as ill health. Every east wind lets down the strings, and every hot breath makes them break with a snap. A sleepless night makes everything flat, and an undigested dinner spoils the harmony of all creation.

But there are men in physical health who are wholly out of touch with the times. Their instincts are not for things noble and high; and to the music of humanity, whether gay or sad, they are deaf. Cynical and contemptuous, they catch only the discords, and make no attempt to resolve them into cheerful harmony. To this class belong some of our modern writers from whose pages one turns away with a hopeless feeling of misery. The dreary part about such people is that they have never discovered their own deficiencies, but are like the man who would raise his voice in the meeting-house, though he could not sing a note, until the law was called in to compel him to keep silence when others were singing.

One must not only keep in tune with the world: one must keep one's self in tune. Jenny Lind, or some other great singer, once said that never but twice in her life did she feel sure that she was in perfect voice, when life and inspiration and opportunity all combined to her highest achievement. But those two occasions furnished the ideal toward which she ever worked. The master violinist, if he breaks a string, may call forth the tones he needs from other strings; but at the first moment possible he makes good the broken one. An instrument designed for five strings must have all in place and all in use, or the best effect is lost. Herein lies the secret of keeping a human soul in tune, developing and using all the faculties with which we are endowed. The physical, the mental, the emotional, the spiritual, must each be wisely adjusted to one another. So only can life be harmonious.

JUDGE HOAR.

The death of Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar is a household sorrow to the people of Massachusetts. For half a century he has been a familiar presence before them,—a striking type of their ideal in public and private life. He stood for what was best in their social, political, and religious standards. He came of the stanchest Massachusetts stock. His line runs back to the soldiers who fought for American independence and to the statesmen who laid our constitutional foundations. To the Puritan's firmness of conviction and fidelity to principle, to his fearless straightforwardness of speech and discharge of duty, he added the liberal spirit and culture of our later New England. His attainments at the bar and on the bench, and his broader service in high legislative and executive function, made his name illustrious in the nation as well as in the Commonwealth. His shrewd wit and pungent humor were a relish not only to the rare spirits sitting with him in the brilliant group that for so many years enlivened the table of the Saturday Club, but to all the people, by and large, with whom he was always in touch. There never was a more democratic citizen. A warm as well as a true heart beat in his breast. While severe and intolerant toward sham or injustice or humbug of whatever sort, his sympathies went out to his fellow-men, not alone in great causes like that of the enfranchisement of the slave, but in sweet charities which many a homely fire-side now recalls. An actor on great fields of debate and magistracy, he was also especially loyal to the associations and memories of that New England rural life in which he was born, and in which he lived and died. He was as earnest in the affairs of the town as in those of the State; as interested and contributory and as enlivening in a gathering of farmers on fair day, or of citizens at a local Middlesex celebration, as in the company of Agassiz and Holmes and Lowell; or as a member of the

Joint High Commission which framed the treaty of Washington; or, as so many of us love to recall him, sitting in the councils or presiding at the meetings of our Unitarian organizations.

He was a great American. There are higher public honors he might have had, but none to which he was not equal. It was a full and completed life, the ripe corn in the ear. And, while his death is a public sorrow, it is only the sadness of the falling of restful night at the close of a long and perfect day. Indeed, not the least significant feature in his life is the serenity and fearless trust of its ending. He died, as he lived, in such calmness of faith that he, too, has helped rob death of its terror. It was no indifference of the Stoic, no affectation or bravado, no recklessness of the final account, which for the last few weeks made his bedside the cheerful scene at which not only his own family, but everybody in Massachusetts, went, like neighbors, in and out, and lingered. It was the consciousness of duty done, of a life pure and true, of a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. J. D. L.

Musings.

I HAVE heard Charles Molé play a solo on the flute so skilfully that the average hearer would suppose that he was playing two parts at once. And I have heard a boy hum an air with a droning accompaniment, a sort of alto to the piece he was singing. Nevertheless, I maintain that it is practically impossible for a man to sing a duet with himself. About the nearest thing to it was when Myron W. Whitney sang a duet with his son in "Israel in Egypt" at the Handel and Hayden concert Sunday evening last. I should like to know how many times Myron Whitney has sung in that hall and with that society, or how many times he has rendered the bass solos in the great oratorios. But I doubt if he ever had more pleasure in a triumph of his own than he had in the triumph of his son last Sunday evening. If Mr. Whitney wanted a chance to hear his own voice free from the prejudice and disadvantage of listening to his own singing, he had it in listening to his son. The Bach family is not the only example of the influence of heredity in music. The younger Whitney had not sung half a dozen measures before every one who had heard his father recognized that the son was a chip of the old block. The voice was a little lighter than the father's, and with a freshness and mellowness more conspicuous than in the first edition of the same voice. More maturity will bring more solidity. His singing of "He layeth the beams" called forth great applause, some of which was from the evident delight of the audience in finding that the young man was so much like the older one. Then came the father's turn; and he sang "Wave from wave" with massive voice, and in the style long familiar to his admirers. But the event of the evening was when father and son sang together the famous duet, "The Lord is a man of war"; and, as an enthusiastic hearer in the audience said, "it was worth in itself the price of the ticket." It is a rare event to find father and son singing together on the same platform in solo parts as professional singers, though in the great chorus of nearly five hundred voices fathers were singing with their daughters, and it may be with their sons.

I GENERALLY take the New England road on my way home. It is but a seven-minutes' ride. It runs through not a very attractive part of Boston. There is a stretch of marsh one side of the road, which, when the tide is out, is black and muddy enough. There are a few acres of ash-heaps, some uninteresting factories with tall chimneys, and then, further off, there are a dome and a few steeples. In the full glare of day one sees the details of this section all too distinctly. It is realistic and prosaic. There is too much mud and ash-heap and brick chimney. But let one come out about five o'clock on the shortest days, just as the sun is setting, and when the tide has covered the marsh with water, and the whole scene is transformed from one of prosaic realism into one of ideal beauty. The sun is gone; but there is a glow of pink in the sky, and a soft, mysterious tinge, which might be called a greenish yellow, if it were not too indefinite and

mysterious to be named anything. It is just such light as Turner might have sought for one of his skies, but never succeeded in getting. The water lies calm, the tinge of the sky beautifully reflected from the shallows. If there were the depth of the ocean, it would not seem to hold the sky more fully than does this marshy basin. There is the softness of light and the softness of darkness. The factory has gone; and in its place is a Venetian palace, with electric lights gleaming from every window. The chimney is turned into a Campanile; the little huts have disappeared; but, looming up against the sky, are the dome and the steeples in this softened light. Venice has been annexed to Boston, and this most prosaic mixture of marsh and ash-heap has become a picture that would make the reputation of any artist to paint. Here is a case, I would say, where a little impressionism is just what we want,—not the impressionism of Monet, but that of Millet. The microscopic artist, the realist who is determined to paint every tin can in the ash-heap and every brick in the factory chimney, must go there at noon; but he will not find the same scene, and the picture he paints would not be anything we cared to see. There are just fifteen minutes in a day when the picture is worth painting; and that is when it appeals not only to the eye, but to the imagination. I am one who believes in the full glare of sunlight for the illumination of our knowledge; but I also feel that it is often a rest for the emotions to look at certain scenes in life under the softened twilight, with the sky in the shallow basin, and the dome and the steeple rising in the mysterious background.

Brevities.

The *Christian Witness* has discovered a new beatitude, "Blessed is the contributor to the newspaper who knows enough to be brief." And all the editors will say, "Amen!"

A Boston clergyman is credited with saying that he belonged to over one hundred and thirty different organizations. It is to be hoped that the annual dues are not heavy, or that the minister's salary is large.

Some one in the *Churchman* preaches a sermon on the text, "Having done all, stand"; but this is not the advice most needful at the present time, but rather to say unto the children of Israel that they go forward.

The pastoral letter of the Episcopal bishops was signed by six bishops who were authorized by the House of Bishops to issue the letter. It does not commit those who did not sign it; and we suspect that there are at least two or three bishops, as well as not a few clergymen, who would not care to sign it.

One might naturally suppose the *Silver Trumpet*, which is published in Littleton, Col., to be a journal on the currency; but it turns out to be a small religious paper sold at 20 cents a year. The editor believes that silver represents truth, and in this sense we suppose this diminutive contemporary may be considered an advocate for free coinage.

Correspondents have been discussing in the Glasgow papers what may be the proper title for a lady doctor, in order to distinguish her from one of the opposite sex. "Doctorine" and "physiciene" are among the new terms suggested; but, supposing new words to be necessary, "doctora" for married ladies of the medical profession, and "doctorina" for those unmarried, seem to be the favorites.

The *Central Christian Advocate*, speaking of patent medicine, says: "How anybody with sense, not to say knowledge, could swallow such stuff as the advertisements of many nostrums contain—to say nothing of swallowing the cheap and nasty preparations themselves—is more than we can tell now in a brief paragraph. What a story of imposture, of credulity, of pitiful human weakness, the druggists could tell, if they would."

In his article on William H. Smith, Rev. A. W. Jackson of Meadville, Pa., stated the fact that Dr. Eliot once said from his pulpit that he knew where he could use \$30,000 to good advantage; and in a few

days Mr. Smith placed in his hands, in his quiet way, this amount. Mrs. M. R. Noble was a parishioner of Dr. Eliot at the time, and recalls well the words of Dr. Eliot and the generous response of Mr. Smith, and writes in corroboration of this story. It was a remarkable minister who could awaken this confidence, and a remarkable parishioner who could respond to it.

The *Worcester Gazette* tells a story of Rev. Dr. Bancroft, the father of George Bancroft, the historian, and once pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Worcester. A carpenter was commissioned to make two tablets, on which the Ten Commandments were to be painted. The carpenter made the tablets of knotty boards, perhaps not realizing their use. When Dr. Bancroft directed the painter not to let the knots show, the man, who was a waggish character of the day, painted the Ten Commandments and carefully left spaces where the *nots* ought to stand. Dr. Bancroft had a sense of humor; and it is believed he laughed, or perhaps smiled, and then told the painter he had misunderstood him, and had better restore the *nots*.

The *New Church Messenger*, the organ of Swedenborgianism, is not afraid of natural selection. On the contrary, it commends the work of Darwin in the following sensible words: "Natural selection and the survival of the fittest are divine modes of creating and perfecting the human race and all the lower animals and inanimate objects. In bringing these laws to the notice of scientists, Mr. Darwin was promoting a true knowledge of the visible creation and of the Lord's creative work, and was a promoter of true science and a true theology. And he promoted true theology by showing how untenable are some of the beliefs that obtain in the churches of our time and of the past. That both scientists and churchmen are beginning to see this is occasionally shown by current events."

Pro and Con.

CONVENTION MORALS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I should have been surprised at my friend Snyder's exhibition of himself in last week's *Register* if he hadn't broached the same heresy in his study in St. Louis, where I withstood him to the face. But, as I made no impression then, I dare not hope that I shall make any now. Nor does it seem that any one who holds to his opinion in this year of grace is likely to change it for anything that I can say, or anybody else. This straw has been thrashed so often that more dust than wheat may come from thrashing it again. But, if I were silent, I might be supposed to consent to Mr. Snyder's doctrine; and I would much rather have my friends think that I believed Dr. Talmage to be "the greatest living preacher and the greatest living writer," as he has formally announced himself, than that I believed this. One could believe that, and be only mentally confused; but, to believe this doctrine of Mr. Snyder's, one must be "morally confused," as Mr. Snyder says of Mr. Curtis. I find a better doctrine in Mr. Curtis's own words, written in 1873, when Gen. Butler was doing his best to steal a nomination for the governorship of Massachusetts: "A caucus or a convention is merely a conference of delegates of the party to determine how the organization may, at the particular time and under the existing circumstances, best procure its end. It is the duty of each delegate to spare no effort to influence wisely the action of the party. He cannot rightfully surrender his opportunity to prevent an enormous and fatal party blunder. *But no delegate has lost the privilege of doing right because he has tried to persuade others not to do wrong.*" Substitute Mr. Snyder's doctrine for this, and we should write over the entrance to our convention halls, "No man who acknowledges the absolute sovereignty of his own conscience can be a delegate," or those words which Dante saw over the gate to hell. Our politics tend fast enough to the preference for knaves to honest men, but here is a principle exclusive of all thorough-going honesty. Would the "honorable gentlemen" to whom Mr. Snyder appeals have supported Gen. Butler for the governorship of Massachusetts? Some of them, possibly; but Judge Hoar, I think, would sooner have seen the Republi-

can party "in the deep sea sunk." Last fall we had a similar case in New York. Can Mr. Snyder imagine that the Shepard Democracy in the convention which nominated Hill should have supported him? If they had done so, he would have been made the governor of the State. But they read their duty otherwise, and buried him under a majority of one hundred and fifty thousand votes. Thank God!—and them.

As for Mr. Curtis's particular case, if those who sent him to the Chicago convention believed that he would support Blaine if he was nominated, they had no reason to believe so. He had never concealed his opinions in regard to "the divine right of bolting." I have shown above by a concrete example how unwarrantable is Mr. Snyder's assertion that he had never "protested against this interpretation [the absolute subjection of the individual conscience to the majority vote of a convention] in the columns of the powerful journal of which he had absolute control," and also his assertion that "the whole Republican party had the best of reasons for believing that he recognized the generally received ethics of party action." They had the best of reasons for knowing that he rejected those reasons with unqualified contempt. Again, Mr. Snyder is certainly wrong in saying that Mr. Curtis was sure of Blaine's nomination in advance. If he had been, he would not have gone to the convention. He went hoping to prevent that consummation. That immediately on the nomination of Blaine he should have left the convention is an opinion which Mr. Snyder holds in common with many excellent people, but Mr. Curtis did not agree with these. He had been sent to do what he could for the best interests of the party and the country in the whole course of the convention, and not merely in a part of it. So he conceived, and rightly, as it seems to me. He was not histrionic. If he had been, he would have denounced the nomination then and there, and gone his way. But there was time enough for that.

It is a very little matter whether Mr. Curtis was or was not mistaken in his action at Chicago. That he did what he thought was right no one ever doubted who knew the man. But, if every man who goes to a political convention as a delegate is to surrender his individual conscience at the threshold, the men of conscience will stay at home, and the political parties will be handed over to the custody of the Hills and Platts, and those who are the creatures of their sordid wills. Mr. Snyder's "generally received ethics of party action" are not, I respectfully submit, ethics for honest men.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE VINELAND EXPERIMENT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I have read Rev. William M. Gilbert's letter in regard to my "experiment" with great interest. The writer is my esteemed predecessor, whose judgment is always just and fair, and whose presence in my church on Sundays is to me a great inspiration. His criticism must be right, and is true, I admit, as far as it goes, at any rate; but I wish to state my own impression of the "experiment."

There are at least twelve churches for seven thousand people in Vineland. When I came here a year ago, I noticed that an unfriendly feeling was existing between the Unitarian and other churches, not, probably, more so than in other places; but I do not wish to see it anywhere in the Christian community. Then, again, I met many among the Unitarians who had wrong impressions of the beliefs of the other churches, and also met several among the members of other churches who did not know what their own churches stood for. I thought it best to make an arrangement for a course of Sunday evening discourses on different denominations, and published in two of our daily papers the object of the meetings, in which I said: "The aim is to present to the public clear statements, showing just wherein we all differ and wherein we ought to unite in the Spirit of Christ. Those who take part in it will, undoubtedly, present their beliefs clearly, positively, and frankly, without any attempt to antagonize or to reconcile."

Thus the object was not, as my predecessor has stated, to "advance the cause for which the Unitarian Church stands" in the narrow sense of propagation of our own peculiar beliefs; but it was in the larger

sense of bringing about fraternal union in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The writer complains of the fact that "some of the orthodox doctrines which are most offensively superstitious to the liberal mind were either not mentioned or merely hinted at"; but I did not expect that those ministers would come into our pulpit clothed in the filthy rags of the old doctrines, but would appear in the fashionable suits of up-to-date. This was done beautifully. Would we, if we had a chance to present our doctrines in other churches in the twentieth century, show the cold side of our denomination? Nay, we would rather give the glorious accounts of the meetings we observed at Saratoga last fall. Then, again, it must be remembered, as Mr. Gilbert said, that the question was, "What *do* they stand for?" and not, "What *did* they stand for?" And nearly all the speakers followed the literal meaning of the question.

This is the first time I have heard any adverse criticism of the addresses; and, although my predecessor speaks of the harmful effect, I have heard of nothing but the good effects that have come from them, except in two cases, which are almost too childish to consider. And I, at least, am now enjoying friendly intercourse with the ministers of other denominations in the town. When I asked the Baptist minister to present his church doctrines, he said: "I also have an evening service. If you will preach for me, I will do so for you." The minister of the Swedenborgian church kindly exchanged with me. The Seventh Day Baptist asked me to preach for him. And one Sunday evening, as I was called away, I left the whole service in the charge of the Congregational minister. And, when the Evangelical Sunday-School Union met in this town, our church was well represented; and our ladies worked for them just as hard as they would for their own people, and they asked me to lead the praise service in the afternoon. Our church members have repeatedly said, "Why, they are not so bigoted as I thought they were." And I have heard not a few people of other denominations say, "The Unitarians are not so bad as I thought they were." Thus the object of the meetings was accomplished, and these are some of the good effects. There are two sides to a truth, you know. I do not believe we are in a battlefield, "standing by our guns, blazing away," as he has said; but we are in the Father's home, trying to preserve brotherly love.

WATARI KITASHIMA,
Pastor of Unitarian Church.

FOR THE LITTLE BLIND CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Since the columns of your paper have ever been open to expositions designed to promote the best interests of mankind, I crave a portion of the space thus set apart to the various causes of philanthropy, in which to present an aspect of the work now being done in behalf of the Kindergarten for the Blind.

For some time past grave apprehensions have existed in the minds of its devoted friends on account of the diminishing sources of its revenues; and, as the burden of responsibility became heavier and more heavy, an appeal for annual subscriptions was written and put into circulation by Mr. Anagnos. A copy of this paper fell, as it would seem, by chance, into the hands of one of the business men of the city; and so urgent did the matter appear to him that he at once devised a scheme whereby the sum of \$5,000 should be raised by means of \$10 subscriptions. This gentleman was personally unknown to Mr. Anagnos; and it was not until the simple but feasible plan was published in the *Transcript*, and the plea began to meet with cordial responses, that this truly benevolent man was made known to "the friend of little children." My purpose in giving this brief outline of the movement now going on is to add my word of earnest entreaty to your readers to join in the effort now being made to secure such a sum of money as will relieve, at least for the present, the danger of adding to the debt which already encumbers the infant institution. May I not urge that generous contributions be sent to Mr. Anagnos to aid in relieving this anxiety and alarm for the immediate future of a cause which enlists our warmest sympathy and is already dear to the hearts of many in this good Commonwealth? A. R.

For the Christian Register.

BLENDED SPHERES.

BY GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH.

Between the lines of heaven and earth
There floats a misty veil, so thin
The ripper soul at death's new birth
May know not when he enters in.
He finds no parting of the new
And earlier kindred, but, instead,
A union beautiful and true,
The living and the immortal dead.

He sees, as in a cool gray mist,
The watchers by his pillow stand,
And, bathed in vapory amethyst,
The dwellers of the Eden Land.
Warm hands touch viewless hands above,
As o'er him tenderly they bend,
And parting tears of earthly love
With smiles of heavenly greeting blend.

As one unconsciously may glide
From waking thought to pleasant dream,
The glimmer of his eventide
Melts softly into morning's gleam.
The human loves that held him here,
The heavenly loves that draw him hence,
Bind firmly in one golden sphere
The dual realms of soul and sense.

A moment ere the cord is snapt
That holds the spirit to its clay,
The Passer, into vision rapt,
May sweep the filmy veil away,
And tell by glance, or broken speech,
The glories that we only guess;
So near, yet holden from our reach
By blinding fear and faithlessness.

Since love is portion of the soul,
And life is life by love alone,
He bears to his celestial goal
The heart-ties of this nether zone,—
Not as to something far away,
But near and dear, a larger growth
Of all that hallows earth to-day,
And makes one heavenly sphere of both!

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER.

III.

We should improve our opportunities to gain wisdom as busily as the bees suck flowers. Then, when the time of blossoms has gone by, the honey will take their place.

The sloth of any person reacts on himself, but his industry reacts on every one in the social whole who may be exposed to its influence. Such seems to be the impressive force of the maxim of Goethe: "If I sleep, I sleep for myself. If I work, I know not for whom it may be." Our personal position may be petty, but our human environment is vast; and the radiation from the former into the latter no man knows how to limit.

Coarseness is more obtrusive and noisy than refinement, and so there is always danger that the true quality and rank of a trait or a deed may be misunderstood or even inverted. We all need to be on our guard against fallacies of this kind. Offences in the material order are so much more sharply outlined in ordinary experience than those in the spiritual order that the latter often escape the degree of condemnation due them. Delicate spirits will sympathize with the Oriental poet who says that to deceive a loving heart is worse than to shed blood, this being merely a murder of the body, while that is a murder of the soul.

Genuine self-sufficingness is an imperial trait, grounded only in truth and virtue. And it is a noble safeguard against belittling vices. For the most subtle and fertile cause of deceit in every form is vanity, the desire to draw notice and take effect. The truth expressed by Schiller in the following question and reply is not more epigrammatic than it is deep: "How does nature contrive to join meanness and nobleness in the same man? By placing vanity between them!"

An innocence that wears no veil is the most beautiful of all the natural ornaments of virtue. So the most delightful trait of genius is its naïveté, its unsuspecting frankness.

The man from whom no favor is hoped and no injury feared will not be disturbed in his solitude. No matter how wise, how good, how great he is, to the world he will be as if he did not exist. This is owing, alas! to the rarity of disinterested aspirants eager to avail themselves of every choice means for improvement. We find in their writings such greatly earnest and gifted men as Dante, Leibnitz, Goethe, Wordsworth, Channing, often complain of the bitter solitude in which they were left. As Plato says in the "Laws," "They who desire to become the best to the high-

est degree and in the shortest time are few."

The condition for the operations of divine grace in us is that we interpose no obstacle. A smaller price could scarcely be asked. Yet how rarely we pay it! When God sees his intentions bearing fruit in our surrendered and happy souls, he is so pleased that he rewards us for what he has himself done. As an old saint said, with charming point, "God puts a crown on his gifts by their own fruition within us." *Sua in nobis Deus dona coronat.* So a mother loves and applauds her child for doing what she alone has taught him to do, and feels herself unspeakably happy in seeing him do it. What a consoling and encouraging truth it is, what a divinely blissful thought, to know that millions of such instances are in full exemplification all over the world every day!

Men and women have their characteristic distinctions, which are not to be obliterated or overlooked or confused, but to be complementarily co-ordinated, harmonized, and glorified. Men are stronger in grasping facts and reaching ends by reflective deduction. Women are better endowed for direct thinking and feeling with the penetrative accuracy of intuition. No doubt many women scrutinize premises more patiently and deduce logical inferences more accurately than most men. No doubt, also, many men have a more vivid development and practice of the intuitive sentiments than most women. Yet, on the whole, the above-named preponderant distinctions of the masculine and the feminine type of human nature hold good. For such is the testimony of the collective judgment of mankind, the cosmopolitan consensus of history transmitted in literary tradition. Each method has its special power and its proper province. The one attains its results by the patient road of ratiocination, while the other seizes them by instantaneous divination. The desideratum is the union and concordant operation of the two. Then rounded knowledge and perfected sentiment will wear the crown and wield the sceptre for the attunement of a whole humanity and the orderly progression of the world to its destined goal.

The great teachers of the art and science of criticism are the masterpieces of genius, the peerless works historically throned in cosmopolitan glory. But, after all, the supreme teacher and the ultimate standard is immediate vision of the creative archetypes in the mind of God.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD,

Author of "Forbes of Harvard," "No Enemy," "Little Journeys," etc.

Turner's father was a barber. His youth was passed in poverty, and his advantages for education were very slight. And all this in the crowded city of London, where merit may knock long, and still not be heard, and in a country where wealth and title are supposed to count for much.

When a boy, barefoot and ragged, he would wander away alone on the banks of the river and dream dreams about wonderful palaces and beautiful scenes; and then he would trace them with a stick in the sands, and endeavor with mud to make plain to the eye the things that his soul saw.

His father and mother were quite sure that no good could come from this vagabondish nature, so they did not spare the rod; for they feared that the desire to scrawl and daub would spoil the child. But he was a stubborn lad, with a pug nose and big, dreamy, wondering eyes and a heavy jaw; and, when parents see that they have such a son, they had better hang up the rod behind the kitchen door and lay aside force and cease scolding. For love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails, and sympathy saves more souls than threats.

Young Turner did not always wash his father's shop windows well, nor sweep off the sidewalk properly. Like all boys, he would rather work for some one else than "his folks." He used to run errands for an engraver by the name of Smith,—John Raphael Smith. And once, when Smith sent the barber's boy to a certain art gallery with orders to "get the answer and hurry back, mind you!" the boy both forgot to get the answer and to hurry back. Then another boy was despatched after the first, and boy No. 2 found boy No. 1 sitting with

staring eyes and open mouth in the art gallery before a painting of Claude Lorraine. When boy No. 1 was at last, half forcibly, dragged away and reached the shop of his master, he got his ears well cuffed for his forgetfulness. But from that day forth he was not the same being that he had been before his eyes fell on that Claude Lorraine.

He was transformed,—as much so as was Lazarus after he had gone beyond the portals of death and had come back to earth. And from that time he thought of Claude Lorraine during the day and dreamed of him at night, and he stole his way into every exhibition where a Claude was to be seen. And now I wish that Claude Lorraine was the subject of this sketch as well as Turner, for his life is a page of sweetest poetry framed in a world of dullest prose.

The eyes of this boy, whom they thought was dreamy, dull, and listless, now shone with a different light. He thirsted to achieve, to do, to become,—yes, to become a greater painter than Claude Lorraine. His employer saw the change, and smiled at it; but he allowed the lad to put in back-ground and add the skies to cheap prints, just because the youngster teased to do it.

Then one day a certain patron of the shop came; and he looked over the shoulder of the Turner boy, and he said, "He has skill,—perhaps talent." And I think that the Recording Angel should give this man a separate page on the Book of Remembrance and write his name in illuminated colors; for he gave young Turner access to his own art collection and to his library, and he never cuffed him nor kicked him nor called him dunces. Thereat the boy was much surprised. But he encouraged the youth to sketch a picture in water colors, and then he bought the picture and paid him ten shillings for it. And the name of this man was Dr. Munro.

The next year, when young Turner was fourteen, Dr. Munro got him admitted to the Royal Academy as a student; and in 1790 he exhibited a water color of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth. The picture won no prize, and doubtless was not worthy of one; but from now on Joseph M. W. Turner was an artist, and other hands had to sweep the barber-shop. He worked steadily and studied hard. His reading was wide and varied, chiefly in line of art; but for rest he read mythology and learned languages. He acquired a certain command of French, so he could read the works of French writers in the original, and soon Italian authors as well.

But few bought his pictures. They were not popular. Other artists scorned him,—intuitively fearing him, possibly; for we often scoff when the ghost of genius does not down at our bidding. Then Turner was accounted unsociable. Besides, he was ragged, uncouth, independent, and did not conform to the ways of the artist world. So the select circle cast him out,—more properly speaking, did not let him in. But still he worked, and exhibited at every Academy exhibition. Yet he was often hungry, and the London fog crept cold and damp through his threadbare clothes. But he toiled on, for Claude Lorraine was ever before him.

In 1802, when twenty-seven years of age, he visited France and made a tour through Switzerland, tramping over many long miles with his painting kit on his back; and he brought back rich treasure in way of sketches and quickened imagination. In the years following he made many such trips, and came to know Venice, Rome, Florence, and Paris as perfectly as his own London.

When thirty-three years of age he was still worshipping at the shrine of Claude Lorraine. His pictures painted at this time show it; and his book issued in 1808, "Liber Studiorum," is modelled after the "Liber Veritatis." But the book surpasses Claude's, and Turner knew it; and this may have led him to burst his shackles and cast loose from his idol. For in 1815 we find him working according to his own ideas, showing an originality and audacity in conception and execution that made him the butt of the critics and caused consternation to rage through the studios of competitors. Success came slowly, but his ambition never slackened.

Gradually it dawned upon the purchasing public that things so strongly condemned must have merit; for why should the pack bay so loudly if there was no quarry? So to have a Turner was at least something for your friends to talk about. Then carriages

began to stop before the dingy brick building, and broadcloth and satin mounted the creaking stairs to the studio. It happened about this time that Turner's prices began to increase. Like the Sybil of old, if a customer said, "I don't want it," the painter increased the price.

For the first thirty years of his career he sold few pictures, for the simple reason that no one wanted them. And he sold few pictures during the latter years of his life, for the reason that his prices were so high that none but the very rich could buy. First the public scorned Turner. Next Turner scorned the public. It would not buy his pictures at first, and later it could not.

He left to the British nation by his will nineteen thousand pencil and water-color sketches and one hundred large canvases. These pictures are now to be seen in the National Gallery at London, in rooms set apart and sacred to Turner's work. For fear that it may be thought the number of sketches mentioned above is a misprint, let us say that, if he had produced one picture a day for sixty years, it would not equal the number of pieces bestowed by his will on the nation.

This, of course, takes no account of the pictures sold during his lifetime. He left a fortune of £140,000 (\$720,000). Hence we may infer that not all of his pictures were bestowed as a legacy at his death; and, as he stole from his father's barber-shop a shaving-brush wherewith to paint his first canvas, we know that this vast fortune was the result of his own labor.

The following passage will be found on page 205, vol. i. of "Modern Painters":—

"I believe that these works [certain canvases of Turner's] are at their first appearing as perfect as those of Phidias and Leonardo; that is to say, incapable of any improvement conceivable by human mind."

Of Turner's many pictures we will mention but two, both of which are to be seen on the walls of the National Gallery. First, "The Fighting Téméraire." This war-ship has been sold out of service, and is being towed away to be broken up. The scene was photographed on Turner's brain, and he immortalized it on canvas. Again we cannot do better than to borrow the words of Mr. Ruskin:—

"Of all pictures not visibly involving human pain, this is the most pathetic ever painted."

"The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin, but no ruin was ever so affecting as the gliding of this ship to her grave. This particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory,—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserves honor or affection, we owe them here! Surely, some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts for her, some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters! Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to,—the fire and the worm. Nevermore shall sunset lay golden robe upon her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask idly why the moss grows so green on the rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not know that the night dew lies deep in the war rents of the old Téméraire."

"The Burial at Sea" brought tears to my eyes. Yet there is no burial. The ship is far away in the gloom of the offing. You cannot make out a single figure on her decks; but you behold her great sails standing out against the leaden blackness of the night, and you feel that there is a certain scene being enacted. And, if you listen closely, you can hear the solemn voice of the captain as he reads the burial service. Then there is a pause; a swift, sliding sound; a splash, and all is over.

Turner never married. Like Plato, Michel Angelo, Sir Isaac Newton, and his own Claude Lorraine, he was wedded to his art. But at sixty-five his genius suddenly burst forth afresh; and his work, Mr. Ruskin says, at that time exceeded in daring and brilliancy and in the rich flowering of imagination anything he had previously done. Mr. Ruskin could give no reason for this sudden change; but rumor says "a woman."

At Chelsea I stood in the little room where he breathed his last that bleak day in 1851. The unlettered but motherly old woman who took care of him in those last days never guessed his greatness. None in

the house or neighborhood knew. To them he was only Mr. Booth, an eccentric old man of moderate means, who liked to muse, read, and play with children. He had no callers, no friends. He went to the city every day, and came back at night. He talked but little; he was absent-minded; he smoked and thought and smiled and muttered to himself.

Of art to these strangers he would never speak. Once they urged him to go with them to an exhibition at Kensington; but he smiled feebly as he lit his pipe, and said: "An art exhibition? No, no! A man can show on a canvas so little of what he feels: it is not worth the while."

He seldom went to church. Once a fellow-lodger asked him what he thought of God. "God—God,—what do I know of God? What does any one? He is our life. He is the All. But we need not fear him. All we can do is to do our work and speak the truth. To-morrow we go—where? I do not know, but I am not afraid."

At last he died, passed peacefully away; and his attorney came,—the only man who knew the identity of "Mr. Booth,"—and took charge of his remains.

Many are the hard words that have been flung off by heedless tongues about Turner's thus taking an assumed name and living in obscurity. But, with Victor Hugo, I say, "What you call fault I call accent." Surely, if a great man and world famous desires to escape the flatterers and the silken mesh of so-called society, and live in simplicity, he has a right to do so! Again, Turner was a very rich man in his old age. He did much for struggling artists, and assisted aspiring merit in many ways. So it came about that his mail was burdened with begging letters, and his life made miserable by appeals from impecunious persons, good and bad, and from churches, societies, and associations without number. He decided to flee them all, and he did.

"The Building of Carthage" is one of his finest works. He esteemed it so highly that he requested that, when death came, his body should be buried wrapped in this magnificent canvas. But the wish was disregarded.

His remains rest in the crypt of St. Paul's, beside the dust of Reynolds; his statue, in marble, adorns a niche in the great cathedral; and his fame and name are secure, high on the roll of honor. And, if for no other reason, the name of Chelsea should be deathless as the home of Turner.

THE CHILDREN OF HAMELN.

BY JOHN FRETWELL.

Some years ago I had occasion to attend a convention of the North-west German Protestant Association which met at Hameln, an ancient city on the Weser. A hall in which we met was decorated with curious wall-paintings, the work of some pious village artist of the sixteenth century. One of these paintings, evidently intended to represent the return of the men whom Moses sent to spy out the promised land, had two men clothed in costumes which might have been worn by the companions of Robin Hood and Little John, bearing on a pole an immense bunch of grapes as big as themselves. Another was evidently designed to illustrate the opening verses of the eleventh chapter of the second book of Samuel, but King David was painted as sitting on the roof of a mediæval German castle and smoking a pipe. The pious artist had evidently no knowledge of Jewish costumes, and so had represented the people in those of his own time, no doubt bringing the story more vividly to the minds of his fellow-townsmen than if the scenery and costumes had been historically correct.

This was not the only thing in the old city by the Weser that attracted my attention. On the wall of a house in the town was written in gold letters a German inscription, saying that in 1284, on the day of Saint John and Saint Paul (June 26), one hundred and thirty children had been enticed away from Hameln by a piper wearing a coat of many colors, and had been lost under the Koppenberg.

Many German authorities speak of this event as an historical fact; and so firmly did the people of Hameln believe in it that for many years afterward they dated their public documents from the day when the children were lost. The best known version of the story in our tongue is Robert

Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." He tells us how the old town was infested by rats, who

... "fought the dogs and killed the cats, And bit the babies in their cradles, And ate the cheeses out of the vats, And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles."

A man called Bunting, from "Nobody-knows-where," came into the town, and offered to deliver the people for a certain sum of money from the plague of rats. The burghers of Hameln agreed to the bargain, but, when all the rats had been drowned by Bunting, refused to pay the stipulated sum. To revenge himself, on the Feast of Saint Peter and Saint John he came back to Hameln, as Browning tells us, and in like manner led away the little children of the town to where a wondrous portal opened in the mountain side.

"And, when all were in, to the very last, The door in the mountain side shut fast."

There is many a myth with a similar ending. Among the people of my native Yorkshire there is a superstition that, when strange music is heard, some human soul is passing away from the mortal body. A Wesleyan farmer in Yorkshire once accounted for the death of his little servant-girl by a band of music playing in the neighborhood while she lay ill. "When t'music was agate, her soul was forced to be off," he said.

But what especially interested me in Browning's version of the Hameln legend is the conclusion:—

"That in Transylvania there's a tribe Of alien people who ascribe The outlandish ways and dress On which their neighbors lay such stress To their fathers and mothers having risen Out of some subterranean prison Into which they were trepanned, Long time ago, in a mighty band, Out of Hameln Town in Brunswick Land; But how or why they don't understand."

Transylvania, the "land beyond the forests," is the name given by the Romans to the eastern part of Hungary, conquered by the legions of Trajan; and it was long for them what California was for the Argonauts of 1849,—an Eldorado. It is still, for us of modern Europe, a land of myth and memory and mystery; and, if you would see to-day how people lived in North-western Germany some five hundred years ago, you may get some idea of it by visiting the Transylvania of to-day. But you must go soon, or you will be too late.

In the twenty-one years which have elapsed since I first looked from the vine-clad hills of Koloszar on the plains where the brave but undisciplined forces of King Decebalus were finally overcome by the legions of Trajan, many a vestige of the old Roman conquerors, and of the crusaders who at a later date followed in their path, has been swept away by the modern army of road-builders, who are extending the railroads through the Carpathians into Turkey, and so into Asia.

Going up the Aranyos River (the Transylvanian Pactolus) one day I saw a gypsy carefully picking over asheepskin which he had just taken from the water. A companion explained to me that the minute bits of gold brought by the torrents from the gold-bearing hills among which they rise get entangled in the wool, and are thus collected by the gypsies. Might not this habit, observed some twenty centuries ago, have given rise to the Greek fable of the search for the Golden Fleece? A further drive up the rocky bed of this mountain torrent, and a difficult journey across the ridge, between mighty walls of rock, where no outlet seemed visible, led us to the little village of Thoroczko. The people came originally from Styria to work the iron mines, but have become so thoroughly Magyarized that it is difficult now to find any one who speaks German. Their houses are built like those of the Saxons, adorned with rows of jugs round the top of the room, piles of bedding prettily embroidered, and the towels and other linen spun and woven by the peasant girls, and ornamented with red dyes made from the native plants. The dress of the people, mostly the work of the women, is the richest and most handsome in all Hungary. A painter would be enchanted with it. The men are occupied in the iron mines all the week, and I should think that Tubal Cain carried on the working of metals pretty much in the same way as the people of Thoroczko did some twenty years ago. A shed erected beside a brook

covers the smelting-furnace, built up of clay and stones. On one side large bellows worked by a primitive water-wheel blow the fire. A hole feeds the furnace, and on the other side another hole permits the molten iron to flow out. Were not the ore the best in the world (containing 60 per cent. of iron), it could hardly be worked by so primitive a process.

When the German settlers first came here to work the iron mines, they were Catholics, and, being shut out from the rest of the world by their almost inaccessible position, remained for a long time unaffected by the Reformation and its conflicts. But one day their priest, going down the Aranyos River into the plains, entered a Unitarian church. He was so much struck by the beauty and simplicity of the service that on the following Sunday he persuaded the men of his congregation to accompany him to the same church, and since that time the people have been Unitarian.

After visiting them, I came to an old Calvinist college, in a building once belonging to the Knights Templars, and found a Latin manuscript written by a Catholic priest in the seventeenth century. This manuscript related the story of the children of Hameln, and said that the Unitarians of Thoroczko were the descendants of the people who had been led away from Hameln by the pied piper; and the story closes with the remark that the piper was no less a personage than Satan himself. The remark may be excused in a pious Catholic who believed every form of Protestantism to be an inspiration of the devil. And a letter is in existence, written by another priest, who acknowledged the high character of the Unitarians, but asked that for this very reason they should be exterminated, because their excellent lives recommended their infamous doctrines. Here we have all the elements for the growth of a mythic legend.

Not one fact related in "The Pied Piper" has any actual basis in the history of the Thoroczko iron workers. They did not come from the banks of the Weser, but from Austrian Styria. The little "land beyond the forests," scarcely larger than Rhode Island, was almost a desert when Frederick Barbarossa wore the imperial crown of Germany, and the descendants of Saint Stephen called in the German immigrants to cultivate and defend the land. Some came from Flanders, some from Cologne, and some from higher up the Rhine. King Andrew II. granted them a charter in 1224, which gave the German immigrants more freedom than they enjoyed in their native land; and for a long time Hungary was for the Rhinelander of those days what America has become for the many-languaged paupers of Europe in ours,—the land of hope and plenty and freedom. For a time they were on the highway to India, and the German town of Klausenburg was one of the chief marts for the caravans which brought the treasures of India and Persia to the markets of Nuremberg and Leipzig. Then Vasco da Gama discovered the route to India round the cape; and Transylvania was for some centuries isolated from the highroads of commercial intercourse, and frequently ravaged by incursions of Turks or Austrians.

Bits of their old history, carried down by tradition, and never committed to writing by the illiterate people, gradually took the form of myths; and so this strange story of the children of Hameln, suggested at first by the history of the early German immigrants, was applied to the Magyarized Styrians whose descendants still work the iron of Thoroczko. Just as that painter of Hameln had represented David and the spies of Moses in the costume and scenery of their own every-day world, so these people allowed the legends of their origin to be affected by the atmosphere of myth in which they lived. They took a natural view of subjects that were dear to them. You may see in one of their paintings of the Virgin Mary's death-bed, surrounded by grieving friends, a couple of little boys playing at whip-top, all unconscious of the sorrow within. In another Saint Mark is writing his Gospel with a pen or pencil in each hand. Other apostles are drawn handling nets, which they made of twine, like the relatives of the painters; and in other pictures, representing "those blessed fields whereon the Saviour trod," you may see German furniture of the seventeenth century through the open house doors, and Dutch clocks ticking on the wall. These painters and their contemporaries lived the

lives of the Biblical personages, and brought them nearer to themselves, by the very intensity of their sympathy, than the more accurate historical painters of to-day; and the very reality of the faith evidenced by the pictures gives them an indescribable charm. So it is with the legends about their own origin. These Styrian iron-workers had spent their lives underground in their native land, working the iron mines; and they did the same in Thoroczko. So the popular fancy easily identified them with the children who were supposed to have been led away from Hameln by underground passages. And the story, spite of its historical inaccuracies, symbolizes some truths of our moral experience also.

Browning tells us that one lame child was left behind, and in after years related how the piper sang to them of

"A joyous land Joining the town, and just at hand, Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew, And flowers put on a fairer hue, And everything was strange and new," etc.

Is it not our experience that, when we break loose from the leading-strings of our childhood and youth, we look out into the great world with expectations that are mostly disappointed by our later experience, but yet often find something better for us in the stern conflict of the world than what we expected? These Styrians did not come into a joyous land; but, high up among the storm-swept mountains, they dwell in a barren place, where they had to win the means of their existence by mining and smelting the iron from which they made the plough-shares to till the soil and the sword to keep off the invader. But they found one privilege of which they had never dreamed. In the pleasant homes they had left behind every attempt at religious progress was rudely suppressed by a priest-ridden soldiery; while here, up in their mountain fastnesses, they were free to worship God undisturbed in the way that best recommended itself to their conscience.

LONDON LETTER.

England is now fairly launched upon the waves of 1895. They are not the same as those with which we were familiar in the early days of 1894. We are in the midst of different atmospheric and oceanic currents. How many things are changed! Home Rule, which almost monopolized the politics of a year ago, lies far away in the dim distance. "Of course we stand for it, —always must, always shall," say the liberals. But they don't talk about it, are not ardent,—far from passionate. Some admit that it is a relief to be rid of it. The Grand Old Man is no longer at the helm of his party's ship, and the Grand New Man has not yet had time to live himself into entire favor with extreme and passionate partisans. He has entirely changed the party prayer. It asks no more for the freedom of Ireland, but for either the mending or the ending of the House of Lords. Probably there is about the same likelihood of the ending of the House of Lords as there is of the ending of our providential supervision of the Emerald Isle. Without us Irishmen could do nothing; and no true Englishman could dream of anything so cruel as to allow that wild and fantastic race to rush violently down the steep of destruction! Besides, terrible is the spook of Popery!

Speaking of Popery reminds one that Froude, who was on this English earth last year, is no longer seen upon it now. His last book upon Erasmus was one of the fairest he ever wrote. Of course, he could not forgive Erasmus for not breaking with the popes, or for dying in the odor of Roman rather than in that of Lutheran sanctity. No more charming things to come from Stevenson, either! These two, with Walter Pater, are perhaps our greatest literary silences as we go forward. Pater's style was too pure and finished to render the works that follow his entrance into rest as popular as those of Stevenson and Froude. Some of us have read since the year came in the "Autobiography, Diary, and Letters of John Addington Symonds," which contain some memorable and exquisite things, but of which there is too much by half, and especially of morbid introspection and self-consciousness. But everything must be pardoned in a mind of genius inhabiting a body diseased.

I suppose that statistics would show that England never, in this century at least,

entered a year with so few paupers on board as now. Yet their number is legion, even if a diminishing legion. They are still the problem, if not the despair, of our social scientists and reformers. The science which would make them men is still a clamor or a twaddle from dreamland,—loud, fluent, and uttered, for the most part, with a motive that discounts it fearfully. Still, many are seriously grappling with the problem of the common life; and the tone of English thought and feeling is far different to-day from what it was twenty-three or four years ago. There is far less belief in and resignation to the inscrutable decrees of Providence in these matters. Christians have a deeper sense of their own responsibility toward the least of their Master's brethren. It has even become a fashion for sects to vie with one another in some show of philanthropy. There is much work carried forward whose whole effect, both direct and indirect, is humanizing.

The Salvation Army must have the credit of bringing many easy-going believers to their Christian senses. So many had literally cast their "deadly doing down," and found it so sensuously sweet to feel that, bathed "in the blood of Jesus," they were being carried forward upon a clever scheme of grace to receive "a glorious crown," that it was scarcely less than a new, as it certainly was a divine, revelation when these Salvationists took this "deadly doing" up, and gave us a practical illustration of what it is to give life as Jesus and the early Christians gave it. On watch night, with two friends, I visited five of the Salvation Shelters in the East End of London. In one we found about three hundred women, or wrecks of women. Not one of them, probably, had a soul, as we generally understand that term,—bodies, empty sepulchres; feelings dead, hope gone; prayers said for them, exhortations to them, hymns moving a normal sensibility even to tears, touching no chord, awakening no emotion. Three hundred "I don't cares." It did seem a thankless, hopeless task for the bright, brave, and buoyant young captain to be giving her very best years to the physical comfort and sustaining of these merely fleshly creatures,—the feeding of their hunger, the housing them on winter nights from the howling winds and biting frost. But she knew in what and in whom she believed. On her spotless white apron was embroidered in red the significant word "Inasmuch." Just so do we care for the incurables in our hospital wards, for the hopelessly ill in our own homes, until the change comes. And what a work of love and grace it is! In another shelter we found three hundred men nearly. In yet another over four hundred. But, of all the sad, poverty-stricken sights I ever beheld, that which greeted us at the Blackfriars' shelter was by far the most abject and depressing. This shelter receives every night between nine hundred and a thousand men. Of these it has sleeping-bunks for only about four hundred and fifty or so. Each man who avails himself of a warm sleeping-place pays his two or three pence. But this is too exorbitant a price for many a poor fellow's pocket. So the shelter allows men to come in upon payment of a ha'penny and sit upon the benches or the floor of the large hall in which the meetings are held. The hall is warmed by steam to a high temperature. At midnight, if any are standing outside without even a ha'penny, they are allowed to come in. Usually, some forty or fifty are found in this plight. When we entered that night, there sat between four and five hundred men, of varying ages, nationalities, colors, types. Most of them were on the seats, a few upon the floor with their backs against the wall. It was enough to make one weep. The utter silence in which they were sitting there, the utter dejection and despair on every face, the absence of everything that looked like hope or comfort. The hell of the public house—the fore-court, doubtless, to this—would have seemed bright, heavenly bright, compared with the picture here. Not a joke or laugh or a chat between any two of these ha'penny disconsolates. He who had entered here had evidently abandoned hope. It seemed heartless to even look upon such men. It seemed terrible that some considerable number of them were whiter and purer of heart and life than some of our men in luxurious and prominent place! Not all have brought just this like a judgment upon themselves,

Some have been unfortunate, neglected, uncared for, inconsiderately used, and then cast aside in the great scramble for "a pile." As I left the room, I said to the young officer who had shown us the various parts of the shelter, "Do you happen to know my good friend, Capt. Ayer?" "God bless him!" was the quick reply. "I was converted under him. He helped make a man of me. I was once a 'dosser' like any of these." Now he is a clean, bright, serviceable, hopeful spirit.

Next month we Unitarians are going to take a concert step in the "forward movement" of religious thought. All our London ministers are going to give, each in his own place, five lectures explanatory of our views on as many subjects. The recent School Board contest, with its vast amount of bugaboism over Unitarianism, seems to make the present a fitting opportunity for a fresh statement of those things most surely believed among us. We are to speak of "The Old and the New Thought of the Bible," "The Old and the New Faith in God," "The Christ of the Gospels Brought Back," "Practical Christianity the Salvation of Society," and of "Heaven and Hell, Here and Hereafter." There is something hopeful, at least, in our hearty co-operation in this endeavor,—something good and pleasant, when Unitarian brethren are minded to work together in unity. On one of our trumpet calls I notice the following sentence, which, while it tells the truth, does not tell the whole truth. It says, "Multitudes hold aloof from all churches, largely because of the irrational doctrines preached as Christianity." To this must be added, "Multitudes hold aloof from all churches, largely because of the formally religious, yet utterly superficial and selfish lives lived as Christian." Where one person stumbles over irrational doctrines, it is probable that ten stumble over forms of godliness without the power thereof. Worldliness and conventionality and the wearisomeness of doubtful disputations are the worst foes of Christian life and grace. One sometimes feels that, if we fail, and where we fail, it is when we present "our views" to the people rather than a more abundant and devoted life. It is possible that a man's views may be all right, and his spirit that from which one, in the degree that he is good and true, must instinctively flee away. One is not quite sure that Jesus did not share many of the views of the scribes and Pharisees, but in his religion was the utmost dread of the leaven of their spirit.

Our winter only came in with the year. Up to Christmas the wall-flowers and chrysanthemums were in bloom in these Richmond Gardens. On January 5 the polyanthus were in full bloom, thousands of them, under the windows at Hampton Court. But to-day, January 9, the frost is out, the ice is treacherously thin, everybody shivers in the dismal fog. S. F.

Spirit of the Press.

The Boston *Sunday Herald*, in an article on the pastoral letter of the bishops of the Episcopal Church, says:—

The pastoral letter is evidently aimed at this Anglican school of thought, which has developed itself in the last fifty years, and is now stronger than ever. It spoke in the election of Bishop Brooks; it spoke again in the choice of his successor; and it expresses itself in the honest and intelligent convictions of a great number of clergymen and laymen, who have no intention of being disloyal to the standards of the faith, but who are trying to show that Christianity, in its interpretation, can be vitally blended with what is best and most invigorating in modern thought. This document is against the temper of the times, and fails to rightly understand the position of many thoughtful men. There is a wide difference between the toleration which those need who are thinking out the solution of the religious problems of the hour in harmony with the old faith and the liberty which extremists take in pushing their crude opinions to the front; and much of the usefulness of the Episcopal Church has been in the understanding that its clergy are both conservative and progressive, and that they stand for the reconstruction of many religious positions without denying fundamental truth. Since the paralysis of the Andover movement they have been looked to by Christians of all names as in some sense leaders of religious thought, and it is only fair to them that they shall not be accused of disloyalty because in things permissible they think for themselves.

Spiritual Life.

There is one manner of life by which a man ever gets lower and grows meaner, another by which he ever rises and grows nobler: it is for the man to choose. The whole of wisdom consists in finding and following the upward path.—*Selected.*

There has always been, and there always will be the brave advancing minority, the world's hope, the invincible few,—not a remnant, meaning something left over, but a leadership, keeping in the van of thought, bearing and daring for what they believe to be the truth and right.—*John Learned.*

Praise God with me for the great moments in which all things seem possible for us, and for the common tasks that we cannot do with steady faithfulness without loving them and being glad in them; and then, besides, that the great moments cannot be utterly forgotten, and that what seemed so easy on the heights of our transfiguration can, somehow, be done, albeit with aching hands and bleeding feet, and hearts that wonder at the name of joy as if she were a stranger.—*John Chadwick.*

E. ROCKWOOD HOAR.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, who for seven weeks past has been lying close to the door of death, passed away Thursday evening, January 31, at his home in Concord. Elsewhere we call attention to the prominent elements of his character; but, as his personal history was largely a part of the history of his time, we give an outline here of the principal events in his career, condensed from a full notice in the *Boston Herald*:—

In the list of prominent lawyers and distinguished statesmen of Massachusetts the name of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar was conspicuous. Commencing his life as a lawyer more than fifty years ago, he gained honor, distinction, and wealth. Descended from a long line of progenitors whose names were intimately connected with the history of the country and the State, he has worthily upheld the honor of his ancestral name. He was born at Concord, Mass., Feb. 21, 1816, and was a son of the statesman, Samuel Hoar, who was sent by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1844 to Charleston, S.C., to test the constitutionality of the acts of that State authorizing the imprisonment of free colored persons who should enter it, the result being that he was expelled from the State, the legislature authorizing the expulsion. His grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary War. His mother was a daughter of Roger Sherman.

He entered Harvard College, was graduated in 1835, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840, and practised in the courts of Middlesex and Suffolk Counties.

In 1846 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1849 he was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, holding that position for six years. In 1859 he was selected as one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and from March, 1869, until July, 1870, was attorney-general of the United States. In the latter year he was offered the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, but declined to accept it. Soon after he was nominated by the President as one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, but the nomination was not confirmed by the Senate.

In 1861 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Judge Hoar by Williams College; and he also received the same degree from Harvard of the Board of Overseers, of which he was a member.

Judge Hoar was a member of the joint high commission which formed the treaty of Washington with Great Britain in 1871, and served as a representative to Congress from Massachusetts (Seventh District) from Dec. 1, 1873, to March 3, 1875, being elected as a Republican. In the spring of 1874 he was an unsuccessful candidate before the legislature for the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Charles Sumner. During the year that he held the office of attorney-general he reorganized it, by the authority of Congress, as a distinct department of the government, under the title of the department of justice.

One of Judge Hoar's most important services to the country, and one not generally known, was his influential agency in arranging for a loan to the United States government at a critical period of its history. He was one of a few patriotic citizens who, in connection with Secretary Chase and President Lincoln, successfully negotiated this important financial arrangement with capitalists of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, instead of seeking foreign aid.

Nov. 1, 1840, he married, at Concord, the daughter of Nathan and Caroline D. Brooks; and on the fiftieth anniversary of that event, in 1890, the husband and wife celebrated their golden wedding at their home

at Concord near the spot where the marriage took place, and where they were born. Judge and Mrs. Hoar had seven children: Caroline; Sarah Sherman, deceased; Samuel, who was associated with his father in the legal profession; Charles Emerson; Clara Downes; Elizabeth; and Sherman, the ex-Congressman and present United States district attorney.

United States Senator George F. Hoar is the brother of the late judge.

During his long legal career he had been connected with a vast number of important cases, one of the most notable of which was the famous Andover controversy. Among the well-known men in college with Judge Hoar were Dr. Stephen Salisbury, Prof. Henry W. Torrey, Prof. Joseph Lovering, Dr. Morrill Wyman, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, Thomas Wigglesworth, John Holmes, Dr. Charles T. Barnard, Dr. Henry Lyon, John H. Eliot, Charles W. Storey, and Dr. Charles Vose Bemis.

He was a thorough lawyer, and had a large and lucrative practice during the latter years of his life, his eldest son having been associated with him. As a judge, attorney-general, statesman, and in other important positions, he was incorruptible, faithful, impartial, and just.

He was justly proud of his position, his ancestry, his attainments, and his public services; and he lived and died in the town where he was born, respected, honored, and beloved by all.

Those who knew him are unanimous in the opinion that he was one of the wisest and wittiest sons that old Massachusetts ever had. Unfortunately, few of them are able to recall special instances of his wit, so that the greater part of his bright sayings are lost to the world.

As an advocate, the judge showed himself possessed of an intuitive perception of the inwardness of a case, of marked common sense, and of ability as a pleader before a jury. One who knew him well said he could see further into a case in five minutes than any other man he ever knew.

Judge Hoar took to the bench the qualities which marked him as an advocate, and, in addition, a keen judicial instinct. He was not an impatient judge, as some judges are impatient; but, if a man had a poor case, he was fairly sure to find out Judge Hoar's opinion of it early in the trial. In charging a jury, he had the faculty of making the jury understand the matter in hand; and he never delivered a charge over the heads of the men in the box.

The funeral of Judge Hoar was held at Concord on Monday last, and was conducted by Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., of Harvard University, Mass. It was attended by the governor of the State and by a large number of distinguished citizens.

THEODORE D. WELD.

Mr. Theodore D. Weld died this week at the advanced age of ninety-one years and two months. He survived all his antislavery friends, among whom were John Brown, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and William Lloyd Garrison. He related some interesting reminiscences of his life to a friend lately, and these have been given in the *Transcript* since his death. He said: "My first knowledge of the abuse of the colored race was when I was six years old, when attending a school in Connecticut, where a little colored boy was made to recite separately, and was slighted and avoided by the others, solely on account of his black skin. My interest in him resulted in my being called 'Nigger Weld.' When I was young, my mother was a slaveholder; and she made me an Abolitionist by telling me the horrible stories of slave-buying."

When at Hamilton College, he assisted in forming an antislavery society, and later lectured on the "burning topic" until his voice failed. For twenty years he was connected with the antislavery office in New York. When the war came, he resumed his lecturing, regardless of opposition. In 1841 Mr. Weld spent several months with Mr. Giddings, an antislavery man in Ohio, and ex-Gov. Slade of Washington, getting up a series of resolutions. It was about this time that John Quincy Adams, a member of the House of Representatives, presented the petition of people in Haverhill that the North and South be divided, and each allowed to go its respective way. It occasioned great excitement at the time; and Mr. Weld and others assisted Mr. Adams in looking up points bearing on the question, and were interested listeners to the subsequent debates.

NEBRASKA FAMINE SUFFERERS.

Acknowledgment of contributions received for their relief.

Milton.....	\$13 00
A friend.....	25 00
Mrs. H. S. Grew.....	25 00
Brookline.....	10 00
A. W. B.....	5 00
A. T. B.....	5 00
C. B. C.....	10 00
C. G. H.....	5 00
Mrs. T. H. Hinekey.....	5 00
Miss M. Hinekey.....	5 00
Cash.....	1 00
Misses Channing.....	10 00
A. D. G.....	10 00
Mrs. Sarah B. Chase.....	25 00
Cash.....	2 00

A friend.....	\$2.00
Mrs. S. G. Bulfinch.....	2.00
K.....	12.00
Brookline.....	2.00
N. S. W.....	1.00
Mrs. David Robinson.....	10.00
A friend.....	20.00
Miss C. L. Glover.....	10.00
Mr. Jos. B. Glover.....	10.00
A. L. W.....	5.00
Emily J. Jackson.....	10.00
C. H.....	10.00
Cash.....	10.00
Lend a Hand Club (Brooklyn, N.Y.).....	2.00
Cash.....	2.00
Mrs. P. F. Rice.....	2.00
Mr. William P. Butler.....	5.00
Sarah H. Swan.....	20.00
Reader of the Register.....	1.00
A friend.....	10.00
M. B. P.....	30.00
Agnes G. Balsh.....	5.00
A friend.....	10.00
S. P. L.....	5.00
A. M. J. Bellamy.....	5.00
A friend.....	5.00
A friend.....	1.00
S. B.....	5.00
Dorchester.....	1.50
First Parish, Ashby.....	18.85
Woman's Alliance, Church of the Disciples.....	15.50
S. H. Tingley.....	25.00
Previously collected.....	509.00
\$937.85	

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS,
141 Franklin St., Boston.

PLYMOUTH PILGRIM MEMORIAL
CHURCH.

John D. Long, 5 Tremont Street, Boston, for the committee on rebuilding the above church, acknowledges receipt of the following contributions:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,191.46
Study Branch Women's Alliance, Pepperell, Mass.....	7.50
\$2,198.96	

NOTE.—"No Name, Boston, \$5.00," in Register of January 10, should be credited to the "Look-up Legion of First Church, Needham."

February 4.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, February 9. Subject, Lesson XX., "Jesus sending out His Disciples to preach." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Sunday School Society was held at 25 Beacon Street Monday, February 4, at 1 P.M. There were present Messrs. Horton, Humphreys, Boyden, Drew, Lewis, and Metcalf, and Mrs. Eddy. The treasurer's statement showed the financial condition of the society to be practically the same as on the corresponding date of last year. Mr. Lewis tendered his resignation as a member of the committee on the new hymn and tune book. His resignation was accepted. The president reported a gratifying circulation of *Every Other Sunday*. Adjourned at two o'clock. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., Clerk.

Among the plans to which Rev. E. M. Fairchild of Troy, N.Y., is giving his energy is "A Children's School of Ethics and Religion." An interesting statement of its plans and results appears in the *Troy Northern Budget*, written by Mr. Fairchild. The scheme is too long for full quotation here; but we gladly refer those who wish full information to Mr. Fairchild, who will be happy to send the statement in a bulletin form. Some copies are also at 25 Beacon Street, in the Sunday-school department, and can be had by any one who wishes. In the midst of the new enthusiasm for improving Sunday-school methods this suggestive plan is well worth the consideration of Sunday-school workers. Even if it is not possible to carry out the idea in completeness as here outlined, there are many features which might well be grafted on to the old Sunday-school system.

The Sunday-school at Elmira, N.Y., in Mr. Beecher's church is a graded school, superintended now by Mr. W. N. Eastabrook. There is a seven-year course of study arranged by Mr. Beecher, and the readings recommended for family use are arranged with reference to the Sunday lesson. Thus both parents and children study the same things at the same time. For thirty-five years the records have been kept of attendance, behavior, and recitations. Promotions, prizes, and diplomas are based upon these records exactly as in a secular school. Although not as large as some, numbering eight hundred or a thousand, there is no more nearly perfect Sunday-school in the United States than this one. It is as methodical as clock-work; and yet, as Mr. Beecher often says with reference to the church, its work and services, it is "as easy as an old shoe." This Sunday-school is Mrs. Beecher's creation, and she has given to it a singularly rare and devoted life.—*Christian World*.

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The Branch of the Alliance connected with the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society of Jamaica Plain, Mass., extends a cordial invitation to all the New

England Branches to meet with them on Wednesday, February 27. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Exercises will begin at 11 A.M. Papers will be read by Mrs. S. C. Beach of Bangor, Me., "The Work of the Alliance in Relation to the Sunday-school"; Rev. Edward A. Horton, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, "The Sunday School Idea"; Mr. Ellis Peterson, Supervisor of Boston Public Schools, "Work Common to Sunday and Public Schools"; Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, "The Main Purpose of Sunday-school Effort." Box lunch at 1 P.M. (the ladies of the Jamaica Plain Alliance providing tea and coffee). The afternoon session will begin at 2.15. A discussion will be opened by Prof. Edward Cummings of Harvard University, "Strikes and their Remedies"; Miss Emily G. Balch of Jamaica Plain, "The Relation of the General Public to Strikes." M. E. Velasco, Secretary.

The expenses of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be somewhat increased this year in publishing the New Song and Service Book. The outlay for such a book is quite large; and, as the price of it is to be put very low, in order to meet the needs of all the schools West and East, the deficiency must be made up by donations from the churches in the customary channel. The habit is too prevalent in the denomination to allow this annual contribution to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society to wait until the close of the financial year. We suggest that ministers and superintendents take the appeal of this society in hand at once, and, if possible, increase the sum which they have been giving for the past few years. There are also very many churches and Sunday-schools not yet contributing who receive the benefits of the work done by this organization. Any thoughtful student of our Unitarian movement, or even a sympathetic observer, will readily see how much depends upon the thorough and wide work of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Whatever strengthens its hands prospers the denomination and increases the hopes of our denominational future.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The Nominating Committee appointed to prepare the ballots for candidates for the respective offices in the American Unitarian Association, to be voted upon at the annual meeting in 1895, consists of Mr. William H. Baldwin, Young Men's Christian Union, Boylston Street, Boston; Rev. Edward Hale, 40 Evergreen Place, East Orange, N.J.; Rev. George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Francis C. Lowell; and Mr. Henry F. Miller, chairman of the committee, 88 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: February 10, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot will preach. Services at 10.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

The Good Citizenship Class of the South Congregational Sunday-school will be conducted next Sunday by Prof. T. D. Lindsay. Subject, "The Grammar School and the High School."

Ministers' Monday Club: February 11, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Henry Powers will preside. Rev. J. H. Allen will give the address, on the question, "What do we Really Know about Jesus?"

At the next meeting of the Ministers' League, to be held at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Monday, February 11, at 12.30 P.M., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn, N.Y., will speak, upon "The Possibilities of the American Unitarian Association."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday evening, February 10, at 7.30, Rev. Thomas Van Ness. Subject, "Social Development: The Future Line of Progress." Music by the Temple Quartette. All seats free.

Rev. Minot J. Savage and Rev. Thomas Van Ness devoted their sermons last Sunday to a consideration of the recent pastoral letter issued by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Van Ness noted its disregard for all the teachings of modern science, and the intellectual perplexity into which one must be thrown who tried to conceive its statements. He held that it places the Episcopal Church in opposition to those things held most dear by one who loves his country's political traditions and the growing popular feeling of international fraternity and religious toleration. Mr. Savage felt urged to the consideration of this letter by the claim, often made, that the Episcopal Church has grown so liberal in recent years as to render the Unitarian Church unnecessary. He condemned its doctrines of original sin, the moral incapacity of man, and the physical resurrection of the body, and

showed how one who desires to be free to study, to find truth, to believe that it is not dangerous to think, and who trusts the living, revealing God of to-day, has no right to bow his head to the offered yoke of the Episcopal House of Bishops.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Unity Church has published a calendar, giving the subjects on which Rev. Joseph Waite will preach for the next two months: February 3, "The Development of the Idea of God"; February 10, "The Idea of God from the Standpoint of Philosophy"; February 17, "Pessimism"; February 24, "To Be, or Not to Be"; March 3, "The Soul of God in Things Evil"; March 10, "Hope"; March 17, "How to Enjoy Life"; March 24, "What Shall we Live for?" March 31, "Lent." The attendance at Unity is large and increasing.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The First Parish church was filled last Sunday evening to listen to the lecture by Rev. F. A. Gilmore upon the French Revolution and its issues. The address was a closely studied one, and was illustrated by fifty stereopticon views, representing many of the actors in the incidents and scenes of that remarkable time. *Haverhill Gazette*.

KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian church of Keene, N.H., whose corner-stone was laid on July 11, 1894, was formally dedicated on Thursday evening, January 24, with interesting and appropriate services. A year ago the old church, for various reasons deemed unsuitable to the needs of the society, was sold for \$21,000. With the proceeds a lot was purchased, costing \$7,000. The balance of the money was increased by subscriptions from members in the society, and from many no longer residents of Keene; and enough was raised to enable the Building Committee—through its chairman, Mr. W. H. Elliot—to report that the present church, costing about \$34,000, is practically paid for and free of debt. Considering the depression in business during the year past, the society feels that it has reason to congratulate itself upon this result. The beautiful church stands on Washington Street, one of the main thoroughfares of the city, not far from the site of the old church, but a little nearer the centre of its church-going population. The lot—a corner one—is graded several feet above the level of the street, and is admirably suited to its purpose. The church, designed by Mr. Edward J. Lewis, Jr., of Boston, and erected under his supervision, follows the type of architecture somewhat familiar to us in the parish churches of England. Its walls are low, the gable ends are filled in with plaster, and a massive square tower lends dignity and strength to the whole. It is built of New Hampshire granite, with the weather face exposed except in portions of the buttresses and tower, which have a hammered face. The interior is finished in Southern pine, stained in harmony with the furniture, which is of oak. Windows in the walls and dormer windows in the roof admit sufficient light to make a warm, pleasant interior. The seating capacity is five hundred and twenty. The parish house adjoining, and on the same level as the church, is divided into a large Sunday-school room 30 x 40 feet in size, a ladies' parlor 16 x 30, and a kitchen and dressing-room for men and women. The finish is Southern pine, unstained. The whole is heated by hot-air furnaces, which thus far seem to give satisfaction. The society feel that their church is both beautiful and well adapted to their special needs, and rejoice to think that so much has been done with a reasonable expenditure of money. The dedication services were attended by over seven hundred people, many being unable to gain admittance. They consisted of an invocation by Rev. A. A. Brooks of Greenfield; Scripture reading by Rev. Albert Walkley of Brighton, a former pastor of the church; the delivery of the keys of the church by Mr. W. H. Elliot; the acceptance of the keys by H. K. Faulkner, M.D.; the responsive service of dedication by the present pastor, Rev. Charles B. Elder; a beautiful and touching dedicatory prayer by Rev. W. O. White, now of Brookline, but once a minister of the church for twenty-seven years; a stirring sermon by Rev. Charles G. Ames; and a hymn read by Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt of Brattleboro. Music was happily rendered by the choir, assisted by Beedle's String Quintette. At the close of the service the audience was invited to inspect the church; and for an hour they remained, expressing their pleasure in the new building, and heartily congratulating the Unitarians upon the results achieved and the future that opens to them.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—Unitarianism is at work here as in other places. Besides the Sunday morning services, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Beane, holds four o'clock vesper services from October to March. The monthly meetings of the Unitarian Club are attractive, and are attended by large numbers. Rev. C. H. Puffer of the Salem Universalist church, and others, are to speak at the February meeting, on "The

Miracles of Christ as Viewed from a Modern Standpoint." The Young People's Guild holds its meetings every other Sunday evening, and the attendance is larger than last year. Recently Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, gave an interesting address before the Band of Mercy.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The winter meeting of the Norfolk Conference will be held with the Unitarian society at Neponset, Thursday, February 21. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen of Dorchester will lead the devotional service. The principal address of the morning will be given by Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, and of the afternoon by Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Quincy. A very interesting meeting is promised. Further details will appear in next week's *Register*.

POMONA, CAL.—Six new members were received into the Unitarian church here December 6. The morning services have been well attended; and a course of illustrated astronomical lectures given on Sunday evenings has drawn large audiences, despite unfavorable weather and union revival meetings in another church.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Jan. 1. Society in Fitchburg on account.....	\$200.00
" 1. Friend.....	25 00
" 2. First Parish, Brookline, on account.....	1,033.62
" 3. Society in Belmont, additional.....	35.00
" 5. Edwin Wilson, Lake City, Minn.....	10.00
" 5. L. M. N.....	3.00
" 5. Miss Ellety M. Kendall, Oawego, N.Y.....	10.00
" 7. Society in Stow.....	15.05
" 8. North Society, Salem.....	594.00
" 9. Society in Fairhaven.....	18.00
" 10. "Children of the late Charles G. Wood, of Boston".....	50.00
" 11. Society in Atlanta, Ga., on account.....	10.00
" 11. Women's National Alliance.....	1.84
" 12. Society in Uxbridge.....	67.90
" 12. Society in Harvard, including life membership for Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge.....	51.50
" 16. Society in Framingham, additional (in all \$226.25).....	10.00
" 17. Third Congregational Society, Hingham, including life membership for Winthrop Spooner, M.D.....	75.00
" 18. Mrs. A. L. Mayberry, Boston.....	5.00
" 18. A friend, to make Mrs. Maria P. Silsbee, of Salem, a life member.....	50.00
" 19. "Thirteen women of First Religious Society of Exbury, seven giving \$10 and six \$5 each".....	100.00
" 19. Ladies' Unitarian Association, Peabody, for Society in Ithaca, N.Y.....	20.00
" 21. Society in Alameda, Cal.....	25.00
" 22. First Parish, Brookline, additional.....	52.00
" 22. Society in Cleveland, Ohio, for tract distribution.....	3.50
" 23. Bequest of the late Miss Caroline H. Ingersoll, of Keene, N.H., additional.....	350.00
" 25. Society in Northboro.....	22.00
" 26. Society in Lawrence, additional (in all \$111) whole including life memberships for Miss Harriet S. Cabot and Alfred P. Showell.....	21.00
" 28. Unity League, Orient, N.Y.....	20.00
" 29. Society in Exeter, N.H.....	50.00
" 29. Legacy of the late Luther Blood, of Groton, on account.....	5,878.00
" 31. Miss Mary P. Bacon, Boston (Roxbury), to make herself a life member.....	50.00

INDIAN SCHOOL.	
Jan. 1. Women's National Alliance.....	50 00
" 1. W.....	2.00
" 2. Women's National Alliance.....	25.00
" 4. William Montgomery, Boston.....	20.00
" 14. Sunday-school of society in Duluth, Minn.....	2.47
" 14. Sunday-school of society in Bangor, Me.....	10.60
" 14. Sunday-school of society in Barnstable.....	5.00
" 14. Sunday-school of society in Ashby.....	24.48
" 14. Mrs. J. F. Osgood and daughter.....	25.00
" 16. Guild of the Good Shepherd, Stoneham.....	10.00
" 16. Sunday-school of Second Unitarian Society, San Francisco, Cal.....	5.55
" 25. Society in Northboro.....	36.00
" 28. Young People's Guild, Cheimsford.....	7.50
" 28. James Stott, Carbondale, Pa.....	10.00

GRINDALL REYNOLDS FUND.	
Jan. 18. Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, Boston.....	100.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.	
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CHURCH BUILDING LOAN FUND.	
Jan. 5. A friend.....	2.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treas. C. B. L. Fund.	
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Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the simplest, quickest, and most effectual remedy for Bronchitis, Asthma, and Throat Diseases.

Does this mean you?—There are still in these days of social slavishness some few spirits who rightly value unconventional art. It requires no little courage for a firm like Paine Furniture Company to bring out such a sideboard as that which is shown in an engraving in another column of this paper. Where is the bold critic who, appreciating the beauty of its unconventional lines, is sufficiently sure of his artistic judgment to buy this delightful sideboard at the low price at which it is offered?

Deaths.

In Brookfield, 25th ult., Mrs. George H. Parlin, aged 45 yrs. 11 mos. 13 days.
In Brookfield, 17th ult., Mrs. Henry W. Rice, aged 68 yrs. 6 mos.
In West Chester, Pa., 20th ult., Sophia Gage, widow of Rev. Rushton D. Burr, in her sixty-fifth year.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

For the *Christian Register*.
EXTERNALS.

BY HOWARD FREMONT STRATTON.

My life is like the ocean closed about
 By shores that give it feature. Without them
 It were a floating garment, without hem
 Or girdle to give form; or voice to shout
 Its joy with, when some long-sought, hidden gem
 Is set, like a fair lily on the stem,
 Upon its brow or bosom. All my doubt
 Is whispered in these dim and winding caves;
 My tempests, as the larger ocean's waves,
 O'erwhelm the lowlands lying at my feet,
 Dash themselves unto death in rocky graves,
 And sometimes, as the barred impulse raves,
 Lo! in some harbor's safe, unknown retreat,
 Surprised, yet soothed, sink into slumber sweet.

The Pulpit.

THE POWER OF THE PULPIT.

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.

It is often said that the influence of the pulpit is declining, and that its usefulness is well-nigh, if not completely, spent. Nor is there, I suppose, the shadow of a doubt in anybody's mind that the pulpit to-day is not what it used to be. Books are written to explain "The Decay of Modern Preaching," lectures are delivered to suggest "Reforms needed in the Pulpit." A modern newspaper—so I have read—declared not long ago that to compare the pulpit with the press was like comparing "the faint glimmer of the glow-worm with the brilliancy of the meridian sun." And these words, though loaded with true newspaper self-assertiveness, express fitly enough a certain Philistine view of the matter which is not at all uncommon. The claim is not simply that other institutions have grown up around and finally overshadowed the pulpit, but that the pulpit itself has gradually declined in power; that the day of great preachers has gone by; and that the ministry, as a profession, will never recover the vast amount of influence it has lost.

Certainly, there is on the surface a great deal of truth in these claims. If we look back into the past for an instant, we find the pulpit wielding an influence such as seems almost incomprehensible to-day. Look at the Middle Ages, for instance. What power the preacher in those days possessed! Take, for example, the monk, Bernard of Clairvaux, who preached the Second Crusade. What tales history relates of his influence! He addressed parliaments and mass-meetings from a lofty pulpit. Such was his eloquence and fervid enthusiasm for his cause that multitudes followed him, ready to do his slightest bidding. He raised armies and depopulated cities, "so that the only people left in them were widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers were still living."

The case of Anthony of Padua is still more to the point. The stories told of him seem almost incredible. His rare powers as a preacher caused him to be sent on continuous missions throughout Italy. Whenever he was to preach, the church was crowded before daybreak, and whole multitudes were unable to gain entrance: shops were closed, thoroughfares deserted, all pleasures and duties given up; and so great did the throng often become that the preacher was obliged to leave the church and hold his meeting in the open air. "Nor," it is said, "were the effects less striking,—Italian hatreds reconciled; men that had prepared the stiletto for an enemy hurrying into his embrace, a forgiving and forgiving friend; women laying off their ornaments and selling them for the benefit of the poor; old, hardened sinners brought to immediate confession."

All this was at a time when the power of the Church of Rome was unquestioned. Then came the Reformation. But the Reformation tended, if anything, to increase the activity and power of the pulpit. Certainly, it made preaching more prominent than it had been. The prophet came into the foreground, as the functions of the priest were neglected. We all know what influence Luther himself had over the populace as a preacher. Many of the best minds of Germany, in those and later days, uttered their soul-lifting thoughts from the pulpit. Schleiermacher, the world-celebrated philosopher, did; and so did Fichte and Herder, not to mention many another. But we need not go back so far as this even, for a standard of comparison, in order

to measure the insignificance of the modern pulpit. Consider how things stood among our Puritan ancestors here in New England. Even so recently as at the beginning of our own century we find the pulpit the centre of the learning and enlightenment of the community. The best minds sought it, and crowned it with their varied genius. Its word was law in matters social, political, religious. The minister was the learned man. People sought him not only for advice and consolation, but for information on all erudite matters. We feel ready to smile when we recollect all this, and reflect how little inclined we should be to-day to refer in the same way to the modern successor of the Puritan divine. Some faint suggestions of this singular deference to the pulpit remain; but they are such, we are told, as to do little more than throw into relief its present insignificance against the background of its former supremacy over all things.

Now, while I think that there is a good deal of exaggeration about this matter, I yet want you to consider with me what some of the causes are of this marked and sudden decay,—to see whether they are such as to have permanently affected its usefulness, and, if not, to measure its worth as a modern instrument of reform. I shall try to look at the matter as far as possible from the outside and impartially.

Doubtless, every one will give as an explanation of the comparative insignificance of the pulpit nowadays the fact that, far from any longer having a monopoly of the best minds, it does not even have its fair share of intellectual power. The ablest men at present find a more congenial field for their talents in the practice of law or of medicine. Science, too, and literature in one form or another, attract them. The new discoveries in the line of electricity alone have opened a vast field where men can not only earn for themselves a living, but at the same time exercise, and find worthy employment for, their mental faculties. The press, too, is absorbing many of our able men. Those who once would have gone to the pulpit as a sort of introduction into the realm of letters now give themselves to journalism.

Still more significant is the fact that men who want to do just the sort of work that the pulpit has always considered a chief part of its duties turn by preference to other mediums of influence. I refer to the work of philanthropy and general social reform, which is becoming almost a profession in itself. It is not an unusual thing to see men who were studying for the ministry turn aside from this intention, in order to throw themselves as lay-workers into practical work among the people. And we have even seen able and well-established ministers deliberately give up their calling, presumably because they felt their influence in political and social reform would be greater as writers and teachers than as ministers.

Thus in all directions we see ability and learning, and even moral enthusiasm, going out into the world to work, and sometimes even to preach, while the pulpit is forced to take unto itself men of inferior and second or third-rate ability. Herein, it is said, lies the explanation for the decline in influence of the pulpit.

Now, while this is, on the face of it, true, it is far from satisfying. It simply refers us to the previous question; and we ask, Why is this? What is the reason that men of genius no longer find a congenial field for the exercise of their abilities in the pulpit? And, especially, why is it that men who are bent on the eminently religious aim of uplifting and purifying humanity should work by preference outside the official centres of religion?

And here we touch upon the second, which is the real and underlying reason for the waning power of the pulpit,—the prevalence of the spirit of scepticism. The ablest men to-day, the men who are the deepest thinkers, are tortured by doubts. And these doubts torment them most just at that age when the incubus rests upon them of deciding for themselves what to do in life. How can they enter a profession where faith in certain fundamental beliefs is not so much demanded as presupposed? Has not belief in these dogmas, if not discredited, at least been made difficult by science? Does not philosophy find them hard to prove? And even the champions of religion itself, by their frank statements of unbelief in certain things once deemed es-

sential,—have they not helped to undermine their own influence?

For, mark you, this spirit of scepticism works in two ways to detract from the pulpit's powers. Not only does it act as a barrier, frightening away those whose sentiments predispose them to its work, but it stands like a great impenetrable wall in front of those who have felt within themselves faith enough to enter upon this work. The scepticism which is too weak for lack of faith to mount the pulpit steps often sits complacently in the pews beneath. Consciously or unconsciously, the modern religious congregation is critical, and finds itself dissenting from the utterance of the preacher. Or, if not actual dissent, there is questioning doubt. All this the pulpit has to take account of and meet. And, in doing this, it signs in a sense its own death warrant. For the preacher who cannot speak with authority, who cannot assert without fear of contradiction, who cannot plant his feet upon certain fundamental faiths and feel secure, who cannot utter his ringing "Thus saith the Lord," lacks the first element that should give him power. The founts that feed enthusiasm are not sending their life-streams through him. He finds himself apologizing when he ought to dictate, and arguing when he ought to uplift. Not thus did the preacher formerly wield his gigantic influence. He came as from another sphere, with the seal of authority stamped upon his brow. He spoke that which he knew, and "testified of that he had seen." He was recognized as one who lived in another realm of thought, and had spiritualized himself by dwelling amid higher and purer influences. Hence his authority. He was commissioned from on high, and spoke, it was felt, with the divine sanction. It is said of Jesus that the people heard him gladly, and were astonished at his teaching, "because he taught them as one having authority." The pulpit, therefore, has lost much of its power because, in a sceptical, doubting age, it fears to assume and assert certain things as true; and, if it does so assert, it is accused of being blindly dogmatic, uneducated, and unacquainted with modern doubt. Nor is there any much greater disgrace nowadays than to be "behind the times."

Attention might be called to other causes which are weakening the pulpit. One significant and wide-reaching cause is the meagreness and sterility of its message. It does not utter the truth first hand, but gives worn-out restatements of it. The early heralds of Christianity had a gospel that was new, startling, and adapted to the needs of the time. The Church to-day is still harping, not on the same gospel, but more often on some insignificant by-words of that gospel. The custom of taking texts from the Bible is carried so far that the most artificial meanings are extracted from trivial and senseless expressions. And so it happens that the message of the Church to-day is too seldom adapted to the needs of the day. It deals with dead, not living subjects, and tries to palm off the worn-out thought of the first century on the intelligence of the nineteenth. The pulpit, in many instances, is afraid openly to attack living evils, and considers it oftentimes impolitic to treat in a frank and determined spirit vital political and social abuses. In more than one of our theological seminaries the students are warned against bringing politics into the pulpit. Thus does the pulpit confess its own weakness, and acknowledge its undeniable decay.

But it is time for us to turn to the more important side of our subject. Are these causes which have led to the decline of the pulpit such as have permanently and fatally affected it, or has it a definite and important function still, which will keep it a necessary and absolutely indispensable institution in society?

Now I think we can best understand the real power and usefulness of the pulpit as a modern institution by considering how ephemeral the causes are which have contributed to its decline. Take the spirit of scepticism, which has seemed to us the underlying reason for the present weakness of the pulpit. No one, I suppose, would think that a permanent condition of things. He must read history blindfolded who does not know that ages of doubt are succeeded by ages of faith, and ever have been since the world began. Nay, it is out of these very world-moods of doubt that the glories of faith have been born. And I think that even now we can see the first signs of a

coming day when faith shall once again sustain men's souls. We are wearying of questioning; and, after all our questions, we are beginning to see that certain ideas remain as deep-rooted in the hearts and consciences of humanity as they ever were.

Yet, even without any return to so-called religious faith, it appears to me that the pulpit can easily maintain itself, and continue to wield a power in society. The authority which it must have and the enthusiasm to inspire it are born not of religious, but of moral faith. On the fundamental facts of the moral life the preacher can plant himself, and he will thus have beneath his feet the foothold that he needs and the support he requires. For, whatever else is assailed, the great landmarks of the moral life rise high above all theological disputes and philosophic doubts. They are unassailed. The reasons for leading a moral life may be argued about, and the old-fashioned terrors for enforcing it may be discarded; but the fact of the beauty of such a life,—the beauty of holiness, no one can doubt. Neither can the laws which enforce justice and honesty and purity be denied. If a man's own conscience does not tell him of these laws, then the conscience of the community, as it is embodied in its officials, forcibly reminds him that there is such a thing as right and wrong. Here, then, on the basis of morality the modern pulpit can establish itself, and, resting secure, regain something of the authority and the influence it has lost. The greatest pulpit orators of every age have been the men who preached pure morality. The old Hebrew prophets were preachers of righteousness. Amos came up to the pleasure-drunken city of Samaria from his home in the country almost three thousand years ago, and assailed the luxury, the frivolity and idleness, the vice and treachery and deceit, that he found revelling in the palace there. And his whole message was contained in the injunction, Repent and mend your ways; for in this world—ay, here, in this very life—iniquity is punished and viciousness is judged. Isaiah,—both Isaiahs preached the same moral message. So did Jeremiah and Hosea and Jonah, and, to a great extent, Jesus also. The message of Jesus was in large degree a purely moral one. His stinging rebukes were not against unbelief, but against hypocrisy and pride and selfishness. And look at how it is in our days also. Take, for instance, that little body of men who, in the name of Ethical Culture pure and simple, are exerting such an influence. They are led by a man who is, perhaps, the greatest of modern preachers, and who transfigures the platform till it becomes more than many a pulpit. Wherein lies the power and whence comes the authority of these men but from the fact that they have planted themselves, one and all, on the bed-rock of the moral life? And that they *do* speak with authority—with far greater authority than many men who have behind them the weight of dogmas and of churchly influence—we all know.

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Here, then, in an age of scepticism is the authority to be found which the pulpit needs. And, having this, can it not—nay, does it not—rest secure? It alone, of all the institutions that exist, stands in the midst of wavering and weak, sinful and suffering men and women, for the eternalness of right and for the power of what is good.

And, when the pulpit comes—as there are signs that it soon will come—to rest openly upon this moral basis, the two other causes which have contributed to its partial decay will be swept aside. The fact that a man has doubts upon certain dogmatical points will no longer prevent his entering the ranks of the preacher. The simple fact of his moral earnestness, and his desire to inspire others with a longing for the higher life, coupled with ability for this work, will sufficiently ordain him. Intellect, then, will no longer feel repelled, and confess itself obliged, for conscientious reasons, to work elsewhere. This very conscientiousness shall be the confession of faith. We may look confidently for the time, therefore, when the pulpit shall once more attract genius and culture and manly courage to itself.

And so, too, will that other shameful weakness of the modern pulpit be done away which consists in a threadbare gospel. It will have a message full of life, and adapted to the present needs. It will overturn once more the tables of the money-changers in the great temple of civilization, and will drive out the human cattle who are bought and sold for gold, saying, "Make not this world of God's a mere place of merchandise, where the passions of the beast are to be indulged!" It will raise its voice above the loud disputes of employer and employed, declaring that justice must be done and humanity made to prevail. There is injustice abroad,—treachery, high-handedness, base operations carried on for gold, that enrich one class while they drive the other on the brink of starvation into riotous acts. It is unnecessary to go outside of Massachusetts to find rich corporations that covertly reduce wages by increase of work, and deliberately try to evade the acts of the legislature that have been passed to prevent such methods. It is for the pulpit to speak out in no uncertain tone against such things, and to declare in the very name of the Eternal that righteousness must exalt the nation and the business of the nation. Thus it will help establish a new social science in place of the old, which, though so long accepted, "is nothing but the science of making money for the upper classes."

But it has other functions, peculiar to itself, which render it forever and intrinsically powerful. It deals, for instance, with mystery; and mystery is ever-abiding. There is, first of all, the great world mystery, out of which we are born, in which we live, and into which we shall return. "This ultimate mystery," says John Fiske,—"and all science bows assent,—we shall never be able to comprehend. Here Science must ever pause, acknowledging herself baffled; and here Religion must ever hold sway."

"We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell.
Stars taunt us by a mystery
Which we could never spell."

Yet this mystery is not far off, and so of no practical interest. It touches us at every turn in daily life. Birth, death, even the constant workings of the brain that we call thought, are but other names for it. Suffering, too, and the moral graces, are all born out of it. Thus on all sides, whichever way we turn, the mysterious taunts and tantalizes us. Nor are we content to sit down as upon the edge of some vast sea, and let the waves roll up along the beach. Strangely enough, the roar of the surf tempts us to embark. There is no one of us here so timid as a mariner that he has not time and time again launched his little ship of thought on this vast sea of mystery, and tried to find soundings or make observations that shall tell him where he is.

The pulpit is supposed to be peculiarly acquainted with these attempts, and to aid the natural longing of the soul to find its bearings and be at peace. It would interpret all life's mysteries from the highest point of view; it would offer explanations, solutions,—if you call them that,—not necessarily its own, but such as suffering and sorrow-worn human beings have found

consolation in for ages upon ages. Its function is the perfectly legitimate and unquestionably useful one of offering helpful and rational interpretations of things which, being forever shadowed in mystery, no one can fully understand. Nor can it be doubted that people will always feel the need of an institution that will do this.

But, again, a still more important prerogative peculiarly the pulpit's is to uplift. And I say uplift rather than instruct, for there is a great deal of misconception upon just this point. Many people claim that the pulpit is becoming obsolete, and that its work is no longer needed, because knowledge is spread abroad so generously by newspapers and periodicals and books. The Sunday newspaper is left upon the doorstep, and many people feel that they find within its closely printed score and more of pages a fit substitute for hymns and prayers and not over-brilliant sermons. There is more information, it is said, stowed away in one such paper than you would find in ten times as many average sermons. And the statement is, doubtless, true. But the fact does nothing to detract from the dignity and value of the pulpit, which aims to impart not knowledge, but the consciousness of how little we know; not information so much as inspiration. Not long ago I heard of a man remarking that he no longer went to church because the minister (an unusually profound thinker, by the way) had nothing more to teach him. He had sat under him for many years, and knew just what he thought on all the most important subjects. Now that man had a wholly perverted notion of what he should go to church for. Why, you do not go to church—none of you go, primarily—to learn something. There are few of you who could not take down more than one book from your shelves on a Sunday morning in which you would find deeper thoughts, and thoughts showing wider learning, than any average sermon is likely to contain. And that is true even of those who go to hear the very greatest of living preachers. But you come to be uplifted; and the church, with its very atmosphere and associations, uplifts as no book read in an easy-chair at home can hope to do. Here, inevitably, we touch upon that mystery of which I spoke just a moment ago. In that touch merely there is exaltation. I know not how it is with you; but, for myself, I know that the mere recognition of this eternal mystery awes and uplifts me, and makes me feel more deeply the dignity of life and its solemn duties. Even if at that moment I cannot find any very firm faith to cling to in the midst of it all, still just the thought of what a helpless child one is amid the great play of cosmic forces makes me love more deeply, makes me more unselfish with those I do love, more conscientious and scrupulously just in all of life's relationships, and more eager to do in every respect my share in the great work of the world.

Because, therefore, the pulpit is founded on the undying truth of the moral life, because its peculiar province is the mystery of mysteries that ever baffles yet attracts us, because it aims definitely and earnestly to uplift men in a world where there is so much to drag them down, it supplies a need that is clearly felt, and that no other institution can supply. The power of the press may increase a thousand-fold; other centres for reform may be multiplied indefinitely; yet they cannot, in the very nature of things, do the work or take the place of the pulpit, which is still supreme in its own especial field. Nor was Cowper far from right when he declared,—

"The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, whilst the world
shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

Sermon Gleanings.

THE CHRISTIAN UNITARIAN POSITION, DOCTRINAL.

BY JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

"Is Christ divided?"—1 COR. I. 13.

Our Christian belief is that there was one man whom, through the entirety of his being, God filled with his Spirit, and who, because there is no spiritual element in the Father that has not its representative in him, exhausting the power of our earthly

humanity to receive and convey the divine likeness, is the son and the image of God. And our Christian doctrine is that, so believing, we are bound to accept this as the normal condition of human nature, as the law of the spirit of life for each one of us. Salvation is to be in a state of spiritual health or wholeness. The Saviour who makes us whole is he who has shown us what that spiritual completeness is. This is, in its essence, the whole Christian religion,—to see in the person of Christ all that in this world human eyes can see, human obedience can embody, of the harmonized image of God; to see in the person of Christ the end of God in mortal humanity, the type of being he is seeking here to develop in every child he has. This is to exhaust the meaning of the two great titles which define his relations on the divine and the human side of his being,—Son of God, as showing all of the Father's spirit that human nature when most filial is here capable of receiving; Son of man, as the normal result and product, the spiritual development of "what is in man." God has no spiritual glory that is not imaged in "his holy Child": humanity has no spiritual germ that is not developed in its Saviour, in him who made it whole.

It is usual to have it ascribed to us that ours is a negative Christianity. They who speak thus speak in rashness and in ignorance. Is God manifest in the flesh a negative confession of Christian faith? Is the Word made flesh and dwelling among us recognized as the normal condition of human nature, a negative profession of Christian duty?

Christ is the Head of the Church because we see in him the fulness of God in man, which by his attraction and help each soul is striving to draw within itself,—the aim at which every Christian heart is gazing. And, again, the Church is the body of Christ, because, each of us being imperfect, no one of us being more than, as it were, a single member—an eye, an arm, a hand—of that spiritual body, only the united graces and action of the whole can represent the separate elements of the fulness that dwelt in him.

Our Christian profession, then,—the end and aim of our faith in Christ,—is to grow in the likeness of God through the aid and attraction of that Son of his in whom, by the gift of his grace, we have the fulness of his image in human nature. According to the Scriptures, to look on Christ as "the Image of the invisible God"; and to look upon humanity as "complete in Christ,"—this is our Christian doctrine. To strive after this in the single and solitary life of our spirits, to co-operate in this as children of one Father,—this is our Christian life.

I shall be told that this is the end and aim of all Christian churches,—that this is no peculiarity of ours, that never did a Christian church exist that would not define and find its central life in the purpose to develop in human nature the image of God given to us in the Man Christ Jesus. This is so. Christ is not divided. This is the common ground of Christian union. All Christendom agrees in this, that God reveals his Son in us in order that in each soul of man the same image of the Father may come into full lineament and life. This is no peculiarity of ours: in this we are differenced from no other Christian church, and no other Christian church is differenced from us. What, then, is our peculiarity? This simply: that we take this,

this ground on which we do not differ from the rest of Christendom, for the whole of the Christian peculiarity; that we suffer nothing more than this to enter into the definition of Christianity, or into the constitution of a Christian church. Our peculiarity is this: that, taking it as our aim to grow in the likeness of God after the image of himself he has given us in the Man Christ Jesus, we pursue that aim under the conditions of absolute liberty as to the views of God and of his providence that may individually commend themselves to us, and by means of simple allegiance to our own convictions of truth as God may show it to us,—our object, the image of God, to have Christ formed within us; the conditions, freedom to receive fresh help and light from the Source of all grace and knowledge; the means, personal fidelity to the measure of light given to each of us. Now, all Christian churches agree with us in our object, the reproduction in each of the image of God as Christ has shown it to us; and all real members of those churches agree with us as to the means,—personal fidelity to truth, to our best conceptions of God and of his relations to human nature. But we stand alone as to the individual mental conditions under which this aim is to be pursued, these means employed,—absolute liberty; a liberty never shortened, never bound, never closed, to receive whatever fresh light God may give us, and to expect new light forever upon his Being, his providence, his grace, his methods of applying that grace, his personal relations to the human spirit, the mysteries of his infinite nature. Upon these subjects we dare make no articles of religion: in these directions we dare not define the manifold immensity of God. To believe that God is the Father of every human spirit, and that Jesus Christ is the pattern of our divine destiny up to the entrance on heavenly life,—we dare make nothing else essential to our Christianity. Other churches, recognizing the same object, employing the same means, may grow in the Christian life, though in all other respects their views of the theory of religion are different from ours; but, if they grow, it is because they do employ the same means,—fidelity of confession and of life to their own perceptions of God. The only soul that is cut off from God is one that does not live in its own truth, that disguises or conceals its own discernments. You can have no personal vision through another man's eyes. You can have no living communication with God through a faith that is not your own. You may close the organs of sight, and live upon testimony as to the glories of the skies, and the richness of color, and the wonders of the earth; but in so far you cease to be an independent witness: you have no testimony of your own to give. The only soul that is disabled from witnessing to the manifold grace of God, that is disabled for bearing its part in the Church by reflecting its own ray of the infinite light, is the soul that conceals or disguises the revelation of God made to itself,—that hides the portion given to it of the illimitable glory of the Father, by substituting or outwardly accepting formulas of men not true to inward insight for the living communication of the individual soul with the eternal Spirit. We are all of us imperfect mirrors of the Father's brightness: the fulness of his presence in Christ is caught by none of us. Therefore, as the self-same Spirit divides to every man



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severally as he will, no soul has a right to distort itself, to defraud the Church, to hide the glory of God, to mar the countenance of the Lord, by bearing no witness, or by bearing false witness to its own "manifestation of the Spirit."

Personal fidelity, in profession and in practice, to our existing perceptions of truth, and an ever open door for God to come in,—these, recognized as the privilege and the duty of every soul that has personal relations with an infinite Spirit, are all that could be required to keep Christ from being "divided," to unite the whole Christian Church in a helpful and converging progress toward that one end and goal which, according to the apostle, the Father hath predestined for us all,—“to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first born among many brethren.”

NEW YORK LETTER.

Simultaneously with the obituary notices of Mr. Ward McAllister, appeared the annual report of the University Settlement Society of New York. The former gave an account of the life of a man who had made a business of pleasure, and who had lived to establish what Thackeray liked to call "the diabolical invention of gentility." The latter was a record of the voluntary abnegation by educated and refined men and women of many of the things that Mr. McAllister most prized, in order that they might help the poor to have a chance to make their lives more enjoyable and their environment more elevating. Far apart as are these aims, no one seems to have exclaimed, "Who can be patient in such extremes!" Appreciative words have been said of the self-assumed function of New York's famous society leader, who, according to all his kindly critics, was a modest, retiring, kind-hearted gentleman, of infinite tact, who gossiped brilliantly, but never maliciously; while the report of the University Settlement has received the editorial commendation of our best newspapers, all of which have urged a more generous financial support to enable the society to carry on its noble work.

One of the most significant remarks in the report above referred to is made in its introduction by the president of the society, Hon. Seth Low. It is to the effect that the laboring man and the educated rich man know very little about each other, and that out of this mutual ignorance is bred a mutual suspicion and distrust. In this unsympathetic attitude toward each other is to be found one of the chief causes of labor difficulties,—one that will be removed only by an actual acquaintance of the two classes with each other, such as the University Settlement makes possible. The work of the Settlements has demonstrated the great practical value of a larger force of workers among the masses who are thoroughly trained in political economy and sociology. In this kind of training Columbia College, since Prof. Giddings has filled the chair of sociology, is taking a leading part; and now, within a few days, the dean of Barnard, the only college for women in this city, has announced to its board of trustees that an unnamed friend has made a munificent proposal to extend the advantages of the studies in political and social science.

Barnard has a helpful friend and supporter in the club which bears its name, and which has other distinguishing qualities. Its membership is open to men and women, and husband and wife pay but one initiation fee and one annual due between them. So that, literally, in the membership of the club, "the twain are one." The meetings of the club are social rather than literary, and constitute a kind of "clearing-house" where busy people can see many friends at one time, thus saving themselves the trouble of house-to-house calls. Tea only is served. The club has just taken possession of its new quarters in Carnegie Music Hall Building; and they consist of a library, tea, and committee rooms. The decorations and furnishings of these apartments are largely the handiwork of the members; for, so generous have been the gifts of the club to its protégé, the college, that funds were lacking for the purpose of fitting up its new home. The aim and the simplicity of the Barnard Club are equally unique and praiseworthy.

Pleasure-loving New Yorkers are just now enjoying the versatility of Mr. Beer-

bohm Tree, the English actor, who, with his gifted wife, is at Abbey's Theatre. Mr. Tree has unusual power in rôles so widely differing in character and make-up that one cannot believe, without looking at the programme, that both have been taken by the same person. This means, of course, that the mannerisms which always betray Mr. Henry Irving in every rôle he acts are lacking in Mr. Tree. To be within the hour the ballad-monger, Gringoire,—a fair-haired, long, lean, tattered, starved, restless "somebody or odd-body," to use the words of the play,—and then the portly, white-haired, magenta-faced, suspicious, crafty, scheming Russian Chief of Police, was a remarkable triumph in mental and physical metamorphosis. The ease with which Mr. Tree performed this feat was enthusiastically recognized by his large audience. How irresistible the theatre seems to be to all classes of Americans! A dozen years ago Matthew Arnold owned that this was true of Englishmen in their own country. Then London had forty play-houses. New York has to-day forty-two theatres and opera-houses, besides her ten music-halls; and all are nearly always thronged at every performance.

But throngs of people gather as well in New York churches. Dr. Parkhurst's congregations cannot be seated in his church. Men and women stand patiently through a service which frequently, if not always, lasts one hour and three-quarters. Dr. Parkhurst's strong individuality, which has made him so great a power in the reform work that he is doing, is plainly seen also in his pulpit utterances. In a recent sermon he instructed his hearers that the fundamental doctrines of religion do not depend upon the portions of Scripture which have been disproved by the revelations of science. He used the book of Genesis as an illustration of his remark.

The beloved and venerated Dr. Furness of Philadelphia preached to a large congregation last Sunday in All Souls' Church. Friends from Yonkers, Brooklyn, and the other New York Unitarian churches were present to greet him. They were rewarded by hearing one of Dr. Furness's most characteristic and instructive sermons on "The Jesus of the Gospels." It was delivered with perfect clearness and with marked vigor. In the evening All Souls' was again open for one of a series of musical services which have been in progress during the winter, and which have proved successful and enjoyable. The attendance at them has increased from twenty to about two hundred at the last service. Midway in the programme a short address is given, either by Rev. Theodore C. Williams or by his assistant, Rev. Frederick J. Gauld.

The Lenox Avenue Church recently held its annual meeting; and, of the reports rendered by the secretaries of its many activities,—which include a Choral Club, a Working-girls' Club, an Emerson Club, a Men's Club, a King's Daughter Society, a Gymnasium Association, a Branch Alliance, and a Ladies' Aid Society,—none told of greater success than that of the Ladies' Aid Society. Its thirty-eight members have given an annual society dinner, a dramatic entertainment, a June festival, and a November fair. They raised, including a small balance from last year, \$1,744.43, of which sum they contributed \$200 toward the church debt and \$1,200 toward the church expenses.

On Friday, February 1, the New York League of Unitarian Women met at the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn. Since its last meeting there a year ago the church edifice has been beautified by some fine stained-glass memorial windows. Five are now in place, and a sixth is soon to be added. "Storied windows, richly dight," have the same charm to many as the "monastic aisles" to Emerson in his famous poem. What enjoyment must be theirs who sit Sunday after Sunday in the mellowed light which now streams into the Church of the Saviour!

The programme of the League consisted of three papers on "The Training of Children," by Mrs. Katherine S. B. Dunn, Mrs. G. W. Winterburn, Miss Marie A. Jadwin, respectively. The topics were arranged as follows: (1) "How shall we encourage a High Standard of Moral and Mental Integrity?" (2) "Influence of City and Country Life," (3) "College Life for Boys and Girls." For this admirable arrangement of the subject the League was indebted to the late Mrs. James D. Smillie,

one of its officers, and one of its most earnest workers and trusted counsellors, whose death had occurred suddenly on the Sunday preceding the meeting. This tragic event gave a deeply pathetic interest to the proceedings of the day, for Mrs. Smillie was herself to have given one of the papers. Every member of the League was her friend, and there was heartfelt assent to the resolutions tributary to her memory read by Miss Emma C. Low. They are as follows:

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. James D. Smillie the New York League of Unitarian Women has lost one of its most valued members, who had served in its Executive Board for five years.

Resolved, That her clear mind, her practical qualities, the courage, strength, and repose of her character, made her a most helpful worker and a safe leader.

Resolved, That her absolute integrity and her sincerity of purpose made her counsel a power wherever she was known, and that our League will greatly miss her gentle dignity and beautiful presence.

Resolved, That a minute of these resolutions be made in the League record, and a copy of them sent to her bereaved husband.

M. A. M.

Literature.

MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA.*

No two figures in the history of modern royalty are surrounded with a more tender, pathetic, and tragic interest than those of Maximilian and Carlotta. It has been the good fortune of the United States to be separated from the continent of Europe by the vast ocean, which has helped to keep it aloof from the political embroilments of the Old World; and it had been fortunate for the ill-fated Maximilian if he had never crossed that ocean to mingle in the controversies which threatened the existence of this republic. At the outbreak of the war both England and France engaged to maintain strict neutrality. This declaration was soon compromised by the treaty providing for the intervention in Mexico. Formally and legally, this was not overt. It was simply a side-thrust to accomplish by indirection what could not have been done without involving the United States in a war with England and France. The apologists of Napoleon have seriously assumed the benevolent intentions of that unfortunate monarch. It was wholly a benevolent enterprise for the regeneration of Mexico. Napoleon believed, and the government of England also, in the final success of the South. Otherwise Napoleon would not have been insane enough to attempt the innovation. Maximilian was a tool in his hands. But Mr. Taylor contends that, not without his own impressions, and not without ample warning of the probable consequences of his enterprise, he from first to last acted with full knowledge of the problems and risk his acceptance would involve. The story of the entrance of Maximilian and Carlotta into Mexico, their part in the government, is told with an interest which hardly fails of being sympathetic, though one can discern in Mr. Taylor's narrative the shadow of tragic events; for Sherman had begun his historical march to the sea when the emperor and empress were welcomed to the ancient city. Thrice the emperor's hand refused to sign the "Black Decree" which treated the republican troops of Mexico as outlaws, and sentenced them to die as highwaymen. It was this wicked decree which reacted upon Maximilian himself, and excluded him finally from all mercy.

Mr. Seward had not failed to inform the French government of the objection of this government to intervention. The United States could not do more at that time, but immediately after the close of the war the subject was taken up by Mr. Seward. The emperor of France was invited to relieve the situation without delay. The United States refused to recognize any government in Mexico but the ancient republic; and Mr. Seward stated with a distinctness altogether void of ambiguity that the presence of armies in Mexico, maintaining a foreign prince with ample troops sent against our will, was deemed dangerous, not alone to the United States, but also to all the independent and southern republican States found on the American continent and its adjacent islands. Napoleon agreed to withdraw the troops; and, to make

* MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA. A Story of Imperialism. By John M. Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

it easier for him to do so, it was agreed that they should be withdrawn in detachments. His attempt to postpone the departure of the first detachment of French in November, 1866, until the next spring brought forth a peremptory demand from Mr. Seward, which Mr. Taylor describes as the words of a soldier rather than those of a diplomat. These words are so memorable that we quote them in full:—

"The emperor's decision to modify the existing arrangement without any understanding with the United States, so as to leave the whole French army in Mexico for the present instead of withdrawing one detachment in November current, as promised, is now found in every way inconvenient and exceptionable. We cannot acquiesce: first, because the term 'next spring,' as appointed for the entire evacuation, is indefinite and vague; and, second, because we have no authority for stating to Congress and to the American people that we have now a better guarantee for the withdrawal of the whole expeditionary force in the spring than we have heretofore had for the withdrawal of a part in November; third, in full reliance upon at least a literal performance of the emperor's existing agreement, we have taken measures, while facilitating the anticipated French evacuation, to co-operate with the republican government of Mexico for promoting the pacification of that country, and for the early and complete restoration of the proper constitutional authority of that government. The President sincerely hopes and expects that the evacuation of Mexico will be carried into effect with such conformity to the existing agreement as the inopportune complication which calls for this despatch shall allow. Instructions will be issued to the United States military forces of observation to await in every case special directions from the President. This will be done with a confident expectation that the telegraph or the mail may seasonably bring us a satisfactory resolution from the emperor in reply to this note."

The pitiful appeals of Carlotta to Napoleon were useless. He was sane enough to know that further support of Maximilian would be insane. That hero was doomed. The closing events in his tragic career form a pathetic recital. But through it all Maximilian stands out as a heroic figure, in sad contrast to the man in France whose victim he became.

Mr. Taylor has performed a difficult task with wisdom and justice. He has saluted the qualities of humanity, courage, and

RECLAIMED FROM DEATH.

The Terror of Man Thwarted.

In the Grasp of that Dread Disease, Consumption.—Life Given Back.—Almost Miraculous.

Fortunately, perhaps, the Consumptive does not realize his own condition. His is a disease of continual waste until he meets a death that is in reality one of starvation.

It is now generally conceded that this disease is incurable,—that is, by any known medicine. Change of climate, or some life-infusing food that will give new flesh, blood, and strength, and induce the various organs of the body to assume their normal functions,—this is the only hope.

The only way to do this effectually is to give the patient Bovinine, that great raw food product, the greatest concentration of the life-giving elements of raw beef known to modern science. In this connection the results obtained by Dr. J. H. Head of Atlanta, Ga., in the treatment of a case of consumption, are interesting.

Dr. Head relates briefly how a man about thirty-five years of age came to him for treatment. He had lost forty pounds in weight in six months; he suffered with a bad cough and experienced severe night sweats; he was unable to do any work; most of his family had died of consumption, and on examination his right lung was found to be seriously affected, and as the doctor remarked, "He was in a good way to have an early funeral."

But note what happened. He was given Bovinine. In two weeks he had gained seven pounds, his appetite had returned, he was able to do a good day's work, and most of the distressing symptoms had vanished; and at the time of writing the doctor felt sure of a complete cure.

This is but one of many similar cases. Bovinine will give new life and strength, make new blood and flesh, stop waste, ward off disease, and turn the current of life's river again into its natural channel. Give it one trial while there is yet hope.

virtue in the royal lives of Maximilian and Carlotta; and he has told the story of the momentous events in the history of this country and Mexico with discriminate candor and dramatic warmth.

CHURCH HYMNAL. Revised and enlarged by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins. Boston: The Parish Choir. — Rev. Charles L. Hutchins has won the appreciation and gratitude of lovers of church music, not only in the Episcopal Church, but in other communions. For, when one does good work in this direction, his influence is sure to be felt throughout the Christian household. Fortunately, there are no creedal lines which shut out hymns and tunes from any room in that household. Guided by fine musical tastes, ample knowledge, and also a respect for the traditions of church music, Mr. Hutchins prepared in 1892-94 a "Church Hymnal," being the collection of hymns set forth by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1892, with music edited by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, assisted by Mr. Horatio Parker, Professor of Music in Yale University; Mr. Warren Locke, organist of Harvard University; and Mr. Arthur Whiting of Boston. It has been accepted as the musical hymnal of that church. In grateful appreciation of the reception the book has had, this organ edition is issued. It is believed to be the only organ edition of a hymnal ever published in this country. The few books devoted to the Canticles in the smaller book are omitted in this, as the editor hopes to publish an organ edition of his new "Chant and Service Book," which included what is here omitted. The large, clear type is a pleasure to the eye; and this large and beautiful volume will be a welcome friend to the organist.

Miscellaneous.

The "Sixteenth Annual Report of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity" contains much information regarding the various institutions in Massachusetts as well as statistics touching pauperism, insanity, immigration, etc. The summary of recommendations presents a dozen needs which require legislative action.

Dr. Spencer Trotter, Professor of Biology in Swarthmore College, publishes a little book entitled "Lessons in the New Geography." He writes from a realization of the truth that, to give a child ideas of real things, it is necessary to appeal to the imagination. In proportion as a study stimulates the imaginative faculty does it create availing interest.

Ferdinand A. Wyman of the Suffolk County (Massachusetts) bar has put together a little book, "United States Income Tax Law," intended to be useful to business men. All the information one needs in regard to the requirements, exemptions, and penalties of the law, as well as the history of income tax in different countries, is here simplified and easily found.

"Vick's Floral Guide for 1895" is almost as attractive as the magazines. The colored plates, especially the one on the cover, are charming; and the long illustrated lists of floral and vegetable possibilities make one long for springtime and garden experiments. It will be good to see again the tender lettuce, the crisp radishes, the brilliant nasturtiums, and the delightful sweet-peas of last summer raised from Vick's seeds. In addition to the usual varieties, there are many new chrysanthemums, dahlias, carnations, and asters, as well as foliage and show plants. The vegetable catalogue suggests a country fair.

The Magazines.

The Philadelphia Society for Ethical Culture has undertaken the publication of the *Cause*, a little monthly paper dedicated to moral progress and the interests of the society. The first number contains interesting notes and announcements bearing on the general work; a report of an ethical movement just started in Kensington, a manufacturing district; and notes from the societies in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, London, and Berlin.

The New World.—The following committee has been appointed by Hon. George F. Hoar, president of the National Conference, on the endowment and current support of the *New World*. The committee was appointed by authority of the Conference, and had the power to add to their number: Mr. Edwin B. Haskell, Newton, Mass.; Prof. James B. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Francis C. Lowell, Boston, Mass.; Mr. George O. Shattuck, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.; Rev. William H. Lyon, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, Boston, Mass.; Miss Helen Collamore, Boston, Mass.; Miss Annette P. Rogers, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. John P. Forbes, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. Alfred Stone, Providence, R.I.; Rev. A. S. Garver, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. S. A. Eliot,

Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. Enoch Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Enoch Pratt, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. John Snyder, St. Louis, Mo.; Prof. C. C. Everett, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. N. P. Gilman, Boston, Mass.

Literary Notes.

Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, the editor of the *Christian Register*, contributes a paper to the February *Arena* on "Penology in Europe and America." This paper is the result of a year's travel in Europe, completed in the winter of 1893, during which he visited all the representative prisons of England, France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, and Greece. And so it embodies the latest European data on the subject as well as that which is obtainable from American reports.

Hall Caine is a Manxman himself, and hence, probably, the great success of his novel bearing that name. He is about forty-five years old. Photographs indicate that he looks like Shakspeare, and in the forehead this resemblance is striking. He is nervous; and, as he does some of his best work after midnight, it tells on his health. His present ambition is to write a life of Christ. "The Manxman" has broken the record for this year in England. The sale of the book in one month amounted to twenty-five thousand copies. This has never been equalled by any novel since "Lothair."

Books Received.

From Harvard University Press.
Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College, 1893-94.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. Price \$1.00.
From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
The Pygmies. By A. De Quatrefages. Translated by Frederick Starr. Price \$1.75.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
The Doctor, his Wife, and the Clock. By Anna Katharine Green.
In Woods and Fields. By Augusta Larned.
Three Men of Letters. By Moses Colt Tyler.
From Edgar S. Werner, New York.
Defective Speech and Deafness. By Lillie Eginton Warren. Price \$1.00.
Pantomimes or Wordless Poems. By Mary Tucker Magill. Price \$1.25.
Robert H. Hatch's Recitals. Price 30 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
In the Confiding. In Lovely Old Castile. I'm Happy To-day. Songs. By J. C. Goodwin and T. Brigham Bishop.
Ontario March. Mla Dolce. For Mandolins and Guitar. By Johnson Bane.
Pretty Phyllis Gray. Song. By Harry Moore.
Spinning Chorus. Sailor Chorus. From "The Flying Dutchman." By W. Dressler.
Juanita. Spanish Dance. By Edward Holst.
Dream Love. Song. Words by Samuel Minturn Peck. Music by John Wiegand.
The Coming Glory. Sacred Song and Chorus. Words and Music by T. White Paine.
Thou wilt keep him in Perfect Peace. Sacred Song. By F. W. Batchelder.

In Love with Love.

Four Life-Studies. By JAMES H. WEST, Author of "The Complete Life," "Uplifts of Heart and Will," etc. pp. 109.

Contents: 1. Transfigurations; 2. Serenity; 3. True Greatness; 4. Our Other Selves.

[JOHN W. CHADWICK, in the *Christian Register*.]

There is something singularly fresh and strong in Mr. West's way of putting things. Any one of these studies read at night would sweeten a man's slumber, and waken him in the morning to some better sense of his great opportunity.

[LILIAN WHITING, author of "The World Beautiful," in the *Boston Budget*.]

"In Love with Love" is a book which must be read to be appreciated. It is one of those gems of spiritual richness, the sufficient value of which the reviewer is powerless to name. It can only be said, in the most abstract manner, that this little volume, by James H. West, author of "The Complete Life," "Uplifts of Heart and Will," and "Visions of Good," as well as numerous poems, is a very little minister carrying very big truths. It is a book which every one should own, for it cannot but make a disciple wherever it finds a reader. Its theme is life, and its animus is love.

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"A book of genuine originality and power."—*New York Tribune*.

THE STORY OF LAWRENCE GARTHE.

By Mrs. KIRK, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Ciphers," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

"I have had a delightful feast, charming and absorbing from beginning to end. . . It is all fascinating, and the plot is managed so admirably throughout. To say that the conversations were brilliant is mere trite commonplace. Not a word of them can be skipped."—*Horace Howard Furness, LL.D.*

CŒUR D'ALENE.

A dramatic account of riots in the Cœur d'Alene mines in 1892, with an engaging love-story. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, author of "John Bodewin's Testimony," "The Led-Horse Claim," "In Exile," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

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DANVIS FOLKS.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON, author of "Vermont," in the American Commonwealth Series. 16mo, \$1.25.

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"Mrs. Burnham has laid the scenes of her pleasant, pure-toned romance among the glories of the White City. It is delightful to have them reanimated in such a vivid manner, for their significance and their art are treated with a moral perspective that is not destroyed by too much effusion. . . 'Sweet Clover' is one of the most agreeable tone stories which has appeared for a long time."—*Literary World* (Boston).

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THE GREAT REFUSAL:

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THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S, and Other Stories.

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BY HELEN BOSTWICK BIRD.

'Tis an old tale of one o'er-faithful heart,
One life's devotion and fond sacrifice,—
The story of a woman early wed,
Loving and well-beloved, who yet had found
No happiness, since on the life she loved
Had fallen a strange and dire fatality.
Whether inheritance from unhappy sires
Or sad remain of fever or remorse,
None knew, but, ever as sleep came to him,
Grim nightmares seized him and distracting dreams
Robbed him of rest, and torture made of night.
Vain all medicinal art, and worse than vain
The victim's striving with o'er-mastering fate.
Flesh failed, and strength, till Death seemed hover-
ing near.

Then to the wife an eager longing came
To fight this evil on its own dark ground;
And so each night, beside him, yielding sleep,
Her lips, bent softly to the slumberer's ear,
Would whisper words of tenderest sympathy,
Phrases of buoyant hope or cheery rhymes
(Shreds from the web some favorite poet wove).
Sometimes she lured him with her gentle voice
To haunts of beauty and to distant lands
 Oft visited in fancy, guiding him,
And visioning to his brain all fairest scenes.

"Love, this is merrie England's sky you see;
Here are the hedge-rows; here are violets;
These green lime-arches where the sparrows build.
Hark, do you hear them scolding,—'Twit and twit';
Now this is Florence,—will you come with me?
See, yonder flows the Arno,—let us watch
Its dimpling silver 'twixt the moonlit banks.
Now the Eternal City! see—the Dome!"

Venice, perchance, came next, or Grecian Isles,
The Golden Horn, Damascus, Ispahan,
Fair Cashmere with its roses, dusky Ind.
So, banished all the horrors of the past,
Fresh would the sleeper wake from restful dreams
(Unconscious all of her dear watchfulness),
And kiss the tired lips, wondering at their white.

But ever as he stronger grew, and moved
Among his peers a man self-poised and proud,
She paled and faded, keeping still her post,
Until at last, one perfumed summer morn,—
"Twas just before the dawning,—her lips failed,
The loving eyes half closed, then brighter grew.
"Why this—why this—dear heart, do you not see?
Love, *this is heaven*," she murmured, and passed
out,
Her face all radiant with its glad surprise,
Into the dawning of the brighter day.

MY FIRST STORE DOLL.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"When the corn is all cut, if nothing hap-
pens to prevent, I shall go to the city for
a visit." When my mother said these
words, she stood in the front door of the
farm-house, bidding my father's cousin
good-by. To me she was a very fine lady;
and I knew my mother regarded her as
above the generality of people, or she would
not have opened the best room every day
for her to sit in. I opened my eyes in won-
der; for my mother was a stay-at-home body,
and had never spent a night away from
home since I was born, and I was nearly
eight years old.

After our guest had gone, I asked mother
if she were really going to the city; for I
had begun already to have a sinking feeling
in my heart at the thought of parting with
her. She quieted my fears by saying, "You
need not begin to think about it now, dear;
for it will be nearly three months before the
corn will be ready to cut, and nobody knows
what may happen before that time. But, if
I go, I will bring you a store doll."

Although I dreaded being left at home
without mother, I could not help hoping
that nothing would happen to prevent her
going to the city; for a store doll was some-
thing I had never even dared to wish for.
My mother had often made me a doll out of
a pillow, by tying her blue checked apron
around it; but I always associated it with
a fat girl who went to our school, and for
whom I had quite a dislike. But the dolls
of a smaller size made out of a roll of cloth,
with a smaller roll fastened on the back for
arms, were very dear to me. I got my older
brother to make marks with ink where the
eyes and nose and mouth ought to be, and
then I rubbed the quill pen filled with ink
over the back of the head for hair.

My mother had a hard summer that year.
Our farm was a large one, and there were no
labor-saving machines to make the work
easier. Consequently, my father had a
number of hired men. I well remember the
two tables my mother was obliged to put
together to make room for them all, and the
large loaves of rye bread she cut up for

every meal. Being a dairy farm, my mother
had a great deal of butter and cheese to
make. I was very proud to think that a
rich, prominent family in Albany always
had a jar of her June butter packed to be
sent to them in the fall.

The days were long days in childhood,
and the summer seemed to linger later than
ever. But the time came when the corn
was all cut, the extra help was sent away,
and Sally Sage was engaged to come and
keep house for my mother for two weeks.

It is seventy years ago this autumn that
she made that visit; but I remember per-
fectly how she looked when she was ready
to go, and the choking sensation in my
throat when she stooped down, and put
aside her long black lace veil to kiss me
good-by.

I could really see that she felt sorry to
part with me, for I discovered a tear in the
corner of her eye. She was not a demon-
strative woman. People were not as much
so in those days as they are now, and that
tear made a great impression on my child-
ish heart. My father carried the small
haircloth trunk, studded with brass nails,
out to the gate; and soon the stage coach
came rattling up, and the trunk was
strapped on behind. I think I never have
seen such a look of love-light on any face as
there was on my mother's as she turned to
look after us out of the stage-coach window,
when the driver started up his horses.
Albany was only thirty-six miles away from
our home; but there were no railroads then,
and it seemed a long distance off.

I was the only girl in the family; and my
five brothers were very fond of me, and told
me not to cry. Was I not to have a store
doll when mother came home?

But it was such a gray, chilly morning
that I could not help feeling desolate
enough; and I went up to my room under
the sloping roof, and kneeled down by the
high post bedstead, and, burying my face
in the feather bed, I gave full vent to my
tears, and I prayed to God to keep my
dear mother from danger and bring her
safely home again. Before I could bathe
my eyes Sally Sage called from the kitchen,
in a loud shrill voice, "Mandy, hain't you
going to come and wash up the breakfast
dishes?" I ran down the back stairs in a
hurry, for I stood in awe of Sally Sage.
She was the one woman in town who went
about doing work wherever and whenever
she could,—"filling gaps for folks," as she
expressed it. She was very prim and precise
in her ways, and a person who never seemed
to be in sympathy with children. She sat
in a pew in front of us at church, and often
went to sleep; and her large turkey-feather
fan would move more and more slowly until
it would fall down into her lap. Then she
would rouse herself, and sit up straight and
trim as if nothing had happened. At such
times she bit off a bit of ginger root or a
bunch of caraway seeds which she carried in
her hand.

Sally instantly saw that I had been cry-
ing; and she said, "Well, well, I never see
the beat,—crying 'cause your ma's gone out
to Albany for a little spell. What would
you do if your mother should die, I won-
der? I hain't had no mother sence I was
a baby. Such a great gal as you be, going
up chamber to cry!"

No wonder Sally Sage was so unfeeling.
She hadn't had any mother. My heart was
full of pity for her then, and I was very
careful to tell my brothers what she had told
me, and to beg them not to track mud over
her clean floor; for Sally was a person who
never had a mother to love her.

Sally Sage spun a lot of yarn for our
stockings, and wove a rag carpet for the
sitting-room while mother was gone. She
was a great worker, and people could al-
ways rely upon her doing her very best.
She prided herself on not being "an eye-
servant."

The two weeks mother was gone seemed
almost as long as the whole summer to me;
and, when the afternoon came for her to
come home, I kept watch at the west win-
dow until I saw the horses' heads peering
through the thick trees that lined the
mountain road. Then I ran down and told
Sally; and she put the tea-kettle on, and
prepared the supper as quickly as she could.
Mother said she was never so happy in her
life as she was when she got home. She

told father to open the trunk at once, so she
could get out the store doll.

I have had many fine gifts since then, but
never one that could compare with that doll,
as far as my happiness and pride were con-
cerned. My father's cousin had dressed it
in a piece that had been left of her brown
and gold changeable silk dress. I can re-
member the expression of that doll's face
now. It had flaxen curls hanging down at
the side, blue eyes and pink cheeks. It was
a wax doll. Of course, it was too fine for
me to play with except at stated times; but
I kept it in the top drawer of the bureau in
the spare room, and I was allowed to look at
it every day, and to hold it for a short time.
On special days when we had company I
was told that I could play with it.

I named it Miss Arabella Cogswell, after
the pretty young lady in the city whose
father and mother thought so much of our
June butter.

After a time my mother let me have the
doll to play with every day; but girls at that
time were expected to outgrow their affec-
tion for dolls at an early age, and, when I
was ten years old, I was ashamed to be seen
holding a doll, and so I used to go up in the
garret and "take comfort" with Miss Ara-
bella Cogswell all alone by myself, long
after the family thought I was done with
dolls forever.

When I was eleven years old, the ladies in
our town filled a box to send to a missionary
in Turkey. My mother told me about the
little girl there who lived with heathen chil-
dren, and who had no privileges such as I
had in my favored country, and hoped, now
that I was such a great girl, that I would
send the doll to her. So, after many
struggles with what Sally Sage called my
"depraved nature," I put the doll in the
missionary box.

It took a long time then to hear from
those far-off countries; and it was a year
before I received the letter from that little
girl's mother, telling of the doll's safe ar-
rival and the delight of the child at re-
ceiving such a beautiful gift. I have that
letter now, and shall keep it as long as I
live; for, somehow, I still have a great affec-
tion for the store doll of my childhood, the
giving up of which made me feel for a time
much as I thought then that Mrs. Deacon
Fairchild felt when she gave up her only
daughter for the cause of Foreign Missions.
Susan Teall Perry.

K. W. BROWN.

She was a very important member of the
Brown family, was K. W. Brown. When
she was only five months old, she ran all
over the house, which is more than any
other of the little Browns did at that tender
age. When Dick and Marjorie came home
from the country one summer, Sister May
carried a queer-looking bundle, which
looked very much like a blue gingham
clothes-bag. And that is just what it was.
There had been a great discussion as to
whether or not the pet cat, Cherry,—a
great, glossy creature,—should be left be-
hind; and, finally, after all the pros and
cons had been gravely considered, the fam-
ily council adjourned after deciding that
Cherry should not be subjected to the tem-
ptations of city life. So May resolutely
packed a lot of medicine bottles into the
basket which was to have served for a trav-
elling coach for her black pet, and every
one thought that Cherry's fate was sealed.
At last every one was ready. All of the
baggage, excepting grandma's trunk, had
been sent off by the early train; and, if
that one trunk had not been left to hold the
"last things," which always multiply in a
mysterious way, I doubt if I could have
ever told you about K. W. Brown. It was
about ten o'clock; and the children were
standing at the window watching for the
carriage which was coming to take them to
the station, when Mrs. Brown, going out to
the kitchen to make sure that Bridget had
not left the water running, and had fastened
all the windows, and had made sure that
the fire was out, and had left nothing out
of place, found May giving Cherry a last
drink of milk in the cover of a tin kettle.
If Dick had been there, he would have been
dumfounded to see his sister; for he didn't
suppose "grown-ups" ever cried.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.
"Cherry!" was the mournful answer;
and May couldn't help laughing through

her tears, for it did seem ridiculous for her
to be crying over a cat. At this point
Cherry, having finished her milk, seated
herself in the sunlight at the door and
began washing her face, as all neat cats do
when they finish eating.

"I had no idea that you really cared
so much, May," said mamma. "We will
take her with us, for I'd rather have Cherry
than any other cat." And she picked
up the great black beauty and carried her
into the house, while May fastened the
kitchen door.

Now who can say whether Cherry would
have made the trip after all, simply for
want of "ways and means," if grandma
had not remembered a blue gingham clothes-
bag which was in the top tray of her trunk,
and which seemed the only available article
which was large enough for the purpose.
This was found, the trunk locked and re-
strapped; Cherry was bagged, and had not
time to object to her quarters before the
carriage came; and in a few minutes they
were on their way to the train.

When Mr. Brown met them at the city,
he didn't have to ask the contents of the
bag; for Cherry's eyes were as large as
saucers peering around at everything and
everybody, and her black ears were on the
alert for every strange sound, as she sat in
May's arms, the bag gathered up around
her neck. For she had seriously objected
to being in the dark, and didn't hesitate to
say so, as well as she could; but she had
been perfectly contented when May let her
have her head out, so that she could see
what was going on.

Cherry seemed to have no trouble in ac-
commodating herself to her new surround-
ings, and soon felt quite at home. Every
one admired her, and she grew very vain.
Like some people, this vanity lasted long
after her beauty was gone; for, as the
weeks passed by, family cares fell to the
lot of Mrs. Cherry; and she grew into a
grave, concerned, consumptive mother, who
would sit anxiously watching her three frolic-
some kittens as they romped and tumbled
and fell over each other in the big box of
excelsior which was their bed. When the
kittens were old enough to lap milk from
a saucer with their cunning little pink
tongues, their mother one evening disap-
peared. Marjorie and Dick used to watch
for her to come back, but for some reason
Sister May seemed to feel sure that they
would never see her again.

One kitten was gray and white, one black
like Cherry, and one all gray except a little
white spot on her chest, which the children
called her necktie; and this last kitten was
K. W. Brown, otherwise known as Kitty
Winks Brown, nicknamed Winks, Win-
kitty, Pussy-kit, Kitty-puss, and Winkums,
but oftenest Kitten. Nig, the black kitten,
was given away; and K. W. Brown and
Furry were left to play with each other in

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the long grass, which seemed to them like a perfect forest. And grand times they had playing tag and hide-and-seek, and running after each other's tails. But one sad day a dog caught Furry, and hurt her so badly that she had to be chloroformed; and then K. W. had only her own tail to run after.

From the beginning she was a wonderful kitten. For a long time she seemed to have no intention of growing; and, when she sat demurely on the top step of the veranda and watched the passers-by, they would look at the little gray scrap, and exclaim, "Oh, what a cute kitten!" She would race up and down the veranda after a ball or a piece of paper tied to a string. But one summer evening she found a still better plaything. There was a little toad that always took an airing on the walk near the front steps every evening when it began to grow dark, and Kitten used to watch for him. She would crouch down and tremble all over; and then, gathering herself for a spring, she would fly up in the air, and come down a few inches away from Mr. Toad. Then she would walk around him sideways, like a crab, with her back raised and tail waving like a banner. Finally, she would prance around and give the cold little visitor a soft pat with her velvet paw. Then around to the other side for a pat there. Perhaps by this time the toad would give one or two hops, which would send Kitten flying to the other side of the yard, only to come back and repeat the performance the next minute. This was kept up until the toad went home, when Kitten would come up and sit down with the family on the veranda, and wink very knowingly at each one.

One day Kitten had a visitor. There were two boys who lived very near by, who had a dog and a camera. And one day they all came over. At that time Tip—that was the dog's name—was not very much larger than Kitten, but was not so old, and had never made the acquaintance of a kitten. He was buff and white; and his hair was long and soft, and just a wee bit curly. He was so fat that he couldn't walk very straight; and, when he tried to run very fast, he was apt to tumble down. When Kitten saw Tip, she must have thought that he was some relation to the dog that hurt her sister; for she put up her back as high as it would go, and her tail, which was twice its natural size, stuck straight out. Then she sang a little song, somewhere down in her throat. And Tip's tail wagged slower and slower, till finally it stopped altogether. And Tip began to sing, too. Then Kitten turned and ran to the picket fence, and, jumping through, turned her head back to look at her company. With the pickets between them, Tip's bravery returned, and he made for the fence. Then Kitten climbed up higher, and sat on the post, looking down at her pursuer.

By and by the boys put Tip and Kitten in a big rocking-chair, and took their pictures. In one picture the two were glaring at each other, in the next Kitten was boxing Tip's ears. Tip didn't approve of this at all, so that was the end of the photography; and the boys and the dog and the camera went home.

Kitten had a fashion of winning a way for herself into the heart of every one. Papa Brown suggested once that she had a cough, and that she was probably unhealthy, and might be giving consumption to the children if she was kept; but, by the time a plan was suggested for ending the small life, Papa Brown's heart-strings had come untied, and Kitten had crept right into his heart. And so the plan was never carried out.

Dick used to carry K. W. around upside down; but she didn't seem to mind it, though she expected the rest of the family to know better.

She preferred running around on her own four feet; and it was funny to see her dodging around under chairs and tables when she thought that Dick was after her.

She had to sleep out of doors; for, when May tried letting her sleep in the house, she found that Kitten only slept till about four o'clock in the morning, and then persisted in going around to visit the different members of the family, evidently thinking that they, too, should be stirring. She was always on hand when Bridget came down in the morning, and expected to have a door or window opened immediately for her to come in. Up she would go to May's room, and take a little nap until May was

ready to wake up. Then for a romp, for she was never so playful or affectionate as she was in the early morning.

She was the first to answer the bell for meals; and she didn't believe in waiting to be helped till the family had finished: she wanted to eat when they did. She liked to get up in May's lap, for then she was sure to get many a little scrap during the meal; but, if this were not allowed, she would jump on the lounge, which was near the table, and begin clawing at the back. Then she would turn around, and, putting her little head on one side, and wrapping her tail around her feet (she had a very long tail), would look at May expectantly, as much as to say: "I know that is forbidden, but I knew it would make you look at me. I'm hungry!"

She was very fond of peanuts, and always recognized the sound of the cracking shells. She would push her little cold nose into May's hand, and have the nut almost before it was out of its shell. She also enjoyed music; and, when May sat down at the piano to play or sing, Kitten would come and jump up into her lap, and lie there contentedly napping as long as the music lasted.

Kitten liked chocolate caramels almost as well as peanuts, only she wanted them softened before she took them into her small mouth. And, after a caramel, how busy her tiny pink tongue was cleaning house; for, as Dick said, "it did get stuck all over the lid of her mouth." Sometimes she had to use her claws for a toothpick, and that was very funny.

Kitten's favorite amusement was to sit on May's table and stir around the things in the work-basket with one paw. Dick said that she was "making pudding"; and perhaps you would have thought so if you had seen the work-basket after one of these visits. For the stirring around was only half the fun. After that the tiny claws pulled out the emery; and K. W. frolicked with it all over the bed, lying down and kicking it with all four feet, then lifting it high over her head with her two front paws, then rolling it along and springing after it, till she, tired of that, went back to the basket for the needle-book and several spools. The spools rolled better on the floor, and the family were constantly finding spools in queer corners all over the house.

Now, if K. W. were a story-book kitten, I should have to tell you next, I suppose, that she died one day; but she isn't one bit dead. She has just been taking a drink out of May's pitcher, resting her two front paws on the rim and her two back feet on the edge of the basin, in great danger of losing her balance; and, having had a good drink, she has jumped up on the high footboard of the bed, and sits there blinking and looking very wise, and planning new mischief, I haven't a doubt. So, perhaps, some day I shall be able to tell you something more about K. W. Brown.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day, when Tom was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare; but he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We are rich, and we do not want any ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away, I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed, and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into the lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run, and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought; and, instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and began to scream for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate a short time before.

"Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both of his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy. "I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire, and I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich; but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have better manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom: "I found them in the ditch."—*Florence V. Halliwell, in the Sunday School Visitor.*

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MARY HEMENWAY.

In an account of the Old South work reprinted in pamphlet form from the *Journal of Education*, Mr. Edwin D. Mead pays the following tribute to Mrs. Hemenway:—

The extent of the obligation of Boston and of America to Mrs. Hemenway for her devotion to the historical and political education of our young people during this long period is something which we only now begin to properly appreciate, when she has left us and we view her work as a whole. I do not think it is too much to say that she has done more than any other single individual in the same time to promote popular interest in American history, and to promote intelligent patriotism.

Mary Hemenway was a woman whose interests and sympathies were as broad as the world; but she was a great patriot, and she was pre-eminently that. She was an enthusiastic lover of freedom and of democracy, and there was not a day of her life that she did not think of the great price with which our own heritage of freedom had been purchased. Her patriotism was loyalty. She had a deep feeling of personal gratitude to the founders of New England and the fathers of the republic. She had a reverent pride in our position of leadership in the history and movement of modern democracy; and she had a consuming zeal to keep the nation strong and pure and worthy of its best traditions, and to kindle this zeal among the young people of the nation. With all her great enthusiasms, she was an amazingly practical and definite woman. She wasted no time nor strength in vague generalities, either of speech or action. Others might long for the time when the kingdom of God should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and she longed for it; but, while others longed, she devoted herself to doing what she could to bring that corner of God's world in which she was set into conformity with the laws of God; and this by every means in her power,—by teaching poor girls how to make better clothes, and cook better dinners, and make better homes; by teaching people to value health and respect and train their bodies; by inciting people to read better books and love better music and better pictures, and be interested in more important things. Others might long for the parliament of man and the federation of the world, and so did she; but, while others longed, she devoted herself to doing what she could to make this nation, for which she was particularly responsible, fitter for the federation when it comes. The good patriot, to her thinking, was not the worse cosmopolite. The good State for which she worked was a good Massachusetts; and her chief interest, while others talked municipal reform, was to make a better Boston.

American history, people used to say, is not interesting. And they read about Ivy and Marathon and Zama; about Pym and Pepin and Pericles, the ephors, the tribunes, and the House of Lords. American history, said Mrs. Hemenway, is to us the most interesting and the most important history in the world, if we would only open our eyes to it and look at it in the right way; and I will help people to look at it in the right way. Our very archaeology, she said, is of the highest interest; and, through the researches of Mr. Cushing and Dr. Fewkes and others among the Zuni and the Moquis, sustained by her at the cost of thousands of dollars, she did an immense work to make interest in it general. Boston, the Puritan city,—how proud she was of its great line of heroic men, from Winthrop and Cotton and Eliot and Harvard to Sumner and Garrison and Parker and Phillips! How proud she was that Harry Vane once trod its soil, and here felt himself at home! How she loved Hancock and Otis and Warren and Revere and the great men of the Boston town meetings,—above all, Samuel Adams, the very mention of whose name always thrilled her, and whose portrait was the only one, save Washington's, which hung on the oaken walls of her great dining-room! The Boston historians, Prescott, Motley, Parkman; the Boston poets, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson,—each word of every one she treasured. She would have enjoyed and would have understood as few others that recent declaration of Charles Francis Adams that the founding of Boston was fraught with consequences hardly less important than those of the founding of Rome. All other Boston men and women must see Boston as she saw it,—that was her high resolve: they must know and take to heart that they were citizens of no mean city; they must be roused to the sacredness of their inheritance, that so they might be roused to the nobility of their citizenship and the greatness of their duty. It was with this aim and with this spirit, not with the spirit of the mere antiquarian, that Mrs. Hemenway inaugurated the Old South work. History with her was for use,—the history of Boston, the history of New England, the history of America.

In the first place, she saved the Old South Meeting-house. She contributed \$100,000 toward the fund necessary to prevent its destruction. It is hard for us to realize, so much deeper is the reverence for historic

places which the great anniversaries of these late years have done so much to beget, that in our very centennial year, 1876, the Old South Meeting-house, the most sacred and historic structure in Boston, was in danger of destruction. The old Hancock house, for which, could it be restored, Boston would to-day pour out unlimited treasure, had gone, with but feeble protest, only a dozen years before; and but for Mrs. Hemenway the Old South Meeting-house would have gone in 1876. She saved it; and, having saved it, she determined that it should not stand an idle monument, the tomb of the great ghosts, but a living temple of patriotism. She knew the didactic power of great associations; and every one who in these fifteen years has been in the habit of going to the lectures and celebrations at the Old South knows with what added force many a lesson has been taught within the walls which heard the tread of Washington, and which still echo the words of Samuel Adams and James Otis and Joseph Warren.

Here and There.

The wettest place in the world is Chera-pungi, in Assam, where the average rainfall for fifteen years has been 493 inches. In 1861 it was 905.

A process for making artificial cotton is reported from France. It is made from the wood of pine, spruce, or larch, which, having been converted by chemicals, first into a pure cellulose, and then into a paste, is passed through a perforated plate. The result is a thread which can be woven into a strong fabric.

A novel industry has been started in the San Joaquin valley by Chicago tanners, who selected California for climatic and other natural reasons for their extensive operations. It means the employment of large forces of workmen and the expenditure of large sums of money. The tanners are to cultivate a weed, from the roots of which they tan better leather than from anything else.—*Journal of Commerce*.

February, 1866, is referred to by astronomers as "the month without a full moon." January and March of that year had each two full moons, while the intermediate month did not have one. Says a writer in an astronomical journal, referring to this fact: "Do you realize what a rare thing in nature it was? It has not happened before since the beginning of the Christian era, or probably since the creation of the world. It will not occur again, according to the computations of the astronomer royal of England, for—how long do you think? Not until after 2,500,000 years from 1866!"

It is rather singular that at a time when the venerable Jeanne d'Arc is occupying so large a share of public attention that a medal struck in her honor should have been discovered at Torcy, in the Ardennes, by the religious of Saint Chrétienne. It is the only example known to be in existence. It is in very good preservation, for the lettering upon it is quite legible. These are the words and dates: "Jeanne d'Arc, 1409-1431; Orleans, 1429; Reims, 1429; Rouen, 1431." On each face is a representation of the heroine on horseback and in full armor. In the opinion of archaeologists this medal is of the sixteenth century. It is certainly not in the style of the fifteenth century.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

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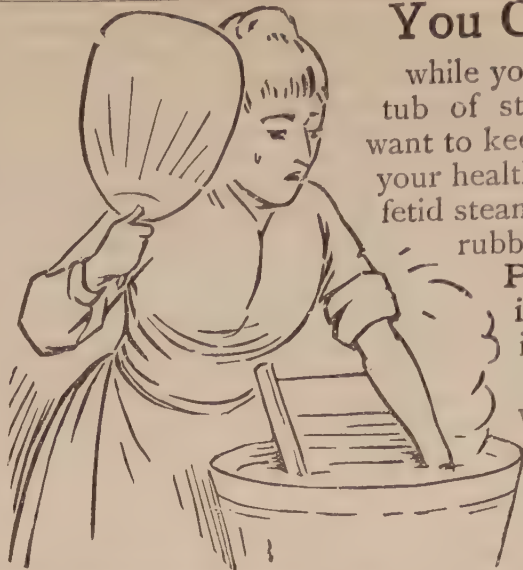
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THE UNITARIAN PATRIARCH.

The Boston Herald, referring to Dr. Furness, says: "Quite recently Dr. Furness, who is the patriarch of the Unitarian denomination, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his ministry in Philadelphia. His position in that city has been in some respects like that of the venerable Bishop White, who was the pastor of Washington. He has been identified with that community through a whole lifetime, and is one of its most honored citizens. He commands the respect, not only of the New England people, but of the Quaker people also; and his independence and integrity in standing by his convictions, whether they were accepted or not, has won for him to a rare degree the confidence and the love of his fellow-men. Still in the active ministry, though too old and feeble to do much more than sit in his place in the sanctuary, there is to-day no clergyman in America whose name commands more veneration and respect."

A PHENOMENAL WORKER.

The Springfield Republican, in referring to a Scotch minister who has left the pulpit to write novels, instances Edward Everett Hale as a clergyman who "has long found it possible to do his duty by his congregation, to have a part in a score or several scores of philanthropic measures and social reforms, and yet year after year to write novels and poems, and every one of them worth while." We are inclined to believe that Scotland furnishes few men like Mr. Hale. He is pretty nearly phenomenal in the extent to which he spreads his efforts outside the pulpit into literature, philanthropy and social science. We doubt if his parallel in this way can be found in either hemisphere. James Freeman Clarke did a good deal of public work outside his profession, and, besides, wrote poetry and one novel. Henry Ward Beecher lectured and addressed public gatherings, and wrote one novel, also. But for continuous, persistent, and widely extended mental effort there is no generation in which has appeared a man who has compassed such productions as has Edward Everett Hale.—Boston Herald.

Charities and Reforms.

The pamphlet entitled "A Tour of Observation among Indians and Indian Schools," and published by the Indian Rights Association, gives the impressions received by Charles F. Meserve, president of Shaw University, among the tribes in the South-west. He urges the importance of a system of irrigation in Arizona and New Mexico, and thinks there would then be no question but the Navajos would cease to be nomadic. He was gratified at the progress being made in the education of Indian youth, but saw the need of additional schools on the reservation,—especially an industrial training school. Whiskey is still the worst enemy of the Indian. He gives a graphic account of a religious or Pawnee dance of the Indians, and the entire report is interesting and suggestive.

The Elmira Reformatory was the first institution of its kind in the world, built on the principle, "punishment for reformation only." This reformatory is carrying on a moral sanitation work on a large scale, and is one of the best things in the United States. There are from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred inmates on indeterminate sentences, their behavior and general progress having much to do with the time of their release. There is a vast educational and disciplinary machinery; and the prisoners (who are, however, not known by that name) receive a good education before they leave. Each boy knows that Mr. Brockway is trying to make a man of him, and that he will aid him in every way to get on in life as long as he behaves himself. Eighty-seven per cent. of the "graduates" have proven, so far, exemplary citizens, there being, of course, some incorrigibles.—Christian World.

The Children's Protective Act of Ontario provides stringent provisions against cruelty and neglect, and for the removal of children who are in danger of moral contamination; it accords official or State recognition to any organized Children's Aid Society; it recognizes the family home system, and forbids the placing of homeless children in institutions; it provides for the appointment of visiting committees to aid the societies in finding homes, and to promote the welfare of children placed out; it requires each municipality to pay the actual

expenses of placing its homeless children, and requires cities of ten thousand or over to provide a Children's Temporary Shelter; it empowers cities, towns, or villages to adopt the curfew law, prohibiting children under fourteen being on the streets after 9 P.M., unless accompanied by guardians or friends; it places the general working of the act under supervision of a State Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, and requires him to submit an annual report of his work to Parliament. The expenses of the general supervision are borne by government. Necessary expenses in boarding out children fall on the municipality in which the child last resided a year. Other expenses are defrayed by contributions.

Personals.

Among the most interesting Oriental thinkers and scholars drawn to this country by the Parliament of Religions was Virchand R. Gandhi of Bombay, India. He represented the Jain Association of India, and was the only one from that country who was elected by the people as their delegate. He is now in Boston, and his lectures will doubtless be heard with interest. He may be addressed at 80 West Newton Street.

At the recent conference of friends of the Indian in Washington the following was passed:—

"Resolved, That in the recent and sudden death of President Rhoads, and of Rev. Charles C. Painter, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, both officers of the Indian Rights Association, the cause of Indian civilization and elevation has lost helpers of exceptional ability, of great wisdom, and of unusual knowledge of the work in hand, and of many years of ardent devotion to the best interests of Indians; and that, while we sorrow for the loss of these most valued friends and associates in work, we shall ever be inspired by the memory of their courage, fidelity, high patriotism, and consecrated Christian character."

Education.

The review of the Old South work by Mr. Edwin D. Mead has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the Journal of Education. It is a summary of most interesting and valuable work. The Old South lectures, the leaflets, bringing students into first-hand instead of second-hand touch with history, the annual prizes offered to graduates of the Boston high schools for the best essays on subjects in American history, have all done much to promote intelligent patriotism, and this not alone in our own city.



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Pleasantries.

A Dakota court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczyz. We don't know what he is charged with; but, from his name, we suspect it is soda-water.—*Chicago Dispatch.*

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his store." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me to look for another place."—*Harlem Life.*

"I suppose," observed the tramp, bitterly, "you would like to have me get off the earth. But I cannot." "Have you tried soft soap?" asked the woman in the blue gingham dress, dispassionately.—*Puck.*

A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally, she came upon her in an unexpected place. "Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild-goose chase all day long; but, thank goodness, I've found you at last."

One day in a class in Old Testament history a Hampton boy announced that Adam was more to blame than Eve, and, when the surprised teacher asked him why he thought so, explained, "The serpent had to talk to Eve a long time, but Adam he eat it right up."

A gentleman writes to the *Publisher's Circular*: "While staying at a well-known seaside town, and inquiring at a book-shop there for 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' I was told they had not it, the vender being quite sure, as all the *cookery books* were kept together!"—*Critic.*

"I see," said Senator Sorghum, "that they are still harping on that little sugar deal." "I'm afraid they are," replied his private secretary. "It simply goes to show," the senator went on, with a sigh of resignation, "how often a profit may be without honor."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Penfield: "My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work." Mrs. Hillaire: "How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?" "As soon as I see him at his desk, I go into another room, and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."—*Puck.*

"Yes," said Miss Beaconhill, "for five generations my ancestors have lived and died there; and I, too, was born and brought up under the shadow of the old State-house." "Poor thing!" replied Miss Lakeside, sympathetically. "How awfully unhealthy that must have been! And I suppose that is the reason you never really got thawed out."—*Life.*

Some time ago a man went to visit a friend who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. After a prolonged chat in a humorous, if not very edifying vein, the visitor thought it about time to go. "Is that clock right, Jock?" he asked of the inmate. Jock gazed at him for a minute or so in speechless amazement, then, laying his hand compassionately on his shoulder, said, "Man, dae ye think it wid be here if it was right?"—*Household Words.*

A visitor at Gray Gables last summer found Ruth Cleveland, the bright little daughter of the President, lying flat on her back in the nursery, crying silently and refusing to be comforted. "What is the matter?" asked the guest. "Toothache." "But why do you not get up, my child? Don't lie there." "The toothache is too heavy," sobbed Ruth. "I can't carry it about." Job himself in the first ages of the world found no better way to describe his mighty grief.—*Youth's Companion.*

I went into a little stationer's near the Uxbridge Road Station in London one day during the summer just passed, bought two or three magazines, and then asked, "Do you keep mucilage?" The woman threw a hasty glance over her counter, and replied, with just a touch of acerbity in her voice: "No, I don't. There are so many new papers coming out nowadays that it's impossible to keep them all." I was told afterward by an English friend that I should have asked for "gum," which, I think, is after all much the better word, because it is the simpler. I went back to the shop the next day, asked for gum, and got it.—*Critic.*

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

Little Mary, the tiniest child in the kindergarten, had been given some clay, and was directed, to make as straight a line of soldiers as she could by sticking a number of wooden toothpicks upright in the clay. When the teacher came to examine the little girl's work, she found the picks in quite a straight row; but one of them stood up considerably higher than the others. She pointed this out to Mary, and was about to push it down to its proper place, when the little tot vigorously objected, and exclaimed earnestly: "Oh, but you mustn't. That soldier saw a little mouse, and he jumped right up."

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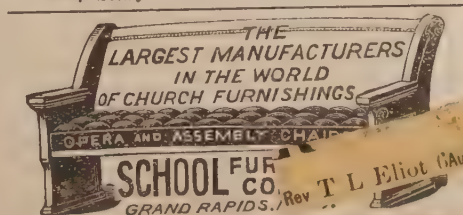
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Editorial.

It is the privilege and the temptation of every historical church to appeal to its history. This is constantly done by the Roman Church, by the Episcopal Church, and by the Congregational. Each one of these churches has elements in its history to which it may recur with pride, and which may kindle inspiration. But this privilege of appeal to the past is a danger as well as an opportunity. No church can justify its existence to-day simply because it was established some time in the past when its services were needed. If it has no real mission to-day, if it is not fitting itself to the life that now is, and supplying fundamental wants of people who live now and here, its history will be nothing but its tomb. The bread of life and the milk of the word must have in them a vital principle.

It is possible and probable that the leader of a party may overestimate its influence and power, and so Herr Liebknecht, in his article in the *Forum* for February, on "The Programme of German Socialism," may have exaggerated the importance of his party; but there is not the slightest doubt that it is easier, perhaps, to underestimate the strength and influence of the Social Democrats as factors in German politics. Liebknecht is their leader in the Reichstag. It is clear that the determined, uncompromising spirit of himself and his followers

cannot be suppressed by a gagging law. The figures show that, while in 1871 there were 124,655 socialist votes, there were in 1893 1,786,738. This remarkable growth under persecution shows that social democracy is a force that must be reckoned with. Bismarck by his blunders helped the cause, and the Social Democrats are more than grateful for the result. Germany is passing through a social crisis, but also a political one; and Liebknecht declares it the double mission of the Social Democrats "to fight for democratic institutions as well as for social emancipation."

DR. PARKHURST has turned aside from his crusade on good government to coin a new word. It is "andromania," which is represented as the craze of some women to ape men. It needs to be balanced by another word, "gynomania," the craze of some men to ape women. Curious cases of gynomania have been recognized and described in medical journals. There is not much to choose as objects of admiration between women who are masculine and men who are effeminate. One is as unnatural as the other. But, fortunately, there is not any large prevalence of either disease. Nature takes care of that pretty well. Arbitrary, unnatural, unjust, illogical, and foolish lines of demarcation between the sexes have been and will be further removed, but neither sex endangered thereby. But, avoiding the perversion suggested by these terms, the most manly man is the man who takes after his mother, as the most womanly woman is the woman who takes after her father. Each sex needs in some measure some elements which are most prominent in the other sex. The woman who is sweet may still be strong, and the man who is strong may still be tender.

THE Baptists and other Protestant denominations may properly ask whether the *Forum* has been converted into a denominational organ of the Episcopal Church. That review is without editorial opinions or comments, but it seems to have adopted the habit of studying Christian communities too much through one pair of glasses. Some months ago it printed an article on the religious condition of Middleboro, Mass., by Rev. William B. Hale, which served as an advertisement for the Episcopal church in that community. The article was seen to be one-sided and partial; and now the *Forum* in its February number publishes an article by the same writer, on "A Religious Study of a Baptist Town," which is marked by a similar partial and advertising spirit. Mr. Hale shows the social and religious anomalies which arise from the presence of three sects of Baptists in the same town, and especially from the fact that three of these Baptist churches keep Saturday and three of them keep Sunday. The Seventh Day Baptist receives most criticism, and the inconsistency by which a Christian sect insists on keeping a Hebrew festival is the subject of natural comment. The result is, while there are two Sundays in Westerly, many of the people keep neither. Undoubtedly, the peculiarities of these Baptist sects are as unaccountable to an Episcopalian minister as the peculiarities of the Episcopalian sect are to the Baptist minister. Mr. Hale appears as the critic of one and the apologist of the other. He would like to leave the impression that these different sects of Baptists represent a part of a church, while the Episcopal church represents the whole; but neither in theology nor anywhere else can the doctrine that the part is equal to the whole be soberly received, and the author's efforts to promote church union on this line will scarcely be successful. At present any suggestion of the Episcopal church swallowing the Baptist is like that of a cod swallowing a whale. It could only be done in very small bites, and very likely some bone would stick in the smaller fish's throat.

SO LONG as Mr. Hale attempts to describe the inconveniences of dissent, he can make a pretty strong case; but, when he attempts to be historic, and, putting on his eyeglasses, asks, "Who are these people?" he loses the historic spirit, and looks only at the narrowest and most limited aspects of Baptist history. It is remarkable that no acknowledgment of the great service which Baptists have rendered to civil and religious liberty, whose blessings the Episcopalians enjoy to-day, should not have been made. That Episcopal tyranny is not more absolute is largely owing to the modifying effect of Baptist Congregationalism. That we have in this country none of the evils of an established church, such as fetter the religious sentiment in England, is largely owing to the same Baptist determination to keep the church of Christ free from entangling alliances. The author overlooks also the service to Christianity which the Baptists have rendered in protesting against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration which the Church of England has clearly taught in her baptismal formulas. It was these Anabaptists of whom Mr. Hale speaks rather scornfully who had the courage to declare that infants can be saved without baptism. For this they brought upon themselves the condemnation of the Augsburg Confession. Nor is any tribute paid to the service that Baptists have rendered in discarding formal written creeds and the decrees of councils, synods, and bishops in matters of Christian doctrine. In short, this article is one-sided and imperfect; and it reveals more of the state of mind of the author than of the subject it treats.

SUPPOSE some Baptist minister had been detailed to make a study of an English town where the Established Church was in the ascendancy, and suppose that the minister should content himself with describing only the wrongs and abuses which the English Church has inflicted upon dissenters,—the fact that they had been shut out from the great universities of England because they could not subscribe to the church articles, that the validity of the congregational ordination has not been recognized, that Baptist ministers are not allowed to preach in English Church pulpits, that dissenters could not be buried in churchyards by any other service than that of the Church of England, and other offences against religious freedom, including the payment of tithes by dissenters for the support of a church in which they had no interest. It would not be difficult to pick out in England a parish in which the worst tendencies of Anglicanism have been aggravated by intolerant rectors. But such a paper would not do justice to the real contribution which the Church of England has made to the history and life of the nation, and which, after all deductions are made, must be acknowledged to be of large value. In this light the method of the *Forum* is not good journalism, nor is it very good history.

MR. MOZOOMDAR'S MISSION.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar has twice visited this country, and each time with the flaming tongue of the prophet he has brought a message from the East. So quickening and inspiring were his words that wherever they fell they kindled spiritual flame. Indeed there were many who felt that it would be a promise of a Pentecostal blessing if this prophet of India could remain in this country for a year or two, until his message had been fully heard.

But a man of Mr. Mozoomdar's prophetic gifts is wanted everywhere. If he is needed in America, he is needed, too, in his native India. So strong has been his consciousness of his opportunity and duty at home that he could not sacrifice it for calls which came from abroad. What a great work needs to be done in India for the education,

development, and spiritual enfranchisement of the people was powerfully set forth in Mr. Mozoomdar's lectures and addresses in this country. How earnestly he is addressing himself to this work at home, and with what great success and encouragement, may be seen from the very interesting account we have given on another page of his work in India during the last year. His ministrations, resumed with a glad welcome at Calcutta, have been extended over a wide section of country. The graphic account of his tour in upper India, of the throngs that flocked to hear him, and the power with which, in spite of the constant physical strain, he delivered his message, is furnished by one of the members of the Brahmo-Somaj who accompanied him on this tour. It is a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

In addition to his spoken word, Mr. Mozoomdar's message is conveyed in his monthly journal, the *Interpreter*, and also in the books he has written. The volumes written and published in this country, entitled "Heart-beats" and "The Spirit of God," have been received with great eagerness in India.

Shall not this apostle be sustained? and will not the people in this country do their part in sustaining him? We know of no foreign missionary enterprise which deserves a warmer support than this. Here is a man called by the divine spirit to the work of proclaiming the gospel of love and truth and righteousness, who can carry the best that Christianity has to offer to the people of his own race and country as he can bring to Western Christians the spiritual message of the Oriental Christ. With remarkable personal self-sacrifice and untiring devotion and deep spiritual consecration he is carrying on his work. It is a work not without difficulty and opposition. The least that the friends of Mr. Mozoomdar in this country can do is to give him their blessing and encouragement. Let this not only take the form of words, but of some substantial yearly offering. To the liberal Christians of this country, of whatever denomination, this is a grand opportunity, which ought not to be neglected. Here is a man who does not speak in the broken accents of a foreigner, but who goes to his people clothed in their costumes and familiar with their thought, speaking their language with eloquence and power, and yet who can give to India the result of his own contact with European life and thought. It is a rare opportunity. There is no intervening machinery to be supported. The money raised to support Mr. Mozoomdar goes directly to him and his work. During the last year the Mozoomdar Mission Fund Committee have secured about eight hundred dollars. They have now entered upon the second year of their work, and a thousand dollars ought to be promptly raised for this object.

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. William Howell Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

AFTER DRIFTING, WHAT NEXT?

The nineteenth century bids fair to close with a crisis of theological disturbance which, while not generally foreseen, might have been expected. A process of drifting set in on a notable scale soon after the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution by the leading scientific men of all nations. All other causes at work previous to that time to make exclusive ecclesiastical claims seem irrational were lifted up and made more effective by the absolute reversal of opinion made necessary by the surrender of the traditional beliefs held almost universally in the Christian Church concerning the creation of the world and what has followed it. When the drift toward liberalism was first noticed, while many feared and resisted, many others fondly hoped that the drifting would go on until, under sunny skies of Divine Providence, in the warm gulf streams of human sympathy, every iceberg of bigotry

would be dissolved. Although it has been stoutly denied by exponents of orthodoxy in every denomination, there has been no part of the Christian Church in which the drift toward liberalism on the part of many members, lay and clerical, has not been notable. It may have easily happened that the change was most apparent to liberals, toward whom "thawing bigots," as Dr. Holmes called them, would naturally look for sympathy and assistance.

Within the last five years the drift has become much more marked and so decisive in its tendencies that any orthodox navigator must have been blind to deny it. The process, although opposed now and then in an acute case of heresy, has been allowed to go on in a vague and general hope that the almighty Lord of heaven and earth would reveal his new truth after such an orthodox fashion as to leave the old ways well defined as the only course open, with eternal salvation at the end.

Within the last two years a sharp change is to be noted by those who read the signs of the times. Wise and well-instructed orthodox leaders who have not drifted, and who do not intend to drift, now see and say that the only possible issue of the process is liberalism. They see and begin to say that for them silence means the taking of responsibility for a drifting out of orthodoxy into a liberalism with which they can have no sympathy. The word is now going along the lines of every denomination, "Stop drifting, or henceforth drift at your peril." The letter issuing from the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church is a notable sign of the times. The meaning of it is so plain that the way-faring Episcopalian, although a fool, cannot mistake it. If he be a liberal, denying what many Episcopalians do most certainly deny, he must refuse to accept the authority of the bishops, stop drifting, and go back to the old beliefs or drift outside. What has happened in this case with variations is happening everywhere. In a neighboring city, where ministers of all persuasions were becoming more humane in charitable organizations and social fellowship, where ecclesiastical lines were forgotten on important occasions, where now and then an orthodox believer dared to believe in Darwin, and say so, suddenly all is changed. The liberal churches are given to understand in no doubtful terms that they are not regarded as "evangelical." For a little while the interdict will stand; but, when it comes to be understood that all the cultivated men and women of that community, all lovers of modern science, and those who read the best literature of all nations, have no home left to them in the self-styled evangelical churches, then the drift will again set in. The result of it all must be a drifting apart of intolerance and liberality, of those who stand and those who move.

For any liberal church—we speak only for our own—this state of things presents a crisis of new fortunes. The Unitarian Church to-day must of necessity advance along the whole line, in order to follow where duty and opportunity call. We are coming to a crisis which is full of hope and to a responsibility which must cause anxiety. There are many ministers in all the churches who have their faces set toward our gospel of liberty and love. It is easy for orthodox managers to call them "traitors" if they harbor doubts and do not immediately "go to their own place." But many a man is staying where he is in the hope that he and others like him may make the spot on which they stand "holy ground." If we had two hundred self-supporting Unitarian churches without ministers, the indications are that invitations to them would draw enough able men from the orthodox churches to man them in six months. But we have no such number of vacant churches where we can give a newcomer a free pulpit and a livelihood. We must wait, therefore, a little until the next thing happens. Ministers naturally drift faster than the average layman brought up in orthodoxy; and, while there are many congregations who prefer to hear liberal preachers of their own kind, there are few congregations wholly prepared to go with their minister to the logical conclusion. But, if the prohibition be sharp enough and enforced with sufficient rigor (all liberal preachers having been driven out from orthodox congregations), then the congregations must choose either to listen to preaching which they no longer like or to go where they find what they want.

The Unitarian Church, because of its new assertion of religious catholicity and because of the reorganization of the forces of reaction now beginning, stands, as we said, at the crisis of its new fortunes. No moral certainty is greater than this: if movement in our direction stops in three-fourths of the Christian Church, it will only be increased elsewhere. At the end of sixty years Methodism had not so many churches as we now have, and in the nature of things there is no reason why early in the twentieth century we should not count our churches by thousands instead of hundreds. We can count, for large accessions, only upon those who believe at the same time in liberty and religion. The liberal body that is most religious will become the nucleus for the new fellowship of those who love God and their fellow-men. The liberal bodies which do not meet the demand of the religious nature must decrease. Those that do meet it, and with cordiality, intelligence, and enthusiasm show themselves prepared to do the work, will increase. The tremendous power of orthodoxy will generate a momentum not to be easily withstood. The future years of the nineteenth century will give to our youth an opportunity to test their bravery, their hope, their enthusiasm, their willingness to do something for the principles they love, and, it may be, to suffer for them.

JUDGE HOAR'S UNITARIANISM.

At the Unitarian Festival in 1876 Judge Hoar presided; and, after a witty and felicitous opening address, he concluded by giving in a paragraph his idea of what constitutes a liberal Christian:—

"What constitutes a liberal Christian? I don't know, but I might venture to state my idea of it; and such a statement, perhaps, might not be inappropriate on this occasion. I suppose it to be to believe that this is God's world, and not the devil's; and that he has put us in it to be followers of his son and coworkers with him in making it a better and happier world for our living in it. [Applause.] In coming together, friends, as liberal Christians on this occasion, we do not forget that our body is but a small part of the Church Universal, and that of the religious activities and charities of our time they can do but a small part. Thank God if there are other denominations who can do them better than we can. It was as noble a sentiment as I remember ever to have read or heard, and I like it the more that it was uttered by an old lady of my own native town: 'My delight in the superiority of others I regard as my best gift from God.' [Applause.]

"But, my friends, Cicero said a great while ago that the strongest bond of friendship was to think alike of the republic; and there cannot be a stronger bond of friendship than unison of sentiment and purpose concerning the objects of life. And, while we recognize and extend our hands in sympathy to Christians of all denominations, there is a certain warmth and friendliness which we must all feel toward our own household of faith. Jeanie Deans put on her plaid when she went to visit the Duke of Argyle, because she said that she thought his Grace's heart as a Scotchman would warm to the tartan. And the reply was, 'MacCallum More's heart will be as cold as death can make it when it does not warm to the tartan.' And I always come into this festival of those of our own household of faith with that same feeling of personal affection and regard. We meet here, undoubtedly, with some of this feeling of clanship and affection."

WAS HE AN ATHEIST?

With this title a correspondent in Keokuk, Ia., sends us the following communication, upon which an opinion is solicited:

One of Keokuk's good citizens recently passed into the unseen world, who requested before he died that at his funeral there should be no religious services. A musical society of which he was a member were to take charge of his burial. He directs also in his will that on his monument there shall be inscribed the following [it is a translation of the German]: "By Nature's Force was I created. To Nature's Eternal Force shall I return. There is no death in nature." Now the question naturally forces itself upon our thoughts, Was this man an atheist? He was a manly man, a man of strict integrity. He believed in justice and goodness; he was self-reliant; he loved the truth; he did his duty to his fellows, was

industrious, had good habits, and made a wise disposition of his moderate fortune.

Now "Nature's Force" to him was his Creator. Beyond or above this Force there was nothing. It was to him the All-in-all. He did not pray to it, or worship it. He did not invest it with a personality. It was simply an infinite mystery to him, defying all comprehension; and yet he knew as much as those who use other names to designate the Power which has made them and which works for righteousness. Again I ask, Was this man an atheist?

It is not difficult to tell what would be the answer of the majority of Christian believers. But what should be the answer in the light of modern thought? Please give your readers your own views.

R. HASSALE.

Perhaps this man should be called a Ben Adhemite, and the recording angel may assign him such position as was assigned to the man who loved his fellow-men. Evidently, in his practical philosophy, his duty to his fellow-men had the highest place; and he lived under the inspiration of ethics, if not of religion. In these days such a man is classed rather as an agnostic than as an atheist, and the question of his future destiny is one which only superstitious and pessimistic Christians need debate.

But, on the other hand, we hold that a materialistic philosophy such as Büchner's, expressed simply in terms of force, is shallow and cold and insufficient; and a man is unfortunate who accepts it instead of something more vital and inspiring. The question of our belief in God depends not so much on the terms we use to describe him as on what they mean to us. It is a question of more or less. To most people the substitution of the word "Force" for God would mean distinctly less. Our theism depends not merely upon the sum of our knowledge, but upon the state of our feeling toward the Infinite. If we are to employ any other word than God, let it be something that means more, not less. When the writer of John's epistles wanted the largest word for God, he chose "Love"; and probably this departed friend would have recognized love as one of the great forces of the universe. If we cannot describe God in terms of personality, it is because he is infinitely more, not infinitely less. And we repeat that our relation to the Infinite is not alone one of abstract thought: it is one of sentiment. And we believe that one who fails to bow and worship before the infinite mystery and the infinite revelation, and who does not find inspiration, joy, hope, and faith in the grand conceptions of religion, misses as much as the blind man who must grope his way in the darkness, or the deaf who are shut out from the audible world. Such a man is not to be abused, but to be compassionated; but we might hesitate about taking a blind man for our guide, lest, as Jesus warned, we should both fall into some ditch of materialism together.

THE CHILDREN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

There came to the office of the *Christian Register* the other day a letter which at once arrested the attention. The sealed envelope bore the words in large print, "Please read." The enclosure was headed "An Appeal in Behalf of the Children of North Carolina." To further secure attention, a note stood at the head of the page, begging earnestly any one into whose hands the circular might fall "to exert all his influence" to secure the boon asked for in the appeal. Furthermore, "to make assurance double sure," two lines in a man's handwriting read as follows: "Dear Editor of the *Christian Register*,—Please aid me in my effort to correct the evil mentioned herein. Respectfully, T. W. Patton, Mayor of the city of Asheville." He would be an indifferent person indeed who could fail to respond to this trio of requests.

What was the occasion of the "Appeal"? What could the Northern editor do for the little ones of the Southern State? Sectional distinctions were happily forgotten in asking for his aid; and the very substance of the appeal was another welcome proof that we are one country, and that in the best work for humanity there is no North and there is no South.

"In the city of Asheville," the Appeal runs, "there are employed children eight years of age, who are required to be at their places of work at the early hour of half-past five o'clock each morning, and, with an intermission of forty minutes for dinner, to continue work until near seven o'clock in

the evening. . . . Hundreds of little ones are forced from their sleep of fatigue long before the break of day, fed like so many little animals with a breakfast, alas! only too scant, then, still while it is dark, taking their places beside the whirring machine, of which for many long hours each becomes merely a part. What can we expect of development in that child's soul? What can it know of the Father's love, which passeth knowledge? Has it ever experienced anything like love from those who claim that they are made in the image of that Father?"

The remedy suggested is the passage of a law which, while protecting the rights of the employer, shall forbid any child to be employed at hard labor under thirteen years of age, and any child or woman to be kept at work between the hours of ten at night and six in the morning. The act as prepared by the citizens of Asheville and signed by the mayor is modelled after the Massachusetts law, and the object of the appeal is to create such a public opinion as shall secure its enactment.

One would think that the mere statement of facts would compel legislators to pass such a law. It may be said that many a boy has been put through such a hard experience in his youth, and, when he has had determination, has made a man of himself in spite of it; but those are the rare exceptions, and probably they always have to pay the penalty of an inferior physical organization in their own lives. Certainly, their children will show physical degeneracy. Such a manifest breaking of nature's laws cannot go unpunished.

Then what wretched ignorance, what low morals, what absence of spiritual life it all means! What kind of a community will exist fifty years from now if this sort of thing is not stopped? For it is not alone in Asheville, but in other cities, that this great wrong is done. Every earnest man and woman, certainly every father and mother who in each child of misery see their own child, ought to quickly stand by this mayor, who so honorably magnifies his civic office by designing large things for the State.

But, if the people are going to copy Massachusetts law in this respect, let them go still farther. Almost better let the little lives be flung away over the busy whirring machines than be left to consume away in ignorance and idleness. By all means give them as much sleep as tired nature demands. Let them have food sufficient for them. But copy the Massachusetts laws which provide good public schools, and compel the children to attend. And for them and their parents let another Massachusetts provision be followed, the fostering of public libraries in every community of any size. Maps have been prepared, marking each town in Massachusetts which has a free public library; and the towns so marked stand like soldiers in a regiment. It is these provisions for education and intelligence that have made it possible for Massachusetts to pass factory laws ahead of some other parts of the country. It is another illustration of the old truth, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." North Carolina, with her vast material resources, her benevolent and enterprising people, so far in advance of any other Southern State as to have had a board of State charities even before the war, and which, resuscitated a few years ago, is still the only board of State charities in the South, should be a leader in this work of reform, and in educational affairs as well.

Musings.

THE first time I heard Judge Hoar speak in public was marked by a most impressive incident. It was on the occasion of the Unitarian festival in 1875, when Judge Hoar presided. His opening address was full of wit, and set the audience in a happy frame of mind. The festival was largely attended; and of course every Unitarian clergyman within a few hundred miles of Boston, and some from distances more remote, was present with wife or daughter, and the platform was filled with speakers and celebrities. The addresses were inspiring. It was one of the occasions when the festival was up to the high-water mark. As usually, it ended with a hymn. When the hymn was finished, heads were bowed for the benediction. There were ministerial saints and patriarchs on the platform; but this was a festival offered to the clergy

by the laymen, and Judge Hoar thought it ought to have a layman's benediction. I never heard the benediction when it seemed to me more significant or more impressive than when the judge raised his hands, and, using one of the apostolic forms, pronounced the blessing. To me the event was doubly significant and suggestive. It was touching and beautiful that a representative of the laity should thus bestow the benediction on the ministry; and then it was an illustration of the congregational principle, which we need well to bear in mind. The pronouncing of a benediction is commonly regarded as a priestly function; and I presume it would have been an unprecedented act if in a Roman Catholic, an Episcopalian, or a Methodist gathering, a layman had pronounced the benediction in the presence of a large concourse of the clergy. Even in a denomination so independent and unecclesiastical as the Baptists I have known a theological student supplying a Baptist church to dismiss the audience each Sunday after the sermon without the benediction, because he had the theory that a benediction could only be pronounced by an ordained minister. This theory was not at all palatable, however, to one of the old deacons, who suggested that he might at least have read one of the benedictions of Saint Paul in the Bible. I am not sure but there are Unitarians even who have lived so much under the influence of prelatical traditions that they assume that a benediction is purely a function of the ordained minister. Against such un-congregational views I must offer my protest. The act of Judge Hoar, so dignified, impressive, and beautiful, was in itself a personal tribute to the ministry, and also an illustration of the congregational principle that the functions of the ministry may also be performed by the laity, whose high calling is equally of God.

As a student of scientific charity, I am somewhat puzzled occasionally to know what to do in the case of wandering minstrels and the deformed woman who sits on the Common and turns the crank of an organ all day. I am uncertain whether to classify these musicians as strolling mendicants, or whether to regard them as among the producing classes. Undoubtedly, they produce music of a certain order; but whether this is a benefit to society or not is sometimes a difficult question to answer. When I see an organ-grinder in the street and a row of children standing around, or some of them waltzing on the pavement, I feel that the organ-grinder is an adjunct to the nursery, and that he deserves to be paid for entertaining these children. As for the German bands that occasionally serenade me, I vibrate between appreciation and exasperation, and have occasionally asked them if they wouldn't be kind enough to go to Neponset and serenade Hosmer instead of devoting so much time to me. There is one strolling musician in Boston for whom I have a professional sympathy. He is a blind flute-player. He does not stroll very much, and usually may be found on Washington Street, near Jordan & Marsh's, persistently playing the same tune on his flute. I have never heard him play but one tune. It may be because I have passed him at a particular time of the program. It is the "Spanish Cavalier." Last week, as I passed by, he was playing the same tune. I had attained such an impetus in my stride that I passed right by without dropping anything into his tin box; but, when I got on the next block, I found myself humming "The Spanish Cavalier," and I had taken the key from his flute. I found, too, that a young man who was following me was humming rather loudly the same tune. Immediately it occurred to me that one might be pauperized by free music as well as by free soup, and that I was the pauper. This piper had succeeded in introducing the "Spanish Cavalier" into my ear, and he was now galloping through my brain. Yet I had not paid a cent for this entertainment, and the young man who was humming the tune behind me was in the same condition! Was not that piper a producer? Did he not produce some effect on my mind and on the mind of the general public, and ought he not to be paid for his production? If he had influenced the public frame of mind, and set it moving in melodious pathways of suggestion, should he not be paid, just as we pay for being transported in a more physical sense? Any one who makes the world sing and then makes it

more cheerful is a producer of the highest order. So the next time I meet the blind piper I shall pay him what I owe him.

Brevities.

If the minister uses the sword of the spirit, the blade will be bright, and it will not have a dull edge.

A great weight is taken from many hearts on both continents by the safe arrival of "La Gascogne."

Whatever we may think of the national treasury, there is no silver man who would not personally like to have a gold reserve.

The pope is not infallible in all his habits. He is said to take snuff, but the Protestant ministers who smoke must not criticise him.

Speaking of Dr. Furness, the *Outlook* says, "His mere presence, even if he takes no part in the exercises, is a benediction alike to speakers and the audience."

At the ripe age of ninety-one Theodore Weld has passed away. His name is written on the noble roll of prophets and martyrs who summoned the nation to truth and righteousness in the antislavery struggle.

The "Point of View" in *Scribner's Magazine* attempts to reassure those who have been disquieted by certain reports regarding the habit of cigarette-smoking among ladies. The writer is inclined to trust still "the forces that make for essentially sound and wholesome womanhood in America."

A minister has published a book entitled "From the Ball-room to Hell." The author was a dancing-master, but has been converted to "evangelical religion." A copy of his book ought to be sent to the dancing dervishes, with whom religion and dancing are inseparable.

Mr. Chadwick tells us that in the Divinity School, for making chocolate, Rev. William C. Gannett was then as apt as now he is in making parables in prose and verse. We hope Mr. Gannett's skill has not deserted him; and, if he will come to our office some time to lunch, we will give him a chance to show it.

There is a fine article in the *New England Magazine* for February on "The Harvard Divinity School." It is abundantly illustrated with excellent pictures of Divinity Hall, the Divinity School library, the faculty, and with likenesses of former professors. When we say that the article is written by John W. Chadwick, it is a warrant not only for its facts, but for the literary style.

The education of man goes on. It is a slow process. It has taken untold centuries to bring him upon the stage of action; and, then, it is taking many centuries more to teach him what he is here for and what he is to achieve. He has had to battle with the rude forces of the world. He has had to help finish the world in which he is placed, and adapt it to human life. He has had to learn how to master himself, and how to live in brotherhood and helpfulness and peace with others. It is a long lesson. Individuals have won their diploma; but, as a race, we are still at school.

Pro and Con.

BOOKS FOR FARGO.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In the only way available I want to express my thanks for a barrel of well-selected reading-matter which came to me "from Boston" last week.

Some of it has been gladly welcomed at the hospital in Fargo, particularly two of the picture-books by a little four-year-old boy. Some has gone to make the time seem shorter to the inmates of an infirmary near Detroit, Minn. A tired mother has drawn rest and refreshment from others of the pages, and all will find helpful place in time. The whole contents gave forcible illustration to a sermon on "Unity in Variety"; for unity of purpose and spirit evidently bound the variety of thought into this comparatively small package, fastening it with the spirit of love, and, in the send-

ing, drawing brothers and sisters of the household of God closer together with links of that chain stronger than iron or silk.

We know not the names of the donors, but we do know their spirit; and, in the name of the recipients, I thank each and all.

HELEN G. PUTNAM.

Fargo, No. Dak.

CONFERENCE OF GUILDS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Having promised to speak at the Conference of Guilds, etc., on the subject of parish papers, I should be obliged to any of our ministers who would send me copies of the papers published in their parishes.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

519 Beacon Street, Boston.

LAW BOOKS TO LEND OR GIVE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

A young man, colored, who has worked his way so far as to have graduated at Wayland Seminary, is anxious to enter the law department of Howard University, Washington. He hopes to support himself by outside work, but it will be difficult to earn extra money for his law books. The following books will be needed the first year. Can any lawyer or law student lend or give them to this young man? Sharswood's Blackstone's Commentary, Vols. I. and II.; Schouler on Domestic Relations; Tiedeman on Real Property; Tiedeman on Commercial Paper; Bishop on Contracts; Bouvier's Law Dictionaries, Vols. I. and II. Address C. M. D., *Christian Register* Office.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED A MATTER OF CLERGY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I read with great interest your valuable suggestions on the waste of power every Sunday when any of the ministers are unemployed.

Will you print the enclosed letter from a correspondent of mine whose suggestions are of great value? He has found time to write it in the midst of most efficient duty; for, of all people who are to be called "unemployed," he would be the last to be mentioned.

It seems to me that the view which he expresses is very just. I send you the letter, in the hope that your correspondents in different parts of New England may be able to notify our central office at 25 Beacon Street of such churches as are closed for want of preachers. I do not mean Unitarian churches alone. I mean rather to speak of those localities where, from one discouragement or another, all church service has been suspended. I am disposed to believe that yesterday as many as two hundred churches were closed in different parts of Massachusetts. I know of one town in New England where four or five meeting-houses were not occupied yesterday.

EDWARD E. HALE.

The social problems at present uppermost in the public mind are those which concern the depression in business and the rapidly increasing number of those who, through no fault of their own, find themselves out of work and quite unable to procure employment.

The learned Professor of Christian Morals at Cambridge has within a few weeks most ably dealt with the matter in a lecture which all ought to read and ponder. He speaks not merely as a critic, but a philanthropist, as a student and pioneer; and therefore his findings and suggestions cannot fail to be of great practical helpfulness to those who are really seeking for a solution to this most distressing problem. The vast multitude of whom he speaks he puts into the following categories, — out-of-works, can't-works, don't-want-to-works, — asks what shall we do, and then proceeds to tell us some of the things that might be done to remedy this most appalling situation.

Surely, at this latter end of the nineteenth century of Christianity and of the civilization which accompanies it, we are justified in deciding that there must be something radically wrong with the social and industrial systems which not only permit, but produce, such conditions as these, in which unnumbered multitudes eager for employment, and fully equipped for it, are yet unable to get anything to do.

But what shall we say, what have we to say, when we find that almost identically the same condition of things exists in the ecclesiastical world? I speak now of the state of things in our own beloved Church, although the same conditions to a greater or less extent prevail in other churches.

During a recent visit to the city the writer learned that there were thirty-eight ministers of our Church in Boston and its vicinity out of work. Think of it! Men of ability and character, who had served their long apprenticeship at school and college and divinity school, and, some of them, many years in the larger university of practical experience, qualified and equipped for the noblest vocation a man is ever called to, and yet unable to get work, with the exception of an occasional opportunity to preach on Sunday. And the thing is growing worse. One man who used to find a place to preach, on an average, three Sundays out of four, is now preaching on one out of six. So he himself told me.

And this in full view of the great work needing to be done, the vast neglected, uncultivated vineyard, and the foxes spoiling the pleasant vines, and the Master waiting for laborers; and here were these thirty-eight men standing almost, some of them quite, all the day idle in the market-place, and saying, "Because no man hath hired us."

Surely, again, there is something wrong. Let us try to find out what it is. The writer will not presume to say what it is. Perhaps he does not know. At any rate, he will leave it for older and abler and wiser heads than his to announce to a perplexed and waiting Church.

One thing, however, he would claim as his privilege; and that is to suggest for consideration a plan by which some, at least, of our out-of-work brothers might be given a chance to exercise their ministry. Every now and then we hear of the moral decadence and spiritual destitution that mark some of our rural communities which lie remote from the larger and richer life of the towns and cities. And no one really knows what that means as does he who lives either in its midst or in close range or touch with it. Why should not some of our unemployed ministers unite in companies of threes or fives, or any adequate numbers, and go out and preach to and serve these neglected regions? Take, for instance, the hamlets and villages among the Berkshire hills. Let the men bind themselves together, not, of course, by any monastic vows, but some simple fraternal agreement, which will unite them as associates in a common work. They should be of our ablest and best-picked men, who, to use a Western phrase, can easily "shoot without a rest," who without the aid of a manuscript can stand up and say what is in their heart and mind concerning God and man and truth and duty. And then let them go and say it, preaching everywhere, in public halls and cottages, in barns and under trees, or in any place that offers. One minister might live in one village, another in another. There would be frequent exchanges and meetings for mutual conference and good fellowship, and the consequent stirring up of the thought and feeling of the people to better life, and no end of good accomplished.

But the query comes, Where is the money to do this? Lack of money to many seems the one respect that makes calamity, such calamity, of so long life. But it is not. It is a great obstacle, but not insurmountable. One cannot, of course, ignore the straitened financial conditions of the time; nor does he desire to forget that the authorities at headquarters are doing nobly all that lies in their power to provide such places as are available for our unattached ministers. But let what can be done. Under present conditions, as all know, there are not vacant parishes enough to provide permanent work for more than a few; and the state of the Association's treasury, we are told, is such as will not warrant the undertaking of any new ventures. Despite, however, the hard times in business, in spite of a depleted Association treasury, one still believes that there are enough rich and generous members of our Church who, if the opportunity were only given them, would gladly contribute the necessary funds to give this plan, with the right men ready to carry it out, a trial for at least a year. It is a matter of only a few thousand dollars,—say a thousand a year for each man in the work.

One of our church clubs could easily take such a matter as this in hand. The Unitarian Club, which scattered so generously the "Unitarian Annual" broadcast over the Church last year, might avail itself of the opportunity of sending in some such way the message by the living voices this year.

Perhaps the rich and young merchants and professional men of the Channing Club would find this an attractive object to their enthusiastic spirits, and among themselves provide the means to rise to this occasion, and so signalize their devotion to the truths and ideals which our Church stands pledged to propagate.

One thing is clear. In whatever aspect we regard this matter, whether as a question of unemployed ministers or of loyalty in that great cause to which last September we gave ourselves anew, the problem which confronts us is of the gravest and most serious importance. Something must be done. The situation must be realized and met. In view of the tremendous issues involved, it is altogether too deplorable to be borne much longer with any sort of credit to the Church.

UNOMO.

For the *Christian Register*.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

With reverent hand we bind and on her casket lay
The sheaf of ripened wheat, meet emblem for to-day.

The gifted daughter of a gifted sire,
Her books gave dear delight by lamp and fire.
When threescore years crowned her with silver hair,
She did not say, "Now let me rest: I've done."
Her broad, protecting love drew little children in,
And built a fair, bright home to save from want and sin.

Now "INASMUCH" is shining on her brow,
A greater glory than her pen has won!
A sweet good-night, for long life nobly given:
God's silent angel kissed her, and she slept.
But who shall paint the rapture for her kept,
When she awoke to the New Year of heaven!

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

IV.

Who should be first among men? He who sets the highest original example.

Men of genius, often visited by inspiration, almost always suffer two great griefs. The first is that they cannot hold themselves constantly at the elevation of their noblest insights; and the second is the want of companions competent to receive the messages they long to communicate.

How shall we define the Best? The Best is that which cannot be thought not to be, and better than which nothing can be thought. The Best, therefore, is really God.

When does man become most truly great, admirable, and happy? Then only when, in his harmonized and illuminated personality, sense, intelligence, affection, will, and conscience, all work simultaneously together without jar or friction. In other words, the perfection of human nature consists in the co-operative unity of all its powers at the same time that their distinctions are sharply preserved.

By means of language each one can give to all every new good he achieves in the spiritual order, and the whole can give itself unimpaired to every one. In our material civilization the parts and the whole must be taught to combine and separate, play in and out, with the same melodious spontaneity, the same freedom from collisions and discords, which the mental world exhibits. In knowledge and virtue there is no monopoly or hostility, but whatever one has all can have at the same time. Some day this exuberance of disinterestedness must set the pattern and give the law in the political order, too. The only way in which our universal human life can be a successful symphony is by each man occupying his appropriate place, playing his own part, sounding his proper notes. When co-operation is perfected, in some not remote future, the life of society will move as harmoniously as the astronomic orbs already do.

THE EXPOSURE OF A FALLACY.

Much of the prevalent unbelief of the sublimest doctrines of religion springs from the ordinary predominance of the imagination, which thinks in sensuous images alone, over the speculative reason, which deals with pure ideas. The intellect when properly trained, as we see exemplified both in metaphysical science and mathematical science, easily and distinctly grasps the concept of the infinite in all its varieties, and makes valid dialectic use of it. But fancy can never possibly present any material figure of the infinite in any domain of its activity. The notions of free spirit, eternity, immortality, God, therefore necessarily baffle those whose thinking sticks fast to the figurate species. Gross fallacies often arise thus and hold fatal sway in persons who have not attained the mastery of immaterial intellection. Speculative reason conceives the idea of an omnipresent being with perfect distinctness, but it is obvious that the imagination is utterly impotent to make a picture of omnipresence. A failure of faith in an immortal life, for man, generated by this sophism of putting fancy in the place of reason, is seen in the following example, quoted from the confessions of a recent eminent writer: "Myself a grain of clay upon this tiniest of little worlds, when I think of the chaos of greater universes and the irrevocable circles of eternity, I fold the wings of aspiration and discontent, and wait in patience till the chemistry of the years resolves me into my

elements." So wrote the gifted John Addington Symonds with his deep tinge of melancholy and eloquence. But is not the complete sophistry of this crushing contrast of the dread impression of material bulks with the hidden mystery of the spirit, clearly exposed in a moment when we notice the facility with which our spaceless thought takes up and transcends the most tremendous extensions of matter and time? The secret essence of human nature, in its thinking power, in its insatiable demands forever growing by what they feed on, in its indissoluble union with the creative energy of God, is immeasurably greater than any material immensity. And, when once aroused to the ideal consciousness of its prerogatives, it faces the phantom of annihilation only to annihilate it with a smile of disdain.

JESUS AS SAVER.

BY E. P. POWELL.

What a pity that the dear good words "save" and "right" should be swallowed up in the theological phraseology savior and righteousness. The simplest meaning of saving seems rarely to get into the minds of worshippers, and rightness seems somehow to them very unlike righteousness. But the only practical as well as historically correct view of Jesus is as the one who wished to save us by means of rightness. Right and righteous and righteousness are of the same sort, and no one can justly make anything of righteousness but being right. The charm of the word is not lessened, and its meaning is made doubly sure, when we find it one of the oldest ever invented. *Ritu* in Sanskrit is the mother of right and righteousness as well as rites, and it meant straightforward. The crooked man and the crooked way were as clearly evil to primitive man as to the most advanced Christian. To go straightforward as the stars go and the sun goes, this, says Müller, became the first ideal of human goodness. There seems to have been some such original root for good and God, but we have lost it. To save was originally used as an economic term, and opposed to waste. There was no crime, after crookedness, that outranked wastefulness. This idea of saving, passed over to a human being, meant to save all his power and his faculties. Salvation is, when rightly used, no more nor less than to make the most of ourselves. Originally and accurately, it had nothing more to do with the next life than with this life. A savior is nothing but a saver, and with this interpretation we greatly magnify the calling. "Jesus Christ, Savior of the world," is Jesus Christ entering into such relation with us as to save us from losing our manhood, our powers for eternal living, our abilities, intellectually and morally. And this sort of salvation is, I take it, what in the future Jesus will more remarkably do than he has in the past. Unfortunately, the world for ages has been trying to be saved from a future hell, from punishment for damnableness rather than from the real damnable soul conditions. I once learned a sore lesson in my Sunday-school of five hundred boys and girls. "Which," I said, "is the worst, to steal or be caught and sent to prison?" A big shout went up that to be sent to prison was worst. Allowing a good deal for the more practical relation of physical affairs to childhood, I felt sure that in our average Christian bringing up there was a good deal more purpose to sneak out of punishment than to back out of sin; and, if one studies the theological curriculum, he will see that our creeds have for their burden being saved, not from waste, but from the deserts of wastefulness. So we go on till we are one-third, one-half, one-tenth lost hopelessly, irrevocably, and call it salvation if the meagre remnant be not thrust into some future torment place. The whole notion is nonsensical. Carlyle says the main thing is not whether we shall be preserved hereafter, "but whether our contemptible little souls will be worth saving." On the whole, had not a perverted flossam of a soul, better go out than be kept through eternity in a museum of salvation? I do not mean to speak lightly of this matter, but I wish to get into a clear strong light the need of a complete readjustment of our religious culture. What I wish my boy to understand is that he is made up of faculties and powers at which nature has

worked for millions of years, and with which she has endowed him. I am anxious that he shall not be one iota less than he can be. What I wish to see saved is the wholeness of that personality which passes as my boy Bayard. This it has come to seem to me to be the gospel of Jesus. It rings from end to end with the idea of saving. He fairly passes among all men of genius as the savor.

This kind of salvage evidently cannot be brought about by any mercantile means, nor by substitution of a sound soul and a whole soul for my diseased and half-wasted soul. So we are compelled to give up the notion of atonement, in the creed sense, altogether; and the doctrine of the divine nature of Jesus will not help us at all. The at-one-ment of the Saxon seems nearer what we want. The secret of Jesus' ability to save was his recognition of our need of being saved and our capacity for it. It was a glorious hope for man that rung out in Judea in those days. Strike out that development from history, and we should be rioting in hopelessness. "On earth peace good will to men." The key is, however, in the charge, "Work out your own salvation because God works in you." No snarl of logic in that. Jesus broke up the mist of scepticism that had settled over the world, and he filled the people with hope. Paul summed up his notion of Christianity as faith, hope, and love. This was not the spirit of the world. This we know well, if we study all the contemporary workers of that age and of the ages preceding. Jesus restored the Father to the family. Do you work now to save yourself "because God is in you." This idea grew, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" And it must grow still. Every advance in the process of saving, really saving, from soul and body loss must take place in connection with a new conception of our oneness with God. We are the children of God.

Jesus was killed when about thirty, Socrates when over eighty. Jesus has left us the religion of perennial youth, Socrates the religion of speculation and doubt. How fortunate for the world that Jesus died early! He had not outlived the dreams of the good. His ideals were just in the forming. Every word he has left us is vital, warm, life-full. If you want the fountain of youth, go to the life and words and works of the boy Savior. I do not speak it irreverently, for there is nothing more divine than youth. Not a sentiment smells of weariness, not an opinion comes of feebleness, not a view is born of decay. It is all life, pure life, in its fresh flow from God. Had Jesus lived to be an old man, would his discouragements and disappointments have formed a later chapter to his gospel? As it is, whatever pessimism has come into Christianity has not come from its founder. He is the beautiful youth in the full flush of Apollo strength, with a virtuous heredity, a wholesome desire, a perfect digestion, and a marvellously vital atmosphere. Go, thou dyspeptic, sleepless, scolding, word-sharpening Carlyle to this sunrise, and tell us frankly that, compared with such straightforward joyousness, your afternoon indigested philosophy is worthless. It is the man first of all, the youth. The Greeks succeeded only in painting an Apollo, the Jews surpassed the world in living one. It is to him we go rather than to the books about him, and we find God in the flesh rather than in the marble. Thanks to the Greeks, more thanks to the Jews.

CHURCHLY RELIGION.

BY REV. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

There prevail to-day conceptions of Christianity which stand in vivid contrast to the New Testament representation. Perhaps the most fashionable notion is that of "a church." It is to a corporate organization that people look for a manifestation of religious power. Churchly observances are expected to supply the vitalizing energy that should advance Christian civilization. It matters little what form the notion takes: the substance is always the same. The force that will regenerate the earth is vested in an infallible church, or it is communicated by the touch of fingers which claim a priestly virtue derived in unbroken succession from Saint Peter, or it inheres in a particular mode of baptism, or in reverencing and obeying the priest as the sole medium by whom grace and truth come from God to mankind, and by whom pardon

is conveyed to sinners; for in something like a five-minute ceremony the newly ordained priest receives the Holy Spirit, and is endowed with the power both to forgive sins and to retain them. The late Cardinal Manning told us that we should not be able to deal with the great evils of mankind until we yielded to the priesthood as a body of men chosen by "our Lord," illuminated, trained, and conformed to himself, to be the guardians and transmitters of the truths he reveals to them and of the laws he gives into their custody. Cardinal Manning is not alone in claiming power and pre-eminence for an organized hierarchy. As well as Roman Catholic and Episcopal High Churchmen, there are Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and Unitarian High Churchmen,—men in every communion who, in one way or another, put the church before the individual, the machinery before the life, the letter before the spirit. It was against this enslaving error that Wiclif, Tyndale, Latimer, and Luther consecrated their energies; and the spirit of the great reformers is needed now as vitally as ever, for the doctrine is being persistently, stealthily, inwoven into the fibres of our religious life, until by multitudes of the English people Christianity is identified with a sacramental religion, with forms, rites, creeds, exhibitions of millinery, apocryphal successions from the apostles, powers of unearthly origin and yet not of heavenly descent, mystical and cabalistic virtues, and sacred enclosures, where spiritual vitality is manufactured and imported by machinery. Are these revivals of the Middle Ages likely to advance religion? Are these figments of the centuries of old the true representations of Christ's Christianity, the simple but potent Christianity, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, mighty as an army with banners? What are they doing now but deluding thousands by teaching them that they cannot come face to face with God, cannot commune with him heart to heart, but only through the medium of church or priest or form? What are they doing but arrogating pretensions intolerant and dangerous,—pretensions hostile to the liberties which the Reformation secured, inimical to the exercise of man's highest faculty, the reason, antagonistic to the play of that personal power which is essential to the purest, noblest, and most robust Christianity? What are they doing but letting in the monstrous idea of the supernatural power of the priesthood, and thus opening the door for whatever claims they may presumptuously put forth? "All this clamor about church," said Dr. Arnold, "is only a clamor about priest"; and it really means that there is no divine power in Christianity apart from the priest.

The New Testament idea is of a different type. To-day Christianity is often interpreted as meaning a church; and, when we speak of it, people think of it as the church, the book, the ministry, the organization, rarely as a personal moral quality. Then Christianity meant a divine individuality. That is a vast, a fundamental distinction. The one is an external corporation, the other an inward excellence. The one is an article of machinery, the other a spiritual power in the individual soul. The one preaches dependence upon the forms and sacraments of the church, the other the indispensableness of cultivating a divine manhood in each human being. The one teaches that the power of the spirit of God in the souls of men is communicated only through the priest: the other teaches that it consists in a living holiness, which flows, not through priestly pedigree, but in a direct line from God to man, and which will pour itself into every one who surrenders to the heavenly will. The one, in short, builds religion on the outside, and strives mainly for such a material kingdom of God on earth as can be represented in aggregate organizations of Christianity: the other builds religion within the individual man, and strives mainly for such a kingdom of God as can be seen, not in the cathedral, the temple, the synagogue, the church, the organizations, the denominations, but in the living force of holy women and great-souled men.

It is this power of the interior life of a man that is wanted to-day especially to be brought to the front. Why is it that Christianity has made so little progress in the world? Partly because its professors have devoted their activities to analyzing and defining it rather than living it, because they have given themselves to formulating

creeds about it,—and creeds that have fostered a malign element as a moral force, creeds that have presented a Being that never will subdue the world, and never ought to subdue it, because they have been less bent on cultivating the soul of piety than on forming churches, with outward unity and powerful hierarchies. Why, organized Christianity, as far as it has yet been seen, has been the bane of religion. Religion has not been saved by the priesthood, but by radiant, attractive individual lives here and there, which have been the salt of the earth. The vast corporations of the religious world have been the oppressors of the spiritual life; and they have generated such dreadful discords, such bitter quarrels, such outrageous cruelties, such immeasurable evils, that one almost wonders there has been any beneficence at all in religion. And there would not have been but for individuals giving forth the blessing of their sweet and glorious natures. And now, as of old, the real enemy of Christianity is to be found neither in theological speculation nor in science, but in those efforts in which powerful parties in the Christian world are now busily at work,—those efforts to spread and exalt Christianity, as they think, but really, alas! to limit and degrade it, by constructing outward organizations, by establishing spiritual despotisms. It is Christianity made known to the world as a personal moral quality that is wanted. It is the grandeur of the kingdom of God in the individual life that is the imperative need of the present age. The enormous and pompous organization of churches has been tried through whole ages, and Christianity does not yet reign even in Christendom. Christianity will not attain supremacy until for reverence for churches there has been substituted and made dominant the culture of the living power of the individual as the true aim of all Christian teaching and effort.

Hackney, London, Eng.

DISFRANCHISEMENT FOR ELECTION FRAUDS.

BY REV. LYMAN CLARK.

Now that the tide of patriotic condemnation is rising, which, it is to be hoped, will overwhelm all who engage in the corruption of the ballot, it is a good time to obey that injunction of our constitutions which commands a frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of truth, justice, and civil right. Let the inquiry be, What is the proper punishment for election frauds? The most elementary principle that we may apply to all violations of a public trust is that the person who violates a trust, whatever other penalties he may suffer, should be deprived of the trust. This is the first natural consequence of the wrong. Good common business sense forbids continuing a man in the exercise of a trust which he uses corruptly for private advantage and public injury.

The highest trust which any one can assume is that of the government of the country. If the king, the president, or the governor, sells the public service for personal gain, he deserves to be removed from office. He is corruptly exercising his trust, and is unworthy to exercise it longer. In the United States the people are sovereign. Every voter is a fractional king. A voter who may be bribed is not fit to be a voter. The person who bribes a voter is not fit to be a voter. Both should be deprived of a trust which they use corruptly. They should be disfranchised.

The writer is not aware (but is willing to be informed, if such is the fact) that disfranchisement has been applied as the penalty for election frauds in the United States. In England it is applied, not only in case of the single voter, but of the community. In case of great prevalence of bribery the borough may be disfranchised as a political constituency. This compels the community to take an interest in the purity of the ballot-box, else it may lose the franchise entirely. Now, whatever other devices of legislation may be adopted for the purpose of preserving the purity of the ballot, as disqualification for office on the part of candidates who bribe in their own behalf, or requiring a report of receipts and expenses of political committees, I submit the reasonableness of the penalty of disfranchisement as the proper punishment for election frauds. It may reasonably be supposed that the law would be more likely to

be enforced with this penalty than with others. Its reasonableness would be generally admitted. In case of duelling, this penalty was established for the purpose of making the crime disreputable. It was thought with good reason that men would not wish lightly to imperil their right to the common privileges of citizenship. Bribery is a disreputable crime. Those who bribe look with contempt upon the "floater," although the common tendency of legislation has been to treat the man who bribes as the greater criminal and justly so, for the reason that he is usually a man of good position. Those of whom we should like to think as our best people for public spirit in other respects sometimes engage in election frauds. It is to be hoped that, if the penalty of disfranchisement were applied, they would learn to look upon themselves with contempt until purged from the guilt.

Inasmuch as a number of legislatures are understood to be engaged in consideration of the means for the better purification of the ballot, this appears to be a good time for the settlement of the question whether or not the small army of people who have to be paid from year to year for going to vote, and the smaller number who corruptly pay them for personal advantage, shall be allowed to maintain their standing as voters, proper persons to take part in the kingly duties of governing the country. Let the law disfranchise them, this penalty to be avoided by the simple method of an honest use of the ballot-box.

Since writing the above a copy of the Election Laws of Missouri has been received, and under the head of "Qualifications of Voters" we find this provision: "Nor shall any person convicted of felony or other infamous crime, or of a misdemeanor connected with the exercise of the right of suffrage, be permitted to vote at any election, unless he shall have been granted full pardon; and after a second conviction of felony or other infamous crime, or of a misdemeanor connected with the exercise of the right of suffrage, he shall be forever excluded from voting." Accepting a bribe being defined as a misdemeanor, and giving or offering a bribe a felony, permanent disfranchisement is one of the penalties of crimes against suffrage, except in case of a full pardon, and then in case of a second conviction.

MR. MOZOOMDAR'S WORK.

The many friends of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar in this country, and especially those who have contributed to the Mozoomdar Mission Fund, will be glad to learn something of Mr. Mozoomdar's work in India during the past year.

The *Interpreter*, the monthly edited by Mr. Mozoomdar, contains a general view of that work. We omit the account of his homeward voyage, which has already been noticed in these columns, and also the hearty reception he received in Calcutta. Referring to this, Mr. Mozoomdar says:—

CALCUTTA.

The chief feature of my return and reception was the cordial sympathy shown by sections of the community not very sympathetic before. Raja Peary Mohan Mukerjee, a rising leader of the Hindu community, was among the many who so kindly came to the railway station to welcome us. All the missionaries of the Brahmo-Somaj of India then resident in Calcutta also came. The young men, of whom there were scores, if not hundreds, were loud and almost wild in their enthusiasm. Addresses of full sympathy and confidence came from six different bodies, three of whom were unconnected with the Brahmo-Somaj, and the other three from Brahmo ladies and gentlemen who ignored sectional differences in the impulses of brotherly feeling. All this is worth mention not in the selfish consciousness of honor shown to a particular individual, but in the prospect of united work and wide usefulness kept in prospect for the future. The union of all advanced men in the Brahmo-Somaj, to whatever branch they may belong, must some day become an accomplished fact.

I arrived in Calcutta in the midst of the anniversary celebrations, wherein I was delighted to take part. My chief duty was a public statement of all that I experienced in America in the way of religious progress and sympathy with different religious communities. Now, this sympathy and progress exactly represent the position of the Brahmo-Somaj: the triumph of truth and

love means the triumph of our cause. The subject of our discourse, therefore, delivered on the 2d of February in the Town Hall, was "The World-wide Triumph of our Cause." The governor of Bengal and a large, appreciative audience gathered to express their good will and sympathy. The cordiality of the American public was thus responded to by the cordiality of the Indian public, and we felt the spirit of liberal religion was everywhere on the ascendant. It is perhaps generally known that our relations with the Society for the Higher Training of Young Men, founded four years ago, have been most intimate. The young men who are its members are many of them outside the Brahmo-Somaj, nevertheless they are much attached to us personally. It is, therefore, our agreeable duty to work among them whenever an opportunity occurs. We addressed them more than once on American civilization and American character, so that they might be penetrated with the genius of public and private life in the New World. They are all of them delighted to hear of America as often as they are spoken to, and often I have felt the wish that there were some American at my side to help me to do this. Much good may yet come out of this society.

BEHAR.

Toward the end of February Mr. Mozoomdar went on a tour to Behar. Though, indeed, some need of rest was felt after the labors of the last year, our brethren in the provinces were so eager to hear the glad tidings from the Parliament of Religions that repeated calls obliged us to leave Calcutta on a tour to Behar toward the end of February. As a centre of Brahmo religious life, no place is more noteworthy in Upper India than Bankipur (Patna); and to that place, therefore, I first bent my steps. The leaders there do not confine themselves to strictly devotional pursuits, but have earnestly undertaken female education and the moral training of young men on the same lines as the Society for the Higher Training of Young Men in Calcutta. This threefold description of work, religious, educational, and moral, precisely answers our notions of serving the public; and it was a pleasure, therefore, to help and encourage the local workers.

BHAGALPUR AND DARJEELING.

Bhagalpur is another important Brahmo-Somaj centre in that part of the country, and therefore claimed our service and attention. Bhagalpur has also a corresponding Society for the Higher Training of Young Men, which celebrated its anniversary, and presented to us an address of sympathy. The whole month of March was spent in touring through Behar and Oudh, holding services, delivering lectures, solemnizing marriages, and helping local work of various kinds. April in Calcutta begins to grow warm in right earnest, but there was a good deal to do there; and, after going through all the pressing engagements that presented themselves, I left for Darjeeling on the 1st of May. Darjeeling, being the summer seat of the local government, is not so helpful to retirement and meditation as my little hermitage at Kurseong. But it does offer some opportunity of public usefulness. There were the weekly services of the local Somaj to conduct, and occasional lectures in the Town Hall for the benefit both of the native and European public.

Mr. Mozoomdar returned to Calcutta in July, and worked for nearly three months, and then left for Simla in the last week of September.

A TOUR IN UPPER INDIA.

The tour in Upper India is described at length by a Punjabi Brahmo, from whose interesting account we make the following extracts:—

In response to the very earnest and repeated invitations of his Brahmo brethren, Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar lately paid a visit to the Punjab. More than four years ago he came to this province on a missionary tour; and all his friends, both old and young, were naturally very desirous to meet him again. Mr. Mozoomdar arrived at Simla on the 30th of September, and, in spite of many inconveniences, put up at the Asram of the Himalayan Brahmo-Somaj, and stayed there all the while he was at Simla. He kept indifferent health. Nevertheless, he was able to conduct the congregational services in the Brahma Mandir. His presence necessarily drew a large number of worshippers, and so impressive were his sermons that a good many people outside the pale of the Brahmo-Somaj began to take a lively interest in his work. At their special request, and with subscriptions voluntarily raised among themselves, the Town Hall, which, though built with the people's money, cannot be had free, was engaged, and arrangements made for a special lecture of Mr. Mozoomdar. As was to be expected, the

meeting was very successful. Hon. Sir Alexander Miller, the Law Member of the Supreme Council, than whom there is not another Englishman among our rulers more friendly to the cause of Indian Reform, honored the Brahmo-Somaj by presiding at the lecture. The educated Indians went in crowds, and listened to the utterances of the great Brahmo leader on the Universal Religion of the New Dispensation. It is Mr. Mozoomdar's principle, wherever he goes, to try by all possible means to promote friendly relations between different sections of the Indian community; and, with this object in view, several meetings were held at the station, at which many leading native gentlemen were present. During his short stay at Simla Mr. Mozoomdar had interviews with the Viceroy, the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, Sir Alexander Miller, and Sir Anthony MacDonell; and with each and all of them he held very important conversations on matters involving the vital interests of his countrymen.

LAHORE.

Mr. Mozoomdar left Simla on the 8th of November, and proceeded to Lahore to conduct the thirty-second anniversary of the Punjab Brahmo-Somaj, reaching there on the following morning. In spite of the very early hour of his arrival, all the leading members and sympathizers of the Brahmo-Somaj were present at the railway station to accord him a hearty welcome. He met one and all of his old friends with most affectionate greetings, and seemed to feel much gratified at their deep attachment to him and to his life-work. Mr. Mozoomdar stayed at Lahore for about a fortnight; but during this short period he found very hard work to do, the programme of his lectures and addresses having already been announced to the public. Hardly a day passed without one or two engagements.

In the evening of the 9th of November, the very day of his arrival at Lahore, he gave his opening address in connection with the anniversary. Fully an hour before the time of the lecture the audience had begun to assemble. The crowd was so large that the whole of the inside of the Mandir, as well as the gallery and verandas of the hall on all sides, was full; and not a few had to go away disappointed for want of accommodation. The audience was composed mostly of students of different colleges, over whom Mr. Mozoomdar exercises a marvellous influence. He is a great friend of young men. Though grown in years, he has the earnestness and enthusiasm of youth in him in its full vigor; and that is perhaps one reason why he loves them so much.

The appearance of Mr. Mozoomdar on the platform was the occasion of great excitement. He stood up to address this large assembly in the midst of deafening and prolonged cheers. He began by saying that at the World's Fair last year at Chicago the American boys contributed one penny each; and with this large quantity of copper a great national bell was cast, called the Liberty Bell. This huge bell was struck ten times at the inaugural meeting of the Parliament of Religions, the ten strokes being given each in honor of the ten great religions of the world. Mr. Mozoomdar said that he, too, was going to strike ten strokes that evening; that is to say, he would speak ten words about the prevailing principles of the world's religious belief. In short, in a very impressive speech, which lasted an hour, he explained some of the characteristic features of the religion of the New Dispensation: (1) The unity of God, (2) The necessity of divine worship, (3) Living faith in a Personal Deity, (4) Purity of character, (5) Service of humanity, (6) Self-sacrifice, (7) Conquest of passions, (8) Acceptance of all Scriptures, (9) Honor of all prophets, (10) Universal Church.

A SINGING PROCESSION.

On Saturday, in the afternoon, the Brahmo community, headed by Mr. Mozoomdar, after a short prayer offered by him, started from the Brahma Mandir for Nagar Sankirtan, on a singing procession through the streets of Lahore. The singing was enthusiastic. There were short addresses delivered in Hindi to the masses at some of the principal centres of the town; and the processionists returned to the Mandir at 7 P.M., when Lala Shiv Dyal, M.A., gave an address on the life and teachings of Guru Nanak, the great prophet of the Punjab.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Mozoomdar spoke a few words, expressing his great admiration for the founder of the Sikh religion. The remarkable simplicity of his creed was pointed out. The history of the Church of Baba Nanak, as he very pertinently observed, has proved that theism is not the faith merely of the learned few, as is so often asserted, but that it can be, as in the case of Sikhs, the religion of the great masses of simple, unsophisticated men and women.

Sunday was the *Utsab* day. In the morning service Babu P. C. Mozoomdar preached a very instructive sermon on the three kinds

of *Bhakti* (the love of God), known in the Vaishnava Shastras as *Samip*, *Salak*, *Sayuj*; and in the course of the evening worship he impressed upon the congregation the great importance which the New Dispensation attaches to a life which is spent for the good of others. At noon food was distributed to poor people; and, in the afternoon Mr. Mozoomdar blessed the little children of Brahmos, gathered in the Mandir.

On Monday Lala Ruchi Ram Sabni, M.A., gave a lecture on the subject of science and religion; and after the address was over Mr. Mozoomdar in a short speech explained that the religion of the Brahmo-Somaj is in perfect accord with the spirit of true science.

The following afternoon Mr. Mozoomdar presided at the meeting of the Nari Somaj held in the Mandir, and gave a very instructive sermon in Hindi to a large number of Punjabi ladies present on the occasion. In the evening the secretary of the Punjab Brahmo-Somaj had to lecture on the "Rise and Progress of the Brahmo-Somaj"; but, as that day was the birth anniversary of Guru Nanak, the engagement was cancelled, to give Mr. Mozoomdar an opportunity to address a very large gathering of Sikhs held in the city under the auspices of the *Gurú Hiti-kārni Sabha*. On Wednesday Mr. Mozoomdar delivered another public address, and the subject on which he spoke was the "Religious Needs of the Punjab."

THE RELIGIOUS NEEDS OF THE PUNJAB.

The attendance was as large as on the former occasion. The accommodation in the Brahma Mandir, however, was found so very scanty that Mr. Mozoomdar's closing address was reserved for a more spacious hall. As the space at our disposal is limited, we will give here only the substance of what Mr. Mozoomdar said on the subject of the Religious Needs of the Punjab.

At the outset Mr. Mozoomdar admired our unbounded enthusiasm in the search of truth; but he told us, in the plainest terms, that we had religiously very much degraded ourselves. We were, in the first place, lacking in the spirit of devotion. We will mention our failings almost in Mr. Mozoomdar's own words. "What ails you Punjabis," he said, "that you have forgotten the great devotional lesson of Guru Nanak's life,—the one great centre of religious life in the Punjab? The sooner you return to the simple piety of Nanak, the better. You let your sacred books ride on the back of the elephant, you fan them, you drape them with many costly covers. If you must do all this, well do; but, for all that, how dare you to be unmindful of the great formless *Nirankar*, the transcendental glory of God? Nanak's essential point, Nanak's chief art, did not lie in angry controversy, or in writing penny newspapers, and abusing people in the crudest language. He never did this. . . . Living amidst such scenes, inheriting such traditions, do you or do you not feel the old ecstasy for devotion? If you do not, then take my word that is the first great religious need of the Punjab."

"Nanak did not go on preaching with sword and fire in his hand; but how was it, then, that multitudes flocked round him, and accepted his simple gospel? There is no chemical combination so effective as the combining power of love. When that power fills the soul, a stream of occult attraction is sent forth; and thousands of spiritual arrows go and penetrate men's hearts. Love is the great gravitation of the spiritual world. If I love you, you are powerless in my hands. But is love all in all? Love is a camphor which diffuses itself abroad, but slowly evaporates. Religious feelings are very good. No progress is ever possible without them. They are the muscles and sinews of religion. But what is the good of flesh and sinew without a backbone? The backbone of religious life is made up of sound doctrines and definite principles which cannot be mistaken. The essential doctrines of every religion are few, so very few, indeed, that every man can remember them, and at the same time can easily believe them. Devotions and doctrines are all very good, but something more is required. Education is the great need of every religious body, and particularly so of religious societies in the Punjab, not that education merely which is imparted in your schools and colleges, but the education that unfolds and develops all the speculative and practical faculties of human nature, the education of the mind and the body, the education not only of man, but of woman also."

Lastly, Mr. Mozoomdar, in very earnest language, urged on us the necessity of religious union, of peace and good will, of a brotherly spirit, which shall unite all mankind in one broad universal church, with God, our Father. "Have one community," he said, "a brotherhood in the Brahmo-Somaj, with one aim and the same sympathetic impulses, in order that India may be glorified. This voice of mine has been raised before you and various races of

my countrymen, alas! often in vain,—aye, now and then, too, it has been raised before other nations and in other lands; but now, daily, it is becoming fainter and fainter, and after a little more time it will stop. At this stage of my life I shall be glad to hear two thousand voices in the Brahmo-Somaj raised like mine, two thousand hearts embracing one another in the oneness of brotherhood, hating none, loving all."

On Thursday Lala Sundar Das Suri, M.A., gave a lecture on the Service of Religion; and on the following evening Mr. Mozoomdar presided at the anniversary meeting of the Sat-Sang. Short speeches were made by Babu A. C. Mozoomdar, Lala Udho Das Mehta, B.A., and Babu Bimal Chunder Ghose, M.A. The secretary of the Punjab Brahmo-Somaj, Lalla Kashi Ram, read a paper in which he explained that the religion of the New Dispensation is both natural and supernatural.

On Saturday Mr. Mozoomdar presided at the conference of the Punjab Brahmo-Somaj, at which proposals for the establishment of an orphanage were considered. The anniversary closed with a love feast, in which many Brahmo families joined. Next day after the morning service the photo of Mr. Mozoomdar, along with the members of the Somaj, was taken; and in the evening he delivered a sermon in connection with the congregational service.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

On Monday, the 19th of November, the birthday anniversary of our most revered and beloved minister, Keshub Chunder Sen, Mr. Mozoomdar held special service in the morning, and in the evening he visited the Anglo-Vedic College. On Tuesday evening he delivered his parting address in the hall of the Government College. The meeting was the largest ever held there. Mr. Mozoomdar gave an account of what he saw at Chicago last year, particularly of that marvellous assembly, the Parliament of Religions, at which the representatives of various faiths from all parts of the world met in brotherly love.

While at Lahore, Mr. Mozoomdar received invitations from friends at Jullundur and Saharanpur, and from our brethren of the New Dispensation Church in Sindh, Sukker, and Kurrachee; but he was unable to accept them. He left us on the 21st of November, and, halting a day or two at Meerut and Delhi, where in the Town Hall he delivered several short addresses, went on to Lucknow to conduct the anniversary of the Ayudhia Brahmo-Somaj.

From Lucknow he proceeded to Benares, where he gave a public lecture at the Town Hall on the Evolution of the Hindu Religion. From Benares he went to Ghazipur, where years ago he had established the Anjuman Am, a society comprising Musalman and Hindu leaders of the city. These gentlemen prevailed upon him to give a discourse on the Sympathy of Religions, which was very well attended. He thence proceeded to Calcutta, which was reached on 6th of December.

Mr. Mozoomdar's tour has more than ever convinced us that the greatest religious need of the Punjab is of a leader like himself, of catholic principle and pure life, a philosopher and a devotee, who will guide the rising generation both by precept and example.

Spiritual Life.

It is because we are children of God, because our nature is of the same eternal quality as his, that we may reverence ourselves, and confide that no work for the amelioration of the condition of humanity can be wasted or lost.—*Joseph May*.

The first lesson of the cross is the conquest of circumstances by character, the second is that suffering is not necessarily the result of the sin of the sufferer. Whether it is the result of sin at all we must consider later, but it certainly shows that it is no judgment upon him who suffers.—*W. H. Lyon*.

The light that lighteth every man may be dim, but it is very real: it is a faint dawn, but it is a prophecy of day. Where so much comes from more may be expected, only let us not avert our faces nor shut our eyes. If we walk in the light, we shall be children of the light. The truths we know or rationally believe are good to live by.—*C. G. Ames*.

It is wise to think of each year as it comes and goes not as a short, feverish breath, but as a long, momentous season filled with the toil that is gradually raising the walls of the great cathedral of humanity,—the imperishable walls of soul; the temple of character; the altar of virtue, whose official is the high priest, Conscience, whose ritual is duty, whose prayer is service, whose song is love and service its sacrifice.—*Unity*.

The "pleasant purpose" has balm in it. As the book of Proverbs has it, "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." Sympathy cures. It can calm passion, soothe sorrow, and charm even bodily pain away. It is good for the headache and the heartache; it comforts the child, encourages the youth, heartens the toiler, and smooths the last stages of the aged; it is the angel who never dies, and whose word never ceases.—*John Page Hopps*.

What can the child on some great ocean steamer caught in a winter's storm do to overcome the tempest? Can it drive the fierce blasts back to their northern haunts? Can its little hand hold the wheel, and guide the great ship? Can its voice still the billows that can crush the steamer like an egg-shell? Can its breath destroy the icy coat of mail that covers all the decks? What the child can do is to trust the captain who has brought this same ship through a hundred hard storms. It can rest and trust and hope. And all we upon this great earth-ship have been caught, not in a storm, but in the Gulf Stream of God's providence.—*Newman E. Hillis*.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, February 16. Subject, Lesson XXI, "Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda." Primary at 2 p.m., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The Sunday-school work at Lawrence, Kan., is being prosecuted energetically, though the workers feel the loss deeply of Miss Marcella Howland. Prof. Carruth is as devoted as ever with his students' class in ethics. The Bible class on higher criticism makes quite a parlor full each Sunday. This department is conducted by the pastor, Dr. Howland, assisted by Prof. Newson.

There will be no new Easter Service published this year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It has been the custom to omit each alternate year the special service of any given festival day. There will be for sale reprints of the Easter Services for 1891, 1893, and 1894. These have all proven acceptable to the schools, and can well bear repetition. Price, 5 cents a copy, or \$4 a hundred.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The fifth regular meeting will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, February 18. Subject, "How to make the Sunday-school Room Attractive." Speakers, Mr. Henry T. Bailey, State supervisor of drawing, and Mr. John Lyman Faxon, secretary of the Public School Art League of America.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" in the one-topic graded system are now out for March. There are five lessons for this month, the subjects being "Jesus and the Insane Girl," "The Transfiguration," "The Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven," "Jesus and the Little Children," "Jesus and Zaccheus." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. They are printed together in one leaflet. Price, 50 cents per hundred.

The Unitarian Sunday-school at Fall River, Mass., is conducted on very careful methods. The superintendent, Mr. Charles C. Ramsay, principal of the high school, has very clear ideas as to system. There are cards distributed to the teachers, with directions how to prepare a Sunday-school lesson. Other cards for pupils, assisting them to study the Sunday-school lesson. On entering the school, a pupil receives an admission card, giving the order of exercises, with special requests, seven in all, for the pupil to observe. No doubt Mr. Ramsay would gladly send samples of these cards and bulletins to any Sunday-school workers asking them from him.

NEW YORK SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—At the February meeting of the New York Sunday School Union there was a pleasant discussion of last month's subject, "Music in our Sunday-schools." Mr. Camp opened with great praise of music and hymns, and, deploring the lack of common feeling among our churches, suggested that a few of the very best hymns, with the very best tunes, be chosen for common use in the Sunday-schools of our Union, to be learned by heart in all and sung often. The discussion was then carried on into various considerations by Rev. Russell Bellows, Rev. Samuel Eliot, Rev. George Badger, Rev. Frederick Gauld, Rev. Dr. Townsend, Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Styles, Miss Stone, Miss Curtis, and others, with the general conclusions that our children need technical training in singing, strong voices or single-voiced instruments to lead them, and great familiarity with what they sing. The choice of half a dozen hymns for common use was left with the Committee on the Whitsunday Union Service, which is to be held again this year in Brooklyn.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. CHARLES T. SEMPERS, in consequence of failing health, has permanently retired from the ministry. Mr. Sempers will devote himself to literature and applied sociology.

THE NEW WORLD.—The following committee has been appointed by Hon. George F. Hoar, president of the National Conference, on the endowment and current support of the *New World*. The committee was appointed by authority of the Conference, and had the power to add to their number: Mr. Edwin B. Haskell, Newton, Mass.; Prof. James B. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Francis C. Lowell, Boston, Mass.; Mr. George O. Shattuck, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.; Rev. William H. Lyon, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, Boston, Mass.; Miss Helen Collamore, Boston, Mass.; Miss Annette P. Rogers, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. John P. Forbes, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. Alfred Stone, Providence, R.I.; Rev. A. S. Garver, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. S. A. Eliot, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. Enoch Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Enoch Pratt, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. John Snyder, St. Louis, Mo.; Prof. C. C. Everett, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. N. P. Gilman, Boston, Mass.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: February 17, Rev. W. H. Ramsay will preach. Services at 10.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., will conduct the Wednesday noon service at King's Chapel on February 20.

Roxbury: All Souls' Church has granted Rev. Mr. Lyon a leave of absence for six months, which time he expects to spend in England with his family, beginning just after Easter.

Ministers' Monday Club: February 18, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., will preside. Address by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

South Congregational Church: Sunday, February 17, Dr. Hale will preach. The class in Good Citizenship in the ladies' parlor will be conducted by Mr. N. W. Ladd. Subject, "The Massachusetts Legislature."

West Roxbury: In accepting the resignation of Rev. F. W. Pratt, the society of the First Parish passed resolutions expressing hearty appreciation of his work and profound regret at the thought of his leaving. His departure is felt to be a serious loss to the parish.

Second Church: The Second Church Branch of the Women's National Alliance: A lecture will be given in aid of the Branch by Rev. W. H. Lyon, on "Brook Farm," in the church chapel, Copley Square, Boston, Tuesday, February 19, at eight o'clock. Tickets can be obtained at the door.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday evening, February 17, at 7.30, Rev. Mary T. Whitney. Subject, "The Art of Helping Others." Music by Mrs. L. M. Bartlett, soprano; Mr. L. M. Bartlett, tenor; Rossi Gish, violinist. All seats free.

Barnard Memorial: The usual children's celebration of Washington's Birthday will take place at Music Hall during the day of February 22. The morning entertainment begins at 10 A.M., the one in the afternoon at 2.15. The music will be furnished by the Fadette Women's Orchestra. Five costume dances have been carefully prepared. The receipts of the entertainment are used for carrying on the work of the Memorial.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15. Evening at 8, when Rev. William H. Lyon will speak upon "Savonarola."

Mr. Elia S. Tovtcheff will deliver his entertaining and instructive lecture upon "The Social Life of the Turks" at Bulfinch Place Church on Monday evening, February 18, at 7.45. Mr. Tovtcheff will be dressed in the Turkish costume; and his lecture will be illustrated with Turkish arms, utensils, etc. All are cordially invited.

AUGUSTA, ME.—The meetings of the Maine Association of Liberal Christian Ministers give good evidence of the increasing interest in that association. The last meeting was held at Augusta on Tuesday, February 5, afternoon and evening. About fifteen ministers were present. The afternoon was devoted to the discussion of "Wealth against Commonwealth," by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd. The discussion was introduced by a paper presented by Rev. J. L. Marsh of Saco. The evening session was held in the Universalist church, Rev. C. A. Hayden, minister. The afternoon meeting had been in the Unitarian church, Rev. E. E. Newbert, minister. In the evening there was a large audience gathered to listen to four addresses on the following subjects:

"Liberalism and the Affairs of Men," by Rev. A. G. Pettengill of Yarmouth; "What yet Remains for us to Do," by Rev. E. L. Houghton of Fairfield; "The Newer Thinking and its Enthusiasm for Humanity," by Rev. E. J. Prescott; "The Four Steps in the Religious Life," by Rev. Henry Blanchard, D.D., of Portland. These meetings have been wholly successful in bringing together the liberal ministers in earnest discussion and companionship, without any denominational bias, but with a sincere desire for practical union. The ministers present represented the Swedenborgian, the Congregational (Orthodox), the Universalist, and the Unitarian denominations, all of whom took part in the exercises, and seemed to appreciate them no less than the dinner that was so well arranged at the Coney House. The next meeting will be held in Portland. The subject for discussion will be "Evolution." There are to be papers by Rev. S. C. Beach and Rev. H. R. Rose.

DIGHTON, MASS.—The Helpers' Guild, which was organized last summer in the Dighton Unitarian church by Rev. Mary L. Leggett, has just completed a successful series of Sunday evening readings and song services from Longfellow's religious poems, and is now entering upon a new outline of noble character studies in connection with Whittier's hymns. The guild has bound the young people together in helpful church activities, and is now a permanent living branch of church work and a social pride in the community.

FRANCE.—The question of miracles has been discussed recently in two sessions of the Société de Théologie de Paris, and has awakened great interest. *Le Protestant* thinks the question cannot clearly be discussed without an exact definition of terms. It is also a question of the problem of the authority of the texts of the sacred books. "No one among us believes in the miracles of Lourdes, or Catholic miracles in general, still less in Mohammedanism or Buddhistic miracles. Many persons, on the contrary, theological and laical, believe in Biblical miracles. Is it because these are better attested? That is impossible. The Biblical miracle no one of us has seen. The contemporaneous miracle has ocular witnesses. There are those of our contemporaries who have seen cures accomplished at Lourdes; and we say to them most tranquilly: 'You have seen badly. The fact is inexact; or, if you have seen rightly, the fact is real: it is not miraculous.' The same persons who use this language because they do not believe in apparitions and the miraculous power of the Virgin Mary believe that Elijah really ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire, because that fact is related in a certain book which in their eyes is authoritative." The article concludes: "The question, then, which is at the bottom of all discussion is the question of the authority of the sacred writings and writers. So long as that is not elucidated we shall not arrive at any precise solution of the question of miracle neither in the one sense nor the other, neither for nor against."

KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., held its February meeting last Wednesday evening in the parish house connected with the new church. The president, Dr. George B. Twitchell, introduced the subject,—namely, "A Living Church,"—and then called upon various members to consider different phases of it. Mr. Kimball spoke on the "Duty of the Church to Strangers"; Mr. H. O. Coolidge, on the "Message of the Church"; Dr. H. K. Faulkner, on the "Church as a Force in the Community"; Mr. F. W. Chase, on "The Sunday Religious Service"; Mr. Virgil Wright, on "The Relation of the Church to Other Churches"; and Mr. G. H. Eaner, on "The Church and the Children." After a summary of the leading points by Rev. C. B. Elder, the minister of the church, the club adjourned, with the feeling that a profitable evening had been spent together, and that it was not true that the laymen could not and would not speak.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Rev. C. W. Wendte's church reports that it "has solved the church choir problem very satisfactorily by engaging the most competent conductor in the city and organizing a volunteer chorus of thirty voices. For three years now they have sung together, and given excellent performances of worthy music. There has been unbroken harmony between its members, and pastor and choir work sympathetically together. Several of the singers are equal to solo parts. If a church can afford a quartette of well-trained voices for the solo parts, well and good; but the leader and the chorus cannot be dispensed with in a church that strives to be democratic. For there are in every congregation those to whom the training of a chorus choir is acceptable, and whose interest and strength can be secured in this way when in no other."—*Parish Visitor*.

Mr. Wendte began on January 13 a course of fortnightly illustrated lectures on "Sundays in Italy," as follows: Milan, and the Cities and Scenery of Northern Italy; Venice in Art and Story; Florence: Its Men and Memories; Rome: Ancient and Early

Christian; Rome: Mediæval and Modern; Naples and its Bay. The lectures are informal and largely reminiscent, preceded by a service of worship and song. Mrs. Wilkes, the assistant pastor, has been taking a brief vacation in Southern California.

PASSAIC, N.J.—The Unitarian society of Passaic has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, a graduate of Meadville in the class of 1894, and now a post-graduate student at Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Wicks has accepted the call, and will be installed early in the month of March. The society has obtained the use of the Masonic Temple of Passaic for its place of worship.

PLAINFIELD, N.J.—The people have organized themselves into the William Phillips Tilden Guild under the direction of their pastor, Rev. Hobart Clark, to further the interests of the church, and to do all they can to promote the religious life among its members. Its first religious meeting was held on Sunday evening, January 20, a goodly number attending. The meeting was led by Edgar H. Mumford, who made very clear to those present the object of the guild. He also paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Rev. William P. Tilden, the first pastor of the church, for whom the guild is named. The second meeting, February 3, was to have been conducted by Miss Barber, one of the teachers in the high school; but, owing to her illness, it fell to the warden of the guild, who is the pastor himself, to lead the meeting. His subject was "Discipline," which was, as usual, ably treated. There is also an efficient Social Committee, whose intention it is to give monthly social entertainments, that nothing may be lacking in forming a bond of union among themselves, or in attracting others to join them in their endeavor to establish a living church in this community. May they never grow weary in their endeavors to set their light upon a hill, that it may cast its beams far and wide!

PORTLAND, ORE.—The annual meeting of the parish occurred in January. Reports for the year showed the weekly attendance at church service large and increasing. There are now fully 350 families connected with the parish, and the church has 459 members. The Sunday-school is pursuing a series of Old Testament lessons, uniform for the whole school, with the aid of teachers' meetings taught by the pastor, and regular reviews and examinations. For the first time the school was continued all summer, with an average attendance of 77, the average during the rest of the year being 175. The total enrolment during the year was 289. The attendance at present is ranging between 200 and 240 each Sunday. The kindergarten held at the church hour is very successful, and has a membership of over 20. About 25 scholars had not missed a Sunday at church during the year, and were given Bibles by the pastor in appreciation of their faithful attendance.

RANDOLPH, MASS.—At the Church of the Unity last Sunday evening the whole service was in memory of J. F. Moors, D.D., who, as missionary of the A. U. A. for New England, was instrumental in founding this society. The chairman of the Parish Committee, Mr. Henry A. Belcher, paid an affectionate tribute to Dr. Moors's personal devotion to the interests of the society; and Rev. Charles A. Humphreys spoke of Dr. Moors as preacher, pastor, army chaplain, and superintendent of missionary work for New England.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Rev. Stanley M. Hunter preached recently on the subject, "What shall Unitarianism stand for in Salt Lake City?" He showed what it had stood for in past times. It had not been a dynamite bomb to annihilate all theology. It was death only to injurious error and meaningless superstition. Unitarianism was the reformation of the Reformation. It had always stood for the freest thought and the freest speech, the noblest citizenship, the highest education, and the largest faith. The danger to liberalism in Salt Lake City, as elsewhere, was indifference. A person who has recently experienced the popular form of conversion is anxious to save others. Should the liberal be less enthusiastic? There is no place in the United States where a liberal church could be better supported than in Salt Lake City. Unitarianism stands for an exalted and reasonable religious life.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Rev. H. Digby Johnson of San Bernardino has received a unanimous call to settle over the Unitarian parish at San Diego.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Second Church: The annual meeting of this church, recently held, showed a church property clear of all encumbrance except a small debt of \$4,500, receipts exceeding expenditures, a church membership of 250 on the church book, and a membership in the Sunday-school of 210. The Women's Auxiliary reported receipts of \$1,429, and boasted a membership of 107.

When it is remembered that this organization is but four years old, it will be seen that the trustees have good cause for congratulation over the yearly report.

Rev. H. R. Haweis of London, a man of world-wide reputation and broad sympathies, now visiting San Francisco, was invited to preach in the Plymouth Congregational Church, and assented, subject to the approval of the bishop. Bishop Nichols refused his consent, on the ground that Episcopal clergymen should not accept hospitalities they could not return.

SEATTLE, WASH.—For the first time in nearly six months there were services on January 13 at the First Unitarian Church. The new minister, Rev. J. H. Acton, D.D., preached. The audience-room was tastily decorated with ferns and evergreens, the graceful plumes of the mountain hemlock predominating. Dr. Acton was introduced by Joseph Shippen, who congratulated the congregation on having secured, after so long a period of inactivity, the services of a man fitted by heredity, kinship, and training to be a Christian minister. Mr. Shippen, on behalf of the church, offered to Dr. Acton a pulpit which was open, as he said, to the freest expression of thought and to the preaching of a liberal and comprehensive gospel of common sense.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The following is the preamble of the Springfield Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women: "Believing that, by meeting together to consider practical questions in religion, ethics, and philanthropy, we may enlarge our own religious life, lend a helping hand to other women, and bring ourselves in closer fellowship with each other, we do form ourselves into an association for this purpose." The officers for the year of 1895 are Mrs. James McDuffie, president; Miss Annie Bailey, secretary; Miss Emily Coffin, treasurer; Mrs. M. H. F. Gilman, corresponding secretary. The speakers and subjects for the winter are: "The Work of the Alliance," by Mrs. B. Ward Dix; "College Settlements for Women and their Work," by Miss H. S. Dudley; "Mothers and Adjectives," by Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows; "Factory Legislation," by Mrs. Fanny B. Ames; "Home and Hospital Nursing," by Miss Maxwell of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York.

TACOMA, WASH.—A carefully prepared report made by Mr. Martin shows that the First Free Church has made substantial progress during the last two years. Beginning with 65 charter members, Nov. 27, 1892, it now has an enrolled membership of 227. Of these 1 has been removed by death, 4 have withdrawn, and 24 have left the city, making a total of 197 resident members.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The winter meeting of the Norfolk Conference will be held in the Church of the Unity at Neponset, Mass., Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, minister, Thursday, February 21. Addresses are to be given by Rev. George Batchelor on the passage from "Philosophy to Religion," and by Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy on "The Church and the Young Men." Full particulars are given in our "Religious Notices."

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The Branch of the Alliance connected with the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society of Jamaica Plain, Mass., extends a cordial invitation to all the New England Branches to meet with them on Wednesday, February 27. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Exercises will begin at 11 A.M. Papers will be read by Mrs. S. C. Beach, of Bangor, Me., "The Work of the Alliance in Relation to the Sunday-school"; Rev. Edward A. Horton, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, "The Sunday-school Idea"; Mr. Ellis Peterson, supervisor of Boston public schools, "Work Common to Sunday and Public Schools"; Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, "The Main Purpose of Sunday-school Effort." Box-lunch at 1 P.M. (the ladies of the Jamaica Plain Alliance providing tea and coffee). The afternoon session will begin at 2.15. A discussion will be opened by Prof. Edward Cummings of Harvard University, "Strikes and their Remedies"; Miss Emily G. Balch of Jamaica Plain, "The Relation of the General Public to Strikes."

THE MOZOOMDAR MISSION FUND.

The following amounts have been received on account of the Mozoomdar Mission Fund for the year 1894:—

Miss Anna C. Lowell.....	\$50.00
Samuel P. Mandell.....	50.00
Rev. W. N. McVicker, Philadelphia.....	25.00
Edwin Glau.....	25.00
E. F. Atkins.....	25.00
Mrs. E. Atkins.....	25.00
Miss A. P. Rogers.....	25.00
First Parish, Brookline.....	25.00
First Parish, Arlington.....	25.00
Church of Unity, Boston.....	25.00
Women's Alliance, Jamaica Plain.....	25.00
Women's Alliance, Dedham.....	25.00
Ind. Congregational Society, Bangor.....	17.00
F. (Taunton).....	15.00
Church of Messiah, Montpelier.....	15.00
Edward W. Clark, Philadelphia.....	10.00
Wm. Montgomery.....	10.00
South Unitarian Church, Worcester.....	10.00

A friend.....	\$10.00
C. W. Hubbard.....	10.00
A. L. Hollingsworth.....	10.00
W. H. Horton.....	10.00
James Longley.....	10.00
Rev. David Swing.....	10.00
Rev. N. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.....	10.00
Belmont Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Groton Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Newton Centre Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Fitchburg Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Los Angeles Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Westminster Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Cleveland Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Hopedale Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Worcester Unitarian Church, 2d Parish.....	10.00
North Church, Salem.....	10.00
Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco.....	10.00
Women's Alliance, Cincinnati.....	10.00
Elliot Society, Church of Messiah, St. Louis.....	6.00
Rev. W. A. Griffin, Marlboro, Mass.....	5.00
Rev. Herman Snow.....	5.00
Mrs. M. B. Brigham, Baltimore.....	5.00
Thomas Gaffield.....	5.00
Hiram H. Weeks.....	5.00
Rev. Wm. Ballou, Fargo, N.D.....	5.00
W. E. Stowe.....	5.00
J. H. Sawyer.....	5.00
Cyrus Gale, Northboro.....	5.00
Miss H. S. Welton, Providence.....	5.00
David H. Coolidge.....	5.00
S. B. Hume & Son, Eastport.....	5.00
Miss H. M. Pierce.....	5.00
Miss Mary Grew, Philadelphia.....	5.00
Rev. C. J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo.....	5.00
Rev. C. P. Woolley, Geneva, I.I.....	5.00
Women's Alliance, Eastport.....	5.00
Women's Alliance, Lynn.....	5.00
Women's Alliance, Littleton.....	5.00
Unitarian Church, Littleton.....	5.00
Miss C. B. Cook, Philadelphia.....	3.00
Alfred Bunker.....	2.00
Rev. Thomas Kerr, Rockford, Ill.....	2.00
Rev. H. L. Buzzell, Falmouth.....	2.50
Miss M. E. Dewey.....	1.00
Mrs. M. W. Loomis, Cherokee, Ia.....	1.00
Mrs. Mary Ivins, Philadelphia.....	1.00
Joseph Hilliard, Northboro.....	1.00
Cash.....	6.00
Charleston, S.C., Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Oakland, Cal., Unitarian Church.....	10.00
Madison, Wis., Unitarian Church.....	10.00

Contributed for year 1894.....	\$777.50
Edward W. Clark, Philadelphia, 1895.....	10.00
Fitchburg Unitarian Church, 1895.....	10.00

\$797.50

MRS. WM. HOWELL REED,
Boston, February 1. Treasurer.

Business Notices.

Decreed by Fashion.—"Not how you feel, but how you look," is the motto which fashion repeats to-day in the ears of our devotees. It is a fact that the average woman rarely looks as she feels, but almost always feels as she looks. This is the reason why the modern toilet table is one of the greatest staples of the furniture trade to-day. At the largest warerooms in this city—Paine's, on Canal Street—they show over a hundred different styles of this single piece of furniture.

Mr. S. P. Stratton sailed from Vancouver on Tuesday last for Yokohama, his third trip to the potteries of Japan; and Mr. Theodore Jones, of the same firm, sails on the "Teutonic," on a tour of English, French, German, and Austrian potteries and glass houses.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are unrivalled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness, and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Brookfield, 10th inst., at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Wm. L. Walsh, Albion B. Tibbets and Grace Marjion Josselyn, all of Brookfield.

Deaths.

In Springfield, Lyman E. Tucker, aged 28 yrs. 1 mo. 7 days, died at Brookfield.
In Hyde Park, suddenly, 7th inst., Harriet C. Kimball, 66 years, widow of Henry C. Kimball of Stoughton.

Religious Notices.

THE WINTER MEETING
OF
THE NORFOLK CONFERENCE
WILL BE HELD IN

The Church of the Unity at Neponset
(Rev. Geo. Herbert Hosmer, Minister),

Thursday, Feb. 21, 1895.

PROGRAMME.
10.30 A.M. Devotional service. Conducted by Rev. Eugene R. Shippen of Dorchester.
11.00 A.M. Business meeting.
11.15 A.M. Address by Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Acting Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. Subject, "The Passage from Philosophy to Religion." Discussion to be opened by Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline.
1.00 P.M. Collation.
2.15 P.M. Business resumed.
2.30 P.M. Address by Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Quincy. Subject, "The Church and the Young Men." Discussions to be opened by Rev. William H. Branigan of Dorchester.
4.00 P.M. Adjournment.

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Pres.
E. Q. S. OSGOOD, Sec'y.

Trains for Neponset from Boston (O. C. R.R., Kneel and Street Station), 9.30, 11.00 A.M.; 12.02, 12.17, 1.15, 1.55 P.M.

Return: leave Neponset 12.48, 1.10, 1.59, 3.06, 4.18, 5.17 P.M.

Electric cars leave Boston (corner of Franklin and Washington Streets) every fifteen minutes for Neponset, passing directly by the church.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

SOUL FETTERS.

BY FANNIE A. DAMON.

If deeply hidden in thine heart,
Some hope or wish lies unexpressed;
A dream, that haunts thee day by day,
That will not let thy spirit rest;
If doubt or fear thine acts control,
Oh, be not of *thyself* afraid!
But break the fetters of thy soul;
Be what thou prayest to be made.

Let not the sound of worldly speech
E'er check thee in thine onward course;
Heed not its censure or its praise,
But listen to the inner voice
That bids thee stand for truth and right;
And own the law that makes men free,—
The law of love, not bound by creed,
That giveth life and liberty.

The Pulpit.

THE NEW BIRTH AND THE NEW TYPE OF MAN.

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE.

Let us ask ourselves precisely what we think was happening in Palestine at Christmas time nearly nineteen hundred years ago. We are all familiar with the current idea that, if we had been there on a certain famous Christmas Eve, we should have seen and heard marvellous and unspeakable things. But the wonderful thing about the divine processes really is that the very greatest of them move on so silently. Take, for instance, the change which happens every year in the course of the sun, for the celebration of which there was a more ancient Christmas festival long before the birth of Christ. At this time of the year the planetary movement toward darkness and winter, which, if it went on unchecked, would plunge us in deathly ice and cold, somehow stops, and the new movement begins toward the warmth and sunshine of a new summer. But, though this change is most real, it is so silent that one would scarcely tell the moment when it has arrived.

Take, again, the great event in history which we in New England are in the habit of celebrating just before the Christmas time, the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. No one looking upon that little insignificant party of colonists would have guessed that a vast and significant movement, affecting the destinies of the world, was being ushered in.

The truth is, we do not generally know the great events in their greatness till some time after they have happened. For weeks after the sun begins to ride higher in the heavens, the cold still goes on increasing, and winter lies fast upon us. But by and by the change has begun to work its true effect. The buds swell on the trees, and the brooks run full with the melting snows and the spring floods. It is so likewise with the coming of the great lives that mark the epochs of history. They come unheralded by the stars. Thus in England, when Shakspeare's genius shone out upon the world, no one saw anything strange or surprising in the country youth who had come up to London to seek his fortune. We can scarcely to-day discover the facts about his history. Yet all of a sudden there began to be written poems and dramas, which people at first enjoyed and praised, without knowing how wonderful they were. The world at last, getting their true perspective, numbers them among the masterpieces of literature.

So only lately with the life of Abraham Lincoln. Few could have guessed that the boy, sprung of the humblest parentage, with the most meagre education, born to hard work in the rough frontier life, would come to stand among the princes of the earth. But by and by he was found thinking thoughts of justice and liberty, and uttering speeches so profound, convincing, and eloquent that men began to say of him, He is a great man. How great he was they did not know till after he had gone.

I believe that it was so with the coming of Jesus. No one on any particular Christmas Day would have imagined that the greatest event in human history had taken place. No one walking up and down Nazareth streets would have discovered that the greatest of the sons of men was living a free and happy boy's life in a carpenter's little house in the town. No companion or citizen of the place would have been certain

to predict whose destiny, out of all the youth of the town, would be most glorious, so silent and obscure are the divine processes! But by and by men began to remark that a great teacher had arisen among them. Very striking and gracious words began to be uttered. "He teaches as one having authority," they said.

What, now, were these teachings proceeding out of a humble peasant's mouth, the full greatness of which the world has not yet fathomed? All that we know of them is comprised within a few pages of the New Testament. They are mostly summed up in the Beatitudes and a few other passages of the Sermon on the Mount, and in two or three parables. The new teacher here reverses the ordinary judgment of the world about the nature of the happy life. He teaches that the meek and lowly and humble may be blessed or happy. He teaches that men may mourn or suffer persecution or confront pain, and yet deep down in their hearts may have all the time the secret of abiding content, and joy even. He teaches that life is not so much in receiving and getting as it is in giving and loving; in short, that the true life of man radiates beneficence, as God's sun in the heavens radiates life, shining on the evil and on the good. The life of man, the son, is like the life of God, the Father, in the unceasing and glad some ministration of love.

Jesus did not simply teach these memorable things. He trusted and tried them himself. They were not teachings that he had learned by rote out of the wisdom of the elders. They grew out of his own experience. He had given himself with utter willingness to live this loving life. He had tasted pain, sorrow, persecution; and the sunny courage and the steadfastness of his faith in God, so far from being broken, had grown deeper and sweeter. He had actually faced the evil in the world, as that man has to face it who bends to the work of relieving men from its weight. But nothing that he saw of evil gave him the slightest doubt of the conquering reality of the goodness of God. We may sum up both his thought of life and his experience of it—his theory and his practice—in what, if I may use an Oriental expression, I will call "the fourfold path." *Whatever is right, I will do it. Whatever is true, I will follow it. Whatever love bids, I will obey. Whatever ought to be, whatever is ideal, I will give myself to bring it to pass.* Such was Jesus' teaching, such was his life. In his thought nothing less or different could be true, nothing other than this could be thought of as life. The world has come to bow before this conception of life. The world has come to cry out that it is radical, original, beautiful. The world grants that, if every one had this conception of life, this earth would be paradise. But the world does not yet know how great, memorable, and revolutionary the new idea is.

I am well aware what certain persons are ready at once to say. They will remind me that there is no teaching of Jesus, not even the famous Golden Rule, which is not to be found in earlier scriptures. They will remind me of magnificent passages in Psalms and Prophets, bespeaking a serene faith in the righteousness of God or uttering the cry of humanity against wrong and oppression. They will remind me of the gentle Buddha in India and the great teachings which to-day are taught to hundreds of millions of men in his name. I am delighted to grant all that any one can say in this direction, as I delight in Indian summer days, which now and then come to check the growing cold of December. I am pleased that the teachings of Jesus prove not to be out of line, but in the direct line of descent, with the utterances of the great moral and spiritual pioneers of every age who preceded him. I yield to no one in my admiration of the lonely men who stand in the dim past above the heads of the great pagan multitudes, with their mighty and invincible trust in righteousness. I recognize the sweetness and serenity of the Buddhist teaching. Nevertheless, every one who watches carefully must observe certain characteristic facts about Jesus' type of life and teachings. As compared with the Buddhist model, for example, it is no less rich in humanity; and it has, besides, what the Buddhist type seems to lack; namely, heartiness, vigor, boundless enthusiasm, and, most of all, deathless hope. It is distinctly an ampler type of life: its faith is in a living and present God.

Moreover, Jesus is conspicuous in taking up into his teachings and gathering into a harmonious unity great sayings which before had seemed like scattered fragments. In him the good life,—the ideal, loving, glad some, trustful, victorious life,—which had before been heralded by all manner of noble premonitions and suggestions more or less complete, now actually appears as a distinct type. The type is so distinct that the world is not quite ready to own it as truly human. It is not the life of a man, they are tempted to say: it is the life of a God. This advent of a new and higher type of human life is precisely what we mean when we call it a new birth. When we say birth, we mean that the new thing has come to stay. There may have been hints of its coming and birth-pangs before. Henceforth there is continuous life.

I believe that the facts, broadly considered, bear out our statement that the Christmas story stands for the coming into the world of a great and memorable type of human life. We will not say that that type had never appeared before; but, if it had appeared, it had never come in such fullness and vigor as distinctly to impress men's imaginations. You cannot trace it in clear and continuous lines of growth and reproduction. On the other hand, in the person of Jesus the great type doubtless came to stay. You can now trace its history. I do not mean the history of the church, of dogmas, of ecclesiasticism. The history of the movement and growth of the good life in the world is as different from the history of men's ecclesiastical institutions as the flow of a stream is different from the works of man along the course of the stream,—the bridges they build over it, the tunnels beneath it, the walls to restrain it, the dams across it, the canals by which they drain away its waters. You trace the flow of the new and beneficent life in the first Christian centuries among humble men and women, meeting in upper chambers, in sail-lofts, in the galleries of the catacombs. You discover it far away from the great cathedral establishments, among little heretical sects in the valleys of the Alps, with Peter Waldo and the persecuted groups of earnest souls about whom our friend Dr. Hale writes his most beautiful story. You find the same stream of the good life flowing on in the times of Francis of Assisi and his poor monks, sent out into all Europe to preach a simple gospel to the people. You find it spreading into England, in the presence of war, plague, and civil commotion, in the hearts of men like John Wickliffe and Chaucer's holy priest. You find it in the great cities of the Rhine valley, in little brotherhoods of men who are going about ministering to the poor in famine and ex-communication, and in the face of a hostile world steadfastly living lives of loving service. You find the Moravians, the Quakers, the Methodists, in defiance of the scorn of great ecclesiastical establishments, preaching and living that new type of life which the name of Christ has at last come clearly to mark. You look over the world to-day, you note the survival of ancient, barbarous forces of greed and selfishness, you wonder at the vast and almost hollow human systems of worship, the elaborate and incomprehensible creeds; but underneath them all goes on flowing the stream of the new and beautiful life after the model of Jesus. It was never so deep before, it never had so many tributaries, there were never so many men and women all over the world in whose hearts Jesus' idea has entered. Wherever you find them, whether in groups, in families, or lonely individuals, whatever language they speak, they know the motto of the fourfold path. They say, as Jesus said, *Whatever is right, we are here to do it; whatever is true, we are here to trust and follow it, wheresoever it leads. Whatever love bids, we are here to obey, not counting the cost. Whatever ought to be,—the ideal things,—whatever reforms ought to come, we are here to give our lives to bring them to pass.*

When I turn to these facts, I am always impressed anew with surprise and admiration. I am quite familiar with the questionings, the doubts, the fears and scepticism of our generation. I am accustomed to feel the force of these things. Nevertheless, when I turn my eyes toward the bare ideal of what we may call the Christ-type of life, my doubts and scepticism disappear, as the snow melts beneath the March sun. That into a material, animal, selfish world there should have entered with

its imperative and irresistible beauty the spectacle of a life lived wholly for love's sake, for truth, and for duty, fills me with wonder. That this kind of life, which at first seemed to men more than human, should have been slowly winning its way till it comes at last to be conceived as the only true human life—human because divine—is wonderful. Neither is this theory merely. It is no "counsel of perfection" to be regarded on holy days and neglected the rest of the time. The great increasing host of witnesses, the illustrious dead in every century, a multitude of humble and modest souls, who made life sound and sweet, and went unthanked to their graves, a very great number, more than any man can tell living to-day, tell us the one story; namely, that the new type of life, as Jesus showed it, is blessed and beautiful in this world where we live,—yes, that no other sort of life seems to them tolerable. At their highest and best, differences between them disappear, and their souls chant the music of the fourfold path. When I see these facts, this seems to me no longer a material and animal world of brute selfishness. It is no devil's world, where evil thrives and righteousness goes to the wall. It is no agnostic world, in which the good Powers are out of sight; but it is a divine universe, where the human race is made ever to grow toward the stature of manhood, and the stars march in their courses to make the evil things cease, and goodness and truth and love to abide.

I pass on to the personal application of what I have said. We are told that, whatever process in growth and development the race passes through, each individual passes through the same process. All the strange changes through which the human body has come to be what it is through thousands of years are registered in the growth of each individual body. It is so with the higher qualities, as, for instance, with language. We do not know through how many thousands of years our ancestors struggled to frame the wonderful vehicle of human speech; but each little child has, like the race, to pass through a similar process in learning to talk. It is likewise with the change to the new and higher type which the Christmas story celebrates. The law was that in the fulness of time the new Christ-type of the loving life had to be born into the history of the race. When the time was ripe, this new type came to stay, to grow, to conquer by its mild sway, and finally, we believe, to dominate the world. The same law commands a like process for each individual soul. The man is not truly man, has not attained real personality or won fulness of life, till the new birth comes. This is the law of each man's spiritual development.

Let me make plain what I mean here by birth. The life of the average man is characterized by all sorts of impulses, good and bad, noble and selfish, moral and animal. Like grown-up children, men will often be for the time under the sway of a

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powerful and generous emotion, and again suddenly they will yield to the momentum of the animal forces of avarice or sensuality. They are capable of appreciating the vision of high spiritual ideas. They are even religious by fits and in seasons. The trouble is that the movement of the good life is not sustained and continuous: you cannot depend upon it. It was said of Rubinstein that he was capable of the most tender and generous service to his friends or to the poor, but he was also equally liable to fits of desperate passion. This is a common experience of mankind. The characteristic of the Christ life, as we have shown, is that it is continuous and constant. It is not swayed, like a feather in the wind, by waves of contrary impulses. When we say, then, that the new life must have birth in a soul, we mean that it must come to stay. We mean by birth a new life that shall be sustained and grow stronger. To every soul the vision of the good life shall somehow come in such form that the soul shall answer to it and give it abiding acceptance. We do not mean that the growth of the infant thing shall not need watching and care, that there shall be no times of weakness and temptation, or that its growth shall be uniformly rapid; but we mean that the soul that has fairly conceived the beauty and imperativeness of the fourfold path, and sworn willing allegiance to its motto, can scarcely be as it was before. It cannot be imagined to commit moral suicide by deliberate disobedience. *What is right, I will do. What is true, I will trust. What love bids, I will obey. What ought to be, I will live to make real.* When the spirit of this type of life once enters a soul, it is a new experience: it is the entrance of a new and divine personality. That holy thing has now been born into the individual soul which by the Christmas story was born long ago in the life of the race.

I will not conceal from you the fact that in all this, as the parable of birth would suggest, there is something of venture, struggle, and cost. It is not without significance that the story of Jesus is the story of a great, brave, serene, and joyous life, winning its way in the face of what men call sacrifice and pain. I believe that for the individual, on even his lower and selfish side, the coming of the higher and spiritual life will result in nothing but good and enlargement. This at least is the rule. But the selfish and animal self cannot see this in advance. It fears the opposite. It apprehends loss of indulgence and pleasure. It fears the restrictions of its desires. The body is afraid that it will starve. The competitive spirit fears to come under the Golden Rule. It suspects that the Golden Rule means a narrower living, smaller business success, the loss of the emoluments of office. The selfish ambitions shrink from that life which pronounces greatness to consist, not in prizes and crowns, but in the largeness of service. I believe that these selfish fears are groundless. We are already able to cite great and memorable lives. We have recently been hearing the story of Mr. Brace's life, of Miss Frances Power Cobbe's, of Mrs. Hemmingsway's. We can recall plenty of others like these, where in the mere bounteous amplitude of living the great new Christmas type shows conspicuous success. It remains true, however, that very often at the first the individual accepts the new life with birth-pangs of fear.

On the other hand, I am impressed with the fact that, on the whole, allowing for all our stupid fears, fairly granting that no good thing in this world comes without cost and price, yes, that the highest gifts of God demand something in turn on our part, or else we should not know them as gifts,—I am impressed with the fact of the greatness and the splendor of the Christmas gift that is offered anew to every man. I have a strong sense of the values of the good things of this world that men are striving after,—of the values of money, education, and power. I see how beautiful these things appear to men. It is their higher uses, as interpreted by the Christian law, that give these things their greatest beauty. Nevertheless, as I look over the world and watch men's struggles and failures and what they call success, as I turn them to the great pattern of the Christmas story, and see what that life means for which the name of Christ stands,—a life earnest, serious, dignified, noble, disinterested, generous, aspiring, trustful, joyous, enthusias-

tic, hopeful, victorious, a life lived in the sense of a present God and a divine universe,—when I recognize that this sort of life is offered to us and our children as the high prize of our attainment as men, that it is precisely for winning this life that we are placed in the midst of this marvellous universe, that this thought, in fact, is the key to our philosophy, and the one thing that gives unity to all human history, I see nothing else in the world desirable to be compared with it. All things else seem only to have worth and use as means for winning this prize of the beautiful life, or as tools for administering its beneficent purposes. Nay, more, I hear all the voices of the great and illustrious ones whom we revere joining with all the chivalrous and divine impulses of our own souls, as though the one voice of God spoke through us with a joyous cry, taking up the words of the fourfold path: "Whatever is right, we will do it. Wherever truth leads, we will follow. Whatever love bids, we will obey. Whatever ought to be, whatever the common good of the higher humanity needs, we will live to make real."

Sermon Cleanings.

SPIRITUAL SACRIFICES.

BY REV. J. EDWARD WRIGHT.

The history of the Christian doctrine of the atonement seems to contain a record of a progressive movement in the Church toward the ideal sacrifice. Quite early in the development of Christian theology the idea that Jesus, by his death, paid a ransom for sinners *to the devil*, gained acceptance; and it prevailed for some nine hundred years. Later the great sacrifice of the Christ came to be interpreted as the payment of a debt due to God from those who had not kept his commandments, and as a satisfaction of the divine justice by one who owed nothing. Later still arose from the great publicist, Grotius, the governmental theory, as it is called,—the theory that the death of Jesus manifested to the world God's abhorrence of sin as fully as the punishment of the transgressors of his law would have done, and thus opened the way for God to pardon those who penitently accepted this arrangement, without bringing his government into contempt. And this view, containing a reference to a moral impression made upon men by the death of Jesus, has served in some measure to prepare the way for the much nobler view that the death of Jesus furthers, renews, and intensifies the appeal made by his winning life of love to the hearts of men,—a *moral appeal*, melting them into its own beautiful image,—*entire self-surrender to God's will and man's welfare*.

Rising thus from theory to theory, we reach at last, I fondly imagine, the true sacrifice toward which man has been through all the centuries vaguely, blindly groping,—the sacrifice of his own selfish will to the over-arching and all-enveloping divine Wisdom and Love. In this is the real at-one-ment. Only thus does man come into perfect harmony with his environment. This is the "spiritual sacrifice" of our text. Here is no waste of that which is precious, no visible offering on a smoking altar, no symbolical service nor rite of substitution, but real service rendered by the person himself. He presents not a lamb, nor an ox, nor a human victim taken in war, nor his child, nor his own physical life: he presents himself, a living offering, a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to his Maker. He does not destroy to the glory of God: he presents a fuller, higher, diviner life to the glory of God. He does not plead in his own behalf the merits of Christ, he does not urge that the self-surrender of the Son of God be accepted instead of his own self-devotion; but he practically accepts that sacrifice by welcoming the spirit that actuated it to the control of his own life.

Doing this, he brings himself into harmony with the universe; for without self-surrender he is in opposition not only to the aspirations of the human race manifested in religious history, but also to universal law. Sacrifice is not a law of religion only: it is the law of the universe. Life on this globe is sustained only as light and heat are freely poured forth from the self-sacrificing sun. The individual man

lives physically only so long as there is action in his body; and action means the using up, the sacrifice, of something. "In physical realms sacrifice, or self-expenditure, is one-half of health, as assimilation is the other," wrote D. A. Wasson. "This law of the body is also a law of the soul. Our life is not ours: it is lent. By inspiration supplied, it must be by aspiration, by love and duty, again rendered forth, or the loan itself is cut short. We must give to gain: we must do to be." . . .

"The secret of poet and saint is the same, that our innermost fountains are filled when we draw from them, and that by incessant impoverishment we are made rich. And so utterance, outgiving, sacrifice, is one full half of the health and delight of the spirit."

Yes, man lives morally only as he lives lovingly. This is one of the central truths of the teachings of Jesus. Man really lives only as he lives with interests and affections reaching out from himself to others. In the terse language of the Master, "Who-soever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Literature.

SAINT PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.*

The distinctive excellence of this book consists in its thorough use of the personal experiences of Paul as an aid to the interpretation of his theology. Paul was not primarily a theologian, but an unusually intense man, with keen religious intuitions, which he was compelled, by his rabbinical training and the exigencies of his work, to put into dogmatic form, and defend as a system of theology. Consequently, his Epistles are spiritual autobiographies first, and only secondarily treatises on theology; and they demand for fair understanding psychological skill quite as much as philosophical lore. Prof. Bruce has little patience with the endeavor to account for Paulinism by reference to Jewish and Hellenistic sources,—a method which he styles "eclectic patchwork." Yet crazy quilts are all the rage nowadays in Biblical criticism, and documentary hypotheses are the height of fashion. And, where previous documents can hardly be alleged, as is ordinarily the case in Paul's Epistles, we hear of "borrowings" and "more borrowings," as if there were no such thing as creative genius. From such absurdity Dr. Bruce is entirely free; and his book is marked by a canny good sense, which refreshes one like a draught of Scott after reading the average novel of to-day. Therefore, the book is alive from cover to cover, with no Passover-bread pages, "holy, but heavy." It is scholarly, but does not groan with erudition. A single illustration will make clear the author's method:—

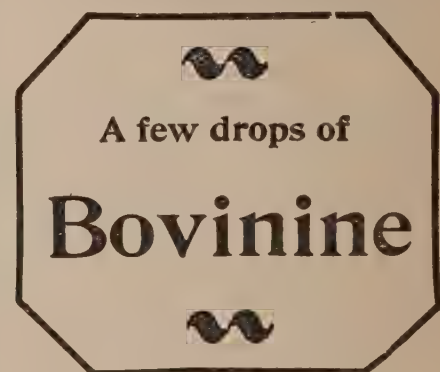
"Whatever surprise or disappointment it may awaken in us that the flesh should give trouble to such a one as Saint Paul, we are quite prepared to discover in his writings traces of a subtle insight into the nature and varied manifestations of its evil influence. . . . That the flesh meant for him very specially, though not exclusively, sexual impulse may be inferred from the prominent position given to sins of impurity in his catalogues of works of the flesh. . . . Does this language shock pious readers? It certainly costs the writer an effort to put such words on paper. But he forces himself to do so, because he believes that it is along this road we shall most readily arrive at an understanding of what Saint Paul meant by his many strong words concerning the flesh rather than through learned lucubrations concerning the meaning of the Hebrew word for flesh in the Old Testament Scriptures, or as to the probability of the apostle having got his doctrine of the *σὰρξ* from Philo or some other representative of Hellenistic philosophy. That one statement, 'I buffet my body,' is of more value to me as a guide to his thought than all the monographs on the subject." (pp. 265-267.)

Another rare virtue in this book is that, so far as I have observed, the word "evolution" does not occur in it.

As Dr. Royce has said, "One too easily forms the habit of shutting any new book in which he chances to encounter a term

thus often repeated, but seldom appreciated." Yet Dr. Bruce's method is scientific. At the outset he rules out all the reputed Pauline Epistles save those to the Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians; and his sole desire is to discover precisely what Paul thought in each particular instance, without regard to its rationality or its congruity with the rest of New Testament teaching, or even with other doctrines of the apostle himself. Hence he makes very explicit certain differences between Paul and Jesus, and describes advisedly the contrast between the ethical and the forensic in Paul's thought. Occasionally, also, he recognizes confusion in the apostle's mind, as, for example, in discussing 2 Cor. v. 1-4, he says, "It would seem as if in the first sentence of the chapter the writer's mind contemplated the future state as a whole, without distinction between the pre-resurrection and the post-resurrection states, and that then the intermediate state occurring to his mind led to a change of tone" (p. 385). It is not quite certain, however, that the author might not have used the idea of evolution to good purpose; for the most unsatisfactory part of his book is that in which he argues for the notion that "a whole group of religious intuitions, the universal destination of Christianity being one of them, flashed simultaneously into the convert's mind like a constellation of stars on the day of his conversion" (p. 37). One who disbelieves totally such an account of the genesis of Paul's thought is very happy to appeal from Dr. Bruce to Dr. Bruce. "God does not reveal all things at once to truth-seeking spirits. He sends forth light to them just as they need it. Inspirations come piecemeal, in many parts and in many modes, to apostles as to prophets. The true divine light steals upon the soul like the dawn of day, the reward of patient waiting. So Saint Paul got his doctrine of righteousness not complete at a stroke, but in successive vistas, answering to present exigencies" (p. 215).

In the interpretation of many particular passages Dr. Bruce seems to lay himself open to criticism. The title "Lord" given by Paul to Jesus certainly does not carry the implication that Prof. Bruce suggests, neither does the designation Son of God (pp. 22, 23, 338, 339). Cf. the suggestion that *ἰλαστήριον* in Romans iii. 25 takes up the idea of the "revelation of wrath" in i. 18. It is not quite correct to say that "it needs only to be made to commend itself" (p. 169). But, minor matters aside, the book may be heartily commended to all stu-



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* SAINT PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY. A. B. Bruce, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

dents of the New Testament. It is sensible and scholarly, exceptionally candid and trustworthy.

It is to be hoped that in subsequent editions a student wishing to read "one of the most thorough discussions" of Romans ix. 5 will be directed to the volume of "Critical Essays" by Ezra Abbot, and not to the comparatively inaccessible "Journal of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, 1882." And, by the way, Dr. Bruce misspells Prof. Abbot's name, and gives the year 1882 instead of 1881. But the book abounds in typographical errors, which the reader will silently correct. W. W. F.

THE ILLS OF THE SOUTH.*

The author has made a close study of the industrial and social condition of the South, with a view to find causes hostile to the general prosperity of the Southern people.

The picture drawn in the opening chapter of the condition of the South immediately after the war is perhaps not exaggerated. It was a time of keen and bitter distress:—

In all these Southern States there was not an inland village or town containing a single store that could furnish a barrel of flour or sugar, a sack of coffee or salt, a pair of boots or shoes, a yard of calico or a yard of domestic, a hat, a cap, or a suit of clothes. Not a knife, a spade, a garden rake or hoe, or a plough, could be found. The destitution of every needful domestic article was general, and the people were in need of everything. But, if the stores had been full of every variety of merchandise to supply every want, the people had no money. Neither had a large percentage of the people anything with which to procure money.

This condition of affairs brought on the vast credit system, with all its tremendous evils; and it is against this system that the author mainly directs his attack. The tyranny, looseness, costliness, and depressing character of the credit system are shown by a large number of facts. Both whites and Negroes have to suffer under the operation of the lien law machine, that has led to unscrupulous and extravagant transactions and to the hopeless ruin of many farmers. Another evil mentioned is the overproduction of cotton. Many merchants actually compel the farmers who obtain credit from them to raise nothing but cotton, so that they do not raise grain or wheat enough for their own consumption. From 1865 to 1890, says Dr. Otken, cotton planting has been a mania. Several pages are given to testimony concerning industrial conditions, and some valuable information had thus been secured.

When it comes to considering the condition of the Negro, the writer's facts are less trustworthy, and his conclusions less valuable than his facts. It is a simple parody on justice to present the proportion of white and black convicts in the Southern prisons, as though the same justice were meted out to both races. Undoubtedly, ignorance, immorality, and crime exist very widely among the colored people; but, bad as the record may be, there is another side which receives but little attention in this chapter. The author draws no just comparison between the condition of the Negroes of twenty-five years ago and what it is to-day, or he would have found material for the conclusion that no race ever made so much progress in twenty-five years.

The writer, though mentioning one of the most prominent ills in the South,—namely, the evil of lynching, which reacts upon the white people as upon the colored,—might well have given it a still more prominent place. The author makes a strong point against the North, when he shows how many doors are closed to the Negroes in the North, and truly says, "If the Negro is here to stay, justice demands that he shall have an even chance in all political privileges, and that all the avenues of industry shall be thrown wide open for his advancement. To educate the Negroes, fit them for high service, and then close all the doors of progress, is trifling with their destiny."

Dr. Otken attempts to find a solution for the Negro problem, and takes refuge in the solution of the exodus. But this dream will never be realized. Genesis is more active than exodus among the Negroes in this country, and a proposal to deport the Negroes to Africa is as wild a scheme as was ever proposed. The Negroes cannot be excluded from this country, and the

South for its commercial prosperity needs the Negro as well as the white man.

Despite the unpractical conclusion of the volume, the author is no doubt animated by a kindly spirit toward the Negro race, and makes a plea for kindness, fairness, and honesty toward them. The ruinous evils of the mob law to the white man as well as to the Negro are pointed out. The concluding words of Dr. Otken are well worth quoting: "Wrong is commissioned with curses. Right is dowered with blessings to mankind. Right knows neither rich nor poor, neither white nor black. To do the right is the path of wisdom and virtue. The best interests of the individual and the country depend upon it. Here is hope, here is order, here is security. Happy are the people who love and honor the laws of the land. Every evasion, infraction, or subterfuge affecting the purpose or the execution of law is a public injury. Right embodied in statutes, and these firmly and impartially enforced, are essential to peace and prosperity."

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND ITS PROCEEDINGS.*

The coming meeting of this conference at New Haven (May 24-30), which will then be one-and-twenty years old, calls attention to its long existence and its broad and useful work. The men and women who first organized it at New York in May, 1874, as a branch of the American Social Science Association, are nearly all dead or retired from active work through age; and comparatively few of those who then met—Charles Brace of New York, the founder of a vast charity, Mrs. Parkman of Boston, the originator of the training school for nurses at the Massachusetts General Hospital, among them—looked forward to so comprehensive a movement as their little gathering initiated. For it not only became national in the broadest sense of the word, but in 1893 held an important International Congress at Chicago, and has now undertaken to develop and guide the college and post-graduate system of instruction in the numerous and fast increasing institutions of higher education throughout the United States. To this last subject, under the ambiguous name of "Sociology," a full chapter is devoted in the lately published "Proceedings" of the last Conference (at Nashville); and a strong committee, headed by President Seth Low of Columbia College, will report on it at New Haven, in the midst of professors and doctors of philosophy and students of both sexes. From this committee, on which are the well-known names of Prof. Peabody and J. G. Brooks of Harvard, Prof. Blackman of Yale, Prof. Henderson of the widely active Chicago University, and Prof. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Theological Seminary (said to be the largest Protestant divinity school in the country), to mention no others, we may expect a full and fair treatment of the immense topic or world of topics they are taking in hand. To mingle the *utile* with the *dulce* in the now ostentatious, now obscure districts of "Sociology," theoretical and practical, and to avoid the futilities of loose generalization while giving shape to its methods and enlarging its scope, is a task that may test the powers even of this committee. As Rasselas said to Imlac, while pursuing his researches in sociology at the Happy Valley University of Abyssinia (poetry being the subject then in committee), so we may say to the expansive university lecturer: "Enough! Thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a sociologist. Proceed with thy narration."

The narration of charities and the ways of correction is indeed one of the chief tasks of the National Conference, and always must be. It is also a main means of instruction in sociologic university courses. Observation and description, followed by induction, is a surer, if slower, road than the high-soaring doctor of philosophy, pursuing his flight through the upper air of speculation, is tempted to assay.

"While timorous souls plod round or ford the shore,
He shoots the gulf, and is already o'er."

But so winding and crooked is the stream of human affairs that the bold navigator, even if he escapes the fate of Icarus and his flying machine, may find himself, like the pig attempting the impossible rail-fence of the prairie allegory, on the same side when he comes out as where he went in.

So much by way of warning from a veteran in the field which so many are eagerly entering. Returning to the handsome volume of sayings and doings at the twenty-first yearly session of the National Conference, edited by Mrs. Barrows (not without judicious compression), printed by Geo. H. Ellis in Boston, and sold by the Conference treasurer, John M. Glenn of Baltimore, the reader will find it a happy mingling of nar-

ration, instruction, theorizing, and personal experiences, salted with wit and well peppered with statistics. If the latter were always exact, we might look for the speedy end of the world and reign of the saints, especially those statistical saints who never made a mistake, and can always prove what their theory requires by rows of figures. To err is human, and to omit is still more so. Omissions and unsound inferences and implications are noticeable here and there; but, on the other hand, in the long succession of earnest writers and speakers who take up their testimony concerning "State Boards of Charities," "Charity Organization" (including the unemployed experiences of 1893-94), "Outdoor Relief," "Child-saving," "Reformatories," "The Feeble-minded and Epileptic," "The Insane," and the hundred subordinate questions that incidentally came up in the six days' discussion of these main subjects, there is a mass of evidence, argument, good sense, and good feeling that make the four hundred pages very cheering as well as instructive. In Prof. Henderson's report on "Outdoor Relief," a topic where much traditional absurdity and fashionable rhetoric, based half on fact and half on fallacy, has long prevailed, there is a broad and cautious treatment which merits mention. This wise and practical sociologist also has perceived, what many of those who benefit by Dr. Wheelwright's clear guidance and reforming legislation have ungratefully forgotten, the value of Wheelwright's opinion in matters to which he gave the unselfish service of five-and-twenty years.

Notice should also be taken of the brief, practical opening address by the President of the year, Mr. L. C. Storrs of Michigan; of the able and useful as well as arduous compendium of the State reports, by Joseph P. Byers of Ohio, who well continues the work of his genial and lamented father; of the papers of the veteran Mr. Letchworth and the youthful Homer Folks on "Dependent Children"; of Miss Julia Lathrop's concise account of Hull House, that model of social settlements, which is one of the marvels of marvellous Chicago; and of the general high character of the discussions. The president for 1895 is Robert Treat Paine of Boston, and the New Haven reports and debates will be apt to equal in value any that have preceded them in the twenty-one years of growth and apprenticeship that have brought this remarkable Conference to its full majority in the present year. F. B. S.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LORING BRACE. Chiefly told in his own Letters. Edited by his Daughter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—This is an adequate and most attractive setting forth of a life nobly devoted to what has happily come to be estimated as the highest form of religious service; namely, the service of the gospel of humanity. There are a few names of men and women which make up a starry list of those who have given themselves, first to the discovery of—as if in wholly neglected fields—and then to the vigorous engagement of heroic personal consecration to new forms of philanthropic activity. Mr. Brace finds his place on that list, with no one in the past or the present who can claim superiority to him. It is remarkable that what have proved to be the most necessary and efficient as well as the most rewarding objects of practical reform and of humane effort have always offered themselves to those who most zealously engaged in them as novelties inviting untried experiment and effort. Howard and Mrs. Fry are entitled not only to the veneration and gratitude due to them as effective laborers, but also to the honor of inventors, in the matter of purifying and wholly reconstructing prison discipline in England and Europe. Miss Nightingale may also head the list of inventors, discoverers, in the methods of nursing. Excepting only such feeble and wholly futile efforts as were made by a few Sunday-school teachers, Mr. Brace found the field on which he labored with such zeal and wisdom, and whose desolate and malarious objects he turned to such products of fertility and healthfulness, wholly fresh, one can hardly add inviting. So fully have the knowledge of his life work and the details of his methods and rewarding results been made public, simply by the constancy of the appeals and the ingenuity of the schemes and institutions connected with Mr. Brace's plans, that it might have seemed that he had set forth his own biography in the continuous series of his reports to the Children's Aid Society. He called this society into being just forty years ago. He was at first its one single officer, on a salary of \$1,000 a year. At his death he had thousands of agents and fellow-laborers, and millions of dollars had been spent in the support of some twenty devices of reform and benevolence that had ramified from the original enterprise. His daughter has in modest narration given us, as she justly says, mostly from his own written communications, the story of his life. He had the noblest qualities of character, guided by the loftiest principles. His tastes and aptitudes were for scholarship, and he indulged them enough to produce rich fruits from them. The more signal therefore are his claims upon our veneration

tion that he could repress his strong cravings for the highest intellectual work, and give himself to efforts, cares, and lifelong devotion to a work which to him was not humbling because it was exalting.

THE CRUSADES. The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin.—This is one of the valuable series known as "The Story of the Nations." It deals with the Crusades, which are crusades in the proper sense of the word. In making the story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem the main thread of the narrative, stress has intentionally been laid on an important, if comparatively unfamiliar, side of the story of the Crusade. Much of the history of this great upheaval of the Middle Ages has been highly colored by the false glamour which has been thrown over it. But in this work the story is given with true historic sense. Special emphasis is placed on the fact that "it is through the history of the kingdom of Jerusalem that the true character and importance of the Crusades can alone be discerned." The whole subject treated is one of surpassing interest, for here we see in vivid contrast the heroic and meaner elements of human nature. It was the uprising, so to speak, of all the Christian nations into a sublime enthusiasm, such as the world has rarely seen. The lofty religious devotion was tarnished by ambition and personal greed. The movement in its various phases is described in this volume, and in addition we have a sketch of the military orders and the life of the people. In the concluding chapter, where we have the results and influences of the Crusades, the subject is treated with judicial fairness. There is also a descriptive list of illustrations, together

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*THE ILLS OF THE SOUTH. By Charles O. Otken, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction of the Twenty-First Annual Session held at Nashville, Tenn., May 23-29, 1894. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows. Boston: Press of Geo. H. Ellis.

with maps of the routes of the first three Crusades, the Latin principalities of Syria in the twelfth century and of Jerusalem in 1187. Thus we have a comprehensive survey, which makes the book valuable for reference.

HOW THANKFUL WAS BEWITCHED. By James K. Hosmer, author of "The Story of the Jews," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—We have here a story of Cotton Mather's day, but Thankful was bewitched in quite a different manner from that of the Salem folk in 1692. Yet, if we should tell in what way she was bewitched, we should deserve to be indicted for grand larceny. The critic has no right to give away the author's plot. Enough that the story of her bewitchment is a very touching one. It was a priest by whom she was bewitched, and she might perhaps have been cured of her bewitchment if he had not himself been bewitched in former times and never got over it. In fact there is a story within a story; and whether the inner one is not the more pathetic is it not for the reader to decide? Thankful is the belle of the story, but she is not the bell of the story; and, whether the belle or the bell is the real heroine, this also the intelligent reader must decide. "Does Heaven say anything?" asks Confucius. If we have not said much, we trust we have said enough to send our readers to Mr. Hosmer's book, that there they may discover for themselves what a unique and interesting story he has written.

IOLA, THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER. A Story of Ancient Rome (about 24 B.C.). By Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The author's object in this story is to give a picture of the life of the business classes in ancient Rome, and to show how remarkably history is repeating itself in modern cities. Evidently, a good deal of care has gone to its manufacture. Almost every page smells of the lamp in a quite unmistakable manner. Cæsar Augustus and Marcellus, Ovid, Virgil, and Horace walk the crowded stage. Virgil is represented in the act of making an after-dinner speech, an amalgam of the Second Georgic and the Fourth Eclogue, not an admirable compound, and decidedly not a good post-prandial speech. At the last the question presses whether, as a dog digs up again the bone that he has buried, Mr. Hillhouse has to a considerable extent put the life of New York into the life of ancient Rome, and then solemnly taken it out again. The wiser sort will read the book for what entertainment it may afford, and go to other and more reliable sources for their knowledge of the business men of Virgil's town.

THE LEISURE OF GOD, AND OTHER STUDIES IN THE SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION. By John Coleman Adams. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.—Mr. Adams's sermons are sermons for to-day. They may not be in their thought in advance of the time, but they are not behind it. Their material and illustrations are drawn from the life that now is. The revelations of modern science furnish abundant illustration, which give a vivid interest to the style. The sentences are short, crisp, and energetic. The thought is freshly stated. The subjects of the discourses are not the old problems of theology, but problems of practical life. The thought is not tame nor the sentiment flaccid. These discourses are permeated by a deep spirit of truth. "The way out of the doubts and fears which oppress us," says the author, "is not altogether by the gate of knowledge or of logic, but by the avenues of the spirit. We do not need more facts, but a better feeling." These sermons are well fitted to awaken hope and trust, and summon us to the practical duties of life.

AS A MATTER OF COURSE. By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.—If every one took the annoyances, the vexatious trivialities, of life as Miss Call would have us take them, there would be fewer sermons needed, there would be fewer sick-rooms and fewer wrinkled foreheads. If her prescription be carefully obeyed and conscientiously taken, it should prove a sure cure for Americanitis. The little book is well named and well planned. The style is vigorous, concise, and to the point. The chapters on Trivialities, Tolerance, and others, are particularly good, and contain much sound sense. It is pre-eminently a book for American women, and as such it will be read and appreciated.

Miscellaneous.

Maynard's French Texts, No. 7, is arranged by Miss F. Saw, "Petit Livre d'Instruction et de Divertissement." The stories are much longer than in the previous texts, and on that account will be welcomed by the small pupils, who may find, however, that they contain more "Instruction" than "Divertissement."

A second edition of Rev. William P. Tilden's "Leaflets for Lent" has afforded opportunity for the insertion of selected thoughts and additional hymns for the Sun-

days, although Sundays are not included in the canonical forty days. These selections from the Bible follow the life of Jesus in consecutive order until the last morning; while on the opposite leaves are thoughts from the last sermon Mr. Tilden preached, touching these events in human life.

The "Seventh Report on the Custody and Condition of the Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties in Massachusetts" has been published by Robert T. Swan, Commissioner. It is chiefly devoted to a presentation of facts showing the great loss of records, what has been done since 1889 for their better preservation and protection, and what is still needed in this direction. It is unexplainable why public records have been so neglected in the past, and the Commission is doing much to awaken towns to a sense of duty in this matter.

The Magazines.

The February number of the *New England Magazine* opens with an article on "The Lower Kennebec" by Winfield Thompson, which portrays the beauties of the valley, and gives glimpses of its richness in literary and historic associations. Walter Gilman Page writes entertainingly of Henri Regnault, and the article is illustrated with reproductions of the artist's paintings. The other illustrated articles are "The Harvard Divinity School," by John White Chadwick, and "The Massachusetts Militia," by Thomas F. Edmands. An article of especial interest is that by Rev. David N. Beach, on "The Norwegian System in its Home," giving the results of a visit to Norway made by the writer the past summer in company with Rev. Philip S. Moxom. The fiction of the number is contributed by Alice Brown and Minnie Louise Taylor. "Cap'n Ben" is one of those stories that promote altruism. It is too good to be read to one's self; and yet the impulse to share it by reading it aloud is partly selfish, too, for it certainly adds to one's own pleasure. Miss Taylor is chiefly known in Massachusetts by her interest in prison reform, which cannot be wholly repressed even in a society story. Other articles are "A New Birth in the City and the State," by R. L. Bridgman, and "The Rise and Decline of the New England Lyceum," by E. P. Powell, while the poetry is by Madison Cawein, Colin A. Scott, and John White Chadwick.

Literary Notes.

A literary find of great interest is some unpublished poems of nature by Thoreau, which Mr. F. B. Sanborn prints with comments in the *March Scribner's*.

Mr. Howells has a fondness for naming his novels with a phrase from Shakspeare, as "A Counterfeit Presentment," "The Undiscovered Country," "A Modern Instance," and "A Woman's Reason." His story in *Scribner's* he names "A Circle in the Water," from the phrase "Glory is like a circle in the water."

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston. Leaflets for Lent. Selected and arranged from the Bible and from the Manuscripts of William Phillips Tilden.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Jules Verne's *Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours*. Price 35 cents.

From the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Philoctetes, and Other Poems and Sonnets. By J. E. Nesmith.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Messire, and Other Stories. By Frances E. Crompton. Price 75 cents. The Living Christ. An Easter Sermon. By Phillips Brooks. The Musician's Year Book. Compiled by Margaret Reintzel. Price \$1.00.

From the American Book Company, New York. The Schoolmaster in Comedy and Satire. Price \$1.40.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. From a New England Hillside. Notes from Under-ledge. By William Potts. Price 75 cents.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. A Woman of Impulse. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Price 50 cents.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Our Fight with Tammany. By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. Price \$1.25.

From Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. Un Mariage d'Amour. Ludovic Halévy. Maynard's French Texts. Die Werke der Barmherzigkeit. Maynard's German Texts.

From S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. Ethical Addresses. First Series. By the Lecturers of Ethical Societies.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. A Siren's Son. By Susie Lee Bacon. Price 50 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Daybreak. Tonello's Song. A Song of Farewell. Songs. By Gerard Barton. One Kiss, away they go. While rowed by the Gay Gondolier. Songs. By T. Cheever Goodwin and T. Brigham Bishop. Autumn. Song. With Violin Obligato. By Mary Knight Wood. Berceuse in A. For Organ. By G. Delbruck. Acacia. For Pianoforte. By Eduard Holst. Look for the Star. Song and Chorus. Words and music by Donna M. Gray. A Sailor's Serenade. Words by Mrs. Star of my Life. Music by Horatio D. Hewitt. Louisiana Bray. Bass Song. The Wandering Clown. Song. Words by Hubl Newcombe. Music by J. E. Webster. Ida. Caprice. For the Pianoforte. Composed by Daniel R. Hayes.

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A Private Diary. Edited by GARNET SMITH. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.75.

"The author has read widely, and writes vigorously and effectively in the peculiar style which befits the melancholy mood."—London Times.

"There is a mine of thought in this book, a quite marvelous résumé of impressions."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Not since the appearance of 'Amiel's Journal' has there been published a book for bookish and thoughtful readers so brilliant and satisfactory."—Philadelphia Press.

"All the leading ethical and meditative writers from Marcus Aurelius to Maurice de Guérin, together with the pessimistic poets and the idealistic philosophers, are cited by this disciple of melancholy."—Boston Beacon.

"His [the Diarist's] meditations, expressed by a delicate fancy of 'futile and facile' grace, appeal to the deeper intellectual spirit of every healthy mind."—Philadelphia Record.

"Much of the peculiar flavor of Introspection and self-analysis which made of 'Amiel's Journal' so notable a book clings to the pages of this 'private diary': ... its morbidness is relieved by suggestions of an earnest purpose. It possesses a human interest which holds one fast and very nearly fascinates."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"A wonderful picture of a singular mind and temperament,—the man who found in all the mental and spiritual treasures of the world no remedy for melancholy."—Worcester Spy.

"Full of the spiritual quality and rich in recondite simile and illustration. ... Considered as a work of art and from the point of view of the mental philosopher, the book is very delicately done."—Chicago Post.

Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Monthly Pamphlet.—Prospectus.

"Life=Studies."

The immediate large interest in the two small cloth-bound books of the "Life" series, published during the last quarter of 1894 (each containing four papers), together with the general desire that similar brief essays or "studies" might be had singly in neat periodical form, leads to this first monthly issue of *Life-Studies*.

The two books first issued in the bound series were "As Natural as Life," by Rev. Charles G. Ames, and "In Love with Love," by James H. West, subsequent volumes, uniform in size and general style, being promised from Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. Dr. M. D. Shutter, and men of similar power.

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Scraps of Travel.

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Under this title Mr. Savage's letters written to the *Commonwealth* during his last trip abroad have been printed. Although not regularly published, copies in pamphlet form, at 50 cents, may be obtained of

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SOCIAL TOPICS.

Social Equilibrium, and Other Problems, Ethical and Religious. By Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR. 286 pages. Cloth, \$1.50.

The capacity for broad sight, the calmness of the judicial mind, the earnestness of the prophet, the sympathy of the humanitarian, ought certainly, when combined, to produce something of value in the way of the solution of tangled problems, whether social or religious. In this book we find manifested this broad sight, this calmness, this earnestness, and this sympathy; and in their product we are not disappointed, but inspired and helped.

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The Home.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing from the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see;
For the man's grief untimely draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary';
'Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary,—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek!
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children;
For the outside earth is cold.
And we young ones stand without in our be-
wild'ring,
And the graves are for the old.'

"All day long the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces!
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places!
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
Are all turning all the day, and we with all!
All day long the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels (breaking off in a mad moaning),
Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Now tell the weary children, O my brothers!
That they look to Him, and pray
For the blessed One who blesteth all the others
To bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us?
While this rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?"
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass unhearing,—at least, answer not a word;
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father!' looking upward in our chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We say no other words except "Our Father!"
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
He may pluck them with the silence sweet to
gather,
And hold both in his right hand, which is strong.
Our Father! If he heard us, he would surely—
For they call him good and mild—
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with me, my child."

And well may the children weep before ye,
They are weary ere they run!
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun!
They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom;
They sink in their despair, with hope at calm.
Are slaves without liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs by the pang without the palm!
Are worn as if with age, yet unretreivably
No joy of memory keep;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,
Let them weep, let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation!
Will you stand, to move the world on a child's
heart?
Trample down with mailed heel its palpitating,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
And your purple shows your path."
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PETER'S PREFACE.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

A VALENTINE STORY.

"P for Peter, R for Roe,
E for Elizabeth, F for Foe,
A for Adam, C for Cat,
E for Elizabeth—catch a big rat."

It was only a whisper; but Miss Petty heard it, as she did the giggle which Susan Peppers, at the head of the geography class, sought to suppress by hastily clapping her book over her face. Miss Petty frowned severely on Susan; but her eyes roved past her to the nearest seat in the front row, where a red head was in close proximity to one like tow.

"Peter Yaples, come here!"

At the mandate the red head emerged from behind the book, and a small boy sprang to his feet as if worked by machinery. He dubiously pushed his way past the class, toeing the mark in front of the plat-form, stumbled in confusion up the one step, and stood trembling by the side of the teacher.

"What were you doing?"
"Jest tellin' Joey Hicks what them let-
ters in the front part of his primer meant."
"What letters?"
"P-r-e-f-a-c-e."
"Peter Yaples!"
"Yes'm," answered Peter, cringing under the astounded glare fixed on him.
"You were telling Joey that meant what you said?" The tone was terrifying in its slow sternness now.
"Yes'm," faltered Peter again. "They—
—they—told me—so."
"Peter Yaples, where do you suppose boys go to that tell such things?"

"To—to the—woodshed," whimpered Peter, in abject humility.
Miss Petty looked at the culprit steadily for a moment. There was nothing in the frightened, ingenuous gaze that met hers to lead her to suspect the owner of being pur-
posely unorthodox in his reply.

"Well, you'll go there for the present, anyway, until you can tell what 'preface' means."

The next minute Peter found himself un-
ceremoniously hustled through the doorway at the left, and ushered into the society of pine slabs and saw-bucks.

He was thankful for that much. He made a seat of the two, then fell to ruminating on the affair that had led to his ignominious ejection from the school-room. Why the friendly effort on his part to add to Joey Hicks's first day's stock of knowledge should receive such recompense he was unprepared to say. His own was so limited that he really placed such implicit faith in the bit of doggerel that had been his own first day's experience, he was unable to see any just reason in the fate that had overtaken him.

He meditated some time, listening to the droning recitations in the next room. Then he heard a giggle, a rustle, and a peremptory voice:—

"Bring that straight to me, Susan Peppers. I'd be ashamed to fight over such things. That makes the tenth one I've taken to-day. No, you can't go out after a drink, Joey Hicks," as a vigorous snapping of fingers broke into the speech. "Jake Hinds, you go and bring a pail of water."

It set Peter to thinking of the visions he had seen that morning,—lovely visions of hearts and roses, bows and arrows, and cupids, only he did not call them that; and other visions, not quite so lovely, which made him grin at the recollection.

"Peter Yaples!"

The hissing whisper came from the far end of the woodshed. It proceeded through a knot-hole, to which Peter, as he scuttled over the slabs in the vicinity, found Jake Hinds's eye glued.

"Mean old thing, ain't she?" Jake's tone was sympathetic to the last degree.

"What she done to you?" queried Peter, naturally.

"Took the valentine I sent Susan Peppers. She's took lots of 'em, too. They're all she'll have. Nobody thinks 'nuff of her to send her one."

Peter pondered before he replied. Then he asked eagerly, "Say, Jake, what does p-r-e-f-a-c-e mean?"

"He, he! She cotched you on that, didn't she? Why, don't you know? 'Eels catch alligators, father eats raw pertaters.' He, he!"

"It don't." Peter's tone was of mingled scepticism and disappointment.

"What does it, then? You can't read a thing but two ways,—back'ards and for'ards. That's back'ards, an' you slipped up on it for'ards."

"I've got to stay here till I find out," returned Peter, hopelessly; "an' I don't see how I'm goin' to find out here."

"Jake Hinds, teacher says hurry with that pail of water."

"Sent the axe after the helve, did she? Hurry yourself, Bill Sims!" But, at the warning, he sauntered away; and Peter was left to himself. But his mind had been turned into another channel aside from that of his own situation.

Peter had his own ideas as to the feeling one must have who had been shut out in any sense from participating in the joys of others. Hadn't he seen Jenny Bates crying all the morning because she had received no valentine, not even a one-cent caricature? He did not stop to think she might have cried worse at receiving some he had seen. He only knew that nothing pleasant, at least, had come to either Miss Petty or himself. So, despite his incarceration,

Peter's heart grew tender with a fellow-
feeling; and he even felt sorrier for Miss Petty than for himself.

He felt sure he had reached the solution as to the primary cause of his imprison-
ment. His self-suspected heterodoxy, which had troubled him at first, now vanished in the larger trouble,—Miss Petty's disap-
pointment. He heard Caddie Myers draw-
ing our her a-b, abs, and then Miss Petty's sharp tones attacking Joey Hicks. Peter was almost sure it was because Joey had proved too apt a pupil of his own in the ability to fire spit-balls. It made him still more regretfully penitent.

It was evident that he alone was to blame for everything. He thought of a big Baldwin that had escaped the tooth of decay and all eyes but his own as a prospective balm the next day for Miss Petty. In his private opinion it might be better than a valentine, which was, of course, out of the question.

Having come to this cheerful disposition of the trouble, he cast about for something to do. It was lonesome. Pine slabs were unsociable objects outside of their native environments. He fished in his pockets. There was nothing in them but some twine, a few nails, a chipped glass marble imbedded in a piece of shoemaker's-wax, and a bit of red chalk. Peter's possessions were always limited by the capacity of his pockets, and Mrs. Bowles skimped Peter even in pockets.

He lived with Mr. Bowles, who had taken him from the poorhouse on trial, and made him do the work of a man in return for the privileges of a home, an occasional day at school, and a system of discipline he considered necessary for poorhouse folks, but which others characterized as brutal. But Mrs. Bowles had reminded him daily that a "poorhouse boy that was as lucky as he was oughtn't to expect things like other folks." So Peter had not, and he had not been disappointed by having them.

However, the last two articles in his pockets suggested an idea. For the next hour he was oblivious to all outside, as, with the wax between two vigorously work-
ing jaws, a piece of paper unearthed from the kindling pile, and the chalk, he labored in the throes of a task before unthought of by him.

Miss Petty had given no recess that after-
noon, because it was raining, and because she did not want the children's noise in the house, and because by not having recess she could reach home earlier. She was anxious to go home. She had been harassed all day by valentines.

Peter was right, and so was Jake. She had not even been reminded of growing age and crabbedness, except by contrast. It had been different once. She knew when she had counted her valentines as many. She sighed as she thought of it. That was long ago. There was no one now to think of her, and she brushed a lone fly off her desk rather savagely as she recalled it. But she could not brush away so easily the thought of her present loneliness, with no one but Granny Petty to care for. That thought usurped the place of all others.

She dismissed the younger children at last, glad to be rid of them. She even re-
fused to recognize Joey's wildly waving little hand, for Joey had not forgotten that Peter was undergoing some vicarious pun-
ishment for his attentions to himself. But Joey, once outside and astride another boy's shoulders, to keep himself out of the slush, was diverted from his good intentions by the prospect of a pick-a-back ride home.

Miss Petty heard the history class with-
out correcting the statement with which Sally Mims daily vexed her soul, that De Soto discovered Florida and Ponce De Leon the Mississippi. Then she sent them all home. It did not take long for her to en-
velop herself in her cloak, see that the stove was safely closed, put on her goloshes, lock the door, and set out through the drizzling rain for the little house she called home, a quarter of a mile distant.

There was considerable for her to do when she got there. She set about it with the temper of one ruffled by the care of forty unruly youngsters for the last six hours. It communicated itself to the chickens she was endeavoring to house, and brought forth a torrent of loud expostulations from a big Brahma rooster, who had supposed his duty done when he had seen his numerous wives perched for the night, without being driven to bed himself,—he, the lord of the roost, who ought to be allowed to stay out all night

if he wished. But Miss Petty thought other-
wise, and the indignation of both waxed hot as he led her a stern chase before he would submit to being caged in the hen-
house. She came back to the house wetter and crosser than Granny had ever before known her.

"It's been Valentine's Day at school," was the unconscious explanation she gave, as she wrathfully sat down to her tea.

"Why, so 'tis!" said Granny, with ani-
mation. "Well, we're too old for 'em, but children's children. You was one yourself once, Marthy."

"It isn't a reason why I should let them run the school," snapped Miss Petty, under the unintentional sting of the reminder.

"An' we ain't children but once," mused Granny, unheeding. "We'd orter be a little forbearin'."

"I don't know what you'd have," Miss Petty stirred her tea fiercely.

"An' some don't have any childhood 't all," slowly continued Granny. "It's a mis'ble child that don't. Don't fergit that, Marthy."

Rat-a-tat-tat!
The heavy old brass knocker startled both.

"You go," said Miss Petty. "And tell whoever it is I don't want to see a soul to-night. I won't be bothered."

"Marthy," called the old lady from the entry, "you'll have to be. It's Mr. Bowles."

"Well, what if 'tis?"

"An' he wants to know 'bout Peter."

"Oh, my!"

Miss Petty rose in such haste she over-
turned the teapot. The cat beneath the table jumped up with a resentful "pst!" as she felt a touch of the scalding contents, and fled for the door, nearly throwing down Miss Petty, who was trying to reach it first.

"I never thought," she began, as she confronted the rough man who stood there lantern and horsewhip in hand.

"Yes," he added, "I hain't set eyes on him sence school. I walloped him this mornin' cause he didn't milk the cow dry, an' I guessed he'd run off. I wish't I was red of him."

"I'll go this minute, Mr. Bowles," said she, excitedly, as she drew on her overshoes. "Get my cloak and umbrella, Granny."

"Go where? Do you know where he is?" demanded Granny.

"He's in the school-house woodshed. I—I shut him up, and I—I—forgot him."

"Marthy Petty!" Granny looked a vol-
ume of reproaches.

"What'd he ben doin'?" snarled Mr. Bowles. "I'll show him!"

"Why, he had been— Let me get the key."

Miss Petty found herself unequal to the task of explaining Peter's misdemeanor.

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"You needn't go. It's rainin' pitchforks. Gi'mme the key, an' I'll fetch him," growled Mr. Bowles, threateningly.

"You go 'long, Marthy," admonished Granny in an aside. "An' you see he don't get teched."

Miss Petty did not need that admonition to her conscience, and she pushed out bravely by Mr. Bowles's side. She was frightened at the stillness when she reached the school-house. She almost expected to find Peter starved or frozen in those few hours. She opened the wood-house door, and the two stepped down into the shed.

"Wait, Mr. Bowles!"

Miss Petty laid her hand on his arm as he was about to stride forward to where Peter lay cuddled down in a heap of sawdust, asleep. She tiptoed ahead. She saw one grimy hand clutching a bit of wrapping-paper. She withdrew it carefully, and held it up to the lantern light.

There beneath two dropsical hearts, supposably transfixed by an arrow done in Chinese perspective, she read in the crookedest of red chalky letters:—

"MIS PETY. IME SO RY YOU ANT GOT NO VALENTINE. IIE BE URs IF UIE BE MiNE. AN iLE TRi TUBBy Good."

"Pshaw! Wake up here!" Mr. Bowles shook him roughly.

"P—fer—Pete—Miss Petty!"

Peter's dreamy beginning ended in a startled exclamation, as, thoroughly aroused, he stared wide-eyed into his teacher's face.

"Yes, P for Peter and Peter for Miss Petty," she exclaimed, hysterically, drawing him to his feet. "That's what it's going to be hereafter. You wanted to be rid of him, and now you are," decisively to Mr. Bowles. "Come along with me, Peter."

And Mr. Bowles knew now that he would never have the opportunity to take the threatened satisfaction out of him.

"Why, what you got there?" anxiously queried Granny, as she opened the door at the sound of footsteps.

"My valentine," said Miss Petty, with a queer note in her voice.

"Well, you orter," said the old woman, when she heard the decision. "But I do hope you'll stop shettin' up younguns to learn 'em!"

"What 'preface' means?" laughed Miss Petty, as she awkwardly stroked Peter's head. "Well, for him this afternoon means a preface to a new and happier life."

And Peter found it so.

PATIENCE.

She came to us bearing the singularly inappropriate name of Patience. When we say inappropriate, we speak advisedly; for, of all the impatient, obstinate, disobliging donkeys, Patience was the chief.

When Dick and Rick begged for a pony of their very own at the seashore, a compromise was effected in the shape of a donkey, this means of transportation being considered safer for ten-year-olds.

When Patience, drawing a cunning little cart just large enough for twins, was brought down for inspection, she created an immediate prejudice in her own favor by being very small and sleepy-looking. A few general inquiries were made, however, in regard to her character; and, among other things, her owner was asked if the donkey had ever troubled him by kicking, biting, or refusing to go.

"No," replied the man, reflectively,— "no: I may safely say she has never given me the least trouble in the ways you mention."

So the bargain was closed, and Dick and Rick were the happy possessors of what they loftily termed "a team of our own."

It was on the very first morning after her arrival, when the groom attempted to harness Patience to the little cart, that she began to belie her name by kicking at nothing in particular for ten consecutive minutes. Nor was this all; for Fluff, the poodle, chancing to pass at this moment, was caught in the donkey's strong teeth and shaken so vigorously that thereafter nothing could induce him to venture within several yards of his long-eared assailant.

Patience's conduct necessitated a speedy visit to her former owner, who was reproached bitterly for his perfidy.

"You said the donkey had never given you the least trouble by biting or kicking;

and here she has been doing nothing else all the morning," we complained.

"I did say she had never given me any trouble in that way, and I stick to it," said the man, stoutly. "I never let such little things as kicking donkeys trouble me."

Of course, after this explanation there was nothing more to be said on the subject; for, plainly, the fault did not lie with the former owner of the donkey, but with ourselves: we were nervous.

After considerable experimenting a set of straps was arranged which would prevent Patience from kicking while harnessed to the cart; and, as she was quite too lazy to run away, the boys were allowed to drive about as they chose, or, rather, as Patience chose, for that animal had her own ideas as to route and gait, and rigidly adhered to them.

The little cart would be brought round in the morning, and Dick and Rick would tumble in with the hopeful assurance that "Patience is going all right to-day"; and off they would drive. Sometimes the donkey would draw them half a mile from home in the most delightful manner, and then suddenly stop without the slightest cause, refusing to go forward or backward. After waiting a suitable length of time, Dick and Rick would descend from the cart, pull handfuls of grass, and each in turn would walk backward, feeding Patience the while with the grass, and thus enticing her in the direction they desired to go. The boys, whose experience with "teams" had not been large, never seemed to think there was anything unusual in this manner of driving; but to a disinterested looker-on it seemed very new and original, particularly when a heavy shower fell just when the donkey had decided to rest.

But one fine day Patience quite overreached herself, and by her obstinacy provided the boys with an unfailing remedy for balkiness.

It was late in the afternoon; and they had enticed the donkey far down on the beach, that they might fill the cart with some delightful shells they had discovered early in the morning. The cart was filled just in time, for the tide would soon be in; and, throwing in their little spades, Dick went in front to pull and Rick went behind to push. But, lo and behold, Patience refused to budge an inch without her grass; and there was not a spear in sight. In vain the boys pushed and pulled. In vain they besought her to go home "just this once" without her grass, crying with tears in their eyes: "O Patience, Patience! The tide is coming, and you will surely be drowned!" But no: the donkey spread her legs stiffly out, and would none of their counsel. The tide crept steadily on, until at last it beat softly against the legs of the beseechers and besought, but to no purpose. Higher it came; and the boys were driven further and further up the beach, all the time moving backward and stretching their hands with anguished pleadings toward the obdurate donkey. But, true to her nature, she refused to stir, fearing, no doubt, to establish a dangerous precedent.

Just as Dick and Rick had given up all hope, and were preparing to die with their beloved "team," a great wave swept suddenly up, and covered Patience from head to foot. With one wild bray of terror the donkey started for home at a pace which seemed incredible to the astonished boys. On and on she fled, over rocks and stones, nor stopped until she brought up with a thump against the stable door.

"Water seems to be a good starter," said Dick.

"Let's try it again," said Rick; and home they trudged, with entirely new ideas about the government of donkeys.

The reign of Patience was over. Thereafter, when the little cart was brought round to the door, out came Dick and Rick bearing a large coffee-pot filled with water, which they placed carefully in the front of the cart, tumbled in themselves, and drove off. Whenever Patience fell into her old habit of resting, which she frequently did, Dick would take a firm hold on the reins, while Rick would elevate the coffee-pot,

lean over the dashboard, and pour a small quantity of water on the donkey's heels. It was enough. Convinced that the whole Atlantic Ocean would soon be upon her, Patience would dash off, much to the gratification of the drivers, and also to the amusement of the lookers-on.

"Water settles her," said Dick.

"Glad we found it out," said Rick.—*Lucy E. Tilley, in Independent.*

A BRIGHT BOY.

I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining-table, who liked to read the encyclopædia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopædia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred, and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances; and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practically as well as theoretically. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading; and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things; and almost before he was able to enter the high school he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Never did any soul do good but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practised but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.—*Shaftsbury.*

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THROUGH MAGIC SPECTACLES.

VALENTINES.

The little teacher at the "Corners" had twelve children on her "books," but she was fortunate to get ten in their seats daily. But she had "ways" with her that stamped her as the born "friend, counsellor, and guide" of little children.

Among her individual ways of "doing things" was a wise management of Valentine Day in her little school-room. She had lifted it up from the silly sentimentalism that had always clung around it in this isolated locality, where the sending of a valentine was an equivalent for an offer of marriage, and had made it a beautiful custom for the exchange of pleasant remembrances.

She was in the habit of finding dainty little souvenirs of the day upon her desk when she came to school in the morning of February 14, and her smile of pleasure was enough to make the school-room sunny all day.

There was one rich family in that sparsely settled section who were the envy and admiration of the whole town, and one little girl from this wealthy home came to this country school.

One Valentine morning the teacher found an immense bouquet of half-opened yellow rosebuds upon her desk, tied with huge bows of satin ribbon of the same lovely tint. What a picture! The teacher caught her breath in the surprise and pleasure of it. Just her color! And the daintiness went straight to her beauty-loving soul. A radiant glance at Edith who had ordered them from the city conservatory was reward enough for that adoring young lady.

But there were other "valentines" also. There was one—a little bit of conventional lace paper—bought at the village store for one cent. It was soiled, half crushed, and told the story of a boy's crowded pocket and dirty hands.

But it told something else, too. It was signed only, "From Peter," but that P! How they had worked together over that P, or rather how the teacher had worked with the indifferent, unambitious, little foreign boy who lived in the only shanty in the town, and who had seemed as dull and stolid as a stone to all her pleadings. But here was a capital P that was a recognition, crude and imperfect though it was, of every little twist and turn of it she had tried to teach him.

Her face was transfigured with a gratitude that no mere enjoyment of beauty could ever call out. She said not a word; but she stole a look—and such a look—at that ragged little self-conscious boy in the high-back seat in the corner that was never forgotten. It woke to life and activity a human soul.

THROUGH MAGIC SPECTACLES.

"I wonder what she'd say if she knew I made them P's all over the kitchen floor last night, and on the side of the house, and on the fences and everywhere I could get a chance to put one in.

"I could see 'em when I got into bed in the dark. They was a-dancin' before my eyes the last thing before I went to sleep. If she'd scolded because I couldn't make 'em, I'd never made a letter for her in all my life. But she used to look so sorry and hurt-like that I wanted to s'prise her. But, jiminy, wasn't I scared when I saw them yellor roses from the city! I wished then I could 'a' got mine back. But when she see it, and looked at me—I—I thought I'd choke! I'll do everything she wants me to, jest as long as I live. Jest wait till I grow up,—you'll see. My! but she's the kind of a teacher that makes you want to do things, she is!"—Eva D. Kellogg, in *Primary Education*.

Charities and Reforms.

It is hoped that the citizens of Boston and those of the neighboring towns will lend generous assistance to the pupils of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind at South Boston, who are to give an entertainment for the benefit of the kindergarten. The 22d of February is the time chosen for this affair; and an entertainment will be given both in the forenoon and the afternoon of that day, at the hours of 11 and 3 respectively. Tickets, at fifty cents each, may be obtained at the door of the institution and at the sales-room, No. 37 Avon Place. The pupils of the school take great interest in preparing for these exhibitions; and they hope to be enabled, by means of the kind patronage of the public, to make a large annual contribution to the infant institution which has been such a source of blessing to the youngest of them. The kindergarten will be represented at the entertainments by the two interesting children whose progress is watched with interest and delight by many, —Elizabeth Robin and Tommy Stringer. Edith Thomas will take part in the play entitled "The Dream of Fair Women," which the girls of the parent school will

give at 11 A.M. Music will be an especial feature in connection with the presentation of this little drama. The entertainment will be given by the boys at 3 P.M., and will consist of literary and musical selections appropriate to the day.

The president of the Anglo-Armenian Association of England, Hon. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., says in a recent letter received at the office of the *Christian Register*: "A vigorous campaign against the oppressions perpetrated in Armenia is now being conducted in this country [England]. For many years past the Anglo-Armenian Association has done what it could to create a sense of responsibility with regard to the obligations incurred by Great Britain under the Berlin Treaty and the Cyprus Convention, and there is reason for hoping the government will be supported by public opinion in any strong course which they may think fit to adopt. The speech recently delivered by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, expressed the general conviction of the people, or at any rate of all to whom the facts have been brought home. We venture to hope that the time has not yet arrived when we may finally despair of any co-operation on the part of the United States government. Although the sultan has declined to allow Mr. Jewett to accompany the commission, is it not possible for public opinion in the States to insist upon an independent report? Though the United States are not a party to the Berlin Treaty, they may reasonably be expected to act in the interest of humanity and without ulterior motives; and there are numerous precedents for action on their part,—as, for example, the interference in behalf of the persecuted Jews in Morocco. In the present case the number of American missionaries in Armenia and the number of Armenians settled in New England and elsewhere constitute an additional ground for active participation in the settlement of the question."

Temperance.

To repress drunkenness, the governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex, shall be posted in certain public places in the city, and also printed in the *Official Gazette*. Fifty years ago they were compelled to sweep the streets for a number of hours under the eye of the police.—*New York Weekly Witness*.

Dr. L. Bremner declares with authority that tobacco, when habitually used by the young, leads to a species of imbecility; that the juvenile smoker will lie, cheat, and steal. "This kind of insanity I have observed in quite a number of patients who presented all the characteristics of young incorrigibles. There was not one among them who was able to comprehend that tobacco was injuring him. The sense of propriety, the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, was lost."

The Aberdeen Association for promoting the public control of the liquor traffic in that town has formally sanctioned the scheme which has been prepared for municipalizing the trade. It will be submitted to Parliament in the form of a bill, should the general community support the scheme. The proposed system differs largely from that which has been tried in Gothenburg. At the end of five years from the passing of the act the whole of the public houses would be controlled by the municipality. During the five years no new licenses would be granted except in favor of the municipality. The scheme also includes a system of local option, whereby at the end of every five years a poll would be taken of the inhabitants. Two-thirds of those voting would decide whether the sale of drink was to be continued at all. The profits, after deducting certain charges, would be devoted to any objects which the town council might decide.

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THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LADIES' COMMISSION ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

The commission has established the custom of issuing every fifth year a catalogue of the books recommended in the annual lists of the five preceding years; and, in conformity with this custom, our last catalogue contained the titles of the books recommended in the years 1890-94 inclusive.

Fifteen hundred copies of these combined lists were printed last May, and more than a thousand were distributed at once among the Unitarian churches of the country; the Sunday School Society; the Unitarian Rooms in New York, Chicago, and Boston; such public and private libraries as have made application for them; the publishers of juvenile books; the members of the commission; and the private individuals who have expressed a desire for them. Copies of our catalogues can always be obtained free on application to the Sunday School Society.

In making this catalogue, we examined carefully our annual lists of the previous years, and compared them with the latest publishers' lists, that the catalogue might be as accurate in detail as it was possible to make it. Prices often have to be revised; and some books go out of print, and cannot therefore be retained on a useful list. Eighteen of the books included in our annual lists had, in four years, gone out of print; but, fortunately, they were among the least valuable of the books.

During the past five years 1,175 books have been examined by our reading committees; and, of this number, 342 appeared in our catalogue as cordially recommended by the commission, and 9 others are to be found appended in the minority list. It appears, therefore, that somewhat less than one-third of the books examined met the approval of the commission.

A new feature of the catalogue was the classification of the books under the authors' names as well as under the titles. Although the advantage gained from this arrangement is less marked in our lists than in some, because the number of authors represented is large in proportion to the number of books, and there is therefore less opportunity for grouping the books under the authors' names, still there is a distinct advantage in this arrangement; and it was found that the arrangement did not seriously increase either the size or cost of the catalogue.

An examination shows that the 351 volumes in our catalogue represent 209 authors, only 21 of the authors being represented by 3 or more books.

During the season of 1893-'94 217 books were examined, of which 85 were included in the regular list and 2 in the minority list. In the combined list the titles of these were printed in Italics to distinguish them from those that had been printed in the lists of previous years. Our reading committees had less enlivening reading matter than usual last year, because, owing to the prevailing financial depression, the publishers on whom we depend for our best books had fewer than usual to send us. In some cases, as in the Macmillan's, this deficiency was made up by editions of standard books prepared particularly for school use. Some of these books had already been recommended in our previous lists, and such others as met the approval of the commission were placed in our list of last year. In some instances different editions of standard books were sent by different publishers; and in such cases these various editions, if approved, were noted in our catalogue.

Some of these books were such poor abridgments, or were so weighted with notes (notes that seemed like an insult to intelligent children), that the readers were unable to recommend them. In the abridgment of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" for instance, the cruel and blood-thirsty details of life and warfare on the Spanish Main and in South America were preserved, while the effect of the splendid heroism of the book was decidedly weakened. Among the abridgments included in our list are Ginn's edition of "Gulliver's Travels," Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," and "Water Babies," two volumes of "Stories from Cooper," and Irving's "Washington." "Stories from Waverley" and "Tales from Spenser" were also included.

Notwithstanding the dulness of much of the reading last year, the interest of the members in the work of the commission, as indicated by the attendance at the meetings, was well sustained. Of the thirty-three members reading through the season, there was an average attendance of twenty-two.

We have to record the resignation of three members during the year.—Mrs. S. H. Bullard, Mrs. Thomas F. Sherwin, and Mrs. C. F. Dole. Mrs. Bullard had been identified with our work for twenty-five years, and had been president of the commission from 1876 to 1883. We were accustomed to depend upon her good judgment and wise counsel, as also upon her critical estimate of books, with a confidence that was never disappointed. We are glad to

record her name among our honorary members. The death of Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman deprived us of another valued member. We still miss her gracious presence and her kindly interest in our work.

We cannot close this part of our report without reference to Miss Anna C. Lowell, by whose death the commission has lost an honorary member whose interest in our work has been marked and constant. Miss Lowell was one of the original members, and continued in active membership until 1878.

Personals.

MRS. ABIGAIL LINCOLN.—Mrs. Abigail Lincoln, wife of the late Rev. Increase Sumner Lincoln, died quietly at her home in Wilton, N. H., on January 24, in her seventy-ninth year. Mrs. Lincoln was a remarkable woman, who justly commanded attention wherever she went. For more than forty years she was the devoted companion of Mr. Lincoln, engaging with him in all the great reforms of their day, especially in the great anti-slavery reform. She was the friend of every man, woman, and child in his parish; and all felt that they could go to her for comfort, advice, or inspiration. Her religious faith was beautiful in simplicity. God to her was something more than a mere abstraction. Her religious life was practical rather than theoretical. Her faith in the future life was derived from the inmost depths of personal consciousness, and was most real. Her life was nobly lived. Her work is over, but the influence of her exalted character remains in the grateful hearts of many.

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There is a benevolent society in Russia called "The Lovers of Zion," whose purpose is to encourage and assist emigrants from that country to Palestine, and has already sent more than thirty thousand families, who have bought or taken up the idle land in and around Jerusalem and are cultivating the olive, which is the staple of the country, and the vine, which grows with great profusion.

The "Annual Report on Immigration" presents an exhaustive review of the operation of our immigrant laws. It shows that during the year ended June 30, 1894, 288,020 immigrants arrived in this country, of whom 285,631 were landed and 2,389 debarred from landing because of being under contract to perform labor made previous to their arrival. Of these, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois received the largest number. Very few were destined for Southern States. Of the immigrants over sixteen years of age, 41,000 could not read or write.

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I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*

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Pleasantries.

The man next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.—*Puck.*

Mrs. Keyboard.—“Why do you always sit at the hotel piano? You can't play a note.” Old Stokes: “Neither can any one else while I am here.”—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Stout lady at street crossing to policeman: “Could you see me across the street, officer?” Policeman: “Sure, ma'am, I could see ye tin times the distance aisy.”—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Its Location.—“You are something of an anatomist, I believe?” “Yes,” replied wife, who had been reading from the paper. “That's interesting, very interesting,” he mused. “It's a positive paradox. It's what might be called a singular plurality.”—*Washington Star.*

“And you say he was defeated by one vote?” said the professor. “Yes,” replied wife, who had been reading from the paper. “That's interesting, very interesting,” he mused. “It's a positive paradox. It's what might be called a singular plurality.”—*Washington Star.*

Codling: “Look here, Mawler, you pretend to be a realistic painter; and yet in this picture you have a stream in oil colors, instead of putting it in with water colors.” Mawler: “That's all right, Codling. The stream in that picture is Oil Creek, in Venango County, Pennsylvania.”—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Boston gentleman, calling on a lady who lives in the Back Bay District, tried to ingratiate himself with her by noticing the child she held in her arms. “Ah catsee catsee coo coo,” he gurgled, chucking the little one under the chin. The child looked up inquiringly to its mother, and said distinctly, “Mamma, is the gentleman afflicted with paresis?”

The scholars had listened with attention to the story of Enoch; and at its close the teacher asked, “Do you know of any one else who was ever translated?” Obvious as was the answer, the occasion seemed to drive away all thought, until the German youth in the corner broke the silence by exclaiming, “I know a Miss Vogel who married Mr. Bird.”—*The Happy Thought.*

President Lincoln, who loved to hear stories of the soldiers and their humorous pranks, told me of a soldier who was being carried to the rear in a great engagement, seriously wounded and likely to die. He espied a sutler woman with leathery-looking pies driving her trade on the “devious verge of battle fought.” The bleeding soldier grinned at the woman, and said, “Say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?”—*Noah Brooks, in Century.*

Some twenty years ago a theological student was spending his vacation at his home near Cleveland, Ohio. He was one day asked by a person, who often preached for a church of a certain denomination there, “what Christ meant when he said, ‘Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.’” The student told him what he supposed was the meaning. He replied: “You are wrong. He meant, Follow me, and, as heretofore you have drawn fish out of the water, so now you shall draw men out; that is, you shall immerse them.”—*The Advance.*

NOT RESPECTABLE.

The custom of having baked beans for supper on Saturday nights, and again on Sunday mornings, is so common in some parts of New England that the servant who has lived in New England families cannot easily adapt herself to any change in this respect.

This was amusingly illustrated in the case of a domestic named Hannah, who went to live with a family who had moved to New England from the West.

On the morning of the first Saturday in her new home Hannah came to her mistress, and asked,—

“Please, ma'am, where is the bean-pot?”

“The bean-pot, Hannah? We haven't any.”

“No bean-pot, ma'am?” said Hannah, aghast.

“No, Hannah: we never eat baked beans.”

“Don't eat baked beans? Why, ma'am, what do you eat of a Saturday night?”

“About the same that we eat on any other evening, but we never have beans.”

Hannah departed for the kitchen, muttering something under her breath; and an hour or two later her mistress chanced to overhear the following conversation between Hannah and a friend who had called to see her:—

“How do you like your new place?”

“I don't think I'm going to like it at all. I just believe that these folks are—are—well, I just don't believe they're respectable people.”

“Why, Hannah?”

“Well, they never have baked beans of a Saturday night, nor no other time. So how can they be respectable?”—*The Golden Rule.*

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Editorial.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY is not in the ecclesiastical calendar; but it is in the calendar of patriotism, and we are celebrating it this week by appealing to the patriotic ideals and sentiments of our readers. The full report we give of the last meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club, in which "Ideal Americanism" was expounded by two of our most prominent and respected Catholic citizens, Father Conaty of Worcester and Mr. Stephen O'Meara of the Boston *Journal*, is admirably fitted to awaken patriotism of the highest and noblest order,—that patriotism which is above bigotry, demagogism, and personal interest or ambition. The sermon of Rev. Samuel A. Eliot sets before us inspiring elements in the character of Washington; and the stirring speech of Rev. E. C. Bolles, given at the Lincoln dinner in New York, shows what the ministers of both sexes did in the war for the salvation of the nation. The poem, "The Wakened Harp," which precedes Father Conaty's eloquent address, although not delivered at the club, is a fitting prelude to an occasion in which Catholics and Protestants, Ireland and America, joined in the same strains of lofty patriotism.

THE celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Peabody in the Massachusetts town which bears his name is something more than an event of

local interest. The fruits of his life and generosity have been widely felt over two continents. His gifts amounting to \$2,500,000 to the poor of London; his gift of nearly \$3,000,000 for education in the South, to be enjoyed alike by whites and blacks; his gifts to Harvard and to Yale, to Salem and Peabody and Rowley, made in the interest of science and art as well as philanthropy and religion,—have made the power of his life felt, as it were, at all points of the compass, and will secure for him perpetual remembrance. Few lives radiated their generosity in so many directions and in such copious streams. Whatever the limitations of George Peabody may have been, he had not the vulgar ambition to hoard his wealth. If he had a genius for accumulating, he had a genius for spending. If all who profited by his gifts could have been present at the Peabody celebration, the little town would have been too small to hold them. But the best gift of all that he made to his fellow-men is the gift of his example.

OUR Ethical Culture friends have not gotten over their fear of worship. They do not protest against it: they would rather like, indeed, to have some symbolism of their own. But they find nothing that satisfies them; and so they are content to have a cold, purely intellectual service, excepting, however, the moral enthusiasm which is infused in many of their discourses, and which is of the highest order. The voice of the prophet will always kindle; but there are symbols which are as eloquent as anything that can be uttered by human lips, and as inspiring. While it is true that such statements and symbols cannot be manufactured, there is no need to wait for their manufacture. The world is full of them. Humanity for centuries has been uttering, and still utters, its highest thought and aspiration in noble and heart-stirring, devout and grateful prayers. The Ethical Culture movement is free to use them, and might gain by doing so. Ethical Culture has its prophets: it seems now to wait for its priests. The priest who has the prayerful spirit will not fail of language, whether that of yesterday or to-day.

IN a sermon on "Prayer and Worship" Dr. Felix Adler argues that "there are feelings too deep for utterance, and genuine gratitude is one of them." He asks: "Can we conceive of a son as formally expressing his obligations to his father; or can we imagine husband and wife, who have walked the path of life side by side for many years, who have been good and true mutual helpers, who have received innumerable kindnesses at each other's hands, making to one another set speeches expressive of their thanks? Would not that be the most absurd behavior in the world?" Would it not be still more absurd to make no recognition whatever of such service? Gratitude is not, as Dr. Adler seems to think, always mute. It may be hearty, if not voluble. A simple "thank you" may express in tone and emphasis what cannot be expressed in any other way, and this power of expressing appreciation often needs to be cultivated in these sacred relations in which Mr. Adler seems to think they would be absurd. Indian stoicism, which can receive a multitude of gifts without even a grunt of satisfaction, and cold Puritanic immobility, are not things we need to cultivate. An expressiveness which is not too effusive, but which is warm and generous in its recognition, is something to be sought for. There is many a father who would be happier if his son were a little more demonstrative in his manifestations of appreciation, and many a wife who would certainly be happier if the husband would say "thank you" more frequently. If gratitude cannot be fully uttered, neither can it be fully pent up.

There is an inexpressible side to human emotion, but that should not hinder us from cultivating that which is sweetly and easily expressible.

THE reason Unitarians have no use whatever for the pastoral letter of the Episcopalian bishops is because their own beliefs are larger and better than those which are set forth in that document. It would seem like minimizing and paring down greatly the Unitarian view of the incarnation, for instance, to have it reduced to the size of the doctrine set forth in the pastoral letter. It would be a sad reduction of the Unitarian view of revelation to whittle it down to the dimensions of the dogma set forth in the same epistle. It is simply because Unitarians believe in a greater doctrine of incarnation,—the manifestation of God in all human life; it is because they believe in a richer and wider revelation than that set forth in any book or collection of books; it is because Unitarians find more inspiration in the historic human Jesus than they do in the deified Christ of the theologians,—that they have no desire to exchange their larger faith for the smaller dogmas of ecclesiasticism. Though the bishops are, no doubt, animated by a sincere desire to do the best they can for their own Church in what seems to them a critical time in its history, yet they would have done still more if they had exhorted it to a larger and richer conception of the incarnation, of revelation and of the leadership of Jesus than the one they have set forth.

BUT, though the Episcopalians, if we may judge by the bishops' letter, are not adjusting themselves to modern thought with great success, except in the Broad Church wing which the bishops are trying to clip, they are adjusting themselves more successfully to the social and philanthropic demands of the hour. It is a great mistake to suppose that the church that is adjusted to new changes in thought is best adjusted to the life of its time. Other things being equal, the church so adjusted to modern thought and knowledge has an advantage; but it cannot hold it unless it is adjusted to modern sentiment, unless on social and philanthropic and educational lines it is working to renovate, redeem, and bless the community in which it is planted. In our large cities, though the Episcopal Church may be backward theologically, it is taking hold with great vigor of the living problems which demand the attention of the Church to-day; and it is working with enthusiasm and interest, marked by a love for God and a love for man. Concerning old dogmas, if we are to judge by the bishops' letter, it has nothing to say; but concerning the application of Christianity to social life we may well listen to its message.

THE iniquitous result of mixing politics with the administration of benevolent institutions is finding fresh illustration in Fort Wayne, Ind. Mr. Alexander Johnson was taken from the office of secretary of the State Board of Charities and placed over the School for the Feeble-minded because he was deemed eminently fit to hold the position of superintendent there. The only possible objection was that he had had no medical training, but it was believed that his excellent business training and his sterling character would counterbalance this lack. No fault was found with his administration up to the time of the last election. On the contrary, experts and disinterested persons had found ample grounds for commendation in his success, and especially in the good work accomplished by his wife, who threw her efforts in with his in behalf of these poor unfortunates. But at election the scales were turned, and the present purpose is to oust Mr. Johnson by a trumped up investigation. Concerning this the Indianapolis *Sentinel* says: "The

so-called investigation of the School for the Feeble-minded bears every indication of a shameless attempt to blacken a man's character for the purpose of getting him out of office. It has been conducted in that way thus far. The object of the outrage is to get political control of the institution. The method now resorted to is the most cowardly and contemptible ever used in this State."

IDEAL AMERICANISM.

Ideal Americanism does not depend upon race, color, sex, or religion. It is not a social condition nor a party alliance. It means the enjoyment of peace, liberty, and fraternity under the American Constitution. Its illustration and interpretation are not committed to any one political party, to any one church or nationality. The ideal American may be born here or somewhere else. He may be English, Irish, German, or Scandinavian. He may be Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan, Republican or Democrat, Methodist, Baptist, or Unitarian. But, if he has the true American spirit and ideal, his patriotism will burn just the same.

So the powerful address of Father Conaty—the address of an Irish Catholic, given before a Boston Unitarian Club—was in its aim and spirit and sentiment practically and essentially the same as if Mr. Roger Wolcott or Mr. Francis C. Lowell had made an address before a club of Catholic laymen on the same subject. And we believe the sentiments of these gentlemen, if uttered there, would have met the same reception. There are many things in politics, theology, social life, that tend to separate Americans from each other; but, when it comes to the great ideals of patriotism, then we ought to feel the unifying power of a sentiment which draws us together to a common centre.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington is something more than a figure in American history. He is an inspiration and an ideal. The observance of his birth should keep alive his memory, but it will be most valuable if it keeps alive the ideal of patriotism which he embodied. Whatever may become of Washington's reputation as a military commander in the light of modern ideas and standards, nothing can shatter the reputation as a patriot. It is not wholly fair to Washington as a soldier to compare his generalship with standards which belong to our day rather than his, though it is possible that a commander like Washington might come out of such an examination much better than some of his critics. But, when it comes to his services as a patriot, the ideal which he held up in that age will not suffer by comparison with ours.

Suppose, for instance, we take Washington's self-sacrificing devotion to the public weal, his spurning the crown that was offered him, his refusal to use his position of power to promote personal ambition and emolument, and compare it with the ideal of patriotism of the whole pack of rascally thieves and blackguards who have been ruling New York for the last twenty years, reeking with corruption, battenning upon blackmail levied on criminals, dives, and saloons. When we compare the incorruptible gentleman of Virginia and the devoted patriot who laid his fortune and his sword into the balance with the kind of patriotism which has distinguished this den of thieves, there is all the difference that there was between Washington and Arnold, between Judas and Jesus.

Let not our teachers, public or private, neglect the lessons which the life of Washington can furnish. He was a man who never surrendered his troops, but who absolutely surrendered himself for the cause he espoused. He was rich. He might easily

have obtained favor from the king; but he gave the prestige of his name, influence, example, and service to the Revolutionary cause. He persevered in a long and difficult struggle. He had to meet oppositions at home as well as abroad. It was a dark, cloudy hour in the destinies of the colony; but Washington did not lose his courage, and he saw the sun-burst of brighter fortune. And, what is even more difficult and dangerous for many people, he was enabled to bear in incorruptible integrity and high-minded patriotism the temptations of prosperity.

Washington helped to make his country. His country helped to make him. The gain of each was immeasurable. We hear much of the revival of Napoleonism. Let us hear more of the revival of Washingtonism as an ideal of patriotism as well as of noble and manly bearing and personal integrity.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

What one would do without Sairey Gamp as a foil for the modern nurse one can hardly imagine. Those who recall the reign of the former look with wonder on the evolution of the invaluable service that is rendered by the gentle and refined women who now preside in the sick-room. The lady, Miss Linda Richards, who holds the oldest certificate of graduation from a training school for nurses in the country, who has served so faithfully in her own land as well as five years in Japan, is still full of life and vigor, with the glow of health in her cheek and the gleam of humor in her kindly eye, so recent is the change which has given the educated nurse to the community.

It will be a surprise to many not that the quality of the work has been improved year by year, but that it has grown to such magnitude that the superintendents of the training schools for nurses have now a well-organized association. This association has just held its second annual session in Boston. Including two days spent in visiting hospitals, they were here nearly a week, holding four sessions for papers and discussions. The association is made up of sixty-two superintendents and assistant superintendents, representing quite an army of graduate nurses.

It seems but the other day since the work was first established in this country, in the New England Hospital for Women in Boston, and in Bellevue Hospital, New York, six months later. Then the Massachusetts General Hospital cautiously followed, but so haltingly that at the end of the first year success seemed doubtful. Now there is hardly a large hospital in the land that has not its well-equipped school. There are in Boston thirteen hospitals, and in all of these trained nurses are to be found at work. Within an hour's ride of Boston are twenty-two more, including those for the insane; and in all the educated nurse finds her useful place. In hundreds of private homes she is the helper, consoler, and friend.

Naturally, such a large body of intelligent and educated women feel the need of organization; and it is interesting to know that they are setting their standards higher and higher. Originally, the course was but one year. Then it was stretched to two, and now the women themselves are demanding three years for study. In the early days it was thought necessary for the pupil nurses to do a great deal of hard drudgery. There has been vast improvement in this direction. They must carefully learn how every thing in that line must be done, but their own strength is reserved for work requiring more brain power and dexterity of hand. In a few hospitals the hours of continuous duty have been reduced to nine instead of the long, weary ten or twelve or even thirteen. The time will undoubtedly come when the division will be on the eight-hour plan. When this change is made, and the curriculum is arranged to cover three years, the same course being adopted in all the leading hospitals, so that there shall be a uniform standard, the women who are graduated will occupy a standing hardly second to that of the physician. Even now, if one were to choose between a competent nurse and a physician, if but one could be had, many people would choose the nurse. Happily, they go together; and there is harmony between the two professions, though there is a little too much inclination on the part of some doctors to control the directories of nurses, as though they were an appendage to the medical profession.

It was a fine body of women who assembled in Boston the other day, and the matters they discussed were practical and important. They meet next year in Philadelphia, though perhaps not all may be there, for marriage, like death, loves a shining mark; and yearly some of these women, whose education admirably fits them for the home life, fall out by the way, and give up serving the public for the sake of ministering at the domestic altar. Wherever they are, they are a boon to the community.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CHURCH-MANSHIP.

By turns there is something very beautiful, and something which we feel as dangerous, in the attachment that binds men to their religious institutions. Any great sacrifice of life and strength, such as churchmen have often made, is wonderful to look upon; but we feel, now and again, that it is too much like the beauty of the serpent which hides a deadly poison. Perhaps this is why Emerson said:—

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowed churchman be."

It ought to be possible to make some kind of distinction by which to explain in a measure the difference between a right and a wrong sort of churchmanship, so that we shall not lose the good in striking at the evil, and shall not tolerate an abuse which closely imitates a virtue. A distinction which promises at least some light upon the problem is that between fear and love as a ruling motive of the religious life. Throughout religious history we see one habit of practising sacred rites under the compulsion of a superstitious fear, and we see another habit of joyous sacrifice and praise.

There is one kind of attachment to the church which is essentially the same as the fetich worshipper's attachment to his image or charm, when the churchman does not feel for a moment safe from deadly perils apart from the ritual and dogma that constitute his means of salvation. There is another kind of affection for the church in which fear is practically unknown, but the mind is held by its love for time-honored expressions of the highest beauty and truth. Now, fear, as a controlling power, is itself a prolific source of the gravest dangers and abuses; and disinterested love is always a refining and purifying influence.

It may be that, as there are no characters all white or all black, love and fear are so mingled in the ordinary life they cannot be rendered entirely separate. Like the wheat and tares, they must grow together till the harvest. But it makes vast difference which has the ascendancy,—whether churchmanship takes its tone from reverence for heavenly things or from a consuming desire to get out from under the shadow of what is supposed to be God's curse upon man. The latter is not to be wholly trusted. The authorities which it sets up "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." It has an uncomfortable way of serving God by establishing a Spanish Inquisition, which makes it an undesirable neighbor. One reason to be assigned for this is that fear, when it is strong, maddens and crazes the mind, and, even in its weaker forms, so clouds the judgment that people cease to have clear ideas of right and wrong.

But, put away the false notion that every soul of man is in imminent peril of sinking into everlasting torture, and churchmanship is wholly eased of these alarming tendencies. Then it ceases its selfish scramble to get off the crumbling bank of the abyss,—a scramble in which all rights may be trodden under foot,—and prepares itself for a resolute and earnest attempt to scale the spiritual heights. Perhaps there still is and ought to be mingled with its love of what is bright and good some fear of the dark powers that surround us; but when hope, and not terror, has become the force that drives the Church, it is no longer a foe to liberty and progress.

The best churchmanship of the day in all communions is clearly of this stamp. Now and again, as when the Episcopal bishops tell us that, except for the miraculous birth of Christ, "we sinners have no true and adequate Mediator," we hear an echo of the old note of dreadful alarm. But it is

only an echo. One is not quite sure if it be even so much as that,—whether it is anything more than a kind of silent posturing in imitation of the fierce zeal of former times. Certainly, on all ordinary occasions the appeal is made to man's love of goodness, very little to his fear of hell.

Many people, it would seem, have come to doubt whether, in the absence of those terrors which have so much ruled religion hitherto, any devoted adherence to the Church can be maintained. This scepticism is not without facts to allege as a pretext; but it is, on the whole, as pure a piece of atheism as there is going. True, there is a good deal of playing at having a church done by people who do not seem to know why they should have one, save to make it a little different from some other structure. But in all the past there are instructive examples of a heaven-born zeal for righteousness as strong and tenacious of purpose as any desire that is born of fear. Indeed, the light that has shone on every martyr's face is a radiance of pure love; and the loftiest courage and faith give no aid or comfort whatever to the theory that selfishness is the great tap-root of the tree of life.

The fears that have raged through the Church have so burned over the ground like a conflagration that it is small wonder if human nature does not at once respond to the cultivation of those who would bring forth its heavenly hopes. But the seeds are surely there, and will surely germinate. Wherever they have begun to spring up in newness of life, it is easy to see whether or not earnest churchmanship has disappeared with the thumbscrew and the rack.

It is time to stop fighting with shadows. The spectre of a spiritual authority torturing men for refusal to obey its mandates has become one of the thinnest ghosts that can be summoned from the vasty deep. The race is now for a form of the Church which best expresses man's highest spiritual ambitions, and most nobly utters the deepest insights of the soul. In that trial it will avail nothing whatever, in the end, to blacken the character of other contestants; but the great world will judge each one squarely and honestly by the fruits he can show. There is, therefore, no danger in loving one's Church to the uttermost, if only it is worthy to be loved; and with us it is each man's business to give it that character in his own and all other eyes.

Musings.

ON the eve of Washington's Birthday I recall with personal and patriotic satisfaction the privilege I had some twenty-five years ago, when in the State Department, of holding the key to the cabinets which contained the Washington papers. I have spent many an hour in going over the letters, diary, accounts, and records, written in that large, gentlemanly hand, which never lost its poise or became hurried, slovenly, or undignified, but always suggested the gentlemanly bearing and imposing presence of the writer. I was much gratified, in visiting Washington a few weeks ago, to find that the State Department was taking special pains to mount the Washington letters so as to retain their legibility and insure their preservation. Formerly they were huddled together in boxes, and were not properly protected from handling. The rules of good behavior, when you see them in their original handwriting, utterly dispel the idea that Washington was anything of a prig. No coxcomb could have written in such a bold, manly, unaffected hand; and then there was the Revolutionary diary, and the record of personal expenses, and the journal of how he spent his time before the war,—the printed pleasantries on one side of the page standing in contrast with Washington's sober entries on the other. There was one letter to Washington also carefully preserved in the department which I had not happened to see before, and which impressed me greatly. It was the letter which Major André wrote to Washington after his capture, asking that he might die as a soldier. The language in which this letter was written at once revealed the literary man as well as the soldier. There is not the slightest tremor in the firm, bold hand. It is a letter of a man who knew that death was inevitable, and who simply asked that he might die by the bullet instead of by the gibbet. I won-

der that this manly letter did not soften the heart of Washington; but he never answered it, and I suspect it was partly because he could not easily find words in which to deny this request. I have often visited, as a boy, the spot where André was captured near Tarrytown, and admired the bluff courage and integrity of the cowboys who captured him, and who could not be bribed. But André was not less heroic than his captors. He succeeded in concealing in his mouth the miniature of the woman he loved, though he did not know that she had even then passed away, and that he would join her in a few weeks by a voyage over the same river.

I HAVE wondered what would have been the fortune of West Point, and the fortunes of the Revolutionary War, if André had succeeded in his mission and Arnold had succeeded in his treachery. But West Point was safe, and so was the cause; and we know that West Point has continued to be of service to the American Republic ever since. I doubt if it has ever done better service than it is doing to-day in turning out young men admirably fitted for the military profession. During the last week I have heard three West Point officers give addresses on the relation of the militia to the army and to the exigencies which may arise in our large cities. One of these addresses was delivered by Col. Green of the New York Seventy-first before the officers of the Massachusetts Fifth. Col. Green graduated from West Point in 1870, first in his class. He did some remarkable work in the South in the Ku-klux days, and assisted in determining the north-west boundary in 1873-74. He was military attaché at St. Petersburg, and witnessed the great engagements in the last war between Russia and Turkey. He was connected with the engineer corps in Washington for several years in improving the surface of that city. Of course, such a man is too valuable for the government to employ; and a large manufacturing concern has captured him for its president. Yet, under our military system, his West Point training and experience become valuable and useful in another way. He was elected colonel of the New York Seventy-first, and has seen service with that regiment in the riots in Buffalo and in Brooklyn. His address was an admirable statement of the duties of the militia in such exigencies. It was marked by intelligence, moderation, and practical wisdom, which made me wish it might be in the hands of the militia the country over. It showed that a man who graduated first in his class at West Point might find an admirable sphere for his training and abilities in educating the militia into order and efficiency. Our little army, let us trust, is to have no more Indian wars; but its officers and men have a very important vocation as instructors of our National Guard, on which the safety and peace of the nation must really depend.

Brevities.

Gen. Booth has had a warm welcome in Boston, in which Unitarians have heartily joined. At the meeting in Trinity Chapel Edward Everett Hale wore the army badge.

The reception to Gen. Booth at Trinity Chapel Tuesday afternoon drew together a catholic audience of Boston ministers and laymen. It is seldom that more people, representing such widely different religious views, are found together. For once Joseph Cooke and Minot J. Savage were not far apart.

Some ministers in the *Outlook* are discussing the question why young men do not go to church, founded on Mr. Edward W. Bok's article in the January *Cosmopolitan*; but it will be better to ask the young men themselves. We suspect that their answers would vary a good deal from that of some of the ministers.

The London *Christian World* tells the following story: "A hoary-headed joke has repeated itself in connection with the Laud celebration. A North-country gentleman went to the celebration because, he told his friends, he thought Laud must have been a good man, or King David would never have commended him in the Hundredth Psalm, wherein, in the metrical version, he sang in the North, nearly every Sunday, 'Praise Laud, and bless his name away!'"

With great truth and earnestness, *Unity* says: "There is much talk of the Church of the future; but, in the main, it is shallow talk. The Church of the future comes only as the Church of history came, by sacrifice, by profound faith. When we who boast of a liberal gospel shall have such living faith in this gospel, such a hold on our future, as the old cathedral and monastery builders had on theirs; when we shall build our very kitchens 'to the glory of God,'—build them so they stand the shock of centuries,—then we may hope to become a power over men's lives; then indeed we shall become the Catholic Church, and our altars will become the consecrated shrines of posterity."

The *Herald of Gospel Liberty* is the organ of the Christian Christ-ian Church. It has got itself into difficulty by some speculations on the Trinity in which the Christians do not believe. The editor has received the following communication, which is headed, "Please Don't": "Dear Bro. Summerbell,—Some articles have lately appeared in the *Herald* attempting to prove that the Holy Ghost is a person, and the father of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, if the Father, the first person, who has always considered himself the Father of the Son, and who announced at the baptism of Jesus that Jesus was *his* Son, should hear of this, that he is not the Father, but that the 'third person' is the Father, would it not make trouble in the family? Please do not write anything that will make doubtful the honor of the Father."

The *Examiner* makes a needed plea for religious liberty. It shows that in "not a few of our States religious liberty is grossly, wickedly, infamously violated through abuse of what are called the Sunday laws." This persecution falls largely upon the Seventh-day Adventers, members of which organization have been imprisoned in Arkansas, Tennessee, Maryland, Georgia, and Western Pennsylvania. The *Examiner* says: "All these are in violation of the principle of religious liberty, which is that the State takes no cognizance whatever of any one's religion or lack of religion,—that the State has nothing to do with religion, except to see that no one's religious rights are interfered with. No one, under whatever guise, has a right to disturb the Sunday worship of his neighbors. No one has a right on Sunday to go through the streets with a band of music or to cry his wares. But any work done that does not interfere with the rights of others is utterly out of the proper reach of the law."

Pro and Con.

"UNITY HYMNS AND SONGS."

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I see that in a recent number of your paper Rev. F. L. Hosmer states that the price of the new edition of "Unity Hymns and Songs," published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, has been fixed at 50 cents. It is quite certain that the book is worth all of that, judged either by the printer's bills or by the intrinsic value of the work. Not even Mr. Hosmer can rate it too highly; but a much lower price has been fixed, and the book is sold at 40 cents a copy, or \$3 a dozen. And perhaps I may be allowed to add that, so well is the work appreciated, that all but about fifty copies of the first thousand have been already sold. Yours sincerely,

A. W. GOULD,
President Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

BOOKS FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Cheerful Letter Exchange ask leave to thank, through your columns, those who have been so kind as to send books for our Southern and Western Sunday-school and church libraries.

We have received the following books out of the list asked for:—

One set of the Waverley novels, three novels by Miss Austen, two by Mrs. Stowe, two by Charlotte Brontë, one each by Miss Alcott, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Yonge, and George Eliot; also Dickens's *Child's History of England*, Irving's *Life and Letters*, Higginson's *History of the United States*, Pardoe's *Life of Louis XIV.*, some good biographies, and a few other books.

We have not received any copies of Fiske's *History of the United States*, nothing by Parton, Macaulay, Motley, and Parkman, none of the books for children mentioned (except the one by Miss Alcott and two by Mrs. Whitney above), nothing by George MacDonald, only one copy of Dr. Hale's "In His Name," only one novel each by Dickens and by Miss Yonge.

We hope no one will be prevented from giving by having only one book to bestow; and that it will be understood that the more duplicates we have, the better. The works of Dickens and Scott may often be procured now at reasonable prices, and are always read by the frequenters of libraries.

Books may be sent to the vestry of Arlington Street Church on any week-day, and will be packed and forwarded. They should be addressed to Miss Langmaid.

L. FREEMAN CLARKE,
Chairman C. L. E.
BERTHA LANGMAID,
Secretary.

THE NEW LITURGY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Many inquiries having been received from all parts of the country in regard to the progress being made by the committee on the new liturgy, it would seem to be a matter of sufficient public interest to bring before the attention of the readers of the *Register*. Speaking therefore not officially, but simply for myself, I will say that for the last year the committee has worked faithfully and continuously; and it now hopes to issue the book somewhere near the middle of March.

First as to the contents of the book. There will be but five services (in place of ten, as in the Martineau collection). These five services will be followed by three special ones, intended for Easter, Christmas, and memorial occasions; about twenty pages will be given to prayers; and the rest of the book will contain the psalter, especially arranged for responsive reading. As to the make-up of these five services, it may be well to say that the committee has tried to do a very difficult thing. It finds in the larger number of our churches a congregational form of worship, such as, for instance, the doxology, an exhortation, a responsive reading, Scripture, prayer, congregational hymn, sermon, with final prayer and hymn, such choir music being interspersed as the taste of each minister suggests. In a few of our churches there is what may be called the Episcopalian order of service, modelled after that laid down in the Common Book of Prayer. At the very beginning the problem which confronted the committee was how to reconcile in one set of services these two methods of religious procedure, so as to satisfy and please all parties concerned. Starting from no theory of its own, the committee interviewed various clergymen, and called for suggestions from all those who were likely to use a book of liturgy, if one after their own heart could be compiled. Speaking simply for myself, let me say that I have received valuable suggestions and ideas from men in all parts of the land; and largely these will be found to be incorporated in the five services, either in the prayers, sentences, or parts of the responsive readings, etc. Among others these ideas have been obtained either directly in conversation or through letter from the following clergymen: Messrs. Wendte, Sprague, Eliot, and Wilbur of the Pacific Coast; Mr. Hosmer of St. Louis; Prof. F. G. Peabody of Harvard; and Rev. Messrs. W. H. Savage, Littlefield, Fish, MacDougall, and Gilman of Massachusetts.

My own ministerial experience having been almost altogether in the Far West, I have tried to meet the wants of those churches with which I am personally acquainted. All the way through the work I have said, How would this service meet the wants of my former congregation in Denver or San Francisco? Rev. Howard N. Brown, another member of the committee, has doubtless asked himself the same question about his own congregation. The largest catholicity has been shown in the compilation of the prayers, Jewish, Roman, and Hindu thought having been utilized, as well as that enshrined in some of the best ancient prayers. A number of modern prayers to meet the reverent yet liberal spirit of this age have also been compiled. The Rubric, as arranged, allows the greatest elasticity; and it will be possible to take

this book into almost any one of our churches, and with very slight changes in the present order of service to use it as a help to worship. Possibly, nothing further need be said at present. These slight hints will give the general reader an idea of what the committee has aimed to do. If the book be not the last and most satisfactory compilation which will be issued for the use of Unitarian churches, it is hoped it is, at least, in the right direction. Having blazed the path, others may follow, and succeed in doing what we who are the pioneers can only hope to partially accomplish.

THOMAS VAN NESS.

CONVENTION MORALS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The topic treated in the last two numbers of the *Register* by Mr. Snyder and Mr. Chadwick is one of constant and large interest. Its discussion is always timely and should be useful. I suppose it must have, as all questions are said to have, two sides, else Mr. Snyder and Mr. Chadwick would not be opposed to each other; but except for the fact that men do differ on it I should say it is one question to which there is but one side. As Abraham Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong," so I should say of Mr. Snyder's doctrine,—that if a man is a member of a party or of a party convention, he is bound to support the action or nominee of the party—that if such a doctrine is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. By this I do not mean to imply that the one offence is as great as the other, but that the one is as indefensible as the other. In the present lack of responses from the list of very eminent men whose opinions Mr. Snyder would be glad to have, I venture a word, though Mr. Chadwick has hardly left one which needs to be said.

Mr. Snyder says, "It is understood to be a political and party axiom that delegates to a national convention will support its candidate." Elsewhere he refers to this as "a fundamental principle of party organization." I think he is mistaken here. I know of no such understanding except with the very broad limitation hereafter considered, still less of such a fundamental principle. My observation and experience go no further than to show that the support of a candidate or measure of one's party is ordinarily expected, as alas! it is too often given,—from the members of the party; but among all but machine politicians, among all who practise or care for political virtue, all whose views Mr. Snyder, I think, would value, I should say it was understood that whether one should support the candidate or measure of one's party or not, always depended on the answer to the other question,—whether the candidate was worthy or the measure was good, or not. I do not think any party as such has ever yet had the hardihood to avow the tenet or theory that its members are bound in honor or conscience, or even in fidelity to party obligations, to support party action unless such action, after it is taken and made known, meets the moral and political approval of the individual members of the party. Individuals have often asserted Mr. Snyder's claim. The late Gen. B. F. Butler did it, when he demanded the exclusion from a Massachusetts Republican convention of a delegate who avowed in advance his purpose not to support Butler if he were nominated by the convention. This demand was not only spurned by the convention, but it called out from James Freeman Clarke, himself a delegate in the same convention, the golden phrase, worth volumes of homily—"the divine right of bolting."

The phrase is not strained. It is simple, elementary morality; primary ethical truth. The right to reject a nominee or spurn a platform of one's party, if believed to be morally unsound, is as inherent, as inalienable, as divine and as clear as any right we may claim. Not only may we claim and exercise it, not only may no other man or body of men deny it to us, but we ourselves may never, except upon our peril, fail or neglect to assert and maintain it against all comers. Why? Simply because we are, each and all of us, responsible moral beings, bound by moral rules and answerable in the forum of morals as individuals, and not as mere parts of a majority or other aggregation of men. Does Mr. Snyder really wish us to think that if Mr. Blaine's nomination—I refer to it not to wound but for illustration—was immoral, or was sin-

cerely believed by him to be so, Mr. Curtis ought to have supported it because he was a member of the convention that made it? I can hardly think so. If he does, he claims for party a prerogative and power which party has never to my knowledge dared openly or in terms to claim for itself. I have been a party man, have sounded party shibboleths loud and long, have worn party gyves,—thank Heaven, long ago! but I can say with emphasis, *non in haec foedera veni*, even then.

I think, therefore, Mr. Snyder errs in counting it a recognized or avowed or even implied rule of party organization among honorable men, that a member of a political party is bound to support his party's action, or if he be a delegate in a nominating convention, to support its candidate, regardless of his individual moral sense or judgment touching such action or candidate.

Upon the other question, whether such a rule, if supported by unvarying party practice and authority, could stand at the bar of conscience and morals, how can men of ethical training or moral sense differ? Mr. Snyder says that without such a party fetter there can be "no such thing as party discipline or cohesiveness." This is the wonted language of the party hack, the boss, the party ringster or whipper-in, not of one who fills the chair of a moral teacher. I might borrow a recent rough phrase of Dr. Parkhurst and say, Party discipline and cohesiveness "go hang." What is party? Is it or ought it to be more than a body of men who think alike at a given time on certain leading public topics, the doors of its organization swinging freely both ways—to let in or let out its members—with the necessarily implied and understood and perpetual condition of membership, that when the action of the party ceases to meet the approval of the individual members, no party obligation longer binds them? And what is a party convention? It is just what Mr. Curtis described it,—merely a conference of members to agree upon lines of policy or statements of principles. Always, I repeat it, always there is the implicit condition that no member is bound by the result of the convention one step or fraction of a step beyond where it meets his moral approval. It is only on such terms and between men governed by such rules that honorable party relations are possible. Discipline and cohesion that go further are got at the cost of the very things which parties profess to seek; namely, public welfare and honor and private rights and security. A man who bows his neck to such a yoke is fit to be, as he will be, the slave of his party, the tool of its boss, and the support of its machine.

A man may not be false or treacherous in his party relations. He may not promise and break his promise. He must act in good faith and not deceptively, but it is no part of party fealty to merge one's moral identity in one's party or to leave it to party to make the final determination of moral or even of mere political issues. The best party man is always he who stands in no awe of party; the poorest party man is he who permits it to be understood that his action can be controlled by party beyond the plain line of his private sense of duty. I used to say when chattel slavery existed in this country that the most pitiable victim of slavery was the willing or contented slave, and I say now the most worthless party man is the man who makes a fetish of his party or who for one moment hesitates to repudiate its action whenever it does not square to his own serious personal convictions.

Mr. Curtis was wholly right, though I well remember chiding him for his delay, in bolting the Chicago nomination in 1884; Mr. Chadwick is wholly right in calling the doctrine which Mr. Snyder defends, "unmitigable stuff," though I cannot find the word in my dictionaries; and Mr. Cary is wholly right in making "short work" of the slavish theory which converts into a conscience-keeper what is at most a mere combination based on identity or similarity of views, having no authority or claim after divergence of views shall for any reason have occurred. D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Reading over in cold typewriting what I have here written, I see clearly I have taken a rather dogmatic tone, but certainly not from any lack of respect for Mr. Snyder; whom, on the contrary and for the best of reasons, I hold in high esteem.

D. H. C.

New York, Feb. 11.

For the *Christian Register*.
THE WAKENED HARP.

BY WM. HOWARD MONTGOMERY.

The flag of Erin waved beside
 Old Tara's castle wall:
 Below it bloomed in joy and pride
 An orange-lily tall.
 Swayed by the breeze, the silken folds
 Caressed the lily's head.
 "Let us forget the bitter past,"
 The floating banner said.

"Why should our colors or our faith
 Like barriers fall between?
 Thy chalice blooms with orange hue,
 Thy stem and leaves are green.
 Our common hope is God's great love:
 Thy Saviour, too, is mine;
 And o'er us from his throne above
 Shines down the light divine."

"God bless thee for thy words of peace!"
 The waving blossom cried:
 "We'll bury with those bygone years
 Their discord and their pride.
 Well may thy fluttering folds of green
 In triumph be unfurled!
 Thy color is the selfsame one
 That gladdens all the world."

Then scattered at their feet they saw
 A nation's broken chain;
 And, lo! the silent air was cleft
 By music's thrilling strain.
 In rapture at the glorious dawn
 On Erin's troubled shore
 The harp long mute on Tara's wall
 Rang out in song once more.

The Unitarian Club.

IDEAL AMERICANISM.

The Boston Unitarian Club held its monthly meeting on the evening of February 13, Mr. Francis C. Lowell, the vice-president, being in the chair. In opening the discussion of the evening, Mr. Lowell said:—

Address of Mr. Francis C. Lowell.

Some excellent people tell us that the sentiment of patriotism is a relic of barbarism, which in the process of evolution will disappear. They tell us that a proper love of our neighbor requires us to regard mankind, from China to Peru, with equal, impartial, philanthropic regard. Some of these good people carry their theory to its logical results, and decline to a man the right to love his own family better than any of the rest of his fellow-citizens. Now, if these people confined themselves to speaking prophetically of what they supposed was going to happen in the twenty-fifth or thirtieth century, instead of complaining of the sentiments of the nineteenth century, I should have no controversy with them, though their prognostications might make me the more thankful that I was not born five hundred or a thousand years hence. At the present day I think we may say this: that a proper realization of what evolution really means shows us that patriotism, being a natural sentiment, has a reasonable use, which conduces to the benefit of mankind as a whole. That it has an unreasonable use is too painfully evident. There is a blatant and immoral egotism which is a parody of patriotism, just as there is a nepotism which is a parody of proper family love. What true patriotism is I think we can best learn from a book with which, whether rightly or wrongly I shall not pause to consider, we Unitarians are charged with being too little familiar. I mean the Old Testament. There is no book or collection of books, if you prefer to put it that way, so full of patriotism as is the Old Testament. It is true that the patriotism of the Hebrew was sometimes savage and cruel, but often it was sublime. Read the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah, for example, realizing what it meant to the man in the book, without a thrill of patriotism if you can. I know that the common consent of all Christendom has applied to such words as "Jerusalem" and "Zion" an allegorical or esoteric meaning, and I am very far from saying that that application is not justified. But it ought not to make us forget that such a word as "Jerusalem," for example, meant to the man who uttered it and to the man who heard the words that hill town in Judea which the Hebrew, present or in exile by the rivers of Babylon, so intensely loved. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee; and, as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over

thee." Circumstances change, but the spirit of man remains much the same from age to age; and the American patriot may learn a lesson from the Hebrew.

To-night we have with us a man who, called by nature and by his holy profession, has by example and precept taught Americans for years to love that dear land of ours to which the providence of God has called us. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Rev. Father Conaty of Worcester:—

Address of Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Club, —I am not without a feeling of gratitude to you for the very kind invitation extended to me to address you this evening; and I am equally grateful to you, members of the club, for your generous and cordial welcome.

As I listened to the worthy vice-president of your club speaking of patriotism, and also of the jingoism which at times and periods seems to be common to all races and creeds and nationalities, I felt that it was rather a strange position that in this day, when there is so much that is simply lip-service patriotism and so much condemnation of the church of which I am a minister, you should ask me to address your non-Catholic body upon that which is dear to us all, the making of a true American. It seems to me that you thus give the strongest possible answer to the men who dare to say that any roof-tree of a church or any roof-tree of a home or any blood that courses through men's veins can of itself make hostility to America. [Applause.]

I have been asked to speak to you to-night upon "The Ideal American," and I realize at once the difficulty of the task. It is not the question of a man's ideal. It is not the picking out from the great men of history some one who stands more eminently the incarnation of all that is good in our political history. It is that from all our history we may draw, not an ideal American, but the ideal American,—a man that becomes such because of the institutions of our country, a man who cannot be otherwise if true to the principles upon which our government is founded. I am asked to turn to our history, and from it to cast, as it were, upon a canvas before you the picture of the ideal man.

I realize the difficulty, because I cannot divest myself of my own feelings in the matter; and I know that in the minds of many there may come the thought that this ideal American is my own conception or but a play of fancy. But I would ask you to consider that I am but a student of history; and that from the pages of our history I shall try to draw for you the lineaments, the character, the expression, of what you as well as I can find by close study of our common history.

And, after all, is not this a place for just such study as that? Here in Boston, historic Boston, under the shadow of Bunker Hill, within gunshot of Concord and Lexington, under the inspiration of the names of noble men,—here in this very atmosphere must not the student of history breathe the spirit of Hancock and Otis and Adams, of Phillips and Andrew? And, though we might take one or all of them to make our composite picture, yet not with that will we be satisfied. But we will go down to the foundation stones of the fabric which they helped to build and to embellish; and, like true students of history, we will ask, not our country's patriots, but our country herself, to tell us her ideal American.

WHAT IS AMERICANISM?

What is Americanism? We hear much of it to-day. One would imagine that it was simply the floating of a flag over a school-house. Another would imagine that it was simply the blatant voice of the demagogue, who considers no man to have patriotism but himself. What does our country tell us Americanism is? Ah, it is something deeper than the mere lip-service of the demagogue seeking political position. It is something deeper than the hypocrisy of the "holier than thou" Pharisee politician. It is the innate and the deep-rooted sense of love for liberty in the individual man, for the love of liberty itself, and for the enjoyment of it in his life. If I read our history at all aright, it tells me that Americanism is the embodiment of personal liberty,—liberty to serve the God that made us and liberty to serve the brother that stands by our side. That is the political incarnation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. [Applause.]

Americanism is something real and tangible. It has flesh and blood. Americanism is simply law with liberty and liberty with law. It is the generous, unselfish determination to help our neighbor, to make the world better for our being in it, and to offer to God better service because men are freer to serve him as they will. That is my thought of Americanism. Let us question the foundations.

NATIONAL IDEALS.

Every nation has its nation idea. Providence has selected different individuals for work among men, and Providence has selected nations for work among nations. We turn back the pages of history, and we find the Hebrews with their nation idea: it was the idea of faith. To them were given the traditions of religion, that they might preserve them for the nations to come, for the nations unborn. Rome had its nation idea: it was conquest and government. Greece had its nation idea: it was art. The American's nation idea is liberty,—the liberty of the individual man because he is man. There were other republics before ours, and men in them enjoyed comparative liberty; but it was the liberty of the few and the slavery of the many. Rome in all her greatness was practically a nation of slaves. The freemen were few, the slaves were many. Athens in all her splendor was but a handful of freemen. The great masses were slaves; and their freedom and the citizenship which came out of their freedom was a gift of the State or a gift of the senate or a gift of the majority of the freemen. The republics of the Middle Ages had their freedom and their citizenship, but it was a freedom and a citizenship of class. The Holland republics had their citizenship from out their guilds and their skilled artisans. The republics of Greece had their citizenship from their aristocracy. There was liberty, it is true, but liberty minimized,—liberty the birthright of citizenship, liberty that came with citizenship and passed away when citizenship passed away. How often have we considered, when we have read the story of old, how much slavery exercised its power in the world for the benefit of the few! The great battle of Marathon was fought and won by slaves. How often as school-boys have we, in our attempts at oratory, committed to memory the great speech of Spartacus to his gladiators! How often we have revelled in striving to produce something of the power of that noble athlete as he stood at the foot of the mountain, with his thirty thousand gladiators before him, full of rage against Rome, that had made them simply the tools for the enlargement of Rome or the winning of their battles; and, when the test came to those men, and their leader stood before them, he said to them, "Men, if we must die, let us die for liberty." And he raised the banner of revolt against Rome. They were met by the armies of Pompey; and do you remember the message that Pompey sent to the Roman senate? He said, "We have met the vile slaves, and we have reduced them to their original nothingness." And yet those "vile slaves" were the physical beauties of manhood. They were the men who stood in the arena to battle against one another and against wild beasts, and all to make a Roman holiday. They were "vile slaves" in the eyes of the Roman senators; and they were "reduced to nothingness" whence they came.

AMERICA AND LIBERTY.

Athens bestowed citizenship at will. A man in Athens was free because Athens willed him to be free. His freedom was a gift of the State. The same State that gave it by its vote could withdraw it, and return him again to the absence of citizenship. Ah! but America, to whom Liberty flew for a resting-place, America took Liberty to her bosom, drank in her inspiration, and felt that liberty was not a gift of senate nor a gift of people nor a prerogative of title, but that it was innate in man's individual being; and that whether the senate willed it or not, whether the State willed it or not, whether he was of lowest or highest caste, that he was a man was sufficient to entitle him to all the privileges of human liberty, and with it the citizenship which the State might create for him. [Applause.]

America was the first nation to realize that manhood was the source of citizenship, as manhood was the source of liberty; and by this there came to the American the high Christian thought of liberty. For he

who had come an outcast to the great city, of which he was supposed one day to be the king, he who had come as an outcast that he might live for his fellows and die for them and redeem them,—the Saviour of the world,—came to teach the world, for the first time, the true thought of human liberty, that it was in man, and not in the power of other men. And, when our fathers built their fabric of liberty, they placed as the foundation-stone the Christian thought of liberty in the inalienable right of man to life, happiness, and liberty.

AMERICANISM OF CHARACTER AND PURPOSE.

Edward Everett has a thought, in speaking of the Revolution, in which he says: "Independence, if taken literally, is of no interest and little value. Construed in its real meaning, it binds us to a distinctive Americanism of character and purpose, to a keen sense of large responsibility, and to generous self-devotion." "Distinctive Americanism of character and purpose,"—friends, do you realize it? Do you recognize it in the story of our country's birth? "Distinctive Americanism" in the thought of liberty,—not mere license to do the unjust thing, but liberty to do the just thing, liberty to do right according to the individual conscience. Distinctive Americanism of character, so that the nations of the world, looking upon America, will see in her the home, the resting-place, the shrine of liberty, outside of which, unless she communicated it, there would be no real liberty. Americanism a title of citizenship, better and nobler than titles given by family or given by vote of the majority. A character which is individual, and which makes our citizenship not merely the voice of the houses of Congress, but the voice of the individual American, where every man is king, where every man has power to rule. Oh, long distant from us be the day when we shall ever acknowledge that the halls of legislation shall be the entire embodiment of our American citizenship! [Applause.] For our State makes our nation, and the home of the individual citizen makes the State. [Applause.] There is the source of our greatness,—to protect the citizen, to protect the individual in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and happiness. The individual citizen is our strength. Upon him is our nation built. And that is the purpose of our Americanism,—to prove to the world that man can be trusted. Sam Adams said of old, "We can trust the people," and he trusted the people as the people trusted him; and because of that mutual trust the gunshot of the Revolution was made the knell of all tyranny. By that trust of man for man the American nation was able to show to the world for the first time that all men could be freemen, and that all men could be trusted in the government of themselves. "Distinctive American character,"—friends, do you find it anywhere else? Oh, we know, we know the pessimists speak to us of the dangers from the people; but the people, when properly understanding their duty, bring no danger. The danger comes from the few, and not from the many. [Applause.] Edward Everett says that this distinctive Americanism of character and purpose brings with it "a large responsibility." Yes, a responsibility upon you and me, a responsibility upon every citizen. No man so poor as not to add to the wealth of the nation, no man so rich as to be able to make our nation what it ought to be; but the individual units, acting together in their citizenship, they make the nation. And hence there come to the individual citizen the responsibilities of liberty,—responsibilities which we carry with us everywhere, in our business, in our private life, in our public life, everywhere to be Americans according to the American idea, according to the ideal of human liberty, everywhere living that other men may be the better for our living, and everywhere living that other nations may see the beauty of trusting the people and bringing out from the people all that tends to the people's good. These responsibilities follow us in all our relations as citizens, so that anything which strikes at the individual citizen strikes the State as it strikes the nation; anything that corrupts the individual citizen corrupts the State and corrupts the nation; anything that in any manner abridges or diminishes the rights of the individual citizen diminishes and abridges the thought of human liberty, which is our

nation idea, to perpetuate and to preserve. [Applause.]

THE SOURCE OF OUR LIBERTY.

"Generous self-devotion,"—was there ever a nation that fought more generously for liberty? Cast upon these inhospitable shores, but with a sense of manhood within them that would not brook the tyranny even of royalty, the early American pioneers felt inspired to lay here the foundations of the fabric of human liberty. And not mere lip-service was theirs, not mere Pharisaism was theirs; but there was a knitting together of men to men for the common cause of home and country, with liberty above them. How our fathers suffered in those early days! I say "our fathers," because we are the inheritors of their deeds, and they are our fathers in liberty. The emigrant that stood upon our shores for the first time yesterday, with a feeling that he wanted to come under the mantle of American liberty, and was determined to cleave to it, is as American as I who came forty years ago, or you whose parents came a hundred or more years ago. For the source of our liberty is in our manhood, and the man who comes to our shores carrying to them his tribute of manhood is welcomed by the hand and welcomed by the heart of every true American. [Applause.]

THE STAIN UPON OUR BANNER.

But there was a stain upon our banner, there was a spot upon our shrine, there was a something wanting to give the complete embodiment of liberty to the world. It hung over our nation as a black pall of death, giving as it were the lie to all our professions of liberty. It was there by law, it was there by statute; and yet there sprang in the American breast, upon these shores of Massachusetts where the first lessons of liberty had been taught, the wish to blot out by organized effort that foul stain from our record, to take away that which the world reproached us with. And, though it took years of war and millions of money and millions of hearts' blood, yet I think you and I agree that it was well worth the sacrifice; for, when the War of the Rebellion was over, and one flag floated over a united country, and brothers met again as brothers after having met as enemies, and they sang the hymn of unity, they sang it as it never had been sung before, because they were able to say, "We have taken from our statute that which says the black man shall not be free; and we have taught to the world that neither race nor color nor creed shall be deprived of the advantages of human liberty, but that over this vast continent there shall float the flag of freedom, and the black men shall leave the cabin of a slave to come into the free light of liberty as a free American citizen." [Applause.]

Ah, friends, until that was done, we were not a nation of freemen, as we had professed ourselves in the eyes of the world to be! While, then, we regret those pages of darkness in our brotherly strife, let us give thanks to God that at least there was this reward, that we had taken the chains of slavery from millions of men, and had lifted them up into the free daylight of American liberty. Never, never again, will we stain our honor with the slavery of any man, be he black or red; but all men, as all creeds, as all nationalities, shall be amalgamated into American citizenship. That is the American idea.

May I touch on a few of the dangers as they occur to me? For our duty is to watch and ward, to watch and save. Liberty has been handed down to us, not for ourselves alone, but for those who are to come after us,—handed down that we may beautify and embellish it, so that other nations, looking upon us, may take courage as our fathers did, and shake off the shackles of human slavery in whatever form they may exist, and rise into the dignity of citizens as America invests us.

THE DANGER OF DEMAGOGISM.

One danger, I think we all agree, is to be found in the demagogism which at times prevails,—not merely the demagogism that preaches false doctrines against human liberty, but demagogism that attempts to corrupt human liberty in the citizen. The man who would touch in any manner the liberty of the individual citizen to exercise his citizenship, that man is a greater danger to the State than the citizen who under his influence forgets his duty to the State; for the one poses as a leader, and the other

as a follower. The man who attempts to defile our common stream of citizenship, that man, no matter what the world calls him, is a danger to our American State; and you and I and every man with a true sense of our American citizenship should rise in arms to protect our common country from him. Oh, if the fathers on these plains were willing to leave the homes they had made and go forth never to return, because they would not acknowledge the right of a foreign power to tax them without representation, why should not we, in the face of danger greater than that, rise to defend by word or act, to ostracize, to mark, to brand, the man, whoever he is, in whatever party he be, to whatever class he belongs, who dares to stand in the presence of citizens either to buy his right to power and to rule or to corrupt the common foundations of our citizenship by any of the means that are known to the demagogue? Friends, the danger-signal should be put wherever the citizen's vote is touched, wherever the attempt is made, no matter what the motive, to poison and corrupt the foundations of our common citizenship.

THE DANGER OF RUM RULE.

There is another danger, and to my mind it grows out of this. Perhaps I may be a little selfish in this matter, in the sense of following my own line of thought; but I have come to believe that one of the greatest dangers to our American citizenship is in the organized power by which men attempt to rule us, who have neither right from God nor from men, but who rule us for their own selfish ends. The great power of rum, the great power of the liquor associations, are at the bottom of much of the corruption of our great cities. They trade upon the weaknesses of the individual men. They use that power which is for the time given to them, that they may lift themselves above their fellows into wealth and political influence and power. I am one of those who believe that one of the greatest of the forces of evil in our body is that organized traffic in rum, that traffic that respects not the laws, as it respects not the individual. I speak of it now as an organized effort,—that effort, that traffic which practically nullifies what is upon our statute books when that stands in the way of its success,—always unwearying and unwearyed in the attempt to corrupt the sources of citizenship.

THE DANGER OF BIGOTRY.

There is another influence, as there is another danger; and I, as an American in the presence of Americans, am ashamed to mention it, to think that in this city and in this State and in this land there should stand even a single man who should be allowed to say that religious differences endanger our common country. And yet we know that the bigot is abroad, abroad in organized power. You and I may agree that it is not intelligent power, but is a power of darkness; for it could not live in the open light of American public sentiment. It seeks the darkness of the night and the secrecy of the lodge to aim its blow at an individual citizen, because he does not worship at the same altar. Oh, shame upon our manhood if it ever shall be Americanism to say that because I kneel at one altar and you at another there is between us a dagger that goes to the heart of American liberty! The altar I kneel at and the altar you kneel at are the common foundations of our individual goodness, and it is that which makes the State good; and the dagger that would go to the heart of liberty would be snatched from it by the worshipper at my altar as by yours. [Applause.]

AMERICANISM AND CATHOLICISM.

We hear a great deal of the danger from the Catholic Church. We never imagined we were such dangerous beings. We were trying to live like our neighbors, groping along day by day, and trying to do the greatest good we could to the greatest number. We have lived in and out of these communities, we have been born and bred upon these hillsides, we have studied the history with our neighbors, we have suffered and died with our neighbors for liberty; and yet men stand and call us a menace and a danger! Oh, we can recall, we can recall with feelings of gladness, what our books of history state of our forefathers in the faith, in the days when it cost men to be true! We can recall how, upon the weary hills and by the frozen rivers, when Washington

needed men of heart and energy, he could look upon his Moylan and his Meade, just as the business men who stood behind them, to supply them with the necessities of life, were glad to call upon the Carrolls and McClenahan, and all those brave men united in Philadelphia. There was then no question of loyalty to the country. And when the dark days of Rebellion came? I remember as a boy, and you can remember with me, how a certain tide of hostility passing over our State took the arms from the shoulders of the Columbian Guards in Boston and the Emmet Guards in Worcester, and there was a sense of narrowness and hostility to race and creed; but, when the tocsin of war sounded, and when Lincoln called for men, and when Andrew sent out his proclamation, the first men to answer to the summons were the Columbian Guards of Boston and the Emmet Guards of Worcester. [Applause.] In that moment they had forgotten the bigotry and the religious hostility. They saw liberty in danger; and they were the men and the children of men who had been driven from a country they loved because they would not worship at an altar they did not believe in, and they loved the liberty they had found, and were willing to die for it. Who questioned in those days the loyalty of any man to American liberty on account of his creed?

Who braver, who better exemplified the love of true manhood for liberty, than those gallant men of the Sixty-ninth New York who laid their bones upon nearly every battlefield of our Rebellion?

A good Scotch friend of mine in Worcester, who has no feeling for anything but what is broad and liberal and true, said to me the other day, "Father Conaty, there was a gentleman came to my store the other day, and there was a book lying on the counter. He picked it up, and he looked at it; and he said to me, 'There are men in Massachusetts that wouldn't let that man have the privileges of citizenship because he was an Irishman and a Catholic.' That man was Phil Sheridan, whose Life he picked from the counter; and the man who said it was your friend and mine, George Hoar." In those days was there a question between the Catholic Sheridan and the Protestant Grant? Was there a question between the Catholic Corcoran and the Protestant McClellan? No, there was a flag to be saved, there was a country to be redeemed, there was a principle to fight for; and, though they knelt at different altars, there was but one altar of liberty, and before that altar they offered that sacrifice that calls for the greatest of men's efforts, their life-blood. Yet men tell us we are a danger to the republic!

COMMON GROUND OF OUR AMERICANISM.

My friends,—I call you so because I know you and I are friends,—we meet together upon the common ground of our Americanism. I ask no favors of any man, nor do I want any odds from him. I simply say: "Do you want a profession of loyalty? I will not give it. Look at my life, gauge my actions, see what I have done, see what I am willing to do, and then put the test." For that is loyalty that is willing to suffer and to die, that men may be better; loyalty that goes into the cabin of the poor, to lift from him the heavy load of suffering and poverty; loyalty that goes to the death-bed of the fever patient, in order to bring to him some of the solace of religion; loyalty that goes, when the nation summons men, to die for her, and says, "This my life is small indeed and short indeed; but, if this country that I love wants my life, I will give it to save her." When men are needed to stand between her and the bullet of the enemy, then, like our fathers of old and like our brothers, then will you find no stronger men, no truer men, no more loyal men, than those who worship at the altar of which I am privileged to be one of the ministers. [Applause.]

Not in all our code of morals, not in all our code of doctrine, is there a single fibre of hostility to true Americanism; but there is hostility to demagogism, and there is hostility to that which would destroy true manhood. There is hostility to the bigot; for, if I read my history aright, my Catholic forefathers on the shores of Baltimore preached religious toleration first. Yes, as Bancroft himself says, and as Montgomery confirms it in the book which is in our schools to-day, and as Mr. Fiske said practically the other day, at Baltimore, five years before the Baptist colony at Provi-

dence proclaimed religious toleration, the Catholic colony at Maryland proclaimed it. It is well for us to read our history aright. Thank God, there are men who read it with the clear spectacles of reason and unprejudice. We are willing to trust ourselves to them.

We are here from all the nations of the earth. We are here from all the religions of the sphere. We are here filled with the love of liberty, asking simply that no man stand between us and our altar, no matter what that altar may be; that no man stand between us and our conscience, no matter what our conscience in right reason may dictate; but that our test of loyalty shall be in the good we bring from out the searching years to this land, which has received us with the hospitality of a mother and the kindness of a friend. Then, then, shall we be true Americans.

Have I pictured the ideal American to you? Were I now to draw back the veil before the canvas upon which I would fain have drawn the lines, would you recognize, from what I have said, the ideal American? Liberal and just, wanting liberty for himself and wanting that it should be held by others, protecting liberty in himself and for the good it brings, and protecting it equally in his brethren; liberal and just, fair-minded, giving to every man the honesty of the motive which he would wish every man to give to him, living to the full sense of the Golden Rule, and simply asking that all we have of good in this nature of ours, material and spiritual, we be willing to give to build up this fabric of human liberty, where the peoples of the world may come to worship true manhood according to Christ,—oh, this, this indeed, is my thought of the ideal American! May I then say that the wish of this ideal American is expressed in those words of our well-beloved Holmes?—

"God of the universe, shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the many in one."

Mr. LOWELL.—I am sure that I express the feelings of all of us in giving our deepest thanks to the speaker for his eloquent presentation of the ideal Americanism, and his eloquent enforcement upon us of the responsibilities resting upon each one of us, without which citizenship and patriotism are worse than useless. [Applause.]

We had hoped to have with us to-night, and we had hoped that he would address us, Rev. Leighton Parks of Emanuel Church in Boston; but he has found himself obliged by illness to remain at home, being unable to speak on account of a severe attack of bronchitis. We are fortunate in having with us another gentleman who, in an entirely different way and by an entirely different means, has rare opportunities of enforcing upon large numbers of people a realizing sense of public duty. For certainly there is no means which reaches so many people, and I do not know if there be any means so effective for reaching the public, as the daily newspaper. I have great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Stephen O'Meara, the editor of the Boston Journal.

Address of Mr. Stephen O'Meara.

I wish, Mr. President, that you had informed your associates, as an apology for me, that I stand here to-night a drafted man, and that I fear I shall perform my work as drafted men are apt to do. I was asked by your secretary to fill the gap, the cause of which you have understood from your president's explanation; and I told him that I would put myself in his hands, and, if he were willing to take the risk, I would take the post of danger. Whatever I say to you, then, comes absolutely without preparation, because even the few thoughts which came to my mind have been driven absolutely and wholly to the four winds of heaven. I begin afresh from this point; and you may have an opportunity, as the child did in the old story of "Helen's Babies," to "see the wheels go round."

I recall—and I give you the recollection not as an impertinence, but simply as a sign that I bear you no malice—the remark years ago of a good old minister, of a denomination different from yours, who said that he believed that the Boston Unitarians were better satisfied with themselves than any other people on earth. [Laughter.] I recall that, only in order that I may

add that to-night I have not only been convinced of the truth of what he said, but I am prepared to defend it. [Laughter.]

I am very glad that Father Conaty in his address, which it would be an impertinence for me to characterize,—you characterized it as it was delivered,—though he pointed out the dangers and showed where the path of duty lay; though he depicted evils which were all about us, yet never, in word or phrase, for I listened with great anxiety,—and yet not anxiety, for I felt sure of the result,—never did he utter one despairing word for this country. I think I was twenty years old before I ever heard an intimation that there was any danger that this country would not live as long as the universe held together. In the presence of educated, cultured, liberal gentlemen such as you are, gathered for the purpose for which you are together, I feel free to say, what I would not say possibly to an audience in another place, that the most dangerous man in this country, in my judgment, whether he realizes it or not, is the man who permits the thought to enter his mind, much more the man who permits it to go from his lips, that there is any danger, under any circumstances, that this country will not survive all the shocks and all the perils which will come to it. [Applause.] I was brought up in a plain way, among plain people; and I tell you, gentlemen, that among those people you do not need to preach the perpetuity of this country. Those are not the people who have the slightest lack of faith in the vitality which animates and will preserve her. I believe that I got my first hint that there was any loyal man who believed that this country would not survive finally from a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and I felt it almost as if a dear friend had betrayed me. I felt it more than a public, more than a political sorrow, to learn that a man existed who could harbor that thought, could mould it into words and give it to a miscellaneous public. For I believe that there is nothing calculated more to produce, if that were possible, the result which it professes to fear than the expression of any doubt as to the perpetuity of this country.

It is not whether or not we are to continue. It is how we are to continue. How near shall we come to reaching the ideal which we have set for ourselves? How near shall we come to the perfect nation? I had heard, of course, of the armed rebellion against this country, which now we call politely the Civil War. I knew that even in the North in those years there were men who were called Copperheads; but the knowledge of their existence, the feeling that there were men who would raise their hands against the government, never struck me with the subtle force, never pained me so exceedingly, as the discovery, which was an absolute discovery, that there were loyal men who in cold blood, with the deliberation which writing requires, were capable of intimating that this nation was coming some time to an end.

The question of the ideal American citizen I regard as one of those questions which in their very simplicity baffle definition. I believe, speaking in homely, every-day words, that the ideal American citizen is simply the ideal man, the ideal merchant, the ideal minister, the ideal bricklayer, the ideal hod-carrier, not as merchant or minister or bricklayer or hod-carrier, but as those plus the faithful and full and complete performance of their political duties. You cannot differentiate between them. You cannot say that a man is half a good citizen because he attends to his own family and neglects his political duties. You cannot say that a man is half an ideal citizen because he attends to his political duties and neglects his personal interests, using that word "interests" in its broadest sense. So I have kept before my mind always the thought of the inseparability of the personal from the political in the ideal American citizen.

I have no suggestion practical enough and specific enough to present to this audience as to the means of development for the individual, for we must work from the individual to the State. I believe that substantially we are on the right track. I believe that the same efforts, organized or individual, the same feelings, the same liberality, the same brotherly love, which will produce the ideal man, carried a little farther, possibly modified to meet particular circumstances, will develop the ideal man who is but half an ideal citizen into the full

rounded and complete ideal American citizen. [Applause.]

Mr. LOWELL.—I think you will all agree with me, gentlemen, that, as was often observed in the war, a drafted man, upon emergency, sometimes fights very well. [Applause.]

STORY OF UNITY CHURCH, PERRY, IA.

On an evening in 1883 a number of our best citizens met in Mr. Parks's book-store and entered into a discussion of religion. None of them belonged to a church; but they recognized the worth of character, and were interested in the great moral questions of the day and the welfare of their fellow-men. They were barred from membership in existing churches, because they were too conscientious to subscribe to a belief which seemed to them to be erroneous. On this particular occasion they remarked, among other things, that moral and business integrity are not monopolized by the churches; and they were prone to criticize the churches as well as their members. The proprietor of the store spoke up in a somewhat rebuking manner: "Well, what good does it do to criticize? Why don't you offer something better?" This query presented the matter in a new light; and those present set out to find whether or not there was an organization, society, or church in this broad land with which they, and the thousands of others like them, could work without compromising themselves. Liberal lecturers were brought here from time to time. Ethical Culture societies, Spiritualism, and secular unions were investigated; but none of these seemed to fill the want satisfactorily. They had heard of the Unitarian Church, but dismissed it without investigation, thinking it only another orthodox church with some verbal change in its creed. Finally, in the fall of 1889, a gentleman delivered two liberal lectures here, to the great satisfaction of the liberal people. After one of these lectures Mr. Parks went to him with the same old question, putting it something like this: "Do you know of a church in which well-meaning and earnest people who do not believe in the trinity and such doctrines can work without stultifying their own conscience?" The lecturer replied that he thought he did; and told him of Unitarianism and the position of the Western Conference. It seemed to be just the thing. So Mr. Parks wrote to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor of *Unity*, who turned the letter over to J. R. Effinger, then secretary of the Western Conference. After a short correspondence he came here, and preached in the Congregational church on Monday night, June 23, 1890. The society had really already been started; and he came here at our request,—not as a representative of a strange cause, but to assist us in our own cause, for the society was not a foreign institution transplanted among us, but a native of our own little city and of spontaneous origin.

Soon after Mr. Effinger's meeting Mr. Parks began the distribution of Western Conference sermons and other liberal literature,—mostly at his own expense,—pushed the sale of liberal religious books, and secured some twenty-five subscribers for *Unity*. In April, 1891, Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes of Humboldt preached in the Congregational church on a week-day evening. A few weeks later Miss Safford followed with two large meetings in the opera house. At these meetings a subscription paper was started, and \$300 raised to pay the expenses of twelve meetings to be held during the succeeding year, the State Conference agreeing to furnish the ministers. A temporary organization was also effected, and plans formulated to hold regular services every Sunday, some member of the society reading a published sermon when no minister was present. The lay meetings were continued through the larger part of the year, meeting first in private houses.

In April, 1892, the executive committee of the State Unitarian Conference met in this city; and at the close of their sessions articles of association were adopted by this society, and it was duly incorporated under the laws of the State. Rev. L. A. Harvey ministered to the society during the following summer. He was followed by Rev. L. D. Cochrane, with four meetings; also two or three other ministers. And on Feb. 1, 1893, Rev. Henry D. Stevens came to us from Menomonee, Wis. He was soon tendered a call, and accepted, and has given such satisfaction that he is still with us.

We early realized the necessity of having a church house, and last spring invested \$1,500 in real estate, and undertook the erection of a church edifice. We have of course encountered many difficulties,—notably the unexpected financial depression and shortage in crops; yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, we are now meeting in our own church house. L. V. H.

Spiritual Life.

Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do because it seems to him too small a thing is deceiving himself. It is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not.—*E. B. Pusey.*

Little things come daily, hourly, within our reach; and they are not less calculated to set forward our growth than are the greater occasions which occur but rarely. Moreover, fidelity in trifles is a test of real devotion and love.—*Jean Nicolas Grou.*

We have our daily round of work, our duties of affection, obedience, love, mercy, industry, and the like; and that which makes one man to differ from another is not so much what things he does as his manner of doing them.—*H. E. Manning.*

"Do the duty that is nearest thee,"—that first, and that well. All the rest will disclose themselves with increasing clearness, and make their successive demand. Were your duties never so small, set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them, hour after hour, day after day.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

The regular monthly meeting of the executive board was held at 25 Beacon Street on Friday, February 8, nine ladies attending. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided, as the president is still confined at home by illness. The secretary reported recent visits to the Branches at Lexington and Brighton, where the members are interested and active. At Brighton the women are anticipating with much satisfaction the opening of services in the beautiful new church. The corresponding secretary has lately attended a meeting of the Branch at Springfield, Mass., which includes the women of several societies, and is a strong and effective organization.

Interesting letters were read from Charlestown, Va., and Birmingham, Mich., where copies of the "Manual" have been sent.

Miss Langmaid, being present, reported for the Cheerful Letter Exchange. The *Cheerful Letter* is nearly self-supporting, but the wide range of work of the Exchange and the large distribution of books is a heavy tax on the committee. At least two hundred copies each of "Black Beauty" and "Gentle Measures in Training the Young" have been distributed, the gift of one member.

The Committee on Appeals submitted the following statement, which, in order to do justice to the Southern work, is rather lengthy. The plan outlined in it by Mrs. George L. Chaney meets with the cordial approval of the committee and of the executive board of the National Alliance, which recommend the plan to the Branches.

All of our Southern churches have larger opportunities and needs than means to meet them. All would thankfully receive and use wisely whatever might be given; but those which most imperatively need assistance are Chattanooga, San Antonio, and Mr. Gibson. When Chattanooga built its church, the city was flourishing; but the sudden and complete reverses which befell it caused many to leave the city, and have thrown a still greater burden on those who remain. The church now owes interest to the A. U. A. and to the Church Building Loan Fund to the amount of \$1,100, and has also to pay annually \$80 on its floating indebtedness. It is doing its utmost itself, and is an important church from its geographical location and the character of its members.

The minister of San Antonio, Mr. Shultz, receives the smallest salary of any of the Southern men, and therefore has to supplement it as best he can by lecturing in the schools. The Branches sent him but \$45 last year. *He needs more.*

Mr. Gibson desires to give his entire time to work in Middle Florida, if assured of \$500 a year. He received \$163 from the Alliances last year, and earnestly asks for more, as he has no assured income from any source.

The committee again recommends church extension work in the South by means of travelling circuits, to be distributed among various ministers on payment of their travelling and other necessary expenses, estimated at \$200 a year. It is thought that such work will be very valuable in arousing new interest in our faith. If any Branch is willing to appropriate money for such preaching, Mrs. Chaney will receive it, making quarterly remittances to the preacher, and receiving regular reports from him

through Mr. Chaney. Correspondence can also be carried on between those specially interested at the various points and the Branches aiding the work. Such correspondence may result in the formation of Alliance Branches, even if no church is formed.

These circuits embrace various points in Virginia under Rev. J. M. Seaton, central station, Richmond, Va.; in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee under Rev. H. A. Westall, central station, Asheville, N. C.; in North and South Carolina under Rev. H. A. Whitman, central station, Charleston, S. C.; in Georgia under Rev. W. R. Cole, central station, Atlanta, Ga.; in Florida under Rev. J. C. Gibson, central station, Edwards, Fla.; in Louisiana under Rev. W. C. Pierce, central station, New Orleans, La.; in Tennessee under Rev. S. R. Free, central station, Chattanooga, Tenn.; in Texas under Rev. E. M. Wheelock, central station, Austin, Tex.; in West Texas under Rev. N. Shultz, central station, San Antonio, Tex.; in West Virginia, central station, Charleston, W. Va. The circuit in East Tennessee, in care of Rev. H. A. Westall, has already been taken by one of the Alliance Branches. It will include, as visiting points, Knoxville, Tenn., Greenville, S. C., and some places in Western North Carolina.

Reports were due from New England, the Rocky Mountain, and Pacific Coast sections. Reports from Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and San José, show that the women's society in each is loyally struggling to be of all possible service to its own church, which in these times necessarily means practical work, though all report some literary and denominational work. The Channing Auxiliary and the Society for Christian Work in San Francisco are prosperous, and doing useful work along all the lines of activity.

In Maine the Branches are much interested in the Tuskegee and Montana schools, and have sent many boxes and barrels of books, clothing, and apples. Waterville also sent \$10 to Montana. Eastport has given \$37.85 to its own church. All the Branches in New Hampshire are in full activity. At Concord the meetings are well attended, and a fine programme is being carried out. Eight members lately visited the Branch at Laconia, where an inspiring and helpful meeting was held. At Peterboro the members are making an effort to renovate the church; and at Rochester all the energies of the Branch are devoted to the completion of the new church, in which they are very happy. Littleton and Walpole continue enthusiastic; and the new Branches at Manchester, Wilton, and Lebanon, are "in good order, and bid fair to catch up with the older ones in all good works." Windsor, Vt., is doing excellent service.

The Branches in Massachusetts are in the full swing of work for the year, meeting regularly, reading, listening to lectures, conducting social entertainments, carrying on Post-office Mission work, and distributing immense amounts of literature. At Ayer the members meet at each other's houses, discussing religious subjects and reviewing the sermon they have recently heard. At Groton the Alliance women have been working hard to pay for a new carpet and other repairs on their own church. Littleton, like other country Branches, combats wintry weather, but has unabated zeal, read and study the best, and have sent small sums of money to Hamilton and Tuskegee. At Lowell the Branch has great vigor this year. At each meeting an original paper is read, and "discussion always follows." The Westford Branch is small, but active. Arlington, like the Branches elsewhere, has been interested in the Nebraska sufferers, and has sent clothing. Lynn has held meetings to "discuss subjects of great interest and profit." The Salem Branches are maintaining their record for active interest. At Barton Square fortnightly lectures are held. The East Church is rejoicing in a fine new chapel, the work of the young people as well as of the Alliance. The Branch at Peabody holds fortnightly meetings, and accomplishes much work. The Haverhill Branch has well-attended meetings, and is arranging a course of lectures. At West Newton Mrs. Andrews lately addressed an audience of two hundred. Hingham, Plymouth, and Cohasset are following the usual lines of work; and the Branch at Barnstable has doubled its membership. The meetings of the Worcester League are large, and many churches are represented. At the South Church the new building is finished, and the Alliance gatherings are held in the beautiful parlor. A sale at Christmas realized \$330, \$200 of which goes for an organ and the rest to furnish the parlor. Leicester has now the advantage of a resident minister and his wife, and is actively interested. Uxbridge is helping its own church. The two Branches in Providence, R. I., those in Newport, Taunton, and Fall River, have done a great deal in the way of distributing books and sermons, and have also discussed most helpful subjects at the Alliance meetings. In speaking of the Post-office Mission and Cheerful Letter Exchange, the director says, "The reports give no accurate impression of the work done or the possibilities of these departments."

Twelve Branches in the Suffolk Confer-

ence reported through the director. These Branches, like those in the North Middlesex Conference, have the advantage of meeting together monthly for consultation; and nearly every part of the work is taken up by each Branch, making an astonishing total of accomplished result, while, the secretary of one of the Branches writes, "We are looking forward to a larger and better work the coming year."

The following appropriations of money were reported: Allston Branch sent \$5 to Green Harbor, \$2 for Japan Library, gave \$15 to its janitor and \$1,400 toward paying the debt of its church. Church of Disciples sent \$25 to Green Harbor and \$1.50 to Japan Library. King's Chapel gave \$10 to Morgan Chapel, and \$70 to various libraries asked for in the *Cheerful Letter*. The First Parish, Dorchester, sent \$25 to Montana. Jamaica Plain sent \$5 for Japan Library. The Branches at the New South Church, Boston, and at Cohasset, each sent \$2 for the Japan Library. The Branch at Church of the Unity, Boston, sent \$5 to San Antonio. Arlington Street Branch sent \$5 to Hamilton, \$2 to Plainfield for sermons, and \$40 to a colored school. South Congregational Branch appropriated \$20 for Post-office Mission and \$20 for the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. Springfield collected at a meeting \$5.30 for Hamilton. First Church, Providence, sent \$50 to Montana and \$42 to Miss Dean's school at Manassas. Newport sent \$20 to Montana. Lynn sent \$10 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Montana, and \$5 to Hamilton. The Lawrence Branch contributed \$100 to its own church expenses. First Church, Salem, Mass., sent \$10 to Chattanooga, \$5 to Green Harbor, and \$10 to Montana. Peabody sent \$20 to Ithaca, \$10 to Bath, \$10 to Green Harbor, and gave \$56 to its own church. The Worcester League gave \$12 to the South Church, Worcester. West Newton Branch sent \$50 to Montana, \$10 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Sherborn, \$10 to Greenville, S.C., \$15 to Proctor Academy, \$5 to Hamilton, Ont., \$10 to Redlands, Cal., and \$10 to Austin, Tex. Hingham appropriated \$5 for books for the life-saving station at Brant's Rock. Watertown sent \$5 to Ithaca, \$1 to Whitman, gave \$50 to its own parish and \$10 to its Sunday-school. Cambridge sent \$60 to Ithaca, \$25 to Green Harbor, \$15 to Miss Dean. The First Church, Boston, sent \$50 to Green Harbor. Waltham sent \$10 to Montana, \$2 to Miss Putnam, and \$5 to Ithaca. Quincy sent \$30 to Montana. Dedham sent \$25 to Miss Putnam. Belmont sent \$5 to Montana. New South Church, besides contributing to the Japan Library, sent \$27 to Ithaca. The Branch at Highlands, N.C., sent \$5 to Nebraska sufferers. Unity Church, Chicago, sent \$5 to St. John and \$5 to Ithaca.

The following places are among those already recommended by the executive board, which still need contributions from the Branches: St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Ont., Ithaca, N.Y., Bath and Rochester, N.H., Chattanooga, Tenn., Austin and San Antonio, Tex., San Diego, Cal., Green Harbor, Chelsea and Sharon, Mass.

In March reports are due from the Middle States, Middle West, and Southern States. EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall Monday, February 25, at 10.30 A.M. Essay by Rev. Austin S. Garver. Subject, "Back to Nature." The public is invited.

A TEMPERANCE service, to be used March 17, is being prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society. It will follow much the same lines as those of the last two years. It will be sent in any quantity desired at the rate of one cent each. Orders may be sent at once to the secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The New England Branches meet with the Branch of the First Church in Jamaica Plain on Wednesday, February 27. Exercises will begin at 11 A.M. "Sunday-schools" will be the general subject of the morning papers, by Mrs. S. C. Beach, Rev. E. A. Horton, Mr. Ellis Peterson, and Rev. Charles F. Dole. Box lunch at one o'clock. The afternoon session will begin at 2.15, when Prof. Edward Cummings will read a paper on "Strikes and their Remedies." "Jamaica Plain" electrics pass the church. It is a ride of 35 minutes from Park Street church. Trains leave Park Square station at 10.30, 10.45, A.M., and 1.20 and 1.25 P.M.

BOSTON.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness will conduct the Wednesday noon service at King's Chapel on February 27.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular religious service, Sunday evening, February 24, at 7.30. Rev. Charles G. Ames, speaker. Music by the "Weber Quartette." All seats free.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15; evening, at 8, when Rev. George H. Hosmer will give a lecture upon "Martin Luther," with stereopticon views. On Monday evening at 7.45 Rev. C. F. Dole will speak at the Good Citizenship meeting, upon "The Golden Rule and Competition."

Church of the Unity: Three lectures are to be given in the Church of the Unity, Pembroke Street, Boston, Rev. M. J. Savage, pastor, for the benefit of the Women's Alliance. The dates and subjects are: February 22, "Political Outlook for Russia," Lydia L. Noble; March 1, "Social Evolution," Rev. M. J. Savage; March 8, "India," by Wilmina L. Armstrong. The lectures of Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Armstrong will be given in costume. They will begin at eight o'clock. Course tickets, \$1; single tickets, 50 cents. The lectures promise to be of the greatest interest, and it is to be hoped that they will be largely attended.

Second Church: Commencing with Sunday afternoon, March 3, a series of six vespers services will be given in the main auditorium of the Second Church, intended primarily to meet the wants of young people and the many strangers and visitors in the adjacent hotels to Copley Square. These services will be but an hour in length (from 4 P.M. to 5 P.M.), the pastor, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, giving a short address on some practical theme. Mr. H. G. Tucker will preside at the organ; and the choir on the first occasion will be augmented by thirty voices from one of the Boston chorus societies. The music of "Noël" (Saint-Saëns) will be rendered in full.

Dorchester, Mass.: Rev. William R. Lord preached his farewell sermon at Christ Church, Harrison Square, last Sunday morning. His sermon was an earnest and eloquent setting-forth of the ideal of the family, Church, and State. He received many affectionate benedictions from his friends and parishioners at the close of the service. Recognizing his eminent public services in Boston in the interest of good government, temperance, and other reforms, Mr. Lord and his wife became the guests of a number of friends at a dinner at the Hotel Thorndike. Rev. Charles G. Ames presided. In the speeches, that followed the services Mr. Lord has rendered to the State as well as to the Church were gratefully recognized, and a happy poem was read by William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Lord left Boston last Monday afternoon, and, after spending next Sunday in Buffalo, will go at once to St. Paul, where a recognition service will be held next week in Unity Church.

FRANCESTOWN, N.H.—A correspondent says: "Though we have not been sounding a trumpet before us, we are not dead. In addition to the regular work of the church, for more than a year we have maintained a Union Literary Club, with an attendance of from fifty to seventy-five, with interest and enthusiasm as yet undiminished. January 30 we were all delighted with a lecture on 'William Barnes,' by Rev. W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg, after which the people met him, his wife, and other visitors, in a pleasant sociable. Thursday evening, February 14, twenty-five members of the sewing-circle celebrated Saint Valentine's day by reciting in rhyme, interspersed with good music, how they each had earned a dollar for the church. No entertainment of the year has been so largely attended or, apparently, so fully enjoyed as this. However hard the road may be, we propose to go forward."

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Unity Church was filled to overflowing last Sunday evening, when sixteen Mount Lebanon Shakers, of whom ten were women, took full charge of the service. The morning service was in memory of the late John F. Moors, D.D., who, as missionary of the American Unitarian Association for New England, founded this church. At the close of the sermon the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas this Unity Church of Pittsfield, Mass., was founded and reared into life through the foresight and perseverance of the late John F. Moors, D.D., therefore, Resolved, That Unity Church shares in a peculiar sense the loss to the community of that ardent apostle of a liberal Christianity to Western Massachusetts.

Resolved, That Unity Church desires to cherish the memory of Dr. Moors, and hereby pledges itself anew to that form of religion which he strove to embody in life, which made him honest and simple in doctrine, responsive to the duties and trusted with the privileges of the citizen; the faithful comrade in the patriotic campaign; the zealous missionary of the simple faith of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

"Resolved, That the clerk is hereby instructed to record these resolutions in the minutes of Unity Church, and send copies for publication to the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian*."

SEATTLE, WASH.—Rev. J. H. Acton, D.D., has been installed pastor of the Uni-

tarian society. Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., of Portland, father of W. G. Eliot, who preceded Dr. Acton, preached the sermon. He had known Dr. Acton since fifteen years ago, when they were ministers of different denominations in Portland; and he was deeply moved by the occasion. The address to the people was by Rev. Frank H. Adams of Puyallup, and Mr. Joseph Shippen extended to the new pastor the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the congregation.

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church passed resolutions at their quarterly meeting February 3, appointing a committee to prepare a letter to be sent to the church at Seattle, congratulating that society on the resumption of regular services under the new pastor, Dr. J. H. Acton, and expressing the feeling that the two societies are one in aim and the hope of even closer relationship in the future.

WARWICK, MASS.—The Unitarian society at Warwick, Mass., held their annual fair in the town hall Wednesday evening, February 13. It was well patronized by the citizens and many from adjoining towns, especially from Northfield. The fair was a social and financial success, and the society feels gratified with the results.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, February 12. There were present Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Williams, and Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Crothers, Dole, Fox, Gaffield, Hosmer, Howe, and Lincoln. Mr. Gaffield took the chair. The treasurer's report showed all expenses paid to date, about \$73,000, with a probable expense of about \$20,000 before May 1. The probable income, estimating on the basis of contributions last year, should be upward of \$35,000. The general fund stands well invested at over \$70,000, with temporary loans of \$45,000. A legacy of \$40,000 has been invested in the Isaac Sweetzer Fund. Other legacies, amounting to over \$25,000, have been received this year by the treasurer.

The Finance Committee, after a long session, offered the following vote; and the request was granted:—

"Voted, That, in the opinion of the Finance Committee, it is expedient, at as early a date as possible, to invest all substantial legacies, and spend only the income thereof for the work of the Association; but that it is inexpedient, and, indeed, impossible, at this moment, to fix the date at which such a policy shall be inaugurated. Also, in view of the approaching end of the financial year, and in the absence of Mr. Eliot, it is desirable to postpone definite action on Mr. Eliot's proposition until some later meeting; and the Committee on Finance asks for further time to consider the matter."

The president, Hon. George S. Hale, and Hon. Henry J. Hosmer were appointed a committee to obtain from the General Court authority to hold such additional amount of property as might seem expedient. Messrs. Howe and Lincoln were authorized to adjust certain claims under the will of the late Mary B. Emmons, by which the Association is made a residuary legatee.

On recommendation of the Publication Committee a proposition was adopted whereby the plates of a new Hymn and Tune Book, based upon the book known as "Hymns of the Church Universal," should become the property of the Association with little expense and no risk.

Upon the recommendation of the Committee on the Pacific Coast it was voted,—"That it is not expedient to make any appropriation at present for mission work in the City of Mexico."

The expected report on the reorganization of the Association not being ready, an animated discussion followed concerning the financial responsibilities and expectations of the Association. The general conclusion was that the financial outlook is more encouraging than it was a year ago at this time, and that, if the churches which have not yet contributed should maintain the average increase of those that have done so, the end of the financial year would bring the hope of greater activity all along the line of missionary enterprise.

Adjourned.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, February 23. Subject, Lesson XXII., "Death of John the Baptist." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

New editions are going through the press of "A Study of the Sects," by W. H. Lyon, and "Early Old Testament Narratives, Advanced," by W. Hanson Pulsford. There are also reprinted by the Unitarian Sunday School Society additional copies of the current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus,"

beginning with the first number, which carries the full number of each lesson issued up to 5,500.

A binder for *Every Other Sunday*, cheap in price, but of flexible covers, with linen back, is now offered to such as desire it for the keeping of the numbers of this paper. The binder is large enough to hold the numbers of two years. Price, 20 cents, sent by mail, carefully wrapped, and postage prepaid. Any new subscriber, living outside of Boston, sending 55 cents, will receive *Every Other Sunday* for one year and a binder; if living in Boston, 75 cents. This difference is made by the postal laws.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Children's Mission, Nov. 1, 1894, to Feb. 1, 1895. Received for current expenses from

Howard Sunday-school.....	\$12.00
Sunday-school, Follen Church, East Lexington, from their harvest festival.....	5.00
Sunday-school, First Parish, Concord.....	42.43
Sunday-school, First Unitarian Society, Whitman, a Christmas gift.....	2.50
Sunday-school, First Church, Framingham, a Christmas gift.....	4.58
Sunday-school, Unitarian Church, Barnstable, a Christmas gift.....	12.60
Sunday-school, Unity Church, Allston, from their Christmas concert.....	10.30
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Brattleboro, Vt.....	22.08
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Fairhaven (infant class).....	2.74
Sunday-school, First Parish, Hingham.....	50.00
Ladies' Charitable Society, Brookfield.....	5.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, South Natick, Christmas offering.....	3.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Canton.....	40.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, West Roxbury.....	16.27
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Norwell.....	4.32
Hope Chapel.....	10.00
Clarence W. Jones.....	20.00
Miss Ellen M. Jones.....	20.00
The Misses Farnham.....	10.00
Miss Julia Lyman.....	10.00
Old friends.....	10.00
The West End Railway Company.....	10.00
Mr. Henry P. Kidder.....	10.00
Mr. H. S. Kidder.....	25.00
A Christmas gift from a friend.....	50.00
Mrs. A. K. Williams, in memoriam.....	10.00
Miss Helen C. Bradlee.....	200.00
A friend, Keene, N.H.....	1.00
Miss Abby W. Turner.....	10.00
Miss Alice M. Turner.....	10.00
Thompson Baxter, executor of Eliz. S. Morton, a special gift for the use of children cared for by Children's Hospital Cottage League.....	100.00
Mrs. Charles E. Stratton.....	5.00
Elizabeth, Edith, and Julia Barry, Montclair, N.J.....	2.00
Percival Sayward, Dorchester, from his mite-box.....	3.08
Mr. Cyrus Lothrop.....	25.00
Mrs. Chas. R. Hayden.....	10.00
Mr. Joseph B. Glover.....	50.00
From the children of the late Chas. G. Wood.....	25.00
Miss Amy C. Witherle.....	3.00
Mrs. C. O. Sumner.....	2.00
Miss H. L. Thayer.....	10.00
Mrs. C. A. Bradstreet.....	8.04
Frederic H. Fay, Marlboro.....	4.00
Miss Helen Porter, Medford.....	5.00
Mrs. Eliz. B. Osgood, in memory of John Felt Osgood.....	500.00
Mrs. N. B. Robbins, Littleton.....	5.00
	\$1,405.94

H. PICKERING, *Treasurer*,
156 Oliver Street.

Business Notices.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

THE Chairs of 1794.—The rage for Colonial chairs is even greater this year than ever before. During the last decade these old campaigners have been in increasing demand, and no house may now be considered as completely furnished which has not one of these high-backed, "dug" seat Colonial chairs. They have over one hundred patterns at Paine's, on Canal Street. Each one is an exact copy of some famous original. The prices are surprisingly low.

Always Something New.—The announcements of the great seed house of Peter Henderson & Co. of New York, which are published each year in our paper, attract always the widest attention. The offer contained in their advertisement in this week's issue is worthy of prompt acceptance. Besides sending the special packages of seeds, they offer to include, without extra charge, their wonderful catalogue, with its many colored plates and 500 engravings, a perfect encyclopedia and library to any one who loves flowers.

Select Excursions to the Pacific Coast.—The comprehensiveness and high character of Raymond & Whitcomb's tours will have another illustration the coming spring. Three parties, having special Pullman vestibuled trains with dining cars on the transcontinental journey, are to leave Boston April 24 for extended visits to California, including the Yosemite Valley. One section will also see the Yellowstone National Park on the return, while another makes a voyage to Alaska. Still a fourth party starts May 28 for the transcontinental trip by the Canadian Pacific route and a subsequent Alaska voyage, coming home through the Yellowstone Park. A complete descriptive book may be obtained without charge of Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Brookfield, 11th inst., of consumption, Jennie Belle Cowles, 30 yrs. 10 mos.
In Cambridge, 16th inst., Sarah Oelatra Dwinel, wife of C. C. Everett, 61 yrs.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

For the Christian Register.
FAITH FROM KNOWLEDGE.

BY ADA C. BOWLES.

What availeth me to know
Whence I come and whither go;
Trait and tendency to trace
Back to primal age and race;
Germs of lower life to find,
Warring with the higher mind,
While confessing that to-day
I am still the toy and prey
Of the yet unconquered brute
Bedded at my being's root?
Am I stronger, that I know
All the lineage of my foe?
Even so, if in that line
I can read the plan divine,
Mating low and high in strife
To evolve the nobler life.

The Pulpit.

A NATION'S CROWN.

A SERMON FOR THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.

BY REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

"Of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one
was born in her."—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

We are apt to think that all we learn
must come from the voice of man or his
written word; but may not the associations
of a day or a place teach us more than any
printed page?

"Words pass as wind; but, where great
deeds were done,
A power abides, transfused from sire to
son."

For the establishment in the mind of an
ideal of American character there is nothing
comparable to a visit to Mount Vernon.
Failing that, let the associations of this day
stir our latent thought.

The history of a nation is the biography
of its great men. The glory of a nation is
not in the number of bushels of wheat it
raises or tons of coal it mines or miles of
railroad track it lays, but in the type of in-
dividual character it produces, the standard
of intelligence and morality it upholds, the
best personality it develops. The mere
numbers or wealth of a State do not entitle
it to observation or remembrance. On the
map you can cover Athens with a pin-point
and Judæa with a finger-tip, yet in those
insignificant places the impulses were given
which have not ceased to direct civilization.
Material prosperity may be an excellent
thing, for it means power and leisure; but
the higher civilization means, as Lowell
taught us, more than accumulation of riches.
It involves the creation of finer individual
thinking and living, the development of in-
tellectual and moral forces, the refinement
of taste, speech, and manners, the quicken-
ing of æsthetic sensibility and spiritual de-
sire. The order of progress in these things
is not from without inward but within out-
ward. The powers and graces of the higher
civilization are not acquired by institutional
arrangements, by laws and statutes: they
are usually attained by virtue of the leader-
ship of individual sincerity and personal
example. Life is not mechanical: it is in-
spirational. When a nation catches sight
of its ideal of national character, when of
that nation it can be said, "This one and
that one was born there," then, and not till
then, it begins to write history; and the
world begins to read it and draw life from
it. The dynamic of the world's progress is
personal character.

No need to say that there is often some-
thing inexplicable about the achievements
of guiding minds. We may demonstrate
how a great man is the child of his age,
and exhibit the circle of ideas in which he
grew up; but, when we reach the creation
moment, it is usually impossible to analyze
the procedure. The way in which a great
man seizes on his problem, combines its
elements, and reaches his result, is for most
of us a mystery. Probably the man himself
cannot explain his method. When we have
called his power genius, we have only la-
belled it with a name that defies definition.
It were waste breath to stop to analyze that
subtle, rare, and unequal quality; for it
baffles explanation and imitation. I want
rather to speak of the qualities of greatness,
which, because they are common, do not
always seem to be noble, or which amid
the dazzle of brilliant accomplishment we
fail to recognize. There are many of the
essential attributes of the leaders of men
which are parts of our common humanity,
and as attainable by us as by those to whom
we render the homage of immortal fame.

First among these forgotten qualities of

greatness I mention *moderation*. That
seems to you perhaps a strange idea. A
high enthusiasm ought to be the first char-
acteristic. Moderation is a cold hard word:
it has a chilling sound; but is not close-
lipped self-restraint an essential element in
successful enthusiasm? Without that qual-
ity enthusiasm often degenerates into mere
violence, or is misdirected into channels of
idle fanaticism or tumult. The pursuit of
highest purposes may become mere bubble-
blowing unless disciplined in calm reserve
and controlled, not by outside compulsion,
but by the firm grasp of a will which holds
everything in obedience from within. An
Arabian poet described his hero by saying,
"Sunshine was he in the winter day, and in
the midsummer coolness and shade." The
great man has a gravity of nature which is
like the fly-wheel of a mill or the gover-
nor of an engine. It distributes power
equally, and prevents destructive shocks.
This trait of character delivers a man from
the control of irregular and interrupted im-
pulses. It dreads fury and excitement as
signs of feebleness. It dreads exaggeration
of statement because exaggeration of state-
ment means weakness of belief. It is pa-
tient because it is powerful. It is tolerant
because it is sure. It is the self-trust which
is the essence of heroism.

Next I mention *persistence*. The great
man fulfils Emerson's decree. He does not
have "wandering impulses or fits and starts
of courage." When he has chosen his part,
he abides by it, and does not weakly try to
reconcile himself with prevailing orthodox-
ies or changing opinions. The fire of his
enthusiasm is not fed by the stubble of
popular applause, but by the substance of
his soul, and hence is equal and unquench-
able. His fortitude is born of hope and
self-denial. He possesses his soul in some
great expectation. He is a man in earnest.
He does not, as Coleridge said, "believe
that he believes": he knows. He has noth-
ing to do with hearsay. He lives in com-
munion not with semblances, but with real-
ities. He is not weary in well-doing, though
success be but small. He is not disturbed
by difficulties nor terrified by danger nor
chilled by neglect. Too many of us cherish
the notion that patience is a meek virtue.
That idea is the survival of the mediæval
thought, which made submission to perse-
cution the ideal of Christian grace. True
patience is not passive endurance merely:
it is rather active persistence, not drawing
back in resignation or submitting to com-
promise or giving up in despair, but resist-
ing evil, not bitterly or resentfully, but
with determination. The man who walks
through life with calm fortitude, thought-
ful, not of showy appearance or of the flat-
tery of the crowd, but of inmost realities
and permanent results, is sure to be recog-
nized at last as the master spirit of his age.
His name may not be celebrated in epic
song nor chanted in cathedrals, but his
work and his fame alike endure.

Thirdly, I mention *timeliness*. It is the
prerogative of the great man to await the
fitting opportunity and to act at the right
moment. Do you recall that superb illus-
tration of the sun-tipped wave with which
Phillips Brooks began a famous sermon?
In a flash it declares to us the nature of
timeliness. It is, he says, as when we
stand upon the seashore and look out across
the sea, and here and there on the surface
of the gray, monotonous ocean there comes
a flash of silver. One single wave seems to
leap up and burn with a lustre that compels
the eye to look at it. You ask yourself
why that special wave should have that
peculiar privilege, and there is only one
answer to give. It is not any larger wave
than the rest, and it is made of no differ-
ent water from them. It is simply that
that wave happened to leap just where the
sun was smiting; and so the sun smote it,
and it became illustrious. So it is with
illustrious men. The sun of history shines
on the great sea of human life; and the
special career which leaps just where the
sun is striking catches his glory, and seizes
men's notice and remembrance. The larger
the wave, the more of the sunshine; but
the only essential thing is that it should
leap at the right moment and be turned the
right way. With those conditions the sim-
plest life becomes illustrious. Without
them the largest character will melt back
into the humanity out of which it sprung,
unknown, unnoticed, unremembered. Gen-
ius is often nothing more than the capacity
to leap just at the right time, the ability to
speak the word or do the deed immediately

necessary. The great man strikes when the
iron is hot. He does not waste effort. He
fits the square peg into the square hole, and
does not try to squeeze it into a round one.
Universal adaptability is, we often think, a
good Yankee trait; but is it, after all, a
very praiseworthy characteristic? The more
earnestly a man does anything, the more
clearly he perceives that he cannot do every-
thing. Some one says that to be good for
everything is to be good for nothing. To
fit anywhere is to fit nowhere. Have you
not often seen some commonplace man who
is at home and at ease wherever he happens
to be, looking down on a man who is evi-
dently his superior, but who stands waiting
and awkward, unable to bring his plans to
accomplishment? Suddenly that man's op-
portunity arrives. Instinctively he knows
it. He falls to work, and in a day achieves
more than his ordinary and scornful rival
can accomplish in a year. It is not neces-
sary that the great man's thought should be
original or his act novel. Somebody else
may have discovered the truth he declares.
The point lies in knowing when and where
to proclaim it. Somebody else may have
done precisely the same deed. The prerog-
ative of genius is to do it at the time when
it will be effective.

The last of the forgotten qualities of
greatness which I shall mention to-day is
symmetry. Many men fail to make their
lives successful because their natures, while
strong on one side, are weak on another.
The perfect character is symmetrical. "The
length and the breadth and the height of it
are equal." By length I mean not length
of days, but the reaching out of a man on
the line of his own special capacities and
ambitions, the extension and exercise of
self-discovered aptitudes. The breadth of
a life is in its sympathy with the lives of
others, its genuine humanity and genial
warmth. The height of a life is in its
reach upward, its hopes and aspirations, its
confidence in the guidance of its best ideals
and in the support of the everlasting arms.
Symmetry means the equal education of
hand, head, heart, and spirit. Some men
are pious, but not honest, others honest, but
not devout. Some are zealous, but narrow,
others broad, but cold. The quality of char-
acter I want to emphasize is the just com-
bination of attributes which, developed
singly, may run to injurious excess. De-
pendence on length alone makes a man nar-
rowly self-absorbed. The great man must
not only possess that which will do men
good if they take it from him: he must be
such a man that they can take it from him.
In every age we see wise and learned spe-
cialists, who through long devotion have
acquired the knowledge which is power, and
yet who have no message for their fel-
low-men. They remain so wrapped up in
contemplation of their accomplishment as
never to repeat their secrets to others.
They dwell apart like snow-drifts on the
mountain, wondering perhaps why their
locked up fertility is not more useful. The
snow must melt and come down in spring
freshets before its richness can enrich the
valleys. When a man comes to value his
personal career because of the way in
which it brings him into relations with
other men, and gives him opportunity for
individual helpfulness or public-spirited
service, then his life begins to be enlarged,
and to its length is added breadth.

A character which has breadth alone is
too often soft and sentimental. It is broad,
but thin. It is loving, but not always just.
It needs direction and clear-sighted pur-
pose. It needs to make feeling express
itself in action. Too many of us imagine
that because charitable sentiments have
stirred in our hearts we are charitable, and
because we admire the heroes and heroines
of history or romance that we are capable
of emulating their virtues. We are de-
ceived by the good intentions that play
around our good deeds. We have too much
aimless benevolence, too much half-baked
character, too much thin and pulpy liberal-
ity. Let us have not less breadth, but more
length, more purposeful zeal, more thorough
endeavor, more unswerving devotion to a
clearly apprehended course.

The man whose character has height alone
is too often a pietistic prig or a monkish
mendicant. He looks up, and forgets to
work. He adores and idles. He makes
religious emotion or excitement a substitute
for habitual righteousness. What we need
is not the cultivation of any one element
to the exclusion of the others, but their
combination in due proportion. The great

purpose and aim of life must be upborne by
emotion and sustained by the impulse of
hope, and must express itself in loving
helpfulness. The great man does not dare
to live without some distinct intention and
direction; but he is not so absorbed in his
own task as to be blind to the needs of
others, and he keeps close to conscience and
to the guidance of his spiritual desires.
He is not one-sided, but symmetrical. His
character is long with tenacity and steady-
ness of pursuit, broad with sunny sympa-
thies, lofty in its reach toward God. He
unites energy, love, and faith.

Moderation, persistence, timeliness, sym-
metry,—these I call the often forgotten
qualities of greatness. Save timeliness
alone, which may be a God-given instinct,
not one of these attributes of character is
beyond the reach of the humblest one among
us. In the combination of these familiar
qualities is the only essential of leader-
ship. Position, imperial powers, prophetic
gifts, transcendent genius,—these add per-
haps additional glory to greatness; but, to
be a true leader of men, there is need only
of the union of these simple, approachable
virtues.

Consider, one hundred and sixty-three
years ago to-day the fate of the American
nation lay cradled in a humble homestead
in Virginia. No pageantry hailed the birth
of the founder of our State. He was not
born heir to great possessions or intellect-
ual inheritances. He never had any un-
usual advantages, and never developed any
transcendent talents. Yet this nation owes
not only its existence, but many of the most
conspicuous merits of its conscious organ-
ism, its mental and moral attributes, its
ideals of patriotism, to a simple country
gentleman, whose constant desire was just
to live in hospitable quiet on the banks of
his loved Potomac. If we have a national
honor to preserve, if we have a national
fame to extend, if we have a national char-
acter to keep pure, we owe it to him in
whose life were incarnated those ideals of
character I have been describing.

"Soldier and statesman, rarest unison,
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler nature shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New trimmed in heaven, nor than his stead-
fast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from
fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of
will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still with-
stood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but
one
Who was all this and ours and all men's,—
Washington."

It is astonishing how soon the whole con-
science begins to unravel if a single stitch
drops. One little sin indulged makes a
hole you could put your head through.—
Charles Buxton.

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THE CLERGYMAN IN THE CIVIL WAR.*

BY REV. E. C. BOLLES.

That you call on me to answer to this toast because I was a clergyman in the Civil War excites one feeling that does not go to enliven an after-dinner speech. Almost a generation has passed since Lee surrendered to Grant; and this means that I am taking my place with the patriarchs, whose memories are more active than their hands.

They are wild times which you ask me to remember. They have left upon men who were actors in those scenes the most un-effaceable impressions of their lives, just as they left scars, honorable, but indelible, upon the veterans of the fight. We looked out over the sea, stormed upon by a new and terrible gale, hoping, fearing, praying, as we wondered if the Ship of State would founder or reach her port, just as the last week we have followed the fortunes of a missing Atlantic steamer, only to-day moored at her dock. But the old ship came safely in,—not convoyed by craft which flew another flag nor in tow of friendly tugs: she came in under her own sails, and with the Republican party on deck! [Applause.]

"The ministers made the war!" was the cry of some, who thought that with the ending of peace the day of doom had come. They did not make the war, any more than they made slavery. They *did* link the Constitution to the Bible; they *did* preach what they believed the gospel stood for,—the liberty of men. They *did* take for their texts, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and that the "acceptable fast" was "to set the captives free." They did this so effectually that their message crystallized into politics, and a blizzard of votes swept all unchristian compromise away. But the hand which fired the first gun made the war. A little while after Sumter a sneering critic said to a clergyman of my acquaintance: "You profess to follow the Prince of Peace, and yet you are hungry for war; you teach the fraternity of all men, and then approve of killing your brothers in the South." "Yes," was the reply: "the man down South is my brother. I know it. But he's assaulting my mother; and, brother or not, I can't stand that!"

There are some great services which clergymen rendered to the cause of the Union, which are conspicuous even among the illustrious men and deeds of the time. Edward Everett Hale wrote a story, "The Man without a Country," which was worth a thousand regiments to the army of the North. Thomas Starr King, with his silver eloquence and magnetic patriotism, held the Pacific Coast to loyalty. Henry W. Bellows organized the Sanitary Commission, which duplicated the army of the men who fought with the army of consolation, help, and relief. And, besides these churchmen of vast ability and opportunity, a hundred thousand others, Catholics and Protestants, did their best to uphold the State. They shouldered their muskets in the ranks or served as the chaplains and friends of the soldiers in the field. They followed the recruiting officers to add their persuasions to every patriotic call. They flung out the stars and stripes from their church towers, to wave over the boys who went marching to the front, and wrapped the flag around their pulpits, whereon lay the Word of God. They preached patience, courage, hope, and held men's hearts to faith in the eternal laws of right when the darkness of the Peninsula or the repulse at Fredericksburg chilled the public blood. [Loud applause.]

And they did all these things with single-mindedness, and at the cost of much self-denial. Of all classes in the community, they formed, perhaps, the one which found no practical compensation in those years of war. They had to face the rising thermometer of high prices and the falling barometer of a dwindling purse. They had no government contracts, no business boom. They bought no bonds. When cotton cloth was a dollar a yard and gold stood at \$2.50, and they had sent almost everything except the clothes they stood in to the hospitals and freedmen, the only comfort they found was in laughing at the income tax; for then, as now, the public kept the average minister under bonds to be unworldly by giving him no possible opportunity to be corrupted by too much money. [Laughter.]

*Abstract of an address at the Lincoln dinner before the Republican Club of New York.

There were times when the clergy were invaluable in inspiring public calmness and confidence. I well remember one Sunday, when the "Merrimac" was out, and had already sunk the "Congress" and "Cumberland," that McClellan telegraphed to the seaports of New England their danger if the rebel ram should turn northward on a further errand of destruction. Some hot-headed lunatic had handbills printed in staring type, and headed, "No Sundays in the midst of Revolution!" and proceeded to rush into the churches and scatter them among the congregation. For a moment it was like a cry of "Fire!" My own church was full, and the congregation seemed as if a cyclone of hysterics had struck it; but in the end we went on with our devotions, with the conviction that, whatever peril or emergency was at the door, we should meet it all the better with God's help. I do not say that the "Monitor" came in answer to our prayers: it is not my custom to claim a monopoly of Providence. But it did come, as all the world knows; and Ericsson earned the immortal gratitude of America. [Applause.]

There were some silver threads of comedy in the sober web of a clerical war experience. As the years went on, there was much relief work to be done at home. Then the woman's kingdom was, like the King's daughter, all glorious within. "Women and ministers" used to be one of the stock sneers of our domestic traitors. A minister of war times could ask no greater honor than to have his name coupled with that of Mary Livermore, who rose to higher honor and service than even Florence Nightingale or Julia Ward Howe, whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" sung a new meaning into the bugle-call of the Union. Well, the ministers and women had much to do for men who had come shattered and sick to their poor homes, families who had given their all of support and strength to their country, children suddenly fatherless, widows crushed under the cruel feet of war. I was called to see one woman, said to be poor, whose husband had been killed or was missing from the ranks. Poor enough she seemed to be, and I entered with a sympathetic heart into the story of her trouble. Her husband was gone. That was all she knew. What was his regiment? She could not tell. Was he in the infantry, cavalry, or artillery? She was ignorant. But, finally, with a sudden gleam of memory, she said, "I believe they call him a bounty-jumper, sir!" [Laughter.]

Almost every clergyman who was in orders from 1860 to 1864 remembers some sermons which were to him the greatest of his life,—his first sermon after the shot at Sumter; the sermon on that Sunday when the first company of recruits stacked their arms outside his church door and filed in to prayers; the sermon, set in jubilant music, when Lee had surrendered; that sermon when the heavens seemed hung in black, and Lincoln lay cold and dead. The echoes of those sermons died long ago on the public ear: they will never die in the preacher's heart.

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD.

The following address was spoken by William Lloyd Garrison at the funeral of Theodore D. Weld:—

"God sends his teachers unto every age," and it was the happy fortune of our friend to be an early teacher in the largest school of the century. Nature fitted him for a persuader of men. A spiritual nature, a logical mind, a sensitive conscience, moral courage, an eloquent tongue,—these were the endowments of Theodore D. Weld. We come together to-day to speak our word of appreciation because these gifts were worthily used. To be an anti-slavery teacher in his day was to be a soldier also, not less heroic because the warfare was not carnal.

A few brief years cover his historic period, personal disability too soon following his persistent and exhausting anti-slavery activity. But so crucial were the times when he espoused the cause, so dramatic and brilliant was the scene in which he was a chief actor, that no history of the abolition movement can be written without embalming the story of Lane Seminary and Theodore D. Weld. It is an oft-told tale. Dr. Lyman Beecher, with his great New England reputation, was the president of the institution. Of the more than one hundred students, eleven were from slave States, seven of them sons of slaveholders, and one a slaveholder himself. The force and magnetism of young Weld found instant illustration. Forbidden by the faculty to discuss the burning question of slavery in academic debate, he led the stern revolt,

sweeping by the force of his abilities and character even the Southern students into the anti-slavery crusade. Leaving the seminary in a body, the students scattered far and wide, apostles of freedom, many of them preaching in peril the duty of emancipation. Who shall measure the influence of that devoted band?

During two years only was Mr. Weld permitted to labor on the platform, his magnificent voice failing through over-use and accident; but with his pen he added service to service. Singularly enough his harrowing book, "Slavery as it is, or Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," stimulated Mrs. Stowe to the later writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." How little Dr. Beecher imagined that the immortality of the Beecher family, through the pen of his gifted daughter, depended in such measure upon the recalcitrant student he labored so hard to repress!

Another chapter in our friend's romantic history was his marriage with Angelina Grimké, one of the famous Grimké sisters. That a despised abolitionist should, in consequence of his advocacy of a hated cause, thereby secure a wife from one of the proudest slaveholding families in South Carolina would be considered improbable in fiction.

Few, if any, of this assembly can recall the early days of the nation's regenerative struggle. Only in his later life, venerable in aspect, when circumstances brought Mr. Weld and his family into this New England neighborhood, at the outbreak of the Civil War, did we know these toilers in the time of great adversity. The nation had then eschewed the selling and scourging of human beings under the law; and Northern soldiers were finishing the work of emancipation which the abolitionists began, and which they fondly hoped to reach through peaceful means.

But the veteran did not come into a strange community. Many years at Bellville and at Eagleswood, N. J., had Mr. and Mrs. Weld kept schools for the children of reformers chiefly; and former scholars rallied to him with spontaneous loyalty and affection. Again he looked for fresh pupils to instruct, and through the pages of Shakspeare interpreted by the light of life's experiences the lessons of the world's bard.

Who can forget his striking and familiar figure as he wended his abstracted way through Boston streets, a contrast to the alert and nervous multitude? He might himself have stood for a Shaksperian hero, this man of strength and tenderness and leonine front. Year in and year out, through domestic loss and sorrows, serene amid mutations that tax the courage of advancing age, he went his daily rounds, not soured and pessimistic, but with the serene faith and optimism of the true idealist. His soul could not grow old. The atmosphere he carried, not less than his picturesque beauty, impressed strangers unaware of his remarkable past. His mind was open and hospitable to new ideas; and, as became the husband of such a wife, he was an earnest champion of woman's utmost rights.

This is a day of rejoicing for him. The body was weary of its long service, and further extension of days could bring nothing to counterbalance the waning faculties and weakening limbs. He had seen the death of slavery, and had enjoyed the apotheosis accorded to most reformers only after death. It was time that the trammelled spirit should be emancipated. He had no doubt that death was the threshold to a larger life, and no man had more reason for the assurance. His faith was a continual comfort, for

"He who sees the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless meanwhile the Unseen Hand that leads
The heart's desire beyond the halting step
Of deeds."

Rev. J. H. Rich, a former pastor, in an address on Mr. Weld, said: "He was a

prophet of humanity, a preacher of hope to the world, a defender of the weak, and a deliverer of the oppressed. The yokes he could not break he battered and bruised, and hastened their divorce from the galled neck of all manner and kind of slaves and sufferers. Mr. Weld was an absolutely just and fearless man. He would stand up for right and justice, and insist upon these virtues in friend or foe. During the last thirty years, he was an ardent believer in and supporter of the Unitarian Church, and its most distinguished member, and president of his own society."

Literature.

WHITTIER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

Up to a certain point Mr. Pickard has given us a book which is entirely satisfactory. It is a mine of information, from which future biographers can coin their books at will, and impress them with their own image and superscription. Presumably, his information is as accurate as any we shall ever have. If it is not, it is not because Mr. Pickard has withheld details which might seem to be injurious to Whittier's reputation. Nothing is so characteristic of his book as, to use Charles Lamb's phrase descriptive of his father, "a most incorrigible and losing honesty." We can imagine him as mastered by the soul of Whittier's soul, the conscience of his conscience, and fearing above all things to withhold anything that is true of him, and yet casts a reflection more or less painful on his character. And so it happens that, considering the length of Whittier's career, and how much has been written on him heretofore, including two separate biographies, we have in Mr. Pickard's book an element of revelation and surprise that was not at all to be expected, and which is very uncommon in the biographies of long-lived men written after their death. The point at which Mr. Pickard's book ceases to be entirely satisfactory is that where it begins to be critical. Hardly does it begin, and it does not go far on this line. Here we must wait for some volume of the "American Men of Letters," written by a competent hand,—if by Mr. Stedman's, how happy we should be!—and in the meantime content ourselves with isolated articles or such judgments as we are able to frame in our own minds. Mr. Pickard's book is rich in particulars of the methods of Whittier's work, which will be extremely serviceable to the critic we await, when he arrives.

Although Mr. Pickard's account of Whittier's childhood and youth are very full and interesting, it contains little of striking value that the biographies of Underwood and Kennedy did not furnish us. His descent from Stephen Bachiler with Daniel Webster is attested by better authority than their common possession of "the Bachiler eye." Mr. Pickard has a better opinion of that early ancestor than had Gov. Winthrop or Mr. Whittier. In the earlier New England generations the name Whittier had all the variability common to surnames of the time, being spelled in eighteen different ways. The poet's delicate health, which had a giant's strength in shaping his

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. By Samuel T. Pickard. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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career, he attributed to the toughening processes to which he was subjected in his youth. We owe to them, it will be seen as we go on, a debt of gratitude that we cannot easily exaggerate.

Mr. Pickard's narrative confirms our previous impression that it was the anti-slavery movement that made Whittier a poet, not merely an anti-slavery poet, but a poet. That taught him how to write poetry; and, once he had learned this secret, he could turn it to account in other fields. It is "significant of much" that the poem to Garrison (1832), which stands first in the order of his anti-slavery poems, is chronologically the third of all the poems that he finally included in the body of his collected works. (A few others were printed in an appendix as literary curiosities.) Yet, when he wrote that poem to Garrison, he had written and published nearly or quite three hundred since his first poem which appeared in print was published in young Garrison's *Free Press* at Newburyport, June 8, 1826. Where shall we look for another instance of a young poet, finally attaining to a marked ability and fame, writing so much before really coming to the use of his right hand? And it is not as if Whittier's self-criticism was very stern. It certainly was not. Few or any of his intelligent admirers would wish to save more than the two poems, "The Vaudois Teacher" and "The Frost Spirit," which were all that he saved from the three hundred written from 1826 to 1832. We have here an experience at the antipodes of Bryant's, where "Thanatopsis," written in his seventeenth year, is equal to the best he wrote in the next sixty years. But, once the anti-slavery spirit had stirred the heart of Whittier, everything that he wrote assumed straightway a higher character. This must not be taken too absolutely, for the ambitious "Mogg Megone" (1834) he finally remanded to the limbo of his ineffectual things.

But in all this there is no surprise for those who have attended to the life of Whittier heretofore with any carefulness. What is surprising is the fact that, having become an abolitionist, he remained a Whig politician for some eight or ten years, and then, joining the Liberty Party, carried with him into that much of the predilection for wire-pulling and log-rolling which had been characteristic of the earlier period to a remarkable degree. For about a dozen years he was the loyal henchman of Caleb Cushing, then endeavoring to represent the Essex District in Congress, and finally succeeding in doing so with Whittier's help. But his loyalty was not complete. There was a majority rule, and consequently elections were frequent; and, when there was no chance for himself, Cushing graciously allowed some one else to stand up and be shot at. To Whittier, so privileged, it occurred that he might so manage things as to actually secure an election for himself behind Mr. Cushing's back; but somehow the scheme miscarried. The promises he made to his fellow-conspirators at this time savor of the spoils system most offensively, though the magic formula, "To the victors belong the spoils," had then two years to gender in the womb of time. We have also to notice a letter of Whittier's to Cushing at one time, begging, if he had said this and that which Whittier had attributed to him, he would reassert it like a man, but if he had not, that he would be discreetly silent. Again we find him forcing the hand of Cushing to write a letter, or, rather, writing it with his own hand, and then flaunting it as a spontaneous expression of Cushing's to the Essex electors, and thereby securing Cushing's election. Later we find him using the same letter to discredit Cushing for a place in Tyler's cabinet. And this course of things runs parallel with an anti-slavery enthusiasm the genuineness of which we are notable for a moment to suspect.

Something was needed to save Whittier from the fatal consequences of his predilection for political management. It came to him in the guise of physical disability. In 1843, unable to extort from Whigs or Democrats an anti-slavery pledge, he over and over again prevented an election by standing as a Liberty Party candidate. Finally Daniel Webster advised the Whigs to support him. That would have meant an election, but his health was too precarious for him to take the proffered gift. "A kind Providence," says Mr. Pickard, "by a seeming affliction, had set him apart for

a still higher usefulness." That phrase is big with a suggestiveness on which one cannot look without a quaking heart. For, had Whittier's health permitted him to enter Congress and to remain there, or go higher, it is very certain that we never should have known him as the poet who is now so dear to us, and sure to be as dear to coming generations. The list of anti-slavery poems might have been as long and good as it is now; but that we should have had "The Master," "Snow-bound," "The Eternal Goodness," and the many of their kind he wrote in the last half of the century, we are compelled to doubt. Nor would the man have suffered less than the poet. His tastes and his abilities would have fixed for him that line of secret management which is far more dangerous to personal character than the open combats of the political arena.

The interest of Mr. Pickard's second volume is much less striking and suggestive than that of the first, but it is of a more pleasant kind. There we have more the Whittier of our habitual reverence and love. There, too, we have the successful man of letters. He was not this until the war was over. He was so far from being it that just before his publication of "Snow-bound" he was on the point of mortgaging his modest house in Amesbury. But the first sales of "Snow-bound" brought him \$10,000, and after that he had no more anxieties; and, though still frugal, he could easily be generous and leave a liberal fortune to his relatives and friends. Mr. Pickard gives us the history of many poems; and Whittier's correspondence about them with his publishers and with his editors, Lowell and Fields, is always interesting and frequently amusing. If they left many a line that we would blot for some wrong pronunciation or some intolerable rhyme, we are permitted to be grateful to them for blotting many worse than those we know. It seems that we are indebted to Lowell for the dialect form of the refrain in "Skipper Ireson's Ride," a distinct addition to that ballad's splendid force. His relations with Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, and Bryant, and especially with the Boston group, were of an ideal beauty. So were his friendships with Lucy Larcom, Lydia Maria Child, and others worthy of his love. There are many pleasant humors of his literary and domestic life. By no means indifferent to reputation, the notoriety that came with it at length was very troublesome. He could lose a masculine bore upon the Amesbury streets with tolerable success, but to "lose a her" was much more difficult. Of his religious life as illustrated in these volumes the *Register* has already spoken editorially (Dec. 13, 1894) with some particularity. They assign him, together with his works, a distinguished place among the liberals in theology and the liberalizers of religious sentiment. The sterner aspects of Orthodoxy had no beauty that he should desire them and no rationality appealing to his mind. But the most characteristic feature of his religious genius was his ability to find the spirit of love and worship under all the disguises of sectarian belief, and thereby to find himself a member of that church universal which is not of any special land or time.

J. W. C.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG By Charles M. Sheldon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—This is a powerful and affecting story of a minister who endeavored to conform his ministry to the New Testament ideal. The same thing has been tried before, and tried much more effectively than it is here in at least one instance,—that of Mrs. Linton's "Joshua Davidson," meaning Jesus, the son of David. That was so remarkably well done and so very tragical and impressive that its short-lived fame must be a matter for wonder and regret to those who knew it and admired it in its day. "Phillip Strong" is much inferior to "Joshua Davidson" as a piece of literary art, but one is not sure that it does not bring home certain matters of importance even more powerfully. It touches many a sore spot in the ordinary ministrations of religion,—sore spots that are quite inseparable from our voluntary system of church support. To preach the simple truth to men who pay your salary is not an easy matter. At the same time it is permitted us to doubt if Phillip Strong was "rich in saving common sense," and also whether the social ethics of the Sermon on the Mount are workable in the present order of society. There is the further question whether, if they are not, this order should be overturned. Mr. Howells would say, "Yes, they should be," and Mr. Sheldon evidently agrees with him; but so drastic a pronouncement gives us pause.

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.—This is a bright and thoroughly amusing story, the fun depending largely on the contrasting qualities of two friends, one of them a reporter and the other a professor. The former has the knowingsness peculiar to his class. Probably he knows as much about cooking as about anything else; but he is constitutionally tired, and allows the professor to do the cooking when they go camping out together in Canada on their vacation. Fortunately, they make friends, of whose hospitality they avail themselves. Two interesting girls appear upon the scene. The professor falls in love with one of them, the reporter with both, and desires the advice of the professor in determining the balance of his affections. He finally settles on the professor's girl, but the embarrassment is relieved by her predilection for the professor. Thereupon he turns to the other, who is agreeable to his wishes. The title of the book is a satire on the failure of the reporter to get the quiet that he seeks. There is a Fenian rising, and there are telegraphic demands for his return and various complications. If one does not expect more from the story than an hour or two of innocent amusement, it will not be disappointing.

A DOUBLE CHERRY. By M. E. Winchester. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25. This story for children is elaborate in construction and as carefully considered as a novel. It is interesting and well written, except that it is sometimes too long drawn out and slow in action. However, if children enjoy a book, the longer the better for some reasons. This is not by any means, however, a book that should be put into the hands of a delicate, sensitive child, who would distress himself unnecessarily over the sorrows and sufferings of the two devoted little brothers of the tale, to say nothing of the parts relating to the miser and his dreadful death. A critical writer ventured the suggestion a year or two ago that we should have a censorship to taboo such books as make for melancholy in a season when people have troubles enough of their own. For children's books at least the plan might be a good one.

HEART TREASURES. By Fannie A. Damon. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.—The dainty white covers and the gold lettering of this book are simple and attractive, while the verses within give evidence of a thoughtful spirit and a mind disposed to find good in trial and hope in the heart of sorrow. They are not ambitious verses, but will doubtless fulfil their mission of speaking a word of help to other hearts. The writer is more concerned about the

purity of her thoughts than the form in which they are expressed.

THE RUBIES OF ST. LO. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.—This is a charming little story of romance, with family legends, hidden jewels, and enough mystery to make an effective denouement at the end. Truth avails over spells and errors, as it ought. Probably the chief criticism that young girls will make on the book will be that it is too short.

The Magazines.

The *Pansy* appears with its usual variety of stories and verses for the little ones. The February number includes instalments of the serials by Pansy and Margaret Sidney, short stories by Myra Spafford, E. H. Buckhout, and a few articles of more serious tone, besides the usual departments.

Lend a Hand continues its record of progress by reports of good work already accomplished or in operation. The opening article of the February number discusses the "Abolition of Pauperism," finding the solution of the problem in decentralization. W. H. McElroy commends Palmer's "Wealth of Labor" to students of economics, especially to law-makers. The Indians of Minnesota and the Massachusetts Indian Association, the Boston public schools, home studies for children, German public kitchens, and other topics of interest are discussed or presented here with ability.

Col. Hill James contributes to *Macmillan's Magazine* for February an interesting article entitled "Recollections of the Chinese War," meaning thereby the taking of Peking in 1860. "The Sexcentenary of the English Parliament," by J. W. Root, traces briefly the steps that led to the great consummation of 1295. Mr. Andrew Lang writes of the romantic career of a queen of England, who never saw English ground, Maria Clementina, grand-daughter of Sobieski and mother of Prince Charlie, and of her escape from imperial custody at Innspruck. There are as many more articles, all deserving mention.

The *Charities Review* is a journal of practical sociology, and contains much interesting and instructive matter for any one interested in charity organization or other forms of this work. The "Care of the Insane" and "Causes of Poverty" are articles in the January number, written by Rev. S. G. Smith and Amos G. Warner respectively. Rev. W. G. C. Wright contributes the leading article on "Society can afford to lose None of its Fragments," which is followed by Ansley Wilcox's "Concerning Labor Tests," in which the writer shows this to be one of the problems that do not

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admit of absolute determination because of their variable factors; but he offers helpful suggestions. The other articles and the general notes are also instructive.

The *Cosmopolitan* contains its usual number of illustrated articles, "From Baku to Samarkand," by Frank Vincent, representing travel, and "The Fall of Louis Philippe," by Émile Ollivier, representing history. Anatole France continues the series "Great Passions of History" by a study of Abelard and Héloïse, Viscount Wolseley tells us "What China should do," W. Clark Russell spins a three-stranded yarn, Mr. Howells concludes his "A Parting and a Meeting," while Mrs. De Koven contributes a cynical little sketch of society life. Julian Hawthorne's article on "Salvation via the Rack" is one whose grim title warns off readers, who prefer not to sup upon horrors unless it is necessary; and there are other articles of varied interest.

The *Arena* for February includes in its articles on social, economic, and political problems "The President's Currency Plan," by Congressman W. J. Bryan; "Bimetallism and Legislation," by Hon. C. S. Thomas; "The Populist Campaign in Chicago," by Willis J. Abbot. "Woman Suffrage in the South" is discussed in articles presenting opposing views, and written by Mrs. Josephine K. Henry and Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson. Each quotes freely from letters received from representative women; and perhaps nothing is more significant than the moderate, even uncertain, tone of those opposed. The article by Rev. S. J. Barrows, on "Penology in Europe and America," is a comparative study of prisons and prison methods in different countries. Henry Wood has written of "The Dynamics of Mind"; B. O. Flower, of "The Italy of the Century of Sir Thomas More"; and there are other articles of interest.

Christian Literature for February contains the first part of an article by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in which he considers the assurance of salvation and the certainty of belief to which the pope has invited Christendom. It is called "How the Rev. Dr. Stone bettered his Situation," and answers the arguments set forth by James Kent Stone, late president of Kenyon College and of Hobart College, in his book entitled "The Invitation heeded." F. H. Woods writes of the permanent and beneficial influence which the simple, manly life of Charles Kingsley has had on English character. Mrs. Ireland's "Recollections of James Anthony Froude" is reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*; and an essay by T. Teignmouth Shore treats the subject of auricular confession historically, as connected with the English Church. A sermon by Rev. Reuben Thomas is reprinted from the *Outlook*, and there are also articles by Theodore L. Cuyler and Canon Farrar.

The February or midwinter number of the *Century* contains several articles of biographical and critical interest. Besides the instalment of Sloane's life of Napoleon Bonaparte, which presents him as the Jacobin patriot, there are articles on Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Mrs. Fields; "Characteristics of George Inness," by George William Sheldon; "The Death of Emin Pasha," by R. Dorsey Mohun; and "Lincoln, Chase, and Grant," by Noah Brooks. Miss Alice Brown contributes a story in a vein new to her, so far as we know. Frank Pope Humphrey tells in "He would a-wooing go" how Joel Larkin tried to propose to Tenty Farebrother, and Mrs. Harrison continues "An Errant Wooing." "People in New York" are described by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, affording good points for illustration by C. D. Gibson; and there are other articles of interest, besides poetry by Robert Underwood Johnson, Ralph Adams Cram, John Hay, and Kenyon Cox.

A valuable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* is that by Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell on "The Subtle Art of Speech-reading." Mrs. Bell's frank description of her own experience since the severe illness that deprived her of hearing is not only interesting, but encouraging for others. The very next article describes "A Voyage in the Dark," the fishing trip of a blind man. Boris Sidis contributes a curious "Study of the Mob." He believes they are "hypnotized by a strong, sudden action, becoming for a time obedient" to the ringleader, the hero, who hypnotizes. "Russia as a Civilizing Force in Asia" is a subject discussed by James Mascarene Hubbard. French, the sculptor, is the first subject of a series of essays by Royal Cortissoz, "New Figures in Literature and Art." His service to American art is admirably estimated; and the praise, though unstinted, is well supported by reasons. "Physical Training in the Public Schools" is wisely advocated by M. V. O'Shea; and Mrs. Fields writes a graphic, loving sketch of her friend, Celia Thaxter. Indeed, the number is rich in articles that claim and hold attention.

Thomas A. Janvier leads off in the February number of *Harper's Magazine* with an article on "New York Colonial Privileges." He confesses a warm kindness for these "audacious rashlings," that flows partly from envy of their doings and partly from gladness that they had the chance to fight their lives out in their own way.

Poultney Bigelow describes "French Fighters in Africa." Charles F. Lummis, in "Down the West Coast," tells of a twenty-seven days' ocean trip from San Francisco to Callao; and Edwin Lord Weeks takes "Oudeypore, the City of the Sunrise," as subject of an interesting article, affording opportunity for romantic and most attractive illustrations. "What is Gambling?" by John Bigelow, is a thoughtful and timely article. The fiction of the number includes short stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Grace King, Julian Ralph, each of which reveals the pathos hidden in the lives of common people, besides the serials by Richard Harding Davis and Thomas Hardy. There is very little poetry; but that little is unusually good, eight lines by John B. Tabb and as many more by Lilla Cabot Perry, entitled respectively "Vox Clamantis" and "Love's not Death's Slave." There are other articles of interest.

Miscellaneous.

Maynard's School Texts, No. 6 in the French series, is arranged for beginners by Mlle. de Pompéry, "Petites Histoires Enfantines." The German text is an historical sketch taken from Otto Hoffmann's "Andreas Hofer." The customary arrangement of notes and vocabulary is found in these numbers, and as usual the German selection is much superior to the French.

The *Tribune Almanac and Political Register* seemingly contains information on all points connected with the political government of the States, besides financial and commercial statistics of various kinds and data on subjects too numerous to classify. It is a perfect mine of knowledge, and may be had for twenty-five cents. This was first published in 1838 as the *Whig Almanac*, and is the oldest among all American annuals.

Books Received.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.
A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics. Selected and edited by Felix E. Schelling.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
The Adventures of Jones. By Hayden Carruth.
The Literature of the Georgian Era. By William Minto.
Modern Missions in the East: Their Methods, Successes, and Limitations. By Edward A. Lawrence, D.D.
A Farm-house Cobweb. A Novel. By Emory J. Haynes.
Men born Equal. A Novel. By Harry Perry Robinson.
Hippolyte and Golden Beak. Two Stories. By George Bassett.
The Phantoms of the Foot Bridge, and Other Stories. By Charles Egbert Craddock.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. A Novel. By Walter Besant.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
Honest Money. By Arthur I. Fonda.
From Thomas Whittaker, New York.
Sermon Stuff. Second Series. By S. D. McConnell, D.D. Price \$1.00.
From the American Book Company, New York.
Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse. Illustrative Readings from Latin Literature. Selected and edited by Harry Thurston Peck and Robert Arrowsmith.
From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.
The Devil's Playground. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By John Mackie.
The Smallest English Dictionary in the World. With Magnifying Glass. Price 75 cents.
From Brentano's, New York.
The Income-tax Law. With Speech by David B. Hill. Price 10 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, New York.
The Dearest Girl. Song and Chorus. Words and music by Safford Waters.
Barcelona. Waltz for Pianoforte. By A. C. Knight.
Minuet L'Antique. For Pianoforte. By Frank E. Sawyer.
Chromatic Octave. Galop. For Pianoforte. By Charles Wells.
La Belle Caprice. Valse de Ballet. By John Francis Gilder.
Spring Song. By A. C. Mackenzie.
Only to see thee. For the Guitar. By F. C. Shearn.
Spring is here. Song. Words and music by Frances F. P. Chace.
Quid Retribuam Domino. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, Providence, R.I.
Visions of Rest Waltzes. Arranged for the Guitar. By F. C. Shearn.

A Monthly Pamphlet.—Prospectus.

"Life=Studies."

The immediate large interest in the two small cloth-bound books of the "Life" series, published during the last quarter of 1894 (each containing four papers), together with the general desire that similar brief essays or "studies" might be had singly in neat periodical form, leads to this first monthly issue of *Life-Studies*. The two books first issued in the bound series were "As Natural as Life," by Rev. Charles G. Ames, and "In Love with Love," by James H. West, and subsequent volumes, uniform in size and general style, being promised from Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. Dr. M. D. Shutter, and men of similar power. Some or all of the writers here named will appear likewise in the present periodical, in a single issue each, while to their papers will be added popular essays or "life-studies" from others among the best and brightest minds of America.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THOSE BONNIE EYES OF BLUE.

BY EMILY J. LEWIS.

At night, by day, in dreams I see
A house exceeding fair,
So delicately fashioned 'tis,
Of workmanship most rare.
And from the casement window shine
A pair of eyes so blue:
Ah me! those bonnie, bonnie eyes,
Those bonnie eyes of blue!

It seems but yesterday 'twas here,
This dainty house, so sweet,
Within a garden fair it stood,
Where scent and color meet.
The lilies bloomed, the roses climbed
To reach the pane, where through
Shone out those bonnie, bonnie eyes,
Those bonnie eyes of blue.

But all at once a cloud, a storm,
Obscured the peace and light;
And muttering, roaring, whirling round,
It tore the home from sight.
The flowers are dead, my house is gone:
Perchance 'twill grieve you, too,
To know that I have lost those eyes,
Those bonnie eyes of blue.

I wander here, I wander there.
My heart is full of pain.
I cannot find those baby eyes,
My search is all in vain.
And yet sometimes there comes to me
A dream, a vision true,
A feeling that they're near me still,
Those bonnie eyes of blue.

Yes, for the sake of that pure face
My soul grows brave and strong,
I feel the all-embracing Love,
And in my heart a song.
For flowers shall grow again, and light
Come streaming through and through,
As in the heavens they smile at me,
Those bonnie eyes of blue.

For the Christian Register.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that cupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget it's existence."

Mrs. Jordan smiled: the suggestion was so like Bettie.

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thoroughly."

"Then let me do it, mamma." Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Bettie. "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good for?"

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room; and Bettie, perched on the baby's high-chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached the lowest shelf? You see the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons; while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made it a sort of dumping-ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's good resolutions.

"Behold," said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperilled her standing on the high-chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went

on confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf. I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either." And the round face grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve, or I should feel as if I were dishonoring *that*." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office? It ought to go on the next mail."

"Of course, I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently, she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whited sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute, and the cover was replaced,—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we ever do without our helpful Bettie, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-riding with us."

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh-bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fireplace in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, running for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet; and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

"Say, now," he protested: "you guess them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his two hands, and delivered them over to Bettie.

"That isn't hard," she announced almost immediately. "It's 'daughter.'"

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram, so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter she claimed to be,—the "King's Daughter"; and her resolution was taken. That detestable box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection; for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly

in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too. Long-lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If it isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pincushion! And here's a paper pinned to it." So there was; and on it were just these three words, "For faithful Bettie." Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettie had been ignorant of its existence? How confident she must have been that Bettie would not shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find! Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that came behind the big arm-chair a few minutes later.

"Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to cover her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pincushion?"

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" answered Aunt Lydia.

"What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Giving conundrums? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for you,—a regular puzzler!"

GRANDMOTHER'S MUFF.

"When I was a happy little girl in New York State, I was a greater coward than you!"

Timid Cara Fulton's sweet face brightened. "You a coward, grandma? I can't believe that!"

"But I was, child, and I can prove it with a story! You see, that is how I came by my first squirrel-skin muff. It was given me by good Uncle Foster for a bit of bravery done long ago. At that time we lived quite near Owasco Lake, just father, mother, and I; for I was an only child, and had been spoiled and petted accordingly. And I was a great coward until I earned that pretty muff!"

"Uncle Foster was also our next neighbor, for father's farm and his adjoined."

"One stormy December night my dear mother was taken ill. Father had gone to Auburn, and would not return until the next day. But a doctor must be had at once."

"Valerie," said mother, with a groan, "you must go for Dr. Bain."

"And my foolish heart jumped clear up into my throat! For Dr. Bain lived a good half-mile beyond. And it was already after nine. Beside that, I had never in all my life been out in the dark alone."

"And I shrank back, pale and trembling, though mother's dear face was paler. 'Don't ask it: please don't,' I cried. But mother repeated her words more firmly: 'Valerie, you must go for Dr. Bain.'"

"And so, despairingly, I donned my pretty blue hood and cloak and mittens. After that I kissed mother, and went out into the night. Oh, the terror and agony of that awful moment! The heavy clouds hid moon and stars! The wind blew, and the snow fell. And all about me was inky darkness. And, to crown all this, I must go for Dr. Bain."

"With slow, frightened step I crept down to the garden gate. It closed behind me with a bang, and it sounded exactly like the report of a musket. I screamed aloud, but was obliged to hasten on. Mother must have help, and that as quickly as possible."

"But some tall bushes by the roadside attracted my terrified gaze. Swaying in the wind, they took the forms of men. Robbers, perhaps, I thought, with a shudder. And they might kill me and take my new blue hood! Should I turn back? Conscience whispered no! Mother needed assistance, and she ought to have it. So, gaining a bit

of courage, I went on again, and the bushes were passed in safety. But just beyond was a little stretch of woods, and I would be obliged to pass that also. Yet how could I? Why, I had always held my breath in the day-time when going by with father in his gig. But now I must go alone and in the dark. Shutting both eyes tight, I started on a run; and then, when I thought I had quite passed the awful wood, I opened them wide. And there I stood directly at its entrance."

"Again and again I screamed in terror. But the wind alone came through the leafless trees, and the snow fell in great flakes on my frightened face. I could only hurry on with the speed of the wind itself."

"When I reached Farmer Gray's lane, a strange dog came rushing out, and once more I was in mortal terror. It wasn't Mr. Gray's Tomtoy, and I had always been afraid of all dogs I wasn't acquainted with. Supposing this one should eat me up? Well, they would at least find my bones next day, at the foot of the long lane! But the huge fellow only licked my face and followed after, being more company than I can tell you. The balance of my half-mile to Dr. Bain's was gone over without accident or incident, and the good man himself opened wide his oaken door."

"Why, it's Dame Alton's lassie!" he cried in welcome. "You were brave, indeed, to come out here on such a night!"

"Don't," I answered excitedly. "I am not brave at all! Mother is ill, or I couldn't have come. And I don't know how I got here at all! O Dr. Bain, I've had such dreadful frights!"

"I don't wonder," he said with a kiss. "But we'll go back together in a sleigh, and that will make you forget all about it."

"And so we did shortly after, Dr. Bain cheering me up with kindly jest and song."

"But it did not seem the same road! We slipped by the lane and woods and bushes in turn, and at last drew up before father's own white gate."

"Mother was lying white and still with a heart spell, and I felt that Dr. Bain had come just in time. For some hours he worked there at her bedside; and, when he finally left for home, mother was resting quietly and naturally."

"You have saved your mother's life," he said at the door. "Valeria, my dear, I don't think you will ever be a coward again."

"And I promised him, then and there, that I would not."

"Uncle Foster came over the next morning; and mother proudly told him the story of my bravery, as she termed it. But I knew it had been only cowardice instead, and when uncle drew me into his lap I sobbed aloud."

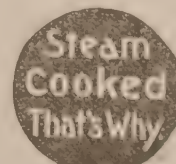
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"You don't know all!" I cried. "I have been a wretched, cowardly girl, and I wouldn't have gone a step to Dr. Bain's if mother hadn't made me." And then I told both mother and him my whole miserable story.

"But they did not chide me, as I thought they would. Mother called me her heroine, and Uncle Foster hugged me just like the bears in my story-books.

"Father got back from Auburn soon after, and he stroked my long hair gravely. 'I must not praise you,' he said, 'for you only did your duty. But I cannot be too thankful that you have at last overcome your cowardice. Ah! Valerie, I have great hopes of you yet!'

"And, coming from father, that was a great deal.

"The week before Christmas Uncle Foster went to New York City. It was a great thing in those days, and eagerly I awaited his return. For many a story would he have to tell me about what he had seen and heard.

"And he came on Christmas Day! The stage stopped right at our gate; and Aunt Selina, his wife, was there with us, to meet him. I remember he put me on his shoulder right before the driver and his other passengers, and I felt very much ashamed, indeed!

"My brave little Valerie!" he cried with a hug. "I've brought you a fine present clear from the great city! And you'll never guess just what it is!"

"I did, indeed, try hard, but finally I was obliged to give it up.

"After dinner we gathered around the blazing logs, and Uncle Foster brought out his presents. There was a long cloak for Aunt Selina, and a purple gown for mother. Father got a silver snuff-box, and lastly came my own present. It was in a square brown box, and on it was printed in Uncle Foster's own hand, 'For a brave girl.' The room seemed to turn round as I read! I looked at mother, but her eyes were filled with happy tears. And then Aunt Selina cut the string, and raised the lid, and there, like a pretty gray kitten, lay a soft squirrel-skin muff.

"Father raised both hands deprecatingly, but Uncle Foster shook his head. 'Don't say a word, Abner! Valeria shall have her due! She went for Dr. Bain that stormy night, without hope of reward; and I've brought her this muff in compensation. Selina and I have neither chick nor child, and Valeria has always seemed daughter and niece in one.'

"He shook out the pretty muff, and I thrust ten trembling fingers into it. What a moment that was, to be sure! Never can I forget Uncle Foster's kindly, florid face. I kissed him thankfully, and then I went over and kissed father also.

"For half a century I have treasured that squirrel-skin muff. It is faded and moth-eaten now, and I never take it from its old brown box. But I like to think it is still there on the upper shelf.

"Father and mother, Uncle Foster and Aunt Selina, are all sleeping in the old Auburn graveyard. They have been reunited above, where I, too, hope to join them at last.

"This, Cara, is my story. And you see that grandma was a coward, after all. Whenever you are tempted to be timid and fearful, just think how I earned my little gray muff."—Mrs. Findley Braden, in *New York Observer*.

AS TO ORANGES.

The orange is easily the queen of fruit-trees. It is of obscure origin. Nothing is said of it in the ancient classics. Scientists trace it to the farther bank of the Ganges. From thence it seems to have been brought to Syria by the Arabs. The crusaders discovered its singular beauty, and transplanted it to Spain; and the Spanish invaders probably brought it to Florida, as there are trees at St. Augustine which are thought to be two hundred years old still bearing fruit bountifully in their old age. The scattered wild groves are accounted for on the theory that travellers and Indians, carrying the fruit in their packs for food, unconsciously scattered the seeds about their camps. But, of course, as they

had no care,—like the apple-tree of the North, which, it is said, if neglected, will degenerate to its original sour crab state,—they have gone back to their old unregenerate conditions, sturdy in their depravity, but bearing only bitter fruit. But it is a noble stock, nevertheless, and, when budded with a new grace, bears as fine fruit as the world sees anywhere.

The orange culture, amounting this year, it is estimated, to about \$5,000,000, is the chief staple of Florida. Much capital is invested in it. Many hands labor at it. We are in the midst of the orange section, and many prosperous groves front on this Charm Lake. Blessings on the Mr. Great Heart that not only built here a memorial chapel and a commodious parsonage, but, by way of emphasis, also set off for it an acre grove of fifty orange-trees!

Only sand, I said; but this is one of the half-truths. Sand artificially fertilized is the bed where the roots of this marvellous tree suck out the nutriment and send up in the sap, to be elaborated in the dense foliage of the tree-top, the nectar of the orange. I do not cease to marvel—I never shall—at the mystery of the transformation. It is the last thing that one would naturally expect that out of this sand, with apparently no food sustenance for plants in it whatever, there should come such beautiful and abundant fruit. By what subtle process do these searching roots gather out from these infinitesimal particles of mere grit a liquid? for it must be that, else it could not ascend in sap. By what power is it pumped up through the cell structure of the trunk, distributed among the branches, and spread out among the leaves? Shall we ever know that marvellous chemical mystery in which the fervid sunshine and the balmy atmosphere elaborate and sweeten and flavor the juice, carrying it through the beautiful and delicate transformations of bud and flower, and then of green, hard, sour little balls, slowly swelling them through months of summer heat, pencilling them with a touch of gold as they round into their fulness in the autumn days? Who taught this marvellously scientific orange-tree to pack away its nectarine juices into the tender cells of golden globes, to cover them about with a layer of tasteless pith, and then to draw around all a tough, bright-colored, bitter peel, water-proof and firm enough to carry safely its precious enclosure to all climes of the globe, and yet so easily opened that, at the slightest puncture, the pent-up sweetness gushes to meet the pressure of rosebud lips, and bearded ones as well?—S. J. Humphrey, D.D., in *Advance*.

COLD-STORAGE RATS AND OATS.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* says that in the cold-storage warehouses in that city there were no rats or mice. The temperature in the cold rooms was too low. The keepers soon found, however, that the rat is an animal of remarkable adaptability. After some of these houses had been in operation for a few months the attendants found that rats were at work in the rooms where the temperature was constantly kept below the freezing point. They were found to be clothed in wonderfully long and thick fur, even the tapering, snakelike tails being covered by a thick growth of hair. Rats whose coats have adapted themselves to the conditions under which they live have domesticated themselves in all the storage warehouses in Pittsburg. The prevalence of rats in these places led to the introduction of cats. Now, it is well known that pussy is a lover of warmth and comfort. Cats, too, have a great adaptability to conditions. When cats were turned loose in the cold rooms, they pined and died because of the excessive cold.

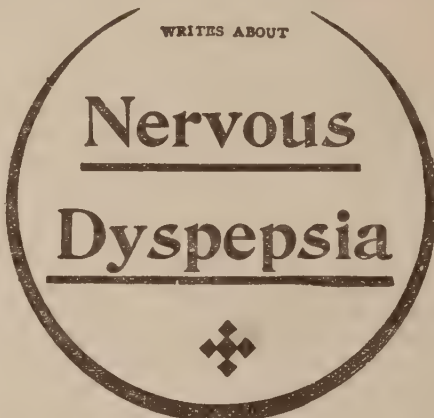
One cat was finally introduced into the rooms of the Pennsylvania Storage Company which was able to withstand the low temperature. She was a cat of unusually thick fur, and she thrived and grew fat in quarters where the temperature was below 30 degrees. By careful nursing a brood of seven kittens was developed in this warehouse into sturdy, thick-furred cats that love an Icelandic climate. They have been

distributed among the other cold-storage houses of Pittsburg, and have created a peculiar breed of cats, adapted to the conditions under which they must exist to find their prey. These cats are short-tailed, chubby pussies, with hair as thick and full of under fur as the wildcats of the Canadian woods. One of the remarkable things about them is the development of their "feelers." These long, stiff hairs that protrude from a cat's nose and eyebrows are, in the ordinary domestic feline, about three inches long. In the cats cultivated in the cold warehouses the "feelers" grow to a length of five and six inches. This is probably because the light is dim in these places, and all movements must be the result of the feeling sense. The storage people say that, if one of these furry cats is taken into the open air, particularly during this hot spell, it will die in a few hours. It cannot endure a high temperature, and an introduction to a stove would send it into a fit.—*Our Paper*.

A STORY ABOUT WASHINGTON NOT FOUND IN HISTORY.

It is about his copy-book and his birthday. History says that that copy-book is at Mount Vernon now. The story is this. When George Washington was a little boy and went to school, there was a big snow-storm on February 21. The boys planned to have a snow-ball fight the next day. George Washington was to be captain of one side, because it was his birthday. They were going to have the battle right after school. At recesses they made piles and piles of snow-balls to fire at each other. Oh, they were going to have a grand time. They had to write in their copy-books the last thing before school closed. George Washington was thinking so much about the snow-ball fight that his writing was not nice at all. His teacher said: "George, I am surprised. Take this piece of paper and write that all over again after school." And George Washington had to stay in on his birthday. The boys got another captain in his place and had the snow-ball battle, and he wasn't in it.—*Primary Education*.

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Current Topics.

WOMAN UNDER ISLAM.

Miss Lucy M. J. Gannett, in an interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for January writes on "Woman under Islam." First, in relation to the religious position of woman. The teaching of the Koran is explicit on this point, as can be seen by many passages. Thus, "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein forever, and goodly places in the Garden of Eden." "Enter ye into Paradise, ye and your wives happy." Besides other passages in the Koran which teach that women have souls, the "Traditional Sayings" of Mohammed and many of his followers show that woman had a religious position here as well as the promise of paradise beyond. Though they do not attend public services in the mosques, they have sermons preached to them on week-days by the Hodjas; and girls as well as boys are taught their prayers at the age of seven. After thus giving in full the religious position of women, we have next

HER LEGAL POSITION,

as it has been for the last thirteen hundred years. It is that of a free woman.

As a daughter, she is entitled, on the decease of her father, to inherit his property in common with her brothers, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of his children. As a wife she has the uncontrolled possession and disposal both of the wealth which was hers before marriage, and of that which may subsequently accrue to her. She can inherit property without the intervention of trustees, and dispose of it during her lifetime, or at her death, as she pleases. No doctrine of coverture exists for her. She can sue or be sued independently of her husband, and also sue or be sued by him. In the event of her suffering wrong, or being accused of wronging others, she is at liberty to plead her own cause before the public tribunals, and often does so most ably and eloquently. A husband is legally bound to support his wife, and her slaves or servants, according to her rank and his means, and to furnish her with a suitable residence.

A Moslem marriage is purely a civil contract, consisting of a proposal on one side and acceptance on the other. If the married couple cannot agree, then distinct procedures are fixed for a divorce. If the wife, without adequate reason and contrary to the wishes of her husband, requires a divorce, she obtains it only by foregoing her dower. As to custody of the children, the provisions, on the whole, favor the mother.

Miss Gannett's article will undoubtedly call forth answers from those who dispute her position.

BRYANT'S GENIUS.

—There is an evident tendency among English writers to deal more justly and with more discrimination in their estimates of American poets. The *Westminster Review* for January has a brief sketch of Bryant by Thomas Bradfield, which closes with this view of the poet's genius :—

Finally, we would suggest that Bryant's genius was at its best in passages imaginatively descriptive of external loveliness rather than in those expressive of moods and feelings when the spirit is aspiring or analytically reflective. His true strength lay in his powers of vivid delineation, in the art which could bring distinctly to mind, with a few graphic strokes, the rushing vehemence of the stream or the waterfall, the boundless stretch of the prairie magnificence, the terrors of the hurricane, no less than the gentle sweetness of the evening wind, as it "rocks the little wood-bird in his nest," or "curls the still waters bright with stars," or "goes forth as God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth." His genius lingers lovingly over the splendors of mountain and valley scenery, as if at home with the sublimities of the "beetling verge," whose storm and lightning "have tumbled down vast blocks and at the base dashed them into fragments," or where "upon the meadow's heart the shadow of the thicket lies." With these and similar scenes of natural charm Bryant's poetry abounds; but, with regard to that mysterious land of spiritual longing and contemplation toward which the loftiest thoughts of man turn wistfully, his conceptions are limited and prescribed. Although his poetry is full of references to the highest subjects which can engage the mind, these are all viewed from one standpoint. His spirit is enlisted on the affirmative side of the problem, and in every line that he has written we feel the influence of the faith of one who believes in Divine Goodness ruling the universe.

Temperance.

The medical journals comment on the statement of a coroner that one thousand infants are overlain in London every year. The conclusion come to is that these deaths—occurring, as they invariably do, on Saturday nights or after holidays—are mainly traceable to the inebriety of the mothers.

In reviewing the progress of the temperance movement during the last two decades, Miss Willard said in her annual address before the National Women's Christian Temperance Union: "The habit of total abstinence is thoroughly respected everywhere. The effects of the use of alcoholics and tobacco are being systematically taught from the standpoint of science to the children in the public schools of all the fifty States and Territories except five. Prohibition has gained ground in several Northern States and throughout the South by means of local option. The recent plebiscites in Canada prove the growth of a strong sentiment in favor of prohibitory law. In Great Britain the prevailing sentiment is that the question of license or no license should be placed in the people's hands; and in New Zealand, Colorado, and Kansas, where women have the ballot, the effect of their influence has been strongly detrimental to the legal as well as the social position of the saloon."

Here and There.

A new species of giraffe has been discovered in Somaliland by Major Wood of the British army. It is distinguished by a complete and whole body covering of rich bright chestnut, hardly separable by very fine, almost invisible lines of creamy white.

The alligator is likely to be exterminated in America. It is said that as many as six hundred skins can be obtained in a fortnight by a party of successful hunters; and, to meet the effects of this loss, alligator farms are being established in one or more of the Southern States.

A portrait in oil of Peter the Great was discovered lately by an English traveller in a small village in Russia. He had stepped into a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea, when he saw the picture hanging on the wall, framed in a tea tray, the edges of which were folded over the canvas, and bought it for a few shillings.

The Moqui medicine-man, with his sacred "estufas," his sand altars, his regalia, and his loathsome serpents, has been photographed, painted in colors, drawn to a scale, his canticles have been pirated by the waxen cylinder of the phonograph; and he and his sacred ceremonials, which less than fifteen years ago were not known as far east as Albuquerque, are to-day the best described of any specimen of savage manhood or any survival of aboriginal religion on the surface of the globe.—*Journal of Folk-lore.*

The captain of an American war-ship now in the East writes thus of a Japanese war hospital near Nagasaki: "The hospital was the admiration of the French and English surgeons as well as our own. The medical officers were all Japanese, who had graduated in medicine and surgery either in America or England, then taken a post-graduate surgical course in clinics at the Paris and Berlin hospitals. They had the best modern instruments and systems, the newest antiseptics, everything a hospital on modern lines should have."

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clothes are not as clean (surely not as pure) as they ought to be, when the work is done.

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you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

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And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone:
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

—Mrs. Hemans.

GUILFORD H. HATHAWAY.

Guilford H. Hathaway died at his home in Freetown on February 12, at the age of eighty-six. He was for the larger part of his long and useful life an active member of the Unitarian church in Fall River, having become identified with it during the ministry of Dr. Briggs.

For twenty-one years he was upon the Parish Committee; and, although in later years he retired to his ancestral town, his interest in and liberality in contributing to the cause of rational Christianity continued to the end. His business probity was of the highest sort, and obtained for him many places of trust in Bristol County. He was for more than a half-century a director of the Fall River National Bank, besides having a part in the management of savings and trust institutions.

Active and methodical to the last, he has received the respect and honor of a community which has long known him for his contributions to its material progress, and for his admirable example of integrity in the varied public and private responsibilities which have been laid upon him.

Spirit of the Press.

The New York Post rejoices in a bill just passed at Albany:—

The Assembly at Albany has passed a bill forbidding "all sparring exhibitions, with or without gloves, at which an admission fee is charged or received, directly or indirectly." This is a most excellent measure, and should speedily become a law. The disgraceful sparring "exhibitions" which are given in different cities in this State from time to time under that name, but which are as much prize-fights as any that have taken place in a Southern ring, would be discontinued entirely if their promoters saw their profits cut off by a law making an admission fee illegal. It is this admission fee which is the incentive of the "exhibitions," not a display of skill or science."

Harper's Weekly, in an editorial on "Public School Reform in New York and Brooklyn," says:—

Despite the enormous sums spent upon them and despite the fact that a large proportion of the teachers are intelligent and earnest, the public schools of New York and Brooklyn are notoriously deficient. Their accommodations are inadequate and badly distributed. The sanitary conditions, except in a few of the newest buildings, are bad. No proper provision is made for play-grounds and for physical exercise; and modern improvements in text-books and methods of teaching are, as a rule, stoutly resisted. It is not often that defects such as these can be directly traced to administrative faults, but both in New York and Brooklyn this can be done. The superintendents have too little direct authority and power over the educational work; and a vicious system of ward trustees in New York and of local committees in Brooklyn provides a resting-place for jobs of all sorts, political and personal, and effectually blocks all large plans for improvement initiated by the central body. After prolonged study a committee of experts, selected by the Committee of Seventy in New York, and an advisory commission appointed by Mayor Schieren in Brooklyn, have drawn bills that are now before the legislature, providing for an escape from the present evils, and the substitution of a simple, direct, and responsible school administration for the roundabout and cumbrous scheme that accident and political chicanery have united to bring into existence.

* This was a favorite of Judge Hoar's sister Elizabeth, and he became very fond of the words by her singing them to Miss Brown's "Tyrolese Evening Hymn" tune. It was sung at his funeral.

Science.

Argon is the name which has been given to the new element in the atmosphere discovered by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay.—Exchange.

Iron, through its use for electrical purposes, seems to have developed a new quality, magnetic fatigue. In tests made of transformers lately in London to ascertain the opening circuit loss it has been found that the loss increased steadily for the first two hundred days, until it reached a fairly constant value of forty per cent. more than at starting.—Exchange.

Music.

Mr. Emil Tiffero, the distinguished tenor, has decided to take up his residence in Boston. Emil Tiffero received his earlier musical education at the Conservatories of Munich and Vienna, and later under the guidance of the famous Italian singer and teacher, Maestro Pozzo at Milan, and Prof. Julius Hey at Berlin. Mr. Tiffero held the position of first tenor on the Italian stage a number of years, and has also been engaged at the Kroll Theatre, Berlin, the court theatres at Altenburg, Wiesbaden, and St. Petersburg, Grand Opera House, Amsterdam, and Metropolitan Opera House, New York; has given concerts at Berlin, Cologne, London, Prague, Trieste, and at Milan, where he was elected an honorary member of the "Società Quartetto Corale," an honor seldom conferred. Mr. Tiffero has taken a studio at 130 Boylston Street, and will teach the higher art of singing.

Education.

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS.—Eight new Old South Leaflets have just been added to the series published by the directors of the Old South Studies in History in Boston. These new leaflets are all reprints of documents relating to early New England history, as follows: Bradford's Memoir of Elder Brewster, Bradford's First Dialogue, Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England," "New England's First Fruits," 1643, John Eliot's "Indian Grammar Begun," John Cotton's "God's Promise to his Plantation," Letters of Roger Williams to Winthrop, and Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England." These leaflets are a most welcome addition to the series in which so many valuable original documents, otherwise hard to obtain, are now furnished at the cost of a few cents. The Old South Leaflets are rendering our historical students and all of our people a great service. The numbers of the eight new leaflets, 48 to 55, remind us how large and important the collection has already become.

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Pleasantries.

"What's an allegory, Irene?" asked a teacher. "It is kind of a crocodile," was the answer.—*Young People's Magazine.*

Mrs. Nuborder: "That's a very pretty motto you are working, Mrs. Browne-Haash,—'Learn to say no.' Is it for your son?" Mrs. Browne-Haash: "No: it's for the dining-room."—*Puck.*

"Genii means spirits," explained a teacher. "Now, James, you may give me a sentence in which you use genii." "A man went down street, and bought several bottles of genii," answered James, promptly. *Young People's Magazine.*

No one had thought to teach the minister's little girl a verse for Children's Sunday, as she was so small. She said she could say one, and her teacher lifted her up on the organ. Bonniwell folded her little hands demurely, and, with the most seraphic smile, said softly but distinctly, "My papa's fabrit vegetable is custard pie."

The eldest of the three little chaps was sternly reproved by his mother for his bad behavior. "You are the oldest, Cyrus," she said; "and you ought to be an example to Homer and Jack." "Well, I'll be an example to Homer," said Cyrus; "but I won't be an example to both of 'em. Homer's got to be it for Jack."—*Transcript.*

On one occasion a person who wished to have a little fun at the expense of his constituency said in a group where Horace Greeley was standing: "Mr. Greeley and I, gentlemen, are old friends. We have drunk a good deal of brandy and water together." "Yes," said Mr. Greeley, "that is true enough. You drank the brandy, and I drank the water."

"I have often been pointed out as a sister of Howells, the novelist," said Mme. Frechette; "but once I had my turn. We were on our wedding journey, and my brother had joined us. 'Do you see that man in the bow of the boat?' asked one woman of another. 'Yes, who is he?' 'Oh, haven't you heard yet? Why, he's the brother of the bride.'"

Western editors delight in publishing little paragraphs like the following: "Nearly 70 States the size of Rhode Island could be carved out of Missouri, 56 out of Illinois, 53 out of Arkansas, 265 out of Texas." If this sort of thing is kept up much longer, Rhode Island will draw its money from the savings-banks, go down there, and buy some of those States.—*Transcript.*

When Rev. W. W. Newton was in Moscow, he was asked why he went to Troitsa. "To see Count Tolstoi," was the answer. "Count Tolstoi?" cried the questioner, in an incredulous tone. "Well, have you seen the big bell in the Kremlin,—the Tsar Kodokol, or King of Bells?" "Yes, I have seen it." "Well, then, if you have seen the big bell of Moscow and Count Tolstoi, you have seen the two objects of interest; and the same thing has happened to both of them. They are each cracked." *Youth's Companion.*

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the Prime Minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece, and exclaimed, "Hey, lads, when I dee, this shall go in my coffin." Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry wrinkle in her eye, "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip wouldna burn."—*The New Age.*

NO MORALS.

Rev. George R. Dodson, the popular Unitarian minister of Alameda, tells rather a good story at his own expense. While spending the summer vacation at Skagg's Springs, one of his greatest friends was a fellow-boarder, a little girl about eight years old. The two were constant companions, and the child daily accompanied the clergyman on his excursions in the neighborhood. One evening the little girl remarked to her fellow-diners,—

"I like going out with Mr. Dodson." "Why?" queried a stranger, hoping to draw the child out. "Because he has no morals," was the startling reply.

When the summer boarders had recovered their equanimity, they instituted an investigation, the upshot of which was the discovery that the curly-haired maiden possessed an insatiable craving for stories. This desire was frequently gratified by Mr. Dodson; but, unlike the anecdotes of the child's mother, the minister's tales were never pointed with a moral for the youngster's government.—*San Francisco News-letter.*

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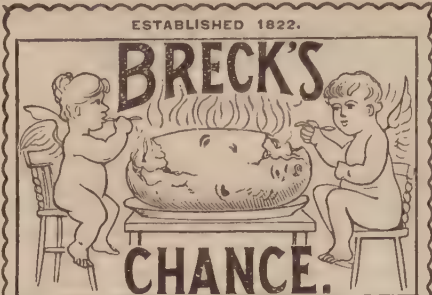
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BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE Woman's Congress which is now in session in Washington is a remarkable illustration of the power of women to organize and to successfully conduct great conventions, in which every phase of the relation of women to modern life is considered. The present convention will extend over two weeks. Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis is the president, and opened the Congress with an effective address. The programme shows the wide range of the activities of women, and how earnestly they are addressing themselves to the great variety of tasks and opportunities which open before them to-day in this country. Many questions which were purely theoretical or hypothetical have received a practical answer. In all this movement the agitation for suffrage is but one element,—an instrument to an end, not a goal.

THE first annual report of the board of directors of the Massachusetts Cremation Society is of much interest. Its receipts have been \$11,088.79; its expenditures, \$10,453.40. More than \$7,000 have been spent in building, machinery, and in laying out grounds. The first cremation took

place Dec. 30, 1893. Up to Jan. 1, 1895, just one year, there have been eighty-seven cremations. This is a far greater number than can be shown by any crematory in this continent or Europe for its first year's work, except the crematory in San Francisco. The building containing the retorts is now in perfect order for practical purposes. When the remaining shares of stock are sold, there will be sufficient money to complete the chapel. It is evident that this form of disposing of the dead is growing in favor in the community.

THE ministers of Hoboken, N.J., have given Col. Ingersoll more free advertising than he has received for some time. Forgetting the rights of free speech, which Col. Ingersoll has a perfect right to enjoy, they joined together to prevent the delivery of his lecture on the Bible in a Hoboken Theatre on Sunday evening last. The ground of their objection was that the lecture was blasphemous. As the lecture had not been delivered and no one could be quite sure what Col. Ingersoll would say, the objection was premature and unreasonable. The lecture was held, and Col. Ingersoll profited much by the advertising. We do not believe in the lecturer's method. We do not think his treatment of the Bible is intelligent, reverent, or scholarly, though many of the points he attacks are simply those which Orthodoxy has made absurd by a literal interpretation. But, on the other hand, Col. Ingersoll's lectures, though they may offend good taste, are not any more blasphemous than a theology which made God a cruel devil and the majority of mankind the victims of his unrighteous hatred. For ministers who preach such doctrines to accuse Col. Ingersoll of blasphemy is a parody on reverence.

A NATURAL suggestion for the relief of the unemployed in congested centres of population is transplanting them to country homes. Various schemes of colonization have been proposed and tried, but with only partial success. The tendency of life toward the cities has been very strong, and it cannot be counteracted easily until the land is open to laborers, and there is more inducement for them to go upon it. In Chicago the work of transplanting the unemployed to the agricultural districts, which began last spring under the auspices of the Civic Federation of Chicago, is now resumed under the Bureau of Labor and Transportation. The work is philanthropic, and, from the success of individual cases, is undoubtedly well worth doing. But what is wanted is an economical solution which will take the matter out of the realm of philanthropy. Henry George and his followers maintain that the whole labor question is a question of land. Many social and industrial theories can only be tested by experiment. A good many of them have already been tried, and have failed, in this country. We should like to see the single tax tried in some State on a scale broad enough to reveal its merits and defects.

THERE is one Kentucky judge who has some respect for law and a determination to enforce it. At the opening of the court in Mount Sterling he recently made a deep impression by his charge to the grand jury. His name is Cooper. He urges upon the jury the duty of considering the disgrace and the danger of the wickedness of mob violence. He related instances of lynch law in which criminals in jail—in one case serving out a sentence for carrying concealed weapons, and in the other awaiting trial—were taken out of their cells by mobs, and hanged. In commenting upon this, the *Central Christian Advocate* says: "The newspapers and officers of justice in the South are awakening to the fact that lynch law, once countenanced and practised by a community as the one penalty which

must be executed for a single crime committed by a black man, does not stop there. The mob that to-day hangs or burns a Negro for an outrageous deed to-morrow is likely to break open a jail and take out a white man, and hang him for theft, or horse-stealing, or general cantankerousness. Lynch law educates a community into the habit of committing murder."

IN Georgia, however, the inability to secure justice to the colored man is shown by the outcome of the Quitman case. It will be remembered that last December a drunken white man named Harris attempted to take the life of a colored man named Pike, who shot and killed him. A "race war" immediately followed. A dozen or more innocent Negroes were slaughtered, and their wives flogged and insulted, because they could not tell the whereabouts of Pike. Among the killed were inoffensive Negroes who had always borne reputations for peaceableness and good order. A prominent journal in the South said: "The killing of the Negroes was entirely uncalled for. Good citizens of the country will do their utmost to bring to justice the men who are responsible for the trouble." The coroner investigated the outrages, and the jury brought in a verdict against two prominent citizens. The Brooks County Commissioners met, and announced the outrages. Yet, in spite of the efforts made by those who upheld the Negroes, the grand jury of Brooks County has adjourned its session without bringing in any indictment against the accused. There will not be even the farce of a trial. It is no wonder that a colored paper, the New Orleans *Daily Crusader*, says, "This is a sample of the justice that colored men receive in the South."

It is one thing for bishops to issue a pastoral letter: it is another thing for them to get their flocks to accept it as anything but a conventional proclamation or an ecclesiastical curiosity. The futility of the document issued by the Protestant Episcopal bishops is shown in a protest of an Episcopal clergyman printed in the Boston *Herald* and copied in another column. This clergyman says of the pastoral letter, "It urges upon me a conception of religion which seems to me untrue, admonishes me to teach, and construes the obligation of my ordination vows in a manner contrary to my understanding of them." While the bishops think that such a clergyman needs just such a letter, the clergyman, on the other hand, finds that he has no use for the document. He cannot in conscience teach the doctrine of the virgin birth of Jesus, nor the doctrine that the Bible is miraculously and infallibly inspired; and he ends by declaring that he intends to do everything in public and in private to deliver the Church from vain and pedantic pretension. This pastoral letter of an Episcopal clergyman is quite as significant as that of the bishops, and shows a better knowledge of the condition and needs of the Church and the age.

BISHOP POTTER of New York has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* on the bishops' pastoral. Instead of trying to increase its authority, he minimizes it by pointing out that "the pastoral letter has undoubtedly no conciliar authority, and may be said, if anybody chooses to say so, to have little more value than is expressed in the more or less close consensus of opinion of some half-dozen individuals." He confesses that "there are phrases in it which I am quite free to say I should have been glad to change into other and less archaic form." He further says: "If there be to-day a school or party or individuals that deny the Church's doctrine of the incarnation, I, for one, do not know them or the teaching which could justly subject them to such an imputation. . . . The Church, in the case of the

virgin birth of our Lord, does not regard any longer that question as a debatable one in the pulpit and by her authorized teachers." But, if the bishop will read the letter from the Episcopal minister which we publish in another column, he will see that there are certain authorized teachers who cannot conscientiously teach the virgin birth. As the pastoral letter has no conciliar authority, they will undoubtedly follow the example of this clergyman in disregarding it.

GEN. BOOTH IN BOSTON.

What attitude to adopt with reference to the Salvation Army appears to have been, with many good people, rather a puzzling question. On the one hand, they have found a little difficulty in regarding it as quite respectable. On the other hand, it is somewhat too waspish a thing to be patronized successfully, and perhaps there never was a movement more completely proof against ridicule. But, without doubt, whatever else the army may lack or possess, it has the gift of vitality. No religious organization of the day is more genuinely alive; and it would be difficult to name another so well equipped to maintain itself with vigor in the field where it has rooted itself. We shall have to reckon with it as with an enterprise that has come to stay.

So far as we may judge from the series of meetings held by Gen. Booth in Boston, there is not only great vitality, but immense hope and cheer in the work of the army which he has founded. Its methods mark a long step of advance over the "revivalism" with which we were familiar a quarter of a century ago. It is much more human than the Moody and Sankey wave, for example, which latterly swept over the country. There is far less talk of "blood," far less play upon superstitious fears, and in every way a much more direct and powerful appeal to man's inborn love of what is noble and good.

Gen. Booth's theology, so far as he has any, is curiously childish. We do not use the word meaning the least disrespect, for he has something better than all the theology that was ever written. But, certainly, his speculative ideas would hardly bear the criticism of a child. God, he thinks, did not originally provide for sin in his universe,—took it for granted, as it were, that there would be no sin, as a man might innocently found a town on the banks of a stream, knowing nothing of the malaria that would afterward poison its inhabitants. When sin came, God had to "scoop out a place" for the dregs of it, which could not be reclaimed; and so he established hell, to serve as a kind of moral cesspool for the world. How this consists with the character of an all-wise Creator the General does not explain.

But, after all, this amounts to little, when we contrast it with the effect that he is able to produce upon the better side of human nature. He is reported to have said, in reply to a question put to him by Joseph Cook (who appears to consider himself appointed a special keeper of the gates of hell, and who constantly magnifies the importance of his office), that without hell he could do nothing, the Salvation Army simply could not exist. In a certain sense this is undoubtedly true, but it is the present hell of sin and misery of which he mostly thinks and speaks. It is that from which he is chiefly trying to save men. The theological hell of a future life is no more than a kind of background for the pictures that he paints, and these pictures are almost entirely vivid and glowing portrayals of the beauty of holiness. In his Faneuil Hall address there was not the least sensational attempt to excite terror, and not a single groan or "Amen" was called forth by any reference to the future punishment of the wicked. But when, after speaking of his dear wife's desire to dress the chil-

dren all the time in white, if it had not been too expensive, he exclaimed with most dramatic effect, "God Almighty, your Father, can afford to dress his children in white every day," there was a perfect storm of glad "Hallelujahs" and "Amen."

If Gen. Booth imagines that it is fear of hell which does the business, we fancy he does not well know the greatness of his gift or the secret of his power. He has the ability to lay a living touch upon the only soul that can maintain a lingering life "under the ribs of death," the soul of heavenly ambition and hope. To many a despondent and discouraged mind he can say as with authority: "Awake, my brother! Heaven is for you, if you will only bestir yourself a little." There really needs no talk of hell, other than of those torments which every sin-sick soul already knows. Like the anguish which the half-drowned experience with the return of consciousness is the coming back of heavenly desires to an insensible heart. Threats are useless to one who can awaken the instinct for a higher life.

Whatever the theory of the Salvation Army workers may be, in practice they appear to address themselves almost entirely to the hopes of men; and this is a great advance upon what has gone before. Experience, we take it, has abundantly shown that a convert who has merely been scared into acceptance of the traditional means of salvation is afterward a very uncertain member of the flock, and of little practical account. These new soldiers of the cross are filled with quite a different spirit. None of them are likely to be found anticipating with pleasure their future chance to look down upon the tortures of the damned; and, unless they are converted over again when they get into another world, one might predict that they could hardly be content there without setting to work upon whatever hells they found within reach. It is a veritable gospel, a piece of "good news," that they have found to proclaim. With all deference to any feeling they may have that they know their own business best, we would advise them that this is the real secret of their strength. The proclamation of evil tidings they may safely give over to Mr. Joseph Cook's exclusive care.

Gen. Booth has performed one service for the modern world which, probably, was not at all within the scope of his conscious purpose. He has shown us the power that still lies in the individual man under social conditions which, as we are apt to think, are unfavorable to the acquisition of such command. The success of the Salvation Army is, in very great measure, his personal triumph; and it is his personal life which now thrills throughout the whole organization. We advise our readers to miss no opportunity of hearing him speak; and we assure them that, if they will, for the time being, put questions of theology aside, they will get the impression of a wonderfully vital moral and spiritual influence.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

"With a great price," Frederick Douglass might have said, "purchased I this freedom." Yet, though slave-born, the instincts of freedom were born in him. They early asserted themselves, and were with him a controlling influence during his whole life. It was foreseen by the slaveholders that slavery and a high degree of knowledge and intelligence could not exist together. The laws in all the Southern States prohibiting slaves from learning to read and write were enacted as a safeguard of slavery. To-day, when schools and colleges for the education of the colored people are springing up everywhere in the South, protected and fostered by State laws and crowded by eager throngs of colored youths, it may be hard to realize that Frederick Douglass had to learn to read and write by stealth, and that he was violating the laws of the State of Maryland in acquiring this knowledge. He likewise refused to regard himself as a piece of property, and added to his criminality by running away. The interesting details of his early life he has told in his autobiography.

No sooner had he secured his own freedom than he burned with zeal to secure the freedom of his race. To that work he gave himself with determination and unquenchable ardor. His appearance on the anti-slavery platform in this country and in England, and his earnest, manly eloquence,

exerted an influence which could not be commanded wholly by the Abolitionists. That such a man was by his birth condemned to ignorance and bondage, and that freedom could do so much for him and he so much for freedom, furnished to an audience an object-lesson whose influence could not be resisted.

Frederick Douglass had the joy not only of gaining his own freedom, but of seeing the enfranchisement of his race and its remarkable progress in the last twenty-five years. Yet race hatred dies slowly. There are States in the South in which it would have been unlawful for Mr. Douglass to ride in the same car with white men his inferior in ability, knowledge, and decorum. And one of his last addresses in Boston was directed against the evils of lynching in the South.

As Mr. Douglass saw that liberty was too great and too sacred a blessing for his own selfish enjoyment, he saw likewise that civil and political freedom could not be bound by sex, any more than it could be bound by race. He became an earnest advocate of woman suffrage. He spoke in favor of temperance and other moral reforms. He was benevolent in spirit and progressive in ideas. He was a striking and commanding figure,—especially in later years, when the large bronzed face was crowned with hair like snow on the summit of Olympus.

Douglass wrought in no spirit of vindictiveness. It cost him something to obtain his freedom. It cost the South something, too. But it was worth to Douglass all that he paid for it, and worth to the South vastly more than it cost; for there is nothing clearer than that the emancipation of the colored man was necessary to the emancipation of the white man. The South will some day erect monuments to Garrison, Phillips, and Douglass, or, if it does not pay the debt in this way, it will be paid more fully by the perfect consummation of the liberty for which these men wrought.

FROM PHILOSOPHY TO RELIGION.

At the Norfolk Conference last week there was an animated discussion of the ways and means by which great ideas may be transmuted into the forms and activities of the religious life. The Unitarian body is more and more coming to a consciousness of itself as a Church. While from the beginning of its history in this country it has been able to produce saints of the highest quality, there has gone along with the growth of the religious life a philosophical progress. The search for truth has been earnest and successful; but too often it has happened that in the search for truth men and women have forgotten that even the highest truth is a means, and not an end. To produce men and women of the first quality is the end for which the Church exists; and it should be the end of all thinking, feeling, and action. Ideas, as ideas, are the raw material out of which, when properly used, will come all the experiences of the religious life. The examples of the greatest masters of thought, who were also fishers of men, shows that for effective work one must so master his learning that he will not think of it or suggest it as he moves toward the end of his main purpose, which is to encourage, to inspire, to comfort, to draw out the moral and spiritual resources of the ignorant, tempted, weak, and fallible human creatures who are to be found in the pulpits and pews of every Christian church.

The preacher who is conscious of and displays his attainments—whether rhetorical, scientific, or metaphysical—will fail to attain his end; and the congregation that asks for the intellectual treatment of every subject, and the declaration of something new, will have little moral power and give little spiritual help for the community in which it is. The masterpieces of inspiration and poetry found in Isaiah, Job, or Tennyson, show us how every art and every science can be brought to bear for the solution of the moral and spiritual problems of the race. Nobody will complain of any philosopher who brings his acquirements, not in the crude form of things he has read or thought or worked out to logical conclusions, but the ideas that he has used in the experiences of life until his intellect begins to flow out in power through all the channels of spiritual experience. There need be no fear that such vitalized ideas will be lost upon the hearer.

Deep will answer unto deep. There need be no fear that the ideas that have been so wrought into life will not be put into due place of honor. The verdict of the congregation will be that the system of thought which produces the right life, the beautiful example, the inspired word, will be worth looking into. They who have time and ability for the studies that lie back of such deliverances will all the more eagerly pursue them. They who have not time nor taste for such studies will trust in their validity because they come with the credentials of the spiritual life.

Parker divided the ways and means of the spiritual life into three classes,—ideas, feelings, and actions. A fourth exceedingly important class was omitted. Ideas, feelings, and actions record themselves in permanent elements of character; in sentiments that are neither ideas nor emotions; in permanent aptitudes and capacities, which slowly increase with new ideas acting through feeling and action, and leaving a deposit in the permanent being which constitutes the identity of the soul. Parker's list, thus corrected, would be ideas, feelings, sentiments, and actions.

We are apt to set up the intellect and the emotions as if the choice lay between the two, whereas the truth is that the permanent moral and spiritual sentiments—such as the sentiment of justice, of benevolence, of honor, of chastity, of reverence—may exist in the constitution of the mind neither as ideas nor emotions. They are the growing life of the soul. They may at any moment reveal themselves in emotions. In crises of danger, when heroism is called for and ideas are to expand themselves into action, these sentiments may burn and blaze in the intense emotion of the hour; but the emotion is only the signal of the deeper life. The true patriot may be so true and so firm that, with calmness, serenity, and invincible resolution, he may respond to every demand made upon him without excitement and without display of emotion. In him ideas and ideals have been wrought into the proper form of life. Such a man, himself unmoved and calm, often becomes the centre about which whirl torrents of emotion, which without his calm and unshaken rectitude would not be excited. The people ask for bread. Shall the Church give them a stone? The raw material, the chemical constituents of bread and milk and meat, are found in the stones. It is the office of the preacher and the Church to lift these raw materials of metaphysics and philosophy and science through all the processes of growth, of leavening, and of kneading, until they appear in the bread of life. And, still further, they who teach and move the world must have themselves eaten of that bread, and in their own veins have turned it into the living truth for the sustenance of the people.

The kind of piety which Dr. Channing had in mind when he preached his famous sermon on the subject, and the kind of religion naturally produced by Unitarian ministrations in their best form, consists mainly of these sentiments which are imbedded in the character. They give to the mind strength, calmness, the rich soil in which fruitful ideas are turned into the resources of life. To those who are accustomed to emotional excitement, and who measure the success of every appeal by the emotional response, such Unitarian religion seems cold and heartless; but to those who have learned the steadiness of its warmth and the trustworthiness of the sentiments to which appeal can successfully be made when occasion requires, this religious character seems to be admirable and desirable beyond all other results in preaching, worship, and the good deeds of the churches. A society made up of men and women of this religious quality would show in all practical ways the best fruits of the spirit.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Council of the National Conference has held two meetings to consider various invitations to hold the next session of the National Conference at Chicago, Philadelphia, and Washington. Many think it desirable to hold a conference next fall, in order to turn the enthusiasm generated at Saratoga into all the channels of our organic life. If we wait two years, we fall again upon the Presidential campaign. If we wait three years, it is believed that serious loss will be the result in the evaporation of enthusiasm and interest in the work.

The Council, having carefully considered the claims and various advantages offered by Chicago, Philadelphia, and Washington, have come to the general conclusion that, if the meeting is to be held next October, it should probably be in the city of Washington. The invitation to Philadelphia proceeds from the desire of the people to have the Conference co-operate with the churches there in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the First Church. That would occur in April, and does not seem to be a desirable time for a meeting of the Conference. It is also believed that other arrangements, through the Conference or the Unitarian Association, can be made to give that occasion sufficient dignity and importance without a meeting of the Conference. At the last meeting of the Council the secretary and treasurer were asked to get definite terms, and the refusal of any necessary building or buildings, and report whether the social conditions would be sufficiently favorable to make it possible to continue something like the advantages furnished at Saratoga. A meeting of the Conference will soon be held, at which the subject will be finally discussed and settled, and the outlines of a programme adopted, if the meeting is to be held next October.

Amusings.

I SPENT half an hour the other evening with a man who some years ago was a well-known base-ball pitcher. His name no longer figures in the score. For several years he has been confined to the house, and has been lying on his back most of the time, in bed, afflicted with rheumatism. The conversation, I might say, when it fell into the subject of base-ball curves, took a professional turn. For some time the claim of base-ball pitchers that they could make a ball curve in or out, or up or down, as it approached the batsman, was doubted. But it was proved beyond doubt by scientific tests, and the fact is now accepted as established. Indeed, the same principle is recognized in the Ordnance Department in the adjustment of sights and weapons; and no bullet leaves a gun without a twist to it. But I suspect this fact was known a great deal earlier than we imagine. When Odysseus took part in the games of the Phæacians, he picked up a discus larger than the rest. He gave it a powerful whirl or twist as he sent it from his stout hand; and I think, if we could see the discus go from the hand of the discobolos in the Vatican, where, with muscles tense and form bent for the cast, he has been ready for centuries for his throw, we should find that he also gave it a powerful whirl. A ball of course must be delivered differently and just how Nausicaa and her maidens threw the ball when they played a game after they had finished their washing, I do not undertake to say. I suspect that there was not a great deal of science in it; and the princess must be credited with one error, a wild throw. But it was a game of ball just the same; and it shows how old is the pastime,—just as old as the Greek game of jack-stones, which I saw the boys and girls play in Athens, living reproductions of some of the ancient paintings in which the game is pictured.

THIS subject of projectiles has not a great theoretic interest for me. It has had some practical interest for me, however; for, like many of my fellow-countrymen, I have been exposed to a hail-storm of lead, and have eaten my breakfast after reveille behind a cottonwood tree, to escape being a target. Looking over recently, in the Patent Office, an old English book on artillery which was printed some two hundred and fifty years ago, my attention was called to the humane distinction which the inventor had suggested in the application of his cannon. It was to be provided with two kinds of bullets, some square and some round. The square ones were said to be much more destructive to life: they made a more dangerous wound than the round ones. The inventor therefore proposed that the square bullets should be used in fighting the Turks, while the round ones should be used in fighting Christians. The Turks, in spite of the shape of the bullets, might not think this square dealing. It is an indication, however, of the struggle to make war more humane or more horrible. Humanity and Christianity were not synony-

mous with this inventor. Turning to the Odyssey again, one finds several centuries before Christ indications of the struggle of ethics and humanity to assert themselves in the use of projectiles. Odysseus sought a deadly drug in which to dip his brazen arrows; but Ilus did not give it to him, "for he feared the immortal gods," though Odysseus got it somewhere else. Even so far back it was deemed inhuman to use poisoned arrows. Just what Ilus would say of the use of square bullets for the Turks I do not know. But, apart from the use of poison, I imagine that every modern ordnance department is looking for the most destructive projectile and weapon it can get.

I do not know how the English inventor would class a conical ball,—whether for the Turks or the Christians; but I do know that on one occasion I was enabled to fulfil the spirit of the prediction that the sword should be turned into a ploughshare by turning an army bullet into a stenographic pencil. I went to hear a lecture in the Divinity School by dear old Dr. Stearns. I had forgotten pen or pencil; but I found in my vest pocket a Henry rifle bullet, which I sharpened to a finer point and used successfully as a lead-pencil to report the lecture. I have just been looking over the note-book in which that lecture was reported. It bears date Dec. 10, 1873. So that it is more than twenty-one years old. The characters are still perfectly legible, though the bullet was not used to that sort of work, and was a little reluctant to mark in some instances; and the hair lines are pretty fine. The lecture was on "Marriage and Divorce." Dr. Stearns criticised at some length the existing laws, and then told what the law ought to be. I find myself differing from my old teacher when he said in this lecture, "I think that the husband is the head of the wife; and, if a conflict occurs, and one must give way, the duty and subordination of the household would require that she should give way." But the doctor added, "Woman must never consent to moral wrong." At the end of this lecture, and written with the same forty-four calibre bullet, I find this interesting and significant paragraph: "I believe more in co-operation than competition. We have been trying competition: we have been following it up almost to the end. I do not think competition is to be given up, but that the time is coming when actual co-operation of interest must largely take the place of that competition which is acting now." This was a prophecy by Dr. Stearns of a new social order which, I believe, is destined to be still more fully realized. It was fitting that a bullet, an instrument of destructive competition should be converted into a prophetic instrument of affiliation and brotherhood.

Brevities.

The gifts of the women of the Presbyterian Church Home Missions from April 1, 1894, to Feb. 1, 1895, were \$205,500. Well done, good and faithful servants!

The legislature of Texas has just passed a bill against mob rule. It makes the county in which mob rule prevails liable to heavy pecuniary damage. The bill is a good one, and, if properly enforced, will soon end mob rule in that State.

In the columns of religious "wants" we can read in these days two advertisements. One is, "Wanted: a church for the people"; the other is, "Wanted: people for the church." Somehow, each of these advertisements ought to be made to answer the other.

Liberty, the organ of the anarchists in New York, does not "justify" its columns in a typographical sense, nor does it justify all its utterances in an intellectual sense. It is hard reading for the eye; but, then, *Liberty* has a right to set up its type as anarchistically as it pleases.

China has taken a queer way to insure military success; namely, by getting the only generals it has to commit suicide. What it ought to do is to ask the Japanese generals to commit *hari-kari*. The Japanese are a people of such intense politeness that the request, if presented with due formality, might be complied with.

Mayor Strong has smitten the politicians hip and thigh in New York. Platt Repub-

licans and Tammany Democrats, who ethically and politically belong in the same boat, have been thrown into consternation, as they well deserve to be. To have a mayor who believes in honest government in New York is such a surprise that the politicians cannot get over it.

Mr. Chadwick got off so well with an "unmitigable" mistake that he ought to be thankful that it was not worse. Ex-Gov. Chamberlain sends a letter received by the same mail, saying: "I will not lose an hour in cordially thanking you for such perfect composition and punctuation. It is, I believe, perfect; i.e., it is precisely what I wrote! *Macte virtute!*"

Pro and Con.

NOTICE.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Many thanks to those friends of the Post-office Mission who have sent me the *Christian Register* the past year and years. I have put them all to good use. Not a single number of this excellent paper should be destroyed or laid uselessly by on the shelf. Let it circulate freely and widely. It will be appreciated wherever it is known. I could profitably use twenty more copies of this paper than are now sent me. Friends, note the address. JOHN S. BROWN. Lawrence, Kan.

GEN. BOOTH AND JOSEPH COOK.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I clip the following from Tuesday's issue of the *Transcript*:—

Joseph Cook has contributed to the literature of the Salvation Army a "war-cry," entitled "Sheep and Wolves," which was sung to the tune of "Rock of Ages" in Park Street Church Monday noon in honor of Gen. Booth's visit to Boston. Mr. Cook, in announcing that the congregation would have the assistance of members of the Salvation Army in giving the "war-cry" its proper expression and emphasis, advised all who thought the fourth verse, which he said dealt with "unspeakable things," should not be sung in a church, to go out upon the street and follow the Salvation Army into the slums of Boston; and he was satisfied the objectors would find ample evidence justifying the strong language used in describing the evils. The stanza is as follows:—

"Wolves within Thy human fold
Turn Thou from their bloody quest;
Fiendishness in fetters hold,
Serpents slay in East and West.
Let Thy lightnings cleanse with flame
All our heights and depths of shame."

After the "war-cry" had been sung, without the omission of a word, Mr. Cook spoke on "Gen. Booth and the Salvation Army." He said that he rejoiced in the success of Gen. Booth and his autocratic methods, distasteful as they may appear to democratic Americans. He then described what had been accomplished by these methods, and said that there was with it no compromising with the doctrines of the orthodox Church. It was the army's staunch approval and defence of Orthodoxy that changed the attitude of the churches toward it. The doors of many of the churches are now opened to the members of the Salvation Army, and they are no longer hooted through the streets by mobs.

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Cook put to Gen. Booth some questions of church dogma to prove the strict Orthodoxy of the Salvation Army, all of which were most satisfactorily answered, judging by the applause. But there was a perfect storm of approval when, in reply to an inquiry about what he believed regarding hell, he said: "If you were to take hell out of our doctrine, the Salvation Army would soon disappear. It is the hell we preach, certain and everlasting, that brings people to our fold. If it wasn't for the hell, we could never get them."

I do not quote these passages to criticise Gen. Booth, nor the methods of the Salvation Army warfare. The multitude of Christian people who still have no sympathy or interest in these methods are willing to pass them by, and honor the moral hero who has accomplished so much good among the poor and degraded in the great cities of England and America. I wish to call attention to two or three points. First, Joseph Cook's contribution of the "war-cry" to the Salvation Army,—the tone and spirit of it, as indicated by the stanza here quoted:—

"Let thy lightnings cleanse with flame
All our heights and depths of shame."

Our great expert on agnostic theology seems to have had some doubts as to the propriety of singing this fourth stanza in church, or, at least, he feared that others might have. Still, it was sung "without the omission of a word." After uttering this *war-cry*, the army would naturally be inclined to wreak vengeance upon the "wolves" with *fire* and *sword*, after the manner of the holy wars of history.

Mr. Cook next proceeds to describe Gen. Booth's accomplishments, and to approve his "autocratic methods," assuring his audience that the success of the army was due to their uncompromising adherence to the doctrines of the orthodox Church. By this he meant the doctrines of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. Any modification of their creed is, in his view, rank heresy. And, to cap the climax, he put Gen. Booth under public examination on the dogmas of his Church; and he found him a very docile disciple, and thoroughly orthodox! All his questions were "most satisfactorily answered." And, when he came to the orthodox hell, the General's answer raised "a perfect storm of approval." The General said: "If you were to take hell out of our doctrine, the Salvation Army would soon disappear. It is the hell we preach, certain and everlasting, that brings people to our fold. If it were not for the hell, we could never get them."

This emphatic answer on the "hell" question seems to have given entire satisfaction to Mr. Cook and many of his audience, presumed to be mostly made up of *ministers*! But this is a monstrous assumption, that the principal motive to a godly life is the fear of a future hell. Is this the gospel given to his children by our loving Father, and proclaimed by the merciful and forgiving Saviour, who spent his life in winning men to righteousness by his own inspiring example and persuasive words, and who declared, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men to myself?" It is a doctrine of the dark ages, of a bigoted priesthood, and of an ignorant and unthinking people.

The Orthodoxy of the last decade of the nineteenth century has discarded it.

HIRAM ORCUTT.

CONVENTION MORALS.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I want to say a concluding word respecting the question of "Convention Morals." I thoroughly agree with my friend Chadwick that he has not threshed out a single grain of wheat, and I think the dust he has raised has tended to obscure his own ethical vision. In this matter, as I have said before, I am willing to be judged by the most honorable men in this country who have ever worked with political parties. My contention is this: that, when a man becomes a delegate to a political convention, he has given a universally understood pledge to abide by the decision of that convention. When he finds that he cannot honorably and conscientiously keep that pledge, it is his duty to openly "bolt" that convention. Mr. Curtis did not do that. He remained a member of the National Convention of 1884, not only making no attempt to prevent Mr. Blaine's nomination from being declared unanimous, but, presumably, voting for Gen. Logan. Mr. Chadwick inferentially explains his conduct by saying that he was not "histrionic"! But a man like Mr. Curtis should not be kept from a plain duty by the fear of being judged "histrionic." Let me tell how we do such things in Missouri. Several years after the war the re-enfranchisement of the rebels was a burning question in the Republican party of the State. At one convention the Stalwarts, who opposed the restoration of those who had been in rebellion, nominated a gentleman for governor. The moment the nomination was assured a gentleman from St. Louis arose and said: "Gentlemen, the time has come, in my judgment, for the Republican party to bury the past. All who agree with me will assemble in the adjoining chamber." And the "bolting" members nominated and elected Gratz Brown as an independent candidate. That was a fair and just way for a man to retain his political independence. Now, I want to publicly challenge my friend Chadwick's statement that Mr. Curtis had practically outlined his course in advance, and that those who made him a delegate did so with their eyes open. Mr. Curtis was his personal friend and parishioner; and he, doubtless, is personally acquainted with

many of those who voted for Mr. Curtis, and some who served with him as delegates. I ask him to publish a statement made by any of these gentlemen clearly presenting the fact that they knew, anticipated, or expected that Mr. Curtis would take the course he did, and that they felt as free as he to take precisely the same course. Mr. Chadwick opines that Senator Hoar, had he been a member of the convention that nominated Gen. Butler, would have felt free to have followed Mr. Curtis's example in making an *ex post facto* bolt, presumably expecting to retain his standing in the Republican party. As the Scripture says, Mr. Hoar is "of age": he can speak for himself. But I venture to say that no man who holds this doctrine would present his own name to a party convention. The freedom of a party man is, of necessity, a qualified freedom. He believes that great political ends may be better secured by the use of party organization than by any other method. And, therefore, while his party continues to promote the great ends for which it was created, he cheerfully submits to the discipline which makes party organization possible. Mr. Chadwick and myself want to be absolutely independent, so we do not go into party conventions. I am sure I have declared the doctrine of Lincoln, Sumner, Wilson, Cleveland, and John Andrew. I have no doubt that I have just as certainly indicated the doctrine of Senator Hoar, John D. Long, and Mr. Russell, whose political vision is as clear and whose political ethics are as exacting, as those of Mr. Curtis.

Mr. Chadwick's ethics keep Dr. Briggs and men of his quality inside the orthodox churches. These gentlemen know that the doctrines they hold are in shining contrast to the declarations of the Confession of Faith. They remain in the Presbyterian Church because their withdrawal would be a declaration of the Church's narrowness and lack of intellectual liberty. But the Confession of Faith determines the limits of that religious liberty. Men cannot be Presbyterians and rationalists at the same time. They ought not to profess a creed they do not hold, even if they have the laudable desire to change it for the better. The Presbyterian and the party man stand upon a common footing. If Mr. Curtis was right, then every free trader, Populist, free-silver man, and socialist could go into a national Republican convention with the secret purpose of striving to defeat the party if they failed to secure recognition in the platform. JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis.

POLITICAL MORALS.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I am much obliged to Mr. Snyder for his criticism, seeing that it has procured us Gov. Chamberlain's letter; and I am much obliged to Gov. Chamberlain for his testimony that Mr. Snyder's doctrine is not even good *political* morality. Gov. Chamberlain writes of Mr. Curtis's "delay in bolting the Chicago nomination." Substantially, he bolted it in advance. He was on record against it in such a way that no one who knew him imagined he would support it. He never wavered for a moment after the nomination was made. I had myself a letter from him, immediately on his return, that was as clearly expressive of his purpose as words could make it. But when, in addition to bolting the Chicago nomination, it came to supporting Mr. Cleveland's candidacy, that was a different and much harder matter, because he had loved the Republican party so much,—as few men have ever loved it; and it was only after much deliberation and the most urgent solicitation of his friends that he assumed the leadership of the Independent party. But when, years afterward, I asked him if he had ever doubted the wisdom of his course, he said, "Never for one moment."

As for "unmitigable," it is evident that Gov. Chamberlain has not the Century Dictionary. He will find it there, also in Shakespeare. But the word is none of mine. I wrote "immitigable," and the compositor altered the first syllable for the worse. We have our favorite words, and "immitigable" is one of mine. But, if one has a favorite word or phrase, something is pretty sure to happen to it in the printer's hands. Moore should have added this item to his "tree or flower" and "dear gazelle."

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY
WHITTIER.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 25, 12 MO., 1860.

TO M. R. H.

[The poem below was written by John G. Whittier to Miss Mary R. Hudson in acknowledgment of a little floral harp and amaranth wreath sent for the picture of his mother. It has not been published before.]

I thank thee, and I thank the kindly angels
Who gave the thought to thee,
And lent their skill to braid the amaranth blossoms
And twine the harp for me.

Grateful, but with a sense of undeserving
That shames all pride away,
I add another to the dear God's mercies,
And bow my head and pray

That in the land once far off, now so near us,
The quiet, opening land
Whose voices call us, whose still waters mirror
White robe and beckoning hand,

Where life is love, and giving and receiving
Flow in perpetual round,
The floral harp and wreath of amaranth blossoms
Transfigured may be found.

THE BODILY RESURRECTION OF
JESUS.

BY REV. H. A. MILES.

In reading any of the books in the vast library on this subject, every one must have wished for a dispassionate and trustworthy guide who had lived through the related scenes.

We want some other than the well-known reporters. It is evident that their minds were disturbed by hopes and fears. They give fragmentary and incoherent accounts. The attempt has often been made to adjust these to an indubitable history. No one has succeeded. It may long remain hopeless. It is the sphinx of the New Testament narrative. A traditional explanation has been formulated into creeds; but these rest upon the impressions of bewildered and frightened men,—“stunned and confounded,” as Milman says.

It is not a little surprising that, while we are so often directed to them, we are less frequently referred to Jesus himself. Can we have a better interpreter? No one was more self-possessed. No one knew so well both what had taken place and what was to be the end of his earthly career. No one was more free from every undue bias. Whose words may we trust, if not his? A transcript of his mind must settle all questions. And such a transcript we may find if we dismiss the old belief, not yet rejected, about the infallibility of a record made by those far inferior to him.

In trying to show how this general subject appears to some at the present day, two pivotal questions deserve study. Does it appear that Jesus had, before his crucifixion, any anticipation that he was to return from the tomb? Does it appear that he had, after his affirmed bodily resurrection, any consciousness that he had died?

On this first point all will recall his repeated affirmations that his crucifixion would terminate his earthly existence. “I go to the Father, and ye shall see me no more.” “Now I am no more with you.” “I am no more in the world.” Omitting other quotations, one more sentence may be added: “I leave the world, and go to my Father.”

Is it easy to find language more plain and decisive? Does it exclude the idea of any further life on earth? These words do not stand alone. He had hours of the tenderest affection. The heart then overflows. It will have irrepressible utterance. Can we detect a struggle to keep anything back?

When he comforted his friends who were overwhelmed at the thought of a departure which all believed was to be final, could he have refused one hint that in a few hours he would meet them victorious and rejoicing? Might not the anguish of Gethsemane have been mitigated by the thought that, after a brief sleep, he would awake triumphant? When his mother stood at the cross, why not a word to her of the infinite consolation which one syllable might have given? When in his solemn prayer he said, “I have finished the work thou gavest me to do,” how could he say this if he knew that the crowning part of that work, according to the popular theology, had not then been done?

The moral consistency of his words and

of his entire conduct will be obvious. If it be thought that he might have masked his emotions, into what do we convert the most transparent character ever known in history?

It is sometimes claimed that he must have foreseen his bodily resurrection, as the disciples repeatedly declared that they had received from him the words that he would rise on “the third day.” It is no reflection upon their character, it is what was perhaps unavoidable, that this hint of a rising should later—for it was not understood before, and was indeed an after-thought—have peculiar prominence with them, should subsequently be often quoted, and perhaps too frequently be ascribed to Jesus, if only through mortification at their own previous failure to comprehend its meaning.

Every careful reader of the Scriptures knows that the expressions “the third day,” “after three days,” “a few days,” “some days,” were then often used loosely, like the word “several” with us, denoting not a specific, but a short time. If Jesus foresaw a mighty reaction of his spirit soon beginning after his disappearance, this may have been all that the indefinite phrase “three days” really meant to him. Evidently, he did foresee that reaction. “And I, if I be lifted up [crucified], will draw all men unto me.” With him there may not have been the slightest allusion to a bodily resurrection. Why should we thrust upon him a contradiction of his plainest words?

The reporters seized hold of the literal meaning. Their mistake is explicable, if unfounded. But how could they think of the legacy which, aided by the subsequent theory of a verbal infallibility, they bequeathed to the ages?

A few words on the second question,—Did Jesus have a consciousness of having died? Who has not noticed that we look in vain for any allusion to what it is supposed he had experienced? There is not one word about the great mystery of death. Jesus prior to the crucifixion and Jesus after the crucifixion does not seem to be the same person. Where are the inspiring lessons that filled every day of the former period? In the latter period we enter into a region of shadows. Is there any illuminating light reflected from the alleged passage through death?

One thing appears very clear. Those who wrote the last portion of the biography had no master to follow, no superior wisdom to guide. They were left to their own understanding. Nor is there a higher demonstration of who was the light and the wisdom of their life, when we see this lapse to the level of the disciples' minds the moment that he was withdrawn.

It is sometimes asked, What is the value of the testimony of those who said that they had seen Jesus after he left the sepulchre? The sincere but simple-minded men knew nothing of the fact that powerful emotions sometimes affect the sight in a way as vividly as do outward and palpable objects. Only in modern times has this psychological truth been established. It was unknown of old. It is not fully known even now, in all its conditions and limitations.

But it has been undeniably demonstrated in judicial investigations, where a person much talked of is mistakenly seen in his familiar walk or chair. How often have bereaved affections seen the departed whose dear image has floated before their vision! All this has happened in a thousand cases. Why not be just to the sacred writers, and allow to them an explanation so often accorded to others? Their conduct, at least, proves how overmastering was their love.

None but a few of the first disciples had ocular demonstration of a corporeal resurrection; and, of these few, it is distinctly stated that “some doubted.” Is it wrong for us to doubt?

How was it that such a resurrection of Jesus came to be, in spite of Saint Paul, the peculiar and prominent part of the Christian faith? There is no room here for historical details. What potent motives urged to this belief? In it were condensed all disputes about religion. An admission settled everything. It was the first point to be presented. It was preached continually. Nothing so much excited curiosity and wonder. It called forth passionate rhetoric. The old Church Fathers wrote voluminously in its

defence. In time, art with picturesque power came to its aid. The Passion Plays gave it distinctness and permanence. Poetry hallowed it in verse. The millennium craze taught that armies of saints would arise from their graves to fight the battles of the Lord. This was followed by the madness of the Crusades, identifying thoughts of a bodily resurrection with the sepulchre for which all Christendom fought. The Protestant Reformation effected little change in the old church creeds.

Behold the track “spotted” through the long forest of the dark ages where the trees were mostly overrun by parasitic growths.

OLD BOTTLES AND NEW.

BY REV. R. R. SHIPPEN.

The bottles were not imperishable glass, but wine-skins, as the revised version more correctly translates, easily spoiling and needing to be renewed. Theology and ritual are perishing wine-skin bottles, that must be changed to hold the sacred wine of religion, every season fresh and new. Many good people are struggling to preserve their old wine-skin bottles of theology that are fast spoiling; while advancing intelligence is happily preparing new and better ones to hold the wine of the life eternal.

Fletcher of Montrose once said, “If I could not make the songs of a nation, I care not who would make their laws,” or “their creeds,” he might have added. Creeds of John Calvin, or Westminster Confession, or Catechism, are very dry reading. People cease to care for them, and the rising generation knows little about them. Hymns that people love to sing far better represent their real thought. Hymns of a hundred years ago, compared with those of to-day, far better than creeds, show the changing theology of old bottles and new into which is put the sacred wine of divine life.

Since the days of Luther the four great hymn-writers of the old theology have been Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, and Montgomery. Wesley was the most quickening, with fervent spirituality; Watts, easily chief in majestic grandeur. Born in Southampton, England, in 1674, Watts in early manhood took charge of a church in London, where he lived till his death in 1748, at the age of seventy-four. While he published something of theology, his chief life-work was writing hymns, the best of which are in the hymn-books of all our churches. The Encyclopædia Britannica reports him to have been more liberal than the prevailing Calvinism of his time; and he is reported to have grown more genial and liberal as he grew older. His hymns are full of life and fire; and they vividly embody the theology of his day. Here are a few specimens:—

Contempt is poured upon man as a vile worm of the dust.

Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

Again and again is declared the death of Deity:—

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin!

The wrath, vengeance, and fury of Deity are terrifically portrayed:—

Terrible God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
The fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath the eternal load;
With endless burnings who can dwell?
Or bear the fury of a God?

Very cheerful and entertaining is all this, surely, showing the superior faith of the good old times as against these degenerate days of inquiry and progress. The old faith has even lingered while the new bottles are preparing. Is it imagined that this volume was a dusty relic of the past,

rescued from the rubbish of some antiquarian bookstore? It is a hymn-book printed in Boston in 1855, not as a curiosity, but for the use of New England churches, and within twenty years was used as the regular hymn-book in a church in Concord, Mass., even within sight of the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. From it we take also this grand old hymn of the days of faith, likewise written by Watts:—

HELL! OR, THE VENGEANCE OF GOD.

With holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts, to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed by the weight of both his hands.

The guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Is not that grand, gloomy, and peculiar?
It seems to need the musical setting of
Wagner's “Götterdämmerung,” with all the
great orchestra and chorus of Bayreuth,—
trumpets, trombones, and kettle-drums,—to
do it justice. Do you imagine religion
dying out because that sort of bottle is
broken and abandoned?

In the advance of intelligence, many good people are troubled lest the foundations of religion and the church are giving way, and chaos coming. What is this new thought? God, a living, loving Father, best friend of all souls in all worlds. Jesus, best representative of God, and spiritual leader of mankind. Man, God's own child, capable of all things good, learning to walk and talk, and live and sing divinely. Man, our brother, to be treated as we would treat Christ himself, religion thus taking up the note of humanity and brotherly love. Life, a great school, where experience under divine tuition educates us in true religion and fits us for the skies. True religion, a life conforming to God's law and will as seen in nature and the Bible. Destiny, a planting and harvesting. This world, a good world to live in, the kingdom of God here and now, and the life eternal begun here, carried up and on forever.

The popular hymns of to-day indicate the new bottles of theology into which is put the fresh wine of the divine life. The latest edition of the Methodist Hymnal contains about forty hymns by seventeen different Unitarian authors. The Century Company publishes a hymn-book, used in the Church of the Covenant of this city, and in churches of all sects, of which more than half a million copies have been sold, in which are fifty hymns by thirty different Unitarian authors. Two favorite hymns, “In the Cross of Christ I glory” and “Watchman, tell us of the Night,” are by the Unitarian, Dr. Bowring, of England. Two of the most beautiful of all Christmas hymns, “Calm, on the Listening Ear of Night,” and “Listen to the Angels sing,” are by Rev. E. H. Sears, late pastor of the Unitarian church of Weston, Mass. The most popular hymn of all Christendom to-day, “Nearer, my God, to thee,” was written by Sarah Flower Adams, member of the Unitarian church of Rev. W. J. Fox in London.

A hymn-book recently prepared for the use of Trinity Church, Glasgow, Scotland, by its own minister, Rev. John Hunter, contains hymns by more than fifty well-known Unitarians, with fewer hymns by Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, and Montgomery than by our Unitarian brothers, Longfellow, Hosmer, Chadwick, and Savage. As a sign of the times, old bottles of hymnology displaced by new ones, and a testimony of the people fast learning to sing the new theology, most remarkable is this very charming

new collection of "Hymns of Faith and Hope." Very remarkable and suggestive is its exact record, which is this: of the old school, four hymns by Watts, four by Doddridge, six by Wesley, eight by Montgomery; *per contra*, of the new school, twenty-six by Whittier, twenty-two by Samuel Longfellow, seventeen by F. L. Hosmer, nine by Gaskell, eight by Furness, seven by James F. Clarke, five each by Chadwick, Gannett, and Savage, and besides these a great list of other Unitarian preachers,—Bulfinch, Hedge, Sears, and others.

The old bottles, like the above quoted, on "Hell! or, the Vengeance of God," are being broken and thrown away; while the fresh hymn-books of all sects are singing of God's love, as in this lovely new hymn by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, minister of the Second Unitarian Church of St. Louis:—

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us;
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us, on thy goodness leaning;
Low in the heart Faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrow!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.
Washington, D.C.

A WINTER EXCURSION.

The snow-shoe section of the Appalachian Club is in the habit of having a winter trip to the mountains when the snow is in the right condition for gliding over it with shoes of thongs stretched over a light wood frame. This excursion took place between the 16th and the 26th of February, and the point for rendezvous was beautiful Fryeburg on the western border of Maine. About fifty men and women—none of them very young, and many with heads silvery as the winter hilltops—made up the group that gathered round the great fireplace after the delightful drive of eight miles from Conway to Fryeburg,—a ride long to be remembered for the vision of the noble mountains robed in snow and gleaming in the sunshine, as well as for the sparkle of fun and flash of wit in the long sledges, which flew merrily over the well-rolled road.

Perhaps half of the persons assembled are always to be found on these winter excursions, but there were enough new-comers to be initiated into the delights of snow-shoeing. A genial spirit of good comradeship pervades the club, and those who know how are ever ready to teach those who do not; and, though there is little sentimentality about these extremely practical men and women, there is a chivalrous guardianship of the inexperienced. A quick, strong hand is always ready to pull up the unfortunate who has slipped down; and willing arms to carry extra wraps are never wanting. One finds congenial friends at every turn, the law, the gospel, and the healing profession having their representatives among literary, scientific, and pedagogic experts. The chain that holds this conglomerate together, like the rope that ties the Alpine tourist to his fellows, is the love of Nature, and joy in invading her dominions when to many she seems the foe of man. But how we misjudge Nature, just as we misjudge people, when we see them only at a distance!

Had the fortunate Appalachians timed their visit to the mountains ten days earlier, when the mercury had dropped twenty-eight degrees toward the bottom of the tube, and the snow, in sharp, needlelike crystals, was blowing over the hills, it might not have been so delightful as those sunny hours when any sort of a wrap was a burden, and hoods and caps were tied to belts,

and, with uncovered heads, bare hands, and no outside jacket, the snow-shoers wound up the slopes of Mount Tom, and basked in the sunshine at the top as though it were June instead of February. It was hard to believe that it was winter, in spite of the unsullied fields of snow that sparkled in every direction as far as the eye could see, unbroken save by the forests and the distant homes, unstained by dust or smoke, untracked save here and there by the foot-steps of squirrels, rabbits, and deer. So recently had the last pretty creatures passed that the bushes where they had browsed still showed the freshness of the broken twigs. No sound broke the restful silence save the whirr of a startled partridge in its flight and the song of the chickadee-dee. It was hard to believe, sitting in the golden sunshine at peace with all the world, with that glorious panorama of snowy mountain and quiet village far below, so still,

"Dear God! the very houses seem asleep," that trade was thundering on in the great city, and that through grimy slush electric cars were rattling and curses and blows were mercilessly falling on thousands of poor horses as they tried to draw heavily laden sleds over half-bare roads and iron tracks. Every nerve thrilled with the sense of exquisite release from the tortures of winter in the city, the lungs inhaled a purer air, the heart throbbed with renewed vigor at the unaccustomed exertion, and the soul drank in new inspiration and courage for the hard things of life. There was wisdom in the old pagans who put their temples on the high places.

The week's outing embraced the ascent of all the hills in the immediate vicinity of Fryeburg; the climbing of Kearsarge; a trip through the Notch, and the ascent of Willard; walks over the intervalles, and up and down the winding Saco River; and various long drives in the fur-lined sledges. The weather was all that could be desired, and the views were matchless.

Evenings saw the group safe indoors, assembled in the roomy parlor for song, tableaux, or charades, and on Sunday night to hear the reading of that inimitable sermon by William C. Gannett, written, one might think, especially for such an occasion, "The Treasures of the Snow." It went with the hearers through the week, and not a day passed that some one did not refer to this or that point of the sermon which was illustrated before those who had eyes to see.

The week has fled, melted like the snow over which we found our way; but its influence abides and goes on to ever better things, as the melting snow creates the brooks which water the earth and make it glad. Hardly one of the scores who scaled those snowy heights and descended into those shining valleys but carries away the riches of new friendships, the memories of glad converse, a gallery of beautiful landscapes in his soul, fresh life in his veins, and the feeling of gladness and peace that comes

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms."

I. C. B.

A SUPERFLUOUS DENOMINATION.

BY REV. D. M. WILSON, SUPERINTENDENT FOR
NEW ENGLAND.

"The time has gone by for the establishment of a separate Unitarian denomination." So expostulated a doctor of divinity of the Trinitarian branch of our Congregational Church when regarding some of our missionary efforts. That utterance, joined in by not a few of his school, is enough to bring us to a stand-still, lost in thought, like Socrates, upon the very origins and destinies of things. Is it so, that we are not as yet a denomination? Are we, in all labors for church extension, fighting against the stars in their courses? Why he spoke these words we see at once. He meant to convey the idea that his denomination and some of the other denominations are become liberal enough to satisfy all reasonable aspirations after expansion, progress, freedom, truth. And, in a degree, is he not right? Is not that liberalism in Orthodoxy the one obstacle we have to contend with in fostering new Unitarian churches? In pulpit after pulpit throughout all the evangelical denominations "mere morality" is preached,—a Christianity clear of all dubious creed elements. And the lay people of progressive

minds are satisfied, the deacons are silent, even Unitarians are content, if the "new Orthodoxy" is tempered with a pleasant social atmosphere. Many Congregationalist clergymen openly court the approval of Unitarians and Universalists. One of them responded "Neither can I" to a Unitarian lady who said she could not accept the creed of his church; and still another explains away his creed by saying it has a certain symbolical or historical value, but no present practical import. Some of them cannot be too plain and pronounced in their rejection of the old theology. Indeed, not a few have declared to Unitarian friends that they would be happier and do better work in our communion than in their own denomination. Such, no doubt, would unite with us if we gave them a little encouragement; but we have already welcomed so many we hardly know where to find congregations for them all. As a matter of fact, there are ministers preaching in evangelical pulpits to-day who have applied for our fellowship, and are only waiting for an intimation from us to give up their charge and work in the field where their heart is. "Sire, it is not a revolt: it is a revolution."

As lovers of pure religion and of our kind, we cannot but rejoice at the grateful modification of theology in all denominations. Who can be jealous because, even with no warrant from creed or convention, their preachers are preaching the great thoughts of the times, and yielding themselves to the spirit of God presently working in the progress, the wider knowledge, the sweeter moralities of our day? Glad must we be that pulpits aforetime flaming and fuliginous with divine wrath and human torment are now radiant with the beams of all-conquering infinite Love. We will count it all gain if evangelical ministers are proclaiming salvation by character, are resting upon reason in religion, and are displaying the helpful humanity of the Master. This, to be sure, is our work; but their doing of it does not argue that the time for establishing a separate Unitarian denomination has passed away. Rather is it evidence that the hour has struck when all who have outgrown irrational traditions and erroneous principles should unite honestly and openly in that free church of God, call it what you will, whose religion, grandly simple, is love to God and love to man,—the religion of Jesus. What has passed away for these liberal orthodox ministers is really the possibility of building up their denomination on the old platform, be it called Plymouth Rock or what not; and their advocacy of the larger freedom and grander truth only bears witness again to the stability of the position long since occupied by Unitarians. Yet see how unceremoniously they treat us! At first it was asserted we were not Christians, and so most injuriously superfluous; and now that they have accepted our principles and ideas they inform us our occupation's gone.

But is it true? Does not this assertion rest upon the misconception that Unitarianism is mainly a protest? A protest, however important, may be quite temporal. And Unitarians did protest, most clearly and insistently protest, against unreason and unrighteousness in religion; but their soul's strength was in religion, and in the protest only for the sake of religion. Tradition, creed, and counsel were all contemned, all swept aside, that God might be enjoyed intimately and entirely, and humanity assisted now and here. The protest, quite effectual, is passing into silent astonishment of the compromises of "Orthodoxy"; and more than ever the desire is for religion, for participation in that Infinite Life as highest conceived by man. A church for the pure enjoyment of God and the service of man is the object of our hopes and affections. It is the ideal church,—permanent, stable; the church of the future,—free, fearless, progressive, and victorious. And after orthodox or evangelical churches have reformed and informed themselves; after they have accepted the present revelation of God in its fulness, and have ceased to be afraid of science, distrustful of scholarship, timid of what is natural, doubtful of the power of Infinite Love,—then they will be what Unitarian churches are now,—no more, no less. They are drifting over the course already deliberately sailed by Unitarians. What name they will make or take when they attain the free waters where we float we cannot conjecture; but we like to think

they will say no word of superseding us in loyal service to God or search for truth, but that they will gladly recognize there is here a sisterhood of stately ships, divinely appointed to discover a new world in religion.

Not yet, however, has liberalism in Orthodoxy so far advanced that the assumption of the place and work of Unitarian churches is, rightly, even to be thought of. If all is true that is told us, it would appear that among the most independent ministers of that school there is fear to breathe the freest breath and proclaim the fullest truth. All who leave the other communions to seek our fellowship declare that peace is to be had only by the exercise of a "masterly reticence." Some who would speak out, peace or no peace, avow themselves worn out by "the tyranny of the majority." The time for establishing a separate Unitarian denomination gone by! Whither, in that event, would these eager spirits, and others of the laity like them, flee, in order to fulfil "the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being to be free"? More of such, as knowledge grows, will burst their bonds; for the frank, honest, fearless spirit of Puritan and Covenanter is not dead in the church of their descendants. And, if there were no liberal denomination for them to enter, they would make one.

There is no great hardship, some may think, in these men staying where they are. "Let them continue in their own church," is the frequent adjuration, "and reform it from within." Do not miss the significance involved in the pressing of this point. A church which needs reforming so much cannot, surely, be quite up to the level of our Unitarian churches. Then, as to the efficacy of this reforming-from-within-the-party principle, much might be said. History and present experience both show that ecclesiastical bodies are ruled and guided by the heavy mass of conservative sentiment and opinion. No relief for advancing souls presents itself but in breaking away and forming other communions. Read the letter lately issued by bishops of the Episcopalian Church, and then reflect how futile has been the effort of liberal souls to influence the controlling mediocrity of that denomination. Yes, and reflect that men we know of, who do not believe what the bishops enforce, will dumbly acquiesce, and smother their own thoughts.

That suggests another particular in which the liberal men of evangelical churches are not competent to assume the mission of Unitarians. These liberals, while freely expressing their advanced opinions in small ministerial coteries, find that in the large conventions of their denomination the mass of conservatism is so heavy that they cannot nerve themselves to lift their voice. No effort is made to change the creeds, no word is uttered against the crude interpretations and principles of a dead past. So, while there are evangelical churches here and there which in freedom and breadth seem to rival Unitarian churches, they, nevertheless, are arrayed under banners which display unmodified the symbols of a dark and ignorant theology. How, with such standards contradicting their Sunday's sermon, can these liberal evangelicals appeal to the "emancipated" who now outnumber the church-goers? Will those who have been driven from the churches by preachers who consistently presented the irrational doctrines of their denomination be won back by other preachers who interpret them vaguely, but dare not abolish them? Surely, in the appeal to the great unchurched, Unitarians and Universalists, too, have the advantage in simplicity, consistency, fearlessness, and absolute loyalty to the literal and latest truth. And what a field is here for us! With perfect freedom to employ the divine fulness of this age in presenting a religion essential to the grand human instincts, we ought to bring multitudes to the conscious reverence of the Universal Love, and to the unselfish service of our common brotherhood.

This brings me to the practical application. With the spirit of the age for us in its scholarship and ideals, with a denomination united closely by the harmonious action and flow of feeling of the Saratoga Conference, but one thing remains to complete our equipment as a living and expanding denomination; and that is a large body of devoted ministers. In years past how often did we pray for such! And now our prayer has been granted. The ranks of high-spirited and zealous young men from our divinity schools have been swelled

doubly, perhaps trebly, by earnest and well-furnished men from other denominations. Never have we been so well supplied. Actually, we have been compelled to raise the repelling hand to many excellent men who wished to unite with us, and to utter the humiliating words, "We have nothing we can set you to do." And yet the work is here on all sides of us, a church waiting to be gathered in every considerable town or city. What enchantment has its spell over us, that we must keep scores of men in tight leash, forbidding them decisively to labor where the world invites them? What but the fear that churches might be gathered which in their further growth might require more aid from the denomination than the contributions amount to? More money would set these men free, and a new chapter would be opened in our denomination's history. But, whether more money is obtained or not, these men cannot be much longer restrained. Already they threaten to break the spell under which they lie, and, alone and unsupported, go to the most promising town or city, and labor for the kingdom of God. Whether they succeed or fail, strengthen or enfeeble the common cause, we cannot but sympathize with them. But how much better it would be if they could go forth beneath the standard raised at the Saratoga Conference, and with the denomination in its united strength behind them! Then would they accomplish the great work which other denominations, nowise so well fitted, are aspiring to do.

THE BISHOPS' PASTORAL.

PROTEST OF AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

The following letter appeared in the Boston Herald of Monday last:—

I have received a copy of the current pastoral letter. It urges upon me a conception of religion which seems to me untrue, admonishes me to teach things that in conscience I cannot teach, and construes the obligation of my ordination vows in a manner contrary to my understanding of them.

The conception of religion set forth in the pastoral letter seems to me untrue, and dangerously so, because it seems to make religion consist in a merely intellectual assent to creedal statements. The historical creeds are to me august and glorious symbols of countersigns of the Christian faith; but they do not, I think, contain the faith, or in any effectual way express it to plain men. So that it is perfectly possible, and by no means uncommon, for men to accept every article of the creeds in a most literal and historical sense, without having any considerable consciousness of the meaning of Christianity; and, on the other hand, equally possible, and no less common, for men to dissent from such a construction of the creeds, and yet show in their lives those fruits by which our Lord bids us judge of the reality of faith.

For my own part, I accept the creeds in the way defined by the pastoral letter; but I must refuse to tell the man who comes to me with honest doubts that the safety of his soul depends upon his doing so, too. I am bound to tell him that the test of faith is much more difficult and strenuous; that it is necessary for him to have high courage, and to take real risks; necessary for him to live day by day from the hand of the Father, to believe in goodness against all appearance of evil, to suffer willingly loss of possessions, the chilling of friendships, contempt, hunger, anything, everything.

I must tell the man that consents to listen to my teaching that it is relatively of the very slightest consequence that he hold approved opinions concerning the circumstances of our Lord's birth, but that it is of the highest importance that he enter into his life and share its love, its hope and faith, its humiliation, and its passion.

The pastoral letter tells me that our civilization is showy, but not strong; that it abounds in seductions to lawlessness; and that, therefore, the Church must take a firm stand, and not permit her formularies to be marred of their integrity.

Now, I cannot believe that there is any power in formularies, ecclesiastical or political, to prop up a tottering civilization.

I believe, on the contrary, that civilization in America is grievously threatened just because men have been taught to trust in formularies. I think that what we need in America is not more formularies or tougher ones, but more humanity and a more courageous and authentic faith. When the mob breaks in the doors, it does not stop at the maiming of formularies.

I cannot in conscience teach that the doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord is an absolute essential of the Christian faith. I am confident that a man may be faithful without receiving that doctrine.

Nor is it possible for me to say that the Holy Scriptures are inspired of God in a peculiar and miraculous manner distin-

guishing them from all other writings. The doctrine that the Bible alone is inspired is, I think, full of dishonor to the power of the Holy Spirit, and full of discouragement to the spirits of living men. And the teaching that it is miraculously and infallibly inspired has been, as an historical fact, the spring of endless sectarian discord, and the source of the most deadly kind of intellectual pride,—the pride which, exulting in its superior insight, masks under the guise of humble obedience to the word.

I cannot but regard as vain and illusory the notion that God has anywhere, in pope, Bible, or general council, furnished us with an infallible standard of truth, outside of the still and humble heart of man and the everlasting realities of the world around us. The steady urgency and pressure of these realities is authority sufficient, infallible, and ultimately irresistible. I cannot suppose that the truth touching the eternal relations of man to man and of man to God needs to have a guard of learned men set over it for protection.

Truth is fact; and the thing to do with a fact is not to protect it, but to respect it,—conform one's life to it.

Faithful Churchmen will, I think, best preserve and increase the world's faith in the tremendous facts of our religion by trusting themselves to those facts, and showing by visible demonstration that it is possible to stand upright thereon and walk. The truths of our ancient faith cry out to-day, not for masters to interpret them from of old, but for martyrs to prove them anew.

As to the ordination vows, I hold it to be immoral and unmanly for one to make oath as to how he will think and speak tomorrow. Such an oath is in character not easily distinguished from that of Herod in the Scripture story, and is likely to lead to killing of prophets. The ordination vows of a minister of the Church I take to be not intellectual bonds to bind him down to formularies, but spiritual bonds,—a kind of solemn and awful sacrament, to lift him up and bind him body and soul to Christ.

I make no plea for what is called freedom of thought. I do not for a moment think that men can think out a way to right living. I hold, on the contrary, that it is necessary through humility and self-devotion to live out a way to right thinking.

I contend simply for the faith of the Apostolic Church,—the faith that is most ancient and most modern.

I have high hopes that God will make this Church of ours deep and wide enough of heart to hold the heart of the nation, to answer the mute longing of the shepherdless multitude, to take up the cry of the oppressed, to stir strong souls to voluntary servitude, to fulfil the spiritual meeting of democracy, and to build here the City of Faith. I am persuaded that these things will be impossible to us if we rest in a faith documentary, traditional, and reminiscent.

It is with a poignant right that I am constrained to put myself thus in a kind of insurrection against my superiors in the Church,—especially so because it happens that I have stood in a near relation to three of the signers of this pastoral letter, and one of them has been to me for a long time preceptor and counsellor in a very special sense. Yet a wrong thing is no less wrong because good men espouse it.

And this pastoral letter, gracious and engaging in its form, seems to me to be the culminating expression of a wrong thing at this moment dominant in the life of the Church, to its great detriment and danger. It is because it is thus truly representative that I take issue with it, and set myself in opposition to it. I intend, at whatever risk of seeming presumptuous and self-willed, from this day to do everything that one man can do in the pulpit, in public prints, in private, and by every means, to deliver the Church from the influence which thus pervades it, to dissipate its vain and pedantic pretension, to disturb its stupefying calm and smooth content, and to recall it to humility and a real faith.

I pray to be set right if I am wrong.

AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

Spiritual Life.

The great tendency among men everywhere is to follow the standards and ideals that are dominant in the particular society in which they happen to move. It is a great thing to have a standard that overtops my little circle and yours; that can be seen from community to community, from nation to nation, from age to age. Such a standard has the Christ-life come to be.—J. T. Sunderland.

The Christian spirit is pre-eminently the humble, loving, forgiving spirit, the spirit that will have nothing of hatred or bitterness or denunciation, nothing to hurt or destroy. It counts all men as brothers, and permits no exclusiveness on the ground of race or wealth or culture. If any one has any superiority in any respect, that only increases his obligation to his fellows, and makes him by so much more their servant. N. M. Mann.

What is called idealism and what is called realism are only two modes from which the same Reality may be viewed: the Reality is all in all. He is perfect, all-rounded, complete. He can neither suffer waste nor increase. He is not continued into anything, even the most mighty and beautiful; but all things, in themselves incomplete, suggest that they are continued and completed in his will here or elsewhere.—Mozoomdar.

To know that in a given situation there are many ways in which we may go wrong and only one in which we can go right, that we may miss our goal as well as attain it, that things do not necessarily work for our benefit save as we choose the good, that the invisible Rectitude may be shown in undoing us as well as in making us prosper, and that always beyond our longings and the most imperious cravings of the heart is the question of what we are really worth,—with what solemnity may such thoughts affect us! James Vila Blake.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, March 2. Subject, Lesson XXIII., "Jesus and the Insane Girl." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The inquiry is often made as to the best primary departments in Boston or vicinity for teachers to visit. We commend to those who wish such opportunities the primary or kindergarten departments at the First Church, Boston; Chelsea Unitarian church; All Souls' Church, Roxbury; Second Church, Boston; and the Unitarian church in Somerville.

The New Song and Service Book to be issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, which will appear about the end of March, will, among other aims, seek to prepare children for better forms of worship in the church. There will be proper admixture of chants and glorias in the services, as well as standard congregational tunes. It is also intended that the book shall be so well supplied with music for festival days that, in using the services for Christmas, Easter, and the like (which are in the volume), it will not be necessary to buy extra music. This book will be firmly bound with a leather back, opening readily. The price will probably be \$4 a dozen.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—On Monday evening, February 18, the fourth meeting of the season was held by the Unitarian Sunday School Union at the Church of the Disciples. Just before the customary opening exercises Mr. Porter announced the death of another of our active members, Mr. Alexander W. Wilson, one of the Reception Committee for this year.

The subject for the meeting was "How to make the Sunday-school Room Attractive"; and the topic was attractively handled by Mr. Henry T. Bailey, State Supervisor of Drawing. To make the room attractive, Mr. Bailey said, first ventilate it well. Then see that teachers and pupils have comfortable seats. If you wish for an ideal room, you should subdivide it. Rods and portieres may be used if no other means can be found. As for decoration, Mr. Bailey's special word to us was to see that, whether our supply of pictures be large or small, there should be a change in the arrangement from time to time, and a gradual increase of our store. But all these matters he considers of secondary importance. The school-room, to be attractive to the pupils, must contain well-organized classes,—classes in which the pupils shall take an active part. Let one of the number be appointed secretary, and have him take the attendance most faithfully. Another should have charge of the contributions, and keep a record of those, too. For lesson-helps Mr. Bailey suggests that each class have a reference Bible of its own, and learn to use it. A good map and a concordance are a necessity; and note-books, rulers, and pencils are of great use, especially in a class of boys. A blackboard, whether for topics or for illustration, is of much value, as it appeals to the eye instead of to the ear. But, after all, the supreme attraction is the teacher; and the teacher must be a person who has learned the lesson, who knows how to get from it that which will help the pupil in his daily life, who can present the lesson interestingly, and who loves children. Finally, he must teach goodness incarnate; for that is the life of Christ.

Mr. John Lyman Faxon of Boston, secretary of the Public School Art League of America, told us of the artistic atmosphere in which Italian children are brought up, and urged us to create such an atmosphere for our children. True art is divine. It is born, and not made; and the bare walls of our churches and Sunday-schools will not help to create an artistic taste in our little folk. Let them become used to painted walls that shall tell the story of

Christ's life. Let them see pictures of scenes in the Holy Land, and photographs of foreign cathedrals. Then they will learn in what church homes other children are housed. True art will develop the spirituality latent in every child.

Mrs. Howes of Somerville believes that the chief way to attract children to the Sunday-school is for the parents to go with their children.

Rev. B. F. McDaniel hoped for a second meeting upon this subject, in order that the teachers may confer upon ways and means.

Religious Intelligence.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the National Alliance will be held at 25 Beacon Street on Monday, March 4, at eleven o'clock. Officers of other Branches are invited to be present.

THE regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, March 7, at twelve o'clock. Mrs. Andrews will be present, and speak of her visit to India. All ladies interested are cordially invited to attend.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETING ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the corporation, also a meeting of the board of directors, will take place at the Manchester House in Manchester, N.H., on Monday, March 4, at eleven o'clock A.M. All Unitarians interested in the Weirs Grove Meetings are earnestly invited to be present. J. W. Fellows, Clerk of the Corporation.

MONTANA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—Our school has suffered loss by fire during the recent cold term. "An attempt to keep an unfinished room warm enough for dormitory purposes with a wood stove, when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero, resulted disastrously. Fortunately, the fire was in the day-time, else there would have been danger to life. The room was in the loft of the shop. The whole building was destroyed; but the most of the tools, etc., in the shop were saved. The chief loss is in bedding and bedsteads. Temporary arrangements for lodging the large boys will be made in the main building. It is hoped that the friends of the school will be so generous in their gifts to its treasury that at the end of the school year, July 1, all expenses, including the additional one caused by the fire in the loss of furniture, will be met. It is probable that the work of rebuilding will be delayed until plans for the future of the school after July 1 are matured.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: March 3, Rev. Edward Hale will preach. Services at 10.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

Rev. C. F. Dole will conduct the service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, March 6, at twelve o'clock.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will preach at the Church of the Disciples, Warren Avenue and Brookline Street, on Sunday morning, in the absence of Mr. Ames.

Ministers' Monday Club: March 4, 10.30 A.M. Rev. J. T. Lusk will preside. Rev. J. H. Whitmore will give the essay, on "The Present Attitude and Tendency of American Unitarianism to the Spirit of the Age."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Service Sunday evening, March 3, at 7.30, conducted by Rev. James De Normandie. Subject, "The Real Remedy for Social Ills." Music by the "Marion Osgood Orchestra," six pieces. Soloists: Miss Kathleen Russell, contralto; Mr. Joseph L. White, baritone. All seats free.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday, March 3, afternoon at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. Samuel M. Crothers will speak upon "Saint Francis of Assisi." On Monday evening, March 4, at 7.45, Mr. C. W. Birtwell of the the Children's Aid Society will speak on "Child-saving."

At the Bulfinch Place Church, on last Sunday night, memorial services were held in honor of the late Frederick Douglass. The speakers were William Lloyd Garrison, Henry B. Blackwell, and Mr. Butler R. Wilson, a colored lawyer of Boston, who spoke eloquently of the great work Mr. Douglass did for the colored race.

Second Church: Commencing with Sunday afternoon, March 3, a series of six vespers services will be given in the main auditorium of the Second Church, intended primarily to meet the wants of young people and the many strangers and visitors in the adjacent hotels to Copley Square. These services will be but an hour in length (from 4 P.M. to 5 P.M.), the pastor, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, giving a short address on "Lent: Its Meaning for us." Mr. H. G. Tucker will preside at the organ, and the choir on the first occasion will be augmented by thirty voices from one of the Boston chorus societies. The music of "Noël" (Saint-Saëns) will be rendered in full.

New South Church, corner Tremont and Camden Streets (Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, pastor): Special services will be held Sunday evenings during Lent at 7.30. Service of song, with short addresses by the pastor, on "The Religion of Jesus, as taught in the Beatitudes,"—March 3, "The Poor in Spirit"; March 10, "They that Mourn"; March 17, "The Meek"; March 24, "They that hunger and thirst after Righteousness"; March 31, "The Merciful"; April 7, "The Pure in Heart"; April 14, "The Peacemakers." These services will be held in the vestry, and will be social and informal in spirit. An orchestra consisting of several instruments will assist the congregational singing.

The Harvard Unitarian Club, a new organization founded this year to bring together in the discussion of practical questions the young men of the Divinity School and the Unitarian preachers of Boston, held its last monthly meeting in the parlors of the Second Church. The subject, "Enrichment of Church Service," brought out a good attendance. Rev. Edward E. Hale opened with an historical statement of the growth of the Anglican Liturgy. He showed how, instead of its being possibly the best liturgical service which could have been composed at the time, it was largely a compromise; and its literary merit is, therefore, much below what might have been expected. He then outlined what should be the congregational order of procedure, commented on the service as used in the South Congregational Church, and mentioned his preference for two Scripture readings (not necessarily from the Old and New Testaments); also for a good responsive reading, which he would take directly from the Psalms as they are in the Bible. At the conclusion of his address Rev. Howard N. Brown followed, and gave a short sketch of the development of liturgical feeling in the Brookline church. Originally, it was Puritan of the Puritans in its simplicity; but now, since the new Book of Prayer and Praise has been used, he felt certain that his congregation would not be willing to go back to the old days of barren simplicity. Mr. Horton spoke of the liturgy which had been used by him for over ten years in the Second Church. He would be glad to welcome something better than the Martineau collection, abridged and altered as it had been by Mr. Collier. As to the effect of such liturgy upon the Second Church congregation he was not sure. Possibly, as many people had been driven away from the church as had been attracted to it by so elaborate a service. Mr. Cuckson followed by advising the young men to carefully prepare every slight detail of the morning service. He especially insisted that the choir should be brought into harmony with the pulpit, emphasizing more particularly the musical side of the liturgical service. No one present spoke adversely in regard to the need of liturgical enrichment, the general sentiment being, as Mr. Hale expressed it, for greater form and beauty. Americans, he said, love uniforms, banners, and symbols in civic and political life; and just now there is an equally strong tendency in this same direction in the religious world.

BELFAST, ME.—A correspondent writes: "The parlors of the Unitarian parsonage were filled on the evening of February 14 with a large and brilliant company, the occasion being a reception tendered Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Leighton by the members of the church and parish. The rooms were beautifully decorated with evergreens, smilax, and hot-house flowers, festooned with yellow and olive-green ribbons, and presented a scene of great beauty. From 7 to 10 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton received their friends of the parish, the local clergy, and the press, standing under a canopy of smilax and roses. In the adjoining rooms a dainty lunch was served by the young ladies of the parish. An orchestra stationed in one of the upper rooms discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. The Belfast Age, commenting, says, 'The popularity attained by Rev. and Mrs. Leighton during their sojourn among us is not confined to their own parish, but embraces the whole community.'"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Rev. Francis A. Tiffany preached in the First Parish Church on Sunday, February 24. Rev. S. M. Crothers is in St. Paul; and Prof. Peabody, who was to have taken his place, was kept at home by illness.

The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet on Monday, March 4, with Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, D.D., 33 Kirkland Street. Collation at 1 P.M. Essay at 2. Subject, "Discipleship of Jesus." Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

DOVER, N.H.—The Dover church, closed for the last two months, is to begin services again about the middle of March. Its people are loyal and earnest, but one of the furnaces of the meeting-house gave out just as the cold began to strengthen. Then upon this came the bank failures, which brought heavy losses upon many in the church. Now many are increasing their subscriptions; and, with a warmer interest com-

ining with the milder March weather, the congregation will worship in comfort, and prosper.

FARMINGTON, ME.—The society in Farmington is undergoing the encouraging process of regeneration. The younger disciples of liberal religion in the town have come to the determination that our church shall be opened for regular worship. Last Sunday the New England superintendent preached to about two hundred people, most of them deeply interested in the enterprise. He announced that church services and Sunday-school would be held continuously thereafter every Sunday. Not for four years has the church been kept open the year round, but now the prospect is very encouraging for a self-supporting and prosperous society.

PASSAIC, N.J.—Our New York correspondent writes: "The Passaic Unitarians gave a reception to their new pastor, Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, on Wednesday evening, February 20. From the hearty expressions of satisfaction and gladness with which the one hundred and twenty-five parishioners and friends welcomed him, one might conclude that a new society is never fully happy until it has settled a minister. 'Dear old father Camp,' as the president of the society lovingly called the ever youthful-seeming pastor of the Third Church in Brooklyn, was present, and in one of his brightest speeches greeted Mr. Wicks as his successor in the charge of the Passaic society. Addresses were also made by Rev. George H. Badger of Rutherford, Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York, and by Mr. Wicks, whose felicitous remarks were in so fine and manly a spirit that his parishioners had reason to feel very proud and happy over their new minister. Some excellent solo singing by Miss Guthrie and a generous collation completed the evening's enjoyment.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—At the meeting of the Unitarian Club on February 21 Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright of New York spoke of "Certain Recent Tendencies in French Literature," which exhibited one nation's peril and should serve as a warning to others. For two hundred years preceding the present century classicism dominated French literature. It gave place to romanticism, which, in turn, was succeeded by the realistic or materialistic school. Taine, Zola, and De Maupassant are leaders of this school, which is pessimistic to a degree which passes comprehension,—so pessimistic that pessimism is optimistic to it. It holds that 'vice and virtue are products, like vitriol and sugar. . . . The true critic accepts them as facts, but does not extol the one nor decry the other.' These writers do not believe in morality, in a future life, or in God. Renan says of such writers, 'To them only the evil and the ugly are real.' But a reaction has set in. The result of the Franco-Prussian War led thoughtful Frenchmen to seek the underlying cause of the defeat of their country, and they were not long in finding it in materialism. In 1889 a "Moral Defence Association" was formed among the students, under the lead of some of their professors; and it has increased in membership very rapidly. Its object is to raise the moral tone of France. Dumas, fils, wrote to *Figaro* in 1891, 'The profound reaction against this eternal depiction of evil is growing rapidly'; and Le Maître speaks of it as "a softening of the soul," seeking to add morals to mind in order to save the nation. France has anticipated all other nations in carrying pessimism to its ultimate conclusion, and she has found that the end is death. Let us be warned by her experience, and realize that a nation's true wealth is the noble men she produces, and not the extent of her territory nor the material prosperity she may enjoy.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wright's remarks President Harned returned the thanks of the club to the speaker for his exceedingly interesting and eloquent address. A quartette of young girls from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind added to the pleasure of the occasion by singing several pieces.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The church in San Diego was burned on the night of Monday, February 18. The loss is about \$19,000, against which there is an insurance of \$6,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Second Unitarian Church: The annual meeting held in January passed off very pleasantly. After the numerous reports of the various societies the ladies served the company with refreshments. A pleasant musical programme followed. The treasurer's report showed that all bills had been paid, and a small balance left in the treasury. The membership of the church had been increased by thirty-eight names during the year. Resolutions of tribute and respect to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were passed unanimously. Since the year's work began, the trustees have released Mr. Sprague from all work in the Sunday-school, and elected Mrs. Sprague to serve as superintendent. At their meeting in February the trustees

elected Mrs. Sprague to serve as assistant to the pastor, authorizing her to represent the church in all the pastoral offices and to relieve Mr. Sprague from part of the burden of two services a Sunday. We are all looking forward to a course of lectures to be given by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who will visit us in March.

SEATTLE, WASH.—Rev. Dr. Acton preached recently on "Undercurrents," showing how influences from God work on the destinies of mortals, leading them to final success or failure, according to their loyalty to truth and right.

TORONTO, CANADA.—At the second annual meeting of the congregation of the Unitarian church after the settlement of Rev. H. H. Woude an address was presented to the pastor, cordially assuring him of their entire satisfaction in his ministrations and their high appreciation of his sermons, and especially thanking him for his effective service on behalf of the Sunday-school. The address refers to the prosperity and rapid growth of the school, the interest in the "Young People's Association," the minister's untiring efforts to further the social life of the congregation, and rejoices with him in the bright future which is before the church and the cause in Toronto.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Worcester League of Unitarian Women held their February meeting on Wednesday, February 20, at the South Unitarian Church, Worcester. Besides the three Unitarian churches in the city, the First Universalist and All Souls' were represented; and members were present from Clinton, Grafton, Holden, Hopedale, Leicester, Millbury, Sterling, Uxbridge, and Warren. The subject of the day was "Liberal Beliefs"; and Miss Adaline May of Leicester read the first paper, on "Should Reason and Conscience be Final Authorities in Matters of Religious Belief?" after which Mrs. Cyrus A. Roys of Uxbridge gave extracts from Dr. Channing's sermons defining reason and conscience. Intermission was taken for luncheon, temptingly prepared by ladies of the South Church. At the afternoon session Mrs. Royal Cheney read a paper on "Have the Words 'Conversion,' 'Conviction,' and 'Experiencing Religion' any meaning in our Liberal Theology?" And Mrs. Sarah Theo Brown read the last paper of the afternoon, on "Is it our Duty to carry our own Light as far into the World's Darkness as we can?" The broadness of thought and the liberality of all the writers and speakers made not only an interesting day, but a helpful one.

UNION CONFERENCE.—A union conference of guilds, Unity Clubs, and temperance societies will be held in Channing Hall at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., Wednesday, March 13. The morning subjects and speakers will be as follows: Rev. W. H. Lyon, "Parish Papers"; Rev. E. F. Hayward, "A Boys' Club"; Rev. W. F. Greenman, "The Teaching Value of Good Literature"; Rev. A. J. Rich, "Unity Clubs: How to do it." Mr. J. G. Thorp, "The Norwegian System of License for Massachusetts." In the afternoon: Rev. A. J. Culp, "The Guild as a Ministers' Opportunity"; Rev. E. J. Prescott, "The Guild as a Help to the Church"; Miss L. Freeman Clarke, "The Study Class Work of the Women's Alliance"; Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, "The Work of the Women's Alliance." All clubs, guilds, and Alliances are invited to send delegates. A cordial invitation is extended to every one interested in the meeting. A temperance service to be used March 17 is now ready. In its general plan it very much resembles that of last year, of which the work and teachings of Dr. Hale was the basis. The present service has the temperance work of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore as its general subject. Orders may be sent at once to the secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The winter meeting of the Norfolk Conference was held at Neponset in the Church of the Unity Thursday, February 21. Although the day was cold and bleak, the attendance was large. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen was to have led the devotional service; but, as he was detained by illness, Rev. Solon W. Bush kindly took his place at a moment's notice, choosing as his theme "Inspiration," and this subject formed the basis of brief remarks by others.

At eleven o'clock the president, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys, called the conference to order for the transaction of business. The report of the secretary was read and approved. A letter received from the National Council of Unitarian Churches, with a view to reaching more closely the individual adherents to the liberal faith within the bounds of each local conference, was referred by the president to a committee of five, of which Rev. Henry F. Jenks of Canton is chairman, to report at a later meeting. The usual collection was then taken up, amounting (with the addition of contributions received in the afternoon) to

\$50.02. Of this sum, \$50 was set apart to relieve a case of private need which had been brought to the attention of the directors.

The address of the morning was delivered by Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, on the comprehensive yet most fascinating subject, "The Passage from Philosophy to Religion." According to Mr. Batchelor, all ideas, as *ideas*, must disappear before they become imbedded in character. Philosophy is but the raw material which must suffer certain changes before it can be a helpful and inspiring factor in the religious life.

Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline opened the discussion, speaking eloquently and forcibly in the same vein, and was followed by Rev. Messrs. Stebbins, Allen, Horner, Dr. Osgood of Cohasset, Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. Webster, and the president.

At one o'clock Rev. George H. Hosmer, the pastor of the entertaining church, cordially invited the members of the conference to partake of the collation which was ready in the vestry.

Upon coming together at 2.15 in the afternoon, the roll of churches was called, the result being that twelve ministers and about two hundred lay delegates were found to be present, besides other friends. It was also voted that the president and secretary convey the appreciation of the conference to Rev. W. R. Lord (now taking up his residence in St. Paul) for his devotion to the highest interests of the body during his connection therewith.

Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Quincy then spoke earnestly upon the theme, "The Church and the Young Men." Rev. William H. Branigan of the Norfolk Church in Dorchester followed Mr. Butler in a well-considered address. Others taking part in the discussion were: Mr. Henry Faxon of Quincy; Rev. Mr. Wilson, pastor of the Baptist church in Neponset; Rev. Mr. Savary; Mr. Charles A. Porter, Jr.; and the president. After the thanks of the conference had been extended to the Church of the Unity for its bountiful entertainment, and to the principal speakers of the day, the conference adjourned with the singing of the doxology and the benediction, pronounced by Dr. Osgood of Cohasset.

Business Notices.

The Triennial Examination of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company of this city, as required by the laws of this Commonwealth, has just been completed by Insurance Commissioner George S. Merrill. The result is of considerable public interest, and the report is given in full elsewhere. It states that, after an examination in detail of all the items in the assets of the company, the amounts were found to agree with great uniformity with those appearing in the company's official statement, the only cases where any variation was noticed being where the company conservatively claimed less values than have been allowed by the examiners. This company was incorporated and began business in 1862; and, in its entire history, no obligation has been defaulted, nor has any just claim lacked prompt satisfaction. The commissioner says that their records are clear and honorable,—a pride and credit to the financial institutions of the Commonwealth and country. A substantial advance has been made by this company since the last triennial examination. The distributions of surplus of this company, as regards the ordinary business, are made annually, and make a favorable indication of prudence and economy of management; for, as appears by the annual statements submitted to the Massachusetts Insurance Department, this company ranks in class of four companies, excelling in liberality in this respect. The distributions to the industrial policies are made once in five years. The great detail of allotting and applying the dividends to the hundreds of thousands of these policies would make a more frequent distribution an unwarrantable expense.

A Relic of the Past.—Perhaps some of our readers can recall the old-fashioned lowboys and highboys which were so much in use a century ago, and many of which are still to be seen in the rural towns that boast of colonial mansions and old families. This year, for the first time, it is possible to find a highboy among the designs of new furniture. They have one at Paine's on Canal Street. It is a veritable old-fashioned highboy, with the addition of a mirror at the top. (See the engraving in another column.)

For relieving THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Kennebunk, 18th inst., Charlotte E. Thompson, wife of the late Capt. Franklin H. Thompson, aged 67 years.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E. Office *Christian Register*.

A MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW OF ABILITY and culture, and of cheerful, companionable nature, desires a situation as home or travelling companion, or in a position of trust. References given and required. Address Rev. S. M. CROTHERS, 6 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE would like position as housekeeper, or as companion to an invalid or elderly person. References of the best. Address C. M. Care *Christian Register*.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 118 Devonshire Street.

For the Christian Register.
HUMANITY.

BY REV. CHARLES T. CANFIELD.

Humanity! Humanity!
Thou guest of ages long,
All creeds and forms are vanity,
We wait thy matin song.
In sin and shame, through blood and strife,
'Mid gloom of darkest night,
A voice still calling unto life,—
A voice,—“Let there be light.”

The morning stars shall chant refrain,
And earth rejoice in thee;
The world shall triumph o'er its pain
In glad humanity.
Nor star of old can light our way
As to thy heights we go;
But truth and right shall be as day,
Thy upward path to show.

O high and grand Humanity!
In lowly service great,
All creeds and forms are vanity,
But love thy lofty state.
And, where thy pierced feet have trod
In dust thy footsteps bare,
Still give the guidance of our God
Thy place with him to share.

O glorified Humanity!
Unveiled on the cross,
All creeds and forms are vanity,
And crowns and thrones are dross.
But thou the holiest we know,
From chief of humankind,
Humanity divine dost show,
And God in thee we find.

The Pulpit.

THE NEW THERAPEUTICS.

A VESPER SERVICE ADDRESS AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

“Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.”—ROM. xii. 21.

It is coming to be believed by the medical profession that we are very possibly on the eve of a great revolution in medical practice. Only a few years ago our methods of surgery were practically revolutionized by the use of antiseptics, so that many operations are now made by surgeons, and many lives are now saved, which seemed a dozen years ago simply hopeless. And now the doctors are beginning to say, “It is our turn.” It seems not altogether inconceivable that a few years hence many of the contagious diseases which are now the scourges of civilization—diseases like diphtheria or cholera or scarlet fever—may be robbed of most of their terrors. It may come to pass that every practising physician will have his laboratory of bacteriology, just as he now has his consulting-room. It is already reported from Great Britain that the deaths from diphtheria have been reduced, under the new treatment, from 30 per cent. of cases to 5 per cent., or from a yearly average of 3,900 to a yearly average of 800. And what is the principle on which this proposed change of practice rests? The principle is not, as in the old practice, the conquering of effects of disease after it has fastened on the system: it is the prevention of the entrance of disease by fortifying the constitution against it. It is not proposed to destroy the germs of disease; but it is proposed to establish a capacity of resistance, against which these germs are to be powerless. The life of the patient is to be so treated that the disease simply finds no soil to fasten on, no material on which to feed. The life becomes, as the doctors say, “immune” to the disease. It is given immunity, that is to say, from the danger. The germs attack in vain a life that has been thus—as the new word says—“immunized.” And how does this immunity come to pass? It comes to pass, so the new doctrine believes, by inoculation from another fortified life. It is security by contagion. A safe life imparts safety. We are in the habit of thinking of contagion as a quality of disease, but here we have the contagion of health. The life of some animal is treated until it becomes at last impervious to the disease, and from that one life thus immunized immunity proceeds. One such life, impenetrable to contagion, becomes the safety of a thousand. And so the health of a community may come to depend on the existence in it of enough of these fortified lives. They simply crowd out the contagion of disease by imparting the contagion of health. There is not room for both. The germs will continue to float in the atmosphere, but they will find no entrance with the “immunized” life. The doctor says, “Be not overcome of this evil, but over-

come the evil by the preoccupation of your life by good.”

Now, whether these new and startling discoveries in medicine are so revolutionary as many people believe is not, of course, our business here. But it is certainly interesting to notice that this newly proposed way of salvation for the bodily life only repeats the true doctrine of salvation for the life of the conscience and the soul. What is it to have a perfectly healthy conscience? Some people think, and some people teach, that a healthy conscience is a sensitive and watchful conscience, always guarding itself against the attacks of the enemy, like an alert soldier in a hostile land.

And, of course, this sensitive, watchful conscience is much better than a sleepy and careless one. And yet it is not perfect health. It is an invalid conscience, guarding itself from harm, afraid of what is coming, dreading exposure to temptation. A perfectly healthy conscience is a much more rugged thing. It is not susceptible. It is the safe, the immunized conscience. And, in the same way, what is a saved soul? It is not an invalid soul,—a frail, delicate, convalescent thing, always in danger of a new attack. A perfectly saved soul is a safe soul,—a soul that is impenetrable to temptation. A fort that is impregnable is safer than one that has been lost and regained. It is not so much saved as it is safe. And how does this safety of conscience or soul come about? It comes about, says the new teaching, through contact with the purified life. One life becomes impenetrably sound and clean, and then its contagion “immunizes” other lives. A good man gives goodness, just as a sick man gives disease. A safe soul becomes a saviour of other souls. A quiet, unassuming mother lives in a home, leading a life before which evil thoughts simply shrink away; and that contagion of purity and simplicity affects the whole home circle, and saves it from worldliness and sin. Jesus goes his way among the sins of his age, impervious to their solicitations,—tempted in all points, yet without sin; and it is as if a fresh west wind blew across a malarial plain and the germs of selfishness and bigotry, which still swarm in the atmosphere of his nation, simply cannot fasten on those whom his spirit has blessed. Such is the higher therapeutics of the soul. The salvation of a life or of a world is to be found, not in the impossible abolition of evil, but in the overcoming of evil by good. The good life imparts itself, and then the germs of evil, though they still float in every breeze, find no room to enter. The contagion of the good has killed the poison of the bad.

Now take that doctrine for one moment into the affairs of our daily life, and see how it opens with a new courage and hope. Here is a college; and it has its sporadic cases of evil, just as it has its occasional cases of disease. These evils are to be deplored: they bring harm and shame on us all. It is impossible among three thousand men that offences shall not come; but woe unto those by whom they come! It were better—at least for them—if a millstone were hanged about their necks, and they were cast into the sea. And yet, in spite of such evils, what is the most remarkable fact of our moral condition? It is its general excellence. Just as one often wonders why contagious diseases get so little hold in our crowded life, so he should wonder that the contagion of evil which blights a soul here and there touches us so slightly. Let us thank God for the great body of robust and fearless manhood going its way through the temptations of youth perfectly pure and clean. Here is the secret of our moral health,—in this great body of immunized lives among us; and here is the moral problem of the university,—not the impossible task of wholly exterminating the possibilities of evil, but the happier work of multiplying and developing and encouraging these fortified lives, these manly men, who can go up and down amid possibilities of contagion, and yet be perfectly safe and free. Each man thus freed becomes a medium of social immunity. The safety of the whole lies in the overcoming of evil contagion by the spread of good contagion. A young man cannot hide from evil, but he can become impervious to it. If he only cast out the devil from his life, and leaves that life empty, back comes the devil, with others worse than the first. But let him establish contact with immunized lives, let him take up with the interests which give

no room for sin; and then his life comes to partake of that immunity. Spiritual bacteria, like physical ones, thrive only in the life which provides a soil for them. They cannot be barred out, but they can be starved out. The way to overcome evil is to be preoccupied with good.

And it is the same in the larger world about us, with all its solemn problems and anxious fears. A great many people are dreaming of a different world from this one; a world which shall have no contentions or competitions, no social disorders or temptations; a world where the germs of evil shall be no longer in the air. But that is not the world as it is given, or is likely to be given to us; and a new social programme which depends on thus transforming the world is little more than a dream. Science is not sanguine of the extinction of evil germs. It turns to the more promising task of the fortifying of life against them. It may be possible some day to make this hard world soft; but the present problem is to make this soft human nature hard and strong, and to take the world as it is, and must be. You look out into the world about you, and you see possibilities of evil on every hand. You see temptation and dissipation, drink and lust, restlessness and ambition, scattering their germ of desire about man's paths; and you wonder what is to banish all this evil from the world. Well, it is not going to be banished. That is the probable truth. Evil is here to stay. But then you look again, and you see what is possible,—a miracle of the moral life, beside which these triumphs of medicine are but commonplace. You see that the evil is not to be exterminated, but that it is to become uncontagious. You see the pure life walking among these poisonous paths in perfect security, just as a hospital nurse walks unscathed through her wards, fortified against disease by her healthy consecration. And then you say: “That is the way of the healthy soul. Its perfect love casts out fear. It carries safety, because it is safe itself. It is not afraid of life: it is the master of life. It is not overcome of evil: it overcomes evil with good.”

A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

AN ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER'S IDEA OF WHAT IT STANDS FOR.

Rev. H. P. DeForrest of the Woodward Congregational Church, Detroit, preached a sermon recently on “What one Church stands for: A Declaration of Principles.” He took his text from Gal. v. 13: “For, brethren, you were called for freedom. Only use not freedom for an occasion unto the flesh, but through love be servants one to another.” The following is an abstract of his discourse:—

ITS AIM AND PURPOSE.

It seems to me fitting, as this church is summing up its record for another year and laying its plans for the future, that we should give expression, for our own stimulus, and for the information of the public we seek to serve, to the purpose and aim which we set before us, as one among the family of Christian churches in this community. Churches as well as men have, and ought to have, their own individuality; and, if by this means there comes to be a variety in the specific aims which characterize them, the more likely is it that the varied needs of a great community will be met. The real use of sects is not, as is sometimes thought, in the assumption on the part of each that the particular tenet for which they stand is the most important of all, constituting them the only true church, but in the fact that the variety of them affords opportunity for all shades of human thought and preference, and provides for the union in a congregation of those who can best work in sympathy toward the end of human betterment which all are to seek in common.

Because we have a specific aim and state it, it does not follow that we antagonize in any way the aims or efforts of other churches that may differ somewhat from our own. We recognize with gratitude the good work which they are doing. It may be, and often is, greater than we are able to do. We desire to be in the greatest possible accord with them in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. We set up no rivalry, and we will be allured into no competition. We only ask for the liberty to do our own work in the way that seems to us most needed, and we heartily desire to

co-operate with them all in those general aims which belong to us alike in the community.

FOUR ESSENTIAL POINTS.

In trying now to state the specific aims for which this particular church stands, I enumerate four points, as follows:—

1. It stands for the liberty of the spirit, as emphasized by Paul, and in modern times illumined by the Pilgrim founders of that branch of Christ's Church to which we are most closely allied. We do not worship the Pilgrim Fathers; but we do respect and reverence the men for their stanch character, their true courage, and especially for their supreme devotion to the rights of the individual conscience, and the freedom of thought and investigation. Their claim was that they were ready to follow God's blessing, wherever they saw it; but they were equally determined not to follow the dictation of any man or church or State. The enlargement of knowledge since then had been greater than in sixteen centuries before. To keep the Pilgrim succession, we must try to keep pace with this growing knowledge, in so far as it throws light on the essential principles of religion. All knowledge is of God, as all life is from him. The progress of the ages is his development of man. And, if to-day we have the means of knowing better than our fathers what the will of God is, we should be untrue to them if we did not follow its light fully, freely, frankly, whether we do it in company or alone.

2. This church, then, tends also for the fundamental truth that the essentials of Christianity are not established forms or articulated creeds, but a spirit and a life; and that these essentials are to be emphasized by the church, and the non-essentials are sternly subordinated. For instance, the essential in regard to God is that he is the living, present, loving energy of spiritual life, in whom we live and move and have our being. The essential truth in regard to Jesus of Nazareth is in what he has revealed to us of God. The essential thing in regard to the future after death is not what is to be, of which we have little knowledge, but rather how to be best fitted for that future by entering into the life in God now.

ERROR OF DOGMATISM.

It is the serious error of dogmatism that it concerns itself but little with the essentials, but insists continually that, in order to be orthodox, one must accept the speculations of human minds about the being of God and the details of the life beyond the grave. Desiring to avoid this error, we refuse to make the dogmas of theology a condition of church membership. We emphasize the importance of clear thinking about them, but we do not ask those who come to us what they believe concerning them. Our warrant for insisting on certain truths as essential, and ruling out non-essentials as confusing and immaterial, is, on the one hand, in the lessons of experience, and, on the other, in that unmistakable declaration of Jesus himself: “Thou

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Four Large Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black	1.75
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Colors	1.50
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black	1.75
Four Large Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.65
Four Medium Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.50
Seven Hook, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.75
Seven Hook, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.75
Mousquetaire Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	2.00
Mousquetaire, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black	2.25
16-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire	3.25
20-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire	3.75
24-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire	4.50
Men's Two Button	1.50
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Men's Two Clasp, Prex Seam Kangaroo	1.75
Men's Two Clasp Plain Black	1.75

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shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. There is no commandment greater than these."

3. This church stands, also, for the searching and reverent study, according to true scientific methods, of the Scriptures, and their interpretation in the light of the actual facts of their origin and history. We do not assert that every one should know the latest facts about the Bible in order to lead a Christian life, or that the clearest understanding of its history alone will produce that life; but we do believe that, for those who are seeking for a clearing up of the misconceptions about revelation, and for an elucidation of the difficulties and puzzles which abound in the common interpretation of its writings, there is a satisfaction and a power to be found in a clear understanding of what modern research has made plain. And for such the book which they are in danger of laying aside in despair will become instinct with life, and crowded with the evidences of divine working with men. And we think it is all wrong that the key to this greatest of books which is supplied by its history should be locked up in the knowledge of a few scholars, and not given to all the people.

CONTINUOUS REVELATION.

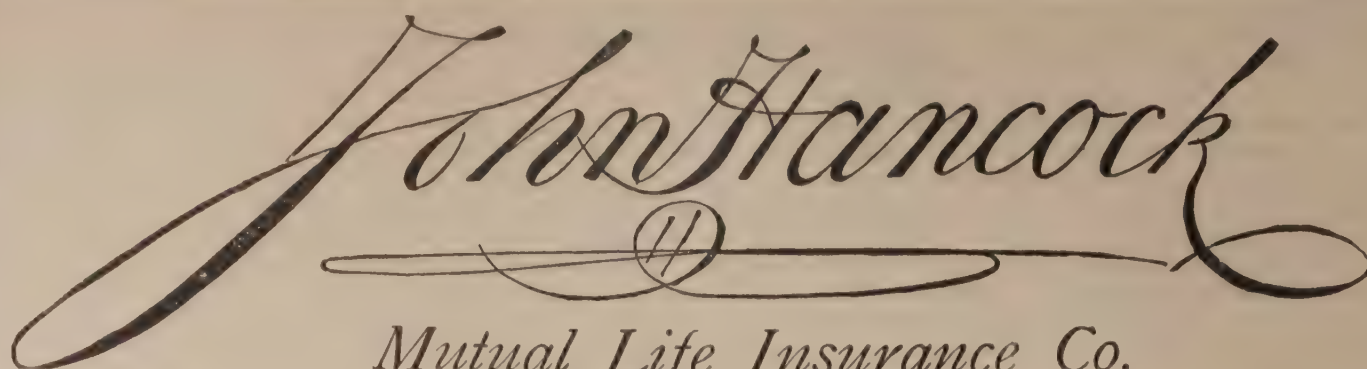
We believe in this book as a revelation, not by occasional breakings forth of the supernatural into the sensuous, but by the constant and uninterrupted actions of God on the living spirits of men of old, by which they were continually helped to gain clearer and nobler ideas of God and truth out of the experience of life, and to speak out to the world the great and growing thoughts which came to them. And we are not out of the line of reverent belief in the God we worship when we also believe that God still lives, and is helping men to see the clearer truth; and that inspiration is not a thing of a remote past, but a reality of every age, in proportion as men awake to the touch of the divine Spirit. We do not see how it is possible to believe in a living God and not believe in this.

4. We stand alone, and hope, as facilities increase, to stand more and more evidently for the practical application of a rational and spiritual Christianity to the actual life of the community. The Church is not merely an institution for the purposes of formal worship: it is to make itself a picture to the world of what the real kingdom of God is,—the sway of God, which is the sway of righteousness and truth and love in the whole life of man, individual and social. It is to make itself a centre of light and warmth, filled itself with the spirit of love, and seeking to pervade all the activities of life—society, commerce, literature—with its own atmosphere. Nothing is foreign to it but evil, nothing is trivial to it which belongs to healthy human activity. Unless the Church can destroy the idea that the religious life is something apart from the common life, and lift into prominence the truth that religion is to pervade all life, it will never bring in the real kingdom of God.

SOME POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

Such, in mere outline, is the specific aim of this church. In its main outline it is one with all others. If in any points we differ from them, it is not for the sake of difference, but incidental to the following out of our individuality. We stand in the succession of the free men who founded our Church and State. We claim the liberty of conscience and of untrammelled thought and investigation. We put forward the union with the eternal Spirit of the living God as the one essential thing in religion, and the exercises of the spirit of love which is born of it as the one mark of a true Christian. We stand for an intelligent understanding and a rational interpretation of Scripture in the light of all the facts that can be obtained. We stand for an applied Christianity, whose function is not to say to any man, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," but which is related to life in all its aspects, and makes all things sacred which partake of its spirit.

In this attitude we appeal to the community. We welcome all who are of like spirit, without question concerning differences in speculative opinions. We put no five-barred fence before our doors, but only ask for evidence of a Christian spirit, or of a hunger for it, to receive those who knock at our gates.



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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,

BOSTON, January 30, 1895.

Under the provision of the law of this Commonwealth, requiring triennial examination of all its insurance corporations, the usual investigation of the affairs of this Company has just been completed.

All the assets claimed by the Company have been examined in detail, each item having been separately verified and checked, and the amounts found to agree with great uniformity with those appearing in the Company's official statement. The only cases where any variation is noticed are where the Company has conservatively claimed less values than have been allowed by the examiners.

The items of liability have in the same manner been separately investigated. The net premium reserve, which comprises nearly 98 per cent. of the total liability, has been computed from the registers of the Insurance Department. These registers, under the practice of the Department, constitute an entirely separate and distinct record of the policy accounts of the Company; and in this respect are a complete history of the policy transactions from the beginning, accounting for, in respect to the ordinary business, every policy issue in consecutive numbers, as well as the date and manner of termination of all those which have ceased to be in force. The computation of the reserve by the Department is, therefore, from independent records, and a matter wholly distinct from that of the Company, and in the present case corroborates with great exactness the results found in the office of the Company.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Real Estate.....	\$1,278,097.81	Net Premium Reserve.....	\$5,897,834.00
Bonds and Stocks.....	2,885,464.85	Claims in Process of Adjustment.....	33,129.00
Mortgages and Collaterals.....	2,082,458.33	Surrender Values Claimable and Premiums paid in advance.....	66,115.22
Cash in Office and Banks.....	173,292.22	Dividends due Policy-holders.....	17,007.37
Accrued Interest and Rent.....	128,768.05	Special Dividend Reserve and all Other Liabilities.....	102,659.29
Net Deferred and Unpaid Premiums.....	125,173.45	Total Liabilities.....	\$6,116,744.88
Agents' Balances, Personal Loans, etc.....	\$15,927.73	Surplus.....	556,509.88
Total Assets.....	\$6,673,254.76		

New Insurance written during 1894, \$40,046,617.00.

INCREASE IN SURPLUS.....	Since last triennial examination.....	\$213,229.62
INCREASE IN GROSS ASSETS.....	" " " "	2,291,663.39
INCREASE IN INCOME.....	" " " "	1,617,706.78
INCREASE IN AMOUNT OF OUTSTANDING INSURANCE.....	" " " "	37,040,446.00

This Company was incorporated and commenced business in 1862, and has, therefore, been continuously under the provisions of the non-forfeiture laws of the Commonwealth, the first of which was enacted in 1861. The design of these laws was to prevent the confiscation of the accrued values of life insurance policies, in case the insured was unable or unwilling to continue his premium payments, and to require the substantial equivalent of such values to be applied to the benefit of the owner of the policy either in cash or extended insurance. Previous to these enactments there was no restraint whatever upon any life insurance company in this respect, and the rule among the companies of the country generally had been rank forfeiture of the entire values and interests of lapsed policies; but, by the influence of these laws, although they applied only to Massachusetts companies, there has resulted an entire change in the practice of the companies generally throughout the country, until now it is rare to find one in which the rights and equities of the insured in this regard are not fully or largely recognized.

In the entire history of this Company, as may be said in common of all the five Massachusetts Life Companies, no obligation has been defaulted, nor any just claim lacked prompt satisfaction. Their records are clear and honorable, a pride and credit to the financial and fiduciary institutions of the Commonwealth and country. And while not in the slightest degree reflecting upon or disparaging the soundness or goodness of the many excellent companies admitted to transact business in this State, or implying that any of them are not as good as our Massachusetts companies, the Commissioner is entirely free to say that he does not believe any other State has any better companies than the five regular life companies of this Commonwealth.

The substantial advance made by this Company since the last triennial examination makes pertinent and interesting a comparison of its progress and the development of its business within the recent years.

During the first half of its existence the Company followed the usual plans of life, endowment, and term insurance. In 1879 it commenced the business of Industrial Insurance, and with one exception was the first company in this country to engage in this class of business; and it has steadily and conservatively pursued it until its present assured and established condition has been attained. Although the efforts of the management have been largely directed to this plan, the usual or so called Ordinary business has not been neglected. As an evidence of this, it will be seen that the amount of new insurance written in that Department during 1894 was \$6,900,550, an amount in excess of that written in any other year of the Company's history. That the industrial plan entirely meets the needs of those for whom it was particularly designed is manifested by its success, which is so marked and prominent.

The Industrial plan consists distinctively of the issue of policies for limited amounts at correspondingly easy rates of premiums, having as its basis a weekly collection of five cents, the design being to bring the much needed and desired benefits of life insurance within the reach of those who are unable to accumulate or provide in a single sum the annual amount necessary to meet the costs of the usual and so-called Ordinary forms in use by the companies generally.

The proceeds of these small policies are designed and intended for meeting medical and other attendant charges of last sickness and as a burial fund, and in a majority of instances meet the need which would otherwise have to be supplied by charity or be a public charge.

The disbursements by the Industrial Companies of their many millions annually among scores of thousands of families have already produced an effect very marked and notable, as observed by the charitable institutions and relief societies in a diminution of calls for their aid.

The number of these policies in force on Dec. 31, 1894, in the three leading Industrial companies was 6,496,981, insuring \$766,231,386, an increase of 1,016,627 policies and \$131,318,590 of insurance during the year.

As encouragers and promoters of self-respect and thrift among those for whom these policies are designed, the Industrial companies are recognized and esteemed as powerful factors; and their wonderful growth and increase in membership is a matter of earnest and sincere congratulation.

The distributions of surplus of this Company as regards the Ordinary business are made annually, and, as may be seen by comparison with the premium receipts of that class, make a very favorable indication of prudence and economy of management; for, as appears by the annual statements submitted to the Massachusetts Insurance Department, this Company ranks in class of four companies, excelling in liberality in this respect. The distributions to the Industrial policies are made once in five years. The very great detail of allotting and applying the dividends to the hundreds of thousands of these policies would make a more frequent distribution an unwarrantable expense.

The following table, compiled from the official records of this Department, shows the progress of the Company during the past ten years:—

YEAR.	INCOME.	OUTGO.	ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.	SURPLUS.	INSURANCE IN FORCE.
1884.....	684,066	649,920	2,624,923	2,410,487	214,436	17,864,710
1885.....	806,318	704,410	2,747,497	2,494,932	252,565	21,466,371
1886.....	984,567	852,705	2,875,581	2,616,410	259,171	26,784,420
1887.....	1,197,979	1,011,934	3,070,649	2,831,361	239,288	32,936,204
1888.....	1,480,163	1,243,544	3,317,224	3,044,414	272,810	39,311,096
1889.....	1,799,543	1,535,946	3,548,338	3,265,017	283,063	45,879,657
1890.....	2,180,022	1,780,033	3,967,910	3,626,104	341,807	55,803,940
1891.....	2,572,368	2,179,470	4,381,591	4,038,311	343,280	65,108,734
1892.....	3,114,613	2,484,597	5,061,651	4,632,627	429,024	78,138,546
1893.....	3,747,183	3,069,684	5,788,917	5,303,856	485,061	88,961,727
1894.....	4,190,075	3,318,588	6,673,255	6,116,745	556,510	102,149,180

SEAL.

[Signature]
Insurance Commissioner

We make no distinction of rich or poor, learned or ignorant,—only of spirit and life. And, if we have a mission to any class more than another, it is to those who are burdened and troubled, and who, in the midst of the controversies of the day and the upheaval of old beliefs, are feeling uncertain whether there is any broad ground of Christianity on which all may stand, and any sure footing for the feet that cannot walk in the old paths of unquestioning belief. To such we hold out a hand warm with sympathy. We assert without fear that there is a resting-place for modern doubt, and that an intelligent acceptance of the fundamental principles of Christianity is not difficult, when unessentials are thrown aside. We, too, know the discomforts of uncertainty. We welcome intelligent question, honest scepticism, real hunger for truth and life. And we say, as Moses did to his brother-in-law, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for we believe the Lord has spoken good concerning us."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

With this aim and purpose, there are a few things absolutely essential to our large success.

We need thoroughly to understand our own position, otherwise we cannot hold it intelligently, or defend it from attack, or explain it to those who seek for light and help.

Brethren, we are called into freedom. It is a noble calling, and the time is ripe for it. Once it meant the rack and the stake. To-day the right of liberty is won by the sufferings of our fathers. We can have our liberty and do our work in peace.

But more important yet is it that we use it rightly. It is the spirit of love that is to master the world. We can do nothing in any other spirit. For only love is of God, and only he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

Literature.

POTTER'S LECTURES AND SERMONS.*

Dr. Abbot's sketch of his friend will bring to many, even of those who knew Mr. Potter best and admired him most, a welcome addition to their knowledge of his early life. Talking little about himself—almost never, unless he had some pleasant or absurd experience to relate—and writing nothing, there was always a certain background of mystery to the man, as we knew him in the full stress of his maturest power. This Dr. Abbot has done much to clear up, though at the outset he is not able to tell us whether Mr. Potter was born Feb. 1, 1829, or Feb. 1, 1830. Mr. Potter's opinion leaned to the latter day, but with no positive inclination. He was the ninth child of his Quaker parents, William and Anna Potter of North Dartmouth, Mass. It would appear that he and his friend, William C. Gannett, had a common ancestor in Matthew Gannett, an early settler in Hingham, Mass. He went to the Friends' School in Providence, and afterward to the Bridgewater State Normal School. Dr. Abbot does not say so; but I believe the principal at Bridgewater, Nathaniel Tillinghast, an educator of exalted character and very great ability, was married to an elder sister of Mr. Potter. The boy's passion for an education seems to have had no encouragement and considerable opposition from his father, who would have made a farmer of him, like himself. The conflict of filial affection with the larger hope meant much unhappiness. There was also the conflict between his traditional Quakerism and a new order of belief that began early to develop in his mind; also, the conflict between his "mental attraction toward the ministry" and opposing considerations. Along with these conflicts, and in part, no doubt, because of them, we find a remarkable maturity at an early age. This was the most striking thing apparent in his "Twenty-five Sermons of Twenty-five Years," published in 1885. It made it possible for him to make such a selection without a painful contrast of the earlier with the later work. But ten years before the first of his New Bedford sermons we find the maturity which they displayed remarkably advanced.

Graduated from Harvard in 1854, he was for two years a classical teacher in the Cambridge High School. The two following years he was a student in the Harvard Divinity School. Of his experience there Dr. Abbot deigns no syllable; or was the record of these years an absolute blank? He went abroad in 1857, travelled widely, and studied at Berlin and Tübingen. The winter of 1858 finds him again in Cambridge; and he was ordained and installed at New Bedford Dec. 28, 1859, Dr. Furness preaching the sermon. Drafted into the United States service in 1863, his sermon, "The Voice of the Draft," attracted the attention of Secretary Stanton, who summoned him to Washington, where he served a term as hospital inspector, and another as chaplain of the Convalescent Camp in Alexandria. His sermon on the draft is printed in the present collection, and has more than a mere biographical or historical value. He was always in close touch with matters of great public interest; and this volume finds an appropriate end and climax in a sermon, "The Higher Patriotism," which lifts up an ideal that shames the average politics of our time, so sordid, mercenary, and corrupt.

Dr. Abbot passes more trippingly than one could wish over Mr. Potter's connection with the Free Religious Association and the *Index*; but all the leading facts are given. A brief study of his character, pp. xxi-xli, is admirably done, though not without the personal equation that we should expect to find in it. The account of Mr. Potter's mental processes on p. xxxii is, in reality, a comparison of those processes with Dr. Abbot's, and, in effect, an assertion of the superiority of the latter, while in appearance it approves Mr. Potter's lack of logical thoroughness. "He always stopped a little short of the extreme logic of the case" means that he could not always quite agree with Dr. Abbot, whose self-criticism is evident when he writes of Mr. Potter, "His temperamental moderation, both in action and in thought, saved him from that grim remorselessness in pursuing a principle to its last results which makes at once the strength of the speculative pioneer and the weakness of the practical reformer." A doubt obtrudes itself whether Dr. Abbot has not unduly made Mr. Potter his stalking-horse in his attack on the Free Religious Association, and whether the "state of arrested development" into which it "has lapsed since Potter's death" is "mainly because of the loss of his sagacious leadership." By "a state of arrested development" Dr. Abbot means the refusal of the Association to reorganize itself, as he would have it do, as a Church of Universal Excommunication, none to be admitted except those forswearing Christianity and Buddhism and Brahminism and Mohammedanism and every other form of historical religion. Dr. Abbot is confident that Mr. Potter would have been the willing chief of this Adullam's cave. I doubt it very much. The sentences which Dr. Abbot quotes to justify his interpretation do not bear it out, when taken in connection with other utterances of Mr. Potter and the later course of his activity. It was his deliberate opinion that we must look to the development of existing organizations rather than to the formation of societies specifically Free Religious for the best things the future has in store. He was never in such active sympathy with the Unitarian Association as during the last year of his life. The Western Unitarian Conference difficulty reached for him a perfectly satisfactory solution in the Resolution of 1892. That he favored the formation of new societies by those who could not conscientiously remain in the historical churches there can be no doubt, nor any, to my mind, that he would have favored the action of the Free Religious Association in May last, looking in this direction; but that he would ever have found the hope of universal religion more in an organization built on the express repudiation of all historical religion than on the widening sympathies of existing bodies I could only believe by first believing him transformed into another and a wholly different man. He was nothing if not an evolutionist: this book is proof of nothing if it is not proof of this. And, consequently, he must have been much more illogical than Dr. Abbot thinks to have expected more for the Church Universal from a hard-and-fast mechanical reconstruction than from the organic development of existing churches and religions

into a lively sympathy and cordial interchange of spiritual gifts.

Dr. Abbot has supplemented his sketch with extracts from a journal kept by Mr. Potter in the years 1847-1858. These self-communings of a pure and earnest spirit are very noble and inspiring. They would have been invaluable if they had been continued through his ministry. How much we should have prized his comment on the religious interests of his career, and on those shocks of tragic fortune which, after long anxiety, left him the lonely father of his motherless children!—these would so certainly have been entirely simple and sincere, and therefore helpful to any in like circumstances of distress.

Passing from the biographical sketch to the following lectures and sermons, the best that can be said of them is that they sustain the impression made by the former volume. It was not to be expected that they would do more than that, and they do not. It may even be questioned if we have here so many sermons of great ability as we had there. But, if there is any loss upon the intellectual side, the gain on the emotional side more than makes it good. We had in Mr. Potter a man of strong religious nature and profound religious sentiment passing from the Transcendentalist position to that of entire devotion to the scientific method, and complete acceptance of the scientific facts; and the problem which he set himself was how, without any real religious loss, to exercise this method and allow these facts, and how to express the facts of science in the language of religion, and the facts of religion in the language of science. Many have entertained this problem, but it was Mr. Potter's advantage to do it with an absolute sincerity. We have no patched up compromise, in which neither science nor religion is its true self, as in so many reconciliations of science and religion. The religious outcome may or may not be what the traditionalist would like for it to be, but it is so much as science actually allows. The first seven lectures are a connected whole. The first, "Religious Sentiment in the Light of Science," is of a general character, a noble plea for religion as something that is not merely intellectual; and then we have six lectures on "The Twenty-third Psalm in the Nineteenth Century." Each lecture is the explication of a verse. The method in each case is to seek out the essential meaning of the verse, and then to ask what truth that meaning has for us in the light of modern science. Here is a splendid *tour de force*, and it is justified by its success to a degree that would have seemed to the most of us quite impossible in advance of the attempt. But it still remains a question whether it was well to attempt anything so difficult. In every lecture there is a helpful and inspiring thought. The only question is whether this might not in each case have been presented more impressively without any connection with the Psalm, or with frank confession that there is in the Psalm only a mere suggestion of the truths which Mr. Potter wishes to present. The earlier part of each discourse has certainly a more labored air than is agreeable or consistent with Mr. Potter's usual straightforwardness. There is no pretence that the Psalmist consciously entertained the thought which is found to be fundamental to one verse after another; but the working out of this fundamental thought is so laborious that we are always glad when it is well over, and Mr. Potter swings out with bellying sails into the strong mid-current of his discourse.

Of two of the other discourses I have already spoken. Of those remaining, the first in order, "The Trinity of Evolution," it was my good fortune to hear in Santa Barbara; and, as I read it here, the preacher's voice and presence are vivid in my memory. Never did I hear from him a discourse of greater power, nor one delivered with so much joyous energy. Here and elsewhere the help which Mr. Potter brings to us is that of a man who does not wilfully deceive himself, who is clear-eyed to see the manifold hardness of our lot and that of our animal cousins, whose courageous optimism takes up into itself the facts which pessimism delights to vaunt. "Rational Grounds of Worship" is one of many signs of Mr. Potter's inability to resolve all religion into an ethical element. He does not even believe that we have no "duties to God" which are not "duties to man." His address on the Chicago Parlia-

ment of Religions is a generous and enthusiastic appreciation of that great event. For sermons that come home to practical daily needs there are none better than "Sealed Orders" and "Heroisms in Daily Life." "Wheat and Tares" is a plea not only for the good which better people can do the worse, but also for the good the worse can do the better by compelling their patience and sympathy and helpful service. It suggests a query whether, in matters of religious belief, it is not perhaps just as well for those who have attained to absolute perfection to mingle freely with their erring brothers instead of drawing apart into a community of infallible logicians, bombarding humanity in general from a superior height. But this is by the way; and my last word must be one of thankfulness for Mr. Potter's beautiful and beneficent activity; and of gratitude to Dr. Abbot for his part in a book which will indefinitely prolong the influence of his wise and noble friend.

J. W. C.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Mr. Sala writes the characteristics of the sailor and the tramp and the journalist in proportions which make an interesting combination. He has travelled the world over and over, but he is not a mendicant. He can gossip endlessly without being a bore or an idle tale-bearer. He has served as a Boswell for other people; but in these volumes he acts as his own Boswell, and is more interesting than ever. And his subject is as important as many that he has treated biographically in the vast library of his writings. His influence over his reader is complete. He holds nothing back. He reveals his own failures and deficiencies with a frankness that almost make us feel that he is proud of them. The reminiscence goes back to his earliest age. The title, "Life and Adventures," is well chosen. Few lives have been more adventurous than that of Mr. Sala. The tone of the book we may gather from the preface: "I have had not a few dull moments in my life, and have had to pass some moments of utter misery and seeming despair; but, on the whole, I can say that during the last sixty years I have found life much more amusing than dismal. I am no philosopher; but I believe that it is, after a manner, philosophical to laugh whenever you possibly are able to indulge in harmless merriment." The jolly good humor of the preface never deserts the author. We can be pretty sure that this is a truthful self-revelation. It bears the marks of authenticity on its face. If the reader wonders why he (Mr. Sala) has taken two volumes for these reminiscences, he will find the answer in the veracity and fidelity of his memory, and in his

IS IT THE END?

A Time of Great Mortality.

Especially Noticeable in Children.—Will Man Cease to Exist?—Can the "Omega" be Averted?

Why is it, with our improved sanitary appliances, our care to obtain fresh air, pure food, and plenty of exercise, the observance, in fact, of every hygienic law, that in spite of every care each succeeding generation seems to become weaker and shorter lived? Is it that we are now suffering for indiscretions of our ancestors, or is that terrible, unknown end of man at hand?

Whatever the cause, the existing condition of things is too apparent. Especially is this noticeable with the babies. Instead of the mother's life-giving milk, they are compelled to begin a struggle for existence with the bottle. The result in many cases is disastrous. The little one, failing to obtain necessary nourishment, grows weaker daily, until death ends the struggle. The end in these cases is

Simply Starvation.

With this termination so often the case, the best physicians of the day have resorted to the use of Bovine, that great and original raw food product, as a means to save the babies.

In this connection Dr. A. B. Robinson, 61 Dudley St., Boston, after commending Bovine most highly for various complications where the waste of disease must be checked, and new blood, flesh, and strength created to effect a cure, says concerning this life-creating preparation, "With feeble, bottle-fed babies, a small amount added to the milk has in my practice saved many children."

Bovine is not a medicine, but a life-maintaining, flesh, bone, and blood-making preparation that contains the greatest amount of nourishment in the least possible bulk.

Give it to the little ones while there is still hope. Your physician, if you ask him, will recommend it, and you will bless the results obtained forever.

* LECTURES AND SERMONS by William J. Potter. With a Biographical Sketch by Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Ph.D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

graphic style. Every page in the book is richly quotable; but who would dare to undertake the task of making an abstract of these two volumes? Mr. Sala has protected himself from having his book spoiled in that way by the reviewers. The most cynical critic is easily disarmed by his geniality. Mr. Sala's narrative, on the whole, would hardly be classified in a library as contemporary history; but there is a great deal of contemporary history in it. His newspaper experiences have led him into all sorts of places,—into society of the high and the low, the little and the great, the nobility and the democracy; and all is described with the impartiality of the chronicler who tells his story mainly for the joy of telling it. He is always readable; and, though he is very much afraid of being instructive, there is a good deal of information mixed with this entertainment.

DISCORDS. By George Egerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The author's title of her book is a criticism on it *in parvo*. We say "her book," because the writer is unmistakably a woman. Men have many bad ways of writing; but the way of physical intensity, of febrile energy, of coarse and brutal insistence on the passionate side of life, they leave very much to the women. This is the author's second book. The first was "Key-notes." That, with all its force and beauty, was sufficiently disagreeable. This beats it out of sight. It is entirely pathological. It deals exclusively with the diseases of society, in particular with the case of fallen women. The object is not clear. It appears to be to engage our sympathy with the victims of unbridled passion, be it their own or that of some victimizer of the other sex. One is almost bound to conceive a moral purpose, because it is inconceivable that the writer should think that she is giving pleasure. The last story in the book is undisguisedly a sympathetic treatment of free love. A man and woman join their fortunes without ring or book, and with the express understanding that they are free to go when other sights allure. And it is the woman that takes the initiative in this brave adventure. There is one thing about the book sadder than any story in it: it is the perverted power of a writer who, more happily trained in morals and in the art of writing, might have done some beautiful and memorable thing.

THREE MEN OF LETTERS. By Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Prof. Tyler's three men are Bishop Berkeley, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow. All of the three studies are extremely careful, and have the admirable quality of the biographical and critical work which makes his "History of American Literature in the Colonial Time" so valuable, and our impatience so great for its sequel,—a literary history of the American Revolution. The study of Berkeley was an incidental product of researches made by Prof. Tyler when he was working on his *opus magnum*, in which it could not properly be included. The monographs on Dwight and Barlow were prepared for the forthcoming Revolutionary history, but they have been excluded from that because the chief activity of these men was in the period following the Revolution. It is devoutly to be hoped that Prof. Tyler may in due time continue his history so far that it will include not only Dwight and Barlow, but men of much more recent date.

BALLADS IN PROSE. By Nora Hopper. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The reader would be glad to have some indication of the relation of these ballads to Celtic folklore. Are they fresh renderings of old wives' tales, or are they entirely original creations? If the latter, they show much originality, and at the same time a lively sympathy with the folk-lore of Ireland. Miss Hopper must have drenched herself in that lore to be so saturated with its spirit. If, on the contrary, these are merely fresh renderings of old stories, we can still admire the felicity of their new presentation. As for the enjoyment they will give, it depends a good deal on the individual taste. They are not cheerful reading. They give one a creepy feeling; but there are those who like to shiver with affright and shudder with delicious awe, and these will certainly be pleased.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LIBERDADE. By Captain Joshua Slocum. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.—This is a new edition of a book published a few years ago, which describes a remarkable voyage taken by a father, mother, and two children, one of whom was a grown-up son. The bark "Aquidneck" sailed from New York to Montevideo in 1886; and the first part of the book describes the varied exciting experiences of those on board, which ended in leaving this family alone in a strange place, shipwrecked, without money or friends. They built a little boat, thirty-five feet long over all, three feet depth of hold, and named her "Liberdade," or Liberty. In this craft they sailed on the 13th of May, arriving in Washington on the 27th of December. The story is simply told, and has the interest of actual occurrence.

DAN OF MILLBROOK. By Charles Carlton Coffin. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—This story of American life is our old friend, "Caleb Krinkle," only named for another of the characters. It was first published twenty years or more ago, and has been out of print for a long time. A boy of our acquaintance said on seeing this: "Well, I never believed there really was such a book. I tried to get it out of the library for years, and gave it up." But here it is, five hundred generous pages long, in fine new binding and print. It may seem somewhat old-fashioned to the younger readers, who demand brisk incident and rapid action in their stories; but this leisurely narrative, with its natural representation of life in a New England town, has its own charm.

IN WILD ROSE TIME. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—It is always a question as to how far it is well to put into the hands of children books that deal wholly or almost wholly with the sadder facts of existence. If contemplation of the poor starved lives of little waifs makes them more tender, more genuinely willing to sacrifice themselves for the sake of others, then the result compensates perhaps for the process; but we doubt this result in many cases, or believe that it can be attained to more purpose in other ways. This is a sad, sad story, despite the hint that the poor little life was not sacrificed in vain. There are other aspects of the book that compel us to rank it far below others by the same popular and gifted author.

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE HORSE. By Evelyn Raymond. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.—This story is well told, and one becomes easily interested in the bright little heroine who can tame an unbroken horse or win a race as well as the cleverest of jockeys. Still, it is one of those books that tend to destroy the unconsciousness of children by dwelling too much on their possible influence over older people. The book, too, might have been brought to a more artistic ending than by making Steenie an heiress in the last chapter, though one sympathizes with the desire to give so unselfish a child all the good fortune possible. The descriptions are graphic, and the conversations natural.

Miscellaneous.

Georgiana M. Craik's little story, "Bow-wow and Mew-mew," is published in the English Classic Series. It is for children just beginning to read; and it is so easy, and so much more interesting than short primer lessons, that mothers and teachers will find it very helpful.

The American Book Company is usually in a serious and didactic frame of mind; but it evidently has its hours of recreation, and is capable of unbending to an unusual degree. So it seems to do in "The Schoolmaster in Comedy and Satire," which is a volume arranged especially for teachers and round tables. Some of the extracts will serve to show the difference between the humor of the earlier time and that of our own day. Thus the book may be instructive, in places where it is not humorous, and it is sometimes humorous where it undertakes to be instructive. As, for example, we are told in all seriousness, in a note to Telémaque, that "it will, perhaps, interest the reader to know that the isle of Calypso, formerly called Ogygia, is the modern Gozzo in the Mediterranean Sea." There are archæologists who will consider this humor of the most satirical character.

Literary Notes.

"The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers, is a compact and convenient outline of astronomy for popular reading, which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. as the first volume in a new series of "Useful Stories." This series includes: "The Story of the Stars"; "The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley; "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd; "The Story of the Solar System," by G. F. Chambers.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Latin Poetry. By R. Y. Tyrrell. Price \$1.50.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston. The Sons of Ham. By Louis Pendleton. Price \$1.50.

Prince Zaleski. By M. P. Shiel. Price \$1.00.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Volkman's Kleine Geschichten. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Matter, Force, and Spirit, or Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence.

From the American Book Company, New York. American Literature. By Mildred Cabell Watkins. Price 30 cents.

From F. S. Blanchard & Co., Worcester. Massachusetts Year Book and City and Town Register, 1895. Compiled by A. S. Roe.



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For the *Christian Register*.

NATURE'S CONSTANCY.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The rose is constant on the grosbeak's breast,
No time doth change the peacock's Tyrian dyes;
The scarlet spot will mark the tanager
Long as with arrow flight it cleaves the skies.

Through passing ages rose will still be rose,
Its spice unlike the spice of violet;
And all the flight of time will hold distinct
The breath of apple bloom and mignonette.

No time will change the flavor of the peach,
Or round the apple to a different form;
The golden balls on orange boughs will hang
While summer winds shall blow, and suns shall warm.

Never will linden mingle with the larch,
Nor rich acacia rhododendrons grow;
Pure is the sap that feeds the lordly palm,
Ever magnolias wear their crowns of snow.

The song the halcyon sings will still be hers,
While time with steady flight shall speed along;
And never will the robin change his note,
And no song-sparrow lift the skylark's song.

For the *Christian Register*.

TOLD IN A GAMME.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

A beehive-shaped hut, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet in height, built of birch timbers which were covered first with bark, and then with turf and stones,—this is a gamme, the home of a mountain Lapp in far-off, frozen Lapland. A hole at the top serves both for window and chimney; and, instead of a door, there are two low-vaulted passages through which it is necessary to crawl on the hands and knees to gain admission to the interior. Will you enter?

The whole interior is begrimed with smoke. In the centre is a fire on a heap of stones, and above the flames hangs a kettle suspended from the roof by a chain. On one side are a number of seats composed of soft reindeer-skins and white woollen covers. On the other side is a box-bed, the family sleeping-place. The beds are made of birch-leaves covered with sealskins, the pillows are sheepskins, and the "quilts" are reindeer-skins.

What is that queer-looking thing, like a small coffin, hanging from the wall? It is the baby's cradle; and in it, wrapped in warm furs, sleeps the little one, as soundly as any fond mother might desire. And there is the Lapp mother,—a little, doll-shaped woman, only about three feet and seven or eight inches tall. How queerly she is dressed! Over a warm woollen undergarment she wears leather trousers and a long leather tunic or gown from which the hair has been partially rubbed. On her feet are leather boots, which turn up at the toes and are lined with hay; and on her head is a scarlet, pear-shaped cloth cap. The children—little Olla, Margareta, and Katinka—are dressed much like their mother; and you cannot tell the boys and girls apart.

By and by the father—stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced Lars—comes in from caring for his flock of reindeer or from a hunting excursion; and the supper is got ready and placed upon the table. There is reindeer's milk thickened with oatmeal; bear's flesh, broiled or boiled; reindeer meat; rye bread; milk curds; and reindeer cheese. Cold water is the only beverage tasted. During the meal the dogs, of which there are quite a number in every Lapp household, are fed with milk and water from the same vessel the Lapps are using.

Anon the night comes on, and a lamp is lighted. The master and mistress of the gamme take their seats near the fire, opposite from the door,—the place of honor. The children cluster upon the other side, and lie at full length beside the hearth. The mother sews, perhaps a dress of deer-skin for little Nito or a new cap for herself. The father smokes lazily for a while, and then half falls asleep.

"Oh, Arahic [papa]," cries Katinka, coaxingly, "tell us the story of Giant Redhead!"

And tired, patient Lars, who knows all the old legends by heart, clears his throat; and, while the dogs slumber before the cheerful blaze, and good mother Adnic industriously plies her needle, and the children listen with silent awe, he relates the story of the red-headed giant, which is quite as famous in the literature of the

Lapps as Cinderella and her slipper is in English.

A long time ago there lived a little boy who was sent by his mother one day to bring a pail of water from the lake. He started on his errand; but the lake was so far away, and its waters sparkled so brilliantly in the sun, that the boy was afraid, and returned to his mother without the water.

"Why did you not bring the water?" she asked.

"I did not like to go so far," answered the boy.

"Well," said his father, who had just returned from a hunt, tired and hungry, "it is pretty certain that you will never kill old Redhead."

When he inquired who Redhead was, the boy was told that he was a lawless old giant who lived on an island in the lake, and of whom everybody was afraid.

"Father thinks I am a coward," thought the boy, as he lay in his bed that night; "but I am not afraid of Giant Redhead, as he will see."

Before the sun was up, the boy arose and put on his fur boots and warm coat and mittens, and left the gamme while his parents were still asleep. He walked on very bravely till he arrived at the shore of the lake. There he saw an old woman picking up sticks with which to broil some fish for breakfast that she had just caught in the lake. He asked her the way to Redhead's island.

"And what will you do there?" she inquired with some astonishment.

"I have business with the giant," replied the boy, very bravely.

"If that is so, you will need some help," she said. And she made him stay and eat breakfast with her, and afterward gave him a bow and four arrows, telling him that whenever he wanted any help to shoot an arrow. She also showed him a boat by means of which he could reach the island.

The boy stepped into the boat and rowed all day over the lake, but it came on dark before he reached the island. What to do in the night he did not know, so he placed an arrow in the bow and shot it. Instantly a lighted way opened before him; and he saw far off a green island, and on the island a strong castle. "That is Giant Redhead's house," he thought.

He arrived before the castle, and blew a horn that hung at the gate. The sound that he made was as loud as thunder; and it startled old Redhead, who came down to the gate to see who his visitor might be.

"Ho! And so it's you that made such a bluster," said the giant, taking him up by his thumb and forefinger. "Well, and what are these needles for?"

The boy told him that by shooting them he could earn his dinner.

"We will see how that is," said the giant. And the next day he took him hunting with him. The boy did not have any luck at all, for no game crossed his path; but he was determined not to go home empty-handed if he could help it. So, as a last resort, he shot an arrow from his bow. No sooner was the shaft sped than the ground before him was covered with game of all kinds, more than he and the giant could carry home.

"Well," said the giant, "you will be of use." And that night he had a big banquet at the castle. At midnight, however, the horn at the gate was blown again; and, when the giant went down, there stood a wolf, large and fierce, and back of him were many others.

"We have come for him who slew our mates," said the wolf; and, without waiting, they rushed at Giant Redhead and killed him.

The boy heard them coming up the stairs, and he grasped his bow and fired the third arrow. Instantly the waters of the lake rose and swept the wolves all away, and drowned them. But Giant Redhead's body floated across the lake to the shore where the boy's parents lived; and he was so vast that it covered an acre of ground, and no one could live near it.

Finally, the boy shot his fourth arrow, which fell into the sea; and the fishes swam up and devoured the giant's body, all but the ears. These he kept, using one for a boat on the lake and the other as a covering for his *njalla* (storehouse). And this is the story of Giant Redhead and the boy who was afraid to bring the water for his mother.

In the Lapland gammes they tell this

story of the man in the moon, which, in this instance, is not a man at all, but a couple of unfortunate children.

Hundreds of years ago there were a boy and a girl whose names were Hjunki and Bil. They were pretty children,—small, but agile and dark-eyed, and good and obedient, too. They lived with their mother near the famous well, Byrgir; and very often she sent them to draw water. On these occasions they always went hand in hand, with a pole upon their shoulders, from which depended the pail. Generally, they sang on their way to and from the well; for they were happy as reindeer calves in springtime.

Now the moon had seen the children, and had fallen quite in love with their beauty and goodness. So she spoke with the West Wind, and asked him to help her. One night, when the moon was full, the children went for water, as was their wont. Then they noticed for the first time how low the moon hung in the sky. And her face seemed to be pleasant and smiling, and her warm light fell on them like a mother's loving kiss. As they looked, the West Wind came along, and asked them to go with him a little ways. When they inquired how far he was going, he answered, "Only to the moon."

They laughed, and said they would go with him; and he kept his word, and took them up to the moon, where they can now be seen from the earth, with the pole and the bucket on their shoulders.

Another story which they are fond of telling is how Njavvisena tamed the reindeer, and made them serviceable to the Lapps. And you can imagine how the little Lapps open their eyes at the picture of the beautiful daughter of the sun coming down to the earth to instruct their distant ancestor.

Once the Lapp did not have his big drove of reindeer. These animals were all wild, and lived in the forest, and were so shy that the hunters shot them only by stalking them,—of course, approaching them from leeward. But one day a hunter who had shot a stag, and was dressing it, was surprised to see a beautiful woman coming toward him over the snow.

"Magto veso [How do you do]?" she said. "Do you not know me? I am Njavvisena, the daughter of the sun. I have seen how poor you are, and how you nearly starve in the cold winter; and my father has let me come down to teach you how to make your life easier."

"Come to this spot to-morrow, and you will find two reindeer, a stag and a doe, holden by their antlers in the wood. Place this bell upon the neck of the stag, and he will become tame; and you can lead him to your game. The doe will follow him."

She then gave into his hands a tiny, silver-tinkling bell, and disappeared.

The hunter returned the next day, and found, as she had told him, a couple of deer caught by their horns in the bushes. He led them home as she had directed, and from them have descended the countless herds that are now in Lapland.

These are some of the stories told in a Lapland gamme to the children during the long winter nights, when the cold winds moan in the pine woods and the snow sparkles under the radiance of the Northern Lights.

For the *Christian Register*.

THE SPARROWS.

BY S. B. B.

Did you ever hear the reason why the sparrows twitter so continually? It is said that they are so glad and proud of the mention Jesus made of them in his talks to the people of more than eighteen hundred years ago that they wish constantly to remind us of it. Who knows what their little twitter does mean? It means something to them; and it might as well mean this as anything else to us, and better than all else.

Why, do you remember what it was Jesus said? He said that not one fell to the ground without the ever-present love which pervades all things being with it. Birds are among the most beautiful objects of creation,—not only on account of their graceful shapes and beautiful coloring, but on account of their power to fly through the air.

How we miss them in winter! How our eyes follow the pigeons, and the few that are left us during the cold months! And how we dislike to see them forming into

companies for their fall flight to warmer places! Did you ever read Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth?" If not, do so; and there you will learn of how much value the presence of birds is to the human race,—how a town which cruelly destroyed all the birds in the neighborhood had to go everywhere to hunt for some the following year, and brought back a huge cage full of the beautiful, useful little creatures, and, with ringing of bells and great rejoicing, let them fly out into the air and into the trees. Read the poem, and try what each one can do to help people, both young and old, to be loyal to the spirit of love for the birds.

Whenever I see a boy or girl (do girls ever kill birds?) so cruel as to wantonly kill a bird, I pity them more than the poor little lifeless object. Why? Because I think how that boy or girl will have to suffer, in some way, some time, to retrieve that action. The bird's suffering is over, and it had no dread of the hurt which put an end to its innocent life; but the careless, cruel deed has made an impression on the human life which, if not checked, may lead to greater crime, greater suffering, for the one who now is the victor.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

Willie Wharton was awakened one morning by such a strange noise as he had never heard before, a crushing and scraping and crackling and dashing,—a dreadful noise somehow, that made him feel as though something wicked were going on, as, indeed, in my opinion, there was.

Up he jumped, and looked out of the window just in time to see one of four beautiful oaks on the other side of the road fall to the ground. Half a dozen men, with ropes and axes, had been at work at it ever since sunrise, destroying in a few hours what heaven had cared for for a hundred years; and there it lay like a murdered thing.

Willie hastened to dress himself, and ran downstairs to the dining-room, where everybody was gazing through the windows and looking very sad. Grandpa looked the saddest.

"I remember that great oak all my life," he said. "It seemed almost as big as it is now when your grandma and I used to sit under it, when I first went to see her. Her father owned the ground it was on, but he sold it. It's a pity. None of her folks or ours would ever have cut those trees down. If I could stop it, I would; but there's no use talking to old Manuel about it, none at all. Some one has offered him money for them, and down they are going."

Up there in the old oak a brown bird had built her nest. Willie had watched her from the first. She picked up hay and dried leaves and little bits of all sorts of

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things; and, when his mother had fringed out some napkins, she put the little roll of ravelings on the window-sill, and the little brown bird came hopping in at the window, with her pretty head on one side, and, keeping a good watch with her round eyes, carried it to her nest.

On the outside the nest was rough and dark, the color of the oak boughs themselves; but within the bird had woven all the bright beautiful colors that had been given her. Willie knew that, for he had climbed up to peep in. Another bird, much the same color that she was herself, but handsomer, helped to build the nest; and then he perched on a bough, and sang and chirped while the mother-bird sat upon some beautiful little eggs. At first they were dreadfully frightened when Willie climbed into the tree; but after a while they found out that he always brought crumbs and seeds, and had no fear.

A few days before the morning on which the chopping began Willie had climbed up, and seen four little birds in the nest. They had come out of the pretty eggs. And now the mother sat and kept the baby-birds warm, while the father-bird went out and caught worms and found crumbs; or sometimes the mother went, and the father stayed.

"Oh, the poor little brown birds!" said Willie, with reason; for, when the tree they had built on fell, the nest would be crushed and the baby-birds killed, and the dear little bird-home broken up forever. Willie knew this very well; and, when he had finished his breakfast, he jumped up and ran out of doors. The men were chopping away at the second tree; and the poor father-bird was fluttering about and screaming, evidently quite aware of what was to happen.

Willie waited not a moment. He caught his cap from the rack in the hall, and marched across the way. Mr. Manuel stood at his gate, watching the work of destruction; and he cried out:—

"Go away! I don't want boys round here!"

"Yes, sir," said Willie, respectfully. "I'll go as soon as I get the bird's-nest."

"Bird's-nest fiddlesticks!" snapped Mr. Manuel. But before anything more was said, or any one could drive him away, Willie went up the tree like a squirrel. He was a famous climber, and in a minute or so he was looking into the nest. There was the mother-bird hovering her babies and screaming; and in a moment Willie had covered nest and all with his cap, put it in his bosom, and let himself down to the next branch. A big workman held up his arms, and set him down on the ground.

Mr. Manuel called him an "impudent young rascal." But Willie only said: "Excuse me. I had to save the nest." And away he ran to his own garden, knowing that grandpa would help him to do what he wanted to do.

A few minutes later all the household were in the garden, watching grandpa and Willie,—grandpa on a ladder, fastening the nest into a nice, shady place under the leaves, while Willie, perched on a branch, held a handkerchief over the nest to keep the birds in. When the nest was safe, grandpa descended, and Willie got down as softly as he could, and everybody went to a distance to see what would happen.

The first thing they saw was the bird stretching her neck to look out. Then she took a little flight; then she went back to the nest; then she gave a cry, and a bird flew from the fence where he perched to the bough where the nest hung; then there was a great fluttering and chirping, and he was on the edge of the nest. It was the father-bird who had come home, and they were all rejoicing together.

"They're going to stay and keep house," said grandpa. "If there'd been only eggs in the nest, I think they'd have flown away; but the baby-birds kept them."

And, sure enough, just then the father-bird came down, and, picking up a crumb of bread as big as his head, carried it into the tree, and was heard calling all the family to dinner.—*New York Ledger*.

A WORKING EMPEROR.

Those who earn their living by manual labor may console themselves, if they ever sigh for an easier occupation, with the reflection that the great of the earth—presidents, kings, princes, and ministers of state

—enjoy nothing so much as hard manual labor, and resort to it as often as they can find an excuse to do so. Europe has had, in this generation, two illustrious woodchoppers, both of whom, however, to their great regret, were compelled, in the end, by failing health to relinquish their favorite amusement.

One of these men is Mr. Gladstone; and the other was the late Alexander III., Emperor of Russia. The Russian emperor surpassed Mr. Gladstone; for he made it his work not only to fell great trees, but to work them up into planks, and to plane the planks into boards.

The emperor, during his period of good health, was an extremely muscular and powerful man, to whom daily exercise of a somewhat violent nature was a necessity.

In winter he caused many of the walks on the grounds of the Gatschina palace to be left uncleared by those whose duty was to clear them of snow. These walks the emperor shovelled off with his own hands under the guard of the sentinels of the palace.

Dressed in a gray frock and armed with a great snow-shovel, the Tsar of all the Russias might have been seen—not by the general public, certainly, but by his guards and the inmates of the palace—raising great mountains of snow along the paths, or shovelling it into carts, which wheeled it away.

Sometimes, in the midst of the Russian winter, too much snow fell for even the muscular tsar to cope with. On these occasions he called out his sons,—the Tsarevitch Nicholas and the Grand Dukes George and Michael. Then the imperial party could be seen—and heard, also, for they made much jovial uproar in their work—shovelling out the paths of the palace.

It was in the midst of his daily exercise, when insufficiently dressed, that the Emperor of Russia contracted the cold which resulted in his fatal illness.—*Youth's Companion*.

PRAYING-WHEELS IN INDIA.

Little children who go to church and say their prayers softly and earnestly after the clergyman would be much surprised at the way some grown-up men and women say their prayers. In a part of India called Darjeeling many different kinds of people live, called Bhootias, Lemboos, and Lepchas. In fact, they are like Chinese, but dress quite differently. Here they have praying flags. These poor ignorant people write on a piece of white calico any prayer they wish, then tie it to a long pole, which they fasten to a very high tree. The flag waves about with the prayer on it.

A praying-wheel looks like a brass ball on a stick. Inside the ball is a narrow strip of parchment, on which the prayers are written. You can twist the stick, the ball goes round very fast, and the prayers go round also. Some men think even that too much trouble, so pay another man to twist the handle for them.—*Exchange*.

THE EMPEROR AND THE COBBLER.

Saint Crispin, you know, is the patron saint of the shoemakers. In Flanders and some other European countries he has his day, which is kept as a festival. It is said that the emperor Charles V. went into a cobbler's shop on the evening of St. Crispin's Day, and found the cobbler celebrating the day with his friends. The emperor, who was not recognized, told his errand. He wanted his shoes mended. The cobbler told him he would not do any work, not even for the emperor. "Do you love him?" asked Charles. "I do," said the cobbler, "but I would love him more if he taxed us less." The emperor sat down with the cobbler and his friends, and had a pleasant evening. The next day the cobbler was summoned to the palace, and in the emperor saw his visitor of the preceding day.

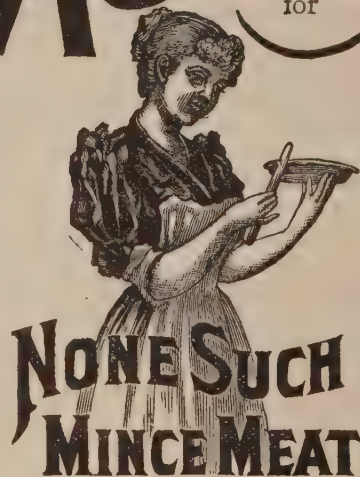
The emperor asked him what he wanted most. The cobbler asked for a night to decide. The next day he told the emperor

that he desired that the cobblers of Flanders should have the right to bear for their coat-of-arms a boot with a crown upon it. The request was granted.—*Universalist*.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

"These stories about the beauty of the temple at Jerusalem must be taken with a grain of salt," said Dr. Solomon Schindler in Steinert Hall, Boston, several days ago. "We must remember that at no time were there more than fifty or sixty thousand people in Jerusalem, and that they lived in small, low-roofed huts, and had narrow streets, and that their surroundings were anything but beautiful. The temple was not larger than Mechanics' Hall nor more beautiful than the Park Street Station; but to people who had such surroundings as the Jews at that time such buildings would be things of great beauty by comparison. We must judge all things by comparison."

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Lectures on Greece.

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SAPOLIO

NEW YORK LETTER.

The event of greatest interest to our city during the past three weeks has, undoubtedly, been the appointments to public office made by Mayor Strong under the new Power of Removal Bill. "Choose gentlemen for your officers" was the advice of Washington to those at the head of his government departments. This is what the mayor has done, being careful that the gentlemen of his choice, selected irrespective of party, were men of business ability and undoubted integrity. The machine politicians are thunderstruck at his course, they apparently thinking that it is his duty, as a good Republican, to betray the people who elected him, and prove false to all his pledges made before election to give a strictly non-partisan, business administration. This seems to be their idea of "good politics." But before expectation had wholly vanished from the hearts of the politicians, and while it was still eager among reformers as well as anti-reformers, a delegation of women from one of the Good Government Clubs of the city called upon the mayor with the request that one-third of the members of the new Board of Education be women. Considering the fluctuation of women's share in the public direction of school affairs during previous administrations, the delegation was quite unprepared for the hearty assent of Mayor Strong to its proposals. He is reported to have said: "You have hit my programme exactly. I intend to appoint at least three women to the board at the start, and possibly five. The others will come later."

In many ways the women of New York seem to have effectually broken through the "stiffening crust of cautious experience." A public spirit has been cultivated among them, and this may well be attributed largely to the fine work of the Woman's Municipal League during the great struggle last fall for a reformed city government. The history of the league has not yet been written. It exists only in the minutes of the secretary, and in the memories of the twelve or more women who for four weeks prior to election gave every day all their time to working against the strong and corrupt power which bound the city. The origin of the Women's Municipal League must be credited to Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. It was a speech of his before the City Vigilance League that prompted Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell to offer to do what she could in helping along the good cause. She gathered together over a score of ladies, of whom about twelve did active campaign service. Among this number none was more untiring than Mrs. Lucy Gibbons Morse, a former president of the New York League of Unitarian Women. To her, as chairman of the Committee on Public Meetings, is largely due the popular growth of the movement.

Besides the splendid work accomplished by these women in the recent municipal campaign, there remains to the credit of their efforts an organization on the west side of the city known as the Colored Women's Municipal League. Regular meetings of a social or educational character still go on there. The colored women, earnest in their efforts to train their children to better citizenship, have started industrial classes, and, with the help of Mrs. Morse, a small loan library. Another feature is a bureau designed to find respectable employment for young colored girls. The latter greatly need this effort in their behalf; for they are not so popular as formerly as domestic servants, and they are ostracized in the shops as saleswomen and cash-girls. Nor are the colored men more fortunate. They are unable to get employment on street-car lines, and in many of the other callings open to their white brothers. And yet it is a notable fact that one rarely, almost never, finds a colored person begging on the streets or at the doors of houses. The statistics of institutions do not show that the city has an appreciable number of colored paupers and criminals. President Low of Columbia College, at a recent dinner party, told of the unique plea made while he was mayor of Brooklyn by the colored member he had appointed on the Board of Education. The question of a new school building for the education of white and colored children arising, the representative of the blacks begged that the measure be vetoed. If it were not, one of the most respectable occupations for the women of his race, that

of teaching, would vanish forever. In a mixed school none but white teachers would ever be employed.

The annual meeting of the Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women, held last week at the house of its president, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, gave further evidence of how completely is being destroyed the belief, once so universal, that it was woman's only sphere

"To eat sugar, strawberries, and cream,
Sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam."

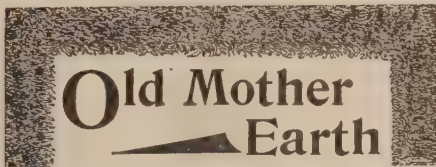
The open talk at this meeting by the prominent women physicians of the city, upon their past, present, and future opportunities for study, would have rejoiced the hearts of the pioneer friends of the higher education of the sex. Dr. Emily Blackwell, the founder, with her sister, in 1854, of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, spoke in behalf of the college connected with it. It is the only regular school of medicine for women in the city, the infirmary giving every chance for clinical and anatomical work. The graduates of the college are successful practising physicians. Some of them have reached public positions of trust, as, for instance, Dr. Williams, who is a member of the Board of Health, and is stationed in the Bacteriological Department, where she has extremely difficult and important duties with relation to the making of anti-toxine.

It is the desire of the trustees of the college to have it affiliated with Columbia, as a women's school of medicine. Before this is possible a debt of \$15,000 must be raised. Dr. Jacobi pledged the support of the Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women to this object. So eloquent and convincing was her presentation of the college's needs that a lady present promptly headed the subscription list with a gift of \$500. When some one complained that this generosity might frighten away gifts of a very much smaller amount, the liberal donor quaintly said: "I am an old lady of over threescore years and ten. What I do must be done quickly, while I have yet time."

The members of Unity Church, Brooklyn, have been doing good deeds in behalf of the starving and suffering farmers of Nebraska, to whom they have sent large boxes of clothing and provisions. This gracious work of remembering the necessities of others is not the only thing in the way of remembrance which the congregation of Unity Church has lately been doing. A beautiful window from the Tiffany Company has just been put in place, in memory of Prof. Robert Foster, one of the founders, and, up to the time of his death last spring, one of the most active members of the society. The window is a love-offering from those who were his friends and fellow-workers in Unity Church.

The reception to Mr. Weeks at Passaic is noted in the "Religious Intelligence."

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A Criticism of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy of the Unknowable. Frederic W. Sanders.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

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IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

In grateful remembrance of the beloved and long-cherished friend whose "beautiful spirit, freed from its earthly temple, entered the celestial city" February 10,

"Because we so loved her, we say
It is well she has fallen asleep,"—

well that "the silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl broken," and the sweet, patient sufferer been taken by the "kindly angel" from the earthly home, where she has ever been its life, joy, and comfort, to the heavenly,—welcomed there so tenderly and lovingly by the many dear ones "gone before." The long and saintly life spent for others, with perfect forgetfulness of self, has ended here; but its blessed influence will live on forever, and in its new home commence anew its beautiful mission of love and joy. In the weariness and suffering of long invalidism the oft expressed regret was that she could do so little for others,—a great sorrow and heavy cross to one who had ever been so ready to relieve in time of need, at whatever sacrifice to herself. With what touching delicacy were bountiful gifts bestowed where her ever-watchful thought and care for friends felt they would be welcome!

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds."

"No duty could o'er-task her,
No need her will outrun.
Or e'er our lips could ask her,
Her hands the work had done."

"Her holy living meant
No duty left undone."

"For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go."

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls:
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls."

Dear friend of the meek and quiet spirit,

"Who, trembling here,
Distrusted all your powers,"

may you now, with clearer vision and deeper insight, know that your life here was ever a benediction; and may we, in this sorrowful parting, look to you for the fortitude and courage always yours to bear it cheerfully and trustingly!

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here."

A GRATEFUL FRIEND.

MRS. JOHN FARWELL MOORS.

Descended from a long line of ministers, reaching back to the first settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritans, daughter of a Unitarian minister, Rev. Preserved Smith of Warwick and Mendon, and grand-daughter of another Unitarian minister, Rev. Preserved Smith of Rowe and Pembroke, Mrs. Moors came rightfully by that intense interest in all denominational undertakings, especially in her husband's work, which made her indeed a "helpmeet for him." Those who knew them most intimately knew that it was the sympathy, intelligence, energy, and loving co-operation of his wife which largely enabled Dr. Moors to accomplish much of his arduous work, especially in later years, when the failing body began to flag behind his ardent spirit, always young, always eager, to the last, to be spent in the cause dear to him. Their pleasant home, now left desolate, will long be remembered as a centre of warm hospitality by many Unitarian ministers, and by countless friends and relatives. Many young people, too, can testify to having received in that home refining and elevating influences, moulding a lifetime.

Mrs. Moors's energetic nature espoused warmly all persons or causes needing aid. It was characteristic of her to learn china-painting after she was sixty years old. The artistic work of her busy hands went to help the fairs of many a struggling Unitarian church, was given in loving remembrance to her friends, or sold to raise contributions for Unitarian causes. Interesting would be the history of their forty-four years of married life, if told as only they could tell it, with all their reminiscences of quaint or memorable characters they had known, all those touching or ludicrous experiences which often brightened with good stories the talk about their cheerful fireside. Pathetic would be the ending of that story, when the couple so united in life were not divided in death. Mrs. Moors had inherited a strong constitution, promising her a long life; but gladly did she lay down that life for him she loved, wearing herself out during his long illness in faithful, untiring ministrations, until she, too, dropped by the way. Dr. Moors, wearied with his long, patient waiting for death, said a few days before the end, "I cannot help

feeling that I am waiting for Eunice." Five days after her husband's death the new and beautiful Unitarian church in which both Dr. and Mrs. Moors had taken so deep an interest was opened again for the funeral of the wife. The same carriers and bearers, the same ministers, officiated; and the many beautiful flowers and the thronged church bore witness to the love and esteem of a community which she and her husband had helped in so many ways. Her body, as she requested, was laid between her husband's and that of the dear child she loved with almost more than a mother's love. The earthly story is ended; but back from across the graves of these friends seems to come an impression of strength, of peace, of gladness, as from those who are once more well, and bright, and free, and glad with joy we cannot even conceive. The words of Chadwick's hymn, that hymn which echoes the thought of so many sorrowing hearts, come to mind as we remember these friends:—

"More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there.
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare."

M. P. W. S.

Personals.

James Payn, the English novelist, is so much of an invalid as to be confined to his bed and chair. He can write only in pencil and with great pain, but continues to write, and with his old-time cheerfulness.

It is said that the late Hans von Bülow left directions that a *post-mortem* examination of his brain should be made, with the view of ascertaining the cause of the excruciating headache from which he was a life-long sufferer. The autopsy revealed the fact that the end of the nerves had become imbedded in the seat of an injury to the brain he had received in childhood.

Prof. Thomas N. Chase, recently appointed dean of Atlanta University in place of the late Dean Hincks, has been connected with the university as instructor or trustee during the entire period of its history. For nineteen years he was professor of Greek, and won a high reputation as a scholar. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1862.

The Rev. S. R. Crockett of Scotland, author of "The Stickit Minister," says the only imaginative book he was allowed to read in his early boyhood was "Pilgrim's Progress." "I used to be fond," he declares, "of acting scenes from it with a cousin of mine, who sometimes came to play with me. He always wanted to be one of the respectable characters; but I invariably chose Apollyon, and threw darts with such force and precision as to make my victim howl."



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KITSELMAN BROS., Ridgeville, Ind.

Pleasantries.

Editorial equipment: Exchanges, (?) \$50.00; mucilage, \$5.00; scissors, 50 cts.; ink, 5 cts. Subscriber's comment: "Too much ink."

Suitor (seeing flowers on the table): "May I take this as a token of your friendship?" Fashionable Miss: "Good gracious, no, sir! Why, that's my new bonnet!"

Teacher: "You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, is filthy, likes dirt, and is found in the mud. Well, Tom?" Tom (shamefacedly): "That's me."—*Hallo.*

"What's your occupation, bub?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the White House. "I'm running for Congress, sir," he replied.

A school child of Washington answered the question on her examination paper, "What was the object of the Crusades?" by saying, "To rescue the Virgin Mary from the hands of the Seraphim" (Saracens).

Young Housekeeper: "Have you any nice ducks this morning?" "Yes, here are some nice canvas-backs." Young Housekeeper: "Oh, dear, I am so inexperienced! I think I would rather have the old-fashioned kind that have feathers on."

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, "I'd like to give you a week's notice." "Why, Mary, this is a great surprise. Do you hope to better yourself?" "Well, no, not exactly that," answered Mary, with a blush. "I'm going to get married."

Teacher: "What are marsupials?" Boy: "Animals which have pouches in their stomachs." Teacher: "And what do they have pouches for?" Boy: "To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued."—*London Figaro.*

The son of the editor has been ill with a cold, and obliged to take two kinds of medicine. The other day, when told that it was time to take some, he said, "And is it the one with balsam in it, mamma, or the quails and epitaphs [squills and ipecac]?"

"An' that's a chrysanthemum," said Mr. Dolan, deeply interested. "It is," replied his wife, who had been indulging in some floral purchase. "Well, a wonderful flower it is. If the t'ing cu'd only bark, it 'ud be as foine a Skye terrier ez ye'd want to see!"—*Washington Star.*

Some advertisements are models of pure English, as, for instance, one concerning a nursing-bottle, which concludes with: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—*Medical Times.*

It is said that a lady went into a high-class music-dealer's shop on Bond Street, London, and asked for the popular song, "'E don't know where 'e are." The salesman said that he didn't have it, but that he would get it for her; and to her intense amusement she saw him write on a slip of paper, "Get song 'He does not know where he is.'"—*The Critic.*

Before he left England for the United States Charles Dickens received the following note:—

"Dear Dickens,—As you are going to America and have kindly offered to execute any little commission for me, pray, if it be not too much trouble, try to get me an autograph of Sandy Hook's. I have Theodore's. Yours very truly, THOMAS HOOD."

The story is going the rounds that, when the first specimens of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" were appearing, they struck Prof. George Adam Smith as very like stories which Mr. Watson of Liverpool used to tell. Accordingly, a post-card was despatched to Sefton Park: "Well done, Ian Maclaren!" The professor received on an equally laconic post-card the apt reply: "Well done, Higher Criticism."

A needle's eye would be a cavern in which the souls of some rich men would eternally wander. A miserly layman replied to a minister concerned for his salary, much needed and long due: "Why! I thought you preached for souls." The disgusted clergyman replied: "Souls! I cannot eat souls; and, if I could, it would take a hundred thou-and such as you have to make a meal."—*Ram's Horn.*

SAYINGS OF DEAN HOOK.

The late Dean Hook, though a man of no genius, obtained considerable reputation as a preacher, and did great good by his sermons. The secret lay in his industry and in his common sense. His industry is well illustrated by what he said to an artisan, who talked to him of his surprise in seeing

the light burning in the vicarage study, as he went to work at five in the morning. "Well, my lad, it takes a deal of courage to get up at all; and it only requires a little more to get up at four." His common sense is shown by his directions about preaching. "First state your case; then state your facts; then make out your case; then sum up. If your sermon is not in your opinion a good one, deliver it as if you thought it a good one." Another of his dicta was, "Preach to the many, but always try to bring in something for the few." He deprecated the impatience with which sermons are heard. "If you have something to say, you must have some time to say it. In these days men only measure sermons by minutes. 'Mr. A. preached this morning, didn't he?' 'Yes, a capital sermon,—only nine minutes and a half.'"—*The Christian Life.*

A STORY OF LOWELL.

As James Russell Lowell was leaving his house one morning, his wife said to him: "Now, James, I beg of you not to bring any one home to dinner to-day. We are too much distracted with house-cleaning to cook, and the prospect is that there will be little for us to eat."

Mr. Lowell promised to heed her request, but he met during the day the oldest son of an English family with whom he had been on terms of friendship. He now forgot his wife's admonition, and insisted upon the

young Englishman's going home with him to dinner. The meal consisted of "picked fish" and potatoes. The guest was evidently puzzled. He had never eaten "picked fish" before. Mrs. Lowell meantime, was haunted by thoughts of the apple pie that was to finish the repast. Her sensations may be imagined when the Englishman, after playing daintily with the contents of his plate, remarked in the most courteous manner, "I know that Mrs. Lowell will pardon me if I omit the fish course."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

ROGER AND HIS HUNGRY FRIEND.

This is a dog story in which Roger is the hero. The cook noticed in the last ten days that Roger had developed a terrible appetite, and was not satisfied with one bone, but hung around until he got two or three; and then he would start off with them in his mouth. The cook thought he buried them, so he determined to follow him one day and find out what he did with them. He followed him over to the barn, and close to the barn there is an old hayrick with a fence around it; and there in the corner was a poor little, miserable dog. He was one with whom we were not acquainted, and therefore called him a tramp dog. He was bleary-eyed and skinny, and so poor that, when his tail wagged in appreciation of Roger's bringing

him these bones, his joints would make a noise like a sand-paper rustle. Roger would put down the bones in front of the dog, make a little dog talk, and sit down and watch the poor little tramp commence to eat them up.—*Harper's Young People.*

HE WAS NO MENAGERIE.

Senator Harris of Tennessee says that just after Andrew Johnson had vacated the presidential seat the managers of the Simpson County (Ky.) Agricultural and Mechanical Association decided that it would be a great advertisement to have the old gentleman attend the fair. "We don't care for him on Saturday," said the manager, "for on that day we shall have a pretty big crowd, anyhow. Wednesday will be the day. I will write the ex-President."

The following letter was sent to Mr. Johnson:—

Great Sir,—The people of the wonderful county of Simpson, feeling a great interest in one of America's greatest sons, have decided to invite you to be present at our fair grounds on Wednesday, October 6, where they wish to shake your hand. Please let me know by return mail.

He let him know by return mail, on the back of his own missive. The old gentleman turned the letter over, and read the following: "I am no menagerie. A. Johnson."



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Liberty, Holiness, Love.

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Editorial.

OF the many conferences held in all parts of the country for every variety of object, there is no one that has a more practical bearing or from which we can expect more useful results than the conference of the colored people held at Tuskegee, Ala. A letter on another page gives account of the spirit of the conference and the resolutions adopted. They are characterized by the same manly spirit of independence, determination, self-respect, and wise resolution toward self-helpfulness which have characterized the conferences that have preceded. While there are many theoretical discussions of the Negro problem, at Tuskegee, the subject is taken hold of at the near end, and with practical interest and intelligence. The colored farmers, mechanics, teachers, and students who come there do not spend their time in building castles in Spain or talking on deportation to Africa. They have questions of land, crops, home, education, and trade to consider; and, when they settle these,—as they are certain to do in the long run, if they carry out the spirit of the conference,—there will be no need of deportation or any other solution of the Negro problem than the wise and practical one they have achieved.

THE reformer needs two qualities which seem to be practically opposed to each other. One is the quality of patience to wait for changes which take a long time for their accomplishment, and the other is a holy impatience which refuses to be satisfied with things as they are. There exists a certain stolidity which would never disturb anything, a mental inertia which ac-

cepts things precisely as they are. But that is not the patience of the reformer who knows that seed is sprouting, that buds are unfolding, and that by and by the fruit will come. He can wait just as the farmer waits for the spring. There is also a kind of grumbling which finds fault with everything, which is peevish and petulant. This is not the holy impatience of the reformer who refuses to be satisfied with things as they are and has some hope that they may be better. The true reformer may be obliged to point out many faults in sight, but he is not a pessimist.

THE air is full of financial discussion. There are many elements entering into the matter which cannot be disposed of lightly; but there is one fact fundamental to the whole discussion which, if recognized, would silence fiat money cranks. It is that money must represent intrinsic, not imputed value. The thing that gives gold its value is not the coinage stamp, but the gold which receives it, and which represents a certain cost of production, just as if it were a yard of cloth or a bushel of wheat. In theology, as in finance, we do not want fiat righteousness, imputed excellence. In the clearing-house of heaven character is weighed, not estimated by the label. Soft money Christianity is nothing but the promise to pay. The redeemed Christian is one who is worth what it costs to redeem him.

THE multiplication of societies goes on. Never was there such a mania for organization. There is no direction of social, educational, professional, industrial, or religious activity which does not organize in every possible way. It is simply following out the suggestions of Nature, who organizes with a persistency and a variety which is unbounded. And all this shows that the social capacities of man have multiplied in innumerable directions. Most of these organizations spring up naturally. They exist for the sake of their members; for objects, at least, which no one could achieve alone, but which all may achieve together. Neither Patti nor Melba could sing a whole oratorio alone: that is the product of chorus and orchestra as well as of the trained soloist. Organization in which the power of the individual is multiplied fulfils the purpose of each in fulfilling the purpose of all. But organization in which the individual is sacrificed, or becomes less of a man than he would be without it, is tyrannical and destructive.

THE practice of duelling in this country has greatly decreased, and we hope will soon die out altogether; but in Germany over one hundred duels have been fought during the last year, although it is contrary to law. It is little excuse for the practice to say that in most of these duels the principals do not mean "business," and that they are content, for the most part, with scarring each other's faces. The custom is still a barbarous one; and Germany, or any other country, cannot be called wholly civilized until it is abolished. It is supported and countenanced by the army. An officer who declines a challenge practically loses his position. In England, on the contrary, an officer who sends a challenge loses his position by doing so. In the United States this was formerly the code in the army; but the Stanley-Hazen court martial, some fifteen years ago, in which one officer preferred charges of slander against another, showed a change in public opinion in the army and outside of it. A writer in *Das Protestantenblatt* notes the fact that in Germany those who stand at the head of society defend duelling, while the Social Democrats, the members of the Catholic Centre, and the Free-thinkers and Progressives oppose it. On the other hand, it is defended in the Reichstag by orthodox Protestants.

SERMONS cannot be measured by the yardstick or by the watch, and it is a mistake to establish any Procrustean bed to which every sermon must be cut. Not all subjects are of the same dimensions. The preacher, like the painter, must have some liberty as to the size of his canvas. A preacher may spoil a sermon by making it too long, or he may spoil it just as truly by making it too short, by failing to develop his subject properly. A sermon which is simply a suggestion, a hint, an exhortation, or an affirmation of principles, may be brief and effective. The sermon which is to be an exposition, an unfolding of a subject which has wide and varied relationships, may require time for its development. A preacher in Boston whose church is filled every Sunday preaches from fifty minutes to an hour; but his audience all stay until he is through, and they come again the next Sunday. They have been accustomed during twenty years to have large subjects treated in a large way, but only those who have the gift can presume to exercise it. It is quality, not length, that is the real test. There are twenty-minute sermons which seem unmercifully long; but Beecher could preach an hour, and his audience would still be sorry that he did not keep on. James Freeman Clarke once heard Wendell Phillips talk, as he supposed, for forty-five minutes, but was surprised, on looking at his watch, to find that he had spoken nearly two hours.

How hard it is to drive away the bugaboos of superstition, especially when ministers use them to frighten their congregations! One would suppose that the theological superstition that the application of water is necessary to save a soul from fire ought to be as dead as a mummy by this time. The doctrine of infant damnation, though it still exists in the creeds, is believed by very few in these days. But it comes up now and then, as it did recently in a village in which a child was taken suddenly and dangerously sick. It had never been baptized, and the parents were afraid that it would die before the rite could be administered. A messenger was sent for a minister who lived near by; but, when he reached the house, he found that both of the parents were unbaptized or were not professing Christians, and the laws of his church forbade him to baptize the child under such circumstances. But, being of a merciful disposition, he unmercifully waked up another minister at the dead of night, and asked him to administer the rite. Minister No. 2 could not at first understand why he should be roused in his slumbers for this purpose, when minister No. 1 might have conducted the rite. But, belonging to a church which was willing to baptize the children of unbelievers, he heard the explanation, and graciously went to the house, and, by putting on a little water on the brow of the child, saved it from hell and the wrath of God! Verily, there is still need of Christianizing our Christianity.

HUMAN INTERCOURSE.

Friendship is very much like an egg: once dropped, it is impossible to put it back in the original shape. Love is easier to restore to its pristine beauty, if it has been injured only by flaws of temper, and not by moral obliquity. This is due, perhaps, to its firmer texture, its more absorbing quality. It will bear more strain where the trend of character is generous and noble. Friendship is a thin-skinned, susceptible, nervous relation. It has so many shades and hues one is never quite sure of it until one mounts the last round of the ladder, where sincerity is not simply endured or tolerated, but demanded as a condition of being.

If, as Matthew Arnold says, conduct constitutes three-fourths of life, six-eighths of

conduct may be set down to the profit and loss account of human intercourse, the bearing of the individual not so much toward society at large as toward a few other individuals. The world in which we live, and which furnishes our criterion of taste, judgment, and virtue, is very small. One person may make our world, or a hundred or a thousand. Occasionally a person may be found who overtops a city or a country in his estimate of social states or differences. From a dozen to fifty people may, however, be set down as the size of the average circle. It is our relation to these few that makes up three-quarters of life, to which Matthew Arnold refers.

How do we stand toward these dozen or half a hundred in regard to love, friendship, fidelity, unselfishness, tolerance, all the ingredients and shades of character? Thought is a great power. Its influence is so immense the world is always trying to believe that it can detach itself from the basis of conduct, and float free as an independent force, beneficent or otherwise; but subtly the moral nature of the man, his personal relation to society, enters all his works, like a pervasive dye. He cannot keep himself out of abstractions and philosophizing. The greatness of Bacon's intellect has been smirched by the moral taint. The wholeness of the man gets into all he does, all he thinks. If he tries to bar the door against himself, his nature, deeper than consciousness, takes sides against him.

The cry that art is unmoral has been heard in all ages. Beauty, we have been told a thousand times, is a thing apart, exists of and for itself; and yet the impersonality of art is belied by the fact that all art worthy the name is steeped in personality, drenched through and through with the secret life of the artist, the trend of his thoughts, the power and purpose of his conviction, the tendency of his deeds. Beauty, too, is not beauty unless it covers something deeper than form and color. The nature of being is felt everywhere under paint or chisel work, or design of any kind, as under flesh and blood.

How often work is vitiated by something far deeper than cleverness,—by the inner life, the springs of conduct! Cleverness is not unseldom abortive and unfruitful. For all its adroitness and open-eyed capacity, it comes to shipwreck. The whole weight of character is shifted on each point, and the whole chain is only as strong as its weakest link. For this reason conduct is three-quarters of the whole make-up. Few people are possessed of genius, not many are endowed with lofty imagination, great powers of abstraction, or capacity for sustained thought; but all of us with ordinary intelligence, it would seem, might attain to conduct of a worthy kind. And yet conduct proves to be the stumbling-block even for those of great endowments; for it is continually running counter to selfishness and unpruned impulses, and a fine and high behavior comes in the end to be valued like some rare special gift of music and poesy.

We hear much said of philistinism, but the word has no concise meaning. It leaves an impression, but not a sharp outline. Still we dimly feel that it describes a very prevalent type of materialism. Philistinism makes count of no subtle beauty, no soulful experience. It eliminates the spiritual, cuts it clean off, and leaves you only crass matter. It will feed you at its banquets, but it gives no bread of life. It thrusts its gold and pearl under your eyes, but it ignores their ideal uses. Its values are perishable. They leave no trace of thought and emotion in the mind. It not only cannot perceive the soul of things: it degrades the objects that in their essence were made to minister to man's higher nature and to help toward the best human intercourse. Philistinism has spoiled so much of our meeting and entertaining and hobnobbing, has interposed so much padding between hearts and lives, that some-

times we despair of human intercourse, and think of lapsing into the den of the recluse or the cell of the hermit.

Still the need of sharpening the face against other human faces, of looking into friendly eyes and clasping friendly hands, is as imperative as it ever was,—more so, our communion with our kind often being reduced to this dumb show; while the things our neighbor might communicate to us or we might say to him are dumb within us, hidden in the heart. For beings so loquacious about nothing, sound and fury of no significance, we are singularly tongue-tied. How often we eat a man's dinners and enjoy the good things of his providing without knowing by any sign he has ever made whether he is Christian or pagan! How obliged we would be to him if he would give us a slice of himself instead of so much turkey and pudding! It sounds antiquated to speak of sharing in another's virtue when we think of the gossip and chit-chat of society. Yet this discredited thing lies at the basis of human intercourse. If we cannot give and get strength and invigoration, why should we meet?

It is because we do so seldom meet here, so seldom partake of the valor and strength and courage and fortitude of our neighbors, that scepticism of the value of human nature is so widespread. If society were not so cunningly devised to keep people apart, to make the lonely more lonely and the thronged more beset with idle and foolish folk, would men be so faithless of one another's honesty and value, so sceptical in regard to the goodness and worth of women? This deadly scepticism of the heart has taken very largely the place of belief in the possibilities of improvement. The fine grain of thought and feeling and aspiration is coarsened in the process of getting acquainted with the world, because the intercourse afforded is of a low type, material in all its phases. Ideals are broken in the contact, the mere give-and-take encounter of the great, noisy, selfish market-place or May-fair.

Human intercourse, the nourishing and inspiring kind, is the crowning experience of our days. It ennobles love until the nature is transformed by its touch. It makes friendship so unspeakably good and precious that even one experience of noble friendship in a lifetime may change all values and show us how to discern everywhere gold from dross. The thought of making others happy is common enough; but that thought freed from taints of selfishness is a divine thought, a potent agent, like sunshine or ozone. The exquisite thing called goodness—temperament clarified by virtue—we speak of as if it were common as dandelions in spring; but the honey-sweet variety is, after all, not very common. It is far and away beyond most of us, but still we can strive to hold up the ideal, to be a friend, to be a lover, to be a devotee of all the good and great, to strive for reverence and humbleness of heart, to cultivate distrust of our own importance, to repress egotism, and to stand for what is true and genuine, regardless of the external and fashionable standards of the world.

THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS.

Even after the lapse of two centuries and more, it is not easy to read the diaries of the early New England ministers without experiencing at second-hand something of the depression with which they recorded their mental conflicts and "disconsolate uneasinesses." How they reproached themselves for the fact that they could not continue uninterruptedly in a state of self-examination and solemn reflection, but that now and again natural longings and inclinations asserted themselves! Even they could not always be speculating on the chance that they might, in spite of all effort, be included with their dearest ones in the number of those foreordained to eternal suffering; but the thought, occasionally banished, ever returned with renewed doubt and fear. Like the minister's black veil, which threw its influence over his whole person, and made him ghostlike even in the sunshine, such mental agony forbade the consideration of so small a virtue as cheerfulness.

The world has changed much in this regard. Not only need he who is light-hearted no longer affect an unreal seriousness, but we believe that even he, who must carry in his heart a lifelong sorrow or who aches for a lost companionship, ought to let

no shadow fall on other lives for his sake. It is sometimes curious to note, however, how little credit for courage is usually given to the person who is habitually cheerful. Hardly any one reaches middle life without some trouble that touches the very springs of action, and cheerfulness is quite as likely to be born from thoughtfulness and courage as from temperamental indifference or unreasoning delight in existence. It was said not long ago of a certain woman whose quick smile and ready jest brightens serious faces, "She has no comprehension of people who have moods, and who have to sit down in the blues now and then"; and yet, touching just such moods, the woman had said to me with a smile that half hid the real earnestness of her speech: "The tiger and the lady (that's myself) go into a cage together now and then, and one of us comes out alive. So far, it has always been I." And that is a good way to treat our moods,—to take them with us into a cage, and have it out by ourselves. Even then we need not announce the fact to others. We have few memorials left of the ministers' wives in the early Puritan days, except such as are afforded by long epitaphs; but we can easily imagine the state of mind with which one would hear her husband's study door close behind him, knowing that he was entering upon a season of wrestling with himself, during which he must have shed melancholy as the honey-suckle sheds fragrance.

Dr. Everett has shown us how comedy may be the corrector and helper of the earnest life, preserving the freshness and bloom of the spirit. "The path of duty is indeed the path of life, but happy is he who can press sometimes laughing and sometimes singing upon his way." And not only is he happy himself; but he increases the happiness of others, and makes for more goodness and more sunshine in the world.

Yet we ought to realize that cheerfulness and the disposition to see the humor even in some things serious is much more than simple light-heartedness. It is less a matter of temperament than we used to think, less a result of easy conditions, less dependent even on digestion. Often it is a philosophy, the result of a deliberate turning toward light and sunshine rather than toward sadness. It is never more real and pervasive than when based on an earnestness that goes deep into character. Helen Hunt once said of joy that it is built on the adamant of pain, and cheerfulness may well be born from the strength and sympathy developed by suffering.

A writer in the *Register* has recently written tenderly that grief may be transmuted into the most precious products. "He giveth songs in the night" of sorrow; and, when the unspoken, unspeakable loss has been accepted, it takes us "far above the low rebellious mood into which it first plunged the soul." Then it is that the inner meanings, the universal sympathies of life, touch our hearts, binding us closer to our fellows. Cheerfulness is, then, the finest courage and the most genuine sympathy. It is the constant, daily gift to our household companions and to our friends of the one thing that most sweetens the common duties of common days. Then the wonder is repeated that is forever renewing itself in the moral world. What was at first only a duty becomes the most natural thing in life, what was difficult becomes easy and spontaneous, what was an endeavor becomes habit.

EPISCOPALIANISM AND TOLERATION.

We have frequently pointed out the fact that the use of standards, creeds, and liturgies in the Episcopalian Church has not prevented the development of a great diversity of belief as well as of ritualistic practice in that body.

There are in fellowship with it those who are Unitarians in everything but name, so far as their theological views are concerned; and there are those who represent the other extreme of conservatism in matters of dogma. There are Episcopalians who, in matters of ritual and polity, come as near Congregationalism as they can get; and there are others who are just as near to Roman Catholicism as they can get without paying allegiance to the pope. It is evident that a church including such different elements needs a very elastic constitution. To limit freedom of interpretation, to impose a rigid discipline and severe tests of

subscription upon its membership, is to sacrifice breadth and catholicity.

The Boston *Herald* looks at the matter in this light, and says:—

Six bishops have undertaken to lay down the law to the whole Episcopal Church, of whom Bishop Potter says that their authority "may be said, if anybody chooses to say so, to have little more value than is expressed in the more or less close consensus of opinion of some half-dozen individuals." This pastoral reaffirms positions and undertakes to define the terms of loyalty; but, in doing so, it implies a censure of the large body of men who have given their best efforts to the work of showing that, while the Episcopal Church is faithful in its transmission of "the faith once delivered to the saints," it is essentially a modern communion which recognizes its duty to minister in the things of God to the needs and requirements of the present generation. The pastoral is not faulted as a statement of ancient dogma, and we have yet to learn that any one objects to it on this account; but it is a blow at toleration. It implies that men are disloyal who decline to accept its statements in what they imply. This is the cause of the trouble which is growing out of it. It seems to narrow the Episcopal Church at a point where it has been claimed as the roomiest body in Christendom. It is a statement, on the authority of a portion of the episcopate, that comprehension of divergent interpretations of truth is not to be allowed, as it is allowed to-day in the Church of England, and that the clergy of the Church must abandon their wider interpretations of its authority and position. So far this document has been met on the part of the liberal clergy with protest. With all due respect to the bishops, and to their right to direct the Church, they feel that the pastoral throws a doubt upon their loyalty.

The vital question here raised must be met. It is whether the Episcopal Church is to be simply the transmitter of ancient truth in its exact terms, standing as a witness of the past, or whether it is to be both a witness to the past and a strong and powerful interpreter of living truth to living men. The growth of this communion in this country has been almost in exact proportion to the extent that it has become an interpreter of truth and a force in present affairs.

To recede from this position of the widest usefulness, and to withdraw into its shell, if this were possible, would be suicidal. The trouble with this pastoral is that it overlooks this enlarged mission of the Episcopal Church, and misinterprets the spirit of its more liberal clergy. They have shown by their works the loyalty of their spirit; and, if one party is to be arrayed against the other because each has a different idea of service from the other, while all agree in essentials, gods and men will look agast upon the scene.

Musings.

ON another page of this paper William Lloyd Garrison pays a tribute to Frederick Douglass which his relations to that prophet, as well as his father's long association with him, well qualify him to utter. But I have heard him tell an anecdote not mentioned in these reminiscences. When a boy in his early teens, he went to bed one night, in a certain town of Massachusetts, at the home of a well-known anti-slavery leader with whom the family were very intimate. During the night he "had a dream which was not all a dream," or, as Shakspeare put it, "a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was." He dreamed that he put out his hand into a mass of bushy hair. The discovery created no terror. There was no nightmare associated with it. When he came down to breakfast in the morning, the youthful William, like the youthful Joseph, told his dream. It awakened not a little merriment, and an interpreter was present who could give a realistic explanation. Frederick Douglass had arrived at the house unexpectedly late at night; and, as there was no other room available, he was put in the same bed with the young William. He had to leave early in the morning to take a train for another lecture engagement. He succeeded in getting to bed and in rising in the morning without waking his bed-fellow. But whether his bed-fellow woke him when he put his hand into the masses of his hair I am not able to say. I only know that Frederick Douglass has gone now to a well-earned rest. And, if young Garrison disturbed his slumbers that night by his grasping disposition, he now atones for it by tenderly placing some flowers on his bier.

THE other day the editor of the *Christian Register* was referred to by a reporter of the Boston *Herald* as a "well-known Bap-

tist minister." Unitarians and others who take a different view of his denominational relations have smiled at this; and an anonymous writer in a daily paper who attacks the writer for a disposition to distinguish between Spiritualism and fraud aims a fling at him in regard to immersion, on the supposition that he is hitting his antagonist in a vital point of his faith and practice. Now, Unitarian friends may smile if they please; but the reporter was not so far out of the way as if he had called the editor something else. If the reporter wished to prove the truth of his statement, he might show that the editor of this paper was baptized by immersion at the age of fourteen in a Baptist church in New York. He might show that at a still earlier age he accompanied his mother to a Baptist church, and cried because he could not partake of the bread and wine at the communion,—a fact which identified him with the open-communion Baptists. He might show that the editor of this paper has written a book entitled "A Baptist Meeting-house." He might point to the fact that in England there are General Baptists included in the Unitarian fellowship, and that there are some churches there in which only a minister baptized by immersion can be settled. Such a minister might well be called a "Unitarian Baptist" or a "Baptist Unitarian," and the reporter might add that the "Baptist Meeting-house" referred to was published in this country by the American Unitarian Association. He might argue that both Baptists and Unitarians strongly maintain the Congregational polity, that neither church has any written creed, and that neither believes in salvation or regeneration by baptism. He might clinch the statement by the fact that the minister of the First Baptist Church in Boston was called to the pastorate of a Congregational church in Springfield, Mass., and that that church is now spoken of very freely there as the "Second Unitarian Church." In short, it seems to me that the reporter could make out a very strong case; and I have no complaint to make.

BUT, to settle the matter beyond question, and to show how true a Baptist the writer is, I quote a few sentences from various paragraphs in the concluding chapter of the book referred to. It is a description of

THE NEW BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE.

"I know that I cannot do justice to it in any description that I may give. We cannot wholly describe all there is of to-day in the realities about us, but the new Baptist meeting-house belongs also to the morrow. Its foundations are deeply laid in reality, but its superstructure rises like prophecy into the domain of the ideal and the unattained.

"It is not something that can be wholly described by measurement. The rod of Ezekiel cannot determine its proportions. Its architecture is attractive and pleasant, but not wholly from its external quality. It embodies a soul. 'The conscious stone to beauty grew.' It is not dominated wholly by one style; for it is spirit, not form, that makes the temple. It may be Gothic, Romanesque, or modern in its outline and detail; but it is not grotesque. Its very architecture is marked by catholicity. It rejects nothing true or beautiful because it is old, nothing true or beautiful because it is new. The building itself is an architectural psalm. . . .

"Its terms of membership are not described by any tests of doctrinal belief. It welcomes all to its fellowship who sympathize with its spirit and who would share its activities. Not uniformity of belief, but perfection of character, is the end which it has set before itself. It seeks to solve for men the practical problem of life, and to reconcile them to the truth, the beauty, and the goodness which blend like prismatic colors in the being of God. . . .

"If it is not always defining its belief and tinkering its creed, there are, nevertheless, great positive and vital truths which command its convictions and inspire its activity. One of these grand truths is the marvellous power which is wrapped up in the name of God. . . .

"With the truth of God there is the truth of sonship. Humanity is not lost, fallen, degraded, or disowned. It is the life of God coming into consciousness, freedom, development in the life of man. . . .

"As the new Baptist meeting-house has its God ideal, so it has its Christ ideal. Its Christ is not a matter of tradition, textual criticism, punctuation marks. It is the manifestation of God in the flesh. It is the sublime truth of the incarnation not localized, but made universal. Not only Jesus, but all the spiritually good and beautiful, all who have enriched humanity by golden precept or divine example, are transfigured into one likeness in this Christ ideal. . . .

"The worshippers in the new Baptist meeting-house find inspiration in the great law of sacrifice. As they lift the eye of gratitude toward God for his blessings, so they turn with gratitude toward humanity. They recognize and bless the martyrs and heroes of the race. . . .

"As the new Baptist meeting-house has a firm foundation in the realities of the present, so its faith and its hope unfold the vision of immortal life. The fear of death casts no shadows over its altars. . . .

"And what shall I say of the worship, forms, ceremonies, and rituals of this renewed Baptist meeting-house? Simply that they are varied and flexible enough to suit the needs of those who adopt them. . . .

"The Bible of the new Baptist meeting-house is the slowly written Bible of the ages. Greek and Hindu, Christian and Jew, people of all kindred and climes, utter its language. The Hebrew and the Christian Bibles have not been dethroned. They are no longer a fetich or a talisman, but an inspiration. They are a priceless part of the sacred literature of the world. . . .

"There is 'close communion' in the new Baptist meeting-house; but it is the closeness of sympathy, not the closeness of exclusion. There is baptism there, but it is rather the baptism of fire than the baptism of water. The law of its discipline is the law of charity; the law of its life, the perfect law of liberty, duty, and love."

Brevities.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison's admirable article on "Frederick Douglass" ought to be read by every one born since the war, and who cannot know by participation in the struggle how much it cost to get the measure of liberty we possess.

Well, the monarchs are mortals, like the rest of us. The German emperor has been kept indoors by a severe cold, and so has the boy king of Spain; and the Prince of Wales has had a chill. Nature is democratic, and no respecter of persons.

This sentence from Dr. Talmage is not profound, but it is cheerful: "If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs." Dr. Talmage is not a pessimist; and, if he can get pessimism out of Christian theology, he will render an excellent service.

The Gould family has done a good deal of discounting; but now one of the daughters has been counted out, or the French "nobility" will say she is counted in. The majority of the American girls, we suspect, would rather acquire the title to Miss Gould's property than to acquire a title to nobility.

In another column an account is given of the loss of the San Diego church by fire. The loss of Rev. Mr. Johnston, the pastor of the church, is very heavy, including all his books and sermons, and everything except the clothes he wore. But Brother Johnston has the true grit, and his hope and determination are not burnt out.

A correspondent shows the success of a Children's Neighborhood Library in Troy, N. Y. Rev. E. M. Fairchild, pastor of the church which started it, thinks it very easy to convert the ordinary Sunday-school library into a neighborhood library, thus increasing the usefulness of the books a thousand-fold, and conforming far more nearly to the ideals of the church. He would doubtless be glad to give any information desired regarding methods.

A correspondent writes: "Two clergymen of Athol, Mass.,—one a Baptist, the other a Universalist,—met in a restaurant and ordered oyster stews, which were served smoking hot. The Baptist ate his without difficulty, but the Universalist made much fuss in blowing his to cool it off. 'How can you eat such very hot oysters?' said he

to his brother theologian. 'I suppose,' said the Baptist, 'it is because I preach a hotter theology than you do.'"

The *Catholic Review* seems to think that the Indian is doomed because Congress is in favor of withholding appropriations to denominational schools; but, if the government does as it should and will,—namely, take up the work of educating the Indians,—it will be all the better. For the government schools, as a rule, are much better than the denominational ones. Still further, there is nothing to prevent religious denominations from doing missionary work among the Indians as elsewhere.

The confessional has been introduced in St. Matthew's Church (Episcopal) in Detroit. The minister recently declared that the priest of his church had just as much power to absolve sinners as he had to consecrate the bread and wine of the eucharist, Christ's body and blood. The present time, just before the Lenten season, he said, was particularly opportune for confession. "Come to your priest," he declared, "and lay bare your sins; and, if you are truly penitent, you shall be absolved. Though your sins be as scarlet, yet they shall become as white as snow." Here is an opportunity for the bishops to write another pastoral letter.

Rev. John S. Brown of Lawrence, Kan., tells this interesting anecdote: "In my early days I went to the Baptist church in my native town, New Ipswich. John Parkhurst was our minister, a graduate of Harvard College,—a very worthy man, and a fair preacher, who on occasions selected very apt texts; for instance, 'Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, and ye shall have tribulation ten days.' This was preached from the next Sunday, after three of his church members were released from Amherst jail, where they were incarcerated for refusing to pay taxes assessed for the support of the Congregational minister, Richard Hale. All this occurred in the year of our Lord 1819."

Pro and Con.

HYMN-BOOKS WANTED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The church in Farmington, Me., needs a number of copies of the earlier Hymn and Tune Book with services. Any church having such to spare will confer a favor by informing D. M. Wilson, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

JOHNSON ON PARTY ALLIANCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Apropos of the discussion about "Convention Morality," this from Boswell's Johnson, vol. ii. p. 145, may be interesting:—

"An eminent public character being mentioned:—

"Johnson,—I remember being present when he showed himself to be so corrupted, or, at least, something so different from what I think right, as to maintain that a member of Parliament should go along with his party, right or wrong. Now, sir, this is so remote from native virtue, from scholastic virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that you may lie to the public; for you lie when you call that right which you think wrong, or the reverse." L.

THE A. U. A. COLLECTION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association for February, which will be found in another column, show, as before, an increase in the amounts contributed by the various churches. Now our main harvest is to come. During March and April, the last two months of our financial year, we received last season \$36,000. If the rate of increase made by several churches already contributing shall be maintained by those who are just beginning their annual subscription, our treasury will receive from \$45,000 to \$50,000 before May 1.

If the individual contributors, the ministers and churches, knew what hope and gladness would be awakened in many struggling congregations, and in the hearts of

ministers bravely trying to do their duty with insufficient means, there is no doubt that the gifts would be spontaneous and generous. The work of the Association is sound, its financial standing is good. The only lack is a free income which can be applied directly in the field. In 1893 the gifts of societies and individuals passed \$60,000. Dr. Reynolds believed then that he had surmounted the Hill of Difficulty; that the next year the income would reach \$80,000, and the strain of anxiety would be over. Then came the panic of 1893; and the next year the contributions fell to \$50,000, leaving appropriations unprovided for. If now, with the rising tide of interest, the contributions can be restored to the level of 1893, the churches will have good reason to congratulate themselves on the results. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

AN EPISCOPALIAN VIEW.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Apropos of the sermons recently preached by Rev. Messrs. M. J. Savage and Thomas Van Ness, in regard to the late pastoral letter emanating from the House of Bishops, I send the following:—

The Rt. Rev. Chas. G. Grafton, S. T. D., bishop of the Episcopalian diocese of Fond du Lac, in a recent discourse in a New York pulpit, indulged in some severe comments on the Unitarians. Interviewed by a Chicago reporter on this subject, Bishop Grafton said in confirmation of his charges:—

"Regarding my words, 'Let us beware of those confidence men, those bunco-steerers, who, under the guise of liberality of life, are moving about in the Vanity Fair of this world, endeavoring to seduce the self-willed and self-opinionated to the opium joint of Unitarianism,' I am quoted correctly. We ought never to attack persons, but I say that of a theological system; and the system of modern Unitarianism, which has been erected and is based on the deductions of human reason, dreams of man's imagination, is therefore likened to the results of an opium joint, is contrary to the teachings of the Church, which is based upon authority, with the concurrent assent of Christendom as a witness to its truth.

"One thing was especially fitting in my comparison. The person about to smoke the opium, in order to have the desired effect, must be placed in a recumbent position, with his head on a level with the body. After the attendant has served him, he cannot get up by himself. He thinks he is up, but it is nothing but imagination. Just so with modern Unitarianism. Its followers think they are up; but they are down, and never get above the level of a material philosophy." x.

WILL YOU HELP THE BLIND?

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

A liberal response has been made to the recent appeals for contributions to aid the Kindergarten for the Blind in Jamaica Plain, but the amount still falls far short of that which is needed. It has occurred to me that there may be many persons in this rapidly changing and growing section who do not know much about this special form of rescue work, but whose compassion and help could be easily gained if a concrete case of need was brought before them. With the earnest desire in my heart to win new friends to the cause, I beg you "look here upon this picture, and on this." I may say truly that neither is in any degree a sketch of fancy. Here is one side of the shield:—

The home which we see is most forlorn and destitute in appearance. No picturesque side to poverty appears in this place, but an aspect of penury absolute, severe, and unlovely. The two rooms are meagrely supplied with bare necessities for living. The pent atmosphere is close and stifling. Dirt is seen everywhere, and in abundance. The children in this home are ragged, unkempt, half-starved, noisy, and rough in manner. True, the little fellow who is behind the cordon of pieces of furniture is quiet enough. But he, poor baby, is blind; and the other children, having instincts of mercy, arrange for him this comparatively safe retreat, perchance from their own rude violence. The father and mother are absent the livelong day, having employment in a mill near by. The needs of the little sightless boy are ministered to occasionally by the young brothers and sisters; but, for the most part, they find it pleasanter to play on the street than to stay in this dismal room with a blind boy. And so this neglected child is left alone, guarded in a measure from danger, but prevented by this

very semblance of care from the exercise which children need in order to grow. What wonder that both his body and mind are enfeebled by such an existence! Where is the possibility of hope that he will ever receive that which is his due as a member of the human family? This child should exercise freely in the open air. He should become familiar with objects by the sense of touch. He should be taught to dress and undress himself, to wash his hands and face, to feed himself with spoon and fork. He should be encouraged to dispense, as far as possible, with the assistance of others, be taught a becoming deportment, and such habits as will be of service to him later in life. This category of obligations is by no means an exhaustive one; but tell me, I pray, where shall the blind child of the very poor receive this simple but important course of training? Can the home supply this need? Let us reverse the shield.

Commodious and beautiful buildings, each of which is admirably adapted to its purpose, have been erected in Jamaica Plain for the use of the Kindergarten for the Blind. The rooms in each house are large and sunny; the appointments of all have suited means to end. Ample playgrounds are provided, and no effort is spared to supply whatever will develop and promote health of body and mind. A company of blithe and merry boys and girls may be seen daily engaged in delightful kindergarten occupations, or in outdoor sports and games. Wise and gentle teachers are employed to guide, control, and instruct. Floods of sunshine, abundance of fresh air, healthful food, comfort, and happiness abound for seventy children in the Kindergarten for the Blind.

These little sightless children have nearly all been rescued from homes of ignorance and poverty. The good work goes on apace. The expense of maintaining the kindergarten increases rapidly: the funds needed for its support lessen as steadily. Shall this philanthropic enterprise ask in vain for money? The sum of \$5,000 seems a paltry amount to block the wheels of progress. Too hearty praise cannot be given to the noble, generous, warm-hearted friends who have thus far sustained the fortunes of the kindergarten; but, in this hour of financial embarrassment, may not a force of new adherents be won to the cause? I call upon a score of business men in this city to unite and free the Kindergarten for the Blind from this oppressive load of debt. L. E.

THE ILLS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In the notice of Mr. Otken's book on "The Ills of the South" in the *Register* of February 14, after quoting from the book a graphic statement of the destitution existing at the close of the Rebellion, the *Register* says, "This condition of affairs brought on the vast credit system, with all its tremendous evils." In behalf of the truth of history, allow me to suggest that that is not strictly accurate. The Rebellion did not bring on this vast credit system: it only intensified it. An intimate personal friend of the writer went from this city in the year 1850, and went to Eufala, Ala., as an agent for the purchase of cotton for a New York firm. In a letter to me he said the practice there was for the merchant to make a contract at the beginning of the year by which the funds and the supplies necessary to enable the planter to plant, cultivate, and pick a crop of cotton were to be furnished, and take a mortgage on the crop. At the end of the year a settlement would be had; and, if the crop of cotton was more than sufficient to pay the loan, the balance was paid to the planter. But, if the balance was on the other side of the account, and not too large, as was not unfrequently the case, it was passed on to the contract for the next year; or, if payment was demanded by the broker, the planter would "sell a nigger" and pay the debt.

During the Rebellion a bright mulatto boy from Northern Alabama came to my house, and, after securing a fair common-school education, returned to Alabama and engaged in the same business as my friend of 1850; and he said to me that his method was exactly the same as it was then, and that it was nothing new. Their credit system was not the result of the Rebellion: it was only intensified by it.

JOHN J. JANNEY.

Columbus, Ohio.

For the *Christian Register*.
MY LADY.

BY EDWIN E. WOODMAN.

A deeper thrill to joy in other hearts
Her quickly kindling sympathy imparts;
Another's sorrow or another's pain
Her aspen spirit, trembling, feels again.

Her balm of pity's palpitating touch
Assuages love's fine dolor overmuch,
So one whom her compassion has made whole
Longs for new hurts, that she will heal his soul.

Where she appears, the halo of this grace
With softly streaming splendor lights the space.
I, standing in that glory, see the woman
Supernal in its rays, at once divine and human.

And far or near and ever she is mine,
As I am hers. To me where her eyes shine
The place is sacred by that burning token;
Where not, made holy by her name but spoken.

AN AMERICAN PAINTER.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

There are moments in many of our days that seem like strokes of genius. They are the outflashings of the spirit of beauty, and reveal themselves to eyes prepared to see. Without the power of seeing and reporting these great moments in nature, there can be no great landscape art. Claude Lorraine saw them. So did Turner and Constable, Corot and Millet.

Among Americans Inness was the man to whom Nature unveiled herself in her most brilliant, if not in her tenderest, moods. Though at times an audacious colorist, he was by no means sensational. In nearly all his works a justifying note of harmony makes you feel the rightness of his conclusions. He is the man who has profited most by the impressionist movement. Never led astray by its crazes and exaggerations, he has taken the heart out of it, and compelled it to teach him all it had to impart. He saw its significance as a new point of view, a fresh way of looking at nature, a break from conventionalism toward truth and freedom; and he profited by it more largely than any other American. His distinctive Americanism is one of his chief glories. When a student in the Old World, he knew most of the great artists and their works; but he did not swerve from his strong native bent impressed upon his genius by the peculiar conditions of his own country. While preserving the precious quality of nationalism, he struck out for himself a middle ground between the old school of mannerists, with its fixed habits and iron-bound traditions, and the crazy art of men intoxicated with a new idea essentially true, but falsified by the intemperance of its followers. He evolved a style of his own, magnificent in breadth,—as many believe, the best American style up to date. Inness has been a great emancipator; and it is a little singular that his countrymen have been so slow to see the extent of his services, and the firm and free direction in which he has led his generation.

It seemed inevitable that Inness should create a school, should draw to himself many and devoted disciples. He was a man large enough for the task and richly endowed; but as yet, in an artistic sense, we are not of age, know not how to combine the elements of an art world on the principle that the good of one is the good of all,—the more you give, the more you have. Our greatest artists have lived isolated lives, have worked out their ideas apart, unable to create a diffused art feeling that penetrates the social pores. For this reason many good artists have been less esteemed than they deserve to be, and have found it impossible to make head against the mania for foreign pictures that has inundated our society. Jealousy may have had some preventive influence in the creation of an American school. The art spirit may isolate while still young and tentative; but, when it gets its thaws and sinews, it unites and becomes a common possession. The little man shuts himself in his studio, and works out a little piece by his north light; the big man opens wide his doors, and invites criticism and competition and sympathy.

In a certain sense, Inness has created a school. There is no man, perhaps, on whom his mantle has fallen; but it is not credible that a genius so original as his should not have wide influence, not only on his contemporaries, but also on those to come. No one in our time has surpassed him in the rapidity and sureness of his

perceptions, his glancing but firm touch, the swiftness and fidelity with which he seized on great impressions, the ever-shifting play of light and atmosphere. Those were the gnomes and wizards he loved. Like all genius, he aimed at the impossible. All the aspects of sun and weather were an exciting drama to him. He would extract the heart of the mystery, and show it trophy-like on his canvas. His failures, therefore, are more interesting than the successes of many other men. All the scene palpitates with the eager love and passion of the man. In the wrestle with difficulties he is always alert, active, an athlete, wholly awake and in earnest. There was the least of the dilettante about him, the least of the devotee of prettiness. He aimed at truth, and loved it ardently.

These are the qualities that make his work so vital. If his treatment may at times seem sensational, he was never so in the selection of his subjects. He took just the every-day warp and woof of nature,—trees, earth, bushes, rocks, as they exist in fields and along waysides,—and waited until the sun and shadows, local and reflected color, had struck out of them all their intensest meaning. Then he was on them as his prey; for his eye, his brush, was so experienced, a thousand subtle shades and intentions were seized by him that escape the untrained.

The sketches and pictures, finished and unfinished, on exhibition at the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, are of great interest to an Inness lover. In examining the least important of these, we see how surely and swiftly he struck the key-note of the scene, giving at once its values and the pitch he desired to attain. If the pitch seems at times too high, still he was a consummate master in bringing the whole composition into harmony. Few of our artists have been as audacious in the use of color. The problem of our flaming autumnal forests, which most of our artists have given up as impossible to paint, Inness tackled with delight. He sought for the secret of truth in that brilliant phase of American scenery; and, if he did not always find it, he certainly came nearer to it than any other. His audacities often have a sense of rightness that is a justification of the boldest attempts. No one has dealt more sympathetically with greens,—not the feeble hues of the studio, but the living colors of nature bathed in air and sunlight, or seen against the heavy blue hazes of our American autumns. He loved the on-coming of storms,—blue-black thunder-clouds hurrying and toppling in the sky, and against them the up-toss of vivid foliage, the last gleam of splendor before the on-rush of the rain. He loved superb sunsets, and the fire haze hanging over the world, breaking from spent clouds with intensity of splendor, touching human faces, and transforming and glorifying common things. It is his mastery in lighting that makes Inness so great. In his art he was a worshipper of the low sun that gives color, all the subtlety of varied effects that gather about the drama of sunset.

But in his forestry he is also supreme. No one has so entered into the soul of the tree in our time, or made it a more vital thing in the landscape. The mass of his pictures deals with trees in clumps, in fields, on hillsides, in forests, by the way,—endless successions of trees, all imbued with character, each individual and alive, standing just where it ought to stand in the scene with unpremeditated art. Few have equalled Inness in this artless tree-grouping that makes his pictures so companionable, and surrounds us at once with shade and leafiness where we feel the play of the south wind in the branches. The chief value of art is that it makes us more at home in the world, shows us the things we have long looked upon without observing, and reveals the hidden soul of beauty. In this sense the art of Inness's domesticates, renders dearer the familiar, truer the truths we know. The interest does not flag, the excitement is unabated. You feel the shock of new and joyful surprise as you pass from picture to picture. You find old, forgotten emotions renewed by a master hand. The things you have felt, but could not express, are here limned, fixed forever by a medium that seems not faint, but vital perception made objective.

Our picture galleries are often very discouraging. They make us feel too keenly the limitations of the art world, the timid-

ity of the artist nature. The work we see there seems to bear but slight relation to the universe, steeped in and flooded with beauty and vital, vibrating power. We ought therefore to be grateful to the man who dares, not as an experimentalist, a deluded egotist, but as a master of his craft, to be an interpreter of high things to the soul. Inness may in time hold to American art the place that Constable now holds to English art. Both men had the power of imparting life to their work. There are no dead sticks in their woodlands. Constable reached his end by another method; but with him, too, all is movement, animation, palpitating air and light. The wind is in the leaves of his trees, his brooks run and gurgle. You perceive the lush, cultivated richness of that English landscape, so different from the unpruned wildness of shaggy America. But the spirit is the same in both men. They did not choose their art: it chose them. It was a possession, an intensity of being. The joy with which they wrought is subtly imparted to us as we gaze. A new face is put upon the world; and we see that this art, so robust and virile, has in it moral elements of deep satisfaction and invigoration for the soul.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Frederick Douglass was born a slave in the State of Maryland, probably about 1817, although, as no records of the birth of slaves were kept, the exact date is not known. His father was a white man, but who he was even the son never surmised. Mr. Douglass said: "Of my father I know nothing. Slavery had no recognition of fathers, as none of families. That the mother was a slave was enough for its deadly purpose. By its law the child followed the condition of its mother. The father might be a white man, glorying in the purity of his Anglo-Saxon blood, and the child ranked with the blackest slaves." In 1838 he escaped from Boston to New York City, and then went to New Bedford, where there was a large colored settlement. There he lived about three years, getting what odd jobs he could. Although a caulker, the white workers in that trade would not tolerate a colored man. So, instead of earning two dollars a day, as he might have done, he was forced to saw wood and take anything that offered.

His mother had given him the high-sounding name of Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey; but his friends persuaded him, for the sake of safety, to change it to Frederick Douglass, the last name having been the choice of a Quaker who had recently been reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and thought Douglass a fine name. Meantime he sent to Baltimore for the free young colored woman to whom he was attached. They were married and settled down, as he thought, to a life of common toil. It happened, however, that his natural powers of speech induced him to take part in the Methodist meetings for prayer and exhortation; and this brought him into notice. He had also seen and subscribed for the *Liberator*, and become deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement.

In 1841 there happened to be an anti-slavery convention held at Nantucket, which Douglass was tempted to attend. He had no thought of speaking, and did not suppose any one there would know him. An abolitionist from New Bedford, however, named Coffin, who had heard him talk in the little school-house where the colored people worshipped, recognized him, and prevailed upon him to come upon the platform. He tells in his story that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could stand erect, or could command and articulate two words without stammering. He trembled in every limb. He says: "The audience sympathized with me at once, and, from having been remarkably quiet, became much excited. Mr. Garrison followed me, taking me as his text. Whether I had made an eloquent speech in behalf of freedom or not, his was one never to be forgotten."

When his unusual powers as a public speaker were discovered, Mr. Douglass was at once put into the lecturer's field by the Anti-slavery Society, and went about from town to town preaching abolition. It was an occupation that brought him into the company of earnest and devoted people, and

often into scenes of danger and persecution. For abolition was everywhere unpopular, and those who denounced slavery were themselves denounced by society as fanatics and disturbers of the peace. Meetings were frequently mobbed and broken up, and lecturers greeted with missiles. Arrest and imprisonment were not uncommon. Boston was as bitter against the free Negro then as South Carolina is now, and for one to avow himself an abolitionist was to lose caste in society, religion, and business. The churches permitted the colored people to occupy only the "nigger pew," as it was called. They were shut out of the theatres, except in a portion of the upper gallery set apart for them, and known as the "nigger heaven." Hotels denied them entrance, save as servants; and to only one grammar school in this city, the Smith School, were they admitted. In my boyhood's day it was the custom to insult colored people as they passed along the street. On the railroad they must ride in the "Jim Crow car" or with the baggage.

Frederick Douglass, after leaving New Bedford, went for a time to live in Lynn. The president of the Eastern Railroad, a prominent Quaker of Salem, was, nevertheless, a bitterly pro-slavery man, and decreed that no Negro should ride in the common cars. But Douglass, who was a man of courage, with a stalwart frame and strength of muscle, undertook to test his rights one day. His white friend, James N. Buffum, a staunch and earnest abolitionist, in later years mayor of the city, went with Douglass to defend him. Together they took seats in the forbidden car. The conductor ordered the colored man to leave at once. Buffum protested, and Douglass refused to budge. The brakemen were called; and, in spite of Mr. Buffum's remonstrance and Douglass's resistance, the latter was carried out by force, taking with him the back of the seat to which he had clung. He finally was forced to ride in the baggage car; and Mr. Buffum stayed with him, refusing to go back to his seat when his friend could not.

My earliest recollection of Frederick Douglass was about 1845, when I was seven years old, and he used occasionally to come to my father's house. The story of his early life and the interest attaching to his personality made a great impression upon me. In the anti-slavery meetings his eloquence always attracted, especially as he spoke of slavery with an interior knowledge and experience that no white abolitionist could possess. The iron had entered his soul, and his burning words were most effective. He was a natural speaker, having a fine presence; a powerful voice, admirably in control; an ease and force of expression, without that fatal fluency so often the bane of ready speakers; a native wit and gift of sarcasm; and, behind all, an intellectual quality that weighted every sentence. Other colored orators have attained great success upon the platform and in the pulpit; but it is no disparagement to them to say that Frederick Douglass towers above them all, like Saul among his brethren. My own conviction is that, had he been thrown as a white man into the nation's councils,—even when Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were in the ascendant, with equal early advantages,—he would not have been dwarfed by their companionship.

The abolitionists were very few in those days. In Boston only three or four houses were ready to entertain colored people or anti-slavery advocates. Of those who kept open houses, I can recall only Francis Jackson, Joseph Southwick, and my father. At any time, day or night, they were liable to be called upon to shelter fugitive slaves on their way to Canada, or receive itinerant lecturers or others who had suffered for the cause. The fugitives came to our house as a natural refuge, and the feelings of the household were harrowed up by the details of cruelty which the poor terrified creatures told. But more impressive than any words were the scarred backs and maimed limbs, the welts made by the driver's lash being most often in evidence. Sometimes white men who had tried to help slaves escape were brutally dealt with. A noble man, Capt. Jonathan Walker, allowed some slaves to escape on his vessel. He was a Down-East skipper, and his vessel was in the coasting trade. He was arrested, imprisoned, and sentenced to have his right hand branded. I remember the astonishment with which my brothers and myself examined the ridged letters on his palm, "S.S."

They were supposed to stand for slave-stealer, but the abolitionists insisted that their true meaning was "Slave Savior." He was a gentle and brave man. The story of his experiences is preserved in a book, which contains a picture of the branded hand.

In 1846 Mr. Douglass was sent to England on an anti-slavery mission, his old friend James N. Buffum accompanying him. There he lectured to enormous and enthusiastic audiences, making a host of friends for life. The color prejudice did not exist in Europe, and the man who was dragged out of the Lynn car and barred out of American churches and theatres was received on equal terms in fashionable drawing-rooms and in the houses of the nobility in Great Britain. It was a grateful contrast from persecution and malignity to courtesy, appreciation, and respect. It is strange that any colored person, once feeling the difference, was ever tempted to come back to the land of chains.

Samuel J. May, in his delightful "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," tells of Mr. Douglass's reception in Great Britain: "He was treated with great attention by the abolitionists of the United Kingdom, was invited to lecture everywhere, and rendered most valuable services to the cause of his oppressed countrymen. So deeply did he interest the philanthropists of that country that they paid \$750 to procure from his master a formal, legal certificate of manumission, so that on his return to the United States he would be no longer liable to be sent back into slavery."

Douglass's own delight in the sudden transition from a region of prejudice and persecution to an atmosphere of equality and respect was expressed in an eloquent letter to his friend Mr. Garrison, to be found in "The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass."

Mr. Douglass moved to Rochester, N. Y., and established a paper of his own about the year 1847, and, on account of differences with his old friends, no longer visited them, as was his wont. But, wherever he lived or went, the marked personality of the man, his eloquence and intellect, and, added thereto, a tact and judgment that allayed social antagonisms, and never unnecessarily aroused them, made him a centre of force and attraction. It was the tendency of many colored men who felt deeply the degradation inflicted upon them, simply on account of color, to emphasize their sensitiveness, and be quick to resent the least appearance of a slight. Not so with Frederick Douglass. He never looked for insult, nor showed a consciousness that he was different from other men. To meet him and converse, one would forget that he was of a despised race, and think only of the charming qualities which this interesting human being possessed. It was an evidence of his magnanimity and greatness of spirit.

I remember a story of Douglass and Sojourner Truth, a character as remarkable in her way as Douglass was in his. She was a thorough African, of unmixed blood, gaunt and black. She was born a slave in New York, and emancipated when slavery was abolished in the State. She could neither read nor write, whereas Douglass had educated himself, and was the peer of any so-called self-made white man. At an anti-slavery meeting, when the aspect of affairs was particularly dark, Douglass was speaking, and indulging in a gloomy view of the situation. Sojourner, who was a listener, and was possessed with an intense religious faith, was disturbed at the tone of despondency, and in a moment relieved her feelings, and those of the meeting as well, by saying in her deep voice, "Is God dead, Frederick?" Nobody could appreciate the hit better than himself, and the closing remarks were in a more hopeful strain.

John Brown, when contemplating his raid on Harper's Ferry, took Douglass into his confidence. After the tragedy, Douglass was sought by Gov. Wise of Virginia, who issued a requisition for his arrest, to escape which he went again to England, staying till the danger had blown over. Of the wealth and honors that came naturally to Frederick Douglass in his later years I do not propose to speak. They happen in the lives of all successful men. Of course, it was noteworthy for an ex-slave to be Marshal of the District of Columbia, under both a Republican and a Democratic administration, and be received and honored at the White House in a high official capacity.

His last representative distinction was at the World's Fair, where during its existence he was a conspicuous and attractive personality. Since the war he has lived on a fine estate at Anacostia, Washington, where he died so suddenly the other day.

He took a sympathetic interest in reforms, notably that of woman suffrage. The day of his death he attended the great convention of women in Washington, and was escorted in honor to the platform by two ladies, one of whom was his old Rochester anti-slavery friend and neighbor, Miss Susan B. Anthony. With Frederick Douglass has passed away a life as full of romance and wonder as can be found in the world of fiction. His career is an incentive and encouragement to all down-trodden and unfortunate human beings.

A WHITE CAMP.

While the Appalachians were in Maine, two of them, who were also Shayback campers, stole away from the enterprising snowshoers to catch a glimpse of their beloved camp in its winter array. A beautiful day for travel, and a marvellous conjunction of trains, which would enable them to go right through to Canada, were opportunities not to be resisted. Arrangements for the forwarding of telegrams, letters, and trunks to wait their return in North Conway were easily made; and the promise of a warm room to await their return was a pleasant way of burning their bridges behind them. So, with genuine regret at leaving charming Fryeburg and the merry throng, they turned away to the north.

There was some advantage in going by themselves, for in midwinter there is little travel in that region; and there are ample room for comfort, plenty of windows through which to catch the views, and intelligent conductors only too happy to show off the beauties of the mountains, which they seem to regard as their exclusive property. One might think the rear end of the last car too cool a spot for February; but the air was so dry and sparkling, without a breath of wind astir, that for miles and miles that was a comfortable and delightful place. Every ravine was blue or white or crystal clear, with waterfalls caught fast in the embrace of the ice king. Every ledge and mountain slope had torrents of ice pouring down and sparkling in the sun. There had been a thaw, and the melted snow had been gloriously transfigured through the sudden cold. Far down the valleys and up the hillsides that skirt the Notch the woods were rich with unexpected color. One might have thought it would be like a sea of black branches against a groundwork of white. But the delicate green of the poplars, the soft brown of the alders, the varied hues of the maples and viburnums, from light gray to a deep red, gave a warmth and variety to the wintry landscape full of delight as well as surprise.

Far beyond and above all towered the Presidential range, clear cut against the deep blue of the sky, as though hewn from Pentelic marble, and clothed with the atmosphere of Greece. One could not speak in the presence of such glory: one could only feel and keep silence. The snow-white purity exalted the mountains, and they were more like Alpine peaks than "white hills."

The ride from eleven till five was unbroken pleasure. At last the train halted at the head of Memphremagog. Unfamiliar in its winter guise, it spread out like a vast snowy plain, over which sleds and sleighs were crossing at different angles. Night was coming; and a twenty miles' drive still lay between Newport and camp, with an impassable rift in the ice, so that the land roads must be taken. A few minutes sufficed to lay in a few supplies, to engage a pair of good horses and an intelligent driver, and then, fortified by a cup of hot cocoa at the hands of a friend, the long drive was begun.

Who could faithfully picture the exquisite beauty of that late winter afternoon? No artist of the brush or of the pen. No paint could represent the weird, almost spiritual purity of the snow as it spread over lake and hill and upland meadow. Against this the giant elms and stalwart maples threw the interwoven tracery of their multitudinous branches; the birches vied in whiteness with earth's mantle; and the innumerable evergreens, dotting the landscape or making coverts with the close-branched

cedars, lent varied forms of beauty. From the winding height along which the road lay the panorama changed with every step; and, as the sun dropped behind the western hills, a rosy shimmer like an Alpine glow suffused the air, and the white world blushed at its touch.

Night fell, and with it the dispiriting information that the driver had forgotten to bring a lantern. This mattered little so long as the stars sparkled overhead and the road lay between the fences as it should. But clouds darkened the sky, and suddenly the horses were floundering in soft snow up to their shoulders. The road was lost.

It is the custom in that part of the country to roll the snow with heavy rollers after every storm, so that the road-bed is hard and firm; but a treacherous step to one side or the other when the snow lies deep is most disastrous.

"You've got to drive into the lot," sang out a belated farmer who, by good chance, happened to be jogging along a cross-road. True. After a little search, the driver found the way into the lot, and chivalrously tried to tread a path for his passengers, who had been compelled to alight so that the big double sleigh could be turned in the deep snow. Once more in the sleigh, with the roadway left behind, the path led through pastures and over hills, wherever the drifts and the sloping ground would allow. The horses had to follow it as best they could, for it was too dark to guide them. In one place they made a sudden turn, stepped off from the rolled bed, and in much less time than it takes to tell it two bundles of cloaks, hoods, and wraps were executing somersaults in the air not taught in city gymnasiums. Happily, no damage was done; and the funny side was more apparent than the serious. The sleigh was set right side up with care, the robes, hand-warmers, satchels, snow-shoes, and passengers were gathered together, the snow dusted off, and the journey cautiously resumed. Within a mile or two, a farm-house was passed, where a group of men going in from milking had each a blessed pharos swinging from his arm.

"Don't you want to sell a lantern?"

"I dunno's I do," was the way the conversation began.

"Ah, but *do*! We've ten miles yet to drive, turning constantly into the fields; and the horses cannot keep the path."

"Wall, I've got one in the house; but t'ain't got no wick in it."

"Fix it up for yourself then, and let us have one of these."

"Dunno's I want to sell. I paid seventy-five cents for it."

"Here's a dollar. Buy another, but give us that."

And he did, reluctantly, hanging it on the dasher in front, where it gave a genial and beneficent illumination, casting its light far ahead from a tin reflector.

"Quick, driver! On now, lest he should change his mind, though I wouldn't sell it back to him for five dollars," was the first anxious word from the travellers. The driver, up to that time, had been congratulating himself that he hadn't two nervous women behind him.

On and on, with a soft covering of snow, of big, fleecy flakes, settling down over all things near and far, hiding the stars and threatening a stormy morrow. Often and often the road ran along with the runners above the level of the tops of the fences, whose high, slanting rails alone indicated that fences were buried there. Stone walls slept peacefully quite out of sight; and in one place, where the overhanging elm branches had to be dodged, the driver said the snow was seven feet deep beneath the sleigh. It was an old story to him to go over such highways, but it was an excitingly new experience for his passengers.

But time fails to tell the whole story,—of the warm room and the warmer welcome at the kind doctor's, in the peaceful village, after the four hours' drive; of the delicious supper at the dissipated hour of ten; of the soft down bed that folded every weary muscle in a tender embrace; of the fun of walking on snow-shoes over the frozen lake, where in summer one is used to dip the oar; of the strange sensation of "going ashore" at "Birchbay Camp" after the two miles' walk; of the finding the good farmer in the sugar-house in the woods making ready for the sugaring near at hand; of the ride on the ox-sled up to the farm-house and back; of a drive on the lake from headland to headland at a brisk trot, not half-believ-

ing that far below were peaceful deeps fed by ever-living springs. All this must go untold.

But it would be no true Shayback camp without the breaking of bread. With partial consideration the winds had swept the shores in such a way that, though a drift a hundred feet long ran straight up from the clearing, and away beyond into the woods, the snow curled away from the end of the cabin, so that one had but to turn the key in the lock and open the door, without so much as a snow-shovel to break a path. In the darkest night the bag of birchbark could be found; but the morning was brilliant after the evening's scurry of snow, and the sunshine poured in at every cranny as well as through the open door and window. In five minutes a rousing fire was dancing up the chimney. The Wanzer lamp had been left filled; and over that snow was soon melting for bouillon and hot lemonade flavored with tea. The table was drawn up before the blazing maple, the agate dishes were brought out from the cupboard, the Newport supplies produced; and the farmer and the escaped Appalachians sat down to eat and drink. What fun it was! And how good it would have been to have gathered a score more of the Shayback guild, could they have come on the magic Arabian mat, to share the warmth and see the winter beauty of the place. For hardly in midsummer is there more exquisite charm than that sunlit day afforded.

After the manner of tidy housekeepers, everything was restored to its place; a volume was taken from the book-shelves; the melodeon was tried, to see if winter had silenced its notes; the fire-brands were tossed out into the snow, and the glowing coals scattered to die away into cold and gray silence; and the key was turned till summer comes. Had the camp laureate been there, she would have been asked to write on "Paradise Revisited."

Another drive of nearly twenty miles, a cheery evening with beloved friends, a night so starry and so still that all cities seemed a million miles away, another day of travel by train, and by five o'clock the Appalachians were united again, just as though there had been no parting. And the Notch ride was even more beautiful than before; for every tree was decked with new-fallen snow, and over the giant mountain tops clouds were hovering, lit up by sunset gleams of red. I. C. B.

OUR SAN DIEGO CALAMITY.

The Unitarian church in San Diego, a handsome structure, the fruit of Rev. B. F. McDaniel's labors, as announced last week, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, the 17th ult., the minister, Rev. H. Digby Johnston, losing all his personal effects,—library, manuscripts, etc. Mr. Johnston had only been in San Diego a few weeks, but his three or four services had already drawn around him a phenomenally large and interested congregation.

The church cost \$19,000 in "boom" times; the indebtedness upon it, which sorely handicapped the society, was \$9,000; the insurance was \$6,000, the lot being worth about \$2,000 more. Rev. H. Digby Johnston writes Superintendent C. W. Wendte, under date of February 19, concerning the calamity:—

Long before this reaches you the newspapers will, no doubt, have made you aware of our great loss. I have seldom known a happier hour than that I spent after last Sunday morning's service. The congregation had been the largest the church had had for years,—full up to the doors; and the service had been inspiring to all of us. "The night is past," "the time of the singing of the birds is come," were phrases I heard from men who had in times past seen cause for despair. I remained in the vestry, in preparation for the evening lecture, on "Art as the Ally of Religion," until 3.30, and then ran off to visit a sick parishioner. While I was talking with him, at 4.30 a messenger came, out of breath, to tell us the church was in flames. They drove me down quickly, but I arrived only in time to see the steeple fall and the whole edifice a burning mass. I had not yet found apartments, and all my goods of every kind were there; and not a vestige was saved. What had been called the ladies' parlor had been given up to me for a study; and all my books, pictures, bronzes, and curios had contributed to make it as beautiful a study as any man ever had. And I had already come to love it deeply. Scores of people, after the morning's service, had been in to see it; and I had received congratulations from

them. Now I have not a book, a periodical, a sermon, a lecture, a diary, or even a scrap of paper, and not an article of clothing, except those I stood in.

But we "are not in despair." Nay, on the contrary, we have burst into a new life. We went down into the grave on Sunday while the flames roared. We awoke in the newness of the resurrection on Monday; and at a meeting of the church on Wednesday, principal friends held a judge Luce's chambers yesterday afternoon it was resolved unanimously to go on, to allow no break in any part of the work we had just organized, to take the opera house for morning and evening service, and to redouble our energy and interest.

Hard as it is to bear (for the fruits of my life's work, as gathered into books and manuscripts, are gone, and I am orphaned indeed), I believe this great disaster is to be overruled for highest good.

The enclosed letter of sympathy and help, which I received last evening from a Methodist, is a specimen of what many are feeling and saying. There are brave, noble hearts here,—God bless them!—and I feel sure we shall be more strongly supported than we might have been for years if no such misfortune had overtaken us. I shall preach on Sunday morning on "Work as a Refuge."

Faithfully,
H. DIGBY JOHNSTON.

THE ROCHESTER, N.H., CHURCH.

The new sense of solidarity which has developed in the Unitarian consciousness makes it possible to write of the dedication of a Unitarian church in any part of the country with confidence that it is a matter of more than local interest. On the evening of February 21 a very pretty and wholly adequate church was dedicated by "the Church of the Unity" in Rochester, N.H., with interesting and appropriate services.

The wise "Autocrat" used to say that, when a child is born, the first question to be asked and answered relates to its parentage. Rochester is a small manufacturing city, with three lines of railroad crossing and leading out of it in six directions. Its population is about eight thousand, of which five or six thousand are concentrated at the centre. There are two Catholic churches and three "evangelical,"—Congregational, Methodist, and Free Baptist. There have been in times past both Unitarian and Universalist services held there, and a Universalist church was once organized which had a varied history. Four years ago the superintendent for Northern New England ascertained the above facts, and collected a list of about a hundred liberal families, most of whom were not included in any congregation. There was room for a liberal church: it was needed; and it was possible, if those who ought to be in it could be once again interested. That was no easy matter. Liberal preaching had no longer the charm of novelty. The liberal movement had been a costly and, apparently, fruitless experiment,—a record of disheartening failures; and the liberal people had a label upon them, and it was not Unitarian.

Rev. James De Normandie preached the first sermon in the new campaign on July 13, 1890. He was not unknown in Rochester. Some acquaintances whom he met on his arrival cordially welcomed him, and assured him of an audience of two or three hundred hearers. The hall would have seated six or eight hundred. He preached to thirty-nine people, and his kind acquaintances were not among them. That master in Israel, Edward Everett Hale, will remember lecturing there—on a stormy night, it is true, and with a small fee at the door—to an audience of thirty-five. It will not seem strange that for two months the usual Sunday congregation consisted of twelve persons, and that at the end of five months it was only thirty-five. But it happened that there were a few blessed women in that small number whom it was absolutely impossible to subdue. Impossible to discourage would be too much to say. "Cast down" they often could not but be, "but not destroyed." There are many, including the American Unitarian Association, of whom it may be said that without them success would not have been possible; but to no others is this praise so obviously due as to a few faithful and devoted women, whose names deserve to be written in any book of remembrance where the memorials of loyalty, self-denial, and high service are kept. These women early organized a Branch Alliance, with twenty or more members. They paid the local expenses; they have paid more than \$600 toward the building and furnishing; they have found

persons who have been glad to commemorate their friends in nine tasteful windows, costing from \$25 to \$200 each; and they have told their story to Branches of the Alliance in other places, from whom they have received both encouragement and aid. They return thanks to societies and individuals outside of Rochester for \$864.90. Friends have been generous to them, and they appreciate it; but they have deserved it all. If this were a longer history, there are several men in Rochester whose names would find an honored place.

The church is a tasteful structure, pleasantly situated, fronting a short street, sufficiently near the centre of the little city. It is well carpeted; its ample furnace is in place; and it has, including a ladies' parlor in the rear, a seating capacity of about three hundred people,—small enough for present needs, and not too large for their hopes.

The Sunday congregation has recently numbered about one hundred persons. This excellent showing is partly due to the new church, but more largely to the new minister. The society has been particularly fortunate in securing the services of Rev. W. H. Walbridge, late of Peterboro. It

with all the scenic accompaniments, would be held there at the same hour as that appointed for the dedication. It was plain no one would be at the latter service who could be kept away, or who had not the courage of his convictions. It was a pleasure, therefore, to meet an audience of one hundred and eighty-three attentive men and women, only one of whom retired during a two hours' session. It was said, "There were not many orthodox present"; i.e., the little church merely had its own. It was a pleasant contrast to the regular audience of twelve which met Sunday after Sunday four years ago.

The largest, most costly, and most beautiful window in the church was placed there by Mr. Charles Tebbets of Lynn, a Rochester boy, in memory of his brother, also a Rochester boy, Rev. Theodore Tebbets, a man of much promise, soon cut off, settled first over the Unitarian church in Lowell, Mass., in 1855, then in Medford. Near the top is a scroll with the words, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The Rochester people may be pardoned if they point to it, as they do, as symbolical of their experience.

S. C. BEACH.



THE ROCHESTER, N.H., CHURCH.

is a consummation devoutly to have been wished, but hardly to have been hoped for. A generous and also wise appropriation of \$500 by the American Unitarian Association has made this result possible. One of the pleasant incidents in the dedication service was the reading of a letter to the parish from Mr. John Scott, editor of a Peterboro newspaper, giving his former pastor a character. It was such a frank and hearty expression of love and confidence as any minister would be glad to have an old parishioner write about him, though he might not desire to sit on the platform while it was being read. Among other kind letters received was one from Mrs. George S. Hale, who has early Rochester associations and memories.

The ministers who took part in the services were Rev. Mr. Hamlet of Wolfeboro, Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester, Rev. Mr. Morrison of Laconia, Rev. S. C. Beach of Bangor, Rev. Mr. Cutler of Melrose, Rev. D. M. Wilson of Boston, Rev. A. C. Nickerson of Exeter, and the happy pastor of the church.

The building and land have cost \$7,148.93. Of this \$4,690.81 has been paid. Of the balance it is expected that \$2,000 will be placed with the Church Building Loan Fund. Toward the remainder, \$448.12, a collection of \$55 was taken at the dedication; and there is left a floating debt of \$393.12 to stimulate their further endeavors and the liberality of their friends.

The guests arriving saw placards at the Methodist church showing that a revival was in full activity, and that a meeting,

A NEW EPISTLE FROM ST. PAUL.

In our "Religious Intelligence" we give a condensed account of the installation of Rev. William R. Lord as pastor of Unity Church, St. Paul. A letter from a correspondent who was present adds some interesting comments on the service:—

The occasion was in every respect satisfactory. The informal, or, rather, unconventional character of the services added much to their human interest. Our innovations on the usual installation programme proved very successful. It was a good plan to leave out the sermon and the "specific charges" to minister and people,—best of all to give the incoming pastor a prominent part in the exercises and an opportunity to strike the key-note of his ministry. It is needless to say that Mr. Lord used this opportunity to the best advantage.

The reception to Mr. and Mrs. Lord which followed was of the most cordial character, and left us all in a glow of enthusiasm. The large number who took part in it gave ample evidence of their vital interest in the church, and their loyalty to it after their great bereavement in the loss of Mr. Crothers and the depressing period of the interregnum.

The participation of several of the leading orthodox ministers of the city was one of the most gratifying features of the evening. Dr. Ingersoll of the Park Congregational Church took part in the installation services, and gave in the heartiest way the "fellowship of the churches." Dr. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Wilcox of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, showed their good will by their attendance at the installation services and at the reception. Undoubtedly, other ministers would have been present

but for the fact that it was the regular prayer-meeting night. These indications of a broadening sympathy are very gratifying, as we think they are largely traceable to the influence of Mr. Crothers.

Mr. Lord begins his pastorate of Unity Church under the most propitious circumstances. This is due in no small degree to the loving service of Mr. Crothers, who has lost no opportunity of helping his old parish. He came out last week, preached twice on Sunday (to crowded houses of course), and his sermons showed that Cambridge has not been able to spoil him yet. He said exactly the right things at the right time and in the right way, and made it impossible for the new minister and his wife to fail to receive at once our unreserved confidence. If his presence among us revived our sorrow at his leaving us, that, in turn, put us into the heartiest sympathy with these new-comers who had recently suffered for our sakes the same pain of parting from the generous parish in Dorchester.

The Sunday School.

We learn that the Unitarian Sunday-school in Keokuk, Ia., is showing new vigor. A correspondent speaks very pleasantly of the value of Mrs. Jaynes's "Lessons on the Life of Jesus," which are in use there.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, March 9. Subject, Lesson XXIV., "The Transfiguration." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

There are many isolated Unitarian families, where no Unitarian church exists, that are in communication with the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The parents desire to have their children educated in the liberal faith. To this end the Unitarian Sunday School Society often donates books, *Every Other Sunday*, and co-operates by consultation. These home Sunday-schools are found in New York State, Tennessee, California, Vermont, Missouri,—indeed, far and wide over the country. Such cases illustrate a zeal which is lacking in many of our large, well-situated Unitarian Sunday-schools.

We wish to commend the spirit which pervaded the address to Mrs. Beach at the meeting of the New England Women's Alliance, at Jamaica Plain last week, who led the speaking on the Sunday-school. Her position was entirely correct, that the solution of the Sunday-school problem lies in the hands of the parents. When they wake up to a sense of responsibility, there will be very little trouble in getting teachers, pupils, money, and full prosperity. The large audience listening to Mrs. Beach seemed to be apparently in full accord. We trust it was so. If such energetic women as are included in the Alliance take hold of this matter, it will be improved. There is no living future for the Unitarian denomination if it continues to neglect its Sunday-school interests.

Mrs. Beatley, superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, is making a practical test of tables and chairs in Sunday-school sessions. This is a new arrangement becoming quite popular in the Congregational Trinitarian Sunday-schools. It often occurs that our friends in that denomination lead off in many matters where it would be thought the Unitarians would come first. The object of this plan is to group a class around a table on which books, maps, and writing material can be placed, and each member put in a position of direct interest with the teacher. His or her eye and voice are thus in immediate relation to all parts of the class. The old way of having a class stretched out in a long pew is often a matter of necessity, owing to the conditions of a vestry or church; but it is not the best method.

We have often had occasion to call attention to the need of knowing the Bible simply as literature. The ignorance in which our children grow up of this book is well known. Even the International Lesson system does not necessarily guide a student to an abiding and intelligent comprehension of the Bible as a whole. Charles Dudley Warner takes up this subject in "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine* for March, and makes a strong point, as he well may. The opening sentence of his essay strikes the key-note, "The ignorance of the Bible among students in our public schools and colleges furnishes a curious illustration of the inadequacy of our educational machine to meet the requirements of life." He dilates on this, and then in one part returns again to this phase of the Bible as precious literature: "Now, wholly apart from its religious or from its ethical value, the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era can afford to be ignorant of."

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., will preach March 10. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. C. G. Ames will conduct the half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, March 13, at twelve o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Ministers' Monday Club: March 11, 10.30 A.M. Report of Committee on "Ministerial Ethics," and discussion on the report. Rev. Henry Powers, Chairman.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular religious services Sunday evening, March 10, at 7.30. Rev. John Cuckson. Subject, "Beauty and Bands." Attractive music. All seats free.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon service at 3.15; evening service at 8, when Rev. C. R. Eliot will speak upon "John Wesley." On Monday evening will begin a series of debates upon "City Problems," based upon Albert Shaw's "Municipal Government in Great Britain." The first subject will be as follows: "Is the Present Tendency toward the Growth of Large Cities for Good or Evil?" All are cordially invited to attend, and to take part in the discussion.

BROCKTON, MASS.—Rev. Pitt Dillingham has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—The spirit of friendliness and liberal toleration is pre-eminent in Dr. Lyman Abbott's church. Recently one of its associations, known as the Plymouth League, entertained all the ministers of the First Ward, Brooklyn, and their wives, in a most delightful fashion. Short addresses were made by Dr. Abbott, and by Messrs. Hall, Alsop, and Brewster, Episcopalians; Eliot, Unitarian; Ager, Swedenborgian; Jordan, Methodist; Adam, Reformed,—all testifying to the underlying unity of Protestant Christianity. It is also worth recording that Plymouth Church a short time ago gave letters to two of its members, recommending them to the Church of the Saviour, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, pastor.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The study class of the Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church was entertained on the evening of February 20 by an informal talk from Judge Chamberlain on the subject of "George Washington and his Position in American History." On the evening of the 22d the kindergarten department of the Sunday-school gave an entertainment under the direction of Miss Lucy Gerrish. "Sketches from Life," in quick panoramic succession, composed of artistic groupings of little children, made beautiful pictures, which will live long in the memory of many who saw them. The Sunday-school, in its various departments, under the sustained superintendence of Miss Margaret B. Barnard and Miss Alice Dockham, is doing a work which promises to make it a strong right arm of the church.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—The First Unitarian Church has recently passed the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That this parish wishes to put on record its deepest sympathy with the people of Armenia of Asiatic Turkey, who are deprived of all the conditions of life which are held most dear by all civilized people, and which are held especially dear by all Americans.

Resolved, That this parish is also in heartiest sympathy with the various movements which are now being made in behalf of the Armenians by the friends of humanity everywhere. This parish is especially in accord with the petitions which are being sent to the Secretary of State of the United States, praying that the government of the United States of America use its influence in the manner that may seem to it most efficient and proper to secure, first, a thorough and trustworthy investigation of all the circumstances pertaining to the Sassoun massacre, if the present investigation should prove unsatisfactory; second, suitable protection for life and property for Armenians from the Kurds and Circassians; and, third, administrative reforms by which non-Moslem inhabitants of Turkey may be assured of equal rights and privileges in the courts of just taxation, and encouragement in agriculture and all productive industries.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the minister and assessors of this parish, be sent to Secretary Gresham, and to the British ambassador at Washington, requesting him to transmit them to the foreign office of his government in London.

These resolutions were passed by a unanimous standing vote. Walter F. Greenman,

Minister. F. F. Woodward, Charles E. Ware, James F. D. Garfield, Assessors of the First Parish.

JAPAN.—Extracts from the Japan Mail, published in Tokyo, Japan: "A good many changes have taken place in the religious world of Japan, observes the *Waseda Bunkaku*, in the latter half of 1894. In the first place, as already noted, Buddhism and Christianity appear to be gradually approaching each other in some respects, as indicated by the movements of the Unitarian sect of Christians and the so-called progressive section of Buddhists. The views of the former are embodied in its organ, the *Shukyo*; and those of the latter, in the *Bukkyo*. Both sections believe in the compatibility of faith and reason, and aspire to found their religions on the firm basis of rationalism; and both aim at reconciling their creeds to the rationalistic ideas of the generation. The notion that Christianity can be adapted to the Japanese, and that it is not inconsistent with the principle of nationality, has set up a barrier between the Christian pastors of advanced views and those of orthodox principles. In the same way the Buddhists of original and progressive spirit declare that the teachings of Gautama are not pessimistic, but embody the principle of activity. The present war with China, and the victories achieved by the Japanese, have, strange to say, given a practical impetus to these views of Christians and Buddhists. We may also note what the *Kokumin-no-Tomo* (the *Nation's Friend*) has to say about the latest work of Mr. Yokoi Tokio, a prominent Japanese Christian. The book is entitled 'The Problem of Christianity in Japan.' The first half, remarks the Tokyo journal, treats of the history of Christianity in Japan, while in the second part the writer gives his views upon that religion. He strongly denounces the old theology. About three years ago Mr. Kanamori Tsurin published a pamphlet called 'The Present and Future of Christianity in Japan.' His advanced views startled the majority of Japanese Christians, and the work met with loud disapproval. Mr. Yokoi goes a step further than Mr. Kanamori. His view is that Christianity should resemble Unitarianism as much as possible. Otherwise it cannot gain a footing as a religion in Japan."

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The fifth monthly meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held at the Lenox Avenue Church, Harlem, on Friday, March 1. The question, "Who are the Heathen?" was the subject for the day, and proved one of the best topics discussed this season. The session opened with the usual business proceedings, followed by the religious news and philanthropic reports. Mrs. Robert H. Davis, secretary of the National Alliance, was called upon for an account of her recent official visit to the Branch Alliances in the State of Maine. This was given in a bright, characteristic speech. Mrs. Davis had discovered an astonishing ignorance about our denominational affairs among intelligent Unitarian women living only short distances from the Unitarian hub, Boston,—notably, one lady, who was unaware of the meaning of the initials, A. U. A. "If our own people are so uninformed, then 'who are the heathen?'" asked Mrs. Davis. Mrs. G. W. Leach of Unity Church, Brooklyn, had for the subject of her paper, "Is the Christian Missionary justified in his efforts to convert the Heathen?" Mrs. Alice May of Flushing, L.I., asked and answered the question, "Is it our duty to spread Civilization rather than Christianity?" After a brief discussion of the papers by Miss Reeve and Mrs. A. Wendell Jackson, Mrs. Fanny B. Williams, a member of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones's church in Chicago, was called to the platform. She made a womanly appeal, full of pathos, for her race. She said that there seemed no place for the educated, cultivated Negroes, and intimated that in giving encouragement to them might lie one form of missionary work. Mrs. Hooper, in her admirable chairmanship, made a delightful whole of the programme; and after its close there followed the usual social hour.

RICHMOND, ENGLAND.—The society in Richmond, a picturesque and charming suburb of London, are planning to build a suitable church to take the place of Channing Hall, that "tiniest of conventicles, situated in an obscure lane." Rev. Silas Farrington, known to readers of the *Register* by his letters, has been the minister since 1889. The society has purchased and paid for a freehold site, central in position; and a large part of the money necessary has been already promised.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Rev. Nicholas E. Boyd, chaplain of the Sailors' Home in San Francisco, was ordained in that city on February 10. Dr. Stebbins made the ordaining prayer, and Rev. Edward Payne of Berkeley extended the right hand of fellowship; while Mrs. Eliza T. Wilkes, associate pastor of Mr. Wendte in Oakland, delivered the charge to the new minister. Mr. Boyd graduated from Meadville in 1871,

and has preached much in these years, having been always connected more or less with Unitarians.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The installation of Rev. William R. Lord as minister of Unity Church took place on February 27. The services opened with prayer by Rev. Carleton F. Brown of St. Cloud, followed by Scripture reading by Rev. F. C. Southworth of Duluth. The first address was by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, who set forth the work of a Unitarian church as the duty to demonstrate the possibility of a vital religion in an atmosphere of perfect intellectual freedom. He referred to his own work in St. Paul as an epoch-making period of his life, and named the traditions of Unity Church as those of fellowship and helpfulness. Letters were read from Rev. John R. Effinger and Rev. W. C. Gannett, former pastors of the church. Rev. Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis spoke for the Unitarian churches of the State, welcoming him to the oldest church in the conference, not solely in the Unitarian name, but as one who believes that beneath all sectarianism there is common humanity. Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, D.D., of the Park Congregational Church welcomed the new pastor to the city, emphasizing their unity in purpose and aim. Mr. Estabrook, chairman of the board of trustees, gave the last address of welcome, outlining the history of the church since its founding in 1872. Mr. Lord's response was brief, but earnest. After expressing his personal gratitude for the good will manifested toward him, he added his word of conviction that they together, minister and congregation, stood for religion in its broadest, deepest sense: "Why have we a Unitarian Church? What do we stand for? These questions can be answered in one word, 'religion.' Beneath every true character, whether of a person or society, there must be religion; underlying every life must be the divine spirit of love. Divine love is all inclusive and comprehensive. If Dr. Ingersoll had not come here to extend the hand of fellowship to-night, while I could not have demanded it, I should have insisted that we stand for Christian religion. We labor for the new heaven and the new earth. I am glad to feel the heart of the sister churches through these representations. They call us 'liberal.' Alas that in their minds, and too often in ours, that word has so narrow a meaning! It ought to be a *prima facie* truth that, unless liberal thought can produce a larger life, it is not worthy to exist. If we go forth to battle with light accoutrements of creed, it is only that we may fight better. In a suburb of Boston are two churches working out God's great law of the survival of the fittest,—a Unitarian and a Roman Catholic church. There is a struggle for supremacy, even for the possession of the ground. And I say to you that that church will survive that has the most love. Though it carry all the superstition of the Middle Ages, it is going to triumph. Let us be very sure that, as we go forth to battle, no one shall find fault with us because we love less than those who believe more of things that we consider unworthy of belief."

At the close of the meeting there was a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Lord in the church parlors.

TROY, N.Y.—The success of the Children's Neighborhood Library established by the Unitarian church has been remarkable. The library was opened in a small room of the church building on March 23, 1894, and kept open only one hour and a half each day, until the second week in September, when it hired a regular librarian, and kept open four hours each week-day. The circulation up to the present is 4,601. 811 children have made use of the library. The room is well patronized as a reading-room, and about one hundred a week are now reading papers and magazines in the library during the evening hours.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—A largely attended meeting of the New England Associate Alliance was held in the Jamaica Plain Unitarian church Wednesday, February 27. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided. The president of the Jamaica Plain Branch extended a brief but cordial welcome to the guests. Mrs. S. C. Beach of Bangor, Me., spoke of the work of the Alliance in Sunday-school. She suggested having at least one meeting a year devoted to this subject, and thought that co-operation of parents and teachers was the pressing need. Rev. Edward A. Horton suggested that the Alliance distinguish itself by raising money to publish a "Liberal Commentary on the Bible," which is much needed. The Sunday-school should be a supplementary force to the public school, home, citizenship, and church. It needs conveniences for study, and a few paid teachers. Enforce the fact that it is the one place to establish a spirit of brotherhood. Miss Wistar, a great-granddaughter of Channing, spoke a few words from the teacher's point of view. Make the child realize his own responsibility to duty, and then the beauty and truth of the Unitarian idea. Mr. Ellis Peterson, who has been for many years connected with the Boston public schools, read an able paper on "Work Common to Public and Sunday-

schools." The distinguishing object of the Sunday-school is religious instruction; of the public school, intellectual training. But the latter may instil morality and love of country. Rev. Charles F. Dole next spoke of the main purpose of Sunday-school work. It is to equip the children with an earnest purpose. There is not so much in surroundings as in a group of teachers possessed of noble aims.

Luncheon was eaten in the beautiful parish house, the ladies of the parish serving tea and coffee. In the afternoon Miss Emily G. Balch of Jamaica Plain read a paper on "The Relation of the Public to Strikes." Thinkers and workmen are both struggling for juster and more ethical industrial conditions. It is the duty of the public to inform itself as to the significance of the labor movement, and to make its weight felt in favor of the recognition of unions by employers and of peaceful methods of settling labor disputes. Prof. Edward Cummings of Harvard talked earnestly and convincingly on "Strikes and their Remedies." He spoke of the circumstances that have brought about the present conditions of the labor question. Co-operation, profit-sharing, organization, or trades-unionism and arbitration are the various remedies proposed. There was some friendly discussion following the afternoon speeches, in which Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Hale took part. The singing of the doxology closed a pleasant and profitable day.

Mary E. Velasco, Secretary Jamaica Plain Branch.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Feb. 1. South Congregational Church, Boston.	\$2,000.00
" 1. Channing Religious Society, Newton	400.00
" 2. Society in East Bridgewater.	59.71
" 4. Society in Waltham.	279.30
" 5. Mrs. J. H. Thorndike, Boston.	100.00
" 5. Society in Ashby, additional (in all \$59.05).	1.00
" 5. Society in Belfast, Me.	52.00
" 7. Society in Ellsworth, Me., on account	11.00
" 8. Bequest of the late Luther Blood, of Groton, additional.	10,000.00
" 8. Society in Belmont, additional.	25.00
" 9. New South Church, Boston, including life membership for Mrs. Caroline De Witt.	50.00
" 12. Society in Milton.	531.00
" 12. First Parish, Cambridge.	1,025.00
" 12. Society in Ware.	10.00
" 12. Society in Fitchburg, additional.	76.70
" 12. Society in Houlton, Me.	23.50
" 13. Society in Rutland, N.J.	10.00
" 14. Society in Standish, Me.	30.00
" 18. Society in Iowa City, Ia.	25.00
" 18. Society in Andover, N.H.	32.00
" 26. Society in Canton, including life memberships for Billings Hewett and James L. Draper.	100.00
" 27. First Parish, Portland, Me., for society in Ellsworth, Me.	50.00
" 27. First Parish, Brookline, additional.	20.00
" 28. First Parish, Brookline, additional (in all \$1,135.62).	30.00
" 28. Society in Petersham.	10.00

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Feb. 4. Channing Religious Society, Newton	50.00
" 6. Mrs. J. H. Thorndike, Boston.	100.00
" 7. Women's National Alliance.	180.00
" 8. Ladies' Aid Society, Groton.	15.00
" 11. Arlington Street Church, Boston.	200.00
" 19. King's Chapel Society, Boston.	323.00
" 25. Mrs. David Fairbanks, Brooklyn, N.Y.	10.00
" 25. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Kennebunk, Me.	10.00
" 25. Society and Sunday-school, Marietta, Ohio.	4.75
" 25. Lend a Hand Club, Rosindale, Boston.	5.00
" 25. A friend.	10.00
" 25. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Portland, Me.	10.00
" 25. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Bangor, Me.	3.00
" 25. Ladies' Benevolent Society, Buffalo, N.Y.	25.00

GRINDALL REYNOLDS FUND.

Feb. 28. James C. Melvin, West Newton.	100.00
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ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CHURCH BUILDING LOAN FUND.

Feb. 5. Mrs. J. H. Thorndike, Boston.	\$100.00
" 26. Society in Canton.	10.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN,
Treas. C. B. L. Fund.

Business Notices.

For Bronchial and Asthmatic Complaints. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties.

For the Baby.—It does not need a long examination to convince any mother that the Safety Folding Crib now on sale at Paine's, on Canal Street, is the daintiest and most luxurious bedstead imaginable for the youngest member of the family. These folding cribs are an entire novelty. They are made with a half-tester; and, when not in use, they fold away quietly against the wall.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Charlestown, N.H., 2d inst., by Rev. T. D. Howard, Harry M. Albee and Nellie E. Nicholson, both of Chester, Vt.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW OF ABILITY and culture, and of cheerful, companionable nature, desires a situation as home or traveling companion, or in a position of trust. References given and required. Address Rev. S. M. CROTHERS, 6 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

HIS WAY IS BEST.

The snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn;
Long, patient months produce the harvest fair;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare;
'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born;
The tempest tracks the mountain's face adorn;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare;
The port is calmer, reached through storms of care;
The night of weeping melts in joyful morn.

Events are not as first they meet the sight;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest;
Amid the dark he ever leads to light,
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit thy way to him, his way is best;
Oh, wait for him,—wait patiently, and rest!

—Christopher Newman Hall.

THE HISTORICAL ARGUMENT AGAINST RITUAL.*

BY F. A. CHRISTIE.

Invited to express my convictions as to the propriety of adopting a stated ritual, I beg leave to consider chiefly an objection which I have myself felt and have heard from others. If the objections are weakened, we are then free to pay heed to any claims of a positive advantage to be obtained by an accommodation of our forms of worship to those of our Episcopalian friends. There is a reluctance to change which is not mere inertia, although the reluctance may be confirmed by the conservative instinct which belongs to us all. I recall a gentleman in Salem who protested against the proposal of a ritual as an act of treason against the forefathers who abandoned England for Massachusetts "in order to be rid of that sort of thing." As a general rule for action, this may be somewhat humorous in a Unitarian; but we may use it as the Salem way of expressing a principle. It was, doubtless, meant as a protest against all that tends to a false conception of worship,—against the sacerdotal and sacramental definition of serving God. It veils the evangelical and apostolic and Reformation thought, that the true worship of God is the offering of our lives as a living sacrifice,—the life of active, brotherly love; the triumph over temptations to evil; and the quiet, personal dedication of will and thought to the divine Perfection. Such, surely, is the worship which in the Fourth Gospel is distinguished from all temple rituals as a worship in spirit and in truth. There is a fear that this truth about worship is to be compromised if we engage to "joyne in Book Prayers," as Cotton phrased it from Boston. There is a fear that this is but a step to the revival of a magical conception of religious worship. I consider it of first importance that we should be able to dismiss this fear from our effort to encourage a more beautiful and churchly usage in our meetings for the expression and refreshment of the mood of religion.

The alliance in history of stated and regular modes of worship of an elaborate character with a theurgic and magical idea of *cultus* is at first glance somewhat alarming. As the free enthusiasm of spiritual energy in the early Christians passed into the dramatic and imposing Catholic ritual, there is a coincident development of magical efficacy in the acts performed, and of supernatural character in the priest who acts. There is not only a change from the Christianity which was a spirit into the Christianity which was a dogma, but also a transition to superstitious formalism, to the adoption of the old pagan idolatry and pagan theurgy. In our own century, too, we have seen an enrichment of the Anglican service coinciding with a revival of the sacramental view of access to divine help. This fact, which cannot but sadden all who have cherished hopes of a speedy and universal victory of reason in religion, has brought the very word "ritual" into discredit. In our own fellowship Mr. Tunis has somewhat compromised our enthusiasms by his insistence upon the idea of sacrifice, while the new Book of Prayer and Praise has revived the association of book prayers and sacramentalism by the prominence given to traditional conceptions of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Certainly, the language furnished in these forms for the sacraments is not intended to be the vehicle of the old ideas; but the accommodation made to old conceptions requires so constant an effort to reinterpret, and echoes so much of the ecclesiasticism which we have put away, that one cannot easily wonder at the

suspensions felt of its inherent dangers. For most of us the value of the book is in the services for morning and evening prayer and praise, and it is my special object to point out the great difference between such stated services and anything likely to become a sacramental and theurgic worship.

Those who have expressed apprehensions have appealed to history. To history, then, we also make our appeal. We assert that the theurgic character of Catholic worship came not by the use of book prayers or a regard for the æsthetic beauty of holiness, but chiefly by the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist. There are the best of grounds for thinking that Baptism had from the outset a perverting effect upon the Christianity which was spirit and truth, and there are the best of grounds for believing that the rite does not come from Jesus himself. As for the Eucharist, I am unable to accept the recent theory of Gardiner that it, too, was an apostolic innovation suggested by the holy meal of the Greek mysteries; and in the early form and significance of this observance one finds a spiritual beauty and utility that can only evoke admiration. But Christianity and its usages were very soon affected by a general process in the world wider than itself. The old view that our religion was the only vital element planted in an exhausted world has been abandoned. Christianity seems rather to have won in the competitions of a religious revival. The pagan cults, local or national, were tending to universalism and unity, and in that process were increasing steadily in power and fervor. All the world was drifting to a supernatural and superstitious view of religion and its blessings. The façade of St. Peter's in Rome was built in 1618 on the site of numerous altars erected in the last half of the fourth century for the sacrifices of the taurobolium. There on the hill of the Vatican, in front of the new basilica of St. Peter, the aristocracy of Rome obtained the mystic rite which should make them to be born again for the eternal life. [G. Bois-sier, "La Fin du Paganisme," ii. 236.] From the universal tendency to sacramentalism which this fact typifies Christianity itself could not escape. A principle of spiritual life, as Hegel tells us, can prevail over its antagonist only by assimilating it; and there were no forces active to protect Christianity from this kind of victorious defeat. In the early centuries the theoretic reason was making no real advance. The cultured pagan came into Christianity for rational satisfaction; but the answer which the Church made to reason was becoming more and more a rigid formula, and the further indulgence of reason was not looked upon with favor. Both cultured and unlearned, moreover, brought with them the associations of ideas fostered by their old cults and mysteries; and thus all the influences within and without the Church tended to the treatment of worship as a series of acts endowed with magical efficacy.

Now, it is a striking and interesting fact that the general form of church worship in which we are interested antedated this unhappy change, and must be held apart from it in the judgments which we make. From the very earliest time we seem to find the Christian consciousness expressing itself in liturgical forms, which we still hold in esteem. Even the New Testament offers us salutations and benedictions that are liturgic, and possibly contain other brief formulæ. The lyrical prayers of praise (Psalmoi, 1 Cor. xiv. 26) which were the outcome of tense spiritual moods entered at once into tradition, and are preserved in part in the Revelation of John and the Gospel according to Luke. Here are the "Magnificat," the "Benedictus," the "Nunc Dimittis"; and these seem to have become stated hymns of church worship. In 112 the Bithynian Christians are found chanting an antiphonal hymn at sunrise on the Lord's Day. Similarly, the earliest Christians felt no incongruity in combining free and written prayer. Clement of Rome, at the end of the first century, uses a formula of the Roman Church; and the Didache prescribes the exact form of the thanksgiving at the Lord's Supper. It is perhaps to the second century that we may trace the brief responsive prayers like the "Sursum Corda" and the beginnings of the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the "Te Deum."

It seems clear that even in the first century following the death of Jesus, when there was as yet no marked exhibition of the perverted thought of worship, when

Christianity still defined the worship of God in contrast to pagan cults as a true life of imitation of a divine ideal; in that early undogmatic period, when spontaneity and inspiration had not yet yielded to cool reflection,—even then the use of composed prayers and stated chants was a natural and fitting expression of the Christian spirit. The early worship was partially liturgic without any association with magic.

The evil which we deplore became possible when the Lord's Supper was placed in this morning order of worship. The *cultus* became theurgic action through the influence of the sacrament. If this thesis be correct, it ought to appear that an order of common prayer and praise need not transform the rational idea of worship where it is not associated with the sacraments. Our present order of congregational worship and the Episcopalian "Order of Morning Prayer" correspond to the service which preceded the celebration of the Eucharist, and which was called the "Mass of the Catechumens." It contained Scripture lessons, Psalms, sermon, prayers,—the elements, that is, which were the expression of the Christianity which was spirit. This was the type of public morning worship even in the time of Clement of Alexandria, and Clement offers us still a most rational and spiritual conception of worship. This type of worship was, however, soon overshadowed by the second morning service, the Eucharist, no longer, as once, a thanksgiving for new moral life and knowledge through Jesus (Didache, ix.), but a mystic rite of supernatural efficacy. At this point it is of interest to see that congregations became indifferent to the service of edification, the mass of the catechumens. Origen complains that the people in Cæsarea were irreverent and inattentive, gathering for gossip in the rear of the church, the women chatting noisily about their children, their spinning, their house-keeping. Not so, we may be sure, in that solemn after service, addressed not to thought, but to marvel, when heaven and earth met in the sacrificial ritual of the Eucharist. It needs but little learning to declare that the transformation of the true idea of worship as a life of obedience and aspiration into a ceremony which aimed at more than ethical revival and enlargement came to pass wholly through this overpowering second division of the morning service. It was there that the limitation of salvation to saving rites was uttered. There only the baptized might be admitted. There was heard the language of a sacramental food conferring immortality. There, chiefly, was the supernatural power of the priest exercised. Had the Church lived without its rites of Baptism and the Holy Supper, or had it been able to preserve that supper as part of a social meal free from any assimilation to the holy meal of the pagan mysteries, then I can see no reason why the order of morning worship should have taken on a character that antagonizes the rational thought of serving God by the expression of character.

In the Anglican revival of our own day the same thing appears. It was not the beautiful "Order of Morning Prayer" that tended to reproduce the pagan idea of worship. It was the insistence upon the sacraments, upon the dogmas they involve, and the priestly authority that they represent. "We, the old Tractarians, refrained from innovating in externals," said Pusey. Shrinking alike from evangelicalism and the inroads of reason in religion, Pusey and Newman sought to revive Catholic dogma, and left it to their successors to revive Catholic ritual as a consequence of the dogma. The Anglicans thus were not interested in ritual for edification, but in ritual as the life of a sacerdotal church. Fasting and celibacy seem to have been more important in the beginning than spiritual quickening through responsive expressions of aspiration and resolve. And, as a necessary step to the end in view, reason was ruled out of court. The sacerdotal magic was revived quite as much through the control of ministerial education as through the snares of a more elaborate ritualism. On the other hand, other high sacramentalists have been largely delivered from these tendencies, not by abandoning a prescribed and stated ritual, but by the vigorous application of human reason to the history of the Christian religion.

As if to confirm this view of the matter, the churches which we call high show, just as in Origen's day, a neglect of the "Mass

of the Catechumens." I have attended a service of morning prayer divested of music, divested of reverence, divested almost of participants; a service interrupted by noise and disorder, and obviously conducted only in order to obey the rubrics and to exalt, by disparagement of that which appealed to the mind, that which a half-hour later was addressed in splendid and imposing ceremonial to the senses,—the mystery of the blessed Eucharist. For that the priests were robed and decorous. For that the altar blazed with light. For that the clouds of incense rose and the great organ pealed its music. The corrupting element in all this is the dogma of sacramental access to God, and that would corrupt even the minimum of ritualism. Where the ritual was the same for all, let us hear the judgment of Thomas Mozley ("Reminiscences," ii. 338): "Many who profess the 'low' view—that is, the purely emblematic sense—are the most reverential, and apparently the most deeply impressed and edified; while it is lamentable to notice how communicants professing the 'high' view can immediately betray, by their frivolity and their worldliness, how little hold it has on them." Surely, the ritual which expresses the Catholic dogma is no argument against a recourse to the despised "Order of Morning Prayer" for elements of the model by which we would shape our meeting for quickening and edification and refreshment. Nothing there need conflict with the Pauline principle, "all things for edification." If we wish to protest against magic in religion, let us protest against the rites which cannot easily be kept from degenerating into sacraments.

Congregational usage and the service of the Book of Common Prayer utter the same spirit and conform to one general type. The first is often as tyrannously formal as the second. The Episcopalian usage, however, has shown a superior power to attract men to church attendance; and there is a wide-spread movement in all churches to adopt elements of it without relinquishing freedom and variety. That Episcopalian churches are constantly making converts among our young people is well known to all. What is it that converts them? Is it the sacramental doctrine? Surely not, if one may judge by the constant rebukes and appeals from the clergy with regard to partaking of Holy Communion. Mozley laments over the contrast between Anglicanism in its high altitudes and the enthusiasm of the early Church (ii. 337): "In these days what a work it is! What canvassing around, what entreaties, what urgent and reiterated reminders! Yet how scant, how precarious are the results!" It is, we may be sure, from an analysis of our own leanings, partly the satisfaction of emotions uttered in kneeling together in common prayer, partly the beauty and attractiveness, the dignity and restfulness, never imperilled by the minister's lapses from taste or nobility or whole-heartedness,—it is these things that convert us. But, then, our children grow up afterward under sacerdotal influences into irrational views

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*A paper read in Meadville before the Order for the Enrichment of Church Worship.

of religion, and readily believe that pure worship and undefiled is possible only in the church which is founded upon the sacraments and the episcopate, which gets its meaning from the sacraments. The clergy, not the ancient "Order of Common Prayer," wields this influence; and back of the clergy is the theological school, which is closed to the scientific spirit by the tyranny of the sacramental constitution of the Church. Among the clergy there are, doubtless, many who join in the ritualistic movement from purely æsthetic interests. Such a one declared once that the need of the Episcopalian Church was High Church services and rationalistic theology. Such a man is helpless in an effort to support a Broad Church movement in theology from the very sacramental constitution of the Church. The converts from among us begin with liberal views, seeking in the Book of Prayer not its survivals of old doctrine, but its actual spiritual help. Nor can I believe that there is anything perverting in the beauty and dignity of this wonted and familiar prayer, in the carefully guarded style and richness of the music, in the fitness and elevation of churchly architecture. The evil is seated in forms that have almost lapsed from our spontaneous loyalty, and which no desire for church unity should make us willing to artificially restore. These rites may be wholly abandoned if we think them too deeply imbedded in age-long error to be safe. They may also be transformed until they can no more entail evil than the friendly hand-clasp or the morning's smile of greeting for the day. Some acted form of admission to the church is fitting; but we should protest against everything that suggests a washing and purifying efficacy in the act, and against the beautiful Pauline fusion of soul and sense which identifies the putting on of Christ with the outward ceremony. I, for one, am ready to see the Lord's Supper preserved, but only on condition that we revert to the early freedom for which the commemoration of Jesus was everything and the elements were nothing,—the freedom that could use fish as well as bread, and water as well as wine. And, on the other hand, I am so much impressed with the treachery of symbolic action and the tyranny of a rite that I should feel no loss if our only observance were a Good Friday meditation on the meaning of sacrifice as taught by Jesus in his life and death. By the broken loaf and the poured out wine Jesus imaged blessing in death. That faith has so permeated every common utterance of Christian worship and belief as to be ready now to dispense with a visible symbol.

Such considerations may help to leave unclouded the question of an improvement and enrichment by elements of ritual our daily forms of veneration and prayer and resolve.

THE TUSKEGEE CONFERENCE.

BY REV. PITT DILLINGHAM.

Weather and roads permitting. In this case the weather was fair, but the roads were heavy. Heavy roads in Alabama just now mean that it took a man on muleback from 9 A.M. till 7 P.M. yesterday to come twenty-five miles to this conference, and the fact that he did come means that the conference was a success in point of numbers. Others came, too, over similar roads; and the Institute's assembly-room was solidly filled with the farmers and their wives. Then, again, the representation was satisfactorily wide,—wider than in any previous year, not only covering many counties of Alabama, but the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and South Carolina. The Tuskegee Negro Conference, as the reader probably knows, is made up of two conferences,—the farmers' and the workers' or teachers' conference. This is the farmers' conference, the original one, and much the more important of the two, opening on this Wednesday morning, February 20, at nine o'clock. We have as introduction two opening talks,—one from Booker T. Washington, in his usual straight-out-from-the-shoulder style; and one from Reuben Green, a typical self-made Negro farmer. "Let us attend," says Mr. Washington, "to the matters we can remedy. Let other hardships and wrongs go. Take the things at the door, which are in our power. Human nature is the same thing everywhere: its prejudices are not open to reason. I was

once a Baptist, sincerely convinced that no Methodist could go to heaven. No reasoning, but only an object-lesson changed my mind,—contact with decent Methodist men and women. So it is with this white woman brought up to believe in the inferiority of the black man. Abuse of her won't take out the prejudice. But plant an object-lesson under her nose. Let an educated colored man build a three-room house; let his wife get a carpet on the floor, and by and by a few pictures on the wall and some flowers in the garden; let everything inside and outside that house be clean, neat, and attractive. By and by there will be talk over the gate, and later on inside the gate, especially if the husband raises forty bushels of corn to the acre, and his cows give three or four gallons of good milk a day instead of the two gallons a day his neighbor gets. In short, we must have object-lessons, not reasoning. 'I am as good as you are,' won't do. This white woman knows at least one black man, one black woman, with whom she can discuss matters of common interest, and who attack her prejudice with something besides 'power of mouth.'"

At this point Mr. Washington begged the farmers not to try at big speeches or long ones, but give short fireside talk about debts, etc. "Above all," he said, "don't gloss: call a spade a spade."

After the organization of the conference (done in about one minute by the re-election of the old officers and committees), and while waiting for the report of the Committee on Declarations, Mr. Reuben Green of Macon County was called upon for a talk.

I cannot undertake to do justice to either the force or the wit of it. It continually "brought down the house," and was after Mr. Washington's own heart, being straight from the shoulder and solid with the experience of a self-made Negro farmer.

"I began without a meat-skin, and then climbed high enough to own a horse and wagon; but I 'rid' too much,—went to too many camp-meetings, etc.,—and got into want again. I then told God and all his angels that, if he gie me one mo' chance, I'd do better. An' he did. He gie me his command to work six days in the week. That's the other side of the Sabbath law. Some of you forgot. Try it, brother. Doan complain, but work. Might's well tell the truth. God'll do his part, if you'll do yours. But you can't git a nigger to work from Monday to Saturday, an' he knows just about as much about food-raisin' as a rabbit does about a sifter. Tain't the merchant's fault whet yo' git with yo'r mortgage. Yo' gits Jew's-harps, and calica, cloacks, and a brass ring, an' a red ribbon; and yo' hire a mule to go to camp-meetin'. Stay at home from camp-meetin' tell yo' own yo'r own mule to go on. A man an' 's wife has got to pull together. Control yo'r wants. Some of dese colored men doan take advice. If I've a white papa colla' on, he thinks I've got a big head, an' he won't believe me; but I tell yo' I doan go sneakin' up to the doo' o' the store any mo,' an' askin' fo' a leetle flour fo' my ole lady. I stan' up straight, an' I say I want a heap o' flour. Some o' yo' men's too narrow-hearted. Sow more, and sell it. Las' spring I sowed for one thousand bushels of corn; and, in spite of the drought, I got five hundred bushels. Der man with a leetle one-room cabin he's got a leetle cow-pen an' a leetle corn-crib, an' he's a leetle man. Sit down an' trust God, an' yo'll die. Go to work an' trust him, an' yo'll live. God ain't going to work fo' yo' to save yo' lives. He's given me everything on my place now 'cause I didn't set down; an' I owns everythin', even to the birds an' snakes."

It is needless to add that Mr. Reuben Green has eighty acres of land paid for, plenty of mules and horses, and lives in something besides a one-room cabin. All because, as he said, he made up his mind to come to the top.

At this point a report came from Lee County,—"some homes," "no saving," "all in debt," "wages from \$4 to \$6 a month"; yet one woman in Lee County raised nine hundred pounds of meat last year, and three hundred chickens. There followed a man who claimed that farmers were made especially by God, although the farmers don't know it. It is time people were "looking up to the farmers": they are the "grain people." But the Negro won't stop on cotton till he has to. Feed your-

self on 2½ cents a day, widen your grain field. The mortgage is death and hell.

Stephen P. Porter, representing South Carolina, said: "We raise corn, peas, cotton, potatoes, and rice. It takes all these to make us a people. We haven't much money: money is very scarce. But we are getting many homes. Within a radius of twenty-five miles of my home there are one hundred who own their homes. This is because Mrs. Steele of the Orphans' Home, Chattanooga, bought a large tract of land, which she has cut up into small lots of from three to twelve acres, and sold to us at \$5 an acre, with timber enough standing to pay for the land." As a result of this, Mr. Porter reports that morals for the last eight years are growing better. The Negroes don't get into the jail or penitentiary as they used to. There is less drinking, there are better churches. "My nation needs education, food-products, and a home." At this point the Committee on Declarations introduced the report which follows:—

DECLARATIONS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL TUSKEGEE NEGRO CONFERENCE, HELD AT TUSKEGEE, ALA., FEB. 20, 1895.

Four sessions of the Tuskegee Negro Conference have made clear their wisdom. They give the masses a day in school under most inspiring influences. Education, property, character, and how to cure the evils that lie in our power to remedy, are the subjects discussed.

1. The seriousness of our condition lies in that, in the States where the colored people are most numerous, at least 90 per cent. of them are in the country. They are difficult to reach, and but little is being done for them. Their industrial, educational, and moral condition is slowly improving; but among the masses there is still a great amount of poverty and ignorance, and much need of moral and religious training.

2. We urge all to buy land, and to cultivate it thoroughly; to raise more food supplies; to build houses with more than one room; to tax ourselves to build better school-houses, and to extend the term to at least six months; give more attention to the character and welfare of our leaders, especially ministers and teachers; to keep out of debt; to avoid lawsuits; to treat our women better; and that conferences similar in aim to this one be held in every community where practicable.

3. More can be accomplished by going forward than by complaining. With all our disadvantages, nowhere is there afforded us such business opportunities as are offered in the South. We would discourage the emigration agent. Self-respect will bring us many rights now denied us. Crime among us decreases as property increases.

Where the people are reached by this and similar conferences, and their earnest efforts, their improvement is marked. They are less in debt, have better houses and schools, and, in spite of the very hard times, have more home supplies. We believe these conferences afford one of the quickest and most economical ways of reaching large numbers of the people, and of helping them to help themselves.

Mr. Washington now called for testimony as to the value of the conferences. Said one man: "Why, even the cows profit by it. They don't look so much like quilting-frames. We are all wriggling under the mortgage, and you are helping us out." There followed a picture of the working of the mortgage and the waive note together, the waive note representing the last degree of power to eat up a man's house and home.

The mortgage took one thing, and the waive note another. At last the mortgage, fairly beaten in the race, looked in the cabin door; and there "sot the waive note sopping out a plate."

The next man said that in Section 29 of his county, as a result of the conference, some four thousand acres of land had been acquired in the last four years. Mr. Petersen of Elmore County wished all to remember that there were places where you can't buy land. Near him they had petitioned the merchants for permission to plant food things without success. "Finally," he said, "I done forgot I live on a white man's plantation. I kep' one eye shut and one on this conference, and planted a lot of corn. I'm better off, an' going to be still better off in the time to come."

Report from Lee County said 2,300 acres of land had been purchased in the last four years, a large estate broken up, not all paid for yet, but is being paid for.

Mr. Williams of Mississippi said that eight years ago his brother and himself bought 50 acres on credit apiece; then another 100; then 1,400 acres, which they sold in 100-acre lots to 14 Negroes on 5 years' time; then, later on, 3,000 acres, which they sold to the colored people again. He said, "We own one steam-gin, a horse-power gin, and don't owe a dollar." They hired a lawyer to help in the sale of the lots.

At this point the crucial question of the conference was brought to the front,—the question stated in the first article of the declarations; namely, the condition of the masses of the Negroes living in the country. Two things were agreed upon: there had been a gain, but the condition was a very sad one. Particular stress, in Mr. Washington's question, was put upon the moral condition of the country people. One man replied, "Twenty degrees below zero." Father Mitchell said he would "thank his Redeemer to send a little morals to his people." Some of the elders present endeavored to break the force of these and similar statements, but were unsuccessful; and it would appear, indeed, that the elders are chief cause of the difficulty. They are like some other people, perhaps, in other sections of the country, who draw their salaries, and say nothing of the sins of the community.

By the conference as a whole the plantation Negro was declared to be sadly off for character in the majority of cases,—unreliable, not keeping his word, not paying his debts, as agreed upon.

After an hour's intermission for dinner the discussion or testimony was resumed at 2.30 P.M., and the second article of the committee's report was taken up,—the question of remedies; the question, in particular, of how far the ownership of land and home had improved the character of the people. Mr. Adams of Colder Station remarked frankly that he knew something about himself on that point,—"Since I own from forty to eighty acres, I keeps my own word better." There followed a great variety of testimony, quite unanimous, that property added to a man's self-respect and gained the respect of both his colored and white neighbors. One remarks, "A man can borrow better"; another says, "I sleeps better if I knows my neighbor owns his

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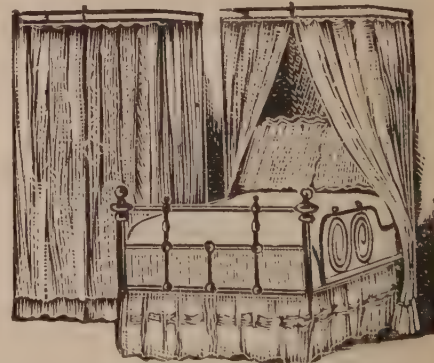
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own house and land." Says Mr. E.: "The Negro won't build any better cabin tell he owns the land. The most reliable people in my neighborhood owns something. One colored man near me owns one thousand acres." Said a man from Mount Meigs: "Five, ten, or one hundred acres makes a man 'hedge himself around with a little homestead law.' His neighbor must respect this if he comes in his cabin. I have a four-roomed house," he says, "and can 'comfortably situate for a little crowd.' Since I got my land, I am a right-sized little man in my own mind." There followed a friend who confessed that he was very slow. "Never could learn nothing," he says, "but twelve children, ten boys and two girls; but I bought land, an' a man with a slow head can get on if he owns land. I now have two hundred and seventy acres, run five ploughs, my house cost me \$400, I raises a plenty, eats a plenty, and never does something for nothing. 'Brethren, git out o' de ashes'"; that is, the one-room cabin. The next man stated that he married at fourteen, and had fifteen children. "My wife is the best woman in the world," he says, "an' my only one. I have five rooms in my cabin." Butler County produced a man with seventeen children, living in a six-room house, fortunately, and owning one hundred and sixty acres of land. The testimony was very strong as to the demoralizing effect of the one-roomed cabin.

Next on the programme, testimony as to length of school time. In no case was it reported that the public money furnished more than three months of schooling; but in all but two or three instances in the eighteen districts reported the people added two and three, and in one case six months, to what they called the length of the government school. Negroes were urged to pay their poll tax, and in this way extend their school term, as the poll tax money all goes to this purpose.

Testimony as to preachers and teachers showed need enough, but indicated some gains—in teachers who could themselves read and write, and in preachers who do something besides shouting on Sunday and setting a bad example during the rest of the week.

As to lawsuits, our friend Mr. Reuben Green got on to his feet again and summed the matter up. "There are plenty of people," he says, "quick to fly off the hilt. No gentleman will insult me, however. Let all the other kind o' men go."

As to starting local conferences among the farmers, one man reported a new conference started, representing eight towns from two counties; and Father Mitchell appeared once more, saying that he was going off on "that business," of starting conferences,— "will go 'round more heavy."

The next section in the committee's report, on "going forward and not complaining," so evidently represented the spirit of the conference that no time was wasted in discussing it.

On the matter of "business opportunities in the South" Mr. Beverley of Montgomery—a graduate of Brown University, by the way—declared that small capital could still do something in the South. Small suburban stores were better paying in the South than in the North. Push, politeness, and good sense, and a little capital were all that was needed. The colored man in the South has a fair chance over the counter, let his opinions be as you please, if only he is "genteel." Again, it was said there was no chance for colored mechanics in the North; but in the South he can work side by side with the white man. The first forge in a large blacksmith's shop in Atlanta is run by a Negro. It was remarked with a smile that the Southern white man did not like work anyway, so there was a chance for the industrious Negro, provided, like Northern people, he traded on merit, and not on sympathy.

The last subject of discussion was, "Shall we discourage the Emigration Agent?" One man, in particular, referred to the Africa craze of last year, told of some one who lost \$400 through one of the agents,— in short, got "into the suds"; and he added, "We're here, an' here to stay until Gabriel toots his trumpet in the morning. Just now," he said, "Mexico was the cry. Families have been separated. Some Negroes who had gone into Mississippi expected to step from the top of a cotton-tree into heaven, and landed in slavery. They didn't own their heads. I'll have none

of it in mine. When a man wants to find a good place, he can make it right about him: when we use our muscle and brain where we are, growling will cease." Still another man said he had immigrated to this conference; and he should immigrate back to his cabin, because there was something to *draw* him. Where there was no property, there was no interest; and a man didn't stick nowhere. "But in my case," he says, "de mammy an' de chil'ren have a nice place to sleep in. An' I'se goin' to raise all de peas an' corn I kin for Lucy Ann to bake."

The question was now upon the adoption of the report of the committee. With a slight modification, the declarations were unanimously adopted. The concluding word was then spoken by Mr. Simpson (his father a former slave-owner), a white man of property, coming from Snow Hill, Ala. Mr. Simpson took the platform, and quietly remarked that he was one of those men who owned land and rented it to many Negro tenants. He was one of those merchants who held many mortgages; but he had listened with approval to all that he had heard in the conference, and heartily indorsed its aims and methods. Mr. Simpson declared that it was a Tuskegee student who first roused his interest in the colored race. In his own county he had been watching the Negroes for several years. The Negro has improved. He has better teachers and ministers. God is working out a great problem. The two races are being taught to respect each other, to do away with prejudice. This is religion. The man who knows God and is true to his God will be true to his brother, whether black or white. The Negro is a large factor in all the interests of this section of the country, and must be treated as such. "If I have a cabin in my back yard," he says, "and will have nothing to do with it, a little later on, perhaps, my boy will be lost through that cabin. It is only what I deserve. God can teach us in no other way that we are members one of another. Let me conclude by saying that Tuskegee has been a great blessing to this State. The graduates of Tuskegee on my land show what it is doing."

So ended the farmers' conference of 1895, with its six hundred in attendance, including one hundred and eleven women and twenty-nine ministers. How the presiding officer managed to steer that conference as he did is a mystery to some of us. It is safe to say that he got more out of it than any other man could have. More or less of rambling and repetition there was, of course; and at times there was an approach to heated differences on trifles. But, on the whole, an important body of testimony was called out; and the conference proved to be a "day's school" indeed for the farmers and their wives, enlightening and inspiring. To visitors who were there for the first time it was a revelation,—a first-hand uncovering of ugly facts, but a still more remarkable showing of the sense the Negro has of the situation, and of his growing ability and determination to meet it.

Literature.

COIT'S "ETHICAL SCRIPTURES."

For the last month I have had on my study table a book published by Macmillan & Co. which aims to be, according to the title given it by Stanton Coit, its compiler, a book of "Ethical Scriptures," although on the outside cover this title is written, "The Message of Man." When I first picked up this book to review, I presumed it to be, like so many others of its class, the dumping together of such compilations and bits of poetry and prose as any literary man in the course of his work naturally gathers together. On a closer examination, it appeared that much care had been exercised in systematically arranging the various extracts, the order chosen being, not that of general headings or divisions, but of chapters having definite meanings, such as, *e. g.* :—

1. Our commerce, industry, and laws of property are based on selfishness.
2. Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.
3. The nation is a link between the individual and the world.
4. Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.
5. All good things are ours.

In turning to one of these chapters, I find a unique and valuable method of presenting the various quotations. In the ordinary anthology one extract follows another, much as in the so-called crazy quilt one color is put in a hit-and-miss relation with another, there being no coherency of parts. The mind, consequently, becomes very tired after the perusal of such disjointed sentences, much as it would be after reading a few pages of the dictionary.

Now, Mr. Coit has so logically dove-tailed his various extracts together, so harmoniously blended them into a single whole, that it seems impossible to believe, as one reads along, that he has not before him the thought of a single mind. To show how admirably the work is done, we append a brief part of Chapter XLII. :—

1. When the stag has waxed fat, he hides himself amid the thicket, conscious that his fleetness is impaired, should he be in need to fly. in the same way the human heart which is cumbered with superfluous attachments becomes conscious of its incapacity for the true life of service.
2. There are amusements involving passion and vanity which dissipate the soul; and there are others, only entered upon with simplicity, for recreation and refreshment, while the heart remains steadfast to its secret moorings.
3. Would a man attain to such a point that the outward things should not hinder the inward workings of the soul, that would be indeed, above all, a blessed thing.
4. But, if thou find that the outward work hinders the inward working of the soul, then boldly let it go; and turn thou with all thy might to that which is inward.
5. Ask for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death; that can endure labor, whatever it be; that knows not the passion of anger; that covets nothing.
6. The mind which is free from the bondage of passions is a citadel, for man has nothing more secure to which he can fly for refuge.

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not mean, of course, that he has had no pleasure in writing except from the money-making; and yet it is something difficult to believe. But that money-making has much to do with it is evident from the way he spins his thread in "The Ralstons," which is a continuation of "Katherine Lauderdale," and which is to be continued in two other volumes, making six in all. The six might have been condensed into two or one. We will not say "easily," because to be diffuse is as natural for Mr. Crawford as his vital breath. He loves to hear his people talk, and he does not like to cut short their conversations. Some of them here are spun out at great length, especially that one which celebrates Katherine's tremendous row with her father. Then the lucubrations about this one and that are long drawn out. We will not say "much longer than they ought"; for they are vastly entertaining,—the talks of the *dramatis personæ*, and the writer's own. This is a story of the battle for the great Lauderdale fortune, and the end is not yet. There is another will, which has not yet been produced; and we must wait for the next birth of twins—the third instalment of the story—to be informed as to where it has been all this time. In the mean time the isolation of Mr. Crawford's figures impresses us as a defect in his art, especially if he is intending, as we are told, to give us a story of New York life in three generations. He is not a New Yorker. His residence in the city has been very brief; and though, evidently, he is quick at assimilating the color of a new environment, there is little evidence that he has done so in the case of New York. The story transpires in the domestic green-room, and not upon the social stage. Mr. Crawford's large way of talking about money is likely to do more moral injury than any other feature of his book. The Lauderdale fortune amounts to eighty-five millions. It will be remembered that in "Katherine Lauderdale" the rich uncle wanted to give Jack Ralston a check for a million outright, and the young man refused it. Here we have Katherine's father, with a million in the funds, playing poverty, and obliging his wife to paint miniatures for her pin money, and borrowing little sums from her which he never pays. Then we have Jack Ralston and Katherine secretly married because Jack has only \$12,000 a year with his mother, and doesn't like to add another to the family lest his mother should be pinched for gloves and cab money. This sort of thing may reflect the standards of "the four hundred," but Jack and Katherine are not supposed to be "subdued to what they work in, like the dyer's hand"; and, anyway, the majority of those who read this book will know that these standards are absurd, and that thousands of families in New York are living on three, four, and five thousand a year, and less money, and enjoying "the best society" the great city has to give with an unchallenged right.

HELEN. By Oswald Valentine, author of "The Passing of a Mood." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—It is impossible not to wonder if the writer of this story knew clearly what he wished to do. Did he wish to make us happy or to do us good? If the former, he has certainly not succeeded. No one can be happier for reading such a record of unhappiness, over which there is no triumph, from which there is no relief; and it does not seem likely that any one will be benefited, unless possibly some one is deterred from marrying until he has found his proper task, or the "not impossible she" has found a man who will not fool away her means of livelihood without providing something in their place. The hero of the book, if so he can be called, is altogether shiftless, passing from one literary experiment to another, his wife becoming alienated from him more and more as time goes on. Finally, she makes up her mind to leave him; but he resists, and eventually they discover some way of living together. That he is finally successful without any heightening of his ideals, and while treating his life as a burlesque affair, except as it concerns his wife, is not a consummation with which we can be devoutly satisfied; but it is the best that is provided for us here.

PHILOCTETES, AND OTHER POEMS AND SONNETS. By J. E. Nesmith. Cambridge: Printed by the Riverside Press.—The "other poems" are but few. There are four of them, all told; while of the sonnets there are sixty-two. Those who read the first, "Fortune," will not stop there; and, though they will not find all the rest as good as that, they will find in them a remarkable evenness of quality, and a high level maintained throughout, both in the level maintained throughout, both in the thought and in the expression. The poem which names the volume is deserving of the distinction which is accorded it. In it we have Philoctetes, the armor-bearer of Hercules, dying upon Lemnos, his active spirit chafing in captivity. The book throughout is rich in classical allusions, and in phrases which declare how much of classic aliment has passed into the writer's blood. But, with the classic element, there is a romantic strain which is an injury, a certain predilection for strong language. The

poem "Philoctetes" does more than name the book. It is typical of its sense of hopeless struggle against fate.

THE DIVERS. By Hume Nisbet. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—This romance of Oceania is written for boys "who like racy stories," and introduces them to the islands of the cocoa palm and the banana, to coral reefs, cannibal savages, and equally dreaded white men. Bloodshed and cruelty, love-making with the natives, and numerous startling adventures make up the sum and substance of the book.

The Magazines.

The *New World* for March begins the fourth year of this able review of religion, ethics, and theology. These ten articles are contributed by writers in several religious communions, and fifty-five pages of careful book reviews sustain the high reputation of the *New World* in this field: "The Devil," C. C. Everett; "Race Prejudice," Maurice Bloomfield; "Oliver Wendell Holmes," T. T. Munger; "The God of Zoroaster," L. H. Mills; "The Truth of the Christian Religion," Allan Menzies; "The Preaching of Phillips Brooks," Henry G. Spaulding; "Some of Mr. Kidd's Fallacies," James M. Whiton; "The Origins of the Religion and History of Israel," F. Meinhold; "The Poet in an Age of Science," Charles J. Goodwin; "The Song of the Well," Karl Budde. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. 75 cents a number, \$3 a year.

Literary Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication early in March in Turkey: "The Armenian Crisis the Massacre of 1894: Its Antecedents and Significance, with a Consideration of Some of the Factors that enter into this Phase of the Eastern Question." By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A. The author, an American, is neither connected with nor representative of any society, political or religious, in issuing this book. He is simply discharging what impresses him as a duty to humanity. After many years of residence in Constantinople, and in the centre of Armenia, during which time he was especially engaged in work to improve the condition of Armenian schools, he was recently compelled to return to this country under the orders of his physician. One especial feature of the volume is the presentation of testimony in regard to the late massacre, much of it entirely new, in the shape of reports from American citizens in Eastern Turkey, who had opportunity of gathering information at first hand. This evidence is certified to by a number of prominent Americans, whose signatures are reproduced in fac-simile; and the evidence establishes beyond question the extent and the appalling character of the recent massacre in Sassoun. The volume will contain twenty illustrations from photographs and a new map of Asiatic Turkey. It is really a handbook on the Eastern question, various phases of which are treated in separate chapters; and its statements are based upon the most trustworthy authorities, and are supported by very full references to these.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed. By Henry Y. Satterlee. Price \$2.00.
From Funk & Wagnalls, New York. The People's Bible. Vol. XXVI. Romans-Galatians. By Joseph Parker.
From Henry Holt & Co., New York. A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope.
From Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. La Poudre aux Yeux. Edited by Arthur H. Solial. Maynard's French Texts.
Harold. Advanced Text, with Preface and Notes by A. Voegelin. Maynard's German Texts.
From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. The Christian State. A Political Vision of Christ. By George D. Herron. Price 75 cents.
From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Famous Queens and Martha Washington Paper Dolls. By Elizabeth S. Tucker. Price 75 cents.
From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Paul and Virginia. By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Price \$1.00.
Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign. With Comments. By Herbert H. Sargent. Price \$1.50.
From S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. Story of the Life of Jesus. Told from an Ethical Standpoint. By W. L. Sheldon. Price 50 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Mia Dolce. Gavotte. Two Mandolins and Guitar. By Johnson Bane.
Hark! my Soul, it is the Lord. Sacred Song. Arranged by Louis R. Dressler.
The Minstrel's Delight. Overture. By Launce Knight.
Adagio Elegiac. Arranged by W. E. Chenerly.
Flying Fanctes. Valse Brillante. By J. J. Gallaher.
All for You. Song. Words by Samuel Minton Peck.
Victorious Day! Song for Tenor or High Baritone. Words and music by D. S. Hollingshead.
Ho for the Seal Song. Words and music by E. L. Morris.
An Irish Lullaby. Words by Alfred Percival Graves. Music by Caroline F. Needham.
Norah McCarty. Song. Words and music by Charles S. Hill.
Caprice in Thirde. For the Pianoforte. By Charles Becker.
Seythe Song. Words by Andrew Lang. Music by Maud Conway Blanchard.
I Dream, I Dream. Words by Mrs. T. A. Teske. Music by E. S. Jr.
Far from my Heavenly Home. Sacred Song. By H. F. Lyte. Music by Frederick R. Burton.

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No. 4. By Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett,—a suggestive Life-Study (topic to be announced).

No. 5. By Paul Revere Frothingham. *Beauty of Character*, a forceful paper.

No. 6. By Celia Parker Woolley (topic to be announced).

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Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But, for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground."
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—Our Sunday Afternoon.

THROWING STONES.

Brother Tom has been in great trouble, and it all came of throwing a stone. I was with Tom at the time. We had been to the baker's to get some New Year's cake and some little iced pound-cake for tea; and, when Tom picked up the stone, he carried it along for a good while, just tossing it up and down in his hands. I thought it would be nice to decorate. When we had a fair at the Sunday-school, auntie decorated some stones just like it, and varnished them, and sold them for paper-weights. I thought Tom was going to take it home to auntie; but, just as I was going to ask him, he said, "Look at that cat!" And, as I looked, the stone flew. Whiz it went through the air; but it did not hit puss. She flew away over the fence, half frightened to death by the awful crash that followed; for the stone went straight through the window into Mrs. Jepson's sitting-room. The glass flew about, and there were two dreadful screams; and then the door was dashed open, and out rushed Mrs. Jepson, wringing her hands.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, my poor Willie!" she cried. "Where is the wretch that threw that stone? Can it be possible that it was you, Thomas?"

"O Tom, you have hurt some one!" I cried.

We ran to the door. There lay poor Willie Jepson on the floor, white and dreadful, and covered all over with red blood.

"I think you have killed him!" cried Mrs. Jepson. "Run for the doctor! Do that, at least! Oh, my poor Willie, my poor Willie!"

Tom ran. He came back in ten minutes, for the doctor did not live far away.

Before he came, Mrs. Jepson had carried Willie into a bedroom; and the doctor went in after her, and we were left alone.

Tom and I were sitting together, both crying, when the doctor came out. He had the stone in his hand, and it had a dreadful blood-stain on it.

"You are the young wretch who threw this, I believe," he said to Tom. "Do you know what they do to murderers?"

"Yes, sir. They hang them," said Tom.

"They do worse than that. They *electrocute* them," said the doctor. "You'd better say your prayers, young man." And away he walked.

"O sister, sister!" Tom gasped.

"Poor Willie must be dead; and I am a murderer, and they'll do that dreadful thing to me with electricity! The policeman will carry me off! I shall never come home again! O sister, what shall I do?"

"O Tom," I cried, "you did not mean to do it. It was really an accident."

"Yes," said poor Tom: "yes, it was. But I must run away, and hide in the woods."

"Then I will go with you, Tom," I said. "You shall not bear it all alone. There is the cave: we can hide there."

Just as soon as I spoke of the cave we jumped up, slipped out of the house, and ran for the woods. There was no one there, and only a dear little gray squirrel saw us creep into the cave.

"Now, Tom," I said, "we can hide here for a while; and then I'll go home some night and tell mother, and father will take you and hide you somewhere. Anyhow, we shan't starve with this basket of cakes."

"I shall never be happy again," he said. "I have murdered my best friend. Perhaps I'd better give myself up."

"No, no. What should I do, dear Tom?" I said.

It seemed as though hours and hours went by. After a while we made up our minds that it was time to eat something, only we must be careful of our food, like the shipwrecked people in books. It was awfully solemn. Now and then we went to sleep; and, whenever I thought it was meal-time, I gave out more cake. At last it was all gone, and it seemed to me that we must have been there a week. I said to Tom:—

"We cannot starve to death here. I'll creep out, and see if it is daytime. If it is, I'll run home and find papa."

Tom had some matches in his pocket, and had just lit one for me to see my way out, when overhead came the most dreadful noises,—shouting, screaming, blowing horns, and cries of: "Tom! Hello, Tom! Tom Halliday, here we are! Tom!"

"The police are after me!" groaned Tom.

"Hello!" cried somebody. "I say, I guess they're in the cave. I saw a light just now."

Then some one with a lantern crept through the passage.

"Here you are!" he said. "You've frightened your mother nearly out of her senses!"

Oh, goodness! Never shall I forget that moment; for this somebody was Will Jepson himself,—Will, with a blue bruise upon his forehead.

"I reckon you thought you'd killed me, Tom, old fellow," he said. "I know that is why you hid yourself. But all that happened was that the step-ladder fell with me and knocked my senses out for a while. It wasn't blood that I was covered with. I was painting the window-frames cherry-red, and upset the paint-pot on me. It did look just like blood; but none of mine was spilled, and I thought I'd come and find you."

"Forgive me, Will," said Tom. "I'll never throw stones again."

"Nothing to forgive! It was an accident," said Will.

Then we all crept out of the hole. And my papa was there; and he caught me in his arms, and kissed me and carried me home.

"Papa," I asked him as we went along, "how many days have we been away?"

"Days!" He laughed. "My darling, you have been away just four hours."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

BESSIE'S BONFIRE.

"O grandma! Why won't you let me go down to the oak-trees this afternoon and get some acorns? You know you said I might some day. The boys are going in a little while, and I want to go with them. Do say yes, grandma, dear!"

It was a glorious September afternoon, and Bessie Field's seventh birthday. She had come the day before with her grandmother from the city to spend a few days with her cousins on Uncle John's big farm. There were five of the cousins,—Will, Frank, and George, little Mary and baby Rob. The three oldest were real country boys, bare-footed and sunburnt, dirty and happy, and always ready for a good time. They were all devoted admirers of brown-eyed Bessie, who was an only child, but not wholly spoiled.

When she came to visit them, they could never do enough for her entertainment. The orchard was ransacked for the reddest apples and ripest pears. They scratched their bare legs and hands gathering the largest berries, and drenched their trousers catching shiners and polliwogs,—all for Bessie. On the other hand, Bessie entered into all their sports with great delight, and was seldom scared unless by an unusually big snake. So they all got on beautifully together, and had a very jolly time.

Now Bessie's grandma had promised to make her an acorn tea-set such as grandma used to play with when she was a little girl, and this was why Bessie was so anxious to gather the acorns. For the tea-set it was necessary to have two kinds of acorns,—the large ones with flat, shallow cups, and the smaller ones with rounder, deeper cups. The shallow acorn-cups made the saucers, and the smaller ones made the tea-cups. Then grandma knew how to make a charming tea-pot from a big acorn by adding a nose and handle from a burnt match, and by cutting off the top to make the cover. The pitcher was made by putting on handles in the same way, cutting

off the top, and scraping out the inside of the nut. When completed, one of grandma's tea-sets was fit for a fairy queen; and it was no wonder that Bessie was so eager to have one for her own.

It was her birthday, and a lovely day; and Bessie saw nothing to hinder her going with the boys after the coveted treasures. But grandma saw with different eyes. As she looked out of the window across the garden and orchard toward the oak grove, she saw bright flames leaping up from behind the trees, and blue smoke curling up and spreading far away toward the horizon; and she hesitated about giving her consent.

"Well, dearie," she said, after a moment which seemed at least a quarter of an hour to Bessie, "I would like to have you get the acorns; but I see they are burning brush in the pasture, and you will have to go through the pasture to reach the trees. If anything should happen to you, your mother would never forgive me for letting you go. I think you had better wait till to-morrow. Then the fires will be out. One day won't make very much difference."

"But, grandma," said Bessie, "I won't go near the fires. I'll go through the pasture just as fast as I can run, and I won't even look at the fires!"

Just here came a pattering of bare feet on the stairs; and in another moment in rushed the boys, all out of breath, and all talking at once. Their hands were full of peaches and flowers, and at first it was impossible to make out what they were saying.

"One at a time, one at a time!" said grandma. "Let Willie speak first."

"O grandma! We're going to take a jug of molasses and water down to the men in the pasture. It's so hot working over the fires, they're thirsty; and we want Bessie to go with us. Do let her go, grandma!"

"Oh, yes, grandma! I won't go near the fires. Truly I won't!" pleaded Bessie, with the tears gathering in her eyes as she hugged grandma around the waist.

"No, we won't let her go near the fires," said Willie. "I'll take care of her; and, oh, the acorns are as thick as bees down in the grove!"

The children begged and coaxed till grandma finally consented; and then they started, the boys with the jug, and Bessie with a basket, all promising to be very good and obedient.

When they reached the orchard, there were bird's-nests to be shown to Bessie; and further on they came across the hollow trunk of a tree where some field-mice had a nest. Then Rover, the dog, scented a woodchuck in a stone wall; and altogether it was some time before they reached the pasture,—so long, in fact, that the children had almost forgotten about grandma's charge to them and their solemn promises.

The boys started toward the men with their jug, while Bessie stopped to gather some catnip for her pet kitten. She had picked quite a bunch when the boys rejoined her; and all were soon busy picking up the shiny brown nuts, which lay abundantly scattered on the mossy turf beneath the big, shady oaks. After filling the basket with carefully selected specimens, Willie began filling his pockets with the smaller acorns, which, he assured the others, were almost as good to eat as chestnuts. Bessie tried one, but found it far too bitter for her taste, and threw it away in disgust. The boys then picked up their somewhat battered straw hats; Bessie gathered together her catnip; and they started back through the pasture on their way home, intending to have grandma make the tea-set before supper-time.

So many things had attracted their attention since the children left home that they had wholly forgotten their promise, and stopped just a moment to watch the flames dance and crackle, and then disappear amid the smoke, only to break out again merrier and brighter than ever.

A big bonfire is such a fascinating sight! The temptation was too strong for Frank. His black eyes danced till they seemed livelier than the flames. At last he said:—

"Oh, let's get some sticks, and each make a little pile of them, and play that we are burning brush, too!"

The suggestion was no sooner made than all four began to gather a pile of sticks and leaves. Then Willie said:—

"I'm going to get a stick from the big fire and light mine, and then smother it with moss and leaves, and roast some of the acorns."

"So am I," said Frank.

"And so am I," said George.
"Light mine, too," said thoughtless Bessie.

"All right," said the boys.
Soon there were four little bonfires burning brightly on the edge of the woods. Each of the children was working with might and main to smother a tiny blaze. Willie went into the woods a little farther than the others to get more moss for his pile.

Bessie at last succeeded in smothering her fire, so that not a flame escaped; and, as she watched the pretty smoke creeping out from the edges, she clapped her hands, saying:—

"O boys! Just see how nicely I have smothered my fire!" Then she turned around to look at the others; and, as she did so, a sudden puff of wind brought forth the flames with a leap; and they seized the back of Bessie's dress. In a moment her skirts were ablaze; and she shouted to Willie, who came running from the woods and threw his coat about her. Fortunately, grandma had taken off the gingham dress which Bessie had worn in the morning, and put on instead a brown-and-white dress of wool. Fortunately, too, Bessie threw her hands behind her, and rolled her skirts tightly together, and so succeeded in putting out the flames; but her poor hands were sadly burned, and the back of her dress was almost entirely gone. If she had started to run, Bessie, perhaps, might never have seen her grandma again. As it was, she was burned enough to cause keen pain; but that was not half so hard to bear as the thought that she had disobeyed her grandmother.

"Oh, what will grandma say?" sobbed penitent Bessie. "I didn't mean to be so naughty. Grandma'll never trust me again, nor believe me any more. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! If I had only minded her, and gone right straight home!"

The boys stood looking at Bessie for a moment. Then Frank and George burst out crying, while Willie picked up Bessie's basket, and tried to comfort her by recalling her attention to a white rabbit skipping across the path just in front of them. But Bessie cared not for rabbits nor acorns. She was thinking of something far more serious.

Bessie and the boys left the bonfires to their own destruction, and the roasting acorns to burn to a cinder. Such a melancholy procession of naughty children slowly making their way along the little path leading from the pasture to the farm-house never was seen there before.

Grandma met them at the door, and listened gravely to their pitiful story of disobedience, which was told with all frankness. The wise old lady said never a word of blame, but set about making the acorn tea-set, and finished it that very night.

Your Weight?

If your condition is normal, this should be your relative height and weight.

5 feet, 0 inches,	115 pounds.
5 " 1 "	120 "
5 " 2 "	125 "
5 " 3 "	130 "
5 " 4 "	135 "
5 " 5 "	140 "
5 " 6 "	143 "
5 " 7 "	145 "
5 " 8 "	148 "
5 " 9 "	155 "
5 " 10 "	160 "
5 " 11 "	165 "
6 " 0 "	170 "

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The tea-set was a work of art, but its charm was gone. Bessie never cared to play with it, and acorns brought a solemn look to her face for a long time after that unfortunate birthday.—*Helen B. Dole, in St. Nicholas.*

THE JOURNEY OF THE SLED.

Such a gay and frolicking little sled, jumping and bounding over the snow behind the big express-wagon like a big red bird! It was coming through one of the business streets down-town in New York, and going toward Broadway. When you see a red sled tied behind an express-wagon, you look for a small boy as a natural part of the sled. This sled had its small boy, or, rather, boys; for there were three. But such unhappy small boys that you stopped—you could not help it—to find out what was the matter. The three boys were half a block behind the gay, frolicking sled, running as hard as they could run to catch up with it. The story was told. They had tied the sled behind the wagon, expecting to have a ride, perhaps for blocks, when either they had been thrown off or the man had made them get off; and the sled had tied the rope so tightly that they could not untie it, and the beautiful sled went bounding away without them; and every minute it was further and further away.

As the express-wagon reached Broadway, a car was in its way; and the three small boys, with hope in their faces, stumbled and struggled forward, hoping to reach the sled. Alas! alas! The car moved out of the way, the man struck the horse, and he bounded forward; and the little red sled, as if hopeless itself, fell over on its side, and was dragged across Broadway. The wagon and cars closed in like great waves behind it, and hid it from sight.

"Tony, Tony! Run, run!" exclaimed one of the small boys, dancing up and down in terror, the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

Poor Tony dashed about, knocking against everybody,—the lamp-post, his friends,—just going about in a circle. Somehow, no one saw him. Tony and his friends wriggled between the horses and the carts, and stood on the other side of Broadway.

In the mean time the little sled, all helpless, dragging on its side, no longer bouncing and jumping gayly, was seen by a tall young man walking hurriedly along. He sprang into the street, put his foot quickly on the sled, and held it so firmly that the rope broke and the little sled was free. I think that young man must have taken high rank at college in athletics, he moved so certainly and so quickly. He looked about for the small boy who belonged to the sled, but did not see him. He knew that boy could not be far off, so he righted the sled and pushed it toward the curb with his foot, and passed on in a hurry. Just as he reached the corner, he spied Tony and his friends, who at this moment darted forward with a sharp cry. The young man turned and ran. The way he ran proved that he was trained. Down the street two boys of about fourteen and sixteen were running away with the sled. Did the young man have the famous seven-league boots? He caught them in a minute; and I think—am sure, in fact—that before that young man got through with them those boys wished they had not touched that little red sled. When he told them to go, they flew, never looking behind them. Tony and his friends, in terror, stood on the other side of the street, wondering, doubtless, whether that darling sled would ever come back. The young man took the broken rope in his hand, and, striding across the street, said: "Here! Don't tie the rope when you cut behind! Have the rope long enough to hold the end in your hand. Then you can let go when you want to drop off." The young man pulled on his gloves and straightened his tie as he swung on a Broadway car. Nobody thought he was a hero but Tony and his two small friends; and they, doubtless, in their little hearts said, "He is a brick."—*Outlook.*

SAVED BY ITS SONG.

A little thistle bird in Monmouth owes its life to its perseverance and habit of singing while in trouble. A man in that village had heard the small songster's persistent notes near his window for nearly

a month, and at last called the attention of a friend who makes a study of birds and their ways to its song. This friend soon made the discovery that the bird was a prisoner to its nest. A ladder was brought, and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg of the little sufferer had become ensnared in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of painstaking effort with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed from the snarl. This done, the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away, apparently as well as though never tied to a near-by apple-tree. The bird's parents, or some other of his feathered friends had kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.—*Lewiston Journal.*

PUSSY IN PRISON.

One day, when Uncle Will was passing by a building that was only half completed, he heard a cat crying inside. He asked the janitor in charge why he didn't let the cat out.

"She's under the flooring of one of the rooms," said the janitor. "I suppose she went in after a mouse, and the workmen boarded her up without knowing it."

Uncle Will made the janitor promise that the poor cat should be let out the next day; but a week later, when he was passing the building again, he heard the cat still crying.

He stopped and spoke to the janitor very severely. He told him the cat must be let out. The man said he had been too busy to see to the matter, but would attend to poor pussy that very day.

The next afternoon Uncle Will went to the building expressly to see if the man had kept his promise; and he found the cat was still there, but now her cries were growing very faint.

Uncle Will lost no more time, but sent a note to Mr. Bergh, who is the friend of all dumb animals; and that evening men with tools went to the building, tore up the flooring, and let the cat out.

She was still alive, but very weak; and well she might be, for she had been nine days in prison. She proved to be the pet of a blind old lady who lived near, and who had grieved very much for her, thinking poor pussy had gone never to return.—*F. B. Hollowell, in Babyhood.*

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERED.

A British army surgeon, who has served in India, gives in the *London Times* a striking illustration of memory in an elephant. Recently he took his children to the "Zoo" to see the elephant; and, after they had had a ride on the monster's back, he held out to him a bun, and said, as is frequently done in India, "Salaam Kuro!" or, in English, "Make your salaam or salute!" The animal looked at the gentleman for some time, as if to recall the meaning of the words, and then, raising his trunk to his forehead, gave the salute in true Indian fashion. The keeper, who had watched the performance, was much surprised, and asked the visitor what it all meant, adding that he had had charge of the creature ever since he had been brought to England seventeen years before, and had never seen him do anything like it. This convinced the gentleman that the elephant had, with some effort, recalled the meaning of the words, "Salaam Kuro!"

A WASHINGTON RELIC.

Mr. George Henry Rattenbury of Detroit believes that he has a unique relic of one of the ancestors of George Washington in a parchment deed written in Norman French, dated June 9, 1590, signed by Richard Washington, and sealed by him with the Washington seal, from which the stars and stripes of the American flag are supposed to have been derived. Relics of the Washington family in England prior to 1657, when two of them came to Virginia, are scarce. Mr. Rattenbury's deed is said to be unquestionably authentic; and he be-

lieves it to be valuable, especially on account of the seal, which he thinks is the only impression of the old Washington family seal in existence.—*Harper's Weekly.*

BUTTONS.

Buttons are of more importance in the history of to-day than most people think. If workmen come across the bones of a dead soldier on the battle-field of Gettysburg, it is the buttons they find which show whether the soldier was a Union man or a Confederate. In England, if a family employs a boy with bright brass buttons on his jacket to answer their door-bell, they must pay a tax to the state for those buttons. They are emblems of distinction to the family. Buttons are symbols of law on a policeman's coat. They are an indication of a nation's art on a fine lady's gown; and, in general, they are a condensed history of a country's mechanical ingenuity.—*Young People's Magazine.*

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In this enlightened age, the old theory held by physicians—to get as much medicine in the least possible time into the system of a patient, even at the expense of stomach, blood, brains, nerves, and often, in the end, life itself—has been abandoned.

The old way was to "dose." If the patient had a tremendous constitution, he sometimes "pulled through;" if not, which was more often the case, that special disease was considered more dangerous, as it had claimed another for its own. But this is all changed now. All prominent physicians agree on one subject, anyway. It is this—build the patient up first, give him new blood and strength, add flesh to his bones. He's then ready to receive the benefit of proper medical treatment.

To do this effectually, that must be given which will, in the least quantity, produce the greatest amount of vitality,—not a stimulant which quickly reacts disastrously, but a genuine food, a muscle, bone, and blood maker. Such a food was long sought for, and at last discovered in that original and only raw food extract—Bovine.

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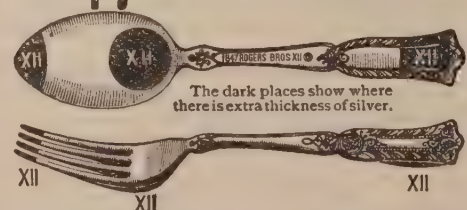
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FILLING THE CUP AGAINST THE TURK.

Baron Münchhausen has not been left without posterity. Señor Ximenez, a Spanish traveller, says he was in the Sassoun district when the alleged disturbances occurred, and heard nothing about any massacres until he read the reports of them in the European papers. The Señor reminds us of the man who lodged in the same house with Robespierre all through the Reign of Terror, but never heard either of Robespierre or the Reign of Terror. The Turks themselves admit the massacres, and only seek to show that there was some justification for them. The Señor eulogizes Zekki Pasha for his humanity! Had he been a Roman, he would no doubt have proposed the erection of a statue to the merciful Nero, father of his people. Zekki Pasha himself admits, says the *Times's* Constantinople correspondent, that 1,720 persons have been killed. His reports have been removed from the Ministry of War by superior order. Once again the wavering Porte has ordered the subordinate Abdullah Pasha not to preside over the meetings of the farcical commission. Two thousand people attended a meeting at Lambeth Baths, and passed a resolution, moved by Prof. Agar Beet, and seconded by Rev. Copeland Bowie, calling on the government to take the initiative in insisting upon the immediate introduction of definite and thorough reforms in the administration of Armenia. A series of meetings have been held on behalf of the Armenians in Edinburgh, and special reference to the outrages were made at several of the churches on Sunday. The mayor of Bournemouth has received a communication from the head of the American Bible Mission at Stamboul stating that evidence increases to show that the great massacre, in which several thousand defenceless women and children perished most horribly, was carried out at the order of the sultan himself. Prof. Thoumaian addressed a large meeting at Bromley, Kent, on Sunday afternoon; and a resolution similar to that at Lambeth Baths was passed.—*Christian World*.

REV. WALTER CLIFFORD MOORE.

In the death of Rev. Walter Clifford Moore at Trenton, N.Y., on February 25, the Unitarian church of that place as well as the whole town suffers a great loss. Born at Belfast, Me., in the year 1857, he was cut off at the early age of thirty-seven. His early education was received in the public schools of Maine; and in the year 1881 he removed to Meadville, Pa., where he entered the theological school of that city. In 1886 he received from this institution the degree of B.D., and soon after was settled over the Unitarian church in Pepperell, Mass., of which he continued pastor till 1890. In 1893 he was settled as the pastor of the Unitarian church at Trenton, N.Y., and was meeting with great success here, and becoming greatly beloved by his people, when stricken with the fatal malady which, after six months of weakness and pain, at length removed him. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, as a man of great modesty, sincerity, and unselfishness, exceptional conscientiousness and devoutness, and an earnest Christian faith, that never faltered in its hold of the great realities of the spiritual world.

LEWIS COLEMAN.

BORN IN WRENTHAM, MASS., SEPT. 25, 1817; DIED IN BOSTON, FEB. 10, 1895.

Descended from the Puritan yeomanry of New England, Lewis Coleman came to Boston at the age of nineteen, to seek his fortune. As clerk in the house of Carmi E. King, he quickly learned the details of business, and set up for himself. This was in the days of small things, when business methods were simple and direct, and the way from the bottom to the top was won by personal faithfulness, labor, and devotion to duty. Having been trained by a good mother in habits of the strictest honesty and economy, contented with steady earnings and small profits, Mr. Coleman soon acquired the confidence and respect of this community. Receiving into liberal partnership one after another of the young men whom he had trained, the firm of Lewis Coleman & Co. became widely known, and their drafts honored without hesitation all over New England.

Brought up in the old-fashioned church-going habit, Mr. Coleman early attached himself to the Unitarian church which is now Mr. Hale's, and was perhaps its oldest member. He was for many years one of its Standing Committee, always contributing generously to every branch of the work.

He represented his district in the General Court, was recognized there as incorruptible, and did efficient service on important committees.

In times of business depression Mr. Coleman stood ready to help those less fortunate than himself, and it may well be doubted whether any one in distress ever appealed to him in vain. His nature was sweet and sunny. He was slow to anger; and, though he could blaze with indignation at a mean, cruel, or dishonest act, he showed by his conduct that he thought forgiveness better than revenge. He was pure in heart and life,—almost a Stoic in his simple, frugal, and unostentatious habits. To him there was "no place like home"; and in it, both as youth and man, he was loved and honored. Courageous in adversity, patient in suffering, he has gone to his reward.

Spiritual Life.

If two angels were sent from heaven to execute a divine command,—one to conduct an empire, and another to sweep a street in it,—they would feel no inclination to change employments.—*John Newton*.

If easy times are departed, it is that the difficult times may make us more in earnest,—that they may teach us not to depend on ourselves. If easy belief is impossible, it is that we may learn what belief is, and in whom it is to be placed.—*F. D. Maurice*.

A blade is a small thing. At first it grows very near the earth. It is often soiled and crushed and down-trodden. But it is a living thing. The great dead stone beside it is more imposing, only it will never be anything else than a stone. But this small blade,—it doth not yet appear what it shall be.—*Drummond*.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts.—*J. Ruskin*.

Begin with small things. You cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before we die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says: "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—*Charles Kingsley*.

Tenderly let us love Jesus; sincerely let us honor him; gladly and gratefully let us sit at his feet, to learn wisdom from his gracious lips and his matchless life. But let us not follow in the path of the ancient pagan peoples, and deify the man we would honor, even if that man be the great and incomparable Galilean. Rather let us be his so true and faithful disciples that in all our worship we shall be pointed by him ever to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God!—*J. T. Sunderland*.

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Charities and Reforms.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.—The Twenty-second Annual Conference of Charities and Correction will be held in New Haven May 22-28. There are no restrictions as to membership. Any one may become a member on payment of the annual fee of \$2, which includes the annual printed proceedings. At the twenty-second meeting Robert Treat Paine of Boston will preside, and special attention will be given to the subject of "Charity Organization in Cities." Inquiries for information should be addressed to H. H. Hart, Corresponding Secretary, St. Paul, Minn.

Education.

A GIRL SCHOOL FOR ICELAND.—For some years past Mme. Segrid Magnusson, an Icelandic woman of rare intelligence and high education, whose home is at Cambridge, England, where her husband is sub-librarian of the university library, has been trying to establish a high school for girls in Reykjavik, and by the generous aid of English friends has been enabled to erect a fine school-house, where two winters ago she opened a school for girls for one term, at the end of which time her funds gave out, and she was obliged to close the school. In the high school which Mme. Magnusson wishes to found the subjects to be taught are: tailoring, sloyd, Icelandic language and literature, English, arithmetic, writing, and geography, history, Danish, and singing. Besides these ten subjects, cooking is to be taught, and metal work. They will have calisthenics half an hour daily, and half an hour's walk twice a day. The girls are taught plain sewing, and some sort of useful fancy work. It may seem strange to teach tailoring in a girls' high school; but it must be remembered that there are no tailors in Iceland, and women have always made the men's clothes as well as their own. Therefore, it is considered quite necessary that this branch should be learned scientifically, that the cutting and making of garments may be done to measure, and thus more economically than formerly. Mme. Magnusson is raising funds in America for the school.

Spirit of the Press.

The reviews of "Trilby" continue to appear. The February *Atlantic* ventures a wholesome prophecy concerning it:—

It is of slight consequence that one should try to predict the length of life of a popular favorite like "Trilby," and yet prophecy has its twofold attribute of foretelling and forth-telling. That the grace, the *bonhomie* of the book will appeal to another generation depends, we think, on how far another generation will be as tired as ours is of the fiction which wrestles with all the problems of life, or which plays the part of devil's advocate. That the story of "Trilby" will continue to fascinate will depend on two facts,—how far hypnotism becomes a commonplace of human experience, and how far writers of fiction come again to a sense of the sweetness, the strength, and the enduring power which reside in the pictures of life and character that are obedient to a finely sensitive perception of the everlasting beauty of purity in man and woman.

The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* has an article on the Armenian question entitled "Christendom a Unit":—

The time is probably not far distant when the Turkish government will be given to understand, if necessary, by a pretty sharp lesson that toleration must be taught and practised in Mohammedan as in Christian nations. That Christendom is a unit against Islam is shown by the bitter feeling everywhere excited by the news of the Armenian butcheries, and by the angry protests which, from a hundred leading cities of the Christian world, have gone to Constantinople. That the Ottoman government has an inkling of the manner in which this terrible news has been received is evident by the efforts it has made to discredit and falsify the intelligence from Armenia, but these efforts only serve to show that the Turkish government is itself aware of the common feeling prevalent in the empire against Christians, while the delay in investigation and the fact that the perpetrators of last summer's outrages have, in some cases, been rewarded instead of punished, demonstrates the sympathy of the government with the majority of its people. In spite of the captiousness of those who would have us believe that the world is retrograding, the conviction is forced upon the mind that Christianity has progressed to such an extent that all denominations are ready to

make common cause against the persecutors of Christian people, no matter what may be the peculiar form of faith held by the unfortunates. In this case the sufferers were Armenian Catholics, but the meetings that have been held in Europe and America were addressed by men belonging to every leading denomination. Divided among themselves as to doctrine, forms, ceremonies, and practice, Christians are nevertheless a unit; and there will probably be in the next few months a combined protest which will show that in such an affair as this all shades of Christian belief are ignored, and common cause made against a common enemy.

Personals.

Gertrude, the daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York, a young lady not yet out of her teens, is said to have been studying Chinese for several years. She is proficient in French, Italian, and German, and now reads Confucius in the original.

The colossal bronze statue of William Penn, which has been on exhibition for the last two years, while the lofty tower of the new City Hall of Philadelphia was being reared for its pedestal, has been successfully lifted to its placed and firmly secured. The broad-brimmed hat of the famous Quaker will be clearly seen for a radius of twenty miles. The statue cost fifty thousand dollars.

DR. AND MRS. MOORS.—The Franklin Evangelical Association has expressed in resolutions the feeling of personal bereavement caused by the death of Dr. and Mrs. Moors. They were identified with the higher life and progress of the Connecticut Valley, with its educational, humanitarian, patriotic, and religious interests; and the churches and conference will greatly miss these long-time friends. In all but the name, Dr. Moors has for years been a bishop in Central and Western Massachusetts,—not by assumption of episcopal powers and prerogative, but by the free suffrage and instinctive choice of free Congregationalists.

The University of London has just conferred the degree of Bachelor of Music on Miss Florence G. E. Higgins, daughter of the esteemed office-keeper of the university, residing at Burlington House. This event is not only a striking proof of the fact that prophets are sometimes honored in their own country, but a pleasant reminder of the increasing number of women graduates in music. At the great music schools the women students outnumber the men by four to one; and it is natural, therefore, that some of them should pay attention to those higher branches of musical theory with which the examination for degrees is concerned.



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I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

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Experiencing Religion. Rev. Seth C. Beach.
Our Unitarian Literature. John White Chadwick.
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Glimpses of Spain. Marie C. Remick.
The Incense Offering. J. Edwards.
The Progress of the Feminine. E. P. Powell.
A Hundred Unitarian Sunday Circles. J. T. Sunderland.
I Wonder Why? Lucy Elliot Keeler.
The Brook and the Spring. Mary A. Tilden.
Day's End. Edward B. Payne.
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Pleasantries.

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"Did you say you wanted Shakspeare's works?" asked the bookstore clerk. "No," replied the haughty girl, "I want his plays."—*Washington Star*.

How is this for a specimen of pulpit oratory? "The splashing splume of the red-hot billows of oblivion!" It emanates from one of our Boston Methodist divines.

Waiter (to gentleman who is looking at napkin half full of holes): "I'll bring you another napkin." Diner: "Never mind. The holes seem to be clean."—*Tit-Bits*.

Where and How.—Willie: "Tommy Jones went and hit me an awful crack with an apple." Papa: "On purpose?" Willie: "No, on the nose."—*Harper's Young People*.

Bobby: "I wish my birthday was not the 22d of February." Jack: "Why not?" Bobby: "Oh, every one thinks because George Washington never told a lie, I ought not to."—*Harper's Young People*.

In a description of a revival service held in Boston recently the *Herald* reporter described the spirit of the gathering as "on a three-gauge level of enthusiasm going down grade." We confess that this is beyond us.

Shippin Clark (to his employer, leaving the office): "Oh, Mr. System! Haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining." Mr. System: "Can't help it. I have made a resolution to have one here and one at home, to provide for all emergencies. Now, if I take this, they'll both be at home."

Clergymen will appreciate the story Archdeacon Farrar tells of Charles Kingsley, who used to approach the pulpit with fear and trembling. As he, Kingsley, said: "Whenever I walk up the choir of Westminster Abbey, I wish myself d-d-dead; and, whenever I walk back, I wish myself m-m-more dead!"

"Well," said Mrs. Bruggins, after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw!" "What?" inquired her niece. "Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as the young man began to sing, every other member of the choir stopped; but he went right through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."—*Washington Star*.

A witty member of our Unitarian fellowship was introduced one day to a Churchman of the stricter sort, who inquired: "Did you say you were a Unitarian? Ah! well, then, I can recognize you as a gentleman, but not as a fellow-Christian." "Oh, never mind about that," was the breezy reply: "I can recognize you as a fellow-Christian, but not as a gentleman!" *Pacific Unitarian*.

A certain old Scotch lady was once protesting against the resignation of her pastor. The worthy man tasted sweetness in her words, but, wishing modestly to comfort her in the thought that all was not lost in his departure, bid her not to worry. "You'll get a better man after I'm gone." But how was the fine edge of her compliment taken off by her remonstrating reply: "Na, na! We've had four pastors already, and every one's been worse than the rest!" *Mid-Continent*.

Two distinguished literary men were one day discussing certain peculiarities of our modern youth, when one of them remarked: "There is no more emotion among them. My children read books over which I used, at their age, to weep copiously; but they are apparently unmoved." The twelve-year-old daughter of the speaker sat near by, drinking in the discussion. At this point she felt it necessary to defend her class. "You are entirely mistaken, papa," she interpolated, with some heat. "It is not that emotion has gone out. It is that self-control has come in."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A STORY ABOUT GRIMM.

The prettiest of literary anecdotes has been related by William Grimm, one of the pair of famous story-tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell, and met him in the hall with the words, "You are the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother." "And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?" "Yes, certainly." "Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now, I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen; and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.—*Selected*.

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Editorial.

THERE are abundant opportunities for the spread of Unitarianism to-day, and no fields are more inviting than those opened by the new South and the new West; and there is no more important problem before the administrators of our missionary funds than to meet the needs of these vast regions. It can only be done, of course, by more abundant contributions to our missionary work, and by sending out apostles who have the Pauline gift of church planting. But there is still another need; and that is that Unitarianism, North, East, South, and West, shall be brought into more earnest and sympathetic co-ordination. There is no longer a theological East or West, so far as Unitarianism is concerned. Unanimity of thought and sentiment was never greater than at the present time; but what is needed is that there shall be a closer knitting, so that the seams of all sectionalism shall disappear. This is not to be done by filing off the individuality of local accent, but by uniting all voices into joyful unanimity of aim, purpose, and effort,—such a unanimity of voice as has made the last National Conference memorable. The American Unitarian Association is national in its aim and work. It ought to receive national support from the great body of American Unitarians. We believe it has never been more liberal in spirit, more generous in its aims, than it is to-day. If there are any modifications in its constitution which are necessary to make it more national and less local, let them be made.

THE expulsion of Prof. Woodworth of the University of California, and also of a student of the same university, from the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, Cal., is one of the latest cases of heresy on the ecclesiastical docket. In another column we give a summary of Prof. Woodworth's views. It will be seen that the action of the church in expelling him is simply an attempt to resist the march of modern thought and knowledge instead of adjusting itself to them. It is an attitude which the Church has taken through many centuries in various epochs of progress of thought and knowledge; and it is a position which it has taken to its own disadvantage, and has been constantly obliged to abandon. If Christianity is not capable of adjustment with modern thought, and with the facts and history of the world of nature, it is not a religion for this age, and belongs to an age of delusion and ignorance. But Christianity is a moral and spiritual religion, which could meet the life experiences and needs of men in an age when the Ptolomaic cosmology was accepted, and it has proved to be just as capable of meeting the wants of mankind under a new conception of the universe. For the First Baptist Church of California to take the stand it has is not a defence of Christianity, but an arraignment of it. The Church has often proved the poorest guardian of the trust committed to it.

THE Baptist body has some advantages in the case of heresy not enjoyed by other denominations, in which power is centralized in a synod or assembly: it is the advantage of pure, independent congregationalism. As noticed above, two members of the First Baptist Church of Berkeley, Cal., have just been expelled for heresy on charges brought against them by the pastor of the church. The case was tried before the church and decided by the church. There is no denominational body before which the case could have been tried, and there is no higher court to which either church or the accused can appeal. It is a great advantage to the Baptist denomination, as a whole, that it is not required to make a declaration or to pass a verdict upon a matter which belongs to the Berkeley, Cal., church. The whole denomination is not compromised by the action of this society; nor, on the other hand, is Prof. Woodworth excluded from the Baptist denomination by being excluded from the Berkeley church. If he wishes, he can apply for admission to some other Baptist church, and make a statement of his belief, and be accepted or rejected, according to the judgment of the church appealed to. It is possible that nine out of ten Baptist churches might reject Prof. Woodworth; but we should be surprised if the Baptist churches of Providence, Cambridge, Ithaca, and other university cities or towns expelled from membership a professor holding such views.

THE Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society is divided against itself, and also against many temperance leaders in the community. The ground of division is the Norwegian Bill now before the State legislature. The directors of the association are opposed to the bill. The president, Hon. John D. Long, favors it; and it is also favored by a large number of people who are total abstainers, and who contribute to the funds of the society. Under these circumstances it would seem that the best thing for the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society to do would be to keep quiet, and let the law take its course and have a fair trial in cities which are now committed to license. On the contrary, the society has deemed it its duty, against the protests of a minority, to attack the Norwegian system, and to print pamphlets and tracts, and to put orators in the field against it. The liquor men rejoice to form an unorganized alliance with the Massachu-

setts Total Abstinence Society to kill a good temperance measure. This is but one example of many which might be found of the way in which temperance men by their divisions have helped the cause of intemperance. Let the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society do all it can to educate the people to do without intoxicating liquors, but let it not stand in the way of those who are seeking to establish in hopelessly license towns a better method of regulation.

THE fortunes of woman suffrage, like that of all reforms, are subject to some mutation. Thus last year the Massachusetts House of Representatives gave for the first time a majority for municipal suffrage for women. This year, by a strong majority, it has voted against it. The result was brought about largely by an organized anti-woman suffrage association formed by a few members in the House. On the other hand, the opposition outside among women, has become steadily less. Thus, while there have been as many as three thousand remonstrants against woman suffrage, there were only two hundred and eleven this year. But, though the Massachusetts House has gone against the measure, the Maine House has shown itself more progressive by voting for it; and in Nevada both Houses of the legislature have voted to submit the question to the people as a constitutional amendment.

OUR former consort, *Unity*, has undertaken a new experiment. It has enlarged its physical proportions: it has lengthened its keel and increased its tonnage. It is still registered as *Unity*; but it carries a "New" pennant at the mast, and is the flagship of another fleet. All of which, dropping the nautical metaphor, means that our contemporary has doubled its size and its price, and has become the recognized weekly organ of the American Liberal Congress. An official announcement of Rev. H. W. Thomas, president of the congress, to this effect appears in the first number of *New Unity*. In the present state of business it is somewhat hazardous for a journal to raise its price, even if it increases its size as a compensation; and this step must be considered as an evidence of the courage of *New Unity*, and its faith in its enterprise. It has attempted a task of great difficulty, that of uniting the independent churches in the West into organic activity. It has not been an easy task to unite Unitarians in organic work; and it will be still more difficult to unite independent churches, each of which has constituted a denomination by itself. There can be no question that organic union is what the independent churches need; but we think it would add much more to their strength, and more to the strength of liberal religion, to join their forces to those of some of the existing liberal organizations. Nothing is less needed than a new denomination.

WHILE we admire, therefore, the courage of *Unity* and its managers, we must express the fear that the Liberal Congress will be diverted from the original object proposed by it. At the outset it sought to represent a federation of different liberal religious organizations. That was a grand idea, and there are ways in which it could be realized. Each one of the States which forms the American Union is strengthened by its union with the other States, while the nation is strengthened by the consolidation of its parts. It would be a great help to each of the liberal religious bodies of America, and a strengthening of the liberal cause as a whole, if some such religious federation could be achieved. But now we fear that the Liberal Congress will become simply another new denomination, with a private purse and a private flag and an independent manifesto. Can a new liberal

denomination be successful without diverting churches from affiliations already established, and what is gained by doing it? In the work of educating and developing liberal religious sentiment the *New Unity* has our warmest sympathy. The energy and faith it represents cannot be unfruitful, but an endeavor to create a new denomination would sacrifice rather than promote it.

THIS WORLDLINESS.

The breach of modern theology and progressive religion as well as sociology and the highest criticism (not the higher criticism) with the Church of the past has been in the acceptance of two terms as legitimate and righteous which were half a century ago significant of the most dangerous heresy, and, by inference, of the deepest depravity; that is, rationalism and worldliness. By slow stages of change the larger share of the people have come to the conviction that to love this world is not a crime, and that the highest exercise of loyalty to God is the best use of our reasoning faculties. Leigh Hunt helped us wonderfully when he invented the phrase "other-worldliness." Words are sometimes like flash-lights that go down a tunnel, and this was one of them. It brought out delicately the fact that a person might be very unworldly and at the same time very other-worldly, and that the real harm could not be in making much of this garden home of ours, but in seeing only the animal side of it. Mrs. Browning helped us with her "Earth and its Praisers":—

"O Earth,
I count the praises thou art worth.
Praised be the mosses soft
In thy forest pathways oft;
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornless river brink.
Praised be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm that worketh dreams
Of calm unfinished.

"Earth, we Christians praise thee thus:
Even for the change that comes
With a grief from thee to us;
For thy cradles and thy tombs,
For the pleasant corn and wine,
And summer heat; and also for
The frost upon the sycamore
And hail upon the vine."

This was a distinctive wedding of righteousness and world-love. George Eliot's doctrine of betterment went, perhaps, even farther to change the sentiments of Christians; for she reached very widely with the doctrine that the highest piety is to better the conditions of humanity. This exactly fitted to the encroaching teachings of science. Evolution, directly and indirectly, laid its emphasis on the environments, the this-world power for good and evil. No contrast could be greater than that between churches trying to fit people for another world and a church with its sleeves rolled up to make this world a decent one for souls to be born into. Yet that is just the contrast we have seen worked out in a lifetime. In every direction we find the doctrine of believing certain views about the unseen relegated to the rear of active service in the cause of social evolution. The abolition of poverty is a doctrine more discussed than the Trinity, and the question of profit-sharing shakes up the religious audience that is utterly asleep as to regeneration and baptism. Those who dream that the outlook is most hopeful toward religious pageantry find that the social agitation is too stout for them. There is very little present drift toward ethical fossilism.

Rationalism comes to the front with secularism, and the popes argue with us on our own plane. The encyclicals from Rome are the best illustration of the change from a despair and contempt of this world to an exalted hope and nery determination to save this world here and now. The latest crusade has been, not to conquer the East by force and create unity of belief from the

Tiber to the Euphrates, but an effort to find a basis of union for the East and West in active beneficence. It is only casually that, in his appeals for social and political progress and this-worldliness, we catch in the pope's recent messages a gleam of the other world and its supreme importance.

Have we broken with Jesus? Did he not say: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added unto you. . . . Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on?" Did he not hold up the life and conduct of the raven as an ideal for man? Were we not pointed to the lilies that do not spin, and yet are clothed finer than Solomon? Well, science also has something to say about the lilies; and that is that no more constant and perfect weaving was ever done than that which brings into shape and glory of beauty the commonest flower, while there is no sociological system that involves more persistent toil and a measurable foresight than that of the birds. These are illustrations of *this-worldliness*, and they are also illustrations of the divine wisdom in nature. So that, if we are compelled to say that the Christian system is really something very else, we need not allow that the system of "our Father who art in the universe" forbids worldly wisdom. But is not the real lesson of Jesus a sharp contrast drawn for those who live in selfish indulgence in wealth and covetousness of that of others? And this is exactly where the modern revolt has brought us. It is a new presentation of a very old doctrine that to feed his own body is not the chief end of man, but neither is it the chief end of man to save his own soul. As Carlyle puts it, the first question is whether his dirty little soul is worth saving. And the best way to find out is whether he is willing to work for the souls of others; and science insists on adding their bodies, too. It relates the parable of the lilies this way: Behold the lilies of the field, how they spin and toil! for they weave in the sunbeam, and they weave in the soil. And, lo! not one of them lives to itself; for they breathe out their perfume for all the world, and their beauty goes into souls and poems and character.

Whatever the oldest gospel may be, the latest gospel is the gospel of wealth, that "no one owns what he gathers, but is a trustee of God in charge of so much as is intrusted to him." And no man owns himself; for has not nature (God-effort) worked these past five hundred millions of years to bring about the anthropoid and the anthropos, the "upward-looker" over the downward-looking beast? So it is that he who drives the thirteen million horses that drag Vanderbilt's engines across a continent daily, and he who spins a poem for the *Atlantic*, and he who shovels coal into a cellar,—all alike are under obligation together, and each according to the talents intrusted to him.

It is significant that our colleges have nearly all opened physical laboratories for the study of mind,—body and mind together. And henceforth it is to be recognized that you cannot dissect the soul from the body and save it, while the body is left to hunger and filth. We shall never hear again the doctrine that this is a wretched, damned world. Theology never was anything apart from science, and it never will be. Older theology was vitally one with older science. Modern science, admitted, has made inevitable a modern theology and modern religion. The science of environment and heredity drive us perforce to a religion of improved tenement-houses, fewer cathedrals and more hospitals, sociology in place of theology, and a determination to abolish poverty. Other-worldliness has been enormously minified, and worldliness has become the ideal of the Church.

The great episode of God and immortality that has occupied the thought of the centuries, is it to be relegated to the myths? Are we henceforth only to have great nature and the life in hand? There is no reason for the outcry that we are becoming materialists or forgetting God. The summing-up of the charge of Jesus was, Work out your own salvation because God works in you. Never before was the fact so vivid as now that this is not a purposeless universe, a soulless evolution. We are led by science to see that God-will has always worked in the universe, that Purpose has led on the lower to the higher, and that to work with God is the only wise aim. God and immortal trust in God remain. They

are the inspiration of our hope, not, as before, the end. We look forward, not to rest in God and eternal peace, but to power in and from God-union, and eternal evolution of unselfish manhood.

THE NORWEGIAN BILL.

The legislature of the State of Massachusetts is once more asked to pass a bill to permit the Norwegian system of selling intoxicating liquors. The word "permit" in the title of the bill needs to be emphasized. The bill is not mandatory. The system is not compelled to be introduced throughout the State or in any places where, under the local option law, prohibition has been adopted. But the fact is that in most of the cities of Massachusetts the vote, with very few exceptions, has annually been for license. Recognizing this fact, the question arises, if half a dozen cities in the State are determined to have license, what form of license law shall be accepted?

It is to meet such conditions that the Norwegian Bill was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature last year. The details of the system have been fully explained in our columns, and also the modifications thought desirable in introducing the law in this country. The bill passed the House, and was defeated by only one vote in the Senate.

As now drafted, the bill is considered an improvement over that of last year in some respects. The hours of sale have been shortened, and the number of licenses which may be given has been placed at one in three thousand instead of one in two thousand. It is also provided that in case a company organized for the sale of liquor fails, or in case the company is not organized in any city where the Norwegian system has been adopted, another vote may be taken at the next annual election in such city instead of waiting three years, as is the case where the company is organized and maintained. Another provision devotes the first profits received to the creation of a reserved fund to protect the capital; but it is impossible, under the features of the bill, to get more than 5 per cent. profit.

It is to be noted that the conditions for the enforcement of the Norwegian Bill, as here proposed, are more favorable than for the enforcement of any other system of license. The saloon is taken out of politics. Cities or towns adopting it are given authority to employ a prosecuting officer; and an opportunity is given, likewise, to employ an additional police force by appropriating a portion of the net profits of the system for this purpose.

The Norwegian Bill is an attempt, made by men who have very earnestly and thoroughly studied the methods adopted in Norway and Sweden, to reduce the evils arising from the sale of intoxicating liquor. The value of the bill as a temperance measure may be gauged by the attitude of the liquor interest toward it. They have no fear of prohibition measures, for they know that they cannot be passed in the cities and large towns, and, if passed, that they cannot be enforced. But the Norwegian Bill makes them turn pale. It is a blow aimed straight at the saloon. As the bill is simply a permissive one, and requires a vote of cities or towns adopting it, it is in the line of the existing Local Option Law. It can only be applied to cities and towns where license now exists. Under these circumstances we hope that this bill, so favorable to temperance, public order, and good government, will pass. Let it, at all events, have a trial.

MARCH AND MARBLES.

Children have a calendar of their own which seems perfectly independent of the weather. How they know that March is the time to play marbles, or that March has arrived, is always a mystery. Rarely indeed does one see a group of children at marbles in February; but with the first dawn of the next month the boys, as they dress, fill their pockets with marbles till they bulge out in their fatness. All through the streets of Boston they were playing before March was twenty-four hours old, shooting them past little banks of snow or over scraps of hard, dirty ice. Hollows were scooped out of the frozen earth, and red were the fingers at play in the cold.

The girls with their skipping-ropes were not far behind the boys with their marbles;

and a little later they will be trundling hoops, and marking off diagrams on the sidewalks and jumping from one division to another in "hop Scotch" and similar games.

When the warm spring days come, and it is a luxury to sit on doorsteps or on the young grass, the old Greek game of jackstones will spread through the cities; for it is not a common country play. During the long June twilights the little ones from the streets gather on the broad piazzas of Hull House in Chicago and play by the hour, undismayed and undisturbed by the inmates of that delightful home, and apparently thinking that the roomy porch is for their special pleasure. So in every city of any size they seize on any place that offers a chance for this ancient game. Later in the year there will be ball games of various kinds, kite-flying, and in the country merry times with Jack-o'-lanterns.

A love of these games helps to develop an alert eye, a skill of hand, and self-control. They are not always free from temptations to cheat. But, on the whole, boys left to themselves are pretty fair in their games; and the one caught cheating receives the upbraiding that he deserves. Games that have a happy mixture of chance with skill are usually found most interesting. Marbles would not be half so delightful if the muddy depressions were absolutely symmetrical. It is the opportunity to circumvent chance by a good play that gives zest. But, unhappily, there is now and then an evil side to even childish sports. Marble-playing develops a kind of gambling spirit which is unwholesome; and other games give frequent rise to rough words, bad temper, and, as the boys grow older, to betting over the results of contests. The stakes, naturally, are not high, and may be missing, the mere "I bet you he will" answering for the same thing; but the tendency is there. For this reason the children's almanac should be studied by the parents, unless they are already familiar with it. They should intersperse quotations varied from the old farmer's almanac, such as: "About this time warn the boys not to play marbles 'for keeps.'" "Look out now for danger from the jumping-rope. Warn the girls to skip, and not to jump." "From this time on for a few weeks keep an oversight of foot-ball and head off roughness." "Good time for planting lessons in politeness during tennis season." So the bits of advice might be sandwiched in up to the very fall; for even the innocent pumpkin, in the hands of a naughty boy, may frighten half a neighborhood, when he is left to his own ways.

We read with delight of kings who are caught playing horse with their babies, and of learned men throwing aside books for romps with the children; but too few American fathers and mothers enter enough into the good times of their boys and girls. They lose quite as much as the children in genuine good times, and they rob the young people of the pleasantest memories; for nothing is more delightful than to remember that in youth a wise father and a sympathetic mother shared in the fun and frolic, guiding with invisible reins of authority and shielding from danger by the strong arms of love. A boy whose father can beat him at jackstones, a girl whose mother has taught her to skate, often find in these simple things a pride and respect for their parents that would be amusing, were it not so real. It is a wholesome pride; and from that simple soil a deeper and truer respect is sure to spring, closely bound with the bonds of affection.

FAITH FOR TO-DAY.

The schoolmasters of life are abroad, giving us revelations of the eternal word,—not written in ink, nor in the passing alphabets of men, but moulded in the rocks, absorbed in rains and dew through myriad years, and struck with infinite sweep across the starry track of heaven.

As these revelations become clear to us, and by their majesty and splendor force themselves upon our attention, it is needful that we should adjust our minds to receive them.

Men and women to-day must either remain intellectually behind the age, their worship vague, tending to symbolism and ceremonialism, or else they must go forward with the advancing sweep of new knowledge, beneath the opening veil, along the wondrous corridors of the new temple

of light, until they discover new hope, new trust, new faith.

Faith fit for to-day, a complete belief, must be not only clear to the mind, at one with the facts, but alive with the quickening vitality that belongs to absolute sincerity and the new force given by a better apprehension of the nearness of God.

Such a faith, while it has through many ages shone out in exceptional souls, unexplained, in flights of spiritual rapture, has now an opportunity to reasonably establish itself. It is to be found in thousands of hearts already made glad and strong and happy by its power. It is to be found hinted at in our journals and periodicals and records of passing events. The history of man's discovery of himself has been more intricate, more filled with dramatic incident, more exciting and marvellous, than any story of Stevenson's or Doyle's or Weyman's. We have been plunged in spiritual mysticism, and almost lost the reality of daily life; in fanaticism, and gone wild over many and many an entrancing illusion; in materialism, and lost every ennobling ideal; in scientific pessimism, and believed we were not only the descendants of apes, but destined for nothing even so good in the future. But at last the perplexing tangle has been restored to order; and man now knows himself as that which the teacher from Galilee, with prophetic insight, proclaimed him to be,—knows it not as an inspired vision, but as a well-established truth, with the evidence of the minute investigation of science, the able reasonings of philosophy, the laboriously wrought out experience of all the past. "What am I?" he cries to-day, and answers his own question with joyous heart: "I am a member of the mighty family of God. My genealogy includes the myriad living forms of nature's host, my inheritance the perfection of my Father, God. I stand upon this earth, and all within is mine; for I am of it, flesh and bone and pulsing heart. The dews have fed the flowers and the bees gathered the honey that has left its sweetness on my lips, the strength of the rugged rock dissolved in the pattering rain has strengthened me. I look up to the heavens, and they are mine. The constellations blaze and the stars sing, moved by the same power that moveth me. I am of this mighty whole. In the midst of the Infinite I rest secure. Root in the earth, stem in the air, flower in the sky,—one unity."

In the faith for to-day the modern man believes himself not an isolated individual, but an integral part of the great human race, all men of one spirit. No person so unimportant as not to affect the whole, all to be led on together to the stature of the highest.

"O rich and wondrous man, thou art the palace of sight and sound! Thou carriest in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy. In thy heart thou hast the never-failing power of love, in thy brain the ever-widening thought of God, in thy soul the light of endless life."

Musings.

As a boy, I felt the greatest sympathy with Daniel when cast in the lions' den. It was in some respects worse than being cast into a fiery furnace, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; for, if the trio had not been miraculously protected, consciousness would have been immediately extinguished. But to be cast into a den of lions, which are known to prefer a meat diet to a vegetable one, and to have the animals rouse from indifference, smack their lips, and manifest a personal interest in the new-comer by opening their jaws, showing their teeth, and getting their claws ready to absorb him,—this is an experience which awakens the deepest sympathy in a youthful mind. There is a hymn entitled "Dare to be a Daniel"; but I suspect that many of the revivalists who sing it would hesitate about going into a den of lions, which, next to foot-ball, is the most dangerous of recreations. I was therefore a little shocked the other day to know that my friend Alexander Pope, the artist who has acquired a wide reputation as a painter of animals, should have gone unattended into a lion's den, and that a photographer had caught him in the act, and brought the proof to alarm his friends. I have seen Mr. Pope take a block of wood about the

size of a soap-box, and go at it so vigorously with a chisel that the chips flew in all directions. Soon the block of wood began to show signs of life. It became evident that something was imprisoned there, and that Mr. Pope was seeking to release it. In a surprisingly short time the liberation was effected; and a beautiful game bird, feathers and all, eventually appeared, and flew to the walls of the Art Club, and then to some sumptuous dining-room, or, spreading its wings with the migratory birds, crossed the ocean and lighted in a Russian palace. But this occupation was not dangerous. The bird did not bite or claw; nor was it dangerous to paint a whole series of game birds, or a whole pack of hunting dogs, except for art lovers who were tempted to buy them. When Mr. Pope, however, began to paint lions, he entered upon a new field of adventure, personal as well as artistic. There are people who like to have their portraits painted; but the king of beasts is not credited with such vanity, and it is a dangerous thing to lionize a lion. To get an imaginary bird out of a block of wood is one achievement, to put a live lion on canvas is another. The problem is to release the bird, but to fix the lion. If the painter attempts to release the lion, he may get fixed himself. To paint a lion when he is caged is to take an unfair advantage: to let the lion out might interfere with his reputation and usefulness as a model. Mr. Pope seems to have compromised by going into the cage himself. People who think that compromises are dangerous might use this as an example, if it had not proved in this case to be a safe adventure. In the photograph I have seen the lion seems literally to be a model of behavior, as noble-looking as Trilby, if not as handsome; and the artist seems to be perfectly at home. Whether he would venture, as Benjamin West did with a cat, to use the lion's tail as a paint brush, I do not know; but I know that this picture has robbed the story of Daniel of all of its supernatural features. I now assume that the Hebrew prophet was an artist, and that he kept the lions still by promising to paint their portraits. Mr. Pope's example introduces a new epoch in painting; and we may expect now to see "life classes" making raids on the menageries, and ambitious young ladies setting up their easels in the cages of lions, tigers, leopards, bears, and boa constrictors, with the result that the animals will be well fed and the artist profession not overcrowded.

Brevities.

We call attention, under "Education," to the meeting of the Folk-lore Society in Boston on Friday night.

A Summer School of Theology is to be held at Cleveland. It is to be hoped that no hot theology will be added to the discomfort of the weather.

The grove meeting at Weirs has become one of our established institutions, and it brings summer appreciably nearer to read that the programme for next July is already being planned.

Dr. Simeon Gilbert, after giving the last twenty years of his life to the service of the *Advance*, has now retired from the editorship of that journal. Dr. Gilbert has given himself to his editorial work with great earnestness, ability, and devotion.

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* has some pithy paragraphs. It says: "The man who advertises his business may or may not have an eye to righteousness, but the man who advertises his righteousness is pretty sure to have an eye to business."

The Unitarian society of Greeley, Col., deserves the congratulations it is receiving. It has paid back the last \$300 borrowed from the Church Building Loan Fund, and stands now a glad witness to the wisdom and usefulness of this form of church aid.

The *Central Christian Advocate*, in speaking of the Tuskegee Conference, says: "The influence of these conferences, elevating the social and moral standards of the Negro, ministering to his self-respect and self-support, and in many ways helping him to a higher manhood, cannot well be overestimated."

We print Mr. Dillingham's second letter from Tuskegee in regard to the Negro conference. One may judge from these interesting articles how wide-spread is the

influence of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in the Black Belt. Such an institution deserves a great deal more support than it gets.

The *Examiner*, in speaking of the attempt in Hoboken to suppress Col. Ingersoll's lecture, says: "It was learned a good while ago that the Bible and the Christian religion do not need the machinery of the law for their defence. We Baptists have never believed in persecution, whether of Baptists or of infidels. There is a better way."

The *Catholic Review* finds something in Unitarianism to emulate: "The Unitarians have a 'Mission Committee' that will not only send publications of that creed free to applicants, but they go to the additional expense of paying for advertisements in secular periodicals to tell the public so. Their desire to make known their doctrines ought to stir up Catholics with emulation."

The Boston *Herald* has devoted a good deal of attention to the pastoral letter of the Episcopalians bishops. In a recent editorial it said: "Evidently, then, Bishop Potter is a little sensible to the saving grace of ridicule at having been caught fooling with an old blunderbuss, and attempting to create a theological panic with it, as though it were a legitimate modern weapon."

The fund for the memorial to Dr. Andrew P. Peabody amounts now to something over \$3,000, of which the greater part will be put into a fund for needy students or a scholarship. This is a fitting remembrance of the ever-ready sympathy and kindness which gave Dr. Peabody so strong a hold on Harvard students. Any graduates or others who desire to increase the usefulness of this fund by their gifts may send them to Amory A. Lawrence, treasurer, 68 Chauncy Street, Boston.

Marion D. Shutter, D.D., and Rev. S. M. Crothers begin the new monthly series of "Life Studies," issued by James H. West. The one teaches trust and action, and bids us remember that a life of usefulness is a life of honor: the other tells us that there are no circumstances without their divine possibilities, and that faithful service brings with it a deathless hope. This little series deserves all the good words that have been said of it. The next number will be by Rev. W. C. Gannett.

The itinerant minister found a defender recently in one of two children. Said one to the other, "Which would you sooner be, a minister's child or an every-day man's child?" "A minister's child," was the answer. The nurse interposed, saying: "There are pleasant things and unpleasant ones in a minister's family. It is unpleasant to be always moving round and leaving your friends, for example." "Yes," was the answer; "but that doesn't matter, for it helps your geography." Methodist ministers will say "Amen!"

The Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association passed a resolution recently expressing strong approval of "the humane and efficient efforts exerted by Capt. Constant Williams, United States Army, Acting Agent of the Navajo Indians, for the relief of destitution and suffering among this deserving but unfortunate people, who, through no fault of their own, are reduced to such extreme need as to become proper subjects for aid, both from the government and the charitable public." Capt. Williams provided, at his own risk, ten thousand pounds of flour for the relief of the Navajos in their distress; but the obligation was subsequently assumed by the government.

It is seldom that a church whose pastor has just removed to another field calls another minister to its pulpit within a week after the instalment of their former pastor at his new post. But Christ Church, Dorchester, has just achieved this distinction. Its devoted and beloved pastor, Rev. W. R. Lord, was called to Unity Church, St. Paul. The installation services took place February 27, and were recorded in last week's *Register*. The Monday following, March 4, at a meeting of Christ Church an account of the installation services at St. Paul was read to a sympathetic and interested audience. At the same meeting a call was extended to Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge of Harvard, Mass. One reason of this promptness was that the effort to obtain a successor to Mr. Lord began a

month before his departure, and no one was more interested than he that the church should promptly find the right man.

Pro and Con.

NICHOLAS TILLINGHAST.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In J. W. C.'s review of "Potter's Lectures and Sermons," by Francis E. Abbot, Ph.D., in the *Register* of February 28, is a mistake in the name of the first principal of the Bridgewater State Normal School, which was Nicholas Tillinghast instead of Nathaniel. Having seen the same mistake in print a few years ago, I think it should be corrected.

Mr. Tillinghast married for his second wife Ruby H. Potter, sister of the late Rev. W. J. Potter.

By making this correction in your columns, you will oblige

ONE OF HIS GRATEFUL PUPILS.

THE SAN DIEGO CHURCH.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Your readers are aware of the great calamity that has befallen the Unitarian society in San Diego, Cal., in the loss by fire of its beautiful church. The struggles and sacrifices of years on its part, the generosity of the Women's Alliance, the American Unitarian Association, and Eastern friends, have not been consumed in the flames. The society will live, and do its work.

But it is homeless. It must have another and a suitable home. No word of appeal for help has reached my eye. Knowing the value of the place and the work that has been done there, no formal plea for help should be needed. The situation pleads for itself.

B. F. McDANIEL.

CLOTHING FOR ARMENIAN REFUGEES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Earnest appeals from trustworthy persons are coming daily from Armenia for aid for the refugees from the districts where the terrible massacre took place. The refugees are mostly men, as the girls and women were brutally killed by the soldiery. The entire family sewing is done by the hands of the women in the Armenian home, and now that their clever hands are gone there is special need. No ready garments are on sale in their little villages; and, even if there were, they have no money left to buy them. They are sorrowful, homeless, wanderers, suffering from cold and poverty, with no hope of bettering their condition for months to come.

Arrangements have been made by which clothing, second hand or new, for men and boys, can be sent from here to Constantinople at a moderate rate. If persons having garments that they are willing to give for this cause will mail a postal card with name and address to Mr. M. H. Gulesian, 16 Waltham Street, he will send a man to get them.

It is hoped that an ever-generous public will give a quick and warm response to this appeal.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

S. J. BARROWS.

Boston.

DENOMINATIONAL ADDRESSES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

A series of denominational addresses having been given recently in the Arlington church, and the practice of having such addresses in our liberal churches having been criticised by a correspondent in a recent number of the *Register*, I should like to say a word in favor of them.

The addresses in Arlington excited the interest of the entire Protestant community. The large congregations showed that the people want to know what the different churches stand for. A great many members of other churches attended the entire series. At the last service, when an address on Unitarianism was given, there was a good attendance of the people of other churches, in spite of very stormy weather. The message of Unitarianism was probably heard by many who had not heard it before. This, however, is not the main point. For the meetings were planned, as I take it such meetings ought always to be planned, not primarily to secure a hearing for Unitarianism from otherwise unwilling ears, but

to offer an opportunity to the people to hear the different interpretations of Christianity expounded from the inside by men who believe them. And the fact that no other church thus opens its pulpit to men of different creeds is the very reason why we ought to do it. If we do not do it, what claim have we on the name "liberal"? The world does not believe that there is such a thing as a church so liberal that it is ready to hear all sides, and so fearless that it invites examination, and fears only evasion and equivocation. But is not that just the kind of church we Unitarians want to build up? And is it not incumbent upon us to set an example in such matters? We have enough of the Christianity that will hear no side but its own. Now let us have a little of the Christianity that is not merely willing, but anxious, to hear all sides.

Undoubtedly there are some dangers and evils in these courses of denominational addresses. The danger most to be feared is that of fostering the mistaken idea that intellectual belief is the supreme thing in religion.

Another danger is that of evasion and equivocation on the part of those giving the addresses. No Unitarian should be guilty of this, for honesty of thought and speech are "nominated in the bond" of our faith. And, if the Orthodoxy presented at such times is different from the popular Orthodoxy, the reasons for its being so are none of our affair.

The course of addresses in Arlington did much good; and the experiment is, I believe, worth a trial by more of our churches.

FREDERIC GILL.

Arlington, Mass.

SHORT PASTORATES!

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

We rejoice at such reports as that on "Long Pastorates," by "A. M. B." in a recent issue. Alas! there is another side to the story. And I ask, Why is it we do not have more "long pastorates"? Is it because we do not have more John W. Chadwicks and George M. Bartols, or is it because we do not have more parishes like the Brooklyn and Lancaster parishes? I fear there is fault on both sides.

Not a million miles beyond the moon there is a Unitarian parish of which the following is the best that can be said, I fear. Organized September, 1847, it called its first pastor, Rev. —, Oct. 15, 1847. He remained to Oct. 15, 1849. Church was without a pastor until Jan. 1, 1851, when Rev. — began his ministry, which lasted to Jan. 1, 1852. Church was without pastors from that date to Sept. 22, 1852, at which time Rev. — began his pastorate, which lasted to Jan. 1, 1855. Church was without pastors from Jan. 1, 1855, to Nov. 17, 1856. Called at that time Rev. —, who served until March 27, 1861. Church was closed from March 27, 1861, to April 13, 1862, from which date had "occasional supplies" until March, 1863. Rev. — was settled from March, 1863, to April, 1865. Church was closed one year to March, 1866. Rev. — was settled from April, 1866, to July 1, 1867. The next minister, another Rev. —, began his work June 19, 1872, and closed it Oct. 18, 1873. Church candidate from October, 1873, to August, 1874. Rev. — served as pastor from August, 1874, to June, 1875. Rev. — settled in Dec. 16, 1875, and served until June 1, 1879. Church was closed from June 1, 1879, to Feb. 28, 1882. Rev. — served from this date until June 1, 1887. Church candidate until April 1, 1888. Rev. — was pastor from April 1, 1888, to April 1, 1890. Church candidate from April, 1890, to April, 1891. Rev. — settled April 1, 1891, and was unsettled June 1, 1892. Church candidate until Nov. 1, 1892, when Rev. All-none Too-good began his ministry, which closed Feb. 1, 1895.

A study of the above facts shows the following results. Church has been in existence a trifle over forty-seven years. It has had thirteen ministers in all, and their pastorates aggregate twenty-nine years and one month, which leaves about eighteen years spent in candidating, hearing supplies, or with church doors closed. The average pastorate has been less than two years and three months.

"Can any other church make a similar showing?" ALL-NONE TOO-GOOD.

For the *Christian Register*.
ON A MIDWINTER RAINBOW.

BY BURTON M. BALCH.

O winter, from thy blast has all hope fled?
Is every quick'ning thought beneath a pall
Laid, like the gay-hued foliage of fall,
Dull, sodden, and despaired? Is fancy dead?
The winds wail wildly, and within its bed
Each stream is ice-locked. Winter witches call
Through solemn grove, now but a wind-swept
hall.
The fields with rime are rigid. Hope is dead.

"Hope lives" is written in the winter sky.
Illumed with the sunset's roseate hue,
An arching bow of violet and blue
And all the spectrum colors, and behind
Its pale companion shadow, greet the eye,
God's lasting promise unto humankind.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

V.

It is the mark of a vulgar mind to estimate all things by the standard of a coarse utility. Such a person ranks the hen above the humming-bird.

Geometry is the science of forms in space. Algebra is the science of motions in time. Psychology is the science of forms and motions in consciousness. Logic is the science of the structure of knowledge, the science of the functional forms of the mind.

Grace is the unresisting obedience of the physical tenement to the spiritual tenant.

Art is the revelation of the rational to the sensitive. What philosophy abstractly demonstrates, art concretely exhibits.

Why do so few gather the ripe fruits of wisdom? Because looking on is easier than planting, and harvesting is harder than either.

There are three supreme safeguards against pessimism. They are various employment, a beloved companion, faith in God. Either of these, if earnestly improved, ends in our reconciliation to life. With all three in experience the problem of reconciliation exists not, but has vanished in the joy of varied uses and the constant revelations of progress.

It requires great art to deceive a man without lying to him, but no art at all to lie to him without deceiving him.

One who has a sense of fitness is often tempted at a fashionable party to ask, "Is the music an accompaniment to the conversation here, or is the conversation an accompaniment to the music?"

When politicians are asked ethical questions, they are pretty sure to bungle badly in their replies. "What is merit?" was once demanded of Lord Palmerston. He answered, "The opinion one man has of another." This, plainly, is a gross blunder; for that opinion may be utterly erroneous. The merit of any man is the true measure of his worth. It is not the chance opinion another entertains concerning him, but it is the estimate he deserves to have formed of him in accordance with the facts of his character and conduct. Public opinion is only a measure assigned to our merit. The merit itself is what we are in the sight of God. He whose vices outweigh his virtues has a balance of demerit, and therefore merits blame and penalty in place of praise and reward. The equation for the sum of our merits and demerits is the universal reaction justly due to our personal action. Surely, this is something quite distinct from "the opinion one man has of another."

NO HOPE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

The more we admire and love and expect and strive for, the greater our energy and happiness. The loss of enthusiasms bequeath not peace, but torpor or irritation and despair. We can be disenchanted into indifference or into contempt, but not into calm. There is nothing fuller of enchantment than calm. The departure of eager admirations and aspirations never heralds the entrance of love and repose, but it precedes the advent of hate on the heels of resentful disappointment. The old stoicism which began as a lofty scorn for the things most coveted by mankind ended in the cynicism which was an angry bitterness toward mankind themselves. Nothing can make good to us the decay of any cherished ideal except the replacement of it by the birth of a better one. True wisdom and true blessedness follow only that united act of faith and hope and love which steadily believes that the best which is conceivable in thought is destined to be actualized in ex-

perience. If the ideal good which man so vividly feels, and so intensely desires to see converted into reality, be forever unattainable, then a sardonic mockery is organized in the very centre of his being. To believe this is to be an atheist or a diabolist. For faith in God is identical with faith in Perfection. The real must be reconcilable with the Best. We should be superior to God if we could think of something better than that which God has thought. And it is impossible that what God has thought should be non-existent.

THE TUSKEGEE CONFERENCE.

BY REV. PITT DILLINGHAM.

II.

Let us now turn for a moment to the workers' conference of Thursday. Some seventy-five colored teachers were present, and perhaps twenty-five white teachers, for the most part principals of various large schools in the South. Dr. Frissell of Hampton presided, and opened the conference by saying that each school had its own particular work, and that the forenoon would be occupied in getting short reports from the twenty or thirty schools represented, the afternoon would be given to the discussion of subjects. Mr. Washington was called upon to strike a key-note, and say something for Tuskegee. He declared that the real problem of Tuskegee was the real problem of the South,—how to get close to the people. The danger of a great institution was in getting separated from the daily life round about. Tuskegee therefore tries to start local farmers' conferences. It has a women's meeting every week, in the neighboring town of Tuskegee; and those who come to market to stand or sit and smoke and gossip the day away are taken into a hall, and given practical talks on cabin and farm life. Tuskegee now has in its Bible Training School the ministers of the neighborhood, both colored and white, some coming to learn, others coming to teach. Our stress is upon the industrial side of life, but the rivalry between the industrial and academic department is generous. We are trying, above all, to put brain and dignity into common occupations. With the coming of the new inventions the Negro is in danger of losing his old work. Four-fifths of the girls here have been helped by the work of their mothers at the wash-tub: what part of the new kind of laundrying done by steam and electricity will the Negro have? The barber-shops in the North are already lost. The Negro knows how to whitewash; but can he become a house decorator? The old mammy got her living as a nurse: can the Negro become a modern trained nurse? Let us not forget that on the farms and at these homely occupations the masses must earn their living. Can we help them to do it?

Dr. Saterfield of the Scotia School for Girls in North Carolina gave an interesting account of his attempt to make the home fundamental, to train his three hundred or five hundred girls for better home life. "Into all our industrial work," he said, "we put the domestic idea; but we are not sending servants North, we are not manufacturing servants: we are not making followers, but leaders, people who can make their own homes."

Mrs. Logan of Tuskegee at this point made a deeply earnest plea for the children. "The various institutions," she said, "were looking after everything else, how to care for pigs and chickens and colts; but who was to prepare the colored mother for her greatest responsibility?"

The next report was from Berea College, Kentucky, and was given by Prof. Dodge. Berea stands alone in its successful education of whites and blacks together. It has a full college course, as well as primary and preparatory courses, and also a model school for teachers in its normal course. Said Prof. Dodge: "The Negro must be taught something besides common labor. We must have no caste system in education: the door must be kept open to the college chair and the seat in Congress."

Bennett College of North Carolina reported its first aim to be Christian education, its second to be intellectual training. Prof. Silsby, treasurer for Talladega, reported similar aims, and showed a large amount of missionary work being done by the students of Talladega.

President Johns of Clark University

made a brief report of their preparatory college and normal courses, and laid special stress on the industrial side. Two hours are given every afternoon to manual training. Two of the students, or graduates, have recently put a steam plant into Spellman Seminary. The inspector from St. Louis declared this work first-class; and Clark steam-fitters and plumbers are especially busy, and have all the contracts they can fill.

At the close of the morning conference Mr. Simpson, the white planter from Snow Hill, was once more called upon, this time to speak of the educational work he was engaged in on his plantation. With the help of money from white patrons the public school term had been increased, the white people were opening their eyes and becoming interested. "We should work," said Mr. Simpson, "for the co-operation of the Southern whites. It can be had. Don't drive them away. Bring them to see it all. It is a mistake to suppose that the whites want the ignorant Negro: they want the trained and thrifty Negro."

Miss Georgie Washington, a graduate of Hampton, described her interesting work at Mt. Meigs, how she had gained the co-operation of the white people and raised \$300 to buy three acres of land and build a school-house. The school-house proving too small, the neighboring church was now the school; and she was hoping before long to be able to adequately house two hundred children.

Miss Bowin, another graduate of Hampton, spoke of a work truly remarkable in another part of Mt. Meigs. During the ten years of Miss Bowin's work she has collected \$800 a year from the Negroes, making \$8,000 in all.

Mr. Kingston of the Reformed Presbyterian church described the work at Selma, especially the religious character of it. No scholars were allowed to come in who were not church-goers. Attendance was much cut down by this. Much was done in the way of committing Bible verses, so that children of six and eight years old, he said, had a better knowledge of the Bible than the preachers.

The Montgomery Industrial School was well and interestingly represented by Miss Beard. This school is strong on its practical side. Miss Tapley described the work done for girls at Spellman Seminary. Fiske University was represented by Prof. Harris. He told the story of the work of the graduates, one of them winning a Ph.D. at Berlin, and described the newly formed sociological club which is giving special attention to vital statistics in the city of Nashville. Fisk University goes in for the higher training, and puts no emphasis on industry.

The colored school at Calhoun was represented by Mr. Dillingham, who is acting as principal of the school on account of the illness of Miss Thorn, who has recently been compelled to go North; also by Miss Showers, the head of the academic department, and by Mr. Lemon, who has charge of the Calhoun farm. Stress was put upon the fact that Calhoun was essentially not a school in the old sense, but a settlement among the plantation Negroes, aiming to identify itself with the life about it, and to touch that life on all sides.

A distinguished visitor from the North, Miss Dawes, daughter of Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, begged all the smaller schools present not to try to become great institutions, and laid effective emphasis on the way in which the small school is needed to supplement the work of the large one. She also besought the Negro to drop his self-consciousness, to forget social distinctions.

The afternoon discussion of subjects took up Mr. Washington's problem of how to greaten and dignify common things. Mr. Washington thought that, if geometry was taught a boy, it ought to show itself in straight corn-rows. Again, he said: "We people in the South are a hungry people: the colored people are underfed. If we study chemistry, then let it show itself in forty bushels of corn to the acre."

Another question discussed was how to keep in contact with the graduates. There is danger that the alumni of the large schools may get discouraged and go to pieces. A friendly letter, above all a visitor from the school, means more than can be measured.

The last subject of discussion was the question of how to overcome prejudice be-

tween the whites and the blacks. Prof. Patterson, colored man, professor of the normal school, Montgomery, said that in Montgomery enemies had been turned into staunch friends by working together in business. Says another: "Let us avoid the social question of equality, teach manhood; and, as fast as merit shows up, prejudice will break down. There is prejudice on both sides. Keep out of politics, make any concession consistent with manhood. Let white men know you are glad you are a Negro. Don't push, but be proud of your blood."

One man described the union of whites and blacks in Greenborough in voting for a good mayor. Afterward the whites assisted in raising \$500 for the extension of the school term.

Mr. Washington had a word on commercial intercourse as the great battering-ram to bring down social prejudice.

A certain editor in this place has grown broader since all his copy began to pass through the hands of a colored boy. This editor now sometimes sends copy to be filled in by this colored boy.

Another man added that sectional lines were defaced by the feet of those crossing the lines. Let the Negro get rid of his own prejudice and self-consciousness.

Thus closed the farmers' and the workers' conference of 1895.

There is no space left to speak of the meeting held Wednesday evening in the school chapel (may Tuskegee soon get a chapel adequate to its needs, and entirely safe for such occasions). The visitors from the North had opportunity to see on this occasion all the students of the institute, and hear them sing plantation songs. Addresses were made by Rev. George L. Chaney, by Dr. H. B. Frissell of Hampton, Dr. Saterfield of Scotia, Prof. Dodge of Berea, Mr. Dillingham of Calhoun, and others.

How impossible for one coming to Tuskegee for the first time to give an adequate account of these two days! They meant to all present the new South, the industrial South, the new education.

At the workers' conference nothing was more noticeable than the way in which modern industrial education is taking the lead, and modifying the old-fashioned, so-called higher training for the Negro. There was generous feeling all around, however; and doubtless the older institutions have something of a task on their hands in blocking too hasty a rush toward mere trade-school ideas.

As to the farmers' conference, it was the willingness of the Negro to know and state the worst about himself, his refusal to waste any time in talking up his grievances, his coming sense of self-dependence, his singular mingling of patience and hope, and, I must add, the humor with which he views his situation. Very sadly and grimly in earnest at one moment these men seemed to be, the next moment there was a flash and roar of laughter. Some of our friends from the North were much shocked by this, and undoubtedly it means a light mind and quickly shifting emotions; but, for my part, I should like to see a little of that humor in the North. It is a saving break in the stress of life down here: without it there would be uprisings and social chaos. With it there is hope, and the balance, the soundness, of the man who can laugh. As I see the farmers' conference riding away on muleback, over those unspeakable Alabama roads, into the gathering darkness of that Wednesday night, I bless the Negro for his irresistible and inextinguishable laughter.

AUGUSTUS CHAPMAN MERRIAM.

BY PROF. J. IRVING MANATT, LL.D.

Dr. Augustus C. Merriam, Professor of Greek Archaeology in Columbia College, died at Athens on the 20th of January, and was buried the next day in the cemetery beyond the Ilissos, where Schliemann sleeps.

Prof. Merriam had gone to spend his Sabbatical year in the land of his loving studies; and it was a cold contracted on the Acropolis, in pursuit of those studies, that passed into pneumonia, and cost his life. The Athenian press has found no words too warm or strong to speak his praises, and estimate his services to archaeology and to Greece. And all these tributes are well bestowed. He held a high place

among American Hellenists, and as an editor made valuable contributions to our apparatus of Greek study. More than that, he had become an independent authority in at least one department of archaeological research; namely, epigraphy. The foundation of this special scholarship was laid firm and strong during his year (1887-88) at the head of the American school at Athens,—a year memorable for one of the most brilliant achievements of the American spade in Greece.

On his way to Athens Merriam had visited the historian Curtius at Berlin. Curtius told him that Dr. Milchhöfer—a special student of Attic topography—had just found an important inscription bearing on the site of Ikaria, the birthplace of Attic tragedy, and advised Merriam to follow up the clew. Accordingly, excavations were undertaken on the spot known as *sto Dionysio*, behind Pentelicus, and not far from Marathon; and, as a result, not only was the site of Ikaria absolutely determined, but there was brought to light a mass of inscriptions, sculptures, and architectural remains of high value and (some of them) of unique interest. The writer, who visited Ikaria two years ago, and studied on the spot the literature of the subject, is not singular in his belief that for many years past no more interesting section of antiquity has been uncovered anywhere than this which Dr. Merriam (ably supported by Dr. Carl D. Buck, now of Chicago University) revealed to the modern world. There, in a mountain glen (twelve hundred feet above sea-level), through which ripples a clear brook, overhung by ivy-mantled plane-trees, until it drops down a precipice of sixty feet into a lower dell,—with the nightingales in full choir at high noon, as we found them,—Ikarian Thespis came honestly by his inspiration; and, if one were seeking an ideal scene for the dawn of the new art, here of all places in Attica he would find it. Merriam's spade vindicated the eternal fitness of things, and added another to the fascinating certainties of old Attic topography. Before him the name Ikaria was a vagrant,—mapped everywhere except where it belonged; and it is provoking enough, three years after his absolute demonstration, to find an English historian of Greek literature, Mahaffy, still putting the deme of Thespis on the borders of Megara. Not that any living man, acquainted with the facts, doubts the demonstration: it is only an instance of *ὀφθαλμία*, of which no scholar should be guilty.

The discoverer of Ikaria was more than a "grub": he was master of a rare literary style, and nowhere does this find happier use than in his report on the topography and traditions of the ancient deme. That report, if shorn of some matters of detail, would be worthy a place among our school classics.

Dr. Merriam was an ardent Philhellene, not only in his classical enthusiasm, but in his sympathy with the struggling nation of to-day. And, if his last hours were not unconscious, there must have been a singular pathos in his death. For at the moment Athens was on the verge, if not in the very throes, of civil war; and it would appear from the Athenian press that nothing but the timely and spirited intervention of the crown prince (who is also head of the army) saved the capital and the country from scenes of blood and carnage.

His funeral was from the American school and the English church; and all the archaeologists of Athens—Greek, German, and English, as well as American—followed him to his last resting-place, above the Ilissos, where four years ago Dr. Schliemann was laid to rest. There Dörpfeld, Gardner, and Richardson, of the three foreign schools, paid their tributes; and the Greek ephor-general, Kabbadias, pronounced a eulogy, closing with these words: "The Attic soil, which guards the dust of Otfried Müller, of Lenormant, and of Schliemann, shall welcome and keep thee, too, Merriam, in peace."

His Sabbatical year proves longer than he dreamed; and enviable is his resting-place in Agræ, where Artemis first bent bow in the chase, and where the level morning shadows of Hymettus fall. But one place had been more fit,—by the rippling brook of Ikaria, where still in the branches of the ivy-mantled plane

"The Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

Brown University.

FROM LONDON.

This English world was never more interesting than to-day. Yet it is a little difficult to focus the movements that are so suggestive. They lie around 'on every hand. The changes are all along the line of life. All barks seem sinking to another sea.

Nothing, however, is more manifest than the pressure of social necessities, considerations, and sentiments. Whether the humaner feeling and experimenting be the offspring of situations before which people may well stand aghast, it would be too curious to inquire. Fortunately, the problems of common life are more clearly perceived than ever before by such large numbers in England, and are being grappled with in a certain refreshing newness of spirit. One could almost say that the time of the indifferent individual atoms has past, and that this firm pressure of all the material, mental, and moral forces is making us into something more consciously solid and brotherly.

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings."

The other day some of Abou Ben Adhem's tribe met at Toynbee Hall. They were men of the more scholarly and ecclesiastical type of humanizers. They start from sweetness and light. They fly the flag of culture. They are socialists, nevertheless. Some are priests; some, archdeacons; some, bishops, with quite respectable legs well-gaited; some, laymen, veterans and youth; nearly all, university men. And they came to discuss and resolve upon other University Settlements like Toynbee Hall for the salvation of the living human soul in all our large towns, like Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, etc. Socialism is just as real when advocated by such as these as when belabored by a mountebank before a growling mob. In neither presentment is it entirely satisfactory to the spirit critical. But, on the whole, that spirit prefers this æsthetic school to that of bluster, denunciation, and noise. Here thought is soberer, the situation seen in all its formidableness, and the patience rather than the impatience of hope much more manifest.

The University Settlement ideal is good. To build and beautifully furnish a splendid club-house right in the slums, where the sons of Dives may live some weeks or months in the year, and thus learn how Lazarus, with his innumerable progeny, fares in this London, or this Liverpool, or this money-breeding Birmingham of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, does seem a possible, a real means of grace. It is a bridge across the chasm between social extremes. Without the slightest discomfort one class may see in what discomfort the other class are obliged to live. And, as most men have the sensibility of the eye,—are touched by the things they see,—the probability is that sympathy will be called out, that effort will follow, that friendliness will be established, and also that confidence of the poor in the rich, of the ignorant in the cultured, will be evoked. This is the general outline and outlook of the endeavor. It is a worthy enterprise in many or most respects; and yet it has very perceptible limits, and, like almost all our doings, its seamy side.

A good many things came out at Toynbee Hall Conference. Canon Barnett, who presided, emphasized that much was to be learned by those who came to reside in such halls of residence. A forceful, earnest speaker, who seemed to have the gist of the whole human matter in him, himself at the head of a University Settlement, pointed out what were the things our golden youth who condescended to live amid men of low estate needed to learn, even before they came,—certainly before their coming would benefit others or even themselves. They needed to learn that they must put away their sense of superiority,—the consciousness of their superiority in material abundance, of their superior mental culture, and, above all, their great sense of moral superiority. All that this speaker said betrayed, did not try to cover, the fact that he was considerably aware of priggishness of divers sorts on the part of some who came to dwell æsthetically amid the lowly. This must be expected, for many of those who come are fledglings only.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said of this University Settlement movement, evidently growing among us, is that, like many other agencies, it keeps attention

turned in the right direction. It is evidently discounted by the fact that all who come must be such short-timers,—a year or two after leaving college or before marriage, then rising up to the kind of heaven whence they came. Few become life heroes or martyrs to the good of the have-nots. To live among our social opposites, and to continue to live among them for them, would bring the blessing now but timidly sought. When the fashion of this thing rises to that passion, we shall have truer brotherhood. "Who is able for these things?" Able or not able, we shall come to them. Even now God is pouring his strength into our weakness.

Last Sunday Unitarianism began to interpret itself simultaneously to all London and its suburbs. It doth not yet appear what the result will be. Every house in the vicinity of our churches, perhaps for a mile around, was bombarded with a set-forth of how we came to be, and where in the great theosophical world we are. I have had some unexploded bombs returned with the crushingly "strange device" quite legible upon them, "*Unappreciated*." I hope Mr. Crowther will not despair when he learns that one of these rejected missiles is "The Faith of a Free Church"; for it is, notwithstanding its sending back, altogether admirable. Mrs. P. writes to say that she should be much obliged if the "Channing Hall Unitarians would cease leaving pamphlets and papers" at her house, "as she is not a Unitarian, and does not care to receive them." Mrs. S. gives her written assurance that she has no desire to follow us in our "quest after a new religion." Well, it is something to be made aware of so slight a reaction. What the remote effect of our simultaneous rising-up in explanation is a matter of surmise. "The worst policy possible. They will hate us worse than ever," says one. "We are sowing seed that will germinate after a time," says another. "It is the right thing to do," chimes in the third. "I don't think so," says sententious fourth. All the same, we are in the midst of it,—the forward movement. The bitter cold of the first onset last Sunday, February 10, prevented even many of the elect coming to hear their own ministers. Not only their water-pipes, but their theological zeal was frozen up. We hope for better congregations with a rise in temperature, and then—who knows? Perhaps the orthodox admiral will think it best, like Admiral Ting, to offer us all a bag of tricks and capitulate utterly, if we will, like Admiral Ito, guarantee the lives of all old-fashioned believers, and of such Unitarians as, for one reason or another, may be found in nominally orthodox camps. Peace on these terms may not come so early as the middle of March, but on these terms it eventually comes to our liberal Christian churches.

Now, dear American friends, kind attention all round, *if you please*! The editor of our London *Inquirer*—bless him!—with a splendid audacity suggests that perhaps you, the readers of my queer letters in the *Register* this quarter of a century or so, wouldn't mind following your kindly enduring appreciation into an historical act of love and praise. Only last week this bold John Bull of an editor—the mildest of all bulls that were ever pastured on this earth—actually submitted to all England that he "should not be surprised if American friends who read these lines, and who have these many years enjoyed Mr. Farrington's correspondence to the *Christian Register*, should mail him [we believe that is the correct phrase] substantial thanksgivings and good wishes." How easy it is for all one's natural and acquired meekness to submit to such "timely happy, timely wise" suggestion! Americans have done much for London churches. Go to St. Margaret's at Westminster, and before Archdeacon Farrar carries you away in the spirit see the beautiful windows American friends have placed in that Parliamentary church. Well, here at Richmond an old Boston boy, son of a Washington Street carpenter, is doing his level best to build a beautiful church for a liberal Christian congregation, in perhaps the most charming suburb of London. Is anybody disposed to "mail" him "substantial" aid? To our new church are to be two towers. Shall one of them be the American Tower,—built from base to summit with American good will transmuted into contributions for that end? If anybody at Concord, N.H., East Bridgewater, Mass., Janesville, Wis., Ger-

mantown, Pa., or wherever your readers are scattered forth, is moved by either Auld Lang Syne or by other kind prompting, let him or her not resist that influence. After the present Richmond minister has finished his work and gone his way, I imagine that other American preachers will have a welcome prepared for them here, and will, if this audacity builds its tower, rejoice to go in and out beside it as by the Gate Beautiful.

S. F.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE AND ITS OBLIGATIONS.

BY REV. W. H. FISH.

The Unitarian denomination has recently taken a seemingly "new departure" toward a hoped-for more auspicious future than even their best past; and there has been generally manifested a much increased devotion and consecration to the advancement of the general cause, both in a spiritual and practical way. This improved state of things was, no doubt, largely brought about by the influence of the National Conference held last September at Saratoga, with its marvellous unity of spirit and of enthusiasm for "the religion of Jesus," the chief requirement of which is the love of God and love of man as the bond of union. Beforehand some division was apprehended, but it did not come; and nearly all, if not quite all, were practically of one mind and heart. It was wise to make "the religion of Jesus," rather than any theological or Christological speculations, the basis of fellowship and co-operation; and now what greater, better result than we have ever before witnessed may we not reasonably anticipate?

In proportion to its relative size the Unitarian denomination has been—if it be not now—the richest denomination in Massachusetts. But in its early days it was too much afraid of being thought sectarian and proselyting to do much or to give much money to extend its faith and influence, satisfied to remain at home and enjoy Boston and Cambridge as its most peaceful and happy centre, and almost circumference, not presuming to go abroad to see the people,—especially *uninvited*! It could not impolitely introduce itself widely into new regions to diffuse its light; and I have preached it and circulated its literature in many a town where it was hardly heard of before, not even through the writings of its great representative, Dr. Channing. Fifty years ago and later on the denomination usually gave some six or eight thousand dollars for its common purposes, including its missionary work; but in 1865 the proposition was suddenly sprung upon them—to their surprise—by the National Conference assembled in New York City, in the noble Dr. Bellows's church, to advance and try to raise \$100,000. And it was done with ease. That was the era of a great and memorable awakening and working, presently, let us hope, to be followed by a similar contribution. That \$100,000 contribution of 1865 had to be contributed largely, of course, by the very rich and prospering classes, as these have usually had the largest inheritances, the best positions and opportunities in the business world for making money, and are often specially favored by some good fortune,—for all of which, if they have only been honest and honorable, they may well be glad and grateful; but now, having the money, and much more of it, in many cases, than they know how to use in selfish ways, and as much of their property, perhaps, is to go to unknown and unworthy heirs, or in various cases to be lost in bad investments, is it not the dictate of wisdom and benevolence for them to distribute it generously where they *know* it will be wisely used and do good? And, if they are genuine Unitarians, the favored and happy believers in the good God and Father of all, in Christ and his gospel of "peace on earth and good will to men," and in the immortal life and the final triumph of good over evil, when "God will be all in all," what less or better can they do than to aid munificently in sending these good tidings of great joy throughout the world, to bless and cheer it with larger hope and diviner life?

In 1865, I think, there were a few single individuals or families who gave \$1,000 or \$1,500 each, and perhaps more; and it will have to be the same this year, if the hoped-for and anticipated \$100,000 is raised. But, then, what is even such a sum out of the

several millions possessed by not a few Unitarian families? Enough, of course, for the denomination to appreciate and be grateful for, but not enough for many of the benevolent donors to miss. And it should be a grateful pleasure that by giving generously they thus help the good cause and make lighter the burdens of the less favored, who have little money to give, but, nevertheless, give according to their ability.

And why may not the contribution of 1894-95 equal that of 1865, and then the general cause be pushed forward in the earnestness and enthusiasm awakened at Saratoga; the many unemployed ministers, if devoted and faithful, put into open fields for work; old and feeble churches strengthened and encouraged, and, where practicable, new ones formed, to the good of all interested? And, if the Unitarian faith is of God, certainly too much cannot be hoped from it,—so full of promise is it, both for the life that now is and for that which is to come; nor can too much be done for it. In those who fully believe it, it inspires a hope bounded only by the possibilities of the universe and the infinite Wisdom and Love presiding over and ruling it for a glorious end through the spiritual laws of evolution.

But, though only the rich can be expected to give money generously, how many more than at present would be able to give commendably, were it not for their delusion that cigars and stimulating drinks are among the necessities of life, and that they must spare enough money for these at any rate! One man told me, not long since, that his cigar bill amounted to \$600 annually,—a shameful and wicked waste of money, all puffed out in smoke, and when so many are suffering for the necessities of life! Fortunate is it that our Unitarian women cannot be called upon to give up such indulgences, that they may save money to give to the cause they specially love! But, then, there may possibly be some ways in which even many women may save money to contribute to a good cause, and only by giving up some superfluous luxuries. Perhaps a thousand women, in our combined churches might devise ways in the line suggested of saving a few thousands of dollars to send to the American Unitarian Association. Suppose a class of them should send out a circular with a plan proposing this, headed by a subscription of \$1,000 or more, if the women be rich; and, if not, the circular and plan alone might be fruitful of greatly good results!

But then, as much as the Unitarian Association needs money to carry out its large and generous plans for the promotion and extension of the great cause it represents, there is, nevertheless, a much greater need than money to make that cause the great liberal Christian, really catholic power and influence it should be throughout the country, and even the world. That need is a ministry and people with an inspired and inspiring faith in the Unitarian gospel and a grateful appreciation of it, with an enthusiasm for religion and humanity, and a united co-operation in plans and efforts to build up a church worthy the name of Unitarian and Christian, distinguished not mainly for its ethical culture, its æsthetic taste and refinements, and its social distinction, but much more for its religion,—its reasonable, spiritual, practical religion, "the religion of Jesus," the love of God and man. Henceforth the Unitarian Church should be what the Roman Church professes to be, but is not,—a truly catholic or universal church, with no such qualifying, limiting adjective as Roman, or any other. Channing eloquently says: "There is a grander church than any particular ones, however extensive,—the Church catholic or universal, spread through all lands, and one with the Church in heaven. Within this church are joined those whom different names have severed and still sever. We hear nothing of Greek, Roman, English churches, but of Christ's Church only. It asks not, Who has baptized us, whose passport we carry, whose badge we wear? If baptized by the Holy Ghost, its wide gates are open to us."

A BAPTIST HERETIC.

THE CASE OF PROF. C. W. WOODWORTH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Examiner of February 28 and 24 gives a detailed account of the expulsion of Prof. Charles W. Woodworth and W. C. Maxwell, a student of the uni-

versity, from the First Baptist Church of Berkeley:—

Prof. Charles W. Woodworth of the University of California and W. C. Maxwell, a student at the university, have both been expelled from the First Baptist Church of Berkeley on account of charges of heterodoxy preferred against them by the pastor, Rev. W. C. Learned, and Deacons A. F. Eldrich and W. F. Clark.

Charles W. Woodworth has been Professor of Entomology at the State University for three years. He is a man of profound scholarship and a recognized authority in his branch of science. He has been active in ethical and religious work in Berkeley, and until last Sunday was superintendent of the Sunday-school at the First Baptist Church.

The story of his conflict with the pastor and the deacons and a portion of the members of the church involves differences of belief touching the Bible, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, and the efficacy of baptism.

Some time ago a university student, W. C. Maxwell, a member of Rev. Learned's church, began to express opinions in religious circles and elsewhere that were regarded by church members as heterodox in their nature. Finally, the young dissenter was brought before the pastor and deacons, and was called upon to answer charges of heresy.

The declaration of faith adopted by the Baptist church of Berkeley was read to him, and he gave his views on its teachings.

The pastor and the deacons were very much concerned; but they agreed that Maxwell's heterodoxy was the result of university teachings, and they prayed earnestly that he might see the error of his way and return to the orthodox fold. They were inclined to be patient with the student; but they told him that, unless he could ultimately see things in a different light, he could not belong to the Baptist Church in this world nor be numbered with the blessed in the next.

It was at this point that the Sunday-school superintendent, Prof. Woodworth, became involved in the controversy over the reputed heresies of the student.

Prof. Woodworth talked with the young man, asked him questions touching the salient points of Christianity, and came to the conclusion that, while the student was liberal and progressive, he was not a heretic. In defence of Maxwell the university professor made that statement to the pastor and deacons; but they produced the declaration of faith and compared it with the student's convictions, saying that the tenets of the church and the beliefs of the student were hopelessly irreconcilable.

Then Prof. Woodworth declared that the Baptist Church, as represented by its best and most scholarly clergy, had outgrown the liberal belief in the old declaration of faith.

In defence of the student and to explain his own beliefs, the Sunday-school superintendent had his views published and distributed them to the members of the church. The circular reads as follows:—

OBJECTIONS TO THE WORDING OF OUR DECLARATION OF FAITH.

I maintain:

That the absence of error is only true of the spirit, and not of the matter of the Bible;

That the trinity are only three of many manifestations of God;

That the fall of man was only from a childish innocence, not from true holiness.

That the death of Jesus, like the Jewish sacrifice, only saves symbolically;

That the righteousness of faith is not imputed to us, but is faith's outward manifestation;

That the Christian's special providence consists of his new environment;

That baptism is not prerequisite to church membership nor to the Lord's Supper.

C. W. WOODWORTH.

This printed document created a sensation in the church. Meetings were called, indignant protests against the heretical circular were uttered, and Prof. Woodworth was summoned before the Sanhedrim. Prof. Woodworth's defence was courteous and dignified. He was orthodox, he maintained, but not narrow or dogmatic. The circular, he said, clearly stated his views.

Nothing Prof. Woodworth could say would appease his accusers. The verdict of the ecclesiastical council was against him; and so, instead of being able to save Student Maxwell from expulsion, both professor and student had to leave the church.

PROF. WOODWORTH SPEAKS.

In an interview with a reporter Prof. Woodworth said: "I have been driven from the Berkeley Baptist church,—not because I am heterodox, however, but because the pastor and some of the members of the church are unaware that Orthodoxy, as interpreted by the best minds in the denomination in the country, has outgrown many of the old dogmas in the declaration of faith."

Prof. Woodworth spoke of the university and of the charge made by the pastor and

members of the Baptist church that Student Maxwell's apostasy was due to the pernicious teachings of the State institution of learning.

"The University of California," said he, "is a big institution. Just what the tendencies of its teachings are would be difficult to state. Among the scientists there are as great differences in many things as among the churches. Personally, I can say that I teach evolution. It is true, and therefore I teach it. An entomologist cannot teach his science without presenting the indisputable fact of evolution any more than a physicist could teach physics and ignore the facts of vibrations.

"Instead of man being created perfect, he has been gradually evolving; and his primitive state was one of ignorance and animal innocence rather than that of holiness.

"And Christ Jesus came, not to restore man to his original unknowing innocence, but to exalt him, and to make him a perfect, rational being.

"Christ Jesus was a product of evolution, and as such is infinitely closer and dearer to common humanity than a denizen of another world, who for a brief season assumed the shape and station of man, could possibly be.

"I am a Christian,—a rational, tolerant Christian, I hope; and I am sorry I cannot be permitted to work in my chosen church."

Prof. Woodworth is a graduate of Harvard, whither he went after being graduated from the University of Arkansas. Hereafter he will attend the Congregational church of Berkeley. The expelled student, Mr. Maxwell, joined the Unitarian church in Oakland on Sunday.

Spiritual Life.

Do not think about distant events. This uneasiness about the future is unwholesome for you. We must leave to God all that depends on him, and think only of being faithful in all that depends upon ourselves. Fénelon.

For there is no seeing of the divine Countenance until the heart in its purity responds to the impression, and there is no purity of heart until the senses without and within act in deepest harmony.—Mozzomdar.

This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one which thou doest. Do one of them. This of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done.—Carlyle.

Shun all that is distracting and disquieting, both within and without. Nothing in the whole world is worth the loss of thy peace. Even the faults which thou hast committed should only humble, but not disquiet thee.—G. Tersteegen.

For myself, I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's.—Spinoza.

The fear of man brings a snare. By halting in our duty and giving back in the time of trial, our hands grow weaker, our ears grow dull as to hearing the language of the true Shepherd. So that, when we look at the way of the righteous, it seems as though it were not for us to follow them. J. Woolman.

NEBRASKA FAMINE SUFFERERS.

Acknowledgment of contributions received for their relief:—

Two friends.....	\$2.00
E. B. Cooper.....	2.00
Central Church, Yarmouth, Me.....	19.00
Rosindale Unitarian Lend a Hand Club.....	5.00
Cash.....	.15
C. L. S.....	.25
Mrs. J. M. S.....	5.00
Mrs. Nathan Dole.....	5.00
Ladies' Domestic Missionary Society, Portsmouth, N. H.....	25.00
First Unitarian Society, Exeter, N. H.....	11.00
Benj. Weatherbee.....	7.00
Miss A. W. B. (Milton).....	5.00
Cash.....	.75
Previously collected.....	937.85
	\$1,030.00

PLYMOUTH PILGRIM MEMORIAL CHURCH.

John D. Long, 5 Tremont Street, Boston, for the committee on rebuilding the above church, acknowledges receipt of the following contributions:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,198.98
Feb. 6. First Congregational Society, Lexington, Mass.....	42.50
" 7. Mrs. A. E. Powers, Lansingburg, N. Y.....	10.00
" 11. Mrs. Gordon Voorhees, Fort Walla Walla, Wash.....	5.00
" 25. Two ladies, Salem, Mass.....	15.00
" 28. Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo, N. Y., for D. H. Ranney, G. L. Williams, G. H. Howard, Helen F. Rice, and others.....	156.00
	\$2,427.46

February 28.

The Sunday School.

Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Portland, Ore., has normal classes for Sunday-school teachers every Wednesday, meeting at 4.15 and 7.30 P.M.

From Charleston, S.C., we have the following pleasant news: "Our Sunday-school, I am pleased to state, keeps up in numbers and interest, and, I trust, means substantial support for our church in the future."

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, March 16. Subject, Lesson XXV., "The Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, led by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The sixth regular meeting, twelfth season, 1894-95, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, March 18. Subject, "The Relation of the Sunday-school to Citizenship." Twenty-minute addresses will be given by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of New Bedford, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames of Boston, Mr. John O. Norris of Melrose.

The First Free Church of Tacoma, Rev. Alfred W. Martin, minister, has the following features. A five-minute sermon to children at every Sunday morning service. In the Sunday-school which follows there is a "young men's open question class," conducted by Mr. Martin. The sessions are devoted to the discussion of the morning sermon. We notice that, in this connection, there is a question box placed in the vestibule of the church. All questions of a theological or ethical character placed in this box are answered from the platform on the last Sunday of each month at the close of the service.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The Sunday School Union was addressed on March 4 by Rev. Mr. Crowe of Newark, N.J. Mr. Crowe is the pastor of a flourishing Universalist church, which has a large Sunday-school; and he gave a series of systematic, detailed answers to the question, "How shall we Make our Sunday-schools Grow?" Mr. Crowe made four principal points. 1. The Sunday-school must be thoroughly and efficiently organized. A tireless superintendent, small classes, many teachers and officials, weekly cabinet meetings, much supervision, and numerous devices are indispensable. 2. The teachers must be faithful. They must be on time every time, with lessons prepared and with respect for the occasion. 3. The work must be interesting to boys and girls, no matter whether it is to the teachers or not. There must be orderly movement and variety in the exercises. There must be great simplicity and earnestness in the teaching, close personal contact in the classes, and plenty to do. 4. The life of the Sunday-school must be one with the life of the church, close to it in time, in intention and personality. But, first, last, and always, there must be method, careful and sustained. The Unitarians are ready for a great forward movement of practical endeavor. To-day the Unitarian body has upon it the responsibility of proving that religion may be both free and strong. It needs for this wise leaders, loyal followers, and good methods.

During the hearty discussion which followed Mr. Crowe's address many practical questions were asked him; and, likewise, constant reference was made to the weakness of the Unitarian Church in having no dramatic, definite doctrine to teach. Finally, Rev. Mr. William M. Brundage of Albany, who has just come among us from the Methodist Episcopal Church, protested against our emphasis of the advantage in definiteness and against our longing for crowded Sunday-schools. He said that his own denomination, which had both these apparent advantages, found reaching the moral natures of the children just as hard as we possibly could; and he urged this reaching of the individual child, and affecting his conduct through settled principles, as the foremost aim of a Sunday-school.

The meeting adjourned with the conviction that a good Sunday-school was a possibility, and well worth having.

Religious Intelligence.

THE next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance will be held in Lawrence on April 18.

REV. BENJAMIN A. GOODRIDGE of Harvard, Mass., has accepted a unanimous call to Christ Church, Dorchester, and will begin his work the first Sunday in April.

GROVE MEETING ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Grove Meeting Association was held March 4, and officers elected for the ensuing year. It was voted to hold the annual grove meet-

ings at the Wiers, beginning July 28 and closing August 4. A committee consisting of Rev. Mr. Phalen, Rev. Mr. Staples, J. C. A. Hill, C. A. Danforth, Miss M. A. Downing, and Rev. S. C. Beane was appointed to arrange for the meetings.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Dr. William Everett will preach March 17. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. S. W. Brooke will conduct the half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, March 20, at twelve o'clock. All are cordially invited.

In the Church of the Disciples Mr. Ames will preach next Sunday morning on "Visions and Revelations."

Ministers' Monday Club: March 18, 10.30 A.M. Rev. H. C. McDougall will preside. Rev. Charles G. Ames will give the address, on "Preparation of a Sermon."

First Church in Boston: Wednesday afternoon services, at 4.30 P.M. March 13, Rev. S. M. Crothers; March 20, Rev. Francis G. Peabody; March 27, Rev. John Cuckson; April 3, Rev. E. E. Hale; April 10, Rev. Thomas Van Ness; and on April 11, at 8 P.M., Holy Communion. All seats are free at these services.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening service, March 17, at 7.30. Speaker, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers. Subject, "The Principle of Fair Play." Music furnished by boy choir, twenty-three members. Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper, choir-master. All seats free.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. George H. Hosmer will give a lecture (with lantern views) upon "Martin Luther." The subject for the Monday evening debate (March 18, at 7.45) will be, "Is the Present Industrial System (Factories, Division of Labor, etc.) Helpful or Harmful to Character?" All are cordially invited.

Second Church Chapel, Copley Square: Tuesday, March 19, 8 P.M., under the auspices of the Women's Alliance, Rev. Thomas Van Ness will deliver an address entitled "The Parsifal Play as seen at Bayreuth." Wagnerian music illustrative of the drama will be given before and after the lecture. ("Lohengrin," *Vorspiel*, piano and violin. "Parsifal,"—the Good Friday choral and *motif* will be sung.) Music in charge of Mr. H. G. Tucker. Tickets at 50 cents each may be had at the door.

BRIGHTON, MASS.—The closing services in the old church of the First Parish in Brighton will be held on Sunday, March 31, at 10.30 A.M. Mr. W. H. Baldwin will speak. On the same day at four o'clock the new church will be dedicated. Rev. E. A. Horton will give the sermon. This new building is on Chestnut Hill Avenue, near the Reservoir gate. At the morning service on April 7 Mr. William Lloyd Garrison will speak in the new church on "The Duty of the Church in the Social Work of our Time."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—On Friday evening, March 8, the First Parish gave a reception to the Unitarian students of Harvard and Radcliffe. The vestry of the church was thronged during the evening with the young men and women from the colleges, and with their friends of the parish.

DES MOINES, IA.—The Unity Club, in response to an appeal for aid to the Young Women's Christian Association, which admits only members of evangelical churches to active membership, passed the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That, in response to the appeal sent by the Young Women's Christian Association, asking for aid toward the proposed building for the benefit of the young and working women of Des Moines, the Unity Club would express its hearty sympathy with the humanitarian zeal manifested in such a purpose, and also its thorough appreciation of all the practical work and moral teaching which such an organization may do.

"But, on the other hand, it very deeply regrets that the conditions of membership in the proposed organization are such as to exclude a large number of philanthropic spirited people who might willingly give of their means, but who could have no voice in the direction of its use.

"Unity Club protests, and will continue to protest, against what seems to it to be illiberal religiousness; but it will not on that account refuse to lend a hand to help a good work."

GREENFIELD, MASS.—In October, 1894, the Unitarian women of Greenfield, Deerfield, Turner's Falls, and Montague met in Greenfield, and organized a Branch of the "National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women," to be called the Franklin County Branch. Mrs. James

C. Parsons was elected president. The other officers chosen were four vice-presidents, six directors, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, and treasurer. From the beginning great interest has been shown, increasing with every meeting, there being already forty members. The programme for the year consists of papers upon Unitarian ministers of distinction, beginning with Dr. Priestley and taking Channing, Martineau, and others in order. The March meeting was held on Thursday, March 7, in the parlors of All Souls' Church; and members from Deerfield, Turner's Falls, and Montague were present. The subject for the afternoon was "Channing"; and an interesting paper was read by Mrs. Wilby of Deerfield, who also presided at the meeting. Selections from his letters were read by Mrs. Henry of Deerfield, and James Russell Lowell's beautiful elegy on the death of Channing was read by Mrs. Arthur Ball. The following resolution was passed:—

"Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. J. F. Moors we have lost a valuable member. Her interest in the Women's Alliance dates back to its first organization many years ago. When health and strength were failing, her zeal for its reorganization was as ardent as in the early days. At that time she devoted herself to the Post-office Mission, and many persons were made happier by her contributions of Unitarian papers and tracts. May the remembrance of her interest and zeal stimulate us in the work we have pledged ourselves to do, and her pleasant memory remain with us!"

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Rev. F. A. Gilmore of the Unitarian church delivered an address before the Grand Army of the Republic Post 47 and Relief Corps 96 on "Frederick Douglass." A hundred members of the post and corps attended, and the service was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Gilmore paid an eloquent tribute to Douglass, and prophesied that by education, patience, and religion the race problem would be solved.

PLAINFIELD, N.J.—The W. P. Tilden Guild at its meeting March 3 was conducted by Miss Caroline Barber, one of the teachers in the high school and daughter of Rev. Stillman Barber of Barnardston, Mass. Her subject was "Loyalty." She applied it to the State, the nation, the home, friends, and to the Church. A discussion followed in which a number took part, the guild being well represented. Four letters from honorary members were read, two of them from the widow and daughter of Rev. William P. Tilden. These were listened to with much interest. As there had been no appointment of a meeting for Ash Wednesday, at the request of the pastor Miss Barber read the appropriate service from the "Leaflets for Lent," which were compiled from Mr. Tilden's manuscripts. We are not surprised to learn that Bishop Huntington is going to use these beautiful and appropriate services during the Lenten season, and that he has instructed them to be read during his absence. The attendance at the little church in Plainfield has doubled this year, and there is much unanimity of feeling among its members. A free course of lectures is to be given fortnightly on "The Five Great Humorists,"—"Thomas Hood," "Oliver Wendell Holmes," "Jeremy Taylor," "Sidney Smith," "Artemas Ward."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Rev. Lila Frost Sprague has been elected assistant pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, the society over which her husband, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, is settled as pastor. Mrs. Sprague is a graduate of a theological school, and was ordained with her husband soon after their marriage. She preached her first sermon as his assistant a week ago last Sunday.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board was held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, March 8, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presiding, and twelve ladies being present.

A communication was received from Rev. Charles W. Wendte of California, calling attention to the excellent work being done by Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr in Central California. She has lately established a Unitarian society at Hanford, the county seat of Tulare County, an exceedingly fertile district, but somewhat notorious as the home of the famous Evans bandits and other desperadoes. Mrs. Carr has done wonders with the place, forming clubs among the girls and mothers and young men, and revolutionizing the whole town. She is now holding services twice on Sunday, preaching excellent sermons, and organizing church work of every kind. She receives nothing for her services, and incurs considerable expense in going to and from Hanford. Mr. Wendte writes that in all his experience as a minister he does not know of a more wonderful and noble work than hers, and he wishes the Alliance could give her a little help. If it were not for the wide-spread financial distress in that section, it would not be necessary to ask any assistance. It was voted by the members present that this appeal should be recom-

mended to the Branches. If each Branch will send one or two dollars to the treasurer for this purpose, the sum needed can be readily made up.

Mrs. Wells spoke of a request to aid the Mozoomdar Mission Fund. As this would not properly come from the Committee on Appeals, Mr. Barrows was invited to appear before the board. Mr. Barrows spoke of the extent of Mozoomdar's influence, which has been materially augmented by his visit to America. An association has been formed to enlarge Mr. Mozoomdar's work in India, and the movement has received most cordial sympathy. Mr. Barrows told of the influence of the Brahmo-Somaj, which has been the leader in the enfranchisement of women, and has enabled Ramabai to accomplish what she has done. He also spoke of the personal sacrifices made by Mr. Mozoomdar in carrying on his work, and hoped that something more than sympathy would be given him. Mrs. Barrows, being present, added her testimony, and contrasted her own methods of work as a missionary in India with those of Mr. Mozoomdar. She mentioned the great advantage which Mr. Mozoomdar had over other missionaries in understanding the language, which has many minute distinctions and is difficult to acquire. It was voted that "the Executive Board of the National Alliance present to the Branches the excellent work of the Brahmo-Somaj in India as represented by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and administered by the Mozoomdar Mission Fund, that he may have means to pay travelling expenses incurred in preaching and also to print his message in Bengali and Hindostanee."

The corresponding secretary gave an interesting account of her recent visit to the Branches in Maine, where she had spoken ten times to four or five hundred people. Some of the Branches were found strong and well organized, others small and not yet in full touch with the work of the Alliance.

Reports from ten Branches were given by the director for Eastern New York. A new Branch has just been formed at Troy, which leaves the church at Trenton the only one in this division which has no Branch. Flushing continues monthly social meetings at the houses of members. Newburg is active, holding seven meetings in January and February. Yonkers alternates study class and business meetings. Lenox Avenue, New York, reports great activity and a constantly increasing attendance. All Souls' has held one meeting, addressed by Miss Deane. At Unity Church, Brooklyn, the meetings are held with the usual regularity; and the interest and vigor are unabated. The Branch at Second Church, Brooklyn, has held its annual sale and tea party, which netted over \$700, which will be used in reupholstering the church pews, completing the renovations begun last year.

Mrs. Curtis sent reports of nine Branches. Syracuse has given \$40 to Ithaca. The Post-office Mission Committee publishes and distributes Mr. Calthrop's sermons. Ithaca holds regular meetings, and expresses much gratitude for the response of Branches to its appeal for money. Rochester reports larger attendance than ever. Toronto is faithfully holding meetings and successful parish teas. The little Branch at Hamilton continues bravely, stimulated by a visit from its director and encouraged by friendly letters and contributions from other Branches. An instance of the growing feeling of co-operation among the Branches is a contribution of \$2.18 from the little Branch at Pierre, So. Dak. Meadville has interested the young ladies, and is doing much socially and with an increasing Post-office Mission. The older Branch in Buffalo reports "growing in numbers and interest." The Branch at Parkside meets once in two weeks, reads sermons, and makes a study of the Unitarian belief. Cincinnati has devoted an afternoon to the discussion of Social Settlements, and celebrated Washington's Birthday by a children's festival, many persons belonging to other churches being present on both occasions.

The New Jersey Branches are said to be "strong agents for good." The May meeting of the New York League will be held with the Orange Branch. The Post-office Mission of this Branch supplies literature to motormen and conductors at Roseville. Plainfield reports a busy winter. Passaic is enthusiastic over the new minister, and Rutherford is working to pay the interest on the church mortgage due the American Unitarian Association in early summer.

The Philadelphia Branch shows much enthusiasm. The members are being increased by women outside the denomination. The next meeting will be held with the new Branch at Wilmington. At Pittsburgh they have readings from Unitarian literature, and sometimes a social supper. They feel that their church is now being recognized as a power in Pittsburgh, "much to the surprise of that orthodox town."

The Western Branches have been much occupied in relief work for Nebraska. At the Third Church Branch, Chicago, they are just beginning the study of Russian Religious history. The Chicago Associate Alliance reports activity, and a hope that the feeling for church as well as charitable work will grow. At the Church of the

Messiah the Branch now embraces all the work in the church that is done by women, seven committees directing the work. These committees report at each meeting of the Alliance, so that each member knows all that is being done.

The reports from the Southern Branches show most genuine and active interest. At Richmond a choral meeting takes place every week, as the Alliance has charge of the church music; and the singing is congregational and without expense. The Branch is also reading Miss Clarke's lessons. Memphis reports the severe illness of its secretary. The Branch at Chattanooga has papered the halls and Sunday-school rooms of the church. At Atlanta the Branch has decided to study the "Lives and the Influence on their Times of Prominent Unitarians," beginning with Dr. Priestley. The Branch at Austin has never failed to have semi-monthly meetings, in which the members show a deep interest. It has "contributed not a little toward the maintenance of the church, and feels that in its growth and success it is amply repaid."

The following appropriations have been made: Philadelphia sent \$40 to the American Unitarian Association and \$16.50 to Hamilton. First Parish, Cambridge, sent \$20 to Bath, \$20 to Rev. H. G. Putnam, \$20 to Redlands, Cal., and \$10 to San Bernardino. All Souls' Church, Roxbury, sent \$25 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Ithaca, \$50 to Rev. Mr. Chaney for Southern work, and \$5 for the Japan library. Arlington, Mass., sent \$10 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Miss Putnam, and \$10 to Ithaca. First Church, Providence, sent \$10 to Green Harbor, \$10 to Sharon, \$30 to Ithaca, and \$50 to Rev. Mr. Chaney. Arlington Street Church, Boston, sent \$25 to Miss Putnam, \$20 to Wolfeboro, and \$20 to Ithaca. South Congregational Church, Boston, sent \$20 to Miss Putnam, \$15 to Chelsea, and \$2 for Japan library. First Parish, Dorchester, sent \$10 to Hamilton, \$10 to Redlands, and \$5 for Japan library. Lowell sent \$20 to Rev. J. C. Gibson. Quincy sent \$30 to Calhoun, Ala. Wilton, N.H., sent \$3 for Japan library. Church of the Unity, Boston, sent \$200 for a "Southern circuit." The following places are at present the important ones to help: St. John, N.B.; Hamilton, Ont.; Ithaca, N.Y.; Bath and Rochester, N.H.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Austin and San Antonio, Tex.; Green Harbor and Sharon, Mass. At the next meeting reports will be due from the New England, Rocky Mountains, and Pacific Coast Branches.

Emily A. Fifield, Recording Secretary.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

One of the cleverest satires of the season is that given in another column over the signature of Paine Furniture Co. It is a fact that one can buy Morris chairs (so called) at almost any price, just exactly as one can buy eggs at almost any price. It is equally true, though not always as clearly realized by the purchaser, that it is just as unwise to buy too cheap a Morris chair as it is to buy too cheap a grade of eggs. We really cannot do justice to the story by attempting to comment on it; but our readers should not miss this little piece of cleverness, which will be found in our advertising columns in this issue.

As Important as Planting.—Every bit as important as putting the seed in the ground is a careful selection of varieties and kinds to be used.

Though a little early to plant, it is just the time for action in making up your mind what you intend to plant. It would be impossible to keep run of the many wonderful and new varieties of both flower and vegetable seeds that are continually being introduced, were they not carefully tabulated and described in the seed-man's catalogues, which to-day have become volumes of no small pretence, filled with much useful information on matters pertaining to Horticulture and Agriculture.

Messrs. Breck & Sons of Boston are sending their useful catalogues free, when requested.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual remedy for all Bronchial Affections.

Marriages.

In Leominster, 23d ult., by Rev. George M. Bodge, George G. Thompson and Laurette L. Bothwell, both of Northborough.

Deaths.

In Ayer, 6th inst., Phebe Bridge Barrett Bancroft, 72 years, wife of E. Dana Bancroft.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E. Office *Christian Register*.

A MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW OF ABILITY and culture, and of cheerful, companionable nature, desires a situation as home or travelling companion, or in a position of trust. References given and required. Address Rev. S. M. CROTHERS, 6 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location. Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

DIABOLUS, THE DOUBTER.

Diabolus, the devil, is the doubter,
The caviller, the sceptic, who forever
Has doubts of being, love, and of the good
He ought to do; who, in his dark distrust
Of all the truth that stirs within his heart,
Would fain exempt himself from virtue's law,
From action, and at last ends in despair.

And wouldst thou know who is the angel now?
He who believes in all the good and fair
He finds in others, loves to find it there,—
Finds love in God, and God's love everywhere
Throughout the universe, and gladliest
In his own bosom; who, to satisfy
His honor, to be worthy of himself,
So lives as if God always looked on him!
That man, and only he, who lives a life
Worthy of God, lives the true life of man.

—By G. L. I. Schefer, translated by C. T. Brooks.

The Pulpit.

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN RELIGION.

BY REV. FRANK L. PHALEN.

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—JOHN viii. 31, 32.

In the realm where such sciences as mathematics and physics hold sway no one would think of doubting that theory plays a great and important part. There are very few applications of mathematics in the world of practical life which were not first the theoretical conceptions of some student or thinker. So it is in physics and chemistry, in geology and biology, and in all the other sciences. Theory is a universal and indispensable ally of progress.

We sometimes grow impatient with speculations and conjectures, and speak ungraciously of those who indulge in such matters. But this is because so many theories never bear any fruit, and serve only as false lights to mislead and bewilder. On the other hand, speculations and theories have always been, and always will be, the search-lights of humanity, dispersing the darkness and gloom and revealing the hidden path which leads onward and upward toward wider knowledge and deeper experience. Of all the myriad blossoms which make the fruit-trees so beautiful in spring, only a small proportion of them ever come to anything, and develop into the apple or peach. But we do not on this account refuse to acknowledge the beauty and utility of the blossoms. Who can tell, when the swelling buds are bursting into their lovely colors and odors, that this one will fall and wither, and that one endure and develop into the rich and mellow fruit?

So on the tree of human knowledge there are millions of budding theories that never survive the period of blossom; but many do endure and grow, at length, into ripe fruit, for the help and inspiration of the nations. Hence it is never wise to condemn, without qualification, theorists or speculators in any realm of thought or action. The stupendous mistakes of the past which led men to mistrust and oppose the leaders of thought ought to be a lesson never to be forgotten. What science or art, what rule of ethics, what discovery in medicine, what principle of law or religion, what forward step in education, has not been bitterly denounced, and, in instances too numerous to mention, its advocates ostracized, persecuted, poisoned, or crucified! And, if in these days of more light and a larger measure of human sweetness there are less violence and brutality displayed, still the champions of new ideas and the advocates of unpopular theories are likely to be welcomed, not with the imperial crown of a king, but with the stinging thorns of hostility. It is a strange fact that until comparatively recent years the world has never welcomed its light-bringers, but has greeted their advent and their ideas with a storm of malignant fury. To-day, however, under the influence of Science, which stands ready and glad to receive new truth and to welcome every man or woman who can do anything in any way to enlighten or elevate the world,—to-day, in that luminous circle of humanity where science is honored, the man of new ideas is cordially received and gladly heard. Outside of that circle, however, and particularly where ecclesiastical and theological notions are predominant, the man of progressive theories is still looked at with averted eye, if he is not also thought in league with Satan. In the minds of many good people the problems of religion never reach very much beyond the question of whether they shall go to church

on Sunday morning. I do not mean that such people never have their hours of deep thought, when the great questions of life and time, of whence and whither, clamor for an answer. I do not mean they are never lifted up on the wave of a holy emotion till they seem to live for one rare hour in heaven. I do not mean they are not awed and subdued, bewildered, and at times almost overwhelmed by some tempest that carries them down to the very gates of the underworld. These are human experiences which all encounter. I mean that only a few persons think of religion as a real organic part of human nature, as much a characteristic of mankind in all ages and races as the sentiments which create and perpetuate the family and the State. The old outgrown and irrational notion of religion manifests itself in the common saying that this man "is religious," and that man "is not religious," that such a person was "converted to religion," and other similar expressions. Now it may be said in all truth that no man can be converted to religion. He may be converted to a particular conception of theology, as Calvinism, Romanism, or Unitarianism. But the religious sentiment, the religious affections, are as vital and organic a part of every normal human being as the heart or the brain, the nervous system, or the bony skeleton. The proposition that all men are religious beings is as sound and logical as the proposition that all men are human beings. A man without a trace of religious thought or sentiment in his nature would not be a normal human being. He would be a monster or a brute. This is what I mean by saying that no man can be "converted to religion." I know that in the popular sense the "convert" is one who has been turned from an unchristian life to a Christian profession, and to the practice of the Christian virtues; but you will see that he must have the germ of religion in his own nature before the divine life can appeal to him or move him to put away the old man and put on the armor of faith and love and service. If we were not religious beings, to begin with, we could not be converted to the Christian creed or to any other. All men are religious beings,—that is, they possess a religious nature; though there are exceptional individuals, of course, who seem almost destitute of religious sentiments, just as there are people to whom music and flowers are distasteful or indifferent. Religion as a sentiment is just as surely a part of our nature as patriotism or any other deep and strong human affection. This is the undeniable proposition, the doctrine upon which both the philosophy and the science of religion are now thoroughly agreed. For centuries the theologians of the Christian Church maintained that there were but two genuine religions,—the religion of the Jews and the religion of the Christians. All the other great creeds were regarded as the inventions of men or the works of the devil. Time and knowledge, study and travel, have changed this old notion. We now see that religion is one, though there are many varieties of religion, and that the religion of the Jews and the religion of Jesus himself are not the only creeds in the world which have ministered to human needs and solaced men and women in their struggles and sorrows.

The World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago did more than any other event that has occurred since Pentecost to show to Christians and Pagans that we are all seeking the same God and trying in dim or clear light to read and follow his eternal Word.

The great word of science to-day is the unity of all life and all law; and it is only a step from these well-established conclusions to that unity of faith and worship which shall practically realize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

I said further back that we often take too narrow and provincial a view of religion. We look at it through the microscope of our church or our ideas, and therefore see it in a small and limited way. We ought to take the telescope of thought and sweep the whole horizon. Then we should see what a universal power religion has been and now is in the life of all humanity. Everywhere, in every age and nation, it shows itself as a force that has got to be reckoned with by anybody who proposes to look at life and humanity as they really are.

The man who lifts his eyes above the narrow circle where he earns his bread and passes his days finds himself in the great stream of human history which is bearing

him along on its tossing breast. Its source is far back in the dim twilight of the past. Its ending is ahead, somewhere, how far we do not know, in the infinite ocean of the Eternal God. He is a curious and strangely constituted being who is never sobered and set face to face with great thoughts by this mighty stream of time and life; and he cannot look at it, even superficially, without seeing that religion is one of the features that is always present and always potent. "Even if religion were only a madness of humanity," says Edward Caird, "as materialistic pessimists have suggested, even if it were an illusory form of consciousness destined ultimately to disappear, there must be a method in it which we are interested to discover. We cannot suppose any great province of the life of rational being to lie outside of the general development of reason. Even atheism or agnosticism involves a definite attitude toward the ultimate problem of human life." Philosophy and science must have some sort of a theory of religion, whether they see in it a star of hope guiding men heavenward or a will-o'-the-wisp luring them into darkness and destruction. The old notions which once satisfied men before the light of knowledge was spread abroad no longer satisfy, because they are seen to be not only inadequate, but also blind to some of the plainest facts of history. The introduction of the doctrine of evolution into the field of religion has worked a marvellous change in the way every thoughtful mind now regards, not only Christianity, but every other historic type of religion. One thing stands out clearly as we review the field; namely, that "the movement of religious thought in all the great creeds of the world has been toward a conception of God as one, and not as many, as manifested both in nature and in spirit, but as reaching a higher and clearer manifestation in spirit than in nature, as, indeed, revealing in man's highest intellectual and moral life much that is hid or only imperfectly prefigured in nature. Thus far we might go without looking beyond the most obvious "facts of history." And, besides this, "the great process of history," stretching from the beginning of the world to this present day of grace, "has at last set the problem of religion in a new and a definite light, both for those who accept and those who reject it." This is the way the matter stands, and this is the way it must be looked at by radical and conservative, heretic and orthodox: "Either there is no God and no revelation or knowledge of him, or the revelation of God must be sought," not in the Bible and in Christendom only, but "in the whole mighty evolution of nature and history and humanity regarded as a divine development which finds its ultimate end and culminating expression in the life of man as a spiritual being," bearing the image and guided by the spirit that was in Christ. This is the idea of God and the theory of religion which scholars and men of thought are agreed to attack or defend with all the earnestness of faith or the sophistry of unbelief. This is "our highest faith, our deepest doubt," the faith which is supported by "the most powerful utterances of modern poetry and philosophy, the doubt on which all the scepticism and agnosticism of the age are concentrated."

Slowly, but surely, the spirit of an intelligent religious philosophy is working itself into the minds of the people, and the world stands to-day upon the threshold of a profound and inspiring revival of faith which shall fill the earth with light and hope and love. "Go, my children, saith the Spirit," in the words of Samuel R. Calthrop. "Inhabit new worlds. Gather new experiences. Fight new obstacles, gain new victories. Grow to new power." This is the word of God that speaks to us from the mountain peaks of science and history and philosophy, and its message is echoed back to us by the prophets and seers of the Bible and by the ever-living spirit of the unseen Christ. Our religion does not stand or fall with Scripture texts and disputed dogmas. It is not stated completely, neither, indeed, can be, in any ancient or modern ecclesiastical creed. It stands four-square to earth and heaven, throbbing and inspiring in the heart and life of humanity, in whom God is forever incarnating himself. So much for the theory of religion as it is understood by the leaders of modern thought. What, now, of its application to our personal lives and the every-day needs of men and women?

In mechanics, as theories improve, machines improve; and we have in our modern railway service and in our magnificent ocean steamers the best of evidence that every new theory will be put into harness the moment it is proved to be practicable. It is so in medicine. As the result of theory and speculation, a new remedy is discovered that will successfully stay some plague or disease. At once every progressive physician who is convinced of its efficacy arms himself with the new medicine and goes forth to battle. So it should be in religion and in the Church. What is all our talk of progress and freedom worth? What is all the advance of science and the decay of false notions of Christianity good for, if we are no better men and women after we accept the new theories than before? Must there not be something wrong in a world which sounds forever its praise of truth, but does not *live* that truth, and work it into every common detail of its life? It is an imperfect civilization and a shallow and devitalized religion which increases the brain power of men, but dries up the life-blood in their hearts, and weakens their will to do the right. It is better not to know so much, and to live close to the skirts of God, than to be very wise, and yet far from the kingdom of heaven. For every step in advance we take in knowledge there ought to be a step forward in practical righteousness and in Christian service.

"The day in its holiness,
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm,"

ought to be more glorious and splendid to the man or woman who is sharing the wonderful revelations God is giving us in these latter days. If it is not so, then be sure there is something wrong, and we ought to set to work to make it right. "If ye continue in my word," said Jesus, "then are ye my disciples indeed." "If ye continue,"—that is the point, not to stand still, nor to slip backward, but to go on, to grow and develop. That is the law of spiritual life by which we must all be judged. We may have a perfect theory of religion, and yet fail to do any vigorous work in the world, or to be one whit better for our theories, unless we put into practice what we say we believe.

There are two or three points about practical religion I want to mention. First, religion, to be of any help to us, must be not merely a creed to believe, but an experience to cheer and help and sustain. A great deal of precious energy has been devoted all through the ages to establish and perpetuate a correct theory of religion. The creed has been persistently pushed to the front. Now, I will not speak disparagingly of creeds or their defenders. But the creed without life and character behind it is an empty shell, hollow and lifeless. "First thought, then feeling, then purpose, then will, and, last of all, character,—that is being," says Mozoomdar. "The interval between thought and being is immeasurable. Yet the universal self-delusion is this: when a man has

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a good thought, he fancies he has become what he thinks for the moment." Good thoughts, good creeds, good theories, are very good. Let us have all we can discover or formulate. But, unless they are followed by results in the practical life of the world and in an impersonal character, they are no better than bubbles that glitter for a moment and then burst into nothingness. The business of religion is not to find a perfect creed, but to nourish and develop a perfect life. The creed is only the portal, and to stop there would be like calling the porch of a house the complete building. The way to God may be smoothed and made pleasant by planting the trees of knowledge all along our pathway, but we shall never understand the help and blessing of the divine life until our thoughts and beliefs are transmuted into personal experience. We learn to know God best not by debate and discussion, but by reverent prayer and worship and a life that is conformed to his righteous will. "Only believe, and you shall be saved," is not the cry that satisfies to-day. Live, live with God, *continue* in the path of spiritual experience; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. This is the word of Jesus and the word of highest reason. You may tell me of rare, sweet music, and describe it in the most faithful and lucid language; but, unless I can hear it myself and feel its magic spell in my own heart, I shall know little of its power. So we may listen to theories about religion and about God until doomsday; but, unless in our own personal experience we can live at peace with God, we shall not hear the sweetest music of earth nor the divine songs of heaven.

Then another point in practical religion is that which makes our faith an inspiration rather than a restraint. Many people have wholly misconceived religion in thinking of it as a check or rein to hold them back from committing all sorts of sin. Such people wear their religion very much as unruly sheep do a poke to keep them from jumping fences and getting into all sorts of mischief. Now, religion is not a negative force. It is a positive force. It is not here to keep us from doing the wrong. It is here to spur us on to do the right all the time. If one's life is filled with the joy and gladness, the strength and courage, of religion, if the inspiration of great thoughts and great hopes takes full possession of the heart, then there will be no place in it for base passions and evil temptations and secret sins. A pitcher filled with the sparkling water at the fountain cannot hold any more. So a life filled with the divine Spirit has no room for the spirits of darkness and evil. I do not believe in a religion of gloom and melancholy. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all"; and, if the professed followers of Christ comport themselves as if they were going to a funeral instead of climbing with songs on their lips toward heaven, there is a mistake somewhere. They are on the wrong road, for the King's highway grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Finally, the religion of Jesus is not to be thought of as an insurance for the next world, but as a programme for this world. One of the best signs of the times is to be found in the deep interest that the laity all over the land is taking in the practical work of religion. The men and women of our churches are no longer content simply to support and maintain the churches and worship of their choice. They are awake to the importance of spreading their helpful faith and of training the children in their homes to love and service. Sadly belated and indifferent are we if we do not see that the time has come, not merely "to enjoy" our religion, but to put it to some productive and helpful labor in the affairs of this great needy world. How can we who have inherited all the faith and work of the ages, who have entered into the labors and sacrifices of those who went before us,—how can we keep peace with our own hearts or with God, if we do not labor, and labor in love, to spread our faith and to do some noble work that will live when we are gone? Degenerate sons of noble sires, unfaithful stewards of a divine legacy, are we, it we sit idly in the glory of the present, and fritter away our noble birthright for a miserable mess of pottage! "Pleasant it is," as Martineau says, "to entertain the picture of ourselves in some future scene, planning wisely, feeling nobly, and executing

with the holy triumph of the will; but it is a different thing—not in the green avenues of the future, but in the hot dust of the present moment—to do the duty that waits and wants us."

What is our religion to us? What is it worth? Is it worth any self-denial, any strenuous thought, any brave experiments, any sacrifice of ease and pleasure, any loyalty which will send us bravely to battle with a song in our hearts? If it is not worth some of these things, then we may be sure it is a poor, feeble ghost, a sickly sentiment, a corpse out of which all vigorous life has fled, a theory without the glow of earnest feeling or the power of a conquering will.

Let us beware of all delusions, worst of all that subtle self-delusion which dulls our ears to the clarion call of God. The day is breaking: the world and its work is waiting. We are here, not to dream, but to achieve. Right here and now there are opportunities as great and splendid as any that ever came to saint or hero in the past.

"O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard hath sung
Or seer has told of, when in trance or dream
They saw 'the New Jerusalem' of God."

MR. KIDD'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS.

The author of "Social Evolution," in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, thinks that the principal defect of the criticisms of his book is the lack of a due sense of proportion and relation. The objections are chiefly directed toward certain details. Therefore, he proceeds to a reaffirmation of his fundamental purpose, "The attempt to state in simple scientific terms, and without the necessity for starting with any equipment of teleological assumption, that which presents itself to me as a natural law of human evolution hitherto unenumerated." He then gives an outline of his position: "The fundamental fact of human evolution that we have to recognize is that, from the beginning, we are concerned with a creature which possesses two associated characteristics not encountered anywhere else in life, and the influence of which marks off by a strict line of demarcation the evolution from that of all the forms of life that have preceded him. The first characteristic is human reason: the other, associated with it, is the capacity which man possesses of acting under its influence in contact with his fellows in social groups." The difference between man and all lower forms of life appears to consist simply in this. His reason has given him power to outwit and therefore to suspend the onerous cosmic process to which his progress is due, and which consists in continually resisting the law of retrogression. Yet he has never suspended it. In human affairs we are concerned with a creature subject to the law of retrogression, and therefore only able to hold his place, much less make progress, by submitting to an onerous process of evolution, the benefit of which is remote, far beyond the limits of his own lifetime, and in the success of which he has, as an individual, absolutely no interest. If, therefore, he holds this world to be a mere sequence of materialistic cause and effect, and if he possesses the power to suspend the process or to escape its effects, it follows with almost the cogency of mathematical demonstration that his own reason can never supply him with any effective sanction for submitting to it. To understand this is to reach at one bound a position in which we get a most vivid light thrown upon all that immense class of social phenomena which we have in the religious systems of mankind.

When we remember the scale upon which these phenomena exist, and to what a large extent the history of the world is merely the history of religions, it seems to be impossible, if we proceed in the spirit in which evolutionary science has carried on its investigations elsewhere, to avoid the conviction that the explanations hitherto given of the function of these beliefs are altogether trivial and insufficient. The explanation accepted at least must be of a kind to justify the magnitude and universality of the phenomena we are regarding. The conclusion to which we seem to be carried is that it is these systems which constitute the subsidiary factor in human evolution. It is their function to supply

the ultimate sanction for that effort and sacrifice necessary to the continuation of the process of evolution proceeding in society, but which man, as a reasoning creature, subject to the law of retrogression, is in the nature of things precluded from ever finding in his own reason.

Mr. Kidd maintains that the principal features of his book affect every department of science concerned with man and society. Moreover, he has no doubt of the truth of his main positions, and that in the future they will be the commonplaces of knowledge. He gives as an illustration of the way in which a distinct type of civilization is produced:—

The history of Western civilization is, in fact, simply the natural history of the Christian religion. It is this religion which has contributed the causes that have tended to the production of the type of social efficiency developed therein which has differentiated that civilization from all others. And the significance of the entire order of social change that Western peoples have undergone under its influence consists, as I have endeavored to show, in the single fact that cosmic process in operation from the beginning of life has tended therein not toward interruption, but toward obtaining the fullest, highest, and completest expression it has reached in the history of the race.

Nor is there any room to doubt as to the two main characteristics through which it has contributed to this result. The central element in all religions is the ultra-rational sanction provided for conduct. It has provided such a sanction of extraordinary strength and efficiency. The principle in common to all religions is the merit of self-sacrifice: it has provided, as it still provides, the sublimest conception of self-abnegation that has ever moved humanity. It is to the first, the character of the ultra-rational sanction provided, that we owe that integrating, world-building spirit which found its earliest significant expression in outward forms when Leo III. places the crown of the Cæsars on the head of the Northern barbarian, and which still renders the Catholic dogma and the English Puritan faith the two most powerful antiseptic influences in our own Western civilization. It is to the second, to the softening influence of the spirit of that unexampled conception of self-abnegation, that we owe the evolutionary force that has been behind the entire process of social development which has transformed a military organization of society into the modern State, and which is still pursuing its course unchecked among us. Beginning with the abolition of slavery, it has slowly undermined the position of one after another of the ruling classes who obtained, under an earlier social organization, powers that have steadily been undergoing reconstruction; extended political power, in ever-widening circles, to the people; and at last brought us to a time when men have set before their minds as an object of practical endeavor a State in which, for the first time in the history of the race, all the excluded masses of the people shall be brought into the rivalry of life on terms of equality of opportunity.

Mr. Kidd expresses his surprise that so little attention has been given to the study of social phenomena in contrast to those sciences which deal with physical phenomena, and urges a broader treatment of the subject; and, in applying his thought to the science of history, he gives an illustration to show how limited has been the method hitherto pursued. To illustrate his meaning, we have the following:—

If there is any attempt to discuss the matter at all in the light of cause and effect, it will not be suggestive of the methods which science has followed elsewhere. Let him take up the representative organ of educated opinion like the *Spectator*, and he will find an historical critic in a recent number regarding with a kind of dim wonder the connection between a few ignorant men "who started forth to purify a world of which they knew nothing, by ideas which the world held to be contemptible," and in the fact that they have, nevertheless, so transformed it that to-day the effect of their work and thought "is regulating the acts and the laws of the guides of all mankind." He will find the same critic equally impressed with "the spectacle of the half-naked ascetic sitting under his banyan and giving out to brown men, ignorant as fishes, thoughts which to-day form the only antiseptic in the minds of a third of the human race"; and not less by that of "the epileptic camel-driver who wandered for months among the mountains of Arabia, to descend with thoughts which, bad or good, were so powerful that they bound the very tribes of the desert into an indissoluble brotherhood, and hurled them out a nation of warriors, to tread down the highest existing organizations of the world." But he will find no explanation. It is all part of "the romance of history," the critic tells us. That is the formula of the writer, who, however, evidently is moved by the conviction that there must

be some law underlying it all. But he has nothing better to send us to work with in this last decade of our scientific century.

In conclusion, Mr. Kidd thinks that the time has not yet come for a full reception of the principles of his book, and, from the present condition of human knowledge, hostile criticism is inevitable. The results are in the future; and "it is to the rising generation of workers, to those whose mission it will be to assimilate, in the spirit of scientific continuity, the vast store of new knowledge with the old, that 'Social Science' is addressed."

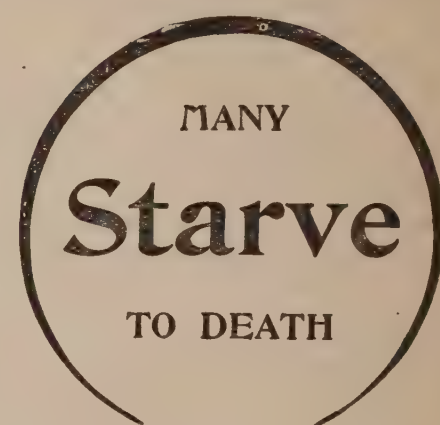
DR. FURNESS'S VOICE.

Dr. William H. Furness, the oldest living graduate of Harvard, ninety-three years of age, seventy years a minister, preached in this city on Sunday last on "The Historical Christ." A common phenomenon occurred. He seemed so feeble when walking that he had to be assisted into the pulpit; but, as soon as he began to preach, his voice resounded through All Souls' Church.

Methodists are familiar with such phenomena from the oldest of men. It is easily explained. The vocal apparatus is more closely connected with the nervous system, and more responsive to general nervous excitement, than any other part of the body. It has been well said that the voice is nearest to the soul. One of the most eloquent men that ever lived in this or any other land, Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, chaplain of the United States Senate, was for many years so weak that he could not stand; but who that heard his voice could ever forget it?

We have stood by the death-bed of men that could not lift a tumbler to their lips and heard notes that would have made the reputation of some speakers. Christie, the great bass singer of the Continental Vocalists, who died of pulmonary disease, sang as well as ever a week before his death, though he could scarcely stand.

At the close many congratulated Dr. Furness on his voice. He replied; "When I am in the pulpit, I never think of my voice or in what manner I shall speak. If one has the spirit of his sermon, the voice and the power to use it will come to him." This philosophy we unequivocally indorse, with an addition,—that it is well for a man to ascertain the keynote of a building during the preliminary exercises.—*Christian Advocate*.



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Literature.

“THE MESSIAH OF THE GOSPELS.”*

Of Dr. Briggs's projected series of volumes on the "Messianic Ideal," the first, which appeared somewhat more than eight years ago, was confined to the study of Old Testament prophecy in general and Messianic prophecy in particular. The recently issued second volume treats of the Messianic idea as embodied in pre-Christian Jewish literature and in the Gospels of the New Testament canon. The third and last volume, to appear presently, "will discuss the Messianic ideas of the Jews of the New Testament times and the Messiah of the Epistles and the Apocalypse." When completed, this will unquestionably be the most satisfactory and exhaustive treatment of the subject to be found in the English tongue.

Dr. Briggs finds the Messianic idea taking on as many forms in the New Testament as in the Old. The Day of Yahweh; the Advent of Yahweh; the Messiah as Father and Shepherd; the Messianic Ideal of the Holy Land; the Messianic King; the Idea of the Kingdom of God; the Messianic Idea of the Holy Priesthood; the Ideal Man; the Messianic Ideal of the Victory over Evil; the Faithful Prophet; the New Covenant; and, crowning, and in some sense fulfilling all these, the Second Advent,—such are the varying lights in which the Biblical student is called upon to view that persistent hope for "the good time coming" which not only sustained Israel during long ages of waiting and suffering, but which from the very beginning furnished Christian faith with its most powerful motive.

This is not the place for a discussion of the question whether or not Jesus looked upon himself as the promised Messiah. We are content at present with the dubious answer, "Yes and no," which is in fact the answer of Dr. Briggs, though in his case with very much more emphasis upon the affirmation than upon the denial. The book under consideration aims to be and is a careful and thorough consideration of all those passages in the Gospels (excepting only the *Logos* portion of the Fourth Gospel) which may be conceived as having their root in the fundamental Messianic concept. If, interwoven with this, there is, after the fashion of the day, a great amount of speculation as to the sources, and the authenticity, and the proper order of the numerous passages which are analyzed in the course of the inquiry, so that sometimes the main object of the book seems almost to be lost sight of, yet it is true that without all this one can hardly be sure at any time that he has gone to the very bottom of the subject. At most, this is only a fault of superabundance.

Notwithstanding his reputed heresies, Dr. Briggs displays in the present work no dogmatic tendencies which need cast suspicion upon his Orthodoxy. True, he displays that critical freedom which it is not easy faithfully to cultivate without running great risk of weakening old foundations; but, as in the case of so many of the German critics, his faith and his scholarship, for the most part, seem to live in separate houses, and so to have no controversy. However, the present work being, in the main, exegetical and critical in its character, few articles of faith ever come under consideration, and never formally. Such a book could hardly be written and not contain some outline of a doctrine of the Advent; and such outline, though vague, is here met with.

Dr. Briggs is to be thanked for several excellent bits of original exegesis as well as for casting his weighty vote in favor of certain of the old interpretations the validity of which has hitherto not been sufficiently recognized. We must, however, express our astonishment that, when Jesus "called God his own Father, making himself equal with God," his words should be thus interpreted in the language of the modern creeds: "Jesus was now saying that there was God the Father and God the Son, and that he, as God the Son, was equal with God the Father." Certainly, interpretation of this sort should free the book from any possible suspicion of having been written in the interest of a lax Orthodoxy.

G. L. C.

*THE MESSIAH OF THE GOSPELS. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., Edward Robinson Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

“THE COLONIAL CAVALIER.”*

We have in this little book of Maud Wilder Goodwin—which, she tells us, makes no pretensions at being a history, yet fulfils all the requirements of a good history—a most admirable picture of our Cavalier ancestors of the South. It shows the home life of the Cavalier, and it was that which made him what he was. To the Cavalier the home was the one sacred spot of all the earth most dear. There he was baptized, married, and there his funeral was held. From the cradle to the grave every day, and every finished task, brought him home. His plantation was his kingdom. He was a lord, and his wife a lady, in the royal English sense of the terms. He had his peasant dependants in his slaves, and led a life of as much luxurious ease as the country could afford, in which respects he was so unlike the Puritan of New England. To the Puritan there was no place so sacred as the church, and no life so desirable as the pure democracy of the town. These two classes repeated in America the two leading types of English life,—the village democracy and the life of the Cavalier English estate. They gave us the town and the parish respectively in the North and South. Every plantation of the South repeated the English estate, while every Puritan village was a new Scrooby. The one was as true an example of aristocracy, and the other as truly an example of democracy, as could be set up in the New World.

We may study either the Puritan or Cavalier alone in the earliest colonial period; but in the later periods of the colonies the two must be studied together, for they were thrown together in the War of the Revolution, from which time on we can trace the adoption of Cavalier manners by the Puritans of New England, and the Cavalier began to take on some of the traits of the Puritan. In this way the Cavalier did much to shape and color the national life, vastly more than some of our historians and critics have been disposed to recognize. Nowhere have I met a truer picture of the life, the thought, manners, customs, and character of my Virginia ancestors who came to Jamestown in 1613 to take part in defending the place against the savages while the settlers were cultivating their tobacco in the door-yards and streets. There is not in print to-day so valuable a contribution to the history of the Cavalier, but that this little book will live as a dear picture of their fathers to the descendants of the old Cavaliers. To any one who may wish to know how the Cavaliers lived, what filled their lives from the cradle to the grave, I wish to recommend this little book.

A. N. SOMERS.

“THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.”†

The chapters in this book were originally lectures on the Morse foundation of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. They do not impress us as well adapted to their original use. Certainly, they must have required very close attention; for they do that in the reading, and even then they do not leave a very definite impression. To speak frankly, Dr. Griffis has not the art of putting things. His book is not well written. Its style is not attractive, and it is not well put together. We have heard a lecture of an hour's length on the same subject, which was more instructive than these dozen lectures, or, at least, left a clearer impression of what one really wants to know. Dr. Griffis has spent several years in Japan; and, while there, he had abundant opportunity for studying the living organism of Japanese religion. We find no fault with him for not giving us the results of his study, for he did not set out to do that. He has written a history, and he has gone to books for his material; but it is surprising that something more of color has not floated off from his personal experience to illuminate and adorn his page. There is this negative fault; and there is also the positive one that, lecturing in a theological school and to students who might be embryonic missionaries, he has felt called upon to make many invidious comparisons between Christianity and the religions of Japan, some of them no

*THE COLONIAL CAVALIER, OR SOUTHERN LIFE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

†THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY TO THE ERA OF MEIJI. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

doubt justly conceived, but all having a perfunctory air.

He begins his first chapter by telling us that "comparative religion is Christianity's own child." Shall we say "the child of her old age"? What is more to the point is that it is not her own, but an adopted child. The science of Comparative Religion is a scientific birth, and its adoption by Christianity has been a matter of slow development. The Christian heretics were first inclined to welcome the terrible child, and among the orthodox there is still a good deal of comparative religion that is not scientific. Of Dr. Griffis it can certainly be said that he is always ready to acknowledge what is good in other faiths, however natural his conviction of the superiority of his own.

We have first a chapter on the primitive faith, "The Religion before Books," then two on Shinto, two on Confucianism, then five on different aspects of Buddhism, one of these on the mixture of Buddhism and Shinto, a depressing chapter on the Roman Catholic mission, and, finally, "Two Centuries of Silence," with hardly a word in regard to the present situation and as little of the future as if the author had heard the admonition of Hosea Biglow ringing in his ears, "Don't never prophesy unless y' know."

J. W. C.

A DICTIONARY OF THE TARGUMIM, THE TALMUD BABLI AND YERUSHALMI, AND THE MIDRASHIC LITERATURE. Compiled by M. Jastrow, Ph.D. Part VII. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Luzac & Co. 4to, pp. 107.—This part of Jastrow's Dictionary, coming down to the end of the letter *Kaph*, and finishing the first volume, is marked by the succinctness and clearness which have been referred to in preceding notices of the work in the *Register*. The definitions are concise, the citations from the literature are translated, and technical terms are explained. It is something to be thankful for that the author takes the vowel-letters in hand. Every one who consults Levy's Dictionaries of Targum and Talmud feels painfully the tohu-bohu of the *matres lectionis*. One can never tell in what region of the alphabet Levy will put a given word. Jastrow attempts to hold to the simpler spelling, but inserts the word also in the place required by the vowel-letters, referring to the simple form. He wisely inserts as separate words a large number of variant forms, a proceeding very convenient for the beginner in Talmudic literature, and indeed for all readers. As is well known, the criticism of the text of the Talmud and the Targums is still in nascent shape, waiting for some man to devote his life to it; but Dr. Jastrow here and there calls attention to MS. readings, and will doubtless enlarge this feature of his book as the material increases. A number of interesting words occur in this part. *Yeser*, "disposition, nature," is one of those terms in which the Talmud touches on theological psychology. It deserves special consideration, both as bearing on the old Jewish conception of man's ethical nature and as possibly illustrating parts of the New Testament thought; and we may regret that the necessary limits of Dr. Jastrow's work made it impossible for him to give a fuller account of it. Under *Yeshu* are given several Talmudic passages (suppressed in most editions of the Talmud) in which Jesus of Nazareth is referred to. This also is a point that has not yet been properly worked up. One of the citations under *Keneset*, "congregation, synagogue," states that there were four hundred and eighty synagogues in Jerusalem, and each had a school. The "Great Synagogue," however, should be described, not as "a supreme authority established under Ezra and Nehemiah," but as a fiction of the later Jewish writers. In general, Dr. Jastrow's work is worthy of hearty praise, and should be in the hands of all students of Hebrew. The author declares his indebtedness to the Jewish Publication Society of America, whose generous subvention will materially aid the progress of the work. The title-page of Vol. I. will be furnished with Part VIII.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE: NOTES FROM UNDERLEDGE. By William Potts. New York: Macmillan & Co.—This is the record of a year of country life. It might have transpired in any one of a hundred New England villages, and been much the same in its inclusion of the fleeting pageantry of earth and sky; but not every New England village has a "Miss Porter's School" to dash with local color the bucolic scene. Mr. Potts uses this color sparingly, but with good effect; and Farmington, Conn., if it has waited long for its idyllic annalist, may be glad that he has come at last. Ellery Channing may not be sound in his conviction that

"Only those who in sad cities dwell
Are of the green trees fully sensible,"

but it is certain that on almost every page

of Mr. Potts's book there is the joy of his escape from the habitual grind of city life. Yet, but for its reflections of certain aspects of city life, his book would be less entertaining and far less valuable. Never does he discourse more pleasantly than when talking of his city club, the Century, and of his city friends, unless it be in the section that is warm with his grateful admiration for his friend, George William Curtis. An ardent lover of the country, Mr. Potts has not the bucolic mind. He is in touch with current literature, and with current questions, social and political, as those to the country manner born and bred generally are not; but these things, as "recollected in tranquillity," have a more proportionate value than for the busy citizen. Not only has Mr. Potts been a dweller in cities, and returned to them from time to time during his pastoral year, and brightened his page with these excursions, but he has been as far as Virginia, and writes pleasantly of that; and then he allows himself to draw upon his memory for a little voyage to Bermuda, concerning which he is "still vexed," so bad a sailor did he prove. But, when all this is said, it remains to say that the most closely personal part of the book gives it a more unique value than its "intimation clear of wider scope," its lucubrations on a great variety of matters, the most consoling being those which are more or less convincing of the insignificance of material resources as a factor in the happy life. "Rice to eat," said Confucius, "water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow,—the superior man is content with these things." Mr. Potts is of quite the same opinion. Like Dr. Holmes's contented man, he "only asks a hut of stone"; or, rather, the first stories are of stone, and the upper ones of wood. We follow the process of its building on the hillside with much interest, and the building of the hen-coop,—a "lordly pleasure-house,"—and the digging of the well, the planting of trees and shrubs, the making of the garden, and all that. At other times we go with Mr. Potts upon his walks, and he tells us many pleasant things about the flowers. The long drouth of last summer does not dry his page, but the welcome rain at length gives it a fresher hue. Best of all is the unaffected love of the country which breathes from every page. It has a double operation, assuring us a sympathetic enjoyment, but, alas! also making us more conscious of our chain. But "after April, when May follows," we shall have a brief foretaste of "the glory that shall be revealed to us" (revised translation); and the next month is June, and then we shall see whether "this boasting" of Mr. Potts is the loudest that there is in Arcady.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL ESSAYS. By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a collection of lectures and reviews and other papers, some of which are evidently not of a character that would include them in the "Orations and Addresses" of which three volumes have been published. But why "Sir Philip Sidney" and "Washington Irving" were not included in those volumes it is difficult to imagine. They were certainly deserving of a place among the best. Probably no lecture delivered by Mr. Curtis enjoyed a wider fame than the "Sir Philip Sidney"; and it will be a delight to hun-

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dreds to read it here, and try to estimate how much of their original delight in it was owing to the matter and how much to the manner of the lecturer. It will be interesting, also, to compare this example of his earlier manner (1857) with the "Washington Irving" (1889). The difference is not obtrusive, but it is there. As we have the former here, it has ear-marks of its adaptation to a much later time than 1857. There is no acknowledged editing of the volume; but, whosever the hand, it should have given us a few notes of explanation. The lecture on Sidney, for example, has a history that should have been briefly told. The first two papers are on "Emerson" and "Hawthorne," from "Homes of American Authors" (1854). They reflect in a pleasant fashion Curtis's life in Concord. Could he have been consulted, he would probably have advised the omission of some things, especially the nicknaming of Alcott. The man of sixty was even kinder than the man of thirty. Two of the articles are of the nature of reviews,—those on "Hawthorne" (a second paper) and "Holmes"; and, as reviews, they are not good, because the loitering, discursive manner of the essayist asserts itself in them. They are much better than good reviews. The "Longfellow" is a very pleasant paper, with a strong accent of personal acquaintance with the poet. "Thackeray in America" is delightful. The subject was ever one that made Mr. Curtis memorably reminiscent. But, alas, why not the lecture upon "Thackeray!" than which he never wrote a better? We understand that the manuscript is unaccountably missing. This is a great misfortune. We trust that it has not, like the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution," lighted some refractory fire, and that the forgetful borrower will produce it in time for its inclusion with some other "precious things discovered late."

NEIGHBORS OF OURS: SLUM STORIES OF LONDON. By Henry W. Nevins. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—These stories, ten in all, are written as if by an East Londoner, born and bred to the manner of that region, and dropping his initial aitches in a manner absolutely universal, while losing few of them or none,—what is missing in one place turning up in another. This trick doubtless gives a greater appearance of verisimilitude to the things narrated, but it is very wearisome. The author seems to be acquainted with the things whereof he writes. It is a miserable, sordid, vulgar, wicked life that he describes; but it is relieved by elements of pathos and tenderness, and sweet human pity. If the narrator is to be trusted, the people in the slums are not so unhappy there as in the imagination of the more well-to-do and rich. And yet that people can be happy in such circumstances is of itself a dreadful tragedy. "The Saint George of Rochester" is certainly one of the most effective stories of the series, but it has a dramatic insensibility to the requirements of a conventional morality that makes "Tribby" seem comparatively respectable. "Mrs. Simon's Baby" is the most of a comedy of all the pieces. More than one celebrates a devotion which transfigures the sordid misery with a heavenly light. And yet "how long, O Lord, how long?"

THE STORY OF BABETTE. By Ruth McEnery Stuart, author of "Carlotta's Husband," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Because this story has Mrs. Stuart's characteristic touch and manner, it is very good to read. Written for the younger people, while it will have for these an engrossing interest, it will have quite as much for children of a larger growth. It is the story of a lost child and her ultimate recovery. This, we trust, is not telling too much. The children lost in stories are always found. They are lost, in order that they may be found. There is a special providence in the recovery of Babette. It is none other than that of Mrs. Stuart herself. She has taken little pains to bring about the happy consummation, but has accomplished it with a flat stroke of her pen. Gladly would we have had a little more of likelihood in this particular. But the charm of the story is not in its happy goal, but in its course, and especially in the life of Babette with the old gypsy woman who carries her off with an eye to "the recompense of reward" when her loss is advertised in the papers. There are several interesting characters and many interesting situations.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES. By Hayden Carruth. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The preposterous stories of this book are amusing only when taken in homeopathic allowance. They are what our English cousins would probably call beautiful specimens of American humor, depending, as they do, on exaggeration for their fun. Jones rides a battery shell into the enemy's centre, disables a pack of howling wolves by dropping spruce gum into their jaws, thus effectually closing their mouths. He drives his horse on skates, invents a cat-motor for the supply of electricity, and so on. And all these statements are accompanied by the most circumstantial proof of

their veracity. These things may be funny, but the present critic is too old and serious to appreciate it.

SKIPPED STITCHES. Verses by Anna J. Grannis. Keene, N.H.: Darling & Co.—The writer of these verses is a working-girl in a mill, who has used her daily experience amid the rush and jar of machinery as a starting-point for cheerful philosophy and encouraging thought for others. She is the author of the "Old Red Cradle," sung in "The Old Homestead"; and there are many poems here that deserve to be quite as well known. The best ones are those of the mill, and of "the toilers who earn their rest," and of the throb of the great wheels, and of the truth that "life is better taken day by day." Best of all is the prelude, which is evidently written from the heart, a reflection of genuine experience.

Miscellaneous.

"Die Werke der Barmherzigkeit," by W. H. Riehl, has just appeared in Maynard's German series. It is rather a unique and interesting tale of the Thirty Years' War, and gives a pretty clear picture of the sufferings of the peasants through oppression, war, and pestilence. (New York: Maynard & Merrill.)

Literary Notes.

The eleventh edition of Kidd's "Social Evolution," published by Macmillan & Co. in paper covers at 25 cents, will be a novelty, in that it is a really cheap edition for the general public. It is worthy of note that this edition contains the author's latest revisions and an entirely new preface, not to be found in any pirated edition.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn will publish in March: "Cicero de Oratore, Book I.," by Prof. W. D. Owen, Lafayette College; "Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America," by Prof. L. DuPont Syle, University of California; Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., Instructor in Literature, Wellesley and Boston. In April or May a "Latin Prose Composition" for colleges, by Prof. H. R. Fairclough, Leland Stanford University; "Scott's Lady of the Lake," by Prof. James Arthur Tufts, Phillips Exeter Academy; and a "Surveying and Navigation," by Prof. A. E. Burton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, are expected from the press.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

- From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. As Others saw him. A Retrospect. A.D. 54. Price \$1.25.
- "Out of the East." Reveries and Studies in New Japan. Price \$1.25.
- From Ginn & Co., Boston. Technique of Sculpture. By William Ordway Partridge.
- From Mrs. Julia Crafts Smith, Boston. The Reason Why: or, Spiritual Experiences of Mrs. Julia Crafts Smith.
- From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Pictures in Verse. By George Lansing Raymond.
- God's Parable. By Susanna Massey.
- A Literary History of the English People. By J. J. Jusserand.
- From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. A Girl's Life in Virginia before the War. By Letitia M. Burwell.
- Dame Prism. A Story for Girls. By Margaret Harriet Matthews.
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- From S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Doctor Judas. A Portrayal of the Opium Habit. By William Rosser Cobbe. Price \$1.50.
- From the Loyal Publishing Company, Toledo, Ohio. America or Rome. Christ or the Pope. By John L. Brandt. Price \$1.50.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE FERN FOLK.

BY FANNIE A. COMSTOCK.

Sheltered under a bending tree,
Where shadows lay long and cool,
The fern folk held a merry rout,
Down by the wayside pool.

Never a breeze so faint and soft
But the ferns could answer it;
And, when the wind blew, they frolicked wild
In a crazy, jolly fit.

They heard what the butterfly said to the bee,
And what the bee replied;
They knew the secret the birch-tree told,
They wept when the wild rose died.

The goldenrod proudly counted his gold,
The aster held up her face,
The scarlet cardinal flower grew tall;
But the ferns were queens of the place.

At last, when the year was growing old,
Dame Nature, who loved them best,
Washed her darlings as white as snow,
And laid them down to rest.

For the Christian Register.

THE STORY OF "HIGHFLYER."

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Highflyer" was not a race-horse or a steam-tug or a greyhound or a locomotive or a windmill or an American flag. It was neither more nor less than a sled, and Roy Haynes was the happy owner of it.

He had the name painted on it himself, for it had no name when it came that bright Christmas morning. That suited him all the better. He lingered long in deciding between "Speedaway" and "Highflyer." None of your common, clippy names, like "Eagle," "Dart," "Victor," "Prancer," or "Stag," would do for a sled like that. At last he made up his mind; and the wagon-maker painted "Highflyer" beautifully, with a flourish before and a flourish behind and two flourishes under.

There was not a sled like it on the coasting hill. Even the boys who did not like Roy said that. Any boy who has had the finest sled in a crowd of one hundred other boys, more or less, can tell how Roy felt as he started down hill with a long

"Hi-i-i-i-i! Track! Track! Track!"

The hill was as good as the sled. It was in a suburb of the lively town,—a long stretch down the bluff, with two or three zigzags to it. It required skill to round these zigzags successfully. At the last one there was a turn in two directions,—one, which was usually taken, leading off into a large vacant space, the other into one of the business streets.

"Say, let me have just one ride."

A boy of his own size said it to Roy, a very pleading expression in his face, as he laid his hand on "Highflyer's" rope.

"On my new sled!" exclaimed Roy, in surprise and indignation, giving a jerk to the rope. "No, sir. This is for me to ride. Ride on your own sled."

"Mine's broke," said the boy, whose name was Tony Lee.

"Mend it, then."

"I have, lots of times. But it always breaks again. It's no good."

"Hi! Isn't that a stunner?"

Along the street which crossed the coasting hill at the top came a pair of horses on a swift gallop. A chorus of sleigh-bells kept time with the light feet, and the tails of the fur robes in the sleigh behind them flew out with the quick motion.

"Hur—rah!"

A shout of admiration arose as the coasters paused to watch the gay outfit.

All but one. Quick as a flash Tony Lee saw his chance. Roy had dropped his rope; and, with one swift, noiseless movement, Tony had slipped on the sled, and shot away under its owner's very nose.

The coasters watched the sleigh around the corner, then turned to their sport.

"Why?"

Roy stared in bewilderment at the empty spot which "Highflyer" had brightly filled but a moment before.

"Why, where's my sled?"

Plenty of boys were starting down, plenty more coming up. Very little attention was paid to Roy.

"I say," he called more loudly, "who's seen my sled? White and gold."

"Seen it a dozen times," came in careless reply.

"Where? Just now?"

"Oh, may be so. Or a while ago."

It was plain that no boy had troubled himself much over even such a sled as "Highflyer,"—white and gold and big name notwithstanding.

"Thought I saw you on it near the foot of the hill just now."

"It wasn't me. It must 'a' been that Tony Lee. Wasn't it? His ulster and his fur cap are 'most like mine."

But no one waited to answer; and Roy, full of wrath, started down the hill at full speed, watching all the way for a cap and ulster like his own mounted on a white and gold sled. Of course, it must be somewhere on the hill.

He was interrupted by boys going and coming, sometimes obliged to wait to let merry loads pass him, every moment expecting to see Tony coming up with "Highflyer."

"He's a mean fellow. How dare he take my sled!" Roy's anger grew the longer he watched in vain for his sled, much helped on by the feeling away down in his heart that he himself had been very mean and selfish in refusing a ride to the boy whose sled was no good.

Up and down the hill went "Highflyer's" owner, more and more dismayed and bewildered as the minutes went on. Again he asked, but asked in vain. No one could give any news of Tony Lee or of "Highflyer."

The sun set, twilight was closing in. One party after another of jolly, shouting boys took their latest slide, and went home. Quiet had fallen on the coasting hill by the time that Roy, with tears nearer his eyes than he would be willing to confess, went home.

"Where does the boy who took your sled live?" asked his mother.

"I don't know. I only see him at school."

"Well," she said comfortingly, "you will be sure to find him on the hill with it in the morning. Forgive him, dear. Don't quarrel with him."

Roy was there early, on the eager watch; but no Tony Lee waited to be forgiven. Hour after hour passed.

There would be no school for a week, and he could not find Tony.

The next day Roy, meek and dejected, was on the hill with his old sled.

"Who-o-o-o-p!"

Tony did not dare to give his hilarious shout until he had turned the first zigzag on "Highflyer." Then he let it out with a will, as he scudded down the white surface.

"Who-o-o-o-p!" again. "I'm a steam-engine! I'm lightning! I'm the wind!"

What delight was in the crisp air cutting his cheek! What enjoyment crowded into the few moments before reaching the zigzag from which the two ways turned!

There was something of a crowd of the larger boys there, and the track was impeded. The little fellows always had to look out about getting into the way of the big ones. It took Tony but a moment to decide upon the turn down to the busy street.

It was a little risky; and, if a policeman chanced to be about, he always frowned at such a thing. But Tony was just in the mood for taking risks.

Out into the middle of the street he flew. There was a prancing team of horses coming down the hill; but he knew he could get out of their way, and he did.

Just as he leaped off "Highflyer," and stood to see them pass, a lady had crossed the street in front of them. Behind her walked a boy smaller than Tony, leading a pug dog. The lady was turning to hurry the boy, when the dog, appearing to take fright, set his pudgy feet firmly before him, pulling back on the string, refusing to go on.

With a whimper the boy stopped and jerked.

The lady gave a little exclamation, and started toward him; but Tony was before her. He dashed toward the dog, now exactly in front of the horses, and with a huge jerk fairly flung him out of the way.

But, alas!

In his haste he had forgotten about his sled. Without thinking, he had kept hold of the rope; and, just as the pug was landed beyond danger, the white and gold flashed directly at the horses' feet. They reared, shied, then, at a sharp word from the driver, flew on; and "Highflyer" lay in their track,—a heap of shining splinters.

Tony gazed in blank despair. Roy's sled—the finest one on the hill—smashed beyond all hope of mending! and he had done it!

The lady touched his arm, and he looked up.

"You are a brave boy," she said, "a real little hero. If it hadn't been for you, poor little Tip would have been killed. And your sled is spoiled. Come this way, and I'll get you another."

She led the way to a store near by, the small boy following them, hugging his pug all the way.

"Take your choice," she said. "This is the nicest, I think."

"The—nicest!" Tony caught his breath. He had believed that never before had been seen such a sled as "Highflyer"; but this was, if possible, even finer. Swans' necks arched up in front, and the gold was mixed with pale blue.

A perfect buzz of thought filled Tony's brain, as, after many more thanks from the lady, he drew it away. What a sled for a boy to own!

But it was Roy's. No: was it, though? It had been given him for saving the dog's life.

But it had been given to take the place of Roy's sled.

"I should have done it just the same if 'Highflyer' hadn't been there. It didn't have anything to do with it."

"But, if I hadn't taken Roy's sled, perhaps I shouldn't 'a' been there."

"If I hadn't taken Roy's sled, this would 'a' been mine."

It was a dreadful muddle, and grew more muddled with every thought, as in despair and misery Tony went slowly home.

He could not go to the hill the next day. He went to one away off in another direction. There was little fun sliding among strange boys, although they admired his sled till it became more and more of a torment.

The next day and the next he tried it, and then the burden became too heavy. Toward night he turned his feet toward the street on which he knew Roy lived.

"P'r'aps he'll be so glad to get it back, he'll let me have some rides sometimes. Or—p'r'aps he'll be so mad with me he never will."

He found Roy near his own gate. Roy looked sharply at him, then with surprise at the sled.

"That's a dandy of a sled you've got," he remarked, caressing one of the swans' heads.

"It's yours," said Tony.

"No, it ain't," said Roy, confidently.

"That ain't the one I lost."

"It's yours all the same, though," persisted Tony. "I took 'Highflyer' that day,—yes, I did. And I slid down on to Grand Street; and there was a pug getting foul of some horses,—just skitin', they were! And I slung the dog out of the way, but 'Highflyer' got smashed into kindling wood. And the lady that the pug belonged to, she took me to the store and bought this sled; and—I've brought it back."

"Phe-w-w-w!" whistled Roy, seeming to think the story a most remarkable and interesting one. "You did that well, Tony. I'd like to been there to see. Right in front of the horses?"

"Yes," said Tony.

"Rearing and plunging and prancing,—hey?"

"Yes. Here's your sled. I'm—real sorry!"

With a wistful look at the swans' heads and the blue and gold, he turned and walked quickly away.

"Stop," said Roy, hurrying after him. "That's your sled."

"No, 'tisin't," Tony shook his head.

"I say 'tis. Wait till I tell you. My Uncle George came yesterday, and he thought it was too bad I'd lost my new sled so soon after Christmas; and he thought it wasn't my fault, so he bought me another. Come and see it."

What a torrent of delight swelled in Tony's heart as he looked at the other sled! It was not quite so handsome as the blue and gold, but Roy declared he would not change.

"Won't we have rip-roaring jolly times on the hill!" he exclaimed, as Tony at length said good-by. "Only,—see here,—your sled hasn't got any name yet. Would you just as lief name her 'Fleetaway'?"

"Just exactly."

"Don't you think it's a good name?"

"Tiptop," said Tony.

THE MONEY THAT DID NOT BELONG TO HIM.

The quiet of Franklin Street was broken in upon one day last summer by a raft of noisy boys, who, finding a little stretch of shade thrown by Mr. Foster's tall, new house, took advantage of it for their game.

I don't know just what the game was; but it kicked up a great deal of dust and a great deal of noise, and seemed to be very exciting. One thing I could not help seeing from my window that disquieted me. It was that pennies were passing from one pocket to another. When the whirling top reeled and fell on one side of a certain mark made in the dust, there would be a whoop among one side of the crowd, and pennies tossed from hand to hand. I didn't like the looks of that.

Presently a rather grim-looking old fellow, with a gray mustache and a patch over one eye, came along, walking stiffly on a wooden leg. He stopped long enough to see what the boys were doing, and then I heard him call out in a resonant voice,—

"George Maxwell!"

"Sir," answered a young voice, promptly; and a handsome, straight little fellow stepped out from the crowd.

"There's a little story I've been wanting to tell you for a long while, and I think this is a good chance."

A look passed among the boys which seemed to say that they didn't agree with him about this being a good chance, but he took advantage of their silence to begin his story.

"When we were all surrounded at Appomattox," began the old Confederate, "a friend of mine had several hundred dollars in gold belonging to the Confederate government, which had been put into his hands to buy ordnance stores abroad."

"What am I going to do with this gold?" said he.

"Why, colonel," said I, "come with me. We'll look up what's left of the Confederate government, and turn it in."

But almost before we had gotten out of Virginia Davis had been captured, and the Confederate government was a thing of the past.

"Now, what am I going to do with this gold?" said the colonel.

"Well, colonel," said I, "you are as much the Confederate government as anybody else now; and I advise you to keep the money, and use it to get a start somewhere."

"He didn't seem to like this idea, said he wasn't in the habit of using money that didn't belong to him. But everybody he consulted gave him the same advice; and so after a while he gave it to two friends of his, young soldiers, who had come out of the war without a cent, and set up in business in a small way."

"We'll make you partner in the con-

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builds up the tissues.

Steam Cooked That's Why

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cern, colonel,' they said; and so they used his name, though he never touched a cent of the money after he turned over to them that Confederate gold. They failed, poor fellows, and lost all the money, and got in debt besides.

"Meantime the colonel was earning his living by his wits, and going right on to success. I don't mean that he was getting rich; but he was serving his country and her broken fortunes and her discouraged people, and was everywhere relied upon as a man of men.

"Just before he married the woman he had been waiting for, I saw him, and congratulated him on his good fortune. 'That Confederate gold gave you the first start, didn't it, colonel?' said I.

"Then he told me what had happened to it. 'But do you know, major,' said he, 'I've never felt right about that money? It wasn't mine to give away or lose, and I've made up my mind to take it out of my own pocket and give it to some State institution.'

"Oh, come now,' said I, jeeringly: 'the day for Don Quixotes is past.'

"I didn't see this old comrade again until a few months before his death. Yes, boys,"—the old soldier's voice grew husky,—"he's gone forward, his tent is struck, he's gone into camp with old Stonewall and 'Mars' Bob' and the rest. 'Well, colonel,' said I, 'I hope you didn't steal that money from the fine boy I hear you are growing at Fair Oaks'; for I knew he was ready to brag about his baby.

"Well', said the colonel, 'when I came to think about the fair and square man I wanted George to be, that Confederate gold bothered me. I knew in my secret soul, after the heat of war cooled, that that money belonged to the United States government; and so a few months ago I spent some hard work finding out the compound interest on it. And I paid it to the United States Treasury, interest, compound interest, and all. Money is rather scarce with me now; but, if I had but one shirt to my back, I'd enjoy looking that boy squarely in the face and daring him to touch a cent of money that wasn't honestly his!'

"George, did you ever hear that story before?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, proudly: "that was my father."

"Certainly, it was your father,—the bravest man, the best friend, and the truest Christian I ever knew.

"And is it possible that you are putting pennies into your pocket by betting, by gambling? George Maxwell's boy handling dirty money!"

The soldier stumped away, and there was a dead silence out on the shady sidewalk. Then I saw several coins flung down in the dust; and, as the boy sprang after the halting steps, I heard him say:—

"Never again, sir! Never!"—Elizabeth P. Allen, in Independent.

AN EXCHANGE OF FLOWERS.

It was in the early afternoon of a certain Memorial Day that two little girls were walking up Church Hill together. They were of about the same age and size, and both were dressed in white; but there the similarity stopped. Rose Quonn's face was nearly as black as her tightly curled hair, while Lily Standish was almost as fair as the flower for which she was named.

"Are you going to ride in the omnibus?" asked Lily.

"No," Rose answered with a short laugh. "I reckon they don't want any but white folks there."

"Oh, that wouldn't make any difference," said Lily, sweetly; "and I wish you were going with me. I rode last year, and it's lots of fun to wave your flag all along the route. Papa threw a kiss to me when we passed our house, and I threw one back."

"Oh, it must be nice!" cried Rose, her eyes shining. "But I am going to walk in the procession, and that'll be fine. I wish I could ride, though, just for once, to see how it would seem!"

"I do wish you could go!" said Lily. "The omnibus is almost better than a carriage. I'd rather be in that than to go in the landau with Uncle Jack and mamma."

"I shouldn't care what I was in if I was only riding," said Rose. "It must feel beautiful to be rolling along. I'd like to feel it just once," she added, wistfully.

"Why," said Lily, looking puzzled, "do you mean that you never rode in the cars or a carriage or anything?"

"Course, I never did in my life!" answered Rose. "How'd I ride? We haven't the money. Pat Doolan was going to take me in his wheelbarrow around the square, one day; but he made me get out. He said I was too heavy."

Lily was silent as they went up the steps of Red Cross Hall, where the ladies that had charge of the flowers were to meet the children. Never had the difference between herself and this little dark-skinned girl seemed so distinctly marked. She went driving nearly every day with papa or mamma or Uncle Jack, while Rose had never been in a carriage during all her ten years. And now she was to have the long ride in the flower-wreathed omnibus, and Rose must walk! Must she? There might be a way! But Lily was to sit next to her very dearest friend, Virginia Cowles. They had planned it all the night before. Could she give up her pleasure? But she was the only one who knew that Rose had never had a ride. She thought very hard for a moment, and then she went straight to Mrs. Russell.

"If you please," she said, "I wish you would give Rose Quonn my seat in the omnibus, and let me have her place in the line."

"Why, certainly," said the lady, "if you wish; but it is a long walk, dear: you will enjoy the ride much more."

"I would rather march, please," said Lily.

"As you will, then," returned Mrs. Russell, lightly. "It will only be an exchange of flowers: the infantry shall have the Lily, and the carriage shall have the Rose."

"Be good to Rose, and let her have a lovely time," Lily whispered to Virginia, just before she ran off to take her place in the line; and the rapturous face of the little colored girl at the window of the omnibus was enough to repay Lily for her small sacrifice.

HE KNOWS.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk. And behold the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evensong it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said; "and see, it thrives well. But I intrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways nor means. 'Lord, send it what it needs,' I prayed,—'storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and thou dost know.'"—Selected.

A BABY SAVED BY A PIGEON.

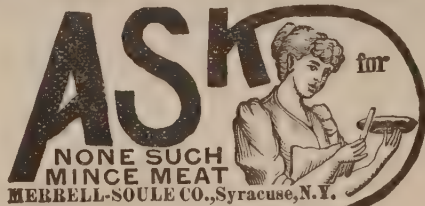
An accident occurred recently in the family of a dealer in Japanese curiosities and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby-boy was taken suddenly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, despatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family, five miles from the store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where the father received it. He read the mes-

sage, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then, tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes,—a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough, the owner is partial to pigeons; for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.—San Francisco Examiner.

A DOG'S CONSCIENCE.

Jack's master was a painter; and Jack, being a lively little fellow, on two or three occasions tipped over a pail of paint in the course of his gambols. Whenever this happened, his master called him up, gave him a lecture, and by way of impressing the matter on his mind rubbed his nose in the paint, much to Jack's discomfort. One day, however, Jack was playing about the paint-shop all alone. Suddenly he ran against a paint pail, and over it went. He looked sadly around for a moment; and, when he saw that his master was not there to inflict the usual punishment, he walked slowly up to the paint, plunged his nose into the hateful mess, and ran whimpering away.—Selected.



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Hon. Abiel S. Lewis, one of Boston's oldest commission merchants, passed away after a brief illness March 2, in his eighty-first year, at his home in Framingham. Mr. Lewis was born in Boston July 15, 1814, coming from one of Boston's oldest and most respected families. The deceased was a life-long member and constant attendant of the Unitarian Church, and was very highly respected and universally esteemed for his strict integrity, liberality, and kindness toward every one with whom he came in contact. In 1856 he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate. Mr. Lewis was identified with several new industries, among them being the Lucifer or common friction match; but he was best known in the commercial world as a merchant and ship-owner, having large importing and exporting interests with Africa and the West Indies. A widow and four daughters survive him.

A DEAR OLD LADY.

Among the aged saints of our denomination is one whose years have numbered the full fourscore, but whose mind and heart belie the record of time. Mrs. Julia A. Drury of West Bridgewater, who has made her home all these long years in the town of her birth, has proved one of its most cherished possessions. Born in the early part of the century, she has seen three generations rise up around her, and has been to all an example of dignity and beneficence. Her marriage early in life to Hon. Otis Drury was the beginning of a happy and prosperous union; and, although no children came to their home, they failed not to befriend the children of others. Eleven years ago Mr. Drury died; and his faithful wife took up the burdens of life alone, carrying them bravely and cheerfully.

Before his death he was very active in superintending the building of Howard Seminary in West Bridgewater; but, after its completion, his health failed, and on the day of its opening he died. To this institution he bequeathed his whole property, to be held in trust by his widow during her lifetime. This noble legacy has been carefully guarded, and amounts now to many thousands of dollars. Mrs. Drury's interest in the seminary has been felt in various substantial donations since his death. A large picture of her, a benignant and gracious presence, was recently hung in Drury Hall, where it will be a reminder to all of her wisdom and goodness.

Mrs. Drury was christened in infancy in the church at West Bridgewater by Dr. John Reed, and has all her life long been a stanch Unitarian and a supporter of the society there. To herself and to Mr. F. E. Howard, son of Capt. B. B. Howard, to whose munificent bequest of one hundred thousand dollars the seminary owes its existence, is largely due the support of the church in that town. Three years ago a fine organ was presented and put in place by her.

The Theological Library in Boston acknowledges a generous gift in money from her; and many other interests, great and small, have received liberal donations.

Now the shadows are lengthening as she looks down the western slope, and day by day in her quiet room sits waiting the summons to join the loved ones gone on before. Not unmindful of the needs of the humanity around her, she still studies to send some brightness into other lives, still seeks to advance the Master's kingdom on earth, rounding out a long life of service in thoughtful, kindly deeds and words.

It may be said of her, as she

"Sits beside the silent sea,
And waits the muffled oar,"

that

"All the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm."

Spirit of the Press.

The Presbyterian says:—

It would be a master stroke of policy on the part of the young czar of Russia if he would deal justly with the Stundists. It would add greatly to the prosperity of his realm, show proper recognition of religious freedom, draw to him the sympathy and gratitude of Christendom, and bring down the divine blessing on him and his people. They are an honest, industrious, God-fearing, and gospel-loving people, and are entitled to protection from the government under which they live. They are growing in numbers and in power, and Russia cannot afford to persecute or exterminate them.

The Interior on the Armenian question:—

The horrors of the Armenian persecutions are too dreadful to detail. This is permitted by the European nations because they are too jealous of each other's land-grabbing propensities to interfere. There will be a settlement of these accounts by

and by,—always is. The European powers will pay their score to the last mark. God is looking down and listening. Not a groan of despair nor a shriek of agony escapes him; and he never forgets nor fails to make things square. England promised at the treaty of Berlin that the persecution of the Armenians should not again occur. England had better look out for herself.

The Boston Daily Advertiser, in an article entitled "Christians in Turkey," printed an account of affairs in Turkey in 1856 that might have been printed last week:—

I believe that they are now treated worse by the Turk than before. The latter knows his power and the weakness of his victim; and we may be sure of this, that no Turk will ever be punished for violence on a Christian, unless through the interference of a foreign power. The well-known case of the pasha of Varna and the girl Nedele will be remembered by all. I was at Scutari at the time that the investigation was going on, and I well remember the indignation expressed by the Turks at the French for their interference with their liberty to do what they liked with their own; i.e., the persons and property of the Christians. The following account, which I have translated out of a Greek newspaper, the *Sun* (Helios), will show that the Turk is still the unchanged Oriental despot he ever was: "At Philippopolis a certain Christian celebrated the marriage of his son, to which he invited all his friends and relations. For six days they kept up the rejoicings with music and dancing. On the fifth day the pasha of Philippopolis, unfortunately, happened to pass by, and saw the ladies elegantly dressed, adorned with flowers, jewels, and strings of pearls. On learning the occasion of the festivity from the father with whom he was acquainted, his excellency was angry because he had not been invited. He was therefore invited on the following day, and was a spectator of the profusion and wealth of the family. About midnight he attacked the house, carried off everything, and slaughtered twenty-five persons. On the following day, which was Sunday, the neighbors, consulting together, knocked at the door; but there was no reply or sound of anything within. At last they broke open the doors, and became spectators of the twenty-five corpses, with their fingers mercilessly cut off,—a sad sight for Philo-Turks!

Here and There.

One of the latest inventions is an electrical rocking-chair.

The manufacture of ribbons for typewriting machines is an industry which gives employment to a large number of people. On nearly all first-class typewriters these inked ribbons are used.

It is said that less than half the available water power of Maine is now used for manufacturing purposes. Active measures are being taken by many towns to stimulate the construction of industrial plants.

A model has recently been made to illustrate the currents of the Atlantic. The water is blown out of various nozzles representing the mean direction of the permanent winds. The movement of the water is made perceptible by a dust sprinkled over its surface.

An exchange makes an interesting comparison between the number of physicians practising in civilized and uncivilized countries. Thus New York City has three thousand five hundred physicians for her two millions; China has twelve hospitals and twenty-five physicians for four hundred millions.

The fashionable enthusiasm of the hour is for a new perfume from a marvellous lily that grows in African jungles. Mr. Stanley found this flower, and brought back a large jar of its leaves to his bride-elect. Mr. Stanley says that the natives call this flower Kanonga, and that botanists call it *Anona odoratissima*.

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Education.

BARNARD MEMORIAL.—Mr. Parker B. Field will give two more lectures on the "White Mountain Region," illustrated with over two hundred lantern views, on Saturday, March 16, and Saturday, March 23, at 8 P.M.

AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY, BOSTON BRANCH.—Negro folk-songs by a Hampton quartette: At the meeting at 8 P.M., Friday evening, March 15, at Steinert Hall, Mr. R. R. Moten of Hampton, Va., will give an account of the folk-songs of his race. This presentation with musical illustrations is the result of inquiries into *ante-bellum* Negro music lately carried on by Hampton teachers and students. The "corn songs" and "spirituals" are particularly interesting, and illustrate a type of music now becoming obsolete. Mr. Louis Elson and other musical critics will contribute to the discussion of Negro music following the concert. Any profits from the performance will be given to the Hampton students, to enable them to buy a phonograph, with which to make a permanent record of their music. Reserved seats at 75 cents and others may be obtained at Ditson's, Steinert's, and Estes & Lauriat's.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The thirty-second annual report of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, giving a full account of the work of the institution, is now ready for distribution. The faculty number twenty, two new members having been added in the departments of zoölogy and botany. Two hundred and six students have been enrolled during the year. Special lectures, seven in number, were given by Sir Henry Gilbert of Rothamsted, England, summing up the results of fifty years of experimentation; and twelve by Dr. B. E. Fernow of Washington, D.C., on "Forestry." Three courses of instruction are offered,—a graduate course, leading to the degree of M.S.; the regular four years' course, leading to the degree of B.Sc.; and a shorter two years' course. A special course in dairy instruction will be opened in the fall. The library now numbers sixteen thousand volumes. The military department has received from the United States government two modern breech-loading guns for artillery practice. Full descriptions, with plans and illustrations of the new barn, are given. A new herd of cattle, born and reared on the plains of the West, has been procured, and every precaution taken to guard against tuberculosis. In the experiment department soil tests, fruit culture, and remedies for plant diseases and insect pests are fully discussed. In the appendix are three valuable papers of special interest to gardeners and surveyors. The first, by Mr. Lounsbury, is an illustrated monograph on a recently imported greenhouse pest, the *Orthesia insignis*; the second, by Prof. Washburne, is a description of the Eckhold Omnimeter, an instrument greatly simplifying the task of the surveyor; the third is a scientific but practical discussion of "Plant Diseases" by Prof. Stone.

Personals.

The Unity Club of Wilton, N.H., adopted resolutions on the death of Rev. Walter C. Moore, expressing their deep sense of bereavement in the loss of one who has labored with them in all parts of the church work, and their recognition of the beauty and nobility of his character, both as a man and as a preacher.

That remarkable child, Helen Keller, is far better informed than most girls of her age, although she is both blind and deaf. She was dumb also, but has now been taught to speak. Her sense of touch has been developed to the highest capacity. Passing her hands over a dead-mask of Keats the other day, she expressed her admiration for the evidences of intellect which she found there, and even detected the smile that parts the lips of the dead poet. A bust of Napoleon Bonaparte was then given to her. After passing her hands over it she recognized the features of the great warrior, and remarked that she supposed the bust must have been done during the emperor's years of victorious conquest; for the expression was less anxious than in the bust of Napoleon which she had seen a day or two before!—*Outlook*.

Temperance.

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The Unitarian Temperance Society has become incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. In order that we may push our work sets. In order that we may push our work forward more effectively, we appeal to all Unitarians who are interested in the temperance cause to lend us their aid. We need more memberships and to have a larger number of people actively interested in our work. Especially do we ask our ministers to join with us as members and coworkers. The membership fee is only \$1 a year. On the payment of \$25 (or that sum within five years from the date of the

first payment) a person can become a life member. The Richard Clap Weis Fund of \$1,000 is now established, and we shall be glad of additions to it. Address membership fees and all communications concerning the finances of the society to the treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Thayer, 198 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Mass. Our tracts can always be had free, with a few exceptions; and we desire for them as wide a distribution as possible. We wish to have the subject of temperance frequently presented at our conferences, before the churches and Sunday-schools, clubs and guilds. We hope that all these organizations will give the subject at least one hearing during the year. In these, and in as many other ways as possible, we are seeking to extend our work. We therefore ask your assistance by gifts of money, by securing new members, by interesting others in temperance work, by having this work brought forward in your church. We ask the more hearty co-operation of all those who have the cause of temperance and total abstinence at heart. C. R. Eliot, President; George W. Cooke, Secretary.

Charities and Reforms.

The thirty-fourth annual report of the Home for Aged Men shows the present number of inmates to be forty-seven. Bequests have been received during the year amounting to about \$59,000.

An interesting report of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children shows the benefit of careful grading and standards of promotion in the training of these little ones. The manual and industrial work of the classes has grown steadily.

The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society finds hope in the present outlook, despite the many discouragements; and its recent annual report urges systematic effort to obtain more signers of total-abstinence pledges and a general movement against the saloon as an institution.

The Chicago Board of Education deems it as essential that a child should know the value of soap and water as that of mathematics. So it has introduced the bath-tub as a factor in education. The basement of the Jones School, corner of Harrison Street and Plymouth Place, will be at once fitted up with bath-tubs, and so will the basement of the Washburne School, Fourteenth Street, near Desplaines. The plan originated with Mrs. J. M. Flower, who recently retired from a three years' service as a member of the Board of Education to become a candidate for trustee of the State university.

The crèche idea is a good one. Perhaps an even better is that of forming the leisured women of a congregation into a society whose members should, during one of the Sunday services, each take charge of a working-class home, and so secure to the mother, and perhaps to the father, the opportunity of worship. To the members of the society this would be a religious experience full as edifying as listening to a sermon; and it would bring about a friendly rapport between the visitors and the visited which would deserve, in its beneficial results, to be placed side by side with the direct religious teaching for which it secured the opportunity.

The annual report of the Indiana Board of State Charities shows how the work of the School for Feeble-minded has broadened and developed within the past year. The school has now control of four hundred and thirty acres of land, upon which are three farm-houses. Here live the farmers employed by the school, and a number of the larger and stronger boys, who are physically and mentally better fitted for farm work than any other kind of industry. The value of this farm land is threefold: it provides suitable employment for a class of inmates, leaves vacancies in the dormitories, and the farm products reduce the annual expense.



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"What are these marked 25 cents a dozen?"
"Those are Canadian eggs,—nice fresh Canadian eggs. They came down in crates."
"Oh, yes, I see," said the purchaser. "But now what are these eggs marked 9 cents a dozen?"
"Those," said the dealer with a slight hesitation, "well, those —is—JUST EGGS!"

The purchasing public has recently had a counterpart of this story in the price of Morris chairs. A Morris chair has been advertised at a figure which corresponds to the eggs at 9 cents a dozen. It was "just a chair." There was absolutely no possibility of its withstanding any wear.

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I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

Experiencing Religion. Rev. Seth C. Beach.
Our Unitarian Literature. John White Chadwick.
The Happiest Way. John Davidson.
Mme. de Staël. Blanche P. Bagley.
Glimpses of Spain. Marie C. Remick.
The Incense Offering. J. Edwards.
The Progress of the Feminine. E. P. Powell.
A Hundred Unitarian Sunday Circles. J. T. Sanderland.
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The Brook and the Spring. Mary A. Tilden.
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The woman who laughs in her sleeve in these days must develop a loud tone, or her efforts will be lost.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

A choir, after a fine musical effort, was surprised to hear the preacher announce as his text, "When the uproar had ceased."

A minister startled his audience by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence; but this evening I will come better prepared."

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Murdoch: "O mamma! See the carriage-wheels making successful rebellions!" Mamma: "What do you mean, dear?" Murdoch: "Why, mamma, teacher said that revolutions are successful rebellions."

"Papa, do you think that God helps those who help themselves?" "Yes, why not?" "Because a man broke into a window and helped himself to some jewelry the other day, and was sent to prison for six months."

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie fifteen dollars a month for looking after me?" "No, sixteen," said mamma. "She is a good nurse, and deserves it." "Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for ten. You'll save six by it."

"For what were the Spartan soldiers distinguished?" asked a teacher in the Cambridge Latin School the other day. "For their bravery in battle," answered the sixteen-year-old. "They never went off the field till they were dead."

Jones found Smith engaged in vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I thought you always wore patent leather." "These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position, "but the patent on them has expired."—*Washington Pathfinder*.

Alexandre Dumas has told the Paris press a characteristic story of the author of "Monte Cristo." One day he went to visit his father, who complained of being tired. "I said he ought to take a rest," says M. Dumas, "whereupon he opened a drawer, and, showing me two twenty-franc pieces, said: 'My dear Alexandre, when I came to Paris in 1823 I had fifty-eight francs. You see I have only forty left. Until I have made up my eighteen francs, I cannot leave off work.'"

The Scottish Hymnal, recently issued, failed to contain Sir Walter Scott's inimitable hymn, "When Israel, of the Lord beloved." Whereupon a correspondent of the *Scotsman* asked the reason of the omission. "A. K. H. B.," the editor, replied that the lines "were not up to the standard of the Hymnal, being lumbering and unequal." An equally amusing case was that of a Greenock paper, to which "On Linden when the sun was low" was offered, whose editor inserted, under notices to correspondents: "T. C. Your lines are not up to the mark. Try again."—*Examiner*.

THE LITTLE WHITE DOG.

A lady, who spoke a very little French, was getting into a train for Dieppe at Paris last summer. She had a little white dog under her arm. One of the railway guards stepped up to her, and, touching his cap, said somewhat pompously,—

"Madam, you cannot take your dog on the train."

"But I take my dog"—the lady began brokenly.

"Madam, the rules admit of no exception. You must put your dog in a basket, and pay his fare."

"But my dog is different, sir"—

"Your dog must go as all other dogs do!"

The American lady was becoming excited. "But my dog is—is—is—oh, I can't think of the word—I'll put him in my valise!"

"Impossible!"

"Oh, sir, take the dog yourself," the lady exclaimed.

"I cannot take the dog, madam. It is contrary to regulations."

A great crowd had gathered by this time. The lady was beginning to cry; but suddenly she thrust her dog, willy-nilly, into the guard's hands, and then he discovered, to his intense astonishment, that the animal was stuffed.

The crowd roared with laughter, and the guard gave way with as much grace as he could summon up for the occasion.—*Selected*.

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Editorial.

PERSONALITY may help a cause, or it may harm it. There are those who use all their power and influence to float their cause, and there are those who use the cause to float themselves. Many of the differences and quarrels which prevent the free and successful working of organizations, whether religious or philanthropic, political or social, arise from purely personal considerations. There are always people who cannot work in an organization unless they can have their own way, and the cause is sacrificed to their ambition or prejudice. On the other hand, an organization moves on swiftly and smoothly when every one who enlists in it merges his individuality into the cause, or directs it so that the cause is strengthened, not weakened, by personal advocacy.

Two classes of men are needed in the establishment of every reform. There are the idealists, who see things as they will be in the millennium, and who wish to introduce the millennium at once. There are, in the second place, the practical reformers, who believe that the millennium cannot be brought in at once, but that we must move step by step toward it. The idealists are needed to set before us a dream of perfection, but the practical men are just as much needed to put that dream into shape. The idealist is often uncompromising. He will have nothing unless he can

have all he asks for; and he wants it to come all at once,—the new Jerusalem let down from heaven to replace the old. The practical reformer, on the other hand, believes that the new Jerusalem must be built step by step and stone by stone; that, if you are to have a superstructure, you must have a foundation. And so he toils for what can be done to-day, hoping that something more may be done to-morrow. He will not do evil that good may come, but he is content to have a part until he can get the whole.

It is somewhat surprising to have Mr. Elbridge Gerry, the president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children of New York, asking the question, in the *North American Review* for March, "Must we have the cat-o'-nine-tails?" and answering that question in the affirmative. Mr. Gerry finds precedents enough for flogging. One has only to turn back a century, and he can find precedents for almost anything in the way of cruelty and severity. When it comes to arguments, Mr. Gerry has nothing to offer us beyond these precedents. He makes a great mistake when he says that "corporal punishment is to-day the principal method of enforcing obedience to the rules and regulations of the prisons in which convicts are confined." On the contrary, if Mr. Gerry will examine the records of the Wardens' Association at the meeting held two years ago, he will find that in the discussion on this subject the majority of wardens expressed a strong opinion against it. Mr. Gerry also says that "the application of corporal punishment is recognized in every household in the land as a speedy and effective method of reducing an unruly child to submission." Mr. Gerry has evidently not learned that there are a large number of households in the country where it is not considered necessary to resort to the means which he records as indispensable, and that there are many schools in which the rod has been banished. He ought to know, as president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that a great deal of the brutality which renders the existence of such a society necessary comes from the practice of beating children. If Mr. Gerry will turn his attention toward the extinction of corporal punishment instead of trying to extend it, his society will have less work to do.

THE concessions made by Rev. Mr. Savary in regard to the Norwegian Bill are, it seems to us, fatal to his objections. At any rate, it does not seem to us to be any justification of the hostile attitude of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. Certainly, there is room for honest difference of opinion; but, as this is a matter which can only be settled by adequate experiment, and as the experiment in Norway has proved remarkably successful, it would seem that theoretical objections might yield to the practical test. Mr. Savary objects "that we are to have saloons changed in their nature, and yet saloons." But at present we have saloons without any change in their nature, in spite of all that the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society can do. The fact that the business "is to be called back into the control of the best element of our city population," as Mr. Savary remarks, would ensure a regulation which it does not have at present. Though, personally, we believe in total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, we cannot exclude from the ranks of temperance men moderate drinkers who never lose their self-control. The Norwegian plan does not make the saloon in itself attractive or virtuous; but it takes the saloon out of politics, and puts a ban upon it which it does not now suffer. Education is fundamental to temperance reform; but, so long as the majority in any community insists on drinking liquor and having places where it

can be procured, we do not think it is a good temperance practice or principle to oppose temperance regulation which regulates instead of a prohibition which does not prohibit. Some day we hope that peace principles will so prevail that there will be no occasion for the use of gunpowder in war; but, until that time is reached, we hope Mr. Savary will not object to the regulation of the traffic by law for the protection of the community.

THE Massachusetts legislature recently sent one of its regular committees to the South to make commercial investigations. There was a colored member on this committee. He belonged to it by virtue of his membership in the House and his assignment to this duty. When it was decided that the committee should go South for commercial purposes, the colored member went along with the rest. The *Boston Transcript* criticises the committee for not maintaining its own dignity and the dignity of the State in accepting hospitalities from which the colored member was excluded. We are not told whether the colored member had to ride in the "Jim Crow car," but that he could not be received as a guest in hotels where the other members of the committee stayed. To relieve the committee from embarrassment, the colored member accepted private hospitality. If this man had been Irish, German, French, Italian, or even an expelled Russian Jew, the question would not have been raised; but, though born on American soil, he could not enjoy all the rights of an American citizen. In a private capacity the members of the committee could accept such social attentions as they pleased, but in official relations something is due to the State they represented; and the committee seems to have forgotten this.

THE statement of belief made by Prof. Woodworth to the Berkeley, Cal., Baptist church which we published last week, and which is developed more fully in another column, is a rational one, but not the less ethical and religious. The beliefs which he rejects are none of them essential to Christianity, but are rather obstacles to its progress. The doctrine of an infallible Bible, of the Trinity, of the miraculous birth of Jesus; the doctrine that he died to propitiate God, or the dogma that man fell from true holiness in the Garden of Eden,—have nothing whatever to do with the vitality and power of Christianity as a spiritual religion. These doctrines are mythological and extraneous. Some of them are Hebraic, and some mediæval. They are survivals, not of faith, but of superstition; and, instead of expelling Prof. Woodworth, the Berkeley Baptist church ought to have passed him a vote of thanks for doing what he could to save young men from materialism by showing them that Christianity and science are not in conflict. But it was the fate of Jesus to be cast out because he taught a better doctrine than people could receive, and this has been the fate of many who have followed his example.

A PROTESTANT EPISCOPALIAN.

The title "Protestant" prefixed to the name Episcopalian is not grateful to many members of that church, and they would like to drop it. But there is an Episcopal minister in Cohasset, Mass., who shows by his action that the title still is of significance. This man protests not against the doctrines of Popery, but against the conceits and errors of his own church. We publish in another column his letter in the *Boston Herald* of March 14. The occasion that called it forth is the publication of the bishops' pastoral, which, considering the flame of discussion it has kindled, might be called an incendiary document. If that

document had awakened opposition only outside of the Episcopalian Church, the bishops might view it with more complacency. But the fact that it has awakened criticism and opposition in the Episcopal Church shows that the letter is not calculated to produce the unity of thought and sentiment it was intended to create.

Rev. Mr. Ferguson is a Protestant of the right stamp. There are men who confine their criticisms to the errors of other religious bodies, and pay little attention to those of their own. But Mr. Ferguson strikes out squarely at what he calls "conceits and pretences contrary to the truth" existing in his own church. He protests strictly against the assumption of an infallible book or an infallible oracle; and he denies that the bishops, officially or otherwise, have any right "to speak conclusively for God, or to dictate terms of faith to other men." He protests against putting theology in the place of faith and love, and he denies that the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds are other than symbols of the Catholic faith. He protests against treating the incarnation as a miracle and a prodigy. He regards it, not as a miraculous event, but as a natural one; and he denies with equal emphasis that the doctrine of the virginity of Mary is an essential of Christian faith. He refuses to regard his ordination vows as manacles, but holds that vows to forever hold and teach a certain body of doctrines are "unmanly and immoral and infamous."

Thus Mr. Ferguson shows that he is as good a Protestant as Episcopalian, and he would undoubtedly maintain that he is as good an Episcopalian as Protestant. His letter certainly is an illustration of a very free exercise of the right of private judgment; and, undoubtedly, he does not stand alone in his denomination in his views of the pastoral letter.

It remains to be seen whether the Episcopal Church will take action against this minister. It has been the habit of the Church in former days to cast out men who have protested against its errors and tried to improve its religious theory and practice. It is to be hoped that the Episcopal branch has grown wise enough not to excommunicate the men it most needs. But, if Mr. Ferguson is not tried and excommunicated, it will show what Bishop Potter has maintained, that the Episcopal letter has no conciliar authority, and may be regarded as simply the opinion of the men who wrote it. It would thus render it null and void as an official declaration, and would show that the theology of the Episcopal Church is even broader than the bishops are aware. If the six bishops would now sign Mr. Ferguson's document, they would do more for their own church and for the cause of Christianity than they did in signing the pastoral letter.

THE ARMENIAN ORISIS.

More than half a year has passed since the frightful massacre in Armenia; yet, so far, nothing official has been published by this government concerning it from consular despatches. But there are, happily, Americans who have ventured, almost at the risk of their lives, to send hither the sad tidings of the fate of their fellow-Christians in Armenia. One of them has even returned to this country, and prepared a book entitled "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," which gives absolutely trustworthy accounts of the state of things there. •

It is a striking commentary on the sultan's method of government that the testimony in this book must be given in such a roundabout way. Letters are printed from sixteen different writers of seven different cities, more than a hundred miles from each other. The writers are men of absolute integrity, and are all American citizens. Yet so little protection have American citizens in Turkey (if they wish

to tell the truth) that it is impossible to give the names of these writers, or even the names of the cities from which they write. The original letters were read by twenty responsible persons,—persons whom the sultan cannot silence; and they have signed a paper to show that they have read them, and beg for the cordial co-operation of the public "in bringing to bear upon Turkey the force of the righteous condemnation of our seventy millions of people." These names and extracts from the book are printed on another page.

It may be asked, What will be achieved by suffering the pain of reading the accounts of this frightful massacre? Why harrow our hearts with such agonizing stories? What can Americans do in the matter? Why is it our affair? If it be true that of one blood God made all the nations of the earth to dwell on the face of the earth, then, when these our brothers and sisters in humanity are slaughtered, outraged, despoiled of all that makes life worth living, we should at least consent to know of their sufferings: we should not turn a deaf ear to their cry. If we cannot save them, we can at least mourn with them.

But there are certain things that this country can surely do, according to good authorities. It can create consulates in the province of Armenia, and it can demand consular reports. If the Turkish government were to be assured that accounts of all such deeds of blood were to be published in this country, it would have a most wholesome effect; for, though it is well understood that the United States can have no selfish motives in letting the facts be known, yet there is in Turkey a cowardly dread of England's being influenced in this way to fulfil the promises she has made to the Armenian subjects of Turkey.

The investigations of the massacre are going on, but no one has faith that they will uncover the truth. It is to enlighten the people in England and America that "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey" has been published; and it is hoped that tens of thousands of copies will be read, and that the effect will be to create such a public sentiment that it will help to kindle the zeal of the English people to demand of the government of Great Britain a performance of its treaty stipulations. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March says, "It is clear that, if the Russian proposal to leave the treaty of San Stefano unchanged had not been opposed by the British delegates, the reforms in the government of Armenia would long since have been introduced."

England is still bound to make good her promises. And she does not stand alone. The other signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty must act with her. As Dr. Josiah Strong says, "Their action depends largely on the support of the public; and public opinion," says Mr. Gladstone, "must be brought to bear on this case. . . . The facts furnished by this book ought to arouse such public opinion as will justify and compel prompt and efficient action on the part of the Powers."

One may well repeat the words of Hon. W. E. Gladstone in reference to this terrible massacre:—

"It is time that one general shout of execration directed against deeds of wickedness should rise from outraged humanity, and should force itself into the ears of the sultan of Turkey and make him sensible, if anything can make him sensible, of the madness of such a course. . . .

"Such a government as that which can countenance and cover the perpetration of such outrages is a disgrace . . . to civilization at large and a curse to mankind. . . .

"Strong language ought to be used when facts are strong; . . . and, as long as I have a voice, I hope that voice will be uttered on behalf of humanity and truth."

MR. KIDD'S FALLACIES.

One of the best articles in the *New World* for March is from the pen of Rev. James M. Whiton, D.D., and sets forth some of Mr. Kidd's fallacies. It recognizes the merits of his work on "Social Evolution," his transparent exposure of the fallacy of socialism; but it shows the incoherent and pretentious reasoning which marks the work, and the contradictions in which it is involved. We have before pointed out the weakness of Mr. Kidd's conception of rationality, but it is shown

with great keenness in Dr. Whiton's article. He also points out the fallacy in Mr. Kidd's account of altruism, in relation to the genesis of the altruistic movement and the sanction on which it depends. Dr. Whiton holds with Mr. Spencer and Prof. Drummond that self-sacrifice is as primordial as self-preservation. Says Dr. Whiton:—

We search his pages in vain for any hint that the "fund of altruistic feeling with which our civilization has become equipped" contains aught that accrued before the Christian era. . . . We may grant that the Greeks were but narrowly and egotistically moral, and lacking in conceptions of humanity. But, while we recognize in Christianity a fruitifying power before unknown, we cannot ignore the fact that the altruistic conceptions it has fructified were in the world before it. Here we must be content with a short citation from Thomas Hill Green's remarkable chapter on "The Greek and the Modern Conceptions of Virtue": "The habit of derogation from the uses of 'mere philosophy' common alike to Christian advocates and the professors of natural science has led us too much to ignore the immense practical service which Socrates and his followers rendered to mankind. From them, in effect, comes the connected scheme of virtues and duties within which the educated conscience of Christendom still moves, when it is impartially reflecting on what ought to be done."

Evidently, Dr. Whiton believes with Paul that we are debtors not only to the Greek, but also to the barbarians. Buckle attempted a little too much in his "History of Civilization"; and Mr. Kidd, according to Dr. Whiton, has attempted, from a different angle, a little too much in his "Social Evolution." Dr. Whiton closes his article, which we commend to our readers, with this conclusion: "Certainly, to elucidate so cyclopedic a subject as 'Social Evolution' within the limits of a little more than three hundred pages would severely tax the ripest learning and the most disciplined powers. If a novice attempts it, it is no wonder if he finds his subject as unmanageable as Phaëthon found his horses."

MATTER, FORCE, AND SPIRIT.

A little volume of less than a hundred and fifty pages with this title just issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons is significant of the new trend of modern discussion. Under the impulse given to scientific investigation, and the large additions to our knowledge resulting from it, a wave of materialism in philosophic discussion was almost inevitable. But it could only be temporary in its influence. Spiritual reactions were sure to follow; and it is interesting to note that science has furnished, after all, more proof of truth which, in the name of science, has sometimes been contested.

The author of this volume has concealed his name, but he is said to be a man of high professional and scientific standing. In his conceptions of science he refers all physical phenomena to a single origin, with spirit as the source and energy of all things. In his introduction he says: "If spirit be not the source and energy of all things, the evolving principle of all life in that which we call matter, then matter, dense, helpless, and inert, and having an equally helpless force, is the soul and source of all. Life is then a hideous, grinning satire, a burlesque upon effort and knowledge, objectless and purposeless, and nature nothing more than a vast, blind, grinding engine, unbidden and unknowing, working in an aimless and spiritless universe."

Then follows a detailed study of the properties of matter, and a study of the conceptions and relations of force. We have not space to quote here the illustrations or arguments. But the author emerges into a Theism which is strong, radiant, and ardent. The earnestness with which he repudiates materialism is seen in the following paragraph: "Without Universal Spirit, Nature appears a stupendous satire, grim and terrible in her sardonic irony, and in all her manifestations; merely a mother of freaks, bringing forth human kind as she would stones of the ocean or the clouds of the air, to flutter awhile, and then pass away; beings of mere physical enjoyments, without purpose, without aspiration; a universe of nonentities, with no useful result, without fatherhood and without sympathy; a happening, which may not happen again; a dissolving into everlasting nothingness, from which blind, ter-

rible energies have brought them. If this be all, space would better have been empty extension, or matter have remained at eternal rest."

Another chapter is devoted to the evidence of spirit in psychical phenomena, which the author regards of great importance.

In the final chapter the author concludes that the religion of science is the religion of God. Creeds and dogmas find little consideration here. "The elemental idea of all religion," says the writer, "is best expressed in the language of that lofty and lovely spirit who spoke 'as never man spoke': 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

There is strong and hard thinking in this book. It is addressed to the intellect, but it throbs also with aspiration and emotion; and the author's faith and hope are beautifully expressed in a prophecy in the concluding chapter: "The great religions of the earth, through a steadily advancing enlightenment, have been constantly drawing nearer to each other, and nearer to scientific fact and discovery. The whole tendency of the movement is toward broader views of humanity and of a supreme Being more charitable, more gentle, more liberal to man, more fundamental, more universal, more rational toward the great fatherhood of God. Still nearer they must approach, until all unite not only in a common belief of a Father of love, but in that of the brotherhood and kinship of man as derived in common from Universal Spirit, in one hope of universal advancement, one belief in a spiritual life hereafter, and in one acceptance of law as applied to our material world and life, as well as to the hope of continued existence."

JOYFUL SORROWS.

That any joy can be sorrowful or any sorrow be joyful seems to involve a contradiction in terms, but there is no contradiction in experience. There are joys that are tinged with sadness: there are sorrows that are brightened by joy. The passing cloud crosses the sun, or the cloud that seems wholly dark reveals a silver lining.

A new opportunity comes to a young man in life,—an opportunity to go to some distant city to take a more responsible post, with greater honor and richer compensation. It is a joyful opportunity; but it means the breaking-up of home ties, it means a tear in the mother's eye and homesickness for the departing boy. There is a tinge of sadness in the tone of the marriage bell. It means that a daughter is taken from the home circle. It is an April hour, with rainbows made of smiles and tears. A prominent musician lately said that he did not think there was any good popular air that did not have a touch of minor in it.

So there are sorrows that come with illuminations of joy. It is thus with the sorrow of death. It is made bright by the affection which makes the sorrow more keen while it relieves it of its sting. It is sad when the son who has gone forth to win respect and honor in the service of his country is brought back to be buried in the town where he was born; but the sadness is brightened by the legacy he has left of a faithful, affectionate, and manly character. "There is no pit," says Emerson, "that has not a bottom to it"; and there is no sorrow so deep that in the dark waters below we may not see the light of the guiding stars.

FOOTBALL INCLUDED.

The London *Christian World* reports that an extraordinary appeal, entitled "Are you a Christian?" is being distributed in Blackburn on Sunday mornings. It contains twenty propositions, all of them lurid with hell-fire. Here are a few of them:—

If you do not pray, you are not a Christian, and are going to hell.

If you are a gambler and bet, you are not a Christian; and you are going to hell.

If you sell drink or are a drunkard, or love the drink, you are not a Christian; and you are going to hell.

If you do not give anything to spread religion, if you are able, you are not a Christian, and are going to hell.

If you use tobacco, go to theatres, love dancing, attend balls, play cards, frequent football matches, and indulge in foolish

conversation, the probability is you are not a Christian, and are going to hell.

Cards and dancing have long been regarded by many evangelical people as tending hellward. Football is now included. How much stronger President Eliot might have made his case against the play if he had received this information from England in time! But it is in the line of his argument that those who attend the game are included in the condemnation as well as those who play it. It is important to note also that, in spite of the growing popularity of the Free Church movement, people who do not pay for the support of the gospel are not Christians, and are to be burned up with other rubbish.

Musings.

IF I were to select a person to treat the subject of the devil, Prof. C. C. Everett of Harvard is one of the last I should choose. First, because Prof. Everett knows nothing of the devil from personal acquaintance. He has never lied, stolen, cheated, murdered, or broken the Sabbath Day. He is such a moral stalwart that, if it came to a personal encounter, this adversary would not stand the ghost of a chance. It would not be at all fair to ask the devil to risk any such conflict. If I were to seek a man qualified to treat the devil from the standpoint of practical and personal experience, I should look in some other quarter. I should find the wickedest man in New York, and ask Dr. Parkhurst for his address. With nine thousand gin-mills in that city, and with "the devil to pay" in police and political life, it would not take long to find the abode of Satan. There is a supposition that the "devil" works in a printing-office; but if he does not work in the legislature, in the courts, in politics, and very often in religion, then I am mistaken. And now Prof. Everett has followed Luther's example, and has flung his ink-stand at his Satanic majesty. He has not thrown it all at once,—just a penful at a time. It has left no blot on the wall, but has intelligibly inked several pages of the *New World* for March. It is common for Unitarians to decapitate the devil, and call him evil; but Prof. Everett shows his Orthodoxy by courageously retaining the old family name, though he spells it with a small "d." That he is orthodox anywhere else than in the title I am not rash enough to affirm. As it would have been impossible for Prof. Everett to treat the subject autobiographically without changing the devil into an angel of light, he has looked at him through an intellectual telescope, as one might study Jupiter or Saturn, and has recorded his observations with the impartiality and scientific accuracy of the astronomer.

THE genealogy of the devil is traced through various generations, and it may be interesting to note that Dr. Everett relieves him from any complicity in the temptation of Adam and Eve. "In the story of the Garden of Eden," he says, "as we find it in the Old Testament, there is no hint of the devil. The notion that the serpent was 'possessed,' or was himself a demon, finds no justification here. The story is accounting for many things. It explains, among the rest, the prone position of the serpent, and the horror with which it is so often regarded. To it the serpent was simply the most cunning of beasts. . . . It is now very generally admitted that the Jews received from the Parsees during the captivity in Babylon the questionable gift of the devil. One thing is absolutely certain. Asmodeus, who figures in the apocryphal book of Tobit, is none other than the Mazdean demon, Aeshma Daevan." And in the book of Revelation the serpent that wriggles there bears "so striking a resemblance to one of the most terrible of the Mazdean demons that we can hardly doubt that it is primarily the same being." The mediæval devil is exhibited to us in his grotesqueness and stupidity, and Prof. Everett astutely compares him with the "small politician." It is assuring to be told that "the devil has always carried within himself the elements of his own destruction." He is a negation, and a mere negation cannot exist.

ONE may trust Dr. Everett always to be fair, and especially when he is writing in advance the obituary of a dying abstrac-

tion. We are reminded of the familiar story of the old lady who always made it a point to say something good of everybody, and who, hearing some one abuse the devil, said, "Would that we were as industrious!" So Prof. Everett heeds the bidding of the familiar proverb to "give the devil his due." He calls attention to one virtue which he seems to have possessed. "It may occasion surprise when I state that this virtue is that of fidelity. My familiarity with devil lore is not sufficient to enable me to give him a certificate of absolute honesty; but, so far as my memory goes, the devil could always be trusted to keep a bargain. This was true of Abri-man, who held fast to an agreement that he made with Ormuzd as to the conduct of the war between them, though it led to his defeat. In all the stories that I recall in which a pact was made with the devil, it was not he who tried to squirm out of it." And Dr. Everett further admits that, "while the devil has done much evil, he has also been a potent element in the moral development of the world." I suspect most people will say good-by to the "old boy" without a tear. Perhaps those who most insist on retaining him are the theologians who find his presence necessary to maintain their systems of Christian dualism. But even these ought not to be greatly disappointed if, ultimately, God should be recognized as all in all.

Brebitics.

The symbol of the liberal minister's office to-day is not the pickaxe, but the trowel.

The *Pacific Unitarian* for March has the ring of California gold. It is bright and of the right weight.

Nature in this latitude is beginning to keep a twelve-hour day; and the gas, electric light, and oil companies are suffering the rivalry of more sunlight.

Rev. Silas Farrington pertinently asks: "May it not be that this, that *this* is the flaw at the heart of the Christian world? It does not believe in the real Christ, and so its Christianity is not the real Christianity?"

The *Christian Witness* strangely compares salvation to the gripe: "Salvation is like the gripe in one respect. When you get it, you know it." But to compare it to a malady instead of an experience of health is a strange inversion of the word.

The *Interior* suggests, "If some of the rationalistic critics had a little of Lot's wife rubbed into their cerebrums, they would keep better." Their conversation might be seasoned with more salt, but their progress would be interrupted.

The *Examiner* (Baptist), in speaking of the old-time preaching, says: "It did the gravest injustice to the character of God, presenting him in the light of one who, regardless of mercy, regardless even of justice, simply sought for some one on whom what would in man be called vengeance must be satiated."

We were mistaken last week in giving the number of the remonstrants to woman suffrage in Massachusetts. There were twelve remonstrances signed by 748 women. For woman suffrage there were 210 separate petitions from 186 different towns and cities, claiming to represent 133,111 individuals, a majority of whom are men.

Unitarians are not given to keeping Lent, any more than are other Congregationalists. But they keep Easter with joyful hope; and we think that Good Friday might be added with great advantage to their religious calendar,—not in acceptance of the church dogma, but in recognition of the great law of love and sacrifice which Jesus illustrated.

The *Presbyterian* declares that "the Emperor William of Germany is the most talkative sovereign in Europe." Queen Victoria cannot maintain the reputation of her sex in this respect; and we suspect that, if women were sent to Congress, they would soon earn a reputation as the silent sex. Certainly, it would be hard for them to surpass their male colleagues in amount of talk, thought they might improve on its quality.

The *Interior* celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an illuminated cover and an enlarged number. The *Interior* is young in years compared with the *Register*, and is

still tied up to some old theological traditions; but it celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a splendid paper, which is a credit to religious journalism. It is abundantly illustrated, and is full of interesting matter,—especially to our Presbyterian brethren. We extend fraternal congratulations.

The *Examiner* has developed a cannibalistic appetite of late. Not long since it absorbed the *National Baptist* of Philadelphia; and now it has swallowed the *Christian Inquirer* of New York, another Baptist contemporary. Fortunately, it is not likely to die of indigestion; for Dr. Wayland, the able editor of the *National Baptist*, and Rev. John B. Calvert, D.D., the editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, have become a part of the *Examiner's* staff. And, undoubtedly, the voice, brain, muscle, nerve, and of course the circulation of the paper, will be strengthened and improved.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

At a meeting of the Council of the National Conference held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on March 14, it was unanimously voted to hold a meeting of the Conference in Washington, D.C., October 21, 22, 23, and 24 of the present year. This action was taken after careful consideration had been given to a report from the secretary and treasurer, who at a previous meeting were appointed a special committee to visit Washington and ascertain whether suitable accommodations can be found for the Conference in that city under such circumstances as to give opportunity for social meetings and conferences resembling those at Saratoga, and upon what terms these can be obtained.

The committee reported that Metzger's Music Hall has a sufficient seating capacity for our largest gatherings; and, with its large committee-rooms, it affords excellent accommodations for the meetings of the Conference. Its acoustic properties are good. The Council voted to enter into a contract for the use of the hall at a rental of \$400.

The committee also reported that they were able to make arrangements for the accommodation of over two thousand persons at the large hotels in the city, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$4 per day,—a reduction of from one-third to one-half the regular rates. Excellent accommodations can also be found in many of the large boarding-houses at prices as low as \$2 per day.

On the recommendation of the committee the Council voted to make the Arlington Hotel the Conference headquarters during the meetings. This hotel, which is easy of access to the guests of all the other large hotels, most of which are in the immediate neighborhood, offers its superb accommodations for all the social gatherings of the Conference; and its rooms for this purpose are even more ample than those afforded at Saratoga. The other hotels which offer a reduced rate are the Ebbitt, the Shoreham, the Riggs, Willard's, and the National. Full particulars as to the rates at all these hotels, together with all other necessary information, will be given later.

After full deliberation the Council adopted the main features of a programme for the Washington meetings, which, when worked up in all its details, will insure, it is confidently believed, a very successful meeting of the Conference,—one which will mark the beginning of a new era of constructive work.

D. W. MOREHOUSE,
General Secretary.

Pro and Con.

GOOD CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The directors of music in our churches would do well to consider the anthems, hymns, etc., which Mr. Howard M. Dow has written. Mr. Dow has long been organist in Unitarian churches, and the words which he uses are in harmony with Unitarian belief. Among his publications may be named a fine "Te Deum"; several hymn tunes, among which should be named especially "A Psalm of Trust" (Hosmer's hymn) and "In Heavenly Love abiding," a beautiful adaptation from Costa's "Eli";

and an Easter carol, "Shout, ye High Heavens!" which ought to become very popular. All these are published by Oliver Ditson & Co. W. H. L.

THE SAN DIEGO CHURCH.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The suggestion in the *Pacific Unitarian* that a collection should be taken in all our churches to assist the society in San Diego to rebuild its church should be followed out as early as practicable. But, besides this, immediate wants press. All the hymn-books, service-books, and Sunday-school library were destroyed. Copies of the revised edition of the American Unitarian Association Hymn, Tune, and Service Book, "The Carol," and books for the library, sent to 25 Beacon Street, marked for the San Diego church, will be forwarded. Twenty-five to fifty dollars in cash will do a prompter service. B. F. McDANIEL.

NEW TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

A recent editorial in the *Register* on the Norwegian Bill now before our State legislature calls the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society to account for the opposition it is making to the success of the new measure.

Is there not room here for honest difference of opinion? I wish, as one of the life directors of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, to offer a word of explanation. Some of the board of directors appreciate fully the merits of the theory of a better control and limitation of the traffic in intoxicating drinks in "hopelessly license towns." We all understand, also, that the proposed so-called Norwegian Bill is not a "mandatory," but a "permissive" measure.

But there are practical difficulties in the very nature of the scheme. We say it attempts too much. The theory of the proposed legislation is that benevolence is everywhere equal to the emergency. Our friends heroically hope to extract the serpent's fangs. We are to have saloons changed in their nature, and yet saloons! A business the present nature of which inevitably causes it to drift into the hands of aliens is to be called back into the control of the best element of our city population. The new Norwegian Liquor Companies must be organized of the best property-holders. All stockholders, from first to last, from beginning to end, must be true haters of the present drink evil. All who dispense the drinks to the public under these proper regulations and limitations must be practical abstainers, with fixed salaries. As a very bed-rock of the plan, moderate drinking is to be reckoned with and accepted to be as innocent as the taking of our daily bread. There is to be no question as to any *sin per se* in the use of alcoholic drinks or the traffic in the same. Persons who from principle do not drink are to retail across the bar, by the glass, these drinks, and to put the bottle to their neighbor's lips.

The American Norwegian plan makes a legal virtue of the saloon business, adopts and honors the drink evil, in the very structure of these new liquor corporations! Can conscience and intelligence accept a business in the very nature of which all drunkard-making has its sources? Can we thus promote temperance?

The banishing of every form, or even modification, of the present saloon business legally is what our present moral sense requires. All places where liquors are sold to be drunk on the spot—tippling-places, in other words—are bad institutions. They are not in their nature different by being put out of B's hands into A's hands, for example.

The custom of allowing lotteries, raffles, at church fairs is a good illustration of what this American Norwegian Bill tries to do. The end in this case is said to justify the means.

Must the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society "keep quiet"? Towns and cities already committed to legal prohibition by wavering and uncertain annual ballots are put in peril all the time. "Hopelessly license towns" there certainly are, and they are open doors to all kinds of moral evil.

The choosing of the better part, so far as the citizens who compose these cities are concerned, is popular agitation and new

education to every one in church and school. A matter warmly advocated, a cause espoused with honest conviction, has developed impatience of spirit. The friends of this new Norwegian Bill are very headstrong advocates.

It seems to some of us to be a wholly perilous plan to try to put the intrinsic wickedness of the vast traffic of the rum power into the ranks of sobriety, benevolence, innocence, and Christian character. WILLIAM H. SAVARY.

A GUARANTEE FUND FOR THE "NEW WORLD."

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In behalf of the committee named below, I would call the attention of your subscribers, and of all others interested in the prosperity of rational theology, to the following circular and pledge for the benefit of the *New World*. We trust that not a few persons who are able to do so will send in their names to any one of the committee, with the assurance of their support. N. P. GILMAN.

CIRCULAR.

BOSTON, MASS., March 8, 1895.

Dear Sir,—The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, at its meeting in September, 1894, declared its great satisfaction with the honorable record made by the *New World*, and recommended the raising of an endowment of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) to be placed in the hands of the American Unitarian Association as a trust fund, the income only to be used. The undersigned were appointed a committee on "the current support and endowment" of the *New World*. After careful consideration, we have concluded it to be unwise to attempt to secure an endowment at present; and we have therefore confined ourselves to the more immediate matter of the "current support" of the periodical.

The *New World* is now generally recognized as the principal organ in this country of theological learning, and the best thought on religious questions. It has also a European reputation, and attracts communications from the chief scholars on both sides of the Atlantic without regard to distinctions of sect or creed. It seems, therefore, very important to maintain and enlarge its circulation, which now exceeds one thousand copies. If it had a subscription list of two thousand, it would be self-supporting. We believe that, with the aid of a guarantee fund, this result may be reached within a few years. To this end we recommend that such a guarantee fund, of not less than ten thousand dollars, be secured, which shall be drawn upon whenever there is need to meet any deficit in the expenses of the *New World*. At our request, Messrs. E. B. Haskell, Francis C. Lowell, and N. P. Gilman have consented to act as trustees to hold the title to the *New World*, to secure subscriptions to this fund, and collect and apply any part of it when necessary.

We earnestly invite your co-operation in placing this important enterprise on a substantial foundation.

EDWIN B. HASKELL, Newton, Mass.,
Chairman.

JAMES B. THAYER, Cambridge, Mass.
FRANCIS C. LOWELL, Boston, Mass.
GEORGE O. SHATTUCK, Boston, Mass.
JOHN MASON LITTLE, Boston, Mass.
WILLIAM H. LYON, Boston, Mass., Sec.
SARAH E. HOOPER, Boston, Mass.
HELEN COLLAMORE, Boston, Mass.
ANNETTE P. ROGERS, Boston, Mass.
MARY L. CLARKE, Cambridge, Mass.
JOHN P. FORBES, Taunton, Mass.
ALFRED STONE, Providence, R.I.
AUSTIN S. GARVER, Worcester, Mass.
SAMUEL A. ELIOT, Brooklyn, N.Y.
ENOCH LEWIS, Philadelphia, Pa.
THOMAS R. SLICER, Buffalo, N.Y.
ENOCH PRATT, Baltimore, Md.
JOHN SNYDER, St. Louis, Mo.
C. C. EVERETT, Cambridge, Mass.
N. P. GILMAN, Boston, Mass.

PLEDGE.

The undersigned hereby subscribes the amount set against his or her name to a guarantee fund for the support of the Quarterly Review called the *New World*, upon the following conditions:—

1. No subscription shall be valid until the whole amount subscribed shall exceed ten thousand dollars.
2. The liability of a subscriber shall terminate at his decease, if he so stipulates.
3. When funds are needed for the support of the *New World*, the amount shall be assessed upon the subscribers in proportion to their subscriptions, and shall be collected and applied by Messrs. E. B. Haskell, Francis C. Lowell, and N. P. Gilman, trustees, or a majority of them, at their discretion. In no year shall such assessment exceed fifteen per cent. of any subscription.

For the *Christian Register*.

OUR BROTHERHOOD.

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

A year gone by our eyes entranced sought
 Those snow-white turrets of Aladdin's realm.
 On Illinois' wide marshes, wonder-fraught,
 Flashed on our dazzled gaze the marvels brought
 By Geni-barque, with human mind its helm.
 Commingling with the triumph, with the awe
 At man's achievement through the ages wrought,
 Springs the glad thought
 Those clasping hands shall help that holier law,—
 A truer interest for another's need,
 A deeper reverence for a foreign creed,
 Outstretched from Christian church and minaret
 The arms of crescent and of cross be met.
 A righteous patience shall be born anew
 With Buddhist, with Agnostic, Christian, Jew,
 A wider tolerance given to each and all,
 Bound by one brotherhood's encircling wall.

THE RELATION OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED TO STATE CONTROL.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

There is no phase of education which involves more closely the question of the extent of State control over the individual than that of the training of the feeble-minded. How early and for how long shall the State be responsible for the education or custody of those who are neither capable of receiving the benefits of the regular public-school system nor sufficiently criminal for the temporary or permanent shelter of a prison? Shall the State erect and maintain a philanthropic caravansary, in one or many dwellings, classified or graded, where the spirit of humanity shall provide such shelter, food, and clothing that the imbecile will be sure to live longer than if he were at home, the prey of circumstances?

Families, almshouses, institutions, have each in turn given shelter to this class of persons as a matter of city, town, or State self-defence. But it is only in these latter days that we have schools for the feeble-minded which can be construed as coming under the provisions of State education as a link in the public-school system.

When such schools were first opened, it was hoped that the "improvable" defectives could become self-supporting, and return to the community whence they came. But, gradually, the belief strengthened that they must not go back, even if improved; for these moral imbeciles, though occasionally phenomenally bright in memorizing or calculating, could become the progenitors of criminals. Many of their families were unwilling to receive them; for, if they did not demoralize other inmates, they could neither be watched nor made happy. No one wanted them as boarders; and, when their parents and relatives died, nobody had any legal responsibility for them. So one individual after another was retained in the schools, until they held all grades, from custodial idiotic cases to the brighter feeble-minded pupils, whose education embraced physical, moral, and mental development, the old adage, "Once an idiot, always an idiot," being continually disproved.

The first lesson that teachers and superintendents have learned from these defectives is the impossibility of drawing a sharp line between the highest grades of the feeble-minded and the lowest grades of normal boys and girls. The second lesson was the civilizing power of love and cleanliness,—an old lesson, but never receiving more pathetic illustration than when the institution bell rings for meals and the inmates form in a so-called line. First come the lower grade, shuffling, shambling, mumbling, grinning, distorted, cross-eyed; yet no one pushes another. The fat, stupid, strong idiot is carrying a wee, paralyzed boy of two. She lifts it tenderly into its high-chair in a special corner, where are the few who cannot feed themselves. The hunchback girl is almost boosted along by an irascible, helpful epileptic. The waddling, comfortable woman comes in with a thin, excitable child. The wheel-chairs for the helpless are pushed by the lame and the halt. There is no animal tearing of food or rough haste. All is decent, not repulsive, but coarse. Big and little heads bend together over the tin plates and mugs, with plenty of stew, mush, milk, and bread. The higher-grade pupils have crockery plates and cups, even napkins. All help each other. What are the carefully measured kindnesses of ordinary society compared with these instincts of helpful love which reveal the "angel plan" in each awkward child?

But shall those children, those men and

women at the lower tables, always be there, growing older, fed, clothed, and warmed at the expense of the State, possibly just a little farther on in intelligence, but never able to become self-supporting? This part of the question almost settles itself. For, as the adults outlive their natural homes, the towns will not support them, except on condition of their being out of its boundaries; the prisons cannot take them; and the State, finding itself under the compulsion of enforced parentage, provides for them, the helpful imbeciles often becoming the kings and queens of the custodial departments, having their various adherents. Innocent rivalry is improving. Often, too, are they the best mentors of each other, encouraging and snubbing each other with a frankness far ahead of their ability for performance.

Occupation is what they nearly all need. Wage-earning, for most of them, is not to be thought of. Yet one wise superintendent gave to some of his adult childish wards a penny a week as wages; but he also took care to provide a semi-weekly ice-cream cart in summer and a Christmas counter in winter where these pennies earned could be spent. Stone piles, suggestive of Stonehenge, are provided at the school at Waltham, Mass., for those who must do something and can do nothing profitable,—"work reduced to its lowest terms," says Dr. Fernald, as the children, often men, carry cobble-stones, large and small, from one pile to another, or else walk round and round a circular track, dimly fancying that they are athletes. If the surplus energies of the imbecile and idiot were not worked off in this manner, they would be harder to control, and, if out in the world, would wreak themselves upon the community, multiplying their own kind. The time has not come, though its mercy is partially recognized, when, under the protection of law, medical knowledge, and wise guardianship, perhaps there may be found authority to let such inmates gently sleep away their lives. But, certainly, the State has a right to protect itself from the ruin they cause through reproduction.

But what shall be done with the higher grades of the feeble-minded, who can support themselves spasmodically, at least? How far shall their education extend, and how costly shall it be? Shall they be returned to their homes when brighter and stronger, and reproduce themselves? Shall the State permit this? Who shall decide? Doctors and philanthropists differ. Facts remain. A mother objected to placing her daughter in one of these schools, as it would be an intellectual disgrace to her family; but, when this unmarried daughter became the mother of three children successively, her parent implored the State to take her. And the State, in self-defence, now supports her in one place, and the towns her children. Yet under whose authority is this attractive woman always to be a dependent on the State, perhaps for fifty years to come? If 46,000 tramps cost the United States \$9,000,000, how much does the recklessness of the defective adults increase the expenses of almshouses, prisons, and institutions? Because we have neither marriage dower laws nor much penalty for illegitimacy, because the question of birth must always be one of personal rather than of legislative decree, is the State not to be sufficiently paternal in its authority to prevent births by seclusion of those who have no physical, moral, nor intellectual right to bring children into the world?

The expense of the maintenance of most defectives has been greatly lessened by kindly utilizing their enjoyment in activity. They enjoy picking off potato-bugs, digging ditches, clearing the grounds, taking care of animals, and waiting on the helpless indoors or watching them outdoors. All this is education, and raises the imbecile to a cleanly, comparatively useful plane of existence.

The economic bearing of this matter of State support is more complicated in the school-room, properly so termed. There the science of education is so fascinating, its results so enticing, that one is tempted to forego the question of cost in admiration of the mental results attained. Fully 50 per cent. of the higher-minded among the feeble-minded are capable of receiving a great deal of book instruction. Though the kindergarten takes many of them at the age of eight or ten, and though more progress is made when the children are in classes,

and so learn through imitation, the best instruction is always personal to the child and original with the teacher. Object-lessons are with many the beginning and often the end of their education. At Waltham there is a "Zoo" for which the children care. They pet the rabbits as mothers pet their babies. They watch the pigeons flying in their high cages, and learn that they themselves cannot fly, as they try to do in imitation by spreading their arms and legs. The birds and animals are brought into the school-room, and become the living topic of the lesson. They learn physical geography from the tray of sand in which, on a miniature sand hill, they put a toy lighthouse, while the water flows at its base and the village people—wooden figures—on the opposite shore stand near their toy houses, and climb the sand hills freshened with bits of green. They learn words as if they were colored pictures being stamped on the brain. They hang their hats on numbered pegs, desire to get their own hats acting as an incentive to familiarity with the figures. They acquire arithmetic by number exercises in objects. They read one word at a time in rotation, to learn how to keep the place on a page. They lie down on the floor to comprehend the term horizontal, and stand up as interpretation of vertical. From all this they progress to spelling, writing, intelligent reading of elementary history and of Jules Verne, "Uncle Tom," etc., and to an understanding of simple nature studies, and at sixteen are often the equal of children of ten.

They have learned in school hours how to do many useful things, like lacing their own boots on the real article, a class boot, and not on a piece of eyeletted leather placed in an upright frame, as is done abroad in one school at least and is a curious instance of methods. The fastening of buttons, however, cannot be so well taught on clothes; and so two strips of ticking are provided, on one of which are sewed all varieties of buttons, while the buttonholes are worked on the other strip. To fit one to the other is a difficult art to acquire, but most useful for the dormitories, where, after all, the marvels of education and patience are seen. For on the ward attendants devolves the final or initial success of that which the principal or superintendent may desire to attempt. Their tasks are often repulsive, the salary or wages small; and yet their daily lives are rich in hourly deeds of love and skill.

Housework is seldom a drudgery for the feeble-minded. To perform it skilfully is often their highest ambition, as ironing matches take the place of spelling matches; but all their work always has to be done under supervision. Personal vanity is a boon to them. When one is so imbecile as not to frizzle her hair, then is she truly an idiot.

Since manual training and gymnastics (the latter not as an end in itself, but as a means to self-development) have been introduced into these schools, the pupils have greatly improved in their capacity for usefulness. The wood they use is comparatively thick, as being easier than thin pieces for their clumsy fingers to handle. The rough boards into which the first screws or nails are driven tell the tale of thwarted senses; but the final dove-tailed joint of the box shows what education has done for them, while cobbling and sewing are their fine arts. Gymnastics have straightened their bodies and broadened their minds. Shambling gaits are laughed at by those who have outgrown them. In all their progress they have only learned what to do, an immense advance upon inaptitude, but have not, like most normal adults, conceived the reason why.

The paternalism that the State ought to exercise in absolute prevention of marriage among the defective finds pathetic proof of its necessity in the tenderness that they all show to babies and dolls, even big, stupid men hugging the huge cloth cats given them at Christmas. The manner in which the women and girls caress and put to sleep their dolls is full of the sweetness and sadness of unfulfilled motherhood.

There are now in the United States 19 public institutions for 6,009 feeble-minded and 9 private schools for 216 pupils. But, according to the last census, there are 95,571 idiots and feeble-minded in our country. In schools where only the brightest of these are received, 20 or 30 per cent. leave as capable of self-support, though 50

per cent. of those who have been trained from childhood are able to work enough to pay for the actual cost of their support, whether in an institution or at home, provided they are under careful and constant supervision. If such watchfulness cannot be given to them outside of an institution, they should forever remain in it, because of common sense, heredity, and political economy. The children of such parents beget pauperism, which in its turn begets other evils and also crimes.

On the internal economy of such a school or institution largely depends its justification. It has no excuse for that sentimental philanthropy which would extend to the defectives the same luxuries in convalescence or the same contrivances for prolonging life which are lavished upon the wealthy and healthy. Not even an idiot should be allowed to suffer one moment of unnecessary pain, hunger, cold; but neither he nor many of his relatives can appreciate the refinements of surgery, medicine, diet. Plenty of good food, outdoor and indoor space, something to do, steady kindness, firmness in discipline, are the requisites of such an institution; and no one can provide them who has not an inexhaustible fund of pure, simple goodness.

Beautiful surprises are always occurring in response to such invariable goodness. There are literally none who are untrainable. The dormant kindness of imbeciles to each other is always suggesting itself. The favorite pastime in a custodial ward is the dragging back and forth in the long hall a block of wood with cords attached to its two ends. On it sit the stupidest children, who are drawn by the less stupid, all as merry and as self-important as if they were sleighing. Truly does one of these children call the Waltham School "a fun home." Their outdoor life is one of the joyous features of their existence. They do not know how to take cold, they are too simple to grow tired, and extraction of a tooth is regarded as a special attention from the doctor. Each shady grove has its own select circle of defectives, with its monitors, where politeness is exercised with scrupulous justice. Some are intelligently happy, others stupidly glad. All are compassionate of each other's weaknesses. They never see themselves as others see them.

The first and last point aimed at in schools or custodial departments is that of making the weakest and the brightest "feel a desire to do something they have not done before." "Progressive desire," in psychological terms, is the result of months of patient teaching. The illimitable power of minute training, the endless patience of ingenuity, make the education of the feeble-minded one of the most marvellous researches into the powers of the soul and into the connection between mind and body. Beyond this lies the responsibility for heredity, pauperism, and crime,—a responsibility which the State shares with the individual parent; for both are trustees to the future.

THE LOVE UNIVERSAL.

BY LIZZIE CHENEY-WARD.

Animal life is conscious life. Its prime attribute is feeling. Everywhere it depends on other life. At least, in all the higher forms this life is filled with desire for response and with tendency to reciprocate. The inorganic world alone satisfies neither of these. The highest or human life finds response of some sort in life of every sort, and in some degree and in some manner reciprocates this. But it does more. It reaches out beyond the finite forms of other life and through the limitations of material environment, and there it meets an infinite suggestion. It finds in this an immeasurable responsiveness, and thus is developed an undying desire to meet this response by a more complete type of living. In this oft-baffled longing is the evidence that in the universe is something in which man's nature participates, and which is the essence, promise, and inspiration of his existence.

In everything that we can know or imagine exists this permeating, ethereal something, to name which is to limit that which is limitless, and to attempt to understand which is to restrict within the scope of finite comprehension that which is infinite and incomprehensible. In all its manifestations we see one great truth. It

works for what we call good, and tends toward what we call uplifting. In our finite language we have a term for that which inspires and elevates us. We name it love. It is this which takes the soul beyond itself, and which causes it to transcend its own limits. It is the tendency to something outside of self, it is the expansion outward and upward into the infinite, it is the yearning for completeness, it is the mutual attraction in universal nature tending to unity.

The Power that is the source and destiny of all things, the pervading Spirit of all phenomena, the Love of which all sentient beings partake (of which we know because it is in us, and in which we believe because, the more we learn of life and nature, the more we learn of its manifestations) is God. Love is God. We can conceive of nothing in which it does not exist. We see it in its highest form in parental, particularly mother, love. We see it in sexual love; in filial love; in friendship; in human feeling, kindness, and consideration for any form of life; in devotion to principle, country, humanity; in desire for knowledge; in susceptibility; in the laws of life, growth, and development; in material substance; and the mutual attractability of masses, molecules, and atoms.

Love is beneficent and friendly. In everything that we know of it it re-enforces our life and tends to our development. There is no intrinsic power of evil in the universe. Evil is the measure of man's lack of attaining good. Good is the perception of law and obedience thereto. God works through law in one eternal progression, and is manifested visibly in matter. The law of God or Nature is not evil, though it destroys man. It destroys him because he does not know enough of it. He regards it as evil because he does not understand it in its complete significance for good, and because, in his ignorance of it, he is destroyed by it.

Nature is constantly teaching man law; and man's mission during the physical phase of his existence which begins and ends in the Infinite is to learn and live it. He learns it first by his destruction thereby, and later by his patient study and effort to put himself in harmony with it and live according to the light he thus gains. The more he lives in accordance with it, the more he sees the Divinity in it, the Love in it, the God in it. That is religion. Religion is man interpreting the eternal Source. It has been and will continue to be, so long as man is a sentient creature, touched by the divine immortality.

To the extent that law can be known and lived, to that extent does man partake of the infinite Love and live the religious life. In all ages have lived those who have known somewhat of law, and felt the divine Love, and stood up as a light to men. Man through all time has been steadily but laboriously reaching out and up toward the light that a few have seen. But the Life that has been the moral inspiration of the last nineteen centuries emphasized this law of love and God with a simplicity, a thoroughness, and a perfection which outlasts time; and it lives to-day as the rallying point for moral enthusiasm wherever there is Christ in the human soul.

The perfect life is a more simple thing than man can realize. He cannot see all of law; and in his indistinct, partial perception of it life seems complex, and action conflicting. The detail obliterates the grand conception. It is like the old paintings of the saints, in which laborious care is given to the portrayal of the pattern on the border of the robe, but in which the countenances and the articulations of the limbs shock all our ideas of symmetry and reality, or like a fine symphony which is ruined by the performer who fails to subordinate his individuality to the time and harmony of the whole.

Perfection is the profound simplicity of interest, knowledge, and character. In any field of human activity—in science, art, or handicraft—it is the method of simplicity which gives the most satisfying work. Yet to achieve the simple method requires insight into the characteristics of the work in question. So it is with law in nature. Man is constantly increasing his knowledge of it. Every truth that is discovered, in any realm of human investigation, teaches him a little more of the divine unity. The man of receptive soul will ever choose the life of harmony and peace. That is what the evolution of reason means. He will

less tenaciously hold to his established mistakes, and will cheerfully attempt to conform his life to each new principle which truth demonstrates. That is the religious life. Love is the essential element of it. It permeates it unconsciously, as the light of the sun permeates the atmosphere. The love that is nearest perfect is a habit of the soul, and expresses itself in all relations of life.

The life in harmony with law is the only freedom man can know. To violate law is to realize individual limitation and restriction and to meet with disaster. Disobedience is inevitably followed by its natural result—injury to the soul and life of man—as surely as the hand is burned if thrust into the flame. Man's own ignorance and blindness make his greatest bondage. The complete freedom is the life in perfect relation to law. The freedom which commands all things, which participates in the infinite expansion of love and law, is in the mastery of self. It is the reach of man's ideal.

The religion which is life is the continual living out of the principles constantly ascertained: it is the seeing of law, and living in accord with it. Religion is man interpreting the eternal Source; and, if he interprets the law through which it works, and sees the inevitableness of it, his religion is law. This law, which works through all things, is the method of the divine Nature: it is God. God, the essential Spirit in things, works in the large for an inclusive and beneficent unity. To him who can perceive it, it is a harmony of infinite Good: it is universal Love.

The soul that has learned this universal Beneficence,—the harmony, the unity of the divine Spirit; that has seen the beauty of the completely rounded, eternal symmetry; and that has felt something of the endless expansiveness of union with the infinite Freedom,—has solved the problem of existence. Then life is religion, religion is law, law is God, and God is Love universal.

NEW YORK LETTER.

One of the guide-book facts which the sight-seer in Paris remembers, whether he cares to or not, is that the books in the great Bibliothèque Nationale, if arranged in one closely serried file, would cover thirty-seven miles. The consolidation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries with the Tilden Trust Fund, which has just been consummated, will give to New York City a library that in a short time will equal in the number of its volumes the great French collection begun in the days of the amiable and brilliant Francis I.

In its liberal arrangements for the free use by the public the great New York library will likely surpass any one of the world-famous libraries in other countries. It is about decided that among its departments it will have no circulating library of its own; but, by some special arrangement, it will co-operate with the excellent New York Free Circulating Library. The location of this fine gift is not yet determined upon. It is admitted that it should be central, or, better still, have several sub-centres. The Lenox Library is delightfully situated on Fifth Avenue opposite the Central Park, and has one-half of the block of ground on which it stands not built upon. A better spot for the nucleus of the big library it would seem difficult to select. Should it find its home there, how changed would become the atmosphere of the fine halls, the lofty rooms, the spacious galleries of the present building! There would then be hundreds where now there are a dozen readers daily. And, happily, the well-bound volumes which vex the visitor with their air of unused elegance would become like the "ragged veterans" Charles Lamb so loved.

Was it not the gentle English satirist who declared that he did not care for a first folio of Shakspeare, but liked best those editions of his plays which had been oftenest tumbled about and handled? The collection at the Lenox of "first folios" of England's national poet is very fine. One may see it through a glass case darkly, but a nearer view is denied. If one wants a more substantial sight of Shakspeare's art, one can have it at Daly's Theatre in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which is now being acted for the first time since half a century. The thin evening houses at this play must mean that the New York theatre

public care very little for Mr. Daly's exquisite reproduction of this one of the earliest of the Shakspearean comedies. Barring the signs of some inartistic, mechanical devices which the author uses to bring about a happy finale, and which even Mr. Daly's skill cannot hide, the play, as acted, is a beautiful dramatic poem, enlivened by some delightful music sung in "the night's dead silence," under the chamber window of the faithful Sylvia. Miss Rehan makes her hearers love the tender and ardent Julia; and, although Mr. James Lewis, as the clownish Launce, cannot draw tears from his sour-hearted, cruel-hearted dog, Crab, his inimitable acting brings laughter-provoked tears to the eyes of those who watch it.

We have an official here whose manly, straightforward acts and wise public utterances are winning him the respect and commendation of all the better sort of citizens. It is so long since any such feelings have been deservedly prompted among us that there is something startling about the public giving their affection and respect to a Commissioner of Street Cleaning, Col. George E. Waring, Jr. The prompt removal of the city waste and filth is vital to the health and attractiveness of the city; and Mr. Waring does not permit any of the repulsive details of the problem to deter him from a personal, constant contact with it. In the matter of snow-cleaning the tenement-house districts are as much concern to him as the better quarters of the city, where the residents have the comfort of well-warmed houses and abundant clothing. He says that the general wretchedness of hundreds of thousands of human beings in the poorer parts of the city during the thaw can hardly be imagined. The population in these districts is four and a half times more dense than in the better quarters, and the homes are bare of comforts. To keep these districts as clean as Broadway is kept would be a tremendous task; but Col. Waring believes that, at an average cost of one dollar a person, he can next winter promptly remove the snow from every part of the city.

Col. Waring has surprised the heads of various labor organizations by writing some plain common sense in reply to their applications for certain favors and exclusive privileges in the way of higher wages and shorter hours for the men of their respective unions. Nothing is better calculated than these honest, businesslike letters to bring about an understanding between employer and employee, and correct the muddled political economy of the labor union men.

Felix Adler and Dr. Rainsford—whose authority to advise comes, as it should, from their own solid excellence—have recently spoken on "The Rights of Children." Prof. Adler made it the subject of his regular Sunday morning lecture; and Dr. Rainsford, a side-issue in his brilliant talk in Brooklyn on "The Condition of the Laboring Man." Both gentlemen condemned the military drill which one of the local posts of the Grand Army of the Republic has bent all its energies to introduce into both the public and private schools of the city. The movement is based on the argument that military drill promotes a spirit of patriotism among children. "It is more likely to heighten the false drama which attaches to the idea of war in children's minds," says Prof. Adler. "I do not believe in drills. They are the poorest kind of exercise. Moreover, I am a man of peace, and do not believe in whipping the world," says Dr. Rainsford. A bill in favor of introducing the military drill into the public schools of the city is awaiting its fate in our legislature.

Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Rylance, two of the ministers most active in work among the poor, have created a sensation by speaking in favor of the Sunday opening of the saloons at a great mass-meeting held last week in Cooper Union. Dr. Rainsford confessed that he was himself a total abstainer, and that he believed that all men were better and richer for not touching liquor. But he contended that in the present crowded condition of the tenements the working-people must be given an opportunity for the development of their social instincts. Dr. Rylance's argument was that the Sabbath was made for man; but he contended that any laws intended to preserve its sacredness which were not capable of being enforced only served to foster the practice of deception and crime, and had

better, therefore, be repealed. These independent utterances have filled many of the clergy with fiery indignation, and several have announced their intention of handling Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Rylance, "without gloves" in their approaching Sunday sermons.

The event of supremest moment and tenderest interest to at least one of the ministers in our denomination is the marriage of Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, pastor of the Lenox Avenue Church, to a parishioner, Miss Louise Wilson. Cards for their wedding on Wednesday, March 20, have been received by their many friends, who will be present at the ceremony in the pretty Harlem church.

On Tuesday, March 19, the Unitarian Club of New York will hold its regular meeting and dinner at the St. Denis Hotel. A paper will be read by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, entitled "The Return to the Spiritual." It will be discussed by Dr. Edward Eggleston, Mr. Walter H. Page, editor of the *Forum*, and Prof. Francis H. Stoddard. This will be the first meeting under the new president, Hon. John A. Taylor.

Lent is receiving notice among us from Rev. Theodore C. Williams, who is giving a series of Tuesday afternoon Lenten lectures at the Parish House on Twentieth Street.

M. A. M.

THE CASE OF PROF. WOODWORTH.

The San Francisco *Examiner* gives some additional particulars in regard to the expulsion of Prof. Woodworth of the University of California from the First Baptist Church of Berkeley for heresy:—

University people are solicitous about the reputation of the institution, and resent the action of the Baptist church in branding one of their leading professors as a heretic. They say that the expulsion of Prof. Woodworth and Student Maxwell from the church is due to the lack of culture and breadth of view on the part of Rev. Learned and his coworkers rather than to any heretical teaching on the part of the university professor.

Rev. Learned and Deacons A. F. Eldrich and W. F. Clark and their friends, on the other hand, resent Prof. Woodworth's open attack upon their declaration of faith as being presumptuous and impious; and to his dissemination of what they regard as dangerous and demoralizing heresies they attribute Student Maxwell's wandering after strange doctrines.

At the professor's trial there were some stormy scenes, for not all the members were against the scholarly Sunday-school superintendent. But Pastor Learned and his sympathizers declared that, while the University of California might permit heresy to be taught in its class-rooms, the Baptist church of Berkeley could no longer tolerate such a heresiarch as Prof. Woodworth. To justify their position, they took up the professor's printed statements, and compared them with the basic principles of theology in general and their declaration of faith in particular.

SCRIPTURAL ERRORS.

The first indictment against the university professor was his statement that "the absence of error is only true of the spirit, and not of the matter of the Bible."

The scientist explained that he believed that the spiritual teachings of the Bible are true and incomparably inspiring, but that the Scriptures contained errors of history and geology, and that many of its statements were in direct conflict with the unimpeachable testimony of the various sciences. He could not believe, therefore, in the plenary inspiration of every word and sentence in the Old and New Testaments.

To prove his heresy, his accusers quoted their declaration of faith, which avows that "the holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter. It reveals the principles by which God will judge us, and therefore is and shall remain to the end of the world the true centre of Christian union and the supreme standard by which all human conduct, creeds, and opinions should be tried."

THE TRINITY.

The next count against Prof. Woodworth was his belief regarding the Trinity. What did he mean, they wanted to know, by saying that "the Trinity are only three of the many manifestations of God." Prof. Woodworth explained that Christ was born of two human parents. The science of entomology, the professor confessed, teaches that some insects, like the queen bee, are *parthenogenetic*; that is, their offspring have no other parent but the mother. But this was not true of the human race. As a scientist, therefore, he could not accept the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ. The

divine spirit, he maintained, rises to greater height in some souls than in others. It rose to a pure and ineffably exalted state in the prophets of old and in poets and seers of every age, and reached its apogee in the Man of Galilee. But the university professor insisted that both reason and the facts of history prove that Christ Jesus was the son of Joseph, the carpenter. And, in so believing, the professor insisted that his thought was in keeping with that of advanced and rationalistic clergymen of the orthodox faith and with leaders in the Baptist denomination.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

But Rev. William Learned contended with some vigor that such a conception of Christ was all but blasphemous, and that the university professor's place in this world was among the Unitarians; and, as for the next,—he would refrain from dwelling on the future in store for the heretical entomologist.

But, worse than all, Prof. Woodworth had declared in his circular that "the death of Jesus, like the Jewish sacrifice, only saves symbolically." How could Prof. Woodworth possibly reconcile such apostate utterance with the plain declaration of Scripture that "the name of Christ is the only one given among men whereby we may be saved," and that the death of the Galilean was the one and only "expiation for the sins of the world"?

Prof. Woodworth said that it was the spirit of the Christ shed abroad in men's hearts that made them righteous and purified their motives, and that one who, in the divinity of his manhood, died for others was the symbol of sacrifice by which the souls of men might find their God and know "the peace that passeth understanding."

THE FALL OF MAN.

None of these disputes was more vexatious or productive of more inharmony in the church than the professor's avowal that "the fall of man was not from true holiness, but from childish innocence."

On this point the university professor explained his views at length. The statement involved the question of evolution; and on this the church is divided into two factions, one having imbibed the teachings of Joseph Le Conte, and the other adhering to the doctrine that man was not evolved from lower orders, but was a special creation, made sinless and perfect in the image of his Creator, and that man's fall from that high estate necessitated the coming of the Messiah. This latter view Prof. Woodworth eloquently sought to controvert. He contended that the facts of evolution are as well established as the laws of gravitation, that the spiritual element in man was first evolved from the chemical forces of nature, that it rose to a higher life in plants, that from plants it evolved into animal life, and thence through infinite time and through countless forms it finally reached consciousness and immortality in man. This view, he insisted, was a more religious one than the one founded on the legends of an unscientific age. Evolution was, he claimed, God's method of creation; and the recognition of this fact enlarged the mind to a grander conception of God and the cosmos.

THE PROFESSOR EXPELLED.

The verdict of the church was not arrived at without lively debates, but the final vote was against both Prof. Woodworth and the young student Maxwell; and both worshipped in other churches to-day in Berkeley.

Prof. Woodworth takes his expulsion good-naturedly and philosophically. "I consider that I am still a Baptist," he said to-day. "The published religious utterances of President Harper of the University of Chicago are not very much different from mine, and yet he is a member in good standing in the Baptist denomination. Of course, I shall abide by the decision of the First Baptist Church here in Berkeley. I could not do otherwise; for there is no presbytery, synod, or general assembly to appeal to, as in the Presbyterian denomination, each Baptist church being an independent organization, its polity determined by a majority of the members. I am sorry, however, that it remained for a Baptist church, in an academic and scholarly town like Berkeley, to expel members for believing in rationalistic Christianity."

"It was urged upon me, in opposition to my views on evolution, that President Jordan of the Stanford University has declared that evolution is only a method of reasoning, and need not be accepted by Christians. But, while I concur with President Jordan that evolution is a method of reasoning, I claim that, if it is a good method of reasoning for science, it is a good method of reasoning for Christianity."

THE PASTOR BEHIND THE TIMES.

"The whole trouble in the Berkeley Baptist church is that the pastor is not up to date. A year and a half ago Rev. William Learned came here. He is a good, devout man, but is unaware that the Baptist denomination has travelled beyond him, and, in his zeal, which is not according to knowledge, is alienating many of the edu-

cated members of the church. A number of the members believe as I do; but the pastor contends with them that, in so far as they accept the doctrines I have accepted, they are heretics, and cannot be saved."

Some of the members of the church arrayed against Prof. Woodworth say they will take the matter before the academic senate and the board of regents of the university; for, they say, a man unfit, because of his heresies, to teach a Sunday-school, is not a proper person to instruct the Freshmen and Sophomores and Juniors and Seniors at a university.

To this Prof. Woodworth says that, to eliminate his teachings at the University of California, they must eliminate science, and put in orthodox clergymen of the old school, who will teach, as truths, traditions and legends that are no more valuable, except symbolically, than the myths and legends of ancient Greece.

AN EPISCOPALIAN PROTEST.

The following letter appeared in the Boston Herald of March 14:—

As a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, pledged to faithful diligence in driving out therefrom conceits and pretences contrary to the truth, I protest against those doctrines following. I declare that they are false, and that they are doing harm in making religion seem to be an abstraction without practical meaning or power.

First.—I protest against the false teaching that God has somewhere set up a book, a body of men, or an institution to be an infallible oracle of truth.

The effect of such teaching is that men come to think of the truths of religion as unreal, far removed from human experience, and not by any means to be tried and proved. Else what need of infallible authorities?

I deny that there is any such authority. And, in particular, I deny the right of bishops, whether in committees or in ecclesiastical councils, to speak conclusively for God or to dictate terms of faith to other men.

Second.—I protest against the false teaching that there is a deposit of faith or body of essential Christian doctrines divinely formulated and sealed and given to the Church to interpret and to keep forever untouched.

The effect of that teaching is to vainly exalt the clergy, and to make religion seem to be a difficult science that only men of special training can understand. It puts theology in the place of faith and love, and disposes men to think that the creed is more than the life. It implies that a man can know the truth before he has endeavored to live truly, and so it begets intellectual pride and hypocrisy.

I deny that there is any such deposit. And, in particular, I deny that the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds are other than symbols of the catholic faith. That faith cannot be put into words: its fit expression is in deeds of courageous faithfulness and loving service.

Third.—I protest against the false teaching that the incarnation is to be regarded as a miracle and a prodigy,—an isolated event, unrelated to the course of nature and the ordinary providence of God. Such teaching effectually denies the incarnation, and thwarts its meaning.

The incarnation shows us God subjected to the most ordinary human conditions, that ordinary men may be drawn to godlikeness and the divine sonship.

Any teaching that weakens belief in the reality of our Lord's manhood is contrary to the catholic faith. I deny that the incarnation is to be regarded as a miraculous event, because I see its like everywhere in nature, in history, and in common life.

The lesson of nature is the humility and self-effacement of God-omnipotence by dint of tireless patience. The lesson of history is the putting-down of the proud and the uplifting of the lowly. And the lesson of daily living is the greatness of love and the futility of selfish ambition. So all things point to the incarnation, and prepare us to believe that God became man, that he was born in a stable, lived the life of a laborer, and died a slave's death.

In particular, I deny that the doctrine of the virginity of our Lord's mother is an essential of Christian faith. I do not certainly know whether it be a true doctrine. I accept it as one accepts many things, because it is strongly attested.

Fourth.—I protest against certain false teachings concerning ordination vows. The primary obligation of a public teacher is to tell the truth. The Church, holy and catholic, being the creation of the spirit of truth, cannot intend that its minister should devote himself to the letter of formularies or to anything but the spirit of truth. Nor can it intend to give its commission to one who is willing to exchange for a priest's office his moral liberty and the daily revelation of God.

I deny that I have taken any vow except to do and teach what God commands. And I declare that, if I had sworn to forever hold and teach a certain body of doctrines, I should have been guilty of a very great

wrong,—a kind of suicide and sin against the Holy Ghost. Such vows, I think, are not only unmanly and immoral, but altogether infamous.

Fifth.—I protest against the false teaching that a man need give to religion only a part of his life, of his faculty and his money. And this I take to be the deadliest heresy that has at any time beset the Church.

I deny that faith without self-abandonment and risk-taking is good for anything. Complete self-abandonment is what Christ asks; and, though men waver and fail, they must not fix their hearts on a lower purpose.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

Cohasset, Mass.

REMEDIES FOR THE "BLUES."

A discussion as to the best remedy for "blues" has been going on in various journals; and the prescriptions are of all orders, depending very much, as would be imagined, on the mental status of the prescriber. A Boston maiden announces, "I sit down to the hardest mathematical problem I can find"; and another, the happy possessor of a share in the Athenæum, well known to be equivalent in Boston to a patent of nobility, writes, "I go into one of the alcoves in the reading-room, with the new magazines and a pile of local histories." "To go and see some one worse off than yourself," adds another, who is instantly answered by a practical sister: "Nothing of the sort. To add another misery to mine would be suicidal. I just think, It isn't illness, it isn't death. Nothing else matters." This is according to Mistress Dolly Madison, who said at eighty, "My dear, when you have reached my age, you will learn that nothing matters." These and sundry other mildly pessimistic replies came from those who had no enforced occupation, a tired little book-keeper adding her word: "I try to do some thing for somebody else. For, as I heard a Salvation Army sister say, 'If you make other people 'appy, you've a 'appiness in your 'art that don't come in no other way.'" "A ten-mile tramp," concludes an athletic young lady. "That settles the internal organs, and dyspepsia and blues go out together." From these formulas each reader can draw her own.—*Watchman.*

THE OLDEST TALES IN THE WORLD.

A volume of "Egyptian Tales," recently translated from the papyri, reveals the ancient Egyptians in a pleasing light. The Pharaohs were as fond of tales as the king in "The Arabian Nights." Magic plays a great part in them. Some of the earlier tales—the volume is a first series, from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty—remind us of stories in Exodus. Thus, "when King Khufu reigned over all the land," his son Khafra told him a tale "of the days of thy forefather Nebka, the blessed." Nebka went to the house of Uba-ner, the chief reciter. Uba-ner's wife was smitten with a handsome royal page, and acted like Potiphar's wife, but with greater success; for the page was not a Joseph. Uba-ner heard what was going on, and "fashioned a crocodile of wax, seven fingers long; and he enchanted it, and said, 'When the page comes and bathes in my lake, seize on him.'" The steward took the crocodile, threw it into the lake when the page was there, "and, behold, it became a great crocodile seven cubits in length, and it seized on the page," and "the page was stifled in the crocodile," which was taken out and became a crocodile of wax again, while the unfaithful wife was burned. The crocodile reminds us of Moses' rod that turned into a serpent. Another story, told by the "royal son," Bau-fra, to the same king, tells of a maiden who dropped her "jewel of new malachite" into the deep water. She could not be consoled, so "the chief reciter Zazamankh spoke his magic speech. And he placed one part of the waters of the lake upon the other, and discovered the jewel lying upon a shard; and he took it up, and gave it unto his mistress. And the water, which was twelve cubits deep in the middle, reached now to twenty-four cubits after he turned it. And he spoke and used his magic speech; and he brought again the water of the lake to its place." There is a curious resemblance between this story also and the dividing of the Red Sea, when the waters were piled like walls on either side.—*Christian World.*

Spiritual Life.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure, and good without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Love taketh up no malign elements: its spirit prompteth it to cover in mercy all things that ought not to be exposed, to believe all of good that can be believed, to hope all things that a good God makes possible, and to endure all things that the hope may be made good.—*J. H. Thom.*

The lessons of the moral sentiment are, once for all, an emancipation from that anxiety which takes the joy out of all life. It teaches a great peace. It is that which, being in all sound natures, and strongest in the best and most gifted men, we know to be implanted by the Creator of men.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Theoretically, we accept much which we forget to apply to the moment's need. We defraud ourselves thus of our birthright in truths which we are able to perceive in high moments, and which are meant for the low moments as well. Where should we take our lamp, if not into the cellars?—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

Nature's primer has an infinite alphabet, the first few letters of which we lisp in a lifetime. Each object is a syllable, cuneiform and obscure, to be interrogated, deciphered; but it stands for an immortal idea, something higher than itself, some everlasting reality dimly sculptured, a spark from the fires of the Eternal.—*Mozoomdar.*

God never was in any time more than in this time, nor nearer to any soul than he is to our own souls, nor more speaking and telling his commands and his being in any hearts than now in our own. This is the only authority. This is the one source of religious knowledge. This is the rock on which worship builds its shrines of everlastingness.—*J. V. Blake.*

The lesson which every strong life has taught the world is the power it has to give to circumstances, and not to borrow from them. The heroes of the world, the world of business as well as the world of scholarship or travel or war or reform, have told us with the unanimous testimony of their experience that there is no obstacle so great, no degradation so deep, no bodily infirmity so crippling, no lack of influence so discouraging, no disappointment so disastrous, that it may not only be overcome, but transformed into strength and the means of new success.—*W. H. Lyon.*

The old man was calmly enjoying the beauty of the morning, the freshness of the air, the warmth of the dancing beam, and not least, perhaps, his own peaceful thoughts,—the spontaneous children of a contemplative spirit and a quiet conscience. His was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence, when the face of nature and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our great Father suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness, which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions; till memories, if more alive than before, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness; till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without, and, on the verge of life, the angels are never so near us as of yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself.—*Bulwer, Lord Lytton.*

MINISTERIAL ETHICS.

The report of the Committee on Ministerial Ethics of the Ministers' Monday Club was made March 11. This report was made in the interests of closer and better relations among the ministers and between the ministers and the churches. Whatever lack of the spirit of brotherhood there may be among the ministers, it is earnestly desired it should give place to cordial, fraternal relations, inspired by a wholly unselfish spirit.

Whatever need there may be of better business relations between the ministers and the churches, it is believed that friendly conference and mutual trust will make good. It is our conviction that more faithful attendance upon the meetings of our ministerial associations would bring us all nearer together and advance the work we are engaged in; and, if this is the duty of one, it is equally the duty of all. The idea of service and helpfulness, so prominent in our public teachings, should not lack respect when it applies to our mutual relations as ministers.

As the minister happily and profitably engaged in his calling is alone rightly placed, we pledge our influence and efforts to all agencies and means to that end.

We pledge our support to the Committee on Ministerial Supply, and to the superin-

tendents in all efforts they shall make to do away with the evils of protracted candidacy, and to bring the ministers and the churches together on a basis of perfect respect and confidence.

While we extend the utmost cordiality and fraternal regard to all ministers who come to us from other denominations from sincere conviction and a desire to do a broader and truer work in the world, we deprecate such changes simply from a desire for change or personal advantage, or to escape difficulties in their denomination or sphere of labor. We should be glad to see more conservative methods adopted by our parishes in the settlement of new and comparatively unknown ministers from other denominations.

We pledge our influence and support to the work of theological education carried on in the Meadville Theological School and the Harvard Divinity School, and to all means that shall bring the students of these schools into closer relations with us and the work of the ministry.

In regard to the relations of ministers to each other and to the parishes, two recommendations are herewith submitted:—

First, that, when settled ministers engage supplies, or when exchanges are made for personal advantage, the compensation for each Sunday should be not less than 1 per cent. of the amount of yearly salary paid by their own churches.

Second, that, whenever a settled minister has reason to believe there is grave discontent in his church, we advise his asking the mediation of some brother ministers to make a candid investigation, and endeavor to remove the difficulty, or, if it seems necessary, to advise a separation, harmoniously and as soon as practicable.

Further, that a council of ministers be invited by joint action of the minister and society to take cognizance of the resignation and separation in some fitting way.

B. F. McDANIEL,
CHARLES A. ALLEN,
HENRY F. JENKS,
Committee.

The Sunday School.

A clerical visitor to the Needham, Mass., parish reports the Sunday-school there as in a fine state of prosperity. Dr. A. E. Miller is the superintendent, and both spirit and methods seem to be vigorously developed.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, March 23. Subject, Lesson XXVI., "Jesus and the Little Children." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" in the one-topic graded course are now out for April, the subjects being "Jesus entering Jerusalem," "Jesus and the Money-changers," "Jesus and the Roman Coin," and "The Widow's Mite." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. They are printed together in one leaflet. Price, 50 cents per hundred.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society is preparing two or three manuals to be issued next autumn,—one, "Early Steps of Religious Growth," by Rev. A. W. Gould, covering the second year of the six years' course; also, "Studies in Nature," to be issued from week to week, and intended for children from five to ten years of age. Rev. W. C. Gannett will prepare the last year of the "Six Years' Course," beginning next September on "The Flowering Christianity."

There is a great need of interesting and valuable manual aids for the very young pupils in our Unitarian Sunday-schools. The Unitarian Sunday School Society would be very glad to receive manuscripts treating subjects in a way appropriate for this age. The Publication Committee of this society will very carefully consider any such contributions. The method of question and answer has greatly passed. Therefore, such text-books, if offered, should be put into modern form of suggestion and illustration.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall Monday, March 25, at 10.30 A.M. Essay by Prof. Ephraim Emerson of Cambridge, upon "The Value of Historical Study for the Theologian." The public is invited.

REV. JOHN HAYNE ACTON, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

CHANNING CONFERENCE.—The fifty-ninth session will be held in the First Congregational Church, New Bedford, Mass., April 2 and 3. The following is the programme: Tuesday evening, April 2, eight o'clock, sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage. Wednesday, April 3, 9 A.M., devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Herbert Mott of Providence; 9.45 A.M., business meeting, annual election of officers, etc.; 10.45 A.M., essay by Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston,—subject, "The Dramatic Power in the Unitarian Gospel"; 1 P.M., collation; 2 P.M., essay by Rev. C. F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Mass.,—subject, "The Problem of the Prosperous." Each paper will be followed by discussion, as time permits. At some time during the session Mrs. Robert H. Davis of New York, corresponding secretary of Women's National Alliance, will address the conference, on "The Work of Women in our Churches." It is also expected that Rev. George W. Cooke, a representative of the Unitarian Temperance Society, will briefly address the meeting.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. George D. Latimer will preach March 24. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. M. J. Savage will conduct the half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, March 27, at twelve o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. C. R. Eliot will speak upon "A Day in London with the Salvation Army." Winkley Guild at 7. Monday evening, debate at 7.45 upon the question "Ought the Right of Municipal Suffrage to be limited?"

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening service, March 24, at 7.30. Speaker, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke. Subject, "The Daily Sacrifice." Music by Mrs. Lester M. Bartlett, soprano; Mr. Lester M. Bartlett, tenor; Rossi Gish, violinist. Mr. Howard M. Dow, organist. All seats free.

GROTON, MASS.—The annual meeting of the First Parish Church, Groton, Mass., the two hundred and fortieth since its organization in 1655, was held last Monday, March 11. The same committees were re-elected; and all the activities of the church—Women's Alliance, Sunday-school, Post-office Mission, and the Guild of the Disciples, composed and conducted by the children of the Sunday-school—were reported to be in a healthful condition: all the irons were in the fire, and the bellows were always in motion. One of our oldest societies,—its face toward the east, nevertheless; and hope, not memory, is its bright, propitious star. At the meeting a very considerable addition was made to the pastor's salary; and Rev. Dr. Young starts on his twenty-first year of a happy ministry with this people with eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Rev. G. L. Chaney preached recently in the city hall. The Montgomery Journal says: "The sermon was a plea for the peace and unity of Christendom on the basis of the two great commandments, 'To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' In all the religions of the world God's messengers had been worshipped rather than God's message obeyed. We can love God, he said, by seeking to understand his laws and by obeying them, both physical and spiritual laws. These laws are universal and inevitable. When we are in accord with them, we have life: violations of them mean death. Mr. Chaney impressed upon his audience that every transgression bore in itself the punishment in the degradation of character. To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God was a summing-up of the Christian character. The discourse was one to be long remembered, eloquent in words, high in thought, elevating in morals, and full of hope."

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—On March 11 Rev. R. A. Griffin resigned the pastorate of the Second Congregational Church of Northampton. At the parish meeting held that day it was unanimously voted not to accept the same.

SCITUATE, MASS.—There has been considerable activity in the side organizations of the Unitarian church here this winter. The Browning Club began its weekly meetings again on November 22, devoting its time, however, to a study of Shakspere's dramas. Essays have been prepared by different members, and many interesting discussions have taken place. Mrs. E. O. Cooke is president, Rev. Mr. Weed is secretary. A debating club, consisting of boys and young men, mostly students in the high school, was organized this winter, and has been conducted with unflagging interest. On Monday evening, March 11,

they gave a successful entertainment, consisting of a public debate on the "Norwegian System of License," together with a bright little drama entitled "Shall our Mothers vote?"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Rev. Rush R. Shippen writes: "At All Souls' Church last evening Rev. A. D. Mayo gave to a goodly congregation a very able and instructive discourse upon 'Educational Statesmanship, or George Peabody and Robert C. Winthrop, and Education in the South.' Eloquent tribute was paid to Hon. Mr. Winthrop and his later years' noble service in this direction, so strangely forgotten in obituary notices at the time of his recent death. The lecture was one of Mr. Mayo's best papers, and, but for straitened resources, would probably be published by the United States Bureau of Education. Mr. Mayo's own educational work in the South is held in high esteem by Commissioner W. T. Harris, and by his predecessor, Gen. Eaton. Sustained by the bounty of liberal Northern friends of education, as an able speaker of large experience in school matters, Mr. Mayo visits Southern schools and workers, asking no personal favors, but carrying the word of friendly helpfulness, and is very welcome wherever he goes. He has now gone to Kentucky. They who sustain him are doing good work, which I cordially commend to the aid and support of all generous Northern friends."

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, March 12. There were present Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Wells, and Messrs. Batchelor, Brown, Crothers, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fenn, Fox, Hale, Hosmer, Howe, Lincoln, Lyman, Savage, Symonds, and Wells. The chair was first taken by Hon. George S. Hale, and afterward by Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, Portland, Me.

The treasurer reported expenses paid to March 12 \$79,650.48; legacies received to date,—estate of Mrs. Isaac Sweetzer, \$40,000; estate James Brackett, \$5,000; estate Luther Blood, \$15,878; estate Mrs. Susan Brackett, \$9,766.67,—total, \$70,644.67. The General Fund stands at about \$75,000, with a temporary loan of \$45,000.

The rules were suspended, and the following appropriations were made. In order to meet an emergency at St. John, N.B., \$600 was put at the disposal of the secretary and the superintendent for New England, with discretion to use the money so as to ward off danger of a failure to meet the obligations of the church. \$50 received from the First Parish, Portland, Me., was voted, according to instructions, to Rev. L. D. Cochrane. On application, \$500 was appropriated to the secretary of the Conference of the Middle States and Canada, to be used for the church in Albany, N.Y.

By recommendation of the Foreign Missions Committee \$500 was appropriated for the Unitarian church in Budapest, Hungary; also, \$375, balance of the salary for the year of Prof. Droppers of the Unitarian Mission in Japan.

The seventieth anniversary of the British and Foreign and the American Unitarian Associations coming this year, Rev. William H. Lyon of Boston and Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register*, were appointed delegates to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association as messengers of our good will.

In answer to communications from All Souls' Church, Chicago, Ill., through Rev. J. L. Jones, minister, it was

"Voted, That the directors of the American Unitarian Association will receive the sums of money contributed for the building of All Souls' Church in Chicago, Ill., and now held in trust for the benefit of the American Unitarian Association, returning to All Souls' Church such contributions as shall be stipulated by the written request of the donors."

It being the day for Western appropriations, Rev. T. B. Forbush was present, and explained the recommendations made by the Western Committee; and the following appropriations were made: \$500 to Rev. Jasper L. Douthit; \$1,000 to the First Unitarian Society, Iowa City, Ia.; \$700 to the First Unitarian Society, Lawrence, Kan.; \$750 to the First Unitarian Society, Madison, Wis.; \$800 to Rev. M. J. Skaptason for work in the Icelandic Mission; \$400 to the First Unitarian Society, Topeka, Kan.; \$400 to Rev. Walter S. Vail for missionary work in Southern Kansas; \$60 to Unitarian church, Sturgis, Mich.; \$400 to Unitarian society, Carthage, Mo., to be expended under the direction of Rev. T. B. Forbush; \$100 to Unity Church, Richland Centre, Wis.; \$75 to Rev. J. L. Andrew for missionary work in Southern Dakota; \$200 to Rev. Walter A. Taylor, Jackson, Mich.; \$200 to the First Liberal Church of Great Falls, Mont.; \$400 to Rev. Thomas G. Owen for missionary work in Wisconsin; and \$250 to Rev. T. B. Forbush for office expenses.

An application for Richmond, Va., was referred to the Southern Committee.

The special committee to consider the condition and reorganization of the Unitarian Association reported for the committee

appointed by the Association, consisting of Messrs. Hale, Savage, Long, Ames, Mrs. K. G. Wells, T. L. Eliot, Shorey, and Cutting, through Rev. Minot J. Savage, chairman, as follows:—

"The committee appointed by the directors beg leave to suggest the passage by the directors of the following vote:—

"Voted, That the Board respectfully recommends to the Nominating Committee and the Association: (1) the choice of Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Mass., as secretary, at a salary of \$— per annum; (2) of George W. Stone of Wilmington, Del., as treasurer, at a salary of \$— per annum, he to perform such services as the Board shall direct in regard to obtaining contributions for the work of the Association, and as its general financial agent; (3) of George W. Fox as assistant secretary, at a salary of \$— per annum, he to render such clerical and other services as the Board shall specify."

The plan of readjustment of appropriations was referred to the Executive Committee. After a consideration of the subject of legacies, it was voted to refer the question to the Finance Committee, to report at the next meeting, showing what amount had been spent for the last five years, as well as the amounts received from interest, churches, and legacies.

Adjourned.

Business Notices.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will quickly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes.

It is well-nigh impossible to satisfactorily heat the average dwelling-house unless it is equipped with open fireplaces. Hundreds of colds are the result of every drop in the thermometer, and the great majority of these illnesses might be avoided by the use of open fires. That open fireplaces are being more extensively used is shown by the enormous industry in wood mantels which is now being done at the Paine warerooms on Canal Street. This firm does probably the largest wood mantel business in the United States. Their prices are lower than other furniture houses on this specialty.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Tyngsboro, 18th inst., by Rev. William Brown, William P. Wright and Rose D. Senny, both of Dunstable.

Deaths.

In Dighton, 6th inst., Bathsheba, daughter of the late Rev. Abraham and Bathsheba Gushue, in the 73d year of her age.

In Brooklyn, N.Y., 14th inst., James Hosmer Kidder, son of the late James and Susan Dexter (Blanchard) Kidder, formerly of Watertown and later of Boston, 66 yrs., 6 mos.

In North Somers, Conn., 4th inst., William Harlow. Mr. Harlow was a native of Portland, Me., where he carried on business as a watchmaker and jeweller for many years. He was an earnest believer in and upholder of our liberal faith, and a parishioner of Dr. Nichols and Horatio Stebbins, associate pastors of the First Parish Church of Portland. Later he removed to Syracuse, N.Y., and was there prominently identified with the Unitarian church under the ministry of Samuel J. May and, following him, of Rev. S. R. Calthrop. Impaired health a few years since led to Mr. Harlow's removal from Syracuse, which severed a church connection of over twenty years in that city. Latterly he has resided in North Somers, Conn., where on the 4th inst. he entered within the gates which limit all mortal vision. He was a man of strict integrity, abhorring all that trickery and dishonesty which too often pass current under the specious name of business. Our friend was tried, as few of us are by a "thorn in the flesh" in the form of a chronic affection, which, though it permitted his passing the psalmist's boundary of years, yet sorely marred his physical ease. Those who knew him best will remember him as a man of inflexible honesty, loyal heart, and kindly nature. He rests well after the burden and heat of the day.

HARRIET UDELL.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., January 30, Harriet Udell, wife of Corwin S. Udell.

"And though we walk divided pathways now,
And I no more may see thee to the end,
I weave this little chaplet for thy brow,
That other hearts may know, and hail thee friend."

Faithful wife loving mother, kind and tender friend! Harriet Udell's was a personality one rarely meets in life,—hers was a face fair enough, but more noble than fair; hers was a voice sweet enough, yet more clear and earnest than sweet; hers was a nature beautiful enough, yet more loving and lovable than beautiful.

Human nature is to be measured only by its exceptional men and women,—those who, conscious of their divine birthright, seek ever to be true to the God within, thereby becoming in themselves object lessons, teaching humanity that, under the rule of love, goodness, and righteousness, all human nature will become godlike. This was Harriet Udell in life.

"The sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,"
Thus did she join "the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

RENO, NEV., March 7.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

WANTED, by a teacher, a refined home easily accessible from the Public Garden. Terms must be moderate. Address Miss A., care the *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

OUR WORSHIP.

BY EDWARD W. STONE.

Ne'er climbeth from our altar-fires
The smoke of sacrifice,
But earth-born hopes and vain desires
Therewith toward heaven rise;
And never from the censor
The perfumed clouds ascend,
But with them, dark and denser,
The dust of earth must blend.

Our sweetest songs of praise are marred
By life's discordant din,
And in our loftiest hymns is heard
The undertone of sin.
Our purest tributes paying,
We come with mixed intent;
And even in our praying
Our eyes are earthward bent.

May He whose all-discerning sense
Is merciful, though just,
Accept our human reverence,
Remembering we are dust;
And, bending in compassion
From his eternal throne,
Our words and works refashion,
And make the good his own.

The Pulpit.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER.

"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you."—MATT. vii. 2.

There is no prophet of modern days to whom I feel under greater personal indebtedness than to Emerson. A few years ago I went from Boston to Concord in the middle of winter, climbed through deep snows up the hillside in the cemetery, until I stood before the rough boulder that covers all that could die of him who gave new life to so many. Before that granite shrine I remembered how, in days of darkness and perplexity, when my thought seemed chaos, he gave me clearness of vision. The deepest studies in our literature are his essays on "Self-reliance," "Spiritual Laws," and "Compensation." What revelations are there, what insight into human resources, what knowledge of the universe, and of those processes with which we must put ourselves in harmony!

I was thinking the other day of his essay on "Compensation"; and, taking down the volume, I read: "The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour, every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something."

I wondered whether I could not compress the essence of that passage into the words of the text, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you." We receive as we give. We gain as we lose. The measure of suffering is the measure of recompense. The measure of trial is the measure of strength; the measure of humiliation, the measure of exaltation. This is a side of the law that is often not so clear to us,—the compensations of pain, disaster, defeat. To most of us, however, it is the most important side of the law. It is the side with whose operations we are brought in most constant contact.

"Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost.
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost."

It is true to-day our best wisdom is that which costs. Our growth is promoted by sharp griefs that dig up our hearts. The lessons by which we profit are so often written in blood and fire. Better that way than that we should not learn. But there is no loss without its corresponding gain, no anguish without its recompense. The universe is nicely balanced. The law of compensation holds in every realm. The physical and moral come alike within its scope,—all things, from the wrath of a tornado to the sufferings of Jesus. When the violence of nature levels cities, it brings out in helpfulness that deep humanity which is before all creeds and shall be after them. When Jesus is lifted upon the cross, he draws all men to his character and teachings. The compensation for lacerating nails and piercing spear is the dominion of

the ages. We cannot always trace the operations of this law, but we infer the things that are not seen from those that do appear. We have proved the principle in so many cases that we trust it when it works in darkness.

Let us consider some of its applications this morning.

I. It is often a source of trouble to men that the past never satisfies. Every legend of Eden closes with its destruction. The Edens of the individual's past lie broken and blighted.

1. It is not long that we take delight in anything we have done. Let us thank God for that.

A gentleman said to me, "One's sharpest competition is always with his past." Let a man do something worthy of himself, and it soon becomes a goad instead of a pleasure. He who does one thing well is under bonds to do something better. He has given a proof of his power; but, as he stands contemplating his work, his own soul cries out: "I can beat that! Give me another chance!" Our inspiration comes not from the attained, but from the unattained. The laurels of this morning are withered at evening, while far beyond us the trumpet is sounding. The kingdom of God has never fully come: it is always coming. It has been transferred from the past to the future. The golden age no longer basks in primeval sunshine: it lies under the dawn of to-morrow. While Eden is in ruins, the New Jerusalem is before us. The vision of John rises like a new sun over the legend of Moses. The vision of the possible and attainable in human life rises with greater glory over all that has been accomplished. To-morrow will bring us a grander arena and nobler deeds: the deeds of yesterday are already poor and shrunken. The best they can do for us is to make appeal that we shall overtop them with nobler achievements. Let a man lie down to rest upon what he has done, and, lo! the rose-leaves are fallen away, and he springs up from a bed of thorns!

2. The thirst for knowledge, the desire for improvement, is born in the human soul. A healthy dissatisfaction is the key to all progress, intellectual, moral, and social.

To remain stationary is to die. I am sometimes asked to preach the gospel of content to others. I will just as soon as I feel contented with myself and with anything I have done. The trouble in the storied garden was not caused by the spirit of disobedience, but by the thirst for knowledge. Man no sooner rises from the animal to man than he finds a spirit of unrest in his bosom,—the divine prophet of advancement, the divine protest against stagnation. The spirit of progress, early kindling in the breast of man, rebelled against the prohibition, "Touch not yonder tree!" What was the motive that prompted to partake? "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was the inducement. No tree ripening with such fruit would have been safe under any edict. "Thou shalt not" was a mere cobweb when man found there was something more to learn, some new height to be gained. We can conceive of him as saying, "Let me learn more of God, of his universe, of myself, of this mysterious world and life, at any cost." Man gained his knowledge; but he paid and is paying the price,—expulsion from the gardens of ease. Let him pay it ever without a murmur. What he gains is worth what it costs. There are exalted moments of life—not many of them, perhaps—that bring us guerdon for the sorrow and heartache and disappointment of years. One mount of transfiguration makes ample amends for a thousand Calvaries.

3. The mandate that doomed man to a life of labor was no "curse." It is his greatest blessing that he must eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, and learn his lessons in the agony of his spirit.

Only let him see to it that he eat it honestly in the sweat of his own brow, and not in the sweat of somebody's else brow. I wave my hand to the angel whose flaming sword forbade return to a life of infancy and ease and ignorance. Knowledge, with all its perils and pains, rather than ignorance, with its unthinking repose. Innocence is not virtue. Innocence is fair and beautiful, but it only becomes virtue after it has looked evil squarely in the face and not been put to shame,—after it has wrestled with evil and conquered. Behind virtue are tempters and battles. It comes of

many conflicts. It comes of knowledge that sometimes appalls, that reveals new forces of evil, but also new sources of strength. Evermore is character born in the fire. In the story of the three Hebrews cast into the sevenfold heated furnace,—it was there they found the image of the Son of Man.

II. What shall be said of our failures and mistakes? Is there no wisdom in the grief and humiliation they have brought us?

Sings Browning,—

"A paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale."

1. Our aim was high. Is that nothing? Is there no consolation in the thought that we tried to do something worthy? The effort was not fruitless, though outwardly it came to naught. No man can think a noble thought or essay a noble deed without becoming thereby ennobled. "Think of Buddha, and you will become like Buddha," say his priests. Think the right, attempt the right, and you will become right. Some of the ripest and sweetest characters are those whose outward lives accomplish little. They would not stoop to dishonor: they were doomed to neglect.

"A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale."

Let them rejoice in their aspirations. It is better to send from the heart a dove, though she return with no olive-branch, than to make that heart a roosting-place for unclean birds. Better attempt something right and fail than something base and achieve it. Better die at the stake for truth than push a lie to victory. Disappointment teaches us that there is something better to live for than what men call success, that principles are worth more than prosperity, that it profits more to preserve the highest and best life of the spirit than to be able to hang the world as a trophy to one's girdle.

Story's "Hymn for the Conquered" closes with these noble words:—

"Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper,
'They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have
vanquished
The demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unswayed
By the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer,
Resist, fight,—if need be, to die.'

"Speak, History! Who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals, and say.
Are they those whom the world called the
victors,

Who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who
fell
At Thermopylæ's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges
Or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

2. But these lives of failure and disappointment have a larger meaning, a wider relationship than we know.

We are so bound in the bundle of life together that the influence of every high thought and glorious purpose exalts the entire race forever. Drops of water from the tiniest rivulet that pays tribute to the ocean glitter in the mightiest billow that rolls. The coral insect that wrought but for a day has helped to push the coral island above the sea. The honest heart-throb of the lowliest peasant quickens the pulses of every potentate. The brave word spoken in obscurity makes music through all nations. The courage of the lowliest in resisting wrong makes braver the entire race, makes justice more certain for all ages.

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star
ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who
knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger
thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on
high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the
throne,
Know this surely at last. Honest love,
honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for
the morrow,—
Are these worth nothing more than the
hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they
leave dreary?

Hark! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of
the spirit
Echo, 'He that o'ercometh shall all things
inherit.'"

"What good," asked some one, "did Helvidius Priscus do in resisting Vespasian, being but a single person?" "What good," answers Epictetus, "does the purple do on the garment? Why, it is splendid in itself, and splendid also in the example it affords."

3. Failure may also teach us our real adaptations.

We knock at gates that never open, and stumble along the road until we find the garlanded archway and the path beyond it fringed with flowers. We hear a voice saying: "This is the way. Walk ye in it." Poor Goldsmith failed at law and medicine, but not as an essayist and poet. Hegel failed in theology, and was regarded as only a mediocre in college; but his failures in one department pointed out the true direction of his faculties, and he stands eminent in philosophy. Webster failed as a farm hand, but not as expounder of the Constitution. So, too, men have failed in the professions, and found their true work in the shop or at the plough. Thus do our failures become guide-posts along the highways of life. When we find what we cannot do, that we cannot be lord of the ten cities or five, we bethink us of the neglected talent that has all the while been lying wrapped in the napkin, waiting to be used.

III. What of the wrongs, the insults, the injuries, we have received? Is there any compensation? In the griefs they cause us is there any wisdom? Is there any knowledge in the sorrows?

These are all among the lessons of life. They are factors in our education. Our deepest wrongs may make us grow. They may reveal to us parts of our nature whose existence we did not suspect. They may search out the secret places that even love did not find, and lay them open to love. The bush wrenched from the mountain-side revealed to Pizarro the silver treasures of Peru. Rude hands may uncover hidden riches in our hearts,—may show us resources of power, of love, of sympathy, of patience, of genius we knew not. The word that stabs you like a poniard cuts a new channel for the Holy Ghost. The insult that was intended to sprinkle ashes on your head makes you rise from the dust and fling away your sackcloth forever. The menace that was intended to bully you into imbecility makes you a man. The criticism of your bitterest foe may teach you lessons that your bosom friend would never impart. Even he who cheats you out of your dues gives you a chance to deserve something better. Those who wrong us educate us. Our enemies teach us the secret of battle. "Memorable also," exclaims Carlyle, "be that nimble barber (at the siege of Lille) who, when the bomb burst beside him, snatched up a shred of it, introduced soap and lather into it, crying, 'Behold my new shaving-dish,' and shaved fourteen people on the spot!"

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Men's Two Button	1.50
Men's Two Clasp	1.50
Men's Two Clasp, Prex Seam Kangaroo	1.75
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BOSTON.

Every fragment of the shells exploded in our camps by the enemy shall become our implements of power, our weapons of conquest. The button worn by members of the Grand Army is made of captured cannon. Out of the guns that were aimed against them they have made badges of victory!

"O my friends," cries our great American prophet, "there are resources in us on which we have not drawn. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat,—men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority, demanding not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, and readiness of sacrifice, come graceful and beloved as a bride. Napoleon said of Massena that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him. Then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, awoke his powers of combination; and he put on terror and victory as a robe. So it is in rugged crises, in unweariable endurance, and in aims which put sympathy out of the question, that the angel is shown." When Mark Tapley was comfortably situated, he thought it no credit to be jolly; but, when he and Martin came to the fever-stricken district of New Eden, his mirth found the first opportunity to unfold her wings.

IV. There is nothing hateful or unsightly in the world from which we may not learn something.

1. To him whose mind is bent on improvement, who means to advance, who wishes to make the best of himself, everything in human life has a significance.

Every day we see things that shock and pain us, but they have their lessons. The disagreeable things of life may be ministering angels, though they wear soiled garments and are surrounded by unwholesome odors. It is written in the Persian of Saadi that they asked Lokman the fabulist, "From whom did you learn manners?" He answered, "From the unmannerly."

2. The results of a tendency, seen in their maturity, have kept many a man back from the same course, and led him to check similar tendencies in himself.

The best lesson against profanity is a profane swearer. The best preventive of drunkenness is a drunkard. The strongest dissuasive from vice is one who exhibits its finished work. I know a young man whose studies in the medical college—studies that led him to trace in actual examples the connection between disease and immorality—did more to create and establish good resolves than years of preaching would have done. But our instances need not all be so extreme. Take any unpleasant trait, such as ill-temper, fault-finding, peevishness, boisterousness, incivility. Look at such trait in any person whom it has come to master; and, if the beginnings are already in us, we will make all haste to crush them out,—“I will do anything rather than become like that!” What a revelation it would be to us if we could only see how closely we sometimes resemble the people we despise or ridicule!

3. You will not misunderstand me, therefore, when I say that a great sin has frequently been the salvation of a soul.

I know the statement is open to objection; but, nevertheless, I make it. Perhaps there is no way to learn but by the sad experience so many of us know. Life is a costly education. It takes many sins to bring us to repentance: it takes many sorrows to teach us a little wisdom. Repentance, watchfulness, compassion for others, deep humility,—these are some of the compensations of sin. A monstrous iniquity has opened our eyes to the abyss. One drunken fit has saved many a man from a drunkard's grave. It has so horrified the soul that the habit was broken before its grasp had hardened into adamant. Other sins have opened men's eyes to the possibilities of evil in their hearts, and have made them humble and watchful forever. Goethe used to say that he never heard of a sin or crime that he did not believe himself capable of committing. He who thought that he was standing learned to take heed lest he fall. Thus, after all, the black record concentrates itself into a point of light. Peter's denial of his Master made him the most courageous apostle of his Master's gospel. In the grief of sin there is wisdom: in the sorrows of sin there is knowledge. It is a fearful price to pay, but most of us will only learn at such terrific cost. George Eliot says: "There is no short cut, no patent tramroad to wisdom.

After all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must still be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time."

V. Of the actual calamities of life I can say but little. The grief they bring brings wisdom with it. The sorrows they multiply increase our knowledge.

When the props upon which we have rested are knocked away, we find ourselves. Disaster and loss snatch our crutches, that we may use our feet. Whatever teaches the lesson of self-reliance is worth the utmost farthing it costs. Man was made to depend upon himself; but he never will do it so long as, by any device, he can shift his responsibilities. So long as he thinks any other man or God will do his work, he will find excuses for not doing it himself. He will be weak and flabby and inefficient just so long as he can. His very sins he will lay at the doors of others. He will assume responsibility for nothing. It needs very often the shattering of everything in which he trusted to strengthen his knees and stiffen his back. Trust yourselves. Think, act, assume, dare. What if you have lost your property, been betrayed by your friends, deserted by your supporters, maligned by your foes? The entire universe is leagued on the side of him who has courage to attempt for himself. The gods themselves are partisans of the brave. Make a bold step, and the world bristles with defensive armies. Says Novalis: "There is, properly speaking, no misfortune in the world. Happiness and misfortune stand in continual balance. Every misfortune is, as it were, the obstruction of a stream, which, after overcoming this obstruction, but bursts through with the greater force."

What is to be the outcome of it all? What is to be the final result of these tremendous processes? We are building, with immense toil and pain, our characters. To what end? For what purpose? That the hand of death may finally smite and shatter them, that they shall be utterly wasted and destroyed? I cannot believe it. What is good, it seems to me, must last. If there is anything in us that is worth carrying over the dark stream into which we shall all some day sink, it must be carried over. It was this conviction that made Hume say, "Whenever I think of my mother, I believe in immortality." It was this conviction that made the mourners around the bier of Phillips Brooks refuse to believe that the whole story was told:—

"We have had no such sermon on immortality and the glorified state of the just for many a year as this funeral was. 'Oh, if I could have died at that very moment,' said a girl, very sadly, 'I am sure he would have taken me with him.' 'I'm not a Christian,' said a laboring man, 'and I don't know as I've ever believed in a hereafter; but I know that man is alive somewhere.' 'I don't believe in many men,' said a harlot, 'but I believed in Phillips Brooks. Such men ought never to die.' And then, after a pause, she slowly, deeply exclaimed, 'And I don't believe they do.' Thus he preached more solemnly in his death than in his life of the blessed life beyond, and of the glorious life here that is the prophecy of it."

The event will justify the process. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

THE ARMENIAN ORISIS IN TURKEY.

The following extracts are from a book just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The first part of the volume is made up of letters received from American citizens resident in Turkey. The following persons, having read these letters, certify to their authenticity: Frederic T. Greenhalge, governor of Massachusetts; Frances E. Willard, president National Woman's Christian Temperance Union; William Lloyd Garrison; Samuel J. Barrows, editor *Christian Register*; George C. Lorimer, pastor Tremont Temple, Boston; William E. Barton, pastor Shawmut Church, Boston; H. M. Jewett, ex-United States consul, Sivas, Turkey; * Mary A. Livermore, author and lecturer; Alpheus H. Hardy; Francis E. Clark, president United Society

* Brother and predecessor of the present Consul Jewett at Sivas.

Christian Endeavor; Edward Everett Hale, pastor New South Congregational Church, Boston; Julia Ward Howe, author and lecturer; Francis A. Walker, president Massachusetts School Technology; A. E. Pillsbury, ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Isabel Somerset; Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College; I. J. Lansing, pastor Park Street Church, Boston; Joseph Cook, author and lecturer; William E. Russell, ex-governor of Massachusetts; Jonathan A. Lane, president Boston Merchants' Association.

Rev. Frederick Davis Greene, the author and compiler of this book which bears the title at the head of this article, says:—

These letters are written by men who can have no possible motive for misrepresenting the facts in the case, while, on the other hand, each writer subjected himself to personal danger by putting such statements upon paper and sending them through the mails. Several of the documents have got through Turkey by circuitous routes, in some instances having been sent by special messenger to Persia, and so on to this country. Others were never risked in the Turkish mails, but have come through the British post-office at Constantinople.

It must be borne in mind that no writer was an eye-witness of the actual massacre; nor could he have been, inasmuch as the whole region was surrounded by a military cordon during the massacre and for months after. The letters are largely based on the testimony of refugees from that region, or of Kurds and soldiers who participated in the butchery, and who had no hesitation in speaking about the affair in public or private until long after, when the prospect of a European investigation sealed their lips. Much of the evidence is, therefore, essentially first-hand, having been obtained from eye-witnesses by parties in the vicinity at the time, who are impartial, thoroughly experienced in sifting Oriental testimony, familiar with the Turkish and Armenian languages, and of the highest veracity. No one letter would have much force if taken alone, for it might be a large report of a small matter; but these sixteen letters are written independently of one another, at different times, and from seven different cities widely apart, five of them forming a circle around the scene of destruction. The evidence is cumulative and overwhelming.

There is absolute unanimity to this extent, that a gigantic and indescribably horrible massacre of Armenian men, women, and children did actually take place in the Sassoun and neighboring regions about Sept. 1, 1894, and that, too, at the hands of Kurdish troops armed by the sultan of Turkey, as well as of regular soldiers sent under orders from the same source. What those orders were will probably never transpire. That they were executed under the personal direction of high Turkish military officers is clear. There can also be no doubt—for the official notice from the palace was printed in the Constantinople papers in November last—that Zekki Pasha, commander of the Fourth Army Corps, who led the regular troops in the work of extermination, has since been specially honored by a decoration from the sultan, who was also pleased to send silk banners to the four leading Kurdish chiefs by a special messenger.

FROM LETTER NO. V.

A Christian does not enjoy the respect accorded to street dogs. If this massacre passes without notice, it will simply become the declaration of the doom of the Christians. There will be no security for the life, property, or honor of a Christian. A week ago last Tuesday evening at sundown a Turk kidnapped the wife of a wealthy Armenian merchant of the town of Khanoos Pert. Next morning her cries

were overheard by searchers, and she was rescued from a Turkish house. No redress is possible.

Wild rumors have been abroad for a long time, but trustworthy information came to hand slowly. Everything has been done to hush it all up. Some of the minor details of the stories I have told above may not be exact, but I feel quite certain they are in the main. However, that a cruelly barbarous and extensive massacre of Christians by regular soldiers assisted by Kourdish *Hamedieh's*, under command of officers of rank and responsibility, has occurred cannot be denied.

What now will the Christian world do?

FROM NO. VI.

No distinctions were made between persons or villages, as to whether they were loyal and had paid their taxes or not. The orders were to make a clean sweep. A priest and some leading men from one village went out to meet an officer, taking in their hands their tax receipts, declaring their loyalty, and begging for mercy; but the village was surrounded, and all human beings put to the bayonet. A large and strong man, the chief of one village, was captured by the Kurds, who tied him, threw him on the ground, and, squatting around him, stabbed him to pieces.

At Galagozan many young men were tied hand and foot, laid in a row, covered with brushwood, and burned alive. Others were seized and hacked to death piecemeal. At another village a priest and several leading men were captured, and promised release if they would tell where others had fled; but, after telling, all but the priest were killed. A chain was put around the priest's neck and pulled from opposite sides till he was several times choked and revived, after which several bayonets were planted upright, and he raised in the air and let fall upon them.

The men of one village, when fleeing, took the women and children, some five hundred in number, and placed them in a sort of grotto in a ravine. After several days the soldiers found them, and butchered those who had not died of hunger.

Sixty young women and girls were selected from one village and placed in a church, when the soldiers were ordered to do with them as they liked, after which they were butchered.

In another village fifty choice women were set aside and urged to change their faith and become *hanums* in Turkish harems; but they indignantly refused to deny Christ, preferring the fate of their fathers and husbands. People were crowded into houses, which were then set on fire. In one instance a little boy ran out of the flames, but was caught on a bayonet and thrown back.

Children were frequently held up by the hair and cut in two, or had their jaws torn apart. Women with child were ripped open, older children were pulled apart by their legs. A handsome, newly wedded couple fled to a hilltop. Soldiers followed, and told them they were pretty and would be spared if they would accept Islam; but the thought of the horrible death they knew would follow did not prevent them from confessing Christ.

FROM NO. VIII.

The region was surrounded by soldiers of the army, and twenty thousand Kurds also are said to have been massed there. Then they advanced upon the centre, driving in the people like a flock of sheep, and continued thus to advance for days. No quarter was given, no mercy shown. Men, women, and children shot down or butchered like sheep. Probably, when they were set upon in this way, some tried to save their lives, and resisted in self-defence. Many who could fled in all directions, but the majority were slain. The most probable estimate is fifteen thousand killed;

Close at Hand.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Many persons lie buried within a few feet of something that might have saved their lives."

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thirty-five villages plundered, razed, burnt. . . . Every effort is being made and will be made to falsify the facts and pull the wool over the eyes of European governments. But the bloody tale will finally be known,—the most horrible, it seems to me, that the nineteenth century has known. As a confirmation of the report, the other day several hundred soldiers were returning from the seat of war, and at a village near us one was heard to say that he alone with his own hand had killed thirty pregnant women. Some who seem to have some shame for their atrocious deeds say: "What could we do? We were under orders."

FROM NO. X.

The unspeakable horror of those three weeks must have sent many a one crazy. The story is told that one soldier found a comely infant, and took compassion on it and wished to save it. The mother was found in a crowd of poor, wretched women; but she was raving, calling for her children. She did not recognize the child, and nothing was left to the soldier but to despatch it.

FROM NO. XII.

This policy of continued massacre and outrage is favored by the profound ignorance which prevails everywhere as to the actual state of things in Turkey. People think that the Sassoun massacre is something exceptional, and that until that is proved there is no evidence of a need of European interference in behalf of Christians in Turkey. What ought to be done is to fix on the mind of the public the fact that Turkey has taken up the policy of crushing the Christians all over the empire, and has been at it for several years. So that, even if the massacre had not taken place, the duty of Europe to prohibit Turkey from acting the part of antichrist was still self-evident.

FROM NO. XIV.

The people are in a state of horror because of the massacre. The Commission has been expected for some time; and, without doubt, the local authorities have used every means to cover up their tracks and terrorize still further those who may be probable witnesses. Those who are encouraged to testify will be again at the mercy of the Turks after the Commission rises. I have not the slightest doubt that some will be courageous enough to testify, but it will be at great odds. Almost everything is against the perfect success of the Commission's work, or, rather, the favorable outcome of the work of the European delegates. It will not be right to stake the fate of Armenia on the outcome of the work of this Commission.

Rather it should be remembered that Sassoun is the outcome of a governmental system. There have been hundreds of Sassouns all over the country all through the last ten years, as you know. The laxity of Europe has afforded opportunity for the merciless working of this system in all its vigor. It is born of religious and race hatred, and has in mind the crushing of Christianity and Christians.

It is not the Kurdish robbers, or famine, or cholera that has to answer for the present state of the country. It is rather the robbery and famine and worse than cholera entailed on the country by the workings of this system. It is not alone the blood of five thousand men, women, children, and babies that rises in a fearful wail to heaven, calling for just vengeance, but also the fearful suffering, the desolate homes, the wanton cruelty of tax-collectors and petty officials, and the violated honor of scores and scores.

The Turk is on trial. Let not Sassoun alone go in evidence, but remember that the same wail rises from all over the country.

The country waits breathlessly the result of the investigation. May the Lord of nations stretch forth his almighty arm to save!

FROM NO. XVII.

[This is an extract from a letter written from a town in the province of Erzroom, and has no connection with the Sassoun affair. It is the written testimony of a pure, sensitive Christian woman, who is only one of hundreds that have been and are being trodden in the mire of Moslem lust. It was intended for the eye of a beloved teacher of the poor victim who wrote it. If it is wrong for me to publish it to the world, let God and the reader judge. Remember that the silence of death reigns in Sassoun, and that throughout other regions terror paralyzes the tongue. It bears date Nov. 4, 1894, old style (i.e., November 16). It is eloquent in its agonizing pathos, and shows the condition of the country in which such events are common occurrences, and against which there is no redress. F. D. G.]

[Translated.]

"I implore and earnestly entreat that you will remember one of your former pupils, and hear my cry for sympathy and protection. I have been outraged. Oh, woe is me! Eternal pain and sorrow to my young heart! Evil-disposed and lawless men have robbed me of the bloom and beauty of my wifely purity. It was H— Bey, the son

of the Kaimakam [the local Turkish governor residing in the village]. It was in the evening between six and seven o'clock. I was engaged in my household work. I stepped outside the door, when I suddenly found myself in the grasp of four men. They smothered my cries and threatened my life, and by force carried me off to a strange house. Oh, what black hours were those till the sweet light of the sun once more arose! Though this is written with ink, believe me, it is written in blood and tears."

Literature.

"WEALTH AGAINST COMMON-WEALTH."*

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago has done a public service in his volume, recently issued by Harper & Brothers, bearing the above title. It is a minute and searching examination of the enormous trusts which override and despoil the people of the United States. It is a tale of greed and shame almost incredible. The author touches briefly upon a few of the leading monopolies,—like that of the coal combination, with its aggregate capital of \$500,000,000; the railroad and elevator conspiracy against the wheat-growers of the Northwest; the whiskey, beer, and sugar trusts; the leather, piano, and various other organizations controlling separate industries,—and devotes four hundred and fifty-eight pages out of a total of five hundred and thirty-six to a detailed and powerful exposure of the Standard Oil Company, the most colossal and successful one on the continent.

If from one we may judge all, certainly the Standard Oil Company, which hitherto has posed as the least objectionable and most benevolent, was a fitting choice for dissection. While other syndicates and "combines" have received uncompromising denunciation from the public, it has been the custom to cite the Standard Oil Company as an exception, and to extol the wisdom and consideration of its managers for steadily lowering the price of the refined product, as manufacturing processes were cheapened. It is enough for the unreflecting to know that oil was comparatively costly when the Rockefellers and their associates conceived the scheme of control, and that the price is now correspondingly low. To the managers of the monopoly, therefore, be all the honor and glory. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc."

When, however, one reads of the cost that was essential to secure the crushing out of rivals; of the oil forced to run to waste because the iron grip of the trust withheld the possibility of transportation, in order to compel the owner's surrender; of the purchase of competing works simply to enforce their idleness; of the vast amount used to control corporations, legislatures, courts, and Congresses, through expensive litigation and lobbies; of the purchase of hostile legal talent; of the injury and destruction of property whose owners were defiant; and, in addition, the fortunes "beyond the dream of avarice" appropriated by the Standard Oil magnates,—the claim to have benefited magnanimously the public is seen to be a hollow sham. It is always the plundered public that extols the plunderer. "The process of plucking the goose without making him squawk" is the high art of monopoly, as well as of taxation; and the Standard Oil Committee were past masters in this accomplishment.

Reading this record of spoliation and shame, stirred with indignation at the unscrupulousness that stops neither at destruction of property nor life, one might imagine that the scene was laid in a barbarous despotism, where the light of the gospel had never penetrated. Instead he finds that the drama is taking place in the United States, and includes among its leading actors church members, society leaders, public-spirited men of business, legislators of distinction, shining legal lights, corporation managers, and officials who accept public position to serve private and corporate aims,—all banded together, and directed with an ability in itself worthy of the highest admiration.

The skilful narration of Mr. Lloyd, sustained by copious citations and legal witnesses, holds the reader's unflinching interest, which is also buoyed up by the hope that in the concluding pages of the volume

* WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH. By Henry D. Lloyd. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the remedy and cure for this cancerous development of our so-called civilization will be suggested and urged. To his surprise, he will find that the author would destroy existing trusts by combining and consolidating them into one enormous trust, to be labelled "Government." In other words, he would have government assume all wealth-producing instruments, destroy competition, and control capital in the interest of the whole people.

The author affirms that "for a hundred years or so our economic theory has been one of industrial government by the self-interest of the individual. . . . But the flames of a new economic revolution run around us, and we turn to find that competition has killed competition; that corporations have grown greater than the State, and have bred individuals greater than themselves; and that the naked issue of our times is with property becoming master instead of servant, property in many necessities of life becoming monopoly of the necessities of life."

"For a hundred years or so," he says, "our economic theory has been one of industrial improvement by the self-interest of the individual." But now the dream of "centuries that the social can be made secondary to the individual is being chased out of our minds by the hard light of the crisis into which we are waking."

Mr. Lloyd, like all writers of the socialistic school, which now includes the leading professors of political economy here and abroad, decries *laissez-faire*, and declares that "it has put society at the mercy of its own ideals, and has produced an actual anarchy in industry, which is horrifying us into a change of doctrines." And he evidently holds to the belief that trade is warfare, and "that the many must always lose where all spend their lives to get more than they give." That Mr. Lloyd is a sincere and earnest man in common with those of his persuasion necessitates all the more a serious and respectful examination of his reasoning. Socialism appeals to the imagination of the multitude who feel the injustice and hardness of present conditions, and who are persuaded that a rest from the grinding anxieties of current civilization is to be found in a paternal government which assumes the responsibility for the well-being of its citizens.

The first thing that raises a doubt in the critic's mind is the author's acceptance of a regenerative system based on one confessedly selfish and destructive. The trusts, as "Wealth against Commonwealth" demonstrates, are gigantic instances of collectivism, managed in the interest of the unscrupulous few for the impoverishment of the many. This is illustrated in the first number of the *American Fabian*, just issued in Boston. The formation of a trust in New York real estate, in order that the stockholders may appropriate the "unearned increment" constantly accruing, is mentioned with approval, the editor adding the following comment: "It is a good sign to see capitalists combining. It will be the easier to replace their combination by the combination of the people."

The proposition is, therefore, to remedy this wrong situation by using more of the same deleterious medicine which has produced it, and which has already worked

such havoc. But no recipe is given for preventing the able and adroit few from gaining control for selfish reasons of the nation's administrative machinery. This danger is not to be eliminated by personifying that machinery as "Government." Such a delusion prevails already, as witness the public innocence regarding the sources of government revenues. When the United States treasury was plethoric from the over-taxation of the people, with consequent derangement and depression of business, no objection was raised to the dissipation of the surplus in schemes of jobbery for personal or local aggrandizement concealed under the name of "internal improvements," to wicked appropriations to be squandered on a needless navy, to pensions for survivors of the detestable Mexican War and accessible to the hangers-on and bounty-jumpers of the later Union Army, and to the devious measures concocted to loot the treasury and compel the perpetuation of the protective tariff. This is a record of governmental mismanagement which parallels the nefarious acts of the monopolies which Mr. Lloyd denounces. What assurance can the socialists hold out that the unification of trusts will alter their dangerous nature? "Government" is in reality the few individuals who, by the arts of corruption or popularity, climb into power.

The fallacy that above all others needs to be punctured is the socialistic assumption that competitive methods are responsible for the industrial chaos which embarrasses civilization. In order to prove this, trade itself is maligned. Instead of being that beneficent and mutually profitable free interchange of services and products whereby both parties are benefited and blessed, we must adopt the repellent view that trade is war, that what one gains another loses, that markets must be limited and exclusively possessed by nations, and that people separated by imaginary lines must have opposing trade interests. This exploded, unchristian, and inhuman theory which now perpetuates restrictive tariffs and encourages armies and navies falls naturally into the socialistic conception. Such an association is in itself enough to discredit the scheme.

As for competition, where can we see it working under fair conditions? The present hampered and shackled trade is not competitive. True competition implies absolute freedom. Before it is indicted and judged without a hearing, would it not be just to permit an object-lesson? It is not fair to say that "competition has killed competition," but rather that special privilege has been the assassin. "The flames of a new economic revolution" may "run around us"; but, if they burn up liberty instead of the ligaments that bind her, the conflagration brings no substantial hope to society.

"The self-interest of the individual,"—the motive which, unhindered by artificial devices, must result in the interest of society, effecting that natural co-ordination and co-operation of industry which human organizations ever fail to accomplish,—this self-interest, this mainspring of human action, is deprecated and deplored. Unfettered, it leads to altruism as surely as the professed altruistic devices of socialism lead

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to selfishness and despotism. *Laissez-faire*, in its true sense, needs no apologist, and, in spite of sneers at the "Manchester School," will continue to stand for an ideal of freedom.

The very facts upon which paternalism bases its imaginary structure are the result of injustice, and would vanish under the reign of equal rights. While tariff barriers check the distribution of wealth, it must accumulate in special pockets, and labor be the sufferer. While land, the essential opportunity and source of all wealth, is made merchandise, and men profit by withholding it from use, the problem of poverty will grow.

The familiar story given by Bastiat illustrates the situation of a society where artificial government controls individual liberty: "A celebrated traveller once found himself in the midst of a savage tribe. A child had just been born; and a crowd of soothsayers, magicians, and quacks were around it, armed with rings, hooks, and bandages. One said, 'This child will never smell the perfume of a calumet unless I stretch his nostrils.' Another said, 'He will be without the sense of hearing unless I draw his ears down to his shoulders.' A third said, 'He will never see the light of the sun unless I give his eyes an oblique direction.' A fourth said, 'He will never be upright unless I bend his legs.' A fifth said, 'He will not be able to think unless I press his brain.' 'Stop!' said the traveller. 'Whatever God does is well done. Do not pretend to know more than he. And, as he has given organs to this frail creature, allow those organs to develop themselves, to strengthen themselves by exercise, use, experience, and liberty.'" While the soothsayers are followed, wealth will continue to be against the commonwealth.

W. L. G.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE NEZ PERCÉS. By Arthur Paterson. New York: Geo. Gottsberger Peck.—The lovers of Cooper will now find a new friend. Mr. Paterson has given, in a most vivid way, some of the stirring scenes in the life of "Nez Percé Joseph,"—who is still alive,—and has at the same time adhered, in most cases, to the truth. It is good to see things from the Indian's standpoint, and to feel a little wholesome animosity for the Indian Bureau as it was at that time. The story is exciting without being sensational, and the interest is well sustained. The last few chapters are a bit melodramatic; and, queerly enough, these are the very ones which depart most from the historical facts. The characters, with the exceptions of the indispensable villains, are lovable, and will add to the boys' lists of story-book heroes, though Joseph himself is to be classed among the living heroes of to-day.

THE USE OF LIFE. By Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.—This book is a treasury of wise maxims and practical suggestions. It deals with those important topics which bear directly on our every-day comfort and happiness. The author has enriched the book by gems of thought gathered from a wide reading, and these quotations add very materially to the value of the volume. "The most important thing," says our author, "to learn in life is how to live"; and no one can fail to find in these pages how this can be accomplished. The choice of subjects is very comprehensive, and the book can truly be regarded as a manual to be consulted as a guide of action. It should be kept near at hand, and used as a constant companion. The style is clear and the thought definite, and we learn from these essays both the way and the use of life.

LULLABIES OF MANY LANDS. Collected and rendered into English verse by Alma Strettell. Illustrated by Emily J. Harding. London: George Allen. \$2.50.—The illustrations and arrangement are charming, and the selections are characteristic. For real lullabies, however, we want the music, especially when the contrasts between the types of different countries are to be brought out.

Miscellaneous.

In the Riverside Literature Series is "The Old Manse and a Few Mosses." The "Mosses" are "Feathertop," "The Old Apple Dealer," and "Drowne's Wooden Image." A charming sketch of the old manse serves as frontispiece.

Another school book, issued by D. C. Heath, Boston, is "Stories of Old Greece," by Emma M. Firth. It cannot be said that these tales are equal to Mr. Church's stories, but they are simpler and well suited to schools. There are frequent illustrations done in outline.

How the girls will be delighted with "Famous Queens and Martha Washington Paper Dolls," by Elizabeth S. Tucker, and published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York! With all the robes, crowns, reception costumes, they are an interesting combination of millinery, dry-goods, and patriotism, which will please bright eyes and busy fingers.

Ginn & Company have issued a catalogue about "School Libraries." In addition to the general hints about the collection of such a library, there are several portraits and some lists of suitable books which will be useful to the school-teacher. In connection with this, they have published a collection of "Choice Reading," which consists of favorite chapters from favorite books included in their "School Libraries."

Macmillan & Co. have tried an interesting experiment in reprinting Capt. Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father," with an introduction giving a sketch of Marryat's life and work. Marryat has had the opportunity, which he knew how to improve, of giving a picture of the English seamanhood of his time. The captain was something more than a seaman: he was a good story-teller. The book is well printed and bound at \$1.25.

Literary Notes.

A new, revised, and enlarged edition of Mrs. William Starr Dana's popular book, "How to know the Wild Flowers," is in preparation for early publication by the Scribners. It will have descriptions of about fifty additional flowers, with many of the old descriptions rewritten or amplified.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston. Molière. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. III. Les Femmes Savantes. Le Malade Imaginaire. Price \$1.50.

The Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone. A Study from Life. By Henry W. Lucy. Price \$1.25.

From James H. West, Boston. A Child of Nature. Studies of the Outward as related to the Inward Life. By Marion D. Shutter, D.D. Price \$1.00.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Introduction to the Pedagogy of Herbart. Translated by J. C. Zinser.

From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston. Outline Lessons for the Study of Ancient Geography. By Francis M. Austin.

From James H. Earle, Boston. Iola Leroy; or, Shadows uplifted. By Frances E. W. Harper.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. The Parables by the Lake. By W. H. Thomson. The Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. Elements of Inductive Logic. By Noah K. Davis. Four American Universities. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green. Illustrated Edition. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Story of Vedic India. By Z. A. Ragozin. Story of the Nations. Price \$1.50.

The Arthurian Epic and Tennyson's Idylls of the King. A Comparative Study. By S. Humphreys Gurteen. Price \$2.00.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Short Studies in Party Politics. By Noah Brooks. Price \$1.25.

Essays on Scandinavian Literature. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Price \$1.50.

From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. The Face and the Mask. By Robert Barr.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. Price \$3.00.

From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The Free Trade Struggle in England. By M. M. Trumbull. Price 25 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Hide behind the Door when Papa comes. Song and Refrain. Words and music by Collin Coe. Dearest in the World to me. Song. Words by George Cooper. Music by Robert A. Kelsner.

Thine Eyes. Song. By W. R. Chapman. Stories. Song. By A. H. Behrend. Just One Kiss and Good-bye. Song. Music by E. H. Droop.

Night of Joy. Duet by J. C. Macy. Whisper that you love me, Dear. Words by Samuel McIntire. Music by D. S. Hollingshead. Save me, O God. Sacred Song. By A. Randegger.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. The King of Glory. Easter Service for Sabbath Schools. By H. P. Danks.

An Easter Benedicite. Anthem. Words by the late John C. Middleton, D.D. Music by George William Warren.

Chime, ye Happy Easter Bells. Easter Carol. By L. Bogert.

Jubilate. Words by S. S. Music by Harry Howe Shelley. I am he that liveth. Anthem for Easter. By W. C. Williams.

Cantata Domino. By Albert J. Holden. O Jesu, thou art standing. Quartette. With Solos. Soprano, Alto, and Tenor.

Vesper Hymn. Now on Land and Sea descending. By Albert J. Holden.

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A Monthly Pamphlet.—Prospectus.

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The immediate large interest in the two small cloth-bound books of the "Life" series, published during the last quarter of 1894 (each containing four papers), together with the general desire that similar brief essays or "studies" might be had singly in neat periodical form, leads to this monthly issue of *Life-Studies*.

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Annual subscriptions to *Life-Studies* will be received for 50 cents (ten numbers, published monthly, except during July and August).

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The Home.

THE SAGES AND THE SHEPHERDS.

Came north and south and east and west
Four sages to a mountain crest,
Each pledged to search the world around
Until the wondrous well he found.

Before a crag they made their seat,
Pure bubbling waters at their feet.
Said one, "This well is small and mean,
Too petty for a village green!"
Another said, "So small and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"
The third, "This water seems not rare,
Not even bright, but pale as air."
The fourth, "Thick crowds I looked to see,—
Where the true well is, these must be."

They rose, and left the mountain crest,—
One north, one south, one east, one west.
O'er many seas and deserts wide
They wandered, thirsting till they died.
The simple shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the wondrous well.

—Author unknown.

For the Christian Register.

THE PRINTER OF HAMMERFEST.

BY A. R. M'ALPINE.

A few years ago a party of us were "doing" Europe; and in July of that year we engaged a steamer at Bergen, Norway, to take us to North Cape.

Hammerfest is the most northerly point from which one can communicate with the world by post or telegraph. On putting in there, we found it to be a place of some four thousand inhabitants, I should think. It boasted of a small weekly newspaper; and it occurred to one of our party that, if we could have a notice of our visit to this remote region inserted in English in the next issue, it would be a quaint souvenir of the place and a welcome novelty to our friends at home, the rest of the paper being printed in the Norwegian language.

Accordingly, with the aid of an interpreter, we arranged with the publisher, who was also the printer, to have this done. Their types are the same as our Roman letters. With pen and ink we printed and punctuated just what we wished inserted, including our names and addresses. The printer said he could follow the copy, even if he did not understand it. As we might touch at Hammerfest in the night on our return trip, or at least while we were asleep (for in July the sun does not set there), we paid the printer in advance for the fifteen hundred copies we wished; and he agreed to deliver them on board our vessel by the pilot.

We proceeded on our trip, visited the cape and the Laplanders, and viewed the glaciers under the midnight sun, and so on.

Returning, we reached Hammerfest at four o'clock in the morning, but long before we arrived there the crew had discovered an immense cloud overhanging the town. Believing that the whole place must be in flames, the captain had us all aroused to view the conflagration. It proved that the fire had been burning all night, and nine-tenths of the buildings were destroyed.

Knowing that there must be great destitution and suffering, the captain landed all the provisions and medical stores that could possibly be spared; and the passengers quickly raised a purse of \$1,100 for the sufferers.

The telegraph-office and instruments being destroyed, no communication with the outside world could be had. So the captain speedily weighed anchor and steamed for the nearest town on the coast that had a telegraph wire. Reaching there, he telegraphed to the captain of a north-bound vessel, then due to leave a town still further south, to expend the \$1,100 for food and clothing, and hasten with it to the sufferers.

Thus our humane captain, by his prompt action, notified the world of the disaster; and in twenty-four hours relief began to reach the helpless people.

While the captain was ashore at Hammerfest, affording what relief he could, a small boat put off from the smouldering town, and came out to us. In it was our printer with the bundle of papers. The man who rowed him out could speak broken English; and he explained that, when the fire broke out, eleven hundred copies of the paper had not been printed. And the printer, instead of stopping and trying to save his effects, redoubled his efforts at the press, saying to all who tried to dissuade

him: "Those people are expecting these papers, and they have paid me for them. I must keep my word." And he kept at work till the flames drove him out. Before he could bundle up the papers (some twelve hundred and fifty copies) many of them were scorched. He lost everything he owned. Through the interpreter, he expressed his regret at his inability to deliver the entire number, and offered us the few pennies he had in his pockets as an offset for his failure to keep his word.

Whenever I hear now of extortioners who take advantage of travellers, I have but to look upon my scorched papers to know that all men are not rogues; for memory calls up before me the honest, faithful printer of Hammerfest.

HOW I SAVED MY DOLLS.

THE STORY OF A MIDNIGHT FIRE.

When I was eight years old, I spent a summer, as I often did, with my three aunts and my uncle Amos at the old family homestead.

At this time I was very fond of paper dolls, and had ninety of them. They were kept in a large pasteboard box, and went with me everywhere. On rainy days I used to sit in an attic room over the kitchen, and play with them and paint dresses for them from morning to night. Sometimes they were all pupils, and I "kept school" with them. Again, they were grouped into families, with the most extensive relationships. They all had middle names and certain ages, which stayed the same always. This never struck me as being queer, though I knew that I grew older from year to year. Cousins, uncles, and aunts were very plenty among them; and I knew just which were which. Most of the dolls were home-made, though some were what we called "boughten." (I do not like that word now.) All of them had elaborate wardrobes, which were kept in large envelopes. It required all the powers I could muster to keep my doll family in order; but I enjoyed the hard work, for I loved my dolls as I did my best friends.

One day in early September it was very cold and rainy, and we had a fire in the dining-room for the first time that season. The fire did not burn well at all. The chimney seemed to be stopped up, for smoke would curl from every crack in the stove whenever a fresh stick of wood was put in. All day it smoked more or less, and the fire was allowed to go out before six o'clock.

I went to bed at eight, and the family retired at their usual time; but I was waked up in the middle of the night by my Aunt Tessie, who was shaking me and saying, "Get up! Get up! The house is on fire!"

I shall never forget how wild and white her face looked. The air was blue with smoke. I jumped up as quickly as I could, and hurried on my clothes, getting everything on wrong-side out and back-side before. Aunt Tessie tried to help me, but we were both shaking so that we did not get on very well.

In three minutes we were down in the dining-room: In all the confusion, one thought was uppermost in my mind,—my dolls! I ran to the cupboard where I kept them; and, when I once had my large doll-box in my arms, I felt calmer.

While I was saving my precious dolls, Uncle Amos came rushing in with an axe. There was a loud roaring noise in the chimney. Aunt Caroline stood with her arms clutched together. She shook like a willow in the wind.

"W-what a-are y-you g-going to d-do, Amos?" she asked, with her teeth chattering.

"I'm going to chop open the wall," cried Uncle Amos, excitedly. "The fire's in there. It's probably been smouldering there all day. We must get at it, or we can't put it out."

He lifted his axe, and pretty soon he had a large piece of the wainscoting out. Then what do you think happened? We did not see leaping tongues of flame, as we had expected. Nothing of the kind,—only a vast flock of chimney swallows, which flew out and circled around the room in the greatest confusion, quite as scared as we were.

It was they who had stopped up the great chimney, and whose excited swarming there had made the roaring noise. They

did not like to have the fire built, though they made no noise during the day.

While the rest were driving out the swallows, I dropped into a chair with my precious box. There I fell asleep. My Aunt Sylvia woke me. My heart stood still as I heard her say: "Wake up, Katie! We're all going to bed again. Bless me, what has the child got? She is hugging the box of macaroni! She must have thought it was her box of dolls!"

I shuddered for weeks to think what if there had been a fire, and I had saved only the box of macaroni!—*Little Men and Women.*

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

About fifty years ago there lived in a small house on an obscure street of London a boy named John.

Although he was fond of boyish games from the time when he was still a very little fellow, there was one thing that John loved even better than play; and that was to make pictures. The walls of the house, the doors, and, in some cases, even the ceilings were covered with sketches in charcoal or crayon. And poor John was the worst boy to send on an errand; for he was sure to be diverted by something he saw on the way, and would stop to draw a picture of it on the side of a building, or, occasionally, on the back of his jacket, which he would slip off for the purpose. This sometimes brought him into trouble. His mother was usually very patient with him, however; for she had a mother's faith in his talents. And his father acknowledged that, "after all, the young rascal's pictures were uncommonly good."

Others soon began to think so, too. When John was nine years old, a little sketch of his won a silver medal from the Society of Arts. He then entered a regular class at the Royal Academy, and gained two more medals.

He was now a tall, prepossessing young fellow; and some people said he ought to be better employed than in dawdling with colors and canvas. His parents were growing old, they had made many sacrifices that he might pursue his studies, and now they were badly off for funds.

"Don't you worry, mother: it will be all right, father," he told them, cheerily. "Keep up your spirits until my 'Ferdinand' is finished. It is the best thing I have done, and cannot fail to bring a good price."

And so they hoped on; and he painted steadily, trying to portray his beautiful ideal. The subject was "Ferdinand and Ariel," from Shakspeare's play, "The Tempest."

One day he persuaded a dealer to go and look at the picture. The man, after examining it carefully, said:—

"It promises well. When it is completed, if I like it as much as I do now, I will give you £100 for it."

At this good news there was great rejoicing in the little home. John worked with new enthusiasm. As the picture grew more beautiful every day, they naturally regarded it as sold.

At last it was finished. John's father and mother, and the few friends to whom he exhibited it, were loud in its praise; and the young artist, in high spirits, and feeling already the joy of success, brought the dealer to see it. But, alas! the man had changed his mind in the interval, or he was out of humor, or some detail did not please him. At any rate, he looked the picture over coldly, and finally said:—

"I spoke of buying your picture if I liked it; but I don't like it, and I won't take it. Good morning!"

Turning on his heel, he was gone before the unfortunate painter could realize what had happened. The consciousness came soon enough, however; and then John faltered, wondering how he was to tell father and mother. But he was not one to shirk a duty because it was a hard one; and so he went to the sitting-room, where they were awaiting the verdict with calm confidence.

"Father, mother," he said, "I have failed. The picture has been refused."

"Never mind, my dear boy," she cried, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm. "Why should you be discouraged? Perhaps you will get a better price for your picture from some one else. God has given you the talents of an artist, and you will be sure to succeed in the end."

"But how are we to get along in the mean time?" he sighed gloomily.

"Oh, as to that," she went on briskly, "we could give up the rooms on the first floor; and they would make comfortable quarters for persons coming up to London for a few months. Two or three good lodgers would help to pay the rent; and, by being careful and economical, we shall be able to manage. So take heart, for fortune comes when least expected."

The next morning the sign, "Furnished Apartments," appeared in the front parlor window; and the young artist, after a sad glance at "Ferdinand and Ariel," resolutely turned it to the wall, and set to work upon another canvas.

Nearly three weeks had passed, when one morning the brass knocker upon the street door was rattled imperatively; and presently two persons were shown up to the studio. One was a man who sometimes dropped in "just to look around," as he said; the other, an antiquated little old gentleman with grizzly hair and beard, and a blue coat ornamented with brass buttons.

This last visitor was rather eccentric, and flitted about the room, examining John's sketches with curiosity and interest, and occasionally pulling out a canvas that had been stowed away. He seemed to be very fond of paintings, and to know a great deal about them. Chatting in a friendly manner, he soon learned the story of the "Ferdinand" and John's disappointment.

"Tut! tut! Too bad!" he exclaimed. "And what did you do with it then?"

"Here it is," replied John, dragging it from a corner and setting it upon the easel.

The old gentleman contemplated it for a long time in silence. John watched him narrowly. At last the queer visitor took off his spectacles, and said:—

"Humph! So he wouldn't take it? Well, don't be discouraged. Your work is excellent, and success will come after a while. But, of course, you have still much to learn. Now, here is a book," he continued, taking a little volume from his pocket, "which contains some practical advice to young painters. I should be pleased to present it to you if you will promise to read it."

John bowed somewhat stiffly, and said he would read the book.

"Then get a pen and ink, and I'll write your name in it," the old man went on fussily.

John opened a secretary, placed the ink-bottle and a quill pen before him, and, walking away to the window, stood gazing out into the street. Presently the old gentleman joined him, and put the book into his hands, saying:—

"Be sure to read it. It will do you good. Be sure to read it."

He and his companion then took leave; and John, after letting them out at the hall

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door, again climbed the stairs leading into the studio. "What a strange fellow!" he said to himself. "Oh, here is the book he left." As he opened the book, a bit of paper fluttered to the floor. John picked it up, and gazed at it in bewilderment. It was a check for a hundred and fifty guineas, with the old gentleman's signature at the end. On the fly-leaf of the little volume were written a few words, that the money was offered for the "Ferdinand." "Bravo!" cried the youth, recovering himself and leaping down the stairs several steps at a time. "Father! Mother! The picture is sold!"

Then, striding to the front parlor window, he took down the bill which advertised "Furnished Apartments," and tore it into bits. His mother never had occasion to put up another, for from that day her boy's pictures sold faster than he could paint them. Who was the gentleman in the antique blue coat and brass buttons?

It was Mr. Ellison, the generous patron of art, who bequeathed a collection of paintings to the Fitzwilliam Museum of Cambridge in England.

"And who was our friend John?" "None other than the famous painter, Sir John Millais, who sometimes tells this story to his young friends, when the work they have undertaken seems unsuccessful and they begin to be discouraged.—M. C. Crowley, in *Youth*.

FLUFFY.

Fluffy was a nice, big black cat, and she belonged to a little girl named Bertha. Bertha was very proud of Fluffy, not only because she was a pretty pet, but because she was a very clever cat. Then she was so loving and had such pretty little ways, that Bertha called her "my treasure." Fluffy could sit up and beg like a dog; and, when Bertha dropped her a piece of meat, she would catch it between her two fore paws in a very clever way.

Sometimes Fluffy got into trouble through some naughty trick. Like other cats, Fluffy was fond of peeping about, and poking her nose into places where cats are not allowed. Like other cats, Fluffy was fond of fish.

One day Bertha was having dinner with her papa and mamma, when in rushed Fluffy, like a whirlwind. But, oh! where was Fluffy's head? What do you think of a cat with a salmon can for a head? That is just what Fluffy had. She had jumped on the kitchen table when cook's back was turned, and smelling the fish, of which she was so fond, at once popped in her head. Oh, dear, how naughty of Fluffy! When she found that it was not very pleasant to have her head in the can, she tried to draw it out; but it stuck fast. Then she rushed round and round, and at last got into the dining-room. Fluffy looked so funny with her queer new head that Bertha and papa and mamma laughed at the sight. Then, when they remembered that pussy would be unable to breathe very well in her sorry plight, they began to look serious. Papa tried to catch her, but she ran round the room so rapidly that she was not easily caught. At last papa managed to get hold of her, and soon let the prisoner free. Fluffy was scratched with the sharp tin edges, and altogether Bertha thought she had been well punished for her naughtiness.

I told you that Fluffy was a clever cat. I must tell you something which she did every day. The back door of the house where Bertha lived had a latch and a curved, old-fashioned handle. When you wanted to open the door, you had to press down the latch and slightly push the door. Now, most cats mew when they want to go into a house, which is their way of calling, "Let me in, let me in!" Fluffy didn't do that. She jumped on the kitchen window-sill, and from there sprang on to the door handle and then opened the door. This is how she did it: she passed one paw through the curved handle, and thus held on to the door; then with her other fore paw she pressed down the latch, when the door would open and Fluffy would jump down and walk in. Sometimes the door was locked. Ah, then, you say, she had to mew. Oh, no, not at all! When she found that knocking down the latch did not open the door, she jumped back to the ground and then up again on

the window-sill. Then what do you think this clever cat did? She tapped several times with her paw on the glass in a most polite manner. Of course, people heard her, and some one in the house would let her in. Sometimes Bertha loved to tease her, and would take no notice of Fluffy's knock. Then Fluffy would knock again; and, when this brought no one to the door, she would begin to mew in a very pitiful way, and of course Bertha would open the door for her dear little kitty.

One day Bertha's cousin Willie came to see her. Bertha's mamma let them play for a few minutes in the kitchen before bedtime. By and by a tap came to the window Willie looked scared, because it was so dark outside and the garden gate was locked. But Bertha knew what the tap meant, and, when she unlocked the door and Miss Pussy Cat walked in, Willie laughed with delight. Both Bertha and Willie thought Fluffy a wonderful cat.

This story is quite true; for I, who am telling this story to you, am Bertha grown up, and Fluffy was my pet when I was a little girl. Don't you think Fluffy was a dear, clever, cunning pussy cat? I do.—*Child Garden*.

GOOD STORIES.

Fanny and Dicky were children who used to tell each other stories "out of their heads." Fanny's were very short ones, such as this:—

"One day a little small, new, small small baby-girl fly went into a rose; an' her mamma was not looking, an' she los' her way in the roses' leaves an' never comed out. An' that little girl fly never saw her mamma any more,—never, never, never again, Dicky."

Dicky's stories were short, too, and such as this one:—

"Sometimes, when little boys have a toy train, just a tin one, and they are playing with it, it turns into a live train; and the engine puffs out live smoke, and live people travel in it. But, if their fathers and mothers look, or anybody, it is a tin train. And this is a fairy story, Fanny."

Or like this one, which Dicky said was a "nadventure":—

"One time, when three little boys went up the mountain, they set their lunch basket down on the tiptop. In about two minutes they heard a noise at their basket; and a chipmunk stood there, and the chipmunk had one of their cookies in his paws!"—*Babyland*.

AMUSEMENTS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Great men frequently show in the pleasures they allow themselves when their work hours are over that they have not forgotten how to be boys. Socrates took the greatest pleasure in joining in the play of such children as would permit him to share in their sports. Petavius, one of the most learned writers on matters connected with religion, used to amuse himself at the end of every second hour by twirling about in his revolving-chair for five minutes. The famous Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over chairs and tables, and Dean Swift spent many an hour running up and down the steps of the deanery like a very boy.

Of Shelley, the poet, it is told that he took great pleasure in making paper boats, and setting them afloat on the water. Many years ago the following curious anecdote concerning the fondness of the poet for this form of amusement was published. So long as the paper lasted, the story says, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly used up, then the covers of his letters, and then even the letters themselves were made over into little boats and cast upon the stream. The fly-leaves of such books as he carried about with him were also torn out for this same curious purpose; and sometime, if the printed pages

of his books seemed uninteresting, he would sacrifice them as well. But the height of absurdity was reached when one morning he found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine River without any paper that he could use for this purpose. He searched his pockets vainly for a scrap that he might use to gratify his passion for sailing, but all he could find was a fifty-pound bank-note. At first he resisted the temptation to make a boat of this; but, as he sat on the river-side watching the stream flowing silently by, the temptation grew to be too strong, and he yielded. Twisting his fifty-pound note into a boat, he launched it on the river, and watched it floating here and there with the keenest delight, but with much anxiety. Fortunately for his pocket, he was a skilful enough paper-boat sailor to recover his valuable craft; but it is to be doubted if, after all, considering his anxiety lest a gust of wind should blow his treasure-boat out of the water and away from him forever, he found his game was worth the candle.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

It is a singular fact, and possibly an indication of lack of patriotism, that the average American, always excepting school-children, cannot tell off-hand how many stars there now are in his country's flag. If any reader desires to try the question on ten of his friends, he will probably find that only three or four can give the correct number, even after a minute of hard thought. The ordinary reply will range from forty to forty-two stars instead of the correct forty-four. The admission within four years of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming, has brought the list up to the last-mentioned number. The shape of the Union has been changed from a square to a rectangle, and the stars are arranged in six straight lines, the upper and lower ones containing eight stars, and the remaining four having seven stars.—*Selected*.

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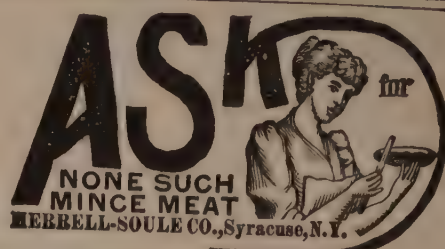
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HEARING WITH THE FINGERS.

There is said to be in Indiana a boy who hears with his fingers. When he was nine years old, he had a very serious illness, which left him practically deaf. For a long time the poor little fellow led a most unhappy life because he could not hear what was said by others; but one day, several months ago, while his mother was conversing with a visitor, he happened to place his hand on her throat, and observed that, while his hand rested there, he could hear perfectly. Later on he tried the experiment with others, and discovered that by making use of the sense of touch in the balls of his fingers he could make up for all that he had lost by the trouble which had befallen his ears. The result is that he is a much happier lad than he ever expected to be again, although he finds it awkward in some cases to have to put his fingers on the throat of his friends who happen to be talking with him.—*Exchange.*

A MODEL STREET RAILWAY.

The city of Budapest contains half a million inhabitants, and therefore presents all the problems of a metropolis. It refused to permit the introduction of the trolley system, as well as of a system in which one of the rails should be charged with electricity and used as a conductor. The result was that the street railway company desiring a franchise was compelled to resort to a better though more expensive system. There is an underground conduit below one of the rails, about fifteen by twelve inches. In this is carried an insulated wire conveying the current; and connection is made with the motor through a slot in the rail itself. There is thus neither any apparatus above ground that can obstruct the streets or endanger life, nor anything on the ground with which contact can possibly be dangerous.

The cars have all the modern improvements, are vestibuled to protect the motor-men from the weather, and are provided with fenders that prevent entirely injury to life and limb. The system is under strict municipal supervision, and its accounts are open to public inspection. Although this costly system is used,—and it is found adequate in all kinds of weather,—and all these improvements are insisted upon, the stockholders of the company received last year a dividend of 8 per cent. after a large rental had been paid to the city for the use of the streets, besides providing for a reserve fund.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *American Israelite* describes a peculiar sect in Detroit:—

Detroit has a peculiar religious sect, calling itself the "Israelites," presumably because its members try to imitate closely the supposed actions of their namesakes of ancient days. These children of Israel, it seems, made themselves very obnoxious to the people who reside in the vicinity of their place of worship. The noise they made and their peculiar antics aroused the neighbors to enter complaint against them as a public nuisance. Recalling the achievements of the older children of Israel, these modern ones for seven days marched daily around the complaining neighborhood. On the seventh day they marched seven times around the block, and then halted in front of a building occupied by one of their chief prosecutors. Then a long blast was blown on a horn, and the faithful shouted with a loud shout. According to the programme, this modern Jericho should have fallen; but, alas! the walls refused to take a tumble upon themselves. It is needless to state that these Israelites are not Jews, albeit such a thing as an excess of noise emanating from orthodox Jewish places of worship is a thing not uncomplained of in times past and present.

Here and There.

The Chinese government levies a regular tax on beggars, and gives them in return the privilege of begging in a certain district.

The New York State Forest Commission has provided for a State park of about thirty-five thousand acres in the vicinity of Slide Mountain, the highest peak of the Catskills.

A wooden crown was recently sent to Emperor William by a certain Herr Ecker-

mann, who had worked on it for three months. The emperor accepted it, and sent him \$7.50!

Thousands of camels were taken to Western Australia from India, and the camel caravan has largely supplanted the bullock team there. They thrive upon the natural shrubs of the country.

There is a lake near the Japanese town of Nara in which no person is permitted to bathe, because once, many years ago, a Japanese emperor bathed there; and the waters have since been held sacred.

We are so accustomed to speak of vanilla as the product of the "vanilla bean" that perhaps few persons are aware that it has no connection with either the bean or the bean family, but is produced by a beautiful, sweet-scented, climbing orchid.

A marble belt sixty miles or more in length has been discovered in Georgia. Some of it is said to be of a flesh color tinged with green, and some of a light gray banded with black. It can be quarried in large blocks, and takes a high polish.

There is always an increase of heat in descending deep into the earth. And yet geologists and other men of science consider the condition of the interior of the earth to be an open question. All agree that it must be very hot, but it is no longer a generally accepted opinion that we are living on a shell of rock enclosing a vast globe of liquid fire.

Physical deterioration has been increasing steadily in the British army in the last twenty years. In 1875 there were only 65 soldiers in 1,000 under 5 feet 5 inches; last year there were 127. The 608 in 1,000 measuring less than 37 inches round the chest has grown to 685. The proportion of enlisted men under twenty years of age has increased from 97 in 1,000 to 170, while that of men over thirty has decreased from 340 to 88 in 1,000.

The latest hygienic craze in Paris is the use of porous glass for windows. This is declared to possess all the advantages of the ordinary window framing; and, while light is as freely admitted as through the medium of common glass, the "porous" further admits air, too, the minute holes with which it is intersected being too fine to permit of any draught, while they provide a healthy, continuous ventilation through the apartment.

A large district in Southern Russia is suffering from a plague,—a plague of mice. Extraordinary accounts have reached us of the damage done over a district larger than Wales by the ravages of myriads of these tiny rodents. We are informed that their nests are so numerous in the fields that ploughing is impossible, the peasants turning away in loathing. So horrible is the plague that peasants in bodies are leaving their cottages, seeking spots where they may be free from these vermin.

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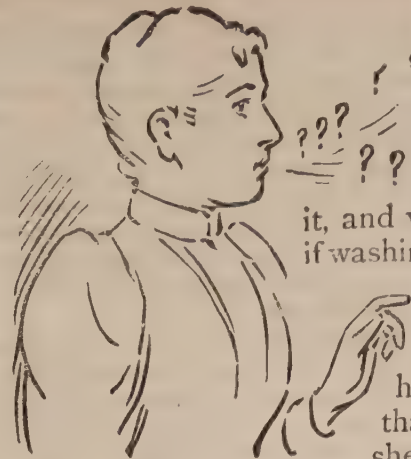
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I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

Experiencing Religion. Rev. Seth C. Beach.
Our Unitarian Literature. John White Chadwick.
The Happiest Way. John Davidson.
Mme. de Staël. Blanche P. Bagley.
Glimpses of Spain. Marie C. Remick.
The Incense Offering. J. Edwards.
The Progress of the Feminine. E. P. Powell.
A Hundred Unitarian Sunday Circles. J. T. Sunder land.

I Wonder Why? Lucy Elliot Keeler.
The Brook and the Spring. Mary A. Tilden.
Day's End. Edward B. Payne.
Christian Citizenship. George Walcott Brooks.
Dives and Lazarus. William Brunton.
A Criticism of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy of the Unknowable. Frederic W. Sanders.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

DEPARTMENTS:

American Unitarian Association, George Batchelor; Sunday-schools, Edward A. Horton; National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Emily A. Field; Guilds, B. R. Bulkeley; Temperance Work, C. R. Eliot; Literary Notes.

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Education.

A stereopticon lecture on "Ancient and Modern India" will be given by the Hindu, Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., of Bombay, India, Saturday, March 23, 8 p.m., in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Boylston and Berkeley Streets. It will give a vivid idea of the home life, manners and customs, architecture, religion, and philosophy of India. This will be Mr. Gandhi's last lecture in Boston previous to sailing for India. Tickets, 50 cents.

Prof. Max Müller confesses that at first he had been opposed to the girls' colleges; but they are, he said, a great success; "and it is a real pleasure to me to see the young girls so eager to learn. Young men do as little as they can; young women do as much as they can,—too much, indeed. Again, they work more systematically, and their knowledge is better arranged. It tends wonderfully to the improvement of the whole of their character. I wish the men could be shamed and spurred on to further effort."

No Southern State to-day, all conditions taken into account, seems to be making greater headway in popular education than Mississippi. It has long been known that this State had the least percentage of white illiteracy of any of the Southern States. Within the past twelve years the expenditure for common schools has risen from \$830,000 to nearly \$1,200,000. The colored pupils in the schools have increased fourfold, and the white nearly threefold. At the present rate of progress Mississippi bids fair not only to make her way out of the jungle of the "race question," but also to become a leader in the educational life of the South-west.

Charities and Reforms.

It was at Rochdale in 1844, coeval with the first steps to free trade, that twenty-eight weavers on assessments of twopence a week began the system of co-operative stores. Last year this now powerful and wide-reaching association celebrated its jubilee by a gift of \$5,000 to the Rochdale Hospital. There are now in England 1,700 co-operative societies, with 1,300,000 members, a capital of \$90,000,000, an annual business of \$250,000,000, and profits last year of \$23,000,000. There are 825,000 members of a wholesale society, whose sales for 1893 were above \$47,000,000. It owns ships which visit every sea, runs a shoe factory at Leicester, soap works at Durham, and woollen mills at Batley.

Penologists in both Europe and America turn toward England with the greatest interest, because that is the one country in which there is evidence of a gradual, almost steady decrease in crime during the last fifteen or twenty years. Statistics bearing on this fact are interesting and significant. . . . When we ask for the causes that have contributed to this reduction, they are ascribed by the commissioners to the increased efficiency of the police, to the establishment of industrial schools, the effective punishment and reformation of criminals in prison, the development of societies to aid prisoners on discharge, and the operation of statutes enacted for the suppression of the habitual criminal class.—S. J. Barrows, in the Arena.

INDIAN WORK.—The Indian Industries League, which last week held a most successful parlor meeting at the Bellevue, will hold next Thursday evening, March 21, at eight o'clock, a mass meeting in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston. The president of the league, Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., will preside. Capt. Wotherspoon, United States Army, to whom, it will be remembered, was assigned the difficult task of managing the Apache prisoners of war sent by the government to Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala., will give some account of the methods by which these dreaded warriors were converted into an orderly and working community, and the redoubtable chief Geronimo himself resolved into a justice of the peace. Miss Mary C. Collins, whose twenty years of missionary work among the Sioux have given her the knowledge of an expert, will speak of the industrial side of this Indian question. And not least in interest as a speaker is the full-blood Arapaho Indian gentleman and minister of the gospel, Rev. Sherman Coolidge.

More than thirty years ago it occurred to some people in Christiania, Norway, that a great economy in the preparation of food for people of limited means might be introduced by a steam kitchen. The population of the place was then about seventy-five thousand. It was an experiment, at first instituted "for the purpose of enabling people of moderate means to obtain a good wholesome dinner at a low price." The building is of brick, two stories high, and placed in the busiest part of the city. For the first few years the capital invested, \$25,000, paid no dividends; but it served its primary purpose. The greatest discrimination is brought to bear on the selection

of meats and vegetables, and high intelligence in its preparation. The dinners are sold in two ways: to be eaten on the premises, seated at a table, for seven and a half cents, or to be eaten beyond the premises, at six and a half cents. On Saturdays it was arranged to meet the desire for a greater variety, even at an enhanced cost, that there should be furnished two meals for consumption off the premises, one at seven and one-half, one at eleven cents, the higher price, of course, for the greater variety. Everything is clean to fastidiousness. The place is constantly growing in favor; and now the original debt is paid off, and for twenty years it has paid dividends of six per cent. annually, and has a reserve fund of near \$30,000. The cooking so commends itself that many others besides the poor patronize it.—Independent.

Temperance.

Dr. Motet, the celebrated criminal doctor of Paris, has lately shown the series of disorders produced in mind and conscience by alcohol, illustrating each case by the recital of crimes sufficient to make the hair stand on end.

The Scottish Temperance League has been in existence for half a century. It began with a membership of ten, but it is now a powerful organization. The league, from the first, has placed its chief dependence on moral suasion.

An exchange says, "In 1893 1,207,931,968 gallons of wine, distilled and fermented liquors, were consumed in the United States. The amount of money spent for this liquor was \$1,079,483,172. The economic argument of waste ought to appeal to every one."

Finland long ago decreed local option, and under its enforcement the country has changed from being given over to drink to a condition of practical total abstinence. It was supposed in other times that in cold countries it was absolutely necessary to take spirits, but that fallacy which fed the liquor traffic has been put away with many others of similar character. Indeed, the development of science and invention have been the two worst foes of the drink delusion.

"At no period in the history of our association has the path of progress been so clearly defined," writes Lady Henry Somerset in her New Year letter to the members of the N. B. W. T. A. "Over four hundred societies have been added to our number within the last eighteen months, and the calls made upon our organizers are far more numerous than we can meet." The coming year is to be one of grave responsibility, to meet which her "sisters and comrades" are urged to work definitely on four lines,—(1) the return of parliamentary candidates who will support the Local Veto Bill, (2) the support of the Progressive candidates of the London County Council, (3) a minute study of the social conditions under which the people groan, (4) the organization of the older members of Bands of Hope into the Loyal Temperance Legion. Christian World.

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Pleasantries.

Jimmy: "What makes the twenty-first of December the shortest day in the year?" Father: "Er—well, the Christmas shopping, probably."—*Inter-Ocean.*

"Anything new or fresh here to-day?" asked the reporter. "Yes," said the official addressed, "that paint you're leaning against."—*Philadelphia Record.*

After the concert.—He: "I envy that man who sang the tenor solo." She: "Why, I thought he had a very poor voice." He: "So did I; but just think of his nerve!"—*Life.*

A Liverpool merchant thus advertises his candles: "Without intending any disparagement to the sun, I may confidently assert that my octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

A few Sundays ago a clergyman in Ireland made the following announcement: "Next Sunday, in this church, the Rev. Mr. — will renounce the errors of Rome for those of Protestantism."

"Who is that long-haired fellow at the other table,—a corn doctor?" "Goodness, no! That is Bzzzvyskczt, the pianist. He has made a great name for himself." "Must have made it out of barbed wire, didn't he?"

University of Chicago Professor (lecturing): "Now Arsinius was sent as a legate to Rome. He was an exceedingly wicked man, and was later excommunicated. On dying, soon after, he went (according to all belief) to hell. We shall see more of him hereafter."—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

The principal of a school asked a bright-eyed boy the meaning of Evacuation Day, which was being celebrated. Bright-eyes, beaming with pride at being brought into notice, arose, and called out in a clear tone, "It is the day the doctors come to the school to vaccinate the boys."—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Longnecker (of Squantuck Corners): "Who's that drivin' by, I wonder? I declare, I believe it's that Pushington girl, from the city, that's visitin' at the Talcotts." Miss Almira Fortysmith: "Yes, that's who 'tis; but who's that little feller with her? Do you s'pose he's the one that they say's goin' to marry her?" Mrs. Longnecker: "Shouldn't wonder. I guess that's her fiasco."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dr. H. W. Haweis has been lecturing in the West. At Seattle recently he caused quite a sensation by suddenly catching sight of a choir-boy who had fallen asleep. He stopped short, and said, "Wake up that boy!" He went right on as if nothing had happened, while some one shook the sleeping boy. As soon as the boy awoke and began rubbing his eyes, Mr. Haweis again digressed to remark: "Most stupid boy I ever saw. Now go to sleep again!" It is needless to say the youngster did not get sleepy again during the rest of the sermon. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

A boy in this city who was asked to write out what he considered an ideal holiday dinner menu evolved the following:—

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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE tribute of respect and gratitude which will be paid to Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., on April 3 for writing "My country, 'tis of thee," will be both personal and patriotic. Celebrations will be held in Music Hall, Boston, in the afternoon and evening of that day, at which Dr. Smith will appear; and throughout the country it is hoped that "America" will be sung in schools and homes. Critics may say that the hymn is not a great poem, to which the answer is that few great poems have proved to be successful hymns. Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes all touched the popular heart; but none of them gained immortality through a national hymn. We needed a hymn in which patriotism and religion should combine; and "America" met a popular want, though the music is not American, but English, or German. If there is anything humiliating in the thought that we must sing our national hymn to a foreign air, we may find satisfaction in the larger sentiment of brotherhood revealed in the use by three great nations of the same musical tones with which to offer the prayer of freedom and patriotism. To Dr. Smith we extend warmest congratulation. He has lived to a green old age. He and his hymn have both been fitted to survive; and, if his psalm lives after him, as it is sure to do, it will be because his own love of country has conferred upon it the immortality of patriotism.

REMARKABLE changes have been brought about in our industrial economy by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The enmity of hand laborers was immediately excited against the machinery which displaced them. Nearly every industry has a record of some such opposition. It has pretty much passed away now; and hand laborers have found that the introduction of improvements and inventions, while it temporarily unsettled them and compelled new adjustment to new relations, opened to them also new and varied avenues for employment. Thus Morse, by the invention of the telegraph, gave employment to a whole army of operators; and Bell and Edison, by the invention of the telephone, have given employment, it is said, to thirty thousand women in this country.

At the Massachusetts hearing in regard to a law regulating child insurance a great many facts were brought out, showing the evil effects of the present system. Doctors testified that children thus insured were exposed to drafts, colds, and to other risks, which in some cases directly induced death. This was especially true under the practice of baby farming. Abundant testimony was also produced, showing that money given for charitable purposes was diverted into the payment of insurance policies. The other evils of this system were brought out with so much force and fulness that it is difficult to see what arguments can be adduced in its favor, except those that are purely commercial.

AMERICA is a nation founded on great principles, and its founders were animated by great ideals. But we are very far yet from realizing the ideals of freedom we profess. It is but thirty years since we gave freedom to the slaves. Up to that time our boasted liberty was simply liberty of a certain color. The colored man does not yet enjoy full liberty and justice. In this matter of liberty of race England and other countries were ahead of us. In the matter of liberty of trade England is still far in advance of us. In the social realm we are freer from snobbery than some other countries, but we have altogether too much of it to reproach our neighbors. Politically, we have not yet extended the right of suffrage to women on any large scale, so that nearly one-half of the American people are not represented in their government. As to intellectual freedom, it is not determined by political boundaries; and we owe much to Germany for our emancipation from traditional theological bondage. But there is a great deal of freedom yet to be realized in this country in various directions—socially, politically, commercially, and industrially. So that some of our Fourth of July orators might profitably consider not only what the Declaration of Independence has done for us, but what we have yet to do to fulfil the Declaration of Independence.

HON. WILLIAM EVERETT cannot be accused of a lack of patriotic fervor, but there is a higher patriotism than that which consists in Fourth of July sky-rockets; and in the sermon by Dr. Everett which we publish this week he summons us to an allegiance which is higher than that which we owe to our country,—our allegiance to God. In the debate on the naval appropriation bill in the House of Representatives Dr. Everett, on grounds, as it seems to us, of the highest patriotism, opposed the increase of our navy. He asked first that our honest debts be paid. There is money that has been due to successful pleaders before the court of claims for many years. He pointed to the grossly inadequate salaries that are paid to the high officials, the need of erecting suitable public buildings, and to the fact that "the starv-

ing Navajoes called for \$25,000 the other day, and there was a doubt as to whether it should be given to them. And yet we have money to build war-ships! . . . We have a navy. I do not seek to destroy it. Keep it and man it. Possibly, in times when we have a surplus,—an undoubted surplus, a big surplus [laughter],—possibly, at a time when we need not be raising gold loans at 4 per cent., or even at 3¾ per cent.,—possibly at a time when all is peaceful and easy in our cities, we may then amuse ourselves with building more battle-ships, as pretty but expensive toys. But, when we are taken out of the war system of European nations, when we have entered upon the new and glorious destiny of the future, when we have put behind us all this ancient history, when the course of our peaceful empire is taking its way westward, do not let us turn our eyes backward, do not let us be conjuring up old needless fears."

THE newspapers, secular as well as religious, keep up their fire on the bishops' letter. The Boston *Herald* declares that the letter grew out of suspicions that ought never to have been entertained, and adds: "The most galling and irritating feature of the whole matter is that it has caused the Episcopal Church to be greatly misunderstood in its essential character. It has grown in the last quarter of a century chiefly in two directions. It has placed more and more emphasis upon catholic doctrine as expressed in ritual and in ecclesiastical order, here displaying a healthy and legitimate development; but it has also increased immensely in its affiliations with modern thought, and with all the helpful activities of the day. It has led the way in what Dr. Donald calls 'the expansion of religion'; and the strength of this movement is not to be impaired by a pastoral letter which has no canonical authority, and is simply the ecclesiastical opinion of six excellent and venerable men who happen to be in high position."

THE *Herald* believes that "it is as idle to attempt to control the liberty of thought among educated men as it is to stem the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, and the silent protest of large numbers of the liberal clergy is an emphatic witness that the pastoral was ill-timed and a misrepresentation of what was going on. The effect of this document was at first that of surprise; but its reception has divided the Episcopal clergy and laity into two companies, one of which magnifies the ancient and old order, while the other is more than ever in sympathy with what is best among Christian people of all names. It is the consciousness of the strength of this latter movement, and the knowledge that no pastoral letter can arrest it, that has made Broad Churchmen hesitate to make a formal protest against a course of things which they do not approve of, and which has created a temporary disturbance in their own communion. The Episcopal Church is just as broad as it ever was; but its clergy and laity stand together, even when they differ strongly on important matters. Their silent protest is a witness to their self-restraint and reticence under provocation."

THE members of every profession have, to a certain extent, control over its practice and traditions. Nevertheless, it is true that doctors do not control all the remedies for disease, that lawyers do not make all the laws, and also that ministers do not control the progress of either religion or theology. Farmers and business men have an interest in the making of laws as much as lawyers. It would not do to say that no remedies for disease have been discovered outside the regular practice. It is just as true that no councils of theologians or makers of creeds can fix the religious be-

liefs of the great majority of thinking people who do not wear black coats and white neckties. It must be confessed that professional theologians have done far less for the advancement of theology than has been done by literary men, philosophers not regarded as evangelical men of science, and people of common sense and common feeling. Who, for instance, have done more for the advancement of theology in this country than Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, Whittier, and Bryant? None of them were professional theologians. The doctors of theology had insisted that we must look at an artificial picture of the universe, which was just as unreliable as a map of the fifteenth century with Jerusalem in the centre. These writers helped to effect a change in public feeling by showing us the world as it is. Not by theological arguments; but, by producing a new atmosphere, they assisted in disintegrating the old creeds. For these old creeds will not stand fresh air and sunlight: they must be shut up in hermetically sealed cases if they are to be preserved. Likewise, no theologian ever did so much for theology as Charles Darwin, simply by presenting a series of facts and truths which theology had totally ignored. Thus it is that the advance made in one department of science, literature, or thought, is sure to affect other departments. The Church has cursed its heretics, but by and by it will canonize them.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE A. U. A.

The question of individual versus corporate membership in our general missionary organization can hardly be said to have reached as yet an acute stage, but it will probably have to be dealt with at no distant date; and, possibly, trouble may be saved by an early settlement. The Association began its life as an organization of individuals, appealing mainly to the churches, nevertheless, for funds to carry on its work. After a time the churches which gave a large part of the money annually expended began to demand some power of control over the expenditure of their gifts. Ten years ago, in response to this demand, the present system of delegate membership was adopted, in accordance with which every church that has contributed for two years successively to the treasury of the Association is entitled to representation in its annual meeting. At the same time the clause in the by-laws creating an annual membership on payment of a small fee was dropped, and the fee for life membership was raised from twenty-five to fifty dollars. An amendment recommended by the directors, that no money used to send delegates should also be used to make life members, was defeated.

The Association is therefore at present partly in the hands of individual members and partly under the control of the churches. This means that it is in a state of transition. Started on one plan, it has in part adopted quite a different plan of organization. Without removing itself entirely from its former basis, it has gone some distance toward establishing itself on a new foundation. It is now living like a family in process of removal, partly in the old domicile and partly in the new. This answers very well for the time being; but, probably, it is not an arrangement that can long endure. To carry out the figure of speech, it may be said that we cannot continue to live indefinitely in two houses at once. Circumstances will compel us to take up our permanent abode in one place or the other.

Suppose, on the one hand, that the churches should show a strong tendency to increase their interest, and to be more fully represented in our annual meetings. Three hundred churches would then send a body of nine hundred people; and they would come together determined to take part in

the proceedings, whether the life members were accommodated or not. In this case life membership would speedily go to the wall. Suppose, on the other hand, the churches do not manifest this increase of interest. Then those which now send delegates, finding the life members more and more in command, are likely to become discouraged about their representation. One way or the other, the present balanced arrangement is very certain to be disturbed. Delegate membership will either increase till it is able to do what it likes or it will decrease till it becomes a practical nonentity.

As between these two results, we believe there can be no question which is the more desirable. If we are ever to have an effective denominational organization, the interest of the churches in the work of the Association must be strenuously sought and carefully increased. To this end it is highly important that they should be encouraged to assume some share of responsibility for the administration of denominational funds.

This question also has its bearing upon the problem of raising money for our missionary work. There are two theories as to the best way of accomplishing this. One theory is that our rich men and women should be chiefly depended upon to provide us legacies and large annual gifts. This theory goes naturally with belief in a basis of individual membership. The other theory is that we shall do most by appealing, through the churches, to all classes of Unitarians. It would place not so much stress upon reaching the rich as upon reaching everybody, and this theory agrees well with belief in the system of delegate membership.

Doubtless, all will say that, to a certain extent, they believe in both theories; but we can hardly avoid putting our main reliance on one or the other source of supply. Does not the weight of probability incline us to think that we can do best with the largest amount of popular interest we can possibly create? If we make it a question of reaching the pockets of the rich, will not that be most effectively done through a movement of increasing strength in the churches to gather up from all their modest contributions? Let the churches grow less interested in the work of the Association, and it is very certain that the people of wealth will share their apathy and distrust.

Good policy would seem to dictate that, at all hazards, we should maintain our system of delegate membership, and use it to draw our churches more and more into active participation in our denominational work. Success in this endeavor would, no doubt, act ultimately to stop the making of new life members; for, were the churches to make full use of the opportunity afforded them, their delegates would leave no room for anybody besides. It is now a question whether the expedient of refusing to create any more life members might not, in itself, contribute to that success.

There is, of course, no possibility of destroying the powers which such membership now possesses; and the question of its future influence need not be raised. But is it not possible that the publication of a long list of new life members every year tends to make the churches careless about their representation, and to produce a feeling that, as churches, they have little or no responsibility in the case? It is true that, in a certain sense, they are represented by the life members that belong to them. But we are always trying to get these churches to adopt some more systematic method of taking up their collections, and the effect upon them cannot be good if we allow them to think that the whole matter is to be left to individual interest and care.

One way or the other, it seems desirable that we should make our choice. If we want our organization to be composed of, to be managed by, and to get its money from selected individuals here and there, let us have the courage of our convictions, and not try any poor makeshift to satisfy the discontented common people. If we mean that all shall lift together at the common burden, let us conform to the customs of our race and time, and have all the people so amply represented through the churches that upon them shall rest the responsibility, and to their hearts the appeal shall be made, without possibility of evasion, for the means and the enthusiasm to carry our work to assured success.

THE CHILDREN'S CURFEW.

The hour for the children has struck. There is not a civilized country where special attention is not being paid to the care of dependent and neglected children. Preventive work is gradually supplanting punitive work; and, the more successful is the former, the less need will there be for the latter. The Province of Ontario in Canada is developing great activity in this direction; and the second report of the work under the "Children's Protective Act"—an extremely readable pamphlet of sixty-five pages—gives encouraging assurance of the adoption of wise measures in dealing with the juvenile wards of the State.

Among other things adopted in thirty municipalities is a curfew bell, which is rung at nine in summer and eight in winter, to warn all children under fourteen or fifteen who are loitering on the streets that it is time young people were at home. It is claimed that the law works well, and town after town is voting to employ this preventive measure. There are critics who say that it savors too much of paternalism; but, if the State will eventually have to assume the duty of arresting children of this age for serious transgressions, as a consequence of their being allowed too much liberty on the streets, there seems no reason why it should not begin betimes to look after them in this simple way, especially if the parents neglect them. But with this there should be equal care to see that night schools are provided for those who need schooling, rational amusements and gymnastics for those whose homes afford no attraction to the young people, and friendly suggestion from some quarter for such children as try to evade this municipal regulation. It is undoubtedly true that the dangerous hours for youth of both sexes are between nine and midnight; and, if the boys and girls can be shielded then, who can estimate the misery from which they may be saved?

This Canadian report fairly bristles with the letter "v," there is so much said of visitation and visiting committees; for, with commendable zeal, the work of visitation has been thoroughly incorporated as the most valuable thing in caring for dependent and neglected children. And there is a clear determination to have the visitors visit: they are not to be mere figure-heads. "A visiting committee on paper, composed of ladies and gentlemen who do nothing, is a great hindrance rather than an advantage to the work, and should be changed. . . . Therefore, where such inactive, useless visiting committees exist, they should be wiped out."

There is also a determination to have the visitation set apart as a work by itself, to be done chiefly by volunteers, who shall come into much closer contact with the children than any government inspector can do:—

Where the matter of caring for the children and their supervision is carried on in a proper manner, where those interested in the children know their character and disposition to a certain extent, and have at least some fondness for them, those people going about to visit them would have a greater interest in seeing that they are well cared for in the places to which they are sent than any government inspector could have, who had never seen the girl or boy before.

It is interesting, in looking over the report of these visiting committees, to notice that stress is laid on seeing that proper time is given to the children for amusement and for their schooling. At the recent hearings before the legislative committees in Massachusetts, with reference to the establishment of a Children's Bureau whose duties would be practically akin to those required by the Children's Protective Act of Ontario, it was clearly seen that the schooling of the children who are placed out is not so carefully looked after as it would be if the children were under a board who should have no other duties to perform. At present there is a good deal of "criss-cross work," as one of the counsel expressed it. The children are "tossed from one board to another like shuttlecocks," and there cannot be the uniformity of method and care that would necessarily ensue if they were under a special bureau with undivided interests. "If we undertake to supply the place of the parent, we must assume the farther responsibility of seeing the children happily and contentedly placed, and their interests fully safe-

guarded. . . . They must not be deprived of their amusements and schooling, to which their youth gives them a strong natural right. Whatever else suffers, the machinery for this branch of the work should be adequate to fully protect every child."

So say the visiting committees of Ontario; and such are the views of those in Massachusetts who would simplify the machinery of caring for children to such an extent that there should be uniform methods and an undivided responsibility, with the safeguard of supervision by the State Board. At present it is its own supervisor; but as Mr. Joseph Lee says, "It cannot supervise its own work, and supervision is essential in these matters. . . . Either we have made a mistake in having special boards in the case of lunatic hospitals, State farms, and almshouses, or we should continue the policy in this case. Indeed, I think this is a much stronger case. The question is whether it is more difficult and complex and more requires a special board to look after an institution where the work is chiefly taking care of people's bodies or to look after two thousand children scattered over all the State and other States, where the problem is not to keep them alive, but to build up the moral character."

IN A FAIR COUNTRY.

We heard it said casually in conversation, the other day, that the world can get along very well without poetry. It gave a little shock to our nervous system; for it had always appeared to us as impossible to get along without poetry as without daily bread, motherhood, love, or heaven.

Though the scientist may dispute it, the tangible is the least part of our strange and mysterious life. We are so singularly made that we are always culling our food beyond the region of the senses, in places unmentioned in gazetteer, unmarked on geographical maps. In fact, each one of us has a fair country whither we resort to spend the best portion of our time, if we have any life at all beyond the senses of the lowest orders of beings, like the batrachians and zoöphites.

There is no human creature, it is safe to say, that owns not a little private key to a secret door opening on the fair country, even though the key is fitted into the wards of the lock by sleep or some outward stimulant. It is that private domain that helps millions of wretches to live day by day. They have no comforter but hope; and hope is the universal poet, hovering with divine pity over all the dens and dives of earth, all the sick-beds and confirmed invalid wards of her universal hospital.

Somehow, the poor wretch through a color, an odor, the flitting of a bird, the face forgotten floating up in the wreckage of life, the breath of the wind, the sound of a voice, a thousand ways too subtle and intimate and personal to name, gets into his fair country, and, if only for a moment, knows he is not all sodden clay or degraded earth, but has in him a spark of the divine nature. Love, friendship, the tender humanities, a touch of kindness, a thought of heroism, self-sacrifice, and devotion,—anything that lifts man above a mere feeding and digesting machine,—open the place where the soul is free; and the ideal presents itself, not of full face, but in fitting, illusive vision, like some rare bird just skimming the horizon,—a flash of brilliant or snowy wings seen and then withdrawn.

Without these glimpses of the fair country, which is indeed the poetic realm, how could we live? Vision is sent to still the perpetual soul-hunger, the attendant upon immortality, the sign and proof that we are to endure beyond this stage of existence, to be fed with other food, to breathe other air, to rise to enlarged opportunities and expectations. The eternal thirst of the spirit comes from the deep and inexhaustible vein of poetry within us. Our unrest and self-contempt, the impossibility of ever stilling for long the hungry desires that cry for better soul-nourishment, more love, more light, more knowledge, more power, is the inexhaustible spring of poetry in human nature. It is the source of all the tragedy, all the pathos, all the nobleness, all the heroism of man. Only to win the supreme, the highest satisfaction will man do and dare to the sublimest heights. Just to reach

that self-approval, that sense of oneness with God for even one moment, will he wade through seas of pain. Martyrdom is not too costly. The idealism of the soul puts death at a pin's fee. Many of the greatest have courted and sought death, loved it like a lover, because through it they would penetrate to the heart of the mystery, measure the exhaustless claims of the soul with every form of test and experience known or unknown.

And yet it is believed we could live without poetry, cut it clean off of daily existence, when even the commonest day is steeped in it, and subject to a tyrannous idealism from which there is no escape. Even if our aims are low, our lives poor and sterile, the soul has a trick of taking it up, turning it about, bathing it in a stream of unreality, casting upon it reflected lights, until it is worked over for the tricked and deluded being into something different from the material. We are not to ourselves what we are to others. We all know we have the key of a fair country, if we will but walk there. We keep the thought of it always in mind, as a hope, a possibility. Some time when leisure arrives we are going to live in our best domain, we are going to be other and better than we are now.

We neglect our opportunities for a long time. We may almost forget that we have the key. We may lose the taste for the pleasures of the fair country until some great loss, some intimate pang, some heavenly gleam of love and remembrance, some tender relenting of the time, the smell of the earth and grass on warm days, the drift of tree branches against the sky, a wave of gratitude and longing, suddenly sets the gate ajar; and we are there in our sacred little domain. We are wandering in the past in forgotten springs and summers, when we were more innocent, more susceptible to good, less hard and rigid in the world's ways, when the heart was softer ground, more generous, loving, and believing, or new spiritual vistas open before us and hidden things are made plain. It is by revelation in the fair country that we grow in grace.

This fair country into which we stray, even when we are old, through our purest emotions, the waves of influence that flow from above, is the kingdom of heaven proclaimed by Jesus,—a place without laws or restrictions or violence, where none strive or cry, where all do the right thing and the true thing spontaneously, because human nature is clarified, is working to its normal issues, and the soul, assuming its upright stature, needs no control being capable, uncoerced, of finding all beautiful and holy occasions. The ideal makes us men and women, enables us to live at all by satisfying with glimpses of perfection the insistent hunger that is always within us. How little the people know themselves who think they can get along without the poetry of life! Every time they pronounce the words "God," "love," "faith," "fidelity," and a thousand others, they open such depths on depths of sublime poetry that the solid bases of this material sphere, if there are any, melt and swim, and are dissolved as in rainbow mists. For the sternest realist is all compact of fantasy. His gold dollars and greenbacks, his houses and railroads, have no real value except the ideal value which his imagination attaches to them. Without knowing it, he opens the little gate into his fair country, and something illusive mingles with the figures of his ledger, otherwise he were not a man. His estate may be ever so large, but it is little worth unless it opens on a larger.

Charles Lamb, when a poor, unknown youth, had a fervent desire to know and mingle on terms of friendship with the witty and wise ones of the earth,—scholars, thinkers, poets. We have all shared that wish; but, if circumstances have brought us in contact with some of these, we are apt to be disappointed. The witty are less witty than we thought, the wise less wise. The good hide their goodness under petty bushels. The learned know not how to impart themselves. A certain coldness and indifference creep into the intercourse. But in the fair country it is not so. There is perfect intercommunion of soul. There we meet the poets and sages at their best. There they give themselves to us right roy-

ally. There, indeed, we must know them, if ever. The inestimable gift of the fair country, we believe, will not be taken from us at death, but will be confirmed. Where we have walked in imagination, we shall then walk in reality; and the tender, joyous, loving, and blest ideal will blossom like a close-folded bud on which a new spring has breathed.

NAILING A LIE.

The New York *Independent* nails a lie which has been travelling over the country propelled by anti-Catholic hate. A document has been prepared showing that 72 per cent. of all the deserters in the war were Irish. The document purported to be from statistics furnished directly from the United States Pension Office, and to have the indorsement of the New York *Sun*. The editor of the *Independent* wrote to the War Department, and received the following reply: "No compilation has ever been made from which any reliable statement can be made relative to the number of deserters during the late war. The number of soldiers of any given nativity in service during the war is not known, nor is it possible to make even an approximately correct statement of the number or percentage of deserters belonging to any particular nationality." The New York *Sun* likewise denied that it had indorsed these figures, which, as the *Independent* says, "strips the statement of the last vestige of authority, and shows that it is a lie made out of the solid." But a lie will continue to travel, even after it is nailed. Yet the Catholics may rest assured that persecution which is founded on misrepresentation and falsehood will, in the long run, meet the fate of all lies.

Musings.

THE moral distinctions that men draw are sometimes strange enough. Disraeli might have written as interesting a book on "The Curiosities of Ethics" as on "The Curiosities of Literature." A man came into my office the other day. It was not the first time he had called there, and I recognized him immediately. But I had not seen him for more than three years. "Where have you been?" I asked. "Oh, in the House of Correction for three years." "What did you go in for this time?" "House-breaking." "How many times have you been in prison?" "Seven times. I am thirty-two years of age, and I have spent fifteen years of my life in prison." The left hand of this man was badly injured in an accident some years ago, and is incapable of use. There are few occupations open to him. He could serve as a messenger or pedler. He complained that, if he peddled, he was constantly under the surveillance of the police, and had been arrested once or twice on suspicion. It is natural that a man who has been in prison so many times should be in bad repute among the police. I asked him, in view of the fact that work was very difficult to find and that he had no means of support, what he thought about going to the almshouse at Tewksbury. You should have seen how he straightened up at the mere suggestion! "I don't want to be a pauper!" "Well," I said, "you could do enough work to pay for the cost of your keeping." "No," he said, "I don't want to be a pauper, and go to that place." That he had some other ambition I thought was hopeful; but I asked, "You would rather be a thief than a pauper, would you?" "Yes," he said. "I have spent half of my life in prison, and I don't want to go there again; but I would rather go to prison than go to the poorhouse." I pointed out to the man that poverty and inability to work were not in themselves dishonorable; that, when he went to prison, he went to a State institution, and was sheltered and fed at the expense of the commonwealth just as much as if he went to a poorhouse; that he was, in fact, not only a thief, but a pauper, too. But I could not effect any change in his sentiment of honor or self-respect. There are many at Tewksbury who might say, "I am a pauper, but not a thief"; but I suspect there are as many in prison who would say with the pride of this man, "I am a thief, but not a pauper." I remember at the Concord Reformatory that the temperance men who steal have very little respect for the honest men

who get drunk, to which I suppose the appropriate answer would be, "I know I get drunk, but I don't steal."

THESE curious moral or immoral distinctions are not confined to the criminal classes. They run all through society, and they are revealed very strangely in our criminal codes. Thus, if you take the codes of all the States in the Union, you will find that hardly two agree on the subject of comparative wickedness. The whole thing is admirably shown by my friend Mr. Frederick H. Wines, an abstract of whose striking address before the National Prison Conference was published in the *Christian Register* of July 12, 1894. In that article we shall find that the relative estimates of crime in the different States are strangely curious and contradictory. It is not easy to see why in Kansas a forger should be considered four times as guilty as a thief, and why in Connecticut a thief should be considered four times as guilty as a forger. I am disposed to think that one is about as bad as the other. In Ohio and Minnesota it is twice as wicked to counterfeit as it is to commit perjury, but in Rhode Island and Alabama the guilt of perjury is twice that of counterfeiting, and so on through the long catalogue of offences. When we find lawyers, legislators, and judges making curious distinctions in regard to crime, it is not surprising that thieves and inebriates dispute as to their own social and moral standing.

A LITTLE more than a week ago I had the duty which so often falls to a minister of going to the house of mourning to speak in memory of one who had held a high official position in the service of his country. Reporters were present to make a public record of the service. The way in which these reports were made illustrates the good and the bad methods of modern journalism. In one paper, the *Dorchester Beacon*, the report was a fair and accurate abstract of the tribute paid to the departed. The other report, which appeared in a Boston daily, was made up almost entirely out of the imagination of the reporter. The opening sentences show that he had been present on the occasion; but, as for the rest, he might as well have written it at the newspaper office. Evidently, this reporter had his own idea of what ought to be said on such an occasion, and that it ought to be very orthodox and very melancholy. He therefore composed an address, and draped it in the crêpe of conventional pietistic funereal phrase. The two paragraphs that follow, for instance, may be in a higher and more fervent strain of eloquence than could possibly have been attained by the speaker, who aimed at being very simple:—

But we must all answer to the call of the "Grim Reaper." None are spared,—the rich and poor, good and bad; those who have led a dissolute life and those whose lives have been full of good toward mankind.

But how much better it is, brethren, when we have to answer that last dread call, to know that we may be numbered among those who have led an honest, God-fearing life. Then, oh, then, may we say, "O grave, where is thy victory?" without the sting of sin to cling to us when we come before that Great Judge who can read into the innermost soul.

In the first paragraph the reporter has availed himself of the common refuge of the minister, that of saying something which nobody can possibly dispute. It would be a rash man who would dare to challenge the statement that all must answer to the call of the "grim reaper," and that none are spared. The only untruth about it is that the speaker did not say it, or anything that has the slightest approach to it, or that in the remotest possible way could have suggested it. Death was not mentioned as a "dread call" nor as a "grim reaper," nor was there any reference to a "Great Judge"; for the speaker is not accustomed to regard God as either a king or a judge, nor does he regard death as a grim reaper. It is wholly to the genius of the reporter that such brilliant flights of rhetoric must be credited. The question arises whether a young man who has such genius for composing funeral orations ought not to leave the restricted sphere of a reporter's life and become a professional eulogist. As for the reporter who wrote the account in the *Beacon*, his report must seem singularly lacking in rhetorical fervor and ecclesiastical truism. He can simply

have the consciousness that it was correct: he cannot flatter himself that he has composed by his unaided genius one of the most pious funeral orations that ever sanctified the face of the *Globe*.

Brevities.

Not only marbles and base-ball and hoop-trundling, but more genial skies and warmer air announce that spring is here.

The prosperity of the minister, like that of the merchant, depends not only upon what goods he has to deliver, but on how he delivers his goods.

Dr. Herrick Johnson of Chicago thinks that Christianity was muzzled at the Parliament of Religions. Does it mean that Dr. Johnson did not have a chance to speak there?

The many ministers who have been eagerly waiting for the opportunity to examine the abridgment of the "Book of Prayer and Praise" will be glad to learn from an advertisement in another column that it is at last published.

Dr. Talmage offered a prayer of thanks that Congress had dispersed, and hoped that some of its members would not be returned. But Dr. Talmage must be more definite, and furnish the Lord with a list of those whom it would not do to send back.

Rev. W. M. Brundage of Albany preached his farewell sermon in his Methodist pulpit two weeks ago. He has carefully avoided all cause of offence in severing his old ties, and has been bidden God-speed by his old friends and colleagues with expressions of affection and respect.

Theoretical religion is like theoretical cookery. Every recipe in the cook-book is an article of faith; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in the digestion which follows. The theological cook-books furnish definitions and recipes, but some of them are unpalatable and indigestible.

The Calhoun School is another light in the Black Belt; and Mr. Dillingham asks the practical question, "Shall it be kept shining?" For some years to come the South will need gifts and endowments for its educational institutions. The stream of beneficence should flow not toward the pole, but toward the equator. Patriotism and humanity must blend in the offering.

Many people thought the iron man of Germany could not melt, but he burst into tears when speaking of the old emperor. Bismarck brought about German unity more through the sword than by the olive branch. He armed Germany against the world. The next great prime minister will be he who disarms Germany against the world and the world against Germany.

The *Congregationalist* sets forth the hardships of a candidate: "That was a curious reason given by a member of a committee for securing a new pastor for an indifferent attitude toward a certain candidate. 'The fact is,' said the committee man, 'we liked his preaching first-rate; but we feared he had struck twelve the first time, and couldn't duplicate the performance.' What is the man in question to do, pray tell us? Shall he bring a poor sermon when he ventures into a new pulpit? In that case he would probably be disfavored because he didn't strike twelve. Verily, it's a trying ordeal, this being a candidate."

A geographical map of the different denominations would show that the Methodists like the torrid zone and volcanic regions; that the Universalists like a more temperate climate; that the Baptists like to settle on the banks of great rivers and on the seacoast, because there is much water there; that the Episcopalians are divided, some preferring high and some preferring low latitudes; that the Presbyterians like a section that is well fenced in; that the Unitarians prefer the freedom of the open prairie, and are, perhaps, a little too fond of colder latitudes. But there is a good deal of denominational migration going on, and a cool Methodist and a hot Unitarian are by no means hard to find.

The third day of April has been appointed for the celebration in honor of Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "My country, 'tis of thee." An afternoon and an evening reception will be held in Music Hall, at

both of which the poet will be present. Patriotic addresses and music will be the features of the entertainments, that of the afternoon being intended principally for children. It is desired that throughout the country, at noon of the 3d of April, all schools unite in singing "America," and that, so far as practicable, the religious service on the preceding Sabbath, March 31, shall include this hymn of patriotic praise. The suggestion that the bells of churches, public buildings, factories, and wherever bells hang, be rung for five minutes at noon of April 3, has the sanction of the committee in charge of the testimonial.

Pro and Con.

TEN SHORT SENTENCES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I should like to call the attention of those of your readers who are interested in our church music to "Ten Short Sentences," a collection of music finely adapted to the uses of our Unitarian church choirs. The production is by Prof. C. P. Morrison of Worcester. The words are well suited to Unitarian sentiment, and the music is too good to be allowed to go without a very general notice of its existence.

LEWIS G. WILSON.

BOOKS WANTED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The Liberal Church League, in connection with the Unitarian church in this city, is attempting to enlarge the church library, and, as one of the means to be employed, has decided to write to different ministers of our church for books.

Any book or books that friends may choose to send us will be heartily appreciated.

Any books sent may be addressed to Rev. George Leonard Chaney, 611 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

E. C. WILLIAMS.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

A few weeks ago you commented upon the New York plan of travelling libraries. Why cannot something definite of this kind be started for the benefit of our Unity Clubs? It is the lack of books that cripples their efforts, at least in some sections. With the help of a special library on the subject of study, some good, thorough work could be done. A start could be made by a number of clubs agreeing to form libraries, each on a different subject, and to exchange. Why not get a show of hands on the question?

J. H.

THE NEW LITURGY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

As the individual members of the Subcommittee on Liturgy have received various inquiries in regard to the form of the new book, expense, and probable date of issue, it may be well to state through the columns of the *Christian Register*:—

1. The book will be for sale at the Unitarian headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on and after April 1, 1895.

2. The price of the book, bound in cloth, to churches, will be at the rate of 40 cents a copy.

3. The Easter service included in the book is made up of introductory sentences, an exhortation, a prayer, and responsive reading for minister and congregation. This service is so arranged that it can easily be adapted to any form of religious procedure.

4. Many ministers will find the book valuable for vesper services, the elasticity in the rubric allowing either a longer or shorter service. Many of the prayers have been incorporated with a special view to the requirement of evening meetings.

5. The psalms at the back of the book are also arranged in a way to allow a continuous reading covering the whole selection, or they can be used in parts; i.e., one psalm alone can be taken for the responsive reading.

6. The chants, the psalms, and the glorias have been carefully scrutinized by competent Boston choristers, acquainted with Unitarian thought and the congregational needs of Unitarian churches.

(Signed) THE COMMITTEE.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

BY EDWARD N. STONE.

May it not be that in the home foretold us,
Amid the joys that for the blest remain,
The veils that here from perfect sense withhold us
Shall all be rent in twain?

That they who here with hearts unmoved could ponder
On Nature's pictures or Art's fair device
Shall there behold with new-born joy and wonder
The scenes of Paradise?

And they who listened here, with eyes undimming,
To music's thrilling notes or poet's lyre,
Shall with unwonted rapture hear the hymning
Of the celestial choir.

For that same Hand, whose kindly touch of healing
Bade the blind see and caused the deaf to hear,
Can make to souls untaught and void of feeling
The Beautiful appear.

IS CRIME INCREASING IN AMERICA?

BY FREDERICK HOWARD WINES.

The question is often put to me as a statistician, "Is crime increasing in the United States relatively to the population?" It is not easy to give an off-hand, categorical reply. Some of the difficulties in the way are pointed out in the present article, and the attention of the intelligent reader who likes to be able to give a reason for his opinions is directed to them; but there are others not here mentioned.

If, as some people seem to think, all that is essential is to open the twenty-first volume of the Tenth Census at page 480, and quote the figures on the top line, which show that the apparent ratio of prisoners to 1,000,000 of the total population in 1850 was 290, but in 1880 it was 1,169, the answer would be as "easy as lying." Many sensational statements have been ignorantly based upon these figures; and the great American public has been warned, in falsetto tones of every conceivable pitch, that "in thirty years crime is shown, by the census, to have increased four times as rapidly as the general population." It is almost, if not quite, a hopeless task to convince the startled listeners to the alarm bell thus rung in the night that some statistical infant is pulling at the rope, and that no attention need be paid to the sound. The methods adopted for the enumeration of the prison population have been so improved that no comparison between the earlier and later figures of the census is possible: the earlier figures have been demonstrated to be utterly untrustworthy.

Let us confine our discussion to the decade from 1880 to 1890, since the statistical method in the last two enumerations was identical, and an argument founded upon them is admissible. During these ten years the number of prisoners increased more rapidly than the population. The number in 1880 was 58,609; in 1890 it was 82,329. (Juvenile delinquents in reformatories for boys and girls are not here included.) The increase in the number of prisoners was at the ratio of 41 per cent., while the rate of increase of population was only 24 per cent.

These numbers should, before proceeding further, be reduced to ratios to one million of the population. The ratio of prisoners to each million of the population of the United States in 1880 was 1,169; but in 1890 it was 1,315, an increase of 146 per million.

In the census the States and Territories are grouped under five general divisions: the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the North Central, the South Central, and the Western. The ratios for each of these five divisions, in 1880 and in 1890, are shown in the following table:—

Geographical Divisions.	Ratios to 1,000,000.		Increase.
	1890.	1880.	
The United States....	1,315	1,169	146
North Atlantic.....	1,624	1,428	199
South Atlantic.....	1,288	1,043	245
North Central.....	888	862	26
South Central.....	1,466	1,250	216
Western.....	2,221	2,199	22

According to these figures, the increase of prison population is greatest in the South and East, but least in the North and West.

I have made a great effort, but with partial and indifferent success, to teach students of criminal statistics to distinguish clearly in their own minds between statistics of crime and statistics of punishment. Precise inferences as to the amount of crime

at a given date or in a given locality, drawn from the number of convicts in prison, are unwarranted. Crime may be unpunished, or it may be punished in other ways than by imprisonment, or it may be more severely punished in one State than in another, if severity is measured by the length of sentence imposed by the criminal courts. Any novice, looking at the table printed immediately above, would say, for instance, that it shows that, while crime is more prevalent in the North Atlantic than in the North Central division, it is nevertheless less prevalent in the South Atlantic than in the South Central division. Before assenting to this conclusion, we must further inquire what is the average length of the term of sentence to imprisonment in each of the five divisions; for, if one State pronounces an average sentence of two years and another of four years, then, with equivalent criminality in both, one should show twice as large a ratio of prisoners to population as the other. Now, the studies made in the Eleventh United States Census show that the average sentence (omitting sentences for life) in the United States is 3.88 years. In the South Central division it is 5.40 years; in the Western, 4.65 years; in the South Atlantic, 4.42 years; in the North Central, 4.04 years; in the North Atlantic, 2.72 years. In order to reduce the table to a uniform basis, therefore, so as to admit of vertical as well as horizontal comparison, the ratios there given should be divided by the average term of sentence in each geographical division. The following result will be obtained:—

Geographical Divisions.	Ratios to 1,000,000.		Increase.
	1890.	1880.	
The United States....	339	301	38
North Atlantic.....	597	525	72
South Atlantic.....	291	234	57
North Central.....	290	213	77
South Central.....	271	231	40
Western.....	478	473	5

It is here assumed that the average term of sentence in 1880 was the same as in 1890; and, upon this assumption, the rates given are what they would have been if the average in each division had been one year. Thus corrected, for uniformity, the criminality of the South Central division appears to have been less than that of the South Atlantic instead of greater. It further appears that the greatest increase in crime has not been at the South, but in the North Atlantic division, where, too, we find more than twice as large a ratio of prisoners to the population as in the South or West, except in the extreme West, beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Evidently, the problem becomes more complicated as we proceed. Thus far we have lumped together all prisoners, regardless of the gravity of their offences or the character of the prisons in which they are confined. The law preserves a partially obsolete distinction between felonies and misdemeanors, felonies being punishable by death or by a long term of imprisonment usually served in a penitentiary, but misdemeanors by a short term usually served in a county jail, workhouse, or other minor prison. If, now, we confine our attention to penitentiaries and State prisons, the following are the ratios for 1880 and 1890, in the several geographical divisions:—

Geographical Divisions.	Ratios to 1,000,000.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1890.	1880.		
The United States.	722	709	13	—
North Atlantic.....	832	768	64	—
South Atlantic.....	730	704	26	—
North Central.....	491	510	—	19
South Central.....	842	891	—	49
Western.....	1,341	1,268	73	—

The increase in the number of penitentiary convicts per million of the population has been but thirteen, which is absolutely insignificant. If this figure is divided by 5.75, the average penitentiary sentence (in years) in the United States, the increase is but two per million, calculated on the basis of a uniform sentence for one year as above. So far as the prison statistics go, they tend to prove that serious crime, in the country at large, is neither increasing nor decreasing in comparison with the population. It seems to be increasing somewhat in the North Atlantic and Western divisions; but in the North Central (extending from Ohio to Minnesota and Nebraska) and in the South Central (extend-

ing from Kentucky to Texas) divisions there has been a relative decrease in the number of felons in prison.

Such increase, therefore, as has taken place must be sought among the misdemeanants,—petty thieves, drunkards, and disorderly persons, not for the most part true criminals. It is shown in the following statement, which relates exclusively to inmates of minor prisons:—

Geographical Divisions.	Ratios to 1,000,000.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1890.	1880.		
The United States..	565	443	122	—
North Atlantic.....	758	639	119	—
South Atlantic.....	556	340	216	—
North Central.....	359	327	32	—
South Central.....	619	358	261	—
Western.....	813	855	—	42

The increase per million in petty crime is ten times as great as in serious crime; and the jails, not the penitentiaries, receive the benefit of it. It does not follow, however, from the increase in the jail population that the people of the United States are, in fact, more disorderly than ten years ago: the difference may be due to a more determined effort on the part of the authorities to suppress disorder.

The foregoing statements sufficiently illustrate the intricacy of the problem proposed for solution. It is here stated in its broad outlines only. It requires to be pursued into the States one by one, and examined in its relations to nativity, color, and race. This, in the space allowed for a newspaper article, is impossible.

Among the States which publish imperfect and rather blind judicial statistics is Pennsylvania. Since 1875 the Pennsylvania Board of Public Charities has printed an abstract of the annual returns made by the prothonotaries, or clerks, of criminal courts. One fact returned is the "number of persons charged with crime," which in 1875 was 20,040; but in 1890 it was 19,656, a diminution of 384, while the population of the State had increased during the same period by 1,250,000 or 1,300,000. In other words, in 1875 the number of persons charged with crime, in the criminal courts of Pennsylvania, was 1 in 200, but in 1890 only 1 in 267. This diminution does not appear in the prison statistics. The board reports the prison population of the State, Sept. 30, 1875, to have been 4,666; but on the same day of 1890 it was 5,764, or, if the inmates of the reformatory at Huntingdon are included, it was 6,096. The number of inmates of the two State penitentiaries, at these two dates respectively, was 1,264 and 1,758,—an increase of 39 per cent.; or the increase, if Huntingdon is included with the penitentiaries, as it probably should be, may be said to have been 66 per cent. The increase in the population of the State during the same period was only 31 per cent.

Much more might be said in this connection, but I forbear to tax the reader's patience. My aim is accomplished if the three following impressions have been made upon his memory:—

First. There has been no substantial increase of crime during the ten years from 1880 to 1890.

Second. The prison statistics, taken by themselves, without critical comments and explanations, do not show the true rate of increase or decrease of crime. For that judicial statistics are required, which the Department of Justice at Washington might profitably undertake to collect and publish in an annual report.

Third. A rational, intelligent interest in the prison question is possible, in which there need not be a trace of "sentiment," in the common and offensive sense of that much abused word.

Springfield, Ill.

THE CALHOUN SCHOOL.

BY REV. PITT DILLINGHAM.

Jack Frost "held up" the Southern farmer during February. March is now trying to do February's work. The hill-sides are lighted at night by the burning sedge broom, and farther away the cane is burning in the swamps. One-mule farms are on every side of us; and the single steer, or mule, is making a three-inch scratch in the soil with a "befo' de war" plough. Field hands are violently swinging long sticks to right and left, knocking down and out the thick standing cotton-

stalk of last year's crop. Black Belt agriculture in Alabama is where Alabama coal and iron were a generation ago. There has been some "go as you please" surface mining. The State is only beginning to take its rich food deposit seriously. The deep plough and the capital and skilled hand to run it still linger. It is a moment of interest, a moment which gives out patience and hope both. Land and people together are taking the next step in a great unfolding.

In a special sense the Negro of Alabama will either mightily bless or mightily curse her. She must civilize and Christianize him, or he will Africanize her. It would hardly do for me to give the details of the home life, or let us say "one-room cabin life," out of which the majority of our girls and boys come. You would not guess it, however, looking at these same boys and girls as they appear after a two or three years' chance given them. The simple fact is that Calhoun has already established new standards, not only of book learning and of farming, but of morals and religion also: a new meaning has been put into Christianity.

The writer says this the more freely because he has had no hand in working the change: he speaks as an observer, who sees things as they appear after three years of pioneer and foundation work done by Miss Dillingham and Miss Thorn and those who have worked with them. There is an expression on the lips of the colored people about here which tells the story. They do not speak of the times "before the war": changes date from the time "befo' de ladies come."

It is a question whether men could have done this work, could have made such a settlement as this in the friendly feeling as well as on the land of the Lowndes County whites. This is what Calhoun essentially is,—a "settlement" from the North planted in Southern Alabama, a settlement among plantation Negroes—fifteen hundred of them in this "beat," as they call it—and among the neighboring whites said to number, all told, one hundred. The settlement touches more than the town, however. It touches the county with twenty-seven hundred blacks and three hundred whites, and Negro boys and girls are making applications from counties beyond us. In Montgomery it touches the State, and has already a certain footing there with some of the citizens and State officials. It finds a growing welcome and readiness to help on every hand. Let me, then, tell the story of what two women have done in less than three years on these black lands of latitude thirty-one degrees, on a spot familiarly known to some whites not far away as the "devil's half-acre."

With malice toward none and good will for all, these Hampton workers came with a special blessing from Gen. Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Frissell, and Booker T. Washington. On one muddy, cold, and rainy January day in 1892 they read their new proclamation of emancipation in the "barn of a church" near by to the hungry-eyed black people of Calhoun. They avoided pauperizing, as they would have shunned bringing a plague with them. They had the courage to disappoint the people and demand sacrifice, to throw the colored farmers and their wives sharply on their own power of self-help. These young women had come not to patronize and "work for," but to live and work with the people, expecting the treasure of the widow's mite for the new temple of the Lord.

That mite was given,—\$500 toward the school-house, later on in the shape of a primary department building; and all the time in entrance fees and tuition, not large, but large enough to demand saving and making sacrifices for the children, such as self-respecting fathers and mothers were used to in the North in pioneer days.

It is true enough that there can never be another "first year" at Calhoun. No more eating and sleeping in "Aunt Bella's" cabin, no more sleeping on the floor and dining off a dry-goods box in the unfinished first teachers' home, no more refusals of milk at the door of the white man's house, no more visits from white men with hats on and free expectorations of tobacco in the presence of "nigger teachers" on whom the poor white women of the neighborhood might not call without "lowering their position," no more half savage girls in the school-room, all taking snuff and "wrapping" their hair in old plantation style,

and not knowing how to use a knife and fork or how to eat at a table.

That is to say, a clearing has been made in the forest within a radius of several miles, a haven has been set actively at work, and no succeeding three years can hope perhaps for such very tangible results. To-day any one with eyes to see can see that much has happened, that the Hampton idea with modifications has materialized.

From far away the white buildings draw the eye as to the landmark of this section of the country. All day long you may hear the settlement bell striking the work and study hours, telling of a busy life on the farm and in the workshops and kitchens and class-rooms, from the early rising till taps are sounded and lights are put out at half-past nine.

Two hundred and fifty come and go, boys and girls, young men and young women. Or now it is Wednesday, and fifty or a hundred mothers take off their big, quaint sun-bonnets in the assembly-room, quaver their old field songs, and open their hands wide for counsel. Or it is the first Friday in the month, when the farmers are gathering. Look at these men, talk with them: these are not ashy and worn-out or indifferent and brutalized men, but of good stock, many of them intelligent, and the majority of them in dead earnest to learn. Best of all, they are not here to complain, but to learn how to keep themselves, how to farm, to buy homes, to raise and market crops, how to treat their wives and children better, how to get out of the grip of the crop-mortgage and waive note. They will tell you what Calhoun has meant to them, and that, if it did nothing more than unite the farmers and instruct them in the art of getting a living out of just the soil their feet are muddy with, it would justify itself in their minds.

Or is it the morning of the usual average day, when the boys and girls are arriving on mule-back, two or three on a mule, it may be, the girls dismounting and sloughing by the roadside what proves to be a calico protector? Most of these scholars, however, have no mule to ride; and some have walked more than one miry mile,—yes, some of them left the cabin before "sun up," as they say, after a bite of corn bread spread with molasses, and have come four or five miles.

The roll of the drum by one of our little four-mile heroes brings the school company into line, while the girls form for gymnastics in the assembly-room. How Capt. Wilson licked such material as was given him here into such military shape is something of a mystery; but the young field hands are being "set up," and they are learning to march, and the discipline among them is admirable. There are enough blue school uniforms and brass buttons to help things out; but with the regulars there are plenty of small "minute men," with as great a variety of costume as gathered on Lexington Green in 1775. Some of these boys are shod very much as Washington's men were at Valley Forge.

Shall we enter chapel now the boys have filed in? It is not a prayer by one man, but fifteen minutes of the most genuine school worship,—a short uplift together of mind and soul, heads bowed in a true hush of prayer, and heads lifted in joyful Scripture response and song. Nothing in the whole day is more genuine than this fifteen minutes. It would do you good to hear this singing, so powerful, so sweet and deep-chested, especially the plantation songs, in the singing of which Calhoun is getting famous. Fifteen minutes more given to "practice singing" and to daily news and current events, such as the size and price of the last cotton crop, the meaning of Mardi gras and of Lent, who Gen. Booth is, whether we need a Salvation Army in the South or not. Now the class work of the day starts in.

You may go the rounds, if you will: you will find no show work for visitors. Mark how Calhoun seeks to build from the beginning, and so furnish a model for the public school system of this county. Froebel would rejoice over this little kindergarten. It has the essentials; but this cheerful room, with two open fires, might well have its walls covered with pictures from the North.

To the primary building (built by the colored people themselves) we now go, and from that to the remaining primary room in the larger school-house. The modern emphasis is being put upon primary work. There is nature work and drawing and

coloring and singing and story-telling literature for the earliest reading. There is freedom and a happy spirit in the work. There is but one grade after this, grammar school work being done by Juniors and Middlers. There are no Seniors. Next year will see perhaps the proud first class of graduates. Most of these boys and girls and young men and young women did not know how to read or write when they came, three years ago. It will take some of them a long time yet to graduate. The grammar school work matches the primary work, and is thoroughly modern, with trained teachers who have the special inspiration of a growing love for these eager, happy, patient, hopeful, deeply needy, and faulty colored boys and girls. But this is work-day for many of the students. We must leave the class-room. Here, in the course of the day, are to be seen boys hauling and ploughing with the mules, building fences, cutting firewood, shucking the corn, feeding the poultry, currying the horses, milking the cows, digging ditches, laying drain-pipe, or cooking in the students' kitchen. The farm of a hundred acres, with its barn and stock, having a trained practical farmer at the head of it, Mr. Lemon, a graduate of Hampton, of high standing (and with his wife occupying the model cottage),—this is a large part of the Calhoun settlement, its leading industrial feature.

But we must not forget the Industrial Building or the house and dormitory work, where the girls may be found over the wash-tub and the ironing-board and the starch-pail, "hanging out" and "taking in," doing the darning and patching for the small colony of boys, learning how to cut and make their own dresses, how to sweep and make beds and cook, often finding it easier to smile brightly than to step lightly and let their heads save their heels, but bound to win, many of them, in the end.

Calhoun's aim is modest, then, and easily understood,—not to become a great institution, but to be "thorough" on a manageable scale, and, above all, to be a part of the surrounding country community, to keep the social pores open, flow into the life about, and have that life flow into the settlement.

Calhoun has regarded its opportunity from the beginning as essentially a religious opportunity. Its aim is to make all work the kingdom's work, and all days the kingdom's days. Its Sunday work means mission work in the surrounding cabins and churches as well as in its own assembly-room. Wonderfully simple and real is the faith of these colored people. From the beginning there has been close connection with the leading church of the community, on the hill to the west of us, three-quarters of a mile away. Its minister is one of our trustees, and the present acting principal of Calhoun finds himself asked to preach half the time in this Baptist church. I cannot speak for the summer revival season, but during the winter you see nothing of the old African frenzy as a substitute for Christianity. The minister will bear witness to the help given by this settlement to this church, severely criticising at times, and yet keeping in sympathy. Mr. Jones himself is a very valuable man for us, a staunch friend of the school from the beginning. His church represents a strategic point of the greatest value on this battlefield with the country gambling hell and dance-hall, cabin debauch, and all forms of vice. For instance, some weeks ago we found gambling was growing bold and closing in on us. We went straight to the colored constable reputed to be the chief gambler in the gang, asked for his support in suppressing the evil. True to his promise, our friend appeared at church the next Sunday,—a place in which he had not appeared for a long time. He listened to an appeal to the people on the gambling and dance-hall question, then rose in church, and offered to do his duty, if men could be found to back him, so he would not simply get shot or knocked out. Every man in church stood up and offered help, and we have reason to believe that effective work has been done for the time being. This is cited simply as illustrating the way in which school and church try to pull together.

Communion was held last Sunday. In place of the paper-bag of crackers and a brown jug or whiskey bottle for the communion wine, as formerly, we found a plain but beautiful, silver-plated service, tankard and cups and bread-plates, given to the church by a friend of the Calhoun

school. To be sure, the minister turned the bread on to the table, and put the cups into the bread-plates when he sent them round; but that is a matter which can be easily remedied next time. The simple, homely pathos of that hour of communion cannot be described,—its affectionateness, its tears and songs and prayers, its quavering of "Jacob's Ladder," an old plantation song,—

"I'm climbing, climbing, climbing, a soldier of the cross."

Some of us understand better now what that primitive breaking of bread was in the first century, when Paul said, "We have not many rich, nor many powerful."

And now abruptly let me take my leave, simply saying this. I leave these facts to speak for themselves to the old friends and the new friends of Calhoun, and I make the following plain statement as to the present needs of this settlement. The considerable sum of \$5,000 has to be raised within the next three months. This means that extensive and necessary additions to the plant were made at the beginning of this year. It means, also, the new scale of running expenses, with our new household,—forty-two work and boarding students (just enough to run farm and household and Industrial Building and make the needed special nucleus of leaven for school and community), also the twelve teachers who take care of three hundred scholars (cut down this year, as at Hampton, by the hard times). It means, also, that Miss Dillingham and Miss Thorn were both taken away, as the friends of the school so well know, one by death and the other by severe illness, at the hour when they were specially needed for supervision and for writing the usual letters of appeal for money.

Few institutions have been so easily and generously supported as Calhoun. It has the happy and proud record of always beginning its fiscal year in June without debt and with a handsome balance on the right side. It confidently expects to do the same this year. For has it not the same old friends, and can it fail to make new ones? And has it not been abundantly assured that in this year of very painful and special emergency the old friends would gladly make sacrifices to carry on what has, as they feel, been so wisely and devotedly begun; that Miss Dillingham may not have died in vain, and that Miss Thorn may be cheered and cured for another year's work by having all anxiety as to means removed?

Heavy as was the blow dealt Calhoun, yet, as on all other battlefields, the ranks had simply to be closed up; and the column has gone forward, and the flag has never for a moment been out of the hands of a color-bearer, and all this to the expressed satisfaction, so far, of the trustees and of authoritative friends at Hampton and Tuskegee, Dr. Frissell and Booker Washington in particular. We say this, that friends may be assured that the position here is held, and that there is no thought of giving up, or of doing anything but building on the foundations laid, cemented now with what has ever proved to be the seed of the Church.

Miss Dillingham and Miss Thorn would add what I have not said, "We could have done little but for the help of others,—the trustees, the teachers, the bountiful givers in the North, the loyal students, and fathers and mothers and friendly whites here in the South."

This, then, is a special appeal in this year of special and very grave trial. We confidently leave it to speak for itself in these Lenten days. Fortunately, just now the spasm of business and social life relaxes, and many good things get a leisurely patient and generous hearing. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Richard P. Halliwell, 556 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, or Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Calhoun, Ala.

MY INTERVIEWER.

BY REV. SILAS FARRINGTON.

My interviewer was a dapper little chap. His air was self-satisfied. He drew the skin of kids from his flexible and effeminate hands, as he threw himself into the great chair opposite me. A very long, newest-cut surtout, quite touching his exquisite gaiters, buttoned him up most beautifully. His silver-mounted cane he laid beside the low-crowned silk stove-pipe that just now had surmounted his locks of golden

flax. Altogether, his style was distinguished. When the maid announced him, but for his fewer years, I might have mistaken him for the Marquis of Lorne, or some other scion "of them as is above us," attached by matrimonial cement to royalty. But he seated himself, and for half an hour or so the conversational stream flowed glibly along. The scenery on either bank was much as follows:—

"You are Rev. ———?"

"My name is ———."

"You don't care for the 'Reverend'?"

"Not a bit."

"You are an American?"

"I was born there. In that sense I am."

"Now I suppose your citizenship is English. You have taken the oath of allegiance to Her Imperial Majesty?"

"You are entirely mistaken. An Englishman going to America swears himself out of his country because he believes he has found a better. But an American cannot return the compliment. He has found an older, but not a better."

"Then you don't like England?"

"Have I said that? You must not jump at conclusions. A man may like a country without desiring to forswear the greater and hopefuller whence he came. There is an England which thousands of Englishmen themselves cannot like, and another England, still an ideal, which both they and an American must like; and it is most interesting to see this new England rising to grapple with and, let us hope, cast out the old."

"You have lived over here some time, I am told."

"About a third of my days,—not quite."

"Your age?"

"Still young,—always young for liberty."

"Ah! you are classical, I see. I am not up in the literature of Greece and Rome; but that was Cæsar's saying, was it not?"

"More probably, Channing's!"

"Channing? Let me see: he was a relative of Channing, M.P., a leader in the Socinian heresy. You yourself are a Unitarian, I am told? Of course, you will not call me a prig if I ask you why you choose to belong to so small and obscure a sect?"

"I do not belong to any small or obscure sect. I am a catholic, belong to the Universal Church, which always and everywhere has believed in God, and nowhere, save in idolatrous and corrupting moods, has had any other god, or gods, before him or with him or in him."

"But you are the minister of the Unitarian church here?"

"I am the minister of the Free Church here, as you may see by this calendar."

"Then you are not a Unitarian. I have very great respect for Unitarians. I think I should be one if religion were my line. But I have taken up journalism. One can't be everything, can he?"

"I don't see why journalism should have switched you off the religious line. You dress your flesh remarkably well. Does that prevent your clothing your spirit with an equal attention?"

"Ah, yes! you have me there. One must dress, in order to live. It pays. You see, I call upon all persons of standing and repute."

"Even those who have the bad repute of belonging to a small and obscure sect! Well, even such might prefer a religious to a well-dressed interviewer. I am glad, however, that you are free from cant. That is a sign of grace. It is, so far as it goes, a good thing, when a man is not religious, that he can frankly say so. Still, it requires a man of some religious culture to intelligently listen to and understand one whose line is religion."

"Oh, certainly, I know something of religion. My mother was religious, very. She used to pray a heap. She went to early services, to late services, to no end of services. She was determined to save her soul. I hope she did. But, somehow, I never took to that sort of thing. I rather object to it. I don't go to services. I have been here for two years, and have been in a church just once. Religion is not my line. But I have a high idea of Unitarians,—a very high idea. They have brains. I appreciate brains. I am rather given to them myself. The intellect, I need not say to you, of course, is a great thing. No man can be a journalist without intellect. But—did I understand that you object to be written up as a Unitarian?"

"That depends upon what the intellect of the journalist means by the term. If he means by a Unitarian one who belongs 'to a small and obscure sect,' who is bound and restricted in his sympathies by its wisdom and prudence, its phrases and usages,—if you mean that, I do object. A man—especially a man who would be a religious man—must hold himself free to follow and to adopt whatever is true and good, whatever makes for human truth and goodness, wherever manifest. You say that Unitarians have brains. I have known persons, who were nothing if they were not Unitarians, who could not be justly accused of having brains. They had objections, phrases, unorthodoxies, prejudices, traditions from their elders. They *did*, in the most literal sense, belong to the 'ism.'"

"Would you take such into your Free Church?"

"Oh, lots of them! A free church is for their salvation, though not for theirs only. People are not to be despised because they lack brains, any more than they are to be fellowshiped because they are credulous. A Unitarian prejudice, narrowness, cant, or bondage to a sect, is more odious than any other, because the Unitarian professes to have put away such things and to stand large and manfully in the glorious liberty."

"But I suppose most of your congregation come of the old Socinian stock, revere a Unitarian ancestry."

"Very few of them. On the contrary, not more than four or five could be called 'cut and dried' Unitarians. One was baptized into the Church of Rome. Another was a Voyseyite. Some are still Churchmen, longing for the time when the things they now hear may be preached from the church pulpits, waiting for the day when the Church shall be delivered from its bondage to tradition. Some were Baptists, some Scotch Presbyterians. Others are disciples merely, seekers after more light, feeling their way, if haply they may find it, out of agnosticism. They come from all compass points to sit down together in a free church. If they get good, we are glad. If they give good, we are grateful."

"What you say interests me. It is a little strange, though. Would you mind telling me if you *disbelieve* in the blessed, glorious, and adorable Trinity, if you deny that there are three persons in one God?"

"My religion does not consist in disbeliefs and denials. If you want to know how many persons I think there are in one God, I can quickly tell you. I believe that all persons are in one God,—live, move, and have their whole mortal and immortal experience in him. I have another belief like unto it. I believe that God, very God of very God, is in all persons, though they may be, for the time, unaware and unconscious of him."

"You don't believe in Christ, then?"

"Not in the imaginary Christ, not in the Christ of the creeds, not in the Christ invented by schemers and system-manufacturers. But in the real Christ, the Christ of the first three Gospels, I do most heartily believe. He, you know, was a man with nature like yours and mine, felt temptation, had doubts and difficulties, knew that God's thoughts and ways were often too great and deep and wise for him. His name was Jesus. In his perfect trust, sweetness, beauty, tenderness, and loving kindness to all, I believe. He is the Christ I preach, in the faith that God who so manifestly dwelt in him may as manifestly appear, in all his divine sweetness and beauty and goodness, in us; that we, who are also the offspring of the Eternal Goodness, may rise to be 'such men,' such Christs 'as he.'"

"Did you ever know such a man as he?"

"I have never known one living in Judea, or under his peculiar circumstances, or with an intervening distance that permits only an ideal picture in the mind; but I have known men and women who, compassed about with human infirmities, yet did live and die in his spirit,—were, in the most real sense, such persons as he. They also were Christs,—sons and daughters of God."

"These persons you speak of, I suppose, are dead,—persons you have admired or loved and idealized a little now that they are gone. Do you know any such in London to-day,—such men as Jesus, as unselfish, with religion as much their line, laying down their life for their friends, loving their enemies? Come, if you do, I should like to interview them!"

"There are persons now living in London who are quite as truly Christ as Jesus was, quite as really born of God, quite as clearly revealing the power and glory of the Most High as he did. It would not be impossible to find such, even in the 'small and obscure' sect of the Socinians, which you imagined had enslaved and completely possessed me. But I can point you to a much larger and more prominent Christian sect in which you will find such individuals,—men and women who may not have brains enough for either journalism or Unitarianism, but who are actually laying down their lives for their friends, not their rich and respectable friends, not their good and reputable friends, but their bad, vile, deceitful, degraded ones, such as are practically their enemies. You will find not one or two of such persons, but many, among the Salvationists. I believe you might find them in the Church of England or of Rome; but I know that there are 'such men as he' in the Salvation Army. Of course, it does not follow that because a man is a worker in that army he is either Christ or Christ-like. Satan is ever in the company of the sons of God."

"You believe in Satan, then?"

"Yes: he is a man who lives in and by his wits. He is a clever fellow. He usually lives like a gentleman, but only like one. He has brains."

"Are you satirical?"

"Not in the least. That is a fact in natural history. I am merely scientific."

"You are going to build a new church, I am told. Anything peculiar about it?"

"No: nothing in particular. There is the picture of it. Perhaps that tower on this side will be known as the American tower. I hope so. I have a bold friend—a journalist, by the way—who has suggested that my American friends should love me in some such substantial way. They can thus feed two birds, not with one stone, but with a single offering of goodwill. They can express whatever appreciation they have of a passing individual, and aid in building up the catholic faith. I have no doubt that next May or June you will be glad to report proceedings when some well-known American brother lays the corner-stone of that tower. But I must now say good-day, as I have an engagement in a few minutes."

"Good-day, sir. I think I shall not report this interview until after some Sunday I come to one of your services. Good-day."

Then the dapper man of brains bowed, and was gone.

PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

The abuse of punishment is more dangerous than the greatest indulgence. At the present day we have outgrown the harsh methods of the past. Corporal punishment is almost entirely excluded from our schools. The arguments in favor of it were ingenious, but not convincing. The hurt occasioned by corporal punishment is not to the mind. It is, after all, the mind that is struck. But this is not all. In appealing to the mind, we treat the child as a rational creature. This is a claim of the child which we cannot ignore. Corporal punishment is one-sided. Besides, corporal punishment, as Herbert Spencer has shown, is associated with man in the childhood of the world. It is the savage, who has not patience to reason or explain, who strikes. Corporal punishment can seldom be administered without passion. When we show excitement, we give signs of weakness.

Then the young boy or girl becomes conscious of power over us. This is a temptation to youth. The danger of corporal punishment, therefore, is that we can seldom administer it without losing our head. On the other hand, we cannot appeal to the reason without becoming more reasonable.

Besides corporal punishment, there are other punishments which are not justifiable. To shut up a child in a dark room is to spur its imagination into wild fancies. Darkness is a bad companion. It will contract and terrify the child. Denying children the necessary amount of sleep or food, exposing them to the inclemency of the weather, withholding from them for too long a time the tokens of affection, treating them as strangers or as enemies, or ignoring them altogether,—these are measures which do more harm than good. Punishment should be of such a nature that, if

necessary, the parents can share it with the children. The child must know that it cannot suffer alone physically, much less morally. Its suffering brings suffering to others. This is the lesson which will develop the social element in the child. In the second place, we must correct the faults of the child by its virtues; that is to say, the strong qualities of the mind must spur the weak faculties into play. If a child is physically strong, but morally weak, let the parent hold up to view the two sides of its nature, until the physically strong child shall be ashamed of its moral cowardice. Let the child look into the mirror and see first the robust, healthy, powerfully built frame: let it look again into the mirror, and see the small, selfish soul. To make the higher nature shrink from the lower nature and feel uncomfortable in its presence; to make the discipline self-administrative, the fault self-corrective,—this is the economic principle in education.—*International Journal of Ethics.*

NORTH END UNION'S LARGER FIELD.

The North End Union made important changes and increased its facilities last summer at a cost of nearly thirteen thousand dollars. The directors were enabled to provide for \$9,000 of this amount, and took upon themselves the obligation to raise the balance. These changes were necessary to the work, which is moral, educational, and industrial, and is entirely unsectarian in character. The union has ten paid workers and nearly seventy volunteers at present engaged in its various lines of work. This debt of \$3,500 stands in the way of the full prosperity of its work. It cripples plans, dampens enthusiasm, and retards development. It hopefully appeals to the public to liberate this enterprise from its chief hindrance. The directors desire to acknowledge with sincere thanks the following contributions:—

James W. Tufts.....	\$600.00
Mrs. J. H. Wolcott.....	100.00
Mrs. William F. Weld.....	50.00
Miss Rose L. Dexter.....	221.50
George S. Hale.....	5.00
Mrs. John C. Phillips.....	50.00
Mrs. W. S. Bullard.....	5.00
Samuel D. Warren.....	50.00
Miss Cornelia Warren.....	50.00
Mrs. Caroline I. Hill.....	20.00
James H. Beal.....	20.00
David P. Kimball.....	25.00
George O. Carpenter.....	25.00
Miss M. C. Mixer.....	20.00
Mrs. Charles Faulkner.....	25.00
Mrs. M. E. Wright.....	10.00
Samuel B. Dana.....	10.00
Martin Brimmer.....	50.00
E. Pierson Beebe.....	50.00
George Dorr.....	20.00
Charles Merriam.....	25.00
F. W. Hunnewell.....	100.00
Charles E. Perkins.....	25.00
Miss Charlotte Bowditch.....	10.00
Mrs. K. W. Sears.....	10.00
Mrs. Henry Grew.....	25.00
George A. Gardner.....	25.00
A friend.....	50.00
Mrs. B. H. Fitz.....	5.00
	\$1,681.50

Contributions may be sent to Rev. Edward A. Horton, 25 Beacon Street, or to Samuel F. Hubbard, Superintendent, 20 Parmenter Street.

Spiritual Life.

Give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures he has made, and that the only real effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into his love, and, knowing it separately, surrounds it with his separate sympathy.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Human progress, to be secure, must retain the full recognition of the dignified quality of our nature and of our close relation with the supreme Source of all life and force. Underlying all that we do for mankind, there must be a noble conception of manhood, or the work cannot be of an elevated and inspiring strain.—*Joseph May.*

I do not think we have any right to think of a heaven for others, much less of a heaven for ourselves, in the world to come, until we are wholly determined to make this world a heaven for our fellow-men, and are hoping, believing, loving, and working for that, and for its realization,—not in a thousand or a million years, but in a nearer and a nearer future.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

My idea of the Christian religion is that it is an inspiration and its vital consequences,—an inspiration and a life, God's life breathed into a man and breathed through a man, the highest inspiration and the highest life of every soul which it inhabits; and, furthermore, that the soul which it inhabits can have no high issue which is not essentially religious.—*J. G. Holland.*

Words are inadequate to paint the evil results that have come to religion and the world from the deification of Jesus. It was

this that brought into the Christian Church the reign of creeds and dogmas which for so many centuries has blighted Christianity, and which, alas! is far from over yet. So long as Jesus remained a man, the aim of his followers was to love him and follow him in deeds of helpfulness and mercy. When he became a god, all minds turned to the task of framing right theories about him; and woe to any who dared to think differently from the opinion of the majority! Thus Christianity became changed from love to belief, from conduct to speculation, from a life to a theology.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

The Sunday School.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society published no new Easter service this year; but the demand for reprints of 1891, 1893, and 1894, is quite large. It shows that these past services contained features of merit. The New Song and Service Book will include considerable music from these special services.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, March 30. Subject, Lesson XXVII., "Jesus and Zaccheus." Primary at 2 p.m., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

Teachers often need a book which contains biographies, anecdotes, and illustrations capable of being used with different manuals. Such a book is issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, entitled "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," containing forty biographies, lesson texts, and suggestions, enforcing forty distinct traits of character. Bound in cloth. Price, 40 cents single copy, sent by mail, postage prepaid, or \$4 per dozen.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, April 4, at twelve o'clock.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the Women's National Alliance will be held at 25 Beacon Street on Monday, April 1, at eleven o'clock. Officers of other Branches are invited to be present.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Alfred Gooding will preach March 31. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. John Cuckson will conduct the half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, April 3, at twelve o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Ministers' Monday Club: April 1, 10.30 A.M. Rev. B. J. McDaniel will preside. Rev. Charles F. Dole will give the address, on "The Civil Church."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening service, March 31, at 7.30. Speaker, Rev. Minot J. Savage. Subject, "The Wise Use of our Spare Time." Music furnished by the "Rossini Male Quartette." All seats free.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. C. R. Eliot will preach upon "The Message of the Unitarian Church to the World of To-day." Monday evening, debate at 7.45, upon the following subject: "Is the Tendency toward Collectivism (Socialism) in City Administration to be encouraged?" All are cordially invited.

ALBANY, N.Y.—Last week on Thursday and Friday evenings two very successful and impressive platform meetings were held in Jermain Hall in Albany, N.Y., for the purpose of initiating in that city a movement for organizing a new Unitarian church. There were large audiences of representative citizens at both meetings, and much enthusiasm and interest were manifested. The following is the programme of the meetings. Thursday evening: "Introductory Address," Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York; "The Religious Situation To-day," Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo; "The Reconstructive Movement in Religious Thought that is needed To-day, and How Unitarianism supplies this Need," Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse; "The Duty of the Hour for All Liberals in Religion," Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston; Friday evening: "The Unitarian Affirmation about God," Rev. Charles F. Dole of Boston; "The Unitarian Affirmation about Jesus," Rev. S. M. Crothers of

Cambridge, Mass.; "The Unitarian Affirmation about the Bible," Rev. S. R. Calthrop; "The Unitarian Affirmation about Salvation," Rev. T. R. Slicer; "The Affirmation of the True Basis of Christian Union," Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., of Boston. The fact that the speakers were among the best known in the denomination added largely to the interest of the occasion. The addresses were all clear, strong, eloquent, and effective. The appreciative applause that greeted every telling point was evidence that those present were in hearty sympathy with the thoughts presented to them. This was noticeably so in the address of Rev. Minot J. Savage, which he summed up by saying, "If you wish to be loyal to God and Man, then you must be loyal to your highest thoughts about God and Man." The field for this undertaking has been carefully looked over and worked up by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, superintendent for the American Unitarian Association in the Middle States and Canada. Rev. William M. Brundage, Ph.D., of Albany, who has lately entered the Unitarian fellowship from the Methodist Church, is to have charge of the movement from this time on. Another correspondent gives an account of the first service.

Rev. W. M. Brundage of Albany, until recently a Methodist minister, preached his first sermon in the Leland Opera House last Sunday afternoon. At the conclusion of the religious services a meeting in the interest of the Unitarian church which is in course of organization was held, and a committee appointed to attend to the preliminary matters of organization. The *Argus* says: "The auditorium of the Leland was crowded with a representative gathering of citizens. A noticeable feature of the audience was the remarkably large proportion of young men. Many who are members of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Brundage was the pastor before leaving the Methodist Church, were present; and among them was a large number who remained after the sermon was delivered, and assured Dr. Brundage of their loyalty, not only to him, but to the cause he now represents. The subject of the sermon was 'The Programme of the New Church.' Dr. Brundage extended an invitation to all interested in the organization of the new church to remain, and nearly one-half of the audience accepted. He said that Dr. Morehouse, the administrative officer of the Middle States Conference of the Unitarian Church, was directing the organization of the congregation, and that the American Unitarian Association had pledged its support to the new church. It had voted a certain amount of money for the organization, and had assumed the financial responsibilities for all that had been done and all that would be done until the church was organized. The speaker said that a Des Moines, Ia., congregation had extended a call, but that he had not accepted it, and preferred to remain in Albany. 'The new church is not an experiment,' he said. 'It is a matter to be decided later whether or not I will be your pastor; but, if you want me, I will stay, even if no more than a dozen stay with me.' This statement aroused the audience, and they applauded heartily. He announced that Dr. Morehouse had requested that the following be selected as a provisional committee: Rev. William M. Brundage, Willard Bellows, W. F. Winship, Charles T. Shepard, F. F. Wheeler, and George F. Bowerman. The committee was selected, and will proceed with its work this week. The First Unitarian Society of the city of Albany has been dead or sleeping for twenty years, but it held some property. Lawyers are looking into the status of the organization; and it is possible that the new church will not be a new organization, but merely a continuation of the old one.

ARLINGTON, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. F. Gill at Arlington on Monday, April 1. Collation at one o'clock, at No. 30 Pleasant Street. Essay at 2 p.m. Train leaves Union Station at 12.30. Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

BURLINGTON, VT.—At the annual meeting of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society the finances were reported to be in a good, substantial state, and the society as harmonious and increasing. The report of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Metcalf, showed that thirty-five new families had come into the church and Sunday-school during the year. A legacy of \$1,000 from Miss Ingersoll is to provide a yearly income for books for the parish library, which her father founded.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Christ Church: The installation of Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge as pastor of Christ Church, Dorchester, will occur Wednesday evening, April 3. Addresses will be made by Rev. Charles G. Ames and Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Fitchburg. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen will give the welcome to Dorchester, and Rev. Walter E. C. Smith of St. Mary's Episcopal Church will extend the fellowship of other denominations. Rev. George H. Hosmer, Rev. F. B. Mott, and Mr. Edwin T. Horne will also take part in

the service. The church is situated at the corner of Dorchester Avenue and Dix Street. The Milton electric cars, which leave the corner of Summer and Hawley Streets, Boston, every ten minutes, pass the door. Service at 7.45.

NEWPORT, R.I.—At the Channing Memorial Church Rev. George W. Cutter has just completed a most successful course of Sunday evening lectures to young people, which have awakened a general interest and have drawn large numbers from without the church. The topics chosen dealt directly with the practical duties of every-day life, the demands of our time, and the graver problems of domestic and social welfare. Among these may be mentioned "Turning-points in Life," "What is Good Society?" "What do I owe to the World?" "Woman's Sphere," "Personal Economics," "Moral Courage," and "The Law of Consequences." The large and prosperous Unity Club has accomplished some solid and satisfactory work this season. Two courses of study have been pursued simultaneously: (1) "The Founders and Leaders in the Italian Renaissance,—Dante, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo X., Michel Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Savonarola"; (2) "Civics and Good Citizenship." The club will soon have to limit its membership, owing to the fact that the parlors of the parish house will not comfortably accommodate more persons.

ORANGE, N.J.—The annual meeting of the First Unitarian Church was held Monday evening, March 18. Reports were read by the clerk and treasurer of the church, by the secretaries of the Orange Branch of the National Alliance and the Friendly Society, by the president of the Unity Club, and by the minister for the church in general and the Sunday-school. The treasurer's report showed the church in sound financial condition, with all bills of the year paid, and the amount due this summer on the loan from the Church Building Loan Fund already in hand. There are now fifty families actively connected with the church, numbering in all one hundred and seventy persons.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—On invitation of the Unitarian Club Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago delivered an address, March 14, on "The Use of a Church." At the regular meeting of the club on March 21 Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn spoke on "The Organization of Liberalism." He said in part: "The persons who move the world are those who not only clearly and firmly believe in certain principles and truths, but have also the will and the vigor to act upon their belief and to endeavor to get them adopted and acted upon by other people. We Unitarians have been ready to stand up for our convictions when challenged, but the work and sacrifices involved in making our principles known to the world have not been to our taste. The work done in retirement by our scholars has been fruitful, but our men of action have not been the equals of our men of thought. In natural reaction from the noisy and superficial proselyting of the sects we have withdrawn into the closet, and hoarded our precious treasures in a self-satisfied security. I believe not only in a Unitarian spirit, but also in a Unitarian body. A disembodied soul, even with all its divine possibilities, is not a fit agency for the work of this world. I believe in Unitarianism as a widening movement of emancipated thought, and no less as an organization of divine life. We need conviction, construction, and concentration. By conviction I mean not merely intellectual conclusions, but truths that are shot through with emotion, conclusions that have warmth and glow to them. We have gained the victory of the broad church: we have yet to prove that a broad church can also be a deep church,—a church of the spirit that searches the deep things of God. We have avoided the perils of the hard, dogmatic church; but are we not in danger of becoming a soft church, without vertebrated thought or ethics? A languid reliance upon the general good tendency of things is not a religion: it is only a mush of sentiment. If we are to reach the level of our opportunity, we must build upon the rock of our obligations. If we can harness ourselves to a definite purpose, simply stated, preach a constructive gospel, and concentrate our energies, then 'the light of the moon shall become as the light of the sun.'

President Harned thought it significant that such an address should be delivered in a church whose beloved pastor *emeritus* had always declined to unite with the American Unitarian Association or the National Conference, though he had addressed the latter and the church had always contributed to the former. Rev. W. I. Nichols was heartily in accord with the views expressed, but was at a loss to understand the apathy with which so many intelligent, good people regard, not only liberal views of religion, but reform movements of all kinds. Rev. J. C. Hodgins thought one reason why Unitarianism makes slow progress is the little interest taken by the laity in the work of the church. He suggested that it might attract strangers to have one of our

city churches open on Sunday evenings, the service to be conducted by the several ministers, with perhaps some outside assistance. This suggestion was heartily seconded by members of the First Church. Mr. Nichols recognized the fact that there was an element of weakness in engaging in public work outside the church, but thought there was also an element of strength. Mr. Eliot replied that such was undoubtedly the case, but such outside work should be subordinated to the special work of the church. He believed that we have so cheated ourselves with the idea that we are the Church of the heaven that we have neglected to do anything about making a loaf. President Harned thought that spiritual progress depends largely upon material progress, and feared that Unitarians were not entitled to be considered liberal givers in proportion to their means. He returned the thanks of the club to Mr. Eliot, and declared the meeting adjourned.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—We have two Unitarian churches here, All Souls' Church and the People's Church,—Rev. Rush R. Shippen, pastor of the former, and Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the latter, and formerly of the Universalist Church. Mr. Shippen's church is doing good work this winter,—the Sunday service at All Souls', Sunday-school and Bible class at 9.45 A.M., morning worship at 11 A.M., young people's meeting at 6.30 P.M., and vesper service at 7.30 P.M. These are all well attended. There are connected with the church the Parish Union, that meets nearly every Wednesday evening; the Twentieth Century Club, that meets once a month; and Lend a Hand Club, that meets once a month. The Charity Committee of the Parish Union is the working committee of the church. It is conducting a free kindergarten numbering twenty children, in charge of Miss Grace M. Hill, a member of the Lend a Hand Club. The committee has in charge an evening boys' club of about a hundred boys, ranging from ten to eighteen years and divided into two sets, seniors and juniors, meeting at alternate nights. Another free kindergarten is sustained by the ladies in general of the church. It is in the lower part of the city (might be called the slums), and in charge of Miss N. D. Moote. In a report of its five years' existence read to the Twentieth Century Club the writer said that the class had made such marked progress that there were inducements made that, if Congress should authorize kindergartens in the schools, this class would be the first to be accepted. The meetings of the Parish Union are held for social and literary purposes. At the socials one of the several committees hold forth. Last Wednesday evening the Committee on Art entertained the union and its friends, after which the Committee on Hospitality served those present with hot coffee, sandwiches, and cake. These meetings give opportunity for the members of the church and their friends to become better acquainted, and allow strangers here to spend a pleasant evening.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Rev. A. D. Mayo, who is connected with the Department of Education at Washington, came to this city last Monday upon invitation of the Educational Committee of the New Century Club, and that evening spoke in the opera house upon the proposed compulsory education bill which the ladies of the club are endeavoring to have passed by the General Assembly of Delaware. On Wednesday Mr. Mayo addressed five hundred scholars in the high school. The next day he spoke to six hundred pupils in another school, making two addresses,—one to the boys, and another to the girls. He spoke on Friday last to the pupils of the Friends' School, and also made an address in the meeting-house. On Sunday morning, March 17, he spoke in the morning in the Unitarian church, taking his text from James iii. 5, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The church was well filled, and the remarks of Mr. Mayo made a marked impression upon his hearers. He told how, when quite a small boy, his father had taught him to build a fire by putting the little sticks underneath. The lesson then learned had been of great value to him in his later work; and he felt the necessity for beginning all of his work, and the work which he is doing for the government, with the children. It was necessary, he held, that the children should be educated in the Church and in the State, in order that the republic should be maintained as a republic. In the evening he occupied the pulpit of Grace (Methodist Episcopal) Church, and spoke at length upon the subject of "Upper Story Work for American Girls." When he was introduced by the pastor of the church, Rev. Merritt Hulburd, whom he had known personally in Springfield, Mass., many years ago, Mr. Hulburd referred to the feeling of "inter-denominational amity" which had existed in Springfield when he lived there. Mr. Mayo, while in this city, was the guest of Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, pastor of the First Unitarian Church. Dr. Mayo left for Washington to-day. He had not visited Delaware before for twenty years. He was much pleased with his visit, and during

his stay here he did some effective work in the cause of a more thorough education of the young.

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The league held a largely attended meeting on Wednesday, March 20, at the Church of the Unity, Worcester. After the opening exercises a short business meeting was held. A collection was taken, \$1 of which was voted to be sent to Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr, \$1 to the Mozoomdar Mission Fund, and the rest to be held for another object. The subject of the day was "Sincerity and Conventionality"; and after news from the Cheerful Letter Exchange the first paper, by Mrs. Emma E. Foster, on the general subject of "Morals," was given. She quoted from Herbert Spencer and other great thinkers, first as to what is "right," and then considered our obligation to do it. After the luncheon hour two more papers were read. "Can we practise Absolute Sincerity in our Formal Social Relations?" was the subject of one, written by Mrs. Nathaniel Seaver of Millbury, at the close of which Miss May Leicester of Boston gave some ideas of Mrs. Henry Whiteland on courtesy, kindness, and sincerity. The last paper, by Mrs. William H. Coe, on "May we ever sacrifice Truth to Love?" was a most earnest plea for the truth, and only the truth, on all occasions. Over two hundred women were present; and many, by anecdote or remarks, added to the interest of the meeting.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Style in Cabinet-work.—The factor which decides the style and character of a piece of furniture is the proportion of its different dimensions. Increased height on a small base is sometimes one of the most effective methods of imparting style and "go" to an inexpensive production. This is well illustrated by a cut in another column of a high settle designed and offered for sale by the Paine Furniture Company. On an actual floor area of only about two feet by two feet five inches, it has a height of about seven feet. It combines every convenience, and is a remarkably successful piece of furniture.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and sure relief.

Marriages.

In Charlestown, N.H., 22d inst., by Rev. T. D. Howard, Lewis Albert Kirby and Lizzie Ione Hewitt, both of Charlestown.

Deaths.

SARAH BEECHER GUTEAU.

The Unitarian church of Trenton, N.Y., has recently been bereft of one of its oldest and most influential members. Everybody who knew Trenton knew Sarah Beecher Guiteau, a Unitarian by instinct, by education, by association, and by deep-seated affection, whose faith was not simply a theory reasoned out and accepted by the intellect, but a vital force in her daily life, which manifested itself in personal devoutness, in an unyielding fidelity to the interests of a rational gospel, and in a constant self-giving for the church she loved. Her husband was the dearly beloved physician, Dr. Luther Guiteau; and for many years their hospitable home was the resort of men and women in any station and circumstance in life,—the cultured, who went to give and receive intellectual stimulus; the dejected and sad, who went for comfort; the poor, who were never turned empty-handed away; and the spiritually-minded, who journeyed there as to a sacred shrine. After the death of Dr. Guiteau his venerable widow gave herself even more unselfishly, if possible, to the ministrations of good. Though frail in appearance, she was a marvel in physical endurance, being seldom kept away from her seat in the sanctuary on Sunday morning by inclement weather, even after she had successfully passed her eightieth birthday. She was everybody's friend,—one to whom the young looked for counsel and the old for sympathy, one who took the burdens of her friends upon her shoulders, and bore them with tender grace, and who wanted no greater happiness in life than to love and be loved. Her last illness was of brief duration, and the end peaceful and serene. She had often wished it could be so. On the evening of March 5 she quietly gave her hand to some invisible guide, and entered upon the conditions of the hereafter. Though her visible form has vanished, she yet speaketh in her works. She was not one who could pass away and be speedily forgotten. Many individuals do nothing worthy of remembrance. We do not miss them when they are gone, simply because they do not touch our lives while they live at any vital point. They are the same as buried even when they walk the earth. Life means nothing to them beyond getting through with it as soon as possible; and, when they are dead, if we think of them at all, we only think to wonder why they ever lived. Mrs. Guiteau was not one of these. Her womanhood was historic. She lived to act, and acted with such will, wisdom, and energy that her individualism impressed itself upon permanent thought. She sought to hold broad and unbiased views of men and things, to recognize the advantages of an unblemished character over mere profession, and to lean, not on wrath, but on love. Reverently we speak her name, tenderly we recall her efforts and her achievements, and gratefully we cherish her example as an incentive to holier and happier things. E. T. T.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

TEACHER WANTED.—In an institution for children a lady familiar with instruction in a primary school, and capable of taking care of a school of twenty-five children. Must be able to sing and play the piano. Address (with references) "INSTRUCTION," care of *Christian Register*, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE POET AND THE SOLDIER.

A poet's pipe lay lost within the wood,
And dryads came and played about its mouth.
Enamoured breezes from the fragrant south
Found all its sweetness. Then the dryads stood
To hear new music pour its gracious wine
Beneath a bower of rose and eglantine.

A hero's sword lay gleaming on cold ground,
Dry drops of blood were brown on edge and sheath;
And near the blade a ruined laurel wreath
Lay rotting on a moss-grown burial mound.
Beside them, robed in garments for the tomb,
Sat a lone maiden with a passion-bloom.

Then wild and brazen throats of righteous war
Shivered the morning stillness with their cry;
And, where the truth paused tremblingly to die,
At that last stand a poet from afar
Filled the lost pipe with music, while a youth,
Laurelled and brave, waved the bare sword of
Truth.

O poet-soldiers, ye who sing and fight!
Or pipe or sword was never lost in vain.
New armies form. Retreating o'er Time's plain,
Beside your graves they stand at last for Right;
And none may say if poet's pipe or sword
Win the best triumphs grateful years record.

—F. W. Gunsaulus.

The Pulpit.

OUR ALLEGIANCE TO GOD.

BY WILLIAM EVERETT, LL.D.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him."—DEUT. vi. 12, 13.

Sunday, the seventeenth day of March, is a memorable anniversary in the history of Boston. On Sunday, the 17th of March, 1776, Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain in the Provinces of North America, evacuated the town of Boston and all the king's posts in New England, left the place free for the entrance of the Continental armies under Washington, and forever terminated, as we believe, the rule of Great Britain over the State of Massachusetts Bay. This is a day to be remembered for all time by our city, our State, our country, and the world,—glorious as men are wont to judge things; glorious, let us hope and believe, as things are judged by our Father, in whom all glories are.

This is hardly the day or the place to detail the events of that siege of Boston, which may fairly be described as lasting exactly nine months, from the battle of Bunker Hill to the evacuation of this day. I commend to you again the history, of which the authentic accounts have been many times published, pointing out what your own reading will instantly confirm, that the entire record is an unbroken scroll of honor to the Father of his Country, chosen to command on the day that Warren fell, and accomplishing a triumph all his own by the events of the 17th of March. The most brilliant and accomplished military engineer can find no fault with the genius which conceived, planned, and executed the circumvallation of Boston. The virtues which illustrated his whole career—patience, industry, self-control, vigilance—never shone brighter than during those weary nine months, reduced as he was to the last straits for the most necessary munitions of war; and, when his perfect mastery of the situation had absolutely caught his enemy by the throat, and he might have forced his army to a decisive battle, he preferred, with a godlike clemency, to let him sail away unscathed, that he might save our beloved town from the horrors of fire and blood, urging his laurelled chariot of victory to the very mount of triumph, and reigning it in on the verge of that red sea of slaughter through which a vulgar conqueror would have loved to drive, but which parted at the rod of Washington, and allowed our citizens to pass unstained to the promised land.

And, when we rejoice in the triumph of our chief and the liberation of our city, let us never forget that this day separated from Boston—in most cases forever—many hundreds of those who up to this time had lived with your ancestors and mine as fellow-citizens, as friends and brothers. To them the 17th of March was a day of exile, of banishment, of sacrifice; in many cases, of misunderstanding, of calumny, of injustice. And there are not a few distinguished and even illustrious names in other lands with which has been transmitted a hereditary sense of wrong and sorrow at the uprising that drove them from their dear

Boston home. Perhaps in no spot of this peninsula did the Revolution exercise a more mysterious, a more purely Providential influence than in that where we assemble to-day. The majority of those who worshipped at King's Chapel in 1776 must have wondered if their exile was in payment of the insults heaped on the Old South and the Old North, on the churches in Cambridge Street and Brattle Square. They must have fancied the name and the glory of this sacred house was gone forever. Yet from the broken and scanty band of worshippers they left behind God was pleased to raise up the pioneers of a purer faith and a chastened order, and to recall the ancient name in service and loyalty to a higher and holier King.

If history is to be studied at all, it should be studied as part of morality. I can hardly keep my patience when I hear those who would treat the events of the past as they might questions of anatomy and mineralogy, and feel an equal thrill when some obscure and inert constituent of the atmosphere is detected as when some new event comes to light which exalts or lowers the fame of some great historic character. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope,"—not alone the holy Scriptures that Paul read or wrote, but the great book of God's providence in the story of all mankind.

But, even for those who do read the nation's history for its inner and eternal meaning, and who do know that the science of mankind is not the science of stocks and stones, it is possible to miss the true method, and wander by a doubtful light astray from God's guiding star. Too often a nation reads its own history, too often Americans read the history of 1776, in such a way as simply to increase their conceit of themselves. There are those who will see no fault nor failure in any man of the Revolution, to whom it is all one blaze of honor, of courage, and of wisdom,—a consistent and unbroken record of merit. How noble must we be, then, who are the sons of such heroes!

Others will devote themselves to pointing out every possible defect and flaw in the character of our fathers, tracing the success of the Revolution to a combination of cunning and luck. So that, having brought down the founders of America even below the level of to-day, we can regard ourselves, in our worst moments, with a complacency for which the ancient hero-worship left no place.

Neither of these methods of study is true to patriotism or to philosophy. But perhaps the falsest of all is that which would banish all filial interest from our thoughts, would call on us to examine the history of our fathers as judicially and unsympathetically as we would the history of Germany or Spain, or as Germans and Spaniards would our own, denouncing as feeble sentimentality that mingled affection and reverence which approaches the story of those from whom we spring, and who made us what we are, with an undoubted prepossession in their favor,—not to invent or conceal a single fact, but to present their motives with the warm and tender sympathy of a child.

Friends, kinsmen, Americans, it is not wrong to defend our fathers' memory; it is not wrong to read their story with a glow of approval and a tear of indulgence. We love them because we know them, because the bone and the blood that we derive from them imparts an intelligence and an appreciation which the outside historian can never attain. Their deeds and their sufferings for religion and liberty reveal their real meaning only to those who have inherited their spirit and their temper; and he who, hearing their name and living on their soil, supposes he knows them and can interpret their actions better because he has schooled himself to care for them no more than for Greeks and Carthaginians, is deliberately rejecting the very key to their marvellous story which nature forced into his hands to unlock the mysteries that no stranger can rightly behold.

I would study, then, the history of our great national movements, such as the deliverance of Boston, reverently, tenderly, seriously, as becomes those who have entered into their father's labors. To treat their story coldly, as one should decipher an inscription from Babylonia or Yucatan; to treat it sternly, as one handles the campaigns of Cæsar or of Bonaparte; to treat

it with that jesting ribaldry, so dear to this decaying century, which makes sport of the loftiest virtues and bravest exploits of our ancestors as it does of their clumsy furniture or lawless spelling,—all this is alien, not merely to filial patriotism, but to the very historic truth in whose interest we are bid to write and read. The men of the "Mayflower" and the men of the Revolution concealed nothing: they acted in the face of the world and in the face of God. They would not have asked their children to write their story with anything but sincerity and truth. But there is a truth of the heart and of the conscience as well as that of the head and eye.

But, when we have studied our national history in the spirit of children as well as of scholars, we cannot lay it aside and consider that our duty to our fathers is over. They did not merely leave us, to use well-known words, a land to enjoy, a liberty to preserve, and institutions to transmit. They left us a work only half completed, or, rather, just started. It is for us to finish what they began, to fill up what they outlined, to supply their imperfections, to correct their shortcomings, to atone, if the harsh critic will have it so, for their errors, but, at any rate, to go on from where they left off to the end which they, perhaps, did not foresee, or saw but dimly. To recall that familiar phrase, we are not merely to eat the fruit from the trees which they planted, but we must attend to the rich and beautiful orchard itself. It is for us to loosen the encrusted earth round the roots of the ancestral trees; to crop the too-luxuriant blossoms, lest the stock be exhausted by its own exuberance; to prune the dead branches; to make war on unseemly parasites; to enrich the raw seedlings with tender grafts; to supply the wasting trunks with vigorous saplings,—in a word, to carry on, to carry out, the work of our fathers in their spirit and with their vision. To say that we honor and thank them for what they did, and then stand and gaze on it as a completed building, that we will simply keep in decent repair till it goes to inevitable ruin, is to pronounce that work as worthless to us in the very hour we imagine we are paying the tribute of eulogy. Our interest in the story of Washington and Franklin, as different from what we take in that of Frederic or of Voltaire, is not merely the gratitude of kindred inheritors, but of trustees, who are to make the best of the precious deposit which they have received to husband and to develop.

That the possession of such an inheritance as this Boston, this New England, recovered by such men as Washington and Adams, entails duties on all later generations, no one will dispute. But it is just at this point that the preacher who seeks to make the past and the present of our nation throw light upon each other, and to recall his hearers to their responsibilities as children of the saints and heroes, is in danger of losing his way and misleading his audience. He is in danger of confounding national duty with some special course of policy, the attacking of some special wrong, the advancement of some special reform which he has greatly at heart,—in short, of adopting the temper and language of a partisan eager to gather recruits rather than of a prophet, the ambassador of the Lord, declaring the counsel of the Almighty. The loftiest preachers of God's word and will—men like Jeremiah, men like Wesley—have yielded to this fascinating impulse to enter the warfare of party, and elevate some doctrine, some truth, it may be, of the hour, into the eternal verity and mystery.

He who seeks to draw from the events of our fathers' day the great laws of national duty now must take himself to pieces. He must become as a little child, and, gazing up at the statues of the early heroes, as they stand ranged around the national shrine, ask himself what profound and elemental lesson God is breathing to all of us through those marble lips.

The events of the 17th of March freed Massachusetts forever from the authority of a king,—an authority which she had at first known but little of, and had chafed at as it grew heavier in later days. The rights which had belonged to the royal house of Brunswick reverted to the whole people, and subjects and sovereigns became identical. The lands which had been held in free and common socage as of the manor of East Greenwich were restored to the old allodial character, and held, as Schiller's

ancient baron says, "free of God." When we and our sister colonies ceased to be ruled by a king, when our allegiance to George III. and his house ended, did we cease to be ruled by any one, and did all allegiance end? Or, in other words, are the people of Boston, the people of Massachusetts, the people of the United States, responsible to themselves, to each other, alone?

And it seems to me that the only true answer to this question contains within itself the entire principle and guide for us of national duty. When that Old World allegiance to a king was forever rolled away, the nation, the people, this free America, was brought into immediate allegiance to the higher sovereign, the Lord Paramount, the King whom our earlier fathers chose and served for their own; him by whom kings reign, and rulers, even all the judges of the earth; Jehovah almighty, King of kings and Lord of lords. To him this nation is responsible in its utmost freedom, on him it is dependent in its highest sovereignty. No declaration of independence can release from him; no articles of confederation but he shall laugh and hold them in derision, if they attempt to break his bonds in sunder and cast his cords from them; no constitution, with its carefully devised checks and balances and divisions, can set bounds to his power or release the people that ordains and establishes it from one iota of that law without which they are nothing.

It is sometimes declared—impiously, as I think—that the voice of the people is the voice of God,—impiously, if we assert that the people—ay, all the souls among them—can decide on eternal right and wrong, on duty and on destiny; but it is a mere truism if it simply means that, when the voice of God does not speak by the popular vote, that vote is of no more value than the votes of disfranchised idiots and criminals. It is not merely that the law of right, the law of God, is older, truer, higher, greater than any people on this earth, but that this particular nation, we, the people of the United States, were released from our allegiance to the throne of Great Britain only on the terms of loyalty to God.

Here is the theory of our national duty as heirs and successors of the men who triumphed on the 17th of March, 1776. They did not re-establish the charter of 1792: that was the gift of King William. They did not restore the charter of 1629: that had been granted by one King Charles and revoked by another. They put themselves back where every nation of Christian men and women must be who make their own home apart in the wilderness, under Him who sitteth upon the throne. Our duty is to him and his law. Whatever contravenes his law, whoever is disloyal to him, shows the taint of anarchy and treason,—anarchy because the whole universe is under his government, treason because we started as his subjects and his servants.

But some man may say: "What are

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God's laws? What are the edicts of his kingdom? How shall we who are, you say, his subjects, be governed by him?" To all such questions, whether ingenious or disingenuous, I reply: God's laws are easier to know, they are plainer to practise, than the laws of any human government, monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy. Who knows the laws of his own country now? How many here know the Constitution of the United States or that of Massachusetts? How many know beyond a doubt the interpretation of either? How many hundreds of men will be occupied all this year in the mere attempt to disentangle the laws of this State alone, where law is better enacted, better understood, better observed, better obeyed, than in almost any community on earth? And the vast mass of that law might be modified, changed, abrogated to-morrow. All the constitutions of the country might be swept away in a month if what is called the people were so minded. Yet who is there here that, if a case arose in his own life this day, could not tell in an instant what God's law bade him to do? I freely admit that in the life of a nation like ours, which has grown beyond all bounds conceived by the men who laid its foundations, terrible differences have arisen, and may arise again, as to what God's law is for us. But this I say, that the hardest straits into which a nation ever was put in the effort to know and obey the law of God cannot compare in pressure with the difficulties we are experiencing every day in our attempts to divide our service to God with Mammon, or to dispense with our allegiance to God altogether, and yet escape the penalty of our treason, or, perhaps, worst of all, to imitate the blindness of our fathers, and to proclaim some superstition or passion of our own as his will, and call on the whole congregation to bow to our calf.

But, if his laws are doubtful, his punishments are sure. There is no wild passion, no sordid lust for gain or power, no frivolous recklessness, no wanton insolence, no perversion of right or truth or justice, no sacrifice to the creature in place of the Creator, which ever taints the history of any nation, for which he does not exact full retribution,—sometimes on the very generation, the very decade, that defied and forgot him; sometimes on the offspring of long after years, who yet are working out the legacy of their ancestors. I have heard much talk in late years of the degeneracy of our legislatures, and the lack of great men like those of old. I can produce from the journals of the Continental Congress proof that that body degenerated in the nine years that Washington held its commission from the position that Chatham had envied to a depth that Sackville might despise. It takes generations and centuries to work out the evil wrought by national weakness and violence, which reproduce themselves for their own punishment according to God's will.

The deliverance of the 17th of March was followed in less than four months by the Declaration of Independence. In that act the United States solemnly declared the causes of their separation out of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. They took their places not as on another planet, not on an isolated continent, where no civilized man had set his foot, but in God's great commonwealth of the nations. They declared they did this as in his presence. There they are, and there they will be. They are bound by all the ties that have ever bound the nations of the world, by all the ties that sense and reason and humanity shall weave from time to time to chain the impious madness of war. No pride of prosperity, no conceit of independence, no audacious abrogation of treaties by a legislative act, no assertion that might makes right, no pointing to the iniquities of other lands, can ever release our country from the obligation to act among the other peoples as a sister. When we declared our separation from Great Britain, we announced our intention of holding them as we hold the other nations of the earth,—“enemies in war; in peace, friends.” Yet there are those who would read those words of Adams and Jefferson and Sherman and Franklin and Livingston as encouraging that fendish suspicion which would hold other nations, “in peace, enemies,” and would court and covet the horror, the crime, the barbarism of war.

In the hard times of Israel her neighbor and rival, Edom, sprang forth from the rocks of Petra, joined her enemies, and

threatened to pay the long-deferred debt of vengeance of Esau against Jacob. The prophet Obadiah saw how vain and impotent was this burst of malicious rage; and he pronounced the warning of the Lord in language that seems to ring through the ages against our own nation, if she ever forgets the conciliation, the forbearance, the judicial dignity of Washington and Jay, to give way to petulance, to ambition, to jealousy, and make our flag the symbol not of liberty and union, but of arrogance and rapacity. “Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.”

Within a very few years of our great deliverance a mighty nation across the sea extended her hand of fellowship to raise us from our low estate. Fast bound by the fetters of an ancient monarchy, she caught the spirit of liberty from us, and bounded into a sea of revolutions that has hardly yet ebbed so as to leave her firm standing-room. Government after government has swept through her borders, overwhelming her with wars at home and abroad, with defeat and victory, with fitful intervals of peace. Each has claimed in turn that it was founded upon some eternal and impregnable principle, which assured it the favor of God, and demanded the allegiance of men. Yet, as consul and emperor and king and president have plunged one after another into the gulf of destruction, one can hear ringing through the darkness the cry of Ezekiel,—“I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, until he shall come whose right it is; and I will give it him.”

When that rightful ruler shall come to a sister nation, it is not for us to say. But to us he has come. He whose right it is to reign over us is reigning over us now, whether we are obedient subjects or rebels. The Father hath set him over us, Jesus Christ, that blessed and only potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords. There are those among us who would have some acknowledgment of religion in the Constitution. I say it is there now, in the essence of it; and, if it is not there in the interpretation and the administration, not all the courts and Congresses that ever sate—though the august forms of our fathers rose from the graves, covered with the moss of a hundred years, to occupy the seats—could ever give it force over the destinies of our nation. Christian we are by the law of our inheritance, and that allegiance no earthly power can dissolve.

When Jesus sat upon the mountain to preach, he beheld at his feet the new built city of Tiberias, named for the worst of bad rulers, combining every grace of body with every deformity of soul. The deputy of Tiberius was governor of Syria, and the deputy of the governor was Pontius Pilate, and the humble servant of Pontius Pilate was Herod, king of Galilee; and beneath this fourfold tyranny the land of David and Solomon lay grovelling in hopeless slavery. Yet he who came to preach the mightiest of all revolutions in the hearts of men, and work out the widest liberty, could not be tortured into a single expression that hinted at sedition or rebellion. The very governor whose cowardly indecision condemned him, himself pronounced him faultless, as Jesus himself declared his kingdom, which was not of this world, the rule of Him who bore witness to the truth. With that very word he set upon his own head more royally than Frederic or Napoleon the crown from every point of whose thorns sparkles the radiance of truth eternal, the energy that discerns, the authority that punishes, the force that shall destroy every rebel, and controls the hearts of man with resistless sway. From that mount of instruction he taught his disciples to look beyond Herod and Pilate, beyond Caesar and Solomon, and pray to the Father in heaven, “Thy kingdom come!” Brethren, for us that prayer is fulfilled. God's kingdom has come, and we are its subjects. It came when the “Mayflower” cast her anchor in the bay at Provincetown. It was here when Winthrop took possession of the three hills of Shawmut, it was here when Washington saw the ships quit this harbor, it was here when independence was declared and the Constitution was ratified. It will be here, supreme and paramount, binding every magistrate and every citizen, although we were to run the round of as many forms of government as France and breed as many Nihilists as Russia. What remains for us, then, but, meekly accepting the rule of our King, in the spirit of our

glorious chieftain and deliverer, to bow our head, and complete the prayer with the words, “Thy will be done”?

AN ORIENTAL VIEW OF THE FAMILY.

It is interesting to see how progressive ideas in regard to feminine education and the position of women are spreading even in the Orient. This is illustrated in a book entitled “The Family of Paradise,” written by Mugurditch I., the catholicos or spiritual head of the Armenian Church, the oldest national church of Christendom, who has his see in an ancient monastery at the foot of Mt. Ararat. The present catholicos is a man of exceptional saintliness and benevolence, much beloved by his flock, who call him “Little Father” as a term of affection. This flock consists of about five million people, living principally in Turkey, Russia, and Persia. In its doctrines and forms the Armenian Church resembles High Church Episcopalianism. The catholicos is not regarded as infallible; but his position as head of the church gives him great influence, which is much increased, in the case of Mugurditch, by his personal character. His book on “The Family of Paradise” has run through many editions, and his popularity has helped to give it a wide reading. Mugurditch is a widower; and the liberality of many of his ideas is a refreshing contrast to the illiberality of some eminent ecclesiastics, who have written dogmatically upon the family without any practical experience of family life.

The catholicos emphasizes the importance of the family as the foundation of national life. He says:—

The house and the family are the territory and boundaries of a little kingdom, on whose patriarchal throne sit the parents, the father as king and the mother as queen, and rule over the family, their subjects. In this palace and kingdom there is neither police nor tyranny nor sword nor staff, but instead fatherly love and motherly affection; and the example of the parents is the tutor and adviser of the children. This example makes such an impression that it stamps the picture of the parents upon the children, as in taking a photograph; and the children bear this image when they enter society. Thenceforth it begins to spread, from example to example; and thus, from the good or evil example of family life, the life of society improves or deteriorates, and the nation is built up or pulled down, remains a vital force in the world or dies a living death, and vanishes even to its memory. . . . Peoples and nations do not live by bread alone. They are elevated not only by independence and freedom, but also by their moral life; and of this vital life the family is the giver. . . . Be attentive, and I will describe to thee. A people, when it progresses, takes its first step from the threshold of the family. If it becomes enlightened, its light is from the family lamp. If it is united, its soul and its bond is the family. If it grows strong, its strength and its arm is the family. If it grows rich, its treasury and its treasurer is the family. If its house and table are plenteous and bountiful, the fertile field is the family. If the rivers of Paradise run through its city squares, their source is the family of Paradise. If its jars are full of wine, the grape-bearing vineyard is the family. If it increases ten thousand-fold day by day with noble children, the bearer and care-taker is the family. If it wishes to make good citizens of its children, the first school of good citizenship is the family. If it would live happily in this world, let it believe

that the family is the source whence flows the blessed life. If it would inherit heaven after this world, and preserve its hereditary religion, faith, and church, the family is the temple in which to keep those sacred bequests without loss. For this treasure and the priceless pearl of the gospel are not to be found without loss in the emporiums of merchandise nor in the halls of government nor in the colleges of science. Their only faithful custodian is the family.

Thou hast seen clearly in this description, O attentive reader, that a nation takes the impress of its moral life direct from the family. Let us now look at the other side of the picture. The ruin of an unfortunate nation comes from the family. If it has no vital moral life, the deadness is from the family. If it deteriorates, it is the family that opens the way to destruction. If its knees are infirm and it cannot advance, the abandonment and lameness are from the family. If the bewitching fashions of Europe rob it ruthlessly, let it be cautious, and see that the plundering hand is the family. If its children are not well born, it is because the family is enslaved by disease. Let all fathers and mothers remember that it is impossible to form a prosperous nation without forming a good family. Whatever we form, we must know that the first formative element is the family.

But what is it that creates this grand and noble element for the nation? I will tell thee. The preparing hand is education, which it is necessary first to spread under the roofs where the family lives. It is true that the public schools diffuse light and knowledge, but to give a good education belongs to the parents only. They are the highest teachers, the natural teachers of that family school.

What are the causes that trouble the home and divide the family? And what is the remedy, so that its members may live at peace and united in love? The new world teaches that the only remedy is to give a complete education to human beings, not a one-sided education, that shall enlighten one-half of humanity and leave the other half blind, poor, enslaved, and imbecile. I wish to emphasize that I mean the giving of education to both sexes, without any distinction, to each according to its calling, in order that all the members of the family may know their rights and duties, that they may understand each other, may think in harmony, and may keep step together without limping, husband and wife, parents and children, bridegroom and mother-in-law.

In the old times it was easy to preserve harmony in the family, because the patriarch of the family based his rule on the reverence and subjection of the children and wife. But time changes everything. The new life of Western civilization is coming into the Orient like a flood. Who can raise a wall against it? This flood will undoubtedly advance and reach the foot of Mt. Ararat and flood the home of Noah, and will sweep away with it the whole of the old life of the old nations. Would that it might carry away only the bad side of our life! But no, it is sweeping away with it also what is right and good. Very brave are that nation and that family which drop the bad things belonging to the old life, and hold fast to those things in it which were right and good. It must be noted that the water of this flood of Western civilization is very turbid and mixed, evil and good, light and darkness; and irreligious science comes with it. Therefore, the Armenian family must open its eyes immediately to the light of (true) science, and be prepared by a good education. This is the only way to be able to select the good from the mixture of European civilization. But, if it neglects enlightenment and education, and, being foolish and uneducated, opens its mouth (indiscriminately) to the flood, verily, verily I say unto thee, O attentive reader, the life of the Armenian will be choked indeed.

HIGH SETTLE.

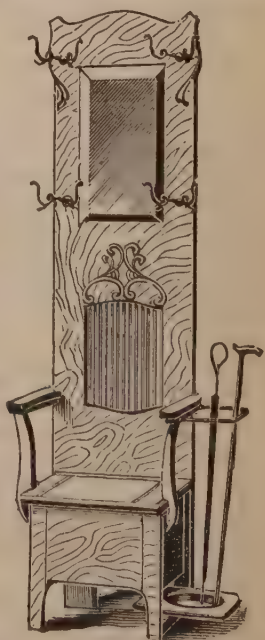
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The catholicos discourses against the free-love doctrines that are invading the country and against the growth of luxury and the spread of European fashions. In the matter of expensive dress he points out that the men are at least as much to blame as the women. The women, he shrewdly remarks, are not idiots. They know that the men admire fine clothes, and therefore they wear them. He condemns the new-fangled practice of demanding a dowry, and says:—

The only really worthy dowry is love, which is unmixed, sincere, and unfeigned, a love which joins with affectionate heart and soul to perpetuate the human race. All the pearls of this world, all adornments and all treasures, if put into one scale, cannot weigh against conjugal love. It is priceless, rare, and stronger than death. Its purpose is sacred and mysterious. Its picture is simple and clean. Let not the fantastic novelists of love mar its shining face. The true photographer of love is Solomon: "Put me as a seal on thy heart and as a ring on thine arm; for love is stronger than death." Yes, the love between two married lovers is very strong. It breathes with two breaths. It joins with two hearts. It speaks with two tongues. It lives with two souls. It grows strong with two lives. If one is wanting, love dies; for love is the unity of two hearts.

On the much-mooted subject of the position of women the catholicos speaks as follows:—

Paul says, "There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." He shows by this that the duties and rights of all Christians are equal before the free religion of the gospel. These words of Paul, removing woman from her old slavery, do not, however, abolish her duty of obedience, which is natural and moral; but the civilization of Europe, which, thanks again to Christianity, respected this principle of freedom, elevated woman's dignity, and recognized her honor and her rights, while among Oriental nations the position of luckless woman is generally slavery and the deprivation of all rights. . . . The apostle enjoins obedience upon woman. Is it to be like the obedience of the people to their prince, of the soldier to his general, of the slave to his master? No, not so. The woman is neither subject, soldier, nor servant. The woman is the free friend and equal yoke-fellow by all rights. Therefore, the woman is not servant, but house-mistress and queen. Though the man may be the king and the head, he has no right whatever to rule in the way in which the lords of this world usually rule, by force.

This is not in accord with the best thought of the Occident, where in the most enlightened families the husband and wife live together as dear friends, without either of them having the slightest idea that it is the wife's duty to obey. But it is far in advance of the conceptions of most Orientals. Mugurditch continues:—

One must not regard woman as altogether weak, or call her a brittle earthen vessel. She sometimes becomes red-hot iron when the love of religion or of her husband and children fires her, and impels her to overcome every obstacle. . . . In the field of family life there are two equal workers, for whom the word "yoke-fellows" is very appropriate. It indicates the equal life and rights and duties of man and woman, as two oxen walk with equal step and plough the field with equal strength.

Mugurditch condemns the idea that women have no business to take an interest in politics:—

If it is the right of the man to inquire about the domestic affairs of the family, is it not the right of the woman to have information and to know what the men are doing for the government and public affairs?

The catholicos adds a strong plea for the education of women:—

Our future depends upon the right and appropriate education of the female sex. When the right to new freedom removed the veil of reverence from the heads of women, it became necessary that their modest foreheads should be veiled by a true and enlightened education. If the old veil was considered a shadow, let the women now open their eyes through a veil of light, and see the world. It is necessary to cultivate their minds and souls, and to leave them free, that they may become strong and be able to walk in freedom without stumbling or going astray, in order that well-educated mothers may shape the new family and the new life of the Armenian nation. Happy will be the day when the Armenian ladies and women, while preserving the grace of modesty, shall shine also with the light of modern education!

In Shanghai and in many other places in China the crows build and raise their broods in the trees of the city. They are especially abundant in Peking. On account of the Buddhist reverence for all life, no one harms them.

Literature.

THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

Given a book so beautifully made as this, and even a vicious novel would "lose half its evil in losing all its grossness"; or, at least, the reader would get a pleasure from the bright and handsome page for which the writer would deserve no thanks. When the writer is Mr. Warner, the outward appearance seems the most natural symbol and expression of his clear-shining thought and style; and the inevitable quotation, which we should of course deny ourselves, comes uppermost:—

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Here is a book which, as soon as we have finished it, we find ourselves wishing ourselves rich,—if not as rich as Henderson, rich enough to buy a whole edition, and send it far and wide. It is so good; so honest, simple, and straightforward; so bright and keen; so sure to give the reader a few hours of earnest thought and noble feeling with regard to matters of great social moment at the present time. And especially would one like to send a copy to all happy women just entering on the mystery of motherhood, that they might read the idyllic passage on pages 152, 153, which, without being at all in the manner of Thackeray, is as tender as anything he ever wrote out of those great reserves of tenderness in which he was so strong. And the name of Thackeray also suggests that here, as elsewhere, Mr. Warner is the social satirist. He has been a careful student of social manners; and in many little essays, and in several books, he has before now made his penetrating comment on the vanities and follies of our social life. The skill so learned he brings to the delineation of the characters and scenes that make up the interest of his "Golden House." The satire is not ill-natured nor ungenerous. He is "a kindly wag." The note is never forced. He seems never to be on the lookout for open joints in the social armor; but, when one is exposed, how swift his arrow flies, how firmly it inheres! There are touches here and there any one of which will give the judicious reader more pleasure than can be got from a whole novel of some writer who has no Ithuriel spear.

Mr. Warner's "Golden House" is a continuation of his "Little Journey in the World." That was a noble book, and this one is as good. There we had the tragedy of a woman of high character and generous ideals gradually sinking toward the level of her husband's practical materialism. She dies; and he marries "old Eschelle's daughter," a creature made subject to vanity, who in these pages is every whit as fascinating to the reader as she is to Jack Delancy,—a triumph of the novelist's skill to which some novelists of the highest rank have not attained. "The Golden House" is a less tragical book than its predecessor, because Jack Delancy, the principal personage, is arrested on his downward course, yet not by his own strength. There is a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a good uncle to his wife, who reaches him a helping hand. This is as it should be, Jack being what he was. Strong men can save themselves: the weak cannot. The moral is discouraging to a flabby virtue: it is encouraging to kindly sympathy and generous help.

Parallel with the fortunes of Jack Delancy and his wife are those of the Anglican ascetic, Father Damon, and the agnostic physician, Ruth Leigh. It is, perhaps, because Mr. Warner's own religious standpoint is equally removed from either that he renders them both with such admirable discrimination. Between them is an "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"; but, while each is certain of the other's love, their fate is not so hard.

In conclusion, it should be said that Mr. Warner's novel offers a striking contrast to another of the period, which also deals with New York, four volumes of which we have had already, while there are two more to come. The action of that novel transpires as in a social vacuum. The writer has had little acquaintance with the life of the metropolis; and discretion is for him,

*THE GOLDEN HOUSE. A novel by Charles Dudley Warner, author of "A Little Journey in the World," etc. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley, New York: Harper & Brothers.

no doubt, the better part of valor. In Mr. Warner's book the social atmosphere is all-pervading. He has given us the life of a community, and not merely of a set. Some of his social scenery can easily be identified. It is evidently to the Tiffany studio that the first chapter introduces us, and there is no exaggeration of its mysterious gleams and glooms. But what is most creative is just as true as this to the reality of the form and spirit of a society that is dangerously rich and idle, with an insatiable curiosity for some new fillip for an appetite already jaded with excess.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE: FACT AND FICTION. By Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The fiction of Sir Edward's book is mainly in the form which is that of a dialogue between a Mr. Foster and "the Squire." In truth, he is himself both Mr. Foster and "the Squire." The thought continues from one interlocutor to the other. There is none of the difference and opposition of actual conversation to give an appearance of reality to the two persons. The clumsiness and staleness of this artifice does not prevent the book from being a very pleasant one. Sir Edward is well smattered, and proud enough of his acquirements to give a spice of unconscious humor to his page. For the most part, he sticks to his last; and once, at least, when he does not, he is very silly, finding nothing better in the criticism of Kuenen and Wellhausen than an elaborate rehash of the old doctrine that Ezra wrote the Pentateuch. The range of topics is wide. Beginning with Persian poetry, we have a second on a series of family and historic portraits, a third on a general election and political morality, a fourth on love and marriage, a fifth on Tennyson and Maurice, a sixth on the Arthurian legend as related to Sir Thomas Malory and Tennyson, a seventh on arrowhead inscriptions. If the reader cannot always go along with the writer, the challenge of his opinion is not less agreeable than a complete assent. The genial admirations of the book commend it to us as much as any other trait.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN. Edited by May Wright Sewall. 2 vols. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.—The historian of the future will find this book of valuable assistance. It is an historical *résumé*, arranged for popular circulation, of all that occurred at the World's Congress of Representative Women which was held in Chicago in the spring of 1893. Every field of woman's work is discussed at length by the best authorities. Education in general, literature, the dramatic art, science, religion, charity, philanthropy, moral and social reform, the civil and political status of women, and industries of all kinds,—these are some of the general headings. The wealth of subjects in detail is surprising. What intense amazement, horror, and incredulity such a book as this would have caused, could it have appeared seventy-five, or even fifty years ago, it is amusing to conjecture. Yet to-day we accept it as the natural and suitable thing.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS: THEIR RISE AND EARLY PROGRESS. By A. C. Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.—Mr. Thompson is the author of "Moravian Missions" and "Foreign Missions,"—two books that have already proved his knowledge of the subjects he has made especially his own. These are lectures which were first delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary. They embrace a period from the time of the Reformation down to the founding of the Moravian mis-

sions in 1732. Many are the stories of noble fidelity to this cause and patient suffering endured as a crown, not a cross, by those who were glad of being counted worthy to suffer for such ends. Even when the missions themselves have been failures, the story is well worth telling. One need not approve of the general methods of most missions in order to understand the force of such a history as this.

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND. By John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. From the title of this book, and the hints given in its opening chapter, to say nothing of the deep crimson cover where a Mephistopheles in silver brandishes a rapier upon which are spitted a pair of hearts, one may well fancy that he has happened on a wicked little story. He need not be disturbed. The love that threatens vaguely to involve a man and a married woman is switched aside on a safer track before there is any cause for repentance anywhere; and the hero is rewarded for his virtue by the sudden endowment with a wife who adds to her respectability beauty, and to her beauty wealth, whereby he satisfies himself and his relations at the same time. The best of the book is in its pictures of life on a ranch in the North-west, and such incidents as the blinding, whirling blizzard.

HIPPOLYTE AND GOLDEN BEAK. By George Bassett. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The two stories of this volume are clever and original, admirably accomplishing their mission to entertain. The worldly, end-of-the-century tone of the first, and the matter-of-fact atmosphere which surrounds the romance of the second, do not prepare the reader for the strength of the climax in either, when the drama is turned into tragedy with a suddenness that has a flavor of actuality. The character of the narrator is skilfully implied in each instance; and there is no reason why we should not expect more important work from one who has shown himself able to handle his material, and new material at that, so deftly. There is a graceful dedication to Whistler, a model of unaffected friendliness.

A FARM-HOUSE COBWEB. By Emory J. Haynes. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This story of life in a country town before country towns were all suburbs of some large city contains two or three pictures that are worth the reading, such as the evening at the singing school, and again the corn-husking; but the book, as a whole, is weak, both in construction and execution. There is more action and incident than in its predecessor, and it will probably be found more interesting.

The Magazines.

THE NEW WORLD.—The title-page of the March number of the *New World* suggests a verse of a famous hymn:—

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on";

for the first article is "The Devil," by Prof. C. C. Everett. With great learning and a touch of his quaint humor he traces the development of that personage from the fear of the savage to the fear of the mediæval peasant, taking off his hat to him with something of Burns's kindness at the close by pointing out how the idea of the devil has been useful to man's moral progress. "Race Prejudice" Maurice Bloomfield derives from the struggle for existence, differences in customs and manners, and the presence in each race of a physical ideal. Rev. T. T. Munger writes of "Oliver Wendell Holmes" in a very genial and friendly way. Apropos of Dr. Holmes's references to theology, Mr. Munger

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says that Unitarianism "was a criticism, a negative movement, and a very necessary one; but it should have been kept within the unbroken body, and not suffered to result in schism. Each side was necessary to the other; and the divorce made two bodies that have since lived on at a waning rate, chiefly engaged in furnishing materials for prelatical churches and for agnosticism. The separation was the tragedy of New England history, and it was as needless as it was wrong. Neither the old Orthodoxy nor the old Unitarianism can stand before evolution and the higher criticism." L. H. Mills writes of "The God of Zoroaster"; Prof. Allan Menzies criticises kindly, but keenly the Ritschlian divorce of intellect and religion, as shown in two notable books by Hermann and Kaptan, in "The Truth of the Christian Religion"; Prof. J. M. Whiton, in a less respectful but successful manner, exposes "Some of Mr. Kidd's Fallacies"; Prof. T. Meinhold follows the higher criticism in dealing with "The Origins of the Religion and History of Israel"; and Prof. Karl Budde, with microscopic scholarship, completes a beautiful little folk-song in the book of Numbers, in "The Song of the Well." Rev. H. G. Spaulding writes with enthusiasm and discernment of "The Preaching of Phillips Brooks,"—an excellent article; and Charles J. Goodwin, starting from the poems of William Watson and Eric Mackay, contributes a fine paper upon "The Poet in an Age of Science." He leaves us, however, with the doleful information that there is no great poet now. Mr. Munger had just said: "It is safe to say that there is not now living a great poet, known to be such. We have more than a feeling of bereavement: we have a feeling of apprehension and fear, a sense of orphanage." And Prof. Goodwin adds: "We need the strong guidance of one who shall show us the order in chaos, the hope in uncertainty, the beauty and glory of human life. The field is ready: it is vacant." This notice has not named the abiding-places of these contributors, because it wishes to emphasize, by naming them all together, what is one of the glories of this noble quarterly,—the range of the scholarly world from which its articles are gathered. Mr. Mills is of Oxford, Prof. Menzies of Edinburgh University, Prof. Meinhold of the University of Bonn, Prof. Budde of the University of Strassburg, Mr. Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins University, and Prof. Goodwin of Wesleyan. The other Americans are familiar to our readers. The book reviews are by Messrs. Everett, Toy, Thayer, Lyon, Cary, Freeman, Christie, Philipson, Estlin Carpenter, Starbuck, Bloomfield, Forbes, Bacon, and Benn; President Cone; Rev. Messrs. George A. Gordon, Chadwick, Ames, Gannett, Cook, Kimball, Lyon, and Whiton. The books noticed are such as no thoughtful man can afford to ignore,—certainly, no thoughtful clergyman. A movement has started to put the *New World* on a surer financial basis. Not to accomplish this would be a severe blow, not only to liberal scholarship, but to the liberal congregations whom, ultimately, that scholarship should feed.

W. H. L.

The March number of the *Arena* contains articles by Frances E. Willard and Lady Somerset,—the former on "Scientific Temperance Instruction in the Public Schools"; the other, a paper on social purity, entitled "The Welcome Child." Prof. James T. Bixby writes of "Mohammed and the Koran," believing it practically superior to popular Christianity to meet the wants of barbaric and semi-civilized nations. "Japan: Its Present and Future," is an interesting estimate of this country by a native, Midori Komatz. Three of the articles are studies of occultism, telepathy, and auto-suggestion; while Mr. Flower's own contribution shows how glimpses of the prophetic faculty of the mind may be revealed in dreams. There are also pen pictures of John Burns and Lyman Trumbull, the latter accompanied by a photograph. "An Open Letter to Hon. John G. Carlisle," arraigning the finance minister in unequivocal terms as having "betrayed the people and insulted God," is by George W. Pepperell; and there are other articles of varied nature.

The April number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* contains articles on "The Authority of the Scriptures," by Frank Hugh Foster, and on "The Historical Method of Interpretation" and "The Social Ethics of Jesus," by John S. Sewall. The last shows how the hopes and plans of Jesus were centred on the individual rather than on a system. Z. Swift Holbrook concludes his consideration of "The American Republic and the Debs Insurrection," maintaining that the emancipation of the masses must surely come, but that religion, morality, education, must be the divine leaders of politics and economics. Rev. James W. Willmarth, writing on "Restricted Communion," presents the facts and principles which govern Baptists in this matter, and aims to show that "the greater prevalence of error, the more certain and necessary must it be that restricted communion shall remain as a witness to the truth." Howard Osgood presents the doctrine of "President Harper's Letters," and there are the usual departments.

Miscellaneous.

We have received a variety of Easter music from William A. Pond & Co. of New York, including carols and anthems appropriate to the Easter service of church and Sunday-school.

"The Outline Lessons of Ancient Geography," by Francis M. Austin of Wilbraham Academy, are intended to supply that familiarity with the geography of ancient nations which is imperative for intelligent understanding of the classics or of ancient history. They contain the material for close, systematic drill, and blank pages are inserted to be used for taking notes.

Literary Notes.

The late Frank Bolles, who wrote so admirably on outdoor topics, left some poems, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out under the title of "Chocorua's Tenants."

An "America" testimonial souvenir has been published for the benefit of Dr. Smith. It is handsomely designed, and printed on heavy paper, with covers in two colors, and contains: origin of "America" testimonial, with facsimile signatures of leading citizens of Boston and New England; portrait of Dr. Smith, with autograph; biography of Dr. Smith; fac-simile of "America" manuscript; music and words of "America"; Dr. Smith in his library on Washington's Birthday, 1895; how "America" was written, by Dr. Smith; Dr. Smith's residence at Newton Centre; Reception Committee of Eighty-six, and Executive Committee. The proceeds from the sale of this souvenir will be devoted to the testimonial. Price, 25 cents a copy.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The Essential Man: A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason. By George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D. Price 75 cents.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Daughters of the Revolution and their Times. 1769-1776. A Historical Romance. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Price \$1.50.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Armenian Crisis in Turkey. The Massacre of 1894: Its Antecedents and Significance. By Frederick Davis Greene. With Introduction by Rev. Josiah Strong.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Brown Studies, or Camp Fires and Morals. By George H. Hepworth. Price \$1.25. Off Lynnpport Light. A Novel. By Augusta Campbell Watson.

From Philip Green, London. Think for Yourself, and Other Short Papers. Second Series of "Unitarian Leaflets." Price 1 shilling.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. The White Robe. Song. Words by A. Horspool. Music by Edward St. Quentin. My Pretty Creole Maid. By J. Cheever Goodwin. When Blooms the Roses. Waltz Song. Composed by Luigi Arditi. Wakened Memories. Dreams of the Ball. Songs. Words by Stanhope Gray. Music by Paul de Faye. My Darlings. Song for Contralto. Words by Alice Cary. Music by Frank J. Smith. The Meadow Brook Hunt. Two Step. By Helen Frances Lowe. Alleluia! Alleluia! Anthem. Words for Christmas, Easter, and Chorus composed by R. E. De Reef. Angels, roll the Rock away. Easter Anthem. By P. A. Schuecker. Christ, our Passover. Easter Anthem. By John Wiegand.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. "Old Black Joe." Paraphrase of Concert. For Four Hands. Glad Spring is here. By Charles Becker. Pierrette. Air de Ballet. By C. Chaminade. Nursery Tales. Arranged from the Favorite Nursery Tunes. By Carl Iverson. Choice Selections for Mandolin and Guitar. By Chas. de Janon. The Ship is in Port! Words and Music by H. Lamb. Wiegand. Cradle Song. Music by Marie von Hammer. A Riding Out. For Piano. By Carl Bohm. Little Boy Blue. Song. Words by Eugene Field. Music by J. E. March. Restoration March. Composed by S. F. Ayers. Harmonie. March. Composed by Otto Kamberger. What would thine Answer be? Song. Words by J. C. Wagner. Music by Dan. Gillette. Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Composed by Lawrence Robert. A Love Song. Composed by Mary Nicholson.

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She fills the arm-chair very well,
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Her songs I cannot always tell,
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She has in me such confidence
And such a loving way,
I gladly own her influence
Is good for me each day.

The neighbor's children love her, too,
And call her Tabitha.
I do not like the name, do you?
Tab, Tabby, Tabitha.

She does not care, she purrs the same
As if her name were Queen.
And, after all, what's in a name
When quality is seen?

For the Christian Register.
THE FIRST DAUPHIN.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

The little boy of my story was born more than one hundred years ago. He was not the first dauphin of history, but is so spoken of to distinguish him from his brother, who became Louis XVII., and who is called the last dauphin. These boys were the sons of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette. Their grandmother was Maria Theresa of Austria, whose story fills many pages of history.

Dauphin was the title given to the oldest son of the French king. As the boy of my story lived but a few years, his brother receiving his title at his death, there were two dauphins in the reign of Louis XVI.

No child was ever welcomed into a home more joyfully than this little boy. The delight shown by his father and mother, the many celebrations in honor of his birth, would make a long story. The king shed tears of joy when he held his little child in his arms. He delighted to watch him. He thought the words "my son, the dauphin," very sweet; and they were often on his lips. He was naturally a quiet man, seldom showing his feelings to those whom he met; but this joy, so long wished for, was too great to be concealed. He now had something to say to every one, and with smiles and tears held the child up at the window, that the people outside might rejoice with their king and queen. And they did rejoice with them. Some one living at that time tells us that "the gladness was overwhelming," that "all heads were turned," that people were seen "alternately laughing and crying," and that those who did not know each other, in their delight, "fell upon one another's necks."

There were some who did not love the beautiful queen; but even they, at this happy time, forgot their hatred, and rejoiced with the rest.

The baptism came soon in the chapel of Versailles. A long name was given to the little stranger, Louis Joseph Xavier François. Music followed, solemn and grand. Then came fireworks, great illuminations, gay processions, speeches, and gifts.

Louis XVI., though a king, understood the art of printing. He was also a skilful locksmith. Partly for that reason, perhaps, the gift that pleased him best came from the locksmiths of Versailles, who presented him with a secret lock, wishing him to solve the mystery himself. He soon discovered the secret by pressing on a spring which caused a beautiful little steel dauphin to appear from the centre of the lock.

Probably some of my young readers fancy the son of a king as a boy always dressed in elegant clothes, living in elegant surroundings, with the right to command all those about him. The child of my story was taught that simplicity, modesty, and kindness are better attributes of a royal child. He often wore a simple sailor suit, he was not allowed to show any haughtiness or pride, he was expected to treat every one with courtesy and kindness.

This lovely consideration for others he saw in his mother, who treated Mme. Le

Brun, her court painter, not as a servant, but as a trusted friend. She was careful not to wound her feelings; and, when the artist was sick, even though a queen, with her own hands she was ready to render her a service.

Mme. Le Brun painted many portraits of Marie Antoinette, and a lovely picture of the queen with her children, that has been copied again and again, and only a few months ago appeared in a popular magazine.

We can imagine the dauphin and his sister in the studio of the famous artist, watching her as she painted the portrait of their beautiful mamma, or perhaps listening to stories of her own little girl, her lovely Jean Julie Louise, her "little brunette," as she called her.

Like many boys and girls in our own country and in our own day, the dauphin found his best happiness in the company of his mother. No mother ever loved her children more tenderly or watched over them more devotedly than Marie Antoinette. She entered into their sports, danced with them, and planned little comedies for their pleasure, often acting in them herself.

A pretty saying of the dauphin's brother, Charles Louis, shows how sweet the queen's voice sounded to her children. As she sang, the child was so quiet some one said he was sleeping, when he immediately spoke, and asked, "Can any one sleep when Mamma Queen is singing?"

While the first dauphin lived, Charles was entitled the Duc de Normandie, and was his father's "big Norman," and, because so healthy and strong, his mother's "peasant child." His oldest sister was called Mme. Royale. The baby sister, Sophie Beatrix, died a short time before Mme. La Brun painted her famous picture of the queen with her children.

The queen wished her children not simply to be happy themselves, but to be mindful of the happiness of others; to consider not only those around them, but the sick and the poor.

Once at New Year's she sent for some costly toys, and showed them to the children. After they had admired them, she told them the toys were indeed very beautiful, but that it was more beautiful to distribute alms. She told them of people who needed food and clothing; and the children willingly gave up these rich playthings, that the money they would cost might be used for the suffering.

It is pleasant to think of these happy years, for the last part of the dauphin's life was full of weakness and pain. His back became misshapen, his face grew thin and pale, and an expression of anguish showed his sufferings. He could not walk, or even stand, without support. No medicine helped him. The tenderest care gave him no relief. He grew rapidly worse, and died in his mother's arms before he was twelve years old.

Mme. Le Brun's beautiful picture was taken away. The queen could not bear to look at it: it reminded her so painfully of her sorrow. But, even in her grief, she thought of the artist, and bade some one tell her why the picture was removed, that she might not be made unhappy by it.

There are no more painful pages in history than those following the death of the first dauphin. The boy, who is described as "beautiful as an angel," who delighted all by his goodness and kindness, was indeed taken away from "evil to come."

WANTED: A DOG.

There was no doubt about it, Will Tait did want a dog very badly indeed. Just then there was a fancy for dogs abroad, among the shoeblack brigade. Tom Sawyers had one, a sharp black terrier who followed his master through the day's work, and was a fruitful subject of conversation with every customer who stood to get his boots brushed. Jim Turner had another, an ugly little creature it was, and of no earthly use or pleasure to any one. Even Jim himself never referred to him without a kind of apology. Two other boys joined, and went shares in a gray mongrel; and altogether Will felt that it was a duty he owed to himself to get a dog at once.

He had seen exactly the kind of dog he wanted, too,—a white one with black ears: it belonged to the telegraph clerk at the freight station up the road. Will had been trying to bargain with him for the last three weeks.

The telegraph clerk began by demanding six shillings, then he had come down by sixpenny stages to half a crown, but lower than that he would not go; and, as Will had eightpence, the proceedings had come to a deadlock.

He was thinking it over as he took his lunch on the dock wall, and in truth did not quite see where the balance was to come from. Still, he had never failed in anything he set his mind to yet; and, if that clerk would not come down, it was clear that the half-crown must be made up somehow.

"It's one and tenpence, twenty-two pennies," he observed half aloud. "If I stop a bit later and begin a bit sooner, and don't miss a single chance, I might—I might get it in a fortnight: it's only twopence a day, after all. There's one customer now."

A stream of passengers was coming up from a ferry-boat, and one big, portly old gentleman was vigorously signalling to him. One of his boots was in the highest state of polish; but the other had evidently dipped into a pool of lime or whitewash, which had caked into a solid crust about it. Will looked down at his brushes rather doubtfully.

"Never mind your brushes, my lad: look at my boot. I'll give you threepence if you make it like the other in less than three minutes. I want to catch a train."

Will brushed with right good will. Threepence for one boot was something more than fair pay. He got through his task in the allotted time, and made the boot as presentable as its neighbor. The gentleman regarded it approvingly, his head a little on one side.

"You have done that very well, my lad. It was some horrible compound for whitewashing the cattle-sheds, and I stepped right into it. There's your threepence. Good-day."

He hailed a passing hansom, and drove off at a rattling pace. Will watched him out of sight, then he looked at his fee before he put it into his pocket. One penny, twopence,—and there he stopped in utter amazement. Sandwiched between the two pennies was a glittering half-crown, new and fresh from the mint! Never in all Will's business career had such an event befallen him before.

"Why, if he hasn't gone and given me half a crown!" he cried to Tom Sawyers, who was standing close by, the black terrier at his heels.

Tom whistled. "You're in luck's way to-day, and no mistake! I wish somebody would do as much for me."

"Yes, if he'd meant it; but he didn't. I'll have to give it back to him again," said Will, turning it over and over in his palm.

"Give it back to him!" echoed Tom, derisively. "How are you going to catch that cab, with all the start it's got? You're a bigger duffer than I took you for, Will Tait."

"Who was talking about catching the cab?" retorted Will. "He's sure to be coming across the ferry another day; and it's easy enough to see him,—he's not that little."

"I'd be very sorry to go hunting after any old gentleman," returned Tom, scornfully. "Money's surely cheap your way. I thought you were wanting that dog, too?"

Will's face grew suddenly scarlet. He had wanted it, and here was the exact sum. Why—why, that very night he might be the proud possessor of that black and white dog, and there would not be another like it in the whole brigade. The old gentleman ought to have been more careful. People had no business to go making mistakes of that kind. Somebody ought to teach him a lesson; and it would serve him just right if he, Will, were to keep it.

Will thrust the half-crown deep into his pocket and shouldered his brushes. "I can't stop here talking all the afternoon," he said shortly: "there's two boats missed already."

Something was wrong with Will all the next day. Generally, he was the brightest, merriest lad in the whole company. To-day he wandered about without a civil word for any one. He kept a keen watch upon the coming and going of the boats, too; but it was from behind a convenient fence, whereas his usual post was in the very front rank of the brigade, and his brethren of the brush only reaped what he could not gather up himself.

It was not the weather that was at fault. The sky was blue as summer, and the sunshine made a rippling pathway of light on the water; but there was little light or blueness about it to Will. Everything was shrouded under a cloud of uneasiness and discomfort. Once that afternoon he caught a glimpse of a portly figure in the distance, a perfect stranger, but it sent him with a beating heart into hiding under an archway, till he was quite sure of that fact; for Will had lapsed into the crooked path. He was going to keep that half-crown. He was going to buy the dog, and get the desire of his heart a full fortnight before he had dared to hope for it; and he ought to be feeling particularly happy and jubilant in consequence. But somehow he was not.

He meant to go and see that telegraph clerk this very evening. There wasn't any necessity now for working later; and it might be just as well to miss a boat or two in case. He did not care to finish that sentence even to himself.

Round to the freight station he sauntered accordingly, but at the very gate he came to a full stop. Some wagons inside were being loaded with bales of esparto grass. Will surveyed the process listlessly through the bars. His head ached, his feet ached, he ached inside, too. What was the use of going in about the dog now?

If he got it to night, he didn't believe it would be a bit of pleasure. He didn't like sulking in corners out of sight, as he had done to-day. If he had to go on doing that, he might as well have no dog at all. Will suddenly dragged his cap over his brows, and determined to go home to bed, and end the day as quickly as possible.

And, if the day had been bad, the night was still worse. Will got up at daylight, resolved to stand it no longer. Not for all the half-crowns or all the dogs in the city would he go through another season like this.

It was the very first time he had ever tried to keep what did not belong to him; and it should be the last,—the game was not worth the candle. If the old gentleman came by to-day, he should have that luckless half-crown back. If not, he should have it to-morrow, the next day, or any day that he chose to put in an appearance. Will had done with it; and, if Tom Sawyers made any more remarks about it,—well, so much the worse for Tom Sawyers.

Will was himself again. He took possession again of his front row, and promptly ousted one or two upstarts who had invaded his territory on the strength of yesterday. He whistled over his work as gayly as if he had not a care in the world. There was no hiding under arches to-day, no fears and misgivings at the sight of any portly figure.

"Have you come in for a fortune?" Jim

Children

are limp and
rickety, caused
by lack of prop-
er food.

H-O Hornby's
Oatmeal

makes bone,
muscles, fibre,
and enriches
the blood.

Steam
Cooked
That's Why.

H-O {Hornby's} Company, N. Y.
Oatmeal

Turner asked him rather enviously as the day wore on.

"No, but I'm going to get rid of one," laughed Will. "Never you want to be rich, Jim. I've tried it, and it's no joke I can tell you."

A good many gentlemen were going to and fro from the ferry-boat, but not the one Will was watching for. That was Wednesday. Thursday and Friday it was the same story; but Saturday morning, as Will was taking an early lunch, perched on his favorite wall, came a welcome interruption.

"Now, young man, are you too busy to touch up my boots again?"

Will was off his perch in an instant, his face in a glow. "Oh, I've been looking out for you every day since Wednesday. You went and gave me this last time."

Will was tugging at his pocket as he spoke. He dragged forth a piece of rag, with the half-crown carefully tied up in a corner of it.

The gentleman looked down at it in some surprise. "Oh, it was you that got it, was it? I knew I'd paid it away somewhere."

Will brushed away cheerfully. The gentleman stood thoughtfully turning over his recovered property. "You did not think of keeping it for yourself, I suppose?" he inquired curiously. I couldn't have proved that you had it."

Will's head bent a little lower over the boot on his block. "Yes, I did think of keeping it the first day," he answered, "not after. It was the worst day I ever had."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the comment; "and how did you propose to spend it,—cakes?"

"Cakes!" echoed Will, indignantly; "I was going to buy a dog with it."

"A dog!" echoed the gentleman in return. "What possible use would that be to you? Dogs are always in the road; and they want feeding, too."

"Yes!" Will admitted that; but this dog was different from all others. "Why, he knows me quite well already, just from going past the doors; and he understands every word I say to him, the same as if he could talk."

"Then by all means go and buy him at once. He can't be dear at that price," laughed the gentleman, suddenly dropping the half-crown on the block. "There, that includes to-day's polish, my lad, and twenty-nine others if I like to claim them. We'll make no mistake this time."

The freight station closes at two o'clock on Saturdays. At three minutes to two Will dashed through the gates. At one minute past he came out in triumph with his black-and-white dog beside him.—*The Quiver.*

JACK'S PRETTY STRIPED THING.

Once upon a time—so long ago that the little child I tell you of is grandpa to half a dozen boys and girls—Jack's father said to his mother,—

"Wife, how would you like to go and live in the country?"

"Oh, so much!" she answered. "And it would be a good thing for little Jack, good for his health. Now and then, when he grows larger, he would have farmers' boys to play with, and not learn the wicked ways of the city."

"Well, wife," said the man, "there will not be many boys to play with just yet, for out West, where I want you to go, we shall clear forests to make our farm, and build our houses of the trees we cut down. We'll have to take provisions for a long time and live rough lives; but three or four men I know are going, and, if you like, I'll join them."

So they talked it over for a while, and Jack's mother agreed to go. Jack did not know much about it. He was pleased with the idea of going "day-day" in the "choo-choo" cars, and had some idea that "mooley-cows" and "chickabiddies" lived in the country. He was a big, bouncing, jolly little Jack, even then; and, when they reached the far, far West, where all those trees were to be cut down, and all those houses built, and all that corn and wheat and those peas and beans and potatoes to be planted, he went paddling about all day, and seemed to think no one could get on without him.

There were buffaloes out on the plains yet; and, when Jack saw some, he clapped his hands, and said, "Nice 'little buffy, tome play with Jack." Now and then a wolf howled. Jack laughed.

There were many dreadful thunderstorms in summer. Jack's mother used to feel nervous, but Jack used to dance with delight, and after a great peal of thunder would say,—

"Mamma, ask the angels to do that again."

"Ain't you frightened, Jack?" some one asked him once; but Jack answered:—

"No. Good angels up in heaven wouldn't hurt Jack."

This was after he was bigger, and had been taught about God and heaven.

When little Jack was three years old, his father made him a little bench just outside the kitchen door, and put a little trellis over it; and his mother planted a beautiful vine and made Jack a little arbor all for himself.

"Just my size," Jack used to say; and, when she gave Jack his bread and milk or his mush and milk, she used to carry the bowl there, and Jack would sit down on the bench and take it on his knees and eat it with the nice shining spoon.

They used to give little boys pewter spoons in those days, but Jack's shone like silver. Now and then he bent it double, but his mother only laughed and gave him another one; for, when his father had time, he used to melt the bent or broken spoons down, and pour the molten pewter into a mould and make new spoons of them, and there was no need of anxiety about them. So the loving mother used to sit at her sewing, or iron, or make bread, and listen to her little boy in his funny little arbor. He talked most of the time; he talked to the cat, to whom he gave some of the milk in a big clam-shell; he talked to the birds in the branches, and to the flowers that nodded at him from the tendrils of the vine; he talked to the yellow butterflies and to himself a great deal.

One day his mother heard him talking to something he called "pretty sing." Evidently he was feeding it. What it could be she did not know, and she became so curious that she looked out of the window; and what she saw very nearly made her faint. There sat little Jack, smiling and happy, and coiled up beside him, swallowing the bread and milk as fast as it could, was a great rattlesnake! Rattlesnakes are very fond of milk, and will always steal it if they can.

Now, if Jack's mother had known nothing about snakes, she might have screamed and caught up a poker and made the snake angry; but, as it was, she bethought her on the instant what was best. A great pan filled with milk stood on the table. Taking it in her hands, she leaned over the sill and placed it on the ground. Jack's little bowl was nearly empty, and as soon as the snake smelt the large quantity of fresh milk in the pan, it turned its head, saw it, and wriggled away toward it. Then Jack's mother reached out of the window, lifted Jack in, and having shut it down and bolted the door, took him in her lap and cried over him.

"Pretty 'triped sing," said Jack, "ate it all up!"

There was a snake-hunt that night, and a nest of snakes was killed; but no one ever told Jack about it until he was a big boy. To him snakes were always pretty. He never could think of them as ugly and venomous, as some people naturally do. When he was a man, he used to talk about them as though it were as possible to love them as any other of God's creatures. Of course, he knew that many were dangerous and their sting deadly, some so dreadfully so that, if one should be bitten, there is scarcely any help; but he believed that very often people need not be stung if they behaved sensibly. Then, too, there are snakes that never yet hurt anybody. A little garter-snake does no more harm than an earthworm, and will wriggle away in terror when it sees any one

coming. At all events, to get into a panic is very foolish. Cowardice puts one into danger.—*New York Ledger.*

A RUSSIAN SLED.

Riding down hill on a cake of ice would not seem to us very amusing, except, perhaps, to the spectators, who might enjoy it as a sort of frozen tub-race. As a matter of fact, though, a cake of ice in the hands of a Russian boy will make a very good and rapid sled. He saws out a block that is longer than it is thick, and about high enough for a comfortable seat. Then he scoops out a hollow like a saddle a little back of the middle of the upper surface, and upholsters it with straw or rags. It is then ready for its first trip down hill; and, if the rider is skilful, he will make very good time on it. But carrying it back to the top of the incline would be too hard work for even a Russian boy, and pushing it up hill would be about as bad. A clever lad once thought of a better way, and all other boys have copied him ever since. He found a good rye straw, and began blowing through it at the front of the block with the end of the straw close to the ice. Soon he had a little hole in the block, as neatly drilled as a steel tool could have done it. In the course of an hour and a half he had driven a hole slantwise through the ice, coming out at the top just in front of the saddle. A stout string passed through the hole and knotted completed his sled, which could then be drawn up hill almost as easily as the best coaster that ever was made. If a boy is careful of his ice sled,—and he is apt to be careful, for considerable work is necessary to make one,—it will last all winter. Imagine him freezing on a new set of runners when the old ones have worn out!—*Harper's Young People.*

The Japanese girl students of Yoki, while eager to embrace our learning, have not copied our costumes and habits, and remain still the quaint, gentle, grotesque *musmees* of Japan, clad in the many-colored and flowing *kimono* and gorgeous *obi*.

GENERAL GRANT.

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EBEN CARLTON SPRAGUE, LL.D.

The late Eben Carlton Sprague, who peacefully finished a beautiful and useful life on the 14th of February last, was the son of one of the founders of the First Unitarian Church of Buffalo, now known as the Church of Our Father. His lifelong and intimate relations with this society, his prominence as an interested layman at most of the meetings of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches at Saratoga and elsewhere, and his wide personal acquaintance in New England seem to invite the expression of something more than passing comment in the columns of the *Christian Register*.

Mr. Sprague was born in Bath, N.H., in 1822, but lived in Buffalo the remainder of his life. He was a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College (1843), receiving the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University in 1893. By profession a lawyer, he stood at the head of the local bar. As president, at one time or another, of the Buffalo Library, the Buffalo Club, the Liberal Club, and chancellor of the University of Buffalo, as well as a director in many other associations of a philanthropic character, Mr. Sprague showed his active interest in and sympathy with his fellow-men of all kinds and conditions. The projectors of every movement for the betterment of social conditions, for the promotion of culture, or the spread of just and liberal ideas, always turned to Mr. Sprague for help and guidance, if, indeed, he happened not to be a prime mover in such enterprises himself.

Strength of character and sweetness of nature were seldom more winningly blended in a man than in this open-minded, open-handed, cultivated gentleman. "He was," says his pastor, "one of the most gentle and approachable men I have ever known." A professional brother, who knows the value of words, pronounced him "the finest flower of American citizenship." Always a hard worker, he found solace and refreshment in good company and good books to the very last; while his conversational gifts made him a coveted guest at every board.

A workman in a street-car, overhearing a talk between Mr. Sprague and a friend, remarked, as the former alighted from the car, "Fine old man, isn't he?" It was a perfectly spontaneous tribute. All men loved this man, because he loved all men. The best legacy he could have left his city was the example of his life. Next in value, perhaps, was the statement of his life's philosophy contained in an address on "Liberalism" made by him as president of the Liberal Club at its first dinner in the season of 1894-95. "A man," he said, "may be touched with noble anger: this is one of the sinews of the soul. But a man can never be touched with a noble contempt for any one of his fellow-beings."

What Mr. Sprague was to his own household we know, but may not say. But to all his friends, without exception, it seems as though the beatitudes of a manly, honorable, pure, and upright life conspired at its close to insure the good man a happy translation. With faculties unimpaired, with all sympathies with his kind warm and fresh, after an evening of reading aloud by his own fireside, as was his wont, he simply fell asleep. It was the beautiful ending of a beautiful life.

F. M. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Temperance.

Following the example of Sweden, Russia has gone in for a State monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spirits.

The School Board of St. Joseph, Mo., has decided to expel from the public schools of that city any scholar found using cigarettes.

A "home saloon" has been fitted up in Chicago with all the familiar accessories of the ordinary saloon, including free lunches, but with no intoxicating drinks for sale. It is to be under the oversight of Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Marro found that 31 per cent. of criminals whom he studied were children of alcoholized parents; and Rossi, out of 71, found 31 per cent. of the same hereditary taint. This includes those who were criminals from direct intemperance only so far as they were children of drunken heredity.

Mr. Charles Féré, a well-known authority at Paris on nervous and mental diseases, has taken an original method of ascertaining the effect of alcohol on embryonic life. He exposed hens' eggs during the period of incubation to the fumes of alcohol. Some were thus treated during twenty-six and some during forty-eight hours. He observed that this delayed the growth of the chick in the shell, and occasioned numerous monstrosities. One batch of eggs was kept under alcoholic fumes for a hundred hours. At the end of that time the germ was not as much developed as it would have been after twenty hours of hatching under the ordinary conditions. The doctor concludes from this that the children of drunken parents are at the time of birth less developed than those of sober parents,

and that there are positive arrests of development in many cases. In proof of the correctness of his conclusion the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* gives convincing figures relative to twenty-four families,—twelve temperate and twelve intemperate.—*Inquirer*.

Personals.

The late Prof. Froude left directions for the burning of all his papers. This disposes of considerable material relating to Carlyle, the publication of which many people were awaiting with much interest.

After long and invaluable service in the library of the Institute of Technology Mr. Clement Walker Andrews has been unanimously elected librarian of the new John Crerer Library of Chicago. The general testimony is that no man could be found better fitted for the position.

Dr. Martineau will be ninety on April 21. An address of congratulation for presentation to him on his birthday is in course of signature by Unitarian ministers, officials, and others. It recalls the untiring interest which he has manifested in the principle and welfare of the churches, in education of the young, the progress of religious thought, and the advancement of learning.

Prince Guy de Lusignan, head of the royal house of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia, and Grand Master of the order of St. Catharine of Mount Sinai, has conferred upon Rev. Dr. E. R. Knowles the decoration with the commander's rank. The order was instituted in 1063; and the royal family of Armenia, already illustrious, became a reigning house with Hugues III. in A.D. 900. The late Armenian Patriarch, Khorene de Lusignan, was the brother of H. R. H. Prince Guy de Lusignan.

Here and There.

The empress of China has started a vast silk-weaving department, in which employment will be given to thousands of girls and women. The industry will be carried on in the palace grounds, which her majesty is forbidden to leave.

Arizona has a greater number of varieties of forest trees than any of the other States or Territories of equal area west of the Mississippi River, a greater number than Michigan or California, and nearly 18 per cent. of the species of the United States.

The number of sea-gulls on the Thames has become one of the sights of London. People make a habit of feeding them with bread and biscuits thrown from the bridges or the embankment. Owing to their famishing condition, they have grown quite tame.

Eighteen years ago Peter B. Brigham, a native of Vermont, gave \$1,000,000 for a free public hospital for Boston, to bear his name, on the condition that the bequest should remain untouched and draw interest for twenty-five years. When it becomes available, seven years hence, the trustees will have nearly \$3,000,000 in their hands.

It is not generally known in England that the Russians are making great effort to acclimatize the tea plant on the eastern shore of the Black Sea. Within the past year or two several new plantations have been commenced with a large expenditure of capital supplied by some of the great firms of tea merchants in Moscow. The results up to now have been most satisfactory.

Between the years 1763 and 1775, when indigo was at the height of its importance, South Carolina had a most unexampled period of prosperity. Ramsay tells us that "indigo proved more profitable to South Carolina than the mines of Mexico or Peru to Old or New Spain." Wealth poured in upon the people, many of the planters doubling their capital every three or four years. During the years preceding the Revolution it is said that "a larger number of children were sent to England for education from South Carolina than from any of the colonies, and this on account of the greater wealth of the colony, owing to the superiority of her products,—rice and indigo,—which gave abundant means."

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LIP-READING.

A Columbus paper has published some accounts of the stone-deaf Ohio lawyer, in full practice, who depends absolutely upon lip-reading, and who has tried cases in Columbus courts. For twelve years now Mr. N. B. Lutes of Tiffin, Ohio, has depended entirely upon lip-reading to do all that any lawyer does for his clients in court and in every phase of the practice of the law.

The latest issue of the *Missouri Deaf-mute Record* gives an account of a lady who reads the lips of ministers and public speakers. Mr. Alexander Hunter of the United States Land Office in Washington, D.C., is "deaf as an adder." Though far from perfect in lip-reading, he has read one hundred and fifty words "given out" from the dictionary without making a mistake. He has read the lips of Beecher and Booth almost faultlessly, and has greatly enjoyed pulpit and platform orators and some of the great actors, the chief drawback in reading their lips being the shifting of their positions on the stage, so that their lips were at times invisible.

Mitchell, the chemist, an examiner in the United States Patent Office, graduated from the Clarke Institute, Northampton, Mass., and, though a poor lip-reader, graduated from the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic School as an analytical chemist.

For many years a totally deaf man has occupied a place in the United States Civil Service, receiving his first appointment on the strength of admirable papers in the civil service examination. Notwithstanding his infirmity, thanks to his lip-reading, he took the regular course at a great university, recited with his classmates, attended lectures, and secured his degree. I doubt if president or professors knew that he was a deaf man. Certainly some of his classmates did not know it. For business reasons his deafness is kept secret, and a keen newspaper man went through the office in which he was employed a few years ago in search of a deaf clerk, and failed to find such a man or any one who knew of the existence of such a case in that department.—*Dr. S. M. Miller, in the Popular Science Monthly for March.*

Music.

We need fresh music for Easter, as we need fresh flowers; and, while there are many old anthems and solos that bloom anew every year, organists and choirs and congregations are looking for something new and beautiful. Oliver Ditson & Co. have a catalogue of Easter music which embraces many new compositions as well as established favorites.

Charities and Reforms.

The idea prevails in Europe that nervous diseases are creating great ravages every year in this country, owing to the exciting mode of life of the people and to some other causes. One of the latter is excessive tea-drinking, which forms the text for an article in the *London Spectator*.

The report of the Burnham Industrial Farm shows that 223 boys of criminal, vicious, truant, or disobedient habits have been received. Of these 57 are now in the school. 80 per cent. of those discharged have proved by useful lives the value of their teaching and discipline. This institution was founded in 1886.

According to Mr. Amos G. Warner, who has compiled reports on over eight thousand cases of destitution in Boston, New Haven, New York, and Baltimore, only 25.1 per cent. were due to misconduct, while 74.9 were due to misfortune. The misconduct cases are classified by direct causes and nationalities, and it appears that 15.28 per cent. were due to intemperance. The Americans are slightly below and the English slightly above this average. The Germans are far below it, furnishing only 7.83 per cent.; while the colored people are even more temperate in their habits, furnishing only 6.23 per cent. The Irish, on the other hand, furnished a larger percentage under this head than any other nationality,—23.62. Taking all the causes of destitution due to misconduct by nationalities, we find that the Irish lead, with 30.4 per cent.; the English come next, with 27.99 per cent.; the Americans, 27.33 per cent.; the Germans, with 16.84 per cent.; and the colored people last of all, 13.73 per cent.—*Ram's Horn.*

CARE FOR YOUNG CRIMINALS.—In Austria, as in England, there is a strong humanitarian feeling in favor of discriminating between youthful criminals and those whom a long career of crime has hardened almost beyond hope of reclamation. A debate took place on the subject last week in the Austrian Diet, the discussion centring round the question whether or not young law-breakers should be sent to reformatories or houses of correction instead of to the common gaols, there to herd with unshamed gaol-birds. Herr Schöffel, deputy of the Provincial Diet, was the chief pleader for the enlightened policy of separation. It was true, he said, that, owing to his persistency and continual rudeness, they had passed a law requiring reformatories to be established; but it had largely remained a dead-letter, no one seeming to care whether or not it was carried into effect. Herr Schöffel contrasted the apathy of Austria with the vigilance of England, stating that, while English criminal statistics showed a falling off in youthful delinquents of sixty-five per cent., in Austria the number of sentenced young criminals had increased forty-two per cent. Last year in Austria three thousand children had been convicted of small offences, and yet the two Austrian reformatories of which he had knowledge were only about half full. He prophesied an awful criminal future for the country if they continue to send ninety-two per cent. of their young offenders to the common gaols and only eight per cent. to reformatories.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer does not believe that poverty alone is sufficient reason for separating children from their parents. She says: "I am not a believer in the extreme creed of some branches of the charity organization movement in England, which seems to have the moral and sympathetic nerve so strongly developed, and yet can say: 'Here is a mother with six children. She can take care of three. Strike off the other three, and put them somewhere else.' But, if society undertakes to take care of those three children taken from their mother, it will, in the long run, pay in some other way as much in actual money for the support of those children as it would cost to help the mother until the children were grown to help her and themselves. When you do such a thing as that, you waste all that long careful training of the ages which the parent has had in parental affection, you waste by cutting the close tie which grows stronger and stronger as the years go on between parent and child. I would use the surgeon's firmness in making the separation when there are moral taints that must be fatal in their effect upon the child if it is to have a fair chance in the world. And I care nothing for that parental affection which looks upon its children simply as so much merchandise. I know that a great deal of parental affection is a very cheap sort, not much above that of the cat or the dog; but, on your peril, do nothing to lessen it."



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I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

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Pleasantries.

He: "Do you subscribe to the theory of evolution?" She (the hopeless parvenu): "No. What are the subscription rates?"—*Pacific Unitarian.*

A little three-year-old, looking out of the window the other day, called out eagerly: "Oh, see, see! There's the letter-man coming with his hot-water bag."

Fred: "What do you think of my argument?" Will: "Sound,—most certainly sound." Fred: "And what else?" Will: "Nothing else,—merely sound."—*Boston Globe.*

"Did Alfred show you the picture he painted for this exhibition?" "Yes." "Do you think it deserved to be hung?" "No. I think it should be burned."—*Beacon.*

Proud Father: "That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend: "Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."—*Puck.*

A young Scotchman at Aldershot fell ill, and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it hard for some time, and then threw up his hands and bawled: "O doctor, doctor! I canna drink a' that!"

From Advice to Subscribers in a Popular Weekly Paper.—When you are introduced to a lady and the remark is made, "I am pleased to meet you," you may say, "I am sure the pleasure is mutual." If it is a gentleman who is presented and makes the remark, you might simply say, "Thank you," and smile. How reassuring to be told that it is not improper to smile "when it is a gentleman"!

One day recently, in a Dundee, Scotland, school, the teacher was examining the class in history, and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles I. die?" The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his arm up to his collar to signify decapitation. Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning, and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the class, "Please, sir, he died of cholera."

A Unitarian minister of this State has a small boy just now devoted to athletics. It was the good fortune of the family to entertain Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the other day, and the older daughter tried to impress the little fellow with the importance of their guest. "She is a great woman," said the sister. "Not so very," said he. "But I mean she is a very remarkable woman, dear." "Hm!" was the answer; "I don't believe she can even hang by her toes."

Mr. Eugene Field, according to the Chap Book, once in London took a prominent literary lady in to dinner. She was monumental and impassive, and several courses passed in a decent and orderly silence. Finally, she turned to Mr. Field and said: "Tell us of Chicago,—of your habits and customs. I have never known any one who lived there." And Mr. Field replied, beginning thus: "Well, when I was caught, I was living in a tree."

Mr. Wiman gave two handsome public bath-houses to Toronto, which are situated on either side of the bay, and inscribed in bold letters "Wiman's Baths." Some time ago, as the British Association excursion was sailing into that city, one of the scientists discovered the signs. "Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!" "Why so?" returned the other, in amazement. "Don't you see those signs there? What an atrocious way to spell 'women's'!"—*Boston Home Journal.*

A STORY OF MASOAGNI.

A good story was told recently by a member of the Melba concert company of Mascagni, the composer. During the latter's visit to London, while in his room at a hotel, he heard an organ-grinder play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The man, playing the piece entirely too fast, exasperated Mascagni, and, descending into the street, the composer addressed the organist, saying:—

"You play this entirely too fast. Let me show you how it ought to be played."

"And who are you?" asked the wandering minstrel.

"I happen to be the composer of that piece," replied Mascagni; and then he played the intermezzo for the astonished organ-grinder in the correct tempo. Imagine Mascagni's surprise when on the following day he saw the same organ-grinder in front of his hotel with a placard on the organ, on which was inscribed in large letters

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—*Boston Home Journal.*

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Editorial.

THE addresses delivered at the last Boston Unitarian Club, which we publish this week, open the important question of the uses of a church. It is treated very fully by Mr. Fenn in the opening paper, and on special and suggestive lines by Rev. E. R. Shippen and Rev. F. A. Gilmore. The field for discussion is a fruitful one. In the largest sense a church stands for the idea of God and the idea of man. It means worship and brotherhood; but just how it shall work out, practically, its ideal it is not so easy to say. There is a danger, which Mr. Fenn points out, that it may broaden out its activity until it becomes thin and inefficient; but there is an equal danger that, in contracting its sphere, it may contract its ideals. There is a healthy conviction that a church is not a church to-day unless it is a house of man as well as a house of God. We believe that no hard and fast lines can be drawn as to its precise functions. It must depend a good deal upon where it is placed, the needs that appeal to it, the wealth of its opportunities. The problem of the country church, though ideally the same, is practically different from that of the city church. The church on Fifth Avenue has a practically different problem from that in Washington Square or Rivington Street, though both are seeking to make God like men and women. Often the best work of a church may be done in inspiring its members to enter into lines of work and effort in the way of philanthropy and education which are larger than it can undertake itself. An associated charity organization, a good government club, a literary club, is better when organ-

ized on undenominational lines than on those which are sectarian. Yet a church which opens its doors and introduces specialists to discuss these themes is educating its members in social, fraternal, and philanthropic duties. No church can be really theistic which is not humanitarian. The church, wherever it is, must keep in touch with the life and needs of its age. The church which stands for a theory of religion on one side, or for some sectarian method of philanthropy on the other, is not fulfilling its function. But the most useless of all churches is the one which sits still and sucks its thumbs, and wonders what it is here for.

It requires but little provocation to make some of our senators and representatives put on their feathers and war paint, seize their knives and tomahawks, and go through the motions of a scalp dance. The "Alliance" incident has furnished an opportunity to these dramatic politicians and others to indulge in a good deal of jingo bluster. We do not mean that the firing upon American vessels by a Spanish cruiser is a trifling matter. It is something which should and which did receive the prompt attention of the Department of State, and there is no reason to suppose that Spain will not make a proper apology. But it is hardly time before we have received the Spanish version of the affair to put down the pen and take up the sword. The pursuit of a "vigorous foreign policy" is a convenient and common device of certain politicians to court popularity. It is so easy to wrap one's self in the American flag, strike an attitude, and clamor for its vindication. We would not diminish the national pride of these impetuous patriots, but we would have it take a more rational manifestation.

THERE is a good deal of political trading going on at the present time, based on a supposed allegiance to the American flag. A new newspaper has been started in Boston with the American flag at its head and with the avowed purpose to speak the truth. The flag is a noble symbol for any paper to adopt, and the determination to speak the truth is a laudable ambition for a newspaper. But neither of these things ought to be uncommon. Every American paper ought to be both patriotic and veracious. No paper can have a monopoly of patriotism simply by carrying the American flag at the masthead, and the sincerity of the declaration to tell the truth must be judged by the way in which it is fulfilled. If the *Standard* is going to be a really American paper, let it show its patriotism by protesting against the pseudo-Americanism which, fostered by secret societies, has deliberately undertaken to persecute a large class of American citizens on account of their religious beliefs. There is no more un-American organization in this country than the American Protective Association; and, if the *Standard* does not succeed in speaking the truth any better than many of those who champion that movement, its veracity will be as poor as its patriotism. If this paper succeeds in representing the highest ideals of Americanism and the highest ideals of truth, it will do something for journalism and something for the country. But a good deal that poses as Americanism to-day is foolish, unpatriotic drivel.

MANY warm controversies have flamed up in the Church on the question of church music, which has always seemed to be saturated with inflammable material. A great agitation occurred in Puritan churches when the singing of hymns was substituted for the singing of psalms. There was a fight over the introduction of flutes and bass-voils, over the introduction of choir singing, and then afterwards over the introduction of the organ. This has been

a burning question in Scotland and in the United Presbyterian Church in this country. And now the Jews are going through the same controversy. The *Jewish World* objects to the innovation on the ground that to play the organ is to work, and work is prohibited on the Sabbath. This objection might be removed by introducing an electric or water motor; and, if the manipulation of the keyboard, which many people regard as "play," is still classified as work, an automatic organ, such as the Symphony or the Æolian, might be introduced. If our Hebrew friends want to be historical, perhaps they will introduce the ram's horn. It might not have the effect of blowing down the walls of the synagogue as it felled the walls of Jericho, but it would probably drive out a good many of the congregation.

THE question of the use of individual cups at the communion service has been discussed pro and con in the *Christian Advocate*. It has been objected that the use of individual cups would develop caste feeling. But Rev. Dr. Holliday of Columbus, Ohio, says: "As we do not regard the use of individual cups as unscriptural, we care nothing about the squeamishness of their use; nor do we see any 'caste' in this innovation. Some ministers have been wiping the rim of the cup with a napkin, while others have been carrying a cup in each hand,—one for ladies, and the other for gentlemen. There might be some evidence of 'caste' in the last-named arrangement, but we fail to see any in separate cups at the Lord's table any more than at any other table." Rev. Dr. Ryan of Michigan writes: "We use the individual cup, simultaneous method, in First Methodist Episcopal Church, Ypsilanti, Mich.; and, so far as I know, it is the unanimous testimony that it constitutes the most beautiful, chaste, solemn, and impressive sacramental service that it has ever been the privilege of the people here to attend. We have a membership of nearly seven hundred, and I do not believe there is a single individual among us who would be willing to return to the old method." Some Unitarian churches have regarded the contents of the cup as more dangerous than the vessel, and have substituted water for wine. Others do not pass either bread or wine, but hold a simple memorial service. It is evident that in the whole matter the spirit is more important than the form.

THERE are Presbyterians who believe in Calvinism, and there are Presbyterians who do not. The Cumberland Presbyterians are of the latter sort. They point out the contradictions and difficulties of a system which they long since abandoned. Thus in a late issue the *Cumberland Presbyterian* said: "The number of the eternally reprobate as well as the number of the elect is 'so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.' At least, this is the teaching of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Now, if one of the eternally reprobate should die in infancy, what would become of him? He could not be saved, for that would be adding one to the number of the elect and making the reprobates one less. We must conclude either that God allows none but elect infants to die—that is that he takes better care of reprobate than elect children—or else that he sends some non-elect infants to perdition. True, not one in ten of our Presbyterian brethren believe in this medieval nonsense; and this makes it the more surprising that they do not revise it out of their book."

THE question of church unity between different denominations is not more difficult of settlement than the question of unity between different branches and divisions of the same denominations. Thus there are several different kinds of Presbyterianism,

and it is hard to find a composition which will weld them together. Federation of these different sections has often been proposed, and is again under consideration. But Rev. Dr. J. L. Scott, in the *Presbyterian Journal*, shows some of the difficulties that will be encountered: "The entire federation will consist of sixty-four delegates. One-half will be composed of psalm-singing churches, and their vote will tie the convention from the first. It is just as possible, or more so, to federate with the Episcopal Church as with at least four of the churches named. It is not a matter of individual volition, but every one of those delegates is tied to a system from which he cannot escape. Thirty-two cannot sing a hymn: twenty-four under no circumstances would allow the use of an organ. It would require five tables, separate and distinct, in order to celebrate the communion." Dr. Scott predicts failure for the scheme; and, unless some great unifying principle is accepted to draw all to a common centre, it is probable that the prediction will be fulfilled.

AMERICA'S UTTERMOST.

The recent report of the Tenement House Commission, and the farewell letter of Gen. Booth in the *New York World*, would compel us to ask if American civilization be really based on the Christianity of him who came to save "to the uttermost." On the contrary, has not another sort of Christianity ruled the world, for the most part, up to the present date? The New York Commission does little more than echo a report made forty years ago by a committee of the legislature, which closed by saying that the first and only consideration before the people was to provide sanitary homes for every man, woman, and child; that as the houses were, so were the people; and that, if you would cure drunkenness, you must attack rotten tenements. The later committee says that it finds that America, with all its boasted progress, has succeeded in packing humanity more densely in least hopeful conditions than even the oldest cities of Europe. The city of New York has 143.2 per acre population. Paris comes next, with 125.2; but the conditions of existence in Paris are far superior to those in several American cities. In New York's Tenth Ward there are 626.26 to an acre, while in one district the density culminates at 986.4 persons to every one of the thirty-two acres. How is this density accomplished? Simply by adding to the bad enough ordinary tenement rear buildings so as to cover the whole area of a block almost solidly with houses, leaving only a narrow space of possibly fifteen feet between walls seven to ten stories high. Down into these pits sunlight never finds its way, and hardly any light. The air is eternally pregnant with poison and stench, and the steam of a thousand employments. The bottom strata has a basement lower still,—a cellar life from which Dante could have borrowed pictures of hell as horrible as any that comprise his Inferno.

Those who have looked into this matter personally—and it is the grand duty of every citizen to do so for himself—will have stamped on his brain a never-fading picture of human horrors. Winding by narrow, tortuous, slimy steps, one comes on door after door which opens to reveal degradation that cannot be written down. Girls and boys nearly naked, a drunken mother, and poverty at its worst; but at the next door a clean room and a helpless old woman, with a Bible and a fag-end of life burning out in dreary loneliness. She has seen better days; but, for the most part, it is a terrible struggle to live. Not one in fifty of these families occupying only a single room, or at best two rooms, but has a degree of longing for betterment. They are only too glad to have their children taught bread-winning and soul-saving

truths. Many of them live in almost total darkness; and the eyes of whole families become afflicted with ophthalmia, and then blindness. The sick cannot be cared for. There are no such things as sanitary conditions or healing conditions. "All hope yield, ye who enter here."

Mr. Booth is disappointed with America. From his standpoint he has a right to be. Whatever we have done politically to advance human conditions, we have fallen completely into the slough of European social helplessness. In fact, Glasgow, Birmingham, Berlin, are reforming away from us. Mr. Booth says: "I expected to find you extremely wise. I don't think I ever saw so much humbug, so much appeal to prejudice, so little calm decision in matters affecting public safety. The millionaire is on top now, and the great crowd is struggling underneath in misery. They are the *sans-culottes*,—the breechless fellows. The next revolution will not be by force: it will be by your own ballot-box. You have here the darkest New York, besides your tramp population of one million,—the criminals, gamblers, and all who live by the vices of others. They procreate like vermin. This is just as it is in darkest England."

But let us understand that the social sentiment of the day does not believe in the need of pauperism. It has slowly been convincing itself that society may absolutely abolish the disease of poverty. There will then still be an uttermost, but a saved uttermost,—an upward and not a downward-looking uttermost. The plan proposed by Mr. Booth to attack social misery as founded the world. He actually believed pauperism could be done away with, and poverty be left nowhere without a silver lining. Members of Parliament laughed. Bishops preached him down. But a few said: "Give him a trial. He has faith." But this faith has spread. The scheme proposed by Mr. Booth included labor bureaus, shelters, workshop, a prison gate house, and farm colonies, besides a household salvage brigade and depots for food. That this is the finality in our social struggle, and wholly workable, is not worth discussing. It is certainly getting down to the roots, where soup-houses and promiscuous charity and legislation for temporary relief never did get. The English legislative programme turns on this same question of abolishing social misery. It is charged with new faith. No ministry could last a month that left out social reform from its budget. Germany has inaugurated child colonies. It has also adopted a system of old-age pensions. It has based these on compulsory insurance of all laborers against illness, and of all employees against accidents. Insurance comes one-third from wages and two-thirds from employers. Legislation to the same end in this country has been less rational as well as less useful. There is a spirit in it all of vote-buying. But the air is full of confidence that the horrors of our present social system are remediable. To the uttermost there may and must be salvation. Every one should have not only sympathy with poor, but should, above all, make a thorough study of the subject, and be ready for enlightened voting as well as co-operation otherwise. The day for preaching up another world as a balance to this has passed: we must take the world we have and make it the best.

Where does faith come in? Have we given up the old gospel? Really, at no period of religious history has faith been more needed or had a more generous welcome. The work that goes down to the bottom of society needs such faith in God as was never exercised before,—and such faith in man. Optimism is the first duty,—not mere belief, but a working faith. The world never before saw a deliberate purpose to put out misery and create social conditions involving betterment and hope for every human being. The whole of Christianity so exhausted itself in believing creeds that quarrelled over eternal rewards for the handful and hells for the masses that there was no strength left for faith in God here and now, and in the salvation of the pitiful from present damnation. Even the rise of modern science, while overthrowing mediævalism, did not deliver us from pessimism. Heredity took the place of decrees, to keep the uttermost down. We got rid of Malthus and Calvin, only to get a scientific restatement of the doctrine that some are born under a hope-

less blight. But a better faith shines forth. It is Jesus in the colleges; it is Christ in the legislative halls. We must save to the uttermost, or go down from the uppermost.

THE NORWEGIAN BILL.

We have received the following communication from the secretary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, replying to an "Editorial Note" in the *Christian Register* of March 14, in which we urged that it would be better for the society to let the bill have a fair trial:—

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

1. We have placed no "orators in the field." The only persons authorized to speak for us on the system were Rev. Dr. Plumb and Dr. H. A. Gibbs, who were desired by the society to appear before the legislative committee, and did so March 14, after the *Register* article was printed.

2. We have printed no pamphlets on the subject. The January number of the *Temperance Cause* contained an article against the system, and the February number had an article in reply, favoring the system. We have issued no leaflet on the subject since September, 1893, and have not circulated any for over a year.

3. At the annual meeting of the society held Jan. 23, 1895, which meeting was legally advertised, a vote was passed unanimously condemning the system. No member or contributor has complained to the office of the attitude of the society.

4. There is not the slightest evidence that the president of this society officially signed any document favoring the system.

ALFRED NOON, Secretary.

In another letter Dr. Noon says, "Please remember that I did not say the society is not opposing the Norwegian Bill, but that we did not do the specific act that you had supposed, and probably had good reasons to suppose"; that is to say, the circulation of tracts and the putting of an orator in the field against the system.

The specific acts referred to were not what we complained of, but the opposition of the society to the Norwegian Bill. The system was condemned at the annual meeting January last; and, though no orators were placed in the field, Rev. Dr. Plumb and Dr. H. H. Gibbs, as the secretary states, were authorized and desired by the society to appear before the legislative committee in opposition to the bill.

We do not deny the right of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society to take action against this bill, and to send members to the State House to do all they can to defeat it. We only regret that, if the society cannot encourage the bill, it should not be willing to withhold its active opposition and to give the permissive law an opportunity to be tried. The collections of the society have fallen off in the last year, partly owing to the hard times; but we believe there are many who will be surely alienated if the society is to be diverted from the educational work which is its true function to the work of opposing legislative measures for the regulation of the traffic made in the interest of temperance and good order. It is undoubtedly true that the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, in educating men and women to abstain from intoxicating liquor, can accomplish results which cannot be obtained by the Norwegian system; but we also believe that, under present conditions, the Norwegian system can accomplish results in the reduction of the traffic which cannot be obtained by the society.

Meanwhile the liquor men rejoice that the most serious legislative blow which has been aimed at them should be opposed by this society; and, if they relax their efforts this year in the legislature against it, it is because they are willing that Dr. Plumb and Dr. Gibbs, in behalf of the society, should secure its defeat for them.

Mr. Noon's statement that the president of the society has not officially signed any protest against the bill is calculated to mislead those who do not place the right emphasis on the word "officially." The ground ex-Gov. Long has taken may be seen from the following letter written last year and with a postscript written a few weeks since:—

Dear Mr. Thorp,—I have not given the Norwegian Bill sufficient study, nor do I comprehend its effect enough to give an opinion as to its merits by which I should wish to be bound. But I am much impressed by the statement which Mrs. Livermore makes. Under our present law we have prohibition in all towns that vote for it; and, the Norwegian Bill not applying to them, they would not be affected by it.

I understand that it will apply to those only which have twice in succession voted for license. In those, therefore, it would be simply a question between the present system of license (with the profit going to the professional liquor-seller, who has every stimulus to enlarge that profit) and the Norwegian system, which more sharply restrains and regulates the traffic and gives the profit to responsible hands, with no inducement to enlarge it. Even in our license towns it could not be adopted except by majority vote. It would seem, therefore, that, first, there is very little chance, even if the bill is enacted, of its becoming operative at present in more than two or three municipalities,—the rest will wait the result in them; and, second, that in those two or three it cannot be worse, but is likely to be better in its effects than the license system which it will displace. Under these circumstances, I am inclined to think that it would be wise to try the experiment, if only as an experiment, in those two or three towns that would give it a chance.

Truly yours,
JOHN D. LONG.

J. G. THORP, JR.

Dear Mr. Thorp,—I am still of the same opinion, and am glad that your bill of this year adds still further safeguards.

Truly,
JOHN D. LONG.

March 9, 1895.

There are many strong temperance men who practically believe as ex-Gov. Long does, and who therefore prefer to follow the leading of the president of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society rather than that of the secretary.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

It is like shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen to describe the spring exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society when the cut flowers have faded and the hundreds of blossoming plants have been scattered to the many greenhouses of the State. Still, those who failed to see the exhibition of last week may be incited to take a lesson from the flowers when next the Horticultural Society opens its doors to the public.

The two halls were scenes of marvellous beauty, bewitching the eye with the wealth of color and perfection of form, and ensnaring the senses with the mingled sweetness of Easter lilies and orange blossoms. To one who has gathered the scented cyclamens of the Austrian Alps, or on the sunny hillsides of the Ionian Isles has picked handfuls of their white and pink-tinged blossoms, the cyclamens of this exhibition were simply wonders. The original shades of color were there. The general outline of form was unmistakable. The leaves were the same mottled and richly beautiful objects clustering above the roots. But in profusion, in size, in depth of color, they were wonderfully unlike. There is no more difference between the court ladies of Athens and the bare-footed peasant girls among the hills than between the almost ethereal cyclamens of Greece and the royally clad beauties that flaunted their magnificent colors in Horticultural Hall.

"Where did they get that deep rich color?" we asked a gardener.

"Oh, we've been working for it for years," he replied.

"And this mass of white, on which, by count, three hundred flowers, each four inches across, are blooming,—how did you get that?"

"By cultivation." It was the same story everywhere, though more pronounced in the case of the cyclamens; for there has never been such an exhibition of them in Boston before. The roses; the cinerarias, in their Joseph's coat of many colors; the innumerable individuals of the lily family; and many another plant and flower,—repeated the same tale. They were all the results of cultivation, of education, of patient toil and incessant care.

And yet, with all this mass of beauty, this absolute prodigality of hue and increase of size, there was something intangible missing. One stood beside great roses, almost like young cabbages in size and fulness, and thought with a tinge of regret of the single-petalled Cherokee rose, in its brilliant whiteness; or the eglantine, half hidden among its fragrant leaves; or the simple "violet by a mossy stone." The cinerarias were masses of bloom; but, somehow, they suggested over-dressed, dusky belles. And their simpler cousins of the composite family lost nothing in grace and simplicity by comparison. And even the gorgeous cyclamens, so heavy with beauty that they leaned on each other for support,

had lost the delicacy of their wild sisters, each balancing on its own stock in the autumn wind; and, as one bent over them, there was no sweet breath of perfume such as we were wont to know.

Is there in this a parable? Is it true, as some modern writers claim, that along with the culture, the training, the higher mental and physical development of humanity, a certain spiritual essence has disappeared? It is said that in India, when the young men have received a college training, and have once broken caste, they are apt to become intemperate; and it is believed by many that in Russia a striking tendency of the higher education is to lead to laxity in morals. And in this country the complaint is constantly heard that the scientific student and the man of letters forget that there is such a thing as religion, as represented in any of its organized forms. But that this is not necessarily so some of the noblest scientists, the most brilliant students, and the most beloved of men of letters are ample proof. There is, however, enough truth in the criticism to serve as a warning.

But there is one thing to be remembered. These beautiful productions of the natural world,—the fruits and flowers that gardeners love to bring together as evidence of their skill,—though they may seem only to flaunt brilliant blossoms, are sound of heart and well-rooted. The very fact of their luxuriance is proof that they have the principle of life at its best. All the soul they possess bursts forth in the beauty of the flower. That is all that one can ask of human education. If the soul be evolved, as well as the muscles and the mind, we need not fear a decadence of the truest spirituality or of the religious instinct. Though we may say of the flowers under modern culture, "Lo, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," we may also say of the well-developed human soul, "A greater than Solomon is here."

Musings.

Two years ago I made a delightful pilgrimage to Delphi. I was centuries too late to consult the oracle. The priests had long since vanished; but there were the shining rocks, the deep gorge, the beautiful Kastalian spring pouring forth a volume of water and Mount Parnassus lifting its head into the clouds. There were the dark groves of olives in the plain below, and from the heights above could be seen the placid waters of the Corinthian Gulf. On the site of the ancient temple the French Archaeological School were busy making their excavations. It is a tempting field, which American archaeologists once had an opportunity to secure, and might have secured if money had been more promptly pledged. One of the most fascinating experiences in excavating is to find a stone that speaks. It may be a speaking face, like the beautiful Hera head found by the American School at Argos; the incomparable Hermes found at Olympia; or some of the joyful, bewitching Tanagra figures; or a stone bearing an inscription which reveals thought and history. But it is rare to find a stone which not only speaks, but sings. Such was the good fortune of the French School soon after I left. The excavators had the joy of announcing to the world that two stones containing a hymn to Apollo had been found in the Athenian treasure-house at Delphi. The importance of this discovery was not in the words of the hymn, but in the music which accompanied it, and which Messrs. Reinach & Weil of Paris succeeded in transcribing. It furnished to us the most complete example of Greek music that we have from the past.

This music was reproduced about a year ago at the French School at Athens. I have ever since had a great curiosity to hear it. Two weeks ago I obtained from Harvard College the transcript made by the French experts, and, through the kindness of Prof. Irving J. Mannatt, LL.D., of Brown University, a transcript of the same hymn, with piano accompaniment arranged by Mr. Polykratos of Athens. Other kind friends were willing to co-operate in rendering the hymn. A chorus of a dozen voices was organized; and at a lecture on "The Religion of Greece" a photograph of these ancient stones was revealed with pictures of Delphi, while behind the screen on

the stage the chorus helped us to imagine the Athenian pilgrims singing this hymn as they moved toward the sacred shrine. The five-eight rhythm in which it is written was a little hard at first, and the progressions in the latter half of the hymn are somewhat trying to our modern ear for tonality. It is hard to tell just where you are and where you are going; but there are bars in the first half which are beautiful and impressive, and a modern composer might find in them a fruitful theme. To me it was of great personal interest to think that the melody hidden in the stone for more than twenty-two centuries should break forth again and be sung in a part of the world then undiscovered. It is curious to find the Greeks setting a hymn of praise in a minor mode: it is something like setting the "Hallelujah Chorus" to the tune of old "Windham." Twenty-four hours after I heard Mr. Horatio Parker's brilliant rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand," and Schubert's C major Symphony No. 9; and I concluded that, though we are far behind the old Greeks in plastic art, we can beat them altogether in the matter of music. It may not be fair to judge Greek music by a single specimen; and I have heard worse music in Greece to-day, and also in some of our hymn-books, than this hymn to Apollo. Nevertheless, I think it is perfectly safe to say that music in its highest development is a modern achievement.

Brevities.

We have complications enough at home without introducing foreign ones.

There is a true conservatism: it is the salt which preserveth. There is a true radicalism: it is the root of vitality.

The opera feshet has set in again at Boston; and we shall have an inundation of charm,—none better than the Fire Charm.

"Words," says the *Religious Herald*, "cut deeper than the sword." And the wounds they make are often harder to heal.

In regard to Negro immigration to Africa, it may be said, if the deportment of the white men is what it ought to be, it will not be necessary to deport the Negroes.

The American Unitarian Association is looking for free silver, but would prefer to have the same weight in free gold. Several tons of it would be very acceptable.

It now remains to be seen whether Harvard College, having entered the football contest, will be able to make its goal, or whether it will be obliged to close for lack of students.

Rev. Norman Fox, D.D., a prominent Baptist minister, maintains in an article in the *Independent* views on the subject of the Lord's Supper which will seem radical and revolutionary to the close communionists.

The *Congregationalist* says: "It is surprising that any friend of temperance should consent to oppose such a measure as the Norwegian Bill. With all deference to those who oppose the bill, we continue to believe that to cripple the serpent of the saloon as much as possible, since it cannot be killed outright at once, is the wisest policy."

Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. Hamilton, who had charge of the music, and whom many of the North have heard sing from year to year as the second bass in the quartette. Mr. Hamilton was a graduate of Hampton, and had much natural ability as a musician. He played the piano, and was a good solo singer. He was always courteous and gentlemanly, and was a general favorite in his repeated trips to the North.

Though withdrawn from the active ministry for many years, Rev. Frederick W. Holland was a familiar figure in Boston and vicinity, and maintained his lifelong interest in religious and charitable work. Of the class of which he graduated at Harvard in 1831, which included Wendell Phillips and many distinguished names, but few survive him. Mr. Holland retained the use of his faculties to the end of his life, and his interest in current religious movements. For several years he was a frequent visitor at the *Register* office, taking magazines and newspapers to the inmates of the Cambridge jail.

Pro and Con.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Those attending the series of Saturday afternoon Sunday-school lessons given by Rev. William H. Pulsford at Channing Hall are given to question why many permit this opportunity to pass unimproved.

Mr. Pulsford is rarely gifted in power of keen intellectual criticism, presenting the latest results, combined with a deeply reverent spirit for the essential truth, which he illustrates with a graphic vividness which makes the Bible scene a living reality. Under his teaching the Bible is read *anew*, and one can hardly understand how those engaged in Sunday-school or in parental instruction can permit this opportunity to pass. The remaining lessons of the series will be given to the closing scenes in the life of Jesus. G. H. H.

THE PROBLEM OF PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

A famous evangelist, preaching to a congregation of convicts at the penitentiary of Ontario, is reported as follows: "It is the *rottenest rubbish* for people to say God has no place of punishment."

This evangelist teaches, I believe, the doctrine of eternal punishment. I conceive of the Spirit of God being perfect and unchangeable, and also of his being the "Spirit of Love." He must therefore be the Spirit of Love at all times and under all circumstances. He is a loving teacher, to whom the passion of anger is alien.

Now, whatever God is, he must act in accordance with the laws of his own Being, else he would be changeable, capricious, and imperfect. If all nature is subject to the same perfect law, it is impossible for any creature to violate its nature: it must, of necessity, act in accordance with the laws of its nature. Good and evil are merely relative terms, used by man to describe actions when judged by their results. In reality, there is nothing evil; for are not all things of the nature of God? The natural consequences of our actions teach us the laws of God's nature, and I hold we are in the position of the student who must learn his own lessons: no other can learn them for him. Humanity is the student; and God, through nature, is the Teacher, through whatever existence or school we may be passing. We make the mistake of compelling obedience. Should we not rather lead, and study tendencies, and encourage? We have no right to make such arbitrary rules concerning private conduct, with unnatural penalties incurred for the breaking of such rules. What is excess in one is abstinence in another; and, in making such rules and penalties, we place dams in natural channels. We have the right to protect ourselves. Indeed, we cannot help doing so; and the natural penalties consequent upon certain actions have that end in view. God, through nature and the reasonable action of man, effects all reforms.

Punishment is the plan adopted by the savage to coerce the weaker.

If a tiger destroys our children, we destroy the tiger; but we do not torture it. Why should we submit a human being to torture, as we do when we take away his liberty, and cage him, and underfeed him, giving him work to which he may be totally unsuited, clothe him in hideous garb, and brand him as an outcast, when perhaps we have obtained the power which enables us to so treat him by treading upon him and raising ourselves at his expense. Upon what is our social rank built, if not upon those whom we affect to despise?

Punishment, indeed! Have we not made God in our own image? But, as our knowledge increases, and we get more civilized, we believe in a gentler, manlier God. We first say that he could not punish eternally, and then we say he is Love itself.

The day of might—savage physical might—is on the wane. The dawn of the day of sympathy and love is at hand. The God of might, yet jealous of his weak creatures, is in his death less terrible than of old. Freedom we may have by ceasing to cower before him, by rising and adoring the mightier God of pity and of love.

EDWIN JAMES.

Montreal, Quebec.

For the *Christian Register*.

HYMN.

GOD WITH US.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

When, in the spirit's solitude,
We meet the Over-Soul,
The self is lost in oneness with
The all-embracing whole.
And then the silent depths within
Are rapturously stirred
With thoughts of human brotherhood,—
The heart's divinest word.

To make this union with the Soul
The bloom of every hour,
This word divine within the heart
The fragrance of life's flower,
We meet and blend our orisons;
And thus, with prayer and song,
The Over-Soul of solitude
We find amid the throng.

Oh, how the electric messages
Through every fibre run,—
A brotherhood of human souls
Inhering in the One!
And hearts and lives, with nobler beat,
Approach the longed-for goal,—
An ever-present consciousness
Of God, the Over-Soul.

THE USE OF A CHURCH.*

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

It costs a great deal of money to carry on a church. The prominent churches of any one of our large cities probably require, on an average, at least \$8,000 a year apiece for their successful maintenance. But in an estimate of cost we ought, in fairness, to add to this sum the interest on money invested in the plant, which would be perhaps \$5,000 more, making a total of \$13,000 a year as the cost of supporting religious services. A thoughtful man cannot help inquiring into the use of a church, whether the result justifies the outlay. And the question becomes more important when we enlarge our view, and consider not one church alone, but all the churches. The last census gives as the value of all the church property in the United States about \$680,000,000. At 4 per cent. the interest of money invested in buildings devoted to religious uses amounts to about \$27,000,000. Statistics for current expenses are not available; but comparison of such as are accessible, with the estimated value of corresponding church property, makes it probable that, on an average, the running expenses are about 16 per cent. of the value of the property. At this ratio the maintenance of religion in the United States is at an expense of about \$113,000,000, which, added to the \$27,000,000 representing interest on money invested in land and buildings, gives a total of \$140,000,000. When, now, we consider the mass of suffering and vice due to miserable conditions of life which might be alleviated, were more money available for the measures proposed by wise, enlightened philanthropy, such as are now indicated by the government in England should the Welsh Disestablishment Bill become a law, the query is inevitable whether the \$140,000,000 might not be used to better advantage. What if all the churches in the land would give for their support in ways of practical helpfulness,—Would it not be better for our communities and for the country at large? First of all, then, as thoughtful men, we are bound to ask what is the use of a church, of churches, which, in face of squalor and misery all too apparent about us, represent so enormous an expenditure?

It may be we are inclined to reply, when the question is put in this form, that it is nobody's business but our own whether the money is well used or not. A wealthy man may say that he allows himself the luxury of wines, cigars, carriages, beautiful pictures; and, if he chooses to expend money for the luxury of noble architecture, exquisite music, and eloquent preaching, no one has a right to interfere, or even question the propriety of his action. Well, we waive, for the time, considerations which may be deemed sentimental, and criticise the argument solely on the low ground where, so far, we have been dwelling. In the vast majority of cases church property is exempt from taxation. This means that every man's tax bill in the city is a trifle higher than it would be if this immunity did not exist. In ancient times in New England a direct tax was levied upon the inhabitants of a town for the support of

*Address delivered at the March meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club.

public worship. Now, with the voluntary principle, there is still a tax upon every property-owner for the same purpose, though less in amount and indirect in character. Therefore, every tax-payer has a right to ask whether a church is of sufficient benefit to the community to justify its freedom from taxation. In a word, the State does not tax church property because it is believed to be of benefit to the entire community. Therefore, if we resent the inquiry into the use of a church, saying that it makes no difference to any but ourselves how the money it represents is employed, we ought not to claim remission of taxes. To regard a church as a personal luxury, and still to claim for it freedom from taxation as a public benefit, is dishonest. Therefore, our question for this evening interests us not only as thoughtful, prudent men, but also as citizens. What is the use of a church that warrants us in placing it on the list of untaxed property?

Once more, only a small proportion of the inhabitants of this country is in the habit of attending church. Among the non-church-goers two feelings are easily discernible,—indifference and hostility. The first feeling seems to me almost contemptible; for an institution so powerful and far-reaching, claiming such privileges, so potent for good or evil, ought not to be an object of indifference to any thoughtful man. But how can we explain the very obvious fact that there are some who are manifestly antagonistic to the Church, and would gladly see it swept out of existence. It is not because of the financial burdens it entails; for most of those to whom I refer are seldom, if ever, visited by the tax-gatherer. Neither can it be wholly because churches are considered a bulwark of conservatism and hostile to progress; for there is no such outcry against institutions of higher learning, although it has frequently been asserted that educated men are usually stumbling-blocks in the way of great reform movements. One explanation is to be found in the fact that, commonly, those who rail at the churches speak respectfully, and even admiringly, of Jesus. He was right, they say; but the Church isn't his kind. It is partly because the Church is regarded as unfaithful to its founder that men are hostile to it: in the light of his ideal the Church is condemned. To this others may be indifferent, but not we who have taken for our motto "the religion of Jesus." Therefore, it is not only as thoughtful men and as citizens, but also as those who believe in Jesus as revealing the true way of life, that we must ask seriously and sincerely, What is the use of the Church?

A few years ago, in one of our Unitarian Clubs, the question was proposed, "What can a Church that is in Earnest do?" The speaker of the evening began by answering, "Everything, anything." Undoubtedly, it can; and the reply is not alien to our idea of religion as having to do with all departments of human thought and activity. But should it attempt to do "anything and everything"? Prof. Haeckel has reminded us in his latest book that in early times what he calls the soul, meaning the entire mental activity, was distributed throughout all the cells of the body. "Only in the higher animals," he says, "is the soul life found to be localized and connected with special organs." Division of labor, specialization of functions, is the law in progressive societies. In these days an organization or a man attempting to do everything is anachronistic. Therefore, while, in a sense, it may be true that the Church must do everything, the presumption is that it may leave much to other agencies which it inspires and directs, and also that there is some special function, peculiarly its own, which it cannot delegate to another.

In seeking to discover whether the Church has any such proper work, to which it may devote itself increasingly as specialization becomes more close, we shall find no better method than that which Socrates employed. We must build up an ideal man; and then see where, if anywhere, the Church finds work which it alone can do. What, then, do we desire for ourselves and our children? First, health. We wish for our children perfection of the physical organism,—steady nerves, obedient muscles, senses capable of accurate perception. Second, we desire intelligence,—mental health, sanity of mind. We educate our children, that the laws of the universe may be written upon

their brains, till their thought is true to the processes of nature. Third, we insist upon character,—that the laws which make for the strength and stability of societies may be obeyed also by the individual. Certainly, these three elements enter into the ideal man,—health, intelligence, character.

It will be observed that they are arranged on an ascending scale. If we cannot have both health and intelligence, the latter is preferable. Moreover, any father would rather have his son honest, pure, loving than unscrupulously intelligent. If there be any momentary doubt, our permanent and unbiassed admiration removes it. We admire physical perfection, we respect intelligence, we reverence character. Furthermore, each of these constituents affects slightly its superior, but is far more deeply affected in return. With our knowledge concerning the physical basis of thought, it cannot be denied that physical health has much to do with mental development; yet the mind, by its power to discover hygienic laws, the conditions of disease, and means of immunity, has a far greater influence upon the body. Similarly, intelligence has determinative force upon character; yet it will be acknowledged that, as Ruskin says, every duty we leave undone obscures a truth we should have known. To lie is to weaken the power of seeing truth: only the pure in heart see God anywhere. And if, as we believe, the laws of nature are at heart moral, no man can discern them truly and fully save as their moral side is revealed in and to personal character. Health, intelligence, character,—these are three elements of the ideal man, arranged on an ascending scale, each affecting the one above it, but more deeply influenced in return.

Are these three all? Obviously, not; for a man may be in perfect physical condition, thoroughly trained and equipped mentally, and of undoubted character, and still be unable to appreciate Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, or Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." No man blind to the beauty of nature, for whom Browning, Inness, Schubert, are as if they had never been, can be a perfect, ideal man: there is lacking to him that which, for want of a better term, we call ideality. In Arthur's hall, which Merlin built, were four zones, in the lowest of which beasts were killing men, denoting the supremacy of physical strength. In the second men were slaying beasts, symbolizing the victory of intelligence over the mere animal. In the third were perfect men, knights without fear and reproach, as the emblem of character. But above were men with growing wings of aspiration and ideality. This, therefore, we may place last and highest in the scale. Physical health contributes to it; intellect broadens its base and enriches by association its products, guiding its activity; character helps it more by opening the eyes to the beauty and wonder of the world; and, on the other hand, ideality, through its organ, the imagination, aids in the quest for hygienic laws, foresees physical danger, and provides the way of escape, is invaluable for the student who would fain predict on the basis of fact, and through the ideals it creates gives richness and power to character. Thus ideality, imagination, does not exist for itself alone: it is not merely the solace and refreshment of an idle hour. It is of service in every realm of being, giving freshness, vitality, outlook, to all; and, as one rises in the scale, it becomes increasingly useful. It is the glory and crown of man; the true master, existing for the welfare of all underlings. Whatever, then, contributes to the strength or guides the activity of this faculty really affects the entire man in the largest and most natural way.

Here, then, are four traits of an ideal man,—health, intelligence, character, ideality; and where does the Church come with its specific work? Is it the task of the Church to care for the physical conditions of existence? One would think so from the emphasis laid nowadays upon the idea of a sociological church, devoting itself to philanthropic work. From all sides comes the penetrating cry for what is styled practical religion: the Church must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, make war upon vile tenement-houses, and lead in all movements of reform. With this demand all of us, I think, most cordially sympathize. Yet may it not be that the idea is being carried to an extreme,—that we are in danger of falling into a partial view of the use

of the Church, and even, it may be, losing sight of its distinctive function? One principle is all-important; and that is that to do another's work is bad for him and bad also for one's own work, which is robbed of so much energy and time. The chief lesson of Dr. Parkhurst's success in New York lies in this, that he did not attempt to close saloons and gambling-houses directly, but did seek to arouse public sentiment to such a pitch that it would compel the police force to do its sworn duty. It is a lesson worth learning and taking seriously to heart. It is bad policy to do work which belongs to somebody else instead of compelling him to do it. Now, it is the distinct, unmistakable duty of the State to care for the physical welfare of its citizens: for this cause was it born into the world, to protect the lives of its members. For instance, there is in the State a department of justice and a department of health. If, therefore, injustice is done and unwholesome conditions exist, it is not the business of the Church to resolve itself into a law and order league and buy brooms, but so to arouse the civic responsibility in each citizen that the officials whom the State employs for this very purpose may be obliged to do their duty. One objection that must be made to a great deal of work upon which the Church is now urged to enter is that it would be undertaking to accomplish what another agency has been created to do and ought to be obliged to do, and so is diverted from its special work,—about which more by and by. It can work best through existing agencies, by creating or strengthening ideals of citizenship and civic responsibility.

We need not shrink from applying to this principle the most crucial test; and, for one, I am willing to assert that it would be indefinitely better if the Church, as such, could abstain altogether from the administration of charity. A great deal of the waste and harm in modern charity is due to the undisciplined zeal of pious but unskilled church people, who by lack of discrimination, and by the tendency to overlap, frequently do more harm than good. If, for instance, a charity society already exists, supported by the community, all the charitable work of the town, except, perhaps, in very unusual cases, ought to be put into the hands of that society. If its officials are not wise and sympathetic, they should be removed, and their positions filled by more competent servants. The drift is toward the secularization of charity, and the Church ought gladly to leave the field. But, if this conclusion is sound, how much truer is it in the case of the innumerable things looking in the same direction which the Church is so often called upon to perform! In all strong and growing organisms specialization is an inevitable law, which must be obeyed. It is often asked, What is the attitude of a church toward socialism, nationalism, and kindred schemes of social reform? But, clearly, the solution of our present difficulties must come from specialists in sociology and political economy; and the hap-hazard talk of which so much is heard in our churches is not only useless, but even mischievous. The Church can create an atmosphere in which the sociologist may work, and which shall make easier the acceptance of his discovered remedy. But the way out of our difficulty must be shown by the specialists. The principle, then, is this,—open to exceptions, of course, but valuable as a general guide,—that the physical well-being of society, the health and safety of the community, have been intrusted to the State or are gradually coming into the control of secular organizations; and it is wise for the Church to allow specialization to have its perfect work. It may be necessary for the Church to lead the way, to foster and intensify the ideals which should govern other agencies; but it should be clearly recognized that the present and, as I think, commendable tendency is to take these functions out of the care of the Church.

Rising in the scale, the next element, in the consummate man—intelligence—need not detain us long; for the process of secularizing education has been pretty thoroughly carried out, and is generally accepted. By common consent, in our democracy the State assumes the education of children,—at all events, up to the college grade; and the Church, as such, is expected to keep its hands off. It may be, indeed, that there is need of a more sympathetic

allegiance to the public school system. Speaking for myself, I dislike private schools, except in the case of unusual boys, and would have every boy and girl begin school life in the public schools. Time is wasted, of course. All my early education was gained here in the public schools of Boston; and fully half the years spent were thrown away, so far as intellectual acquirements are concerned. But time is lost to good advantage if loyalty to the State and democracy of spirit are won. One who realizes that for the enlargement which has become his through educational facilities he is indebted solely to the State cannot help feeling gratitude and civic loyalty impossible to another whose training has been in a private school. Of equal value is the democratic spirit engendered in the public school. A member of the present Freshman Class at Harvard remarked to me only this week that the Boston Latin School fellows of his own class whom he had met were a splendid set of men; and he added, "What I like best about them is the democratic spirit they show everywhere." That is a legitimate fruit of public school training; and, if parents who feel—and often justly—that the public schools are not good enough for their children would turn to and improve them, instead of packing their sons off to private schools, the result would be better all round. By encouraging true ideas of citizenship and democracy, the Church can and should keep us alert to the needs of State education; but it ought not to undertake what the State or other agencies can do more efficiently and to much better advantage. Here, again, it may be necessary for the Church to lead the way. In Chicago the First Church has supported for many years a Herford Kindergarten, but it is work that ought to be done at public expense; and, when public kindergartens are fairly established, the Church will cheerfully give up its charge, feeling sure that it is better so. Similarly, in Unity Clubs or study classes the Church has done noble service in intellectual advancement; but, ordinarily, it would be poor policy for us to attempt to carry on this work in competition with University Extension. Generally, then, it may be said that the tendency toward the secularization of education, leading to its assumption by the State or other agencies, is wholesome, and that, as this specialization goes on, the Church will be freed more and more from this duty, and left to work, if there be such, which is peculiarly and specifically its own. If the Church will only not impair intellectual development, it will do more than many churches succeed in accomplishing nowadays.

In coming to character, we feel instinctively that here, certainly, we are in the legitimate province of a church. But for right-doing two things are required: first, a knowledge of what is right; and, second, a sufficient willingness to do it. Ordinarily, in situations of grave ethical importance, we know the right; but inspiration is lacking. Moral laws have been rubbed into us by the experiences of many generations, so that, for all practical purposes, we may be said to know them. But the struggle is to obey. If, then, the Church has to do with character-making, it must be more in the way of inspiration than of information. Whence, then, come our most powerful ethical inspirations? Shall we not agree that it is from the realization of personality? When we realize our own personality, self-respect is born, which is one of the very mightiest forces that make for righteousness. The essential of ethics, we have been told, is that a man should "realize his neighbor," never forgetting, not only that the man with whom he deals suffers as he suffers, but also that he has personality to be respected and revered like his own. For patriotism, we have the State, conceived of not as an aggregation of individuals, but as a unit, with a personal existence. When we speak of the civic conscience, we are not using a figure of speech: the State is, as poets and orators have described her, an august moral personality, with a destiny of her own. And, then, finally, when one asks for the ground and warrant of personality in man and the State, he must find it ultimately in the personality of the world, in God. If there is nothing in the world corresponding to human personality, then man, as he becomes more personal, gets out of harmony with his environment, and is under condemnation. The worth and the promise of

the personality of man lie in the personality of the world. Unless that be real, our ideals, born out of personality and tending to enlarge it, are without sanction. In the realization of personality, then,—in one's self, in his neighbor, in the State, in the world,—we find the supreme moral inspiration.

Manifestly, this power of realizing personality is a part of ideality. Music, art, poetry, holy lives, reveal the personality of nature. And at this point we come upon religion in its purest form. For the great word of religion is personality,—personality in man, personality in the universe. The chief organ of religion is the imagination. And here, as I take it, we come upon the Church and its peculiar work as the agency by which we are aided to realize personality. Its prime concern is with those prophecies of personality, developing along ethical lines, which we name moral ideals. Art educates ideality in one way, religion in another; and yet religion, with its thought of God, insures the validity of all ideals whatsoever. And since, as we have previously seen, ideality reaches down through all the spheres of being, animating all, the Church, which deals with that power in man, to strengthen and direct it, helps through it, in the best and most natural way, all the relations of human life. God is infinite Personality, disclosed as life in the physical forms, as wisdom in the intellect, as holiness in character, as grace in ideality. Health means his full presence in the body by obedience to hygienic laws; truth, his presence in the mind by obedience to mental laws; holiness, his presence in character by the fulfilling of moral laws; beauty, his perfect presence in ideality, when the conditions of the incoming Spirit are met by the culture of the imagination. Hence the Church which makes God real to man is, in the strictest sense of the word, doing everything; but it is doing it in nature's way, by touching man at his highest and sending its influence downward through already existing natural agencies.

This, then, is the peculiar work of the Church, to encourage and nourish ideality,—especially along the lines of moral, as distinct from æsthetic, development,—and in this way to move the entire man. Not that the time has yet come when the Church can afford to do this alone, for the specialization is yet very far from complete; not that the Church must not now do many things which other agencies will finally perform. It is far from my thought to disparage or discourage the extraordinary interest of the Church in practical philanthropy. Only it ought to be clearly recognized that in such departments the Church will do its duty best by making itself unnecessary as soon as possible; that, soon or late, it will be free to do its own specific work; and, most of all, that in absorption in practical philanthropy the Church cannot afford to lose sight of its own most important and permanent duty. Beyond doubt the sociological church, of which we are hearing so much nowadays, devoting itself to what are called works of practical benevolence, is a noble and right development; yet is there not danger that it may become as one-sided as was the phase out of which we are emerging? Are there not indications that the distinctive mission of the Church is fading out of view? Without in the least denying the value of the sociological church, may we not plead also for the idealistic church,—the church of meditation and worship, seeking to read the religious implications of the new sciences, and to touch human life on its highest reaches? And, if we are to have an idealistic church, it must be also a theological church.

To speak in praise of a theological church may seem to many reactionary, old-fashioned. We are shy of theology, half inclined to cross ourselves and halloo for holy water whenever it is mentioned. But what is theology other than the thought structure of a man who believes in God with all his mind? When it is said that theology is out of date, the meaning must be either that thinking is anachronistic or that God need not be in all our thoughts. What our churches need—and not ours alone, but all the churches of Christendom—is not less theology, but more,—more close, hard, conscientious thinking about the facts of religion as disclosed in history and experience, and about the world in which we live, with man its yet unfath-

omed mystery. Thought lies back of conduct, or ought to; and character must have some sort of theology behind it. For, as has been said so often, idealistic ethics without a base of theology cannot be justified to our thinking. Shall we strive for what is termed religious feeling, and let theology go? But thought is the permanent possibility of emotion; and healthful religious feeling springs up within, and is not stimulated constantly from without. It is simply an absurdity to suppose that religion can exist, pure and permanent, without theology. If a church is to stand for the defence and culture of ideals, it must have a theology to establish the reality and validity, not of its own alone, but of all ideals. Shall we not, then, have done with the tiresome, senseless hue and cry against theology?

We, most of all; for, if there ever was a church in any period of the world's history which was manifestly called of God to be a theological church, it is ours. The future historian of religious evolution will look back upon the last half of the nineteenth century as the most momentous epoch in the entire course of religious development. For now the thought basis of religion is shifting from the supernatural to the natural. In government the divine right of kings has given place to democracy. By a precisely similar but far more remarkable change the supernatural revelation of ecclesiasticism is yielding to the natural revelation of humanity. The old order dies hard; but, unless all signs fail, the religion of the future will be grounded in the natural order alone. And, of all the churches in the world, our Unitarian Church, or, at least, a large portion of it, having discarded all extra-natural sanctions, and resting solely upon the human reason and moral sense,—occupying, that is, the position of future religion,—is in a position to-day to do more than any other church toward helping forward the natural evolution of religious thought. Other churches cannot do it, for their basis is still supernaturalism; and the liberal men working at the present problems are like men trying to untangle a fish-line held behind their backs. The theological thaw in Orthodoxy, of which we have heard so much, has resulted so far only in theological slush. When one thinks of the mighty thought problems pressing upon us, and understands that the religious life of the future, and of innumerable men and women in the present, must be grounded in natural theology, if it is to exist at all, and that our Church alone to-day is in a position to think that theology out, wonder deepens that there should be among us such scorn for theology, and so much seeming neglect of the great work laid at our doors. Can it be that, overcome by the magnitude of the task, and shrinking from the labor it involves, we are prone to sink back in dreary despair? But a great deal of our religious life to-day is a survival from the old discredited system, not a growth out of the new. It is our supreme business to show how the persistent facts of religious experience may coexist with the new system of thought,—not as survivals from the past, but as natural, inevitable outgrowths. This is what I mean, chiefly, by saying that we are set to do a *theological* work. Understand, I would not say a single word against the work of practical philanthropy. Only I do urge that, in doing this, we should not be unmindful of the unparalleled opportunities that are ours of aiding the process of religious growth. We need not cease to be a sociological church if we become also a theological church.

Once more, let us not forget that the principal activity of the Church must be on the higher reaches of life. By degrees, as time goes on, the philanthropic and educational work will be taken up by other societies; but what other organization is there now, or is there likely to be, which will undertake what has been described as the specific work of the Church? Against idealism the forces of our time are contending; against moral ideals our passions, and, more than all, our apathy, are arrayed. Surely, then, here is work, and work of the first importance, which the Church is called to perform. You will recall the scene in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" in which Mrs. Boyce marvels that her daughter should be so ignorant of the real agonies of life,—as if hunger and cold were the worst that can befall us. The real tragedies of this world are broken spirits and

crushed hearts, unfulfilled hopes, stunted natures, and in the cry more heart-rending even than the appeal for bread, "O God, for a man to arise in me, that the man I am may cease to be!" And for these spirits in prison the Church alone has a message of comfort and good cheer. We cannot afford to neglect the greater in our care for the less. A seven-day church is admirable, but most admirable when it is open for worship seven days; for some of us are still so far behind the times as to desire to have one place where all the associations conduce to reverent, exalted thought. Is it not written, "My house shall be called a house of *prayer* for all the nations"? Is it old-fashioned to believe with Jesus that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment, that man cannot live by bread alone, and that it profits nothing to gain the world at cost of a soul? Starving souls are more numerous than starving bodies. Shall they, too, not be fed? And it must be borne in mind also that, in the long run, the hope of philanthropy lies in that very moral idealism which it is the peculiar function of the Church to foster.

This, then, in a word, seems to me the principal work of the Church,—to foster moral idealism. To do this, it must be a church of high thought, and, more, of hard thinking; a church of personality, of worship, of mysticism. Whatever else it may be, this it must be. And the use of such a church in the life of the community is simply incalculable. It does what no other organization attempts; and its influence is felt, although it may not be acknowledged or perceived, in all human activity. The money that the church costs is not to be mentioned compared with its usefulness. But if, absorbed in "practical" concerns, the Church fails to touch men on their highest level, and give, in the realization of personality, the grandest inspiration of character, it must bear the rebuke of Jesus, "These ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS OF REV. EUGENE R. SHIPPEN.

There has indeed been no collusion between Mr. Fenn and myself, nor is there likely to be a collision; for the reason that I have myself many times urged the more serious study of theology as lying at the basis of our religious life. You will pardon me for not attempting to dovetail my remarks into those of Mr. Fenn, and, indeed, for pursuing a somewhat diverging line.

We may say that the permanent and abiding use and purpose of a church, which distinguish the institution in every age, and which give continuity to its existence, are worship and the service of man, which, translated into the language of the essayist for the evening, are the search for personality and the realization of personality in society; but the forms of worship and the forms of social service differ from generation to generation, according to the intellectual and social needs of the day. On this occasion I wish to speak of one of the social needs of the present,—one which the Church, better than any other institution, is adapted to meet, which the Church *must* meet if it would fulfil its twofold purpose and justify its claim as a servant of mankind as well as of the truth. I am convinced that one of the most important services a church can render to society to-day is to teach the lesson of democracy, and to act as a mediator between the warring factions of society,—not as a legal adviser, but as a common friend and moral arbiter. Democracy has been realized as a political ideal: as a social ideal it is scorned and flouted. The tendency of modern society is away from democracy. You cannot dispute that. There is no more social unity in America than there is racial unity. There is less and less social cohesion as years go on; but few there are who stop to think what this drift means to our social welfare. Men persuade themselves that philanthropic activity can unite the rents in the social fabric; but, though the forms of our modern charity are generally above censure,—that is to say, they are rational and scientific,—the spirit of much of our modern charity is that of patronage, the *descent* of the rich to the poor,—patronage which divides rather than unites men. How little do our charities start from inner lives and touch inner lives! There is care for the body, but there is lacking sympathy and love. How fruitless, from a large social

point of view, are the attempts of the well-intentioned to heal society's wounds by means of the ordinary charity salve! Democracy, I say, is farther from us than ever.

Again, it is perfectly evident to you that our industrial difficulties are no nearer a settlement than they were five years ago. The bitterness between the employer and the employed is growing, not decreasing. The end of all this is the most serious question confronting thoughtful men to-day. And at this moment, I think, it is more serious, more pressing—not more fundamental—than even the theological question. It seems to me evident that our comfortable lot blunts our sensibilities, so that we are not half aware of society's danger. And yet I am no alarmist. Most of the men I meet discuss the social question in an after-dinner mood.

I will not speak of remedies. They are the work of specialists not in the ministry. As the causes of society's ill-health are deep, so are the cures. I am not childish enough to propose a panacea; but I may legitimately suggest how the Church ought to meet the situation, so far as it can. The Church is fitted to teach the well-nigh forgotten lesson of democracy, because it is founded upon laws of ethics, and not on laws of etiquette; and because, ideally at least, it recognizes in every man a child of God and a brother. The Church is furthermore fitted to act as a mediator between the warring factions of society, because its God is a God of love and justice, its interests are spiritual, not temporal.

Now, it is generally acknowledged that the Unitarian branch of the Church universal has fully and adequately met the intellectual needs of men. We have come on to the solid rock of rationalism, naturalism. Our theology and our forms of worship are, generally speaking, in harmony with the most advanced thought and critical scholarship. This cannot be said of any other church. But it is as clear as daylight that the Unitarian Church is not meeting the social needs of the present. It was Dr. Hedge's wish that our denomination substitute the name Humanitarian for Unitarian; but when have we shown our full right and title to the former name? Splendid humanitarians we have had, but I am speaking of the prevailing tone and temper of our body. The lack of correspondence between the name and the reality would be ridiculous. There is only one body known to me which is consistently humanitarian, and that is the Salvation Army. And I, for one, do not think that its enthusiasm for humanity is bound up with its irrational theology. I believe in a church of the future that is as earnest for man as is the Salvation Army, and as earnest for truth as we have been in the past. Unitarianism, in very truth, is the religion of the people, for the people, by the people; but the Unitarian Church is notoriously not a people's church, not a democratic church. Go into our city churches, and, for the most part, you are impressed with and depressed by the uniformity of type in the pews. Our churches are social clubs, and we cannot deny the charge so generally made. Where is there a church among us to-day with unity in variety? Where is there a church that has stood as unequivocally for democracy as it has for rationalism? The world knows pretty well where we stand on the matter of creeds: has our note as to democracy been as clearly sounded? Again, what attempt have we made to mediate between the warring factions of society? Where is our Church spoken of as the champion of equal justice? Has any community in the United States asked for the establishment of a Unitarian church for social reasons, because it was trusted as a peacemaker and a righteous judge? It almost seems to me, in the light of our history, that we have become a highly specialized, differentiated organization,—an organization for rationalism pure and simple. If this is the case, our banner should be "Love to God," leaving out "love to man." But "whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

I know well what the criticisms of all this will be. But I know that they will not be criticisms from the ethical point of view. You cannot stand on your platform of love to God and man and take offence at what I have said.

I see in this audience ministers who, like myself, are met at every turn by a great

wall of conservatism, of social tradition, and of refined selfishness in our churches. Even if that wall were insurmountable, it would be none the less our duty to assail it. But I believe we shall assail it with success, triumphantly, if you, the laymen of our denomination, will give us encouragement.

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS OF REV. F. A. GILMORE.

I wish to speak especially of the function of the Christian Church in view of the agitation of the social problems which are now so much to the fore. I apprehend that, from a careful study of the social problem, two principles will be discovered. One of these principles is this, that man is a social being: he never has lived, he never can live, outside society. The aim before every rational man is what Mr. Fenn has called the development of his personality,—the putting forth of every energy of his spirit, every power of his mind. In order to do this, he must be a member of the social order. The second principle is this: no man can develop himself until he develops other men. He cannot be an all-round man if those lives which touch his are ignorant and partial. These principles, I apprehend, will be found to be true; and the second seems to me not to be sufficiently understood. Self-development for any man means the development of other men. For instance, a father is not a complete parent until he has sacrificed himself for his family, until he has labored and saved for his children. As he sees them growing into wise and useful manhood and womanhood, he thereby completes himself.

The root of our social problems, I believe, will be found in the selfishness of men. Here is the employer too selfish to care for his workmen, the workman careless of any rights but his own. That is the labor problem. Here a group of citizens too selfish to examine their sanitary condition,—another one of the problems of society. Here a man fosters intemperance because he makes money by it. Here a man seeks divorce because he wishes to make a more advantageous marriage. Now there are various plans for removing the evils of society, but any scheme that shall answer the great social questions permanently must strike at the root of selfishness in the hearts of men. It must point out clearly that the selfish life is the partial life, the defeated life; it must show the way of self-realization through self-sacrifice; it must convince every citizen that his true life is to be found in serving society.

It is precisely here that communism, anarchism, socialism, nationalism, are all found to be wanting. They all propose a rearrangement of the units in society, a change or modification of external circumstances. The Christian religion alone goes to the root of the matter, and strikes at the narrowness and the selfishness in the hearts of men. The Christian religion, gentlemen, has this further advantage: it is something more than a proposition to ameliorate the condition of society; it is a mighty force that has been at work in the world for two thousand years. A careless reading of the history of that period shows the Church opposing progress, grudgingly acknowledging the growing power of the people; but a deeper examination will show, as Mr. Kidd has so well pointed out, that the progress of society,—the disappearance of slavery, the decay of feudalism, the enfranchisement and the education of the masses of the people, the more equal distribution of political power,—these things did not take place because some student discovered a new principle of political economy, but were due to a growing humanitarian sentiment, to a gradual deepening and softening of character caused by the Christian religion. The Christian religion proposes to regenerate society through the self-realization of all the individuals in society. A regenerated society is the kingdom of God, and to bring in the kingdom of God is the aim of the Christian dispensation. Every individual in society is unspeakably precious in the eyes of God; and the interest, the pity, the love of God, are centred in every individual. From God to men there come in a thousand ways the solicitations to the larger life.

Society is an organism, and man must find his true life in an organism. But, as the New Testament teaches us, "We are all members one of another; and, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; if one member be honored, all the members

rejoice with it." That is the organism of the social order. Self-perfection found only in self-sacrifice and laboring for others. That lies at the heart of the teachings of the Christian Church,—“He that will save his life shall lose it,” while he that dies to self rises thereby into true self-realization; that is, it will be found that the Christian religion contains those two principles which I have said would be deduced from a careful study of society. In Christianity the philosophy of society appears as the purpose of an all-wise God.

And here let me digress for a moment to speak of the pursuit of intellectual culture as it is carried on in some of the Christian churches, and especially in our own. Consider how many clubs we have in our churches whose aim is the study of all manner of interesting themes,—of history, literature, science, art,—all good in their places; but do we not know that there is something higher, and that that something is the service of the living God? We say, “Go to now, let us cultivate our sympathies, or let us cultivate our æsthetic natures.” Gentlemen, the very self-consciousness of those expressions should warn us that they are not enough. “Elevate it as we may,” says Dr. Martineau, in a splendid passage, “we are in this world for something more than this. We are put here, not to remain at home forever, dressing up our own personalities to the last degree of refinement, but to be carried out and to be borne away by the glories and the sorrows of the world; to be the organs of a truth that may bring us only scorn, of a love of right that may meet with no response, of a pity which sees nothing but the grief which it heals.”

The fundamental office of the Christian Church I apprehend to be this: to be a revealer and a quickener of life,—life not in any narrow or superficial sense, but that deep life of service which a man shall reach only as he consecrates himself under God to the uplifting of the world.

OUR FLAG.

BY LYDIA J. SANDERSON.

I.

“A sceptre all who meet obey.”—Byron.

The flags, banners, or standards which the early voyagers planted upon American shores in token of their sovereignty and occupancy must ever remain a subject of conjecture. Nothing certain concerning them can come down to us.

We find that the Aztecs of Mexico, whose remains are found in various parts of the United States, had for their standard an eagle pouncing upon an ocelot, emblazoned on a rich mantle of feather-work; and to-day the flag of Mexico bears the eagle resting upon a cactus plant, commemorative of an incident in the early history of the Aztecs.

The North American Indians were found by the early discoverers to carry as their standard a pole full-fledged with the wing feathers of the eagle, doubtless “the same great American eagle,” according to a recent writer, “that so often flaps his wings and screams for us to-day.”

The first flags unfurled upon the shores of the New World were beyond doubt those brought by Columbus when he first landed upon the island of San Salvador in October, 1492, a description of which, given by his son, reads: “Columbus, dressed in scarlet, first stepped from the little boat which bore him from his vessels, bearing the royal standard of Spain emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon in his own hand, followed by the Pinzons in their own boats, each bearing the banner of the expedition; namely, a white flag with a green cross, having on each side the letters F and Y surmounted by golden crowns.”

From the “Records of Massachusetts” we gather that the red cross of St. George was in use in that colony in 1634, if not earlier; and it was, doubtless, the flag brought to these shores by the Pilgrims of the “Mayflower.”

The flags of old England would naturally be used by the American colonies previous to their separation from the mother country, though such does not seem to have been always the case. At the British State Paper Office, according to Preble in his exhaustive work on flags, is found a drawing of the flag of New England under the administration of Sir Edmund Andros,

showing the cross of St. George borne on a white field occupying the whole flag, the centre of the cross emblazoned with a gilt crown over the cipher of the sovereign king, James I. A crimson flag in which the Jack was a red St. George cross on a white field was the ensign most generally used in New England. Sometimes a hemisphere or a tree was shown in the upper canton next the staff formed by the cross, and occasionally the field was blue.

In the early days of the Revolution each State seems to have had its own banner. It is often said that the Bunker Hill flag was a blue ground, a field in the corner quartered by the red cross of St. George, and another section filled by a pine-tree and the motto “Liberty or Death”; but no contemporary accounts are satisfactory respecting the flags used at the battle of Bunker Hill. It is not positively ascertained that any were used by the Americans. Certainly, none were captured from them by the British.

The first instance of the thirteen stripes being used upon an American banner is found upon that which was presented to the Philadelphia troop of light horse in 1774 or 1775 by Capt. Abraham Markoe, and is still in the possession of that troop.

In June, 1775, Gen. Washington was escorted by this same troop of light horse from Philadelphia to New York; and he was doubtless familiar with the sight of this standard. And, possibly, as Preble says, it suggested to him the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the thirteen united colonies against the oppressive acts of Great Britain (whose symbol they yet retained in the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George), which we find him giving to the breeze at the time of the grand flag-raising at Cambridge in January, 1776.

But the time had come when this country must throw off the last semblance of royalty, and give to the nations of the earth a new power. Consequently, the crosses of England’s and Scotland’s saints must make a place for a blue field dotted with stars of a new constellation, according to the resolve of Congress on Aug. 14, 1777, “that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars in a blue field representing a new constellation.”

The history of our flag is interesting. Undoubtedly, there was much discussion preceding the adoption of the stars and stripes; but no record has been preserved to us. There are many theories as to the origin of the device. By some the stripes are supposed to have been borrowed from the Dutch; by others, from the designating stripes on the coats of the Continental soldiers. It has been also said that the design of the flag was derived from arms borne by the family of Washington; but MacGeorge, in his book on “Flags,” says there is no foundation for this, and again says: “The white and red stripes are not peculiar to the American flag.” A flag of similar design was for a long time a well-known signal in the British navy. A British antiquarian, Lowes, supports the idea that Washington’s arms furnished the device, saying: “It is not a little curious that the poor, worn-out rag of feudalism, as so many would count it, should have expanded into the bright and ample banner that now waves from every sea.”

The same idea is maintained by the author of “Dame Heraldry,” who says: “The fact is, we are displaying, actually displaying, some of old England’s cast-off glory! Our stars and our stripes—altered a little, to be sure, to meet the needs of the occasion—come from the old Washington coat-of-arms.” And Ellis, in “Antiquities of Heraldry,” states: “The flag of the United States of America was adopted from the armorial bearings of Washington, their founder.” An English writer in 1780 ridicules the fondness of the American colonies for the number thirteen in this way: “Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day; that the titular Lord Stirling takes thirteen glasses of grog every morning, has thirteen enormous rum bunches on his nose, and that (when duly impregnated) he always makes thirteen attempts before he can walk; that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes to his feet (the extra ones having grown since the Declaration of Independence), and the same number of teeth

in each jaw; that the Sachem Schuyler has a top-knot of thirteen stiff hairs which erect themselves on the top of his head when he grows mad; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom-cat with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag.” Preble says it has been conjectured that the idea of the stripes as a symbol of union may have been derived from the flag of the Netherlands adopted for the national ensign as early as 1582, and also states: “It will probably never be clearly known who designed our union of stars. The records of Congress are silent upon the subject; and I have been unable to find mention of it in any of the voluminous correspondence or diaries of the time, public or private, which has been published.”

Some writer has said: “The stars represent a constellation of States rising in the west. The idea was taken from the constellation of Lyra, which, in the hands of Orpheus, signified harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters’ banner in Scotland, significant also of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union.”

John Quincy Adams, in his oration at Newburyport, July 4, 1837, on the origin of the flag, gives color to the theory that Lyra was the emblem of the Union. The construction of the first national standard took place at Philadelphia in 1777, under the personal direction of Washington, aided by a committee of Congress, who called upon Mrs. John Ross, who carried on the “upholder” trade,—an occupation similar to modern upholstery,—with roughly drawn plans, which were redrawn according to her suggestions. She called attention to the six-pointed stars, like the stars of coins then in use, made according to English heraldry, suggesting that five-pointed stars would be more effective, thereby following the heraldry of Holland, France, and Germany; and so our first flag was made with the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen white, five-pointed stars in a blue field.

The resolution of June 14, 1777, says nothing about the arrangement of stars in the union; but in Trumbull’s painting of the “Surrender of Burgoyne” and Peale’s portrait of Washington we find that the artists have arranged them in a circle. In consequence of the admission of Vermont in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792 into the Union an act was passed increasing the stars and stripes on our flags from thirteen to fifteen, to take effect May, 1795.

The “Star-spangled Banner” that waved over Fort McHenry the night of Sept. 13, 1814, which Francis Scott Key has immortalized in his glorious poem and song, had fifteen stripes; and the union, with the fifteen stars in parallel lines, rested upon a red stripe, as did all the flags from 1794 to 1818. As other States were admitted, it was necessary to make a change; and in 1818 an act was passed which provided that the flag should be thirteen stripes, and one star be added to the union for every new State.

The manner of arranging the stars was never prescribed; and, in consequence, there has been a lack of uniformity in the matter. When our States numbered thirty-one, we find that the flags of most of the foreign vessels had the stars strewn over the blue. Some were arranged in the form of a lozenge, a circle, or a diamond: others had an anchor formed of the stars. On some the stars formed the letters “U S,” and on others we find one large star formed of thirty-one small ones. What wonder that the Dutch government was led to ask, “What is the American flag?”

One of the most interesting of the Revolutionary flags is the white silk flag of Washington’s life-guard, now in the Museum of Alexandria, Va. The neatly painted device represents a guard holding a horse and in the act of receiving a flag from the genius of liberty, personified as a woman leaning upon the Union shield, near which is an American eagle. The motto is “Conquer or die.”

The Maryland Historical Society has in its possession another most interesting flag,—that of Count Pulaski, who was appointed a brigadier in the Continental

Army in September, 1777. While the wounded Lafayette was a recipient of the care and hospitality of the Moravian nuns at Bethlehem, Pa., he was visited by Pulaski, whose history and presence made a lasting impression upon the minds of the sisters, who prepared a crimson silk banner with designs most beautifully wrought by their own hands. They enriched it with their blessing and consecration, the memory of which is preserved in Longfellow’s verse,—

“And the nuns’ sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle,”—
and sent it to Pulaski,—

“Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o’er the good and brave!”
“The warrior took that banner proud,”

bearing it gallantly through many martial conflicts, until he fell at Savannah in 1779; “And it was his martial cloak and shroud.”

The precious flag was saved, and carried to Baltimore, where it welcomed Lafayette in 1824.

The honor of displaying the United States flag in England for the first time belongs to an American painter rather than to a captain of a vessel, if a painted representation of it can be considered. To John Singleton Copley of Boston, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, must be awarded the honor; for he painted it streaming from a gaff on a ship bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of independence, as a background to the portrait of Elkanah Watson.

Great curiosity was excited among the people of China when the stars and stripes first appeared at Canton. News was carried hither and thither that from a far-away world a ship had come bearing a flag like a beautiful flower. Everybody went to gaze upon this flower-flag ship,—*Kaw-kee-cheun* they called it,—a name which at once established itself in the language; and America to-day is called *Kaw-kee-kob*, the flower-flag country.

The flag of the nation to-day has the thirteen stripes, red and white, and forty-four stars, the union of many States. Its history is a history of victory. When the breezes first caught its folds, more than a hundred years ago, it guarded a narrow strip of land. To-day it floats over a vast country washed by two mighty oceans. It is known on all seas and the remote places of the earth. Heroes have fought and died for the standard whose hues have been so poetically expressed in the lines:—

“And world-crowned America chose for her standard
The blush of the day and the eyes of the night.”

These beautiful colors have been immortalized by the artist Church in his painting, “Our Banner in the Sky.” Our sweetest poets have sung of it, our most gifted orators have eulogized it, but none with more eloquence than Charles Sumner, when he said: “Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together,—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors,—blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.”

Spiritual Life.

The sense of the Divine Presence in all things is a gift of God, reward of faith, heaven on earth.—*Mozoomdar*.

The best faith is that the foundations of which are laid under the search-light of honest doubt.—*David H. Moore*.

Christianity is a way of life and righteousness, and it identifies righteousness with life; and it is so perfect in its spirit that life to it is nothing else but righteousness.—*Merle St. Croix Wright*.

The life of evil is from the same origin as the good, illustrated by the heat and light coming from the sun, which gives life alike to beautiful and healthful vegetation and to the opposite. The forms which receive it decide the result.—*Swedenborg.*

I believe that, if we could only see beforehand what it is that our heavenly Father means us to be, if we could have a glimpse of this, we should not grudge all the trouble and pains he is taking with us now to bring us up to that ideal which is his thought of us.—*Annie Keary.*

Our Lord teaches us as to those very little things in order that we may know and feel that nothing is too little to be ordered by our Father, nothing too little in which to see his hand, nothing which touches our souls too little to accept from him, nothing too little to be done for him. *Dr. Pusey.*

All is working in the right direction; for, in our view, there is a beneficent law and purpose inherent in the universe. But we must work with that law, so far as it is revealed to us. The struggle for existence still goes on; and, while it is no longer the same brutal conflict that was waged between savage races, or which we may witness in the plant and animal world, it is sharp and bitter. The moral side of life is weak. *John Learned.*

The vast burden of every human life is routine, and one's own routine is seldom "interesting." The real problem of every education is how best to prepare a man to carry his lifelong burden joyfully. Surely, it is not by deceiving him into the hope that it will be entertaining, nor by teaching him to avoid it as far as he can! Is it not rather by trying, in so far as in us lies, to make him see the interest which the uninteresting may have for him?—*Atlantic.*

The Sunday School.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column announcing the publication of a New Song and Service Book by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

A new tract for free distribution, No. 6, is just out, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It is written by Rev. William H. Lyon, who takes for his subject "Music in the Sunday-school." This comes quite fitly now on the appearance of the New Song and Service Book, and will be a practical aid to the right use of that book.

The usual Channing Hall "talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, April 6. Subject, Lesson XXVIII., "Jesus entering Jerusalem." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

NEW YORK UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Next regular meeting, Monday, April 8 (second Monday), at the parish house of All Souls' Church, 104 East Twentieth Street. Directors' meeting at 4.30 P.M., business meeting at 5.30 P.M., supper at 6 P.M., discussion at 7 P.M. Subject, "What shall we do with Easter and Other Church Days in our Sunday-schools?" opened by Mr. E. J. Luce of Rutherford. George H. Badger, Secretary.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEETING OF BOSTON.—On Monday, March 18, the Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston held its sixth meeting of the season. Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of New Bedford introduced the subject, "The Relation of the Sunday-school to Citizenship." The mechanism of government need not be taught in the Sunday-school, but the spirit that underlies good government should be. Teach the absolute need of obedience to law; show the need of serving if one's country calls; surround the word "citizen" with a new, a higher, and more glorious meaning. No man can be a good man unless he is also a good citizen. This teaching need not crowd out lessons in the Bible, for one may learn much from the absolute devotion of the Jew to his city because he considered it holy. Then, too, these lessons should be taught only in the older classes. And by them we may meet two great weaknesses in our school; for we shall hold the older boys, and may induce more men to take classes in the school. Mr. Frothingham would place over every Sunday-school the advice of Pythagoras, "Make the child a good citizen of a good State."

Mrs. Fanny B. Ames says that the aim of the Sunday-school is to awaken a sense of citizenship in a large world. If a person is conscious of his relationship to civil society merely, he is a politician; if to industrial society merely, he is a labor agitator. Even the word "America" alone may have a narrowing influence; but there is a larger society still, the brotherhood of man. The Sunday-school is the beginning

of a little spiritual world, in which the larger lessons of life may be taught.

Mr. John O. Norris of Melrose found the greatest danger to our institutions due to the ignorance and indifference of our people. The Sunday-school must teach a broader definition of citizenship than that taught in the Constitution. To be a good citizen, a man must know what he ought to do and have the will to do it. He must therefore be a good man, and that is his first duty as an American. Mr. Norris recommended Mrs. Wells's book for young children, Mr. Dole's "Citizen and Neighbor," and his more advanced book, as helpful in this work; but he believes that lessons in practical philanthropy and good citizenship may be learned from the daily papers. Above all, he would implant a right standard in the youthful mind. The young need to feel that material victories are of little value compared with spiritual ones, and that they must consecrate their lives. Other speakers were Rev. Edward A. Horton, Charles G. Ames, and George H. Hosmer.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. J. MICHAEL JONES, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. WILLIAM M. BRUNDAGE, Ph.D., having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

WOMEN'S ALLIANCE.—At the next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance, which will be held in Lawrence April 18, Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows will speak of "The Faith and Courage of the Women of Armenia." One of the sessions will be given to Alliance work. Full particulars will be given next week.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Bradley Gilman will preach April 7. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., will conduct the half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, April 10, at twelve o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Services will be held next week as follows: April 8, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, 5 P.M.; April 9, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., 5 P.M.; April 10, Rev. S. M. Crothers, 5 P.M.; April 11, Rev. Charles F. Russell, 5 P.M.; April 11, Rev. Charles F. Russell, 8 P.M., communion service; April 12, Good Friday, Dr. William Everett, 11 A.M., service and sermon; April 12, Dr. William Everett, 5 P.M.; April 13, Rev. John Cuckson, 5 P.M.

Ministers' Monday Club: April 8, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Thomas J. Horner will preside. Rev. Alfred E. Mullett will give the address, on the question, "Why should Liberals celebrate Easter?"

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Afternoon at 3.15; evening at 8, when Rev. C. R. Eliot will preach upon the subject, "Is Christianity a Failure?" Monday evening, debate at 7.45, upon the question, "Shall we give Greater Power to the Mayor or to the Common Council?"

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Popular Sunday evening service, April 7, at 7.30 o'clock. Speaker, Rev. Charles G. Ames. Subject, "The Path of Life." Music furnished by Mr. Fred E. Hahn, violinist, of Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Leon Van Vliet, cellist; Mr. Arthur M. Dow, tenor. All seats free.

The South Friendly Society of Dr. Hale's church has arranged a series of three entertainments for the benefit of their charities, when the following programmes will be presented. Monday, April 8: Dr. E. E. Hale, "A Man without a Country"; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Mrs. Julia Houston West, songs. Monday, April 15: Mrs. J. W. Andrews, "A Trip to India"; Music, "A Hindu Song." Monday, April 22: Dr. E. E. Hale, "Reminiscences, with his First and Last Battle"; Mrs. L. B. Fenderson, "The Star-spangled Banner," etc.; recitations. An informal reception will be held each evening from seven until eight o'clock. Season tickets, \$2; single admission, \$1.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The congregation of the Austin Street Unitarian Church have availed themselves of a recent birthday of their junior minister, Rev. William H. Johnson, to present to him a handsome purse as a token of their hearty good will

and of their appreciation of his labors, together with the assurance of their earnest co-operation in all good works, and of their hopefulness for the future of the parish. The arrangements were made with the utmost secrecy, and the surprise was complete.

CHELSEA, MASS.—By request, Miss Margaret B. Barnard will preach at the First Unitarian Church Sunday, April 7.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian parish was recently held. Supper was first served by the ladies. Officers were elected for the ensuing year. The treasurer reported \$5,888 raised during the year for regular expenses and paying off a debt of \$2,250. The Unity Club, Women's Alliance, and the Sunday-school were all reported as specially prosperous.

NEW BRIGHTON, L.I.—On Sunday afternoon, March 31, dedicatory services were held in the new Unitarian church edifice. The Sunday-school was present; and the children opened the programme by a processional, under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Curtis. Rev. Stephen H. Camp made the introductory, and Rev. Robert Collyer the dedicatory prayer. Addresses were made by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Rev. Theodore C. Williams, and Rev. Robert Collyer. Owing to the illness of Mr. Kirk B. Newell, his address on behalf of the church was read by Mr. Charles M. Porter. Many friends from New York and Brooklyn were present; and the church, which seats one hundred and fifty persons, was crowded. The new building is a pretty structure of brick and wood, with a vestibule and a library well stocked with books, which is kept open for the public as a library and free reading-room. The church cost \$6,500. The membership numbers one hundred persons. Having settled no regular pastor, the services are conducted by neighboring ministers. On April 7 Rev. John W. Chadwick will preach.

PORTSMOUTH, N.H.—A series of lectures on "Noted Women" has just been given by Rev. George H. Young of Lawrence at the Unitarian chapel before the Unity Club. Subjects: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," "George Eliot," "Charlotte Brontë," "Margaret Fuller."

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASS.—The parish at South Hingham celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary Sunday evening, March 24. The church was prettily and tastefully decorated, and a large audience listened to the inspiring remarks and the finely rendered music. Addresses were made by Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Hon. John D. Long, and Rev. J. W. Day. Rev. Joseph Osgood, D.D., and Rev. W. E. Cadmus of Hingham took part in the services; and letters were read from Dr. Henry A. Miles and Rev. W. I. Nichols, one of the former pastors, and the original letter of acceptance written by Dr. Daniel Shute, the first minister, in 1746. Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, once settled here, contributed an original hymn; and Rev. C. T. Billings, the present pastor, delivered an anniversary address. The occasion was a very successful one, and will be a pleasant memory for many days to come.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Mar. 1.	Society in Bangor, Me., on account..	\$225.00
" 4.	Society in West Dedham.....	17.00
" 4.	First Parish, Brookline, additional..	10.00
" 5.	Society in Lancaster, N.H.....	10.80
" 5.	Society in Brewster.....	10.00
" 6.	Society in Littleton, including life memberships for Mrs. Isaac F. Porter and Edward Frost.....	100.00
" 7.	Society in Barnardston.....	15.00
" 7.	First Church, Boston.....	1,255.00
" 9.	Society in Quincy.....	150.00
" 11.	Legacy of the late Mrs. Susan E. W. Brackett, of Cambridge, of \$10,000, less interest to Oct. 9, 1895, when the same would be payable.....	9,766.67
" 11.	Society in Templeton.....	40.00
" 11.	Society in Peabody.....	20.78
" 11.	Hon. Wm. L. Whitney, Cambridge.....	25.00
" 12.	Society in Meadville, Pa., including life membership for Miss Elizabeth G. Huidekoper.....	125.00
" 14.	John B. Tileston, Milton, to make his wife, Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, a life member.....	50.00
" 16.	Society in Newport, R.I.....	180.00
" 16.	Society in Orange, N.J.....	75.00
" 18.	Third Congregational Society, Cambridgeport, including \$50 from Mrs. Charles L. Jones to make Rufus H. Manson a life member..	206.83
" 18.	Second Church, Salem, including life membership for Rev. Edward D. Towle.....	94.64
" 18.	Mrs. Henry P. Kidder, Milton, to make herself a life member.....	50.00
" 18.	Society in Medford on account.....	100.00
" 18.	South Unitarian Society, Worcester.....	33.54
" 19.	Society in Keene, N.H.....	361.00
" 19.	Ladies' Domestic Missionary Society, Portsmouth, N.H.....	50.00
" 19.	Harvard Church in Charlestown, Boston.....	61.30
" 19.	Society in Templeton, additional (in all \$45).....	5.00
" 19.	Society in Charlestown, N.H.....	18.00
" 19.	First Church, Boston, additional.....	20.00
" 20.	Second Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.....	410.00
" 20.	Society in Belmont, additional.....	15.00
" 20.	Friend in Lincoln.....	2.00
" 21.	Society in Keene, N.H., additional (in all \$302).....	1.00
" 22.	First Parish, Dedham.....	460.00
" 23.	First Congregational Church, Providence, R.I.....	1,001.46
" 23.	Unitarian Society of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., on account.....	25.00
" 25.	Society in Holyoke.....	35.00
" 25.	Society in Ann Arbor, Mich.....	50.00
" 26.	Society in Portsmouth, N.H.....	300.00
" 26.	Society in Newburgh, N.Y.....	50.00
" 26.	Society in Lowell on account.....	250.00
" 27.	Society in Belfast, Me., additional (in all \$55).....	8.00

Mar. 27.	Society in Plainfield, N.J.....	\$29.00
" 28.	First Church, Boston, additional (in all \$1,375).....	100.00
" 29.	Society in Lancaster.....	100.00
" 29.	Member of society in Lancaster.....	5.00
" 29.	Society in Saco, Me., including life membership for Benjamin F. Hamilton.....	53.44
" 29.	Society in Milwaukee, Wis.....	85.00
" 30.	Society in Lexington, additional	6.25

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Mar. 4.	Miss Helen C. Butler, New York.....	50.00
" 4.	"A friend to little Indian children".....	350.00
" 6.	King's Chapel Society, Boston, additional.....	10.00
" 7.	Women's National Alliance.....	10.00
" 7.	First Church, Boston.....	100.00
" 11.	First Parish, Milton.....	100.00
" 13.	Knights Excelsior, Marlboro.....	25.00
" 16.	Society in Orange, N.J.....	20.00
" 18.	Mrs. W. S. Fitz, Boston.....	50.00
" 19.	Women's National Alliance.....	80.75
" 25.	Branch of Women's National Alliance, King's Chapel, Boston.....	20.00
" 25.	Society in Sharon.....	3.00
" 25.	Sunday-school of Third Unitarian Society, Chicago, Ill.....	10.00
" 29.	Miss D. C. Spencer, New Britain, Conn.....	2.00

GRINDALL REYNOLDS FUND.

Mar. 30.	Surplus funds from committee on portrait of Dr. Reynolds.....	76.00
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ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CHURCH BUILDING LOAN FUND.

Mar. 7.	First Church, Boston.....	\$500.00
Mar. 28.	First Church, Boston, additional.....	100.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN,
Treas. C. B. L. Fund.

Business Notices.

Tour through Europe.—Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have planned a magnificent European tour for the coming summer. The party will sail from New York May 18, on the splendid steamship "Lucania," and after a round of travel through Ireland, Scotland, and England, cross to the Continent, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and France, together with other sections of Europe included in the continental tour; and there are to be many special features, such as a voyage through the western fjords of Norway and to the North Cape, and a visit to the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, one of the world's quaintest sights. A full itinerary of the trip may be obtained of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street.

An Interesting Fact.—Deep down in the heart of every person of taste there is a love of leather-covered furniture and a yearning to own it in larger measure as modern competition reduces it in price. This year the drop in the price of leather-covered furniture is unprecedented. The prices quoted at the Paine warerooms on Canal Street are especially sensational. It is impossible to realize that leather furniture is so low in price until one sees the great crowd of buyers which have been at these warerooms all this month.

The preparation for Easter flower vases is larger than ever this year. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton have gleaned their stock from original sources in many countries. Mr. Stratton is now in Japan, and Mr. Theodore Jones in Austria, on their annual journeys through the potteries and glass houses.

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual remedy. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Dorchester, 30th ult., Charles Barnard Fox, eldest son of Rev. Thomas B. and Feroline W. Fox, 62 years.

In Plymouth, 27th ult., Lydia M. Kendall, daughter of Rev. James Kendall, D.D., in the 82d year of her age. Miss Kendall was one of a large family sisterhood, one of whom alone is left. In common with her sisters she possessed a strong mind, pure heart, and a devoted spirit. The passing of such pure souls and the breaking of family ties make earth seem bereft, but they have an afterlife of blessed remembrance.

The Duchesse Glove.

Thousands of Ladies to-day wear only the DUCHESS GLOVE, and no glove is so well adapted for general use by our best New England family trade.

PRICE LIST.

Four Large Buttons, Dressed Kid, Colors	\$1.50
Four Large Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black	1.75
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Colors.....	1.50
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black.....	1.75
Four Large Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	1.65
Four Medium Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	1.50
Seven Hook, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	1.75
Seven Hook, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	1.75
Mousquetaire Undressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	2.00
Mousquetaire, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black.....	2.25
16-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire.....	3.25
20-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire.....	3.75
24-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire.....	4.50
Men's Two Button.....	1.50
Men's Two Clasp, Prex Seam Kangaroo	1.50
Men's Two Clasp Plain Black.....	1.75

THE DUCHESS GLOVE always represents the latest fashion—always fits perfectly—always wears well.

Our guarantee goes with every pair.

Chandler & Co.,
WINTER STREET,
BOSTON.

For the Christian Register.
THE ANSWER.

BY E. F. MOSBY.

Within the ancient heavens, alit with dust
Of glittering stars, my soul did seek for God.
There awful Love, with beauty clad about
As burning flame; and Death, who thought not
scorn

To lay her hands on man, that he might live;
There velled Sorrow led the young child, Faith,
Who scarce could say the name of "Father" plain;
And other shapes I saw, or bright or dark,
But saw not God.

Seeking His place with tears,
"In me," indignant Love replied; and Hell,
From depths unknown, responded low, "In me";
"Hast thou not heard," said, softly, gentle Death,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life?"
The earth—our earth—clung close about His feet,
All worlds and generations claimed Him theirs;
And in her longing my own soul beheld
The presence of her life, long sought in vain.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

VI.

Ill times well change when they change
what is ill into what is well.

The votaries of falsehood always call a
conversion to truth apostasy.

It is the universal interest, not the in-
dividual, that redeems and glorifies us.
The inspiration of an army is in their ban-
ner, not in their uniform.

When the lesser is most perfectly em-
braced in the greater, then is its office best
fulfilled. Is not the heaven holier and
sublimar than the spire which points to it?

The severity of our cross is the measure
of our imperfection.

PLOTTING CONSPIRACY.

Holliness is consecrated impartiality.
There have been all through history power-
ful temptations persuading men to favor
those whom they love, or admire, or revere,
or desire to be participatingly associated
with. An immense amount of evil has
thus been done, and is still done. The
following negative precepts forbid this vast
fivefold wrong:—

Favor not the beautiful!
Favor not the strong!
Favor not the rich!
Favor not the ambitious!
Favor not the wise!

In contrast with these seductive forms of
wrong, the right is summed up in one com-
prehensive precept,—namely, this: Approve
and loyally aid the good, the true, the
useful, the just, the docile; but show fa-
voritism—that is, give disproportionate
support—to no one. This maxim once uni-
versalized in conduct, the world would be
redeemed.

The last test of the religion of any one
is, Does it fill him with obedient gladness
and contentment? Alexander of Hales, the
irrefragable doctor, said, "The three marks
of grace are light, peace, and joy in the
inner man." One of the most repulsive
objects to be met in this world is a gloomy
and grouty disciple whose religion plainly
disagrees with him.

Through modesty and docility alone are
the divinest things to be reached. One
often finds that the higher he has ascended
in pride among men, the lower he has de-
scended in worth before God. If love be
the queen of the Christian virtues, her
favorite handmaid is humility.

ANALYSIS OF COMPLACENCY.

What is the nature of complacency, and
what is its moral quality? Complacency is
a reflective sentiment of self-congratula-
tion, a mode of personal pleasure approv-
ingly aware of itself. It is a feeling of
satisfaction with one's self or with some-
thing assimilated in experience. It has
three forms,—one neutral, one vicious, one
meritorious. It is neither censurable nor
laudable when it is simply justified by the
facts of the case, as when one has fairly
done his duty, but without sacrifice or
enthusiasm. It is blamable when it is
selfish, surcharged with egoistic bias, as
when one gloats over a revenge he has
taken. It is praiseworthy when it is dis-
interested and pure, evoked by a generous
sympathy with others or with something
especially noble and beautiful, as when we
regard with delight the good of another
person or a universal good, as if it were
our own. The great danger of complacency
is its tendency to degenerate into a dispro-
portioned self-satisfaction, not based on
worth, but on vain conceit. Under the

pleasing and fondled impulse of this fallacy
the mere good-natured happiness resulting
from health and strength and prosperity
flatteringly interprets itself as a proof of
merit and a direct signal of the divine
approval. Then one relishes himself so
much that he cannot think of others. Thus
attentive docility is smothered, and im-
provement prevented. On the other ex-
treme, a fretful depression, or an exagger-
ated and idle remorse, is equally morbid and
hurtful as an impediment to the true goal
of blessedness. The desideratum is the
wholesome, balancing virtue of disinterested
complacency in the right.

FROM LONDON.

Our "Forward Movement" has had its
day. We cannot claim for it a Japanese
success. Many were called, but few have
chosen. Each of us managed to hold his
own little fort with distinct and emphatic
bravery. Some of us did so almost single-
handed, our own people, with altruistic
grace, not venturing lest they should crowd
out the unconverted. The weather also
fought against us. No sooner did we set
about telling the things commonly believed
among us than the temperature fell even
below the reputed Unitarian coldness. For
a full month the frost prevailed. Then
influenza also broke out. A doctor raps
at every door. The death-rate, conse-
quently, has its forward movement. And,
as the last of our enlightening lectures—to
crowds that never came—was given, we
were in the thick of an epidemic.

"All things go together
To make a year
Or a sphere."

At Hampstead, where our families are
thick upon the ground, Dr. Herford, de-
spite everything, is reported to have beat
down the Satan of empty pews under his
feet, and to have seen seats lining the
aisles. One can dimly imagine that such
a sight must be a vision splendid. "Not
always on the mount" have the rest of us
been. It cannot be said that we have
toiled all night and taken nothing; but,
certainly, there is no net-mending requisite
because of an overdraft.

Of clerical converts we have just now no
lack. The curate of St. Sepulchre,—an old
church near Newgate, whose bell tolled
when Christians were about to hang one of
their brethren,—has come fairly and
squarely over to us. A priest of Rome is
now an ex-priest, and is about to enter
upon probation in our midst, Rev. Thomas
A. Gordon. One of my Congregational
neighbors, settled over his congregation for
seventeen years, seeks now one of our free
pulpits. A very interesting, genial, and
cultivated gentleman, Rev. L. de Beaumont
Klein, D.Sc., has also come over to us from
the Roman Catholic Church, and has taken
one of our London pulpits. Curiously
enough, as I am told, quite a number of
ex-Romanists have gathered to him, and
form a good proportion of his more catholic
congregation. The secret of this little
exodus from Rome is interesting. Some
months ago St. John Mivart published his
much discussed article on "Happiness in
Hell." To quite a number of Romanists
hell had been, for some time, morally in-
credible. They were Roman Catholic Uni-
versalists, and they hoped that the infalli-
ble church might some day declare that
eternal and hopeless torment was not. But
the pope was so prompt to put "Happiness
in Hell" upon the Index that their hope
ceased. To believe in the authority of
Rome was to believe that God would not
only keep his anger forever, but pursue
with his unjust wrath thousands upon thou-
sands of their brethren, his own offspring,
the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ!
Rome, therefore, rules them no more. They
are delivered from her bondage into the
glorious liberty of a more just and hopeful
belief. Dr. Klein, doubtless, better than
any one else, knows how to meet the relig-
ious needs of such souls. I only hope that
he may not find himself hampered in any
way by certain old-fashioned Unitarian
methods and traditions. Even Unitarians
sometimes are slow to learn how many are
the ways of the Spirit. Our modes of wor-
ship are often narrow, inert, and ex-
ceedingly lean,—calculated to starve rather
than feed the hunger of many-sided souls.
Some of our people seem to feel that it is
enough not to believe as others do, and not
to worship, if we can help it, as others do.

Among interesting books on our tables
just now are "Tales of Mean Streets," by
Arthur Morrison; Jusserand's "Literary
History of the English People"; and Max
Nordau's "Degeneration." Mr. Morrison
is a young man of whom we are likely to
hear more. Even if we never do, we can
but be glad that he has given us these tales,
—sad ones though they be; and they are as
sad as our saddest London life. His stories
are as perfect transcripts of our East End
characters and experience as Miss Wil-
kins's charming tales are of New England
life. Her material is far less grim, but
she has not used it more faithfully. There
is just one story, "The Red Cow Group,"
which does seem a little off the track of
reality, a bit crudely imagined. But, then,
so does Miss Wilkins's "Pembroke," in
places. I think any one who reads these
"Tales of Mean Streets" will learn how
people live, what they are, what they are
not, what they suffer, and how they endure
the life that is given them, perhaps better
than by living six months or a year in a
University Settlement. Jusserand's book
is a translation. We always lose a little
when the delicacy of the French is ex-
changed for English, but less in this in-
stance than usual, perhaps. At any rate,
the book presents the English from a new
point of view,—the literary rather than the
governmental and social. Of course, all
three grew together; but to take your pic-
ture from literature gives your history a new
flavor. Jusserand is master of his mate-
rial; and his style is free, full of color, is
light, graceful, humorous, quite charming.
The preface is a model. Max Nordau's
book is nothing if not lively reading.
Where most you disagree, he takes you en-
tertainingly and vigorously to where he
would have you be. The pages are many,
but one does not yawn. Perhaps one feels
at times that the argument is delightfully
delirious, and concludes that one of two
things must be true,—either that we do live
in a strangely degenerate time or that Nor-
dau himself is far gone in degeneration.

Last Monday evening Gen. Booth received
from mighty London his welcome home.
Most hearty, rousing, and touching it was.
The ovation was in every way as remark-
able as the man. The great Albert Memo-
rial Hall has seen few more notable gather-
ings. Its capacious interior was packed
from floor to ceiling. Twelve or thirteen
thousand persons were ranged tier above
tier round its huge amphitheatre. All the
afternoon, too, the main thoroughfares of
London gave evidence that something un-
usual was going forward. The sidewalks,
the omnibus tops, the underground-railway
carriages, were bright with stains of the
real Salvation blood,—warranted genuine,
and no mistake. No end of the stiff and
ugly scoop bonnets of the lasses, or of the
various uniforms of the masculine corps.
As I waited a chance to cross Fleet Street,
I heard a very unsaved rough say to his
pal: "Look ye! There's some d—d bloom-
ing thing on to-night. All these blooming,
bloody fellers about." The particular
"blooming, bloody fellers" he indicated
were six lasses just then mounting a 'bus.

When I entered the Albert Memorial at
6.30, half an hour before the time an-
nounced, the spectacular effect was already
surprising. Four-fifths of the people were
in their places. Directly in front of box 18,
where I sat, quite across the hall, under the
great organ, were massed hundreds of men
quite hidden by their brightly burnished
brass musical instruments. On either side
of them, rising tier above tier, were ranged
other hundreds of women in soft-tinted
array, many-hued, the dominating colors
being salmon, white, delicate pink and blue,
—the whole effect singularly pleasing, quite
a contrast to the usual crudeness of Salva-
tion color. A little before seven the gen-
eral's family arrived,—Bramwell Booth, his
wife, and three of the general's daughters,
with seven grandchildren. They were re-
ceived with acclaim. At seven the exer-
cises commenced, but as yet no general;
and seats for more than a thousand persons
were yet vacant, just in front of the great
platform. The organ, the orchestra, and
ten thousand voices united in "Boundless
Salvation,"—a kind of religious song writ-
ten by the general. The effect was cer-
tainly vigorous. Now and then tambou-
rines and castanets and rhythmic clapping
of hands, with waving of thousands of little
bannerets, added to the material effect in
which the moral and spiritual were en-
fleshed. We had the "Marseillaise," and

a hymn tune, "Monmouth," by the brazen
instruments. We had a rather repulsive
solo and chorus about the "Wounds of
Jesus," to teach that these wounds are
still "open for you." That teaching may
have a meaning, but it does seem very car-
nal. Then we had the hall darkened, and
"lightning flashes," showing us the gen-
eral leaving Euston and many bits of
America, all the way from Ottawa to Salt
Lake City, and Fifth Avenue, New York,
ending with arrival at Southampton,—just
a flash along the path through which the
conquering hero had come. We also had
a prayer, very brief, just to its own point,
—one that didn't tell God anything about
how infinite or eternal or almighty or in-
comprehensible he was, but only thanked
him that we had got "our dear general back
again."

After all this had been going on for an
hour, there was an instant of silence. Four
staff officers came down from the platform,
quite across the hall to its main entrance,
the doors of which then opened, and there
met the general and fell behind him. He
entered, they following. The sight that
then met his eye visibly staggered him.
The whole throng had risen to its feet. A
mighty shout went up, before which the
walls of Jericho would have had no chance.
Handkerchiefs waved, hallelujahs arose,
the organ pealed forth in triumphant tones,
a storm of joy prevailed. After collecting
himself, the general made his royal progress
across the hall to the platform. This dem-
onstration was so real that no one could
witness it unmoved. Strong men all
around me gave way to tears, and handker-
chiefs just now on the wave were needed
for drying eyes. What followed was equally
touching,—a long procession of workers in
the army. As it filed in, it seemed as if it
would never end. And it represented about
everything with which the army has to do.
First came International Headquarters Staff,
twenty of them,—all men any church or
sect might covet, if one may trust outward
appearance; then foreign representatives
and British field officers, and a hundred
children; the Women's Rescue and Social
Work contingent; also nurses, domestic
servants, sailors and soldiers, all soundly
saved, followed by firemen, and waifs and
strays and dossers and men from the farm
colony, the rear at length brought up by a
number of officers about to be dedicated to
foreign service,—some destined for Japan.
These various representatives, all of them
with considerable brightness in their array,



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sity of counteracting the effects of the
"shock" which accompanies all accident
and surgical cases, and which more often
proves fatal than the original cause.

Animation is temporarily suspended.
Something must be done to start "the
wheels" going again, as it were. The
stomach is in no condition to digest a
sufficient amount of food to nourish
the other organs of the body, so they
resort to

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and constituting an altogether novel spectacle, wound up one side of the hall, mounted the platform, saluted the general or presented him an address, and then filed down the other side to the point of entrance almost, and then up the central aisle to the thousand seats or more that until now had been held in reserve for them. The general's family did homage unto him, and the seven grandchildren each received a kiss from him. Certainly, no one who witnessed all this could say, "There is no new thing under the sun." Evolution in our time has brought forth a species of religiosity and spectacularity altogether unprecedented.

The general at length spoke to his thousands. As one listens to his harsh, unsympathetic voice, and waits in vain for anything that savors of imagination or poetry or eloquence, or even of spirituality,—listens and listens, as I have often done, for morality touched with emotion,—the conviction comes that this man's power is not resident in his words. Mrs. Booth's words were with power. Very few have been such preachers as she. But here the heavy foot is never off the ground. There are no wings. Sentiment and fervor, when reached, seem forced and strained. Hundreds of captains and colonels in the army are better speakers than the general. Yet, if you ask, Has this man power? you have but to look around you. All these thousands, a large proportion of whom were coarse, dirty, indecent, despairing, sinking deeper and deeper, are now gentle, clean, self-respecting, full of illimitable hope, on their way to—nay, rather in the midst of—glory. It is a wonderful result, account for it how one will. Many prophets and kings may have desired to see results comparable to this that he sees, but died without the sight. Perhaps it will dawn upon the undiscerning at length that real bravery in brotherliness, downright determination to help and save in a very practical, common-sense way, is nine-tenths of this great sect and church-rebuke's power. He doesn't cast his deadly doing down, he doesn't argue about views, and he doesn't waste time in cool precisions of criticism. But for the saving of others, for the regeneration of thousands, he,—with all his prosaic utterances and all the egotism now forced upon him, and against which he knows that he must fight,—he has found a more excellent way. No doubt, millions will rise up to call him blessed. Has he any lesson for the Unitarian brain?

WORSHIP AND COMMON PRAYER.

BY REV. A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

We have builded many attractive rooms in our denominational temple. We have made them large, they are well lighted, the rubbish of the builders has been carefully swept out, good, honest, solid furniture we have put in, and everything seems well appointed. Here, surely, are comfort and rest; here the intelligent and honest man or woman may find the best that is to be had.

But we are not the only denomination that has been at work upon its temple of faith. Others are building. A little curious, we make a friendly visit to see what our neighbors are about. In comparing their results with ours, the results are, at first sight, very gratifying to us. Their rooms are still full of the workmen's rubbish,—old paper, with creeds and confessions scribbled on the back, and many a foot-note of curious attempts at interpretation. The architect either did not care enough for his reputation to carry away the evidences of his methods of work, or else he thought the owners might need the plans to explain matters to the timid and the uneasy. Then, too, the floor is covered with chips,—some, even, from the "German workshops" (brought over, perhaps, in the packings of some of the mediæval furniture imported from the Old World to adorn this modern temple in the New World). In every direction there seems to be confusion and disorder. Even the window-glass distorts the light of heaven.

The comparison, I repeat, is very favorable to us. Or would be, that is, but for one most obvious fact: in this cluttered and ill-lighted temple of our neighbor's, with its insubstantial and deceptive furniture, and amid the rustle of its crumpled paper creeds, the people outnumber those gathered in our beautiful, substantial,

heavenly lighted, well-swept temple, five to one. And why? Not altogether obvious the cause, but still not so very hard to find. Our neighbors have neglected many things that should obtain in a modern temple; but they have not forgotten to put into their structure a great big fireplace, not to hurl the heathen and the unconverted into, but to warm and give glow and cheer to all within their gates, the stranger, the unconverted, and the heathen, as well as the communicant. A bright and ruddy fire they keep burning on the hearth. Whatever their other mistakes, they have made no mistake in this appointment. We have made just this mistake. Sitting in one of our comfortable chairs, made of solid oak for modern men, we may look out through windows so clear that we see distinctly the last-discovered star. We are sure that all is solid wherein we rest. But, however closely wrapped in the garments of our self-content, we feel the chill around us. And, what is still worse for us, others feel it, and go out and enter the temple across the way. No matter, for a while, that they do not see the distant star; little consequence if the floor be safer to sit upon than the rickety chairs that have hardly three sound legs to stand upon,—no matter, they say, about these things: we are, at least, warm.

We Unitarians have forgotten to provide appliances for heating our beautiful temple. The train of high and noble thought, alone, can no more keep us warm in our modern temple than spiritual fervor, alone, could keep our Puritan ancestors warm. The multitude turns its backs upon us. For this is a cold world, and the winds of misfortune are bleak. The crowd will gather around the fire, even in spite of the litter of creeds, the unswept floor, the rickety furniture, and the distorting window-glass. When they are sufficiently warmed, then they will take more kindly to viewing the stars. A few of us—perhaps—may possess a mantle ample enough and warm enough, so that we can run the risk of sitting in the chilly room and gaze out at the far-off stars. But not so the multitude: death would come too soon under such circumstances. Warmth first, and then the right: this is the natural order. We forgot our fireplace: hence our depopulated temple.

Now, to leave this figure and come straight to the point, we are suffering, as a denomination, to-day because we do not have in our churches the fire and warmth of an active devotional and expressive worship. No thought was ever clearer than that which comes from the Unitarian pulpit and press, no moral action grander than that inspired by the liberal faith. But never was a religious body so weak as ours as regards the devotional spirit of its public worship. The fact is, we are afraid of expressive and devotional worship. The joints of our neck and back and knees are stiff from fear. To ask one of our Unitarian congregations to kneel in common prayer together would be received by them with about as much delight as if one were to ask them to kneel before the guillotine. No! We are afraid of a devout and expressive worship.

The explanation is very easy. We have looked abroad in the past, and have seen that, unmistakably, the bulk of the immorality has come from those who outwardly worship most and most expressively. The author of "The Service of Worship and the Service of Thought" ably suggests this. Worship and hypocrisy have become almost synonymous terms, as we see things around us. Hence our fear of worship. But it is not because of worship that hypocrisy is rife, but because worship is largely associated with doctrines that are untrue and false to moral standards,—e.g., the vicarious sacrifice, etc.,—and because the object of most of the worship of Christendom—i.e., Christ—is not the proper object of worship. God is the only object of true worship, his moral law the only true standard of life. It is the associations of worship, and not the worship itself, that makes the hypocrite. The Pharisee and the publican both worshipped, but only one was a hypocrite. We should fear the false doctrine associated with worship, but not the worship itself. Worship is the sacred fire that warms into life our thought and action. Without worship, to give heat and vitality, our thought becomes the "chill negation," and duty but a philosophy of despair. When we can all kneel together in common prayer, devout and expressive, then our churches will warm into life and

vigor. When we heat the beautiful temple of our creation, then the multitudes will come; and, having warmed them with the glow of worship, we may then enlighten them and inspire them with moral activity. Where are our children in our churches? Never taught to worship in the temple at the side of father and mother, kneeling in common prayer, they have, in too many instances, gone to kneel with strangers, or out into the prayerless world and its infinite temptations. Worship must have equal place with thought and work in our churches, else our temple will be deserted by every warm and devout soul. Let us have no fear of true worship.

One word more. If we are to have common prayer together, then we must have a

common form of prayer. The liturgy is the logical necessity. We fear the liturgy, but needlessly. The Prayer Book never of itself made a hypocrite. Dorothea Dix's library was full of liturgical books. It is not the Prayer Book, but the falsities and untruths in the Prayer Book that create the hypocrisy. With a false note in the Prayer Book, a sophistical interpretation is necessary to explain and retain it. Hence the moral lapse. The liturgy, if it contains no false doctrine, is very helpful. The liturgy is an absolute necessity to common prayer, as much so as common prayer is to warm spiritual life. A liturgy expressive, honestly, of our great principles of religion and life would be the stoutest bond for our denomination that we could possibly have.

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HYGEIA Sparkling Water, pts. cases, 100 bottles	10.00	1.35	.12
HYGEIA Lithia Water, Sparkling, qts. cases, 50 bottles	7.00	2.00	.18
HYGEIA Lithia Water, Sparkling, pts. cases, 100 bottles	10.00	1.40	.13
HYGEIA Lithia Water, Still, half-gallons cases, 12 bottles	4.50	4.50	.40
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One faith expressed in one worship is a mighty power in any religion: the law holds good with us as well as with other denominations. A common liturgy (as I believe, the old English liturgy—our ancestral inheritance—modified) would draw us closer together and give us more denominational warmth than anything else possibly could. The father and the mother with the sons and the daughters kneeling together in common prayer, conscious also that everywhere where the liberal standard is planted other parents are kneeling with their children in the same common prayer,—this would indeed be an inspiration! And from it would stream the glow and warmth which we so much need to carry our magnificent truths to the American people, that these truths may find lodgment in the popular affections and bring the people gladly to our temples. Kindle the true and pure devotional fire, good liberal friends, then your temple will be "warm and bright and good to all," and will be all alight with the radiance from within as well as from that which gleams from the distant star.

Winchester, Mass.

Literature.

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

This handsome octavo volume of two hundred and seventy-four pages has the external features which invite the reader. Its topography is beautiful, and the indispensable maps of such a history are so arranged as to be easily consulted during the reading.

Mr. Ropes is well known in Boston among a large company of those who are interested in the study of the campaigns of the war for the Union as one of the most accurate and well-informed of military critics.

To a wider body of readers his discussion of some of the special campaigns of the war, as well as his contributions to Napoleonic literature, have given him the reputation of one who can throw important light upon some of the disputed problems of war, and whose treatment of the issues between North and South will always be judicial, and as generous to the Confederate as to the Union soldier.

This book does not aim to present a picturesque and flowing narrative of the secession war, but is rather a series of critical studies, fresh and suggestive, of the motives (political and social), the military conduct, and the ability of the leaders upon both sides of the war.

As a key to the Southern spirit, emphasis is specially laid upon the difference between the man of the South and the Northern citizen in their respective estimates of their patriotic obligations. The Southerner, it is said, had been taught from youth to consider his most sacred loyalty to be due to his State, while the Northerner thought first of his national responsibility. A remark of Secretary Cass is quoted upon this point: "I speak to Cobb, and he tells me he is a Georgian; to Floyd, and he tells me he is a Virginian. I am not a Michigander: I am a citizen of the United States."

Undoubtedly, this extreme State rights feeling was a more powerful influence upon the Southern imagination than upon that of the average Northern man; and yet the State pride was pretty well developed, as it is still maintained, all over the North, inasmuch that a New Englander was apt to resent national legislation apparently aimed at the interest of his native State quite as vehemently as did the South Carolinian.

I suspect that the first outbreak of fervor for the Union awakened in those who stood by the nation a sentiment of nationality which had been dormant before, just as the Mexican War begat in the troops enlisted from the Southern States a zeal for national success not less than that displayed by the men from Massachusetts.

The truth is that, when there is a conflict betwixt duty to one's neighbors and kindred and to one's remote associates under protection of a common government, blood will invariably be thicker than water. The Southern people had been wrought up to a pitch of distrust of the nation, under false reasons, to be sure, but none the less persuasive, such as was utterly unknown to anybody North; but there was a time

sixty years before when the New Englander was not shocked at the idea of secession. This explanation of the action of men of sensitive principles like Lee, Mr. Ropes remarks, should be taken into serious account in judging their morality in fighting against the country which had educated and honored them.

In his ample discussion of the differences between the administration and McClellan concerning the operations of the Army of the Potomac the author distributes praise and criticism with impartial hand. He blames Lincoln for his many unwise attempts at deciding military matters upon which he was ill advised, and criticises McClellan for those defects which have been apparent to all students who are out of reach of the partisan atmosphere of the time.

There is a disposition among the admirers of Lincoln to accredit him in 1861 with a sagacity and knowledge in his proposed strategy which, in my opinion, belongs, if anywhere, only to a later period of the war. Experience is a widener of minds which have a capacity of being taught, and Lincoln learned many things in two years of which he was very ignorant at first.

But this unacquaintance upon the President's part with the management of armies was often unduly presumed upon by McClellan, who had as much to learn of politics and human nature as others had of the art of war.

Mr. Ropes mentions a fact which has not been generally understood, that McClellan's overestimate of the enemy's numbers was a common fault of the early generals, due principally to the incapacity of the secret service officers for obtaining trustworthy information. The provost marshal's department later learned to get the truth to a high degree of accuracy from examination of prisoners and deserters.

It will be interesting to those who are acquainted with operations in the West, upon which Mr. Ropes only briefly touches, to see his high estimate of the talents of Gen. Buell, who was retired midway of events, like his friend McClellan. He rates the judgment of Buell, as displayed at the beginning, as that of a first-class soldier. The present volume, as its title-page indicates, treats only of the period of 1861, and that chiefly in the department of Washington. It will be followed by other volumes.

G. A. T.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PEDAGOGY OF HERBERT. Edited by Charles De Garmo. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.—This introduction to the works of Herbart is an authorized translation under the auspices of the Herbart Club. Such an introduction has certainly been needed, partly, as President De Garmo says, because of the organic nature of his systematized thought and the importance of the ideas themselves, but also because it has been difficult to understand the aims of Herbart and his school without such a guide. The development of sound moral character through the activities of the school is put as the end of education, and the apperception or mental assimilative power of the child guides to the means by which the end is to be reached. This introduction, says the editor, "has been the bridge over which thousands of teachers have passed to independent study and research"; and it may well be as useful in this country as in Germany.

THE LITERATURE OF THE GEORGIAN ERA. By William Minto. Edited by William Knight. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Even among the many recent books on various phases of English literature there is room and welcome for anything written by Prof. Minto, whose "passionate desire for clear thinking and clear expression" made him an inspiration to his students and a valuable critic of literature and philosophy. These lectures, after considering the position of men of letters in the eighteenth century, study carefully the poets and novelists of the period. Prof. Minto died about two years ago; and his friend William Knight contributes a biographical sketch to this volume, which will have the effect of acquainting many with his work and character to whom he has hitherto been but a name.

CASTLE RACKRENT AND THE ABSENTEE. By Maria Edgeworth. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York: Macmillan & Co.—Mrs. Ritchie's introduction is a charming preface to these two stories of Irish life by which, she thinks, Miss Edgeworth will be best remembered. The picture of "the capital, bright soul" is as graphic as are all the rest of Mrs. Ritchie's portraits. The history of the Rackrents and "The Absentee," of

which Ruskin once said, "You can learn more of Irish politics by reading of it than from a thousand columns out of blue books," will please their old friends in this attractive form, and win new ones, if there are any of the younger generation who can spare the time for a leisurely, old-fashioned "narrative," as the writer called it.

MODERN MISSIONS IN THE EAST: THEIR METHODS, SUCCESSES, AND LIMITATIONS. By Edward A. Lawrence, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This report of mission work is based on a twenty months' missionary journey round the world, with the express purpose of studying the aims and methods of different denominations in this field, and was first presented in lectures in Andover Theological Seminary and in Yale College. The author has recently died suddenly, and Dr. Eaton of Beloit College has written a memorial introduction to the volume. Dr. Lawrence's convictions as to the value of the missionary work were genuine, and his words as to its future full of hope and courage, even when recognizing the dangers of a sacerdotal or intemperate Christianity.

JAMES HENRY CHAPIN. By George Sumner Weaver, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This biography of one of whom it has been said, "He performed the common duties of every-day life in such a royal way that he was an inspiration and joy to those who knew him," follows him through his school and college days, his career as a minister, as agent for the Sanitary Commission, the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, etc., as professor and financial agent of St. Lawrence University, and in his travels, up to the time of his death in 1892. It is a loving tribute to Dr. Chapin's personal manliness and genuine service to the cause of humanity.

MOLIERE. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.—The third volume of this series contains "Les Femmes Savantes" and "Le Malade Imaginaire," together with a brief introduction, chiefly devoted to a study of the influence of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and its delightful coterie of writers, statesmen, and charming women. Miss Wormeley's translations have been accepted so long that they no longer need the praise of reviewers. She gives not only the meaning, but the atmosphere of the books she translates.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.—The introduction to this new edition of "Little Dorrit" is by Charles Dickens, the younger, and shows the place which the book held in its writer's life. Novelists come and novelists go: contestants for realism and for idealism wage their eternal conflict, sometimes approaching each other, and again separating violently; but still the novels of Dickens sell in the stores, and still men and women quote his sayings and laugh gently over his exaggerations.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Translated with a biographical and critical introduction by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. This convenient edition of the dear old French tale appears in the series of Laurel-crowned Tales. The new translation is admirable, and may well lay claim to a literary merit not generally found. Prof. Anderson's introduction comprises a sketch of the author's life and critical accounts of his principal works, as well as a summary of the best things said about him by others.

THE PARABLES BY THE LAKES. By W. H. Thomson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These studies of the parables are written in the light of an intimate knowledge of the land in which they were first delivered. They are frequently related to those scenes and surroundings, and the relation affords striking commentaries on

their meaning. The writer treats them as special revelations of Christ himself, foretelling the kingdom not of this world. Their interest is not dependent on any one view of Jesus, however.

LA POUDRE AUX YEUX. Comédie. Par MM. Eugène Labiche et Édouard Martin. Edited by Arthur H. Solial. HAROLD. Von Ernst von Wildenburgh.—The French comedy and the German tragedy are issued in the brown linen covers of the Maynard series. They are designed for school use, and are well provided with notes and vocabularies. They are attractive in form and content, and supply admirable supplementary reading as well as opportunity for class work.

Miscellaneous.

No. 4 of the "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," by Elbert Hubbard, is an extremely pleasant sketch of William E. Gladstone and his beautiful home at Hawarden. It will probably be translated into Armenian, for the Armenians are anxious to know more about one in whom they trust as the friend of their country.

The second series of Unitarian leaflets published by Philip Green, London, is called "Think for Yourself." Eleven short papers, by nearly as many writers, are printed in a little volume that easily slips into the pocket. The writers are mostly English, but two extracts from Channing and Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" make worthy American contributions.

The Magazines.

The *Manifesto*, the periodical published by the Shakers, contains an interesting instalment on the "History of South Union, Ky.," including a letter written to Lincoln in 1863 by the Shakers of that place. There are also communications from the various settlements as well as short articles of more general interest.

The two principal articles in the *Pansy* for April are both serials,—the one by Mrs. Alden herself, and the other by Margaret Sidney. It is a pity that in so small a magazine serial stories are admitted at all, much less made the chief feature. There is an instructive article on "The Eagle," by L. H. M. Palmer; and another number of the Roman literature papers is given.

The fourth number of the *Hesperian* contains brief articles of "Samuel Johnson," "On Johnson's Style," and "On Life in Stageland"; "A Literary Chapter" chats about various topics of interest; and "Late Literature" comments with considerable vigor on William Henry Thorne, the *Globe Review*, Mrs. Burton Harrison,—who, by the way, is here most severely criticised,—and Brook Farm.

In the *Rosary* for April may be found a sketch of Marshal Bosquet, "one of the truest of lovers," whose lifelong devotion was given to his mother. "St. Joseph's Working Boys' Home," "The Shrine of St. Ursula," and "A Page of Church History in New York" are all illustrated articles. Perhaps the article most interesting to general readers is "Joan of Arc before the Bar of the Church," by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D.

The *Sunday Magazine* starts off each month with a fresh instalment of its serial story, "The Tender Mercies of the Good," by Christabel R. Coleridge. The concluding papers of "Salisbury Palace" and "The Angel of St. Jude's" are in the March number, and a series of articles on "Women in the Mission Field" is begun by Rev. A. R. Buckland. "The Gospel of New Boots," by Rev. Joseph Woodhouse, is a touching story of helpful service done. Other articles are "Labor and Laborers," by Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones; "On Pulpits," by S. Baring-Gould; and "The



* THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By John Codman Ropes. Part I. To the Opening of the Campaigns of 1862. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New Heaven for Men," by the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

After the group of Easter pictures in *Scribner's Magazine* for April comes an interesting article on "Prince Charles Stuart," that "most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince," by Andrew Lang. W. D. Howells concludes "A Circle in the Water," while the serials by President Andrews and George Meredith are continued. Robert Grant, in "Education," discusses public and private schools, willing to see all sides of the question. There is a good story of girls' college life by Abbe Carter Goodloe, entitled "La Belle Hélène," and three or four poems, besides "The Point of View," which touches on several interesting topics.

Lend a Hand for March contains its usual number of short, effective articles. "The Salvation Army" claims attention first; and it is shown that this organization is not a sect, and that it cannot be measured by statistics of its enrolled members. Hon. Hoke Smith's speech before the Indian Commissioners urges permanence in the service and the elimination of politics. "The Character and Characteristics of Francis Wayland, President of Brown University"; "Educational Work in Alaska"; "The Co-operation of Catholics and Protestants in Education"; and the Harvard College report,—receive attention in turn; while the longest article in the magazine is by G. W. Lee, and discusses the report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, entitled "Unemployment."

Donahoe's Magazine for April contains two articles that are especially rich in photographs,—*"Senators of the Catholic Faith, Past and Present,"* written by A. J. Faust; and *"Two Montana Cities, Butte and Anaconda,"* by J. M. Kennedy. The latter of these contains nearly forty pictures of prominent men and women of those towns. There are two or three articles of political or social interest, as many stories, and some good poetry, from which we take the following little poem by Father Tabb. It is called "Recognition":—

"At twilight, on the open sea,
We passed, with breath of melody,—
A song to each familiar sung
In accents of an alien tongue.

"We could not see each other's face,
Nor through the growing darkness trace
Our destinies; but brimming eyes
Betrayed unworded sympathies."

The *International Journal of Ethics* contains articles from Wales, Russia, Italy, Germany, and America. J. S. MacKenzie, writing of "Self-assertion and Self-denial," shows that the following of our true vocation demands a continual process both of surrender and development; and, the further we advance, the more likely are we to regard the words as synonymous. Mr. W. M. Salter discusses "Moral Forces in Dealing with the Labor Question," believing that the moral solution must come first, and be the precursor of all external changes. W. Lutoslawski, the Russian, contributes an article on "The Ethical Consequences of the Doctrine of Immortality"; Henry Charles Lea, one on "Philosophical Sin"; and Luigi Ferri of the University of Rome presents a valuable estimate of "National Character and Classicism in Italian Ethics." There is also a discussion of "Rational Hedonism," in which four writers share; and there are the usual book reviews.

In an article entitled "Moral Standards of To-day," in the *Free Thought Magazine* for March, Rev. John E. Roberts asserts his belief in the higher law that says "Thou shalt" rather than "Thou shalt not," and says that the ideal life is that which will come when moral standards are outgrown and there is perfect freedom. William Hale describes briefly the life of Stendhal, claiming him as the first writer of the modern realistic school. "Young Thompson's Curious Case," by Hudor Genone, explains the unwillingness of the free thinker to disturb the faith of others. It is because no eternal harm can come from his silence, while much temporary harm may result from his speech, and because the moral and the motive are supreme. Mary Proctor gives an interesting report of free lectures that have been given in twelve grammar schools of New York during the winter season. There are the usual short contributions to the literary department.

The first thing of note in the *Harper's Magazine* for April is the frontispiece, in which an angel, who has apparently come straight from Paris, sleeves and all, relieves by contrast the pathetic, drooping figure below her. The most notable article of the number is the first instalment of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," which will evidently give, when completed, a remarkable study of the life and character of the French heroine. Josiah Flynt writes of "Club Life among Outcasts," which forms an admirable companion to the articles Mr. Sanborn has been writing lately about his experiences in cheap lodgings. Richard Harding Davis's "Paris in Mourning" describes the French capital

as it was in the days of Carnot's death and burial. Julian Ralph is represented by two articles,—*"Our National Capital,"* fully illustrated; and *"People We Pass,"* a story which touches the lives of common people with curious comprehension. There are other articles and stories of interest.

The *Forum* for April contains several articles of interest, the first of which is "The Real Quintessence of Socialism," by W. H. Mallock. He finds this quintessence not in the proposal to substitute the State for the private employer or capitalist, but in the proposal to extinguish the existing motives to the exercise of exceptional powers which would be as essential as now, and yet to keep their exercise in the present intensity. Edward Atkinson writes of "The Battle of Standards and the Fall of Prices." J. B. McMaster answers the question, "Is Sound Finance Possible under Popular Government?" by showing that in this country all great, important questions are finally settled by the hard common sense of the people, who, in their own way and time, have heretofore settled things wisely. Henry Holt presents more remedies for social discontent. Henry J. Fletcher writes of "The Doom of the Small Town," and Helen Zimmern gives much information concerning the status of "Women in European Universities." Of especial interest is Alvan F. Sanborn's "A Study of Beggars and their Lodgings," written from actual knowledge and experience.

Books Received.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
Chocorus's Tenants. By Frank Rolles. Price \$1.00.
Enoch Arden, and Other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.

From Estes & Lauriat, Boston.
Tribby: The Fairy of Argyle. By Charles Nodier.
Translation and Introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
Fleurs de France. Heath's Modern Language Series.
The Psychology of Childhood. By Frederick Tracy.

From James H. Earle, Boston.
"Behold He goeth before you": A Legend of the Risen Lord. By May Field McKean.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.
The Unity of Fichte's Doctrine of Knowledge. By Anna Roynton Thompson. Radcliffe College Monographs, No. 7.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
A Sound Currency and Banking System: How it may be secured. By Allen Ripley Foote. Price 75 cents.
The Writings of Thomas Paine. Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. III. 1791-1804. Price \$2 50.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
The Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By Henry Norman. Price \$4.00.
The United Church of the United States. By Charles Woodruff Shields. Price \$2.50.

From A. Lovell & Co., New York.
Selections from the Works of Robert Browning. Edited and arranged by Charles W. French.

From Porter and Coates, Philadelphia.
Ten Nights in a Bar-room, and What I saw there. By T. S. Arthur. New edition. 75 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Marjorie Waltz for Pianoforte. By John E. Howard.
Save Me, O God. A. Randegger.
Know ye the Land. Sacred Song. By Carl Toebe.
Rise! O buried Lord! Sacred Song. Words translated from the Latin as sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.
Ave Maria. Composed by Robert Tempest.
Seven Miles from Athlone. Song. Words by J. Gertrude Menard. Music by Belle Menard.
La Cataracte. Rondo étude. By John Francis Gilder.



New Publications.

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The Juvenile Offender, and the Conditions which produce him. Rev. W. D. MORRISON, London.
The Teleology of Virtue. WALTER SMITH, Lake Forest University, Ill.
The Altruistic Impulse in Man and Animals. T. GAVANESCU, University of Tassy, Roumania.
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Book Reviews.

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The Motives to Moral Conduct. A. DOERING, University of Berlin.
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For the Christian Register.

PEACE.

BY ELINOR HISCOCK.

The rays of light fall clear and bright,
So full of joy as they come dancing.
On tree and flower in every bower
Are sent the merry sunbeams glancing.
Peace comes we know not whence

So pure and white, so soft and light,
The snowflakes come in countless measure.
They, too, are bent on good intent;
For they contain for earth a treasure.
Peace comes we know not whence.

The raindrops fall, clouds like a pall
Hang o'er my heart so sad and cheerless.
But God is good, these are but food
For those who grow through sorrow fearless.
Peace comes we know not why.

The gentle rain, as well as pain,
All comes to make the world the fairer.
For thus we learn that souls then turn,
With hope and faith, to something rarer.
Peace comes we know not why.

The sun will shine, light will enshrine
All those who lean with face uplifted,
To catch the glow which falls below
From Love divine, through shadows rifted.
Peace comes we know not how.

The sweetest joy, without alloy,
Is that which comes from freely giving.
To give is life, to love is life:
These blend in one in all true living.
Peace comes we know not how.

And Love is all, in hut or hall,
In winter's blast or springtime vernal.
In God we trust, in Him we must
Find life and strength and joy eternal.
Peace comes, it comes from Love.

So Love divine, on every line
That fills the page of our life's story,
Flows full and free; and we shall see
In Light and Life the whole of glory.
Peace comes, it comes from Love.

For the Christian Register.

THAT DAWSON BOY.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

Miss Amanda Goldsmith had sprained her ankle. It was a bad sprain, the doctor said. So for weary weeks she sat at the window in an easy-chair, the injured member carefully bandaged.

Miss Amanda was not naturally a patient person, and it was hard for her to forego the housework in which her soul delighted for the sewing which she detested.

"I'm as tired of that foot as if it was a baby," she exclaimed impatiently to her niece one day.

"It's been a pretty good foot to you, after all, auntie," answered Maria, who was carefully swathing the lame ankle.

"So it has. I've always made it go, but it's got the better of me now. O-h!"

"Too tight?" asked Maria, with sympathy. "I'll ease it a little."

She did so, and then left her patient to her meditations. Judging by Miss Amanda's face, these were not pleasant. She sewed a little, but her thread broke and her spool rolled away into a corner. This state of things did not greatly grieve her. She folded her work, and turned her attention to the passers-by. Of these, first and foremost came the Dawson boy.

"I knew it!" cried Miss Amanda to herself. "I knew that boy'd be round to the store again before two o'clock. That's three times this morning. I wonder if his mother ever keeps two cents' worth of anything in the house. What's that hanging out of his bundle? A piece of meat, as sure as I live. And he's tantalizing that little dog with it. Here! Stop that! I can't stand it."

She was about to rap on the window-pane, when she saw the boy stoop and stroke the dog caressingly. Then, opening another bundle, he took out a roll, and held it up before the hungry animal.

Miss Amanda's quick sympathies veered about, like an inconsistent weather-vane.

"Don't you do that!" she called impatiently. "A whole roll to that dumb beast! I don't believe your mother has any bread to spare, either. Stop it now! Stop it this minute!"

This time she did rap loudly with her thimble finger; but, alas! the roll had disappeared.

Hearing the summons, the boy ran quickly to the window, a look of surprise on his rosy face. Passing the house many times daily, his bright eyes had by no means overlooked the slight figure, as it sat so persistently day after day in the same sunny corner.

"Seems to me she keeps awful still nowadays," he would say to himself. "Used to see her dustin' round and cleanin' up things. Wonder what ails her."

"You're sick, ain't you?" he remarked, as he reached the window.

Miss Goldsmith's reply was hardly to the point.

"What are you giving that good roll to that dog, for?"

"Ma'am?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Amanda. "He can't hear a word." She made a vigorous effort to open the window, but the only result was a twinge of pain from the remorseless ankle.

"Don't stand there looking at me!" she exclaimed petulantly. "It's of no use. Your mother wants you."

She waved her hand impatiently. Still the boy lingered.

"Was there ever such a dunce? He doesn't even know enough to go home. Maria, tell that boy, if he stands gaping at me any longer, I'll take my cane to him."

Maria opened the door. The boy ran to her with an eager inquiry.

"What does she want?"

"She wants you to go home."

"But I was goin' home when she called me over."

"She thought you were giving too much of your good bread to that dog."

"Oh!"

"She wants you to go home now," repeated Maria.

"But she pointed *this* way,"—illustrating,—"and I live *that* way."

"Never mind. Take the shortest way. Good-by!"

But the Dawson boy didn't stir. "She's pretty sick, ain't she?"

"She has sprained her ankle. It pains her badly."

"I thought somethin' pained her. She kep' so still. It's too bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is too bad. Good-by!"

"My father's aunt broke her hip, an' never stepped a step after it."

"I'm very sorry. Good-by!"

The boy turned to go, but called back, in a would-be solemn tone, "*She's dead.*"

"That's very sad," responded Maria. "Good-by!" and she shut the door.

"So he's gone at last," said Miss Amanda, wearily. "That boy aggravates me to death. I believe I'll tell him to take another street."

But she didn't tell him, and the Dawson boy came and went daily. He watched Miss Amanda with keenly sympathetic eyes, heedless of the disapproval which hers expressed so keenly; and, when one morning he found the chair empty, and saw its late occupant moving slowly about the room, he perched himself up on the opposite fence, that he might watch his patient more at his ease.

"She has to go it slow," was his mental comment; "but I guess she'll get about again." And down he jumped and off he went, to do the errand which he had forgotten.

It was more than a fortnight after this that a small figure, slightly bent and leaning upon a cane, stepped out from the doorway of the corner house. Unexpected business called Miss Goldsmith to the city. To take a carriage would have seemed reckless extravagance to the thrifty little woman, so she limped painfully to the corner.

"Hope I've allowed time enough to catch that car," she thought anxiously. But, alas! just as she was within a few steps of the white post, the "electric" swept noisily and spitefully by.

"What am I to do now?" she asked herself, much disturbed. And, indeed, there was cause for anxiety. The next car was not due for fifteen minutes. To go back was not to be thought of. The poor ankle, so long unused to active work, was throbbing painfully. She looked around. There was absolutely nothing upon which to rest, and to stand longer seemed impossible.

She leaned heavily upon her cane. A feeling of helplessness came over her. It was a feeling altogether new and strange, and she didn't like it.

Suddenly she heard a sound of whistling, which seemed familiar; and the Dawson boy appeared upon the scene. This time he carried in his arms three bundles of kindling-wood, which he had just purchased.

"It's too bad you lost that car," he remarked with sympathy.

"Yes," replied Miss Amanda, grimly.

"If I'd been up here, I'd 'a' made him stop."

"You'd have done great things," sarcastically.

"Ankle pain you much?" asked the boy, with unabashed good-nature.

"Some."

"Hurts you to stand up, don't it?"

"Yes, it does," as a fresh twinge of pain made Miss Amanda scowl.

The boy scowled also. He was thinking deeply. Suddenly his face brightened.

"I can fix you up a seat, if you'll sit on it," he said eagerly.

"You! How?"

"Why, so!" And down went the three bundles of wood upon the pavement. Carefully he placed them one over the other, fitting them perfectly.

"There!" he ejaculated with great satisfaction. "Seems's if they was made for it, don't it?" Small and perilous as seemed the resting-place, it was, nevertheless, very inviting to poor Miss Amanda.

"Are you sure they'll hold together?" she asked anxiously.

"I'll try 'em." And the Dawson boy sat down very hard, trying his weight with a recklessness which argued well for the improvised seat. He turned, he twisted, he bounced up and down. Finally, he stood upon it, waving his hands, like a professional acrobat.

"It's all right," patronizingly. "Just you try it! You ain't very heavy, are you? How much *do* you weigh, now?"

Miss Amanda didn't seem to notice this important question. The Dawson boy thought she was laughing.

At all events, she deliberately seated herself upon the kindling-wood, the boy holding the bundles together until it was perfectly safe to let go.

"There she is!" he exclaimed in a jubilant tone. "Ain't that enough sight better'n standin' up on a lame ankle, now?"

"Indeed it is!" was the grateful reply. "It was a bright idea of yours, and I'm very much obliged to you. But isn't your mother in a hurry for the kindling?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, she can wait. She'd *just as lives.*"

"But you ought always to do your errands as quickly as you can."

"Lucky for you I didn't this time, ain't it?"

Miss Amanda was silent. Was she laughing again? If she was, she recovered herself quickly, and looked at the boy before her with a genuine interest.

"He is really a very good-looking little fellow," she said to herself.

They were in the midst of an animated conversation, when they heard the distant sound of the autocratic electric. Miss Amanda rose quickly, while the Dawson boy seized his bundles with a "Whoop-la! Come on! We've got to go to that other corner," and ran nimbly across the street, leaving his companion to follow.

"You needn't hurry," he cried complacently: "they'll *have* to stop." And, surely, the haughtiest electric in the land could hardly have ignored the vociferous shouting, the brandishing of arms, and the frantic waving of kindling-wood which announced to the amused conductor that a lady was comin'.

"Good-by!" screamed the boy.

"Good-by!" called Miss Amanda. And she was off.

Every one looked at her as she entered the car, flushed, half with annoyance, half with amusement, and feeling, as she afterward expressed it, "like somebody in particular."

The elderly gentleman beside whom she took a seat looked benignly down upon her.

"Your son is an attentive little fellow," he remarked pleasantly.

Miss Amanda could only nod politely. "He must be a great comfort to you."

She tried in vain to reply. The gentleman looked at her more curiously.

"A queer couple," he thought to himself. Then he unfolded his newspaper, and forgot them both.

Miss Goldsmith accomplished her errand and returned home, very tired, it is true, but with that sense of relief which always accompanies a duty done. As she and Maria were sitting together over their desert that noon, they heard a vigorous knocking at the back door.

"That must be the Dawson boy," exclaimed Miss Amanda. "Bring him in here, please: I want to see him."

"The Dawson boy!" cried Maria, with surprise.

"Yes. He's coming every day. I've engaged him to do my errands."

"Coming every day!—to do errands! That Dawson boy!" Maria could say no more.

"I knew 'twould surprise you," said Miss Amanda, with an apologetic little laugh. "But—well—you see, Maria, we all have our streaks of good and bad, every one of us; and there's a very broad streak of good in that Dawson boy. I found it out this morning. When I get fairly rested, I'll tell you all about it."

AN OLD FRIEND.

His real name was Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum; but this was such a mouthful, and took so long to say, that it became shortened into first Dum-Dum, and lastly Dummy. As little Margot Woodhouse said, Dummy was a nice, comfortable name for a donkey, and seemed to suit this one's good-tempered, sleepy old face. Besides, he would answer to it in the leisurely fashion peculiar to donkeys, especially if a fine red carrot were flourished invitingly.

Then you might see Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum prick his long ears, and advance toward the gate at a very slow trot. He would eat everything that was offered him, and in the most amiable way let you play with his ears while he munched.

Margot and Colin Woodhouse were two small members of a very large family. To begin with, they possessed more aunts than most children, and some great-aunts besides. Of all these, they liked Aunt Fanny the least, because she always remembered their bedtime to the minute, which was most unnecessary; and they liked Aunt Scribble the best. The real name of this aunt was Sybil; and it was Colin who altered it into Scribble, because she wrote stories that got printed, and used such a lot of ink, some of it on her fingers. Aunt Scribble was better than any book, because books have a way of coming to an end very quickly, if you gallop through them, whereas Aunt Scribble could go on telling tales one after the other, 'all out of her own head.

Colin had his own ideas about stories. "Nothing instructive, ma'am, if you please," he would say,—"nothing about stones or mummies."

Nor, being a spoilt young pickle, did he hesitate to thump Aunt Scribble on the back if she disobeyed his orders. Sometimes the story-teller retaliated, Margot joined in, and a regular good romp was the result.

"You spoil those children, Sybil," said the other aunts; but she only laughed, and said that spoiling was good for people, and would Colin please pick up the cushions off

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Is Sweet.

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the floor, and not be a raging, roaring, little wild Indian any more.

It was Aunt Scribble who gave the donkey his remarkable name. She and the two children were sitting on a heap of hay in the field one hot afternoon; and it happened that in the course of a most exciting story about a goblin king and a gold mine and a wicked magician that Aunt Scribble had to cry in a solemn tone:—

"If you call me, I shall come: Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum!"

At that very moment a large head with long ears was thrust over the hedge quite close to the party, and a loud hee-haw sent Aunt Sybil into a fit of laughter. She repeated:—

"If you call me, I shall come: Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum. Here, children, you see Abracadabra is come to answer in person."

How Margot and Colin laughed! And then nothing would do but that they must get over the gate and make friends with the new-comer. Aunt Sybil managed to lift her niece on his back; but no sooner was Margot up one side than she slipped off the other.

"O aunty dear, put me on!" pleaded Colin. "I'm a boy: I shall stick on better."

And so he did, until by kicking his boots against Dummy's shaggy sides he induced that sober animal to trot, upon which Master Colin promptly tumbled off with a shriek. He did not hurt himself, however, and kissed the donkey in the middle of his nose by way of farewell.

"Good-by, you dear Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum," said Margot. "You are the very sweetest donkey that ever lived."

This was the beginning of their friendship; and, when the children came to stay at "Ye Olde Gabled House," as it was called, the first thing they did, after dutifully kissing everybody all round, was to rush out and kiss the donkey. Sometimes it took a little while to find him, because he belonged to Farmer Huggins, and had to work for his living. But Margot and Colin were quite convinced that Dummy knew them when he saw them. It is certain that he ate with pleasant promptness whatever they might have brought him, which shows that he was a donkey of sense.

Time passed by. Margot and Colin did not see their Aunt Sybil so often, because she was gone to live in London. It was said that she had written a book which everybody wanted to read. Margot peeped into one of the three blue volumes, and said it didn't look a bit interesting.

"It's too grown-up for us," she remarked to Colin; "and there are no pictures."

There came a time when the donkey was not to be found. Farmer Huggins had died, and the farm stock been sold off. It was a dreadful blow to the children that they could not find out what had become of their darling Dummy. One day, however, when driving in the wagonette with two of their aunts, they passed a rickety little cart in which sat a man and woman, both stout and heavy. The man was driving a poor half-starved donkey, which he thumped unmercifully with a thick stick.

Colin gave a shout.

"There he is! That's Dummy!" he cried, jumping up and down.

"Yes, I'm sure it is," shrieked Margot. "O Aunt Joan, do tell the man not to hit him!"

"Sit down, children, and don't be so absurd," said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, I wonder if they'd take one and ninepence halfpenny for him," said Colin, almost in tears; for the wagonette had passed the little cart by this time. He was sitting in front by Wilson, the driver; and the latter smiled.

"You couldn't get but a wooden donkey for that, sir," he said. "I know the man that was driving that one yonder. He lives at Hampton-Poyle."

"Oh, does he?" cried Colin, rather cheered; and presently an idea came into his head that cheered him still more.

The next morning Miss Sybil Carr received this letter:—

Dear Aunt Scribble,—Do come hear, for we're so miserable. A horrid man has got Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum, and he beats him. He is so thin, and me and Margot have only got two and tenpence together. The man that has Dummy lives at Hampton-something, Wilson says. Do come, dere Aunty. With love from COLIN.

Aunt Sybil smiled, as she read the inky

little note. Then, because she was rather a rich lady now, she sat down and wrote three letters,—one to Colin, one to Wilson, and one to another of the aunts. The result was that in a few days a certain woe-begone donkey appeared in the paddock belonging to the gabled house,—a donkey who soon began to "cheer up." He was Aunt Scribble's present to Colin and Margot,—their old friend, Abracadabra-Dum-Dum-Dum.—Little Folks.

"HE'S A LITTLE FELLER."

Walking down the street the other day, I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief; and, as I sat down alongside, he cautioned,—

"Look out now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm, and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show."

"And he shall," said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys can get along 'most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river; "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' h'ist and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right, and good-by to you."

"Good-by, Jackie," I said involuntarily, raising my hat, as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew round the corner.—Our Dumb Animals.

A SQUIRREL STORY.

A pleasing story is told by a boy who lives at West Troy in New York: "I recently caught a squirrel," he says; "but the animal was shy, and seemed decidedly averse to being tamed. In the cage was a wheel such as one may see in most cages for squirrels, but my squirrel would not go near it while any person was looking. The other day a friend came to see me, and began to play on his flute near the cage. The squirrel at once lost its shyness, and appeared in the wheel. After listening a moment the little animal began to jump around in the liveliest manner. It made the wheel fairly spin, and was delighted. As soon as the music ceased the squirrel rested. When my friend began to play again, the squirrel repeated its antics. Since that incident it has become quite tame."—Exchange.

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BIRDS FOR WOMEN'S HATS.

It is said to require the lives of five million song-birds annually to keep the hats of American women in proper feather. The swamps and marshes of Florida have already been depopulated of their aigrets and herons to supply the demands of fashion. As for the English women, they have been sending hunters to scour the wilds of Africa for feathered ornaments. Our own section of the country is made to pay tribute to this whim of Vanity Fair abroad as well as at home. In a single season forty thousand tern have been killed on Cape Cod for exportation.—*Boston Globe*.

A MIGRATORY INVALID.

A curious instance of sagacity on the part of a pigeon has come to my knowledge, writes a contributor to a London paper. Some time ago one of the blue rocks which frequent the square in front of the Guild Hall had the misfortune to damage its leg. The bird was promptly taken care of by one of the policemen on duty there, and so well did the injured limb prosper that in a week or two it was able to join its friends, but not, however, until the constable had tied about its leg a piece of red ribbon, so that he might identify the patient and see how it was getting along. A few days ago a gentleman who has also been much interested in the sick bird saw, to his astonishment, among the pigeons contentedly feeding before St. Mark's in Venice, a blue rock which wore a red ribbon around its leg. He wired to the constable, whom he knew, "Have you missed pigeon with red ribbon?" The answer was returned, "Yes, three or four days since it has been seen." The bird must have known that bad weather was due in London, and taken a health excursion to Italy.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

HE PAYS HIS WAY.

Everybody has heard of the great St. Bernard dogs who in the Alps have saved so many travellers who have fallen exhausted in the snow, and of the great Newfoundland dogs who save people from drowning; of dogs who bark when they have discovered a fire until they alarm the people in the house, of dogs that have killed poisonous snakes to save some one they love, of dogs who will carry baskets in their mouths, and of dogs who will go on errands. But I do not believe you have ever heard of a dog who would carry his mistress's dress in his mouth over muddy places in the street. There is such a little dog in London. He goes shopping and calling with his mistress, and she pays no attention to her dress. The little dog trots behind her with the hem in his mouth. He never lets it touch the ground.—*Exchange*.

Here and There.

Every grower of beets has noticed the small buds that appear near the top of the root. These are indeed miniature plants, and, if cut out and planted, just as potato eyes are, each will next season produce a perfect beet plant.

The use of the telephone on Australian sheep ranches is becoming common. The sheep and shepherds are watched and handled telephonically, by means of six stations all communicating with a central point, from which come weather signals, orders, etc.

An International Exhibition is to be held during the summer at Amsterdam. One of the novelties will be an electric restaurant, where no waiter will be seen, and where, by simply touching a button, the dish required by the guest will rise and descend as desired.

It is a custom very ancient and very common in China for any one who has a grievance against any one to get upon some elevated place and bawl it out to the neighborhood. I have seen women on the roofs of the houses thus yelling forth their domestic grievances. This is called "telling the street."

At the recent annual meeting of the French Academy the Monthyon prize for 2,500 francs for virtue was awarded to the Abbé Theury, who in 1870, at Loigny, under a heavy fire, saved more than five hundred wounded French and German soldiers, and tended them in his church, and later collected 240,000 francs to erect a memorial church over the place where the French dead are buried.

It appears that in Japan one factor entering into the problem of the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silkworms. The thread spun by the silkworm is said to be regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the evenness of the silk thread in the material of the garments worn by the young lady before giving her assent to the betrothal.

Personals.

A monument has been erected at Budapest in memory of Semmelweis, who in 1847 made the first suggestion in reference to antiseptic methods of surgery.

The widow of Herr Reis, who, Germans say, was the inventor of the telephone, died in Friedrichsdorf, near Homburg, not long ago. She drew a pension from the government, owing to the services of her husband.

Signorina Teresina Labriola, who has just been graduated from the Law School of the University of Rome, is the first woman in modern Italy to receive a doctor's degree in law. In past times, however, women professors as well as students added to the renown of the University of Bologna. Maria d'Agnesi was the last of her sex to hold a chair there. She was Professor of Mathematics.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is not only the best-looking, but the best educated queen in Europe. She knows English, French, German, Spanish, and Latin thoroughly; and she speaks them as fluently as she does her own Italian. She is a good Greek scholar, and is not only familiar with the masterpieces of European literature, and quotes Petrarch, Dante, and Goethe, but is so fond of Shakspeare that she has written for her own amusement a little work on his heroines.

The queen has decorated Mr. William Dodd, under-manager of the Diglake Colliery, with the Albert medal for having, by his prompt action and courage on Jan. 14, 1895, been the means of saving the lives of more than thirty miners, who were in great peril of perishing from the flooding of the mine, he being upward of six hours in the water in face of the gravest danger, and, although having to be brought to the pit's mouth through becoming unconscious from exhaustion, as soon as he recovered, insisted on continuing his life-saving efforts.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

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UNSOLICITED COMMENTS:

I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts*.
I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska*.
I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

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"What is your Life?" Rev. Theodore C. Williams. Resurrection.
The Solid Rock of Christianity. S. Fletcher Williams.
A Philosopher's Mother: Johanna Schopenhauer. I. Ursula Tannenforst.
April. Anna J. Granniss.
Phillips Brooks as a Theologian. Henry C. Badger.
Liberal Religion and Agnostics. Earl Morse Wilbur.
Easter Sunshine. William Brunton.
The Expansion of Religion. Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D.
To a Robin, on Easter Morning. Nellie S. Wait.
The Riviera. Marie C. Remick.
Unitarianism in the English Schools.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

DEPARTMENTS:
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Guilds, B. R. Bulkeley; Literary Notes.
NEWS FROM THE FIELD.
Types of the Spirit. William M. Bicknell.
Heart Questions. Rachel B. MacMullin.

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Spirit of the Press.

The Springfield *Republican*, commenting on the color line as represented in the Massachusetts legislative committee that went South, says:—

But there was one spot in the junket that was illumined with the sunlight of the new day, a concession which distinguishes this journey of our legislators in a way that will not soon be forgotten. Gov. O'Ferrall of Virginia extended hospitality worthy of his office, and rose to the full stature of the occasion. He gave a dinner in Richmond to this committee of the Massachusetts legislature, and the colored member of it was made equally welcome to the executive table with all the rest. Good for the present governor of the ancient commonwealth which was the mother of Presidents! The Governor of Virginia did his duty like a gentleman, and shows himself to be a true citizen of this reconstructed and reunited country.

The New York *Tribune*, discussing the proposed site for the Tilden library, says:

Now, the fact is that there are not enough open spaces in the compactly built portions of this city. These spaces are needed more to-day than they ever were; and the need for them will be more urgent as population grows, and as the city is filled up with overtopping structures. A great library would be a valuable possession for the city, but it would be a shame to have another equally valuable possession destroyed to make room for it. These open spaces are quite as useful to the bodily well-being of the community as hospitals, a pure water supply, or a good sewage system. They are just as essential to the moral and intellectual health of the community as are museums, art galleries, libraries, colleges, or churches. It needs no argument to demonstrate this; and it is strange that public-spirited men often take extremely narrow views, and consider the matters in which they have a personal interest of such importance that everything must get out of the way. Thoughtful men and women who have made a study of the matter are asking for more parks in thickly built districts of the city. The legislature has authorized the use of a million dollars a year to pull down buildings in order to get more open spaces; and yet, in the face of this, men are always to be found—and men of average intelligence, too—who do not scruple to advocate the covering over with brick and mortar of the few green spaces still left to the people of the city.

Temperance.

The annual report of the Scottish Baptist Total Abstinence Society states that more than 90 per cent. of the Baptist ministers in Scotland are total abstainers; the theological students are, without exception, abstainers; and the churches using unfermented wine at the communion are 80 per cent. of the whole.

Education.

A movement has been started in Ceylon for the establishment of a college for the higher education of girls.

The number of science schools in England has nearly doubled in the past ten years. The number of classes and the number of pupils have also more than doubled, and the payments to science schools on the results of the examinations have increased by more than £6,000 since last year.

The Convention of the City and Borough School Superintendents of Pennsylvania held recently at Harrisburg adopted, by a decided majority, the following resolution: "Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention of Superintendents that military instruction should not be introduced into the public schools of Pennsylvania."

As a direct result of the distribution of the annual reports of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association during the past fifteen years, over two hundred free kindergartens have been organized in this and other countries. There may be many others. They are located all over this country, from the extreme northern part of Washington to New Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

The United Labor League of Philadelphia recently adopted a resolution declaring that they "viewed with alarm the growth

of the spirit of militarism evinced by the urgent appeals of prominent army officers to increase the size of the regular army, the stress laid upon the necessity of increasing the efficacy of the militia, the erection of armories in the hearts of great cities, the movement known as the 'Boys' Brigade,' and the efforts to incorporate military training in the public-school system." The resolution declared that all this fostered a spirit of strife.

Charities and Reforms.

New Hampshire has passed a bill raising the age of protection to eighteen years, the law to apply to boys as well as girls. This is the first State in which the law is made to apply to both sexes.

Dr. Norman Kerr, an eminent specialist, gave his opinion recently that the drinking of intoxicating beverages was on the increase among the women of Great Britain. This is in perfect agreement with the observations of others who have studied the subject.

The Birmingham Coffee-house Company, Limited, is the name of one of the most successful examples of the coffee-tavern movement in England. It operates twenty houses in Birmingham, two of which have hotel accommodations. Good substantial meals may be had, and they are open in the evening until eleven o'clock.

Washington legislature has passed a bill prohibiting vivisection in any school of the State except medical schools, and providing for systematic teaching in the schools of kindness to animals. The bill was introduced through the efforts of Miss Emma Page, Woman's Christian Temperance Union State Superintendent of Mercy Department.

Prof. William James of Harvard, in his text-book on psychology, says: "Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. The drunken Rip van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among the nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes."

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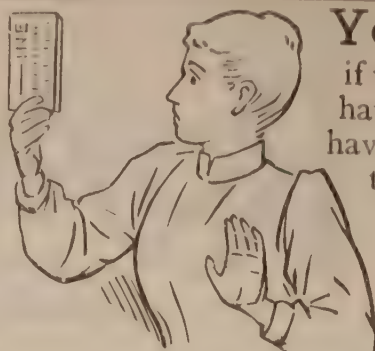
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Pleasantries.

Tommy: "I wouldn't be as stuck up as girls is for anything." Jimmy: "Me, neither. They think they are just as good as boys."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"How do you like that little French girl next door, Polly?" "Don't like her at all," said Polly. "She calls me names. She called me a ma'mselle yesterday, and I ain't."

"Why, mamma!" said Willie, as he went out into the cold and could see his own breath. "Give me a glass of water quick! I must be on fire inside."—*Harper's Young People*.

There are but two classes of people in the world,—those who have done something and want their names kept out of the paper and those who haven't done anything worth printing and want their names put in.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe*.

Jack had been to the barber-shop with his father. On the way back he asked, "Was that charlotte russe he put on your face?" "No, my son," was the reply. "That was lather." "Oh!" said Jack. "I wondered why you let him whittle it off without tasting it."

The husband of a new apostle of Malapropism had betaken unto himself a costume for a fancy ball. And his wife thus describes him to the people who drink her wine and eat her dinners: "Then he came in in the garb of a monk; and all I could say was, 'Exit homo!'"—*Budget*.

A Utilitarian.—The Vicar: "And how do you like the new chimes, Mrs. Weaver?" You must be glad to hear those beautiful hymn-tunes at night. They must remind you of"—Mrs. Weaver: "Yes: that be so, sir. I've took my medicine quite regular ever since they was begun."—*Punch*.

Miss Marie Devoe (at the cooking school): "Do you mean to say, chef, that we must put our bare hands into the dough?" Prof. Tartopomness: "Sairtainly, m'mselle." Miss Marie Devoe: "Perhaps that is why I failed with my bread the last time. My gloves seemed rather in the way."—*Tid-Bits*.

The late Dr. Jowett, master of Balliol, once asked of a young man who had been talking rather gushingly of his love for the poets, "Do you ever write poetry, Mr. M.?" "Yes—well, I do something in that way," was the answer. "Never mind," said the master, "how much you write, so long as you burn it all."

Mr. Greathead, who keeps a corner store in a New Jersey village, greeted his rival across the street the other day with much courtesy, and said, "Won't you loan me your spiritual level a moment?" Quick as a flash the rival called to the boy in his store, "John, take Mr. Greathead that old copy of the Bible under the counter."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Mark Lemon once wrote a book in which he told of a chubby-faced little urchin who passed his instructor upon the street without bowing. The schoolmaster stopped and frowned. "What has become of your manners, sir?" he roared. "It seems to me that you are better fed than taught." "Yes, sir," replied the little boy. "I feeds myself, sir."

Artist George G. Rockwood of New York contributes this story of the Cary sisters: "It is well known that the gifted writers, Alice and Phoebe Cary, declined matrimony, yet were always letting off their wit at their spinster condition. One Sunday evening Horace Greeley, Frank Carpenter, and other friends were dining with them, when Phoebe had so stirred up Mr. Greeley with her fun that he said, 'Phoebe, we'll have to put a curb on you.' 'Not a bit,' she said. 'I would rather have a bridal.'"

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Mrs. G. was much interested in a mission Sunday-school in one of our large cities, and spent an hour or two every Sunday afternoon with a class of little girls, poor street waifs that had been gathered in. Upon one occasion, when the last lesson had been about the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five foolish, the teacher asked, as was her custom, who in the class could tell anything about the lesson of the previous Sunday. One little girl, who had never been in a Sunday-school in her life until the week before, was on her feet in an instant, and said: "Please ma'am, I ken. It was a weddin', and there was ten on 'em." And then the child stood, a touching little picture, with her pinched figure and poverty-stricken dress, telling in her street dialect the whole story, no point of which she lost. Pathetic as it was, it was irresistibly funny when she closed by saying: "And them as hasn't got no oil in their lamps says to them as has to give 'em some; and them as has got oil in their lamps says to them as hasn't, 'Be off wid yez, and go to the grocery and get yer own kerosene!'"—*The Evangelist*.

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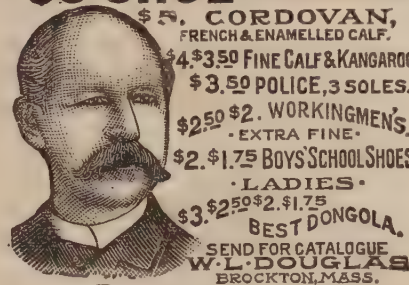
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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE order has been cabled by the government to our European squadron despatching the "San Francisco" and the "Marblehead" to Asia Minor to protect American interests in Armenia. It is known that the lives of American missionaries have been endangered by their sympathy with the stricken Armenians. This possibility wholly changes the attitude and responsibility of the government. As between the Turks and the Armenians, the United States government can exercise only a moral power in behalf of humanity and justice; and we wish that this moral power had been more promptly and directly exerted. But, when it comes to the protection of American life and interests in Turkey, the moral power represented by two iron-clads may be much more efficient than diluted diplomatic ink.

THE Christian Church is not the only trustee of religion, nor is it the only administrator of Christianity. It has sometimes acted as if it had a patent on both, and as if nobody else could use either without infringing on its right. Therefore, the kind of Christianity the Church has stood for has often been exclusive. It has excluded from its conception some of the best elements of Christianity. It has stood at times for the salvation of the few instead of the many. It has excluded from its pale those whose message, influence, and leadership it most needed. It has claimed to be a depository of truth instead of a light-

seeker and a light-bearer. The divisions which exist in the Church, while they sometimes show the influence of great principles, also show the trivial and non-essential matters which are constantly receiving emphasis. At the last National Conference of Unitarians all agreed on placing the emphasis upon the religion of Jesus as love to God and love to man. Is the Christian Church, as a whole, ready to take the emphasis from sacraments, creeds, rituals, sacerdotal authority, and place it there where Jesus himself put it?

THE London *Christian World*, in a stirring editorial entitled "Hell in Armenia," utters the righteous sentiment which has been aroused on two continents against the terrible injustice and cruelty of Turkish rule in Armenia. It says: "But, in one way or another, Christianity must cease to be a capital crime in Armenia. Non-intervention has its limits as well as non-resistance. If the cannibalism of savage Negroes, who never knew any better, is a justification for civilized interference, surely the deliberate and contemptuous disregard of treaty rights given to Turkey's Christian subjects under the guarantee of Europe calls for an immediate and unanimous protest from all the Powers concerned. If necessary, an international conference should be held, to consider how those treaty rights are to be enforced. At all events, we do not believe that any government could long hold power in this country if it were to be convicted of failing in any legitimate use of its high position in the world to stop the intolerable crimes now reported to us."

THE Boston *Daily Standard* makes haste to assure the *Christian Register* that it is not the organ of the American Protective Association. We are not surprised that it wishes to disavow any connection with that un-American society. For some reason the impression went abroad that the *Standard* was established in the interest of that organization, though it is hard to see why a newspaper which is seeking a permanent support should try to find it in a society which started in an hysterical and bigoted scare, and is destined to wither like the gourd of Jonah. Now that it has disavowed connection with the American Protective Association, we hope the *Standard* will disavow also the spirit and methods of that secret organization. It can do no better work for patriotism, at present, than to show how utterly un-American it is, and how false is the protection it assumes to furnish. The *Standard* copied from the *Christian Register*—forgetting, however, to give it proper credit—a portion of Dr. William Everett's sermon in our issue of March 28, and thus discovered, though it failed to confess it, that it was not the only patriotic paper in Boston. Let it now copy the excellent addresses of two patriotic American Catholics, Rev. Father Conaty and Mr. Stephen O'Meara, in the *Christian Register* of February 21, and it will help to quench this absurd revival of Know-Nothingism and the unpatriotic, unchristian persecution it engenders.

MR. RICHARD HALLOWELL of Boston spending with his family some weeks at Camden, S.C., where he has business interests, received a threatening letter from an anonymous writer, warning him to leave the town, and couched in most abusive language. Mr. Hallowell's offence is that he has associated too freely with the Negroes. This matter of social relations in the South is one that cannot be regulated by statute; and it is one which may be safely left to itself, when the interests of all classes and races are protected alike by the law. To adopt any other rule is to destroy the very foundation of civil and social liberty. It is not surprising that Mr. Hallowell should

prefer the society of colored people to that of a white man who could write such a letter as he received, and in the exercise of this right he should be protected by law as well as by social sentiment. Any other position will be utterly disastrous to the business interest in the South. If a man living in a Southern city is to be threatened because he prefers to choose his associates without respect to color, we should soon have a reign of anarchy. Other citizens of Camden were prompt to repudiate the action and spirit of the rowdy element. For many years white teachers from the North to the colored people have been ostracized in Southern society, and still are in many places. But some of the Southern States have taken hold of the subject of Negro education with great earnestness; and white teachers and missionaries, some of them of Southern birth, are teaching Negroes without losing caste.

AND now, in the New York Presbytery, Dr. Parkhurst has been charged by a returned missionary with Pantheism. This new charge against him, made by one of his own household, will fill the friends of Tammany with delight. They have been thirsting for some adequate revenge for their overwhelming defeat. They could not call him a thief, because he does not belong to their crowd; they could not call him a backbiter or a false witness, because he has been able to prove his charges. So they have been at a loss to know how to denominate this disturber of their peace. But this returned missionary has at last solved the difficulty. They may call him a Pantheist. It is a horrible word. It means that God is everywhere; and this is a wicked doctrine to the Tammanyites, who have enlisted in the service of the devil. Of course, we are by no means sure that this fearful charge against Dr. Parkhurst can be proved in a philosophic sense; but the Tammanyites will be sure to believe it on the authority of this returned missionary, who discovered it in an article which Dr. Parkhurst wrote on women. The Presbytery may or may not prosecute him for his belief; but the Tammanyites, who believe in a system of rewards and punishment hereafter, will have the satisfaction of feeling that the man who has dislodged them from office and made them so uncomfortable will be committed to some purgatory for believing that God is everywhere, and that the devil will eventually be nowhere.

THE Boston *Transcript* utters an earnest protest against pulpit sensationalism. "How is it," it asks, "that many thoughtful persons, and by no means hostile to religion and its institutions, are averse to public worship? The answer is not far to seek. When they are religiously disposed at all, they prefer some form of Christianity; and, when they desire food for the higher nature, they do not care to waste their time and vitiate their tastes by listening on Sunday to themes which have been exhaustively thrashed out every other day of the week in the columns of the daily press. They object to the secularization of worship. Having spent six days in perplexing cares and anxieties as to mundane affairs, they protest, and no one can blame them, against any disturbance of the restfulness of Sunday by the intrusion of weekday thoughts and themes upon its hallowed quiet. It cannot be helpful to a jaded and weary mind, and it certainly is not morally quickening and inspiring, to have some appalling crime retold with all its harrowing details, and condemned for the hundredth time, from the pulpit; to be compelled to listen to a homily on millionaire weddings or yacht races; to receive instruction on the physical and moral value of the bicycle or the æsthetic worth of the opera; to hear rebukes of some hoary old

sinner of national note, or tirades against Robert Ingersoll, who gets more than his share of free advertising from the clergy. All this betrays the intellectual poverty and spiritual destitution of those who indulge in it, and also a grave misapprehension of what the average man and woman care to hear on Sunday, or what they need for their moral elevation." But, as the *Transcript* points out, such sensationalism soon defeats itself. People cannot live on a religious diet of pepper and vinegar or ground nutmeg. They must have more substantial nutriment; and the ministers who have the longest pastorates and who maintain, on the average, the best congregations, are those who break the bread of life and give the sincere milk of the word.

THE RISEN JESUS.

Jesus has suffered a new resurrection. Bound hand and foot, and shut up in the tomb of dogma, he could not be a spiritual, living influence; but the old tomb of ecclesiasticism has been rent, the stone of tradition has been rolled away, the bands of creed and formalism have been sundered, and Jesus comes forth to us in the light and charm of his own humanity. He is not a supernatural being, half man and half God, isolated from the race: he is our elder brother, the captain of our salvation, the Jesus of Nazareth who lived and wrought and suffered and died.

The new resurrection of Jesus is a resurrection to a new glory,—the glory of that humanity which Messianic theories and theological speculations did much to denaturalize and to dim. The new conception of Jesus which is revealed not only in a reformed theology, but in new inspiration to ethical and social life, is one of the fresh impulses, revelations, and satisfactions of our own age. We have rediscovered Jesus, and find that we have something more precious than the Messianic royalty which he has lost.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF WORLDS.

It is not uncommon to hear the expression, "One world at a time." It has arisen partly as a reaction against an interpretation of religion which concerned itself too much with a future world to the exclusion of interests, problems, and duties which meet us now and here.

Undoubtedly, there were elements in this reaction that were healthful and necessary. The primitive Christian Church had at first an earnest conception of the possibility of establishing a kingdom of God upon earth. The teachings of Jesus set forth this ideal, and urged men to its realization. But by and by the dream of the kingdom to be realized in another world became the predominating ideal; and this earth and much that pertained to it came to be looked upon as a poor, worthless possession, which was eventually to be burned to ashes. Christianity is again summoned to-day to recover the power and freshness of its early ideals, and to seek to realize now and here the republic of God. So the cry of "One world at a time" is not confined to agnostics and unbelievers, but is uttered by many who, while believing in a life to come, recognize the duties of the present as paramount, and are content to restrain their curiosity until it shall be gratified through the enfranchisement of death.

But the admonition of this phrase must not be pushed too far. The relations of every individual, as well as of the whole race, to the past, the present, and the future, are deep, wide, and varied. There is no one who lives to-day who does not live in remote and uncounted ages which have preceded him. Our relations to the world of the past are registered in our physical structure. There are rudimentary organs which are simply the record of our previous

existence,—aquatic, amphibious, aerial, or terrestrial. We cannot cut ourselves off from our ancient relatives. We must not be too proud to own our humble descent. The purpose of the primeval world was not fulfilled wholly in itself. Man was prophesied in the ages that preceded him.

Likewise our present physical existence has relations which are not limited to the narrow zone in which we live. Before the discovery of this continent the inhabitants of the other were content with one world at a time; but Columbus longed to discover another, and then the Old World was enriched through the discovery of the New. But, even before Columbus made his discovery, the climatic conditions of the Old World were affected by influences from the New. The people of France and of England breathed a softer air and ate products of the earth which they could not have enjoyed if the warmth of the Gulf Stream had not tempered the atmosphere. Or take this globe as a whole. Its inhabitants would perish utterly, were it not for the warmth and light it derives from a world of fire millions of miles away. The mariner who consults his almanac to know the movements of the tide may think only of the ebb and flux of the ocean on which his vessel glides; but the astronomer reminds him that there is a fellowship between the earth and the moon, and that the satellite not only reflects the light of the sun at night, but lifts the tidal wave. Let the sun be overcast and the stars shut out from view, and the mariner may find it very inconvenient to get on with one world at a time. Though he cannot leave this planet to sail through realms of planetary space, yet sun and stars may help him to guide his course here and to reach a wished-for harbor. Likewise there are relations of force, of gravitation, and perhaps of other forces not measurable by any dynameter, which hold the worlds in fellowship, which keep the planets in their appointed pathways, in orderly rhythm, around a central sun. We cannot thus, in a physical sense, overlook the fellowship of worlds.

Still less can we in a spiritual sense be content with the dictum, "One world at a time." If every human being has relations of need, not only to the ground on which he stands, but to the sun, the moon, the stars; if, as a part of the mass of the globe, he is included in the reciprocity of gravitation, so that other planets must take account of his weight and he must take account of theirs, it is as true that in that which pertains to his moral and intellectual existence here he cannot be content with one world at a time. Other worlds of thought, affection, life, being, are needed to fill this world with sunlight and warmth, to life the tides of his spirit as the moon lifts the ocean, to guide him as the stars guide the mariner on his way. The philosophy of materialism, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," Paul set aside, as all must set it aside who believe in a higher range of existence here and elsewhere. To live the best life in this world, we must live in more than one world at a time. We may not physically occupy two places at once. This sovereignty is granted to every individual, however humble, that no one else can occupy the space which he fills. This sovereignty forbids him ubiquity: he cannot go to another space without leaving that which he has. But he is something more than an adverb of time and space: he is not a mere interjection standing alone. He is subject, verb, object. He is linked to God and immortality in the grammar of existence. God is needed to explain the existence of man here, and man's existence here is only fully explained by a hereafter. There is a fellowship between the life that now is and the life hereafter. It is not merely a fellowship of sequence, though our life here is undoubtedly affected for good or ill by the faith and hope which we cherish now of a life that is to come. But, when we think of the world of affection, we seem to be bound at once, now and here, by experience as well as by hope and prophecy, to a life that exists contemporaneously with ours. A great host of those whom we love have passed before us across the stream. Their lives are not cut off from ours. They live in us, and we live in them. Whether or not we may hold physical communication with them is a question of vastly less import than that we may hold a communication which is spiritual with them. Our treasures are laid up in heaven, but we draw rich dividends of fellowship and affec-

tion on earth. It is possible that our lives are affected even more than we know by the mysterious influences from another world.

The universe is not built on a plan simply of one world at a time. There are myriads of worlds standing in relation to each other, and our souls as well as our bodies move in orbits of life and thought and affection which are not solitary. It is well that on Easter we should be reminded of this fellowship of worlds.

IMMORTALITY.

No other longing of the mind can, on the whole, compare in strength with its desire for continuance of life. Self-preservation is said to be the first impulse of our own, as of all lower natures; and in our case that is inseparable from the desire for immortality. Knowing what is the sentence of the Lord upon all flesh, the whole power of the mighty impulse for self-preservation inclines us to look toward and seek for an existence after death. Perhaps there is not a day in any life during which it fails to think of that possible hereafter, whether with eager expectation, in quiet hope, or with a wild longing for certainty that is half despair. Probably the subject is never for long entirely absent from any sane mind; and there is good reason to think, "whatever crazy sorrow saith," that there is in every heart a hope which cannot be wholly quenched.

The very strength of this desire must be held responsible for much uncertainty with regard to its fulfilment. It is sometimes assumed in discussions of this subject that the wish is father to the faith. To some extent this may be true; but it is quite as likely that in the minds of those who prize life most highly the wish is itself a prolific source of doubt, and that belief in such minds is by no means the simple voice of their self-interest.

Where our hope is most ardent, it is most easily turned to fear. If we have no particular reason to care what the weather is to be on a certain day in the future, it is not difficult to believe that it will turn out fair. If that day is to mark some great event,—is, for example, to be one's wedding-day,—one is tempted to be almost sure that it will storm. We have so much at stake upon the question of the hereafter that our very anxiety begets timidity, and it is difficult to estimate without underrating the hope that is given us.

This, of course, is most likely to be true in minds which have been best trained to appreciate the delights of existence; and it is there, in fact, that we do find most scepticism. But, if we can in some measure free ourselves from the personal feeling involved,—if we can look at the problem as it concerns other people, without thinking of ourselves,—then the argument for immortality is one that far overweighs all doubts and objections. The certainty that our essential being is not material, but mental or spiritual,—a certainty which practically all enlightened thought now grants, whatever disagreement there may be as to the significance of these terms,—and the fact that without the idea of immortality we are unable to make anything like a reasonable scheme of existence, are vastly more than all difficulties which stand in our way.

Not to rehearse arguments that have been ably and abundantly set forth in recent times, it may still be worth while to note how the main trend of modern investigations is winning fresh ground for hope and confidence. For we are now learning almost every day that there is a great deal more of mind, so to speak, than has been commonly known; that it has wonderful hidden capacities, scarcely dreamed of before; that ordinary self-consciousness is but the surface of a mighty deep, of which our plummets do not yet find the bottom.

By as much as the wonder and power of mental life are increased in our sight, through closer study, is the miracle of its existence apart from the body lessened. The more hidden and latent faculties, of little use on earth, are brought to light, the greater the probability that these are germs of something to be fully developed elsewhere. We learn but little which enables us to imagine what this life elsewhere may be like, and perhaps this is now the greatest stumbling-block in the way of faith. But it is an obstruction which every trusting heart, at least, will easily surmount;

for, if we can be assured of life beyond the grave, we can patiently wait for the knowledge which sight alone will bring.

CHILD LIFE INSURANCE.

The subject of the insurance of the lives of little children has been attracting much attention in Massachusetts for the past three weeks on account of a bill which has been presented to prohibit insuring the lives of children under the age of ten. Those who have interested themselves in the passage of such a law are the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and members of many other philanthropic institutions. No one can for a moment assert that they have any interested motive in their desire to prevent the insurance of mere babies. The lives of these people, devoted to work among the poor and needy, are in themselves a guarantee of their good faith. The worst that can be urged against them is that they may be sentimental, impractical, or lacking in what may be called pecuniary judgment. But standing with them are men whose cool business heads are quite strong enough to balance any softness of heart on the part of the promoters of the bill. It is a subject that has divided the community. Men of all professions and occupations have ranged themselves on one side or the other, according as their sympathies and interests carried them. One thing, however, has been noticeable, that few disinterested persons have opposed the bill. It would seem as though in the discussion of a great principle like that its merits should have been considered without so much reference to the money involved on either side, whether it be the pittance of fourteen dollars that the year and a half baby brings in at its death, or the "million dollars in dimes and nickels" that one insurance company draws every month from this source. If it be expedient, wise, and right for the babies to be insured, then let the impoverished parents draw the pittance, and let the great companies make the profits.

But from the start there seems to have been, on the part of those opposing it, a misunderstanding of the reason for the bill. It is not claimed that child-insurance results in child-murder. The danger is not of immediate death or of intentional cruelty; but it is believed that the hardship of meeting an enforced weekly payment of dues robs these little children, in many cases, of food and clothing, so that their lives are stunted as they go on. It is by far the most costly kind of insurance, while at the same time, though it passes under the head of industrial insurance, the lives insured have no industrial value. It is never claimed that a child under ten years of age is of commercial or industrial importance. It resolves itself, then, into a sort of lottery.

One thing is certain: no good can possibly come to the child through this insurance. The money, if paid, is paid only at its death. But right here is one of the greatest hardships of the system,—the number of lapsed policies. Some of the figures given in this respect were telling. The number of policies that ceased to exist in one company alone at the end of 1894 was 10,154 by death; by lapse, 184,638, representing a money value of \$20,878,319. In another company death closed 57,653 policies, and lapses 1,637,030, representing on the lapses \$208,295,068. Making all due allowance for anything to be said in favor of the companies, it would still appear that tremendous hardships must have been borne by the people for which they will get no return.

If it were not for the money received from lapsed policies, these insurance companies could not exist. A glance at the statistics in the office of the Insurance Commissioners will show the enormous expenses involved, which are met by these lapsed policies:—

Claims paid.	
Metropolitan Company of New York, . .	\$5,535,120.09
Prudential Company of New Jersey, . .	2,893,708.33
John Hancock Company of Boston, . .	1,116,124.26
	\$9,544,952.68
Expenses.	
Metropolitan Company of New York, . .	\$6,636,380.62
Prudential Company of New Jersey, . .	4,534,887.96
John Hancock Company of Boston, . .	1,749,857.31
	\$12,921,125.89
Total,	\$22,466,078.57
Of an annual premium of \$5.20 at 10	

cents per week, the companies get \$3 for expenses, and the insured may get \$2.20 in case of the child's death, with more in proportion as the child dies young. Of every 10 cents paid by the insurer, 6 cents goes inevitably to the companies for expenses. Of nearly \$1,900,000 received monthly by the three companies in 5 and 10 cent pieces from the indigent, nearly \$1,100,000 monthly is absorbed by the former for the cost of the business.

Insurance companies do not claim to do their work on a missionary basis. "Business is business" with them; but, when one learns intimately of the methods employed to persuade these working people to invest their weekly dimes in this form of insurance, it reminds one of the methods of the locusts that sweep over a Kansas prairie, finding out every leaf that has a drop of sap or a grain of chlorophyll on which they can prey. It is undoubtedly legitimate, but it is not benevolent. Thousands upon thousands of agents are employed, each one excited to do his best by prizes in gold, by having his name placed highest on the wall, by set meetings among themselves, where with special songs and speeches they are whetted to do their utmost to sweep all classes and conditions of people into this great net. It is no wonder that the number of insured infants runs up into the millions. All the better if that be the best way of treating the babies. But, as has been seen, the children themselves get no atom of profit. If but a hundredth part of the effort were expended in persuading the parents to exercise thrift in some other way,—in the matter of temperance, of diet, of clothes, of laying by every penny that can possibly be spared after the children are clothed and fed,—then indeed there might be cause for gratitude. As it is, the dribble that comes in, if the policy has not lapsed, goes for funeral expenses alone,—an average amount of about \$28, judging from the testimony. If the question rises whether it is well to incur a debt of \$28 for a child's funeral, and to make the remaining members of the family suffer more or less hardship till that debt be met, it would seem to many better to do that rather than to run the risk of so stinting the children to meet the weekly payment that possibly the very death may have resulted from lack of food. If there must be stinting after the death, at least there is one less hungry mouth to fill. Besides, there would be less temptation to extravagance in funerals, were people compelled to confine themselves to what they can actually afford. There are few self-respecting families who, in ordinary times, cannot give their dead a decent burial at their own expense. The families that in life never hesitate to accept any amount of charity are usually the first to object to what they call a pauper funeral.

It is a natural and proper thing for persons of mature years to lay away in the bank enough to bury themselves. It seems unnatural to begin to make provision for burying a baby a few months after it is born. Yet, if this provision is wise and necessary, how much better to encourage those who can afford it to put away the nickels and dimes on deposit, where the actual amount deposited can be reclaimed and the accumulated millions in time returned to the pockets of those who have deposited them, rather than be forfeited to the advantage of child-insurance companies.

There is a wide difference between insuring the life of the bread-winner and insuring the lives of these little ones, which may be so jeopardized by this very insurance that it becomes death assurance instead of life insurance.

Perhaps no one put this more strongly than Mr. Edward Atkinson, who at the hearing referred to the importance of the moral risk involved, and said in respect to prudential life insurance that he did not look upon it as a good form of investment, but as a prudent step to take. In regard to child insurance, he said he had given the subject careful, almost prayerful consideration. If the tendency is the same as in regard to property insurance, where many believe that they can realize only by the destruction of the property, it is the duty of the committee to regard the possible harm that may come to the child if insurance is placed on its life.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it is proved in some cases that harm has come to children from insurance. If there is a doubt, give it for a life, not for death. If there is a doubt in your mind that by

licensing child-insurance you may promote death, notwithstanding the incidental benefit, the gain is not worth the price of the death of one single infant. Do not give warrant for neglect of the feeble or the helpless. From an economical standpoint, it seems to be a costly way of saving. There are organizations for deposits, which are carried on without the element of personal profit, which can be utilized for savings for burial expenses. If it costs \$1.50 for conducting the business for every \$1 that is paid out, will it not be wise to waive the benefit, and choose the less expensive method? The prohibition is not wanted for the ninety-nine in every hundred, but for the hundredth man who might neglect his child."

In reply to questions, Mr. Atkinson said that he did not believe in child insurance, and went on to give his conception of a plan whereby people of small means could club together for the maintenance of the health of children, employing the best physicians, and obtaining the best advice upon the science of nutrition. This he designated as the opposite of the system of child insurance that pays a profit on death.

THE BASIS OF EASTER.

Easter is the feast of immortality. The feast has a Christian history as well as a pagan one. In Christian history its observance is closely associated with the resurrection of Jesus. Undoubtedly, the majority of Christians keep it for that reason. But, when we seek for a still firmer basis for our belief in immortality, we find it, not in the belief of the resurrection of the body, but in the resurrection of the soul.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body introduces material elements which offer obstacles to faith instead of helping it. Thus, if we believe in the bodily resurrection of Jesus, we may believe that it was an exceptional fact in human history, whose manifestation was confined to him, in which case the resurrection of Jesus furnishes no proof of the immortality of the race. Or we may be told that all humanity shall eventually, at some general judgment, be raised, and reoccupy some one of the bodies that, as individuals, they inhabited on earth. But this assumption, instead of being a help to belief, is clearly an obstacle to its exercise; for we are obliged to make enormous demands on credulity to accept a hypothesis which science declares impossible of realization.

If we take, on the other hand, the assurance of some modern Spiritualists that spirits may become materialized before us, we may answer that nine-tenths of all such materializations have proved to be frauds, and that the other tenth has not been sufficiently attested to secure general acceptance.

The real ground of our Easter hope and faith is not found, then, in a material resurrection, whether that of Jesus or of some hero of the old mythologies or in any visible and tangible manifestation of deceased friends. These beliefs did not establish the conviction of immortality: they result from it. Belief in the bodily resurrection of Jesus is therefore an incident, not an essential element in our Easter joy. Unitarians have sometimes been asked why, not accepting the bodily resurrection of Jesus, they can keep Easter. But the answer is because they have a firmer basis of their belief in immortality than that which the stories of the resurrection offer. The doctrine of immortality must not be founded on any single incident, however dramatic, in the death of any single individual. It must be founded in the hopes, prophecies, implications, faith, asseverations, and constitution of the human soul in its highest development.

Easter is, therefore, a feast which, spiritually as well as historically, does not belong to Christians alone. The roots of this belief may be found expressed feebly in the oldest literature. Christianity did not create it, for Homer and Plato wrote long before the New Testament. Christianity did not plant the seed, but it sunned and watered it. Jesus did not reveal immortality, but brought it into new life and light. A soul like that of Jesus seems to have in it a deathless quality, and that which gives it immortality is found in the elements which the greatest souls have in common with it. Our immortality must be an attribute of our humanity.

Musings.

THE other day I passed a man on the street who, I thought, had been dead at least ten years. He was not an intimate acquaintance, simply a familiar figure on the street, in the cars, and elsewhere,—a part of the furniture of the city; but he had dropped from my sight. I had forgotten his existence until his presence reminded me that he was still alive. His sudden reappearance had the effect of a resurrection. It seemed to me very much as if he must have come forth from the grave and put on his suit of clothes and started for his familiar haunts, just as some departed spirit might do if he could be summoned from the grave and find clothing ready for his use. This man seemed to have a ghostlike appearance, which aided in the impression that he was a reanimated corpse. He had been practically dead to me all this time. And now for a moment he has crossed my path, and disappeared again. I will not say forever, because I cannot be sure what fresh resurrection he may experience. But it impressed me with the fact that death and resurrection are not simply physical events. This man, whose life had never been very close to mine, had apparently passed off the stage of existence, and been hypothetically dead to me for a dozen years. Physically speaking, when he appeared, I was certain that he was no more of a ghost than most of those which appear in Spiritualistic cabinets. But, dead or alive, we belonged practically to different worlds of thought, interest, activity, though no one could tell when we might be thrown into relations which would reveal that bond which is the deepest of all bonds,—the bond of our common humanity. I thought, too, how many friendships there are which die in this life, which are broken because of removal, change, or circumstance, or loss of interest. One of the most delightful experiences we may enjoy is the resurrection of an old friendship which has seemed dead and buried, but which is suddenly brought to life and power by the reappearance of some old friend, who has come back not only to our eyes, but to our hearts. The separations produced by death are not more absolute than the separations produced by life. I am thinking now of school-boys that I knew, and who have passed for many years away from sight and knowledge. Some of them I know are on this planet, in distant zones: others have passed completely out of sight and knowledge. The boy has developed into a man; and this very development has carried him into some new world of activity, which does not communicate with mine. Of the two billions of people on the globe, a large part of them are, for us, indeed ciphers. We are not conscious of their existence, nor they of ours.

IN the shifting phases of human life which are so manifest in the rapid growth of a country like ours, in an era of migration, invention, and social evolution, it is delightful to have some element of permanence revealed in human relationships. I received the other day a beautiful picture of an elderly couple sitting by their fireside in the comfortable enjoyment of leisure which in this restless age is too often banished even from the home. The old spinning-wheel by the fireplace, the candlesticks on the mantel, the pots and kettles hanging on the crane, the bellows at one corner of the mantel, the old chairs in which they sat,—all spoke the language of fifty years ago. With the picture came an invitation, folded up like an old-fashioned letter, as follows:

"On the third day of April, in the forty-fifth year of this century, Samuel Ellis, son of John and Mary his wife, and Martha Ellis, daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth his wife, in the Medfield church laid their hands each within the other, to walk together within the holy bonds of marriage through the years then to come. For fifty years, amid sunshine and shadow, they have journeyed together, blessed in the fragrant and hallowed associations of ancestry and offspring, kinsfolk and friends.

"On the third day of April, in the ninety-fifth year of this century, Samuel and Martha, still in sweet company, ask you to meet with them in the companionship of those who by kin and kindness stand nearest their hearts, [at the old Ellis farm in Medfield, which has sheltered and nurtured their race for nearly two hundred and fifty years, when, from two to six o'clock, during the going down of the sun, they will, with gratitude for the last half-

century, start upon the new half-century in continued faith and happiness."

And so on the third day of April, in the afternoon, I found myself in the old farmhouse at Medfield, with a host of others who had made the same pilgrimage to this domestic shrine. The groom and the bride stood up in the parlor, and received congratulations with as much pleasure and, apparently, no more fatigue than they might have had fifty years ago. The husband wore the same vest that he had worn at his wedding. The wife might have found it difficult to wear her wedding gown without enlarging it; but the gown was gracefully and charmingly displayed on the person of a granddaughter, who brought back to us the fashion and spirit of fifty years ago. During this half-century the wedded pair have lived the whole time in this same house in which the bridegroom was born. When one thinks of the cities that have been built, the States that have been received into the Union, and the wonderful development of this country, in that time such an example of continuity of habitation is unusual, even in rural New England. The old house showed signs of modern improvements, and I have no doubt that the bridegroom could have pointed out many changes in the old town; yet the quietude and restfulness of this rural retreat had not been disturbed for me. But the most delightful experience of the hour was this beautiful testimony to the sanctity and happiness of the marriage bond. They sang "America" that day in Music Hall, and in many places the country over, as a tribute to its author; and it seemed to me that the spirit of the hymn easily blended with the golden wedding, for it was on a foundation of such homes and such character that New England was built and the golden age of America made possible.

Brevities.

Jesus is not only the light of the world by what he reveals in himself, but by what he reveals in us. He kindles the torch of our faith. His life becomes a part of our experience.

"No living soul," says Rev. John Cuckson in the Easter sermon we publish this week, "can be the son of God in any true and dividing sense, and not share the divine everlastingness."

We have received, too late for insertion this week, a notice of the late Rev. F. W. Holland, written by one who knew him long and well, Rev. A. P. Putnam. We shall print it next week.

The *Religious Herald* declares that "superiority is the disease of our times. The saints far outnumber the niches." But would it rather cultivate inferiority, and have more devils than saints?

Some of the old beliefs were crude and materialistic enough, but now they are so refined and attenuated that we can hardly distinguish them in the atmosphere: they are immaterial ghosts of their former selves.

Any one having second-hand copies of the "Hymn, Tune, and Service Book," revised edition, to give or sell, will confer a favor by sending them to the American Unitarian Association. Twenty-five copies are wanted.

"Are you going to church to-day?" "What a question! I go to church as regularly as I go to business." It may not be well to make church-going a matter of business, but it is well to make it a matter of habit.

In her beautiful article on "The New Easter" Miss Augusta Larned shows how "Easter has passed from the gross physical phase to the region of spiritual symbolism, where all is love and light and sweet consolation."

Rev. John Cuckson, in his earnest and inspiring sermon, presents the subject of immortality on rational, ethical, and spiritual grounds. If any one asks why Unitarians keep Easter, we may refer them to this sermon.

Dr. William Everett does not confine his missionary work to speeches in Congress against jingoism and the spoils system. He preached on Palm Sunday at Hyde Park, Mass., and will preach to-morrow, Good Friday, at King's Chapel, Boston.

Dr. J. F. Cannon of St. Louis, in a lecture on "Young People's Societies" be-

fore the students of the Louisville Theological Seminary, pleaded that it might be guarded against abuses, one of which, he said, was "the undue prominence of women!" It is too bad to have a Cannon go off this way.

Every one interested in India should hear Mrs. J. W. Andrews's paper before the South Friendly Society, South Congregational Church, next Monday evening. Mrs. Andrews, in her long trip through Hindustan, not only travelled with an eye for all that was curious and new, but with a sympathetic spirit that saw good where it was to be found, and busied itself with ways to make things better where there was need.

The valuable book on the Armenian question which has recently been published by the Putnams, "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," is on sale at 141 Franklin Street and 25 Beacon Street, at 40 cents in paper, postpaid. It is hoped there will be many orders, as this is not only the most authentic account of the last massacre, but is the best brief history of the Armenian people and the Armenian Church, the oldest Christian church in existence.

The *Cumberland Presbyterian* says to ministers who are pining for a new field: "Instead of pining and planning for a new field, get new energy, new thoughts, new earnestness. Make yourself and your sermons new; and your people, who are perhaps as tired of you as you are of them, will also wake up, and, finding that their old pastor has become new, they themselves will follow your example, and become the new congregation you have been longing for."

A letter from Rev. L. P. Ludden, Lincoln, Neb., secretary of the Nebraska Relief Committee, acknowledges to Mr. Richard C. Humphreys of Boston the receipt of \$100 for the Nebraska sufferers collected through the *Christian Register*, and says: "The same has been properly credited on our State relief books, and will be used in purchasing seed grain for our drouth sufferers. On behalf of those to whom it will bring blessings in this direction, we desire to thank you most sincerely."

A host of our readers will join us in extending warm congratulations to Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass., on his eighty-fifth birthday, which he has reached this eleventh day of April. Mr. May's long life has been consecrated to the worship of God and the service of man. He has joined the army of the Lord in the battle for truth and righteousness, and his clarion call has often been heard in the *Christian Register*. Thus the world has shared his life, and may be grateful for what it has received.

Rev. Albert Lazenby, who is coming over for a short visit to America, is our leading Unitarian minister in Scotland, having been for ten years pastor of St. Vincent Street Church, Glasgow. Scotland is stony ground for liberal Christianity, except for that kind which keeps the good old orthodox Presbyterian label; but Mr. Lazenby has helped to make Unitarianism better known and respected, and at his occasional course of Sunday evening lectures in Glasgow he has had the great city hall crowded with twenty-five hundred eager hearers. We understand that Mr. Lazenby is to preach at King's Chapel April 21 and 28, and is delegated by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to represent our English brethren at our anniversary meetings in May, at which he is sure of a cordial welcome.

Pro and Con.

MR. PULSFORD'S LESSONS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I wish to echo the regret of "G. H. H." in your last number that more of our Sunday-school teachers do not attend Mr. Pulsford's exposition of the lessons at Channing Hall on Saturday afternoons. The attendance has increased over last year, and will doubtless increase yet farther; but no teacher who uses these lessons can afford to lose Mr. Pulsford's broad scholarship, moral enthusiasm, vivid portraiture, and mingling of eloquence with wit. The hour is one of great interest and enjoyment as well as profit, all my teachers agree with me in saying.

W. H. L.

For the Christian Register.

AN EASTER SONG.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

How beautiful the world that comes from gloom,
From snows of winter and the barren field!
Rich nature rises from her silent tomb,
To show surprises resurrection yield;
And though it be but flower and leafy tree,
Or growing of the grass we loved of yore,
Still in it all God's parable we see,
And with a tender thankfulness adore!

Fair trooping like the stars are golden flowers,
Which grow in sheltered ways to please our sight;
O'er lonely graves are whispering budding bowers,
And after darkness all appears so bright.
What though it be the earth that knows the change,
The spirit reads it of the life before,
And, thinking of its meaning sweet and strange,
Our souls are glad, and silently adore!

THE NEW EASTER.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The rebirth of nature is but a symbol of the rebirth of the soul of man, even here in this ever-changeable and progressive mortal life. If evolution were to complete itself, the race would stand still for a moment, then begin to retrograde in the inverse ratio toward extinction. It is the essential law of our being to pass from form to form, from state to state, from order to order.

Jesus was to pass through death to universal power; and Christianity has had its unending progression, even in its retrograde phases making a detour of progress, manifesting new phases of spiritual adaptability and force. The old idea of death transmutes itself; and, as it is colored with the iridescence of hope, the Easter takes on a new, a brighter significance. There was a time, and not so far away, when the worm and the death's head, the charnel-house, the ghastly, fleshless skeleton, abject terror, and low superstition absorbed the realm of death; and the resurrection promise and symbol were overborne by the horror of physical decay. Art lent itself to the popular conception, and revelled in these nightmares. Art, ever sensitive to public sentiment, would not now dare to exhibit these facts in their repulsive baldness. The new Easter has touched the new art with hope and tenderness.

In those old days the Christian Easter stood upon the calendar, but had little comfort or consolation for the mourner. Physical loathsomeness, Satanic revels, and dreadful imaginings filled the popular mind. The Easter we know, where death is overborne by life, where the blossom has taken the place of the worm, is therefore an evolution slowly and painfully come to birth,—one of the most important in the whole history of religious thought; for it plants the flower of hope on graves, and turns the universe into a symbol of promise. The Easter helps us to bring to bear our profoundest convictions, lying deep in consciousness beyond the realm of proof or ordered reason, on this solemn subject, the background and shadow of all our lives.

The veil and the mystery are ever with us. We sit down alone with our grief and our conjectures and our unanswered questions. We cry into the silence, and bruise our hearts against the black wall that divides us from those we love; but the more cheerful attitude of the world toward death at last helps us to calm, soothes the restless and moaning soul. And we perceive that a sun of promise, the Easter sun, has risen on the race. The general conception of death has lightened. We could no more go back now to the Middle Age idea than we could revert to human sacrifice. The new thought and feeling has come with development, an enlarged view, a better grasp of probabilities. It is in the air, something fluid and pervasive, not to be put into syllogisms.

If we have no more positive knowledge of the ever present mystery, we have the brighter intuition; and, because it is with us now a familiar guest, we forget to be grateful for the unspeakable blessing it brings. We know not whence it comes; and we say to ourselves, Why not from the spirit of God? Why is it not a part of that great inspirational current ever flowing through the human soul? We will not dogmatize about what the Infinite has deemed it wise to hide from us: we will accept the fact, and place it alongside of birth, as inscrutable to our ken as its twin brother, death. This is what the new Easter has done for us. For ages the resur-

rection of Christ, the accepted fact on which the great festival was based, did not succeed in thinning the edges of the heavy pall of despair that hung over death and made it grisly with horror. Now that belief in the literal resurrection is allowed to fall more and more into the background of men's minds, as a question non-essential, neither to be rashly affirmed or denied, Easter has passed from the gross physical phase to the region of spiritual symbolism, where all is love and light and sweet consolation.

The hope of a bodily resurrection could not work this change. Always in the subconsciousness of man lay doubt as to the renewal of the old decayed shell for which the soul had no further need. God could as easily create a new spiritual body as bring together by act of miracle the scattered elements of this imperfect receptacle. Science has played its part in showing us the remorseless thrift of nature that works up in her looms every particle of rejected matter into new forms, until resurrection has changed not to one re-creation, but millions. The spiritual body proclaimed by Paul has gradually been gaining acceptance and strength,—the thought that the soul cannot exist without some envelope of that we call matter, which is, in fact, as great a mystery as that we call soul, its eternal spouse, from which we know not how divorce can be decreed. Could we take a census of the religious community on this point, we should find how deeply the thought of the spiritual body has gone into human consciousness, and what a world of comfort and hope it has shed upon life.

We know that without the hope of immortality there could be no human progress. Life must have its foreground as well as its background. The race emerges from savagery when it begins to remember and get a past. A future is no less essential. It must have before it the hope of infinite expansion. The belief in perfection becomes the strongest of those divine impossibilities by which we live. This foreground of being widens as we ascend. It is the spiritual ether ever expanding to infinitude. Nothing less will satisfy the craving, out-reaching nature that is in us. We perish before a barrier. Thus God has built the universe without walls. If the immortal hope is a cheat and a delusion, we feel that the universe itself must be a lie, a deceptive trick of our senses. Thus we stand on a narrow neck of land between gulfs of black despair and illimitable hopes of immortality.

Jesus gave a new meaning to the gross doctrine of the resurrection of the body held by the Sadducees. He rose embodied truth, a new principle of progress, a new conception of man's relation to God and to his brother. The physical fact for long ages was thrust forward to obscure the inner, esoteric sense of the legend. For long he was buried under dogmas deep and dense. The great stone of a burdensome theology was at last rolled from the mouth of his sepulchre. He was swathed and bound with the cerements of dogmatic definitions and formulas which men must accept or be condemned. But the immense vitality of his truth has burst at last these bonds. Men are no longer under ban forced to affirm or deny mysteries forever hidden from human ken. Deed has come to reign over creed. In place of dogma we dwell on love and service. It is this that makes the new Easter vital, that brings expectancy and promise on every wind that blows, that reveals hope in every spring blossom. The new Christ has indeed risen for the human soul to love and reverence without bonds. We come gladly to our spiritual comforter, who will not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. The airs of spiritual freedom blow round the world, and wake the sentiment of praise and thanksgiving, and touch all consecrated memories to a renewed and deepened tenderness. Nature revived, stirring in sap and bird-warble, and the push of root and stem and bud, is the sublime Easter symbol. The sealed life of the world has waited long for the reviving touch, and has not been betrayed. So the trusting heart, waiting like the plant germ in darkness and silence, shall not be betrayed. Love is poured out unstinted for us. Where we cannot now see the end, it shall bring us one day to the place of the unsealing of eyes. The loving, protecting Christ rises for us on Easter Day,—the Christ of the poor, the lowly, the trustful,—those little ones who followed

him long ago like a band of children in the fields of Galilee; the Christ who taught us to say "Our Father," and showed us the vision of the kingdom of God, who taught us to discard formal, soulless, outward worship, and to worship in spirit and in truth. The new Easter restores him to us, as he shines in the sweetest pages of the gospel. Passions are quelled, sorrow and sighing fade away before that vision. All is light, beauty, peace, humility. Deep and genuine things, the love that transforms and makes all things new, blossom out of this consecrated time. Our graves grow verdant in view of the soft splendor of this angelic vision, where love knits earth to heaven, and time is an undivided portion of eternity. We pluck from them the heavenly asphodel. Our heavy hearts are rested, our tears are dried. We must refresh ourselves at these wells of faith if we would not fossilize in materialism. This life has infinite extensions of spirit force. This visible world is an infinitesimal point compared with the spheres on which we impinge. How we reconcile the little we know with all we believe or dimly conceive, who can say? The most thorough-going agnostic cannot confine himself to the knowable, do what he may. The soul spurns such limitations. The unknown is its challenge and defiance. It will not let it alone. Life and death are the Siamese twins of thought. Where one goes, the other must follow. Who can say whether God is a fact or a simulacrum of the mind; and yet we know we live by him alone, draw from him the riches of our inexhaustible resources, find in him our retreat, our asylum, our society, our help when all else fails. The invisible realms are opened for us on Easter Day. The dead are not dead: they are still ours. We no longer say with tears, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." We see that he is indeed risen, and is smiling upon us in the fervor and purity of a new faith. He comes in all the beauty that thrills the earth, and sets the song astir in the thrush's breast. He looks upon us in the eye of the wood violet and the affectionate smile of every human countenance. Immense sources of power, love, happiness, seem to open about this little isle of life. We are not poor little ants tugging at straws on a mole-hill. We are immortal beings, with the grandest prospects and opportunities. All the source of promise and life are open to us. It remains only for us to rise to the occasion. We may drink freely of the living water, we may hope infinitely, we may love and reverence without stint. We may put our hands to service for our kind, whether small or great, with competent faith in the progress and the aspiration of our race. But we must always remember that we are creatures of vision, fed from ideal sources, and that the sky is but a semi-transparent veil drawn between us and perfect fruition.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The Russians, as is well known, are members of the Greek Church; but no Roman Catholic can be more devout than a true Muscovite. His religion is part of his life, and the ordinances of his Church are kept with conscientious fidelity. The Slav is fond of amusement, too, and loses no opportunity to indulge this propensity. Thus a natural tendency and religious fanaticism alike unite to render Easter in Russia a festival of unprecedented joy and pageantry, which is in striking contrast to the dismal season that precedes it.

All through Lent and Passion Week the greatest gloom and solemnity prevail. The theatres are closed, and dancing and all games are prohibited. In Moscow and St. Petersburg, as well as in the little rural hamlets on the Volga and Dnieper, the same fasting and religious ceremonies are observed. Neither flesh, fowl, milk, or eggs are eaten during the Lenten season, and butter and fish only the first four weeks. Some of the most scrupulous will not use sugar in their tea, because it has been clarified with blood. A funereal gloom characterizes Passion Week. The people spend the time in going to church, and every place of worship is crowded with devotees. No amusements of any kind are indulged in, and during the last three days before Easter the people abstain wholly from food of any kind. It is no wonder

that Easter Eve is greeted with expectation and a sensation of relief.

Every Russian prepares for Easter by taking his weekly vapor bath. In these baths they sustain a heat that to all but Russians would be nearly insupportable; and then they rush suddenly out to plunge themselves in cold water or to roll stark naked in the snow. Such is the force of habit that what would be death to natives of other climes is luxurious indulgence to the Muscovite. He also buys and puts on a new suit of clothes, this being considered absolutely necessary for the Easter festival. The houses have all been scrubbed and made clean during the previous week; and the Easter gifts are all collected, and a lamp is lighted to watch over them.

If one were in Moscow on Easter Eve, he would find the people gathering in great crowds at the Kremlin, which is palace and church and fortress combined. There is very little noise or disturbance, and but few lights are seen; but the cathedral itself is one blaze of splendor. No priests are in attendance; but in the centre of the church stands a desk with an open Bible upon it, and any Slav who can read has the privilege of reading aloud from it.

With reverent faces the fair-haired, blue-eyed Russians are continually entering for their devotions. The scene is sometimes impressive, as often an aged Russian peasant, in his warm sheepskin robe, taper in hand, takes his stand beside the Bible; while little children devoutly listen, with clasped hands, as he reads aloud; or perhaps a Cossack soldier, fierce and long-bearded, will spell out with slow patience and affectionate devotion the sufferings of the Saviour of the world.

As midnight approaches, the crowd in creases. All classes and all ages are represented,—the rich nobles and their wives, dressed after the French fashion; well-to-do merchants and land-owners, wearing the pelisse or big fur cloak, fur boots or shoes, and the velvet or fur cap large enough to pull down over the head; the ubiquitous boy; young girls with their gay ribbons, heavy plaited tresses decorated with pearls, and their robes glittering the whole length with bright buttons; white-haired old pilgrims from the provinces; officers in showy uniforms; and the university professors in their clerical robes. These all stand,—for there are no seats in Russian churches,—and quietly await the hour of demonstration. Presently the golden doors are thrown open from the Holy of Holies; and the archbishop appears on the highest steps of the altar, and with uplifted hand blesses the people. When the invocation is finished, a line of priests, dressed in their sombre Lenten robes and bearing crosses, symbols, and pictures in the life of Christ, file out of the church like a solemn procession of mourners.

It is now twelve o'clock,—midnight. Boom! boom! boom! tolls the bell on the tower of Ivan the Great. Instantly it is answered, peal upon peal, from the four hundred church bells of Moscow, till there is a great midnight chorus of musical symphony. Bang! goes a cannon, and another and another; and, while the bells ring and the cannons roar, every worshipper becomes a torch-bearer. A taper carried by each one is lighted, and prince and peasant and blooming youth and bearded age are enveloped in a strange and almost unearthly radiance. They form in two lines at the doorway and in the church; and between re-enters the procession of priests, who are now clothed in rich, variegated robes of satin and cloth of gold, and wear high, jewelled caps upon their heads. Once more the archbishop appears upon the high steps of the altar; but this time he announces, "Christ is risen." Incense is scattered among the congregation, and the united voices of the singers burst out in a wondrous melody.

Nothing can be more striking than this pageant. There is the Kremlin, with its high walls of white stone, with battlements cut in the form of Tartar arrowheads, its eighteen green towers and its fine rose-colored gates, its cathedrals, churches, and palaces. And there are the crowds of people with waving torches, the cathedrals blazing with radiance, the splendid costume of the priests, the wonderful choral music, the pealing bells, and the intonations of ordinance,—all telling of the universal joy of Easter.

After the church service comes the blessing of the Easter cakes set in long rows;

and each cake carries its lighted taper. The crowd exchange congratulations: every where one hears the greeting, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed." A certain kind of exhilaration prevails among the half-barbarous peasants; and some of the more excitable devotees have been known to discharge their pistols in church, even singeing the beards of the priests.

The Easter joy has hardly begun, however. The people gradually disperse and go home to an Easter breakfast, at which is usually served a lamb in butter, frizzled and curled, with currant eyes; *shchi*, cabbage soup; *pashka*, rich curd covered with sweetened paste; eggs and *kulitsch*, bread made of long rolls of dough twisted together. Other Easter dishes are *bot vinya*, vegetable soup; *taurki*, bread crumbs soaked in *kvas*, sour fermented drink. Ham is a universal Easter article of diet; and plenty of *vodka*, brandy, is drunk. The lower classes, as a general thing, carry their food previously to the church, where the priests sprinkle it with holy water.

After breakfast there is a grand mass in the cathedral, when the Metropolitan officiates, and the gospel is read in four languages,—Russian, Slavonic, Greek, and Hebrew. Everywhere there are joy and gladness and exchanging of gifts and the making of congratulatory visits. The usual hour for Easter calling is at ten o'clock; and at that time you can see the gay equipages of the nobility and the gentry flying about in all directions, and kissing is general among friends and acquaintances in all classes of life. Even the czar is obliged to receive calls; and for an hour and a half in the chapel of the Winter Palace he is busy in the bestowing of these affectionate salutes on clergy and council, senators and generals, on his household and navy officers.

The customary gifts are the inevitable Easter eggs. Hundreds of thousands of these eggs change hands every Easter season in St. Petersburg alone. Some of these "eggs" are most costly, being nothing less than gold cases, egg-shaped, containing beautiful jewelry. The real eggs are colored, usually red. Hence the application of the name to a gift, "a little red egg."

It is one long holiday through the Easter season. Every subject of the czar gives himself up to the gayety of the occasion. The beautiful-sounding bells of Moscow are rung almost constantly. In all the public places there are swings, flying horses, merry-go-rounds, and Punch and Judy shows, for the delectation of the crowd. The streets are full of peasants, kissing each other and exchanging eggs, many of them in an intoxicated condition; for the Russian makes the most of his privilege of getting tipsy on Easter. But, whether drunk or sober, at sunrise and at sunset, he never tires of uttering the beautiful greeting, "The Lord is risen," to which his neighbor ever responds, "He is risen indeed." And then the Easter kiss is given and received.

The festival concludes by a mass on the Sunday after Easter. In the provincial churches each peasant receives a piece of a red loaf, with the words, "Christ is risen," which he keeps sacredly with his Palm Sunday branch on the table devoted to his *Domovoi*, or household spirit. And so ends Easter in Russia.

CHRIST.

BY REV. F. B. MOTT.

Whether we regard its extraordinary history or the extent of its influence at the present moment, Christianity compels the attention of every thoughtful person.

The man of to-day brought up in a Christian country may well ask with quickened surprise, when he first comes seriously to consider those religious questions which during his youth he has taken for granted, "What is the power within this system of Christian belief which through all the forms and phrases, creeds and rituals, of passing centuries holds so firmly the religious hopes of many nations?"

It is evident that within Christianity itself there must lie somewhere a tremendously powerful energy worthy of consideration. Yet who can interpret the network of doctrines, theories, orders, arguments, explanations, creeds, and counter-creeds which have grown together into Christianity? Have the brilliant succession of cardinals' councils formulated the truth, or

the Westminster conclaves? Fortunately, the simple seeker after the true faith instinctively feels that it is not from the mountainous accumulations of theory, nor from strings of doctrine, that religion draws her breath of life. He remembers what King Arthur said to those knights thirsting for fame who would go off to seek for it in strange and distant lands:—

"How often, O my knights,
The chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering
fires,
Lost in the quagmire!"

He recalls how the noblest saints in the Christian world have found their inspiration without any such search,—men like Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, Bunyan, Theophilus Lindsay, Livingstone, Gordon, Father Damien, Phillips Brooks. He sees that the power of Christianity lies in the pure human character that is in it, and which has come down from its source.

Below Kansas City runs the sweeping mud stream of the Missouri River. But it is the sparkling source far up above that gives the river its life; and far below in the Gulf of Mexico the mud will settle to the earth again, and the crystal river run into the sea. So Christianity back at its source was pure, and in that purity is its power. From the mountain side the words of Jesus spread through the spellbound multitudes, kindling sparks of the divine ideal already alive in himself, passing from reverent heart to heart glowing as it passed, handed on from friend to friend, learned by distant lisping Western tongues, renewing hope, dispelling fear, increasing love. That deathless power could not die. It rode upon the winds of heaven. Under the silent stars the mighty impulse of this one full life began to lift the burdens of the heavy-hearted throughout the world. Niagara does not change a single law of nature's plan. It is but the flowing of a natural stream, full, compressed. Such was Christ. A great, full, human life, revealing God-like life.

For, as God's sweetness is in the rose, his peace upon the sea, his majesty and order in the stars, his music in the voice of nature, so his truth and joy and love take shape within the heart of man. The kingdom of heaven is men and women. "There is God," said Jesus, "heeding that sparrow's fall, painting that lily, crossing the road to lift that beggar. This sea of Galilee is his. He blooms in that garden of roses, in the love-looks of these children." So in his heart of hearts, as in a sacred cup, Christ held the precious drops distilled from God's own life. Yet he took the cup and shattered it, that the sacred draught might flow out to the healing of the world. All of the Father that there was in him, that he gave unto the world. So the seeking human soul to-day finds its best teacher, leader, inspirer, and Master, when it finds the life of Christ.

NEW YORK LETTER.

In spite of some recent cold days, the city is beginning to wear a certain jaunty freshness and suggestiveness of "ethereal mildness." The approach of the more genial season is felt even in the heart of the crowded business streets, where there is not a spot for grass to grow on, nor a single tree with swelling buds to show what nature is bent upon. Whether this is because the shop-windows are gay with Easter bonnets and brilliant with Easter flowers, or because the passers-by themselves are lighter-hearted, less intent and winterish in their aspect, who can tell?

We are having here an illustration of what a large amount of curiosity the average mortal possesses. Hourly, the little triangular park in front of the New York *Herald* Building, at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue at Thirty-fifth Street, is filled with a fresh crowd of men, women, and children waiting to watch the striking of the *Herald* bell. This is a new combined mechanical device and work of art, consisting of a large bronze figure of Minerva placed on top of the *Herald* Building, and having below it a huge bell, which, as the hour arrives, is struck the requisite number of times by hammers held and swung by two stalwart men of bronze. The device, the gaping crowd, and the sweet-toned bell bring to mind a similar scene that tourists in Switzerland seem never tired of watching in Berne before the old clock tower there, with its crowing cock,

procession of bears, bronze man, and massive bell.

With the change in the season there has come a change in the municipal situation here. The mayor, patient beyond what he should have been, many think, has at last begun police reorganization without waiting for the legislative obstructionists in Albany to enact the much needed reform legislation. Commissioners Murray and Kerwin are the two men on the board who have obstinately opposed all the reform measures of Mr. Andrews, the one new non-partisan commissioner. They have been told that they must go. Their resignations have not been directly requested, but have been asked for through a third person, a friend of Mr. Murray. The warning of the mayor to these two commissioners that official decapitation awaited them if they did not voluntarily make way with themselves calls to mind the story told in one of his addresses by Mr. Curtis of the orthodox pastor who endeavored to lead his flock to salvation by the terrible exhortation: "Suppose, brethren, you should wake up to-morrow morning and find yourselves dead. What would you say then?" It is reported that the mayor is about to appoint to these commissions two of our public men of the highest character and ability, and who are among the foremost advocates of a non-partisan administration of municipal affairs. So many difficulties have been encountered, so much time and money have been spent in freeing the city government from the grasp of the Tammany octopus, that one wonders if, at last, the lesson has not been really learned that, in order to prevent the city from again falling into the power of corruptionists and plunderers, men of education, morality, and social standing must interest themselves continuously in local affairs,—must assume and discharge the obligations of citizenship.

It is pleasant to turn from the murky atmosphere of politics to the record of some pure, healthy religious and sociological work which has been done within the last year in Brooklyn by the pastor and parish of the First Unitarian Church. Mr. Eliot's society has just held its annual meeting; and, as usual, reports were made upon what had been accomplished during the past twelve months at the Willow Place Chapel. It has long been a matter of debate among many sociological workers whether it were wise, practicable, or possible to combine the spiritual with the material, religion with philanthropy, preaching with practice. There are some missions of a sociological character in connection with our own liberal churches, and there are many able workers in charitable associations who feel that the religious impulse ought not to be openly placed behind the ethical endeavor. The mission work of the First Unitarian Church has always been frankly and avowedly religious. There is a preaching service every Sunday in the Willow Place Chapel, with music by a chorus choir; and there is a Sunday-school held every Sunday. The latter has twenty-seven officers, two hundred and fifty children, and, in addition, an infant department with two teachers and forty-five children. This is conducted on kindergarten principles.

But, while supplying this spiritual uplift to the working men and women and their children, the Willow Place Chapel is apparently not a step behind in the generous opportunities it offers for the mental improvement and the sane amusement of its constituency. In fact, the good works at the chapel are so many that only a brief enumeration of them can be given. As one reads the record over, one must not fail to see in each activity the heart and soul which fill it with quickening life and inspiration, and make it an unspeakable blessing both to the helped and to the helpers.

Considering the Sunday service and Sunday-school as the basis of all the work, and as numbers 1 and 2 in the enumeration, we have: (3) A free kindergarten, daily, with three teachers and fifty-four children. (4) The Men's Club, with sixty active members, an evening reading, debating, and amusement society for workingmen, officered and conducted by the men themselves. This club maintains a Sick and Death Benefit Fund; a co-operative store for the sale of staple groceries, coal, and wood, etc.; and a number of benevolent activities. It is a club of married men, and all are laborers or small tradesmen or mechanics. (5) The Women's Club, sixty mothers, who meet

weekly with a number of the ladies of the church for sewing and amusement. This also has a Sick Benefit Fund. (6) The Working-girls' Club, which maintains club rooms for social purposes, and has classes in Cooking, in Hygiene, in Home Nursing, and in English Literature, conducted by young ladies from the church. (7) The Young Men's Club, which maintains its own club rooms and meets for social purposes three times weekly. (8) The Cadets, a young men's drill corps, fully equipped, drilled by young men from the church. (9) The Boys' Brigade, a company of the younger boys, drilled by the junior officers of the Cadets. (10) Boys' Study Class, an evening school in elementary branches, current events, and practice in conducting meetings. (11) A Sewing School and Calisthenic Class, sixty children, girls, taught by fourteen young ladies from the church. (12) The Employment Bureau. Sixty-one women made eight hundred and forty garments last winter, the work being conducted by a committee of ladies from the church. (13) A Summer Home for children. Forty-eight children and sixteen mothers were cared for at a country place rented by the church for the purpose. (14) A large number of children and mothers sent to the country in summer in co-operation with the "Country Week." (15) A Loan Library of one thousand volumes, conducted by three young men from the church. (16) Five Lend a Hand Clubs among the older children, doing little charities.

The success which has attended this work would seem to demonstrate the fact that character-building by means of religious instruction is an entirely compatible accompaniment of all other efforts to improve and elevate the individual.

Rev. Alfred Lazenby of Glasgow, Scotland, who is coming over to preach for a few Sundays at King's Chapel in Boston, will arrive here on April 13. On the following Monday the Unitarian ministers of New York and vicinity will hold a special meeting, and give a lunch to Mr. Lazenby at the Reform Club, their usual gathering-place. It is expected that Mr. Lazenby will give a talk on "Unitarianism and the Theological Situation in Scotland." The ministers, on their part, may be able to interest Mr. Lazenby by telling him what the Reform Club has done within a year in the interest of sound money. The circular of the committee having this in charge, the chairman of which is ex-Secretary Charles F. Fairchild, has just been issued. It is an earnest protest against all phases of fiat money and depreciated silver, and is so unpartisan in spirit it ought to commend itself to all candid thinkers. Seven tracts on sound money have been prepared, and two hundred thousand copies issued by the club during the year.

It is a pleasure to report that the work of Mrs. James H. Morse among the colored people on the west side of the city, which has before been referred to, has resulted in the organization of a kindergarten, sewing school, and library for colored children.

Mrs. Morse has been elected president, Mrs. Edward Curtis treasurer; and two of the colored women who have helped in starting the charity are respectively secretary and superintendent. An entertainment for the benefit of the undertaking was held last week in one of the chapter rooms of Carnegie's Hall, and over \$200 was netted from it. The colored children gave the larger part of the programme.

On Friday, April 5, the regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held at Unity Church, Brooklyn. Papers on "Three Famous Women,—Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, and Dorothea Dix,"—were read by Mrs. James H. Morse, Mrs. John W. Chadwick, and Miss F. G. Davenport. M. A. M.

Spiritual Life.

IMMORTALITY.

When by nobler culture, by purer experience, by breathing the air of a higher duty, vitality at length creeps into the soul, the instincts of immortality will wake within us.—James Martineau.

My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend. Being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode. Death does not differ at all from life.—Plato.

Just as Thy Easter sun to-day
 Warm into life each tiny spray
 And all the blossoms start,
 We know thy light of Love divine
 Shall give at last all souls of thine
 The Easter of the heart.

The life of the spirit is the evidence of immortality. Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the heaven to come credible. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already. *F. W. Robertson.*

Through making us hope for immortality, God has made us a promise of it. If faith is the evidence of things not seen, hope is the certainty of them. The morrow of the world is a purpose in the mind of God, and so is the great to-morrow of my soul.—*William Mountford.*

Day and night show unto us the resurrection. The night falleth asleep, and the day riseth: the day departeth, and night cometh on. The sower casteth into the earth each of the seeds, and these decay. Then out of their decay the might of the Master's providence raiseth them up, and they bear fruit. *Clement of Rome.*

I see the autumn prefigured in the spring. As the bud now lying cold and close upon the bark of every tree throughout our northern clime is a silent prophecy of yet another spring and other summers, and harvests, too, so this instinctive love of justice, scantily budding here and nipped by adverse fate, silently, but clearly tells of the kingdom of heaven.—*Theodore Parker.*

We talk of immortality; but there is a better phrase than that,—the word of Jesus, "eternal life." That implies not mere duration, but quality. It blends the present and the future into one. It sets before us a state into which we are called to enter now, and into which, as we enter, we find ourselves at home in our Father's house, beyond the power of doubt and fear. *George S. Merriam.*

Our being is not quite buried in torpor and darkness. Already it is bursting out into light and expansion. Full it is of epochs and heroic crises. It feels itself called upon to act and to advance. And to this earth-strife that presses upon us every day, to this solemn, to this dim bordering upon the realm of boundless light, is there not a voice that says: "Onward! Onward forever!"—*Orville Dewey.*

CHANNING CONFERENCE.

The fifty-ninth session of Channing Conference was held in the First Congregational Church in New Bedford, Mass., on the evening of April 2 and the following day. The conference sermon was preached by Rev. M. J. Savage before a large audience, many of whom were not Unitarians, who were drawn thither by the fame of the preacher. The aim of the sermon was to show that the gospel of Paul, "Be ye reconciled to God," was essentially the same as the word of science, "Be ye adjusted to your environment." The various religions of the globe are the result of the effort of man, through thought, feeling, and action, to get into better relations with his environment. As this will ever continue, religion in some form must ever exist. The Church is the noblest institution of man; and it is our highest duty to support that which comes nearest to the expression of our ideal of truth, righteousness, and love. The sermon was strong and clear, and gave great satisfaction.

The devotional services the next morning were conducted by Rev. Herbert Mott of Providence, who took for his lesson the parable of the talents. Business meeting, ten o'clock, President Job C. Tripp in the chair. He expressed the delight of the conference to meet for the first time in a church to which so many honored and saintly men—Dewey and Weiss and Potter among them—had ministered. The treasurer's report showed over \$1,200 in the treasury. \$800 had already been pledged toward the building of a chapel in Vineyard Haven; and \$200 more was voted at this meeting, which, together with some \$525 promised from another source, is nearly enough to construct such a building as was desired. Work on it will likely be begun immediately, so as to have it ready for this summer's use. Unfortunately, our conference meeting came this year on Rhode Island's election day, as has happened before; and so, in order to avoid such conflicts of patriotic duties in the future, a motion was made by Rev. Mr. Cutter of Newport of a purpose to amend the constitution of the conference at its next meeting.

Mrs. Robert H. Davis of New York, corresponding secretary of the Women's National Alliance, then addressed the conference on "The Work of Women in our Churches," and described the beginning and growth of the Women's Auxiliary Conference and the National Alliance, with its present effective methods. She urged every church to form a Branch of the Alli-

ance, and the ministers to seek this means of strengthening them in their work. As a result of the enthusiasm aroused, at the close of the conference a meeting was called; and it was voted to form a Branch of the Alliance in New Bedford, and initiatory steps were taken for that purpose. Mrs. Davis is a very bright, earnest, persuasive speaker, and made a most favorable impression on her audience. As she possesses first-rate organizing ability, she is an ideal person for the work in hand.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston next gave us a vivid and picturesque illustration of "The Dramatic Power of the Unitarian Gospel." The old story of creation and Paradise, the fall of man, and the redemption through the sacrifice on Calvary, and the last judgment, parting souls to the right hand and the left,—all this has indeed great possibilities of dramatic presentation; but so has the new view of religion, the new idea of the eternities and immensities, of creation, of the rise and fall of man, of Jesus as an elder brother and moral guide, and of God as the Friend and Saviour of all his children. Especially vivid and impressive was the picture drawn of the hell which sin makes for the sinner and his offspring,—hells which burn as with never-dying flame. Indeed, they seemed almost too hot and unmerciful for God's love to temper or have any part in. Rev. Mr. Lord wanted to know how the saving power of God could be pictured as clearly and well. Rev. Arthur Knapp, Rev. C. A. Young, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, and Mrs. Robert Davis took part in the lively discussion which followed.

Members reconvened at 2 P.M. The Committee on Nominations renominated the old list of officers, adding thereto the name of Hon. W. R. Warner of Fall River to the Committee for Christian Work. Rev. Mr. Cutter of Newport and Miss Sarah E. Doyle of Providence read reports of the Women's Alliance of those respective places. On motion of Rev. Mr. Lord the following resolution was passed:—

"Resolved, That the Channing Conference extends to the Rev. Dr. James Martineau of England its hearty congratulations on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, and wishes to express its appreciation of the services which his broad scholarship and deep spiritual insight have rendered in determining the religious thought and inspiring the religious life of the nineteenth century."

"Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to Rev. James Martineau."

Rev. C. F. Dole of Jamaica Plain then addressed the conference on the subject, "The Problem of the Prosperous." The speaker said that the law of pressure operates in the world of man as in the world of matter. It is necessary in order to develop elasticity, vitality, strength, and service; but, if there is too much of it in the human world, it crushes; if too little, it produces other evils. People try to get rid of the action of this law, and too many succeed. Too many of the rich in intellectual gifts, in social power, as well as money, withdraw themselves from useful service, who ought to feel their social responsibilities and work for their brother man. It is only by living our faith that we can prove this to be a divine universe.

The discourse was a strong, noble, eloquent, and most impressive appeal for loving, consecrated service of the needy classes in society. Rev. George Batchelor was called out, and responded with a like appeal for the religion that means life. An interesting discussion followed, participated in by Rev. Messrs. Knapp and Young and Rev. Mrs. Spencer.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather and the conjunction of election day, a large audience was present at every meeting. If Mr. Potter's name was not often mentioned, it was not because he was not often in our thoughts. His memory was like a sacred presence to some of us. Altogether, I think it was the general feeling that the first Channing Conference ever held in New Bedford was a very gratifying success. We hope in the years to come we may have the pleasure of meeting many times in this fine old city by the sea. After voting thanks to the society for their gracious hospitality and abundant collation, and to the preacher and the other speakers for their able and inspiring addresses, the meeting adjourned. *W. H. SPENCER, Secretary.*

The Sunday School.

A pamphlet service, not incorporated in the New Song and Service Book, has been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, containing everything needful, including selections from the Psalms. This service can be used in church or in Sunday-school. Price 60 cents per dozen.

The first copies of the New Song and Service Book were speedily taken. The volume appeared last week; and already the Sunday-schools of Quincy, Malden, Barnardston, All Souls' Church, Boston, and Rockland (Mass.), have introduced the book. The advertisement in another column describes it.

The regular Channing Hall "talks" by Miss Dockham and Rev. Mr. Pulsford will be omitted this week on account of Easter Sunday. Most of our Sunday-schools in this vicinity will be occupied with special Easter exercises or in rehearsing. The subject which would fall on Saturday, April 13, will be considered a week from that time.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The seventh regular meeting, twelfth season, 1894-95, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, April 15. Subject, "Aids to Sunday-school Work in Other Fields." Twenty-minute addresses will be given by Mr. S. F. Hubbard, North End Mission; Mr. A. A. Wordell, Parker Memorial; Rev. Reuben Kidner, St. Andrew House; Mr. Parker B. Field, Barnard Memorial.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE Worcester Association will meet with Rev. W. F. Greenman at Fitchburg, Tuesday, April 16, at ten o'clock A.M. Essay by Rev. N. Seaver. Subject, "The Unwritten Gospel." Sermon by Rev. A. F. Bailey. *G. F. Pratt, Scribe.*

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE BRANCH ALLIANCE.—The Branch of the Women's Alliance connected with the First Unitarian Church, Lawrence, Mass. (Rev. George H. Young, minister), extends a cordial invitation to all the New England Branches to meet with them on Thursday, April 18. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Exercises will begin at 10.30 A.M. At the morning session Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows of Boston will speak upon "The Faith and Heroism of the Women of Armenia," to be followed by Miss Mary F. Eastman of Tewksbury, Mass. Box lunch at 12.30 P.M. In the afternoon Mrs. Edward C. Jordan of Portland, Me., will speak on "The Scope and Extent of Alliance Work"; and Rev. George H. Young, on "The Value of the Alliance as a Factor in Church Work." Trains leave the Union Station in Boston for Lawrence at 8.30 and 9.25 A.M.

REV. E. J. HELMS will take charge of Morgan Chapel (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches) for the coming year in place of Rev. Mr. Schreckengast, who is to be pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Webster City, Ia. A correspondent writes of him:—

"Mr. Helms is a graduate from Grinnell College, Iowa, and from the theological department of Boston University. With three other students he established the University Settlement at the North End. Here he has shown himself a man of rare executive ability, carrying on the work under most adverse circumstances, and building up an institution whose influence, both along philanthropic and religious lines, must be far-reaching. He is first of all a Christian student of sociology, having investigated the subject practically in several large cities. He is at present taking post-graduate work in that department at Harvard under Prof. Peabody. Last fall he organized a class, consisting of theological students, who met once a week to listen to lectures from specialists in sociology. Each member was required to write a thesis upon some phase of the social question, his data to be obtained by personal investigations in the North End. Mr. Helms is the sympathetic friend of each one of his people; and in all his work he has in Mrs. Helms a helpmeet indeed, and one of thorough training for mission work."

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Edward C. Guild will preach April 14. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Ministers' Monday Club: April 15, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Henry Powers will preside. Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, D.D., will give the essay, on "Jesus."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): The last service in the present course, which has been running since October, 1894, will be next Sunday evening, April 14, at 7.30. Speaker, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Subject, "Life: Its Conflict and Victory." Special music by the Marion Osgood's Orchestra, six pieces. Soloists: Miss Lillian Carlsmith, contralto; Mr. Joseph L. White, baritone. All seats free. The attendance has been very large throughout the winter, and there is every evidence that the results have been beneficial to the community. This is the second year of the popular religious services. They will be resumed for a third course in the autumn.

The South Friendly Entertainments: The South Friendly Society of Dr. Hale's church

have arranged for several entertainments for the benefit of their charities, to be given in the vestry of the South Congregational Church, corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets. On Monday, April 8, the programme was: Dr. E. E. Hale, "A Man without a Country"; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Mrs. Julia Houston West, songs. On Monday, April 15, Mrs. J. W. Andrews will give a paper called "A Trip to India." There will also be a Hindu song. Monday, April 22: Dr. E. E. Hale, Reminiscences, with his First and Last Battle; Mrs. L. B. Fenderson, "The Star-spangled Banner," etc.; recitations. An informal reception will be held each evening from seven until eight o'clock. Readings begin at eight o'clock. Season tickets, \$2; single admission, \$1.

BERKELEY, CAL.—Rev. Edward B. Payne preached recently a sermon on Leviticus, in which he said: "We are writing out our Genesis, our Exodus, and our Leviticus,—our religious belief,—just as the Jews did. None of us are what we were five years ago: the horizon is made new for us and for nature. The change in denominations, though seemingly inconsistent with the former religious beliefs, is not really so. My radicalism means that we are unmistakably in an age which demands and will have a restatement of religious belief,—fresh and pure, so that it shall feed our souls. We find materials for every new age to restate its own religion in truths gathered from the whole field of human vision. I believe that the essentials of God's religion are already in the world, but that no age ought to fancy it has attained the limit of discovery in God and these essentials. The old saints have always lived in the glory of them, have walked in the light of them; and it is our privilege, through duty and discipline, to see them and follow after."

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—The Unitarian church printed a card giving the subjects of the Lenten and Easter services. Rev. W. H. Lyon and Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy have preached there in the evening recently, and last Sunday Rev. J. P. Forbes of Taunton spoke on "Personal Faithfulness."

BRIGHTON, MASS.—The new Unitarian church, Rev. Albert Walkley, pastor, was dedicated Sunday, March 31. We have already published a cut and a description of this new and beautiful church, which was crowded to standing room on the dedication day. The services were opened by C. O. Beck, with an organ voluntary. Rev. Howard N. Brown invoked the divine blessing, and the church quartette rendered Calkins's "I will magnify Thee." Rev. Josiah L. Seward read from the Scripture lesson; and the congregation sang the hymn, "Come, kingdom of our God." Mr. Arthur G. Everett, the architect of the new structure, who is also a member of the society, formally delivered the keys, with a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Cyrus E. Marshall, the chairman of the Parish Committee, accepted them in the same manner. Another selection by the quartette followed; and the service of dedication was read by the minister, Rev. Albert Walkley, and the congregation. Rev. Francis Hornbrooke led in the dedication prayer; and Rev. E. A. Horton preached the dedication sermon, saying in part: "There is only one test of Christianity, which is this, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This is a beautiful edifice, but the community will test it by the fruits on the vine of its existence. The Church of the living God is pledged to impart a fuller and deeper comprehension of God. If the Church cannot do that it fails of its purpose and stands indicated before the face of God." The sermon was thoughtful and inspiring.

The reception given by the Ladies' Society in the parlors of the new church on Wednesday evening was a marked success. From six to seven the friends were received by the president of the Ladies' Association and Mrs. Walkley in the small parlor. At seven the door of the larger room was thrown open; and, as the guests entered, the tables and lights presented a very striking and brilliant picture. After prayer by Rev. S. W. Bush and the supper, the president of the Ladies' Society greeted the guests in a very fit and graceful speech, and then called on Rev. James De Normandie, who gave many apt recollections of Rev. Mr. Austen, one of the former ministers. He was followed by a very impressive address from Rev. M. J. Savage, who urged with great force and point the duty of sustaining the church. Rev. Mr. Hornbrooke added his wise and bright word, and Rev. Mr. Bush joined in his congratulations. Mr. William H. Baldwin closed with the expression of his interest in this parish, which, as the home of his boyhood, was dear to him; and, after referring to his joy at the present prosperity and bright prospects for the future of the parish, he urged the people to be loyal and faithful to the church and the religion of Jesus which it represents. The gathering was in every way a success, and the spirit very inspiring.

CHARLESTON, S.C.—The following is an extract from a private letter from a gentleman travelling in the South to a friend in Brooklyn, N.Y. :—

“We stopped over at Charleston (S.C.) on Sunday, the 17th. At the Charleston Hotel we met Mr. Alva Gage of the Unitarian church, who has boarded there for thirty years past. Mr. Gage is prominent in the Unitarian church, and made us welcome to his pew; and we heard an excellent sermon from the pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitman.

“The next day, the 18th, was Mr. Gage’s seventy-fifth birthday; and, being let into the secret of a surprise that was being prepared for him and his wife, we stayed over another day to witness and enjoy it, and were well repaid. The congregation had been waiting for a suitable opportunity to testify to Mr. Gage their appreciation of his recent munificent gift to the society of a parish house. On land adjoining the churchyard Mr. Gage has erected for the uses of the church a commodious building, of which the lower floor is for the purposes of a Sunday-school, vestry, and church meetings and entertainments; and the upper part is laid off in apartments for the pastor’s dwelling, and is far more commodious than many of our first-class flats.

“Mr. Gage’s birthday furnishing the coveted opportunity, the congregation, with secrecy worthy of the highest diplomatic skill, arranged for a reception in the evening at the parish house, where an entertainment was spread, and an oil painting of Mr. Gage, to be hung in the hall, and which had been secretly painted, was to be unveiled. Mr. and Mrs. Gage were invited to spend the evening with the pastor, and, when they arrived, to their great surprise, found the hall lighted and a house full of friends to greet them. The picture was unveiled with a presentation address from the chairman of the committee and an acceptance by the pastor. A reception and handshaking, and a collation, with a few impromptu speeches, followed. It was most pleasant and suggestive to meet granddaughters of Dr. Gilman in the congregation.

“The church is in vigorous health. Thanks to itself and some liberal men in the congregation, it keeps out of debt. Pastor and people are mutually pleased and helpful with and to each other. Mr. Whitman is a Georgian by birth, and well fitted by knowledge of the people and by general culture to minister to a Southern congregation. He took a Master’s degree at Cambridge in 1885. He has the devotion and the honorable ambition which cannot but succeed. If our friends from the North knew how kind and hospitable a welcome awaits them, and how such a visit from them is appreciated, they would try to stop over at Charleston as we did on their Southern pilgrimages, and would find a warm and inspiring welcome.”

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church held a temperance service in honor of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore on Sunday, March 31. The exercises consisted of music and responsive reading, an interesting talk on the life of Mrs. Livermore by Rev. Mr. Eliot, together with a supplementary paper, by Miss Marshall. Miss Winslow, a young and indefatigable worker in the Methodist church, addressed the school. The Lord’s Prayer repeated by the children of the kindergarten was an impressive feature of the service.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Christ Church installed its new minister, Benjamin A. Goodridge, on the evening of Wednesday, April 3. The bright and pleasant audience-room was well filled, and deep interest was manifested in the various exercises of the installation. After introductory music Rev. F. B. Mott offered an earnest prayer, and Rev. George H. Hosmer read Scripture selections of unusual appropriateness. Rev. Charles G. Ames read a telegram from Mr. and Mrs. Lord of St. Paul, conveying their heartfelt greetings to the church. The address of Mr. Ames which followed was characteristically wise and inspiring. He outlined the true relation which should exist between the consecrated church and its consecrated minister. He showed how impossible it is for a new minister to fill exactly the place left vacant by his predecessor. The new man must make and fill a new place. Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Fitchburg presented the greetings of the Worcester County Conference, and then spoke effectively upon vital themes for preaching. He urged that ministers should apply the same common-sense methods to answering the spiritual need of the times that wise business men employ in supplying its material needs. They should study the actual conditions which surround them, and make their preaching a real help to the daily lives of their people. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen of the First Parish in Dorchester gave a cordial greeting to Mr. Goodridge, in behalf of his own church and of the community; and Rev. Walter E. C. Smith of St. Mary’s Episcopal Church, Ashmont, in a felicitous speech, welcomed the new minister as a helper in the practical Christian work to which our churches

should be devoted. Mr. Edwin T. Horne then gave the minister-elect a hearty hand-clasp, and in behalf of the church made an appropriate installation address. There were a few words of response by Mr. Goodridge. Then came the singing of a hymn, and after that the benediction closed this interesting event in the history of Christ Church.

HYDE PARK, MASS.—Dr. William Everett preached last Sunday.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Rev. Mr. Thomson is addressing his usual large audiences. An amusing story is told to the effect that recently a leading orthodox church of the city appointed a committee to attend his Sunday service and ascertain what there was in the preacher or his methods that so attracted the public and so won away their own church members. The committee went as directed, but never ventured to report. They are still attending Mr. Thomson’s services. On March 17 a collection of \$4,000 was taken up to clear off the existing church debt. A committee is at work to raise \$6,000 additional for this purpose. Then the auditorium will be enlarged so as to hold fifteen hundred people.

MILFORD, N.H.—The beautiful pipe organ made for our equally beautiful stone church, and presented by Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury of Boston, as a memorial to his parents, was dedicated on March 29 by an organ concert made free to the public. It was an occasion of great interest and of joy to the Unitarian people, and, seemingly, to the whole community. The mother of the donor has been critically ill for many weeks, and is likely to recover. The father, Mr. J. W. Pillsbury, passed away last year. The new organ, with the new choir, will do much to forward the interests of the church, whose courage and whose prospects, in spite of great and repeated losses by deaths, were never brighter.

NORTHBORO, MASS.—The First Congregational (Unitarian) Society of Northboro have extended an invitation to Rev. J. P. Sheafe to become their pastor; and he has the invitation under consideration.

NEEDHAM, MASS.—The First Church celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary on Sunday, April 7. The floral decorations were beautiful, there was special music, and the congregation was large. The sermon by the pastor, Rev. Philip S. Thacher, upon “Spiritual Worship,” was inspiring. Rev. S. W. Bush, formerly a beloved pastor of this church for eighteen years, took part in the services. In the evening, after an anthem by the choir and prayer by the pastor, there was an account of the “Establishment of Public Worship in Needham in 1711, and of the Different Meeting-houses,” given by the chairman of the Parish Committee; of “The Organization of the Church” and “Sketch of the Different Ministers,” by the church secretary; “First Covenant, Original Signers, and Extracts from the Early Records,” by one of the members; “Music in our Church” (interspersed with the singing of several ancient tunes), by one of the choir; and “Church Officers, Communion, and Present Covenant,” by one of the Pastoral Committee. These were followed by an excellent address by Rev. S. W. Bush. He spoke of the debt due the forefathers, contrasted the old and the new, and urged the necessity of greater personal consecration to the church and to holy living. His earnest words made a fitting close to the day’s services, which were not only exceedingly interesting, but impressive.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Rev. C. W. Wendte’s course of Sunday evening lectures on Italy have attracted crowded congregations, and close next Sunday with “Pompeii, the City of the Dead.” Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes has conducted pleasant vesper services on the alternate evenings, with appropriate musical selections by the chorus choir, male quartette, and a string quartette. The average number present at both services, morning and evening, was not less than one thousand souls. We greatly enjoyed Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who gave us an excellent sermon, read a fine lecture on Browning to our Ladies’ Society, and lectured on a rainy night to a most appreciative audience. We hope he will find his health improved by the trip, but fear his friends have been cruel in making so many appointments for him. Twenty-three addresses in ten days is more than any one man—even a Jones—ought to give. If, for various reasons, the audiences were not as large as we could have wished for him, doubtless a second visit would increase them. The Unitarian Club held its third dinner this year in our Oakland church building. The ample social rooms never proved more admirably adapted to their purpose. One hundred and five guests sat down at meat. Rev. C. W. Wendte presided; and addresses, wise and witty, were made by Profs. Joseph Le Conte, George H. Howison, Dr. Stebbins, United States

Senator George C. Perkins, Rev. Messrs. E. B. Payne and George R. Dodson, Rev. Mr. Roder of the Congregational orthodox church, Hon. John P. Irish, and last and among the best Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, for her sisters present. It was one of the most brilliant meetings the club has yet held. Mr. Wendte is president of the Humane Society, a most efficient organization, with a remarkable woman, Mrs. Sarah Sanford, wife of our county treasurer, as its consecrated agent in the field. Mr. Wendte has also been elected president of the Oakland Oratorio Society, which will give “Elijah” next month, with two hundred in the chorus and an orchestra of thirty pieces. Altogether, our society is quite a power in the community; and its annual meeting, held two weeks since, showed that much good work had been done, and about \$11,500 raised during the year.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Rev. C. W. Wendte, Pacific Coast Superintendent, has recently visited several towns in Southern California, preaching, lecturing, and conferring with the pastors and church officers. He writes:—

“The main object of my journey was to confer with the members of our society at San Diego, which has so recently suffered the loss of its beautiful structure by fire. This calamity has in no wise discouraged the earnest and united little company which upholds our cause in the city by the Silver Gate. Indeed, some were of the opinion that it might turn out to be a blessing in disguise, since it would enable them, out of the insurance money, to pay off nearly all of the heavy indebtedness which rested upon the church. To meet the interest on this has not only sapped the energies of the congregation, but compelled them, greatly against their inclination, to make urgent appeals for assistance to the denomination at large. Still, it is saddening to look at the mass of charred timbers that was once the pretty Unitarian church in this city, and then at the poor shell of a structure, unsightly and unchurchly, that for some time to come must be their religious home.

“Since the fire the society has met in the opera house, a large, splendid structure, in whose vastness an audience of two or three hundred was swallowed up. The Lewis Opera House, a variety theatre opposite, has now been rented for six months at a very low rate. The trustees will expend \$200 in cleaning and brightening it. They will have entire control of it, week-days as well as Sundays. The location is admirable.

“I found Rev. Mr. Johnston busily directing a workman who was engaged in sifting the debris, in hopes to recover something of the pastor’s personal effects and literary memoranda. He bears his loss with surprising fortitude, and abates not a jot of heart or hope, preaching twice a Sunday and lecturing week-days.

“Our brethren in the ministry, and others who are minded to send me one or more books to add to the store I am collecting to replace his library, will be doing a fraternal act, or money can be sent for the same purpose.

“I preached Sunday morning to two hundred and twenty-five people. In the evening a sudden rainstorm reduced the audience to fifty. Yet we had a good time in the great auditorium, and I talked off-hand for an hour on our Unitarian aim and mission. Between the services a trustees’ meeting was held, and we canvassed the whole situation thoroughly. The society is very desirous to rebuild as soon as possible. \$1,600 has already been subscribed to this end. A \$4,000-dollar chapel on the old site was planned. But after full conference it was decided with great unanimity to first clear the society of all existing indebtedness, so far as this could be done with the insurance money. The Loan Fund indebtedness of \$3,500 will be paid at once, and \$2,500 on the \$3,600 owed the Hinckley Fund in San Francisco. The balance due the latter is covered by the church lot, valued at from \$1,200 to \$1,500. This leaves only Rev. B. F. McDaniel’s claim of \$1,400 unpaid. This debt is unsecured, but there is no disposition on the part of the trustees to ignore it. It is felt to be a debt of honor, and some hopes were expressed at the meeting to pay off a portion of it during the present year. \$700 has already been paid to Mr. McDaniel on this claim. The superintendent promised to use every effort to induce the American Unitarian Association and Loan Fund trustees to aid the society in the future in any favorable scheme for rebuilding. San Diego also shows signs of recovery from its long depression. New houses are going up; and evidences are not wanting that this beautifully situated city, with its superb harbor and its exceptionally mild climate, may become once more a bustling, thriving place, the seaport of Arizona and a vast district yet to be developed.”

WILMINGTON, DEL.—At a meeting of the First Unitarian Society called for the purpose at the close of the morning service Sunday, April 7, the enclosed resolutions were passed unanimously, after a thorough and general discussion of the plans and

objects of the association, to which reference is made.

“Whereas the ladies interested in the formation of a Young Women’s Christian Association in the city of Wilmington have invited us, as a Unitarian church, to co-operate with them in this good work; and whereas we have learned that, although this work is to be unsectarian and interdenominational in its purpose, yet there is a clause in the constitution of the Association which limits the executive officers to members of the so-called evangelical churches, thus not only excluding us from that function of the Association (which would be a small matter), but also giving the direct inference that Unitarians are not regarded as gospel Christians in their belief and practice,—

“Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That, while individuals among us are perfectly free to help in this movement, nevertheless we, as a Unitarian society, must protest that, where any creedal test exists as the basis of action in religious work, we can only co-operate with other Christian denominations when they are willing to recognize us as fellow-disciples of Jesus in the fullest and highest sense. Otherwise such co-operation on our part would imply disloyalty to the conviction of our hearts that Unitarianism is the religion of Jesus.

“And be it further *Resolved*, That this protest shall be entered in the records of our church, and a copy of it sent to the president of the Young Women’s Christian Association.”

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—Our Unitarian society here is the fortunate legatee of a bequest of \$5,000, left it by Hon. H. K. Winchester, a former resident and member of the church. This good man also left \$5,000 more to the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara, and \$1,000 to the Free Kindergarten. This bequest will enable the society to pay off its loan from the trustees of the Unitarian Church Building Fund and all other indebtedness, and place it at once on an independent, self-supporting basis. The present pastor, Rev. E. R. Dinsmore, reports \$50 raised for the San Diego society, and that on Easter Sunday the collection will go to the American Unitarian Association.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. Additional donations to April 1, 1895:—

Dec. 20. Class in Brooklyn Sunday-school to make Rev. S. H. Camp a life-member.....	\$10.00
“ 22. Tyngsboro Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 31. Plymouth First Parish Sunday-school.....	15.00
Jan. 2. Belmont Society.....	20.00
“ 2. Nashua Sunday-school.....	10.00
“ 3. Franklin Kling.....	10.00
“ 4. Duluth, Minn., Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 8. Hon. F. T. Greenhalge.....	10.00
“ 9. Arlington, Mass., First Parish.....	37.00
“ 9. Helena, Mont., Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 19. South Congregational Church, Boston.....	100.00
“ 24. Westminster Church Sunday-school, Providence.....	30.00
“ 26. Menomonic, Wis., Sunday-school.....	5.00
Feb. 4. Framingham Sunday-school.....	10.00
“ 5. Channing Religious Society, Newton.....	20.00
“ 9. Pittsburg, Pa., Sunday-school.....	2.00
“ 11. East Lexington Sunday-school.....	3.25
“ 13. Arlington Street Church, Boston.....	100.00
“ 15. Freeman J. Doe.....	10.00
“ 16. Rev. Jos. H. Allen, D.D.....	5.00
“ 20. Holyoke Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 28. Mrs. Edward Atkinson.....	10.00
Mar. 6. Louisville, Ky., Sunday-school.....	10.00
“ 6. Portland, Me., First Parish.....	23.50
“ 6. First Church, Boston.....	100.00
“ 6. Rev. J. H. Heywood.....	5.00
“ 15. Barnardston Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 18. Charleson, S.C., Sunday-school.....	5.00
“ 18. Mrs. H. F. Kidder.....	10.00
“ 20. Templeton First Parish.....	15.85
“ 20. Barnard Memorial, Boston.....	20.00
“ 23. Providence First Church.....	116.23

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Treas.

Business Notices.

A Slight Cold, if Neglected, often Attacks the Lungs. “Brown’s Bronchial Troches” give immediate and effectual relief.

A Curious Word.—Hallstand is a curious word. It explains the fact that a visitor has usually to stand in a hall, and it itself suggests a remedy,—a Hallstand or Settle. It is hard to account for the meagre furnishing of so many Boston halls, when it is remembered that there is in Boston headquarters where may be found some of the finest hall furniture in this country, at the lowest prices at which it is ever obtainable. The house of Paine Furniture Company, 48 Canal Street, has for years made the department of Hall Furniture its great specialty.

Dr. Lyon’s Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Newburyport, 6th Inst., by Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Herbert Story Noyes and Mary Lamson, daughter of the late Rufus L. Greenleaf.

In Great Barrington, at the Congregational Church, by Rev. R. De Witt Mallory, of Lenox, Russell Trowbridge Dewey, grandson of Dr. Dewey, and Harriet L. Wilcox.

Deaths.

In Dedham, 4th Inst., Rebecca G. Richards, 93 yrs. 4 mos., 22 days, widow of Edward M. Richards.

In Boston, February 22, Mrs. Fida-Ha Heard, widow of the late Capt. John J. Heard, 72 years.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton’s) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement.—Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

EASTER HYMN.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

A burst of sunlight's gentle mirth,
A mystic thrill through all the air,
Young leaf and flower awaiting birth,—
An Easter glory everywhere;
The waking earth, the conscious skies,
The tuneful sea, from shore to shore,
Tell man that every voice should rise
And hymns to glorious Life outpour.

O Life, thy highest mark is man,
Beauty and strength, courage and power,
Whose thought the universe doth scan,
Whose love is thy transcendent flower!
O endless Life! with every breath
We joy that doubts no more enthral.
As long ago One rose from death
To Life and Love, so may we all!

The Pulpit.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN CUCKSON.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."—JOHN xi. 25, 26.

The simple and pathetic story of sorrow in the home at Bethany, taken from a gospel in which incident is all too rare, forms a picturesque setting for the sublime truth with which Jesus illuminates it. Mary and Martha were in the depths of grief. The light of their home had been quenched, the faithful brother of their love had been taken from them, and they were sitting in a solitude which could be felt. Mary seems to have accepted the affliction with an expressive silence which was none the less sorrowful because it was mute. She made no sign, but sat still in the house. But Martha possessed a different temperament. The events of life disturbed her more sensitive nature, and raised questions which did not seem to occur to her sister. The bereavement stung her to the quick, and she promptly sought for explanation and comfort. And, hearing that Jesus was coming, she was impatient, and could not wait his arrival, but must needs go out to meet him. She told the story of her loss; and, lamenting the misfortune of his absence when her brother was sick, she looked to him for consolation.

Jesus promptly assured her that Lazarus would rise again. But there was some ambiguity in his words which confused her. She thought he spoke of the resurrection at the last day, and the vision was too remote for comfort. But in the mind of Jesus there was no such distant dream. He sought to set over against her hopeless sense of death the present reality of eternal life, the victorious conviction of the survival of the spirit, and of his power to deepen this faith in all who believed on him.

The chief interest of the story centres in the sublime words of hope and comfort which for so many centuries have echoed over open graves, and have been the chief solace of the afflicted. Standing on a lofty and serene height of spiritual attainment, and seeing life here and hereafter as only one can see it who is so exalted, Jesus was privileged to say, with the authority of a revelation from God: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

And so, while men of poetic temperament celebrate at Easter the return of spring, the uprising of perennial life in leaf and grass and flower, the resurrection of nature from the grave of winter, the devout Christian adds to the pagan festival a richer and fuller meaning, of which Paganism did not and could not know anything. He sees in Christ the vanquisher of death and the revealer of life's full dimensions. Easter is to him something vastly more than the return of spring, an event upon which he looks with delight, but in which he sees no solution of the problem of his own destiny. It is to him a spiritual festival of hope and joy, and stands associated with the sunrise and dawn of his own endless life. On this day the great primary instincts and affections, which civilization does not outgrow and barbarism cannot eclipse, hold high festival; and their voice is that which mankind most loves to hear when all other voices have lost their charm.

It was of these that Jesus spoke, and of these his transcendent nature entitled him

to speak. He was the Son of man, born of earthly parents, and reared amid temporal surroundings, subject to the same laws of life and death as other men, but unlike them in the greatness of his powers and the perfection of his spiritual being. On that side of human nature where greatness is so rare and achievement so difficult, in the region where man most resembles God, he was supreme, and to this day stands far above all rivalry. He is justly recognized as the Lord of this higher life. It is this which entitles him to be called in an exceptional sense the Son of God, and which justifies the authority that mankind attaches to his character and teaching. In his person, in his life and death and resurrection, the fact was revealed, as never before, that the mind of man is forever rising, perpetually ascending, always breaking through hard circumstances, casting aside grave-clothes, refining conditions, modifying environments, and thus proving a right to live and make progress forever. Man's nature is prophetic of its destiny, and is an enigma without immortality. No living soul can be the son of God in any true and abiding sense, and not share the divine everlastingness. He who inherits in any measure the attributes of God—intelligence, volition, personality, and an undefined capacity of being—is heir of the Eternal, and cannot forfeit his heritage. As the poet Browning says,—

"They miss the truth who meditate that death,
Or that which follows after death, can change
Our native idealities. There is naught
In the unloosing of the mortal tent
To alter or transform immortal minds:
The gentle still are gentle, and the strong
are ever strong."

This conviction, in one dim form or another, has found expression in the religious experience of mankind from the earliest dawn of history. It has grown with man's growth, and strengthened with his strength, and blossomed with the expansion and increase of his affectional instincts. It glimmers through the dark ages of heathenism, and shines with refulgent light through the clouds and shadows of to-day. It is not a revelation of the senses, but a truth of the soul. It springs, not from what is lowest, but from what is highest in human nature; not from what is least trustworthy, but from what is loveliest and most authoritative and reliable, and is either the surest and holiest of certainties or the most universal and horrible of illusions.

My purpose just now is to speak of this conviction of immortality in the light of Christian revelation,—to view it, not as it appeared to the world before Christ, nor as it seems to the speculative theologian of our own day, but as it looks to one who regards it as a distinctive verity of the Christian religion. It is not ours to dream of a future life as a possibility or to hope for it against hope. We do not hold the belief tentatively, timidly, as if some day we might lose it: we do not philosophize and argue as to its probability, as did Plato and Socrates and Cicero; but, as we stand beside the death-bed of dying humanity, we speak of it as the solemn faith of one who saw deeper into the meaning of life here and the mystery of life hereafter than any other teacher sent from God, and who urged it upon the suffering and the dying as the most vital of all human convictions. It is enough for us that Jesus Christ, who saw with "larger, other eyes than ours," and held closer commerce with eternal things, spoke of it with no uncertainty, but with the most emphatic assurance. He put the perpetuity of our spiritual life beyond the region of doubt or fear; and we feel that he meant what he said when he uttered those memorable words, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

But this beatific vision into which Jesus looked with such calm serenity can only be fully realized on certain express conditions. The soul lives forever; but the quantity and quality of its life, here and hereafter, depends upon the extent to which it conforms to the conditions of spiritual blessedness. Immortality is a revelation of man's ethical and spiritual being; and, while it seems impossible for him to forfeit his inalienable right, he may live much or little in the things which are imperishable. It is his privilege to appropriate and assimilate the eternal life, and so share the nature of the substance upon which he habitually feeds. He weaves his own destiny from

day to day, and sonship in the future is largely what he makes it in the present. He holds his better or his worse, his blessedness or his misery, in his own hands; and no earthly circumstance, not even death itself, can avail to make the reaping other than the sowing. What the eternal life meant to the masses in Jerusalem when Jesus lived, or to the crowds in Ephesus in Saint John's day, or to the throng in Corinth when Saint Paul wrote his Epistles, that it means to the hungry and thirsty, the weary and comfortless men and women in our own day. It is indissolubly bound up with character, and there is no limit to its upward growth and no boundary to its expansion. The lofty spirit grasps it most firmly and clings to it most tenaciously. It opens advancing horizons to the growing mind, and discloses its fullest and rarest beauty only to persons of spiritual experience and culture. It is when we associate life with its physical organism and environment, and live in and for these, that the sense of decay and collapse of being weighs most heavily upon us. So that our views of the dimensions of human life will necessarily vary according to the power and extent of that part of our life in which we have most largely lived. If the spiritual in us be neglected and undeveloped; if the trusts and affections which crave immortality as their right and privilege be crushed and swamped by a mass of greeds and the grossness of material appetites and passions,—then an evangel of mud will satisfy us and this little earthly round will meet our needs; and it will seldom occur to us to think of happier regions and a heavenlier lot. Buried and absorbed in things temporal and perishable, the foregleams and intuitions which come to prophet and hero, and martyr and saint, seldom, if ever, will visit us. We are of the earth, earthy; and spiritual things are spiritually discerned. By indifference or coldness or worldliness it is possible for us to deaden, if we do not wholly forfeit, the desire for life's higher realities. Give up all commerce with religious faith; let its ideas be strangers to your minds and its principles alien to the purpose of your lives; and enthroned in your heart some prosy, sordid interest or care; wed yourself exclusively to earth's poor ambitions and fading glories; chase the fleeting shadows of outward seeming success, and never turn a reproachful look upon the leanness and poverty of your diviner being,—and you must not be surprised if, sooner or later, you lose concern for truths seen not from life's base, but only from its summit. When

"All essence, all design, is shut from mortal ken,
We bow to Nature's fate, and drop the style of men.
The summer's dust the wind wafts hither
Is not more dead to whence or whither."

Think of life as rounded by birth and the grave; conceive of it as being made up of faculties half-developed or undeveloped, of possibilities unrealized, of prophecies unfulfilled, of hopes that are shining illusions, of affections fraudulent and delusive, of moral enigmas unsolved and insoluble, of wounds unhealed and griefs unblessed,—and then it is hard to believe in immortality, and, for that matter, no less hard to believe in God.

But Jesus Christ and the world stand upon different levels, and judge of man's nature and destiny from contrasted heights. He sees them from exalted peaks, bathed all day in glowing light, and suffused even in the darkest night with an expanding rose of dawn. The worldling, never seeing very high or very far in any direction, looks at them through fog and mist and fleeting shadow, enveloped as he is by circling hills which put a narrow limit to both earth and sky. The flesh and the spirit measure life by different standards. The one says: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Jesus says: "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." "What is life worth," says the man of the world, "without money or rank or fame? I may be pure and good and forgiving, but without material prosperity my life is a failure." "What advantageth it," says Christ, "if a man gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Martha, fretful and troubled about many things, thinking only of her immediate loss, and touched with

trembling fear, said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus answered her from heights she could not pierce, and from the serene depths of his calmer consciousness, "Thy brother shall rise again." Here are two utterly irreconcilable views. It is clear that the pilgrim of time cannot be the heir of eternity. The man whose whole life is absorbed in business, in the search and pursuit of material things, who is eaten up with sordid cares and anxieties or occupied to the exclusion of all else with a giddy and ceaseless round of self-indulgence, to whom there is nothing of solid value except wealth or ease or art or luxury, sits down contented with his small horizon. Contented, did I say,—nay, the Paganism which lives for an earthly self and deifies mere happiness has never had but one ending, either in the life of ancient Greece or modern Europe and America. The end is disillusion, disappointment, and desire for death. Its mournful chant, its confession of failure, is still heard in the song of the modern pessimist,—

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank, with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever gods there be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere to the sea."

That is the end of every quest for mere earthly satisfaction, that is the goal of every restless search for the temporal,—the desire to possess outliving the desire to be, the effort of a soul to gratify its imperious needs with the husks which the swine did eat. If man be nothing but a local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes, then all our visions of the life to come are the merest air-castles. There is no hope of resurrection for decaying senses and worn-out appetites and fruitless desires. The hope of immortality is rooted in another and a more essential part of our nature. It is the flower of the affections, and springs from the need of loving and being loved. "If," says an eminent thinker, not much given to religious belief of any kind, "man stood alone, he might deem himself mortal. Why not? On account of his loneliness his moral and religious nature would be undeveloped; and it is mainly, if not solely, from the affections that we learn the doctrine of immortality." It is when we lose by death those whom life has made dear to us that our affections come to the rescue, and save us from despair. It is when the earthly about us falls away and leaves us desolate that what is heavenly supports us. The mind, thrown back upon itself, is comforted with a forecast of another and a higher state. And what is to hinder us from trusting these premonitions which cast their radiance across the gloom of life? They are either our dearest consolers or loveless conspirators. We cannot close our minds to their testimony, coming, as it does, from so many quarters,—and that not from what is most uncertain, but from the most trust-

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worthy and reliable instincts and affections. And it is because Jesus lived so completely in the affections that he knew what was in man, and foresaw his destiny with clearness and precision. And to what a world above and beyond ourselves does he invite us on this Easter Day! He presents himself as the way, the truth, and the life. He asks us to share with him—not at some distant time and in some other place, but here and now—the life that has eternity in it. He lifts us into deathless realms, into the orbit of God, and gives to us an unbounded outlook. Life is still veiled in mystery; death is still a pain and sorrow; we walk under the cloud and through the storm, not always knowing either why they were sent or what their effect will be upon our lives; we resign our sweetest good with hearts which sometimes mock our resignation; but we never lose our hold upon the life which is life indeed. He to whom we look for counsel and comfort in extremity of need opens a vista of blessedness to every faithful suffering soul. He peoples the future with happy spirits redeemed from sin and shame and clothed in radiant light; he opens wide the door of the house with many mansions, and fortifies the bereaved and lonely soul with hopes and promises which rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory. And all this blessedness grows out of living and believing in him. Death will take many veils from our minds and hearts, it will reveal to us many things we have long wanted to know; but there is one thing it will not do and cannot do: it will work no change whatever in our moral and spiritual condition, add nothing to us and take nothing from us, but present us as we are to those we have loved and lost, and to Him who knows us, and, knowing us, loves us with a changeless love. Then

“So live that, when the mighty caravan
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
Thy foot unwearied and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle’s for the upward flight.”

For the Christian Register.

A SONG OF LIFE.

BY CAROL NORTON.

O waking earth, thy story tell!
O bear to men thy song of joy!
Let thy full life be death's sure knell;
Spread trust and peace without alloy,
To all, who sit within the gloom,
To all, who linger by the tomb,
Shed thou upon them Life's full bloom;
Shout immortality.

O singing birds thy message bear!
O sing to all thy story sweet!
Let thy glad flights from regions fair,
Be harbingers of Love's swift feet
To all, who silent, suffer wrong;
To all, who know no Easter dawn;
Sing thou to them of endless morn;
Chant immortality.

O shining stars, shed glory bright!
O send to earth a fuller praise!
Let thy infinitude of light
Be as the notes that seraphs raise,
To hearts that bend beneath life's cross,
To hopes that suffer daily loss,
Shed thy pure rays, that know no dross,
Chant immortality.

O earth that blooms and birds that sing!
O stars that shine when all is dark!
In type and symbol thou dost bring
The Life Divine, and bid us hark,
That we may catch the chant sublime
And rising pass the bounds of time;
So shall we win the goal divine,
Our immortality.

IMMORTALITY AND ETHICS.

ETHICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

Everything that I feel to be my personality—all my thoughts, my feelings—have to remain with me, and can be altered after death only in the same gradual way as in this life. This is the strong conclusion from the knowledge of myself as a truly existing being, and of real existence as permanent. This conclusion is quite as sound and logically as strong as any other knowledge; but it is not equally obtainable by all living men, for the same reasons that many other scientific truths, well proven, are accessible only to a few. The knowledge of immortality is perhaps more difficult to obtain than the knowledge of the highest mathematics. Just as many persons are unable to realize certain mathe-

matical ideas, so we see a great many educated persons unable to realize that they are,—that they are true beings, or, at least, that they know nothing that is more truly existent than themselves. This weakness of self-consciousness, hesitating to recognize itself as truly existing, is by no means a peculiarity of untrained minds: it can claim for itself the highest authorities in the history of philosophy. All the pantheistic and idealistic philosophers have recognized something else as more truly existing than themselves, and themselves only as an appearance of this something truly existing; and they have usually given to the one truly existing thing the name of God. We find, even to-day, especially in England and America,, many highly estimable thinkers of this class. Nevertheless, the consciousness of the true existence of human personality has grown in modern times, not only in pure philosophy, but also in legislation, politics, and religion. It would be an interesting historical investigation to show this development of human self-consciousness from the “Discours de la Méthode” of Descartes to the “Mikrokosmos” of Lotze; but I intend here merely to show what influence this knowledge of our own real existence, or of our immortality, has on conduct. Having acquired such a knowledge, and looking at it as not less certain than any other part of scientific knowledge, I may regard calmly not only the death of myself, but also the death of my nearest friends, because I know that they continue to exist, probably under better conditions than at present. This hope of better conditions is well founded on the experience that most of the present evils are caused by the imperfections and wants of our body. The greatest crimes are done for the sake of material advantages. If, now, material independence or wealth frequently appears as a condition of intellectual and moral activity, this will change at the moment of death, because we then become independent of our bodies.

Looking at death as a kind of progress, we cannot be afraid to die; and we look at this life chiefly as at a field of exercise for our intellectual and moral faculties. The differences of rank and fortune disappear or change in our eyes because we understand that these differences have only a relative importance in the short time of our life on earth, and that at any moment they may be modified by means of death. The poorest man, if he is a philosopher, may, after death, be more independent than the richest millionaire. This difference between the apparent and the real rank of men has been described by Plato in a masterly manner in many of his dialogues (e.g., Gorgias, Republic); and it is always present to the eye of the philosopher who knows that neither he nor other men cease to exist. It has a considerable influence over the attitude toward the powerful and the rich. He looks at them as at other men, and will do nothing to flatter them; nor will he keep silent if he sees that they abuse their power or their riches. The knowledge of immortality leaves us no other fear than the fear of our own injustice; and, if we are always certain that death cannot bereave us of our intellectual and moral wealth, we do not mind the danger of death in the war with oppression, injustice, and crime. It gives us a victorious self-consciousness, and we do not lose our courage if we see a momentary and apparent triumph of evil. If we know that we have eternity before us, we have no necessity to be in a hurry, and to run, regardless of others, for the attainment of our personal aims in this life. We learn to understand that it is better to do a little work to perfection than to do apparently much, but nothing soundly. The sorrows as well as the joys of this life appear less; and we take a deeper interest in the sorrows and joys of others, helping them not merely for temporal ends, but so as to promote their moral and intellectual progress.

Those who do not recognize their own eternal existence may object that, if we think always about our future life, we lose gradually every interest in this life. But for the philosopher there is no such contrast between this life and the future life. The one is the continuation of the other, and he expects to remain the same person in both parts of his existence. A careful study of the relations between himself and his body shows that the popular belief exaggerates the importance of the body in this life, and that most of the activity as-

cribed to the body belongs to the mind. If my mind is able, for instance, to see and hear everything without the use of the senses, then the loss of the sense organs may, after all, not be so unfortunate. The only great change occurring at the moment of death will be the interruption of our influence on our friends who remain here. Numerous witnesses deny this interruption, and claim to have communications from the dead; but, so long as they are unable to give clear indications as to the conditions under which such communications might be obtained by everybody, their claims remain trustworthy only to themselves. Still, it is important to observe that there is no scientific reason whatever to deny the possibility of such communications. That something does not occur in everybody's experience is by no means a sufficient reason for declaring it to be impossible. If we are certain of our own and other persons continuous and conscious existence after death, we cannot deny the possibility of communication with them, though we are not obliged to admit the reality of such communication if we have not satisfactory evidence as to its occurrence. The question of the possibility of our communication with the dead, if it could get a satisfactory solution, would of course show an increased influence of the doctrine of immortality on men's conduct, especially because it would give to the majority a more accessible proof of immortality than metaphysical proof. But it is not necessary to establish continuous relations between dead and living to show the full influence of theoretical knowledge about immortality on the practical conduct of men. This theoretical knowledge is much stronger than any evidence gathered from spiritualistic séances, because it does not require darkness as a condition of its production. A detailed consideration of the influence of such a knowledge on conduct would show us that, while the motives taken from ordinary experience do not always agree with the motives created by the knowledge of immortality, these latter always show a remarkable coincidence with the line of conduct that brings to us the best enjoyment in this life as well as the best training for the life to come. Every action that prepares humanity for a better state in the future secures at the same time a better life for the present. The moral law of this and the future life is the same law of love taught by the highest knowledge in the universe.—W. Lutoslawski, in *International Journal of Ethics* for April.

Sermon Gleanings.

A GLIMPSE OF ETERNITY.

FROM A SERMON BY IAN MACLAREN (REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.).

If you wish to discover the source of a man's strength, you must trace his life, with its environment of words and works, beyond busy cities and mountainous plains to some secluded and unpretending spot amid the everlasting hills. The strength which comes from the secret place of God will be the inspiration of everything which he thinks and does, and everything which he hopes and suffers. No doubt, as years come and go, his life will re-enforce itself from every quarter, and will cut its channel through many rocky obstacles; but every great life is at the beginning a jet from the

heart of things, and on to the eternal sea will carry the flavor of that first freshness. Some felicitous phrase in a sermon has revealed the person of the living Christ, as when an unknown monk lets the curtain drop from an ascension. The word of God is spoken to the agonized heart while wrestling through the darkness unto the breaking of the day, as if God still walked with us in a garden. Suddenly one stands in the presence of the Eternal, as if you had come out of a lighted supper-room into that awful silence under the dome of the blue sky. Or some sorrow filled the heart with tears, and made the clear atmosphere through which we saw the distant horizon where earth and heaven met. No man will ever tell you what he has seen, no man is able to explain what happened to his soul; but the vision remains in all the after years,—sometimes brighter and sometimes dimmer,—and shall not pass away till the last shadow departs, and the man knows even as he is known. . . .

We are living at the close of the century, and the last years of the century are suffering from the decrepitude and from the failings of old age. The blood of the century is running thin and cold, and the hopes of the century are few and dark. There is no great poet left us; there is no great novelist left us; there is no man now for the coming of whose new book we hunger and thirst, or which would cause us to make preparations that we might sit up all night to read it to the breaking of the day. These men are gone, and smaller men are in their places. Science herself, which had a career of such singular success and glory, is not making great advances now, but is rather gathering up the fruit of earlier discoveries. No wonder there are men who are cynical; no wonder literature is pessimistic; no wonder an able writer, who published his book and died, declared that there are no more conquests for science and literature, no more achievements for the human race. There is only one institution on the face of the earth to-day that carries the dew of her youth, and that is Christianity. I do not mean the Christianity which is engaged simply in criticism, however useful these exercises may be: there is no heart for a man there. I do not mean, either, the Christianity which is peddling away with questions as to how long a man is to work and how much he is to get; for men with spirit want to work every moment, and ask only the reward of having done their duty: there is no inspiration there. I mean the old Christianity and the first Christianity, the Christianity that centres around the person of the Son of God, the Christianity with the lifted head and the eternal sunshine upon her face. There are old men here to whom it is no matter how the century ends, for they have to do with the land where the centuries have passed away. There are some here who are past middle age, but I speak to you young men before whom life is stretching far. If you despair of the life of the race, of yourselves and the future that is stretching before you, you had better die at once. It is that which enfeebles a man, that which makes a man yield to fleshly sins. There is no future for him. Climb the mast, climb the mast, till you are out of the mists and sea fog that lie on the surface of the water: climb to the top, and you will see that marvellous spectacle of the spiritual world stretching far into the distant blue of the sea, and near at hand the sunshine on the vessel of sweet content.



I do not say that any man can remain at the top of the mast: you will have to come down again. But how differently will you come down after a glimpse of eternity! You will come down to work in the vessel that passes through many shoals, assured that the shadows may disappear; and you will see the kingdom of God in its glorious brightness where the sun is shining upon us evermore.

Literature.

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON.*

These are two immensely interesting volumes, and yet one cannot help wondering if they would not have been twice as interesting if there had been half as much. That the bias of friendship should operate with the editor to make a liberal inclusion rather than a rigid exclusion her principle of selection was to be expected, and will not be sternly judged. But a more exclusive habit would have improved the book. The early letters, especially, could have been much condensed without injury, and even with clear gain. They are generally diffuse, and, although bright, not brighter than are written by many girls of the school-going age. They are mainly interesting as indicating the change that came over the spirit of Miss Dickinson's life. Like the two fabled clocks, her handwriting and her style ticked into unison. At first both were continuous. Then both became *staccato*, the letters of the writing at last written separately, and the thoughts coming in more explosive and eccentric spurts as time went on.

These volumes, in their best parts, are not essentially different from the two volumes of verses by which Miss Dickinson is already so well and favorably known. Reading them, we do not know her better: we only know her more. The intellectual quality is the same in either case, but in the books of poems it is more subtle and refined. There, upon the average, we have the best wool of the sheep. But there are fleeces here as long and white as any parts of her previous volumes. Some of them are in prose, and others are in verse. The criticism has been made upon her poems that they are not poetry, but prose cut up into lines of arbitrary length. The criticism is not well made. To rhyme she was evidently indifferent, but not to rhythm; and something of this—and often it is very fine—is hardly ever wanting. It is much truer that her prose ran into verse than that her verse ran into prose. There are many passages in these letters that are printed as stanzas of poetry. Some of those so printed are better than the least remarkable in the volumes of verse, some of them well up toward the best. But we have also many passages that are printed as prose which are as much verse as any of the parts printed as such. The intellectual and moral and religious characteristics are the same as those which we already knew,—the same brilliancy of phrase; the same daring criticism and approval of the highest powers; the same vivid apprehension of the wonder, beauty, mystery of nature, love, and death.

While there is nothing here to enhance the literary reputation of Miss Dickinson, there is much that helps us to a better knowledge of her personality. It is evident that she was only physically a recluse, that her affections and her sympathies were contracted to no narrow span. She had many friends, and she was always reaching out for more. Col. Higginson was the best conquest that she made, and her letters to him are among the very best. Another thing is plain: that her literary forms, however spontaneous apparently, were not so in reality. They were the result of no mere accident, but of deliberate choice. Different copies of letters, with many changes from one to another, signify that even her letters were written with an artist's hand. Words were no mere counters with her, but the coin of the realm; and she brought it to a rigid test. The outcome of her spiritual experience, in spite of sentences that state the most painful things without reserve, was a vigorous optimism. She goes in and out among the different systems, "pouncing upon her own wherever she finds it." She has heard that Theodore Parker is "poison." "Then I

like poison very well," she says. But sometimes she seems as orthodox as any. This is because she could make any creed the symbol of her own thought. "When a god would ride, anything serves him for a chariot." One must attend to what she means as well as to what she says. We should like to quote, but of a hundred things that we have marked we cannot decide upon the best.

SOME MODERN PHASES OF THE DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT, EXHIBITING ITS OBSCURE AND UNCERTAIN CHARACTER. By G. Vance Smith. London: Philip Green. Price, 1s.—Here is one of those "small books on great subjects" in which our time abounds. Inevitably, such treatises are fragmentary and not adequate to the full satisfaction of the interest which they may have aroused in the mind of the reader. Dr. Smith has constructed this little book partly upon the basis of certain chapters in his larger work, "The Bible and its Theology," issued in its revised form two years since. The first phase of the modern doctrine of the atonement to which attention is called is its vagueness and uncertainty as stated by its different expounders and defenders, which lack of essential agreement is an indication that we have here to do not with a fundamental idea of Christianity, but with a speculation of the theologians. True, there is in the New Testament a doctrine of atonement; but it is not the doctrine of the creeds. Dr. Smith devotes considerable space to showing the unsatisfactoriness of the various explanations of the doctrine of atonement which have been offered in recent times. Coming at last to the consideration of "the true atonement," it is maintained that this *at-one-ment*, this "true expiation of sin before the All-righteous, can only be in the sinner's return to right ways, in his penitence, his resistance of passion and self-indulgence, his seeking to undo or remedy the wrong he has done to another, his trying to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Thus obedience and not sacrifice is at the root of this Christian doctrine. As in the larger work, so here, there is a somewhat full consideration of the Biblical teaching upon the subject. Finally there is a statement of the late theory of Dr. Fairbairn, and attention is incidentally called to the fact that this distinguished defender of the faith devotes so little space to the discussion as to suggest a doubt as to the degree of importance which he attaches to it. Dr. Fairbairn's teaching seems to Dr. Smith to be only ditheism in a new dress. The last page is devoted to a consideration of Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the subject in the *Nineteenth Century* for September.

THE GREAT REFUSAL: BEING LETTERS OF A DREAMER IN GOTHAM. Edited by Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The introduction to this dainty volume is extremely matter of fact in its form, but we imagine it is quite as fictitious as the remainder of the book. Indeed, the name of the editor confesses as much, if we are not mistaken. Pronounce "More" in two syllables, and we have the Latin for "in a manner," "after a fashion." The manner of the book beyond the introduction would seem to have been suggested by Dante's "Vita Nuova," as the title was, of course, by his "Il Gran Rifiuto." The former is that of a series of poems with a prose comment. Both the prose and poetry are those of a highly cultivated person with a very genuine poetic gift. The book is one of the most interesting of those—their name is legion—betokening a certain engagement with Hindu thought. It is the more interesting because this engagement does not appear to be really serious, but an artifice adopted for its artistic value. For our joy and peace, we could wish that the author had renounced his philosophy instead of his lady; and that he did not is the condemnation of his philosophy in our eyes. But much of the book has a value quite apart from its final outcome. Some of the poems impress us as having been written without any inspiration from the central theme,—some of the best of them. "Sally Smiled" is one of these. Many of them have a peculiar form, three quatrains and a triplet following. It is an agreeable enlargement of "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

GOOD SENSE IN RELIGION: ELEVEN LECTURES. By Rev. Henry R. Rose. Universalist Publishing House.—Dr. Rose attempts in these lectures to answer the general question, "To what conclusions would a person come in considering the familiar and vital subjects of religion and theology if he proceed by the methods of good sense?" They fairly represent the advanced and dominant thought of the Universalist denomination. The writer has adopted the rather effective method of quoting largely from eminent clergymen of other sects, in order to support his own position. Beginning with the general topic of reason in religion, he goes on to consider "The Bible," "God," "Evolution," "Man," "Jesus Christ," "Salvation,"

"Hell," "Annihilation," "Immortality," and "Heaven," strengthening his expositions by argument and illustration. Probably, most readers who desire to know the present thought of Universalism will turn first to the chapter on "Jesus." He thinks it safe to say that the tendency of the denomination is more and more toward the humanitarian view of his personality, though wide latitude of belief is allowed in the communion. The lectures in book form will probably continue to receive the attention which they awakened when first delivered.

WAYSIDE POEMS. By Wallace Bruce, author of "Old Homestead Poems." New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of these poems has a warm heart, abounding in quick human sympathies, and a genuine gift of singing to commend him to the popular taste. We should expect a man named Wallace Bruce to know something of the land of Burns. And, indeed, he has enjoyed a period of consular service in Edinburgh; and the subjects of several of his poems came to him out of that experience. Other subjects are American, and still others of that No-man's Land which poets hold in fee without conflicting rights. We are very sorry for the people, old or young, who can read the "Blarney Romance," without some pleasant palpitation of the heart; and there are several other poems that go to the same tune. The illustrations of the book are perhaps better for not having been made for it, but judiciously selected from a wide range in the publisher's portfolios. They are certainly a very great addition.

THE ROYAL MARINE: AN IDYL OF NARRAGANSETT PIER. By Brander Matthews. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The "Royal Marine" of Mr. Matthews's story is "a terrapin girl,"—i.e., a Baltimorean,—the elision of whose consonants is her principal geographical distinction. The local color is extremely good. It is the color of the waves and sand at Narragansett Pier, of white duck trousers and black bathing suits and gay parasols, and under one of them Hectorina Carroll's light brown hair and pretty face. She is the Royal Marine. Why she is called so the reader easily finds out. It is a brave conceit of Mr. Matthews to make his hero dream that he has proposed to her, and then have the greatest difficulty in making out whether he has done so or not. The situation is very comical and amusing, and is worked out very nicely with the help of Miss Marlenspuyk, a delightful old maid, of whom we have a much more vivid sense than of the Royal Marine.

SEA AND LAND: FEATURES OF COASTS AND OCEANS WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE LIFE OF MAN. By N. S. Shaler. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.—The object of Prof. Shaler's book is to introduce

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*LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

unprofessional students of nature to certain interesting phenomena of the seashore and of the ocean depths. The author has left untouched a great body of technical knowledge, in order to emphasize the features that may enlarge the reader's conceptions as to the methods of nature. The earth is a laboratory which accomplishes constructive work day by day, and we are allowed to study something of the causes producing changes and their results. The wonders of the deep sea, icebergs, tidal currents, harbors, and their relation to civilization, and allied topics, are treated in a most interesting and instructive manner. Prof. Shaler's ability to produce a valuable book on this subject is already well known.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE. By Henry W. Lucy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is called a study from life rather than a biography, but it preserves the main outlines of Mr. Gladstone's career from boyhood to the present times. This phenomenally busy life is sketched rapidly, but with vigor, and with due appreciation of telling points. Here are many effective pictures of the great statesman; and back of these we get interesting glimpses of the man himself, as he has been to those nearest him. Best of all, the writer gives us graphic descriptions of hours in which the House of Commons saw through the haze of conflict how noble were the proportions of the man who held the foremost place there for more than fifty years.

DAME PRISM: A STORY FOR GIRLS. By Margaret Harriet Matthews. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.—Miss Matthews is the author of "Dr. Gilbert's Daughters," a book not yet forgotten, although it was published several years ago, if we are not mistaken. This is the story of a bright, healthy, happy girl, determined to make the best of her life, fertile in resources, fond of fun, but aiming constantly at usefulness and solid worth. She passes through various changes of fortune; and toward the close of the book a simple, uneventful love-story develops naturally. The book is long; and the type, though of good size, is too crowded for easy reading.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH. By Eleanor C. Price. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.—This is the story of two English children who were obliged to spend several years in France at the time of the Revolution, and whose affection for a noble family in Mercy-le-Roy nearly brought them to the guillotine. Betty, then a girl of eighteen, was saved by the self-sacrifice of a lover, who lost his head in the effort to secure her freedom. The picture of these troubled times is quite effective. Parts of the narrative are needlessly complex, as, for instance, the device employed to account for the presence of the children in France at such a time.

A BOOK OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Selected and edited by Felix E. Schelling. Boston: Ginn & Co.—The introduction to this collection of English sixteenth-century song shows how the influence of the Italian Renaissance shaped its form as well as its thought, and traces its advance in greater variety of measure and inventiveness, until the new classic influence arose with Ben Jonson. The collection is quite full, and is amply supplemented with notes and indexes.

The Magazines.

The April *Century* contains the usual variety of articles and stories. "Casa Braccio," the Napoleonic memoirs, "An Errant Wooing," and Harriet W. Preston's "Beyond the Adriatic" are continued. Biography has its dues in this number, since, in addition to the "Life of Napoleon," Noah Brooks contributes an article on "Lincoln's Re-election," and Molly Elliot Seawell writes in spirited fashion of Paul Jones. Science is represented by an authoritative account of Tesla's recent electrical work. Ferdinand Bol, the artist, and Bernard Stavenhagen, the musician, find consideration here; and Lyman Abbott contributes to the literature already existing on "Religious Training in the Public Schools." There are three fairly good short stories.

"A Talk over Autographs," by George Birkbeck Hill, in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gives reminiscences of great men as well as interesting information and gossip on the subject in question. Alice Morse Earle writes of "The Flower Lore of New England Children," and recalls various traditions of childhood, many of which are still familiar to our boys and girls. In "The Expressive Power of English Sounds" Albert H. Tolman convinces his reader, if he needed convincing, that a delicate use of sound-symbolism is one of the innermost secrets of style, besides producing an article interesting for its own sake. John Foster Kirk analyzes the play of "Macbeth." James Jay Greenough defends the study of the classics, "The Basis of our Educational System," not only

on the grounds of their value as to general cultivation, memory, and as substantive knowledge, but for their direct help in training the reasoning faculty and increasing mental power. Mr. Greenough would modify methods of teaching the classics so that the definite object should be, not to teach linguistic science, but to train the mind in transferring Latin and Greek ideas into English. He believes this could be done without absorbing the time needed for other essential topics of study. C. T. Copeland contributes a delightful article on Robert Louis Stevenson.

Miscellaneous.

The Easter hymn, "A Song of Life," by Carol Norton, which appears in this number of the *Register*, has been set to music by Henry Lincoln Case, and is published by Luckhardt & Belder of New York. It is arranged for four solo voices and a chorus.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. Evolution and Effort. By Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S. Price \$1.25.

From the American Book Company, New York. The Orations of Bunker Hill Monument, The Character of Washington, and The Landing at Plymouth. By Daniel Webster. "Eclectic English Classics." Price 20 cents. History of the Plague in London. By Daniel Webster. "Eclectic English Classics." Price 40 cents. M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major de Senectute. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Frank Earnest Rockwood, A.M. Price 90 cents.

From A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. The Book of Ezekiel. By Rev. John Skinner, A.M. Price \$1.50.

From the Christian Literature Company, New York. Monasticism: Its Ideals and Its History. A Lecture by Adolf Harnack, D.D., Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin. Translated by Rev. Charles R. Gillett, A.M., Librarian of Theological Seminary in New York. With a Preface by Rev. Arthur C. McGiffert, D.D., Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary. Price 50 cents.

From Henry Holt & Co., New York. The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers. Price 75 cents.

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The Home.

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From winter's sleep the earth awakes
To don the robes of spring,
And all her outward fairness takes
Of what doth inly sing.

For life of God swells in her heart,
And God's fixed purpose strong,
In which each spring must have its part,
Though earth has slumbered long.

If hearts have slept the winter sleep,
With dreams of life more free,
More noble and more high and deep,—
Let dreaming cease, and—be!

Forth from the tomb as thou dost lead
Thy purpose, then confess
Thine ancient creed of thought and deed,
"Truth, Love, and Righteousness."

O God, to thee we lift our eyes,
We lift our feeble hands:
Give us to see thy right arise,
To do what it commands.

Yea, as thy glory to the year
Its matchless grace imparts,
Lord, may thy spirit entering here
Make Easter in our hearts!

—Selected.

For the Christian Register.

A COUNTRY EASTER YEARS AGO.

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS.

When we five children were young, and the green hills of Vermont were our playground, such a thing as a church Easter was known only in books. The native-born citizens celebrated Thanksgiving with turkey and pumpkin pie, fired off crackers on the Fourth of July, and went without their dinners on Fast Day. Those were the great and sacred days of the year. In the family of the Scotch doctor alone was a green tree laden with all manner of fruits found on Christmas Day. Only about his fireside did the children assemble the last day of April, and with tissue, lace, and silver paper construct dainty "May-baskets," to be filled with early spring blossoms and hung stealthily on the neighbors' door-latch. Door-bells there were none. No Episcopal church then, nor yet, could be found in the neighborhood,—much less a Catholic; and "church days" were utterly unknown. But among the traditions brought from over the sea was an association of eggs and Easter, and, with sublime indifference to the day appointed by the Church, a private little celebration was always held.

A love of pets was another good gift brought to this new country, where among the busy farmers little time was wasted over animals or fowls that were not directly useful. So we were not a little criticised for "idling" over rabbits, guinea pigs, and Bantam chickens. But the Bantams and the one pair of Guinea fowls were watched with as great care when spring came as any farmer could give to his Brahmas or Cochin Chinas; for how could we celebrate our Easter with our own possessions but with their aid? "Mary Queen of Scots," "Queen Elizabeth," "Queen Esther," "Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians," and the rest of the royal family in the hennery were only ours to name and feed. The product of their nests belonged in the family larder. But the wee Bantam eggs and the handsome eggs of the Guinea hen were our very own, to do with as we pleased; and there was always a little basketful in time for our celebration. Indeed, I am not quite sure that we did not set our Easter by the phases of the hen-roost instead of the phases of the moon.

The night before the glad day this little basket of eggs was taken to the good mother. Oh, what a mother she was!—never too busy, never too tired, never too sad, in spite of the great sorrows that death constantly brought to her, to do what she could to add to the happiness of her children. After we were safely tucked away for the night, the eggs were boiled hard and dyed different colors, sometimes with pretty little figures from bits of calico sewed tightly round them before putting them into the water; and we always noticed with pleasure that there were more in the basket in the morning than we had put in out of our own store at night.

Breakfast and prayers over, luncheons were packed; and away we went through the quiet streets, over the bridge that spanned the noisy brook, tumbling and foaming in its spring-filled banks, up a long, gentle slope, where the young grass was already green and soft to the tread.

Here we rolled our eggs, letting them chase each other down the grassy hillside, till we tired of that fun. Then, in turn, we threw them up in the air; and it was surprising how many times they could fall on the springy turf without breaking. But, one by one, they came to grief; and, when the last was hopelessly cracked, we would eat our luncheons of bread and butter, maple sugar, ginger cookies, and hard-boiled eggs.

There was little thought of immortality in any of this sport; but there was always a long afternoon for searching the woods, the brook banks, and the meadows for signs of nature's resurrection. Following the course of the stream there were willows whose pretty catkins had blossomed out into graceful tassels, and golden coltsfoot hiding among the grasses that fringed the banks, the half-opened buds nodding to the music of the waters. In open glades hepaticas, or squirrel cups, as we called the pretty blue or pinkish-purple blossoms, were plentiful; and anemones starred the ground. Along the edges of the fields the pale straw-colored uvularias were blooming, which, owing to their familiar name, "wild oats," were always associated in those childish days, in a wondering way, with the misdoings of young men whom we heard described by our elders as sowing their wild oats.

But best of all were the pine woods, under whose sheltering branches bloomed, in profusion, the sweetest of America's wild flowers, the darling of the May, the trailing arbutus, that many a learned European botanist has longed to see, and died without the sight. Late in the fall, as we had searched the woods for beech-nuts, we had found the buds already formed. For months they had lain under the deep snow, but with the first breath of spring they had risen from their white tombs; and to our simple minds it was just as easy to believe that the three little brothers who also slept beneath the snow would some time rise again as it was to believe that the flowers would bloom after the long winter.

At last the sun would droop toward the horizon; and, creeping out between the bars, the flock would turn toward home. Suddenly a sound of quick feet (only "Bessie's" could trot so fast), and the good doctor-papa would be seen returning from his daily round, ready to pick up the three little ones and tuck them away in the ample, old-fashioned chaise, while the older girls would follow on behind. How good it was to curl the tired legs up on the comfortable seat and rest, while the most energetic of the three was allowed to hold the reins and "truly drive."

Next Sunday city churches will be gorgeous with flowers, and the breath of the lilies will rise like invisible incense; but, to our thinking then, there could have been no Easter offering so beautiful and so sweet as the wild-wood flowers that we brought home to our dear mamma. To be sure, as we tumbled them out into her motherly lap, the broken egg-shells came with them; but even they were a symbol of obedience and love, for that was always one condition of an outdoor feast,—that no relics should be left to make the woods ashamed.

It is forty years since those primitive Easter celebrations took place, but their memory is strong and sweet to-day. And because the Easter spirit grew first by faith in nature's renewed life, and home love called forth the earliest Easter offering, it has been easier every year to believe in the spirit's resurrection; and, because love never fails, it has been natural to widen the arms of affection to take in, not only the human household, but to see in the earthly love a symbol of the divine. And so Easter no longer stands for the opening of the buds and flowers after winter's death, but for an unfolding of heart and soul into an immortality of love.

MARY HARDING'S EASTER.

Hackett's Mills—three great, grim, prison-like buildings—stand on one side of a little stream. Long rows of cheap tenements cluster closely about the mills, but farther away give place to a pretty little village, with a white church steeple that clearly pierced the misty foliage of the budding elms one warm day in early April. Then the gently sloping hills across the stream were beautiful with the soft, faint coloring of the young spring.

Mary Harding, from her window in the fifth story in one of the mills, looked often

across the hills. Her face was pale and severe in its expression. Her smooth, light brown hair was brushed plainly back; and her dark dress was covered by a large apron. There was not a loose end about her anywhere.

The hard look on her face did not change when she saw the beautiful hills. It seemed as if she gazed at them rather in the wish to escape some annoyance within than from any love of the springtide without.

The long, low room stretched away from her window, which was the only one from which the woods could be seen: the others were cut off from that view by tall tenements. Seventy girls were working there. Usually they were bright and chatty, but to-day most of them were dull and languid from the heat.

Now and then some whiff of sweetness from the outer world blew in at Mary's window, but it seemed to pass just beyond the other girls and die in the oily smell of the machinery. It was as if they caught a glimpse of some beautiful face that faded away before their eyes.

Marie Gautier, who did not mind the heat, laughed and hummed a little snatch of a French song as she sat over her work. She was a pretty girl, younger than most of her companions, and had fine dark eyes. A scarlet bow sat coquettishly in her glossy black hair.

Suddenly Marie gave a little cry of alarm. The laughter died out of her eyes and her voice. She bent anxiously over her work. The girls all looked up. Marie was a great favorite in the mill.

"What's the matter, Marie?" "Are you blocked?" "I wish I could help you, dear!" several said at once.

Marie did not answer. At first she had cast a pleading glance at Mary Harding, but Mary did not turn her eyes from her task: she sat before her work unmoved and implacable.

The seat next to Mary belonged to Esther Morgan, whose gentle, delicate face was full of perplexity as she looked from Marie Gautier to Mary Harding.

Marie bent closer over her work, her hands nervous and trembling; for, if she did not find the trouble soon, she would not come up to the requirements for the day, and that would be her second failure within a week. Tears gathered in her eyes, and her mouth drooped pitifully. Esther Morgan hesitated no longer, but leaned over to Mary Harding.

"Marie Gautier is blocked again," she said. "Can't you help her, Miss Harding? You are the only one who knows how."

Mary turned with an impatient frown. "I suppose I can," she said. "I don't see what we have these French girls for, they are more trouble than they are worth!"

She left her work, and bent over Marie's. The French girl, with a deep flush on her cheeks, stood humbly by.

"There!" said Mary in a minute: "it is all right. Do see if you can't keep it straight now." She marched back sullenly to her own place.

She knew she had not been kind: she knew she ought to have offered to help. If it had been any one but Marie Gautier! Marie, who, with her gayety and laughter, seemed to think the world a pleasure-ground. How could people be so careless and happy when—Mary felt the tears gathering in her eyes, and bit her lips fiercely.

When the six o'clock bell rang, Mary seized her hat and jacket, and hurried away without speaking to any one. In the hat-room the girls gathered in a clamorous group around Marie Gautier.

"It was too bad, dear!" "So mean of her, too, when she is the only one that knows what to do!" "She's getting crosser and crosser every day."

"And we're as good as she is, if some of us are French. It isn't the people, no! It's the temper sometimes."

"She's freezing to an iceberg." Esther Morgan, standing outside the group, had not spoken. Now she stepped forward suddenly.

"Girls," she cried, "that is it: she is freezing—for love! I will tell you something." She stopped a moment, and then spoke more softly. "Girls, her little sister died a year ago at Easter; and little Bel was the only one she had in the world."

The girls were silent. Marie Gautier's

lips quivered as she thought of her own little black-eyed sister. A faint color rose in Esther's face, and she spoke with a soft eagerness:—

"Listen, girls! Last Easter Sunday they buried little Bel. Can't we do something? Mary Harding is so sad and lonely! See! The violets are in bloom in the woods. I know a place. Can we not go early Easter morning, and gather some and put on little Bel's grave? We can do it before church,—before Mary will go there."

She stopped, half-frightened at her boldness. Would they do that for Mary, who had been so distant, often so bitter, to them?

Marie Gautier went up to Esther, timidly. "I will go," she said, "and little Toinette, too. She shall help. And you, —you will go, too, will you not?" She turned to the others.

"Yes," they answered softly.

Meantime Mary Harding had hurried down the street to her home. As she unlocked her door and entered her little sitting-room, a burst of fragrance met her. A long window-box stood at the south window; and there, rank after rank, in their snowy whiteness, blossomed many a slender hyacinth. Mary bent over them eagerly.

"Two days," she whispered. "They will be perfect Sunday. They will cover the grave." She touched them tenderly.

Soon she took off her hat and jacket, and began to get supper. She could not eat anything, but she forced herself to drink a cup of tea. Then she washed and put away her few dishes, and sat brooding in the darkness. Last April seemed as near as to-day. She forgot the weary months between.

Once again she saw Bel's little flushed face, and heard her ask for her flowers. How eagerly they had watched them together, she and the little sister! It seemed as if the child had only waited for them; for, when the first cluster was put into her hand, she closed her eyes with a sigh of content, and fell into the placid sleep from which she never awakened.

On Easter Sunday they had taken Bel away,—had buried all that life seemed to hold for Mary. How could she bear another Easter! And to think it would come again every year all her life, and she must hear people speak of the Easter joy!

Joy! They knew nothing. There was no joy for her. There never could be again. What was it the old minister had said? He had meant to be kind.

"You are young, Mary. This sorrow will melt into tenderness. The years hold much for you yet."

"Who cares for violets in the summer-time?" she had answered bitterly. "My season of joy is past. I had only Bel, and she is gone. My name means bitterness. I shall carry it to the end."

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Was it not true? What had the year held for her but loneliness and sorrow? What had she in common with the girls around her? Who in the wide world cared for her now? Who would ever miss her as she missed Bel?

The little clock on her mantel-piece struck seven. Mary rose and put on her hat. Her whole life had been one of self-control, and now she put her memories away as she would have set aside a piece of work. It was the night for prayer-meeting.

She did not want to go, but there was no sign of hesitation as she locked her door and walked resolutely down the street. Here and there an acquaintance greeted her, but no one offered to join her.

A stranger was in the pulpit. She turned her face toward him, and seemed to be listening attentively. In reality she heard nothing at first, and the words beat their way into her consciousness like sounds from a distance. The strange speaker grew more earnest. The light shone full on his high, earnest face. His voice reached her at last with a compelling force.

"What is your gift this Eastertide? You say you have no gift: the year has brought you nothing but sorrow, you are weary and heavy-laden. O friends, friends! We are selfish in our joys, we are most selfish in our griefs." He paused, and let all think of his meaning.

"You have no gold or frankincense?" he went on. "Bring the myrrh! It is because you hold your sorrow so fast that you have nothing. It seems a hard, bitter possession. Do not keep it, dear friends. Christ never meant you to keep it.

"Sorrow is God's greatest gift. It was never meant you should keep it selfishly to yourself. Bring him your griefs this Eastertide. Christ will again conquer death in your hearts, and out of sorrow will blossom joy." Mary Harding sat with a fierce tumult in her heart. It seemed as if the very props of her life had been shaken. Give up her sorrow? It was all she had. She could not,—could not!

There was the soft patter of raindrops outside. Somehow it made her think of little Bel as she had seen her tearful, pleading face sometimes. Would Bel wish her to put away her sorrow?

An old gray-haired man rose to pray. He grasped the chair in front of him, his voice rose in trembling cadences. Mary bent her head gratefully: she had been afraid people would read the struggle in her face.

When the meeting ended, one or two asked her to stay until the shower was over; but she would not. She longed to feel the cold drops on her face.

At home she lighted the lamp, and sat down to think it out. She would not think in the darkness, for then she could think only of Bel. She must be just in this. She must think it out: she must not let herself feel. It was one o'clock when she put her light out, and went to bed.

The next day Mary Harding was not in her place at the mill. She sent a note to the foreman, saying that she would be at work Monday.

Esther missed her, and planned to go around there after work. She scarcely confessed to herself how much she loved this cold, hard girl, and how the coldness and hardness pained her. Mary's heart was like some grim wall, through which Esther's slender beam of sunlight could not pierce. She must wait until a way was opened.

At noon the girls all went home. They never returned until the great mill bell called them. No one spent a moment longer than was necessary in the noisy, oily rooms.

When the bell rang, all came running up together, Marie Gautier ahead. The exercise had brought a bright color to her face; and she stopped at the top of the steep flight, glowing like a red rose in the sunlight.

"Ah!" she cried, "to go in from the sunshine,—it is too bad! Go first. I will not. It is so ugly in there."

Then, with a quick change of mood, she darted ahead, before any one could pass her, singing her favorite bit of song. As she entered the room, the song stopped suddenly. She turned to the others with a frightened face.

"Look there!" she cried.

The girls pressed forward, eager, curious, but hushed by something in her tone. At each girl's place lay a cluster of snowy hyacinths, tied with white ribbon.

"Who could?"—began one; but Esther Morgan spoke with a great gladness in her voice.

"Girls," she said, "it was Mary Harding. And this was little Bel's favorite flower."

When Mary Harding went to church Easter morning, many people remarked on her looks. She was indeed pale and heavy-eyed. No one knew what it cost her to meet the bright faces and listen to the Easter music. And she thought the scent of the flowers would make her faint.

So many, many flowers, and not one for little Bel! Why hadn't she saved a few? But no: the sacrifice must be complete. Little Bel would like it so. But where were the joy and the light?

After church she went to the cemetery. As she walked firmly along, no one would have guessed what she suffered at every step. In the time of the persecution martyrs might thus have walked to the stake.

All around her was joy and light. The delicate shadow of the tiny new leaves on the tender grass was like visible music. All nature was singing the Easter song; but always, always she saw the little bare grave without a single flower. She would have been glad of anything to turn her back, but went unflinchingly forward, hastening because she knew her heart was delaying.

She had to go up a little path and turn a sharp corner. A high hedge of box hid little Bel's grave until she had passed this corner. She turned quickly, and then stopped, her slim black figure outlined against a white marble monument. A girl was bending over the grave.

Mary felt anger flame in her cheeks. What right had any one else here,—here?

The girl rose, startled by her step; and Mary saw it was Esther Morgan.

"I—I did not think you would come so soon," Esther faltered. "I am so sorry! I will go now."

Mary looked down at the grave. It was purple with violets, and in Esther's hand was an Easter lily. Mary said not one word, but her face quivered as if drawn by pain.

"Don't, dear!" cried Esther. "Don't! I will leave you now. It was the girls at the mill who did this. Marie Gautier gathered most of all. You don't know what your flowers did for them."

Still Mary did not speak. The long-dead love within her, the yearning for affection that she had pressed down with an iron will, struggled to answer the call; but her forced control had built up a barrier that could not be broken down in a minute.

"I will leave you, dear," said Esther again; "but I want to say one word. I have wanted to love you so long, Mary; and you would not let me. Won't you let me now?"

Mary reached out her hands. The tears rolled down her face, but the hard look was gone.

"Don't go!" she cried pleadingly. "Stay with me!"

A little brown bird swung lightly on a long spray of a bush near by, singing over and over his one sweet note. Over the tiny grave at their feet the violets lay in the young green grass; and out of deep sorrow the Easter joy had blossomed.—*Dorothy E. Nelson, in Youth's Companion.*

THE JAPANESE DOLL FESTIVAL.

In the early part of the month of March, the children in Japan have three days devoted to the festival of dolls. The peach and cherry blossoms send their fragrance over the country at this time; and the trees are very pretty, full of their pink and white flowers. In the shop are shown dolls of all sizes and descriptions, some dressed in beautiful silks, embroidered by the best workers that can be found; while those that are not as expensive are gowned in bright cotton costumes, decorated with birds and flowers. And yet, though these dolls are bought by the hundreds at that time, the little Japanese girls are much like our

own little girls here at home: they love the old dolls best.

At the time of the dolls' festival dolls that have belonged to the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, are brought out from the places where they are so carefully treasured. These dolls are never given the children to play with except on those certain days, and our friends in Japan tell us that these heirloom dolls are the honored ones of the fête.

Every Japanese home, even the very poorest, during the festival time has one room set apart, in which the children may entertain their dolls by offering them tea in pretty little china cups and small rice cakes moulded in the shape of little fish, dragons, and other funny designs. These cakes are made specially for the occasion. After the play feast is over the children eat the cakes themselves, for they are very fond of them. *The Congregationalist.*

THE EASTER GOSPEL.

BY A. G. G.

It is not in a world beyond our own
Man life eternal wins;
Nor need he cross Death's silent bridge of stone
Before that life begins.

Eternity is first with man below,
E'en from his very birth;
A heaven hereafter can he only know
By making one of earth.

Christ rose by triumph over sin and wrong
When in the desert tried,
Not that third day when vainly sought the throng
His body crucified.

So when all evil dies, and base desire,
Our souls are sanctified,
Upraised, and purged by God's consuming fire;
And this is Easter-tide.

While for the rest, O man, thy faith still keep,
And know Death ends not all:
The Lord our shepherd is, and we his sheep,
Who humbly wait his call.

We wander here awhile and idly roam,
Set down on Earth's domain;
But God will bear us, when night's shadows come,
Back to his fold again.

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Nothing is more alarming than diseases of an ulcerous nature. A continual gnawing away of life-generating tissue, until a vital spot is reached, an artery is severed, or from sheer weakness death ensues.

Especially in Gastritis—ulcers of the stomach—is terrible suffering experienced. The symptoms, though not at first alarming (seemingly a slight attack of indigestion), gradually become worse, so that no nourishment can be retained on the stomach, and unless the trouble-causing ulcer produces death by perforation, the patient

Dies of Starvation.

In Consumption, where the ulcers attack the lungs, the termination is very similar, as it is, in fact, in any of the wasting diseases to which are given various names, according to the organs affected.

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EASTER HYMN.

“Over the land in glory
Breaketh the Easter morn:
Nature repeateth her story,—
Life out of death new-born!
Lo, the year's at the spring,
Buds are blossoming,
Earth and heavens sing:
Life is life forever, evermore!

“Listen, the birds are singing,
Softly the south winds play;
Bells in the steeples ringing
Welcome the festal day;
And the message they bear
On the radiant air
Chides sorrow and fear:
Life is life forever, evermore!

“Skies of the spirit brighten,
Hopes like the birds return;
Hearts with the promise lighten,—
'Blessed are they that mourn.'
To each winter a spring
God will surely bring,
And the heart shall sing:
Life is life forever, evermore!”

—Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The churches around the bay have had their Lenten season enlivened by a visit from Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Rev. Leslie Sprague and his live church have their faith more than justified by the results in sending for Mr. Jones. Large audiences greeted him at the Second Church, San Francisco, where he gave a course of six lectures. At Golden Gate Hall a course of four reached the more general public. At the two universities, Leland Stanford and Berkeley, several hundred students listened to him with enthusiasm. This, with Sunday sermons in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, left too little time for needed rest. After speaking twenty-three times in twelve days, he left us to visit the South. He came to shame our discouragements, strengthen our hopes, enlarge and exalt our ideals, and has left us with a new desire to fulfil our Unitarianism.

The work of the churches in this neighborhood is now at its height. The winter rains, which hinder work as the cold of an Eastern winter does not, are over; and the beautiful spring weather quickens all the activities. Rev. R. H. Haweis of England has been preaching to the crowds who always rush to hear Unitarianism from orthodox pulpits. And just now our Congregationalist brethren are in doubt over the welcome to be given Rev. George D. Herron, Professor of Applied Christianity in Iowa College. His friends are many, and his welcome will be warm, in spite of the protest of the timid ones, who prefer Christianity in the abstract or to make their own application. Mr. Gunsaulus of Chicago is also expected.

The women of the churches around the bay—Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and San José—met with the Society for Christian Work of the First Church, San Francisco, Saturday, March 23. A luncheon and social hour were followed by interesting papers upon “Post-office Mission Work,” “City Charities,” and “Institutional Life for Children.” This is the second of these meetings, and it is hoped they may become part of our regular order. The call for help from the unemployed in these cities has been even louder than last winter. So many tramps followed the industrial army in last season's march East, we thought to be spared this winter from this demand upon our sympathies. But a new army has arisen asking aid, and two thousand two hundred and twenty-six cases of real want have been helped by the Associated Charities of San Francisco; and in Oakland, whose charities are less thoroughly organized, nearly as large a number; while private charity has been taxed to its utmost. San Francisco has put her street-cleaning in the hands of the Associated Charities Association, who have given the work to men with families. The general testimony is that the work has been better done than ever before, and hundreds of families have thus been provided for. A wood-yard has given employment to the unmarried men, where food and lodgings could be secured. Here, as elsewhere, indiscriminate giving is a great obstacle to systematic helpfulness. A call was made for help through the public schools, and the response came in tons of clothing and provisions with Californian generosity and thoughtlessness, confusing the real charity work of the city. Our hills are at their greenest now. The rose-bushes, laden with buds, are preparing for the April blooming. The golden poppy,

just made the State emblem by our legislature, makes our fields and hillsides radiant with its glorious color. In these spring months in California it is indeed good to be alive.

E. T. W.

A BAD HANDWRITING.

A Massachusetts clergyman nearly got himself into a peck of trouble because of the bad quality of his handwriting. It was more than a century ago that he had occasion to address a letter to the General Court of Massachusetts upon some subject of great interest at that time. When the letter was received, the court ordered the clerk to read it, and were filled with wrath at what appeared to be these words in opening:—

“I address you not as magistrates, but as Indian devils.”

“What!” they cried. “Read that over again. How does he address us?”

“Not as magistrates, but as Indian devils,” repeated the clerk. “That's what he says.”

The letter was passed around, and the judges were by no means pleased to see that the clerk had apparently made no mistake. Very angry at what they believed to be an insult, the judges passed a vote of censure upon the clergyman, and wrote to him demanding an apology. He came before them in person, when it turned out that where the judges had read “Indian devils” he had written “individuals,” which, of course, made an apology unnecessary; but the reverend gentleman was admonished to improve his handwriting if he wished to keep out of trouble. —Harper's Young People.

Here and There.

The smallest business house in New York City is a little tailor-shop the actual inside measurements of which are 3 feet 9 inches by 4 feet 2 inches; and there is just room for a small gas-stove and two three-legged stools. For this tiny little shop the lessees, a father and son, pay \$75 per month rental and make a living besides.

Capt. Charles Gale, now a resident of Sombre, Ont., was born in old Fort Dearborn, Chicago's historic fort, in 1817, and spent several years of his boyhood there. “There was only one log store at the settlement in those days,” he says. “Sugar was 20 cents a pound; nails, 30 cents; raisins, 50 cents. And calico was 60 cents a yard. For furs they would get 20 cents for muskrat; otter, \$2; bear, \$1; wild-cat, 20 cents; wolf, 40 cents.”

The large transfer of cotton manufacturing from the North to the South has caused much alarm among the mill-owners of Massachusetts. A committee appointed by the Massachusetts legislature has been making investigations in North Carolina and Georgia, where most of the new mills are situated. The interesting fact has been developed that the capital for these new enterprises comes almost entirely from the North, and about one-half from Massachusetts.

The agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund are making good use of the permit granted by the Ottoman government seven months ago. In the quarterly report of the fund Dr. Bliss describes his recent important finds. He has traced for over a thousand feet the Old Jerusalem “First Wall” of Josephus. He has found a wall with towers, and beside it a paved street. At the end of a street commencing at the Damascus Gate and running due south until it strikes the newly discovered wall there is a gate. This the explorers identify with the famous gate of the Essenes, the “Old Gate” of Nehemiah.

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I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—Wisconsin.

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“What is your Life?” Rev. Theodore C. Williams.
Resurrection.
The Solid Rock of Christianity. S. Fletcher Williams.
A Philosopher's Mother: Johanna Schopenhauer. I. Ursula Tannenforst.

April. Anna J. Granniss.
Phillips Brooks as a Theologian. Henry C. Badger.
Liberal Religion and Agnostics. Earl Morse Wilbur.
Easter Sunshine. William Brunton.
The Expansion of Religion. Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D.

To a Robin, on Easter Morning. Nellie S. Wait.
The Riviera. Marie C. Remick.
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One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

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LINCOLN'S SIMPLICITY.

An incident that has probably never appeared in print was related by Schuyler Colfax regarding Abraham Lincoln, and is given in Bell's Altoona Gazette. It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The President, tall, and in a measure stately in his personal appearance, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman, "Excuse me, my lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand: "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mr. — in Sangamon County in 1817. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and, without replying to the salutation, said, "Mother, he's just the same old Abel!"

"Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys. They all enlisted in the same company. John was killed in the 'seven days' fight,' Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington an' see him. An', while we are there, we'll go up an' see the President.'"

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across the rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know; and he said: "John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you." The old lady and her husband were taken into a private room in spite of all their protests and at the end of the reception had a real visit with the president.

Charities and Reforms.

The first public kitchen for the working-classes was established in Berlin in 1866 by a German woman, Hannah Morgenstein; and the Nineteenth Century has an interesting account of the numbers which have since then been opened, and which may well serve as models to all who would work in the same direction. Each one of these kitchens has a public dining-room, comfortably warmed and furnished and supplied with the daily papers. Each one, supplying from three to four hundred people with daily meals, is managed by a local committee, the whole scheme being under control of a central council. Waste of any kind is absolutely forbidden. A subscription of \$3,250 was sufficient to start the scheme. The reserve fund set aside for providing new kitchens increases each year, while the council pays fair wages and is able to pension off its old servants. For a sum varying from three to six cents the Berlin workman can obtain a satisfactory meal at any of these restaurants. A dinner for four cents allows a basin of thick, substantial German soup, a plate of vegetables, and a plate of pudding; and a roll of bread in addition costs a little over one quarter of a cent.

Personals.

MR. CROTHERS IN NEW YORK.—To those who have had the pleasure of meeting and hearing Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, recently the minister of Unity Church, St. Paul, now the minister of the First Parish, Cambridge, the announcement in Saturday's papers that he was to lecture last Sunday for Felix Adler at Carnegie Hall brought anticipations of a rare spiritual and intellectual treat. Mr. Crothers has genius, and his personality is so winsome and so unique that it is a real pleasure to listen to him. Of average height and slight in stature, the most striking thing about his person is the high, well-filled, and rounded forehead, which at once suggests power. His other features are good, if not striking; and his smooth face, youthful appearance, and quiet modesty of bearing recall some of the modern German pictures of the younger manhood of Jesus. Nobody but one who has heard Mr. Crothers out of the pulpit would suspect for a moment that this earnest, spiritual seer is also one of the brightest of our new generation of after-dinner speakers, who upon occasion bubbles over with delightful table-talk, full of happy and original epigrams. In the fresh youthfulness of

his appearance, he seems at first to be a man of thirty; but, as he goes on quietly, but assuredly in his discourse, his thorough intellectual equipment and mastery of a style remarkable for its simplicity, directness, sincerity, show him to be nearer forty than thirty. His lecture last Sunday, delivered with plenty of voice and with only occasional reference to his notes, was on "Saint Francis of Assisi." It was only slightly biographical in form, and was designed to show that, notwithstanding all that the world has learned since the time of the good Saint Francis, preacher to the wayside peasants of the thirteenth century, his noble, self-sacrificing spirit was never more needed than now. Mr. Crothers held the wrapt attention of his thousand Jewish hearers throughout an hour's discourse, and we regretted very much that ignorance of his presence in the city prevented the attendance at this lecture of more than a half-dozen of the Unitarians of New York. We trust that he may soon be heard in one of our New York or Brooklyn churches, where our more famous and rising preachers from other parts of the country are now heard far too seldom for the welfare of our common cause.

R. N. B.

Education.

The fourth summer session of the School of Applied Ethics will open in Plymouth on Monday, July 8, and continue for four weeks. There are to be four departments, —Economics, Ethics, Education, and History of Religions; and there will be about eighty lectures in all. The subjects will be treated by leaders in the different lines of thought, many of which are already announced. The complete programme will soon be ready, and will be sent to any one on application to the secretary of the school, S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Science.

The application of steam power to life-boats has been made a success in England. Instead of the ordinary screw-propeller or paddle-wheels, the power is applied by a jet of water forced out of the boat astern. One boat has disposed of the objections to it by making twenty-eight trips and saving fifty-one lives.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of London was exhibited an appliance for keeping up the temperature of a patient during an operation. It is called a thermogen, and is in the form of a quilted cushion with fine wires inside. It is designed to do away with blankets and hot-water bottles, as the desired degree of heat is obtained by means of electricity.

Electricity has now, it seems, beaten the record of the gold-beater, and can produce a foil of metal from five to ten times thinner than ordinary gold-leaf. Joseph Wilson Swan, the well-known chemist of electro-lighting fame, has presented to the Royal Society specimens of this wonderfully thin foil made by depositing gold on copper with the electric current, and then dissolving away the copper from it with perchloride of iron.

A French paper recently pointed out that, although asbestos was known by the ancients, who used it for crematory purposes, and although in more recent times it was spun into table-cloths, serviettes, etc., its applications were very limited until a few years ago. Twelve years back not more than four articles were made of asbestos, whereas now at least one hundred things are made from it; and the list is ever extending.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

The Colones system of stopping holes in a ship's side has been adopted by the French navy, and is favorably regarded in official circles elsewhere. This employs a conical bag, filled with cellulose and having a metallic plate for its base. It is used as a plug from the inside, where it is properly braced. Upon absorbing a certain amount of water, the cellulose swells enormously and fills all irregularities in the opening so as to make it perfectly tight.

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FILES OF "THE UNITARIAN."

I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the Unitarian in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

J. T. SUNDERLAND. ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Pleasantries.

Jack: "Yes, poor John may have had his faults; but his heart was on the right side." Wagge: "Is it possible? No wonder he died."—*Yale Record*.

"Mamma, is it true that they wear snowshoes in Alaska?" "Certainly, Teddie." "Don't they melt when they go in the house?"—*Harper's Young People*.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."

Streeter: "There goes a man that has left a great many behind him in the race of life." Meeter: "Who is he?" Streeter: "He's a street-car conductor."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—*Pearson's*.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop, "it was a great sight. First came the king, carrying a sceptic in his hand and wearing a beautiful red mantle all trimmed with vermin. It was a grand sight."—*Truth*.

George Augustus Sala, when in this country, remarked sweetly: "Two things I abominate in America,—the pie and the American child. Not until the child has been made into the pie will I tolerate either!"

A little girl heard that people were made of the dust, and, after watching heaps and columns of it eddying about the street, exclaimed: "O mamma! I just thought there was going to be another little girl!"—*Transcript*.

An extempore preacher intended to end his peroration with a slow ejaculation of "a mess of pottage." He did end with, "A pot of messages—a message of pots—a pottage of messes," then, giving it up, hastily retired.—*Organizer*.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets," said a lecturer after a graphic description of a terrible accident. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience.—*The Methodist*.

Editor: "What qualifications have you for this position? What do you know?" Applicant: "I know what I ought to find out, and that is all I ought to know; for, when I know what is necessary to be known, I know all that is necessary to know." Editor (bewildered): "Leave your address."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Sympathetic Old Lady: "Will you please tell me if the lady in who writes the 'Mother's Column' in your paper every week? I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.'" Office Boy: "He's yonder, ma'am. That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on and smoking his pipe."—*La Semana Comica*.

An old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. His reply was ninety-four. "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are ninety-four years old." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—*London Spare Moments*.

The Mrs. Partingtons are not all dead yet. The last one is a devout Episcopalian. The church which she attends was lately embellished with a large and handsome stained-glass window, a copy of Doré's picture of Christ leaving the Prætorium. Of a member of the church who had been absent for a time this lady inquired: "Have you seen the new window? Isn't it beautiful? It represents Christ leaving the Petreum, you know, by Doré!"—*The Outlook*.

THE BACON OIPHERS.

The *Pall Mall Budget* reports a remarkable literary discovery by "an advanced Baconian." The writer proves conclusively (cryptographically speaking) that Bacon, the great originator of all the English literature of his age, was also the author of "Box and Cox." This he sets forth evidently from the back of the first edition, where the name of the play is printed

BOX
AND
COX

These columns, read from top to bottom, give BACON OXDX. Here the author not only actually signed his name, but gave the date also; for, taking out the letters that have a numerical value, we have "CXDX," which, added, give 620. This stands for 1620, the date of the "Novum Organum," and without doubt of "Box and Cox" also. *The Outlook*.

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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

NUMBER 16.

The Christian Register.

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SPECIMEN COPIES of the *Christian Register* will be sent free for four weeks to any one wishing to examine it. Application should be made with address in full to

CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

THREEScore and ten is the age of the American Unitarian Association on its coming anniversary in May. Whether its seventy-first year and subsequent ones shall be years of "labor and sorrow" or of labor and joy, as one of our ministers aptly said in making his appeal a Sunday or two ago, will depend upon whether the churches do their duty in contributing in this and the following years to the Association treasury. It is especially important that, when the record is made up for this seventieth year, three things shall be unmistakably shown, — first, that the list of contributing churches is longer than ever before; second, that the total amount received from the churches is larger than in previous years; and, third, that no society which by a contribution in two previous consecutive years has thereby acquired membership in the Association has lost it by a failure to contribute to it this year. But, to reach these three important results, there must be great diligence among the churches for the next ten days, when the record must be made up. Let this record be one that Unitarians may be proud of.

IN this year of straitened resources it should be counted as a real disgrace to a Unitarian church if it fails to make a contribution toward the support of our missionary work. Friendship in time of need is the only friendship that counts for much in the long run. It is the aggregate of comparatively small gifts that makes the largest footing. Nothing could be more fatal to our general work than the feeling spread abroad among our smaller churches that, because each one can furnish only a little portion of the sum required, therefore its contribution will not be missed. A dozen of such failures may be much more serious than the defection of a big city church. If your minister has not given notice of a collection, suggest to him in a very pointed manner that this is a matter which has to be attended to immediately. But, in exhorting the small churches not to neglect their contributions, we do not mean to excuse the larger churches from equal diligence and earnestness. The fact is that all our churches, large and small, must do their best this year to support the Association if our missionary interests are not to suffer serious loss.

THE *Christian Register* believes in fair discussion. We therefore wrote to ex-Gov. Long, as one who conducted the hearing on behalf of child life insurance, inviting him to reply to our editorial article, if he wished to do so. His answer we publish on another page. We cannot, nor do we think it necessary, just on the eve of going to press, to present additional arguments and testimony in favor of the bill limiting child life insurance. We can, however, assure Gov. Long that the *Christian Register* was represented at the hearing; and the arguments of counsel on both sides, including the able and extended argument of ex-Gov. Long, were heard. It was after carefully weighing these facts and arguments on both sides that the conclusions expressed in the editorial were reached. The fact that, in spite of the able plea in behalf of the insurance interests, the legislative committee reported seven to four in favor of the petitioners, shows that this legislative court sustained our position. One error, however, in the governor's statement it may be well to correct here. Our recollections and notes of the hearing show that Mr. Read, the counsel for the petitioners, did not rest the case upon the claim of child murder, but, on the contrary, all through the hearing repeatedly stated that he rested it on the evils produced by the starvation and neglect of living children.

WE stated in our previous article that good men are arrayed on both sides of this question. As ex-Gov. Long has named physicians and clergymen who uphold and approve of the methods he defends, perhaps, in justice to our position, we may refer to the eminent cloud of witnesses by which it is supported. Over against ex-Gov. Long we may set ex-Gov. Brackett; representing the bench, Judge R. E. Harmon, Judge Hiram P. Harriman; among lawyers, Mr. Richard H. Dana, Charles F. Donnelly, — representing the State Board of Lunacy and Charity, — F. W. Kittredge, J. G. Thorp, Jr., Joseph Bennett; of prominent citizens, Col. T. W. Higginson, Hon. Stephen Salisbury, Joshua M. Sears, Willard T. Sears, Edward Atkinson, J. W. Coveney, — postmaster of Boston, — Mrs. H. M. Plunkett of Pittsfield, Mrs. Louisa P. Hopkins; of physicians, Dr. H. P. Walcott, chairman of the State Board of Health; S. W. Abbott, secretary of State Board of Health; Dr. W. F. Wesselhoeft; W. P. Wesselhoeft; Dr. James B. Bell; Dr. I. T. Talbot, dean of Boston University; Dr. Olin M. Draper of Massachusetts General Hospital; Dr. Francis A. Harris, Medical Examiner of Suffolk County; Dr. J. Heber Smith; Dr. Walter Wesselhoeft of Cam-

bridge; Dr. E. C. Briggs; among clergymen, Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. Frederick B. Allen, Rev. D. N. Beach, Vicar-General Byrne, and eight Catholic priests from different parts of Boston, Father Mundy of Cambridgeport, Father T. J. Conaty of Worcester, Rev. Everett D. Burr; Prof. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University; and missionaries and philanthropists in large number.

AN important measure is now before the legislature in Massachusetts. It is the application of the indeterminate sentence to the State's prison. Under the bill, as proposed, instead of being sentenced for a definite period, a maximum and minimum period will be prescribed by the court; and between these boundaries release will depend upon the record the prisoner makes for himself. This will compel a grading and marking system at Charlestown, which will in itself establish a better classification of prisoners and greatly aid in prison discipline. The indeterminate sentence has already been applied to the Concord Reformatory. It is a measure which has been applied to the Elmira Reformatory of New York for a dozen years with much success. It has repeatedly received the indorsement of the National Prison Congress. The plan, as proposed in this bill, is but a limited and cautious application of the principle; but it is a perfectly safe one. As nothing could be worse than the present system of administering sentences, nothing more illogical, unjust, and ineffective, there is nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by the change.

THE situation in Sweden and Norway is at present very critical, and the war cloud seems to hang over the Scandinavian Peninsula. The two countries are closely allied in history, religion, language, and interest. But for many years there has been jealousy between them. The conditions of liberty are equally enjoyed in both countries. Norway has its own parliament, and enjoys every privilege of home rule. Indeed, the present complication does not arise from any question of home rule, but rather from jealousy and disagreement concerning the foreign service. As Norway and Sweden are joined in one kingdom, their foreign consulates represent both countries; and, as a matter of fact, there are as many Norwegians as Swedes, if not more, in the consular service. The Norwegian opposition claim, however, that the consuls endeavor to promote the commerce of Sweden rather than that of Norway, and ask that they may have a separate consular representation. The answer is that they are sufficiently represented now by their own countrymen, and that, if they were allowed to have separate consulates, they would also want separate diplomatic representatives, in which case foreign relations would be complicated, and there would be two powers to deal with instead of one. Under the existing union each country is pledged to assist the other in case of war; but, if each country had separate foreign representatives, the hazards of war might be increased. Though the excitement at present is great, the political majority against the king in Norway is not large, numbering only a plurality of five votes, the figures standing 59 to 54. In the event of war, Sweden has a much larger army and a much greater fleet; but, if Russia were to aid Norway, the complication would be very serious. Let us hope, however, that we shall not have the spectacle and horrors of war between the Scandinavian nations. They have little to gain, but much to lose by separation.

WHILE it is undoubtedly true that agnosticism has chilled the hope of immortality in certain minds, it is also true that bar-

riers to its joyful acceptance have been broken down in other directions. This is especially true within Christianity itself, and the *Boston Herald* has good ground for saying: "Nothing has so distinctly marked our generation as the widening of the hope of immortality. Our fathers were worried to death over the belief that some were elected to be saved and some were elected to be damned. Their great difficulty was that they were not sure of their own salvation. To the present generation Christianity is a religion of hope; and, whatever may be the sins which burden the lives of men and women, and obscure their faith in the future life, Easter always brings to them a certain hopefulness; and they share in the joys of the risen Lord."

THE writer further shows that life more abundantly is seen in the whole range of human relations: "It seems as if the whole compass of human life were richer than it used to be,—home more sacred, the relations of parents and children more intimate and helpful, and the ties of friendship and the bonds of love between individuals grown to a larger meaning. Society is still in bondage to the law, but the motives which control people are more and more the higher motives of life. Even the criminal, who was once regarded as a lost soul, is now looked upon as one who can be restored to society. Sin is no less hateful than it used to be, but the sinner is regarded as a more hopeful member of society; and the arrangements of life, on their ethical side, are so modified by the sense of the love of God that it seems as if the larger hope were extended to the whole human race."

DR. MARTINEAU'S BIRTHDAY.

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS.

On April 21, 1805, was born one of the greatest thinkers and writers of this century, Dr. James Martineau. It is a remarkable personal event when any man reaches his ninetieth birthday with his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, but in the case of Dr. Martineau we may add gratitude and admiration to our wonder. He has lived in the highest altitudes of thought and life, in contemplation of the grandest themes which may engage the human mind. But he has not lived apart from the thought and life of his time. From these mountain peaks of contemplation have flowed streams of thought, sentiment, to irrigate and freshen the plains of life below. No one has done more than he to vanquish materialism with the weapons of a spiritual philosophy. He has interpreted the supreme sanction of ethics, and kindled and fed the devotional life with the flame and fuel of his own piety.

Though Dr. Martineau belongs especially to the Unitarian household of faith, the service he has rendered to spiritual Christianity is shared by the whole Christian world.

Our next number will largely be devoted to a recognition of the life and teachings of this philosopher, scholar, and saint; and we cordially invite our friends and readers, lay or clerical, without regard to their denominational connections, to send us their messages of greeting to Dr. Martineau. We may not be able to print more than a small portion of those we receive; but these greetings will be acknowledged, and the autograph letters will all be forwarded to Dr. Martineau. Let the home, as well as the study, the pulpit, and the class-room, be represented in these birthday greetings; and let them be forwarded as promptly as possible.

Readers on the Pacific Coast and the Far West will not be deterred, we hope, by time or distance from sending their message. The autographs will not be forwarded until we have had time to hear from all the parts of the country.

THE ETHIOS OF CREED AND RITUAL.

With the pastoral letter of the Episcopalian bishops freshly in their minds, a great many people would find Hon. Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" a very interesting book. To the bishops themselves it might be particularly commended. They insist with cumulative emphasis that the creeds and formularies of the Church have one meaning, and only one; and that that is the meaning which they had when they were first composed. It might possibly be objected that this time would be difficult, if not impossible, to fix in the case of two out of three of their great creeds,—the Apostles' and the Athanasian; but no matter for that now. This original historical meaning, insist the bishops, is the only meaning which the ministers and adherents of their churches can be allowed to put upon the creeds and formularies.

Now, in Mr. Balfour's book there is no more interesting chapter than the one which criticises this position of the pastoral letter. It was not, of course, written as a criticism upon that. It was written, probably, long in advance of it; but, if it had been written as a conscious and deliberate review of it, it could not have been more pertinent. Mr. Balfour contends with much force of argument and illustration that creeds and formularies cannot have the same meaning to different persons, even in the time of their original appearance. Their meaning would be affected by the personality of the believer, by the degree of his intelligence, by the belief already in his mind. This seems very reasonable; and equally, if not more so, Mr. Balfour's further contention that, with the lapse of time, the possibility of men's believing creeds and formularies exactly in their original sense grows ever less and less. Times change, and the manners of thought with them. It is very difficult to enter into the conceptions of a time centuries remote from our own.

If these things are so, the bishops are requiring an impossibility of the clergymen whose consciences they have in charge; and, so far as we have come, we shall agree with Mr. Balfour much more cordially than with them. So far as the difference between them is an intellectual difference, he has our complete assent. But there is a moral difference between them which compels our sympathies to take another course. The natural corollary of Mr. Balfour's proposition would seem to be "Good-by to creeds and formularies." But he has not so learned the policy of an English Churchman who is already opposition leader in the House of Commons, and is confidently looking forward to his promotion to the premiership at no distant day. Creeds and formularies must not be taken too seriously, he tells us; but they cannot be dispensed with altogether. There must be unity of confession, but there need not be identity of belief. The identical confession need only mean, as a sympathetic critic has written, "a dim consciousness that there is something beyond the reach of definition, which, however, it is both necessary and wise to reduce to some definitive formula, however imperfect it may be."

There is nothing new in this. We have had something of the same sort from Prof. Jowett; from Thomas Hill Green; from Dr. E. A. Abbott, in his "Kernel and the Husk"; and in Matthew Arnold's idea that theological phrases are only "words thrown out at a mystery," and must not be thought to express it logically. Indeed, this sort of talk is getting frightfully common.

Compared with this way of thinking, that of the bishops is incomparably better. If creeds and formularies are to be retained, and made the objects of common reverence, and used in the habitual forms of worship, the bishops are right in their insistence that they should mean (if possible) exactly what they meant for those who first gave them utterance with passionate sincerity. If they cannot mean exactly what they meant for their original framers, they should mean as near to that as possible. But, if their meaning is as loose and vague as Mr. Balfour thinks, the honest, manly course would seem to be to cease wholly from the pretext of believing them, and to relegate them from the sphere of religious worship and subscription to that of historical documents,—*mémoires pour servir*. Liberality is good, but it may be purchased at too dear a rate. Sincerity and honesty are too much to pay for it. The

best answer to Mr. Balfour's doubtful invitation was written long before his day. It will be found in Carlyle's Life of Sterling: "Go to perdition, if thou must. But with a lie in thy mouth? By the eternal Maker, No!"

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Among the many reforms that are to a greater or less degree agitating the world is that of giving more breathing-room to the dwellers in cities. This subject appeals with special insistence at this time of the year, when the trees are budding and the grass is sloughing off its winter brown and appearing in emerald green. Those who live in the country can watch this delightful transformation day by day, but the dwellers in the crowded cities have little chance to see the beauty of the oncoming spring. The most that can be done for them is to provide parks where on a Sunday or a holiday they can get an occasional glimpse into nature's workshop.

One would suppose there would be an abundance of such open spaces and parks in the United States, where land is plenty and towns are comparatively new, but the contrary is the fact. The figures with reference to Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, are fairly depressing, so little breathing-room is there in proportion to the population. There is hardly a city of any considerable size in Europe that has not much more park space than these American cities. To be sure, New York has its Central Park; but it might almost as well be in the moon, so far as the crowded tenements of the East Side are concerned. Philadelphia and Chicago have also fine parks, but they are too far away for the poorest people; and the time and money that must be spent in reaching them cut off their pleasures from multitudes.

Until within a few years Boston was also ill provided with places for recreation and outdoor exercise. The establishment of the park system, which promises to supply delightful breathing-places for unborn millions, is one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the city. A well-chosen Park Commission has the matter of the extension of these parks in hand, and more than six thousand acres have been secured in the so-called metropolitan district. This is divided into four sections,—one of the heights known as the Blue Hills; another, including the Middlesex Fells; a third, the picturesque region of Stony Brook; and the fourth, a narrow bit of beauty of fifty-nine acres along the charming shores of Beaver Brook, with the magnificent oaks which are said to be the finest in New England. It is suggested that a cheap buckboard service shall be introduced in these wild, sylvan parks, where nature has been left comparatively undisturbed; and, if this shall be done, these six thousand acres will afford untold delight to thousands all the year.

With great wisdom, as well as true appreciation of the possibilities of nature, the commissioners have contented themselves with cutting only as many paths as were necessary to prevent danger from forest fires. They have felled no trees of any value, but have let in air and sunshine to such as were struggling against adversity; and they have secured protection for the wild life within those limits. Let alone, nature will, in the course of time, repair damages; and before many years there will be secluded spots where one can go and sit in quiet, and listen to the wild bird's song.

It is greatly to be hoped that public enterprise and private generosity will soon make possible another greatly to be desired improvement,—the construction of a dam across the Charles River. The advantages of this have been well set forth in the admirable report of the Park Commissioners, a report which abounds not only in sagacious advice and scientific facts, but has so many charming photographs that the denizens of Boston and vicinity may well take pride in it. Should this dam be constructed, Boston would almost rival the beautiful city of Stockholm, and other European cities, where so much use is made of water fronts in the way of pleasure and recreation. In summer boats would swarm on the placid sheet of the Charles, and in winter there would be such a chance for skating as has never been known in this part of the world. As the commissioners truly say, "In no other way could so much healthy enjoyment through so many months in the year be afforded, at an equal ex-

pense, to the same number of persons within the metropolitan district; while the increased beauty due to this great water park could hardly fail to add greatly to the value of all adjacent property for purposes of residence."

The moral side of park extension can hardly be overrated. Men and women must have recreation; and, the sweeter and purer that recreation is, the better the effect on their characters. And there is no recreation equal to that afforded by outdoor life. Money spent in open spaces, parks, skating ponds, playgrounds, and forest walks means less money to be expended for criminal courts, lockups, and jails. Temperance workers, especially, should try to secure parks and recreation places, not only in every city, but in every village of the land. Rational recreation is a great safeguard against intemperance and crime.

MR. MOZOOMDAR'S WORK.

Some weeks ago we published a report taken from the *Interpreter*, Mr. Mozoomdar's monthly paper, giving an account of his tour in Upper India written by a companion. Mr. Mozoomdar has a horror of self-reporting; and his work, which is radiant and atmospheric, cannot be reduced to statistics, any more than a barometer or a thermometer can register the best influence of sun and atmosphere, which later may be revealed in blooming flowers and ripened fruit. Nevertheless, this fruitage is not produced without a vast expenditure of strength, whether it be in the exhalation of thought and feeling, the productions of the pen, the delivery of sermons and addresses, or the travelling over vast spaces to meet engagements. In a private letter received recently from Mr. Mozoomdar he says:—

I do meditate a good deal; but still last year I found time to travel about 3,500 miles in all directions of the country, and to hold about 150 divine services, delivering a sermon at each, and gave about 50 lectures to audiences ranging from 70 to 1,700 people. Then nearly the whole of the *Interpreter* is written by me, single-handed, each month, besides a heavy correspondence with many of the Brahmo-Somaj in all parts of the country.

Years ago I founded a society called the "Society for the Higher Training of Young Men," which is now taken in hand by the government, and is in a most flourishing condition. Here I give occasional lectures to the graduates and undergraduates of our university, crowds coming to hear me. Over and above all this, I sometimes preside at public meetings and semi-private meetings in my own house, to promote good feeling and co-operation among different sections of the Brahmo-Somaj.

A new feature of my present year's work will be the printing of every Bengali sermon I give weekly. I shall send you a package by and by.

This is a record of activity of which even a Western circuit rider might be proud. To maintain it needs not only time and strength, but expenditures of money. By printing and circulating Mr. Mozoomdar's sermons, his message will have a far-reaching effect. We hope that contributions for sustaining a work to which he is divinely called may not be lacking.

PLEASANTRIES.

Somebody has said that there is no strain on friendship like a difference of taste in jokes; and, surely, incompatibility of temper may reveal itself in this way more definitely than in some things commonly supposed more important. Our friend may like olives or not, as he chooses; he may prefer Italian or German opera, at will; he may have his own opinion about "Trilby"; but, if he cannot smile when we bring to his notice a new and irreproachable witticism, then he is none of ours. And the resentment we feel is as undoubted as it is indefensible. Perhaps it is because he thus seems to put himself on a plane of superiority indicated by none of his other tastes, and he throws us back suddenly to a conviction of our own foolishness. About olives or the opera or "Trilby" there is room for discussion, but you cannot argue over a joke. Either it is funny or it is not; and the disagreeable shock one receives when he finds himself laughing alone justifies a coolness of affection, for the time being at least.

There is room in this many-sided life of ours for pure fun that seems as unrelated to the serious matters of our ordinary in-

terests as do the white foam-drops on the crest of a wave to the dark, unstirred depths of water far beneath. There is room even for rollicking exaggeration and nonsense, but he who is born without a sense for it can no more be instructed in its various degrees than can a poet be made by presenting a man with a book on versification. The distinctive fooling of "Alice in Wonderland" makes it a book for philosophers rather than for children, but neither child nor philosopher has ever been initiated into its inner circles by argument. A sense of humor is the correcting grace of many a mind that would be cold and austere without it; and, if it could be more general even than it is, how it would protect us from some of the sentimental novels and the shoals of sentimental verse that we are asked to take seriously!

There is one thing more dreary, however, than finding a delicious story fall heavy on unappreciative ears; and that is to be asked in turn to laugh when, with the best will in the world, you can see nothing to laugh at. Few are those who have not stood in each position, and who do not know by double experience how elusive and refractory is one's willingness to be amused. Alas for the jokes that are meant to be funny and are not! Alas for those with a sting which wounds and irritates! One who responds readily to an unexpected turn of a sentence or to a brilliant flight of absurdity may yet be as sensitively averse to the wrong kind of a joke as one who considers all nonsense alike flippant and unworthy. The marvel is that so many people who follow high ideals of purpose, who insist that our libraries should contain only decent books, who would have the startling theatrical posters banished from our city, who would not allow a coarse word spoken before their little ones, can yet laugh indulgently over an indelicate suggestion or a bit of actual irreverence when it is used as seasoning for a poor little joke, that would otherwise have nothing whatever to recommend it. Pity it is that so much of our current newspaper paragraphing is of this character, that our children laugh at it, and that we ourselves grow hardened and indifferent. Comedy is often the reverse side of tragedy. That depends wholly on the point of view. Falstaff was infinitely amusing to Prince Hal, but not amusing at all to King Henry. The jesting of Carlini moved all Naples with merriment, while he himself was under the care of a physician for his melancholy. Speaking more broadly, one may say that in no way is character more unerringly revealed than by an examination of the things found amusing; and this is true of a nation or of an individual, so that we must, like Lord Chesterfield, beware of betraying ourselves. There is nothing in the opera of "Faust" more significant than the suppressed laughter of Mephistopheles as Marguerite stands by her open window. Mohammed declared that he who can enjoy making others ridiculous will find the gates of Paradise forever opening before him only to be closed as he tries to enter, and we close for ourselves the way to real delight every time that we condescend to take pleasure in things unworthy of us.

Musings.

A REVERENT Irishman, who, after viewing the Catholic cathedral in New York on the outside for the first time, passed within, said, "Bedad, it's larger on the inside than it is on the outside!" The same effect is sometimes produced in a work of musical architecture. The auditor who simply hears it for the first time stands, as it were, on the outside: the player or the singer passes within. He becomes familiar with its interior structure, he perceives effects and relationships which cannot be perceived by an external view. I have sometimes thought that in the rendering of every new composition there ought to be two musical criticisms,—one from a critic in the audience, the other from some critic in orchestra or chorus. The critic in the audience, unless he has thoroughly studied the piece in the score, will give an external view. The critic in orchestra or chorus will give an internal view. The music has passed through him. He must absorb it in some degree before he can give it forth. It must, indeed, become part of his experience. I suspect that this is often the rea-

son that a musical composition, when rendered for the first time in public, is more interesting to the performers and singers than it may be to the audience. Repeated rehearsals have familiarized singers or players. They have studied its light and shade; they are familiar with its motives; they can see them at the start, appearing prophetically in introduction or overture, and blossoming or expanding and entwining on the trellis of the score. They know what effects to look for, because they know what effects they must seek to produce. And this is the reason, I suppose, why it takes some time to educate an audience to the appreciation of certain compositions. Thus I have seen an audience receive a Brahms symphony with the utmost indifference or with positive ennui, when the musicians were enthusiastic; and we all know Wagner's struggle for recognition, and the criticism and the hissing that greeted works which are now received with enthusiasm by popular audiences. There are, indeed, musical compositions which secure recognition and applause from the first. But they are generally apt to be of the lighter sort, and the audience has been educated to some appreciation of the style of the composer. But, the more complex the structure, and the more individuality is put into its composition, the more difficult it is of appreciation at the first hearing.

So I was glad to note, on the first performance of Mr. J. C. D. Parker's work, "The Life of Man," composed for and rendered by the Handel and Haydn Society on Easter Sunday night, that the chorus had become well possessed of the music, and sang it with an interest and enthusiasm which showed that it had taken hold of them. Indeed, one of the chorus said to me that he could hardly wait to sing it. I heard many other expressions of personal interest and satisfaction from the singers, which were ratified by the earnestness, power, precision, and sympathy with which they sang. I was sorry that the audience did not generally know that Mr. Parker was present, and that the chorus did not insist on calling him out; but perhaps their best evidence of respect for the composer was the way in which they sang his tuneful and inspiring music.

Brevities.

There is a science of God and a science of man, the last included in the first; but man is not the real God of science, and science cannot be the real God of man.

The *Basis* is the title of a new weekly, a journal of citizenship, edited by Albion Tourgee, and published at Buffalo by the Citizen Publishing Company. Under Judge Tourgee's editorship the *Basis* is sure to be bright and strong, and to stand for equal rights, personal security, and good government.

The *Evening Post* says, "Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, who eighty-three years ago witnessed the launching of the United States frigate "Constitution," one of the first war vessels built for the United States Navy for the War of 1812, was an interesting figure at the launching of the "St. Paul" at Philadelphia."

Attention is called to the important appeal of Secretary Batchelor in another column. Not only is the fact of its being the seventieth year of the American Unitarian Association a reason for general and generous giving, but, in addition, the action at Saratoga forcibly calls for a thank-offering from every one of our churches.

We extend the warmest congratulations to King's Chapel, Boston, upon calling Rev. Howard N. Brown to its time-honored pulpit; and we shall congratulate it still more if Mr. Brown accepts. We dare not say a word to influence his choice in this matter, lest the avenging angels from Brookline disturb our slumbers. But we do say, with certainty of warm applause from that beautiful town, that, should Mr. Brown accept the call, King's Chapel will have secured one of the most thoughtful, reverent, broad-minded, sound-hearted, and effective preachers in the whole Unitarian body. And it is equally certain that he will find a field of usefulness and influence in King's Chapel whose great opportunities cannot easily be computed.

A member of the Illinois Legislature has introduced a bill proposing a tax upon bachelors for the benefit of "old maids." The bill is thus summarized by a contemporary. It proposes "an annual tax of \$25 on all 'male persons of the age of thirty-two and over, being of sound mind and limb, who are single and never have been married.' The tax is to be continued until the 'male persons' have reached the age of sixty-five, or until they furnish satisfactory proof that they have exercised due diligence in an effort to get married. To carry out the provisions of the act, there is created a board, to be known as the 'State Board of Managers of Old Maids' Home,' to consist of three unmarried men, either of whom shall be less than sixty years of age, and to be appointed by the governor. Each member of this board is to receive an annual salary of \$1,000. The bachelors' tax is to be paid into the State treasury; and, when the fund shall have reached the sum of \$50,000, the board shall proceed to erect an asylum, to be known as 'Old Maids' Home,' and maintain the same thereafter from the taxes collected from the bachelors."

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE REPRESENTATION OF CHURCHES.

All churches contributing to the funds of the American Unitarian Association for two consecutive years are entitled to representation at the annual meeting. The fiscal year closes May 1. In order to keep the right of representation, a contribution from each church should be in the treasurer's hands on or before that date. Up to the present time fewer churches have reported than last year. But those contributing have, on the average, given larger sums. If those not yet heard from give in the same proportion, the total income of the Association will be increased.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, Sec'y.

Pro and Con.

A PERSONAL STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In a quotation from a sermon of mine I have been reported as calling Unitarian ministers "confidence men and bunco steers," and, very justly, those who have cared anything at all about the utterance have been offended. Allow me to say that I had not in mind, nor did my words point to, Unitarians or the Unitarian clergy. So far as I know the clergy, personally or by their writings, I accord them a conscientiousness such as I hope myself to possess. I believe them to be, as a body, sincere, high-minded, earnest, and honorable men. In my sermon, which was before a church club, I was speaking exclusively to Episcopalians and of Episcopalians, and warning my own people of their own faults, and of dangers existing, as I believed, in our own communion from some who, while nominally in it and honored by it, were imposing upon the confidence of those within and practising on others without, and leading them into a theological system which was neither based on authority nor on sound reason, but was like the mingled vision of fact and fancy of a dreamer in an opium joint. CHARLES C. GRAFTON.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

CHILD LIFE INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I thank you for your courteous invitation to write something in favor of child insurance and in answer to your editorial of last week. Perhaps I can do nothing better than to enclose you herewith my argument before the committee, and let you make any extract you please from that. I wish you had waited to hear both sides before writing. You would have escaped some errors. For instance, you would not have made the misleading statement that "few disinterested persons have opposed the bill" to prohibit child insurance. Nearly all the opponents, and they are legion, are disinterested,—clergymen like E. A. Horton, Stopford W. Brooke, and John Cuckson of our denomination, and a score of others; city missionaries; eminent charity workers like Edward Frothingham, general agent of the Boston Provident Association; Mr. J.

Lewis Crewe, secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Pennsylvania; the agent of the Louisville Charity Society; and Sister Pamela of Albany; our most eminent physicians, like Dr. William L. Richardson, Dr. Edward J. Foster, Dr. Francis Minot, Dr. J. Foster Bush; citizens like Curtis Guild, Jr., ex-Mayor Hart; city physicians, overseers of the poor, and a multitude more,—an entirely disinterested class.

Then you intimate that "from the start" it was not claimed that child murder results from child insurance. On the contrary, Mr. Read, for the bill, started with that claim in his very opening. It was that charge which roused all the feeling that has existed against this insurance; and, but for that, I do not hesitate to say that the public would at once have recognized that poor industrial people ought to have the right to insure their children if they desire thus to lay by a little provision for their last sickness and burial. Of course, the charge has been withdrawn and abandoned, because it is now admitted that in twenty years' experience in our country not a single case of child murder for insurance has occurred, while in adult insurance it is not infrequent.

The whole charge has come down to a criticism upon poor people for funeral expenditure, and the temptation to spend 5 or 10 cents a week for insurance that might be saved for food.

May I not say that legislative prohibition on these two points is a pretty severe interference with personal rights, and is really class discrimination?

Let me also say, concisely, that at the hearing, while cases of cruelty, drunkenness, and poverty were shown, not one was shown in which any injury to the child was traced to its insurance. Not a charge was made against insurance of children under ten that is not equally good in respect to children over ten, or, indeed, against life insurance in general.

Child insurance is not a recent scheme, like the bond-investment craze, which defrauded people a few years ago, and exploded. It is a system which has existed forty years in England and twenty here, constantly growing, because meeting a popular necessity and demand. It has been repeatedly investigated by the British Parliament, and always given a larger field. So also in this country, in State after State. Our own Insurance Department has, under three commissioners, reported favorably on it. In 1891 our own Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children "inquired" into it, and spoke well of it. And, what is particularly striking is that, in its last report, Dec. 31, 1894, while touching on every phase of that society's work, and forecasting its future fields of labor, and reciting in detail a large number of cases of suffering children, there is not, from beginning to end of the report, a single allusion to child insurance! Why? Because there is nothing in it to call for action, either by the society or by the legislature.

Many persons, when this hearing began, supposed that child insurance offers the temptation of the large amounts of adult insurance. The average amount is \$28. It begins with \$15 the first year of insurance, and no child can be insured under one year of age,—and, while the premium, 5 cents a week, remains the same, does not reach \$100 more till after ten years of age. This little sum not only is a resource for burial and doctors' bills and help to other sick children in the family, but the existence of the fund undoubtedly secures better medical attendance and care. The statistics show also, and it was not controverted at the hearing, that the death rate is less among insured children than among non-insured.

People, however poor, will bury their children decently; and it is a question either of pauper funerals—which, as matter of self-respect, nobody will encourage—or else of the alternative between an insurance fund and debt, with its heavy interest. There will be just as much economizing in food to save money to pay debt as to pay insurance.

Since child insurance began in Massachusetts pauper funerals have diminished nearly one-half in number. Abolish child insurance, and you will either go back to an increase of pauper funerals or put a new drain on your charity funds, and pass the hat to meet the expense. You will stop the

habit of saving, which is itself an education in social economy among the poor that should be encouraged. The savings-banks do not meet this need of 5-cent savings. There is no competition between the two systems. Each meets a different necessity; and, instead of one cutting into the other, both have been increasing in their business at the same time.

There are hardships attending all the systems which our modern civilization and congestion make necessary. The railroad system, the electric car and lighting systems, the fire system, the machinery system,—all result in some cases of death, injury, and suffering which are directly traceable to the systems themselves; and yet we do not abolish them. We remedy, as far as we can, but even at that we do not stop, the evils. The remarkable thing in child insurance is that at the hearing, as also in the 1894 report of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which I above cited, not a case of suffering is traced to the system. And yet we are asked to abolish it, and to deprive one hundred thousand children under ten years of age in Massachusetts, and the families they represent, of the privilege they now enjoy, without the slightest effort, even if there be fear of some attendant and occasional evil, to meet it by some amendment rather than by the wholesale destruction of the system. More than one-fifth of the population of the State are industrially insured, including the above one hundred thousand; and it is significant that not one of them appeared at the hearing to support the bill.

You are also in error in intimating that there is no insurable interest on a child under ten years of age. The Supreme Court of the United States have decided otherwise. There is certainly an insurable, or what you call "commercial" interest to the extent of the cost of its last sickness and burial. And for some years under ten, in many poor families, the child is rendering little services that are of actual value; while the prospective chance of the child's growing up and later becoming the reliance of the parent is of very great value.

You say, "If it were not for the money received from lapsed policies, these insurance companies could not exist." The fact is, if it were not that there are so many lapses, the companies could be more liberal in the amount of benefit under the policies. The companies do not begin to get paid for the first expense in issuing these policies for more than a year. The lapses, as shown by the companies' records, are greatest the first year, less the second, still less the third, until, when the policy has been in force for five or more years, the lapse is at its minimum. So we repeat that, if it were not that there are so many lapses, the companies could be more liberal.

Again, the article states that "a glance at the statistics in the office of the Insurance Commissioner will show the enormous expenses involved which are met by these lapsed policies." A more absurd statement it would be hard to find, so fallacious as to prove the writer ignorant of insurance matters. If all the "expenses" were met by the profits on "lapsed policies," how is it that the surplus is not equal or greater than the receipts? The expenses of the company are met by its receipts from policies in force; and we again repeat, without so many lapses the company could be more liberal.

The statement that, of nearly \$1,900,000 received monthly, nearly \$1,100,000 monthly is absorbed in the cost of the business, or nearly 60 per cent., is also, misleading. In that 60 per cent. is included the amount required to be held as reserve by the laws of the State, which people ignorant of insurance matters or interested in assessment organizations consider in the light of an "expense," because the company does not return it to the policy-holder. Some people consider that, when a policy-holder has paid his premium for a number of years, and then allows the policy to lapse, the company has made as clear gain all the money paid under that policy. They do not stop to consider that the insurance is a mutual affair, and that, while they have been fortunate enough not to die, that others, and many others, have died before premiums had been paid for even six months. Where is the money coming from to pay these losses, unless from the ones fortunate enough to live?

JOHN D. LONG.

TO SAMUEL MAY

ON HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

True friend of all good causes, from the height
Of all thy conquered years, now looking back
Along the ever-climbing, toilsome track
Which thou hast come, what visions clear and bright
Thou must behold! For Slavery's monstrous
night,—
When, for no crime but that his skin was black,
They stretched the victim on the torturer's rack,
Robbed of his manhood,—lo! the dawning light
Of equal freedom for all sons of God.
Great was thy part, and with the greatest found,
Heroes and saints than whom the world ne'er saw
More brave and sweet. O prophet, look abroad.
Pierce the dark future; say, Shall yet the bound
With any chain go free, and love alone be law?

A WESTERN CHARACTER.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

While preaching in St. Louis, there came to my church one day an old man six feet in height and of heavy proportions. He was somewhat bowed, and showed himself to be past seventy. In his prime I should like to have seen him; for he must have stood six feet three in his stockings, and been a man fit for a place among David's men of valor. His face was large cut, with open, cheerful features of an executive cast. He was clearly made up to look outward, and not inward, upward, and not downward, and to lend a hand. He came again with his daughter; and, although a Presbyterian, he soon took a liking to me, and was regularly an attendant. I found him to be the famous "Father Paxton," Sunday-school missionary for many years in "Egypt." Egypt was that southern part of Illinois which was, morally and intellectually, "dark as Egypt." During the pressure of Eastern ideas and men westward from 1780 to 1840 the Ohio River had been the line along which, for a few miles on either side, there had been fought out a battle of civilizations. Sometimes the South crossed over and took possession, occasionally the North got a footing to the South; but more commonly New England had pushed north-westward. A part of Illinois and a part of Missouri were possessed of customs and habits, houses, people, religion, politics, prejudices, from North Carolina. It was hard-shell Baptist religion, and pro-slavery politics, and bitter antagonism to schools.

It was Father Paxton's business to invade Egypt and plant Sunday-schools. When I knew him, he was retired, in charge of the Sunday School Depository of St. Louis. When "blue," I always went down to the Depository, and begged him for a few stories. He rode a splendid horse, that was in full sympathy with his master, and bore the significant name, Robert Raikes. There were few houses, except those built of logs; and these were not prejudiced against good ventilation. He laughed long and loud at his experience in one of these which he reached one night in a furious storm. He was welcomed to the best, which was a single rude bed; while the family slept on the floor, behind a sheet hung up for that special occasion. Paxton was so thoroughly tired that he slept sound as soon as he touched the bed, but he half waked in the morning with the barking of a dog. The master of the house was shaking him, and halloing, "I say, stranger, pull in your feet, or Bowser'll bite 'em!" Stretching out in the night, he had run his feet through the side of the house between the logs; and the dog outside had gone for him. "The time he took in pulling in was so trifling as to be hardly worth the mention."

Those who know little of frontier life can have no idea of the difficulties to be met by a man with Paxton's mission. There was one district, not far from Cairo, that was ruled by a pious old fellow, who swore that no Sunday-school should be set up "in that kidntry." Some one cautioned "the missionary" to keep away from M., who would surely be as good as his word and thrash him. M. was a Hard-shell Baptist, and owned the church, which was built also of logs. He lived in the only whitewashed log house of the region. Instead of avoiding him, Father Paxton rode up one day, and, jumping off Robert Raikes, hitched him to the rail that always was to be found before a Southern house. Old M. sat straddle of a log in front of his door, eating peaches from a basket. Paxton straddled the log on the other side

of the basket, and helped himself. This was Southern style. You were welcome to help yourself so long as there was anything to eat. The conversation that started up was rather wary, for M. suspected who his visitor was. Pretty soon Paxton noticed some hogs in a lot near them. "Mighty fine lot of hogs, stranger!"

"And you mought say well they be a mighty fine lot of hogs."

"How many mought there be, stranger?"

"There mought be sixty-two hogs in that there lot, and they can't be beat."

Just then a little boy ran up and grabbed a peach.

"Mought that be your young un, stranger?" asked Paxton.

"As nigh as one can say, that mought be mine."

"And a fine chap he be, surely."

"A purty fine one, I reckon myself."

"How many young ones mought you have, my friend?"

"Well, stranger, that's where you have me. Sally, I say, come to the door there! You count them childer while I name 'em. No: you name 'em, and I'll count."

So they counted out seventeen children. Paxton had his cue now, and was ready.

"Stranger, I say," he said, "this seems to me a curious kind of a kidntry."

"Why so, stranger?"

"Because, when I axed ye how many hogs ye had, ye could tell me plum off; but, when I axed ye how many children ye had, ye had to count right smart before ye could tell. Seems to me ye pay a little more attention to your hogs than ye do to your childer."

"Stranger," shouted M., "you mought sure be the missionary. You've got me, sure! You shall have the church in the holler next Sunday, and me and my wife and my seventeen shall all be there."

True to his word, he helped Paxton to establish a school. When I was in St. Louis, there was a Sunday-school convention there. A fine-looking young man came up to Father Paxton, who was then in charge of the Sunday School Depository, and said:—

"Don't you know me, Father Paxton?"

"No," said Paxton: "I reckon I don't recall ye."

"Well, I am from —; and I am one of the seventeen children of M. And I am delegate here, representing over one hundred Sunday-schools sprung from that one." Paxton was a Christian, but not a bigot. He often expressed to me his warm sympathy for liberal and advanced thought. He had not fought narrowness in vain. The worst antagonism to his work had always been from hard-shell Calvinistic religionists. I suppose the world holds no better illustration of the religious crustacean, the vigorous adherence to the shell of Christianity, than was seen in these God-forsaken regions. The Pike region of Missouri and the sand hills of North Carolina alone were rivals of Egypt. They generally dressed their women in cotton sacking, ate their food with their fingers, and swallowed tobacco. After the Civil War the public school was forced on them, and their peculiar civilization is now nearly obliterated. The last time I was in South-west Missouri I found a relic of their lingo. It was not English; and a few old fellows could be found squatting about the hamlets, cursing the Yanks, who had brought in all sorts of curious notions. One yellow sample of malaria assured me they had now "to buy calico for their wives, and knives and forks and school-books; and there really want no peace left." I condoled with him; but he plaintively assured me with a twang: "Tain't no use, stranger. The land's spiled, and there ain't no religion, nor no politics, of count. It's a kidntry as no self-respectin' person 'd care to live in."

When John Monteith was made State Superintendent of Instruction in Missouri by Gov. Gratz Brown, and a State law established public free schools in every district, the fight was a merry one. It needed a good deal of canvassing, more cajoling, and some positive fighting, to carry out the law. Paxton used to say to me: "Well, there's one thing folks by and by won't know much about. That's the question whether barbarism or civilization should conquer the South-west. But 'twas a question." Yes, it really was a question. At one time ignorance and superstition had the upper hand in one-fourth of America. It was not a struggle with slavery merely. The majority of the Missouri and North

Carolina and Tennessee white trash did not own slaves, and in Egypt there were no slaves at all. It was an intrenchment of conservative barbarism. Such men as Paxton were pioneers. New England finished the work with the free school. Our history will not say much about these pioneer heroes; but, in my judgment, they were fully as important as the generals who fought down the Rebellion of the same elements.

REV. FREDERICK WEST HOLLAND.

BY REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

This venerated Unitarian clergyman, so long and widely known to the churches of our liberal faith, died in Concord, Mass., March 26, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. It is a noteworthy circumstance that, of the able and faithful ministers who have successively been the secretaries of the American Unitarian Association during the seventy years of its existence, two, Rev. Dr. Reynolds and Rev. Mr. Holland, both residents of the same town, have passed away within the last few months,—the former while still in the full tide of his power and usefulness, and the latter after sixty years of hard and intense activity as a Christian evangelist, and only when he had strength to do no more.

The earlier but more recently departed incumbent of the office was born on Fort Hill, Boston, June 22, 1811, and was the son of John and Sarah (May) Holland, the mother being a daughter of Samuel May, Sr., and a sister of Col. Joseph May of King's Chapel and of Deacon Samuel May of the Hollis Street Church. Frederick was thus cousin of Mrs. A. Bronson Alcott and Rev. Samuel J. May of Syracuse, N.Y., who were daughter and son of Col. May, and cousin as well of Rev. Samuel May of Leicester and Miss Abby W. May of Boston, who were son and daughter of Deacon May. All these, with others of their name and race, are too well known to readers of the *Christian Register* for their eminent worth and philanthropic service to need further remark about them in this connection. It only need be said that Mr. Holland, by his stainless character and his remarkable devotion to the cause of humanity, well deserves to be numbered with his kin in such a roll of the friends of justice and liberty. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831; and among his classmates were John Lothrop Motley, the historian, Wendell Phillips, Drs. George C. Shattuck and N. B. Shurtleff, Rev. John H. Morison, D.D., and others of note. For the next three years he pursued his theological studies, first at Andover, and then under Dr. Palfrey and the two Wares at the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1834, with William G. Eliot, Nathaniel Hall, and George W. Briggs,—all of whom became distinguished as preachers, and the last of whom alone survives him.

And now began his remarkable missionary career, with its many scattered scenes of earnest work and self-sacrifice. Its first three years were passed at Greenfield, Mass., Oswego, N.Y., and in Philadelphia and Washington. Then there were five years, from 1837 to 1842, as the successor of Rev. David H. Barlow in the pastoral charge of the First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y. Then he went to Rochester, N.Y., and was there for five years also, establishing in that city the present Unitarian church, of which Rev. William C. Gannett is now the minister. Next followed two and a half years as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and in 1850–51 a tour abroad, in which he visited England and other European countries, and also Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey. Returning to America, he became the pastor of the Unitarian church at East Cambridge, and was there engaged for eight years in arduous service; and then there were three years at Neponset and three years more at North Cambridge. But now the church edifice which he had built at Rochester had been destroyed by fire; and the shepherdless flock felt discouraged, and wanted their former pastor again. Back he went, erected a new house of worship for them, restored the former prosperity, and then, at the end of three years, went to continue his labors at Rutland, Vt., and shortly afterward far at the South, in New Orleans.

Succeeding this pioneer service were two

years of toil here and there, as call and opportunity required; and then there were six years at Newburg, N.Y., and a return for two years to East Cambridge. He was now well-nigh threescore and ten; but, though too old to assume the charge of a parish as before, he would yet do all he could for the Master, and so he became the minister of the inmates of the almshouse at North Cambridge. And for fourteen years, until last October, he made his weekly Sunday visits to them from Concord, or wherever he resided, braving whatever cold or storm, and bearing in his arms to the humble men, women, and children of his care collected supplies of excellent papers and magazines for reading, but bearing in his heart the still better word of personal instruction and sympathy he was to speak to them. He surrendered his post only when it was impossible for him, from the full burden of the infirmities of old age, to travel and preach longer. Yet, even after that, he was often seen as a worshipper in the old Parish Church at Concord.

As long ago as 1869 Dr. Bellows, at an anniversary celebration of the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, referred to him as "that earnest, indefatigable, and liberal-hearted missionary, whose labors are known in all the forlorn hopes of our denomination"; and the tribute was just. Among all our Unitarian missionaries, his decided ability and large attainments, his high Christian character and his extraordinary zeal as a preacher and worker, and the very long and uninterrupted term of his active service, entitle him to be regarded as first and foremost. Most of his pastorates were of short duration. He had a genius for organizing new churches and for resuscitating such as had fallen or were falling into decay; and, when this kind of work was done, and well done, at any given place, he seemed to feel that it was time for him to move on to engage in the same sort of labor elsewhere. In the army of the Lord just such a flying artillery is needed to hasten from one point to another, wherever urgent and effective work is needed. Mr. Holland was exceptionally fitted for such work, and he was never so happy as when he was doing it. In his presence there could be but few idlers or laggards, at most. He found something for all to do, roused dead ones to life, gave things a vigorous push, brought in the wanderers or absentees, and kept his church, wherever it might be, all astir in its every department,—congregation, Sunday-school, benevolent society, social circle, or whatever else. Many are those, on earth and in heaven, who gratefully recall the hour when they received from him their first impetus to the better life; and it is not easy to estimate the vast amount of good which he accomplished in the wide field that witnessed to his varied, protracted, and untiring devotion to the higher interests of souls under his care.

I first knew about him during his earlier ministry at East Cambridge, and while I myself was in the Divinity School. He was often seen hurrying on his errands of beneficence, and was frequently spoken of as a chaplain at the State prison as well as the preacher and pastor of a neighboring church. One of the many good practical institutions or enterprises which he started in the course of his life was the East Cambridge Savings Bank, which has remained a notable success, and has been of incalculable benefit to the community in which it exists.

During my nine years at Roxbury and subsequently I remember him as frequent in his attendance at denominational meetings of all kinds, deeply interested in their proceedings and ready for word or deed. I went to Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1864. He had left the city twenty-two years before, and Dr. Farley had been his successor for the interval. Many of Mr. Holland's old parishioners were still in the church, and during the equal term of twenty-two years that followed I never ceased to hear from them the kindest and most appreciative and affectionate words concerning him and his greatly admired and beloved wife. While he was there, he founded the Samaritan Society of his parish, which now for fifty-five or sixty years has wrought for the comfort of the poor and needy near and far, and which, during all the war, sent large quantities of clothing and other useful things to the soldiers. Friends who have come from Brooklyn to Concord during these

later years have been full of inquiries about the family, and have not failed to call upon them and revive the old associations; while the same may be said of others, who had known this veteran as their teacher and comforter elsewhere in the long ago, but who still owned the tie that no lapse of time or length of separation had weakened.

To refer again to his secretaryship of the American Unitarian Association, there are various volumes of the *Christian Examiner* that contain brief accounts of meetings of that body at the time, with allusions to Mr. Holland's work and his reports. Thus in the July number, 1849, we read: "The president, Rev. Dr. Gannett, opened the meeting; and a very methodical and extended report was read by the secretary, Rev. F. W. Holland, who has labored with persevering energy during the past year to promote the efficiency of the Association, and has taken especial care to provide the numerous passenger ships to California with religious literature." The March number for 1850 says: "The general secretary, Rev. F. W. Holland, has travelled far over the South and West to learn how our agencies may most profitably be employed; and the full results of his labors and inquiries will be looked for with interest in Anniversary Week." The July number of the same year makes record of the May meetings of the Association, and says:—

A quarter of a century having now elapsed since the Association was formed, the report of the secretary, Rev. F. W. Holland, as well as the remarks at the public meeting in the evening, made constant reference to that fact, as offering a point from which to review the work that has been accomplished, and from which to commemorate some of its most devoted friends who have passed away. The controversial, philanthropic, and spiritual agencies and efforts of the Association, when thus brought into review and presented in connection with the great occasions which have called them forth, did certainly offer most convincing evidences of the vitality and efficiency of our Christian brotherhood. The secretary did justice to the occasion and the theme. His report was by far the most interesting one to which we have listened at our anniversaries.

These extracts will suffice to show how Mr. Holland carried into the work of the Association the same energetic and consecrated spirit which always marked his ministry as preacher and pastor, and what precious seed he sowed for the harvest of our own time and of the years that are yet to be.

He was, withal, a constant contributor of excellent articles to the magazines and papers. Those which he wrote for the *Christian Examiner* alone show to a considerable extent the many and varied subjects that engaged his mind and pen. Thus, besides numerous obituary and critical notices, there are articles on "Borrow's Bible in Spain," "Lessons for Sunday-schools," "Abolition of Capital Punishment," "Egypt as it is," "Present Condition of Palestine," "The Character of Archbishop Cranmer," "Saulcey's Discoveries in Syria," "Greece and the Greek Church," "The Results of the Late War in the East," "Life and Works of John Kitto," "Siam," "Tholuck on Prophecy," "Prison Discipline in England," "Miss Carpenter's Work in India," "The English Bible," etc. Some of these, like many of his lectures or sermons, were suggested by his journeyings in Europe and the East. He was a great reader of the best literature, but he told me once that he was particularly fond of books of travel; and the three or four thousand volumes of his valuable private collection and the numerous volumes which he was accustomed to take out from the Concord Library and the Boston Athenæum, even in his eighties, attested his love of this kind of knowledge. He was profoundly interested in the archaeological discoveries which are still going on with so much success and promise in Oriental countries, and to the very last was alive to whatever related to the lands he once visited there.

He was a Christian believer, a friend of education, of temperance, and of peace, and a helper of the poor and of the oppressed. We buried him on Friday, March 29, at Mount Auburn, where his lovely daughter Florence had preceded him but three days before, she having been laid to rest on the very day of his own death; and the clergyman who officiated at his obsequies at the chapel of the beautiful but crowded cemetery could but remark over the open bier that there was one who, at a time

when long years ago the assembled ministers of the Unitarian denomination were called upon to express themselves concerning the then recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law, and when there were divided counsels, boldly declared that obedience to such an enactment was a violation of conscience and duty, and that he was for progress and liberty. He always stood bravely for the rights of man.

He married, Feb. 1, 1835, Miss Harriet Newcomb of Keene, N.H., who now survives him. She was the daughter of Hon. Daniel Newcomb, who was a citizen of that town and State Senator, as well as a judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. In connection with what Dr. Bellows said of Mr. Holland, in the Brooklyn address to which reference has been made, he alluded most appropriately to Mrs. Holland as well, saying: "I hope I may be permitted to recall, although she is still in the flesh, that admirable woman he brought with him, whose intellectual power and spiritual insight made a permanent impression upon me, as it must have done on us all who knew her during the brief years of her husband's ministry here." There are four surviving children,—Frederic May, the scholarly and well-known author, who lives in Concord; Henry, who resides in Boston; Arthur, whose home is in Pittsburg, Pa.; and Emma, who is with the mother.

Concord, Mass.

ABOUT OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

In 1756 Goldsmith arrived in London, ragged, penniless, friendless, and forlorn. In the country he could make his way, but the city was new and strange. For several days he begged a crust here and there, sleeping in doorways at night, and dreaming of the flowery wealth of gentle Lissoy, where even the poorest had enough to eat and a warm place to huddle when the sun went down.

He at length found work as clerk or porter in a chemist's shop, where he remained until he got money enough to buy a velvet coat and a ruffled shirt; and then he moved to the Bankside, and hung out a surgeon's sign. The neighbors thought the little doctor very funny, and the women would call to him out of second-story windows that it was a fine day; but, when they were ill, they sent for some one else to attend them.

Goldsmith was twenty-eight, and the thought that he could make a living with his pen had never come to him. Yet he loved books, and would loiter about bookshops, pricing first editions, and talking poetry to the patrons. He chanced in this way to meet Samuel Richardson, who, because he wrote the first English novel, has earned the title of the Father of Lies.

In order to get a very necessary loaf of bread, Dr. Goldsmith asked Richardson to let him read proof. So Richardson gave him employment; and, in correcting proof, the discovery was made that the Irish doctor could turn a sentence, too. He became affected with literary fever, and wrote a tragedy, which he read to Richardson and a few assembled friends. They voted it "vile,—demnition vile." But one man thought it wasn't so bad as it might be, and this man found a market for some of the little doctor's book reviews; but the tragedy was fed to the fireplace. With the money for his book reviews the doctor bought goose-quills and ink, and inspiration in bottles.

Grub Street dropped in, shabby, seedy, and smiling, empty of pocket, but full of hope. And little suppers were given in dingy coffee-houses, where success to English letters was drunk.

Then we find Goldsmith making a bold stand for reform. He hired out to write magazine articles by the day, going to work in the morning when the bell rang, an hour off at noon, and then at it again until nightfall. Mr. Griffiths, publisher of the *Monthly Review*, was his employer. And, in order to hold his newly captured prize, the publisher boarded the pock-marked Irishman in his own house. Mrs. Griffiths looked after him closely, spurring him on when he lagged, correcting his copy, striking out such portions as showed too much genius, and inserting a word here and there, in order to make a purely neutral decoction, which, it seems, is what magazine readers have always desired. Occa-

sionally, these articles were duly fathered by great men, as this gave them the required specific gravity.

It is said that even in our day there are editors who employ convict labor in this way. But I am sure that this is not so, for we live in an age of competition; and it is just as cheap to hire the great men to supply twaddle direct as to employ foreign paupers to turn it out, with the extra expense of elderly women to revise.

After working in the Griffith literary mill for five months, Goldsmith scaled the barricade one dark night, leaving behind, pasted on the wall, a ballad, not only to Madam Griffith's eyebrow, but her wig as well. Soon after this, when Goldsmith was thirty years of age, his first book, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," was published. It brought him a little money and tuppence worth of fame. So he took better lodgings, in Green Arbor Court, proposing to do great things.

Half a century after the death of Goldsmith, Irving visited Green Arbor Court:—"At length we came upon Fleet Market, and, traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long, steep flight of stone steps called Breakneck Stairs. These led to Green Arbor Court, and down them Goldsmith many a time risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-way corners Genius produces her bantlings. The court I found to be a small square, surrounded by tall, miserable houses, with old garments and frippery fluttering from every window. It appears to be a region of washerwomen; and lines were stretched about the square, on which clothes were dangling to dry. Poor Goldsmith! What a time he must have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity."

One can imagine Goldsmith running the whole gamut of possible jokes on Breakneck Stairs and Green Arbor Court, which, by the way, was never green, and where there was no arbor.

"I've been admitted to court, gentlemen," said Goldsmith, proudly, one day at the Mitre Tavern.

"Ah, yes, doctor: we know,—Green Arbor Court! And any man who has climbed Breakneck Stairs has surely achieved," said Tom Davies.

In 1760 Goldsmith moved to No. 6 Wine-office Court, where he wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell reports Dr. Johnson's account of visiting him there:—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had half a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced for me. I looked into it, and saw its merit, told the landlady I would soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money; and he discharged the rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

For the play of "The Good-natured Man" Goldsmith received £500. And he immediately expended £400 in mahogany furniture, easy chairs, lace curtains, and Wilton carpets. Then he called in his friends. This was at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple. Blackstone had chambers just below, and was working as hard over his "Commentaries" as many a lawyer's clerk has done since. He complained of the abominable noise and racket of "those fellows upstairs," but was asked to come in and listen to wit while he had the chance.

I believe the bailiffs eventually captured the mahogany furniture, but Goldsmith held the quarters. They are to-day in good repair; and the people who occupy the house are very courteous, and obligingly show the rooms to the curious. No attempt at a museum is made; but there are to be seen various articles which belonged to Goldsmith, and a collection of portraits that are interesting.

When "The Traveller" was published, Goldsmith's fame was made secure. As long as he wrote plays, reviews, history, and criticism, he was working for hire. People said it was "clever," "brilliant," and all that; but their hearts were not won until the poet had poured out his soul to his brother in that gentlest of all sweet rhymes. I pity the man who can read the opening lines of "The Traveller" without a misty something coming over his vision:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim the evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair.
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests of pranks that never fail
Or sighs with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

This is the earliest English poem which I can recall that contains an allusion to America:—

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Indeed, we came near having Goldsmith for an adopted citizen. According to his own report, he once secured passage to Boston; and, after carrying his baggage aboard the ship, he went back to town to say a last hurried word of farewell to a fair lady. And, when he got back to the dock, the ship had sailed away with his luggage.

His wish was to spend his last days in sweet Auburn:—

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs,—and God has given my share,—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at its close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

But he never saw Ireland after he left it in 1754. He died in London in 1774, aged forty-six. On the plain little monument in Temple Church, where he was buried, are only these words: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

A successful author and courtier by the name of Hawkins once called on the Earl of Northumberland, and found Goldsmith waiting in an outer room, having come in response to an invitation from the nobleman. Hawkins, having finished his business, waited until Goldsmith came out, as he had a curiosity to know why the earl had sent for him.

"Well," said Hawkins, "what did he say to you?"

"His lordship told me that he had read 'The Traveller,' and that he was pleased with it, and that, inasmuch as he was soon to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and knowing I was an Irishman, asked what he could do for me."

"And what did you tell him?" inquired the eager Hawkins.

"Why, there was nothing for me to say, but that I was glad he liked my poem, and that I had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help!"

"Enough!" cried Hawkins, and left him.

To Hawkins himself are we indebted for the incident; and, after relating it, Hawkins adds:—

"And thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes!"

Let him who wishes preach a sermon on this story. But there you have it. "A brother in Ireland who needs help,"—this

was his first thought. The brother in London, the brother in America, the brother in Ireland, who needs help! All men were his brothers, and those who needed help were first in his mind.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

The Executive Board of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women held its regular meeting on April 12, eighteen present. Four new Branches have been formed since the last meeting,—Wolfeboro, N.H.; Medford, New Bedford, Mass.; and Bulfinch Place, Boston. The Post-office Mission Committee reported concerning proposed work in Montana among groups of interested people, and the formation of Sunday Circles elsewhere, according to Rev. Mr. Sunderland's suggestions. The Post-office Mission Committee has full power to organize and arrange for such work. The Meadville Fund Committee reported \$10 received from All Souls' Branch, Roxbury.

The Committee on Appeals now recommends the appeal from the church at Wolfeboro, N.H., which desires to complete repairs upon the church. Several Branches have already helped it, so that little more is needed; and it is hoped that the amount may soon be raised. An appeal having come from Mr. Bland, Olsburg, Kan., known to some of the Branches as the leader of the "Van Mission" or "Van Enterprise," the Committee on Appeals again states that it is not its province to recommend the claims of individuals, its work being confined to investigation of the appeals from churches for aid. At the same time the committee often sympathizes with the denominational work of individuals, as in the case of Mr. Bland's efforts to circulate liberal literature by means of a travelling wagon, and considers it is legitimate work for the Post-office Mission to assist him wherever the various committees feel inclined to aid him.

For the Study Class Committee Miss Clarke reported the preparation of a leaflet to be ready for the Branches in the autumn. Suggestions of subjects and programmes which have been found of interest will be welcome.

The future of the Montana School was discussed; and it was announced that a public meeting for all interested would soon be held, to consider the expediency of relinquishing the school to the United States government. At present money is still needed to carry on the school as usual.

The National Conference having announced its intention to hold a meeting at Washington, D.C., Oct. 21-24, 1895, it becomes necessary for the National Alliance to hold its biennial meeting at the same time and place. The president and secretaries were appointed a committee to attend to all arrangements for the meeting. Mrs. Nichols and Miss Merrill were chosen to make arrangements for the annual public meeting in Boston during Anniversary Week. The president gave an account of her recent visit to Asheville and Chattanooga, with details of much interest. At Asheville there has been a small Sunday-school library, which has now been placed in one of the public school buildings, the books to be weekly lent to the children. At a recent distribution every book but one was taken away, and many children went away without one. The books are the property of the Alliance Branch, and "really give the Unitarians something to stand for in Asheville." It is very desirable that this library should receive additions of books, both for children and for their teachers and parents. Boxes and packages may be sent to Mrs. E. E. Heston, 56 Bailey Street, Asheville; and Miss Florence Everett, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, will receive single books and forward them with others. Mrs. Curtis spoke of her visit to Hamilton, and the gratitude of the little Branch there for the assistance and fellowship of those who had sent to them. Mrs. Curtis emphasized the complete isolation of Unitarians in Hamilton, and spoke of the remarkable congregational singing in the church.

The following reports were received from the Pacific Coast:—

Berkeley, Cal.—The society working in harmony and enthusiasm. They report having identified themselves with kindergarten work and Associated Charities; as having given one fine concert, a Spanish Fiesta, and a colonial dinner; also lectures by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Amount in treasury, nearly \$300.

Oakland, Cal., reports seventy-five members; has assisted in the support of its own church, has given \$58 to the poor, has had various social entertainments (dinners, teas, etc.), has in treasury at present \$59.79. The society has recently been honored by the election of one of its members to the school board in Oakland.

Alameda, Cal.—Membership, fifty-three; on hand, \$34.20. The efforts of the society at present are mainly directed toward furnishing the new church. The society is in a flourishing condition.

Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco. Membership, one hundred and eighty-eight. The society carries on a large Post-office

Mission work, distributing about five hundred pamphlets per month. On hand, \$130. The society doing well in all its branches.

San Diego Women's Auxiliary.—The society has met with a great loss, the destruction of its church by fire; but the women are full of life and energy, and, under the inspiring influence of their pastor, Rev. Digby Johnston, are full of hopes and plans. On hand, \$21.

A young society.—A society of young women in San Diego also reports, full of hope and enthusiasm; has seventeen members, has given various successful entertainments, and is helping to support its own church.

Whatcom, Wash., reports matters at a standstill for the present, owing to the financial depression. But they are still holding on, and hoping bravely.

The Society for Christian Work, San Francisco, is one of the largest and most prosperous Branches, and has held five meetings since the last report. San Bernardino, Redlands, McMillin, and Puyallup are all doing something in a small way, but do not yet feel able to join the Alliance.

At Colorado Springs the Branch has lost interest in the study class, but has gained in numbers and done much "practical" work, including Post-office Mission. They have sent articles for fairs to Austin, Texas, and to Windsor, Vt., and have paid \$100 of the church debt.

At Denver the winter's programme last reported has been well carried out.

In Cañon City the Alliance and Aid Society, consisting of the same members, each meets once a month.

At Salt Lake City the Branch has been successful, helping to furnish the hall where services are held, paying for the music and other accessories. By much thought and labor \$480 has been raised.

Full reports were received from New England. In all reports from Maine the visit of the corresponding secretary is spoken of with enthusiasm, as stimulating and helping to a clear understanding of Alliance principles and work. Augusta sent \$5 to Montana. Bangor sent \$1 to Plainfield, 3 to Montana, \$15 to Rochester, N.H., \$3 to Wolfeboro, and \$3 to Hamilton. Eastport is deeply interested in the *Cheerful Letter* work, and sent an Easter box to a woman in Virginia. Kennebunk sent \$3 to Wolfeboro and \$10 to Montana, and is to have a class on the "Higher Criticism of the Bible." Waterville is looking forward to a union of the Sewing Circle and the Alliance. Portland sent the publications of Dr. Hill with autograph to Japan, and sent \$10 to Montana, \$5 to Wolfeboro, \$10 to the Salvation Army, and \$10 for Post-office Mission. Littleton, N.H., is flourishing, with eleven new members, and will add \$125 to the church fund. At Wolfeboro the Social Circle has now become an Alliance Branch. Lebanon holds regular meetings, with good attendance. The large Branch at Concord has lately distributed all its funds, sending \$10 to Rev. Mr. Gibson, \$5 to Rev. Mr. Shultz, \$10 to Rochester, N.H., \$10 to Wolfeboro, \$10 to Bath, and \$5 to Mrs. Carr.

In the Channing Conference, which includes Connecticut and Rhode Island, with a part of Massachusetts, the Branches are all vigorous. At the First Church, Providence, the Branch is considering the feasibility of establishing Unitarian headquarters for literature, etc., in the church parlors. \$100 has been given to the society at South Providence. Newport has had its usual meetings. Taunton has had a "gentlemen's night," and sent \$2 to Neillville. The same amount has been sent by the Westminster Church Branch in Providence. The Branch at Fall River is full of life, with fine meetings, and has lately sent \$10 to the Stevens Memorial Chapel at Vineyard Haven, \$2 to Wolfeboro, and \$2 to Neillville. The Branches in Salem are active, the First Church sending \$10 to Wolfeboro since the last report. Newburyport has been listening to Mrs. Andrews upon India, and has sent \$5 to Miss Putnam and \$5 to Wolfeboro. The beautiful Branch at Peabody has appropriated \$275 to its own church. Lynn sends \$10 to Ithaca, \$10 to Wolfeboro, \$10 to the Church Building Loan Fund, \$5 to the Mozoomdar Mission, \$10 to San Diego, \$50 to its own church, and \$20 for Post-office Mission. Haverhill reports increased interest among its members. Twenty of them attended the February meeting of the Lawrence Branch, and in turn received other Branches with tea and a fine programme. \$1 has been sent to Hamilton. Lawrence Branch is a large and enthusiastic one, its meetings attracting people from other churches. Ayer, Lowell, Littleton, and Pepperell are most earnestly at work, Littleton giving \$5 to the Mozoomdar Mission, and Pepperell holding a "Plymouth tea," sending the proceeds, \$7.50, to the fund for the memorial church at Plymouth. Uxbridge sent \$15 to the Calhoun School. The Third Religious Branch, Dorchester, has had a happy and useful winter, with devotional exercises, able papers, music, and social teas. \$10 given to swell the church contribution to the American Unitarian Association and \$5 to Wolfeboro. Dedham much interested, sending books and clothing, \$25 to Rev. H. G. Putnam and \$25 to a clergyman's widow. Brookline continues the

study of the sects. Sent Montana \$25, Hamilton \$10, Wolfeboro \$10, Redlands \$25, St. John \$25, Nebraska sufferers \$25, and \$50 to Post-office Mission. Milton sent \$5 to Wolfeboro and \$100 to Montana. This same gift has been received from the Milton Branch for several years. Longwood sent \$25 to Grace Chapel, and has held excellent meetings. Quincy sent \$30 to Montana, \$25 to Miss Putnam, \$25 to Mr. Gibson, \$10 to St. John, and \$10 to Hamilton, devoting \$130 to their own Sunday-school. Has had delightful talks on the Bible by the pastor. The new Branch at Canton intends to carry on the work of the *Cheerful Letter*, and is studying "The Aim of Life." Cohasset has done the usual work, and sent \$1.30 to Hamilton. Plymouth and Barnstable have held regular meetings. Hingham has a good Post-office Mission, and has sent \$10 to Wolfeboro, \$10 to Hamilton, and \$10 to East Weymouth. The Worcester League and the Franklin County Branch are holding meetings with constantly increasing interest. The Branches in the South Middlesex Conference are interested in all the Alliance activities. Arlington sent \$10 to Mr. Chaney and \$5 to St. John. Belmont sent \$5 to Miss Putnam, \$6 to St. John, and \$2 to *Cheerful Letter*. Cambridge sent \$10 to the Ramabai Fund. Somerville, Framingham, Cambridgeport, Malden, and Watertown send such good reports that it is hard to select from them. A new Branch has been formed at Medford.

As the following is the last official report to be expected from the present director for Suffolk Conference, we give it exactly as it was read, wishing we could add the writer's earnest enthusiasm in the reading:—

The Arlington Street Branch confines its work almost entirely to Post-office Mission, doing great and valuable work in that direction. There are 20 women who meet every week to attend to the correspondence; and the secretary reports the sending of 3,000 sermons during the past two months, besides books and papers. 209 letters have been received, 65 from new applicants. The appropriations have been: \$20 to Wolfeboro; \$20 to Ithaca; \$25, Miss Helen G. Putnam; \$25, Rochester, N.H.; and \$14 to a poor crippled woman who has been a correspondent for years. Total membership, 150.

Church of the Disciples has a membership of 126, with an average attendance of 100 at the meetings which are held every two weeks. Original papers are read by members, with discussion under the able leadership of the president, Mrs. Ames. At the last meeting \$28 was contributed by those present toward a high school for girls in Iceland, the cause presented by Mrs. Magnussen, an Icelandic lady.

Church of the Unity holds a three-hour session each month, the time equally divided between business, study class, and sociability. With a membership of more than 200, the average attendance at the meetings is 50. Every woman is expected to be a member and contribute \$1 or more, even if unable to attend the meetings, thereby indorsing the work and contributing to the funds for the workers. \$200 contributed to the Southern work; \$25 to Marshfield; \$50 to Ithaca, N.Y.; \$50 to St. John, N.B.; and \$5 to Japan library. More than \$100 now remains in the hands of the officers, ready to respond to any urgent appeal which may be presented.

Second Church.—This is a live and earnest Branch. Papers are given each month by persons invited; and there is an average attendance of 50 at the meetings, when reports, correspondence, and news of the denomination are read, and an afternoon tea adds to the sociability. \$25 has been sent to Rochester, \$25 to Sharon, and \$25 to Mr. Gibson. In the Post-office Mission work there are 163 regular correspondents; and 1,852 sermons and many papers and magazines have been distributed. The membership is 96.

South Congregational.—Still actively at work, and has a membership of 150. Appropriations: \$50 to Montana, \$35 to St. John, \$25 to Rochester, \$50 to Mr. Gibson, \$25 to Ithaca, \$25 to Chattanooga. This Branch carries on Post-office Mission and *Cheerful Letter* work in an earnest, active, and interesting way.

King's Chapel.—The work of this Branch is carried on mainly by the younger women of the church. They advertise in the *Ohio Farmer*, and respond generously to requests for books. They appropriated \$25 for the purchase of books of travel and history for a library in Magnolia, Col.; \$25 to Mrs. Wilson of St. Andrews, N.C., to aid in starting a circulating library; and gave \$10 to the church at Wolfeboro. Collections of cuttings from magazines and newspapers are sent to invalids through the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange.

The Branch at Jamaica Plain, besides its regular meetings for papers and discussions, excels in the amount of Post-office Mission work done; advertises in the *Review of Reviews*, and received 200 new applications in the last two months, besides 194 letters from old correspondents; sent 2,800 sermons, 342 papers, 19 books, and has written 257 letters.

All Souls', Roxbury, adopted a new plan of meetings, which has proved most satisfactory, with three-hour sessions, including business, social, and study hours. Ap-

propriations: \$50 to Southern work, \$25 to Marshfield, \$10 to Meadville, \$10 to Ithaca, \$5 to Japan library. Printed two of Mr. Lyon's sermons for distribution, and voted \$64 to work of the committees.

First Parish, Dorchester, devoted one meeting to Post-office Mission and *Cheerful Letter*. As the result, the committees were enlarged and new work in these directions undertaken. Four barrels of reading have been distributed, and \$10 each given to Redlands, Cal., Hamilton, Ont., and the Mozoomdar Mission, \$5 for the Japan library, and \$10 to Rev. Digby Johnston. A barrel of clothing was sent to Miss Jeannie Deans, besides the \$200 already contributed for circuit Southern work.

First Religious Society, Roxbury, reported regular and interesting meetings and a contribution of \$25 to the Southern work and \$2 to Japan library, \$40 for printing Mr. De Normandie's sermons for circulation.

New South Church holds regular monthly meetings in the evening, with papers and discussion, and, with a membership of 52, has an average attendance of 50. Appropriated \$50 to the American Unitarian Association and \$225 to its own church fund.

Brighton has devoted all its energies to the new church, which is now finished, and given \$500 toward the organ. A visit from Mrs. Fifield was reported.

Hawes Congregational, South Boston.—This young Branch has a membership of 35, and shows special interest in the Calhoun School, sending \$10 and a barrel of clothing there.

West Roxbury at the last meeting particularly considered the needs of the Montana School, and voted \$5.75, besides two barrels of clothing and good reading.

Neponset meets every week to work for a sale to be held for the benefit of the Alliance, with an average attendance of 25. Contributed \$40 toward the entertainment of the Norfolk Conference and \$7 to Dover, Mass., a package of clothing to Nebraska sufferers.

Chelsea, recently transferred from South Middlesex to Suffolk Conference, now reports to us, and, with a new Branch recently formed at Bulfinch Place Church, makes the number of Branches reporting to Suffolk director 20.

The most important places to which to send money are at present St. John, Hamilton, Ithaca, Chattanooga, Bath, and Rochester, and the Southern circuits. It is hoped that the Branches will remember the appeal for Mrs. Carr in California, so strongly indorsed by Mr. Wendte. At present \$24 has been sent her, and it is hoped she will have \$150. At the May meeting reports are due from the Middle States, Middle West, and Southern States.

EMILY A. FIFIELD, Rec. Sec'y.

The Sunday School.

The subject postponed from the Channing Hall "talks" of April 13 will be taken up next Saturday, April 20,—Miss Dockham in the Primary, and Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford in the Advanced. The topic discussed will be Lesson XXIX., "Jesus and the Money-changers." Primary at 2 P.M., and Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock. All cordially invited.

Although the New Song and Service Book, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, has been out only two weeks, the following Sunday-schools have introduced the book: Hingham, Mass.; Farmington, Me.; Woburn, Mass.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Wayland, Mass.; Shelbyville, Ill.; Quincy, Mass.; Andover, N.H.; Bernardston, Mass.; Hartford, Conn.; Bolton, Mass.; Roxbury, Boston (All Souls' Sunday-school); Rockland, Malden, Sherborn, Arlington, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

There is to be a summer school at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The school will begin on the morning of Monday, July 15, at ten o'clock, and end on the evening of Saturday, July 27. It is proposed to open all the resources of the university—books, apparatus, buildings, rooms, diagrams, etc.—to those who may attend. Instruction is to be given not by tutors, but by the regular professors and heads of departments in each subject. There will be eight different courses of lectures. President G. Stanley Hall will treat pedagogy, psychology, and philosophy. His lectures will treat specially the study of children, and include a particular section on "The Sunday-school and Methods of Religious Training for the Young." This course, it is hoped, may be of service to clergymen, Sunday-school superintendents, and teachers. The fee will be \$12 per week or \$20 for the two weeks, payable in advance, which will cover everything in any or all departments. Board may be obtained at moderate rates near by. This is a fine opportunity for the Sunday-school teachers of our Unitarian churches to obtain valuable help for their work, and also to secure a pleasant two weeks in a delightful Worcester County city. Pamphlets containing full details will be forwarded on application to Clark University, Worcester, Mass. There are also a few copies at the Unitarian Sunday School Society Rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Religious Intelligence.

MONTANA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—This school needs a contribution of nearly \$2,000 before July 1, the date at which our contract with the government expires, in order that its books may balance. It is hoped that this sum may be sent in by those who have withheld it under the impression that a transfer of our school to the government had been arranged, making the contribution unnecessary. What shall be done after July 1 remains to be decided. The government has announced certain terms upon which it will take charge of the school July 1. These terms seem satisfactory to the commission appointed by the American Unitarian Association; and they will be laid before a public meeting of delegates from churches and contributors to the school to be held at Channing Hall Thursday, April 25, at 11 A.M. Alfred Manchester, Superintendent Montana Industrial School.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow will preach April 21. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

At the annual meeting held at King's Chapel last Monday it was voted to extend a call to Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline to become the pastor.

Ministers' Monday Club: April 22, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Henry F. Bond will preside. Mrs. Eliza Stowe Twitchell, author of "Economic Principles," will give the essay, on topic, "Truths seen by Contrast." The public invited.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union: The forty-fourth annual business meeting was held April 10. The reports of the special committees gave a condensed account of the year's work, showing how wide and how successful the activities of the Union have been. Twenty-one classes in charge of sixteen teachers show over one thousand pupils enrolled. The increase in use of the rooms, and in attendance at lectures and receptions, show the appreciation of advantages offered. After the reports, addresses were made by Rev. J. B. Green, Hon. H. H. Sprague, and others.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.—A rainy Easter, yet a good-sized congregation gathered at the Unitarian church to listen to an attractive programme which had been arranged for by the pastor, Rev. William L. Walsh. The church was decorated with the customary Easter lilies and a variety of potted plants. Miss Nellie Stutson presided at the organ, and opened the service with a voluntary "Easter March," followed by "Universal Hymn," in which the congregation joined. The singing was under the direction of Mr. E. R. Irwin. Responses, by minister, congregation, and choir, Scripture reading and a brief address appropriate to the occasion, by the pastor, followed. By invitation the Methodist and Congregational churches united with the Unitarians in the evening service. The church was filled, and both morning and evening service were enjoyed and highly appreciated by those who attended. This was the most elaborate Easter service ever given in the town, and reflects great credit on those who had it in charge as well as those who assisted in carrying out the programme.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Chicago Branch of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference met at the Third Unitarian Church April 4, Mrs. George D. Broomell presiding. Interesting and valuable papers were read by Miss Frances L. Roberts and Mrs. J. R. Effinger,—the first upon "The Growth of the Idea of God," and the second upon "The Modern Unitarian Idea of God." The subjects were discussed by Mrs. Allinson and Miss Juniata Stafford, from the ethical standpoint. Plans for meetings next year were considered, and it was the general opinion that meetings should be held monthly. The election of officers and other business was adjourned to May 23 at 2 P.M.

DETROIT, MICH.—Early in February Rev. Reed Stuart received a proposal to go to Egypt, Palestine, etc., on a two months' excursion trip from New York, but did not deem it possible to leave. The Unitarian church trustees, learning of the matter, had a special meeting, and decided to say to him: "Go. We will supply the pulpit." This kind and unlooked-for step left him free to sail February 6; and the trustees planned for each Sunday by enlisting the services of lay members of the society and others to give discourses, as follows: Mrs. Reed Stuart, "Whittier and his Poems"; E. G. Holden, "Religious Growth"; Mr. Boynton, "Bondage to Books"; Dr. Webster Cook, "The Law of the Spirit"; E. W. Meddaugh, "Intuitive Morals"; Prof. Dr. Oge of State University, sermon; G. B. Stebbins, "Intuitive Morals"; Rev. T. B. Forbush, sermon; Mr. Rowan, "The Way out of Agnosticism." Editors, teachers, lawyers, and writers mostly make up this list of names, each varying the service somewhat, in accord with varying habits and feelings, and treating earnestly topics

in which they were especially interested. The audiences were not quite as large as usual, yet the series of discourses interested goodly companies of thoughtful hearers. There was a feeling that such a breaking-up of the traditional line between clergy and laity was well, and did not diminish, but made natural and healthful, the respect and affection in which a minister without priestly pride, yet earnest and sincere, will be held. On Easter Sunday all hope to give Reed Stuart a heartfelt welcome to his accustomed place in the pulpit.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Rev. V. E. Southworth has accepted a unanimous call to become pastor of All Souls' Church.

POMONA, CAL.—A correspondent says: "The First Unitarian Church of this place has lately had a course of lectures on 'Evolution,' by Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, resident pastor. These lectures, given on five successive Sunday evenings, have been highly interesting and instructive; and the clear and scholarly way in which Mr. Pierce handled the subject, together with forcible illustrations by a splendid set of stereopticon views, have been instrumental in breaking down the strongholds existing in the minds of many against the theory of evolution.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Rev. B. F. McDaniel writes correcting some figures published in our "Religious Intelligence" last week in regard to the debt of the San Diego church which are liable to misinterpretation: "The total debt was about \$9,000; the insurance, \$6,000. By the sale of the lot, possibly the whole of the Hinckley debt might be paid. This would leave, he says, my claim of \$1,400 unpaid. But later he says, '\$700 has already been paid to Mr. McDaniel on this claim.' I presume he meant the original debt, which on Jan. 1, 1893, was \$2,138.60, for which the society gave me its note, payable in six months, at 7 per cent. From that time, when my pastoral relations ceased, to Aug. 11, 1893, the date of the last payment, I received \$705, \$100 of which came from the Woman's Pacific Conference. That the society has desired to pay the debt I have had assurance, and that recently from the trustees. In the serious perplexity and struggle of the last six years, followed by the calamity of the destruction of our beautiful church, my thoughts have ever been for the future of our cause in San Diego. In the struggle that lies before the society and its minister in the next two or three years I trust they will not have to ask for the sympathy and help of our churches. Here is an opportunity for missionary enterprise worth the cost."

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The First Unitarian congregation held their Easter service in the chapel of the new church. There was a large attendance, and the day was signalized by the ringing of the new chimes. These bells, ten in number, cast by the Blake Bell Company of Boston, at a cost of \$4,000, have just been placed in the church tower by the generosity of Protestant and Catholic citizens. In his sermon the pastor, Rev. W. H. Pierson, said: "We dedicate these bells, not indeed with touch of holy water, not with formula from priestly lips, not with outward sign or ceremony, though any or all of these symbols might be most beautiful and fitting for so auspicious an event; but they are already dedicated in the fact that this Easter morning they begin to be associated with the life and history of this city and this church. They are already dedicated, that, on this joyous Sunday, in the month of April, in the year of our Lord 1895, they have rung out upon the morning air the songs of home, country, and religion. They are already dedicated, that inwrought into their very structure there is not only that composition of metals which makes music to the ear, not only an acknowledgment of the generous gift of the donors, but also a word of hope and inspiration, well suited to this festival day of the Christian Church. The bells in the tower bear in the very shape and fibre of the enduring bronze not only their own office, but indicate by the words inscribed upon them what for all time must be the message and mission of the pulpit,—this pulpit and all pulpits,—to stimulate in human life, thought, and action Tennyson's noble ideal:—

'Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

WAVERLEY, MASS.—A fair will be held in the hall at Waverley May 1, commencing at 3 A.M. Any one wishing to help the little Unitarian society there, and to see the "oaks" in the "Reservation Grounds," can have a lunch at the fair.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, April 9. There were present Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Wells, and Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Crothers, Dole, Fox, Hale, Hosmer, Howe, Lincoln,

and Savage. The treasurer reported all bills paid up to April 9, 1895. Total, \$89,182.84. Expense account for March, \$9,532.36. Contributions from the churches up to April 9, 1895, \$31,000. If the churches yet to contribute keep up to the level of last year, the total will be \$50,000.

It being the day for New England appropriations, Rev. D. M. Wilson was present, and explained the recommendations made by the New England committee; and the following appropriations were made: \$125 to the Congregational Unitarian Society, Andover, N.H.; \$150 to the Church of the Unity, Beachmont, Mass.; \$250 to the First Parish, Bedford, Mass.; \$150 to the First Ecclesiastical Society, Brooklyn, Conn.; \$200 to Rev. John A. Bevington of Barnstable, Mass., for missionary work; \$300 to the First Unitarian Society of Christians, Dover, N.H., to be expended at the discretion of the New England superintendent; \$100 to the First Unitarian Society, Gardner, Mass.; \$200 to the Liberal Christian Congregational Society, Holyoke, Mass.; \$50 to the Second Congregational Society, Marshfield Hills, Mass.; \$100 to the First Parish, Mendon, Mass.; \$300 to the First Unitarian Society, Middleboro, Mass.; \$150 to the First Unitarian Society, Millbury, Mass.; \$1,000 to Unity Church, Pittsfield, Mass.; \$100 to the First Church, Pembroke, Mass., when a minister shall be settled; \$300 to the Independent Society, Presque Isle, Me.; \$250 to the Fourth Unitarian Society, Providence, R.I.; \$500 to the Church of the Unity, Rochester, N.H.; \$175 to the Unitarian society of Rockland, Mass.; \$150 to the First Congregational Church, Rowe, Mass.; \$200 to the Unitarian society of Turner's Falls, Mass.; \$125 to the First Parish, Tyngsboro, Mass.; \$150 to the First Unitarian Society, East Weymouth, Mass., on condition that all debts are paid; \$200 to the First Unitarian Society, Whitman, Mass., on condition that their indebtedness be not contrary to the rules of the Loan Fund; \$200 to the Unitarian society, Winthrop, Mass.; \$250 to the Central Church, Yarmouth, Me.; \$400 to the Liberal Christian Association, Farmington, Me.; \$35 to the Liberal Christian Society, Melrose Highlands, Mass.; \$100 for missionary purposes in Connecticut, the money to be at the disposal of the secretary; \$200 to the First Congregational Church, Athol, Mass.; \$300 to Rev. George W. Cooke, agent of Unity Clubs, guilds, and Unitarian Temperance Societies.

A resolution requesting all societies seeking aid from the Association to take weekly contributions, and to report all sources of income, was referred to the Executive Committee.

A report from the Committee on Education concerning sectarian schools was referred, and the committee were granted further time.

\$300 was appropriated to pay the traveling expenses of theological students for summer preaching, under the direction of the superintendents.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Batchelor, Savage, and Brown, was appointed to be in readiness to consider any suggestions that may be offered by a committee of the Western Conference appointed to propose measures for a closer co-operation of the Association and the various Unitarian organizations in the West.

It was voted that the Association cannot pay the travelling expenses of ministers attending conferences.

On recommendation of the Finance Committee,—

"Voted, That it is desirable to pay off all indebtedness of this Association before the end of the present fiscal year, and that the treasurer, with the approval of not less than two members of the Finance Committee, is hereby authorized to sell and transfer such portions of the General Fund as may be necessary to accomplish such purpose."

A report from the Finance Committee showed that for the last five years the total average income of the Association from churches, individuals, and the income of general and special invested funds, has been \$84,000 per annum. The total expense account for five years has been \$120,000 per annum. The amount to be drawn from the General Fund and other sources has been \$36,000 per annum.

Appropriations were made, to Passaic, N.J., \$300; to Richmond, Va., \$250. The church at Ann Arbor, Mich., having granted Rev. J. T. Sunderland leave of absence for one year, on condition that an arrangement could be made satisfactory to the Association, it was

"Voted, That, in view of the assent by the church in Ann Arbor to the absence of Rev. J. T. Sunderland, such financial arrangement be made for suitable pulpit supplies as shall be satisfactory to the secretary of the Association and the superintendent for the Central West."

The chairman appointed as a Committee on the Annual Meeting the secretary; the assistant secretary; A. M. Howe, Esq.; Mrs. K. G. Wells; Rev. Charles F. Dole.

To relieve the present distress of the society at San Diego, Cal., it was voted to increase the rate of appropriation for six months from March 1 from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum.

The secretary reported that Rev. Albert Lazenby has been appointed to represent the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at our coming anniversary. The following preamble and resolution presented by the secretary were adopted:—

"Whereas Rev. James Martineau, D.D., LL.D., the eminent advocate of the principles of Unitarian Christianity in Great Britain will, on the 21st inst., attain to the great age of fourscore years and ten, and, with the vigor of mind and body which have been characteristic of him, will be a most illustrious example of the clear shining of a luminous intelligence exercised upon the grandest themes of human life and thought, therefore,—

"Resolved, That we, the directors of the American Unitarian Association, assembled on this ninth day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, with the heartiest good will and reverence, instruct our secretary to send a message of congratulation to Dr. Martineau, with the expression of the hope that he may be spared to the end of a full century, in the expectation that he may see still greater results of his life-long devotion to the principles which he has so ably proclaimed and so grandly illustrated."

Adjourned.

Business Notices.

A Sign of the Times.—The appearance of news paper advertisements indicates that "Rootbeer Time" is here again with all its joys, and it will be royally welcomed by the children and the grown up folks as well. Indeed there are but few homes in New England, or elsewhere, where the name of Hires is not a household word. Hires' Rootbeer has endeared itself to the hearts and tastes of all people who love health, happiness, and home, its great popularity being honestly won and fully deserved. Made from ingredients of the highest health-giving properties and so prepared as to produce the most enjoyable taste and effervescence, it has not only met with favor from the most discriminating temperance people, but has also received the approbation of eminent physicians. When with all this we couple a thought of economy, and remember that a 25 cent package of Hires' famous extract will make 5 gallons of delicious rootbeer, the universal pleasure with rootbeer time is welcomed and can be easily understood.

The last personally conducted tour to Washington under the auspices of the Royal Blue Line leaves Boston Wednesday, May 8. The rate of \$23 covers every expense for the trip of seven days. Members of previous parties express themselves as delighted with the accommodations furnished. A detailed itinerary may be secured by addressing A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

For allaying Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25c. a box. Avoid imitations.

Among the souvenir china pieces of Boston, just landed by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton from the old Wedgwood pottery, are plates and pitchers in old blue, with views of the State House, Fanen Hall, the Adams Lean-to-Houses, Quincy, etc.

A Clever Argument.—No reader should lay his paper down to-day without turning to another column and finding the very clever announcement of Paine Furniture Company in regard to the question of open fires and wood mantels. The arguments of the hesitating purchaser are answered with a logic which is absolutely convincing. It is no wonder that this house is credited with doing the largest business in wood mantels of any firm in the United States.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Wellesley Hills, 10th inst., by Rev. A. B. Vorse, Franklin Logan and Frances Dunham, both of Wellesley.

Deaths.

In Brookfield, 9th inst., Joseph Black, aged 39 yrs.

Mrs. Rebecca G. Richards, who died Thursday, April 4, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, was the oldest member of the First Church in Dedham; and she must have been one of the oldest and earliest subscribers to the *Christian Register*, which she had taken ever since her family can remember. She was the grand-daughter of Captain Joseph Guild, who led the minute men from Dedham to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, and the widow of Edward M. Richards, whose death occurred in April, 1865. To a quiet and peaceful life a beautiful and happy old age was added as a fitting crown. On her ninety-third birthday, last November, after a long afternoon and evening spent in receiving friends, she stood up, and joined in singing her favorite hymn, "Coronation," with a satisfaction which none who were present will be likely to forget. Until within a very few weeks of the end she was able to take an active part in the pleasant home life in which she always seemed to find her chief delight; and she never failed to manifest a warm interest in the church or in the American Unitarian Association, to which through the church she was every year a liberal giver. She leaves behind many beautiful memories. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." So do her friends also: so must all who knew her.

EUROPEAN PARTY

now being formed to visit Europe during summer months. Address HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, 211 Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass., or JOHN H. ROTH, Peoria, Ill.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

ONE or two ladies, or an invalid who requires some kind care, can learn of a quiet, refined home in a pleasant village twelve miles from Boston. For particulars address S., care *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

THE FOOLISH HEART.

BY HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

There came a shape, they told me it was "Truth":
Its flashing eye was terrible, severe;
It trod upon my flower without ruth;
It crushed my budding leaves as well as sere,
And left my garden drear.

There came a wind, and "Science" was its name:
It blew and blew, my rose-leaves tore and cleft;
And, when it ceased and flew from whence it came,
Much dust was heaped about, and more bereft
My poor bare garden left.

Rejoice my heart! What? On the trampled sod
Bowed down, poor foolish thing, and sobbing low?
It seems to think it was the hope of God
That made the fountain in the garden flow,
And even the roses blow!

The Pulpit.

SINCE LINCOLN DIED.*

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The consequences of a great war extend far beyond the line of its last battle. A million men cannot be withdrawn from peaceable occupations and enlisted in an occupation destructive of life and property for a term of years without far-reaching consequences to the whole community. Thousands of families must lose the husbands, fathers, sons, to whom they have looked for their support. An inflated currency—for economic laws are silent in the midst of arms—breeds general extravagance, a false standard of expenditure and wages, fraught with an endless catalogue of social ills. An army has its camp-followers not less certainly than a war its train of sorrows and anxieties and dangers to the common weal. Given such a war as ours,—so lofty in its purpose, so noble in its spirit, so amply justified by the exigencies of the moral situation,—and a peculiar danger lurks in its appeal to the imagination of the ardent patriot. It is the danger that war, as war, will borrow something of dignity and glory, something of nobility and charm, from its peculiar grandeur. I do not see how any one can fail to sadly recognize that our American mind and conscience have been "made subject to vanity" in this manner. It would be mercenary to regret one dollar of the \$160,000,000 that we annually spend upon our war-scarred veterans if every pension corresponded to a period of honorable service and to some present disability distinctly traceable to that; but it would be wilful blindness not to see that one of the most miserable things we have inherited from our war for union and emancipation is a more complacent attitude toward war in general than we held before. The constant efforts to enlarge our army and our navy have much of their inspiration here. And with the enlargement consequent upon these efforts comes an ever livelier itch to see what our white cruisers and our new guns are good for in some good, hard fight. It is, I believe, an axiom of political economy that no people can put itself on a war footing and long keep the peace of nations. Our fine admirals and captains need all the restraint that can be put upon them by the moral sense of the community, especially as they are being constantly encouraged in a testy disposition by the hot-blooded journalists, who think that war is something altogether beautiful, affording the leading editor and the reporter an unlimited opportunity for the display of his peculiar gifts.

With this inheritance of evil from the war we have had another, very different and calling for quite other sentiments,—for gratefulness and admiration, not for regret and shame. I have in mind the sense of nationality. "A hoop for the barrel" was the watchword of the Federalists before 1787. The Constitution gave us that, but only formally. In the South each separate State was larger on the states-rights projection than all the States together, and in the Northern States it was not so very different. But the war changed all that. It fused the Southern States into the Confederacy, the solid South; and, not less certainly, it fused the North into a nationality far more compact than the general union of the States had been till then. Here was a real gain. It meant expansion of the individual life to be thus consciously a part of a great national organism. It meant for the more lofty-minded a conviction of the imperative necessity of a national con-

science equal to the expanding sense of national dignity and worth. It also meant, no doubt, a centralizing tendency at the expense of local self-government, and the fusing of all local issues in the white heat of the great national questions of the hour,—a consummation every way to be deplored.

The ability of the government to put down a rebellion of such gigantic strength redounded greatly to its honor among European nations; and the tone of foreign statesmen showed at once a marked development of interest, as if we had become "altogether such an one as themselves." But, if the splendid self-assertion of the North attracted the admiring gaze of thousands over seas, too soon the gaze attracted was not that of admiration, but that of sad astonishment, that a people capable of such heroism and devotion, and such lofty soul, could breed or tolerate such base corruption in the seats of highest power, and in all the ramifications of official service, from the highest to the lowest ranks. The fact was that the war had furnished many opportunities for getting rich in other than the old humdrum ways; and, "when the war drums throbbed no longer," a great multitude, finding their occupation gone, went into politics; while, with the rapid growth of the nation, a multitude of new offices was created for such men to manipulate and turn, in one way or another, to their own advantage. Here is a trouble that is fundamental to our political anxiety and danger at the present time. The blindest must perceive that the only reason why reform legislation halts at Albany is that the spoilsman blocks the way. "No thoroughfare" till he has some assurance that his requirements will be met. If we had any doubt of this a week ago, we can have none to-day, so entirely frank, so unconsciously sordid and abominable the justification which has been put forth by one of the principal parties in the great debate now going on as to whether a majority of one hundred and fifty-four thousand entitles the people creating this majority to any rights which the Albany legislature is bound to respect. Truly, we have here, as Lincoln said, a greater menace to the safety of the Republic than the Rebellion itself. Either we must eliminate the spoilsman from our politics, or the future that awaits us is too shameful for the imagination to conceive. And nothing we have done since Lincoln died is more assuring that we are not altogether recreant to our loftiest ideals than the little we have done to make this evil less. A few more such "sentimentalists" as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt engaged in the enforcement of the laws already framed, and the legislation that attempts to make them null and void would be avoided as if it were the yellow fever or the cholera by every politician anxious for the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

There are many other aspects of our political development that I should like to touch upon; but already I have allowed myself too little space for those of which I wish to speak with some particularity,—the condition of the South, and especially the condition of the colored people in that section, as it has been heretofore and as it is now. First, the condition of the South. Industrially, it is full of hope and cheer. The production of cotton—ten million bales in 1894—is double what it was in 1864, while its value is enormously increased by the manufacture of the cotton oil from the cotton seed, which formerly went almost exclusively to fatten swine, and much of it to waste. Local manufactories are springing up on every serviceable stream, while the New England legislators do their best to favor this development by the pressure of taxation to which they subject the cotton manufacturers of Lowell and Lawrence and other manufacturing towns. The acquiescence of the South in the destruction of slavery is well-nigh complete and universal. Here and there a sentimentalist may chant the praises of the peculiar institution, but the general disposition of the South is one of thorough satisfaction that it has disappeared forever. Moreover, it is astonishing how little bitterness the war has left behind. This is because the men who fought the battles of the South have done so much to set the tide of public opinion. Brave men who face each other in the awful front of battle learn to respect and to admire each other. Then, too, the magnanimity and clemency of the conquerors could not but touch the generous Southern

heart. Blessed are the peace-makers; and of such were Grant and Lincoln, above all. For which reason the North does not think more kindly of them now than does the South. Again, the attachment of the South to the Union is much stronger now than it was in the ante-bellum days. Hardly is the North superior to the South in this respect.

As compared with the North, the amount of illiteracy in the South is lamentably great. But even here the rate of progress is so encouraging that we cannot hope too much. Since 1870 the enrolment of children attending school has nearly doubled. "But for one difficulty," says Mr. Bryce, in an admirable new chapter in that splendid book, "The American Commonwealth," which every one of you should own and read,—“But for one difficulty, the South might well be thought to be the most promising part of the Union,—the part whose advance is likely to be swiftest, and whose prosperity will be not least secure.” But that one difficulty is portentous and immense. It clouds the prospect of the future in a most ominous fashion. It is within the bounds of possibility that it may more than counterbalance all the elements of progress and prosperity, and make the last end of the South, if not worse than the first, incalculably worse than it would be if the difficulty were met in a spirit at once just and generous and humane. We have no time or strength to waste in vain regrets. The philosophy of what might have been has its professors everywhere, but they are unprofitable servants. They tell us how much better it would have been if we had purchased the freedom of the slaves. But, then, the owners did not wish to sell. They were convinced that slavery was a good thing, inseparable from the welfare of the South. They also tell us, these philosophers of what might have been, that the process of reconstruction was a tissue of mistakes. It was; and the word "tissue" is a good word, because it suggests warp and woof, two parts, one of which the North furnished, and the South the other. The first great mistake, the root of all the mischief, was the South's. This should not be forgotten. But it was a mistake to which the Northern theory of the Rebellion contributed not a little. No one clung faster than Lincoln to the idea that secession was impossible, and that, therefore, the seceding States had never severed the bond which held them to the national government. On this basis he had recognized the new State governments of Arkansas and Tennessee and Louisiana. After his death the other States followed their example; and they all proceeded to frame laws which not only disfranchised the Negro, but tended inevitably to reduce him to a condition only nominally different from that from which he had been delivered at enormous cost. I cannot now rehearse the piteous tale of the next dozen years. The situation was immensely aggravated by the character and temper of Andrew Johnson, a poor white, trying to ingratiate himself with the late slave-holding aristocracy.

But, certainly, it was not strange that the North resented the disposition of the South to defraud the Negro of even the possibility of citizenship, while using his numerical strength for its political advantage in swelling its Congressional representation, the two-thirds representation of slavery becoming three-thirds, but with no corresponding votes. But no one, at this remove, has any occasion to apologize for the practical working of the reconstruction policy, which was organized to meet the problem which the South had precipitated on the North. If it was a necessary evil, as apparently it was—it was an evil of phenomenal bulk. The original method, which Lincoln had favored, logically but unadvisedly, meant absolute white supremacy. The reconstruction policy meant a black supremacy hardly less absolute. If it had been absolute, it would perhaps have been much better. As it was, the Negroes were manipulated by a set of political adventurers coming from the North, among whom there were, no doubt, honest and well-meaning gentlemen, but whose average character was such as to nourish in the Tammany chieftains of the time a liberal self-respect. Such a riot of misgovernment, such an orgy of official plunder, no other chapter in our history reveals. In course of time the North sickened of this business,—hardly less acutely than the South. The military occupation ceased with Hayes's administration. It had al-

ready proved itself helpless to prevent the disfranchisement of the Negro by those subtler methods to which the South had been driven in the interest of self-preservation. These methods now had freer scope; and for eighteen years the Negro—legally, a citizen, and with equal rights before the law—has been largely, if not generally, disfranchised, while still the South has had a representation based upon his nominal enfranchisement. Truly, a most abominable and outrageous state of things. We cannot wonder that the better elements of the South refused to be submerged in the black sea of ignorance with which they were overwhelmed; but the methods they have taken to redeem themselves have been such as no good citizen can approve, no just man can condone. That, under the same circumstances, we of the North would have done the same things helps matters not a whit, nor the counter proposition, that we have been very patient under the municipal sway of managers of the same stock and lineage as the carpet-baggers of the South. The colored people have not suffered most from their disfranchisement. To do wrong is a greater evil than to suffer it,—a proposition nowhere more valid than in the working of political societies.

Looking back over the past, we can see how one thing led to another; and, if here and there the individual was horribly to blame, we cannot wonder much, after the first wrong step, that the second followed, and the third. It is the fourth with which we have the most concern,—the step that comes next. The problem is a stupendous one; but, for that reason, it is not one to which we may turn deaf ears and sleepy eyes. There are those who tell us that it is a Southern problem, and that to know this is to know that it is none of our business. But, being a nation, we are members one of another; and, if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Better have let our erring sisters go in peace than be indifferent to their fault, or not do all we can to make the better things prevail!

There are now about seven million of colored people in the old slave States; and, though they are not increasing so rapidly as the white people in the same region, their number is proportionately large enough to make it a supreme necessity that their adjustment to the white people shall be not only equitable, but amicable. Deportation is out of the question. For all practicable purposes it might as well be to the moon as to Africa. Senator Morton of Alabama has seen in mystic vision the seven million marching eastward across the Atlantic, and seven million of Americans marching this way to take their places; but this notion of their "marching across the Atlantic" does not add appreciably to the absurdity. Did Abraham Lincoln broach the deportation scheme? No matter: "Great men are not always wise." Then, there is the speculation that, ultimately, these dusky millions will be massed together and exclusively in "the black belt," making it blacker

The Duchesse Glove.

Thousands of Ladies to-day wear only the DUCHESS GLOVE, and no glove is so well adapted for general use by our best New England family trade.

PRICE LIST.

Four Large Buttons, Dressed Kid, Colors	\$1.50
Four Large Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black	1.75
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Colors	1.50
Five Medium Buttons, Dressed Kid, Black	1.75
Four Large Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.65
Four Medium Buttons, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.50
Seven Hook, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.75
Seven Hook, Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	1.75
Mousquetaire Undressed Kid, Colors and Black	2.00
Mousquetaire, Dressed Kid, Colors and Black	2.25
16-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire	3.25
20-Button Undressed, Mousquetaire	3.75
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Men's Two Button	1.50
Men's Two Clasp	1.75
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THE DUCHESS GLOVE always represents the latest fashion—always fits perfectly—always wears well.

Our guarantee goes with every pair.

Chandler & Co.,
WINTER STREET,
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* Extracts from a sermon preached in Brooklyn, April 7, 1895.

than [it is. Let us hope not. It is not a consummation devoutly to be wished. A wider distribution and completer interfusion is a much more rational and practicable ideal. Meantime, "we are confronted with a situation, and not a theory." No body of people can long afford to do shocking injustice to another body, or to place a widening gulf between its political practice and its constitutional law. Nor will any device avail that is a mere pretence of justice, which it systematically and of set purpose violates. Such a device is that of Mississippi, where the illiterate white person is not excluded if he can give "an intelligible interpretation" of what is read to him from the Constitution, the registering officer to judge of his success. Better the frank injustice of the past than such roundabout dishonesty as this! South Carolina is soon to have a constitutional convention, in which this Mississippi plan, "or something better," will be put through, — something better meaning something worse. Thank Heaven, there is one native white man, the editor of the *Sumter Freeman*, who, at the risk of his life, continually threatened, pronounces the proposed scheme "unchristian, un-American, undemocratic, a conspiracy against the Constitution and the laws of the nation." Such it undoubtedly is; and, wherever such a scheme is set on foot, all the resources of our national legislature and judiciary must be drawn upon to work its condemnation and defeat. To an educational test, impartially enforced, no friend of the colored people would object. He could trust them to overcome their illiteracy quite as soon as the illiterate whites. In twelve years, from 1877 to 1889, the school attendance of white children increased 70 per cent.; that of colored children, 113. Here is something for the political vote-juggler of the South to "view with alarm." The Negro is more ambitious for book-learning than for anything else. But given an educational test, and it must be no respecter of persons. It must apply to white and black without discrimination.

How to bring this to pass, or, without the educational test, to call a halt to the march of Negro disfranchisement which has been proceeding tumultuously or quietly for the last twenty years, is a problem second in its interest and importance to no other in our politics. We have proved conclusively that force bills and military occupations mar more than they mend. The Negro vote grows in proportion as they cease. But let the national government be on the alert for every violation of the constitutional law; and let a public opinion, at once sober and intense, be generated North and South before the face of which the evil cannot stand.

If but the South could know the things that belong to her peace, how would she hasten to adjust this matter in some equitable manner! There are not too many colored people in the South for her industrial strength. Admit them to the suffrage upon equal terms with their white neighbors, and, with the questions and the passions of the war so far away, the old color line would soon be broken; and the Negro vote would range itself on one side or another, as new questions should arise appealing variously to the interests or prejudices or affinities of the colored population. If but the South could know the things that belong to her peace, she would remove every artificial barrier to the interfusion of the white people and the black. She would educate their children in the same schools. She would annul such absurd discriminations as admit the colored nurse into the palacé-car and remand the colored lawyer, doctor, teacher, to the second-class. (I know that we have similar discriminations in the North: that doesn't make them any better.) She would repeal the laws that prevent legal unions between the black and white, only to make illegal unions far more numerous than they would otherwise be. It is absurd to talk of natural repulsion. Thousands of mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, throughout the South under the old régime, give all such talk the lie. It is absurd to talk of physical degeneration. If there are those who argue such an effect of intermarriage, there are others of as good authority who argue that a mixture of the races would have the happiest results. Be these things as they may, to legally prohibit marriage between black and white is to perpetuate "the doctrine of slavery,—that, when all is said and done, the colored man is less than

a human being." He was that for slavery only in theory and to justify his master's ownership, thus, as Goldwin Smith once said with biting truth, "taking a shade from the master's cruelty only to add a deeper shade unto his lust." He was not that in the practical working of the old régime, where the black nurse hugged the master's child to her big, faithful heart, and the black servant was the master's trusted friend, and the master went to the rebellious war that he might weld the black men's chains, knowing that he could trust to them his wife and babes, and that they would swing no flaming brand. It is the political equality of the Negro that has made him socially repulsive. It is not his social or personal repulsiveness that has discriminated against him in the school and on the train and in the marriage laws.

I think it altogether probable that those who look back on our times from some high vantage one or two centuries away will wonder that, all things considered, we did so well in such a critical period as the world has seldom known, when the whole industrial system of a dozen States and some twelve million people was turned upside down, and we had to shape another without any precedents to guide us in the dark and dangerous way; and still I cannot but approve the strong impatience of the men and women who find the present situation in the South too shameful and abominable to be endured. But I do not despair. There is a wisdom in events which is denied to politicians. New questions will arise and new divisions will ensue; and the black man will wake up some fine morning to find the white man "out for votes," and knocking at his door. Slowly, but surely it will dawn upon the mind of statesmanship, and on the minds of many average men, that cruelty and oppression are not well adapted to economize what is best in the kindest of all races on the earth, the most responsive to the touch of sympathy, at whatever hand. It may be that there are none sitting here who will live to see this kingdom of God; and yet, believe me, it will surely come.

Sermon Gleanings.

THE BIBLE.

Rev. Dr. Hillis, the successor of Prof. David Swing at Chicago, lately preached a sermon on "The Bible as a Book of Manhood." He said:—

"The structure of the Bible is now undergoing remorseless investigation. Once men treated it as a book written in heaven and dropped over the battlements. Now a thousand theories are being asserted. Many foolish claims have been set up for it. But the book makes only one claim for itself; i.e., 'Every scripture inspired of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, thoroughly furnished for all good works.' It declares that the inspired scripture is to man perfecting scripture. It claims to be exhaustive only in teaching the art of making character. To this end it is a record of the development of the moral sense. It capitalizes righteousness, and exhibits him who is the exemplar of right living and the world's Saviour. In general, it asserts that the world did not come into existence of its own accord, but that, as the engine began in the mind of Watt, so back of the universe is the great God, the world Architect, the world Artist, the world Engineer, but also the world Father. It further asserts that man was made in God's image, reason, affection, and conscience in him so answering to these qualities in God that responsibility exists, and obedience and communion are made possible.

"How unique is this volume! It is not so much one book as a library made up of many books. In the interests of convenience some fifty and more different pamphlets on moral themes are here brought together and made one book by the printer. Here we have the best thought of some forty individuals who lived centuries apart, who spoke three different languages, who represented hostile nations. Between the career of the first author and the work of the last more than a thousand years intervened, during which period states and empires rose, culminated, and fell, while time performed its greatest exploits. It is as if some printer should go back a thousand

years, and take the works of Cædmon and Beowulf, of King Alfred and Piers Plowman, of Wiclif and Shakspeare, of Johnson and Tennyson, and bind into one volume these various products of Saxon genius.

"For the sake of convenience, therefore, all these treatises were bound together. But, if the book has no exterior unity, interiorly a single purpose unifies it. One mother idea runs through all the pages. It teaches the art and science of right living. It is a man-making and a man-mending book. It is a chart pointing out the dangerous rocks and shoals. Every page is instinct with this idea, and glows and throbs with this purpose. Whatever fact is given is presented as bearing upon the principles of right and wrong living. It mentions the phenomena of land and sea and sky, but not as teaching geology or astronomy. It gives laws, but is not a system of jurisprudence. It contains history, but is not an encyclopædia of progress. It includes poems, but is not a book of poetry. All these materials are mentioned only incidentally. In geology it asks us to go to the rock pages and the books of science. One idea is dominant, How shall man be developed out of animalism into the highest spiritual manhood? This thought is the special chord that runs through all the related parts, and unifies them. But the unity is the unity of an oratorio, not of a single song. It is the unity of a 'Hamlet,' not of a single idea."

DEFENCELESS GLORIES.

BY J. F. HOWARD.

In the world around us we see much of beauty that in its present state is without defence. The principle of beauty will never die; and that element is continually appearing in new and diverse forms about us, lasting while it may, and then lapsing again into that universal glory which was, and is, and is to come.

The flowers represent the evolution of the vegetable world, and to the finer mind are divinity. Yet their beauty is dependent on the smallest circumstance; and with frost, lack of moisture, or careless handling it disappears.

In passing to the life of man, we also find defenceless glories. Youth is one of them, but its glory is saddened by the thought of its brevity. No marvel that men have sought for the fountain where they might bathe and have perpetual youth. In later life we see our reflection in the glass; and, as we look on the face, all gray and scarred, our mind reverts to the distant scene, and we are young again. But soon reality brings us back to age, and the dream of youth grows sadly beautiful.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

Physical beauty, on which the world to such an extent has set its heart, is a defenceless glory. Accident may destroy it

in a moment, disease in a very brief period, or time may more deliberately deaden the eye and take the roses from the cheek, and silver with eternal omens the glory of the golden hair.

"Beauty is as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour."

These things would cause our hearts to sink within us, if we did not believe there was an abiding beauty of soul, unaffected by the influences that destroy its physical emblem.

Another of the defenceless glories is health. In that word there are beautiful landscapes, joyous streams, the voice of birds, the music of waterfalls, and many perfect days. Why the world is all wrong to so many people is that they have no health except in dreams.

One more defenceless glory is wealth. Money is a good thing, for it enables us to do many things for self-improvement and for the benefit of others; but let us remember it is not an end, but a means to an end. It only stands for what purchasing value it has; and the joy we get of it is in what it will buy in comfort, in improvement, and in sweet gratitude of those we may aid and serve.

In turning from our physical surroundings to the skies, we find higher symbols of abiding beauty. The stars, the constellations of old, the same that rose five thousand years ago, are they that rise in every age. The sun, producing an endless succession of mornings,—these are emblems of the higher and enduring beauty which we see when we look beyond the physical life of man into that inner life which is alone immortal, and whose glories have the protection of inimitable law.

What are the abiding glories? The treasures of soul that survive the changes of environment and the disappearing of bodily organisms all through a long life, thus giving assurance of their enduring nature. Education is one, for it is the soul that educates. Virtue is another. In proportion as it is known to us, the present is glorified and all worlds revealed. As we see afar off its summits shining in God's eternal sunlight, we feel immortal longing. Virtue is only another name for God, and every advance we make in virtue is a step toward God. A clear conscience is a continual reward, and bears us through the dark places of earth. With it there is no experience of life so dark but is struck through with the "light and color of hope." When we lie down, it is the nightingale that sings us to sleep; and, when we wake, it is the lark that upspringing greets the purpling of the east. It makes old age cheerful, and takes away the fear of death. It is incalculable peace to be able to look over the past, and say, "My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man."

The gratitude of those we love and help on earth is an abiding glory. Jesus said, "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Our happiness here depends largely on our relations to those around us. We never like the place where we have not behaved well, but we are always glad to go

The Kettle Case.

You remember the defendant's reply in the famous kettle case:

- (1) Kettle was cracked when he borrowed it.
- (2) Whole when he returned it.
- (3) Never had the kettle anyway.

Now here is the defendant's reply in the open fireplace case:

- (1) Don't need it.
- (2) Can't afford it.
- (3) Chimney isn't big enough or would have it.

DOES HE NEED IT? Every scientist will tell him that it means better ventilation, purer air, and improved health.

CAN HE AFFORD IT? He can afford it better than half the things he buys. We are selling wood mantels from \$6.00 upwards.

IS THE CHIMNEY BIG ENOUGH? There is not one chimney in one hundred that is not large enough. Any fireplace mason will satisfy him of this.

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among the friends we have made. They make our heaven. And in making friends who believe in us we are laying up treasures that will never perish or pass away; for, as men grow perfect, gratitude toward those who have been their friends on earth will be fixed and eternal.

"Oh, well for him who finds a friend
Or makes a friend where'er he roam,
And loves the world from end to end
And wanders on from home to home."

Men are measured in the higher world by their love, and we are rich or poor according to the love we have. It is the soil from which all virtues blossom that represent abiding glories. When we leave this world, we shall take with us only the love we have and the nobilities of character; and we shall all do well to take heed lest we carry then the smallest load we have ever carried.

Literature.

MONASTICISM: ITS IDEALS AND ITS HISTORY. A Lecture by Adolf Harnack, D.D. Translated by Rev. Charles R. Gillet, A.M., Librarian of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Christian Literature Company. 50 cents.—The growth of monasticism, and the asceticism of which it was a product, was not rooted in the earliest Christian conceptions: it was the product of a later age. It was stimulated most of all by "the belief that only a span of time remained for the world and its history, and that its end came on apace." Likewise, the first Christians saw in heathenism the kingdom of Satan set up on earth. They came to regard themselves as citizens of a future world, whose beginning was soon to come. The origin of the monastic spirit in this conflict between worldliness and unworldliness is brought out by Dr. Harnack in his opening pages. Another epoch in monasticism was when the Church freely associated with the State, and became a new power in the world. But Harnack disputes the popular notion that the secularization of the Church began when it became a national Church under Constantine. He maintains that the Church was already secularized, to a great extent, at the end of the third century. With historical insight and impartiality, Harnack traces the influence of the monastic spirit in its relation to the genius of Christianity. We cannot allow prejudices against a system from which we are freed to obscure our sense of the good it achieved by preserving to us ideals of Christianity which the Church of the world had lost. The difference between the development of monasticism in the East and in the West is pointed out. The high ideal maintained by Saint Francis, and the contribution of the order he founded to art and science, to religious individualism and freedom, are acknowledged. The book is less a collection of facts than a philosophic analysis of influences and results. Prof. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary furnishes a suitable preface.

A CREEDLESS GOSPEL AND THE GOSPEL CREED. By Henry J. Satterlee, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.—This is a big, but not a great book. Its more than five hundred pages, heavily forced with quotations, can be profitably read only by those for whose express use they were written. "It should be added that the book has not been written for unbelievers. Its sole object is to help in confirming the faith of the faithful" (p. viii.). An author has an entire right to pick his audience, but it is a mark of weakness when a book on such a subject as this is addressed to any narrower circle than that of thoughtful men everywhere. The chief importance of Dr. Satterlee's book is its evidence that the "evangelical" churches have taken alarm at the strength of the current toward naturalism disclosed by the Parliament of Religions, and are bestirring themselves to block it. This is a most encouraging sign; for many of those who have rejected the old-time supernaturalism have been slipping along in too easy-going a way, hardly realizing the significance and goal of their progress on account of the amiable acquiescence in orthodox circles. It is well that the issue should be distinctly made and met; for, if we are wrong, we wish and need to know it; while, if we are right, it is high time that the difficulties of the position should be frankly faced and its vast religious implications discerned. Caring only for the truth, we welcome such books as Balfour's, which, from the point of view of philosophy, compels us to scrutinize afresh our basis and methods of thought, and this by Dr. Satterlee, which, taken in connection with the "Pastoral Letter," is assurance that the days of unthinking liberality are numbered, and that we are no longer to enjoy a life without examination, which Socrates held to be good for nothing at all.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN. With Comments by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant, Second Cavalry,

United States Army. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—This book has a peculiar value in the midst of the many books now appearing to the interest of which Napoleon is central. It is addressed almost exclusively to military intelligence and students of the art of war. The "Life of Napoleon" now appearing in the *Century Magazine* has just come to the Italian campaign, and it will be interesting to compare the two. According to Lieut. Sargent, the success of Napoleon was no stroke of luck or genius, but the result of careful study and the devout application of acknowledged principles of strategy to the situation. The intellectual and moral incoherency of Napoleon's course up to this time does not prepare the reader for such an exhibition of his energy, but what was most superficial in his earlier life may have been the least significant. Let us hope that such wisdom as can be learned from this book will be less and less in request as time goes on. In the mean time England has increased her naval armament to double that of any European power; and the other powers will probably be fired with a spirit of emulation, and a great deal of unproductive labor will be the inevitable result. What was it that the angels sang? But that was for "men of gentle will."

LETTERS OF A BARITONE. By Francis Walker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.—It is seldom that one picks up a more charming volume than this, written from sunny Italy,—especially if one have interest in vocal music. It is the letters of an American singer who goes to Italy with a voice badly strained and misplaced by the maltreatment of "voice-builders." It is in Italy that he finds his vocal salvation. In his delightful letters, which contain suggestions and descriptions of many phases of Italian life, he does not lose sight of his main purpose; and, without writing any formal treatise on voice-culture, and in a style which is natural, simple, and fragrant of the aroma of Italian life, the process and experience of voice development, so far as it can be described on paper, is related. Without being too didactic, excellent information is introduced for the American student who is going to Italy. The struggles with the language, the cost and manner of living, experience with teachers, opera singers, artists, composers, are all woven into correspondence fresh in comment and full of unobtrusive information. The book ought to carry like the well-trained singer's voice.

THE IDIOT. By John Kendrick Bangs, author of "Three Weeks in Politics," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The title of Mr. Bangs's book is its principal offense. It is the name by which the hero goes throughout, but we do not get used to it. It continually jars, as it did in the author's "Three Weeks in Politics," where the same character was much in evidence. Of course, he is not an idiot. On the contrary, he is very bright indeed,—another autocrat at the breakfast-table, delivering himself of many amusing, sound, and pleasant judgments upon men and things. One of the suggestions is for a newspaper to tell the things that haven't happened. Another is for an apparatus that displays advertisements on the disk of the moon. Fancy that splendid orb climbing the eastern sky with "Pear's Soap" or "The Christian Register: The Best Religious Paper in the Universe" in large letters, visible to thousands of spectators! There is much more of the same sort,—excellent fooling,—with here and there a bit of real, sound common sense to give the mind a rest. Such a book should not be very long, and the author has observed the proper limit of his infringement on our more serious pursuits.

A GIRL'S LIFE IN VIRGINIA BEFORE THE WAR. By Letitia M. Burwell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.—Miss Burwell dedicates her book to her nieces with the earnest desire that they may thus know the truth concerning their ancestors, and have a record of plantation life uncolored by Northern prejudice. Despite the repetitions and certain faults of construction, the book is very interesting, giving, as it does, a charming picture of Southern life, in which the old conditions are presented under the most favorable circumstances. She shows us the immense plantation, where all the Negroes were contented, dreading nothing so much as freedom, where mutual affection was the rule between the races, where the house-mother literally spent her days in caring for those incapable of caring for themselves, where "the proposition of a collegiate course for women would have shocked every sensibility of the opposite sex." The book is worth the writing and the reading, since its sincerity and naïveté make it more valuable than many a more pretentious book written with the same purpose.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Edited and arranged for School Use by Charles W. French. New York: A. Lovell & Co.—It is a good thing to have a small volume of selections from Browning thus prepared for school use, and

these poems are generally well chosen. It seems a pity to have included "Saul," which, as one of the noblest poems in the English language, absolutely clear in itself, might well be left for him who would seek it for its own sake alone rather than go through it as a part of school work. It should be a reward rather than a means to an end. There are one or two misprints, as in Rabbi Ben Ezra. As a matter of fact, young people enjoy Browning with comparatively meagre introduction; and the notes here are chiefly of the kind that give actual information rather than suggestions that the student might prefer to make for himself, though they err, if at all, on the side of fullness.

A MAN OF MARK. By Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." New York: Henry Holt & Co.—Either Mr. Hope is making hay while the sun shines with great assiduity or his American publishers are inverting the order of his popularity by publishing, one by one, backward, the books by which he climbed to "The Prisoner of Zenda." The latter of these suggestions is the more favorable to the author's talent. One thing is sure, that the sun will not keep on shining long if Mr. Hope does not make better hay than he has given us here. One feels indignant at having his time wasted over such a ridiculous performance, and at finding himself thrust into the society of such questionable characters. One of Mr. Hope's books was called "The Indiscretion of the Duchess." This one might be called "The Indiscretion of Mr. Hope," without hitting wide the mark.

THE FACE AND THE MASK. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.—The general quality of Mr. Barr's former venture, "In the Midst of Alarms," is characteristic of the present volume without diminution or excess. But, as here he has several stories where there he had but one, his opportunity to display his ingenuity is much enhanced. Some of them are quite too horrible for any real enjoyment. One of them is a lively skit at the expense of Mr. Conan Doyle. Another is suggestive of the manner of Poe, or perhaps of Frank Stockton. If the majority are amusing, several are decidedly pathetic,—notably, those which introduce us to a gambler's den. "The Predicament of De Plonville" is a very good story of a kind that is not the best, and of which we are growing just a little tired.

A SOUND CURRENCY AND BANKING SYSTEM. By Allen Ripley Foote. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This book appears in the series of "Questions of the Day," and is written with the desire to show how incorrect monetary education results in unsound legislation and produces business panics, and how the losses caused by these panics are fines exacted from the losers in consequence. The writer pleads for a monetary commission and for a sound banking system, reviews the record of the United States Treasury as a bank of issue controlled by political exigencies, and discusses the question of gold redemption. The book ought to help in securing the appointment of a monetary commission, and in making people understand the aim and direction of the work such a commission should do.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS: LECTURES. By A. C. Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—These lectures on the rise and early progress of Protestant missions were first delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary, and were intended to form an introduction to the history of more modern missions. Beginning with the period of the Reformation, with its spasmodic and individual movements, and continuing through a description of the early Dutch, English, Danish, and more distant missions, he closes his review with a chap-

ter on the "Early Moravian Missions." One lecture records the work of Eliot, the apostle of the Indians; and another, the colonial endeavors; and still another is about David Brainerd, the missionary among the Delawares.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ROMANS. By Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.—This book, especially interesting to all students of Latin writers, has been compiled mainly from the latest German authorities. Such chapters as these are of great value in helping one to form a mental picture of the domestic life of classical antiquity, which, as it was in the early days, may well be compared, in its sternness and purity, to that of the Puritan settlers of New England. The family; the every-day life; the children, slaves, guests, and clients; the food and clothing, agriculture, amusements, etc., are taken up in turn; and much interesting information is given in the most compact and systematic manner.

MEN BORN EQUAL. By Harry Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. The interest of this book is almost equally divided between politics and love, though, if there is any difference, politics has the best of it; and the hero is in trouble for the sake of both. The story is rather long drawn out for the successful maintenance of lively concern about the outcome; but the social problems discussed are well considered, and the writer shows a moderation and good sense not always found in those who choose the novel as a medium for presentation of their serious opinions. An important strike furnishes much of the plot and incident, and some of its scenes may have been drawn from the Chicago confusion and trouble.

PICCIOLA, THE PRISONER OF FENESTRELLA, OR CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE. By X. B. Saintine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The beautiful, touching story of the prisoner's friend, "the herb o' grace," will continue to delight readers for a long time to come. In the Appleton edition of 1893, illustrated by J. F. Gueldey, it finds appropriate setting. It matters little how many times it has been reread: it retains still the power to delight by its purity of thought, its delicacy of style, and its sympathetic delineation of the hope, fear, and sorrow experienced in the cell at Fenestrella.

NAPOLEON. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by John B. Larner. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The "Napoleon" of Dumas has had a large and continuous sale in France, but it is now translated for the first time. The charge has often been made that it was not really written by Dumas; but that charge cannot be sustained, and it is now considered certain that he was the author. It deserves the attention and study of all who are interested in the French general and emperor. Mr. Larner has made the translation as nearly literal as possible.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This book is a sketch rather than the detailed narrative which Mr. Fiske's lectures will make when completed and published. It is not a rival, but an aid, and a most important one, to the ordinary text-book; and its tracing of causes and effects is interesting, not only to the student of to-day, but also to one whose study of that period was made before the present common-sense methods of teaching history. A brief sketch of Mr. Fiske's life, studies, and work is included.

SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thomas Carlyle. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—The new edition of a standard work calls for slight comment, except as to its outward form. The present volume is convenient to handle; and, although the print is close, it is clear and readable. The taste for Car-

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lyle grows with reading; and it is a good sign that people desire still to pick out the choicest plums "from the enormous, amorphous plum-pudding which Herr Teufelsdröckh kneaded for his fellow-mortals."

FLEURS DE FRANCE. By C. Fontaine. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cents.—The fifteen stories, "choisis et annotés" by the director of French instruction in the high schools of Washington, represent the spirit of modern French writers, and will be found useful in classes as well as interesting to readers of French literature. Ernest Daudet, Ludovic Halévy, François Coppée, André Theuriot, and others perhaps less known, are among the writers included in this collection.

BEHOLD HE GOETH BEFORE YOU. By May Field McKean. Boston: James H. Earle.—This is an Easter poem, "a legend of the risen Lord," written in blank verse, and embodying a tradition told to Rev. Russell H. Conwell in Jerusalem by an old monk who was acting as his guide. There are few readers for a long poem; and, if the legend had been told in simple, effective prose, it would have been more likely to accomplish the ends desired by the writer.

The Magazines.

Under the title "The Nymph of the Attitudes," Mrs. Robert P. Porter describes, in the *Cosmopolitan* for April, the experiences and character of beautiful Lady Hamilton. The various paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney illustrate the text as effective commentary. "Picturesque Papua" is described by O. M. Spencer. The story of "The Krakatra Eruption" is told for the first time by an eye-witness of its horrors, Jean Theodore van Gestel. George Frederick Seward, who served as consul-general in Shanghai through the great Taiping rebellion, writes of "China and Japan," fair in statement and moderate in expression. One of James Lane Allen's charming essays, entitled "English Wood-notes," tells of days with the skylark and the nightingale. Besides these there is a first-rate story by Gertrude Stanton, a rather depressing account of "English Country House Parties," two or three poems, and the usual departments.

The leading article in the *New England Magazine* for April is by Clara Erskine Clement, entitled "Later Religious Art in America," and illustrated from paintings by Hunt, La Farge, Vedder, Charles Sprague Pearce, Frank V. DuMond, and Mary L. Macomber. Mrs. Clement pronounces Miss Macomber "the most remarkable American painter of religious subjects," and adds that she "is able to attain the greatest end which the greatest master ever reached, for she moves the heart." "Joseph Jefferson at Home," by William E. Bryant, presents the great comedian with appreciative and sympathetic skill, brightened by numerous illustrations. Myron R. Sanford shows us in "Germany's Tribute to Arminius" a corner of Germany not very familiar to Americans and a statue unique in significance and effect. "New England Butterflies," by Margaret Wentworth Leighton; "Indian Education at Carlisle," by O. B. Super; and "The Physicians of Early New England," by May Kelsey Champion,—are other articles of interest. There is more poetry in this number than usual; and "A Fantasy," by Dorothea Lummis, is particularly worth quoting:—

"The first pale violet lifts its perfumed head,
From budding boughs a bird takes wing.
My heart aches for the dead, the unknown dead,
Who nevermore may feel the spring."

Miscellaneous.

The American Book Company publish in their Eclectic English Classics "The Oration on Bunker Hill Monument," "The Character of Washington" and "The Landing at Plymouth," by Daniel Webster, with an introduction and notes. Price 20 cents.

The American Book Company publish Cicero's *De Senectute*, edited with introduction and notes by Frank Ernest Rockwood, A.M., Professor of Latin in Bucknell University (90 cents). We are glad that the editor has not been tempted to sacrifice literary and historic features to grammatical learning. Numerous quotations of similar thoughts expressed by ancient and modern writers are set before the reader. Thus the text is made the main thing, and its grammatical elucidation a secondary matter, though this is not neglected in supplementary notes.

But few of the many thousand readers of "Robinson Crusoe" know that the author wrote about two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets, yet few of those who read "Crusoe" read the "History of the Plague in London." The American Book Company have just issued in its Eclectic English Classics this latter work. The

editor has pointed out the loose syntax of the author, his rambling sentences, lacking in unity, precision, and balance. But, for a writer who was only four years old when the plague occurred, the book is written with graphic facility and imaginative power; and it is possible that there is more of imagination than personal memory in the record. Price 40 cents.

The Taber Art Company have made a reproduction of Mr. Darius Cobb's painting, "Christ before Pilate." The reproduction is a photogravure 20 by 27, printed on plate paper 30 by 38, with India ink, which is sold at \$5 for artists' proofs and \$3 for plain prints. Of the original painting Longfellow said, "It is grand and beautiful, and should be in every household." This reproduction will make it possible to realize Mr. Longfellow's wish. When the painting first appeared, a notice in the *Christian Register* spoke of the exalted conception of the artist, and the remarkable contrast in the faces of Christ and Pilate. Though no reproduction can do justice to the original, the essential contrasts of expression are brought out in the photogravure.

Literary Notes.

S. R. Crockett's new book, "Bog-myrtle and Peat," is said to contain many of the best and most characteristic stories the author ever wrote. It comprises adventure tales, idyls, histories, tragedies, humors, tales of the kirk, and an epilogue "In Praise of Galloway."

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
After-dinner and Other Speeches. By John D. Long. Price \$1.25.
The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets. Price \$1.75.
From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
The Blue and the Gray on Land. In the Saddle. By Oliver Optic.
Lisbeth Nilson. A Daughter of New Hampshire Hills. By Eliza Nelson Blair. Price \$1.50.
Neighbor Jackwood. By J. T. Trowbridge. Revised Edition. With a Chapter of Autobiography.
From Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.
If Jesus came to Boston. By Edward E. Hale.
Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle. Translated from the French of Charles Nodier. By Minna Caroline Smith.
Uncle Sam's Church. His Creed, Bible, and Hymn-book. By John Bell Bouton.
From the American Unitarian Association, Boston.
Five Services for Public Worship. With Services for Special Occasions.
From the Universalist Publishing House, Boston.
The Saviour of the World. By Charles Ellwood Nash, D.D.
From James H. Earle, Boston.
Where I Went and What I Saw. By Mabel Thurston.
From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
La Débâcle. Par Emile Zola. Annotated by Benj. W. Wells.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
How to know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. Price \$1.75.
Outre-Mer. Impressions of America. By Paul Bourget. Price \$1.75.
Churches and Castles of Mediæval France. By Walter Cranston Larned. Price \$1.50.
How the Republic is governed. By Noah Brooks. Price 75 cents.
The Messiah of the Apostles. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. Price \$3.00.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
Outlines of Social Theology. By William De Witt Hyde. Price \$1.50.
The Evolution of Industry. By Henry Dyer. Price \$1.50.
Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price 50 cents.
From Thomas Whitaker, New York.
Reminiscences. By Thomas M. Clark. Price \$1.25.
From the American Book Company, New York.
Home Geography for Primary Grades.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Heroic March. By T. H. Rollinson.
One Summer Day. Words by Alma Pendexter Hayden. Music by Clarence D. Arnold.
When Day is done. Sacred Song. Words by James M. Simons. Music by Frederick S. Sommers.
Oh, come back, my Lost Love. Song. Words and music by Katherine Keunon.
Ever safe with God. Sacred Song. Music by Otto Cantor.
Cheerfulness. Moreau. By Carl Bohm.
Nellie and I. Waltzes for Pianoforte. By Margaret E. Clark.
A Song of Black and White. Words by Dorothy Chapin. Music by Eugene Cowles.
From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.
Spanish Serenade. For two Mandolins and Guitar. By Louis Tocahen.
La Fontaine. By Ch. Bohm. Revised by Wm. F. Pecher.
Adrienne. Two Step. By Frank R. Gillis.
Caprice Hongroise. By Charles Becker.
High at her Casement. Words by Anna Swan Reynolds. Music by Rose M. Eversole.
Arioso. For Violoncello and Piano. By Ralph Goldman.
From out of the Past. Ballad. Words by Leontine Stanfield. Music by F. W. Meacham.
Under the Balcony. Serenade. For Pianoforte. By Henry Mayer.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.
THE PRONOUN "I."

BY REV. ELI FAY.

I may not be a child of fame,
No breeze may ever waft my name,
No strong ambition lure me on
Till toil shall speak her benison.

I never may high office hold
Or find my way to mine of gold;
Grim want may stalk before my door,
My clothing may be scant and poor.

Miscarriage may my plans attend,
And I may sorely need a friend;
In poverty may die alone,
And not a soul my death bemoan.

Yet wondrous meanings I descry
Within the little pronoun "I."
It opens all the realms of being,
It clearly hints the One All-seeing.

I hold a half supernal dower,
Am charged with vast creative power.
Without, I speak the forming word;
Within, I reign the only lord.

My patrimony is untold,
My wealth is more than mines of gold.
I know, I love, I feel the right,
Am thrilled with expectations bright.

On wings of thought abroad I roam,
The boundless universe my home.
All truth and good by right is mine,
My being's texture is divine.

To know and love and live the truth,
And feel the glow of endless youth,
The grand uplift of pure desire,
Life's tides forever rising higher,

New truth from time to time revealed,
Fountains of life for me unsealed,
Enriching personality,—
Ah! this is immortality.

Oh, what is wealth or fame to me,
Compared with what it is to be?
A living, an unfolding soul,
While the eternal ages roll.

No flaming world that swims the sky
E'er thought the thought of saying "I";
Yet God hath given unto me
To know how grand it is to be

A self-poised personality,—
To feel, as endless years roll by,
The wondrous fact that I am "I,"
The offspring of Infinity.

For the Christian Register.

A CHINESE FESTIVAL.

BY LU WHEAT.

The New Year's festival of the Chinese is a movable one, like our Easter, dependent upon astronomical conditions for its date; and this year it fell upon the 25th of January. The yellow flag of China and the smoke of incense gave notice to Los Angeles that Chinatown was in holiday attire. As I went to the temple, all fear of being an intruder was dissipated by the pleasant greetings I received, with offerings of nuts and New Year cards. Idols representing Gautama, with his favorite disciple, Ananda, sitting on his right hand, occupied central positions in the temple; while other deities were placed according to their rank. I asked an intelligent Chinaman what good he received from the idols. "The benefit we expect," said he, "is that they will help us become good. All we hope to do is to make men better."

Mottoes were hung in great profusion on the walls,—some embroidered in gold, and others simply printed on paper. "Let the householder not give himself to drink, nor cause others to drink, nor approve of those who do drink"; "The struggle is to prevent sinfulness from arising and to put away sinful states when they have arisen"; "Wait on father and mother,"—are some of these mottoes. The idea that men may be bad and yet have forgiveness from God is incomprehensible to a Buddhist. Whatever he is, he is not a spiritual tramp. He expects to pay the price for all he gets. He attributes his misfortunes, and even his bodily deformities, to his own sin, his hope being that at some future rebirth he will come all right and be born into a higher family, if he is good in this life. He believes in all religions, and frequently belongs to all three of the national churches of China. With this idea he often joins the mission church, and professes Christianity and idolatry at the same time.

HILDA'S FIRST JOURNEY ALONE.

Have you ever taken a journey in the cars all alone by yourself? If you have, you will understand how Hilda felt when she said good-by to papa and mamma in the Central Depot. Hilda had no idea that she would feel so sorry at the last minute: she had thought it would be a grand thing to

go to Aunt Jane's all alone, just as grown-up people did. But, when the man opened the door in the large waiting-room and called out, "Housatonic Express," and papa and mamma pushed her through the turnstile, she began to wish she had never been so anxious to undertake to go to Aunt Jane's alone. She felt a choking sensation in her throat, and the tears kept coming into her eyes. She had not thought before that it is a very sad thing to say "good-by" to those we love so dearly, even for a few weeks. She whispered to mamma, as she passed along to the car at the further end of the station,—

"If pa hadn't bought my ticket and checked my trunk, I would rather go back home with you."

But Hilda's mamma said:—

"You will feel a little homesick at first, dear; but you will get over it soon. And you must remember that you have only a three hours' ride before you will be at the station where Aunt Jane lives; and Jennie and Arthur and little Bess will all be there to meet you, and then you won't feel lonely any more."

"But it is such a dreadful feeling to have you and papa go home without me," whispered Hilda.

They had reached the parlor car, and papa had found the conductor and told him about his little girl who was going on a journey alone; and the conductor came up and spoke so pleasantly and looked so cheery that Hilda began to feel differently already.

The cars began to move, and papa and mamma gave the good-by kisses and hurried off. As Hilda saw them jump off from the steps, she thought: "Oh, how I do wish they had been too late to get off! Then they would have had to go with me."

Hilda wondered as the cars moved along faster and faster how she could have ever been unkind to mamma and spoken as she had at different times, when mamma wished her to do something she did not want to do. Mamma's ways were always best, of course. How plainly she could understand it all now! And often she forgot to get papa's slippers for him when he came home at night and his feet ached. If she were only home again, she would never make mamma feel troubled; and she was sure papa would never have to hunt for his slippers again.

But what if anything should happen that she would never see these dear ones again? It is a comforting thought that our Father in heaven is with us everywhere we go, and with those we leave behind, and we can talk to him anywhere and at all times. Mamma had told her little daughter about this many times; and, somehow, the Father in heaven seemed to be right by Hilda in that car. She whispered in her heart to him, and asked him to take care of all the dear ones and bring them together again; and then she began to feel happier and to look out of the window.

By that time the conductor came in for her ticket, and spoke some very kind words to her; but after he passed on she began to have that same unpleasant and lonely feeling. She did wish she had some one else to talk to. Just then she saw a caterpillar with a beautiful green coat, with black bands and golden spots, crawling toward her. Once she would have moved away from such a creature, but at that time it really seemed as if the worm was like a fellow-traveller.

As it crawled on to her lunch-basket, she picked it up and put it in a little box where she had some wintergreen lozenges, although you may be sure she took the lozenges out first and put them in the lunch-basket. She could but wonder where the caterpillar came from. At all events, it had got into the cars and was taking a journey without so much as a ticket or a check. How funny it was that the caterpillar had all its clothes on its back, and did not need a trunk! Hilda thought of the pretty gowns which her mother had folded up so carefully and put in the trunk that was piled up with so many other trunks in the baggage-car.

When Hilda ate her luncheon, she put some bread crumbs in the box for the caterpillar; but it did not eat them. Then she put some cookie crumbs in. The little fellow picked out the caraway seeds from the crumbs very daintily. Then Hilda remembered that her Uncle John told her the summer before that some caterpillars are very fond of the leaves of the caraway

plant, and that they also like heads of red clover. She knew when she got to Aunt Jane's that she could pick plenty of clover-heads for her new friend.

Then a lady who sat behind Hilda said to the gentleman next her, "Do look at that dreadful worm that child has in the corner of the seat!"

But the gentleman only smiled, and said, "I am glad that little girl is not afraid of a little worm"; and he smiled at Hilda as she turned around to look at him.

While she was thinking about it, the conductor came in again, and told her to put on her wrap and get her things together, for the next station she would stop at would be the place for her to get off. Hilda put the caterpillar in the little box: she wished to carry her fellow-traveller to Aunt Jane's.

As soon as the train stopped at the station, Hilda saw Aunt Jane walking up and down the platform, watching every one who came off the cars. Then she heard a voice call out, "Here she is"; and in a moment Cousin Arthur had stepped up, and taken her bag and basket. Then all the family rushed up and kissed Hilda, and told her they were so glad she had come.

"Weren't you afraid to come all alone?" asked little Bess.

"I didn't mind it at all," said Hilda, "after I met my travelling companion."

Then they all asked who it was; and Hilda, laughing, said,—

"When we get to Aunt Jane's house, I will introduce you all."

The children could not imagine what she meant; but, when Hilda had taken off her hat and wrap, she took the box out of the basket, opened it, and showed the green caterpillar.

"Isn't it a lovely worm, with its pretty green coat with black bands and golden spots?"

The cousins all laughed to think Hilda had such a funny travelling companion. Uncle John told her to feed it every day and keep it in the box, and something very strange would happen. And what do you think? Before Hilda went home her travelling companion began to spin a web in one corner of the box, and shortly it had wound itself all up in a silk ball. Then it slept in the ball a long, long time, until long after Hilda went home to the city.

One morning, after she had forgotten her fellow-traveller for some time, she opened the box, and saw a butterfly in the place of the caterpillar. Papa explained as well as he could how the change came about; for this is one of the wonderful transformations God makes, and which is a great mystery to us. And, while Hilda was looking at its pretty wings in the sunshine, it spread them and flew away; and she never knew where it went. She thought it might have flown to the beautiful butterfly land she had read about in a story-book.

You know there is a great difference in going away from our dear friends and coming back to them again. Although Hilda had a beautiful visit at Aunt Jane's, yet she never had been as happy before in all her life as on that day when the train brought her back to the Central Station, and papa and mamma met her there, and the dear ones were all together again.—
Susan T. Perry, in the Evangelist.

KENNETH'S SURPRISE.

It was very much more of a surprise than Uncle Charlie had thought it would be, for it happened that, while he was planning a surprise for his little nephew, he was very much surprised himself, and I am not sure but Bonniwell was surprised, too; but there, I must tell you all about it, or you will not know who Bonniwell is, nor Uncle Charlie, nor Kenneth.

I will begin with Kenneth first. Any one in Lockport could have told you who Kenneth White was. He was just the jolliest, dearest, happiest little six-year-old boy that you could find anywhere. His papa was the rector of the beautiful little stone church in the centre of the village, and his uncle was the doctor whom people were glad to see when they were sick, because he made them better, and whom they were glad to see when they were well, because they loved him so much, and he had always had such a cheery smile and bright word for every one.

"Just the very sound of his voice does me

good like medicine," old Granny Hall used to say, as she watched him go by with old Jerry, his faithful horse, who had carried him many and many a mile on his rounds.

I think, if people had not loved Kenneth for his own sake, he would have had a great deal of love for the sake of his father and uncle; but the brown-eyed little man had made very warm friends on his own account during the six years of his life.

But Bonniwell, do you ask? Wait and you shall know all about Bonniwell, too. I must tell you first that it was the day before Kenneth's birthday. He was very impatient for the day to come, for it was so long since his last birthday that he could scarcely remember that he had ever had one before.

Would it ever be to-morrow? Kenneth had never known a day to pass so slowly. When dinner was over, he went down into the orchard to play. The orchard and Uncle Charlie's stable were his favorite play-grounds, but that morning Uncle Charlie had told him that he had a special reason for not wanting him to go into the stable that day.

"Why, uncle?" asked Kenneth in surprise.

"It's a surprise," said Uncle Charlie, nodding his head mysteriously. "I will tell you to-morrow, but be sure not to go there to-day."

Kenneth promised, and then ran down to the orchard for a frolic. It was such a delightful place to play. The grass was long and soft; and the trees were covered with baby apples, very small and green now, but growing every day as the sunlight fell upon them, until some day they should be as round and rosy as Kenneth's cheeks, and he could feast upon them to his heart's content.

Kenneth had a coach and four in the orchard in which he took many a ride. You might not have known that it was a coach and four. If Kenneth had not told you, you might have thought that it was only Seth's old red wheelbarrow, with a bit of rope tied to the handles; but, when Kenneth jumped into it, and shouted and brandished his whip, and pulled at the reins as if he were holding in four of the most spirited horses that ever pranced, he was quite as happy as if a fairy's wand could have transformed the wheelbarrow into just what he imagined it was.

"Gee up!" he shouted, cracking his whip, and tugging at the reins. All at once he looked around, and I am quite sure you could not imagine what he found standing beside him, with a gentle, puzzled expression on his face, as much as to say, "Why don't you take me?" It was a little donkey,—a real live donkey, scarcely taller than Kenneth himself, with a fuzzy coat and long ears, and a nose like brown velvet.

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And that was Bonni-
bell. Kenneth jumped out of the wheelbarrow, and threw his arms about Bonni-
bell's neck in a transport of delight.
"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried. "What a beautiful little horse you are! I am so glad I found you."
He patted the rough coat, and Bonni-
bell laid her soft nose against the little boy as if she was quite sure that she had fallen into the hands of a friend, and knew that she was safe.
"Oh, I must show you to papa and Uncle Charlie," Kenneth said; and he led the pretty creature up to the house.
Papa and Uncle Charlie were sitting on the back porch when Kenneth led Bonni-
bell around the corner of the house.
"Look! look!" he cried joyously. "Just see what I found down in the orchard. Isn't it a pretty little horse? Just my size! Can't I keep it, papa? I can keep it in the nursery."
If Kenneth looked surprised when he first saw the donkey, Uncle Charlie looked doubly surprised when he saw the little boy leading her around the house. He had left Bonni-
bell securely locked up in the stable, where he had intended to keep her out of Ken-
neth's sight until the following day, when he was going to give her to him for a birth-
day present. How Kenneth had found her down in the orchard was more than he could imagine.
Just then Seth came up with a worried expression, that changed to one of astonish-
ment when he saw the little party.
"I was just after coming to tell you, Dr. White," he said penitently, "that I left the stable door open for just a minute, while I went to the pump for some water, and the little creature must have taken her chance and got out. I thought she was back in the stall where you left her, and it wasn't till just now that I missed her; and I was com-
ing to tell you, and here she is after all."
"Well, there's no great harm done," said Uncle Charlie. "This young man has his birthday present a little sooner than I meant he should, that is all. Bonni-
bell is the surprise I was telling you I had for you, Kenneth, boy; so she is yours to keep, though I didn't mean to let you see her till your birthday. But you mustn't keep her in the nursery, though. You will find a place for her in the stable near Jerry, and the two can keep each other company."
"Oh, thank you, Uncle Charlie." And Kenneth jumped into his uncle's lap, and hugged and kissed him until Uncle Charlie begged for mercy. Uncle Charlie brought out the pretty little saddle, and Kenneth and Bonni-
bell had a nice ride at once and many another one after that. Bonni-
bell was a playfellow that Kenneth never tired of, and many a happy day they spent to-
gether. If Kenneth did not want to ride, Bonni-
bell would trot around after her little master as if she were a great dog, and watch whatever he did with her big vel-
vety brown eyes, as if she quite understood everything, and thought that all that Ken-
neth did was right.
When Kenneth went to bed on his birth-
day night, after a very happy day, he opened his eyes to say sleepily: "Uncle Charlie meant to surprise me with Bonni-
bell, didn't he, papa? But I guess Bonni-
bell and I s'prised him most, after all."
And I think Kenneth was right, don't you?—Mrs. George A. Paull, in the Church-
man.

THE JOLLY OLD GENTLEMAN'S BOY.

The jolly old gentleman lives next door to us. He is very nice, and seems to like boys, which is unusual. So many people don't like boys, and talk about the noise they make and their ways and tricks in a way to make a boy feel very unpleasant.
Little girls, now, they pet and praise and call pretty, until they are so set up that they talk about "horrid boys," too.
Boys' mothers generally love them, but the rest of the world are dreadful to us. The jolly old gentleman is not: that is why I like him. I told him so once, and he said:—
"Well, Tom, that is because I was a boy once."
"But wasn't everybody, sir?" I asked.
"Oh, no!" said the old gentleman.
"That is a general error. Some people are

old men from the first,—old heads on young shoulders. Now I like you because you are a real boy."
He is a short, old gentleman, with curly gray hair and red cheeks and black eyes; and he has all sorts of curious things in his pockets,—knives with heaps of blades and corkscrews in them, and a watch that strikes the time any minute you want to know, and nuts and apples and boxes of sweeties. He takes you out to drive, and all of a sudden says: "Are you hungry, Tom? I am." And out of his pockets come nice things that you never heard of in all your life before.
In his house he has electric things, and cameras, and games, and books full of pictures, and comic papers; and he doesn't fidget when you look at them. He has a big piano, too, and plays for you. But I had never seen any one in the house besides himself and the old black servant-man, when one day he said to me,—
"Tom, I never told you I had a boy, did I?"
"No, sir," I answered.
"Well, I have one," he said. "He is a great musical genius,—wonderful that way. Would you like to see him?"
"Yes, sir," I said. "Is he away at school?"
"Oh, no!" said the jolly old gentleman. "He is upstairs. He never goes out."
"Oh, I am so sorry! I suppose he is ill," I said.
"No," said the old gentleman. "But he is so small and delicate it wouldn't do to let him go out. Why, he is only half as big as that baby of yours, honor bright! It is twenty years since I carried him up-
stairs, and he hasn't grown an inch."
"I never saw any one so small as that but General Mite in the exhibition," I said.
"He was a dwarf," said the old gentle-
man. "Of course, you won't hurt my boy's feelings by calling him that."
"Oh, no, sir!" I said.
"Well, I guess I can trust you," said the old gentleman. "But, when I take you up, just bow to him and sit down. He won't talk; but, if he likes you, he'll play for you."
"Thank you," I said.
Then the old gentleman made me a sign to follow him; and we went upstairs to a small room, very pretty with rugs and pictures. And there beside the window, sitting on a plush ottoman, was a tiny little boy. He had long, curling golden hair, and beautiful eyes with long eye-
lashes; and he was dressed all in blue vel-
vet, with lace at his throat and wrists.
The old gentleman went up to him and whispered in his ear; and then the little fellow turned his head toward me, bowed and smiled, and lifted something he had in his hand to his lips. It was a flute.
Then I knew he liked me, and was going to play. So I said, "Thank you very much." And then, really, he began to play. And, oh, how he played! First one tune, and then another,—tunes I knew and tunes I never heard before.
Whenever he stopped, I clapped my hands, as people do at concerts; and then he went on again, until I think he had played twenty-four tunes, when he laid the flute down, turned his head toward me again, and bowed and smiled.
"I've enjoyed the music very much," I said; but he did not answer.
"My boy is not very polite," said he. "Just go up to him, and see if he won't shake hands."
I walked up very slowly. I cannot tell why I felt a little shivery, only he stared so. But the closer I got to him, the more I saw; and at last I cried out:—
"Oh, oh! How I was taken in! It's not a live boy at all! It is only a—a—figure!"
Then the old gentleman laughed and laughed.
"Yes, yes, Tom," he said. "He's all the boy I have, all the same. That's what we call an automaton flute-player. I bought it in Paris years ago, and gave a mighty big price for it. They told me that it once belonged to the empress of the French,—that beautiful Empress Eugénie,

who had to run away and leave most of her valuable possessions behind her. I do not know if that was true or not, but I thought it the most wonderful thing I ever saw. Its face is so beautiful, and its motions so natural; and I used to try the trick of tell-
ing people it was a dwarf very often. It never took any one in quite as long as it has you, though."
"I like to be taken in like that, sir," I said. "I don't like jokes that trip you down or hurt you, but this was clear fun."
"Shake hands," said the old gentleman; "and you can bring your sister in to hear my boy play, and have the joke on her."
I did that next day, but you can't take girls in at all. The very minute sissy saw the little fellow she squealed out,—
"Oh, Tom! It's a musical doll,—there now!"—New York Ledger.

A BIRD STORY.

Here is the little bird story copied out of a letter written by Miss Edgeworth one March morning a long time ago. She says: "I have no domestic occurrence to tell you, except that a robin, who for several seasons has frequented this house, and Lucy's room particularly, has this spring grown so familiar that he began to build his nest in Lucy's old bonnet, laid a great heap of leaves in it, which we used to see him bringing in his bill, the leaves often as large as his body. Yesterday morning Betty, the housemaid, said: 'Ma'am, when I opened the hall door this morning, in flew the robin over my head, and knowing his way wherever he wanted to go through the doors just as if he was master of the house, ma'am! And he sits down before a door, and looks to have it opened for him!'"—Harper's Young People.

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AWAKENING.

Never yet was a spring-time,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a spring-time
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mould;
Life, that has known no dying,
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till sudden the burgeoning Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's.

OUR FARM GIRLS.

A correspondent of a Greek paper, *Amaltheia*, published in Smyrna, attended last fall some American county fairs in New England,—notably, at Taunton, Attleboro, and Brockton. In a letter to his journal the correspondent, Mr. K. D. Phasoularides, gives his impressions of American farmers' wives and daughters. We cannot call them American peasant women, for no such distinct class of this kind exists in this country as in Europe:—

"The comely American girls who in face and form are distinguished as maidens of the field very kindly conversed with every stranger about the exhibits which their strong hands had arranged so tastefully in the fair. The farm maidens of the East have not reached the point at which their American sisters are now found, and it will be very long before they arrive there. The American countrywoman, in her best array, simply clothed, with a newspaper in her hand, is able to enter into any office or store without betraying by her demeanor or breeding to what class she belongs. Only her sunburnt face and the hard touch of her hands make known her station to careful observation, not her manners. She is able to converse about the culture of potatoes or wheat, and does not find it difficult to be drawn into a political discussion, especially when it concerns the Wilson tariff."

BRITISH COUSINS.

Although our country is sometimes called England's foster-child, and Uncle Sam and John Bull are cousins, there are a great many little things, particularly in forms of speech, in which we differ. For instance, every young American knows what "candy" is. But here in England, if you were to ask for "candy," you would be shown what we call "rock candy." All others are "sweets," though, of course, as with us, the different varieties have names of their own. Crackers are all "biscuits," and ginger-snaps are called both ginger-nuts and ginger-breads.

Then, if you were to ask an Englishman how much he weighed, he would reply, "Ten stone, eight," or "Eleven stone, six," as the case might be. This is very unintelligible to me, for I always have to reckon it up in my head; and I, for one, don't like mental arithmetic. A "stone" is fourteen pounds, so, instead of saying 148 pounds, they divide it into stones, and say, "Ten stone, eight," or ten stones, eight pounds. A few days ago I was walking with a friend, and she said, "Is that Mr. W.?" "Oh, no," I replied: "he always wears a beaver." "A what?" "A beaver,—a silk hat." And I showed her one on a passer-by. "Oh, I see," she said, "you mean a 'top-hat.'"

Another odd expression is calling a waist "body," and that is very commonly used. Just imagine saying, "I have a new body," or "Run upstairs and put on another body." Yet the word is often used in that way. Then, if you were to say to an English girl, "So-and-so has a bang, has she not?" she would very likely look at you in blank astonishment (unless she was used to Americans); but, if you said that the person in question had a "fringe," that would be very different. As if we were table-cloths or rugs to have a "fringe."

Rubbers are always "goloshes," and a clerk is invariably called a "clark," and what we would call a dry-goods store is here called a "draper's." Then they never "guess," but always "presume" or "fancy,"—as an English girl would say, "Fancy that!"—*Harper's Young People*.

Spiritual Life.

Common-sense religion is not a spasmodic affair: it is a steady, prayerful, and cheerful observance of God's commands. It teaches that character is an achievement, not a gift.—*John W. Chadwick*.

In the very midst of pressure he called a halt. And in the seeming respite from labor lay hidden really much work to be accomplished,—work to fit them for their work, and deeper knowledge of their Master to carry them through it.—*Anna Warner*.

The attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service because they love him. Jacob thought seven years but little for the love he had for Rachel. Love is never weary.—*Watson*.

If I should sum up my thought of Sunday in a word, I should say it was a great opportunity. There is no duty nor obligation nor divine sanction about it; but it is an opportunity,—one which past civilization has bequeathed to us, and for which we are in one sense indebted to the Jews, but more immediately to the Christian Church.—*W. M. Salter*.

This is the law,—not Moses' law, but the gospel law; the law of liberty, by which a man becomes truly free, because he has trampled under foot the passions of his own selfish flesh till his immortal spirit can ascend free into the light of God. Remember that Saint Paul always couples with the ascension and resurrection of our bodies in the next life the resurrection and ascension of our souls in this life.—*Charles Kingsley*.

Nothing is plainer than that beliefs, when intensely conceived, really taken into the heart, do affect character mightily. It is a common saying that a man is good in spite of his creed. This is impossible. No man is good, nor can be, in spite of his creed, his *real* creed. He may be good notwithstanding what he assents to, but he cannot be a good man in spite of what truly he believes and conceives in his soul.—*J. V. Blake*.

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I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the *Unitarian* in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

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MORAL INFLUENCE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

The first thing that all beginners must learn is to see a thing just as it is. None of us have this power fully developed. We go through life with our eyes only partially open. We do not see things as they really are. The first power that a proper study of plants and animals develops is that of observing accurately. None do this when they begin the work. Usually, they see at first only vague generalities. But the best stimulus to seeing accurately comes through expressing what has been seen. This expression should be required of the pupils in three forms,—drawing, notes, and oral discussions. This is a very valuable part of the exercise. To be able to express accurately with a pencil point what is observed is a power of inestimable value. However, the power to observe accurately is not necessarily accompanied by the power to express accurately; but the former must precede the latter. No one can draw accurately what he has not seen accurately. And along with this mental development must also go a moral development. Seeing accurately is only seeing the thing as it actually is,—that is, seeing the truth; and drawing and describing are only stating the facts or telling the truth. Here is where the temptations lie. An indolent or careless pupil finds telling the exact truth with his pencil point to be arduous, and is tempted to distort or only partially represent the truth. But accuracy of expression must be a constant drill in truthfulness.—A. J. McClatchie, in *Popular Science Monthly* for March.

THE BIRDS.

At a little fishing village last summer on the coast of Devonshire I was noticing the tameness of the sea-gulls, as they flew around the boats, when they drew to land or sat like so many barn-door fowls waiting for any bit of fish thrown to them. "Yes," said an old fisherman, "they are getting tamer again now, but for a long time they kept aloof. A couple of city guests came down here, and began blazing away at the poor, tame creatures, that did not know at first what it meant; for they had never had a stone even thrown at them or heard a gun fired in their life. How many they would have killed, 'just for fun,' as they said, I don't know, if we fisherman hadn't stopped them; for the gulls we consider our friends. We like to hear their wild cries, and they lead us to where the fish are shoaling. But it was a long time before they became tame again."

A would-be sportsman stopped over night at a backwoods cabin with a whole arsenal of guns. Early in the morning the farmer was awakened by a fusillade in the garden. "I jumped up," he said, "to see what was the matter; and there was that city chap blazing away at my little robins and orioles, to listen to whose songs I have lain awake by the hour. I just caught the little fellow by the collar, and says I, 'Look here, young man, if you fire that gun again, I'll fire you out of this mighty quick.' He dropped his 'shooting iron,' and looked at me in amazement."—*Babyhood.*

Temperance.

The Swiss government made a profit of about £200,000 last year on its monopoly in spirits.

The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association printed over one hundred million pages of literature in the past year.

The legislature of South Carolina has passed a scientific temperance instruction law. This reduces the number of States without such a law to four.

The habits of the parents of three hundred idiots have been learned; and 145, or nearly one-half, are reported to be known to be habitual drunkards.—S. G. Howe, M. D.

Efforts are being made in England and other countries to forbid the employment of women behind public-house bars. In America such employment has been declared illegal, and now in Norway and Sweden it has been made a punishable offence to employ girls as barmaids.—*Christian World.*

Gov. Hughes of Arizona asks Congress to prohibit the liquor traffic in the Territory, and so lessen public expenditures as to

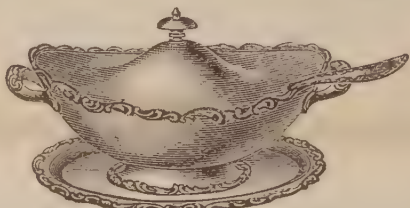
come within the law. The governor's further remarkable statement that there has been no Indian uprising in Arizona for the last thirty years that could not be traced directly to the liquor traffic is not only a hint for those trying to solve the "Indian problem," but it points the way for a reduction instead of an increase in the army, as some are now demanding.

Here and There.

An item in a daily newspaper of Philadelphia says: "An artistic feature of the new building for the Aged and Infirm Colored People at Belmont and Girard Avenues is the stained-glass window in the manager's room, which gives a beautiful portrait of Lucretia Mott. The countenance of this venerable Friend is a most appropriate subject for a practical illustration of history in such an institution. The memorial window, which is *vis-à-vis* from Mrs. Mott, has the portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, or 'Lord Garrison,' as an aged inmate explained to a recent visitor."

A recent letter from New Zealand says: "I have travelled in many countries; but in no other land have I seen the courtesy and unobtrusive chivalry habitually shown to women, whether young or old, by New Zealand young men of every condition and rank. The status of a New Zealand woman is considerably higher than that of her sister in Australia or England; and she is not likely to forget that she gained the political franchise, not by inadvertence or by party scheming, but as a deliberate act of justice, no less than chivalry, on the part of her countrymen."—*American.*

The London *Times* thinks that a common interest in golf will be even more useful than cricket as a tie between rich and poor; and it believes, too, that a golf-links affords a villager a much wholesomer occupation for his leisure than he can find at the village public house. Commiserating America, which has no cricket,—nothing but base-ball,—it suggests that, "if in course of years she make golf her own, as England is making it, she may find in it a bond of union between classes, which is nowhere more badly needed than in the great republic where all men are equal."



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I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts.*

I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

CONTENTS FOR APRIL.

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Pleasantries.

Dick: "I say, Bob, what's Pantheism? Heard it mentioned in church." Bob: "Don't know. Sounds like Darwin. Religion for panthers, probably."

Harry's mamma saw her three-year-old picking the bark off a tree. She said: "Don't do that, Harry. It will hurt the tree." "Why, no it won't, mamma. It just makes the tree cool."—E. H. H.

Gilgal: "If you want anything well done, do it yourself," is a good rule." Mullins: "I know a better one. 'If you want anything well done, tell the waiter to bring it rare.'"—Harper's Bazar.

When Harry was, four years old, his grandmother was trying to teach him to count, and asked, "How many legs have you?" He answered promptly, "Two." "How many legs has Brownie?" After looking at the dog a moment, he replied, "Brownie has one on each corner."—E. H. H.

A gentleman walking along Lexington Avenue one day encountered two boys who looked so much alike that he stopped them and asked, "Are you little boys twins? They looked up at him for a moment as though they did not exactly understand. Then one said meekly: "No sir. We are Methodists."

Daughter: "The clock has stopped, and I promised my music-teacher to practise a full hour every day." Father: "Well, never mind: begin your practising, and I'll let you know when the hour is up. I'm going out." "But, if you go out, how am I to know?" "You'll see me coming in." Sacred Heart Review.

An old lady, evidently from the country, was looking about her with wondering eyes, when a floor-walker stepped up to her. "What do you wish to-day, madam?" he inquired. "I wanted to go to the place where you sell dry-goods." "It is right here, madam. What kind of dry-goods do you wish for?" "Dried apples, mister." For once the floor-walker was nonplussed.—Youth's Companion.

When Charles Sprague, the Boston poet, was at the height of his glory here, he was importuned for his autograph. Sprague did not want to give it; but, quickly seeing a witty way out of the dilemma, he declared that he would furnish as many as desired for one dollar apiece. There was a great demand, and the next day he sent to all who made the request one of the dollar bills issued by the bank of which he was the cashier.—Curtis Guild.

An old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former she said: "We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailin' time for fifty years, 'cept last winter. And I ain't never suffered but one day in my life; and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so's how it shouldn't be wasted."—The Interior.

There's a man uptown who has a mania for collecting all sorts of queer facts in history, science, and so forth; and his wife can't appreciate him at all. The other evening he laid down his paper. "That's odd," he said to her. "What?" she inquired. "The statement that it would take twelve million years to pump the sea dry at the rate of one thousand gallons a second." She studied the statement profoundly for a full minute. "Where would they put all the water?" she asked innocently.—Detroit Free Press.

Once upon a time there was a dean so fond and proud of his cathedral that he came by degrees to think and speak of it as though he were the sole proprietor; and one evening, just before the close of a lecture on "Thought-reading," at which he presided, he came upon the platform with much dignity of demeanor, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in informing you that Mr. Cumberland has intimated to me his most kind intention to devote any profits which may accrue from his lecture to the restoration of my west front."—Dean Hole.

A DUELIST'S FATE.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duelist had ever met.

"How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master.

"One or the other of us," he declared in fearful wrath, "will not go out of this room alive!"

"So let it be!" I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"—Exchange.

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Editorial.

ONCE more we remind pastors of churches and those having charge of collections that next Sunday will be the last opportunity to take a public collection for the American Unitarian Association to secure representation this year. The work of gathering the annual contribution ought not indeed to rest upon a casual collection taken on a single Sunday which may be rainy or otherwise unpropitious. It should be the result of systematic and organized effort. In some churches the annual sum has been doubled by improving the method of collecting it; but churches that have neglected to do this will need to take the matter in hand at once, since the financial year of the Association closes on the first of May. As the constitution requires that contributions shall be made consecutively for two years to entitle

churches to representation, if the right to vote is lost this year, it cannot be regained within two years.

THE jubilee of the Temple Emanu-El of New York enables us to extend our congratulations to Dr. Gottheil, not only upon his able and fruitful personal ministry and far-reaching influence, but also upon the success of the movement of which he is one of the most distinguished representatives in this country. Reformed Judaism is not a transient element in our religious history. Like every progressive movement, it has had to bear the reproaches and condemnation of the household in which it was born. But it has passed out of a bondage of literalism into a new spiritual Canaan. It has taken some of the family jewels with it,—some which come to it lawfully, by descent; and others, perhaps, it has borrowed from the Egyptians. For Reformed Judaism is catholic in its spirit, and does not hesitate to take and return thanks for whatever may enrich its life. It is Judaism adjusted to the nineteenth century. It does not hope to recover the ancient earthly Jerusalem, but it seeks to bring the new Jerusalem down to earth.

A FEW weeks ago an item went the rounds of the press, stating that William Penn Bowman, a ten-year-old boy recently convicted of murder, had been sentenced to be hanged at Wilkesbarre, Pa. We doubted the truth of the statement, and wrote to the Wilkesbarre Record for information. We have received a reply stating that the young man is not ten years old, but twenty. This shows how careless the press despatches sometimes are, and how frequently mis-statements are printed and reprinted and passed from one paper to another without any attempt at verification. It would be a serious indictment of civilization in Pennsylvania if a ten-year-old boy were condemned to be hung, and we are glad to correct this statement. But the question still remains whether, for a boy twenty years of age, and therefore still a minor, or, indeed, for a criminal of any age, punishment by death is the best way for society to deal with the crime, terrible as it is. Capital punishment certainly does not solve the problem, and never will, as a deterrent measure. It has been abolished in several countries, because it has proved to be ineffectual and, in many cases, dangerous to the application of justice. The crime of murder, like many other crimes, is something which cannot be corrected after it is committed. For the cure we must look rather to real preventive measures and influences.

THERE are two classes of debts which, in the eyes of many people, are not considered so binding as other financial obligations. These are debts to doctors and to ministers. Perhaps there is no class of professional men who lose so much from bad debts as doctors; and this results, not from fraud, rascality, or business failure on the part of the creditors, but simply because of a weak individual as well as public sentiment concerning the financial part of the obligation. There is a difference, it is assumed, between a lot of groceries or merchandise received and consumed and the services rendered by the doctor. The latter, it is assumed, does not really lose any property if he is not paid. He has simply lost so much time, nothing more. Or it is assumed that the doctor ought to give his services freely to charitable purposes, and it is surprising how many people consider themselves poor after recovering from a fit of sickness. It is hardly necessary to call the attention of thinking and conscientious people to the fallacy and moral weakness of this mode of argument. It appears also, sometimes, in the obligation which parishes have assumed to their ministers. There are many people

who do not regard these obligations as at all serious, though they may be exceedingly serious for the minister. They have, apparently, made business contracts with their ministers which ought to be as binding as any other contract; but they assume that, after all, the minister must simply take what he can get, and this is very often a large discount from what they have promised. We have known cases in which debts to ministers were allowed to run for years without parishes paying even the interest on the amount. The expectation, in many cases, is that the minister will eventually make the society a present of the amount of a debt which he is unable to collect. Protestants do not exact a vow of poverty from their ministers, but they sometimes act as if they meant to enforce it. Yet, on the whole, we believe there has been a general improvement in recognizing the seriousness of such obligations.

A SHEAF OF TRIBUTES.

The sheaf of tributes which we gather this week and offer to Dr. Martineau in celebration of his ninetieth birthday springs from seed which he himself has planted. As the gardener gathers his flowers and his fruit, and the farmer his grain, so this honored patriarch may find here fruitage and harvest of his own life and labor.

Dr. Martineau has wrought in a field, the field of theology, ethics, and religion, which is plotted off into sects and schools, and divided by denominational fence lines. But his influence, like his sympathies, could not be limited by sectarian or partisan boundaries. On this remarkable occasion it is not only the friends of his own immediate household of faith who do him honor. Distinguished writers and thinkers of all schools and all branches of the Church, Jewish as well as Christian, join in expressions of respect, affection, and admiration. These tributes do not mean that Dr. Martineau has become the founder of a new school of thought, and that he has secured assent to his authority and acceptance of his opinions. On the contrary, not a few of these tributes are written by men who do not accept his theological views and the conclusions based on them. They appear not as disciples, but occasionally as antagonists. Their tributes are evidences of the generosity which may appear in the field of controversy. Not the least service that Dr. Martineau has rendered is to illustrate the dignity, fairness, and reverence with which controversial questions may be treated. He has touched no question without carrying it up to the highest plane of discussion. We all know what his influence has been in the Old World. These tributes will show how greatly he is appreciated in the new. We add our greetings to those of our contributors to the man who unites the lofty vision of Plato with the devotional spirit of A Kempis, the imagination of Shakspeare with the trust and sweetness of the man of Nazareth.

COST OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

In our editorial on "Child Life Insurance" we referred to the enormous expenses involved "which are met by these lapsed policies." It would have been more accurate to say "which are largely met by the lapsed policies." We do not mean to state that the premium charged by the companies includes no specific allowance for expenses. On the contrary, we suspect that a very large percentage is thus provided for. But, in questioning our statement that, of nearly \$1,900,000 received monthly, nearly \$1,100,000 is absorbed by expenses, Mr. Long fails to observe that we do not refer to the entire receipts of the companies, but to so much as is actually applied to the payment of claims and expenses. How much that is, and how

considerable a part the profits of lapse must play in the transactions of these companies, may be judged by a review of the figures of the Metropolitan Company for 1893, on which the figures in our previous article were based.

Here we find actual payments on account of lapsed and surrendered policies of only \$212,813.62, largely, moreover, on non-industrial policies: whereas the full net reserve alone is \$14,998,083, and it is admitted that hundreds of thousands of this company's industrial policies lapse every year. In 1894 the number was 1,637,030. It is evident that, if the payments on lapses and surrenders were increased only fivefold, by giving full credit for reserve on all lapses the company's surplus, which is shown to be only \$661,744.72 in excess of the guarantee capital, would be wiped out, which is equivalent to saying that the lapses go to help pay the expenses or make their payment possible. Thus we see no reason to retract the substance of our remarks. The companies of other States are not legally limited at all as to forfeitures, and the John Hancock is so limited only after two years: whereas the entire average duration of industrial policies probably does not exceed, if it equals, four years. Since Gov. Long's reply was written we have taken pains to verify again the statements and figures there quoted by reference to the reports of the Insurance Commissioners of New York and Massachusetts. The statement we made that, of nearly \$1,900,000 received monthly, nearly \$1,100,000 monthly, or nearly 60 per cent., is absorbed in the cost of the business, is substantiated. Gov. Long's defence that this includes the amount required to be held as reserve is incorrect. The totals referred to are made up chiefly of agents' commissions, salaries, medical examiners' fees, and similar items.

Setting aside the whole question of the neglect of children alleged by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, it seems to us that the enormous cost of industrial insurance compared with the returns which the insured obtain from it is one of the greatest objections to the system. We believe in encouraging thrift among the poor, but by some better method than this enormously expensive way; and, if the State has the right, which it now freely exercises, to protect the insured and assure to them a fair return for what they invest, it certainly has a right to extend this protection here.

HOME LEAVING AND HOME MAKING.

About the time that the birds begin to fly northward to make for themselves new homes among the trees or hidden away in humble nooks, scores of young people loosen the ties that bind them to the old home, and in happy pairs go forth to begin life where their fathers and mothers began years ago.

The American method of starting homes gives far greater independence and chance for the development of individuality than the Oriental fashion of family colonies, where under one roof half a dozen cradles may be seen rocking together. The parents are the head of such a household, and thither the sons bring their wives; and there is no breaking up of the little kingdom while the old folks live. After that there may be a fitting, each son starting a new colony of his own. But here custom allows every son, as he marries, to take his bride where he will, or rather where they will; for his young wife has quite as much to say on the subject as he does. In the East marriages are made at such an early age that the association with older and more experienced persons in the same family is necessary. In this country the young woman who marries is usually able to assume the responsibility of a home.

So the bride goes out with her husband from the old shelter, from the presence of her father, the comfort of her mother, the companionship of brothers and sisters, to sit by her own fireside, to worship at her own family altar, and to minister and be ministered unto, with little heed of the great throng outside her little world of two.

The very ease with which this great step is taken too often prevents a full appreciation of the importance of the change, or a realization of what it means to found a new home and family. Few of those beginning such a life can look forward to leaving the record of a young couple in London who were married not so very many years ago, and who have become the parents of twenty children and nearly a hundred grandchildren. But, even without the widely radiating influence of children and children's children, each home becomes a centre for good or ill, which depends upon the ideal of those uniting to form it. It may be a castle of indolence or a hive of industry. It may be an abode of selfish seclusion, or it may be a home of hospitality with the door to the "prophet's chamber" always ajar. The atmosphere of public spirit, of domestic purity, of tender charity breathes through it, or it may yield dank and unhealthy influences.

Young people need not wait till they are married to form the ideals about which they will build when they "swarm" from the parent hive. If the old home is what it should be, that may be their fairest example. If not, they may dream of fashioning better than they have known.

Nor need one always wait for marriage to establish a home. Every American city can show scores of homes in the best sense, where a brother and sister live, or two friends. Boston, for instance, is dotted with cosy and charming places where the sole occupants are two congenial women. One misses perhaps the manly voice and the ringing notes of children; but in every other respect they are true homes, centres of light and intelligence, and shedding their comforting and cheering rays into all the neighborhood. Such a life is far better for the inmates and for the community than the barrack life of the boarding-house or the caravansary of the great hotel. The home is the most sacred spot in any nation; and, if it consists of but one room, if the spirit of love and consecration be there, it stands for all that is best in that nation's life. Happy, therefore, are the many young men and women who in the spring-tide of the year are fitting from the old homes, with the glad opportunity of establishing new ones on the ideals of affection and fidelity to each other, loyalty to their country, and allegiance to their God.

THE WORK AND EXTENSION OF UNITARIANISM.

Rev. George Putnam of Roxbury, Mass., did not identify himself very closely with organized Unitarianism. He was in a better position to appreciate its work and the need of its extension, perhaps, than if he had been a more pronounced adherent. In a sermon preached in 1860 we find him using the language quoted below. Unitarianism in the last thirty-five years has entered a stage of organic activity which could hardly have been expected then; but the need of its extension is just as evident, and the words of Dr. Putnam may well be heeded by those who have not given their personal aid to the cause:—

My oldest parishioners, those who have listened to me through all these thirty years, will bear me witness that I have done and said almost nothing to identify them or myself with any denomination; that I have hardly ever spoken so much as the word "Unitarian," or expressed or sought to enlist anything like sectarian sympathies. If my people had no other means of information, they would hardly have learned from anything I have ever said here or done anywhere that there was any particular body of Christians or class of congregations that we were in any way connected with. Many a friendly rebuke has reached me, objecting to this stand-along policy as unsocial, as an excess of independence, and a throwing away of influence. I can hardly say that I regret the course that I have pursued. Indeed, it has hardly been in my nature to pursue any other. I do not remember the time when I have not felt an extreme repugnance to

being yoked in with anything like a sect. I have loved to regard what is called Unitarianism not so much as a body of opinions as the principle of liberty of opinion, not so much a distinct organization of men and of churches as an assertion of the independence of churches and of individual intellectual freedom,—in a word, that perfect liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free,—no yoke of bondage, no entangling alliances, calling none to account, and giving account to none. But, not caring now to vindicate myself on this point, I can at least claim that I have not wearied my people with sectarian drill, nor fed them on the husks and bitter roots of sectarian strife; and it is not likely that now, so late in life, I shall ever change much in this respect, or ever become an efficient promoter of a distinctive Unitarian doctrine or organization. There is just now, however, something in the circumstances of the time that inclines me to use that word "Unitarianism" more freely, with a view to considering it as an historical fact,—what it has done, and what it has yet to do, and what are its claims to the gratitude and respect of the Christian world. I am the more moved to this, because it seems to be thought by some, outside and inside, that Unitarianism is not just at this moment in its state of highest prosperity, but is rather undergoing a season of adversity. I hear it intimated that there are signs of its decline; that the tide of fashion does not set in its direction in the metropolitan churches. Some say it is dying out at both ends, at top and at bottom; that from one end many are passing off out of reach, into all kinds of ultraism, and at the other as many are slipping away into some of the various folds of orthodoxy; in short, that it is a falling house which the prudent and timid have left or are preparing to leave.

I suppose all this is a mere state of the tide for the hour, the accident of a day, a transient turn that belongs to the variable fortunes of all earthly things. But, if it be a season of apparent adversity with Unitarianism, I, for one, and as one of those who have never blown its trumpet, nor glorified it, nor championed its cause in the days of its prosperity, will at least, now, when many think that the edge of the cloud is over it, hasten to pay it a just tribute of honor and grateful love; to do justice to the purity of its purposes, the magnitude of its achievements, and to consider what the world has even yet to hope from the extension of its principles, and to assume my share of whatever odium may be attached to its name and fortunes. If those who have sunned themselves in its light, and have worn its honors in its palmier days, betray and forsake it in the moment when its visible prosperity is diminished, it is time for outside friends of liberty and truth and right to step forward and do justice to what is great and noble in its principles and indestructible in its influence.

WHITTIER AND UNITARIANISM.

An interesting discussion has been going on in the *Outlook* lately concerning the religious views of John G. Whittier. We have received the following letter from Rev. George W. Cutter of Newport, R.I., giving some interesting testimony on this subject:

While there is so general an interest in Mr. Whittier's religious views, it may not be inappropriate for me to refer to a very pleasant visit which a few friends made to the poet in October, 1891, at his summer home near Danvers. He seemed quite willing to speak to us upon the deeper themes of religion, and freely answered any questions which we were disposed to put. As his words were taken down almost verbatim by one of the party, the report of the conversation is entirely trustworthy. I shall only give that which related to Christ and the dogma of the Trinity:—

"The real claims of Christ are based upon the perfection of his life and character, and not upon his authority. His highest authority is his perfect life. Jesus was no common or ordinary man, but a special and peculiar manifestation of the Divine. There is none equal to Christ. He stands apart from the general order of humanity. Yet his superiority was a difference in degree only, not an essential difference in kind. Christ forever leads us on; but he, like ourselves, is always subject to the Father."

In regard to the Trinity, Mr. Whittier never accepted the dogma as declared in the creeds. His beautiful poem, "Trinitas," written to solve the "dark riddle of Three in One and One in Three," so far from affirming the tri-personality of the God-head, explains it away, and shows us three forms of divine goodness,—the Father, whose equal mercy sends rain and sun upon the evil and the good; the Christ, who, in an innocent woman, stoops to lift and save a fallen sister; and the Holy Spirit, the still, small voice which speaks in every soul. He believed profoundly in the "Eternal Goodness," both in this world and in the life hereafter. He thought that anni-

hilation were better than eternal punishment, and trusted that, at last, all souls would be saved.

To an intimate friend of his, a Hicksite Quaker, he said, "They would call thee and me Unitarians."

Musings.

I HAVE long since put by arithmetic as a useless art, except for school children and professional accountants. When, therefore, I had the curiosity to know how many days, hours, minutes, and seconds Dr. Martineau had lived in the ninety years which were completed last Sunday, I referred the problem to a young school-boy who has not lived one ninth as long. He was at first disposed to disregard the 5 hours 48 minutes and 46 seconds to be added to the 365 days of each year, but I insisted that Dr. Martineau's life was too valuable to have even a single minute or second of it overlooked. They were therefore included in the calculation. The result, I am told, is as follows. In these 90 years he has lived 32,871 days 19 hours and 9 minutes, which is equal to 788,923 hours, or 47,335,389 minutes, or 2,840,123,340 seconds. I suppose that, taking childhood and old age together, 60 beats a minute would be a low enough average for the pulsations of the heart. So that the number of seconds may represent at least as many heart-beats, and probably there have been a good many more in that time. For a pump to keep working so long and so faithfully without breaking down or being laid up for repairs is sufficiently remarkable. I have not verified these figures. If any school boy or girl can prove or disprove them, he is welcome to do so. I asked my young friend how old Dr. Martineau would have been if he had lived in Mars, Mercury, or Venus; but he refused to consider him as belonging to any other planet but ours, and I did not blame him. If, now, somebody wanted to know what use Dr. Martineau had made of all this time, they might count the pages of his printed volumes, or of his unprinted sermons, lectures, and manuscripts, and multiply it by the number of words on a page. They might count the number of words he has spoken, the steps he has taken, the books he has read, the languages he has learned; and the record would be a pretty large one. But that would only be the expressible side and product: there would still be a mysterious, inexpressible combination of elements, making up and exhaling from the personality, not to be computed in words, pen-strokes, or foot-pounds. The power of such a life cannot be expressed in terms of quantity or in mechanical equivalents of energy. There may be some way of measuring soul-force, but the psychometer has not yet been invented; and a life like that of Dr. Martineau is in its radiating force and influence immeasurable.

Brevities.

Much matter now standing in type must be left over until next week. But it is good, and will not spoil by any change of the weather.

The American girl who pays her tribute to Dr. Martineau sailed for England last Saturday, and we doubt if she would find any greater happiness than to make another pilgrimage to the same domestic shrine.

Mr. Chadwick's poem is, a musician might say, a graceful bit of poetic counterpoint. He happily blends two melodious and accordant themes into harmony in his double tribute to Furness and Martineau.

The biographical sketch by Rev. A. W. Jackson gives us an excellent outline of the life of Dr. Martineau. Mr. Jackson has enough matter for a book, which, we trust, will be given to the world before a great while, on this same saint, scholar, and philosopher.

Unitarians have Dr. Martineau in England, Dr. Furness in America, and Rev. Thomas T. Stone among their patriarchs; and Universalists have Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D. He is ninety-one years of age, but preached April 7 in the Church of the Divine Paternity of New York, of which he was pastor sixty-six years ago.

In Mr. Chadwick's sermon last week it should have been seven million Armenians, not Americans, whom Senator Morton of

Alabama wished to see "marching across the Atlantic" to take the place of our seven million deported Africans. We think too kindly of the Armenians to wish to see them engaged in any such perilous adventure. Pharaoh's trouble with the Red Sea should have been a warning to Senator Morton in this matter.

Rev. Stephen H. Camp of Brooklyn writes for the *American Hebrew* "A Christian View of the Jubilee" of the Temple of Emanu-El referred to in our "Editorial Notes." Mr. Camp says: "He cannot be fairly reckoned an outsider whose inward life has been so much refreshed as mine has in that sacred home of prayer. And I make no mistake in saying that it is not my testimony alone. I have always been greatly impressed with the large, fine hospitality of the Temple Emanu-El. Its recognition of the vital questions of the time; its readiness to take up all living problems whose study has to do with the real issues of life; its wise, reverent care of the young; its desire and purpose to promote a wholesome regard for spiritual claims; its tender thought for the aged,—nay, in all possible ways it has proved its right to bear the sacred and greatly cherished name. It has, indeed, been also a very *Bethel* to the hearts ministered unto there, and these not all born in the sacred faith of Israel."

Pro and Con.

A LETTER FROM DR. MARTINEAU.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The following letter from Mr. Martineau on the occasion of Mr. May's recent birthday is so beautiful and fitting that it well deserves a place amid the other memorials of his wonderfully vigorous and sunny old age.

NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

Dear Mr. May,—Old age, like yours and mine, no doubt bedims the foreground of the present; but, with a wonderful inversion of perspective, it brings into startling light the figures of the far-off past. No sooner was I told of your completing this day a term of years within five of my own than the manly and godly young Samuel May who first delighted my heart, I know not how long ago, stood before me, as if I could speak to him and clasp his hand. The fewer we lingering veterans become, the more closely, it seems to me, are we drawn together in thought and affection, the nearness of our time-experience availing more to unite us than the distance of lands to separate. I live in thought more with such contemporaries as you and Furness and Parker and Farley and Dewey and Hedge than with recent pupils of my own (much as I love them and expect from them) who have yet their crowns to win.

But, without prosing on the compensations of declining years, let me join in the chorus of reverence and congratulation which this day will bring you, and assure you that no one can have followed your course of noble conviction through trying times with love and honor more genuine than mine for the blended enthusiasm and graciousness which have left on it the indelible Christian stamp.

Accept the fraternal benediction of one who, a little in advance of you, waits with like trust for the fellowship of souls no longer severed by the bounds of time and space. Meanwhile believe me, with every wish for evening light and peace,

Affectionately yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

To Rev. Samuel May.

London, April 11, 1895.

CHILD LIFE INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

In the article of Gov. Long upon "Child Life Insurance" in your issue of April 18 I notice that he charges you with having made a "misleading statement" when you stated that "few disinterested persons have opposed the bill" to prohibit child insurance; and he first claims that "nearly all the opponents of the bill, and they are legion, are disinterested." He then gives the names of three clergymen, four physicians, with five other names, two of them being of persons not citizens of Massachusetts, and concludes his statement in this way: "city physicians, overseers of the poor, and a multitude more,—an entirely disinterested class."

Who comprise this "multitude" of persons not produced as witnesses and not named, and whether they are really *disinterested*, we cannot know: we can only look at those whom the governor produced as witnesses at the State House. To sup-

port his case, he introduced quite a number of letters,—whether from interested persons or not it was of course impossible to determine; but the majority of those letters were negative in character. He also brought forward twenty-one witnesses who testified. One was the president of the Prudential, one the vice-president of the Metropolitan, and one the medical examiner of the John Hancock,—all three, of course, intensely interested witnesses. Of the remainder of the twenty-one, seven, including three clergymen, were or had been insurance agents or in some way connected with these very insurance companies; and one represented a newspaper which makes a specialty of insurance matters. Thus, out of those twenty-one witnesses, eleven, or more than one-half, could hardly be said to be *disinterested*; and, of the remaining ten witnesses, several testified that they knew but little about child insurance and the very poor districts.

The governor is a fluent speaker; and perhaps he used the words “multitude,” “an entirely disinterested class,” without due consideration. But, under the light of examination, his cloud of *disinterested* witnesses seems to have faded away. The striking list of distinguished citizens of this State which appears on the first page of your last issue, favoring the passage of this bill, stands in marked contrast with the names brought forward by Gov. Long.

Gov. Long then reiterates the statement that the petitioners claim that child insurance results in child murder, and wrongfully says that I based my case from the opening upon the claim of child murder. This has been the cry of the numerous attorneys for the insurance companies throughout the hearings; and it would seem as if they had prepared their defence upon that ground, and could not and dared not meet our true position,—that helpless *living* children were suffering and neglected through the evils of child insurance. That was my contention, and the claim of child murder was disavowed by me again and again throughout the hearings.

But, Mr. Editor, I scarcely know which of Gov. Long’s specious statements next to consider, since the space which you are able to allow me in this issue of your paper is so limited, and since so many of his statements are misleading or erroneous. In 1891 our Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children did not “speak well” of child insurance. The report merely stated that it had found no evidence of intent to commit *child murder* in this State, and Gov. Long’s statement is misleading.

The system has *not* been always “given a larger field in England,” as Gov. Long says. It has been seriously questioned there; and, although the attempts to abolish it have not yet met with success, modified and better methods have already been introduced.

Gov. Long says pauper funerals have diminished; but the overseers of the poor of Somerville, in their last report, state that “funeral expenses are less, as it has become the custom among the poorer classes to insure; but this saving is counterbalanced by the number of applicants for food,” thus directly supporting our contention that paying the insurance premiums causes want of food in the families, and so neglect and cruelty to children.

Gov. Long says that none of the industrially insured appeared to support the bill; but poor Mrs. Coakley, with her fifteen lapsed policies on her five little children, who testified that she had had to stint her children on their bread in order to pay the insurance money,—did *she* not appear!

I am sorry to see these misleading statements coming from Gov. Long, but I more regret the use by him of the words with which he closed his argument. He asked the committee to reject the bill, “not merely as counsel,” but “*as an officer in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children*”! The board of directors of this society, on Feb. 6, 1895, by a formal vote, at a duly called meeting, unanimously voted to favor with counsel the passage of this bill before the legislature. Gov. Long was and is a vice-president of this society. Nevertheless, without first severing his connection with the society, he accepted a retainer from a rich corporation, and led a contest *against* the society. And, *more than that*, he asked the Committee on Insurance to reject the bill, not merely because he was counsel for the insurance com-

panies, but *for the very reason that he was an officer in the charitable society against which he was leading the attack*, which society had duly voted to favor the bill!

This personal argument was an extraordinary one, to say the least; and that Gov. Long should have felt obliged to use it argued that his cause was indeed desperate!

And the Insurance Committee, by a majority vote, promptly so decided, found against the insurance companies, and reported the bill to the legislature.

CHARLES C. READ.

FURNESS AND MARTINEAU.

TO DR. WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS,
Who will be 93 years old on the 20th of April; while his friend, Dr. Martineau, will be 90 on the 21st.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

How beautiful when stars that move
On paths diverse through heaven’s height
Draw nearer each to each until
They shine with interblended light!

Conjunction sweet and fair; but far
More beautiful is that to me
Which close together draws my thought,
Dear friend, of Martineau and thee.

One April day thy birthday marks
With quickening life in flower and field:
The next to his brings daisies bright
As only English meadows yield.

And never pass these April days
But stir, like yearnings of the sod,
A gladsome mood of love and praise
For you, great witnesses for God.

As stars that shine with different light,
Unlike your intellectual ray,
Yet both rejoice the lingering night,
And guide us on our homeward way.

Whatever port of truth or good
We seek with steadfast heart and mind,
Whatever error understood
We leave upon the track behind,

Some brightness from your spirits lends
A gleam to cheer the lonely dark,
Some earnest of your purpose sends
Our spirits nearer to the mark.

Bright heralds of the coming dawn,
A little longer guide us here,
And then, to deeper skies withdrawn,
Send down some word of lofty cheer.

JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D., LL.D.

1805 — 1895.

As announced to our readers in our last issue, the present number of the *Christian Register* is largely devoted to a recognition of the life and work of Dr. James Martineau, who last Sunday, April 21, completed his ninetyeth year. A biographical sketch prepared by Rev. A. W. Jackson, a special student of Dr. Martineau’s works, gives an outline of his personal and professional career, which is followed by a generous expression of appreciation from many admirers, embracing a remarkable list of distinguished names of eminent theologians, scholars, preachers, editors, and literary men.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. A. W. JACKSON.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY HOME.

The ancestry of Dr. Martineau is Huguenot; and he dates his English line from a French refugee, who, driven by the persecutions which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, crossed the Channel and settled in Norwich. Of the fourth generation from him was Thomas Martineau. He settled down in his ancestral city, and engaged in manufacture. The story has gone abroad that he was a wine merchant, but it is untrue. He found a wife in Elizabeth Rankin, a woman of hardy Northumbrian stock, vigorous, affectionate, and capable; and to them, April 21, 1805, the seventh of their eight children, the lion of this tribe of Judah, was born.

Upon the early home life we want to bestow at least a passing glance. In general circumstance there was neither superfluity nor want. The father immersed in business, the management of the family fell mainly on the mother. A mother with eight children may be as a sun in the domestic firmament that shines on all alike; but, though each has all her love, they must of necessity divide her care. And so they must early learn the useful lesson of caring for one another. Thus was it in this household. The general discipline was of

the older and stricter sort, though—Dr. Martineau himself shall testify—“in the process of change to more genial ways that Norwich home was in advance of the average.” The religious discipline was graver than is common in like households now, and we can imagine the compulsory Bible-readings and the severely decorous Sabbaths. Yet that the severity was less than might have been looked for at that date the following anecdote may show. The mother, going to church one evening, left the children at home with direction to read the Bible. On returning, she asked James what he had read; and he answered, “Isaiah.” “Why, you could not have read the whole of Isaiah.” “Yes, mother, I have, skipping the nonsense.” Many of us of later birth took our Bible as it came, and did not dare to skip the nonsense or even find it. Theologically, the family had departed widely from the Calvinistic standard of their Huguenot ancestry. Their church stood for English Presbyterianism, the root whence English Unitarianism has sprung.

EDUCATION.

Of the useful institutions of Norwich is a grammar school, a foundation of the fourteenth century. To this young James was sent as a day scholar from ten to fourteen years of age. The emphasis of the school was upon classical studies, and in these he made rapid progress. He also learned the French language. His most eager interest was in mathematics, the pursuit of which, to any considerable extent, was not allowed him here. The way opened for his transfer to another school, that of Lant Carpenter at Bristol. This was one of the most important periods of his life. Mr. Martineau has never been stingy in recognition of the keepers of his intellect, but to none other has he confessed a debt so large as to his Bristol schoolmaster. Under his stimulus his whole nature was aroused. Two years only were allowed him here. His parents had decided that Apollo should do farm work for Admetus,—in other words, that he should be an engineer; and he was sent to Derby to learn his craft. Fortunately, he fell into incompetent hands, which made him dissatisfied with his work. Fortunately, too, the spell of Lant Carpenter was upon him. At the end of a year he announced his desire to become a minister. Though this announcement was unwelcome to his parents, they were too wise to oppose him; and he was sent to Manchester College, then at York, for his education. Here he studied five years under John Kenrick and Charles Wellbeloved, to whose great service to him he has borne most generous testimony. They were years of the severest application. John Kenrick twice mentions his “intemperate study.”

HIS MINISTRY IN DUBLIN.

In 1827 Mr. Martineau completed his college studies, and was “admitted to preach,” but did not enter immediately upon his work. For a year he took upon himself the labors of his Bristol schoolmaster. At the close of the year he was invited to the Eustace Street Presbyterian Church in Dublin as assistant pastor. The call was a most gratifying one. His ordination, Oct. 26, 1828, was according to Presbyterian usage; and it was as a Presbyterian—of the English, not the Scottish type—that he began his work. At Christmas following his ordination Hellen Higginson, whom he had met at Derby, became his wife. With the aid of a friend he purchased a house in expectation of a long period of work. Anon a baby Hellen came to them, an angel visitant that did not tarry long. Erelong a son, Russell, was born to them, destined to the scholar’s quiet toils and honorable success, now an Orientalist of fame and assistant keeper in the British Museum.

That he entered on his work with enthusiasm goes without saying. He prepared a hymn-book for his church, “Hymns for Christian Worship,” published in 1831. In 1830 he delivered an address on “Peace and Division,” the earliest of his published productions. Though assistant pastor, practically all the pastoral labor devolved upon him; and he successfully discharged it. In the pulpit he had, indeed, no Whitefield popularity; but for the serious and earnest he had the magnetizing word. The freshness of youth was upon his features, the maturity of wisdom was on his lips, the light of genius in his eye.

A difficulty, however, arose between him and his church, which dis severed him from

it after a brief ministry of three years. The senior pastor died; and he, succeeding to his office, found that it meant to him £100 addition to his salary. This was his share of the *Regium Donum*. Inquiring as to this, he found it to be a bounty paid to the Presbyterians of Ireland, and, with various discrimination, to the nonconformists of England generally. At first of the nature of a bribe for their fealty, it had gone on for more than a hundred and fifty years. But here were the Catholics taxed to pay it, taxed to support a ministry which they repudiated. His keen moral sensibilities were troubled by this; and he asked his people to relinquish the bounty, signifying that, if they did not do so, he must cease to be their minister. The contest was earnest, and in the issue Mr. Martineau was defeated by one vote. True to his word, he promptly resigned. Property valuations had declined, and he must part with his house at a large sacrifice. With a burden of debt and a young family and no occupation, he must face the future.

HIS MINISTRY IN LIVERPOOL.

By his attitude toward the *Regium Donum*, Mr. Martineau was disqualified to minister to the Presbyterians of Ireland. Visitors from England, however, had heard him preach. Visitors from Dublin had told in England of the new man that had come. Very soon after giving up his pastorate in Dublin, he was invited to become the colleague of Rev. John Grumby, who was settled over the Paradise Street Chapel in Liverpool. Mr. Charles Wicksteed, writing in 1877, remembered how the pulpit was quietly ascended by a tall young man, thin, but of muscular frame; pale, but not delicate complexion; a countenance full in the repose of thought, and in animation of intelligence and enthusiasm; features belonging to no regular type or order of beauty, yet leaving the impression of a very high kind of beauty; and a voice so sweet and clear and strong, without being in the least loud, that it conveyed all the inspiration of music without any of its art or intention.”

About this time he began to exercise his hand as a reviewer. In 1833 he contributed to the *Monthly Repository* an article on “Joseph Priestley.” In 1834 he printed in the same magazine an article on “Bentham’s Deontology,” a ringing proclamation of the doctrines of necessity and utility. He came into great demand for public occasions,—a speech here, an address there. In 1833 he delivered a course of lectures on chemistry before the Mechanics’ Institute in Liverpool. New domestic experiences were brought him here. In 1833 a daughter, Mary Ellen, was born to him, who now presides over his home. Two years later another son was given, and the next year taken. Three children more were to come to him,—Gertrude, now an artist and a clever writer; Basil, a London solicitor; and Edith, his latest born, also an artist.

In 1837 he published his first original book, “The Rationale of Religious Inquiry,” a thin volume about the size of Emerson’s “Nature,” and, like that, a proclamation of original power. In 1839 an event took place which brought him into a good deal of prominence. It was the Liverpool controversy, whereof the echoes have not wholly died away. Of this controversy it is impossible, save in the most general terms, to tell here. It was precipitated by the appearance in print of a circular invitation “to all who call themselves Unitarians in the town and neighborhood of Liverpool to attend a course of lectures in which the errors of Unitarianism were to be exposed.” The tone of the missive was popish, and it abounded in phrases in which orthodox oppugnancy to Unitarianism was plainly rather than delicately shown. Dr. Martineau had then two fellow laborers in Liverpool,—John Hamilton Thom and Henry Giles. Jointly they met the circular with a challenge to debate, which, after various skirmishing, was accepted; and in the final arrangement the three were pitted against thirteen. The odds seem Thermopylaean. Theological sympathy will incline the reader to one side or the other, independently of any consideration of weight of learning or cogency of argument. But the readers are surely few who will not say that, though the odds were Thermopylaean, the polemic victory was Spartan.

Among the marvellous features of this controversy was the vast labor it implied in

a period so brief. The first lecture was given on the orthodox side, February 6: the last was given by Mr. Martineau on the 7th of May. And between these dates the whole labor must be compressed. Yet the shortest of Mr. Martineau's lectures, if given in full, could fall but little short of three hours in delivery; and one of them would reach four. And these lectures were not crudely thrown together, but thoroughly organized and nobly elaborated and adorned.

In 1840 he did great service to his denomination, and to many others, by publishing a second hymn-book, "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home." This year, however, is marked with peculiar emphasis in his career by his appointment to the chair of mental and moral philosophy in Manchester New College. Here for forty-five years he was to toil at the problems of Plato and Kant. The college was now at Manchester, having just returned from York; and thither he went two days each week for the delivery of his lectures. Occupied with church and college, it is not strange that during the next five years he did little critical labor. In 1841 he printed an essay on "Five Points of Christian Doctrine," an eloquent presentation of his attitude as a Unitarian theologian. In the same year he wrote a letter on Lant Carpenter, published in the memoirs prepared by his son, and one of the fairest tributes a pupil ever bore his master. The year 1843 dates a blessing to many minds,—the publication of the first series of "Endeavors after the Christian Life," a collection of his pulpit discourses. In 1845 he resumed those critical studies by which he was to become so widely known, with elaborate discussion of "Thomas Arnold," "Church and State," "Whewell's Morality," and the next year "Whewell's Systematic Morality" and "Theodore Parker's Discourse." In 1847 appeared the second series of "Endeavors," and so runs on the story.

Under his faithful ministry his congregation had outgrown their place of worship, and so the beautiful Hope Street Church was built. While it was building, he seized upon the opportunity for a period of rest and study in Germany. Here he sat down at the feet of Trendelenburg, the eminent Aristotelian; and the "metaphysic of the world came home" to him. He returned in season to dedicate his new church, and plunged at once into his church and college labors. The critical labors began again. In the next two years he published seven or eight of his more elaborate papers, among them the sadly famous "Mesmeric Atheism."

IN LONDON.

A change came. Manchester New College was moved to London; and, though four hours distant from Liverpool, for four years he kept appointment with it. In 1857 he was invited to come to London, and devote himself entirely to it. Accordingly, he said good-by to his Liverpool flock after twenty-five years of service with them. At this time it is probable that he did not look for further ministerial labor, but it was before him. The year after he went to London the incumbent of the Little Portland Street Chapel died; and he and the principal of the college, John James Tayler, undertook its ministries together. This relation continued till 1869, when Mr. Tayler died. Mr. Martineau, though now with the added cares of principal of the college, toiled on in the pulpit ministries alone till 1872, when, becoming aware that his strength was overtaxed, after forty-two years of preaching he left the pulpit.

The ebbing strength which led him to give up the pulpit did not at once return; and, though he kept at his college tasks, his friends were anxious. The fact was that he was living under a shadow whose chill was deep. At length, in 1877, after a lingering malady, the wife of nearly fifty years dropped at his side. After her death his health returned, and for seven more years he kept appointment with the college. Those seven years brought him to 1885, when the octogenarian felt that it was

"Time to grow old,
To take in sail,"

and, after forty-five years of service, laid down his college burden.

HIS WORK AS A WRITER.

Of his literary labors that have come to us in book form I have mentioned the "Rationale," published in 1837; "Hymns of the Church and Home," published in

1840; the first series of "Endeavors," published in 1843; and the second series, which appeared in 1847. As has been often the case with distinguished English men of letters, he won his first more emphatic recognition in this country. In 1852 Crosby & Nichols of Boston gathered from the English magazines a volume of his essays, under the title of "Miscellanies." In 1858 the American Unitarian Association brought out another and a fuller volume, entitled "Studies of Christianity." In 1866 and 1868 W. V. Spencer of Boston gathered and published two other volumes, under the title of "Essays, Theological and Philosophical." In 1874 he brought out another hymn-book, entitled "Hymns of Praise and Prayer." In 1876 he published the first series of "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," and in 1879 the second series.

It was his frequent custom to open the college year with an address. The opening address of 1874 was notable for itself and for what followed it. The subject was "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism," and he embraced the opportunity to pass in review certain evolutionary doctrines. Prof. Tyndall, no feeble knight, saw opportunity to do battle for the faith, and pitched in. Pitching in may be a holiday diversion; but it involves the melancholy liability of being pitched out, which was the issue in this case. Mr. Martineau's rejoinder, under the title of "Modern Materialism," was a smiling annihilation.

In 1882 came a volume on "Spinoza," embracing the pleasantest account of his life and the toughest analysis of his doctrine. His retirement from the college gave him opportunity to gather up the results of his labors; and that same year the Clarendon Press brought out his "Types of Ethical Theory," in two volumes,—perhaps the most comprehensive discussion of philosophical ethics of the century. Two years later came the two immortal volumes of "The Study of Religion." Here most of us supposed his labors must end; but in 1890 came the tremendous volume, "The Seat of Authority." In 1891-92 he gathered from the English magazines four volumes of his choicest essays, embracing with them the "Miscellanies" and the "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," before mentioned. These were published under the title of "Essays, Reviews, and Addresses." In 1893 came the little volume of "Home Prayers," his "Pax Vobiscum."

HONORS.

Academic honors were tardy, but they came. The first, we rejoice to say, was from America. In 1872 Harvard College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1874 the University at Leyden made him a Doctor of Sacred Theology. Some time later Edinburgh gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Later still Oxford crowned him Doctor of Civil Laws. And there was another honor, something more than academic: on his eighty-third birthday he received a testimonial to his great service as a philosophical and religious teacher, signed by something like seven hundred of the more distinguished scholars and thinkers of Europe and America, without distinction of school or sect. It was such a tribute as, perhaps, none other ever won.

Record of these later years it is not necessary to make. Like all the other years, we may dare to say they have been consecrated to what is noblest and holiest; and we take leave of the nonagenarian, cared for by filial tenderness, looking with smiling heart upon the world he has served, and back upon the vanished rank of children, kinsmen, friends, he doubts not to rejoice.

TRIBUTES TO DR. MARTINEAU.

I.

FROM REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

Please accept my thanks for the invitation to take part in what the *Register* will say pertaining to the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau. But having already, at various times and in various places, given full expression of my estimate of his pre-eminent genius and works, I will avail myself of this opportunity only to say that I do not believe that any living person feels more largely indebted to James Martineau than I do, or cherishes a deeper reverence and admiration for him, or has a more vivid pleasure in the prolongation of his beautiful old age, still bearing such vigorous fruit as his brilliant article in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Foundation of Belief."

II.

FROM REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM, D.D., OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Dr. Martineau has done more than any man during the past fifty years to destroy the materialistic philosophy that rose into new vitality with the rapid development of the physical sciences which marks our era. He has also done work of the highest order in stating and explicating the fundamental principles of religion and ethics. But to myself he has appealed most strongly, perhaps, in his meditative and devotional writings. His "Endeavors after the Christian Life" and "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things" have taken a secure place among the best of those books which peculiarly nourish and strengthen the spiritual life. These books have been of constant service to me since I first knew them. Had Dr. Martineau written no other books than these, he would have accomplished

enough to command the perpetual gratitude of all who would live according to the spirit.

III.

FROM E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Dr. Martineau is, in many respects, one of the phenomena of our age. But in no respect is he more remarkable than in that prophetic endowment of his, while it has enabled him to foresee, amid all the clouds with which socialism has obscured the theological sky, that there was light ahead for the Christian faith. When few other great men dared do so, he told us that the unbelieving bent of thought through which we have been passing for a quarter of a century would be temporary, would give way to an era of strong, healthy conviction as to the reality of a spiritual world and a living God. It must be a great delight to him to see his prophecy fulfilled in the renewed interest in religion now manifest among the leaders of thought in works like Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." How much it would have rejoiced the late President Hill, too, had he lived to read these and similar works!

IV.

FROM REV. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, EDITOR OF THE "INDEPENDENT."

In response to your inquiry of April 13, I would say that I have always been impressed in Dr. Martineau's writings with the golden candor of the man, with his thoroughness in thinking out and presenting a subject, and with the fine balance between his intellectual or philosophical nature and his devotional and ethical nature. It has seemed to me sometimes that he found it difficult to believe in dogmatic statements or in historical facts, where he

V.

FROM MR. H. M. ALDEN, EDITOR OF "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

There are many aspects of his religious thought that appeal to me; but I would read anything from his pen with delight, simply for his vigorous English.

VI.

FROM PROF. BORDEN P. BOWNE OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

I have always found great value in Dr. Martineau's writings, especially in those of a devotional and religious character. Even when I found myself differing from him, I have always recognized the unity of the spirit.

VII.

FROM REV. J. H. MORISON, D.D., BOSTON, MASS.

For almost sixty years I have had a great and increasing admiration and respect for Dr. Martineau,—for the man, and for what he has done.

VIII.

FROM REV. W. H. FURNESS, D.D. PHILADELPHIA, MASS.

I'm one day older than our friend Martineau. April 20 is my birthday. How many years I don't know. Is it two? I hold with Wordsworth: I can't analyze the character of one I love and revere. The sentiments of veneration and love that Dr. Martineau inspire are an all-sufficient warrant of the worth that inspires them. God bless him!

IX.

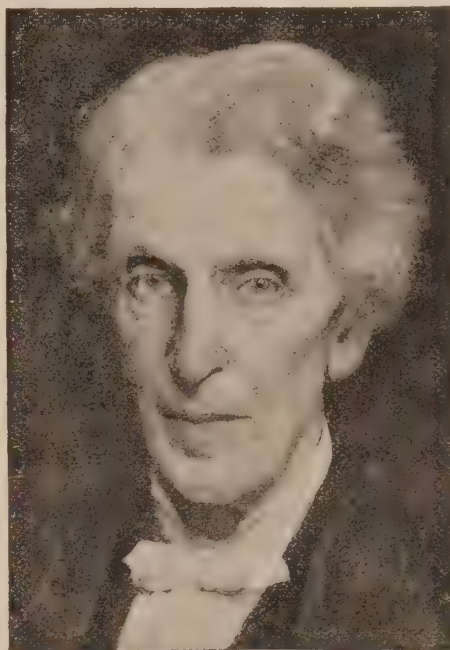
FROM REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

You desire to call attention to the various aspects of Dr. Martineau's character and writings, whether devotional, philosophical, or ethical. It gives me great pleasure to call attention to one aspect of Dr. Martineau's work which may possibly be overlooked by others, but which, I think, is most important of all. Dividing the religious life into four parts, represented by ideas, sentiments, emotions, and action, one might say that Dr. Martineau has been eminent in them all; but it is especially in the second class that I should put his greatest work. Human character in its highest forms is wholly a bundle of sentiments, or, rather, an organism made up of sentiments. There have been many philosophers in the world who have produced great ideas. There have been no philosophers who have been more successful in converting great ideas into noble sentiments than Dr. Martineau. Emotions attend the manifestation of sentiments, and actions proceed from them. He, then, is greatest in the kingdom of heaven who thinks great thoughts, and then transforms them into permanent modes of affection. When, for instance, the idea of reverence, which Dr. Martineau puts first in his system of ethics, is by him transmuted into a sentiment of reverence, all the world takes note of the revelation. One might go through all the sentiments which are found in the highest forms of the saintly character under the law of freedom, such as justice, pity, honor, chastity, etc., and find that Dr. Martineau had been the agent of the transformation by which the appropriate ideas in each case have clothed themselves with the forms of sentiment and life. Saying that, I say that which, from my point of view, is the highest praise.

X.

FROM REV. C. A. BARTOL, D.D.

The ninetieth birthday of Rev. James Martineau brings to us a sense of debt that began early in life, but which no lapse of time can wipe out. He outlives those who should note his career. I bear in mind Andrews Norton who spoke fifty years ago of "Endeavors after the Christian Life" as an attempt to note what other scholars had already clearly described. I remember well Theodore Parker's first essays, which Martineau held as philosophic in form, but not in fact. As the sea is restless, but keeps its place, dissolving the vales and the hills, so the deluge of thought wastes the shores, and remains the same. The



James Martineau

flood of inquiry outlasts the fixtures of opinion, which it lays low and sweeps away. It binds and blesses those who feel that it is held in the same limits that contain every mountain and cape. Our speculations are governed by the same law by which our conclusions are held. If our certainties diminish, our trusts increase: confidence in principles is our certificate of facts.

XI.

FROM REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D.
I am very sorry not to be able to write anything about Dr. Martineau which I should be content to write or you to print. I am not quite in usual vigor, and my hands are over full this week of pressing work. I wish that I could say fairly and sympathetically what I deeply feel about one from whom I have often greatly dissented, but by whom I have been enriched and animated in thought and spirit for many years. But it cannot be done now.

XII.

FROM REV. G. GOTTHEIL, D.D. RABBI OF TEMPLE, EMMANUEL, NEW YORK.
I am not sufficiently acquainted with the writings of Dr. Martineau to be entitled to pass an opinion on them. But as much as I do know of them proves that their author deserves the gratitude of all who love soul liberty and desire pure religion and undefiled to spread in the earth. Whatever his theories may be, they are subservient to the defence of the native rights of the human mind and the uplifting of the highest ideals of a perfect manhood. I heartily congratulate the Unitarian Church in the possession and preservation of so valiant and so gifted a defender of her cause, so indefatigable a pathfinder in the new regions of thought and experience, and so trustworthy a torchbearer as that senior minister of hers has shown himself to be. Of such as James Martineau the Psalmist sang:—
The righteous man shall flourish like a palm-tree,
And lift up its head like the cedar on Lebanon.
Planted in the house of God,
They shall bloom in the courts of the Lord.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and flourishing.

XIII.

FROM PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN, BOSTON UNIVERSITY.
It is highly fitting that the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau should be gratefully remembered on both sides of the Atlantic. It would probably be impossible to name a living Christian teacher who, through so long a period, in so wide a circle, has been recognized and felt as a potent personal force making for high aspiration, clear thinking, scholarly research, generous judgments, ethical aims, catholic tempers, and a lofty spiritual philosophy. How much he has stimulated other makers of the century can never be known to the historian of thought or of poetry or of morals.

XIV.

FROM REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D., PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
The "Endeavors after the Christian Life" was given to me by a very dear friend twenty-six years ago, in my Senior year in college; and it opened my eyes for the first time to the possibilities of the preacher's office. Preaching, to Dr. Martineau, is not primarily instruction, or even persuasion: it is "the lyric expression of the soul." It is not the catholic homily: it is the "personal effusion of conscience and affection." No definition of the preacher's function was ever so just as this. It has brought courage to thousands of humbler men,—men who were conscious that they were incapable of much instructiveness or persuasiveness, but who desired to express their souls; and behind the definition lies always the splendid illustration of it in the unique sermons of Dr. Martineau himself. I am permanently indebted to him for his more academic writings; but, as I look up to his portrait before me now, I must acknowledge myself, as thousands of other men would do, most indebted to him for the lyric expression of his soul. And I gladly join in the reverent and grateful greeting which the recurrence of his birthday permits.

XV.

FROM REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, PASTOR ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.
It is a great privilege to join the *Christian Register* in its celebration of Dr. Martineau's ninetieth birthday. His service to our Unitarian churches is beyond estimate. He is, without a rival, our first theologian, and has maintained our self-respect through two generations of ubiquitous controversy. The extent of his service to universal Christendom it is too early to affirm. But with us, though himself too large for any sectarian limitation, his constructive thought has been as spiritual bone and sinew. We have no preacher who has not read, no scholar who has not mastered him: his eloquence has reached all. But he has been especially the teacher of our teachers, our "pastor pastorum." Our provincial controversies of radical with conservative were superseded in the synthesis of his vast scholarship. His sermons have fed our souls; his criticism has ranged through the whole compass of philosophy; his devout insight has illuminated the heart of many a theological mystery, and left none untouched. Against materialism, in days when it was more formidable than now, he was the protagonist among English writers. Certainly, no English writer, living or dead, has so much fortified idealistic ethics against the so-called English school. As a defender and interpreter of a rational Christianity, he has done a work which, since it forces recognition from every quarter, claims all Unitarians in affectionate discipleship.

τρίς γὰρ δὴ μὴν φασιν ἀνάξασθαι γένε' ἀνδρῶν
ὥς τέ μοι ἀθάνατος ἰνδάλλεται εἰσοράσθαι.
Od. III. 245, 246.

"(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages
shined
Like gods majestic and like gods in
mind.)"
—Pope's Translation.

XVI.

FROM REV. NICHOLAS P. GILMAN, EDITOR OF THE "NEW WORLD."
It would be easy to write at length of such a wonderful man as Dr. Martineau, and just as difficult to avoid panegyric. To avoid it, may one say, in self-defence, that it does not seem to me that he has always done full justice to the scientific movement and the doctrine of evolution, and that, in reading his writings, I have sometimes wished, as the little girl did in a thunderstorm, for "plain rain,"—for words less adorned with metaphor? These are small matters, however, to mention in speaking of one of the greatest intellects the world has known and of books destined to be classic wherever the English tongue is read. In a materialistic age he has stood grandly for the reality and power of the spirit; and his wide-reaching influence will tell more and more mightily in favor of a faith at once reasonable, righteous, and inspiring.

XVII.

FROM PROFESSOR ORELLO CONE OF BUCHTEL COLLEGE, AKRON, OHIO.
Dr. Martineau has placed the present and many succeeding generations under obligations to him as a religious teacher and an expounder of a noble spiritual philosophy. In him we do not separate the philosopher from the Christian, and underlying the inspiring discourses of the "Endeavors after the Christian Life" we discern the principles of the "Study of Religion" and of the "Types of Ethical Theory." A theologian of the noblest type, he combines with a keen dialectic a tender and worshipful reverence. His criticism of materialistic hypothesis constitutes a contribution to the solution of the gravest problems, which is equalled in importance only by his masterly exposition of the idiosyncratic ethics. His great work on "The Seat of Authority in Religion" has, besides other conspicuous merits, that of showing how a full acceptance and a facile handling of the results of the critical school are compatible with an unshaken faith in the essential religious verities and a devout appreciation of Jesus of Nazareth. The wisdom and inspiration which his writings supply are communicated to us through the medium of a style whose grace and charm delight the reader and leave a deposit of pleasant memories.
I am glad of the opportunity to join, on

this anniversary, with the thousands of admiring pupils upon two continents in greetings to my great and revered teacher.

XVIII.

FROM REV. H. W. THOMAS, D.D., CHICAGO, ILL.
The growth of religious ideas must be reckoned not only by years, but by centuries. Through these the same ideas may be found moving along, sometimes separately, sometimes in groups. The evolution may be gentle, orderly, transitional, cumulative, spasmodic, and sometimes climactic. For the first time in history reason and religion met face to face in the eighteenth century. It was a revolt from the theology of the seventeenth, and naturally bordered upon the extreme in some directions; and from this there came the reaction of the more patient and thorough thinking of the nineteenth century. The reformation of the sixteenth century was one of forms. It dealt largely with external abuses. The reformation of the nineteenth century is strictly one of thought, of theology, dealing with the rational and moral side of religion. Hence it has been transitional rather than revolutionary. And it is in this period that the long and thoughtful years of Dr. Martineau have been lived. There always arises in such a time much literature that can be only transient. It deals only with some passing phase of thought, and is soon forgotten. The critical scholarship, the patient toil, and the intuitively spiritual life of Dr. Martineau give to his writing a permanent value. He puts all great subjects in the light of their surroundings, views them from all sides, and aims to estimate their place and value, not as a partisan, but in the interest of universal truth and universal religion. He is both philosopher and theologian, and has done more to place the great religious questions of our time in their true light than almost any other author. To mention only one of his great works, "The Seat of Authority in Religion": in that work alone he has laid foundations upon which religion may build for centuries to come, and for the reason that he places the seat of authority in the rational and moral consciousness of mankind, and not in the authority and decisions of church councils in the past. That is to say, he takes truth for authority, and not authority for truth,—rests the great truths of religion in the living consciousness of each age, and hence makes possible their larger growth with the growth of the ages.
Dr. Martineau is too great a man to think and write simply in the interest of a sect or a party. He thinks and lives in the universal, and hence has sought to ground universal religion in the universal consciousness.

XIX.

FROM REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D., PASTOR OF OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.
I deem it a privilege to be allowed to bear my testimony to the vast debt of gratitude due James Martineau from the English-speaking world for great services and a great character. It would be difficult to name a better British representative of the nobler intellectual movements of our century. The history of his mind given in prefaces and introductions to his later works, in the beautiful illuminating confidence of old age, is of the deepest interest. He has travelled through the whole course of English speculation, served successive terms of apprenticeship under all the greater masters of sensationalism, grown as he studied, and, finally, transcending his teachers, he has come to stand for a thought which, until his appearance, is almost entirely wanting in the philosophical thinking of Great Britain. Individualism has been the strength and the weakness of English speculation, and in this style of thought Martineau was nourished; and yet he came to feel that he could not live unless he could get an intellectual diet of a different kind. Here is the source of the great influence he has had as a philosophical critic. He understood what the British mind had done; and he was able, having followed the hunger of his heart into other fields, to show what it had not done and, on its traditional principles, could not do.
The range of his intellectual activity has been very wide. He has kept company with the century, entered into all its greater

movements, and been able to look round them and estimate their power, actual and prophetic, with singular penetration. His devotional and homiletical writings are full of life and beauty. His theological reviews disclose a rare gift for transcending his own thought, and for the appreciation of alien forms of belief. His philosophical essays, which form an introduction to his later and more systematic work, are models of noble exposition and acute criticism. But the work which I think his best, and which, I believe, shows all sides of the man as no other single production does, is his "Types of Ethical Theory." For the genius of Martineau is profoundly, surpassingly ethical. His mind is more original here than anywhere else. And in this great work on ethics his magnificent gift of exposition and criticism appears at its very best.

These two distinctions stand out supreme in my thought of Dr. Martineau,—his superb ethical insight and his great critical power. In the latter merit he is the forerunner of the critical movement which had Thomas Hill Green for its strongest representative. Due philosophical honor is not done Dr. Martineau unless his services to higher forms of thought, rendered before the advent of the thinkers to whom I have referred, are clearly remembered. His is a mind to be admired, a character to be revered, a life for whose richness, range, and power all believers in God may well give thanks.

XX.

FROM REV. M. J. SAVAGE, BOSTON, MASS.
Admiring and reverencing Martineau as I do for his character and his work in many ways, the one thing that, perhaps, has impressed me most is the rare fact that he has always been young, always open to new and higher visions of truth. This feeling I have put into a sonnet.
While his wondrous youth lasts, I hope he may stay with us. It would hurt me to see any signs of age. When he grows tired, let him renew his youth in the lands to which all of us go.
I wish him all the honor and happiness and love which he has earned: no one could wish him more.

TO MARTINEAU.

I have seen many old who yet were young;
As thy compatriot, Gladstone, past fourscore,
Who, lord of many fields, still thirsts for more,
And, just for play, will master some new tongue;
As Furness, whose fine brain is still fine strung
For all high thoughts to play on. But thy youth,
Thy still fresh eagerness for all fresh truth,
Marks thee most youthful, youthful souls among!
Most mariners at first scorn fear or ease,
At fifty take in sail and hug the land,
Then steer for some snug harbor in old age;
But thou, in quest of truth, dost sail all seas,
In quest of truth dost coast the farthest strand,
Eternal seeker still, though reverend sage!

XXI.

FROM REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING, BOSTON MASS.
Ever since I began to study theology Dr. Martineau has been a strengthener of my faith and a helper of my religious joy. I count it among the "memorabilia" of my life to have heard him in his London pulpit and to have met him in his home.
Apart from the invaluable service which he has rendered to the cause of rational Christianity by his philosophical writings, his published discourses furnish rich nutriment for the meditative spirit,—a spirit which is still among the great needs of our modern life.

XXII.

FROM REV. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS, RANDOLPH, MASS.
I gladly avail myself of the privilege you offer of sending greetings to Dr. Martineau. In 1865 I had the pleasure of visiting him at his home and of expressing to him personally something of my indebtedness. But I have not since communicated with him, although the years have multiplied a thousand-fold my sense of spiritual obligation. No writer of this century has done so much for me as Dr. Martineau. His writings have been to me a constant source of inspiration. I have loved to wander through the green pastures of his ever-fresh meditations on "Sacred Things" and by the still waters of his clear and deep insights into spiritual truth, and I wish he would give the world more of his "Hours of Thought." He little knows the boundlessness of the debt we already owe him, yet I hope he will be inclined to make it greater.

XXIII.

FROM PROF. GEORGE HARRIS, ANDOVER
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

"Types of Ethical Theory" I regard as Dr. Martineau's most valuable work. It excels in criticism and in construction. Its literary form gives a charm to the most abstruse reasoning. A chastened imagination lights up every page. The thought always glows. Modesty, candor, and conviction are perfectly mingled. Two or three sentences in the preface which admit the reader into the author's confidence might well be made the motto of every teacher and writer: "I have always been a teacher. I have not ceased to be a learner. In the one capacity I must tell the little I know, in the other I must strive after some glimpse of the immeasurable light beyond. I cannot rest contentedly on the past: I cannot take a step toward the future without its support."

XXIV.

AT NINETY YEARS.
BY PROF. H. H. BARBER, MEADVILLE
THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
1805-1895.

Far on in late descending evening light,
The sunny summits of great work behind,
Before, the purpling shadows of still night
And arching heavens with holy stars bedight,
He stands, the tireless pilgrim of the mind,
Searcher serene of spirit depth and height,—
Merlin and Galahad in the stainless fight
For faith unshamed and freedom unconfin'd.
Warrior and seer and scholar all in one,
Thy crystal thought, in splendid phrase enshrined,
Leads where truth's pilgrims still rejoicing go,
Lifts still the lives in which high tasks are done,
And crowns thee victor at life's setting sun,
Master in things divine of them that know!

XXV.

FROM MR. EDWIN D. MEAD, EDITOR OF
THE "NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE."

His service for a sound philosophy in our time has been something inestimable. He has been the one man in England whose vision and argument have been consistently clear and great and adequate during this half-century of tumultuous thought.

XXVI.

FROM REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., EDITOR
OF THE "OUTLOOK."

Other engagements make it impossible for me to do more than contribute a sentence or two of personal affection and esteem to the tributes you are gathering to one of the greatest apostles of spiritual Christianity in our century. I gladly acknowledge my personal indebtedness to him. I believe that all his works are in my library. As a seer, whose intellectual philosophy is the product of his own spiritual experience, the century has produced no superior to James Martineau. Even his defects are the products of his virtues. If he recognizes too little the importance and the authority of historical Christianity, it is because his own vision of present and spiritual Christianity is so clear and so certain. If as an author he lacks in suggestiveness, it is because his literary ideals are so high and his literary finish so exquisite that he leaves nothing unsaid and nothing unthought of for his reader to say or to think. He is at once a reaction against and a counterpoise to the materialistic and sensational philosophy which he has done so much to counteract; but, though he is so splendid an idealist, he never runs into the wild vagaries of a certain school of modern idealism. Intellectual sympathy with James Martineau is equally efficacious as an antidote for the sensationalism of Mill and Huxley on the one hand and for the unbalanced and unphilosophical idealism of the Christian Scientists on the other. And those of us who have had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Martineau know that his soul is as crystalline as his style, and that the beauty of his English is a true reflection of the spiritual beauty of the man.

XXVII.

FROM REV. EDWARD E. HALE, D.D.

The recurrence of our dear friend's birthday recalls to me the first time when I ever saw him. It was in the autumn of 1850, and I was in London for the first time. Of course, the first wish of my heart was that I might see him and hear him; and, after the struggle which most American Unitarians in England have experienced to make out the intricacies of Little Portland Place, I found myself happily in what we call

a church and what they call a chapel. The service began; and you may fancy my disappointment when I saw a tall, handsome, may I say even elegant young man enter the pulpit, and when I heard him begin the service. I looked vainly for some older brother who might be the preacher of the day, while this young gentleman, whom I fancied a divinity student, was conducting the opening service. As the service went forward, however, I was well pleased that it was such a young man who had been providentially sent to conduct it on that morning. When we came to the sermon, and the young man himself announced the text, I resigned myself to my misfortune; but it did not require ten words of the master to show me what a blunder I had made from the beginning. For this fresh, ready—may I say again elegant?—young speaker was the sage himself!

Judging from the almanac, and calculating back from the birthday to-morrow, James Martineau must have been at that time fifty-four years old. He gave no such impression of his age then, any more than he gives such an impression of his age to-day. Somehow, he was born to perpetual youth. And I find that to-day I read what he is willing to write to-day, or to say, with that same impression that he is looking upon the realities of the infinite universe with the freshness and gladness and sincerity of young life.

We love and honor and venerate him to-day. But I am inclined to think that at the end of another century careful students of the real life of England and America will express their gratitude for the work which he has done in enlivening the English-speaking nations with an enthusiasm quite as eager as ours of to-day.

XXVIII.

FROM REV. JAMES T. BIXBY, LL.D.,
YONKERS, NEW YORK.

When I saw Dr. Martineau in London ten years ago, it seemed impossible to believe that he was already eighty, so erect was his figure and so alert his movements, while his hair was but iron-gray, and his conversation as vivacious as that of a young man. He seemed to have realized that gift of the soul which he presents so beautifully in one of his sermons,—the emancipation of the spirit that lives in the eternal things from the touch of earthly decay. Of all the great writers of this century, there is none to whom I feel such a personal indebtedness for the growth and elevation of my thought and the inspiration of my religious nature. Looking back at the trend of modern thought in the last forty years, since Darwin's epoch-making "Origin of Species" set all the dovescotes of piety a-flutter, the two prominent features in it have been the steady growth and recognition in the domain of religion of the ideas of law, order, and rational instrumentalities, as the stated methods of divine activity; and, conversely, in the field of science, a corresponding recognition of causes that transcend effects, of undecomposable Life behind all material mechanisms, of pervading intelligence dwelling in all nature's law and methods, of spiritual correlates and infinite realities inseparable from and arching over every phenomenal surface. In this reciprocal rationalizing of theology and spiritualizing of nature, which has made such remarkable progress in the last forty years, there is no single thinker who has made such notable and priceless contributions as James Martineau; and the coming historian who shall estimate the weight and rôle of the great names of modern times will gratefully recognize him as the Plato of the nineteenth century.

XXIX.

FROM REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Others will speak of Dr. Martineau's place among the great religious teachers of the world. Others will state, as I cannot, his place in the philosophic world. I am glad of the opportunity to speak my personal debt of gratitude to the man who has done so much for me in the way of reconciling the progressive with the appreciative attitude of soul. He is pre-eminently the reverent radical. He has been an *in*-rooter, and not an *up*-rooter. Two characteristics push themselves to the front as I think of James Martineau,—one, the splendid way in which he has revised his own thought, reconstructed his own philosophy. He

seems to have been able to set aside the law which besets most minds. He has never reached a mental climax. His last book has always been the most advanced. He has succeeded in keeping himself ever in the lead. He is still with the young men, sixty years further ahead in thought than he was at the age of thirty. The other most striking characteristic, it seems to me, lies in the power to discriminate between the controversies of theology and the harmonies of religions. He has realized that thought, even the most profound, is not co-existent with religion, and cannot be used as a measure of the same. So the word "Unitarian" has been big enough to represent his thought. It has enlisted his scholarship, but it has not measured his religious sympathies and fellowship. He never would consent to have his religious sympathies, or even his dream of religious organization and practical co-operation, rimmed by a word, even though the word be the chosen word of his own thought. This prophet of universal religion has taught many of us to grope for an organization that will be hospitable to the universalities in all religions. Hence his sure place among the prophets.

XXX.

FROM REV. W. C. GANNETT, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

I have no contribution—would I had!—for your *Register* of honor to Martineau, unless I may simply call attention to a little Martineau anthology prepared some years ago by C. G. Howland of Lawrence, Kan. I suspect it is the best, if not the only selection of great passages yet made from Martineau. The very cheapness of its form, perhaps, has tended to keep it in obscurity; for it is published simply as a tract in the "Unity Mission" series of Chicago (175 Dearborn Street), and costs but 5 cents; for ten copies, only half that rate. Yet the six-and-twenty pages contain as much as many a publisher would put into a book of thrice that number of pages and ten times the price. The extracts are not sentences, but short passages, good for the "Daily Strength" reading,—many of them good for pulpit readings. They are gleaned, not from the critical or the purely philosophical writings of Martineau, but mainly from his books of religious thought and endeavor. The preparation was a labor of careful and devoted love on Mr. Howland's part; and the little work, so great in contents and so well put together, certainly deserves to find love.

XXXI.

TO JAMES MARTINEAU.

BY REV. W. H. PIERSON.

Beloved and saintly man of ninety years,
In thee the century's fairest bloom is seen;
In thee a life akin to Christ appears,—
High aims, clear thought, and virtue's holy mien.
Somerville, Mass.

XXXII.

DR. MARTINEAU IN HIS SUMMER HOME:
AN AMERICAN GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

"See Dr. Martineau rather than the queen," wrote my mother. So I was delighted when my letter of introduction reached him, and he replied with a most cordial invitation to spend a day with him in his Highland cottage. Aviemore is in a wild, romantic, and beautiful nook among the hills, several hours from Inverness. No wonder that the philosopher loves his summer home so devotedly, and likes to entertain his friends there rather than in the city.

Although the morning was showery, Dr. Martineau himself met the train, with his son and daughter-in-law. His beautiful face, with the heavy crown of white hair, impressed me greatly, as I saw him sitting in the carriage. And what a welcome he gave me! A princess could not have been received with sweeter cordiality. The drive to the cottage was beautiful. The rain had stopped, and the sun shone through the Scotch clouds. I sat on the back seat of the beach-wagon with the good Doctor, who entertained me with quaint anecdotes of the countryside, showed me how the river had risen, told me about the young laird's trees that can never be cut down, and pointed out the places he loved best.

A little cottage on a hilltop, with roses and vines and posy-beds about it, was our charming destination. Dr. Martineau's daughters welcomed me with great cordiality. The rooms were simple and tiny, but

artistic, comfortable, and, above all, homelike. While we lunched in the quaint dining-room, Dr. Martineau, who did not eat at that hour, sat at the open window, and chatted with us. He had many questions to ask about his friends in America, and about my own plans as an American girl. It delighted him to know that my profession was chosen. He seemed to think American girls pretty sensible.

After lunch we went all over the house. If the study had belonged to any one else, I should have thought it had been put in order for the occasion, for never was a room more immaculate: every book, every paper, and magazine on the table kept its own precise angle. The desk looked as if it had never been used, and yet Dr. Martineau had been writing all the morning; and his daughters assured me that nothing was ever even momentarily out of order. I wondered at his admitting an American whirlwind to this sanctum; but he seemed to enjoy it, and talked with pleasure about the pictures, most of which were painted by his daughters, and were sketches of their favorite haunts in the hills. He took great pride in the beautiful wood-carving with which the house was decorated, which was also his daughters' work. It is an ideally quiet, happy home, and a devoted family. They nearly worship the father. And how could they help it?

When the carriage came to the door, Miss Martineau walked with us through the pretty garden; and we gathered flowers still wet with the rain. At the bend of the road we looked back; and there in the open doorway, with the vines about him, stood Dr. Martineau, smiling farewell.

XXXIII.

FROM REV. JOHN CUCKSON, PASTOR OF
ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

It is not often that any man is permitted to win a reputation for learning, philosophic depth, and keen spiritual insight quite early in life, and to hold that reputation not only unimpaired and unsullied, but increasingly augmented, for more than half a century. That distinction belongs to the venerable Dr. Martineau.

In the beginning of his active ministry in Liverpool he shared with his lifelong friends and coadjutors, Revs. J. J. Tayler, J. H. Thom, and Charles Wicksteed, the honor of advancing the cause of free learning in theology; and he was counted among the forces to be reckoned with in the field of religious thought. He carried the promise of greatness in his early manhood. Before me, as I write, is a rare steel engraving of the man of forty-five or thereabout, given to me by his old friend, Henry Arthur Bright, and which I value as one of my choicest treasures. It bears on every feature the traces of latent power and refinement, and betrays even in its cold lines the intellectual beauty which his gifted sister recognized and appreciated with becoming pride. He was then known as the prophet of a more spiritual Christianity in the group of English churches bearing the Unitarian name,—a type of religious thought as distinct from the arid materialism of Price and Belsham and Priestley as from the dogmatic evangelicalism of the older schools of theology. He was also a preacher of surpassing power and grace. His forcible message, clothed in the richest imagery of seer and poet, was eagerly listened to, not by a curious crowd, but by a select company of the cultured disciples of the rising faith, many of whom were destined to carry the teachings of their minister into the arena of public life. The two small volumes of "Endeavors after the Christian Life," so remarkable for their prophetic clearness and poetic beauty of expression, became the text-books of faith and piety in all the churches, and particularly among candidates for the Christian ministry. They were the almost daily companions of the devout, the comfort and strength and yet at the same time the despair of the clerical neophyte of every denomination.

Later on, when he became principal of Manchester New College in London, a position for which his genius and learning especially fitted him, his career broadened and he entered upon the noblest work of his life,—a work for which thousands have risen up to call him blessed. How well I remember the profound reverence felt for him thirty years ago, and with what envy I looked upon the men who were permitted daily to sit at his feet, while nothing was

left for me but to borrow verbatim reports of his lectures in manuscript volumes, and select almost by unaided instinct his characteristic articles in the *Westminster, National, Prospective*, and other reviews! Many a time did I finish my college work early in the evening, that I might sit through the greater part of the night reading, with an interest no other books could create at that moment, his masterly handling of the scepticisms of the day. Many young men, like myself, were almost swept from their feet by the rising tide of what at its best was agnosticism, and at its worst atheism. We were driven hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, and were glad to get hold of a sturdy pilot to help us into some secure haven. Like young athletes, we grappled with the biggest things we could find, such as Buckle's "History of Civilization," Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics," Mill's "Logic," Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought," Martineau and Atkinson's "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," Spencer's "First Principles," Tyndall's Lectures, and Huxley's Addresses; and it was not surprising that we often found ourselves thrown in the conflicts of faith. Still, we had abandoned traditional authority in religion; and, perplexed as we were for the moment, we were bound to find safe anchorage somewhere or suffer an eclipse of faith. It was at this crisis in our mental history that Dr. Martineau came to our aid. He won our absolute confidence. We trusted his learning, his mental grasp of difficulties excited our wonder, his reverent piety captivated our hearts; and, no sooner did some striking book appear that gave us cause for alarm, than we wondered when and how the redoubtable champion of our faith was going to deal with it. We had not to wait long. The battle of the giants soon commenced, and no Harvard or Yale Freshman watched with intenser eagerness the struggles of his Alma Mater on the field at Springfield or on the Thames at New London than did we the strokes and counter-strokes of our invincible hero. Again and again have I gone over those old battle-fields of faith in later years, but never with the same keen zest as when I felt that the combatants were fighting for the citadel of truth, and knew that not a little of what was most precious to myself hung trembling upon the issue.

"Wisdom reserves its calm applause
For victors in the worthier fight,
The struggle for the better light,
The higher aim, the larger cause."

So much for the conflicts of faith in which Dr. Martineau came off victorious. What shall I say of the wonderful results of later years? The positions won in manhood's prime have been fortified and entrenched and buttressed in old age, and rendered in all important respects impregnable. The volumes of an octogenarian—"Types of Ethical Theory," "A Study of Religion," and "The Seat of Authority in Religion"—give evidence of an eye undimmed and of a natural strength unabated. How poor and profitless even many a fruitful life appears by the side of this veteran of whom we are all so proud! It is impossible to count up the volumes of his books without thinking of the arduous and persistent labor which has gone into them, the painstaking and profound research, the years of wrestling with problems which yielded to his patient questioning, and, more than all, the rigid self-discipline which has put the grace of the saint into the genius of the philosopher. "It was," says Dr. Martineau—and I am sure he will forgive me for quoting so much from a letter written to me in 1885—"a kind of necessity with me, under favor or disfavor, to bear witness to what affects me as a divine order of the world, and the secret of all that is sacred and hopeful in human life. And, if only in a few responding minds the volumes help to awaken or sustain the higher faiths for revival when the wave of materialism and pessimism shall be overpast, they will fulfil my utmost wish. . . . I often fear, however, that I have presumed too long on the gentle treatment which I have received at the hands of old age, and that I must expect the slackened pace of my remaining diligence to cease before I reach the contemplated goal. It matters not! Life itself is but a fragment; and why should one insist on rounding off its work?" Much to our delight and satisfaction, the fear of

ten years ago proved groundless: the work of a laborious life has been rounded off most beautifully, the last finishing touches of a noble old age have been given to the brave projects of maturity, and the most valiant defender of the faith in this century may console and comfort himself at ninety with the love and gratitude of thousands, who feel that

"Time is champion of Truth,
And love of Truth has firm upborne
This fighter 'gainst the doubt and scorn
Of callous age, of cynic youth.

"And time, sure-footed Nemesis
Of fear and falsehood and unfaith,
Has left Truth's witness free from scathe
Of hatred's howl or envy's hiss.

"And he stands Victor! That is naught
To one who looks beyond the day,
Nor cares to join the blatant bray
Of triumph o'er the foes he fought."

XXXIV.

FROM REV. THOMAS R. SLICER, MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, BUFFALO, N.Y.

The debt which the students of religion owe to Dr. Martineau has much in all cases in common; but to myself the earliest acquaintance with his mind brought a distinct contribution, which made all my life different, as the first sweet breath of spring to-day is not the summer, but the summer's herald. I was fulfilling, as best I could, between the incentives of zeal and the limitations of inexperience, the duties of a young itinerant preacher in the country circuit of my second year in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Maryland, when a friend whose horizon was wider than my own sent me "Endeavors after the Christian Life," by James Martineau. The book had been first read and marked by my friend, and was received by myself with the trust, which makes friendship life's holy communion.

I read it, at first held by the exquisite charm of expression, then thrilled by its call to the deep places of the heart. Then my surprise grew with the discovery that for the first time in my life I was face to face with *religion without dogma*. I had seen in my own home my father and mother religious in the deepest and most natural way; but my mother was religious without expression, and my father had impressed me with the robustness and naturalness of his religious common sense. But even in this sweetest home atmosphere, and in the profound religious earnestness of that Baltimore type of Methodism, it was always *the Methodism* which seemed to me to have been inspired of God, provided by heaven, and set up in the earth particularly for the benefit of the Baltimore people. For it is a curious fact that at that time, now remote nearly thirty years, the old Baltimore families were, for the most part, either Roman Catholic or Methodist. There was the primacy of the Catholic Church in America and the mother church of Methodism. So that I had always supposed religion must be expressed in terms of belief according to the church of my childhood; and, when I encountered in this volume of Martineau religion without dogma,—religion as an experience of the human spirit, in which the soul and its Father, God, were shut up together, and were alone without loneliness,—it was in the nature of a spiritual discovery. And I remember taking the book out into the family circle where I made my home,—a family very sincere and devout,—and saying, "Hear this," "and this," reading passage after passage, as from a newly discovered scripture of some prophet left out of the Bible by mistake. I am confident that those luminous pages had much to do with lighting my path when, a few years later, I discovered that my whole doctrinal training had been by traditions which could not be verified either by church history or the uncorrupted teaching of Jesus Christ. It would have been a dark world to me in those bitter days if I had not found one man, and been by him led to others, to whom it was true "that the souls of the sons of God are greater than their business; . . . for he hath not put us in this world so much to do a certain work as to be a certain thing!"

I told Dr. Martineau this, and some other phases of that acquaintance with his seer-like spirit, when in later years I had the honor of correspondence with him, and as, in 1876, I made my, to me, eventful pilgrimage to his home in London, to see

face to face the man who has always seemed to me to vindicate the claim that the test of a religion is whether it makes scriptures which are inspired because they inspire.

I am profoundly indebted to my knowledge of this teacher of religion,—more indebted than this brief record of its beginning can convey. He seems to me to know the facts of experience which lie at the foundations of personal religion, and to convey them in terms as lofty in their expression as they are deep in their inspiration. Feeling this, I have used "The Seat of Authority in Religion" with a study class, with the most marked results as to spiritual illumination in the students. I have heard an advanced class in one of our universities discuss with absorbing interest his "Study of Religion." Dr. Martineau has been the teacher of the teachers, and I beg to pay this insufficient tribute to the guidance which my ministry has had at his hand.

XXXV.

FROM REV. FRANK L. PHALEN, OF SECOND
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD, N.H.

Among my most precious treasures is a letter from Dr. Martineau, which he wrote me in 1889. There is one paragraph in it which I love to recall on his ninetieth birthday. It is this: "It is a very simple thing to report one's own experience and place it at disposal for one's companions and successors. It is all that I can do; and no greater blessing can crown the closing years of this life than the consoling discovery that, in spite of grievous shortcomings, one's work has not been altogether in vain."

Dr. Martineau has been of greater help to me in the intellectual and spiritual life than any other philosopher, ancient or modern.

XXXVI.

FROM REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, BOSTON,
MASS.

Nothing could be in better taste and justice than to commemorate this event. The preachers and leaders of a high and helpful faith are indebted to Dr. Martineau for inspiration and guidance through this nineteenth century. He has stood faithfully for certain great tendencies in our profession constantly in danger of injury,—tendencies essential in every way to the success of our work, and requiring loyal guardianship. For this special service to the clerical ranks I would offer my tribute, not failing, however, to remember in how many other channels he has served his day and generation. If there is space, my points can well be enforced by brief quotations.

1. Dr. Martineau has continually enforced the truth of evolution in the individual and the community in a high spiritual interpretation. This is a key-note: "Those to whom life is a succession of particular businesses, however intelligent, energetic, conscientious, must rank in the scale of human excellence below those to whom life is rather the flow of one spirit."

2. Our leader has also undeviatingly proclaimed the fulfilling character of religion with science. One sentence sums up his attitude in philosophy and preaching: "What science calls the uniformity of nature, faith accepts as the fidelity of God."

3. Dr. Martineau, in sermons and essays, has never failed to emphasize the value and superior rank of human nature amidst the marvellous array of laws and forces. He has said: "He to whom space is the seed-plot of stars has in the human soul a tillage more lustrous in the sowing and more enduring than fruits. When he flings a handful of moral endowments into the furrows of our nature, he never withholds the mellowing winds and dews."

4. Both in youth and now in advanced age he has been progressive, assimilating in his view of life suggestions from all sources. It is from him that we obtain the following expressive utterance: "It is an old problem to determine characters which most clearly distinguish man from the other tribes which share with him the occupancy of this world. I will venture to add one to the many answers it has received: *he can tell what o'clock it is.*"

5. Another guiding principle has been illustrated in him with conspicuous force,—the constant need of clothing philosophy, pure and simple, with the living personality of rational Christianity. This is well

expressed as follows: "When philosophy gives an account of the human soul, it can find only constitutional propensities and voluntary acquisitions. When we interrogate Christianity, we are told, besides, of communicated sanctities."

Dr. Martineau has often been called, and truly so, "a preacher to preachers." What we owe to him in this respect cannot be fully told. I gladly offer him my personal, thankful acknowledgment for the refining and spiritualizing influence which his thought and example have bestowed upon me.

XXXVII.

FROM REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D., OF
ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

There is no time now, on a Saturday, to do more than simply say how profound is my own personal indebtedness to this Nestor of theology for the strengthening of my faith in days when doubt has darkened the horizon, for the broadening of my outlook on the great problems of religion, and for the quickening of the spiritual life within me through long years in which I have turned to him for deep inspirations. In this last service I have found his sermons of inestimable value. Above any others known to me, they lift my soul in that worship which he rightly regards the supreme fruition of every true sermon. Surely, his last days on earth are attended by "troops of friends" who in spirit wait in reverence upon him.

XXXVIII.

FROM REV. FREDERICK B. MOTT, EDITOR
OF THE "UNITARIAN."

We join in the heartiest birthday greeting to Dr. Martineau, who has given us the formula of a philosophy that satisfies our faith; who has shown us that, with an infinite Ally, the battle of righteousness can never lose hope; who has quickened for us the deep and passionate emotion of religious enthusiasm; who has initiated us into our divine personal relationship with the living God, and made us understand that the seat of authority is in that conscious union.

On this his ninetieth birthday we rejoice that he still remains to us, "transfigured with the light flashing from the contact of two worlds."

XXXIX.

FROM REV. SAMUEL C. BEANE, FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF NEWBURYPORT,
MASS.

The birthday of Dr. Martineau is a happy occasion for acknowledging my cumulative and incalculable debt to him, beginning with the early days of theological study, when "Endeavors after the Christian Life" opened to me insights and outlooks of which, under my Calvinistic training, I had never dreamed, and increasing with the reading and rereading of every book which he has written. During my thirty years in the ministry he has been my constant teacher and strengthener and light-bringer.

No man in this century—and it is no disparagement of Channing or Parker or Emerson or Francis Newman or the poets to say this—has done so much as Dr. Martineau to enable young men to trust their spiritual natures, and to found their convictions on the word of God in man and in the spiritual progress of the race under divine Providence. Surely, no one in our day has contributed so valuably to a philosophy of faith which shall convert the moods and impulses and speculations of religion into a stable and tranquil power! From the growing interest in his writings in nearly all directions, we may well believe that his influence, at ninety years, is in its early beginning.

XL.

FROM REV. E. L. REXFORD, PASTOR OF THE
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

There is to me a grateful pleasure in writing an appreciative word of a man to whom I owe so much as I do to James Martineau. He gave me my first real insight into the great meanings of religion, as Max Müller gave me my first vision of its wide expanse. These two men together must create the noble sense of the depth and subtlety and the expansive quality of religion. Dr. Martineau, in his "Endeavors after the Christian Life," led me to the inexhaustible fountains of religion; and it was such an enchantment to linger in those regions,

where everything in nature and life seemed ordained to holy purposes! Religion as interpreted by him seemed the one supreme fascination of existence. I have always felt a deep and permanent obligation to him; and I have often said, in reading his pages, that, if we would rid the world of a flippant and mocking scepticism, let us induce it to do some noble thinking, and the task is accomplished.

In reading his "Seat of Authority in Religion," I could not at first identify the author with the James Martineau of the "Endeavors"; but a second reading disclosed the necessity of such a book, and its appearance from the same pen was a delightful consistency. "The Seat of Authority in Religion" is work required in behalf of that spiritual freedom with which all of Dr. Martineau's earlier writings are so instinct. This later work removes the false barriers which an arbitrary and mechanical type of religious interpretation and administration has reared about the divinely free spirit, leaving it free to worship the infinite Life. It is a restoration of the soul of man to primary relations, and so it renders an invaluable service to the interests of a true religious life. Would that we could renew the earlier years of this great teacher of men! But his work will ever have the spirit of the undying life.

XLI.

FROM CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND DEAN OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

An analysis of Dr. Martineau's spiritual nature shows it to be made up of what would seem to be contradictory elements. He is a keen logician, with imagination enough to endow half a dozen ordinary poets, and religious fervor enough to endow a far greater number of ordinary Christians. His thought is "radical," while his spirit is that of a "conservatist." He is courtesy itself, while he is boldly outspoken in his loyalty to truth, or while his merciless dialectic allows his opponent no quarter. These divergent elements, however, so enter into the unity of his nature that we have to separate them artificially for our thought, as we separate the colors of the solar spectrum.

It was my good fortune to be in Oxford at the time of the opening of Manchester College, and one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant things that I enjoyed there was the opportunity of meeting Dr. Martineau. I heard him make, on a rare occasion, an address which illustrated in a striking manner some of the characteristics to which I have referred. It was at a luncheon given in behalf of the college. Several representatives of the university were present, and greeted the newly arrived institution with great cordiality. One distinguished theologian said, in effect, that he welcomed it, not because it brought anything new, but because it came in the spirit of the university itself. It could, he said, bring no religious freedom greater than it would find already recognized at Oxford. This saying, though pleasing from its liberality, was yet a little trying to the friends of the college, who were sure that they had done something more than bring coals to Newcastle. There seemed, however, nothing to be said or done about it. Then Dr. Martineau arose, and in a speech sweet and dignified, utterly courteous, yet uncompromising in its truth, showed the limits within which freedom is still confined at Oxford. It was such a speech as none but he could have made. When he sat down, there was a double sense of thankfulness in the hearts of the friends of the school,—thankfulness that he had made a reply when reply seemed to be impossible, and thankfulness that no one else had attempted the perilous task.

Dr. Martineau is the recognized leader of the most advanced religious thought of Christendom; but it is to the strong and gracious personality of the man, no less than to the bold and clear thinker, that so many turn to-day in thankful reverence.

XLII.

FROM REV. JOSEPH N. HALLOCK, EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN WORK."

It is not often that one gets a chance to congratulate a good man on his ninetieth birthday, and it is a great deal less often that a good man gets a chance to be thus congratulated. This may sound rather illogical; but it will be found, upon examina-

tion, to be strictly orthodox. And, as such, it must, of course, be strictly logical also. My acquaintance with Dr. James Martineau is second-hand, but not, perhaps, on that account less real,—at least not to me. Twenty-five years ago I had the privilege for many months of attending bi-weekly meetings in this city by Dr. Henry W. Bellows and several other distinguished pillars of the Unitarian faith. It was then and there that I learned to respect and love the name of our scholarly English brother, who is now about to receive the congratulations of his American friends upon his ninetieth birthday. At that time his sister Harriet, who was, I think, a few years his senior, had risen to the zenith of her great popularity. Her books were widely read, and her literary productions to the newspapers of the day seemed almost unlimited. The present generation who speak of "Martineau's writings" must not mistake the productions of the sister for those of the brother, as I notice sometimes happens at this late day. The two minds worked as differently in their methods as is possible for any two authors who, practically, were of the same faith. The writings of the sister always seemed to me illogical, and in many cases almost frivolous, albeit they were exceedingly popular and taking for their brightness and vivacity. The productions of James Martineau, although far from being heavy, were always philosophical and scholarly, strictly logical, as well as metaphysical and theological. Rev. William T. Clarke, who at the time of which I speak was editor of the *Liberal Christian*,—itself a successor of the old *Christian Inquirer*, and which, as you remember, was finally merged into your own able journal,—used to say that the four greatest thinkers of the day were the two American H. W. B.'s* and Drs. Martineau and Newman of England. Since the death of Cardinal Newman Dr. Martineau has certainly been the most conspicuous figure in theological and religious thought in Great Britain. He looms up above others in this field, as Gladstone does in the field of statesmanship; and his writings have always had the genuine ring of truth in them, taking sharp and decisive issue against the negative tendencies of materialism and scepticism, although not in the interests of creeds or dogmas of any particular religious belief or sect.

XLIII.

FROM E. H. CAPEN, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF TUFTS COLLEGE.

The philosophical and religious world, with one consent, should say, "All hail!" on the ninetieth birthday of James Martineau. No man of the English-speaking race during this century has rendered a more distinct and grander service in both these departments of thought than he. For no one has been more successful than he in bringing out the spiritual elements of philosophy; and, certainly, no one has done more toward establishing the rationality of religion. Indeed, largely through his clear insight and wonderful power of expression these two fields of thought, which in times past have been so widely separated, have come very nearly together, and are now almost identical. What a privilege to have lived through a great period of controversy, and now in his old age to enjoy the fruits of his own efforts! The world is immeasurably richer for such a life.

XLIV.

FROM REV. LEIGHTON PARKS, RECTOR OF EMANUEL CHURCH, BOSTON.

I thank you for the opportunity to express publicly my debt to the writings of Dr. Martineau. To ask, as your letter does, to have some particular aspect of this noble man's work pointed out, is like asking to have that particular feature in a noble face pointed out which gives character to all. This cannot be done, because each feature must be judged in relation to all the others. Yet one cannot go far wrong in saying that a wonderful combination of tenderness and strength is what makes Martineau's works inspiring and strengthening. His devotional writings are reverent, but not slavish. He loves the Lord his God with his mind. His philosophical essays—which are, perhaps, his finest work—are a wonderful mingling of severe analysis and eloquent pleading. Of the philosophical essays, the one on "Nature and God" is, to my mind, the greatest.

* H. W. Beecher and H. W. Bellows.

"Force the effect of volition," "volition at the disposal of character," God "immanent in nature,"—yes, with that we are all very familiar to-day; "but his real life is known only beyond nature." How characteristic these sentences are, and how the thoughts which they express form the woof and warp of his philosophic thought, every student of Martineau's writings knows.

Let me, in closing, call attention to this pregnant sentence, which, though taken almost at random from "Nature and God," is a perfect specimen of his best style: "There are two kinds of union with God,—dynamic and moral. Moral union requires dynamic separation, which accordingly widens as we ascend in the scale of being, till a true self, a free personality, appears, sufficiently beyond the verge of nature to give an answering look to the very face of the Most High. . . . And so the dynamic removal finds its end in moral unity." Compare this with the lines from "Christmas Eve":—

... "God, whose pleasure brought Man into being, stands away, As it were, a handbreadth off, to give Room for the newly made to live, And look at him from a place apart, And use his gifts of brain and heart, Given, indeed, but to keep forever.

Man, therefore, stands on his own stock Of love and power as a pin-point rock, And, looking to God, who ordained divorce Of the rock from his boundless continent, Sees, in his power made evident, Only excess by a million-fold O'er the power God gave man in the mould."

The immanence of the Transcendent is the fundamental thought of the philosophy alike of Martineau and Browning. May we not say of Christian philosophy?

XLV.

FROM REV. S. W. BUSH, BOSTON.

It is a great pleasure to join with the host of Dr. Martineau's American friends in congratulations on his ninetieth birthday. This pleasure is increased by the feeling of gratitude for what he has personally been to me. No writer now living has done so much in shaping my thought and quickening my spirit as Dr. Martineau. Nearly fifty years ago, as a theological student, amid the doubts and perplexities of a transitional period, and face to face with the vital problems bearing on the very foundations of religion, his words brought light and conviction. After the graduate had entered the active ministry, when new problems arose, he found again, in Dr. Martineau's later writings, guidance and inspiration. His words were rich with the wisdom of the sage, the vision of the seer, and the spiritual trust and reverence of the devotee. Leaving to others to dwell more in detail on the value and character of his writings, I wish simply to emphasize my gratitude for what he has done for me. May his life be prolonged, so that we may have the benefit of his ripest thought! When, however, there comes the earthly close, in the fulness of years and great service, we have the confident faith that the afterglow will be followed by still nobler growths of the spirit.

XLVI.

FROM JOSEPH HENRY THAYER, PROFESSOR OF NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Of all Dr. Martineau's writings, his "Study of Religion" seems to me to be the most valuable. It furnishes a vindication as powerful as it is timely of "the intuition of Causality as the ground of natural phenomena, and that of Right as the ground of moral,—the one planting the intellect and the other the conscience face to face with the eternal Source of wisdom and righteousness." His defence of the principle of the so-called "Argument from Design" and his discussion of the "Problem of Evil" are acute, dispassionate, conclusive, and set in a style so clear as to be positively brilliant, so earnest that it is eloquent. The volumes abound in "jewels five words long." Again and again an extended discussion is condensed into a single sentence that brands itself upon the memory. Witness this reply to flippant scepticism respecting premonitions of penalty in the life to come: "If death gives final discharge alike to the sinner and the saint, we are warranted in saying that conscience has told more lies than it has ever called to their account."

XLVII.

FROM REV. CAROLINE J. BARTLETT, PASTOR OF THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

I am profoundly grateful for the privilege of joining my voice in that chorus of reverent affection and gratitude which rises from the hearts of thousands blessed by the world-wide ministry of Dr. Martineau. And my private heart cannot forbear to speak its special joy that, having been for one red-letter day a guest in his Highland home, his voice and glance and the kindly pressure of his hand forever vivify the printed words that are a great part of the real inspiration of my life.

XLVIII.

FROM REV. T. G. MILSTED, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

I preached this morning from the text, "I am come to fulfil." I was glad to be able to point to James Martineau as an example of the fulfilment of all that is good and true and noble in human life,—his long life, filled with high attainments and achievements, great endeavors realized; at fourscore years and ten, not "sans everything," but still with everything that makes life worth living; at that advanced age, the years not filled with trouble and sorrow, but, by reason of the fulfilment of every physical, mental, and spiritual possibility, filled with peace and joy, and crowned with the glory of a beautiful old age. Mr. Martineau's life shows, I think, what the Creator meant for man,—bodily powers and faculties of mind preserved to a ripe old age, and the spirit supreme over all, lighting the earthly and the temporal with rays of the heavenly and eternal. Such existence never becomes a burden: it is a priceless blessing to the soul that enjoys it, and is an inspiration and a benediction to the world.

XLIX.

FROM GREENFIELD, MASS.

Rev. Arthur Anderson Brooks writes,—

Our congregation, by a rising vote, to-day joined in the following greeting to Dr. Martineau:—

"We, worshippers in All Souls' Church in Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A., do cordially extend to Dr. James Martineau our congratulations on this his ninetieth birthday. As members of a Unitarian congregation, we are glad to claim and to honor him as a fellow-believer. As seekers after the higher life, it is a source of inspiration to us to have the leadership and companionship of his strong soul. As children of the common heavenly Father, we rejoice in the great work which, by the grace of God, he has been permitted to do throughout a long life, in establishing the spiritual kingdom of God on earth."

L.

FROM MEADVILLE.

The following communication was sent to Dr. Martineau from the faculty of the Meadville Theological School:—

Dear Sir,—The faculty of the Meadville Theological School take note of the near approach of your ninetieth anniversary. Moved by the affection due to a revered teacher and father, we send you our greeting and congratulation.

At this distance, we cannot know of your personal estate; but, from such tidings as we have of you, it is our happy privilege to think of you as in vigorous health. But, however this may be, and though infirmity be upon you, we cannot but count you happy. The large place you have gained in the admiration and reverence of your fellow-men, the great and noble work you look back upon, and the serene faith with which you look forward, must together yield a satisfaction which age and pain cannot eclipse.

We rejoice that you are still with us: we are richer for your life. And, so testifying, reverend and revered sir, we subscribe ourselves,

Affectionately and gratefully,
[Signed by the Faculty.]

Briefer Tributes.

We make the following extracts from personal letters received from friends who were unable to write at length, yet who could not resist expressing their appreciation of Dr. Martineau:—

W. W. GOODWIN, Professor of Greek, Cambridge.—I am very glad that you are to devote a number to the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of one whom I so much respect, and who is entitled to be commem-

orated by all who are interested in freedom of religious thought.

MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY, Boston.—I shall read with interest the tributes of respect to Mr. James Martineau for his brave, upright character, his clear thought, and his beautiful scholarship.

WILLIAM J. TUCKER, LL.D., President of Dartmouth College.—I have more than a respect for Dr. Martineau: I recognize a personal indebtedness to him. No writer within my knowledge has combined more reverence, breadth, and accuracy in thought and style.

REV. S. E. HERRICK, Boston.—There are few other men who have done as much for me by their writings as Dr. Martineau.

REV. JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—As thinker, author, and preacher, Dr. Martineau represents the ethical side of Christianity.

REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., Editor *Christian Advocate*.—Dr. Martineau's writings have always had a peculiar interest for me, owing to his extraordinarily interesting style and discrimination in the use of language as well as the freshness of his thought.

REV. J. H. ALLEN, D.D., Cambridge.—Dr. Martineau's lovely courtesies and hospitalities have filled me almost as much with surprise as with gratitude. It is forty years next month since I made his acquaintance, and fifty-nine since I began to study him. So you can see how large a part of the higher privileges of my life have been due to him.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.—I should be glad to pay my tribute to Dr. Martineau, whom I deeply love and honor; but I cannot [on account of illness].

REV. H. L. WAYLAND, Editor of the *Examiner*.—I have a very great reverence for the ability and character of Dr. Martineau.

J. G. SCHURMAN, LL.D., President of Cornell University.—I regret my inability, especially as I was a pupil of Dr. Martineau's in London, as I have the highest appreciation of his philosophical services, and as I have never met a man in whose expression one read at a glance such a harmonious combination of truth, beauty, and goodness of character.

Religious Intelligence.

FOR Sunday-school announcements see page 15.

THE last meeting for the season of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, May 2, at twelve o'clock.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow will preach April 28. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

The Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall Monday, April 29, at 10.30 A.M. Rev. C. C. Carpenter will give the address. Subject, "Concerning Our Message." The public is invited.

Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D., has consented to render such pastoral services as may be needed in All Souls' Church, Boston, during the absence of Rev. W. H. Lyon. These services Rev. Dr. Bradlee stands ready to perform in addition to his responsibilities to his own—Christ Church—in Longwood.

ATHOL, MASS.—Rev. C. G. Horst has accepted the call extended to him by the Second Church in Athol. He will begin his work June 1, and will find people to welcome him gladly and work with him earnestly.

CHELSEA, REVERE, BEACHMONT, WINTHROP, MASS.—Rev. Messrs. De Normandie, Dole, Fisk, and Brooke began with much success their circuit tour of Sunday evening meetings in those pulpits.

DOVER, N.H.—Services in Dover are again held regularly every Sunday. Some of our able preachers are preaching there until such time as the parish, in connection with the Association, shall find the right man to carry on the work permanently.

DEDHAM, MASS.—The First Parish Club, which has a membership of sixty-five men, celebrated "Ladies' Night" in the vestry of the church Wednesday evening, April 17. A bountiful supper was followed by

music from the Norfolk Mandolin and Guitar Club, after which the members and guests present listened to an exceedingly able and interesting address from Rev. John C. Kimball of Hartford on "Social Progress in the Light of Evolution." The club has attained a success which was hardly anticipated when it was founded a year ago last winter, and this was certainly one of its best meetings. Mr. Herman W. Chaplin is president, and Mr. Winslow Warren vice-president.

FARMINGTON, ME.—The interest in liberal services in this town continues unabated. Rev. W. H. Ramsay was commissioned to work in this field for a month, in order to keep up the interest and gather the people together. He did this only too well; for the people would not let him go, and appealed to the Association to assist them in retaining him as a permanent pastor. Mr. Ramsay has consented to continue with them for two years, and about the end of the present month ministers in Maine will assist him and the church in a recognition service. The outlook for Farmington has never been better.

MADISON, WIS.—The card calendar of the Unitarian church, of which Rev. W. D. Simonds is pastor, announces a series of five discourses treating of religion and life as affected by modern science. Rev. H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee preached here on April 21.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The fiftieth anniversary of the Temple Emanu-El has been celebrated by a three days' jubilee, and no effort was spared to make the event a memorable one. The address by Dr. Gottheil enumerated the causes of their joy as, first, the firmness with which the principles of "reform, enlightenment, progress, the widening and deepening of the moral sense, and the expansion of the principles of the ancient faith" have been held; second, the continued devotion to Judaism; third, their toleration and faith; and, lastly, their obligation to labor still in the cause of humanity. The children's festival, which closed the festivities, was very impressive. Rev. J. W. Chadwick preached in the Spring Garden Church April 21, in exchange with Mr. Nichols.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—The church in Pittsfield has extended a call to Rev. J. H. Müller of Bloomington, Ill. Mr. Müller has already done excellent work in Berkshire County, and is so favorably known to the people in that section that his acceptance of the call will be hailed with delight.

ROXBURY, MASS.—All Souls' Church: Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Quincy will preach Sunday, April 28. Service at 10.30 A.M.

SOUTH NATICK, MASS.—The next meeting of the "Ministers' League for Practical Work" will be held at 25 Beacon Street on Monday, April 29, at 1.30 P.M. Rev. C. F. Dole will be present to talk about "The Need of a Gospel in Rural New England." Also, the matter of planning for platform meetings and a lecture bureau will be up for discussion.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—A very successful movement is in progress here. About a month ago Rev. S. R. Free of Chattanooga, Tenn., who came on to attend a funeral service, was invited to preach in the opera house. More than a thousand people came out to pay respects to their old minister, and to show their interest in liberal Christianity. This was too strong an indication of the interest of many in Unitarianism to pass unnoticed. Rev. Alfred Free, secretary of the Connecticut Valley Conference, invited the people to come together again with deliberate intention of organizing a church. He had a congregation of about two hundred and fifty. The superintendent for New England has preached there for the last two Sundays, and the movement grows in strength. Rev. S. R. Free, who withdrew from the Trinitarian Congregational church at Willimantic to take charge of a Unitarian parish, is greatly desired by the people in that city. He has consented to come on and take charge of the movement; and, without doubt, we shall have here immediately a strong and vigorous Unitarian society.

SOUTHERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The Southern Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will be held in the First Independent Christ's Church in Baltimore, Md., April 30 and May 1 and 2. The conference sermon will be preached by Rev. John Cuckson of Boston, Mass., on Tuesday evening, April 30. On Wednesday forenoon, after the business meeting of the conference, Mr. George W. Stone of Wilmington, Del., will give an address on "Church Extension, especially at the South." On Wednesday evening Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Washington will read a paper on "The Industrial South," to be followed by addresses by Rev. C. J. K. Jones of Louisville, Rev. George L. Chaney, and others. On Thursday there will be day and night

meetings; and addresses will be made by Messrs. Snyder of St. Louis, Thayer of Cincinnati, Weld of Baltimore, Whitman of Charleston, Peirce of New Orleans, Cole of Atlanta, Westall of Asheville, Clare of Memphis, and others. Secretary Batchelor is expected to be present, and Rev. R. R. Shippen of Washington. Mr. Joseph Marion Seaton of Richmond, Va., will be ordained to the ministry. On Wednesday afternoon a meeting of the Southern Associate Alliance will be held, presided over by its president, Mrs. George L. Chaney. The meeting will be addressed by Mrs. E. A. Fifield of Boston and other ladies of the Alliance Branches. It is hoped that friends of the Unitarian cause from all over the country will attend this conference.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES.—An endeavor is being made to arrange the meetings of New England Conferences so that no two or more of them shall be held on the same day. It has proved somewhat difficult to accomplish this at present in an entirely satisfactory manner, but the following improved result has been reached: Plymouth and Bay, May 8 and 9, at Plymouth; Essex, May 14 and 15, at Newburyport; Worcester, May 15 and 16, at Hudson; Connecticut Valley, June 5 and 6, at Florence, Mass.; South Middlesex, June 12, at Bedford; Norfolk, June 13, at Canton; North Middlesex, June 13, at Nashua, N.H.; Cape Cod, June 19 and 20, at Sandwich; Maine, June 24 and 25, at Houlton; New Hampshire, July, at Weirs, during the grove meeting.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Apr. 1. Society in Andover, N.H., additional (in all, \$38)	\$6.00
" 1. Society in Peterboro, N.H.	30.00
" 1. King's Chapel Society, Boston, on account	887.32
" 2. Society in Groton	70.00
" 2. Church of the Unity, Boston, including life memberships for Mrs. Henry F. Miller, Sr., Mrs. William Cumston, Francis T. Church and wife, Mrs. Mary G. Appleton, William A. Rust, Gardner Murphy and wife, Mrs. George B. Ford, Jacob Brodie, John D. Morton and wife, Alvah Walker, Samuel W. Bates, Thomas J. Olys, Eben Kimball, J. Wilkinson Clapp, Jonathan H. Woods, M.D., and Abraham Shuman and wife	1,250.00
" 3. King's Chapel Society, Boston, additional	125.00
" 3. Second Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., additional (in all \$415) ..	5.00
" 4. Society in Dublin, N.H.	43.00
" 4. Society in Winchendon, on account, and including life membership for Mrs. John G. Folsom	50.00
" 5. Arlington Street Church, Boston ..	5,507.11
" 6. Unitarian Society of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., additional	352.00
" 8. Second Church, Boston, on account, and including life memberships for Charles H. Bond and wife	900.00
" 8. Unitarian Society of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., additional (in all \$402)	25.00
" 8. Unitarian Church of Rosindale, Boston	11.28
" 8. Society in Templeton, additional (in all \$47)	2.00
" 9. King's Chapel Society, Boston, additional	20.00
" 9. Society in Brooklyn, Conn.	20.00
" 9. Society in Flushing, N.Y.	10.50
" 10. First Parish of Brighton, Boston	36.00
" 11. Society in Charleston, S.C.	46.25
" 11. Society in Nantucket, including life membership for Rev. Francis P. S. Lamb	53.50
" 11. Society in Berlin	20.00
" 12. Society in Tyngsboro	25.70
" 12. King's Chapel Society, Boston, additional (in all \$1,067.32)	35.00
" 12. Second Unitarian Church, San Francisco, Cal.	25.00
" 13. Society in Greeley, Col.	6.35
" 13. Rev. Mary H. Graves, North Reading	1.00
" 13. First Parish of West Roxbury, Boston	75.00
" 15. Society in Brewster, additional (in all \$20)	10.00
" 15. First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.	400.00
" 15. Society in Medford, additional ..	75.00
" 15. Society in Washington, D.C.	208.93
" 15. Society in East Lexington	20.00
" 15. Society in Wellesley Hills, including life membership for Miss Rebecca Eaton	56.00
" 15. A. L. F.	30.00
" 15. Bequest of the late Charles G. Wood, of Boston	1,000.00
" 16. Mrs. Frances H. Curtis, Jamaica Plain, Boston	5.00
" 17. First Unitarian Congregational Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., including life memberships for Rev. Lincoln E. Brown, Miss Ellen Brackett, Mrs. Alfred E. Goodnough, and Mrs. Alex. Wright	700.00
" 17. Society in Turner's Falls	20.00
" 17. Barton Square Church, Salem, including life membership for William Agge	50.00
" 17. Society in Tiverton, R.I.	10.00
" 18. Society in Yarmouth, Me.	19.00
" 18. Society in New Orleans, La.	18.90
" 18. Society in Syracuse, N.Y.	200.00
" 18. Second Unitarian Society, Athol ..	40.00
" 18. Women's National Alliance, for publishing	5.00
" 18. Ladies' Charitable Society, Fitzwilliam, N.H.	10.00
" 20. Society in Baltimore, Md.	116.00
" 20. Society in Washington, D.C., additional (in all \$243.93)	35.00
" 20. Society in Chicopee, including life membership for Mrs. Charles E. Hadley	51.10
" 20. Society in Geneseo, Ill.	12.00
" 22. Church of the Disciples, Boston ..	1,300.00
" 22. Society in Nashua, N.H., on account ..	47.00
" 22. First Parish of Dorchester, Boston, including life membership for Rev. Eugene R. Shippen	1,650.00
" 22. Society in Helena, Mont.	50.00
" 22. Society in Austin, Tex.	16.00
" 22. Society in Lexington, additional ..	100.00
" 22. Society in North Andover	56.00
" 22. Society in Portland, Ore., including life memberships for Miss Emily F. Davidson and Amos H. Morgan ..	125.00

INDIAN SCHOOL.	
Apr. 2. Women's National Alliance.	\$55.00
" 3. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Somerville	25.00
" 8. Look-up Legion, Needham	3.69
" 8. Branch of Women's National Alliance, Taunton	10.00
" 8. Friend	10.00
" 8. Sunday-school of society in Grafton ..	3.00
" 8. Sunday-school of society in Saco, Me.	26.10
" 13. First Parish of West Roxbury, Boston	10.00
" 15. Society in Washington, D.C.	50.03
" 20. Sunday-school of society in Marlboro	10.00

GRINDALL REYNOLDS FUND.	
Apr. 4. Robert C. Billings, Boston	\$500.00
" 22. Church of Disciples	100.00
ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.	
CHURCH BUILDING LOAN FUND.	
Apr. 1. Society in Belmont	\$10.00
" 2. Women's National Alliance, for society in San Diego, Cal.	150.00
ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treas. C. B. L. Fund.	

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Two features of the Miller Lamp that commend it to all are cleanliness and, as a result, absolute freedom from all offensive odor.

The last personally conducted tour to Washington under the auspices of the Royal Blue Line leaves Boston Wednesday, May 8. The rate of \$23 covers every expense for the trip of seven days. Members of previous parties express themselves as delighted with the accommodations furnished. A detailed itinerary may be secured by addressing A. J. Simmons, N. E. F. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

They are now Ready-made.—Good news to the student, as well as to the man who wishes to furnish his library effectively, is the report that is published in another column by the Paine Furniture Company. It seems that the winged tables, so convenient in libraries, clubs, etc., are now carried regularly in the stock of furniture of these warerooms, and are available at a very low cost. There is nothing more convenient in a library than one of these overhanging tables.

Unscrupulous manufacturers, taking advantage of the advertising and popularity of the Simplex Printer, manufactured by Lawton & Co., have placed an inferior machine on the market, calling it "Simplex Printer," causing dissatisfaction to the purchaser and a loss to Lawton & Co.

Legal steps have been taken to stop them; and purchasers of Simplex Printers should see that they are manufactured by Lawton & Co., 20 Vesey Street, New York, to make sure that they are getting the genuine.—Exchange.

Marriages.

In Newbury, 17th inst., by Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., George R. Tenney and Jessie G., daughter of Hon. Luther Dame.

Deaths.

In Cambridge, 20th inst., Louisa Bellows, daughter of the late John White Hayward and wife of Rev. Charles Taylor Canfield.

Mrs. Caroline Anne Parcher, eldest daughter of Dr. Alexander Hatch, was born in North Berwick, Me., June 20, 1816. Her father was a distinguished physician and leader of that time. When she was about nine years old, he removed to the village of China in Kennebec County, chiefly for the educational advantages offered by the academy in that place. Here his daughter pursued her studies, with some time spent in teaching, until 1834, when, at the age of eighteen, she was married to Dr. George Parcher, of Ellsworth, Me., who became the leading and universally beloved physician of that city.

She early imbibed Unitarian views from the New Testament and reflection before having heard the name "Unitarian," or knowing any person who held the ideas she adopted. She continued a devoted Unitarian Christian for the rest of her life, a constant reader of the *Christian Register* for more than fifty years, a counsellor and helper of Unitarian movement in society around her.

Mrs. Parcher had no children, but gave a home and mother's care to four children, relatives of her husband, and lived to see them all useful and honored members of the community.

For nearly thirty years she was an invalid, suffering from nervous affection, during the greater part of the time confined to her room, and generally to her bed. She never wavered in the faith she early attained, and through all her suffering kept a serene mind and uniform cheerfulness that made her place a pleasant resort for those whose privilege it was to enjoy her acquaintance. She died in the same trust in which she had lived, as undisturbed in spirit as if death were but her daily experience.

Religious Notices.

THE annual meeting of the corporation of the CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE will be held at the Home, 277 Tremont Street, on Wednesday, May 1, at 3.30 P.M.

SAMUEL B. CRUFT, Secretary.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

EUROPEAN PARTY

now being formed to visit Europe during summer months. Address HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, 211 Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass., or JOHN H. ROTH, Peoria, Ill.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

TEACHER WANTED.—In an institution for children a lady familiar with instruction in a primary school, and capable of taking care of a school of twenty-five children. Must be able to sing and play the piano. Address (with references) "INSTITUTION," care of *Christian Register*, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

TO LET for months of July and August, a small furnished house at 15 Rockville Park, Roxbury. Terms moderate. Apply to Miss E. E. BOISM.

CRIMINAL GANGS.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

The "gangs" in our great cities have been receiving a good deal of attention of recent years, and there seems to have been some mystification as to their origin. I have never been able to see just where the mystery comes in. From my point of view, there is no more cause for wonderment about the gang than there is about the excessive mortality from measles and scarlet fever in the homes of the poor. It is the tenement-house setting that accounts for them both. The gang, like these, is a distemper, in its earliest development physical rather than moral. It is a symptom of lack of care, of bad environment; and to this environment the real remedy is to be applied. Repression is all well enough, indeed is necessary once the disease is developed; but, like too much of our charity, it is applied at the wrong end of the line, when it is too late. The proverbial ounce of prevention, administered at the home that sent forth the tough, would have done more execution than any amount of clubbing, once he is on the war-path. Clubbing never reformed a tough. It is what his kind thrives on.

One need go no farther than to the statistics of almost any prison to get at the truth of this matter. Take those of the New York State Reformatory as a case in point. Of more than 6,000 prisoners reported in a specimen year (1893), 50.3 per cent. were shown to have come from homes reported as "positively bad," while only 9.7 per cent. came from good homes. The rest are put down as "fair only." And it is worthy of note that, of the entire lot, 57.5 per cent. were at home up to the time they committed the crime that sent them to the Reformatory, while the great mass of the remainder did not leave home until after they were fourteen.

When it comes to the question of association, 54.8 per cent. are shown to have kept company that was positively bad, 42.7 per cent. "not good," while only 1.2—a fraction over one in a hundred—is known to have been in really good company. "Show me the company a man (or a boy) keeps," etc. Was there ever an illustration of the old saying as apt as this of the Reformatory?

The tenement is and always will be the parent of gangs as long as conditions survive in it which, as the late Tenement House Commission has shown, "produce a condition of nervous tension, interfere with the separateness and sacredness of home life, and conduce to the corruption of the young." Of these conditions the "tough" is the natural crop. The "condition of nervous tension" is reproduced in his ready brutality, and accounts in a measure for the difference in temper between the American ruffian and his English brother. The corruption of the home they have both in common, and the result is the same. But an additional element enters into the manufacture of the American tough that throws much light upon it,—his alien descent.

The way to check the development of the gang is to substitute something that will take the place of the saloon and supply the lacking restraint of home. To my mind there is nothing better than the boys' club to do this, provided that it is run for the boys, and not for the entertainment of a handful of idle and sentimental philanthropists. The club supplies the very means of organization of which the gang is the slum expression.

The point, then, is to get at the lad, who is thus set adrift at a critical age, while it is yet time. I have not the least doubt that it can be done. It is done, in fact, every day. The gospel of good will holds the secret, and it is a very simple one. I remember the gang of young rascals that adjourned over, as it were, to observe the programme of a certain body of young women reformers who had come among them offering to make friends. They organized some of the younger elements into clubs with very promising results. The older gang held aloof until convinced that the young women were "straight." Then they sent a delegation to them. "We will change and have your kind of a club," was the message it brought; and the olive branch was accepted. The gang went out of busi-

ness. The biggest boys' club in the country, and also the first, if I am not mistaken, came into existence in that way. It had been persecuting the missionaries of the neighborhood, pelting them with mud and stones, until in their very helplessness they appealed to the gang they had been fighting unsuccessfully with the police for months. They asked the gang in to have coffee and cakes; and the gang came, having made sure that no policemen were in ambush. That was the beginning of a great work based upon a new and mutual understanding. There are no gangs in that neighborhood to-day, but the club has several thousand members.

Every refining influence that penetrates through the kindergarten, or through personal association with better lives, to the slum home, helps cut the ground from under the feet of the gang. Real home missionary work should begin with the home in the sense of aiming to reform its physical conditions first of all. A prime agency in the work is good reading. The young in the homes of the poor read the awfulest trash. The aesthetic starvation of their surroundings craves food. They get it as best they can. Unless something steps in and satisfies the hunger with better food than their opportunities put in their way, I am certain that the school that taught them to read has done them but a poor service. I have been much struck with the powers for good inhabiting the "home library" plan. The home library is a little collection of books, carefully chosen, that is put in some tenement house for a circle of ten young readers. Into the home comes a visitor once a week, and talks over with the children what they have read. And the while she is laying hold of the boy she becomes identified also with the home where the root of the mischief is, and so makes doubly sure of him. It is easy to understand that her powers for good are great.

PROF. BEYSCHLAG'S MISTAKE.

BY REV. J. H. CROOKER.

On the publication of Beyschlag's "New Testament Theology" a few months ago in Great Britain, the author was at once criticised as a Unitarian. In reply to this charge he wrote a letter to his publishers, in which he admits that he does not believe in the Godhead as a trinity of persons, but instead he holds the theory of a modalistic Trinity. And he uses these words: "Unitarianism places an impassable gulf between God and man, while I see in Christ the perfect union of the two." I quote from the *Expository Times*, February, 1895, p. 214. It is well known that Prof. Beyschlag of Halle is what is called in Germany a very conservative theologian. So that the comparatively advanced views of this work are both significant and hopeful. But I wish especially to call attention to the grave misrepresentation of the position of modern Unitarians contained in the language which I have quoted. And this seems to me an important matter from the fact that I have seen a similar charge made against us by a score of writers in the last three years. Notably (and strangely), several such assertions have been made in the pages of the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*.

The truth is that modern Unitarians, instead of putting such a gulf between God and man, reject the traditional theology just because it injects a mediatorial scheme between the human soul and the Parental Life. To us the offence of the creeds is that they deny the immanence of God in all souls and destroy the universal sonship of humanity. That man participates in the Divine Life immediately and naturally was the plea of Channing and Emerson, of Parker and Hedge. It is for this that Martineau, Brooke, and Herford contend. Whatever our differences, here is our unanimity. Instead of believing that God incarnated himself solely and supernaturally in Jesus of Nazareth, and that it is by him alone that we can approach the Father, we affirm a universal incarnation of God in humanity, taking our stand with Paul. "In him we live, move, and have our being." We agree with Jesus, as reported in the first three Gospels, that every man, even the worst sinner, has direct and immediate access to God. We leave no gulf between.

It is against this gulf, falsely assumed by dogmatic theology, that we protest. Prof. Beyschlag's criticism might hold against the ancient Arians, but it is surprising that he or any one else should use the language against recent Unitarian theology.

Helena, Mont.

Sermon Gleanings.

FROM DR. MARTINEAU'S SERMONS.

KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH.

"If the theologians could but look with a calm eye upon the past, they must see that, wherever the strife is over and the field is still, every advance of knowledge has been a gain to religion, won only at the expense of deforming fictions. As our petty schemes of the world break in pieces and fall away, diviner ones construct themselves, and make us ashamed of our regrets. . . . The age of the world, as it deepens, does but prolong its testimony to God, and make it worthier of his eternity; its scale, as it expands, does but place us in a temple more august and nearer to his infinity. Does any one whose mind has been enlarged by ancient history, and whose heart has listened to the old mythologies, want to have his sympathies reduced again to the 'chosen people,' and the divine communion with one race, so various and pathetic in its early struggling tones, restricted to that only channel? And, if from the person of Jesus Christ the artificial dress of Messianic investiture and some disguising shreds of Jewish fable drop away, who that can fix an appreciative eye on the emerging form will not say that it is diviner far, embodying in its grand and touching lineaments the essence and spirit of a new life of God in our humanity? This experience, this removal to a higher point of faith, is from the first the invariable result with the scholar who works most freely, because quite trustfully, at these problems, as, after long delay, it comes to be the result with all at last. The intermediate disturbance of religious calm—the pious dismay on the one hand, the petulant irreverence on the other—befall, chiefly, those who do not intimately commune with such researches, but, looking on, judge them by external and inapplicable standards, and not by their inner and essential relations. Whoever in these things has gone deep and touched ground is not afraid of falling into a bottomless abyss; . . . for may we not say, the essence of the large and liberal spirit lies in the absence of fear and the promptness of love?"—*Theology in Relation to Progressive Knowledge*.

THE UNITARIAN PROTEST.

"The Unitarian protest, which, perhaps, began with too great and monarchical a separation of our world from heaven, comes round at last to a reunion of the human and divine. And in the cycle which it has run there is a curious recovery, as it were, of the functions of Trinity without its paradoxes,—only with the drama transferred from the individuality of Christ to the life of humanity. We have traversed, and at length united, the relations of creature to the Creator, of love to Father, of weak and tempted to the all-quickenng Spirit; and may we not say that thus, without confusing the nature of God, we have enriched and ennobled our religious comprehension of man, and provided for a more balanced justice to the claims of nature, of conscience, and of the soul, and a blending consecration for them all? If an expanding faith brings us, as we think, an ampler peace, let it stir us also to a deeper fidelity; and, if those who know us not still drive us from the sacred enclosure and treat us as wanderers from the Christendom we love, all the more let us fling ourselves into the embrace of the Only True, and still say: 'Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us and Israel acknowledge us not. Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer. Thy name is from everlasting.'"—*The Three Stages of Unitarian Theology*.

DAILY GRACES.

"It has lain very near to me to foster the lesser religions of our inner life,—the genuine admirations which flow into pure and genial hearts from objects short of the highest. The huge chasm which Protestantism usually sinks between 'the creature and the Creator,' between human loves

and divine affections, has ever affrighted me with horror; and I have clung to the catholic truth that our veneration for our saints is a minor form of piety, akin in type to the devotion that passes finite bounds. Nature, art, character, present to the sincere eye a thousand resting-places for the upward look,—aspects of things which, so far from detaining us below, constitute a hierarchy of divine manifestation, and carry the vision in the ascending direction to the Light of lights. Let us open a kindly heart, and take the daily graces, the most transitory beauty, hospitably in. They are just the provision for lifting us over the saddest reproach and most constant sorrow of our existence. Unaided by them, we are apt to carry on at once two different lives that never mingle,—the ideal and the actual, the devout and the secular,—and to dip in and out by force of influence or season, conscious of mechanical mixture without inner blending or identity. . . . These affections, clearing out irreverence from the simplest duty, rudeness from the commonest speech, and deformity and negligence from everything, are blessed mediators between the absolutely divine and the merely human in our life, and bathe it in the baptismal waters of its first regeneration."—*Parting Words*.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

"The word 'Christian' is the casket which holds for human thought the supreme treasures of the inner life of man and the most precious gems of his external civilization; and, when all has been emptied out of it which false zeal and mistaken piety have stored there for safe keeping, there yet remains, in the catholic genius of the religion, the richest historic deposit with which Providence has blessed the world. To part with that word and throw ourselves on philosophy to weave us a substitute would be to interrupt the past in its creation of the future, and not only to migrate to unreclaimed countries, but to sink the old native land that we might do so. Part as we may by what was once demanded by the Church, there is something—and that, too, the very holiest influence in life—that is still with us; and this residuary truth, this divine spirit, which emerges from the mixed inheritance of Christendom when all that is perishable has been discharged, does but own its descent and look up with fitting reverence to its fountain-head when it claims the name of *Christian*. Possibly, the same truth and the same affection may be reached by the meditative thinker, as the fruit of a devout philosophy; by the Indian theist, as a purification of his native faith; by the Mohammedan, as the inner meaning of his sacred oracles; by the Jew, as the natural development of the law and the prophets. If so, may God speed them all! But each will find his mission best among his own spiritual kindred. We ourselves have been moulded by a Christian literature and civilization. We love the Christian hymns and memories and prayers.

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Spiritual Life.

THOUGHTS FROM DR. MARTINEAU’S WORKS.

The human soul cannot lose its essentially moral constitution.

Whatever touches and ennobles us in the lives and in the voices of the past is a divine birth from human doubt and pain.

Of all depressing scepticism, of all painful solicitude, not the agility of thought, but the alacrity of duty is the fit antagonist.

The ills of life are not here on their own account, but are as a divine challenge and godlike wrestling in the night with our too reluctant wills.

It is human to wish not to be forgot. Yet believe me, to be lost from your memory and die away by the dawn of what is higher is my inmost desire.

Providence never permits the Spirit of Evil to wield for any length of time both the intellect and the will of vast multitudes of men; and the one is sure to betray the other.

To get good is animal; to do good is human; to be good is divine. The true use of a man’s possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is.

If our human experience teaches us anything certain, it is this: that it is Thought which kindles thought, and Love which elicits love, and Character which moulds and refines character.

He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity is so far from the qualifications of a saint that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton’s fiends.

The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others, the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection, are never lost.

No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind; for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment’s thought, and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God.

In what light we should see the character of God if the fall of the body is really the fall of the soul, remembering that he has put into the hearts of most men, by intuition or providential suggestion, a divine hope of something future. Were this possible, . . . every good man might feel an infinite pity for his kind, diviner far than the very Providence of heaven.

If we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea; in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day-duty and the night-nursing, in the genial laugh and secret grief, in the procession of life ever entering afresh and solemnly passing by and dropping off, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.

PRAYER.

Eternal God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life: since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of thy holy will, not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding to-day. Lay to rest, by the persuasion of thy Spirit, the resistance of our passion, indolence, or fear. Consecrate with thy presence the way our feet may go; and the humblest work will shine, and the roughest places be made plain. Lift us above unrighteous anger and mistrust into faith and hope and charity by a simple and steadfast reliance on thy sure will; and so may we be modest in our time of wealth, patient under disappointment, ready for danger, serene in death. In all things draw us to the mind of Christ, that thy lost image may be traced again, and thou mayst own us as at one with him and thee. Amen.

Literature.

PRINCE ZALESKI. By M. P. Shiel. Boston: Roberts Brothers; London: John Lane.—A good detective story needs something more than the careful, analytic unrolment of a manufactured mystery. It needs a consecutive sequence of thought by which the mind of the reasoner may be followed without the necessity of such wide leaps as are incomprehensible even when explained. Give us a detective or give us a magician. There is place for either in this kind of fiction, but the one refutes the other. This solver of problems sits in his magnificent palace and “wrenches the arcanum” of a bit of paper or a stone from it “by a species of mesmeric dominancy.” The central idea of the stories is not bad, but their telling involves such long descriptions and byways of reasoning that they do not keep the attention alert nor the interest concentrated. There is horror enough and mystery enough; but they fail to impress the reader with a sense of actuality, though, from some points of view, this might indeed be considered an advantage.

TRILBY, THE FAIRY OF ARGYLE. Translated from the French of Charles Nodier by Minna Caroline Smith. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Estes & Lauriat.—Nodier’s “Trilby” has a charm as distinctive in its way as is the creation of Du Maurier; and, both in its intrinsic interest and in its grace of style, it ought to have been considered a prize for the translator, even before the later book appeared to give it reflected value. Both the translations are flowing and read well. Miss Smith’s book has the more appropriate, even though the simpler cover; while Mr. Dole’s has every advantage of paper, print, and general make-up, so that it is far more easily read. The paging in the former intrudes itself into the reading, and becomes annoying.

IF JESUS CAME TO BOSTON. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.—Mr. Hale has been moved by Mr. Stead’s book, “If Christ came to Chicago,” to present another picture of city life, in order to allow the student to take all points of view. It shows the other side,—the care and thoughtfulness that gives a helping hand to the stranger, and to those in trouble, teaching them to help themselves. It is a short story, but an effective one. It may well be that the warnings are needed, but it is good to have also the encouraging word that makes one feel as if it were worth while to keep on trying to solve the great problems of modern life.

THE FREE TRADE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND. By M. M. Trumbull. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.—This is the second and revised edition of a book which, while presenting a history of the struggle for free trade in England, aims to make plain to the American reader the parallel between it and the same movement in America. It has already attained a degree of popularity which shows that it meets the needs of many, and is indeed a clear and comprehensive argument as well as an historical account.

A CHILD OF NATURE. By Marion D. Shutter. Boston: James H. West. \$1.00. The third volume in the “Life” series contains five sermons, which seek and find a revelation of the divine in the expressions of nature. The wayside stalk of red clover, the harvest joy, the leaves with their lessons and suggestions, the snowflakes and the lake,—all give up their secrets of peace or uplifting or strength. Mr. Shutter’s style is clear and simple; and the book well sustains the reputation already won by this series.

Miscellaneous.

The Massachusetts Year Book and City and Town Register for 1895 contains a complete list of cities and towns, with their officers, population, valuation, debt, tax rate, and much more not easily enumerated. It gives names and addresses of town officers, clergymen, attorneys, etc. With all this the book is not large enough to be clumsy, nor is the print too fine for use. It contains the essence of whole volumes, and represents an immense amount of work, but will be most useful to many people.

The Magazines.

The Kindergarten Magazine contains much that is helpful to mothers and teachers. The leading article for April is “Knighthood, a Symbol of Moral Power,” by Miss Susan E. Blow, written with her customary thoughtfulness and appreciation of symbolism. It is to be continued. The “Every Day Practice Department” and the “Parents’ Department” contain many short discussions or suggestions of value.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of “Books Received,” with statement of publisher’s address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.
Newfoundland and the Jingoos. An Appeal to England’s Honor. By John Fretwell. Price 25 cents.
From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
Russian Rambles. By Isabel Haggood. Price \$1.50.
From Estes & Lauriat, Boston.
Jim of Hellas; or, In Durance Vile. By Laura E. Richards. Price 50 cents.
From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.
Burke’s Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies. Edited by L. Du Pont Syle.
M. Tullii Ciceronis de Oratore. Liber Primus. Edited by W. B. Owen.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
Among the Northern Hills. By W. C. Prime. Price \$1.00.
The Helpful Science. By St. George Mivart. Price \$1.25.
Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem. By Lawrence Hutton.
A Daughter of the Soil. A Novel. By M. E. Francis. Price \$1.25.
The Life of Samuel J. Tilden. By John Bigelow. 2 vols. Price \$6.00.
From Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
The World as the Subject of Redemption. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle.
From Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York.
English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. By James Anthony Froude. Price \$1.75.
From Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.
Wealth and Waste. By Alphonso A. Hopkins.
From Thomas Whittaker, New York.
Civic Christianity. By William Prall. Price \$1.00.
The Breath of God. By Rev. Frank Hallam. Price 75 cents.
From A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.
The Book of Daniel. By F. W. Farrar. (The Expositor’s Bible.) Price \$1.50.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Where the Alpine Roses bloom. Song. Words by J. E. Rankin, D.D. Music by W. H. Pontius.
Take my Life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee. Sacred Solo. Words by F. R. Havergal. Music by P. A. Schuecker.
My Love’s in Germanie. Send him Hame. Scotch Song. Words by Hector Macneil. Music by A. F. Loud.
Wilt thou be long? Words by E. Matheson. Music by John Wiegand.
Supplication. Sacred Song for Contralto. Composed by John Lloyd Whitney.
God is Love. Duet. Arranged from Henry Smart. By Victor Vane.
Exaltation. Easter Song. Composed by John Lloyd Whitney.
Abide with me. Sacred Song. Words by H. F. Lyte. Music by Carl Hempel Reed.
From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.
Carte Postale Galop. Danza Habanera. For Two Mandolins and Guitar. By Louis Tocchen.
Office for the Holy Communion in G. Including Benedictus and Agnus Dei. By Earl E. Madeira.
Abendstunden. Suite for Piano. By Charles Becker.
Hizh at her Casement. Ballad. Words by Anna Swan Reynolds. Music by Rose M. Eversole.
Norine Asthore. Song. Words by J. P. MacSweeney. Music by Albert W. Brown.
Five Little White Heads. Song. Words by Walter Learned. Music by Irene Hale.

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Studies of the Outward as Related to the Inward Life. By MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D., Author of “Wit and Humor of the Bible,” “Justice and Mercy,” etc. Cloth, red edges, 50 cents; full gilt, \$1.00.

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The third volume in the cloth-bound series of “Life” books,—“A Child of Nature,” by Rev. Dr. Marion D. Shutter,—is already meeting large and favorable notice. The book is so handsome externally that many, seeing the 50-cent edition, at first suppose it to be the \$1.00 edition. In its contents, the book, while entirely different from either of its predecessors in the series, is certain to meet with a no less cordial reception. “The graceful little volume,” as the *Boston Traveler* calls it, has much of interest and much of meaning for all who shall read it, and, from cover to cover through its 111 pages, presents vividly, by tender and wise and picturesque object-teaching, “the message” of Mother Nature “that is ready for the human heart.”

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE CHILD VISION.

BY RACHEL B. MACMULLIN.

Sometimes when I'm sitting alone,
And my thoughts are wandering wide,
I feel in my room a strange presence,
And a child stands by my side.

The eyes are brown that look into mine,
And the hair has a golden hue;
But the face and form beside my knee
Is a child that I never knew.

She touches my books and pictures,
And flits in and out of the door,
And dances in shadows and sunbeams
That fall in long rays on the floor.

I often awaken at midnight
From dreams that are vague and wild,
To see by my bedside standing
The form of this little child.

I fall asleep with the pressure
Of her soft, tiny finger-tips;
And a smile of peace and safety
She leaves with her kiss on my lips.

I sometimes think the vision
Is a guardian angel, mild.
For who could lead more kindly
Than the hand of a little child?

When the door is ready to open,
And I hear the calling low,
I think, when the latch is lifted,
The little child I shall know.

For the Christian Register.

AN UNDERWORLD STORY.

BY ALICE EWING LEWIS.

One needed to be told that it was the first day of spring, for in name only was it spring-like. Over all the meadows and through the leafless woods the snow was spread in thick white blankets, while from the country roads came the echoes of sleigh-bells jingling as merrily as at Christmas time.

But beneath this all what a different story! Did you ever stop for a moment in your winter sports to think of your many, many summer friends who were taking such a long nap beneath your very feet,—all the feathery grasses and countless wood, meadow, and garden flowers,—not dead, but only resting, snugly tucked away in the brown earth?

But on this particular wintry spring morning some of the younger and more foolish of our underground friends began to stir and whisper softly to each other, "Spring's come, spring's come," when a staid old Daffodil, overhearing their chattering, put in,—

"That it has not, by a good deal."

"Well, I heard a boy say so, anyway," piped in the Hyacinth, courageously,—

"right over my head, too."

"Child, he was sliding down-hill at that very moment. The snow is a foot deep," answered the Daffodil, sharply. "I myself never venture out till the last of this month, and I am only a few days behind Mistress Snowdrop."

At the mention of this last lady's name she rubbed her eyes and asked sleepily,—

"Who's talking about spring?"

"I," said the Hyacinth. "I was just telling Sir Daffy what I heard them saying above ground this morning."

"Do not believe it, my young friend," replied the Snowdrop, now wide awake. "Take the advice of your elders, and stay where you are for the present. Why, one season, when I was young, I lost all my blossoms by being just that wilful, and thinking I knew better than my mother. Since then I have learned wisdom; and even I, the earliest of all, shall not think of starting up for some days yet."

"It must be dreadful to be so early," said the Day Lily. "Don't you get cold?"

"Cold? No," retorted the Crocus.

"And, besides, we have poetry written about us. They call us the 'Firstlings of the Spring,' and other pretty names."

"Well, just let me be warm, and you can keep all the names. And then, as Cousin Hyacinth will tell you, we have relatives away in the South, where snow never falls, who are larger than any of you, and who live all the year round. So it's all in the family," puffed the Day Lily, relapsing into silence.

"It is pleasant to give so much pleasure to mankind, too," chimed in the Hepatica, from an adjoining wood (for you must remember that sound is carried more readily through the earth than through air, and

these flowers' voices could hear one another a long distance). "Why, when I send up my blossoms, both children and grown people seem fairly wild over them; and I do not mind the cold at all, covered as I am with my warm down."

"My flowers were very fashionable last year," remarked the Daffodil, with pride. "I heard Miss Lucy say that they sold for five cents apiece."

"What did they do with them?" meekly inquired the Lily of the Valley.

"Why, the young ladies wore them, simpleton! Where were your eyes?"

"You forget, Sir Daffy, that I do not get out till May," pleaded the little Lily.

"Oh, surely!" said the Daffodil, more graciously. "And that reminds me of something else I heard Miss Lucy say," continued His Highness. "She was out walking in the yard one day during the January thaw, and I heard her say to her mother: 'Mamma, did you know that all the early vegetation comes from buds formed on the old roots in the fall, and that, if we had to wait for seeds to sprout and grow, it would be a long time before we had flowers? Prof. Gray says so in his botany.' And then she began poking away the leaves from Hyacinth there, and Mistress Snowdrop, to show her mother the buds. I just laughed to myself, and thought, 'Well, I don't know nor care who or what Prof. Gray and his botany are; but I could have told you that long ago.'"

"It's lucky that there is not anything worse for you to hear about yourselves than that," spoke up a sad voice from the vegetable garden.

"Why?" said the Daffodil.

"Well, I learned last fall that I was a Biennial," responded the voice.

"But you are not: you are a Beet," contradicted the Daffodil.

"I only wish that that was all that I am, but I am both a Beet and a Biennial."

"But what is a Biennial?" now inquired several anxious voices.

"A plant that lives only two years," replied the Beet, slowly, and with choking utterance.

"I found it out one day last fall, when the hired men were working about my bed, and Miss Lucy and her father were walking in the garden. By and by they came to where I am growing, and Miss Lucy said, 'Beets are queer plants, aren't they, papa?—live only two years; grow one year and blossom, and go to seed the next.' Beet that I am, I paled. And then her father answered: 'Yes. And what a wise provision it is that the nourishment should be stored up in the root the first year to perfect the blossoms of the second, thus enabling us to use this root as food!' At which he pointed at me with his cane, and said, 'John, you can save that Beet for seed.' Imagine my feelings! It is nothing but murder to thus deprive us poor Beets of half our short lives, that we may be made into vulgar pickles; and that I am here at all to tell the story is a miracle. But I am not alone in my sorrow: poor Messrs. Carrot and Parsnip are biennials, too."

A sadness had fallen upon the company while the Beet had been speaking; and, as his voice died away in sobs, one by one, the different flower voices also ceased. And they all fell asleep,—even the Snowdrop, who so soon was to don the white cloak that she wears in the upper world.

A VICTORY WITHOUT THE ENEMY.

"Now, Sandy," said mother, smoothing down the new jacket and polishing off the brass buttons, "you'll have to quit being a baby, since you have taken off petticoats."

"I ain't a baby," said the small boy, looking with disdain at the little pile of ruffled petticoats out of which he had just stepped. "I helped to fight a bum-bee's nest yesterday."

"Ho!" cried Fenton, the brother, who had been wearing trousers ever since Sandy was born: "they were white-faced bum-bees. They don't sting."

Sandy looked a little sheepish.

"I rode old Mac to water, too," he said.

"And father held the bridle," mocked Fenton.

Sandy walked up and down the carpet to see how big steps he could take; and mother said, in that soft little preaching way mothers have,—

"When a boy puts on trousers, he must

do all the hard things that come along, like going to bed at eight o'clock and getting up at six, and washing his face and hands for dinner, and"—

"But his curls ought to be cut off first," interrupted Sandy, who hated his beautiful yellow curls as much as mother loved them.

"Very well," said mother, smiling: "as soon as you win a real, sure-enough victory, you shall have your curls cut off."

For Sandy was a timid little chap, and very much inclined to hide behind mother's petticoats; and his father was beginning to shake his head, and to say that it was time he had some bones in his character.

Sandy hadn't an idea what father meant by having bones in his character. But he knew that, when the beetles flew in the room at night, he felt like screaming; and so he screamed. When Mr. Ford's big Newfoundland came about, he felt like running; and so he ran. When the lightning flashed, he hid his eyes. He had never tried to do anything else. But this thing of being a man and wearing trousers was different, and Sandy thought that it was only his curls that hung between him and manhood now.

The trousers had been finished none too soon; for that very evening there was a lawn party at Aunt Ellen's,—a whole yardful of children playing "come" and "prisoner's base," and eating ice-cream, and spilling lemonade, and falling out of the hammock, and doing all the rest of the things that children do at a lawn party.

Sandy joined a party of little boys sitting on the big, square-topped stone posts at the gate. He felt very big-boyish sitting on a gate-post.

"Yes, sir-ee," Tom Ross was saying: "that dog certainly is mad."

"What dog?" asked Sandy, his heart beating rather fast.

"Why, Mr. Ford's 'Rip.' Didn't you know he was mad?"

"Is he, Tom? How do you know?"

"You're blind, ain't you? Did you see him run past here just now with his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, and his eyes glaring?"

Now, Sandy had promised to come home at eight o'clock by himself; and he had to pass Mr. Ford's big yard for a long piece of the way. It seemed to him a very long piece. Would the open mouth and lolling tongue and glaring eyes meet him at that low stone wall? He might stay all night with Aunt Ellen, he thought; but, then, he had promised to come home. He might ask her to send John, the butler, with him. No, he had said he would come by himself, because that would please papa.

Sandy lost interest in "I spy" and "King George and his men" while he was sitting on the grass behind the spruce-pine, and wishing he had his petticoats on again, with leave to be a baby.

But he got home on time, flushed with haste and excitement, his curls hanging damp and tangled about his face.

"I did it, mother, I did it!" he cried eagerly. "Now cut off my curls."

And he told, with many a big word, the story of the mad dog, of the open mouth and lolling tongue and glaring eyes; of how much afraid he had been to come home alone; how he had actually seen the creature at the gate; how he had turned back in

terror once, twice, but the third time had set his teeth, and determined to keep his word with papa if the dog "chewed him up."

"But I got away from him; and now, mamma, where are the scissors? Quick! I want to hear the old curls go snip, snip!"

"But, little green-pea, Mr. Ford's dog isn't mad at all," said Fenton, coolly. "I've been playing with him all the evening. Tom Ross was just guying you. That's what he was doing."

Sandy looked dazed for a minute, and then burst into tears. Poor little soldier! All his trying to be brave had been for nothing, then. He had not earned papa's praise; and they would not cut off his curls, if all he had done was to pass Mr. Ford's big, good-natured Rip.

But papa came, and lifted him up from the floor, and called for the scissors, and himself cut every golden brown ring of hair. (He cut it so badly, too, and snagged it so, that the barber had to do it all over.)

"That was just as much a victory, my boy," said the big, kind voice, "as if Rip had been foaming with hydrophobia. The enemy that you got the victory over was not curly and white-pawed and soft-eyed like Rip. He is a cruel, crawling thing; and his name is Cowardice. You've got him down to-day; and, please God, we'll make you a true knight *sans peur et sans tache*. Now go and kiss mamma, and ask her what that means."

But mamma was in such a hurry, between laughing and crying, to get the little head to look less as if a mad dog had mangled it that it was a good while before Sandy found out that the queer words meant "without fear and without stain."—*Sunday School Times*.

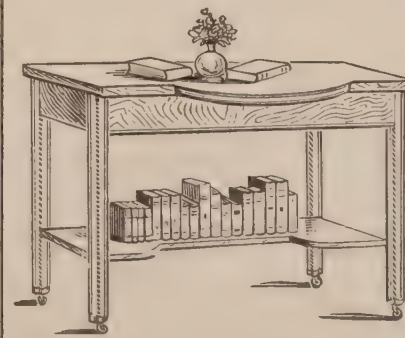
THE PERSON WHO DID NOT LIKE OATS.

Once upon a time there was a Person who did not like cats. She did not like dogs, either; but she never said anything about that, because the Big Master and the two Little Masters and the four Little Mistresses were all very fond of dogs, and liked to have them lie round under everybody's feet, and get white hairs all over everybody's clothes, and take up the whole hearth-rug, and run away with the roast beef, and bark to be let out, and then howl to be let in, and shake themselves when they were wet, and do all the things that dogs do. They liked all these things, so the Person who did not like cats never dared to say a word.

But nobody cared very much about cats,—except when they were little downy kittens, and they *will* not stay kittens!—save Maggie, the cook. So the Person felt free to speak her mind, and said she would not have any cats in the house. And after she had said that these things happened:—

One day a kitten belonging to the neighbor's little boy came into the kitchen, and refused to go out again. The little boy was sent for, and he came and took the kitten home.

Next day it came again, and was taken home again. And so it went on for a week, till every one in the house was tired out with carrying that kitten home; and



Winged Table.

These winged tables (with a semi-circular overhang on each side) have always been a familiar sight in clubs and private libraries. They have heretofore been built only to order. This season for the first time we can supply such a table at low cost.

They are immensely convenient. On these two great semi-circular projections may be placed a vase, ornaments, flowers, a file of books, writing materials, or the late magazines. They are very spacious, and give to any table a distinguished look.

The low shelf takes an exactly opposite shape, which permits ample room for the drawing in of a chair if it is desired to use one of the overhangs as a desk.

We divide the box framing into two large drawers, operated from the ends of the table. The legs of this table are composed of clustered pillars with bead moulding. Decoratively, they are very effective.

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the kitten's little boy cried, and thought it was too bad. It was.

But the kitten was very happy; and Maggie, the cook, said she "couldn't let the crathur starve," so it stayed. And pretty soon it wasn't a kitten any more, but a cat; and it had kittens of its own, one of which was given to the little boy.

Now the Person who did not like cats said the other kittens must be taken away in a bag, but all the Little Masters and Mistresses cried out and said:—

"Oh, mamma!" "Please, mamma! The dear, sweet little things!" "See their little paws!" "See their dear little noses!" "Hear them squeal!" "We must keep this one, mamma!" "We can't possibly part with that one, mamma!" "Oh, mamma!" "Dear mamma!" "Feel this one's little back!" and so on, and so on.

So the Person said that they might keep the one which they all thought the prettiest, and that the others must go away in a bag; but, while they were deciding, the kittens grew up and became cats. So then the bag was not big enough to hold them, and they stayed,—partly for that reason, and partly because they were all so ugly that no one could tell which was the least ugly.

Now, one day the man at the livery-stable where the Master kept his horse said that he wanted a cat, because the rats were giving him a great deal of trouble in his hay-loft. So the Master took the ugliest cat of all, which was really ugly enough to frighten the crows; and he put her in a basket, and took her away to the stable, and everybody was glad.

But three days after, as the Person was weeding the flower-bed, she heard a loud squeal of joy, and felt something rubbing against her back. She turned round; and there was the ugliest cat, purring, and squeaking, and seeming just as glad to get back as if she were perfectly beautiful and everybody loved her to distraction. She was sent to the stable again; but this time she came back the very next day, because she had found out the way. So she stayed.

But after that things went worse than ever. The Person went out to walk; and a cat followed her home, and would not go away, and would come in. And Maggie, the cook, said she "couldn't see the crathur starve," so she fed it; and it stayed. And on Thanksgiving Day a miserable, hungry kitten came to the door and begged to be let in. And nobody could refuse to give it a Thanksgiving dinner, so it came in; and it stayed.

And now the Person who does not like cats has nothing but cats about her all the time. They lie on the stairs and trip her up in the dark. If she takes up a clothes-basket, out rolls a kitten. If she gets the little sleigh to take the Littlest Mistress to ride, out jumps a cat. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, she sees a dirty white cat or a rusty black cat or a faded yellow cat, or a dingy tabby cat or a hideous tortoise-shell beast, which is the ugliest cat of all. And the Person would like the children to tell her *what* is to be done about it! If the children would like to know the Person's name, it is — *Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

MIDGET'S WISH.

She was seven years old, and a real little dumpling in shape; for the laughing eyes peeped at you over the roundest cheeks, and the fat little hands were dimpled like pretty cushions. She was almost always good-natured, too; but sometimes the blue eyes would flash angrily, and the chubby foot be brought down with a stamp, if some playful trick of brother Tom's happened to be successful. Tom was twelve years old, and, I must say, was altogether too fond of teasing Midget's pets.

The little creatures upon whom she lavished so much affection were a tiny black cat, a white poodle dog only a little bigger than pussy, and a parrot which she had named Daisy.

One day she had set her heart upon playing menagerie; and kitty and poodle were soon arrayed in fancy blankets of brightest hues, and told they must be very quiet until Daisy could be brought. Kitty, who was to represent a lion, looked altogether too sleepy and contented for a king of the forest; while poodle, who was decorated with a pasteboard box and a bright silk handkerchief, was told he was to be an elephant. Midget hurried upstairs and down

in search of Daisy, but the parrot was nowhere to be found.

"Daisy, Daisy!" she called; and a voice almost over her head answered:—

"Get out! Get out!"

"Why, Daisy, haven't I told you not to talk slang?" cried Midget, standing on tip-toe to get a view of the parrot, who was perched upon the top of a tall bookcase. "How did you get up there, Daisy?"

The parrot blinked knowingly at the little girl, then uttered the somewhat startling reply,—

"Tom's a terror!"

"Oh, you naughty Daisy!" exclaimed Midget. "Come down directly! I want you. Come, can't you hear?"

"That's right," called Daisy, without moving an inch.

"How did you get up there?" was Midget's next question.

"Tom's a terror," again called the parrot.

"Did he tie you up there?"

"That's right," was the reply; and the intelligent bird fluttered about, showing Midget how she was tied to the top of the bookcase. Ten minutes were passed in releasing the indignant Daisy, for it was no easy task to pull the table across the room and put a chair on it before she could climb up and release her pet; but at length Midget succeeded and started for the corner, where she expected to find the elephant and lion awaiting her arrival. Before she could cross the hall she heard a confused noise of barking and mewling; and in another moment a queer-looking lump of black and white rushed through the outer door, while Tom came running from the back parlor, laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"O Tom! My menagerie!"

"Your what?"

"You're so mean! I wish"— Midget could get no further, but sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Well, what do you wish?" said Tom, expecting a perfect storm of anger.

"I wish," replied Midget, speaking very slowly, "that I could find some way of doing you a kindness every day of my life. Then you'd know how awful it is to have any one unkind to you."

Tom looked serious at this, and, indeed, remained quiet until good-nights were said. But the next afternoon, while Midget sat wondering what she would do to pass the time, he stole quietly into the room; and presently she felt two small furry creatures cuddling against her arms. And with a scream of delight Midget tumbled two little Guinea pigs to the floor, as she flew to hug Tom.

"How did you happen to get these darlings?" she asked, when she had them once more safely in her lap.

"I'll tell you, Midget," said Tom: "I'd saved 50 cents to get me one of those caps the boys are wearing, but I thought you could have a fine menagerie if you had these cunning fellows; and, to tell you the truth, I couldn't hardly stand it when you said you wished you could do me a kindness every day. Then I thought I could go without the cap, and now I'm happier than I ever was in my life; and I'll promise to let your pets alone after this, Midget."

"That's right," cried a voice so close to them that they were both startled; and Tom was sure he was forgiven when the parrot perched upon his shoulder and consented to be carried off by the happy children, to take her place in the menagerie as the Great American Eagle.—*The Ram's Horn.*

A KINDLY DEED.

A writer tells in the *Boston Gazette* of a lady who was travelling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion, that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it; and she was just giving up in despair, when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings in-

tently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes, he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble. May I help you?" She explained the situation to him. "What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him; and, with an encouraging smile, he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and said a few words in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle, and took the vacant seat; and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and, leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door, when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said: "Pardon me; but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

Recent discoveries in Africa have all tended to prove that Herodotus, the father of history, was not also the father of lies, as is often charged. The four lakes from which the Nile rises have been shown to exist. Stanley's Ruwenzori Mountains take the place of the mountains of the moon; the pygmies live in the equatorial forests; and now Signor Robbecchi Bricchetti, the Italian explorer of Somali land, tells of a degraded race which he has found on the shores of the Indian Ocean, without weapons or proper dwellings, living exclusively on fish and bivalves, whom he considers the descendants of the fabulous Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, described by the old Greek historian.

SLOWLY STARVING.

Surrounded by Plenty, but Dying for Food.

An Every-day Occurrence.—Our Friends Perishing Before Our Eyes.

A terrible experience for any one to go through, that of seeing some beloved friend actually wasting away before our eyes, unable to derive sufficient nourishment from their food to sustain life.

Medicine naturally becomes of little avail, and the various organs of the body, debilitated from a lack of nourishment, take on themselves the disease that was originally the cause of the "breakdown," and help hasten the end.

Such cases, though too prevalent, are happily becoming less frequent. The prominent physicians of to-day do things differently from those of twenty years ago. They first put the patient in a condition to stand the "siege," then enrich his blood, create for him new strength, and "build him up" generally. The patient is then in a condition to derive benefit from his medicine.

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The advantage of this is obvious. A patient already greatly weakened by disease, needs to husband every particle of strength. A few drops of Bovinine will impart as much nourishment to the body as would be derived by a well person from an ordinary meal; and, in getting this nourishment, the stomach has been forced to do the least possible amount of work.

Bovinine, continued throughout an illness, greatly hastens recovery. Taken at the beginning of a wasting disease, it diverts the cause of the trouble by toning up the various organs, and getting them in a normal condition.

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BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATED ALLIANCE.

In accordance with the notice issued a meeting of the New England Associated Alliance was held in Lawrence on Thursday, the 18th, in the First Unitarian Church of that place.

Mrs. George H. Young, wife of the minister, and president of the Branch Alliance, extended a cordial welcome to the friends present.

Floods and freshets and interrupted communications made the gathering smaller than the beautiful spring day and the attractions offered would have led us to expect. The electric road from Lawrence to Lowell was under water, and in many directions where trains were running people were afraid to start on an all-day expedition, fearing detention. In spite of this, eighteen branches were represented, sixteen from Massachusetts, one from Maine, and one from Connecticut.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided, and opened the meeting with the Lord's Prayer, said together, followed by the singing of the hymn "Awake, my soul!" Mrs. Wells then introduced Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, who spoke on the "Faith and Heroism of the Women of Armenia." She told us of the condition of Armenia long ago, when our ancestors were really half-savage in England.

She would not allow herself to dwell too much on the recent outrages in detail, a painful subject of which one could read in the printed testimony; but she tried to make us realize the life of those people, their devotion to their faith, and the need that public sentiment should be aroused here and brought to bear on Turkey.

We may well ask ourselves, Are we willing to bear for our faith a fraction even of the sufferings these people endure? Can we not each one of us do something to aid? The best source of information on this subject is "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," by F. D. Greene. (For sale at 25 Beacon Street and 141 Franklin Street, Boston. Price, postpaid, forty cents.)

Mrs. Barrows was followed by Miss Mary F. Eastman, who spoke on Individualism. She did not confine herself to the relation of her topic to Alliance work alone, but treated it in a much broader way. She showed its advantages and its disadvantages, and how the pendulum must swing from the individual to organization, and back again to the individual.

She deprecated the coldness of our churches and our people, and the scant hospitality and sympathy offered to strangers coming among us.

It was announced that the National Alliance would hold its business meeting and elect its officers when the Conference meets in Washington, next October. It follows that our business meeting must be held soon after that, and delegates must be chosen to elect our own officers. Also we, as an association, are entitled to delegates to the national meeting. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, secretary of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, requested the New England Associated Alliance to send three delegates to the meeting of the Congress in June, in Chicago.

The business was referred to the afternoon session, and the meeting adjourned to lunch. An agreeable social hour passed, during a part of which the Executive Committee of the Board held a session, and the meeting opened again. The president was requested to appoint a committee to nominate officers for our own Executive Board; and she named Mrs. George H. Young of Lawrence, Mass., Miss Kelley of Portland, Me., Miss S. E. Doyle of Providence, R.I.

Mrs. Wells was also requested to appoint a committee to select the delegates to which the New England Associated Alliance is entitled to the national meeting; and Miss Mary L. Hall of Dorchester, Mrs. Julia W. Nichols of Boston, Mrs. Anna Hazelton of Concord, N.H., were appointed.

The choice of delegates to Chicago was referred to the Executive Board in the hope they might find persons who would be able to be in Chicago at the time of the meeting of the Congress.

This business transacted, the ladies were glad to listen to Mrs. Jordan's delightful paper on the Scope and Extent of Alliance. It is difficult to do justice to this paper without transcribing the whole, and we hope it will soon be read again to a much larger gathering. After hearing it there was an inclination to question the use of the word "extent," for there seemed no limits and no boundaries. This paper and that of Mr. Young on "The Value of the Alliance as a Factor in Church Work" agreeably supplemented each other. Mr. Young laid great stress on the need that Alliance work should quicken the spiritual life of the church and stimulate interest in the church services. And later Miss Mary L. Hall begged the Branches to give their best work for denominational and religious purposes. A little rustle of pleased surprise had gone through the audience when at one period Mrs. Dix

walked in. Few had known of the possibility of her presence, and she was doubly welcome. All were glad to see her, and that her health allowed her to be there. She told us of her visit to Chattanooga and to Asheville, and of Mr. Westall's work in the latter place, and of his wife's life with her invalid child high up on the mountain, where she finds missionary work to do.

There is now no Sunday-school in connection with the Asheville church; but the books sent out for it have been placed in one of the secular schools. Here on one day in the week some of the ladies go to give out and receive these books; and one day, when the eager children were gone, there was just one book left on the shelves.

Cannot more books be sent?

Miss Langmaid gave an account of the work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange Committee. Young people find in this a field of work especially adapted to them. Books and magazines are much needed.

Will not each person send one book? Do not fail to do that. Better, if you can send a magazine regularly. To any person willing to do this the committee will send a name and address. If you can collect several books, send them to the committee at 25 Beacon Street; and they will find the suitable reader for each one.

King's Chapel has started an "Envelope Mission." Cut out from the daily papers as you read interesting articles. Put them in an envelope. When it is full, send it on to some of the lonely people. Invalids who cannot hold a book can read these light scraps one by one; and the envelope can then be passed on to another reader.

Miss Eastman contrasted this meeting with the first meeting of the Auxiliary, finding great joy in the changed attitude of the women. Then they were timid, tentative, doubtful, now full of courage and independence.

The interesting discussion was cut short by the inexorable clock, which warned us that we must go to the train. The next meeting will be in Concord, N.H., in June. ELLEN S. HALE, Sec'y.

Here and There.

Germany has introduced a special mouthpiece for telephones, the object of which is to avoid the spread of disease by the condensed moisture of the breath. A pad of a large number of discs of paper, with a hole in the middle, is inserted into the mouthpiece; and the upper disc is torn off after every conversation.

It is said that the severe cold in the South killed the bluebirds and white-breasted swallows. "Listener" in the Boston Transcript refers to this in a sensible way: "Nothing has been said in the papers about the destruction of the bluebirds and swallows, and a great deal has been said about the loss of the Florida orange crop; and yet how much more serious a loss to us of Massachusetts is the killing of the birds than the killing of the oranges! All the reasonable demands of our stomachs can be satisfied without Florida oranges; but our souls will be left somewhat hungry, will they not, by an absence or scarcity of bluebirds and swallows?"

The chime of eleven bells just placed in the Unitarian church tower, Somerville, the generous gift of Martha R. Hunt and other residents of Somerville, is the first one to be hung in the city. It consists of the following bells: D, E, F-sharp, G, G-sharp, A, B, C, C-sharp, D, and E. The largest weighs 3,214 pounds. The total weight of the chimes is 13,428 pounds. They were cast in Boston by the Blake Bell Company, the oldest foundry in the country, successors to Paul Revere, and were tuned under the supervision of Mr. Frank Staples of Providence, a gentleman who has devoted his whole business life to such work, being connected for some years with the noted English foundries of Mears & Co. and Taylor & Sons. The tone of the bells, both in quality and accuracy, has been praised in highest terms, both by the church committee and by several musical critics who heard them at the foundry.

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IN NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Wm. O. Baskerville, M. D., Oxford, N. C., Member of N. C. Medical Society, writes under date of October 3, 1893, as follows:

"About August or September of 1891, I was very much troubled with torpidity of the liver and disorder of the digestive organs; later in the fall and winter I found that my urine was laden with uric acid, and I was a victim of Nervous Prostration and Nervous Dyspepsia. I tried the most approved remedies for such ailments, and consulted several of the most noted physicians of our country. Failing to obtain any relief, I determined to visit the Buffalo Lithia Springs of Virginia, where I spent a period of six weeks during the summer of 1892. I was entirely restored to health; my nervous symptoms all disappeared, and my general health was rapidly restored to its normal condition. Since that time my health has continued as good as at any period of my life. As a tonic, anti-dyspeptic and restorative, the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is without a peer."

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THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

The Deeper Meanings.

BY

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FILES OF "THE UNITARIAN."

I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the Unitarian in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

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The Sunday School.

The New Song and Service Book, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, has been introduced already into twenty-seven Sunday-schools, representing different parts of the country. The first edition of three thousand copies will evidently soon be exhausted; but another edition is in preparation.

The regular Channing Hall "Talks," at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, April 27. Subject, Lesson XXX., "Jesus and the Roman Coin." Primary at 2 p.m., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham. Intermediate and Advanced at 3 o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The last picture and article in the attractive series, "Famous Portraits of Children," will be published in *Every Other Sunday* for May 19. These reproductions of famous paintings, and the interesting descriptions by Miss Foster, have proven a very happy companion series to the "Famous Madonnas" which appeared in *Every Other Sunday* last year.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society will not issue a new service for Flower or Children's Sunday this year. The New Song and Service Book contains material for this occasion, both for service and music. But, in order to accommodate those who wish a pamphlet order of exercises, reprints can be had of the Floral Services for 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894. Samples sent on application. Price \$4.00 per hundred. Same rate by the dozen.

Sunday-schools and churches are reminded that "a contribution to the funds of the Unitarian Sunday School Society by any Unitarian parish or Sunday-school connected therewith shall entitle such parish, either directly or by its Sunday-school, to appoint three persons who shall be members of this society for the term of one year, and such persons are denominated delegate members. All members constituted as above shall be entitled to vote and act at all meetings of the society. The payment of ten dollars at any one time shall constitute a person a member of this society for life."

Charities and Reforms.

A wealthy Parsee is erecting a hospital for women in India at a cost of 50,000 rupees, the foundation stone of which has been laid by the Countess of Elgin.

LEND A HAND.—The quarterly meeting of the Lend a Hand Clubs at Marlboro on the 16th was of unusual interest. Eighteen clubs, from Marlboro or from the neighborhood, reported in more or less detail. And, as almost always happens, each club had some suggestion to make, which the delegates from other clubs found interesting and suggestive.

These meetings are called by the central committee which holds its monthly meetings in Boston. For that committee Dr. E. E. Hale, who is the president of the United Society, and Mrs. Whitman, the secretary, reported. The most important of the enterprises they have had in hand have been the collection of subscription for the ill-fated industrial school at Manassas. This school, planned and built by the colored people of that neighborhood under the energetic lead of Jennie Dean, was unfortunately burned down in the extreme cold weather of January. Jennie Dean with her own cheerful spirit declares that the fire was a blessing in disguise. Lend a Hand has contributed, or will contribute, \$1,000 for the new school-house; the friends of the school in New York, led by Mrs. Burton Harrison, who knows the country well, have contributed \$1,100; there were \$1,500 more at once paid as insurance; and the colored people have taxed themselves with great loyalty, so that they will have a better building than they lost. The Sea Island sufferers have roughed through their hard winter, and start cheerfully on a new year. Their needs required the best efforts of the central committee last winter. Miss Brigham, who conducts the very large distribution of books and papers in the South and South-west, reports activity larger than ever to meet the unprecedented demand. These are independent societies, but both grew from the suggestions and combinations of the central committee.

The Martha and Mary Club of Boston is a society of ladies used to vigorous personal work in helping people to help themselves. They have sustained a bureau for what they call "emergency sewing" through the winter, by which they have been able to give to the heads of families and others in need a dollar a week for sewing work, generally on coarse material, through the winter. Their report was singularly suggestive and prac-

tical, and the various societies assembled were glad to receive the price-list at which they are able to sell their manufactured work to societies who have naked people to clothe.

The Lend a Hand Club of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, in a spirited report, sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing, made many suggestions of value to other similar societies. What was most interesting was that the club has worked its way into such esteem in the neighborhood that they are relied upon as a force to do the duty which comes next their hand, whatever it may be. This club has had a series of practical talks from prominent business men, one on the post-office, one on legislation, one on electric roads, and one on banking.

The afternoon meeting had been specially assigned for a statement to be made by the Boston clubs, on the efforts set in motion by the Industrial Aid and the Temporary Home, for placing in the country women from Boston who want work. This effort is specially intended for the benefit of women with young children, and for those persons who, having contracted the habit of intemperance, wish to avoid temptation. This proved in many instances,—more than three hundred,—in the experience of the Industrial Aid last year, that women who cannot resist the temptations of our Boston liquor shops can live to some purpose in towns where they cannot get whiskey. An interesting conversation followed, in which different persons took part. Both meetings, that of the morning and that of the afternoon, were eminently practical and social in their character.

Personals.

A deputation of Englishmen waited on Lord Kimberley last week to urge the government to take prompt action in regard to Armenia. Among the speakers were F. S. Stevenson, M.P., Canon Gore, Prof. Agar Beet, Dr. Clifford, Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Newman Hall, Prebendary Eyton, Father Lane, and Sir J. Pease. More than a dozen religious denominations were represented.

THE THREE MARYS.—A beautiful memorial has lately been placed in the Unitarian church in Milwaukee. It is the gift of Mrs. Caroline Metcalf,—a name deservedly honored by the church; and it is in memory of her mother, Mary Tileston, her sister, Mary Hemenway, and her daughter, Mary Metcalf. The inscription is, "In memory of Three Marys, Mother, Sister, Child." Mrs. Mary Tileston, a woman of great but quiet force of character, was the wife of Thomas Tileston of New York, both well known Unitarians in Dr. Bellows's church. One of the gifts of the last year of her life was the Tileston Fund of \$40,000 to the Harvard Divinity School. Mary Metcalf, whose early death was so great a loss, was possessed of remarkable and acknowledged ability and promise, especially in the direction of art. The life of Mrs. Mary Hemenway is known to all, here as well as in Boston, where she lived; and it is an inspiration to have in the church here a memorial on which her name is inscribed, and which will remind us of her as a type of true womanhood and an adherent of the principles of the Unitarian faith. The memorial is in the form of sedilia, and is placed back of the pulpit. It consists of five seats upholstered in brown leather, and, with this exception, is executed in quartered oak slightly stained to enrich its color. The style is English Gothic, the same as the church; and the period, late Tudor. Rising back of the seats proper is a high panelled back, with canopied heads; and above these, over the central seat, is a spiret in open tracery, on the angles of which are crockets. And the whole is surmounted by a finial. At the base of the spiret stand six angels, blowing trumpets. The whole work is richly carved, and forms one of the handsomest pieces of work of this nature in this country.

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Pleasantries.

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in a south of London Board School. "Please, sir, at the bottom."

Grump: "Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?" Waiter: "We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss."—*Selected.*

Miss Blithely (interested in science): "Can one get a shock from a telephone?" Top Spiffkins (intent on ethics): "That depends, my dear young lady, on who is talking at the other end."

"Dear Tim,—I am sending you my coat by parcel's post. I have cut off the buttons because it will make it lighter. You will find them in the breast pocket. Yours, Pat."—*Exchange.*

Teacher: "Do you understand the meaning of the terms capital and labor?" Small boy: "Yes'm. If a boy has a sled, that's capital. If another boy rides down with him and then pulls the sled up, that's labor."—*Good News.*

A middle-aged, bespectacled woman appears at the door in answer to the bell, and the following conversation ensues. Boy: "Shovel off yer snow?" Lady: "No. I've got a husband who can do it." Boy: "My goodness! You look too young to be married." Lady: "Ahem! Well, you can do it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

No doubt, when one is reforming from bad habits, he should reform altogether. So, at least, thought an old lady who was opposed to the use of tobacco, when she saw an ex-drunkard, who vaunted his repentance, smoking a pipe. "I am a brand plucked from the burning," said the reformed man. "Anybody might know that," said the old lady; "for you're smokin' yet!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A well-known critic recently wrote a bitter attack on the work of a celebrated novelist. After it was published, the novelist, a good-natured man, wished to meet the critic who had assailed him, and asked a common friend to bring him up to dinner some evening. When invited, the critic replied: "I certainly shall not go! He simply wants to heap coals of fire on my head; and do you suppose I am going to hold the scuttle for him?"—*P. McArthur.*

Two Indians belonging to one of the large American shows of life in the wild West, while visiting London, were much interested in the sights to be seen in the London streets. One day they stopped before the show window of a wig-maker, and stared at the many varieties of wigs on exhibition there until their eyes nearly fell out. Finally, one of them nudged the other, and, with a shake of his head, remarked: "Ugh! mighty brave man! Big fighter, much scalp!"—*Harper's Young People.*

There is a conductor on an electric that goes away out into the suburbs who makes it most entertaining for the few people who go to the end of his route. "All aboard for the little village!" he will shout; and he continues such calls as "Home of the little sisters" (the old people's home); "Grassy lane and skeeterville"; "The water tower"; "Cherry Street, with a side-walk on it"; "Brown's pasture, no houses"; "view of the powder-house,—real estate 'most any price"; "end of the route, all out, and come again."—*Boston Home Journal.*

One rather funny incident had to do with a little Irish boy who pumped the organ in the Unitarian church. William McClellan was the organist, and it was a great wonder to the little shaver at the pump-handle how that music was made. One Sunday in the midst of the voluntary he filled the bellows full and tiptoed to the corner to peek around and "see William's fingers go it." But the wind soon began to give out, and the music wavered and threatened to collapse. William, at the organ, looked up to see what the matter was, and saw his pumper sticking his head around the corner. The boy was all excited. "Give it to 'em on the high notes," he called out in a thrilling whisper, "give it to 'em on the high notes!"—*G. M. S.*

THE EFFECTS OF A SERMON.

Once, when Cardinal Manning was preaching in Rome, he recognized John Bright among his listeners. On the instant he determined to preach to him, and dwelt with as much force and effect as he could on the claims of the Blessed Virgin to our veneration.

Two or three years later he met him and reminded him of this incident. "I remember it perfectly," said John, "and I shall never forget it. I was delighted with everything that morning"—a gratified smile came on the cardinal's face—"excepting your sermon."—*"Memoirs of an Author," Fitzgerald.*

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of red, from pink to the most brilliant crimson and maroon, and of every shade of blue from lavender and sky blue to the richest indigo and royal purple; also white, light yellow, gray, bronze, deep purplish slate, almost black, etc. Many have a distinct white margin, and some are elegantly spotted with pink, crimson, purple, blue, etc., on white ground, and many are striped, blotched, rayed, and shaded in an indescribable manner, often having three or four colors and shades in one flower. Several varieties have double flowers, like Petunias. The foliage is also very ornamental, the leaves of some varieties being of a rich golden bronze, and many are blotched, spotted, and mottled with white, yellow, and silver gray in rich mosaics. They are as easily grown as the common Morning Glories, the vines climbing from 20 to 30 feet, branching in all directions; and they bloom freely, from June to October, a single vine often having hundreds of flowers open at once. The editor of "Success with Flowers," a well-known floral magazine, writes of them as follows: "My plants were so busily occupied in producing marvelously tinted and variegated flowers, many of which reached six inches in diameter, that the vines only attained a length of ten to fifteen feet. There is little danger of the seedsmen overpraising the beauty of coloring in the blooms, as some of the combinations of tints are not to be expressed by even the most flowery adjectives." More than a hundred varieties bloomed in my own grounds last summer, from which the seeds I offer were raised.

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VOLUME LXXIV.

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Editorial.

PERHAPS the relation of Jesus to this and any other age has never been more finely stated than by Dr. Martineau in the closing paragraph of his volume, "The Seat of Authority in Religion": "It is only in the sphere of mundane phenomena that a revealer needs to know more than we: in the sphere of divine things the requirement is that he be better, and in the order of his affections and the secrets of his will make more approach to the Supreme Perfection." The question of the intellectual supremacy of Jesus and the range of his knowledge do not greatly concern us. But the attitude of his mind and heart toward God and his fellow-men constitute his mastership."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND had a warm welcome in Boston last Sunday evening, where he delivered an address on "American Citizenship." The fact that Mayor Curtis was present and introduced him, and that Gov. Greenhalge sent a letter regretting his inability to be present, and extending a cordial greeting to him as a "true patriot, and a man who truly loves his country," shows that not all Republicans are under the despotism of the American Protective Association. Mayor Curtis said: "In the field, in the pulpit, and on the platform,

he has battled for American institutions, American principles, and the American flag; and such an enthusiastic American citizen must be especially qualified to speak on American citizenship."

THE archbishop's address was broad, earnest, inspiring, and patriotic. "What America demands from her sons," he said, "is good citizenship: what Americans owe to their country is good citizenship. . . . Manhood suffrage demands as its fitting preparation universal education." He pointed out the evils of the primary and the caucus, of wire-pulling and slate-making. He arraigned the saloon, and declared that the liquor power must be totally eliminated from politics. Concerning immigration he says: "A well-directed immigration will not war with the American spirit or American loyalty. Decidedly, the spirit of our institutions must be made to pervade our foreign-born populations; and loyalty to them must be maintained. Immigration must be restricted so as to exclude criminals and unmaned paupers. Nor should immigrants in any State of the Union be prematurely authorized to vote. A due respect for American citizenship guards against a reckless extension of it to men coming to us from other lands. No one should be invested with the franchise until a sufficient length of residence in America has given full opportunities to understand her institutions and her laws. No encouragement must be given to social and political organizations or methods which perpetuate in this country foreign ideas and customs. An Irish-American, a German-American, or a French-American vote is an intolerable anomaly. We receive from America the right to vote as Americans, for America's weal; and, if we cannot use our privilege as Americans, we should surrender it. Efforts to concentrate immigrants in social groups and retard their Americanization should be steadily frowned down."

It would seem that the most rabid member of the American Protective Association ought to be convinced by such words that Catholics are not necessarily all traitors. And here is something that the members of that organization may well take to heart: "Storms are passing over the land, arising from sectarian hatred. These are scarcely to be heeded: they cannot last. Day by day the spirit of Americanism waxes strong. Narrowness of thought and unreasoning strife cannot resist its influences. This country is America. Only they who are loyal to her can be allowed to live under her flag, and they who are loyal to her may enjoy all her liberties and rights. Freedom of religion is accorded by the Constitution. Religion is put outside State action, and most wisely so. Therefore, the religion of a citizen must not be considered by voter or executive officer. The oath of allegiance to the country makes the man a citizen. If that allegiance is not plenary and supreme, he is false to his profession: if it is, he is an American. Discriminations and segregations, in civil or political matters, on lines of religion, of birth-place, of race, of language, of color, is un-American and wrong. Compel all to be Americans, in soul as well as in name; and then let the standard of their value be their American citizenship."

ON the same day that Archbishop Ireland was giving in Boston a noble presentation of the American ideal of citizenship, Dr. Fulton, the anti-Catholic agitator, was paying his respects to Dr. Parkhurst, who lately lectured in Boston on good citizenship. Dr. Fulton assured his audience that Dr. Parkhurst had not told the whole truth about Tammany; but, undoubtedly, Tammany feels that he has already told enough, and would not like to have him tell more. Dr. Fulton says he is praying for Dr.

Parkhurst; but why he should pray for him instead of for Tammany, and for Platt and the other wicked politicians who are trying to undo the good work of Dr. Parkhurst, we do not know. Fulton declared further that he had no use for Parkhurst. Possibly, Parkhurst has no use for Fulton. But we should not wonder if Platt and Tammany would like to hire the latter to go around the country and abuse a man who has done so much to confound their politics and frustrate their knavish tricks.

IT is not long since the ministers of Hoboken tried to stop Col. Ingersoll from speaking in that place; and now Hon. Elijah Morse of Massachusetts has just said, in a public address as reported in the *Standard*, "The sale of Ingersoll's book in this State, recommending and justifying suicide, should be interdicted and prohibited by an act of the State Legislature." If Col. Ingersoll says foolish things in his books or addresses, it is no reason why Congressman Morse should imitate him. Probably, no person was ever led to commit suicide by reading an intellectual or ethical defence of self-murder. Suicide is the result of disease, a diseased body or a diseased mind. To include it in the category of crimes on the statute book has not the slightest influence in preventing it. To stop the circulation of Col. Ingersoll's book by an act of the legislature would not only be an unwise invasion of liberty, but a fruitless attempt to correct an evil. To reduce suicide, we must eliminate its causes and make life more cheerful, healthful, and more worth the living. Tragedies of sorrow, disappointment, remorse, and disease, cannot be cured by an act of the legislature.

It is not uncommon to hear speculations on the permanence of religion. It would be just as reasonable to talk of the permanence of the intellect or the conscience, the permanence of the imagination, or any other constituent element of human nature. The vocabulary of religion, its forms and ceremonies, its symbols and organized institutions, have all their perishable elements; but the source of religion is inseparable from the nature of man. We do not mean that religion is the utterance alone of a single faculty. Intellect, imagination, conscience, emotion, the love of the beautiful and sublime, may all enter into it; but this only shows from what varied sources of our nature it is derived. As long as there is anything in the universe to worship, man will be a worshipper. So long as God speaks, so long man will answer. It is strange, then, that religious authority should have been made so often to depend upon some perishable external incident of religion rather than upon the spiritual consciousness of mankind.

"Who is thy neighbor?" is not to be answered geographically alone, as Jesus told us in his wonderful parable. The fact that we live next door to somebody else may establish sources of mutual interest, duty, friendship, and helpfulness. But our duty may as surely link us to a need of service or help somewhere on the other side of the globe. It is this consciousness that brotherhood is not a matter of race or distance which has animated the great missionary movements of the world. It is this consciousness which makes the heart of America thrill for suffering Armenia. It is this which leads a little band of King's Daughters in Illinois to send a contribution for the Mozoomdar Mission Fund half around the globe, or some remote "circle" to support Ramabai in her work among the widows of India. It is the same spirit which summons Unitarians to do something for the support of their mission in Japan. We are more easily affected by scenes of need or suffering which come immediately under our eyes. But for one sufferer whom

we see there are a thousand needing our aid whom we do not see. Our Samaritanism, therefore, must be made a matter, not of passing emotion, but of conviction and principle. We must not be content to give our dole to the personal applicant, but to support those organized agencies which continually provide channels for the stream of human kindness, and which may carry its irrigating fruitfulness to the remotest parts of the world.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH DENOMINATION?

There are said to be one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations in the United States of America. Shall there be one hundred and forty-eight?

From its inception we have given the most cordial encouragement and support to the American Liberal Congress. We believe that liberals of different religious organizations may find in it opportunities for conference, inspiration, and co-operation such as were furnished by the Parliament of Religions and in the opening meeting of the Congress. We have felt, however, that it would be a great mistake to narrow its purpose and make it the one hundred and forty-eighth religious denomination in the United States.

We know that we have the sympathy of some of the board of directors and members of the Congress in this matter. But the *New Unity*, its official organ, undertakes, in its issue of April 18, to show that the Congress may be forced to take such a step. When we ask, however, on what pretext the Liberal Congress may thus be diverted from its original purpose, the only reason given is that it is necessary to establish it on a basis of "absolute mental freedom." It is worth while to examine the grounds of this assumption and excuse.

In the first place the principle thus asserted is not a new one. It is not a discovery which has suddenly burst upon the world through the Parliament of Religions. For many years the Free Religious Association stood for absolute mental liberty, though one could not discover in the article of *New Unity* that the Free Religious Association had ever existed.

Secondly, mental liberty is recognized and accepted by Unitarians to-day, without exception, as a fundamental condition. No other religious body knows better how much that liberty has cost, and none would be more unwilling to surrender what it has gained. The Liberal Congress is born free because Unitarianism and Free Religion have paid such a price for their freedom.

New Unity claims that the Western Unitarian Conference has indeed stood for this principle. It does not explain why it is necessary, then, to create a new denomination to stand for a principle already sufficiently asserted. We might expect rather that the Liberal Congress would support a denomination that had already proved its courage in this direction instead of asking it to dissolve, like the old man of the sea, into some other form, and to take some other label.

In Unitarianism the mental liberty of every individual is respected; and we should like to know of any case in which it is now withheld, or in which a member of a Unitarian church is persecuted for exercising it. Likewise, from the beginning of Unitarian attempts to organize, some seventy years ago, until the present time, thanks to the Congregational heritage, the liberty of the individual church has never been surrendered. The American Unitarian Association was at first an association of individuals, but it never imposed a creedal test of any kind. And, when the Association, some ten years ago, was brought into more direct relation to the churches by its delegate system of representation, eligibility was made to depend simply upon a mone-

tary contribution made for two successive years. Simple as the constitution of the American Unitarian Association is,—so broad and catholic that nothing could be broader,—yet no church is compelled to subscribe to its constitution, but only to its funds. The mental liberty of every member of the Association and of every church contributing to it has been respected and protected, though we remind our contemporaries that mental liberty must not be confounded with the form of conviction which may be held under it. It means liberty for one wing as well as for another,—the liberty to be conservative as well as to be radical, the liberty to change one's opinions as well as to adhere to them.

When the American Liberal Congress was organized, it was not possible for it to find any broader foundation for religious liberty than that which Unitarians had already accepted. It could not find anything freer, because there was nothing freer to find. It could not go further in that direction, because there is nothing further to go to. It could simply imitate the basis of organization of the American Unitarian Association. And, as a practical proof of this, we point to the fact that each and every church or missionary association represented in the American Liberal Congress may acquire representation in the American Unitarian Association in essentially the same way. If the churches of the Liberal Congress stay out, it is not because they are obliged to, or because their liberty will be abridged if they enter, but because they do not want to come in. The Liberal Congress, therefore, has not created, it has simply adopted the Unitarian basis; and we may add that by far the larger number of churches represented in the Liberal Congress are Unitarian in their affiliation, and will remain so if the Congress is true to the unsectarian principle on which it was formed.

But we are told by *New Unity* that the Unitarian National Conference

makes belief still the centre of religion. The theological statement of what the Unitarian churches "hold" is, indeed, the shortest of all such statements; yet in principle it is still a survival of the Westminster Catechism and the Nicene Creed.

The declaration adopted at the Unitarian National Conference is as follows:—

These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

New Unity does not deny that this is, in essence, different from the Westminster Catechism and the Nicene Creed; but it would have its readers believe that it is used for the same purpose,—to circumscribe fellowship and limit mental liberty. But against such a misinterpretation of its purpose the National Conference has, fortunately, protected itself in the paragraph which follows the simple declaration above:

The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and polity. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

In this article the mental freedom of every member of the Conference is respected and guarded beyond all interference, and the invitation which is issued is not based on any subscription to even a ghost of a creed. It is one thing to describe a belief, and another to proscribe those who do not accept it. The National Conference has done the first: it has not done the second. On its seal the Liberal Congress bears the words "Justice, Love, Knowledge, Reverence, Humanity." It would be just as unfair to say that these words, which grandly describe its ideals, are put there to limit the liberty of its members; that they are, after all, nothing but the survival of the Westminster Catechism. We ask *New Unity*, therefore, in justice, to exercise this love, knowledge, reverence, and humanity in correcting its unfortunate misstatement.

And now that we have defended the principle of mental freedom, we hasten to add that no denomination can be successfully established on absolute mental freedom alone. If the Liberal Congress undertakes the experiment, it will surely fail. Something more must go with it. Absolute mental freedom furnishes a condition of

conviction: it is not necessarily conviction itself. A religious body which means to keep alive must stand not only for mental liberty, but for the propagation of principles and convictions which mental liberty may permit us to cherish. Unitarianism stands for nothing less than this freedom, but it stands for something more. It stands for sublime convictions in God and humanity, which are the inspiration and the end of all its activity. Let these convictions die, and mental liberty would not be worth having. The animal that dies in an exhausted receiver may have room enough to move about, but it lacks air. Mental liberty may furnish space for the growth of a soul, but that soul will die without the inspiration of noble conviction.

If for asserting these convictions as the National Conference has done, without abridging or imperilling our liberty, we are to be accused of creed-making, we must bear the honorable stigma of such a reproach under the assuring conviction that it is not only an attribute of mental liberty to cherish convictions, but also to assert them.

Welcoming, as we have done, the American Liberal Congress as a new power for conference, inspiration, and co-operation, and recognizing what large possibilities it has in this direction, we shall deeply regret if, instead of strengthening the organic forces already existing, it becomes a wedge to divide the ranks of liberalism rather than a hand-clasping circle to bring them together.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Western Unitarian Conference, as may be seen by the programme printed in our "Religious Intelligence," will hold its anniversary May 14-17, at the Third Church of Chicago. The programme has many aspects of interest, and we trust will be fruitful in inspiration as well as practical energy. The conditions for harmony are propitious. There are no theological seams that need to be brought together, and the only questions concerning which there is likely to be hesitation or difference relate to matters of policy and administration. The last meeting of the National Conference was memorable not so much for its action as for the spirit which prompted it,—the spirit which brought Unitarians from all sections of the country as well as from all points of the theological compass into a unity and harmony beyond all expectation. The practical outcome of that meeting, the most representative of all Unitarian gatherings, should be felt in all the anniversary meetings of the year. We do not mean that any formal ratification of that action is at all necessary. Our different conferences—State or interstate, local or national—have different constitutions and statements of object; but, essentially, and in spirit, they are all the same. Whether we take the National Conference, the American Unitarian Association, the Western Conference, or the State organizations, it is impossible to say that any one of them is any larger than the other in purpose or spirit, or that any one has a code of liberty that is not equally enjoyed by all. What we need is to take advantage now of every opportunity of co-operation and affiliation which occasion may offer. When the larger interests of liberal religion in this country are considered, all mere sectional questions vanish in comparison. Railroad and telegraph have vanquished what seemed to be unsurmountable distances, so that Boston and San Francisco are nearer together than were New York and Boston seventy years ago. As the wire and the rail have joined together the most remote sections in community of interest, so let the bonds of a closer fraternal and spiritual sympathy hold us all in strength of fellowship. The terms East and West, North and South, are useful and convenient distinctions for travelling purposes; but let them no longer represent any distinction of interest, purpose, or fraternal fellowship in the Unitarian body. The time has come for a closer, a more efficient co-operation. The American Unitarian Association will celebrate this year its seventieth anniversary. The Western Conference dates from 1852. Each of these bodies has an honorable history; but the question which concerns them both is not so much history, but futurity. It is the forward look rather than the backward one that should engage our hope and our determination.

THE CARE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The day has gone by when the work of women can be confined to the home fire-side. Indeed, it was never confined to that sacred locality, except in the imagination of certain people. A small minority of favored women may have been so guarded that they were under no necessity of facing the outdoor world, but plenty of their sisters have always had to fight the hard battle of life shoulder to shoulder with men. Even at the present day it is not alone the wives of Indian braves who have to do their share of hard work, but the women of cultivated Germany, Sweden, Norway, Austria, and other countries, have an immense amount of rough outdoor labor to perform, such as here is done only by men. It is greatly to the credit of American men that their wives and daughters and sisters have not been permitted to enter these rude fields of toil. But the same spur of necessity that drives Continental women to carry bricks and mortar, plough and harrow, and gather in the harvests, is felt here. If women will eat, they must work: there is no escape from the old law. Hunger knows no sex. If the factories have taken away the spinning and the weaving, women must earn their clothing in other ways than by the wheel and loom. It must therefore be accepted as an unavoidable conclusion that women, girls, and even children, will find their way into every employment for which they are fitted. It is surprising to know to how large an extent this is already true.

If women and children are to be considered legitimate employees in factories and mercantile establishments, it is evident that there should be legal provision made for their proper care, especially as they are not allowed to take part themselves in making laws for their own defence. Mercantile firms have been too apt to look on their labor as a makeshift or a temporary phase of the labor problem, and no permanent and equitable arrangements have been made for securing for them the best facilities for doing their work. This has been exceedingly unwise as a business measure; for, as a piece of economy, it must pay to give every employee a chance to do the best of which she is capable. This neglect also betrays a lack of chivalrous feeling and humane instinct. It has been prompted by cupidity and carelessness combined. And, as the years go by, it becomes evident that, if the employers do not voluntarily care for their female and juvenile employees as they should, the State must be called on to compel them to do their duty in this respect.

Law-makers do not make such regulations of their own volition. They must be urged on by public-spirited men and women, such as are at the present time urging the New York legislature to pass a measure to regulate the employment of women and children in stores in large cities, and to provide State inspection of the same. When such people as Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, Felix Adler, Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Leighton Williams, Grace H. Dodge, Alice S. Woodbridge, and a dozen others, give not only their names, but their influence and their hard personal work, to push such a measure, it shows two things: first, that such legislation is needed; and, second, that it will be secured.

It may be well to enumerate the provisions of the bill which has been presented at Albany as a model for others who wish to secure similar reforms. The leading provisions are as follows:—

1. Children under eighteen and women under twenty-one shall not work in stores after nine o'clock at night or more than sixty hours during the week.
2. No child shall be so employed who is under fourteen. Child-employees under sixteen shall be registered in the stores.
3. Children under sixteen who cannot read and write English shall only be employed in stores during vacation time.
4. Employees in stores shall be provided with toilet-rooms that are sanitary and clean and separate for the sexes. Places for women and children to eat lunch in shall be provided, apart from water closets. The lunch hour shall be not less than forty-five minutes.
5. Women and children shall not be employed in unsanitary store-basements.
6. Store-keepers shall provide seats for female employees, and permit a reasonable use of them.
7. The law shall be enforced by the State Factory Inspectors. A violation of it shall be a misdemeanor.

With such a law thoroughly enforced,

women may work for their daily bread, when necessary, and at the same time retain their health and their self-respect.

JAMES II. 1-6.

A bit of modern exegesis of this passage is furnished by Mrs. Isabel F. Hapgood in an article in the *Independent* on "Church-going in Russia:—"

Even the best of the few free-pew churches in our great American cities do not possess any such claims to uniting the rich and the poor in brotherly worship as do the Russian churches, with few exceptions, because the consideration of clothing, which seems never to occur to the poor Russian or to his rich neighbor, is a very powerful one here. That the rich are to blame for it no one who has once been "looked over" by a fashionable congregation, or by that congregation's deputy, the haughty sexton, is likely to doubt. A friend of mine once tried an ingenious experiment on one of these autocratic sextons in the course of her investigation of church manners. Dressing herself as badly as possible, she betook herself at an early hour to one of the most fashionable of the New York churches. The sexton surveyed her, and told her loftily there were no seats. "But I can see that there are," she remonstrated. "Other people are being shown to seats: the house is nearly empty still."

"There are no seats here—for such as you. There are plenty of suitable churches elsewhere where you can go," retorted the autocrat.

She retreated, entered her carriage (which she had prudently left round the corner), drove home at full speed, arrayed herself like the lily of the field, figuratively speaking, and drove up again to that church door, with as much dash as circumstances permitted. She applied to the autocrat. Though it was now late, and seats were presumably scarce, he gave her one of the best, on the middle aisle, and did it with a suave courtesy which was quite undisturbed by any recognition of her face. This incident had a bad effect on the rash experimenter's attendance at church thereafter, as was, perhaps, natural, however injudicious it may have been to confound the doorkeeper with the institution.

TRIBUTES TO DR. MARTINEAU.

Several persons have written to express their regret that absence from home prevented them from sending greetings to Dr. Martineau in time for our last issue. Among these persons were Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D., of Trinity Church, Boston; Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., of Buffalo; and Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D.D., of Omaha. Dr. Donald says:—

"My own personal indebtedness to Dr. Martineau is so great, and the opportunities for acknowledging the debt are so few, that I should have been glad of the privilege you accorded me to say how truly I reverence his character and how thoroughly I appreciate his work."

Dr. Vincent says:—

"I have been a reader of James Martineau for thirty years. His breadth, vigor, poetic genius, and spiritual insight have proved a great stimulus to me. While I should be compelled to dissent from many of his opinions, as a student and as a Christian, I have found him a source of inspiration and strength."

Musings.

MEETINGS have been held in many of our churches to pass resolutions condemning the massacre of Armenian Christians in Turkey. Last Sunday such a meeting was held in the First Church of Dorchester, the oldest of the Boston churches, and which, like the church of Plymouth, Mass., was organized in England before coming to this country in 1630. At this meeting the interesting fact was brought to mind that the "unspeakable Turk" was a source of trouble and anxiety to the American colonists. In the Dorchester church records there is the following entry, under date of Jan. 28, 1694:—

January ye 28 93⁴ ther was a generale contribucon for some that are in captivity in turkey: peres Savage and Thomas Thecher and was given in Dorchester six pound ten shillings ten pence and it was delivered into ye hands of deacon Toplif to deliver it to mr Samuel Sewell esqr.

Another entry, within four months of being two hundred years old, reads:—

Agust ye 11 95 was A great contribucon in many churches for sune parsons yt wer

in slavery Amonge ye turks and in ouer congregacon was given 9 pound six shillings & nine pence.

It was not uncommon for the Boston congregations to be called together to consider the redemption of captives, though most of them related to captivity among the Indians; but the two entries quoted are interesting bits of international history. The amount subscribed on these occasions shows the generous self-sacrifice of the early churches. It was a little hard on the colonists that they should have had to redeem captives from the Indians on the one side and from the Turks on the other. I cannot be sure that the clerk was guilty of any intentional contempt in writing Turk with a small "t" instead of putting a chi-rographic turban on the initial letter.

So it was interesting to me to think that the Dorchester parish, under the call of its pastor, Rev. E. R. Shippen, had come together once more to pay tribute to the Turk,—not a tribute of gold or silver, but a contribution of indignation and moral protest against the terrible outrages on the Armenians. But how changed are the relations of things in these two hundred years! The Indian in Massachusetts, with the exception of a few metaphorical Indians at Gay Head, has passed away; and the question now which the churches and our government has to consider is not the redemption of whites from the Indians, but the redemption of Indians themselves from the captivity of ignorance and tradition. Likewise with the Turk the New England churches have assumed a very different relation. Two United States iron-clads are lying off the coast of Asia Minor. They represent the power of a nation of over sixty millions of people, and suggest the contribution of iron or lead which would be made in case diplomatic negotiations failed to secure the liberty of Americans held captive in Turkey. But a more direct relation is sustained by the New England churches. They have not simply contributed to redeem their fellow-citizens: they have given thousands of dollars in the cause of education in Turkey, and missionaries have devoted themselves with self-sacrificing labor and arduous service to this task. Turkey may not be grateful for this service; but, through it, it is gaining some of the products of nineteenth-century civilization, which Orientalism cannot furnish. Still another item of interest is worth mentioning. The Dorchester church not only asked the government of the United States to make a moral representation to Turkey concerning the Armenian massacre, but it expressed the hope that England, as one of the signatory powers of the Berlin treaty, might be able to effect reforms in Armenia. As the Dorchester church was organized in Plymouth, England, it was not unbecoming in it thus to recognize the historic tie which still binds it to the English government.

Brevities.

Philadelphia is not in Massachusetts, as foreign readers might infer from a statement to that effect in a few numbers of last week's *Register*. But there is a good deal of brotherly love in Massachusetts; and Dr. Furness, who lives in Philadelphia, has helped to promote it.

Chicago has a woman policeman; and her weapon is not the club or a revolver, but a broom. In other words, Miss Jane Addams, the founder and manager of Hull House, has accepted an appointment on the sanitary police force. Miss Addams's renovating influences have been felt all through the district in which Hull House is established.

Rev. Howard N. Brown has not only been called to the pulpit of King's Chapel, but to the pulpit of the *Christian Register*, which he fills so admirably this week. It is not the first time he has addressed our readers, and we hope it will not be the last. Whether he goes to King's Chapel or stays at Brookline, he will continue to be a minister of the *Christian Register*.

The First Parish, Dorchester, in spite of the financial depression, has raised more money this year for the American Unitarian Association than for many years. This is owing to the energy, zeal, and business method of its new pastor, Rev. Eugene R.

Shippen, who established a thorough canvass of the parish, and was cordially seconded and supported in this work by his congregation.

Rev. Austin S. Garver of Worcester has been generously granted a year's leave of absence by the society of Worcester, and, accompanied by his wife, will travel on the Continent of Europe and visit Egypt and the Holy Land. We congratulate these birds of passage upon the opportunity that is before them, and we have no doubt they will come back again enriched in mind and body for the work they shall take up again.

The *Congregationalist* defends the individual cup in the communion service. All right. But we hope there will be no agitation for an individual collection-box. We would remind the brethren that there is no danger of physical disease in this direction. The only danger is that the cultivation of individual pocket-books may prevent that healthy communism of generosity which is such a delightful feature of a general contribution-box.

Harper's Weekly speaks to the point when it says: "It has always been the just pride of the American people that they are the only great nation in the world which does not need a large army or navy. Our moral authority, well taken care of and asserted with dignity, will be far more powerful than thousands of big guns. Shall we surrender this inestimable privilege to a few reckless ranters, who shout for a spirited foreign policy which is ruffianism, and for a delusion of greatness which means degradation and dishonor?"

The birthday of Dr. Furness is always joyfully observed in the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia; and this year the pastor, Rev. Joseph May, made Dr. Furness and Dr. Martineau the subject of a sermon in which he paid a tribute to the character, work, and influence of these two great leaders of religious thought and preachers of liberal religion. Speaking of Dr. Furness's work, Mr. May said: "I think it is actually true that no one between 1835 and 1855 did more—though so quietly—to loosen the bonds of oppressive creeds, and especially to illustrate and vindicate the liberal, which is the only true and only fruitful attitude of mind toward the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. The peculiar theory of the miracles ascribed to Jesus to which Dr. Furness adheres gives him to some of you now the air of a conservative thinker. As a fact, his position as a commentator on the Gospels was so radical as to be revolutionary. Its principles were exactly those of the so-called 'higher criticism' of to-day. It was and is simply that of a free, unfettered mind, respecting its own endowment of rationality, and bringing to all the subjects of study equally the same serious, impartial, and thorough spirit and methods of inquiry."

Pro and Con.

THE MINISTERIAL UNION LIBRARY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Ministerial Union Library, in Room 11, Unitarian Building, has been given by the Union to the Meadville Theological School. Those having books out are requested to return them at once. The person who has Vol. II. of Schrader's "Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament" is requested not to forget to return it.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I have read and reread Mr. F. H. Wines's article in the *Christian Register* of March 28; and I wish I could be sure that he is right in regard to there being no substantial increase in crime in the last ten years, especially of a serious nature. I take it for granted Mr. Wines does not take in the crime of murder. The increase in this crime was simply appalling. From 1882, with 1,467 murders, we rise to nearly 7,000 murders in 1892; while last year over 9,800 murders were committed in the United States. Of the number of hangings in the ten years, 518 were in the Northern States, 728 in the Southern States; while the number of lynchings were in the North 426, and in the South 1,150. In 1882 8 per cent. suffered the extreme penalty of the law; in

1891, 2 per cent. only; while the lynchings outnumbered the legal executions. The above figures are taken from Hon. N. M. Curtis's speech in Congress and the *Chicago Tribune*.

I shall be much gratified to find out that they are lies. Only please let me know.

W. G. PUDDFOOT.

REPLY BY MR. WINES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

My article on the increase of crime avowedly was confined to the prison population. I said, "Precise inferences drawn from the number of convicts in prison are unwarranted." I adhere, however, to my general conclusion that "there has been no substantial increase of crime during the decade from 1880 to 1890." Your correspondent wishes to know if I include the crime of murder. I do. The figures which he quotes are, as he says, appalling; but, before they can be accepted, they need verification. On what are they based? How were they collected? What do they include? I have no information on this subject, but the statement that there were 9,800 murders committed in the United States in 1892 does not commend itself to me as exact or accurate. Without proof, I do not believe it. This is equivalent to twenty-seven murders for every day in the year. Now, murders are, presumably, well covered in the Associated Press despatches. Any ordinary reader of the daily telegrams in the newspapers knows that he has never read of so many murders in any one day in his life, let alone every day in the year. Or the figure given is equivalent to between two and three murders last year in every county in all the States and Territories of the Union. I take it, of course, that by murders are meant homicides, justifiable and unjustifiable. How many of them were accidental or occurred in the discharge of some official duty does not appear. On its face the statement is sensational and reckless. If the facts are known, they can be given by States and counties, so as to admit of local verification. Until that is done, no good citizen need lose any sleep through fear of an impending catastrophe due to the growing recklessness of life in America, which I believe to be a myth. If it were a fact, it ought to leave some trace in the prison statistics of the census. How is the absence of any such trace to be accounted for? It would matter comparatively little if the item which alarms your correspondent did not find its way into foreign journals, and give great scandal to the enemies of free, democratic institutions in Europe. That would not matter, either, if it were true; but what evidence has any one of its truth? I will express an opinion as to the evidence whenever it is forthcoming.

FRED H. WINES.

MR. DILLINGHAM AND THE CALHOUN SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

All your readers must have been interested in the story which our friend Mr. Dillingham has given of the Tuskegee Conference and the work that is going on in Alabama in behalf of the needy and ignorant colored people. It ought to be a matter of still further interest that Mr. Dillingham and his wife are devoting themselves to this same work at Calhoun, where their sister really gave her life to establish a school in one of the most neglected counties of the South. I have spoken of the work as though it were for the blacks. It is truly for all of us, blacks and whites, and for the country. If dense ignorance and a degraded type of life is a menace to free institutions, then surely the men and women who carry such a school as Calhoun to fight this ignorance, and to set homes where now there are only one-room cabins, are defenders of our liberties. Do they not deserve whatever co-operation is needful to make their work effective?

May I call the attention of your readers to the fact that this Southern work is precisely in the line of what our liberal churches stand for. We claim to represent a religion of character. And it is for the making of character, pure and simple, that Calhoun, like Hampton and Tuskegee, exists. Indeed, here we have one of our own ministers, who sees a better opportunity than he knows anywhere else to spread "practical

religion," as "summed up in love to God and love to man." I wish that we were all as sure as he may be that our efforts go straight to the mark!

Mr. Dillingham, now at the North, has the hardest part of his responsibility in securing the few thousands of dollars necessary to maintain the school. I write in the hope that our friendly people will rally to his support. I understand that he will be very glad to address meetings in our churches, and explain the situation at the South, both in its perils and in its hopeful possibilities. He will be grateful for any gifts, however small. A few dollars at Calhoun or Tuskegee go a good way toward making men and women. The cost of ten Harvard students for a single year would carry Calhoun. Any communications addressed to Mr. Dillingham, at 25 Beacon Street or at the *Register* office, will be sure to please him.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

HELP FOR THE POOR WHITES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The readers of the *Christian Register* are quite familiar with the work that is being done for the colored people at Hampton, Tuskegee, and Calhoun. It is, beyond all doubt, an important work, and deserves the generous support of all lovers of humanity. But there is a work to be done among the poor whites of the South which is equally important and equally deserving of support. It is not necessary to go beyond the mountain region of North Carolina to realize this. The "old North State" has always had a larger percentage of illiterate whites than any other Southern State; and, while the Presbyterians are fast waking up to the need of doing something to enlighten the great mass of ignorance, the Unitarians have thus far done nothing. That much needs to be done is a fact patent to the most superficial observation. The public school is yet in its experimental stage. Asheville, though a city boasting of fine hotels, public buildings, and private residences, has no high school; and even the primary, intermediate, and grammar departments of the public school are open for only six or seven months of the year, the people feeling that education is a luxury they can hardly afford, while in the country districts the "free school," as it is commonly called, is seldom open for more than three months.

In all this mountain region there are large families of poor whites dwelling in cabins of one or, at most, two rooms, with no books, magazines, or papers. Words cannot describe the narrow, humdrum, merely animal life they live year in and year out, shut in by mountains and the low-roofed cabins they call their homes. Their condition appeals strongly to the sympathy of every feeling heart. What though the need of something higher and better is unconscious, is it not all the more pathetic because it is unconscious? And should not we, "whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high," do what we can, be it ever so little, to awaken and satisfy the need?

Last winter the writer and his wife opened a free night school for the poor whites of "Spoke Branch," a beautiful valley lying four miles north-east of Asheville, which from first to last was attended by about twenty boys and girls, whose ages ranged from six to twenty years. The severe weather, altogether unprecedented for this part of the country, interfered somewhat with our work, as many of the smaller children were not properly clothed; yet we feel that a good beginning has been made. The good work begun should not be allowed to languish. What is most needed at the present time is a small free circulating library, comprising books of travel, history, and juvenile literature. Second-hand copies of the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Little Men and Women*, and similar publications could be used to good advantage.

Will not every reader of the *Christian Register* under whose eye this may fall take it as a personal appeal, and send something for the library which we hope soon to have? Who will be the first to respond? All books or magazines or papers intended for the poor whites of "Spoke Branch" may be sent to Rev. Henry A. Westall, Asheville, N.C.

H. A. W.

For the Christian Register.

THE REMEMBERED DREAM.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The dream remains, the sorrow all is gone.
 What time the sorrow seemed the chiefest part
 Of all that past my heart most doted on
 Is not so far removed from my heart
 But that a vivid memory of it stays,
 And changes all my life; for that old dream
 Reached to the bed-rock of the fair old days,
 And tinged them with the light of its own beam.

But now the dream remains, the sorrow gone;
 And all my heart goes forward, and not back.
 To the new goals of being I press on,
 Nor glance too often at the backward track.
 To daily ever with remembered woe
 Is weakness; and the flight of th' long years
 Has caused upon this grave the grass to grow,
 Albeit 'twas watered oft with scalding tears.

O heart, thy dream remains, thy perfect dream;
 Sweet as the kisses of thy first true love
 Thrilling along the years, the fair hours seem
 When in its bonds my fluttering heart still strove.
 But 'neath its poppies let it silent lie.
 Its joy I knew, its pain my soul did share;
 Yet from the depths of yonder star-dusted sky
 There falls a hope that saves me from despair.

SUMMER IS COMING.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

The delicacy of May in Northern and Eastern New England is exceedingly piquant to one who loves to seek for shy beauty instead of having bold charms thrust upon his notice. The faint green of the willows, contrasted with the rich brown of the alders; the misty tops of the tasselled white birches; the dark hues of the spruce, balsam fir, and pine; and, running through all like threads of coral, the red of blooming maples,—what could be more fascinating? This for the effect in mass, but the details might occupy one for many a charmed hour.

Cold and coy has been the spring. One feels as if violets were a joy of the future, and does not dream that the fragile pink bells of the anemone are above ground. But there come two or three oppressively warm days, then days of pouring rain, and, lo! the miracle is wrought. The dear accustomed visitors were all ready, and presently Nature opened the door and let them out. One is startled by seeing violets in bud, each little blue-hooded head a-tremble on its stem, and a wind-flower, a mere infant, to be sure, yet with its decorated foliage and rose-streaked corolla in perfect order,—a spring baby in a baby's own garb. One loves these little brave adventurers as one could not care for California roses. They are a solace in the cloudy weather, and seem to have come to cheer us while yet the world is so bare.

Although the careless or indifferent onlooker perceives only the obtrusive arrivals, to the seeing eye it is apparent that there is a thronging, hurrying life all about us. The willows, to be sure, are in no danger of being overlooked; but they are by no means the only outdoor folk who adorn before properly clothing themselves. "The habit of sending up flower-stalks or putting out blossoms is," says Grant Allen, "far more common than the casual observer would be inclined to imagine. The majority of spring-flowering trees have their blossoms in those large yet inconspicuous masses which we call catkins; while others, like the elm, have them in dense clusters, so closely seated on the bough that comparatively few passers-by notice them." Almost all our larger native trees are catkin-bearers,—oaks, alders, birches, hazel, beech, osier, poplar, and aspen. One might pass by the white birch every day of its blossom period, and not notice the delicate catkins; but there they are in plain sight, if one looks, but less conspicuous than the tiny green satin leaves that are just getting under way, giving a suggestion of mist from their exceeding delicacy. "In every case the reason for the flower preceding the plant seems to be the same. The catkin-bearing plants are chiefly, if not always, wind-fertilized; and they have their stamens on one tree and their pistils on another, thus producing the highest possible degree of cross-fertilization." We all know what showers of yellow pollen fall from the pretty tasselled twigs that we bring to our rooms for a spring decoration. It is thus that Nature provides against waste, saying to her carrier, the wind, "You are a most extravagant fellow; but you shall do my errands for me, in spite of your profligate ways."

The early bloomers have made ample pro-

vision for their spring outlay by laying up the summer before a stock of material,—some in fleshy bulbs, some in bark and woody tissue. Indeed, the plants and trees are excellent managers, and might well be imitated by less thrifty folk. As day after day we go out to meet and greet the wee spring people, we find at each visit some new-comer. Now it is the saxifrage, white-clothed and graceful, stationed on a rich moss-cushion, that contrasts charmingly with its pretty blossoms. The low-branching blueberry or sugar-berry bears clusters of compact little blossom-buds on the tip of each small twig. One takes a bite at the slightly acid buds, and is taken back to those babyish days when we shared the "browse" with the cows and sheep. A little brown individual, so unobtrusive as to pass unnoticed by eyes bent on bright effects, challenges attention on the score of old acquaintanceship. It is the sweet-fern, ridged with little buds, fast swelling to the bursting point in the sunshine. How exquisite is the odor that escapes as we give it a pinch and set free its pent-up sweetness! But, speaking of odors, there will be by and by a treasury of spices, all in one great dishevelled bush out by the pasture bars in the edge of the spruce woods. It is now spiked all over in the most aggressive and uncompromising manner, like a stern old father determined to keep all intruders from the pink-cheeked daughters soon to make their appearance. Among the thorns one finds now and then a leaf-bud which yields the well-loved perfume. I speak of the sweet-brier, which on the 16th of May scarcely shows a hint of life.

The bayberries still hoard their Quaker-hued fruit, but are sending out rudimentary buds up and down the crabbed branches. They, too, are of the spice family. Indeed, our wild pastures are odoriferous as Persian gardens, if only we realized it.

By the way, the sweet-fern is a catkin-bearer, not generally known as such, I imagine.

One of the most graceful of the May growths is the wild raspberry, whose highly decorative foliage is veined and notched in the prettiest manner imaginable. It springs up in moist places, in company with the ferns and other bog-loving growths. In this latitude, and in a cold season like this, the fern tribe are just beginning at the 18th of May to throw off their woolly blankets and show their fronds in miniature. Anything more "cunning" than a little group of baby-ferns I am not acquainted with. Their round heads seem to be covered with soft blond hair; and they are so snugly and cosily wrapped that one feels as if there were something human about them. The wild strawberry vine is up and dressed; and the long, trailing sprays of blackberry that have survived the winter have sent out leaf-clusters up and down their graceful length. It is between the second and third week in May when the first dandelion appears, rather a spent and pallid herald at that. But "greens" have been sought not unsuccessfully by small boys, and greatly to the satisfaction of bilious folk, who long for their appearance.

The larch, most individual of trees, has its elegant tufts all ready for display. The balm-of-gilead is dressed from "top to toe" with the jauntiest tassels, while its highly polished foliage is slowly unfolding and the rich surfaces glistening in the morning sunshine. The horse-chestnut has just shaken out its masses of wrinkled green silk. So tightly pressed are the great palmate leaves inside the protecting sheaths that at first they present a curiously creased and limp appearance as they free themselves, almost at full size. The haste to grow, which has been real, though not apparent, will now be seen from day to day. One is bewildered, on getting up mornings, to see the change that a single night has seemed to make. It would appear that the vegetable folk are running races, each trying to outdo the other. The dandelion is pretty sure to get ahead just now, and before we get used to the gay company the fields will be covered with dandelion clocks. The saucy breezes will amuse themselves with pulling a hair at a time from poor old Dandelion, till the little head is bald. But that is exactly what the plant desires, for the wind is its seed-sower. Every one of the winged seeds goes flying off to get itself planted in some desirable spot. The seed appendages have been developed, the naturalists tell us, for this very purpose of distribution. Says one

of the wise ones: "The reason why plants take all this trouble to get their seeds dispersed is a simple one. Why should they not let them drop out upon the ground just underneath their own branches? For the very same reason that the farmer does not crop the same land with corn or turnips ten years running. The plants had unconsciously discovered rotation of crops ages before the agriculturists consciously hit upon it."

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE PROBLEM.

BY ELIZA STOWE TWITCHELL.

The untiring devotion of our philanthropic men and women in seeking to ameliorate the cruel condition of human lives chained to slavery in sweat-shops and disease-breeding tenement-houses proclaims the fact that they, too, discern the ominous cloud now spreading over the fair sky of our republic. Their sympathy is not only deeply stirred for suffering humanity; but even self-interest has revealed to them at last the link which unites all in a common brotherhood,—that the sufferings of one class must be alleviated, else, eventually, a stern Nemesis is aroused to punish all for neglected opportunities.

One glance in a Boston directory at the long list of societies and organizations devoted to the relief of the poor or the elevation of the masses might soothe one into believing that our progress toward a higher civilization is upward and sure. But the lesson is incomplete without a survey of the reports of political corruption and the state of that unfortunate class whose sickening and despairing condition is turning fair humanity—made in the image of God—into hideous shapes and revolting sights.

Surely, there is a "spirit of the age" working behind all this which is clearly discerned by "the pure in heart" and those rare souls who truly "love their fellow-men." This age, with lavish hand, has scattered blessings upon us innumerable,—invention, science, art, government, philosophy, and Christianity,—set in the midst of bounteous, rejuvenating nature, and then, with kind, but solemn voice, demands an account of such high stewardship. Will memorized words, though repeated under vaulted roof and upon graceful, bended knee, "that we have left undone those things" which education and stewardship demand, excuse us from seeking to know the will of the Father, and doing it? To pray is not enough, to give charity is not enough; for "no device can reach the core of this misery that does not make justice paramount."

And what is justice but liberty,—the liberty or right of each to his own physical powers, his free religious thought; his right to a voice in making the laws which govern him; and also his equal right, with all the rest, to the earth? Deny him this, the others are platitudes. No one who loves liberty will dispute these propositions in theory. They are challenged only when about to be applied, or when their power to change this very nightmare of civilization into a reign of peace and plenty is asserted. What does it mean, this crowding of the population of the world into great cities, making life a long holiday for some, with a surfeit of luxuries, and causing almost unending toil, privation, and loss of hope to others? We see the fact whenever we care to look; but the determining cause escapes us, for it is hidden under complex relations. The mighty force working to-day through modern labor-saving machinery, subdivisions of labor, and facilities for transportation, is producing wealth upon an enormous scale; and, as this force yearly increases, so also, proportionately, rises the value of land, expressing in annual economic rent the net benefit to each community of these social, industrial, and natural advantages. To share this ground rent in common would be to equalize these general blessings of civilization and of nature, giving to each child of God an equal share in the value of land, which carries with it also an equal share in the general benefits of the accumulated knowledge of mankind, leaving to individual labor and capital all that they produce.

Ground rents represent premiums for different degrees of advantage for each location. Should we pay our brothers premiums for advantages conferred upon us by the progress of civilization and bounties of the Creator? If each were to pay the mar-

ket price for the advantages of his location (ground rent) into the public treasury, be it much or little, and receive in return an equal share with all the rest, natural opportunities and social advantages would be equalized, leaving individual capital, talent, energy, and industry to reap according as they sow. This is not charity, but justice,—putting the Golden Rule into our civil polity, seeking first the kingdom of righteousness, after which is promised a reign of peace on earth.

The greed to seize this unearned increment is seen in the concentration of valuable land in the hands of a few. 10 per cent. of the population in cities own all the land in them or land mortgages; and, if to this be added the fact that only one-third of this land is in use, and also that there is now no fertile land in our country freely open to labor (because of this incentive to prosper by increasing unearned increment), here is found a pressure strong enough to mass people in great cities, enormously increasing rents, and lowering wages and profits. To support and sustain this gigantic monopoly in ground rent, a constant and unending tribute is laid upon the great mass of people,—the real wealth-producers,—so heavy as to almost stop the wheels of industry, afflicting them with unjust burdens, while it presses the weak and unfortunate into tenement-houses, sweat-shops, pauperism, and crime. "It is this," says Henry George, "that turns the blessings of material progress into a curse. It is this that crowds human beings into noisome cellars and squalid tenement-houses, that fills prisons and brothels, that goads men with want and consumes them with greed, that robs women of the grace and beauty of womanhood, that takes from little children the joy and innocence of life's morning. Civilization so based cannot continue. The eternal laws of the universe forbid it. Ruins of dead empires testify, and the witness that is in every soul answers that it cannot be. It is something grander than benevolence, something more august than charity: it is Justice herself that demands of us to right this wrong,—Justice that will not be denied, that cannot be put off; Justice that with the scales carries the sword."

PROF. JAMES EDWARD OLIVER.

The Unitarian Society of Ithaca, with the Cornell University and the educational world, sustain a very great loss in the death of Prof. James Edward Oliver, who passed away on the morning of March 27, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Born in Portland, Me., of Quaker ancestry, the most of his childhood was spent at Lynn, Mass., whither the mortal part of him was taken for its last rest. He was a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1849, being the class poet of the year. He was a favorite pupil of Prof. Benjamin Peirce, the distinguished mathematician and astronomer. Immediately upon his graduation he became an associate of Prof. Peirce, who was consulting astronomer for the Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. Here it was that he made one of that company of scientific men of whom are Profs. Ferril, Newcomb, Van Vleck, Safford, Runkle, etc. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a fellow of the American Philosophical Society, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the National Academy. He was as well a member of the Council of the American Mathematical Society, belonged to the Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Chi honorary societies and to the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. In 1871 he became Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Cornell University, succeeding to the full professorship in 1873, which position he held at the time of his death. With Profs. Waite and Jones he was the joint author of a work on algebra and trigonometry, and contributed articles of special interest and ability to scientific and other journals; but his chief greatness was in himself,—a beautiful, true, gracious spirit, who blest those knowing him with many an inspiration to goodness.

President Schurman has written of him: "A blameless and devoted life has gone from us. I admired the reach and sweep of his intellect, his high sense of honor and justice, the absolute integrity of his character, the guilelessness and simplicity of his nature, which always reminded me—genius though he was—of one of those little

children of whom is the kingdom of heaven. I cannot now weigh the greatness of his loss to the university which his genius adorned. Prof. Oliver ranked among the very first mathematicians of America. But at this time one thinks only of the broad-minded, noble, faithful man who always stood for the right, who served his generation by doing loyally the duty that lay at hand, and who endeared himself to his fellow-workers, young and old alike, by his patience, fidelity, and inexhaustible goodness of heart. His memory will always be green at Cornell. May his example be an inspiration to those who remain!"

Prof. Burr says: "He was always and absolutely fair. His was no fairness of motive alone: he had the genius which sees things as they are. And this fairness—and herein lay the charm of his character—was tinged neither with severity nor with indifference. He was tender as he was just, helpful as he was conscientious. He had no love for debate; and under his mild words partisanship gave place, even in the fieriest heart, to the pure love of truth. . . . No cause could be so desperate, no culprit so discredited, that his conscience was not keen to see and prompt to point out any loophole or excuse, any claim to a more generous hearing. For what he could say nothing, there was nothing to say; and harsher natures might go forward secure. . . . In religion he was, as he used himself to say, 'by temperament and training a mystic'; and it was easy for him to sympathize with the most diverse faiths. He could profoundly understand the yearning for miracle; but, personally, his reverence never obscured his reason. All his life the influence of Samuel Johnson, who had been his pastor in early manhood, lingered with him; and there was about his own rationalism the same flavor of poetic devotion. . . . Besides all those who were bound to him as student to master or friend to friend, an army of others will mourn his loss,—an army of changing students, to whom he never spoke a word, but who—as many a time and oft, just as the university clock was striking the hour, there dashed by them the little sturdy, gray-headed figure, with the cheery, fearless face—have thanked God and will thank him always for one absolutely honest man."

Prof. Corson says: "It was as a man unswervingly and spontaneously loyal to the good and the true, with a childish simplicity of character, with a benevolent and beneficent spirit (all of which qualities every one felt who came into any kind of relationship with him) that his influence was great and most benign. His being was the highest form of his teaching and educating power. Whatever his method as a teacher, in the ordinary pedagogic sense of the word 'method,' his best method was himself, with his enthusiasm, his thoroughness, his painstaking, his considerateness, his perfect genuineness, his unvarying kindness and fairness. However methods may be, it is the eternal in a teacher which makes the true educator."

It may not be generally known that Prof. Oliver's literary cultivation, his literary insight and taste, were of a very superior order. His deep interest in man's spiritual nature led him to poetry as the best embodiment in art of that nature. His knowledge of English poetry was extensive; and he was susceptible to the subtle suggestiveness of poetic form, such as is exhibited in Tennyson, for example,—especially in his "In Memoriam," which poem was a great favorite with him. He loved Shakspeare, and at one time in his life was regarded as a superior Shakspearean reader. He loved Browning's poetry for its psychological wealth, its great spiritual vitality. He "thought nobly of the soul," and had a most vital belief in its indestructibility.

He was ever the same dear, good man. He seemed to be entirely free from moods, and no intimate friend was ever made to feel or to suspect any change in his friendly feelings toward him. And his greeting of a friend was ever with the same full heartiness. The injunction of the apostle, "Let brotherly love continue," was certainly realized in him, if it was ever realized in any man. So decided, in the best sense of the word, was his character that all who knew him knew where he would be likely to stand in any question that came up,—social, political, moral, religious, or any other.

He was not swayed by circumstances or any personal considerations: there was an ever-present inward standard which determined his views of things.

Religion with him was not a matter of belief, but of being, though he had his religious beliefs, and some very decided ones. Chief among them was that spiritual truth can be attained only through one's spiritual being; that only so far as a man is the truth can he vitally know the truth, and so far as a man is not the truth is the inward oracle obscured. He did not accept the "orthodox" view of Jesus; but Jesus was to him the greatest illuminator of the inward oracle who has appeared among men, and he was that by virtue of his being the fullest realization of the spiritual potentialities of human nature.

I never knew a better, more lovable man than Prof. Oliver. And his goodness was so spontaneous. It was the set of his being. He seemed to me to be almost without sin. He could have justly taken to himself the words of Saint Augustine: "Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi, recte facere non possim."

He was one of the most devoted and helpful members of the Ithaca Unitarian Society. He gave largely of his means for its support; but his greatest giving was himself, as teacher in a class in ethics which met in the body of the church every Sunday morning after the sermon, and as helper in every other way in which he might be able to lend a hand. From his bed of sickness, which proved to be his bed of death, he sent to us at our annual meeting this message, thinking of the great burden we had borne in building our new church,—a burden still upon us: "I am proud of you for the pluck you have shown. You'll win: perseverance in patient work always wins." His heart was deeply and tenderly ours in all our work and aspiration, and we feel most keenly his loss. Kindness was the law of his life; his religion, the religion of humanity; his deep passion for liberty, great, in order that men might attain unto the truth as a living reality transforming their lives. He trusted the universe as an unfolding order, as the working out of some everlasting love; and so he was

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold."

He was indeed a Christ-like man. His beautiful goodness, sweet as a little child, taking all hearts in its charm, makes one feel, in the high moods which his memory awakens, that, if extravagance, it is the extravagance of a very pure, lofty love, to say:—

"Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

Sore at heart for his going from us, we are most grateful that he was of our fellowship for so long a time, and that for us he is not dead, but in old memories ever beautiful.

J. M. S.

NEW YORK LETTER.

It was hardly a month ago, on April 9, that three hundred thousand children in three hundred and twelve public schools in New York City held exercises of rejoicing and congratulation in honor of the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the public-school system of the State. The trustees and inspectors, teachers and pupils, vied with each other in commendatory and flattering references to the local "system," and, incidentally, to themselves. But "panting time" has scarcely run through four short weeks, and the serene atmosphere of this mutual admiration society has grown dark and stormy; and its members are, in the eyes of the press and of those who are non-partisan, disgracing themselves in their frantic efforts to oppose any reform of the New York City school system. The trouble has been caused by the School Reform Bill now awaiting its fate in Albany at the hands of one of the Senate committees. This measure has been framed by citizens who are deeply interested in the improvement of the schools, and who are competent to deal with the subject. The bill aims to divorce the local school system from local politics. Its provisions in this direction are what over a thousand of the school-teachers of the city are railing against. They do not want the notoriously incompetent boards of ward

trustees to be superseded by a body of competent, trained school superintendents, who, as the bill provides, shall have the general direction of all classes, scholars, principals, and teachers, and who shall nominate to the Board of Education principals and teachers, as well as recommend their promotion or transfer. It is obvious to those who are familiar with the bill that no efficient, trustworthy teacher need fear it. The unpleasant inference is that those who are making the outcry, who are holding indignation meetings, and are in other ways hysterically condemning the bill, are those whose appointments as teachers have not been merited, but have been obtained through political influence and favoritism. The public-school system is, undoubtedly, "the seed and fruit, the cause and consequence, of public spirit," and is a great blessing; yet within one hundred years the system in this city has, apparently, become badly demoralized through the introduction of the poison of corrupt politics. It makes one read with relish of the days of guileless Ichabod Crane, when he "tarried" in the neighborhood of New York for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity, and who, when school hours were over, became the companion and playmate of his pupils, and made himself both useful and agreeable in the homes of his patrons.

One of the best public-school instructors of the city has realized the importance of returning to this closer relation between the home and the school, the parents and the teacher; and quite recently she invited all the mothers of her pupils to spend an afternoon at the school building. The meeting was a great success. The children gave a few songs and recitations, and the older girls of the cooking class made and served hot chocolate to the visitors; and then came two addresses,—one by the teacher, and the other by the well-known friend of education, Miss Grace Dodge. Both ladies said just the right things to foster a better understanding of and a keener interest in the school and the scholars on the part of the mothers.

Mayor Strong has done a good stroke of work for the schools in appointing five capable women as inspectors. He believes that the duties of an inspector are better adapted to feminine ability than the executive work of a commissioner. His first appointment was Miss Ellen Collins, who during the war took a prominent part in the work of the New York Branch of the Sanitary Commission. Miss Collins's most interesting work here has been the purchase of a large tenement-house on Cherry Street, which, after the manner of Miss Octavia Hill, she has personally managed, improving the property and the condition of the tenants.

Two interesting sessions of religious bodies lately held, the one in New York and the other in Brooklyn, are worthy of mention because of the widely different attitude of their members toward modern thought. The New York Presbytery, at its meeting, examined in theology three candidates for the ministry from the Union Theological Seminary. Among the questions asked them were whether they believed that the revelation of God made by nature to Socrates and Plato had sufficed to save the souls of these philosophers, and also whether Unitarians were Christians. One of the young men thought that Plato and Socrates were eternally lost, while one thought that they would have in the next world a chance to know Christ, and to decide whether they would accept salvation. The candidate who was asked about the Unitarians replied unhesitatingly that they were not Christians. What would the two immortal Greeks have thought of this glib unconsciousness of ignorance on the part of these young candidates and their, supposedly, wiser superiors!

While these futile queries were being put and answered in the New York Presbytery, the members of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Churches were discussing the very live question of "The Office of the Church in the Present Sociological Movement." Rev. A. J. Lyman, who gave the first paper, spoke of the sad duel going on between the conservative and liberal elements in some of the Congregational churches. He admitted that he himself had tried to steer a middle course, to be both ritualistic and broad and unpartisan. "On the other hand," he continued, "no man shall bar up any door or window of modern times. I want to get all

the light, and I will not give up either the old or the new." Without arguing how a man can consistently be at the same time both broad and narrow in his thought, Mr. Lyman's utterance was notable, as was also his full address on "Socialism." Were all socialists as temperate and fraternal, there would be some chance, perhaps, of our having what Mr. Lyman hopes for,—a Christianized humanity.

It is said that Dr. Heber Newton is once more to have the attention of his bishop turned toward him. This time it is because of a sermon preached a few Sundays ago, in which he declared that he did not believe in the physical resurrection of the body, although he knew, he said, that in this matter he was taking a stand in opposition to the teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The best of the metropolitan newspapers criticize Dr. Newton, not for his heresy, but for what they regard his inconsistency in attacking an Episcopal doctrine from the Episcopal pulpit of which he is the accredited minister. Some of these papers rashly go so far as to accuse him of bad faith. This certainly is a serious charge, and it indicates a great change from the old order of things when the press justly or not becomes the censor of the ethics of the pulpit.

The current number of the *Critic* publishes a concise biographical sketch of John Fiske, which shows that our distinguished countryman, in versatility, is a nineteenth century "Admirable Crichton." As a youthful prodigy, the Scottish scholar is even surpassed by the American, who began his scholastic training for college at the tender age of six, and who at sixteen was reading in five of the modern languages, as well as in Greek and in Latin. Mr. Fiske is now giving his annual courses of lectures in New York and Brooklyn. The energetic Men's Club of the Lenox Avenue Church, Harlem, secured him for a series of three on the following subjects: "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Sacrifice," "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," and "The Mystery of Evil." The audiences at these lectures were, as is usual when Mr. Fiske is the lecturer, large, intelligent, and appreciative.

Appropriately with the advent of the rejuvenating spring, has occurred the reopening of an old playhouse under new management, in new dress, and with a new name,—that of the famous Englishman of whom the testy Mr. Pope said, "He never had his equal as an actor, and he will never have a rival." "Harrigan's Theatre" has become "The Garrick"; and Mr. Richard Mansfield is its owner, manager, and chief actor. The excellent taste displayed in the redecoration of the theatre, the luxury of its appointments,—which include the novelty of a refreshment-room,—make the Garrick very inviting and a fitting memorial to the man for whom it is named. Mr. Mansfield, in his speech on the brilliant opening night of his theatre, outlined his managerial policy, and stated that it would be identical with the policy always pursued by Garrick himself, "who throughout his long career had the great good fortune to be able to act in a manner to please the public, because he never played anything that the best portion of the public had cause to complain of." What an immense improvement we should see in the stage if all theatrical managers would adopt this policy!

On Friday, May 3, the last regular meeting for this season of the New York League of Unitarian Women will be held at the First Unitarian Church in Orange, N.J. The morning will be devoted to a discussion of the "Bible," the afternoon to the reading of reports from the associated Branches of the Alliance and to the election of officers for the coming year.

M. A. M.

RAMABAI'S WORK.

The annual report of the Ramabai Association is wonderfully interesting. More than that, it is encouraging, both as regards the development of the school in India and the continuance of interest here. It is true that the treasurer's receipts have been less during the last year, but that has also been true of almost every society; and there is reason to hope that these deficiencies may be made good. Mrs. Andrews's report, written out of her seven months' experience in India, gives a clear and comprehensive account of the school, its condition and progress. Friends of the school

should help it now more than ever, since it has proved its value and possibilities even to many who at first doubted and hesitated.

“NEW WORLD” GUARANTEE FUND.

In the absence of Rev. W. H. Lyon, the secretary of the National Conference Committee on the endowment and current support of the *New World*, I wish to acknowledge the following subscriptions. Our desire is to raise a fund of \$20,000, so that it may never be needful to make a larger assessment in any one year than ten per cent. I would ask all intending subscribers to communicate with me during Mr. Lyon's absence, until next October.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Edwin B. Haskell.....	\$1,000.00
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\$5,350.00

For the Committee,

N. P. GILMAN,
25 Beacon St., Boston.

April 29.

The Sunday School.

As a sign of the progressive spirit in Sunday-school work, it is worthy of mention that Mr. E. P. Sherburne of Roxbury has been invited to take charge of a normal class in Sunday-school instruction at the First Parish, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester. Mr. Sherburne is a well known and successful teacher in the public schools, and will bring to this valuable duty ripe experience and great zeal. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, pastor of the First Parish, has thrown himself into the Sunday-school work with enthusiasm.

There has been a desire on the part of many superintendents and teachers of Sunday-schools that a statement of Unitarian belief should be incorporated in the New Song and Service Book. There are very strong reasons for introducing such a feature, but the Publication Committee deemed it wise to omit this statement. It is about impossible to offer any singular arrangement of beliefs on essential truths which would be acceptable to any large number of the Unitarian Sunday-schools. The ministers of the churches would demur on details of expression. But another course is quite feasible. The Unitarian Sunday School Society offers for free distribution several statements of belief, and they can be had in any number. It is very easy to select one of these, when desired, and paste it into the new book. This course is being taken by several Sunday-schools. Or, if no one of these statements is acceptable, the minister and teachers of any given Sunday-school can prepare one themselves, making it a permanent part of the book.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—“Aids to Sunday-school Work in Other Fields” was the subject discussed by the Sunday School Union Monday, April 15, at the Church of the Disciples. The first speaker was Mr. S. F. Hubbard, who gave an interesting account of the work at the North End Union, which aims to make its members “intellectually active, civilly useful, and morally good.” Because of the neighborhood in which it is placed, the line of work must be purely ethical. The hymn-book which is used has the name of Christ eliminated, but the spirit of Christ remains. Mr. Hubbard enumerated the methods used to create as well as to satisfy the desire for knowledge. Mr. A. A. Wordell of Parker Memorial spoke of the difficulty in establishing a Sunday-school there, for the children had first to be taught to feel some respect for the Sabbath. But it is now well under way. Besides imparting moral lessons, it tries to implant the American idea, and thus be a real benefit to the neighborhood. Rev. Reuben Kidner of St. Andrew House told of the grand movements which had originated in the church which Phillips Brooks established at the West End of the city. Industrial clubs, the Evening Dispensary, Vincent Memorial Hospital, and a School for Cripples are all outgrowths of this church. These missions do not and cannot build up churches of special denominations in the centres in which they are obliged to work. In England the Church grows with such aids; but here the population is heterogeneous, opposite conditions exist, and similar results cannot be obtained. The last speaker announced on the programme was Mr. Parker B. Field of Barnard Memorial. In 1832 Mr. Charles F. Barnard gathered some children in the par-

lors of Dorothea Dix, and thus founded the school and children's church which to-day bear his name. The church service is largely musical, so that children may have part in it. Mr. Field's aids are somewhat like those employed by the other speakers; but he has, in addition, two temperance societies and a Unity Club. The well-known celebration on Washington's Birthday is a great incentive to children to join his school. Rev. B. F. McDaniel made a practical application of the lesson received from these reports by urging the teachers to make every Sunday-school the embodiment of the spirit of Christ. A church or school that is not actively engaged in some work outside of itself is apt to retrograde. Mrs. James Beatley recommended that the school have a common work, that thus the unity of the school may be preserved, and told us how in her school “the desire for what one needs” is created by having pupils memorize and recite together fine passages of Scripture or of noted writers. Other speakers were Mr. Starbuck of Cambridge, who warned us against allowing too much club and class work to infringe on home relationships; and Rev. Edward A. Horton, who showed how such speakers as had been heard are doing what they can to topple over the walls of division between classes, and who thought that workers should receive inspiration from the knowledge of having so great a legion of allies in the noble men and women who toil in shadowed portions of the community.

Religious Intelligence.

REV. R. R. SHIPPEN of Washington has been called to Brockton, Mass., and has accepted.

In the list of meetings of New England conferences published last week that of the Norfolk, to be held at Canton, was announced for June 13: it should have been June 20.

THE last regular monthly meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the Women's National Alliance will be held at 25 Beacon Street on Monday, May 6, at eleven o'clock. Officers of other Branches are invited to be present.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Francis G. Peabody will preach May 5. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Ministers' Monday Club: May 6, 10.30 A.M. Rev. J. T. Lusk will preside. C. F. W. Archer, Esq., will give the address, on “The Modern Newspaper in its Relation to Morals and Religion.”

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—The past year has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the Unitarian church here, despite the increasing activities of the orthodox churches, which do all they can to keep their hold on the students. The congregations have been, without exception, good, and on some occasions very large. The amount of money raised by the society has been larger than in any previous year, and all the activities of the church have been in full vigor. Mrs. Sunderland's Sunday noon Bible class became so large last year that it was thought best to put it into the evening, in connection with a service of worship. This plan has worked well, the attendance ranging from one hundred and forty to three hundred. The subject of study has been “The Religious Thought of the Great Writers and Thinkers of the Nineteenth Century.” The field has proved interesting, rich in instruction, and a wonderful eye-opener to those who learned for the first time that nearly all the great leaders of thought of the century have been Unitarian in their religious views. Mr. Sunderland has had a Bible class of fifty young men meeting at noon; and a class of nearly equal size of young ladies has spent the year studying modern philanthropies and the great devotional literature of the world outside of the Bible. The Young Men's Liberal Guild and the large King's Daughters' organization (Unitarian), both made up mainly of university students, have had a year of active and useful work. The Ladies' Union, composed of the married ladies of the church, has devoted itself to social, charitable, and literary ends. With the help of a King's Daughters' “Ten,” it has maintained a Sewing School for poor children. The Unity Club has had a year of marked prosperity. Its attendance has seldom fallen below three hundred, and frequently has risen to the utmost capacity of the church, which is nearly six hundred. The Unitarian cause here has been greatly helped by a lecture given before the club to a crowded house by Rev. M. J. Savage, on “What O'Clock is it in Religion?” The lecture produced a profound impression, and was a theme of talk in student circles for weeks. A strong impetus, too, was received from a lecture before the club and a sermon on Sunday evening by Mrs. Livermore. The distribution of liberal literature is always very important here, but it has been greatly strengthened and enlarged by the publica-

tion of Mr. Sunderland's “College Town Pulpit” monthly sermons. These have attracted much attention, especially among the students, and have not only been taken and read in very large numbers here, but have been sent by the students to their homes and friends in all parts of the country, thus sowing the seed of liberal thought very widely and under the most favorable conditions. Nearly thirty thousand of these sermons have already been put into circulation. The Unitarian society has just voted to Mr. Sunderland a leave of absence, to spend the next year, from July 1, abroad in study. He expects to go to Oxford and Germany, to devote his time to Biblical study, Egyptology, Assyriology, and Comparative Religion, visiting Egypt and Palestine before returning. Mrs. Sunderland will probably accompany him.

HOPEDALE, MASS.—Over one hundred people have joined the Hopedale parish within a year.

FARMINGTON, ME.—The society here has arranged to have its recognition services in honor of Rev. W. H. Ramsay on Tuesday, May 14. It is expected that Rev. Messrs. Prescott, Newbert, Marsh, Perkins, and Wilson will take part.

KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., held its last meeting of the season on Wednesday evening, April 17, in the new parish house. The occasion was ladies' night, and a very good number of members and guests were present. Rev. George W. Kent of Worcester opened the speaking with a bright address on the subject, “Faith in our Mission.” He was followed by Rev. J. J. Little, a Universalist minister from Winchester, who spoke in a very happy manner of the work of the two liberal churches, which runs along parallel lines. Rev. Charles B. Elder, the pastor of the church, closed the speaking. Dr. George B. Twitchell, the president of the club, presided, and introduced the speakers. This meeting closed the fifth year of the existence of the club, which has had a steady growth since its organization. All the members were delighted with the new parish house, which is finely adapted to meetings of this character.

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.—The people in Melrose Highlands who have been gathered together under Unitarian preachers have organized as the Liberal Christian Society of Melrose Highlands. Rev. James Haworth has been their minister for the last six months or more, and has done most efficient service. The society is in a most hopeful condition. It is paying its own expenses, and hopes soon to have a church of its own. Something over fifty families are interested in the movement.

MILFORD, N.H.—The *Farmers' Cabinet* of April 25 says: “Rev. J. C. Kimball of Hartford, Conn., gave to the Unitarian people last Sunday two remarkably able and inspiring discourses. The morning subject was ‘Liberal Religion as the One Both for this World and for the World to come,’ and kindled the large congregation with helpful thought. A good audience was present; and the speaker most brilliantly and charmingly held the attention of every one present for almost an hour and a half, and with but slight reference to notes. As a speaker, Mr. Kimball is earnest, and at times rises to great eloquence. He is a master of unwritten speech.”

NEWTON, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke on Monday, May 6. Train leaves Boston at noon from Albany station. Collation at one o'clock. Essay at two. Subject, “Goethe's ‘Faust.’” Residence, Lombard Street. Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

PASSAIC, N.J.—On Wednesday evening, April 17, Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks was installed as minister of the Unitarian society of Passaic. The services were held in Masonic Hall, which is temporarily serving as a place of worship; and the congregation present filled it to the doors, and also the adjoining anterooms. The sermon was to have been preached by Rev. Robert Collyer; but, owing to sickness in his family, he was detained at home. His place was taken by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the First Church, Brooklyn, who preached an able and eloquent sermon on “Sealed Orders.” The rest of the programme was as follows: invocation, Rev. Frederick J. Gauld; Scripture reading, Rev. George H. Badger; prayer of installation, Rev. Edward Hale; right hand of fellowship, Rev. D. W. Morehouse; charge to the minister, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; address to the people, Rev. Stephen H. Camp; benediction, by the pastor. The Harmony Glee Club of Passaic furnished the music. The services were impressive, and the happy occasion was an indication of the helpful and affectionate relations already existing between the pastor and his people. On reaching his home that night, Mr. Wicks found tangible evidence of the friendly regard of his parishioners. Some of them had been

there before him, and left, from the men of his congregation, a mahogany tea-table, and from the ladies a tea service with silver spoons and Dr. Holmes's delightful “Over the Tea-cups.” The Passaic society, which, until the new movement was started in Albany a few weeks ago, was the youngest church in the Middle States Conference, has taken a vigorous step forward during the past winter. Mr. Wicks is attracting congregations that crowd Masonic Hall to its full capacity, and almost every Sunday new members connect themselves with the society. A Sunday-school has been organized with sixty pupils. Mr. Horace Bettis is the superintendent, and is aided by an earnest corps of teachers. There is a Social Science Class of fifteen men, and Mr. Wicks is conducting a large class of ladies through Savage's catechism. The Unity Club, now in its second year, has an average attendance of sixty-five. The interest manifested by the members of the society is of a very deep and earnest character, and bears the marks of permanence. Mr. Wicks, in speaking of his people, ascribes their enthusiasm and their zeal for the cause of liberal religion to the work done by his predecessors, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, who established the church and had charge of it the first year, and to Rev. Stephen H. Camp, whose noble and wise preaching developed the spiritual life of the people and left his lasting impress upon the society.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—On April 18 Mr. George W. Stone of Wilmington addressed the Unitarian Club on “The Saratoga Conference, and its Influence on our Future Work.” He believed the results of the action there taken would be seen in the obliteration of party lines, more effective co-operation with other denominations, and the confirmation of our claim to the Christian name. Rev. J. C. Hodgins differed in some respects from the essayist, believing that religion is something more and higher than personal character or love of God and man. Rev. Dr. J. T. G. Nichols of Cambridge believed that, if men were true followers of Jesus, war, slavery, and all injustice would cease. Rev. W. I. Nichols called attention to the fact that the First Church of Philadelphia was founded by Rev. Joseph Priestley and others of English birth in 1796, and was in sympathy with English Unitarians; that is, rather Socinian than Arian. While agreeing with Mr. Stone in his statements of the difference between the religion of Jesus and the theology about him, he did not like to associate the name of religion with the name of any human being, however exalted. Mr. Stone closed the discussion by saying that he thought neither Mr. Hodgins nor Mr. Nichols had discussed the central idea of his paper, that “love to God and love to man” is the essential principle of a religion broad and deep enough to embrace men of every possible shade of opinion. While regarding Jesus as the ideal man, he did not by any means look upon him as a finality.

The ninety-third birthday of Dr. William H. Furness was celebrated on April 20. A belated newspaper clipping received just as we go to press tells us that he spent the day quietly at home, receiving the congratulations of his many friends. At the First Church on the next day Rev. Joseph May preached on “Goodness,” beginning his discourse with a fine tribute to Dr. Furness, his predecessor in that pulpit.

ROXBURY, MASS.—All Souls' Church: Rev. Edward J. Young, D.D., of Waltham will preach Sunday, May 5. Services at 10.30 A.M. Communion after the morning service.

SIoux CITY, IA.—Unity Church celebrated the completion of its first ten years' work by a birthday festival in connection with the annual meeting in April. The lecture-room and parlors were beautifully decorated; and at 6.30 P.M. two hundred and fifty members and friends of the church gathered around this larger family board, and together partook of the good things provided and served by the ladies of Unity Circle. This birthday festival was characterized by earnestness, thankfulness, good cheer, and joyful hope for the future. The programme consisted of music, sentiments, and responses. In telling the story of “The Beginnings of Unity Church,” the speaker described the first meetings in the court-house in February, 1885; the organization of a church society by the little band of the faithful; the purchase and remodelling of the skating-rink; and, finally, of the call to Rev. Mary Safford of Humboldt, Ia., to the pastorate. The debt incurred by the purchase of building and lot was soon discharged. The enlarging of the business district making it advantageous to sell the church property, this was done, and a lot purchased on one of the finest residence streets in the city. When the new church building was dedicated, Rev. Elinor Gordon was ordained and called as assistant pastor. The responses to sentiments showed clearly what Unity Church has aimed to do and to be in this community. They showed that it is *alive and growing*; and who shall say what is

impossible to such a church as this? Many grateful tributes of love and appreciation were offered the ministers, Miss Safford and Miss Gordon, to whose ability, energy, and untiring devotion these results are due. At the annual business meeting which preceded the festival the secretary reported the total amount of money raised for the year to be \$6,225.09, of which \$500 was contributed to the State work, the W. U. C., and the W. U. S. S., the church aiming always to extend its work beyond its own special limits. The church debt was also decreased by \$300, this latter a gift from the ladies' society, which raised in all \$1,047.93. The minister's report also showed activity in many other directions. In addition to the daughter societies at Washta and Cherokee, where Miss Safford or Miss Gordon conducted service monthly for some two years, and do now occasionally, a new society has been organized at Ida Grove, where Miss Safford has been preaching alternate Sunday evenings since February. A Young People's Religious Union has also been organized.

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church of Tacoma has issued a circular stating its aims and purposes, together with a resolution adopted by the church, which invites all persons not residents of Tacoma who are in sympathy with the cause of universal religion to allow their names to be placed on a non-membership roll. Such members will be kept in constant touch with the society by the society's publications. No obligations of any kind will be imposed upon them, but whatever aid they may feel disposed to lend the cause will be gratefully acknowledged. Address, Alfred W. Martin, Tacoma, Wash.

WALPOLE, N.H.—This parish has suffered a sad loss in the death of Mrs. T. Nelson Hastings, one of its most devoted members and a most estimable lady. Several weeks before her unexpected death Mrs. Hastings decided to build a parish house and present it to the society. The plans had all been drawn and approved, and it was her intention to tell the society of the proposed gift the very week on which she died. At the Easter service it was announced that Mr. Hastings, her husband, would fulfil her wishes in the matter to the letter. This will give the Walpole society a much needed and as finely appointed a parish house as could be desired as a memorial of her.

"Good deeds cannot die:
They with the sun and moon renew their light,
Forever blessing those that look on them."

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The ladies interested in the formation of a Young Women's Christian Association in Wilmington, on receiving the resolutions sent to them by the Unitarian Society (printed in the *Register* April 11, to the effect that Unitarians could only co-operate with members of other denominations in religious work when recognized by them as fellow-disciples of Jesus in the fullest and highest sense), reconsidered the constitution of the Association, and with a unanimous vote excluded from it the clause which limited the executive officers to members of the so-called evangelical churches; and now they have renewed their invitation to the ladies of the Unitarian church to unite with them in their efforts to improve the womanhood of Wilmington, on exactly the same basis as members of any other denomination. Of course, the Unitarian ladies will no longer hesitate to "lend a hand" in this undertaking, but will enter into its work with the same generous and helpful spirit that they give to the service of all the other philanthropic and charitable institutions of the city. It is announced that Mrs. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., will address the workers and others interested in the new Association this week.

THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN CONFERENCE will hold its eleventh session May 1, 2, and 3. Essays will be read by Rev. George Heber Rice of Stockton, on "Our Attitude toward the Bible"; by Rev. E. M. Wilbur, on "The Theory of Evolution as applied to Ethics"; Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, on "Missionary Methods on the Pacific Coast," and by others. Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., will preach the conference sermon.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.—The tenth annual session of the Southern Conference is held in Baltimore this week. The opening sermon will be by Rev. John Cuckson of Boston, after which Mr. Joseph Marion Seaton of Richmond, Va., will be ordained. George W. Stone of Wilmington, Del., and Hon. Carroll D. Wright are the leading essayists of the meetings; and two sessions have been planned, when several speakers will present short papers, first on "The Part of the Church in Dealing with the Problems of the People," then on doctrinal subjects. The annual meeting of the Southern Associate Alliance will be addressed by Mrs. George L. Chaney, president, Mrs. Fifield, and Miss D. P. Smith of Charleston, S. C.

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The regular spring session of the Worcester Conference will be held on May 15 and 16 with the First Unitarian Society of Hudson, Mass. The sermon on the evening of the 15th will be delivered by Rev. James De Normandie, after a devotional service on the morning of the 16th by Rev. A. S. Garver. The essay will be by Rev. W. F. Greenman, on "The Immediate Advance of Unitarian Congregationalism." The discussion will be opened by Rev. George W. Kent. In the afternoon several laymen will speak on the general topic, "To What Kind of a Church would I be Loyal?"—(1) "The Preaching," by Jonathan Smith of Clinton; (2) "The Missionary Work," by Archibald M. Howe of Cambridge; (3) "Practical Philanthropies," by F. E. Holman of Clinton.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting will be held in the Third Unitarian Church May 14, 15, and 16. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. J. E. Roberts, Kansas City, Mo. The first morning session will be devoted to reports from the field. The following are among the speakers and the subjects to be discussed: "The Bitter Heroism of Science," by Rev. C. F. Elliott; "Social Injustice as a Source of Atheism and Religious Indifference," by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz; "The Thought and the Form," by Mrs. A. L. Parker; "Beauty in Nature in Relation to Man," by E. D. Cox; "Our Free Congregational Policy," by Rev. G. A. Thayer; "Dancing and the Church Life," by Rev. A. M. Judy. The Women's Western Unitarian Conference will convene Tuesday, May 14, and the Western Sunday School Society on Friday, May 17.

PLYMOUTH AND BAY CONFERENCE.—The next meeting will be held at Plymouth in the Methodist church, Wednesday, May 8. Essays will be read by Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy—subject, "How to make a Church"—and by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association—subject, "The Passage from Philosophy to Religion." Addresses will be given by Mrs. Mary B. Davis, corresponding secretary of the Women's Alliance, and by Rev. C. R. Eliot, representing the Church Temperance Society. Trains leave Boston at 8.30 and 11.30. At stations where excursion tickets cannot be had special tickets will be on sale at equivalent rates if five or more delegates demand them. The issue of return tickets through the Secretary has been discontinued. Attention is called to the fact that, owing to special circumstances, this will be a basket conference, the ladies of the Plymouth parish providing tea and coffee.

WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA CONFERENCE.—The interstate meeting of the Wisconsin and Minnesota Unitarian Conferences will be held at Menomonie, Wis., May 21-23. Rev. H. M. Simmons of Minneapolis will preach the opening sermon. A conference on Sunday-school work will be led by Rev. H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee, Rev. Messrs. Brown of St. Cloud, Ballou of Fargo, Douthit of Baraboo, and others. The platform meeting on the evening of the 22d will be addressed by Rev. Messrs. F. C. Southworth of Duluth, J. L. Andrews of Sioux Falls, and William R. Lord of St. Paul. Thursday afternoon "The Furtherance of Liberal Religion" will be discussed by Rev. Helen G. Putnam, Fargo, No. Dak.; Rev. T. G. Owen, Arcadia; Rev. A. H. Norman, Minneapolis; Rev. F. C. Davis, Winona; Rev. F. C. Southworth, Duluth. Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison will preach the closing sermon. The Unitarian society at Menomonie extends a cordial invitation, and will provide entertainment for all visitors. Robert C. Douthit, Secretary.

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The annual meeting was held on Wednesday, April 17, at the South Unitarian Church, Worcester, with an attendance of one hundred and thirty-five women, eleven county towns being represented. The annual reports were read, that of the secretary's showing a large increase in the attendance during the last year and a growing interest in league matters. Officers for the year 1895-96 were elected, as follows: president, Mrs. Calvin Stebbins; vice-presidents, Mrs. C. H. Davis, Mrs. G. W. Kent; recording secretary, Mrs. A. B. R. Sprague; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. M. Freeman; treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Hackett; auditor, Mrs. George D. Gifford; executive committee, Mrs. J. B. Stone, Mrs. D. D. Keyes, Mrs. Marshall Flagg, Mrs. George E. Francis, Mrs. E. E. Foster, Mrs. Henry Harrington, Mrs. Bowen Adams, Miss Mary Trumbull, Mrs. Gardner C. Whiting, Mrs. H. G. Taft, Mrs. J. A. Aborn, Mrs. Nathaniel Seaver. It was voted to send a contribution of \$8 to the Unitarian church at Wolfeboro, N.H., and to take up a contribution for the South Unitarian Church, Worcester. After the business was over, the programme for the day was taken up. The general subject was "Education of Girls"; and Mrs. William F. Abbott read a sketch of the life of Lucy Larcom, whom she styled a self-made

woman. Mrs. Abbott questioned if her early struggles did not produce the strength that enabled her to accomplish such grand results.

After the intermission taken for luncheon Mrs. J. B. Stone read a paper on "Does the Present System of Education fit our Girls for Domestic Life?" which was a comprehensive history of the education of woman to the present time. The second paper, "Does a College Education increase (or tend to increase) the Restlessness of the Modern Girl who after Graduation is not obliged to be Self-supporting?" was written upon by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller and Mrs. Calvin Clarke, both of Lancaster, Mass. Mrs. Stone read the answers to this and the preceding question that had been given by many prominent women. Several college girls who were present spoke, all acknowledging the "restlessness" attributed to them, but felt it was just this restlessness that made progress possible. Mrs. Emma E. Foster, who had for a subject "Shall the Girl as well as the Boy be Trained in Business Methods?" treated it most delightfully in dialogue form. Scene, a five o'clock tea. Place, a corner of a drawing-room, where a few women were discussing the possibility of finding any one capable of filling the office of treasurer of their new club. The only two women who had the desired qualifications came in later, and told how they were trained when girls to keep accounts and to know something of business methods. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the retiring president, Mrs. Austin S. Garver, who has served most acceptably for two years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Apr. 23. Church of All Souls, New York, N.Y.	\$1,000.00
" 23. Society in Leominster, on account...	60.00
" 23. Unitarian Society of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., additional.....	9.00
" 23. Society in Dublin, N.H., additional (in all \$44).....	1.00
" 23. Spring Garden Unitarian Society, Philadelphia, Pa., including life membership for Miss Louisa B. Canby and Miss Adelaide Nichols.....	250.00
" 23. Society in Concord, N.H., including \$50 from the Concord Branch of Women's National Alliance to make Mrs. Annie M. Stratton a life member.....	224.68
" 23. Society in Hartford, Conn.....	50.00
" 23. Society in Rowe.....	11.00
" 23. Society in Richmond, Va.....	15.00
" 23. Society in Pittsburg, Pa.....	15.00
" 23. Society in Barre.....	46.00
" 23. Legacy of the late Mrs. Anne M. Sweetser, Boston, additional.....	5,000.00
" 24. Society in Norton.....	10.00
" 24. Society in Los Angeles, Cal.....	68.87
" 24. Society in Whitman, Cal.....	10.00
" 24. Society in Oakland, Cal.....	100.00
" 24. Unity Congregational Society, New York, N.Y., including life membership for Rosell L. Richardson.....	50.00
" 25. Society in Marblehead.....	16.67
" 25. Society in Franklin, N.H.....	43.00
" 25. Society in Topeka, Kan.....	17.50
" 25. Mrs. Thomas Talbot, to make Mrs. Francis S. Clark a life member.....	50.00
" 25. Society in Waltham, additional (in all \$234.30).....	5.00
" 25. Society in Kingston, on account.....	20.00
" 25. Hawes Unitarian Congregational Society, Boston (South).....	100.84
" 25. Society in Hyde Park.....	20.00
" 26. Church of Disciples, Boston, additional.....	40.00
" 26. Unity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	12.00
" 26. Society in Colorado Springs, Col.....	50.00
" 26. P. L. W.....	2.00
" 26. Church of Disciples, Boston, additional, and to make Miss Olive M. Hobart a life member (in all \$1,390).....	50.00
" 26. Society in St. Paul, Minn.....	30.61
" 26. Society in Newburyport, including life memberships for Miss Ellen P. Getchell, Miss Serena D. Toppam, and Miss Ellen L. Osgood.....	152.85
" 27. Society in Asheville, N.C.....	17.00
" 27. Second Church, additional, including life membership for James Crosby (in all \$1,000).....	100.00
" 27. Unitarian Society of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., additional (in all \$416), whole including life memberships for Rev. James C. Hodgins and wife.....	5.00
" 27. Society in Leicester.....	44.50
" 27. Society in Montpelier, Vt., including life membership for Mrs. Arabella Blanchard, Mrs. Samantha E. Wing, and Mrs. Alma J. Huntington.....	163.00
" 27. Society in Duxbury.....	12.00
" 27. Society in Ayer.....	10.00
" 27. Society in Ithaca, N.Y.....	25.63
" 27. First Parish, Cambridge, additional.....	19.00
" 27. Unity Church of Allston, Boston.....	25.00
" 29. Society in Detroit, Mich., on account.....	197.37
" 29. Christ Church of Dorchester, Boston, including life membership for Joseph H. Carter.....	50.00
" 29. Society in Seattle, Wash.....	20.00
" 29. Church of the Unity, Worcester, on account.....	100.00
" 29. Society in Springfield, on account.....	362.85
" 29. Society in Sherborn.....	10.00
" 29. Society in Medford, additional (in all \$200).....	25.00
" 29. Society in Gardner.....	9.00
" 29. Society in Stoneham, including life membership for Lorenzo F. Brown.....	54.00
" 29. Society in Alton, Ill., including \$100 from Mrs. Ellen Smith.....	117.00
" 29. Society in Lexington, additional (in all \$223.67).....	117.42
" 29. Society in Taunton, on account.....	200.00
" 29. Society in Weston, including life memberships for Mrs. Elizabeth B. M. Knox, Miss Maria J. Marshall, Mrs. Albert E. Coburn, Mrs. George B. Cutter, Andrew B. Driver, and Charles H. Fiske.....	300.00
" 29. Society in Plainfield, N.J., additional (in all \$38).....	9.00
" 29. Society in Dighton.....	5.00
" 29. First Parish, Cambridge, additional (in all \$1,046).....	2.00
" 29. Society in Ayer.....	10.00
" 29. Society in East Wilton, N.H.....	31.50
" 29. Society in Nashua, N.H., additional (in all \$79).....	32.00
" 29. Society in Lynn.....	185.00
" 29. Society in Woburn.....	141.00
" 29. Church of the Unity, Neponset, Boston, on account.....	36.00
" 29. Society in Arlington, including life memberships for Mrs. Charles F. King, Mrs. Edward C. Turner, and Miss Maria Robbins.....	240.18
" 29. Society in Leominster, additional.....	11.00
" 29. Society in Winchester.....	63.00
" 29. First Congregational Society, Salem.....	106.50
" 29. Society in Fall River, on account.....	145.10
" 29. Society in Pembroke.....	5.00
" 29. Norfolk Unitarian Church, Dorchester, Boston.....	15.00
" 29. Society in Chelsea, including life membership for Henry S. Perham.....	60.00
" 29. Westminster Congregational Society, Providence, R.I., including life memberships for John F. Paine, Howard W. Jencks, James Tucker, Jr., Vernon O. Taylor, M.D., and Nathan H. Truman.....	260.85

INDIAN SCHOOL, ETC.	
Apr. 25. Sunday-school of Olney Street Society, Providence, R.I.....	\$20.00
" 26. Church of Disciples, Boston.....	10.00
" 27. Society in Leicester, \$35 being for Tuskegee Normal Institute and \$12.50 for Indian School.....	47.50
" 27. Women's National Alliance.....	25.00
" 29. Society in Keene, N.H.....	50.00
" 29. Sunday-school of society in Lexington.....	20.00

ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Business Notices.

An Important Change.—It will be good news to many women in this city that the Paine Furniture Company have decided to open a special department of inexpensive dining-room furniture. This does not mean a cheaper grade of furniture than the regular work, but a class of cabinet work in which the elements of economy are carefully studied, within the limits of sound construction and the latest ideas and improvements. By reducing the number of different styles, and eliminating all superfluous expense, this company hope to offer an attractive line of dining-room furniture at a saving of 25 to 30 per cent. over present prices. The new department has just been opened, and is already immensely popular.

The last personally conducted tour to Washington under the auspices of the Royal Blue Line leaves Boston Wednesday, May 8. The rate of \$23 covers every expense for the trip of seven days. Members of previous parties express themselves as delighted with the accommodations furnished. A detailed itinerary may be secured by addressing A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

What Mr. Edward Atkinsons terms "progressive reduction" in industrial products is well exemplified in the china and glass makers' art. The patent fuel-saving kilns and other labor-saving inventions have largely reduced the cost. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, seven floors, are an object lesson; and thousands almost daily visit their establishment in Boston.

Strong and clear, soft and steady is the light which comes from the Miller Lamp. It is a positive luxury to read or sew by it.

No Safer or More Efficacious Remedy can be had for Coughs or any trouble of the throat than "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

At Ogdensburg, N.Y., 10th ult., Edward Davis, aged 45 yrs. 5 mos.

MRS. IRVING SEYMOUR.

It is with regret we announce the death of Mrs. Irving Seymour, who passed away at her home in Boudla, So. Dak., at 2.30 A.M., April 20. For days and even weeks she had patiently awaited the silent messenger, and was ready, feeling safe in the protection of the Everlasting Arms. Many there are who will miss the loving, thoughtful friend. Her sympathy ever went out to the unfortunate and those in trouble. Having fine literary taste, she was always finding just the bright helpful crumbs of comfort, and distributing where most needed. Who of the children of her acquaintance will not remember her for the thoughtfulness in sending them magazines and papers filled with beautiful, uplifting thoughts? She leaves a husband, son, and daughter to mourn her loss. The funeral was held in the Methodist Episcopal church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The services were conducted by Rev. Helen G. Putnam, Unitarian minister from Fargo, No. Dak., a very dear friend of the deceased. A FRIEND.

MRS. JAMES HOOPEE, JR.

One of the stanchest and most ardent friends of humanity passed on to heavenly scenes of sympathy and labor when Mrs. James Hooper died at her son's home in Cambridge March 31. Born in 1801, of old Puritan stock, upon which was grafted the liberal faith, she was pre-eminently a Unitarian, an early and late abolitionist, ailing for the freedmen to the last day of her life. With her husband, the late James Hooper, Jr., of Walpole, N.H., she entered heartily, fifty years ago, into the temperance crusade, at the cost of much social feeling. In middle life she was for twenty-five consecutive years a teacher in the Sunday-school, rarely missing a Sunday. During our Civil War she burned midnight oil sewing to supply the needs of our sick and wounded soldiers ministered to by the Sanitary Commission. After the war she worked for the freedmen, in whose education and uplifting she never lost interest. During the last quarter of her long life she resided with a son and daughter in Cambridge, visiting occasionally her younger daughter and grandchildren in New York. Her interest in humanity never flagged. She was the constant friend of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed everywhere. She died suddenly, at the great age of ninety-four, after an illness of only three hours, in perfect possession of all her mental faculties. In her death the heavenly host has gained a strong and well-drilled recruit; and her brave spirit will undoubtedly thoroughly enjoy release from the hindrances of earthly existence. But her mental and physical vigor had been so remarkably prolonged in the flesh that her sudden departure takes away a strong tower, the loss of whose support will be deeply felt by a wide circle of friends. R. N. B.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A LADY of Southern birth and training, who is an experienced housekeeper, well educated, accustomed to the best society, and fond of children, wishes a place as housekeeper or resident governess. I can recommend her from intimate personal acquaintance; and she is permitted to refer to President William Preston Johnston of Tulane University, New Orleans, and to Miss Huger, who has a successful private school in New York City.

Mrs. CHARLES A. ALLEN, Bridgewater, Mass.

BEN-MERE, PETERBORO, N.H.—New house on farm three miles from station. Cunningham Lake of 50 acres in plain sight, two minutes' walk from house. Fine view in all directions. Mt. Monadnock in the west. Beautiful walks and drives. Near Attleboro and Pack Monadnock Lithia Springs. Excellent board and service. Terms \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day; \$7.00 to \$10.00 per week. Special for the season. G. F. DAY.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS.

O Brother, who for us didst meekly wear
The crown of thorns about thy radiant brow!
What gospel from the Father didst thou bear,
Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now?
"Tis this alone," the immortal Saviour cries:
"To fill thy heart with ever-active love,
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
Love for thy brother here, thy God above.
Fear nothing ill,—'twill vanish in its day;
Live for the good, taking the ill thou must;
"Toil with thy might; with manly labor pray;
Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,
And he will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just."

—Theodore Parker.

The Pulpit.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

BY HOWARD N. BROWN.

"Because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."—1 PETER ii, 21.

All deep thinkers have felt the wonder of what Saint Paul calls "the mystery of Godliness." A great German philosopher viewed the moral law written in his heart with the same awe that he regarded the innumerable host of heavenly bodies disclosed at night in the firmament on high, and it is much more than a coincidence that these two wonders should have been linked together in his thought.

To the casual glance the wide arch of the heavens above us is only a larger pattern of such domes as we erect, "fretted with golden fires." But, when we begin to probe that vast expanse with our telescopes, and see the great ranks of shining suns stretching away into invisible distances, we find ourselves in the presence of an infinite universe; and in the attempt to grasp the thought that, though we were to travel these starlit avenues forever and forever, we should never come to an end of them, our mind is quickly overwhelmed by the limitless spaces through which its imagination essays to roam.

So, though the facts of the moral nature mean but little to a careless inspection, when we begin to investigate them, we find ourselves in the presence of infinite reason and will. If we stop to consider what it means that there are things which we ought to do, irrespective of any happiness or comfort of our own at stake in the matter, we stand before the whole mystery of the being of God. All human goodness is Godliness; and duty is a word which, when we look into it, leads us straight to the conception of one infinite, all-embracing mind.

In the outward universe the amazing fact is that all these suns and planets, across the millions of miles that separate them, send out an influence by which they govern and control one another's movements,—a fact toward whose explanation we have hardly taken the first step when we have found the law that states the method of this influence. The question, What is gravitation? is still unsolved; and there is as yet no promise of a satisfactory answer.

It is something to have learned that the tides of the sea are due, in part, to the pull of the moon upon the earth's mass; but how does the moon exert this influence? We are not able to pull anything ourselves unless we lay hold of some physical attachment. We can hardly imagine that, simply by walking before it, a horse may pull a heavy load, without being harnessed to it in any manner whatever. Yet here is the moon, without hands, without harness, simply riding on through the heavens, and drawing after it the enormous tidal wave which heaps itself against our shores. There must be some powerful bond between the two, but there is no bond that we can discover. We have as yet only a name for that mysterious influence that binds the rolling worlds together.

So in this other universe of mind we learn that one holds over another a power no less wonderful and inscrutable. Greatly exceeding any ability of ours to move by conscious effort, by speech or argument, the life of another soul is the native, inevitable influence of mind on mind. This is a perfectly silent and secret force, which each one possesses. So that, wherever we move, we are, so to speak, deflecting others from their orbits.

It is this that makes the better part of the power of example,—a power which, in the common observation of mankind, has

been found everywhere mightier than precept. We may have been accustomed to think that the value of a good life is dependent upon the world's conscious recognition of its beauty. Men say to themselves as they see it: "That appears to be worth striving for. Let us, therefore, rouse up our sluggish energies to work for it." But there is vastly more than this to the power of example. It holds men when they do not see that it is better than themselves, when they put forth no conscious effort to reach its likeness,—even when they fight and rebel against the force by which they are unconsciously drawn. Does the sea say, "It were good to be up there above the clouds, and therefore I will reach up as high as I can lift myself toward those serene heights"? The sea is lifted by a power with which its own will and liking have nothing to do; and such a power there is in the good life to compel a rising tide in the life of others, though men are wholly ignorant of the change that is being wrought in them.

Simply living and going about our usual employments, we continually move and sway each other by our habits of action and the opinions we express. Some are strong, while others are weak, in the exercise of this personal influence. But one must go very far down in the scale of being to find a life about which no other revolves as a satellite; and, as we mount up toward the heights of human greatness, the power of the single mind to alter the character and shape the destinies of the race is enormously increased.

Even in the life of animals this power undoubtedly has its part to play. Anatomists find no peculiarity in the throat of a bird that sufficiently accounts for its peculiar song; and the inference is that the bird learns its song, in part at least, by imitation, taking its notes naturally from those that have sheltered and fed its young life. Much more when we study the life of men this copying by one of what he finds in another becomes a most important factor of the process by which human conduct and character are shaped. It is not only that the child bears the stamp of its good or evil parentage, but, daily and hourly, in the intimate association of the home, the personality of the more mature minds with which it comes in contact is being deeply impressed upon its plastic nature.

In every good school there is a training which does not come from rules of deportment or the exercises written down in books, but is of quite as much importance as any part of the standard educational methods; for the mind of the pupil is instinctively forming itself upon the mind of the teacher as a model. It was once thought that almost any one would do well enough as the teacher of young children; but now it is better understood that during those first years, when childhood is most impressionable, it is of the highest consequence that it should be supplied with the best personal influence.

All this belongs largely to the unconscious side of our life. We can no more help giving out such influence as may be in us than we can help breathing; while we, in turn, inevitably receive from others such drawings along or aside from the path of right and duty as they are fitted to impart. I am persuaded that, though in ordinary life this may not be a very large power, there are cases in which it extends far beyond all limits that we can assign to it. There are born kings of men who bring vast multitudes under the spell of their personal influence, and lead them almost wherever they choose in willing obedience. No factor of our history is larger or more interesting than the power which these exceptional minds have wielded.

It is not fear alone, or selfish hope, that puts a great nation at the feet of a conqueror like the first Napoleon, but the magic of some inexplicable force that his personality exerts. Even in the training of domestic animals, no good system of control can be established on the idea that they are to be managed solely through their fears, or without recognition of the fact that they are, as a rule, glad and proud to serve the superior intelligence, when they understand what is required of them.

Men never have been and cannot now be governed merely by appeals to their selfish motives. They are everywhere and

in all times born hero-worshippers, anxious to make heroes out of commonplace material, when the true metal is not readily found; and they are easily led captive by the stronger intelligence, which knows how to put itself before them in heroic attitudes.

The power of the relatively few whom the world really admires and loves to sway the thought and desire of the masses of men, and to change their character for better or worse, is enormous and, I believe, incalculable. We do not yet know, when mind strongly dominates mind, what are the fixed limits beyond which this influence cannot go. If the results of recent experiments in psychology are to be trusted, then we have but to magnify the personality which exercises such wonderful control to bring almost all the so-called miracles of the New Testament within the bounds of scientific possibility.

There are conditions under which one mind may say to another: "Follow my example. Do as I bid you." And not only has the mind thus bidden no strength to resist the command, but there comes to it a hitherto undreamed of strength to obey; to rise out of weakness that seemed without remedy, and perform works of stupendous might. We do not yet know the limits of this personal influence. Obviously, it is a mighty force, capable in some hands of achieving wonders, and of accomplishing in all our lives, if we know how to use it aright, a work of the very highest significance and worth.

Now there must be conditions which it is necessary to observe in order to make this force effective. We should be inclined to say—should we not?—that an immoral mind cannot exercise much dominion over the hearts of others. But, though we may think that evil ought to be powerless, we must not shut our eyes to life's stern and serious facts. We have to see that the strength of evil example is great,—only less powerful, to say the least, than that of the sincere and honest character. Selfishness and brutality are able to cloak themselves before the eyes of many in so fair a show of spirited and courageous enterprise that they hold for their victims something of that fatal charm which serpents are said to possess. What warrant have we, then, that good example has any advantage whatever; that, if we live in the sight of our children an honorable and an upright life, the effect of it upon them may not be wholly neutralized and overcome by the specious attraction of some impure character with which they chance to come in contact?

We have this warrant at least, that there must be trust in the mind to bring it, in any complete measure, under the spell of another's influence; and none but an honest soul can long inspire that trust which enables it to rule in another's life. If you tell a falsehood to your friend, you may not at once lose the hold you have upon his heart; but every falsehood subjects you none the less to a serious risk. For, if it be discovered, and it is plain that you have deceived with sinister intent, you have erected against yourself in the mind of your friend a barrier of distrust which years of patient effort may barely suffice to remove.

Good example has therefore, always and everywhere, one great advantage over all that is bad. The more it is regarded, the more confidence it inspires; while the fascinations of evil, though great for a season, perish with the first exposure of the blackness hidden at its heart. When you think of the young spirits gathered at your fireside, so soon to be thrown into the midst of the world's great turmoil, you can hardly disguise from yourself that the pure influences of the home have powerful competitors in those false charms which sin knows how to wear. But do not doubt that, if the personal influence of the home has been really good and true, it will follow the mind wherever it goes, as the grasp of the sun follows the comet through its widest wandering in outer space, and will outlive all evil forces that tempt the mind astray.

Again, as the power of example, to be effective, demands trust in those who are subjected to its influence, not less does it demand a strong faith in the silent, secret domination of the spirit, on the part of those who undertake to be to others an authority or guide. If you would have your example, your interest in spiritual

things, and your devotion to life's higher aims and duties, tell upon the heart which merely loves pleasure and its own way, then you must believe that it will tell by its own weight and force, and must not be forever rushing in with threats, exhortations, and entreaties, to piece out its supposed weakness.

Too much government is the bane of households as of nations. That nagging, insistent, imperious discipline, which has little trust in the power of personal example, and which knows no righteousness save that of implicit obedience to the letter of the household law, is still too common in the homes of our people. Obedience is a great virtue, and one cannot deny that strong men and women came from those Puritan households whose discipline was like a rod of iron. But this rigid system perhaps spoiled as many characters as ever it made; and it wholly failed at length, because its strength was mere narrowness and total lack of flexibility.

When it is a question of shaping the life of a child, be sure that there is a power in your daily walk and conversation to compel imitation and obedience where unyielding rules too often drive the young mind to concealment and hypocrisy. Trust that silent force of example to do the larger part of the work which you wish to accomplish. Be not in too much haste to remedy all that is amiss upon the instant; but wait for that force which reaches the very springs and sources of the life, and whose results it may take years to ripen, rather than pinch a growing character into any mould of arbitrary requirements.

He who ordained the natural laws of our being has provided a way by which, surely, though slowly, all the good that is in the world shall act to cure the evil and lift up the weak; for the superior power of example lies altogether on the better side. We may trust that way to make full use of it. The lion-tamer looks steadily into the eye of the savage beast with which he stands face to face, confident that by his very bearing he can keep it in subjection. So it is of the very essence of strong personal influence over men that it should depend upon its own native might, and should not stoop to the bluster or intrigue that betrays a doubtful mind.

But there is one more quality that is essential to make example a living and an active force; and this brings us close to the thought of the apostle, that the Christ who suffered for us is the great exemplar in whose steps we should tread. We know that there are instances of virtue, and even of self-sacrifice, which appear to be almost perfect and sublime,—only, somehow, they do not seem to be alive. They have the cold faultlessness of a marble statue; and, however we may admire them, they do not thrill us or inspire us, like some less perfect patterns of courage and devotion. In common speech, we demand some heart in goodness before we yield to it much affection or esteem; and there is a pas-

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sionless virtue which seems to possess everything save that vitalizing trait.

Where the informing spirit of a life is a cold, stern sense of duty, it will not show much of the power which great example has always manifested to compel emulation and obedience. There must be love of right and truth, and there must be love of men, to give a mind strong and lasting command in the lives of others. However we may think the divine wisdom ought to have made men, certainly, it has so fashioned human nature that love is the most regal quality of its life. There is nowhere else such "making of bricks without straw" as on the part of those who undertake to dispense with that quality, or in whose schemes of social economy no account is made of this, life's strongest sentiment.

Much is forgiven here on earth to those that love much, and it is not forgiven or overlooked in men if they love but little. An imperfect virtue with this to help it will shine out over the world far and wide, where an otherwise faultless life, lacking the gift of love, will melt no heart and light for no soul the way to heaven. Now, the very badge of love is its power to suffer—not merely with hard and stoical endurance, but gladly and freely—for those whom it holds dear. Love does not count its losses, or ever complain to Heaven that its sacrifice has been in vain. Love submits even to be nailed to the cross by cruel hands, and then says: "Father forgive them. They know not what they do."

It is not accident or caprice, therefore, that has made the cross a symbol of the world's greatest religion, and has set up the image of the crucified one at every wayside shrine along the paths of an older Christian civilization. It is this deep truth of universal human nature: that a strong and holy love, which suffers and, if need be, dies for men, is above all others the conquering force in the life of the world. We can perhaps afford to give up the symbol: we cannot afford to forget the truth for which that symbol stands.

The love of Christ has enthroned his example in the hearts of men higher than any other mark of human perfection, and given him the greatest power to draw others after him that any soul of man has yet possessed. And this, perhaps, is as deep as our plummet will ever reach into the mystery of that influence which mind exerts upon mind.

Above all, it is the mother's love that makes her all-powerful in the home; and her affection shows us the one true and strongest quality of love everywhere,—that is, its longing, at any sacrifice, to confer joy and blessing, its willingness to pay any price of suffering that may be the cost of another's good.

Where that is, the soul will be strong to impress itself on the life of others. Where that is not, however it may plead or exhort, there will be few to follow. And so it is no expression of weakness when upon the throne of the highest we place an eternal and a perfect love. Within the range of our knowledge we have no word which tells of a more supreme authority or a more commanding power. A universe governed by love is ruled by the highest conceivable spiritual force, and not without warrant do we ascribe this majesty to the infinite Father of us all, whose hand is over us in all our ways.

Finding in our own life this power, which above all others has made us what we are,—the power that shaped our lives in infancy, and is most intimately connected with the wonderful force of all good example,—we say this can no more be our exclusive property than the magnetism of the lodestone can be its peculiar gift.

As all worlds are flooded with currents of that magnetic force which draws the needle to its constant pole, so the great deeps of being must be full of this other power which in us binds mind to mind and heart to heart. God is love, and it is love that makes him the eternal Lord and King. May that wise and holy influence be stronger to guide us than all our sins and fears, and in its keeping may our hearts find their perfect rest now and forevermore!

If we must try to state in words the religion embodied in the person of the Christian Founder, we may perhaps resolve it into an intimate sense of filial spiritual relation to a God of righteousness and love, an unreserved recognition of moral fraternity among men, and a reverent estimate of humanity compelling the faith that the dead live.—James Martineau.

DR. MARTINEAU'S LATEST WORD.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for April we have a review of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" which has all the marks which distinguish Dr. Martineau. Although it is from the pen of one who has reached fourscore and ten, it is as vigorous, profound, and rich in elevated spiritual thought as any of his former works. Three subjects he briefly touches are of supreme importance,—Natural and Revealed Religion, the Incarnation, and the Atonement.

NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

The twofold implication that nature is self-active and God's agency intrusive is a childish misconception which compels us to seek for a more tenable interpretation of the contrasted terms. This we at once obtain if, under the words "Natural and Revealed," we look at the relation, not of the opposite fields of phenomena studied, but of the opposite movements of thought in the minds that meet and find each other. The human intelligence, in its natural working on its own experience, beats out the steps of inference which lead to a knowledge of God, more or less distinctly realized. This is a process consciously, even anxiously, elaborated in conformity with recognized laws of rational judgment: man is the explorer, and stands at last in the divine presence, rendering the worship of his "Natural Religion." But the God who has made himself accessible by this mediate process has not renounced the freedom of infinite Spirit, or bound himself not to commune with the freedom he has lent to the finite spirits of his children; and, according to their needs, or in response to their aspirations, he comes to them unseen, with a new flash of insight, the hint of a higher ideal, or the touch of more hopeful enthusiasm, which lifts them from their level life and joins them to the prophets who best know his counsels and win men to his righteousness. Here, then, the initiative is with God, of whose quickening and illuminating wave of power man is the recipient. In his consciousness that he has not worked it out for himself it comes to him as revelation, and is accepted as a trust given for the enlargement of faith and the consecration of life. Here, then, "Revealed Religion" is the immediate divine knowledge by the communion of God's Spirit with man's, as distinguished from the natural religion earned by the mediate operation of the human faculties of search.

THE INCARNATION.

In the particular case of Christianity, taken as defined in the three creeds, the human need to which it responds is said to be deliverance from the terror of so stupendous a universe as this and so insignificant a life as ours, in thralldom to the body, with the image of God, if ever there, effaced by the inherited features of a brute ancestry. What could so surely check and relieve the self-contempt of such a creature in such a world as the assumption of his nature, and the experience of its humiliations, and the consecration of its opportunities by the Son of God? Since that life of pure devotion, of vanquished temptation, of sublime sorrow, and its return to God, have not the estimates of moral greatness expanded to the dimensions of the visible and invisible heavens? Is there a constellation in the sky fairer than the galaxy of graces in a holy soul? Is there any planetary cycle that will outlast the immortal life of the children of God? Reborn under the Christian inspiration, we rise at a bound from the stunning shocks of physical nature, and are no longer alone and lost in the infinite spaces. The real drama of existence is with the spirits, whether near or far, who can aspire and love, and will act like ourselves or above ourselves.

There is, no doubt, a profound truth involved in this estimate of the belief in the Incarnation. It has determined in the right direction the long-trembling balance between two competing ideals of the divine nature,—identified in the one case with the fearful aggregate of predetermining cosmic forces, and in the other with the wisdom of an Infinite Mind, partly committed to a steadfast order, but amply free to pity and to love. Has, then, the living God manifested himself in the Son of Mary? Then we are not lashed to the wheel of necessity, but in the hands of one who "has compassion on the multitudes," who has not ordained temptation and sorrow and death without knowing what they are and how they may be sanctified. Is this, then,—this "stricken of God and afflicted,"—his "Son"? Then we, too, are his sons; for this is our "elder Brother." Such an answer to the fearful and desponding heart does meet a pressing want, and often, doubtless, has relieved it. But to cite this result as an important evidence of the Incarnation miracle is hardly admissible; for, were it fiction instead of fact, it would affect its believers as it does at present. The whole creative impulse, indeed, which directs the religious imagination and shapes its significant myths and ever-growing oral traditions, is the yearning of some spiritual thirst within the soul, or the pathetic silence of thought on some unan-

sured problem. The need and the response are sure to find each other out, whether the initiative be taken from the secret prayer of man or the realizing gift of God.

Anyhow, the essence of the influence claimed for the Incarnation doctrine lies in this, that by humanizing God it draws him within the sphere of our affections, gives deeper meaning to our assurance that he knows our trials and our griefs, and identifies the moral perfection and "beauty of holiness" which is loved of God with our own aspirations of conscience and enthusiasm of worship. In other words, the Divinity of Christ destroys the dread distance between the infinite God and our finite selves, by bringing to the front of a great human drama the spiritual attributes—actual in him, possible in us—which make the personal natures homogeneous and qualify us also to be "sons of God." But, in order to reveal this homogeneity, was it necessary for God to be born and pass through the conditions of finite humanity? Whatever of godlike character such a being evinced would in that case belong to him as a unique subject, compounded of two natures, and would afford no sample of what might be expected from us "mere men." But let the order be reversed, and from the human level let one appear who, born in the flesh, is reborn in the Spirit; let him, through a few pathetic years with tragic close, leave an indelible impression of how divine may be a life of man at one with God,—and the unification and communion of the earthly and the heavenly spheres thus personally realized are forever secured as the meaning of God for the soul of man.

A secret feeling of this overflow of the divine essence into humanity contributed, I believe, not a little to the intensity—at first view so strange—of the early Arian controversy. Was the "person" of "the Son" of "essence like the Father's" or of the "very essence of the Father's"? According to the Arians, the former; for they ranked him as still among the "creatures" of the divine hand, though of a high order. According to the Athanasians, the latter; for he was uncreated,—not an organized product brought into a certain grade, however eminent, of thinking and acting life on terminable lease, but spirit itself, with its creative and self-directing powers, commissioned freely to conduct the divine administration of an appointed finite province of time and space. Is not this, then, a true conception, that we see in the mind of Christ the very essence of the mind of God in what he loves and requires to see in us; not the passiveness of an instrument or the obedience of a creature, but the filial devotion, the self-renunciation, the enthusiasm of all righteous affections, which must forever constitute the ethics of all worlds? In opening to us this co-essentiality with God through his own personality, did he show us what is true of his own individuality alone? On the contrary, he stands, in virtue of it, as the spiritual head of mankind; and what you predicate of him in actuality is predicable of all in possibility. This interpretation of his life on earth carries the divine essence claimed for him into our nature as his brethren. In him, as our representative, we learn our summons and receive our adoption as children of God.

THE ATONEMENT.

The "Incarnation," thus extended from the person of Christ to the nature of man, may fitly be called "the central mystery of revealed religion." When Mr. Balfour places on the same line with it the doctrine of Redemption through the atoning blood of Christ, and finds in this belief a satisfying response to a legitimate need of the human soul, I can only wish that he had more explicitly defined the ethical beliefs which he has saved from the blight of nat-

uralism. For, however naturalism may fall short of the ideas of sin, righteousness, and responsibility, as interpreted by the conscience, it does not, like the vicarious atonement, assume them only to cripple and betray them. That personal guilt and goodness are exchangeable qualities that may be shifted by compact, like deficit and surplus between debtor and creditor; that the "Judge of all the earth," having announced a penalty for wrong, cannot remit it to the penitent offender, but may transfer it to a willing innocent; and that, in this way, the actual sins of all Christian believers have been bought off by the sufferings of Christ, and his holiness placed to the account of the redeemed,—are propositions condensing into a small compass the maximum of contradiction to the very essence of morals. If it be a "pressing need" of human experience to which such doctrine brings response, it is assuredly no "ethical need." When the conscience, cleared of its film, looks with open eye upon a recent sin, does it urge the penitent to pray, "Lord, do let me off!" and suggest as a supporting plea, "Or, if some notice must be taken, here is one who loves me, and will suffer in my stead"? Do you hear in this the voice of repentance, or that of selfish fear, that doubles guilt in clutching at escape on any terms? Compare with this haste "to be saved" the nobler thought of Plato, "that impunity is a more dreadful curse than any punishment, and that nothing so good can befall the criminal as his retribution, the failure of which would but make a double discord in the order of the universe. The offender himself may spend his arts in devices of escape, and think himself happy if he is not found out. But all this plotting is but part of the delusion of his sin; and, when he comes to himself and sees his transgression as it really is, he will yield himself up as the prisoner of eternal justice, and know that it is good for him to be afflicted, and so, for the first time, to be set at one with truth." To Mr. Balfour the problem of undeserved sufferings in the world appears, though not theoretically solved, at least practically lightened by the sympathetic endurance on the cross of the very God who administers them. To me, I confess, the difficulty seems driven to its extremity when the holiest of beings is allowed, by the maximum of suffering, to buy off the penal dues of all the sinners who will accept the release.

THE BLESSED BIRDS.

The birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, though they sometimes reward themselves for this hard work by dainty tidbits of ripening fruit. A pair of common American robins or thrushes have been watched while they carried three thousand earth-worms to one brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvæ which would literally develop millions of destructive creatures, both in forests and orchards; and one of the most inveterate foes of the canker-worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle in the elm. For every wing of black and gold on a young girl's hat an apple-tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit and left brown and ugly in the summer sun, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the loathsome canker-worm.

Says Eldridge E. Fish, in "The Blessed Birds": "The beautiful little indigo-birds, looking like patches of blue sky among the green leaves, are nearly gone. The tanagers, with their tropical brilliancy, are almost extinct. . . . The flickers, with golden wing-shafts and crowns of crimson, are

A New Move.

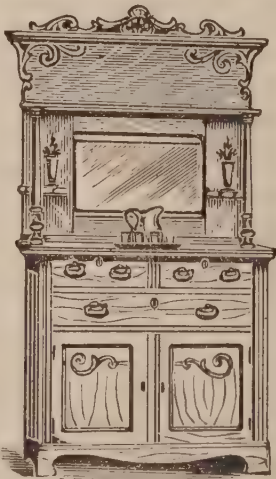
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hunted like outlaws. The American gold-finches, so sprightly and so musical, and formerly so plentiful in every field and orchard, where they were at home in trees or on pasture thistles, gems of jet and gold, are now seen only occasionally. They were too pretty to be allowed to live in this wicked world. The bluebirds have had an equally hard fate. . . . A few more years of such wanton warfare on these unbought yet priceless blessings, a few more years of crime against the wise order of the world, and men will walk the voiceless fields and woods, where, instead of bright wings amid the green foliage, and artistic structures filled with eggs and fluttering birds, only unsightly nests of crawling worms will dangle from bush and tree. In place of soothing, happy bird voices, only the fretting hum of troublesome insects will worry the listening ear."

Who is responsible for this waste of life in the bird kingdom? There are those ready to blame the scientific collector for a great deal of it. Of course, a certain number of birds are killed for museums and for study; but what are the facts? The number killed in one season in Florida for ladies' hats—one man alone collecting one hundred and thirty-five thousand skins—exceeded the specimens of birds in the National Museum at Washington and in the American Museum of Natural History in New York put together. Yet these collections represent birds from every part of the world, and they have been fifty years collecting. Scientific students, as a rule, are conservative, and do not needlessly sacrifice life.

Not so much can be said of amateur collectors. They are careless and grasping. The rarer the bird, the more intent they are to secure it. The thought of protection, that it may increase and multiply, does not seem to cross their minds. They should certainly be restrained, and taught to study the living bird in its native haunt with opera-glass, and by long, patient search and observation. They will thus acquire much more than bird-lore. Neither should they be encouraged to make collections of birds' eggs; for, though each boy takes but one egg from a nest, two or three comrades will soon empty it. No, the naturalists are not the chief sinners in this war of extermination.

Greater sinners than the ornithologists are the women, whose thoughtless vanity is responsible for untold innocent deaths, and for the bitter cruelty necessary to secure the plumes with which they adorn themselves. Every egret plume waving from a woman's hat represents a murdered mother and a nest of little ones left to starve. The exquisite plume grows only in the reproductive season. Instead of nodding over the little flock, a thing of beauty in its own place, it is torn out to deck an ignorant or a heartless woman's head. One sees comparatively few songbirds in hats now, but the egret plume is still eagerly sought.

Spiritual Life.

He who sincerely loves God cares more for the spiritual progress of his neighbor, and for consoling and helping him, than he does for his own repose.—*Saint Teresa.*

Grace ever attendeth him who is duly thankful. Be, therefore, thankful for the least gift. So shalt thou be meet to receive greater. But that cannot be little which is given by the most high God.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*The Churchman.*

Put a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again, and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Prof. Drummond.*

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain, a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbits of quiet usefulness in which God places us.—*John Hall.*

He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is

great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

When one thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make any one care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least. *The Lutheran.*

He who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of the spiritual meaning and uses of life,—nothing of the calm, strong patience with which ills may be endured; of the gentle, tender comfort which the Father's love can minister; of the blessed rest to be realized in his forgiving love, his tender fatherhood; of the deep, peaceful sense of the infinite One ever near, a refuge and a strength.—*Archbishop Farrar.*

Literature.

"IN WOODS AND FIELDS."*

The pen of Augusta Larned has long been familiar to the readers of the *Christian Register*, whether in the "Home," in her interesting "New York Letters," in her exquisite descriptions of travel, in the poet's corner, or in some moral, social, or spiritual study on the editorial page. City life has not dimmed her appreciation or dampened her enthusiasm for the world of nature; and perhaps none of her writings call forth more admiration than her letters and poems, in which the life, the joy, the beauty, and mystery of nature speak and sing through her.

In this volume we have not a dried herbarium of pressed flowers, or any artificial mimicry of nature, or any colorless photographs of the outward world: we have the soul of nature itself. It springs into bloom; it exhales in fragrance; it breathes through the trees, sings with the birds, sparkles with the dew, twinkles with the stars, or beats with the rhythm of the sea. Theocritus has come back to us, and sings in English as easily as in Greek. This gentle bard, whose nimble spirit the author invokes, seems to have been easily persuaded

"To bless this strange and virgin soil,
And, by the simply glad refrain,
Charm us from greed and barren toil."

But one can just as easily see that these poems are not simple literary reflections or imitations of Theocritus or any other writer. They are not pictures copied from some other canvas. There is nothing second-hand here. They are fresh, immediate inspirations from the spirit of Nature herself. They are descriptive, but not didactic,—impressions rather than catalogues, but with more of accuracy and finish than the impressionist is wont to put on his canvas, and with more ideality than the realist infuses into his. Nature has a body and a soul, and Miss Larned gives us both. We see things as they are; but, what is more, we feel them. Read her poem on "Summer Noon," and the thermometer will go up to summer heat. It might be hard to construct a single visual picture from this poem. There are many pictures wrought in one; but you feel the poem in your blood, and may be tempted too quickly to throw off your winter clothing, till you turn to "Winter Twilight," which is as exquisite a transcription of a winter sunset as one may easily find in verse. We shall spoil the unity of the poem in an attempt to quote from it:—

"A church spire rises dark and still
Against an orange sunset sky.
No burning cloud broods o'er the hill,
No fleck of flame floats far and high.

"All vacant the entranced air,
Save filmy webs of color dyed;
And all the ridges, bleak and bare,
Are bathing in this magic tide.

"Close-clinging mask, the snow enshrouds
Each tiny dell and sculptured knoll.
The dying god, unveiled by clouds,
Brims with his blood earth's Parian bowl.

"Far, far beneath the glens are lone,
Ringed round with fir-trees' dusky shade;
And banded solemn tone on tone
The purple o'er the blue is laid.

*IN WOODS AND FIELDS. By Augusta Larned. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Still low the sunset findeth room
To burn the fringes of the night.
Eclipsed in glory and in gloom,
The earth has vanished from our sight."

But it is rather spring and summer in all their various moods which furnish key-note and rhythm for the poet's song. It is the sprouting corn, the tiny leaf-bud, the drowsy-lidded flowers, heaven's sweet dews and vernal bowers, the white-throated finch, or some other attribute that allures her. There is here not the pantheism of the philosopher, but the pantheism of the poet, who feels the throb of God life in all creation, and translates the humble milkweed into this beautiful psalm:—

"Small spinner of the fields,
Where are thy fairy reels?
Thy busy spindles fine,
To mesh this silken twine?"

"I know thy distaff green,
Fretting the satin sheen,
Of thread more delicate
Than wrought Ulysses' mate.

"The laces from thy loom,
This poor and common bloom,
Would deck Titania's trail
Or Queen Mab's bridal veil.

"Thou art all fantasy,
Like some fond poet,—he
Who from his heart untwines
The stuff of mazy rhymes.

"Winged his songs shall go
The wide world to and fro,
As thou dost wing thy seeds
Out of thy being's needs.

"At nature's still behest
Is spun thy downy breast,
To thin and silky sails,
That catch the autumn gales.

"And through the air I see
Thy little colony
Voyaging in azure space,
To magnify thy race.

"But canst thou ever guess
The need of toil and stress,
While thou the livelong day
Shouldst spin thy heart away?"

"Nay, instinct blind and slow,
That way the sap doth go,
By some mysterious path
In thee hath turned to faith."

Miss Larned writes not only as the artist, but as the devotee. Nature to her is not the refectory, but the shrine in her cloister. There is no formality in her service, nothing of creedal conventionality, no tagging on of a religious label to these verses, as the scientist classifies his birds and

flowers; nor is there anything morbid or dreary. The religious quality is the tinge that colors the whole, the blood that circulates within, and which gives light and vitality to the conception. Who can fail to respond to this exquisite liturgy of nature in the eloquence of silence so beautifully conveyed in "At Evening"?—

"A prayer exhales from out the wood,
The prayer of Nature to her God;
And in this low and purple glade
The strolling herds pause, half afraid.
So deep the peace, so deep the rest,
An infant on its mother's breast,
With even pulses breathing balm,
Can image forth the perfect calm.

"Within this hushed and sacred hour
The silence blossoms like a flower;
And color melts unseen away,
And leaves the silver and the gray.
So thought gives place to vague content,
The soul of music twined and blent
With reveries dim and pleasing throng,
A soundless chant, a wordless song.

"The mountains bend to lesser height
Beneath the majesty of night,—
An awestruck circle, hand in hand,
A linked and mighty praying band.
And we, too, light the inner shrine
To worship here the All-divine;
When consciousness his throne reveals,
Within its fane the spirit kneels."

So in "The Buddhist Prayer" the perfect union of the soul with God is sung in such a soft, musical benediction that, forgetting we are Christians, we say a prayerful "Amen!"

But we must not mutilate or dismember more of these poems. We simply welcome our readers to the pleasure which is before them. Their summer outings will not fail to be richer and more delightful with this little volume as a companion.

The fine and delightful finish of these verses is something which seems to belong to the very texture of the poem, as the color belongs to the flower or as the polish of the marble is an attribute of its particles. We lay down this charming book, and ask ourselves, Who of our living American poets can write or convey more beautifully the spirit of nature than the author of "In Woods and Fields"?

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE. Essays by Kan'zō Uchimura, Tokio, Japan.—As the writer of these essays says in the preface, "So much is written about Japan by travelers, who examined it at the rate of forty miles an hour," that there ought to be a prompt welcome to opinions "of native

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origin." The book will doubtless help readers to appreciate better the national characteristics, even though it is sent out with confidence only in its purpose, and none at all "in the syntax and gerund-laws" of the English in which it is written. The book is interesting in every way. The mission of Japan is expressed as that of reconciling the East with the West, of being the advocate of the East and the harbinger of the West. An appendix contains a justification of the Korean War, which is an earnest plea for sympathetic neutrality from the nations of the world. Despite the disclaimer in the preface, the English of the book is remarkably good, and the writer shows his intimate acquaintance with the history and literature of other countries.

How WE ROSE. By David Nelson Beach. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 60 cents.—The beginning of this little book reminds one strongly of Mrs. Oliphant's "The Little Pilgrim," in that it gives us in a prose poem the experience of one who has died and wakened in the other life. It is all simple, tender, and true-hearted, showing the man back of the thought. It is more than that; for the breadth of sympathy is of the intellect as well as of the heart, and its insight recognizes the reality in all searchings for truth and in all religions, never comprehended by any of them, greater than all of them. The last chapter is different from the others, and shows that manly indignation with wrong is not incompatible with loving help for the wrong-doer.

PICTURES IN VERSE. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. With Twenty Illustrations by Maud Stum. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The pictures and the illustrations in this volume harmonize better than such things do for the most part. Both will appeal to certain people in proportion to their lack of literary judgment and appreciation of what is good in art. A certain mustiness is the prevailing note in either form. There is more promise, however, of something better in the pictures than in the poems; and we are inclined to think that, if the illustrator had been working up to the level of something simple and strong instead of down to the level of something weak and sentimental, she would have done much better work.

DOCTOR JUDAS: A PORTRAYAL OF THE OPIUM HABIT. By William Rosser Cobb. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.—"Opium is the Judas of drugs: it kisses, and then betrays." The writer of this book had the misfortune to learn the truth of this saying at the terrible price of personal experience. He has written with the sense of solemn responsibility; and he assures us that the facts of this "blinding, absorbing, frightful slavery" are given with most faithful exactitude. The multiplicity of details will render the book chiefly valuable to those who are entering a like experience, and may be thus influenced to leave toxic drugs alone, or to physicians who may be interested in the pathological aspects of the case.

HEADS OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY, WITH APPENDED LECTURES ON BAXTER AND PRIESTLEY. By Alexander Gordon, M.A. London: Philip Green & Co.—This is an outline intended as a guide to learners. The history of English Unitarianism is not easy, many of its passages being obscure and complicated; yet it is the key to its meaning. The appended addresses are intended as specimens of an ampler treatment of special passages, and deal with three important sections: the Non-conformist exodus of 1662; the Unitarian Rebirth of the last Century; and the Legalization of Doctrinal Change by the Chapel Acts of 1844.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS IN TURKEY. By Frederick Davis Greene. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This book has already been noticed at length in our editorial columns, and its importance emphasized. It is interesting in itself as an historical account of Armenia, and a book of information about the physical aspects, inhabitants, and administration of Eastern Turkey, as well as most valuable for the accuracy of its reports about the Sassoun massacre. It contains much about which every thoughtful citizen should be informed, and it ought certainly to have a wide sale.

Literary Notes.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago announce for immediate publication "Cash vs. Coin," by Edward Wisner; "The Garden of Eden, U.S.A.," by W. H. Bishop, which proposes "a practical solution of the labor question" and "a readjustment of domestic economy"; "Sister Gratia," a book which aims to entertain rather than instruct; and "The Zigzag Paths of Life," by Matilda Vance Cheney.

Miscellaneous.

The Massachusetts Year Book and City and Town Register for 1895, of which mention was made last week, is published by F. S. Blanchard & Co., Worcester, Mass. It is a most useful compendium of information.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray. John Gilpin. By William Cowper. Riverside Literature Series. Price 30 cents.
George Washington. An Historical Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Riverside Literature Series. Price 30 cents.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
The Story of Patriots' Day, Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775. By George J. Varney.
Doctor Gray's Quest. By Francis H. Underwood.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. 1775. With Introduction and Notes. By A. J. George.
Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. 1825. With Preface, Introduction, and Notes. By A. J. George.

From Macmillan & Co., New York.
A Lost Endeavor. By Guy Boothby. Price 75 cents.
Tom Cringle's Log. By Michael Scott. Price \$1.25.
Æsthetic Principles. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. Price \$1.25.
Lyrical Poetry from the Bible. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Price \$1.00.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Buonaparte. By Richard Whately, D.D.
The Treasures of Kurium. By Ellen M. H. Gates.
Julian the Philosopher and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity. By Alice Gardner. Price \$1.50.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. By James Anthony Froude. Price \$1.75.
The Making of the Nation, 1783-1817. By Francis A. Walker. Price \$1.25.
Lotos-time in Japan. By Henry T. Finck. Price \$1.75.
From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.
The Friend of the People. A Tale of the Reign of Terror. By Mary C. Rowsell.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
The Story of Sonny Sahib. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. Price \$1.00.

From the Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.
Jewish Literature, and Other Essays. By Gustav Karpeles.

From the Author, Bangor, Me.
A Ceramic Study. A Chapter in the History of Half a Dozen Dinner Plates. By Flora E. Haines.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Rêves de Jeunesse. Waltzes. By Pierre Muller.
The Forbidden Song. Composed by S. Gastaldon.
"Night, Night, Daddie." Song. Written and composed by John Cox Dear.
While Sailing o'er the Sea. By Walter Goold.
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TO A ROBIN.

BY CONSIDER B. CARTER.

O robin redbreast, welcome but too soon!
The wind is bleak upon the dreary wold,
The flocks complain within a sunless fold,
The brook goes rippling down in frosty tune;
But thou, courageous bird, dost presage June,
With love-song warbling from the maple's spray
To thy brown mate demure, that morn and noon
Will brood her bower home where nestlings play.
Sing on, sweet bird, thy joyful roundelay!
For not for man alone the earth and air:
God's winged voices are as dear as they.
And all have need of love's protecting care,
The while, like thee, we build and sing and rear,
Until, alas! like thee, we fly away.

For the Christian Register.
GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

Mary and Tommy came bursting into the sitting-room like a young hurricane. Mary threw herself on the lounge, and buried her face in the pillow, shaking with unrestrained laughter; and Tommy tumbled down upon the hearth-rug, giving vent to his feelings by shouting and clapping his feet together in the air. Dickle, the youngest, was the most dignified of the three. He sat down in his little rocking-chair, looking with some amusement at the performances of his brother and sister, but seeming a little abashed. He held in his hand a large bunch of flowers. His real name was not Dickle: Tommy was responsible for his being called so. One day the "hurrying wind" of April scattered a few freckles on his small nose; and Tommy called him "freckle-nose Dick," and then "Dicklenose freck"; and then it was shortened to "Dickle." But his father and mother and grandmother did not call him Dickle.

"Well, children," said the mother, looking up from her mending, "what has happened now?"

"O mamma," said both the children at once, "it was so funny!"

"Let me tell, Tommy: I shall *splode* if I don't tell it."

And Tommy averted the disaster by yielding.

"You know, mamma, it's grandma's birthday; and we thought we'd celebrate. We were going to have Dickle *present* some flowers and speak some poetry. So Tommy and I made some poetry. This was it:—

'Dear grandma, 'tis your birthday morn,
And we are glad that you were born.
We bring you daisies
That every one praises;
We bring you cups of butter
And hawthorn buds that flutter.'

Don't you think that's a nice verse?"

"I've no doubt grandma liked it very much," said the mother; "but, somehow, I never noticed that hawthorn buds *flutter*."

"No, they don't," answered Mary; "but Tommy said it must rhyme, anyway, and that 'flutter' was a nice word. And papa said that after 'cups of butter' it would be better not to say anything about 'flower,' or else grandma might think it was a receipt for cake. And so we had to say 'buds'; and, then, we really did pick buds, to make that all right. Well, we made Dickle learn it; and we got him so that he said every word just right. And one day, when grandma was out on the piazza, we took him up to her room, and showed him how to do it. We thought we'd have him go in with his hat on, and stand right in the middle of the rug by the little table, and then take off his hat and make a bow, and speak the poetry, and give grandma the flowers, and come out again; and, if he did it right, I was going to give him my soft rubber ball, and Tommy was going to give him three marbles. And, then, Tommy was going in to give his present; and then I was going in to give mine. Well, Dickle went in with his flowers; and Tommy and I listened at the door. But we didn't peek, for fear grandma would see us. He said it just exactly right, and Tommy whispered to me that he believed he'd give him *four* marbles. But, when he came out, *he had the flowers in his hand*. 'Why, Dickle!' said Tommy: 'you forgot to give her the flowers!' 'She wasn't there,' said Dickle. And, sure enough, mamma, grandma was out in the garden all the time; and that

baby never noticed it till he got all through."

"I are *not* a baby," said Dickle.

THE CHILDREN'S APPLE-TREE.

"That apple-tree will have to be cut down," said Mr. Cameron, looking out of the window one morning just after breakfast.

"Cut down!" echoed the children, in dismay.

"Why not?" asked their father, mischievously.

"It bears delicious fruit," said Max.

"There are several trees like it in grandpa's orchard."

"But this one belongs to me!" cried wee Robin.

"Why, papa," said Marjorie, "I could not learn my lessons in any other place so well as in that dear old tree."

"Poor lessons to-day, then," said Mr. Cameron. "Just listen to the rain dashing against the window-pane."

"Is that good poetry, papa?"

"Isn't it? Well, listen. If you young people can tell me anything about an apple-tree, and give three good reasons why that one should adorn our lawn, I'll spare it. We will consider the subject this evening. Max, the umbrella, please. Good-by!"

"Oh, mamma, cannot you think of a hundred reasons?" exclaimed Jeanie.

"Hardly. You must do the best you can. I will put in one plea."

"There isn't a thing to say," declared Max. "An apple-tree is an apple-tree, and that's all there is about it."

"Nothing! What was papa reading the other night about?"

"Oh, yes! And"—Here Max disappeared in the direction of the library.

"What can I find out about it, mamma?" asked Jeanie.

"Cannot you give us a botanical description?"

"I could write out all that I can remember of the lesson you gave us when we analyzed the blossoms last spring."

"That will please papa."

"What can I do?" asked Marjorie.

"Tell us what the poets have said about them."

"Oh, I shall like that!"

"Me, too," pleaded Robin. "What can me do?"

"We'll see," said mamma.

Max found plenty of allusions to apples, but could not seem to arrange them to his satisfaction. At last he came to his mother, saying, "I should like to write a fine essay, mamma; but I don't know how to do it."

"Papa will not expect an essay, Max. Write down all that you can remember of what you have been reading."

Jeanie and Marjorie had too much material, and mamma wisely drew her pencil through two-thirds of it. Robin could hardly keep his verse until evening, and so the stormy day passed pleasantly away.

"Well, children," said Mr. Cameron after supper, "how about the apple-tree?"

"Papa, how can you even think of cutting it down?" said Jeanie.

"Well, what have you to say for it?"

"Everything!"

"Everything?"

"We have played in it so long!"

"Just think of the beautiful blossoms!"

"And the handsome red fruit in September!"

"I've written a sort of an essay," began Max.

"We must hear it," said his father, sitting down before the fire, and taking Robin on his knee.

"I've got a verse! I've got a verse!" cried Robin.

"Shall we begin with the youngest?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"You had better," said Max, "or he will fly into pieces."

"Papa, don't you remember the day when Robin first found a seed in his apple, and how he came running to us, saying: 'Toffee in 'e apple! Toffee in 'e apple!'"

"I was a baby *then*," said Robin, frowning. "I've got a verse to say *now*."

Then, standing between his father's knees, with his curly head thrown back, he recited in a shrill voice the following verse:

'Hats full, caps full!
Bushels, bushels, bags full!
Give me all that I can eat
Of juicy apples, red and sweet.'

"Ho!" cried Max, while Robin climbed

back upon his father's knee, very much delighted and somewhat bashful, as the other children clapped him.

"Now we will listen to that 'sort of an essay,'" said papa.

"All right," said Max. "Here goes! 'When our forefathers came over in the 'Mayflower,' there were no apples in this country. But they soon brought over the young trees; and they thrived so well that now there are plenty of apple orchards all over the country, especially in New England.'"

"Especially in New England?" repeated his father.

"Yes, sir. I ought to have said the best are in New England."

"And the best tree in our yard," put in Marjorie.

"What a comfort," Max went on, "these young apple orchards must have been to our foremothers in the old colonial days, when they were homesick for their native land!" Mamma was saying *that*, and I put it in because it was a new idea. 'In our grandmothers' girlhood they used to have 'apple bees' (I wish they had 'em now), when they all met together in some pleasant kitchen to pare apples. Part of the fun was to pare the apples so as not to break the peeling. Then the long coil was swung three times around the head and dropped on the floor. Whatever letter it was most like, that was the initial letter of your sweetheart's name.'"

"Let's try it," said Jeanie.

"Keep still, children! 'Our old Teutonic ancestors used to believe that lightning had no power to strike an apple-tree, so they planted them close to their homesteads for protection as well as shade. You have all heard about William Tell, and the apple he had to shoot from his little boy's head.'"

"That's a fable," remarked Jeanie.

"Keep still, children! 'In Grecian mythology we read about the tree that bore the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, and how Hercules sought and found them under many difficulties.'"

"Where is the garden of the 'Sperides?'" asked Robin, thoughtfully.

Jeanie laughed.

"Then, again, in mythology is the apple that stirred up so much strife among the gods and the goddesses. One day, when they were merrily feasting, *Ate*, the goddess of strife, threw an apple into their midst, engraved with the words, 'To the most fair.' They *all* wanted it, you see."

"I should have given it to mamma," said Robin.

"Robin!" said Max, sternly. Then, going on, "The apple was once thought to be a symbol of perfection, and Alexander the Great had an apple made of gold found in the different countries he had conquered.' Mamma's making signs for me to stop, and I will,—only I want to say that some people would like the apple-blossom for our national flower, and I vote for it. Good-by."

"Well done for a little boy!" said papa.

"What makes you say good-by? Where are you going?" asked Robin.

"I only said it because I had to finish it off somehow," said Max.

After a little fun over Max's first essay,

which he took very good-naturedly, mamma said, "Now, Jeanie."

Jeanie sat down on the rug, with her back to the open fire, that she might get a good light on her manuscript.

"In the vegetable kingdom the apple belongs to the *Rosaceæ*, or Rose family,—a royal family of fruits; for, besides the apple, it gives us the pear, peach, plum, and cherry, also the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry. I think it might be called a royal family of flowers, too; for the rose belongs to this family, and other lovely flowers,—among them the wild meadow-sweet that mamma loves to gather for her pink jar.

"There are a great many different kinds of apples,—the greenings, baldwins, and russets, and others; and they are all supposed to have originated in the wild crab-apple tree, brought up from that bitter little apple, by grafting and cultivation, into the delicious fruit we all like so well. The blossoms have five rose-white petals, several stamens, and in the centre five long styles, leading to five little cells, that grow into five cartilaginous pods with dark brown seeds in them.

"We throw these pods—the core—away, and eat the calyx, which, being adherent to the pods, has grown and ripened into what we call the apple. The word 'apple' is from the Saxon word *appel*, their name for the tree.

"Biffins are dried apples; and it is also the name of a small apple that grows only in Norfolk, England.

"The wood of the tree is hard, and is used for shoemakers' lasts and for weavers' shuttles."

"Thank you, little daughter. Now what has Marjorie to give us?"

"A little poetry," Marjorie answered; and papa looked pleased, for he loved to listen to his eldest daughter's low, sweet voice in reading.

She began with Bryant's lovely poem called "Planting the Apple-tree."

Next came Lucy Larcom's "White Sunday," in which she sings about the apple-tree, and says of it:—

'A color not of earth, a tenderness
Of spotless snow and rose-blossoms clothed
The tree,
That stood up beneath the heavens, one
flower.'

And then, so that the younger ones might not get tired, she ended by reading the "cellar scene" in Holland's "Bitter-Sweet."

"My verse was the prettiest," said Robin, when Marjorie stopped reading; "and I have been thinking of—thinking of"—

"What?"

"Of apple-dumplings!"

There was a good laugh at that, Robin's cheeks growing redder, until he burst out with, "And hot apple-sauce!"

"Roast apples!" cried Max.

"Let's have some! May we, mamma?"

Mamma nodded assent; and away rushed the boys, bringing back six apples, which they placed in a row on the hearth before the fire, the children tumbling in a rosy heap on the floor.

"Mamma, what is your plea? You said that you had one."

"I was thinking how much I enjoy the

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blossoms in May as I sit sewing by the nursery window.”

“Oh, and the robins’ nest! We all love it so well,” said Marjorie, softly.

“It shall stay with us.”

“We owe it a pleasant rainy day,” said mamma.

“Papa, here is the best of the roasted apples for you,” said Jeanie.—*The Christian Union.*

A TALE OF A BUTTERFLY.

There is a touching little story told of the late Charles Kingsley. One Sunday morning, at a church where he had to preach, he was going up the pulpit stairs, when he suddenly stooped down and, to the congregation’s surprise, disappeared from view. They sat patiently, wondering what could have happened; but the preacher still did not show himself. A church official who went in search of him found Kingsley in the vestry, looking closely at something which he held in the palm of his hand. It was a half-dead butterfly. The little insect had strayed in from the sunshine through an open window, and, while fluttering about, had in some way injured a wing. As it lay struggling on the stairs leading up to the pulpit, Kingsley’s quick eye detected it. His kind heart would not allow him to leave it there, to be roughly brushed aside, or perhaps trodden on. So he had at once carried it to a place of safety.—*The Evangelist.*

STORY OF THE PRINCESS ROSETTA.

Once upon a time, many and many a year ago, there lived a young princess whose name was Rosetta. Now, the three old ladies known as the Fates had been very kind to the little maid, as every one agreed; but, sad to tell, the princess herself was most discontented. A thousand times she stood at her turret window watching the crowd that passed below, and envying those with happy faces. She cried and cried, till her pretty eyes were red. She let little frowns tie hard knots in her white forehead and draw the sweetest of rosebud mouths all down at the corners. Then, chancing one day to look earnestly in the mirror, she cried again because she was not pretty. “Oh, what shall I do?” she sobbed. “I’m sure a princess ought to be beautiful, yet I am almost ugly. It is more than one can bear. I will go to the great wizard-bird, and beg him tell me what will make me different.”

Now, the wizard-bird was a strange creature,—so old, so very old, that no one on earth could tell anything about him. He had lived thousands and thousands of years since the world was covered with ice, and had grown so wise there was nothing left for him to learn. Often he wandered up and down the great cave where he lived, and talked to himself of his youth; of the days when he had flown miles and miles over vast ice-fields, gone deep into blue caverns of unknown depth, or perched on frozen precipices looking off over what seemed a glittering, dazzling world of glass.

Yes, he was very wise, this wizard-bird; and many came from far to learn of his wisdom. So also came the princess Rosetta, and begged him tell her how she might become beautiful.

“Silly child,” said the bird, “why shouldst thou care for so small a thing? Wisdom is better than beauty. Rather ask to be wise. Besides, how know I what will please thee? ’Tis all a matter of taste. Should I make thee fair, thou’ldst perchance choose to be dark. Go home, foolish one, and paint thy mirror till the reflection pleases. Then will I change thee thyself to correspond.”

“Ah, but paints would never stick to a mirror, good master,” said Rosetta, timidly.

“Take, then, these colors, my child,” said the bird. “They are formed from the rainbow tints prisoned in the ice crystals, and have a magic quality.”

So Rosetta hurried homeward, and painted and painted for many a day; but nothing seemed right. Light hair did not suit dark eyes, nor a Greek nose the little dimpled chin; and, as fast as she painted out the frown and the fretful little mouth, so fast they came back again, until the princess was in despair. Wandering up and down the picture galleries of the palace, she looked longingly at the beauties of long ago.

At last a sudden thought struck her: she would ask to be just like one of these,—the lovely dark-eyed girl with the sad smile, for instance. Sending quickly for the wizard, she told her wish.

“The little dark girl in the gold frame? Yes, yes: I remember her perfectly,” he said. “She was a cripple, and lived many years a sad, long life of suffering. If you would be like her, you must also take her life instead of your own; for one’s face is but the reflection of one’s life, you know.”

“Oh, I didn’t think of that,” cried the princess, dismayed. “Then I think I would rather be the little jolly, red-cheeked girl over in the corner.”

“Ah,” said the bird, looking at the portrait, “she was—let me see—a peasant, I believe. Those red cheeks belong to the sun and wind. Yes, she lived outdoors, tending sheep on the mountains. You must give up your palace if you would be her.”

“No, no,” cried Rosetta: “that would never do. Make me, then, like yonder proud queen.”

“Ah, no, my child,” said the wizard,—“not like her, surely! That pride of hers cost her dear; for she died in prison, alone and neglected, after many years of haughty resistance to the wishes of her subjects.”

Again and again the princess tried, till at last, discouraged, she turned to the wizard, saying:—

“Thou art wiser than I. Choose, then, which I had best be like.”

The wizard pointed to a picture turned to the wall, and bade the princess look at it.

Confused and surprised, Rosetta saw in the sweet, bright face that looked into hers a strange resemblance to her own. “Who is it, I pray?” she asked eagerly.

“Thyself, my child, as thou shalt be when thou hast learned that what is best for thee is thine already.”—*Jessie B. Sherman, in Sacred Heart Review.*

CHARITY.

A certain duchess was obliged to pay a visit to a convent on a cold winter’s day. The convent was poor, there was a dearth of wood, and the friars had nothing but their charity and the ardor of their prayers to keep out the cold. The duchess got a chill during her stay in the comfortless parlor of the convent, and returned home filled with pity for the suffering friars. While the maid was removing her mistress’s cloak, adding logs to the cheerful fire and preparing a warm drink, the duchess summoned her steward, and ordered some wood to be sent immediately to the convent. She then had her couch moved close to the fireside, the warmth of which, together with the cordial, soon revived her. The recollection of what she had just suffered was speedily lost in her present comfort; and, when the steward came in again to ask how many loads of wood he was to send, the great lady remarked carelessly: “Oh, you may wait. The weather is very much milder now.” The warmth of the room had cooled her charity.—*Exchange.*

THE DOG, THE BOY, AND THE BAG.

You have often seen a dog carry a basket or a pail, or even a newspaper folded up. I knew a big dog who would find his master’s slippers, picking them out from among a dozen pairs put in a pile to test him. This same dog would find his master’s umbrella, and carry it blocks to his office. The other day I heard of a little dog who had been taught to carry things for his mistress. He was a little poodle. One day his mistress was going out shopping, and she put down on a chair a small bag in which was some jewelry. Just then she left the room. Fido came in, concluded there was some work for him to do, and took the bag in his mouth and ran out the front door. He carried the bag blocks to the house of his mistress’s friend, where he left it at the front door.

The mistress was frightened when she came back, and found the bag had disappeared. She thought a thief had taken it,

and notified the police, who began hunting for the thief. A small boy had seen the dog carrying the bag. Whether the dog acted guiltily, or whether the bag seemed too big for such a small dog to carry, I do not know. But the boy followed the dog; and, when he left the bag, the boy took it and followed the dog back, giving the bag to its owner. I wish I knew whether Fido ever learned that he had done wrong.—*The Outlook.*

When a boy frightens his playmate by appearing suddenly around a corner and saying “Bo!” he is using a very ancient word. There was once a general of the Goths named Boh, who was so fierce and warlike in appearance that for many centuries mothers hushed their children by telling them to be quiet or Boh would come and get them. This was finally corrupted into Bo, the familiar “scareword” of to-day.

About

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Editor St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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THE TURK IN ARMENIA.

What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With sovereign argosies the subject blue,
And wrest thy tribute from each golden gale,
If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear the wail
Of maidens martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou heldst a charge from Him
Who watches, girdled by his seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou his sign? Enough, the sleepless cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

—William Watson.

BLESSING THE FLEET.

The blessing of the Iceland fleet, which takes place every year at Paimpoul, always attracts numerous visitors. When the fishing schooners are ready to set sail, the ringing of the church bells announces that the ceremony is about to begin. After vespers the procession, led by the sailors, marches through the principal streets and squares of the town, which are decked with flags in honor of the occasion, to the beautiful repository erected by the ship-owners at the end of the dike. There the Abbé Daniel, standing in the presence of those fifty-six graceful schooners, gayly bedecked with flags, which are to bear away these stalwart seamen to the chill fogs of Iceland, pronounced a discourse as eloquent as it was pathetic, and prayed that God would grant success and a safe return for both sailors and ships. Then, preceded by the cross, he made the tour of the floating dock, blessing each ship in turn and saluted as he passed by the great flag which waved aloft. *Sacred Heart Review.*

Spirit of the Press.

The London *Christian World*, in an article on the Armenian question, says:—
The best news is the announcement in the *Times* that Mr. Gladstone is about to deliver an important speech on the question. He has been eagerly studying all the material available. Next month a great meeting is to be held in St. James's Hall, similar to the famous meeting on the Bulgarian atrocities. The public is getting impatient. It might be possible to preserve patience if the Sassoun massacres stood alone, but the Armenian correspondents are all at one as to the existence of a present reign of terror. No man's life and property, no woman's honor, is safe from the greed, the murderous lawlessness, the lust of Kurd and Turk. How long is this to go on? is the question everywhere asked. One thing Lord Kimberley might have promised, and that is the publication of the suppressed consuls' reports since 1891. Why are they suppressed? Lord Kimberley said, "It would be contrary to their best interests that at this particular moment they should produce those reports, both because the inquiry is proceeding, and also because their publication would embarrass them in their action rather than strengthen their hand." This is simply fudge. Are the reports more damning than the reports of the special correspondents? If so, all the more reason why they should be published. The great need is full and accurate information; and we hold it to be the simple duty of the government to supply that information for the purpose of guiding public opinion.

Personals.

William Watson, the young English poet, has received a grant of \$500 a year from the Civil List, a fund largely used for the encouragement of literature, art, and science.
The committee of Manchester College has obtained the consent of Dr. Martineau for a sitting statue in marble to be placed in the library of the college at Oxford. The commission for the statue has been given to Mr. Pinker of London.
"The hygienic treatment to which Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grand-daughter, is subjected," says a well-known writer, "extends so far that she always goes bare-foot, indoors or out, except in very muddy or bitterly cold weather. Her dress and fare are of the simplest; and she is one of the healthiest, happiest, and most irrepressible of children."
ROBERT H. HAMILTON.—Many in Boston will remember the pleasant face and dignified manners of Mr. Hamilton, who has been travelling with the Tuskegee quartette. He was taken ill while singing in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and died early the next morning, March 27. He has been an earnest and faithful worker for Tuskegee since 1884, working early and late, "a clean-

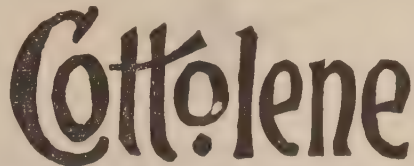
souled, honest man," always ready to help. Before that time he worked in the same way at Hampton, where he was a student.
DR. GEORG VON GIZCYKI.—Mr. W. M. Salter writes in the *Cause* of his friend, Dr. Georg von Gizcyki of the University of Berlin, who died March 3, and says: "Prof. von Gizcyki was a brave soldier for the true and right. Though devoted to the scientific study of ethics and philosophy, he had warm human interests, and was in sympathetic touch with the progressive social movements of the day. An invalid for years, having, indeed, to be wheeled by his trusty servant whenever he left the house, he never yielded to pessimistic thoughts, and was one of the sanest and most cheerful of men." The loss to the ethical movement in Germany is very great.

Here and There.

St. Louis has an electric ambulance; that is to say, a street-car fitted with an electric motor and arranged for the conveyance of the sick or injured.
The Boston *Transcript* kept a record of football accidents during the last season of about seven weeks. Three players were killed, one was paralyzed, one became insane, and nearly fifty others were injured, some seriously.
It is said that a stamp market is held on a certain morning of the week in the Champs Elysées in Paris. Tradeswomen with their aprons full of stamps, nurses, boys carrying little baskets, gather in crowds in the shade of the trees, chattering, gesticulating, and laughing, to buy or exchange their flimsy wares.
The oldest inhabited house within the limits of the United States is said to be that of Kilian Van Rensselaer, which stands opposite Albany. It is of Holland brick; and the front wall still exhibits loopholes through which the first owners formerly shot at Indians and wild beasts. The house is still in good repair, after being in constant use for more than two hundred and fifty years.
The London *Standard* prints a communication stating that New York City is the only town in the world where the cost of the average home owned by families approaches £4,000 sterling, and the interest charged upon the average mortgage exceeds the total year's earnings of the average bread-winner, and that the average bread-winner can no more own a home there than he can start a bank. Neither can he, for the same reason, rent a house. The same "observer" also points out that the population per mile is nearly the same in Philadelphia as in "Greater London"; but the persons per dwelling is only 1.10 in Philadelphia against 7 persons per dwelling in London.



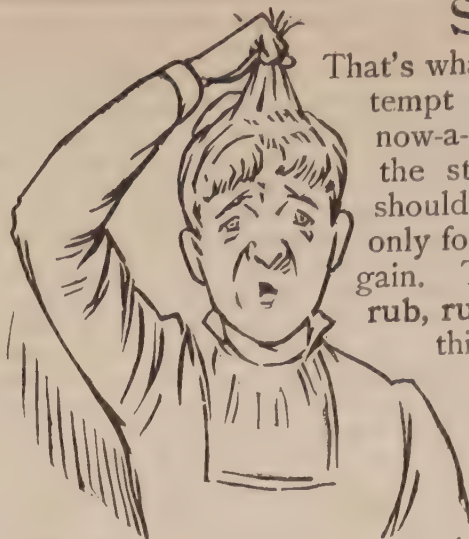
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A lace-hung bed with a satin fold,
A lovely room, all blue and gold—
And weariness:

A quaint old room, with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking-chair,
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door, and all within
Peace and content.

—Anna J. Grannis.

EIGHT LIVES SAVED BY A DOG.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off through the storm to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the angry waves toward the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood, and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible,—for he was again and again lost under the waves,—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

SOME PEOULIAR FRIENDS.

Mr. Andrew Lang tells us that we make a great mistake if we think that cats and dogs are natural enemies. He says that dogs are trained by man to annoy cats, that we have made them enemies. What is still more surprising, Mr. Lang has known a cat and a mouse who played together. When tired, the mouse ran back to his hole. Mr. Lang has seen dogs play with a fox until the scent was discovered by an old dog, who sprang at the fox. The young dogs then gave chase, following the bad example of the dog that had been trained by man to chase foxes. A lady who was very fond of animals owned a fine dog. Mice took possession of her house, and she was compelled to get a cat. War was declared at once between cat and dog. Some one had to be on guard all the time to protect the cat. At last the lady decided that they must be taught to live in peace. She made them know each other, and they became in less than a month friends enough not to watch each other; and in three months' time neither would eat unless the other was present and eating from the same dish. Just as this delightful point was reached, a friend gave the lady a canary. The bird, then, must be guarded from the cat. As the cat had gone freely about the house, this was not an easy thing to do,—to remember to shut doors, and to see where the cat was before a door was opened. The lady then decided that bird and cat must live in harmony. She succeeded so well that at last the cat, the dog, and the bird would drink from the same dish; and it was not an unusual thing to see the cat sleeping with the bird standing on her head.

Perhaps this was no more unusual than to have a cat accept and adopt a tiny puppy whose mother had died. The cat had five kittens. The puppy was put in the box with the kittens while the mother cat was away. When she came back, she discovered the little orphan at once. She was deeply interested. After a time she nestled down with a contented little meow and purr, and apparently loved the new member of the family as well as the older ones.

One day, in jumping into the box, she jumped on the pup; and he barked. She sprang from the box, terrified, her tail like a great plume over her back. She looked all about, but could not find the dog, that enemy of her household. She sprang back into the box, and, finding her treasures untouched, settled down.

Whether the pup had fallen in love with the sound of his own voice or not is not

known. Having found it, he must have concluded that it was given for use. When the old cat had dropped off to sleep, Mr. Pup gave another queer little bark. The cat household was in an uproar: mother and kittens were in a wild state of excitement. Whether the perfect calm of the adopted child aroused the mother cat's suspicions or not is a mystery for those to decide who understand cat language. The mother cat boxed the pup's ears, and he barked again. Her tail came down to its normal size at once. She apparently assured her kittens that there was no cause for fear; that it was this friend of theirs, almost their brother, who had made the terrifying noise, and it was nothing alarming at all when you knew the cause.

From that day the pup continued to use his discovered accomplishment; for such, doubtless, he viewed it, as did the family. The mother cat and her adopted son lived together for years, the best of friends.—*Home Queen.*

Education.

Over eighteen thousand children have been trained by the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association of San Francisco during the fifteen years of its existence,—a number large enough, when grown to manhood and womanhood, to make a good-sized city.

Western Reserve University is to establish its first summer schools July 1. Schools will be opened in all the leading subjects taught in college. They are for the special use of teachers. Some of the most distinguished teachers of the university will give instruction. The time of the school is July 1-27.

About a year ago an experiment was begun in New York to train nursery maids in connection with day nurseries. It was proposed to place not more than two girls each in such nurseries as would receive them and give them a six months' course of training, at the expiration of which time a certain graded certificate would be given, with the expectation that many would take in addition the course at the Babies' Hospitals.

The very strongest argument for manual training is not the practical value of the skill which it develops, not even the moral significance of the sturdiness which it inculcates, but that it is something which includes these and the other ends of culture, that it is the increased intellectual power which is the necessary physiological result of such training. This is a large claim, and one that has never been urged before, I believe, on precisely these grounds. But it is a claim which can be fully substantiated.—*Dr. C. H. Henderson, in The Popular Science Monthly.*

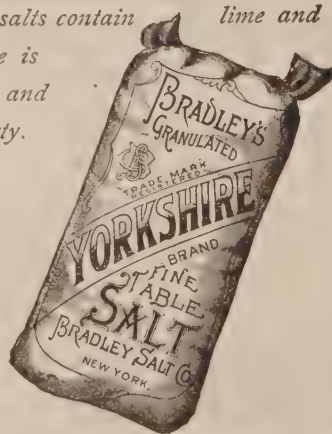
Science.

A new alkaloid has been extracted from the coffee bean, and named coffearine.

Dr. Charles E. Page of Boston says that the best remedy for cough he has ever found is a teaspoonful of moderately hot water taken every time a paroxysm of cough comes on.

One of the improvements made in the accoutrements of the Prussian soldiers is in the boots. The old-fashioned steel nails have been displaced by nails from aluminum, which is lighter and more durable.

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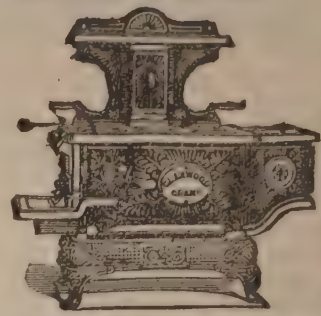
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Pleasantries.

Lady: "Didn't you hear me ring, Mary?"
Mary: "Not till the third time, m'm."—*The Sketch.*

Madge: "Do you know why they call those old caricatures rare prints?" Cholly: "I—er—suppose it's because they are not well done."—*Truth.*

A class of pupils being asked to mention the name of a ship in which the Pilgrims came over, a little fellow enthusiastically responded, "I know, teacher: Pilgrim's Progress."

"I suppose," observed the tramp, bitterly, "you would like to have me get off the earth; but I cannot." "Have you tried soft soap?" asked the woman in the blue gingham dress, dispassionately.—*Puck.*

Little Jimmy, taken to the seashore from an inland town for the first time in his life, was greatly delighted by the sight of a steamboat. "See, mamma!" he exclaimed. "A locomotive's gone in bathing!"—*Youth's Companion.*

His New Study.—Little Sister: "Any new studies this term?" Little Brother: "One,—elocution." "What's that?" "It's learnin' how to read a thing so that it will sound as if you were at the other end of a drain pipe."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A class was about to read "The Spectre Bridegroom." The teacher, wishing to test their knowledge of the meaning of the words, said, "What is a spectre?" After a prolonged silence one girl said, "Well, I s'pose he 'spec' ter be a bridegroom."—*E. L. K.*

Johnny: "The minister must have been feeling pretty cross at the way the people sang in church to-day." Mamma: "Did he say anything about it?" Johnny: "Yes, ma'am. Just as soon as he stood up and opened the Bible, he said, 'Go and sing no more.'"

Ralph was just beginning German. One morning Miss Henley sent him to the board to write the German name for woman. As he saw the smile on the teacher's face, he stammered, "I—I don't think it looks just right." And sure enough! What do you suppose he had written? "Fraud."—*Journal of Education.*

A four-year-old was very much interested by the fact that the kindergarten celebrates Washington's Birthday. He had attended the birthday party of a little friend, and consequently his expectations took a definite form. When his father came home after the celebration, he asked with regard to a neighbor, "Was Mrs. C. there?" "No," was the child's reply; "and George Washington wasn't, either."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Names of Chicago Streets.—A man from the country was riding west on a Madison Street cable car the other day. Pretty soon the conductor called out, "May," stopped the car, and a lady got off. A moment or two after he called, "Ann," stopped the car, and two ladies gathered their bundles and stepped off. Another block or two, and he called, "Elizabeth"; and the same performance was repeated. Then came "Ada," and a woman and child alighted. After a few more blocks he sang out, "Paulina," and three ladies left the car. The stranger had looked on open-mouthed, but this was too much for him. Clutching the conductor's coat, he asked, "Say, mister, do you know the name of every woman in Chicago, and where she wants to get off?"—*Advance.*

HAYES'S WATERBURY WATCH.

President Hayes was always noted for his thrifty habits, but some things which impressed the multitude as signs of meanness were really nothing but ordinary prudence. For example, we all used to wonder why he would persist, while drawing a salary of \$50,000 a year, in wearing a silver-plated Waterbury watch, worth possibly \$3. He was aware that his practice was known, and any astonishment manifested amused him instead of making him angry. In answer to a look of surprise, he would say, "I think that is a pretty plain watch for a President of the United States to carry, but it is good American make," as if assuming that this fact would counteract the effect of the cheapness of the article. The truth was that almost weekly a deputation of Western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the Great Father. Of course, he was expected to give something in return; and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the Great Father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this, and not caring to distribute gold watches, or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at \$36 a dozen, and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association has sent out a list of candidates for the various offices in the Association. In the list of names will be found that of Mr. George W. Stone of Wilmington, Del., who is nominated as treasurer. It is not necessary here to enlarge on the qualifications of Mr. Stone for this important office. His training and his interest alike fit him for this position; but it may be as well to remind the electors that the election of Mr. Stone as treasurer is with the understanding that the Association shall have the whole of his time, and that he shall receive a salary sufficient to enable him to devote himself entirely to this work. This new policy expresses the determination of the American Unitarian Association to go forward. To do this, it must secure the larger resources which are at its command, and which we believe need only to be summoned. Let Mr. Stone have the cordial assurance of support which he needs before assuming this responsible trust.

UNITARIANISM has listened reverently to the words "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness." Not on tables of stone, but in the heart of man, it has read the two great commandments, and accepted them as an ideal and inspiration for its work. It holds these not as a theory or as a doctrine, but as an affirmation of its holy gospel of truth and love and righteous-

ness. Under the inspiration of these mighty convictions let it do its work. Let it not be diverted by captious criticism, by word-quibbling, or by fruitless controversies over names. It has had enough of these, and has learned, we hope, what lesson was in them. Its recognition of supreme elements was long ago expressed in the motto: "Liberty, Holiness, Love." It has attained the widest possible liberty in religion, and its liberty is sacred because of the opportunities it confers. In this glorious liberty let it bring forth the fruits of righteousness, joy, and peace.

DR. HEBER NEWTON of New York has been charged by the newspapers with heretical views on the subject of the resurrection. We are interested to see that the *Churchman* comes to his defence in this fashion: "Dr. Newton complains that the statements of newspaper reporters with regard to matters of which it is to be presumed they have made no special study are accepted with too much avidity by the public. His experience is an instance of the way in which a clergyman may be written down 'heretic' by a newspaper writer, and immediately charged by the voice of public opinion with denying the faith he has solemnly sworn to defend and maintain. The old proverb forbids the cobbler boasting beyond his last, and it certainly applies to the secular paper when it speaks beyond its knowledge and province. The special *raison d'être* of religious newspapers is that they may give accurate views and authentic information about things with which the secular press is not conversant, and about which it is constantly making unintentional misrepresentations. The reasonable citizen will take his political and mercantile information from his morning paper, and will not be misled by gross and serious blunders. If he wishes to know what the Church is doing, and what Churchmen think, and what preachers are saying, the only safe course for him to adopt is to read the religious papers." Of course, the *Churchman* is right in the high authority it assigns to religious papers; but we have not seen very much in that paper from which one might get an idea of what Dr. Newton teaches on this subject. Suppose the editor of the *Churchman* prints some of Dr. Newton's lectures. It would furnish desirable reading and not too familiar to the readers of that sheet.

A FEW weeks ago, in referring to the baptism of an infant simply as a sort of insurance to keep it from hell-fire, we said, "One would suppose that the theological superstition that the application of water is necessary to save a soul from fire ought to be dead as a mummy by this time." Our honest and earnest Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, in commenting upon this paragraph, says: "We have two observations to make on these passages. First, they are aimed at the old Calvinistic doctrine that 'there are infants in hell a span long.' The Catholic Church does not sanction any such horrible doctrine. Catholic theologians maintain that infants dying without baptism may enjoy a condition of natural happiness as distinguished from the supernatural beatific vision of God." We are glad that Roman Catholics to-day are not so cruel as their forefathers, nor as cruel as the Calvinists, who damned without qualification unbaptized infants. Our contemporary must not forget that even Wigglesworth, in his "Day of Doom," assigned to infants the "easiest room" in hell. The difference between Wigglesworth and the *Sacred Heart Review* seems to be that, while Wigglesworth assigned them superior quarters in hell, our contemporary assigns to them inferior quarters in heaven. We have no means of deciding whether a first-class room in the place of torment is better than a second-class room in the place of bliss; but we

suspect that it is, and therefore that the modern Roman Catholic view is more merciful than the old Calvinistic one. But it does seem to us a little ridiculous that in this day and age the application of water by a priest should be credited with any such efficacy.

IN further commenting on the same paragraph, the *Sacred Heart Review* says: "The man who, in view of the position which baptism occupies in the Christian scheme, as revealed in the Scriptures, can deliberately declare that the doctrine of baptism is a superstition that 'ought to be dead as a mummy by this time,' certainly is not entitled to the name of Christian." It will be noticed that our contemporary apparently assumes that the only doctrine of baptism which is worth considering is that which regards it as a saving ordinance. It ignores the fact that baptism may be used, as it is by many Christians, as a service of consecration, in which it may be very beautiful and useful. Against this we have nothing to say, any more than against the service of marriage. But, when our contemporary says, "Baptism, then, washes away sins, and of course has a very intimate connection with our salvation," we admit that the difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Unitarian Catholic Church is wholly irreconcilable on this point.

THE recent action of the board of aldermen of Boston in passing a resolution asking that, as a board, it might be abolished, grew out of a petulant resistance to the new charter which has passed the Massachusetts Senate, and which takes away the power of the board of aldermen to confirm the mayor's nominations. Filled with shame and indignation at the slight cast upon them, the board of aldermen proposes to commit suicide. Though this self-effacement is not so noble as it otherwise might be, it is not at all likely that the community would be plunged into grief and decide to wear mourning for thirty days if the board of aldermen were abolished. The cumbersome, double-barrel method of municipal government is costly, obstructive, complex, and inefficient. It is quite possible that it is the city council rather than the board of aldermen that ought to immolate itself upon the altar of patriotism by committing *hari-kari*; but two legislative bodies is more than any city requires, and more than most cities can stand. If, therefore, one of them is disposed to vote itself out of existence, it may well be encouraged to do so.

THE Maine Methodist Conference had a lively session on Monday of this week. It grew out of a resolution on the subject of "Sabbath Observance," accompanied by the report of a committee, which was presented by Rev. Everett S. Stackpole of Auburn. The report was remarkably liberal. It recognized the fact that changing opinions have already modified greatly the manner of observing Sunday. "Other modifications," it said, "await us. We confess that our fathers were too strict. Our wisest sons may think us so." The resolutions concluded as follows:—

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Whatever ministers to his welfare, physical, mental, moral, and religious, is good. Recreation that brings real rest to the body and soul should not be prohibited. Works of mercy, charity, and necessity are harmonious with the works of the Father and the Son. Whatever draws the soul upward into communion with God is worship, and proper to the day. Not so many religious services should be crowded into the day as to weary the bodies and minds of worshippers. The notion that God is a stickler as to what twenty-four hours of the week should be specially consecrated to him is belittling to God and man. Custom and propriety commend the Lord's Day: historical associations endear it, and enforce its claim upon

Christians. Great charity must be used toward those who conscientiously differ from us in their estimate of the day and its observance.

As might have been expected, these resolutions produced a hot debate; and one brother declared that the committee was knocking the foundations from under the Methodist Church, and that it was drifting to hell. A motion to substitute resolutions adopted at the conference last year prevailed, but the significance of this report could not be extinguished. It is a veritable sign of the times in modern Methodism.

OVERCROWDED SCHOOLS.

The facts set forth in the *Forum* for May by such painstaking observers and scientific men as James H. Penniman and Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin are humiliating to Americans. What would Froebel or our own Horace Mann or Elizabeth Peabody have said to a school where "one class reached the enormous total of 158"? As Mr. Penniman well says, "That the city of Brooklyn requires some poor woman to attempt it shows an ignorance of human powers and an indifference to human suffering that would be incredible of the Dark Ages."

It may be urged that that must have been an exceptional case. Let us hope so. But what are the figures in general? In the primary schools of Brooklyn there were last October 377 classes "in which the conditions of effective teaching and hygienic precaution did not exist." Of these, 231 had more than 60 in a room, 65 more than 70, 22 over 80, 18 over 90, 2 over 100, 16 over 120, 4 over 130, and 2 over 140. Yet in Brooklyn, the "city of churches," the people are supposed to have some intellectual pride as well as piety.

Boston receives at Mr. Penniman's hands a well-merited castigation. He quotes from the report of the School Committee to show that, without anticipating wants, more than \$2,000,000 should be spent at once to provide suitable, safe, and sanitary buildings. Some of the arrangements in Boston, a city which rather prides herself on her schools, are characterized as "the most senseless and costly blunders ever made by parsimonious ignorance"; and quotations seem to amply justify the severity.

In Minneapolis more than 5,000 children of the first three grades are in school but half-time. In Philadelphia about 8,000 are similarly uncared for. In Milwaukee "it is estimated that there are nearly 35,000 persons of school age who do not attend school." Baltimore, Detroit, Richmond, Washington, and Buffalo all come under scathing review. In Buffalo about 20,000 children are not receiving instruction. No words beyond the mere figures are needed to show how utterly inadequate are the existing schools for properly educating the children of this country. Mr. Penniman ascribes this lack to the indifference and ignorance of parents and voters. He would have a school census taken every year and distributed in the community, along with facts as to the deficiencies and needs of the schools, that people may have information on the subject when the question of appropriations is under discussion.

Dr. Chapin writes on the crowding of schools as a cause of disease and in the consequent physical and mental stunting of the children. "Experience," he says, "shows that the health of children in our large schools can best be conserved by allowing 15 square feet of floor-space, 280 cubic feet of air-space, and at least 1,800 cubic feet of fresh air to each pupil per hour." There is probably not a city in this Union that could not make it possible for every child of school age to have this amount of moving and breathing room, if it would. Of course, the first expense would be great. But who can say how much it would be lessened by the lessening of expenses for

hospitals, courts, reform schools, insane asylums, and pauper help? But the money for this great expense will not be voted by cities till the people who have influence demand it. Too often such persons know nothing about the public-school system, either from personal contact or from the association of their children with it. It is not strange that intelligent people with means should prefer to send their children to private schools, where the laws of life and health are observed, and where the very first requisite for all life, pure air, is abundant. But have such people any moral right to look after their own little ones, and do nothing to secure the same blessings for those who have neither intelligence nor power to secure it for themselves? For a republic which exists on a democratic foundation, and is dependent for its continuance on the intelligent suffrage of its people, to leave its children uneducated by the tens of thousands, or to put them into unsafe, unhealthy, and overcrowded rooms, is suicidal. If the public schools are not good enough for any man's sons and daughters, they should be made so.

Serious enough as it is, considered only on the physical side, this massing of children where they can receive no individual care has also a moral danger. The clever will go ahead in spite of it; but the dull pupils will grow in dulness, stupidity, inattention, and idleness, and, with the first chance, will escape the slavery of the school-room to wander on the streets, there to become an easy prey to bad habits, vices, and crime. Many a boy who is now in the truant or reform school, a plague and torment to all who have anything to do with him, might have become a decently intelligent and useful man, if from his youngest school-days he could have breathed a clean atmosphere, in a school-room, where he was one of thirty pupils, and if his hands as well as his head had been trained.

A GROWING WONDER.

The greatest wonder is that it seems no wonder to us. Shall we get used speedily to heaven if once we are so supremely blest as to attain unto it? Shall we become accustomed to its glories, and lose the faculty of surprise? It is the tendency of wontedness to flatten and depress all things to a level, otherwise the new grass-blade, the freshly born dandelion, the fretwork of shining buds, the vaporous cloud in a deepened heaven, the first catkins on the willow, the first red maple blooms, would fill us with joyous surprise.

These are the earth's firstlings, her babies. She rocks and dandles them with peculiar pride. The sharp winds cannot stay her tenderness, and the miracle expands from day to day. Though we do not consciously wonder or rejoice, it tingles in our blood, it wings our feet, it gives lightness to the step and brightness to the eye. Even the city denizen, with perceptions atrophied between brick walls, feels the change of light, the new retinting, as early radiance and the lustre of lengthened days falls in hazy beams and wavering splashes along the cliffs of houses.

This oldest source of poetry is still flowing. It is the miracle none questions, the resurrection we all behold,—divine power illustrated in germination and growth, the exquisite energy of the little germ to shake free from mould and dead leaves and obstructing roots, and burst forth into light and freedom. It is a forward step in the path of progress, a quickstep taken just at the right moment, to some rhythm and vibrating force unheard, unknown of us. The roots of the vegetable world are bedded in the eternal sources of power. The quickening in that dark laboratory where they lie is far more wonderful than all the stories of elves and fairies. This hidden dynamo is preparing all things in the secret places of growth. There is nothing beautiful above ground that was not made in that workshop. The smallest leaf and petal is there tinted and veined in ways that hold to all the mystery and unfathomableness of nature. All the delays and retardings, the urgent heats, the relapses that chill, but do not kill, are making for progress in the upper miracle play.

These things have their deeper charm and meaning in symbol. Whether through conceit, or pride of intellect, or the profoundest intuitions of the soul, we are led to believe that the inferior forms of nature exist as a basis for the higher forms of life

in man. Without the seeing eye and the listening ear and the mental apprehensiveness to which they report, the most exquisite display of beauty would be nil and void. A world, however glorious, untenanted by thinking, sentient beings, chills the imagination, if it does not affright it. The endless waste of ordered energy is as paralyzing to thought as the sterile doctrine of chance.

Our instinct tells us the heart of the universe must feel some other heart beating in unison with its own. Man wakes up nature, and makes it alive. It is cruel, unfeeling, remorseless, unless he projects his sentiments upon it. There could be no beauty unless the mystery and meaning of beauty had stirred within him a principle that leaves utility out of sight, that exists solely for itself, is an end, a perfection, a completion in its unusableness, in its escape from all the bonds forged to bind it, —a something that will not dig or grind or bake or brew, but helps all processes, lubricates all the wheels of life in ways incomprehensible to him who feels its power. Man's ability to project himself, the color and quality of his soul, into all visible forms of power and beauty is the endless miracle. Spring would not be significant, were there not an answering spring in the heart. The push of leaf, tendril, branch; the climbing impulse in the fibre of a green blade; the opening eye of the wild flower, —these are infinitely suggestive, pathetic, delightful, to his sentiments, because we feel in ourselves like necessities of expansion, like possibilities of pushing up through the dead growth of human life a living tendril of thought, affection, impulse, resolve, that may lengthen until it impinges on an unknown world of truth and beauty. We feel, if we do not comprehend, the imperative need of casting the old husk, dropping the dead leaf, tricking ourselves with new powers and forces, new capacities of love and insight.

The power of life is seen in nature; the power of transformed life, in man. Progress, the divine birthright, tints with tender meaning every cloud, touches with infinite suggestiveness every bud and blossom. The early days before the leaves, when sap is coursing joyously, and life puts sluggish sleep and inaction under its feet, is the most perfect felt symbol of the conflict within, where the soul contends with its lethargy, its impediments, its lower appetites, its lassitude of will, rises and asserts its kinship to all goodness, all nobility, all heroism, all devotion to high and inspiring ends. Nor is the progress uniform. Like the spring days, it advances, retreats, is worsted, loves not parallels and straight lines, goes forward by zigzags and masterly retreats, to find the path of least resistance.

We stumble and grope, and lose our way, and wander in cold and darkness; but at last the divine touch of God's spring finds us. If we have the upward impulse, it will as surely come out to sun and air and gentle breezes as the grass-blade comes after long and patient waiting. Through our very temptations and chills, blindness and groping, the tender hand is stretched forth. At last there is warmth and beauty and shimmer of color in the air. The hard sky relents, a bird vision, a distant wordless song, strikes the soul's ear. We are transformed, converted. We see how sordid, poor, and mean was the path we trod, how we have been shut up in close, stifling enclosures instead of living in God's fresh air, with the sky and its millions of stars over our head. Unless these relentings come to us on the vernal tide of the spirit, the material spring would lose its deepest significance,—the possibility of the soul's growth and renewal. The changes of the outer world have their deep poetic lesson. Though but dimly comprehended, they correspond to the springs of hope and aspiration in the deepest parts of the nature of man. They help us to the higher transformations. Insensibly, they lead us to new life, new joys, a new and consoling faith. If we can feel no upward reach that shall help us to growth, to assimilation, to the working-up of all experience—even our sins and mistakes and errors and stumblings, our perversities and wrong-doings even—into the purposes of a new mind and heart, the growing wonder loses its lesson of infinite love,—the open door for the escape of the nature from all fettering conditions into freer air, into those blessed possibilities that thrust aside the past, that make the soul worthy of immortality. The

dry stubble accumulates, the dead branches rot, the fallen leaves heap themselves, and are no longer assimilated by eager germs of life. How can we escape the conclusion that, if there is no pushing of green spires, no promise of the great triumph in a higher realm, nature's plain song and revival is no more to us than the humming of some intricate bit of machinery,—not a poetic suggestion, but a contrivance for temporary ends, untransmutable into sustenance for the soul? The growing wonder is sent to soften, to thrill, to lead us to look within for the deepest analogies. Man is rooted in a universe so far from being wholly utilitarian that every particle of matter is stamped with the power and potency of beauty, appealing to no appetites save the immortal hunger.

All true impression of beauty turns the glass inward. We know its potency by what we have felt, by what it has enabled us to feel. We know that, when our dulled sensibilities first begin to tingle at its touch, we have planted our feet on the path of progress. Moral analogies with the physical life awake in us. We grow out of the stupid state of the unobserving, unadmiring heart. Germs long latent in us feel the touch of a new life. All nature, the world of man, is quickened with new suggestions. This is our budding time, our time of putting forth new leaves. The more points of life and sensitiveness within us, the more we grow. Progress consists in the setting-up of new points of sensation and perception in the soul. It is the earnest of endless life. The more meaning we see in life and nature, the more our breadth of being, our possibilities of grasp. This endless progress, reaching constantly toward new conquests, is our earnest of the future conscious being. It demands effort, it demands love and reverence of ourselves, of humanity, above all, of God. His guiding spirit shall open to us all the doors of the universe it is best for us to enter; and who can say how far the path of progress may lead into new worlds and the heart of all mystery?

WAITING.

It sometimes seems as if every influence of our age makes for action. There is abroad in the world a growing sense of power which comes in the belief that we can do something to alter old conditions, to help on the evolution of the good and the civilized; and we are bidden to work as never before for the thing we believe in. Miss Vida Scudder has showed us in her recent sympathetic and inspiring book how something like this is the spirit of modern poetry, moving, as it has moved, from contemplation to action. It is also the spirit of serious life. Perhaps, by very force of contrast, the old, old necessity of patience, which is pressed upon us as closely to-day as ever, seems harder and more unbearable. Yet the necessity is there; and in individual life, as in social reform, we must meet it, and adapt ourselves to it as best we may, since it will never yield to us. Science shows us evolutionary progress and the steady onward movement toward something not yet revealed; but it hints at the same time of the marvellous patience that has awaited each unfolding in the past, and shows no haste now, for all our impatience and anxiety.

Rev. Howard N. Brown emphasizes in the beautiful sermon published in the *Register* of last week the power of personal influence, and bids us trust ourselves more completely to it. In the home, for instance, it is not what a mother says so much as what she is that influences her children. To some of us that is the root of our deepest discouragement, perhaps. It would, doubtless, be the testimony of more than one mother that, in the long process of "bringing up" her boys and girls, it was never they who gave her any real trouble or perplexity for the present time, but that she had had infinite trouble in managing herself, and that she could fairly ascribe to some deficiency of her own, some lack of tact, some unresisted strain of nerves, some bodily weakness or spiritual misgiving, every individual experience with her children that in itself pointed toward failure instead of success. It is only gradually that one learns how to work on long lines, neither hasting nor resting in the fulfilment of responsibility like this. Through it all it is only the larger vision that helps piece

out one's own shortcomings, and teaches how to distinguish in the child between those impulses which are transient in their very nature and those which make for character development. One needs something of the infinite patience to wait steadily, hopefully, through the times when action would only hinder, not help; and mothers at least ought to understand what Emerson means when he talks about "a brave and cold neglect of the offices which prudence exacts, so it be done in a deep upper piety, a consent to solitude and inaction which proceeds out of an unwillingness to violate character."

Into many a life comes a period of comparative inaction, when the ordinary interests seem ended or their direction altered. Illness or sorrow may withdraw one for a time from the world hitherto familiar. Sometimes it is the pressure of unaccustomed duties that keeps the hands busy while the thoughts have strange leisure. Sometimes the mother of little children feels as if she were losing the intellectual growth that comes from study and close contact with living outside interests, even when the home seclusion and tender duties are most dear. It is sometimes hard to believe it at the time; but in later years we often see that from such periods, when all we could do was to

"Lie and wait in God's great hand,
A patient bit of fallow land,"

we drew the strength that was to suffice for the coming struggle or the appreciation that could recognize a victory.

There are different kinds of waiting, just as there are different kinds of doubt. One is that of Matthew Arnold, who sought in self-restraint and steady obedience to law the way to endure unanswered questionings and unsatisfied longings. Another is that of Clough, whose heart was shaken by the same questionings and the same longings, but who threw himself on God, or at least on the hope of God, and felt that truth must be, even where he could not find it. How far removed are both from that rebellion which recognizes no law but its own will, no waiting-time between the sowing of the tiny seed and the unfolding of the perfect flower! Yet a third kind is best of all, that of Browning, who recognizes as no other has ever done all the disappointment and slowness of growth and warp of circumstance that make the prophecy of future good seem only an illusion, and yet can wait with the certainty of perfect trust. Love does not deceive, and the end shall requite the waiting. Life seems nobler and better worth the living every time we surrender ourselves to the influence of one whose daring faith held that the love of Evelyn Hope, the "Palace of Music" reared by Abt Vogler, the "Redemption" of Guido, are all included among the certainties of life. One grows willing, even in times of perplexity and darkness, to accept Pompilia's message left for Caponsacchi,—
"Let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,—
Do out the duty."

Usings.

THE *Christian Register* has a strong corps of book reviewers of great ability and knowledge, some of them distinguished writers themselves. One of them is preacher, poet, and essayist, and is able to read and review a small library of books every week—and make nothing of them! There is no handwriting more familiar in this office than his. His writing is not so microscopic as that of a certain Western minister, which occasionally requires a magnifying glass for its interpretation. This is large enough for a circus bill; but, alas! it is not always as legible. Occasionally, a council of experts must be called to decide what the writer has said or what he ought to say. Recently a book notice was received in which the proper name of an artist was so ingeniously written that it might be any one of three or four different names. The board of experts was summoned, and a council held. The first name had a Tennysonian suggestion: it was evidently "Maud." The last name might have been Sturn, Shun, Stun, or Strun. It seemed altogether improbable that one woman should have so many names, even if she had been married a

number of times. The copy was therefore returned to the writer with the following pencil note by the editor:—

"My dear Lampwick,—What is Maud's last name?"

The reply which was received a few days after showed more electric light than kerosene oil or lampwick. It is a glimpse behind the scenes, and it will show our readers who are not familiar with the making of a newspaper the abuse which an editor often receives from people who are allowed to write for his journal without being charged a cent for the privilege. The letter is as follows:—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the "June"-bug's wits have flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
And make your surname known.
You are not "Sturn" with me.
Then be not "Sturn" with him;
For the hair is scant on the top of his head,
And his eyes are getting dim."

Dear B.,—Maud's name is Stum. How could you think it anything else, except, possibly, "Sturn"? but that would have been a gratuitous impeachment of the "r." I consider the "u" as I wrote it absolutely perfect. I challenge history and art to produce anything better of its kind. It is the letter pronounced "you" or "yew" or "ewe." Do I make myself plain? The next letter, "m," is, perhaps, less absolutely perfect, but still fine. These judgments represent not merely my individual opinion, but a consensus of the competent. More in sorrow than in anger,
Yours all the same.

In the same book notice the reviewer referred to this lady as "he," indicating a mental confusion not wholly chirographic. But the proof-reader with great compassion corrected the error. We believe that the artist will appreciate the combined efforts of proof-reader and editor to have her name and sex properly given. The brilliant lines of the reviewer are fruit meet for repentance.

Brevities.

The calendar reads May 7; but, with the mercury at eighty-six in the shade, we are living in the middle of July.

The *Congregationalist* says of our Martineau number, "A worthy testimonial of love"; and it quotes some of the tributes of orthodox writers.

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer has charge of the department of "Good Government Clubs" in the *Basis*, the new weekly edited in Buffalo, devoted to good citizenship.

Nature is putting on a new suit of clothes with wonderful rapidity. As a whole, there is not much change in the fashion. Yet every gardener may notice some variation when the flowers bloom.

The Boston *Beacon* says: "If every member of the American Protective Association would read and inwardly digest Archbishop Ireland's lecture on 'American Citizenship,' the animus of 'Know-Nothing' politics would be effectually disposed of. Patriotism is something higher than sectarian or racial prejudice, and Archbishop Ireland sounded its key-note in his address at the Boston Theatre."

Let one read the extracts we make from Prof. Irving J. Mannatt's article on "The Living Greece" in the *Review of Reviews*, and he will see what remarkable progress Greece has made since its liberation from the Turkish yoke. A recent article in the *Nation* showed what strides Bulgaria had made since it secured its freedom from the same domination. Judging from the progress Armenians make in this country, there is no doubt they could do as much for their own land if they had a chance.

The *Congregationalist*, in referring to a rainy Easter in Boston, says: "We wonder how that minister felt who, in preparing his Easter sermon, had read over one thousand pages, when he looked out of the window Sunday morning and saw the driving rain-storm. There are some trials from which the laity is entirely exempt." We suspect, however, that the man who has sawed through so much timber is likely to serve the sawdust in his sermon. We sympathize most with the congregation.

Last Saturday afternoon that lifelong advocate of justice and liberty, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, received a complimentary dinner in celebration of his seventieth birthday. On Monday afternoon Rev. Daniel Livermore and his wife, Mary A. Livermore, celebrated their golden wedding at

Melrose, and received the congratulations of many friends. Such happy marriages as that of Mr. Blackwell and Lucy Stone and of Rev. Dr. Livermore and his wife are the best answer to the charge that woman's suffrage would disintegrate the home.

According to the *Minneapolis Journal*, a San Francisco saloon-keeper has tried to revenge himself upon the clergy, who have been seriously interfering with his business. He petitioned the county supervisors to pass an ordinance forbidding all side and rear entrances to churches, and permitting no person but the sexton to have a key. He further petitioned that preaching be made a licensed profession, and that no clergyman should receive a license unless he bore a good character, or else was fortified with a written certificate signed by twelve good citizens, tax-payers, and property-owners. The petitioner omitted no formality in the whole proceeding, even to the employment of a competent lawyer. For an answer he was respectfully referred to the definition of clergyman and saloon-keeper, as found in any good dictionary.

From a recent tribute to Dr. Martineau by Rev. Joseph May we quote the following: "Long occupying the position of the leading philosophical thinker of England, of any church or school, Dr. Martineau seems to me to have been the most spiritual thinker of our modern day. His insight into spiritual realities never, amid all the eloquence of his unrivalled diction, becomes confused with the imaginative process of the poet's mind. It is the realistic observation and report of the seer of the spiritual world. But, high as he soars, there is always a practical quality in this preacher's thought, due to its reality and sincerity, and to his ethical fervor, which makes his preaching the most influential and inspiring, as it is the most splendid our times have known. I think him incomparably the greatest preacher of the last two-score years in either country and of any sect."

Pro and Con.

A PRINTING-PRESS FOR OKLAHOMA.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Rev. M. J. Savage has undertaken to raise \$100 to help a liberal minister in Oklahoma to buy a printing-press. He acknowledges the receipt of \$10 from Mr. Thomas Gaffield and \$10 from Rev. C. G. Ames. Further contributions will be welcome. They may be sent to Rev. M. J. Savage, Church of Unity, Boston.

CHILD INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the many earnest men and women in the State who have been interested in the bill to limit child insurance, should not despair because of its defeat in the legislature, but, indeed, take fresh heart for still greater effort from the fact that, as the hearings progressed, and the nature of the collections by the insurance companies of the savings of the very poor, and retaining such money as their own in a great many cases, through *lapsed policies*, was brought to light and understood, more interest was taken; and more prominent men and women appeared to favor the bill to stop this business.

Especially, too, because the bill, so ably presented by Mr. Read, who fought for the society single-handed against six opposing lawyers, including our ex-governor, received the approval of the committee, which spent three weeks in its consideration, and hence was more competent to decide as to its merits than the House at large, which had the measure before it only part of one day, and then decided against it in a manner which plainly showed outside influence.

During its debate a large proportion of the seats in the House were empty, the members not being in the hall; and one of the leading speakers in opposition stated in his remarks that "he did not pretend to know much about the matter under discussion, but was opposed to interference with personal rights." He could as well have been opposed to all laws against drinking, gambling, etc. However, when the vote was called, the members filed in, and voted in large majority against the bill. Truly, the report that the five thousand agents of the insurance companies throughout the

State had been at work on representatives of their sections seemed to have a basis! The method had been pursued of having petitions come from different towns against the bill, and basketfuls of such petitions were brought in. It can be understood how easily an insurance agent in each town, under orders from the head company, could get up a petition of a few names and send to the State House. Who could tell as to the identity of these names? In fact, Mr. Editor, the great quantity of these petitions, and the size of the vote itself, ought to be a convincing proof of the power of these companies, with their five thousand agents throughout the State; and is it strange that this little humane society should by such methods have been defeated in its first attempt to rectify this great evil? But the question was won for the society on its merits before the committee, and decided against child insurance.

The following is from the *Transcript*, May 4:—

It has been said in this correspondence that the work of the lobbyist is not all done at the State House. There has seldom been more convincing corroboration of this statement than was this week afforded in the defeat of the bill to prohibit the insurance of children under the age of ten years. The companies engaged in this department of the insurance business have agents all over the Commonwealth; and it is said, and easy to believe, that every one of these agents was instructed to labor with the representative in his district and get him, if possible, to vote against the bill.

Let not the noble efforts to stamp out this miserable business flag or fail!

HUMANITAS.

For the *Christian Register*.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

BY MABELLE P. CLAPP.

I send them forth, my pigeons white:
I may not follow their swift flight,
Nor may I see where they alight.
I can but hope some human soul
Will welcome them when dark clouds roll
Across the sun, amid the toll
Of deep-toned curfew bells.

I send them forth, and bid them tell
To those who still in bondage dwell,
Bereft of hope, that "all is well,"
That God still rules, though sin and woe
Have shadowed this fair world below,
That tender love is brooding low
Above the restless earth.

I send them forth, but thou must guide
Their flight o'er trackless prairies wide,
O'er land and sea: I can but hide
The words of comfort I have found,
The helpful thoughts that fears confound,
The hope that all my life has crowned,
Beneath their fluttering wings.

ART IN THE HOSPITALITIES OF THE HOME.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING, SR.

I am thinking now of a spacious house—a baronial mansion, it might be called—approaching completion in one of the rural suburbs of New York. Seen from afar on the highway, embosomed in the verdure of meadow and forest, it impresses one as having been built, not as a monastery, but with the amplest recognition of social privileges and obligations,—an impression which gets manifold confirmation upon a nearer approach, and especially on entering its spacious halls and wandering through its many chambers.

And just here I bethink me that domestic architecture of modern days has experienced "a change of heart," if one may use this phrase without irreverence. In days not very far away in the past a dwelling-house was a utilitarian box, with little or no attempt in the accessories to nourish or gratify æsthetic feeling. The old Romans used to print "Salve" in mosaic on the pavement in the vestibules of their dwellings, making silent confession thereby that their construction had nothing about it especially inviting. But the domestic architecture of a generation gone did not offer even this poor compensation for the utilitarian commonplace which dominated it from basement to ridgepole. But the days when any master mechanic or builder could be an architect have gone, as we hope and believe, never to return; and the architect who constructs the dwellings of our time must be an artist as well as a mechanic.

Here, then, in the external and internal pattern of a house the first law of hospitality asserts itself; and a public sentiment of ever-growing imperativeness demands

implicit obedience. Let us be thankful for that.

And now come the problems of interior decoration and furnishing, which involve a multitude of successes and of blunders as well, in materializing the conditions of a hospitable home. Here, likewise, the demand has created the supply; and new professions have come into existence, whose incumbents are supposed to have a fund of artistic instinct and culture. All this to the end of making the home inviting to the inmates thereof, and to make a warm welcome for every guest. We have now come upon a group of functions involving high privileges and grave responsibilities, concerning which a great deal could be said which there is no space here to say.

Let us return now to the great baronial mansion which we were looking at from the highway when we began this paper. It is nearly ready for occupancy now; and, if we may judge by the character of the host and hostess, a memorable house-warming waits in the near future. Being a rural home, designed for occupancy during but a fraction of the year, there will, very likely, be no extravagant outlay of an artistic kind. Nevertheless, art must have a place on the walls and in the cabinets, else all other appliances of hospitality, of which there are many, will encounter strange incongruity and contradiction. Let me now specify one thing which I would do in the artistic equipment of a home, if I could do but one, as a loyalist to the higher institutes of domestic hospitality. I would invest the price of a single first-class oil painting in a cabinet of albums of large size, representing the story of the art of the ages from prehistoric millenniums to the present time. And now I think I hear some critic ask if it is necessary to turn a house into a university in order to fulfil the requisitions of hospitality. By no means: a fanatical dream like this is far enough from my thought. And yet I submit it to any man's honest judgment if culture, of some sort and to some degree, is not an allowable, not to say necessary, factor in the department of hospitality of which we are speaking. And, of all branches of culture which are susceptible of being popularized, perhaps the story of the art of the ages is the chief one.

During a residence of more than a dozen years in Europe I have collected several such cabinets as I am speaking of for American homes, and I believe the proprietors of those homes agree that a very large and entirely practical element has been added to their appliances of hospitality. I should do a kindness to thousands of hosts and hostesses who are struggling with the problem of entertaining evening guests if I could tell them how to materialize this idea, and likewise show them how cheaply this can be done.

But the walls of our home are still vacant, and waiting for occupants which will speak a welcome to the guests. To fill these vacant spaces wisely and well, so as to make a hospice of the home, is not an easy task, I assure you. Certainly, if your pictures are only decorative, as a great many are, the difficulties involved are not so many or so great. But, if higher ends are sought, as they must be in order to fulfil the requisitions of a true and worthy hospitality, then there is great need of intelligent foresight and an artistic instinct, which people are not commonly born with, but acquire through large experience.

The proprietor of a spacious mansion in a great American city found it necessary, in introducing electric lights into her rooms, to remove all the paintings from the walls. Calling in a picture-dealer to superintend the work of rehanging them, it was found, when he had finished his contract, that he had so changed the arrangement of the pictures as to leave a large vacant space on the parlor wall. Nothing could be more natural at this stage of the little game than to send his business card to the lady with a catalogue of paintings which he had for sale, with sizes, through a most extraordinary providential dispensation, exactly matching the vacant space left on the parlor wall! Fortunately, the lady was thinking of hospitality, while the picture-hanger was thinking of business. And so his little mercantile trick didn't work, and four or five square feet on the wall yet wait for worthy occupancy.

But several hundred square feet of vacant space are waiting to be worthily filled in our suburban home; and, with the permis-

sion of the host and hostess, and at the risk of being accounted a little meddlesome, I am going to venture, at another opportunity, upon a few hints fitting to the occasion.

Munich, Bavaria.

ON UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

BY DUREN J. H. WARD, PH.D.

Because there is no "universal" religion, and because, from past or present tendencies, it may be doubted whether there ever will be, yet even these are not reasons for setting the subject aside. Its discussion may be profitable, if conducted with the right understanding. It is not a topic to dogmatize over. However, many a field apparently as barren has proven fruitful when cultivated with a proper calmness and a realizing sense of the difficulties.

Left free to think, the different circumstances of men's lives are sure to make them think differently. They can, therefore, never agree in all particulars. And, surely, such an agreement would be most undesirable. What Edward Lear calls "a state of perfect and abject unanimity" would be the most deplorable as well as the most inhuman of conditions. There could be neither freedom nor progress. Manifestly, then, the much talk that we hear about "universal" religion must mean something else than it says.

For hundreds of centuries men have been disputing about their points of view and their doctrines. But we have now reached an age of most curious conditions. They desire to agree with their fellows, while at the same time they are determined to maintain their individuality, their independence. A few of them seem willing that others should also hold this standpoint. They have entered upon a stage of advanced politeness, or of courtesy applied where courtesy has heretofore been mostly a stranger. This might be termed "the etiquette of faiths." In this attitude is discovered a new bond of union,—a union on the ground of universal toleration, a union which has nothing to do with one's faith, a union which brings together the most incommensurable elements, and holds them only by the humane bond of mutual respect and mutual demand. And they call it "universal religion."

About the religion in it there is nothing universal at all. Religion is universal, but there is no universal religion. Nor does the new position suggest any coming universal religion. It shows that, ultimately, religion will have as many phases as there are individual outlooks. The more freedom of thought and the more use of thought, the further off is the possibility of complete uniformity of faith. The days of uniformity of faith end with the days of authority.

But this uniformity of belief is less important than men have believed. To have uniformity of sincerity and earnestness and human sympathy is more important than men have believed. This, then, is the thing that is meant when men talk of "universal religion." It is not religion at all. It is the outcome of whatever religion or faith they have. It is an improvement in the quality of religion, resulting largely from its greater breadth. It is morality,—an approach to universal morality. It is the flower of independence in matters of faith, or it is the fruit of freedom in religion. This is the sort of universality in morality that leads to and ends in diversity in religion. It is based on an old maxim not before carried into practice; namely, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Such an attitude is the greatest desideratum. Out of such a spirit will come the greatest possibilities in the way of human development and progress. From it may be expected that general or approximate agreement on the more fundamental and more comprehensive principles of life. One may, perhaps, say that, if there is one eternal Energy and one grand Unity of Truth, the spirit here described will lead men ultimately to some common understanding of their relations to the universe,—to the God who has been and is still so differently understood.

This as yet vague and but dimly discerned conception is all that exists of "universal religion." Dimly as it is conceived, it is an inspiration around which to rally the uniformity of sincerity and earnestness previously spoken of. The human effort in this direction is known in our day as the

"scientific search for truth." By the honest, systematic method of science we are yearly arriving at clearer hints as to the nature of eternal Law and Being.

Granted that the most developed of mankind are nearing a time when there may be some unanimity of sincerity and effort, what are the pivotal points around which they might rally? In other words, what could be their creed, religious and moral? Whence could it be drawn?

Let us experiment. What are the sources of belief? Where do men get their knowledge? What is faith? What is religion? What is a creed?

To begin with the last first, religion is not a creed; but a creed is the expression of the religion that one feels or aims to feel. And religion is our recognition of the Power and Law and Life that answers action and responds to upward effort.

Faith is our trust in it. It is the induction that we make from the facts of experience. These facts are gained from our own lives or from the life of mankind. We term these sources, speaking in the largest way, science and history, including, of course, "sacred" history.

Our creed, then, would be the best attested explanations of the world and of man, regarded from the point of view of morals; i.e., it would be the best explanation we can arrive at on which to base our conduct in human relations.

How difficult is the actual formulation of the articles of such a creed the reader may judge by his individual dissent from the following compiled statement of faith. If he thinks he could formulate a more "universal" one, it might be interesting to him to try it, and send his result to the present writer to see how much corroboration he would obtain. In its briefest and simplest words, the creed might be thus expressed: I believe in God and man, and in human love for God and man. (See Mark xi. 29-31.) Being further explained, the creed is:—

I. I believe in one infinite, eternal Energy, self-existent Source, Power that makes for righteousness, God, "the Father of mercies," the Love Universal.

II. I believe in God's ever-present revelation in nature and life; that revelation is an unveiling not of God's face, but of man's; and that his will is made known to us in our verified discoveries and laws of science and in the examples and lessons of history.

III. I believe in mankind,—God's highest children on earth, born in lowliest simplicity (both race and individual), but with divine potentiality, taught of God by experience, with the ages ever reaching greater likeness to the divine nature, never perfected, always aspiring, always growing.

IV. I believe that sin is the survival or residuum of the prehuman life become conscious, that there was no bad till the good came, that it is the advancing good which makes the existing bad, and that man's real interest is in the problem of the origin of the good rather than the origin of evil.

V. I believe that life is for living, that living is growing, that growing is outgrowing, that the end of life is growth, and that the end of growth is the beginning of death.

VI. I believe that the ideal of the individual man has been indicated in the saintly types of the ages, and most especially in the one actually supreme life of Jesus, the Christ.

VII. As I believe in the divine Oneness, so I believe in one human family, divinely related, mutually dependent, hence by nature each other's helpers and keepers.

VIII. I believe that no one is responsible for his birth; that every one is born helpless, and is through many years utterly dependent on society for life, for sustenance, and for that education which fits him for living-getting and citizenship.

IX. I believe that by heredity, by circumstances of infancy, of education, of greater or less assistance, we reach adulthood with unequal physical powers, varying tastes, differing insights, and every grade of moral development and religious inclination.

X. I believe that in a thickly populated and pre-empted world these conditions do and will make misery and premature death the unavoidable lot of myriads of our brothers and sisters, so long as the doctrine prevails that human life is naturally and necessarily a competitive struggle for existence.

XI. I believe that reason is the latest and highest phase of development, and that its exercise in social relations will supplant the cruel and inhuman competitive death-grapple by brotherly interest and co-operation.

XII. I believe this exercise of the moral reason will lead to "the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer."

XIII. I believe that God in his world has provided a source of supply for all the

wants of all his offspring, and hence that poverty and wretchedness are the fault of social arrangements.

XIV. I believe that "an injury to one is the concern of all."

XV. I believe it a divine law, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs."

XVI. I believe that to be Christian is to have unlimited positive morality; that, where the spirit of Jesus imbues it, a soul is not content so long as any human brothers and sisters suffer or merely exist.

XVII. I believe in living in one world at a time, and that the best possible preparation for future life is the fullest right use of the life that now is.

XVIII. I believe that the way to heaven is heaven; that heaven and hell are states of soul, independent of place.

XIX. I believe that these principles were immanent in the divine Nature from the beginning, are now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

MODERN GREECE:

WHAT PROGRESS IT CAN SHOW.

What has Greece to show now for her blanket mortgage? Sixty years ago not a mile of wagon road, to-day above 2,000 miles built (often over mountains) at a cost of ten million dollars. Twenty-five years ago five miles of rail connecting Athens with her seaport, now some six hundred miles of railway in operation, connecting the capital with most of the Peloponnese and opening up a good part of Acarnania and Thessaly; while the Piræus-Larissa Railway, which is to open up the rest of Central and Northern Greece, and ultimately direct communication with Europe, is mostly ready for the rails, and would be running now but for unlucky financiering. The English builders—now ousted—have done some daring engineering, especially in tunnelling Mt. Othrys. The Corinth Canal—which Periander dreamed of and Nero began—has been finished, so giving a short and safe water-way from the Adriatic to the Ægean. Lake Kopais has been drained, not only uncovering prehistoric cities, but reclaiming 60,000 acres of rich alluvial soil. The Greek merchant marine counts (1893) 116 steamers of 83,508 net tonnage, and 944 sailing vessels aggregating a burden of some 250,000 tons. Much of the carrying trade of the Levant and nearly all of that on the Danube is in Greek bottoms. With a sea-line—in proportion to area—seven times as great as France's and twelve times as great as England's, Greece maintains 69 light-houses and is building as many more. Her steam factories are worth some \$6,000,000. With an area of some sixteen million acres—largely mountain—she has five and a half millions in field and forest and five millions in pasture. The acreage in currants and vineyards has increased a hundred-fold and more since independence. The agricultural produce foots up \$21,000,000 a year. Still the country imports breadstuffs to the value of \$6,000,000 annually, which Thessaly could readily produce, and may be expected to produce when the railway opens up that great wheat-field. This saving alone would nearly pay the interest on the foreign debt.

When Otho came to the throne, education was practically unprovided for. To-day Greece offers free public instruction for fourteen consecutive years to every Greek child within the kingdom or without it, a curriculum stretching from the alphabet to the university. There are 2,278 demotic or primary schools, 281 Hellenic or grammar schools, 41 gymnasia; special schools of agriculture, of war, of the navy; a woman's college (the Arsakeion) with 1,500 pupils; a Polytechnic, teaching all the arts from chiselling a statue to building a steam engine; and a complete university on the German model, with 120 professors and 3,500 students, 1,000 of them being "subject Greeks" from Turkey.

With all the outcry about war expenditures, her little army is smaller than our own (24,877 men in 1893), costing only \$2,000,000; and her gallant little navy costs only \$600,000. The highest salary of general or admiral does not exceed \$1,200. It will be seen the farm is getting improved and the policing is not too costly, considering the rascally environment.

Give the Greek a chance, and he will pay his debts. Give him room enough for his energies, and he may yet rise above his

parish politics and redeem the East. The Great Idea is not hollow, the Panhellenic dream has a basis of reality. It has been well said that "the Hellenic race represents the motive power in the Ottoman Empire to-day as it did twenty-two centuries ago in Persian Asia." Scarcely more than a third of the Greeks are within the territorial limits of the Greek Kingdom. In European Turkey the Greeks outnumber the Turks nearly three to one (1,996,000 against 700,000), and form forty per cent. of the total population, while in intelligence, energy, and organization they count more than ninety per cent. In Asia Minor the Greeks number nearly 1,700,000, or just one-fourth of the Turks. All told, the Greeks are to the Turks as 6 to 7½ (6,102,160 to 7,500,000); they outnumber the Servians nearly four to one; they outnumber the Bulgarians more than two to one; and they are two-thirds the number of the Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Servians combined. More than that, the whole Ægean seaboard is historically Greek ground, and has continued so through all the ages. "As Greece proper extends under the sea toward Egypt through the Island of Crete, so it extends northward to the Danubian regions, by a long line of territory bordering the Ægean. Thessaly, Macedonia, the ancient Chalcidice, Thrace, are Greek countries."

"Constantinople itself is in the ethnological Hellad. Hellenic Turkey has no geographical unity except in connection with the waters of the archipelago which bathe all its shores." So Élisée Réclus, *Nouv. Géog. Univ.*, i. 145. If facts and figures can prove anything, they establish Hellenic title to the European estate of the Sick Man. And now that the Greeks have retaken Thermopylæ and possess the vast wheat-field of Thessaly, a few more advances would bring them to the Bosphorus. There is an old oracle floating about the country and diligently kept alive by the priests, that, when Greece again has a King Constantine and a Queen Sophia, she shall win back Constantinople. Constantine and Sophia have come, and only wait their turn to mount the Hellenic or the Panhellenic throne.

While Little Greece is doing and enduring so much for Greater Greece, there should be reciprocity. The subject Greeks are far richer than they of the Free Kingdom: they should help bear its burdens. The little kingdom throws open every door of education to the Greek of other lands, feeds him as a refugee from oppression, fights his battles, and incurs the bulk of her debt in the name of Panhellenism. She calls herself the Kingdom of the Hellenes, not of Hellas; and all Greeks are born subjects of King George, if they so choose. They sent their representatives to choose a king and frame a constitution; and now it is high time to put their shoulders to the wheel in support of the kingdom. Building monuments like the Academy and founding schools like the Arsakeion are noble services: lending a hand to keep the ship afloat were still better. The Free Greek might well reverse our colonial watchword, No representation without taxation.

In common with all civilized peoples we owe an incalculable debt to old Greece. To the living Greek we can make some return in a generous national sympathy. And we can lend a hand in his distress. We can buy his silks, finer than Penelope ever spun. We can order his marbles; for Drosinos and Broutos have revived the traditions of classical sculpture, and Parian and Pentelic breathe again. We can travel in Greece, and get a larger yield of felicity on a given outlay than in any other country in the world. And we can go in for the Olympic Games next year, sure of a royal welcome and laurel crowns. We can give, too, an unstinted support to our school at Athens. Then we might send a minister to Greece without requiring him to straddle the Balkans and represent us at rival, if not hostile, courts. He must be a shrewd diplomat who shall gracefully carry Panhellenism on one shoulder and Panslavism on the other. But we should first take off our tax on Greek currants, the one ewe lamb of Greek revenue. Then we shall have a better right to chide the Turk for his blood-tithe of tribute children.—Prof. J. Irving Mannatt, in *Review of Reviews* for April.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

VII.

The perceptions of the intelligence light the mind, but the affections of the heart alone can fire the soul. The glow of the ice-blink does not make the icebergs any warmer.

The complacent egotist tastes so good to himself as to breed in him a distaste for everybody else. And, when one loathes his fellows, he becomes loathsome to them. Then the repellent reaction this provokes from them tends intensely to generate misanthropy. The wretched misanthropist is generally but the complacent egotist gone to seed.

Religion, as interpreted by a true grasp of the speculative content of Christianity, is the gift of an infinite wealth to an infinite destitution. And the amazing miracle of grace is that this gift has but one condition; namely, our free acceptance of it.

Every form of repining desire is a fatal obstacle to blessedness. He who is content with God will find that God is content with him. And this is blessedness, a life in which creature and Creator unite.

When the transcendent intellect and the inspired imagination speak to the prosaic understanding, the prosaic understanding cannot understand what they say.

Egotism, with its sin, vice, and crime, is always the repetition of an unchanged monotony,—one eternal round of discord, wrong, and penalty. Pure, disinterested sympathy, with its obedient train of virtues, uses, and delights, is perpetually developing itself in fresh varieties of form and fruition. New heavens and new earths are thus constantly creating, while the same old hell answers the purpose forever.

We never overcome evil by the obliteration of our powers, but always by their perfection.

What is the difference between a robin and Saint Francis of Assisi? In the robin the cosmic part asserts itself as the whole: in Saint Francis the divine whole asserts itself in the part. Cosmic consciousness is divided without distinction: divine consciousness is distinguished without division. The happy bird is a beautiful form of life, moving about in the whole as if it were the whole: the free saint is a transcendent repetition of the whole, in whom the focussed All comes to fruition realization.

Carlyle was accustomed to complain that God did not seem to do anything. He wanted to see Omnipotence interfere at once with the wretched course of affairs, and instantly set all to rights. The utterance was a characteristic explosion of the pessimistic morbidity of the critic. God can be nothing less than the absolute perfection of activity. He does not intervene with his irresistible power to smash in pieces everything that appears wrong, because he has made men free and given them a sublime destiny to work out by means of their own conquests over evil. Could Carlyle have added to his great qualities an equal patience and modesty, it would be hard to set bounds to the good he might have done. His genius was alloyed with a pride and violence which repel his readers. The habit of censorious comment on Providence is not only impious in itself and ruinous in its reaction on him who practises it: it is also ridiculous in its fathomless incompetency. What can be more absurdly incongruous than for a creature to criticise his Creator? It would seem as if any one who believes in God at all must feel it to be a duty to hold that the universe, on the whole, is properly governed, and that whatever ought to happen will happen. But many a man, especially at the present time, is so conceited as to feel himself quite entitled to launch his indiscriminate condemnations abroad in all directions, and garrulously ventilate his private scheme of what had better be.

"And so each day he unto God pours forth
Advice he fancies is of priceless worth;
And his wife takes in sewing
To keep things a-going
While he is out superintending the earth!"

When alone is man truly happy? When the inclinations of the heart coincide with the directions of the reason, while both harmonize with the efforts of the will, and all are crowned with the approving benedictions of the conscience.

CO-OPERATIVE COMPANIES.

BY ELLEN BATTELLE DIETRICK.

During the past year the projectors of three different co-operative companies have honored me with a request to become one of their directors, to allow them to use my name, even if I could not give either time or thought to the management of the business of the proposed companies. Of course, no conscientious person would ever lend his or her name to help float a company of whose business details he or she knew nothing. I was obliged to decline the honor proffered me by the three different sets of projectors. As many such schemes are afloat among laboring people, possibly it may interest them to learn why I did decline. At any rate, it will do no harm to state my reasons.

It was not because I am opposed to co-operation in principle; it was not because I do not firmly believe, on good foundation for belief, that the co-operative principle may be worked out successfully in practice; it was not because the time is not yet ripe for practical co-operation to begin; it was not because I had any cause to doubt the perfect sincerity and integrity of the projectors. But it was simply and solely because the views of co-operation published by these men proved to my mind that they are *unpractical* men, unversed in the management of business so complex as that they propose to undertake, and that they have a thoroughly wrong idea of how to begin co-operation in buying, selling, and manufacturing. If my judgment be correct, they will either have to get their practical experience and education at the expense of the gullible stockholders (most of whom will, probably, be poor, hard-working laborers) or else they will never get such education at all; and their huge kites, after soaring aloft conspicuously for a brief time, will ingloriously tumble to the ground, leaving the stockholders to moan for their money which is lost in the collapse.

All of these companies start out with these two chief assumptions: first, that it is necessary to sell a great deal of stock before they can begin; and, second, that they must have "first-class talent" in the man of business who is to manage. I believe some of them propose to start with salaried officers, of course paid out of the money which the people send in. Now, strange as it may appear at first glance, these assumptions are the reasons why I distrust the knowledge and judgment of these projectors, and why I conclude that they themselves do not even faintly comprehend the essence of co-operation, and, consequently, do not understand its possibilities and impossibilities. Co-operation means *working together*. There have been thousands upon thousands of co-operative companies started in the United States only to fail utterly; and their failure was always due to the fact that they either did not know that co-operation does demand working together or that the members were too lazy, or too stupid, or too selfish, to work together. All of them started with the absurd notion that a co-operative company and a joint-stock company with salaried officers of first-class talent are exactly the same thing. This is a fatal error. While so-called co-operative companies (really, miserably planned joint-stock companies) have been crashing all over our country during the past forty years (forcibly illustrating the truth of the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted"), co-operative companies of the genuine stamp, started by merely ordinary day-laborers, unsalaried, pretending to no sort of uncommon talent, but who knew how and were willing to work together, have prospered, and continue to flourish like a green bay-tree.

Every successful co-operative company in the world has had to primarily adopt the mottoes, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," and "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." The genuine co-operator wants to know what his money is doing, where it is, and what he is getting for it. He wants to receive the education as co-operative business manager himself, not to send his hard-won wages off to some strangers whom he never saw, and of whose ability or honesty he is equally ignorant. He knows that the most important part of every human action is the foundation-laying. He therefore, very sensibly, distrusts the judgment of those who spend

all their eloquence in depicting the huge and gorgeous buildings, which are lovely as are all castles in the air, with not a word as to the slowly laid, unprepossessing, but vitally important foundation.

Any man who imagines that within a few years the people can be led to take a "united action" which will revolutionize manufacture and distribution is (I say it thoughtfully and deliberately) a shallow-minded man, so far as his judgment of what can be done with human nature goes. Human nature is a certain kind of stuff of which it can be accurately predicted what it will do at certain stages of its mental development, under any certain given conditions. Thus, for instance, when human nature is not yet trained to reason, it is swayed by appeal to its passions and emotions; and any glib-tongued or swift-penned beguiler can, by skilful play on its passions and emotions, rouse a limited portion of it to any sort of "united action" of a *spasmodic character*. (Observe that qualification, for it is important.) Thus human nature can easily be roused to destroy, to fight, burn, or pillage, or to any other sort of united action which gives vent to its stirred-up passions.

But the whole history of the human race—black, white, red, and yellow—is one long series of positive proofs that the whole people can never be led to take united action in regard to anything which is really for their own best interests without long, weary years of tedious education. The more complex the project in which they are asked to unite, the more hopeless the possibility of their ever (as a whole) uniting. Now, I put it to the consideration of any sensible person, if it has during forty years repeatedly proved impossible to get even a hundred people of one village to unite in taking possession of all the manufacture, production, or distribution of the articles required by that village, what sort of a miracle will not have to be worked to get all the people (or even a large part) of the United States to so unite?

One of the first requisites of wisdom is to recognize what you can and what you cannot do, and experience helps wonderfully. A very wise man can even learn by the experience of others. Doubtless some day we shall have air-ships as plentiful as steamers, but men have been working upon the idea for over a hundred years without yet being able to put it in practice. Doubtless some day the human race will have arrived at the virtue of individual self-control, able to co-operate beautifully because the members are all self-controlled; but, though the theory has been published and urged for over three hundred years, the results are not yet vastly encouraging. To recognize these facts demonstrates that one has studied human nature, and has discovered that it is not puffy, to be moulded by anybody within a few years, even with the most glittering promises of the benefit to follow the moulding.

In order to start an even faintly promising co-operative company, the following conditions must be observed,—conditions as necessary as certain kinds of soil and climate are to the flourishing growth of pineapples. The co-operators must be persons of good, sober judgment, willing to practise some self-denial for their common benefit, able to donate a portion of their time to the management of their project, willing to dispense with any salaried servants until long after success is assured. All of the co-operators must be settled residents in one locality, well known to each other, and of character which has been tested and found good and stable; and all of them must be willing to start with one small branch of business of simple nature, to learn that thoroughly before adding another to it, and to move forward cautiously, step by step, buying and selling rigidly for cash from first to last. While every other sort of a co-operative scheme, the world over, has failed, notwithstanding the most favorable launching, the kind I have just described has never failed. On the contrary, as everybody now knows, twenty-eight poor, untalented, unsalaried weavers, clubbing together simply to pay cash for a chest of tea at wholesale, and selling it at retail to themselves, thus laid the cornerstone of a business which in twelve years from their start had earned a profit of over \$60,000, and which now buys and sells bread, meat, sugar, and clothing as well as tea, besides manufacturing its own flour and other goods.

Those men were of a very different calibre from our volatile, visionary, roving, ambitious Americans. They did not despise the day of small things, and thus laid a perfect foundation, educating themselves as their now ponderous building slowly grew, brick by brick. The workmen's co-operative societies in Great Britain now possess, jointly, a capital of over \$35,000,000. Where are the workmen's co-operative businesses and manufactures of the United States?

It is not a question of first-class talent. It is a question of the kind of character essential to make successful co-operators. Americans have a showy brilliancy and the "gift of gab," but the English have the bull-dog tenacity and the unwearying patience which count in business. We do not have successful co-operation simply because our "co-operators" will not co-operate. If a co-operator will not co-operate, how can we have co-operation?

STEPS TOWARD THE HIGHEST.

BY REV. HENRY A. MILES.

Some seem to think that the existence of God should be proved by a solid chain of argument, and should be the product of a demonstration as certain as the amount of five added to five.

Who does not know that this is far from being the fact? Philosophers have long searched for a scientific proof. Not that they needed it. Most of them had a conviction to which demonstration could add no strength. They have been fascinated by the problem. Its solution would immortalize them. It would be a triumph like the quadrature of the circle or the invention of perpetual motion. No one has succeeded. Hence the history of moral philosophy all through the ages shows the wrecks of baffled attempts.

The cause is very obvious. Our science, our logic, such good things in their place, are poor things when applied to God. A mere atom called man on one side and an infinite Being on the other side can at first be described only by contrast. Who would set out to measure by a ten-foot pole the distance from us of the planet Neptune, remote many millions of miles? There must be some approximation of the measurer to the measured. Our conditions of thought, our comparisons, our discriminations, our intellectual processes, break down when transferred to a subject so much beyond their reach. Evidently, God did not intend that he should be cognizable by such instruments. He is outside, beyond, and above them all. Otherwise he would not be an infinite object. Some one who has a narrow, sharp mind says he cannot prove there is a God. I am glad he cannot. I should not wish to believe in a God whose dimensions were not too large for him to grasp.

Is all this the same as saying that God cannot be known at all? Far otherwise. It is only admitting that capacities fitted for the finite are misplaced when turned to the infinite. A microscope is serviceable to examine the wing of a fly; but, if you would trace the belts of Saturn, you must change the instrument. When you come to deal with the vision of God, you must change your instrument. You must turn to that part of your nature which has some relations with the boundless. You need not go far to find it. In reading the old arguments to prove the existence of God, it seems as if it were thought there was need of something recondite, far fetched, requiring to be stated with a precision and strength never before reached. Men have looked through the human mind, and through all history, to make the discovery. But there is no necessity to ask who shall ascend up to heaven,—that is, to bring God down,—or who shall descend into the deep,—that is, to bring God up. For, lo! he is in thine own heart. "He that loveth not knoweth not God." This is more than a Biblical text: it is a psychological fact.

We must not take that word "love" in any literal or narrow way. It is the misfortune of all language that expressions often lose the breadth of meaning that filled their primal utterance. They contract a shrivelled sense. It is not merely our affections that are here referred to, but our aspirations, our tastes, our imaginings, our longings, our conceptions of the pure, the perfect, the beautiful, the eternal; in other words, our entire emotional and æsthetic

equipment. Who can give an exhaustive description of such a being as man, if all this be left out?

Here is the fourth story of a nature which, beginning in bodily sensations, rising up to instinct, ascending then to intellect, finds its completion in a forefeeling of something grander and diviner. This is in the nature of every cultivated man. It is the inspiration of all true poetry, the life-breath of all high art, the spur to progress, the rebound against hard and coarse realities, the tastes that cherish supernal purity, the windows through which we look into the ideal, the wings on which we soar in the visions of hope, the impulse to all real nobleness and grandeur. Here, also, is the topmost attainable knowledge. It is not logic; but soul.

The heart that is never swept by these profound emotions may not admit the existence of God. It is a compliment to the grandeur of that idea. It must be a God after a small pattern whom such a soul can comprehend. Standing on the shore of some petty inland lake, one may have a poor conception of the vast extent and sublime power of the ocean, and may even deny there is such a thing. Is it through insufficiency of proof, or is it through the position of the observer? Climb up to the top of some projecting headland, and see what you think and feel then. Meanwhile the ocean is *there*, majestic, boundless, irresistible, in spite of all your doubts.

It would have been easy for God to compel our assent. But on this point we are not under a law of force. We are invited by gentle persuasion. So much is our freedom respected. This is God-like. It wins our attention, encourages patiently and tenderly our aspirations, and even asks the co-operation of our affections and will. And what, on the whole, do we find the result to be? Are there many who die absolute atheists?

We are so accustomed to speak of knowledge as coming to us through intellectual processes that we are not quick to see that it can come to us in any other way. An age which exalts books, schools, colleges, statistics, science, and which trains the eye, the hand, the memory, the common sense, is prone to distrust everything that rests only on what we poorly call feeling. And yet *feeling*, using the word as denoting what is large and upward tending, constitutes a part of our spiritual antennæ, and gives a certainty beyond formal proof.

How do we know the friend who of all human beings has come closest to our heart? Suppose a tricky logician should try to show that you have no scientific certainty of your friend's existence, saying you never saw his soul, you know nothing of its essence, adding that all your evidence is unworthy of trust, that your eyes and ears deceive you, that you may have been in a dream in all your friendly intercourse with him, as if you had been the victim of a lifelong delusion.

You would have a short answer to all that. You would say, as I do not *find*, so I shall not *lose* my friend by a syllogism. I know him by something which none of your foolish talk disturbs. He lives within me. He is intertwined with every fibre of my heart. And God is the response to all that is highest and divinest in my nature. If we cannot reach him by one giant intellectual rebound, there are steps by which we may "draw nigh" unto him. And this way is open to all.

Spiritual Life.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.

No mere spasm of goodness will make a right life, for we rise no higher than our habitual thinking.—*New York Observer*.

The progressive element of religion is to be found in an ever-expanding moral ideal as human experience enlarges and the human conscience increases its refinement and its range.

While many hold that the golden age of the world is gone, we hold that the golden age is to come. We believe in to-morrow rather than yesterday. We see the prevailing tendency to be on the side of good, a continual reaching forward toward the better. So we turn with gladness to the newer thought, as prophetic of the world as it is to be.—*John Learned*.

The Sunday School.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society Anniversary meeting will be held at King's Chapel Thursday, May 30, at 2 P.M. A fine list of speakers and subjects has been prepared, and will be duly announced.

The Sunday-school at Washington, D.C., has copies of the "Carol" to give away where they can do good. Any Sunday-school desiring this help can address Mr. Edward B. Eynon, 1113 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Mr. Edward B. Eynon has been made superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Washington, D.C. This gentleman has served as secretary and treasurer at the same school for seven years, and has never been absent from duty one day. This is a remarkable record.

The "New Song and Service Book" was published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society April 4. A month has elapsed, and the first edition of three thousand copies is about exhausted. The book has gone into between forty and fifty Sunday-schools, East and West. A new edition is nearly ready.

The remaining five Channing Hall "talks" on "The Life of Jesus" will be condensed into three. Teachers and others who have been in attendance will please to remember this, and guide themselves accordingly. The last "talk" of the season will be on Saturday, May 25. On May 11 the subjects treated will be "The Last Supper" and "Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane." On May 18, subjects, "Jesus before Pilate" and "The Death of Jesus." May 25, subject, "The Resurrection." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Intermediate and Advanced at three o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Programme.

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

7.45 P.M. Opening services. Sermon by Rev. John E. Roberts, Kansas City, Mo.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.

9.00 A.M. Devotional meeting. Leader, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill.

10.00 A.M. Business session. Address of the President, Hon. D. L. Shorey. Report of the Secretary, Allen W. Gould. Report of the Treasurer, William McFadon. Brief reports of State Conference Secretaries: Allen G. Jennings, for Ohio and Indiana; Charles F. Elliott, for Illinois; Henry T. Secrist, for Wisconsin; Leon A. Harvey, for Iowa; Helen G. Putnam, for Minnesota and the Dakotas; Abram Wyman, for the Missouri Valley Conference. Report of the American Unitarian Association work in the West by Trowbridge B. Forbush.

1.00 P.M. Intermission. Lunch served in the church.

2.00 P.M. Paper by Rev. C. F. Elliott, Hinsdale, Ill., on "The Bitter Heroism of Science." Discussion opened by Rev. V. E. Southworth, Janesville, Wis.

3.30 P.M. Paper by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholz, Jr., Hillside, Wis., on "Social Injustice as a Source of Atheism and Religious Indifference." Discussion opened by Rev. W. R. Lord, St. Paul, Minn.

7.45 P.M. Religious services. Discourse by Mrs. Anna L. Parker, Quincy, Ill., on "The Thought and the Form." Discourse by Mr. E. D. Coxe, Rogers Park, Ill., on "Beauty in Nature in Relation to Man."

THURSDAY, MAY 16.

9.00 A.M. Devotional meeting. Leader, Rev. J. L. Andrew, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

10.00 A.M. Report of the Conference Committee on the Relation of the Western Conference to the State Conferences and to the American Unitarian Association and to the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

1.00 P.M. Intermission. Lunch served in the church.

2.00 P.M. Paper by Rev. George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio, on "Our Free Congregational Polity." Discussion opened by Rev. George W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.

3.00 P.M. Business session. Election of officers. Report of committees.

7.30 P.M. Social reunion. Leader, Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo. Talk on Dramatics and the Church Life, opened by Miss Bell G. Scribner. General conversation on the subject. Talk on Dancing and the Church Life, opened by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

2.30 P.M. Address by the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin. Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Bethia C. Reed. Report of the Post-office Mission Secretary.

3.15 P.M. Paper by Miss Sadie American, on the "Universal Element in all Religions."

3.45 P.M. Poem by Alice Williams Brother-ton. 4.00 P.M. Business.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

FRIDAY, MAY 17.

10.00 A.M. Address of the President, Allen W. Gould. Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Albert Scheible. Reports from the Sunday-schools. Appointment of committees.

11.00 A.M. Report of Committee on Local Sunday-school Unions, by the chairman, Rev. A. M. Judy. General discussion, opened by Rev. E. E. Gordon.

12.00 M. Paper on the "Best Methods of Sunday-school Records," by Rev. R. F. Johnson, to be followed by a general discussion.

1.00 P.M. Intermission.

2.00 P.M. Talk on Nature Studies in the Sunday-schools, by Mrs. Anna L. Parker. General discussion, opened by Mrs. E. E. Holway, Rev. Lewis J. Duncan, and Mr. Albert Scheible.

4.00 P.M. Business.

TO DELEGATES AND ATTENDANTS.—Delegates and attendants at the meetings will report, upon arrival, at the Third Unitarian Church, north-west corner of Monroe and Laflin Streets. Take the Madison Street cable cars, and get off at Laflin Street.

Religious Intelligence.

THE Unitarian society of Hyde Park have voted to extend a call to Rev. A. G. Pettengill, formerly of Boothbay, Me.

REV. C. W. PARK, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. F. J. GILE, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. J. H. TUCKER, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

THE Worcester League of Unitarian Women will hold their last meeting for the season on May 15, at the Second Parish Church, Worcester. Morning session at eleven o'clock, afternoon session at two o'clock. General subject, "Religion." All women are invited.

THE Brotherhood of Christian Unity have sent out a circular signed by Bishop Vincent, Rev. David H. Greer, Dr. Barrows, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, and Mr. Robert C. Ogden, asking for co-operation in their plan of devoting Whitsunday to a consideration of the subject of "Christian Unity." All ministers are asked to preach upon this subject that day, and to join the movement for making it an annual custom. Feeling that Christianity is growing weary of its divisions, they hope by this plan to develop sympathy among the churches, and thus prepare for the ideal "unity in diversity" of the Church universal.

CHILDREN'S MISSION.—The annual meeting of the corporation of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute was held at the Home, 277 Tremont Street, on Wednesday, May 1, when the following persons were elected Executive Committee for 1895-96: William H. Baldwin, president; Warren P. Tyler, vice-president; Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, secretary; Henry Pickering, treasurer; Thomas Gaffield, Ellis L. Motte, Clarence W. Jones, George W. Fox, William E. James, Dr. J. Foster Bush, Franklin Brown, Herbert H. Ceiley; superintendent, William Crosby.

MISSION WORK IN OKLAHOMA.—In September, 1893, Rev. Charles H. Rogers went to Oklahoma City, and preached the first Unitarian sermon ever delivered in the territory. He was urged to remain by some of the leading citizens, and in the course of the next six months was able to secure, fit up, and dedicate a chapel seating about two hundred and fifty. He has preached in that chapel every Sunday since to congregations varying from one hundred and fifty to the full capacity of the room. The chapel is paid for, save a small debt to the Church Building Loan Fund. Last winter Mr. Rogers commenced holding evening services in the probate court room at Guthrie, the capital of the Territory. He has there an organized society of fifty-three members, and an average congregation of seventy-five. Oklahoma City and Guthrie are about forty miles apart, but trains run

so that it is feasible to speak in one in the morning and the other in the evening. Thus the two principal cities of Oklahoma have Unitarian preaching every Sunday. Mr. Rogers has also held bi-weekly services at Downs, where the first steps toward organization have been taken; at Norman, which is the seat of the Territorial University; at Edmund and at Crescent City. He finds the people ready to hear the Unitarian gospel on week nights as well as on Sundays. Quite recently Mr. Rogers has found a coadjutor in Rev. W. W. Buchanan of Guthrie, who has found his way into the freedom of the liberal faith. Mr. Buchanan has been one of the leading Trinitarian Congregationalist ministers in the Territory. He will take charge of the movement at Downs, and proposes to organize movements in Chandler and Perkins, being well known in both these places. Thus in little more than eighteen months our Unitarian gospel has gotten a good foothold in this newest of Territories. Two churches have been organized, and the message has been given in six other localities. Calls have come from several towns, to which our minister has not yet been able to respond. In addition to his preaching, Mr. Rogers has procured a printing-press, and proposes to edit and print a monthly paper, which, with tracts and leaflets, he will circulate widely in that new South-west. To obtain the press has quite exhausted his limited means, and he greatly needs \$25 to purchase type to carry on his enterprise. Mr. Rogers, being a practical printer, believes heartily in making his fingers supplement his voice in preaching Unitarian "glad tidings" in Oklahoma. T. B. F.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Dr. William Everett will preach May 12. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Ministers' Monday Club: May 13, 10.30 A.M. Rev. F. H. James will preside. Rev. Henry Powers will give the address, on "The Outburst of Patriotic Spirit: Its Cause and Meaning."

The annual meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday, May 29, at three o'clock. All churches are requested to send delegates in the interest of this young people's organization. President B. R. Bulkeley will preside. There will be good speakers and pleasing music. Business meeting, for delegates only, will precede the mass meeting in Room 10 at two o'clock.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—To meet the demand of our Post-office Missions for liberal religious literature, it is proposed to print from fifteen to twenty of Mr. Crothers's sermons during the coming year. It is believed that much can be done in this way to interest the increasing number of people who are awaking to the need of a broader belief. The annual subscription will be one dollar. Subscriptions at this amount are solicited to increase the circulation. Those giving more than one dollar may send names of persons to whom copies will be sent. Subscriptions may be sent to J. T. G. Nichols, 63 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

LINCOLN, MASS.—Rev. W. H. Pulsford of Waltham has kindly consented to supply here for the summer, excepting during August, when it is hoped that Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago may be with us for one or two Sundays.

NEWBURG, N.Y.—During the latter part of the winter and early spring one of the orthodox pastors of Newburg inaugurated a "parliament" of denominations, the ministers of the different sects in the city, except the Unitarian, being invited on consecutive Sunday evenings to answer in turn the question, "Why am I a Presbyterian?" "Why am I a Roman Catholic?" "Why am I a Jew?" etc. The local press commented sharply on the fact that the courtesy of an invitation to take part in these meetings was not extended to Rev. Arthur H. Grant, the Unitarian minister. As a result, great interest was aroused; and Mr. Grant, at the request of some of his friends, consented to speak in the Academy of Music on Sunday afternoon, April 28, on "Why am I a Unitarian?" At the appointed time an audience of nine hundred people assembled to listen to him. At the close of his eloquent address, which was received with unmistakable marks of appreciation, he challenged the orthodox ministers of Newburg to meet him at the same place and on the same hour on the following Sunday, to defend in joint debate the following four fundamental evangelical doctrines:—

(1) "That the Bible is the inspired and infallible word of God."

(2) "That God is tri-personal; and that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are each 'very God of very God'; and that the Son is equal to the Father."

(3) "That, in consequence of the fall of Adam, human nature is utterly depraved and corrupt."

(4) "That those who do not accept the atonement of Christ in this life are to be

eternally punished and tormented in the next life."

Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon, May 5, over twelve hundred people crowded into the Academy of Music to listen to the discussion which was announced to take place between Mr. Grant and one of the Baptist ministers of the city who had accepted the challenge to defend the above propositions. A desire has been expressed by many that Mr. Grant continue these services in the Academy of Music for a few Sundays longer.

ROCKLAND, MASS.—The Unitarian church here sends out a little pamphlet to explain its organization and the Executive Circle plan. The diagram which represents this plan is very suggestive, showing how the Executive Circle embraces every activity of the church, as an organized body, in all its relations to the community and the world at large. Its four departments are religious, philanthropic, Sunday-school, and social; and each includes several distinct activities.

ROXBURY, MASS.—All Souls' Church: Rev. William H. Ramsay of Salem will preach Sunday, May 12. Services at 10.30 A.M.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Rev. Stanley M. Hunter preached recently on the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" considering it from three points of view. Accepting the popular theology, which makes life end either in heaven or hell, the answer must be in the negative. With the atheistic view, that we are the victims of fate, the answer is the same; but for the rationalist it is always possible to make things better, and to look forward with hope.

SHARON, MASS.—On Sunday, April 21, the pastor, Rev. E. M. Hickok, preached on "Armenia," giving an historical sketch and present needs. This was followed by resolutions prepared by Mr. George H. Kempton, which, duly signed, were forwarded to Washington, D.C., and to England. The Sharon society is actively striving to keep itself afloat, grateful for recent gifts from the Alliance Branches, and hoping to make a success of its biennial fair in the coming summer. The interest and attendance have steadily increased, and the spirit of good will and affection manifested from the first still exists between the pastor and the people, who fully appreciate the sermons to which they have listened for two years.

STURGIS, MICH.—Rev. Mr. Buckley preached an eloquent sermon on May 5 about "Principles and Personalities." After the service a business meeting was held, which discussed the feasibility of continuing the services for another year; and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, To promote reverent free thought and an unsectarian spirit in religion, and, above all, to strengthen faith in the life of purity, righteousness, and love,—this is the purpose and aim of the Unitarian society of Sturgis, and for the maintenance and the carrying forward of these principles we pledge our personal devotion and financial help."

TAUNTON MASS.—The First Parish in this old town of the Old Colony has no intention of becoming an institutional church, but it is alive to the value of the machinery of organization. Two committees have been appointed recently,—the one on Hospitality, whose duties are obvious enough, and the other a Committee of Conference. This second committee is made up of representatives from the smaller bodies within the parish,—the Sunday-school, the Women's Alliance, the In His Name Club, and the like. Two meetings of the Conference Committee have been held; and a preliminary examination has been given to plans for parish work, which are to be perfected during the summer and put into operation in the autumn.

TORONTO, CANADA.—The Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church has just closed a most interesting and successful season under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. H. H. Woude. The aim of the club is to study, not create, literature; and among the subjects presented at the various meetings were: "Oliver Wendell Holmes"; "Art Critics at Work"; "Charles Darwin"; "First Aid in Emergency Cases"; "Tennyson as a Song-writer," with musical illustrations; "Lowell as a Humorist, as a Poet, and as an Essayist"; "Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Marcella'"; "Modern Psychology,—the English School, the German School"; "The New England Puritans"; "The Unitarian Descendants"; "In my Library," by Mr. J. Davis Burnett, the possessor of the largest and most valuable private library in Canada; "A Few Facts about Sweden and its People"; "Musicians and their Music," with illustrative selections from their works. Several of these papers were of a high order of literary merit. The season's work as crowned at the conclusion, on April 15, with a lecture by Mr. Woude, who is a well-known Shakespearean scholar and interpreter, on "Shak-

speare, the Man," before a large audience in the church. After the lecture the members of the club with their friends had a closing reunion.

WICHITA, KAN.—Rev. W. S. Vail reports that the church in Wichita is in a more hopeful and prosperous condition than at any time during the last year and a half. It has losses, but has made them good; and its spirit is hopeful. If Southern Kansas makes a good crop this year, the church will thrive; but, if there is another year of drought and failure, the prospect will be dark for everything, including Unitarian churches. Mr. Vail has two outside movements on his hands which are interesting. One is a little Universalist church at Valley City, to which he drives every other Sunday afternoon. Here is an audience of about fifty, mostly farmers, who welcome his word, and gladly pay him for coming. The other is a new movement in Newton. This is a railroad town of seven thousand people. Last winter a little knot of a half-dozen were induced by Mr. Vail to try the experiment of a Unitarian service. In three months the half-dozen has grown to thirty, who hold services in the pleasant Woman's Club room every Sunday evening, Mr. Vail reaching them by train after his afternoon service at Valley City. Some of the best people in the town are deeply interested, and the prospect of a church in the near future is hopeful.

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The May meeting of the Worcester Conference will be held in Hudson May 15 and 16. The sermon on the evening of the 15th will be preached by Rev. Stopford Brooke of Boston. The subject of the devotional service which Rev. A. S. Garver is to conduct on the morning of the 16th will be "The Work of the Church." The essay of the forenoon will be read by W. F. Greenman, on the topic, "The Immediate Advance of Unitarian Congregationalism." Discussion opened by Rev. G. W. Kent. In the afternoon the general topic, "To What Kind of a Church would I be Loyal?" will be treated by several laymen, as follows: "The Preaching," Jonathan Smith of Clinton; "Missionary Work," Archibald M. Howe of Cambridge; "Practical Philanthropies," F. E. Holman, Clinton.

ESSEX UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—Meeting at Newburyport May 14 and 15. Tuesday evening, May 14, sermon by Rev. W. R. Alger. Wednesday, May 15, 9.30 A.M., devotional meeting, led by Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Haverhill; 10 A.M., business and address by Rev. G. W. Cooke of the Temperance Society and Rev. D. M. Wilson, New England superintendent of churches; 11 A.M., address by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of American Unitarian Association, on "The Transition from Philosophy to Religion,"—discussion to follow; 1 P.M., collation; 2 P.M., address on "The Church and the World," by Rev. George D. Latimer, followed by discussion. The hospitality of the Newburyport parish is offered for Wednesday, and a large attendance is hoped for. Ask for round-trip tickets on the railroad. Alfred Manchester, Secretary.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

DELEGATE SOCIETIES.

According to our record, the following societies, having sent "a contribution for missionary uses to the treasurer of the Association for two successive years,"—the last having been placed in his hands "on or before May 1,"—are entitled to representation at the coming annual meeting "by the persons of its minister and two additional lay delegates." If any omissions are discovered in the list or any society fails to receive blank credentials, it is desirable that notice should be sent to me without delay.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, Sec'y.

Alton, Ill. Boston, Mass.:—
Andover, N.H. South Cong'l Church.
Andover, North, Mass. Church of the Disciples.
Ann Arbor, Mich. Church of Our Father,
Arlington, Mass. East Boston.
Ashby, Mass. All Souls' Church, Rox-
Asheville, N.C. bury.
Atlanta, Ga. Christ Church, Dorchester.
Augusta, Me. Unity Church, South Bos-
Austin, Tex. ton.
Ayer, Mass. Church of the Unity,
Baltimore, Md. Church of the Unity, Ne-
Bangor, Me. ponset.
Baraboo, Wis. New South Church.
Barnstable, Mass. Unity Church, Allston.
Barre, Mass. Norfolk Unitarian Church,
Bath, N.H. Dorchester.
Bedford, Mass. Unitarian Church, Ros-
Belmont, Me. lindale.
Belmont, Mass. Brattleboro, Vt.
Berlin, Mass. Brewster, Mass.
Bernardston, Mass. Bridgewater, East, Mass.
Bolton, Mass. Bridgewater, West, Mass.
Boston, Mass.:— Brockton, Mass.
First Parish, Dorchester. Brookline, Mass.
First Church. Brooklyn, Conn.
First Religious Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Roxbury. First Unitarian Society.
Second Church. Second Unitarian Society.
King's Chapel. Third Unitarian Society.
First Parish, West Rox- Buffalo, N.Y.
bury. Burlington, Vt.
Arlington Street Society. Cambridge, Mass.:—
First Parish, Brighton. First Parish.
First Cong'l Society, Ja- Third Cong'l Society.
malca Plain. Canton, Mass.
Third Religious Society, Charlestown, N.H.
Dorchester. Chelmsford, Mass.
Harvard Church, Charles- Chelsea, Mass.
town. Chicago, Ill.:—
Hawes Unitarian Cong'l Church, South Boston. Church of Messiah.

Chicago, Ill.:—
Unity Church.
Third Unitarian Church.
Chicopee, Mass. Church of All Souls.
Cincinnati, Ohio:— Church of the Messiah.
Unity Church. Society in Harlem.
Cleveland, Ohio. Northampton, Mass.
Clinton, Mass. Northboro, Mass.
Cohasset, Mass. Norton, Mass.
Colorado Springs, Col. Norwell, Mass.
Concord, Mass. Oakland, Cal.
Concord, N.H. Orange, N.J.
Dedham, Mass. Peabody, Mass.
Dedham, West, Mass. Pembroke, Mass.
Detroit, Mich. Petersham, Mass.
Dighton, Mass. Philadelphia, Pa.:—
Dover, Mass. First Unitarian Church.
Dover, N.H. Unitarian Society of Ger-
Dublin, N.H. mantown.
Duluth, Minn. Spring Garden Society.
Duxbury, Mass. Pittsburg, Pa.
Easton, North, Mass. Pittsfield, Mass.
Eastport, Me. Plainfield, N.J.
Ellsworth, Me. Plymouth, Mass.
Exeter, N.H. Portland, Me.:—
Fairhaven, Mass. First Parish.
Fall River, Mass. Portland, Ore.
Fitchburg, Mass. Portsmouth, N.H.
Fitzwilliam, N.H. Providence, R.I.:—
Framingham, Mass. First Cong'l Church.
Francestown, N.H. Westminster Cong'l Soci-
Franklin, N.H. ety.
Gardner, Mass. Olney Street Society.
Geneva, Ill. Randolph, Mass.
Gloucester, Mass. Reading, Mass.
Grafton, Mass. Seaside, Wash.
Greenfield, Mass. Rev. Rev. Mass.:—
Groton, Mass. First Unitarian Society.
Hartford, Conn. Richmond, Va.
Harvard, Mass. Rochester, N.Y.
Haverhill, Mass. Rowe, Mass.
Helena, Mont. Rutherford, N.J.
Hingham, Mass.:— Saco, Me.
First Parish. St. Paul, Minn.
Second Parish. Salem, Mass.:—
Third Cong'l Society. First Cong'l Society.
Holyoke, Mass. Second Church.
Hopedale, Mass. North Square Society.
Houlton, Me. Salem, Ore.
Hudson, Mass. San Antonio, Tex.
Hyde Park, Mass. Sandwich, Mass.
Iowa City, Ia. San Francisco, Cal.:—
Ithaca, N.Y. Second Unitarian Society.
Keene, N.H. Santa Barbara, Cal.
Kennebunk, Me. Scituate, Mass.
Kingston, Mass. Seattle, Wash.
Lancaster, Mass. Sharon, Mass.
Lancaster, N.H. Somerville, Mass.:—
Lawrence, Kan. Second Cong'l Society.
Lawrence, Mass. Springfield, Mass.
Leicester, Mass. Sterling, Mass.
Lexington, Mass. Stoneham, Mass.
Lexington, East, Mass. Shelburne, Ill.:—
Littleton, Mass. Liberal Christian Church.
Littleton, N.H. Jordan Church.
Los Angeles, Cal. Sturgis, Mich.
Louisville, Ky. Syracuse, N.Y.
Lowell, Mass. Taunton, Mass.
Lynn, Mass. Templeton, Mass.
Madison, Wis. Tiverton, R.I.
Manchester, N.H. Topeka, Kan.
Marblehead, Mass. Toronto, Can.
Marietta, Ohio. Trenton, N.Y.
Marlboro, Mass. Tyngsboro, Mass.
Marshfield, Mass. Uxbridge, Mass.
Grace Chapel. Vineland, N.J.
Marshfield Hills. Walpole, Mass.
Meadville, Pa. Waltham, Mass.
Medfield, Mass. Ware, Mass.
Medford, Mass. Warren, Vt.
Mendon, Mass. Warwick, Mass.
Milford, N.H. Washington, D.C.
Milbury, Mass. Watertown, Mass.
Milton, Mass. Waterville, Me.
Milwaukee, Wis. Waverley, Mass.
Montague, Mass.:— Wayland, Mass.
Turner's Falls Society. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Montpelier, Vt. Weston, Mass.
Nantucket, Mass. Whitman, Mass.
Nashua, N.H. Wilmington, Del.
Natick, South, Mass. Wilton, N.H.:—
Needham, Mass. First Cong'l Church.
Newbury, N.Y. Society at East Wilton.
Newburyport, Mass. Winchester, Mass.
New Orleans, La. Winchester, Mass.
Newport, R.I. Windsor, Vt.
Newton, Mass.:— Woburn, Mass.
Channing Religious Soc'y. Worcester, Mass.:—
Society at Newton Centre. Second Parish.
Society at West Newton. Church of the Unity.
South Unitarian Society.
Yarmouth, Me.
Yonkers, N.Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Apr. 30. Society in Bath, N.H. \$5.00
" 30. Society in Windsor, Vt. 18.00
" 30. Society in Brattleboro, Vt., including life membership for Mrs. Caroline S. Balestier. 88.50
" 30. Olney Street Congregational Society, Providence, R.I., including life membership for Mrs. William F. Farnum. 50.00
" 30. Society in Wilton, N.H. 18.00
" 30. Society in Louisville, Ky. 131.20
" 30. Society in Augusta, Me., including life membership for Prentiss M. Folger. 53.00
" 30. Society in Brockton. 35.00
" 30. Society in Reading. 36.35
" 30. Third Unitarian Congregational Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., including life membership for Ethan A. Doty. 50.00
" 30. Second Parish, Worcester, including life memberships for Samuel Utley, J. Stewart Brown, John W. Dalzell, Mrs. Helen L. Dalzell, Mrs. Marianna M. C. Brown, Frederick Mash, William A. Harlow, and Mrs. Ellen W. Adams. 780.89
" 30. Society in Waterville, Me. 30.00
" 30. Society in Vineland, N.J. 20.50
" 30. Society in Farmington, Me. 10.00
" 30. Society in Warwick. 16.00
" 30. Church of the Messiah, New York, N.Y. 546.85
" 30. Society in Dover, N.H. 8.00
" 30. Society in Arlington, additional (in all \$290.18). 50.00
" 30. First Religious Society of Roxbury, Boston, on account. 900.00
" 30. Society in San Antonio, Tex. 7.00
" 30. Society in Walpole. 25.00
" 30. Society in Wayland. 10.00
" 30. Society in Sharon. 4.00
" 30. Archibald M. Howe, Cambridge, to make himself a life member. 50.00
" 30. Church of the Unity, Neponset, Boston, additional, including life membership for Laban Pratt (in all \$58.54). 52.54
" 30. Society in Bedford. 20.00
" 30. Society in Buffalo, N.Y. 400.00
" 30. Society in Millbury. 25.00
" 30. Society in Bolton. 15.00
" 30. All Souls' Unitarian Church of Roxbury, Boston. 182.00
" 30. Society in Waverley. 6.00
" 30. Society in Chelsea. 6.50
" 30. Society in Gloucester, including life membership for John E. Somes. 50.00
" 30. Society in Newton Centre. 25.00
" 30. Society in Santa Maria, Cal. 10.00
" 30. Society in Lynn, additional (in all \$195). 10.00
" 30. Society in Greenfield. 100.00
" 30. Society in Manchester, N.H., on account. 25.00
" 30. Society in Rockland. 14.65
" 30. Society in Littleton, N.H. 10.00
" 30. Legacy of the late Luther Blood, of Groton, as final payment. 1,102.26
" 30. Society in Franklin, N.H., additional (in all \$49). 6.00
" 30. Society in Pittsfield. 20.00
" 30. Unity Church, Chicago, Ill., on account. 134.00
" 30. Society in Leicester, additional (in all \$45.50). 1.00
" 30. Society in Scituate. 20.00
" 30. Society in Bangor, Me., additional (in all \$250), including life memberships for Mrs. Cornelia C. Barrett, Mrs. Cordelia A. Fabens, Mrs. Evelyn K. Hunt, Miss Josie M. Wiggins, and Gorham H. Wood. 25.00
" 30. Society in Ellsworth, Me. 11.00
" 30. Society in Alton, Ill., additional (in all \$122). 5.00

Apr. 30. Fourth Unitarian Society, Providence, R.I. \$5.00
" 30. Society in Pepperell. 10.00
" 30. Society in Geneva, Ill. 15.00
" 30. First Unitarian Society, Chicago, Ill. 50.00
" 30. Society in Sterling. 25.00
" 30. Society in Lexington, additional (in all \$230). 6.33
" 30. First Unitarian Society, Somerville, on account. 250.00
" 30. Society in Norwell. 20.00
" 30. Society in Sandwich. 12.50
" 30. Society in Baraboo, Wis. 10.00
" 30. Second Unitarian Society, Somerville (West). 10.00
" 30. Society in Needham. 26.00
" 30. Unity Church, Boston (South). 10.00
" 30. Two societies in Shelbyville, Ill. 60.00
" 30. Salem T. Russell and wife, New York, N.Y. 80.00
" 30. Church of the Unity, Worcester, additional (in all \$261). 161.00
" 30. Society in Lawrence, Kan. 25.00
" 30. Society in Winchendon, additional (in all \$86). 38.00
" 30. Society in Toronto, Can. 25.15
" 30. Society in Watertown. 41.25
" 30. Society in Santa Barbara, Cal., including life membership for Rev. Edward F. Dinamore. 80.00
" 30. Church of Our Father, Boston (East). 17.67
" 30. Third Religious Society of Dorchester, Boston, including life membership for Edwin R. DeLong. 80.00
" 30. Society in Hudson, including life membership for Nathaniel G. Tripp. 50.00
" 30. Society in Dover. 20.00
" 30. Society at West Newton, including life memberships for Edwin B. Haskell and wife, Lucius G. Pratt and wife, and Arthur F. Luke. 760.00
" 30. Society in Burlington, Vt., on account additional Bancroft, Ayer, to make himself a life member. 182.50
" 30. Holland Unitarian Church, Grand Rapids, Mich. 50.00
" 30. Society in Hopedale, on account. 10.00
" 30. Society in Haverhill, on account. 267.55
" 30. Society in Medfield, including life membership for William F. Guild. 50.00
" 30. Society in Springfield, additional, including life membership for Miss Rebecca Rumrill (in all \$450). 87.15
" 30. Society in Walpole, N.H., additional (in all \$45). 19.65
" 30. Society in Marlboro, on account. 7.00
" 30. Society in Lowell, additional (in all \$600). 3.00
" 30. Society in Salem, Ore. 350.00
" 30. Society in Kansas City, Mo. 10.00
" 30. Society in Kansas City, Mo. 60.00

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Apr. 30. First Parish of Dorchester, Boston... 37.35

ARTHUR LINCOLN, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Business Notices.

The Merrell-Soule Company, of Syracuse, N.Y., offer \$10.00 each for twenty of the best written articles on the merits of the Nonesuch Condensed Mince Meat, containing not more than three hundred words, giving, from actual experience, a detailed description of its quality, cleanliness, and convenience. The only condition imposed is that each article must be accompanied with a picture of the girl holding a pie, cut from the outside wrapper of a package of Nonesuch Mince Meat, as evidence that the writer has actually used it. The name of this paper must also be given. This offer will expire July 1, 1895. All rejected manuscripts will be returned to the writer.

How they do it.—The very practical way in which the Paine Furniture Company goes to work to construct a popular piece of furniture may prove interesting to our readers. They begin by ascertaining the needs of the room or apartment in which the piece is to stand, and then endeavor to satisfy those needs in the new design. How admirably this plan may be worked is well illustrated in another column in the case of a hall stand. We commend to our readers a perusal of the announcement.

One advantage of the Miller Lamp is that it can be lighted without removing the chimney. If it had no other superiority, this one appliance would commend it to every purchaser.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Religious Notices.

1849 THE CHILDREN'S MISSION. 1895

THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE will be held on Wednesday afternoon, May 29, at three o'clock, in Arlington Street Church.

Short addresses from friends interested in work for orphan, destitute, and dependent children will be made, and brief reports of the work of the year will be given by the Secretary and Treasurer.

All are cordially invited.

WM. H. BALDWIN, President.
WM. CROSBY, Superintendent.

Furnished House

Of 9 rooms in East Lexington, 10 miles out, will be rented for July and August. Pleasant yard, barn, and woods close at hand. Terms moderate. Good board can be had near by at fair prices. Address Rev. GEO. W. COOKE, East Lexington, Mass.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office Christian Register.

EUROPEAN PARTY

now being formed to visit Europe during summer months. Address HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, 211 Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass., or JOHN H. ROTH, Peoria, Ill.

A LADY of Southern birth and training, who is an experienced housekeeper, well educated, accustomed to the best society, and fond of children, wishes a place as housekeeper or resident governess. I can recommend her from intimate personal acquaintance; and she is permitted to refer to President William Preston Johnston of Tulane University, New Orleans, and to Miss Huger, who has a successful private school in New York City.

Mrs. CHARLES A. ALLEN, Bridgewater, Mass.

BEN-MERE, PETERBORO, N.H.—New house on farm three miles from station, Cunningham Lake of 50 acres in plain sight, two minutes' walk from house. Fine view in all directions. Mt. Monadnock in the west. Beautiful walks and drives. Near Miller Park and Pack Monadnock Lithia Springs. Excellent board and service. Terms \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day; \$7.00 to \$10.00 per week. Special for the season. G. F. DAY.

IN EXTREMIS.

Not from the pestilence and storm,
Fate's creeping brood, the crouching form
Of dread disease, and spectre dire
Of wrack and loss, of flood and fire;
Not from the poisoned fangs of hate,
Or death-worm born to be my mate,—
But from the fear that such things be,
O Lord, deliver me!

Fear dogs the shadow at my side;
Fear doth my wingless soul bestride.
In the lone stillness of the night
His whisper doth mine ear affright;
His formless shape mine eye appalls;
Under his touch my body crawls.
Now, from his loathsome mastery,
O Lord, deliver me!

I would not loose me, if I might,
From touch or sound or taste or sight
Of all life's dread revealing. Nay,
Were I God's angel, I would stay
Here on this clod of crucial grief,
And learn my rede without relief;
But from this basest empery,
And last, I would be free.

My fiend hath poisoned even the cup
Of faith and love. I may not sup
But horror grins within the bowl,
And spectre guests affright my soul.
Yea, and the awful Sisters Three,
Spinning the web eternity,
Have lost their solemn state, and wear
The Furies' snake-bound hair.

Out of the jaws of hell and night
Lead my sick soul, O Sovereign Light;
Let me tread shivering through the cold,
Despised, forsaken, hunted, old,
Unloved, unwept, beneath the ban
Of sharpest anguish laid on man.
But from the monster foul I flee,
O God, deliver me!

—Alice Brown.

The Pulpit.

ETERNAL LIFE.

BY REV. A. B. VORSE.

"I go to prepare a place for you; and whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."—JOHN xiv. 2, 4.

These are precious words which this interview in John's Gospel records, and of which my text forms a part. How full they are of the comforting spirit of the Master! They have seemed to me his great hymn of comfort to the sorrowing heart of humanity. They have the peculiar quality of the hymn in being addressed to the heart. They breathe the tone of the consoler in a time when only the simplest assuring word is of any avail, when comfort comes—if at all—through what speaks to the troubled heart. Are there not times when we turn to this interview with the disciples as to a fountain that never fails, so close upon our need is the word it brings?

Two great spiritual facts seem to blend in his words. There is the unity of things spiritual, and out of that truth there is set forth a conception of spiritual experience which presents the "hereafter" in the "here." The words assert that matters of the spiritual world are parts of one spiritual force and being; that, in this regard, the present and the future unite to form one living reality; and that immortality and heaven are coming, and are already come in the life that is of the spirit.

To immortality, therefore, we attach two meanings. Under one of these meanings we refer to a future state of existence,—existence in another world, after life in this world shall come to an end. Under the other meaning we refer to a quality of life,—the immortal as aspired to and lived, as sought for and pursued,—a quality and result upon life here and now of the best and the highest life.

We have these two ways of regarding immortality. Both represent conditions of the immortal kind; and we need the blending of both in our experience, as principles by which to live and by which to work out life's destiny. In shutting out either, we weaken the hold upon life in the spiritual sense. We belong to immortality in this double sense,—in the sense that we live on after death, and in the sense that we have an immortal nature to unfold and to make the chief end of existence in all living. It is the object of the seed hid away in the soil not only to live above and beyond its place underground, but also to develop the best life accordant with its nature, whether underground or above it. Its true quality and outcome of growth begin with that earliest start of life in the germ. So it is in the case of man. In thinking of living on, and at death rising as an immortal being from earth to heaven, he is to think of living well while he does live; and he can do that only as he lives the im-

mortal life. In both senses immortality is to come into possession and realization. The fact of immortal destiny and the quality of immortal living are to unite in him. The fact of continued existence in another world and the quality of immortality in the life he lives in this world,—both enter as elements in his true development, both are streams of influence which he must have for a full unfolding of his life. When unitedly they go into effect to give his thoughts direction, when he shapes his course under their influence, when in their light he plans his life, he is then in the way that leads toward the perfect life.

In any thought of existence in a future world we are often perplexed by a type of life that seems to contradict it. We think of the design in such a boon to influence mankind in this world and to reveal signs of its reality in their being and lives; but we are perplexed by the manner in which the evidence is here wanting. We turn our eyes upon a side of life that seems materialistic and sordid. We look upon the millions and millions of human beings who have, or seem to have, no perceivable conception of life in the spiritual sense, who even make their lives to consist in getting through with life's outward needs and conditions. Its tasks, its hardships, its stern demands for service they unwillingly render. Where does any other world touch them! How little, often, do they seem to have thought about it! How far away does it all seem to them, and how far away to you, as you stand in their presence and estimate them in the spiritual scale! As you regard them in their crude life; as you look upon their rayless, hard-set features; as you form an estimate of their capacity to take a single step above their present condition of life,—you may, in such a presence, have to call to mind your strongest reason for immortality in trying to think of them as immortal. And not only down upon what we think of only as low in the scale of being, but up in more highly favored and highly gifted ranks of men, do we often encounter a similar perplexity. You will there find men who are still living close to earth; you will see a condition of life over which you will again be led to ask, Where is the sign that a future world is touching them with any hint of itself, what is there in or about them that gives you a hint of life beyond when they die? And what answer do we make? We reply to this that we have still the proof of the spiritual nature to offer. It does nothing to disprove our immortality, nor the destiny in store for them. The truth is, it is by such points of difference in the scale of being that the truth of a future world begins to be confirmed to us. That men do not stand on the same spiritual level is most true. On the spiritual scale men range in grades and even types of capacity; and if, as I have intimated, there are those who seem not to be immortal, there are others who show a spiritual capacity which makes any thought of their dying absolutely impossible. And it is just this difference and distinction which makes a starting-point for reasoning ourselves out of the perplexity which these differences and distinctions present. I do not say that these distinctions prove anything absolutely for immortality, but that they have a place in the chain of the argument by showing that it takes another world of the future to make anything accordant with reason out of this world of the present. These millions on the one side who show no hint; and then, on the other, those in whom the undying spark does show itself present, and in signs of increasing magnitude, are distributed to men out of rising sources of the spirit within them and over them,—as in the stars, so in men,—in degrees of intensity and brilliancy, until the spiritual in certain rare souls flames out like sunlight. It is a difference which impels the belief in another world to round out and complete men's share in the privilege and the joy.

This is the light on all the perplexity and on all the problem which the varied conditions of life in this world set before us. Even though quite true that in heaven, as on earth, one star differeth from another, there is there to be the fulfilment of life to all: the meagre outlook here for the unspiritual shall there show that God has not left himself without a witness in any soul, and that all shall know him, even from the least unto the greatest. We therefore need the fact of a future existence as

the only fulfilment of what is stored, and in various degrees distributed, in the present. For look at what is thus stored, and which points toward the day of fulfilment by every prophecy of the human soul; and then undertake to solve the problem of human existence, if there be no future. We find it impossible to deal with the problem of existence itself, except on the theory that a future existence is a reality. What other outcome is possible to what God has given us in this life? What other chance, even, for fruit to what his hand has sown in the nature of man? What other sequel to longings deep in the soul, or to high hopes that burn on after the fires on the hearth of time and sense have gone out and left the hearthstone cold,—cold, but with dear faces still stamped upon our vision, with sweet voices still making melody in our hearts, with our hearts still holding our precious treasure, and with an intensity and longing that would turn life into an unspeakable mockery but for a reality of sweet communion awaiting us in another world? And so comes a belief in a future state of existence; and, as ground for the belief, we can apply the same terms as are at times used with reference to a belief in God, and say: "I believe in a world beyond, because this world would be inexplicable without it, but explicable with it. I believe in life beyond the grave, because it is the only possible solution to life this side of it." And, if we take the language of Jesus to his disciples in my text, I seem to hear him saying: Do you raise a question of that future? Then have a future in the present. The truth is, you already have it. You cannot in any moment sever yourself absolutely from it. That future is with you in some true sense here and now. It is here in your being. Your being contains its promise, your thoughts project themselves in its direction, your hopes open toward its joys, and, in certain ways, your plans have in them something of its tendency. And so we have the "whither I go" in ways we cannot ignore, and not any more can we ignore the presence with us of some conception of the "way" which joins itself with it. Yes, on the common plane of life there is with you the fact of the "whither" and the "way." It is wrapped up with your powers as a man. It lies at the very heart of character. We all feel it so, and are asking, "Whither is character tending, upward or downward,—upward into the light or downward into darkness?" "Whither," O young man? "Whither," O young maiden? It is something that joins itself to your being. It is not simply a destiny of the future: it is here with you, as a state or condition. What you are in character, what you are in life, tells of the direction in which you have hitherto come; and this at any time will show the future to which you go. In our thought of the words of Jesus we have indeed a future world in view; but, clearly, it is a conception which holds the hereafter in the here.

If one is thinking of going to London, he does not touch upon London till he gets there. Even his preparation for the journey thither may have nothing in it that is decidedly peculiar to that city. It may be a trip across the sea and a visit to a foreign shore that enters into his plans of preparation. And so he could make preparation, and just as well change his mind, and not go to London, but to some other city. Have not men too often thought of the city of God in that light?

But the "way" and the "whither," as matters of the spiritual being, are quite different from that. They describe what is here with us in the soul as a present experience. Heaven as a "whither" to which we go is also heaven in which we are as we walk in the way of its conditions and its joys. So that, while, in a very true and significant sense, it awaits our coming as the heavenly city of happy anticipation, outlying the voyage of life here below, and thus, in its stored treasure, and the promise it holds out to us, is the great overarching consummation and joy of this mortal existence, there is yet more to be thought of about it. In an equally important sense it is to be known as the fact and the experience of the true life here in this world; and to know in our lives of the "way" is to know something, at least, of the "whither," to know it in what experience will teach us about it, being in it with him, our Master and Lord.

We trace this other important fact. It is

that Jesus talks of the future with no mention of death as intervening. "I go to prepare a place for you" are words that have no hint of a dark shadow overhanging death,—not even a hint of anything other than a "passing on." "I go." That is here Jesus' conception of death. In place of hinting at a termination to life, we get only the vision of a door through which to pass into a wider opportunity of being. In his case "to go" was to enter upon the further mission of preparing the way for the coming of his disciples. It was to be a blessing that should revert back upon them and the world, and make brighter the mansions which the Father had provided. With this in view, his words are, "It is expedient for you that I go away." The full harvest of blessing that was to spring out of his life was to proceed from that continuance of life into which he would enter. Here in the body he was not looking for that fulfilment. In the nature of things, this was not to be expected. But he would go and prepare a place for them; and he would "come again and receive them unto himself, that where he was they might be also." It was "to go" that he might be with them as never before,—with them in the comfort and the power of the spirit, with them immanently, and with them through the sacred significance which would attach itself to his name, and this deeper hold upon them of his truth and his life.

This, truly, is sublime interpretation of death. And is it not also, in any case, its true illustration? Does it ever mean anything other than "to go" and to "come again," and to "come again" in sweet communion, and in blessing? Do we not know something of the reality of the experience from that life into which our dear ones have gone? A beautiful light reverts back upon the way, and shows us that they who "go" come again, and make the future more of a reality and more inviting and sweet to our souls.

A TALK WITH DR. MARTINEAU.

The London *Christian World* gives its readers the following interesting account of an interview with Dr. Martineau:—

We availed ourselves the other day of Dr. Martineau's permission to visit him at his well-known and commodious residence in Gordon Square. Our representative says: A kindly greeting awaited me; and I soon found myself comfortably installed in the Doctor's own particular study chair, while he, with a charming and unaffected courtesy which came from and went straight to the heart, set himself to discuss the topics on which I wanted to hear him speak. As we chatted, I had leisure to study the fine face before me,—the clear gray eye; the firm mouth; the mass and power of the broad, deep-lined forehead. It was difficult to realize, in listening to the musical voice as it glided easily and with fulness of mental resource from subject to subject, that the speaker had entered upon the tenth decade of human life.

"You have almost made a record, Doctor, in point of years, as a public worker," I remarked.

"Oh, I don't know about that," was the brisk reply. "I remember now being in Dresden in 1848, the Revolution year, and attending a great function, the 'Constitution's Fest,' at the cathedral, where I heard an admirable extempore sermon, delivered without a note, in a clear voice, perfectly heard by every one in the vast audience. The preacher was Dr. Ammon, and he was at that time ninety-three years old. That beats me, you see."

"But your record is wonderful. People would like to know your secret of keeping a sound mind in a sound body so long."

"Ah! but I have had my break-downs,—a very bad one in 1873. I was engaged at that time in a controversy with Mr. Herbert Spencer, and was working at high pressure. I was seized with attacks of giddiness, which compelled me to stop work. The worst came when stepping out of a railway carriage in visiting some relatives at York. I felt myself whirling round as though fastened to Ixion's wheel, and nearly lost consciousness. The medical man whom I consulted there said it was apoplexy, and hinted that it meant the end. Dr. Andrew Clark, however, my London physician, did not confirm this verdict. He attributed the attack to irregular circulation in the brain, and ordered rest and freedom from excitement. I gave up my London pulpit,—for I never preached without a very strong drain upon the emotional nature, which now seemed dangerous,—but continued my professorship and my literary work, and have kept steadily on ever since."

"Have you adhered to any special regimen or habit of life which you regard as contributing to your longevity?"

"There has been nothing very special. For many years I was an abstainer,—mainly on moral grounds, and as an example to my children. Latterly, however, my doctor, in view of my somewhat languid circulation, has prescribed a spoonful of whiskey at night, which I take regularly. I work in the morning till lunch. We dine at five; and I take it easy till eight, when I have a cup of tea, after which I get my best working hours,—namely, from eight to midnight. Then I go to bed and sleep soundly."

Turning to matters theological, I remarked, "I suppose you find a great difference in the theological climate from the time when you first commenced your public career?"

"Yes," said he, musingly: "there has been a great softening, and at the same time a hardening. Personally, I have been treated of late years with an almost affectionate regard, which I am bound to acknowledge, by the London clergy. I go sometimes to the debates at Sion College, and they insist upon my speaking. Unfortunately, however, I find myself generally at a very far remove indeed from the views I hear there."

"It is very difficult indeed," he continued,—"I fear, in fact, almost hopeless,—to get the generality of the clergy to look facts in the face. A large mass of them are excellent, hard-working, self-denying men; but they are so immersed in the round of their parochial duties that they never seriously examine fundamental questions. They know next to nothing of Biblical criticism, or of the real history of the first two centuries of Christianity."

"Do you think, Doctor, that one of the meanings of Sacerdotalism is that it represents to the rank and file of the clergy a shorter cut and an easier road to influence than that furnished by painstaking scholarship?"

"Perhaps," he replied. "Altogether, this Sacerdotal revival is to me a sad and humiliating business. Only a short time ago I heard a prominent High Church theologian read a paper in which he gravely discussed the question as to what became of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament after the elements had been partaken of. The conclusion arrived at was that they reascended to heaven when the process of digestion had been completed!"

"Talking of theological divergences, I remember, Doctor, you belonged to the Metaphysical Society, with such opposites in it, if I mistake not, as Manning on the one side and Huxley on the other. Did you, as the result of your discussions, seem ever to get nearer to some common ground?"

"In some cases yes. It is curious that I found myself most in sympathy—in many points, at least—with the Roman Catholics. One of our number, for instance, was Ward,—'Ideal Ward,' as you remember he was called, from his book,—one of Newman's set, who went over to Rome before him. He became an intimate friend of mine, and we met constantly. He showed his confidence in me by sending me proof-sheets of a volume of lectures delivered by him, in his capacity of professor of philosophy and theology at a Catholic college, for revision. It was on 'Nature,' and I found little in it to dissent from."

"Do you entertain, then, any hope that the Roman and other historical churches will eventually revise their creeds so as to bring their thinking into line with present-day knowledge?"

He shook his head. "I see no prospect of it: to become learners instead of infallible teachers seems too great a sacrifice."

"What, then, is to be the issue?"

"I expect it will be, sooner or later, the smash-up of organized Christianity as it at present exists, when the indestructible elements of it will reappear in new forms."

Dealing with the relation of Unitarians to other Christian bodies, Dr. Martineau said: "I do not believe in organizing on a Unitarian basis as such, and I would not give sixpence to a 'Unitarian chapel.' I tell people that to put that name outside is to inform Trinitarians that there is nothing in there for them. In my Liverpool pastorate I had convinced Trinitarian members of my congregation right through. My principle is that of Baxter,—that a church has no right to impose a creed or confession, but should rely upon the sufficiency of Scripture and the right of private judgment. No member of the congregation has the right to inquire as to the conscientious belief of his neighbor in the next pew."

"How about the minister?"

"So long as he preaches, lives, and works in a manner which is helpful to the spiritual life of the congregation, let him be supported, and the same freedom be accorded to him as to his hearers."

Before we parted, the Doctor gave me some interesting reminiscences of his early days. He was greatly influenced in his inner life by his dear old schoolmaster and friend, Dr. Lant Carpenter, with whom he lived for two years. "It was very much during this period that my deeper religious sense arose. I read books from the most opposite theological camps, looking chiefly to their appeal to the inner life. Thus, on the one hand, Mrs. Hannah More's 'Practical Piety' and the works of Shepherd, of

Frome,—an orthodox devotional writer,—deeply affected me; while I was not less influenced, on the other hand, by Dr. Priestley's 'Habitual Devotion.' It was while at Derby, where I was sent to train for a civil engineer, that I felt what old-fashioned people would speak of as 'a call' to the ministry. My father consented to sacrifice the large fee which had been paid for my apprenticeship to engineering, and I went at once to York to study for the ministry."

It was in the Derby period that Dr. Martineau met the lady who became his wife. She was the eldest daughter of the Unitarian minister of the town. "I cannot be quoted," he added, laughing, "as against long engagements. I was only seventeen when we came to an understanding with each other. It was at first hardly taken seriously at home, but we knew our minds. The engagement was formally recognized when I came of age, and all went well." A family of eight children resulted from that happy union, of whom two sons and four daughters survive.

Other topics came up in our interview of which I have not space here to speak. At its close I came away with the pleasant consciousness that I had been spending an hour with a sweet, high, and sunny nature, linked to one of the foremost of English intellects.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

The death of this distinguished gentleman has called forth many tributes to the excellence of his character from the various organizations with which he was connected. As he was born and reared within the Unitarian fellowship, and dearly loved the faith which was his by inheritance as well as by conviction, it is fitting that these pages should contain some recognition of his worth.

As he came of an ancestral line going back to the earliest years of our national life, and bore a name to which others before him had lent distinction, so the virtues of his race lived strongly in him. The Puritans are generally thought to have been a cold and gloomy people; but, certainly, there was hot blood among them. And their descendants come honestly by some impulsive traits. Mr. Saltonstall was one of the warmest-hearted men of his generation,—quick and responsive to every touch of noble feeling, generous in his sympathies, and capable of passionate earnestness where duty and honor led the way.

Strong and robust of physical frame until his later years, he was as fine a specimen as one could easily find of that entire healthfulness, alike of body and of mind, which is the sign of a life kept in close touch with all that is natural and real. Early Unitarianism furnished many examples of this perfectly sound and healthful manhood,—"like a tree planted by rivers of water," to take the psalmist's words. Indeed, one could hardly describe this type of manliness better than to say that the qualities of the Psalms of David were its leading characteristics. It was,—happily, we may say that it still is,—in the best life of our time, a kind of manhood which may not always be very profound in its theological views, but which, at all events, lives so close to the great realities that its thoughts and sentiments are always as good and wholesome as a fresh west wind.

Such a one was Leverett Saltonstall. He never lacked moral courage, either in the face of men or in the presence of death; and he practised none of the arts by which a cheap popularity is to be gained. He was a man who secured almost as much respect from his opponents as from his friends,—quite as much, if these opponents came to know his true character, and did not themselves come within range of his scorn for all that was dishonorable and mean. As collector of the port of Boston, he was a tower of strength in the cause of civil service reform, and accomplished much to put that reform on a firm basis in his native State. But, if we could gather up and estimate all the influence that comes from such a life as his, no doubt we should discover that he did most in being what he was,—a noble, great-hearted, high-minded man; one who had no conceit of himself as an apostle of righteousness, but who yet preached honesty, integrity, and manly virtue wherever he went.

All God's pleasures are simple ones,—health, the rapture of a May morning, sunshine, the stream blue and green, kind words, benevolent acts, the glow of good humor.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Sermon gleanings.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

BY REV. CHARLES R. WELD.

"There is no new thing under the sun."—ECCLES. I. 9.

"Behold, I make all things new."—REV. XXI. 5.

The utter contrast of these two sentences must strike all who read them, and give us a sense of the wisdom of the men who collected these books, and did not hesitate to include both in the Bible, though one directly contradicts the other; for one or the other underlies all religions, philosophies, the progress of races and men, and makes of earth a real heaven or hell,—nothing: all. How we hear the first daily in its modern version—"there is nothing new under the sun"—from the lips of old men bowed by the weight of years, young men having filled the round of worldly experience to satiety, successful business men, disappointed politicians, noble statesmen, whose lives have been devoted to their country! All use the words of Ecclesiastes to express their view of things; but, on the other hand, we are hourly confronted by evidences of the newness of things. Which, then, is true? The answer is of tremendous importance; for upon it depends the life or death, the happiness or misery, of man.

Contrast for a moment the two books, Ecclesiastes and Revelation,—the first representing its author in prosperity, having wealth, power, position, health, success; the other written by one in exile, adversity, poverty, disappointment, sorrow, and loneliness. Yet the former says "nothing"; the latter, "all." Solomon seems to epitomize the half of humanity; and in his book we hear the voice of earth, the satiety of the senses. Look for a moment at the two men. See Solomon, born into riches and splendor and power and wisdom, at the end of his days, when he had tasted all the world had to offer, pacing the porch of the temple, with no sense of the Unseen, and crying in despair, "Vanitas vanitatum,"—"All is vanity!" See this unknown John, sitting in exile on the shore of the Isle of Patmos, as he listens to the sighing of the Ægean Sea, looking forth on a wrecked world, where he sees Rome in flames and the bleeding bodies of the martyrs tortured for their faith; yet he exclaims, "Behold, I make all things new."

If we ask, "Which is literally true?" we must answer, "Solomon." For geology proves this, as well as astronomy. Orion and the Pleiades are the same now as when they met the gaze of Abraham and Job, the Pharaohs and the mighty Caesars. The mystery of birth and death are the same to-day they were in the beginning, though the steps leading up to the portal of death be worn almost away by the tread of millions that have crossed its threshold into eternity. Temptation and sin,—do we not find them on the earliest page of humanity's history as well as in our life to-day? Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, pestilence and famine, success and failure,—are they not all evidences of the awful monotony of life and the seeming truth of Buddha's wheel? What is discovery itself but an uncovering of what has long lain hidden from the view of man, for there is nothing new? In work, in politics, in theology, the same theories and ideas and methods are repeated over and over again. Yet, if you feel right, you feel this view is false,—yea, false as hell itself.

John won't stand if taken literally. No man ever made an atom. Men may talk of themselves as self-made men or boast of the work of their brains; but it is a mere collecting and arranging, for man cannot create. We are but middlemen,—mere shifters of scenery, like children who pile up the sand on the shore into castles and temples and forts, which the incoming tide changes and destroys. We may shift and change, alter and patch, and turn over our lives; but we shall find that "of one blood are all nations of earth," and there is nothing new under the sun. Yet you can see with half an eye that there is a difference in men, in institutions, in nations. Some are attractive, some repellent: some remind us of heaven, some of hell. You can see it in Solomon and John. It appears in the fate of China and the Anglo-Saxon race. We feel it in the homes we enter. The difference is not in the four walls and roof. What, then, is it? It is

the spirit. This gossamer, mysterious, invisible something which we cannot touch or buy is the basis of life. Every one feels it: none can define it. It stamps our minds and moulds our features. It makes heaven a ponderosity and a light, shining as the presence of God. A child four years old may possess it, and the wisest man may want it. This gossamer thread changes the roofless hut into a brighter home than the richest palace lacking it.

So with Christianity. What did it bring into the world? We must acknowledge that it altered no one thing. Poverty, sorrow, hunger, and thirst are as great to-day as before Jesus came. He lived and died, and no fact was changed. The world rolled on, and was wrecked. Men fought and died the same; but a new spirit was put into life, which made all things new, though it never changed them.

When I first visited the Luray Caves, it was my good fortune to come into a cavern where no human being had ever been; and, as the light of my candle fell on the mass of stalactites and stalagmites, a new world of beauty was revealed to us, though it had lain there in darkness the same for centuries, veiled from the eye of man. So Christ came, bearing in his hand the torch of a new spirit; and its light transfigured the world, lighting up the faces of old and young, and throwing a new glory over hills and wood,—ay, even the cross.

The world of art owes its existence to Christianity, for before Jesus came there was no background to human life. His life first gave it depth and tenderness and mystery, and showed that back of this confusion of earth lay the love of God; and men saw it, and everything was changed and made new. There have been other teachers, the great truths of Christianity had been uttered before; but there was something essentially different in Christ's person. Those houses and homes, the market-place, the lake, the synagogue, and the temple, were transformed as he entered. Men, women, and children sought him out to merely bask in his presence. When all lights were extinguished in the garden of Gethsemane, there was light in his face.

Now there is nothing new before us. These revelations in municipal affairs have occurred time and again. The services of the church are alike,—psalm and song and prayer; the sermons are alike. And yet how the Spirit can transform these empty forms into power, inspiration, and peace. We can save each other.

Before you are sorrow and joy, possibly poverty, certainly pain, surely death,—tremendous facts, awfully monotonous; and yet how life, by the Spirit, possesses simply endless variety! The soul is never repeated. The Spirit, by its mighty power, can transform your relation to each one of the monotonous certainties of human existence. "Behold, I make" the power of the eye. I make heaven or hell. Four men take clay from the same hole in the ground,—the one that a post may be planted, the other that the clay may be formed into art.

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cles of domestic use; the third illustrates and decorates the same; and still another makes the clay eloquent as an eternal proof of the power of mind over matter. Yet it was the same clay, and the men looked much alike, and there was the awful monotony of toil in each case; but back of it was the mighty power of Spirit, making the first text a lie, showing that there is something new under the sun.—*Baltimore American*.

FOLK-FOODS IN MEXICO.

Most of the cultivated fruits of Mexico were introduced principally by the Franciscan monks, who established missions everywhere in the days immediately succeeding the conquest. They brought over peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, figs, dates, pomegranates, walnuts, olives, nectarines, apricots, paper-shelled walnuts, almonds, sugar-cane, coffee, Spanish grapes, oranges, and perhaps lemons and bananas, as well as horses, donkeys, cows, sheep, chickens, and goats, together with wheat, oats, and barley, and many vegetables. About 1581 the Jesuits entered upon missionary work in that country, and followed the rule established by the Franciscans. Both these bodies gave earnest attention to the study of native foods, and improved upon the cooking of the natives. Chocolate, which plays so important a part in our domestic economy to-day, was obtained from the Aztecs; and so were the tomato and the pineapple. The potato grows wild in the higher altitudes of Mexico, but has never attained, in the dietary of the people, the importance it merits. There is in existence a quaint volume entitled "A New Survey of the West Indies," by Thomas Gage, an English Dominican monk, who spent some fourteen years of his life in Guatemala and Mexico. He upbraids his brother monks for being addicted to the inordinate use of candied pineapple. The Carmelite nuns, who had convent schools for girls in nearly all towns of any size, seem to have been great cake and candy makers; and vestiges of their skill remain to our own day in the name of a Mexican candy much in favor, known as "carmencillo de leche." Perhaps our own toothsome caramels may perpetuate the experiments with chocolate of some gentle, discolored Caramel-ite, who now occupies a long-forgotten grave. . . .

The piñon and pecan, although indigenous to Mexico, may now be fairly classed among its cultivated foods. The pecan, which is said to be found in places from Wisconsin and Northern Virginia clear down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is the best of all nuts, the almond not excepted. The Mexicans are very fond of a candy made from it with sugar caramel. This candy in appearance closely resembles our own ground-nut candy, which is also known to the Mexicans under the name of "dulce de cacahuete." The pecan-tree is one of the most beautiful of all that grow. It is tall, graceful, and umbrageous. Some of the most graceful are to be seen in the parks of San Antonio, Tex. One of the most interesting, historically considered, is still in full vigor in the old city of Monclova, in the Mexican State of Coahuila. The people there call it "el arbol del Padre" (the Priest's or the Father's tree), because, when the Spaniards had taken the patriot priest, Hidalgo, prisoner, and were carrying him off to Chihuahua to be executed, they passed through this old city with their prisoner, and remained here one day. Father Hidalgo wrapped himself in his cloak, and went to sleep under the branches of the pecan which records this incident in its name.

The fruit of the nopal, or tuna, is most agreeable to the taste, and might be mistaken by one ignorant of its true nature for a piece of preserved quince.

Not only is the fruit eaten: the large plate-shaped leaf is brought into use for both man and beast. Grated down into a coarse powder, after having been skinned, the meat of this leaf is added to soups to give a mucilaginous thickening. Travellers through the southern portions of Texas, and almost all parts of Mexico, can see in the earliest hours of the morning fantastic figures dancing about in the smoke and flames of fires kindled for the sole purpose of burning off the spines of the nopal, and letting draught oxen feed upon the leaves. Cattle, pigs, sheep, goats, and horses, running at large in the chaparral, do not wait

for any such preparatory process, but take the plant as they find it. It is one of the sights of the Rio Grande to come suddenly upon a large, patriarchal white goat with beard and breast dyed a blood-red from the juice of the tuna, and nostrils filled with the thorns of the fruit and leaf. Indeed, so well known is this peculiarity of all domestic animals in that region, especially during seasons of great drouth, that butchers will not accept orders to supply beef tongues, saying frankly that the meat is so full of ligneous fibre that it would be impossible to carve it upon the table. . . .

Strawberries grow wild in the mountains, and are also carefully cultivated. The Mexican strawberry, as a rule, is of extremely delicious flavor; and growers have not fallen into our error of sacrificing taste and aroma to size and color.—*Capt. J. G. Bourke in Journal of American Folk-lore*.

Spirit of the Press.

The Boston *Herald* on Dr. Martineau:—

It was a happy thought on the part of the editor of the *Christian Register* to ask the friends of Dr. Martineau to give their impressions of the man and his work at his ninetieth birthday. Many of the persons invited to take a part in this symposium had known him personally, and speak from a familiar knowledge of the man; and it is plain from reading their tributes, which are at once an expression of friendship and indebtedness, that he has taken an uncommon hold of the strong men of this generation. The thinking men of this country have been indebted to him from the beginning of their serious studies; and, no matter what may be one's school of thought, he has been a beacon light that no one could ignore. Dr. Martineau is still in the full command of his faculties; and a letter written to Rev. Samuel May from London on the 11th of April refers to his age as pleasantly as if he were a younger man. It was a happy thought to bring the friends of Dr. Martineau together around his ninetieth birthday; and the pleasure which he will take in reading these tributes, all of which are hearty and honest, can be better imagined than described. It is seldom that a great writer and thinker has reached out to a wider circle of intellectual and spiritual influence; and in this country he has, perhaps, obtained a wider appreciation than among his own kith and kin.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of the probable effect on the English people of the pope's letter, says:—

What will be the result of the pope's letter on the English people? To far the greatest number, even of the best Christians among us, it will be equivalent to an assurance that the Roman Church persists, and must persist, in doctrines which have most profoundly puzzled and repelled us. To almost all of us, we hope, it will bring a cordial feeling that, after all, the pope is a good and a sincere and a very devout man, and no more the man of sin or anti-christ or the beast in Revelation than he is the direct mouthpiece of our Lord. It will, we think and hope, tend to produce a friendly and cordial relation between the Roman Catholic Church and the various English Protestant churches; but, as for tending to "the unity of the faith" in any other sense than that, we do not believe that it can have that effect at all. It will shake the passionate dread of the Roman Catholic which still exists in England; but it will tend to narrow the very great alienation of heart, much more than of mind, which still exists between us. And perhaps it may enable us to co-operate more heartily with the Catholics in all genuinely good work than for many centuries we have been able to co-operate. We think the letter must tend toward further extinguishing that really superstitious horror of the Catholic Church which still undoubtedly exists among us, though that horror has long been on the decline.

Literature.

BARTLETT'S SHAKSPEARE CONCORDANCE.*

Mr. John Bartlett has made his name and his work familiar in every library through the various editions of his "Familiar Quotations." The great labor he bestowed upon that compilation has saved thousands of hours to readers and writers who have the laudable habit of verifying their quotations. And now he has added

*A NEW AND COMPLETE CONCORDANCE OR VERBAL INDEX TO WORDS, PHRASES, AND PASSAGES IN THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. With a Supplementary Concordance to the Poems. By John Bartlett, A.M. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. \$14.00.

indefinitely to that debt by this monumental work, which he tells us "has been prepared chiefly in the leisure taken from active duties, and from time to time has been delayed by other avocations." The Concordance was begun in 1876, and was prepared from the text of the Globe Edition of Shakspeare; but, as new readings have since been introduced into the texts of later issues, the manuscript has been revised and collated with the latest edition, 1891. Mr. Bartlett's work has thus the advantage of being founded on an approved text.

In his "Shakspeare Phrase Book" Mr. Bartlett gave us an important and useful index of the phraseology of Shakspeare. That book, however, is but a little shallow compared with the magnificent full-rigged, three-decker achievement which he has now launched. We cannot forget the genuine affection and painstaking care which Mary Cowden Clarke put into her Shakspeare Concordance; but we must truly say that Mr. Bartlett has not only surpassed himself, but all other rivals and predecessors, in the comprehensiveness and fulness of his work. Mr. Gannett could hardly find a better example of the "blessedness of drudgery" than in this volume. In its preparation the author has spared no pains that industry and patient, accurate verification could confer.

The value of a book of this kind depends largely on the value of the text on which it is founded, and on the wisdom of its method and the accuracy of the work. In all these respects Mr. Bartlett's book will establish and hold its place as the greatest and best Shakspearean Concordance. The method adopted is that which will be most grateful to the user. It gives not merely the word sought, but so much of its setting that the reader has the word in the relation in which it is found. Thus, in most cases, he will be saved the necessity of looking at the text itself, because he has the full line or a pair of lines before him. To accomplish this has involved a great deal of extra labor, and has increased the size of the volume; but it is a feature which will be gratefully appreciated by those who use the book. Indeed, the fulness of its references constitute it a veritable volume of Shakspeare quotations, so that one may read column after column and page after page, and find them sparkling with glittering gems. We by no means suggest that; the best way to treat Shakspeare is to cut him up line by line, and distribute him word by word and phrase by phrase through a book of quotations. Nevertheless, how well the great dramatist could stand this form of treatment, which in this case is a tribute of affection! What golden nuggets of wisdom, what sparkling gems of thought, what fragrant suggestions, what striking pictures, are conveyed in a single sentence! And all this would be lost if, to save labor and room, Mr. Bartlett had cut off the quotation in the middle.

A comparison made on almost any page with the "Phrase Book" and with other concordances will show the greater completeness of this volume. Its absolute accuracy could only be verified, of course, by the comparison of many thousand references. But Mr. Bartlett's previous work in this direction, his painstaking diligence in proof-reading, and the valuable assistance of his wife, to whom the book is affectionately inscribed, are double assurances upon this point.

While the genius of Shakspeare shines most brilliantly in his plays taken in their integrity and unity of conception, yet it is easy to see how a student of the great master may find here material for a psychological study of Shakspeare suggested and promoted by the classification of words and ideas which are here marshalled. The student, for instance, who wishes to know what Shakspeare thought about "music" has before him a hundred and forty-four quotations,—eight under "musical" and twenty under "musician." Or, if he wishes to study the comparative frequency of words in Shakspeare's vocabulary, he will find nearly nineteen columns under the word "man," with about ninety to ninety-five quotations in a column, making over seven hundred references. And, though pronouns and conjunctions are not given with completeness, which would make the volume impracticable, there are select examples of these which show the students particular and interesting forms of usage. The volume is thus not only an indispensable companion to Shakspeare, but a valuable

dictionary of the English language in Shakspearean times, and an important collation of historical and literary material.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM, A.D. 54. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This "Retrospect" is unique among the various endeavors to set forth the true character of Jesus in a fictitious narrative. The nominal writer is Meshullam Ben Zadok, a scribe of the Jews at Alexandria, who is writing to Aglaophonos, physician of the Greeks at Corinth. The actual writer is a person well fitted for his task; for he is a scholar well acquainted with the early Christian literature, and he is at the same time one who knows how to put his thought into good literary form. He takes a novel line, in that he quotes a great many times from the sayings attributed to Jesus in the Apocryphal writings. It can be, however, that he imagines that we have in these an earlier tradition than that of the New Testament writings; and his doing this seems to be purely fanciful, except as he may seek in this way a fresher element to enhance the interest of his story. This opens with what the harmonists call "the first cleansing of the temple," when they would reconcile John's placing of that event at the beginning of Jesus' public ministry with the Synoptists' placing it at the end. With equal perversity the death of Jesus is placed, as in John, before the eating of the Passover, though it must be conceded that it is the judgment of Schürer and other able critics that the Fourth Gospel representation is more intrinsically likely than that of the Synoptics. Various chapters present the course of Jesus' life in an extremely sympathetic manner. In a chapter called "The Great Refusal" this is represented as his refusal to make himself the political leader of the Zealots. There is an epilogue which is at once a eulogium on Jesus and a criticism on his course. The criticism is that he reserved his gentleness for his immediate disciples and lashed the public generally with scorpions, and that he failed to interest himself in the hopes dearest to the Jewish heart. As for his teachings, they were much the same as those of the great Hillel. The book carries with it an impression of reality far and away superior to the representations of the popular theology.

ESSAYS ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—When Prof. Boyesen tells us in his preface that, having planned a history of Scandinavian literature twenty years ago, his studies soon carried him far beyond the scope of his original intention, it would seem that that intention must have been extremely modest. For, though the account of Ibsen was extended to a book of 317 pages, and we have here a volume of 288 pages, the two together do not seem extravagant for a history and criticism of the literature of Norway and Sweden and Denmark. More than one-third of the present volume is taken up with the account of Björnsterne Björnson, which is extremely sympathetic, but not without objections to some of Björnson's more daring specifications. Those for whom he writes will be apt to think that he passes too lightly over the tales, and dwells too much on the dramas. We are sorry that he cannot speak more warmly of the translation in the complete set of Björnson's tales that is now being published by Macmillan. Kielland, the next subject, is, like Björnson, a Norwegian, one of whose novels is built very much on the lines of Daudet's "L'Évangéliste." Prof. Boyesen thinks that Kielland has outdone Daudet. He may have done so, and yet not have done anything very good, seeing that "L'Évangéliste" is the poorest book that Daudet has published. Jonas Lie (pronounced Lee) is yet another Norwegian, a realist, whose stories have been translated already into half a dozen languages. Turning to Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen's works are warmly praised; but his character is not equally commended. For jealous egotism he has had few superiors. A brief chapter suffices for contemporary Danish literature; and chapters on the Swedes, Georg Brandes, and Esaias Tegner grandly bring up the rear.

THE BREATH OF GOD: A SKETCH HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND LOGICAL OF THE DOCTRINE. By Rev. Frank Hallam, author of the "Supreme Rite," etc. New York: Thomas Whittaker.—This book has a motto on the title-page, but not the one it should. The one it should have is:—

"Chip, chop, chain!
Give a thing, and take it back again."

For what it does is to undo, chapter by chapter, the traditional conception of the Bible, and then, so far as possible, rhetorically restore what has been critically destroyed, trying by the use of big, vague words to negative the impression made by the critical investigation. It is a sorry business; and, to make it worse, the form in which the book is cast is very bad. The Bible, to begin with, is called "King Liber"; and then we have a chapter on "His Courtiers," and another on "His

Critics," and another on "His Blemishes," etc. There is much admirable matter in these chapters; but the natural effect of it is quite spoiled by the chapters called "His Divinity," "His Exaltation," and "His Power." In these two there is a good deal of truth; but it is so thickly overlaid with big, swelling words that it is hardly visible. Stated in the vernacular, the meaning of the book would be acceptable to the most radical Unitarian; but what it can do for the intellectual confusion of common, every-day people it does, and no mistake. The lamp is well trimmed, but it is hid under a measure that miserably obscures its light.

OFF LYNNPORT LIGHT. By Augusta Campbell Watson, author of "The Old Harbor Town," etc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.—We have here an interesting story, both as to its personal developments and its setting in a mingled atmosphere of sea and shore. It would be easy to indicate the course of true love in the story, and of that not so true, and of some other things collateral and incidental. But to do so would be no advantage to those who have read the book; and it might deter others from reading it, seeing that there are those who do not like to know the course and outcome of a story in advance. Therefore, we content ourselves with saying that, while in no way remarkable, the book is one to which the reader of many novels, who does not expect too much from them, can safely go for a few hours' entertainment. The leading character is developed with much delicacy and beauty, and through sympathy with her sorrow and her triumph the reader's heart will be touched in the right way.

CIVIC CHRISTIANITY. By William Prall, S.T.D., Ph.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich. New York: Thomas Whittaker, 2 & 3 Bible House.—Here is another straw to show which way the wind is blowing. Some of the chapter headings will make the direction still more clear. For example, "The Marks of the Messiah"; "Christ and the Multitudes"; "The Alienation of the Masses,"—i.e., from the churches; "The Prevention of Crime"; "Common Honesty"; "Good Citizenship"; "Good Government." There is little that is attractive in the literary form of these discourses, but their downright sincerity and earnestness must have prevented this fact from making any injurious impression. The more of this preaching, the better, even if it drives out of the churches those whose ideal gospel has about as little to do with religion as with politics.

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW ENGLAND. By Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.—Mrs. Earle's book was published a year or more ago, but it is not one of those whose value and interest are confined to a single season. In successive chapters she tells us of child-life in the early colonial days,—and we shiver even now with sympathy for the poor little Puritan babies,—of courtship and marriage customs, of homes in various aspects, of holidays, sports, and many other phases of life here in the seventeenth century. Many a reader will find his own ancestors serving as illustration; and, probably, nearly all will agree with the sentiment expressed on the title-page, "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

DAILY MESSAGES FROM THE KING BY HIS MESSENGERS TO HIS CHILDREN. Selected and arranged by S. R. Z. London: Marcus Ward & Co. \$1.—This Year Book contains quotations from the Bible and from religious writers, both in prose and verse, carefully selected and arranged. No book seems to us quite equal to "Daily Strength for Daily Needs"; and yet this is full of simple, tender, helpful sayings, that may well influence and strengthen. There is no index of authors; but we note quotations from W. C. Gannett, Dr. Martineau, and Mrs. Utter. There is an introduction by Mrs. Sangster, who is venturesome enough to assert that not all of the "Messages" here are from those "who know the King," but who think God may use even these instruments for his praise.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES WITH HYMNS AND SONGS, WITH ETHICS FOR THE YOUNG. By W. L. Sheldon. Edited by Rev. A. W. Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin.—The third edition of this little book is improved by the addition of seven new services and a change of about seventy hymns, and by including the "Responsive Exercises" which Mr. Sheldon prepared for use in the Ethical Society of St. Louis, and which ought to be used as a catechism and committed to memory. We are glad to note here some of the services of "Unity Festival" and "Unity Services and Songs" which have proved themselves exceptionally fine for the use of Sunday-schools, whether considered from the literary, musical, or devotional point of view.

SECOND BOOK IN PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE. By J. H. Kellogg, M.D. American Book Company.—This book is a very practical, very complete presentation of facts that ought to be studied and understood, not only by students, but by all who are interested in knowing how to keep themselves or others well, especially such chapters as those on "Nutrition," "Alcoholic Drinks and Tobacco," "Bathing," "Clothing," etc., ought to be familiar to every mother or to any one who has the charge of young children. Those portions of the work devoted to anatomy have been made as untechnical as possible.

VEXILLA REGIS. Compiled by L. B. S. Boston: Berkeley Updike. \$1.25.—This book of religious selections takes its title from the first word of the old Passion-tide hymn, "Vexilla Regis prodeunt," best known, perhaps, by Dr. Neale's translation. The range of writers from which the compiler has drawn is very wide and inclusive, and the book deserves commendation. Dr. Donald says of it, "The best of the best is here,—acute, prescient, interpretative, illuminative." It is beautifully printed and bound, a good specimen of the Renaissance in book-making.

HOW THE REPUBLIC IS GOVERNED. By Noah Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.—This little book gives in handy form and small space much useful information. The Constitution, the various departments of government, and many facts about public lands, pensions, patents, etc., are given clearly, but compactly; and an index increases the usefulness of the book.

Miscellaneous.

Macmillan & Co. have issued a "Marcella" in paper edition. Price 50 cents.

A "Laboratory Manual in Elementary Biology," designed for preparatory and high schools, has been prepared by Emanuel R. Boyer. It aims to give a knowledge of the leading characteristics of the chief branches of animals and plants. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

No. 13 of "Werner's Reading and Recitation Series," compiled by Francis P. Richardson, contains about sixty selections, humorous, pathetic, and dramatic. They are of varying merit, but all adapted to the purpose of the book; and few are already familiar. Edgar S. Werner, 108 East 16th Street, New York.

A recent publication in Heath's Modern Language Series is "Kleine Geschichten," by Richard von Volkmann, Baumbach, and Ertl, with notes and vocabulary prepared by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. The four tales selected are very easy, and may be used either for beginners or for sight translation for older scholars.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. Price \$6.00.

From Copeland & Day, Boston. The Black Riders, and Other Lines. By Stephen Crane. Price \$1.00.

A Sea Mark. A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson. By Bliss Carman. Price 25 cents.

Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Price \$1.50.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston. The Curse of Intellect. Price \$1.00.

From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston. Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson. Edited by Gamael Bradford, Jr.

From H. L. Hastings, Boston. The Higher Critics criticised. A Study of the Pentateuch for Popular Reading. By Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D. With Preliminary Chapters by H. L. Hastings. Price \$1.50.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. With forty illustrations by Philz. Price \$1.00.

From Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Color el Norton. A Novel. By Florence Montgomery.

From Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. Le Chant du Cygne. Par Georges Omet. Edited by Arthur H. Sollai.

Robert Blake and Cromwell. By Reinhold Pauli. Maynard's German Texts. Price 40 cents.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. Stories of Columbia. By Will H. Glascock. Price \$1.00.

Friedrich Froebel's Pedagogics of the Kindergarten; or, His Ideas concerning the Play and Playthings of the Child. Translated by Josephine Jarvis.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Cash v. Coin. An Answer to Coin's "Financial School." By Edward Wisner.

From Hartford Seminary Press. Qualifications for Ministerial Power. The Carew Lectures for 1895. By Charles Cuthbert Hall.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Sorosis Waltzes. By Robert A. Kelsor.

Boston Valse. Par Pierre Miller.

Approach of Dawn. Quadrille. By T. H. Rollinson.

Do you Forget? Words by Mrs. O. L. Fox. Composed by Idalia Scalla.

"Ye Olden Tymes." Danse Gracieuse. By Harry Brundrett.

Where the Bee sucks. Song. By Arthur S. Sullivan.

Love, Stay by and Sing. Words by T. R. Sullivan.

Music by Robert Atkinson.

Heart so True. Song. Words by George Cooper.

Music by Mattie Woodcock.

Will it be Long, Love? Words by Lindsay Lennox. Composed by John Cox Dear.

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The Home.

THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED.

Oh, the old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy,
The glory, and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the Bosom divine?
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night,—
Oh, a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!
Oh, the old trundle-bed, where I, wondering, saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds, as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robins so restlessly slept;
Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint, and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle-bed.
Oh, the old trundle-bed! Oh, the old trundle-bed!
With its plump, little pillow and old-fashioned spread,
Its snowy-white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed!
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Interior.

POLLY'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Polly was at the window, sewing, making a calico apron. The stitches were not very small, neither was the hem all of the same width; but the apron was serviceable. Polly had an anxious look,—“worried,” her grandma would have said. Every few moments she stopped sewing, and looked very earnestly out of the window, where there was nothing new for her to see,—only a barn, an orchard, and pleasant meadow bank beyond. The child was not thinking of the outlook, but of her own cares and responsibilities.

The day before Polly had been made president of a mission band. Sally Tucker had held that office, but, being discouraged, had resigned.

The band had voted to contribute a certain sum to support a little girl in India. The little girl was alive at last accounts, but the band had not sent a single penny to keep her alive.

Polly's father said, “It was a heavy contract for so slim a girl,” but was real good; for he became “an outside silent member,” and paid one dollar. Polly's mother “joined” and paid fifty cents. Grandma wouldn't put her name down, but gave forty cents.

All this was encouraging, but Polly wanted the “s'ciety” to earn money.

As she sewed and pondered ways and means, Mrs. Samson, their nearest neighbor, “slipped over” to “sit a spell.” Polly thought it queer that Mrs. Samson never went anywhere, but always “slipped” to places.

She began, as usual, to talk about her old aches and one or two new ones she had picked up, or, rather, that had picked her up.

Then she told how lonesome it was to live all “stark” alone, and her intention to find a likely family to take her house and board her,—a family who would be in early nights, and not “mallhack the wood-work.”

“Now, of an evening,” she added, “it is awful lonesome; and I'd like to slip into meeting, but I'm clean beat out doing my chores. There,” she said mournfully, “I must go. Peter Snow has come with my milk, and there is Thomas a-sitting on the window-sill a-crying.”

Thomas was a very black cat with large yellow eyes, who was indeed crying severely, if one could judge by the way he opened his mouth. “Why not stay to tea with us?” Polly's mother said kindly.

Mrs. Samson wished she could; but, “if Thomas was nothing but a cat, she set by him, 'cause he'd been poor Seleny's when a kitten. And he was particular about his meals. He always had a drink of milk soon as it came; and then, if she didn't look out, one of the Higgins tribe, like as not, would steal the milk, can and all, first thing she knew.”

Polly pitied Mrs. Samson, because it was lonely with only a cat for company. To be sure, Thomas was very handsome, and could sing; but he was like some folks: he liked to sing away from home.

Polly had often done errands for their

neighbor, and was trusted about her house. So, although she didn't exactly want to, she offered to go over and see to the fire, Thomas, and the milk-can.

After some polite words, Mrs. Samson let Polly go; and she sat back in a comfortable chair with quite a smile on her face.

Polly found considerable to do in her neighbor's kitchen.

The floor needed sweeping, the table-cloth was on crooked. Then Thomas was to be noticed as well as fed.

When she left, really the kitchen had a much more tidy appearance; for Polly had a talent for “righting things.”

The next forenoon Mrs. Samson “slipped over” with a plate of “caraways” for Polly, as pay for her service. She sat quite a “spell,” telling what a handy child Polly was, how much she made her think of Seleny, and how easy she could “grub along” if she (Mrs. Samson) had her to “chore about.”

After their neighbor went home, Polly sat thinking.

“Mother,” she presently said, standing by the table where her mother was cutting out work, “do you believe Mrs. Samson would be willing to pay me money if I'd work for her?”

“I don't know, dear. You could ask her.”

“I've been thinking”—

“Well, dear, what about?”

“You know we must earn money for that little girl in India, and p'r'aps I could that way.”

“A good idea, Polly; but you must not expect great pay. You could go over and have a talk with Mrs. Samson.”

With some misgivings Polly ventures. Mrs. Samson is knitting, and Thomas is on his cushion in the sun. At once she plunges into the subject, telling all about the mission band and the little girl in India, and how they must take care of her, 'cause they'd promised.

When the whole was told, Mrs. Samson was pleased with the idea of having Polly to “chore” for her, and said it would be “agreeable.”

Before Polly went home, Mrs. Samson said she would like to hear more about the missionary business, and would like to see the papers about it. The pay was left to Polly to decide upon.

That night the little girl wrote in her best hand,—

“I will work for you for five cents purr hour.”

This document she showed her father.

He thought it reasonable, and asked if Thomas (the cat) “had any interest in the business.” A strange question, Polly thought; but papa was funny.

The apron we see Polly working on was to be worn “at service.”

The little girl did her best at Mrs. Samson's. She washed and wiped dishes, swept the kitchen floor, picked over raisins, and hung out a few things Mrs. Samson “dabbled out,” besides feeding the hens. She earned ten cents, and went home well pleased.

The next afternoon that Polly worked out a Mrs. Snow came in to Mrs. Samson's. She “ran in.” As Polly worked, the visitor watched her with interest, and in time heard about the band and their pledge to the little girl in India. Before she left, she asked Polly to come to her house and take care of her Sam Ellis,—a baby who was “so worrisome she couldn't set a stitch.” Mrs. Samson suggested that some other “bänder” take that job, because, “as a rule, presidents didn't work much, but directed and oversaw others.”

Polly and her mother talked the matter over, and Mrs. West advised the calling of an extra meeting to consider the question.

That night Polly wrote out a few simple rules for the conduct of members of the band who were detailed for service.

1. You must not be noisy, open drawers, or peek into closets.
2. Must not tell things you hear. (Mrs. West's suggestion.)
3. Must not ask for something to eat.

The members of the band heartily approved of going out to service, with one or two exceptions. Indeed, they were so anxious to work that five were eager to take care of worrisome Sam Ellis Snow.

The pastor of the church mentioned the matter very pleasantly at a prayer-meeting, and gave “Miss Polly West's” name as the one to whom application must be made if one wished such help.

So it came about that Polly kept an “Intelligence Office.”

While this was new, it worked well. But the children grew tired of being good—somewhat as older people do—and of working so hard for a little girl they never saw.

Polly, besides working for her neighbor, became nursery maid to Sam Ellis, the other children being tired of his “teething tantrums.” The older people also lost what little interest they had felt, which caused even stout-hearted Polly to become discouraged.

About this time Mrs. Samson decided to have a tea company.

Polly was engaged to assist, at eight cents an hour, in the preparation. The best parlor was opened, aired, and dusted. The room was so seldom used that Thomas availed himself of the opportunity of seeing it, and walked in.

He sat down on the best rug in front of the fireplace to watch proceedings. While Mrs. Samson laid the fire, she told Polly how long she was “a-drawing in that mat, and the cat in the centre was really Thomas's portrait,” and what a piece of work it was to have his ears mates. “One would lop; and, as to his eyes! Mercy on us! I'm a-fire!” she screamed, as she ran toward the door, her thin calico dress all in a blaze. “Polly! Thomas!” she cried in her fright.

In an instant Polly pulled up the rug, portrait and all,—Thomas rolling over on the hearth,—and wrapped it as well as she could about the terrified old lady.

“Lemme go, Poll West!” screamed Mrs. Samson; but Polly held it about her until the fire was out, then, with a moan of pain, fell to the floor.

“My dear little girl!” she heard, as if some one a great way off was talking to her; and, when she looked up, it was into her father's face. Her mother and Dr. Clarke were doing something to her hands.

Near by was Mrs. Samson, telling the neighbors how it all happened.

Little Polly's willing hands were sadly burned, but Mrs. Samson's life was saved.

Mrs. Samson was of the kind who could never do two things at once. In her desire to tell how “Thomas's portrait was drawn in her best rug,” she put a lighted match to her dress instead of to the shavings.

Only the day before Polly had read in her *Youth's Companion* a few simple rules for emergencies. Otherwise she would not have known what to do.

There were days and nights of suffering for Polly, but the band flourished.

The Sunday after the accident the minister talked in the evening to Polly's band. He urged them to be faithful in small things, saying: “Polly West was braver when she worked day after day for love of the little girl in India than when she saved the life of her friend and neighbor. The work required patience and faithfulness, the saving of this life called for courage.”

When Polly was well, Mrs. Samson had the band to tea, Thomas included. Then and there she joined, paying ten dollars. Others in the church sent money, so that it was a serious question the children had to decide.

“Shall we support one little girl five years, or five little girls one year?”—*The Examiner*.

A HEROINE INDEED.

A fifteen-year-old heroine, Lillian McMullen, sacrificed her own life to save two children in her charge, in crossing the ice of Peconic Bay, Long Island, a short time ago. Into a hole in the ice covered by snow she went down suddenly, and called to the little ones to “keep back,” with the big dog that accompanied them. Hurrying on instead, hoping to help her, the two little girls themselves plunged through the ragged ice into the water. By one almost superhuman effort after another, Lillian at last succeeded in raising the younger child, eight years old, on to ice firm enough for the dog to grasp its clothing and drag it on to safety.

Time after time, till her strength was exhausted, the young heroine made the same efforts for the older girl, the ice continually breaking away under the double weight. At length, when she could lift no longer, she said to the child: “I'll hold on fast. You climb up over me. Hurry up! I can't last much longer.” Effort after effort failed. “Make one more trial,” she said;

and the ten-year-old girl managed to get her shoulders above water. The dog seized her and tugged. Lillian made one last effort to push the child up. It was successful. Then she made one final endeavor to save herself; but, chilled and worn out, her hands slipped from the ice edge. And she went down to come up no more.

There is mourning for the faithful orphan girl in the home of Superintendent George Gordon at North Haven, whose children she saved; and, beyond question, her memory will be revered as that of a saint by those two children and those to whom they are precious. But the splendor of the self-sacrifice, in awful suffering, in the presence of such a death, the resolution, the courage, the devotion, of Lillian McMullen, entitle her to have her name and the story of her deed told wherever the qualities of heroism and saintly nobility are held in honor.—*Scranton (Pa.) Truth*.

THE NILE.

There is a pretty legend, worth telling, of the cutting of the Khalig. Amr, the Muhammedan general, took Cairo in A.D. 640. Long before then there had been a heathen ceremony, and a virgin was yearly sacrificed to the god of the river. When the season came round, Amr was called upon, as usual, to sacrifice the girl. He sternly refused. That year the Nile flood was a failure. You can fancy how the indignant heathen population must have raged at the invader, and said, “We warned you what would happen if you didn't propitiate the river god.” Cannot we fancy, also, how Amr's wild Arab soldiers must have had their faith sorely tried, and how they must have felt puzzled as to whether in this strange new country, with all those demon-built temples and pyramids, obelisks and sphinxes, it might not be as well to make friends of the local gods? Could Allah really help them here? Again the Nile flood came round. This time, surely, Amr would sacrifice the girl and save the land. No, he would not. The people rose in rebellion. Amr stood firm. But he wrote to the Kalif Omar for orders,—Omar, whose name, you will remember, has come down in history as the destroyer of the Alexandrian library. Omar approved of his conduct, but sent him a paper to throw into the Nile. On the paper was written, “From Abd Allah Omar, Prince of the Faithful, to the Nile of Egypt. If thou flow of thine own accord, flow not; but, if it be Allah, the one, the mighty, who causeth thee to flow, then we implore him to make thee flow.” Amr threw the paper into the water, and the Nile rose forthwith exactly as it was wanted. Since that day no girl has been sacrificed; but a pillar of earth is yearly left to be washed away in the middle of the canal, called the bride or the girl.—*Littell's Living Age*.

THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The Empress of Germany rises early and breakfasts with the emperor every morning at eight o'clock. At nine she is in the nursery, superintending the baby's toilet, arranging with the nurse for the walks or drives to be taken by the children, and always decides what clothes are to be worn by the young princes. At ten o'clock the empress receives her housekeeper, and attends to the luncheon and dinner menus, always including one or two favorite dishes of her husband's. A few moments every morning are spent in the linen room, and not a sheet or a duster is given out except under her direction. At 11 she goes riding with the emperor or walking with two of her boys. Luncheon comes at 1; and all the children, except the baby, are present at this meal, which is conducted without much ceremony. After luncheon the emperor and empress play with the children for an hour.

The empress receives from 3 until 5, and in this time considers charitable cases. There are sometimes as many as fifty guests invited to dinner, which is at six o'clock, and lasts an hour. One servant waits upon two persons, and every little detail of the service is closely watched by the empress. She goes every night with the emperor to see the children; and, if there is the slightest illness among them, she sits up all night, and sees that the doctor's directions are carried out. In the nursery she wears a soft white flannel wrapper and a large

apron. Her early education was very simple; and, although she understands French and English, she does not care for foreign fashions or literature. Until her marriage she had not read a novel. Her bedroom and sitting-room are simply furnished in blue. A large allowance is made for her personal expenses, yet she makes with her own hands all the birthday gifts for her own and the emperor's numerous family.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A BIRD-OALL.

Bird of the azure wing,
Bird of the silver note,
Come! for it is the spring,
And high the white clouds float.
Come, bluebird, come!

Bird of the crimson breast,
Robin,—we miss you well;
Robin, we love you best.
Come! for the cowpicks swell.
Come, robin, come!

Bird of the circling flight
'Gainst twilight's pearly skies,
Soft call the winds of night,
Lonely the water cries,—
Come, swallow, come!
—Sara M. Chatfield, in St. Nicholas.

BLUEBIRDS.

It has been stated that the number of bluebirds returning to New England this year is unusually small. In order to ascertain the cause of this great loss, a letter was sent to Mr. R. Ridgway, curator in the Department of Birds, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, asking what had become of the bluebirds. Mr. Ridgway is not only scientifically interested; but he has a warm humane regard for all bird-life. He has sent us the following letter, with a pathetic description of the sufferings and death of our beautiful songsters:—

It affords me pleasure to answer the questions concerning the destruction of bluebirds for the market in Washington and by the so-called "blizzard" of February last.

Regarding the killing of bluebirds for the market, I have no reason to believe the practice has been discontinued. As many as two or three hundred have been seen at one time in the game-stalls, though not publicly exposed. In fact, being carefully plucked, the species could not be identified except by a person very familiar with birds.

The past winter was one of wide-spread disaster to bird-life, particularly to those kinds whose food consisted in large part of insects and small fruits or berries. The insect-eating species were, of course, deprived of their food supply by the direct destruction of the latter. The berry-eaters, on the other hand, were deprived of their food by the heavy snow-fall which covered it. Such, at least, was the case with the bluebirds in this vicinity. The bluebird wintered about Washington in larger numbers than I ever knew it to before, no less than twenty-one individuals making their headquarters on my little half-acre in the suburbs,—doubtless because of the shelter afforded by an eight-roomed bird-house; also, on account of a supply of berries produced by the hedge of Japan honeysuckle which partly enclosed the place. Just before the "blizzard" of February 7 to 9 (inclusive) the supply of these berries was exhausted. February 10 I picked up from the snow in my yard seven dead bluebirds, which had evidently died of starvation, their stomachs being completely empty and their bodies greatly emaciated. Not a living bluebird has been either seen or heard by me in that section of the district since that time, though I have been told of a very few being seen by persons living farther from the city. During the latter part of February or early part of March, while I was absent in Florida, the English sparrows took possession of my bird-house, and, in order to make room for their nests, were obliged to remove the dead bluebirds which were inside. They actually dragged out nine, dropping them to the ground beneath. On April 2, observing that the sparrows were building in the box, and being sure there were no bluebirds about, I cut down the pole. Examining the box, I found two of the compartments occupied by sparrows' nests, and from three of the remainder extracted five more dead bluebirds, one hole containing three. Thus, in all, twenty-one bluebirds died from starvation on my place alone; and I have no doubt that the destruction of this species has been very great throughout the region affected by the great storm, or, at least, where the snowfall was so great as to cover the greater part of their food supply.

Farther South, where there was less snow and a greater abundance of berries, the bluebirds escaped. I found them very abundant in Florida, although swallows and other essentially insectivorous birds had died of starvation in great numbers. I am satisfied, however, that the bluebirds

there observed are residents (they were evidently nesting or about to do so); and, consequently, we cannot hope to have our Northern stock replenished from that source. There are, however, undoubtedly, a few left throughout the Middle States; and, therefore, unless these few survivors perish before they have a chance to breed, we may reasonably expect an increase which will in due time restore the species to its normal numbers.

A BROTHER'S RESCUE.

A thrilling story of German heroism at sea, which goes far to offset some of the reports regarding the loss of the "Elbe," comes from Schleswig-Holstein. One stormy morning last week a fishing village was awakened by a gunshot off the coast. Hastening to the beach, the people saw a ship wrecked on a reef a mile away. The crew were in the rigging. A life-boat was run out; but Harro, the leader of the crew, was absent.

Eight men, however, rowed out to the wreck. The crew was got into the life-boat, with the exception of one, who was lashed high up on a mast. He was half frozen; and, as the storm was increasing and the life-boat overloaded, it was decided that he could not be taken off. When the life-boat returned to the shore, Harro had arrived. He asked whether every one had been saved, and was told that one remained.

"I will fetch him," said Harro. "Will you go with me?"

The men refused, saying that it was impossible.

"Then I will go alone," cried Harro, and sprang into the life-boat. At this moment his mother came running down, and begged him not to venture out, reminding him that both his father and his brother Uwe had been drowned. Uwe was his youngest brother; and, as he had not been heard from for years, he was supposed to be dead.

"For love of me," Harro's mother begged, "don't go!"

"But the man on the mast!" exclaimed Harro. "Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?"

Harro's mother said no more, and her son and four other men set out for the wreck, which was now quite under water. The waves were so furious that it was difficult to approach. At last the life-boat reached it, and Harro climbed the mast and fetched the half-frozen man down. He was laid in the bottom of the life-boat, and Harro bent over him and remained so until the boat was so near shore that his voice could be heard. Then he waved his cap, and shouted,—

"Tell my mother we have saved Uwe!"
Sun.

A WATCHMAKER.

The late Aaron Dennison, who has been styled "the father of American watchmaking," was a man of an unusually sweet spirit. He was interested in his work not merely for its own sake, but for the benefits resulting to his fellow-man. Often he worked late into the night, so late that his loving wife would go and beg him to "wait until to-morrow." One night she said to him: "Are you not going to bed at all? What are you doing?" And he turned and slowly answered, "I am *trying* to make it possible for every poor man to have a watch,"—a result which he very nearly accomplished.—*Independent.*

HAGENBECK'S ANIMALS.

Herr Carl Hagenbeck, the animal collector and trainer of Hamburg, has had forty years' experience of wild beasts. Hagenbeck, Sr., was in the fish trade; and in 1848 he bought a lot of live seals which the fishermen had caught in the mouth of the Elbe. He took the seals to Berlin, and there exhibited them. Four years later a whaler brought from Spitzbergen a large polar bear, which Hagenbeck the elder bought for 350 thalers; and the animal was exhibited at 10 cents admission. An old striped hyena was added, together with other animals which different vessels brought

in the course of the year; and out of this modest beginning arose the great establishment which at the present time possesses a larger, more varied, and more valuable collection of elephants, hippopotami, lions, tigers, panthers, jaguars, pumas, hyenas, wolves, camels, kangaroos, snakes, alligators, crocodiles, monkeys, ostriches, gazelles, llamas, etc., than that owned by any zoölogical society in the world. A vast range of buildings is used for the stabling of these animals; and a large circus is utilized for the training of the elephants, horses, and wild beasts. A gigantic cage in the open air is called the "Monkeys' Paradise," to which entrance is gained by a number of doors which the monkeys open and close themselves, passing from their warm quarters inside to the outer air as they please, even in the hardest frosts.—*London Chronicle.*

A TRUE OAT STORY.

A Wakefield family who reside in Magnolia during the summer, when they removed to Magnolia last June, took with them their pet cat; but pussy did not like the roar and dash of old ocean, but sighed for her home by the placid waters of "Lake Quannapowitt." She disappeared, and was not seen again all summer. The family returned to their Wakefield home about the middle of September. They had been at home about two weeks, when one morning the daughter of the house was in the basement and heard a cat mew; and, lo! at the window was her darling pet cat, that she had long mourned as dead! It could not be. Where did she come from? It must be a strange cat closely resembling "Peanuts" (so called because of her fondness for the article).

"Well," said the mother, "there is one sure test. 'Don,' the house dog, will know his old playmate." Don was called, and the recognition was mutual. They both seemed delighted to meet again. It was evident the cat had travelled all the way from Magnolia to Wakefield, through the woods of Magnolia, Manchester, Beverly, over Beverly bridge, Salem streets, Peabody, Lynnfield, found Wakefield,—how did she know it to be Wakefield?—and had gone up to her old home near the lake. I never saw a creature so delighted to find her young mistress and the other members of the family. What guided her over so many miles? Was it animal instinct?—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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Fortunately, perhaps, the Consumptive does not realize his own condition. His is a disease of continual waste until he meets a death that is in reality one of starvation.

It is now generally conceded that this disease is incurable,—that is, by any known medicine. Change of climate, or some life-infusing food that will give new flesh, blood, and strength, and induce the various organs of the body to assume their normal functions,—this is the only hope.

The only way to do this effectually is to give the patient Bovinine, that great raw food product, the greatest concentration of the life-giving elements of raw beef known to modern science. In this connection the results obtained by Dr. J. H. Head of Atlanta, Ga., in the treatment of a case of consumption, are interesting.

Dr. Head relates briefly how a man about thirty-five years of age came to him for treatment. He had lost forty pounds in weight in six months; he suffered with a bad cough and experienced severe night sweats; he was unable to do any work; most of his family had died of consumption, and on examination his right lung was found to be seriously affected, and as the doctor remarked, "He was in a good way to have an early funeral."

But note what happened. He was given Bovinine. In two weeks he had gained sever pounds, his appetite had returned, he was able to do a good day's work, and most of the distressing symptoms had vanished; and at the time of writing the doctor felt sure of a complete cure.

This is but one of many similar cases. Bovinine will give new life and strength, make new blood and flesh, stop waste, ward off disease, and turn the current of life's river again into its natural channel. Give it one trial while there is yet hope.

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School of Applied Ethics.
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SCHOOL OF APPLIED ETHIOS.

The complete programme of the fourth summer session of the School of Applied Ethics, which has just been issued, offers an important and attractive list of subjects and lecturers. The session is to be held, as heretofore, at Plymouth, Mass., a town rich in historic associations, which, with its opportunities for sea-bathing and its close proximity to Boston, make it admirably adapted for such a summer gathering.

The session begins Monday, July 8, and continues five weeks. There will be four departments,—Economics, Ethics, Education, and History of Religions. The following are some of the subjects to be treated.

In the Department of Economics Prof. Clark of Amherst is to give five lectures on "The Relation of Economics and Politics"; Prof. Adams of the University of Michigan, a course on "The Relation of Government to Industry" and another on "Taxation: Its Political, Industrial, and Social Significance"; Prof. Jenks of Cornell is to make a "Comparative Study of Industrial Legislation"; Prof. Hadley of Yale considers "The Misunderstandings about Economic Terms"; and Prof. Gould, lecturer in Johns Hopkins University, and recently appointed Professor of Statistics in the University of Chicago, gives five lectures on "Industrial Labor in Europe and the United States."

In the Department of Ethics Prof. Felix Adler is to give a course of lectures on "The Ethical Aspect of Various Labor Problems," such as "Boycotts," "Strikes," "Arbitration," "Socialism in the Family," "Trades-unionism," etc.; Mr. Stimson, a prominent lawyer of Boston, gives a course on "The Effect of Modern Economic Development upon the Interpretation of the Law"; Mr. Sheldon of St. Louis lectures on "Methods of Social Reform"; and a course on "The Referendum in Europe and the United States" is announced.

In the Department of Education a week is to be devoted to various subjects relating to the education of women, and another week to the organization of education in its different aspects. Ten prominent educators are to give lectures in this department.

The Department of History of Religions will be devoted to a study of some religious tendencies of the day. "Tendencies of Thought in the Different Churches" will be presented by Prof. Nash of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, Rabbi David Philipson of Cincinnati, Dr. Henry Hartshorne of the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, Rev. S. M. Crothers (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Rev. H. L. Wayland, editor of the *Examiner*, and Dr. A. E. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, and others; "The Relation of Religion to Recent Psychology and Philosophy," by Prof. Ladd of Yale University; "Religion in Literature in Different Countries since 1850," by Prof. Lovett of the University of Chicago, Prof. Huff of the University of Vermont, and Profs. Francke and Baker of Harvard University; "The Problem of Church and State in France, Germany, Italy, England, and the United States," by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Prof. Emerton of the Harvard Divinity School, Prof. Cohn of Columbia College, and Prof. Marsh of Harvard.

A series of Sunday afternoon lectures by distinguished speakers will be one of the attractive features of the session.

The detailed programme may be had by any one upon application to the secretary of the school, S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I wish to acknowledge through the columns of the *Christian Register* the receipt of money, in sums from \$1 to \$10, from the following Branches of the Women's Alliance, who have so kindly responded to our call for assistance in repairing the First Parish Church (Unitarian) at Sherborn, Mass.: Milton, Mass.; Hingham, Mass.; Kennebunk, Me.; Framingham, Mass.; First Parish, Dorchester; Syracuse, N.Y.; Longwood, Mass.; First Parish, Portland, Me.; Lexington, Mass.; Jamaica Plain, Mass.; First Church, Boston, Mass.; Quincy, Mass.; Dedham, Mass.; Brookline, Mass.; First Church, Providence, R.I.; Lowell, Mass.; Roxbury, Mass.; Cambridge, Mass.; West Newton, Mass.; Unity Church, Allston, Mass.

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Education.

Over 40,000 women are attending the various colleges in America, yet it has been only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women. Oberlin College first allowed women.

The United States Department of Agriculture has established at the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., a department for a scientific investigation of the composition and consumption of food among the Negroes in the Black Belt of the South.

The members of the Illinois legislature have been considering a bill looking to the pensioning of public school teachers in cities of 100,000 or more population. According to the provisions of the bill, female teachers who have taught twenty years and male teachers who have taught twenty-five years are to be retired on half-pay, provided it does not amount to more than \$1,000. Like similar legislation in France, it is a self-pensioning measure. A certain per cent. of the salaries of the teachers is laid away, and this with what may be added to it from other sources constitutes a fund out of which the pensions are paid.—*Popular Educator*.

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KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

The following additional contributions to the Kindergarten for the Blind have been received from date of Oct. 1, 1894, to April 20, 1895:—

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For the Christian Register.
MRS. MARTHA HALE NASON.
Feb. 20, 1895.
BY M. H.
Dearest and best beloved, oft sorely tried;
Pet of three households,
Sharer of our grief;
Whose quick, light footstep, wandering far and wide
Through our still halls,
Brought brightness and relief.
Could not they wait, in heaven who miss thee so,
That they must call for thee
"From out the Hallelujahs sweet and low"?
It was thy prime;
No hint of coming bale
On thy long lashes or thy dusky hair;
No cause to dread the gulf we still bewail,
Though thou hast found a blessed harbor there.
The oriole's flame burns through thy hickory-trees;
The wild plum's blossom scents the softening breeze;
While thou art welcomed to Eternal Spring
And Life Divine,—"perfect through suffering."

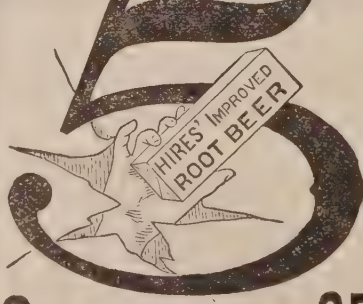
Charities and Reforms.
ARMENIA.—Dr. Louise Russell Smith lectured before the College Club in this city May 6, on "A New Phase of the Eastern Question." She apologized in advance to those of her hearers who might have read Mr. F. D. Greene's "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey" for any sameness of incidents. She had lived for two years next door to Mr. Greene in Van, "the fairest city in Armenia, the pearl of Haïasdan"; and the same facts had come to their notice. The Turkish censors had cut the word "Armenia" out of the map in her copy of Xenophon's Anabasis, when she landed at Constantinople. In Van she had herself known forty families each of which was mourning a son dead from "prison poison." A Turk had been killed, no one knew by whom. Two hundred young Armenians were arrested on suspicion, and kept in prison without trial for eighteen months, at the end of which time a large proportion of them had died from the unhealthiness of the prison and the ill-treatment of their jailers. It was true that prisoners were often tortured. She had herself seen the marks where they had been flogged and iron nails driven into their scalps. The day after four young Armenians had been murdered, and their wives outraged by the sultan's Kurdish cavalry on the slopes of Mt. Varak, a courier was sent through the Armenian shops and bazaars to give notice that all letters sent from the city must be handed in at the post-office open. The government did its utmost to keep the facts from leaking out. The widow of one of the murdered men afterward came to the mission station, with her young son in her arms and her aged father accompanying her; and they told their story. The murderers, though positively identified by the women, were only imprisoned for a few weeks. Dr. Smith declared that the horrors were not exaggerated, and had been going on for about fifteen years, ever since the Berlin treaty. It was now a duel between the British government, determined that nothing should be done, and the British people, led by Bryce and Gladstone, determined to overcome this apathy. In this struggle American public opinion can be of great help.

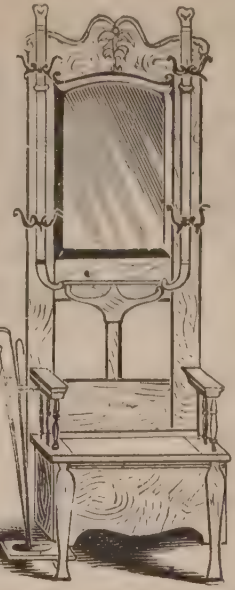
Personals.
Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D., who succeeded Phillips Brooks as rector of Trinity Church, Boston, is to preach the commencement sermon at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., Sunday, May 26.
Special services were held in the Unitarian churches throughout London in commemoration of the ninetieth birthday of Dr. James Martineau, the eminent divine who, since the year 1859, has occupied the premier position in that denomination. Thanksgiving sermons were also delivered at a large number of dissenting places of worship, and references were made to the event at several of the labor churches in the north of England.
Robert Palfrey Utter, the son of Rev. David Utter of Salt Lake City, has been achieving distinction as the writer of the libretto of "The Prince of Cairo," an operetta recently performed with much success by scholars of the Cambridge High and Latin Schools. Although Mr. Utter is not yet out of his teens, he has already appeared as a contributor to the *Youth's Companion*, the *New England Magazine*, and other periodicals; and the character of all his literary work justifies faith in its future development.
Hon. George H. Heilbron, a prominent resident of Seattle, died suddenly of apoplexy on April 5, in his thirty-sixth year. He was born in Boston, entered Harvard College from the Roxbury Latin School, graduated in the class of 1883, and from the Law School three years later. In 1887 he went to Seattle, where he soon identified himself with all that concerned the best interests of the city, and where he has ever

done much toward its development. He was editor-in-chief of the *Post-Intelligencer* and manager of the Guarantee Loan & Trust Company. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Alfred Martin of Tacoma and Rev. J. H. Acton in the First Unitarian Church of Seattle, in which he had been actively interested. Mr. Martin spoke tenderly and earnestly of Mr. Heilbron's life and character, dwelling upon his steadfastness of purpose and the devotion to an ideal that made his short life purer, larger, and deeper than that of many a man who rounds out his fourscore years and ten.
The following letter was received at the headquarters of the London District Unitarian Society from Dr. Martineau, in acknowledgment of a resolution of congratulation passed by that body with reference to the anniversary of his birth:—
"Dear Sir,—The gracious and affectionate terms of the resolution passed at the recent annual meeting of the London District Unitarian Society move me too profoundly for any adequate reply. In the retrospect of ninety years there is a pathetic mixture of gratitude for ample opportunities and humiliation for insignificant performances. The habitual pressure of the latter is the only cloud that overhangs my declining path. My friends—as if they caught sight of the shadow and understood it—try to assure me, as they gather around me at the close of my last decade, that the labor of so many seasons has not been all in vain. If to some few souls the meaning of life has indeed become clearer, its possibilities nobler, its sanctities deeper, its immortalities surer, through the simple report of my own experience, I thank the Father of Lights for thus joining me in love,—be it only to two or three brethren in spirit and children of his. With heartfelt gratitude for the words of sympathy and blessing so impressively conveyed to me, I remain, dear sir, yours very sincerely,
"JAMES MARTINEAU."
This letter, which was addressed to the secretary of the society, was read in many of the London churches.—*London Chronicle*.

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The model here shown is very effective. The pillars and columns are carved upon the frame. The seat is deep; and with such broad arm-rests an unusual degree of comfort is attained.
The design provides for a large bevelled French plate mirror. There is a roomy chest for a robe, overshoes, etc. The umbrella stand is of polished brass with rustless base. The combination hooks are the latest pattern of the present year.
Remember that this is but one of over 100 styles.
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UNSOLICITED COMMENTS:
I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts.*
I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska.*
I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*
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Short and Long Views. Rev. Charles F. Dole.
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The New Emancipation. Esther C. Jennings.
The Quiet Communion. Hattie Tyng Griswold.
Prayers without Words. Jessica Tyler.
A Ministry of Forty Years. C. D. Bradlee.
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Sixty Years. J. T. Sunderland.
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FILES OF "THE UNITARIAN."
I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the *Unitarian* in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.
ANN ARBOR, MICH. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Pleasantries.

Overheard in the office. "Do you speak Norwegian, sir?" "I don't know: I never tried."

Landlord: "I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent." Tenant: "I wish you would. I'm sure I can't raise it."—*Truth.*

Cholly Chumpleigh: "Yes, gloves are worn in bed at night to make the hands soft." Miss Coldeal: "Indeed! Do you wear nightcaps, Mr. Chumpleigh?"

A little boy of six and a little girl of eight were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "O Mamie! I see a dog in the clouds!" "Well, Willie," replied his sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

There is a janitor in one of our colleges whom the boys are very fond of joking; and, when they said, "Sam, what are you going to do when the devil gets hold of you?" he said, "Well, I guess I will do just what I am doing now,—wait on the students." [Laughter.]

Five-year-old Freddy was showing the young minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face, and then rested with a look of troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the Piccadilly boots. Finally, he blurted out his anxiety in the question, "Ain't you got but one toe?"—*Babyhood.*

At one time Charles Dickens was invited to attend a Walter Scott party, at which each guest was expected to personate some character in Scott's novels. On the eventful evening Dickens appeared in ordinary dress, and defended himself by saying to his host: "Why, sir, I am a character you will find in every one of his books. I am 'the gentle reader.'"

Eminent but Bald-headed Citizen: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" Visitor: "You can do me a great favor with no trouble to yourself. Will you kindly sign this certificate for my hair-restorer?" Eminent Citizen: "Hair-restorer! But, my dear sir, I have never used your hair-restorer!" Visitor: "Of course not! That is exactly what I wish you to certify."—*Puck.*

She was a gushing young girl. She had been perusing Byron's "Childe Harold"; and suddenly she asked her papa, who was reading the stock reports of the evening paper, and was deeply engrossed in worldly things, "Papa, what do you think of Byron's 'Childe Harold'?" "Oh, he's all right," responded the old man,—“as good as any of the rest of Byron's boys.”—*Truth.*

She was a small child on her way to an evening party, escorted by her father, and had all the scorn of the young person who had been promoted from the primary the year before. She considered that it was a mistake to ask the "primaries" to this party, which was, in fact, the school-house warming. She wondered how long they would stay. "Most of them will go home early, but one will stay late," she announced with great conviction. "Why?" "Because she is overdressed. A mother who overdresses her child will let her sit up late."—*The Outlook.*

NOT AN EVEN THING.

In one of my parishes, some years since, I had a vestryman, an excellent man and a warm friend. He has now departed this life, and so this story may be told as an illustration of his official devotion to the interests of his constituency. In my neighborhood lived a clerical brother, a splendid preacher, and very popular with all who knew him, with whom I often exchanged pulpits. His salary was \$1,500 and a rectory, while mine was \$2,000 with a similar provision for my shelter.

One very hot summer, not being in good health, and knowing that my people admired him very much, I exchanged quite frequently with him, so as to save preparing sermons.

One day I went into the large store of my vestryman to have a chat with him, which he opened as follows:—

"You have lately exchanged a good deal with Mr. —."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "He is a fine preacher, and every one in the parish admires him."

"I know that," said he. "I like him very much; but what is his salary?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory."

"But what are we paying you?"

I told him.

"Well," he put in, "have you considered how much this parish loses by these exchanges?"

I told him I had not made that calculation.

"Nine dollars and sixty cents is the loss per Sunday," was the statement of this careful guardian of the financial interests of his parish.—*From the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine.*

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
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Editorial.

THE gardener who in the spring should waste his time in wordy controversies with his neighbors over the fence in regard to theories of horticulture or the labelling of seeds would miss his opportunity to plant and to foster. His controversy might literally be fruitless. There are religious controversies which are just as unprofitable and fruitless. The time to plant has come, and the time to cultivate. We have our own fields to look after. There is ploughing to be done and seed to be sown, if we are to ultimately gather fruit. Controversy can never take the place of work. The best way we can commend our cause, our principles, or our religion is to let them bring forth fruit after their kind.

THE difference between the Unitarian Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church is that the former represents a Christianity which is both earlier and later than the mediæval Christianity held by the

latter. The Unitarian Catholic Church believes in the Christianity of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. It goes back to a time when Christian churches were not under the domination of bishops or popes, when salvation by baptism was unknown, and when the autograph letters of the apostles were not regarded as infallible documents, when belief in the two great commandments of love to God and love to man were declared by Jesus to be the assurance of eternal life. If the Roman Catholic Church will go back far enough to accept this older form of Christianity, it will not only go backward, but it will go forward; for in this respect the oldest form of Christianity is the newest as well as the best.

WE have said more than once that the solution of the Negro question in the South would depend on two elements, the education of the Negro and the education of the white man. No white man in the South can help the Negro to rise without rising himself. We have recognized the earnestness with which some Southern white men are appealing for broader considerations of justice and liberty and humanity in the treatment of the colored people. One of the most earnest of these Southern men is Mr. John J. Dargan, who was born in South Carolina, and who is connected with the first families of that State. He entered the Confederate army as a boy of sixteen. Two members of his family were killed at Fort Wagner. He afterward took part with Wade Hampton and others in the suppression of the Negroes during the carpet-bag reign. His conversion was brought about first by reading James Freeman Clarke's anti-slavery reminiscences, and afterward the life of William Lloyd Garrison. He is now the editor and proprietor of the *Freeman* of Sumter, S.C., which he is publishing at a great sacrifice of labor, time, and money. On another page we give an abstract of an address delivered recently at Charleston, which is marked by courage, breadth, elevation, and nobleness. The sentiments of this address will find an echo in many hearts, both North and South, in white breasts and black ones.

It is not our custom, as a guardian of pure religion, to establish a court and try a man for heresy upon the evidence of a newspaper report. We do not, therefore, purpose to arraign Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of All Souls' Episcopal Church, New York, for his reported views on the resurrection of Jesus. Dr. Newton's offence, according to the newspapers, is in declaring that Jesus rose with a spiritual body instead of a physical one. Anybody who reads the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians will see that the apostle Paul also believed in the resurrection of a spiritual body. So that, if our Episcopalian friends are going to arraign Dr. Newton, they will have to arraign the apostle Paul also. But the apostle Paul never belonged to the Episcopal Church. He was a Congregationalist; and, therefore, the Episcopal Church has no authority over him. It can only regret that a man of Saint Paul's opportunities should have been betrayed into such spirituality, when he might have accepted the gross churchly materialism of a bodily resurrection. Will the Episcopalians pile up their fagots, and, after torturing Dr. Newton with thumb-screws and rack, publicly burn him? Probably not. This would only assure him a new resurrection with another spiritual body, capable of moving about without passing through doors or windows. The Episcopal Church needs Dr. Newton vastly more than he needs it. A man of great ability, undoubted courage, and honesty of conviction, and a prophet of social righteousness, he has done much to lead his own church out of literal and dogmatic bondage into spiritual interpretations of religion.

Two processes of education go on when a minister is settled over a church. One is the education of the people, the other the education of the pastor. The people learn something about their minister, and the minister learns something about his people. The people learn not only what he distinctly intends to teach them, but also what he is not always conscious of imparting. No minister can teach well or ill without imparting something of his own personality, and the degree to which he does this may make his teaching better or worse. This constant impartation of self in the best sense of the word, this putting of personality into his message, is that which gives individuality and personal power to his word and influence. A congregation will learn its minister's limitations, but it will also learn his resources and power to sustain himself in the position to which he is called. In a similar way the minister is constantly being educated about his people and his field. He learns their limitations as well as their resources, their power to expect, to absorb, and to sustain; and it is this process of mutual education which may result in a brief pastorate, or in one which is continued over a quarter or a half of a century in a relation which is rich, beautiful, and blessed, whether viewed from the pulpit or from the pew.

THE American missionaries have sometimes been accused of being indifferent to the Armenian question. But in the *Advance* of May 2 Rev. Joseph K. Greene, D.D., of Constantinople, for many years a missionary in Turkey, says: "Are the American missionaries in duty bound, in order not to incur the hostility of the Turkish authorities, to keep their mouths shut, not only in the presence of acts of ordinary misgovernment, but also in the presence of the massacre of thousands of the defenceless Christian subjects of the Porte? Is it a crime to protest to the civilized world against wholesale slaughter and outrage, and to desire that the Christian populations of Turkey may secure, not through revolution, but by the agency of the great powers of Europe, a fitting protection for life, honor, and property? Must an American cease to be a man? Must he smother all humane instincts, must he shut his eyes and stop his ears and plug up his mouth, as he passes by on the other side, in order to be a missionary? Is this the amount of discretion necessary, in order that he may secure through the American government the proper protection of his legitimate rights? The American missionaries have ever been scrupulously loyal to the Turkish government. They are so now, and they mean to be in the future; but they cannot admit that they are indiscreet and censurable if, in the presence of massacre, they utter the cry of horror, and on this point they confidently appeal to the American government and to the American people." It is to Frederick Davis Greene, a son of Dr. Greene, that we are indebted for the book on "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," which gives us the best presentation of the Armenian question and a full report of the massacre.

THE emphasis in theology has often been laid on the sovereignty of God, but now we are learning more of the sovereignty of man. There is not the slightest danger that the sovereignty of God will be abdicated. The fundamental constitution of the universe will remain what it is, and the eternal laws will continue to fulfil the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. But it has been common, from the days of Homer down to the days of the Puritans, and from the Puritans to our own times, to place upon God the responsibility which ought to be assumed and fulfilled by man. The fatalist assumes that things are so because they must be so; and the optimist

assumes that whatever is is right, and therefore cannot be made any better. But, without exceeding the sovereignty of God, without running counter to the everlasting laws, but simply by learning to apply and to fulfil them, man may enter into a field of sovereignty in which he becomes not a rival, but a coworker with God. This is becoming more and more evident in the structure of human society. The nature of man and the nature of his environment furnish fundamental conditions for human society, but to some extent both of these are capable of modification. We need an improved man and an improved environment, and we may have both. To assume that human society is fixed and unalterable is an assumption of ignorance, indifference, or fatalism. Poverty and distress are conditions which arise from undevelopment and ignorance on one side or from selfishness and oppression on the other. Slavery was defended again and again as a divine institution, as something which was ordained as a curse to the slave and as a blessing to his master. The abolition of slavery has meant the reconstruction of society wherever it has existed, and it has been found that God has been entirely willing that some better form of society should be substituted for that which was attributed either to his vengeance or to his goodness. Such an experience as this encourages us to believe that every other form of oppression which exists in human society to-day, whether it be intellectual, physical, political, social, or industrial, may eventually be removed by infusing more light, liberty, justice, love, into the social and political order.

THE BLOSSOMING OF OLD FAITHS.

Paul Bourget, in his book on America, "Outre Mer," has given the best portraits that have as yet been limned of those two remarkable men, Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons. Not the physical features mainly, but the soul of these two leaders of the new Catholicism, stand revealed in his vivid sketches. We see the broadening and deepening of fresh life in the old faith that seemed hopelessly to have crystallized into formula, moss-grown ritual, and venerable ceremony. The hope of expansion in the hierarchy had almost died out of the world's expectation.

Some rabid Romanist-haters may see in these new tendencies only cunning and craft, the supple bending to new conditions to compass old ends, means to engraft the Jesuitical influence only the more firmly in our body politic. But generous minds will warm toward the type of manhood Bourget has described,—the saintly Gibbons, the sturdy and uncompromising Ireland, both the flowering of the American idea, both the representatives of ardent patriotism. By birth, breeding, and nurture they are rooted in the virgin soil of this new continent, and draw from it essential modifications of the old creed, not in the letter, but in the spirit, the living germ of faith that breaks old bonds asunder, and overleaps all hampering restrictions.

This putting forth of new aggressive shoots on the old Roman trunk is not the least remarkable sign of our times. A few centuries ago the martyr's fate would have overtaken rash prelates who loudly proclaimed the reconciliation of this ancient faith with modern science. It proves how completely the persecuting era has closed after lingering to the very threshold of our time. At last the new leaven has got into the old Roman dough; and the future of the Church, even on its speculative and doctrinal side, is problematic. The stationary ages have ended, and the Church hears the mysterious command: "Forward! March!" The most rabid hater of things papistical, who is still a true American, must feel a warming of the cockles of the heart toward men who have so generously

espoused the national idea. Still, there are some who will inevitably fear that the unchanged policy of Rome may in time subtly quench their expansive ardor, and by its tortuous influence check progress and extinguish the light its forward sons have kindled with wood gathered from the sacred precincts.

Romanism permits a long tether; but its checks and hindrances, hidden and open, are potent, its power to subdue the genius of its exceptional men, working them into the general lump of subserviency, is a power possessed by no other order.

However, it would seem that modern thought, modern impulses, are too strong for the old Church. It can no longer remain stationary. It must move, it must grow, if it would live. Its saving graces must come to the front and take the lead, and put forth buds and leafage, like Aaron's staff. The American stamp of Catholicism will react wholesomely on the stagnant European Church, and has already reacted. Ireland and Gibbons have emphasized precious truths. They have felt more as men than as ecclesiastics. Their robes rise and fall over human hearts with feelings broader than their own connection. Whether conscious of it or not, they stand for free thought and the liberty of the spirit. The forward step they have taken in unison with science, with political reform, with the growing vital tendencies toward recognized brotherhood, is a remarkable illustration of the power of free institutions to slough off everything pernicious to its own well-being.

Spiritual emancipation in the Church itself is the earnest of averted danger. Our safety rests on the enlightenment of the Catholic masses. Not one or twenty secret societies, pledged to work against the spread of Catholicism, can safeguard our liberties. Safety alone is to be found in transforming the ten million Catholics in this country into American citizens, enthusiastic for the American idea. Tolerance is the last principle the Roman Church has been brought to accept. That which does not grow shall rot. The Church sees this truth at last. It is growing on American soil because it is adapting itself to its environment.

These two remarkable men have worked a great change in the lower orders of the clergy. Where there was but one liberal Catholic priest a few years ago, there are now many. The desire has come not to work wholly apart and isolated, but to strike hands with other brave workers of whatever name. They wish to join the march, to keep step with their neighbors, to be admitted to the privilege of service. This is a greater miracle than any recorded in the whole category of saints' lives and wonder-workers. Thus men of diverse names and creeds get down to the basis of humanity, and satisfy the secret longing for union on a new footing.

Generous hearts, call themselves what they may, no longer wish to live and work alone. Theoretically, they will believe what they must believe; but belief shall no longer be a dungeon cell, shall no longer prevent brothers from striking hands for service and fellowship. This is to-day the wish, the need, of the progressive Catholic. Without a liberal America could there ever have been a liberal or even a semi-liberal pope? The translation of the letter into the spirit of the faith has still a great task to perform. But, once open the church doors, let in the light, invite the air, and all must follow.

So in another old sect we see the same process going forward on different lines, but consistent with the genius of race and historical sequence. Dr. Gottheil's recent jubilee in New York shows conclusively how far Judaism has gone aside from its traditional ruts to seek new paths and larger opportunities. The sympathy it called forth from people of other denominations was one of the beautiful signs of the times. Dr. Gottheil has done for his church what Archbishop Ireland and the Baltimore cardinal have done for theirs. He has shown that because it is among the oldest of existing faiths it need not necessarily be the most backward, need not be a simulacrum of death in a living, growing world. From its ancient heart, thought by many to have gone all to dust and ashes, he has evoked living currents that prove the eternal youth of the human spirit. He has placed himself in the van of progress, has called to his friendship and favor the

advanced minds of other faiths, has made of his fine scholarship not a bulwark of defence, but an open road for the truth and for human fellowship. The band of scholars, thinkers, spiritual teachers, who have come out of Israel in these late years, is an inspiring sight, fraught with the profound vitality of our common nature, and not to be regarded lightly, but to be looked upon as one of the pregnant signs of the times, an earnest of the great forward march of creeds that at some far-distant day are to flow in a universal faith. As the march goes on, the needless impedimenta, the things that hinder and clog and belittle, will be dropped, and the great essentials will loom larger and fairer on the human vision. This resistless forward movement, acquiring momentum as it advances, will outrun all shells and trammels, and advance with triumphant step toward the higher life for which all material things are but the stepping-stone, the lever.

Religious parcelling-out and isolation have failed through centuries to make the world much better. The time has come when a united uplift, a strong, determined effort of all devoted hearts and souls, is called for. The enthusiasm for humanity will make us lose sight of these little creedal divisions. We shall grasp the hand held out to us, whether it subscribe to our "ology" or not. We shall welcome all aid. We shall get hold at last of the right way of doing things, and leave each to accept such intellectual formularies, such statements of faith, as his mind yearns toward, to find that these things are not impenetrable divisions, but are like some of the tissues of the body through which the living blood flows with perfect freedom.

SHUTTING THE BOOKS.

The end of the school and college year is at hand. Another month will see most of the institutions of learning throughout the country silent and deserted. The buildings will fall into their vacation sleep, and the grass will venture up between bricks where to-day the ceaseless tramp of many feet keeps it in close subjection. The boys and girls, young men and women, teachers and masters, will scatter to the four winds, listening to no bell of recall till the September tocsin summons them from wood and hill and seashore to resume their work.

Only a month, but what a month! In too many schools it is the hardest bit of the year. It is unfortunate that the greatest mental strain should come at a time when physically teachers and pupils are least fitted to endure it. The nine months of brain activity has been exhausting, and the heat of June adds to the weariness of heads already tired. And this year the intensely hot weather began in early May. If this season were to be the usual fashion of nature, it would be necessary to adopt the method of some Southern schools, and have the scholastic year end in May and the literal "commencement" take place in June, the work that in Northern schools is done in September being done then.

It is not only the routine work that is trying, but the mental anxiety as to promotion and graduation adds immensely to the pressure. This is often unnecessary. As the head of a large institution remarked the other day, "The boys scare themselves: we don't scare them." And often faithful, painstaking, and industrious students suffer most from this self-torment. But they lessen their ability to do themselves full credit by this fear. Especially do they lose strength for the final contest if carelessness or negligence has undermined their general health during the year; for they easily fall victims to a morbid anxiety that sometimes ends in a complete breakdown at the critical moment.

Young men and women in college must be left largely to their own responsibility at this time. If they have not learned the wisdom of doing their best as the days go by, caring wisely for the body, including the brain, and making haste slowly in mental work, then, when the end of the year comes, they may have a bitter lesson before the middle of June, and find that experience is the hardest master they have yet known.

But, bad as it is for college men and women to be adding worry to work in the closing of the year, it is an even greater mistake for school boys and girls to study and fret themselves into a wan and sleepless condition. But at that age parents are

at hand to look after and prevent this, if possible. Even more than at other seasons nutritious food should be insisted on, but simple and unstimulating. Recreation and exercise should be as regular as school attendance, and as long hours of unbroken sleep should be secured as possible. Above all, it should be deeply impressed on the young people that health is better than book-learning, and that the highest percentage of scholarship will poorly offset a broken-down nervous system. It may be rather late to begin inculcating such wholesome doctrine in May, when the children are looking forward to promotions in June. But, even though the good advice has been delayed till then, it may still find a lodgment in some sensible child, and save at least a few. And, though care has been exercised through the whole year by both parent and scholar, it is quite possible that an added injunction may not come amiss in keeping them faithful for one month more. There seems to be no way yet devised by which this extra strain can be avoided. It must therefore be recognized as, for the present, a necessary evil, and met accordingly.

THE LOST HEATHEN.

It is more than a dozen years since Prof. Park prophesied that "the missionary nerve would be cut" unless the salvation of the heathen from perdition in the world to come were made the chief motive of missionary work. It is not a decade since the American Board was convulsed with the great discussion concerning the fate of the heathen and their grandfathers, turning upon the question whether Rev. Robert A. Hume, who had given pagan grandfathers the benefit of merciful doubts, should be returned to his field of labor in India. Since the death of Dr. Shedd, whose famous sermon on "The Guilt of the Heathen" has become a classic in the literature of eschatology, we have wondered whether his voice would find any echo among those who have survived him. On turning to the *Advance* of May 2, the question is answered. The spirit of Dr. Shedd finds a medium in Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., chairman of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, who writes on the "Foundation of the Missionary Spirit." Dr. Webb says:—

The unanimous and overwhelming testimony of the missionaries, as they came up to London and joined in that great missionary conference of 1888, was that the heathen are guilty, condemned, and sinking down in their sins to an inevitable and awful perdition. And, surely, this is the implication and the explication of Christ's sacrifice. Yea, more, this is the reason and motive that brought him here. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Paul said of the heathen, shutting their eyes to the witnesses for God's everlasting power and divinity, "without excuse," guilty, without excuse. Paul said: They exchange the truth of God for a lie; they abandon themselves to all sorts of lust, cunning, cruelty, and criminal abominations. They take pleasure in strife, deceit, malignity, and murder. They reverse the very constitutional instincts, impulses, and affections of human nature; and God gives them over to wallow and welter in the dwarfing and deadening consequences of their own sins.

It is the same from every quarter of the horizon: the heathen are lost! This is the mighty truth—so Gen. Booth says—that is moving the Salvation Army to encompass the world to-day,—a truth the rejection of which halts every foot of that army, from the highest general to the humblest private. What we want is not little dainty discussions about the pitiable condition of the poor heathen, nor a patronizing attitude toward Booth's army, now that its victories can no longer be denied: what we need is to believe *anew*, down in the depths of our souls, that the heathen are lost.

And now the other truth that we need to grasp anew and fix immutably in our hearts is this: the religion of Jesus Christ will save the heathen, and the religion of Jesus Christ *alone* will save them. Every other religion and all other religions leave men without God, without hope in the world. In the name of Jesus Christ, the crucified one, the risen one, is salvation, and in no other.

This language is so familiar to us that we might almost accuse Dr. Webb of plagiarizing from Dr. Shedd, did we not know

that he is above any such charge, and that the resemblance we speak of relates not to words, but to ideas. The question may naturally be asked, If the heathen are in this lost condition, can the religions they have embraced do anything for them? To this question Dr. Webb gives a distinct negative:—

Not one of these religions has ever purified, elevated, or advanced a nation. Not a nation has been found in the last sixty years, nor in the last six thousand years, that has not been descending, however fully possessed by one of these religions. Brahma and Buddha and Confucius and Mohammed may each have taught some truth. Suppose they did. That forms no part of Christianity. The cattle in the stable where Christ was born, the sheep and the goats, the doves and the hawks, each had life; but had they therefore a relation to the babe in the manger?

The answer to this minor question depends somewhat upon whether we have any historic proof that Mary nursed her own child. If not, it is quite possible that the goats and the cattle had a distinct relation to the life and growth of Jesus. At least, after he was weaned, the supposition is that he used milk, like other children. And we cannot be sure that the cattle were not of pagan origin, and that they had been tested for theological tuberculosis. Is it not possible that Christianity was nursed somewhat in the same way? Or was Paul in error when he said that he was a debtor to the Greeks, and also to the barbarians; and was Peter infallibly wrong when he said that God is no respecter of persons, and in every nation he that worketh righteousness is accepted of him?

The zoological question whether Jesus had any relation to the animals who were in the stable when he was born is a matter which may be referred to the comparative anatomists. We suspect most of them would maintain that, physiologically, the relation was positive and genetic. As to the theological question, we refer Dr. Webb to Hatch's Gifford lectures on "The Greek Influence on Christianity," and to Prof. Toy's book on Christianity and Judaism. It may, indeed, be asked whether this very view of the destiny of the heathen which Dr. Webb holds is not of pagan origin, is not something that has been infused into Christianity. We do not attempt to decide this historic question, and we may seem to be doing injustice to our heathen friends to charge them with holding the terribly dismal view of human destiny which Dr. Webb has advanced. Nevertheless, we can imagine some heathen recognizing kinship, and saying, "Your God is our devil; and, if you charge us with devil-worship, have you not fallen into the same idolatry?" A distinguished Japanese who was in this country a few years ago said, "Do not send us any more bells: we have enough of our own." Dr. Webb, however, refuses to grant to the heathen any quarter outside of Christianity, and says, "To tolerate the idea that there is salvation for the heathen except in the religion of Jesus Christ is treason against the kingdom of heaven on earth."

We honor the American Board for the educational, civilizing, Christianizing work it has done all over the world; and we sincerely regret that its receipts have fallen off in the last three years some \$117,000 a year. We should rejoice to see the debt removed, and its hard-working, self-sacrificing missionaries adequately supported at their posts; but we ask, Will such appeals as that of Dr. Webb replenish a depleted treasury? Undoubtedly, if our orthodox brethren believed in this doctrine as sincerely as Dr. Webb, it would have that result. But, as a matter of fact, whatever their theory is on this matter, the great majority of orthodox people are not possessed with the idea that the heathen will be forever lost without Christianity. This motive has been so long urged upon them as the only adequate motive for missionary work, and they have been so long scourged with such appeals, that, when the pressure of this exhortation is relaxed, their generosity is contracted. If Dr. Webb is right, then the American Board ought to have millions every year for its work; and a small sacrifice on the part of every orthodox believer would annually secure it. But this doctrine is not practically accepted; and the question arises whether men like Dr. Webb are not doing a distinct injury to the missionary cause, and helping to deplete its treasury, by presenting a mo-

tive which is no longer adequate because it is no longer accepted as true. We venture to say that the more liberal churches in the orthodox body, if they had perfect confidence in the administration of the Board, would give, and perhaps do give, proportionately, quite as much for the educational, humanizing, Christianizing work of the Board, which constitutes the great crown of its achievement, as for the boring of theological hells in heathen lands and the propagation of the Calvinistic scheme of pessimism. The vast sums given by Peabody and Slater for education in the South, the money raised for Hampton, Tuskegee, and a score of other colleges and schools, show that such ignorance, vice, and degradation as Dr. Webb describes constitute alone a sufficient motive for generosity, when properly presented. In the last twenty-five years many millions of dollars have been contributed for the cause of education alone, absolutely distinct from any idea of salvation from a future hell. It has been given for schools, colleges, and public libraries. The endowment of Chicago University, of Clark University in Massachusetts, the recent gift of President Low of Columbia of a million dollars to his university and the legacies which yearly pour into Harvard College, are notable examples. The fact that a thousand dollars is given for education to every one that is given for saving the heathen from future perdition shows that the educational motive is not only more worthy, but more powerful.

Musings.

I HAD an opportunity last week to get a glimpse of Brown University, not only of buildings and grounds, which under the rapidly unfolding spring were beautiful enough, but of teachers and students. A kind invitation from Prof. Wilson gave me an opportunity in the morning to address the class in sociology on the subject of "Penology"; and another gracious invitation from Prof. Mannatt gave me an opportunity to meet the Classical Club, with numerous additions from the outside world, in the beautiful Sayles' Hall in a lecture on "Ithaca, Troy, and the Homeric Isles." I was impressed on this visit by the way in which Brown has expanded, not territorially, for it could not stretch a great deal without spilling over the borders of Rhode Island; but I mean in breadth and scope of studies, in organization, equipment, in purpose, opportunity, and determination. With an electric dynamo for a president, who is capable of furnishing power as well as light, and radiating influence in all directions, with the proper amount of insulation, such a result was to be expected. President Andrews, like President Eliot and President Harper, is a good illustration of the power of personality in education. I was much interested to see what Brown is doing in sociology. To meet sixty young men, re-enforced by half a dozen young women, who are earnestly addressing themselves to such subjects as criminology, pauperism, and every phase of scientific philanthropy, is an indication not only that the university is adjusting itself to the life of to-day, but that this opportunity is welcomed and accepted, and that it means a fresh accession of power to the ranks of those who are trying to solve these problems. Yet this new interest in problems of life to-day is not gained by narrowing or clipping the traditional course of classical study. On the contrary, this department is invigorated, animated, and extended; and one may feel in Brown the new impulse in classical archaeology which is felt in all other universities where the fashion has been adopted of taking professors out of their libraries, and sending them to Greece for a Sabbatical year, to delve with the spade as well as the pen. Schliemann little knew how many souls his own radiant enthusiasm would enkindle. Large as were the results of his life, in summing them up, I should place the emphasis not upon his discoveries so much as upon the stimulus he gave to classical archaeology in all its relations. I must not leave Brown without making the most profound bow to the women's college. I should not dare to undertake to define the exact relation which this college sustains to the rest of the university. It would be perilous. Somebody would correct me. But I saw young ladies in the class-rooms

with young men, and in the library, and also attending lectures from the university professors in their own little building, so that I am inclined to believe that every course of study is open to them except membership in the base-ball nine. When the young ladies graduate, they receive a degree signed by the president and faculty the same as any other student. What is needed is better accommodation. I have already made out a check for a million dollars for Brown, and am only waiting to get somebody who has the money to sign it.

BUT I have been pursuing my education not only at Brown, but at Harvard; and for three successive Wednesdays I have had the pleasure of hearing Prof. John Williams White lecture on Aristophanes, and give a translation of the Birds, with stereopticon illustrations. Frere has shown us what can be done in the way of putting Aristophanes into English, and one might hesitate to venture upon the same path. But Prof. White has blazed his own path through the thicket, and made it so alluring and fascinating that it is a delight to follow him. We find in it a complete revelation of the spirit of Aristophanes. Prof. White has achieved the difficult task of making his rendering thoroughly modern in spirit without doing violence to the text and the situation. The translator of Aristophanes needs to add to the endowment of the scholar the endowment of the literary humorist. Some of the Germans have failed to understand Aristophanes because they have insisted on making him a didactic sermonizer. We wonder what terrible work some of them would make if they attempted to write a commentary on Mark Twain. Just think of the pages of learned disquisition which an erudite German commentator might make upon the phrase with which Scottie puzzled the parson in "Roughing It," when he spoke of not "shaking his mother"! Imagine the seismic learning which might be put into an attempt to connect this phrase with the worship of Poseidon, "the Earth-shaker," then showing perhaps how naturally it was related to the worship of the earth as the mother of which the earthquake was simply a form of cosmological hysterics! Aristophanes cannot stand this treatment. It is only by transmigration of soul that the spirit of the dramatist or comedian can pass over into the translator. In Prof. White's rendering we had not dry bones of exegesis or philology, but the veritable Aristophanes addressing an appreciative audience in the modern Athens of the New World. I went away convinced that Aristophanes could write his play just as well in English as in Greek, and that perhaps he did.

Brebities.

Unity and the Minister, a Calcutta paper, says of the money raised in this country to sustain Mr. Mozoomdar in his work, "We are thankful to our American brethren for having relieved our apostolic brother from his long-felt want."

About five hundred soda-water venders in New York went to the city hall the other day to see the mayor in regard to their licenses. It is needless to say that the column was sparkling and effervescent, and that all flavors were represented.

On another page will be found the programme of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, which holds its session in New Haven, Conn., May 24-30. Many interesting papers are promised, and there should be a large attendance.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The acceptance of the pulpit of King's Chapel by Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline confirms and deepens the satisfaction which was felt at the time a call was extended to him. The dignity and power of King's Chapel will certainly be sustained under his ministry, and he will bring to it a mature mind attuned to the thought of the age and consecrated to the best ideals of church work."

The "Greek National Calendar for 1895," prepared by Konstantin P. Skopos, and published in Athens by Konstantinides, contains a portrait and sketch of Michael Anagnos, written by Mr. Ph. Paraskeviades of Athens. The noble work which Mr. Anagnos has done in the education of the

blind, as well as the remarkable contribution of his father-in-law, Dr. Howe, are gratefully recognized. The Greeks may well be proud of Mr. Anagnos; and the best way Americans can show their gratitude is by giving him an earnest and adequate support in his work.

Every young couple beginning to plan for a home of their own ought to read together "The House Beautiful," by William C. Gannett, recently published in pamphlet form by James H. West. It costs fifteen cents, but its value is only to be estimated in terms of the spirit. Older people may well read it, too; and, though it will doubtless make them ache with the thought of unfulfilled ideals and slighted opportunities, yet that kind of ache ought not to be unwelcome.

The *Interior*, commenting on the pope's encyclical addressed to the English people, says: "His irenic encyclical breathes good will and kindly feeling for the race for whom numerous of his predecessors had only stern malediction. It is a grateful contrast to see, instead of a scowling pontiff ransacking the Vatican armory for thunderbolts to hurl at the pestilent heretics, an aged but gentle shepherd piping peaceful and alluring tunes to win back the straying sheep who for the last three centuries have been feeding in alien pastures. The good old man in all the gentleness of his kindly heart professes love and admiration for the English people. There is no need to question his sincerity."

Pro and Con.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I see that the lesson to Sunday-school teachers at Channing Hall on May 25 is on "The Resurrection of Jesus," and that this is the subject on the Sunday following in the Sunday-schools. May I call attention to the sermon on the Resurrection by Dr. Furness, which we now fortunately possess in the shape of a *Christian Register* tract, so that it is easily attainable by all? This explanation of the facts accompanying the Resurrection is so interesting that it would be a pity for our younger teachers and older scholars to lose this opportunity. To the older Unitarians this explanation is familiar from Dr. Furness's former books. To some of us it seems the most interesting and remarkable piece of New Testament criticism that we have ever known,—entirely unique, illuminating the history as nothing else has ever done. L. F. C.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Permit me to call the attention of the readers of your paper to the report of the Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association. The Southern States contain nearly one-third of the population of the United States.

With conditions peculiar to themselves, with theological, industrial, and social problems essentially their own, so uninfluenced by immigration that only two per cent. of its population are foreign-born, of all parts of the republic, they ought to be represented in the directorship of an organization which aims to be American. So far as I know, they have never been so represented. Vice-presidencies may be complimentary; but they are certainly not in any practical sense in the organization of the American Unitarian Association representative. The South ought also to have its own special Committee on Ministerial Fellowship. Such alone is competent to judge of a religious situation which has no analogy elsewhere in the United States.

CHARLES RICHMOND WELD.

Baltimore.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I understand that there is to be time allowed at the morning meeting of the Unitarian Association, Tuesday, May 28, for open discussion of subjects relating to our work. I therefore venture to give notice of the following vote, which I should like to submit to your readers, with the hope of getting suggestions about it, and at least of preparing the minds of delegates for its

consideration. Does it not commend itself as a perfectly fair proposition? If this is not so, I am quite willing to be shown why not, and even to save the time of the Association by withdrawing it from further discussion. CHARLES F. DOLE.

The vote, subject to improvement, is as follows:—

"Whereas the free system of sittings in church is best suited to efficient missionary work,

"*Voted*, That the board of directors are requested to take such action, with due reference to special conditions and the time required for change of method, as to make the free system the rule for all churches which have the benefit of the missionary money of the Association."

THE RELIGION OF WHITTIER'S POETRY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

There has of late been considerable discussion concerning the religious views of Whittier. The *Outlook* has claimed him as an evangelical or orthodox Christian, the ground of the claim being certain theological statements made by the poet. It is noteworthy, however, that Dr. Lyman Abbott did not in his sermon make a single citation from Whittier's poetry. To many it seems more important to consider the general tone and tendency of the poems rather than the nature of one or two detached theological statements. It is a suggestive fact that the sermons of Unitarian preachers on Whittier, as reported in the papers, have been largely made up of quotations from his poetry. If the poetry is orthodox, how comes it that the orthodox do not cite it, while the liberals do? Whittier's poetry has also furnished many hymns for public worship. Who uses these hymns? A comparison of a number of hymn-books gives the following significant result.

Among orthodox hymnals, the Episcopal, containing 679 hymns, has none of Whittier's; the Andover "Hymns of the Faith," with 655 hymns, has 1 of Whittier's; the Methodist Episcopal hymnal has 1,117, of which 2 are by Whittier; the "Baptist Praise Book" (ed. 1871) has 1,311, of which 2 are Whittier's; Dr. Robinson's "Spiritual Songs" (edition of 1878), with 1,086, has 3 by Whittier; and Dr. Abbott's new "Plymouth Hymnal," containing 638 hymns, has 6 of Whittier's.

Turning to Unitarian hymnals, we find that Mr. Foote's "Hymns of the Church Universal," with 650 hymns, has 9 by Whittier; the English "Essex Hall Hymnal," containing 512 hymns, has 9 by Whittier; Mrs. T. C. Williams's hymnal has 382, of which 11 are Whittier's; the American Unitarian Association book (revised edition), with 882, has 16 by Whittier; and "Unity Hymns and Chorals," containing 253, has 21 by Whittier.

Six orthodox hymnals, containing 5,486 hymns, have but 14 by Whittier; while five Unitarian hymnals, containing only 2,679 hymns, have 66 by Whittier. Whereas, in the evangelical books, Whittier's hymns are used but once in 391 times, the Unitarian books use them once in every 40 hymns. In a word, the Unitarian books use Whittier's hymns nearly ten times as frequently as do the orthodox books. And it would seem that the more "radical" the Unitarianism, the more frequently does it turn to Whittier's poetry for means of expression.

Whatever may be said, then, about detached statements or remarks made by Whittier, the use made of his poetry as hymns by different types of Christianity confirms the impression derived from reading the poetry,—that it is, in its general spirit and tendency, distinctly and emphatically "liberal," and not "evangelical." Others may, if they will, claim that the formal creed of Whittier is orthodox; but it is pretty evident that the poetry of Whittier is liberal. They may have the formal creed; but the poetry with its sweet and simple faith is ours. We use it frequently and naturally; for it expresses our broad, simple gospel of spiritual religion, which assures men that

"The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all."

FREDERIC GILL.

For the *Christian Register*.

THE FAIR COUNTRY.*

BY JULIA DODSON SHEPPARD.

Pilgrims and sojourners here we are:
Weary and worn, we journey far,
Defeat and death our common lot.
What keeps us from despair, if not

The soul of things? that country fair
Whose border-land is everywhere,
Whose rhythm, surging soft and low,
Can comfort even earthly woe,

Whose music soars aloft, and sings,
And lifts us on immortal wings,
Above life's drudgery and care.
O song divine! O country fair!

PICTURES FOR HOSPITALITY.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING, SR.

II.

What is known as hospitality in conventional usage has not seldom strange incongruities. I remember once sitting down to a generous meal in a neighbor's house on a winter day, with the mercury at so low a figure that the hostess found it needful to wrap herself in a blanket shawl and the host to wear his overcoat. This rather ludicrous set of incongruities was to be credited to a parsimony in the matter of fuel which certainly was not admirable; and all the fine dishes were spoiled, and the hospitality rendered more or less of a masquerade.

An experience kindred to this I often encounter in houses which, in much of their equipment and provision for the entertainment of guests, are hospices of the first order. The incongruities are of various kinds, and almost every home has more or less of them. But those which I am thinking of now have to do with the pictorial equipment of a house to the end of making guests welcome within its walls. Probably it has occurred to few people how egregiously, albeit without evil intent, the laws of hospitality are set at defiance in this relation. In the pictorial equipment of a home it is certainly true that the noble end of making a hospice, consistent in all its belongings, is not considered, as it ought to be, as something having to do with personal consecration. But, even with this condition assured, there is a widely prevalent and lamentable ignorance of what is necessary to the end sought in the pictorial equipment of a home.

And just here is the place to say that the furnishing of a house with pictures is a work only to be done with the greatest deliberation. It is the one thing, in the making of a home and a hospice, which cannot be hurried without great risk.

During a sojourn in Italy some years ago I fell in with one of the money-princes of America, who within the limits of a few weeks expended \$70,000 for about a carload of paintings for his magnificent mansion over the sea. In such an insane venture one could hardly help getting some prizes; but, also, one could hardly help making some huge blunders. Some of that carload of pictures were, doubtless, more or less hospitable; but other some were, doubtless, far enough from deserving such a designation.

Without attempting to classify all the paintings which might help to make a hospice of a home, I will specify only a few which, it seems to me, should have a prominent place. A noble historical painting in a house is a veritable benediction, provided it is wisely chosen, with a distinct purpose of beneficent ministry. I know a house in New York City which contains such a painting; and, though the architecture and furniture are exceptionally grand and elegant, it is probable that in the coming years that house will be better known as the conservatory of that single painting than from any other circumstance.

I was once invited by the proprietor of one of the most magnificent mansions in America to look at a great historical painting by a great German master. Upon asking for an explanation of the work, I found, to my surprise, that nobody in the house could tell me anything about it. By the merest accident, it happened that I had seen in Europe the original of which this was a replica, and had carefully written in

my note-book a description of it in its minutest details. The theme belonged to a rather obscure corner of Roman history, with which not one person in a thousand is familiar, and about as few care much about it. And so I got a vote of thanks for copying out of my note-book the explanation of this painted dream of Nebuchadnezzar, and leaving it with the proprietor for use in the enlightenment of future visitors.

This incident suggests an indispensable condition of hospitality in this department of art. An historical painting, to be really hospitable, should have a theme familiar and popular. Otherwise it is a foreign dialect; and, however it may appeal to the low instincts of self-admiration, it has no word of welcome in it, except such as requires a dictionary for its interpretation.

The classes of subordinate rank into which painting divides itself are familiar to all. By common consent the animal kingdom, and what is called "still-life," in both the animal and vegetable worlds, are invoked for material with which to adorn the walls of the dining-room. There is certainly a measure of hospitality in these, provided always that the examples are wisely chosen. But there is a great world of *genre*, which, if ignored in this particular relation, will leave serious incongruities in the one room of the house which is supposed, above all others, to give a welcome to every guest. A painting like Defregger's "Tischgebet" on the wall of a dining-room is in perfect harmony with the purpose of the room, and is, moreover, an eloquent sermon on gratitude to the Giver of all good. I could mention many others of kindred character which, for real hospitality in a dining-room, are far more deserving of places of honor on the walls than most animal and still-life pieces ever can be. But my readers will easily recall examples out of a populous constituency.

To the high and noble ends of a hospice it need not be said that well-painted landscapes are eminently fitting. Yet here the factor of personal association ought not to be forgotten. As a rule, in hanging landscapes on the walls of my house, I would try to kindle pleasant memories, not only in the members of the household, but in the invited guests. If you can help your guests to live over again the pleasantest experiences of their lives by reviving the scenes of nature which have enchanted them in other days, you will add a large factor to the welcome of your home.

Concerning pictures which are hospitable, I have reserved the department of *genre* for my final word, because, as I think, it is the most important of all for the beneficent ministry of which I am speaking. I do not quite know, and have never found anybody who was able to tell me, how the word "*genre*" came into use to the end of individualizing a particular domain of art. But this is of no great account, if we only understand that the word stands for a great and populous world of art, whose mission is to hold a mirror before our human life in all its phases, and show us in kaleidoscopic variety and manifoldness what sort of creatures we are and upon what a checker-board Fate is pushing and pulling us about. You perceive, do you not, that the real master in this domain of art is like a great pianist, such as Rubinstein, or a great violinist, such as Paganini, and can sweep all the chords of human feeling, from the highest reaches of ecstasy to the lowest abysses of woe. Our American art has not yet taken this department seriously in hand, albeit the materials are practically inexhaustible. But we shall some day have an American *genre*, with great native masters for its interpreters.

You may depend upon it that we have now come upon the most effective help to hospitality in art. And yet this one factor is sadly left out in the art of our American homes,—partly, no doubt, for the reason that it is not of home production, but for the present must be mostly imported from abroad. I went into a magnificent mansion in a great American city not long ago, and among the many paintings hanging on the walls of every room there was not a single *genre*.

But the new suburban house stands waiting yonder in its nest of forest and meadow. Its walls are still vacant; and we will hope that the high ends of hospitality will, in this instance, be intelligently considered.

Munich, Bavaria.

THE CLIMATE FOR INVALIDS.

BY ENOCH KNIGHT.

My attention has been called to an editorial in a recent issue of the *Boston Sunday Herald* in regard to the Invalid Aid Society (consumptives), also to the article of Dr. Nichols in the *March Review of Reviews*. Still another recent article in a leading weekly treats practically of the same subject by setting forth what the Department of Agriculture is about to undertake, nothing less than an elaborate series of observations as to climatic effects upon health. There is small doubt this will lead to a permanent climatic bureau. It is very curious how these things go, appearing in single minds and associated efforts at the same time in various and distant portions of the country. More than forty years ago Lowell, in "My Garden Acquaintances," gossiping about the weather, said in a whimsical conceit, perhaps, "Who dares say we may not, in the future, by a simultaneous observation of the weather-vane and the mercury at different points, be able to predict the coming storm, and provide against it ere the blow is delivered?" (I do not pretend to quote the exact words, as I have not the book at hand.) In less than twenty years the present Weather Bureau was well under way, upon the basis herein hinted at.

Probably the first thing that enlisted consumptives in the ever-swelling ranks of climate-hunters was a War Department report of comparatively recent date, which set forth that Fort Kent in Maine and Fort Snelling in Minnesota were the most healthful army posts as to pulmonary complaints. This sent many patients into the pine woods of Northern Maine, and still more into Minnesota. But it soon came to be understood that no climate is a specific for the disease, and that the place where pure, dry air can be had the year through, with immunity from storms and cold, that drive one too much indoors, is the best and the only place, really, to expect help from. When it was found that patients could not stand it to be housed in a stifling heat several months a year, as the terribly harsh Northern and Eastern winters made necessary, they turned for a season to Colorado. At length it began to be understood that high altitudes did not necessarily mean dryness, and that only patients in early stages of the disease were benefited by being made to pant for breath, thereby expanding the lungs. Then began a scattering, mainly to the Southern and the Pacific States.

I propose—since it has happened to me to be compelled to make wide inquiries and observations, and to write not a few private and public letters on the subject—to submit herewith some special considerations in behalf of Southern California. My interest in this is greatly enhanced at finding so many excellent persons connected with the enterprise whom I have met here, and whom I knew at home, being myself a New Englander. It is assuring to learn from the sources above mentioned that "climatic conditions are not yet well enough understood to make it wise to fix upon a single location" where consumptives can be sent. Southern Kansas is mentioned, and also New Mexico, as having claims to be desirable points at which a "Home" could be founded. It is not pleasant to assail another's claim; but can it be that any regularly storm-swept region of country, with tremendous ranges of temperature, ought to be seriously considered in such a connection? And, if one were to go among the ranches of New Mexico and see, as one must see, the prevalence of catarrh actually developed by the terrible winds, the blinding alkali dust, and the almost lightning changes of temperature, he would at least be prepared to act conservatively, if not to leave that region entirely out of account. There are beautiful regions of country and seasons of perfect weather "east of the mountains"; but there is no all-the-year and out-of-doors weather equal to that which comprises the rim of the Colorado desert and the region westward to the sea, as it is respectively opened by the San Geronio Pass, with Los Angeles as the base and centre. It is here that one can find equability and dryness, with almost complete immunity from what may be called "rough" weather. It is true that at some points in the mountains the daily changes are great. It sometimes seems as if each day the summer goes out

with the sun and winter comes with the stars; but one knows to a minute when the cold falls, and can provide against it as easily as one can keep clear of a railway train that is on schedule time. It is true, also, that near the ocean there are morning fogs in the spring and early summer, which, while perhaps not really unhealthful, are disagreeable and disappointing, because so many picturesque prevaricators have ignored or denied their existence; but there is no spot of earth where a consumptive can have so much sunshine and warmth as he can have here by making his winter sojourn along the rim of desert at the base of the San Bernardino and San Jacinto Mountains, and from Indio south and west, taking in what is known as Palm Valley. It is a low level, where the lungs are filled without effort; and it is absolute desert dryness. The rainfall averages about three inches for the whole year; and the sunshine is as faithful as is the unvarying west wind, which, week after week and month after month, brings over mesa and mountains the sweet breath of the great ocean. Here one can bask, if not actually bake, in the sun the winter long, subject to the few days of rain and the occasional storm of sand that is stirred up by the rush of wind through some mountain pass.

As to accommodations for sojourners, they are as yet meagre. At Indio is a good depot hotel; and some new and pretty cottages have been lately built, everything being well conducted. Trees are widely planted, water abundant; and there are no discomforts except the noise of trains. One may find about the same state of things further east, at Yuma; but the preference is plainly in favor of keeping nearer the desert's edge to the south-west of Indio, in the niches in the canyons along the eastern base of the San Jacinto Mountains, leaving the railroad at Palm Springs Station. Here is where desert warmth and rich farm and fruit lands meet. Palm Valley, with its little settlement of "Palm Springs," is strikingly beautiful in location and in detail. Many hundreds of acres are under cultivation, and many hundreds more are equally available. It is costly to get supplies in and products out, although the post-office is only six miles from the railway; and thus, naturally, the region is little known to the outside world. Here Dr. Murray, a Scotch physician, found health many years ago, and has established a little health resort, where he cares for a few winter sojourners. One feature of the valley is the famous grove of more than two thousand giant palms, from eighty to a hundred feet high, the seeds of which are sold the country over. Water comes plunging down from the snows five thousand feet up the mountains, and needs no ice. I know nothing like this combination for winter warmth and peacefulness, nor wonder that some gentlemen who are about making some farm improvements further up the valley have named it "Garden of Eden"; and they are not Californians, either!

Now, this sheltered edge of the desert is the true winter home of any victim of phthisis. If he can find a place to sleep and wholesome food to eat, there is nothing like the life he can lead here for absolute rest and immunity from storm or disturbing change of any sort. If he can also do a little prospecting or other moving about, with some semblance of employment or plans for the future, all the better. But this is the winter home of the person who has weak lungs and wants to keep them filled with pure, dry air without effort; for he can practically live out of doors in the blessed sun every day.

As to the summer, when he would have to move to escape the heat after June for three or four months, there is comfort anywhere in Southern California, where the ocean winds have play. In fact, the summer is, by all odds, the best part of the year here. Except in some of the valleys, which are heated ovens in August and September, there is no such thing as oppressive heat, such heat as is known on the other side of the continent. For six months or more the winds blow steadily from the west, to supply the desert needs, making it cool even there at night. From the Sierra Madre Mountains to the sea the summer is bright and wholesome, an almost unbroken procession of golden days, with blessed sleep at night, if only one can get blankets enough.

One more consideration. This is a seri-

*"We heard it said casually in conversation the other day that the world can get along very well without poetry. . . . How little the people know themselves who think they can get along without the poetry of life!"—*Register of March 28, 1895.*

ous matter, and there is nothing to be preferred above the truth. Do not, I beg, establish great "Homes" anywhere, even if and when the climate most curative for phthisis be admitted to have been found. A "Home" is a delusion and a disaster from the first. This very coast has had a cordon of sanitariums extending throughout its whole course of settlement; but all have been unprofitable, and most of them have gone the way of all such mistakes everywhere. Real invalids will not go where many others are sure to be found. This is especially true of consumptives. They must have something in surroundings to help on their natural hope, that springs eternal. Under the restraints of municipal laws, and the necessary discipline of the hospital established from public necessity, patients consent to be massed; but the aversion of the average consumptive to enter the invalid class, and consent to consort with others, is founded in the highest wisdom as well as instinct. Money, advice, and friendly helps of all sorts are needed by hundreds of poor creatures whose lungs might heal in the dry, out-of-doors weather of which I have spoken; but do not make the mistake of founding a vast, dismal, and isolated institution, which would make moving about impossible and individual freedom a mockery.

People with merely fancied ailments or real ones, if they be fashionable and of the kind that do not kill, will gather in herds, and sometimes seem even to find a sort of distinction and delight in it all; but it is simply because they do not take sickness seriously. Many of the great pleasure resorts are illustrations of this. One of the liveliest gatherings I ever looked upon was one year after the close of the regular summer season in the White Mountains, when not less than two hundred distinguished citizens of New England put their heads together at the Twin Mountain House, under the stimulus of hay fever and half-fare, and actually celebrated two days, sometimes with a fervor little short of ecstasy. But they who have been compelled to confess to chronic invalidism, and to face and fight death with daily fear of failing strength, have a different business on hand, and cannot bear the ordeal of constant contact with a hundred other shapes and phases of kindred suffering.

A long residence in Southern California, and faithful talks with medical men who could not be suspected of sinister or whimsical views on such a theme, and much personal observation, lead me to urge the above considerations upon all who are seriously interested in finding the best conditions for consumptive patients. There are those who will declare that there is no need to go over into the desert in the winter, that the belt of country this side of the mountains which I have described is good enough. But there are disagreeable days, and not a few trying changes in weather, from December to April, that must be considered. These, too, are aggravated by the discomfort that comes of so many poorly built houses and inadequate means of warming them. A few years will change this latter objection, but nothing can ever make the rainy season in or about Los Angeles equal the desert for health or comfort. It is incomparably better than the winter anywhere in the East any time of year, as most people admit who have honestly tried both; but the objectionable features of the winter can and ought to be avoided by everybody who needs and can avail himself of the best there is to be had.

Given the general climatic conditions of the region around Los Angeles, with the western edge of the Colorado Desert for winter outing, and no other point on the continent can be seriously compared with it for healthfulness and comfort.

THE DERVISH.*

BY RAFFI (MELIK HAGOPIAN).

[Translated from the *Araxes*, an illustrated Armenian magazine devoted to literature and fine arts, by A. B. S.]

The dervishes play a great rôle in the intellectual life of Persia. They are also called "fakir," "kalandar," which means poor. The dervish can easily be recognized by his customs. He is a man with long hair, which is either tied into a bunch with black strings or worn flowing. On his head he wears a red cap on which is embroidered

*The root of the word "dervish" is "devr," which means to wander.

some talismanic verse. A long white shirt comes down to his bare feet, bound about his loins with a broad girdle with talismanic verses upon it. He has a lion or tiger skin upon his shoulders, and hangs on his naked arms his "kashguil," a cup made of a coconut shell. He has in his hand a big club of the cotton-tree, and by his side hangs his "nafir" (horn). In every city of Persia one meets such men, sometimes wholly naked except a short garment which hangs from the loins. These are the dervishes.

The dervish is friendly to everybody. When he meets you, he carries his right hand to his forehead, and salutes you, saying, "Ay-voollah" or "Yah hoo-hak."

He passes through the covered market-places, singing either from Hafiz or from Massnevi, or the miracles of Amir-el-Momni. He is a poet: he sings love-songs. His voice echoes with sweet melodies from the arches of the dome of the bazaar. The shop-keepers love their singer, and each one puts into his "kashguil" a piece of copper coin. The dervish, after finishing his "devran" (tour), comes out of the bazaar, and takes from the money which he has collected as much as he needs for the day's living, and divides the rest among those who are poorer than himself. In the evening he is again poor, and has not a single piece of coin.

The dervish has no home, nor any place, nor any country: he has nothing. His home is the whole world; his family, humanity. He travels from country to country, singing; and everywhere the table of God is open before him. These half-naked wanderers find a hearty welcome in the homes of the richest "Hajis" or in the palaces of the great "Khans." Every man is anxious to hear his wisdom, and so gives him a place upon his carpet. But the dervish is not ambitious. He does not love the gorgeous palaces: he visits the cottages of the poor; he passes his nights on the streets, in half-ruined buildings. He sleeps wherever the night falls upon him.

The dervish is a communist. A few days before the festivals of Nev-rouz (New-day) he sets up his poor tent opposite the palace of the rich. He demands of him some part of the wealth which, as he believes, the rich man has confiscated from the property of the community. The rich man has no right to expel him from his door, unless he fulfils his demand. In passing by these tents of the dervishes, men think of Diogenes and the tub in which he sat.

Some of the dervishes are artists, and live by their labor. There are among them physicians, sculptors, apothecaries, painters, and engravers. A copy of their ornamental writing costs a good deal. Some of them have devoted themselves to finding the philosophic stone of the dark ages. They melt and burn sulphur, mercury, and other minerals with the desire of making gold.

In the cities of Persia special places have been built which are called "Tekyé." A "Tekyé" is a building in the form of an amphitheatre, with a square in the centre, and small rooms round about it in which the dervishes reside. I once entered in Shiraz one of those rooms, as I was told that the head of the dervishes was residing there. It was winter. As soon as the door of the room was opened, a strong and disagreeable odor greeted me. This odor was occasioned by the frequent smoking of "hasheesh," opium, and other intoxicating drugs. I asked them to leave the door open for a little fresh air.

"The guest's honor must always be revered," said one of the dervishes, and left the door open, although it was very cold.

They were four in number. The master sat upon the skin of a tiger: others on the skins of lions, panthers, and different wild beasts. One of them offered a skin to me, and I sat on it.

Each one of these dervishes belonged to a different nationality and to a different race. The head was a Persian. He was of middle age, tall and thin, and burned by the sun in his long journeys. His dark face, black and fiery eyes, at once expressed genius and inspired awe.

One of them was an Ethiopian, a young man, naked with the exception of white drawers. He was lying down in a corner in deep sleep. His black complexion in the

darkness of the room was not noticeable. Only once in a while the white of his eyes and his white teeth shone in the darkness, when his face took an extraordinary shape with occasional laughter. Intoxicated by the opium, he was in the realm of beautiful and attractive dreams.

Another was an Afghan, a short fellow with black, luxuriant hair, gloomy visage, and small bright eyes.

The fourth was a Hindu, with long soft hair and glossy, copper-colored face.

A mangal, an Oriental heating apparatus like a vase, made of iron, bronze, or clay, stood in the centre of the room, with a charcoal fire in it; and they sat around it.

"How did it happen to my lord to come to the abode of the poor?" asked the master of me.

"I am also a dervish," I answered, "and travelling from land to land. It was pleasant for me to come and learn about the condition of my brethren."

"Ay-voollah," exclaimed the master, "then we are brethren." After placing his hand in mine, he carried it first to his mouth and then to his forehead.

"Of what nationality are you?" he asked of me.

"Armenian," I answered.

"To what religion do you belong?"

"The Christian."

The last words caused the lips of the master to curve with satiric laughter, and he replied,—

"You said you were a dervish, but the dervishes do not belong to any nation or religion."

I felt my mistake in my words, and answered,—

"We are that kind of dervishes."

"The founder of the religion of Christians, Messiah, was a perfect dervish. He belonged to the *Ahl-i-Moohabbet* (the people of love). He hated riches; he was a friend of the poor and wiped the tears of the afflicted."

"Yes, he preached love, and took upon him the heavy burden of the sinner," said I. "But his successors, your caliphs, did not become the real and worthy followers of their master. They loved the world and its glories, and sacrificed holiness to their passions."

The Ethiopian dervish, who was lying in the corner, interrupted our conversation with a song, which he suddenly began to sing in his sleep.

"Last night our brother was much affected by the *hasheesh*," said the master. "He is yet charmed with beautiful dreams."

The Hindu at this time took out of his little bag a long piece of opium, chopped it into smaller pieces, and put them into his palm, then put it in his mouth, and swallowed all at once. I was surprised. A single piece of the opium was enough to poison and kill the healthiest man; but he ate it like candy, without showing any sign of dislike.

The master lighted his small *narguileh*, the bottle of which was made of a calabash, put upon it a little henbane, and began to smoke. The others likewise began to smoke and eat opium, and after a few minutes the small room was again full of suffocating smoke. The intoxicating power of the opium and *hasheesh* began to exert its influence. By and by the dervishes became more lively and cheerful. They offered to let me smoke from their *narguileh* and *ghaylan*; but I declined, saying, "I am not used to it," and lighted a cigarette.

Our conversation continued long. I noticed that these dervishes belonged to a sect which is called *Ahl-i-Hakikat*, which means followers of truth. They do not accept any truth unless it is manifested by the supernatural power. In order to reach the truth, they have to pass through the following two degrees: first, love, upon which they put the foundation of their morality; second, the *tarikah*, ceremonial forms, whereby a man kills in himself by austerities and numerous tortures the bodily passions, and purifies and cleanses himself and enters into the ways of the spirit. Then he reaches the truth.

Many of the dervishes belong to different sects, as Tahri, Babi, Sophi, Ourafa, etc. . . . There are also many swindlers among them who are engaged in sorcery, enchantment, and divination. The *Mollas* (Mohammedan priests or scholars) do not love the dervishes,

and consider them infidels, as they do not perform the laws of shariat. But the higher class of people, the nobility, respect and revere them, and like to hear their wisdom.

The dervishes, the wandering missionaries of wisdom, might be useful in introducing and spreading new ideas into Persia, although they have no definite direction now, and each one has his own ways, opinions, and beliefs. Yet they have the liberty of free thinking.

THE JEWEL OF TRUTH.

One of the most notable of Russian Jews is Jaakoff Prelooker, founder of the new Israel movement. Former head-master of the government school, Odessa, he came into contact, as every reformer does in Russia, with the government, the priesthood, and the press censorship; and he had to tread the well-worn path of the exile. Mr. Prelooker has made himself known as a popular lecturer on Russian subjects and the status of women in various parts of England and Scotland.

In a recent pamphlet he has worked out a religious allegory prettily and effectively. The idea is the loss of the jewel of truth through sheer excess of anxiety to preserve it. An old man left to his children a priceless diamond, with the assurance that so long as they possessed it they would be happy. They put the diamond in a case. The next generation added a second case, the next a third, and so on, until the covering, case upon case, grew to the size of a house; and the latest generations worshipped the case, but knew nothing about the diamond. When One came charged with enlightening his brethren as to the treasure concealed in the great box, he was laden with indignities and crucified. Addressed primarily to Russian Jews, the allegory has its lesson for the people of every religion.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

OUR SOUTHERN WORK.

THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Among the comparatively small number of Unitarians who realize that we have a slowly, but steadily growing Southern Conference is the National Alliance of Unitarian Women. Fortunately for the difficult work in the vast reach of country called the South, the Alliance has, from the start, been the active and most effective friend of the Southern work conducted by those patient, able, far-seeing, devoted superintendents, Rev. and Mrs. George Leonard Chaney. Not to recognize the importance of Mrs. Chaney's part in her husband's work would be most unjust and unappreciative; for it is easy to see that, by her many fine spiritual, intellectual, and social gifts, she is able to follow up and save to the cause much effort which would otherwise be wasted.

Among the other persons who are in the open secret of the slow but substantial progress of our Southern work are those who take time and pains to attend our national and local conferences and the annual meetings of the American Unitarian Association. Add to these those who, unable to attend these meetings, faithfully support and read the *Unitarian*, the *Christian Register*, the *Southern Unitarian*, and you have a total of perhaps several thousand of our Unitarian people who have minds and hearts alive to the great future everywhere awaiting the wise planting of liberal religious ideas in inexpensive yet attractive chapels in the larger cities and towns of America.

For a careful, compact, and masterly summing-up of the present Southern situation, read Mr. Chaney's picturesque, statistical, prophetic report read at the last National Conference. For the very latest word as to the progress of the work, be sure to read the secretary's official report of the annual meeting held last week in Baltimore, in the June number of the *Southern Unitarian*.

You don't take in that attractive little paper? Then please enclose \$1 to the paper, P.O. Box 643, Atlanta, Ga., asking that one copy of the paper may be sent regularly to your neighbor, and a second to yourself. The subscription price is only 50 cents; but one thousand new subscribers are needed immediately, to put the paper on a modest business basis.

Our Southern cause is most fortunate in

numbering among its few churches some of the most commodious and attractive in the country. Among these are the churches in Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis.

However distasteful to the free, robust, open-eyed New England Unitarian the unwholesome, somewhat too ecclesiastical flavor in the religious atmosphere of the Baltimore pulpit, it is generally admitted that few of our churches anywhere have a better material plant for the effective conduct of all sorts of religious and educational work than the First Independent Church of Baltimore. Although not numerically strong, the church has a few wealthy and very generous members, who loyally support all its varied enterprises. Within two years the society has raised, beyond the sum required for the usual running expenses, nearly \$20,000 for the very successful and beautiful renovation of its interior. Mr. Weld is not only a very eloquent and effective preacher, but also a positive and pronounced ecclesiastic of Presbyterian antecedents, a most successful and untiring drill-master and extractor of work from both willing and reluctant parishioners. When he conducts the church drill, everybody and everything jumps; *i. e.*, all the women. The men are generally excused from other than routine duty, he himself serving as president of his trustees, superintendent of his Sunday-school, president of the guild, the Christian Union, and the Post-office Mission. He also conducts a confirmation class, and with the help of an assistant minister attends to the various other pastoral and ministerial functions of the church.

It would be difficult to match the company of accomplished, devoted, and lovely women who serve constantly and most effectively at his innumerable church tables.

It is easy both to exaggerate and to underestimate the readiness of the more educated Southern mind for advanced thought. We suspect modern-thought tendencies have penetrated deeper than as yet appears; and it is very clear that progressive thought and sentiment in the South need not only to be wisely met and ministered to, but also to be hopefully led and generously fed. To send only the more conservative, pietistic type of Unitarian preacher to the Southern field would be a pitiable and gigantic mistake. The South already needs our later as well as our earlier prophets; and we trust that, in addition to these strong men already in the field, some of our pronounced but conservative advanced thinkers and preachers—men who know how to handle their mental furniture skilfully, and with a clear purpose in view—may soon feel a call to the steady, hard work and ill-paid service of our new Southern pastorates. If such men cannot as yet be established as Southern pastors, they can at least participate occasionally in missionary visits to some leading Southern cities, when money can be provided to cover the very considerable item of travelling expenses.

As Rev. C. J. K. Jones—our bright, versatile, and able Louisville preacher—remarked, the South needs our ablest, most devoted ministers,—men of staying powers, who can give much and live happily on little. Among the veterans now in the field, all able men, are Messrs Shippen, Thayer, Snyder, Jones, and Weld. Messrs. Whitman, Pierce, Free, Cole, Clare, and Seaton are all faithful and efficient workers among the younger men.

The newly elected president of the conference, Frank N. Hartwell of Louisville, is a business man of fine spirit and excellent address. Few of our older conferences can boast of a more ready or winsome chairman.

From Mr. Chaney's admirable and prophetic plan of Southern work, already referred to, we quote the following main points of the work as laid out by his far-seeing mind:—

"Ten new churches to be planted during the remaining six years of the nineteenth century, one or more in every Southern State; six local conferences to be established, all embraced in one Southern Conference; the *Southern Unitarian*, now poorly supported, to be improved, enlarged, placed, if possible, on a paying basis.

"To man these ten new churches, money enough must be raised to put ten strong ministers in ten leading Southern cities. The right men are ready to go. The selected cities waiting for them are Knoxville, Charleston, W. Va., Nashville, Gal-

veston, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Vicksburg, Birmingham, Jacksonville. In each of these cities are people who will pay their share, if we of the North and East will only begin churches there. Man those cities and keep them manned six years, and they will recruit enough from the growing States in which they stand to give our work of church extension in the South in the coming time the advantage of local sympathy and support.

A clear, judicious, well-considered plan, needing only the necessary money from those who have or can earn it for its speedy fulfilment,—why not lend a hand to such a noble purpose, so wisely planned, to be executed by such an able, plucky, persistent, untiring inspirer and superintendent?

Wanted immediately, one thousand believers in Bishop Chaney's good work and great opportunity for the successful planting of rational, ethical, spiritual religion in the New South. Checks and money-orders may be addressed this week to Rev. George L. Chaney, Richmond, Va. This appeal is made by a friend of the Southern cause without Mr. Chaney's knowledge. It is safe to say, however, that no money sent to him will be wasted or returned in kind.

A NEW YORK UNITARIAN.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. J. P. SHEAFE has accepted the cordial invitation extended to him by the church in Harvard, Mass. He was the first and only candidate.

THE Berry Street Conference will meet in the vestry of Arlington Street Church on Wednesday, May 29, at ten o'clock A.M. The address will be given by Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston.

REV. HOWARD N. BROWN has resigned his pulpit of the Unitarian church in Brookline, Mass., to accept the call to King's Chapel, Boston.

THE annual meeting and dinner of the Meadville Theological School Alumni Association will be held Wednesday, May 29, at 2 P.M., at the United States Hotel.

THE annual meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday, May 29, at 3 o'clock P.M. President Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside, and other interesting speakers will be heard in the interest of guild work. Music will be furnished by the Guild Quartettes from Keene, N.H., and Concord, Mass. The delegate meeting for annual business will precede the mass-meeting in Room 10, 25 Beacon Street, at 2 o'clock P.M. A large attendance is desired. Laura B. Martine, Secretary.

OUT-OF-DOOR PREACHING.—Next Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, there will be a service of singing and preaching on Boston Common, conducted by Rev. Edward Everett Hale and Rev. Albert Walkley. The speakers' platform will be a little south-west from the band-stand, under the shadow of the elms. The music will be led by a cornet, and the people will sing from printed slips. This is to be the first of a series of six services to be held on Sundays at the same place and hour, under joint arrangements of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches and the Boston Association of Ministers.

ON May 1 the Society for Promoting Theological Education held its annual meeting at the Unitarian Building, and chose the following directors: George W. Briggs, Arthur T. Lyman, George S. Hale, John H. Morison, Henry G. Denny, Edward J. Young, James De Normandie, Howard N. Brown, and William H. Lyon. May 13 the board was organized by the election of Edward J. Young as president, William H. Lyon as secretary, and Henry G. Denny as treasurer, forming the executive committee. The usual provision was made for assistance to students of the Harvard Divinity School, and for the benefit of the library of the school.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Dr. William Everett will preach May 19. Service at 10.30 A.M., and at 3.30 P.M. evening service, with music and short sermon. Seats are free in the afternoon.

Ministers' Monday Club: May 20, 10.30 A.M. Rev. John M. Marsters will preside. Rev. William R. Alger will give the essay, on "Historic Sketch of the Evolution and Practice of Prayer."

Arlington Street Church: The vesper services at Arlington Street Church have closed for the summer season, to be resumed in

the fall. The church will be closed after June 2, to enable Messrs. Hutchins of Boston to begin work on the new electric organ, which will be placed there during the summer. The new organ will combine all the latest improvements, and will be of great power and sweetness. Dr. Herford will preach to his old parish on Sunday, October 20, and will receive a most cordial welcome. The present pastor, Rev. J. Cuckson, will spend his vacation at Tower Hill, Wayland, preaching occasionally, and answering the calls made upon him by his parishioners.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Independent Christ's Church (Unitarian) publishes a small pamphlet directory, giving the names and addresses of all the church officials, including the ushers, teachers, and members of all committees.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.—The second annual reunion and conference of the First Unitarian Church was held May 9. Two hundred and fifty people sat down at supper together. The main object of the meeting was to discuss the affairs of the church and to consider plans for the future. A report of especial interest came from the organ committee. A new organ has been put in, which, with the necessary alterations in the church, cost \$2,334.16, raised by subscription. The pastor, Rev. W. L. Walsh, reported one hundred and thirty-five families in the parish, gave an account of work done, congratulated the parish on its prosperity, and thanked his friends for \$100 that day received as a gift. The meeting closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," after which thirty-one signed the church roll of membership. A young people's society was organized May 13. Its objects are: to interest our young people; to beautify our church; to encourage sociability and a closer fellowship; to carry our church to those who cannot come to it; to increase the working interest, so that our church shall pay larger dividends on the money invested in it.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The First Parish finds itself at the close of the year free from debt, and with much cause for hope in the year to come. The last monthly tea-party was in charge of the gentlemen, who made a success of every feature, culinary, financial, and social. Reports were read from the different organizations connected with the parish,—Ladies' Circle, Women's Alliance, All Together Club (or Guild), Young People's Entertainment Society, Outing Club (boys), Twilight Club (young misses), Sunday-school, and Little Helpers. Gain in membership, balance in the treasury, and more interest was the general report. The society is a unit to co-operate with the new pastor, Rev. F. A. Gilmore, settled last fall, who has already taken very high rank among the ministerial workers of the city. The coming year promises abundant success to this old parish, which will next October celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth birthday.

HOPEDALE, MASS.—The parish here, of which Rev. Lewis G. Wilson is pastor, held a reunion and supper on May 2, with nearly one hundred and fifty present.

HOULTON, ME.—The Unitarian society at Houlton sends a cordial invitation to the Unitarians of Maine to attend the conference to be held in Houlton on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of June next. Further notice later.

HUMBOLDT, IA.—The parish supper of Unity Church, held May 7, was attended by over three hundred people; and much enthusiasm was expressed. Reports were read from the Sunday-school, Unity Club, the Ladies' Society. The church report showed that Rev. T. P. Byrnes, the pastor, has delivered during the year ninety-six sermons and lectures, organized two liberal societies in other towns, and done missionary work in fourteen different places in the State. The year has been one of general good results, and has added to the health and growth of the church. Mr. Byrnes has recently resigned the pastorate here which he has held for the past five years; and at the supper an earnest tribute of grateful affection for him and his wife and a sincere expression of sorrow for their leaving was read and heartily adopted.

HYDE PARK, MASS.—At a meeting of the Unitarian church of this place held Monday, May 6, Rev. A. G. Pettengill of Yarmouth, Me., received a unanimous call. The Unitarians in Maine have for some time recognized in Mr. Pettengill one of the ablest and most promising preachers of their State. They will be sorry to lose him, and Hyde Park will feel fortunate to secure him.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—With this month the Society for Ethical Culture completes the tenth year of its existence. The closing Sunday of the lecture season, May 12, was a celebration of the occasion. Mr. Weston, who laid the foundations of the society, and labored so faithfully in its

early years, spoke on "The Progress of Ten Years"; and Mr. Salter gave an "Outlook on the Future."

THE Pacific Unitarian Conference held its eleventh session May 1, 2, and 3. The conference sermon was preached by Rev. Horatio Stebbins; and the leading papers were: "Our Attitude toward the Bible," by Rev. George H. Rice of Stockton; "Unitarian Missionary Methods on the Pacific Coast," by Rev. U. G. B. Pierce; "Sunday-school Methods," by Miss Anne B. Campbell of San Francisco; "Recent Social Economic Movements," by Rev. E. P. Payne, which was followed by a lively discussion; and "The Reform of our Funeral Customs," by Mr. E. O. Smith of San José. The session of the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast was chiefly important because of their decision to join the Pacific Conference, and not maintain longer a separate organization. A correspondent writes of the three days' meetings, "It was one of the best conferences I have ever attended in all my life."

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.—A conference designed to represent all the Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent churches of Michigan is to be held with the Unitarian church in Ann Arbor, May 27-29. It is earnestly desired that every liberal society of the State be represented by its minister and a lay delegation. Besides speakers from various parts of the State, several clergymen of eminence from Chicago, Toledo, and Cleveland are to be present. Some of the subjects to be discussed are: "The Kind of Religion the World needs," "The Salvation of Society," "Cultivation of the Spiritual Life," "Women's Work in the Churches," "Young People's Societies and Work," "The Best Religious Literature," "How to bridge the Chasm between the Rich and the Poor." Prof. James A. Craig and Prof. V. C. Vaughan of the University of Michigan will give addresses before the conference on "Assyriology and the Bible" and "Sanitation and Public Health." It is believed that the conference promises to be one of the largest and best held in the State for years. A cordial invitation is extended to all sympathizers with the liberal Christian faith, whether connected with churches or not.

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE.—The spring meeting of the Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference was held with the society in Carthage, Mo., April 30 and May 1. The programme of the conference is as follows: Opening sermon on the evening of April 30, by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago. The session of Wednesday morning was devoted to the transaction of business, and to reports from the various churches and the Post-office Mission work. The afternoon session was opened with a sermon by Rev. C. G. Howland of Lawrence on "Common-sense in Religion." Rev. C. H. Rogers of Oklahoma City spoke on "The Unitarian Mission Field." Rev. B. A. Van Sluyters of Carthage read a paper on "The Work of Liberal Religion among the Young." The discussion of the last paper was opened by Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago. He was followed by Prof. White of Carthage, Rev. C. H. Rogers, and Rev. A. Wyman of Topeka. The evening was devoted to a platform meeting. Rev. W. S. Vail of Wichita spoke on "The Needs of the Unitarian Church"; Rev. W. G. Todd, superintendent of the Kansas Institution for the Education of the Blind, on "The Value of the Unitarian Church to the Individual and to the Community"; Rev. T. B. Forbush, on "The Duty of Standing for and Standing by it."

The sessions of the conference were fairly well attended. All the papers and speeches were good. The reports from the churches were different in tone from the reports at the fall meeting of the conference last November. Then the prevailing note was one of discouragement: now it is one of hope. Then it looked as if several of the churches that had been in the past the most prosperous of any within the conference might have to be closed in the immediate future, owing to the financial stress. But at present nearly every church is in a markedly better condition financially than six months ago. The prospect for establishing new churches has perhaps never been better during the existence of the conference. But the future of these new movements and the continued existence of the older societies depend largely on whether the crops are a success or failure. Should there be another year of crop failure, the new movements will most likely have to be abandoned, and many of the older churches suspended.

While all the societies have made a record of self-sacrifice and devotion by no means unworthy, the work accomplished by the church at St. Joseph, Mo., is especially worthy of commendation. Mr. Forbush reports that since the first of last September the church, besides raising as much to support preaching as in the two previous years, has in addition paid \$800 and upwards on a standing indebtedness. No one who is not thoroughly conversant with the conditions now prevalent in the Central West can realize how much of hard work and generous self-sacrifice this means.

For the *Christian Register*.
THE PRAYER OF LIFE.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

I dare not lift mine eyes
Unto the Holy One
If the least service love requires
Of me remains undone.

I cannot plead for help
To bear the heavy load
If I a kindred aid refuse
Along the stony road.

Nor can I pray, "Forgive,"
If in my heart I find
Resentment for the pain and wrong
I suffer from my kind.

That which I would receive
I must to others give,
And in their growing welfare learn
How sweet it is to live.

Then to the Holy One
Lift only grateful eyes
That this, his worship, makes the heart
A heavenly paradise.

Sermon Gleanings.

RELIGION.

BY REV. G. B. EAGER, D.D.

There is growing up a fresh interpretation of religion which is one of the formative forces of modern life. It is still recognized, if possible more clearly than ever, as the basis of morality, and as indispensable for the regulation of conduct and the building up of character; but men have come to see that ecclesiasticism is not of the essence of religion, nor is sacerdotalism, nor dogmatism, nor intellectual Orthodoxy, nor even ritual observance. Religion is not a matter of rules and forms, but of spirit and truth; not a matter of doctrines and symbols merely, but of habits of mind toward men and toward God. This change of thought, beyond question, has been greatly facilitated by the rediscovery, in these later days, of the teaching of Jesus concerning the kingdom of God, and the relation which that kingdom bears to Christian societies or churches. It has been like a new revelation to many minds to see the wide areas in the sayings of Christ filled by the phrases "kingdom of Christ," "kingdom of heaven"; while his utterances concerning the "church" and the "churches" are undiscoverable,—to find that the burden of his teaching was not about "churches" or the "church," but about the rule of the Father in and over the life of man, the benign sway of heavenly dispositions, of meekness and gentleness, of humility and self-sacrifice, of righteousness and love. So new light shines on the life of man and of the churches; and in it the "secular" is seen to be not in "things," but in souls, in low aims and selfish motives and unworthy ideals. And the disunion of Christians is held to be a discredit, and a well-nigh world-wide craving for the reunion of Christendom is manifest. The kingdom is seen and felt to be more than any church or denomination of Christians, and Christianity to be more than any of its forms or symbols. . . .

An effort has been persistently made to secure a constitutional amendment making the religious use of the Bible and the teaching of the distinctive truths of Christianity obligatory in the public schools. "Let the devotional exercises be reduced to a minimum, if necessary,—to the reading of the Bible, the recital of the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of a hymn," men are found contending; "and let just the elementary truths of religion be taught,—truths so simple and broad that none can reasonably object to them, and that is all that we ask." Good men, able ministers of the gospel, even Baptists of high standing, are found visiting committee-rooms and halls of legislation, urged on by a zeal which is not according to knowledge, seemingly utterly oblivious of the truth that lies at the foundation of our government, that it is not the function of the State to conduct worship or to teach religion.

The principle is as really violated by a little worship as by the most elaborate, by the most elementary religious teaching as by the most developed theological instruction. Any such legislative enactment as is asked for would virtually give over the whole contention. It would be the beginning of a tendency, a first step backward toward the abandoned alliance of the past, the entrance of the camel's nose into the tent of our national life; and who then

could secure us against the ultimate coming in of the whole dreaded body of religious legislation?

There is a sense, indeed, in which it is in vain to talk of drawing a line between the religious and the secular; for no such line really exists. Religion is the spirit in which all secular life should be carried on. Even the teaching and training of our public schools should be vitalized with the essential spirit of Christianity. It is the right and duty of the State to prepare its citizens for citizenship, and this certainly involves moral training inspired by the spirit of reverence and law. Even a Huxley contends that our boys and girls are to be prepared not only for the discharge of domestic duties, but for duties as members of a social and political organization of great complexity; and to this end it is needful "that their affections should be trained, so as to love with all their hearts that conduct which tends to the attainment of the highest good for themselves and their fellow-men, and to hate with all their heart that opposite course of action which is fraught with evil." But this is far from granting the right of that worst form of paternalism,—the paternalism of government that usurps the place of the home and the church in the religious training of the young. It does not require that we yield the point that the State, as such, has no religious function.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Mr. John J. Dargan, the editor and proprietor of the *Freeman*, published at Sumter, S.C., is a Southern man who with tongue and pen is devoting himself with self-sacrificing earnestness to the cause of justice for the Negro. Years ago he stood on the other side of this question, but to-day the Negroes could not have a more earnest champion of their rights than he. Two weeks ago he addressed the Preachers' Union of Charleston, a body of colored clergymen. In an account of the meeting in his paper, the *Freeman* of May 3, he says:—

The visit of the editor of the *Freeman* to Charleston last week was on several accounts one of unusual interest and significance.

He went at the invitation of the "Preachers' Union" of that city, a body of colored clergymen, to address the citizens, white and colored, of Charleston on the present political crisis in South Carolina.

He found that body ("Union") of colored men as well behaved, as thoughtful of his feelings and preferences, and guarded in every word and act that might give him pain or his people offence, as it was possible for them to be. The meeting was managed perfectly in every detail. The vast crowd, in which there were possibly thirty whites and more than three thousand Negroes, behaved in the most orderly manner from start to finish. The mayor had sent a squad of about fifteen policemen to the ground, and their conduct was strikingly good. They were there to preserve order, evidently, and with evident purpose to do only what they were sent to do.

The visit and the scenes of the occasion have served to strengthen the hope that the Negroes of the South can be brought to a high state of civilization in a very short time, and the thought will stimulate effort to aid them in every possible way. When we reflect that, without the help of their former owners to any large extent, and in many instances—especially in political fields—encountering bitter and scornful opposition from those who should be and will in time become their closest friends and most willing helpers; when we see what wonders they have done for themselves within the first thirty years of freedom, as evidenced by that meeting—we can in imagination see the enormous strides upward that the next thirty years of greater freedom will bring for them and for their white fellow-citizens and neighbors.

Then follows a report of his address, of which we make an abstract:—

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-citizens,—I come to you to-day in answer to an invitation of the Preachers' Union of Charleston, composed of colored men, to speak to you. They ask me to call them Negroes. I am not ashamed to come. I come with pride and pleasure. It would be a source of pleasure, it would be a source of special pride to me, if I had been the originator of the idea of advising and discussing important questions with the colored people. But I am not. In 1876 I ran on the Hampton ticket, and by instruction attended their meetings, organized, advised, and led them when they desired it. Whatever mistakes were made during that campaign,

this certainly was no mistake. Candor compels us to admit that the irregularities of 1878, and the broken promises to the colored people, were grave mistakes, and should be matters of the deepest regret to us all. They called for advice when they were first enfranchised from their old masters; but in the bitterness of the hour we failed to respond, and they turned naturally to what we called "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags." Who can blame them, left as they were in their ignorance and helplessness, without counsellors and without guides? Now those people have cordially and courteously invited my counsel at the present momentous crisis in the affairs of their State and mine; and I can say with all truth, my colored friends, that I would have answered to your call to be here to-day, though I had to walk here in order to do it. Now, I have nothing to conceal. I want light, that I may find the right. If what I speak be not true, bring the man who can refute me; for I shall take highest pleasure in giving him audience here.

Now, white men that are here, let me ask that we look back upon our past record in regard to the Negro; and, if there are errors in it, let us bring them into light, renounce them, and do right in the future. In the first place, how came the Negroes here? Did they come of their own accord? No. Vast seas divided us, with which their ancestors were unacquainted. For the presence here to-day of this great host of black people in front of me we white people are wholly responsible. Torn from their homes in the wilderness of Africa, we brought them here to clear our forests and work our fields. Most unwillingly did they come. God gave us power to bring them, and we used it. What an enormous responsibility this places upon our shoulders in reference to their presence in America. If I were a missionary to Africa, and came home and reported such a scene as this is before me to-day, of black faces eager for words of advice and instruction, and I should tell how I gave encouragement to them, to make them believe that they could become civilized and Christianized, how my dear people would gather around me, shake my hand, and say fervently: God bless you, brother! You are doing a great work for humanity. Go on, go on! What a great man, what a good man, they would be ready to pronounce me! But, because I talk to Africans in South Carolina, brought here by our hands, for our benefit, I meet frowns and scowls and unkind words. Negroes in Africa must be Christianized and elevated, but Negroes in South Carolina must be brutalized and repressed.

But do not think I am vexed with you for this inconsistent conduct, for I have been guilty of it myself only too often; but gradually it has been given to me to discover that it was a mean, unworthy business that I was engaged in. God forgive me for having done it, and forgive those who now do it. Now all listen, especially the white men.

The South was not peculiar in holding slaves; nor has slavery been a curse, but rather a blessing, in its ultimate effects upon the Negroes. In days gone by all the strong nations of the earth have held slaves, so the fault of the South lay simply in holding on to the institution after civilization had entirely outgrown it and all other enlightened nations had abandoned it. In ancient days it was the sword or captivity in slavery; and it was a movement upward when captivity and slavery took the place of putting to the sword indiscriminately men, women, and children captured in war. Just as you can clearly see imprisonment, even for life, is regarded as a less penalty than capital punishment. Our awful mistake lay in not seeing that man's humanity to man had passed far above our level, and that our attempts to obstruct the upward march of the most progressive States in the world would result in our utter overthrow and destruction. Humane voices cried aloud to us from every quarter: "The days of chattel slavery are over among Christian people everywhere. Turn those black men loose in America!" Oh, why did not some one in old Charleston catch that imperative call for liberty, and echo the cry throughout this region? As I have read of those days when Wilberforce and Clarkson of England and Garrison and Phillips in America were using their persuasive voices to make us see the light of the new day that was dawning, and hear the warning that we must be up and moving, or we would be trampled into the earth by the marching hosts of liberty, I had promised God, if ever another emergency occurred in regard to this same Negro question, which has not dawned at any State's bidding, that, if no one else arose, I would arise to tell my people of the evils that must overtake them unless they treat their African fellow-citizens as fellow-Christians. That emergency is now on the State, and I am here to speak without regard to consequences. I say we cannot hold the Negro down without disasters upon ourselves. When you undertook it in the past, and swore by the Eternal they should remain in slavery, you only got ten times more property destroyed than the Negroes were worth; and one million men, from disease and wounds in battle, went to their graves in the war that followed. But

did that save slavery? No: it, too, went into its grave. Now, white men, listen to the voice of history. See the Confederate soldier,—how grandly he defied the world to touch the precious institution that grew on his soil! and hear his words ringing in defiance through all lands, "Give me liberty or give me death!" England and France looked on with deep interest and admiration, saying, "This is all very fine," and that they would recognize the splendid young republic if it would only give liberty when it got liberty. Let the Confederate soldier get off of the man underneath him, if he would have our recognition. Then a voice came from Nazareth, over two thousand years of time, telling us, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If you would get liberty, you must give liberty; but, save the open ears of Robert E. Lee, all were deaf to warnings, and shouted again with increased defiance, "Liberty or death!" God answered our prayer, and gave us death. I was a Confederate soldier, though only sixteen years of age; but I must speak the truth, and invite its blessings.

Color, race, and the accident of place do not make superiority or inferiority. Christians surely do not need to be taught this with the divine command ever before their eyes, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What gospel? The gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Why, my friends, I am a white man; but, if I had nothing else than that to claim superiority upon, as another has said, I would blush until I became a red man.

The eyes of the world are on South Carolina to-day. We are here trying to make distinctions on account of race, color, and previous conditions of servitude; and Christians, deeply saddened everywhere, are pitying us, and saying, "Then close your Bibles, and quit ringing your church bells." Now don't say that religion and politics won't mix. That they have not mixed has caused politics to be so largely the devil's work. Everything good in politics has its foundation in true religion. There is no sound public policy but that of right and justice. The Constitution of the United States is, in the main, a righteous instrument; and, when we fight it, we fight embodied Christian doctrine,—especially the amendments making no distinctions on account of race or servitude. White men, read history, and reflect that others besides Negroes have been slaves and despised for their lowly estate. Did not the Normans once hold down the Anglo-Saxons, fasten collars about their necks, and call them dogs? Superiority is not founded on the color of your skin, but on your moral and intellectual qualities and physical refinements. The question is not, Is he a white man, but is he a good man? But you say this means social equality. It does mean equality of opportunity for every man in every line of life, whatever may be the color of his skin. But it gives no man the right, the power, to compel me to associate with him or to enter my home. This is a privilege each man voluntarily grants to every man he pleases, and withholds from any he pleases. In social matters every man is a law unto himself under all free and equal institutions.

Now, you ask, Are you not proud of being an Anglo-Saxon? I reply, Of course I am,—proud of that race because it has lifted itself from slavery to civilization, has grown from great weakness to great strength; and I thrill with delight and highest pride when I read of its achievements in war and its material acquire-

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ments, and of its glorious heroes, who led great armies to victory. But that which makes me prouder still is the sentiment that is truest Anglo-Saxon sentiment and the crowning glory of that great race, as expressed by England's late laureate:—

"How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Let such sentiments as this be the guiding stars of your life, if you would be worthy Anglo-Saxons, and remember that kind hearts are more than white skins and simple faith than Saxon blood. When we have laid this truth to heart, we shall be truly great. When we remind a helpless people, recently out of slavery which we imposed, of their inferiority, and flaunt our alleged superiority in their faces constantly, we discredit and disgrace the noble traits of the Anglo-Saxon.

I stand to-day in what is known as the cradle of secession, and feel it to be a bounden duty to truth and justice to pay tribute here to the memory of William Lloyd Garrison, whose "magical hand touched the auction blocks of this city, and they became school-houses." Should not this alone excite our liveliest and most lasting gratitude to him? More than all other men did he do and dare for the liberation and elevation of the whole people of Charleston. For by the abolition of slavery the slaveholder was as much liberated as the slave. Under the slave system all the energy and talents of the slaveholder were exercised in holding the slave down. I feel so grateful to him myself for getting me off of the Negro, and showing me there was nobler and better work to do than the work of oppression. Had it not been for Garrison and his self-sacrificing band of abolitionists contending for the cause of justice and freedom, Charleston might have been still holding the Negroes down to-day in slavery. Now, I stand here, stretching my hands to my former slaves, saying, Let me help you up; and Charleston should do likewise.

It is a tremendously costly work, this holding people down; for neither the man held down nor the man holding him down can accomplish anything in this world. That is why the South had nothing before the war but the Negro and the art of keeping him down. The very arms with which we fought the North had to be gotten from the North. Where do your powerful steam-engines on land and sea come from to-day? From the land of freedom. Your household furniture, your plantation tools, your very clothing? Your books in your school-rooms, the Bibles in your churches, the songs that you sing, and the wires over which you talk? From the free North, not the enslaved South. And this awful destitution is the just penalty we have paid for the privilege of holding the Negro down; and yet that wretched *News and Courier*, claiming to be the leading paper of South Carolina, is still crying out that we must give up conscience and freedom of thought and speech and all else that makes a great and good people, in order that we may continue to hold the Negro down. Away with such silly talk and unworthy suggestions!

But we are losing more than money by our semi-savage policy toward the Negro and his Northern friends. For we are destroying our own capacities for free thought and manly utterance,—not only keeping out manhood, but driving out what little is born within our borders. Many a young man says to me in secret, "You are right, Dargan; and there is no answering you." Yet it would scare one of their little hearts out of them to speak such sentiments above a whisper. They are afraid somebody will frown at them, and tell them they are going in with the "Niggers." I would like to see old Charleston try to frown me down, try to quell my free thought or frighten me into silence! But I am not angry with the poor, silly creatures here, because I used to be just such a fool myself. So let Charleston look and stare as I pass by, and I will continue to pass by on my work in spite of her opposition. I can in the path of duty face the world, the flesh, the devil, the *News and Courier*, and everything else. Yet the approval of my people is as sweet to me as "the honey in the honeycomb." Some "regulator" folks, as you have heard, have been telling me to stop my "incendiary speeches," or they would hang me. Well, let them hang. He that takes my manhood takes that which alone can make my life of value. Besides, they who take my life to-day must soon leave "their mirth and their employments, and come and make their bed with me" beneath the sod. And, besides, my death may be worth more than my life to the cause to which I am devoted. I challenge any and every man to come into the broad light and compare his views with mine; and, if mine be wrong, let them be rejected. God is the source of light. The devil makes use of darkness for all his vile deeds.

Now, all of us have been free long enough to learn to behave ourselves and do justice by all, black and white, slaveholder, and non-slaveholder. We must forget that, though the non-slaveholders numbered forty-four thousand and the slaveholders only seventeen thousand, yet not a non-

slaveholder was in the secession convention; and we must forget that a whole lot of black men once belonged as chattels to a few white men, and, forgiving, if not forgetting, those dark days, try to rise into a true Democracy, having a constitution and laws made by all, for all, with equality to all and special privileges to none, and have the happiest possible solution of the most difficult problem any State has ever yet been called on to solve. We can only get such a government by universal suffrage.

Attempt to disfranchise blacks and not whites, and we perjure ourselves and get Uncle Sam on our backs: to attempt to disfranchise whites—at least twenty thousand under any educational qualification and a greater number of blacks—is to put a volcano in operation beneath our feet that will ultimately belch forth fire and lead. So I favor universal suffrage and equal and exact justice to all persons of all races.

In conclusion, let me say: Seek truth, do justice, enthrone equality. Remember our common Father God is not deceived, and only right wins in the long run. Remember that "the superior man is the man who helps his fellow-men, the superior man is the useful man, the superior man is the kind man, the man who lifts up his down-trodden brothers; and, the greater load of human sorrow and human want you can get in your arms, the higher you can climb the great hill of fame. The superior man is the man who loves his fellow-men. Let me say right here, the superior men, the grand men, are brothers the world over. No matter what their complexion,—continents may divide them,—yet they embrace each other. Centuries may separate; yet they are hand in hand, and all the good and all the grand and all the superior men, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, are fighting the great battle for the progress of mankind." Remember that "error on a throne is on its sure way to defeat, and truth in darkest dungeon is on the certain road to victory."

UNITARIANISM IN JAPAN.

A letter from Rev. Clay MacCauley, descriptive of Unitarianism, has been published in translated form in the *Shukyo*, the Unitarian magazine, and has aroused considerable interest among people who are interested in Christianity in Japan. By request of some of the students it has been reprinted in the *Japan Mail* of March 22. After stating the main principles of Unitarianism as free thought in investigation, the supremacy of reason, and moral character as the test of men, Mr. MacCauley speaks of the Saratoga declarations of last year, and continues:—

Unitarianism, as the word is understood in religion, has therefore become a world-wide movement, even although its birth and growth have taken place in Christendom and as part of Christianity.

Now, you can see that, when Unitarianism is carried outside of what is called Christendom, or Europe and America, and is brought into a non-Christian country like Japan, its relations to the religious and to the general life of such a country are, above everything else, those which arise from its fundamental principles and methods; that is, from its threefold standard spoken of at the beginning of my letter. The personal faith, or definite creed, of any Unitarian representative or teacher is therefore a secondary matter, and is not to be considered authoritative in the counsel or aid he may give to those who may wish to associate themselves together for Unitarian faith and work.

So, then, Unitarianism in being brought to Japan must not be thought of as hostile to any form of religion in Japan, as such. If, for example, a Buddhist is a free and impartial investigator of religious problems, if he is sincerely willing to submit his faith to the authority of philosophy and science, and if he puts character or moral excellence before everything else as the test of manhood, then he and any true Unitarian can be intellectual friends, even though they differ very widely in other special conclusions. And, if any Buddhist is sincerely desiring to help to make men better and happier by bringing them under the law of justice and love, then such Buddhist can work hand in hand as a religious brother with any true Unitarian.

In a word, then, I am bold enough to claim that, among the religious movements in the world, the freest, most progressive, most tolerant, most inclusive of all is Unitarianism. It is marked by method rather than dogma. It is as varied as nature or the human mind is varied. It is as united as the hunger for truth or the need of moral excellence can unite men. Every Unitarian has his own faith, and this faith is usually very strong and clear. I have my own definite creed on all the problems of theology and ethics. All Unitarians are pretty well agreed in their disbelief in so-called Roman Catholic and orthodox Protestant creeds concerning the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the Bible, salvation, and human destiny, even though they differ in the emphasis they put on their denials of

various parts of these creeds. All Unitarians believe in a universal spiritual endeavor on the part of mankind, in the worth of religion under all its forms in all nations, in a growing manifestation of the faith which underlies all historical expressions of faith, in the duty and the privilege of the disciples of all forms of religion to rise to a common level on which by enlightened reason they may find at last an intellectual as well as moral basis of harmony and co-operation. I hold that this sublime conviction was justified by Christ himself. You may hold that it was justified by the Buddha himself. Each of us can cherish his conviction without any break in sympathy. It involves no antagonism. Jesus and Sakya, I believe, would have found no reason for separation from each other. They would have gone hand in hand to feed the hungry, to comfort the sorrowing, and to fill mankind with love and peace. It is foolishness, it is even a crime against the human soul, for the followers of Jesus and Sakya to separate from each other as enemies, or even as strangers.

Unitarianism has not come to Japan to destroy, but to fulfil. I am not here to reproduce in Japan the Unitarian Church of America, except in its spirit. Unitarianism is here to set men free, or, rather, to help the free minds of Japan to set all minds free in spirit, and to hasten the coming in the world, as far as may be, of the sublime empire of love and righteousness which will at last make of humanity a true brotherhood under the care of the infinite and eternal God, our Father.

Spiritual Life.

Painful diseases are not always fatal diseases. The most dangerous diseases often undermine the system in deadly silence. So an evil which causes heartache is not always as vicious as a sin which undermines the fibre and the stamina of the soul in death-like silence.—*New Church Messenger*.

Jesus, alas! is as little understood in doctrine as followed in example. For he has hitherto been like a beautiful figure set to point out a certain way, and people at large have been so entranced with worshipping the figure that they have neglected to follow the direction it indicates.—*Julia Ward Howe*.

Think not when heavy tasks are laid upon you that it is a misfortune, but rather high honor that you are thus singled out to lead or to teach. Be not discouraged, though you see no results. The trend of the ages is behind you, and time but an illusion of human consciousness.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend*.

The link between the senses and the soul must always remain a missing link. No science or philosophy has discovered it, and never will: theories have only given evidence of human folly. In this *terra incognita* the voice of faith shall sing its remote song, the Spirit of God shall span the abyss of mystery, and unite sense with soul from shore to shore.—*Mozoomdar*.

The meek, the disinterested, the unselfish, those who think little of themselves and much of others; who think of the public good, and not of their own; who rejoice in good done, not by themselves, but by others, by those whom they dislike as well as by those whom they love,—these shall gain far more than they lose: they shall "inherit the earth" and its fulness.—*Dean Stanley*.

"If it is the great crises of peril that, as they are passing, train a people's character, so is it their reflection in literature that, ages after they are gone, still spreads and perpetuates the ennobling influence. The inspiration that descends on us from the

past, and makes us heirs of accumulated thought and enriched affections, from whom, mainly, does it come? Is it from the uniformly happy and the untempted good, from those who have most realized the lot for which our sentient and intellectual instincts cry aloud? No, but from the central figures of the great tragedies of our humanity,—from the conquerors of desolating monsters; from the creators of law and tapers of the people; from love beyond death, that carried its plaintive music to the shades; from the avengers of wrong; from the martyrs of right; from the missionaries of mercy; from the pass of Thermopylae; from the Milvian bridge; from the fires of Smithfield; from the waters of Solway; from the Cross of Calvary. A world without a contingency or an agony could have no hero and no saint, and enable no son of man to discover that he was a son of God."—*James Martineau*.

Literature.

"THE ESSENTIAL MAN."*

The object of this little book is to answer "briefly and concisely" the question, "What witness to the continued existence of man after death is found on the basis of reason alone?" This aim is of immense importance to us all; and one may say of it, in the most literal sense, that it is fundamental to religious work. Revelation, tradition, and even, in some measure, experience itself must find henceforth some strong and clear ground of reason to stand upon, if either or all of them is to keep alive a faith in immortality. And, though some people have cherished the dream of a religion which is content to leave that faith unsettled and uncertain, it may be said that such a dream has slight chance of fulfilment within any future which we can now foresee. Not alone are the rewards of Heaven needful to spur moral endeavor, but the apparent futility of human existence, if we see the whole of it on earth, must tend to discourage the best and highest exertions of the common mind. Meantime, most thinking people are of a temper not to be persuaded of what remains unreasonable in their sight, though one rose from the dead to give them assurance. They will sooner doubt the evidence of their senses than they will set aside the verdict of their reason.

Mr. Cressey's book, therefore, aims to strengthen us at a vital point, where, to say the least, the modern world is none too strong. If a severe critic might find in it features something short of perfection, it is none the less to be heartily commended to all thoughtful minds. The candor of its argument, which studiously avoids even the appearance of special pleading, the sobriety of its statements, and the absence of technical metaphysical terms, all commend it to the average reader as a valuable piece of counsel on the most immediately vital of all our problems.

As an introduction to the argument here presented, we have the statements that any reasonable inference as to the destiny of man must be drawn from all ascertainable facts, not from a limited class of facts alone, and that rational belief is not required to amount to demonstration, since we often reach practical certainty far short of absolute proof. The second chapter deals with the nature of man. It sets forth clearly the reasons for believing that the real man is mind, or spirit, and that mind

*THE ESSENTIAL MAN. A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason. By George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

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cannot be expressed in terms of matter. The next step shows us that in self-consciousness mind has the quality of persistence, is something more than a series of conscious states, and involves the existence of a continuous personal spirit. Being then asked to assume that man lives in a moral universe, because that is the sole hypothesis left to us after we have seen that the universe cannot be reasonably pronounced either unmoral or immoral, it is made plain that, if we are to think of the matter at all, we can only say that the world is right and reasonable when man's inherent desire for continued existence is granted fulfillment in our thought. This main argument is stated tersely, but with enough of amplitude and illustration to carry its force home to any mind which will exert a moderate amount of thought. To this is added a fine chapter on "Personal Belief," in which the grounds of certainty and the value of the faith are further discussed. The book concludes with some discriminating remarks on the subject of conditional immortality and a brief summary of its conclusions.

The people into whose hands this book will naturally come are, perhaps, free from one temptation to adopt a theory of conditional immortality which besets some others. That is to say, they have no everlasting hell to get rid of, or to screen from an indignant moral sense. But certain analogies drawn from nature may have more influence than we commonly think in drawing the modern mind toward that theory; and, if Mr. Cressey's book falls short in anything, perhaps it is in not pointing out more emphatically, not only the needlessness, but the peril of this tendency.

It was indeed a wise remark that Abraham Lincoln made, "All or none"; for the impossibility of drawing a line between the saved and the lost, and the humility of the saintly mind, put the whole hope in jeopardy for every man, when "conditional immortality" is granted standing room as a reasonable theory. The most that can be said of it is that it is not wholly unreasonable. There is no positive demand for it, as for the thought of future life itself. It is a kind of dog that is best left to its slumbers, as a certain type of modern Orthodoxy is sure to find to its cost. Mr. Cressey sees this clearly, and might have said so in more vigorous terms than he has chosen to employ. But we do not expect everything all at once, and his book as we have it is a weighty contribution to the best religious literature of the day.

H. N. B.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN.*

Mr. Bigelow had the advantage of an acquaintance with Mr. Tilden extending from the beginning of his professional career until his death; and, consequently, he has been able to speak of many things here touched upon with direct personal knowledge. Moreover, he was evidently admitted to Mr. Tilden's closest confidence, and was the object of his warm regard. In 1885 he published two volumes of his political writings; and these hark back to those in many places, and cannot be fully understood without reference to them. In small particulars our previous acquaintance with Mr. Bigelow's literary methods does not permit us to place implicit confidence in him; but, if mistakes are here, they are not such as we are able to correct, except in a few instances. Evidently, the date of the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, on page 361, vol. ii., should be 1887, not 1877. In another place the verbs "lay" and "lie" are badly mixed; and the mistake is thrice repeated. Here and there we have a construction that is astonishingly clumsy or absurd for a writer of Mr. Bigelow's experience.

Graver faults than these are the exaggerated emphasis on certain parts, the slurring of some others, and the extremely doubtful taste of such a chapter as that on "The Trials and Temptations of a Bachelor Millionaire." Twenty-two pages are devoted to this dreadful stuff, as much as is given to the whole period from 1848—when Tilden was an anti-slavery Democrat, voting for Van Buren and Adams—until 1860, when, presumably, he voted for Douglas, though on this point Mr. Bigelow is obscure, contenting himself with the an-

nouncement, "Mr. Tilden did not support the Republican candidate." Gladly would we know something of the process by which he slipped back from his high ground in 1848 to support Pierce in 1852 and Buchanan in 1856; but, politically, the whole decade (1850-60) is passed over in absolute silence. Another breach of taste is the exposure of Mr. Tilden's physical condition, with every ghastly particular, a few years before his death; and another, the silly lucubrations on his celibate life on pages 372-375. "Had he been elected to the Presidency in 1876," we are told, "Mr. Tilden would probably have contracted a matrimonial alliance—more, however, for the better discharge of the duties of his office than to fill any void in his own scheme of life." That is not prettily said; but it is significant of a lack of delicate high-mindedness which was characteristic of Mr. Tilden, notwithstanding his remarkable abilities and, up to a certain limit, his great moral force.

Mr. Tilden was to the political manner born, his father being an ardent politician, in close touch with the Democratic politicians of his time. Always sickly, he had no proper childhood; and never in these pages do we get the impression of a normal, wholesome personality. Evidently a great lawyer, we are told but little of his methods and successes at the bar. The most honorable chapter in the book is that which records the battle of the State Democratic organization, led by Mr. Tilden, against the Tweed ring. This won him golden opinions, even from Republicans, the most of whom found reason to withdraw them when he became a candidate for the governorship of the State in 1874 and in 1876 for the Presidency of the nation. The measure which one takes of Horatio Seymour, in his letter to Tilden advising him how to work up his case against Gen. Dix, his opponent for the governorship, is not that of a giant, nor even that of a full-sized man.

Mr. Bigelow's account of Mr. Tilden's candidacy in 1876, and of the troubles growing out of it, covers nearly 200 pages in his second volume. It will confirm many persons in their opinion that Tilden was nefariously robbed of the great office to which he had been elected, and it will convince many others who have been doubtful all along. Nevertheless, the statement is *ex parte*, and not such as we expect from Mr. Rhodes when he arrives at this point in his valuable history. It is clear that Tilden never accepted the electoral commission as a sound expedient, and that he believed himself to have been betrayed in the house of his friends. The gravest charges are brought against the Hayes administration in regard to the income-tax and cipher-despatches persecution of Tilden, devised in order to break down his character and spoil him as a candidate in 1880. It is evident that he was physically disqualified as early as 1878, while still his desire of an election was very great. If he had received the nomination in 1880, for which he angled in a dubious letter, it is doubtful if he would have put the crown aside. What he wanted was to have his wrongs redressed. One would like to hear from Mr. Cleveland as to his unkept promises to Tilden,—that he should choose his cabinet. Mr. Bigelow's tone concerning Mr. Cleveland is distinctly unfriendly; but what he has written will not, perhaps, be considered final by Mr. Cleveland's friends. Some allowance should certainly be made for the fact that Mr. Bigelow was nominated as Secretary of State by Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Cleveland did not see fit to give his assent. Daniel Manning was undoubtedly Mr. Tilden's choice for the Treasury, and it is probable that much of his apparent ability in office should be credited to his sponsor. The voice was Jacob's, but the hands were the hands of Esau. That Mr. Cleveland did not relish this "kitchen cabinet" arrangement is well known, and the fact does him no discredit.

Mr. Tilden was such an omnivorous reader that his attempt to give the body of his fortune for the founding of a library was the most natural thing in the world. The courts, disregarding his clear purpose, set his will aside. But, while the litigation proceeded, the fortune increased from five to seven millions; and, by compounding with one of the heirs, two millions were saved for the library. United with the Lenox and Astor funds, these will make some eight millions for such a library

as ought to satisfy the most exigent demands.

And, now, who will take these volumes and the two volumes of "Writings and Speeches" and make a good book for the "American Statesmen" series? The author of the Martin Van Buren volume in that series would do it *con amore*, and extremely well.

DEGENERATION. By Max Nordau. Translated from the second edition of the German work. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Max Nordau's work has received a good deal of attention, perhaps much more than it deserves. It is a literary curiosity, just as is "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and might very well be put on the shelf beside Burton. It is not likely to have any more practical influence. It contains an enormous mass of facts, an immense amount of egotism, and some wholesome truth. The author has made such a complete exposition of his own mentality that it will be perfectly easy for the degenerates whom he describes to turn and say to him, *Et tu quoque!* Nordau undertakes the work of investigating the prevalent tendencies of fashion in art and literature, and of proving that they have their source in the degeneracy of their authors. He dedicates his book to Prof. Lombroso of Turin, who has written a good deal upon criminology, but whose conclusions in regard to the existence of a distinct criminal type are by no means established or accepted. But he has apparently derived his main inspiration from Morel, a Frenchman, who has written on the physical, intellectual, and moral causes of degeneracy. With this suggestion to start with, Nordau goes off on a search for illustrations; and, with Quixotic lance, he attacks anything and everything that happens to lie in his path. It is a thrust at philosophy here, at music there, at Schopenhauer, Wagner, or Ibsen, or at Walt Whitman. "The degenerate and insane are the predestined disciples of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, and need only to acquire a knowledge of Buddhism to become converts to it." Nordau begins with an attempt to be scientific, but the facts he has to deal with will not permit of scientific classification. He is turning over a kaleidoscope. The medley of forms and figures he introduces is not always interesting: the pathology of morbidity seldom is. That we have many cranks in this age no one can deny; and some of them have a curious pre-eminence, and secure a strange following. But this was just as true immediately after the advent of Christianity. The multitude of curious sects which came into existence must be reckoned among the thousand curiosities in the development of religious emotion, and one who reads a few plays of Aristophanes may easily conclude that the comedian could find abundant material for his shafts without drawing too much on his imagination. They were fond of new things at Athens, as in Paris or in Boston; and some of the phases of Gnostic speculation might well furnish material for Nordau's chatter. The psychology of mysticism fills a large place in his book, but his analysis is literary rather than scientific. He has included in it various forms of delirium, intellectual and artistic. Wagner is minutely dissected; and Ibsen is cut into yet smaller bits, and resolved into a witch's stew. It is amusing reading to observe his treatment of Zola. Though pessimism is a target for his shafts, Nordau himself has fallen a prey to it. His book is bilious, and his criticisms often acute and amusing. But, as for philosophy, art, or science, we might as well find them in a rag-bag of prejudices as in Nordau's work.

LANDON'S PIANOFORTE METHOD. Easily graded for beginners by Charles W. Landon. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser, 1708 Chestnut Street. \$1.50.—The proof of an instruction book, like the proof of a pudding, is in the eating; and, after nearly a year's trial of Mr. Landon's work, we are prepared to commend it as a pleasing, intelligent introduction to pianoforte study. The author has evidently had a large experience in teaching children, and has compiled his book on the supposition that it is better to furnish a fair amount of sugar-plums than too much vinegar or dried beef. The selections are therefore pleasing and melodious. Names have been affixed to each piece, some of which are suggestions of their German origin. Other names are purely fanciful, and supposed to indicate the character of the piece. The addition of words in various exercises encourages the pupil to correct phrasing. It is by no means assumed that this book is for self-instruction: the presence of a teacher is supposed from the beginning. Nevertheless, the author is a good preacher; and directions and exhortations to the pupil accompany each piece. And the injunction, "Go slowly, avoid mistakes," is repeated again and again, though none too often. The hints to the teacher are in accordance with modern methods of teaching a child to think and to feel as well as to execute. With such a method intelligently applied from the beginning, there will be less mechanical playing on the pianoforte,

which, of all musical instruments, suffers most in this direction,—as if it were a musical typewriter, and the only task of the pupil were to spell out the letters of a given piece with a certain amount of percussion. In the matter of grading the exercises there is room for difference with the author. But this depends much upon the individual peculiarities of the pupil, and no two teachers would grade a book in precisely the same way. The same firm also issue a reed organ method by the same author, which is constructed on the same intelligent principles, with the necessary changes in method and choice of pieces to adapt it to the instrument.

THE MAKING OF A NATION. By Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Charles Scribner's Sons.—In the stress of life at the present time, the pressure of business, and the multifarious things that absorb attention, few have time or opportunity to study history, even the history of our own country, in any exhaustive manner. Still, most persons desire to know something of the history of our own nation. Gen. Walker, in a moderate-sized volume, entitled "The Making of a Nation," gives an admirably clear and lucid account of the condition of the country at the close of the Revolutionary War; of the circumstances which led to the calling of the convention of 1787; of the work of that convention, which resulted in the framing of the Constitution; of the struggle for the adoption of the Constitution, and the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, during which the country really and in fact became a nation. The adoption of a written constitution is a step, but *only* a step, toward the making of a nation. A great deal more is necessary before the desired result is obtained. History is full of ex-

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*THE LIFE OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN. By John Bigelow, LL.D., author of "Life of Benjamin Franklin," "Life of William Cullen Bryant," etc. In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

amples showing the numerous instances of constitutions that proved utter failures, and where the condition of the peoples concerned was worse than before. But, owing to the wisdom of the men who filled the offices under the Constitution and administered the government, and the good sense of the people, all obstacles (and they were many) were surmounted and all difficulties overcome; and the United States became a great nation, and its people have enjoyed a degree of prosperity almost unparalleled. Just how all this was accomplished Gen. Walker narrates in a manner which makes his book not only instructive, but in the highest degree interesting.

A KERAMIC STUDY. By Mrs. Flora E. Haines, Bangor, Me. Price 75 cents.—This tidy little volume is a careful and interesting description of the making of six decorated plates in Brownfield's Guild Pottery in England, and not the least interesting part of the book is the account of the formation of this guild. One follows the minute and exact process of the manufacture of these plates with all the more pleasure from knowing about the men at the head of the guild-potteries. Of the six plates one was decorated with the "May-flower," arbutus. It would have made a good illustration for the book, or even better it might have been to have had the six plates set up in a row in colors. Still, one almost sees them as he reads, so definite is the information about them. Let not the casual tourist think he can imitate Mrs. Haines's experience. In the first place, she had her winning personality to recommend her. In the next place, it took twenty-eight days of patient watching and waiting to see the process completed.

THE STORY OF SONNY SAHIB. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.—Mrs. Cotes has proved her ability to write for children as well as for grown people in this beautiful story, which appeared in a few numbers of the *Youth's Companion*. It is the story of a little English boy, saved from the massacre at Cawnpore, and brought up by Tooni, the Hindoo ayah, far from any part of India known to the English. The circumstances that happened before his final restoration to his father, his strange life among a strange people, his English pluck and honesty in the face of danger, are all told with a sympathetic and perfect naturalness that make the book an exceptionally good one for children.

RHETORIC: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Austin Phelps, D.D., and Henry Allyn Frink, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Dr. Frink has adapted the lectures of Prof. Phelps to the requirements of a text-book. These lectures have long held high rank among standard works on the characteristics and use of our language, and may still be had in their original form for reference and general reading; but this text-book will extend their usefulness. It aims directly to give the power of presenting a thought effectively, to show that thought is the basis of style and the source of power, and to emphasize the true relation of the writer to the reader or the speaker to the hearer.

BUSINESS FORMS, CUSTOMS, AND ACCOUNTS. By Seymour Eaton, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.—This book is prepared for schools and colleges, but not for any special class of school, since the author believes that a knowledge of business is necessary in every calling, and should have a place in every curriculum. It teaches the principles of double-entry book-keeping. The work is planned throughout by an arrangement of lesson-notes, exercises, and questions, to encourage original effort. The exercises are practical, and the questions suggestive.

STORIES OF OLD GREECE. By Emma M. Frith. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.—These stories are retold in short, simple form, with the idea of doing for the little beginner what the study of literature does for older people. There is no lack of these re-presentations of Greek myths; but the others with which we are acquainted are all for older children, or are more extended in the narration. These ought to be a real help, especially, perhaps, for the mother of little children or for the teacher.

Miscellaneous.

Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, publish "Cash vs. Coin," an answer to "Coin's Financial School," by Edward Wisner. 65 cents. It is an answer to the soft money delusion.

"Choice Reading" gives favorite chapters from favorite books included in Ginn & Co.'s select libraries. Francillon's "Gods and Heroes," Franklin's "Autobiography," Grimms' "Fairy Tales," and other popular books are here represented.

Number 69 of the "Riverside Literature Series" presents four chapters from Haw-

thorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," one of which is the introduction which describes the Manse itself. "Drowne's Wooden Image," "The Old Apple-dealer," and "Feather-top" are the tales selected.

"The Historical Biography of George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder, appears as a double number in the "Riverside Literature Series," published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. This was written about ten years ago, and this new form will serve to extend its undoubted usefulness and deserved popularity.

Messrs. Louis C. Ross & Co., 3 West Street, Boston, publish a collection of responses especially adapted for quartette or chorus choirs, by J. L. Gilbert, organist and director of the First Universalist Church, Charlestown, Mass. The volume was prepared some years ago, and has met a long felt want in church music.

The American Book Company have issued among their "Literature Primers" "American Literature," by Mildred Cabell Watkins. It is an attempt to make the story of American literature intelligible to American readers. It is told in a simple and familiar style, and will help to lead students to a first-hand acquaintance with American authors.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish in their modern language series "La Débâcle," par Emile Zola," abridged from the one hundred and eighty-second edition, and annotated by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of the South. This is the most popular work of the French novelist. By omitting episodes and detailed descriptions, Mr. Wells has brought it within the limits of class reading.

Ginn & Co. publish a little book of information about "School Libraries," setting forth their object, scope, advantages, and success, and adding lists of the books and prices. For instance, for \$4.75 one may buy School Library No. 2, which includes ten old-time classics of permanent worth, like "Robinson Crusoe," Plutarch's "Lives," and "Tales from Shakspeare." For a dollar more he may have ten books by the best English writers. For \$14.50 may be had eighteen substantial volumes which belong in every reference library; and so on.

The Magazines.

The *New England Magazine* opens with an interesting article by C. Howard Walker, beautifully illustrated from photographs by N. W. Elwell. Other illustrated articles are: "Thomas Ball, the Sculptor," by William Ordway Partridge, and "Blue Mountain Forest Park," by T. J. Walker. The stories are by Anne Richardson Talbot, May Kelsey Champion, Eva L. Ogden, David Lowry. Thomas R. Slicer writes of "Shakspeare's Fools," William Gregory describes "A Scotchman's Journey in New England," and there are other articles of interest.

In the *Arena* for May may be found an interesting contribution to the discussion of the Armenian problems. It is written by Robert Stein, himself a German, and is entitled "Armenia must have a European Governor," and is provided with a map and fifteen photogravure illustrations. It is certainly the duty of every thinking person to inform himself on this question, and the magazine ought to have a large sale. Other articles of importance are: "The Upas Tree of Injustice," one of B. O. Flower's series of "Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality," most painful in its revelations; "The State and Dwellings for the Poor," by Rev. F. B. Vrooman; and "Should War be abolished?" by E. P. Powell.

Literary Notes.

Rev. Frederick D. Greene, the author of the "Armenian Crisis in Turkey," has received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:—

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to hear that your work is about to be published, as I believe it will materially assist in rousing public attention to the recent outrages in Armenia, which almost pass description, and have inflicted indelible disgrace on the sultan of Turkey, and on his officers and soldiers concerned in perpetrating, in denying, and in shielding them. I remain, dear sir, "Your very faithful servant," "W. E. GLADSTONE. "Hawarden Castle, Chester."

A popular but authoritative book on birds has been needed for so long that a warm welcome awaits the "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," by Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Ornithology. This book, which is most profusely illustrated with pictures from nature, contains keys to the species and descriptions of the plumage, nests, etc., of all birds found east of the Mississippi, and most of those in the extreme West. The author has remembered the special requirements of amateurs and beginners; and the

problem of identification, either in the field or study, is reduced to its simplest form. D. Appleton & Co., the publishers, will issue a pocket as well as a library edition.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The Power of Silence. An Interpretation of Life in its Relation to Health and Happiness. By Horatio W. Dresser. Price \$1.50.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Letters of Celia Thaxter. Edited by her friends A. F. and R. L. Price \$1.50.

The Mississippi Basin. The Struggle in America between England and France. 1697-1763. By Justin Winsor. Price \$4.00.

Selected Essays of James Darmesteter. The Translation from the French by Helen B. Jastrow. Edited by Morris Jastrow, Jr. Price \$1.50.

Charles Francis Barnard. A Sketch of his Life and Work. By Francis Tiffany. Price \$1.25.

Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors. By Clarence Moores Weed. Price \$1.25.

From Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The Cause of Hard Times. By Uriel H. Crocker. Price 50 cents.

Pleasure-cycling. By Henry Clyde. Price \$1.00.

From Joseph Knight Company, Boston. The Shadow of a Crime. A Cumbrian Romance. By Hall Caine. Price \$1.50.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Racine's Athalie. Edited by Charles A. Eggert.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. Gen. Sheridan. By Gen. Henry E. Davies. Price \$1.50.

The Female Offender. By Prof. Caesar Lombroso and William Ferrero. The Criminology Series. Price \$1.50.

Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. By F. Schuyler Mathews. Price \$1.75.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. With the Procession. A Novel. By Henry B. Fuller. The Master. A Novel. By I. Zangwill.

The American Congress. A History of National Legislation and Political Events. 1774-1895.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. An Experiment in Altruism. By Elizabeth Hastings. Price 75 cents.

From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Wheelbarrow on the Labor Question. Price 35 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. A Silent Song. By J. Edgar Birch.

Rondo Caprice. For the Pianoforte. By Edward Hoffman.

If Thou wert True as Thou art Fair. Song. Music by George B. Nevin.

A Brownie Frolic. Characteristic Dance for the Pianoforte. By Francis M. Paine.

The Colored Four Hundred. March. Two Mandolins and Piano.

The Darkies' Delight. Polka Comique. By R. M. Stults. Arranged by Walter Vreeland.

The Colored Four Hundred. March. Two Mandolins and Guitar.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. My Queen. Male Voices. Words by Marion A. Connor. Music by W. O. Wilkinson.

Madison Square Garden March. For the Piano. By Gustave d'Aquin.

Kentucky State Endeavor Song. Words by Bessie DeM. Ellis. Music by Stephen C. Foster.

La Zingara. Danse Hongroise. By C. Rohm.

Segno Amoroso. Mazurka. By Louis Tocahan.

Hidden Springs. Aria. Words by Elizabeth K. Reynolds. Music by Rose M. Eversole.

Russian Waltz. For Piano. By Aimé Lachau.

Callirhoe. Air de ballet. By C. Chaminade.

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As each new life is given to the world,
The senses, like a door that swings two ways,
Stand ever 'twixt its inner, waiting self
And that environment with which its lot
Awhile is cast.

"A door that swings two ways."
Inward at first it turns, while Nature speaks
To greet her guest, and bid him to her feast,
And tell him of all things in her domain,—
The good or ill of each, and how to use;
Then outward, to set free an answering thought.
And so swift messages fly back and forth
Without surcease, until, behold! she who
As gracious host received a timid guest
Owns in that guest her rightful lord,
And gladly serves him, asking no reward.

This parable, dear mother, is for you,
Whom God has made his steward for your child.
All nature is a unit in itself,
Yet but a part of a far greater whole.
Little by little, you can teach your child
To know her ways, and live in harmony
With her, and then, in turn, help him through her
To find those verities within himself
Of which all outward things are but the type.
So, when he passes from your sheltering care,
To walk the ways of men, his soul shall be
Knit to all things that are, and still most free.
And of him shall be writ at last this word,
At peace with nature, with himself and God.

FOR THE HONOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The junior foot-ball team of the Hillside School had challenged the Brookdale team, and their challenge had been accepted.

"You audacious young beggars!" cried the captain of the school team, when, with glowing cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement, they rushed into his presence, waving the note of acceptance,—*"you audacious young beggars! Do you know that you have taken out a contract of David and Goliath proportions? but mind you, now that you've committed yourselves, don't you dare—do you understand?—don't you dare, for the honor of the old school, to let them beat you. The odds are all against you; but for all that,"* running his eyes quickly over the group of sturdy young figures before him, and speaking slowly,—*"for all that I shouldn't be surprised if you could do it. And you've simply got to do it; and remember this: if I catch a man of you so much as thinking that there is a chance of failure, out he goes! Yes, I'll coach you myself; and now be off with you!"* With an inward chuckle of delight at the *"pluck of the youngsters,"* he waved them away. And they went, cheering madly; for, as the little captain said, *"I hadn't a thought of doing more than scoring, and to think that Howland thinks that we can beat them!"* Then every hat went into the air, and the team joined hands in a wild dance of delight, and ended by pledging themselves, man by man, that each would do all that lay within his power to forward the success of the game, *"for the honor of the old school."*

But among them all there was not a heart which beat with deeper delight, more loyal pride, than that of Jack Barrington.

"For the honor of the old school." How the words thrilled him! how he drew up to its full height his well-knit little figure, adding a mental to the spoken vow that he, for one, would leave no stone unturned,—would strain every nerve to do what he could to insure success!

There was but one person who heard of the *"great game"*—as it soon came to be called—with anything but pleasure; and that one was Joe Norton. He had been among the candidates for position on the team, and had resented Jack being chosen above him, declaring that he played every bit as good a game, and that the selection was a matter of favoritism. There is little doubt, had his first statement been correct,—which it was not,—that, all things being even, Jack would have received the appointment, for Joe's character was not such among his companions as to make him a favorite. And one who is in the habit of taking mean advantages—who is not above *"cheating"* at games if the opportunity occurs—is not to be trusted on a foot-ball field.

But Joe, as I have said, resented the de-

cision, and, with the meanness worthy such as he, visited it (in his own mind) upon the innocent Jack, going so far as to vow that he would *"get even with him yet."* So the news that the team was to meet the famous Brookdales, and that the school captain predicted success for them, was bitter indeed. But he said nothing; and as the days went by, and the training and coaching progressed in a most satisfactory manner, adding but fuel to Joe's vindictive feelings, his resentment toward the unconscious Jack grew daily stronger. And at last his opportunity came.

Late one lovely October afternoon he had climbed far up into a great pine-tree on the grounds to examine a nest which he had discovered there. Before he had been there many minutes, he saw, crossing the playground, Howland, the captain of the school team, and a classmate of his. They came straight for the pine, and seated themselves on a bench at its foot; and in one moment Joe decided that he would not get down, as he had first intended, for, behold! they were in the midst of a conversation concerning the coming match.

"Yes," Howland was saying, *"I think that they have an excellent chance. I'm really proud of the youngsters. I never saw better grit or more thorough, conscientious work. There's but one weak spot in the team, and that's not very serious; but, were it not for little Barrington, I would say that it was a sure thing, though the other team outweighs them, and is in fine trim."*

No wonder that Joe *"pricked up his ears,"* as he himself would have expressed it; no wonder that he leaned down in the fast-gathering dusk to drink in every word.

"Barrington? Oh, yes, I know,—the fellow who holds up his head and looks you square in the eyes when he speaks to you. I've heard more than one nice thing about him. He's weak, you say? That's too bad; but how did it happen that he got on the team?"

*"Hobson's choice when it was made up; and now, when I might do better, I haven't the heart. He's the out and out finest little chap I ever came across, the soul of honor, and such an eager, enthusiastic young one I never saw. In fact, it is his anxiety to do well that is the trouble. His work is splendid; but at times he gets flustered, and loses his head when it is very important that he shouldn't. There's a new fellow who came after the team was made up, and who has been playing against them in the practice games. His general play isn't a bit better than Barrington's; but he has what little Jack lacks, a steady head, any provocation to the contrary. He's one of those chaps, you know, who wouldn't be, or rather wouldn't *act*, surprised if a gun went off behind his ear. If he had Barrington's place, I should say that it was a sure thing. But, as it is, I'm not afraid much. At any rate, I shall not say a word to him. It may be unprofessional, but I'm blest if I could do it. His heart is just bound up in the team, and he shan't be disappointed. If there was any material difference or if he lost his head often, I should be obliged to make the change; but as it is"—* And with a little shrug of his shoulders he rose to his feet, as his companion said:—

"I think that you're exactly right. No doubt, when the time comes, he will come up to the scratch." And they walked away together, and entered the school-house.

When they were well out of sight, Joe got down, somewhat cramped by the strain to keep from moving, and made straight for the library, where he had reason to think that he should find Jack, and where he did come upon him, alone in the great room, seated close to the window, with the last rays of the setting sun falling on his book.

"Hallo, Barrington!" he said carelessly, as he sauntered across the room: *"it seems to me you're getting very fond of your book, pegging away out of study hours."*

Jack looked up in surprise, for it was not Joe's way to be particularly friendly, but answered pleasantly, all unconscious that he was falling into the trap set for his feet, *"Yes: you see I try to get in all the odd moments that I can; for the practice takes so much time, and the folks at home*

count on my keeping up with these," nodding toward his books.

An unpleasant smile curled the corners of Joe's mouth.

"You think a lot of being on the team, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, I'd rather be on it, in this game,—even if we only score,—than to be the President of the United States." His eyes sparkled, and the color came into his cheeks as he tossed back the mop of bright brown hair which would come tumbling down into his eyes.

"Humph!" said Joe, dryly; but he did not look down into those great honest eyes which glanced so straight up into his face. *"Humph! it's rather a pity that Howland doesn't seem to feel so anxious about keeping you as you are to stay in."*

"What!" cried poor Jack: *"what's that you say?"* The bright color was gone now, and the brown eyes had a startled, anguished expression.

"I didn't say it," laughed Joe: *"it was Howland. I heard him say to-day that but for you victory would be sure. He said that Dana would be the one for your place, he doesn't lose his head as you do. But you needn't look so scared. He isn't going to turn you out. He's afraid that you would cry if you were disappointed."* And, with a laugh of satisfaction at the success of his work, he turned on his heel, and left the room.

And Jack?

Down upon the folded arms went the tumbled brown head. What did it all mean? *Not want him,—Howland not want him!* A sound like the surging of water was in his head. His temples were throbbing, he could not think, could not collect himself. Dana should be in his place! Oh, he *must* think! he *must* know what it all meant! But not there: he could not run the risk of being questioned!

Seizing his hat, which lay beside him on a chair, he hurried out into the grounds. The boys were standing about in groups; but he passed them all quickly by, walking straight ahead, out of the gate, and down the road. He never knew exactly how he got there, but presently he found himself entering the little church, the door of which stood invitingly open. It might have been from force of habit, for he often went over to listen when the choir was practising; but, be that as it may, it suited his purpose well now, for it was empty and dark, save for a dim light at the organ. And, flinging himself down at full length on the cushion of one of the pews near the door, his face again buried in his folded arms, he set himself to meet and answer his question. Never for a moment did it occur to him to doubt Joe's word. Something told him that the boy was for once telling the truth, in so far as having repeated what he had really heard. But was it true? Was it a fact that Dana would do better work than he? As calmly and quietly as he could, he sent his mind back over the past. Yes, though he had not realized it before, he could see that it was true. He could recall more than one instance when he had not made the most of an opportunity because he could not decide on the instant what would be the best thing to

do; and then he seemed to see Dana, always cool, calm, and collected. *"He is better, I can see that he is; but, oh, I cannot give it up, I cannot! Howland has not asked it of me. None of the others would dream of such a thing!"*

But what about that promise made to the boys, reiterated so solemnly to himself,—that promise of which Howland knew nothing? Would playing on the team himself be doing *"all within his power to forward the success of the game?"* He knew that it would not,—knew that only by giving up his place to Dana, would he be keeping the spirit of his vow.

But give it up! give up that position which, as he had truly said, he would rather have than any in the world! No, never! No one would ever know that he even suspected that his place could be better filled. *"No one but yourself—and one other."*

That night before he slept he had decided on his course, and on the morning of the game the following note was placed in the school captain's hands:—

Dear Howland,—Please give Dana my place on the team to-day. He'll do better in it than I could; and we must win! You've always been so kind to me that perhaps you will think of asking me to keep it. Please don't, for I've quite made up my mind. Would you mind asking the fellows not to say anything to me about the change?

Faithfully yours,
JACK BARRINGTON.

"Read that, will you!" cried Howland, striding across the passage to his friend's room. *"Of course, you see that some one overheard our conversation the other day, and has repeated it to him,—the scoundrel! But I must let him have his way now. Poor little beggar! doesn't want the fellows to say anything to him about it! I suppose he knows that that would be more than he could stand. And to think of his offering to be substitute!"* And then he turned hastily away, and went back to his own room.

Of course, they won: I should not have had the heart to tell the story but for that; and of course, when they were alone again together, the whole school went wild over the successful team, even the doctor and the tutors coming out to add their word, and cheer after cheer sounded through the crisp November air. But finally there was a little pause, and then a strange thing happened. Howland had jumped up on a bench, and, holding up his hand for silence, spoke.

"This has been a great day," he said, *"and I most heartily congratulate the team upon its splendid success. But I feel that, before we separate, it is only right that I should tell you of a circumstance in connection with it. Many of you have asked, all of you have wondered, why, almost at the last moment, a certain change was made in the team. I will now state that it was at the urgent request of that member himself, who, while thoroughly appreciating the honor of being on it to-day, still insisted upon resigning in favor of one who, he was convinced, would more perfectly insure the victory which you have achieved. It was a great victory against fearful odds:*

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it will not soon be forgotten; but I think that the doctor will bear me out," turning to where that gentleman stood, "in saying that, great though it was, this act of which I have just told you redounds even more to the honor of the old school."

While he was speaking, his eyes had passed quickly over the upturned faces, and there was a strange, enlightened expression in his own, as, stepping down, he went straight to Jack, who was standing with bowed head and eyes blinded by sudden tears, and, catching the trembling hands in both his, held them in a warm grasp till the doctor came up, and took them from him with a beaming face.

There was no cheering; but silently, one by one, the boys came and grasped the hand which all felt it an honor to hold, till, feeling that he could stand no more, Jack broke suddenly from them, and with a bound disappeared through the great door. Then, indeed, the cheers broke out, and more than "three times three" were given for "Little Barrington,—an honor to the old school!"

It was noticed by more than one that, as he passed through them on his way to the house, Howland stopped before Joe Norton, and for a moment looked him full in the face, then turned and walked away, and from that time on never saw him when they met.—By Annie L. Hannah, in the *Churchman*.

DEAD BIRDS.

It was an Easter Sunday, bright and calm;
And life, not death, was the glad theme that day.
The air was full of spring's delicious balm,
The maple-buds were dropping on the way,
And one sweet leaf with flush of crimson on it
Fell on the dead birds of a woman's bonnet.

What say the bells at these good Easter times?
They tell of vanquished death and risen life.
Hush, then, O bells, your inconsistent chimes:
You and the dull old world are hard at strife;
For, surely, where the crimson leaf fell on it
I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet.

—Selected.

JOHN LIKED FUN.

John was tricky. Those who thought him a "beauty," smart and obedient, knew that he was mischievous and full of his "jokes."

John certainly did have a love of fun in his "make-up" which made him a jolly companion for four boys, who in turn did like to "plague the poor old chap," the family horse.

John was black-coated, strong and intelligent. His tricks were not vicious ones. He never kicked, balked, nor ran away, being sober and well-conducted when driven or ridden by the senior members of the family.

He had a fondness for his master, who petted him a great deal. The women could drive him. He brought them home in just the same condition they started out. It was only with the boys of the family that John ventured to "joke."

There were four of them, Ernest, Walter, Henry, and Albert, bright young fellows, who delighted to tickle John's nose with a fragrant-smelling apple, snatching it away when he prepared to enjoy it.

John was a pig in his love for mellow, ripe apples. The boys thought it fun to tease him a little, and make him anxious to get it before giving it up to him.

They really did teach him to play "hide and seek" with them.

One of his tricks was to sigh and swell up his body when being saddled, if one of the little boys was about to ride him.

Of course, the saddle sometimes turned after they had ridden a little distance.

Another trick was snatching a cap from their heads, and galloping away with it to the furthest corner, whinnying defiance to the capless youngster.

One May afternoon, as I sat beside a window, some boyish voices called: "We are going to ride out to Muddy Fork. John is lazy; don't have enough to do."

John looked at me, and I plainly saw fun in his eyes. He made a nip at an apple geranium, and then went along as sober as judges are said to be.

His expression plainly said to me: "These four boys seated upon my back are hunting for fun. I'll help find it."

Ernest and Albert whistled gayly. Henry and Walter urged "lazy bones" along.

"Such a good horse as he is! It isn't every one that would carry such a load of restless boys," was my thought, as John slowly crept along, head down, apparently meditating deeply.

In an hour four boys, wet and muddy, walked in at the gate.

"What has he done?" I inquired.

"Done?" chorused an indignant quartette of boyish voices. "He poked all along, as if he was almost asleep, until we got into the water. Then he lay down and spilled us off his back, and just galloped home. He did it on purpose, of course he did. He thinks he can play tricks on us little boys. He don't dare to try 'em on men."

We went to the back gate and saw John standing there, looking meek and subdued, only—I detected a twinkle in his eyes.

He received a scolding, which he did not heed; and a few minutes after I saw him in the stable yard with four boys perched on his back.—*Prairie Farmer*.

HARMLESS TREE SQUIRRELS.

Of the tree squirrels (genus *Sciurus*) there are fifty-seven species and subspecies; but there are not so many individuals that any boy or man can go out with a nasty old shotgun and kill a dozen of them in one day without being guilty of pot-hunting and murder. I have known men to boast of having "bagged" twenty-eight, thirty-six, and even forty squirrels in one day,—as if they had done a thing to be proud of! Proud of what? Of waging elaborate and scientific warfare on the easiest of all "game" to kill.—*W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas*.

THE HABITS OF BEES.

It is said that under favorable circumstances a colony of thirty thousand bees may store about two pounds of honey in a day. Of thirty thousand bees in a hive, which is a moderate-sized colony, half of them stay at home keeping house, tending the babies, feeding the queen, and guarding the stores. In fine, clear weather a worker may gather three or four grains of honey in a day. As large colonies contain as many as fifty thousand bees, it may be seen that possibly twenty-five thousand individuals are out seeking honey. The amount each one brings in is infinitely small, but there is strength in numbers; and one can readily imagine, by watching the little workers pouring into a hive, that even the few grains at a time will fill up the cells quite rapidly. But a single bee would make slow work of it, and would, if continuously occupied, require some years to gather one pound of honey.—*New York Ledger*.

TWO DOGS.

Two dogs, Rose and Fannie, were members of the same family. The mistress of the two dogs owned a shawl which Fan claimed as her own, and would not permit Rose to use or even share. Fan was the older, and had been in the family longer than Rose, toward whom she showed many signs of jealousy. Fan had the privilege of sleeping on her mistress's bed on her favorite shawl. She would growl if any one approached the bed. Especially did she show anger if Rose came near her.

One day Rose was so badly hurt that she was sent to the dog doctor's for treatment. She was gone for several weeks. When Rose returned, every one was glad to have her back; and none more glad than Fan, who even gave up her place on her favorite shawl to Rose in her mistress's arms. The dear mistress was ill in bed. Fan went to the foot of the bed, surrendering her place to Rose. Two days after Fan's sympathy was exhausted, and her jealousy asserted itself; and she drove Rose from the shawl and her place beside her mistress, and took it herself, never giving it up again.—*Outlook*.

HOW THE CAT SAVED THE HOUSE.

A man in this State owns a big cat. This man and his cat live alone in a house on the outskirts of a village. The man smokes. It is supposed that a spark from his pipe fell in some sawdust to which it set fire. The man went to bed, but in the night the cat wakened him by scratching his face. The man found the cabin full of smoke. He rang his bell, and blew his horn until the neighbors came and helped him put out the fire that pussy discovered. The neighbors bought a collar for the cat.—*The Outlook*.



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NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The monthly meeting was held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, May 10, at 10.30 A.M., seventeen present.

The corresponding secretary gave an account of interesting visits to New Bedford, where a Branch has been lately formed, and to Newport. An address had also been given at the Plymouth and Bay Conference, in which are some very active Branches.

A letter was received from Rev. Clay MacCauley, expressing much pleasure at the promise of some additional books for the library at Tokyo. As he has now the whole responsibility of the Japan Mission, whose scope has become much enlarged, offers and promises of books will be most welcome; and he suggests that each Alliance Branch should agree to send one book, and thus complete the original requisition. Some Branches have already done this, and the treasurer has received nearly \$30 for this purpose this year. Mr. MacCauley writes that he has given about one hundred much needed books from his own library rather than see the students in want of them. He continues: "It is no exaggeration to say that in the standard of our studies and the abilities of most of our students, we ought to be ranked with Meadville. Our teachers, too, are of a high order. Three of the four Japanese teachers are graduates of the Imperial University. The fourth has a national reputation."

A very pleasant letter was also received from Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr, for whose work Rev. Mr. Wendte recently made an appeal to the Alliance. Of the society at Hanford she says: "Our little church is the first one to be started in this vicinity, and, except one, the only one in the San Joaquin Valley, which is three hundred miles long and about sixty miles wide. We have a little town of two thousand people, and a woful amount of ignorance of Unitarian aims and work; but we have done well for a six months' beginning. We number thirty-five members, and among them we have some of the best and most intelligent people in the community. We are now straining every point to lease and fit up a small brick building, which can be had for a reasonable rent, \$15 a month, and which is very central, and can be made very attractive and comfortable. We have hard work to raise enough yet for regular expenses; but I hope and fully believe that we shall grow to be a great influence for good in the town, and that this little church will be the beginning of a spread of the liberal faith that will reach every good-sized town in this great valley."

"Please through your reports thank each individual Branch for its donation. I would do so myself; but perhaps that would be a little uncalled for, and perhaps they would not want me to use up in postage and stationery money that would do good and lasting work in other ways."

A letter of thanks came from the little society at Neillsville, Wis., which has received some small gifts from the Branches which have been much appreciated.

Mrs. Andrews was present at the meeting, and spoke of the excellent work being done at Green Harbor, Mass. There is still a small sum needed to complete the desired salary of the pastor; and, if any Branches have money not yet appropriated, it is hoped they will remember Grace Chapel. If each New England Branch would give five to ten dollars annually, Grace Chapel would easily be sustained without constant appeals.

Miss Clarke reported that she was disappointed in not being able to present the new "Study Class Leaflet" before the Branches closed the work for the summer; but it will be ready in ample time to be considered in the autumn. This "Leaflet" will be upon the subject of "Unitarian Belief," and will be of unusual interest and value.

It was voted that the National Alliance should contribute \$10 annually to the American Unitarian Association, to entitle it to representation at the business meetings, according to the by-laws of the Association.

The secretary gave a detailed account of her visit to Baltimore, where she had been warmly welcomed, and had attended all the meetings of the Southern Conference. She had met many delegates from the Southern churches and Alliance Branches, and also some of the ministers doing the "circuit" service in which the Alliance is much interested.

It is announced with much pleasure that the usual May meeting of the Alliance will be held at the Second Church, Copley Square, Boston, on Wednesday, May 29, at ten o'clock. Box lunch and social hour at the close of the meeting. It was voted that no collection should be taken, and all members of the Alliance and others interested are cordially invited to be present.

The secretary takes this opportunity to state that these *Register* reports contain only such work of the Branches as is reported to the Executive Board through the directors and vice-presidents. Consequently, only such appropriations of money as are so reported are mentioned. The treasurer's report of all money received by her appears only in the "Manual."

Twenty-five dollars has been received from the Branch of the Third Religious Society, Dorchester, Mass., to make Miss Elizabeth Parsons Channing a life member of the Alliance. This graceful gift was in honor of Miss Channing's birthday.

EMILY A. FIFIELD,
Rec. Sec'y.

The Sunday School.

Although no new service for Children's Sunday, or Flower Sunday, is published this year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, reprints for 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894 are available. These services have proven very popular in the past, and ought to be acceptable for continued use. Price 5 cents per copy, or \$4 per hundred.

At the anniversary meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society at King's Chapel, Thursday, May 30, at 2 P.M., the speakers will be Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, and Miss Sarah L. Arnold.

The usual Channing Hall "Talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, will be held next Saturday, May 18. The subjects treated will be Lesson XXXIV., "Jesus before Pilate," and Lesson XXXV., "The Death of Jesus." Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham. Intermediate and advanced at 3 o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

The second edition of the "New Song and Service Book" is now ready. The publication and selling of this help to Sunday-schools at such a low price was rendered possible only by using money from the usual contributions sent by the churches and Sunday-schools to the Unitarian Sunday School Society. This is one of the ways in which donations are rendered back to the denomination in the channel which directly assists Sunday-schools not financially strong.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The eighth regular meeting, twelfth season, 1894-95, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, May 20, 1895. Subject, "The Sunday-school and Church.—Joint Services, Doctrinal Teaching, Confirmation Classes, and Other Means of Uniting Sunday-school and Church." Speakers: Rev. George W. Cutter, Newport; Rev. George C. Wright, Lowell; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston.

NEW YORK SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The second annual festival of the Union was held last Sunday in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn. Persistent showers interfered seriously with the attendance. Moreover, Rev. Edward A. Horton, who had been engaged to address the Union both at its festival and its annual meeting, was detained by illness. In spite of these serious drawbacks the three hundred and fifty children of the Brooklyn schools, with a few from out of town, made up a very happy and resonant chorus, which sang heartily and listened attentively to addresses made by Rev. Messrs. Edward Hale and Frederick J. Gould. At the annual meeting on Monday the attendance was unusually large, the supper being served by the ladies of the church at New Brighton. At the business session the following officers and directors for the season of 1895-96 were elected: president, Frank R. Mitchell; vice-president, A. Emerson Palmer; secretary, Rev. George H. Badger; assistant secretary, Miss Edith Holden; treasurer, Miss Helen E. Stone; directors, Henry B. Wells, Rev. Messrs. Russell N. Bellows, Samuel A. Eliot, and Frank S. C. Wicks, Miss Nathalie Vidaud, Miss Elizabeth B. Curtis, Mrs. Edward M. Cook, Mrs. Clifford E. Bellows, Mrs. Frederick P. Forster. At the evening session Mr. Horton's place was taken at short notice by Mrs. Harriet Lincoln Coolidge of Orange, who held the delighted attention of her hearers, as she explained, with charming clearness, simplicity, and mastery of her subject, her adaptation of Froebel's methods to the Sunday-school kindergarten.

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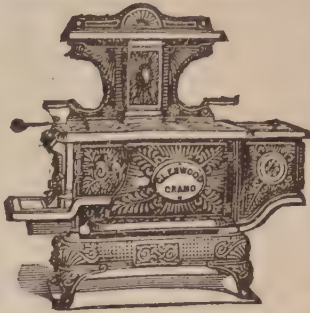
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I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts*.
I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska*.
I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

CONTENTS FOR MAY.

Short and Long Views. Rev. Charles F. Dole.
A Unitarian Gospel. Thomas R. Slicer.
The New Emancipation. Esther C. Jennings.
The Quiet Consummation. Hattie Tyng Griswold.
Prayers without Words. Jessica Tyler.
A Ministry of Forty Years. C. D. Bradlee.
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Sixty Years. J. T. Sunderland.
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Correspondence.
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Temperance.

Paris is mainly a wine-drinking town, but, like Marseilles and Lyons, does not consume so much as many of the smaller towns; though, when examined in detail, the provision seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale. In Paris the annual rate per head is 340 pints of wine, 16 of cider, 21 of beer, and rather over 12 pints per head of spirits.

The temperance law recently passed in Indiana requires that all screens and obstructions shall be taken away from the doors and windows of saloons, and that all townships and city wards shall have local option to suppress as well as to license them. This law is a great movement in advance, and is an indication of the rapidly growing sentiment toward the suppression of the traffic.—*Methodist Recorder*.

Education.

A large and very successful school of domestic science is in operation at Pratt Institution, Brooklyn. There is a normal course of two years, and classes and private pupils take lessons in different branches of housework and cooking. There are large kitchens, laboratories, and laundry, and all the necessary paraphernalia for successful work.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of Hampton Institute will be celebrated in connection with the exercises of the graduating class, May 22 and 23. On Friday, May 24, there will be a conference of graduates, former members of the school, and officers and friends of the school in regard to the methods by which the best interests of the colored race in the South can be promoted. The subjects to be considered are "Industrial Openings for Negroes, and How they are filled," "Home Life among the Negroes," "Education," and "Influence of Colored Leaders over their People."

Charities and Reforms.

The International Prison Congress, which is to take place this year in Paris, will open its session on June 30 next at the College of France. Representation at this congress is assured from eighteen foreign governments. These are England, Belgium, Austria, Denmark, Spain, United States, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, Norway, Roumania, Russia, Serbia, Sweden, Switzerland, and Holland.

The sixty-third annual report of Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind gives a very complete account of the last year's work. It contains a detailed report of the development of Edith Thomas, Willie Robin, and Tommy Stringer; and the touching anecdotes ought to open wide the pocket-books of many who have not yet contributed to this important and inspiring work. It is a wonderful story, this of opening the perceptions of these unfortunate children to the hidden world of light, sound, and communication; and the report ought to be widely circulated.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.—The twenty-second National Conference of Charities and Correction will be held in New Haven, May 24 to May 30. The following is a partial list of speakers and subjects:—

Saturday morning, May 25, at Alumni Hall.—Reports from States; "The Ideal Function of State Boards in the Economy of the Commonwealth," by Dr. F. H. Wines of Illinois.

Saturday afternoon, May 25, at Seminary Building.—Section Meetings, "Child-saving Work": "Some Problems in Child-saving Work," by C. Loring Brace, secretary Children's Aid Society, New York; "Colored Children in the South," by H. W. Lewis, Washington; "Preventive Legislation and Work in Ontario," by J. J. Kelso, superintendent Ontario, Toronto. Section II., "Juvenile Reformation": "Discipline: How Best to attain it, concretely considered," J. E. Coffin, superintendent, Whittier, Cal.; "Farm School for Girls: How conducted, and with What Results," Mrs. L. L. Brackett, superintendent, Lancaster, Mass.; "Military Drill: Its Place in Promoting Discipline, and the Extent to which it may be carried with Profit," F. H. Briggs, Rochester, N.Y. Section III., "Charity Organization": "Aids to Friendly Visitors."

Saturday evening, May 25, at United Church, 8 P.M.—"Sociology in Institutions of Learning": opening address by President Seth Low of Columbia College, New York; "Is the Term 'Social Classes' a Scientific Category?" by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of New York; "The Statistical Study of Hereditary Criminality," by Prof. E. R. L. Gould of Baltimore; "Sociological Instruction in Schools and Colleges: Its Feasibility and Probable Results," by Prof. H. H. Powers of Northampton, Mass.; "Science and Sentiment in

Economic Policy," by Prof. Arthur T. Hadley of New Haven; paper on "The Elberfeld System," by Dr. C. R. Henderson of Chicago (correspondence from Berlin).

Sunday, May 26, at United Church.—Conference sermon, by Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D., of New Haven. "Child-saving Work": "The Future of Preventive Work," by Charles W. Birtwell, general secretary Boston Children's Aid Society; "Trade Schools: Their Place in Education, Industry, and Philanthropy," by Prof. Charles R. Richards, director of the Department of Science and Technology, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.; "Problems of an Institution," by Walter A. Wheeler, superintendent State Primary School, Monson, Mass.

Here and There.

A large Syrian settlement is to be established in Chicago. There are ten thousand natives of the Holy Land in this country, and an effort is being made by their clergy to make that city their Mecca. The plan is to make a nucleus of the fifteen to eighteen hundred Syrians now in Chicago, induce them to manufacture the unique loom goods of their own country, and start other Oriental industries. Once initiated into the wonders of modern civilization, it is hoped they will return to Syria as teachers of the less fortunate.

At a recent meeting the Committee on Concessions and Privileges granted to Kee Owyang, a Chinaman representing a New York company, the right to erect the Chinese Village at the Cotton States and International Exposition. This village will be of characteristic Chinese architecture, and one hundred and sixty feet square. It will be surrounded by a wall; and inside will be a Chinese theatre, booths, flower-gardens, tea-house, and all manner of Chinese attractions. Chinese merchants will have on sale their rich and unique wares, and the village will be a veritable little Chinatown. The concessionaire is an educated Chinese gentleman, and is backed by ample capital.

A despatch from Berlin to the *Evening Post* says: "An Englishwoman, Miss Grace Chisholm, has just taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Göttingen, with the express permission of the Prussian Minister of Education. This is the first degree ever taken by a woman since Göttingen became a Prussian university. The emperor has hitherto opposed the admission of women to the imperial universities; and it is supposed that the conferring of the degree upon Miss Chisholm indicates a change of policy, and the beginning of further concessions in regard to the higher education of women. The new departure has caused much stir in the German academic world."

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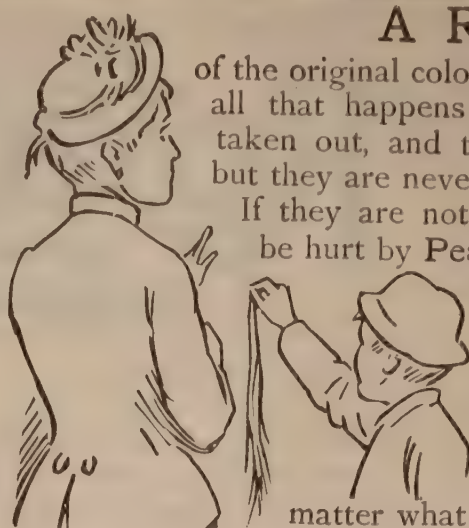
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I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the *Unitarian* in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

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Pleasantries.

'Little Georgie D. has named his cat "Napoleon," because, as he says, it has so many lives.—*American.*

"Does this roof leak always?" Agent: "Oh, no, ma'am, only when it rains." *Chicago Inter-ocean.*

Weeks: "Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie 'Aristotle' yet?" Wentman: "No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup."—*Ex.*

A sweeter song: "De singin' ob birds is sweet," remarked Uncle Eben, "but de cackle ob er chicken on your own roos' has er heap mo' expression in it."—*Washington Star.*

Little Ethel: "I wish I had a new doll." Mamma: "Your old doll is as good as ever." Little Ethel: "Well, I am just as good as ever, too; but the good angels gave you a new baby."—*Exchange.*

Back Bay little boy prayed the Lord to send a baby to his home. "O Lord," he entreated earnestly, "send a baby to our house, either a little brother or a little sister, I ain't particular which!"—*The Transcript.*

Teacher in Geography Class: "Jim Smith, can you name ten animals peculiar to the arctic regions?" Jim Smith: "Yes, sir." Teacher: "What are they?" Jim Smith: "Five seals and five polar bears, sir."

A little boy was coming home with his mother from church when he heard her saying that the sermon was not worth much. The little boy immediately turned round and said: "O mother! what could you expect for a half-penny?"—*Tit-Bits.*

An anonymous donor once sent the late Prebendary Calthrop the princely sum of fourpence, urging him to have his hair cut. The prebendary announced the fact in church, adding that he had never paid less than sixpence, and suggesting that his adviser should send the balance of this sum.—*Churchman.*

The other day, when a prim, precise New England professor sat down to dinner in a Southern hotel, three waiters in quick succession asked him if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked, "Is it compulsory?" "No, sah," answered the waiter: "no, sah, I think it am mock turtle."

Magnus (who has just moved into a cottage in the suburbs): "See here! I thought you said this was a healthy neighborhood." Acres: "So it is." Magnus: "Well, I can't agree with you. We had not been here a month before my wife sprained her ankle, and yesterday the baby ate something that disagreed with him."

"I could have laughed outright," said Mrs. Brown, "when we were going round Barnum and Bailey's menagerie on Friday." "Why, what happened?" asked Mrs. Jones. "Well, Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course, she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was, it wasn't a giraffe at all. It was a camomile!"—*American.*

A little girl of seven years was cutting out some paper dolls the other day to show to a friend. The lady objected that the dolls' heads were too wide. "Take the scissors, dear, and trim them off," she said. "No," replied the little maid, "I can't do that: they have to be wide,—they're swelled with instruction!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A young bachelor, who was beset by a sewing-machine agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer the purpose. "Why," said the agent with voluble praise, "it is the best machine on the market in every respect." "That may be," replied the supposed customer, "but the sewing-machine I am looking for must have flaxen hair and blue eyes."

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning, as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

A Harvard student, recently attempting a history of the English language, spoke of the parent German as divided "into High and Low German, the first spoken by the nobility, the second by the peasants and low classes in general." But even this was eclipsed by a statement made by the same man, without any sense of its occult secondary meaning. "Pope's style," he wrote, "seems belabored." To any one who has read the usual criticism of Pope this is exquisitely true.—*Boston Budget.*

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Editorial.

THE *Cumberland Presbyterian* rightly believes that all evils cannot be cured by legislation: "We in America have held too much to the faith—or the superstition—that legislation and the sovereign acts of government are the cure for all our economic and even our social and moral ills. We do not fully enough understand that evils—financial, social, and political, as well as moral—have their root in individual character, in home training or neglect, in the deep undercurrent of wrong social influences, beyond the reach of Congress or legislatures or judges."

AN important movement for practical reform has recently been organized in the city of New York, which promises large results. The plan is to organize the churches of different denominations into a confederation, under the title of the Council of Churches of New York City. It is proposed to divide the city into parishes, each parish to include the churches within

its limits, and each to do a certain part of the work to be accomplished. By this confederation of the churches for charitable, social, and religious objects, it is expected that many hindrances and obstacles now existing under the present system will be overcome, and a waste of money and energy prevented. This organization has the earnest support of a large number of the prominent laymen and ministers of the city. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is an active supporter, and it is proposed to begin at once. Rev. Dr. Hegeman, in an address at a recent meeting, went at length into the sociological condition of the great metropolis, and gave many facts relating to the number of liquor saloons, churches, and the condition of the people. He was confident that the introduction of the new motive of united action would cause an increase of workers and money.

THE series of open-air meetings on the Boston Common which was inaugurated last Sunday afternoon is simply another effort of the officers of the Fraternity of Churches to reach out and influence the masses. At the Parker Fraternity, Pitts Street Chapel, and other places the Unitarians have been engaged with earnestness and success in bringing the Church into closer contact with the people. The first meetings on the Common had a special interest as a movement in this direction. The congregation, estimated at over a thousand, and made up of all classes and conditions of men and women, gathered round a box under one of the trees on which the speakers, Mr. Walkley and Dr. Hale, stood. Near them were the singers and others interested in this movement. The audience itself was a study as they listened to the preachers. Although there were other meetings near, where some of the burning social questions were advocated, order and attention were very general; and the people remained till the close. The topics chosen were such as brought the thought of God, personal responsibility, and the value of a good life home to the hearers. The service was simple, direct, and impressive, especially that part where all repeated the Lord's Prayer. Leaflets of a religious character were distributed; and, as none were scattered on the ground after the hearers dispersed, they were probably taken home. The friends of this movement were encouraged by the result of this meeting, and will go on with energy and zeal in this effort to bring the great truths of religion home to the people, and to put them into closer touch with the Church.

THE selection of Bishop Potter of New York as umpire before the committees representing the Marble Workers' Union and the Marble Industry Employers' Association is a hopeful event, and marks the promise of something better yet to come. The strikes are often the result of a misunderstanding and ignorance between the contending parties; and, if instead of fighting each other both sides would try to know more of each other, and treat their differences with more candor and fairness, many serious outbreaks would be avoided. It is a just tribute on both sides to Bishop Potter that he should be chosen. He is in a position to mediate between the parties, and the judicial spirit he has shown fits him for this delicate and difficult office. He believes that many strikes are due to misunderstandings, and in this case recognizes "the sound common sense" of the workmen's committee, and that "the employers have no idea of acting otherwise than fairly with the men" employed. The result will be watched with great interest, especially by those who hope that this example may be followed, so that the misery and loss of strikes may cease, and that both employer and employed may be brought into more cordial and intelligent relations. This is a step forward in the right direction.

ONE of the most interesting phases of the religious life and thought of our times is that of liberal Judaism. The history of Israel has often raised up its prophets, who on the mount of vision have caught glimpses of new truth and seen the dawn of a brighter future. The fires of worship have thus often been relighted, and the soul freshened and enriched by new and nobler truths. Among the foremost of this class in our time is Dr. Hirsch, minister of Sinai Temple in Chicago. For more than three half-score years he has labored both with signal ability and success. During the Chicago Fair he was an efficient worker in the Parliament of Religions, and has in many ways proved the breadth of his spirit and his elevated religious thought. At the recent thirty-fourth anniversary of his ministry he preached a sermon in which he urged upon his congregation a renewed fidelity and consecration to the work of keeping liberal Judaism before the world. "If the past is glorious, the present is all the more heavy with responsibility, and the future a field for renewed progress and success." While full of the broadest sympathy for others, he urged the Sinai congregation to work on distinct religious lines, adding, as reported: "Into Judaism, and not out of it, is our watchword. More Judaism, and not less of it, shall we have learned these thirty-four years." In justice to him we should add that his Judaism is of the noblest and loftiest type.

THE Golden Jubilee in commemoration of Archbishop-Williams's service of fifty years, which took place in Boston last week, was an event of wide significance, and has an interest far beyond the borders of the Roman Catholic Church. Men of diverse religious opinions were invited to join this household of faith in their tribute to the character and life of the archbishop. Besides the highest dignitaries of his own church, representative men of other denominations were present; and the voices of both State and city officials joined in their tributes. It is doubtful whether such an exhibition of general good feeling could have been possible twenty-five years ago; and the chief importance of this testimonial is the evidence it gives of the growth of a more kindly and liberal feeling both on the part of the Roman Catholics and Protestants. This was admirably illustrated in the speech of Gov. Greenhalge, when he emphasized the fact that we have been all growing together, and that "a spirit of liberalism has brightened every sect, every denomination, every party, every race; and your own Church has not stood still in these fifty years." Surely, it was an occasion "worthy to go into the past and to illumine the future!" It helps, amid the rivalries of sects and the divisions of creed, to lift the community into that broader idea of American citizenship which is the glory of our country. Religious and race hatreds in the past have been a blight and curse. Everything which helps to soften these antagonisms and to inspire, alike in Roman Catholics and Protestants, a broader spirit of toleration, will help forward the best interests alike of patriotism and religion.

THE Thirty-first International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations recently held at Springfield, Mass., is a striking demonstration of the power of organization, when guided by zeal, courage, and faith. The report of what has been done is an object-lesson enforcing the value of combined efforts. These associations for young men began with the specific work of carrying on evangelistic meetings in the by-ways of towns and cities. But they have now broadened in their methods, so as to add social, physical, and educational agencies, and thus aim to touch the young man on all sides of his life. This was made so evident in this great gathering that many of the stricter sort began to fear

that the direct religious agencies were in danger of being overlooked. But there is no evidence of this beyond the fact that more and more activity is given to general influences. The increase in numbers and wealth has been enormous. As reported, the active membership has reached 116,761; while the value of Association buildings and of real estate, deducting debt, exceeds \$13,000,000. There are now 103 railroad associations, with a membership of nearly 26,000. There are also 570 brotherhoods in colleges, and there is the manifest purpose to increase the work so as to embrace all the colleges in the world and all of our large railroads. With an energy born of an earnest enthusiasm and devout consecration, these workers go forth to influence the young men for their highest good. Notwithstanding the narrowness which excludes from active membership all who are not of the evangelical creed, and that efforts are chiefly directed to advance the evangelical type of theology, it still remains true that, as a part of the great Christian forces in action, the Young Men's Christian Associations are in their own way helping to establish the religion of Jesus in the world, and to build up the kingdom of God, which rests on righteousness, truth, and love.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The meetings of this organization held in Chicago last week were marked by a spirit in every way excellent and worthy of emulation. There was plainly a hearty desire for union and co-operation with all those who, bearing the Unitarian name, would most naturally seek its fellowship; and, though there was no abatement of the determination of the conference not to be limited in its sympathies by any denominational ties, the practical need of standing closely together within the denominational circle was strongly felt and emphasized. As by universal consent there was a disposition to let alone the discussion of issues, from debate of which little gain can now be expected. If there has been division of thought and feeling in the past, nobody's opinion as to the responsibility for this division is likely to be affected by further argument; and, of all useless desires, the hankering to see some one punished is about the most superfluous. From all this the attention of the conference was turned entirely away to face the problems of the future. This surely marks the beginning of the end of one of those painful controversies to which all growing bodies are subject. Unquestionably, there has been much quickening of thought on both sides during the discussions of the past few years; yet all may rejoice at the prospect of closer reunion soon to be accomplished.

In another way the spirit of the conference was hopeful. Widely separated churches are apt to pay some penalty for their isolation in the growth of misunderstandings which become the basis of a feeling of distrust. This is not a sectional weakness or difficulty, and is not peculiar to church work. Everywhere it is hard for people who see little of one another to arrive at a perfect mutual understanding. A large part of the troubles of the world would be cured if men and women who occupy antagonistic positions could be brought close enough together to make each other's acquaintance. Of this fact the Conference seemed to be well aware, and to be ready to make allowance for the placing of emphasis at different points of what is, after all, the same great work. Of that blind partisanship which sees, and wants to see, nothing but its own narrow view, and whose attempt to pose as the champion of breadth always adds a ludicrous element to the situation, nothing was expressed. The spirit of good

will was not only uppermost, but, so far at least as an outsider might judge, was universal.

The Unitarian movement both East and West is still new, and doubtless has many phases yet to pass through. The slow processes of natural growth are not easily anticipated. If we can be sure that the spirit is really growing, that is much cause for satisfaction. Youth is always full of noble enthusiasms, but has also the defects that belong to its good qualities. However mature the men and women may be who come together to lay the foundations of a new work, while the work itself is young it cannot have the self-assurance that time alone will bring. New movements, like new countries, are apt to be rather needlessly sensitive to criticism. One sign of increasing stability is a less violent reaction against the prick of the critic's lance. In this respect Western Unitarianism gives evidence of having arrived at the consciousness of more and deeper spiritual strength.

Two things accomplished by the conference call for congratulation and praise. First, a deficit of two years' standing in its accounts was made up by the voluntary pledges of members and friends, so that it might begin the new financial year free from debt. The half-hour devoted to this task was filled with much enthusiasm, and was certainly well spent from the spiritual as well as from the material point of view. Second, a plan of general co-operation in Western work was adopted, which has in it the possibility of leading to important results. In brief outline, this plan is that one director of the conference shall be nominated by each of the State and district conferences, and that these directors so nominated and chosen, with the secretary of the Western Conference, shall constitute a Missionary Council for the West, to be the "agent and adviser" of the American Unitarian Association within the territory which these organizations cover. It cannot be said that the plan in all its bearings is yet worked out to completeness, and considerable time must yet elapse before it can be carried into operation. But we feel sure that the step taken is in the right direction, and that from this beginning a careful consideration of the problem will find its practical solution.

The most obvious disadvantage of the plan is that committees are not generally so efficient in executive work as a single officer. What is the business of a number of people in common is too apt to become the business of nobody in particular. But, should our work grow, as we hope to see it increase with the next wave of business prosperity, each of the members of this Missionary Council might easily find himself within a field large enough to engage all his energies. On the other hand, the closer organic union of all our working centres in the West is in itself so desirable an object to attain that, if necessary, we might well forego some other advantages for its sake. But it is not certain that this will be necessary. There should be some way to combine the administrative talent of the single missionary agent with that wisdom which comes from observing the old adage that "two heads are better than one." We commend this plan to the thought of all whom it concerns, believing it to be capable of development into a form that shall meet general acceptance and produce much good.

FROM OTHER LANDS.

As the anniversary season comes round, it is interesting to note the level of the spiritual mercury, as it is observed by individuals in other lands. No one person can speak for a nation, and yet the thoughtful observer must be able to gauge the impressions that sway the immediate community of which he is a part. Such observations are often better caught from personal letters than from formal reports. Within the past week or two various letters received from different parts of the world all tell the same story of the upward and onward reach of humanity for purer air and broader spiritual freedom. It is as though the rush of spring, which is making itself richly manifest in the outer world, were pervading the spiritual world, and seeking new avenues for leafage and fruitage.

From a German university comes the

word: "It is interesting to see how interested the professors are becoming in the Ethical Culture movement in this country, which, however, has not such able leaders as in the country of its birth. The tendency is in the direction of liberty of thought. There is a great field for the Unitarian faith in this country, though it is a thorny field. Public opinion, routine, tradition, conservatism, are strong in Germany; and liberals are apt to keep their ideas to themselves. But, if the movement once begins with force, the results will be undoubted."

From India Mr. Mozoomdar writes: "I am about to organize a united mission of all the Brahmo-Somajes,—a mission which is to embrace the whole of upper India, the classical Aryavarta, from Lahore to Calcutta. If by the blessing of God this organization becomes a reality, the foundation will be laid of a new life for the Brahmo-Somaj; and I trust a new race of workers will join our cause."

From far-away New Zealand comes a letter from a Baptist clergyman, who says that, queer as it may look, he calls himself an "Evangelical Unitarian." He tells of secular papers publishing religious articles which are greatly appreciated by the people who are hungry for a better faith. And he and others are trying to reach them in every way possible, that they may be "influenced to righteously reverence one another, and to be inspired with truth and courage."

And from that land of islands to which all eyes have been turned of late comes the clear word of faith of Clay MacCauley:—

"Great changes are at hand for this people. Our work is not the least among the influences which will tend to make the future for Japan nobler and happier. Will you not give the Japan Mission a kind thought and also a cheering word now and then? We are doing the best we can under serious limitations. Our numbers have decreased from seven to two, and yet our work has increased disproportionately much. To be sure, there are a good many Japanese helpers now; but we are sadly in need of some of the best of the mind and heart blessing the life around you."

Germany will fight and win for herself the blessing of a liberal faith. New Zealand may look for a like blessing, if even her Baptist ministers are Unitarian; but for India and Japan Americans may not only give of their sympathy, but in a tangible way may minister to the spiritual work that is going on. Whoever strengthens the hand of Mr. Mozoomdar helps to make the country better wherever his influence is felt, and whoever contributes to the support of our mission in Japan may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is giving to a cause that has proved itself worthy.

THE CROW INDIAN SCHOOL.

Some eight years ago the American Unitarian Association organized a bureau for Southern and Indian work. One result of this was the establishment of the Montana Industrial School at the Crow agency. President Grant had initiated the policy of inviting the various religious bodies to unite with the government in the education of the Indian. Wise as the scheme seemed on its face, it was open to two objections. First, that the government might be led thereby to throw upon religious denominations educational work which it ought to conduct itself. Second, the giving of money by the government to religious denominations for educational purposes was not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions. It established a relation of doubtful wisdom between Church and State, and might lead to the use of government funds for sectarian purposes. Nevertheless the Indian department, under the corrupting influence of the Indian ring, had been so terribly dishonest and inefficient that it was hoped something better might result from this arrangement.

It was under this policy and arrangement that Unitarians entered the work under the courageous leadership of the late Gen. James F. B. Marshall. The school was established under the superintendency of Rev. Henry F. Bond, who with his wife gave themselves with great devotion to this work until it became necessary to transfer its administration to other hands.

While the plan introduced by General Grant worked better than the inefficient scheme which preceded it, the practical objections mentioned above have been forcibly developed. The government has not assumed its full responsibility toward the Indians. On the other hand, it has been evident that, if the government did all it might and should do in the work of Indian education, with all the resources at its command it could do much more than could possibly be done under this divided responsibility. It is possible for the government to provide school-houses and teachers, so that no Indian child may remain without school opportunities; and it is possible under a compulsory education law to compel Indian children to go to school. Just how efficiently the government can do its work is shown in the schools that have been already established. With the Indian schools under civil service rules, political interference is removed; and nothing has stood in the way of the perfect success of the system but the niggardliness of the government in making appropriations. Our senators and representatives have shown neither Christianity nor common sense in spending vast sums of money for the building and arming of cruisers, and refusing hitherto to give enough money to support adequately a system of schools as a public defence against the ignorance and barbarism of native tribes. The time may have been when a fort on the Missouri was more important than a school, but now the school is more important than the fort. If one wishes to see just how an Indian school under the charge of a United States army officer may develop from small beginnings into one of the most admirable schools tried by any test in the country, let him visit the Indian School at Carlisle, Penn., under Captain Pratt, or read the excellent articles on that subject in the *New England Magazine* for April.

The second objection which we have mentioned, that arising from the sectarian use of government money, has achieved much importance. It may or may not be true that certain religious denominations use their Indian schools largely for religious propaganda. It is what we might naturally expect. But it certainly is true that jealousy and distrust have been awakened between different denominations by the use of government money, and this has led to giving it up on the part of nearly all the Protestant bodies who have been receiving it; and the probabilities are that before long Congress will decline to make any further appropriations for contract schools, but will increase and extend its own work of Indian education.

Under these circumstances the question before the Unitarian body in regard to the Montana Industrial School has been an important one. It has taken a threefold form. First, shall the school be continued as it is, with government aid, which amounts to \$100 a year for each pupil? or, second, shall government aid be relinquished, and the school be supported entirely by private or denominational appropriations? or, third, shall the government have the opportunity of taking the school and making it a part of its regular system and organization?

1. In answer to the first question it may be said that Unitarians are opposed on principle to the giving of government money for denominational purposes, and this conviction found expression at the last National Conference. At any rate, the probability that the government will at an early date decline to renew these contracts would force the other two questions upon us.

2. To the question whether the American Unitarian Association, having given up government aid, should abandon the school or support it, there is not the slightest doubt in our minds what the answer should be and would be. Some of the denominations which have given up government aid have been obliged to give up some of their schools. That peril would confront Unitarians. But we have no doubt that an earnest appeal would bring the necessary funds.

But this is not the only question before us. There is the third question, whether the United States government, as one of the partners in the present enterprise, should not have the opportunity of carrying on the

school itself. In his last message the President, supported by the Secretary of the Interior and the Indian Commissioner, announced the intention of the government to extend its school system and to assume work done by the contract schools. To ascertain whether the government would accept a present of the Montana Industrial School and carry on its educational work, the Committee on Indian Education of the American Unitarian Association appointed a sub-committee, consisting of the superintendent of the Indian Bureau, Rev. Alfred Manchester, and Rev. S. J. Barrows, to go to Washington on this errand.

The Committee were authorized to make the following propositions:—

1. The American Unitarian Association offer to give the United States government the school buildings and plant, costing originally some \$20,000, for the purpose of maintaining an Indian school.

2. The government to pay for the stock and tools at a fair appraisal.

3. The present teachers to be retained for at least one year, if found competent.

These propositions were regarded as generous by the Indian Bureau, and were recommended by the Superintendent of Indian Schools, the Indian Commissioner, and finally accepted by the Secretary of the Interior, with the provision that the buildings be made over to the government for a nominal sum, so that it may acquire full legal title to them.

As thus modified, the arrangement received the unanimous indorsement of the Committee on Indian Education, with the exception of one member who is in Europe, and whose vote could not be secured. An opportunity was given to contributors to the school at a meeting in Channing Hall to discuss the question, but only two voices were raised against the plan. On Tuesday of last week, at the regular meeting of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association, the report of the Committee on Education was made and accepted, and a vote passed confirming the arrangement. The transition will be made the first of July, when the present contract with the government expires.

The advantage of the arrangement is that the United States government and the American Unitarian Association can dissolve partnership, that the work of the school which has been carried on successfully for eight years can be continued without break, and that the school may receive all the advantages which come from being included in the government system. The fact that the same teachers are to be retained for at least a year will prevent any break in the personal influence which they have exerted. The school has been carried on by them before on such broad, unsectarian methods that no change would, in this direction, be necessary. It is this very reason that leaves no ground whatever of appeal to Unitarians to support independently a denominational school among the Indians, when the government is able and willing to do the work, and when that work is essentially the same. Whatever other religious bodies might do, Unitarians would regard it as altogether superfluous to establish for general education in any one of our large cities a rival to our public school system. There is no need, likewise, of maintaining a rival to the Indian school system as conducted by the government: rather let that be supported every way. The excuse for establishing a school at all was that the government was not doing the work, and the Indians could not do it themselves. Eventually, the different States will include the Indians in their public school system. The ruinous policy of keeping up the reservation system has retarded the civilization of the Indian. Sooner or later he must be absorbed into our civilization; and the way to bring this about is to treat him as an individual, not as a member of a tribe. Unitarians will have abundant opportunity to continue their Indian work, and they can do it in a way which is not possible for the government to do it. They can support the placing-out system by taking Indians in their homes and farms and factories, and giving them temporarily a practical acquaintance with our civilization. Such home education will do for the Indians what nothing else possibly can do for them.

JAPAN'S TREATY OF PEACE.

The signing of the treaty of peace between Japan and China ends the first act in the great drama which the former nation has set itself to perform. As the curtain falls, the results thus far have filled the whole civilized world with wonder, and placed this island people in the foremost place among the Asiatics. Both in military efficiency and statesmanlike ability she now ranks among the great nations. The skill of her generals, the thorough organization of her army, and the personal bravery of her soldiers and sailors are universally acknowledged. But in the negotiations for peace her wisdom and moderation are as marked as her efficiency on the field of battle. The terms of the treaty are such as to leave no lasting bitterness upon her enemy. Her rulers are acting with reference to the future. Japan is aiming after territorial and industrial expansion. She proposes to compete with the great nations in trade and commerce, and such is the industry and skill of her people that she will surely gain in wealth and power. The war will act as an intense impulse; and, while care will be taken on the part of her rulers to increase her military and naval efficiency, still greater efforts will be made for her industrial and intellectual development. Her natural resources are great, and her rulers propose to use them with intelligent foresight. The influence of the war will be widely spread, and those living in the remotest sections will feel an intense quickening. In the awakening of this nation what will be the effect on religion? A considerable number of the most intelligent classes have drifted from the established faith. It is evident that there must be a reconstruction. Mr. MacCauley, in his address last year when he was at home, clearly pointed out the need and importance of our mission. If it was needed then, it is needed now. This brings the subject home to Unitarians; and one of the questions that will be asked at the coming anniversary will be, What is our present duty to the Japan Mission?

Musings.

SOME two or three months ago I noticed an item in the daily press to the effect that the editor of the *Christian Register* had been appointed a delegate to the International Prison Congress in Paris, and that he would leave for Europe some time in May. This item, more or less elaborated and diluted, has been going the rounds of the press, sometimes accompanied by an unkindly "cut," which some of my friends have compared to an escaped convict. I resent the comparison. It is not fair to the convict. I have too many friends of that class to wish to do them injustice. From all points of the compass this announcement has come; and the question is, What can I do about it? Not to go to Europe under these circumstances would be to establish the inaccuracy and fallibility of a large portion of the American press. It would be to convict American journalism of hasty credulity and premature assumption; and I ask myself, "Would it be right to put my editorial brethren in such a false position?"—a position which would be so unnatural and unfamiliar for an American editor that he would not know how to adjust himself to it. I have asked myself, therefore, What is my duty under the circumstances? Is it to write a denial to each and every editor of the statement he has published, or is it to endeavor to fulfil the prediction they have unitedly made? I have concluded that it will be kinder to my editorial brethren, kinder to my country, if I decide to extricate them by expatriating myself. If by taking a trip across the Atlantic I can make fifty or a hundred editors in this country tell the truth, is it not the thing I ought to do? I have therefore decided to brave the storms, the dangers, the elastic tumidity of the Atlantic Ocean, with all the gastronomic effects that it involves, in order to fulfil the programme which has been assigned to me. That programme will involve a trip to New York, a brief deflection to the foreign shores of New Jersey, a departure May 18 in an ocean greyhound for Liverpool, some days at the English lakes, visits to Oxford, Cambridge, and certain English prisons, a sojourn in London, attending the English anniversaries, a few weeks in Paris, a trip

to Switzerland, and finally a trip to Quebec and Lake Memphremagog, setting foot on American soil at Newport, Vt., some time in August next. This is the programme, and it will take three months to fulfil it. But I have written across it mentally words copied from railroad time-tables and opera bills, "Subject to change without notification."

By the time this second "Musing" reaches the *Register* office and attains the immortality and immutability of print I shall be far beyond the reach of washerwomen, tailors, butchers, and other creditors; beyond the discomforts of spring cleaning; beyond the obtrusiveness of the modern daily, with its perpetual assumption of news; beyond the importunity of the German band; beyond,—well, I should say about two thousand miles beyond Sandy Hook. I have just completed the first stage of the journey by the owl train to New York, and now I am about to get a railroad passport for New Jersey. If one wants to get out of the nineteenth century for a little while, he can easily do so by going to New Jersey and taking a backward leap into the past. New Jersey, like Brooklyn, furnishes sleeping-room for a good many New Yorkers; and it is not surprising that a dormitory should be dormant. I trust that I am too early for the mosquitoes and too late for the ancient malaria of the Jersey flats. There are signs of progressiveness in this old State, and some of them Mr. Morehouse reports now and then to the readers of the *Christian Register*.

Brevities.

The Shaksperian motto of the modern civil service reformer: "While these do labor for their own preferment, it behooves us to labor for the realm."

Die Nation, a German periodical, in a recent article on "Ein Amerikanischer Ethiker," compares Mr. Salter in very appreciative words to Emerson. The interest in Ethical Culture seems to be extending in Germany, though the loss of the movement in the death of Herr Gizycki is keenly felt.

The New York *Observer*, in recommending to church councils the Latin motto,—

"In necessariis unitas,
In non-necessariis libertas,
In omnibus caritas,"—

adds, "Undoubtedly there are some vacant seats in that 'omnibus' yet." Yes, that is an omnibus in which there will be always "room for one more."

Last Sunday Rev. M. J. Savage preached on "Religious Liberty and the Case of the Armenians." At the close of his sermon he asked all to rise who united with him in asking the President of the United States to make a moral protest to Turkey against the outrages in Armenia. A throb of sympathy leaped from heart to heart; and, like a mighty wave moved by one common impulse, the great congregation rose in response.

The *Christian Advocate* publishes a letter from Prof. J. D. Dana of Yale, in which he says: "The new doctrines of science have a tendency to spread infidelity, but it is because the ideas are new and their true bearing is not understood. The wave is already on the decline; and it is beginning to be seen more clearly than ever that science can have nothing to say on moral or spiritual questions, that it fulfils its highest purpose in manifesting more and more the glory of God."

The New England Cremation Society is working to help bring about a public sentiment favorable to the adoption of a reform in caring for our dead, believing that cremation is a more reverent and tender way of disposing of the body than burial, and in every way to be desired for the sake of the living. By holding this public meeting during Anniversary Week the society hopes to interest in the subject people from different parts of New England; and it has been fortunate in securing several able speakers.

It is easy to see how the stories of the early apostles and preachers varied as told by different reporters. Dr. Hale preached on Boston Common last Sunday afternoon, but no two papers told the same story about it. Not only were the abstracts of his remarks quite different, but the facts about external details were unlike. To one re-

porter he stood on a deal packing-box, to another he was mounted "on a folding bench." One man saw him under an elm, another under a "popular" tree. Perhaps it was not a sycamore that Zaccheus climbed, after all.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THE seventieth anniversary of the American Unitarian Association comes on Tuesday next in Music Hall. There will be occasion for congratulation, for reminiscence, and for the onward look. Addresses will be made in the morning, afternoon, and evening. The names of some of the speakers are to be found in the standing notice of the meeting. Others also will be heard. Letters will be read from some of the veterans, like Dr. Furness, Rev. Samuel May, Dr. James Martineau, and others. In the afternoon Dr. Edward Everett Hale has been asked to respond to these letters as one of the younger men. Grouped around the Association, which is the parent of most of them, will come the anniversaries of the Sunday School Society, the Women's Alliance, the Temperance societies, guilds, Unity Clubs, Lend a Hand Clubs, and other organizations, religious and benevolent. The week will be crowded with meetings through which will flow the currents of vigorous intellectual and spiritual life. The warmth of Unitarianism comes from a slow-burning fire. The light it sheds is fixed and steady. But it may easily happen that, after seventy years of the steady diffusion of light and heat, a great flame may be kindled. At the Ministers' Union, a youthful organization, Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis will speak. At the Berry Street Conference, our oldest institution, Mr. Ames will be heard. In our columns elsewhere will be found a condensed programme of meetings adapted to all ages, sexes, and conditions.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION NOMINATIONS.

The Committee on Nominations of the American Unitarian Association have received ballots for candidates for president, vice-presidents, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, and directors for the ensuing year, and have counted the same. They find that the following persons received the largest number of votes, and are therefore to be placed before the Association as the nominated candidates:—

Hon. John D. Long, <i>President</i> .	
Horace G. Wadlin,	
Hon. Joseph W. Symonds,	
Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, LL.D.,	
Judge Thomas J. Morris,	
Hon. Daniel L. Shorey,	
Hon. Horace Davis,	
Rev. George Batchelor, <i>Secretary</i> .	
George W. Fox, <i>Assistant Secretary</i> .	
George W. Stone, <i>Treasurer</i> .	
	<i>Vice-Presidents.</i>

Directors.

Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard, Boston.
Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Quincy.
John Mason Little, Boston.
Arthur T. Lyman, Boston.
Henry B. Wells, Plainfield, N.J.
Rev. William W. Fenn, Chicago, Ill.

(Signed) HENRY F. MILLER.

Pro and Con.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The newspapers report that recently at Fort Worth the evangelist Moody prayed fervently for rain, and that the heavens opened, and thanks were being given, when an accident occurred, and many were hurt; for the storm tore the roof off the church. He was not sufficiently careful in expressing his desires, and did not take the precautions of a parson of the olden time in New England, who prayed: "O Lord, send us rain, but not in a hurricane. Let it come down kind o' drizzly drozzly, to refresh the earth." In this way too much of a good thing might have been avoided. I remember another instance of providence, when a note was sent up to the pulpit in a season of wet weather, praying that it might come to an end. The minister read it; but, drawing the curtain aside, he added, "It's no kind of use, bretheren, so long as the wind hangs to the north'ard and east'ard."

CREEDS AND CONFERENCES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I have been looking through a number of creeds, confessions, catechisms, declarations of faith, etc., and have found the work both dreary and unprofitable. It is sad to witness numerous divisions and organizations of Christianity, and sadder still to see that many of their documents do not refrain from mounting up to the mind of God himself, and imputing to him decrees, secret purposes, and motives. With many statements in these productions reason disagrees, but this fact disturbs not the swallowers. Divines banded together are not the best or most impartial judges of truth, for they often look to the confutation of those whose opinions differ from their own rather than appear to be seekers of the right.

I notice one thing mentioned in these documents, the birth of Jesus from the Virgin Mary. She comes into prominence early, and continues late; for she is mentioned in the Apostles' Creed, in that of Chalcedon, in Luther's Catechism, the Westminster Confession, in the Declaration of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, etc. The accounts of the conception and birth in Matthew and Luke are taken literally. Here reason hesitates to follow. The long list of creeds may now be considered antiquated. If confessions of faith be thought necessary, they should be very short, and not contrary to reason. Let it not be thought that I rate human reason too highly; for it is "the candle of the Lord," and therefore divine. Bishop Butler says truly that "it is the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation."

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

London, Eng.

MATTHEW XXV. 46.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Permit me to suggest a new way of looking at Jesus' words in Matt. xxv. 46,— "These shall go away into eternal punishment," etc.—always so painful to read, and which no permissible exegesis which regarded only the word *aionios* has ever availed to empty of the teaching of eternal punishment. None of us, of course, believes the doctrine; but, if we are thoughtful, we have all had to swallow hard when we read the passage in question, because we do not like to say, oftener than we are compelled to do so, that Jesus in his *deliberate* and *essential* teaching was mistaken.

I said that the accepted view of the passage does not avail by any permissible exegesis to empty it of the doctrine of eternal punishment. Neither, indeed, does the present suggestion quite do so: only there is the immense distance between a proposition deliberately put forward as a teaching by itself and one incidentally and without special thought accepted or taken as a matter of course in speaking of something else.

Now, we have always read the chapter as if Jesus was concerned with eternal punishment as his topic, whereas he is talking of the grounds on which future rewards and punishments shall be distributed. It was the brave and industrious servant of the five or the two talents, the kind-hearted who remembered the sick and the needy, not those who made professions, who were at last to receive the blessing. What that reward or the corresponding punishment was to be as to duration was not even at issue, for all Jews of the period (see the Apocalyptic and kindred literature) who believed in a future life at all believed its awards were eternal; and Jesus as a Jew would certainly believe it with the rest, and may even here have had a reminiscence of Dan. xii. 2,— "These to eternal life, and these to shame and eternal contempt."

Let us read, then, anew the words from verse xxxi., with the vivid picture of selfishness on the one hand and lovely unselfishness on the other, and then at the close lay the emphasis where it belongs, not on *eternal*, but on *these*; and how our old trouble vanishes away! It is *these*—selfish souls!—that shall be punished; but the doers of the word, though they never heard of me, shall be blessed.

H. D. CATLIN.

Eastport, Me.

For the Christian Register.

SUCCESS.

BY HARRIET WATERS FORBUSH.

If we, from whom the passing years
Have taken all our youth's delight,
Nor brought us honors, wealth, or fame,
Or that success we deemed our right,—
Oh! if we could but understand
That love is greater than renown,
That simple duty, daily done,
Adorns us more than laurel crown!

Contentment still is more than gold;
And his alone the true success,
Whose life, "unspotted from the world,"
Has known unselfish happiness.
Then let us lead our humble lives,
Content to do our Lord's behest,
Until the evening shadows cool
Proclaim the toiler near his rest.

And when at last, the daylight spent,
We homeward fare at set of sun,
Nor wealth nor fame will worthy seem,
But only duty, bravely done!

OLD-FASHIONED CULTURE.

BY REV. HENRY T. SECRIST.

And immediately some one will say that here is another modern maniac who intends to rave against everything that has the touch of age upon it. But immediately he should be assured that such is not the case. I have a word in behalf of old-fashioned culture. There is a clear distinction between the types of culture here suggested, both of which have elements that are commendable. In the culture which will remain after the novelties of the passing seasons are cast aside we shall find a considerable amount of the old-fashioned style. For, after all, the common-sense life, as well as the common-sense garment, satisfies most people.

There is a kind of culture which, by its showiness and its obtrusion, compels us to class it with the new fashions. It is somewhat gaudy in appearance, and is noisy in its movements. It has many schemes, makes great claims, and is busied with a multitude of things. Yet, after the day is over and the reckoning made, not so very much has been accomplished by it; and meanwhile it has been anything but attractive. We submitted to some annoyances in expectation of beneficial results, and we have been cheated all around.

There is very much of instability in a large part of present-day culture. There is much trimming of the tips of the vines without any regard for the roots. We are inclined to beware of the person, man or woman, who has the reformation of the world upon his hands. He has so much to do in regulating the affairs of the universe that he makes wretched the part of the universe in which his little mind exists. He is so much interested in mankind that he fails to be interested in his own family and friends. He would save the human race, but forgets to save himself from his disagreeableness. There is so much to be learned that he has not time to chat with his friends; and, if he writes a letter to an old comrade, it must begin with an apology for neglect. He likes discussion. To announce that there will be a "discussion" is a great attraction to the devotees of new-fashioned culture.

When we have been associated with such a person for a time, what a relief it is to meet a representative of the old-fashioned type! Fortunately, there are still some of these types remaining; and it will be well for us if we see the effectiveness of their character and learn how to win it. The very presence of this person acts as a restorative as well as a stimulus. He is calm and dignified. Yet he accomplishes more than many excited ones who work with strained, even if well-meant, effort. He finds time to be in his home, even though his club shall miss him. You enjoy a letter from him, because you feel that he actually had time for writing. He believes that to maintain friendships is as essential as to carry on boys' clubs or to write long theses on the problems of modern society. He tells us that he really enjoys reading a book that has no illustrations. We would learn that analysis and criticism, while very necessary, have their limitations. We have sometimes torn Emerson's essays and poems so nearly to pieces, and have studied them so much, that we have missed Emerson almost en-

tirely. To follow foot-notes sometimes helps and very often hinders.

Perhaps it is a characteristic of old-fashioned culture that it had a place for the genuine lecture,—the lecture as it was known "once upon a time," but that finds little encouragement now. That type of lecture will not now pay the travelling expenses of the lecturer. We have lectures more than ever now, but they are of the kind that offers a course of six for fifty cents. And we, in our weariness, wonder whether we are ever to hear of the lecture that belonged to the old-fashioned culture—so able, complete, inspiring.

Old-fashioned culture made a strong and an attractive character. Somehow there came from it a wonderful solidity. George William Curtis in one of his letters uses the expression "antique honesty." We recognize at once the quality meant, and wish there might be more of it. We want that stability of the old-fashioned culture, even though we must have some objectionable qualities with it. Our typical person is interested in all that is going on about him, but is not swayed by the long procession with flaming banners, or by street corner or public park oratory. And the decade, if not the hour, finds him abundantly justified.

The solidity of such culture does not exclude gentleness, grace, and an appreciation of genuine humor. The enjoyments, however, which it sanctions are not those produced by methods which are questionable, as judged from the moral standpoint. If the laugh is not so harsh, it is, nevertheless, a more genuine expression of a righteous pleasure. I could not tell just how this old-fashioned culture brings its results; but I am sure that there is an attractiveness, a serenity, a reserve force, a quiet but powerful enthusiasm here which is missed in the results of the new-fashioned culture, and which must belong to the perfect character. Yes, I know what can be said against it and in favor of its opposite. But I will have for myself that benediction which comes from the very presence of those saintly ones whom the old-fashioned culture has produced. So, blessings be upon the lingering types of the old-fashioned culture!

Milwaukee.

SCIENTIFIC SHIRKING.

BY HELEN B. SEYMOUR.

The title sounds like a suggestion of something degenerate. But it is not. No woman's strength is equal to the demands made upon it by the claims domestic, social, and intellectual of these latter days. Since this fact is indisputable, why not look the problem squarely in the face, and decide calmly where to "shirk"?

This writing concerns that class of woman-kind who, in the thick of life, are trying to make a home with their own, or at least two or four extra hands to help them. The woman who employs six or more servants is ruled out of the article.

Those who have been in the success know what it costs in head and hand labor to keep a house up to concert pitch of tidiness. It must be swept, dusted, and arranged, shining as to windows, and polished as to brasses, to be refreshingly clean, not in spots, but all over, all the time. However, if this were the only ambition in the mind's eye, life would be as easy as going down hill. But that inner man, located on the road to the heart, not to mention the inner small boy, must be fed periodically. And while said man thinks, if he pays the bills, it is nothing for the housekeeper to have the table furnished with spotless linen, bright silver, and an unending variety of attractive viands, madame, who has been inventing bills of fare for years, often feels her wits wearing out from the monotony of repetition. However, if these two were the only matters concerned, planning for home life would be like speeding on over even grade.

Yet more important than either of the things mentioned is the care of the children. It is poetical and beautiful to think they just belong to the family, and should grow up in the home as naturally as the roses bud and blossom outside. But perpetual care is the watchword against the ills of the flesh, and the perils of infancy are hardly passed

when the vagaries relating to the freedom of the will and the constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness need to be checked and shaped. Ah! the oversight of the house and spreading of the table are pastime in comparison with the responsibility of caring for children. Nor are these three all. Home would not be home unless shared with the outside world. Hospitality, unaffected, that never wearies, is of supreme importance. Emerson, manlike, says, "Why this bustle good wife, when the guest is expected?" But it is against woman nature not to hide nicked china and cod-fishy economies from the eyes of a stranger. The soul of hospitality is sincerity of welcome; and, while it is excellent to sit down to "low living and high thinking," no amount of sincerity or a conversation mounted on stilts can compensate for a soup over-salted, a burned beefsteak, or feeble minded coffee.

And yet success in these four things might not make life seem an up-hill effort, were they all. Unless a woman is content to be classed with the words marked "obsolete," she must have several lines of intellectual work in hand. The age writes history with a swift-moving pen. She must be quick, or she will not read current events, not to mention the literature of the day or standard works. Then there are the studies she hoped to pursue and the plans to carry out when she left her Alma Mater. How many, rather how few, realize the dreams of college days!

These mentioned are only the duties beckoning within the home walls. Outside of the enumeration are the claims of society, the benevolent work due the unfortunate, the church life in its manifold forms, and the club life. Attention to these, it is said, is helpful in the making of a home. Add the necessary needlework and the irregular calls of holidays, house-cleaning epochs, and unexpected company, and where shall the home-maker look for time to have even a toothache?

The problem is stated. For its solution use Scientific Shirking. One cannot do everything: why try? It is questioned, "where shall the remedy be applied?" Put the blister over the pain, the plaster on the cut. Employ that something within that used to be called "elective affinity" in choosing what shall be done. Sanctified common sense, too, is excellent help to the conscience in deciding what to leave undone. And, that Scientific Shirking may be most successful, it should be used with system, a right estimate of essentials and self-control.

What a good thing system is to keep house with! If one has no better outline for the daily round, the little-girl game of "Round the Mulberry-bush" may be used. And how system does help govern the children! And one can get almost no time for books without it! It is the systematic people who meet the emergencies of life without flinching, who can take a week off now and then, and easily overtake their work on return. System is the best help of Scientific Shirking, because it knows just where the stitches have been dropped, and just where things belong when putting them to rights. System seems indispensable when we count the multitude of things, the variety of work, one must be acquainted with to keep house. Is it any wonder the Swedish girl, who had been only waitress in her own country, after struggling with "general housework" for a year, announced to her mistress she "was going into the mill to work, because she had to know only one thing there"? This friendly system must not be of cast-iron, but flexible so it can use modern improvements and adapt itself to circumstances. And, moreover, system believes in practical co-operation. Children early catch the partnership plan, and "helping mamma" is solid happiness, if put to them in the right way. Not only should there be a sharing in the work, but in the home idea. The house, even the parlor in it, should not belong exclusively to the mother or daughters of the family. Look at this picture. A man who had acquired a competency retired from business and purchased a fine residence. But so finished and furnished was it that it was no home for him. So he built for himself a snuggerly adjoining his stable, and read his papers and lived there. His wife was a beautiful woman, interested in clubs, society, and all manner of charitable work;

but was there not something awry in her Denmark? Too great emphasis cannot be put on making the boys feel the home is their home, and it is the most blessed kind of shirking of care when the home love and home sentiment win them from the street and its influences. To be sure, holding the boy means the home is a swarming place for the boy's friends; but what are worn carpets, or even worn nerves, if the boys are tided over their restlessness and unsettled ambitions into strong and pure manhood?

Knowing what to leave undone is wonderfully helped by understanding what is most important. Such knowledge is more to life than perspective to a picture. Questions that seemed of import do dwindle in comparison with others more vital. The matter of purchasing four or six button gloves is not worthy of mental debate, but it is essential they should be neatly kept. The question of being fashionably dressed is small when compared with that of being so well dressed no one shall notice what is worn. The uselessness of trying to keep pace with fashion is witnessed by the one item of sleeves. Pin your hope to a pair, and next season you and they are back numbers.

The essentials of cleanliness and comfort having been attained in domestic life, one may shirk the luxuries of æsthetic decorations and fancy cooking. And there are even some days in life when time is worth more than sweeping under rugs, when a judicious flirting of the feathers over the marble clock and dark furniture is more commendable than the most conscientious attention to details of dusting. Mrs. Stowe wrote, "I keep house to live, not live to keep house." Such an ambition may be the death-knell to one's reputation as a house-keeper, but a woman cannot be a model in more than one respect.

It has been written, "Know your Bible and your Shakspeare, and you know all literature." The choice of the best is open to each; and is it not "scientific" to avoid weakening the mind by filtering through it trashy productions, books of doubtful reputation, or even what is recommended as harmless?

Nor can one be in all the organizations of a town. Election should be made to those in which one can get the most pleasure or do the most good. The habit of joining everything and belonging everywhere amounts with some to a passion. If "the one prudence in life is concentration," the opposite of the epigram argues thin living. A calling list of one to three hundred means either exclusive devotion to visiting or pasteboard insincerity. The phrase "keeping up my acquaintance," used sometimes in city life, has in it an artificial tone which cheapens friendship.

Of course, each woman must decide for herself what is of the greatest importance; and just here is where women are queens absolute in their own realms. Granted they are more absolute than sensible sometimes, as in the case of the woman who was fastidious about her family bringing the smallest amount of real estate into the house on their boots, but would never wash her windows until after fly time. (This was before screens were invented.) Another woman always wiped the children's finger-marks from the doors and windows every night before her husband came home because it annoyed him to see them. However, if this simple act made two persons happy, why not?

The third help in Scientific Shirking is self-control. Without it the shirking will be haphazard; but with it come a poise, balance, and independence of character that helps one to live on her own income, not her neighbors, that dresses and educates children according to her own means and good sense, not after the dictates of fashion or even Mrs. Grundy's views. A woman can maintain unruffled self-control even if, while she is interviewing the vegetable man, the grocer waits, the front door-bell rings, the dressmaker wants her upstairs, the baby cries, company is expected, and Bridget is out of temper. Every housekeeper has such experiences. All she needs is to attend to one demand after another, and before the day is ended she may have time to read a poem or hear a bit of fine music.

Self-control, too, helps to real scientific

shirking of work and troubles that never come. Before the days of sewing-machines and ready-made underwear a woman, who felt no one could do for her husband as she, knit socks and made shirts, and nearly wore herself out making piles of underclothing, "enough to last years, even if he had no one to mend for him, poor thing." But he died first, and she had the additional labor of composing his epitaph.

Self-control insists that one must shut her eyes to what she cannot mend by staring at, shall cease to worry if every crust is not utilized, and shall triumphantly ignore dust that settles after regular dusting time. Self-control urges that women shall not get angry over small matters, because anger ages one, and sometimes provokes apoplexy.

Self-control affirms, too, that comfort in the home is more than elegance; that progress, which is living, can be made only when a few things are attempted, and these are well done; and that Scientific Shirking is the only thing a woman can use to keep her health and escape a "care-crazed" brain. Some one says, "The spirit of homekeeping is lost because of discouraged housekeeping." There were never so many inventions to lighten labor as to-day. Never before has there been so much written on domestic affairs; yet good servants were never so hard to obtain, nor were there ever so many cases of nervous prostration in the ranks of womankind. What is the matter? Is it not worry rather than work that is wearing out housekeepers? All the comforts of religion cannot keep some women from being miserable not over sins, but over mistakes of the past. A salad below par, a gown that skews in the skirt, or a bargain she failed to embrace, will disturb the peace and mar the happiness of some for hours. Scientific Shirking has no use for the past excepting for its pleasant memories and profitable experiences. And how many lose the joy of the present because they spend their time in imagination on rickety bridges they never really have to cross!

Scientific Shirking lives just one day at a time, and only one minute of one hour of that day at once.

Said a plucky little woman, "I can usually find a way to accomplish what I very much want to do." Shakspeare understood her ability when he penned:—

"Make fast the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney."

A FEAST OF REASON.

It was at the pleasant quarters of the Aldine Club, Fifth Avenue, New York. The master of the feast was Mr. John S. Clark, a Boston publisher, who is a warm admirer of Dr. Fiske, as many are now trying to call him, but who will always be plain John Fiske to those who know him best and love him well. Mr. Clark invited some forty gentlemen to meet Dr. Fiske at dinner, and many of them came from distant cities to do honor to the distinguished guest. It was a nice dinner, including "Mousses of Chicken à la Darwin" and "Filets Mignons à la Spencer," at which, I fear, either of those sad dyspeptics would have balked. The guests were warned in advance that there would be talking on the lines of Dr. Fiske's "Destiny of Man"; and the pretty menu, following the cheese and coffee, had a passage from that tiny monograph on a great subject,—“We can now see clearly that our new knowledge enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of divine care, the consummate fruition of that creative Energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe.” When he came to speak, Dr. Fiske was wise above what is written in the last phrase of this passage. For “knowable universe” he substituted “the universe as known”; and this was well, for I do not see why somewhere under its ample roof the universe may not house beings as much superior to man as man is to the ape or the ascidian.

Mr. Clark's address of welcome was a thoughtful and appreciative review of Dr. Fiske's work during the last thirty years, its incidental emphasis on Buckle, as if he were a third with Darwin and Spencer, being its most doubtful point. Dr. Fiske's

talk was poured out in good measure, but we did not sit uneasily in our chairs. It was the more interesting for its autobiographical character. It was a personal confession of the method and the incidents of his intellectual development. Darwin's "Origin of Species" at once enlisted his enthusiastic admiration and support; but when, some ten years later, his "Descent of Man" appeared, it was evident that he had not succeeded so well in doing what he attempted as before. There he had exhibited a *vera causa* for the development of species. Here his development of man lacked something of sufficient proof. At this juncture it was Alfred Russel Wallace, Darwin's codiscoverer of natural selection, who helped Dr. Fiske to supplement Darwin's book with the additional proofs for which that had left a void. The help was twofold. In the first instance it came from Wallace's perception that no sooner were certain intellectual and moral traits of more service to man than certain physical variations, than the stress of natural selection was directed toward their development. In the second instance the help was a mere hint, which Dr. Fiske ultimately developed into his most characteristic and original doctrine,—that of the prolongation of infancy as a factor in the development of the family and marriage and a sympathetic social life. The hint came from Wallace's "Malay Archipelago." It was embodied in the story of Wallace's capture of a baboon mother and child. The mother died, and Wallace brought up the child by hand; and, comparing the process with that of rearing human children, "Dear me," said Fiske, "here is something which nobody has said anything about, and it is the key to the whole situation." The fact is the human baby is as "one born out of due time"; and so he has to have a period of infancy in which to organize the habits for the organization of which there was not time in his ante-natal life. But there is no call for me to go on with this. It is worked out in the "Destiny of Man" and the "Cosmic Philosophy," but not, if I remember rightly, in its relations to Wallace's help as in Dr. Fiske's delightful talk, which from history passed into prophecy, and forecast the future in a very cheerful and inspiring fashion.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke was the next speaker; and he asserted his Orthodoxy in a distinct and fearless manner, finding it in nothing inconsistent with the true teachings of science and evolution. Certainly not, so long as the Orthodoxy is to be made the standard of the science and the evolution. Orthodoxy has always been able to reconcile its dogmas with science on this basis. The moment any scientific doctrine is established Orthodoxy can find proof-texts for it in the Bible. It was evident that Dr. Van Dyke had not learned the alphabet of Dr. Fiske's philosophy; and, in his bland, self-satisfied unconsciousness that there was anything the matter with him the evening found its most amusing situation. St. Gaudens, our great sculptor, a man as simple and sincere in all his ways as Daniel French, a peer of the same realm, could not be persuaded to say anything, though he certainly could not have blundered worse than Dr. Van Dyke. Carroll D. Wright showed us that he, as well as Gladstone, could make figures sing. Machinery as an aid to social evolution was his theme. He told us what mind embodied in machinery could do to increase the value of crude products, a few cents' worth of crude iron, for example, being made worth more than \$200,000 when converted into the pallet-arbors of a watch. Mr. R. W. Gilder, who looks the poet that he is, had a fine thought of the suggestion which painting and sculpture carry of the supersensible. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton made a happy application of the doctrine of Darwin to civil service reform, appointment and promotion by examination and merit being simply artificial selection and the preservation of the fittest. Rev. M. St. C. Wright ushered in the coming day both literally and figuratively with a few earnest words. It was a good time, taking it altogether; and Dr. Fiske must, I think, have been pleased with so many personal acknowledgments of the help which he had rendered many men of many minds. His lecture in my church on Sunday evening, May 5, on "The Origin of Evil," was one of several that he has been giving in New York. Many are glad that his interest is rather growing than declining in this kind

of thing. But his audience was small in comparison with that of a New England clergyman who is reviving the methods of ancient prophecy by introducing object-lessons into his preaching. Last Sunday night he had two bicycles on the pulpit platform, and found in every part of them some illustration of things heavenly and divine. But that is not the funniest thing out in the religious line. This is a papal benediction, with plenary indulgence, *in articulo mortis*, which has been sent by Leo XIII. to Hugh McLaughlin, the head devil of our Brooklyn machine politics for the last thirty years. May it be sanctified to him!

J. W. C.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

For the eighth time in the space of one hundred and seven years the Presbyterian General Assembly is in session at Pittsburgh. At least two of the earlier meetings held here were of especial importance. At that of 1836 occurred the great trial of Dr. Albert Barnes, and other doings resulting in a split of the denomination into old school and new school, which lasted for thirty-two years. Hon. E. R. Hoar, not long before his lamented death, in a letter to the writer concerning his early residence of a year in Pittsburgh, said: "While in Pittsburgh, I attended the session of the Presbyterian General Assembly which tried Dr. Albert Barnes for heresy, and attempted to try Dr. Lyman Beecher, and there heard some of the ablest, most vigorous, and eloquent theological discussions that I have ever heard in my life."

The dread of heresy still abides in the stanch old church, and at the close of the third day of the present assembly the evidence is strong and growing stronger that the old-time ability for strenuous debate has not diminished.

The second of the two notable assemblies here was that of 1869, at which the split of 1836 was ended and a union of the two parties effected. The present assembly commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of that famous reunion, and is held in the same church that echoed to the glad doxology at the union of 1869.

Another reason why the assembly should come again and again to Pittsburgh is that the synod of Pennsylvania contains one-fourth of the Presbyterian Church, and that Pittsburgh is its strongest point. This would seem to justify a part of the boast of the moderator, Dr. R. R. Booth, who said, "Presbyterianism has made Pennsylvania what it is, and has essentially created all that is best in the United States." The latter claim is a large one; but, exaggerated or not, it shows that the Presbyterian Church has a high sense of its mission and influence. The criticism has been often made upon Unitarians that in their conferences they are wont to "brag terribly." So far as that is true, the writer has felt much at home in these Presbyterian meetings, and has indulgently sympathized with the zeal that has found expression in such words as "God gave this country to Presbyterians when there were none to contest their fitness for the position"; "The Presbyterian Church has always stood in the front rank for an educated ministry"; "Ours is the church under which England, Scotland, and Ireland were once united in religion." Small usefulness would lie in that church whose members were not proud of its name and its qualities.

Another true-hearted note in these meetings is that of trenchant self-criticism from the lips of speakers who think they see defects in the organization and method of their Church, and of devout confession of the inadequacy of their work as compared with their opportunity. The retiring moderator, Dr. Mutchmore, in the opening sermon was severe in his arraignment of the Church on the ground that its cumbersome machinery of organization often defeated its ends by preventing rapid action, that it had neglected the education of the young, and that too little use had been made of lay workers, both men and women. This, too, was a familiar note to the Unitarian reporter. Among us, also, there rise up earnest spirits who say that old methods are not necessarily perfect, and that "new occasions teach new duties." Whether it be discouraging and unwise or not, self-criticism is not confined to Unitarians.

Presbyterians are human from crown to toe. With certain differences, they are just like Unitarians. They, too, believe that all the land is theirs, if they will only march in and possess it. They, too, believe that their gospel is the one thing the present day needs. They, as well as we, have a topping sense of being intellectual. Ex-Gov. Beaver said in a speech (the hearty and persuasive eloquence of which showed that he stands to Presbyterianism somewhat as ex-Gov. Robinson does to Unitarianism), "Whoever cannot see the logic of the Shorter Catechism, and accept it from the first proposition to the end, must be somewhat deficient here" (tapping his head, amid great applause). They, like ourselves, cannot get money enough to carry on all the work they desire to do. They rustle morning papers in the pews before the exercises begin. They, at an evening meeting which was opened with prayer and Scripture reading, applauded the choir's rendering of a religious song. They are human, if they are orthodox.

This assembly appears thus far to be strongly conservative, and sensitively on the alert against any touch of heresy. It would take great moral courage for any man to utter there the sentiments for which Drs. Briggs and Smith have been persecuted. If it takes courage to follow one's convictions out of an orthodox body, it certainly takes more to express them openly in such a body as the Presbyterian Assembly. The Presbyterian Church has a multitude of laymen whose Christianity is more Unitarian than it is Trinitarian, but such men do not appear at general assembly. Yet the assembly is conscious of the advance of unorthodox ideas in its churches and its theological seminaries, and the result is a sad atmosphere of distrust in its deliberations. When three eminent doctors of divinity were nominated for the position of moderator, each person who made or seconded a nomination took the greatest care to vouch for the orthodoxy of his candidate, and to declare him free from all disloyalty to the Presbyterian Church. From the first the dark word "disloyal" has hung over the assembly like a cloud ready to burst out upon any man who ventures to dissent from the majority. Nearly every debater, upon rising, begins by a protestation that he is and has always been "loyal to the Presbyterian Church."

This general feeling of anxiety found early expression in the report of the Committee on Theological Seminaries. This was presented Friday morning by Rev. W. C. Young, who took occasion to say that the only way to stop the general condition of unrest in the denomination would be to adopt the report, the substance of the report being that every seminary be required to make such change in its charter as is necessary to give the General Assembly the right to appeal to the civil courts to compel that school at all future times to teach solely what the assembly defines to be Presbyterian doctrine. For two hours on Friday afternoon and three hours Saturday morning the discussion upon this report waxed warmer and warmer; and it is to be resumed Monday, and continued until finished. Unlimited time is allowed each speaker. The three hours of Saturday were occupied by three speakers. Ecclesiastical argument is made a weighty thing; and, while this is not a heresy trial, it is the laying of strong foundations for trials that are sure to come. So the debaters "scent the battle from afar," and are making a spirited discussion. The opposition to the report has been ably led by Rev. Howard Johnston, D.D., of Chicago; and the speech which has been most weighty in its favor thus far has been that of Hon. Thomas McDougall of Ohio. Many conservatives have joined the liberals in maintaining the independence of the seminaries. It is claimed to be unjust to distrust them all simply because Union has (as one speaker said) "been a scamp." And the committee's report is resented as an imputation upon the loyalty of the various boards of trustees of the seminaries. "Cannot the three hundred trustees who are all good Presbyterians be trusted as much as this committee of a dozen?" is the cry. The defence of the schools thus far has been upon the most general grounds,—expediency, difficulty of making charter alterations, etc. No speaker has ventured to say openly what a Pittsburgh minister, himself a conservative, said to the writer,—that the assembly is making an attack upon personal

liberty. This must be in many minds, but the man who says it in the assembly will expose himself to the suspicion of "disloyalty." The assembly is likely to vote strongly for the committee's report, and to say squarely that any seminary that refuses to submit is thereby shown to be not a Presbyterian, but an undenominational school.

The report of the Committee upon Sabbath Observance called out several speeches more forcible than enlightened. Sunday newspapers were denounced in unmeasured terms. It was declared that no good Presbyterian could buy or advertise in a Sunday paper. One speaker said, "If these papers and all other modern laxities on the Sabbath cannot be stopped, our occupation as ministers is gone." The minister who presented the report mentioned as a most reprehensible thing that he had, since coming to Pittsburg, received thirteen invitations to Sunday dinners. There was a general expression of desire for the old Puritan Sabbath as the safeguard of religion and righteousness. Several of the lay delegates were among the most pronounced in this matter.

More than once in the assembly, and in the women's missionary meetings, which are held simultaneously, a great antagonism to the Roman Catholic Church has been expressed. Gen. Beaver went so far as to say, "The Romanists gather multitudes of children into their schools, and there teach them to disobey their fathers and mothers."

The constituency of the assembly is almost entirely different each year. Ministers and elders are sent to it to some extent in routine, so that, save in exceptional cases, no one man appears oftener than once in ten or twelve years. This prevents the warm personal interest that is possible in the conventions of a smaller religious body, and perhaps is one cause of the unrest and distrust.

There has been a surprising lack of general interest in the meetings. There are hundreds of thousands of Presbyterians in and near this city, yet at no session has the church been crowded to its fullest capacity. It will seat thirteen hundred. The commissioners occupy six hundred seats, and that there do not come people enough to overcrowd the remaining seven hundred seats is a puzzle to the writer. Is it because the assembly is supposed to be occupied with merely formal business, or is it because the session covers so many days, or because most of the lay members of Presbyterian churches have swung too far ahead of the temper that prevails in the general assemblies? CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

This calendar is compiled from notices received at this office.

HOSPITALITY.

The American Unitarian Association Building, No. 25 Beacon Street, will be open during the week until 7 P.M. daily. All are welcome.

As for many years past, the Boston Young Men's Christian Union offers the hospitality of its rooms, 48 Boylston Street (near Tremont Street), to the clergy and laity of all denominations—both ladies and gentlemen—who may be visiting Boston during Anniversary Week.

MONDAY, MAY 27.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. H. N. Brown.

10.30 A.M. Ministerial Union in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street. Address by Rev. Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis, upon "Moral and Social Evolution." Annual meeting, election of officers. The public is invited.

4 P.M. Ministerial reception. The Boston Association of Ministers will give a reception to all visiting brethren in the parlors of the Church of the Unity (Pembroke Street entrance). Rev. W. R. Alger will read a paper on "The Chief Need of the Unitarian Denomination at the Present Time." The hospitalities of this occasion are provided by Rev. M. J. Savage and Dr. E. E. Hale. Supper at 6. Howard N. Brown, Moderator. Charles G. Ames, Scribe.

7.30 P.M. Annual meeting of the New England Women's Suffrage Association in the vestry of Park Street Church. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, president of the Association, will preside.

TUESDAY, MAY 28.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. A. M. Lord of Providence.

9.30 A.M. Annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, Music Hall. Address of

welcome by Gov. Greenhalge. Business and reports.

10 A.M. The annual business meeting of the New England Women's Suffrage Association in the vestry of Park Street Church.

12.30 P.M. The annual dinner and social reunion of the Ministers' League will be held at Hotel Bellevue.

2.30 P.M. American Unitarian Association, Music Hall. Addresses on the needs and opportunities of our work in its various fields.

7.30 P.M. Evening session of the American Unitarian Association, Music Hall.

7.30 P.M. The New England Women's Suffrage Association will hold a young people's meeting in the vestry of Park Street Church.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

10 A.M. Berry Street Conference (for ministers only), Arlington Street Church. Address by Rev. Charles G. Ames.

10 A.M. The public anniversary meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women will be held at the Second Church, Copley Square. Social gathering, with box lunch, at the close of the meeting. Members of the Alliance and all interested will be most cordially welcomed.

1 P.M. New World dinner at Hotel Thorndike. Addresses by Prof. C. C. Everett, Rev. P. S. Moxom, D.D., Dean Hodges, Mr. F. C. Lowell, and others. Tickets at the clerk's office.

2 P.M. Annual meeting and dinner of the Meadville Theological School Alumni Association at the United States Hotel.

2.30 P.M. Annual business meeting of the National Guild Alliance at Room 10, American Unitarian Association Building. Reports of the year. Election of officers.

3 P.M. Annual public meeting of the National Guild Alliance in Channing Hall. Addresses will be made by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Miss Kate L. Brown, Mr. Warren A. Rodman, Mrs. C. A. Young, and Miss Margaret Blanchard. The Guild quartettes of Concord, Mass., and Keene, N.H., will furnish music.

5 P.M. The Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers (of which all ministers of Congregational churches in the State—Unitarian or Trinitarian—are *ex-officio* members) will hold its annual business meeting in the Supreme Judicial Court Room, in the Suffolk County Court House, Boston. (Enter at the door on Somerset Street.)

5 P.M. The annual festival of the New England and Massachusetts Women's Suffrage Association in Music Hall. Mr. Henry B. Blackwell will preside. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Miss Elizabeth B. Curtis, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi, and Alfred S. Roe.

7.45 P.M. New England Moral Reform Society (Talitha Cumi Home). Report of the year's work by Dr. Julia Morton Plummer. Addresses by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Dr. Joseph T. Duryea. Public invited.

THURSDAY, MAY 30.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel (common), conducted by Rev. S. H. Camp of Brooklyn.

10.30 A.M. Annual meeting of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs in Channing Hall. Addresses will be given by Rev. W. H. Savage, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, and Rev. Geo. W. Cooke. Methods will be discussed for making the work of the Bureau more efficient.

11 A.M. Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers. The Convention Sermon will be preached at the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, by Rev. Archibald McCullagh of Worcester, Mass.

2 P.M. The Unitarian Sunday School Society, King's Chapel. Opening remarks by the president, Rev. Edward A. Horton. Twenty-minute addresses: by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, "The Sunday-school and Citizenship"; Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, "Sources of Enthusiasm in Sunday-school Work"; Miss Sarah L. Arnold, "The Teacher as an Interpreter"; Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, "Adaptation of Higher Criticism to Sunday-school Instruction"; Rev. Minot J. Savage, "Sunday-schools and our Denominational Future."

A cordial invitation is extended to all those interested in Sunday-school work to visit the Rooms of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 25 Beacon Street, during Anniversary Week.

3.30 P.M. Free Religious Association of America. Business meeting at the Parker Memorial Hall.

3.30 P.M. The Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers at the South Congregational Church.

5 P.M. Unitarian Festival, Music Hall. Hon. Carroll D. Wright will preside.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. C. F. Dole.

10 A.M. The Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society. Annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of business. Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street.

10 A.M. Morning session of Free Religious Association at Parker Memorial Hall. The president, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, will preside. Subject, "Present Tendencies in the Religious World." Addresses by Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Rev. A. N. Alcott, Rev. Solomon Schindler.

12 M. The Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen. Annual meeting at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street.

3.30 P.M. A public meeting of the New England Cremation Society in Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield Street. Addresses will be made by Rev. George Hodges, D.D., Dean of Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, Dr. David W. Cheever, Rev. Charles F. Dole, and Mr. William H. Sayward. Public invited.

2.30 P.M. Afternoon session of Free Religious Association in Parker Memorial Hall. Subject, "Present Tendencies in Social Reform." Addresses by William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Rev. Edward A. Horton.

7.30 P.M. The meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held in King's Chapel. Addresses will be made by Rev. Chas. F. Dole, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., of Dorchester, Rev. George L. Perrin of the Every Day Church.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

8.30 A.M. Devotional meeting, King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. Geo. H. Hosmer.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance will be held in Concord, N.H., on Tuesday, June 11. Mrs. Phalen will speak on "Religious Reading." A full programme will be published later.

"NEW WORLD" DINNER.—The friends of the *New World Review* are invited to dine at the Hotel Thorndike in Anniversary Week, as in previous years. Dinner will be served at one o'clock P.M. on Wednesday, May 29. Prof. C. C. Everett will preside; and brief addresses will be made by Rev. P. S. Moxom, D.D., Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School, Mr. Francis C. Lowell, and others. Tickets to be procured at the clerk's office.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Theodore C. Williams will preach May 26. Service at 10.30 A.M.

An Out-door Service: The first of the six out-of-door services to be held on Boston Common took place last Sunday. A cornet led the singing. Next Sunday at 5 P.M. Rev. M. J. Savage will preach in the same place.

New South Church: At the annual meeting of the society of the New South Church (Unitarian), corner Tremont and Camden Streets, held in the parish parlors a few evenings since, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, namely: president, H. C. Whitcomb; first vice-president, F. E. Bartley; second vice-president, W. A. Nutting; treasurer, J. H. Wiggin; sub-treasurer, S. A. Stetson; auditor, F. R. Tibbitts; secretary, E. T. Capen; C. F. Koopman, Jr., J. W. Wilbur, S. Kelley.

ANDOVER, N.H.—Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester will deliver the baccalaureate discourse for the graduating class of Proctor Academy Sunday, June 2. The graduation exercises will be held Friday P.M., June 7. An entertainment will be held by the alumni in the evening.

BATH, N.H.—All Souls' Church at Bath, N.H., has passed a successful winter under the ministration of Rev. W. P. Elkins. But its heavy debt of \$800 is a great burden upon the shoulders of its members. Once relieved of this debt, the church would be a far greater power for good in this little farming community, where there are large hearts, but small purses. The midsummer fair will be held in August; and the leaders will be grateful for aid in money and fancy articles, which can be sent to Mrs. John Bedell or Mrs. Sophia Orne Johnson.

DOVER, N.H.—A correspondent writes: "Rev. Dr. Ward has been preaching for the last two Sundays very acceptably to our parish in Dover. The parish has had the good fortune to receive \$2,000, bequeathed by Mrs. Elizabeth Hale Jacques, daughter of Hon. John P. Hale, in memory of her father and mother and of her own interest in the church. Recently, upon a Sunday, the minister who was expected to conduct

services did not arrive. The congregation did what it could to fulfil the requirements of a religious service by singing a hymn and then taking up a collection for the Unitarian Association."

PITTSBURG, PA.—On Sunday, May 19, the pulpits of nearly all the churches in Pittsburg and Allegheny were supplied by ministers in attendance on the Presbyterian General Assembly. Rev. C. E. St. John of the First Unitarian Church offered his pulpit to the assembly's Committee on Supply, and it was courteously accepted. Rev. H. C. Ferguson of Canton, Ohio, was appointed to preach there, and did so in a spirit of cordial fellowship. He did not hide his orthodoxy; yet he maintained an attitude of entire respect to his hearers and their convictions, and recognized that he and they are engaged in a common work.

ROXBURY, MASS.—Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn will preach on Sunday morning, June 2, at All Souls' Church, Roxbury (Rev. Mr. Lyon's).

TACOMA, WASH.—Rev. Alfred W. Martin has been in Boston, and has called our attention to the accidental omission of a word in a recent notice of the non-resident membership roll opened by his church. The invitation was for all persons not residents of Tacoma who are in sympathy with the cause of universal religion to identify themselves with this new ideal in religion by sending their names to the secretary, Mr. J. R. Hendrey.

PLYMOUTH AND BAY CONFERENCE.—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Plymouth and Bay Conference was held May 8. Lack of space prevents a full report; but the papers by Mr. Batchelor and Mrs. Davis won the appreciative interest of the conference, while the resolutions showed a desire to co-operate in earnest, effective work. The officers of last year were re-elected.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.—The Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will hold its annual meeting in Sinai Temple, Chicago, June 4, 5, and 6. Among the important topics to be discussed will be further considerations of "Plans of Confederation of the Various Liberal Forces of America," "What We can Do Together," "The Dangers and Abuses of Wealth," "Various Sociological Problems as they press upon the Churches of To-day," "The Spiritual Value of the Higher Criticism," "The Common Elements in All Religions" or "The Fundamental of Universal Religion," "The Exchange of Pulpits between So-called Liberal and Orthodox Ministers," and similar questions, together with reports upon missionary and publication plans and problems. Dr. Alfred Momerie of London, Rabbi Voorsanger of San Francisco, Rev. Dr. Herron, and President George A. Gates of Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., with many of the representative members, lay and clerical, of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist, and Ethical Culture movements will take part in the Congress. A full programme will be published later.

ESSEX CONFERENCE.—The Essex Conference of Unitarian Churches held its spring session at Newburyport on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14 and 15. Rev. Dr. Beane and his people were hearty in their welcome; and, in spite of the dreary north-east storm, there was a fair number in attendance. And the exercises were interesting and profitable. Hon. E. P. Dodge, the president of the conference, was in the chair.

A strong and beautiful sermon on "The Value of Faith," by Rev. W. R. Alger, was much enjoyed by the large audience present on Tuesday evening. The devotional meeting on Wednesday morning was conducted by Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Haverhill, who spoke of "Contrition and Consolation as presented in the Fifty-first Psalm."

The morning essay was by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, upon "The Transition from Philosophy to Religion." It was a timely presentation of the need of an earnest, living religious life in our churches.

In the afternoon Rev. George D. Latimer gave a paper on "The Church and the World." He held that the spirit of the Church is one of self-repression, and the spirit of the world is one of self-assertion, and treated their relation to each other in the formation of a perfect character.

Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, Scotland, was present, and took part in the discussions of the day.

WORCESTER LEAGUE.—The last meeting of the season of the Worcester League was held on Wednesday, May 15, at the First Unitarian Church, Worcester. Besides representatives from five city churches, members were present from Auburn, Brookfield, Clinton, Grafton, Petersham, Sterling, and Warren. The morning was given to business, and to Mrs. Sarah Theodore Brown's paper on "Rescue Work in the German

Evangelical Church." This was mainly the account of factory life in the village of Chemnitz, Germany, as told by Dr. Göhre in "Three Months in a German Workshop," a book recently translated into English. Dr. Göhre, who questioned whether he would study theology or political economy as a profession, went to Chemnitz, and solved the problem by actually living the life of the operatives for three months. He tells of their being huddled together in small and unsanitary rooms, of the poor food they ate, and their bitterness toward the Church. At the close of her paper Mrs. Brown brightened this dark picture by telling of the rescue work which has been undertaken by the Evangelical Church, mostly along the lines called preventive, an account of which was given in the *New World* by John Graham Brooks.

At 12.45 luncheon was served. The afternoon session opened at two o'clock. The subject, "Religion," was presented in two papers. The first—"What is Personal Religion? Is it Natural? What is Religious Liberty?"—was given by Mrs. C. L. French of Clinton. The second, prepared by Miss Marion Drew and read by Miss Carrie M. Houghton, was upon "The Difference between the Old and New Theologies in their Effects upon Religious Life." A collection was taken for the Unitarian church at Ithaca, N.Y., and an invitation accepted to meet in Leicester, Mass., for a special meeting in October.

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The spring session of the Worcester Conference met with the First Unitarian Society in Hudson on the evening of May 15 and all day of the 16th. The weather could not have been better. Mention deserves to be made of the beautiful and profuse decorations of the church and the fine singing of both choir and congregation. The conference was opened on the evening of the 15th with a religious service. Rev. Stopford W. Brooke preached on the words: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage."

On the morning of the 16th there was a devotional service, conducted by Rev. A. S. Garver. In the absence of the president, the vice-president, John C. Otis, Esq., of Worcester, occupied the chair. The conference voted to change the preamble of its constitution to conform with the new preamble of the National Conference. The conference appointed as its delegates to the National Conference to be held in Washington next October Charles H. Blood of Fitchburg, John C. Otis, Worcester, Mrs. W. S. Heywood, Sterling. The secretary read a letter inviting the conference to send delegates to meetings of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies to be held in Chicago in June. After some discussion the following motion was unanimously adopted:—

"We thank the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies for the courteous invitation to take part in the coming annual meeting to be held in Chicago; and, instead of appointing delegates who would be unable to attend, we desire to express our sympathy with the general aims of the Congress."

The essay of the forenoon was read by Rev. W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg on the subject, "The Immediate Advance of Unitarian Congregationalism." The essay was a consideration of the next step which the Unitarian body, and especially the Worcester Conference, should take. The essayist declared his firm faith in the Congregational idea, but complained that it had not been better applied to our church life. The discussion of the essay was opened by Rev. George W. Kent of Worcester, who thoroughly agreed with it, while stanchly defending the liberty and independence of the individual churches. Messrs. Walsh and C. A. Allen took part in the discussion. Mr. Allen spoke in high terms of Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

After a bountiful repast the conference met to listen to several laymen speak on the topic, "To What Kind of a Church would I be Loyal?" The first speaker was Jonathan Smith, Esq., Clinton. His phase of the topic was the preaching. Mr. Smith said he would be loyal first to the preaching of affirmations; second, to the preaching of general principles, with their applications to the life of to-day; third, to preaching on subjects which are of a purely moral and religious character. The secular sermon has no legitimate place in the Sunday morning service. The essayist held up Phillips Brooks as a model for preachers. The next speaker was Archibald M. Howe, Esq., of Cambridge, who spoke on "Missionary Work," declaring it to be our most sacred trust. We have a cause so simple that it belongs to all mankind. "Missionary work," said the speaker, "begins in the home, in the family devotions around the table." He advocated a closer inter-communication between the American Unitarian Association and the local conferences. Mr. Howe paid a high tribute of praise to Mr. Stone, the nominee for treasurer of the American Unitarian Association. The subject of "Philanthropy" was treated by F. E. Holman, Esq., Clinton. While conceding that Unitarians are, as a rule, generous with their money, the

essayist questioned if they are as earnest and faithful in the work. We need to learn that the chief sources of strength come from within. Effective reform requires personal work. Dilettanteism in philanthropy is worse than indifference. The church which should claim our loyalty is that church which stands out boldly as a religious and spiritual organization.

The essays were discussed by Messrs. Wilson, Littlefield of Peterboro, Bassett of Berlin, Bodge of Leominster, Hayward of Marlboro, Green of Reading, Garver and Kent of Worcester. A vote of thanks was given to Rev. S. W. Brooke for his courageous sermon, to the essayist of the morning and the laymen who took part in the exercises, and to the Hudson parish for their generous entertainment and hospitality.

The next meeting of the conference will be held in Upton in October, when Rev. G. H. Bodge of Leominster is expected to read the essay. The directors of the conference authorized the secretary to invite Rev. G. W. Kent of Worcester to take his place for the remainder of the year, inasmuch as his parish in Clinton has granted him a year's leave of absence to study in Germany.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, May 14. There were present Mrs. Wells, and Messrs. Batchelor, Crothers, Dole, Fox, Hale, Hosmer, Howe, and Lincoln.

The reports of the treasurer and the Finance Committee, which will be included in the reports at the annual meeting, are here omitted.

On recommendation of the Publication Committee, new editions were authorized of "Five Services for Public Worship," "Day unto Day," "Unitarian Affirmations," "Thoughts Selected from Channing," \$111.73 was voted to cover expenses of the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books. \$2,000 was put at the disposal of the Publication Committee for the coming year.

On recommendation of Rev. D. M. Wilson, superintendent for New England, the following appropriations were made: South Unitarian Congregational Society, Worcester, Mass., \$600; First Unitarian Society, Wolfeboro, N.H., \$300; Bowen Memorial Chapel, Tiverton, R.I., in memory of Mr. Thomas Whittredge, a benefactor of the Association, \$600; First Unitarian Society, Lancaster, N.H., \$100; Church of the Messiah, St. John, N.B., bills to be paid at the discretion of the secretary, also \$350 for the salary of Dr. MacDougall through the month of June; First Unitarian Society, Ware, Mass., \$30 contributed by J. T. Stevens, Esq., for that purpose to Rev. W. H. Savary, on arrears of salary for last year, \$50 contributed by the Plymouth and Bay Conference for that purpose.

On recommendation of the Executive Committee, it was voted to send Messrs. Brown and Savage to the Western Conference.

Rev. Alfred Manchester, superintendent of the Indian Commission, appeared to present the case of the Indian School in Montana. At his suggestion it was

"Voted, That, in accordance with the proposals made by Messrs. S. J. Barrows and Alfred Manchester, representing the Commission on Indian Education of the American Unitarian Association, and also in accordance with the amendment to those proposals suggested by the Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs (Finance, 1522-1523-8946-11597-13512-'95 enclosure), the American Unitarian Association will transfer to the United States, on the first day of July, 1895, the buildings and equipment of the Montana Industrial School, on the Crow Reservation, Montana, on the following terms, namely: the United States shall pay to the American Unitarian Association for buildings the nominal sum of \$1, and for equipment, as per inventory referred to in the above-mentioned correspondence, \$2,443.57, and shall assume entire control of the Montana Industrial School, on the terms mentioned in Articles 2, 3, and 4 of the proposals already submitted to and approved by the Department of the Interior; and the American Unitarian Association will thereupon relinquish all claim upon the property and management of said school."

A communication was received from the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, inviting the American Unitarian Association to subscribe to the funds of the Congress, and to send delegates to the approaching meeting in Chicago. The secretary and Rev. S. M. Crothers were appointed a special committee to express the general sympathy of the Association with the objects of the Congress, but to call attention to some practical difficulties in the way of the working plan suggested.

A long report was received from Rev. Clay MacCauley in Japan, and referred to the Committee on the Annual Meeting.

The chairman appointed as auditors Charles H. Hooper and George Peirce.

Adjourned to meet Friday, May 24, at three o'clock, to hear the secretary's draft of the report of the directors.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

A Business Man's Comfort.—How many business men stop to realize that in one single office chair before their desk they spend fully a third of the 24 hours in every day? And this chair is usually an uncomfortable old-fashioned back number of the furniture family. In another column of this issue the *Palme Furniture Company* present some new styles of their leather-cushioned office chairs, which are the acme of comfort and elegance. There is no man in this city conducting a business, however small, who cannot well afford one of these restful and luxurious office chairs for his own private use.

Deaths.

In Brooklyn, N.Y., 20th inst., Joel W. Stearns, in the 69th year of his age.

Mr. Stearns was born in Leominster, Mass., April 4, 1827. After doing business for a while in Boston, he came to New York about 1850, and connected himself with the house of John C. Beale, a stationer, and ultimately, and before long, as a partner with William P. Beale, who had been with him a clerk in his brother's employ. This partnership lasted until Mr. Stearns's death, and the firm was known among stationers as one that was a credit to their guild. Mr. Stearns was one of Samuel Longfellow's young men in the Second Unitarian Church, for which his affection remained always very great. Before its altar he was married to the noble lady whose loss some ten or twelve years since was the greatest sorrow of his life. Of their five sons, three live to keep their parents' memories green. Mr. Stearns was a man of bright and happy temperament, of ready sympathies, of ardent enthusiasm for the things that appealed to him as deserving the devotion of his conscience and his heart. He was an ardent patriot, and particularly interested in the anti-slavery struggle, in which he took an honorable part. He was a lover of good books and pictures and an eager traveller. He was one of the founders and one of the most devoted members of the Rembrandt Club, a Brooklyn society of gentlemen interested in the fine arts. The Union for Christian Work also found in him a loyal supporter, a long term of official service testifying his regard. Gentle, kindly, affable, and humorous, he made many friends, whom he cherished with a chivalric loyalty. These words are written "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed," for wide was the circle of those who found life something happier and pleasanter because of the brightness of his nature and the goodness of his heart.

Religious Notices.

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

—OF THE—

American Unitarian Association,

TUESDAY, MAY 28,

—IN BOSTON, AT—

MUSIC HALL.

The American Unitarian Association will hold its seventieth annual meeting in Boston, at Music Hall, on Tuesday, May 28, at which business will be transacted and subjects of great practical interest will be presented. There will be three sessions,—in the morning at 9.30 o'clock and in the afternoon at 2.30 and in the evening at 7.30.

The delegate and life members will occupy, at the morning and afternoon sessions, the seats in the body of the Hall, and will be admitted by tickets sent them for that purpose. Should any fail to receive such, they can be had on application to the Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

To transact the business of the Association, it is necessary that the body of the Hall should be reserved for members. But the galleries will furnish ample accommodation for others who desire to be present. At the evening meeting all seats will be open to the public.

At the MORNING SESSION there will be an address of welcome by his Excellency, Gov. Greenhalge; the usual regular business of the Annual Report of the Directors and Treasurer; and an address by Mrs. B. W. Dix, president of the Women's Alliance.

At the AFTERNOON SESSION there will be addresses on the needs and opportunities of our work. Letters from Dr. James Martineau and others will be followed by a response from Dr. E. E. Hale. Addresses are expected also from Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and others.

The EVENING MEETING will be devoted to the discussion of the relations and duties of the liberal church to the community. Addresses are expected from the president-elect, Hon. John D. Long, Wm. M. Brundage, Ph.D., Rev. Albert Lazenby, delegate from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago.

The doors will be open at each session three-quarters of an hour before the time of commencing.

Clergymen are invited to take seats on the platform at the evening meeting, and to be in the anteroom for that purpose at 7.25.

1849 THE CHILDREN'S MISSION. 1895

THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE will be held on Wednesday afternoon, May 29, at three o'clock, in Arlington Street Church.

Addresses will be made by Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, and Rev. Albert Walkley; and brief reports of the work of the year will be given by the Secretary and Treasurer.

Singing by a quartette from the Winthrop Sunday-school.

All persons interested in work for orphan, destitute, and dependent children are cordially invited.

WM. H. BALDWIN, President.
WM. CROSBY, Superintendent.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL,

Music Hall, Boston,

Thursday Afternoon, May 30, 1895,

AT 5 O'CLOCK.

Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT will preside.

Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE, Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR, Rev. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, and Hon. JOHN A. TAYLOR of New York will speak.

The dinner will be furnished by Mr. F. E. WEBER and music by the Cadet Band.

Tickets will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. W. B. Clarke & Co., 340 Washington Street, on and after Monday, May 20, between the hours of 9 and 4. Tickets to the tables, \$2.50 each. Reserved seats in the first balcony, \$1.00 each; and in the second balcony, 50 cents each.

Tickets to Clergymen by correspondence only.

FREDERICK W. PORTER, Sec'y,
27 State Street.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

Sixty-eighth Anniversary Meeting,

KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON,

Thursday, May 30, 1895, at 2 p.m.

Speakers and Topics.

Opening remarks by the President, Rev. EDWARD A. HORTON, followed by

Twenty-minute addresses:—

Rev. PAUL R. FROTHINGHAM, of New Bedford. Subject, "The Sunday-school and Citizenship."

Rev. BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY, of Chicago. Subject, "Sources of Enthusiasm in Sunday-school Work."

Miss SARAH L. ARNOLD, Supervisor of Public Schools, Boston. Subject, "The Teacher as an Interpreter."

Rev. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, of Cambridge. Subject, "Adaptation of Higher Criticism to Sunday-school Instruction."

Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE, of Boston. Subject, "Sunday-schools and our Denominational Future."

Mr. ORIGEN B. YOUNG, Organist.

A cordial invitation is extended to all those interested in Sunday-school work to visit the Rooms of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, during Anniversary Week.

THE Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen will hold its annual meeting at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, May 31, at 12 M.

HENRY F. JENKS, Sec'y.

THE Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston on Friday, May 31, at 10 A.M.

NATHANIEL SEAVER, Jr., Sec'y.

THE annual meeting of Lend a Hand Clubs will be held in Park Street Vestry, Boston, at 2 P.M., on Wednesday, May 29, 1895. Rev. Edward Everett Hale will preside; and Mr. Lathrop of Albany, Mr. Ely of Cambridge, and other gentlemen will address the meeting. The Old North Club (Italian) will sing. Reports of the work will be presented, and the usual committees appointed.

THE Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers (of which all ministers of Congregational churches in the State—Unitarian as well as Trinitarian—are *ex-officio* members) will hold its annual business meeting in the Supreme Judicial Court Rooms in the Court House, Boston, on Wednesday, May 29, at 5 P.M.

(Enter at the door on Somerset Street.)

The Convention Sermon will be preached at the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, on Thursday morning, May 30, at 11 o'clock, by Rev. Archibald McCullagh of Worcester, Mass.

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS.—The Anniversary Week reception to visiting brethren is tendered under the hospitality of Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., and Rev. Minot J. Savage. These members cordially invite all of the Association and all other Unitarian ministers who may then be in Boston to meet with them on Monday, May 27, in the parlors of the Church of the Unity (entrance on Pembroke Street). It is hoped that a large number of the members will be present to assist the hosts in their hospitable duties.

Social intercourse from 4 to 4.30. Paper by Rev. William R. Alger on "The Chief Need of the Unitarian Denomination at the Present Time." Followed by discussion.

Supper at 6.

HOWARD N. BROWN, Moderator.
CHAS. G. AMES, Scribe.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst, after May 26, will be Athol, Mass.

First class in all respects.

CONTINENTAL.

Atlantic City, N.J.

H. C. DURAR.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

A LADY going to Nantucket for the season would like to chaperon a party of young ladies not under fourteen years of age. Best of references given and required. Address A. B., Commonwealth Office, 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

TO LET for months of July and August, a small furnished house at 15 Rockville Park, Roxbury. Terms moderate. Apply to Miss E. E. BOISE.

For the Christian Register.

A BURDEN OF PRAYER.

BY REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

Father, to-day
I humbly pray
Into no sin my hasty feet may stray.

My wilfulness,
Till thou shalt bless,
Cannot sustain me in true holiness.

My boasted might
To choose the right,
Forgetting thee, my God, is mean and slight.

From my true path,
Scorning thy wrath,
I flutter as a foolish insect doth.

My wing of love,
Not aimed above,
Goes trailing in the mire, and is not love.

My sight, my power,
My love's brief hour,
Are baubles only, till some starry dower

From heaven doth shine
On what seems mine,
And bless poor me with light and love divine.

The Western Anniversaries.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The opening services of the Western Unitarian Conference were held on Tuesday evening, May 14. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. M. Backus of Alton, Ill. The sermon, by Rev. John E. Roberts of Kansas City, was from the text, "And no man putteth new wine into old wine-skins."

The devotional service on Wednesday morning, conducted by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, was heartily entered into by both the leader and the several speakers who followed him. It was truly "devotional."

The president's address was given by Hon. D. L. Shorey as follows:—

The first session of this conference was held in Cincinnati, May 7, 1852. Rev. Mr. Livermore, historian of the conference in its first quarter of a century, says in reference to its first meeting: "We met in that dear old smoky church at the corner of Race and South Streets,—the church where Ephraim Peabody, William H. Channing, and James H. Perkins had been ministers, and where now stands a large dry-goods store. There were Hosmer, Heywood, Clarke, Huidekoper, Mumford, De Lange, and his bride of two days, Webster, Boyer, Scarborough, Conant, the man in earnest; and the wise men from the East were Drs. Lothrop, George E. Ellis, and Briggs. William Green, Esq., of Cincinnati presided; and he contributed much to the success of the meeting by promptness and punctuality, adherence to parliamentary rules, and that love of keeping the digressing ministers to the question which I have observed gratifies the lay mind as some pleasant retaliation for being so soundly lectured from the pulpit without chance of reply."

We have no member of that first session here to-day; but we have "wise men from the East," many ministers who have grown mellow in service, and a layman in the chair whose functions—as determined by sound precedent forty-three years ago—are to keep "digressing ministers to the question."

I am very happy to greet this morning, as the first president did, the wise men from the East. These distinguished guests require no introduction nor formal welcome here; for they come as friends among friends, in unity of purpose and spirit, and as coworkers in the same free and pure religious movement.

If I venture once again to greet our friends in this conference, I can ask nothing more than that my words may be received in the fine spirit of the greetings they have already given to each other.

Of the ministers who attended the earlier sessions of the conference, some are worn out in service, some have been transferred to other fields, and some are not living. I do not recall any pulpits within the limits of the conference that are now filled by the ministers who occupied them when I first took this chair, twenty-two years ago. Men come and go. The life of an institution is commensurate with its usefulness. It is for you, my friends, to determine how long the one purpose stated in our charter—"the general interests of the societies connected with the conference"—shall continue to be promoted by this organization. The original purpose of the conference, in my opinion, cannot be promoted to the full measure of our opportunity without greater harmony

of feeling and action than we have sometimes had. We have passed through periods of excitement in which some animosities among friends—the only animosities hard to bear—have been engendered. I hope we are on the eve of a better understanding with kindred associations that are and ought to remain in sympathy with our general purposes. It is a question of policy, and not of principle, how intimate shall be the relations between this conference and any of the kindred associations I have alluded to. Some questions touching these relations, affecting especially methods of work, will come before you for consideration. Every delegate will have opportunity to be heard on these questions; and at the close of the discussion the opinion of the conference will be given in the only legitimate way a corporation speaks,—by its vote. I need not say that a vote so taken upon a discussion so participated in will bind every sane conscience, even a religious conscience, which sometimes seems to be lacking in ethical qualities. In that way, and in no other, shall we have harmony and effective co-operation; and the long-awaited-for enthusiasm may return to our churches.

Rev. Mr. Forbush requests me to say that important engagements in the Missouri valley prevent his attendance, and that he regrets his inability to be present.

As my long term of service draws to a close, and memory takes me back into the years as they have come and gone, each with its promises and hopes, its burdens and trials, its patience and courage, and all with their comradeship and loyalty to duty, I have an abiding conviction that the younger men and women now coming to position and leadership will find in the life of our conference a record worth preserving. Words and voice would fail me if I should attempt to express the deep sense of gratitude I feel for the kindness, the consideration, and the friendships which these years have brought to me.

The secretary, Rev. A. W. Gould, reported some sixty services held during the year, besides several lectures. He had written some fifteen hundred letters, been present at two dedications, and helped several churches to secure ministers. Touching the Liberal Congress, he said that he felt its work to be so closely akin to our own that he acted as chairman of its Missionary Committee. He had found several points where the union of the liberal forces seemed possible only along the lines of the Liberal Congress.

The expenses of the conference for the year were, in round numbers, \$4,800. The income from all sources amounted to \$4,450, leaving a deficit for the year of some \$350. This amount, added to the deficit brought over from last year, made a present deficit of \$2,000.

The report of the treasurer, which had been summarized by the secretary, was read by Mr. Hosmer, the treasurer being absent on account of illness. Brief reports of the State conferences followed.

On behalf of the Illinois Conference Rev. C. F. Elliott reported that a minister, Rev. Seward Baker, had recently gone to Sterling; and, with the help of \$200 from the conference, his salary for a year was now assured. The movement at Valparaiso, Ind., which had always been fostered by the conference, was promising. The Church of the Messiah in Chicago, under the leadership of Mr. Fenn, was developing a new missionary spirit.

In Wisconsin Mr. Secrist said that the workers were all young men and new to the State. They were only just becoming familiar with its missionary possibilities and needs. Now that these were coming into sight, and the workers were coming to know each other, he felt that good results might be hoped for. During the past year there had been an effort to revive the work at Kenosha and some other points, but no new field had been opened.

For Iowa Mr. Harvey said that the annual conference at Sioux City in October, 1894, had seventy-seven delegates present, this being by far the largest number which the conference had ever had. The enthusiasm of the conference was likewise marked. The Finance Committee reported \$900 raised during the year for missionary work. Two new churches had been dedicated within the year,—one at Cherokee, and the other at Perry. Cherokee, Washta, and Marcus—three points developed by Misses Safford and Gordon—had united in a call to Mr.

Van Sluyters; and thus there was every promise of permanence to these movements. Miss Safford had recently started a new movement at Ida Grove, where the large congregations and the notable enthusiasm gave every promise of a new church. During the year, too, Mr. Byrnes had started a society at Forest City, where there were now sixty-eight members. A promising movement at Coon Rapids was being developed by Mr. Stevens of Perry. At Ames a little society of twenty-five members had been organized by Mr. Harvey; but, having been shut out of two of the public halls, through the persistent opposition of Orthodoxy, the society had at present no meeting-place. At Centerville, where Mr. Bidwell, now of Geneseo, Ill., had worked for nine months, there was an earnest band of Unitarians. In all there were five new mission points. *Old and New* became a conference organ in January, and is proving a very effective servant.

In Mr. Wyman's absence Mr. Roberts reported for the Missouri Valley Conference. He felt that this body was not very efficient,—was, indeed, hardly more than hypothetical. The best of feeling existed among the ministers, but organized effort was lacking. The report concerning his own church in Kansas City, with its audience of from five to seven hundred, was very interesting. The work of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Joseph, Mo., where Mr. Roberts now speaks on Sunday evenings, is especially noteworthy. During the past six months this society has raised some \$1,600 to pay off church debts. At their recent annual meeting a board of trustees was selected from these women, thus replacing the male board; and now the church is thoroughly alive, the congregations reaching some two hundred.

Mr. Forbush, in a short address, spoke of the excellent work which Mr. Crooker is doing in Montana. He believed that the work of developing churches in the larger centres, at whatever cost, was the true policy. He believed that the work in the college towns bore fruit in much wider fields than we at first realized. The chief workers in many of our churches will be found to be the boys and girls who received their initial impulse from the Unitarian preacher in their college town.

Miss Bartlett reported that the Michigan Conference was doing little. Upon being requested to say something concerning her own work in Kalamazoo, she told of the kindergarten, which for the past three months had an average attendance of fifty-eight. This school is free to all who cannot afford to pay, and most of those who send to it cannot. The expense of running it has been \$1,000, which has been raised by subscription. The Frederick Douglass Club, a colored people's society, meets in Miss Bartlett's church every Thursday evening. It has between thirty and forty members.

A paper was read by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholz on "Social Injustice as a Source of Atheism and Religious Indifference." He had come in contact with some of the Pullman strikers, and cited them as illustrations of the attitude of wage-workers to the Church: it was one either of indifference or of bitterness. He cited also the Trinity Church tenement-house case as one of which every labor organization had been informed. Such inhumanity made the Church a hissing and a by-word among laborers. Mr. Hugenholz found the cure for these evils in two things,—the single tax theory and a bimetallic monetary standard.

Rev. William R. Lord of St. Paul, in discussing the paper, said that social injustice is itself only a manifestation of atheism. The people who are responsible for this injustice are in so far atheistic. He remarked that the preaching of to-day is intensely ethical, and men are thus made more conscious than ever of the discrepancy between living and preaching. The reason why churches are filled with women is that the preaching is so ethical that the men cannot stand it. Mr. Lord referred to the Standard Oil Company as a representative of the gigantic frauds of the age. This organization crushes the lives out of lesser dealers without the least compunction. It bleeds the body politic at every place where its keen knife can find an entrance; and then, as a salve to its conscience, it tosses a university to one city and a hospital to another. And the leading directors of this institution are members of a prominent church. Here, then, lie the roots of athe-

ism; and we need the courage to tell these plain truths, even though the president of the Standard Oil Company sits in one of the pews and contributes largely to the church. He felt that the land question and the money question were economic rather than ethical, and could not, therefore, well find a place in the pulpit.

The writer is unable to report Rev. C. F. Elliott's address on "The Bitter Heroism of Science," as he heard it only in part.

The evening service was unique, in that the ministers were permitted to hear from the laity.

The paper on "Thought and Form," by Mrs. Anna L. Parker of Quincy, Ill., was a thoughtful presentation of the uses of symbolism in literature. She spoke first of the great cathedral age, in which form was made to symbolize thought. In Dante, the great master of symbolism, thought was presented under the guise of form. His Beatrice, representing at first his youthful longing for celestial things, comes at last, in the Divine Comedy, to represent the thought of the soul's relation to God. So inherent is this symbolism in the race itself that the myths of the world are nearly all symbolic. The writer found the story of the "fall" in Genesis and the poem of Job both illustrations of symbolism. Much of this same symbolism is to be found in early Christianity. In modern literature the Faust legend, with its symbolic meaning, has found various interpretations. We find in it the cry of the individual for freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny. It is the herald of the Reformation. In Goethe's "Faust" the symbolism becomes entirely spiritual, dealing with spiritual conflicts of the inner life. And now this symbolism has reached the literature of our own day. Ibsen and Maeterlinck were cited as examples of this tendency. Maeterlinck's "The Blind" was alluded to as one of the most vivid pictures, either in art or literature, of the helplessness and spiritual blindness of the Church. Thus, reading the literature of the present in the light of the past, we discern in the present religious and social unrest not omens of decay, but promises of life; for it is thought struggling for larger, truer expression.

Mr. E. D. Coxe of Rogers Park followed with a paper on "Beauty in Nature in Relation to Man," the subtlety and appreciation of which reminded one of Millet's letters. Before writing it, one would think he must have prepared himself, as Corot used to do for his painting, by praying that he might see the world with the eyes of a child. For him, as for all those who have true insight, the world is beautiful because it is the utterance of divine thought,—is the garment of God.

The great meeting of the conference, and one which promises to be historic, was held on Thursday morning. The church was reasonably filled at ten o'clock; and, when the names of the delegates were called, seventy-nine were present. Western Conference people know that this is an unusually large delegation. The business of the morning was the consideration of the report of the Conference Committee on the relation of the Western Unitarian Conference to the State conferences, and to the American Unitarian Association, and to the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies. Mr. Judy, as chairman of that committee, after stating that the report had been submitted to the full Board of the Western Unitarian Conference, and had there been unanimously indorsed, and that the representatives of the American Unitarian Association had likewise given their personal assent to it, read the following resolution:—

Resolved, First, that each of the various State or district Unitarian conferences within the limits of the Western Unitarian Conference shall be invited to nominate triennially one member of its board to serve for three years, or until a successor is chosen in the same way, as a director of the Western Unitarian Conference. The representatives so nominated, when elected by the Western Unitarian Conference, shall, together with the president and secretary of the conference, constitute the Missionary Council, a Standing Committee of the board of directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, whose duty shall be to assist and advise the secretary of the conference in all matters pertaining to missionary work.

Resolved, Second, that it is part of this plan of co-operation that, when the Missionary Council has been constituted, it shall become the agent and adviser of the American Unitarian Association within the

limits of the Western Unitarian Conference, and that it shall also have the power of submitting annually to the Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association the names of those persons whom it would like to have as representatives of the West upon the American Unitarian Association Board.

After the reading of the report relative to the Liberal Congress the foregoing portion was taken up; and, after a word of commendation from F. L. Hosmer, emphasizing the unanimity of the board of directors in relation to it, the report was unanimously adopted, and was followed by a hearty clapping of hands. The report relative to the relation of the Western Conference to the Liberal Congress was again read, as follows:—

In view of the resolution of last session, which reads, "*Resolved*, That we recognize the approaching Congress of Liberal Religious Societies as an effort toward the union of the liberal forces for which we have the heartiest sympathy, that we regard it as in line with tendencies which this conference has long cherished, that we will entertain any proposition which may be made by the Congress suggesting a plan of union among liberal bodies which shall secure closer co-operation without materially disturbing existing organizations," and in response to the invitation of the Liberal Congress to send delegates to its meeting in 1895, therefore, be it resolved:

1. That we heartily avail ourselves of the privilege of sending these delegates to the next annual meeting of the Congress, to take part in its deliberations; and

2. That the board of directors of this conference be instructed to enter heartily into any negotiations looking toward the establishment of a common headquarters in Chicago for the various liberal religious societies and the organizations that represent them.

3. That the conference recommends that the board co-operate with the officers of the Liberal Congress in all ways that are conducive to the common interests of the two bodies.

Mr. West of Chicago asked to have that part of the resolution which relates to the establishment of headquarters reread, and wished to know whether the board was positively instructed to establish such headquarters, or was so instructed if they deemed it expedient. The section was reread, and the president said he would put the latter interpretation upon the section. Mr. West said that, with such an interpretation, he had no objection to it. The resolution, as a whole, was then unanimously adopted; and applause followed.

Mr. Hosmer made a brief statement concerning the deficit, saying that until last year no deficit had ever been carried over. The amount was now \$2,000, and he felt it to be our duty to do as much as possible toward raising that amount. In something less than half an hour the whole sum was raised, and the conference was ready for the addresses by Messrs. Brown and Savage which they had been promised the previous night. It has been my privilege to note at various conferences that there is nothing else which so consecrates and hallows a service as a subscription such as this, which calls for genuine sacrifice. It did not fail in this case; and, when Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston rose to speak, it was to a set of people already full of the spirit. After indorsing most cordially the work of the morning, he closed by suggesting that the time had come for us to talk and think more of religion and less of the philosophy of religion.

Mr. Savage congratulated the conference upon the action taken. He said that now Grindall Reynolds has gone from among us he wished to bear witness to the value of his work and the catholicity of his spirit. When he was nominated for the office of secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Savage opposed his election, believing he was too conservative a man. But he had been mistaken in his estimate, for during the whole term of Mr. Reynolds's service he did not know of a single instance in which the question of radicalism or conservatism had been considered in granting funds for any church's support. This gave him an opportunity to say that he believed in a Unitarianism which was broad *both ways*. So interpreted, the name "Unitarian" stood for the broadest, freest, grandest religion he had ever found. The name itself, whatever it has stood for in the past, now stands for the unity of the universe and of religion. For, though there have been and are many religions,

there is but one religion. As the *name* implies unity, so the *spirit* of the denomination is aiming to find and rest in this central faith. Religious liberty, as such, was absolutely valueless except as it furnishes an opportunity to seek and find religion as a vital reality. Liberty we must have; but it is a means, and not an end. The speaker closed with a strong and tender plea for a more positive and spiritual type of Unitarianism,—a plea which touched us all.

Mr. George H. Ellis of Boston then asked the privilege of the floor. He stated that he was in most hearty sympathy with the action taken, but wished now to call the attention of the conference to a grave responsibility which that action entailed. The conference must now be made representative for all the States included in its limits. Only about one-third of the churches within these limits were represented in the present gathering. Unless it could be shown that the Western Conference is a representative body, the American Unitarian Association would not be likely to intrust it with its work. He hoped, therefore, that steps would be taken to meet this common-sense objection, that the plan proposed might be carried out.

Mr. Hosmer, in a few words of simple and heartfelt gratitude, carried our thoughts all upward to Him in whom the eternal harmonies abide; and, with a silent Amen in all our hearts, the morning session closed.

The writer regrets that he is unable to report Rev. George A. Thayer's scholarly paper on "Our Free Congregational Policy"; but he heard it only in part.

The Nominating Committee submitted the name of Hon. D. L. Shorey for president, and hearty applause followed his unanimous election. The secretary, Mr. Gould, had submitted a communication to the president, declining to be a candidate for reelection. His reason for declining was that the action of the morning looking to the union of the East and West, an action in which he heartily rejoiced, and which he had labored to make possible, would bring duties to the secretary which he felt some one else would better assume. For he feared that, without meaning to do so, some of his utterances in the past had created antagonisms which might stand in the way of one who would have so large a part in carrying out the proposed union as the secretary. In the light of this communication the Business Committee advised that the office of secretary should be left vacant, to be filled by the board of directors of the conference.

Rev. C. F. Elliott of Hinsdale moved to amend the report of the committee by striking out the advisory clause relating to the secretaryship, and substituting therefor the name of A. W. Gould for secretary. Rev. Jenkin L. Jones seconded the amendment, saying that he thought the present exigencies of the conference demanded a secretary. He thought further that the same sensitiveness which had led Mr. Gould to decline renomination on this occasion would lead him to resign his place whenever he felt that the good of the cause demanded it. Should he so fail, Mr. Jones would not hesitate to remind him of his duty. Mr. Effinger felt that the opinion of the Business Committee should be respected. They had carefully canvassed the field. He moved that the amendment be laid upon the table. This motion, not being debatable, was withdrawn; and Mr. Harvey moved that the amendment be amended to make the term of Mr. Gould's service six months, thus leaving the directors free at the time of the adoption of the new régime to elect the person whom they may then think best. This amendment to the amendment was lost, and the original amendment carried, and Mr. Gould declared elected, no votes, I believe, being cast against him.

The following-named persons were elected directors for the term of three years: J. R. Effinger, A. W. Gould, F. L. Hosmer, J. L. Jones, Mrs. C. P. Woolley.

The following resolution was presented by the Business Committee:—

Whereas, in the death of S. S. Hunting we have lost a fellow-minister who gave most generously to our cause, both of his services and his means; who stood at all times for the broadest fellowship and the most kindly interpretations; who in social reforms was instant and faithful; who combined a ready appreciation of all the larger intellectual movements of the times with a deep and sincere devotion; and who, as

a friend and a man, was ever kind, true, and brave,—therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby record our sense of deep loss in his death, and also our sincere thankfulness for the good which he has left as his memorial in the world.

A few feeling words to Mr. Hunting's memory were spoken by Jenkin L. Jones, Miss Hultin, and Mr. Elliott; and, by a rising vote, the above resolution was adopted.

A resolution regretting the illness of the treasurer, Mr. William McFadon, and extending thanks for his past services, was passed.

A resolution thanking the Third Church for its generous and beautiful hospitality was heartily indorsed.

This report would be incomplete, did I not add that the pleasure which all the delegates experienced at this conference was greatly enhanced by the thoughtfulness on their behalf exhibited by the Third Church and its minister. The music of the conference, though always simple, was very beautiful. All I need say of the last social evening is that it was one of uninterrupted pleasure, passing not seldom into delight. We trust that many of our conferences may be closed in this happy manner.

LEON A. HARVEY.

WOMEN'S WESTERN CONFERENCE.

The fourteenth annual session of the Women's Western Conference preceded that of the conference proper, being held on Tuesday afternoon. The president, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, said in her annual address that the conference had been organized for a specific purpose,—that of stimulating work among women. The results of such work, however, should be to do away with any necessity for separating the work of women from that of men. The Western Conference had always welcomed women, and the only question now was whether women would be ready to accept the opportunity. If so, the president hinted that the work of the Women's Western Conference was practically done. No definite missionary work for the year could be reported, save that the Post-office Mission work had been kept up.

Owing to the failure of those appointed on the programme for the afternoon, the paper and the report of the secretary had to be omitted. On motion, the business of the conference was then taken up. After considerable discussion the following resolution was adopted:—

Whereas the withdrawal of a certain number of the members of this conference from its active support, that they might be better able to work for other organizations, and the growing conviction on the part of another element in our constituency that the principle of separate women's organizations in Western Unitarian activities is false, together with the general monetary stringency of the times, renders it impracticable for this conference to further prosecute its work, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the activities be suspended, and that its members be urged to direct their energy and contributions to the maintaining of the same work through the instrumentalities of the Western Unitarian Conference, to help which we came into being, with which we have always worked, and in the interest of which we now suspend our separate activities.

Resolved, That the officers of the conference be instructed to solicit continued support of its members until all incurred obligations are met, further action to be determined by the developments of the future.

Resolved, further, That, in view of the above circumstances, the present board of officers be continued, with full power to fill vacancies.

In accordance with the spirit of the foregoing resolution, steps were at once taken to raise the deficit of \$300 reported by the treasurer; and \$200 of that amount was promptly raised.

Spiritual Life.

Meditate daily on the things of eternity, and by the grace of God do something daily which thou wouldst wish to have done when the day of judgment comes.—Dr. Pusey.

You might entertain divine and heavenly thoughts even while about your earthly employments and refreshments, but this is little known and little sought after.—Archbishop Leighton.

The soul's sight of divinity encompassing it is the one perfect and immovable ground of religious life. For comfort, for help, for

hope, faith, trust, for depth of moral convictions, for understanding of life, we need only the soul and God. The beholding of other souls is great and life-giving: we drink in their beauty, loftiness, sacrifices, glory. But we return into our own soul as the holy place wherein we can hear God speak for ourselves.—James Vila Blake.

All profound natural beauty is a veiled form and faint disguise: the spiritually-minded never fail to make the right meaning out of it. Many sounds leave an unfinished overture: many fragrances of the wood or the sea, the pure breezes, and the mountain herbs, stir up the depths in us. In such sense-perceptions we are aware of something that needs filling up. There is a feeling of sore inadequacy, when it cannot be supplied. Faith supplies it, and calls it the Presence of God.—Mozoomdar.

Man sees to a certain point, and there his eyesight breaks down. But, when his eyesight breaks down, there presses upon him something, whether he likes it or not, a perception of the unlimited, or infinite. It may be said this is not perception, in the ordinary sense of the word. No more it is, but still less is it mere reasoning. We know not what it is; but we know that it is, and we know it because we feel it and are brought in contact with it. If it is too bold to say that man actually sees the Invisible, let us say he suffers from the invisible.—Max Müller.

Literature.

"THE MESSIAH OF THE APOSTLES."*

The third volume of the series in which Dr. Briggs is treating the development of the Messianic Idea is primarily devoted to a study of the Messianic elements of the New Testament outside of the Gospels; yet it is not until the second chapter that the main topic of the work is entered upon, Chapter I. being devoted to a consideration of the "Messianic Idea of the Judaism of the New Testament Times." This chapter serves the valuable purpose of connecting the present discussion with those which have preceded. The book of Jubilees, the Assumption of Moses, the familiar Apocryphal book of Baruch and the recently recovered Apocalypse of Baruch, the Apocalypse of Ezra, the fourth book of the Sibylline Oracles, and the Shema and Shemoneh Esre of the Jewish liturgy are carefully analyzed, and the various characteristics of their Messianic teaching clearly set forth. Foot-notes give the latest views concerning the date and origin of each of these books, besides containing other valuable critical material.

In Chapter II. the forms of Messianic doctrine current among Jewish Christians are gathered from the book of Acts and the Epistles of Peter, Jude, and James, but mainly from the two Epistles ascribed to Peter. The most striking of the new ele-

*THE MESSIAH OF THE APOSTLES. By Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ments derived from these writings have relation to the expected near-coming of the great world-conflagration and the day of judgment.

Under the category of "The Messiah of the Earliest Paulinism" are brought together the meagre testimonies of Acts concerning the faith of Stephen and Philip, what the same book has to tell of the Christology of Paul and the Messianic teachings of the two Epistles to the Thessalonians. The coming of the "Man of Sin," as well as of the Messiah, is declared to be still in the possibly remote future.

Notwithstanding the general fulness of the treatment of the two Epistles to the Corinthians, some of the positions taken stand in need of further elaboration in order to make us quite sure of the author's intention. The nearest approach to a distinct statement of what is supposed to be the soteriology of the apostle is found in the following passage and its context: "Christ died a physical death, and suffered for the sin of the world. All who died in him were therefore relieved from that death as a penalty. Accordingly, they no more suffer the penalty of death. Death ceases to be a penalty by the death of Christ." Do these words contain the doctrine of Paul or the theory of his interpreter? If we understand their implication, it is this: that, although the physical death entailed upon all men as a penalty for the sin of Adam reproduced in them still remains, notwithstanding that the sin of which death was the appointed penalty has been taken away through the sacrifice of Christ, this death is henceforth a blessing, and not a curse, because leading to a glorious resurrection. The universalism of these Epistles seems to us to be rather meagrely treated.

Dr. Everett's interpretation of Gal. iii. 7-14 appears to Dr. Briggs to be "not in accord with the facts of the case as to the usage of terms in the writings of Paul." On the other hand, he rejects the revisers' rendering of Romans ix. 5, placing himself on the side of Dr. Ezra Abbot's, to whose notable essay on this passage he refers, and deciding for the rendering, "He who is over all, God, be blessed forever."

An examination of the Epistles of the imprisonment—namely, Philippians, Ephesians, and Colossians—brings to light a marked advance in the Christology of the apostle in the four years succeeding the writing of his letter to the Romans. In Philippians it is the doctrine of the *kenosis*, or humiliation of Jesus in condescending to take upon himself a human form and submit to the death of the cross, which, because of its originality, specially holds the attention. In Ephesians are found more numerous but less striking developments of the Messianic idea. The Epistle to the Colossians is rich in Christological material, but its view is almost entirely limited to Christ considered as "the image of the invisible God" and as "the mystery of God."

With regard to the Christology of the Pastoral Epistles it will suffice to give the statement of Prof. Briggs, that it "is not without development, although it is much less prominent than in any one of the Christological Epistles." In his treatment of Titus ii. 13 he lends the weight of his authority to the change proposed by the American Committee of Revision, which would make the readings of the text and the margin of the revised version change places, so that the common reader, who seldom, if ever, looks at the margin, would find "the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," and not "our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Epistle to the Hebrews is strikingly Messianic. Notwithstanding its points of likeness to the later Pauline Epistles, it advances far beyond these in its Messianic doctrine. Yet in one sense its unknown author is more conservative than Paul. The latter utterly discards the Levitical law, while the former builds upon it a new temple, with Jesus as high priest, "after the order of Melchizedek."

A satisfactory study of the Messianic ideas of the Apocalypse is, at the present day, impossible without a previous determination of the principal questions pertaining to its date and literary form. Since critical opinion with regard to the composition of his book is rapidly undergoing transforma-

tion, and hardly as yet gives signs of permanently crystallizing about any one hypothesis, it is not to be expected that much certainty can attach to the results supposed to be already arrived at by adventurous Dutch and German scholars. Nevertheless, if the new thought concerning the Apocalypse is not as yet firmly established, it is pretty certain that the old Apocalyptic learning is now of very little value. Dr. Briggs has finally come to accept the documentary theory of the composition of the Apocalypse, which but a few years since he felt under the necessity of rejecting. Under these circumstances he could hardly do otherwise than give some considerable space in the present work to a careful study of the structure of the book in accordance with the critical views now held by him. The reader will not regret this departure from the general plan of the work, and is even likely to enjoy the twenty-five pages of "Higher Criticism" quite as much as the one hundred and fifty subsequent pages of analysis of the contents of the book, with which we cannot here undertake to deal.

The fullest development of Messianic doctrine in the New Testament is found in the Epistles ascribed to John and the apostolic portions of the Fourth Gospel; that is, the Prologue and iii. 16-21. Dr. Briggs's development of the teaching of the Prologue lacks nothing in impartiality and thoroughness. He recognizes sufficiently the dependence of the author upon Philo, while emphasizing the differences between the Alexandrian-Jewish and the Christian conception of the divine Logos. We cannot, however, think that any rendering and interpretation of i. 1 which does not fully recognize the distinction between the Divine Name, with the article and without, does justice to the thought of the writer. In this respect Dr. Briggs does not quite satisfy us, although making a nearer approach to a clear statement of the quasi-ditheism of the passage than we have ever before noticed in any Trinitarian author.

The concluding chapter of the work summarizes the results arrived at in the preceding pages, following, however, a different order, so as to gain the advantage of a new point of view. Instead of tracing the se-

quence of the development of Messianic ideas in the apostolic times, everything is grouped about the New Testament representation of Jesus as pre-existent, as the crucified human Messiah, and as the future judge, or "his pre-existence and his post-existence as well as his existence in this world."

Dr. Briggs is to be congratulated on having brought to such a successful termination this truly remarkable series of volumes on one of the most important themes of Biblical study. The Christology of the New Testament is likely to wait long for a more competent and more successful expositor.

JIM OF HELLAS. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—A sufficient recommendation of this little book is the name of Laura E. Richards on the title-page. Jim of Hellas is the hulk of an old Greek sailor run aground in a New England village. For a breach of the common law he is subjected to hard labor,—not so very hard,—putting about the village, doing odds and ends. He makes his penance so efficient when he comes to work for Miss Palmyra Henshaw—it was her hen-roost that he had decimated—that he engages the affections of the lady; and at the end of the story we hear a sound of marriage-bells. They ring double at the end of the next story, "The Troubling of Bethesda Pool." Now, Bethesda Pool was a maiden lady, who kept an inn, and whose house was her castle, not to be thrown open incontinently to any one who came along. But there came a day when she gave a party in the big parlor of the inn, waking the echoes of the twinkling feet which had danced there long ago. So fought she not as one who beateeth the air. The party was a stratagem; and it succeeded. Moreover, it had indirect effects that she did not anticipate, but for which she was not ungrateful.

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truly admirable; but, in the struggle for existence that is going on among the literary products of the time, they will not attain to the survival of the fittest. But, surely, such a sonnet as "Where Love hath been," should find a home in many hearts. The constraint of the sonnet is always helpful to Miss Massey. She runs best in harness.

THE WEB OF LIFE. By Augusta Cooper Bristol. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. This is a volume of poems of more earnest strain, and the pieces are so few that they suggest a certain disposition on the part of the writer to give the public only what is best in her portfolio. One feels that here is one who looks into her own heart, and writes. But the expression is not equal to the thought. It suffers from a vocabulary which is too abstract on the one hand and too decorative on the other,—too florid, in the manner of the poetry extemporized at Spiritualist meetings.

A QUIANT SPINSTER. By Frances E. Russell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a very bright and pleasant little story. The indications of Miss Prissie's character are such as to amply justify the title of the book. She is, indeed, "a quaint spinster." The situation in the Spinster's Home, which she establishes with her surprising legacy, reminds us a little of the situation in Mr. Howells's "Undiscovered Country," where we have a Shaker community conspiring in a love affair, as here we have the spinster doing, and with good success.

School Books.

In the Students' Series of Latin Classics Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have issued Cicero de Oratore, Book I, by W. B. Owen, Ph.D., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Lafayette College.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish "Elements of Inductive Logic," by Noah K. Davis, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. In preparing the treatise, the need of collegians and of graduate students in the universities is kept in mind. The book is well calculated to assist the processes of thought of those who are studying the inductive sciences.

Miscellaneous.

We have received the "Proceedings of the Bunker Hill Monument Association for 1894," containing the address of the president, Hon. W. Frederic Lincoln. The number of registered visitors to the monument during the year ending May 1, 1894, was 26,470 visitors from the United States and 1,342 from foreign countries.

Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co. have issued among their French texts "Le Chant du Cygne," with an appendix and notes. Young pupils will find this series a pleasing and helpful instruction to the French language. This number has been edited by Arthur H. Solial of Chicago. The same firm have also issued among their German texts "Robert Blake" and "Cromwell," zwei ausgewählte Aufsätze von Reinhold Pauli, edited by C. W. S. Corser.

A third edition of "Iola Leroy," by Frances E. W. Harper, is issued by James H. Earle, Boston. This book was noticed in the *Register* in an earlier edition. Its writer is well known by her efforts for her own race, and as "Superintendent of Colored Work" for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It has been said that no other woman has come so intimately in contact with the colored people of the South as she. Her book is interesting chiefly as a contribution to the race discussion from the point of view of an educated colored woman.

The Magazines.

The *North American Review* for May contains an article by Cardinal Gibbons on "The Preacher and his Province." He counsels young clergymen to adapt their remarks to the special needs of their hearers, to be moderate in their judgments of men, to quicken their sympathies by intercourse with the people, and to be interested in the social, political, and economic questions affecting the interests of the nation. An article on "Elementary Education," by Hon. William T. Harris, indicates the points of importance in the report of the Committee of Fifteen. Other articles of importance and interest are: "Our Situation as Viewed from Without," by Prof. Goldwin Smith; "Russia and England," by Prof. A. Vambéry; "Diplomacy and the Newspaper," by E. L. Godkin. "The Income Tax" is discussed by Hon. George S. Boutwell and "Plain Speaker." The Japanese Minister at Washington, S. Kurino, writes of "The Future of Japan," and shows how what Japan has done and is doing is the serious work of earnest men, striving for a definite purpose.

Literary Notes.

Prof. Miall's book on "The Natural History of Aquatic Insects," will be published at once by Macmillan & Co. It is intended to assist the naturalist, and especially the young naturalist, in the study of the very interesting insects which abound in our ponds and rivers.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
Your Will: How to make it. By George F. Tucker. Price \$1.00.
Madonna of the Alps. Translated from the German of B. Schulze-Smidt by Nathan Haskell Dole. Price \$1.25.
Children of the Soil. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Price \$2.00.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
The Condition of Woman in the United States. A Traveller's Notes. By Madame Blanc. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger.

From the Universalist Publishing House, Boston.
Church Harmonies, New and Old. A Book of Spiritual Song for Christian Worshipers. With Psalms and Chants. Price in cloth \$1.10.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
A Truce, and Other Stories. By Mary Tappan Wright. Price \$1.00.
History of Religion. By Allan Menzies, D.D. Price \$1.50.

My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia. By Henry M. Stanley. 2 vols. Price \$3.00.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Hand-book of Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. Price \$3.00.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
A Gender in Satin. By "Rita." Incognito Library.
The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States of America. A State without a Church, but not without a Religion. By Isaac A. Cornelison.

From the Century Company, New York.
The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, November, 1894, to April, 1895. Price \$3.00.

From F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.
That Eurasian. By Aleph Bey. Price \$1.25.

Music Received.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.
Mis-Fitz. Topical Song. By Don Daniell.
Ballet Music (Tanzweise). By Erik Meyer-Helmund.
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"Chinesisch." Words and Music by F. van der Stucken.
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From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
When de Stars am asleep. Words by A. B. Van Fleet. Music by Bertha Baker.
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Mamie with the Golden Curls. Music by Bertha Baker. Words by A. B. Van Fleet.
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"Up to Date" March. For Pianoforte. By W. F. Suds.
Lulu Waltz Song. Words by A. B. Van Fleet. Music by H. H. Hirschberg.
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[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

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[Suggested by motto to "Light Bird on the Wall," in Fröbel's "Mutter und Kose-Lieder."

Some day my child will understand
What true possession is,
And know that, though his hands may hold
The things which he has bought with gold,
They are not, therefore, his.

Not with our hands, but with our minds,
Do we most truly own.
The sunset light upon the sea,
The passing strain of melody,
Are ours, when they are gone!

AUNT LOU'S PUG.

I am Dick Plum, and the adventure I am going to tell you about happened last spring. We had moved down to our country house on the Kitterstix River earlier than usual; and my Aunt Lou Ripley, my cousin Mabel Cornell, and her brother Frank were visiting us. Aunt Lou is a young lady, Mabel is eleven,—almost as old as I am,—and Frank is nine.

We had been in the country about two weeks; and it had rained a good part of the time, so we didn't have our row-boat put in the water. But at last one Saturday morning the weather turned warm; and on his way to the station father told Sam, the coachman, that he could get Tim, the gardener, to help him launch the "Lily," and left permission for me to take Mabel and Frank for the first row of the season. So none of us minded being left behind on the carriage drive which at lunch mother proposed to take with Aunt Lou down to Ocean Pines. They were going to stop for father at train-time, and a seat would have to be saved for him.

Pink was to go, though; but just before the carriage came mother found him with a chicken-bone under the parlor table, and for punishment Aunt Lou took his best blue ribbon off, put on his every-day one, and said he should not have his drive.

"Now, Dick," said mother the last thing, "take good care of Mabel and Frank, remember not to venture near the channel, and be sure to be back by half-past five."

"I'm going to row you to the cutest place," I told my cousins, when we were left standing on the piazza. "I call it the shore channel; but it isn't a bit deep, and mother meant the regular steamboat channel, out in the middle of the river. This other one winds in and out among the sedges about a quarter of a mile below the house, and we can have no end of fun down there."

"O Dick," exclaimed Mabel, "then can't we take Pink with us? He always feels so bad when Aunt Lou scolds him. And I can hold him on my lap, so he won't be in the way."

"Yes, I don't care," I answered; and so the pug was put aboard, and we swept off down the river at a fine rate.

"Just wait, though, till we get into that shore channel!" I exclaimed. "Then you'll see her scoot."

And scoot she did, but it had been so long since I had had anything to do with the river that the real cause of this never struck me till we had got more than two miles from home. Then I suddenly realized that I must have had the tide with me all the way, and that therefore it would be against me going back.

"I must turn around," I said, after looking at my watch. "It's quarter past four now, and we ought to get home before the carriage does."

But I soon discovered that something else besides the tide was going to be against the "Lily" on the return trip, and that was the bottom of the river. That inside channel was now so narrow that I had to get Mabel to help me head the boat the other way. Then I took to rowing again with a will, for I knew I must beat the tide if I wanted to get back in time for dinner.

But at last there came a time when I couldn't get her to move. Bow and stern were both stuck fast; and after Mabel and I had pushed on separate oars, and then united our strength on one, and finally got Frank to help, too, and then couldn't budge the "Lily" either way, I just dropped down on the seat and gave it up.

"But what are we going to do, Dick?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, it isn't the doing of anything that is going to trouble us," I replied, laughing. "It's the seeing how long we can sit still without doing anything. But wait a minute," I added, with a glance at the point where my knickerbockers ended, just below my knees. "Perhaps it isn't too late to try one more 'do.'"

Then, getting Frank to unlace one of my shoes for me, I set to work with all speed at the other; and in less than two minutes I was ready to step overboard.

Ugh! how cold the water was! It almost seemed as if some sharp, steel-pointed instrument had been run up clear through my body. But I ground my teeth together, and began to tug on the "Lily's" painter. Very soon, however, I discovered that my feet had grown warm in a very queer way, and then it seemed impossible to brace myself to pull. The next instant I found out what was the matter. I was sinking into the muddy bottom of the river, which was enough like a quicksand to make me straddle the bow of the boat quick as a wink to keep myself from going down any farther. So that way of getting ourselves out of the fix had to be given up.

"And there's no wading ashore and leaving the 'Lily,' either," I added to myself, as I dangled my legs in the water, trying to get the mud off.

"How long did you say we'd have to stay here, Dick?" inquired Mabel, gravely.

"Why, till the tide goes down and comes up again."

"And how long will that take?" she went on.

"About two hours and a half," I replied.

"O Dick!" exclaimed Mabel, on hearing this. "Then we can't get home in time for dinner."

"Can't you halloo for somebody to come?" suggested Frank.

For answer I pointed to the woods that lined the shore at this point on one side and to the wide stretch of sedge-grass that separated us from the main channel of the river on the other. We were quite cut off from the rest of the world, although we could see plenty of houses half a mile or so away.

Suddenly Mabel burst out with, "O Dick, have you got a pencil and a piece of paper?"

"Here's a stub and the back of a steamboat time-table you can write on," I replied, after rummaging in my pockets.

"Oh, I want you to do the writing!" she exclaimed, as she patted the pug in her lap. "Write a note to your mother, and send it by Pink."

"By Pink?" I cried in rather a disgusted voice. "Why, I never heard of a pug being taught to fetch and carry."

"But let me tell you, Dick," interrupted Mabel. "Don't you remember the other afternoon when it cleared off for a while, and Aunt Lou and I took Pink and walked along the shore down this way, looking for a certain kind of sea-weed? Well, I'm certain we came as far as this. So don't you think Pink will find his way back to the house by scent if we should put him ashore here?"

"We'll try it, anyway," I answered. "Now what shall I say?" And I began to write:—

*"Aground in Shore Channel,
Half a Mile below the House.*

"Dear Mother,"—

"I don't care," replied my cousin. "Only be sure and ask them to send a shawl for me."

"And something to eat," put in Frank, quickly.

Then I went on:—

"Don't worry. We are not drowned, but have got to stay here till about eight o'clock, when the tide comes up. Please send us some sandwiches and a shawl, and don't be frightened."

*"Your affectionate son,
"DICK PLUM."*

Mabel said that would do, and I tied it very carefully to Pink's second-best ribbon with a piece of string I had. Then I picked the pug up, and was just going to drop him overboard, when Mabel caught me by the arm.

"O Dick, stop! He'll sink in the mud, and—and the note'll get all wet."

This last was certainly to be avoided, so I put the trembling dog down in the bottom of the boat, and meekly inquired how I was going to get him ashore.

"I—I forgot all about that part of it," returned Mabel.

I looked at the sedgy bank, not three yards from the "Lily's" gunwale, and then proposed building a bridge with the oars. Frank helped me to do this; but, even after we had put the name-board over the handle part of the oars, the pug would not trust himself on it.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and really chilly; and I could imagine mother walking up and down our dock, thinking all sorts of terrible things had happened to us.

"Mabel," I exclaimed, "Pink doesn't want to leave you. You must be cross to him. Give him a slap, and say, 'Go home, sir!'"

"But, Dick," she objected, "just think how cruel that would be, when Pink is going to do so much for us!"

"I can't help it," I persisted. "You can make it all up to him afterward by stuffing him with chop bones all day long, if you like. But don't you see this is a case where little things must suffer for the good of great ones?"

Mabel seemed to understand what I meant; and, having put both paws on the bridge, shut her eyes, and, crying, "Naughty Pink! Go home, sir!" gave him two or three light taps on the head.

I was afraid they weren't heavy enough; but the pug seemed to think differently, and, giving a sudden spring, scudded across the oars with a rush that sent the name-board splashing into the water.

"Oh, Pink's tumbled overboard!" screamed Mabel.

"Hush!" I commanded. "Don't call him back. He's off splendidly now."

And he was. After he had got ashore, Pink kept straight on toward the house; and pretty soon we couldn't see him any more.

"Do you think he has got there yet, Dick?" Mabel would keep asking, while Frank wanted to know more than once if I was sure the note had been tied on tight.

At last it got to be half-past six, and I just had discovered that the tide had turned, when Frank suddenly jumped up on the seat and cried, "Here they come!"

I hopped on to the bow-locker, and began to wave my cap and pocket-handkerchief, as I made out the forms of five people hurrying along the shore toward us. Mabel sprang up, too, and began to cry, "Here we are! here we are!" in a succession of shrieks.

In about three minutes I was able to make out Sam and Tim ahead, one with a boat-hook over his shoulder, and the other with a coil of clothes-line around his arm; and behind them was father carrying a basket and helping mother through the tall sedge-grass, and then came Aunt Lou with a shawl and Pink capering along at her heels.

"Three cheers for the pug!" cried Frank, jumping about in a way that would certainly have toppled some of us overboard, had not the boat been so firmly settled.

You see he thought our troubles were all over now. So did Mabel; for she began to laugh at the funny look that relief procession had, as it came marching along the shore, picking its way around the marshy spots in the sedge. But I had my doubts all the time.

I kept them to myself, though; and, when they all came up and stood there on the bank about ten feet away from us, I said I was awfully glad to see them, and asked if they had found out where we were by the note Pink had carried.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Aunt Lou, catching the pug up in her arms, and then letting him drop quickly when she found how muddy his feet were. "Wasn't it cute of him? He came pasting up to the dock, where we all stood watching, half wild to know what had become of you, children; and I saw that bit of paper tied to his ribbon the first thing. And now I've forgiven him for being naughty this afternoon; for, if it hadn't been for him, you might have had to stay here till dark night."

But, Pink or no Pink, it seemed as if we would have to stay where we were till dark, after all; for, although the boat-hook, the coil of clothes-line, and Sam, Tim, and father were all combined in one tremendous effort, not an inch could they budge the "Lily" out of the mud.

Father had already flung the shawl to us; but it had gone too far, and landed just out of reach among the sedge-grass on the other

side. Now, after they had failed to move the boat, Tim took off his boots, and, declaring that "the chiller shouldn't starve for their suppers" if he could help it, caught up the basket, and, in spite of my warnings, started to wade out to us with it.

But two steps were enough for him. Feeling himself sinking, he dropped the basket, and stretched out both hands toward Sam with the cry: "Och, murder! It's the haythen Chinees are afther draggin' me down to thim!"

And there was the basket of provisions floating off on what little water there was, and everybody so excited over Tim that nobody thought to try to fish it out with the boat-hook till it was too late.

I laughed. I couldn't help it, though I was so hungry; and I laugh now whenever I think of how father, mother, Aunt Lou, Sam, Tim, and the pug stood there on the bank for the next half-hour, looking at us, and we at them. To be sure, it was worth something to have their company; but then it seemed so aggravating, after we had gone to all that trouble of getting Pink off with the note, not to have the successful delivery of it do us one bit of practical good. For it didn't; and we never got a thing to eat till the tide came in and floated us off in time for an eight o'clock dinner at home.—*Harper's Young People.*

CHARLEY'S DAM.

From the time that he came into the world Charley Hulburt was a "water baby." Given a basin of water, a tin can full of sand, and a few stones, he would amuse himself for hours making miniature dams and bridges. His mother called him her "little engineer" as she watched his persevering fingers.

So it happened that, as he grew older, she chose for their summer home a quiet village among the mountains, through which ran a shallow brook, that the proclivities of her boy might have full scope.

The stream was just back of their barn, dancing and rippling over the stones with a merry song of welcome to its new play-fellow; for Charley had taken to the water immediately after breakfast on the day following his arrival, and, when his mother came to join him an hour later, she found him bare-legged, with trousers rolled above his knees, paddling far down the bed of the brook.

"Hullo, mumsey!" was his shout when he saw her. "I've found a bully place for a dam. Come on in, and help me build it!"

Nothing loath, the young mother followed his example. Leaving shoes and stockings on the bank, she kilted up her skirts, and waded down to where he had begun to lay the foundations of the dam. Her stronger hands filled in the chinks with mud and sand, packing them firmly, while Charley brought the stones and placed them in position.

All day they worked like beavers, pausing only when the noon hour came, to sit on the bank and eat their luncheon.

As the sun was setting, and they heard in the distance the lowing of the cows at milking-time, the last stone was laid, the last handful of dirt was mortared in. The two builders retired a little, to gaze proudly at their work, which looked solid as a wall of masonry.

"Isn't the brook mad, mumsey?" laughed the boy, as he watched the water chafe against the barrier. "You can't break it down, old fellow! When mumsey and I build, we build to stay."

That night the rains descended and the floods came. Mrs. Hulburt awoke very early in the morning to hear the rain pouring in torrents on the roof of the piazza. Going to the window, she saw that the village street was flooded; and on the surface of the water floated pieces of wood, hand-rails, and planks.

Into the adjoining room she flew; and, rousing her sleeping boy, she cried:—

"Charley, Charley, get up! The foot-bridge is down, the street's afloat, and it's all the work of that horrid dam!"

Huddling on their clothes, they crept downstairs, wrapping their rubber coats around them as they went, and stopping only to take the long-handled spade and hoe from behind the kitchen door. A look in

at the barn confirmed their fears. Poor Brindle, the old farm horse, stood ankle-deep in water; and his whinny of reproach seemed to ask, "Who dammed the brook up yesterday?" The ducks were swimming over the floor; but the hens still clung to their perches, and clucked to each other in dismay.

As the authors of the mischief came round the rear corner of the barn, they saw the brook dashing over the dam, a small cataract, and the meadows overflowed. Down the stream, pell-mell, helter-skelter, through water and mire and mud, they raced rather than ran, till they reached the scene of yesterday's labor. Balancing themselves on the edge of the bank, wielding shovel and hoe, they pushed with might and main until they had dislodged the firmly wedged stones, and an outlet was made for the angry waters. For an hour they worked till every vestige of the dam was destroyed.

The lesson of that night was one that Charley Hulburt never forgot. Forethought for others became the rule of his life. Often, in later years, when about to enter on any undertaking which promised good for himself, the memory of "that horrid dam" would come to him; and he would say once more the verse of warning that his mother wrote for his guidance at the time:

"Build strong, and build to stay,
But never build in such a way
That what you build can, any day,
Another's work in ruins lay."

—Helen Chauncey, in *Sunday School Times*.

GIANT BEES.

Before long an attempt will be made to introduce into the United States the giant bees of India, which build combs in the forest as big as house doors. Their honey is gathered by professional bee-hunters. The drones are no bigger than ordinary bees, and for that reason it is more likely that they would breed with the races now domesticated here. These bees of India have longer tongues than other bees, and thus they would be able to get from many kinds of flowers much honey that now goes to waste.—*Boston Transcript*.

TWO FRIENDS.

One day, not long ago, I was walking in Central Park; and, as I came down a certain path, I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another one was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak-tree; and, from what happened soon after, I think that he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call: "Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice; for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, thank you"; for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a nut from which he took the shell. Then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel, the gentleman holding it between his lips.

It was a pretty sight to see the squirrel put his little head close to the face of the gentleman. After watching him eat a few nuts, I walked on, leaving two very happy friends under the big oak-tree.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE ORIGIN OF LACE-MAKING.

There are many pretty legends of the origin of lace-making; and one of the prettiest is the story of the Venetian sailor who, on the eve of a sea voyage, gave to the woman he loved a piece of beautiful sea-weed, to keep while he was absent, in memory of him. He sailed away; and the girl cared for his gift with constant devotion, superstitiously fancying that upon its preservation depended the safety of her lover or the endurance of his love for her. Therefore, when she discovered that the sea-weed was slowly drying up and falling to pieces, she caught the fine leaves and

branches with thread against a piece of linen, and thus invented lace.—*Harper's Weekly*.

For the *Christian Register*.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

BY GRACE BLANCHARD.

My poor little shut-in sister,
Who can't be up at work,
Don't get the doldrums, dearie,
And feel you're just a shirk.
But, when your strong companions
Begin housekeeper's week,
Follow the order with them,
And first, your washing seek.
There's washing the sad and bad spots
From out of morbid hearts;
And the wish to be a comfort,
Is a soap of wondrous parts.
Put in the starch of courage,
A stiff upper lip to keep;
And Tuesday iron the wrinkles
From eyes that are prone to weep.
Press the lines of your face all upward,
And smooth out every frown,
Gloss o'er hard facts with a polish
Admired by all the town.
On Wednesday take your mending,
And eke out faith with hope,
And patch out pain with patience,—
"Darn things," instead of mope.
Then, when your ways are mended,
On Thursday go and call
On those, in prose or poem,
Who have done you good at all.
Learn their views on every subject
You want or ought to know:
Visiting day is nicest
Of all the week, I trow.
After this fine communing,
On Friday sweep your brain
Of vapors, cobwebs, nonsense,—
Ideas that miss their aim.
Saturday cook up mischief,
And spice it all with wit:
When malice is the flavor,
The bitter oft gets bit.
Prepare some "gems" of kindness;
Be never of the ilk
Who, Beecher says, "preach cream,
But only live skim-milk."
On Sunday! oh, on Sunday,
Don't rule yourself by days,
Just love and trust, "look out, not in,"
Commit to the Lord thy ways.

POOR RICHARD.

In Fiske's "History of the United States for Schools" has been appropriately placed, on the back of a fine portrait of Franklin, after a painting by Duplessis, a fac-simile of a page of "Poor Richard's Almanac." The material at the beginning of the page is so characteristic of Franklin that we reproduce it here:—

"Man's rich with little, were his Judgment true,
Nature is frugal, and her Wants are few;
Those few Wants answer'd, bring sincere Delights,
But Fools create themselves new Appetites.
Fancy and pride seek Things at vast Expense,
Which relish not to Reason nor to Sense.
Like Cats in Air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On Joys too thin to keep the Soul alive."

A STORY OF MILLAIS.

"My boy, those are the lights of London." This was the answer that Mrs. Millais gave her eight-year-old son as they approached the great city, just fifty-seven years ago. He was travelling with his parents on the top of the mail-coach which ran between Southampton and London; and he saw in front of him a red glow in the sky such as he had never beheld before. No doubt he felt for the moment like the hero of "Locksley Hall,"—no doubt

... "his spirit leapt within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looked at, in among the throngs of men."

His second day "among the throngs of men" was the most eventful of his life. His mother (to whom, as he has more than once confessed, he owes everything) took him to see Sir Martin Archer Shee, then the president of the Royal Academy. The boy, it seems, had been in the habit of making sketches; and, as generally happens, these sketches were thought a very great deal of by his friends. As generally happens also, a leading artist was asked to give an opinion upon them. Sir Frederic Leighton's father

approached Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, in a similar case. Mrs. Millais called upon the P.R.A. The boy's talents were thought a great deal of by his friends (she said); but she dared not trust merely to the opinion of friends. Would Sir Martin kindly tell her whether it would be prudent for his father to bring him up as an artist?

The fond mother must have been somewhat startled by the answer which she got from the president. "Madam," he exclaimed, "you had better bring the boy up to be a chimney-sweeper." "But surely, Sir Martin, you will look at my son's drawings before you decide?" asked Mrs. Millais. "Very well," replied the great man, "let us see them." Thereupon a portfolio was brought up from the hall, and opened and inspected by the president. He examined the drawings for some time, and then, placing his hand upon the little boy's head, asked him if he did all those drawings by himself. Young Millais choked, and was unable to say a word. But the look upon his face gave an affirmative answer to the question. Thereupon the president gave an opinion which wild horses would be unable to drag from his successor, Sir Frederic Leighton, in respect of the work of a child of eight. "Madam," he said, "it is your duty to bring this boy up to the profession." And the wisdom of his advice has been fully justified by the career of the boy in question.—*Review of Reviews*.

R. MURRAY, M. D.,
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WRITES ABOUT

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now being formed to visit Europe during summer months. Address HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, 211 Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass., or JOHN H. ROTH, Peoria, Ill.

MR. HENRY B. LEARNED (Harv. '90) will spend the summer in Dublin, N.H., and will take charge (with a competent assistant) of three or four boys who may need to study under direction or who would care for the open-air life of the country. References: Prof. L. B. R. Briggs, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. William Eliot Furness, 107 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Address until June 25, Mr. H. B. LEARNED, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

BEN-MERE, PETERBORO, N.H.—New house on farm three miles from station. Cunningham Lake of 50 acres in plain sight, two minutes' walk from house. Fine view in all directions. Mt. Monadnock in the west. Beautiful walks and drives. Near Miller Park and Pack Monadnock Lithia Springs. Excellent board and service. Terms \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day; \$7.00 to \$10.00 per week. Special for the season.
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The Sunday School.

Sunday-school workers are cordially invited to visit the rooms of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, during Anniversary Week.

The New Song and Service Book, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, is still having a large sale. Nearly one-half of the second edition has been already ordered.

The Roslindale Sunday-school has fifty copies of "Unity Services and Songs" to give away where wanted. Any one wishing such a gift can apply to Miss Mary Hastings, Roslindale, Mass.

The last Channing Hall "Talks" in the present course will be given next Saturday, May 25. Primary at 2 P.M., conducted by Miss A. C. Dockham; Advanced, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, at three o'clock. Subject, Lesson XXXVI., "The Resurrection." All cordially invited.

A clergyman on the Pacific Coast writes as follows: "The weakness of our cause in the West lies in the feebleness of our Sunday-school life." When the situation is carefully examined in many cases where there seems to be a decline of denominational prosperity, it will appear that the explanation offered above is applicable.

The leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus," which have been issued the past winter, prepared by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford and Rev. Edward A. Horton, will be published in two manuals the coming summer,—one containing the Advanced, and the other the Intermediate lessons. They will form together a valuable text-book on the subject. Price for each manual, 20 cents per copy, or \$1.80 per dozen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The closing session of the twelfth season of the meetings of the Unitarian Sunday School Union was held at the Church of the Disciples May 20. The first business was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The Nominating Committee reported the following list, which was unanimously chosen: Mr. Frank B. Thayer of Boston, president; Mr. Robert C. Metcalf of Roxbury, vice-president; Miss Louisa P. Parker, Cambridge, secretary; Mr. Julius H. Tuttle of Dedham, treasurer; directors, Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston, Mr. M. M. Burdick of Providence, Miss Grace Gage of Arlington, Mrs. Christopher R. Eliot of Boston, Mr. Frank A. Page of Wollaston. Addresses were made by Rev. G. W. Cutter, M.D., Rev. G. C. Wright, and Rev. M. J. Savage.

Charities and Reforms.

CHARITIES AND CORRECTION

PROGRAMME OF NEW HAVEN CONFERENCE.

Monday, May 27, at Seminary Building. "Homes for Soldiers and Sailors": "National and State Homes for Union Soldiers and Sailors," by C. E. Faulkner of Atchison, Kan.; "State and Other Homes for Confederate Soldiers and Sailors," by Major N. V. Randolph of Richmond, Va., and Major R. H. Dudley of Nashville, Tenn.; "Pensions," by Prof. A. O. Wright of Madison, Wis.

Monday afternoon, May 27, at Alumni Hall.—Section Meetings: Section I., "Child-saving Work": "Desertion by Parents," by Rev. E. P. Savage, St. Paul. Discussion will be opened by James Smith, superintendent Ohio Humane Society, Cincinnati, Ohio. "What Trade Schools may do for the Children of the Poor," by Franklin H. Briggs, superintendent, Rochester, N.Y. Section II., "Juvenile Reformation": "Manual Training: Its Proper Place and Relation to Trade Schools," T. F. Chapin, superintendent, Westboro, Mass.; "What shall our Schools be?" T. J. Charlton, superintendent, Plainfield, Ind.; "Religious Instruction," S. T. Thatcher, superintendent, Meriden, Conn. Section III., "Charity Organization": "The Proper Treatment of Drinking and Idle Men, and their Neglected Families," by Miss M. E. Richmond of Baltimore.

Monday evening, May 27, at United Church.—"Administration of Public and Private Relief": "The System of Public and Private Relief in Chicago," by Rev. C. G. Trusdell, D.D., of Chicago; "The Best Plan for Relief Work in New York," by Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York; "The Administration of Public Outdoor Relief in Boston and Massachusetts," by Thomas F. Ring, president of Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society, Boston. "The Feeble-minded": "The Feeble-minded," by George H. Knight of Lakeville, Conn.; "The Training of an Idiotic Hand," by Samuel J. Fort, M.D., Ellicott City, Md.

Tuesday afternoon, May 28, at Seminary Building.—Section Meetings: Section I., "Child-saving Work": "The Relation of the Placing-out Work to the Other Departments of an Institution," by G. A. Merrill, superintendent State, Owatonna,

Minn.; "State Supervision of Child-caring Agencies," by Homer Folks, secretary State Charities' Aid Association of New York. Section II., "Juvenile Reformation": "Trade Instruction in Boys' Schools," Levi S. Fulton, superintendent, Cincinnati, Ohio; "Trade Instruction in Girls' Schools," Emma M. Gilbert, superintendent, Chillicothe, Mo.; "Farming and Gardening: Should These be classed as Trades?" B. J. Miles, superintendent, Eldora, Ia. Section III., "Charity Organization": "Methods of Bettering Neighborhoods," opened by Mrs. Roland C. Lincoln of Boston and Miss Marion I. Moore of Buffalo.

Tuesday evening, May 28, at United Church.—"Charity Organization": "The Tendency of the Charity Organization Movement," by Jeffrey R. Brackett of Baltimore, chairman; "Continued Care of Families," by Miss Frances A. Smith of Boston; "Is Emergency Relief by Work Wise?" by Philip W. Ayres of Cincinnati; "Our Duty to promote Measures for Permanent Improvement of Neighborhoods," by Miss Clara De Grafenried of the United States Department of Labor, Washington.

Wednesday, May 29, at Alumni Hall.—"The Insane": "The Colored Insane of the Southern States," by Dr. J. W. Babcock of Columbia, S.C.; "Provision for the Insane," by William P. Letchworth of Buffalo; "Increase of Insanity," by F. B. Sanborn of Massachusetts.

Wednesday evening, May 29, at United Church.—"Juvenile Reformation": "Discharged Pupils in their Homes," F. H. Nibecker, superintendent, Glen Mills, Pa.; "The Duty of the State to Juvenile Delinquents," W. G. Fairbanks, Middletown, Conn.; "Remedial Work on Behalf of our Youth," by Rev. M. McG. Dana, D.D., New York.

Thursday morning, May 30, at Alumni Hall, 10 A.M.—"Immigration and Interstate Migration": "Immigration," by Dr. Charles S. Hoyt, of Albany; "Interstate Migration," by H. H. Hart of St. Paul; "The Aspect of the Question of Immigration as affecting the Pacific Coast," by Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Oakland, Cal. "Training Schools for Nurses": "Moral Influence of Trained Nurses in Hospitals," by Miss Linda Richards, superintendent Homeopathic Hospital, Brooklyn; discussion, "General Hospitals," by Miss Louise Derche, superintendent Connecticut Training School, and Miss L. W. Quintard, Connecticut Training School; "Insane Hospitals," by Miss Agnes Brennan, New York Training School, and Dr. Edward Cowles, superintendent McLean Hospital, Boston; "Present Work and Future Possibilities of the Trained Nurse in the Care of the Sick Poor in their Homes," by Miss Sophie F. Palmer, Washington, D.C.; "Discussion from a Practical Standpoint,"—"Nursing Settlements," by Miss Lillian B. Walls, New York, "District Nursing," by Miss Maria S. Robinson, New York Training School; "Organization of District Nursing in England," by Miss Diana C. Kimber, New York Training School; "The Introduction of Trained Nurses in Alms-houses," by Dr. G. H. M. Rowe, City Hospital, Boston; "Provident Medical Care by Co-operation," by Dr. William H. Prescott of Boston.

Thursday evening, May 30, at United Church, closing session.—"The Tramp Problem: What it is, and What to do with it," by Prof. J. J. McCook of Hartford.

Here and There.

"Tamales," a Mexican dish derived from the Aztecs, are croquettes of beef or chicken boiled in corn-husks.

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FILES OF "THE UNITARIAN."

I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the Unitarian in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

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ARMENIAN REFUGEES.

The *Woman's Signal*, of which Lady Somerset is editor-in-chief, says:—

The Armenian atrocities became, if possible, more real to us by the presence in our office of Frederick D. Greene, for thirty-five years a resident in that smitten land, accompanied by two refugees, a husband and wife, all of whose relatives were slaughtered by the Turkish troops, and whose only little child, a boy of three, was bayoneted in the presence of this dark-eyed mother, who is but eighteen years of age. The family was well-to-do, but lived remote from what we call civilization, tending its flocks on the hillsides, reading the word of God, and finding in the good priest that fatherly kindness and sense of protection which comforted their lonely and simple lives. They fled before the Turks and Khourds; but the older ones were soon overcome and slain. The swift-footed young woman was hunted like a partridge on the hillside, but for three weeks eluded her pursuers; and, finally, her agonized face looked in at the hospital windows of what, in the language of Uncle Tom's Cabin, we learned to call "a station on the underground railway."

Some weeks after her husband and his brother reached the same safe covert; and, by means not necessary to be described, they were conveyed to friendly territory, and sent straight to London with their heart-breaking message. The good priest, who was hidden with the young husband for some days in a cave, was searched out by his companions, who, being fleet of foot, escaped; but so reverent is the spirit of the Armenians that they returned when the soldiers had passed on, to seek out and bury their beloved who had fallen. They found the priest bayoneted, mutilated, and, to show the fiendish cruelty of the Turk, they had made a cross with a point of their weapons by two deep gashes upon the old man's forehead.

We do not know when our hearts have been so deeply stirred as by the presence and sad and eager look of these two young people who could not speak a word of our language, but whose response to every smile and token of interest and affection was most tender and pitiful to see. The little Armenian wife, bereft of her only child, is here without a penny in the world or even adequate clothing, having been robbed of everything by her merciless pursuers. If any of our readers would like to send a practical token of their interest, it will be carefully set aside to help these two representatives of that sorrowful race which, two thousand years later, is suffering a martyrdom not exceeded by any terrors invented by the inquisitors of Judea or the emperors at Rome.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Southern Presbyterian* says:—

It seems that the colored church question is coming up before us. The Charleston Presbytery has refused to receive as a preacher a young colored man who applied for admission. The South Carolina Presbytery received a number of colored Presbyterians from Abbeville who asked to be organized into a church, and their request was granted. There was some vigorous opposition, especially from the elders present, who feared the "social equality" trouble that might arise. But the petition was granted, and the colored brethren were received.

Temperance.

The *Scientific American* declares "that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in large cities are beer-drinkers."

The *Western Christian Advocate* says: "The Hawaiian race is dying out rapidly. The missionaries have done much to elevate the natives; but intoxicating drinks and the accompanying vices bid fair to exterminate the race. The saloons have more power to destroy than the churches have to save."

A Toronto saloon-keeper is reported as saying that the introduction of electric cars in that city has greatly diminished the sales in saloons, as workmen who previously walked home in companies of from five to twenty, and stopped at the saloons on the way for a social drink, now ride home, and, once there, spend the evenings with their families.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler claims that social drinking customs are on the increase in our country, and he adds: "The decanter

is stealing back again to the dinner tables of people from whom we should expect better things. Intoxicants are more freely offered at weddings and in social gatherings. Club life is becoming more popular, and there are very few clubs that are under restrictions of total abstinence. Betting and bottles are the two concomitants of the football matches and rowing matches which attract thousands of our college students."

Personals.

It is not generally known, we fancy, that Mr. Hardy, who in his new novel, "Hearts Insurgent," makes his hero a church mason, was intended by his parents for the clerical profession, but compromised with them by becoming an ecclesiastical architect. It was while busy restoring an old Devonshire church that he met his wife, a Miss Gifford. She approved of her husband's abandonment of architecture for letters, and herself wrote the manuscript of his first novel, "Desperate Remedies." She still acts as his amanuensis, and keeps a record of the prototypes of his local characters.

William Dwight Whitney and James Dwight Dana, the two distinguished members of the faculty of Yale University, were fittingly remembered at the meeting of the Yale Alumni Association of New York, May 3. The memorial presented by D. H. Chamberlin paid appreciative tribute to the attainments of these two men, their achievements in scholarship, and the nobility of their personal character. "Theirs was not a figurative and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed: they held all their scientific and scholastic conclusions open to challenge by competent critics, and open to revision in the light of wider knowledge; and they held all their vast stores of learning at the lifelong and instant service of their students, and of all their fellow-men."

Education.

PERKINS INSTITUTION.—One of the interesting commencements of the season about to open will be that of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, which will be held on Tuesday, June 4, at three o'clock P.M., in Boston Theatre. His Excellency Gov. Greenhalge is expected to honor the occasion with his presence. Samuel Eliot, LL.D., will preside; and Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., will make an address in behalf of the kindergarten and its needs. The exercises will open with an overture by Suppee, played by the band, after which the little children of the kindergarten will tell the story of water, and show by means of game and song and modelling in clay how it is one of our greatest helpers. Willie Elizabeth Robin and Tommy Stringer will take part in this exercise. The kinder-orchestra will play an original composition which has been arranged for the tiny musicians by their devoted teacher, Miss Roeske. The application of the principles of sloyd to knitting, together with its results, may be seen in the work of a class of little blind children, who will describe the various stitches and show the product of their handiwork. The literary exercises of the parent school will consist of experiments in physics conducted by members of the graduating class, and reading by touch from Ruskin's "King of the Golden River." This book has just been issued by the Howe Memorial Press; and the class of girls, including Edith Thomas, will use it for the first time on this occasion. Gymnastics and military drill will follow in order, and the exercises will be brought to a close by a chorus sung by mixed voices. Admission tickets may be had by applying to M. Anagnos, South Boston, or at the salesroom of the institution, No. 37 Avon Place. No tickets are required for the top gallery of the theatre, to which the public is cordially invited.

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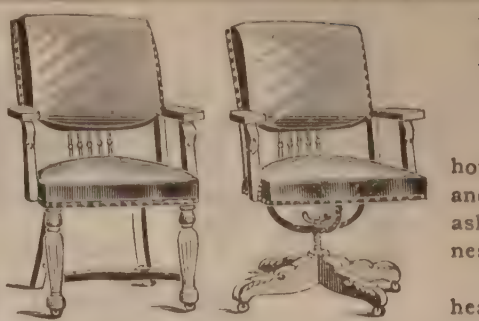
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I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts*.

I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska*.

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

CONTENTS FOR MAY.

Short and Long Views. Rev. Charles F. Dole.
A Unitarian Gospel. Thomas R. Sheer.
The New Emancipation. Esther C. Jennings.
The Quiet Consummation. Hattie Tyng Griswold.
Prayers without Words. Jessica Tyler.
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"In your profession, especially, I suppose time is money." "I do not find it so," answered the musician: "I do not find it at all difficult to keep time."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Why is a great strong man like you around begging?" "Ah, madame, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."—*Exchange*.

An Irishman, walking along with Biddy, saw a Chinese laundry sign made like a staff with musical notes. "Och, Dinny," said Bridget, "wot's that?" "Shure, I dunno," said Pat; "but, if I had my floot, I'd play it, bedad."

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word 'excavate'?" Scholar: "To hollow out." Teacher: "Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used?" Scholar: "The small boy excavates when he cuts his finger."—*Tit-bits*.

A new story is of a tiny girl who spoke very scornfully of babies. "Don't speak that way!" said her mother: "it isn't very long since you were a baby, yourself." "I know it," she said, looking what she felt; "and I'm ashamed enough of it!"—*The Transcript*.

A good baby story is of a neighbor meeting a little one on the street, and saying, "Good-morning, my little dear. I never can tell you and your sister apart. Which of the twins are you?" And the little dear made answer, "I'm the one what's out walkin'."—*The Transcript*.

A rustic deacon had to announce that Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., would preach at the chapel. What he did announce was: "The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' Ma will preach." He added, with that love of amplification which is habitual in his class, "We hope the old lady will give us a good discourse."—*Living Church*.

The celebrated Dr. Dumoulin, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplored their loss, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Every one, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed him to name them, upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, exercise, and moderation in eating."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

A cardinal, who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface IX. in the march of Acona, finding himself on one occasion in a position in which he must conquer or die, promised his soldiers that, if they secured the victory, those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity; but, finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warmly?" "Because it is not yet my dinner-time; and I am not hungry."—*All the Year Round*.

A famous Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sabbath school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out, "Why did the angels have to have a ladder, when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided, the clergyman said, "Well, that is a fair question: who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "Why was it?" "I guess mebber they was a-moultin'," was the astonishing reply.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

CARLYLE AND MILLAIS.

A bowed-down and world-worried old man stood at the foot of a stately marble staircase in a house at Palace Gate. He was quaintly dressed; and his rugged, thoughtful, and time-worn features wore a curious expression as he gazed wonderingly upon the splendor of the entrance hall of the West End mansion to which he had paid a visit. For himself, this old man had been content during more than forty years with a cheap and unpretending dwelling in a modest street, leading off the Thames Embankment at Chelsea. Still he gazed at the marble pavement, at the dado, and at the white marble columns; and still his wonder grew until, turning at length to the handsome and picturesquely attired gentleman who stood at his side, he blurted out a characteristic question: "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" "It has," the artist replied with a laugh. "Then," rejoined the old man,—who was none other than Thomas Carlyle,—"then all I have to say is that there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."—*Review of Reviews*.

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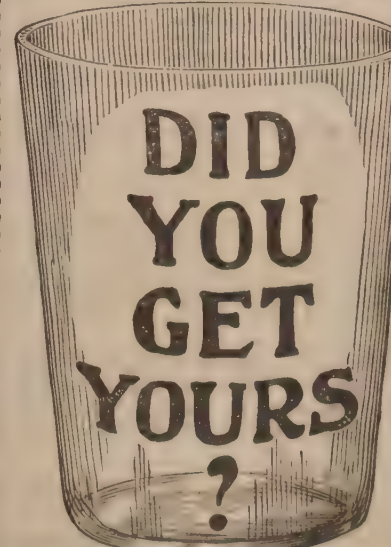
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Editorial.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* had a telegraphic despatch from Boston headed, "A New Departure of Unitarians," in which were described the Sunday services on the Common. Among other things, the telegraphic reporter said, "Boston people are somewhat astonished at the change in the attitude of this aristocratic denomination." The story has so often been repeated that Unitarians lack zeal and are dying out that it is received as truth by those whose wish is father of the thought. To such the announcement of the preaching on the Common may awaken surprise. We trust such may be shocked by other surprises in the same direction.

It is too commonly assumed, perhaps, that the salvation of society lies in the upper classes. If by "upper classes" those are meant who are upper in intellect, in knowledge, in judgment, in devotion to the public weal, then the expectation is right enough; but, if it means not the aristocracy of intellect, culture, or character, but the aristocracy of wealth, then the assumption is extremely unsafe. The aristocracy of wealth is likely to be dominated by the aristocracy of fashion, and fashion is capricious and often foolish and absurd. Take, for instance, such a matter as the treatment of a horse. It is only a few days

since that some one in a fit of snobbery undertook to defend in a Boston paper the docking of horses' tails. Here is an example of a fashion and a vice which is confined entirely to the rich or the well-to-do. The cartmen do not cut off their horses' tails. If a hack-driver has a docked horse, it is because he has bought it at auction after it has been used or misused by some fashionable owner. If the lower classes, so called, were therefore to adopt the practice of the so-called "upper classes" in this respect, it would result in a distinct deterioration in the horse and in his driver. As this illustration shows, it is not safe to assume that the possession of money and an ambition to be stylish constitute elements which will in themselves insure the health or progress of society.

THE Chicago Woman's Club has recently been wrestling with the question whether a colored woman shall be admitted to its membership. When the subject was brought forward for action, the opponents submitted an amendment to the by-laws, which, if adopted, would practically enable a minority to veto an admission. The issue was clearly taken, and after an earnest and able discussion this amendment was voted down and the following adopted: "Membership shall be conditioned on character and intelligence, without regard to race, color, creed, or politics." Thus was swept away the color line. Although this was adopted by a large majority, it is thought that the matter will be brought up before the Federation of Women's Clubs, and that this may result in the expulsion of the Chicago Club from the Federation. If so, as the Chicago Club is strong in numbers and right in its principles, it can stand alone.

SETTLEMENTS among the poor in large cities have become common, and most notably Hull House at Chicago. But we question if an occasional settlement among the rich would not be also an advantage. There are many of the poor who have not learned how to live, who do not know what to do with their small resources; and a "settlement" may help to teach them. There are rich people who are in precisely the same condition. They have not learned how to live: they do not know what to do with their resources. It might not be necessary to find them tutors from the poor; for there are a sufficient number of rich people who know how to employ their leisure and their fortunes, and they are constantly giving an object lesson to the poor people of the rich slums.

THE recommendation that in all Protestant churches the subject of Christian unity should be the topic of discourse on Whit-sunday, following the pope's recent encyclical, indicates an increasing interest in the general subject. Though at present we are very far from realizing the dream of a true unity among Christians, the discussion shows a wide-spread desire for a broader basis of fellowship. With the fact before us that the idea of unity, as urged by the pope, is limited to his church; that the Lambeth Conference in its plan does not, for its basis, go far beyond the Episcopacy; and that the different branches of Presbyterians at present only hope to reach a confederation of churches instead of organic unity,—these and other facts of the same kind which could be mentioned make it evident that the time has not yet come for a true unity. We can never reach a real unity of Christendom on the basis of form and opinion. It can only come from a unity of spirit which will recognize and tolerate differences of ritual, polity, and creed. Still, it is a decided gain when those of various communions begin to discuss this subject, and yearn to see it accomplished. Anything which will give more breadth to

our religious conceptions, raise the mind above a narrow partisanship and belittling sectarianism into a wider toleration of each other's differences, is a gain. For this reason all efforts in this direction should be welcomed.

AS FURTHER evidence of the slow advance of Christian unity, we note another fact. Mr. Stead, before the Executive Committee of the Nonconformist Council, London, raised the question of the recognition of Unitarians as Free Churchmen. This, as reported in the *Review of Reviews*, was ruled out by Mr. Price Hughes, "who stated that the Free Church Congress had decided to exclude the Unitarians, and to limit its organizations to evangelical Nonconformists. They will be very glad to co-operate with Unitarians in social work; but the Nonconformist Councils, which have been formed under the ægis of the Free Church Congress, were brought into existence quite as much for strictly religious and spiritual work as for social or political work. This being the case, it was absolutely necessary that Unitarians should not be admitted. If they were, (1) it would be impossible for any Nonconformist Council of which they formed a part to be affiliated with the Church Congress, (2) there would be endless worry through practical differences raised whenever the Nonconformist Council undertook any distinctly evangelical work. Mr. Stead suggested that, if this were so, it would be well to adopt a nomenclature which would not imply that they refused to recognize Unitarians as Christians or Free Churchmen or Nonconformists, to which no council of Trinitarian Nonconformists or Unitarians could object. The suggestion, however, was scouted, great objection being taken to the term 'Trinitarian'; and it was ruled that the term 'evangelical' was precise enough to exclude any Unitarian."

THE resignation of Count Kalnoky, who has ably filled the office of Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary, proves that the power of the Roman Catholic Church has its limits, even in Roman Catholic countries. This minister allowed himself to be mixed up with the intrigues of the clericals who were working against the liberal movements in Hungary. The liberals united their forces, and triumphed in their resistance to priestly control. Notwithstanding his long and valuable service, Count Kalnoky was obliged to resign; and, such was the strength of the liberal party, his resignation was accepted. The Vatican also issued its orders to the Roman Catholics of Italy to abstain from voting at the recent elections. The results of the elections last Sunday indicate a decided majority for the ministry and that many of the Roman Catholics voted. If this be so, it proves that the pope finds it difficult to fully control the members of his church in their political action. It is, nevertheless, true that he still exerts a powerful influence on European politics. This, however, has its limitations. In the palmist days of the papacy a Hildebrand forced the German emperor to kneel before him in submission. Now Leo XIII. is stripped of his temporal rule even in Rome.

THE increasing interest in Memorial Day is an evidence of the strong hold which the events of the war have on those who took part. Since the surrender at Appomattox a new generation has grown up, to whom the varying features of this great struggle are history. To the soldiers who drop the floral tribute on the graves of their comrades with loving remembrance of what they suffered and what they did these are matters of personal experience. This gives to Memorial Day a twofold value. It keeps alive in the old soldiers the memories of the past, and teaches the generation who have come upon the stage since Lee surren-

dered his sword to Grant at what a cost of valor and heroism the nation was saved. It is a noble legacy of patriotism which these veterans have bequeathed to their successors. The story should thus be repeated year after year, so that those who now reap the fruits of their sacrifices, devotion, and heroism may be filled with gratitude for what they have done, and be inspired by a like fidelity in present duties. Now the country is confronted with different foes; and the children of the soldiers are not called on to die for their country, but to give it their loving service. The battle of to-day is to be fought with political corruption, fraud, and unscrupulous partisanship. We should strive for the triumph of public honor and private virtues.

FLOWERING OF THE BUTTERCUPS.

When Priscilla and John Alden were young, when the Pilgrim fathers and mothers were beginning the work of civilizing Massachusetts, there was little leisure to watch for the buttercups or to study nature in any but her productive moods. To them it was of more vital interest that the maize should sprout than that the may-flower should blossom, that the game birds should be plentiful than that the thrushes should sing in the deep, silent forests. Only when the wilderness is conquered does there come time for the study of nature and art. Visitors from the Old World are often impatient with Americans that life is still so crude here. They forget that, if it takes a century to make an English lawn, it must take much longer to smooth out the rough places in human life and make things beautiful, and to become well informed about the outer world in which we move.

Art claims the winter as its special heritage. Nature woos man in summer. People of leisure and wealth now spend so much time in the country that they have little excuse for a lack of knowledge of the common birds, insects, trees, and flowers that are their immediate neighbors for five or six months of the year. Besides, they not only have the objects themselves to study, but every season sees new books pertaining to these things that make study a pastime. Careful observers have not only discovered the way, but have blazed the path so thoroughly that the wayfarer may not err therein. The birds are pictured in their natural colors, till with book, opera-glass, and patience one may learn to know them by the score. The insects from the most gorgeous butterflies and moths down to the tiniest flies have their biographers, and of the making of books on trees and ferns and flowers there is no end.

But it is not the pleasure of acquiring knowledge alone that appeals to one. The mental diversion from matters of city worry and anxiety is in itself a tonic. Even the relief from too much charitable work and sympathy is often needed, and the study of nature in her own haunts in no way lessens the spirit and ability to resume such work when the winter with its many calls comes again. For those who have had to do with criminals and moral offenders it is an untold blessing to get away to the woods where everything is obedient to the laws of being. This need not necessarily mean that humanity shall be despised as compared with trees and flowers. It means rather that, when one studies the laws of nature and observes how obedience is rewarded, he will return to his duties among undeveloped or ill-developed men and women with a stronger determination than ever to secure obedience to all divine laws.

The spiritual nature likewise finds its lesson, its inspiration, and its rest in quitting the stifling air of the city for the sake of living closer to the manifestation of the

Divine in the woods and the fields. Many a man feels this who is unconscious of it. There can be no doubt that it is for the health of the whole man to live in the country, even though he do business in the city. Man gains strength from contact with mother earth, as the old fable taught. The air he breathes vitalizes his lungs without his giving it a thought; and the country scenes that show him the stability of nature, the ever upward striving of all life about him, as unconsciously help to make him a better man. If his feelings were expressed in words, he would say with Lowell:—

"The older I grow, the more I am convinced that there are no satisfactions so deep and so permanent as our sympathies with outward nature. I have not said just what I meant, for we are thrilled even more by any spectacle of human heroism. But the others seem to bind our lives together by a more visible and unbroken chain of purifying and softening emotion. In this way the flowering of the buttercups is always a great and I may truly say religious event in my year."

SOLITUDE.

Wise minds only know how much of life to set apart for communion with self and the Oversoul, for those occupations and claims that demand retirement from the world. It is the preservation of a fine balance. Too much mingling with one's fellow-beings is certainly destructive to reflection, and stimulates only the superficial perceptive faculties. He who seeks the solitude of crowds to meditate must have a rare power of abstraction. People who dread to be alone an hour a week are generally content with the froth of human intercourse, and seek not the depths of character beneath that which ripples and gleams on the surface. The inanities of this existence are a check to permanent growth, and finally fix the habit of the mind in vagrancy, destroying the power to ever strike deeper root in moral and mental soil.

The victims of the trivial are numerous. The social disease of always being *en évidence* is not perhaps as fatal as the opium habit; but it still strews life's path with a wreckage of inanition and wasted possibilities. On the other hand, too much solitude is not wholesome. Safety consists in finding a just balance, a happy mean. If we fail to rub off eccentric angles and thorny spines against our fellow-beings, if we miss the contagion of their joys and sorrows, forget how to laugh and weep with them, to help carry their burdens, and to receive help in return, we may lose touch with our kind, and grow into the recluse, the oddity, the misanthrope of the country village or the city attic, may miss the wholesome tonic power of public opinion, and fall into mental and physical squalor, or vacuity, because self-respect alone, unbolstered, is not sufficiently strong to keep us out of the slough of apathy.

There is danger in either extreme. Our solitude should give us a keener relish for intercourse with our kind. Our companionship should send us back to solitude enriched and strengthened. In this fine balance of tendency lie health and safety. The sad word of Emerson, "We descend to meet," is felt profoundly by thoughtful people in all ranks of life. The ideal companionship seems perpetually to elude us. We dream of it, hope and pray for it, think we have captured it only to be disappointed. We travel to meet it; but, when we come where our expectancy tells us it ought to be, it is not there. Coldness, indifference, hesitation, secretiveness, are found in the place of that for which we would give toil and treasure. We feel the chill of that fencing and guarding by which human beings protect themselves from the discovery of the secret we so long to possess, the word, the look, the sign, which shall give us the key to character, experience, and growth.

So we come to discover the instinctive necessity of the soul to hold itself from too perfect revelation. As the ocean hides its depths, the waterfall the abyss into which it sinks, so the mystery of character repels. Every man is on his guard. He is known only by unconscious revealings that may be gathered up and formulated into a type. These hints we judge to be truer than anything the lips utter.

When dissatisfied with half-revelation, where we had hoped for perfect communion, we go back to solitude, throw ourselves upon it as into a citadel of safety. Our disappointment and disgust with life make it sweet and tonic. We see true things reflected as in a placid lake. The mind settles to imagery. It sees its own secret start forth in the silences. The painful effects of grimacing and posturing, those shocks and distortions of the actual, pass away. If we have been false to the higher self, we hide in our retreat to wash off the memory of the stain. The soul settles, grows tranquil again, reflects the perfect, unbroken image. Our loves, hopes, aspirations, are clarified. The aim of solitude may be a nursing of those satisfactions that grow out of egotism. The god of the place may singularly resemble our own selfhood. We may avoid others because they shiver the fine-spun web of our own secret vanities, and reduce us to a painful sense of littleness. We live as in a blown-up balloon, always in fear of having it punctured by some profane pin.

If intellectual or æsthetic nurture sets us apart in a little heaven of our own building and furnishing, the fate of Tennyson's occupant of the "Palace of Art" overtakes us at last. Our delights grow hideous and distorted, and shapes of dread fill the spaces that we once believed were occupied by the angel of the ideal. Sore, sensitive, sick souls often withdraw from the world to save themselves from hurts and bruises. They betray a fatal weakness. Many of the precious things of life have been wrested from disability. We must expect to get hurt in life's contest. It is a battle, and in battle only are won

"The wrestling thews that throw the world."

We must face the mystery of pain, and determine to draw from it precious elements of strength. A false education, a false religious training, emasculates. That only is true that braces the nature to meet its fate with steady eye and unfaltering will. To the brooding soul solitude is poison. It should throw itself into the very thick of the struggle for existence, to save its sanity. Diseased sensitiveness is not to be respected. Society, careless of the blows it inflicts, has a better method of treatment. If your self-pity is morbid, do not dare to live alone until you are cured; for it may prove a fatal resource if unwisely nursed. The danger of losing balance can best be combated by facing facts, and proving once for all that the will is the man. If we are too much afraid of pain, we shall lose the best part of discipline.

Our solitude should be but a feeder to a large humanity: our human intercourse should be a stimulant to that divine bath of repose, God-communion and self-communion, that keeps us up anew for contact with our kind. Let us remember that all creatures have like longings, like hungerings. All are dimly seeking the deeper satisfactions. Though sadly astray, befogged, and deluded, nothing can quench this insatiable hunger to communicate, to learn of other natures, to be understood, appreciated in the higher ranges of being. Though mainly tongue-tied, we give homage to any who can find expression for the deepest things we have felt,—things that float vaguely before us in lucid moments, and prove to us that another, an unseen sphere, is the true home of our being. Poor wanderers and exiles, we break away from material absorption now and then to think by gleams and flashes of the riddle of the universe, to realize the marvels and wonders by which we are surrounded, and which we habitually gaze at through pinholes. Solitude liberates us, lets us breathe some finer air. We feel its soft waves as caressing as a swimmer feels the tides of tropic seas. But solitude is not a castle to live in: it is a summer tent. We were born into contact with our fellows, for and with whom we are to struggle, to sorrow, to endure, to love. There we must find the higher consecration that solitude cannot give. There is our work, our life task. To the tent we go to take off our battered armor in a losing or victorious fight, to rest and renew ourselves for another effort. There can be no permanent laying by of buckler and shield. The fight is always renewed. God is the Captain; and such as waste in ease are not his henchmen, but deserters and truants.

ABOUT BOY CULTURE.

A real, right-down, genuine boy is about the finest piece of work the world holds, unless it is an upright, genuine girl. The State and the Church ought to understand the art of making fine lads. A recent writer says, "Looking back through the stray leaves of journalism for fifty years, we find no particular concern manifested as regards boys until within the last dozen years." This may be so, but we are now in a fair way to compensate the young fellows for having forgotten their importance. They are forging to the front, and drawing the crowds. Fifty years ago the great sensation was a tour by the President of the United States: now it is a champion ball game or an international collegiate boat race. Manual culture and athletics mean that boyhood had been repressed, and the value of a thoroughly sound body had not been appreciated. Thinking and knowing seemed to be the all-important end of education. Schools were supposed to be for "mental culture." The consequence was that crowds of college-bred men found the professions overfull, and were ashamed to turn to farming or to the trades. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, fortunately, had no such shame. Athletic culture, while working no damage to intellectual development, is certainly enlarging the capacity of the boys to earn bread. There is an increasing percentage of college classes that is deliberately preparing for arts, mechanics, agriculture, and trade; while nearly one-sixth of all make a venture in journalism. A real revolution is being worked in the way of broadening the outlook for a life-work ahead of our boys. The result is not for them only, but for the whole community. It was disastrous to have our whole educated force poured into three or four channels only,—the professions,—while education of a higher sort was thus kept out of touch and sympathy with the bulk of the people.

But those who know colleges best notice another result of the breach with classical methods and midnight oil. There is a decided lessening of the number of spectated and angular and bloodless lads who filled our schools fifty years ago. A writer in a California magazine says: "There is growing up a generation of boys whose physical beauty and healthful condition put us to shame. Our very sixteen-year-old stripling can outrow us, outrun, outswim, outride, and outdrive us. But that is not all: the fellow can endure fatigue, and can work as heartily as he can play. He has good red blood, and does not seem inclined to waste or dissipate himself." We must remember to take manual training into the count with athletics, for it is not in the college only that the body is receiving more relative care. The full consequence is apparently to be a very great increase in what we call whole-someness,—a good Saxon way of defining an all-round, all-sound human being. It is no small matter to find our schools working on a line with social and sanitary reform, turning out health (wholth), and creating young Apollos. The training which every athlete undergoes forbids the use of tobacco and strong drinks, or even coffee and indigestible foods. It teaches him, as, unfortunately, no other branch of education does teach him, the laws of health and purity, which are only, in other words, the laws that will enable him to make the best use of himself with the least wear and waste.

Dr. McCosh was one of the first to discover that there was a relation between the increase of physical training and a generous, manly spirit, and so an increase of justice as well as temperance. This has been noted by all who know intimately what is going on inside our higher schools. There is less drinking of intoxicants in our colleges, and less hazing. There are occasional outbreaks, and there will be so long as other mediæval notions linger about the halls. In other words, it is comprehended that, if you wish to aid a boy to avoid the sodden habits that infest schools for the masculine sex only, you can do no better than encourage a fair amount of physical training, and create for him habits that make pure blood and uncongested organs. Football has developed much brutality and vulgarity, and needs to be regulated or repressed; but, on the whole, athletics has done a great deal for manliness. Meanwhile there is no loss in scholarship. The reports from half a dozen universities coin-

cide, practically. Cornell's record two years ago showed that the scholarship of the crews was 70, of the base-ball players 73, of the track athletes 76. This is not a bad showing.

All this has probably been taken into account by our college authorities in deciding what to do about intercollegiate games and their atrocities. Doubtless, the ultimate solution will be that physical culture will become a recognized part of education, and that students will receive marks for sound and scientific gymnasium work. When the Greeks spoke of educating a boy, they meant the whole of the boy,—all his powers of body and mind. There is no reason why the athletics should be in the hands of the boys and of outside trainers. It should be a part of the curriculum,—manual training everywhere in the common schools, physical culture everywhere in the higher schools.

Meanwhile the churches feel the new era, and the propulsion to care for the bodies as well as souls of their members. The Young Men's Christian Associations are opening gymnasiums as well as prayer circles and lecture-rooms. Our liberal atheneums are working on the same line. Much less can be said pleasantly of the absurd military drill introduced into some of the Sunday-schools. President Harrison to the contrary, we believe that there is something better for our schools, both secular and Church, than to make war attractive, and instruct the boys to a taste for soldiering.

We must not only sweep away the last relic of the old culture of the intellect at the expense of nerve and muscle, and the old salvation of the soul at the expense of the body, but inaugurate an aggressive systematic effort to create a nation of perfect men and women. The schools and the churches should only be allowed to supplement a home culture that looks to the "sound mind in a sound body." Our homes have been inclined to shirk this responsibility, to turn it over to the public. We have quite too much of this socialism. The coming home will be less of a workshop. It will have an office above that of eating, working, and sleeping. Salvation, in the highest sense, of every faculty of every individual member of the household, will be the ideal. The child will not be farmed out so completely to church and school, and that indefinable something called society.

MUNICIPAL REFORM IN NEW YORK.

The new Commissioner of Charities and Correction for New York City is enforcing, both by precept and example, the truth that charity needs the gospel of personal contact. He works from early in the morning till late at night, not confining himself to his office, but visits hospitals, storehouses, prisons, asylums, and the homes of the poor in basements and tenements. He startles the officials by the way he cuts the red tape and goes directly at work to do what is needed. He does this, not by revolutionary changes, but by quiet personal direction and oversight. The first week he was in office a lawyer called on him with a friend who was a politician seeking an appointment. The former said: "I would like to have this man appointed to a good office. He is prominent in his district, and"—"Stop right there," exclaimed the commissioner. "What is this man's fitness for office? What help of study or experience can he give me? If he has no special qualifications to make him better than the men now employed, your time is wasted in making the application. This department is not to be run in the interest of politics, and the politicians will only find themselves pounding against a stone wall." At unexpected times he appears at the various institutions; and, if he notes any needed improvement, he at once sees that it is made. Here is an incident which illustrates his method. On making a trip to Blackwell's Island the commissioner noticed the cots of the sick as they were taken from the boat, and set down on the dock to await the arrival of the doctor. Taking out his watch, Mr. Faure counted the time the unfortunates had to wait. Then he made a note of it in his book. Nothing was said; but the next day the doctor was on the dock, waiting for the boat's arrival. With this spirit of personal contact, ability, and faithfulness in the chiefs of all of our public departments, we should make a long stride toward a real municipal reform.

Musings.

Just as I was about to leave Boston a friend lent me a picture which I was not surprised to find he valued highly. It is the picture of a young lady. I was struck at once by its beauty. The forehead is intellectual; the eyes, dark, deep, and expressive; the mouth, rather large; the nose regular; the chin, somewhat broad; the face, rather oval. These are some of the unmeaning terms which a passport agent would probably employ if he were filling out an application for such a document for this young lady. But all such terms are meaningless compared with the strong, expressive, yet undemonstrative beauty of this face, with its soft, mystic crown of hair, which appears to be slightly electrified, as if the intellectual activity beneath caused it to ray out; though, of course, the barber or the curling-stick, or some other crimping, frizzing appliance, may have had something to do with it. My friend is a bachelor; and, when I received from him this beautiful picture, I guessed at once its significance. It seemed to mean a great deal to him,—more than I supposed any young lady could mean to him. It was evidently a sacrifice for him to part with it. I accepted it not as a gift, but as a loan. There is something very mysterious about this face. When I inquired about her, I found that she was neither single nor married; that, as an individual, she could neither be described as living nor dead, for, as an individual, she had never been born, and therefore never could die. It was not a “spirit” photograph: it was taken from real flesh and blood. She was not an ideal, nor exactly a reality; but she was and is a *type*, and a type calculated to make an impression. In short, this picture is not the likeness of any *one* young lady, but of fifty or sixty young ladies all rolled into one: it is the concentrated, focalized, intensified loveliness of a whole bevy. To speak with literal and historic accuracy, it is a *composite photograph of the class of 1887 of Vassar College*. Knowing that I was going abroad, my friend gave it to me as an example of the typical American girl; and I shall take great pleasure in showing it as such. A visit a few months ago to that college impressed me much. Under President Taylor’s administration it has continued to grow with new health and vigor; and, when I have attended a meeting of Vassar graduates, I have felt that, with or without a composite photograph, it would be easy for Vassar to furnish notable examples of the best type of the American girl.

I SHALL have to use the greatest discretion in showing this picture. What if some susceptible young man should fall dead in love with the young lady? How hopelessly his affections would become entangled! What an awful revelation it would be to him to discover that he had not only fallen in love with one girl, but with a whole college class! One who has been brought up to polygamy, like the sultan, may face such a revelation with composure and fortitude; but in this country it is considered selfish to fall in love with more than one young lady at a time. Think, too, of the great strain on the pecuniary resources of a young man who attempts to court a whole college class. Who but a millionaire could stand the outlay for “Huyler’s” and carriage hire? And would the class be satisfied with a wholesale collective *billet-doux*, or exact individual lumps of sugar? I shall take care, therefore, that the susceptibilities of foreign counts and lords are not too severely strained by this picture. But for a bachelor who has resolved to worship women in general, but no woman in particular, the composite picture is just the thing. It enables him to focalize his dissipated admiration without the danger of a marriage certificate. He may worship the *icon* without being in danger of idolatry. What a large place the composite picture might have played in the system of Comte, if it had been known then, enabling the positivist to go through his ritual before some picture of the collective womanly without exciting the jealousy of his wife. And how much more convenient it would have been for Brigham Young to carry around a composite picture of his seventeen wives and one of his fifty-three children than to go off on a journey with a huge family album!

But the composite picture has its moral suggestions. It expresses solidarity. It tells us that, if we are to have a perfect type, we must seek the perfection of the individual, and must blend the likeness of perfect men and women into that of the perfect man. I suspect that the ideal of manhood which we carry about with us is sometimes the mental photograph of a character whom we admire, and sometimes the composite picture of a score of people blended into one image. This, to me, is the difference between Jesus and the Christ. Jesus is the picture of an individual life,—a sweet, alluring portrait of a man of joys and a man of sorrows, one who inspires us to be what we may be by thinking of what he was. I cannot think that the Jesus of the Gospels is a made-up picture. There was a real man before the camera, though the print may have been touched and colored by the loving hands of the photographer. On the other hand, the ideal Christ is a composite picture. It is the image not only of the historic Jesus, but of all of his classmates in the school of life, his fellow-disciples, his spiritual followers. It is not the perfect individual, but the ideal man. And what we need to do is to realize this ideal Christ in human life and society.

Brevities.

The Conference of Charities now being held in New Haven opened finely with a noble address by Robert Treat Paine.

The man must have spoken from experience who said, “An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee, and the patience of an ass.”

France will send a ship to the formal opening of the great canal into the Baltic. It is nearly twenty-five years since she has thus honored Germany. Old animosities should fade away in a quarter of a century.

Dr. Talmage describes grace as “a pulley fastened to the throne of grace which we pull, bringing the blessing.” The metaphor is somewhat mechanical, and perhaps Dr. Talmage has a patent on it. It is to be hoped that it will not get out of order.

A writer in *Harper’s Weekly* dilates on the cheap and innocent recreation of reading the advertisements of summer board and summer cottages that crowd our newspapers. He suggests that “the blessed New England coast” might be a blissful institution, if it were only endowed.

If another country did not claim the site of the tower of Babel, it might almost be given to Russia, so many tongues are spoken there. The British Bible Society distributed more than half a million Bibles in Russia last year, and it required seventy different languages in which to print them.

It is a matter for congratulation, perhaps, but no surprise to the friends of the editor, that the “*Lucania*,” which took him across the Atlantic, beat the record, having made the trip between New York and Queens-town in five days, eleven hours, and forty minutes. This ought to delight his journalistic instinct.

The *Zion’s Herald*, with its well-known activity and enterprise, issued last week a memorial number in which a large array of contributions commemorated the deeds of the soldiers of the late war and drew lessons for the future. Among these was a very interesting paper from Mrs. Mary Livermore.

Certain correspondents have suggested to the *Watchman* that money spent in going to anniversary meetings of religious societies might better be given to the causes. The *Watchman* wastes no words in replying, but, with a brevity which comprehends much wit, says, “We do not print these articles, for there is a limit to the foolishness that we can publish.”

One is inclined to be despondent over the state of the poetry market when such doggerel as the following—one stanza out of five to match—is seriously given as an exercise for Sunday-schools in the Cincinnati *Concert Quarterly* :—

“Pa spoke up, and with a switch,
You be sure he struck it rich,
Boys must not be cross and fight,
But, like lilies, should be bright.”

It is encouraging to have different denominations come to the defence of the

young men of the country. They have been blamed for non-attendance at church; but Methodists, Presbyterians, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and some others show that they not only attend church, but there is great activity in religious matters among them. Will the young men of the Unitarian folds stand up and be counted?

An exchange calls attention to the anxiety of Father Phelan in the *Western Watchman* over the moral dangers of the Christian Endeavor meeting in Boston next July. Father Phelan says: “Swarms of motherless girls floating over the country, North, South, East, and West, are a sight not calculated to rejoice the heart of the moralist. Nothing so monstrous is met with in the entire history of Christianity.” This is highly exaggerated; but there is enough truth in the suggestion of possible danger to put parents on their guard in sending their young people from home in such crowds. The boys as well as the girls should be shielded from evil.

Pro and Con.

WOMEN’S COLLEGES.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

Why does our Unitarian Year Book, in its list of colleges and theological schools, omit all recognition of the women’s colleges, as Smith, Wellesley, and the like? I have only the 1894 one with me, but not one is alluded to in that; though for 1895 even the “Old Farmer’s Almanac” includes them in its list.

X. Y. Z.

AN OLD HOUSE.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

An item in the *Christian Register* with reference to the old Van Rensselaer house reminds me of an old house I well remember of my boyhood in Medford, the old Gov. Cradock house. According to Rev. Charles Brooks, in the “History of the Town of Medford,” it was built in March, 1634.

N. W. P.

BOUND “CHRISTIAN REGISTERS.”

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

Do you know any one who would like to purchase forty volumes of the *Christian Register*, from January, 1844, to November, 1863, quite handsomely bound and in perfect order?

Miss Eliza S. Blunt, Bay Ridge, N. Y., has the volumes for sale.

G. L. C.

SECOND-HAND “REGISTERS.”

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

Will any one willing to send away *Registers* after reading them write to the undersigned, when the names of persons who would like to read the paper, but cannot afford to take it, will be sent to them?

Address E. E. M.

46 Brewster St., Cambridge.

IT DOES NOT MATTER.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

It is often said that “it does not matter” when the Episcopal service is read at the funeral of a Unitarian; but, however the request strikes the general mind, should not all persons embracing our free and lofty faith cherish for the same a *thorough* loyalty? How can they, if really Unitarian, think it does not matter what expression be given to the world concerning affairs of either life or death? Certainly, the reading of the Episcopal ritual at such a time does not leave the impress of a deep devotion to the higher faith.

I am moved to speak, from a sense of honor and gratitude due to the blessed faith by which I was formerly liberated from the bondage of old beliefs. I do not believe that we can at any time (conscientiously) say that it does not matter what we think or do.

If we desire our own faith to increase, and if we long to uplift the world, how can any of us be too loyal to our professions and innermost standards?

Would that every one calling himself Unitarian realized the importance of strictly adhering to honesty of thought, word, and

action! Then might we expect a true regard from outsiders, who would see that we really bear witness to our faith.

UNITARIAN.

LITERATURE FOR THE POOR WHITES.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

Allow me to thank the many readers of your paper for their generous responses to an appeal recently made by me in behalf of the poor whites of “Spoke Branch.” These responses have come from some outside our own communion, which to me is one of the most gratifying features of the movement. Allow me also to remind the readers of the *Christian Register* that the work in which I am engaged is undenominational or, perhaps, I ought to say interdenominational; and, therefore, I cannot use denominational literature. Nor do I want garret dumpings; that is to say, books, magazines, and papers which are not merely the worse for wear, but thoroughly antiquated. The fact that the mountaineers, whom we desire to help, are for the most part poor and ignorant, is the best reason in the world why they should have the latest and best literature, Second-hand books, magazines, and illustrated papers, to be acceptable, must be good.

HENRY A. WESTALL.

Asheville, N. C.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

I wish that every Unitarian minister could read the sermon preached last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Booth, the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, now in session in Pittsburg, Pa.,—subject, “Christ lifted up to draw the world unto him.” In this sermon, as printed in the daily newspapers of Philadelphia of Monday, May 20, we have the Presbyterian doctrine of the atonement presented in all its repulsive ghastliness, with all its outrages upon the laws of justice and all its degrading conceptions of the divine character. I wish every Unitarian could read it: it would do our missionary work more good than the most eloquent appeal of a Hale, a Savage, or any of our Unitarian leaders.

There is a feeling more or less prevalent among us that the Orthodoxy of to-day is not what Orthodoxy used to be; that the churches are gradually abandoning the old doctrines, etc. This sermon, however, was preached by the man who has just received the highest honor his denomination can confer. He preached this sermon in the “Assembly Church” before a congregation composed of the representatives of the governing body of his denomination; and he takes advantage of this very important opportunity to present the “sacrificial” atonement as the central point in Presbyterian theology, and with great frankness he presents it in unmistakable language and in its most unreasonable and offensive form.

Of course, the so-called liberal element in that Church will dissent. No doubt they were shocked to hear it; but there is nothing in their past history that warrants us in believing that they will even enter any protest against it. Doubtless they will “stay in the Church, and endeavor to reform it from within.”

But our duty is plain. We have our missionary work, as Unitarians, indicated for us in this sermon. We do not need, for awhile at least, to hunt for any *new* truths: we certainly have all we can utilize for some time to come. We simply need consecration and faith. If we will proclaim God’s eternal truth as he gives it to us, if we will present the *real* Jesus, show what his *real* work was, will only set over against this caricature of the gospel the *real* gospel, we may trust the Power that holds this universe in its keeping to give our words the power they need to convince men that God is our *Father*, and not the monster that this hideous doctrine represents him?

Can we not lay aside metaphysics and all the kindred sins that so easily beset us, if only for a little while, and preach the gospel that Jesus brought? Show the world the *Father*! Show the world the *real* Jesus, the Revelator, the Way, the Truth, the Life!

GEORGE W. STONE.

MENDICANTS.

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new-minted gold To-day.

O foolish one, put by your care!
Where wants are many, joys are few;
And at the wilding springs of peace
God keeps an open house for you.

But there be others, happier few,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with spring.
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They, too, receive each one his day;
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

—Abridged from Bliss Carman.

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY RENAISSANCE.

BY ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

It is almost a truism to say that the present age is always the age that is misunderstood. If, however, we can recall any historical period in which those forces that we dimly recognize as at work around us seem to have their counterparts, we shall find them sufficiently distant for us to lose sight of the half-pertinent and useless details, the personal estimate will have less weight with us, and we may be able to judge something of the outcome of present affairs by comparing the drift of to-day with that of a bygone era.

The Renaissance of the fifteenth century, and the Reformation of the sixteenth which that Renaissance made possible, are brilliant and familiar pages of history. Classical learning, a stranger to Europe for centuries, was driven over the Continent when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks under Mohammed II., and the cathedral of the Emperor Justinian became a Mohammedan mosque. The invention of printing increased the possibilities of instruction in this "new learning," which shortly became almost a passion on the part of those students who had fed so long on the dry husks of mediæval scholasticism. Meanwhile artillery was changing the very constitution of society, and Columbus and his followers were giving to Europe a conception of the physical world commensurate with that of the new world of thought.

All this extension of the intellectual boundaries could not be without its influence upon the Church. The new dignity that human life took on from the classical point of view was in direct and healthful antagonism to the ascetic idea that had for so long a time caricatured Christianity, and the new temper toward all that savored of ecclesiasticism made an open Bible one of the earliest triumphs of the printing-press. Theologians turned from discussions relative to the number of archangels that could rest upon the point of a needle and equally important speculations, to consider by what right pope or priest exercised dominion over the temporal affairs of kingdoms or of individuals,—a discussion which finally included their right in spiritual affairs as well, which questioned the very foundation doctrines themselves, until Rome found herself called into court by the reformers on what was virtually an all-inclusive writ of *quo warranto*.

It was a sad time for those who regarded the form rather than the substance of Christianity, and those devout souls who saw nothing save wholesale destruction in the upheaval may be pardoned when men as daring as More and Erasmus shrank from the consequences of their own logic.

To-day, as this century draws toward its close, we are conscious that the questioning spirit is once more abroad; and, as we look more closely, we realize that many of the disturbing elements which characterized the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are now present. So that, by comparing the two eras, we may find a lesson of comfort and of hope that will give us courage to go forward.

Our renaissance, like the earlier one, starts with a fresh intellectual impulse; but our "new learning" has its source from more ancient times than those of Greece and Rome. Science takes the place of literature, and leads us back to those periods in the history of the world's formation that make the history of classical times a record of yesterday. The explorations of geology, the measurement of sidereal distances, the approximate determination of the mass of distant suns and of their course through space,—all this, however, was the work of science in its earlier days, before it realized the kinship that draws all creation into a vital unity.

We have learned that the distant worlds are formed of the same materials that make up this; that space is no void, but is filled with infinitesimal bodies that show the working of an intense energy, perceived by us in light, heat, chemical changes, and in the very attraction of gravitation itself. Electricity is losing its novelty as a working force, and has become an every-day drudge for us, carrying our messages, driving our cars, lighting our streets and our houses, regulating our indoor temperature, assisting the surgeon at the operating-table, —in a word, making possible the complex civilization of this century's last decade.

But science does not stop with any mere ministry to our comfort and convenience. The mediæval quest was for knowledge: the modern quest is for life. If science has driven the dryads from the woods forever, dispeopled the air of its sylphs and the water of its Undines, burnt up the salamander in its retorts, and crushed the gnome in its stamping-mills, it has at the same time made known to us forms and conditions of life more wonderful than any of those ancient fables. The microscope itself cannot show us some of these forms in their separate existence: they are only perceptible to the eye of the intellect. But in these minute bodies that float within us as well as around us, not less than in the immensities of inter-stellar space, does Science find that life which she seeks, though its secret eludes her still.

What can be more natural than that this broadening of mental conceptions shall quicken the interest of men in spiritual things as well? It is true that the Renaissance called men out of their absorption in theological speculation to the consideration of other matters, but it was only to give them a vantage-ground whence they might view those "eternal verities" no longer shrouded by the mists of dogmatism. In its keen interest in theology the Puritan epoch of New England bears a certain likeness to the period which preceded the Renaissance, but with this marked difference in their aims: the Schoolmen either concerned themselves with fantastically metaphysical problems or they became special pleaders on behalf of a great ecclesiastical organization. The Puritan strove in all sincerity and truth to

“Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

That there is an interest in the things of the spirit in the life of to-day ought to be evident to any one who will take the trouble to look a little below the surface. Religion has not only asserted her claim to rule in social affairs,—the organization of labor and of charity, the higher education of women, the popular control of industry,—but she has revised as well that theological code which has always been her undisputed possession. This is not done at the dictates of "science," as many people seem to imagine, but only in loyalty to that truth which reveals itself to earnest inquiry, under whatever name it is carried on. If to be accurate in observation, skilful in experiment, cautious in deduction, and modest in statement be scientific, the more we have of science, the better, if we desire to learn the truth.

The higher criticism, with its reverent regard for truth, will not injure religion in the estimation of men. That criticism—so long as it is worthy of the name—will not assume infallibility nor refuse to admit new evidence. Superficially considered, the movement in this direction must appear as its correspondent did to the rank and file in the sixteenth century,—as all great theological movements have appeared, whatever has been the time of their coming. The new wine has often burst the old bottles wherein careful men have sought to confine it, and the bursting of the bottles has

seemed the destruction of the vineyard. Courage! The vine cannot wither, nor will the grapes cease to grow.

There are religious perceptions that transcend the scientific investigation of physical phenomena, and the true scientist is one of the first to admit that fact. He will not undertake to state on these lines the scientific basis of prayer, nor to analyze the impulse that goes out into worship and praise. He will not pronounce a quickening of the usual methods of development and growth to be impossible, nor will he ever make his self-confessed ignorance a basis for dogmatic denial. It is only where theology undertakes to rest upon certain propositions that belong to the exact sciences or are avowedly physical in their nature that he takes his share in the debate. Any proposal to rest the truth of Christianity upon the statement that two and two is five would be properly rebuked by the declaration of the mathematical truth that two and two is four. Any attempt to discredit the record of the Infinite in geological strata works at the hands of science a like confusion to the presumptuous dogmatist.

The best gift that the nineteenth century Renaissance has for us lies in its new conception of the foundations of spiritual life,—that religion is not at the mercy of the mistakes which fallible men have made in bygone ages, that theology may revise its creeds without the possibility that the essentials of religion can be changed thereby. For, as we come nearer to a perfect conception of what this universe is, we find it a unity,—the same elements in star-dust and in the common earth at our feet, the same law as potent in the most distant sun as in this world on which we live; life in myriad forms, but growing finer as it rises in the scale, with greater capacities for use, accomplishment, beauty, and enjoyment,—a knowledge which testifies that the universe is founded on truth and carried on into higher and more perfect life by the Love that is at the heart of it all.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHARACTER.

BY R. E. WHITMAN.

It has been suggested that Prof. Drummond, in his "Ascent of Man," might well have gone a step farther in applying the principles of evolution to the growth of the soul. I have ventured to adopt this suggestion, and follow out the train of thought thereby indicated.

To many the thought of evolution, as they understand it, is a painful one. Instead of an eternity of changeless bliss it suggests one in which the old order is ever changing, giving place to new and unlooked-for elements, in which nothing endures, nothing is safe. The instinct of human nature is to seek for stability, for permanence. Like children on a happy holiday, we wish that the sunlit afternoon could last forever; and even some hardships are half regretted when they are past. This instinct it is which, in one form, is opposed to progress of any sort,—the conservative instinct, crying, "Change is death," looking only on the surface of things. These are the people who ask if the new views bring any new happiness to mankind that can better the old content. If evolution does not do this, it may well be doubted; for every great new thought—loyalty, comradeship, love, freedom—has left the world happier for its new grasp of truth. The content that comes of falsehood is a fools' paradise at any rate, even if the new truth brought no happiness. All joy that we have is the result of progress. Each new thought has helped along what humanity is ever trying to do,—see beyond the present. The savage just emerging from the beast may resent the curtailing of his own freedom to lift his hand against whom he will; but, when he has once well learned the lesson of loyalty to his chief and to the clan, tradition begins, and the desire of fame, the longing to have his name handed down to future generations, overpowers all else. But this order must change, else it will be its own destruction. The desire of fame is not annihilated, but makes room for new elements, and is itself thereby refined and intensified. But for this, ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds, must have remained the ambition of the savage to hang as many scalps as possible in his wigwam. We must listen to the watchword of the nineteenth century,—human brotherhood, reverence for

the rights of man,—or go the way of all nations that have trampled on those rights. The time was when military valor was the only condition of a nation's permanence. That time is past, and now men are talking as if material wealth could satisfy those conditions for all centuries to come. But the love of power, the dominance of the strong over the weak, will be its own destruction, if some larger thought does not make room for itself in the life of the race.

In the churches the conservative instinct is but mistaking shadow for substance. Knowing that there is something real and true within himself which he would not lose for all the world, the churchman supposes that this must be lost because it has changed its name. Some savages refuse to tell their names to a stranger, for fear they may thus put themselves in his power. The Indian will not have his portrait painted, for fear of somehow losing a part of himself. Men cling to money, to houses, to station, feeling that in losing these things they lose themselves. They cling to creed as the one permanent thing in a world of change. It is said of the wife of John Ward that to her his belief was no more than a dress of the mind: his character was unchanged. That is the true estimate. Belief is of the intellect: character is of the soul. Its manifold expression is the writing of the infinite Mind upon a finite creature, but the writing is not the thought. Burn the letter of your friend, you have not destroyed his thought. He may write in a dozen different hands, may express his thought in music, painting, or action; but the character, the soul behind the writing, is still the same. Changelessness of form is hopeless death, not life,—the death for which there is no resurrection till the centuries disintegrate the rock, and some living thing can feed upon it. That which has no life in itself must feed life, and herein is true loss of identity. The plant leaves life behind it to continue its own, but stone once disintegrated will not be stone again. In life, in progress, is the true permanence, the longer probation, the swifter progression.

The evolution of character, therefore, must be from lower to higher, because of the life it holds within itself. But what of the life which seems to fail? It may be only that the soul had unmanageable materials to work upon, is blurred and imperfect in its expression, as a painter could not with his brush execute the delicate designing of the draughtsman. But, when the right tools come to hand, the character may blaze forth in unlooked-for strength and beauty. Character is shown by expression, but expression is not character. To drop the simile, character is that hidden life which is partly shown in deeds and words, but whose expression may be hindered by bodily infirmities or outward circumstances or temperamental bias. Let us not confuse it with its shadow. We see through a glass darkly, and must make allowance for the laws of refraction. The soul may conquer outward disabilities; but, if it does not, it is always an open question whether it was fault or misfortune.

“So let the balance still be mute:
We never can adjust it.”

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

VIII.

Unspeakably intense in the stillness of its sparkling gloom, the hemisphere of night hung overhead, like the starred pall of eternity. And the silence itself was the infinite voice of God addressing the soul without a word. And the soul heard with an awe which annihilated the universe and brought its own unendurable infinitude into consciousness.

When November and December come, with their mournful winds and faded colors, the year has burned its strength away; and in the withered leaves and fallen snow we tread among the embers.

Loyola laid great stress on mortification and union with God through mortification. But a wiser and more wholesome method lays still greater stress on vivification and union with God through fulfilment of uses.

"It matters little," Loyola said, "if one serve the world lazily and carelessly; but to serve God negligently is not to be endured." But, in truth, God has no need

of service; and the only way we can serve him is in serving his creatures or fulfilling his purpose in ourselves. To serve the world is a part of our duty, and all duty is a service of God.

A collection of the tributes paid by great men to other great men would be a precious fund of inspiration. For example, Goethe said, "Shakspeare, wert thou alive, my place could be nowhere in the world save at thy feet." And Schumann said, "Music owes almost as great a debt to Bach as religion owes to Christ."

He best appreciates the past who uses it most to improve the future.

When character works on character, as it takes effect, everything seems fresh, and intercourse sparkles with interest. The soul of a character is the stamp of a bias, a devotedness to ends. The more character one has, the greater his originality, and the more salient his variety of differences from the parroting crowd. These differences are the qualities which constitute distinction, attract notice, exercise charm, and impart stimulus. Average society is such a weariness because its members are so characterless.

What are the chief uses of bygone divine experiences? To comfort us in present disappointment or dryness, to sustain faith, to kindle aspiration, to inspire patient effort, and to be a treasure for impartation to others.

The only way in which some men can show that they are pleased is by laughing.

He who best loves the glorious memories of the past will cherish the noblest hopes for the future.

If the fear of the Lord is the first stage of wisdom, the second stage is obedience, the third stage is trust, the fourth stage is love, and the last stage is peaceful delight.

What is that sin against the Holy Spirit which Christ characterized as unpardonable in all worlds? Indocility. The distinctive function of the Holy Spirit is teaching. This office is neutralized by obstructiveness in the pupil. This obstruction evidently constitutes an intrinsic unpardonableness as long as it lasts. But a surprising light suddenly breaks in here, as everywhere else in the divine Providence. For, although the sin cannot be forgiven, it can be expiated and outgrown. Obstructive indocility is an indurated insensibility to the meanings of phenomena, both external and internal. The effacing and redemptive atonement for this is made when one acquires a sensitive faith in the omnipresent hierarchy of meanings, and keeps himself open to their instruction, with a spirit attentive, docile, obedient, reverential, and aspiring.

Memory is an imperfect power of recalling what was in what is. When we die, it seems that this power will either become absolute knowledge or infinite oblivion, accordingly as it then participates in the omnipresent Omniscience or is effaced in nonentity. Which will it be? The believer in God, if he is consistent, affirms absolute knowledge; the unbeliever, infinite oblivion. The difference between the two is overwhelmingly sublime in one direction, unspeakably appalling in the other. But both the sublimity and the horror, of course, go for nothing with those who, from thoughtlessness or preoccupation, are insensible to their meanings and their contrast.

THE FINITE IMPLIES THE INFINITE: A RECONSTRUCTED WAIF.

I have had all. Over and through that all, Like a small speck of fire within the eye, A mote, scarce visible, began to crawl And spread and fly, till wide eternity Straightened itself to measure out a pall Where I might lie.

Life tempted me, as the great hungry sea Calls with inevitable voice to youth. Nor fear nor ruth nor the still word of truth Kept the red wine or bitter lees from me, Or showed me what my sovereign aim should be.

I lived, forsooth!

Sweet things of earth, in sequence of their birth, Springing to fevered lips, there met disdain, Importunate and angry with her mirth. Each honeyed gain obtained with patient pain Turned out a poor deceit, devoid of worth. All was in vain.

I have had all. And all has been as naught Against the boundless craving of my thought.

The greatest gifts a greater want awake, Which they still more insatiable make. Till in each gift he sees the One who gives, In vain man lives.

As in the blossom where the night-moths sup, Beneath the honey, through the pure perfume, One little spot with threatening eye looks up, And past the bloom foresees a coming gloom, So doth unsated thirst in each drained cup Find lurking room.

It is my God holds over me this rod, That I may follow where two bleeding feet Through sacrifice their way in triumph trod. When turns to wretchedness each finite sweet, I clasp the Whole, whose infinite complete Fills soul and sod.

CONFIRMATION CLASSES.

BY REV. GEORGE W. CUTTER, M.D.

Among the older churches of Christendom—the Greek, the Latin, the Lutheran, and the Anglican—confirmation has been observed as a natural and necessary step in the religious development of the individual. Usually, it was an open and formal act, whereby a young person, having reached years of discretion, signified his desire for newness of religious life and confessed his obligations as a child of God, as a member of the body of Christ, and an inheritor of the eternal kingdom. Standing before the congregation, the candidate was asked if he was resolved "to renounce the fellowship of evil and to learn and do the will of God as revealed by Jesus Christ." Having declared this to be his solemn purpose, the officiating minister laid his hand upon the head of the candidate, and said, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine forever, and may daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come into thine everlasting kingdom."

It was a beautiful and impressive service, looked forward to eagerly and reverently by the young, heartily encouraged and gratefully witnessed by parents and friends, and celebrated as an occasion of joy and thanksgiving by the church. Let us ask if this service, or something similar, may not find a proper place in the usages of our simple Congregational form of religious thought and culture. The rite of confirmation was not acceptable to our fathers of the Puritan and Calvinistic frame of mind. To them it savored too strongly of Romish superstition and priestly assumption. But, as the fears and prejudices of a former age have subsided, something not unlike a form of confirmation has already been introduced into some of our churches, and has been attended with results so helpful and encouraging that the service is steadily growing in favor among all those who believe in the organic life of our body, and desire to have the young brought into closer fellowship with its worship and more fully identified with its highest objects.

Notice that confirmation followed naturally upon a simple course of instruction in what were considered the essential precepts and principles of religion. Whatever training had already been given by parents and teachers was made the basis for further advance and edification in divine things. In the same way we would assume that the home, the Sunday-school, and the church are not at variance and not rivals in their efforts to deepen and strengthen the moral and spiritual elements of the young, but act in cordial sympathy and co-operation in developing the latent principles of reverence and aspiration, and directing to the loftiest ideals of character and conduct. What is begun by parents or teachers should be carried on and confirmed by higher and larger instruction in the more serious tasks of Christian thought and activity. So long as earlier instruction was slighted or neglected in the home and Sunday-school, as has too often been the case, confirmation was also treated with indifference; and it has often been left to chance or accident whether or not our boys and girls were made to feel the value of our liberal Unitarian heritage or reminded of the part they should perform in the life and work of the Church. In fact, one of the startling things in this connection has been the utter indifference with which many par-

ents have treated the entire matter, in some instances even taking the ground that they would rather not do anything to influence the religious thought or faith of their children, or commit them to any form of church fellowship, but would leave them quite free to choose and decide for themselves when they were grown up. As a rule, this apparent liberality was only a pretext or excuse for avoiding a delicate and difficult task, a plain duty, which is incumbent upon every father and mother who really valued the religious culture and moral development of their children. Religious training ought, indeed, to be considered more carefully than any other part of youthful education. If, as we believe, we hold a more helpful, inspiring, and reasonable faith than the other churches; if the central and vital principles of our religion are not only in accord with the highest ideals of Jesus, but also most free from perplexing technical and theological notions, and, moreover, appeal most directly to the finer intuitions of the child's heart and conscience,—then it is not only our right, but our imperative duty to pre-occupy the mind, prepossess the heart, and, by whatever attraction or incentive we may employ, to engage their affections and predispose the mind toward that which to us is certainly the highest and the best.

We need at least to practise that wise guardianship of our young which will protect their religious feeling from being perverted by those who are lying in wait for them at every turn, and who are only too thankful to us for giving them the opportunity. Nothing has proved more weakening and damaging to our church life and prosperity than the folly, apathy, and unconcern of those who should be most jealous to defend the moral and mental rights of the young. Let us first teach them the simple truth, as we understand it, leaving them quite free to acquire more truth with added years and larger experience.

Of course, it will be objected by some that confirmation is merely a form. That is true. Yet let us remember that no great or lasting work can be carried on in this world without forms; and, if we, as a religious body, have any practical aims, definite purposes, and common convictions, we must give them suitable expression in outward symbols. Is it too ritualistic? Not if it contains a real meaning, not if it signifies an earnest purpose, not if it points to a pure and lofty ideal of character, to be attained through constant prayer and endeavor. Is it un-Unitarian? In the words of one of our wisest ministers, I would reply that "there is nothing un-Unitarian but folly and sin." For our liberty of prophesying is so grand and broad that it leaves us just as free to adopt and adapt from the forms of other churches whatever suits our purpose as to reject whatever is inconsistent with our principles of pure and rational religion. For myself, I shall not object to classing the rite among the sacraments; i.e., "an outward, visible sign of inward spiritual grace." For, as I regard it, it is or should be a distinct, deliberate, and serious step in the religious development of the young, and, as administered by us, denotes, not that any miraculous gift is conferred by the minister, nor that any magical power intervenes to change the nature of the child or the feeling of God toward him, but that the young man or woman has reached a period in life when he begins to see for himself its deeper meaning and responsibilities, and to take his proper place in the life and work of the church. The confirmation class simply anticipates this transition period in the religious growth of the young, and provides for its careful and sympathetic oversight. I find that there is a lingering prejudice in the minds of some of our people to such a course, because they are disagreeably reminded of the unnatural excitement of the "revival meetings," and of the arbitrary and artificial methods in vogue among the "orthodox," by which persons of immature thought and quick sensibility are wrought upon to confess something they do not feel and declare something they do not understand. Such a "conversion" is clearly an abuse of the natural religious sentiment of the young, yet it should not carry us to the opposite extreme of denying or ignoring that feeling. From Dr. Channing's time down to this day we have been insisting upon the native dignity and essential goodness of human nature. Let us now give that goodness practical recognition, and

provide for its slow, normal, beautiful, consistent expansion.

A serious, thoughtful young girl, brought up in a Unitarian home and Sunday-school, who had never before witnessed a confirmation service, came home lately from an Episcopal church, and exclaimed, "How I wish that we had something like that in our church!" She was not carried away by the form, show, or outward parade of the service; but her heart was touched, her deeper nature thrilled, her devout but dormant feelings suddenly awakened by the event, and she longed to give some outward expression to emotions which, as never before, demanded an outlet. One of our ministers who first proposed such a service to a society in which nothing of the kind had ever existed was happily surprised at the large and eager response he received from eighteen young persons who were ready for the step. There is nothing surprising in this. If the work and study of the Sunday-school have been as they should be; if the young have for a series of years been instructed not merely in the cold, critical facts of Bible history, but also in the deep spiritual significance of religious lives; if they have learned not only the dry, didactic details about patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, but also how the God of Israel was the heavenly Father of Jesus, and is a near and tender Presence over all; how the noblest lives and most heroic men in all ages have drawn strength and inspiration from on high,—what more natural than that the young, whose better instincts have been stirred and whose ideals of heroic service have steadily grown in strength and beauty, should now desire to put in practice and realize in some degree these grand aspirations toward diviner life? The trouble is that we have become so afraid of emotion and so suspicious of all sentiment that we forget that emotion moves the world, and that every great or grand achievement in behalf of justice and humanity has been carried forward by feeling and sentiment rather than by reason, logic, or learning! And so, while the elders are cold, calm, and critical, I ask them to remember that there is a time when the young, touched with a divine enthusiasm for what is highest, long to give themselves without reserve, with a kind of heroic abandonment, to the service of holiness.

The confirmation class is the minister's golden opportunity. If wisely used for two or three months before Easter, he can instruct and inspire the young people of his parish in what they most need to receive, will gratefully accept, and may longest retain. I envy the ease with which every Episcopal rector each year finds, through the established usage of his church, a group of young persons ready to meet him for regular instruction, and ready to pass as a matter of course from the confirmation class to the confirmation service. The strength and success of the Episcopal Church, I suspect, lies in that simple rite rather than in its elaborate litany, in its pulpit performances, or its impressive ceremonies. True, the young may be attracted to the class through the personal appeal or indirect influence of the minister; and here is where he is called upon to exercise the greatest wisdom and sympathy in dealing judiciously with each candidate and in studying individual needs. Yet let him remember that he is working, not for himself, but for the highest good of each soul, and, in the end, he puts them in practical, vital relations with the church, as a community of Christian disciples, and with a cause which rightly claims their allegiance and demands their continued service and sacrifices. The man, the minister, may then leave that parish; and another may take his place. But the church is not thereby weakened, nor the interest and devotion of its members abated. And this, surely, is a positive gain. To succeed in this work, we must have not only the consent and co-operation of all our ministers, but also the hearty assistance and sympathy of parents and guardians and the concerted action of all workers in our Sunday-schools. In other words, the confirmation class and service should be made the accepted and established usage in all our churches. All the lines of work and study in the Sunday-school should converge toward this end; and it should be looked forward to as a blessed and happy event, as the eager undergraduates in college or seminary gladly equip themselves for commencement day. And commencement day, as we know, is

not the final goal of life, but simply marks the beginning of a new epoch of larger service and graver responsibility. If our cause is to deepen and grow; if the principles we hold dear are to take positive and definite shape, not only in pamphlets, essays, and manuals, but also in the character and conduct of devoted men and women associated in church life and work; if we, as a religious body, are to have a future fulfilling the hopes of the past generation and at all adequate to the demands of our time,—we must begin with the children.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY H. W. HAZZEN.

I hold the five following answers to the above question complete, final, and conclusive, needing no comment. The first is from David Masson's lecture on "Carlyle's Literary Life and his Creed":—

"Christianity, as it has been professed by all the greatest spirits that have really believed in it anywhere on the earth through the nineteen centuries of its duration, has consisted of two things, united but distinguishable,—a metaphysic, or system of doctrines respecting the relations of God to man; and an ethic, or system of instructions for human conduct. Now, the essence of Christianity, when it offers itself as a supernatural revelation, lies, I hold, in its metaphysic. It lies in the belief that at a particular time in the history of mankind a miraculous shaft of light out of the unseen infinitude struck our earth in Judea, revealing to the Jews first, and afterward to the Gentiles, certain things about the divine Being and his procedure with men which men could never have found out for themselves, in the form of certain definite doctrines or propositions astonishing and almost stunning to the human reason. The ethic without this metaphysic may call itself Christianity, but is not, I hold, Christianity in any sense worth so special a name. To tell men, however earnestly, not to tell lies, not to commit fraud, to be temperate, honest, truthful, merciful, even to be humble, pious, and God-fearing, is very good gospel; but it did not require the events of Judea, as Christian theology interprets them, to bring that gospel into the world. The modern preacher who sermonizes always on the ethic and omits the accompanying metaphysic may sophisticate himself into a belief that he is preaching Christianity, but is preaching no such thing. Wherever Christianity has been of real effect in the world, and has made real way for its own ethic, it has been by its metaphysic,—that set of doctrines respecting things supernatural which was to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness."

The second answer is from Carlyle on the "Hero as Divinity":—

"And now, if worship, even of a star, had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a hero! Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a great man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable. No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion, I find, stands upon it,—not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship,—heartfelt, prostrate admiration; submission, burning, boundless, for the noblest, God-like form of man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all heroes is One—whom we do not name here. Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter. You will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth."

The third answer is from Dinah, the woman preacher in "Adam Bede":—

"Well, dear friends, who was this man? Was he only a good man,—a very good man, and no more,—like our dear Mr. Wesley, who has been taken from us? . . . He was the Son of God—in the image of the Father," the Bible says. That means just like God, who is the beginning and end of all things,—that God we want to know about. So, then, all the love that Jesus showed the poor is the same love that God has for us. We can understand what Jesus felt, because he came in a body like ours, and spoke words such as we speak to each other. We were afraid to

think what God was before,—the God who made the world, and the sky, and the thunder and lightning. We could never see him: we could only see the things he had made. And some of these things were very terrible, so as we might tremble when we thought of him. But our blessed Saviour has shown us what God is in a way we poor ignorant people can understand: he has showed us what God's heart is, what are his feelings toward us."

The fourth answer is from Emerson's "Address":—

"Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in his jubilee of sublime emotion: 'I am divine. Through me God acts, through me speaks. Would you see God? See me; or see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think.' . . . He felt respect for Moses and the prophets, but no unfit tenderness at postponing their initial revelations to the hour and the man that now is, to the eternal revelation in the heart. Thus was he a true man. Having seen that the law in us is commanding, he would not suffer it to be commanded. Boldly, with hand and heart and life, he declared it was God. Thus is he, as I think, the only soul in history who has appreciated the worth of man."

The fifth answer is from "Sermons and Addresses in America," by Canon Farrar, from the sermon therein entitled "Not a Sectarian Christ":—

"The main lesson of the nineteen centuries of Christ's history teaches us that all which mankind has ever known of the best and greatest has been derived from him. I see no danger to Christianity, if only Christ's sons abide in love, relying on his strength. Then the waves of the sea may rage horribly; but they will only roar and strike and be shattered into mist upon the winds, into scum upon the shore. Then the heathen may rage and the people imagine vain things; but *Christus regnat, Christus vincit, Christus imperat*. He sitteth above the water-floods, and he shall remain a king forever."

THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

BY DR. RICHMOND FISK.

The irreligious man differs from the unreligious man. The first is an antagonist of religion; the second is negative and indifferent. The irreligious man sneers, the unreligious man looks on; and, if he says anything, he smilingly wonders what it all means, what it is all about. His religious life is in abeyance, his mind is closed on its skyward side, his spirit broods on the plain, and looks not to the hills and the heights. The irreligious man needs conversion: the unreligious man needs awakening. Now, no church justifies its existence that is not a power in converting the irreligious, in awakening the unreligious, and in feeding the religious with the bread of heaven. In this power the Unitarian, in common with all the churches of Christendom, finds its life and usefulness. In this power it lives and moves and has its being. This power is the power of truth, the power of righteousness, the power of love, the power of God. The Unitarian Church, without elaborating a fixed system of theology, is none the less theological. That is, it is affirmative of God, and of man as the child of God. It holds all truth as the truth of God and as needful to man. It opens the mind to the free winds of heaven, and fears not. It gives reason her heaven-born freedom, and sets free the spirit of man to find God and his love and blessedness wherever he may be found. Its constant cry to man is the call of an exalted manhood, in which all the talents of mind and heart shall be employed in the high service of building the personal and social fabric of life after the likeness of the spirit and manhood of Jesus. If it emphasizes the intellectual more than others, if it makes reason the authority and test of beliefs, if it finds salvation only in character, it is none the less, rather it believes itself all the more,

spiritual and ethical and effective in placing religion above the fluctuating conditions of superstitions, speculations, and unreasoning credulity. Believing religion to be natural to man, it insists that the most perfect religious manhood as witnessed in Jesus is the most natural life of the child of God; that anything less is, at its best, but a life yet undeveloped, and which will only find its full nature when in conscious oneness with the life of God. Man most truly comes, and, indeed, can only come, to himself when he comes to God-like-ness.

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Look at common modern existence as we see it, and note to what rich elaboration and large degrees of comfort it has come. I leave aside for the moment uncivilized nations and the bygone struggles of our race, its wars and woes, its tyrannies and superstitions, all of which history has greatly exaggerated, not telling us of the contemporaneous contentments. I invite you briefly to contemplate the material side of an artisan's existence in your own Birmingham. Let alone the greatness of being an Englishman and the supreme safety and liberty of his daily life, what king of old records ever fared so royally? What magician of fairy-tales ever owned so many slaves to bring him treasures and pleasures at a wish? Observe his dinner board. Without being luxurious, the whole globe has played him serving-man to spread it. Russia gave the hemp, or India or South Carolina the cotton, for that cloth which his wife lays upon it. The Eastern islands placed there those condiments and spices which were once the secret relishes of the wealthy. Australia downs sent him frozen mutton or canned beef, the prairies of America meal for his biscuit and pudding; and, if he will eat fruit, the orchards of Tasmania and the palm woods of the West Indies proffer delicious gifts, while the orange groves of Florida and of the Hesperides cheapen for his use those "golden apples" which dragons used to guard. His coffee comes from where jewelled humming-birds hang in the bowers of Brazil or purple butterflies flutter amid the Javan mangroves. Great clipper ships, racing by night and day under clouds of canvas, convey to him his tea from China or Assam, or from the green Shinghalese hills. The sugar which sweetens it was crushed from canes that waved by the Nile or the Orinoco, and the plating of the spoon with which he stirs it was dug for him from Mexican or Nevadan mines. The currants in his dumpling are a tribute from classic Greece, and his tinned salmon or kippered herring are taken from the seas and rivers of Canada or Norway. He may partake, if he will, of rice that ripened under the hot skies of Patna or Rangoon, of cocoa, that "food of the gods," plucked under the burning blue of the equator. For his rasher of bacon the hog express runs daily with ten thousand grunting victims into Chicago. Dutch or Brittany hens have laid him his eggs, and Danish cows grazed the daisies of Elsinore to produce his cheese and butter. If he drinks beer, it is odds that Belgium and Bavaria have contributed to it the barley and the hops; and, when he has finished eating, it will be the Mississippi flats or the gardens of the Antilles that fill for him his pipe with the comforting tobacco. He has fared, I say, at home as no Heliogabalus or Lucullus ever fared; and then, for a trifle, his daily newspaper puts at his command information from the whole globe, the freshness and fulness of which makes the news-bearers of Augustus Cæsar, thronging hourly into Rome, ridiculous. At work, machinery of wonderful invention redeems his toil from servitude, and elevates it to an art.

Is he fond of reading? There are free libraries open to him, full of intellectual and imaginative wealth. Is he artistic? Galleries rich with beautiful paintings and statues are prepared for him. Has he children? They can be educated for next to nothing. Would he communicate with absent friends? His messengers pass in the queen's livery, bearing his letters everywhere by sea and land; or, in hour of urgency, the Ariel of electricity will flash for him a message to the ends of the kingdom at the price of a quart of small beer. Steam shall carry him wherever he would

go for a half-penny a mile; and, when he is ill, the charitable institutions he has too often forgotten in health render him such succor as sick goddesses never got from Æsculapius, nor Ulysses at the white hands of Queen Helen. Does he encounter accident? For him, as for all others, the bountiful science of our time, with the hypodermic syringe or a waff of chloroform, has abolished agony; while for dignity of citizenship he may help, when election time comes, by his vote to sustain or to shake down the noblest empire ever built by genius and valor. Let fancy fill up the imperfect picture with those thousand helps and adornments that civilization has brought even to lowly lives; and does it not seem stupid and ungrateful to say, as some go about saying, that such an existence, even were it transitory, is not for itself distinctly worth possessing? *

STREET CRIES IN CAIRO.

The water-carriers utter cries equivalent to "May God recompense me!" When they are accompanied by their employers, they ejaculate, "God forgive thy sins!" Instead of calling the names of their vegetables, those who sell them use such expressions as "God will make thee light, O lemons!" meaning that he will make the baskets that hold them light. Wandering cooks go about setting up their kitchens everywhere, and cook fish, puddings, and whatever they have, while their customers sit cross-legged along the side of the street. . . . The vender of roses cries, "The rose was a thorn, but the sweat of the Prophet caused it to blossom!" Beggars add to the confusion by screaming, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet," and toward night, "My supper must be thy gift, O Lord!"—*American*.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Sacred Heart Review* appreciates the liberality of Harvard:—

Harvard University, whose first teacher, by the way, Nathaniel Eaton, was a graduate of a Jesuit college, illustrates anew her liberal spirit, as well as that zeal in the cause of early American history which characterized Bancroft, Parkman, and other eminent sons of hers, by placing in Memorial Hall a splendid window commemorative of the work of the Jesuit explorer, Père Marquette, and the Catholic La Salle in the Mississippi Valley. This window is the gift of the class of 1875; and its figures were in a measure furnished by the lamented Francis Parkman, who gave the designers a copy of the only known original portrait of La Salle, the one at Rouen, in France, and advised them regarding that of Père Marquette.

The *Watchman* is trying to open the eyes of its readers to the value or lack of value of our jury system:—

One of the ridiculous anomalies of our legislation is the jury system which prevails in most of our States. In the days when a newspaper was a rarity, and the communication of intelligence was difficult and slow, the rule that anybody who has heard or read about a crime is presumptively disqualified from trying the criminal may have had something, but not a great deal, to commend it. At least, there was a chance that the application of the rule would not disbar from the jury-box the entire body of intelligent citizens. But that is exactly what this rule does to-day. Any one who has ever witnessed the process of impanelling a jury, in a case of any magnitude or notoriety, has been impressed with the fact that the law is devised with great ingenuity to put illiterate or half-witted men into the jury-box. If a man of intelligence gets a place on a jury, it is a pure accident, arising from the bad working of the law.

The *Evangelist* does not believe "the simple-minded Kirkland":—

The Armenian inquiry is not concluded. A report from our admiral, sent to the Levant, has just come in. From its tenor we infer one of two things: either there have been no outrages there or the simple-minded Kirkland has fallen into the hands of such gentlemen as are able to make him think lightly of the affair which has stirred the souls of Christendom. A fine old officer of our navy, blunt and honest himself, holding an inquest on the deck of his ship in the harbor of Alexandretta over an outbreak of the terrible Kurds, seven months ago, nearly a thousand miles inland among the wilds of Central Asia Minor, is a "demonstration" of American sympathy,

* Address at Birmingham and Midland Institute Oct. 18 1893.

but not a rigid test of truth. We admire Admiral Kirkland, and believe him to be entirely sincere. We believe, too, that the sultan himself did not plan the massacre. Nobody ever did believe that or so report. But that the massacre is a part of Turkish policy nobody doubts; and that the sultan knows it, and will only interfere to change it when driven to it by the mandate of public sentiment, backed by English authority, every intelligent man in Europe knows. And why we are to hide the truth from our eyes is a puzzle. That we can do it is past belief.

Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine*, asks for consideration of the question, "Whither will Art lead us?" and compares the present situation with that of Italy in the fifteenth century. He says:—

The situation in Italy in the fifteenth century has a lively interest for us. We are witnessing in our day an assiduous and not altogether affected cultivation of æstheticism. There has been a frank return in many of the art capitals to the pagan idea of art and morality. Aside from the considerable æsthetic posing in London, which is merely for effect, there has been some not insincere belief that beauty is sufficient in itself to save mankind and to keep society pure, and that a beautiful line even has a sort of moral quality. It is curious to see what sort of society this theory produces, and to compare the art-for-art's-sake conceptions of life in Paris and London with that in Florence and Rome four centuries ago. The modern life is a good deal feebler and less bold, and not yet so corrupt; but there is a sort of æsthetic imitative effeminacy that is more corrupting than brutality. If the phenomenon of the fifteenth century is repeating itself in the nineteenth century, the query is whether it is merely a coincidence, or whether it is natural that the pursuit now of the Greek ideal of beauty should produce a society all adrift morally. If it is only a coincidence, it is not the only one. In the decay of faith, and in the scepticism as to Christian supernaturalism, there is in both ages the same resort of the superstitious to the study of occult sciences, to astrology and palmistry, to spirits in the air and belief in the antics of mediums, to theosophy and second sight. The two centuries run an equal race in credulity. The repetition is a little discouraging to the believer in progress, and the continual want of harmony between the love of beauty and the love of righteousness is perplexing. Perhaps there is no safer course for one than to sit squarely on the Ten Commandments, and let the world go round.

Spiritual Life.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in; and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude*.

Vigilance is watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity, force and persistence in crowding opportunity to the utmost of possible achievement.—*Austin Phelps*.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth, because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

Spiritual serenity is spiritual strength. It comes in by no softness of sentiment, but by thorough work. It comes by a faith that emboldens and energizes the whole soul.—*F. D. Huntington*.

Speak to thyself the perfect word
Thou wouldst the world should hear,
Be by its noble duty stirred,
So shalt thou make it dear!
—*William Brunton*.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.—*Canon Farrar*.

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little wretched, disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and, if you do not do it, your oil is spilled.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Time is short in relation to opportunities. Every season has its own opportunity, which never comes back. Have you learned the infinite meaning of to-day? It has duties of its own. They cannot be left till to-morrow.—*F. W. Robertson*.

By doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do

work of another or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me.—*Ruskin*.

It is comparatively easy under duty's lead to brace the will and go forward, dreading, but unflinching, to some large self-sacrifice; but harder far through sickness as in health, through tire as well as rest, through the anxiety as through quietness of life, to be sure to lift a mere cup of water even to a brother's lips.—*W. C. Gannett*.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "talks," under the auspices of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, which have been carried on at 25 Beacon Street since September of last year, were closed on last Saturday. The course conducted by Miss Dockham for the primary teachers has had the steady and loyal support of faithful workers. Considering the small number of primary departments and kindergartens which we have in Boston and vicinity, the attendance was good throughout. Miss Dockham has charge in Chelsea of a very large primary department, and superintends one also at the First Church in Boston. These she serves, one in the forenoon and one at the beginning of the afternoon. The gathering of those who came to hear Rev. Mr. Pulsford for the last time this season was especially large. There has been a great deal of enthusiasm created in this series of "talks," and the deep sense of appreciation on the part of those who have been favored by Mr. Pulsford has been manifested in many ways. A vote of thanks was passed at this time for the able and inspiring way in which Mr. Pulsford taught the lessons, and individuals took opportunity to thank him most heartily. The subjects for next year in the Channing talks will be "The Teaching of Jesus," as illustrated in his parables, which will occupy the first twenty lessons. The other half of the course will be devoted to "The Beginning of Christianity," as shown in Paul's romantic and instructive experiences.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. H. L. KELSEY, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. SAMUEL THOMSON, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preach June 2. Service at 10.30 A.M.

CHICAGO, ILL.—It is always an inspiration to read of the earnest, steady work that goes on in All Souls' Church; and every one who is interested in seeing how a church can face the practical responsibilities forced on it by this age of problems ought to study the annual Year Book, which appears punctually each Easter. Rev. J. L. Jones is supported by two paid parish assistants and a corps of directors or chairmen of the various sections of church activity. The Social Charity and Missionary Sections are partly explained by their titles. The report of the last named shows that the society contributes regularly to the Liberal Congress, the American Unitarian Association, the Church Building and Loan Fund, the Women's Conference, the Illinois State Conference, the Western Unitarian Conference, the Sunday School Society, the Montana and the Ramabai Schools; and this they have done regularly, in stated amounts, year after year. The Charitable Section includes work ranging from "the old clothes cupboard" and an employment bureau to social settlement plans. The Educational Section includes the Sunday-school, Unity Club, Confirmation Class, and the Lend a Hand department, with its various branches of library, reading-room, kindergarten, and manual training classes. It is no wonder that a correspondent writes, "Every year of my life I feel glad and more glad for All Souls' Church."

OAKLAND, CAL.—Rev. C. W. Wendte is to take two months' vacation from the Oakland church, which time he will spend travelling and preaching in the Northwest. Rev. Mrs. Wilkes will occupy the Unitarian pulpit of Oakland during Mr. Wendte's absence.

ROWE, MASS.—A correspondent says: "The Unitarian society here has been gradually growing smaller for years, until we

hardly number enough to make it worth while to hire a minister and keep up our meetings; but we have struggled along from year to year. For two years we have had the help of an energetic man, Rev. Herman Haugerud. He had so much enthusiasm and life that he has kept us together. When our funds were nearly gone, and our numbers few, and the prospect was that we could not keep our pastor any longer, came unexpected help, in the shape of a check from Hon. George M. Stearns in memory of his parents. His father was one of our earliest pastors. This was a God-send, and it made our way clearer and brighter. We not only resolved to keep our minister, but to build him a parsonage to encourage him to remain with us. We shall use a part of the fund in building it, and name it the 'Stearns Cottage,' as a memorial. We shall be obliged to ask aid from our friends to complete the work already begun. Our minister has promised to remain with us for another year. The cottage will be completed by fall, and ready for occupancy by winter. All favors will be gratefully received, and any gifts from societies or individuals can be forwarded to Mrs. P. P. Chilcott, Mrs. B. T. Henry, or Mrs. Arthur Browning, Rowe, Mass."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—May 15 saw a spreading out of the San Francisco Unitarian pulpit force. Dr. Stebbins preached a sermon before the graduating class of the State University; Rev. Mr. Eliot preached before the students and faculty at Stanford University; Mrs. Sprague preached in the Unitarian church at San José; and Mr. Sprague occupied the pulpit of the First Church, while Rev. W. M. Jones of San José preached in the Second Church in the morning.—*Parish Visitor*.

TROY, N.Y.—The Young People's Personal Improvement Club, an unsectarian society a year old, held a public meeting May 21 in the Unitarian church. There was a large attendance. The plans include a weekly session with a study class of forty-five minutes, the "Natural History of Society" having been the recent theme; a debate on some live topic; and a subsequent period of social enjoyment. The future work of the club will be loyal to these general principles, but elastic as to methods and details.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE BRANCH ALLIANCE.—The Branch of the Women's Alliance connected with the Second Congregational Church, Concord, N.H. (Rev. F. L. Phalen, pastor), extends a cordial invitation to all the New England Branches to meet with them on Tuesday, June 11. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Exercises will begin at 11.30 A.M. At the morning session Mrs. Mary B. Davis of New York, secretary of the National Alliance, will speak upon "Organized Work of our Women," to be followed by Mrs. Emma Phalen of Concord with a paper upon "Religious Reading." Box lunch at 1 P.M. (the women of the Alliance providing tea and coffee). In the afternoon Miss Eva Channing will speak upon "Our Work in the South." Trains leave Union Station, Boston, at 9 A.M., reaching Concord at 11.10. Returning, leave Concord at 5.05 and 6.30 P.M., reaching Boston at 7.10 and 8.45.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CONFERENCE.—The semi-annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Conference of Unitarian Congregational and Other Christian Churches will be held with the Free Congregational Society of Florence on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 4 and 5. On Tuesday evening the sermon to the conference will be preached by Rev. Minot Judson Savage of Boston. Subject, "The Church in Modern Life." On Wednesday morning "The Outlook for Liberal Religious Work" will be discussed by Rev. Messrs. Bradley Gilman, C. F. Abbott, Joseph Waite, James W. Carney, Richard A. Griffin, and others. At 10.30 o'clock a business session of the conference will be held. At eleven o'clock Mr. J. G. Thorp of Cambridge, Mass., will deliver an address on "The Norwegian Liquor Law." A general discussion will follow, in which speakers will be limited to five minutes each. At two o'clock a paper will be presented by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge. Subject, "The Religion of John Milton." The parish in Florence will provide a collation at 12.30 o'clock Wednesday for all who attend the meeting. It will also entertain on Tuesday night all who come; but those purposing to accept the hospitality of the society are requested to send their names to the minister, Rev. F. A. Hinckley, as early as convenient. The chairman of the Committee on Entertainment will be in attendance at the place of meeting, "Cosmian Hall," from 5 to 7 P.M., to receive such guests.

WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA CONFERENCES.—The joint session of the Wisconsin and Minnesota Conferences of Unitarian churches was held at Menomonie, Wis., May 21-23. Tuesday evening Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago gave the opening

sermon. The preacher sounded a clear, pure note, that might well set the key of the conference. Wednesday afternoon Rev. C. F. Niles gave a short address of welcome, which was responded to by Rev. F. C. Davis of Winona, acting president of the Minnesota Conference. The afternoon was devoted to a discussion of Sunday-school work. Rev. H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee had the meeting in charge. Rev. R. C. Douthitt of Baraboo read a paper on "General Exercises," emphasizing the cultivation of the spirit of reverence. Papers by Mrs. John Kelley of Menomonie, Rev. William Ballou of Fargo, and Rev. C. F. Brown of St. Cloud discussed "Methods of Class Work," "Sunday-school Literature," "Special Services," etc. "The Relation of the Liberal Church to American Citizenship and Social Reform" was the subject for the evening platform meeting, where Rev. Messrs. W. R. Lord of St. Paul, J. L. Andrew of Sioux Falls, H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee, and W. W. Fenn and T. B. Forbush of Chicago were the speakers. Rev. T. B. Forbush conducted the meeting of Thursday afternoon, when, under the general subject, "The Furtherance of Liberal Religion," Rev. Helen G. Putnam, Rev. T. G. Owen, Rev. F. C. Davis of Winona, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, and Rev. A. H. Norman of the Scandinavian church of Minneapolis gave their experiences. In the evening Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison preached the closing sermon, on "The Relation of Religions to Industrial Progress." There seemed no limit to the hospitality of the Menomonie people, and the intervals of the conference were devoted to excursions and social intercourse. The societies represented were geographically pretty widely separated; but there was a feeling of unity of sympathy and purpose renewed that will help the isolated minister for many days to come.

Business Notices.

Worth Remembering. Those of our readers who like to gain a little in wisdom each day may borrow a hint from an advertisement which appears in another column, and benefit by the sound, practical wisdom which it contains. The idea is that, in proportion as you pay less money for an article, you must expend more care in its selection. In other words, it will be safe, perhaps, to purchase expensive furniture in almost any store; but it is only prudent to buy low-priced furniture of a reliable manufacturer. This piece of good advice is given our readers to-day by the Paine Furniture Company, and we commend it for their adoption.

Following out the souvenir china with Boston views which Jones, McDuffee & Stratton have been bringing out the past few years, they are now landing novelties in the way of motto or maxim china, which they have copyrighted. A firm in New York have brought out picturesque views of old New York on plates, and have placed them with Jones, McDuffee & Stratton to sell in Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Tyngsboro, 20th inst., at the house of Albert A. Flint, Esq., by Rev. Wm. Brown, Perry A. Flint, of Tyngsboro, and Phillistia Reno, of Lowell.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst, after May 26, will be Athol, Mass.

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For the *Christian Register*.
THE ROYAL LAW.

BY K. H. AUSTIN.

Still falls on struggling hearts the strong behest:
"For neighbor as for self your love must be";
And still unfold new meanings, dimly guessed,
Within those words that bind and yet make free.

"Who is my neighbor?" "How shall self be aught
That love may nobly cherish and control?"
Again, and yet again, the answer sought,
In hope or anguish, reaches listening soul.

Again, and yet again, the call, "Come higher!"
Constrains the self to rise above its past,
And, gaining wider outlook, to aspire
For strength wherewith its bonds may be down-
cast.

Amid the discords of tumultuous life
It hears faint melodies, half understood,—
Prophetic, broken tones above the strife,—
Humanity confessing brotherhood.

It harkens while a slowly gathering sound,
A unison that seems a far prelude,
Thrills all its being with a sense profound
Of oneness with a mighty multitude.

In faltering accents of a world-wide throng
The words "Our Father" find accordant voice;
And softly swells through troubled air the song,
"In fellowship and sonship we rejoice!"

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Seventy years ago, Wednesday, May 25, 1825, the American Unitarian Association was organized. The day before, without previous consultation, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association had been formed in London.

In that year Rev. Mr. Greenwood, who was just beginning his ministry at King's Chapel, discussed in a series of letters the resources and opportunities of the Unitarian churches of America. He counted in Massachusetts more than one hundred, in the rest of New England about ten, in the whole country about one hundred and twenty. There were some which he declined to classify, because it was not yet certain on which side of the line they would fall. There were some new congregations not yet thoroughly organized.

The first president of the Association was Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D.; the first vice-president, Hon. Joseph Story; directors, Rev. Messrs. Henry Ware, Jr., James Walker, Samuel Barrett; secretary, Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; and treasurer, Lewis Tappan,—historic names every one. In the first annual report acknowledgment was made of an income amounting to \$1,812.17. Of this amount, for all purposes \$885.20 was spent. The proceedings of those early days, with the record of the hopes, the anticipations, and the plans of our fathers, are exceedingly interesting. All were greatly interested in the Cambridge Divinity School, the erection of the building, and the dedication in 1826. The endowment of the *Christian Register* was a favorite project. Hope was excited by correspondence with Rammohun Roy, the eminent predecessor of Chunder Sen, Mozoomdar, and the other sages and saints who are now represented by the Brahma-Somaj in India. All eyes were turned toward the West with the expectation of planting Unitarian Congregational churches in Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and other cities, then just springing into vigorous life and prosperity.

It has been often stated that Dr. Channing was not a friend of the new organization. The records disprove that statement. He did decline the office of president to which he was elected; but at the third and fourth annual meetings he made long and eloquent addresses, calling upon all the friends of religious liberty to combine to resist the encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny and to assist in the spread of Unitarian Christianity. In impassioned speech he protested against the caution, the indifference, and the disorganizing spirit of those who hindered Unitarian progress. He said there seemed to be growing up among them "a party against party, a sect to suppress the sects, an army to fight for peace."

In 1830, when the work of the Association had begun to make itself felt, the executive committee reported in Massachusetts one hundred and forty-seven churches; in the rest of New England, thirty; in the other United States, sixteen; in all one hundred and ninety-three churches with one hundred and forty-seven settled ministers. In 1835, so greatly had the Association prospered that its members resolved to attempt raising

\$10,000, to be expended in missionary work. In 1844 a new push was made; and it is interesting to note the fact that then, as now and always, women came forward to lead in the work. They organized breakfasts, fairs, and sales throughout the seacoast towns of New England. In Roxbury they raised \$1,910, in Medford \$1,500, in the four churches in Salem \$3,200.

Since Dr. Channing's protest against the attempts made seventy years ago to restrain by legal means the progress of Unitarianism in Massachusetts, times have so greatly changed that we no longer fear legal restraint or social obloquy. But meanwhile our nation has grown to such an extent that our opportunity and duty have expanded beyond anything which could have entered the thought of the founders. The problems remain the same, but the applications are vastly more important. That which Channing and his coworkers were doing for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts we are called upon to do for a nation vast beyond their anticipation, and as yet only at the beginning of its great career. Our problems now are how to reach the heart and mind of a thinking democracy; how to keep steadily in view the growth of men and institutions under the law of righteousness which is the end for which all religious institutions exist; how to maintain the conditions of mental liberty while standing fast also in our loyalty to the truth which has made us free. Passing now our seventieth year, we are called upon to demand and to take a larger place in the life of the American republic.

The death of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., for thirteen years secretary of the Association, was the first loss of the kind in the history of our body. Reverent and affectionate tributes to his memory, to the worth of his character, and to the value of his services have been put on record. One of his latest public appearances was at Harvard College on Commencement Day, when he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His sickness, beginning in August, and his death September 30, not only deprived your directors of the presence of a personal friend, but also took away their chief executive officer at a moment of great need. The National Conference had just come to a triumphant conclusion. The thrill of a new life was felt in our churches. All were moved to do something to correspond to our profession. The hopes and the specific plans and purposes of Dr. Reynolds had been buried with him. Sadly then, and somewhat in doubt, your directors faced the work of the year. They were busy men and women. It was impossible for them to give the time necessary for the carrying out of plans in consecutive order. A committee was appointed, consisting of Hon. George S. Hale, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Hon. John D. Long, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells; and by the first of December an arrangement was made by which the present secretary came into the office four mornings in the week,—mornings, however, which have commonly lengthened into days.

It has been impossible for your secretary to do anything like justice to the eager wishes of your directors; to the opportunities which confront us on every hand; to the demands constantly made by workers in the field; to the expectations excited among liberal thinkers who look to us for sympathy; or to his own sense of duty and responsibility. The attempt has been made, first of all, to carry out and complete so far as known the plans of Dr. Reynolds; then to see to it that the work of the Association, as already established, should receive no detriment; and then according to our means and our working ability to lay out new plans for work.

At the outset of the year your directors were obliged to meet a serious financial problem. A brief historical statement will explain it. Ten years ago our parishes were for the first time represented by appointed delegates. At the annual meeting in 1885 the collections from the churches were reported at \$33,000. The directors also reported that the proper work of the Association could not be carried on for less than \$50,000, and that to meet the votes of the National Conference and the demands of our constituents \$60,000 must be provided. It was then stated that for the ex-

penses of the year \$17,000 had been drawn from the General Fund. From that time onward Dr. Reynolds worked according to a policy annually declared and steadily defended. He said that it was absolutely necessary for the well-being of the Unitarian Church to found and maintain more Unitarian churches. He believed that in time the churches would rise to the level of the need, and contribute money enough to carry on the work with dignity and success. Meanwhile, he thought it to be not only his right, but his duty, to draw from the General Fund each year enough to supplement the contribution from the churches and the income from investments. Year by year he reported such action at the annual meeting of the Association, never without hope that, before the General Fund should fall below a dangerous level, the churches would rally to his support. Two years ago the General Fund had fallen to \$86,000; and, although the contributions from the churches and individuals had risen to near \$61,000, the danger line had been reached, and Dr. Reynolds sadly turned himself to the unhappy task of reducing expenses. He still believed, however, that in the next year he could lift the income from the churches to \$80,000. You know what followed. The panic came. The income fell below \$51,000; and, while last year the General Fund stood at \$75,000, over against it there was borrowed money of more than \$20,000. With the expenses much reduced, but still in excess of receipts from the churches and income from invested funds, the problem was a difficult one.

Before explaining how the directors have met their problem, it is needful to show the ground on which, ten years ago, Dr. Reynolds based his confidence and justified the expenditure of the General Fund. In 1881 there were on our list three hundred and thirty-eight societies. Since that time thirty-five have been omitted. One hundred and forty-eight new societies have been added. Some of these churches do not yet feel the power of an endless life. But we may say that by his policy resolutely carried out we have four hundred and fifty-one churches reported in 1895 in place of three hundred and thirty-eight societies reported in 1881. Dr. Reynolds's proposition was: Given to the Association a modest but sufficient income, and ten new Unitarian churches can be formed every year, besides giving aid and comfort to those temporarily weakened or not yet strong enough to go alone. His policy added one hundred and forty-eight societies to our list. The proposition of Dr. Reynolds was demonstrated. To accomplish this result, he believed himself justified in drawing from the General Fund year by year whatever was necessary. He was compelled, however, to admit that this policy had reached its limit.

Your directors came to the work of the present year with \$20,000 left over from the previous year to provide for in addition to the annual expenses. The receipts of the year from ordinary sources have been \$77,551.80. If the expenses of the year were to be measured by the current income, it would be necessary to apply the surgeon's knife without regard to consequences, and to cut all our expenses down

to \$77,000. Your directors believed that the representatives of the Unitarian churches here assembled would not approve of that disastrous reduction.

From extraordinary sources we have received \$1,000, a loan repaid by the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, Ill., also bequests as follows: Luther Blood, Groton, Mass., \$16,980.26; Mrs. Susan E. W. Brackett, Cambridge, Mass., \$9,766.67; Mrs. Lucy F. Breckenridge, Louisville, Ky., \$5,000; James Brackett, Cambridge, Mass., \$5,000; Charles G. Wood, Boston, Mass., \$1,000; Miss Prudence C. Delano, Norwell, Mass., \$500; Mrs. Anne M. Sweetzer, Boston, Mass., \$45,000; Grindall Reynolds Fund, \$1,197; Miss Caroline H. Ingersoll, Keene, N.H., \$850.

Briefly stated, the results are these: All expenses up to May 1, 1895, have been paid. The General Fund has been reduced to a little less than \$50,000, representing a market value of about \$70,000. About \$4,000 has been invested in the Brackett, Reynolds, and Ingersoll Funds; and in the Isaac Sweetzer Fund, \$45,000.

Much attention has been given to the question whether or not legacies should be funded. In opinion your directors are not unanimous. Some approve of a policy common to missionary bodies in America of spending all available funds when they are needed. Some would fund all substantial legacies immediately. All agree, however, that the General Fund should now be largely increased. They would also, if possible, immediately invest every dollar received from bequests; but, to reach this desirable end, it will be necessary largely to increase the receipts of the Association from churches. With this in view an important change has been made in the organization of the Association. In your list of officers to be voted upon to-day you find the name of George W. Stone, who has been nominated with the expectation of paying him such a salary that he may devote all his time to the financial interests of the Association. He was named by the committee which nominated the secretary, afterward enlarged by the addition of Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, and Mr. Francis Cutting. If \$50,000 could be added to the income of the Association during the coming year, all legacies could be funded, the regular work carried on, and new enterprises undertaken. Your directors believe that in these two years of financial distress your Association has passed with as much credit and as little disaster as will be found in the records of the banks, railroads, and other financial institutions of the country.

So much we have said with a backward look. Now as to the future. What is before us in the way of duty and opportunity?

First, and least conspicuous of all to the general public, but most important for the health and perpetuity of our work, is a solid substratum of drudgery. Nine-tenths of all the work that is done by your officers, superintendents, and missionaries, is and must be done with steady and plucky attention to the slow processes of consolidation and growth. It is the part of your representatives to be patient when others are restless; to be resolute when others falter; to supply sustained energy when in others the first

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flash of enthusiasm fades out; and, finally, to make the discipline of labor, anxiety, and patience generate new courage, hope, and enthusiasm.

We have five missionary departments. We do not need to urge our five superintendents to increased zeal or to the discovery of new fields. The burden of their daily complaint is that they are restrained and compelled single-handed to do the work which might properly occupy the time of many. The financial difficulties of the last two years have made the burden of supporting the new churches more difficult than before, especially in the two Western departments. Enterprises well begun and on the way to self-support have been suddenly thrown back into a confusion worse than the difficulties of the beginning. It would be folly to go forward to found a new church if the advance required the abandonment of an older and equally hopeful enterprise. Most of our business affairs are coming into a sound condition; but the burden of debt rests heavily upon St. Joseph, Mo., Chattanooga, Tenn., Ithaca, N.Y., San Diego, Cal., St. John, N.B., and the Third Church in Worcester. With the new prosperity which is certainly coming to our beloved country, we have no doubt that in the tenth part of our work, which is dramatic and attractive to the general public of our constituency, new enterprises will solicit us, while old churches will come to resurrection. Albany, N.Y., has dropped from the list of our churches: it now proposes to assert itself with power. At Farmington, Me., the church closed for three years is now thronged with eager worshippers. At Willimantic, Conn., a new church starts almost spontaneously. New Haven only waits for the touch of a master hand and the guarantee of temporary support. At Memphis, Tenn., a new church building is eagerly asked for. The reports of the various superintendents, which will be sent to all the churches, will tell the story at which we only hint in these brief notes. One thing seems to us certain. Without the patient services of the five superintendents in the field, these two years of financial distress would have destroyed churches in every department. It is their duty to save churches as well as to create them.

In the Middle West there has been for several years an unhappy condition of affairs, for which all parties concerned, including the American Unitarian Association, declined to accept the responsibility. The cry, now grown strangely and sadly familiar, has been, "But you do not understand us." Let us hope that we are at the beginning of a new era of cordial understanding, in which, with a united West and the churches working harmoniously together for the things which they hold in common, the Association may be able to draw nearer to all of them and in a more helpful way to assist in building up the institutions of morality and religion upon which the welfare of our country depends. It is too early to prophesy as to the exact method and result of the effort now making to bury and forget the discord of the past while we go forward to new and better work together.

Our mission to Japan still waits for the full approval and co-operation of our people. The expenses of the present year have been reduced to nearly \$7,000. We had at one time a school for the instruction of native preachers, manned by five American professors. Three, Messrs. Droppers, Liscomb, and Wigmore, were largely supported by a native Japanese school. Messrs. MacCauley and Lawrence were supported out of our funds. Messrs. MacCauley and Droppers now remain our only representatives. With the aid of Japanese teachers, they are doing their best against great odds. Unless help can be sent them, the school must be dissolved and our headquarters in Tokio become a preaching station and a Post-office Mission. Of the six Americans engaged in this work, one chose other occupation, two were driven out of the country by ill health, and one has died. It is no holiday task that engages our brethren on that distant shore.

The ministry at large, in the missionary districts, commended at the annual meeting last year, has gone on in a quiet way. In a score of places, with the superintendent of the department in charge meetings have

been held with the help of speakers brought from distant places for the purpose. The more extensive campaign, planned by Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Van Ness, was on account of the death of Dr. Reynolds and the lack of funds suspended. New plans, however, will be made, which, while not involving extensive travels on the part of any but the secretary and the superintendents, will bring together, at important points in each department, men and women enough to carry on meetings with power.

For the rest of our work a few sentences must suffice. Several ancient churches of renown must still be assisted until new local conditions renew their ancient vigor or until their case is hopeless. Young churches must be carried through the period of immaturity. New churches must be planted as rapidly as possible. Places must be made both for the young men whom we are preparing for the ministry and for men of ability in other churches who are looking toward us for a new opportunity. The unsectarian schools in which our boys and girls might be educated should be encouraged and strengthened. New literature for the new times must be provided. The permanent funds of the Association must be increased by funding legacies. The current income must be increased from the good will of the churches. New methods must be devised by which local responsibility may be developed, and the business methods of the Association made more elastic. The rush of new business that is certainly coming to us, if the plans of your directors are carried out, will require patience, energy, and sagacity on the part of all concerned.

The *New World*, which the Association assisted to found, is now published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. without our help. An organization has been formed to secure for it an ample endowment. In the opinion of excellent judges in Europe and America this is the best magazine of the kind in the world, and to its claims no thinking Unitarian can be indifferent. The *Christian Register*, now in the seventy-fourth year of its existence, was fondly cherished by our fathers, and is worthy of the widest circulation. Something must be done to make its future more secure and increase its value. If a sufficient guarantee fund could be raised, and the subscription price were reduced to two dollars, no single service to our country could be greater.

The Indian School in Montana will, without doubt, this year pass into the hands of the government, under circumstances which cause the friends of the school to hope and believe that, the same teachers being retained and the transfer made without any shock of transition, the work so well begun there will be carried on without interruption. We can no longer ask for aid from the government, and, asking, could not much longer receive it. The land already belongs to the government; the buildings will be transferred for a nominal sum; and the government pays \$2,443.57 for the furniture, tools, etc. It is believed that the affairs of the Indian Commission may be wound up without a deficit.

The Church Building Loan Fund is in sound condition, but the list of delinquent churches has grown. Thus far not one of them has been sold. It is possible, however, that in one or two cases this may happen. Warned by the experience of the past two years, the Association will discourage any resort to the Loan Fund on the part of any churches which have not passed well on their way toward self-support. The fund now amounts to something less than \$114,000.

We have united for several years with our English brethren to aid a Unitarian church at Budapest, Hungary, where, under the shadow of the Catholic State religion, but guarded by civil guarantees, Unitarianism has enjoyed special privileges for three hundred years. This year the appropriation, being no longer needed, will be reduced, and soon discontinued.

The early motto of the Unitarian Association was "Liberty, Holiness, Love." The objects of the Association, as declared by Channing and his great coworkers, were to secure religious liberty equal to the civil liberty enjoyed by American citizens; to raise men and women to better forms of living; to organize them for every good

cause in civil and social life; to reduce ignorance, poverty, and crime; to increase the sum of human happiness; and for these ends to proclaim with power the truth which is mighty to save, uplift, and inspire.

Your directors would make ample and grateful acknowledgment of the inspiration and help that come from the labors of the Alliance and various other organizations through which the women of our churches are pouring new life into our local churches, conferences, and associations. Some of our Unitarian clubs of men, and notably the Unitarian Club of Boston, to which we owe our commodious headquarters, have done well. But, when the men of our parishes and conferences are as well organized, as enthusiastic, and as self-sacrificing as the women, then the day of great things will speedily come.

This report, written by the secretary and approved by the directors, is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Secretary*.

WESTERN CONFERENCE NOTES.

The reports of State conferences and mission work are always the note of encouragement and inspiration. To those who weary of ministering unto them who will not be ministered unto, of offering food to the over-fed, the men and women engaged in the mission work have always one bit of advice. They say: "Give up the old, renounce the sweet security of streets and an assured stipend. Risk a little yourself, O preacher. Give your best and do your best; and your life and strength will take on a fresh growth from the enthusiasm of the eager crowds that gather in farming districts, hungry for spiritual food."

The Western Unitarian Conference has long accustomed itself to living in a house spiritual without bars or bolts or locks or keys or latch-strings. The wind blowing in through the swinging-doors has at times proven a little bleak, so that the company have had to turn up their coat collars to keep from getting cold. Although their voices were occasionally a little rheumy, they have never ceased exclaiming with unabated cheerfulness: "Fine fresh air! Cool? Yes; but wholesome. Very wholesome." . . .

The visit of the wise men from the East inspired a feeling of cheer and hope all around. They were welcome to everybody. That the visitors were Messrs. Brown and Savage and Ellis suited everybody.

Mr. Brown spoke his word of cordial encouragement for the future acceptance of a working plan that should unite all forces. Mr. Savage stood on the platform of the church where he had first preached when he came among us; and he made eloquent acknowledgment of the liberty he had found under the Unitarian name,—a liberty that was as undogmatic in the American Unitarian Association as in the Free Religious Association. But he pleaded for a liberality which should work inside as well as outside,—that should be tolerant of the slowly developing thought within as well as without.

M. K. B.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

BY REV. CHARLES A. ALLEN.

All history is a record of the influence of great personalities. "Every revolution," says Emerson, "was first a thought in one man's mind: every reform was once a private opinion." Every great advance in human progress has had some great leader, whose fervor has breathed a new enthusiasm into the world. It was Peter the hermit who created the tremendous fanaticism of the Great Crusades, which, with all their folly, yet won great blessings for Europe. It was Martin Luther who awakened Germany to the Great Reformation. It was Wesley who led the great religious reform of the last century, the influence of which has been powerfully felt by all the Protestant churches in England and America. It was Sam Adams of Boston who guided the resistance of the American colonies to the tyranny of England, and by his flaming zeal and consummate skill united the colonies and achieved independence. It was Dorothy Dix, a Unitarian, whose lifelong zealous labors and intensely earnest purpose and wonderful wisdom and Christ-like love of the suffering and neglected revolutionized throughout Christendom the treatment of the insane and opened a new era in the philanthropy of the world. It was Garrison who kindled the conscience of the North with indignation at the evil of slavery, and prepared the way for its final overthrow. Every great advance in history has been a record of what one man or one woman can do.

But these men were great men, we are tempted to say. They had their five talents, while we have but one talent, or a very small part of a talent, which is not worth counting; and, therefore, we can do nothing, because we have nothing to do with. The appeal to emulate these great men is useless, we think; but just consider this one simple question,—Is there any one so weak, so humble, so obscure, that he may not in God's providence have an opportunity, perhaps all unconsciously, of doing great things for God and humanity, if he is only in earnest? Do you think that the poor widow, who cast her two mites into the treasury-box at the temple, had any thought that she was doing anything but a very obscure and trivial act? Nobody knows her name. She has won no fame for herself. It is only the deed and the influence of it that have been perpetuated. But how vast and glorious has been the influence, through all the centuries since, of that trivial act of self-sacrifice, because it happened to catch the eye of one who saw its heroism and whose word has given it fame!

Probably John Bunyan, by his "Pilgrim's Progress," has had a wider and deeper religious influence in English-speaking countries than any man who ever spoke our tongue. But what converted John Bunyan? It was his chance overhearing some poor women talking together about their own religious experiences, when the earnestness of their words so touched his heart as to open to him a new life and make him a new man. He did not know who they were, and they

Well-made Tables.

When you are buying an expensive dining-table, you risk very little in your selection of a store, for your own artistic taste will decide your final choice; and the question of substantial construction is not open to doubt.

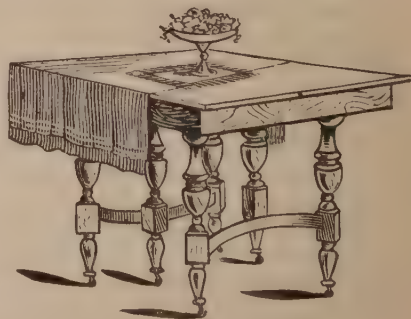
But, in proportion as you choose an inexpensive table, you should employ the greater care in its selection. If you want the most inexpensive of all tables, buy it only of a furniture manufacturer.

Fight shy of the cheaply constructed, badly framed dining tables which are sold as "bargains" in the furniture department of some large store. They soon become rickety, the legs are uneven, the castors drop out, the joints open; and such a table is expensive at any price.

There is really no lower price on dining tables in this city than we quote, and you are sure of the construction of every table. Our name and registered number stamped upon it guarantees its quality.

It is a safe rule: When buying low-priced furniture, buy it of the manufacturer always.

PAINE FURNITURE CO.,
48 CANAL STREET.



did not know that he had overheard them. They went to their graves, never for a moment suspecting that they had unconsciously kindled in the heart of an utter stranger a religious earnestness which would be felt as a mighty influence for centuries.

But there is a more important consideration which we should bear in mind. All intense feelings are contagious. They may seem ever so trivial at first; but, if they are intense, they spread. Even bad feelings spread in this way; for what is a mob but a crowd of men who have been blindly fired and crazed by some evil feeling which had spread by rapid contagion from one fanatic's flaming heart! And it is just so with good feelings. There is no man or woman or child who could not set a town or a State or a nation on fire with enthusiasm for some great duty by simply feeling it intensely himself. And so there is no man or woman or child who cannot do great things for God and man by simply being thoroughly in earnest and keeping it up. Sooner or later the fire will catch. Others will *respect* your earnestness, and then they will begin to *sympathize* with your earnestness, and then they will begin to feel a little interest in what *you* feel so warmly about, and then they, too, will begin to *feel warmly*. And, before they really know it, the hidden depths and latent capacities of earnest feeling,—those hidden depths that are often so wonderfully aroused in times of pestilence and famine, of national peril or shameful crime, and the nblaze out in generous beneficence or glowing patriotism or flaming wrath,—these will be all kindled with an enthusiasm like your own, and the little match has set a whole pile on fire. You know the story of Joan of Arc. Many and many a time has this happened, *and this is what any man can do.*

Literature.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.*

It is a genuine pleasure to be able to congratulate both the editor and the Sunday-schools on the admirable way in which the new "Book of Song and Service" has been prepared. To enter the field with a new hymn-book requires no little courage. To make so genuine a success of the attempt is a feat. Mr. Horton has succeeded. Too often the hymn-book for children has been a book for the sickly and weak-minded, provided with music that was either insufferably dull or a perpetual offence against every canon of a cultured musical taste. This little volume is bright in tone, healthy in sentiment, melodious without being vulgar, and, while not costly, is well printed and most artistically bound. It is pleasing to the eye, and will help to educate the ear while it elevates and fosters a bright and vigorous religious sentiment.

Ten short services for the opening of Sunday-school are followed by eight longer special services, indicating a general form of service and leaving the selection of the music to the choice of the school. The occasions chosen are Christmas, Easter, Flower Sunday, and Thanksgiving, in addition to services of Commemoration, Temperance, and Patriotism, with an Anniversary and an In Memoriam Service, and Mr. Savage's Service of Consecration. Five very brief services for the closing of school follow. Next come one hundred and fifty-six hymns and songs, arranged under general heads, appended to which are fifty-two festival carols of a somewhat more ambitious nature, and well fitted for use as part of the special services already mentioned. It will thus be seen that the book is arranged to meet the varied requirements of schools, and is far more than a mere hymn-book, while leaving the greatest possible liberty in its suggestions for the order of worship. It renders unnecessary the trouble involved in preparing or compiling material for occasions when the ordinary routine of the school is departed from.

It is, of course, impossible in the interests of humanity to please every one. "We believe that he shall come to be our judge" occurs in the modified "Te Deum" in the fifth service; while, on the other hand, those who feel that the language of the six-

teenth century is best fitted to express the worship of the nineteenth may find fault with the lack of many phrases that have a religious sound from force of reiteration. Probably no one will find here all the hymns that he considers the best children's hymns in the language; and he who considers it essential to a good tune that it be familiar will pass judgment on himself in his criticism. On the whole, those who seek in this collection for many good things will find them. The old are not lacking. They gain by being set in goodly fellowship with the spirit and fervor of the new.

There are, of course, faults in the book. One of the most striking is that the "Te Deum" on pages 15 and 16 contains the words and music of the odd sentences on one page and those of the even ones on the reverse, necessitating the turning of the page twelve times whenever this service is used. In many cases, too, the name of the tune is given below the title of the hymn. In many others it is omitted, although given in the index. It is given, for instance, in Hymns 10 and 11, where it is of little value, and omitted in 9 and 12, where the titles "Aurelia" and "Eilers" would at once recall the tune to some unfamiliar with music. Moreover, Sir Arthur Sullivan's version of the latter tune is passed over in favor of the comparatively colorless harmonies of Hopkins's original. In many cases, too, hymns and tunes are not credited to their authors, where, if only for the sake of uniformity, the names ought to have been given. Where a hymn has been altered, the fact is, in most cases, very properly stated; but in others an author is, without remark, unduly credited with words which do not belong to him. Faber's "O Paradise" is a case in point.

While criticism as to the selection of hymns and tunes must rest largely on personal grounds, one cannot help regretting that Hatch's "Breathe on me, breath of God," and an abridged version of Adelaide Procter's "My God, I thank thee, who hast made the earth so bright," with some hymns like "Suppose the little cowslip" for the infant classes, have not found a place here. A larger proportion, too, of hymns having the splendid dignity and strength which mark Pierpont's "O Thou to whom in ancient times," for example, would have been a distinct gain. Many of them are at least as suitable for children's use as Newman's "Lead, kindly Light." Where, too, the "Te Deum" is used, why not have inserted a version set to the stately Gregorian chants? It is high praise to bring forward merely faults like these; for the pious wish, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book," for which King James's translators are responsible, gains new force in the case of a hymn-book.

It has been said that poetry is the strength of religion, song its inspiration, and dogma its coffin. Poetry and song are here; dogma is at a discount. An atmosphere of glad sincerity pervades the volume. The appreciation of a brighter and less barren service will be born of it. The joy of freedom and beauty and truth is its prevailing note. In helping our children to love these things, it will be of incalculable value to our Sunday-schools.

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE. Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. III., 1791-1804. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The contents of Mr. Conway's third volume of Paine's Writings are much more miscellaneous than those of Volumes I. and II. They are, for the most part, less inviting for their intrinsic interest than in connection with Mr. Conway's Life of Paine, as illustrations of the several matters with which they deal. At first we have Paine's "Republican Proclamation" which he concocted with his friend Du Châtelet, and posted in the streets of Paris. A succession of letters and proclamations illustrates his relation to the French Revolution and to the English government while he was undergoing prosecution. A letter to Danton has received the praise of M. Taine, as producing the strongest effect by its practical good sense when compared with the speeches and writings of the time. His speeches pleading for the life of Louis XVI. are in evidence to show that his humanity was equal to his good sense. Everywhere we have the proof of a quick mind, a ready pen, an incisive style, a great love of argument and ability for it, and generally signs of that sense of his own importance that was of the essence of his personality. He had done much for American independence, if not as much as he thought; and he now conceived that the French Rev-

olution was mainly committed to his charge. But soon he found himself another Phaëthon, vainly endeavoring to guide the plunging horses of the sun. It is to his credit that all of his sympathies were with the more rational and humane of the Republicans. Mr. Conway returns with great zeal to his charge against Gouverneur Morris as responsible for Paine's imprisonment and consenting to his death; and, if he does not convince his readers as completely as he is himself convinced, he leaves Morris's character in a most miserable condition. If Morris has any friends, they had better come to his rescue at once. Paine's famous letter to Washington in 1796 is at once the most important and the most painful document in the series. It would never have been written if Paine had known what Washington had done for his release from prison and what Morris had failed to do. But, even with this understanding, it is much more damaging to Paine than to Washington. It is mean-spirited, brutal, coarse, revengeful,—an expression of wounded vanity more than of righteous indignation. At the same time, though Morris did his best to frustrate Washington's good intentions, these were not so positive as Paine had a good right to expect, whatever he had done to forfeit his esteem by his aggressive vanity and general course of life before he left America in 1787, and to forfeit his American citizenship by accepting that of France, and in his enjoyment of it becoming a member of the convention of 1793. This volume completes the collection of Paine's political writings, Mr. Conway thinking it best to put the religious writings in a volume by themselves rather than to observe their chronological order.

THE SONS OF HAM. A Tale of the New South. By Louis Pendleton, author of "The Wedding Garment," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Anything very practical was not to be expected from the author of "The Wedding Garment," one of many anticipations of a future life that reconcile us to the fact that such a life is incapable of scientific demonstration. For any good that he can do, however, by such a book as this, the author would do better to confine himself to his ratiocinations of the life after death. He has written a novel with a purpose; and the purpose is disclosed in his dedication, which is "To the African Colonization Societies of the Future." That it is "hopelessly inscribed" to these seems not in perfect keeping with the average tenor of the book, which, while favorable to the colonization of the Negroes in Liberia, is not hopeful as to its accomplishment. The book is written with considerable rude vigor, and as if by one acquainted with the Southern situation. Its depreciation of the Negroes is almost universal; but the failure of lynch law to do justice to the victims of its haste is made sufficiently apparent. We cannot but feel that we have here much misdirected energy, and that the same amount

devoted to the encouragement of justice and fraternity between the races would be much more serviceable to all concerned.

LISBETH WILSON: A DAUGHTER OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS. By Eliza Nelson Blair. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The same old story,—young love opposed by stern parental force, but, as usual, triumphant in the end. The suitor was a fine young fellow; but he was a Methodist in the days when Methodism was a new-comer and on trial. The value of the book, which is a very pleasant one, consists much less in the course of true love depicted than in the happy characterization of a New England community in a time of theological transition. Evidently, there is here a mine which never has been worked as it might have been. Mrs. Blair has done this part of her book with lively force and as one knowing whereof she speaks through personal interest in some local tradition. It was Mr. Beecher's idea that a sermon should have some dull places in it to rest the hearer's mind; and Mrs. Blair has either taken a hint from him or hit upon the same method independently for the construction of her novel.

SENATOR INTRIGUE AND INSPECTOR NOSEBY: A TALE OF SPOILS. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. Red Letter Publishing Company.—This bright little book, with its scarlet cover, somehow puts us in mind of the old riddle about a newspaper, "First white, then black, then red all over." We hope that the latter part of the jest will be prophecy in this instance, and that the volume may be read all over within as without; for it is a vigorous, breezy onslaught upon the miserable, pernicious system of "spoils,"—upon that incredible stupidity in management which makes a man's political opinions the measure of his efficiency in practical service, and selects a person to conduct business where the interests of hundreds are concerned, not on account of his character and capacity, but because he holds certain views on the tariff or belongs to a "ring." The dramatic view of the subject taken here is striking and effective. It stirs the feeling as well as the intellect, and arouses that passionate hatred of injustice which is the foundation of noble reform.

THE PRINCESS ALINE. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the longest story Mr. Davis has ever written; but it is still a long short story, and not a short novel. The structure is that of the short story. Gladly would the reader have it even longer than it is: it is so very pleasant! One surmises before it has proceeded far how it will turn out, but it would be an outrage for the writer of this or any other notice of the book to anticipate the reader's pleasure in Mr. Davis's development of his story. One is the more grateful for its purity and sweetness because Mr. Davis has shown

June Weddings.

In the Cut Glass Department will be seen an extensive display of rich Cut Glass pieces, also complete table services, adapted to Wedding and Complimentary Gifts; and in the Art Pottery Rooms (3d floor) will be seen the newest things in China, from Mintons and the Royal Worcester Pottery, costing from \$5 to \$50 each.

In addition to the novelties now opening from Japan, in Cloisonne, Satsuma, and Makuzu ware, we have opened the new MOTTO CHINA from Staffordshire, consisting of fancy Trinket Trays, Flower Baskets, etc., with gilt edges, costing from 35 cts. to \$2 each, in script letters inscribed, one motto to each piece, viz.:—

- "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly."
- "The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out."
- "Three things to be careful of: Health, Reputation, Money."
- "Early to bed and early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This exhibit, together with the souvenir pieces, including Boston Views on old blue Wedgwood plates and pitchers, may be seen on Main Floor Tables.

On main floor tables will be seen the beautiful designs of Loving Cups opened the past week, costing from \$5 to \$15 each.

In the Dinner Set Department and Lamp Department will be seen an extensive stock to choose from; lowest market values for equal ware guaranteed always.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,
CHINA, GLASS, and LAMPS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
120 FRANKLIN.

*A BOOK OF SONG AND SERVICE FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND HOME. Edited by Rev. E. A. Horton. Boston: Unitarian Sunday School Society. Price \$4.00 per dozen.

heretofore something of a predilection for the seamier side of life. And, withal, there is a profound ethical suggestion in the book, so many are the men and women who live in an unreal world, who walk in a vain show, playing they are in love, playing they are miserable, playing they are bad.

ROMAN LIFE IN LATIN PROSE AND VERSE. Selected and edited by Harry Thurston Peck and Robert Arrowsmith. American Book Company.—This book of selections from Latin authors provides an interesting and instructive course in sight-reading; and it affords practically an outline of Roman literature, as illustrated in the most characteristic and striking passages that have come down to us. Thus we have Roman folk-songs and popular rhymes, gladiatorial notices, lampoons, epitaphs, etc., that do much to make real the life of the times in which they were written, as well as a thoroughly representative collection of literary extracts, each complete in itself. Such a book is of great value, since it must help students to look at Latin as literature, not as material for drill in construction.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A new edition of the famous anti-slavery novel has been prepared from new plates; and in its neat binding and clear print it may perhaps enter upon a new lease of life, despite the changes that have come since its first appearance in 1857. An autobiographical chapter shows how the book came to be written, and tells once more the story of the Anthony Burns case. Some day Col. Higginson, also, will publish the recollections of that scene, in which he was a chief actor.

The Magazines.

The *Century Magazine* for June opens with an article on "The Comédie Française at Orange," by Thomas A. Janvier, with illustrations by Louis Loeb. The old Roman theatre founded by Marcus Aurelius seems destined to be the scene of periodic performances by actors from the Comédie Française, and last summer representations from the Greek drama were given with remarkable effect. Mr. Howells writes of "The Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," and his confessions are occasionally touched with a gentle sarcasm. The instalment of the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" takes us through the battle of the Pyramids, and that of "Casa Braccio" brings the story to a crisis. John Muir describes his "Discovery of Glaciers" in 1879; Mrs. Van Rensselaer treats the artistic aspects of the new Boston Public Library; Dr. Newman Smith endeavors "to disclose the real friendliness to the household of believers of the so-called higher criticism" in a paper on "The New Old Testament"; and Mr. Josiah Flynt describes further some of his unique personal experiences while tramping through England and Scotland. Miss Julia Magruder's novelette, "The Princess Sonia," a story of the Paris Art Colony, is continued.

At last a magazine appears that is as easy to hold as a small book, with lines no longer than even a near-sighted eye can take in at a glance. The first number of the *Bachelor of Arts* shows what may be done with good paper, clear print, and convenient form. There are many mistakes in the proof-reading, which mar the fair appearance; but, for the most part, the new magazine is attractive from both points of view, inside and outside. The leading article tells of "Town and Gown Rows at Yale"; and Henry Howland contributes a spirited account of the "Riot of 1854," in which he took an active part. There are two stories, by Charles Stewart Davison and H. A. Winthrop, respectively; four poems; an article on "Kidd's Social Evolution," by B. A. Kant; and one of decided interest by John Corbin on "An American Collegian at Oxford." This monthly magazine is to be devoted to university interests and general literature, and is published at 15 Wall Street, New York. The athletic department is conducted by Walter Camp, and comments on university news will be furnished by E. S. Martin. John Seymour Wood is editor-in-chief; and there is a large advisory board, including distinguished graduates from twenty-five colleges.

Miscellaneous.

The new volume of *Littell's Living Age* includes the thirteen weekly issues of January, February, and March of this year; and with it this popular magazine completes its fifty-first year. It contains the usual interesting variety of articles, fiction, and poetry, and is neatly bound in black cloth.

Rev. John Fretwell continues his crusade in behalf of the poor Newfoundland fishermen by a small pamphlet entitled "Newfoundland and the Jingo," published by George H. Ellis. It is an appeal to England to relieve the suffering there; to press on the completion of the railroad and to

subsidize a mail line between England and the American continent, by way of a Newfoundland port, holding the railway property as security; to modify the fiscal system; and to aid "the unfortunate victims of her Lord Clan-Rackrents" to find farms and holdings along parts of the French shore and the railroad.

Thomas Whittaker of New York publishes the Second Series of "Sermon Stuff," by S. D. McConnell, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Dr. McConnell is known as one of the most effective preachers in Philadelphia; and the fact that a second series of this "Sermon Stuff" is issued is, no doubt, evidence that the first series proved acceptable to ministers. And it is only to ministers that the bare outlines of sermons can be of use. They need to be clothed in flesh and blood; and we would rather have one volume, or half a volume of sermons in full than a whole library of "Sermon Stuff." It is dangerous for a minister to accept and follow the outlines of another man's thought in the preparation of his sermon. He had better follow his own.

Literary Notes.

A pamphlet on "The Educational Test as a Means of Further Restricting Immigration" is published by the Immigration Restriction League.

The Jewish Publication Society of Philadelphia have published Emanuel Deutsch's famous essay on "The Talmud," with notes of two lectures by him on the same subject.

Nos. 73 and 74 of the Riverside Literature Series present, respectively, "Enoch Arden" and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," each edited with biographical sketch and explanatory note.

A series of papers by Robert S. Peabody, the well-known Boston architect, will begin in the July *Atlantic*. The first will be "A Holiday in England." A new novel by Miss Blanche Fearing of Chicago, the blind lawyer, is promised for immediate appearance.

Robert Grant's paper in *Scribner's* this month discusses the problem of how, in the pressure of modern life, a man or woman may select and reject what is most important, in order that life may cease to be a succession of small incidents and unsatisfactory in its details.

"Burke's Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies" reappears in two editions, as one of the Student Series of English Classics, published by Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, and in Heath's English Classics Series. The former is edited by L. Du Pont Lyle (Yale), and the other by A. J. George.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby. With Selections from his Manuscripts and a Sketch of his Life. By Annetta Gertrude Dresser. Price \$1.25.

From Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The Head of a Hundred. A Romance of the Colony of Virginia. Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin.

From James H. Earle, Boston. Confessions of an American Opium-eater. From Bondage to Freedom. Price \$1.00.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate. Edited by George Drury. Vols. I and II. Price per volume \$3.75.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Forward House. A Romance. By William Scoville Case. Price \$1.00. Princeton Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Price \$1.00.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy. By Arthur Hassall. Price \$1.50. The Countess Bettina. The History of an Innocent Scandal. Edited by "R." Every Day's News. The Incognito Library. The New World, with Other Verse. By Louis James Block.

William the Silent, Prince of Orange. The Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century. The Story of his Life as told from his Own Letters, from those of his Friends and Enemies, and from Official Documents. By Ruth Putnam. 2 volumes.

From Gay Brothers & Co., New York. Rays of Light from All Lands. The Bible and Beliefs of Mankind. Edited by Rev. E. C. Towne, Rev. A. J. Canfield, and George J. Hagar.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Tender Kisses. Waltz Song, with Refrain. Words by M. A. Kipper. Music by Eduard Holst. Ma Belle Adorée. Waltzes. By Dudley Roy. "O'er Silvery Waves." Barcarolle. By E. S. Phelps. In Snow. Golden-rod. Summer Night. By Charles P. Scott. Selections from the Concert Répertoire of Mrs. Elene Eaton. Thy Star. Song. By P. Mascagni. Forget me! Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Tito Mattei. The New Arverne Waltzes. Rêverie de l'Ange. Visions of Love Waltzes. Composed by Bessie Florence Lichtenstein. Heart's Devotion. Song. Words and music composed by Bessie Florence Lichtenstein.



Summer Stories.

The Story of Christine Rochefort.

By HELEN CHOATE PRINCE. Third Edition. \$1.25.

"Mrs. Prince, grand-daughter of Rufus Choate, has written a novel particularly strong in its well-knit style. . . . The personal touches, scenes, and conversations are delightful."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"The story throughout exhibits a sweetness and elevation of tone which is in charming contrast to the generality of novels."—*Literary World*.

"I like everything about it."—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, LL.D.

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The Home.

JACK.—A REMINISCENCE.

Were I an artist, I would try my hand
At sketching Jack, the Corporal. Understand
He was no kith of mine; a neighbor's lad.
But we all owned him! Every one was glad
When the bright face and ringing voice went by:
He carried with him springtime and blue sky.

The war-cry burst. Those guns at Sumter took
Our drowsy town: like leaves from an old book
A puff of air has seized and flung about,
The wind of battle shook our sleepers out.
They braced up stiffly in the startled street,
As when a breeze blows back again bent wheat.

The love of country in a moment born
Rose to a passion in men's souls that morn:
My neighbor's lad threw his free boyhood back,
As 'twere a weight in the keen runner's track;
And mother arms refused to bind the feet
That pressed impatiently their goal to greet.

O Jack, my Corporal! how could I let go
Your clasping hands, so cruel was the foe?
While I, a cripple, barred my true estate,
Took the world's pulse through Fortune's welded
gate,
Denied in valiant deeds all outward part,
With you I gave the life-blood of my heart.

At the last moment Jack to me had said,
Tossing the fair locks on his shapely head:
"Death is but glorious in the stirring fight:
To die of sickness as an alien might
Were to waste breath. But so I shall not die!"
The glowing cheek, the clear, undaunted eye
Strengthened denial more than words of cheer,
And left me comforted despite of fear.

There's a street corner where I often see
In Memory's glass a marching company
File through the ranks of proudly cheering friends
To a small station, where the vision ends
As the huge sinuous train goes thundering on
Till waving hands and yearning looks are gone.

You read my tale? There was no fight for him
Save with the fever; senses all a-swim,
With broken speech of home; the tented plain,
Drifting and changing like the tides of pain;
Then the long sighing breath that told surcease,
The campaign ended, and the unsought peace.

Full thirty years ago! And they will lay
Wreaths on the mound as on your burial-day,
When gathered comrades sang, "How sleep the
brave,"

With voices strong as if across the grave
They heard still others from the fields of Light,
And knew our lad had won, not lost, the fight!
—Charlotte Mellen Packard, in the *Youth's Companion*.

For the *Christian Register*.

TATTERS.

A TRUE SKETCH.

From the time he first came to us Tatters formed an important member of our family. In fact, he attracted every one. His bright little eyes shone through his long, silky white hair like two stars; and his cunning little tail, which would twist itself into a knot, made him irresistible to even those who do not care for dogs. And then he was so clever, and learned so fast that it was a pleasure to teach him.

I resolved immediately that he should be the educated dog Mother Goose sings about, who belongs to dear Dame Hubbard; and before many weeks had passed I had taught him to shake hands and sit up and beg.

When Tatters became a member of our household, I possessed as a pet a stray cat, that I had taken pity on some months before. She was jealous of my new plaything, and her reception of him was not the most welcome. She spitefully scratched him when his dinner was put before him, until he retired. Then she ate the tempting meal herself.

This, however, did not last, and they soon became fast friends; and often on a moonlight night you might have seen them chasing each other noiselessly around the yard. And now that Kitty is no more Tatters will prick up his ears the moment he hears her name, and wonders why strange cats hump up their backs at him.

Tatters has a sweet tooth. He loves sugar dearly,—maple-sugar especially, and peppermint candy. So I took advantage of this to teach him his tricks.

It took me scarcely three days to teach him to be a "dead dog"; and, when this was accomplished, he threw himself down on every occasion to show himself off, growling a little at first, and then going down very easily.

My next effort was to make him tell who the President was. This I succeeded in by making him understand that Harrison meant "speak" (which I had previously taught him). Then all I had to do was to repeat several of the names; and, when the right one was emphasized, he barked.

I also taught him easily to walk, dance, refrain from touching bread or sugar till

ten is counted, shut the door, and jump. Tatters is very playful. At all times he has had something in the way of a ball, bone, or bundle to worry; but I think of all his things he liked his "bunny" the best. It was a gray canton-flannel rabbit made for my little brother; and Tatters loved it dearly. He pulled its ears off, its eyes out, and strewed the hair stuffing all over the floor. Each time it was sewed up the shape became more ludicrous, until at last the very mention of it convulsed us; and the ridiculous thing was finally disposed of.

When summer came, the question was what to do with Tatters. We could hardly take him with us, and to leave him with servants was not to be thought of. It was finally decided that, as we were to finish our summer in the country, he should be sent there immediately. So into the country he went.

He made friends everywhere. The little darky boys shared their meals with him,—not infrequently both boy and dog eating from the same piece of bread; and the pigs were his especial playmates. He chased the chickens till an old hen pecked him. He would sit up in the raspberry patch and eat the ripe fruit from the lower branches, and altogether enjoyed life.

The only time he is at all unhappy is when he has his bath; and then he is truly miserable, for he hates water like a cat.

He is a very sensitive dog, and is terrified if spoken to sharply, and cowed in a moment if you raise your hand; but he is most affectionate, making friends readily, and is a most excellent watch-dog.

One night during our stay in the country, when the clear moonlight shone into our room through a glass door that opens on our low porch, Tatters got up, shook himself, and looked out of the door. In a moment we heard him whine; and, as we were awake, we opened the door, and let him out. He went deliberately to the edge of the porch, where he could get a full view of the moon, and stood, apparently deeply absorbed in thought. For some time he gazed into the sky, and then gravely returned to our room, and settled himself for another nap.

The whole affair was so ludicrous, that we should be waked at night for Tatters to look at the moon, that we laughed heartily over it. I have often wondered what he was meditating on that night, but he has never told me.

BESSIE, THE PET BIRD.

It is well known by others, as well as ornithologists, that female birds will return year after year to the same home; but in the following account, true in every particular, of a pet bird, it is proved that the same couple of birds remain faithful to each other as long as both do live. The story also illustrates in a remarkable degree the power of kindness. Another fact is also brought out. Both the instinct of migration and the affection for mate and little ones have been overborne by attachment to a human friend.

We begin to hear the song-sparrow early in March; and in Pennsylvania, the scene of our story, it is the first of the singing-birds of spring. The song is a short one, but exquisitely beautiful, exceeded only by the melody of the wood robin. Sometimes they are so numerous about country gardens that in the early morning there will be a perfect ground-swell of melody,—probably one of the sweetest sounds this side the stars.

Now the pet of our lady friend was one of these little song-sparrows,—a tiny bird of very Quaker-like plumage, shades of brown and gray, but as trim and neat as any little bird could well be.

The winter when the incident happened was very cold. A young child, who was then living in the family of our informant, was coming home one evening, and found this little bird lying on a snowdrift, apparently frozen to death; but, holding it in his hands a few moments, he found there was a little fluttering motion of the heart. He ran upstairs to the parlor register, and by warmth and kindness brought it to. It was some days, however, before the bird recovered entirely. She was then turned loose in the conservatory, where she seemed perfectly happy, darting in and out among the flowers. At first the household heard only very timid, low notes from her; but,

as she became accustomed to them, and knew she had nothing to fear, there was often one gush of melody after another.

In the spring the birds began to return to their summer homes,—birds of her own kind, as well as others; but she paid no heed to them for some time. However, one day the family were startled by a loud, long cry from her, so unusual that every one ran into the conservatory to see what had happened. A little bird was on the outside, trying to get in. The window was opened, she flew to meet him; and such a joyous meeting as it was! The meeting of human lovers after a long separation could not more plainly tell the story of affection. Soon a snow squall came up; and she was too tender to breast it, and tapped at the window to be taken in. She remained very contentedly until the weather was quite settled. Now came her trouble. He wanted the nest to be built in a cedar-tree some two hundred feet from the house: she would not go. He perched himself in the tree, and sang his most charming melodies; while she on top of the smoke-house near the house answered him just as sweetly. But she would not budge from the position she had taken. After the second day's manœuvring, he began to give in, little by little approaching the house. Finally, they compromised the matter by building the nest in a gooseberry bush near the smoke-house. This was not to her mind, but still it was better than the far-off cedar-tree.

In time four pretty little brown birds made their appearance. As soon as they were out of the nest, she coaxed them to the house, where her feed table and bath-tub were always ready for her. Such a pretty, happy little family they were!

The next nest was just where she wanted it,—in a jasmine-bush trained around one of the parlor windows. From this nest came three little birds.

Her table and bath-tubs were again brought into the conservatory, the flowers now being out of doors. The side sashes were always open, and she brought all the family to feed and bathe just as it pleased her; and, the glass doors into the parlor being also open, they would fly through and through the house as if it was out of doors.

Cold weather came once more, and the mate and young birds disappeared; but Bessie did not go. She tapped at the window, and was again warmly welcomed to her quarters among the flowers in the conservatory. Here she spent another gay, happy winter; and it was a constant source of pleasure to all the family and guests to watch her pretty, cunning ways, and listen to her sweet songs. In the next spring Bessie's owner moved away; and she fell into another lady's possession,—a very welcome legacy.

As before, the birds returned in the spring; but Bessie was quite indifferent to them all. But one day, while the new family were at the dinner-table, they heard what seemed to be a loud, wild scream of joy. With one accord all rushed upstairs to the conservatory; and there, sure enough, was the mate again. This was repeated every spring while she lived. Whenever the family heard that peculiar, wild, joyous commotion, they knew that her mate had come, and, going to see, always found him there.

One year they raised three broods of birds; and it was not an uncommon thing at that time to see the two parent birds and the twelve young ones all feeding at the same table,—the youngest yet so young as to be fed by the old ones.

This little pet was with them seven

years. They never doubted her identity; but a clipped feather and a defective toe made this identity unmistakable.

The same great joy was manifested toward her mate at each annual return in the spring, but the last one it seemed almost beyond expression. It even attracted the attention of the neighbors. One day an uncle of the lady of the house called her and others to look at them. They would sing to each other, bow their heads, flap their wings, fly down on the ground, roll over and over. In short, they acted as if they were fairly crazy with happiness. Two or three days after this the lady of the house heard a fluttering in the conservatory; and, going to see what was the matter, she found her little pet lying in her feed basin in a spasm.

She took her up, stroked and petted her; and, as the fit passed off, she nestled down into her hand, and turned her head up to look at her mistress. The bright eyes were swollen and bloodshot. Soon she had another spasm, and another, and another. Then her little feet flew out, and she soon lay dead in her owner's hand.

It seemed as if a dear little pet child had been suddenly snatched from that household; and, as to the poor little mate, anything more heart-broken they never saw. There was no more dashing about through the house and out among the trees, no more gay songs; but, instead, he moped about, with now and then a little, low wail that seemed more like "Weep," "Weep," than anything else. In the fall he went away, as usual; and the family never saw him again to know him.

Bessie's conduct toward her mistress was often very amusing. Traits of character were manifested that instinct will not explain. If in the morning the lady should begin watering her plants, or other work, before she had attended to her wants, the bird pet would follow her about, scolding and darting down at her as if she intended to peck her eyes out; and this would be continued until the mistress would quit all else and attend to her. But after her breakfast she would come out to where the lady was, perch on the nearest tree or bush, and give her her pay in one of the sweetest songs that the throat of song-sparrow ever poured out upon the summer air.—George S. Griffith, in *New York Observer*.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

One day I went out fishing with Uncle Will. I went, and Tom went, and auntie went. We fished from a boat. Auntie caught some fish, and uncle caught lots. Brother Tom tried to, but couldn't. I did not want to catch any, the poor things gasped so. What I liked was the sail and the picnic on the island under the trees.

I wanted to take my doll with me. I should have chosen Lucy Lee, for she has a yachting suit and a sailor hat to wear; but mamma said that I was certain to lose overboard any doll I took, because I always did, and really that is quite true,—I forget, and she slips,—but that, if I chose to take my little china boy, I might. I never seemed to care much for him.

My little china boy is a sailor, with a hat on one side of his head, and black curls, and a striped shirt, and an anchor on his necktie, and wide pantaloons, and slippers on his feet, and he is dancing a jig; and on his stand is printed in gold letters the name

LITTLE BOBBY SHAFTOE.

He was bought at a fair; and sometimes I forgot all about him for weeks, and sometimes I played with him every day.

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When mamma spoke of him now, I went and looked for him. He was lying in a corner of my closet, all covered with dust; but I wiped him off, and, so I should be sure not to lose him, I tied a pink cord under his arms, and made a knot in the end. If I forgot my little sailor, I should feel the big knot slip through my fingers, and remember and pick him up.

Well, we had been fishing a long, long while, and uncle was rowing in to the island where we were to have lunch, when I thought I would give my sailor-boy a bath. So I let him down into the water, and he came up all bright and shining, as if he were newly painted and gilded, and I called to Tom to look, and let him down again; and Tom laughed when I pulled him up. And just once more I let him down, holding the knot tight, and this time something seemed to catch him and pull him away from me, and the cord slipped through my fingers, knot and all, and auntie says I'd have gone over the side of the boat if she had not caught my skirts.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"My sailor-boy is drowned!" I said, and I told her how.

"Just as your mamma said!" said she.

"Well, you did not care much for him, so don't cry."

"I wouldn't have cared if he had been lost or been given away," I said, "but to see him drowned before my eyes is so different, just as he was so happy, too. He was fond of the sea. Oh, poor little Bobby Shaftoe!" And I cried quite hard.

"What your mother is going to do with such an imaginative child, I can't think," said auntie. "No one is drowned. You've lost a bit of painted china. Do be sensible."

I tried to be; and, on the whole, we had a very pleasant day. All mamma said when I told her about Bobby was,—

"Don't you feel glad you did not take your doll?"

People don't have much sympathy with us, I'm afraid. They were much more interested in the fish uncle and auntie had caught. One that he had pulled in just after I lost Bobby Shaftoe overboard was to be baked for dinner. Cook promised to clean and stuff it beautifully. Then auntie went to rest and lie down, and, when I had taken off my big apron and been washed and tidied, I sat down under a big tree with my crochet work; but I could only think of poor little Bobby Shaftoe dancing in the sun, and dipping into the water, and then gone.

"Only a bit of china," they told me. Somehow, when a "bit of china" has a pretty face, and arms and hands, and legs and feet, it will make you feel as if it was alive,—just a little,—and I was crying again, when I saw Jane, the upstairs girl, running down the garden path.

"Miss Kitty! Miss Kitty!" she was crying. "Do come! Cook wants to show you such a funny thing!"

Of course, I went with her at once. Auntie, mamma, and Tom were all in the kitchen, standing about a table. Cook had opened the fish and cleaned it, and made the stuffing; and now the fish lay shut up again in a nice clean towel.

"It's a big one, miss, isn't it?" asked cook.

"Yes," I said, not much interested.

"And it has a big mouth," said cook.

"Look till I open it for you."

Saying that, she opened, not the mouth, but the whole fish; and there, inside of it, lay something all blue and white and gilt and shiny,—my little Bobby Shaftoe, and nothing else, with the string tied to him yet!

"Just where I found him, miss," said cook; "and, as your ma says you lost him while you were out fishing, it's plain the fish swallowed him, and then swam around the boat, and let your uncle catch him. Sure, the crayther, I've no doubt, thought he was alive."

Then she lifted Bobby out of the fish, and washed him nicely for me, and dried him on the roller-towel; and everybody else laughed a great deal. But, as for me, I could not even speak, I was so astonished and thankful. I put Bobby on the mantel-piece in my room, and I keep him nicely dusted now. Tom always calls him Jonah;

and it was a kind of a miracle, too, only not so solemn, that happened to Bobby Shaftoe.—*New York Ledger.*

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield:
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry across the tumult runs;
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes;
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cries to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
The reddest day in history.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

They fell who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium,
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—San Francisco Argonaut.

A TULIP STORY.

Two tulip bulbs dropped from the old gardener's wheelbarrow as he walked across the alley on his way to the public square where handsome beds were being made for the spring. He heard them tumble from the top of his load, but was too tired to stop and pick them up. A few lost bulbs would not matter when he had hundreds.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the tulips: "what an awful accident. We have fallen into a dreary alley on a dirt-heap. Alas, we must die! How could we live separated from all our cousins, aunts, and friends?"

"And I was so pretty," moaned Variegated.

"I had the real gold color," answered Yellow.

"Oh, please do not die," begged the poor Dirt-heap. "I will do all I can to make you both comfortable and warm through the winter. A little way under I am moist and soft: try to sink down a few inches and fall asleep. You will be doing such a kindness if you will live, and let me care for you until the spring. I have always longed to be garden earth. It will cheer me through the long winter to hold such a lovely secret. Ah! how happy I shall be when two beautiful flowers bloom on my breast, perhaps on Easter Sunday! Do not die, but live,—only live."

"If we can be of use, even in this forlorn alley, why of course we must live," replied Yellow.

"And bloom," Variegated whispered. So they both sank down into the yielding earth, composing themselves for months of quiet sleep. The Dirt-heap was filled with thankfulness; and she rejoiced that, even in a small way, she was now garden earth.

At last winter came with howling winds, snow, sleet, and ice. No green thing showed its face to the sky. The ground hardened like iron. For weeks the dirt-heap lay a mound of snow,—white and chill. So much ice piled itself in the alley that only the

milkman Ben ventured through its narrow limits.

But the bulbs knew nothing of all this. They lay warm and snug in the dirt-heap, dreaming of spring and the happy hour of blooming. After many weeks came Easter Sunday.

Early in the morning of that blessed day Ben, the milkman, to make a short cut home, turned his horse and wagon into the narrow alley. When he reached the dirt-heap, he pulled up in surprise; for there, in all their first beauty, bloomed two tulips, one of gold color, the other variegated. They seemed to be looking right up in the sky, the dreary alley forgotten. Warm sunlight fell about them, sweet air passed over them, and a soft rich earth held them secure. "Well, well, well," Ben mused: "this is a pretty sight, and takes me back to my boy days on the old farm. I will take these flowers home to my wife Sally as an Easter gift, and I'll bet she will show them to the baby the first thing." So he gathered the tulips, with a generous handful of earth round each bulb. Then he looked down upon the old dirt-heap, and spoke aloud his thoughts.

"I'll bring my wheelbarrow over in the morning, and haul this dirt to Sally. She will spread it all over her flower-beds: it's fine rich soil."

"Garden earth at last! Oh, how glad I am!" rejoiced the Dirt-heap.

"Sister," laughed Variegated, "we are going to be an Easter gift: only think, an Easter gift!"

Yellow nodded her pretty head of gold, and whispered, "A dear little baby is to look at us the first thing!"—*Elizabeth Meredith Reese, in the Independent.*

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THE GREAT POWERS TO JAPAN.

Meekness is weakness;
Force is triumphant;
All through the world,
Still it is Thor's day.—Emerson.

Salve, Japan! We seven, the sovereign Powers,
Greet thee, compeer; inscroll thy name with ours,—
United States, Great Britain, Germany,
France, Russia, Austro-Hungary,
And Italy. Henceforth the world-estate
We share with thee, Japan,—Japan the Great.

For years on years thy marvel-working art,
Thy homage, leal and feal of hand and heart,
Have borne thy name to fame in many a land,
Procured thee largess, won thee wide command.
But not for these do we this equal place
Allow with us in lordship o'er man's race.
The meek are weak, triumphant yet is force,
The globe around the mastery still is Thor's.
The conquering hand that strikes to maim, to kill,
Insatiate greed, show Thor the world-god still.
These test a claim to wear the human crown,
When pitiless swayed are badge of true renown.
Commanding these, we scorned thy tranquil years,
We set at naught thy peaceful hopes and prayers.
But now these held by thee with ruthless might
Prove thee our peer; the crown is thine by right.
America, thick strewn with Red Men dead;
India's wide plains, by Hindu blood washed red;
Hot Africa's jungles, trailed by dying slaves;
Great Asia's heights and ravines, foul with graves;
The isles of Southern seas, a gory prey;
The whole earth round, the aggressor's unstopped
way,—
This we have wrought, we, world-compelling Powers.
Like having wrought, Japan, we hail thee ours.
Place for Japan! Our throne and rod of state
We share henceforth with thee, Japan, now Great.

So boast these haughty Potentates; and yet,
Amid their proud acclaims, none may forget
That o'er them each illumines the bannered word
Of Him whom they profess their Sovereign Lord,—
Word given for all men at the meek Christ's birth,
"Glory to God! Good will and peace on earth."
—Clay MacCauley, in *Japan Mail*.

Mr. Richards is a brother of Mrs. M. C. Gile, wife of Prof. Gile of the college. This has been a timely gift, as many of its students are worthy of the assistance of a scholarship.

Pandita Surendrabala Devi is travelling in the important cities of Upper India with the object of rousing the Hindus of those places to their sense of duty in matters of religious and social reform, and insisting upon them to ameliorate the condition of their women by giving them education on all lines. Large audiences assemble to hear her, and the conviction that India can never rise in the scale of nations until its women are educated seems to be gaining ground.

MISS CHANNING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.—The Women's Alliance of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester celebrated the birthday anniversary of its president, Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, on the morning of April 23, by a most delightful gathering in Parish Hall. A platform beautifully draped and decorated with palms and roses and a portrait of William Ellery Channing was arranged where Miss Channing occupied the place of honor. About one hundred guests were present. Rev. Mr. Mott presided.

Charities and Reforms.

An Anti-vivisection Society has been formed in Madras for the purpose of co-operation with the Calcutta Anti-vivisection Society.

The net proceeds of the Loan Collection of Portraits of Women were \$7,416.14, of which two-thirds, or \$4,944.09, is paid to the Boston Children's Aid Society, and one-third, or \$2,472.05, to the Sunnyside Day Nursery.

Hull House, Chicago, which has originated a good many excellent ideas, has started a circulating picture gallery, which is made up of about fifty reproductions, in one form or another, of standard works of art, including some of the best modern works. There are colored prints, photographs, and a few water colors. Each picture may be taken out for two weeks without charge and without security. The pictures are framed, and so far excellent care has been taken of them. The experiment is a novel one, and opens up many possibilities.

The report of the Sunny Bank Home for Convalescent Women and Children shows that it is nearly eight years since its work was begun, and in that time it has afforded a most comfortable and cheery retreat for many who needed a few weeks of care and quiet after illness in order to gain the necessary strength to take up life again. The Home is on School Street, Watertown, in most attractive surroundings. Information regarding admissions may be had from Mrs. Edward Whitney, Belmont, who is the treasurer; from Mrs. A. L. Richards, Watertown, who lives near the home; or from Dr. A. J. Baker-Flint, 360 Commonwealth Avenue.

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I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid.—*Nebraska*.

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin*.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

"The Flowers appear on the Earth." Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Just to lie Still! Maud L. Cotton.

A Philosopher's Mother: Johanna Schopenhauer. II. Ursula Tannenforst.

Italy of To-day. Marie C. Remick.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

Dr. Martineau's Ninetieth Birthday.

The American Unitarian Association. Martha Perry Lowe.

Western Unitarian Conference. Leon A. Harvey.

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American Unitarian Association, George Batchelor; Sunday-schools, Edward A. Horton; National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Alice R. Jackson; Guilds; Temperance Work, C. R. Eliot; Literary Notes.

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MEXIOAN STORE-KEEPING.

Among the Mexicans every store and magazine bears a title: it used to amuse me to see that the Store of the Two Hemispheres was probably not over two yards square of our measurement, and that the Magazine of the Globe was carrying a stock worth not a cent more than twenty-five dollars at the outside; but one must accept each country as he finds it, and I am compelled to say that in the larger cities of Mexico there are numbers of finely stocked emporia of different classes of goods.

The position of clerk in one of these great mercantile establishments is much in demand, for what reason it would be hard to say, excepting that the comparative seclusion of the young women makes it somewhat difficult to meet them often, unless one be a special attendant in a dry-goods store, in which case conversation is allowed to flow unreservedly.

If the clerk be young, handsome, well-mannered, bright, and of good family, it generally takes about four hours for a young lady to buy a paper of pins. An intelligent clerk may have a great amount of information to impart upon the subject of pins if the intending customer have dove-like eyes, a gentle voice, tiny, soft hands, and a rich old daddy. There are long pins, short pins, black pins, white pins, American pins, English pins, French pins, and many other varieties, all of which I have heard described at length; but I never found it in my heart to grumble at the delay, and always have murmured, "Bless you, my children, bless you," leaving the more earnest expressions of disapproval to the cross old "dueñas," for whom my antagonism dates back to the days when I was a lieutenant in Arizona, ever so many years ago.

Sometimes one will enter into a gorgeous establishment and feel a vague sensation of distrust at seeing some such firm name as that of "Patricio O'Dowd Hijos" (Patrick O'Dowd's Sons, Monterey).

The original Patrick has long since been gathered to his fathers; but his prosperous business is energetically carried on by descendants of decidedly Castilian appearance, whose only sign of a Celtic derivation lies in their name. And so with the banking firms of MacManus in Chihuahua, and Milmo in Monterey, or MacElroy in Tamalipas, founded by enterprising, intelligent, quick-witted Irish and Scotch ancestors, who married among the natives and left influential families behind them.

In all these mercantile establishments there is the singular custom of *pelon*, which apparently counterbalances any attempt at overcharging on the part of the proprietors. When you become a regular customer, a tiny tin cylinder is provided and hung up in the store in full view of everybody, marked with your name and number. Every time that you make a purchase a bean is dropped down into the cylinder, and at stated times these are all counted; and for every sixteen or eighteen, depending upon the commercial generosity of the firm, you are allowed six cents in money or goods.

This custom must be one of great antiquity. The word "pelon" means a stone or other crude weight with which it was in ancient days customary to balance the scales used in the market.—Capt. J. G. Bourke, in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

Here and There.

The bread of Mexico is equal to any in the world. The "panaderias," or bakeries, are well patronized, very few families in the towns baking their own supply.

The sultan of Turkey is sending out Mohammedan missionaries to Africa at his own expense to check the Christian advance in that continent.—*Presbyterian*.

Probably the largest price ever asked for a new book is the \$600 demanded for a yellow copy of the Chaucer folio now being printed. The copies printed on paper have already been bought.

The ship canal between the Baltic and Black Seas will be about one thousand miles long. There are no very formidable engineering difficulties. The estimated cost is £20,000,000, and the construction will occupy five years.

Corn-shucks, carefully dried and rubbed smooth, make the favorite wrapping for Mexican cigarettes. Corn-meal, parched with a trifle of "pelonce," or coarse brown sugar, is one of the staple Mexican foods. Without the sugar it was in use among the Aztecs.

A monumental fountain in honor of Heinrich Heine, designed by Herter of Berlin, costing about \$35,000, was refused a place, for political reasons, at Düsseldorf, Heine's native town, and has been offered by a number of German societies to the city of New York.

Ancient as is the art of lace-making, the finer qualities do not appear before the fifteenth century. The most celebrated lace collections are those of the South Kensington Museum in London and the Bruges Museum, although the Cluny Museum in Paris contains inestimable specimens of antique lace.

It is said that singers, actors, and public speakers find that since the introduction of the electric light they have less trouble with their voices, they are less likely to catch cold, their throats are not so parched, and they feel better. This is due to the air being less vitiated and the temperature being more even.

The Coreans have no system of education or literature worthy of the name, the masses being unlearned even in their own tongue. The upper classes are lettered in a degree, but even with them reading and writing constitute education. Penmanship is an art much prized, and is widely practised, as in Japan.—*American Educational Bulletin*.

The flower market of the city of Mexico will suffer but little, if any, in comparison with that of the Madeleine in Paris or Covent Garden, London. There is always a fine display of Jacqueminots, Marshal Neils, tuberoses, mignonettes, pansies, "no me olvides" (forget-me-nots), orange-blossoms, and other beautiful and fragrant flowers, to be had at your own prices. For example, an irreproachable bouquet of all the above flowers made up sells for two bits in Mexican money, equivalent to about sixteen cents American.—J. G. Bourke.

The shops in Paris for the sale of fuel by retail are almost as numerous as the bakeries. They are always neat; and the wood, coal, and kindlings are arranged in a most artistic manner. The wood is piled so as to show the evenly sawed ends; the samples of coal are arranged in glass dishes; and in some of the shops, where orders are taken for the wholesale places, wood is arranged in the windows and decorated with growing moss and ferns. Indeed, the chief aim of the French shopkeeper is to make his shop attractive.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



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"For a number of years I was the victim of a most distressing form of **Dyspepsia**, unable to eat meat or vegetables, and lived entirely upon tea and crackers, bread and milk, and other similar articles. I was subject to nausea and vomiting after eating, and occasionally discharged from an empty stomach a yellow fluid. With my general health already greatly enfeebled, I was about two years ago attacked with a **Calculus Affection of the Bladder**. There were frequent severe paroxysms, and I was rarely free from suffering, which necessitated a resort to morphia for relief. This complication of maladies reduced me to such a condition that I had despaired of relief from any source, when six months ago, acting upon the suggestion of a neighbor, I commenced the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, which soon so far alleviated my sufferings that I was able to dispense with the use of morphia, and there was a continued and gradual improvement until, at the expiration of some eight weeks, I had an attack of great severity, from which I was relieved by the **passage of a Calculus**, followed at short intervals by three other attacks, each resulting in a similar manner, the **passage of Calculus**, which proved to be the termination of this trouble. Not less remarkable and happy was the action of the water in my painful and long-standing **Stomach disorder**, which it entirely relieved, restoring perfect digestion. I now eat with impunity Bacon, Cabbage and Turnips, and whatever else I fancy, and am in vigorous general health, attending actively to my business affairs."

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I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the *Unitarian* in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

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"I went to Sunday-school yesterday," a little girl said to her aunt, "and the teacher asked me 'who made me.' So I just told her nobody made me. I wonder if she thought I was a paper doll!"

When Beau Nash was ill, the doctor asked him if he had followed his prescription. "No, doctor," said Nash. "If I had, I should have broken my neck; for I threw it out of the second-story window."

A contemporary contains an advertisement of a dog for sale. Among the good points of the animal are these: "He will eat anything, and is very fond of children."—*Observer*.

That was a bright girl in the street-car the other day who said to her companion, who was making the usual female search for her purse: "Let us divide this, Ethel. You fumble, and I'll pay."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

"It was awfully clever of baby," said a fond mother. "He had never been told what flowers were; but the moment he saw them he said, 'Bwobs!'" "Indeed! And what does 'bwobs' mean?" "Why, flowers, of course."—*Harper's Bazar*.

The postmaster's boy and the professor's boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose; and the professor's boy exclaimed: "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A.M." "Huh!" replied his companion. "That's nothing. My father's a P.M."—*Harper's Young People*.

An echo of the war between Japan and China is the statement that a Japanese scout fell into the hands of the Chinese. His captors went to the Chinese commander and said, "General, we have captured a Japanese spy." "What luck!" exclaimed the general. "Perhaps he can tell me where my army is!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"So Rev. Blank has nervous prostration?" "Yes, and I think it must date from his shock last summer. You know he was reading his favorite hymn in church; and just as he had read impressively,

'Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way,'

the low came indeed, but from a cow under the window!"

The London *Christian World* tells the following story: "A hoary-headed joke has repeated itself in connection with the Laud celebration. A North Country gentleman went to the celebration because, he told his friends, he thought Laud must have been a good man, or King David would never have commended him in the Hundredth Psalm, wherein, in the metrical version, he sang in the North nearly every Sunday, 'Praise Laud, and bless his name always!'"

Here is an anecdote told of Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist. He was invited to dinner by a banker friend. He failing to put in an appearance at the end of forty-five minutes past the appointed time, the family sat down to satisfy their appetites. At length Sardou arrived, the meal being half over. The banker was in no pleasant mood, and he asked Sardou sharply if he took his house for a hotel. The playwright, calmly seating himself, exclaimed: "Certainly not! If that had been the case, I should not be here." "Why?" "Because," he answered, "I never accept invitations to dinners in hotels."—*Harper's Young People*.

A DISCOUNT FOR THE PRAYER.

The following story is told in the *Epworth Era* of Rev. H. S. Thrall, one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas: "In company with a number of itinerants who were on their way to Conference, Dr. Thrall stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night, so that they might rise about three o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lie by in the heat of the day. Dr. Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, said to the old farmer after supper: 'We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together, we will have prayers with you.' After prayers one by one settled his bill. Dr. Thrall's turn came, and he asked for his bill. The old farmer replied: 'Well, pa'son, I charged the rest twenty-five cents; but, bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but twenty cents.'"

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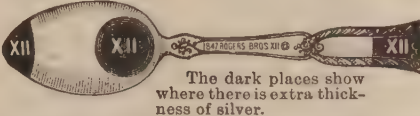
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VOLUME LXXIV.

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Editorial.

THE recent death of Rev. Dr. Miles removes from us one of our oldest and most widely known ministers. He filled many places of responsibility, and rendered valuable service. After a long and faithful ministry at Lowell, Mass., he was chosen secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which office he held six years. On his resignation, he was called to the ministry of the Third Congregational Society of Hingham, where for many years, as pastor and preacher, he endeared himself to his people. He received the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater; and, as a loyal son of Brown, he took an active interest in his college. The full details of his life and career we leave for future notice, and will only now allude to one or two features of his character. His was a constantly growing mind. His last days were his ripest. Those who heard his address a few years ago at the Berry Street Conference noted its vigor and freshness, and the evidence that he had kept himself in close touch with the newest thought. Not long since his speech at the commencement of Brown University roused his hearers to a high pitch of merriment from its wit and humor. His mind was active until the last, as is well known by the readers of the *Register*. As his years increased, so his faith grew in cheerfulness and strength. His old age was mellowed and brightened by a serene trust and with uplifted hope in the future. Surrounded by friends whose loving hands smoothed his pillow and closed his eyelids, he welcomed with a calm faith

the coming of the death angel, with the assurance that, whether here or there, he could not drift beyond the Father's love and care.

WE are passing from the sentimental to the scientific treatment of social problems. The calcium light of investigation has been thrown upon the slums of great cities; and the vice, misery, and crime which have been revealed are startling. The question at once arises, What can be done to bring about a change? Hitherto the efforts have been largely guided by feeling. The first thought has been immediate alleviation of the evils. But experience shows that, if we are to make a permanent change, we must strike at the causes which produce poverty, vice, and crime. This is now so evident that attention is largely given to this aspect of the case. Colleges and theological schools have chairs of social science, and the whole subject of charity is receiving large treatment. Miss Dudley, the head of the Denison House College Settlement in Boston, asserts as the results of her experience that the working classes "cannot be helped fundamentally or primarily by charity or philanthropy, but by co-operation with them in the directions which they themselves think will aid them." This whole subject has been well treated in the papers and discussions at the recent National Conference of Charities at New Haven. The president, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, in his opening address, made it clear that the science of men's welfare involves some of the most difficult of problems. Charity in the past has made as well as helped paupers. The aid given to the unemployed has often increased the number of tramps, and the same is true of other efforts for reform. What is needed is an intelligent study of this whole subject; and the gathering of experts to report the results of their experience, observation, and study is full of promise. We fully indorse the words of Mr. Paine: "The time has come to put our sociological work and study on a worthier and more thorough basis of scientific knowledge."

THERE is an evident disposition on the part of many to paint dark pictures of the condition of the Sandwich Islands, and to give currency to false statements of the real condition of affairs which prevail there. If this was done only by irresponsible writers and newspapers, it would have little effect; but, when Mr. Thomas G. Shearman of Brooklyn enters the list, and the New York *Evening Post* declares: "Nothing that we know of in church annals can quite equal the dealings of the missionaries and their sons with the Hawaiians. They contain cant, hypocrisy, covetousness, unscrupulousness, fraud, deceit, and gross abuse of power in about equal proportions,"—when we read this, we are led to ask, What is the real truth about this whole matter? The *Independent* and the *Congregationalist* of May 30 contain two letters from residents which give us not only opinions, but also facts. Rev. Sereno E. Bishop, with the knowledge derived from a long experience, has tabulated the ages, occupations, and other data of every son of a missionary now residing in the Hawaiian Islands. We have not space to give these convincing details; but they clearly prove that, as a body, these men, representing three generations, stand exceptionally high in moral character, in education, and, in general capability. Rev. Thomas Gulich, also speaking from personal knowledge, assures us that great changes for the better have taken place under the influence of Christianity. When the first missionaries went there, the people were savages. "Now they nearly all live in comfortable houses, and are clothed in a civilized manner. None of them knew how to read and write. Now a larger per-

cent. have a common-school education than the native-born population of any State in New England; and in a material point of view they are five times as well off, individually, as when the missionaries first came to the islands." Moreover, the necessity for the present revolution arose from the corrupting influences of the native rulers. We call our readers' attention to these two letters. The facts they give clearly show that the arraignments made by the *Evening Post* and others seem, to say the least, both indiscriminate and untrue.

A VERY exciting incident took place at one of the sessions of the Presbyterian Assembly. Dr. Gillespie, in a very earnest and impassioned speech, urged the claims of foreign missions, and at the close mentioned the fact that a graduate from a Western theological seminary stood ready, with a young woman to whom he was engaged, to go to Africa to take the place recently made vacant by death. "I blow the trumpet," said the secretary, "and ask the ladies of Pittsburg and Allegheny whether they will let the sun set to-day with the money uncontributed which the young couple, your children, need for their salary for the year." The appeal roused the audience to a high pitch of excitement, and it was proposed to raise the whole amount on the spot. The enthusiasm was so great that the entire sum was pledged in a few moments. The young candidate was called at the close of the meeting to give the benediction, and the audience went away with a thrill of delight. The zeal ran over into the next day, when the assembly proposed to raise a million of dollars to wipe out a debt of the Benevolent Board's. As an evidence of what had been done for missions, it was stated that during the last twenty-five years this body has raised for this object \$47,000,000.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

"The glory of Anniversary Week has departed!" So says the oracle of the daily press, and it must be true. No doubt popular interest in this series of meetings has waned; and since, from the newspaper point of view, popular interest is not only glory, but the very breath of life, the editorial mind feels abundantly justified in its conclusion. There are various ways of accounting for the decline of general interest in these meetings. The growing complexity of life brings forward new objects to think about, and no single one can claim so much attention. It is now so easy at any season of the year to make a pilgrimage to the New England metropolis that what was formerly, for many people, the annual visit to Boston has lost its novelty and charm.

If, however, popular interest could always be retained by keeping up the standard of excellence in that which once attracted it, we might say that Anniversary Week ought still to command all the public notice it once received. At least, it is not an unreasonable assertion that in no series of meetings ever held among Unitarians have more good things been said, or more addresses made which it would profit the community to hear, than during the meetings of last week. If single essays or speeches might be selected from the record of the past more epoch-making or epoch-marking, yet, on the whole, the utterances of this year show no decline of intellectual strength, no weakening of the prophetic vision, no failing of the sources of fervor and zeal.

Meanwhile, though the sayings and doings of Anniversary Week do not immediately reach so large a circle of listeners and readers as in former times, they perhaps make even a deeper mark upon a limited class of minds than ever before. Abating

nothing of our reverence for the fathers of our faith, there is yet much reason to believe that we are getting closer than they came in most of their discussions to the fundamental realities of the religious life. There is some ground for affirming that a polemic interest in the consideration of religious problems is yielding to the growth of a deeper spiritual interest; and, in so far as this is true, certainly our talk reaches farther into the springs of life and character. While the results of Anniversary Week now show less upon the surface, it may well be that these days of seed-sowing in the minds of our people plant the beginnings of a no less fruitful harvest. The value of these meetings to our ministers can hardly be overestimated; and, without doubt, many a thought quickened in their minds, as they take counsel together, is published by these living heralds throughout the year far more effectively than it could be promulgated by any printed word.

Where the whole banquet has been so very satisfactory, it is difficult to select any one course for special mention without seeming to do injustice to others. But we venture to express some regret that a larger audience was not present to hear the strong addresses given on Tuesday evening. These were so good that they ought to have been delivered to an assembly filling Music Hall to its utmost capacity. We also wish to suggest the query whether, in the attempt to provide a bill of fare for the members and guests of the American Unitarian Association which shall include a redundancy of good cheer, the officers of that Association may not be offering just a little too much for the average capacity. The civilized man is not equal to those physical feasts with which the savage gorges himself, and perhaps the mental palate that has learned to appreciate a daintier dish goes with a mental digestion less able to bear huge quantities of spiritual food. People of an earlier generation could sit through meetings of enormous length, and then, after a brief intermission, submit themselves fresh and smiling to another interminable discourse. Mr. Nordau might see in our inability to endure this strain another sign of degeneracy; but at least we have to reckon with conditions as they now exist, and three meetings in one day is perhaps a notch beyond the average limit of strength.

As to the indications of the spiritual state of the denomination which these meetings afford, we feel fully entitled to report progress. True, there are reasons for encouragement and for discouragement on either hand, so that, accordingly as one brings to his reading of the signs of the time a pre-disposed mood of hope or anxiety, he will find sufficient pretext for his feeling of elation or despondency. But, setting aside both the pessimism and the optimism which select facts to suit their requirements, the dispassionate mind may take note of changes that make on the whole toward a better and a stronger future.

Not only does this fellowship of thinkers and workers bearing the Unitarian name show an increasing sense of having a mission in the world, but there is more agreement and more definiteness in describing the nature of that mission. A clearer perception of the actual state of religion throughout the country has brought an increased feeling of obligation to preach the truth as we see it, and a stronger consciousness of ability to do a work that shall make its mark on religious history. It is seen that, whatever liberal tendencies may show themselves in older denominations, not only self-respect, but loyalty to the faith we cherish demands that we shall surrender our work into no other hands till the Chris-

tian world has fully acknowledged our rights as Christians, and consented to look upon us, not as the enemies, but as the friends of Christianity itself.

All statistics which show that our denominational growth fails to keep pace with the growth of population are somewhat beside the mark. We have never aimed to become great in point of numbers. But we are growing, and we mean to grow till that phase of Christianity which we represent has become an assured element of the spiritual life of the future. In order that we may reach this mark, plenty of earnest and inspiring work is cut out for us; and, whatever may lie beyond this mark, we will accept no invitations to our own funeral till so much is accomplished.

FAILURE.

Mr. Howells has recently written a few poems that are almost thrilling in their direct personal application of old principles. A new sense of the danger of prosperity, of the failure that is implied by complacency with one's attainments, sweeps over the mind with genuine conviction as one reads the single stanza wherein a man has a vision of himself, sees his own life with all his selfish dreams fulfilled, and cries in a moment of sudden insight and agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If it is man's perdition to be safe when he ought to die for the truth, it is none the less his peril to be so protected from the sorrow and struggle of the world as to know nothing of the great depths of sorrow and disappointment. The lines of Mr. Howells are only a recognition of the truth that all joy is built on the foundations of pain. Progress itself is possible only through effort and loss. Buddha's word was, "What good thing have my brothers that did not come from search and strife and loving sacrifice?" and Jesus said, "He that findeth his life shall lose it." It seems a hard doctrine, but it is the eternal paradox of compensation.

It is beautiful to see around us those young "glad souls, without reproach or blot," who do each day's work as it comes, serving the needs of the world with gladness and reminding us of the flowers that blossom in beauty just because, somehow or other, they have come to the right time for blossoming, and it is the most natural thing in the world for them to do. But this blessed unconsciousness cannot last, even if it ever exists in the degree one may fancy when looking on from the outside. Sooner or later the responsibilities multiply, sorrow comes with sudden surprise, and every soul that thinks and feels and aspires must sooner or later face the hard conditions of real life and actual progress. When we are young, we have our ideals of personal happiness that seem wholly attainable. Happiness seems our birthright, the promise held out to us by the beautiful world in which we find ourselves, by the love that welcomes us, and by the opportunities for innocent pleasure that open on every side. We do not ask for happiness above our fellows. We ask such little, little things that seem almost within our reach. Sometimes we think that we have already made them our own, and only ask that life may never change. But it does change; and we stain our ideals with our desires, and we learn with trouble that we must set our longings higher. If we want real happiness, we must aim at something far above it. If we want love, we must deserve it. If we want our children to be good, we must be what we ask them to become. If we want to minister to the suffering world, we must forego the gratifications of the minute.

It is a hard thing for a man to be confronted in middle life with the fact that his life, viewed in the light of his early hopes, is a failure. Many of us have to face this; but, fortunately, the realization of it often comes so gradually that, when the whole truth dawns on us, our backs have already become accustomed to the unexpected burdens, and daily commonplace duties press on us with such imperative claim that we have no time to spend in sorrowing. Still the consciousness is there; and ever and again we go over the past, trying to think how we might have managed better, or won-

dering if we are really pawns on a chess-board, moved at the will of another.

Such a sense of failure has its own discouragements, sometimes more paralyzing than sorrow or trial; and it is not so easy to see that it, too, may lead us into something better than concern for our own fortunes. Sorrow we can bear if we must. It comes without our seeking. Its mystery awes and dignifies and transforms life's values. It is different with failure in our dearest plans. We have probably brought it on ourselves; and, what is worse, it has involved the misfortunes of others. Weakness, mistakes, folly, sin,—how can we bear these?

Then there is the suffering that comes from wider knowledge of the wrongs we cannot hinder. We read of the barbarities inflicted on helpless children and women in Armenia, or the horrible revelations forced upon us touching certain phases of life in our great cities, until every nerve in the body aches with actual pain. Life seems for the time worthless, if such things must go on and on while we are sitting safe in our sheltered homes, and lift no finger of help or resistance.

Here we must remember again the principle just stated, that all progress comes by defeat and loss. We must die to the lower life every time that we are born into a higher experience. It is better to be courageous than to escape all need of courage, better to suffer for an ideal than to rest content with lower satisfactions, better to achieve happiness indirectly by scorning personal aims than to receive it unearned and undeserved. We do not always see this in our own lives, and it is not necessary that we should. Only now and then are we permitted to stand on the heights, where we may look before and after and estimate influences and results. Enough for us if we have light sufficient for each day's needs, and an invincible faith that the final victory shall be worth all the failures that led to it.

Failure at the worst is only relative. To the man who has once learned to control his own inner kingdom there need come no sense of defeat in outward circumstance. To the true, brave soul there can come no real defeat. The stars in their courses fight for him, and the laws of the universe are on his side.

THE CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES.

The annual meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction which was held in New Haven, Conn., last week was marked by a spirit of progress which should come naturally enough to an organization which has reached its majority.

Only two of the little band that formed this association twenty-two years ago survive. But those two must rejoice in the strong and vigorous growth that has been made. Instead of a handful of people feeling their way doubtfully to the best method of rousing public attention to the causes they had at heart, they see a resolute and determined society of eight hundred members, and commanding such wide influence in the country that the best men count it an honor to serve as its officers.

The Conference is no longer a single organization. It is composite in structure, the various sections representing such subjects as care of the insane, the feeble-minded, the poor, the wayward, and the vicious. Experts on all these subjects discuss them at the general sessions and in section meetings. Among them all nothing demands and secures more skill and a better hearing than the subject of the Associated Charities.

This year there was an attempted amalgamation of science and philanthropy, New Haven being expressly chosen as a happy place for such fusion. The attempt met a success that was not unlooked for. Six or eight professors, representing Yale, Smith, and Columbia, read papers or took part freely in the meetings, and in turn listened patiently to the men and women who spoke from long experience with these social problems. One of them was overheard to say that such an exchange of thought was of greater value to the closet student than to the people who work day by day in the laboratory of living subjects.

The only apparent disadvantage was that the sociologists of the class-room were apt to use a vocabulary hardly understood by the plainer folk of the workshop and the farm. To make social science popular, it must be presented in the simplest and most intelligible language.

Another experiment is about to be tried by this energetic Conference, or rather by certain of its members. That is to formulate a plan by which the *Charities' Review*, which is at present devoted mainly to charity organization, shall be widened in its scope, so that all subjects referring to charities and correction shall find therein an opportunity for expression. It is not the intention to have an "organ" for the Conference, for that is opposed to the general policy of the association. It is a body for collecting and presenting facts and principles. To the public is left the task of adopting and applying them according as they shall commend themselves. Individual members may proclaim their own faith and creed with the utmost freedom; but the Conference, as a conference, has no creed, economic, social, or religious. It simply affords an arena where fair-minded and intelligent men and women may meet each other for frank discussion and unreserved exchange of ideas.

As a result of this simple method of conducting affairs, there are never acrimonious debates or painful personalities. The great charm of the Conference is the spirit of comradeship and friendliness.

New England furnished the president for this year, and is justified in wholesome pride in the man she chose, Robert Treat Paine. His opening address was so comprehensive and admirably adapted to educate a wise public sentiment that it was at once ordered to be printed, and copies by the thousand will find their way into the community.

The influence of gatherings like that in New Haven, bringing together hundreds of men and women who stand for a great deal in the thirty States from which they come, cannot be measured. Not to attend them means loss of inspiration for the hard work of the world, which, without such stimulus, is drudgery: with it that drudgery becomes divine.

Musings.

THINK of a village of seventeen hundred people moving along at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour,—beds and bedding, bags and baggage, houses and furniture, stores and store-rooms, kitchen and cupboards, pianos and libraries, barber-shop and doctor; a full complement of lawyers, ministers, bankers, mechanics, business men of every sort; a large number of young married couples; a whole troop of children; and uncounted babies; with, of course, the curse of most villages, the bar-room and the smoking-room. This village is named "Lucania." It has become detached from the United States, and will be annexed to England in a few days, wind and weather permitting. Baron Münchhausen's fiction of a floating island might be applied very well to this great mass of floating iron, though it is to be hoped that no successor of the arch liar will spike it to the ocean bed. But it seems more like some great monster, with mighty lungs and pulsing heart and slashing tail, which beats the ocean into foam. I suppose in no form of conveyance are the conditions of organized modern society so fully preserved as on a great ocean steamer. The relations of dependence, of trust, of mutual helpfulness, are all illustrated; and then there are the local and artificial relations which pertain to the aristocracy of wealth,—the luxury of the first cabin, the moderate comfort of the second, and the privation of the steerage. The aristocracy of intellect is differently distributed. There is certainly some of it in the first cabin, some in the second, and some of it in the steerage. My friend, the judge, whose judgments the State of Maryland has good reason to honor and respect, declares that the most stupid people on this voyage are in the first cabin. But this judgment certainly would not apply to the judge himself. For the first two or three days of an ocean trip stupidity is something which is not confined to any one class of passengers; and I am disposed

to believe that a comatose state is one of the most desirable to attain, and I congratulate myself on having attained it.

ZEUS is dead, Hermes has become a telegraphic despatch, Hephaistos has been translated into the person of Edison, Athene has left the temples erected to her name; but Poseidon is still living, and is engaged in just the same sort of business he was when he stirred up the waves against Odysseus, overwhelmed Æneas, or shipwrecked Saint Paul. I have had more than one interview in my life with this god, and find it a practical necessity to keep on good terms with him. I have never found any ritual, whether Jewish or Christian, medical, mediatorial, or mitigant, which he would accept in lieu of the tribute that from time immemorial he has exacted from travellers of every race and age whom a special intervention of the gods has not protected from his demands. I have met him in different parts of the globe,—in New York Harbor; on Massachusetts Bay; on the Penobscot, the Atlantic; in the Bay of Naples, the English Channel, the Mediterranean, the Ægean, the Irish Sea. And, in his capacity as "earth-shaker" as well as sea-ruler, I have saluted him as a boy from the window of a Broadway omnibus or from a Baltimore & Ohio train. He has impaled me on the prongs of his trident, for he has always been a trinitarian in controversy; and his weapon, if it has not pierced the heart, has reached the liver. So I have met the old theistic salt on this trip, and the conflict between Christianity and Paganism has been renewed. The Paganism consists in the infliction; the Christianity, in the patience with which you endure it. I have wondered whether Christianity or science, or that decoction of the two misnamed Christian Science, would succeed in dethroning the tyrant. Christianity has been tried often enough, and has failed. Science has attempted it again and again without success. Christian Science has failed as completely as it has failed to supplant surgery, or has failed to reconcile the jargon of Mrs. Eddy's book with the canons of philosophy or common sense. And so I am almost, if not altogether, persuaded that the only perfect and absolute prevention is to smooth out the ocean with a flat-iron, if the flat-iron can only be found,—some such mythical soothing power as that which tied up the winds in the cave of Æolus or said to the winds and waves: "Peace! Be still!" And, if only about a hundred million Chinese, with a mountain of starch and a million square miles of American prairie for a flat-iron, could laundry the bosom of the ocean into absolute smoothness, I should say it would be the best indemnity that Japan could demand. But I must do the ocean justice; and to its credit be it said that it has never behaved with more dignified and merciful serenity than on this trip. Its rhythmic swell was felt soon after we left Sandy Hook, and we had our share of breakfast rolls the next morning; but for the two days succeeding we have had the "mill-pond" sea, and the weather has been as delightful and considerate as the most exacting land-lubber could ask. When I sail into American waters again, it will probably be when I cross the line between the United States and Canada in the steamer "Lady of the Lake" on Lake Memphremagog; but that dear old lake, if the breezes coy with it at all, can hardly be smoother than the ocean. Under these conditions the "Lucania" made to-day a run which no other ocean steamer except itself has made,—five hundred and twenty-four miles. As we are going so rapidly east, our day is no longer twenty-four hours long; and this run has been actually made in twenty-three hours and fourteen minutes.

Brebities.

Anniversary weather reached a beautiful climax on the Festival day, and the spirit of the occasion seemed to match the weather.

Lack of space compels us to defer the report of the Sunday School Society meeting as well as some anniversary addresses. They will not spoil in keeping. A good spirit is an excellent preservative.

A correspondent, referring to "Good Sense in Religion," by H. R. Rose, says,

"The issue of such lectures by the Universalist Publishing House marks the most radical and most hopeful departure in the history of Universalism."

The Boston *Sunday Herald* prints a picture of Mr. George W. Stone, and a sketch of him and of his proposed work. If Mr. Stone's modesty were not so prominent a characteristic, he might be almost tempted to "take heed" because so many are "speaking well" of him.

The editor writes that on the steamship "Lucania" there was a great deal of gambling on the speed of the vessel. One man won in a day \$335. He adds, "I must say that I like the Salvation Army services which are held on the steerage deck better than the pool-selling in the cabin."

The "broom-stick train," as Dr. Holmes called the trolley cars, were made to do excellent duty in some cities on Memorial Day. A flag about three feet long was attached to the cord that controls the trolley, and it was a pretty sight to see them flying in the wind all up and down the streets. It is a legitimate spirit of patriotism that teaches love of the most beautiful flag that floats.

Rev. James De Normandie's interesting article on "The Roxbury Latin School," in the *New England Magazine* for June, and the deserved praise which he gives unstintedly to the master, Mr. William C. Collar, will be likely to make even more popular that famous old school; for, as he says, "It was Mr. Collar's remarkable gift of teaching which first attracted pupils from the neighboring towns."

New York is sometimes ungracious enough to speak slightly of New Haven, as a village in the woods. Well might any city covet the beautiful elms that make the "woods"; but it does give a feeling that New York is not entirely wrong in its classification to be waked in the small hours of the night in a city hotel by a voice that,

"Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing."

A correspondent on another page says that, "if Jesus and his disciples founded any church at all, it was the Roman Catholic Church." The Armenian Church, which, according to good authority, is historically older than the Roman Catholic Church, would resent such a claim. But it is the spirit of Christ, and not the authority of Jesus as a church founder, that it concerns us to find; and, happily, that may be found in all churches, in a measure.

It is almost impossible to reach the moslems of Turkey with Christian influence, in spite of the fact that the American Board has had missions there more than sixty years. The United Presbyterians seem to have been more successful in Egypt. Rev. G. R. Leavitt, D.D., after visiting the schools and church in Assiout, says: "One of the brightest features of the work is that it has so successfully reached Mohammedans. Of the eight thousand pupils in the mission schools, fifteen hundred are Mohammedans. Mohammedan boys send their boys to these schools in preference to the State schools. As many as seventy Mohammedans have been received into the churches. A book has been written in Syria for Mohammedans, giving the story of Christianity. This book has had a great sale in Egypt. It has just passed to its third edition. From ten to fifteen thousand copies of the Scriptures in Arabic are sold every year."

The subject of Christian unity formed the topic of discourse last Sunday in many of the pulpits of Chicago, New York, and other places. Prayers were made in the Roman Catholic churches for a larger union. One of the most notable sermons was that preached by Rev. Dr. Donald in Trinity Church, Boston. Those who heard his Lowell lectures are prepared to hear from him noble words on this subject. As printed in the *Transcript*, the rector of Trinity was clear and explicit in his language. The first step of Christian unity, he said, for Episcopalians, should be to disclaim, "once for all, and in words that cannot be misunderstood, that it is the authoritative teachings of our church that episcopal ordination is necessary in the constitution of a Christian church and a valid sacrament. Until this is done, all hopes of Christian unity, so far as we are to help create it, are of the substance of dreams." This position will, undoubtedly,

be assailed by many of his brethren; but the spirit and purpose which prompt it mark a long step toward a true Christian unity.

The Anniversaries.

HYMN.

BY REV. EDWARD A. HORTON.

[Written for the Unitarian Festival.]

New visions burst upon our sight,
New duties bloom in glad surprise;
We ask for faith to greet the light,
And tread the path that onward lies.

If courage fail, the prophet's word
Shall perish on the lips of youth;
All silent, then, the song once heard
When hearts were dauntless for the truth.

Above the crumbling touch of change
Our cherished hopes and longings last;
Let progress come in ripening range
Of richer fruitage on the past.

Through starry space one plan we see;
O'er life below reigns ceaseless care;
O God, we would, in service free,
Help build thy kingdom everywhere.

THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL.

The annual festival, when the Unitarian laity entertain the clergy with their wives and daughters, was held at Music Hall, May 30. The meeting was called to order by the chairman of the Festival Committee, Archibald Howe, Esq., who introduced the presiding officer, Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

ADDRESS OF HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

This beautiful annual custom of the laity tendering a banquet to the clergy is as inspiring in its way as is that other custom which to-day finds its celebration wherever a loyal heart exists. By this festival the laymen of our Church testify to their loyalty to its grand precepts, and pledge anew their devotion to its cause and their support and encouragement to its faithful ministers. To their guests the occasion brings new inspiration and a renewal of the force which comes from appreciation, for the most faithful minister finds his efforts wearisome unless he can see the actual working of the spirit he brings to his labors. The unified force of the pulpit and the pews is as essential in all religious work as the consecration of the preachers; and the sustaining strength which comes not only from appreciation, but appreciation expressed, is an important element in all church work. The "well done" should find expression in individual cases, and the "well done" of the laity at large finds its expression to-night. If, however, the laymen, as a body, bring their good wishes to the clergy, and the inspiration to continued faithful and acceptable service, they feel they can be of positive assistance by their approval or disapproval of the thought which pervades clerical circles; and happy it is for the Unitarian denomination that the verdict is usually one of approval. The antagonistic lines which have at times caused unhappy controversial contests in religious bodies are not pronounced with us. Divergent thought ever converges at last, and brings to the body of our worshippers fresh and buoyant hope, a renewed faith in the religion we profess, and a strengthened purpose to perpetuate all the good of the older teachings and a determination to weigh well all new propositions.

It is our happy privilege to meet to-night under the influence of the new declaration of our National Conference, and, I trust, to ratify the invitation sent out from Saratoga. The Conference declared that the churches represented in it accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teachings, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

Do we comprehend what this means? Can we, as laymen, read out of this the emphasis of a new faith, the call to a revival of a religion the beneficent elements of which the world is only now beginning to be conscious? Do we realize the coming of a new era, in which justice, morality, service to humanity, and thus to God, shall be more fully realized than at any previous period of the world's history? that humanity is coming to its heritage of control in its own interest, and thereto will seek the destruction of forces that are but the relics of man in his barbarous age?

The world is passing through a stage

leading out of militancy into industrialism; yet on the eve of the birth of a new century we witness the struggles of the old spirit of war to perpetuate its power, but in the less bloody but equally unhappy contests for industrial and commercial supremacy. "In more venturesome times the hero was he who had slain his tens of thousands." Now the great general may be the man who has carried some magnificent business undertaking to gigantic proportions. The revival of pure religion, which is surely coming with the era of ethical judgment, will bring to the highest appreciation of their fellow-men those who achieve such greatness and yet comprehend their moral obligations to society, and who recognize and practise the power of justice in dealing with all human relations, and who understand that all business, all undertakings, must be prosecuted on the basis of the Decalogue, and that the same great law shall rule in all social relations.

We beseech our ministers to take into their lives a new consecration in the spirit of the new declaration. Let its power inspire you to help us laymen, in our daily work, to fight the battles of religion. Help us to be brave and courageous and true, and to seek our reward in the same verdict we bring to you to-night,—"Well done!" Help us to see the right, to consecrate our lives to the work of perfecting humanity,—the real service of God. Help us to bear obloquy, misunderstood motives, evil tongues, and all that comes of a true fight for eternal truth and principle. Bring to us the spirit of Channing, of Dewey, of Clarke, of the hosts of saints that have told the world that character is the basis of salvation. Unfold to us the new religion, which takes into its vitalizing force more than all creeds and more than all dogmas,—the religion which comes by service, by science, by art, by enthusiasm. Teach us the great fact—not the belief, but the great fact—of immortality; that the new religion welcomes all truths, all science, as its efficient coadjutors; and that every fact that science discloses only reveals a new flash of the divine Love, reveals again the face of the almighty Father.

The new era is coming in this spirit; and with it are coming new questions, which already tempt men to say that retrogression is the rule,—that degenerate days are upon us. It is only the stirring of the waters by the divine Spirit of Justice, bringing to the surface the selfishness, the ignorance, and the cupidity of men, who struggle for a power which can only be secured through industrial channels; and such struggles belong not to one side only, but to all sides of industrial contests. Power is sweet, its possession sweet, its effects too often bitter,—not only to the taste of the possessor, but to all in any way subjected to it. The thought of the coming era will consecrate power, as it has in the past the ugly forces of war, and teach its holders to exercise it wisely and ethically.

Shall we, as a body of Christians, seek to hasten this era,—seek to bring about this new revival? I believe we shall; and with our past to inspire us, and with our faces turned to the light, we shall be in the forefront of the good work when the battle of the new century is announced. We must have our lamps in order, and we shall be among the heralds to proclaim the new spirit. We shall work shoulder to shoulder with all the good and true men everywhere who are trying to replace all injustice, of whatever magnitude, with practical righteousness, and who believe that no human right can be trampled on with impunity, and that no man can trample on a single human being and still be superior to the one upon whom he tramples.

We have no superstitious fear of the prophetic cipher of a new century. To us it means new opportunities, new avenues of development, new inspiration. To us, clergy and laity, it means a realization of the religion our own Hedge so eloquently analyzed, when he wrote that the scope of religion is the measure of history. "It supplied the first rudiments of civil society: it forecasts the social destination of man. Wherever humanity is found at its highest, religion has been the motive power, leader in all progress, home guard of all stability, source of revolutions the most prevailing, champion and prize of the boldest adventures, pioneer more eager than commerce, explorer more patient than science. Religion is acknowledged the mother

of arts. She reared the temples that make Egypt venerable, and shaped the marbles that made Greece renowned. She lighted the eyes of the Sistine virgin, and unrolled the 'Divina Commedia,' and inspired the strains of Handel and Bach. In private life she has been the authoritative teacher, comforter, lifting the soul above the dust, purifying the heart by faith, eliciting the spirit of self-sacrifice by which society subsists, cheering the sufferer in mortal pains, redeeming and renewing the world."

This grand definition reaches into the coming revival of a religion which shall hold in its power the church, industry, commerce, and the whole social fabric.

In the spirit of this work we pledge you our warm support; and, as a present earnest of that pledge, we welcome you to our festivities.

ADDRESS OF REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have, friends, an earnest word to bring to you. I shall let my younger friends, Mr. Batchelor, Dr. Hale, and others, furnish the frivolous part of the entertainment. I shall be very serious, but I trust that I shall not be so long that you will weary of it. Our friend, Mr. Alger, the other night, at the meeting of the Boston Association, said again what has been said so many times in the past, that Unitarianism started as a revolt, a protest, and that that protest had very largely run its course, and that, if we wished to continue in denominational power, we must gain some new impulse, some new motive for our being. I do not like that way of putting it. Unitarianism was not born a protest merely. If you choose to say that a grass-blade or a seed in springtime protests, revolts, against that which keeps it back and down, then well: I admit that kind of protest, I accept that definition of revolt. But Unitarianism meant, when it came among men, a new step in the age-long evolution of the religious life of man. [Applause.] It was born out of three great new forces: three great steps in advance did man take at that time.

In the first place, the human heart had grown so tender, so sympathetic, so touched with the sorrows of men, that it would no longer bear the cruel theories of religion that had dominated the world of the past. It meant, then, a great step forward on the part of the human heart. That step Whittier has indicated for us in those beautiful words from that most wonderful poem, "The Eternal Goodness,"—

"I trace your lines of argument,
Your logic linked and strong,
And weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds.
Against the words you bid me speak
The heart within me pleads."

That is what Unitarianism meant, so far as the growth of the heart of man was concerned. It meant another step on the part of conscience. The conscience of the race had come to assert its right to judge as to what was right and wrong here, and to assert fearlessly that nothing in heaven could be right or wrong as related to humanity which contradicted the sense of right and wrong that God had planted in the conscience of man. [Applause.] Unitarianism meant a grand advance on the part of conscience in the civilized world.

It meant another thing, another step ahead in the intellect of man. Man at last came of age, and asserted his right to reject that which was manifestly unreasonable. Not that we claimed the right or the power to measure the universe: we have always been ready to admit that there are things beyond human reason, but we cannot accept that which is manifestly and palpably contradictory to human reason. Unitarianism, then, meant a grand growth of the heart, the conscience, and the intellect of man.

I do not think that our fathers, if I read history correctly, were engaged at that time, consciously, in a battle for liberty. But, in asserting their right to feel and think, they had of necessity thrown off the old bonds and found themselves free; and, finding themselves free, they were ready, as other bodies were not, to accept whatever light, whatever new truth, might "break forth out of God's Holy Word," or might break forth out of God's holy universe, or out of God's holy humanity. They were ready to accept the new universe, the new flood of light that has come to us as the

result of modern philosophical thinking and modern scientific discovery.

Then what happened at Saratoga? We woke up at last to the logic of our position; and we were ready, putting aside the old-time emphasis on ceremonial, putting aside the old-time emphasis on creed,—we were ready to declare, by common consent, that, in our judgment, the central thing in religion is the heart. We said, "Practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man,"—not in thoughts about it, not in beliefs about it.

I take it, friends, that no one will accuse me of underestimating the intellectual side; but I am thoroughly in accord with the position at Saratoga, which declares that the heart, that love, is the deepest thing in religion. We need the grandest intellectual development; but we need the intellect simply as the head-light of a locomotive, to shine on the track and tell us where we are going. We need the intellect, like the compass of the ship, like the man at the helm; but the compass and the man at the helm are nothing as compared with the precious freight and the passengers. The heart is the central thing in the religious life: the intellect is the leader, the guide. I sometimes hear the heart emphasized in such a way as makes me wonder that people need any brains at all in order to be religious.

I hear the heart spoken of sometimes as though brain might be thought to be an impertinence. No: brains as the leader; the heart, the love, the service, as the essential thing in the religious life.

Having attained this position, we, as Unitarians, are ready to stand with both our hands out, one of them reaching toward the right wing, and the other toward the left wing, and with frankness and sympathy and welcome in them both. I am ready, for one, to fight for the right of a parish to be just as conservative as it wants to be, and to have just as conservative a minister as it wishes. I am ready, on the other hand, to fight for the right of a parish to be just as radical as it wants to be, and to have just as radical a minister as it wishes. And I am ready to declare that, when either the right wing or the left wing rises up and kindly proposes to tolerate the other, it is not liberal: it is simply impertinent. [Applause.] I want no tolerance for my position: I simply assume it as a right, as a man, and as a child of God.

I am glad and grateful that there is a religious denomination that can frankly, cordially, lovingly, recognize both wings. There is liberty enough to go round, and they can cordially co-operate and work together. And, certainly, friends, if we believe that the heart, that character, is the essential thing, then, whether the intellect lead a man to the right wing or to the left wing, we shall love him just the same, and co-operate with him in all the noble work of the religious life. [Applause.]

Occupying now this position, there are two special things which we, as Unitarians, ought to attempt to accomplish,—two special movements waiting our service. First, we are fitted, as no other religious denomination in the world is fitted, to be the religious leaders of the intellectual leaders of the world. We have found out what most of the religionists of the world have not discovered,—that changes in philosophical theory, changes in scientific conceptions of the universe, not only do not endanger religion, but do not touch it. Religion lives through all these changes, as the sun shines just the same, whatever may be your theory of light. We are ready to preach, then, to the leading scientific and philosophical thinkers of the world the profound truth that religion lives through all changes of theory; and that because evolution has come, because any scientific theory has been accepted, that does not at all mean that we are outgrowing or leaving religion behind.

And, then, we are to minister in the other direction. There are thousands of people in the old churches who feel the burden of the creeds as Whittier felt them, who are chafed and hurt by the hard and unjust things in the old faiths, but who are not quite ready to come to us. And why? Because they are not yet persuaded that there is a warm, sympathetic, worshipful, religious life among us. They wonder whether they will be at home with us, whether they will not have to surrender certain sanctities, certain reverences, certain sentiments, which are dear to them, and which seem an

essential part of the religious life. I believe, friends, there is a certain amount of ground for this suspicion. There are thousands of men who are Unitarians, for the simple reason that they are not anything else. They are Unitarians because they do not believe any longer in the infallibility of the Bible, they are Unitarians because they do not believe in hell, they are Unitarians because they have ceased to be orthodox; but they do not occupy any positive religious ground of their own. They are born out of the old, and not yet born into the new. [Applause.]

Friends, we ought to be able to teach the world that, along with the freest intellectual life, the open-eyed looking at every fact in the heaven above and the earth below, there can go the tender sympathies, the most reverent worship, the finest and sweetest sentiment of the religious life. If we have thrown these things away, we need to pick them up and cherish them, and make them a part of our religious life once more.

If we are able to minister to these two classes of people, then we are the prophets of what? I do not believe that we are living in the twilight of the gods. I do not believe that the old world is weary, and that we are approaching the evening-time of her history. I believe that only here and there has the rising sun touched a few of the highest mountain summits. It is hardly dawn as yet. The world is just beginning, here and there, to catch and reflect the light of civilization, civil freedom, religious liberty, industrial liberty, and justice, and all the finest and sweetest things of which the world has dreamed. It is morning; and ahead of us what? A religion grander than the world has ever known, a church more magnificent in its proportions, broad in its structure, inclusive in its sympathies, finer than humanity has ever dreamed of.

And what shall that church be called? Can we make our name "Unitarian" large enough, high enough, wide enough, to fit this dream? There are persons to-day in the old faiths who look, as I did, with suspicion upon the name "Unitarian." On the other hand, there are certain persons who are wondering whether any name is not a limitation, and want to get rid even of the name "Unitarian." Why, friends, we must, it seems to me, have some sort of name, if we are going to get our letters through the post-office! [Laughter and applause.] We must be called something. I wonder sometimes that these people name their children,—why they do not let them grow up, and choose a name for themselves. We must have a name. The only question is, What name is noblest and best? I was trained as a child to look with suspicion and fear upon Unitarianism. I have learned to love that word, as the grandest name in all the religious literature of the world. [Applause.] If it has not in the past meant enough, let us put into it meaning enough! [Applause.] Think what it may mean! We have found at last that we are living in a universe. Unity is the greatest work in the modern world,—unity of the universe, unity of God, unity of the forces of the universe. One of the most magnificent discoveries of modern science is called the conservation of energy. It means that all the diverse forces of the world are only diverse manifestations of one force. Unity of life, the unity of man, the unity of religion,—that profound thought that, under whatever name, in whatever clime, man has always been engaged in one religious search,—the search for God, the search for the secret of life. The unity, too, of humanity; the unity of human destiny,—the

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

I, friends, love and propose to stand by, I propose to work for, this Unitarianism of ours, and make it what, in promise and potency, it is,—the most magnificent name, as it is the most magnificent religious movement, that the world has ever known. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN A. TAYLOR.

This great assembly of Unitarians, to my mind, sir, means not alone a protest against the narrowing creeds and bigotries of the age which has preceded this; but it signifies and emphasizes a broadening and widening of the boundaries of our own denominational life. In other words, it expresses to the religious world at large that

Unitarians are a growing, expansive religious body; that they are in this world to take a part in all its active hopes and aspirations, adapt themselves to the age in which they live, and open their doors to the living, feeling, acting men of the time. [Applause.] I want, in the few minutes which I shall occupy, to emphasize the relation of the governmental powers to-day and the problems of government to-day to the Unitarian denomination. If Unitarianism means anything, I believe that it means that it shall put into the heart and mind of its constituents the power and the inclination and the prompting to take a man's part in the current affairs of the world. [Applause.] I have no faith, sir, in any religion which is not ready to set on foot those activities which shall lift up the people and make them better. It was the standing charge against the old creeds that they had to do entirely with supernatural affairs. If Unitarianism is to achieve that splendid future which Mr. Savage has so beautifully put before us, it is to do it by becoming a part of the life-blood of the age in which it lives. It must incite to deeds of ethical justice, it must inform the heart and the conscience until they shall carry forward the action of the citizen in a commensurate way. It is one of the greatest needs of this age.

We have all noticed the centralization of government. Our cities are growing at the expense of the outside country, and the most stupendous problem which we have before us to-day is how wisely to govern these great masses of population. Now, I undertake to say that it cannot be done except by the uplifting of the moral status of the average citizen in our community. [Applause.] This day has been set apart for the nation's proffer of respect and esteem to those men who, almost a full generation ago, stood between the sea of battle and our homes,—stood beside their government amid storm, amid disaster, and never flinched for a moment in carrying the signal of their nation's honor to the triumph of the battle-field. Shall we sit quietly down in conventions like this, and shall we be content to say that the war-drum rolls no longer, and the fires of patriotism are burned out, and there is nothing for us to lay upon the altar of our country? I say, Mr. President, that the duties which are incumbent upon you and upon me, and upon every man and woman in this audience, are as sacred to-day as they were in the days of '65. [Applause.] The call to perform the duty of a juror, the call to accept and carry into action an officer of trust in the State, the call to exercise discreetly and wisely, even at personal discomfiture, the elective franchise,—this is as patriotic a call as is the call to battle. [Applause.] I hope that the Unitarian movement will find it a part of its duty to stir the blood of our Unitarian constituency into active, earnest, patriotic work in all these public duties. I want it to be seen and known over the world that, if a man is performing his full duty to the government, is an upright, loyal citizen, the chances are that he is brought up in the Unitarian faith. [Applause.]

The world may little know or care for these thronging crowds of May Anniversary Week; but that magnificent conception of American citizenship which our fathers framed is to draw to itself, all over the world, every honest citizen, and it is to grow in perfect form and radiant beauty according as it shall be accorded the nurture which comes from the great citadel of ethical inspiration,—the Church universal. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

Mr. President, Friends, Brothers and Sisters All,—We are always happy to be here: we are happy just because we are here. And some who come, as our Brother Taylor, from places where Unitarians are few, come here, I fancy, with something like the feeling of the old woman who went to the shore of Scotland, and looked out upon the ocean, and said, "Thank God, there's something, for once, that there's enough of!" [Laughter.]

Our Brother Savage has remanded to us younger brethren the frivolous part of the entertainment. I would like to be amusing if I could. I have studied carefully all the rules for the amusing story-teller. I am told, for instance, that Artemas Ward or Mark Twain, when they tell a funny story, look solemn; and the more solemn they

look, the more people laugh. Now I tried that. I told a story, and I looked solemn; and the more solemn I looked, the more solemn the audience looked! [Laughter.] I ventured once in England to make a joke [laughter], and the professor of the English language and literature in the ancient University of Koloszar was present. Two years afterward I met him in Chicago. At eleven o'clock at night, on a street corner, waiting for a grip, he said to me: "Mr. Batchelor, when we were in London together, at Lincoln's Inn you made a speech; and you told a story, and the Englishmen did laugh. But I did not understand what they were laughing at. Will you be kind enough to explain to me?"— [Laughter.] I have never ventured since to try to be funny.

I wish, in the briefest possible manner, to sum up what seem to me to be the things that we are set to do. We are set to discover the church of the living God. There are not many churches: there is one, but that church has not yet been revealed. The scaffolding still conceals it; and men are worshipping the scaffolding, the external forms. It is our part to reveal the Church of the living God, to take away everything that conceals it, and to make sure that we are a part of it; to take away the idols, in order that we may reveal the ideals. We are to seek for the truth which is bound up in every dogma, that we may set it free. If we have been by the truth made free, it is our part to set the truth free, that it may have full course and be glorified.

Our resources? I will not take your time to enumerate them. Thirty years ago I came here for the first time, and a pair of happy little fools sat over there by that pillar and thought we had come to heaven. I hope there are more of the same kind here to-night. [Laughter.] And I profess to you that, after thirty years' knowledge of this denomination, there was never a time—I have studied the records of the past, the annals of the great men—there never was a time when there were so many ministers under forty years of age who were equipped for their work with learning, intelligence, virtue, zeal, religion. There never was a time when the women of our organization were so well organized, so active, so enthusiastic, so faithful. There never was a time when we had so many laymen with so much money at our disposal. It will be our fault if we do not avail ourselves of these resources. And, as for the men who are past forty years of age, what shall I say of them? There are no old men. You know what Mr. Tree said at Harvard College the other day, "Whom the gods love die young, because whom the gods love never grow old." Dr. Martineau, Dr. Furness, and the rest of that glorious band have extended our expectation of life and activity by thirty years. We who are here expect to live and work till we are a hundred years old. [Applause.]

Friends, I congratulate you that on this Memorial Day, when so many of you have been doing your patriotic duty, so many have assembled here, that our ranks are full, and that we are full of the spirit of this occasion. The name of Lincoln stands as the name of one who gave to the American people a new ideal; and we who are here to-day, faithful to our religion and faithful to our country, shall help to make war impossible because justice shall rule in our land. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. S. M. CROTHERS.

Mr. Chairman,—You have for a long time enjoyed a well-earned reputation for being sound on all financial questions, but I am very much afraid that to-night you imperil your reputation. If it is indeed true that speech is silver and silence is gold, then we are all cheap money people on Anniversary Week [laughter]; and all of us believe in the unlimited coinage of silver. And after the first days we give up all pretensions to keep up the standard of value, even at the rate of sixteen to one, or any other conceivable ratio. And now I fear that our chairman, in asking me to continue this flood of silver speech, has come to the last gasp of the financial heretic, when he attempts to coin a vacuum. [Laughter.]

I have been going about a good deal this week. I have been trying to be all things to all men, and to "keep up with the meetings." [Laughter.] Yet I have found certain gloomy Jeremiahs, old inhabitants

of our Zion, who tell me that Anniversary Week is no longer what it was in the days of their youth. They say sadly that the former days were fuller than these [laughter], and that the visiting saint found earlier in the week that tired feeling which is the only sure reward of virtue. [Laughter.] They tell me in gloomy accents that they discern certain intervals between the meetings. They say that Anniversary Week no longer affords the same soul-satisfying foretaste of that blessed state "where congregations ne'er break up." [Laughter.] I do not know how that is, but I do not take so pessimistic a view of the situation. It seems to me that you who have learned, as you ought to have learned, as faithful Unitarians, to do each hour the meeting that lies next you [laughter] must feel that Anniversary Week still affords no slight opportunity to test the final perseverance of the saints. [Laughter.] For myself, I delight in these festivities; and, as I have gone from meeting to meeting, I have felt like joining in the happy song of the child in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses,"

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings."

The best thing about it all is that things are not so perfect but that they can be reformed, and the reformer never finds his occupation gone. So, in regard to Anniversary Week, I take this hopeful view. I was reading the other day the notice of a local fish-dealer, expressed in such sinewy, clear English that it stuck in my memory. The notice read thus, in words which Chaucer might have used, I suppose, if he had thought of them: "Don't go crying out that there ain't no lobsters. Uncle Si Perkins has piles of them." So I say to all visitors from abroad: "Don't go crying out that there are no meetings. Anniversary Week still has piles of them!" [Laughter.]

But, of all the meetings, to the true Unitarian this must be counted as the chief day of the feast. And I like to think of the present possibilities of Unitarianism and of its signs of new life. I can hardly look about me but to be convinced that we are still young in our spirit, and that our opportunities lie still around us. One Monday morning recently I took up a Boston paper, and I was struck at once by the picture which adorned the first page. It was an impressionist picture, done in the best style of newspaper art. [Laughter.] Under the branches of an umbrageous tree a crowd of citizens had gathered. One tall figure, with supplicating aspect, stood under a most suggestive bending bough. I have lived long enough in the West, and have been familiar enough with the free manners of a new civilization, to feel that I needed no key to that picture. I saw that this Vigilance Committee was evidently composed of the best citizens, and I hoped that the tall man under the tree at least "died game." [Laughter.] What was my surprise, on looking more closely at the headlines, to find that I had been completely mistaken, and that the picture represented Dr. Edward Everett Hale preaching on Boston Common. [Laughter.] I was perfectly sure that it was not a misprint which I read later on, that he was standing under a popular tree: I cannot conceive of any tree under which Dr. Hale chooses to preach being of any other kind. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, I have a very good reason for speaking thus in regard to these services. I was asked to preach under the tree some weeks ago, and was afraid to do it; but I have a most altruistic admiration for this new departure. It seems to me very significant that to-day Unitarianism is getting itself preached under popular trees. [Applause.] Indeed, it seems to me that one of the best things that might happen to Unitarianism hereabouts would be to be driven out of our sanctuaries occasionally, and have ministers and congregations turned out to grass. [Laughter.] You know the Free Church of Scotland, under the heroic leadership of Dr. Chalmers, had its first great successes in that way,—the glorious day when four hundred and seventy ministers of the Church of Scotland left their manse and their churches, and went out to preach the gospel on the hillside. Some of the limitations of our preaching and of our work may not be the fault of the ministers, who seem to be such admirable persons, nor the

fault of the congregations, who seem admirable enough when they are not in congregations assembled, but in the meeting-houses. We are cabined, cribbed, confined, by the proprieties of the place. Perhaps, though I do not like to suggest it, one of the unfortunate things in our history was that famous Dedham decision that gave the old meeting-house into the hands of the Unitarians. I like the idea of getting rid of the merely conventional limitations. Why, just think how many of our problems would be solved if we all went out under the tree! Our free gospel is how often made of none effect by the traditions of the architects, the sextons, and the pew-holders! There are a great many architects who seem never to have read that Scripture saying that "faith cometh by hearing." [Laughter.] They seem to think that, somehow, hearing cometh by an act of faith. [Laughter.] And then, as to the sextons and the ushers of the churches, and those to whom have been given the right of regulating the ventilation,—how many good sermons are continually being spoiled by poor air! One of the greatest of our Unitarian ministers, Joseph Priestley, gained undying fame by discovering oxygen. That is more than most ministers are able to discover in their own churches. [Laughter.]

And, in this matter of the hospitality of the church, there is a conspiracy between the ushers and the pew-holders, who look upon the stranger as an intruder. I have sometimes gone into a church, and been so chilled by my first reception that no amount of preaching could bring up the temperature of my soul. No matter how eloquently the preacher discoursed on the brotherhood of man, I said, looking back to the usher who had greeted me with a freezing smile, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as this Mordecai standeth at the gate." [Laughter.] I cannot, therefore, fully sympathize, on all occasions, with the psalmist who said that he had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. [Laughter.] As I remember some of the door-keepers who admit me in the gate of the house of the Lord, and I think of the possibility of being like them, I had rather take my chances in the tents of wickedness. [Laughter.] As to the pew-holders who are not hospitable, I do not suppose there are any here; and I doubt if even preaching on the Common would particularly change them. I think they are past praying for. I believe that these people, if they did come to the Common, would bring with them little notices, "Keep off the grass!" [Laughter.]

So much for our work in its new possibilities. I want to say just a word in regard to the definite missionary work to which this Association is called. One of the most magnificent developments of our modern time is the development of a broad, inclusive charity. I feel that we have learned this lesson, are learning it well. We no longer feel that we are the people: we feel that we belong to a great army, we recognize the things which we hold in common with others; and all this has beautiful expression more and more, and must go on. But we also, at a time like this, must emphasize the fact that there are vast multitudes here in America who have already taken themselves out of the old influences. They are not in the old churches, they cannot believe in the old creeds, they have broken with the old conventions. And, when we go to a new place anywhere, I believe, on this continent, we are not weakening religious institutions: we are bringing help and strength to those who, without us, or without some word of rational religion, would be without religious institutions altogether. While we welcome the work that others are doing, we must clearly recognize the work which we have to do,—the work for those who have broken with the past and are waiting for new light to guide them in the future.

Since I came to Cambridge, I have not found that I had the time to investigate the libraries, which I have no doubt are excellent, in that town. Like most suburban ministers, a great deal of my time is spent in the cars of the West End Electric Railway. [Laughter.] But I have made very good use of my advantages there in the way of reading the literature which is furnished the patrons of the line. I have liked to see how men seeking trade are wiser in their generation than the children of light, how they give us line upon line and precept

upon precept, till the dullest intelligence is convinced and convicted. I like particularly the good, strong way in which that Shaksperian manufacturer in Pittsburg brings to your eyes the advantage of the best lamp-chimney. His argument seems to be absolutely convincing. I wish our gospel could be preached as clearly, as continuously, as his. This child of light says this: "Do your lamp-chimneys break? You have not the right kind." [Laughter.] Now, that is what our missionaries are doing through the country. They have no quarrel with the light of other denominations: the children of the light are one. But they have criticisms in regard to the lamp-chimneys which are smoking, which are breaking. And so we come to men who say that their creeds have broken, their rituals have broken, the intellectual forms in which their light has been shining have broken; and we say, most modestly, but most persistently, "You have not the right kind." [Applause.] And I believe, when we wake to the meaning of the freer statement and expression of religious life, we will be able more and more to bring to the men who need it to-day the right kind of expression of that religion which already exists in large measure in the hearts of the American people. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. MERLE ST. CROIX WRIGHT.

In the Saratoga Conference we professed our belief and conviction in "the religion of Jesus," which, we said, consists in love to God and in love to man. I most heartily believe in Jesus, and in this great current of life that has come from him and comes to us. But we ought to draw a distinction between that religion of which Jesus was the object, as has been said, and that religion of which Jesus was the subject, between the religion which professes Jesus and that religion which Jesus professed, between the principle of Christianity and the person of Jesus. We should understand the person, in all our reverence, to be but an illustration of the principle, and the principle to be the ideal significance of the person. It seems to me, if we keep these things clear, and yet always keep them together, we have the two sides of religion.

For there are many on the borders of the land, many so-called "unchurched," many who have not known what it is to worship, who yet have in them the spirit, though it sleepeth, of sonship to the Most High. And our mission should go out to them also; and it must go through truth, and not through sentiment. It cannot go through the old phrases: it must be translated into modern terms. It is said to-day that the problem is no longer to save men, but to save God. Men are asking: "Is morality essential, or is it merely phenomenal? Are right and wrong merely words for our likes and dislikes, or do they lie at the very root of things?" There is danger that we sit complacently with our ears deaf to that call from without.

Yet, while I consider truth the first thing, it is not the last. Truth is the great path-finder, but we are not in this universe merely to know. Not truth, but goodness, is the ultimate; that is, the assimilation of truth into life, lifting life up to the vision of the ideal. Let us emphasize truth with our might; but let us always keep with it what Jesus so insisted on,—the emphasis upon goodness, upon manly and womanly life.

It is not for our church to consider whether it will be a broad church or a high church: the great question is whether it shall be a dead church or a live church. Let us make it a live church! [Applause.] Let the fires of our affection and our aspiration flame through it; but let it be understood that fires of emotion can only be fed by truth,—truth won by severest sacrifice, truth gained by strenuous toil. And thus shall arise the new Christianity,—the Church that is to come, the Church of Jesus, to which he gave all the strength of his life. Then the light shall dawn upon us, then the horizon shall widen until all parties and divisions shall pass away, and, as children together, we stand in the presence of the one reality which we all strive to profess and to express in our separate ways. Then we shall find that the great Father has his lodgment in every heart, and, though men may worship him in different ways, that we are, after all, of one household. [Applause.]

The last speaker of the evening was Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, Scotland, who was already familiar to those who had heard his admirable address on Tuesday afternoon (given on another page). He was warmly greeted and heartily applauded. Mr. Lazenby brought greetings from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, which met with quick response.

The Festival closed with a hymn and the benediction.

Tuesday Afternoon Meeting.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE S. HALE.

It is now eight years since you did me the honor to invite me to the office I now resign. It may not be out of place to compare the condition of the denomination at that time and this, although its power and influence and the work it has accomplished are not measured by statistics. The goal is always in advance, and it is well to note who still carry the flag and keep step to the music of advancing reform. Your body of life members then counted 1,564 persons: in 1895 it is 2,114 persons. The societies entitled to send delegates to our meetings were 189: to-day they are 269. The number of ministers recorded was 454: it is now 511. We had then 361 societies, and now 451. The annual receipts, including those for the Church Building Loan Fund, in 1886-87 were \$220,829.45, or, deducting loans, etc., not treated as new receipts, about \$110,000. The annual receipts in 1894-95 are \$267,112.66, or, deducting about \$100,000, say \$167,000. The Church Building Loan Fund, organized two years before (in 1885), had then a fund of \$46,741.99. That fund is now \$113,795.42. Besides the National Conference, there were then 58 subordinate Unitarian conferences, societies, or associations, now 81. Then, as now, there were two schools at Cambridge and Meadville, to which we may add three schools or academies. The pupils in the first named were then 20, now 50. Its fund, including Building Fund, \$29,131.51, for the library then was \$401,391.60, now \$434,781.38. At Meadville the number of pupils were then 31, now 40. Funds then, \$212,274, now \$417,096. The periodicals were 6, now 10. Included in the above was then one Unitarian Club, of which there are now 12.

Among the new agencies of greatest importance I may note the Women's Auxiliary Conference, organized in 1880 with one associate, the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, organized in 1882, now represented by the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women; and five other organizations, with members whose work has been most faithful, valuable, and effective.

In 1886 the noble building on which our activities are now largely centred was dedicated to its wide-spread uses, and has since been the temple to which our people gathered from the whole country. Every year has added to the list of noble men and women who have left to us their names, their influence and example. It would be sad, though profitable, to recall these names and their services. Of those who formed this board in 1887, three have passed away to whom especial tributes of honor and appreciation are due from us,—George William Curtis, the president of the Conference and the vice-president of the Association, whose name is sufficient eulogy; Rev. Grindall Reynolds, whose praise is fresh from our lips; Daniel S. Richardson, a faithful, useful, and efficient servant of the cause we honor.

Then our missionary agencies were not organized as they now are, by five distinct, separate districts,—New England, the Middle, Southern, Western, and Pacific.

These are the dry bones, but it devolves on you to put and keep life in them. The work of the Association and its various agencies is not known, understood, or appreciated by its constituents. This work cannot live by hands alone: it must have bread. Our contributions are not in proportion to our work and our means, but meagre and insufficient. If we do not show ourselves men, this work must come to naught. When I consider the success in the world of activity and business which our denomination represents, it is not wholly creditable to us that this success is not more generously applied to support the

moral, religious, and intellectual needs and advancement of the faith which so many saints have delivered to us.

God helps those who help themselves is as true in the work of the Church as in that of the world,—perhaps more true. He giveth the increase; but we must select the ground, and sow the seed, and watch its growth. No board of directors, no officials or superintendents, can work successfully without the encouragement and stimulus of your personal interest, your enthusiasm, your suggestive criticism. Money is needed, but not money alone. The word of watchful sympathy which shows that faithful work is not unobserved and not unappreciated has a value not measured by silver or gold. To turn for a moment to a more practical attempt to awaken and promote such contributions, it seems to me that it would be wise to communicate to all our congregations more frequent and fuller information of the work and needs of your Association and of its various agencies, that your officers should from time to time send out to all our churches, to be read from their pulpits, I will not say an "encyclical" letter, but some simple story of the opportunities and the demands which present themselves, of the resources we have to meet them, and should tell them frankly where the soil invites the seed, where it has fallen by the wayside, been smothered by hostile growth, or has withered away. If such a story, by an earnest worker, full of zeal and hope, like that of Reynolds, or even with the appeal of doubt and anxiety, can be told to our churches, I cannot doubt its good effect.

You have to-day at your service a band of faithful workers. We mourn the dead and lost: we welcome the living whom we have found, who come with fresh zeal and energy, with the lessons of experience. It will be our fault rather than theirs if this zeal and energy and experience do not bear their ripened and abundant fruit.

LIBERAL FAITH AND DEMOCRACY.

BY REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Friends of the Liberal Faith.—When I was asked to speak this afternoon upon the topic, "How to commend the Liberal Form of Religion to a Thinking Democracy," I asked leave to turn the topic about, and phrase it thus, "What can the Liberal Church do toward Developing a Thinking and an Ethical Democracy?" I take it, if the thinking and the ethical democracy had arrived, there would be no longer a problem how to commend the liberal faith to it. For we at least believe that the heart of the movement toward the perfect realization of human brotherhood in social organization is in our own liberal faith; that we, above all other religious believers, have found ourselves—not of our own purpose, but according to the election of the divine guidance which we revere—sensitive to the new currents of thought and life.

What, then, do we mean by democracy? We have lost the eighteenth-century faith in it as a sort of magic to conjure with; but two things, at least, we may claim for it. First, democracy enables us to take a more accurate and more oft-recurring mental and moral diagnosis of a people than any other form. And, secondly, democracy liberates hitherto imprisoned human force. The ideal democracy must be precisely the ideal aristocracy, the rule of the best. But we are no longer limited to a certain class or condition: we have a chance for an incursion of fresh life from below, as race after race and class after class are brought under more and more elevating conditions.

These are the advantages of democracy, solid and substantial. What is the chief danger of democracy? Not the superficial ones about which we hear so much. The chief danger of democracy is that, in escaping the rule of certain classes and certain prescribed standards, we come under the despotism of the majority,—that we lose that power of leadership which comes from superiority. Our danger to-day in education is that we measure so accurately the need of the average child that we do injustice to the finer development of those children born to be leaders. The danger is that we commercialize and vulgarize our art and literature to suit the common and undeveloped taste. The danger is that, in our great and virtuous desire to make equality of rights translate itself in all direc-

tions, we forget that still, as of old, we must look toward something higher than ourselves, and have some ideal beyond our present achievement, to

"Wait ever to invite us while we climb."

Now, what is it that can come into our political life, our social life,—into our whole democratic constitution and order,—to qualify that chiefest danger of our time? Nothing but some power capable of idealizing, of introducing anew into this order the old enthusiasm, but in a broader and deeper current. And here, I believe, lies pre-eminently the worth and use of our liberal faith. Here it is that we stand with our faces set toward the morning, glad of the new bottles into which to pour the new wine, glad that we live in a time when it is possible and proper to change, knowing that "he who sails with God is safe indeed." We ought to have a deeper trust, a higher and warmer worship, a stronger faith in our kind, than any other religious communion. And, if we have these, then these, of all forces, make for the very thing we are after,—the development of a truer and nobler leadership in every direction.

How, then, shall we manifest this if it is indeed our calling? In the first place, the pulpit of the liberal church should take for its guide the rule that it should

"Nothing human alien feel,
Nor disesteem man's meanest claim."

It should make itself absolutely free from any traditional timidity about the topics upon which it should speak. I believe that the time has come when religion is—not is to be—translatable into every human relationship. I believe the time has come when the great world outside the church—but not, thank Heaven, outside God's influence—says, in the language of the street, but truly and with not an irreverent heart, "The church that has nothing to do with human interests we have no use for." Why is it that in labor meetings and others you shall hear the Christian Church hissed when its name is mentioned, but the name of Jesus applauded? It is because the preaching of the Christian Church is not as practical and ethical, is not so close to human relationships, as was the preaching of Jesus. It is because we have accepted a false standard of sacredness. The pulpit of the liberal church is especially called upon at this very hour to touch upon every human interest that is surging in the hearts of the people. But how? Its second rule must be to hold the pulpit above everything partisan, special, and exclusive; to treat every question as it arises from religion's own standpoint, which must combine two things,—the exceeding necessity of personal character as the absolute essential in carrying every method of reform to a successful issue and an absolutely unbounded love of all humankind.

Again, if the church, from its pulpit, shall hold itself so close to the heart of humanity that, whatever is in the thoughts of man upon the street, whatever is in the trembling heart of woman, as she looks with dread upon some movement which she does not understand, shall be held as its own to touch and transform with its own spirit, then how shall it do in its practical activity? We hear a great deal about "institutional churches." I am afraid of the word, lest it become a mechanical element in church life, which attempts to do all things that are being done by other agencies. If a church of the living God finds itself in a locality deficient in any form of human helpfulness, and it is better fitted than any other agency there in existence to show, by type and suggestion, a better ideal, that is its place to do, whether it is giving free baths or physical culture classes, building a gymnasium, opening a kindergarten or an evening school. But the instant that the church finds that it has generated enthusiasm along these lines, and that there is a chance to create a civic movement which will embrace these agencies of helpfulness, that instant let it take its hand off: let it not stand in the way of the larger movement. In short, I believe that the activities of a church along these lines which may become specialized and civic should be like the winged motion of a bird,—to touch, to show the way, and then be off to "fresh woods and pastures new." I want to say one word more. I believe the liberal church, both inside and outside the Unitarian denomination,—all whose faces are toward the forward march,

—is now on its way toward organization as never before. Let us remember that danger of organization, that we shall lose a little of our ideal in order to increase our numbers. Let us remember that, if we are the pioneers, we must tent in the open, and not stay too long to build enduring mansions. Let us not be like that solitary prophet who is so far ahead that the road cannot be seen by those behind him; and, on the other hand, let us be quite sure that our steps are made in the spirit of a true understanding of our own work and use, and not according to some ideal of some other religious denomination. If there is any use at all in the Unitarian denomination, it lies in this: that we, more than others, or with a different emphasis, hold to a higher ideal of religion. I would rather use the word "radical" than "liberal": we have no monopoly of the liberal spirit. Our brother Christians and our sister churches of other names are at work with us, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand. But, if we have any mission, it is to be clearer in our religious thought, to be more fundamental in the making-up of our ethical standards; to be more spiritual, less ecclesiastical, in the expression of our religious sentiment. And for this office we have no right to barter any of our heritage, even for a wider constituency.

SPEAKING WITH AUTHORITY.

BY REV. IDA C. HULTIN.

When I was asked to speak along the line of the personal equation in spiritual influence and growth and life, I thought of that sentence, "And he spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes." And I thought over again, as I have often thought before, that that power of authority came because he spoke of things that he had seen and felt and known, not of what he had read in the records that had come to him, but of that which he had lived out of his own life. And so, if I am to speak of the personal equation in the ministry of the Unitarian Church, and how they shall try to help other souls to understand the broadness and the spiritual insight of that which is to them the best of religion, I must say that they will speak with authority who speak of that which they have felt and known and seen. They may take science, they may take philosophy with its questions and answers, they may take the records of the past and of the schools, of those who have gone before them; but, unless they transform them in their own lives, and speak from the depths of their own consciousness, they cannot speak with authority.

When in the spring the lilies began to grow, there was something within them that knew how to call out to the infinite spaces; and those atoms came trooping to take their place in leaf and bud and blossom. We do not understand the mystery yet; but we do know that it brings its messages from the infinite Source of life, and that not only is this universe full of order and purpose, but of a moral purpose,—the lily never tries to tell the story of the rose, or to give the message of the oak. Each one after his kind tells his own story, each taking from the centre and the source, and moulding it into the message which the Eternal has given him to speak. It seems to me that for each of us it is not needed that we shall tell the story of the prophet, that we shall speak the message of the old Bible; but we are to take them and use them, that they shall bring us nearer in contact with the souls that have lived before, and then gather from the secret centre and heart of the universe the food that shall make us grow, and speak our message for our kind. It may not be the message that another speaks,—it may not be so grand, so beautiful, so transcendent; but it shall be *our* message, our word of God, and, be it ever so gracious and great, if it is not ours, we are not speaking with authority. Books are good teachers, philosophies are good teachers, to acquaint us with ourselves and with our relationship with one another and the universe. But, if we use them as our message for humanity, then they can do us no good. The last new book we read,—shall that be our message to some starving soul? Or shall we not take the message

which it had for us, and transform it; and, if it had no message for us, shall we dare to repeat it to them?

It is not enough, friends, for us liberal people to prove that there is one God. What we want to do is to prove that we have been in vital relationship with God,—to prove, as the lily tells the story of the almighty life which it has felt, that we have felt that life beating in us. Some of us have gotten our philosophy and poetry first-hand from life, from experience, from the woods and the flowers and the weeds and farmer-folk. We wanted the philosophy of the schools, but we find that it only confirms the philosophy and poetry that we have learned in the commonplaces of the every-day. And they who learn it in the schools and do not confirm it in their own lives have it for naught. It must come to them with a power to touch their souls, and fuse them into an alliance with the eternal meaning, else there is no authority.

You may have read of mountains, and looked the guide-book over, and dreamed of what might be on the mountain summits, and read stories of the vision from some peak; but, until you went and stood on that mountain summit for yourself and felt the glory and saw the vision,—not until then did you know it in its fulness nor speak with authority of what it might mean to you. And so, until we climb the mountain-tops of our experience, until we go into the Gethsemanes where we must feel ourselves alone, we cannot speak from experience.

You remember him who said, "I and the Father are one." Ah! friends, when out of life's experience we feel our at-one-ment with the infinite Spirit of the universe, and are able to spend and be spent for it, then we, too, can say those words, and with no irreverence. Then we can speak with authority, not of the God of the philosophies and theologies, but of the God who has spoken unto our souls, and has asked us to come up higher into the atmosphere of his own blessed influence. Sympathy means pain; and we need not think that we can speak with authority of fellowship unless we ourselves are willing to have our hearts wrung as our brothers' hearts bleed. If we shirk this, we shall never speak with authority those things which comfort hearts. There is a story in the Norseland that one day the dwarfs were mixing honey for the gods to drink, and they felt that something was lacking. Then there came toward them one who was part man, but also part god; and, slaying him, they took his blood and mixed it with the honey, and then it was fit for the gods to drink. Like them, until we mix our honey with our own heart's blood, until we put into it the experience of our own lives, until we merge it into the feeling that it is ours and not another's, that the infinite and eternal Source of Life speaks and is through us,—not until then can we speak with authority that shall make men to know that we believe in God because we have seen him.

OUR LITERARY LEADERS.

BY REV. EDWARD E. HALE, D.D.

I was touched by Dr. Martineau's reference in his letter to the early tracts of the Association. In those good old days of the beginning, when the expenses of the Association were a thousandth part of what they are now, the tracts looked very much as they still do; and they put them around in the pews of the churches, as I wish they did now. Children always like to do what they are not expected to do; and so, though there was first-rate preaching in the pulpit, we liked to sit and read "Saint Peter a Unitarian," or something of Mrs. Barbauld's. I have been looking over to-day those four or five first volumes of tracts; and in the few minutes you give me I would like to speak of the foundation that was then laid, and of the way in which the foundation has been built, as this Unitarian Church of ours has outgrown its cradle and swaddling-bands, and has dared to call itself, not the Unitarian Church of Boston nor of Eastern Massachusetts, but of the world.

There are plenty of people, as those years went by, who have been disposed to be a little satirical because the progress was

so slow; but it is easy to see that the foundations were well laid. We began—the tracts all begin—with the simple determination to compel people to read the Gospels, and to find out what is in them. Now, the four Gospels are pitilessly unecclesiastical, pitilessly Unitarian. They do not give the slightest foothold for any of the five points of Calvinism. So that there is almost an element of humor in the way in which these early tracts say: "You mean to build your religion on the Bible? Go to. Then show us where is the Trinity in the Gospel of Matthew, show us where is the fall of man in the Gospel of John, show us where is the vicarious atonement in the Gospel of Mark." Year in, year out, they flung that defiance in the face of their antagonist. The antagonists did what was wise: they declined controversy. Year after year they declined controversy, and now we have got round to that far better stage when they accept our doctrine and fit their words to match it.

But you see what this involves. If we are to sit in judgment on two manuscripts, there must be an arbiter behind the letter. It is the child of God. And out of this painful discussion of the letter, which was so distasteful to many a young man, there grew up, by an absolute necessity, the consciousness that the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, and the high idealism of the Unitarian Church asserted itself; and from being the church of the interpretation of the letter it became what it is now, the church of the Holy Spirit.

In the course of that progress those of us who can recollect fifty years have seen a great many coquetries between the Unitarian organization here and other organizations. There was another body which relied upon the written word, the great Christian body of the West, allied with the Campbellites and the Disciples of the West. When our people found that there was anything the other side of the Hudson River,—which very few Boston people know to this day,—they discovered these three denominations; and we attempted this and that conjunction with them. All that failed, and is forgotten by everybody except Mr. Batchelor and me. On the other hand, nobody approached the Hicksite Quakers, the people who believe in the present God as we believe; but without any negotiations we were one, and are one to this day. Then here in Boston—among friends we may say it—we were gentlefolk. Our people were aristocratic, and used excellent good English. We published our works on nice paper, and published them a little behind the time. And there were those nice English people who brought their service-book over here. Couldn't we have a service-book a little like theirs, and couldn't we be as respectable as they were? We tried. We have tried it a great many times; and it never has worked, because we are democrats of the democrats, children of the Puritan. But, on the other hand, here is this magnificent Methodist communion, which sings so gloriously, "We know salvation's free." They were Arminians as we were Arminians. They were born to believe that every man can seek his God, and so were we. And so our relations with them have always been genuine and real, for our gospel is really their gospel.

And so I come back to my text: we have gained just in proportion as we have been willing to accept the prophecies of all the other prophets, no matter what their name. I spoke of the early tracts. There is another collection, now very rare, which Mr. Sparks made in Baltimore, for the purpose of showing—let us be frank—that pretty much everybody who has ever been good for anything in modern English literature or science has been on our side, has been a heretic,—dear old Isaac Watts, who came out all right at last, believing in universal salvation; John Milton, who wrote things so heretical that nobody dared print them in England till within the lifetime of every person who is before me; Jonathan Edwards, whose latest writings were so heretical that Andover has never dared to print them to this hour; John Locke, whom everybody then thought the first of philosophers, and who turned out to be an old-line Unitarian. All of them, it seemed, for two or three hundred years before our denomination had any name, had been saying the things that we were saying. Just in proportion as we have listened to every voice of God which God has spoken to any of his children, in that proportion have we

become the Church of the living God, and our oracles have been received everywhere. I believe that James Martineau's words are read in every theological school in the United States, even those of the Church of Rome. I know that this is true of those of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I believe that they are read with an enthusiasm not surpassed by the enthusiasm with which they are read at Meadville and at Cambridge. And that, let me say, is the work we have to do,—to be so sure that our word is prompt and true and clear that all men may know what pure and undefiled religion is. And with that word I will close. We have just been celebrating the birthday of Emerson. You know what Stanley said of the religious services which he attended in America, "Wherever I went, the preacher was always Ralph Waldo Emerson." That is perfectly true. It is true in places where nobody ever heard his name, where the preacher did not know whose was the inspiration which was upon him. Ralph Waldo Emerson had spoken the word which had opened out life to those who had trained the men who stood in the different pulpits. His influence has gone everywhere,—the sense of the real presence of God that is religion. And, when you find the young artist, who has even lost the Testament his mother gave him, sitting before he goes to bed and reading his Emerson; when you call on your dying friend, and she smiles upon you and lays aside her well-handled Emerson; when you read the leading article in the newspaper, and before you are half-way down catch the echo from some utterance of Emerson,—then you do not need to ask who is the religious leader of English-speaking people to-day.

Tuesday Evening Addresses.

THE CHANGES THAT HAVE COME.

BY REV. ALBERT LAZENBY, OF GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

I did not need, Mr. President, the hearty welcome you have just given me to assure me of the good feeling of this Association. I have been now for several weeks in this country, and from the moment I landed down to the very present you have made me feel that I was among friends. Whether it is the kinship of race—and we English delight to feel that you Americans are one with us in blood—or whether it is the communion of faith—and notwithstanding the absence of bonds, nay, because of the absence of bonds,—I have been made welcome to all you had to give. I cannot express the pleasure and inspiration this visit has been to me.

But I have to thank you on behalf of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. My instructions were to express to you their kindest greeting and heartiest good wishes,—and that I have much pleasure in doing. It is the greeting of fellow-workers in the task of liberalizing and humanizing the religious thought of the world. It is a pity the work should need to be done in this nineteenth century,—but so it does; and I think I may venture to say that our churches, our Associations,—you in the New World, and we in the Old,—have done something to humanize men's thoughts of God and men's feelings toward each other. Look down through the threescore years and ten that our Associations have been in existence, and has not the world changed? Have not men's thoughts widened as with the process of the suns? Have not the churches become more tolerant, more liberal, more rational? And in that work have we not had our share? Is it sectarian narrowness or pharisaic conceit to ask: Would the churches have been as liberal to-day, had it not been for your Channing and Parker and Emerson, and our Martineau? How much the world owes to those great teachers it is, perhaps, impossible to say. Dr. Martineau has told us, with that childlike humility of his, how much he was indebted to your New England teachers for inspiration and guidance; and I venture to think that there are thousands outside the ranks of our church who could make the same confession,—tens of thousands more who have felt the touch, but have not seen the hand. And what Martineau has received he has given back a hundred-fold. He has become himself the source of inspiration to thousands seeking the eternal light; and the honor the world has recently rendered him measures but a fraction of

his influence. The church may well be proud that has among its prophets a man so clear in vision, so pure in heart, so childlike in spirit, so saintly in soul. He has lived a charmed life. The world has failed to touch him, and even time seems helpless to impair the vigor of that noble mind.

But sometimes a church's influence is best seen by the amount of opposition it calls out. In this country, or, at least, in this part of it, where Unitarianism is so prosperous, you do not know that you are born. But in our country, where we are used to more abuse than kindness, we have a pretty lively sense that we have not only been born, but are actually living. It seems as if our friends liked to take that method of showing they were afraid of us. A case in point happened recently in London. One of the best bits of work the British and Foreign Association has done this last year or two has been the support it gave to the stand made against the priestly party on the London School Board. The sacerdotalists had been alarmed at the spread of what they called Unitarianism in the teaching given by the School Board, and they foisted a syllabus of religious instruction upon the teachers. The teachers were required to teach the doctrine of the creeds,—the holy doctrine of the Trinity, the immaculate birth, the redemption from sin, etc. It is to the honor of the Unitarians that they were the first to see the bearing of this syllabus. Mr. Bowie, the secretary of the British and Foreign Association, who is a member of the School Board, was the first to point out that this was an attempt to capture a national system of education in the interests of a sect,—and that the narrowest sect, the sacerdotalists. For a time he was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Still he kept crying. The Association backed up the cry, and at last the Congregationalists and Baptists and Methodists and—to their honor—the Broad Churchmen awakened to the importance of the matter. They banded together to resist the invasion. And, when the election was over, the majority of the priestly party was reduced from fifteen to three; and in the place of one or two Unitarians on the Board we now have five. But how finely were we abused! I wonder your ears did not burn in America. Ours did in Scotland. Mr. Bowie was likened to Caiaphas and Judas and Ananias and the scarlet woman, and all those other beautiful characters of the New Testament. Bills were put out, telling the parents to "vote for Bowie and send their children to hell." Even Dr. Herford, who did valiant service in the fight, came in for his share of the good things. Some church visitor called on an old lady to solicit her vote for the Church candidate. "No, indeed!" said the faithful soul. "I shall vote for the Progressionist." "What church do you go to?" asked the visitor. "Dr. Herford's," was the reply. "Oh, really! How sad! Don't you know that, if you go to that church, you will go to hell?"

Fancy Dr. Herford—with that sweet, genial, winning smile of his—being an emissary of the devil, set there to lure folk to hell, and that in cultured, refined, intellectual London! Here you gave him his good things. There, I fear, he is coming in for his evil things.

But, fortunately, London is not Britain. It is not even Scotland. You must not think that all England and Scotland are as far behind as London. In Scotland we look on England in general, and London in particular as a long way behind us in intelligence and civilization. I can assure you God has given the Scot a good conceit of himself; and the next best thing to being born an American would be to be born a Scotchman,—if we had the choice. At any rate, Scotland is proving itself a

Business Notices.

The exquisite specimens of Japanese *cloisonné* and *Satsuma* on exhibition in the art pottery rooms of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton are interesting to admirers of fine bric-à-brac.

Are you Fifty yet?—Fifty years is the age fixed by general acceptance to designate the time when one is entitled to all the comforts of life by reason of advancing years. Chief among these comforts is special furniture; and chief among the special pieces of furniture is the chimney-corner Chair, or, as it is sometimes called, the Draught-screen Chair. They are selling these chairs now, finely upholstered, as low as \$29 at the Paine furniture warehouses on Canal Street. No person over 50 years of age should be without one.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

30th ult., Charles Bowers, formerly Captain of Company G, 32d Regiment, M. V. M., aged 83 yrs. 1 m.

9th ult., Mrs. Alfred Brookes, aged 82.

Mrs. Brookes's sudden death was a shock and a grief to multitudes of friends. She was not only one of the few who had lived the greater part of this century, but she was a woman whose rare personal character endeared her with unusual strength of affection to all who knew her. She was born in Burlington, Vt., in March, 1813, and was the daughter of Unitarian parents, in whose day and generation to be a Unitarian meant to possess, in no small degree, intellectual independence and a force of religious convictions, strong to endure the adverse criticism and prejudices of the more orthodox faiths.

Her husband was the son of Joshua Brookes, whose interest in the establishment of our Theological School at Meadville is remembered by all connected with it. Her grandfather, Col. Chipman, was the founder of Middlebury, Vt., and served with Ethan Allen when he took Ticonderoga. Mrs. Brookes inherited the New England energy which characterized those early days. Several times when placed in circumstances of peril, and those about her were intimidated by the danger which seemed imminent, she would say: "Don't worry, unnecessarily perhaps. I don't intend to die but once." And this brave and blessed soul, as far as human consciousness goes, did not "suffer death" even the once, she was so gently and so quickly taken. Mrs. Brookes's peculiar characteristic was her boundless sympathy, the natural outcome of her large-heartedness, and her absolute unselfishness of nature. In all her long life, her children cannot recall one selfish or impatient or unkind word or deed. Her thoughtfulness for others' pleasure and of others' feelings made her universally beloved by all who knew her; and her kindly interest in all that went to make the joy or the sorrow in others' lives was so sincerely and so generously given that she was the friend, the confidante, and the helper of old and young, rich and poor alike. During her active life, the record of which is simply, "She went about doing good," her experience was often that of most of us in New York, where cases of deception and ingratitude constitute a part of it; but her faith in human nature was not in the slightest impaired, nor were her efforts ever lessened in consequence. None were "unworthy" in her eyes, and she gave her time and strength to every call of need with that readiness and cheerfulness of spirit that made her service a joy to herself and to others. During the Civil War she served daily for months at the New England Rooms in New York; and, when there was an urgent call for havelocks for Duryea's Zouaves, just starting South as the warm weather approached, she rallied friends, sewing-machines, and material at her own home in the city, and in one day made, finished, and despatched havelocks for the entire regiment. But her deeds were chiefly of that quality of love and mercy, daily, hourly dispensed, which "dropped like the gentle rain from heaven." She was as immovable as a rock in all matters of principle and duty wherever loyalty and courage were demanded, but most tender, most gentle, in all that concerned others, filled with Christian charity for every one, judging all at his or her best, thinking no evil of any.

She and her husband were among Henry Ware's congregation in New York, after Dr. Dewey's and Dr. Bellows's, later of Dr. Osgood's, of L. G. Ware's in Burlington, and she lastly of Rev. Robert Collyer's. In the Employment Society for Poor Women connected with All Souls' Church she gave her services for forty-five years.

Hers was a life of unpretentious goodness, and she would disclaim all praise; but it was a life too full as an example of righteousness not to have a last loving tribute, which is far from adequate, laid on its grave,—a life whose influence and memory will be lasting to all who had the privilege of knowing her. At her funeral at the Church of the Messiah, Sunday, May 12, Mr. Collyer quoted these lines, beautifully appropriate to the spirit which was hers:—

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good morning!'"

E.

Religious Notices.

North Middlesex Conference

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING,

Thursday, June 13, 1895,

WITH

The First Congregational Society, Nashua, N.H.

Programme.

- 9.30 A.M. Devotional service. Led by Rev. W. F. Place of Frametown, N.H.
- 10.30 A.M. Business meeting, reports, etc.
- 11.00 A.M. Essay, "The Transition from Philosophy to Religion." Rev. George Batchelor, Boston, Mass.
- 11.45 A.M. Addresses: "Our Unitarian Temperance Society," Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, Neponset, Mass.; "From over the Field," Rev. D. M. Wilson, New England superintendent.
- 12.30 P.M. Collation.
- 1.45 P.M. Roll-call, reports, etc.
- 2.00 P.M. Essay, "The Immediate Advance of Unitarian Congregationalism," Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg, Mass.
- 2.45 P.M. "Work of the Women," by a member of the Women's Alliance.
- 3.00 P.M. General discussion.
- 4.00 P.M. Adjournment.

All members urged to be present. All friends are cordially invited. The Nashua society extends hospitality most cordially to all who may be interested.

An effort will be made to get reduced rates on the B. & M. Railroad.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst, after May 26, will be Athol, Mass.

A TRAINED NURSE will care for, at her own home in the country, a chronic invalid of either sex. For references, etc., address BOX 736, PORTLAND, ME.

rich field for the liberal thought. The heaven is working, and working so rapidly that one can scarce keep pace with its advance. I am not a prophet, sir, nor the son of a prophet; but I venture to say that Scotland is going to shape the religious thought of the immediate future; if all her children had only the spirit and courage of their ancestors, the Covenanters, they might lead the new reformation. What country,—and I mention these as showing the trend of thought,—what country has produced so many books during the last decade, each of which would be an epoch-making book if it stood by itself? Read the Gifford lectures of Max Müller and Pfeiderer and Caird and Wallace, and see how the liberal thought for which we have stood is seating itself in the chairs of learning. Nay, enter the very doors of the churches themselves, and read Prof. Bruce on “The Kingdom of God,” and Mackintosh on “The Natural History of Christianity,” and Prof. Drummond on “The Ascent of Man,” and you may well ask, Are these Presbyterian teachers? And, by the way, I don’t know what you did to Prof. Drummond when he was over here. Whether it was your genial hospitality or the invigorating effects of your New England atmosphere, I don’t know; but you managed to win his secret from him, and to induce him to deliver his soul as he has never delivered it before. And thereby hangs a tale. You have got him into nice trouble. Before I left home, several Presbyterians had transmitted overtures to the Assembly, asking its judgment on Prof. Drummond’s book. In their opinion it is subversive of the faith. The Assembly, I expect, will consider the matter this week; and, if it only considers it as it ought to consider it, we are likely to have one of the jolliest heresy hunts we have had in recent times. My blood is tingling for the fight.

But it is of no use. These men have changed, but they only reflect the change that has come into men’s hearts. The pulpit is the mirror of the pew. Do not think that even the rank and file of Scotchmen are under thrall to Calvinism. They are not. Here and there you may find it in some out-of-the-way place. You may hear a man declare, as a man did declare in a Highland church last year, that “every child that is born is born with its back to Christ and its face to hell”; but you must not think that is representative. It is not. It finds no response in men’s hearts. If you want to know the faith that is coming into men’s hearts, read Ian Maclaren’s “Bonnie Brier Bush.” It is written by a Presbyterian minister, a Scotchman, and about Scotch men and women. Take the conversation of the poor sick student with his mother:—

“Div ye mind the nicht, mither, that I called for ye, and ye gave me the gospel aboot God? There had been a revival man here, and he was preaching on hell. As it grew dark, a candle was lighted; and he looked down at us laddies in the front, and asked us if we knew what like hell was. We were that terrified that none of us could speak, but I whispered, ‘No.’

“Then he rolled a piece of paper, and held it in the flame; and we saw it burn, and glow, and shrivel up, and fall in black dust.

“‘Think,’ said he,—and he leaned over the desk and spoke in a gruesome whisper which made the cold run down our backs,—‘think that yon paper was your finger,—one finger only of your hand; and it burned like that forever and ever. And think of your hand and your arm and your whole body all on fire, never to go out. That is hell, and that is where any laddie will go who does not repent and believe.’

“He blew out the candle; and we crept to the door, trembling, not able to say a word. That nicht I could not sleep, for I thought I might be in the fire before morning. I was only a wee laddie, and I did what we all do in trouble: I cried for my mither. Aye, and ye kissed me, mither; and ye said, ‘Ye’re safe with me.’ And ye telt me that God might punish me to mak me better if I was bad, but that he wud never torture ony puir soul; for that cud dae nae guid, and was the devil’s wark. Ye asked me, ‘Am I a guid mither tae ye?’ And, when I could dae naethin’ but hold, ye said, ‘Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.’”

And so it is. Men are coming to feel that “God maun be a hantle kinder” than

the church’s creeds have shown him to be. And we rejoice in this. The broadening sun has risen. The living power of truth is widening its rays, and scattering clouds and mists and darkness. The heresies of yesterday are fast becoming the orthodoxies of to-day, and we glory in it. It is a testimony to us that the doctrines we have been teaching are true. I do not claim a monopoly of these truths: they are in all religions. The truth of God reveals itself through other channels besides ours. But I do affirm that we have recognized its power when other churches have passed it by. Not because we were up earlier than our neighbors did we see the rising sun, but because we looked eastward, while they looked westward.

But,—and here may I add a word, sir?—while this grand work of liberalizing and humanizing men’s faith is progressing so rapidly, and is perhaps the supreme work before us, there is another movement going on in which I am convinced it is our duty—and shall I say our privilege?—to take a part. I refer to the great social movements of the day. In the old country—and I think, from what I have seen, in this—the foundations of society are being moved as they have never been moved before. What is our duty? Is it for us to stand aloof, and say, “It is none of my business: ‘am I my brother’s keeper?’” Shall we pass by on the other side? Are we to content ourselves simply with our churches and their services? I confess that I am sick—sick as unto death—of what Ruskin has called the dawn service and twilight revival,—the gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity. And I am convinced—with the strength of divine conviction—that the Church has a duty in respect to this matter.

“Ah,” you say, “but these movements are so coarse, so rough, so rude in their men and methods.” Well, whose fault is that? It is said of your Channing that for a time he stood aloof from the anti-slavery movement. When he was appealed to to throw in his lot with the Abolitionists, he excused himself on the ground that the men were so extreme and the methods so rough. “Yes,” was the reply: “that is because you and such as you stand aloof.” The great preacher felt rebuked, and from that time never ceased by word and pen to plead the cause of the slave. So now a movement no less momentous than the anti-slavery movement is going on around us, and we are standing aloof. We may not like the methods, we may not like the leaders; and, when “brutes with the rights of men set wrong to balance wrong and physic human woes,” there is sure to be some ugly work. But, then, all the more need for enlisting all the moral, all the intellectual, all the spiritual forces of the world in the work of guiding, directing, refining these powers that are shaping the future. I like that incident told by Dean Stubbs in the London Dock strike some few years ago. One of the leaders was telling his audience of the Man of Nazareth. He grew earnest and eloquent as he spoke to them of the love and sympathy and justice and unselfishness and kindness of the carpenter’s son. At last one of the crowd could restrain himself no longer, and he cried out: “That is the man for me. Three cheers for the Man of Nazareth! He is the best man of whom we have ever heard.” And immediately thousands of heads were uncovered, and thousands of voices joined in ringing cheers for the Man of Nazareth.

And that is true. Christ is the man for us. He made himself one with the toiling, struggling, seething mass of humanity around him. He may not have given us any ready-made scheme of a perfect society: he was not a politician as we understand politics; but he was a social emancipator. He did not look upon the happiness of humanity as coming from favorable conditions alone, but he did teach a religion which bore directly on this present life. He sought to infuse a new spirit into it,—a spirit of mutual concession, a spirit of frank justice between man and man, a spirit of love and self-control. And, believe me, that is the spirit that we need. The social movements of the day need—demand—this spirit. They must have the spirit of justice and helpfulness. The gospel of labor needs strong men and true men, and men good and brave, who will sacrifice themselves to help the weak and the frail, and who will consecrate the best they have to a whole-hearted endeavor

to put new life into the enfeebled hearts of the men and women who are born the thrall of inherited passion, and developed vice, and national error, and social injustice, and political crime.

“God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands: Men whom the lust of office does not kill, Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy, Men who possess opinions and a will, Men who have honor, men who will not lie, Men who can stand before a demagogue And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking,— Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog In public duty and in private thinking; For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps, Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.”

God give us men!

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BRUNDAGE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the close of our service last Sunday evening a gentleman leaving the hall was heard to say to his companion, “This is the happiest lot of people I have seen for a long time”; and he wondered what was the explanation of it. The fact is, in a city of a hundred thousand people, that congregation was the only congregation absolutely pledged to liberty in thought, which accepted unhesitatingly, unqualifiedly, the religion of Jesus as the only basis of its fellowship. No wonder we were a happy people! Most of us had just finished the struggle, and had come out into the open.

I suppose that most of you were born free. Then, much as you appreciate your freedom, you are unable to appreciate the peculiar blessedness of coming out of struggle into freedom. We have one hundred and fourteen members in our little church in Albany. There are thirteen Unitarians born out of the number. Twenty-five of the rest, with the pastor, came from the Methodist Episcopal Church, seven of them came from the Presbyterian Church, six from the Roman Catholic Church, six from the Baptist Church, one of them is from the orthodox Congregational Church, one from the Lutheran; and I think there are other bodies represented. About fifty have never been associated with any church. [Applause.] Is there any reason why that little band of men and women should not be happy? They are free!

If you will bear with me, I want to give you a word of personal experience, that will illustrate the point I desire to make. I was born and brought up a Methodist. My father was a clergyman in that church, and I have been preaching in the church thirteen years. I entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church because I felt that it emphasized the spiritual life, made little of dogma, little of ritual. My brother ministers criticised me sometimes as a heretic; but I felt that I was in substantial agreement with my church—that word “substantial” carries a great deal these days—until, about a year ago, I began to question seriously my right as an honest man to remain any longer. Last fall it was my privilege to hear Rev. Minot Savage preach on the duty of a liberal in religion. He seemed to speak directly to me. On the next Sunday I had to ask this question of candidates for admission to my church: “Do you believe in the doctrines of Holy Scripture as contained in the articles of religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?” And they said, very devoutly, “We do.” I suppose you have had this experience, of doing a certain thing in good conscience, without much question, until some day you look at it in a new light; and never thereafter can you do it again. It was so with that question. I said, “All these years I have been idealizing and spiritualizing away the dogmas of the Methodist Episcopal Church, until my conception is as far as the East is from the West from the conception these young people have.” But where should I go? I went to your Conference at Saratoga, and there I felt that I had found the fellowship with which I wished to connect myself. Here was a church open to all who “accept

the religion of Jesus,” to all who are seeking the truth and seeking to live the ideal life. My friends, the one hundred Unitarians in Albany are in the Unitarian Church to-day because of your action at Saratoga last September, because you so generously, so unanimously adopted that basis of fellowship.

A man came up to me at the close of the second public meeting that we held,—a follower of Robert Ingersoll, whom I had known well, and who would have no association whatever with any Christian church,—and said to me, with tears in his eyes: “I can sympathize for the first time in my life with my orthodox Christian friends, for I know something of what religion may be. I never thought I could be a religious man; but the ideals presented here, the ideals of the Unitarian fellowship, are the ideals that have won me.” My friends, that is the gospel that is winning the men and women of our city to our fellowship. It is the gospel of Jesus. We understand that, in order to understand the spirit of Jesus, in order to live the life that he lived, we must share the visions of Jesus. We must share his vision of God: we must believe that the symbol “Father” does, though inadequately and imperfectly, represent something that is true concerning the infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed. We seek to share his vision concerning humanity, that all men are sons of God; and we are seeking to share with him the vision of the redeemed humanity that is to be, when the spirit of Jesus shall become the spirit of all God’s sons, and selfish greed shall forever pass away. It is because we are beginning to share the visions of Jesus that we are beginning to realize as never before what the religion of Jesus means.

I heard a distinguished Unitarian speak yesterday. I was dazzled by the brilliancy of his language and his thought, but there was one statement he made to which I must take exception. He said that the message of Channing and Parker, and the other founders of Unitarianism in America, has become assimilated by the other churches of America; and, therefore, the mission of Unitarianism, in the old sense, has come to an end. That may be true of Boston churches, but the gentleman who made that statement does not understand the city of Albany or the State of New York. It is true an Episcopal rector in the city of Albany said the other day: “There was no need of Mr. Brundage establishing a liberal church. We are all liberal. I think practically what he thinks.” The Episcopal Church just as liberal,—in the face of the pastoral letter of the bishops? Five years ago Dr. Brooks told me that he would not advise any young man to come in search of freedom into the Episcopal Church, and a few weeks before his death he said the same thing to a personal friend of mine. Shall we go to the Presbyterian Church for liberty, when the other day the Union Theological Seminary was boycotted by more than a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly, because the seminary per-

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sisted in teaching some of the results of the higher criticism? These great organized churches stand for much that is good; and yet they do not stand for what I understand the Unitarians at Saratoga stood for,—for liberty and the religion of Jesus, without dogma, without creed subscription.

Your message, as I understand it, is a positive message. You have a gospel for this time. Multitudes of men and women are longing for it. What will you do about it? I believe that the work of the Unitarian Church, instead of being practically ended, has only just begun. [Applause.] If you will sustain the little bands of men and women gathering together in almost every city in this land; if you will send to them a man with a burning message, a man who will not preach formal creeds, who will not preach ritual, a man who will stand aggressively and positively for this gospel of Jesus,—then indeed, in the immediate future, there will be an opportunity for fulfilling the destiny of the Unitarian Church. Channing was needed a hundred years ago: he is needed a hundred times more to-day,—the Channing spirit. Parker was needed fifty years ago: he is needed a thousand times more to-day,—the Parker spirit. The Channing and the Parker spirit, as I have understood it, are incarnated in your platform at Saratoga. [Applause.]

THE FEAR OF WORDS.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

There are certain words in every denomination of which that denomination is afraid. One of these with us is that very word "denomination." I do not quite know why it is that we are so afraid to be called a denomination. How often we hear it said: "We are not a denomination. We are a movement." We are apt to chide our friends in other churches for using words without meaning, and it is only proper that we should ask ourselves sometimes whether we are not falling into the same pit. Precisely what do we mean by the distinction that we draw? Can there be a movement unless there is something which moves? What we need is to have more than we have now of the denominational spirit. It is not opposed to religious progress. It is one of the chief means by which religious progress can be carried forward. For in all organic life progress depends upon two things: first, the rise of variations; and, second, the selection and preservation of such as are fitted to survive. Now, in the insistence upon individual freedom, which is one of our chief characteristics, we have in our churches the possibility of the rise of religious variations. How shall they be preserved? They must be tested ultimately by the conditions of universal thought and experience. Nevertheless, it is in the Church that the chief battle-ground is to be found; and therefore is it essential that we should have a fellowship large and inclusive enough to represent as well as possible the conditions of universal thought and universal life. And the larger the fellowship, provided it keeps its freedom, the greater will be the possibilities of religious progress in that denomination and in the world.

Our Western churches are facing a set of conditions different from those which are met by the Eastern churches. We are thankful for a Unitarian fellowship large enough to include us all. Out of a fellowship so large as that there can come religious progress. We can all live together and think together and work together, and the thought of one can be balanced by the thought of the other; and out of all our individual notions there may be a selection of that which shall abide and which shall help forward the religious movement.

Because, therefore, we believe in religious progress, we ought to lay more stress than we do on denominational life. When I began work in the West, I began as a pretty strong anti-denominationalist. I should have been amazed at myself to think I should ever have said the words I have said here to-night. But the work in the West has taught me better. I see that what our little churches scattered all through the West need more than anything else is to feel that they are parts of one great organic life. Our Western fellowships are very tender and very intimate. Mr. Crothers used to say that he never came to one of our State conferences with-

out thinking of that line in Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book,"—

"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live."

There are only a few of our churches; and, when we come together in conference, then the minister who has been working all the year, seeing only half a dozen times another Unitarian minister, finds in that fellowship a strength and a power which he greatly needs. Our motto might be that of the scientific charity. We need "not alms, but a friend": we need to feel that we belong to a fellowship in which we believe, and which trusts us.

I wonder if you have ever heard the story of Mr. Owen of Arcadia, who came out of the orthodox Congregational Church a few years ago, and joined the Unitarian Church. He said: "I had been trying to read, but I could not tell what were the best books. Still, I read the *Chicago Advance*; and, whenever I found a book that was pitched into by the *Chicago Advance*, I went and bought it. And in that way I managed to get together a pretty good library. We made our church an independent church. But then somebody said to me that there was a man down in Madison who thought about as we did,—a man named Crooker. I went down, and had an all-day talk with him; and, when I came back, I said to my people: 'Here we thought we were a poor, lonesome little congregation, flocking all alone by ourselves up here in Wisconsin; but there are a lot of people all over the country who think just as we think. We are somebody, after all!'" That sense of fellowship with the larger denomination we need, not only for the sake of religious progress, but also for the sake of our missionary work.

But is not that sectarianism, and is not sectarianism a horrible thing? But the difference between denominationalism and sectarianism is just this: that the sectarian says that all truth has been given to him, to preach it to all people; but the Unitarian denominationalist says that, in the great order of religious progress there has been given to him a truth which belongs at a certain stage in religious evolution, and it is his duty to preach that truth with all the energy and fervor of his nature, never for one instant thinking that it is the whole truth, or dreaming that to him have been committed the oracles of God. Sectarianism we have nothing to do with, but we may be pronounced denominationalists in spite of that.

There is another word of which we are a trifle afraid, and that is the word "dogma." And I am inclined to believe that one of our needs is a little more dogma and a little more dogmatism. For the word carries two ideas: first, intellectual conviction; and, second, the desire to impress and enforce that upon other people. Now, the second part is bad, but the intellectual conviction is desirable; and, instead of that conviction,—clear, close thinking,—we are degenerating in all our liberal bodies into a sort of limp sentimentalism. In our abhorrence of creed and dogma, we are throwing away the intellectual conviction. One of the chief dangers of the religious life to-day is exactly that limp, nerveless sentimentalism.

I had a capital illustration of that the other day. A little girl was playing about the room; and her father heard her say, "That square is blue." Dr. Johnson says, "If your child says he looked out of this window when he looked out of that, flog him." It did not seem to be a case requiring such harsh measures; and the father said, "No, that is red." The little child thought a moment, and said, "That red square is blue." Dr. Johnson's dictum seemed to be coming dangerously near the application; and the father said, sternly: "What do you mean by that? A thing cannot be both red and blue." The child pondered a moment, and then threw herself at her father, and said, "O father, how I love you!" That is a parable of a great deal of our religious thinking in these days. We say, "That square is red." "No," somebody says: "that square is blue." And then, forthwith, we "rise to our larger unity" and our great, high statements, and include a self-contradiction, and then say, "Well, love is the greatest thing in the world." Is it not true that everywhere in our churches we do need clear, hard, close thinking and positive instruction?

But how can we have this, and still believe in progress? How can I teach positively anything which seems to me to be true, when I know that in the course of religious progress it may not always seem to me to be true? What does the teacher do in any other science, in any of our schools? If he is a wise man, he knows perfectly well that the conclusions of his science are open to revision. He knows there may be a discovery to-day, to-morrow, or the next day, which will force him to revise them. And yet he does not hesitate for one instant to teach his classes clear and definite statements. He knows that only by putting his pupils in the road and opening their interest in the science can they be prepared to receive the new thought when it comes. Now it is precisely the same method which we have to use in our religious instruction. The word which we are speaking to-day may be corrected by the ripper thought of next year, but those who have been trained by the clearness and definiteness of our preaching will be ready to respond to the new thought when it comes.

That brings me to the last thought, which is this: we have come to the position which holds that religion is natural, that religious life comes as a process of education. It is a marvellous advance over the thought of the past, and it has presented to the Unitarian Church of America its supreme problem. That problem is this: understanding that religion is natural, that it is developed in the human soul by natural processes and according to discoverable laws, how shall we find out those laws and apply them, so that in ourselves, and in those who come to our churches, the religious life may be developed? The old notion of the supernatural origin of religion still survives in our methods of religious instruction. We expect that, somehow, our children will drift into religious culture. We expect that, somehow,—we do not know how,—they are going to get to ripeness of spiritual manhood and womanhood by themselves. We are not so foolish in other departments of knowledge. We need, holding our new thought of religion, to approach the question of religious training from that point of view. That is our great problem,—to discover the laws of the unfolding of the human soul, and then to apply those laws, that there may be that religious evolution in ourselves and in our children.

I know of no greater task than that which rests upon us as a Unitarian Church. It is a great deal to say that religion is natural: it is infinitely more to make religious nature, in ourselves and in our children.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BUSINESS RECORD.

The American Unitarian Association held its seventieth annual meeting at Music Hall on Tuesday, May 28. The meeting was called to order at 9.30 by the president, Hon. George S. Hale; and prayer was offered by Rev. Charles T. Billings of Hingham. The reading of the records of the last meeting was omitted; and the president, after briefly welcoming the body of delegates, introduced Mr. H. F. Miller of the Nominating Committee, who presented its report. This report was accepted, and the committee discharged. A committee to receive and count votes was appointed by the president, as follows: Dr. H. H. Fi-

loon of Brockton, Rev. B. F. McDaniel of Newton, Charles H. Burrage of Boston, Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord, and Daniel H. Varney of Salem. A recess of ten minutes was taken for voting, and it was voted that the polls be kept open until twelve o'clock. At the conclusion of the recess the treasurer's report was presented in print, and was accepted.

The report of the directors was then presented by their secretary, Rev. George Batchelor, but was set aside for the moment upon the arrival of his Excellency, Gov. Greenhalge, who made the following address of welcome:—

ADDRESS OF GOV. GREENHALGE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to be with you for a moment, and to extend the welcome of the Commonwealth to one of the brigades of its ecclesiastical militia. [Laughter.] I understand that you are not so bellicose as this description might seem to suggest, but even the works of peace require a certain spirit of aggressiveness. I do not attend my pastor's church as often as I ought, and yet I have learned something of the tenets of the Unitarian denomination; and I understand that your faith is intended to be rather utilitarian than ornamental. Some people take the position of the London shop-keeper, who, when the customer brought back the umbrella, said, in astonishment, "Why, sir, you've been having it out in the rain!" The Unitarian umbrella may not always look as fresh and bright and new as that of somebody else, but it can be said of it that it has been out in the storm of every-day life. [Applause.] Religion is of the utmost importance to every individual: the Unitarian, as I understand his faith, means that he shall have no more of it than he can actually make use of. [Laughter.] To speak in a journalistic way, it is a daily, intended to be published every day in the week. As the architect would say, his religion is intended to enter into the construction of his nature, and not to be merely a superficial or outside ornament. So to-day you look back upon the past with that satisfaction that good workers always feel. It seems to me not mere egotism, not mere vain-glory, if your denomination claims some portion of the great work of liberalization which is manifest in every church of Christ, of any kind or sect or faith, in the world to-day. At the same time I always find it necessary to caution the Unitarian about that absence of humility which has always characterized him. We do not want to be too partial to ourselves, and good works done in the past are only a warrant and inspiration to better works in the future.

In the name of the Commonwealth, I welcome you, because this is a Christian Commonwealth, and the light and the encouragement which you give to it are of the utmost value. If we find that with liberty, political or spiritual, comes a spirit of law and order, then we realize what liberty well ordered must mean. Even the waves of the Atlantic are controlled by law; and the free wind, that bloweth where it listeth, still proclaims an almighty and controlling Master. So every impulse of mind and heart must, under wise leadership, show that discipline and that order which always mark freedom and liberty in the disciples of him whose service is perfect freedom. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of the governor's address the report of the directors was resumed. This report being unanimously accepted, the secretary presented a letter of congratulation from the president of the Delegation of Liberal Reformed Churches in France, which will hold a triennial session at Nimes on the 11th of June. "In spite of the difference which separates us," he wrote, "we know that we can count upon your Christian sympathy. It has been to us infinitely precious in the past, and we ask you to renew and consolidate

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The president then introduced Rev. Albert Lazenby as a delegate from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

MR. LAZENBY expressed his pleasure in bringing the hearty greeting of that association, and also of the Scottish Unitarian Association.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK moved the appointment of a committee by the chair who should prepare some expression of the sense of loss in the death of Mr. Reynolds, such resolution to be presented at the afternoon meeting. The committee was appointed as follows: Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Rev. Edward Hale, and Mrs. Robert H. Davis.

An address was then made by Mrs. B. Ward Dix, president of the National Alliance. She recalled earlier anniversary meetings which she had attended in the past,—beginning with that of 1844, from which came to her the first idea of missionary work,—expressed appreciation of the recognition and encouragement women had received from the Association, and spoke briefly of the work and aims of the Alliance.

The report of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting to consider the proposed changes in the by-laws, and to report upon the whole question of the representation of the churches in the Association, was presented by the chairman, Mr. John Mason Little of Boston. Mr. Little read a letter from Mr. Reynolds, stating the origin of the system of life membership and the action taken by the Association at different times. He stated that Rev. S. J. Barrows, originally a member of the committee, resigned some time since, and had no responsibility for its conclusions. He presented the following as the unanimous report of the other members:—

First.—That life members now existing cannot legally be deprived of their votes.

Second.—That any action calculated to deprive life members created hereafter of their votes is undesirable.

Third.—That it was never intended by the present by-laws that churches should, by the medium of their contributions to the support of the Association, create life members; and in future such action is undesirable.

Fourth.—That the system of delegate membership is desirable, provided that such delegates represent churches which are not in debt to the Association or to the Church Building Loan Fund.

Fifth.—They recommend the following changes in the by-laws, in order that they may conform to the foregoing views.

First.—Insert in Article II. of the by-laws, after the word "dollars" and before the word "shall," the words "when made by an individual."

Second.—Insert in Article III. of the by-laws, after the word "standing" and before the word "shall," the words "not being indebted to the American Unitarian Association or the Church Building Loan Fund."

So that these articles shall read as follows:—

ARTICLE II. A subscription of fifty dollars, when made by an individual, shall constitute a person a member of this Association for life.

ARTICLE III.—Those contributing to the funds of this Association shall be entitled to representation under the following conditions, namely:—

Any church or missionary association of at least two years' standing not being in debt to the American Unitarian Association or the Church Building Loan Fund shall, upon sending a contribution for missionary uses to the treasurer of the Association for two successive years, be entitled to representation at all business meetings of the Association by the persons of its minister or president and two additional lay delegates, provided that such contributions shall be placed in the hands of the officers of the Association on or before May 1, to entitle a church to be represented in the following annual meeting.

Respectfully submitted,
JOHN MASON LITTLE, *Chairman.*
THOMAS J. MORRIS.
MRS. BRADLEY GILMAN.
THOMAS R. SLICER.

The report was accepted, and the committee discharged. Discussion followed upon the adoption of the proposed changes, and much difference of opinion was developed. On motion of Rev. M. J. Savage, it was then voted unanimously to lay the whole matter upon the table for one year, that members might have more time for consideration and more careful discussion.

DR. H. H. FILOON of Brockton presented the report of the committee appointed to receive and count votes for officers. From this report it appeared that the following officers had been chosen, who were then declared elected: president, Hon. John D. Long; vice-presidents, Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Hon. Joseph W. Simonds, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Judge Thomas J. Morris, Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, Hon. Horace Davis; secretary, Rev. George Batchelor; assistant secretary, George W. Fox; treas-

urer, George W. Stone; directors, Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, John Mason Little, Arthur T. Lyman, Henry B. Wells, Rev. William W. Fenn.

"Voted, That the president should appoint two auditors."

REV. CHARLES F. DOLE presented a resolution, already printed in the *Register*, requesting the Board of Directors to take such action as to make the free system the rule for churches which have the benefit of the missionary money of the Association. Mr. Dole spoke briefly in explanation of this resolution, which was also supported by Rev. W. I. Nichols of Philadelphia and Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, and was criticised by Rev. James C. Hodgins of Philadelphia, Rev. Lyman Clark of Andover, and Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn. With some modification, it was then passed in this form:—

"Whereas the free system of sittings in church is best suited to efficient missionary work,

"Voted, That the Board of Directors are requested to take action, with due reference to special conditions and the time required for change of method, to recommend the free system for the use of the churches which have the benefit of the missionary money of the Association."

REV. B. F. MCDANIEL offered the following resolution, which was referred to the directors:—

"Resolved, That books be opened by this Association for the creation of a fund for the relief of ministers of our body temporarily in need of pecuniary aid, said fund to be administered by such officer or agency as the directors of this Association shall appoint."

REV. HENRY POWERS offered the following resolution on good citizenship, which was referred to the directors:—

"Whereas the people of this country who believe in its characteristic principles and institutions, and desire to preserve and promote them, have become seriously alarmed at the wide-spread indifference to these principles and institutions, and the many forms of corruption that result therefrom among our native population, and at the persistent and hurtful attacks upon them that are made by certain portions of our foreign population; and

"Whereas a deep revival of patriotic feeling, provoked by this alarm, is now rapidly extending itself through all the industrial, social, political, moral, and religious circles and societies of our common country, therefore

"Resolved, That the officers of the American Unitarian Association be urgently requested to devise and promulgate some plan whereby the ministers and laymen of the Unitarian denomination may express their patriotic feeling in both word and action, and so may take their part in this revival and do their share of its work."

The Association then adjourned until 2.30 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Association was again called to order at 2.30 by the president. Addresses were made by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, on "What can the liberal Church do toward Developing a Thinking and an Ethical Democracy?" and by Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill., on "The Personal Equation in Spiritual Influence and Growth." The secretary, Rev. George Batchelor, presented the following communication from Rev. Charles G. Ames:—

"Hon. George S. Hale has declined a re-nomination to the presidency of the American Unitarian Association after eight successive elections. He has held that office for a longer period than any of his predecessors, and has performed its duties with eminent ability, fidelity, and constancy. No contribution to our treasury can represent such solid value as the willing gift of time and thoughtful service taken out of the busy life of a professional man; and the members of the Association desire to join with the board of directors in grateful acknowledgment of this service, and in a testimonial of affectionate respect for our retiring president."

This resolution was unanimously adopted with hearty applause, to which Mr. Hale responded with thanks. (His address will be found in another column.)

MR. BATCHELOR read letters from Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, who is eighty-five years old; Rev. James Martineau, ninety years old; Rev. William H. Furness, ninety-three years old; and Rev. Thomas T. Stone of Bolton, ninety-five years old. He then called upon Rev. Edward E. Hale, who spoke upon the literary work of the founders of the Unitarian Church.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK, as chairman of the committee appointed at the morning session, presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

"Seeing that this meeting of the Association is the first since the death of Dr. Reynolds, it seems good, 'in order that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed,' to place upon our records some testimony of our affection for his person and our reverence for his memory. Therefore,—

"Resolved, That the months which have elapsed since his death have only tended to

confirm our sense of the fidelity with which he gave himself to the work of the Association, and the wisdom and sobriety of his management of its practical affairs; that we remember with interest and gratitude the ideals of usefulness and progress which he cherished for the Unitarian denomination, and the enthusiasm with which he summoned others to their proper tasks, infusing into them something of his own abounding cheerfulness and hope; that the graces and nobilities of his daily walk and conversation are an inheritance that we cannot prize too much; and that we will do our best to keep his memory green by carrying on the work he loved so well in the spirit of his unwearied devotion to all truth and righteousness."

Resolutions thanking Mr. Thomas Gaffield and Mr. Arthur Lincoln for their faithful and valuable service to the interests of the Association were presented by Mr. Batchelor and Mr. William Howell Reed, respectively, and were unanimously adopted. On motion the Association adjourned until the evening session.

EVENING SESSION.

The Association was called to order at 7.30 by the new president, Hon. John D. Long. Prayer was offered by Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington. Mr. Long then said:—

These successive returns of Anniversary Week are in some respects like the returns which those of us who were born in a rural neighborhood make every summer to our birthplaces. They grow sweeter and attach us a little closer every year. We feel that contact with the familiar soil is a renewal of our youth, and so of our life; and we spring from it fitter for harder work than ever. We are among our neighbors and kinsfolk. In the burying-ground are lying some of those whom we met only a year ago. But their faces, their voices,—ah! yes, the faces and voices of all, back even to infancy,—are with us again; and we seem almost to see and to hear them. It is home, the one spot on the earth that has the permanence of the early impression.

So to-day we gather here in this fold of our household of faith, we look back with loving appreciation on all that has been done and on all who have done it; and for that very reason we look forward to the future with renewed resolution and hope. It seems to me that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is not more true of physical life than it is of our religious philosophy. If some of the forms and expressions have disappeared, it is because it was better they should go. We may be assured that whatever remains is the best, and remains only because it is the best. If there be little, it is because there was little that was good enough to bear the test; and, if much, then because there was much, that was good. If there were giants in the ancient times, there will be greater giants in the time to come. If good work has been done, there is better work to do. If the field has been broad and liberal, it must be broader and more liberal still. It may be that there is cause for lament because we have not done more, especially because we are not doing more; but the greatest cause of lament certainly would be if there were not always more to be done than we can do. Our work is always greater than our equipment for it, and therein lies the secret of the fact that the greatest of all honors is service.

In this spirit we meet to-day, and, meeting, part again, after this glad reunion, to which all the tribes of our Israel have come up. You have done me the honor, which I very much appreciate, of making me the head of your Association. But I am modest enough and sensible enough to know that, far different from the case of my predecessors, it is only a figure-head. Our working forces—our secretary and treasurer and our other officials—are in themselves the best assurance of their great helpfulness. Rallying behind them, as they lead the way and lift the banner, let us move forward to the coming year.

Addresses were then made by Rev. W. M. Brundage of Albany, Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, and Rev. William W. Fenn of Chicago, at the close of which Rev. Francis Tiffany pronounced a benediction, and the Association adjourned.

Spiritual Life.

Only a deeper vitality, a richer filling of our spirits with the Spirit of God, an assurance of the possible divineness of the human life by an experience of how richly it may be filled with divinity,—only this can make us be to our brethren, and make them be to us, all that God designed.—*Phillips Brooks.*

What we are really doing on the steep slopes of life is to prop the wheels of the spiritual chariots of victory, so that, if they do not ascend higher just yet, they shall not at least fall back. So stand fast in all faithfulness, and oppose yourself to the all-too-strong downward tendencies.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

Whatever task is set you to do, do it cheerfully, that your memory of it may be sweet. For, if a thing must be done, we shall like to remember that we did it with a whole heart and ungrudgingly, since that which is done grudgingly availeth little, and is not the deed of the inner man at all, and that which is done heartily groweth light in the doing.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

But it has been customary to take no account of the bodily senses in spiritual perception. This is a sad blindness and serious disability. In the faith of the future the senses, as accessories of the soul, must play a vaster part, so that the mortal faculties may be trained to immortality. Directly cognizant as it is of the divine, what were the soul without the miracles of sense-perception?—*Mozoomdar.*

When, by nobler culture, by purer experience, by breathing the air of a higher duty, vitality at length creeps into the soul, the instincts of immortality will wake within us. The word of hope will speak to us a language no longer strange. We shall feel like the captive bird carried accidentally to its own lands, when, hearing for the first time the burst of kindred song, it beats instinctively the bars of its cage.—*James Martineau.*

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead in Chicago was one of the most conspicuous events of Memorial Day. A number of the leading officers, such as General Longstreet and Wade Hampton, gathered on the occasion. The city of Chicago received its guests with a very cordial hospitality. At the banquet given them they had a hearty welcome from the mayor, and the citizens crowded to the general reception to shake hands with their visitors. A very cordial spirit prevailed all round. The Southerners were deeply touched by the aid which the Northerners had given in raising the money for the monument as well as for their warm reception. In their addresses there was a very earnest national and fraternal feeling expressed by the Confederates; and, while they lauded the valor, devotion, and heroism of their comrades in arms, they were equally earnest in their desire to bury all the bitter animosities of the past. The speakers, with one opinion, asserted that this meeting was the crowning act which cemented the nation and buried all old hatreds. That such a gathering should have taken place, with the assertion on both sides of an intense national feeling, and the readiness expressed on the part of the Southerners to rush to the defence of the Union against both foreign and inter-

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nal foes, proves that time has wrought its most beneficent influences. The treatment by Grant of Confederates when Lee surrendered at Appomattox took away much of the sting of bitterness. So now a generous trust and magnanimity will bury all hatreds and heal old wounds. The spirit alike of patriotism and religion enforces the injunction, Let the past bury the past; but go ye forth, both gray and blue, to build up the future American republic, so "that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish forever from the earth."

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS. The final meeting of the season will be held at Framingham, with Rev. E. C. Smith, on June 10. Hosts and dates for the season of 1895-96 as follows: Rev. C. W. Heizer, Wayland, October; Rev. M. O. Simons, Billerica, November; Rev. W. H. Johnson, Cambridge, December; Rev. S. M. Crothers, Cambridge, January; Rev. B. F. Bailey, Malden, February; Rev. Francis Tiffany, Cambridge, March; Rev. W. H. Pierson, Somerville, April; Rev. J. H. Whitmore, Stoneham, May; Rev. George W. Cooke, East Lexington, June.

The Meadville Alumni Association had a social reunion with a dinner at the United States Hotel in Boston on May 29. Forty-seven members were present, and a pleasant occasion was enjoyed. At the business meeting that followed the following officers were chosen: for president, Rev. E. A. Horton; vice-presidents, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Rev. Jenkin L. Jones; secretary and treasurer, Rev. W. L. Chaffin; directors, Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Rev. George H. Hosmer. Addresses were made by President Horton, Rev. George Batchelor, and others. Rev. Mr. Phalen and Rev. Mr. Hoagland spoke feelingly of Rev. Walter C. Moore, who recently died. It was voted to have a dinner next year, and also that an annual address should be given.

BOSTON.—Ministers' Monday Club: June 10, 10.30 A.M. Rev. C. T. Canfield will preside. Rev. E. C. Headle will read a sermon, to be followed by criticisms.

DOVER, N.H.—The Unitarian church has issued a warrant for a meeting to be held this week, to extend a call to Rev. Duren Ward.

GARDNER, MASS.—The Unitarian church is interested in Mr. W. C. Brown, who leaves the Harvard Divinity School this June.

HOULTON, ME.—Persons who wish to attend the Unitarian conference at Houlton, Me., on June 25, 26, and 27, are requested to send their names to O. K. Crosby, Box 148, Houlton, Me., as early as possible, that cards may be sent to them, telling them where they will be entertained.

HYDE PARK, MASS.—Rev. A. G. Pettengill of Yarmouth, Me., has accepted the call extended to him by the Unitarian society.

PRESQUE ISLE, ME.—The Unitarian church has published for free distribution an excellent sermon by Rev. W. E. Lane on "Conservative Development."

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—The First Parish of West Roxbury has extended a call to Alfred Rodman Hussey of the Harvard Divinity School, and has received his acceptance.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—The movement here is prospering beyond anticipation. Rev. S. R. Free has already begun services, and at his first meeting had about four hundred listeners.

NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The semi-annual meeting of the conference will occur at Nashua, N.H., on Thursday, June 13. Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. W. F. Greenman, Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, and a lady from the Women's Alliance will be among the speakers. Collation at noon. All friends of the conference invited.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The Norfolk Conference will hold its summer meeting with the First Congregational Parish of Canton on Thursday, June 20. The principal addresses of the day will be given by Rev. Roderick Stebbins of Milton and Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston. Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge of Dorchester is to conduct the devotional service. Full details will appear in next week's Register.

THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The eighty-eighth regular session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held on Wednesday, June 12, in the Unitarian church at Bedford. Order of exercises: 10.45 A.M., devotional service conducted by Rev. Minot O. Simons of Billerica. 11.15 A.M., reports of committees, election of officers, and miscellaneous business. Address by Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, on "The Utilization of Spiritual Power." 12.20 P.M., collection for current expenses of the conference. 12.30 P.M., box-lunch, the society at Bedford providing tea and coffee. Lunch can be had at the Bedford House, adjoining the church, for 35 cents. Those desiring such lunch will please notify proprietor by Monday, June 10. 2 P.M., roll-call of the churches. Discussion of the morning subject, opened by Rev. Hilary Bygrave of Belmont. 3 P.M., brief address by Rev. G. W. Cooke, in the interest of the Unitarian Temperance Society. Trains from Union Station, Boston, at 8.05 and 10 A.M. Return, 12.42, 3.35, and 4.15. Ten-ride tickets, \$2.60. Henry C. Parker, Secretary.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE.—The sixth annual session of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches met at Denver May 4, 5, and 6. The conference covers a wide field, from Montana to New Mexico; and but eight organized societies are embraced within it, only three of which have church buildings. Exchanges are not frequent when ministers are from fifty to five hundred miles apart, and our yearly conference means a great deal to us. This last meeting has been no less interesting and inspiring than previous ones. The meetings opened Saturday evening by a pleasant reception to the delegates, followed by a "Word of Welcome" from Rev. N. A. Haskell of the Denver church and an address by Rev. T. B. Forbush on the "Raison d'être of the Liberal Church." Sunday morning Rev. J. H. Crocker of Helena preached the conference sermon, on "The Thought of God." Sunday afternoon was devoted to an interesting discussion of Sunday-school work. In the evening Rev. T. B. Forbush read a paper written by Rev. W. R. G. Mellen on "The Higher Criticism." Monday afternoon was in charge of the ladies of the conference. Papers were read by Mrs. L. W. Bassett, on "Unitarianism in the Household"; by Mrs. Mina S. Gabriel, on "Unitarians in the Charitable Movement"; and by Dr. Sarah J. Fearing, on "Where and How Unitarianism has Grown." In the evening Prof. Krauss of Colorado Springs spoke on "Science and Unitarianism," Rev. C. E. Montague of Cañon City on "Importance of Religion to Society," Rev. J. H. Crocker on "The Ideal Church," and Rev. T. B. Forbush on "The Religious Attitude of the Unitarian Church." With the exception of Helena and Greeley the reports from the various churches were more hopeful than encouraging. The harvest is plentiful: the reapers are few. But we trust that the outlook in the fall will drive our fears away, and that another May will bring us once more together, readier than ever to carry on the work so much needed here. C. Howard Wilson, Secretary.

Books Received.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.
Complete Geography. By Alexander Everett Frye.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
Oliver Cromwell. By George H. Clark, D.D.
Afloat with the Flag. By W. J. Henderson.
Little Knights and Ladies. Verses for Young People. By Margaret E. Sangster.
Studies of Men. By George W. Smalley.
Far from the Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy.
The Judgment Books. A Story. By E. F. Benson.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Musicians and Music-lovers, and Other Essays. By William Foster Apthorp. Price \$1.50.
Suppressed Chapters, and Other Bookishness. By Robert Bridges. Price \$1.25.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. Price \$1.50.
From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
In the Fire of the Forge. A Romance of Old Nuremberg. By Georg Ebers.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Yale Yarns. Sketches of Life at Yale University. By John Seymour Wood.
From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
Punishment and Reformation. An Historical Sketch of the Rise of the Penitentiary System. By Frederick Howard Wines. Price \$1.75.
From Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.
Christ and his friends. A Series of Revival Sermons. By Rev. Louis Albert Baileys. Price \$1.50.
From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
The Eye in its Relation to Health. By Chalmers Prentice, M.D. Price \$1.50.
Government & Co., Limited. By Horatio W. Seymour. Price 75 cents. (For sale by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)
From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.
The Diseases of Personality. By Th. Ribot. Price 75 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
I gave you All my Heart. Song. Words by Alice Carter Wells. Music by J. C. Macy.
Morning Song. Words by Joanna Baillie. Music by Dominic Norman.
Falla. Song. Words by Edward W. Barnard. Music by H. H. Thiele.
Malbrouck (Oh! Marlboro's gone to battle). Translated by J. C. Macy.
Au Clair de la Lune (Shines the Moon so brightly). English version by J. C. Macy.
Rippling Waves. Waltz Mexicana. By Jurentino Rosas. Arranged by Walter Vreeland.
Blue Eyes are always True. Words by Stanhope Gray. Music by Paul de Faye.
Good-bye, my Bonnie Lass. Song. Words by Chauncey Clifford. Music by Harriet Lesto.
Forget-me-not. Serenade for Pianoforte. By Edward Hoffman.
Stray Leaf from an Album of Music. For Pianoforte. By Sydney Brown.
And then my Love. Song. Words by Lord Henry Somerset. Music by C. Lamar.

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[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

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Arduently eager for your gain,
The saintly soul your value finds
Along the briery paths of pain;
For there he walks with feet of love,
Intent to help the human race,
And, like the spirit host above,
Finds serving God is sweetest grace.

MARTHA'S PRAYER.

"Martha, Martha," called Mrs. Wright from the broad stone doorstep.

Martha, a little girl of ten years, nearly hidden by a great gingham sun-bonnet, was weeding her small flower garden. She straightened her chubby form at once, and, pushing back the bonnet from the warm, rosy face, ran to her mother.

"Deacon Scott has just been here to say that old Mrs. Jenkins, down at the farms, is very low," said Mrs. Wright, looking thoughtfully at her little daughter. "She has expressed a great desire, not only to have your father come and pray with her, but to see me. You know it is a long drive down there, so you must come in and help me with the work; for we must have dinner at twelve and get an early start."

"And may I go with you and hold Betsy while you are in the house?" asked Martha, pulling off the sun-bonnet and shaking out a mass of bright golden curls as she followed her mother into the kitchen.

"No, Martha, it is not best this time," answered Mrs. Wright; and she shut her lips after the words, as if there were no more to be said.

The child's deep blue eyes grew a shade deeper, and the dimples stopped playing in her cheeks, but she did not ask why; for this little Martha was a minister's daughter of fifty years ago. She washed her hands, and went about putting a snowy cloth on the dinner-table in the roomy kitchen, in a deft, housewifely way that was pleasant to see.

Mrs. Wright went back to the buttery and mixed a Johnny-cake; and it was not until it was placed in just the right position before the fire to bake that she spoke again.

"I am sorry, my daughter, that we must leave you alone this afternoon; but I know you can easily keep so busy as not to be lonely, and William will get home before dark. You can finish weeding your garden when the dishes are done. Then there is your Latin lesson to be prepared, and your knitting."

"You don't care if I play with my dolls just for company, do you, mother?" asked Martha, her lips quivering a little.

"Oh, no, of course I don't," said her mother. "Play all you like, only don't neglect your lesson, and remember to feed the chickens; and, if we shouldn't be back before dark, strain the milk very carefully."

Martha said, "Yes, ma'am," very soberly, and went to the cupboard to get the knives and forks. It took but a minute or two; but, when she got back to the table, the blue eyes and the dimples were dancing together. "O mother," she said, dropping her hand-ful with a gentle little clatter, "can't I have Jinny come over and spend the afternoon, and we play dress up and go visiting?"

"Why, yes, you can," answered her mother, thoughtfully sticking a fork into the potatoes to see if they were done. "Now finish laying the table, and then run to the study and tell your father dinner is nearly ready. Go quietly, for he is writing old Elder George's funeral sermon."

The little girl tripped blithely to and fro until her first task was done, then opened the door into the old-fashioned parlor with its great mahogany chairs standing as prim and solemn as if there were no gay-colored store carpet under them and no muslin curtains at the windows. But her small feet danced merrily over the red figures; for was not Jinny Douglas coming to spend the afternoon? Further on, across the hall, she knocked lightly at a door into another room. A pleasant voice answered dreamily; and Martha opened the door to meet a pair of blue eyes just like her own, looking gravely around the corner of a high cherry

desk. But the grave eyes smiled gently upon her; and father answered her message with, "Presently, daughter."

While they were putting dinner on the table, Mrs. Wright said, "While your father is getting up the horse, Martha, you may go over and ask Jinny's mother if she can spare her this afternoon," and "Yes, you may play in the spare bedroom, only don't litter it up, nor muss the new bed curtains."

How long dinner seemed! But at last, in what was really a short space of time, it was over. Martha put on her sun-bonnet, and ran out into the June sunshine.

The roomy old parsonage was on a farm; and it was a quarter of a mile to the nearest neighbors, who were Jinny, her father, mother, and two "big" brothers.

Martha skipped all the way. She was warm, and her bonnet was slipping down on her shoulders when she arrived at the Douglas back door; but she said modestly and sweetly: "Good afternoon, Mrs. Douglas. Please, do you think you could spare Jinny this afternoon? Father and mother are going away; and mother said, if you were willing, Jinny might come over to play with me."

Mrs. Douglas was willing, and said that Jinny might come as soon as she had done her dishes and "got cleaned up."

Back home rushed Martha, just in time to see her father drive Betsy up to the door. Mother stepped out in her best black bombazine dress and green poke bonnet, with her shawl on her arm, gave her little daughter a loving kiss and many cautions not to scald or burn herself, not to forget to water the rose-bush, and to feed the chickens, give William a good supper, and strain the milk carefully. Then she stepped into the chaise, and Betsy went jogging along the solitary road and out of sight.

Martha gazed after the chaise for a minute or two, then ran into the house, and went cheerfully to work. In half an hour the dishes were standing in shining rows on the dresser, the white cloth was folded, the hearth was brushed, and sticks were laid in the fireplace ready for boiling the kettle at tea-time.

Jinny came in good season, and the girls repaired to the spare bedroom. The visitor had brought her children, two rag dolls with blue bead eyes and berry-stain lips, and one with a wooden head. Martha introduced her family, which was quite numerous, owing to her ingenuity in the construction of rag, paper, and cob dolls.

"I have so many," began the little hostess, "I can let you take Hannah and Rachel and Rebecca, and I'll have Miriam and Esther and Ruth and Methusaleh and Keren-Happuch and Tuzy Ann. We'll have lots of children, and play they run away and have to be put to bed without any supper. Mother said we mustn't play on the bed; but you can have your house in the closet, because you are company. I'll have mine in this corner."

Jinny assented, and suggested a braided rug for carpeting her house.

The house was carpeted, and furnished with two small chairs which nearly filled it; and then Martha went on with a little air of importance, "Now I'm going to show you my treasures."

"Treasures! What's that?" interrupted Jinny.

"They are all in here," said Martha, gravely laying her hand on a brown hair-covered trunk. "They belong to my beautiful Aunt Martha; and now they are mine, because I'm named after her."

The trunk was not locked—nothing ever was in the parsonage, not even the doors,—and the girls pulled it open easily.

"Oh, my! oh, my! Ain't they beautiful?" cried Jinny, as Martha drew out before her admiring gaze two or three rich brocade silk dresses, an India shawl, a velvet jacket, a fur cape that suggested the arctic regions, and various bright crêpe scarfs, with, to crown all, a great pink silk bonnet.

When Jinny had admired these to Martha's satisfaction, and suggested that they were clothes, not treasures, the girls chose each a dress, with which to make herself a fine lady. Jinny, gorgeously arrayed in a bright blue silk, dark green velvet jacket, and a purple scarf, repaired to the closet

with Hannah and Rachel and Rebecca, to set up housekeeping. Martha, having set her house in order in the corner, donned the fur cape and pink silk bonnet, and set out with Methusaleh to pay her friend a visit. Calls were pleasantly exchanged for a while, family cares discussed, the dolls duly lectured, chastised, and put to bed.

"I'm tired," said Martha, at last. "Let's sit still in here and rest awhile. I don't know what will become of Methusaleh when he gets older: he wears me out now."

"Let's have it dark, and play it's night," said Jinny, rising and pulling the door gently toward her.

There was a latch on the outside of the door, but the thumb-piece by which it might be opened from the inside was broken off. A breeze blew in at the open window opposite the door. It was just strong enough to finish Jinny's work. It blew the door shut, and the latch fell.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" cried Martha: "we can't get out."

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Jinny, beginning to pound on the door.

Martha knew it was of no use; but she must do something, and began to pound, too.

"Whew! I'm awful hot," she said, stopping to struggle with her fur cape, "Jinny Douglas, whatever made you shut that door?"

"I didn't, either," sobbed Jinny. "Oh, oh, oh! We shall roast alive, and melt down into grease spots, and die!"

"Don't cry," said Martha, bravely, suddenly remembering that Jinny was company, and must be treated accordingly. "Let's holler as loud as we can, and may be somebody will go by and hear us."

"What shall we holler?" asked Jinny, rubbing her velvet sleeves over her wet eyes.

"Help, help! Come and let us out!" screamed Martha, for reply.

Jinny echoed the cry, and for five minutes both called at the top of their voices. But no one heard, no one came.

"I can't holler any more," said Jinny, mingling tears and perspiration together, as she began to sob again.

Martha dropped down in one of the chairs, and said miserably: "Brother William is going to run errands for Mr. Mix after school, so he won't get home till six o'clock. I know we shall be dead and suffocated by that time, and mother will find the room all littered up."

Jinny stopped crying from very terror, and the children were silent for two or three minutes. The air in the closet was becoming exhausted, and the darkness grew more oppressive every minute. Suddenly Martha said reverently, "Let us pray."

Jinny bowed her head on her knees, without a word.

"O Lord," said Martha, "thou seest how we are shut up in this dark closet and can't get out. Please send somebody to let us out. Amen."

As Martha rose from her knees, she stumbled against a splint basket that her mother had put in the closet only the day before. A thought came to her like an inspiration. She pulled out and broke off a strong, flat splint. It would just slip through the crack of the door. She thrust it through, pushed it up to the latch, and pried. The latch yielded, and the door flew open. Two tired, faint, very sober little girls crept out.

"How quickly God answered my prayer!" said Martha, as the children sat fanning themselves by the window a few minutes later.

"I don't know," answered Jinny, doubtfully. "You prayed for somebody to come and let us out, but nobody came. We just got out ourselves."

"But we got out just the same, and that was what we wanted," said Martha. "Anyhow, I'll ask mother. Now, let's put the things away and go outdoors."

When Mr. and Mrs. Wright drove into the yard at sunset, the rose-bush was watered, the chickens were fed, the milk was carefully strained, and William and Martha were sitting on the doorstep, poring over a Latin grammar. Inside the snowy cloth was laid, the fire was blazing, and tea was ready.

"Mother," said Martha, as she prepared

for bed after evening prayers, "Jinny and I got fastened in the spare-room closet this afternoon; and I prayed for somebody to come and let us out. Nobody came, but I pushed up the latch with a splint. Jinny says that wasn't our prayer being answered, but just getting out ourselves. Was it, mother?"

Martha could not understand why her mother suddenly clasped her tightly and kissed her, and was a full minute getting ready to reply. "Yes, daughter," she said, smoothing the golden hair, "it was answer to your prayer. God's best way of answering our prayers is giving us the power to answer them ourselves."—*Mary Redfield Potter, in the Examiner.*

THE OLD VIOLIN.

A LITTLE SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. WILLIAM BIRCH, D.D.

I wish to tell you a tale which I heard in Genoa, Italy, about an old fiddle.

In the year 1831, at an auction in London, England, which drew a small crowd of wealthy, fashionable people, was a black and greasy violin said to be an ancient Cremona, one hundred and twenty years old, and supposed to have been made by the famous Antonio Stradivari.

When the violin was lifted from its case and given to the auctioneer, he held it gently as if he were afraid it might break in pieces, or perhaps he thought it a sacred thing. Having described its supposed history, he handed it to a well-known professional player to show its sweetness and power; but, though the musician no doubt did his best, the tones were not specially fine, and did not seem better than those of a high-class modern fiddle. The people looked disappointed; and with a long face, but trying to speak cheerfully, the auctioneer called for bids.

After much coaxing, he began with an offer of a guinea, and gradually worked the people up to six guineas, beyond which it seemed impossible to move. "A real, grand, original, genuine Antonio Stradivari!" he cried. Some one said, "It does not bear his name," but the auctioneer explained that some of the violins which bore the name were shams, the name having been added in modern times to increase the value; and, as no one denied it, he triumphantly held up the case bearing the fiddle like a baby in its cradle, crying, "See the sweet little beauty, gentlemen!" He levered the bids up to ten guineas, where the fiddle seemed to stick, notwithstanding the beads of sweat which stood on the auctioneer's forehead and ran along his nose, and were flitted off with the back of his hand. "Only ten guineas for an instrument worth its weight in gold! Ten guineas—going! going! Only ten guineas!"

At this point a middle-aged Italian, in a velvet coat, entered, and, when he saw the fiddle, as if drawn by a magnet, gently pushed his way to the front. Taking the case, he lifted out the violin, keenly examined it, putting it to his ear and listening as if he thought something inside might speak to him, and handling it as if it were a very little child. He stretched his hand for the bow; and when, in the almost breathless silence, he turned his full face to the crowd, some of them recognized him and whispered, "Paganini!"

The first three or four notes thrilled every one. In another moment many were in tears. Soon their feet moved as if they wished to dance, one of them exclaiming, "It is divine!" They again wept; and, when Nicolo Paganini reverently kissed the

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violin and tenderly placed it in the case, some one, cried, "Fifty guineas!" another, "Sixty!" others, "Seventy!" "Eighty!" "Ninety!" and so on, until, followed by great cheering, the fiddle was knocked down to the famous artist for one hundred guineas. At Drury Lane that night Paganini stood before a packed house with that old fiddle in his hand; and, while enthusiastic applause often came from the people, a mighty sob was uttered when, with unequalled pathos, he breathed himself into "Home, Sweet Home" on the G string he so much loved.

Little folks, we may seem poor and feeble, and some persons, perhaps, despise us, but we are all children of the heavenly Father, sparks from the anvil of God; and, if he take us into his hands, he will bring out of us the music of courage and truth. As the old grimy violin yielded itself to Nicolo Paganini, let us in loving obedience yield ourselves to God, and our daily lives will seem as a melody divine.

THE CAGED THRUSH.

Alas for the bird who was born to sing!
They have made him a cage; they have clipped his wing;

They have shut him up in a dingy street,
And they praise his singing and call it sweet.
But his heart and his song are saddened and filled
With the woods and the nest he never will build,
And the wild young dawn coming into the tree,
And the mate that never his mate will be;
And day by day, when his notes are heard,
They freshen the street, but—alas for the bird!

—R. F. Murray, in the Academy.

JACK AND THE LILY.

It was a lovely lily, every one said so. One tall, slender stem, crowned by three of the most perfect white blossoms.

Mrs. Elwyn was very proud of it. "I think that, if it does not take a prize at the flower show, Thomas, it will at least be highly commended," she said to her gardener one morning.

Jack stood by his mother's side, listening. He reached out one chubby hand, and clasped it about the lily's stem.

"Don't touch it, my boy," said his mother, quickly. "It is very tender, and a rough pull would snap it off."

Three days passed away. It was the evening before the flower show, and Jack was in the garden all by himself. "I will just go and look at the lily," he thought. It had now come to perfection: never were such huge snow-white petals seen before. As the little boy looked, a great wish seized him to draw it closer. He clasped his fingers about the pale green stock, and drew it toward him. Ah! it was almost on a level with his face, when *crack* went the slender stem, and the beautiful, proud lily could hold its head erect no longer. The little boy's face went all crimson, and tears rushed into his great honest blue eyes.

"Run away, run away, before any one sees you," something whispered. "Mother will think a dog came into the garden, and brushed past it."

"No, no, no; for it would not be true!" cried little Jack; and he ran indoors as fast as his short, sturdy legs would carry him.

Mother looked up with a smile as he entered the room. Then she held out her arms, and said, "Come here, and tell me what is the matter, sonny."

"O mother, mother!" sobbed the little boy, with his curly head on her shoulder. "I have been very—very—n-n-naughty. I touched the lily, and it is broken. O mother, please forgive me, but punish me first. Whip me hard, if you like."

Mother smiled. It was such an absurd ending to the speech, and she never had whipped Jack in all the five years of his life. "There, there, darling," she said, patting his curly head: "let us go and look at the lily. Perhaps it is not so bad, after all."

Nor was it. The stem had snapped just in the right place, mother said, exactly where she had intended to cut it.

And—O joy!—the lily took the prize at the flower show, after all. But mother said, as she kissed Jack's little sunshiny face the night after the flower show, there was something she valued far more than the prize; and that was a little son who was brave enough to speak the truth.—*Selected.*

SNOW-BALL.

I had a little kitten. It was as white as cotton-batting and had a spot upon it. One of its eyes was blue, and the other green; and it had such a pink little mouth. It loved me very much, and at night it slept on my arm just like a baby. I had ribbons of all colors for its neck; and auntie worked its name on every one,— "Snow-ball."

All winter it never went out of the house; but, when spring came and the windows were open, it used to sit on the window-sill, looking out. I left it there one day when I went to lunch, and when I came upstairs again it was gone. My Snow-ball gone! I could not believe it was true: it seemed too cruel.

I cried and screamed, and mamma was so sorry; and Bridget, the girl, ran up and down the street, looking for it. And after a while an old man, who was sweeping the street, told her that he saw a boy run up our porch, and take a white kitten off the window-sill.

Papa advertised in the paper, offering a reward if he would bring it back; but nothing came of it, and I began to know that I should never see Snow-ball again. Everybody said it was foolish to care so much for a cat; but, if you do care, how can you help it?

I worried so that I grew thin, and the doctor ordered me cod-liver oil.

Opposite our house there is a little park where all the children go to roll their hoops or jump rope or play games. It is very pretty and nice, and a big policeman walks about, and no tramps are allowed to come in. In warm weather I often go there to play, and one day I went there. But somehow I got to thinking of Snow-ball, and wanted to cry; and I went and sat on a bench alone, and maybe I should have cried really, only all of a sudden I heard some one say: "Oh, my! What shall I do now?" And there, close beside me, was the nicest old lady,—a real grandmother-looking one,—and what had happened was this: she was taking home some cherries in a paper bag, and the bag had burst, and there were all the cherries on the grass. There was another bag, too, with ginger-nuts in it that the same thing had happened to.

"These grocers tie things up with such worthless strings," she said, "that there is no getting them home. What I'm to do I don't know."

"Do you live near by, ma'am?" I asked.

"Yes, child, just over there," she said, pointing to a nice little white house just opposite the park. "There is my little grandson looking out for his good things."

"If you'll let me, I'll put them in my apron and carry them home for you," said I. "What a good child!" said she. "But suppose the cherries should stain your apron? They are nice and firm, though, so I guess they won't."

Then she spread the bits of paper all over my apron and laid the cherries upon it, and piled the ginger-nuts up neatly; and away we went.

When we got to the house, a little boy opened the door for us; and the old lady took me into such a pretty little dining-room, and put the cherries into one dish and the ginger-nuts into another.

"I'm happy to say there isn't a spot on your apron," she said. "Now go and sit down with my Willie, and have some of this fruit you've saved for me. I haven't seen such a polite little girl for years!"

"Thank you, ma'am," I said. "I'll eat a few cherries; but I must not stay long, because mamma would be frightened if she did not see me in the park."

Just as I said that, I heard a little mew—just like Snow-ball's mew—and another and another; and out of the shiny little kitchen behind the dining-room a kitten came rushing, scrambled up my skirt, and lay down in my lap. I stared at it, and then I gave a scream.

"It is Snow-ball! It is Snow-ball!" I

said. "Oh, please, ma'am, where did you find him? It is my Snow-ball that I never thought I should see again!"

"Sure enough, 'Snow-ball' was worked on the red ribbon the poor little creature had on its neck when I rescued him," said the old lady. "I've got the ribbon here," and she took from a basket a very dirty piece, and held it up by her thumb and finger. "The poor creature was as black as that," she said, "when I took him away from the most dreadful boy who was torturing him. He was lying in the mud; and the little brute was just going to crush him with a great stone, when I flew out of my door, caught him—the boy, I mean—by the collar, and shook him until his teeth chattered. Then I brought pussy into the house. He was muddy and bloody, and I thought he must die; but you see he is as well and pretty as ever, and I am so glad to give him back to you, my dear."

"I am so glad to get him!" I said. "But I am afraid you'll miss him very much, ma'am."

The old lady laughed.

"To tell the truth, pets are a little trouble to me," she said; "for I am a nurse, and go out to take care of sick people, and have to lock my doors up very often. But just to think! If you had not been so polite and good-natured this morning, I should never have known Snow-ball belonged to you or been able to give him back. How happy you do look!"

Then she kissed me, and I ran home to tell the news to mamma.—*New York Ledger.*

GENERAL SHERMAN UNDER FIRE.

General Sherman and General Thomas were warm and intimate friends. In their familiar intercourse they were to each other usually "Bill" and "Tom," after the free and easy fashion of school-boys rather than like dignified and austere warriors.

Near Resaca, Ga., during a sharp action, General Sherman went upon a railway embankment directly in the line of fire, and stood carelessly amid the flying bullets, making his observations and giving his orders.

Turning, he saw the head and shoulders of the portly and magnificently proportioned Thomas appearing above the protection of the railway earthwork. Sherman, always careful for his friends rather than for himself, called out,—

"Pretty hot up here, Tom,—better not come up."

"What are you doing there yourself, then?" answered Thomas.

"Oh, I just turn edgeways to 'em," said the tall attenuated commander with a grin, as he resumed his duties.—*Youth's Companion.*



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THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The most interesting and instructive sessions of the General Assembly were those devoted to Home and Foreign Missions, and to the celebration of the reunion of twenty-five years ago. It is, perhaps, impossible to judge from what was said in the General Assembly as to what is the present feeling of Presbyterians in regard to missions. Both the Home and Foreign Boards reported very large deficits and restricted work for the year. This, however, may have been entirely due, as the reports claimed, to the financial depression. In this Assembly, however, there seems to be no diminution of interest in missions to the heathen. The reports were received with close attention, and applause was given at all references to the names of missionaries. If the dozen or more missionaries who have appeared in these meetings are fair examples, this Church is represented abroad by men of good ability, not by its weaklings, as is sometimes affirmed. They have made clear, concise, and stimulating addresses about their work, and have given evidence of the same heroic spirit that animated Judson and Patterson. It is certainly a great thing for a church to have such bronzed and emaciated soldiers of the cross to make at its great meetings their threefold report,—by their firm words announcing their victories, by their worn faces their fortunes, and by their heroic intention of going straight back to the front their continued willingness to endure for Christ and his church and humanity the lonely and slow labors of the missions.

The orthodox sects are reputed to be more zealous for missionary work than the liberal Christians; and it must be admitted that they have been more patient and heroic in sticking to the hard tasks of the spread of Christianity than we have. Unitarians have been too much given to waiting for their new churches to spring up by spontaneous combustion, too little devoted to advancing with their torch. There must be some sort of fire connected with missionary work; and perhaps our dilatory policy in the matter has been due to our inability to use the old kind, the lurid hell fires of stanch Calvinism. But there is arising a new Unitarianism, as witnessed in Mr. Chadwick's recent book, that has a vital fire of its own,—a fire in the hearts of true believers who desire to help others by the truth; and it has been intensely interesting to the writer to discover in these meetings devoted to Presbyterian missions that there is rising also a new Calvinism, not so much one of a changed catechism as one of a riper, broader, sweeter, missionary motive. In these addresses upon missions there has been comparatively little emphasis upon the old hell bugbear. To be sure, one lay-worker from Siam talked in the old strain about the millions that are dying daily, and sinking into hell; but the prevailing reference was to the educational and friendly work of missionaries, and the aim of missions was stated to be "to bring the world to Christ" rather than "to rescue the perishing" as formerly,—a significant change.

Consequently, the general temper of the Assembly upon this subject has been one in which a new-school Unitarian has been able to sympathize heartily. Modern missionary work is grand, and Unitarians have it in their hearts to share its toil. It is very easy to find a seamy side in orthodox missionary work, just as it is in the doings of scientific societies and the business operations of some of the critics of theological zealots. In the annual report of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church are these passages concerning their mission in India: "A few years ago our mission field was invaded by the Roman Catholics; . . . but now it is believed that the effort of the Romanists has spent its force, and that but little, if any, more injury will result." "But during the past year a serious invasion has been made from a very different source. The General Synod of the reformed Presbyterian Church has a mission at Roorki, some two hundred miles distant from our field. Two of their native ministers are related to persons connected with our mission in Gujrauwalla, and

through them have begun to organize work there. The movement is hostile to our mission and work. It has made itself a reproach in the sight of the heathen, and there is no prospect of the two missions being able to work in harmony. The cause of Christ suffers, and apparently evil only can result." One would think so! Here are two denominations, differentiated in the United States by technical points that are not even theological, and that are so pitifully slight that an ordinary mind cannot remember them after he has painfully inquired what they are, so hostile in the mission field that they cannot work within two hundred miles of each other!

The criminal rivalries of the various orthodox bodies in innumerable small towns and cities of the Home Mission field throughout this land are well known to every unprejudiced observer. They were indirectly confessed in the assembly meeting for Home Missions. This is pre-eminently the "seamy side" of missionary work. Add to this the firm conviction of apparently all Presbyterian missionary workers that their duty everywhere is to antagonize the Roman Catholic Church and convert its adherents, and you see Presbyterianism at its worst. If Jesus and his disciples founded any church at all, it was the Roman Catholic Church; and there is precious little of the spirit of Christ in these fierce hostilities against the only Christian church that has ever deeply affected the minds and hearts and conduct of great masses of lowly people.

But with all their faults,—what work in all the world is not hampered by the human weaknesses and mental errors of its upholders?—with all their faults, orthodox missions to the heathen have achieved magnificent things. One has only to read Dr. Lawrence's sober and catholic book on "Modern Missions in the East" to be convinced of this. Dr. Lawrence was a true friend of missions. He has shown his honesty by frankly revealing all their faults and weaknesses; but, as only a friend can do, he has presented the real spirit and results of the missions of this century, and his tale is one worthy of the careful attention of Unitarians, who have often hastily criticised this brave right arm of Orthodoxy. Entering with him into the inner life of the missionaries, we discover that, after all the lurid speeches of old-time home officials of mission boards, the essential thing planted among "the heathen" has not been Calvinism so much as it has been magnificent human courage, patience, love, and devotion to ideals.

Think of men working alone among an alien race for five, ten, even twenty years before they saw one evidence that they had influenced a single soul, yet still sticking to the high endeavor. Dr. Lawrence shows us the men that have done this sublime thing. We may well recognize and honor their pluck, even if it does lead us to overlook the errors we think we can demonstrate in their creed; and we can learn a lesson for our own work from the fact that in every case where such persistence was displayed there are now large and active native Christian churches, through which Christianity is rapidly spreading. Many orthodox missionaries have failed. Many have died at their posts. But orthodox missions have succeeded.

On the evening of the celebration of the reunion two addresses of striking ability and interest were made by President F. L. Patton, D.D., and Rev. H. M. Booth, D.D. The point of most significance for the readers of the *Register* came at the climax of Dr. Patton's profound and eloquent treatment of "The Fundamental Doctrines of Presbyterianism." After enumerating and eulogizing the distinctive tenets of his Church, he asserted that the one most essential doctrine was that of the plenary inspiration of the Bible,—a supernatural, infallible record of supernatural events. Then he went on to say, with most impressive emphasis and careful choice of words, that the next great debate for the Church must be between those who defend this doctrine and those who do not believe it. Evangelical Christianity hangs on the inerrancy of the Bible; but it will no longer answer, said the speaker, to defend the Bible with clap-trap methods. The new views about the Bible

must be met with profound scholarship and open discussion. Only by beating them with their own methods can the advocates of "the higher criticism" be suppressed, and the old view of the Bible be preserved. Dr. Patton said that he had no fear as to the outcome of the debate that is now beginning; but to at least one of his hearers the thought came that to admit that there is need for debate on this subject is the beginning of defeat. It is a matter for profound rejoicing for all who love progress to learn from this startling admission made so publicly, and in such a manner as to seem an authoritative utterance of all Calvinism, that Orthodoxy recognizes that it has a great fight on hand which touches its very foundations, and can only be waged by the ablest minds. Let the great debate go on. It is much that Kuenen, Wellhausen, Cheyne, Smith, and Martineau have at last compelled conservatism to put forth its entire strength in all seriousness. At last it will leak out to all people that new ideas about the Bible are thoughtfully advocated in the name of Christ, and in the high tribunal of mankind's common sense that which is true will carry the day.

The spirit of President Patton's weighty address was most judicial and noble. He recognized the sincerity of those whose views he felt to be so perilous to Orthodoxy. He would meet them with scholarship, not with hatred. It would seem, therefore, that liberalism has won a footing in the respect of its ablest opponents, and that a gracious day is dawning, in which fairness is to be the rule on both sides, and truth the only desire of all engaged in the study of present-day theology. So let the liberal church of every name gird up its loins for a more strenuous work. We are the ones to push this debate; and our opportunity to-day is to make of the new scholarship that recasts and lights up our Bible the most influential religious force in our land. Evangelical Christianity (so called) is at last on the defensive in a thoughtful way. And the ocean it is hoping to keep back is the holy spirit that is going to set forth Christianity in its simplicity and undogmatic power.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

The magnetograph at Paris is reported to have recorded the recent earthquake at Constantinople twelve minutes after the shock, the distance covered being 3,000 kilometres, or about 1,800 miles. The oscillation must therefore have traversed Europe from east to west at the rate of 150 miles per minute. *Exchange.*

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I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much. — *Massachusetts.*

I take a good many papers and magazines, but no other periodical so full of spiritual nutrition as the *Unitarian*. It is splendid. — *Nebraska.*

I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number. — *Wisconsin.*

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

"The Flowers appear on the Earth." Rev. Charles G. Ames.
Just to lie Still! Maud L. Cotton.
A Philosopher's Mother: Johanna Schopenhauer. II. Ursula Tannenforst.
Italy of To-day. Marie C. Remick.
A Sermon in Rhyme.
Dr. Martineau's Ninetieth Birthday.
The American Unitarian Association. Martha Perry Lowe.
Western Unitarian Conference. Leon A. Harvey.
Religious Study by Clubs and Guilds. W. H. Fish.
Correspondence. E. L. Reynolds.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

DEPARTMENTS:
American Unitarian Association, George Batchelor;
Sunday-schools, Edward A. Horton; National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Alice R. Jackson; Guilds; Temperance Work, C. R. Elliot; Literary Notes.

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BLOSSOM-TIME.

Oh! the sweet world of the blossoms,
When the blithe winds to and fro
Rock the softly tinted cradles
Where the fruited orchards grow,
All the breezes wafting perfume
O'er wide fields of drifting snow.

Snow of summer and of flowers,
Not the flakes of feathery chill
Once that filled the sleeping hollows,
Rounded out each watching hill;
Snow of summer and of flowers,
Acres of it where you will.

Hidden deep among the petals,
Even from eyes that love her best,
Many a patient little mother
Broods beneath her beating breast
Wings and songs that wait their rapture
When they flutter from the nest.

Oh! the white world of the blossoms,
Where the sweet winds to and fro
Softly, softly, rock the cradles
Swinging high and swinging low,
Cradles of the fruited orchards
In the blossoms' tinted snow.

—From Harper's Bazar.

Literature.

The Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June contains tender, appreciative reminiscences of Christina Rossetti by William Sharp, who writes of her out of a personal acquaintance and sorrow at her death. William Woodville Rockhill describes a pilgrimage to the Buddhist sanctuary of North China, a place visited each year by thousands of Mongols, Tibetans, and Chinese. Gilbert Parker's serial, "The Seats of the Mighty," does not droop in interest; Mrs. Phelps-Ward's gains in movement; and there are two short stories to keep up the fiction end of the magazine.

An article on "Chicago" takes the lead in the June *Scribner's*, and makes good its first assertion that "the history of Chicago is the most romantic and dramatic of modern times." The pictures given illustrate well the successive phases of the city, and Mr. Melville Stone proves an apt commentator. The increased interest in the bicycle is recognized in four short articles that will draw still others into the healthful recreation. Continued articles are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell," which is to be completed in July; a fourth instalment of President Andrew's "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States"; another section of Meredith's "An Amazing Marriage"; and "The Use of Time" in Robert Grant's "Art of Living" series. Then there are three short stories of average quality.

The red-letter articles in the June *New England Magazine* are: "The Roxbury Latin School," by James De Normandie; "Sir William Pepperell and the Capture of Louisburg," by Victoria Reed; "Artistic Domestic Architecture in America" (a title curiously difficult to pronounce easily), by Ban Ferree; and "The Capital of New Hampshire," by Frances M. Abbott. Of these the first has an especial interest for educators about Boston, and no less, perhaps, for the many who may pick out the names of their own ancestors in the reproduction of the first page of the ancient school covenant. Alice Morse Earle writes of John Pitman, "A Baptist Preacher and Soldier" of Revolutionary times. Gertrude Morton and Keziah Shelton contribute stories; and other articles of interest are "A Memorable Journey in a Chaise," by John Boylston, and "A Famous Vermont Editor of a Hundred Years Ago." In the June number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Howells writes entertainingly of his "First Impressions of Literary New York." His visit to Pfaff's was something of a disappointment at the time, but the description of it now shows that it was worth while. His later meeting with Stedman, Stoddard, and the rest, was more satisfactory. The third number of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" and the seventh of "Hearts Insurgent" appear; while "House-boating in China," by Julian Ralph, "The Grand Prix and Other Prizes," by Richard Harding Davis, "A Familiar Guest," by William Hamilton Gibson, are other articles of especial interest. The short stories of the number are contributed by M. E. M. Davis and Robert C. V. Meyers; while there are poems by Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, Marion Wilcox, and John Vance Cheney.

Literary Notes.

As a special inducement for trial subscriptions, the publishers of *Littell's Living Age* offer the twenty-six numbers of their magazine forming the first half of the year 1895 (January to June, inclusive) for \$3. This magazine has been an exponent of progress in different fields of literature for the last half-century.

The *New Galaxy* is a new ten-cent magazine, edited and published by Harry C. Jones, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Its prospectus announces, as its claims to attention, that it will include pictures bringing the best art of the world to the homes of the people, good short stories, and trustworthy articles of travel, science, history, or information.

"The Art of a Scene-painter" is the title of an article in the June number of the *Monthly Illustrator* that is likely to attract attention. It is by Alexandrina Ramsay, and is profusely illustrated by John Rettig, the originator of the great outdoor spectacles visible at summer resorts, national festivals, etc. Stories in the same number are by Barnet Phillips, illustrated from the sketch-books of J. Francis Murphy; by Mary T. Earle, illustrated by Clara S. Hagarty and by Polly King, with travel sketches in pen-and-ink by Henry P. Smith.

Personals.

Rev. John C. Kimball of Ipswich has been lecturing on "The World's Coming Better Social State as indicated by Evolutionary Principles" and "The Marvel of Heredity."

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, has been awarded the \$500 prize for the Fletcher prize essay, on the subject, "In What Ways ought the Conception of Personal Life and Duty to be modified?"

The Armenians of Boston presented to Miss Alice Stone Blackwell a unique clock last week, in recognition of her generosity of voice and pen in behalf of that persecuted people. The works of the clock are French, but the whole exterior is copper engraved and decorated by Armenian skill. In responding, she said she hoped some time to hear it strike the hour of Armenia's freedom.

Samuel Staples, who lately died in Concord, Mass., numbered Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Bull (the inventor of the Concord grape) among his friends. He was at one time the town jailer; and he once had Alcott and Thoreau for prisoners,—the former for a few hours, the latter for a night. Alcott's offence was the non-payment of a small tax debt, which he refused on principle. "I never heard a man talk honest," said Mr. Staples.—*Independent*.

Education.

President Thwing of *Western Reserve University* is arranging for a summer school of theology, to begin the 1st of July and to continue through the 9th. It will be modelled after the Oxford Summer School of theology of last summer. Among the lecturers will be Principal Fairbairn of Oxford, who was at the head of the Oxford Summer School, and who will lecture every day.

A circular announces the Clark University Summer School to be held in the city of Worcester, Mass., under the direction of Dr. G. Stanley Hall. Outlines of the work which will be followed in pedagogy, psychology, and philosophy are most attractive. Special features will be a study of the best school programmes and syllabi in this and other countries. Child study will be carried on with aggressive interest, and the kindergarten will be given its proper place in connection with this study.

There are nearly two thousand children enrolled in Alaska schools, though there is a school population of from eight to ten thousand. The government contributes about one-third to the support of the schools, and the other two-thirds is provided by the missionary societies. One of the obstacles to the progress of teaching in Alaska is the idea of the northern Eskimo that "to-morrow will be another day," and they make no effort to memorize anything for future use. However, the children seem to have a great desire to know the English language, and study faithfully in the school-room, though they often fail to use what they learn outside; and they are uniformly well-behaved in the school-room.

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FILES OF "THE UNITARIAN."

I wish to say to persons desiring to obtain back numbers of the *Unitarian* in order to complete their sets, that they will need to attend to the matter between now and the 10th of June, or it will be too late. The present publisher, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, can furnish back numbers since January, 1891, the time when the publication office was removed to Boston. But for the five years previous to that time back numbers can be obtained only from me. Most of the numbers of that period I can furnish; but I shall dispose of all before June 10, after which time it will be impossible for me to give aid to any in completing their early files.

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Pleasantries.

Mr. Podgers: "I see that old hen just come out of the cellar. What has she been doing down there?" Mrs. Podgers: "I guess she's been laying in coal."

A provincial paper concluded an account of a local wedding with the following surprising announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."—*Youth's Companion*.

"What lessons should we learn, Wendell," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "from this story of demoniacal possession?" "One of the lessons we should learn from it," replied the little Boston boy, "is that the word demoniacal is accented on the antepenultimate."

A little girl had a kitten. She was very fond of it, and it was a great delight to her to hear it purr. One night she was restless; and her mother said, "Cynthia, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?" "I can't," answered the little one: "papa purrs so loud."

Texan (at the grocery store): "What do you call them things?" Grocer: "Those are olives." "Are they good to eat?" "Certainly. Try one of them." (Bites into one.) "Jest as I expected. Got a wooden core. Come from Connecticut, don't they?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Paul Cooper of Albany (son of James Fenimore Cooper) once admitted, in the glow of after-dinner conversation, that the two holidays he kept were Christmas and the anniversary of the great storm that blew the Pilgrim Fathers off the coast of New York and on to the rock of Plymouth.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Here is a literal copy of a cobbler's bill as delivered to a Devonshire squire:—

Squire	To S. Wellon.	s.	d.
Clogged up Miss.....		10	
Mended up Miss.....		2	
Tapt Master.....		8	
Heel tapt and bound up Madam.....		11	
Heel tapt Master.....		8	
Lined, bound, and put piece on Madam.....	1	00	
Stitched up Miss Kitty.....		3	
Souling the Maid.....		8	
Tapping Madam twice.....		8	
Putting a piece upon Master.....		2	
Total.....		6	00

—*Westminster Gazette*.

A peripatetic exhibitor of the phonograph in Holland seems determined to outdistance all competitors as regards the excellence of his records. He was exhibiting the machine in the streets of Utrecht, and a number of customers were listening to selections of tunes. Suddenly the tune ceased, and there was a pause. Then in a loud clear tone was heard the one word, "Halt!" delivered in a tone bespeaking authority. "What is that?" asked one of the listeners. "That," was the reply, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo!"—*London Daily News*.

"One day," says an American, "I went into a book-shop in the Strand, and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In America the book is sold in one thick volume. The clerk brought it in two. 'Oh,' I said, as I looked at them, 'you part your 'Hare' in the middle, do you?' 'I, sir?' he said, with a bewildered look. 'Oh, no, sir!' I saw he didn't see the joke, so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I went to the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me, he rushed from the back of the shop, laughing vociferously. 'Good!' he shouted. 'Capital! Part your 'Hare' in the middle! That's capital, sir, capital!'" *Tit-Bits*.

PULPITS.

Mr. Baring Gould has a delightful paper in the *Sunday Magazine* on pulpits, as they appear to an ecclesiastical observer who is far from being blind to the human side of things. He objects to the elaborately carved receptacle, on the ground that it distracts the listener. "Moreover," he says, "the living preacher is made ridiculous, perched among the leaves of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, or in a cloud hovering over the prostrate Saint Paul." He denounces marble pulpits, also, as "all ugly and unsuitable in our cold northern climate, where the pulpit should be calculated to warm, not to chill." Several entertaining stories are told of unique pulpits. One had a sort of screwjack attachment, worked from the vestry, by which the pulpit floor was raised or lowered to suit the preacher's height. Bishop Wilberforce was the first victim, the clerk screwing up the floor on the occasion of the reopening of the church. The thing would not have been so bad, were it not that the raising process was conducted on the spiral method, and the bishop found himself being spun around during the prayer. "A sense of nausea, of sea-sickness, came over him; and he feared that in another turn his knees would be level with the edge of the pulpit."

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Editorial.

DR. MOXOM, in a very brief letter, told his people Sunday before last that he declined the call to the West Presbyterian Church of New York City. According to the *Springfield Republican* the committee of the church which waited on him practically assured him that he could name his own salary; but he is quoted as saying that they had really shown him no good reason why he should leave Springfield, which clearly shows how much their money offers influenced him.

THE rigidly orthodox are trying to magnetize into new life the "missionary nerve." Rev. H. Vanderwart, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, says: "We do not hear nowadays as much about the lost, sinful outlook of the nations without God and hope in this world as we used to do. . . . Now, it is very plain to me that we need to return to those old-time views about the lost, terrible condition of heathen nations, as God in his word has described them. Loose views about sin and its results are likely to cut the missionary nerve in many a Christian heart. Sin in a degraded heathen in Asia makes a hell for him just as much as sin in a civilized heathen in America. And Jesus Christ came first to save, and afterward to civilize,—first to redeem, and afterward to reform. If you and I had been less damned, he would not have come. And that is true for the heathen as well as for us."

THE Baptists, at their recent gathering at Saratoga, gave another proof of their loyalty to religious liberty for which they have been distinguished in their history. On the report that in some portions of the United States citizens who have conscientiously observed the seventh day for religious rest and worship, and engaged on the first day in labor which in no way disturbed others, have for this act been arrested, fined, imprisoned, and put upon the chain gang, they passed the following:—

Resolved, That we most solemnly protest against the violation of the right of religious liberty for which our fathers have contended at the cost of imprisonment, and spoiling of their goods, and stripes, and exile, and even of life itself.

DR. PARKHURST and Rev. M. J. Savage have recently treated the very important subject of heart religion. Each speaks in his own dialect. The one emphasized this in his remarks at the Unitarian Festival, and the other in an article issued on the same day by the *Independent*. What Mr. Savage said on this point will be found in our printed report in the last *Christian Register*. Dr. Parkhurst, while recognizing the power and place for the intellect in religion, regards "the heart as the organ of insight." Man's first language, he says, is music. Prose is poetry cooled down. Geology tells us that the world began hot, so every thought that has had a history began as a passion. You can manufacture in cold weather, but all creating is done under a high temperature. What is true of thought is just as true of art. Art is enthusiasm become shape. The grand cathedrals are old, petrified pulse-beats. The master paintings—and they are all religious—are holy mediæval passion flung on to the canvas. Art is imitative now, because the thermometer is down. Moses built the tabernacle, and he patterned it from what he caught up in the mount. He thus sums up the whole matter: "In the sphere of truth, in the domain of life, and in the higher ranges of religious discernment and of Christian appreciation and aspiration, pure, calculating intellect is being worked for a great deal more than it is worth. It is heat that makes the world a live world, and not light. It is heart that composes the core of Christianity, and not head. The moving energy in the world's history to-day is not a philosophy, but a cross; and the consummating act by which Christ fitted the Church for its work was not the founding of a college, but the baptism of the Church with the *Holy Ghost and with fire*."

THE public feeling manifested recently when the Salvation Army dedicated its new building on Fourteenth Street, New York, is a signal instance of the triumph over prejudice by the power of sincere and unselfish devotion to a good cause. When the Salvation Army first came to New York, its members were met with suspicion and contempt from Christians, and by strong opposition on the part of the public. Only a very few at first respected their motives. All this is now changed. As the procession moved along the streets under the boiling heat of the sun, dressed in the various uniforms,—the "slum brigade" in their white aprons, the hallelujah lassies with faces touched with love and pity, though shaded by ugly bonnets,—as this procession moved on, with flags and banners and music, they had the hearty respect and sympathy of the crowd of lookers-on. This was a victory of unselfish devotion; and what makes the case still more marked is the fact that this was not a victory gained over the prejudices of the worst people, but a triumph over the prejudices of the good. Here is one more proof of the power of real love, intense conviction, and self-sacrifice in a noble cause. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

THE metropolitan character of Chicago is strikingly illustrated by the number and variety of its anniversaries and street processions. These are constantly taking place. One occurred on the first Sunday of June which is typical of others. It was the second anniversary of an Italian society in commemoration of the patron saint who two hundred years ago lost his life in his services to the poor at the time of the plague in the province of Salerno. This celebration was unique and picturesque. The members, about five hundred in number, made up of men, women, and children, marched through the streets in the forenoon to church, with bands playing and flags waving. They were dressed in various costumes, with banners of taste and beauty characteristic of the Italian people. The forenoon was given to worship in the church, the oldest priest in Chicago officiating. Then at noon there was a lunch; and the afternoon was devoted to social festivities, in which the families engaged with hearty joyousness. The evening was spent in literary exercises, in which young and old took part. The day closed with an entertainment. This mingling on Sunday of worship, social enjoyment, and literary culture is suggestive of some of the best uses which can be made of Sunday, when whole families join in prayer, in social enjoyment and mental improvement. It was a gala-day, rich in beautiful symbolism and wholesome in its influences.

THE *Chicago Tribune* recently sent to all the clergymen of the city the question, "Is cremation a Christian disposition of the dead?" Various replies from ministers of different denominations were printed, some in favor, others not. But in no case were any objections made on Scriptural or doctrinal grounds. Next comes Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, who is reported as declaring "that the dissociation of the idea of preservation from that of resurrection was now complete, and it really made no difference whatever to the dead." From this it would seem that the question of cremation, freed from Scriptural and dogmatical objections, has now a clear field to be discussed and decided on its real merits.

PROF. DRUMMOND, it is rumored, is threatened with a trial for heresy by some of his Presbyterian brethren. It is doubtful whether the trial will take place. If once the work begins, heretics like Prof. Bruce and the author of "The Natural History of the Christian Religion," not to mention other members of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, must also be taken in hand. If these leaders, who have so broken away from the old opinions of Scriptural authority, plenary inspiration, and supernatural Christianity, were brought to trial, the work of heresy-hunting would prove a very great task. The religious thought of Scotland is making so great progress that no ecclesiastical court can stay the current or turn back the tide.

THE *London Christian World*, which represents the broadest phase of the English Congregationalists, is both able and courageous. Dr. Martineau and Stopford Brooke preach in its pulpit. But a still more striking illustration of its liberality and loyalty to freedom is given in printing a recent sermon by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, in which he deals with the doctrine that God suffers in the person of Christ. As quoted by the *London Inquirer*, the Liverpool preacher says: "This mythology of a suffering God, or of a God-Christ who is partner in all the pain that is in the world, is not the solution of the problem of our faith. It is a purely mythological conception, which does not touch the deep verities of spiritual fact. That is not the nature of the love wherewith God so loved the world." With this fact in mind, we

are also prepared to find from our English contemporary the following dissent from the remark of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes that orthodox Christians who believe that Christ is God cannot kneel in prayer or unite in common work with Unitarians:—

If that feeling is at all a common Nonconformist feeling, then, surely, Nonconformists should cease protesting against Anglican or Romanist narrowness and intolerance. The Nonconformist who cannot pray in company with Dr. Martineau and Dr. Stopford Brooke, or who cannot unite in promoting social reforms with Rev. R. A. Armstrong of Liverpool, is still far from the catholicity of Christ.

EIGHT YEARS OF GROWTH.

We should like to direct special attention to the address of the retiring president of the Unitarian Association, Hon. George S. Hale, which was printed in last week's *Register*. His review of the eight years during which he held this office and his statement of the gains won during that period furnish a showing in which we are entitled to take much satisfaction. The people who think Unitarianism ought to die have so long and so persistently proclaimed its declining state that Unitarians themselves are sometimes found wondering how much longer the movement can last. It appears that at every point, so far as statistics can be made a test, there are signs of a rapidly increasing life. This is not guesswork or pretence, but a fact as solid as any to be gleaned from census reports. It is evidence of enterprise and zeal of no inferior kind that in eight years so small an organization has been able to add ninety active and efficient churches to its list.

These signs of material prosperity are not to be despised. Perhaps in some dim and distant future it may be necessary to warn Unitarians against an exaggerated estimate of the importance of their ecclesiastical machine; but the plain fact is that, thus far, they do not half appreciate the value of their religious organization. A movement, as Mr. Fenn said in his address, implies something that moves; and, to maintain progress, there is needed a large body of common thought and experience. If Mr. Kidd's book has taught us nothing else, it has at least shown us how social life gathers up and conserves the gains that are won by gifted individuals. People do not get far in any direction unless they march together; and Unitarians, evidently, are beginning to have a better appreciation of this truth.

Moreover, it requires a somewhat exceptional faith to go on indefinitely sowing seed that takes no root. In the face of such discouragement one must begin to ask himself after a time whether that seed can be alive. It is a help to us in our labors to see that the world wants and can use the message we bring to it. We ourselves look more hopefully for its deeper meanings and implications when we find that others hail it with joy, as a word they have longed to hear. When, as missionaries, we have preached the good news to hearts which it has really quickened and thrilled, we are ourselves put under the heaviest of all bonds, and we are conscious of one of the strongest incentives we can feel, to make that gospel real and true in our own living experience. Therefore, the evidence that we can now build churches faster than ever before, and that our faith will take root in the minds of men more than was formerly the case, though it gives us no occasion to boast, does bring to us a spiritual help which we should be ungrateful not to recognize.

We have sometimes comforted ourselves with the thought that, though we are not in direct contact with a very large portion of the American people, to work upon their minds for good, we are helping other re-

ligious bodies to a better understanding of the vital truths of Christianity; and acknowledgments come to us now and then, to convince us that this hope is not utterly vain. At the same time that sacerdotalism which we do not like has perhaps held, in recent years, no more effective weapon to threaten and repress the growth of broader ideas than its assertion, often repeated, of the fatal organic weakness of the Unitarian body. "You see what you are tending toward," it has been said, "and what mischief you are certain to do, in proportion as you go that way."

If we desire to aid and comfort those who are fighting the battle of what we take to be the higher thought in other denominations, we cannot do better than to disprove that charge. Entertaining no expectation that these liberals of other folds desire to be or are to become Unitarians, we have a duty to deprive their antagonists of all pretexts for the accusation that liberalism means Unitarianism, and Unitarianism means death to organized Christianity.

We have taken a long step forward during the eight years reviewed in Mr. Hale's address, though we know perfectly well that we have accomplished only a little portion of what we might have done. Let us hope and resolve that, when the next occasion comes to sum up the results of a period of years, we shall be able to face the record with a less uneasy consciousness of wasted opportunities and resources only half employed.

ART AND MORALS.

Rousseau believed in the inherent virtues of the child of nature, unperverted by civilization and the arts. It was a baseless dream, woven of ignorance, poetry, and fiction. The savagery of the wild man was seen through the wrong end of the telescope, and the cult of which Rousseau was the founder swam in a haze of misconception and error.

Art is educative, stimulative to refinement and culture; but in this age of the world we begin to question its moral bearings on grounds other than those raised by the great Genevan. At first purely religious and springing up as an indispensable part of polytheism, it lost its early significance when a multitude of gods and a devout belief in anthropomorphism were gradually outgrown, and when it was forced to strive for existence for its own sake. The Jewish conception of God as a spirit inconceivable in form spread over the world with a blighting effect to the imagination. But Christianity at last overcame the difficulty. It grafted many genial pagan ideas upon its own body; and art sprang again into being, flourished lustily, and flowered in the splendid achievements of the great painters and sculptors and architects of the Latin races. But, though of unrivalled power and beauty, it was comparatively a short wave. A little more than a hundred years saw its rise, culmination, and decay. It was a flower that left no seed, and we know not whether it will ever again spring forth.

It would appear strange to say that art may be religious and yet unmoral, although such would seem to be a statement not far amiss from the truth. Art has the power of stimulating the devotional sentiment, of arousing religious aspiration in natures unawake to moral sanctions. The Italian bandit or murderer will pray in ecstasy before a beautiful picture of the virgin, and then go cheerfully abroad to ply his trade. It is the sensuous side of religion, something to gloat upon with the eye in color and outline, something whereon an unreflecting soul can find a passionate support. The artistic nations, if no worse than the inartistic nations, are certainly no better. Their art instinct seems to lie largely in the fact that the primitive impulse toward wonder and admiration have not been educated out of them. They still have the child heart that beats with ardor at the sight of beauty. They admire and enjoy more; but it cannot be said that they are more upright, more honest, more trustworthy, because of this admiration. Here is the crux of the whole matter. We may say that the illiterate Italian or Spaniard, who recognizes at once a good bit of painting or carving when he sees it, though he does not know

his letters, is unequally developed; but with development the art instinct might die. We forget the influence of race that refuses to develop save on certain lines. Sensibility to art is given to certain peoples, as keen eyesight and hearing are given to savages. It is a natural aptitude.

Though the uneducated lover of the arts be not consciously better for his power of discrimination, his fine sense of pleasure in color, line, and proportion, he is perhaps happier; and we may say because he is happy he is more virtuous. In the higher ranges of feeling happiness undoubtedly is the ally of goodness. In the lower who shall affirm it? The kind and quality of happiness must be set forth. Low animal enjoyment is not incompatible with intense cruelty and selfishness. Evidently, the influence of art escapes definition. Like nature, it refuses to be put into harness to drag a formula. It laughs at mete and bound. We can hardly tell what it does for us. We know it does something delightful,—that we should be infinitely poorer without its help.

A few great suggestive works of art may make us consciously better by raising our emotions to the height of prayer. The noblest cathedrals have this power. Subtly we see how the religious sentiment has taken form in them, has wrought itself into grand expression, has diffused itself like light, odor, and atmosphere. We cannot think of such places without being assailed by the emotions they at first drew forth. The reality of spiritual things is brought home to us. We believe it is impossible to divorce religion from morals. They are varying degrees of the same principle, religion being morality set free, raised to the highest power by devotion and self-abnegation, morality being religion brought down to practical things, made to subsist in law and to toil in shackles. The rightness of the universe and the uprightness of God are in both. Joy and freedom and self-surrender make the difference.

It is impossible to believe that such works as those of Michel Angelo, a Raphael in the Vatican, such buildings as the Grecian Parthenon and the Roman Pantheon, can be other than moral in their influence, they are so supremely right. But it is a form of morality so high we cannot prison it in phrases. It is the odor of the violet, the bloom on the peach, the overplus of beneficence that has no proper word. In its suggestions, therefore, art must be entwined with the deep heart of morality,—creative, not formal rightness. In its indirect bearing, its temperance and restraint, its instruction in the just mean, the refinement it brings to minds in turning them from grossness and excess, teaching them something of the secret of God in his art of fashioning the world, it makes for growth on the side of a fine balance of powers.

It has no precepts to impart to charity scholars. It sends no tracts to the heathen. It does not openly rebuke drunkards or blasphemers, but its silent rebuke is greater than cut and dried lessons. It says with silent scorn: "You are none of me. You cannot enter my heaven or partake of my ideal delight. You can but know me in perverted and debased forms." The art deity, we may be sure, shows itself only in its perfection to the pure in heart. If the nature is lowered, the art will be lowered. If the artist degrades himself, his degradation shall be written in the coarsening and profanation of his work. The moral part of art is that it exacts from its devotee the highest ideals. Its appreciators, too, must have in them some touch of that lofty conception. If they miss the soul and grasp only the sense, the most glorious production is to them an untranslatable riddle. These are exactions too subtle to be apprehended; they are only to be felt.

The art lover must come into this presence prepared to look beneath the surface to find something that escapes little formal precepts and the small measurements of the tape line. Acres of canvas, tons of bronze and marble, however cunningly colored and wrought, are meaningless to us unless they awake in us a glance that goes clear through the medium, and sees even the half-conscious suggestion that impelled the artist, the something in him that painted and chiselled better than he knew. The divine mind must be in it, the creative

Power that works in stars and in the smallest atoms. The divine suggestiveness is everywhere awaiting a brain, a heart, an eye, a hand. Set up a great statue in the public square, and hundreds of careless people will pass it by unresponsively. But by and by one will come who will gaze, will be smitten with love and wonder. His whole life will be changed, as was Michel Angelo's when he discovered the antique. New desires will awake in him. He will find the power of self-expression, and priceless treasures of art will be given to the world.

We are uneasy about beauty because we fear it is not moral, not quite proper to stir the love of descendants of the Puritans. But God evidently has no conscience on this head. He revels in beauty, and we may let it sink into us as the summer rain sinks into the mellow soil. Were we wiser, we might discover that not a gleam of it is without spiritual significance or non-essential to the moral education of man.

THE PRACTICE OF CREMATION.

When Socrates was asked whether he wished to be burned or to be buried after death, he replied that he did not care, provided they did not think they were burying or burning Socrates. When the men and women of the present century as completely dissociate the real personality of their friends from the body that has enshrined them during life, they will be more ready to study with calmness and patience the best method of caring for the dead.

In many countries in early ages, and in Eastern lands up to the present time, the practice of cremation of the dead has been observed. Even in Rome, down to the fourth century, cremation was the method usually adopted; and it was common in Greece, except for suicides and babies. The belief in a literal resurrection of the body seems to have been the chief reason for embalming the dead and for earth burials. But now that that belief has faded from the thoughts of reasonable people, it is only natural that the method of caring for the myriads who pass out of life should be studied anew. Whatever form is adopted, it must be reverent and tender, and one which also is best for those who are still alive or who are to live in years to come.

It is barely twenty-one years since this great reform was fairly inaugurated. It found its first strong advocates in England in 1874. Not long afterward an attempt was made in Boston to found a cremation society here. It was almost impossible to find any reputable physicians who were willing to lend their names to such a project; and hardly a clergyman, save here and there a Unitarian minister, was willing to be counted in the ranks of those who favored cremation. What are the facts to-day? In England there is a large crematory at Woking, and another at Manchester. In the two together more than six hundred bodies have been cremated. Italy has many crematories; Germany, several; and Austria, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland all have them in active operation. During the last five years there have been cremated in Paris alone between fifteen and sixteen thousand bodies. In Buenos Ayres the incineration of the bodies of persons who have died by infectious diseases is decreed by the government. In this country several large cities have made arrangements for this way of disposing of the dead; and in Boston, where the public was so uninterested a few years ago, there is now an active society, largely made up of the best physicians, clergymen of all denominations, and thoughtful and influential people. The first body to be reduced to ashes here was that of Lucy Stone; and the last was of that noble man, Henry Martyn Scudder, who from his experience in India must long ago have been convinced that burning the dead was kindness to the living.

It is held by many that in this country, where there is such ample space for burying-grounds, no danger can come to the living by the inhumation of the dead. But every year cities and villages encroach more and more on burial-places; and the dangers, though invisible, are none the less there. It has been proved, says Dr. Cameron, that many microscopic organisms which give rise to disease "naturally multiply themselves in earth, under suitable conditions of moisture and temperature, or

that their germs, when buried in earth, retain their vitality for many years, and brought to the surface, either by the spade or earthworms, or placed in conditions in which they can mingle with the air we breathe or the water we drink, can once more enter the animal system, and renew the cycle of their pestilential existence." This is true of the organisms that produce cholera and yellow fever, and it may be as true of diphtheria and other infectious diseases. On this ground public opinion is rapidly growing in favor of cremation. Many of those who at first considered it revolting are ready to see the possible advantage in it to humanity. It is also beginning to be seen that the sentimental as well as the sanitary argument is in favor of cremation. It is as Sir Spencer Wells says, "purification *versus* putrefaction."

It needs hardly to be said that in the process no flame or smoke is allowed to touch or disfigure the form which, after all, is so dear to those who are left to mourn. By a swift and absolutely purificative process heat is applied in such a way that in a little more than an hour all that was mortal is reduced to a handful of beautiful pearly ashes, unmixed with any impurity,—a process that can only be called sweet and tender as compared with the revolting process that goes on beneath the turf, when left to the slower methods of nature. An English writer, Rev. R. Ussher, says truly, "The fire does not destroy, but purifies, and does quickly, decently, and safely what the earth does slowly, offensively, and dangerously. . . . If it had happened that cremation had been the manner hitherto of disposing of the dead, and that burial was proposed to be adopted instead, I am sure the whole world would stand aghast and appalled at such a terrible proposition."

This method has everything, then, to commend it, including a lessening of funeral expense and show, and little against it except a slowly dying prejudice.

Musings.

THERE is some satisfaction and some compensation in being born into the world late. Metaphorically, we do not live as long as Methuselah; but, potentially, and no doubt actually, we live a great deal longer. A man of to-day can accomplish more in a thousand days than Methuselah could in a thousand years, though statistics show that the average of human life is longer than it used to be when men and women drew too much on their imagination for their vital statistics. So Methuselah would have lived longer if he had not been born so early. Columbus, if he had been patient and waited about four hundred years later, might have crossed the ocean in five days and eight hours and thirty-eight minutes, in a vessel several times larger than his whole fleet, and, instead of depending on the fickle breezes, might have had the equivalent of twenty thousand horses day and night to drag him over. But Columbus, I suspect, was one of those men who would rather be a pioneer than march with the rear-guard over a well-beaten track. He had a vision of a new world rather than of a new age; and I wonder if his imagination ever pictured anything in the way of Atlantic transportation which could compare with the immense capacity, elegance, speed, power, and comfort of an Atlantic greyhound. Well, we have the new world, and we have the new age. We have not exhausted the capacities of either. The new age has been needed to develop the new world; and what is most needed now is not so much new areas of mechanical invention as the new age of love and peace and brotherhood. Thank Heaven that, if we have the inventor and the explorer, we have also the prophet, who holds before us the vision of a new order of society and a new benediction of righteousness, love, and truth.

THE expression "all at sea" to a land-lubber may be a synonyme of mental confusion, helplessness, and ignorance; but to a first-class captain, with chart and compass and sextant, it means knowing just where he is, just where he wants to go, and just how to get there. And thus this "trackless deep" is by no means trackless. The ocean steamers mark out their own pathways, and follow them with almost as

much precision as if there were a fence on each side and the familiar sign, "Keep off the grass." At this time of year the Cunard vessels take the southern track, to avoid icebergs; and so we add from ninety to a hundred miles to our journey, for the sake of shunning these crystal ships. On my last trip home, coming from Iceland to Quebec, we saw one day in the straits of Belle Isle forty-five icebergs,—some of them of curious and picturesque architecture, a little frigid in style, but shining with resplendent brilliancy in the summer sun. But icebergs on this trip are not cruising near us, and we have not advertised for them. The only ice we see is in our tumblers, or in the cold, passive demeanor of some of the passengers. Some people freeze up and others thaw out on a sea voyage. Our table steward has, however, an iceberg story for us. He tells of seeing one with a polar bear on it floating slowly to the south. Used to hibernating, the animal might subsist a long time without food; but what will happen when his bed melts but an unaccustomed feast for the southern fishes? I have tried to extract from the steward some more blood-curdling story, but in vain. He apparently would not do for a modern newspaper reporter, because he simply transmits mythology: he does not invent it. The modern reporter has an insatiable appetite for the marvellous and a great power of producing it. I suppose that a thousand pounds more of yarn a day can be fabricated by certain modern newspapers than by any other story-twisting machine ever invented. This is not a materialistic and prosaic age: it is an age of invention and of imagination. I believe that more mythology is invented to-day than the Greeks or Romans dreamed of, but much of it is not so religious nor so beautiful.

THE Atlantic liner will not be complete until a newspaper is published on board every day. Think of a village of seventeen hundred people without a newspaper! What a state of backwardness it represents! The time will come, I imagine, when every great vessel forming a part of the Atlantic ferry will maintain daily or constant communication with the port from which it sails, and perhaps with that to which it goes. And this will not be done by reeling a wire out of the stern, as the "Great Eastern" did when she laid the cable, but by communication through the air, water, or ether. Then we shall not be five days on the Atlantic without knowing of the latest political pull, or the result of the last horse race or prize fight, of the most horrible murder, or of other things which make papers interesting and indispensable. But, without waiting for the consummation of this possibility, I am sure that a very readable daily journal might be published on the "Lucania" from such material as we could gather within the diurnal horizon of our sight, hearing, or experience. The opportunity of the reporter, interviewer, or society itemizer would be almost unparalleled in any equal number of people gathered in the same space on land. It is as true on a great ocean steamer as it is in a great city that one-half of the floating world does not know how the other half lives. The first-cabin passengers know nothing of the steerage slums; and the steerage know nothing of the first cabin, save that on Sunday they may go there to church on most steamers, though this privilege is denied them on others. And neither the cabin passengers nor the steerage know anything of the world far below, where burns unquenchable fire, and where the faithful stokers are shovelling a ton of coal every three minutes into the furnaces. News and descriptions brought from these different strata of society would furnish interesting reading for each of them. The harvest of the interviewer and the biographer would be great. There are men on board who, when they crossed the ocean twenty-five or thirty years ago, had only a few dollars in their pockets. Now they return to Europe worth thousands. The story of how they made that money and what use they have made of it would be an interesting tale. There are men of brain and power who have won intellectual and professional victories, and then there is the never-ending web of romance which has been woven in many bright colors; and the weaving is still going on, as you may see, if you watch the elective affinities on the upper or the lower deck.

The itemizer would have the endless privilege of seasoning the sheet with "social" and "personal" condiments, innocent or inane, interesting and intelligent, but not malevolent. The "Sparks from the Furnace" of the *Daily Lucanian* would contain such items as the following:—

"Judge Morris of the United States District Court, Baltimore, is one of our most genial passengers. He expects to meet his daughter in Liverpool and travel in England."

"One of the most interesting and popular persons on board is Capt. Daily, the professional swimmer and lecturer on the art of saving and restoring life in drowning accidents. He has saved the lives of thirty-eight persons, and bears a medal from the United States government. He is an excellent raconteur, and is now a successful stage manager in an American theatrical company. No one knows just how old Capt. Daily is; but every one, especially the children and the ladies, know how young he is."

"A concert was held in the second cabin last night." (Then follow the programme and a long critique of the performance.)

"At the first cabin concert the second cabin talent was of the first class."

"The smartest dress at the first cabin soirée was worn by Miss Fitmecute."

"Sharp-toed boots are the rage on the upper deck."

"Officer Hamilton seems to find great pleasure in the society of two very clever English young ladies."

"Religious services have been held in Swedish and English nearly every day in the steerage. The first cabinians get enough on Sunday to last them the voyage."

"The most talkative man in the second is a Chicago man, and the next best is an English sporting man."

"There is an *ad libitum* cadenza of babies on the second cabin score."

"The doctor is to be congratulated on not being obliged to take his own medicine. The health of the vessel is first class."

"Rev. W. B. Cliff of Akron, N. Y., with two young friends, will make a tour of England. Though he has worked among the Indians, they have never scalped him; and, so long as he is with us, we always have land on board."

But perhaps the most exciting item in the *Daily Lucanian* would be the extra issued this Friday morning, May 24:—

"A Record-breaking Trip.—Our noble ship broke once more her own record by making the fastest time yet made on the eastward trip on the southern track.—New York to Queenstown in 5 days, 11 hours, and 40 minutes! Land was seen this Friday morning at 3.30 o'clock, and Queenstown passengers were landed at 7. The speed of the vessel has averaged very nearly 23 knots."

We shall reach Liverpool to-night. Then good-by, sea-gulls, with your white flapping wings; good-by, smiling stewards and friendly tars; good-by, room-mates and fellow-passengers; good-by, grand old ocean, till we meet again!

Britities.

Now, "if ever, come perfect days."

On another page will be found the epistles of the modern saints, messages from the aged but faithful disciples of the liberal faith, which were necessarily omitted last week.

It is not too late to echo the opinion of the *Outlook* that the report of Secretary Batchelor is "admirably written, and is a clear and full statement of the work of the Unitarian Association."

Dr. Donald's baccalaureate sermon before the Tuskegee (Ala.) School may have hurt the pride of some of the thoughtless; but his words, though frank, were kindly and wise. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

Sunday-schools, church clubs, and guilds are now laying out plans for the next year's work. To any wishing to study the works of Emerson the programme prepared by the Church of the Disciples may be heartily commended.

A Presbyterian exchange rejoices in Prof. Patton's prophecy that the outcome of Biblical criticism "will be the triumph of

plenary inspiration," and utters a semi-prophecy itself that doctrinal preaching will become popular before long.

An Oriental writer says that "a good audience is a superior metal: it is gold, for silence is gold. A speaker is an inferior metal. Call him silver or copper, as you find him." Unhappily, one too often finds him lead.

Rev. William H. Noyes of Japan calls for a discussion of vegetarianism in the *Outlook*, the columns of which are opened for that purpose by the editor, who grants vegetarians the advantage in name at least, for "flesh-eater" is certainly not a pretty appellation." Other advantages will be found without prolonged search.

Some of the California papers are demonstrating the great value of raisins as food, and expressing the hope that their cheap and abundant production in this country will make it possible for people to use them freely for this purpose. Certainly, it would be for the health of the nation to use the same amount of grapes as raisins rather than as wine.

The sympathy of all hearts must go out to the many who are mourning the loss of the one hundred and eighty persons who perished in the wreck of the "Colima." Who can fathom the depth of sorrow into which such families as the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Whiting, for instance, must be plunged! Father, mother, four children, and a servant, all gone! No trace of them left! An entire home circle blotted out of existence. And that was but one group of many.

A writer in a Calcutta paper betrays an innocence of ice-cream and frozen sherbets that would amuse a Yankee child. He has made the grand discovery of a freezer. He says: "We were interested to find that the machine was charged with proportional quantities of ice and salt, and a bottle of lemonade was poured into the trough. The handle was turned by a little boy, with the result that frozen lemonade, which we had never seen before, was poured into a plate. We also had the pleasure of tasting the frozen lemonade, and found it excellently delicious."

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Roxbury Latin School on Wednesday, June 19, promises to be very interesting. This school, it will be remembered, runs back to the apostle Eliot, who took a very active interest in it; and, though it now has no further connection with the First Religious Society of Roxbury than is implied in the fact that the pastor of that church and the two senior deacons are *ex-officio* members of the board of trustees, it has always been effectively and affectionately fraternized by the families of that parish. Rev. Mr. De Normandie is president of the trustees, and will preside at the public exercises, which will begin at two o'clock in a tent in the school campus. The leading address will be given by Rev. Percy Grant of New York, an alumnus; the poem by Rev. Theodore C. Williams, also an alumnus; and addresses are promised by President Eliot, Dr. Hale, Dr. Merrill of the Boston Latin School, Mr. Collar, the head master, and others. Music will be furnished by an excellent orchestra, composed of boys in the school. The graduates will have a dinner at the Vendome in the evening.

Pro and Con.

PAGANISM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers held its two hundred and fourteenth annual meeting in Boston on Wednesday and Thursday. It was this meeting of the ministers which gave rise to the custom which has fixed on that week so many of the annual meetings of charitable and philanthropic societies. As your readers know, the convention has occupied itself now for two or three years in considerations of the social dangers which come in upon our people from the gradual moral decay, if one may so speak, in the extreme outskirts of the smaller towns of the country. We hear the same complaint from the West and from the East.

In the last official report of crime in Massachusetts it appears that in ten years

there have been in the courts of the State thirty-three convictions for homicide, making an average of three and one-third for every year. It is very suggestive and very important that twenty of these thirty-three convictions were in the four Western counties of the State. The population of these counties is hardly one-sixth of that of the State, and yet they furnish nearly two-thirds of the convictions for murder or manslaughter.

It is the testimony of the most intelligent officers of the county prisons that the convicts who come to them are persons from these little outskirts, who have not been under the benevolent pressure of the public opinion of the central villages.

The report which was sent you last week was read to the convention at its meeting on Thursday, and elicited a very lively and interesting discussion. Without attempting to go into the detail of this discussion, I may say that some points may be regarded as made out. First, there is a gradual tendency in the Massachusetts towns to give up the outlying schools in the small districts. In place of these schools the town provides a central school and free daily transportation backward and forward for the children. It was the general verdict that this arrangement is a civilizing one: it brings children who might otherwise be outcasts, in a way, into close communication with other children. It is thought to improve their advantages for education; and, wherever the town authorities are careful in enforcing our strict truancy law, and in compelling parents to send children of the proper age to school, it is thought that here is a check to the growing "paganism" of the outer districts.

The convention voted its unanimous approval to the plan suggested in the report. This plan proposes that, as soon as possible, the minister of the "first church" in each town shall call a meeting of all the clergy of the town, Catholic and Protestant, and that they shall devise some system of house-to-house visiting—by the clergy themselves, if possible—which may result in what may be called a moral census of the town. It proposes that in Thanksgiving week the clergy shall meet again, and that the results obtained in this survey shall be brought together in such form that action can be taken for the future. Possibly, a good subject for the union meeting on Thanksgiving Day of the members of our churches might be the duties which they have toward those who are prevented by distance or by other reasons from attending on any church.

The conversation and discussion brought out many suggestions, encouraging and discouraging, as to the condition of those districts of which the population is decreasing. The same committee was appointed to continue its work in the next year. In their report of next year they will have to consider the condition of Boston and some of the other large cities. It was stated by every one who spoke on the subject that what was called the "moral police" of the cities is much better than that of the smallest rural towns. For instance, there seems to be no doubt that in Boston, among Catholics and Protestants both, at least 95 per cent. of the children are connected with one and another Sunday-school. The arrangements of the local churches are so good that a watchful care is extended over each family. In a very curious and valuable report presented by Mr. Barton of the active Shawmut Church in this city, he said that their visitors found that in 52 per cent. of the cases which could really be called cases of the "unchurched" the "unchurched" were not found, upon a second visit made within six months, at the same home. That is to say, in more than half the cases where people had not connected themselves with any religious organization they were mere birds of passage, and had passed to some other home before they could be seen a second time.

Such discussions at our ministerial meetings are of the greatest value. In this instance the discussion was even the more practical, because the Good Citizenship Society is interesting itself in the same topic, and gave a recent evening to a very valuable symposium on it. On that occasion we had the testimony of experts as to the work of the public-school system, the work of the public library, the work of the church, and the work of the home missionary organizations, in meeting the need and the danger.

EDWARD E. HALE.

For the *Christian Register*.

DARKNESS.

BY N. L. O. S.

The night is closing round, and in the west
The golden glory softly fades away;
The earth in palest tints of light is drest
With loving, lingering touch of dying day.

O Hope, which I have sought in vain so long,
Where shineth out thy star of beauty bright?
O Love, which soars on giant pinions, strong,
Where art thou hiding in the starry night?

O Peace, which falleth like the blessed rain,
Where art thou gone to pour thy incense rare?
And Joy has followed in the fleeting train,
And naught remains save darkness and despair.

Then whispered to my tortured, weary heart
A voice of sweetness, low, exceeding mild:
"Thou seekest boundless gifts: all these are part
Of that fair heaven awaiting thee, my child."

Close not thine eyes in earthly dark to grope,
Look up unto celestial heights above!
Pray Joy for Faith: Faith bringeth then sweet
Hope,
Hope bringeth Joy and Peace; and God is Love.

THE WAY TO CIVILIZE INDIANS.

BY CAPT. R. H. PRATT.

The central principles of Carlisle are:—
First.—The best way to get civilization into the savage is to get the savage into civilization.

Second.—Self-help is the best of all help.

Third.—America can do for the Indian exactly what it does for all other races, including the Negro, but only by giving him the same chances.

"The Outing System of Carlisle," based on these principles, is the placing of its students among our people, in our families, and in our homes, and in our public and other schools. Carlisle is nearly sixteen years old. It has had under its care, from upward of sixty different tribes, more than 2,600 different students,—some for very short periods, others for ten years. The average has been less than five years. Its graduating point is the grammar grade of the public schools.

Every spring, from the beginning, Carlisle has placed as many of its students out in families and homes for the summer as it could spare. And in the autumn its agents have visited these homes; and, if conditions are favorable, the students are left out during the winter to attend our public schools, working out of school hours for their keep. These are also visited during the winter. From sixteen so out during 1880 we have come to give outing experiences to above five hundred each year. When they work all the time, they are paid such wages as they deserve. The money earned belongs to them, and they are taught to save.

Our total outings to date number 4,193. The aggregate earnings of the students per year have come to be from \$23,000 to \$25,000. There has been a steady and increasing demand for students, and now two to three times as many are asked for yearly as we can supply. Our growth in this direction is hindered only by reservation and home school methods.

The last year I proposed to the department and Congress to double the number of children we are caring for, and to do it almost entirely through the outing system, thus vastly decreasing the per capita cost, and making the real gain to the Indian youth many times greater than can possibly be made at any Indian school.

Mere book knowledge is not by any means the vital need of the Indian. Neither are the necessities of his civilization and progress met by adding a school theory of some industry. The great vital principle of his need to-day is the courage of civilization; and that courage is not to be gained theoretically on the reservation, in the tribe, or in any Indian school. Living in civilization and becoming a very part of it, holding the plough by the side of the civilized ploughman, attending school and being in classes with the boys and girls of civilization, are the experiences necessary to make a courageous, self-supporting, independent, civilized man and citizen out of the Indian,—just as they are necessary to accomplish the same thing for all other un-Americanized men.

The school may easily be, and really is now, utilized to educate into greater tribal solidarity; for the school is sure to do just that when it is purely Indian. And when, in addition to being purely Indian, it is purely reservation and tribal, it becomes

absolutely a first-class Cahensleyizing, tribalizing institution.

Our good friend Senator Dawes, now a commissioner to get the five so-called civilized tribes of the Indian Territory to become a part of the United States, is contending with five separate and distinct masses of people, who, through tribal, school, and missionary influences, have been built out of instead of into the United States. Notwithstanding most of their people speak English, they have become solidified into such separate and distinct communities as to assume and call themselves "the Cherokee Nation," "the Choctaw Nation," "the Chickasaw Nation," "the Seminole Nation," "the Creek Nation," each having its own form of government, separate and distinct from every other, and separate and distinct from the United States. They have been made stronger to hold out against unification with the United States by the very education they have received. Unfortunately, for both the Indians and the government, the trend of all missionary work among the Indians is along these lines. Missionaries, to meet their churches' demands, must create communities of adherents, who must hang together and be ready to stand up and be counted as so many sheaves. This builds tribal cohesion, as against individual opportunity. The individual gain to the young Indian through these outing experiences is inestimable. His fear of civilization and its competitions leave him. He makes lasting friends with the civilized young people about him, with whom he corresponds for years after, it may be. He gets the wisdom of the civilized sages whom he meets. All his surroundings and experiences rapidly develop in him the language, the habits, the thought of civilization, and these soon crowd out the habits and superstitions of his tribal life.

The happy experiences I have had in this feature of my work have given me the courage for many struggles and difficulties along other lines. The wonderful progress I see, and the gratitude I get from my pupils for having secured such opportunities for them, are almost incredible. I could more than fill your paper every week with letters very like the following:—

(From a Young Nomad from the Indian Territory.)

CAPT. R. H. PRATT:

Dear School Father,—I will write and tell you how I like my country home this year. I like my place very much. These folks are very nice to me every day. I like Mr. W. K. G. very much, and he is very kind man. Good fellow to work for him; and also Mrs., too. Every day I trying to use myself best. I am very glad of it. Your give me a lovely home this spring. Every since I came to this place I think of the difference places which I have been. I never did find a place like this; and I thank you very much, Captain.

I hope you be glad to hear from me. Mr. W. K. G. give me very teams to work with it. I like my teams very much because very horses. This is all for to-day. I must close now.

From your school son,

—, Pa.

(From the Daughter of an Apache Chief.)

Dear School Father,—I will now write a few lines to you this morning. Will you please tell me how much money I have at Carlisle? I want to send some money, so I can have at least twenty dollars in the bank.

I had \$11 befor I got new shoes, which cost \$2; and I do not know how much I had to pay for my ticket.

I do not want to send all the money I have, because I might need some little things when I go to school; and I will want some at Christmas time.

Mrs. F. is going to send me to school the last part of this month. I will be so glad to go, and am going to study hard, too.

I just had a nice visit from J., who came one week ago yesterday and stayed until Tuesday afternoon. Mr. F. let me have the horse and buggy to go meet her all by myself. Albert went with me when I took her to the train to go home. I was so glad to have her, and was lonely when she was gone. So Mrs. F. and the children and myself went after chestnuts, but we did not find very many.

I just finish writing to my father. I am just as happy as can be, although I did not come back to school; but I will try to do my best to learn all I can this winter. Our S. School closed last month. I did not missed any, so I got a nice little Bible. As you know, Miss L. will be our S. School teacher for this winter. I would not stay here if it was not for Mrs. F. She's so

good and kind to me, that made me want to stay with her. She calls me her oldest daughter.

With much love,
respectfully,

—, Pa.

I hope what I have said may not lead to the necessity of my sending negative answers to applicants who may read this, and make up their minds they want a young Indian. Remember I said in the start I have several times as many applicants as I can accommodate. It is not places that I need now, but Indians.

Let me suggest that every influence is golden that can be brought to bear upon Congress, the Department, the Indian agents, the home schools, and other tribalizing influences, to lead them into allowing the Indians to utilize the opportunities that are opening for them to enter civilized life.

The calamity to the individual Indian in these later years has been the scheme so lauded a few years ago of "a public school system among the Indians," and the great increase therefrom of educational appropriations in that direction by Congress.

If we secure that which will really end the problem, it now becomes necessary to destroy the material creations and the influences of this most un-American scheme, hard though it may be to make the leech let go so long as there is blood.

THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Not the serenity of the Atlantic nor the soft blarney of the Irish Sea, which was as smooth in its blandishments as an oily-tongued politician, could induce me to stay on the great salty wastes a moment longer than necessary.

"Have you any spirits or tobacco?" said the Liverpool custom-house officer, as our trunks were ranged alphabetically before him.

"No," we answered, with a temperance-pledge smile, a dry, prohibitory negative, which was so convincing that he stamped the trunks without examining them. Then, turning to Coriander,—

"Madam, have you any Florida Water?"

What is it that makes Florida Water so dangerous in a free-trade country like England? Is it that it contains the germs of undeveloped alligators, the spores of secession, the liquefied essence of malaria, or the bottled secret of perpetual youth which Ponce de Leon craved? It was not Florida Water that we brought or that we wanted, but the fresh, clear, cool waters held in the mountain bowls of the English lakes. So Coriander smiled an audible "No!" and the inquisition of the custom-house was over at half-past eleven Friday night in Liverpool. Then we rode up Tithebarne Street to our hotel, sank into our beds, and gave thanks that we were no longer rocked in the cradle of the deep.

A single night in Liverpool, and the next morning we were rushing north to Penrith and Keswick. A four hours' journey, and we find ourselves ushered into this delightful park in the north-west of England, which nature, art, and literature have all combined to make beautiful and famous.

Saturday, May 18, at two o'clock, we were just leaving Sandy Hook. Saturday, May 25, at two o'clock, English time,—about nine o'clock in New York,—we are three thousand miles away on the shores of Derwentwater, one of the most beautiful of all the crystal lakes that sparkle in the mountains. Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, might have produced a more wonderful transformation in the same time and in the same space; but, doubtless, he never did.

Oh, the rest and peace and exquisite beauty of these classic hills and vales! No perpetual earthquake under your feet, like the perpetual shiquake made by the interminable rivalry of the twin screws; no rolling and pitching of your bedroom when you rise in the morning or go to bed at night; no tottering and swaggering across the deck; no pool-playing based on a guess how far your floating hotel will be to-day from where it was yesterday; no fear of leaving your window open at night, lest some wave shall deluge you before morning; no helter-skelter horde of tourists crowding down the companion-way to dinner; no showers of cinders, as if Vesuvius were belching forth through the smoke-stack; no vasty deep without a sprig of green. Presto! All has changed. The sea

has gone, and we can well spare it. These fresh, peaceful lakes are more Sabbatical. And, instead of being quartered in a small section of the ark, we are delightfully settled in one of the snugest and most comfortable of the lake district hotels,—the Derwentwater, Portinscale, Keswick.

The lovers of this charming region dispute as to when it may be seen at its best, and every season has its advocates; but I ask no better week in the year than the full height of springtide, when the birds are singing with exhilaration, the flowers are blooming, the trees are in fresh, new leaf, and the grass is living green. It was in this lovely spot that Coriander and myself met Mizippi and Du Lace who had sailed away a month before us. The crowds of tourists have not yet come. We are almost alone. And delightful it is to be alone, with Nature speaking to us in varied language, with a vocabulary which, for the most part, we can understand, but with just enough accent and idiom to give a local flavor and dialect to her speech. This is not Italy nor Switzerland, with the magnificent spectacle of the Alps; nor is it the American Rockies nor the Sierra Nevadas, with wild, unbroken forests and vast canyons; nor is it the Adirondacks, with its picturesque camps and its mammoth caravansaries. It is England. And that means no mountain over 3,210 feet high, no snowy peaks, no inland seas, but a chain of sparkling lakes, walled by hills and fortified by threatening crags,—here and there a fringe of trees on the sky line, but most of them long since cleared for the pasture of sheep. Their sides are green with verdure, brown with bracken, dark with heather, tufted with gorse, or covered with shale. Lower down and skirting the shores of placid lakes are leafy groves and stretches of forest. Gentle vales lie sleeping between the sloping hills. The flowers and the trees and the birds are all speaking English. Here are sturdy English oaks, which you will look for in vain in our Canadian forests; giant beeches, imposing in height and spreading leafage; lusty elms; sycamores, with livery of vivid green; dark holly, shining as if varnished. Here are hawthorns in bloom, the wild hyacinth, and the English primrose, daisies, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley, lilacs, and laburnum falling in showers of gold, as the Germans think of it. Some of these flowers remind us of New England, and others as surely tell us of old England; and there are those new to us in form and odor which have never migrated from the island, but still cling to its ancient soil, as if this only could be home.

The English lake country is a great park,—not a park like the Yellowstone or the undefiled portion of the Adirondacks, in which Nature is left largely to her own sweet will, but one in which the hand of man has been gently laid in the hand of Nature. The wooing has been ideal, and the honeymoon still goes on. I have seen Nature in her untamed grandeur in the great cañons of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas, in rolling plain, blooming prairie, and unbroken forest, in the sequestered vales of the Black Hills, the dreary wastes of the Mauvaises Terres, and the unmeasured miles of Canadian timberland. In such scenery Nature makes an impression which is all her own. "This is what I can do," she says, "if I am left to myself." And sometimes it seems as if man could not enter without marring the effect, as he certainly does when forests are devastated by axe or fire, and acres of stumps or charred timber are left, and hills washed out by hydraulic mining or scarred by quarries tell that man has been there only to pillage. The effect is sometimes almost as bad when man attempts to beautify by artificial means the face of Nature. No cosmetics, no pomade, wigs, or hair dye can make the painted belle look as sweet and pretty as the rosy-cheeked, sun-browned farmer's lass. But here in the lake district it seems as if man and Nature perfectly understood each other, and as if each lived in and for the other. By the vigilant exertions of a band of Nature-lovers who have joined to protect these hills from ravage, the railroads and the great caravansaries have been kept out; and Nature has been left with arching brows, gleaming eyes, and a smile on her cheek. Her tresses have been combed out and trimmed, but not banged or frizzed.

Away from railroad engines and factory smoke the lake district is not soiled with the grimy touch of the artisan. Its indus-

tries are rural. Here and there is a quarry or the remains of a mine, but scarcely making a scar upon the face of the landscape. There is not a tent or a log cabin; and in the whole district I have seen but one wooden house, and that built by an Englishman who had lived in America. The habitations speak not of transient or sudden possession, but of the stability of long occupancy. Houses, cottages, barns, churches, boat-houses, and the stores in the picturesque little villages are all built of small stones quarried from these slaty hills and laid up with the mortar three inches back from the front, so that to the passer they appear to be simply laid stone on stone, without cement; and few stones are thicker than half a brick. The walls are built in the same way. Hawthorn hedges abound, but wooden fences and wire ones are rare. While the little cottagers and farmers have not been excluded, the lake district has become a place of summer residence for many people and a favorite resort for the tourist. The fine roads, the delightful little inns, the opportunity for boating and fishing, the beautiful and picturesque scenery, and the literary fame of the lake country invite a host of zealous pilgrims. But, fortunately for us, we are here before the "season" has set in, and before the Whitsuntide holidays have tempted an army of "round-trip" excursionists.

The lake district does not, like the scenery of Greece, fairly reek with mythology. You do not find here aboriginal legends, like the Indian traditions which, in name and story, garnish the scenery of some of our own lakes and mountains, and which often have been suffered to fade away into forgetfulness. The literary baptism of this beautiful section has come within our own century. Its distinction is that it was the home of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and that here they found rest and inspiration. The designation, "the Lake School," was an attempt to lump them all in the same mockery. But they did not represent together a distinct school. They were individual, and unlike in many respects. But Wordsworth, at least, represented a new epoch,—an epoch of simple, reflective, natural expression; and the term, "the lake poets," was, geographically, and perhaps critically, as good a term as could be found to describe him and his companions when the wrath of Jeffrey and the critics was poured out against him. Wordsworth lived in the lake district, but it is just as true that the lake district lives in him. This, above all things, was his academe. He studied at Cambridge, but produced almost nothing there; and his insignificant library of four or five hundred books did not feed him. Southey was the book-worm, but Wordsworth craved other fare. "There is my master's library, where he keeps his books," said his servant; "but his study is out of doors." Matthew Arnold thought Wordsworth would have gained by reading more, and we might add by writing less; but genius must be left to its own diet and exercise.

And now for a few days I shall ferret out the haunts of Wordsworth, and climb the hills, row on the lakes, walk the fields, sit under the shade of beech and sycamore, and listen to the thrush and the cuckoo's note, which still are heard in his verses.

S. J. B.

Keswick, Eng.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A novelty in the way of an art exhibition has just closed at the Fine Arts Galleries. For the second time since its organization the National Sculpture Society has given the public a chance to see what the Americans are doing in plastic art. At this second annual exhibition there have been not only large numbers of pieces of sculpture, admirable in subject and excellent in execution, but the collection has been set in the midst of beautiful artificial gardens of towering palms and cedars, growing plants, trailing vines, and sweet-smelling flowers. Enthusiastic praise has been given the managers of the society who conceived this gratifying, artistic arrangement, showing conclusively that ornamental gardening is the most effective and appropriate background for the display of sculpture of the highest excellence and architecture of the most effective design. The uninitiated visitor who stepped from the noise and bustle of the humdrum street into the quiet

greenery of the garden enjoyed a new and delightful experience.

Far different in surroundings and in visitors has been the Free Exhibition of Loan Pictures at the Hebrew Institute in East Broadway which was opened two weeks ago by the University Settlement Society and the Educational Alliance. This is the third time the experiment has been tried of giving the "East-siders" the enjoyment of higher pleasures. As heretofore, the largest proportion of the visitors have been children; but the men and women of all nationalities have not been absent. Among them one notices an occasional connoisseur of art who has been attracted to the collection because it contains treasures which rarely or never leave the private galleries to which they belong. It is said that the favorite picture so far is a copy of Mme. Vigée Lebrun's delightful portrait of herself and child. Dubufe's "Prodigal Son" is reported to be second in popularity. Mr. Seth Low is president of the University Settlement Society, another evidence of the wide philanthropy and liberal spirit of this distinguished son of Columbia and now its president.

It is not a far cry to turn from art on the East Side to Col. Waring of the Street Cleaning Department, who has done so much to better the condition of the poorer neighborhoods of the city. Col. Waring has just presented another of his business-like communications to the mayor and his council, in which he states that the streets of New York are "pretty nearly as clean as they can be made with the pavements they now have." But, to bring about this godly condition, Col. Waring has overrun his allowance; and the Board of Estimate must, if the streets are kept as clean for the remainder of the year, give him a half-million more dollars or else reduce the rate of wages paid to the workmen, who, through a series of political manoeuvres, are now getting \$2.50 per day for their "common labor." It is these frank and fearless statements, showing an absolute disregard of conciliating any one, which make Col. Waring's communications such delightful reading to the non-partisan reformers.

But this is not all. In a second statement to Mayor Strong, Col. Waring estimates that the merchantable material thrown away by the people of New York in their ash and refuse barrels is worth one cent a day a head, and that, if these extravagant citizens are forced to separate the good from the worthless in their refuse, the total saving, rating the population at two million, would be \$7,300,000 a year. Thus, instead of paying two million and a half for cleaning the streets, the city would receive a net revenue of about five millions for the privilege. As an individual, Col. Waring believes that this return can be secured. "Nothing can be destroyed," says Nature. "Nothing need be wasted," says Science. What a lesson in economy Col. Waring's scheme, if successful, would teach us all! and, in addition, no more "mysterious paper currency," as Dickens called it in London, escaping from ash-cans, and circulating everywhere when the wind blows. New York could then hope to be second only to Paris in economy, "where nothing is wasted, costly and luxurious city though it be, but where wonderful human ants creep out of holes, and pick up every scrap."

Although the municipal consolidation of New York and Brooklyn has been indefinitely postponed by the recent killing of the Greater New York bill, the commercial union of the two cities is to be further strengthened by a new bridge over the East River from Grand Street, New York, to the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn. New York is also to grapple Jersey City to her side; and designs are now being submitted to the authorized commissioners for a New York and New Jersey bridge over the North River. These connecting links between the metropolis and her outlying neighbors mean increased prosperity and convenience for all concerned; and they ought to mean something higher and better,—the establishment of the conviction that "each is needed by one and all," and the growth of a more fraternal and loyal interest of each in the affairs of all.

Signs of the approach of vacation time are on every hand. Society is fast depart-

ing for its fashionable out-of-town haunts, and Fifth Avenue is noticeably the quieter by day and by night. The season of amusements, the last thing to languish and wane here as elsewhere, is, nevertheless, dying, although reluctantly. Even the churches have given their final entertainments, not the least interesting or successful in our own denomination being the concert given by the Choral Club of the Lenox Avenue Society in its church. The object of the club is to cultivate a higher musical appreciation among the members of the congregation.

But the season is never too late to have the pulses of some men stirred to generosity; and at this last moment of writing comes the news that Mr. Henry W. Maxwell, a prominent member of Mr. Chadwick's church in Brooklyn, has made glad the hearts of the deeply interested members of the Brooklyn Guild Association by a gift of \$10,000. The Brooklyn Guild had its origin among Mr. Chadwick's people. It is an association for carrying on the redeeming work of bettering the condition of "the backward social classes." Mr. Maxwell's letter to Mr. Charles E. Woodbridge, president of the Guild, was as follows:—

Dear Sir,—In memory of my brother, Eugene Lascelles Maxwell, I offer to erect and present to your Association the building contemplated and desired in your annual report, and under the plans and conditions therein set forth. My purpose is to expend ten thousand dollars in its construction. Trusting that the gift will be accepted, and when completed will be useful in your comprehensive work, I remain,

Very truly,

[Signed] HENRY W. MAXWELL.

At the annual meeting of the guild the offer conveyed in the above letter was received and gratefully accepted.

M. A. M.

YALE IN MAY-TIME.

Yale took captive the delegates to the charity Conference who assembled there for a beautiful week in May. The hospitality of the university was unstinted, so that those who had come from all over the country went in and out of library, museum, lecture-room, as though they were students there themselves. The magnificent college buildings and the noble trees were a feast to the eye that loves beautiful things. The young men were ready to doff their caps and answer the curious questions of many a visitor. "How refreshing it is to see such a lot of boys!" said one woman, whose duties keep her closely associated with a hundred or two girls, and to whom a boy is a rare sight. She was even ready to enjoy the 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, that kept cropping up at all hours of the day and night. She drew the line of forbearance, however, at their conduct during prayers.

Strangers go to college prayers at Yale as one goes to a theatre. The special sight is at the close of the exercise to see the Seniors line the broad aisle down which the President walks, and bow low to him as he literally runs the gauntlet between them. It is considered a great feat to bow so low that the head is on a level with his knees. What keeps them from hitting him as he escapes, with a mob of fellows close at his heels, apparently running him out of chapel, is the mystery. Long experience has probably taught the aged President just how to dodge.

But the prayers themselves! It was Memorial Day when several of us wandered in, thinking that that would be an occasion when not only religion, but patriotism, would be inculcated, and the young men would be incited by their leader to all that was manly and brave. At least, appropriate Scripture would be chosen to turn their thoughts to the high things of God and man. We were to be wofully disappointed. If compulsory prayers at Harvard were such a hideous mockery, a thousand thanks are due to the devout men who did away with them. There was not a shadow of reverence, barely of decorum. The Scripture and prayer were so mumbled that it was impossible, from the strangers' gallery, to understand two consecutive sentences; and the boys paid little more attention than so many chimpanzees would have done,—that is, the mass of them. If there were exceptions, they were

so few they did not count. They laughed, talked, read, wrote in their note-books; and, though during the prayer they bowed their heads,—which was more than we did, to be sure,—they kept on with their undevotional ways all through. There was nothing to appeal to the spirit of any man; nothing to help those boys to resist temptation, to gird them for self-conquest. It was pitiful beyond words; and one sympathized with a lady who, watching the obeisance to the President, exclaimed, "Well, I am glad they have to bow before him even if they will not bow before the Lord." Such pretence of piety can hardly help to form genuine character.

The truest friendships are often those that spring up unexpectedly, especially if they are laid on the invisible foundations of respect. At one of the meetings a gentle-voiced man found out the reporter's table, and said, "My wife and I read the *Christian Register*, and we want to meet the wife of the editor." Many and dear as are the scores of Conference friends, there is always an added charm in that friendship if it links one to those of a common religious faith. It was therefore pleasant to be sought out because of congenial belief in the great realities. An invitation for the evening followed. It was the last night of the Conference, and the old words came flashing through the mind, "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night." But how sweet the memory of that night!—the long, beautiful drive through the wonderful park to the top of East Rock, with the world of sea and sky and entrancing green below us; the pause, spell-bound, while we held our breath to hear the liquid note of the wood robin at the sunset hour; the breaking of bread together with the gentle friends, growing old sweetly and peacefully in perfect unison; the discovery of the large group of mutually loved friends; the wide reach of human interest from charity and reforms in America to liberty for Armenia and sympathetic hope for Mozoomdar, half-way around the world. All these are things that quicken the heart-beats in such a way that friendship ripens with tropic growth, and make the pilgrim's single night one not to be forgotten.

Yes, New Haven is beautiful in May. Its noble, time-honored university wins our honor for its history and its power; but there is no spot in that beautiful city that stirs sweeter remembrance than the quiet home over which the maple-trees stand sentinel.

B. C. B.

SECOND CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The Second Annual Congress of the Liberal Religious Societies met in Sinai Temple, Chicago, June 2, 3, 4. The attendance was notably less, and there was lack of the enthusiasm of last year. All this is accounted for by the mistrust which has been generated among various liberal bodies and individuals by the policy of the congress, lest its real outcome, if not its avowed purpose, was to build up another liberal sect instead of unifying and federating the existing liberal bodies. This policy has been deplored by many friends of liberal religion on the ground that it would weaken rather than strengthen the work of liberal religious thought, and this has led to the withdrawal of many from the congress who signed the call for its first meeting and participated in its organization.

Many excellent addresses were given during the sessions of the congress. Among them may be mentioned those of Dr. Hirsch, W. L. Sheldon, F. E. Dewhurst, and Dr. J. M. Pullman; and the papers of Dr. Alfred Momerie of England, remembered by his connection with the Parliament of Religions, upon "The Essentials of Religion"; President Cone on "The Higher Criticism and its Ethical Relations"; and Rev. Mr. Faville of the orthodox church on "The Interchange of Ministerial Courtesies across Theological Chasms."

This report will be devoted, however, to the business side of the congress as most important. Dr. H. W. Thomas was re-elected president, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones secretary, for the coming year. Reports were read by the different committees appointed last year. These showed that the

activities of the congress had been confined to the dissemination of its ideas through the *New Unity* and the *Non-sectarian*, which have been adopted as its organs, and to a few addresses, lectures, and sermons which have been given by various clergymen living in Chicago and vicinity upon the cause of liberal religion in places in Illinois and Indiana easy of access. A branch congress has been organized in Illinois, which has put a missionary in the field, who has preached at various points and started societies at Freeport, Nunda, etc.

The interest of the congress culminated in the debate on "The Policy of the Congress: How far can the Liberal Denominations be federated? Where Federation is impossible, what still remains for the Congress to do?" The discussion of this important topic was led by Rev. Arthur M. Judy of the Unitarian church of Davenport.

To understand this debate and its import, it will be necessary to review briefly the history of the congress. The congress was originally called for the purpose of finding what could be done together among liberals. Reports were submitted at the first congress upon having common headquarters in cities for the liberal denominations, upon the feasibility of a union publication, upon founding a summer school and also a theological school for training of ministers in religion without reference to denominational bias. All that could be expected was accomplished,—a general acquaintance-ship and an increased sense of unity of aim among liberal workers of different names. A permanent organization was formed, and arrangements made for future incorporation. The constitution stated the purpose of the congress to be, among other things, "to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies" and "to secure a closer and more helpful association of these," etc.

This action led many to feel that the congress might be turned into a new sect, which it certainly would be if these objects were carried out. Denominational Universalists and Unitarians felt sure the congress was to be a new sect, and held aloof from it from the beginning. Others differed from this view in holding its character to be dependent on the work it actually did. So far it was not a new sect, but would become so when it began organizing churches which allied themselves to itself rather than to any existing denomination. So far connection with the congress did not interfere with any denominational relations. When it began the active work of building churches and associating them with itself, then one could no longer work loyally and earnestly with it and also with his present denomination, but must choose either to leave the old or the new organization.

As the reports showed, the congress has undertaken no work of organizing churches during the year, and so has not justified the fears of its opponents. But the local branch of the congress in Illinois has undertaken to do this work, Rev. A. N. Alcott acting as its missionary. Throughout the year discussion has gone on in the board of directors and without as to the wisdom of this policy, and this it was which Mr. Judy really spoke upon.

He took the ground that this policy was a mistake. If co-operation was to come among the liberal denominations, it must be by action of the denominations themselves, not by a self-constituted body, like the congress, acting for them. He said it was natural to believe that the existing organizations would not be favorable to a rival which proposed to take their work out of their hands. The policy of the congress should not be to start churches, but to get the denominations existing to take steps to federate and work together. He offered the following resolutions:—

Whereas the policy of this Congress has not heretofore been defined in a way to place it unmistakably before the public, therefore be it

Resolved, first, That the aim and purpose of the Congress is to bring about a federation of the liberal democrats of America; or, to state the aim in other words, to effect a union of the denominations as a whole, not to build up a new organization out of their dismembered parts.

Resolved, second, That, to the end of effecting this federation, a convention should

be called, whose object shall be to frame articles of union which would recommend themselves to the denominations for adoption in their organic capacity.

Resolved, third, That the board of directors be instructed to define more explicitly the scope and purpose of this convention, and to take all needful steps toward determining the basis and condition of representation therein.

Resolved, fourth, That the Congress recognizes that its present form of organization is but antecedent to this final state of union, and in the nature of things destined to give way when this truly representative basis of union has been secured.

Resolved, fifth, That, pending the accomplishment of this union, all missionary work will be undertaken in ways least inimical to the vigor and integrity of the denominations represented in the Congress.

Resolved, sixth, That, as a better understanding of the unanimity of thought among us is needful, every effort will be made to increase the efficiency of our present annual meetings, to disseminate the literature of our various component denominations, and to maintain a headquarters where an adequate clerical force can be employed to carry our purposes into effect.

Resolved, seventh, and last, That the board of directors be instructed to bring these resolutions before the national, sectional, and local meetings of the liberal denominations, and in every other way possible strive to carry to a successful issue what is the ultimate and underlying purpose of this Congress; namely, the bringing of the liberal denominations of America into a strong and carefully planned federation.

Rev. L. J. Duncan of Streator (Independent), upheld the present policy of the congress. Dr. Hirsch said the Jews would all go out if it meant a new denomination, that liberal bodies had much in common and much not common. Dr. Canfield (Universalist) agreed with the ideas of Mr. Judy, and said he adopted Dr. Hirsch's speech, changing the word "Jew" to Universalist. Rev. Jenkin L. Jones pleaded for the present basis of the congress, on the ground that it was more inclusive than any single denomination. Rev. Mr. Johonnot said the congress must drop the words from its constitution which pledge it to build non-sectarian churches, if it would succeed. It must confine itself to such work as would not alienate the present denominations. Something might be done on the plan of Mr. Judy, but there were many obstacles in the way. Dr. Thomas thought we ought to come out of our denominationalism, and work together. The resolutions were finally referred to the board of directors, as deemed "worthy of careful consideration," to be reported on at the next annual session.

It is evident with this question unsettled the congress can undertake no work this coming year, and its future is very uncertain. The present leaders will not care to adopt and push the proposed plan. Without the help of its adherents not much can be done under the present plan. The spirit of the congress was very good, despite the differences of opinion. The desire of the men who have been the life of the congress is highly commendable,—to sink denominational differences, and work for the common unities together; to thus reach out to the great unchurched masses whom only liberal religion can reach. They sincerely believe that people are repelled by the present denominational names. They would have liberals truly liberals, and be willing to drop denominational names for the sake of reaching the people. Sincerity, earnestness, and desire to help men into a religious life must be fully granted to such men, however mistaken their methods. A closer co-operation of liberal bodies is to be desired. Names ought not to count, if the fundamental principles of liberal religion are present. In any town where one liberal church exists alone, of whatever name, all liberals should gather to it. This spirit every liberal preacher and denominational paper should encourage. This will help to the desirable greater co-operation of liberal denominations in the future. But that unity must come by growth, and not by being forced. R. F. JOHONNOT.

Oak Park, Ill.

A Geneva firm is manufacturing phonographic clocks, which call the hour instead of striking it.

LETTERS OF GREETING.

The following letters were read during the anniversary meeting:—

FROM DR. MARTINEAU.

To the Directors of the American Unitarian Association:

Dear Friends,—You will not wonder that your birthday greeting comes to me with a special charm, when I recall the fact that, though your Association is my junior by twenty years, we both began to preach at the same date, since it broke out at once into ordered speech as soon as it was born, while I had to learn my alphabet and a good deal else before I could be admitted, even as an apprentice, to missionary work. Well and gratefully do I remember the more striking of those first Boston productions, and the fresh glow which they kindled, like the dawn of a new gospel upon my heart. Without yet quite knowing why (for I had been moulded upon the pattern of our native Unitarianism), your New England religious literature, opening a new vein of inner experience, gave me at once the need and the courage to rethink the great problems of the spiritual life.

If, therefore, in the last sixty or seventy years any teaching of mine has spoken your thought and met with your approval, I have but reflected back the blessing which I had received; and it will be a joy to me forever if this reciprocation has deepened our fellowship and admitted me to a place—be it only as a guest—with the goodly brotherhood of the living and the dead who have both taught and lived the truth of God among you.

Accept my warmest thanks for your affectionate appreciation of such service as I have tried to render, and believe me, to the end, your loving brother.

FROM REV. SAMUEL MAY.

Rev. George Batchelor:

Dear Sir,—I trust you will not gauge the satisfaction and pleasure I had in your very kind letter at my recent eighty-fifth birthday by the promptness, or want of it, in my acknowledgment. . . . The sight of your letter and name in the handsome book which my friends here (with no knowledge on my part of what they were doing until the day came) had projected for me gave me a surprise and a genuine gratification. Your personal and your official words were alike gratifying. I guess (being a Yankee) that I have been as truly loyal to the American Unitarian Association since I first began to attend its meetings, fully sixty-five years ago, as the average of its members. Every one has his own way of manifesting his loyalty. Protest must have its place; and a good place I esteem it, if it be not merely wilful or partisan, headlong or erratic. One must be fully persuaded in his own mind, of course.

FROM REV. THOMAS T. STONE.

My dear Brother,—I would, through you, send a word of congratulation to the brethren assembled,—. . . congratulation not so much for any denominational success as for what seems to me of far greater worth,—the influence which the fathers of old and the sons of a later day have been enabled to exert, influencing religion from alien traditions and from servitude to outward authority, in opening the way to a truer and larger interpretation of the books generally considered peculiarly sacred, and in raising to a higher estimation throughout society the "Eternal and Immutable Morality," let me add, in calling mankind to more just appreciation of the reason which God has given as our guide.

So much, I feel, has been already done. So much, I think, has brought us to what Newton described as the vast ocean of truth spread out before us. But let us not content ourselves with gathering pebbles on the shore. Rather let us launch out upon the ocean, and see what wealth its depths contain, and what stores the intellectual communion to which it invites us may bring back to us. Or, if we choose an older and more familiar illustration, we have come to the border of a region fertile and full of promise. To the border: so there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed. Let us not fear or delay to enter and take possession,—not, as once, to drive others out and have what they have lost, but to help all whom we find there, and along with them, in union with all lovers of truth and righteousness, striving to join the Paradise or the City of God.

Let me add one thing more. There is no thought of man which is wholly bad, no tradition which is wholly false. Error has its source in something which is true. So let us beware of uprooting the truth which we try to detach from the false. Rather than flat contradiction, even of the dogma manifestly false, let us look to its origin, to what it at first meant to express, and then translate it into language nearer the truth.

Finally, my brethren, let me, so near as I stand to the hour when the great mystery shall be unveiled, simply repeat the ancient word so familiar to you all, God is love.

FROM DR. FURNESS.

My dear Mr. Batchelor,—Dr. Martineau has my hearty admiration, veneration, and love. His sermon that recently appeared in the *Christian Register*, on "Life as a Preparation for Death," interested me deeply, as I increasingly feel the difference between the near certainty and the distant certainty. He has said many words of wisdom which have helped many and set them thinking. I am three years and a day his senior. How rare it is for so consummate a metaphysician to be endowed with so rich a fancy! I wish him every good under heaven.

COLUMBIA'S LIBRARY.

It is a matter of pride to all citizens here that New York has added another name to the lengthening list of those rich men who feel that their duty is as great "in using money as in gaining it." President Seth Low's gift of a million dollars for the splendid new Library Building of Columbia College on Morningside Heights has placed him as a public benefactor with Peabody, Slater, Pratt, and others of renown. It is hard to believe that even a "thorough socialist" could be discontented with the present economic order which makes such gifts possible, and, as the past has frequently proved, probable. The gift was generous, almost beyond precedent; but the simple words which accompanied its presentation distinguish it as a beautiful memorial of President Low to his father, whom he referred to as "a merchant who taught me to care for the things which Columbia College stands for." The design of the building has already been prepared by Messrs. McKim, Meade & White, and has appeared in some of our daily newspapers. It shows that the structure will be in classic style, surmounted by a dome and approached by a broad flight of steps. It will be the centre and the most commanding feature of the group of new buildings which Columbia will occupy on Morningside Heights.

M. A. M.

THE ORIENTAL CHRIST IN GERMAN.

Mr. Ohannes Chatschumian, an Armenian student in Leipzig, in a letter to Mr. Mozoomdar, which is printed in the *Interpreter*, says that the "Oriental Christ" is to be translated into German by Frau Prof. Dohmke, "a woman of high education, of broad views, and of a deep religious nature, who possesses a perfect knowledge of both English and German." He adds: "This letter farther asks your blessing, that your 'Heart-beats' may also throb in the panting breasts of men and women in Germany. Judging from the religious situation in this country, it is not difficult to say that your works will be accepted with great interest. The interest in and the need of the real Christ are growing greater and greater, while neither the orthodox nor the so-called rationalistic lives of the Nazarene hitherto written satisfy the growing demand of the educated classes. The young generation of this country is waiting for the Oriental Christ."

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

The Children's Mission acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of Easter offerings, etc., from May 1 to June 5, as follows:—

From Unitarian Sunday-schools at Wollaston, \$14.00;	
Exeter, N.H., \$4.45; Athol Centre, \$3.40; Lawrence,	
for life membership of Miss Eleanor Young, \$20.35;	
Belfast, Me., \$5.00; Harvard, \$5.64; South Worcester,	
\$2.64; First Religious Society, Newburyport, \$8.42;	
Reading, additional, 60 cts.; Lawrence Sunday-school	
at Hudson, \$5.31; Westboro, \$1.78; a little girl in Second	
Church, Boston, 50 cts.; All Souls' Church, Rox-	
bury, \$52.57; Second Unitarian Church, Somerville,	
\$2.00; Walpole, \$4.78; Revere, \$6.00; Melrose, addi-	
tional, 87 cts.; Harvard Church, Charlestown, \$6.68;	
Middleboro, \$3.84; First Parish, East Bridgewater,	
\$7.67; Wellesley Hills, \$2.87; Winthrop, \$5.05; Chic-	
opee, \$5.25; Malden, \$21.00; Hubbardston, \$6.50; Peter-	
boro, N.H., \$3.60; Peabody, additional, \$1.05; Randolph,	
\$7.36; Medford, \$15.04; East Weymouth, \$1.13; Chan-	
ning Memorial Church, Newport, R.I., \$10.00; Canton,	
\$7.11; Winchendon, \$5.76; Medfield, \$7.98; Norwell,	
\$1.25.	
Total of Easter offerings.....	\$259.84
Also as regular contributions from Sunday-	
school First Religious Society of Newbury-	
port.....	10.73
From Sunday-school Unitarian Society, New-	
ton Centre.....	23.26
Sunday-school, Harvard Church, Charlestown	
Sunday-school, First Parish, Plymouth, from	
their birthday box.....	10.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Hubbard-	
ston.....	10.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Medfield,	
in mite-boxes.....	9.30
The Wide Awake, Norwell.....	7.00
Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.....	50.00
Mr. Thompson Baxter.....	10.00
Mrs. Charles Faulkner.....	50.00
Miss Faulkner.....	25.00
Mrs. S. H. Stratton.....	5.00
	\$498.95

H. PICKERING, Treasurer.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

BOSTON, MASS.—The Church of the Disciples Branch of the National Alliance has planned an attractive programme for next winter's study. It will be "A Year with Emerson," and provides for readings, papers, and talks with a thoroughness and judgment that will make the course a most valuable one for all fortunate enough to share it. Any Branch desiring to plan earnest work for next winter could hardly do better than to use the same programme.

Boston Common: The popular religious services Sunday afternoons at five o'clock on Boston Common have gone on with increasing success. Under the big cottonwood tree, now a familiar feature in the exercises, Messrs. Hale, Walkley, Savage, Horton, Crothers, Eliot, Van Ness, Hudson, Huxtable, Howe, and Dole have spoken. The audiences ranged from four hundred to twelve hundred. The weather on certain days was unfavorable. Six meetings were planned. Four are past. It is probable that the series will be continued through July and August. A cornet and parlor organ have been used to lead the singing. Mr. F. H. Nazro has attended to this. Printed hymns are circulated, and tracts are also given away freely. Thus far the addresses have been on topics allied to modern life and duty, such as brotherhood, service, self-respect, and the teachings of Jesus in relation to character. Coming speakers are Messrs. Ames, De Normandie, Boynton, Roblin, Brooke, and McDaniel.

ANDOVER, N.H.—On Friday, June 7, the graduation exercises of Proctor Academy were held, five young ladies and three young men receiving the diploma of the Unitarian Educational Society. Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., offered prayer. The papers read by the class reflected much credit upon the teaching of the school, and gave much satisfaction to the trustees and friends present. The diplomas were presented by President J. C. A. Hill. The same teachers will be continued in their work. The coming year will bring a distinct improvement in the boarding facilities. Many expressions were heard after the exercises to the effect that the school deserves a liberal support and a large attendance of pupils.

BERKELEY, CAL.—On June 2 Rev. E. B. Payne held touching and fitting memorial services for six of the "Colima" victims. —Prof Whiting, his wife, and four children, who have been so identified with every interest of our little church band in Berkeley, Cal. The large audience was in tears, and passed resolutions of sympathy with the stricken relatives in the East.

HOULTON, ME.—The Unitarian conference at Houlton, Me., begins Tuesday evening, June 25. Trains leave Oldtown over the B. & A. Railroad at 7.23 A.M. and 3.55 P.M., arriving at Houlton 11.50 A.M. and 7.35 P.M., connecting with M. C. trains for the West. Returning, leave Houlton at 9.05 A.M. and 2.10 P.M., arriving at Oldtown 12.05 P.M. and 6.42 P.M., connecting with M. C. trains for the West. The M. C. Railroad will sell tickets to Houlton and return at greatly reduced rates to persons attending the conference.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Rev. Carl G. Horst preached his farewell sermon as pastor of Unity Church on May 26. His resignation was accepted by the society with much regret. The most cordial relations have existed between pastor and people for four years. The esteem in which he is held by the community was attested to by the large number of persons who gathered to hear his farewell sermon. Not only does Unity Church lose a beloved pastor and loyal friend, but the city sustains the loss of an earnest and valued citizen, who was always ready to help in any good cause. Mr. Horst began his work in Athol on June 2.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Rev. Russell Belows preached in Washington June 2, from the text, "And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The summer meeting of the Norfolk Conference will be held with the First Congregational Parish in Canton, Thursday, June 20. Rev. Roderick Stebbins of Milton will read an essay on "The Religious Opportunities of To-day," which will be discussed by Rev. L. R. Daniels and Philip S. Thacher. In the afternoon Rev. E. A. Horton will speak on "What can we do to Improve our Sunday-schools?" and Rev. F. B. Mott and Rev. John A. Savage will continue the subject. Trains for Canton Junction leave Park Square station at 8.25, 10.30, 11.35, and 12.05.

SUFFOLK CONFERENCE.—A meeting of the Suffolk Conference was held on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, June 6. The afternoon session began with devo-

tional exercises conducted by Rev. C. R. Eliot. Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford of Waltham then gave an interesting address on "What do Unitarians Believe?" We believe in no statement of belief, he said, because we hold a growing truth; and any creed would need constant revision. We are open to the acceptance of any conclusions reached by experts in the various departments of investigation, without regard to its effect upon our established church or belief. We hold to a conception of God that continually expands with growing thought. He is higher than our highest and better than our best. We believe in a progressive humanity, with a Garden of Eden and a vision of blessedness before, and not behind us.

Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., of East Boston then spoke on "Unitarians and their Belief." Dr. Fisk forcibly urged the importance of putting our thought into a form that would make it an effective power in the world. He closed with an appeal for a more faithful attendance at the church service and a greater loyalty to our practical religious work. In the discussion which followed remarks were made by Rev. J. L. Seward, Rev. Albert Walkley, Rev. Mrs. Whitney, and Rev. C. A. Allen. The afternoon session closed with a solo sung very acceptably by Miss Key.

After a supper furnished by the ladies of the Winthrop society the conference assembled for the evening exercises, filling the church in good numbers. The general topic was "Factors of a Successful Church." Rev. E. A. Horton, in speaking on "The Social and Philanthropic Activity," of the church, urged the importance in our day of the expansion of religion to cover a wide range of spiritual welfare. It must be a church of the rich and the poor, and the stranger there must be made to see that he is cordially welcome. Mr. R. C. Humphreys made an earnest plea for self-sacrifice and devotion to the church in speaking of the "Layman's Responsibility." He called attention especially to the encouragement to the minister and the power of example and influence on others in a constant attendance at the Sunday service. Rev. E. C. Butler spoke on "The Preacher." If a man really believes in his ministry, and gives himself, his time and his strength, to the work, he need not become a neglected minister. There comes a time in the career of the successful preacher when he feels a glow when he ascends the pulpit stairs, and when his soul is filled with the spirit of God; and that spirit goes out to his hearers. Rev. Charles G. Ames spoke of "The Spiritual Life" of a church as a condition of success. Rev. W. S. Key, in behalf of the Winthrop church, spoke of the pleasure this visit of the conference had afforded, and he was sure that good results would follow. Short addresses followed from Rev. E. R. Butler, Rev. E. C. Headle, and Rev. C. W. Blackett of the Methodist church of Winthrop. After a hearty vote of thanks to the Winthrop society for its hospitality the conference adjourned.

NATIONAL GUILD ALLIANCE.—The annual meeting of the National Guild Alliance was held in Channing Hall on Wednesday, May 29, preceded by the business meeting in Room 10, which was attended by the delegate representatives of the various guilds represented in the Alliance, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago presiding. An encouraging report of the year's work was presented by Mrs. Laura B. Martine, the recording secretary, at which time she exhorted the guilds to greater helpfulness in the Alliance, showing their opportunities of so doing. The report of Miss E. J. Libbey, the treasurer, was next heard, giving a favorable showing of the financial standing of the Alliance. Report of Rev. George W. Cooke agent, was also read and accepted. Rev. George W. Piper, chairman of the Nominating Committee, then announced the resignation of the helpful president, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago. This was accepted with regret, in consequence of his acceptance of the position as minister of Unity Church, Chicago. The following were duly announced as the board of officers for the ensuing year: president, Rev. Loren B. McDonald of Boston; vice-president, Miss Margaret Blanchard of Concord, Mass.; recording secretary, Mrs. Laura B. Martine, Worcester, Mass.; corresponding secretary, Miss Kate L. Brown, Hyde Park; treasurer, Miss E. J. Libbey, Dorchester, Mass. The mass meeting was held in Channing Hall at three o'clock, the following programme holding the interest of a large audience of guild workers and friends. The opening address was made by the retiring president, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, who spoke earnestly of his confidence in the guilds as an important and helpful organization to the future church. He was followed by Miss Brown, who painted bright possibilities for the future. The following representatives of several guilds told in an interesting and inspiring manner the work accomplished by their representative organization: Miss Nellie Porter of Neponset, Mass.; Mrs. Young of Norton, Mass.; Mr. Carlton Wheeler of Peterboro, N.H.; Miss Blanchard of Concord; and Mr. Rodman of Wellesley Hills. Fine music was

rendered by a male quartette from the guild of Keene, N.H., and a mixed quartette from the guild of Concord, Mass.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—One of the pleasantest meetings in Anniversary Week was the annual public gathering which has become a custom of the Alliance, and was this year held at the Second Church, Copley Square, Boston. The church was entirely filled with members of the Alliance and interested friends, who listened to a long and varied programme. The speakers were Mrs. Dix, the president; Miss Downing of Concord, N.H.; Mrs. F. W. Hooper, president of the New York League; Miss Elizabeth P. Channing of Milton, Mass.; Mrs. Catlin, director for Eastern New York; Mrs. Utter, vice-president for the Rocky Mountain section; Mrs. George S. Hale, and others. The first president of the Alliance, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, spoke for Grace Chapel, Green Harbor, and its hard-working little society, and told the story of Ramabai and her school to which she is so devoted a friend. Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe, in recent years too seldom seen at the May meetings of the Alliance, read a poem in honor of the seventieth anniversary of the American Unitarian Association. Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill., made an earnest plea for the good time coming, when men and women will work together and separate organizations no longer be needed. The Alliance was honored by the presence of Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the pastor of the Second Church, who cordially welcomed the people present to the hospitality of the church, and then spoke to them on the value of organized effort and some methods to be pursued in forming new societies.

The most important event of the day was the reading by Dr. Duren J. H. Ward of an address recently delivered by Rev. Charles R. Weld at the meeting of the Southern Conference in Baltimore. The subject of the address was "The General Theological Situation in the South," and contained explicit statements of great interest and value to all interested in Southern work. At the close of the addresses the audience was invited to the parlors of the church, where lunch and the "fellowship" of a social hour ended a most memorable meeting.

On the following Friday the monthly meeting of the Executive Board was held at 25 Beacon Street. This was somewhat earlier than the stated date, to enable some distant members to be present. The formation of new Branches was announced at Chelmsford, New Bedford, and Fairhaven. Mrs. George S. Hale of Boston has become a life member. Rev. Mr. Chaney has applied for space at the Cotton States and International Exposition to be held at Atlanta, Ga., from September 18 to December 31, 1895, in which to exhibit Unitarian literature and apparatus for religious education and church extension. It was voted that the Alliance should assist Mr. Chaney in this matter, and the whole subject is in the hands of a committee with full powers. It is desired that Post-office Mission Committees should send to Miss Everett the addresses of recent correspondents, that the directory may be kept complete to date. Register reports will be again sent to the Branches in September. Emily A. Fifield, Secretary.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.—The Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute held its forty-sixth anniversary at Arlington Street Church on Wednesday afternoon, May 29. Friends contributed plants and flowers to adorn the pulpit; and the attractive appearance of the children, who were present in goodly numbers from the Mission and the Female Asylum, made the scene beautiful for the audience, which well filled the house. The exercises were opened by the orphan quartette from the Sunday-school of the Winthrop Society, followed by prayer by Rev. Hilary Bygrave of Belmont. The president, Mr. William H. Baldwin, then spoke of the work of the Mission, which had been going on quietly, but growing steadily, for nearly half a century. He emphasized it as a work which touched all hearts and brought together those who felt for suffering children. A song of welcome was then sung by the children of the Female Asylum, in their usual happy manner. The singing during the afternoon was mostly by the orphan quartette. Mr. Henry Pickering, the treasurer, gave a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Mission for the past year, the particulars of which will appear in the report soon to be published. The secretary, Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, made a report of the work of the Mission during the year just ended, giving statistics of the children. For two months admissions were suspended on account of sickness, but in ten months 232 children had been admitted, 207 had been sent to places, adopted, or returned to parents or friends who had become able to provide for them, and 25 remained in the home. The report spoke warmly of the care given the children by the matron and her assistants; of the great interest felt by the children in the Sunday-schools, shown by their contributions and in various ways; and of the great good which the Mission

exerts as an educator in generosity and benevolence. Interesting addresses were made by Rev. Albert Walkley of Brighton, Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, and Rev. Edward I. Galvin of Chicago. A full report of the addresses and other exercises will soon be published.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Nothing if not Logical.—In another column of this issue there is a very clever argument presented by the Paine Furniture Company in regard to the use of old furniture. It is hard to understand by what rule of logic a man takes advantage of all the improvements of the last twenty years, including the telephone, electric light, express train, rapid postal service, etc., and refuses to avail himself of the equally great advancement made in the convenience and comfort of modern furniture over the old-fashioned, clumsy, and inconvenient cabinet work of a dozen years ago. A walk through the warerooms of a great modern establishment like the Paine Furniture Company will be a revelation to many of our readers of the wonderful advancement which the last decade has made in the direction of personal comfort and convenience in furniture.

Deaths.

In Uxbridge, 21st ult., Hon. Charles A. Wheelock, aged 83 years.

The death of so good a man and such an upright citizen deserves particular mention in the *Christian Register*, to which he was for many years a subscriber, and of which he was always a thoughtful reader. From childhood he had been connected with the church. It is on record that fifty-nine years ago he agreed to pay his share of an indebtedness on the church, then recently built. The next year he was clerk of the society, and ever since that time he has been active and earnest in everything that pertained to the welfare of the church, from the beginning in the Sunday-school as pupil, teacher, superintendent, forty years in the choir, always present at the services till age and infirmity compelled him to remain at home, till the last having an affectionate solicitude for it. He was a life member of the American Unitarian Association and often a delegate to the National Conference, beginning with its second meeting at Syracuse in 1866.

As a citizen, Mr. Wheelock, though an active business man, was never too busy for many public services. One who has known him for many years said truly of him, "He has always been ready to give himself for the good of the community." In his care for the public schools and keen interest in the young, in his endeavors as one of the founders and president of the Public Library, by his unflinching devotion to the best interests of the community, he wrote his name in our memories as one who belonged to Ben Adhem's race.

C. A. R.

Religious Notices.

THE SUMMER MEETING

OF

THE NORFOLK CONFERENCE

WILL BE HELD WITH

The First Congregational Parish in Canton,

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

PROGRAMME.

- 10.00 A.M. Devotional service. Conducted by Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, minister of the Christ Church in Dorchester, the theme chosen being, "Seeking to Grow."
- 10.45 A.M. Conference called to order. Business.
- 11.00 A.M. Essay by Rev. Roderick Stebbins, of Milton, on "The Religious Opportunities of To-day." Discussion to be opened by Rev. L. R. Daniels of South Natick and Rev. Philip S. Thacher of Needham.
- 12.45 P.M. Collation.
- 2.15 P.M. Business resumed.
- 2.30 P.M. Address by Rev. E. A. Horton, of Boston, president of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. Subject, "What can we do to improve our Sunday-schools?" Rev. F. B. Mott, minister of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, and Rev. John A. Savage of Medfield will lead in the discussion.
- 4.00 P.M. Adjournment.

E. Q. S. OSGOOD, Sec'y.

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Pres.

Trains for Canton Junction from Boston (Park Square Station N.Y., N. H. & H. R.R.) 8.25, 10.30, 11.35 A.M.

12.05 P.M.

RETURN: Leave Canton Junction 2.31, 4.10, 5.25 P.M.

N.B.—Slight changes in this order are liable to take place Monday, June 17.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst, after May 26, will be Athol, Mass.

CONTINENTAL.

Atlantic City, N.J.

Desirable location, best service, and moderate rates.

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E. A. SAWTELLE, Proprietor.

WANTED.

THE UNITARIAN for APRIL, 1886.

One copy to complete file by a Post-office Mission on Pacific Coast. Any person willing to donate a copy for this purpose will please send it to P.O. M., care Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

For the *Christian Register*.
MY PRAYER.

BY RACHEL B. MACMULLIN.

If I should ask in my prayer to-night
For a gift from the Unseen Hand,
What answer could I hope to hear,
With a meaning to understand?

So many gifts and prayers I could ask,
So many helps by the way,
If all were answered and all bestowed,
Not a night could I change to a day.

And I, with eyes so blind to see,
And feet so willing to stray,
Could hardly know where the path would lead,
With no guide to mark the way.

I'll pray for faith and trust in One
Who can see beyond the door,
And ask that my steps be led in the path
Where his feet have walked before.

I'll ask that my eyes be open to see
The work that is needing my hand,
And my heart be willing to wait for the gifts
In the time that his love has planned.

The Pulpit.

A MAN OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN MEMORY OF REV. HENRY ADOLPHUS
MILES, D.D.

BY REV. CHARLES T. BILLINGS.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."—ACTS xi. 24.

Sometimes a single sentence serves to portray the character of an individual better than volumes devoted to his career. Just as the essence of religion is found in Christianity, and the essence of Christianity is found in the Bible, so the substance of man's highest nature is often revealed through the sympathetic friend and observer by a single word or phrase. It comes as a flash of light into our darkness, guides us to our truest thought, and reveals the secret of man's power.

This is true in the case of the apostle Barnabas, of whom the words of the text are spoken. These words do not, to be sure, add to our knowledge of outward events. With these alone, we should be ignorant of the channels through which faith and the Holy Spirit flowed; for they tell us nothing of his labors at Antioch, nothing of his bringing of Paul there, nothing of the trip to Jerusalem or the missionary journey they took together. Nor do they add anything to or confirm in any way the traditions that have grown up about this apostle.

But they do tell us that which made him what he was and is to us. They do reveal the source whence all his actions flowed. They do portray him as a man of deep spiritual insight, and in the statement that "much people was added unto the Lord" they reveal the strength of that life and its effective working power. He was a man full of the Holy Ghost or Spirit.

Just what the Holy Spirit is has always puzzled the minds of men,—just as it did on that first Whitsunday centuries ago, when men asked, "What meaneth this?" They could not understand the gift of tongues, nor can men readily to-day comprehend the deeper meaning of Pentecost. It seems something vague and remote from them. For the gift of the Holy Spirit is not so tangible a gift as wealth, or learning, or executive ability. Nor can it be acquired through long and arduous periods of study, as knowledge can. It is something that is in a man's nature, and is called forth from it rather than any outward addition or acquisition. It may, however, be developed, and is always influenced by its surroundings,—quickened by the presence of high things, dulled by contact with low.

Its charm is undeniable and quickly felt, yet just what it is we cannot say. It eludes our powers of definition; and philosophy, even in the hands of the greatest thinkers, has not contributed much to its analysis. We know only that it is the power of God touching and glorifying the human soul. Just as the sunlight catches the wave, and makes it reflect in its sparkle somewhat of its own light, or touches the diamond, and causes it to give back to the world a more resplendent lustre, so the power of God catches the thought of man, and ennobles it; the word, and dignifies it; the deed, and renders it immortal; the life, and makes it divine.

The Holy Spirit is that, therefore, which

breathes through a man, his work, his life, and gives to all a higher worth. It finds its home in the purpose of the human heart. Two men set out to do a given work. The one sees but the advantage he is to get from the faithful performance of it. The other sees the benefit the world is to get from it. The work may be finely done in either case, but the spirit of both men is revealed in their work; and he who wrought with the higher aim breathes into his the Holy Spirit. And this is just what constitutes its greatest charm. It is the spirit of man that is all-important. It is not what man does, but the way he does it, the purpose that is behind it, that renders it most effective and impressive. Philanthropy from a mean motive shrinks to the limits of the human heart that holds it. Philanthropy from a high motive, from a love of God and man, magnifies the deed, blesses him that gives and him that receives, and enriches and ennobles the world.

The Holy Spirit, therefore, is that in a man which lifts him out of his selfishness, consecrates his work through a lofty purpose, and gives the greatest power to his work. It is that in him which ever suggests God to his fellow-men. It is that which reveals man's divine sonship and deepens his sense of human brotherhood.

However hard it may be to analyze, its power is undisputed. It is that power which has given the world its noblest men and women. It is that which made the career of the Master possible, and must ever be the distinguishing characteristic of his disciples; for it is ever the picture of the spiritual triumphing over the material that has won the hearts of men, and enabled them in their turn to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

We love, therefore, to remember those who in marked degree have possessed this power, the lives that have been touched by the larger life of God and given themselves freely and devotedly to the highest ends, those who in their thought and word and deed have revealed the glory of spiritual strength. It is well that the nation has set apart a day when we may recall with reverence those who used this power in the service of their country. But this same spirit is found also apart from battlefields and patriotic devotion. It is found in the humblest lives as among the most illustrious, among the poor as among the rich, among men of learning and men whose opportunities and advantages have been few. It is found in the home, the church, the wise movements of philanthropy, and all that betokens the love of the unselfish aim and life.

It is a delight and an inspiration to recall all the men and women that have been inspired by the Holy Ghost. We find them in every age and clime. We find them here and now.

As we think of them to-day, our minds most naturally recur to one who has lived among us, one whom we have learned to love. His name, indeed, is the name that is on our lips to-day. More than all others, he dwells in our thoughts; for we sadly miss in this place of prayer one who revealed the presence of God in his heart and life, even as the apostle of old revealed it,—one who, like Barnabas, was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and through whose earnest endeavors and inspiring influence much people was added unto the Lord.

And he was one in whom the strength from God was the motive power of his whole life. Sorrow came to him in full measure; but the might of the spirit was so great that it raised him above his trials, enabled him to meet them bravely. And sorrow became a diviner experience because of the wealth of faith and love that he brought to it.

Happiness, too, came to him; and he showed his depth of appreciation in his use of it. He seemed to use it chiefly as a source of joy for others; and happiness also became a holier thing in the thoughts of all who knew him because of the spirit of wisdom and love that so powerfully dominated it.

This same spirit guided him in the use of the talents God had given him. He used them as well as he knew to the glory of God. The thought of self was never prominent or obtrusive. It was, in fact, absent to a marked degree. He was ever courteous, generous, and sympathetic. His wit, which was keen, was always genial, never biting, and never wounding. It was the

outburst of a nature happy in the peace of God, teaching others that God meant his creatures to be happy, to praise him through their mirth and enjoyment, and to delight in their work and all the works of his hands.

This spirit was likewise manifested in his wisdom. He sought the companionship of men and books, not that he might display his wealth of learning, but that he might help men through it to a knowledge of their greater possibilities and a comprehension of the means of making these actual.

And this working ever with the larger purpose strengthened his faith in this very purpose itself. He was ever an optimist. He believed man capable of better things, not meaner. He looked at man from the diviner side. He had a firm faith in God, and in religion as a means of uplifting humanity; and the same reliance on the divine Power which gave him the devoted impulse of the early days, that made his work living and his influence lasting, strengthened him in his latter days, and rendered his old age, already ideal in its conditions and surroundings, strong and beautiful in the power and freshness of its inspiration and its love.

Never in his last days did he speak to me of the life beyond; but that was ever, I believe, because his thoughts seemed to be remote from self and his condition. But, if ever a man lived in the expectation of it, it was Dr. Miles. The very serenity, peace, and happiness that marked his last illness were suggestive of a faith unspoken, a faith which no sickness nor sorrow could disturb, a faith that the God in whom he trusted so many years, and who had bestowed so many marks of his favor upon him, would be with him anywhere and everywhere. Nothing could separate him from the love of God. This was the firm conviction which his life revealed far better than words could possibly have done.

The same conviction followed him in his work. Some, perhaps, will best remember him by what he wrote,—by the "Gospel Narratives" or "The Grains of Gold," "Channing's Thoughts," "Traces of Picture-painting in the Bible," or "Modern Ideas of the Birth of Jesus." But those who look more deeply will see the direction of his work as well as its value, will see how in the "Grains of Gold" and "Channing's Thoughts" he was trying to bring to other minds and hearts some of the divine fire and love and truth that he found in the words of two great preachers. He wished all to share their inspiration. And this desire to bring the spiritual life to others became so deeply wrought into his nature that he compiled and edited the "Altar at Home," a series of simple services for the use of the family, that through these religious thoughts the atmosphere of the home might be sweetened and purified and robbed of all those material and selfish desires that tend to deprive it of its greatest charm, overturn its deepest foundations, and make its ties less binding and less strong.

And was not this same spirit in his other writings? He wished men to know more about the Bible and its deeper problems. He wished to bring Jesus nearer to the hearts of men, and he felt that the miraculous conception only rendered the Master remote. He wrote his book on "The Birth of Jesus" at a time when it took much more courage to proclaim such ideas than it does now. But, if I read the author aright, the love of God and his truth would not let him do otherwise. He wrote with learning and without fear, and the world for which he wrote was grateful for his courage and appreciative of his careful scholarship. This power of the Holy Spirit was manifest in all that he did. It stimulated his mental activity and desire for knowledge, and he was ever the student rather than the man of letters. But his faith and love never left him. They made him a learner for others, and gave purpose and direction to his reading. They acquired a deeper influence with each succeeding year, and made the thought of his latter years his ripest and his best. His power of intellectual application was remarkable. It is revealed in the ability, at a comparatively advanced age, to enter new fields of study and master them. That which younger men shrank from attempting, or could only acquire with difficulty, he seemed to do with ease, but ever with that one purpose that lightened all his labor and consecrated all his labor.

Even his conversation revealed the nobility of his spirit. It was rarely directed to petty subjects. His well-ordered and well-stored mind always aroused and compelled thought, even when it suggested no new truth to his fellow-creatures. But behind all that stimulus of thought was a stimulus of spirit. Men felt the presence of God in the sweet spiritual atmosphere of his life, and this feeling awakened a response among the deeper emotions of their natures.

This power of the spirit was evident also in all his sermons. Men felt in them the same discriminating care, the same logic of thought, the same learning, that marked all his work; but better than all these were the simplicity and directness which revealed the religious feeling, sanctifying the temple of God, already hallowed by so many associations, and filling it with inspiring and uplifting thoughts.

These same influences gave the chief value to his work with the American Unitarian Association. He was the first secretary of the Association, I am told, who possessed a vital enthusiasm for missionary enterprise. He was the first to appreciate deeply the need of bringing our life and thought to other churches, and to men and women of other denominations. But his aim was ever spiritual rather than denominational.

He was, then, as was the apostle of old, a man eminently endowed with the Holy Spirit. It gladdened, strengthened, and beautified his whole career; and there could be no day more fitting for his funeral services than Whitsunday,—a day celebrated in the Church for the coming of the Holy Spirit into the lives of the disciples, a day which henceforth should increase this spiritual power in our lives,—not alone from the memories of the Master's love, but from the thought of him we mourn this day.

He was, then, pre-eminently a man of the Spirit; but I know there is a feeling in all your hearts that he was something more. The world may view him so; but you do not, because you remember how much more he has been to you. You remember that yours was the blessed privilege of knowing him as preacher, pastor, friend. You remember his kindly face and his cordial welcome. Some of you remember the words which have comforted or strengthened you in your sorrows. You remember the encouragement he has given in moments of trial, and his ready rebuke when you were inclined to accept Heaven's favors too lightly and too carelessly. You remember him in your homes: you remember how he has touched your lives just as God seemed to have touched his. For he came, to the sick and those who were suffering, and his presence made them forget their pain and weakness in the higher thought he brought them. Wherever he came, he brought his blessing. His broad sympathies enabled him to enter into the interests of all who approached him. He loved the children, and the children loved him. He loved his people; and, when he ceased to be the active pastor and became the pastor *emeritus*, he still, even to the very last, retained his deep affection for all of this parish.

He comes, then, to your minds to-day, not only as a man of spiritual nature, but as one who has entered into the closest relations with your lives,—one whose friendship you prized, and knew better how to appreciate with each added year. You have all the blessed memories and happy associations of nearly a score of years with him whom you learned to love so deeply, and these memories and associations cannot at once be thrown aside in order that you may view him as the world views him.

God grant, indeed, that you never may forget these memories, or think lightly of all that binds him to you and makes your love for him so deep and tender. God grant that these ties may never be broken or relaxed, but that they may be strengthened in his calm hope and confidence of the life to come. Be sure these stronger ties are no illusions. That same spiritual nature that attracted you attracted also the stranger who saw him but for the first time. How often I remember in my divinity school days, when a fellow-student had preached in this church, others used to say to him on his return, "Did you meet Dr. Miles?" And there was always some pleasant word for the man who had given him perhaps his first encouragement. And this

is but typical of the feeling for him everywhere; and, if this was stirred at first acquaintance, what must have been your privilege who could look into the very depths of that rare nature, gather courage from its strength, hope from its sympathy, and peace from its quiet and impressive benediction!

You knew the deeper sources of his life and action; and your great joy in him, I take it, has ever been that your first impressions were strengthened, not weakened, that you learned to love him more rather than less, and that each year revealed a greater depth of character and a deeper love for all that was high and holy.

Of course, we have not all entered into these deeper associations with Dr. Miles in the same degree. Our memories of him are all different, and our love of varying strength. Yet I feel sure they all lead us to the same high opinion. He was the friend of all the good. He belonged, as one well said to me, not to the parish alone, but to the town. He was always interested in all that advanced the welfare of Hingham. He was a true citizen as well as a true pastor; but in all his relations, private or public, the love of God dominated all his thought and life. This was the truth to which his greatest devotion was given. He was a true disciple of the Master; and his life and love can be summed up in no words more fitting than those which the writer of the book of Acts applied to the apostle Barnabas,—"He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

UNITY CLUB BUREAU.

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs held its annual meeting in Channing Hall on Thursday, May 30. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read, showing that the Bureau has been at work as in former years, and that it needs about \$40 additional in order to meet its obligations for the year in full. Some changes were made in the officers, which may be mentioned. Rev. Thomas Van Ness was elected president; Rev. W. H. Savage, first vice-president; Miss Margaret B. Barnard and Rev. Florence Buck, corresponding secretaries; Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge and Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, directors. All the other officers were re-elected, including Rev. George W. Cooke as secretary and agent.

Addresses were made by Rev. S. B. Stewart, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and Rev. Frederic Hinckley. The directors were authorized to secure a representative of the Bureau in every State and conference, who will present its claims and help to secure closer co-operation between it and the local clubs. They were also authorized to invite any persons to meet with them at their monthly meetings who are willing to take an active part in making the work of the Bureau more efficient. Rev. C. R. Eliot suggested that the clubs and guilds might be brought into closer relations to each other, and one organization suffice for them both. A committee, consisting of Rev. C. R. Eliot, Miss Kate L. Brown, and Rev. L. B. Macdonald, was appointed to consider the advisability of uniting the Unity Club Bureau and the Guild Alliance. The following is the report of the secretary and agent:—

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs has never been able fully to accomplish what it set out to accomplish. When it was organized, the expectation was that all the clubs would gladly join themselves with it, and that a strong organization devoted to the promotion of the intellectual life in our churches would be built up. In fact, the clubs have always held off from the bureau, distrusted its efforts, and mostly refused to co-operate with it. It has not gained the strength which would have come from the union of the clubs and their concentration of effort upon common objects and methods. The Unity Clubs seem to have manifested the very quintessence of that individual spirit which is so prominent a factor in Unitarianism.

The Bureau has not been wholly without a mission, however; and it has accomplished a few results for which it was worth while to strive. When it was organized, the club idea and method were criticized on every hand. Such criticism is rarely, if at all, heard at the present time. The clubs have now obtained recognition. Their value is distinctly seen, and their work approved.

The Bureau has during the past year, as in former years, worked to bring the clubs nearer to each other, to make them mutu-

ally helpful, and to foster the interests for which they exist. It answers the questions of new clubs as to how to organize, it sends programmes to those which desire to know what other clubs are doing, it procures books for clubs at a distance, and it reports the club work in our periodicals. It is impossible to make this kind of work show largely in a report; but it requires time, patience, and drudgery to attend to its details. That it is of value is shown by the fact that the Bureau is frequently consulted on every kind of topic connected with club work, and from all parts of the country. It is quite safe to say that every club profits more or less fully by the work of the Bureau.

During the past season—that is, since September 1—I have been in Room 11, Unitarian Building, nearly every working day, from nine to five o'clock. That has enabled me to consult more promptly with the persons wishing my help, and to attend at once or with small delay to the correspondence of the Bureau. As a result, the work has been more efficient than in any preceding year.

An additional service rendered has been that of two union conferences held in Channing Hall. In co-operation with the guilds and temperance societies, these meetings have been well attended, and have proven of real help to club workers. Their success has been such as to warrant a continuance of them, and with an effort to make them more efficient and practical, they ought to serve an excellent purpose as a means of normal training in club methods.

It is worth noting, in this connection, that the Bureau took the initiative in bringing about this co-operation of the clubs, guilds, and societies. At first there was more or less of jealousy and friction between them; but now they work most harmoniously together, because it is seen that they are mutually helpful to each other.

This is one result of the establishment of the agency which is supported by and assists all these organizations. The conferences have helped forward their co-operation and cemented their union in a practical way.

It would seem to be a part of the duties of the secretary and agent to make suggestions as to the work which may be done in the future. The Bureau ought to make more effort to meet the needs of the clubs and to justify its own existence. The extreme individualism, self-reliance, and local character of nearly all these clubs make it very difficult for a central organization to secure their support and sympathy. It is quite certain, however, that the moment the clubs see that the Bureau will be of help to them they will rally to its support.

1. The first thing the Bureau should do is to find out the needs of the clubs. This can be done by correspondence, by direct communication with the secretary of every club. To promote this result, as well as to secure a better understanding on the part of the clubs of the work of the Bureau, a person should be found in every conference who will be a medium of communication between the two. For instance, if in the Maine Conference we had such a representative, he could find out the needs of the clubs and report them to the Bureau; he could ascertain what the clubs were doing, what their success, who their officers, and report them to the Bureau; he could speak for the Bureau at the conferences and on other occasions, and interest the clubs in connecting themselves with it. In this way every club might be induced to join the Bureau and to make a contribution to its treasury.

2. To carry out this more extended plan of work, it is necessary that the Bureau itself become more active in its methods. Hitherto the secretary has been obliged quite largely to work alone, with only occasional advice from the directors. If a more aggressive method is to be adopted, a monthly meeting of the officers and directors should be held for planning of work and for devising of methods to make the clubs more efficient instruments of culture and intellectual growth. It would, perhaps, be well to invite all club workers who chose to do so to attend these meetings, that they might become the means of making the clubs vitally helpful to each other.

3. The work of communicating with the clubs, and of making them helpful to each other, would be greatly facilitated by a club directory, which should give the list of officers, time and place of meeting, character of the work done by the club, its number of classes or sections, and the general nature of its programmes for the year. Probably such a directory should be published in connection with the National Guild Alliance and the Unitarian Temperance Society. Each of these organizations needs a similar directory, and the three could be published in one pamphlet to best advantage.

4. It is quite clear that the Bureau needs some way of communicating with the clubs. This can be done, without doubt, in the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian*, and in a more effective way than hitherto; yet this method is not wholly satisfactory. Communications need to be sent directly to each club, as often as possible, in the way of suggestions of work, programmes, outlines of wholesome entertain-

ments, or other helps the clubs are sure to use sooner or later. The expense is the great difficulty in the way here; but, in the end, it seems probable that the larger income will amply justify the larger outlay. How the clubs can be so reached is a problem for the officers and directors to solve at the proposed monthly conferences; but the importance of reaching them is great, if the Bureau would prosper or even continue to live.

5. I would call attention to the Summer School of Unity Club Methods held at Tower Hill, Wis., each summer. A similar school in New England would be of great service to the Bureau. It could be made a very efficient aid to our work in many ways. It certainly would not at first bring together a large number of persons; but, if held in an attractive and inexpensive location, it would prove a stimulating help to many a tired worker. I have for a long time felt that such a school might and ought to be in existence. I can see how it would prove a Godsend to the Unity Club interest in New England by giving it definiteness, character, and power.

These suggestions are put forward as the result of five years' experience. They are based on the conviction that the Unity Club is an important adjunct of our churches, that it is worthy of the effort to improve it, and that the results it has already accomplished are such as to warrant the expectation that it will become a permanent feature of the Unitarian movement.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The sixty-eighth anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School Society was held at King's Chapel Thursday afternoon, May 30, at two o'clock, the president of the board of directors, Rev. Edward A. Horton, having charge of the exercises. There was a very large attendance, some listeners standing. The exercises were varied with singing of familiar hymns, rendered with great vigor. After the singing of the introductory hymn prayer was offered by Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. The meeting, on the whole, was considered one of the best for many years. The following report we take from the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:—

In his opening address Mr. Horton paid an eloquent tribute to the work and efficiency of the woman Sunday-school teacher, the importance of whose work could not be overestimated. He said there could be no substitute in religious work for the Sunday-school, and to abandon it would be suicide. He appealed for funds for the carrying on the work of the society, if the Unitarian denomination was not to die.

Rev. P. R. Frothingham, who spoke of the "Sunday School and Citizenship," began by speaking of the appropriateness of the day to his subject. The problem of securing good citizenship is the problem of the day. The standard of citizenship is lower in our country than in that of any nation on the globe. Europe sneers at us. Earnest men, however, are endeavoring to raise the standard; and Unitarian Sunday-schools have an opportunity to help them. But how? There is no satisfactory textbook. Sunday-school teachers must furnish their own text-book, must supplement the teaching in our public schools. They need not busy themselves on details; but, first of all, they should inculcate a profound reverence for government as a conservator of good order and giving protection. The boys should always be taught that it is the first duty of the good citizen to take an active part in politics. A new meaning should be given to citizenship, and here the pagan idea is superior to the Christian. To serve the State was the Greek idea. It ought to be the American. Then love of native place should be inculcated as a basis for love of country. Still, again, hero-worship is not to be despised. Reverence for types of loyal and devoted citizens is a great factor in making good citizens, and in inculcating this reverence there is an opportunity for developing the imaginative and the sentimental.

Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago spoke of the sources of enthusiasm in Sunday-school work. There are sources of enthusiasm always in every work worth the doing, and any such work is beset with difficulties. The Sunday-school is worth while, has come to stay, and is surrounded with obstacles and difficulties. Sunday-school work is hard work, and enthusiasm springs out of hard work. There is no enthusiasm in doing things that are easy. The end of Sunday-school work, the formation and development of high character, must be recognized, so that the teacher must be able to say, "This one thing I do." The difficulties in the way are a challenge which must awaken enthusiasm. One source is the personal interest which a teacher must feel in his pupils, not only in school, but also out of it,—in the home, at play, everywhere. Another source, never to be lost sight of, is the value of the soul. This

thought gives the teacher the highest uplift. Then the teacher must always have faith that the work in which he is engaged is God's work, not his; and this is the highest source of enthusiasm.

Miss Sarah L. Arnold of Minneapolis spoke of the teacher as an interpreter. Miss Arnold, who has been recently elected as a supervisor of Boston schools, said that the teacher as an interpreter is the important thing, whether in public school or Sunday-school. In nearly all facts there is a symbolism which must be made clear and plain, and the successful teacher is he or she who can make this plain. All great truths are simple, and must be made simple, so that the little children can understand them. No great truths affecting life are unintelligible to children when once wisely interpreted to them. Children are full of patience. It is in answering these questions that the great mysteries and infinite things of life are interpreted to the child mind.

Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., argued that the higher criticism is adapted to Sunday-school instruction. The difficulties to-day in teaching the Bible are twofold. One is the uncertainty as to the place the Bible is to hold. It will probably always be a text-book of religion, but it will not always be the sole text-book. The present time is a transitional one. The Bible is not all, but what else is not yet decided. Then, again, the Bible of to-day is a new book. It is a false notion that the Sunday-school is not the place for criticism; that is, in the truest and highest sense of this term. What are the books of the Bible, who wrote them, when were they written, what opportunities had the writer to know concerning that of which he wrote, etc.? These are the questions which intelligent children will ask, and which ought to be answered, if the truth is to be taught. It is doubtful, also, if the Bible can be made interesting unless these questions are answered. The higher criticism shows us in the Bible a natural development of religion, of the search of the soul after God. It shows a real history of real persons, and in this history interprets real life. As well try to teach the geography of America by the maps of the sixteenth century as to teach the real Bible without the higher criticism.

Rev. M. J. Savage discussed the question of Sunday-schools as connected with the Unitarian denominational future. He said that there were two methods of Unitarian growth,—first, by immigration; and, second, by the birth and training of its own sons and daughters. And this latter is something that must be emphasized. Unitarians should train their own children to be loyal to what they believe to be true. Truth is first, and Unitarians must stand for this thought and principle. The sons and daughters of Unitarians should be taught loyalty to truth. There are Unitarians who do not care themselves to train their children into allegiance to anything in particular.

Mr. Savage urged the necessity of a definite church organization to which the children should be taught to have allegiance, and there would come the great opportunity for Sunday-school training. There should be something for the children to join, and this is what Unitarianism lacks to-day.

No good deed, no genuine sacrifice, is ever wasted. If there be good in it God will use it for his own holy purposes, and whatever of ignorance or weakness or mistake was mingled with it will drop away, as the withered sepals drop away when the full flower has blown.—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

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UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Unitarian Temperance Society held its annual meeting in King's Chapel on Friday evening, May 31. The president, Rev. C. R. Eliot, spoke of the change in time and place of holding the annual meeting, and that it had been made because it was desirable to have the society incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. The secretary then read his report of work done during the year. The principal items were that the society had become incorporated; that it had received a gift of \$1,000, which has been invested as a permanent fund; that three new tracts have been published, and new editions of nearly all the old ones; that the work of the society has been presented at several of the local conferences; and that a goodly number of new memberships have been received. The list of officers elected at Saratoga last fall was re-nominated, and elected without any change.

The first speaker was Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, who spoke of the social importance of the temperance cause and the value of the pledge as a means of developing temperance conviction and enthusiasm. She also laid emphasis on the importance of social co-operation in behalf of this reform, and of the need of building up total abstinence sentiment.

Rev. C. F. Dole said that he could not accept the dogmatic theory of temperance which made all drinking a sin. He presented the provisional view as the most helpful one, which holds that, on the whole, in this country the evil is so enormous in proportion to the good to be got out of drinking, we should, for sake of personal and social good, take the ground of total abstinence.

Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., of Dorchester said that all temperance people should work together, and not antagonize each other. The people need to be taught to exercise moral judgment, and to be educated for social co-operation. He thought that agitation and education were the two remedies which must be applied to overcome the evil of intemperance.

Mrs. Fanny B. Ames spoke of the charities of Boston, their good and evil side, of the great effort which has been made through many years to improve the condition of people, and of the growth of degradation and degeneracy. She pointed out the corrupting influence of alcohol, and that no one could afford to become a drinker. Total abstinence, she held, was the only true remedy,—the only Christian, philosophic, and practical remedy.

Rev. George L. Perin, D.D., of the Every-day Church thought that people were drawn into the drink habit because of its social side, its element of hospitality. Intemperance is bound up with other causes, among them that of labor and its hard conditions. People go to saloons because their tastes are coarse and animal. Better material and social conditions are needed as a remedy.

G. W. C.

Literature.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS.*

Those who find time and interest in these days of such abounding literature, covering the countless themes of scientific, social, and religious discussions, to read in volumes, magazines, and newspapers the ablest and most judicious contributions made to them in defence and advocacy of the old Church of the Middle Ages, cannot have failed to be impressed with the force and earnestness with which one single plea is set forth and urged. It is this: that the disintegration of Protestantism, with its consequences of confusion, distraction, and unbelief, sets the old Roman Church as an attraction before all serious and earnest persons as an ark of refuge, a religious home, where they can find peace and unity. Much might be said in dealing with this plea as to the reasons with which it is advanced, its plausibility and cogency, and the grounds of hopefulness that any large number of perplexed minds will yield to it. But, as we have read these often kind and earnest pleas, the question comes to us, How can the Roman Church, discredited, humbled, and dismembered as it is in these days, hope to recover a power and sway

which it once had and could not keep, when its corruptions and enormities provoked the convulsion of the Reformation? This question retains all its force and pertinency, in view of the fact that the Roman Church, stoutly insisting upon its identity and unchangeable system of doctrine and discipline from age to age, declares that it has no apology to offer, no confession of error in teaching or policy to make, and that it would renew and enforce, *if it had the power to do so*, whatever it once did in its supreme sway for conscience and human life. As one pursues this train of thought, another searching question presents itself. Why did not the old Church avert its own disruption and humiliation by instituting and perfecting *within itself*, by its own reserved, sacred, and powerful energy and competent authority, by instituting a thorough and radical reformation of the wrongs and iniquities allowed and fostered in its own bosom?

One who asks this question can find no more helpful or instructive guide in dealing with it than in reading the pages of the volume now in our hands. Mr. Froude, though challenged and sharply criticised for some of his methods and qualities as an historian, has signal excellences and charms as an investigator and a narrator. The method he has chosen in this volume containing his professional lectures at Oxford is one admirably adapted to present his subjects almost autobiographically to us, with all the charms of his personality, his extraordinary career, his learning, versatility, and wit, and his marvellously extended relations to the great and most distinguished men of his day.

Laments abound in all our histories and plays over the lost treasures of literature,—precious writings which we know to have existed, but which have passed into hopeless oblivion. Warm, then, should be our gratitude for the escape from such a doom of some of the richest and most instructive writings of the mediæval times. Foremost among all these are the letters, even above the other works, from the pen of Erasmus. If he did not exceed in the number and spread of his letters any one of his peers in learning and correspondence, the love and admiration felt for him, and the inherent value and interest of his writings, have caused the preservation of them in marvellous volume. They have come to us by scores of hundreds, surviving all the risks of the widest dispersion into many hands and far-separated depositories. There were gleams and qualities in the man himself which prompted all who received a letter from him, even from his earliest years, to guard and cherish them. Indeed, he himself collected and published a volume of them. From the mass of these extant epistles, with all their wealth of learning, their confidential communicativeness, their homely details, their radiance of humor and jollity, and their more serious revelations of the inner man, Mr. Froude, with a few running details of comment, has given us a volume which combines many of the highest charms of literature. Evident it is that Mr. Froude, under some wise limitations, has an admiration and sympathy for his subject. Erasmus has been pilloried in common judgment as a moral coward, a time-server, self-seeker, lover of ease and luxury, fawning upon those high in station, and an obstructor of the mighty convulsion of the Reformation which he did more than any living man to prompt and to excite. More truth is there than in most curt judgments in the saying that "Erasmus laid the egg of the Reformation, and that Luther hatched it."

We write with a view of inducing as many of our readers as we can move to the purpose of indulging and richly instructing themselves by the perusal of this volume. So we will not spoil their enjoyment by offering them any sketch of its contents. They may well accept the help of Mr. Froude in making up a judgment of that marvellously endowed and wonderfully trained man, who has been pilloried, as we have said, as so gifted and mighty, yet for only weak and mischievous results. Every reader will at least be moved to ask himself one question, Why did not the mediæval church reform itself? Erasmus was the ablest and ought to have been the most earnest and effective of that class of men of whom we speak as "reformers before the Reformation,"—men who, though they lived and died in the communion of the Roman Church, deploring and resisting a breach

of unity, under one headship, of the whole Christian discipleship, yet spared no stroke of exposure or rebuke, no protest of remonstrance, no appeal of true piety, nor a single teasing weapon from the armory of railleury, satire, and contempt, in denouncing the outrages and iniquities, the hideous vices, and unnamable enormities of a proud and depraved hierarchy,—and in the whole membership, up to the occupants of the chair of Saint Peter.

G. E. E.

CONGREGATIONALISTS IN AMERICA. A Popular History of their Origin, Belief, Polity, Growth, and Work. By Rev. Albert E. Dunning, D.D. New York: J. A. Hill & Co.—On the extended title-page of this volume are given the names and the subjects of the contributions of several able writers who have aided the author on some special themes relating to the development and historical application of the principles of Congregationalism. The late Dr. Henry M. Dexter, by his laborious and well-nigh exhaustive researches on the revival of the Scripture and apostolical pattern of a church, after the Reformation had shaken and repudiated the old mediæval hierarchy, has wrought a work which will hardly need to be done again, and which, in most of its details, cannot be done better. Dr. Dexter's own enthusiastic love for and devotion to the principles of Congregationalism, and his continued loyalty to the Calvinistic beliefs with which, not necessarily, but incidentally, that form of church polity was identified in its revival, led him, as we think, into an assumption which seriously misled him. It was, as some of the readers of his noble volume regret to find him in some emphatic pages assert, and which all of them imply, that Congregationalism, which is simply a form of church polity, carries with it, as essential to its identity, a fixed and positive system of doctrine. We find traces of this fundamental error in the well-wrought volume of Dr. Dunning now in our hands. A very pleasing illustration of the agency and efficacy of benevolence and charity in softening and qualifying the heats and the animosities of doctrinal strifes is found in connection with the rupture which occurred when many of the original Congregational churches of Massachusetts were divided into the two classes of Trinitarian and Unitarian, a distinction wholly unknown in the apostolic fellowships. When that critical rupture took place, there were among the then very few charitable organizations of the State two in the service of kindly regard for the widows and orphans of its Congregational ministers. One of these was an unincorporated convention, whose funds came from an annual collection; the other, an incorporated charitable society, which at this day holds by bequests, mostly from the past, a sum of nearly \$200,000. By a sort of tacit understanding the common interest which both the branches of the ruptured communion had in these charities was respected. So that representatives of both parties share impartially at this time in the administration and partition of these charities, no question being asked about doctrines. But the humor of the matter lies in this fact: the larger part of the considerable fund to which we have referred, starting from more than a hundred years ago, and before the rupture, was well known to have come from the gifts of that honored class of the laity and merchants of Boston familiarly spoken of as "the liberals." The good Dr. Peirce of Brookline, for many years, when announcing the names of those who were beneficiaries of the charity, gave forth in his stentorian voice the avowal: "Seven-tenths of the principal of this fund came from the liberals. Seven-tenths of the income goes to the orthodox." Dr. Dunning states with admirable force and weight the

identity of the principles of revived Congregationalism with the simple methods of the apostolic churches. Here is the strength of the Congregational policy,—a strict and exclusive following of the Scripture pattern. When we leave that for traditions and the Fathers, we commit ourselves, as Milton well said, to a shaky bog. Dr. Dunning rehearses fairly the familiar story of the planting of the New England churches on the Scripture pattern. They departed from it in their synods, their councils, and covenants. Decline was imperfectly resisted by a "Great Awakening." The development of liberalized opinions and of individuality in doctrinal beliefs, was necessarily and vitally inherent in the Congregational system. All attempts at repression have failed, and the strength of Congregational principles is found to-day in those methods of it which alone are Scriptural.

PRINCE BISMARCK. By Charles Lowe, A.M., author of "Alexander III. of Russia," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.—Bismarck has drawn again the attention of the civilized world. He has never proved to be a man who could easily be shelved. The young emperor set him aside, but he could not wholly set aside his influence or the results of his life-work in securing German unity. Ten years ago Mr. Lowe wrote an historical biography of Bismarck in two volumes. Since this time much fresh material has come to life which he has incorporated in the present sketch. In no biography of Bismarck has his whole career as a political chess-player been described with such accurate knowledge of the board and moves. The volume is something more, therefore, than the personal history of Bismarck. It is an important contribution to the political history of Europe. Mr. Lowe calls Bismarck the greatest history-maker of modern times, and he shows us with great skill how step by step the fabric of German unity was built. This is not the record of a dry chronicler, but of a writer who combines the keen interest of the politician with the literary skill of the historian. Emerson might say of Mr. Lowe, as he said of Froude, that he makes history readable. If he brings out in all its proportions the figure of Bismarck, he shows us the exceeding smallness of "Napoleon the Little," otherwise described as a "gambler and land-grabber who is doing his best to fish in muddy and troubled waters." Just how Bismarck stimulated and prodded King William in the war, and how he moderated him when it was necessary to declare peace, is interesting reading. The dramatic and the melodramatic elements in the political situation are presented with theatrical skill, and one might almost think that Mr. Lowe had been a prompter on the stage or a manager with an eye for interesting situations. Though he does not restrain his feelings or smother his sympathies, he writes with an impartiality which might be said to be not passive, but vigorous; for he applies the lash to England and his countrymen very freely. His style is animated, graphic, vigorous.

LOTUS-TIME IN JAPAN. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—In this bird's-eye sketch of Japan we have another side-light thrown upon the people of the rising sun, who now are exciting the world's attention. On reading the title-page before opening the volume, we supposed that it was to be specially devoted to flower festivals; but, instead, it is rather a printed diary, in which are jotted down the incidents and thoughts of a rapid trip through the country. It is "a convenient bird's-eye view," in which we have traced some of the features in which Japanese civilization is superior to our own. Like many of the tourists and

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*LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS.—Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-94, by J. A. Froude, Regius Professor of Modern History. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

writers on this country, the author has been favorably impressed. He aims to point out "that the Japanese have as much to teach us as we have to teach them, and that what they can offer us is, on the whole, of a higher and nobler order than we can offer them." The book is thoroughly realistic, and gives us a surface picture of the country and its people. Doubtless the descriptions are more correct because the tourist had at his elbow a native travelling companion, whose knowledge was encyclopedic. This book is a readable and interesting sketch. It does not claim to be anything more.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES. By Ernst Mach, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.—Dr. Mach is Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. In these lectures he has endeavored to show the substantial sameness of scientific and every-day thought. He has an original and popular gift for statement; and, if the lecture seems sometimes a little diluted, it is simply expansion or repetition seeking to produce a definite impression. The lectures were evidently given to women, and occasionally there is a condescension of tone and illustration which might lead to the impression that women were not capable of grasping these things in their full complexity. The translation is well made. The author, though he treats many difficult topics, presents them in a fresh and original way. There are added addresses of a more formal character on educational and scientific themes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William North Rice, Ph.D., LL.D. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—The four essays printed here together all bear on the great theme of evolution, and are particularly intended for those who desire to keep the old heritage of faith along with the new treasures of science. Three of these essays have been delivered as lectures before scientific associations. The writer is careful to assert that a reconciliation between Genesis and modern science is unnecessary, and that errors on subjects outside the sphere of morals and religion do not invalidate the claim of their inspiration. Dr. Rice is the professor of geology in Wesleyan University.

Miscellaneous.

Wordsworth and Burns are the two poets who appear in the recent numbers of the "Riverside Literature Series." The selections are well chosen and continue the valuable work of all the set, which includes now seventy-seven books.

The Magazines.

The *Magazine of Poetry* has been enlarged, and many new features introduced, chief of which is that it will no longer be devoted exclusively to poetry. The "Literary Review" of the opening number contains short personal sketches of prominent people, including Mrs. Cheney, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Catherwood, and others.

St. Nicholas has a Christmas look all the year round,—partly on account of its name, and partly for the bright cover with its scarlet medallions. The articles in the June number, however, fit the season, as some of the titles show, as "To the Robin that sings," "Nesting-time," "Camping," "When Vacation's Nearing," and so on. "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," the popular story by Albert Stearns, comes to an end; and we are assured definitely that Aladdin's luck is worn out, and the lamp has lost its power henceforth. There is a generous number of stories, illustrations, and bits of talk, balanced by a few more serious articles.

The *Commercial Traveller's Home Magazine* for May contains an interesting and instructive article on "Gen. Armstrong and Hampton Institute," written by Alice M. Bacon. It is well supplied with over forty illustrations of the school and students, including a fine picture of Gen. Armstrong, which serves as frontispiece for the magazine. Miss Bacon describes Gen. Armstrong's life, showing how his complete indifference to his own comfort and fame allowed him to devote all his time to the Hampton work, and then picturing the cheerful, busy life of the school. There are several interesting articles and stories, both original and selected.

The *North American Review* for June contains an article on "The Power and Wealth of the United States," in which the writer, Michael G. Mulhall, draws the conclusion from statistical facts that this nation possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world, that this power has more than trebled since 1860, and that the intellectual progress of the people is cared for as in no country in Europe. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge uses the Nicaraguan incident to illustrate the scope and

the limitations of the Monroe doctrine; J. J. Henniker Heaton calls vigorously for more freedom of communication by cable between Europe and America, which ought not to be dependent on the policy of private companies; Nordau's "Degeneration" is discussed in three articles; and there is much else of interest in this rich number.

The *Forum* for June leads off with an article on "The Growth of American Nationality," by Gen. Francis A. Walker, which starts one wondering afresh how this writer, historian, educator, economist, man of affairs, manages his time so as to accomplish such a marvellous amount of work in different directions. "Free Silver" is discussed by W. H. Harvey, author of "Coin's Financial School," and Hon. J. DeWitt Warner of the New York Reform Club. The popular interest in Dr. Nordau's "Degeneration" is echoed in all the magazines this month; and in the *Forum* it is represented by Dr. Charles L. Dana, in "Are We Degenerating?" in which he comes to the conclusion that, although the number of the invalid and the degenerate is slightly on the increase, there is nothing in that especially alarming; for, while it may increase still more, it is yet not beyond the bounds of future control. "A Rational Correlation of School Studies," by Dr. J. M. Rice, is another article of especial interest.

In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* Dr. Andrew D. White begins the final division of his papers on the "Warfare of Science." He has shown how theologians have been gradually forced to yield their domination in fields outside their own province, and is now about to trace the advance from error to rational views which comes from the new disposition of men to use their reasoning powers on all matter presented to them. Prof. G. T. W. Patrick treats of "The Psychology of Woman," and concludes, after examination of scientific facts, that anthropological studies indicate her closer connection with the life history of the race, her childlike, representative, and typical nature, and her at present arrested or retarded development. These results are only indicated, not proved. Space does not permit mention of all the important articles in this number, among which are Herbert Spencer's continued study of "Professional Institutions," "Survivals of Sun-worship" by Fanny D. Bergen, and others.

Literary Notes.

Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard has written for the "Cambridge Historical Series" a book entitled "The United States of America, 1765-1861," to be published by Macmillan & Co. in the autumn. The aim of the author has been to devote less attention to battles than is customary in works of this kind, and the space thus gained is used to elucidate the deeper causes underlying the great movements in our history.

The directors of the "Old South Studies" in Boston have added to the series of "Old South Leaflets" President Monroe's message of Dec. 2, 1823, in which the famous "Monroe doctrine" was stated. It is fortunate that at this time, when there are such frequent appeals, and often such ignorant appeals, to the Monroe doctrine, the original document is thus made available for everybody. Ignorance, at any rate, is unnecessary, when Monroe's message in its entirety may be had for five cents.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
Life of her Majesty Queen Victoria. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. Price \$1.25.
The Rise of Wellington. By General Lord Roberts. Price \$1.25.
Foam of the Sea, and Other Tales. By Gertrude Hall. Price \$1.00.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
Thomas Booby. By Luther Marshall.
The Boy Soldiers of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson.
The Watch Fires of '76. By Samuel Adams Drake.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
The Educational Ideal. An Outline of its Growth in Modern Times. By James Phinney Munroe.
Four Years of Novel Reading: An Account of an Experiment in popularizing the Study of Fiction. Edited with an Introduction by Richard G. Moulton. Price 50 cents.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
The Zelt-Geist. By L. Dougall. Price 75 cents.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
The Ancient Egyptians. Their Life and the Immortality of the Soul. By Alfred Wiedemann.
A Bank of Violets. Verses by Fanny H. Runnells Poole.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
Roberta: A Novel. By Blanche Fearing. Price \$1.00.
From the Bancroft Company, Chicago.
The Book of the Fair. Part XIV. Price \$1.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Midget's Wedding March. Roundabout Galop. Cadet Schottische. Lakewood Polka. Our Dancing Class Waltz. St. Augustine Mazurka. Easy Teaching Pieces. By W. P. Fennimore.
The Youthful Waltz. By Charles Wels.
Our March. For the Pianoforte. By Charles Southworth Hill.
Love is an Ocean. Romanza. Words by J. P. MacSweeney. Music by Albert W. Brown.
Dolly Drew. Song. Words and music by Charles S. Hill.
The Boston Post. March. For One or Two Mandolins, or Banjos and Guitar, or Piano.

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Comes when the restless sea is calm and still;
And sunset rays, the hidden things revealing,
With treasures of the past the sea depths fill.

Of human hearts, though chilled by worldly schem-
ing

And wandered far from simple faiths of old,
Still keep beneath the silent seas of memory
The vanished countries that their youth time hold.

Whence from their childhood's temples, long de-
serted,

In silent hours forgotten strains are heard;
And sometimes, in the sunset glory dreaming,
Fair visions thrill them as the sea is stirred.

Perhaps the sea-green waves give beauty to it
And soften into melody remembered sound,—
Fair country, ever safe beneath the billows,
Whose shores are girt with happy memories round.

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THE DORMOUSE.

BY LUCY T. POOR.

Walter, or Watty, Dennett was a great boy for sleeping. His mother often used to say, "I never had any trouble about Watty's naps." Not that he slept all the time. In pleasant summer mornings he would wake up with the earliest birds, which is very early indeed, and be so lively when other people wanted to sleep that his mother would have been glad if he had been sleepier at that particular time. When he grew old enough, he would dress himself, go softly downstairs, put on his rubbers in the hall, open the front door, and go out to play on the dewy grass, taking care not to run far off if he had left the latch slipped. From all this it may be seen that Watty was an unusually careful boy, and indeed he was.

He never showed his best side to strangers, for with them he was shy and silent; but he had some solid qualities which were best appreciated by his mother and Julia, the children's nurse. He always could take care of himself from the time he could walk alone. And not only did he take care of himself, but, when he was in the nursery, there was no danger of Baby putting toys in her mouth, or crawling over the nursery fender, or doing any of the dangerous things which babies can do. Altogether, he was of much more use in taking care of the little ones and seeing to things in general than his older sister, Amy, who was apt to be lost in a book, and either gave the babies everything they wanted or was so strict with them that they grew naughty, and there was a general uproar in the nursery.

Watty also was an extremely punctual child. He learned to tell time when he was quite a baby, and ever afterward was always looking at the clock. It was a terrible trial to him if the other children delayed their dressing so as to make him late in setting off for Sunday-school; and he would often run on ahead, so as to be sure to be on time. As for day school, if he could not get to that in time, he made every one in the house uncomfortable. At both schools he was wide-awake enough, but, when his mother sometimes took him to church, he never disturbed the congregation, and, indeed, never was seen; for he slept during the services with his head on his mother's lap, so soundly that she did not think the attendance did him much good.

When he was seven years old and invited to a children's party, Watty was much disturbed because his mother would not let him set out in time to reach the Fosdick children's house at the exact moment at which the party was to begin, but wished her children to leave their own house at that time.

"Mamma," he said, "it says on the card 'from four to seven.' It begins at four, and we must be there at four." And he could not understand any of his mother's explanations that it was not good manners to be in too much of a hurry.

His mother had been doubtful about letting him go to the party at all, because the late afternoon was his particular time for sleeping. When he had been out playing, coasting, or skating,—for he was such a careful boy that his father let him have a

pair of skates when he was very young,—he would come home and have his early supper at five; and, while he was eating it, he would grow sleepier and sleepier. So that, when it was over, he would curl himself up on the parlor sofa, ask Amy to cover him up just as mamma was covered up when she lay down, then in less than a minute his eyes would close, and he would be sound asleep. He slept so soundly and breathed so noiselessly that once, when Mrs. Fosdick came to make a late call and went to sit on the sofa, not observing that there was anything under the brown afghan, she actually sat upon Watty without waking him up, though she jumped up with quite a loud scream when she perceived she was sitting upon a small, rosy boy, who was not made of wax.

This habit of Watty's was a great disappointment to his mother, for she thought it was very important that children should see something of their fathers; and, when a busy father came home after being in the city all day, she thought his children should be at their brightest to meet him. She always had the older children nicely dressed and in the parlor, their supper being over, so that, when Mr. Dennett opened the front door with his latch-key, he would find Amy of nine years old in her blue frock, reading by the lamp like a grown-up person; and Ronald of five years old in his white woollen suit, looking at a book of pictures; and Walter, who ought to have been one of the group, tucked up asleep on the sofa. His father could do nothing for him but carry him upstairs at his and Ronald's bed-time, when he would be undressed and put to bed without rousing himself up or even moving. The only time Watty could see his father was at the breakfast-table, when papa, who slept late, was in such a hurry to be off, and the children in such a hurry to be helped, that there was no time for any nice, quiet talk; and Mr. Dennett declared that he hardly felt acquainted with Walter, though he was as fond and proud of his eldest son, Walter Dennett, Jr., as he was of any of his other children. Watty was himself ashamed of his sleepy ways, and would like to have seen more of his father, whom he admired so much, though he tried to defend himself by saying that some book said that "night was the proper time for sleep."

"Now, Watty," asked Mrs. Dennett, when the children were getting ready for Frank Fosdick's party, "do you think, if I let you go, you can keep awake? It isn't very polite to go to sleep in other people's houses."

Amy suggested that Watty should carry a large pin with which he could conveniently prick himself if he felt inclined to be drowsy. So his mother gave him a large black-headed one, which could not be easily lost; and Watty, in his usual neat manner, fastened it securely in the inside of his coat.

"I'd sit next to Willie Leslie, and prick him," said Ronald, "because he came on to our place and spoiled our coast yesterday."

"I shan't prick him," said Watty. "He's a wicked boy, but it would spoil the party. I don't want to spoil the party. If I see him coming home, I'll!"

But mamma interrupted the conversation by suggesting that it was of no use to talk of Willie Leslie. They couldn't help his conduct, and she didn't think sticking pins into him would improve him. From this it may be seen that Watty and Ronald, though brothers, were not at all alike, and that Watty was not above sometimes having a scuffle with other boys, though his idea of propriety was so great that he liked to have even his combats at proper times and seasons.

Mrs. Dennett never liked to have her children quarrel with others, but in this case they had good reason for feeling angry. They were so little that they were not allowed to go coasting in the street, and they had made themselves a nice little safe coast in their own yard. Some one had come inside the fence and spoiled their coast by throwing ashes on it, and they were sure that person was Willie Leslie. They were right: it was Willie, though he had not done the mischief because he had any special dislike to the Dennetts, but because he was one of those boys who can keep a whole neighborhood in terror by his general spirit of mischief.

The Dennett children, looking all nice and neat, set off for the party. Their

mamma went with them, but could not stay, as Baby had a bad cold. After they had taken off their wraps upstairs, she went down with them to the Fosdick's parlor. They found, sure enough, that they were quite early; for no other child was there, except Frank, but their enemy, Willie, whose mother did not come with him at all, and who had been beforehand with them this time.

"How do you do, my dears?" said Mrs. Fosdick. "Frankie and I are delighted to see you; and here is your little friend, Willie Leslie."

Ronald, who was too little to conceal his feelings for the sake of propriety, would not look at Willie; but Watty followed his mother's example, and said, "How do you do?" to him as politely as if they had always been friends. And in this he showed his good breeding; for nobody, grown up or little, should bring his quarrels into a lady's parlor.

"And what do you think I have got for you?" continued Mrs. Fosdick. "I don't mean the supper that you are all to have or the little remembrances of the party that I want you to take home, but something for Watty particularly. Watty, I have a nice little bed all ready for you in my nursery. So, if you feel at all sleepy, you can go upstairs and lie down just as comfortably as if you were at home."

Poor Watty, who could not but see that Willie Leslie was smiling with secret scorn, colored with shame and confusion, though he did say, "Thank you." He inwardly resolved that he would not go to sleep that evening, at any rate, and gave himself a prick with his pin as a gentle reminder of his resolution. Mrs. Dennett whispered a little advice and a "good-by" to her children, and left them. Watty did not feel at all sleepy when, more children having come, they began to play lively games, such as "poison" and "crambo." There is something pleasant in simply being dressed in one's best and on one's best behavior in another person's house; and all three Dennett children enjoyed it highly, though no one would have supposed that Watty was especially enjoying himself, for he looked as if he thought a party a very serious affair, and went through the games as if he were terribly afraid of making some mistake.

The children all sat down to two long tables in the dining-room, and had a very nice supper; and this, too, they would have enjoyed if it had not been for Willie Leslie, who seemed in a particular teasing mood. When the children were all eating so busily that the room was quiet, he asked in a particularly loud voice from across the table,—

"Watty Dennett, aren't you going to sleep?"

"No," said Watty, indignantly.

"Yes, you are," said Willie: "I saw you nodding and shutting up your eyes just now."

"I wasn't," said Watty, loudly.

"Don't quarrel, boys," said Frank Fosdick's aunt, a young lady who was there to assist in helping the children. "We aren't going to have any quarrels at *this* party."

She spoke in a cheerful tone; but it made both boys silent, Willie laughing to himself, and Watty so flushed and indignant-looking that Miss Roswell naturally thought he was the boy most to blame.

When the children returned to the parlor after supper, they found all the lights put out, and that they had to grope their way to seats in the rows of chairs facing a white sheet. This pleased them very much, for they knew it betokened a magic lantern. Watty got a back seat, leaving the front rows to the little girls,—not altogether out of politeness, however, but because his natural instinct was to get behind other people. When he sat down, Willie Leslie, to his disgust, came and sat close beside him.

"Hullo, Watty!" he said. "I'm going to keep you awake."

"You aren't going to," said Watty, rising: "I'm going to sit by Amy and Ronald."

So he got up to join his sister, who, being older than himself, he felt would be some sort of a protection; but provoking Willie followed him, and pushed in a chair again close beside him. And, when Watty would have persuaded Amy to get up and make another move, Miss Roswell, who was marshalling the company, told them all to sit still, and not make more confusion by moving about. They were to see some

pictures from "Mother Goose," and they must guess what they were.

This seemed a delightful amusement to the simple-minded little Dennetts; but Willie Leslie, besides being a tease, was one of those disagreeable children who try to show how grown up and fine they are by being hard to amuse. And he laughed somewhat scornfully when a very pretty view of Jack and Jill carrying their pail appeared on the sheet, and, when asked to guess what it was, made some of the children round him laugh by calling out that it was a hook and ladder company going to put out a fire. Then, as the scene shifted, he took occasion to say to Watty:—

"Now, Watty, you're going to sleep. I know you are. I hear you snoring."

Watty now began to think that he had borne about enough of Willie's persecutions. He was so provoked that he had never felt wider awake in his life. Moreover, he knew he had a weapon of defence which it would have been hard work not to use. So, when Willie was looking at the next scene of "Little Red Riding Hood," he softly took out his pin and stuck it through Willie's sleeve, till Willie suddenly jumped and gave a little scream, whereupon Watty quickly and silently withdrew the pin, and pretended to be looking at the magic lantern.

"You pricked me," said Willie, as angrily as if he were an entirely innocent person, and had done nothing to provoke Watty.

Watty made no answer, and looked straight before him. Willie then took his arm, and pinched it angrily. Watty, though he was hurt, did not cry out, but waited till the room was dark again to get his pin into proper position for action.

But Amy, though not naturally an observing child, now became aware that a suppressed combat was going on in her neighborhood, and whispered anxiously:—

"Watty, you must behave. You mustn't fight. You haven't got your pin out, have you?"

Watty saw that both Mrs. Fosdick and Miss Roswell were looking reprovingly at him. He only wished that he and Willie Leslie were out in his back yard, and not crowded together so close they could scarcely move, in a room full of people.

"You know," Amy continued to whisper, "mamma said we *must* be quiet and behave ourselves, if she couldn't stay with us."

Watty looked down with the somewhat sullen expression on his face which it wore when he was told what he *ought* to do. Amy thought in alarm that he was going to have one of his obstinate fits. She did not know that he was really ashamed of himself, and at that moment was dropping his precious black-headed pin on to the floor. He could not but see that Amy was right. It was no place for an actual scuffle; and he felt also that this was a time in which the better part of valor was discretion, and that he must retreat before his enemy. After kicking his heels against his chair for a moment, he rose, looking very bashful, and, to his sister's great relief, tried in the darkness to slip out of the row of children and out of the room. But at the door, a lion in the path, stood Mrs. Fosdick.

"Why, you dear little boy," she said. "You're sleepy, aren't you? Go up to the nursery, won't you? And my nurse will tuck you up so nicely."

Watty didn't thank her, but did as he

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was told. He went upstairs and in at the nursery door. The nurse was not there, so he got on to the bed by himself, and in a few minutes, wide awake as he had been, was as sound asleep as a dormouse, with a peaceful look on his face which seemed to show that he had found much better company in his sleep than he had had downstairs. And, though he had gone to sleep meaning to waylay Willie Leslie on the way home, he woke up, when Mrs. Fosdick, Amy, and the two nurses finally succeeded in rousing him, having forgotten almost all about him. And Willie seemed to have forgotten about Watty, for he ran off early in another direction.

The truth was that Mrs. Fosdick had been so disturbed by his impolite, disparaging comments on the children's entertainment that she had publicly and particularly requested him to keep quiet; and none of the older boys had stood by him, so he went home quite crestfallen for the time. I cannot honestly say that this mortification was enough to cure him of his mischief and malice. A little of Watty's convenient talent of sleeping and forgetting would have done him much more good.

"Watty," said his mother, when the children reached home, "you look so bright, I think you must have kept awake all the time."

"No, I didn't, mamma," said Watty. "I really didn't feel much sleepy; but I thought perhaps it would be best to take a nap just as usual."

EDUCATION UP TO DATE.

We teach the children Danish, Trigonometry, and Spanish; Fill their heads with old-time notions, And the secrets of the oceans, And the cuneiform inscriptions From the land of the Egyptians; Learn the date of every battle, Know the habits of the cattle, Know the date of every crowning, Read the poetry of Browning, Make them show a preference For each musty branch of science; Tell the acreage of Sweden And the serpent's wiles in Eden. And the other things we teach 'em Make a mountain so immense That we have no moment left To teach them common sense.

—London Truth.

TEDDY'S LESSON.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West. "It's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"O mother! Wait a little while," he said.

A little later Hester came to the door.

"Teddy, you ought to get the cows," she said.

"Bother the cows!" replied Teddy, crossly; and his sister went away.

Soon a man's face appeared at the window.

"Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West; and, when his father spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily, he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper and his father was piling up the kindling-wood for the morning's fire.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway,—just in the way. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn for the night, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back in the fresh, bracing air.

A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows, Teddy." Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I won't give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we get our butter from the cows; and you hate them so." Hester poured out the milk for the other children, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of creamy cheese, but it was passed to every one but him. But, worst of all, when the

custards were brought in, sweet and brown in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course, you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk; and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry. "I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread without any butter and potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.—Ella Randall Pearce, in Youth's Companion.

LITTLE SALLY'S ANIMAL STORY.

"Do you know any stories?" was the first thing Jimmy said to his little cousin visitor.

"I do," said Sally, smiling. "What kind do you like best?"

"All the kinds," said Jimmy, promptly. "Do you know any about animals?"

"I do," said Sally. "I know a first-rate one about my own cat."

"Tell it now," said Jimmy.

"I will," said Sally. "I will begin it right now."

Jimmy came around in front where he could "see every word." "Begin!" said he.

"I am beginning," said Sally. "My cat is just as old as I am. We were kittens together. Mamma says she used to rock us in the cradle. One of the first things I remember, Jimmy, is my cat. She is a very big gray cat, with a ringed coon tail."

"Got a name?" asked Jimmy.

"She has,—Big Betsey. Big Betsey goes to the country in summer. Mamma wouldn't think of leaving her behind to look out for herself. And we think, Jimmy, that Big Betsey always knows on what day we shall start. We think, Jimmy, that she understands a great many words that we say."

"Last summer she had a very smart, handsome kitten, a great pet with us all; and we think Big Betsey understood us when we said we did not think the kitten could be taken, too. The morning we were to start, when mamma went upstairs, there in one of the trunks lay Big Betsey's kitten, and there Big Betsey stood packing her as nicely as possible, standing up on her back feet and tucking her in with her paws. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Jimmy?"

"No," said Jimmy, "I didn't. Did the kitten go?"

"She did," said Sally.

"In the trunk? Oh, I hope she did. Please, Cousin Sally, please say she did!" entreated Jimmy.

"She'd have smothered, Jimmy, all locked in where she couldn't get any fresh air to breathe. She and Big Betsey went in a basket, and had part of my seat. This is the end, Jimmy."

"It's a very nice animal story," said Jimmy.—Babyland.

THE WORD "CHICAGO."

Mr. Kirkland, in his book just published, "The Story of Chicago," comments on the much vexed question of Chicago's name, which he derives from the Indian term for a wild and hardy leek or onion that once grew luxuriantly between Chicago Avenue and Twenty-second Street. "Chickagou" is the original. "Che-cau-gou," in Hennepin's story of La Salle's expedition; "Chicagua," by a French historian; "Chikagu," by St. Cosme, a visitor in 1699; "She-caugo," meaning "playful waters"; "Choc-cago," meaning "destitute"; "Shegahg," meaning "skunk"; and "Gitchi-kago," meaning in the Illinois dialect a "thing great or strong,"—are some of its sources of derivation. Mr. Kirkland takes comfort of the word for the reason that all these variations have probably a single radical meaning. They "denote something 'strong,' whether like a giant or like a leek is not important." Chicago's friends will attach their own interpretation to this word, and what enemies may do is not material.—Chicago News.

TOPSY-TURVYDOM.

Cats without tails may not be new; but how would you like to see horses that stand in their stalls with their heads to the streets? What do you think of people who water their gardens from a little bucket with a wooden spoon, and who squeeze their own hands, and not yours, when you and they happen to meet? These are some of the things which the Japanese do, and which are described in "The Street of Human Habitations."

The little girls often bear the names of favorite objects in nature, "Cherry-blossom," "Snow," "Summer." Truth compels me to add that, as it is the custom to name them after the first object the mother casts her eyes on after the little one is born, they run equal risk of having a very inappropriate, not to say ugly, appellation. "Frying-pan" and "Dust-brush" are the names of two such pretty little maidens over the way. The Presbyterian.

THE FIRST SAW.

"What a funny thing!" said little Tom, taking up brother John's saw.

"It's only a saw, silly," said John.

"But who made it? who found out the funny thing?" persisted Tom, as the saw worked backward and forward, separating the hard wood which no knife could cut.

"Oh, all carpenters have it," said John, disdainfully.

Still little Tom watched and wondered. Then the big brother spoke.

"I know, little lad. I'll tell you. Long, long ago, a Greek sculptor, called Dædalus, divided a piece of wood with the toothed bone of a serpent; and it answered so well that he imitated the teeth in iron. This was the way the first saw was made."

"Is that true?" asked John.

"Quite true, I believe," said the big brother, in answer.

"Very funny," said little Tom.—Selected.

TROUT.

In Pike County, Pennsylvania, there are many trout-brooks. A gentleman who owns the land on either side of one of these brooks for some distance caught in his brook four beautiful baby trout in a net, and put them into a spring. This spring came up through the bottom of a rock that had been hollowed out. The sides were covered with beautiful green moss, and a fringe of moss fell over the top. It was beautiful. The trout showed their most beautiful colors in this lovely home, and grew very fast and very large. The owner would allow no one to feed them but himself. The moment he came to the spring, and the trout heard his voice, they would rise to the surface, expecting a grasshopper or some trout dainty. Others could go and call, but the trout never rose. In fact, they seemed to hide in the heavy moss or under the jagged rock at the bottom.—Exchange.

The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 88,000,000 pounds, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina harvesting the most, in the order named. But, after all, the American crop of peanuts is small compared with that of Africa, which in 1892 shipped 400,000,000 pounds of peanuts to Europe.



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TO E. P. O.*

Roll gently, flying years, above this head!
Flow smoothly, circling moons; be slowly sped!
Ye days, so careless of your varying moods,
Here pause; and, blending as when twilight broods
Above a lingering sunset in the west,
Lend all your charms to lengthening hours of rest!
For here we greet one whom we would not lose,
For whom a path, softer than springtime strews
With violets before the feet of May,
We'd make,—a path to tempt her still to stay.
A sky for her we'd have like angel wings,
Or like the softened rays that moonlight flings
Upon a southern sea, where never cloud
Should come nor air be chill nor tempest loud.
A chaplet, such as this, a wreath of friends,
Should ever, with a love that never ends,
Be, for her brows, the bay! Her halo bright
Reflected radiance of her own pure light.
Not Milton Hill alone, with its fringed nest
Of foothills mothered on that iris breast
Where, morn and eve, the shades of love
Fall blue, as ruffle on the mated dove;
Nor can the valley where Neponset ends
Nor Dorchester's wide arms hold half the friends,
Whose lips to-day with quick responses stir,
And cry, "Faith, Hope, and Love we owe to her."
As God restores the light of summer suns
Long sped, in new-born power that freshly runs
From secret stores of life, so here revives
In her, to strengthen us, such insight wise,
Such eloquence of speech, such purpose strong,
Such nobleness of soul, such hate of wrong,
As Ellery's patriot speech unfurled,
And Channing's genius flashed upon the world.
Her "kindling thoughts" have set our hearts aflame,
While her sweet patience turns our haste to shame,
Only with her, a touch more chaste than theirs,
The holier breathing of a woman's prayers!

O God! our God! be patient thou above!
And let us keep this leader of our love.
—Frederick B. Mott.

LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

A Conference of the Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent Churches of Michigan was held at Ann Arbor on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28 and 29. Nearly thirty churches were represented. The conference began with an address of welcome on behalf of the Ann Arbor Society from Prof. W. H. Pettee of the university. The first paper was read by Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, Ohio, on "A Religion to bridge the Gulf between the Rich and the Poor." The essayist thought such a gulf to exist, and to be serious in its import. He believed the Church had great responsibility in the matter. He discussed the remedies for poverty which are proposed by socialism, and pronounced them to be largely illusive, because they are merely external: they do not aim at improving internal conditions. But it is in such internal conditions as pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy, and ignorance that alienation between the rich and the poor has its roots. The greatest evil of poverty does not lie in its physical effects, but rather in its influence upon the minds of the poor in crushing their hope, their aspiration, and their self-respect. There is no need so great as that of a religion which will impart to the rich a sense of responsibility and a desire to use their wealth for noble ends, and to the poor a constant re-enforcement of hope and courage, and a feeling that a life may be in a very high degree successful, even if it does not accumulate much material wealth. These few words in no sense do justice to the strength, wisdom, and penetration of the paper. A vigorous, earnest, and very helpful discussion followed, led by Prof. F. M. Taylor of the Chair of Political Economy in the university.

On Tuesday afternoon there were two addresses upon "Woman's Work,"—(1) "In Universalist Churches," by Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter of Lansing; and (2) "In Unitarian Churches," by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland of Ann Arbor. These were followed by three addresses on "Young People's Organizations and Work,"—(1) "In Universalist Churches," by Rev. E. C. Andrus of Tecumseh; (2) "In Orthodox Churches," by E. E. Watson of Ann Arbor; and (3) "In Unitarian Churches," by Rev. Florence Buck of Cleveland.

In the evening there was a platform meeting. The general topic was "The Kind of Religion the World needs." The sub-topics and speakers were as follows: (1) "A Religion in Harmony with the Teachings of Jesus," by Mr. Giles B. Stebins of Detroit; (2) "A Religion in Harmony with Reason and with Growing Knowledge," by Rev. George W. Buckley of Sturgis; (3) "An Unsectarian Religion, to harmonize the Sects and Churches," by Rev. W. L. Gibbs of Concord; and (4) "A Religion that cannot be overturned or

outgrown," by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago.

Wednesday began with a well-attended and very inspiring devotional meeting, led by Rev. J. Merrifield of Manchester. Next came an hour devoted to five-minute speeches on "The Printed Page as a Missionary Agency." Rev. W. L. Swan of Marshall spoke of the great value of tracts in awakening inquiry and setting people thinking, and named what he regarded as the best four tracts setting forth the Universalist faith. Rev. Mr. Forbush urged the value of tracts as a Post-office Mission agency, and named what he regarded as the four best Unitarian tracts. The other subjects presented were "The Best Three Books popularly setting forth the Universalist Faith," "The Best Three Books popularly setting forth the Unitarian Faith," "The Best Sunday-school Lessons and the Best Adult Class Manuals on the Bible," "The Best Popular Books on the Bible," "Universalist Periodicals," and "Unitarian Periodicals." These speeches brought out many practical suggestions of value to missionary workers.

The paper that called out the warmest discussion of the conference was by Rev. Charles Legal of Lansing, on "The Future of the Liberal Churches." The essayist believed that the steady progress and final triumph of liberal Christian thought is certain. How largely this is to be reached through the agency of the churches organized distinctly as liberal, and how largely through the liberalizing of the orthodox churches, is a question the answer to which rests largely with the liberal churches. If the liberal churches prove themselves equal to the magnificent leadership that is offered them, a very great future is before them. The discussion was opened by a stirring speech from Rev. W. A. Taylor of Jackson, and was participated in by a considerable number of ministers and laymen.

In the afternoon a paper of rare poetical beauty was read by Rev. Reed Stuart, on "Why Religion prevails." This was followed by a very able and instructive address by Dr. V. C. Vaughan, dean of the medical department of the university, on "Sanitation and Public Health," and a scholarly paper by Prof. J. A. Craig of the Chair of Semitic Languages, on "Assyriology and the Bible."

The conference closed on Wednesday evening with a platform meeting. The general subject was "Salvation." Rev. Dr. C. E. Tucker of Bay City spoke on "The Salvation of the Individual"; Rev. George A. Sahlin of Benton Harbor, on "Probation after Death"; Rev. T. W. Illman of Grand Rapids, on the question, "Can anybody be saved unless All Men are saved?" and Rev. Lee S. McCollester of Detroit, on "The Salvation of Society."

At the close of the conference resolutions were passed giving expression to the feeling of all that the experiment of a convention bringing together representatives of all the liberal Christian churches of the State had been a great success; that the spirit manifest throughout all the sessions had been most harmonious and fraternal; that nobody could tell from any theological utterance of any speaker whether the speaker was Unitarian, Universalist, or Independent; that the conference had been an occasion of great mutual quickening; and that all would return home to work with more courage and heart in their respective churches and in connection with their respective denominations because of their two days of contact with this larger comradeship. A committee, consisting of Rev. Charles Legal of Lansing, Rev. W. L. Gibbs of Concord, Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, and Rev. W. A. Taylor of Jackson, was appointed to arrange for a similar conference next year.

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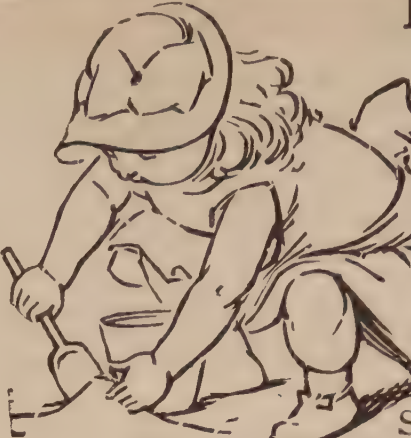
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"The Flowers appear on the Earth." Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Just to lie Still! Maud L. Cotton.

A Philosopher's Mother: Johanna Schopenhauer. H. Ursula Tannenforst.

Italy of To-day. Marie C. Remick.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

Dr. Martineau's Ninetieth Birthday.

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And then is born the strength with all to cope.
Unconsciously sublime, life's shadowed slope
She braves; the knowledge in her patient eyes
Of all that love bestows and love denies,
As writ in every woman's horoscope!
She lives, her heart-beats given to others' needs,
Her hands to lift for others on the way
The burdens which their weariness forsook.
She dies, an unrecognized doer of good deeds.
Remembered? Yes, as is for one brief day
The rose one leaves in some forgotten book.
—Mary Ashley Townsend.

MACEDONIAN ATROCITIES.

Before long there is likely to be a Macedonian as well as an Armenian question. Macedonia also has a subject Christian population, and the Mohammedans regard that population everywhere as lawful prey. A *Daily Chronicle* correspondent shows how Turkish lawlessness works out in Macedonia. It is the familiar story of brutality, brigandage, and shameful outrage. Foreign travellers are discountenanced, and people who serve them are thrown into prison or exiled. A long list of cases of outrage of women and girls, and beating or murder of husbands or fathers who sought to protect them, is given. To seek justice at the legal tribunals is worse than useless. The accused are not only not punished, but the accusers become marked men. We give a sample case. The mayor of Leskovitse, in the district of Istib, learned that some Turks were planning to abduct his daughter. He took counsel with the village priest and schoolmaster, and got the girl sent away by night. Two days later the priest was seized and beaten by three Turks, and publicly insulted. He complained at Istib, but the accused were not punished. While the powers are active, why do they not compel the Turk to redeem his pledges for good government in Macedonia?—*Exchange*.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

Commencement reports are so much alike, it is not easy to beguile the reader's eye on to the close; but, be assured, this twenty-sixth anniversary has unusual features. For the first time two young women were graduated from the college course. Except one in 1886, none have ever before persevered beyond the normal course. These two helped confirm the proverb, "Genius knows no sex"; for one took the first honor, and the other read so good an essay that ex-Gov. Bullock, a trustee of the school, put in the hands of President Bumstead a twenty-dollar bill to present to her, as he awarded the diplomas. Both these young women have been urged by Mr. Booker Washington to accept positions as teachers in Tuskegee Institute. Again, this year is eventful in that an alumnus had the honor of giving the commencement oration. It was spoken by Richard R. Wright, graduate of the first college class in 1876, and now president of the State Industrial School in Savannah. The oration was a scholarly production, stating his investigations in regard to the discovery of New Mexico and the Zuni Indians. Mr. Wright has had a long and large correspondence with Justin Winsor, Sir Henry Harris, and other noted historians in this and other countries; and he believes the above discovery belongs to a Negro.—Stephen Dorantes. The oration was received with a storm of applause from his spellbound audience of seven hundred, who had been sitting in the heat of a Georgia summer day for three long hours. Then followed the presentation of diplomas to six normal and four college Seniors. President Bumstead was most happy in his earnest words, comparing the days of "town and gown riots" in New Haven with these days of college settlements and municipal reform, and congratulating them that they could begin their life-work of beneficence at a time when the wealth as well as the learning of the land was being so freely spent in lifting the lowly and equalizing social opportunity. The event of the day, however, was the memorial service connected with unveiling the monument to Atlanta University's first president, Edmund Asa Ware. A boulder was brought from Mr. Ware's home in Massachusetts, and placed over his remains lying in the campus. Inserted in one face of the boulder was a bronze tablet, the entire expense of the monument being cheerfully borne by the two hundred and seventy-five graduates. The loving devotion of these students to their pioneer teachers is most touching and hopeful. The memorial address was made by another alumnus of the class of 1876, W. H. Crogman, now professor in Clark University, Atlanta. The address was so tender, so fitting, and so altogether beautiful, it made one feel there was no grandeur on

earth compared with such a life, of which such glorious words could be truthfully spoken.
MARY LITTLE CHASE.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Christian Work* comments sensibly on the action of a New York Park Commissioner, saying:—
If Park Commissioner James A. Roosevelt is opening up more grass territory in Central Park to pedestrians, he is doing a good thing,—better, perhaps, than he is aware. It is only here in America that grass plots are preserved to be looked at: the feet must not press the velvet sward at all. It may not be generally known, but Lord Palmerston fought this battle for the people when it was attempted to make the frequenters of the public parks "keep off the grass." He showed that parks were for occupancy and pleasure, and not for sight-seeing. Parliament took his view, and ever since the grass plots of the London parks have been as free to the people as the air. The old Park Boards never could grasp this idea: we rejoice that one Park Commissioner, at least, is seeing these matters in Bacon's white light.

Charities and Reforms.

The National Christian Citizenship League, organized in Chicago in 1894, asks all ministers to preach on the subject of "Christian Citizenship" June 30, just preceding the Fourth of July.
The twenty-fifth annual convention of County Superintendents of the Poor of the State of New York meets at Ogdensburg June 18, 19, and 20. Mr. Homer Folks, Miss Arria S. Huntington, W. B. Tice, Mrs. C. R. Lowell, and others.
The Immigration Restriction League has published a little pamphlet, entitled "The Educational Test as a Means of Further Restricting Immigration," which shows the need of having such a test added to our laws at once. Immigration is likely to increase soon, and even now the numbers of immigrants of the most destitute and undesirable classes are becoming larger.

The Greenacre Conference of Evolutionists will be held at Eliot, Me., July 6 to July 13, under the direction of Dr. Lewis G. Janes, president of the Brooklyn Ethical Association. The conference affords opportunity for interchange of views among scientists with regard to the ethical, social, and religious problems of our time, and will emphasize and illustrate the constructive implications of the doctrine of evolution. Prof. Cope will give the opening address; and there will be papers by Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, Dr. Bixby, Dr. Janes, Prof. Morse, and Mr. Henry Wood.

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Pleasantries.

A Dublin doctor lately sent in a bill to a lady which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."—*Exchange.*

Man (at front door): "I want to see the boss of the house." Houser: "Walk right up to the second story back, and tell the nurse to show you the baby."—*Presbyterian Journal.*

Watts: "Just look at that fellow on the bicycle, will you? What in the world is the use of him humping over so?" Potts: "He must be trying to put his shoulder to the wheel."—*Parish Visitor.*

A Good Thing for a Rainy Day.—Mrs. De Brush: "What a peculiar portière! What is it made of?" Attendant: "That is made of fine Japanese rice strung on strings,—only one dollar." Mr. De Brush: "Better buy that, Louise. When the exchequer gets low, we can make soup of the portière."

A puzzled mother made inquiry of a kindergarten recently: "What does my boy mean by singing all day long in a dirge-like way, 'See, 'tis so so that he sows his body and feet'?" The kindergarten thought earnestly, and at last recalled the song of the farmer, and explained that the boy must have misunderstood the words "sows his barley and wheat."—*Kindergarten Magazine.*

All travellers are amused by Japanese signboards. Miss Bickersteth, in "Japan as we Saw it," records a few which she noted in Tokyo. "Wine, beer and other medicines"; "A shop, the kind of umbrella, parasol or stick"; "The shop for the furniture of the several countries"; "Prices, no increase or diminish"; "All kinds of superior sundries kept here"; "Skin maker and seller" (portmanteau shop); "Ladies furnished in the upstairs"; "Washins and ironins carefully done."—*Youth's Companion.*

A little boy who is just learning to read gave a somewhat original rendering the other day to a verse in the Bible. In his eagerness to pronounce big words he reads too fast, and jumps at their meaning from a glance. So he read to the astonished household: "And the priests went before bearing the holly and vegetables and all the Congregationalist came after." Some holly had just been received by the family, which may explain why he turned "holly vessels" into "holly and vegetables."—*The Congregationalist.*

An excellent though unconscious criticism of the incoherent manner in which too many congregations perform their part of the "responsive reading" was made by a small boy on his return from his first attendance at church. "Mamma," he remarked, "the people don't like the minister, do they?" "Why, certainly, Harold: what made you ask such a question?" was the reply. "Well," said Harold, sturdily, "he'd read something, and then they'd all grumble, and then he'd read some more, and they'd all grumble again."—*The American.*

An anecdote from Mrs. Fields's "Shelf of Old Books" delightfully shows the character of Scott's mind and the charm of his conversation. An old man in Glasgow told Mr. James T. Fields that he had once carried a law case to Sir Walter Scott for adjustment. "How did he manage it?" asked Mr. Fields. "Oh, beautifully!" returned the old client. "He told me a bonny story about a coo and a calf in Dundee; and then he sent me over the way to a brither lawyer, who, he told me, had a larger head for sich affairs than himself. But it was a braw story that he told me about the cattle o' Dundee, and it makes me laugh to this day when I think on't!"

A USEFUL MINISTER.

Rev. Mr. Bedell, who used to preach Methodist doctrine in Calhoun County, Georgia, was what is called "a jack of all trades." While he was living at Newton, it is related of him that a young runaway couple, seeking to get married, came to the ferry at that place, and called for the ferryman, when Bedell responded to their call, and put them across the river. While doing so, the young man inquired for a blacksmith, as he wanted some repairs made on his buggy. Bedell replied,—

"I am a blacksmith, and will repair it."

The young man next inquired for a hotel to stop at. Bedell replied:—

"Come with me. I keep the hotel, and will entertain you."

The next inquiry was for the clerk of the Court of Ordinary, in order to procure a marriage license. Bedell answered:—

"I am the clerk, and can issue you a license."

He finally inquired for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony. The man of many occupations was again equal to the emergency, and informed the would-be bridegroom:—

"I am a minister, and will perform the ceremony for you."—*Atlanta Journal.*

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Editorial.

A CASE has recently occurred in Western Massachusetts which shows that the orthodox Congregationalists still hold to their old principle of the need of an educated and trained ministry. Arrangements were made to ordain George W. Solley, who had been supplying the pulpit at Hampden for a year. The preparations were all made and the various parts were assigned, the congregation had gathered; and, as the council met, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that it would vote at once to proceed with the ordination. On the examination of the candidate he was found to be sound in his doctrinal belief and satisfactory in character, but that he lacked in theological training. For more than four hours the council wrestled with the question, while the waiting congregation wondered at the delay. As the candidate had not, in accordance with the established polity, appeared before an association of ministers to be "approved," and fell short of the required educational standards, it was resolved not to proceed, but that the candidate be asked to make further preparation, and to conform to the established Congregational policy. It is said that the candidate will comply with this recommendation. The design of

this action was to emphasize the need of a more thorough training, and to protest against "short cuts to the ministry." Thus the council proved loyal to some of the best traditions of New England Congregationalism.

THE sudden death of Dr. Miner brought to a close a valuable and useful life. His public career was varied, and distinguished for its ability and fidelity to high principles. He was a man of strong and striking personality. Endowed with indomitable will, tireless energy, and unusual intellectual capacities, he naturally became a leader of men. The sphere of his activity was wide-spread. He was one of the foremost Universalists of his time, and, as president of Tufts College and in many other ways, served the interests of education. Every cause which seemed to him right and true—and they were many—he threw himself into with intensity of purpose. But he was most widely known as the champion of temperance, especially that of prohibition. He pleaded for this with all his might, both in season and out of season. A half-hearted faith he could never tolerate, and held to his own convictions with so great positiveness that he could not understand why others did not see as he did, and was therefore sometimes sharp and one-sided in his judgment of their motives. He struck hard blows, which often provoked the assailed to strike back; but in the sharpest contests even his bitterest opponent could not fail to recognize the sincerity of his convictions. A thorough Puritan in spirit, his courage never failed; and in the formation and expression of his opinions he was not influenced by fear or favor. No one was ever in doubt where he stood. A man with his strength of purpose and high aims, of course, has left a marked impress upon his times. Whatever may be said as to the correctness of his opinions or the wisdom of his methods, he was always straightforward in declaring them; and his supreme desire was to stand for high ideals in politics and religion. The death of such a man will be felt in the community; and only the most bitter partisan opponent can fail to recognize his power or to be grateful for what he has done to promote purer politics, public education, a higher moral standard, and the spread of a purer religion.

By invitation of Mr. Smiley a conference was recently called at Lake Mohonk to consider the subject of international arbitration. The following declaration of principles was adopted: "The feasibility of arbitration as a substitute for war is now demonstrated. In the last seventy-nine years at least eighty important controversies between civilized nations have been peacefully adjusted in this mode. Thirteen of these were controversies between the United States and Great Britain. Arbitration is now the American practice. To perpetuate peace, a formal act should make it henceforth the rule of national life. The present time is ripe for such a step. In 1887 an English delegation of thirteen men, all prominent in public life, brought to this country a memorial signed by two hundred and thirty-three members of the House of Commons, addressed to the President and Congress of the United States, expressing the wish that all future differences between the countries be settled by arbitration. In response to this memorial, our Congress in 1890 unanimously requested the President to open negotiations to this end with all countries with whom we have diplomatic relations. In the same month the republics of North, South, and Central America, by their representatives in the International American Conference, declared their adoption of arbitration as a principle of American international law in the settlement of controversies between these republics. And in October of the

same year a treaty drafted by that conference was submitted by our State Department to the governments of all the civilized nations for their consideration and concurrence. In June, 1893, the British House of Commons unanimously expressed its approval of the movement. In taking the next step forward, the United States should lead. Our country is free from foreign entanglements, is strong and prosperous in the result of its peaceful policy; and the world knows that we are not moved to it by fear. It is for those nations whose peaceful position is strongest, and whose strength is most conspicuous, to take the initiative; and it is time for Great Britain and the United States to act. Expressing, as we believe, the judgment of the American people, we urge the government of the United States to negotiate a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain."

THE Dean of Canterbury, F. W. Farrar, in the June *Contemporary Review*, deals very vigorously with the pope's letter on "Unity." It is a strong tonic to those ritualists who are charmed with the dulcet tones of the Vatican, and, if heeded, will break the spell of fascination which the Mother Church has over them. While treating the pope in a kindly spirit, Dean Farrar is very clear and unequivocal in his position and arguments. He combats the assertions, not to say assumptions, of Leo XIII. with the force of truth and facts. He draws a sharp distinction between the ideas of a church as held by the Papist and the Protestant. Speaking from the standpoint of an Anglican, he says, "Our conception of a church differs fundamentally from that of modern Ultramontanes." "The Church," he adds, "meant to the apostles all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. To modern Romanists it means only those who belong to a body of less than one-third of living Christians." The reply made to the pope regarding the assumption that the unity of the Church under himself and his successors is "divinely constituted" applies with equal force to the Anglican High Churchmen, together with his assertion that the assumption "is without a syllable of demonstration." Space will not permit a full outline of this reply to the pope. It will have a wholesome effect on Anglicans of every stripe. "If we accept the pope's amiable invitation, what pledge will he give us that none of his infallible successors will not act like so many of his infallible predecessors? . . . If not, how can he expect us to intrust ourselves to such tender mercies of infallible priests?" The article closes with this quotation from Bishop Thirlwall: "Great as is the evil of division, let us be sure that it is incomparably less than that of such spurious, hollow, artificial unity as is held out by the see of Rome,—unity purchased by the subjection of reason and conscience to the arbitrary decrees of self-styled infallible human authority."

THE London *Inquirer* also prints several "Projected Addresses" from the Unitarians to the pope. The first of these informs him that he has been deceived as to the desire on the part of the English people to seek unity on the basis he proposes: "Your appeal was sent to us at Easter-tide,—a sign, we would believe, of the rising again of the spirit of Christ in the hearts of men, and especially in your own. We reply at the feast of Pentecost, being animated by a belief in the ever-coming, ever-conquering Life of God in the life of men. It is to the unity of brethren, sympathetic in practical aims, however different in theological conceptions, that we pray that Life to lead us, when the wiser among us shall teach the simple concerning the deep things of the spirit, and the love of Christ shall be the holy fire wherein all our pride and self-seeking—faults sadly prevalent among

churches and sects—shall be consumed." One writer gives a sketch of the history and principles of the Unitarians, and calls the attention of his holiness to the fact that as Protestants of Protestants they could not accept the unity he proposes without being false to their essential principles and larger faith. Again, another, knowing that the pope is somewhat of a poet, thus falls into verse:—

"How soft this Lion's wooing is! How faint,
How far the echo of that ominous roar
That thundered doom upon our land of yore!
With murmuring meekness now and fond complaint,
On Tiber's bank enthroned, the weary saint
Spreads forth his hands to this inviolate shore,
Beseeching England's race to bow once more,
This race of Protestants, to Rome's restraint.
Old Lion, take thy rest! Thou mayst as well
Attempt the last of all impossible things,—
Bid the broad oak in acorn cup to dwell,
Roll back the river to its mountain springs,
Or seek to compass in the empty shell
The happy bird that skyward soars and sings."

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

A most important object of school training is to give the child a desire to go on in the same lines after he has left the school. The college graduate who closes his books when he has obtained his degree may in ten years be intellectually less alive than one with far less information stored in his brain, who yet lets slip no opportunity to refresh himself with a new idea and reach out after a new truth. This object can be attained better perhaps by the study of literature than in any other way; and, if children gain nothing else from school life, they should at least know something of good books, and have certain standards of literary excellence in their minds.

Yet, of all our studies, that of literature has been often most neglected. Twenty-four years ago the master of a suburban school planned a brief course of English literature for his older pupils. In the way he conducted it, it was then almost an innovation, and little time was allowed for it; but it remains to-day, after nearly a quarter of a century, the most lasting of all school influences in the minds of many pupils. One may forget how to solve a problem or how to state the laws of Kepler, but he never forgets the hours spent in discussing the plays of Shakspere or the lasting delight that dawned with his first intelligent introduction to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury."

There are many signs of awakening interest in this department of school work, ranging from the recommendation in the last catalogue of Harvard University, that "a considerable amount of English poetry should be committed to memory," down to certain improved methods in the very youngest classes of our schools. No one realizes until he has tried it how easy it is to lead a child to the enjoyment of the best things in literature. This was an inevitable conclusion last week after visiting a class in a well known coeducational school in Boston, which shows well what can be done with children averaging perhaps from ten years of age. The children select their own pieces, with no limit set to their choice except that they must have poetry, since prose is sufficiently considered in other lessons through the week. Their intelligent reading and the wide-awake comments were not more noteworthy than the standards of taste indicated by their selections. This kind of work has been done there for so many years that perhaps it is only natural to find

one of the indications of awakening interest, of which we have just spoken, in the action of a graduate of this school, who has offered prizes to the scholars for memorizing lines from Shakspeare. The unknown donor announces that, if this experiment is successful for a year, he will probably extend it to other schools.

This is in the line with work done in another school recently visited, where even the tiniest mites look forward to their lessons in poetry and literature. One little boy, not yet five and a half years old, has learned this winter to repeat Allingham's charming verses, "Fairy Folk." And no one who has heard him murmur them to himself or watched his pleasure in the pictures they have called up can doubt his appreciation of a wide difference between them and the baby jingles that he laughs at for a minute, and then forgets.

Parents think themselves too busy to do much for their children in relation to their school work; and yet, without an intelligent, appreciative interest at home, it is uphill work for the teachers. One of the pleasantest experiments of this kind which the writer has tried came as the result of confinement for four weeks or more with a little scarlet fever patient. During the greater part of the time the eight-year-old was well enough to do almost anything he chose inside the limits of the two rooms.

Reading aloud was the favorite occupation. We agreed to read mainly in a single line, doing one thing as thoroughly as possible. Our choice of a subject was at first limited by the few books in the boy's own library, and we were practically obliged to choose Greek mythology as our field. Some of the books had been read before, but not as we read them then. Beginning with "Three Greek Children," we made our way through Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," and the Hawthorne "Tales" which assumed new meanings by comparison with more direct forms of the myths. Then came Baldwin, with his "Stories of the Golden Age." The interest increased, and we begged for aid from friends who had access to larger libraries; and we found, to our delight, that in Church's Stories from Homer and Virgil we were getting almost literal translations from the original. The reading of those weeks has always remained a permanent possession in the boy's mind.

There are plenty of chances for us all to do such work if we choose. Children are most appreciative while young. It is just as easy to encourage a taste for poetry, for instance, as to teach children to love birds. They are responsive by their very nature. Matthew Arnold was right when he said that "the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can"; and it is something which by right belongs to every one.

THE DIVORCE COURT.

It seems a churlish thing to take a long face and a sad heart under the striped awning and into the flower-decked church, where shaded lamps and music make a mellow delight, and the coming of the bridal party to some soft strain of Wagner or Mendelssohn is waited with fluttering and rustling anticipation. But, while the diamonds sparkle, the flowers breathe fragrance, the music pulses like a beating heart to organ throbs, one who is old and experienced and a little sad is apt to muse on the uncertainty of human hopes, the complexity of human relations, the many diverse paths leading from the church door, —some to luxury and splendor, some to happiness and lowly love, some to endurance and sacrifice and long martyrdom, others to bitter disappointment, disillusion, and the divorce court.

These reflections are all awry with the spring sunshine, the exquisite new toilets, the bright eyes of girls who follow the ceremony with heart-throb and anticipatory interest, the pleased looks of young men whose thoughts turn lightly to love. If you have these ideas, you seek to stifle them. The sexton might show you out of the door if he suspected that you came without a bridal thought-garment and cast too distinct and alien a shadow on all the beauty, the fluttering hopes, the good wishes, and delighted excitement of the wedding guests.

There the handsome young couple stand on the hither edge of the honeymoon, perfectly assured that they have found the exact location of the Garden of Eden, over which scholars have so long puzzled their dusty brains. Their experience is to be quite different from that of all the brides and grooms gone before down the moonlighted and sunlit vistas, and who have too often sadly involved themselves in thorny thickets or stumbled over unguarded precipices. You cannot make them believe they are not exceptional, not clearer-sighted and better governed than the thousands of bewildered young pairs who have gone astray and come to nameless grief and despair.

It is the nearness, beheld with the mind's eye, of a dark and gloomy portal hard by the sculptured church door, with its gay awning and curious crowds, that makes the pathos and tragedy of so many lives, and attunes our ears to the tolling of bells that indicate the death of happiness heard through the merry church chimes. God keep those young creatures, so absorbed in each other and in the bright side of existence, from straying into the divorce court!

But what is to hinder, if our young men and maidens are nourished on a false idea of life and a flimsy theory of happiness, — the amusement theory, perpetual pleasure and indulgence? These will not bear the strain of the first badly cooked dinner. The discrepancy between things as they are and as they ought to be in the minds of inexperienced young people make all these wedding smiles and gifts, the flattery and the finery, seem like a mockery of fate or a sad precursor.

It has been deemed proper that the outset of the united life should be marked by a great absorption in externals. Clothes form a large part of the pretty business, but we may believe that the wedding garment of which Jesus spoke cannot be found in the best shops. All possible illusions are thrown round a crude young pair to render them careless of the real meaning of the step they are taking. If life's padding can make life beautiful, they will have more than enough. The over-indulged, undisciplined girl, the selfish, pleasure-loving man, would be sure of bliss if tea-sets and diamonds were the only requisites. Of money there may be an abundance. It is a wonderful discovery to find that money will not do all that is expected of it. Though the bank-book may balance, there is still a deficit in the treasury of the heart. Only love, experience, patience, forbearance, can make nice adaptations of means to ends. Beautiful indeed seem the laws of life when we discover that these qualities can create beauty with little, and it is more by head and heart we live than by pocket.

It is a wide-spread error that the gay young girl need not be taught anything practical before marriage; that by a kind of magic she will develop into the good manager, the skilled housewife. Here is an ally of the divorce court. The art of true home-making is not much thought of when all those pretty and useless presents are spread out for inspection. The theory is that the bride is to live in a bower, and know no more of baking and brewing than the birds of the air. But nature's common sense pierces through all our silly fictions, our shallow pretences and make-believes. If we could present a little capacity for making home homelike, we might block at least one of the side paths that lead from the church to the divorce court. The plan of the beautiful young bride in her lovely clothes, of living by agreeable sensations and sequences of delightful, vaguely considered things, has an unspeakable sadness when held up beside nature's stern and implacable law that all shall be earned, and nothing given. The husband who would save his darling from all knowledge of real life and stern necessity finds himself a dismal failure. To love, to suffer, to enjoy together, sharing all things, — this is the only rule of true happiness. The world is full of shirkers, who would find something better than this strenuous and tonic way of earning peace and gaining happiness, something better than growth and development along the homely, ethical lines of growth. These young people who from the church porch look upon house-keeping as a kind of bird-nest life have no capacity for living on uncooked worms and grubs.

When annoyances come, — nettle-stinging,

miserable annoyances, that demand patience and self-sacrifice and good humor and giving up, — then they lose their beautiful optimism, appearing in the guise of Hymen with yellow robe and flaming torch. Instead of feeling themselves the favored of Heaven, exceptional beings, set apart from the common order of experience, they begin to look upon themselves as persecuted by some malignant, inhuman power. The being who was once so near has moved to a remote distance. There is no longer confidence, mutual trust: there is no longer one heart beating in two breasts. Individualism in its most repulsive guise has appeared. It is no longer ours, but mine and thine. Affection, once so all-pervading, fails to mend the crack. Thoughts, once so unified, have worn distinct channels. The pulling together that once was not a thought, but a law of being, now seems to have resolved itself into pulling apart.

Easy are then the steps that lead to the divorce court. The path smokes with the hasty feet of those who would be sundered.

How radiantly they began with the belief that this shall be no common marriage, — quite different indeed from those of their humdrum friends! What specifics they seem to hold for keeping it fresh and ardent and vivid, full of spontaneous delight, never to degenerate into the dreary level of dull duty! As they tread upon flowers and listen to the crisp rustle of lace and satin, do they ever remember that this is the entrance upon the great discipline, the supreme test of life? When the lover takes the happiness of the beloved into his care, is there no shudder of apprehension lest devotion shall weary, and the gossamer wings of these lovely dreams get drabbled in mud? Does it occur that marriage must grow more and more sacred, more and more religious, to save it from these wretched endings, where all the beauty and bright expectation seem ground into a bitter mockery of disillusion and disgust?

The united life, not an easy thing to attain, must be won by merit, by such as are willing to earn it, — continually growing together, coming nearer in heart and will; not enduring each other simply, but, like systole and diastole of the heart, finding each other indispensable. Vanity and self-indulgence and wilfulness do not enter upon this life. Only the higher integrities can find it at last, as an inevitable conclusion to the harmonious growth of the affections, that draw nourishment not from partial ranges of feeling and impulse, but are fed by the unfailing springs of goodness and virtue, patience, humility, the preferring of another's happiness to one's own. This spirit goes ever deeper and deeper into life, and draws power not only for large generalizations, but for every smallest human relation.

BEQUEST TO THE A. U. A.

By the will of the late Esther Clarke Mack of Salem, Mass., proved Jan. 26, 1885, a legacy of thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) was left to the American Unitarian Association, subject, however, to the life interest of her brother, Dr. William Mack, who died in Salem on the 9th inst.

The terms of the bequest are as follows:

"I order my executors, in case of my decease before my brother William, to set apart . . . thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000), the income of which shall be for the use of my brother William during his natural life.

"After the decease of my brother William I direct my remaining executor to pay . . . thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) to the American Unitarian Association in order to carry out the wishes of my late sister, Harriet O. Mack, who, dying intestate, requested that at the decease of my brother and myself seventy thousand dollars (\$70,000) of her property should be given to said Association for the purpose of promoting the diffusion of liberal Christianity, it being the intention of my brother William to make over to said Association for the same purpose the remaining thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) necessary to make up the seventy thousand dollars (\$70,000) aforesaid. . . .

"I desire that this bequest to the American Unitarian Association may be made in the name of my sister, Harriet O. Mack."

By the terms of the will of Miss Esther C. Mack the Association will before long

receive the above-named legacy; and the additional thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) which has been bequeathed by the late Dr. William Mack will be paid, in accordance with his will, at a period not exceeding three (3) years from the probate of the will, which has been presented at Salem for probate.

REV. EDMUND B. WILLSON, A.M.

On Sunday morning, the 2d inst., Mr. Willson preached at the North Church in Salem, Mass., his thirty-sixth anniversary sermon. Almost literally he died in the harness. For, taking the whole long service on a very hot day, he carried it through to the end, declining all assistance from his colleague; and then, sinking back into his seat, he lost consciousness. Almost his closing words were an explanation of this long service on the ground that he might never address them again. He lingered a few days, and then peacefully died.

Mr. Willson was a man so fresh in his thought and so youthful in spirit that it was difficult to believe that he was seventy-five years of age, and that only six of our ministers have longer settlements. He was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen, kindly, courteous, and unassuming in his demeanor, but resolute in his purpose and unflinching in his loyalty to what he considered to be the call of duty.

While not conspicuous either as a scholar or a profound thinker, he kept himself always abreast of the new thought and the new literature of his time. The honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by Harvard College fairly indicated his standing. While he was conservative in his temper, never rash in action, never an iconoclast, he was still alert, free, and vigorous in his relation to all the fresh problems of theology, ethics, social progress, and political reform.

His modesty was a marked characteristic, and yet it was combined with a singular sincerity and candor which made his opinion both known and respected. Whatever position seemed to him to be right, whether in his relations to the work of his denomination or to civic affairs, he assumed without self-consciousness, but with resolution, and, whenever necessary, with open advocacy of that which seemed to him right or disapproval of that which he thought was wrong. No one suspected him of ulterior purposes, of self-seeking, or of any intent excepting that of loyal service.

During the many years of his ministry in Salem he had grown to be an important part of the life of the city as well as that of his parish. Men, women, and children honored him, loved him, and trusted him, regarding him as one of the stable elements of the social and religious life of the city. Naturally, it happened in the changes which passed over this old community that many members of the older families drew together under his administration; and he came to represent in a peculiar degree and manner the old-fashioned, cultivated, self-respecting, dignified life of one of the oldest cities of New England.

In a singular way, without conscious purpose or ostentation, Mr. Willson carried on the traditions of the older clergy in Salem. They were men conspicuous for their knowledge of practical affairs, their interest in all questions affecting civilization, whether at home or abroad, and for progress in every direction. He will take his place in the traditions of the city with such men as Dr. Bentley of the East Church, who in his day was the literary purveyor for such men as Madison, Jefferson, and the leaders of thought North and South; with Dr. Prince, who represented the scientific knowledge of the day, introducing philosophic apparatus into the country among the first; with Barnard, his predecessor, who encountered Col. Lesley at the North Bridge on a Sunday morning, and prevented bloodshed by his interference, inducing Col. Lesley to return; with Brazer and Upham and Coleman and Flint and Thompson and others, a noble array of men who left their mark not only upon the institutions of the city, but upon the character of thousands of men and women who now are doing good work in every city of the Union.

THE BREATH OF JUNE.

It is one of the brief delights of summer to wander through country by-ways, where village improvement societies have not tidied up the roadsides, and suddenly catch a whiff of delicious fragrance that comes only in June. The sensation of intoxicating delight is more evanescent and spiritual than the intoxication the same vine may furnish at a later season, for it is the time of the bloom of the grape. One need not go to the wild woods for it. It floats in at the window this moment from the garden wall below; but it is a perfume of which the dweller in the crowded city knows as little as he does of the scents of Cathay. It is unique among odors; for it is neither sweet nor pungent nor spicy, but all combined in perfection. Nothing else approaches it in delicacy and penetration. It fills the atmosphere of the neighborhood, and is wafted by the wind to great distances. Yet, if one seeks the flower that yields this delicious odor, it is tiny, green, insignificant. The lover of beauty would not give it a second thought. In many places in New England, however, it has a near neighbor whose charm of form and color, though devoid of fragrance, will well reward the wanderer in the woods and fields. Year in and year out they blossom together. It is never far from the 17th of June,—a few days before, as this year, rarely a day or two later; but good New Englanders are glad to believe that the laurel and the wild grape always celebrate Bunker Hill Day together.

An ardent disciple of the New Church was once driving with a prosaic Presbyterian, when they passed a sturdy apple-tree. "Ah," said the Swedenborgian, "in that tree I see you." And then she went on to show the resemblances and the significance attached to each, saying that in the vegetable world she could find a parallel to every friend she had. So it is easy to think of a good man's life as we perceive the fragrance that diffuses itself from the modest blossoms hidden away beneath the outspreading grapevine leaves. June brings us roses with beauty and fragrance, but their claim to recognition appeals to the eye so clearly that they often win praise for their looks alone when they are destitute of all smell.

There is no power greater than that of a pure spirit, an influence of sweetness, that diffuses itself through the simple force of its own goodness. Dr. Irving Fisher has told how he shrank from letting trained nurses, refined and gentle women, go into the men's hospital ward when he was superintendent at Tewksbury. He knew the vulgarity, blasphemy, obscenity, of which many of the men were guilty,—men whom poverty, intemperance, and dissolute ways had robbed of all manhood. But at the earnest entreaty of these nurses they were allowed to try the experiment; and in their presence not an oath was heard, not an unclean allusion was made. By the influence of their own pure personality, without a change of rules or any show of authority, they cleansed and purified that ward.

A hundred similar instances might be given of the pervasive power of a spiritual life. Did we all appreciate it, we should make closer endeavors to realize in our own souls the sweetness, serenity, and purity of a life hid with God.

Brevities.

For the first time since the Reformation Sweden has now a Roman Catholic bishop.

The Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate* is not opposed to humanitarianism, but gives an odd description of it: "Humanitarianism is religion with its head cut off."

Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, at the request of the *Christian Register*, has sent some personal recollections of his friend and classmate, Mr. Willson, which appear on another page.

Hardly an exchange comes to our office now without an editorial on the Armenian question. Could the Porte feel the pressure of this tremendous moral power, the day of Armenian freedom would soon dawn.

City and State, the stirring paper of which Herbert Welsh is editor, in Philadelphia, is

making an heroic and praiseworthy effort to secure a rational celebration of the Fourth of July, which shall include the doing away with fire crackers and pistol practice. Success to this beneficent plan!

A great many will be ready to agree with the New York *Witness* when it says, "The less one knows about the five points of Calvinism, or, in fact, about any other precise definitions of spiritual truth, the fewer cobwebs he will have in his mind when he goes to the Fountain Head for knowledge concerning the things of God."

In the presence of real grief what mockery it is to take up a paper, and read, "A gentleman wears deep mourning for wife or mother not less than one year. . . . Etiquette lightens his loneliness by permitting him to visit his men friends two months after he has assumed mourning"! And, as real grief is omnipresent, such things are always mockery.

The Salem *Gazette* indicates a tendency toward the reversion of man to primitive types in the physical degeneracy caused by "the monkey stoop." It adds a word of advice. "The woman cyclist sits upright, and uses the wheel rationally in all respects. Let her masculine consort but imitate her example, and the very best hygienic fruits of the invention will be gathered."

The world is poorer this week than last by the loss of three noble personalities, Rev. E. B. Willson, Dr. A. A. Miner, and gentle and beautiful Mrs. May, the wife of Rev. Samuel May of Leicester. We may use the word "lost" for want of a better, but the influence of such lives is deathless; and, though their bodily presence is missed from the earth, the world will be always richer that they lived.

One is always glad to hear the tribute of one noble man to another. We therefore venture to quote from a private letter just received from the greatly beloved Dr. Briggs: "There never was a truer or more lovable man in our pulpits or out of them than Edmund Willson. I last heard him preach from the text 'The pure in heart shall see God.' He had a right to use a text so sacred. How well I knew and loved him!"

At the close of a long review of Mr. Chadwick's "Religion without Dogma" by Haus Schmidkunz, published in *Nord und Süd*, the German monthly established by Paul Lindau, the writer, after a detailed study of various aspects of the Unitarian controversy, especially in relation to Ethical Culture, says, "On the whole, this work furnishes us a proof more frequent now than formerly that we have in the Americans not only worthy champions in things material, but in those which are spiritual, and that in the fundamental questions of religion, a special heritage of the German intellect, we may learn something from them, especially since our churchly movements are far behind those of the Americans in strength."

A Wisconsin minister distributes through the community where he lives the following startling and, to a reverent mind, irreverent and ghastly announcement:—

THEATRE!

By command of the King of kings and at the desire of all who love his appearing, at the Theatre of the Universe, on the Eve of Time, will be performed the

GREAT ASSIZE, OR DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The scenery, which is now actually being prepared, will not only surpass anything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the world in their various and proper colors; and their customs and manners will be so exactly and so minutely delineated that the most secret thoughts will be discovered.

This theatre will be laid out after a new plan, and will consist of pit and gallery only; and, contrary to all others, the gallery is fitted up for the reception of people of high (or heavenly) birth, and the pit for those of low (or earthly) rank.

N.B.—The gallery is very spacious, and the pit without bottom.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Judge.....The Son of God
Jurymen.....The Saints of the most High
Prisoners.....{ Drunkards, Swearers, Sabbath-breakers, Extortioners, Lovers of Sinful Pleasure, Fornicators, the Fearful and Unbelieving, and Who-soever loveth and maketh a Lie.
Witnesses.....{ Angels, Ministers, Conscience, and the Word of God.

Gaoler.....Abaddon
Ministers of Vengeance.....Angels of Bottomless Pit

Tickets for the pit are sold at every place of Temptation, where the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are displayed. Tickets for the gallery may be had gratis at the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness," but will only be given to those who are willing to deny all ungodliness, and take up the cross daily, forsake all unrighteousness, and follow Christ. Tickets not transferable. No money will be taken at the door, and all who are admitted into the galleries must be sprinkled with the blood of Christ and sealed with Immanuel's signet.

Pro and Con.

OLD MAGAZINES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

A few years ago I saw in your paper a letter from a lady desiring books and magazines to send to the life-saving stations for the men to read. I was glad to respond with a box of books, and now have another collection of magazines,—*Harper's*, *Cosmopolitan*, etc.,—which I would willingly give where they would be of benefit. Address
MISS GRACE LAURENCE,
Forge Village, Mass.

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I have just returned from a four weeks' trip in the West, mostly in Oklahoma, so that I did not see Mr. Wines's reply to my question in regard to the increase in crime, nor his own question in regard to my authority. The Chicago *Tribune* vouches for the truth of the statistics. They are collected daily, and at the end of the year are printed, care also being taken not to duplicate. A noted lawyer in Chicago made the following statement in open court lately: "There were more murders in Chicago last year than in New England,—yes," he added, "than in England and Wales." The fact that the figures are equivalent to two and three murders last year in every county in all the States and Territories of the Union is neither here nor there. There were four persons shot dead in one county in one week this month, and the next week three more were murdered because it was thought they had informed on their pals. Here were seven in two weeks. Now, no one would rejoice more than I to feel assured that the figures given by the Chicago *Tribune* were exaggerated. Why such a paper should take pains to employ a man to collect the facts and print them I don't know, but I do know that life is cheap on our frontiers and in our great cities. In a small village where I was staying last week a woman shot her step-daughter. The father of the girl, who was the woman's fifth husband, was seen sweeping the blood from the sidewalk into the road. He stayed with his wife in jail. A fiddler was sent down to solace the defiant and proud woman, who gloried in her deed. Many men with the guilt of many murders on them are at large to-day; and many a poor man dies from violence in the unchurched part of our land, the record of which never gets into print. Until Mr. Wines can give more than negative evidence, I do not feel that he has disproved those I sent, merely because of awfulness of the statistics. W. G. PUDDEFOOT.

WHAT DOES BOSTON NEED?

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Boston needs a large, convenient, well-appointed church for the people. It will not be such a church as one single congregation can carry on. To maintain it fitly will require the full energy of the Suffolk Conference, the Benevolent Fraternity, the Religious Education Society, the American Unitarian Association, the Unitarian Club, and the Channing Club, all and each.

Such a church, fitly to accommodate people of Boston and strangers, should be and do what a cathedral ought to be and do where there is an established church. This is much more than the parish work of any one congregation.

To be and do this, the church itself should be large, convenient, light, and democratic. By democratic I mean that the worst seat in it shall be about as good as the best. It ought to be so large that fifteen hundred or two thousand people can be seated in it. But pulpit and platform must be so placed that these people, if not deaf, can hear the speaker.

The church must be near the central point of the electric railway delivery. That is to say, it would be well to place it near the crossing of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street.

1. Into this church any one of the Unitarian congregations now existing might enter for the conduct of its Sunday morning service, of its Sunday-school, and for the offices of the management of its charities and hospitalities. Thus the Second Church or the Church of the Unity or the Church of the Disciples, the New South

Church or the South Congregational Church, might remove there. If I do not name King's Chapel, the First Church, Bulfinch Place, or the Arlington Street Church, it is because they are so conveniently and elegantly housed now.

2. But, besides the duty of a single church organization to its own people, there is a larger duty to Boston which this new "church of Boston" should fulfil.

Thus it should maintain an evening service for all comers every Sunday evening from October 1 to July 1. A good illustration of what such a service is and can do is the evening service maintained with such spirit at the Tremont Temple, before it was burned down.

Harvard College maintains for the same period a Sunday evening service, which nearly one thousand students attend. What summons them? The college calls forty or more preachers from all parts of the country to preach on successive Sundays, and the students know that the service is so interesting that it demands their presence. Now in Cambridge there are only twenty-five hundred students. But in Boston, in the different colleges, there are six or seven thousand. This service might be called the students' service.

Now, it is not the duty or business of the South Congregational Church or of the Church of the Disciples or of King's Chapel to carry on such a general or national service. But is it not the duty of the Unitarian churches of Boston? Ought not all the twenty-eight of them to unite in this affair?

3. The "church of Boston" could be so arranged that one of the twenty-eight Unitarian clergymen should be in attendance two or three hours every day to meet any persons who seek the advice of a clergyman. I am led to make this suggestion, also, from my experience of many years as a chaplain at Harvard College. At Cambridge, in the midst of the company of two thousand five hundred men, there is the "minister's room." In this room, from nine to eleven o'clock every day, there sits or stands one of the college chaplains. His term of duty is for three weeks. In the course of these three weeks this gentleman meets as many as one hundred young men, who come to him for social conversation or for advice in their studies or for counsel in the serious matters which relate to the communion between God and man. If there are so many persons in the university at Cambridge who find advantage in such conversation, there must be a larger number in the company of seven thousand students who assemble every winter for the work of the different schools, conservatories, and other institutions of instruction in Boston.

4. The "church of Boston" ought, also, to be able to arrange that its large auditorium should be of use every Sunday afternoon for some religious service. Vesper services have proved very important in all our large communities. There are also many, many subjects, bearing directly on the religious life of communities like ours, which need the discussion, perhaps in courses of lectures, of the persons most able,—not only clergymen, but experts in the different lines of social economy. Almost all of us who are interested in the advance of our social order, in one way or another, try to point out the utilizing of Sunday afternoon for such purposes. The success in England of what are fairly to be called great educational movements, conducted on Sunday afternoons, shows that such plans for the use of a large church are not Utopian.

To build such a church as I speak of would require one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has been suggested, after a good deal of consultation with a large number of persons who hold similar views to those expressed here, that, if some one of the existing churches would be willing to use the building for its morning service and Sunday-school, as I have suggested, that church might contribute one-half the amount. Among all our Unitarian organizations in Boston, ecclesiastical, educational, philanthropic, and missionary, and among the rich men and women and the poor men and women who believe that "God has more light yet to come out of his holy word," are there not means for raising, begging, or borrowing the other seventy-five thousand dollars?

EDWARD E. HALE,
Minister of the South Congregational Church.

A WET JUNE DAY.

Scents, sounds as of November fill the air:
Of myriad blossoms down wet pathways strewn;
Of ragged leaves off steaming branches blown,
And dropped into dank hollows here and there.
Keen little gusts go whirling through the hush,
Driving the mist before them up the lane.
And, lo! the lovely world grows ours again.
The orchard fences, the one elder bush,
Prone with its white face in the drenched, thick
grass;
The rows of apple-trees, gnarled, dropping sweet;
The highway with its pools a gleam like glass;
Then, as still speeds the mist on shining feet,
Meadow and wood, peaked roofs,—beyond them
shows
A windy west, the color of a rose.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

FIRESIDE SCHOOLS.

SOUTHERN NOTES.

BY ELLA A. GILES.

Did I care to spend a day in visiting Negro cabins? Would I take any special interest in studying an unwritten-about feature of the many educational processes which are developing the colored race in the South?

Hat and parasol and stout walking-shoes as well as alert mental faculties responded. What were fireside schools?

"De Lawd bless Missy Moore! 'Tain't in de chu'ch on'y we brungs up de chillun. It's in de cabin, it's in de home; an' she dun comes, like John de Baptist's second wife, a-wanderin' in de wilderness, to show us mudders de way."

Not being aware that John had been blest with a first helpmeet, and glancing at my saintly companion's face to see how she relished being likened to his second, I somewhat amusedly took a proffered seat, from which the speaker brushed the red clay soil of Atlanta suburbs with her dress skirt.

"How can we teach de chillun what we had nebber been teached?" asked the colored mother of a brood of seven or eight noisily howling infants who had become involved in a quarrel. Before the question was fairly stated, she was engaged in slapping some of them vigorously.

"It is such scenes as this that shape my daily work," said my escort to the cabin. She spoke softly, but thereupon told me a story.

"I attended an association one time," she said, "where the subject under discussion was the education of the young. One man was enthusiastic about the youth, but thought nothing could be done for old people. He said that crawfish always swim backward. In order to make them swim like other fish, the young should be taken into another pond, where they could never see the old ones: they should not be allowed to go back until they could swim straight. He thought he had made a convincing argument, but I asked him where there was a pond large enough to hold all the young fish. We cannot take children from their mothers as soon as they are born. And yet the first seven years of a child's education are most important. To reach the parents is to control the children." Before we left the cabin, my guide had shown the colored mother the beauty of tact and patience in managing such a pugilistic little circle of ebony youngsters. Even while we were present, there was another chance for a telling object-lesson. We left the children docile and affectionate, and the mother beaming upon us and saying,—

"De Lawd bless Missy Moore! Las' time she teached me how to dun sweep de flo' wid a broom. See it dah?" pointing proudly to it in the corner.

"And what did you use before?" I naturally asked.

"Bundle of sticks, shuah," she replied. And I learned that in the most benighted places a bundle of sticks tied together, or one stick, was the only weapon used to "cl'ar up wid."

The amount of ignorance concerning the simplest features of ordinary domestic science is almost inconceivable. In civilized America there are spots as black, so far as any rules of hygiene or home-making are known, as in darkest Africa itself. Negro cabin life is nearly as devoid of decency in some quarters to-day as that in the distant jungles. We went to one cabin where a young woman was washing. She was full of apologies for her appearance. In a very pleasant voice, and with a manner unmisstakably cordial and sincere, my friend said:—

"Ah! but wash-day doesn't excuse white women for slipshod feet, dirty dresses, and uncombed hair. The best home-keeper fixes herself up nice and neat, rolls up her sleeves, puts on a big apron, and then washes away with all her might. Meanwhile she has one room always in order, so that, if any one calls, she can pull down her sleeves, remove the apron, and be all ready to see a lady or gentleman. Ever and ever so many white women who do all their own work can manage this way on washing day."

"But I can't wash in my kauset."

"Then it's too tight. That's a proof of it." And she preached a pretty little sermon on the evils of lacing.

One of the most interesting talks I heard her give was on the subject of dress in a little cabin where we found a mother displaying a lot of gewgaws just purchased, although her girls were shoeless and her home devoid of comfort. But I found my companion's reminiscences quite as interesting as the personal experiences shared with her. So, as we ambled along in the sunshine, I encouraged her to discourse freely upon her methods in the peculiar missionary work for which she is so aptly fitted.

"I must tell you about the dish-washing lessons," she said. "It seems a very simple thing; but, when one attempts to put it all in words, it looks like quite a complicated performance. I was very hungry one day, but of course did not accept an invitation to sit down at a table. The food seemed to be well cooked; but the dishes—ah me! I said nothing, but after a few days returned to teach the mother and girls how to get the dishes clean. We went into the kitchen. All the tumblers had clouds on them, the cups and saucers felt rough, the plates were sticky. I examined the dish-cloths, while the colored girls grinned unblushingly. But it was a very solemn hour with me. I, of course, had them get two pans, and nearly fill one with clean, warm water with soap in it. I told them they should have it as clean as if they were going to drink it or cook with it, and their big eyeballs rolled in astonishment. Before I knew it one had spoiled it by putting in the dirty dish-cloth. I had her throw it out and fill the pan again, getting a fresh, clean cloth. Oh, how we made the glasses shine, and how brightly we scoured the old knives and forks! I really enjoyed the whole operation myself. I taught them the minutest details from beginning to end. It would have been amusing, had it not been so pathetic, to witness their eagerness and enthusiasm. The white girls in the cooking classes up North are not more in earnest than those Negro girls were in wanting to know the best way of washing dishes, when they once began to think about it. The dish-washing reform spread in that vicinity until it became a fad. All the ignorant mothers had to be told of my visit and the value of my instructions." Out of the efforts of my morning companion has grown finally an organization of which she is the leader, or, as she calls it, the "headquarters." It is known as Fireside Schools, and she has hundreds of names enrolled. There are pledges for work and study. Lessons are not only learned every day, but taught to others. There are books and pamphlets furnished the members. The pupils are mothers and their daughters, who are not required to attend any meetings anywhere, but are expected to get good, be good, and do good at home. Those who can write are expected to report to headquarters: those who cannot are told where they can get some one to write for them. The Fireside School is the servant of the church. Its object is to reduce to every-day practice the vows taken by the mothers when they unite with a church. The Fireside School cannot be fenced by denominational interests. Home is universal. What a boundless field it offers for a missionary as consecrated, as zealous, and as wise as my friend Miss Moore!

From the cabins of the poor and ignorant Negroes in the suburbs of the city we came to the large school for colored girls and women known as Spelman Seminary, which has the finest site and some of the finest buildings in Atlanta. It has been most generously helped by Mr. Rockefeller, who has given it over \$90,000. It has come to be called the colored girls' Vassar in the South. Looking back to my first visit, eleven years ago, I fully realize the wonderful progress which beneficent years have

wrought in the condition of the average Negro girl. The abnormal religious excitement which prevailed eleven years ago, the comical costumes, the grotesque attitudes, the amusing African dialect, undiluted by any pronunciations which Webster would authorize or Grant White approve, are all entirely lacking now. Among several hundred colored girls marching to music from building to building this bright autumn afternoon, their uncovered heads well poised on not unshapely shoulders (even though the predominant dress-sleeve was amply puffed, and stood up according to the dictates of fashion magazines), there was but one who seemed to have stepped out from the old régime of pitiable ignorance and poverty and tawdry display.

A swift vision of the past arose in vivid outlines before me, as I marked her ungraceful bearing; her green dress and gay red apron; her hair, with its broad parting down the back of her head, and the tight little braids tied with twine. A new scholar, of course, and from the backwoods (where still remain thousands yet to be reached by some beneficent influence and brought to this Vassar of the colored girls or to some other educational centre). So great was the contrast between this girl and her companions that she looked like the spirit of caricature itself profanely introduced into a picture of typified womanly refinement, womanly grace, and womanly aspiration. Now, this may seem like a decided exaggeration. It may appear to the casual reader like an idealization of the characteristic colored girl of this large school to say that she is really a Delsartian in her carriage; that she dresses in as good taste as any Boston school-girl of the period; that in her features are radiated intelligence, true culture, and real beauty. Even the most prejudiced Southern critic, who may want to evade the question, must admit, on seeing the majority of the graduates of the school, that in their physique, their characters, their spirit, their lives, they have as much beauty as the white girls of the present century. It is surprising, perhaps; but it is nevertheless true. They have studied everything that is necessary in the successful make-up of a cultured white woman. And they have been taught under even better advantages than the average white young woman of the North or South. The faculty of Spelman is represented by thirty-five of the sweetest, truest, noblest, and most consecrated women of New England. These Spelman girls have studied, apart from the world, as if a convent itself environed them, not only the common English branches, but, many of them, foreign languages, science, music, literature, poetry, the classics, a manual of politeness, and fundamentally, every day, under wise guidance, the Scriptures.

It must be that, under favorable circumstances and conditions, the average African advances and develops more rapidly than the other races; that is, the average African female. All the profound arguments of the most learned scientists to the contrary. I should, noting the changes and the swift strides in education and real culture made by the educated colored women of the South during the last eleven years, be unconvinced if told there was a limit to the capacity of the average colored girl to assimilate all the elements which form the ideal American woman.

After graduating, the girls are quite apt to return for a continuance of their studies. So to-day the immense opportunities for judging fairly what can be done in the case of a persevering colored girl, eager to be the equal, even if never the companion, of her white sisters, are in no way to be deprecated.

The recent action of committees in a conference at Old Point Comfort, Va., of Northern and Southern orthodox religious leaders, aiming to effect co-operation and unity in efforts to enlighten and educate the Southern Negroes, is one of the most encouraging features since the war.

The work of Northern missionaries has slowly dawned upon the Southern people as not only beneficent and effective, but necessary,—indeed, imperatively so. But it will take some time yet for prejudice to entirely disappear and co-operation become general in the South. The trend of public sentiment is not yet in favor of these extensive educational institutions. But in the course of another eleven years what facts now doubtful to the average questioner may not be firmly established?

JAUNTING IN SPAIN.

BY LYDIA J. SANDERSON.

I.

Up and down the land of Spain one is continually finding novel sights. The railway trains travel so slowly, the stops are so long and frequent, that one gets glimpses of foreign scenes and life from the car windows,—snow-capped mountains and the bluest of skies; stretches of desert and miles of fertile land; cacti, century plants, and tall palms; mountains of olives, and pink and white oleander stretching away in the distance; gayly decorated muleteers, driving mules heavily laden with panniers; windmills, calling to mind Spain's famous knight, Don Quixote; while vineyards, orange groves, and pomegranates delight both the outer and inner man.

The houses are built in the Oriental style, with a court-yard, called a *patio*, in the centre, open to the sky, with an awning drawn over the top by day to keep out the sun.

Each province has a peculiar dress. In the north, in the Spanish Pyrenees, the men wear corduroy knee-breeches, ornamented with filigree braid and buttons. The waistcoat is of black velvet, decorated, and so short as to show a broad, bright-colored sash, which serves as a catch-all for cigars, money, handkerchief, knives, and knick-knacks. Blue stockings and sandals cover the feet, while a bright-colored kerchief adorns the head.

The women wear a tight bodice, short dress, and a red handkerchief tied jauntily over the head.

In Central Spain an entirely different garb is worn. The Castilians have a grave, sedate look, which corresponds with their garment; for the men wear gray alpaca coats, long gray trousers, low shoes, and a broad-brimmed gray felt hat called a *sombrero*. At the capital however the people have a European character in dress; and the lady's mantilla, seen in many other cities, is fast disappearing before the invading French bonnet. In fact, there is little that is Spanish about Madrid. It is a great city after the style of any European capital, and full of modern equipments. Its great charm is its wonderful art gallery of two thousand paintings.

Not far from Madrid is what the Spaniards call "the eighth wonder of the world,"—the Escorial. This stupendous edifice was built of granite, shaped into a palace, a church, a monastery, and a pantheon, by Philip II., to have a burial-house for himself and the royal families, and as an act of gratitude to Saint Lawrence, to whose protection he ascribed certain victories in battle. It is built in the shape of a gridiron, because upon this instrument Saint Lawrence suffered martyrdom. It is a grand and gloomy pile. Here lived Philip II.,—a sad, stern, and silent life. His simple room is pointed out: it is like a cell for plainness. It is so placed that he might be close to the high altar, and hear and see the mass from his bed when ill. It is said that he was never known to smile; but how could he, when he commanded the tortures and horrors of the Spanish Inquisition?

The Pantheon is an octagonal chamber, with shelves of precious marbles around it, upon which are the marble coffins, arranged according to Spanish royal etiquette. Only kings and mothers of kings have the honor of being placed here. Other members of the royal family are buried in corridors leading from this royal vault.

Leaving this modern world of Madrid and its suburbs, we come to ancient Toledo, with its one broad street and its one public conveyance, the omnibus. We have come from the outer world into a strange old town of the past, built high upon a rock, with the river Tagus winding about its base. There is no hum of business, no rumble of wheels. The streets are like twisted, tangled threads. Most of the city is traversable only for donkeys. Toledo is a shrine of mediæval art; for the old town has been the stronghold of Romans, Goths, Moors, and Jews. Here the famous Toledo blades were manufactured for the Romans and Moors, and here to-day they are still forged and tempered for the Spanish army.

The cathedral is of world-wide fame; for it stands upon the spot which was visited by the Virgin Mary when she came from heaven, and presented a holy cape to Arch-

bishop Ildefonso. The wardrobe of the Virgin is well worth seeing, for its wealth is almost unrivalled by the toilettes of the most extravagant queens in the world. Her mantle for gala-days, when she is carried in procession, is silver and gold, with seventy-eight thousand pearls embroidered on it, besides diamonds, rubies, and countless emeralds. Her ordinary robes are equally splendid, and are gifts of kings, queens, popes, and other dignitaries. So lavish is the Church of Rome to the sacred image of the Virgin, to see which we thread our way up steps thronged with beggars!

Our hotel is a curiosity in itself. We dine in the *patio*, whose floor is of cobblestones. About us are cages with larks and orange-trees in boxes. At one side is a long, low table, where our guide serves as scullion, and talks as glibly, between the puffs of a cigarette, to the onions and potatoes he peels as to the tourists he leads. In the adjoining *patio* is kept the town omnibus; and here the mules bray and stray, while the keepers smoke and swear in the most musical of tongues.

But the Southern Andalusian province offers most that is picturesque, interesting, and novel. It is the home of the guitar, the fan, the song, and the fandango, the land of pleasure, romance, love, and beauty, the land of the Moor, and the Orient of Spain. The street scenes are repetitions of what we are familiar with from the operas of "Carmen" and "The Barber of Seville." The water-carriers, bearing quaint jars, are everywhere crying, "Agua, agua! Quien quiere agua!" for Spain is a water-drinking country,—a legacy from the Moors, whose religion forbade them drinking the pressed juice of the grape.

A market day seems much the same as in the stories of the "Arabian Nights." It begins at six in the morning, to avoid the heat. Old and young gather about the market-place. Gayly dressed peasants, looking like the pictures we see on the raisin and cigar boxes, congregate here and there, thrumming the strings of their guitars, accompanied by bewitching, black-eyed beauties, skilfully handling the tambourine and castanets. Here and there old women under Bedouin tents have set up their frying-pans, and are cooking long coils of dough in hot olive oil, which serve for a breakfast, with the cup of chocolate which is being brewed close by.

The crockery sellers predominate; and frequently a random donkey strays into the midst of the pots and jars, and a disreputable scene follows, in which the braying and kicking of the donkey, the shouting and haranguing of the owner of the beast, and the growling and muttering of the owner of the crockery, the smashing and crashing of the pots and jars, make one feel as if on the edge of a small earthquake.

All is picturesque and Oriental; and over all fly the red and yellow, the Spanish colors, which in their brilliancy always give a holiday look.

In Southern Spain there are many caves excavated in the mountain sides, the homes of the gypsies, the rooms cut out of the solid rock. Here the gypsies bask all day in the sun and shade. The women earn money by making baskets and telling fortunes. The principal feature of their entertainment is the dance; and the dancing of the little gypsy girl (the little *gitana*, she is called) in her holiday dress, with bare legs and feet, was very pretty and graceful as we saw her that sunny day in the cave in the mountain side, after which with irresistible tricks she begged us to buy charms, flowers, and baskets.

IMPROVEMENTS AT TUSKEGEE.

BY ESTELLE M. JACKSON.

Few schools, in fact, it might be safe to say that no school in the South has made such rapid progress as the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Perhaps the most praiseworthy step during the year is the addition of a dairying department. Though it is only the growth of nine months, still it is already stocked with most of the modern appliances; and it is not exaggeration to say that the butter made is as good as any produced in the South. A sample was sent to the governor of the State, who said in a letter of acknowledgment that both he and his wife considered it "the finest we have used in a long time." This department is one which will be exceedingly use-

ful to the students and to the entire South. Alabama has great resources for such work, and a well-stocked dairy farm would be a Godsend to the Black Belt. During this term instruction in dairying was given to the young men only, but it is the aim of the institution to give the young women also the privilege of learning the art of managing a dairy.

Since agriculture is to be the chief pursuit of the Negroes of the South for some time to come, the Tuskegee Institute is making an earnest effort to give the best instruction available along this particular line; and, with an eye to this advancement, agricultural chemistry has been added to the course. Little work has been done in the branch during this term, but during the subsequent terms it is hoped that much knowledge will be gained and real work accomplished in this useful study.

The real and necessary work of Tuskegee has always gone forward at such a rapid rate, and with so much intensity, that little or no time has been spent in beautifying the grounds till lately. A young man of the class of 1894, who seemed to have some real tact, and, what is better, real love for this kind of work, went immediately after being graduated from Tuskegee to the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and took a short course in horticulture. He is now regularly employed by his Alma Mater, and is making a creditable showing in his work. He has charge of all the fruit-trees, flowers, shrubbery, vineyards, etc., as well as the levelling of the campuses.

"How shall we keep things from actually going to pieces when the carpenter-shop is full of work and all the carpenters busy?" is a question which has, since the founding of the institute, vexed the minds of the authorities. This question was solved at the beginning of the term by adding a department of repairs, which has greatly facilitated matters along this line. It may be an interesting point to note that the young man in charge is a graduate of the school, and partly learned his trade in Tuskegee.

Foundrying has been put in as a regular industry. All the grates used in the stoves during the past winter were cast in the institution foundry; and grates for both stoves and fireplaces, parts of stoves, and andirons are now being made in quantities. A new machine-shop is nearing completion, and some work has been done along this line. All the water-piping in connection with the school has been taken up during the winter and spring, and new pipes put down, which has made affairs much more comfortable and systematic.

One addition, which will perhaps be of more interest to the reader than any other, is the building of a new cottage, which, when completed, is to be by far the handsomest on the grounds. This cottage is to be known as the "Parker Model Home," in honor of the gentleman who gave the money for the building of the cottage, and also gave an idea as to the use to which it is to be put. This cottage is to be used exclusively for the Senior girls, and they are to be taught all that pertains to a model home. One other ten-room cottage has been built this spring; and this, with the Seniors' Home, will aid much in the rooming of a larger number of girls for the next term. A large, commodious building for the boys is now Tuskegee's most pressing need.

The teachers, students, and all visitors who attended the commencement exercises were made glad with the glorious news that some lady, who withheld her name, had just decided to give \$12,000 for the erection of a chapel. No one can describe the feeling of joy and thankfulness that pervaded every one's heart who heard the joyful news.

Thursday, May 30, the graduating exercises took place. Exercises of various kinds had been going successfully forward, however, since the 24th. This was the first annual exhibit of the industrial department. Thirty-nine who had served the requisite three years' apprenticeship at their trades were given certificates from eleven different industrial departments. These young people read essays on the theory of their work; but, what is far better, material was provided, and practical demonstrations of the training they had received were given to the audience. A blacksmith had a buggy on the rostrum, and showed just how he irons a buggy; a carpenter had a house frame, and showed just how he con-

structs a house and covers it; a painter showed how he paints the same house; and a tinner showed how he would cover it with tin. A dressmaker had a dress, and explained the art of fitting. The house-keeper cleaned and put in good order a lamp. And thus through the whole programme.

The commencement sermon was preached on the 26th by Dr. E. Winchester Donald of Trinity Church, Boston. During the first part of his sermon a storm arose, which interrupted for a time the discourse, as the congregation was assembled in a temporary pavilion which is constructed every year for this purpose. The rain, however, did not last long; and, after every one was resettled and quiet was again restored, Dr. Donald proceeded to give in his deep, impressive manner some practical truths which it is very necessary for the Southern Negro to know.

The exercises of the commencement day were, beyond doubt, the best, most helpful, and practical ever known in the history of the school. There were six orations from as many members of the class, the annual address, a short, spicy, interesting speech from the new State Superintendent of Education of Alabama, with music, of course. The subject-matter was good in all the orations; and the earnest effort on the part of each one to make what he had to say interesting, and practical as well, was plainly evident. Such subjects as "The Way out of Poverty," "What the Home should be," "Lessons learned from the Life of Douglass," "The Mission of Educated Negro Women," "Reforms for Southern Farmers," and the valedictory, "Applied Education," will give the reader the idea that the graduates of Tuskegee, at least, preach sound, practical doctrine. The most interesting and information centred around the "Reforms for Southern Farmers"; and, while much of the advice given seemed strange, coming, as it did, from a boy of fifteen, not yet out of short trousers, yet no farm of the South would look or be the worse by following out every bit of it.

The annual address, "The Larger and Newer Idea of Education," was a fine, polished production. The address was given by S. Laing Williams, a noted successful colored lawyer of Chicago. He struck the key-note, and said much that cannot fail to prove helpful to the masses that were present.

It would be doing an injustice to fail to make mention of the graduating exercises of the Bible Training School, which took place on Monday evening at 7.30, May 27. Five young men received diplomas from this department, and their deportment what time they have been connected with this school has been such as proves that they were in every way worthy of the honor. Counting all who received diplomas or certificates from the various departments, there were fifty-five; and Tuskegee Institute closed her fourteenth anniversary with the knowledge that this commencement exercise was what it should naturally be,—the best in the history of the school.

THE NATIONAL MUNIOIPAL LEAGUE AT CLEVELAND.

This society has recently held a highly successful meeting in this city, famed for conventions and for the hospitality with which it receives successive relays of guests of the most diverse and various sorts. The league is a company of gentlemen, many of whom have become distinguished in various causes of civic and humanitarian reform; and it may be regarded as a kind of national clearing-house for the local societies, civic federations, committees of seventy, good government clubs, and the rest, that have been called into being within the last few years by the new and rapidly growing interest in municipal reform.

This was the third annual meeting of the national organization, and it had the record of a good year's work to celebrate. Several smaller cities, as Portland, Ore., Omaha, Neb., and Louisville, Ky., brought cheering reports of good work accomplished or wholesome revolutions brought about. But, of course, the thirty-five thousand majority in Chicago for municipal civil service reform, and the results brought about in New York under the lead of Dr. Parkhurst and his coadjutors, furnished the most brilliant instances of progress. It was evident, however, that veterans in the service of

municipal reform, while rejoicing in these achievements, hold the work to be but just begun, and the results that seem so considerable to be by no means permanently secured. The political boss and the machine jobber, though staggered, are by no means daunted, and are preparing, when the wave of virtuous excitement has subsided, to revamp their schemes and reap their quiet harvest as aforetime. This has happened more than once; and there are not wanting signs, in New York and elsewhere, that it is to occur again.

But hardly again without more emphatic protest and exposure, and a louder chorus of denunciation. For the Municipal League has come to stay, and is multiplying its agencies and its activity all over the country. This meeting at Cleveland has shown a wide-spread interest, an earnest determination, a careful study of methods, a growing weight of character, in the cause of municipal reform, that must result in progress and the cure of many crying evils. Crying evils there evidently are in many cities that have hardly moved as yet toward their correction; for, apart from the places named above, the reports of delegates were saved from monotony, at least, by the variety of shams and inefficiency that marked the record of municipal misrule. Indeed, some one suggested that the cities seemed to be striving for precedence in furnishing the "awful example." The story of favoritism, jobbery, partisan and bi-partisan plunder, was a depressing one; and the main comfort was that this league represented a large number of eminent and patriotic citizens awake to these abuses and determined to wake up the country to them and keep it awake.

Of remedies, two, at least, were wholly concurred in by all,—the complete separation of municipal from national politics, and the extension of civil service reform or intelligent business methods to the management of towns and cities. Eminent leaders of both political parties are yet to be convinced of the necessity of these measures, and the partisan press still depreciates and ridicules them; but no permanent gains in municipal government can be assured without them, and without that growth and lifting of the civic spirit that will secure them. On this increase and uplift, through the persistent and devoted effort of intelligent and patriotic citizens, the right solution of this pressing problem of honest and efficient municipal government rests.

The papers and discussions of the three days' sessions of the league were of a high order. Mr. James C. Carter of New York, who presided with urbanity and grace; Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, whose pithy sentences were condensed demonstrations,—as when he said that bi-partisan investigating commissions exemplified the "law of mechanics that the result of two equal opposing forces is rest"; and Mr. Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, who has been specially distinguished by his connection with the Indians' Rights Association,—were among the eminent speakers. But the most effective address was that of Rev. Washington Gladden, who is a veteran writer and worker in this cause, and whose ringing demand for a "Civic Religion" summoned us to a more responsible and sacred conception of citizenship and a generous devotion and enthusiasm for "civic ideals."

It was good to find delegates and active workers in this cause from several of our Unitarian churches,—from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Rochester,—and to meet friends from Unity Church among the welcoming committee. Perhaps it was a little remarkable that the only ministers of Cleveland who spoke at the banquet given to the league by the citizens of Cleveland should have been the eloquent and liberal young Rabbi Gries and one of the pastors of our Unitarian church, Rev. Marion Murdock, who certainly showed that women can take an effective part in the discussions, as they are coming to share in the administration of municipal affairs.

The mention of Unity Church recalls the sad loss it has just experienced in the sudden and lamented death of Mr. S. M. Strong, chairman of the board of trustees, and a trusted friend and helper of the pastors of the church in all their various work. Mr. Strong was a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce, a business man of integrity and eminent worth, and in his private life singularly kindly, considerate, and devoted to his family and friends.

MEADVILLE LETTER.

The anniversary of the Theological School has come and gone, with lovely June weather and a small sprinkling of welcome visitors from abroad. The large inflow to the semi-centennial celebration of last year has been followed by a sharp contraction this year. While Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Chicago were present in large, or, rather, great, clerical force, Boston and all the East was, for the first time in the experience of the present writer, without a single official representative. But, though the occasion was thus left to orient itself from neighboring luminaries and stars further West, it had no lack of interest and inspiration. The breezy cheer of Jenkin Lloyd Jones's always welcome presence, the hearty ring in the words of our stalwart evangelist at the head of the Ohio, were only auxiliary to Mr. Fenn's fresh and strong sermon on ministering to men's needs instead of to their wishes, and Mr. Slicer's indescribable address of all-around philosophy and fun, with hard, practical knobs jutting out here and there, and an earnest spiritual purpose unifying all his straying and preternaturally lively thoughts.

The graduating class—the largest that has ever left the school—gave a good account of itself in the themes presented, which were justly praised as being exceptionally well written and well spoken,—merits which were largely the outcome of the work of our untiring instructors in senior homiletics and in vocal culture. The programme was as follows:—

Invocation, by Rev. Charles E. St. John, of Pittsburg. Essay, "The Reconciliation of Optimism and Retribution," Harriet Belle Barton, Northampton, Mass. Essay, "A Prayer-book and Free Prayer," Richard Wilson Boynton, Boston, Mass. Essay, "Monastic and Secular Piety," Louis Henry Buckshorn, Cincinnati, Ohio. Essay, "The Pessimism of Schopenhauer," Samuel Louis Elberfeld, Cincinnati, Ohio. Essay, "The Fratres Poloni," Samuel Garborg, Fargo, No. Dak. Essay, "The Unity of Protestantism contrasted with that of the Catholic Church," Emeline Harrington, Hayward, Wis. Hymn, Rev. Edward A. Horton. Essay, "Is there Need that the Church be farther secularized?" James Eads How, St. Louis, Mo. Essay, "Does the Stricter Standard of Conduct expected of the Minister wrong him or honor him?" Josiah Coleman Kent, Marblehead, Mass. Essay, "The Order of Moral Progress," Clarence Adrian Langston, San Francisco, Cal. Essay, "The Communication of Religious Ideas as a Function of the Church," Robert Sprague Loring, Newton Centre, Mass. Essay, "Evolution as a Philosophy of Redemption," Hendrik Vossema, Nuis, Holland. Essay, "The Problem of the Book of Job," John Noyes Woodman, Haverhill, Mass. Hymn, Louis H. Buckshorn. Address to the Graduating Class by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Buffalo, N.Y. The conferring of diplomas. Benediction.

The meeting of the trustees marked some important gains for the future of the school, though the absence of many members usually present and much relied on, and especially that of the beloved president of the board, Miss Elizabeth G. Huidekoper, —whose long illness is only slowly yielding, —gave the discussions somewhat less varied interest and importance than the June meeting has usually had of late. Rev. N. P. Gilman was confirmed as professor of sociology on the new Hackley foundation; and gifts to the library were reported of four hundred and fifty volumes from the heirs of Miss Anna C. Lowell, of Boston, and a very valuable collection of more than three thousand volumes—consisting mainly of recent works on the history and philosophy of religion and Biblical criticism—from the children of Mr. William Berrian of Brooklyn, in accordance with the wishes of their father lately deceased. The finances of the school were reported as being in good condition, and a scheme was brought forward for the increase of salaries and the enlargement of facilities for the use of the library and its care.

It was an interesting occurrence this anniversary week to have a student of some twenty-five years ago return at this time to replace the funds granted him by the school

to aid him in his preparation for the ministry,—an example worthy of all commendation.

It is a serious drawback to this record of progress that the trustees have failed to retain on the teaching force of the school Rev. A. W. Jackson, whose lectures on philosophy and ethics have won the increasing respect and admiration of the students, and whose work in homiletics and sermon criticism have made something like an era the past year in careful and thorough sermon-writing. Mr. Jackson's literary judgment and genius for taking pains have made his help greatly valued and widely sought in this department; and the precision and finish of his philosophical work, as well as the hearty good fellowship of his intercourse with the students, has added much to the value and pleasantness of this year's work. All his fellow-instructors were urgent for his retention; and it seems a pity that needed plans of improvement should have been timed so as to exclude one of the prime conditions of a good school,—a tried, capable, and successful teacher. Mr. Jackson will carry from us the sincere regrets and the cordial respect and esteem of his fellow-instructors and the great body of his pupils.

Of the twelve graduates, about one-half propose to enter the ministry at once, and the rest to carry their studies further, either at Harvard or abroad. The prospect of the

held, and all the visiting clergymen joined to set forth to the people of St. John the thoughts and principles of Unitarian Christianity. During the services of dedication Rev. Dr. MacDougall announced that, in accordance with a purpose long since made public, his connection with the Church of the Messiah as its pastor would cease. The work he had undertaken was accomplished, and he now felt justified in withdrawing from the field.

WHITTIER'S FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

Since Whittier's death much has been truly said of his un-Calvinistic convictions. Plainly, he did not hold the faith expressed in the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church or in the creeds of the evangelical sects.

In dwelling upon the love of God rather than on his supposed justice or glory and upon the life as more than belief, and in rejecting doctrines which, in his own words, "attribute to the heavenly Father schemes and designs utterly at variance with the moral sense of his creatures," Whittier was in perfect sympathy with Unitarians. But on other points, and especially on one essential point, he was opposed to their faith and spirit.

The attitude of the human soul toward our Father is a vital part of religious faith; and in regard to it Whittier was fully orthodox, in opposition to every class of lib-

and, turning inward, he finds not sympathy with them, but their shaming condemnation of his prayerless heart.

There is no morbid excitement in the flowing verses. It is the calm, firm utterance of his profound conviction. This is his view of humanity, which many of the wise and pure (many more than Unitarians imagine) share with the true and noble poet. Surely, truth requires that his clear witness should not be shaded to gratify our liberal feelings, or denied because it is so repugnant to our thought. F. C. W.

A FOREIGN INVADER.

An assisted immigrant is making a lot of trouble in Louisiana. It is a plant, a water hyacinth, which a man from New Orleans saw and admired about three years ago while on a visit to Colombia. He brought some bulbs of it home with him, and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain. In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up with this invading flower. Great masses of it are floating in the lake: rivers running into the lake are choked with it, and it has travelled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Colombia it is a harmless, flowering plant that grows in tubs; but in Louisiana the conditions suit it, and have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest the State has known since she lost the Louisiana Lottery.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Sunday School.

The New York Unitarian Sunday School Union is a vigorous body, doing most excellent work. It has published two tracts the past year. Their titles are: "What shall we do with the Church Days in Unitarian Sunday Schools?" by Edward J. Luce of Rutherford, N.J.; "Religious Education: How shall the Child be taught Religion, and who shall teach him?" by Thomas W. Butts of Brooklyn. These were originally read at meetings of the Union, and are now printed for free distribution. Copies can be had on application in person or by mail at the rooms of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

"Children's Sunday" is observed now quite widely in our churches. Interesting exercises occurred at Quincy First Parish on June 2. The morning service was given to this object. Flowers adorned the pulpit. The members of the school were seated in the centre of the church, surrounded by a large attendance of adults. Rev. E. C. Butler, the pastor, christened four children; and remarks were made by the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Mr. Horton. Mr. Charles H. Porter, Jr., superintendent of the Sunday-school, conducted the exercises admirably. We commend the singing, which was mostly by the school, who used the New Song and Service Book. In addition was an effective choir.

We call attention again to the sessions of the Summer School to be held under the auspices of the Clark University, Worcester, Mass. These meetings extend from July 15 to July 27, both inclusive. This is a rare opportunity for Sunday-school teachers to obtain new light and inspiration. President G. Stanley Hall has a special course on "The Sunday School and Methods of Religious Training for the Young." In addition to this direct line of subjects are many other lectures, all tending to equip the Sunday-school workers with new ideas and methods. The fee is \$12 for one week or \$20 for the entire course of two weeks, payable in advance. This covers everything in any or all departments. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates near by.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.—The alumni of Harvard Divinity School will meet at the chapel of Divinity Hall on Tuesday, June 25, at 2 P.M. At 4 P.M., at the same place, an address by Rev. W. R. Alger of the class of 1847. Subject,



THE ST. JOHN CHURCH.

next year's class is good, and, together with the adoption of a four years' course for all not college graduates, gives good promise for the future usefulness of the school.

Rev. Mr. Lawrance, who has unfortunately been ill nearly ever since he became pastor of our church here, is seeking—and happily finding—health among the Franconia hills; and his pulpit has been very acceptably filled for several months by the members of the Senior Class of the Theological School.

H. H. B.

THE ST. JOHN CHURCH.

For twenty years or more Unitarian services have been held in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, but not until now has a Unitarian church been built. This has been accomplished under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. A. MacDougall, who a few years ago gave up his position as minister of the Calvin Church, Presbyterian, of St. John, and started an independent society. This he changed to a Unitarian society when he became better acquainted with our thought and aims. The American Unitarian Association and the Women's Alliance have assisted with large sums; but the Church of the Messiah is now virtually completed, and was dedicated the evening of Tuesday, June 4. It is a small brick structure, plain, but attractive, and costing, exclusive of furnishings, about \$4,000.

The dedication services were conducted by Rev. Dr. MacDougall, assisted by Rev. H. D. Catlin of Eastport, who offered the invocation; by Rev. D. M. Wilson, who offered the prayer of dedication; and by Rev. O. K. Crosby of Houlton. The sermon was preached by Rev. F. B. Hornbroke of Newton, who made a strong and inspiring presentation of the larger gospel and surer trust which are displacing the old theologies.

The next evening a platform meeting was

eral thinkers. Many of his writings show his clear, sweet, truly Christian faith on other lines of belief; but on this he sings an opposite strain, in another key.

Take his beautiful hymn beginning

"The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away."

The second, third, and fourth verses carry the thought of Nature's worship grandly onward in solemn melody. Then comes the climax toward which all the images of leaf and flower and sea and star have been collecting,—the awful contrast between these lovely, sacred works of God and the profane spirit of man. Nature in all her forms is full of prayer and praise.

"So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man."

Nothing can be sadder or more complete. Not the erring hand, not the careless mind, but the prayerless heart of man. In a late edition of our hymn-book the last line is changed to read "a prayerless heart in man"; that is, whenever the heart is undevout. But that reverses the aim of the hymn, and was never authorized by Whittier. He wrote no careless rhymes. His poetic finish equals his spiritual earnestness. In this flawless hymn he sang what he profoundly felt. All Nature near and far is worshipful: "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

And this is the more striking because Whittier's mind was so introspective, after the manner of the Friends. This is not the theory of a student: it is not the result of observation of men in worldly affairs so much as the secret searching of his own soul. It is his testimony as to human nature. He looks upon all these beautiful forms, he listens to these solemn voices;

"The Culture of Religious Faith." Colla-
tion at No. 3 Divinity Library at 5 p.m.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—
Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman has been ap-
pointed Hackley Professor of Sociology,
and will assume the duties of the position
in September next. Mr. Gilman will con-
tinue to be managing editor of the *New
World*; and he should be addressed at
Meadville, Pa., after October 1.

CLERGYMEN IN BOSTON DURING THE
SUMMER.—As in former years, as a con-
venience to the public, a list is now being
prepared giving the addresses of those
ministers of all religious denominations
who expect to be in Boston, or near by, dur-
ing the summer months of July and August
and to September 15, or any portion of that
time. Clergymen of all denominations are
invited to mail a postal card, giving their
address for any portion of the above time,
if to be in Boston or vicinity, to William
H. Baldwin, president, 48 Boylston Street,
Boston. The list above named may be
consulted at the rooms of the Union, 48
Boylston Street, every day, Sundays in-
cluded, from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.

BOSTON, MASS.—Ministers' Monday
Club: June 24, 10.30 A.M. Rev. J. T.
Lusk will preside. Rev. J. H. Allen will
give the address on "Balfour's 'Foundation
of Belief.'"

HARVARD, MASS.—The following were
the order of exercises at the installation of
Rev. Joseph P. Sheafe as pastor of the
First Congregational Parish (Unitarian),
Harvard, Mass., at two o'clock, Thursday
afternoon, June 13: Anthem; reading of
the Scriptures, Rev. W. H. Evans, Baptist,
Harvard; prayer, Rev. C. C. Torrey, ortho-
dox Congregational, Harvard; hymn; ser-
mon, Rev. E. A. Horton, Boston; install-
ing prayer, Rev. G. M. Bartol, D.D., Lan-
caster; response; right hand of fellowship,
Rev. J. C. Duncan, Clinton; address to the
people, Rev. B. A. Goodridge, former min-
ister, Boston; anthem; charge to the pas-
tor, Rev. G. M. Bodge, Leominster; dox-
ology; benediction by the pastor.

PEPPERELL, MASS.—Rev. Albert C.
White of Pepperell has declined a call to
the First Unitarian Church in Ware, Mass.

SALEM, MASS.—The funeral of Rev.
E. B. Willson was held at the North
Church, Salem, Mass., Saturday last, at
3.15 P.M. In accordance with an agree-
ment between Mr. Willson and his friend
and neighbor, Rev. John W. Hudson of
Peabody, that the survivor should perform
this office for the other, Mr. Hudson took
charge of the service. Before the arrival
of the funeral procession familiar psalm
tunes were played on the organ. Rev.
George D. Latimer and Mr. Hudson re-
ceived the procession, standing on the plat-
form before the pulpit, which was filled
with palms and flowers. Selections from
Scriptures were read, a prayer was offered,
the choir sang a hymn, Mr. Latimer pro-
nounced the benediction; and the simple
but tender and impressive service was over.
The body remained in the church on Sun-
day, to be taken on Monday to Forest Hills
for cremation.

ST. CLOUD, MINN.—A correspondent
says, "The attendants at Unity Church last
Sunday morning enjoyed an unusual treat
in listening to a discourse on 'Judaism
and Unitarianism' by Rabbi A. Fried-
mann of the Jewish Temple, Minneapolis.
The speaker emphasized in a most graceful
manner the growing sympathy which ex-
isted between liberal Judaism and liberal
Christianity, and the tendency toward the
universal religion of humanity. Unity
Church is itself a good illustration of this
cordial feeling, as it numbers several Jew-
ish families among its most loyal sup-
porters."

THE NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.
This conference met at Nashua, N.H.,
Thursday, June 13. Notwithstanding the
lowering weather, some two hundred peo-
ple, exclusive of the Nashua society, met
in the pleasant old church, and enjoyed a
good conference. The devotional meeting
was well attended; and Rev. W. F. Place
of Franconstown, N.H., conducted it in an
inspiring manner. After Vice-President
A. W. Sawyer took the chair, resolutions
were passed expressive of the deep sorrow
and sense of the great loss the conference
felt in the absence of the late president,
Col. Daniel Needham. Excellent papers
were read by Rev. George Batchelor, whom
the conference had the honor to give to the
American Unitarian Association; by Rev.
W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg; by Mr.
F. W. Smith of Peterboro, N.H.; by Rev.
George Herbert Hosmer of Neponset; and
by Miss Kate Gannett Wells. The Nashua
society rendered most cordial hospitality,
giving a fine collation and most excellent
music. Rev. Messrs. Enoch Powell, G. E.
Littlefield, A. J. Rich, I. F. Porter, J. W.
Roberts, George S. Shaw, Granville Pierce,
Joseph Osgood, A. C. White, Messrs.
Dana Bancroft, Jacob P. Hazen, and Miss

Green took part in the discussion. With
a hearty vote of gratitude to all who had
contributed to the success of the confer-
ence, the meeting adjourned. George E.
Littlefield, Secretary.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The
eighty-eighth regular session of the South
Middlesex Conference was held at Bedford
Wednesday, June 12. At 10.45 A.M. the
devotional service was conducted by Rev.
M. O. Simons of Billerica, at the close of
which the president took the chair. The
report of the secretary of the South Middle-
sex Alliance Branches was read, which
showed that substantial aid had been given
to many Unitarian movements in different
parts of the country, and many barrels of
clothing sent to the sufferers in Nebraska.
The treasurer's report showed a balance in
the treasury of \$26.30. It was voted that
the conference hold three sessions a year,
one each in March, June, and October.

Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge then
spoke on "The Utilization of Spiritual
Power." He said the first question is,
What power have we to use? Answer, The
power of the divine life in humanity. It
is thought that our religion may be one
thing in its thought, its philosophy, its in-
spiring ideas and sentiments, and quite
another thing in its practical forms of or-
ganization and work. In the latter there is
often manifest a disposition to imitate and
copy the methods of others; but in nature
everything that has life in itself creates
its own form, develops an organization in
harmony with its life. The life is itself
the organizing power. We should not be
imitators, but creators of forms and methods
consonant with a more rational, spiritual,
and progressive religious life. Beneath all
surface agreements there is an essential
difference between Unitarianism and the
orthodoxy of other bodies. It is the com-
mon contention of the dominant sects that
they have the "faith once delivered to the
saints," that there was an "original de-
posit" of spiritual truth, and it is the
business of the Church to preserve this tra-
dition and give this gospel to the world.
This makes the Church, the "historic epis-
copate," bishops, and all the machinery
necessary for carrying on the work of giv-
ing supernatural grace to humanity of su-
preme importance. They are the sacred
vessels of the Holy Spirit. The Unitarian
idea is fundamentally different from this.
We believe that the divine life is not ex-
clusively in a book or a church, but truth
and piety spring up naturally in human
hearts. We see all men engaged in an age-
long struggle in the search for God and
truth; and their desires and aspirations
are, in essence, spiritual, divine. Believ-
ing this, we cannot go on as if nothing had
happened. Our problem is very different
from that of other churches. It is that of
the inventor who sees around him mighty
powers, which are not of his creating, but
which he can touch and shape to higher
uses. It is for us to so organize our religion
that it will be inclusive of all good,
and our church be expressive of the divine
life in man. When a liberal preacher goes
to a new town in the West, he does not
say, What can I bring to this community?
He recognizes the fact that God is already
there, at work before him. His inquiry
is, What tides of the spirit are already
moving; what are the promises of better
life here; what are the higher possibilities
of this community; what hopes, ideas,
natural virtues and pieties, are here,—what
elements that can be made to serve the ends
of religious life? In every community
there is the raw material of religious en-
thusiasm, a germ of something better.
There is civic pride, brotherly kindness,
regard for whatsoever things are honest and
of good report; and it is the business of
the liberal preacher to help those whom he
can reach to see that these virtues make
them, in less degrees, the same as the great
leaders and teachers of spiritual religion,—
that they are already on the way to God
and the truth. He is there to help them
attain unto still higher heights than they
have yet achieved. It is his problem to
find the divine life of the community and
interpret it in the language of the soul.
So the problem of reaching the young is
not a mechanical one. The church must
not be merely an expression of the maturer
wisdom of the older people, but it must
recognize the divine life in the heart of
youth. If it shows itself alive and eager
for new truth and the new life, it will at-
tract the young as well as the old. Our
church is not yet fully organized: it is
being organized. It is not a rival body,
but an organ in human society,—the organ
of spiritual communion and worship. It
cannot do all things, but it can do its supe-
rior work of inspiration. It can lift up
the ideal, and touch to finer issues the com-
mon life. When we see that our work is
to express the actual spiritual life of man
and interpret it in the language of the soul,
we shall see the folly of attempting to bor-
row or copy the methods of those who have
a very different work to do, and shall see
how much there is in every community that
is back of us and helping us along.

At the close of the address a collection
was taken, amounting to \$26, after which
the conference adjourned for luncheon.

At 2 P.M. the conference was called to
order. After the roll-call of the churches
the Committee on Nominations presented
the following list of officers for the ensuing
year, who were duly elected: president,
W. S. Blanchard of Concord; vice-presi-
dent, C. A. Drew of Newton; secretary,
Rev. H. C. Parker, Woburn; treasurer,
Charles W. Stone, Watertown. Directors,
Rev. W. H. Johnson, Cambridge; Rev.
A. W. Littlefield, Winchester; Rev. H. C.
De Long, Medford; Mrs. R. H. Hodgdon,
Arlington; Mrs. Emma E. Marean, Cam-
bridge. The president and secretary were
made delegates to the National Conference.

Rev. Hilary Bygrave then opened the
discussion of the morning subject. He
said that spiritual power is the power that
comes from contact with the Divine Spirit,
from our relations with the Over-soul. It
is difficult to define it, to grasp it; but it
is manifest in all true religious experience.
We can use this power in organization in
the church, where it is very important, but
still more in personal influence. In per-
sonality we must find its main use. The
chief value of the Unitarian Church is in
the inspiration which its great leaders and
thinkers have given the world. It should
be used in the training of character. The
more others emphasize other things, the
more we should emphasize the importance
of character. Then this power must be ex-
pressed in the service of our fellow-men,
turned into the work of bringing in the
kingdom of God in every community. We
need it for the elevation of individual life
and for the upbuilding of our national life.

The discussion was continued by Rev.
Messrs. Green and McDaniel. Rev. G. W.
Cooke and Mr. W. H. Baldwin spoke for
the Unitarian Temperance Society, after
which the conference closed with the bened-
iction by Rev. A. B. Vorse of Wellesley
Hills. Henry C. Parker, Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.
The New England Associate Alliance held
its last meeting for the season on Tuesday,
June 11, in Concord, N.H., by invitation
from the Branch connected with the church
in that place, of which Rev. F. L. Phalen
is pastor. Mrs. Streeter, president of the
Branch, welcomed the ladies, and introduced
Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, president of the
New England Associate Alliance, who then
conducted the meeting. The first paper
was by Mrs. Mary B. Davis of New York,
secretary of the National Alliance; the sub-
ject, "The Organized Work of our
Women." She gave a brief review of the
history of the Alliance, and a fuller ac-
count of its aims and its present work. A
great deal of work was done by the women
of our churches before 1880, but not until
then were they associated together. Under
the leadership of Miss May the Auxiliary
was formed. This grew beyond the expec-
tations, if not the hopes, of its founders,
but chiefly in New England. In 1890
women all over the country joined in the
work, which broadened into the present
National Alliance. Some small Branches
have feared to join, feeling too poor to
spare even the one-third membership fees
for the national society; but, when their
hesitation has been overcome, they have
found that in union is strength, and that
what they gave has been returned to them
in time of need many hundred-fold. Time
fails to give all the interesting details of
the Pittsburg Branch, of Pierre, of the
work in North Carolina, or Miss Putnam's
work in Dakota. She travels over a circuit
of eight hundred miles, including thirty
townships. She has no regular salary, but
is supported by donations from the Alliance
Branches and other contributions. Differ-
ent forms of work appeal to the variety of
people of whom our Branches are composed.
Study class work is especially helpful to
young people, and to those who ask, "What
is Unitarian belief?" Many people ask,
What is the object of the Alliance? It is
"to quicken the religious life of the
churches, and to bring the women into
closer association and fellowship." This
was Mrs. Davis's first visit to New Hamp-
shire; and all that she said, and her ready
answers to questions, were most acceptable
to the members of some of the remote
Branches, who seldom come in contact with
the national officers. At the noon recess
the remarks were heard in many directions,
"I wish — or — had been here to-day
to hear Mrs. Davis"; and "I wish Mrs.
Davis could come to our place, so that all
our ladies could hear her." Mrs. Davis
was to go the next day to Brattleboro to
speak to the newly formed and flourishing
Alliance there.

The next speaker was Miss Eva Chan-
ning, whose subject was "Our Work in
the South"; but this included many forms
of work besides that of the Alliance. She
had travelled with a party of ladies belong-
ing to the Association for the Advance-
ment of Women. Her account of Mary-
ville College was new to most persons pres-
ent. This is situated about twenty miles
from Knoxville, and is not only coeduca-
tional, but admits blacks as well as whites.

Then came a recess of an hour for lunch
and conversation in the cool parlors of the
church, where it was difficult to realize the
warmth of the June day outside. The
afternoon session began with singing, fol-

lowed by Mrs. Phalen's paper on "Relig-
ious Reading." She divided her subject
into three heads, as the mind, the heart,
or the conduct is affected; but it is diffi-
cult for Unitarians to draw any hard and
fast lines between religious and secular
reading. Few would be edified to-day by
the sermons of the last generation. A
brief account was given after this of the
work of the Ladies' Commission. Mrs.
Ellis Petersen explained the methods of the
"Fraternal Council of the Churches" in
Jamaica Plain. The plan of this work
seems so far unique, but the example might
well be followed in other places. Mrs.
Wells and Mrs. Davis had an animated dis-
cussion over the advantages and the dangers
of organization, in which some other ladies
joined; but the general opinion seemed to be
on the side of Mrs. Whiting of Lexington,
that there was little to be feared and much
to be gained. Mrs. Blanchard wished we
might all take more pains to uphold our
denominational name. Miss Downing,
director for New Hampshire and Vermont,
made a brief speech. Much of the success
of this meeting is due to her efforts in its
behalf.

The work of the King's Daughters was
next presented in two short papers,—the
first by Miss Cressy of the "Senior Ten";
the second, by Miss Jessie Prescott of the
St. Theresa Circle. A warm tribute was
paid to Mrs. Gilman, wife of the former
pastor, who started this work. A profitable
discussion followed about the various
methods employed by different Branches in
carrying on their work, one point consid-
ered being how far it is desirable for the
older forms of work to continue indepen-
dently or as committees of the Alliance. A
vote of thanks moved by Mrs. Waters was
passed, thanking the Concord Branch for
their hospitable entertainment. Twenty
Branches were represented from New Hamp-
shire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Ellen
S. Hale, Secretary.

Business Notices.

In an Apartment House.—Every year shows the
introduction of new pieces of combination furniture for
use in flats and apartment houses, where space is valu-
able. The best of all these combinations, because the
most popular, has just been brought out at the Paine
warehouses on Canal Street. It is a combined bureau-
washstand, and it includes every convenience possessed
by either one of these two pieces of furniture. It is
really surprising what ingenuity has accomplished in
the way of space-saving furniture for small apartments.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-
wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

At Templeton, 12th inst., by Rev. J. M. W. Pratt,
Henry H. Seaver and Minnie A. Aldrich, both of Tem-
pleton.
At South Royalston, 12th inst., by Rev. J. M. W. Pratt,
Charles H. Brooks, of Templeton, and Mary A. Baldwin,
of South Royalston.
At Charlestown, N.H., 12th inst., by Rev. T. D. How-
ard, William S. Manning, of Bedford, N.H., and Geo-
rgina F., daughter of Gardner Way, of North Charles-
town.
At Charlestown, N.H., 17th inst., by Rev. T. D. Howard,
Guy H. Learned and Carrie A. Smith, both of Ches-
ter, Vt.

Deaths.

At Pittsfield, 13th inst., Mrs. Caroline B. Reid, mem-
ber of Unity Church, aged 72 years.
At Prout's Neck, Me., 13th inst., Sarah Russell May,
wife of Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, in her 83d year.

Religious Notices.

THE semi-annual meeting of the New Hamp-
shire Unitarian Association will be held in the Church
of the Unity at Rochester, N.H., on Tuesday and
Wednesday, June 25 and 26. Rev. Charles G. Ames
will preach the sermon. Rev. Charles J. Staples will
give an essay on "The Revival of Religion"; and Rev.
Alfred Gooding, Rev. Charles B. Elder, Rev. Enoch
Powell, and others are expected to take part in the
meeting.

Rev. F. L. PHALEN, Sec'y.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst is Athol,
Mass.

Newton Rest-Cure.

The Befriending Committee of the Women's Educa-
tional and Industrial Union wish to call the attention of
ladies temporarily disabled through nervous diseases to
the favorable terms they have made at the Newton
Rest-Cure.
For further particulars address the BEFRIENDING
COMMITTEE, 264 Boylston Street, Boston.

Winthrop.—To Let.

FURNISHED APARTMENT

Of 6 rooms and bath in new house for \$125 for the
season. Address

Rev. E. C. HEADLE, Winthrop, Mass.

WANTED.

THE UNITARIAN for APRIL, 1886.

One copy to complete file by a Post-office Mission on
Pacific Coast. Any person willing to donate a copy for
this purpose will please send it to P.O. M., care Geo. H.
Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

For the Christian Register.

MY SHAME.

BY HARRIET BRAINERD.

I am ashamed that I should ever be
Lost in the mazes of perplexity;
When paths are straightened for me every hour,
And mountains vanish 'neath His mighty power.
And yet I stumble, falter, and grow sad,
When I should be so sure and brave and glad.

Thou tender, loving Master of my heart,
Breathe on my doubts and bid them all depart.
Remind me how thy truth can always keep,
How sure thy pilotage o'er waters deep.
I am ashamed! but bid my shame to die;
Let it be lost in ceaseless victory.

The Pulpit.

THE SON OF GOD.

BY REV. L. J. DUNCAN.

"Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father: how sayest thou, Shew us the Father?"—JOHN xiv. 8, 9.

I know not whether this account of a conversation between Philip and Jesus is historical or not. If Jesus did not say what is reported, I am glad to believe that he might have said it. It is in keeping with his thought and method of instruction. In his teaching, the record of which has come down to us, the reflections of a supremely God-conscious soul may be traced. He had no need to rely upon external authorities, for he spoke from the truth which he found dwelling in his own nature. His precepts and doctrines were the reflection of himself and the laws and facts of life which his own soul revealed to him. Whatever he found there of worth, whatever his deep, pure nature revealed to him as true and vital, he was accustomed to hold before his audiences,—not to dogmatize upon, not to go into elaborate arguments and proofs to substantiate, but simply to let clear light and life-giving power shine upon their vision until it penetrated their being and caused their souls to vibrate in unison with his own.

So it was in this instance. "Shew us the Father," said Philip, "and it sufficeth us." What did Philip expect? Did he think Jesus, by some occult power, would rend the curtain of the heavens, and reveal the awful majesty of Israel's Jahveh? Did he expect to see the God of the universe materialized before his astounded eyes? Very likely he had no clear idea himself what Jesus would do, but his very question shows how materialistic and individualized was his God concept. And Jesus' answer betrays his own chagrin and sadness that so wide a gulf yawned between the thought of his disciple and his own pure, spiritualized conception. Vain would it have been to have tried to bring Philip into that same consciousness by metaphysical argument; vain, by theological dissertation or proofs by analogies from nature, to bring home to that dull mind the truth to himself so luminous. Jesus did not attempt it. It was not his method. He just put his truth into the form of concrete expression most likely to do the work of religious culture that he desired,—culture which some day, perhaps, would enable Philip to discover in himself what Jesus had already found in his own soul.

"Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father: how sayest thou, Shew us the Father?" No doubt his disciples stumbled over the words, even while the truth of the saying flashed dimly into their minds,—just as the Church ever since has been stumbling over the words, and only faintly and partially grasping the profound significance of the saying.

What did Jesus mean? Suppose some great-souled man, whom you have learned to love and revere for those spiritual qualities of excellent manhood which always do compel our love and reverence; some man whose daily life is like a benediction of peace and good will in our midst, yet who in the face of wrong shrank not from the task of reproof; some man who, in the face of popular clamor and prejudice, flinched not from what he perceived as true, nor held his peace, but manfully, tenderly, yet strongly uttered his true word as best befitted the lover of his fellows, and above all the lover of what is true and just,—suppose, I say,

that some such man as this, in response to your eager question about God, had to-day replied, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." What impression would that reply make upon your mind and heart?

Would you say that he was crazy, an egotist, an impostor? Would you turn from him with contempt or with pitying sadness? Or would his reply set you to thinking, as never before perhaps, upon the nature and being of God? Above all, would it stir in your inmost soul any awakened sense of your own infinite depth of being,—the consciousness of unsounded deeps, from which might yet spring the forces which would make of you also an expression of the divine in human life? What does your own soul say to you about it? Only when Jesus' truth becomes your truth can it begin to be valuable or even comprehensible to you. It was true to him. Is it true to you?

We are apt to let ourselves be stunned by mere magnitude. It is the vastness of the ocean that awes us. Yet what is the ocean? An aggregation of little drops of water, any one of which you can hold on your fingertip. The true wonder, the true revelation of what the vast ocean is, lies in that tiny drop. The vast expanse of rolling billows has only more wonder because there are infinitely more drops of the same sort. All the beauty of earth and sky that one little drop will reflect, all the wondrous, chemical combination of oxygen and hydrogen, is there manifest. All the marvellous law of great ocean's being,—the evaporation, the condensation of vapor in the cloud and its precipitation in the rain; the sweet ministry of refreshment to earth and its creatures; the mighty power to wear away even the granite hills, to carve deep valleys in the face of the earth, to turn the myriad wheels of commerce, to expand under heat and drive our vast trains laden with merchandise and precious human lives, to float our ships, to cleanse us of filth, to refresh our thirst, to soothe our tired brains and restore our weary bodies,—all this and much more is potential in that tiny drop of water. And even as we hold it to study it, to admire its beauty, to learn its worth and meaning, it is gone, obedient to the law of its being, to fulfil its appointed part in nature's wondrous order. The tiny grain of sand that we crush beneath our feet, what a history it has to tell to the eyes that are trained to see and the ears that are quick to hear its silent speech! What memories it might recount of past glories, when as a granite cliff it bore through long and silent ages the angry buffeting of the sea; of the great glacial tragedy, when it was rudely torn from its quiet home and parent cliff, and through much crushing and grinding was borne along by forces against which all its native strength was powerless, and deposited a mere pebble in a pile of drift on our Illinois prairie; of the long, weary years through which it lay exposed to the rain and snow, and was alternately baked and expanded by summer's heat and frozen and contracted by winter's frost, until its stout heart broke again and again, and was carried hither and thither by streams of water as relentless as fate, until at last it was reduced to the mere speck of matter we see it, and then was dug up, carted off, and shovelled out upon our streets, to be trodden under foot of men. Yet, when all is told, what have we less than the history of our earth? All the wondrous strength and majesty of the granite cliff, the sweet nourishing and life-yielding properties of the soil, all the beneficence and beauty that can be predicated of dear old Mother Earth lie, potentially, in that tiny grain of sand. One of our best-loved liberal poets of this day has caught this same thought, and he sings:—

"Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

"That pebble is older than Adam!
Secrets it hath to tell.
These rocks,—they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

"That pool knows the ocean feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide.
The sun finds its East and West therein,
And the stars find room to glide."
—W. C. Gannett.

It will be said, "But this is poetry." Let us not sneer at poetry. It is the vision of life from the high standpoint of what ought to be. It is the ideal. And the ideal is the soul's sense of what is the real-

ity of things,—the ultimate fact, which can in no wise be escaped or set aside.

Let us, then, apply the poetic method to man. Can we find in him, or, to make it personal, can we find in ourselves the revelation of aught that is comparable with the revelations in the drop of water of the ocean or in the grain of sand of our planet, the earth?

I know well what is the answer popular theology makes to such a question. I know, too, how deeply rooted in all our ordinary religious and ethical thinking is the idea that man is a "miserable sinner," and that the only revelation he can give is one of human depravity. I know, too, that we have grown very much into the habit of expecting the worst of people instead of the best; and that, when some noble act of unselfishness is practised, some deed of daring heroism done, we applaud it as extraordinary. But I appeal from all such superficiality and pessimism to your deeper, soberer thought and feeling. Is there not mirrored in the nature of man a potentiality as much grander and worthier of reverence than those of the drop of water and the grain of sand as man is a grander and more august fact than either the granite mountain that towers above the common levels we tread or the fathomless and un-resting sea that dashes its mighty waves against our rock-bound coasts?

I believe there is, and that nothing is so important in these modern days as that we should all recognize that fact, and feel deeply its profound significance,—not only in ourselves, but also in the vast multitude of other selves with whom we are in daily contact, and whose interests are inextricably interwoven with our own.

The tendency of our modern life, with its complex and harassing conflict of interests, is to lead us to disregard these human potentialities. Men are so cheap! We have come to look upon them simply as a commodity,—just as we do our real estate and water supply. Indeed, if the plain truth were told, we place the greater value upon our land and water. We do feel the necessity of cultivating the land, so that it will yield us larger returns in values. We do have serious concern that our water supplies be ample for protection against fire, and pure, so that no death-dealing disease germs be carried into our physical bodies to sweep the community with pestilence. But where, pray, do we find any such painstaking efforts to cultivate men and women, at personal cost of money and effort; to develop the character and intelligence which will not only render them more serviceable to the commonwealth, but insure at the same time soberer and saner fathers and mothers for future generations? Where shall we look for any honest and vital concern that society be amply protected against wantonness and injustice which some day may break over us in a raging conflagration of revolution, or that human thought and political methods become so pure and wholesome that we need not fear lest our public system, our much prized and lauded principles of self-government, become tainted with venality and injustice, which some day may sweep our institutions away in an epidemic of corruption?

Nothing so imperils social life to-day, nothing is fraught with so much menace to our civil institutions, nothing tends so surely, so insidiously to the degradation of the human units upon which we must depend for the stability of our social and civil order, as this cheapening of mankind, this indifference to the ideal in man, this disregard of those things which tend to the unfolding of those powers of manhood and womanhood which link us to the Infinite.

If we would have mankind respectable and honorable, we must teach man to respect and honor himself. "Shew us the Father" is the importunate demand of the world of man to-day, as it was in Jesus' time. "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us," is the cry that rises daily, hourly, from the slums and tenements of our great cities, where miserable men and women are huddled together, looking out upon life with hopeless eyes, and striving to drown their despair in drunkenness and debauchery which only renders them more miserable and the prospect more hopeless; where hungry children cling in piteous helplessness to those who should love and cherish them, but out of whom the power to love has been well-nigh crushed, and from whom the ability to cherish is all but taken away.

"Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." It is the same cry that rises from the avenues where men and women are living selfish lives of greed and struggle for social position, looking out upon life with no vision of its nobility or meaning, and striving to dull the sickening sense of the utter dreariness of their monotonous and loveless lives in social dissipations made attractive by a superficial gilding; where children who were not wanted are born to be reared in an atmosphere of selfishness, and with materialistic ideals which all but smother every noble and humane sentiment. It rises from the marts of trade, where human beings wage deadly competition for the means of subsistence; from social gatherings, where they strive to deaden the sense of their unsatisfied longings in a round of merry-making and the distractions of some novel way to pass the weary hours without the exertion of serious thought; from the saloon and the social club,—at all times and on every hand goes up this passionate cry to see some meaning, some worth, some divineness in life, that shall illuminate it and bring satisfaction and peace to the soul,—"Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

That heavenly vision, if once our dull and listless souls could catch it, would suffice; for who, having once known it, could find satisfaction or peace in aught less heavenly, less perfect? But, like Philip, we scarcely realize what it is we crave, and know not where to look for the vision. Vainly does science strive to pierce for us the mysteries of the heavens and the earth. The stupendousness of the revelation stuns us, but it answers not our need. Art succeeds better. It does sober us, and make us feel that the Father may be; but even then we have not seen him, and our longing is still unsatisfied. We hear that religion can reveal him, and we go to the churches. They give us definitions and tell us about God, but they do not reveal him. On the contrary, their definitions, hymns, prayers, and sermons only confuse us, and make him seem farther off. So by and by we sink back into the blackness of despair, and grope around in that dark night in practical atheism.

Last fall some one sent me a copy of the *Truth-seeker*, an atheistical journal that is an example of the spiritual blindness that afflicts the age. It was ridiculing the idea of God. It told of the forest fires in Wisconsin and Michigan, the fearful destruction of life and property there, the prayers that were offered for the stay of the devouring flames. It told of the heroism of men and women, of the engineer who stood by his engine until his hair was burned off and face and hands were blistered by the flames, and of sundry other instances of heroism, love, and self-sacrifice; and it said everybody did everything that could be done, even to the sacrifice of life itself,—everybody but God. *He did nothing.* As I read its venomous taunts, the reply of Jesus to Philip flashed through my mind, "Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip?" The *Truth-seeker* did not know God when it saw him. That is what ails a vast deal of our truth-seeking these days. We are vigorous enough in our seeking; but we are blind, or at best near-sighted. Like Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, we grope around with eyes bent upon our miserable little pile of earth diligently enough; but we are looking in the wrong direction for the heavenly treasures.

"Everybody but God," says the *Truth-seeker*. But what was the heroism that kept that engineer at his post, faithful to duty, though fearful pain tormented his body and death stared him in the face? What was it that made him endure the suffering, and snap his scorched fingers in the face of death? What was it that nerved that sweet little girl thrice to risk death by suffocation, that she might bring her loved ones to a place of security and save them from torture and death? What was it that moved all hearts to pity, so that prompt relief sprang to the supply of those sufferers with the necessities of life? and what was the divine pity that moved the hearts of men and women to do all in their power to bring comfort to those stricken hearts and suffering bodies? "Shew us the Father," says the *Truth-seeker*; "Shew us the Father," jeers the scoffer; "Shew us the Father," moans a despairing world. And I point you to that heroism of soul; that self-sacrifice; that stern, unwavering loyalty

alty to duty; that love of family and friends; that tender sympathy with the suffering stranger; that heart-prompted relief and comfort. Do they not cry back to your hearts, to all hearts that can feel and recognize the heroic, the true, the faithful, the tender and compassionate in humanity,—“Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip?”

He that hath seen these things—the poor, commonplace, every-day virtues, which even the lowly and the degraded can feel and recognize,—yes, which even, at times, with all their ignorance and degradation, with all that is base and vicious in their characters, they can and do practise—hath seen the Father. Such are the things that reveal the potentialities of God latent in every human being. They are the things that link us indissolubly with the Infinite, and in the development of which we shall find the divine power.

In times of peril and great distress these potentialities flash out here and there in deeds of daring heroism and magnificent self-denial, so that all the world can see them and know that they are. But these are only striking and conspicuous examples of what are really common properties of our human nature. Humanity is indeed the true revelation of God, and one that all can understand. Even the street gamin, who never in all his life, perhaps, heard the sacred name, except in profanity, and who certainly would not understand the definitions the churches would give him, nor catch even a glimmering idea of Mr. Spencer's “Infinite and Eternal Energy” or Mr. Arnold's “Power that makes for righteousness,” knows the God fact when he sees it incarnate in human action.

The patience that can bear with the untoward circumstance or grievous disappointment without complaint; the contentment that can find comfort and good cheer in the midst of want; the pride that scorns to stoop to meanness and duplicity, even to gain a coveted end; the forbearance that checks the sharp retort in the face of provocation; the bravery that nerves the soul to face disaster with unflinching fortitude; the courage that dares rebuke a popular wrong; the patriotism that will not buy votes nor debase the voter, though defeat lies in the balance on the other side,—these and a thousand other virtues that spring out of the sense of truth and right, that come obedient to the voice of love and duty, that are the “I ought” of the soul incarnate in human deeds,—these, these are manifestations of the almighty, eternal, and immanent God that all can see and understand. These are the things that illumine life, even in its darkest places; that reveal all its worth and meaning, even when most it seems chaotic and worthless; that bring us satisfactions when all else palls; that redeem all the disorder and confusion of our worldly careers, and fill us with the sense of power to master all hidden things in destiny. Whoso holds fast by such ideals as these, whoso feels their illimitable potency, whoso makes them the measure by which he will live, the goals toward which he will strive,—him I call the son of God. He that hath seen him hath seen the Father.

Such a one I believe Jesus to have been, and in this he was a son of God; but only as he was pre-eminent in these respects can he rank pre-eminent among the sons of God. Jesus reveals what man may and should be, and the moral and spiritual excellence to which, by culture, we may all attain. With the adoption of such ideals life is lifted out of the dreary and profitless marshes of materialistic values which so often we put upon it, out of the suffocating atmosphere of selfishness, and is set upon the heights of spiritual excellence, where we can breathe the purer air of unselfish love of whatever is most beautiful, true, and good, and so becomes filled with ennobling and inspiring worth. With the coming and the culture of these sons of God are also the coming and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Continual sunshine and gentle zephyrs in the outward world would not produce a healthy atmosphere for animal or vegetable life. It is just so in a spiritual sense. Continued abounding in heavenly enjoyment would tend to make us relax our efforts to abide in our only safe state,—that of watchfulness and prayer under a humiliating sense of our own insufficiency for any good word or work.—*Rachel Hicks.*

REMINISCENCES OF MR. WILLSON.

BY JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN, D.D.

I first met Mr. Willson when we entered the Divinity School together in the summer of 1840; and, while these fifty-five years (almost) have done much to color, warm, and deepen the first impression, they have done nothing, I think, to alter it. Candor, modesty, and clear intelligence were traits as plainly written then on that winning face of his as we have read them there in all the years since. Some circumstances brought us especially near together,—though not, perhaps, in the very confidential intimacy that generally comes to one as a sort of surprise. In age we were only six days apart: he was by so much the elder. And our fathers were country ministers, somewhat widely separated, in the same county, each having a share, not very unlike, in the liberal religious movement of that day. In some degree he had the advantage of a certain grave maturity of character; and this was perhaps favored by training in a rural academy, which, in some points, may compare to advantage with the hothouse culture some immature natures undergo in college life. Again, while he was of seemingly vigorous health and of very companionable temper, he lacked something of the physical hardihood and robustness common at that period of life. At least, I do not remember that either in long walks, rough fun, or athletic sports he showed the energy of some of his companions. If it were so, it may possibly have been due to some delicacy of organization, such as we easily associate with moral purity like his, though we might not suspect it in a young man of his ordinarily excellent health. An incident of this time may serve as an indication of what I mean. One morning he came into my room suffering from a swollen eyelid, caused by a blow or a sting,—I forget which; and, touching it lightly to describe the swelling, he fainted instantly away. This did not appear to be due to any sudden or acute shock of pain; and it seemed to reveal a vein of nervous susceptibility that, perhaps, made a part of his physical or even moral temperament.

On the other hand, when I think of him in the little group of eight, which included two men of such very marked and diverse quality of genius as Charles Brigham and John Weiss, it is most interesting to remember how, with his rare modesty, candor, and constitutional self-distrust, he always held his own steadily at all points, so that there was probably not one in the class who so uniformly kept the moral confidence and intellectual respect of us all. As a student, he was patient, faithful, and diligent,—especially faithful, I should say, in what might seem the dryer and more formal tasks of study, rather than enthusiastic or brilliant in any one line. On his feet in actual debate—a severe test to most men of that age—he was what we have always known him who have heard him, too infrequently in later years,—cool, easy, self-possessed, never in the least confused in argument, clear in statement, with a quiet decision of speech that counts as a far greater force than emotional rhetoric or boisterous declamation. In literary taste I doubt whether refined fancy, splendor of imagination, or intellectual depth, ever weighed as much with him as what came nearest home to his grave but genial and sunny temper. One might envy him the hours of innocent fun he found in “Pickwick,”—a new book then; while some of us were victims rather to the sentimentalisms of “The Old Curiosity Shop.” And I do not think that he was ever drawn (as most of us were, sooner or later) into the transcendental vortices of “Sartor Resartus.”

One would not do justice to the rare intellectual quality which has been recognized in Mr. Willson through his more than fifty years of uninterrupted public service—eight in Grafton, seven in West Roxbury, and thirty-six in Salem, including a brief episode as chaplain in the war—without knowing something of his still rarer humility of spirit, and the deep self-distrust that saddened some of his more confidential communications. His mental temperament was sound rather than robust, and he was not easily persuaded of the real strength which was his to put forth if he would. Devout by habit and conviction, he felt more keenly than most men some of the changing phases

of belief that we have witnessed during those fifty years, as they touched moments and moods of his personal experience. That his own faith remained what it was,—calm, strong, even radiant,—through all the changes here implied, lay not so much in any positive or aggressive quality of his thought, but rather in an unusually clear, firm, serene, and steadfast reliance on moral principle, chastened (as I think) by an unusually humble as well as sincere and living piety. This candid grace of soul, which all men saw in him, was the root of his great and real strength.

Willingly as he gave forth that strength in the accepted lines of duty, and readily as he assumed any responsibility which this might enjoin, it was hard to persuade him, sometimes, to stretch out his hand for a success or an influence outside that well-defined range which yet might seem easily within his reach. To say that he lacked courage or ambition might not be quite correct; but there was, what many might fail to suspect, a hidden root of self-distrust. The courage he showed at an emergency was sheer moral courage, though carrying with it a fine intellectual capacity, which he was too slow to admit. I never knew, for example, what he was capable of in the way of forceful literary expression till I read a sermon of his on “Bad Friday,” preached after the surrender of Burns in 1854, when I wrote to him at once to urge him (as I hoped) to more effort in that direction,—purely in regard of the fine, clear, manly eloquence of style in which he had shown himself a master. Another instance was on one of the very few occasions when he stood in a post of special interest or dignity in his own profession, addressing the “Berry Street Conference” in a discourse of “reminiscences” of rare beauty and instruction,—a discourse which, I think, was never given to the wider public. Again, the one literary opportunity of his life seemed to come to him when our classmate, Charles Brigham, left him, with Dr. A. A. Livermore, in charge of a copious mass of papers, the labor of a busy lifetime, with an understanding that some sort of a memorial volume would be published. He consulted me—naturally, since I had just been following up Mr. Brigham's lines of work in Ann Arbor—as to his own share in the joint task, which was the biographical, sending me, among other papers, a very unique, curious, and detailed diary, in which our friend had written out in private hours the story of his early life,—especially his Divinity School years, with incidents, confessions, and resolutions, such as to throw a very interesting light on his real experience. This rich and too abundant material seemed to overpower Mr. Willson's modest estimate of his own ability to cope with it. I vainly urged the lines on which I thought what was valuable in it might be preserved; and, to my great regret, a form and scale of memorial were determined on—as I suppose, by judgment of the publishers—which shrank the proposed biography to a scanty and pallid outline, greatly disappointing to those who knew something already of its subject, and wholly inadequate to portray that vigorous, versatile, energetic, restless, busy, and somewhat wayward intellectual manhood. To do that well required not a less delicate and discriminating but something of a bolder hand.

Further, with his great moral sincerity and courage, and his singularly clear, common-sense conviction on points of practical judgment, Mr. Willson was diffident of urging his own opinion against the opposing view of his associates. He preferred to accept their decision, but himself to retire from the field. Such, at least, was the account he gave to me of his partial inaction, in later years, in matters of denominational policy as to which he might be supposed to carry weight. Where, on the other hand, the question turned on points of principle rather than practice, there was no man whose word—clear, placid, firm, generous, serene—was more readily given, or was listened to with more uniform, affectionate, and venerated delight by his younger brethren, of whom I was always glad to count as one. No one who knew him but esteemed him worthy of the highest conventional honors of his profession, and probably anticipated them for him. If there is one thing we could regret in such a life, it is that its entire strength was not put forth in some more widely conspicuous field. But this is also its best praise and truest vic-

tory,—that that entire strength was given, with perfect fidelity and without any stint, to the particular work he had chosen; while its highest reward was found in the loving appreciation and perfect confidence of those whom he served in it.

Spiritual Life.

It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult. *George Eliot.*

To be too near any one thing,—that is fanaticism. It is the eclipse of God's great heavens in favor of our tallow candle.—*David Swing.*

Better the sweet kinship of pain than selfish enjoyment, better the sorrow born from sympathy than the ease of indifference.—*Selected.*

The heart of consecration is not devotion to this or that kind of service for Christ, but devotion to the divine will. It may not be any form of activity: sometimes it is quiet waiting. . . . It is readiness to do, not what we want to do in his service, but what he gives us to do.—*J. R. Miller.*

If you have been in the wrong from impetuosity or heat of temper, and for the moment have been betrayed into sharp words or rude manners, follow without false shame the guidance of your heart: say that you are sorry, not with the haughtiness which contradicts your words, but with the courtesy of love.—*S. A. Brooke.*

God exists; and truth and duty as well as faith and love are found in all religions, and are not dependent upon any one. The soul itself makes revelations, hears voices, recognizes authority, finds obligations, and sees with a light older than Christianity, and which will shine clear, though Christianity were discredited or forgotten.—*John Learned.*

The Spirit is one, in the Occident and in the sunrise land: the flowering-out is all from the same stalk. The Spirit is fatherly; and the Spirit is filial, prayerful, and joyful, and responsive to its own yearnings. The Spirit is all things to all men. If a man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who is a Spirit, and who must be worshipped in spirit.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

If the fact of our spiritual nature—our kinship with the Eternal—does not mean that we are in the universe to stay, no amount of worry or pretence can change the order. If we belong here and are wanted, there is no danger that we shall fall out of the strong, safe Hand. If we cannot trust the Father of all worlds and souls out of sight and without a word, what would his word be worth to us?—*C. G. Ames.*

To feel a conviction of immortality, we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent, too; the world becomes the veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it; the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, “but is passed from death unto life.”—*Thomas Starr King.*

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Literature.

"MATTER, FORCE, AND SPIRIT."*

This is a very weighty little book, containing in its 144 pages the results of the most earnest thought on the profoundest subjects. Its author is evidently a man of thorough scientific training, accustomed to weigh every hypothesis in the balances of inductive reasoning and require it to authenticate itself by vigorous verification.

It is, therefore, a very encouraging sign of the times to find him emerging from his investigations, not merely with a belief that religion has nothing to fear from science, but with a positive conviction that the advance of natural knowledge has brought to the light fundamental truths which decidedly strengthen the cause of faith.

The scientific assumption, it is pointed out, that hitherto has especially fostered materialism, was that matter has such a multiplicity of inherent physical powers, coexistent, yet distinct, that they were quite sufficient to account for the life of plants, animals, and men; that life is potential in the sun, and might be manufactured by the chemist in his laboratory if he could only discover the secret of rightly combining the atoms.

Our author holds, on the contrary, that, as science strips matter of this mask of mystery, it will be seen that, although the natural energy of matter suffices for its aggregation into inorganic forms and for preparing the conditions favorable to life, yet it is utterly impotent to confer life itself; and it will be recognized that matter is only a *domino*, veiling universal life. In the view of the author the primary units of matter are the same in all the different chemie elements; and much learning and ingenuity are shown in resolving the various elementary properties of matter into variations in magnitude and size and composition in the molecules or compound particles, and in deriving the diverse energies of nature—whether repulsive, thermal, electric, or magnetic—into the one primal attractive force, which in its simplest and most universal aspect appears as gravitation.

But, when we come to the problem of life, we come to something whose origin is not to be explained from material substance or physical forces. If matter has been subject to no other law or higher power than the laws of attraction and conservation of energy, it must be this (if it be supposed to have existed from all eternity) have arrived at a stage of absolute equilibrium of motion and stagnation of activity,—a state from which, inert by essence as it is, it could not have resuscitated itself.

Again, in the phenomena of thought, cognition, and self-consciousness we find powers higher than any of the physical properties of matter. No aggregation of material and unconscious parts can create a spiritual and conscious whole. The recognition of a sense-impression as being the same as a former sense-impression involves, necessarily, a recognition of something by *something*. There is no mind nor will-power in mere material substance or its physical forces. Therefore, mind and consciousness are not an outcome from such forces. They are growths from the shadow of the universal Spirit which exists in matter under the self-imposed conditions of law. "And, if spirit force be originally necessary to produce life, more spirit force is equally necessary to produce a higher life."

The essence of mind and will is therefore a spiritual quality of the inhering force of all final units which impels them to organization; and with the organization there comes a resultant spiritual power, a flowing together from all the unit-compounds. "The life or spirit quality of the inhering force of matter is a diffusion of the universal Spirit, which, like the light of the sun, is thrown everywhere. Matter is guided in its tendencies by this spirit tendency to organic structure, and to the manifestation of life, sensation, self-consciousness, and intelligence. As matter assumes higher and higher organic life forms, spirit force is more manifest. Spirit tendencies and powers acquire more strength, and the animal propensities and passion are more subordinated to that spirit strength."

From the laws of force and matter, from its division into elements and the great cycle of its changes, we receive (it is further argued) evidence of a supreme controlling Spirit; and from the phenomena of organic life and consciousness we are led to the idea that our own being has to some degree the spiritual essence of the divine Life imparted through the processes of organic life. Natural science, therefore, points to God, and should make the student of nature feel that this supreme Will directs the minute as well as the grandest operations of the universe, and is in close sympathy with all things. The goal to which both scientific research and the great religions of the world are steadily approaching is not only "a common belief in a Father of love, but in that of the brotherhood and kinship of man, as derived in common from universal Spirit, in one hope of universal advancement, one belief in a spiritual life hereafter, and in one acceptance of law as applied to our material world and life as well as to the hope of continued existence." (p. 139.)

This brief summary will serve to give an idea of the leading thoughts and spirit of the book. Its reasoning in support of a spiritual Theism is forcible and interesting. It contains not a few notable criticisms of modern materialism, and exhibits a broad, reasonable, judicious, and reverent temper. A writer like Dr. Paul Carus, however, would declare that our author yields too much to the Monistic theory, not to come entirely over to him, if he followed out the logic of his premises; and he would ask why the vital and intelligent properties of the final units of matter may not quite as well be supposed to belong to them independently and from the beginning as to be regarded as a diffusion of the universal Spirit, or as imparted to them from the divine Life and Mind in which the living organism is bathed. If finite lives and spirits are but a diffusion of the universal Spirit, and force is but an expression of the divine Self, how, in our author's system, is the personality of the individual soul preserved?

The argument and exposition might well be both enlarged and strengthened on many such points; and the difference of the author's view from current pantheism, on the one side, and, on the other, from the scientific monism that Clifford, Wundt, and Lewes have presented to the philosophic world, might be very profitably more clearly defined.

The diction of the book is generally simple, straightforward, and befitting the theme. There are, however, a score of passages where the sense is most unfortunately obscure; and it is evident that either author or proof-reader was in a careless mood. As a whole, nevertheless, the book is a helpful and welcome manifestation of the broader and more positive religious faith which modern science is now tending to build up.

J. T. B.

AFTER-DINNER AND OTHER SPEECHES.*

No definite principle seems to be adopted with reference to the order in which these speeches are arranged. Later ones precede those that are earlier, and then we have later ones again. But, late or early, delivered by Mr. Long as governor of Massachusetts, or on the floor of Congress, or as the orator of this or that memorable occasion, they have a quality which places them high among speeches and addresses of a similar character, and high above some that might easily be named which are more widely known and have a reputation which their merits have not fairly earned. Their geniality is, perhaps, their most conspicuous trait, and it is one that must have made them extremely grateful to the various assemblages to which they were addressed; but, if they have a fault, it is nearly related to this geniality. Several of them are eulogies pronounced on distinguished citizens immediately after their death. In these it was not, of course, to be expected that the orator would

"hint a fault or hesitate dislike."

But he has done better than obey the ancient rule, "Nil nisi mortuis bonum." He has said nothing but what is *true* of the dead, if not all the truth. In other cases

*AFTER-DINNER AND OTHER SPEECHES. By John D. Long. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

this might have been dealt in fuller measure without injury to the occasion. Take, for example, the first upon the list,—that delivered in Boston on the one hundredth anniversary of Webster's birth. All that is said is true, and it is finely put. It is lofty praise, and still entirely just, where it is written, "It was the overwhelming logic of his discussion, the household familiarity of his simple but irresistible statement, that gave us munition with which to fight the war for the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery." But, when such a splendid tribute was deserved, it would seem as if the speaker might have dared to say, however silent as to glaring personal faults, that, had Webster risen to the height of the great argument for liberty as he did to that for union, he would have enhanced incalculably the splendor of his fame. If "Massachusetts smote and broke the heart of her idol," it was because her idol had preferred the offerings of slavery to those with which freedom longed to heap his shrine. But it was less such incidents as this that we had in mind in saying that the geniality of these addresses was almost a fault than their apparent failure to encourage the opportunities for the advancement of some grand political idea, some immediately pressing business of reform. This is the note which, ringing in the speech nominating Senator Edmunds for the Presidency in the convention of 1884, makes that the noblest in the book. If it recurs less frequently, than we could wish, the exigencies of the civic banquet may be pleaded in extenuation; and, at least, there is no disposition to call evil good, to excuse political baseness, or to invest dubious practices with the glamour of the partisan rhetorician. The tone is always high and pure. We are only wishing that it might, when the opportunity was most inviting, have been more strenuous and direct in its assault on obvious offences and its demand for better things.

The book contains only 220 pages, and of the speeches and addresses there are 38. This means an average of six pages to a speech; and, as one is a Fourth of July oration, and has the expansiveness proper to the occasion, it will be seen that the orator is remarkable for his self-restraint and his disposition to give other men a chance, obedient to George Herbert's rule of conduct for a "master-gunner." Every speech bespeaks the man who would not come before his audience with one unconsidered word, while at the same time the literary form is always that which is proper to the thing intended primarily to be heard, not read. That, nevertheless, it reads excellently well is true at every page. The rhetoric is warm and rich, but never to excess. Of happy metaphors and similes there is a notable succession. There are many passages of stirring force and striking beauty. An admirable Latinist, and one who has translated Virgil in a highly creditable manner, the absence of Latin quotations is in striking contrast with that of statesmen whose classical resources are limited to a phrase-book's "scanty plot of ground." If we look for the classical scholar in these speeches, we shall find him in the happy choice of words and in the resonances of a style that has fed itself on classic sources with the happiest results.

Passing to more interior things, we note the breadth of historical allusion in the longer speeches, which is of a nature less suggestive of careful special preparation than of a mind well stored. Here is a man who can dwell lovingly upon the past without depreciating the present or fearing to draw aside the future's veil. He is essentially an optimist, and his optimism is co-ordinated with a broad and sweet humanity which finds expression in a hundred beautiful and pleasant ways. "He was so human," Lowell sang of Agassiz; and the phrase describes the maker of these speeches, as herein he declares himself as well as any phrase that could be framed.

Of particular speeches and addresses we may not speak without prolonging our testimony to an undue extent. But the plea for the poetic idealism of the Pilgrim Fathers at a New England dinner in New York is too felicitous to be left in absolute silence, and the praise of books in the dedication addresses for the libraries of Fitchburg and Malden is such as will awaken many a sympathetic thrill. The personal and occasional range is wide. We are kept in touch with lofty characters and great

events. It was the *Christian Register* which first sent abroad the speech upon our "Unitarian Missionary Work"; and this imperfect salutation cannot find a better ending than in the ideal, there exalted, of a Christian civilization that will be "not the husk of a euphuism, but the full corn in the ear of Christian living." God speed the day!

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARIA EDGEWORTH. Edited by Augustus J. Hare. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. —These volumes of Miss Edgeworth's letters are all the more interesting because they come to us coincidentally with the autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe. The two books admit us to successive stages of life in Ireland, and mutually illustrate and complement each other. It is a pity that Miss Edgeworth did not write the story of her life as frankly as Miss Cobbe has written that of hers. But letters are essentially autobiographical. Her editor has been very sparing of the material that he has furnished for their connection and elucidation. The reader would do well to read in connection with these volumes the interesting life of Miss Edgeworth by Helen Zimmern, which came out a few years ago. Miss Edgeworth's letters might have been much abridged without injury; and, if the space thus gained had been devoted to collateral matter gleaned from various sources, the book would have been much better and more readable. The estate of marriage has never had a more devout believer in its desirability than Mr. Edgeworth, the father of Maria. She was a daughter of his first marriage, an escapade to Gretna Green, when he was a student at Oxford. It was of short continuance, and proved so unhappy that he made haste to make another trial. The new wife was Honora Sneyd, who had distinguished her maidenhood by rejecting Major André and Thomas Day, the author of "Sanford and Merton." Edgeworth was a great friend of Day, and inspired his book, if it really was inspired. Evidently, his contemporaries thought it was; for, when his portrait was painted, it had a flash of lightning, intended for a symbol of genius, playing through his hair. The second marriage, also, was of brief duration, but was so happy that Mr. Edgeworth lost no time in marrying Honora's sister, not the one he cared for most, but the one Honora recommended. This marriage proved longer, happier, and much more prolific than the second and a fourth, the longest and happiest of all, and added six children to the family. The children, all told, were twenty-one, and what with their aunts and cousins and other relatives the home at Edgeworthstown was a busy hive, and gave Maria abundant opportunity to study domestic character. The father instigated Maria to literary activity, and sometimes his hand was heavy on her work. Whether we are indebted to him for more good than harm is not an easy matter to decide.

These letters give the impression of a much more varied life than is reported in Miss Edgeworth's novels. She read and travelled much; and the contemporary Napoleonic flavor of her experience is particularly interesting in these days, when Napoleon is being so much written about. She had distinguished friends, the most interesting of whom to us are the Darwins, father and grandfather of the great naturalist, and the Wedgwoods of ceramic fame, one of whom Erasmus Darwin married, Charles another, the Herschels, Sir Humphry Davy, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Malthus, Ricardo, Mrs. Somerville, and *par excellence* Sir Walter Scott. Her visit to Scott and his to her were the two great events of her life. Scott was a warm admirer of her books, and she of his, writing him at once on the appearance of "Waverley" that he or the devil had written it.

Living until 1849, some surprise and disappointment await us in the paucity of the references to authors who were then already famous. Tennyson, Thackeray, and Browning do not get a word; but Dickens gets a rap for his "American Notes," and Macaulay one for his "Warren Hastings." Throughout one gets the impression of a singularly healthy, happy, busy, peaceful life, without an item that would be serviceable to Max Nordau's fixed idea of the decadence of the period if she were living in our time.

OCCULT JAPAN; OR, THE WAY OF THE GODS. An Esoteric Study of Japanese Personality and Possessions. By Percival Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Mr. Lowell in his work has taken us into the interior life of the old native faith, with its strange trances and possessions. Among many other topics treated are Shinto, miracles, incarnations, possessions, dreams, hypnotic trances, will, and ideas of mode of motion and force. In explaining the psychic developments, Mr. Lowell notes the signs of the impersonality of the Japanese mind, and a general incapacity for abstract ideas.

*MATTER, FORCE, AND SPIRIT; or, Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Indirect evidence of the lack of ideal activity is shown, he says, by the uncommon imitativeness of the race; and the decorous demeanor of the whole nation betrays the lack of mental activity beneath. A friend is quoted by our author as saying, "A Japanese does not think"; and the latter confirms the truth of the epigram with the remark that "specific evidence of the fact confronts one at every turn." But, after following Mr. Lowell in his generalizations, we confess to the feeling of hesitation to accept his conclusions as a whole, because of the difficulty of a Western mind, with the limited means of knowledge at hand and the radical mental differences between the East and West, to judge accurately of the Japanese character.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT IN MODERN ENGLISH POETS. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.—Miss Scudder's most interesting and suggestive book concerns itself almost wholly with the spiritual significance of the different phases through which English poetry has passed from the ideals of the Revolution, through development enriched by science, democracy, and a new appreciation of the past, and through the restless search for truth up to the faith which means action. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is the climax of the poems of search, and it gives at the same time Tennyson's answer to the questionings of the heart and intellect. Browning stands as the best exponent of the highest spiritual levels, and his "Saul" marks the utmost height of spiritual passion which the century has reached. We fail to accept Miss Scudder's final conclusions entirely; that is, we see the ideal of redemption which is to quicken the world not in the Christ of supernatural revelation, but in the prophecy; not in the adoration of Jesus, but in following his religion of love to God and love to man. The book is stimulating in many ways. Its rare discernment, its beauty of style, and the nobility of its thought make it as helpful as it is delightful.

WIMPLES AND CRISPING-PINS. Being Studies in the Coiffure and Ornaments of Women. By Theodore Child. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Coiffure has been called an art. Mr. Childs goes even further, and maintains that it is the chiefest of decorative arts, inasmuch as its function is to adorn nature's most perfect work. For this reason he has written this work "of reveries and reflections." In doing this, he has given in his illustrations some of the best paintings and sculpture of the past. These for the most part are copies of the great artists from the earliest times of art to the eighteenth century. As a result, we have a rich collection; and, in addition to the curious information on the special topics treated, we have works of rare beauty reproduced in these pages. As the personal adornment of woman has always been a matter of universal interest in spite of the homilies on human vanity, this volume will find its way into very many households, and have a prominent place in the ladies' boudoir.

IN SUNSHINE LAND. By Edith M. Thomas. With Illustrations by Katharine Pyle. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Miss Thomas's bright and vivacious books are well known and widely read. She has lived among birds and flowers so long as to love them as personal companions. She wanders about with them in "Sunshine Land," and notes their many winning ways. In this volume we have them dramatized as real persons living and moving in verse; and they are full of charm and life. "Sylvia and the Birds," "Flower Folk and Others," "In Fancy Fields," "Where Fancy leads." On the hills, bathed with the sunlight, we hear the humming-bird and the oriole, and with the tender finger of Spring touch the million of blossoms all aglow, and learn the secrets of bird and flower, with their wealth of song and beauty.

HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS: A GUIDE TO THE NAMES, HAUNTS, AND HABITS OF OUR WILD FLOWERS.—By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The demand for this useful book has been such as to induce the author to issue another edition, which contains fifty-two new plates, with the addition of sixty or more new flower descriptions. As a whole, this volume, thus enriched, is a useful and valuable companion to those who desire to know the wealth and beauty of our wild flowers. The descriptions are clear and precise, and the illustrations definite. With this guide in hand, as one lingers by the wayside or saunters in the woods, he will find nature teeming with fresh suggestions, and a new world brought into vivid light.

TEN NEW ENGLAND BLOSSOMS, AND THEIR INSECT VISITORS. By Clarence Moores Weed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—It is a delight to find a scientific book written for children that deals with

flowers that grow within their reach. Here are the "pussy willows," the spring beauty, the arbutus, Jack-in-the-pulpit, and half a dozen others, close neighbors of nearly all New England children, about whose friends, the insects, a thousand interesting things are told. It is an excellent book to secure at once, against the vacation near at hand; for several of the flowers are summer bloomers.

HARVARD COLLEGE BY AN OXONIAN. By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Dedicated to Justin Winsor, LL.D. Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.—It is to see ourselves as others see us when we are viewed by so kindly a critic. The Oxonian makes his fellows love Harvard, and his apt comparisons make us love Oxford all the more. The tone of the book is genial, and the style is fascinating. The crimson covers win the heart of the Harvard alumnus, and he may rejoice that so able a writer has chosen to treat the history, the customs, and the legends of his Alma Mater.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE. By Joseph Parker, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—The twenty-sixth volume of these "Discourses upon Holy Scripture" takes up the books of Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, continuing the minute, careful exposition for which Dr. Parker is known. It is all direct, personal, and suggestive, dwelling less on theology than on spiritual truths, but revealing naturally the preacher's own position in these matters.

Recent Poetry.

POEMS. By Lionel Johnson. London: Elkin Mathews; Boston: Copeland & Day. A SEAMARK: A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Copeland & Day. THE BLACK RIDERS, AND OTHER LINES. By Stephen Crane. Boston: Copeland & Day. CHOCORUA'S TENANTS. By Frank Bolles. Boston and New York: Houghton & Mifflin.

It is certainly a pleasure to take in hand or look upon a book so perfect in its outward make as this. It is all the more beautiful because it does not try to be unique, as do some of the books issued by its publishers. Our first impressions, as we run it over, is: "Happy thought! Write a hundred poems, and dedicate each one to a separate friend. Then publish a limited edition, and you are sure of selling it." But we repent of this when we find how much nobility there is in the verse, how much of quiet beauty, how much felicity of phrase. And yet, somehow, it falls short. The substance is not equal to the form, the classical simplicity of which is in refreshing contrast with Francis Thompson's "rubiginous" eccentricities. Here is the shadow of a shade, not manly poetry for manly men. Mr. Johnson is one of the Roman Catholic group of poets lately developing so rapidly. Our American Father Tabb is far and away the best of them to date.

Mr. Bliss Carman's "Seamark" is a threnody on Robert Louis Stevenson that is much too long for its average quality. If every stanza were as good as the best, there would not, perhaps, be too much. As it stands, the execution is very unequal. There are stanzas of much beauty and impressiveness, with many meagre and obscure. One of the best would answer for an epigraph if a better were not forthcoming:—

"His fathers lit the dangerous coast
To steer the daring merchant home,
His courage lights the darkling port
Where every sea-worn sail must come."

Mr. Stephen Crane's "Black Riders" is nothing, if not unique in outward appearance and inward significance. Each poem is printed high up on the page, which often is mainly white paper; and, as if to give the poet's sense of the value of his poems, they are printed throughout in capital letters. It is said that Mr. Crane wrote them all in two days, and then spent nearly a fortnight in polishing them. And still polish is not their marked characteristic. They are unrhymed, and such rhythm as they have is incidental to their being clropped off in lines of pretty nearly equal length. Of beauty there is very little; but there are ideas here, and some of them very bright and good. It is as if Mr. Crane had said, "I will start out from Whitman, and go as much further as I can." The desire to startle is evident, and with some it may succeed. Coarseness, vulgarity, and brutality are not wanting. Some would add blasphemy, but the god at whom Mr. Crane hurls his scorn and laughs his impertinence is not the true God. Some of his poems have a manly ring. Some put an old idea in a new form that is so quaint that, for a moment, we imagine we have got a new idea. For example:—

I stood upon a high place,
And saw below many devils,
Running, leaping,
And carousing in sin.
One looked up, grinning,
And said, "Comrade, brother!"

Here is another, to which many bosoms will respond:—

"Think as I think," said a man,
"Or you are abominably wicked:
You are a toad."

And after I had thought of it
I said, "I will, then, be a toad."

Anything written in the metre of "Hiawatha" is bound to seem a parody to us. It is much the same with anything written in the measure of "In Memoriam." It would be the same with rhymed pentameters, if Pope's "Essay on Man" were as unique as "Hiawatha" or "In Memoriam." But Mr. Bolles evidently chose the Hiawatha trochaic as the vehicle of his message for reasons satisfactory to himself; and it is not easy to conceive of any form that would have better served his need. In the substance of his poems we have the same careful observation and felicitous expression as in his delightful prose. His subjects, among others, are, "The Crow," "The Log Cock," "The Ruffled Grouse," "The Eaves Swallow," "The Blue-jay," "The Oven Bird," "The Great Crested Fly-catcher," "The Whip-poor-will," "The Kingfisher." There must be trees and birds where Mr. Bolles has gone, or, assuredly, he will not care to stay.

Miscellaneous.

"Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration" is published in Heath's "English Classics," with preface, introduction, and notes by A. J. George.

That industrious translator, Mary J. Safford, has put "In the Fire of the Forge," a recent novel by Georg Ebers, into English; and the book is published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a romance of old Nuremberg, and contains vivid pictures of the old chivalric days at the beginning of the Hapsburg dynasty. Readers will consider it among the more interesting of Ebers's novels.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston. Across India; or, Live Boys in the Far East. By Oliver Optic. Price \$1.25.

From Ginn & Co., Boston. Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D.

From Press of David Clapp & Son, Boston. Historical Sketch of Chauncy-Hall School. With Catalogue of Teachers and Pupils, and Appendix, 1828-1894. By Thomas Cushing.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. European and American Cuisine. By Gesine Lemcke. Price \$2.00.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Abraham Lincoln. Tributes from his Associates. With Introduction by Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. Annals of the Parish and the Ayrshire Legatees. By John Galt. Maureen's Fairing. By Jane Barlow. Price 75 cents. The Naulahka. A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. Price 50 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Night Hymn at Sea. By A. Goring Thomas. Grand American Fantasia. By Theo. Bendix. Two Mandolins and Guitar. Arranged by Walter Vreeland. The Hub Waltz. Dover Galop. For Pianoforte. By C. C. Roeske. Oh for the Pearly Gates of Heaven! Arranged from John Francis Barnett. By Victor Vane. The Assembly Two-step. Composed by Herbert Hassler. Flower Queen Reverie. Fairy Dream. Priscilla's Spinning-wheel. Let me Forget. Song. Words by V. Hubbard. Music by Geo. B. Nevlin.

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[From The New Unity, May 2, 1895]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON.*

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

Why does the white moon, floating far
In distant realms of blue,
And shedding thence its radiance mild,
Seem so much nearer to your child
Than e'er it seems to you?

It is not that he sees amiss,
Or that your eyes are dim:
Herein a higher truth is taught.
Oh! make it part of your own thought,
Then give it back to him!

He stretches now a baby hand
To grasp the heavenly light.
Oh! may no barrier ever rise
To make him, with the years, less wise
Or dim his longing sight!

Then hasten not to break the spell
Which holds him in sweet thrall:
Translate it rather, that it seem,
In years to come, no childish dream,
To be at One with All!

For the Christian Register.

A BEDTIME STORY FOR LITTLE FOLK.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

"Oh, dear, I wish I wasn't a little boy," said Rob. And what do you think made him say it? It was because his mamma had just told him to put away his blocks and to take Prince to the stable and give him some oats. Prince is his rocking-horse, and the stable is the corner between the rocking-chair and the south window. Every night Rob ties Prince to the chair, and holds a saucer of bird-seed under his nose till he has eaten as much supper as a rocking-horse ought to eat. It doesn't take long, and he likes to feed his pony; but he knows his bread and milk are ready by that time, and his bedtime has come. That is why he said, "Oh, dear!"

"Why, what should I do if I hadn't any little boy?" said mamma; "and what would you do if you hadn't any little bed?"

Rob thought a minute, and then said: "If I was a little bird, I shouldn't want one. O mamma, may I play I am a bird?"

His mamma said, "Yes: you may be a robin." So he began to hop about on the floor, flapping his arms for wings. When he was tired of doing that, she told him to stand on one foot and put his head down on one side and go to sleep.

"Why, mamma," he said, "I can't sleep in that way. Besides, I am hungry."

"Are you?" said his mamma. "Well, here are some crumbs left from a cookie my little boy had. You may eat them; but, if you are a robin, you must sleep as robins do."

Rob stood on one foot for two minutes. He thought it was an hour, he was so tired; and then he said he would rather be a cat because he could lie down. His mamma poured some milk into a saucer, and put it on the floor, and said, "Come, Kitty, Kitty!" but he couldn't drink it as pussy did, and he tipped it over before he had tasted a drop. Then he lay down on the rug before the fire. He tried to curl himself up in a little ball; but he bumped his head, and he couldn't lie still and purr, though he tried very hard.

In a few minutes he jumped up, and said: "Mamma, I don't want to be a little boy yet. What else can I be?" Mamma smiled, and said, "Do you want to be a flower?"

"Oh, yes," said Rob: "I will be a morning-glory." He had heard his mamma call his baby sister her little morning-glory, as she lay cooing to herself in her crib; and he thought it was a very sweet name.

"Well," said mamma, "the morning-glories have all gone to sleep by this time, so you must come and stand by me, and go to sleep, too."

Rob went to her, and stood very still to show he was on a stem. Mamma put his arm through hers, because that flower always puts out little runners to hold on by. Then she told him how it twists itself up when its early bedtime comes, and Rob shut his eyes so tight and puckered his lips so close that his little face was as red as a rose.

Just then nurse came into the room with

a bowl of bread and milk; and mamma said, "Shall I sprinkle my flower with water, or shall I give my little boy his supper?"

"Oh! I'll eat my supper," said Rob. "I'd rather you'd be my mamma than anything else."

So he sat in his mamma's lap while he ate his bread and milk; and she told him he was her little robin.

And then she washed his face and hands, and called him her little kitten, because the mother cat always washes her kittens.

And, when she put on his night-gown, she said he was her little flower, and wore a white dress like the other flowers.

And then she kissed him, and said, "My darling little boy"; and that was the best of all.

When he had said, "Now I lay me" and the prayer mamma made for him, he asked if he might say one more. Mamma smiled, "Yes"; and he said,—

"Dear heavenly Father, I thank you for making me a little boy."

Then he shut his eyes, and in two minutes he didn't know whether he was a bird or a boy or a kitten or a morning-glory.

JOE'S VICTORY.

"Mamma, I wish I could get to school without passing that Charlie Haddington's house, or else I wish I could make him behave."

Mrs. Gordon looked down into the troubled little face Joe raised to hers, and answered with a smile:—

"Well, I think perhaps you could make him do that. I'd try to, anyway, if I were you."

"Why, how could I, mamma?" asked Joe, wonderingly. "You always said you didn't want me to fight, and he is bigger than I am, too; but maybe I could whip him. Do you mean that I may try to, mamma?"

"No, dear," said his mother. "I mean that I think the reason Charlie teases you so is that he likes to see you lose your temper; and, if you would learn to control that, he wouldn't find any more fun in plaguing you, and so would stop it."

"I wish I wasn't so fiery," Joe said, thoughtfully; "and I mean to try hard to keep my temper to-day."

In a few minutes Joe was trudging along the road, his thoughts full of a plan he had formed the night before to get up a baseball club among the boys of his own age, like those the older boys and young men of the village had. It was a little hard to decide just which boys to ask; and he wanted to see Harry Crane and Jack Lewis, and talk it over with them before school.

He was so busy thinking, that he did not notice how near he came to the house where Charlie Haddington lived; nor did he notice a stone which lay on the walk right before him, but stumbled over it and fell. As he scrambled to his feet and tried to brush the dust from his clothes, he heard a mocking laugh, and then the words:—

"Poor old Joe
Stubbed his toe
On the way to Jericho.
Oh, oh, oh,
Poor Joe's toe!"

and he saw Charlie sitting on the gate-post just across the way.

A rush of angry feelings came over Joe; but he remembered his conversation with his mother just in time, and pressed his lips tightly together, determined not to say a word until he could speak pleasantly.

He brushed away vigorously for a minute or two, then, straightening up, he called out, "Say, Charlie, do you want to be in our nine?"

Charlie was surprised at Joe's friendly tone, and expected some trick; but the question excited his curiosity, so he answered:—

"Tain't likely. What nine?"

"Some of us fellows are going to have a base-ball nine," said Joe. "Would you like to belong to it? If you would, I'll put your name down for it."

Charlie swung himself down from his seat; and the two boys walked on together toward the school-house, talking of the new project in a very friendly way.

They had not been intimate, and never played together except at the school recess in some game in which all the boys joined;

for, when the Haddingtons had moved into town about a year before, and Charlie appeared at school with ragged clothes and a somewhat rough manner, he had not seemed a very desirable companion to Joe Gordon and the well-dressed, carefully taught boys he associated with.

Charlie had noticed this; but he was a bright boy, and not a bad one, and he was fully determined not to be ragged always, and to make himself, as he expressed it, "as good as anybody." He was pleased, therefore, with Joe's proposal; but he knew that he had not deserved it from him, and so, just before they reached the school-house, he said:—

"Joe, what made you choose me? You are the one that's getting this thing up, and you could have found enough other boys. You needn't have asked me at all, when I've plagued you so much."

And Joe answered,—

"Well, I s'pose you did it for the fun of seeing me flare up; but I mean to break myself of that, and I wanted to show you that I didn't bear any grudge."

"Well, I'm not going to do it any more, see if I do," said Charlie; and he kept his word.

So Joe gained a double victory that morning,—a victory over his teasing schoolmate, and a still greater one over his own quick temper.—*Selected.*

OLD GRAY.

"Stand still, old fellow!" said Mr. Jones, as he held what little Dick called the horse's "back foot" in his hands, and skilfully set the shoe. Little Dick was half scared over the process; and he held his own dear pony, Brownie, by the bridle. "I tell you what it is," said Mr. Jones, "this horse knows a great deal. I've always had a respect for him ever since I took a journey in his company."

"When was that?" asked Miss Hannab, little Dick's nurse and governess.

"Why, it was a year ago last summer. Mr. Perkins owned this horse then,—Old Gray he called him,—and he took him down the river with him to Cincinnati. I happened to be there when the men were trying to take Old Gray on the boat. It was a dark, rainy night, and there was lots of noise of one kind or another, and a narrow plank to walk to get on the boat; and Gray didn't like the looks of things. He was scared,—that was the whole of it; and he made up his mind that he wasn't going on that boat. The men shouted and pushed with all their might; but it was of no use. They couldn't stir him. Just when they were at their wits' end, Mr. Perkins came along with his wife and little boy. In a twinkling he saw how things were going. He hurried his wife and boy on the boat. Then he went back to where the men were struggling with his horse.

"Let me get to that horse a minute, won't you?" he said; and they stood back, scolding, and declaring that there wasn't any use in fussing with him. Mr. Perkins slipped by them, and laid his hand on the horse's side, and patted it, and said: "It is all right, Old Gray. The plank won't break. You follow me, like a good fellow!" Then he walked ahead of him; and, if you'll believe it, the horse looked at him a minute, then lifted up his feet, and marched after that man on to the boat! The men just set up a cheer; and one of them said: "Well, I never saw anything like that. He has proved who he belongs to." Scared the horse was,—oh, my! so scared that he trembled every step he took; but says he, "Danger or no danger, I'm going to do as he tells me, every time." Everybody respected Old Gray after that. All through the journey the men petted him as if he had been a little child. One day, when we had stopped at a dock, and were loading on some lumber, it made a tremendous noise when the great boards were thrown down on deck; and Old Gray would jump every time a board fell.

"The men noticed this, and at last one of them said: 'Bill, you just go and explain to that horse what we are doing. Tell him it's all right, and he needn't be afraid. He'll understand you. He's human, that horse is.' Well, it did almost seem so. Anyhow, he did better than some humans do, didn't

he? There, sir, you have as nice a pair of shoes as you deserve, and that is saying a good deal. Now what can I do for Brownie?" added Mr. Jones.

Two hours afterward little Dick was at home, and his mother came to him with a glass in her hand. "Now, little Dick," she said, "it is time for the medicine: I wonder if I am going to have a brave boy to-day?"

"No, ma'am," said little Dick, "I don't feel brave a bit, and I hate it; but I'm going to take it." And he opened his mouth and swallowed the bitter stuff without a word.

"Well, well, well," said his mother, "if I'm not delighted! How came my little boy to be so brave?"

"I'm going to try to be as good as a horse," said little Dick, gravely. "Old Gray went where he didn't want to go, and was afraid,—because his owner was good, and wanted him to; and I made up my mind that it was queer if I couldn't be as good as a horse."

"I think that is pretty well for a little boy," said his mother, when little Dick had left the room. "The story of Gray made a deep impression on him. He hates this medicine, and has not succeeded in taking it once without crying until this time. He whispered to me that he loved me more than Old Gray could possibly love Mr. Perkins, and was going to do what I wanted done, if it was bad." She was talking to a young man who lay stretched on a sofa, with his eyes shaded by his hand. The young man was her grown-up son. All day, and for many days indeed, he had been gloomy and miserable, because he was not well, and the doctor had said that he must not go back to college, but must rest his eyes for an entire term. He had called the doctor an idiot, and declared that he would do no such thing, and had made his mother miserable. Now he kept very still for some time. At last he took his hand from his eyes, and looked at her, and smiled.

"You think there is a lesson in that for big John as well as for little Dick, don't you?" he said; "and there is, mother. I'll try to behave myself, and not be outdone by a horse."—*Pansy.*

HOW "GUMMA" DRESSED JACK.

Jack came trotting into papa's room one morning with two little black stockings in one hand, two little black boots in the other, and several small articles of clothing over his shoulder.

"Papa," he said, "does you know how to dress yittle boys? Gumma's gone."

"Yes, indeed, my little man," said papa; and he lifted Jack to his knee, and began to pull on one small stocking.

"Stop, papa! Stop!" cried Jack. "Dat ain't a-way! Gumma don't do it dat-a-way!"

"Well, how does 'Gumma' do it?" asked papa, pausing for instruction.

"Dis-a-way," said Jack, taking up one foot, and then carefully grasping a fat toe in his chubby hand.

"Here, Mishter Toe, you an' your bruzers mus' go into your yittle black house. Now don' begin to w'iggle. One, two, free,—dere you go!" And Jack pulled his stocking over his five toes and up to his knee. Then, looking up into his papa's face, he said, "See?"

"Yes," said papa, smiling. "Here goes the other foot. Now, Mr. Toe, you and all your brothers!"

"No, no, papa!" cried Jack. "Dat one is Mishis Toe, an' you mus' say 'all your yittle sissers.'"

"Oh, ho!" said papa. "Well, then, Mrs. Toe, and all your little sisters! One, two, three,—there you go!" And the second stocking was on.

"Now," said Jack, "you mus' put on the woof."

"The what?" asked papa.

"The woof to the house." And Jack pointed to his boot.

"Oh, the roof! Very well." And papa put on the boot, and began buttoning it with his fingers.

"Dat ain't a-way!" cried Jack again. "You mus' get a hooker, and lock all 'e' doors, so all the yittle bruzers and sissers won' get out 'e' house for all day."

"Now, see here, young man," said papa.

"Does grandma go through with all this rigmarole every morning?"

*Free translation of the motto to "The Little Boy and the Moon," in Froebel's "Mother Play."

"Of courth," said Jack, looking at papa with surprised eyes.

"Well, papa hasn't the time. So let me get you into your clothes *quick*, before the breakfast bell rings."

So Jack had to submit to being dressed in a hurry, without his grandmother's pleasant romancing.

The minute he got downstairs he went to his mamma, and asked:—

"Fen's my gunma comin' home?"

"She is coming to-morrow," said mamma.

"Dat's nice," said Jack; "for," he whispered into mamma's ear, "my papa don' know how to dwess yittle boys." *Babylond.*

For the *Christian Register*.
THE TIME FOR FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The flowers are tardy oft in May;
As elves they leave the ground;
And, peeping all about, they say:
"Why is not summer round?
We do not love dark clouds or cold,
But smiles of sunshine bright!"
Then June flings back her gates of gold,
And everything is right.

THE FIELD-MICE.

One summer Jack went into the country with his mother and his sister Mabel to spend the long summer months. He was very busy from morning till night helping feed the chickens or chasing the calves or hunting for hens' eggs. Sometimes he would be allowed to go with the hired man to drive home with the cows, or, when the haymakers had filled the rack with hay, they would put Jack and Mabel on top of the load, and they would ride in glee to the barn.

The days seemed all too short for their merry-making; and every night the last thing they said was, "Please waken me very early; for I have so many, many things to do to-morrow." But I wish to tell you of some strange pets that Mabel and Jack had that summer.

One morning they received permission to go into the field behind the house and pick strawberries. They worked hard, and had almost filled their small tin cups, when "Peep, peep!" sounded right under Jack's feet. It was such a faint little cry that he first thought it was a bird with a broken wing. He pushed aside the grass, and saw four pairs of bright black eyes peering at him.

There, huddled close together, lay four little mice.

"Mabel, Mabel! Here are some mice!" called Jack. "They are the cunningest little things, and are so young they can hardly move. Come here, and tell me if you ever saw brighter eyes; and they are crying as if they are hungry."

"Oh, the dear little things!" exclaimed Mabel, when she saw them. "How did they come here? I thought mice always lived on pantry shelves and places where no one wants them."

"These must be field-mice," replied Jack. "I heard the farmer say the other day that he had found a nest of field-mice. Let us wait until the father and the mother mouse come home." So they sat down and waited for the old ones to come, but they failed to appear.

"Perhaps they are afraid of us, and will not return while we are here. Let us go to dinner, and then we will come back and see them," said Jack.

When they returned after dinner, the little ones were still alone and crying piteously. So the children went back to the house, and begged corn for the little mice.

After feeding them, they brought water, and tried to teach them to drink. After supper they went again to see the field-mice, and still the old mice had not returned.

"I'll tell you what we must do," said Jack. "I am afraid the mother and father mouse have been killed. Perhaps a cat has caught them. So we must adopt these little mice, or they will die."

The first thing every morning the children would go to the field, and carry the mice their breakfast. Very soon the little creatures would eat from their hands, and became as playful and tame as kittens. After a time, as they grew larger, the children carried them nuts, which the mice would crack with their sharp, white teeth.

When the time drew near for leaving the

country, Jack and Mabel felt very sorry to part with their little friends, the field-mice. They begged their mamma to allow them to take the mice to the city with them. But she would not consent.

"But they have no house to live in! What will they do?" said Mabel.

Then their mamma told them that field-mice sleep through the entire winter. As soon as the cold weather begins, they curl up like little balls, and, crawling close to one another, dream the whole winter long.

Sometimes, when a very warm, sunshiny day melts the snow, the little mice waken, and nibble some corn or nuts which they have stored away for the winter. Then they sleep on until another warm day.

"I will tell you a very kind thing to do," said their mamma. "These field-mice will soon begin to lay in a supply of corn and nuts for the winter. It means a great deal of work for them to carry so much food to their homes. So you children can help them by placing some food they like near their nests."

The day before Jack and Mabel left the country they carried a large quantity of grain and nuts (enough for a hundred mice, the farmer said), and laid it beside the field-mice's nest. During the winter, whenever an unusually bright day occurred, the children would say,—

"I suppose the field-mice wakened to-day, and ate some nuts and corn."—*M. C. S., in Sunday School Times.*

DOGS IN CHURCH.

In old times it was a common thing in all parts of Great Britain to see dogs and other animals in church; and some one said many years ago that "there was not a man nor a woman nor a child nor a dog nor a rabbit in all Scotland but belonged to the kirk." A gentleman asked a shepherd if a certain building was a church, adding that it was almost too small for that; but the man replied that it was not so very small, as there were above thirty collies there every Sunday.

There is a story that, when Queen Victoria first went to Crathie church, a fine dog followed the clergyman up the pulpit steps, and reclined against the door during the sermon. The next Sunday, however, the dog was not to be seen, the chaplain at Balmoral having remonstrated with his master on the subject. A day or two after, when the clergyman was dining with the queen, he was asked by her Majesty why the dog was not at church on Sunday; and, when he explained the reason, the queen replied: "Pray let him come as usual. I wish every one behaved as well at church as your noble dog does."

Another dog belonging to a minister was bent on hearing his master preach, and his master was equally bent on having him stay at home. When the minister left the house, the dog would follow on the opposite side of the street until they were near the church, when he always crossed over in perfect security. He managed to get into a corner by the reading-desk, where he conducted himself in the most praiseworthy manner, until the parishioners finally declared, "He's a good dog that goes to church," and prevailed on his master not to interfere with so commendable a habit.

Another dog still went regularly to the Methodist church, although the family to whom he belonged were Presbyterians; and Sunday after Sunday he contrived to elude the ushers, and make his way to his favorite corner in the gallery. This remarkable dog will indulge in no frivolities on Sunday, and it was even his custom to decline all companionship then. A dog of more playful tendencies was seen by the clergyman frisking along the middle aisle, and evidently on the lookout for mischief. Presently he pounced on a hat outside one of the pews, and shook it fiercely, although the owner poked him vigorously with his cane to make him drop it. But the sexton had his eye on this four-footed disturber of the peace; and, seeing him approach, evidently with hostile intentions, the dog made off with his prize into a side aisle. Some of the congregation now came to the

rescue, and a spirited skirmish ensued; but the intruder cleverly dodged them all, and vanished triumphantly with what was left of the hat.—*The Interior.*

INTERESTING WORDS.

The unpleasant word "blackguard" shows us another glimpse of the old times. When great families moved about from one residence to another, the lowest and dirtiest servants took care of the pots and pans and coal, and were well covered with soot and smut. They were laughed at when they passed by as "the black guard." It is safe to say that they never failed to answer back in very bad language, and in the course of time all who used scurrilous talk were called "blackguards."

"Miser," in Latin, as every one knows who has begun the study of that language, means "wretched" or "miser-able." But our noun "miser" tells the plain story that in the experience of mankind *the miserable* man, above all others, is the one who is a slave to money.

A "mountebank" was one of the quack doctors who were always to be found at fairs, and who were wont to *mount a bank* or bench, and boast of the merits of their wares. They sought to draw a crowd, just as do the sellers of patent medicines who drive about nowadays, and whom we see in the evening standing in their carriages amid flaring lights, making loud boasts of their amazing cures, telling funny stories, and performing clownish tricks.

A curious word is "sycophant," made up of two Greek words, the noun meaning "fig" and the verb "to make known." It is thought that the name was first applied, at Athens, to men who sought reward by informing of those who exported figs contrary to law, and later to any telltale. No boy or girl needs to be told how it has come to mean a flatterer and hypocrite, for those who delight in meddlesome gossip behind our backs are the very ones to be full of flattery before our faces.—*Zion's Herald.*

AT THE MILLINER'S.

Superstitions in a work-room are many and varied. To drop an unfinished hat on the floor is a sure guarantee of its success; and, as many are sold that have taken a tumble, and would be naturally, the sign is considered infallible. To drop your scissors means extremely bad luck, if you stoop to pick them up yourself. You must step on them, and then have some one else return them to you. When you are so fortunate as to get an order for a bride's hat, you must pluck a hair from your own head and sew it in your work, then every girl demands the privilege of trying it on, and she is sure to get a husband on her own account.—*Mary P. Whiteman, in the Cosmopolitan.*

THE TSAR'S HORSES.

The Tsar of Russia has a set of fifty horses, all pure white, with blue eyes. They are beautiful creatures, but deaf. These white horses are used in showy processions on state occasions, and, like Queen Victoria's famous cream-colored horses, are never sold from the imperial stables. When past use, they are shot and buried with due ceremony.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

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SAPOLIO

WILLIAM MACK, M.D.

To any one resident in Salem or to one who has resided there at any time within the past fifty years the name of Dr. Mack is a familiar and household word.

Descended from old New England stock, he was the personification of its best fruits and a fitting representative of the cultivated life of one of the most noted centres of culture and of the best forms of social life.

On his paternal side the first ancestor came from Gedboro, Scotland, and settled in Lyme, Conn., in 1693, and on the maternal side from England, and settled in Essex County, Massachusetts, embracing in both lines the families of Mack, Ellis, Talcott, Sewall, Pyncheon, Orne, and others.

His grandfather, David Mack, was one of the original settlers of Middlefield, Mass., and was probably the most important factor in the town in securing a church, in obtaining an act of incorporation, in founding the Hampshire Missionary Society and numerous benevolent societies, giving liberally from his limited means both of money and time, and leaving a legacy "for the support of the gospel in all coming times."

His religious belief was of the strictest, but it was of the kind which has moulded the New England character; and he imposed upon himself a high sense of obligation toward his fellow-man, which kept him to a life of self-abnegation and devotion to duty which was simply sublime.

Dr. Mack was like his grandfather in his devotion to duty, and in the same spirit of self-forgetfulness he lived for others, with a religious belief softened and humanized by the gentler influences which came to him in his youth and from the home circle.

Born Aug. 11, 1814, his mother died when he was but four years old, so that his own mother was to him but a faint remembrance of the exquisite beauty of person for which she was noted.

His father, the late Judge Elisha Mack, after the lapse of a few years married Harriet Orne Clarke, a daughter of Rev. John Clarke, a minister of the First Congregational Church in the city of Boston, and was a living example, of which there are so many, of the devotion and kindly offices of the "step-mother."

She was to him a mother indeed, and he lived to love and adore her as if he were flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood.

Educated in the common schools of Cummington and Salem, he entered Harvard College in 1829, graduated in 1833 with Prof. Francis Bowen, Prof. Joseph Lovering, Drs. Jeffries and Morrill Wyman, Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Ellis, Hon. Samuel P. Andrews, Rev. Robert S. Lowell, and others; and after graduation he went to New Bedford, where he taught school and read medicine, later entering the Harvard Medical School, when Drs. J. C. Warren, James Jackson, and Walter Channing were the professors in charge, and took his degree in 1838.

After taking his degree, he studied two years in Paris, and came back to his native city of Salem in 1841, and continued in the active practice of his profession with distinguished success until the latter part of May, 1894, a few months before his eightieth birthday.

This is the brief outline of the outward life of the "good physician" whose earthly career has just closed; but how incomplete it is without an insight into the spirit and the real life of the man!

Endowed with a delicate and refined nature, and a keen intellect, possessed with untiring devotion to whatever he undertook, the soul of honor and with a conscience void of offence, his whole life was devoted to service, not alone in the lines of his chosen profession, which, perhaps, gives larger opportunity for service than any other calling, but in constant acts of kindness and ministration, which were so modestly and so graciously rendered as to lend to them a charm which lingered in the memory long after the performance. This was touchingly illustrated by the tributes of love and respect which were paid to his memory by those who came early and late to the house to speak of the unpaid service rendered through months of illness, the voluntary contributions which kept the larder supplied which would otherwise have been empty, the skilful care which had

saved life, and the scientific knowledge and careful attention which had saved an injured member when all others declared it impossible.

Fond of the best literature, he was a good reader; and, had he not devoted so much of his time to keep abreast of his profession and to be in touch with the progress of medical and surgical science, he would have been a ripe scholar in belles-lettres, history, and poetry.

In the days of the anti-slavery struggle he was on what was then the unpopular, but now universally conceded to be the right, side; and, though unable often to attend church, he was of a religious nature, free from cant, and open to the reception of those views which addressed themselves to his reason, and consequently was a liberal of the liberals, and was a firm friend of the three ministers under whose preaching he sat when opportunity permitted,—Thomas T. Stone, Octavius B. Frothingham, and Edmund B. Willson.

The latter was his pastor for thirty-six years, and the friendship which existed between them and the esteem which each entertained for the other is the strongest testimony of the rare quality of each.

Dr. Mack was confined to his room and much of the time to his bed for more than a year, and Mr. Willson was a frequent visitor at his bedside; and, when on the day that Mr. Willson was stricken down at the close of his anniversary address Dr. Mack heard of it, he was as eager in his inquiries and as anxious as to his condition as if he were his attending physician.

But a few days after Dr. Mack began to fail, and fell asleep on Sunday evening, June 9, followed by Mr. Willson in the early morning of Thursday, the 13th, a few hours after the purifying flame had consumed all that was mortal of the beloved physician.

A. S.

Personals.

The seventy-fifth birthday of Florence Nightingale was remembered by an autograph letter from Queen Victoria, and by congratulations from the emperor of Germany and the czar of Russia.

John Huron, by whose will the Indianapolis Art Association receives \$200,000, was born in Carlton, near Skipton, in Craven, Eng. He was a frugal, industrious man, prompt and correct in business methods.

The University of Aberdeen has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Miss Jane Harrison. Twenty years ago she entered Newnham College, then in its infancy; and she has since distinguished herself by her researches into the origin of Greek vases.

The death is announced in England of Miss Elizabeth Stirling at the age of more than eighty, a woman of brilliant musical gifts. In 1856 she sent in an exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc. at Oxford, which was accepted; but, when "E. Sterling" turned out to be a woman, it was returned with ample apologies.

Every year the bravest deed done in saving life in the British dominions is marked by the award of the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane Society. It was given this year to William Mugford of Torquay, who was caught in a sewer where he was at work with three companions, when the sewer was flooded by a sudden thunderstorm, and he saved two of the men by holding them up by main strength for seven hours until relief came.

An Englishwoman, Miss Grace Chisholm, has just taken the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Göttingen, the first degree given to a woman since that institution became a state university. This is interpreted to mean a change of attitude by the Prussian minister of education, and be the omen of further concessions to woman's higher education. Hence it is causing a stir in German academic circles.

Exchange.

The death of Emily Faithfull, which occurred in London recently, closed the eventful and useful career of one who devoted her life to the elevation and improvement of the condition of her sex. That through her efforts the trade of type-setting was thrown open to women, and now furnishes employment to thousands both here and abroad, is but one of the noteworthy results of her active, energetic life. Emily Faithfull was an advocate of woman's rights, but pre-eminently she was a fighter for woman's equality with man in occupations and trades for which a woman is physically fitted.—*Christian Work.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Central Christian Advocate*, referring to the new free circulating library for the blind in New York, says:—

This library will prove an inestimable blessing, as it will open up to them a new world of beauty and light. Its incorporation is one of the many hopeful signs of the times. After all, the world is not nearly as selfish as some people would have us believe. There can be no doubt that the number of those who recognize the claims of humanity upon their means and time, and who enter with enthusiasm upon the execution of plans which have been formed with the view of making life happier and better for others, is steadily increasing.

The *Minneapolis Times* thus speaks of the curfew ordinance which has been adopted in twenty Minneapolis towns:—

The measure both restrains and protects the young people of a community. It prevents the mischief and midnight marauding in which boys left to their own devices are prone to engage. It not only keeps them from doing, but from suffering harm. The streets are the schools of vice. It is here that young people meet dangerous associates, and receive their first lessons in the ways of Vanity Fair. The frequent accounts in the papers of the victimizing of innocence and the crimes committed by youthful culprits is commentary enough on the need of such an ordinance. Properly enforced, it will save many a mere child, not only from accidents and a hardening familiarity with evil, but often from crime itself. Such a measure is, moreover, an aid to home discipline in enforcing early hours. The warning bell at ten o'clock sends youthful stragglers where all young people should be at that hour. There can be no legitimate excuse for children being without the guarded walls of home when traitorous night threatens danger.

The *Boston Sunday Herald* has an editorial on Archbishop Ireland's address at the Notre Dame jubilee, in which it says:—

The archbishop does not underestimate the importance of the religious element in education. He regards the Christian school, by which, of course, he means the Catholic school, as the ideal institution. But he is also profoundly impressed with the folly of crying down the public school system of America, because it does not, and in the nature of things cannot, include religious instruction in its scope. Denunciation of the public schools as "godless," because they do not permit the inculcation of religious doctrine, finds no encouragement with him. Still less is he in sympathy with those rash ecclesiastics who would make open war upon the public school system by withdrawing the privileges of the Church from parents who send their children to them. He declared that he did not blame the State for failing to include religion in the programmes of its schools and colleges.

City and State recalls one halcyon day:—

We remember one Fourth of July which was indeed "glorious." It was a veritable oasis in a wide desert of noisy and distressing Fourths. Explosions of fire-crackers, firing of cannon and pistols, were not permitted in the streets. Everybody seemed to accept this innovation with a good grace, if not with thankfulness; and thousands of families spent the day rationally and happily in the park and surrounding country. On July 5th every one saw, with thankfulness, a greatly diminished list of accidents and fires, with awakening hope that the new order of things might continue. . . . But, if this reform is to be made, the mayor and his assistants must lead the way, and evidence of approval and support must be given by leaders of public opinion in the community. None can render better service in this matter than our leading physicians, many of whom, we well know, have been led by professional experience to hold the view which *City and State* now advocates.

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I take great pleasure in the *Unitarian* and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—*Massachusetts.*
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I thought the first number of the publication, years ago, a good thing, and I may say that my first estimate rather increases than otherwise, right up to the current number.—*Wisconsin.*

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"The Flowers appear on the Earth." Rev. Charles G. Ames.
Just to lie Still! Maud L. Cotton.
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Western Unitarian Conference. Leon A. Harvey.
Religious Study by Clubs and Guilds. W. H. Fish.
Correspondence. E. L. Reynolds.
One Upward Look Each Day.
Editorial.

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SERVICE.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone,
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clew;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

- E. R. Sill.

A REMINISCENCE.

The president's address at the late Western Unitarian Conference, as reported in your issue of May 23, referred to the first session of that conference held at Cincinnati, May 7, 1852. It recalled to one of your constant readers the meeting in that same "dear, old, smoky church" alluded to by the first historian of the conference, and also a few other items that may interest those who remember that meeting. The sermon was preached by Dr. Lothrop, from the text, "And, as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." It was truly a spiritual sermon; and it would please Mr. Savage and many others, could they hear it even now.

I attended the conference with the Louisville delegation, which included, besides Rev. John H. Heywood and Mr. Conant, Mr. Charles Harlow, the first recording secretary of the Association. He had been for about eleven years an earnest worker in the church at Louisville, coming there from Portland, Me. I remember what pleasure good Mr. Heywood and he felt at the cordial spirit which pervaded that first meeting, and with what delight they both looked forward to a continuance of the good work the next year at St. Louis. But Mr. Harlow was not permitted to take part in that next meeting. Both he and Rev. Mr. Boyer of Indiana, another delegate, died in February of the following year. Mr. Harlow was a brother of Mr. William Harlow, whose death was lately noticed in your columns. Mr. Heywood said of his friend, Mr. Charles Harlow, "He was a man of strong and well-cultivated mind, of large and generous heart, of sunshine spirit, full of faith and hope, who not only professed to believe, but believed that all things would work together for good to those who love God,—one of the few men of whom the bosom companion may say, 'He never spoke a petulant or unkind word to me.'" E. G. H.

PRESENTS FOR BISMARCK.

Not the least interesting of the various facts connected with the recent celebration of Prince Bismarck's birthday were the birthday gifts. A correspondent of the London *Saturday Review* gives an enumeration, which will strike people alternately as absurd and as indicative of the affectionate regard of the people. Among them were cheeses varying in weight from a half-dozen ounces to two hundred pounds, a hundred and forty dozen of them of different sizes and sorts; sausages of all dimensions, one twenty-three yards long and proportionately thick that required a crate to itself, and one that came in a letter. There were over a dozen immense salmon, piles of *paté-de-foie-gras*, cases of apples, barrels of oysters, pots of honey, a tank of live carp, tarts, eggs, barrels of wine, cider, beer, liquor, and cognac, more than five thousand cigars, pipes of every shape and quality, and five thousand matches, not to speak of confectionery, and a medal of the Niederwald monument in macaroon biscuit. There were mantles, clocks, and rugs, hot-water bottles, helmets, slippers, and swords. Thirty authors sent copies of their complete works, while others sent selections. There were penholders and inkstands by the dozen, a supply of Bibles, and one old lady sent a funeral wreath she had intended for her own grave; photographs, too, by the

score, and letters and telegrams by the thousands. It was calculated that, if the prince spent three minutes on a letter and worked at them ten hours a day, it would take about three years to read the correspondence.—*Independent*.

Temperance.

The fifth international congress against the abuse of alcoholic drink meets in Basle, Switzerland, August 20-22. Americans who are going abroad this summer and are interested in temperance, and desire to hear the best European opinion on the medical, industrial, and ethical aspects of the problem, would do well to plan to attend this congress.

This year's California legislature seems to have been devoted to reform. It has enacted an anti-cigarette law; raised the age of protection to eighteen years; prohibited saloons within two and one-half miles of any soldiers' home; defeated the uniform license bill; created sanitary districts, putting into the hands of residents therein the power to exclude saloons in San Francisco; prohibited the adulteration of drugs, foods, and drinks, including the watering of whiskey and other liquors, which gives an important leverage against the saloon; and voted to submit a woman suffrage amendment to the popular vote.

Though we cannot agree with our Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, in its theology, we can agree with it in its earnest advocacy of total abstinence: "Of all forms of evil, intemperance, if taken in time, is the easiest of prevention, but, having once secured a footing, the most difficult of cure. Total abstinence is the best rule of action. We urge the practice as an effectual safeguard to fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, who are living in the midst of the temptations to which the conflict of life exposes them, and to mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters in their social circles and in their homes. It is a sad truth that possibly more than one-half of our army of drunkards begin to feel the mastery of the dreadful appetite through the drinking customs they have brought into their own homes. Above all else, keep the home pure."

Science.

Dr. J. West Roosevelt, a very high medical authority, demonstrates in the June *Scribner* that bicycle riding develops not only the muscles of the legs, but most of the important muscles of the body.

The perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted; and it may be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

The use of aluminum is becoming common. In Austria-Hungary a short time ago the metal was introduced into the army. The band of the Third Regiment of Infantry (the Archduke Charles's regiment) have used it in the manufacture of drums, discarding the old-fashioned brass metal. The instruments have a neat appearance and are much lighter; and, according to experts, their timbre is more melodious. Perhaps in the near future the trombone and all other instruments now wholly made of brass will give way to aluminum.

Education.

There are two free kindergarten associations in Salt Lake City, under the direction of Miss Alice Chapin.

Two measures to enforce compulsory attendance of the public schools have been before the Pennsylvania legislature, and have aroused great interest and considerable opposition. One of these bills provides that children between eight and thirteen years of age shall receive at least sixteen weeks' schooling annually. But children who live two miles from a school, or are prevented from attending by "physical, mental, or other urgent reasons," are exempted from the law's requirements. Compulsory education is now recognized by the statutes of more than half of the States of the Union, but opinion in this State is at present divided.

The Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books, which has done such quiet, effective work for years, sends out its annual list of books recommended. Two hundred volumes, written for children, have been examined, and seventy-five of that number stamped with official approval. Looking over the list critically, one would like to suggest that, out of these seventy-five books which any child may read, might be compiled a much shorter list which every child ought to read. Thus would the commission do as good home service as it

now does Sunday-school service, and there are certainly a few here which ought to be especially recommended. As an evidence of the care taken in this compilation, we notice the choice of the single one of Henty's last books which is really valuable.

Here and There.

Cicero was said to be the greatest book collector of antiquity. One of his letters is extant in which he urges Atticus, a learned friend who was compelled from poverty to sell his library at auction, not to dispose of the books at public sale, but to keep them until the writer is able to purchase them, Cicero adding that he is saving all his rents for that purpose.

They are building at Salem, Mass., a model of the "Arbella" in which Gov. Winthrop came over,—a finer boat, in the estimation of many persons, than the "Mayflower." Gov. Winthrop landed near where Manchester-by-the-Sea now stands, and the vessel will take part in the celebration of that event by the town. An old

Cape Ann sloop known as a "hooker" is to be remodelled for the purpose.

The shark, much as the sailors may hate it, furnishes several valuable products. An oil obtained from its liver vies in medicinal qualities with that obtained from the liver of the cod. Its skin, when dried, takes the hardness and polish of mother of pearl, and is used by jewellers for fancy objects, by binders for making shagreen, and by cabinet-makers for polishing wood; while the Chinese pickle its fins, and think them one of the greatest delicacies beneath the sun.

The ornithologist of the agricultural department at Washington has come to the defence of the crow, who is not so black as he is painted by the farmer. The charge against the crow that he eats nothing but corn is disproved by an examination of his stomach, which shows that he eats noxious insects and other animals; and, though 25 per cent. of his food is corn, it is mostly waste corn, picked up in the fall and winter. His chief sustenance consists of ants, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, flies, grubs, etc., which do damage to the farmer.—*Boston Herald*.

Bureau Washstand.

The wide demand for combination pieces of furniture suited to the needs of apartment houses, flats, suites, etc., has stimulated designers to produce some new models, which are marvels of convenience.

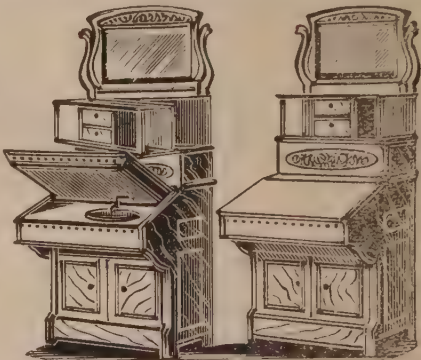
Here is one of the most popular of all combinations. It is intended for use in a bedroom not provided with running water, and it combines all the advantages of a bureau and washstand in one piece.

The entire top of the stand under the lid is of pink Tennessee marble, laid so as to be self-draining. Water from a large interior reservoir is drawn by the faucet, and there is the latest form of outlet and waste. The arrangements for ventilation are perfect.

The cabinet work of the washstand provides for a large closet, 3 shelves, 2 drawers, and a mirror, the latter supported on curved brackets.

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Pleasantries.

He: "Do you really think kissing is wicked?" The New Woman: "It is worse than wicked. It is insanitary."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Mr. Tompkins," said Willie Smith to his teacher the other day, "when the whale spouts, does he do it to bale himself out?"—*Harper's Young People*.

Chicagoan: "What is the most pleasing discovery you've made since your stay here?" New Yorker: "The fact that there are two hundred trains leaving daily."—*Life*.

"When are you coming out with me, Mummy?" "Not this morning, darling. I've too much to do!" "Oh, but you must, Mummy. I've already put it in my new diary that you did!"—*Exchange*.

"You see, my dear," said little Emma's governess, "the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they only go to bed when we are getting up." "Then, Fräulein," answered little Emma, "I suppose my brother Fritz is an Antipode, eh?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A little Parisian, Gontran by name, was taken out to see a regiment marching past, with a band of music at its head. "Oh, it's fine!" he said, clapping his hands; "but what's the good of all those fellows who aren't playing any instrument?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Orthodox.—"I suppose," said the man from the effete East, "that you do not allow the preachers out your way to make any reference to the golden streets?" "You are just about as near right as the average gold-bug is," retorted the Denver man. "That is all we think the stuff is fit for,—to walk on."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Recently the Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey, was transporting a mummy, believed to be a Pharaoh, to Cairo. As he took the royal relic in a passenger car, he was naturally obliged to take a first-class ticket. At Cairo a duty was demanded. He referred the officials to the register; but neither mummies nor Pharaohs were found on the dutiable list. "Well," said the official, "we will enter this as 'dried fish' duty, three piastres."

A doctor ordered "an egg, daintily cooked, offered at intervals during the day to tempt the appetite." On calling in next evening, however, he found his patient weak and languid, and asked what she had been eating. "Can't get her to eat a thing," declared the husband, "though I've done my best. I cooked that egg for Sadie this morning, and I've brought it to her every half-hour since, but she won't even touch it."—*Boston Home Journal*.

A certain Mine. Cresswell died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows: "All I shall say of her is this: She was born well, married well, lived well, and died well. For she was born at Shadwell, married to Cresswell, she lived at Clerkenwell, and died at Bridewell."—*Til-Bits*.

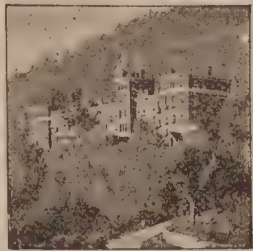
Many are the good stories told of Mr. Corney Grain. He was a man of courtly dignity, and no one knew better than he how to resent an impertinence, whether directed against himself personally or against the profession to which he belonged. He was engaged on one occasion to entertain a large party of guests at a country house. He travelled down from town in the afternoon, as directed, by a train which landed him at his destination just as the guests were assembling for dinner. Instead of being received in the drawing-room, however, Mr. Grain was conducted to the butler's private room; and there, while the house party were dining upstairs, his dinner was served. Mr. Grain said nothing; but, as soon as he had fortified himself against his return journey, he called all the servants who happened to be at liberty into the butler's room, apologized to them for the absence of a piano, and, doing the best he could without one, proceeded to entertain the amazed but delighted domestics with quips and jests and songs selected at random. He never, perhaps, had a more appreciative audience. Then he called for his fly. As he was preparing to get into it, a pompous flunkey came down to the butler's room with the message that "dinner was hover, and would Mr. Grain now come up to the drawing-room and give his entertainment?" To which Mr. Grain replied: "Give your master my compliments, and tell him that, as I was sent to the servants' hall, I naturally concluded that it was the servants I was engaged to entertain. I have given my entertainment, and am going back to town by the next train." He did it, too. And the story was told all over the country. *Exchange*.

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Editorial.

AN evidence of the growth of liberality, even if slow, will be found in the fact that the Notre Dame University in Indiana has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Rev. Washington Gladden. The recipient is well deserving of the honor, and it is said it was the first degree of the kind ever given by this university to a non-Catholic. Dr. Gladden is well known for his learning and ability, and he carries into his discussions great fairness and breadth of view.

THE reports of the great naval pageant at the formal opening of the canal which connects the Baltic and the North Seas have filled the press during the past week. This event will form an epoch in the commercial history of Europe. Though evidently designed, in part, as a military measure, and to be used to strengthen the German power, it is also a great pacificator. Everything which increases the trade between nations helps bind them together by the ties of interest, and the German emperor declared the truth when he said that the canal was a great work of peace. "There are," he added, "seas that divide and seas that unite. This canal unites two great seas for commercial and defensive

purposes. If, as is anticipated, this canal proves to be a great international highway, it will tend to make war more destructive of industrial interests, and therefore more to be dreaded."

THE Springfield *Republican*, from which we learned of the refusal, as stated last week, to ordain Mr. Solley at Hampden, now informs us that there was a scent of heresy in the candidate, after all. He was not regarded as sound in theology, and was rejected on that account, although the council thought it best to announce that he was rejected for a lack of preparation. "Some of the delegates protested vigorously against assigning one reason for rejecting the candidate when it was done for another cause, and attacked the position taken by the majority in sustaining creeds no longer held by the Church." Is it not time that members of religious bodies learned to be frank and straightforward in their dealings both with each other and the truth?

HAS the Church lost its hold upon the people of New York? To answer this question, the *Times* had prepared a full table of statistics showing the annual amount spent for the maintenance of church services and for theatrical and other amusements. The result is that the Church of New York City expends annually five million and a half dollars, while six million and a half are paid for amusements. But in the estimate of the latter we must keep in mind that a considerable sum comes from strangers who visit the city. In addition to the above the churches expend a large sum for charitable and missionary objects. On the principle that the heart follows the treasure, it would seem that the power of the Church over the pocket is as great as concert and theatre, and hence is not losing its hold on the people.

THE results of the Salvation Army's agricultural colonies are of interest to all who are studying economics. In a recent report by Mr. Bramwell Booth before the committee of the House of Commons we learn that the English Agricultural Colony for the first year did not pay its expenses, but that the loss was less in the two succeeding years. On the last year there was a profit made of about one thousand dollars, in addition to about two thousand dollars on market gardening. The industrial section, however, was worked at a loss, especially the brick-making. The total loss on the English Colony for four years was about fifty thousand dollars. Though this experiment may have marked moral results, as a pure business enterprise it is not an encouraging financial success.

IF the president of the Police Board carries out his intention to have men arrested for "disorderly conduct," and treated with the same severity that has heretofore been shown to women for the same offence, we are on the eve of a new epoch in morality. The discrimination in applying the laws only to women, though acknowledged, has none the less been an outrage and a cruel injustice. Commissioner Roosevelt, we are told, asserts that he intends to make a strict and impartial application of the law, so that no longer shall it be a merely theoretical ornament. The *New York Times*, in mentioning the above fact, adds, "It is more than a little humiliating that a declaration which no man in his place should have failed to make is, in sober truth, the most remarkable and the most likely to be remarked combination of words he could possibly have put together." We are specially interested in this case, because it brings distinctly before the community the principle that we are to have both for men and women the same law and morality.

THE Manitoba government has refused to obey the order of the governor-general of Canada to restore the Roman Catholic parochial schools. This action creates a sharp issue between the parties. The *New York Evening Post*, in a recent despatch from Montreal, says the idea prevails that the head of the Roman Catholic Church encourages the ecclesiastical party to maintain the claim for separate schools. Its members are urged, without loss of time, to maintain their position and principles. The Canadian bishops are praised by the authorities at Rome for their constancy and zeal in favor of the religious education of the Catholics in Manitoba. If the legislature holds to its refusal, it will not be easy for the Dominion government to force it to submit. Attempts will be made to bring about a compromise, but, in the present temper of both parties, with little promise of success. It is said that measures will be proposed by the politicians by which the issue may be postponed. But this is only a makeshift; and the friends of free schools, who wish a separation of Church and State in Manitoba, are firm in their present position, and hope in the end for a decisive victory.

DR. DAVIDSON, who is well known to the readers of the *Register* through his valuable contributions to our columns, has proved himself to be a prophet as well as a critic. Many years ago he was driven out of his professorship for what was then regarded dangerous and false teaching about the Bible, yet many of the leading members of the same denomination now believe and teach even more advanced views. When he was cast out, his friends wrote him letters of sympathy, to which he replied, as quoted in the *Christian World*, "At some future day, perhaps, when the chapter of ecclesiastical intolerance comes to be written, men will wonder at the fume and fury directed against one whose sentiments were wanting in nothing except a more liberal, a more just criticism." He has lived to see his prophecy become a fact. We have in this an evidence of his foresight and the rapid advance which has been made in Biblical studies. Many American friends of Dr. Davidson will be glad to know that a volume of his letters will soon be printed if it has not already appeared. As his correspondence covers a long period and deals with various important questions, this book will have both interest and value.

MRS. BESANT'S reply to Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* for June makes a favorable impression on the candid reader, whether he agrees or not with her opinions. It is dignified in tone; and in the discussion she gets the better of the "Grand Old Man," both in her spirit and ability. But the chief point of interest is the statement of what she regards as the true idea of the atonement. She starts with the universal fact that in life all growth and progress depend on continual sacrifice and the endurance of pain. In individuals this is truly a vicarious act; and, when it becomes voluntary and self-chosen, and the man gives himself for men, his own suffering purchases for others some lofty good. This vicarious sacrifice is the fount whence flows the spiritual energy which in manifold forms and ways redeems the world from evil and draws it home to God. This vicarious atonement is not merely an historical event, but a universal law. It is not a propitiatory offering, but a uniting man to God. The soul's life in its evolution, coming into contact with the animal side of man, gives rise to a constant conflict. "Its continuous memory is the voice of conscience striving to rule the lower nature. The reflection of its agony is the remorse that rends us when we have fallen. Its hope is the lofty ideal which in silent moments shines out before our eyes. This

is the Christ that is being formed in every man, for the forming of which the Christ-souls travail." It is this root idea of self-sacrifice which forms the real basis of the atonement. Beneath all false accretions of theology it has given a wide-spread power to the cross as a symbol, inspired an intense devotion, and stimulated the noblest deeds of moral heroism.

WE have an instance of the prejudice against color in a recent case in Rhode Island. Ida A. Morgan, a colored girl reported as highly accomplished, a graduate of the public school of East Providence, of the State Normal School, and of the Emerson College in Boston, was recommended to the committee for the position of instructor in one of the town schools. She was strongly indorsed by the Wide-awake Republican Club of East Providence, and it was admitted by the members of the committee that she was fully competent in every way for the position. After wrestling with the case, they decided they could not appoint her, because it would be against the prevailing sentiment of the community. This was a clear case of colorphobia. We ought to throw the calcium light of our criticism on Rhode Island before we deal with the South. There is much less excuse for an act of this kind in the land of Roger Williams than in the old slave States. At any rate, before we condemn the latter, the North should heed the injunction: "And why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

NEW FACES ON OLD TRUTHS.

Absence and separation have more than one kind of significance. More than mere change of place, the gratification of curiosity, movement, and adventure, is the new view we get of our old accustomed life, our duties, our relations, the place we fill in the world, the needs and demands of the soul. Thus travel puts a new face on familiar things. We may find everything in the home surroundings, on our return, meaner and smaller and more commonplace than we had supposed; but even this perception is stimulating. It shows us how to improve familiar places, how to apply the new suggestions and ideas we have gathered, how to use advantages that have long lain fallow, and to bring in beauty and order and method.

It is sometimes well for us to vacate our mental home for a while,—to try to get out of our prejudices and prepossessions, that a new face may be put on the familiar abode by excursions in the realm of new ideas and fresh conceptions. These side-lights and larger views are especially a token of our age. The world moves now on the principle that anything thought to be settled and established on immutable foundations is just ripe for investigation. We have been born into a time so prone to inquire, and dig about, and test, that even the command not to lay the hand on the ark of God is regarded as man-made, and not proceeding from the infinite power.

The spirit of inquiry, pursued sometimes in a destructive, unsanctified spirit, but oftener in the spirit of reverence and an intense desire to know the truth, is putting a new face on many an old dogma and received fact, and bringing out unexpected depths of meaning. The discoveries made by investigators in the old accepted things of faith and belief is the typical sign and seal of our age. To get at reality, to know

the ultimate fact about the past, to unearth origins, to see how far they agree with accepted standards, to go in quest of satisfying knowledge even in the very holy of holies, taking nothing on hearsay, caring little for tradition, believing in no lie because it is an old and revered lie,—this is the spirit of our time. Here we find a hungering and thirsting after reality such as was never before known in the world. The people yearn for fresh spiritual truth. Even those for whom the old foundations have become clogged and brackish yearn for the living water.

Boldly as assaults have been made on old creeds and established beliefs, still we see the buttresses of a living faith emerge from the din and smoke. The great verities remain of a living God, the imperishable spiritual nature of man, ever more and more imperious in its demands to be fed with the bread of life. The critical, inquiring spirit of the time probes and works and worms its way into all received opinions, all established dogmas, all so-called historic truths. Its search is for great, immutable laws, for sequences underlying apparent confusion, for continuity where there appear to be impassable gaps and intervals and unrelated parts. This searching spirit cannot be stifled. It draws its force from the divine stream of inspiration that flows down from God upon his universe. It is spiritual light and fresh air. Its work is regeneration. By rubbing old tokens and medals of faith struck ages ago, it reveals new and unexpected beauties and astonishing secrets of progress in the growth of the human spirit.

We thus perceive that there is nothing to fear in the most crucial and searching inquiry. The great discussion going on about the Bible is revealing the Bible in a new and unexpected light. The Bible is again becoming an interesting book to thousands who had ceased to read it save in the sense of fetish worship or from a barren idea of duty. We see now a heart beating under its most dusty and unintelligible pages. Oriental scholars, archaeologists, philologists, explorers, have been at work now for more than a quarter of a century to put a new face on its ancient pages, to show us the religious, social, political conditions under which it was composed. The heart of the prophets is revealed. They were men after all, and not wizards and fanatics,—men of intense convictions and profound insight. The age of Israel lives and breathes for us again. We see the struggles, the backslidings, the sinning, suffering, and rejoicing of a little people, surrounded by the great black world of Paganism, and striving to hold up their spiritual light in the midst of unspeakable difficulties and dangers. Their tragic story thrills, lives, palpitates, again for us. This rehabilitation of Israel is one of the most precious gifts of our age. The world at large has not yet entered into the noble heritage. But gradually the people will perceive the new face put upon the grand old book, and its wondrous meanings and lessons will gain a living power. It will not then be read in detached texts and torn fragments, but as a whole, an orderly history of the growth of the spirit of righteousness in a whole people.

So it is with Jesus, who under the reverent hands of authentic thinkers and investigators comes out ever more and more beautiful and sufficing in the nobility and purity of his spiritual teaching, the incisive, searching power of his analysis of human motive. His influence is broadening every day. The men who have naught to show that he had a past created by ideals existing before he came, rooted in the genius of his people, have not diminished his power and influence, have only revealed him as the culmination, the divine one toward whom the tides of humanity had long set. As the crown of man, the realization of hopes and longings alive for ages in the race, he looks nobler and larger than any miraculous virgin birth, any fact outside the gentle progress of growth and development, could make him look. That he, the crowning one, comes under God's order and law, is a possibility of man's nature, and not a portent, is the most glorious fact possessed by the race, the most helpful, the most encouraging, the greatest result of time.

The very discussion of the validity of

belief in his bodily resurrection is clearing away misconception and bewilderment. The world is stepping on toward the fact that his spiritual power is based on the truths he taught, the life he lived, and not on miracle of the lesser or greater order; for what would the bodily resurrection be to us, had he not given us a new law of love and self-sacrifice, a new code of morals, of human duty and obedience?

LOVE AND WORK.

The dearest possession of man in this eager, busy world is love. That is the best thing in life,—the compensation for unrewarded toil, the solace of unsatisfied longings and baffled desires. With love in the heart, spiritual verities assert themselves; for the heart must beat in true time to the harmony of its heavenly visitor. Given the certainty of an inner companionship that transcends the limitations of this restricted world, life becomes splendidly worth the living, sacrifice is no longer sacrifice, values change, and the thing that would once have appeared most difficult becomes the inspiration for nobler action. Given that boundless sympathy with all who suffer or aspire, which seems to animate the saintliest natures, our common days would take on a wonderful new significance, and appear to us all as opportunities, not as finalities.

But, next to love, work is the divinest gift of God to man. It seems sometimes as if no life could be a permanently happy, healthy one into which there had not at some time entered the necessity for hard, taxing work of one kind or another. There is a stern joy in throwing one's self into something difficult, in forcing the reluctant will to face the drudgery of uneventful days with their round of petty duties, not one of which seems important in itself, but the sum of which yields us discipline, that secret of reserve force in character. As we grow older, most of us accept the truth that the thing in life we really care most about, so far as our single individual selves are concerned, is growth,—an increasing range of experience and sympathy. We are never satisfied with ourselves until we have ceased to grow; but, when we cease to grow, it means stagnation. Confessed or not, we still keep, through successive disappointments, the persistent craving for more life and more knowledge and wider service. We may long for something, happiness perhaps; and yet we will not buy even that at the cost of that growth, the impulse toward which has come to be second nature, a thing not to be reasoned about, but to be accepted. So we come to know that stronger than the desire to have what we long for is the desire to be and to do that which most truly justifies our lifelong quest; and all experience, either of joy or of sorrow or of work, is of value to us personally only as it helps to shape us into something finer and nobler than we have been.

If this is what a man really cares most for,—and in his inner heart it surely is,—then he must stand in close, first-hand relations with the work of the world. There is no other way. He must do the hard thing himself, not let others do it for him. He must be willing to have his nerves tortured, his heart pierced, his days spent, and his love wasted. He must forget himself, and he must live for his work's sake. He may sweeten it, and he ought, with the thought of others whose very name is fresh inspiration; but he must remember what George Eliot said, "It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult."

The men and women who work are not the ones whose vanes are always pointing east. They do not have to be comfortable before they can be joyous. To exult in the consciousness of kinship with the active, on-reaching forces of nature, to fling one's self into work with an enthusiasm that yet foresees all the inevitable jar and fret of detail, all the weariness of body and spirit that must be endured before the work is finished, all the friction and misunderstanding that may seem to mar it—to be able to say to one's self, "I am brother to the mechanic at his forge and to the farmer at his plough, to the girl who spins all day at her loom in the hot, dusty factory and to her who bends over her sewing, dragging her needle in and

out, I know as they do the strain and the ache and the weariness, and, God helping me, I will do something to put into their lives, too, a glimpse of the reward,"—to have felt all this goes deeper and means more than all enjoyment, and makes personal happiness seem a poor, cheap thing in comparison.

Believing this, how pitiful, how perplexing, is the case of the poor souls, in whatever part of the city they may live, who miss their proper work! How sad the chance of those who seek and seek, finding no place for which they are fitted, no work for which they are trained, no corner where the effort of their hands or of their brains is needed! Our cities are full of them. What shall we do with those who desire only the work which seems most agreeable, and who scorn whatever might seem to set them a little lower in the social scale? What shall we do with those who have had no chance for training, no early friend to set their feet in the right path? What shall we do with those who, with the best will in the world, seem destined to be the feather in every wind that blows, missing apparently by the misfortune of their very natures that power of concentration which means success? What shall we do with those who do not care whether they work or not, and who see in the years only so many rounds of days to be spent as pleasantly as possible?

This is the real problem of our day,—how to redeem the work of our humblest toilers from the over-strain of too intense competition and the spur of daily necessity for mere bread, and then how to put into it the uplift and the outlook which come from wider vision of the eternal compensations. We do not want to take away from man the necessity for work, not even the necessity for hard work; for only thus can the sinews of the spirit be strengthened. Not hard work, but hopeless work, demoralizes. This problem has touched many souls. Many are attempting its solution here and there, but it needs helpers on every hand.

It is love and work together that must save the world. We need love to inspire, to teach us to appreciate. We need the desire to do real work in the world if our little lives are to be of any real consequence or value. Love without work may weaken, become sentimental, until we forget that "fine feelings are worth anything only when they serve as the motive power for fine deeds." Work without love may become narrowing, cramping. Mrs. Browning has said it for us,—

"Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And each commended for the sake of each
By all true lovers and true workers born."

SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I THEE.

This is said to be an age of transition. It is true that on every hand changes are going on. One finds it not only in modes of doing business and in educational methods, but perhaps even more marked in religious thought. It is almost the exception to find an educated and thoughtful person who accepts in their entirety the religious beliefs and practices which he has inherited from his parents. Many of these changes come from simply sloughing off the old belief, leaving the soul naked of faith. Sometimes they come as the result of religious excitement, now and then as a consequence of weariness. The struggle has been too hard, and the restless thinker drops into the first resting-place where peace seems to come from the giving up of the fight. But those who have escaped the restrictions of the old, and found joy and strength in a genuine acceptance of the new, are agreed that this joy is most permanent when it comes by the highway of intelligence. Every ray of light that can be thrown on the path of those groping in darkness is a help to the wanderer; and no help is better than the printed word which may be read in quiet and meditated upon at leisure. It is the experience of such converts that liberal books and papers are of the chiefest value to those in the restless, uncertain stage between the old, outgrown religious belief and the brighter, more helpful new.

Among the publications thus affording comfort, instruction, and cheer the *Christian Register* has been recognized by many a

grateful soul. Such persons not only say so, but they show their faith by their works, and pass the paper on to others struggling for light who may find inspiration in its pages. Or they look about for friends who might derive pleasure from reading it whose purses will not allow the expenditure of three dollars a year for that pleasure. Probably few papers go to so many families after the original subscribers have read them.

Taking advantage of this disposition on the part of generous readers, a few weeks ago we printed a note to the effect that names of persons who could not afford the *Christian Register* would be sent to any one who was willing to pass it on after reading. It was hoped in this way to be able to reach some who, for the reasons stated, would be glad of a second-hand copy.

The response was prompt and hearty. Indeed, for a while it seemed as though more papers would be offered than appreciative readers could be found, though names of people in various parts of this country and other countries were furnished. It was decided that here was a means by which new societies might be aided. Cards were sent out to one or two ministers, saying that, if the names of families who were studying the problems of the liberal faith with a view to joining such newly organized societies were sent to "E. E. M.," these second-hand copies of the *Christian Register* would be mailed to them for a year; if at the end of the time they were willing and able to subscribe for themselves, the gratuitous copy would be transferred to some one else. In this way a church constituency would be built up of people who would have an intelligent conception of what a Unitarian church stands for.

Not the least interesting part of this experiment has been the appreciative and kind words of the men and women—mostly women—who have hastened to offer their papers. One writes:—

"Please send me the name of some one who will not object to the *Register's* being a little old, as I get it myself second hand. But, to my mind, it is *always* good and full of meat; and I try to find some one to give it to. I never can bring myself to tear one up."

Another says: "Please send me the name of some one to whom to send the *Christian Register* after reading it. I ought to say that I get it *third* hand, but in good condition, and will send it on equally well kept. The person to whom I formerly sent it has become a subscriber."

Many are written in the same tone,—a tone which is as helpful to the editor of the paper, and to all who contribute to it, as to those who are trying to preach a better way to the people. The writers may not give of their gold and their silver, but they may with truth repeat the words of Peter: "Such as I have give I thee."

THE PLYMOUTH SUMMER SCHOOL.

In country places in the north it is customary to have school keep all summer, because in winter the children cannot go through the deep snows. But south of these cold regions July and August are hailed as vacation time. Perhaps it would be better to say used to be so hailed, for the number of summer schools of all kinds is growing large. If one is tempted to attend such a summer seminary, the flesh, which is proverbially weak, may be forgiven for selecting one where sea-bathing, sailing, and beautiful drives may be had. But, if frail human nature is ready to yield to the natural charms offered at Plymouth, Mass., by the School of Applied Ethics, a little further investigation will show that the more substantial attractions are far more alluring. The sessions begin July 7 and continue five weeks, during which time over eighty lectures and conferences will be given. The four departments are "Economics," "Ethics," "Education," and the "History of Religions." Among those who will take part in the last are Rev. S. M. Crothers, Prof. G. T. Ladd, the editors of the *Friends' Review*, the *Examiner*, the *Congregationalist*, and many other well-known men. The reading of the carefully prepared programme makes one willing to forego mountain and forest for the sake of attending some of these courses beside the open sea.

Musings.

THE traveller on the continent sees many a roadside shrine, and the devout worshipper crosses himself as he passes by the figure of Jesus or Mary. The other day, driving through the English lake district, where the worshipper of nature may offer the incense of admiration, I thought I saw a roadside shrine. It was not a cross: it looked more like an altar or a memorial stone, though it was not of stone, but of painted iron. Sober, decorous, and quiet in its appearance, I wondered what form of reverence—patriotic, religious, personal, or historic—it was meant to command, when a nearer approach showed that it was a little temple of Mammon, appealing not to the sweet-hearted, but to the sweet-toothed. You might stand in front of it and cross yourself all day, and make any number of genuflections, you might light candles, and offer prayers; but the goddess would be stern and immovable, and no response would come from her oracle. If, however, you took a copper penny from your pocket, with the image of Victoria upon it, and dropped it in the slot, and then, following the rubric lettered on the altar, you went through a certain mechanical ritual, you would find in the drawer you pulled below a penny's worth of chocolate, or some other candy, of which a great variety was offered to the worshipper, including "Pearls of India" and "Melting Snow." Utility as well as sweetness are combined in some of these outfits. Threaded needles,—exceedingly useful to a bachelor in distress,—various buttons, matches, "Cherry Blossom Toilet Powder," sleeve-buttons, and things neither sweet nor useful nor beautiful, such as ear-rings and "surprise packages," are among the possibilities of the penny-in-the-slot machine. Ruskin and Wordsworth and a society in the lake district have protested against the introduction of railroads into this delightful park; but they have not succeeded in keeping out an automatic candy and thread-and-needle store at certain turns in the road. It is an unobtrusive form of advertising and of trade, very different from the flaming advertisements which are sometimes used to deface natural scenery; and one of our quartette, Mizippi, has such a mania for patronizing these places of refreshment that I suspect the lake district would lose much of its charm if they were not here. My only fear is that she will exhaust her letter of credit, and be obliged to go home earlier than she should.

THE grave responsibility of reporting the English Unitarian anniversary meetings, happily, does not rest on me, but upon the regular London correspondent of the *Christian Register*, who will, if he has not already done so, discharge that duty with his usual fidelity and felicity. I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe what I saw or heard; but I may say how I felt. For one thing, I felt very much at home; and Rev. W. H. Lyon, my colleague, felt the same. With such a cordial English welcome, how could we feel otherwise? The official greeting was as warm and genuine as it could be; and the personal, individual, and unofficial greeting was as radiant as beaming countenances and gracious words could make it. The courtesy of our English brethren does not spend itself in superficial etiquette and a polished veneer of conventionality. It is genuine goodness and kindness all the way down. Though I would not undervalue that code of politeness which is a ritual of good manners, I value most of all the deep sources of kindness and fellow-feeling. There is a stucco finish which looks well to the eye; but I like better the oak and the marble, in which the polish really comes out of the material. This English oak is sound to the heart.

OUR English brethren have two features in their anniversary programme which are different from our own. One is the Thursday night reception, the other is the Sunday-school breakfast. The former is held at Princes Hall at the time of the annual water-color exhibition. There is no speech-making and no dinner, but a free circulation through the halls, a hum of conversation, which is interrupted, or perhaps promoted, by tea and chocolate. It was on this occasion that the Unitarians showed

their strength by completely filling the several halls, so that circulation was somewhat difficult. I hardly suspected that Unitarians could muster so much force. I found so many hands to shake and so many acquaintances to make that the pictures received but little attention; but to a Unitarian Baptist like myself it seemed very appropriate that the gathering should be at a water-color exhibition. The pictures furnished a refined atmosphere and an æsthetic background. The Sunday-school breakfast held on Friday morning fills the place, socially and gastronomically, that is filled by our Thursday night festival. The breakfast is held at nine, and is followed by the business meetings, a paper, and addresses. Such an earnest jollity and jolly earnestness, such frank criticism and generous appreciation, it was refreshing to witness. The personal kindness extended to the American delegates was gratefully appreciated by them; and with it they had the pleasant feeling that this welcome was a greeting to their country, and to the American Unitarian Association which they had the honor to represent.

Brevities.

A pioneer from the frontier who has just called at our office says there is ample room for home missionary work in this country, as he personally knows the names of two thousand places where there is no church and where religious services are not held.

Rev. E. L. Rexford, formerly of Boston, is planning to spend six months in India with Mr. Mozoomdar, that he may "study the habits and customs and the life of the people, and obtain some real insight into the life of that mysterious yet fascinating country."

Of anniversaries there is no end. Our English correspondent, Rev. S. Farrington, reports concerning the Unitarian anniversary meetings in London. The *Inquirer* devotes the greater part of its last issue to a full report of addresses, speeches, and business.

The interesting article by Dr. Heber Newton on "The Resurrection of Jesus," which we reprint from the *Outlook* this week, answers the often asked question why no word had been heard from Dr. Newton with reference to the Bishop's Pastoral Letter.

Through a copyist's inadvertence, three errors, we regret to say, crept into the letter by Rev. Thomas Stone which appeared in the *Christian Register* for June 13. The word "influencing" should have been "in freeing," "communion" should have been "commerce," and "join" should have been "gain."

One of the editors of the *Interior*, "W. C. G.," has been away on a vacation to the woods, where he has had a happy time with nature; but what would his readers say if his wish could be realized,—"I go back to the city with great regret, and wish I might never see a crowded street or the inside of a newspaper office again while I live?"

There is great rejoicing in the Massachusetts Prison Association at the almost unexpected good fortune of getting the indeterminate sentence bill through the Senate, and the governor's signature to it. Those who wish the surest protection of the community, as well as the best chance to reform the criminal and diminish crime, must likewise rejoice.

Radcliffe College was last Tuesday presented to the public as the daughter of Harvard University, on the occasion of the first Radcliffe Commencement in Sanders Theatre. The diplomas of the thirty or more graduates bore not only the seal of Radcliffe and the signature of its dean, but the seal of Harvard and of President "Carolus Guil. Eliot." So the world moves.

At a recent meeting of the California Unitarian Club, where wit and good humor seem to have prevailed, Charles W. Wendte was one of the after-dinner speakers, and amused the guests by his criticisms on the use of certain words. Says the *Pacific Unitarian*, "His derivation of the word 'virgin' from *vir*, a man, *gin*, a trap,—*virgin*, or *man-trap*,—was all the more pointed from his not having been trapped."

There are many who will read Col. Higginson's tribute to Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins in the *Boston Transcript* with gratitude to him for having so well expressed their own feelings, though few are left to recall with him the day of her graduation with Jane Andrews. "I remember their graduation," he says, "as if it were yesterday. Both were fair-haired, erect, with peach-bloom cheeks and a superb look of courage and hope." Mrs. Hopkins never lost that look of courage and hope, nor the heart that was back of the look.

At the Radcliffe Commencement exercises President Eliot cheerfully confessed that women have proved that they can win honors through the acquisition of learning, but intimated that they had yet to prove that they could do so by original research. But, if exceptions prove the rule, he had before him one woman to whom he might have pointed as a noble example, one whose success in original research is thoroughly appreciated in Europe, and who has the unique distinction of being the only woman holding a fellowship in Harvard University,—Miss Alice Cunningham Fletcher.

A correspondent who is thoroughly conversant with Eastern matters writes as follows: "Added to the sympathy, indignation, and determination to secure justice for the Armenians which every person should feel, my three visits to Constantinople and acquaintance with the Armenians, and my private correspondence with dear American friends in the region of persecution, give me intense feeling and opinions upon this question. I believe there should be immediate action on the part of the so-called Powers, especially England, who has by her past proceedings made herself more responsible than any other nation. Turkey does not believe anybody is in earnest, and will not till war-vessels and armed men proceed to Constantinople. Every week of delay adds to the suffering of the Armenians in the East."

Pro and Con.

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I suggest the Unitarians of Boston and vicinity buy the old Public Library and use it for a people's temple. I am sure it would be well supported and welcomed by many. UNITARIAN.

MUNICIPAL BEAUTY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

May I call the attention of your readers to the present movement in behalf of a "more beautiful Boston," and ask if the subjects suggested by this movement might not be profitably considered by our Unity Clubs? I write this naturally not in the interest of Boston so much as for smaller places, where a great deal depends on the general public sentiment in regard to such matters and where politics is not, perhaps, so important an element as it is here. There is a great deal that can be learned in regard to the first principles of municipal beauty; and in this preliminary study our young people ought to be interested, though, as I understand, our Unity Clubs are not intended for the exclusive benefit of the young by any means. The Twentieth Century Club is holding a series of weekly conferences at their club-rooms, 14 Ashburton Street, to consider such subjects as the best use of open spaces, more beautiful schools and school-houses, art exhibitions for the people, public control of buildings, and the like. They have been generous in inviting people who are interested in these matters; and it is altogether probable that they would welcome any one desiring to extend such study, and perhaps be ready with suggestions for his guidance. What better object could our Unity Clubs have than the protection of our towns from mistaken "improvements" that do not improve? A. T. U.

OTHERS, AS WE SEE THEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Andover Theological Seminary, in its Commencement week, affords much inducement for a friendly visit; and, doubtless, the friendship is much more perceptible now than in former days. Certainly, the exer-

cises this present year were of such a nature that the visitor of whatever name must have been impressed with the conviction that the things "commonly believed" were being emphasized, while many other things were happily left behind. At the Alumni meeting the addresses, at least the three I heard on "The Training of Men for the Ministry," had no single word which might not be acceptably spoken at Meadville or Cambridge. President Carter deprecated the tendency of modern methods in the direction of emphasizing culture too often at the expense of spirituality. Dr. McKenzie, with exquisite diction, spoke of the ministry which, perhaps, is needed more than wanted. Dr. Moore's paper on "Biblical Criticism and Theological Investigation" was a fearless plea for that line of study so much feared in the past, but which he vindicated in the most broad and liberal spirit. The papers of the young graduates were all of them productions of great strength and power, and had the ring not only of fearlessness, but of devoutness and consecration. Pleading for critical study of the New Testament, one essayist said it aids faith. There is nothing to fear. Neither is there any necessity to reconcile various readings, for the parts of the Bible are of varying value. We now emphasize the spiritual value of the Bible, for in that is the source of its authority.

A paper on "Christian Comradeship" eloquently argued the necessity for applying Christian ideals of action to daily life and fellowship.

The source of certitude in preaching was stated to be personal experience, reminding me, at least, of Mr. Frothingham's plea at a Meadville graduation, when he said, "Young men, preach yourselves; but in heaven's name make yourselves worth preaching."

A plea was also made for that God-consciousness which realizes God as supreme ruler and judge. To-day exalts man at the expense of God. The measure of human duty is limited only by absolute perfection.

A very mature, incisive, and eloquent paper on spiritual training, given by one trained in Catholicism, received great applause and a cry of "Good!" from the audience. It was a demand for spiritual power as the chief essential in the ministry, having its source in personal touch with Jesus Christ,—that which comes not from study about Christ, but from being with him. The Institutional Church is not forwarding this need. It is only doing what the State can better do. Sociology is not the work of the Church, but of the State. The seminaries need to be more forceful in spiritual training.

So "much was said, and so well said," that it was easy for your correspondent to join in singing

"One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

At the Alumni dinner, which each year the kind invitation to "other clergymen" seems to include the "other sheep," and which I am glad to attend, the addresses were, for the most part, forward-looking, broad, helpful. President Smyth declared, "We stand for brave, unfettered investigation."

The visitor at all these exercises cannot but have been impressed with the breadth, spirituality, and touch with modern scholarship and the modern tone which was so very much in evidence. The Andover Creed, to which every professor is required to periodically renew allegiance, seems anything but accordant with what each year's Commencement reveals, suggesting that possibly that creed is only a bit of "ritualism," to which one of the speakers at the dinner slightly referred. Anyhow, the faculty seem to have found some method for reconciling the Creed and their own teaching,—the affair which seems a very difficult task; for, if the yearly graduates are to be taken as proof, the "Andover Creed" is not much in evidence in the teaching.

The Commencement week spoke eloquently of the new day that has dawned in theological training. The young men put forward seemed all in touch with to-day in catholicity, scholarship, and forward look. It was good to be there. G. H. Y.

For the *Christian Register*.
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

BY F. L. PUGSLEY.

Known and unknown, unknown and known,
 Spirit of Life, what words are these?
 I wait on thee, so by degrees
 The depth of mystery to be shown.

I wait on thee, nor turn aside
 To worship at another shrine.
 Thou art the oracle divine,
 In thee all wisdom doth abide.

In thee all love, in thee all power,
 In thee all attributes combine.
 Thou art in all; and all is thine,
 On thee dependent every hour.

Nor height nor depth nor broad extent
 Can separate my soul from thee.
 Thou art in me, and I in thee;
 And in thee will I rest content.

Beneath all depth, above all height,
 Beyond the reach of all extent,
 Thy spirit, by thy spirit sent,
 Turns chaos into law and light.

Thou wert before the ages were,
 And shalt be when they shall not be.
 All things submit to thy decree,
 And thy decree doth never err.

Though all this universal frame
 Back to its elements resolve;
 And, even though elements dissolve,
 Thou art forever still the same.

I wait, while hope with reason vies,
 That, by this gift of life like thine,
 I may become like thee divine,
 And in thy wisdom may be wise.

And, while I wait, my prayer shall be
 That I, as light to me is shown,
 May live consistent with the known,
 And trust the unknown unto thee.

JAUNTING IN SPAIN.

BY LYDIA J. SANDERSON.

II.

Andalusia is the Oriental kingdom of Spain. From the East the Arabs came into Africa, and thence across the Strait of Gibraltar into the southern provinces. It is a garden in which the palm, the sugar-cane, the orange, and citron are among the commonest plants. For eight hundred years the Moors held sway, bringing a wealth of wisdom, science, and learning.

The cities of Cordova, Seville, and Granada are of greatest interest; and all this country is still full of the most glorious monuments of taste, grandeur, and engineering skill which the Moors erected during their reign.

Cordova was at first subject to Damascus, but about the year 756 declared itself independent, and became the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain. In the tenth century, when all Christian Europe was sunk in ignorance, witchcraft, and degradation, Cordova possessed six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred public schools, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns, and a library of six hundred thousand volumes. It was a far finer city than Rome or Constantinople. It was the centre of civilization, the successful rival of Bagdad and Damascus, the seat of learning, and the repository of arts. The narrow streets, with the rough, pebbly pavements, are an unaltered relic of the Moorish dominion; and the whitewashed walls, whose windows are guarded by heavy iron bars, are the same as of old.

But the glory of that time and the glory of to-day is the wonderful mosque, which is considered the most perfect specimen of the religious architecture of the Moors of Spain. It covers four acres. The court is divided into three parts. In the centre of each is a fountain in the midst of palms, cypresses, and orange-trees. Gayly dressed peasants are at the fountains, filling their water-jars, and chatting over the latest bit of gossip; and the omnipresent beggar is lounging in the sun.

Stepping from the court-yard into this beautiful mosque, you feel that you have entered a forest of marble, alabaster, and porphyry columns. Each one is a single block of polished stone. The Saracen power was so vast that it sent eighteen hundred marble pillars from all the parts of the world it had conquered to build this beautiful temple. There are spoils from the temples of the East and the West, some from the shrines of Carthage, others from Rome and Jerusalem. Constantinople and Damascus added to the glory. These columns are of different colors, and form nineteen spacious aisles from east to west, and twenty-nine from north to south, crossing each other at right angles, and connected by innumerable horseshoe arches. The

mosaic ornamentation surpasses the finest examples of this Byzantine art elsewhere in Italy, Africa, or the East. The pulpit, in which was kept the famous copy of the Koran, was made of ivory and precious woods and stones, fastened with gold and silver nails, and was unparalleled in the world. It mysteriously disappeared not long ago. When the Catholics conquered the Moors, they converted this mosque into a cathedral, turning many of its precious nooks into chapels, and setting up crosses and images of the Virgin which are strangely out of keeping in this Moorish sanctuary, the worshippers of which were not allowed to make an image of any living form.

Seville, too, is another wonderfully interesting city, the gayest of all Spain. The people are the merriest and happiest, and the beggars are the thickest. The streets are narrow, winding lanes: the narrowest streets of our old New England cities are wider than those of Seville. Bright-colored curtains are drawn across the tops of the streets to shut out the sun. They are crowded with little shops of every description, and the whole front of the shop is open to the street. In one you will find Irving's "Alhambra" and French authors: in the next Singer's sewing-machine stands in a conspicuous place. Close by is a cobbler at work; while next door are laces, fans, and photographs redolent with odors from the neighboring garlic-vender. Travel has not spoiled the old city, and it is novel in the extreme. The cathedral is one of the marvels of Spain. Here hangs one of Murillo's grandest paintings, "Saint Anthony of Padua." The figure of the saint was cut out and stolen in 1874, and some time after was found in New York, and restored to Seville. A golden cross is kept here, made from a nugget of the first gold brought by Columbus from our shores, and offered by him to the church. In the pavement is a plain marble slab covering the spot where Fernando, second son of Columbus, a man of learning and piety, lies buried. Close by the cathedral is the Giralda tower, decorated with geometrical designs, built by the man who invented algebra. It was used to call the faithful to prayer from its summit in the days of the Moors.

On the banks of the Guadalquivir stands the Tower of Gold, so named because it was used to keep the treasures of the kingdom. Here Columbus deposited the gold which his fleets bore from the New World; and it was from Seville and the Guadalquivir, at the little port of Palos, that he set sail to find the land of his dreams.

The Alcazar is a beautiful palace of the Oriental style, with court-yards with tropical foliage. The marble walks are perforated with holes through which the water comes up in little jets, forming little fountains; but in the olden days perfumed waters and incense danced up through the openings, which penetrated the robes of the ladies of the court as they sauntered amid the luxurious palms and by the orange blossoms. The palace is to-day in a good state of preservation, and is used by the royal family during their visits to Seville.

As in Italy all roads lead to Rome, so in Spain all roads lead to Granada, one of those beautiful old cities with walks by the river banks, shaded with cypresses, limes, figs, and pomegranates, narrow, winding streets, with houses of every form, height, color, and age, market-places, palaces, convents, hospitals, and churches all jumbled together with Roman arches and the ruins of Oriental mosques. In the cathedral lie buried Ferdinand and Isabella.

Granada, the meaning of which is "pomegranate," is built on four hills, at the extremity of an extensive and beautiful plain called the Vega, and intersected by two rivers, the Darro and Genil. In the distance are the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada, contrasting beautifully with the deep blue sky above and the rich green meadows below. Beyond on the hillside is Granada's matchless gem,—the Alhambra, the Mecca of our Spanish pilgrimage. It is a spot which alone is worth crossing the ocean to see. It is the spot read and dreamed of in our childhood, the spot which Washington Irving has taught us to love and long for through his "Tales of the Alhambra." In all this beautiful world there can be no grander sight than this group of Alhambra's ruins perched in air amid nature's most picturesque surroundings. Never were strength and beauty

more happily combined. The Alhambra hill is in the shape of an irregular, oval leaf, forming a plateau. The name "Alhambra" means "red house," from the red stone of which it is built. All around the hill runs a high wall, with gateways and buttresses and strong towers standing to-day just as they were built by the Moors. At the top of the hill stands the Washington Irving Hotel, a house much patronized by English and Americans. It is one of the best kept hotels in Spain. Its proprietor is a clever Spaniard, who speaks English and does all in his power for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. In the parlor of the hotel is a large painting of Washington Irving, who has made this spot known to all English-speaking people through the columns of his romantic history.

Above the portal of the principal entrance to the Alhambra and its gardens is the inscription, "There is no Conqueror but God." A little further on is the "Gate of Justice," so named because here formerly sat the Moorish sovereign to dispense justice to his subjects,—a common custom in the East, and one repeatedly mentioned in Hebrew Scriptures. Within the grounds are ruins of palaces and numerous other buildings necessary to the comfort and completeness of a royal residence, towers, mosques, prisons, hospitals, fortifications, aqueducts, fountains, villages, and shops. At the time of its occupation by the Moors it was capable of accommodating forty thousand persons within its walls. It was built by degrees from the single red castle of the ninth century, very largely increased in the thirteenth, and completed in the fourteenth century.

The Moors did not spend time or money in outside ornamentation. The entrance to the palace is through a low, plain gateway, entering which we seem to pass from Europe into Asia. Crossing the threshold, we find ourselves in the midst of that beauty which has rendered it the marvel of the world; for the builder determined that it should surpass in magnificence all the royal palaces that had ever existed. We are surrounded with graceful porticos and colonnades, walls and ceilings worked in delicate arabesque, and glowing with soft tints and rich gold. The decorations are like gorgeous mantles of delicately woven lace. All the designs of the celebrated lace sold at Granada are copied from the Alhambra walls. Its airy halls were built around gardens full of roses, pomegranates, and jasmines, and courts with fountains playing; and to-day they still stand the delight and admiration of travellers. The most celebrated portion of the palace is the Court of the Lions, surrounded by a low gallery, which is supported by one hundred and twenty-four white marble columns, with decorated stalactite roofs with the most exquisite coloring. In the centre is the fountain,—a magnificent alabaster basin, supported by twelve rudely carved lions, looked upon not in a sculptural way, but heraldically, as emblems of strength, power, and courage. They are supposed to have been the work of Christian captives, and not that of the Moors. The Hall of the Ambassadors is another spot all glorious within, with its domes, its arches, its columns so exquisite in design, and colors of blue, brown, red, gold, and green.

Tradition states that here Ferdinand and Isabella listened to the tales of Columbus, hesitated, and then let him pass out from their presence, down the hillside, through the streets of the old town, and then sent messengers to recall him, and sanction him to go forth into the then unknown world. But words can never tell of the glories of the Alhambra. There are the Halls of Justice, the Court of Myrtles, the Hall of the Abencerrages, the Hall of the Two Sisters, the Tower of Comares, the Tower of Infantas, and the Captive's Tower, the mosque, the many baths, courts, and gardens, each more exquisitely beautiful than the other, yet each perfect, and each rich in history, song, and legend. From the tower windows the views are extensive and grand, looking out over the groves of the Alhambra, down into the old town of Granada, across the rivers to the purple hills beyond, and all encircled with the snow-clad mountains. But the day came when the Moors must give up all this beauty and splendor, and Boabdil is the last actor in the Moorish drama. He left his royal palace accompanied by fifty of his chosen cavaliers, and sadly and slowly rode down the hillside to where the Christian monarchs, Ferdinand

and Isabella, were surrounded by a court all splendidly arrayed, banners fluttering and arms sparkling in the sun. He held the great keys of the Alhambra in his hand, and, as he extended them to the conqueror, said: "These keys are thine, O king, since Allah has decreed it. Use thy success with clemency and moderation." Then, leaving the Christian sovereigns and their retinue to enter his city and celebrate their triumphs with the solemn pomp and ceremony of their religion, the Moorish king hurried away.

The spot on the mountain side where Boabdil paused, turned, and looked back upon his lost paradise is called "The Last Sigh of the Moor." Up the hillside rode the conquerors, and soon the silver cross was gleaming from the Alhambra towers. The conquerors, the priests, and the army threw themselves on their knees, and intoned the "Te Deum laudamus," "which," says the historian, "was never sung with more devotion and fervor nor on a grander or more solemn occasion." But the coming of the conquerors brought destruction and ruin to much of the beauty of the Alhambra. The niche of the sacred Koran in the mosque was filled with crucifix and saints. Portions of the marvellous palace were destroyed to make room for a hideous palace of a later date and style, the inscriptions of the Koran were curiously intertwined with those of the Christian religions, and indifferent paintings were put upon the walls where properly belonged only arabesque and Koranic devices, and many of the Oriental nooks and corners were filled in with whitewash; but to-day, thanks to a government which appreciates the wondrous beauty of the East, much of the Catholic decoration has been destroyed, the whitewash removed, and the walls stand fresh and beautiful in their original designs.

But our Spanish pilgrimage was drawing to an end; and, as we took leave of that fascinating country, we felt that, in spite of the discomforts of travel, in the after-glow only the rosy tints would predominate, and the memories of the novelty, the beauty, the poetry, and art of that land would remain with us forever.

IN ENGLISH LAKELAND.

KESWICK TO BUTTERMERE AND AMBLE-SIDE.

II.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The traveller who enters the English lake district may approach it from the north at Keswick or from the south at Windermere. If he enters at the north, he sees the best scenery first. If he enters at the south, the tamer scenery comes first, and the best wine is reserved for the last. But it really is not very important at which end he enters. In a picture gallery I think it wise to see the best pictures first. In this gallery of nature there is no monotony in the changing views and no exhaustion in the prospect. If it becomes tiresome after awhile to see Nature on canvas, it is refreshing to see her in her own fair robes, and with her bright, smiling face.

It was more convenient for our quartette to meet at Keswick, and here one is brought at once in close relation to the very heart of these mountains and lakes. Only thirteen miles away is Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth. From the first he was a child of Nature, and he always remained so. The literary pilgrim to these mountains may find more than one Wordsworthian shrine,—his birthplace, his home, his grave, his favorite haunts. Southey and Coleridge are with him; and Harriet Martineau, Hawthorne, Thomas Arnold, and many others have lived or wandered among these hills and vales. Derwent-water wins my homage as the most beautiful of all the English lakes. It is only three miles long, and about a mile wide. It is finely set in the mountains which guard and feed it. A row upon its waters heightened the charm. To the north is Skiddaw, bald, rugged, corrugated; to the east are Wallow Crag and Falcon Crag; to the south, Castle Head; and further to the right are Great End and the Scafell Pikes. Wooded slopes and verdant lawns dip to the lake. Peace and rest are incarnated here, and we easily find ourselves in the spirit of this psalm. A drive in the afternoon brought us under the shadow of Skiddaw; and we saw the lake from the slope

of the mountain, as we had seen the mountain from the lake. Charming vistas; frank and pleasing vales; hard, smooth roads; leafy sycamores; beeches spreading their arms in benediction; sturdy oaks and shining holly; picturesque stone cottages; brown-faced children; grazing sheep and meditative cattle; lilac plumes, primroses, and golden cataracts of laburnum,—all entered into the panorama. A Sunday evening service at St. Kentigern Church gave me a picture of an English rural parish church. The building itself is not very old, but it stands on an ancient site of worship at Crossthwaite; and its rector, whom I had not the pleasure of hearing, Canon Rawnsley, is the historian of this whole district, and has lately published two charming volumes on the literary associations of the lake country. The gap between the Episcopalian service and the Congregational is great, but I find the former at its best when it is all set to music and intoned. Intellectually, much of it was past explanation; but, emotionally, it was devout and mystical. I am half persuaded that responsive services are much better when chanted or intoned than when they are spoken without the tinge of emotion which a musical tone puts into them.

The finest drive in the lake country is said to be the drive from Keswick to Buttermere via Borrowdale; and, now that we have made it, we are prepared to support the claim. It takes one through the most rugged, picturesque, and virile scenery. We take a high-seated mountain wagon, drawn by two strong, heavy horses. Leaving Derwentwater, we passed through the village of Keswick. We took a glance at Greta Hall, where Southey lived, and stopped at St. Kentigern Church to look at Southey's monument. It is a recumbent statue; but, instead of representing him with his palms together, like a conventional bishop in marble, he lies on his side with a book in his hand, and looks out toward Greta Hall, his happy home. Leaving Keswick, the road skirts the lake, and gives us a fine view of Falking Crag. A short ride brings us to Barrow Falls. It is very interesting to find that you are nominally related to a waterfall, and it is much more respectable than being related to a fall in beer or whiskey. Of course, we must see this family shrine. We pass the porter's lodge, and a woman leads us up the charmingly shaded road till we hear the gentle music of the falls and see them gleaming in the sun through the screen of trees. The volume of water is not large, and it does not fall in a single sheet, but in three or four ribbons, which fray out into fringes of foam. Oak, maple, and elm furnish a leafy bower for the singing brook, spanned by a rustic, moss-covered stone bridge. This modest little waterfall is well worthy of the distinction it confers on the Barrows family. Such a glorification of cold water puts the vat and distillery to shame.

More famous, but more disappointing, was Lodore. It is not a perpendicular fall, but a watercourse made of massive boulders. It needs a large head of water to make it at all dramatic; but now only a thread of a stream winds down through and around the great rocks, with little falls of three and four feet. We cannot tell, as Southey could, how the water comes down at Lodore. We have here simply the architecture of a waterfall, not the cascade itself. A great cliff rises on one side. Tall elms with fresh, green leaves offer arboreal honors. The singing of the waters is a pleasant treble, not the great chorus which comes with the flood and storm. But the poem will continue to sparkle and sing and laugh and roar, whether the waters dry up or not.

Passing along the east side of the lake, we have a good view of Capbells and Maiden Moor; and soon after, at the southern end of the lake, a broad foreground of vivid green stretches to the water, over which the eye swiftly passes to Skiddaw. Mountain, valley, and lake make together a beautiful landscape. The houses along the smooth, well-kept roads are as solid as stone can make them. The road is lined with flowers, and the gardens are all ablaze. Castle Crag looms up as if to dispute our passage, but the road avoids its threatening challenge; and, when we get near it, it is nothing but a hillock, such as Polyphemus, if he had happened to live in this country, might easily have picked up and thrown after us.

Now we leave the lake behind us and come nearer to the crags. Gate Crag is a solid mass of rock tufted with green. A great stone stands to the left of our road. It is the Bowder Stone, a mass of rock weighing two thousand tons. We are thankful we were not under it when it fell from the crags above. We climb to the top of the great boulder by means of a staircase, and get a fine view. The rock is nicely balanced on its keel; and beneath it at one place, where the earth is washed away, you may shake hands through a hole with Mizippi on the opposite side. This fraternal possibility is not mentioned in the guide-books, but the old woman who lives in the cottage expects an extra penny for revealing this secret.

We halt for lunch at Rossthwaite, a pleasant village in the valley. Thence are routes to Sty Head Pass and Wastwater. "Yonder," says the driver, pointing with his whip, "is the highest mountain, the deepest lake, and the smallest church." With mountains high and waters deep Nature can make cathedrals of her own. The rowan, the holly, and the oak,—what a beautiful symphony in green, with striking contrasts of tone! We meet few travellers or natives; but the sheep are grazing on the mountain slopes, and the little lambs skip and scamper to their shaggy-coated mothers as the heavy wagon rolls by.

Then begins the long, steep ascent to Honister Hause. We take to our feet, and give the horses a chance. When we have reached the summit, 1,190 feet, we have a splendid view, as we turn on our heels and look back at the valley below; while before us to the left is the stern, perpendicular face of the Honister Crag. There is slate enough in that crag, 1,750 feet high, to cipher out our national debt, and sponge enough in the ocean, I trust, to wipe it all out. Or there is slate enough there to roof over all the houses in England. Steep tramways scar the face of the crag, down which are sent loads of slate. The scenery now has lost its greenness. The slopes of the mountain are covered with shale. There would be scanty feeding here for flocks. The road turns sharply to the right: the Borrowdale vale is lost to view. Trees as well as grass are wanting; but on the slopes ahead of us are patches of heather, and a long rib of stone wall runs far up the mountain side. Bold, decided cliffs jut out on the left. Our descent is steep, but it brings us down again to pleasant pastures. On the left are the Haystacks, but the cattle would find them stony fare. When we get below to Gatesgarth, we come to a pleasing farm-house, with barns of stone and a pretty green vale. Looking over the Haystacks, we get a view of Great Gables. The sky is clear, without a cloud; and these sharp-cut peaks stand boldly out in profile. Buttermere is lying now before us, glistening in the sun; and, as we pass Hasness, a private residence, the road leading through the grounds, we have a good view of the little lake.

We rest at Buttermere, and while the horses are feeding inspect a little church, but not so small as some of the doll churches which one finds in Greece,—shrines just about big enough for a worshipper. A climb to a neighboring knoll gives us a view of Crummock Water, less than three miles long and half a mile wide. There is not time to see Scale Force, and we eat sour grapes by imagining that there is very little water in this lakeland waterfall.

Leaving Buttermere, the hills become tamer; but their slopes are more graceful and inviting to man and beast, and are tinged with exquisite colors, broad stretches of bracken blending their red with the green of the turf, while the opposite side of the valley, which the sun has left, is draped in shade. The sheep are feeding on bunches of gorse, and a flock of crows lighting on the hillside adds another solemn element of color. A dignified procession of sheep and lambs, each sheep followed by a lamb, all of them in a sober tandem, as though the whole thing had been arranged with ceremonial exactness, passes by on the hill slope, with ridiculous good order. Sheep are among the most pious of animals, but such a ritualistic procession seemed a trifle Pharisaical. But the driver says these Herdwick flocks are hardy. One of the most delightful views opens before us in the vale of Newlands, a trustful, quiet valley, sleeping between rugged hills, the little church completely

hidden by a sheltering growth of trees. The wooden hotel which we pass as we descend into the valley is the only wooden building in the hills, the only thing that looks rather cheaply American; and the driver says the owner made some money in the States, and then built this monument to his success.

If not as varied and commanding in view, the ride from Keswick to Ambleside, which we made the next day, had its own aspects of charm and tender association. Thirlmere is a pretty little lake, which Manchester has attached for its water supply. It has destroyed some of its picturesque-ness by building a dam and an expensive road around it four and a half miles, at a cost of \$145,000. This has been rendered necessary by the scheme to raise the level of the lake sufficient for a large water supply. Manchester rejoices in this costly enterprise, but some of the old lake-lovers think it a sad innovation. Beyond Thirlmere a little tablet set into a stone wall by the roadside attracted my attention:—

"30th 9 mo. 1843.

"Fallen from his Fellow's side,
The steed beneath is lying.
In harness here he died.
His only fault was dying."

The faithful horse no doubt deserved even better poetry; but, when we get to Grasmere and enter the old churchyard, we find a simple epitaph on a simple slab:—

"William Wordsworth 1850
Mary Wordsworth 1859"

No chronicle could be briefer, and I find it hard to think that anything else could be better. Nor could Westminster Abbey afford so fitting a resting-place, so charming and peaceful a poets' corner, for this nature-lover as the corner of this shady churchyard, not far from the haunts and side by side with the sister he loved.

S. J. B.

WILL IT COME TRUE?

BY JUNIATA STAFFORD.

"Action is equal to reaction" is an axiom we all repeat glibly, and never doubt its truth. I fall back upon this habit of faith, as I think of current literature for children, and *hope* the axiom will hold good. Let me explain.

The prospectus for a certain magazine says: "Until within the past two decades the interest and concern of readers has been chiefly directed to what relates to the affairs of adult life. It then entered into the consciousness of men that the large, silent majority of unrepresented youth heretofore ignored should receive some consideration; and, in consequence, a new literature has sprung up, devoted to the entertainment and instruction of the juvenile population." It is this second sentence in the quotation that defines the "reaction" in the minds and hearts of those who had heretofore felt that children's literature was a matter of small importance and less provision, and this same "reaction" has flooded the world with reading matter for the young.

Alas! quality has not kept pace with quantity; and any conscientious mother or teacher will bear me out in saying that it is very difficult to find books good and wholesome to read to a child, even with "judicious skippings," and far more difficult to find those to put into his hand unreservedly.

The more intelligent parents are, the higher their standard of adherence to scientific and moral accuracy, and the greater their recognition of the effect of reading upon the plastic mind of a child, the greater will be their difficulty in finding a sufficient supply of proper reading. Especially will this be true of people of the so-called "liberal faiths," who find no use for the great mass of "Sunday-school literature" and its kin that we all knew so well in our youth; and people of this mind are rapidly multiplying. Add to these teachers who are forbidden by school rules to recommend or read any book with distinct "religious teaching," and you will realize that there must be another large field of children's literature to glean from.

One sorry feature of our "reaction" is that the child, who was once always in the background, is now always in the foreground; and it does not take his bright little mind long to find out, from the stories and poems, and the cunning but often impertinent "smart sayings" with which

even our newspapers are flooded, that he, the child, is the pivot upon which the whole social world is turning. And his only logical conclusion can be that he is more important than mother and father, although, of course, he does not often formulate his thought. It makes him self-conscious and over-important, nevertheless; and sometimes it troubles him. As an instance, I know a dear little girl of five whose disposition is such as to perplex her conscientious, earnest mother, who gives a great deal of thought as to what is best to do. One day the child looked up suddenly, and asked,—

"Mamma, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about you, Mary."

"I knew it," said the sensitive little creature; "and, mamma, I wish you wouldn't think about me so much!"

The child felt oppressed with the constant earnest thought under which a less sensitive one would only have felt "important." This same sensitiveness, which is becoming more and more strongly developed in our nervous American children, makes it cruelty to read to them the hundreds of tales that harrow up their feelings and sympathies, even when they appeal to the highest sympathies. Many times I have had mothers say to me: "Such and such is a beautiful story; but it is rather sad, and my little Benny cried and cried when I read it to him." What business had she to read such a harrowing story to such a child? You might reply to me with deplorable truthfulness that many of these stories are by our best-known writers for children, whose books are most popular, and concerning which nothing but favorable notices have been written. It is this that makes me protest the more strongly.

Before the holiday season last year a story for children came into my hands to review for a paper. I read it, found it exaggerated, unhealthful, deliberately teaching the child-reader what it was to be "morbid" (the heroine who was thus *knowingly* morbid was six years old), and at once wrote a truthful but adverse criticism that was duly published. Then I destroyed the pretty, costly book, because I found myself all unwilling to give it to any child. Imagine my dismay during the following weeks, in reading the many notices I saw of this widely popular book, to find not one unfavorable notice! The worst of it is that this book is typical of a large class, that seems to be growing larger.

Is "action" going to be equal to the "reaction" I thus deplore? Is the child to be given his due, but not over-due, importance in the stories he must read? Are they to be wholesome, scientifically and ethically true, full of nature and her ways, an incentive to healthful thought and action? Of course, I am speaking of our "best literature," not the sensational sort for sale on news-stands and to our street boys. Is it going to be less difficult for mothers, teachers, collectors for school and home libraries, and the libraries of our Sunday-schools of "liberal" churches, to find what they are willing to use? I hope so. A revival of some of the old classic literature and its new preparation by some of the best writers and thinkers of our country will help solve the problem.

In conclusion, let me beg of you who have young readers in your care, do not be guided wholly by "book notices," even in what you call reliable magazines and papers; but read or look over carefully the children's books, and see that they are wholesome and true to high ideals.

LONDON LETTER.

It is quite evident to modern thought that anniversary meetings would heighten their interest by a whole heaven if they would restrain themselves and come less frequently,—say, about once in ten years. A year of one hundred and twenty months might bring far more freshness than a twelvemonth can possibly evolve. The scenery of the seventieth anniversary of our British and Foreign Unitarian Association; the persons in attendance; the things that ought to be, but are not; the wonderings and the lamentations and the undying hopes,—are so very like those of the sixty-ninth anniversary that no one is stirred to undue fervor or enthusiasm. It is possible to be calm, and to consider the propriety of memorializing her Majesty's government as to the undue shortness of our denominational year. It really gives

us no perspective. Where we are is ten times too near where we were.

Prof. Carpenter of Oxford gave us the Essex Hall lecture on the evening of June 4. Whatever he does is bravely, sincerely, and thoroughly well done. The theme of "The Relation of Jesus to his age and Our Own" is the great one of the end of the century; and scholarship has been studying it these seventy-five years upon its knees. Prof. Carpenter has labored upon it himself with rare freedom and conscientiousness, has entered into the labors of others, and gave us what I heard characterized as "a truly great utterance." Not every one had ears to hear it, but the most part heard it with joy.

On June 5 the annual sermon, on "Glad Tidings of Great Joy," was preached by Rev. Douglas Walmsley of Belfast, Ireland, from Dr. Herford's Hampstead pulpit. An annual sermon is something that must be preached, and one receives honor from men when he is asked to preach it. But it would often be a kindness all around for the askers to give the theme with their request. Then the preacher, in case he had no message burning for utterance, would not have to beat all possible bushes to start his hare; then the hearers would go to the hearing with a certain definite interest and expectation. Mr. Walmsley is a quiet, earnest, excellent man. His theme was an entirely happy one. His interpretation of the glad tidings Jesus brought was "that God is love, and man may trust him." As we left the church, we overheard: "What an excellent sermon! What an altogether delightful service!"

In the afternoon of annual sermon day I went into the meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Association. The distinctively Unitarian type of temperance is not to be confounded with the various superstitious, unenlightened, and orthodox types. It has a much sweeter sound to "a believer's ear." The Earl of Carlisle made a very vigorous little speech; Prof. Carpenter spoke temperately; and then there was some practical talk about a scarlet tablecloth and other minor details of Band of Hope endeavors. I learned that naughty boys may be utilized, like naughty ecclesiastics, by promoting them to office.

The evening brought the usual business meeting, when the machine is wound up to run for another year. The faces and the speeches upon the platform were the dear old familiar ones. The only new wrinkles were two American evolutions, of which the stars and stripes may well be proud, Rev. W. H. Lyon and Rev. S. J. Barrows. They both talked, and talked well.

On June 6 we had conferences. We said several things that have been said before, and will be said again. We said about all that there is to say, talked wisely as ever we could, and got glimpses into each other through that talking. The social problem probably enlisted more interest than any other theme discussed. It is ever with us, and destined to stay. We handled it more soberly and with clearer vision than in some former years. After the social problem came a social crush, made up very largely of delicate Unitarian rosebuds on dress parade. We called this crush the annual *conversazione*. "The great purpose of anniversaries," said a wise one, "is to meet one another." At this crush we met, and great was the heat of that meet.

On June 7 the Sunday-school lovers sat down to their communion breakfast, and then lingered to talk over their holy work. In the evening, at Dr. Williams's library, came the Ministers' Conference, which it is not lawful to report to the world. This little bit of white-chokerism is the last survival of ecclesiasticism left us. We shut the doors against such as preach not,—as we have a perfect right to do,—and then say how it all seems to us. This conference was the great, best hour of the feast to your correspondent,—made so by the altogether noble and admirable paper of a certain Rev. S. J. Barrows, whom, it is just possible, some of your readers may incidentally have heard of. It had the truest, manliest, most catholic ring all the way through; was cheery, sparkling, and brave. It told us all about liberalism in America, and did not confine liberal Christianity to a single narrow-gauge line. Blessed be Barrows,—yea, even more blessed than drudgery!

Some few weeks since we had our Ministers' Institute at Oxford. This Institute does not as yet "catch on." Of our two or

three hundred ministers, only about forty were present. This, however, was but the second meeting of the Institute; and the number present was considerably larger than at the first meeting. The days were most profitable, however, if the numbers were small. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the refreshing thing was to hear a voice crying from the radical wilderness, challenging our little Israel to arouse and think. All that is changed. The refreshing thing now is the strong and manly prophet of the conservative wilderness, speaking as only he speaks who is moved by the Holy Ghost. Mr. Addis and Prof. Carpenter interpret the relation of Jesus to our age very differently, but they have both been baptized into the same Spirit.

More edifying than any of our own meetings, to the peculiar soul of your correspondent, was a Quiet Day in the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Red Lion Square, Holborn. This is an immense church, covering nearly one end of the square. The services run here upon the highest Anglican lines. Once within its "solemn gloom," you are far, far from the world: you are made aware that this is none other than the very gate of ritual. Light only falls from clerestory windows and through the sacred tints high above altar and reredos. People genuflect as they pass the sacrificial mystery. A placard with "Women's Side" warns you off one whole side of the edifice. If the women are the sheep in this fold, you are a goat. There are brothers in monkish array of serge gown and hood, corded waist, and a heavy cross dangling at the side. There are sisters, too, in black and white. There are three hundred or so present half an hour before the opening of the Quiet Day's service. The most part are on their knees. All is hushed and devout. At 10.15 matins are said. After matins we have terce, "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Then Canon Gore, with great simplicity, directness, and power, begins his first talk to us. It is off-hand and off-heart. He assumes that we are all interested in social reform, for none others have been invited. He wishes to point out the things essential if we would have success. The first thing requisite for him who would reform society is to make himself quite sure that he has himself well in hand,—that he is able to bear his own burden, control his passions, make himself the master of his own situation. Without first doing this, let no man suppose that he can do thorough or good work among others or for others. There be many who say, and do not. That is the bane of social reform. Master your own self-indulgence, self-consideration, before you hope to lead others to be unselfish. Then Canon Gore pointedly put it to us how far we each had laid the requisite foundation for our work. Our thoughts were sent home, our consciousness of imperfection was fully aroused; and then we were left alone in the silence, to meditate upon and to wrestle with, not the selfishness and sins of landlord, capitalist, and rumseller, but our own. This silent, prayerful hour was broken by the Office of Lent. After a short interval for lunch we had another address, and a very memorable hour of prayer. It would utterly spoil in the telling. Canon Gore conducted it in the most methodical and deliberate way, taking it for granted that we were there for that purpose,—not saying prayers for us or to us, but telling us what and whom to pray for, and giving us ample time in which to concentrate our hearts' desire on this and that particular thing. The most profitable and suggestive religious day of my life!—showing especially how much we all have yet to learn concerning methods in devotion, spiritual gymnastics. He who does not use his muscles is usually very weak and flabby for any thing like a strong man's work. There is a moral flabbiness—a weakness for want of definite spiritual exercises—as lamentable among the freest thinkers as among the most creed-bound. We shall all wake up to it some day, if we are worth the saving.

It is only by the cross that the world will ever be saved. But the cross of the world's real salvation is not to be found in any far past century, nor yet on any hill of crucifixion in distant Palestine. It is a thing of to-day and of the near at hand. It is to be found, if at all, in the home and the market-place and the human heart.—J. T. Sunderland.

MT. MEIGS SCHOOL.

BY GEORGIA WASHINGTON.

The last time I spoke through your paper to the friends North was in an appeal for help in building a school-house here at the village of Mt. Meigs.

Friends kindly responded to the call, and gave \$360, during the summer months, for that purpose.

On my return to Mt. Meigs in September I found the people busy as usual with the cotton picking and ginning, but much discouraged on account of the low price of cotton per pound. No money so far had been paid on the old school debt of last term. Efforts had been made by the women, and some money was already in their hands. A meeting was called the latter part of September. The people came in crowds, and a collection of \$40 was raised in one night.

The story of how much interest the people North had taken in the people and school here, in giving money to help build a larger house to teach in, aroused these poor people to a new life. A second meeting was called, and nearly forty dollars more were given; and, in spite of the hard times, during the three months before Christmas, \$101 was raised by the people. This amount reduced the old debt considerably.

School opened the 1st of October in the same little house built by the people last term. Just a small number came during the first month to school, for the cotton crop was not half over; but one hundred and forty-seven scholars were enrolled during November. The little house was crowded. So we begged for the church house, and moved into it the 1st of the month. This was quite comfortable at first; but, after winter set in, we could hardly stay there. There were about fifty panes broken out of the windows in the church, and the wind found its way through them to us. So the children gave pennies to the amount of \$1.50, and a friend at Hampton gave enough more to pay for stopping up all the holes. Now it is comfortable when the weather is calm.

The two teachers from Hampton, with myself, each occupy a corner in the old church for class recitations, besides keeping a large class busy at the same time in the centre of the room. Our lowest, or baby class, numbers forty-five, and is taught by one of Hampton's girls, whose year out for teaching is being spent here. It seems almost impossible to keep them quiet. How often during the day, when a burst of laughter from the babies' corner turns every head in the room in that direction, have I wished that they had a room of their own! These children are bright and wide-awake, and as interesting as any set found in the Southern States. Everything is in their favor this term. They have a very interesting teacher, a real lover of children; and every child at Mt. Meigs is in love with her.

The school's enrolment for December, 1894, was one hundred and seventy-five; in January one hundred and eighty-nine. The average attendance is one hundred and forty-five. During the month of February and March quite a number of my large scholars leave school to take up ploughing. They are begging for a night school; but there is so much work to be done in day school we hardly know which way to turn. Still, we hope to give what help we can to the boys who are earnest enough to plough all day and walk to school at night. No work has yet turned up here at school for boys; but we are still wishing and hoping that something will, especially since we have so many young men this term.

Since January 1 the girls have had sewing lessons at the teachers' home. They are all perfectly delighted with the idea of learning to sew. Each class in sewing has two and a half hours every week for work. This is short time to give to such important work, but it is all that can be spared from school this term. The material used for sewing classes was all given by the friends North,—even the scissors and cotton. But, with such large classes every day, the work is now running short; and I hope for a new supply before long. Sometimes the mothers drop into the sewing-classes, and watch the girls thread their needles and hold their work. It all seems so new and strange to them that they sometimes forget to go till class is out. The

teacher in charge of the sewing-classes is one of Hampton's girls, too, and was trained in the industrial room there. The people at Mt. Meigs already feel her presence and work to be very valuable.

I find the people, in general, this year more interested in the work of education than they were last year. They are making sacrifices to keep their children in school. Some of the mothers bring eggs, butter, potatoes, meat, and chickens to us in payment for teaching their children. They are willing to do almost anything just to keep their boys and girls in school, and the need of a comfortable school-house is greater than ever.

Will not some of the friends North help us to get this? There are great numbers of children here. The people are interested, and are doing all they can to help on the work. The house is sorely needed, but the people cannot build it themselves. They are perfectly willing to do a great deal, but they have not the ready money to give. We have had nearly \$500 given by friends North, for which we are very thankful; but, in order to make any sort of a good school-house, over \$500 more is needed for the house, to say nothing of the blackboards and seats. We have the ground already to put the building on; and a contractor from Montgomery, with his force of workmen, can get it done in a few weeks. All that is needed is the money to meet the payments.

Money sent for the People's School of Mt. Meigs Village may be sent to the Hampton Institute, or directly to the principal, Miss Georgia Washington.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING sails for Europe with his wife and son on August 15, to be absent a year. His tour will take in Italy and Greece, and possibly Egypt.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—This association held its semi-annual meeting with the Church of the Unity of Rochester, N.H., June 25 and 26. The programme included an opening sermon by Rev. Charles G. Ames, an address by Rev. George E. Littlefield, and an essay by Rev. Charles B. Elder of Keene.

THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION of Ministers will meet with Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., at Leicester, Tuesday, July 2, at ten o'clock. Sermon by Rev. J. C. Duncan. Essay by Rev. T. E. Chappell. Subject, "Religion as Man's Endeavor to come into Right Relations with what is outside Himself." G. F. Pratt, Scribe.

THE UNITARIAN GROVE MEETING.—The eighteenth annual grove meeting is to be held from July 28 to August 4 at the Weirs, and the meeting promises to be one of unusual interest. Among the speakers will be Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont.; Rev. W. W. Fenn; Rev. Edward J. Wright; Rev. D. M. Wilson; Rev. S. C. Beane; and Rev. Charles J. Staples. One of the notable features of the week will be Layman's Day, when addresses are expected from Senator W. E. Chandler, Hon. Charles F. Stone, and others. For further information address Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H. Already an unusually large number of ministers and laity have expressed their intention of spending the week in attending this unique gathering by Lake Winnepisiogee.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church closed for the season on Sunday, June 23, with its annual floral service. Garlands of flowers and clusters of greenery made the church beautiful; while the well-taught children, in song, recitation, and response, reflected happily the directing hand of superintendent and teachers. Mr. Record, the minister-elect of the church, gave a brief address. The church will close June 30, and open September 1. The Chelsea Branch of the Woman's Alliance announce for next season a course of five lectures, to be opened October 14 by Rev. Minot J. Savage, and followed by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Samuel Crothers, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Miss Margaret B. Barnard.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—A correspondent writes: "The pulpit of the First Parish was occupied June 23 by Rev. John N. Woodman, a member of the parish who has just completed his studies at Meadville. Mr. Woodman is much liked in the city here, and was honored by a large audience of his former teachers, classmates, and friends. His theme was the value of a

receptive attitude toward God. The sermon was spiritual, clear, concise, with fine illustrations, and well delivered. . . . The pastor, Rev. F. A. Gilmore, held an open-air service on the church grounds Sunday evening at five o'clock, which was so successful that a series will be given.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The seventy-first anniversary of the Sunday-school of the First Religious Society of Newburyport was observed on Sunday, June 23. The annual reports showed an encouraging increase of members and of constancy of attendance. At the morning service on that day nine infant children were baptized by Dr. Beane, and a confirmation class of eight young men and women were welcomed to membership in the church.

PETERSHAM, MASS.—A correspondent writes of the surprise given to Rev. Edward Green and his wife on the tenth anniversary of their marriage by townsmen and parishioners. The town hall was none too large for the assembled guests. Cordial words of congratulation were spoken by the Baptist minister of the town, a substantial gift of bank-notes was presented, and then followed a supper and social reunion. Our correspondent adds, "Although Mr. and Mrs. Green needed no such public manifestation of the love and devotion of their people, it must have been a very gratifying reception to them."

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.—Very pleasant Children's Day services were held on Sunday. Ten infants were brought forward for the rite of consecration, and one youth presented himself for confirmation. The beautiful music of the new Sunday-school Hymn and Tune Book added much to the interest of the occasion. Unity Church will be open through July, and probably all summer, for Sunday evening services. It is hoped that many visitors from the closed churches will drop in to these meetings, which are informal conferences on vital, every-day religion. Next Sunday evening the topic is "Conversion"; the speakers, Rev. Mary T. Whitney, Rev. B. A. Goodridge, and others. Service at 7.30.

TAUNTON, MASS.—The Sunday-school of the First Congregational Society in Taunton, Mass., celebrated its Children's Day on June 23, and made use of the special service of 1892. Underlying all the preparations for this service was the wish to make the children of the parish feel that this was their day, their service, and that the church belongs to them and exists for them as much as to and for the old folk. To this end the organ was but little used, and was replaced by the chapel piano. The children did everything for and by themselves that they could do; and the quartet choir was not included. Their childish voices spoke from the platform, and they stood about the piano, singing of birds and flowers; and the sermon was suited to children. Four little ones and two adults were christened.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—The summer meeting of the Norfolk Conference was held with the First Congregational Parish of Canton on Thursday, June 20. Eighteen ministers and two hundred and forty-six lay delegates were present, besides many visiting friends. The weather was charming, the hospitality of the ancient parish without stint, and the programme of such a nature that it could not fail to carry its message of inspiration to every waiting soul.

At ten o'clock a devotional service was conducted by Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, the successor of Rev. William R. Lord as minister of the Christ Church in Dorchester. After Scripture reading and prayer and the singing of a hymn Mr. Goodridge spoke earnestly for a few moments on the subject of "Growth in Spiritual Things."

At eleven o'clock the president, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys, took the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The following committees were then appointed: on nominating a list of officers for the ensuing year, Mr. James N. Ellis of West Dedham, Miss Joanna Rotch of Milton, and Rev. Solon W. Bush of Boston; on nominating a delegation of three to represent the conference at the meeting of the National Conference at Washington in October, Mr. George Dexter of Dorchester, Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., of Dedham, and Mrs. Charles S. Hathaway of Randolph. The former committee will give its report at the annual meeting in the fall. The latter committee later in the day presented the names of Mr. E. A. Cushing of Dorchester, Mrs. George F. Fisher of Dedham, and Mrs. Samuel Phipps of Dorchester to serve as delegates to the National Conference; and they were elected in due form.

The principal address of the morning was given by Rev. Roderick Stebbins of Milton, on "The Religious Opportunities of To-day." In a graphic and practical fashion this theme was developed and illustrated. "The home, the school, and the church all afford opportunities," the speaker insisted with emphasis, "for the inculcation of the true religious spirit."

The whole tone of the address was hopeful and encouraging, pointing the way to an ever-brightening future for the race. Rev. L. R. Daniels of South Natick and Rev. P. S. Thacher of Needham opened the discussion with brief remarks uttered in the same cheerful vein, and were followed by Rev. Eugene R. Shippen of Dorchester, Rev. Charles A. Humphreys of Randolph, Miss Elizabeth P. Channing of Milton, and the president. The uses of family prayers, the helpfulness and comfort of some phase of this service, was the point in the main address dwelt upon most by the various speakers.

About one o'clock Rev. Mr. Jenks, the pastor of the church at Canton, in his capacity as host, invited the delegates to partake of a bountiful collation which had been prepared by willing hands in the adjoining parish house.

At the opening of the afternoon session Rev. L. R. Daniels, in behalf of the Unitarian society in Sherborn, asked the conference to meet in that place on the occasion of its annual meeting in October, an invitation which was gratefully accepted. The collection for conference uses was announced by the treasurer to be \$30.78. The gift of \$50 from the Norfolk Unitarian Club was also appropriately referred to, and acknowledged by a hearty vote of thanks. Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston, the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, then made an address upon the subject, "What can we do to improve our Sunday-schools?" He was followed by Rev. F. B. Mott of Dorchester and Rev. John A. Savage of Medfield, who gave many valuable suggestions along the same line of argument and appeal. The discussion was closed by the president, who dwelt upon the part the personality of each teacher had to play in the proper instruction of the child.

After votes of thanks to the Canton friends for their generous hospitality, and to the principal speakers of the day for their "golden words," the meeting closed with a benediction by Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr. E. Q. S. Osgood, Secretary.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, June 11. There were present Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Butler, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fox, Howe, Little, Long, Lyman, Savage, and Wadlin. The president appointed standing committees for the year:—

Finance: Arthur T. Lyman, Hon. Henry J. Hosmer, Henry B. Wells, John Mason Little, and George W. Stone.

Publication: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Archibald M. Howe, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

New England States: Hon. Henry J. Hosmer, Archibald M. Howe, Mrs. S. E. Hooper, Mrs. S. H. Bullard, and Rev. Elery C. Butler.

Middle and Southern States: Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Henry B. Wells, Mrs. T. C. Williams, and John Mason Little.

Western States: Rev. William W. Fenn, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Francis Cutting, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, and John Mason Little.

Pacific Coast: Rev. T. L. Eliot, Arthur T. Lyman, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Francis Cutting, and Mrs. S. E. Hooper.

Foreign Missions: Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. W. W. Fenn, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Rev. T. L. Eliot, and Mrs. T. C. Williams.

Education: Rev. H. N. Brown, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. T. L. Eliot, A. M. Howe, and Mrs. S. E. Bullard.

Executive Committee: Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. S. E. Hooper, John Mason Little, Rev. E. C. Butler, Mrs. S. E. Bullard, and George W. Stone.

The Committee on the Montana Industrial School was reappointed to serve so long as may be necessary to complete the transfer to the United States government, and to settle the affairs of the school. As trustees of the Church Building Loan Fund, the board elected Messrs. Charles P. Ware, Rev. Howard N. Brown, Henry W. Putnam, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Rev. William L. Chaffin, and Rev. S. A. Eliot.

An official copy of the following resolutions, passed at the recent meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, was received from Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary:

"Resolved, That each of the various State and district Unitarian conferences shall be invited to nominate triennially one member of its board to serve for three years, or until a successor is chosen in the same way, as a director of the Western Unitarian Conference. The representatives so nominated, when elected by the Western Unitarian Conference, shall, together with the president and secretary of the conference, constitute the Missionary Council a standing committee of the board of directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, whose duty shall be to assist and advise the secretary of the conference in all matters pertaining to missionary work.

"Resolved, second, That it is a part of this plan of co-operation that, when the Missionary Council has been constituted, it

shall become the agent and adviser of the American Unitarian Association within the limits of the Western Unitarian Conference; and that it shall also have the privilege of submitting annually to the Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association the names of those persons whom it would like to have as representatives of the West upon the American Unitarian Association Board."

These resolutions were referred to the committee, consisting of the secretary and Messrs. Brown and Savage, with instruction to report some recommendation at an adjourned meeting to be held on the 21st inst., and that Mr. Forbush be invited to attend.

The hour of future meetings of the board was fixed at two o'clock.

A resolution offered at the annual meeting concerning the relief of indigent ministers was referred to the Executive Committee.

A resolution concerning the state of the country and the promotion of patriotism was laid upon the table.

The appropriation for summer preaching was increased to \$500, to be expended at the discretion of the secretary.

The question of amending the by-laws so as to define the duties of the treasurer and other officers, so far as they are affected by the appointment of a salaried treasurer, was referred to a joint committee, consisting of the Executive and Finance Committees. The Finance Committee was instructed to report the salaries of officers of the Association for the current year. Adjourned.

An adjourned meeting of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association was held at 25 Beacon Street, Friday, June 21. Present, Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Butler, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fox, Hosmer, Howe, Little, Lyman, Savage, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Williams. In the absence of the president, Mr. Lyman took the chair. The Finance Committee reported a list of salaries for the current year: secretary, \$3,500; treasurer, \$3,500; assistant secretary, \$2,500; clerk, \$75 a month; stenographer, \$12 a week; engineer, \$17; porter, \$15; boy, \$5.

The Committee on Publication was granted authority to revise the list of tracts and to destroy the plates of such as were discontinued, reporting their action to the board. Gifts of Unitarian books were granted to the New Hampshire State Library; Public Library of Riverside, Cal.; Library Association, Perry, Ia.; Town Library, Ashland, N.H.

Appropriations were made to Providence, R.I., Fourth Church, \$300, for six months from July 1; St. John, N.B., \$500, for ten months from July 1; Albany, N.Y., to Rev. William M. Brundage, to include missionary work in neighboring towns, \$150 a month for eight months from May 1, 1895. The appropriation for the salary of Rev. C. W. Wendte was corrected so as to cover the last quarter of the current year.

The special committee, consisting of the secretary, Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. Howard N. Brown, appointed to consider a communication from the Western Conference, which was attended by Messrs. Savage and Brown, made the following report:

"Whereas the Western Unitarian Conference, at its last annual meeting, adopted a resolution containing the outline of a plan for securing a more effective co-operation of the Unitarian churches of the West, with one another and with the American Unitarian Association, and this resolution has been duly reported to the directors of this Association for their consideration, therefore,—

"Resolved, That we hereby express our approval of the purpose which the resolution above referred to seeks to accomplish.

While we do not wish, at this time, to bind ourselves to acceptance of this proposed plan in all details, we none the less commend it to the careful thought of those State and district organizations whose approval is necessary to its success. Until we know their decision, we deem it inexpedient to take further action; but, should they see fit to constitute a Missionary Council, in the manner specified by the resolution of the Western Conference, we venture to express the hope that all questions pertaining to our work in the West can be settled by consultation between the bodies chiefly interested."

"As the clause concerning the mode of nominating the directors of the American Unitarian Association is not essential to the working efficiency of the rest of the plan, and introduces a revolutionary idea which would affect all the departments, we suggest that this have separate consideration."

Mr. Forbush made a statement which was followed by a general discussion. As it seemed impossible to come to any definite conclusion about the various details of the working scheme presented, and as the adoption of the plan depends in the first place upon its cordial acceptance by all the State and district conferences concerned, the directors voted to instruct the secretary to write to each of the local secretaries a letter describing the general attitude of the Association toward the proposed plan, and asking for the advice of the conferences.

(Such a letter will be prepared and published.) The directors approved the appointment of Mrs. Fanny B. Ames of Boston, Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith of Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Eliza B. Leonard of Greenfield, Mass., as trustees of the Prospect Hill School, Greenfield, Mass.

A letter of Mr. Chaney concerning the Atlanta Exposition was read; and the secretary was authorized to expend in co-operation with Mr. Chaney, for a Unitarian exhibit, a sum not exceeding \$100.

Adjourned.

Business Notices.

A Tour through Japan.—Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's latest announcement is full of interest. It is of a tour through Japan and a part of China, with an incidental visit to Honolulu, and a further opportunity to make a tour of nearly three weeks through the Hawaiian Islands, if desired. The party will leave Boston September 2, or, if the Hawaiian tour is included, August 14. The journey through Japan, which will be very comprehensive, will occupy October and November, the visit to Hong Kong, Macao, and the great Chinese city of Canton following. An interesting book descriptive of the route has been issued. This may be obtained free by addressing Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street.

They come from the Ottoman Empire.—Every artist and lover of art furnishings realizes the value of a low Turkish table. In any apartment, placed beside a sofa or easy-chair, it gives the room the last finishing touch needed to make it both artistic and thoroughly enjoyable. Preference should always be given to the genuine imported Turkish tables in important rooms where the highest artistic beauty is desired. These Turkish tables are becoming more scarce every day; and it is doubtful if they can be had after this season, except at exorbitant prices. The only place in this city which is now selling them at the former low prices of a few years ago is at the warerooms of the Paine Furniture Company on Canal Street.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Boston, 20th inst., by Rev. Charles G. Ames, Nicholas Paine Gilman and Mary Sherwood Stubbs.
In Ashby, 22d inst., by Rev. Geo. S. Shaw, Osmond C. Kimball and Alice M. Braham, both of Ashby.
In Taunton, 19th inst., at the Unitarian church, by Rev. John P. Forbes, Augustus Richmond Peirce, of Providence, and Ida Ellen Wilson, of Taunton.

Deaths.

At Elyria, Ohio, 6th inst., Dr. L. C. Kelsey.
Lorenzo Conant Kelsey was born at Whiting, Vt., July 18, 1824, and attended the common schools and Brandon Seminary in his boyhood. At the age of seventeen he went to Oberlin, Ohio, to attend college, and taught in the district schools to support himself. He left college in the sophomore year, and went to Geneva, Ill., and there taught a select school with marked success. He subsequently returned to Ohio, and located at Mt. Vernon, where for two years he studied dentistry with his brother, Dr. C. M. Kelsey. After completing his studies in dentistry, he located and practised his profession at Gallon, Ohio, where he remained about two years. Wishing for a wider field of activity and thought, he entered the Unitarian theological school at Meadville, Pa., from which institution he was honorably graduated in 1854, after which he moved to Dixon, Ill., and formed a Unitarian society, raised funds for the erection of a fine church edifice, and remained its pastor for almost three years.

When the war broke out, he enlisted in the 124th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and remained in the army until after the close of the war. He participated in several engagements, notably those of Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, and the siege of Vicksburg. After the fall of Vicksburg he was detailed as chief clerk at the headquarters of Gen. Maltby. On his discharge he settled permanently in Elyria, where he has since been a successful practitioner of dentistry.

He was a man of more than ordinary literary attainments, and up to the time of his death took an active interest in the liberal thought of the day. He filled the office of city clerk most acceptably for nearly a quarter of a century. He was widely known, and held in high esteem by the entire community.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst is Athol, Mass.

WANTED.

THE UNITARIAN for APRIL, 1886.

One copy to complete file by a Post-office Mission on Pacific Coast. Any person willing to donate a copy for this purpose will please send it to P.O. M., care Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

SUMMER REST.

The "OLD MANSE," Amherst, N.H. Large, elegant rooms, luxurious bed and board. Pianos, library. Near post-office. Register and Transcript at hand. Circulars.

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Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office Christian Register.

Newton Rest-Cure.

The Befriending Committee of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union wish to call the attention of ladies temporarily disabled through nervous diseases to the favorable terms they have made at the Newton Rest-Cure.

For further particulars address the BEFRIENDING COMMITTEE, 264 Boylston Street, Boston.

For the Christian Register.
SONNET.

BY REV. JAMES C. HODGINS.

One day I stood lamenting death and pain,
Sorrowing that youth, wit, beauty, all should fade,
Having no power to fight death's ceaseless raid;
And my soul cried: Why urge to nobler strain?
What for this desperate struggle? What the gain?
Straight the world's sorrow smote me, and afraid
I cried to God, and all foreboding laid
Bare in his sight; nor did I aught restrain.

Then a tall angel with sweet, gracious speech
Spoke to me gently, looking in mine eyes:
"O mortal! not for this thy God beseech:
Death is the prelude before paradise.
Pray thou that life may this one lesson teach,—
That every joy demands a sacrifice."

The Pulpit.

EDMUND B. WILLSON.

BY REV. GEO. T. LATIMER.

"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of men; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 PETER i. 21.

In the Christian ministry there have always been found two distinct types of mind,—the prophetic and the priestly. The progress of Christianity has been due to their interaction. To the former we owe the fresh insight, escape from ecclesiastical tyranny, our spiritual self-reliance; to the latter we owe the preservation of the religious truth, the devotional aids for the flagging spirit, the vast missionary enterprise. The prophet has given us inspiration: the priest has given us organization. Both are essential for the maintenance of the religious life. The message of Jesus was preserved by the doctrinal system and missionary labors of Saint Paul. And this wide-spread and truly wonderful institution we call the Christian Church has maintained itself and increased its influence in these many centuries because the voices of its prophets have given it fresh and recreative inspiration. The prophetic spirit is indifferent to religious forms. It dreads ecclesiastical machinery, it looks askance at the multiplication of church activities, it doubts the value of missionary labors, it dislikes the sectarian spirit. It is an appeal of mind to mind, of life to life: deep calling unto deep.

The priestly spirit, on the other hand, lays great stress upon the organization of the religious life. It sees the inherent weaknesses of human nature, and would guard it by firm and adequate walls of daily ritual. It holds its particular truth very much as a fixed star by which it can measure its own earthly course. It boasts of its converts; and its work is highly effectual, because of its minute and marvellous organization.

It is difficult to see how either prophet or priest could be spared from the Christian ministry. We draw our inspiration from Jesus and A Kempis, from Emerson and Martineau; but the glorious gains of organized Christianity are due to Saint Paul and Hildebrand, to Calvin and Wesley. Spirit and organization,—these are the essential requisites for the conversion of the world. Unless it is retained in some institution, the finest inspiration may eddy away, like released oxygen, into the cold currents of the higher atmosphere; while the most elaborate propaganda is merely the whirring of dangerous machinery, unless it perpetuates some spiritual attainment. It is when the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels that Christianity moves on its triumphal way.

I have purposely made this contrast of the prophetic and priestly function striking, as, indeed, it is when we think of the most conspicuous examples, the formative influences in Christian history. It is not always so clearly seen, however, in the profession; for there are few prophets who are not identified with a church to whose welfare they are pledged, and there are few priests who do not treasure the spiritual truth above the form that expresses it. But each clergyman, by the particular trend of his spirit, conceives of his ministry in either the prophetic or the priestly mode. And each with his ideal of service, each with his distinct contribution of insight or of method, is needed in the upbuilding of the Christian community.

The late pastor of this society may well stand for the prophet in the Christian ministry. It is significant that on his last ap-

pearance in this pulpit he referred at length to the venerable Dr. Martineau, whose influence has been so great upon his own life. For each had the same lofty conception of the pastoral office. There was nothing of the priest in their minds. They had a distrust of organization. Their reliance was upon spiritual insight, and they feared its deterioration as societies multiplied and church functions became specialized. Their idea of the sermon was alike,—a lyric meditation upon some important theme, the efflorescence of carefully trained thought.

There is a conception of the ministry to-day, widely prevalent, with which these men have had no sympathy. Many a society seeking a pastor says, in effect, "Our society is not as prosperous as it was once, as it may be again; and we must have a man who will assure our growth, who will fill the church, and the church treasury as well."

Such a spirit would seem to these men a species of simony, trafficking in holy offices. Like that ancient Hebrew prophet asked to prophesy pleasant things for his monarch, the pastor of this church would have answered, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me that will I speak." His words might or might not fill the pews with eager listeners: that was not in his consideration. It was to your honor as well as his own that he disdained all attempts at rhetoric and oratory, and spoke from week to week, in the language of daily intercourse, the words that seemed of timely need. And these words were not of the little eddies of newspaper events, but they were of the deep currents of our spiritual life. The pulpit was not the place for the discussion of the art or literature or politics of the day: these were the lawful and fruitful topics of newspaper and review. But it was his duty and privilege to guide you, with a fine spiritual insight, among the religious and moral issues in this age of broader views and deeper insight. Such a conception of the ministry meant respect for your intellectual freedom as well as for his own. It will not be forgotten that on that last Sunday he paid a high compliment to the character of this congregation,—to the personal influence of its members, and to that fine tolerance that willingly gave its pastor the freedom of pulpit utterance. He never wished unduly to urge upon you any course of action, any system of doctrine, any critical opinion, even any moral reform; but he gave you his ideas, he asked your sympathy and co-operation, and there he paused. Your integrity of mind he respected even as his own. Scholarly by nature, progressive in his spirit, he was conversant with the changing thought of this century, and frankly, fearlessly, offered you the teaching he had himself verified, in the full confidence that, whether or not you accepted the new view, at least you would recognize his performance of duty. It was so, likewise, when a distinctly moral issue was at stake. Twice in this long ministry of thirty-six years he felt called to take a position that was political only less than it was moral.

At the beginning of Mr. Willson's ministry slavery was the all-important topic of the hour, and then his voice was heard with no uncertain sound. In 1884 the question of reform in a great political party agitated men's minds, and led to the secession of a large and valuable contingent. Again that voice was heard, and with no uncertain sound, as moral issues seemed to overtower all political consequences. And in both these times of heated party feeling, of widely divergent views, he simply and bravely used that right of personal influence he always urged upon you. And you, to whom it must be a fit matter of pride and cause for rejoicing to-day,—you did ample justice to that fineness of insight and that integrity of spirit. As a congregation, you were loyal to the man you had asked to lead you in moral issues; and, if you could not agree with all he said, you could admire the fearlessness of the man who appealed to you for moral support.

It is characteristic of this congregation, as it was of himself, that his public services were so great and varied. You were willing that no small portion of his time and strength should be given to our municipal interests, nobly feeling that the pastor of this society should be a minister at large in this busy community. And thus it was that in the dark days of 1863-64 you spared him from your midst, that he might go to the front with his Salem friends and par-

ishioners. And again, twenty years later, you were willing he should carry his judicial mind and wide experience to the legislature, where he did honorable work in the cause of education.

But how many of them there are, these positions of public trust to which the city welfare called him! As president of the Salem Fraternity, as a member of the School Board for many years, as president of our Prison Reform Association, as trustee of the Salem Athenæum, as president of the Essex Institute, as trustee of the Plummer Farm School, he comes to our mind weighted with the cares of responsible office, associated with the educational and reform life of our city. No wise reform appealed to him in vain. It was sure of his sympathy, and, whenever possible, of his active co-operation. It is only last year he spoke for the public kindergarten, and only last winter he appeared at the State House in a hearing before the Prison Committee.

Here was a man whose ministry was to the whole city, one of the rare men who take time from special interests and private recreation to further the welfare of the community by an unrewarded, often unappreciated, public service. The pastor of a large and important society, he could still give a measure of his strength and talents to the secular movements that aim at a more beautiful public life.

Thus he naturally became the representative pastor of this city,—not merely from the length of his ministry, but even more from the breadth of his services, frequently summoned to appear at public functions, and conspicuously the one to speak for our own branch of the Christian Church on those not infrequent occasions when our Salem churches come together in "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

I cannot better sum up this public life of Rev. Edmund B. Willson than by quoting his own words, when, twenty-three years ago, he preached the memorial sermon at the one hundredth anniversary of this North Society. Speaking of its first pastor, Dr. Barnard, he said: "If asked for what ideas or type of influence this church stood during these earliest forty-two years, I should say, taking its pastor as its representative, first, it stood for the religion of a true humanity,—a religion which made love to man the best expression of love to God; for that interpretation of Christianity which makes prominent its humane spirit." Such words may well speak for the ministry of thirty-six years that has just closed. Noble in his conception of the pastoral office, broad in his interpretation of Christianity, unwearied in the public service, the late successor of the patriotic and public-spirited Dr. Barnard has been worthy of his trust.

Behind the minister was the man. Such valuable public services inevitably come from a personal character strong, broad, active, devout. The stranger within our gates never looked upon that fine face, slightly ascetic, with its blended gentleness and strength, without the reflection that here he saw the rare character that our best New England life has yielded. "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," would be his quick comment, as he noted the contrast of the white hairs and slightly stooping figure with the keen dark eyes and firm-set lips. And personal acquaintance could only confirm this prophecy of strength of mind and courtesy of manner. Insistent, even inflexible, in his personal convictions, he could continue or waive argument with a high-bred courtesy that instinctively recalled the lines,—

"And thus he bore, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

The occasional visitor who met him in brief intercourse, and you who have had the privilege of calling him friend and pastor, alike felt the influence of a rare personality, a certain distinction of the spirit, as it were, that lent force and dignity to even the commonplaces of conversation, but which found its natural interest in the lofty measures of reform and religious movements.

His mind was essentially, almost uniquely, just. He was able to see both sides of the disputed shield. Rare were the instances when he failed to be just to men or movements. It was said of him that among conservatives he spoke as a radical, and among radicals as a conserva-

tive. Any suspicion of injustice was a challenge to that judicial mind. A brother clergyman said of him that for thirty years he had maintained the balance of Christian doctrine in Essex County. And a parishioner has told me that, even as a youth, he was impressed by the strict impartiality of this judicial mind, that would accurately and fully present a view, only to add at the close,—

"But there is another side, and there are wise men who advocate the opposite view."

It has seemed to me that he was most natural, at his happiest, in the open discussion of a clerical club or a conference, when he summed up the pros and cons of argument with felicity of phrase, recognizing the sincerity of different speakers, admitting the full weight of another's opinion, and winning all hearts no less by the clearness of his thought than by his gracious personality. To this eminently judicial mind was largely due his unique position in this community. His indorsement of a man or a measure carried great weight. It was felt that he was quick to perceive the good in an individual or in an institution. He had very little of the sectarian spirit, for he put his faith in the Church Universal. Instances of clerical intolerance, not entirely unknown in our New England life, impressed him very much as the discovery of a seventeenth-century manuscript in the Essex Institute might have done. As an historical student, he was interested in a theological "find," slightly amused by a bigoted doctrine, never doubting the advance of rational theology.

It has been said of oratory by a man of great insight, "It is always the more impressive for the spice of temper that renders it less trustworthy." In this man's word there was no "spice of temper," but instead a serenity of spirit, a breadth of view, a clearness of perception where moral issues were at stake, that well befitted the white hairs and years of service. The listener in this congregation must often have been reminded of the ancient words, "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of men, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It was as if some spiritual judge sat in judgment upon the strife of restless men, referring them to the immutable laws of righteousness.

And yet the observer would err who could not see that there was a latent passion under those calm words which an immediate moral issue might fan into flame. Under the snowy head slumbered a volcano that could bury under its scorn and weight of argument the moral offender. Pettiness of spirit, injustice, inhumanity, cruelty,—these traits it was not well to express in his presence. But the occasion for this moral indignation came seldom. You remember rather the slight figure that stood in this pulpit as you grew from childhood to youth, and from youth into manhood, with its serene, saintly face, born spiritual, as were the faces of Newman and Emerson and Martineau, while that sympathetic, reverent voice reasoned of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." It made the public worship of this church more vital when such a man led your public devotions, and his parting benediction was a light upon the upward path.

It were unfair not to refer to that element of self-distrust in his nature, the resultant of his high conception of the qualities of leadership, and his judicial mind, that played around the many aspects of our modern problems. His doubt of himself when he entered the ministry never left him: it always returned to plague him, and the frequent assurance of his friends was needed to restore his confidence in his own work. It was this deep-seated self-distrust, this true humility of spirit, that limited his voice and services in these mature years to this country. Here he found a field opportune, large, fruitful, for his public spirit. Our civic loss is the greater because a natural and unusual modesty made him content with this comparatively limited field of service. He was not allured by the sirens of literary recreation, nor was he lustful to conquer a metropolitan world; but here, in this historic and beautiful old town, he passed his ripe years in a happy service, a familiar figure on the street, a welcome visitor in your homes, and a voice that in moral issues became a trumpet and blew "soul-animating strains."

Of his home life—tender, beautiful, de-

voted, "the plain living and high thinking" of the poet's ideal—it is not for me to speak. Of his public life, as an associate and admirer, I have ventured to speak, keenly feeling the apparent presumption of such an estimate of his public services by a new-comer. But, as I have been able, I have spoken, finding it a duty and a privilege to bear some slight witness to that long, useful, honored life.

With your grief for our common loss there is mingled the joy for his personal victory. He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. He left us as he wished,—not in "the enforced leisure of slow pain," but in full armor and in the front rank. We mourn the friend: we triumph with the hero. There remains for us the inspiration of a crusading spirit, ever in the field to relieve distress, ever armed to rescue the sacred city of humanity. Devout in spirit, loyal to his Master, consecrated to the service of his fellow-men, this rare personality is not lost to us, but still lives among us,—

"In minds made better by his presence, . . . In pulses stirred to generosity, In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn For miserable aims that end with self."

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY DR. HEBER NEWTON.

For years my humble endeavor has been to set before those who listen to me a thought of Christ which finds in him the norm and type of humanity,—the ideal man in whose nature we are to see our own true nature, in whose powers we are to read our own potentialities, in whose experience we are to find the law of our true life.

His experience of the supreme mystery of death was, therefore, in my view, of necessity, no mere exception to the general experience of man, but the interpretation of that experience, the historic illustration of that great transformation. . . . In this way we can read in his post-resurrection life some hints of the nature and capacities of our own life after death, because thus the one great historic witness to the life beyond became an illustration of the general law of the transition from this world to the world to come rather than a violation of that law, and because faith was thus eased instead of being superfluously burdened.

That I am not wholly alone in this judgment is shown by one letter out of many which I have received. In this letter one of the most distinguished jurists of the country thus writes: "I have not only been gratified, but relieved in my own mind, by what you have said about the resurrection of our Saviour. The popular view of this matter has always been a stumbling-block to me. I have always believed that Christ was raised from the dead just as we all shall be, with this difference,—that his glorified body was seen by the faithful, to strengthen their faith and round out the lesson of this life." . . .

In January of this year there appeared a "Pastoral Letter" from our House of Bishops which many among us felt to be very dangerous to the liberties of thought in our Church, by its assuming to interpret the creeds authoritatively. The silence which followed that remarkable letter is not to be construed as an acquiescence in that pronouncement. For one, I could not have yielded such acquiescence. I was sorely constrained to an open criticism of that letter. One consideration which restrained me was the fear that, if I ventured any open criticism, grace would not be sufficiently abounding to preserve me from making that criticism of my ecclesiastical superiors somewhat caustic. One other course remained, as a relief to my own mind and conscience. This was to make a silent protest against that letter, by exercising the right of interpreting the creeds in a way to render it clear that the bishop of New York was entirely right when he declared, in his letter to the *Tribune*, that the "Pastoral Letter" had "no conciliar authority."

At least three of the four points discussed in the letter were not open to such a treatment. For one, I found no fault with the language of the letter concerning the incarnation. I am a thorough Athanasian. My only fault with this section of the letter was that it failed to meet the needs of our age by translating the language of ancient Athanasianism into the philosophic thought and speech of our day, so as to lead men to

find in the Nicene Creed the key to that larger vision of the incarnation which is gained by our modern mind, in the spiritual interpretation of nature and of man.

As touching the doctrine of the miraculous birth of Christ, I am, for one, far from denying this article of the faith. If I ever feel constrained to deny it, I must leave our Church. The only thing that could ever constrain me to deny it would be that, as the result of new critical finds, the evidence should become overwhelming against the historical character of this belief. Until this takes place, I am content with an assent to the Church's traditional belief, holding always, with the Head of the Church, that the letter killeth while the spirit maketh alive, in the words of the Church as in those of its Head. What I object to on this point is the emphasis which the "Pastoral Letter" places upon this article of the creed,—an emphasis which is as far as possible removed from the temper of the New Testament records, in which Paul makes no reference to this belief, and John passes it by in silence,—the silence of a spiritual philosophy which has no need for emphasizing a material fact.

The last point of the "Pastoral Letter" admitted of no direct issue, for the simple reason that, for one, I could not understand what our bishops meant in their language concerning inspiration.

There was, therefore, just one point on which such a direct issue could be raised. Resurrecting the Thirty-nine Articles from their comfortable slumber, the "Pastoral Letter" interpreted the noble reticence of the Nicene Creed by the loquaciousness of the articles, and affirmed that Christ rose in his body of flesh and bones. Not content with giving this dogmatic interpretation to the undogmatic language of the creeds, the "Pastoral Letter" insisted upon this as the only allowable interpretation of the creeds. For years I had held this forbidden view, but was content to assume it without emphasizing it. When the proper season came round in the Christian year, I affirmed my reasons for holding it, and thus exercised the right which had been apparently denied.

It is now evident that the "Pastoral Letter" has "no conciliar authority," since a view which it had emphatically condemned is seen to be a legitimate interpretation of the creeds, held by men of widely different thought on other matters, and allowed utterance within our Church.

It is clear, therefore, that our liberty of interpreting the creeds, seemingly endangered by the "Pastoral Letter," is in reality safe.—*The Outlook*.

ON THE DEATH OF JESUS.*

BY SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

On this fertile but melancholy subject I can but touch the most important points which have recently occupied my attention, and have divided the opinions of serious thinkers. The space appropriated to subjects like the present, even in a religious newspaper, is not large; but I will endeavor to compress my observations.

Jesus foresaw and foretold his own death. He went to meet it with willing submission to his Father's will. It was a unique martyrdom, though reported by the evangelists inaccurately. It is also probable that at the time he spoke of his death he did not omit his resurrection in order to comfort his disciples, but not in the way represented. Their unbelief of the fact is otherwise unaccountable. The three days appear to be derived from Hosea vi. 2.

The words which Jesus uttered on the cross as given by Matthew and Mark are "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" (Mark xv. 34; compare Matt. xxvii. 46.) This exclamation seems one of agonizing pain. Luke, however, supplements the dying exclamation by "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," and "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (xxiii. 34, 46), the former of which has been questioned as to its genuineness, chiefly because it is bracketed. A subsequent corrector, however, has tried to efface the brackets. The spuriousness is defended in an elaborate note by Dr. Hort, who calls it a Western interpolation. But it has the support of the Sinaitic manuscript and

* Written before Mr. Gladstone's on the same subject appeared.

Irenæus; and, on the whole, the weight of evidence favors it. As to the exclamation contained in the Fourth Gospel, "It is finished," as if it were the expression of triumphant joy that the great consummation had at last arrived, it is evidently the gospel writer's. Luke makes one of the robbers crucified with Jesus a penitent, who is about to enter Paradise along with his Saviour; but this disagrees with Matthew's account, and is improbable.

The protracted series of sufferings which began at Gethsemane and ended on the cross, as described in Matthew's Gospel, cannot be read without emotion. The solitary sufferer, availing himself of the sympathy of friends who, he well knew, could render no help, is a figure that attracts and fixes the deepest feelings of our nature. He stands out peculiarly and distinctively human. Was something veiled from our view in the agonizing death of Jesus? The manifestations of mental anguish have been supposed to indicate something peculiarly mysterious, and the Christian Church generally has entertained the belief that Jesus was expiating human sin. This theory has been offered to account for what seems mysterious in the sufferings and death of Jesus, lifting him out of the category of ordinary martyrs; but, as far as the gospel accounts reach, it is unnoticed. Although Jesus himself speaks of his death in various aspects, the atonement theory does not appear. And yet the death was to take place according to prophecy (Isaiah liii.). It was the seal of his doctrine, and his followers must be partakers of it in spirit. Such allusions as to the effect of his death are contained in the Synoptics, and even the Fourth Gospel expresses no doctrine of propitiation while speaking of his dying for the salvation of the world. General statements of this kind are remote from the specific nature of an atonement for the accumulated sins of humanity. There is but one real echo of expiation in the Synoptic Gospels; namely, "For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28). It is observable that Mark omits part of the words, and that only Luke has them exactly. It is evident that the clause "for many for the remission of sins" is a late addition.

Should any wish to add another and later echo of the atonement to the above expression, such as Matthew xx. 28, "a ransom for many," I do not object.

In the absence of a genuine statement in the Synoptic Gospels that Jesus' sufferings and death constituted a great expiatory sacrifice for the sins of the world, we have not far to seek. The doctrine is apostolic, having been developed out of the death of Jesus by Paul. Nor is it the only development from the same source, for that of justification by faith alone belongs to the same origin. Theologians have taken apostolic doctrines and put them on the shoulders of Jesus. The great apostle of the Gentiles is answerable for most of them. All their value belongs to him; and the creeds of the Christian Church have done Paul full justice in readily accepting them. But I disagree with theologians who set the teachings of any man on a par with those of Jesus. Had development stopped with Paul, Christianity would have presented a peculiar form of Arianism. But his disciples, the authors of the Colossian and Ephesian Epistles, continued the process until it came in contact with the philosophy of Alexandria, and under the influence of various Church Fathers settled down into the Nicene Creed, which has dominated the field of theology ever since the fourth century.

The majority of professing Christians seem to like a long creed, if it be metaphysical and antagonistic, a fancied bulwark against error.

Spiritual Life.

"Where grows the golden grain?
Where faith? Where sympathy?
In a furrow cut by pain."—*Exchange*.

The Spirit of God, buried in the heart, passes out into action. This is Christian life.—*F. W. R.*

Perseverance.—The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.—*Carlyle*.

There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty or wealth or genius.—*Emerson*.

Your suffering blesses others; it teaches you sympathy; it gives them firmness and example. No man dieth to himself; for his pain and loss is for others, and, unconsciously to himself, brings with it to others joy and gain.—*F. W. Robertson*.

If a man deserves praise, be sure that you give it to him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor.—*Ruskin*.

All truly consecrated men learn little by little that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression, not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable blending of the two.—*Phillips Brooks*.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace and a most commendable and manly thing.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

A little prayer composed by Robert Louis Stevenson has this passage: "Go with each of us to rest: if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion."

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts.—*Ruskin*.

Consider the relations of reason to the Bible. This book makes its appeal to man's heart on the basis of having already conquered his intellect. It asks no man to take anything for granted. It covets analysis and challenges proofs. The trustworthiness of reason is everywhere assumed. It could not be otherwise, since man is in the small what God is in the large.—*Dr. Hillis*.

I see the autumn prefigured in the spring. As the bud now lying cold and close upon the bark of every tree throughout our northern clime is a silent prophecy of yet another spring and other summers, and harvests, too, so this instinctive love of justice, scantily budding here and nipped by adverse fate, silently, but clearly, tells of the kingdom of heaven.—*Theodore Parker*.

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Literature.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

A history of the United States that would be at once comprehensive, brief, and popular, without any base concessions to the groundlings in its form or spirit, has long been a desideratum. Since the appearance of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People" our appetite for such a book has been more keen. Many of us have hoped that Dr. Fiske would write this history. He has the requisite knowledge and an unrivalled skill in exposition, and several of his books might be incorporated with little change in such a work as we desire. On the other hand, the proportions of his recent school history, and what a painter would call "the values" of its several parts, were not encouraging, though from a book less directly mercantile in its inspiration and of larger scope we might very properly expect something far more satisfactory. Mr. Higginson's "Larger History" and Mr. Goldwin Smith's were excellent books in their way, but too rapid and condensed to meet all the demands of the ideal short history, which must not be too short.

We have had many books that will prove extremely serviceable to the "not impossible he," when he arrives,—the great "Constitutional History" of Von Holst, Mr. Rhodes's and Mr. Henry Adams's excellent volumes, Mr. Bryce's admirable constitutional and social studies, with Mr. Woodrow Wilson's books, and a large number of political biographies, of which the exhaustive one of Garrison is easily the most important.

President Andrews's handsome volumes make a promise to the eye that they are the long-awaited thing, but they break this promise to our hope. They have many admirable qualities. They are written clearly and forcibly; they sweep a multitude of facts into their wide array; they give an impressive view of our political and social history; the majority of their political and moral judgments are such as stand approved by that common sense, that afterthought, which so frequently revises the contemporary judgments of the community. At the same time it must be confessed that the book is neither all that we could wish nor all that it deliberately declares itself to be in the preface, with seven specifications. There is hardly one of these the intention of which is not violated in the body of the work. A competent criticism has detected many inaccuracies,—some of them of slight importance, but others grave and difficult to understand. They carry with them, together with other characteristic features, a sense of hasty preparation and rapid composition, and make it easier to understand how the president of a college could write a history of such dimensions in connection with his official duties. Take, for example, the history of the Civil War. It is told in four chapters, with two additional chapters for the beginning and the end; and each of the four carries along the history to the end quite independently of the other. The fourth chapter, on the naval warfare and our foreign relations, follows the death of Lincoln, when the reader has imagined himself quite done with the whole business. Evidently, it is much easier to write history in this way than to bring together the different aspects of the struggle in one coherent view; but it is at the same time much less instructive.

The matter of relative emphasis on the different parts is one of the particulars in which President Andrews claims to have obeyed an exigent ideal. And yet he gives us eleven pages on Salem witchcraft, and only nineteen on the whole period extending from the end of the Revolution to the adoption of the new Constitution. We have thirteen pages on "The Fisheries Dispute" and seven on "Reconstruction." These may be the most glaring disproportions, but there are others which must arrest the attention of the most casual reader.

It is impossible to read the book, and not find one's self comparing it with Green's "Short History"; and the comparison is painfully disadvantageous to the American book in several particulars,—the style, the biographical sketches, and the method of presentation. The style of President Andrews's book, as if a nervous fear of being

dull possessed him, often becomes newspaperish, with words and phrases bordering upon slang, and others smacking of the verbal manners of the Fourth of July oration. This fault is sometimes more than superficial: the style is inflated because the thought and sentiment behind it are so. There are passages which read like quotations from Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy." For example: "In one artistic line we already excel every other people; namely, the application of the principles of taste in beautifying homes, churches, structures intended for business, such as exchanges, railway stations, and bridges, cars, and all kinds of machinery. We lead the world, too, in propriety and neatness of apparel,—at least, for men." In the concluding paragraphs there are sentences that sound like echoes of the pure and unadulterated Jingoism of Senators Frye and Lodge. Here are three of them:—

"Unless we are mistaken, one may observe a more or less conscious disposition on the part of thoughtful Americans to insist that this influence be exerted, to have the nation break over the policy wisely laid down by Washington, and again in the Monroe doctrine, for earlier times, and assert itself more in the parliament of man."

"Why should we not, without being meddlesome, strive to disseminate our ideas, extend our civilization, and make our nationality felt?"

"We do not prophesy, as more than one voice out of Europe itself has of late done, that the United States will some day cross the Atlantic as a conqueror."

Another fault of President Andrews's style is its avoidance of such homely words as "spade" and "silver." The latter is "the white metal," and the seceded States are "Secessia." This fault is rare, but another is extremely common. If this fault is not the man,—*Le style c'est l'homme même*,—it is the book, it is so pervasive. It is a fault like that which makes a picture "spotty." It is a predominance of short sentences, often two or three in succession which might easily be articulated into one.

Green's short biographical sketches are wonderfully good. The same cannot be said of President Andrews's. We have a number in Chapter VIII. "American Manhood in the Revolution," and others separately. Without exception, they are fragmentary and disjointed, lacking organic unity.

The method of presentation is a matter of even more importance. Green's method was that of ideal aggregation. That is, he so massed his facts as to bring out the ideal, the characteristic, quality; and he did this in a strong and memorable way. What a far cry it is to this from President Andrews's method can best be seen in his treatment of the anti-slavery conflict, where he makes the nearest approach to Green's method in treating of "The Monarchy," "Puritan England," and "The Revolution." And, by the way, the general character of "Immediate Abolition" is slovenly in the extreme. Lewis Tappan becomes "Louis"; Wendell Phillips's first speech is misplaced; both the Bible and the *Liberator* are misquoted in the words, "a league with death and an agreement with hell"; and there is no recognition of the fact that the Liberty Party made haste to substitute the territorial limitation of slavery for its abolition as "the mark of its high calling."

Difference from the method and manner of Green's "Short History" does not necessarily mean something less excellent, but President Andrews's differences from that noble book are certainly for the worse. It does not follow that the average reader or student could not add much to his knowledge of American history from reading and studying this book. Those, however, who care much for the root of the matter, with the least possible accretion of indifferent clay and sand, will fall back on Higginson and Goldwin Smith, and on Alexander Johnston's article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and, within its limits, on Prof. Walker's recent and most admirable "Making of the Nation." No one of these, however, is the ideal "Short History of the United States," which President Andrews's disappointing volumes have not advanced a single step.

"OUT OF THE EAST." *Reveries and Studies in New Japan.* By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The author of "Glimpses of

Unfamiliar Japan" has given us in this additional volume much that is of interest and value. Though this new venture is not so elaborate as the former, it helps in revealing the peculiarities of this interesting nation. The "Reveries" contain the author's opinions and speculations; but, in addition, we have much that lets us into the real life of the Japanese,—their religion, education, social life, literature, and national characteristics. The social life of Japan rests upon the idea of filial piety. In its social system marriage and the love to which it gives rise plays a subordinate part. Moreover, in Japanese literature of the best class, where love is the theme, it is not that sort of love which leads to the establishment of the family relation. This whole subject, including the typical woman and etiquette presented in the discussion, brings to light the radical difference between the social life of Japan and the West. In speaking of the question of Christian missions, the writer is very pronounced in his conviction "that the whole work of the foreign mission societies has been little more than a vast expenditure of energy, time, and money, to no real purpose." Whether one accepts this or not, what the author has to say on the subject deserves thoughtful consideration. The Western World has been astonished at the power and intense nationality of the Japanese as shown in the present war with China. This book reveals the sources of this power and patriotism. The whole system of education is such as to create an intense national spirit. The children are early trained to sing the songs of war. The youth are regularly drilled. The duty of loyalty to the emperor and the nation has the strength and intensity of an all-pervading passion. There are many other topics of interest treated in this last volume of Mr. Hearn which throw light on the character of this unique people, who in the future are destined to play so important a part in the history and civilization of the East. Many valuable suggestions will be found in these "Reveries and Studies of New Japan."

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THEIR TIMES. 1769-76. An Historical Romance. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The design of this volume is to portray the leading events and features of the struggle of the Revolution before actual hostilities, and extending to the evacuation of Boston by the British forces. We have here history woven upon the background of romance, so that we see in full action the various forces at work in the early phases of the Revolution. The various leaders move upon the stage, and the features of social life are portrayed. Upon the whole the author is correct in his representations of actual events; and the coloring of romance gives vividness to the facts of history. We see what an important part the daughters as well as the sons played in the drama, and the sacrifices and devotion which were displayed alike by rebel and loyalist. The work is designed chiefly for the young, and is admirably fitted to give them a correct idea of these important events, scenes, incidents, and spirit of the people. How far the author has succeeded may be illustrated by the following test. A lad to whom the book was given to read, as he came to the end, closed it with emphasis, exclaiming, "This is one of the most interesting books I ever read." The various illustrations, including both portraits of eminent persons and places of historic note, add to the value of the book. Mr. Coffin has succeeded in giving life to the dry skeleton of facts, and done good service by making this very important period so attractive to the young, while retaining the truth of history.

THE PHANTOMS OF THE FOOT-BRIDGE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—Miss Murfree has given us in the present volume five of her stories, all characterized by the same vividness of description, strong individual

personification, and dramatic power which mark what she has before written. Notwithstanding the scenes and characters belong to the region of the Tennessee Mountains, there is variety both in her descriptions of natural objects and delineations of character. The pictures of the home life are so real that the reader feels that he is dealing with actual scenes and persons. Here we see one of the striking peculiarities of Miss Murfree as a writer. Taking the rough and familiar life of these wild regions, she is true to nature, and portrays the essential features of human aspiration and passion which are found beneath all outward conditions. Love and hatred, selfishness and tender, self-sacrificing devotion, sordid greed and noble spiritual idealism, are drawn with powerful distinctness in the lives of these rude and rough mountaineers; and we thus have brought vividly before us the essential features which belong to human nature, whether in the palace or the shanty in the nook of the mountain. This ability to go beyond the conventional and recognize the realities of life is the mark of true genius. Few American writers have done this more fully than the author of these stories. The present volume has also illustrations which help us in our conceptions of the text.

THE LAND OF THE SUN: VISTAS MEXICANAS. By Christian Reid. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This book is the sketch of a trip through Mexico put into the frame of a story. A party of six friends, three gentlemen and three ladies, are the actors in the drama; but the chief design is to give the reader an idea of the scenery, climate, churches, and cities of Mexico. The author sees with an accurate and observing eye, and describes what he sees in a vivid and graphic style. He has little sympathy with the changes which are taking place, and, in the spirit of Ruskin, turns with distaste, not to say disgust, from the influences of the railroad and the industrial features of the age, to dwell on the glories of the past. Hence little or nothing is said in these pages of the present forces which are working a revolution in this country, but very much of the climate, picturesque scenery, and the glories of the institutions, society, and monuments of the olden time. As the country abounds in magnificent churches, these are admired and described with the appreciative enthusiasm of the artist. The several characters introduced as sidelights give us touches of romance. The chief interest and value of this book is its descriptions of the scenery, climate, and buildings of "The Land of the Sun."

RIVERBY. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The readers of this volume will have a twofold interest,—the first because it contains that keen and lively perception of nature for which John Burroughs is known. The second, the name Riverby is the place on the Hudson where these sketches were written, and where also, for years, the writer has "been an interested spectator of the life of nature, as with changing seasons it has ebbed and flowed past my door." This series of essays gathered into a volume covers a variety of topics, and has those high qualities for which the author is so well known. He not only sees with clear insight, but has also the power of making his readers see with him, as he walks among the wild flowers, catches glimpses of nature, studies bird-life in an old apple-tree, notes the birds' courtship and their eggs, or talks with young observers. This book is full of interesting and rich suggestions.

FAGOTS FOR THE FIRESIDE. One Hundred and Fifty Games and Amusements for Evenings at Home. By Lucretia Peabody Hale. New and Enlarged Edition, illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The volume published years since by Miss Hale had so wide a circulation and excited so much interest that she has reprinted it with an addition of thirty



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* HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. With maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

new games, and among them golf has been introduced. This rich fund of one hundred and fifty suggestions for amusement furnishes a great variety from which can be drawn what is needed alike for out-door pastimes, summer rainy days or winter evenings, both for old and young. The very many who are familiar with the former book of Miss Hale will welcome their old favorite with its new additions, and those who have not known the former will find here valuable hints and suggestions.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Allen C. Thomas, A.M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.—This work gives us briefly, accurately, and with judicial fairness the main facts of our history. Special attention has been given to the important events of the period, beginning with 1879 and extending to the present time, including the political, social, and economical development of the nation. The whole work is admirably done, and is enriched by maps, portraits taken from authentic sources, and an appendix containing information which throws additional light upon the topics treated. It is well adapted, both for the school and for home reference, as it presents in a very satisfactory manner much needful and valuable information of the history and progress of the United States.

RUSSIAN RAMBLES. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.—Miss Hapgood possesses exceptional qualifications for writing such a book of travels. She is an intelligent, keen-witted observer, she knows her Russia as few book-writing Americans have had a chance to know it, and she has a supreme indifference as to the things she might be expected to say, caring only to give her own impressions of persons, customs, and conditions. The result is a vivacious and interesting book,—one which may be read for the information it contains, for its insight into the life of another nation, or merely for its charm of anecdote and description. Two chapters describe visits to Count Tolstoi in his summer home, and no part of the book is more valuable than this.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL. With Catalogue of Teachers and Pupils. By Thomas Cushing, Boston.—Mr. Cushing, who is now in his eighty-second year, is a familiar figure in Boston. In writing the history of the school with which he was connected for many years, he had a congenial subject, and one which well deserves such treatment as he gives it. The aims and methods of a private school which has run for nearly seventy years a career of usefulness and prosperity, without any endowment or outside help, are certainly worth studying, independently of the especial interest which its history must have for its friends and graduates. The sketch of the condition of education in Boston between 1820 and 1830, though brief, is interesting.

THE PYGMIES. By A. de Quatrefages. Translated by Frederick Starr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Quatrefages died in 1892. The work here translated was written in 1887. No man did more to further anthropology in France, and his labors and influence have commanded both respect and confidence. The value of the ethnological studies depends more upon historic industry and comparison of physical characteristics than upon broader powers of generalization. The author never accepted the doctrine of evolution, though he believed in the extreme antiquity of man.

THE PRICE OF PEACE. By A. W. Ackerman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.—This Biblical romance is a story of the times of Ahab, king of Israel. Its hero is the prophet Micaiah, and it offers a close study of his life and character. It is not easy reading,—at least, not until one has entered well into the book; but the task of constructing a consecutive, connected narrative has been performed at least with better taste than has always been the case in these Biblical stories. It will be chiefly interesting to those already familiar with these names and places.

HANDBOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA. By Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This book about birds is made so free from technicalities that it may be used without a glossary, and it is written out of a personal experience with students and constant consideration of their needs. It gives keys to the species of birds, with descriptions of their plumage, nests, and eggs, their distribution and migrations, and a brief account of their haunts and habits, besides introductory chapters on ornithology and how to identify birds.

A HILLTOP SUMMER. By Alyn Yates Keith. 10 Milk Street, Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—We have here a series of papers which originally appeared in the New York Evening Post. The writer wields a graceful pen, and her sketches of

New England scenery and character are bright and true to life. The reader is brought face to face with nature, and the description of places and portraiture of character are both vivid and real. No native rural New Englander will fail to be charmed with this reproduction of country folk and village life.

PEDAGOGICS OF THE KINDERGARTEN. By Friedrich Froebel. Translated by Josephine Jarvis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This collection of fifteen essays, put together by Richard Lange, presents a thorough discussion of the first five gifts in the kindergarten. Like most of the other books in this "International Education Series," it is intended mainly for educators, but may prove of interest to mothers who try to keep themselves informed about kindergarten methods, and to those who wish to understand the symbols used by Froebel.

THE PARASITE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Doyle has written the most vivid story of hypnotism that has yet appeared. It is short, and fortunately so, as the reader will probably not be inclined to let it alone until he has finished it. It is painful, as all stories of obsession must be in a greater or less degree; but it may possibly do some good by warning people against yielding their wills to the control of another, however harmless the experiments may at first appear.

SEA YARNS FOR BOYS, SPUN OUT BY AN OLD SALT. By W. J. Henderson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These yarns from an old sailor, spun for Henry and George Hovey, will be read with a delight as great, if not greater, than they were listened to on the outer end of the pier. They recount a variety of startling and thrilling incidents relating to cyclones, yacht-racing, ships at sea, dangers from storms and rocks and waves.

The Magazines.

Though the *New World* for June is not so cosmopolitan as usual in the residences of its writers, it is in their creeds. There are representatives from the Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, the Universalists, the Presbyterians, the Unitarians, the Baptists, the Friends,—perhaps of the Lutherans, also. The *New World* is an organ of the Broad Church. First of all comes a representative of the Broad Church among the Episcopalians,—Dr. S. D. McConnell of Philadelphia, who may be remembered for a previous article in an early number of the *New World*. He writes of "Broad and Narrow in the Episcopal Church" with great vigor, *apropos* of the Pastoral Letter of certain bishops. "In the Episcopal Church the men who ask, 'What is true?' have been denominated 'Broad Churchmen': those who ask, 'What is proper for us to believe?' are the Narrow Churchmen. Of these, those who care for the Church more than for the truth are the High Churchmen; and those who care more for the integrity of their creeds are the Low Churchmen, or Evangelicals. With half a dozen exceptions, neither the men of learning, of influence, of reputation, nor of ability, are of the 'Catholic' party. It possesses a strong *esprit du corps* and adroit managers, but not many scholars, preachers, or men who in any way touch the public." Rev. J. W. Chadwick follows with a delightful, while discriminating, review of the autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe. In "Sentimentalism and Political Economy" Rev. W. Kirkus sturdily defends economic law against "ungoverned passions and irrational sentimentalism." Prof. H. H. Wendt of the University of Jena describes "The Present Standing of the Synoptic Problem in Germany." The *Tendenz* theory of Baur has been overworked; and "we practise much more reserve in judgments on the tendency, the 'Jewish-Christian,' or the 'Pauline' character of the whole Gospels, or of single utterances and narratives in them. . . . In the second place, . . . continued and careful research and comparison of the Gospels has furnished increasing evidence that the Gospel of Mark is much more probably the oldest, and formed a foundation for the other two." Rev. J. H. Crooker shows clearly, in "Democracy and Religion," that theological doctrine follows closely the form of government prevalent at the time. "The spirit of democracy rescues the universe from monarchical superstition. It brings God and man together in such a manner that no room is left for a mediator. . . . All souls lie equally and immediately in touch with the Father." Prof. John Bascom of Williams College writes with his usual breadth and spirituality of "The Philosophical Basis of the Supernatural," which is the "hitherto unknown penetration of physical forces by personal powers." President Cone of Buchtel College contributes a scholarly article on "The Pauline Eschatology." "No cle on "The Pauline Eschatology." "No dogmatic statement of the universal destiny of mankind can be extorted from his teachings. . . . Apocalypse has had its day, and must now give way to the conception of an

evolution of human society attended by a constant, silent judgment, announced by no 'trumpet' or 'voice of an archangel.'" Rev. Dr. J. H. Allen, ever welcome with his rich learning and genial style, writes of "The Alleged Sympathy of Religions." There is no sympathy of religions with each other. They are antagonistic and aggressive. But there may be "a broad and broadening sympathy in religion." The last article, by Mrs. Sara Y. Stevenson of the University of Pennsylvania, discusses with much learning the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." The "Book Reviews" are furnished by Profs. Everett, Toy, and Emerton of the Harvard Divinity School; Profs. Upton of Oxford, England, Buckley of Chicago, Vincent of Union, Jastrow of Pennsylvania, Freeman of Meadville, Budde of Strassburg, Hopkins of Bryn Mawr, and Messrs. Moxom, Benu (of Florence, Italy), Peters, Cressey, Griffis, Gilman, and Lyon.

W. H. L.

Miscellaneous.

Alfred Wiedermann, professor of Oriental languages at the University of Bonn, has written a thin volume entitled "The Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul," which is published in London by H. Grevel and in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Its object is to give a clear exposition of the most important shape which the doctrine of immortality assumed in Egypt. The system here explained was the popular belief among all classes of Egyptian people from early to Coptic times. The book is illustrated.

Literary Notes.

Miss Margaret Stokes has in the press a volume entitled "Three Months in the Forests of France," a pilgrimage in search of vestiges of the Irish saints. It will be published by Macmillan & Co.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III. 1860-1862. The Martyred Fool. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. Terminations. By Henry James. The Elements of Navigation. Designed for the Instruction of Beginners. From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Water Tramps, or the Cruise of the "Sea Bird." By George Herbert Bartlett. From D. Appleton & Co., New York. Hand-book of Sanitary Information for Householders. By Roger S. Tracy. From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Life and the Conditions of Survival. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. The Garden of Eden, U.S.A. A very Possible Story. By W. H. Bishop. Price \$1.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. On the Wing. Banjo and Piano. Sword and Musket March. Banjos and Piano. By Gus C. Knight. My First Waltz. Contentment. Galop. Menuet. Cradle Song. Barcarolle. By P. A. Schaecker. A Dream. Song. Words by Chas. B. Cory. Music by J. C. Bartlett. John D. Creamer. By the Fountain. Song. By Stephen Adams. Du Allein. Song. Words by C. H. Hamilton. Music by Perry C. Orem.

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The Home.

BROWNIE'S APPEAL.*

Dear Mistress,—I write in the greatest of haste
To tell you the terrible news I have heard!
Now, won't you come, please, by the very next train,
And quiver the fears which this message has
stirred?

As I lay on my rug, all curled up for a nap,
To chapel the bell called believers to prayer.
So I shook out my wrinkles, and put on a look,
And followed the worshippers all the way there.

I never had cared for the prim little priest,
Though his doctrine was ancient and orthodox,
too;
But I went ('twas a weak and a dog-like excuse)
To see if perhaps he brought tidings of you.

Well, the chapel was crowded, and no one observed
That I entered, and sat in a fat Christian's shade,
Far away from the minister, organ, and choir;
For the sight of such multitudes made me afraid.

But I heard; for my ears are as keen as a knife,
Oh! they quivered and burned as the parson went
on
With his terrible eloquence, building it high
Then crashing it down again, stone after stone.

How he raved and exhorted,—that hot little man,—
And scattered the hymn-books to left and to right,
Till I grew so uneasy I sprang to my feet,
And held myself ready to bark or to bite.

Then the storm died away, and he pleaded so hard,
With a smile that was soothing and pleasant to
see,
Inviting them all to some beautiful home,
But never a mention of "Wally" or me.

I'm a poor little dog, and can only bow-wow,
Yet his want of politeness quite made me ashamed;
And as for his nonsense, if that should be true,
Why, whether is he or am I to be blamed?

The words of his text were familiar enough,
And, when he said "Come" I knew well what to
do;
And "hungry" and "thirsty" I'm sure I've been both,
Not for long at a time, thanks to master and you.

But, mistress, the lesson the parson would teach
Has struck me, I own, with the saddest surprise;
And I ponder and question, as never before,
Oh! where does a little dog go when he dies?

Now I know why my "Auntie" sighs over her work
Or calls me pet names with a tear in her eye:
She is thinking, no doubt, of the parting to come;
For we never can meet in "the sweet bye and bye."

Had you heard, have you known, of this wonderful
need?
Have you missed this fair "essence," and still
loved me so?
Then, if something I lack, and it be not too late,
Let me earnestly, hopefully, beg for it now.

Most humbly I offer my pretty white paws,
Sweet mistress, if this lies within your control.
Whatever it is and whatever its cost,
Come home by express, and, oh, bring me a soul!
BROWNIE.

NANNIE'S LITTLE MINUTE.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

Mother said, "Take good care of Charlie while I am gone"; and Nannie meant to, and she did for an hour or more. But the afternoon was very long, the longest afternoon Nannie could remember. The waves sang so sweetly, the air was so bright, and she could see the great brown rocks glisten, though she could not see the white foam climbing up their steep sides.

How Nannie longed to see the ships rocking in the harbor, and to hear the voices of the jolly fishermen as they called to each other! She wanted to hunt the pretty colored pebbles on the beach, and build wonderful houses in the white sand, and scoop wells for the tide to fill. And she was never tired of clambering over the rocks, discovering cosey corners, and spying the tiny shells hidden among them.

Such a long afternoon! and baby Carl must not be taken outside the gate.

Baby Carl was good-natured, and amused himself while Nannie leaned over the gate and looked at the glistening brown rocks.

The longest afternoon must have an end; and the great red sun did at last get down to the tree-tops, and the shadow of the house stretched out to the gate and beyond. Just as the sun dipped below the tree-tops Bennie Thorp came along. The "Mermaid" was coming into the harbor, and he had been down to see it. He had hastened to tell Nannie; and, when he found how things were, he said, "Run along, Nan, I'll tend Charlie."

The "Mermaid" was the handsomest sloop in the harbor, and was returning from a week's cruise along the coast. Nan hesitated, her feet slowly taking her outside the

gate. "I think I'll run down just for a little minute," she said.

Nannie saw the sloop majestically round Katoo's Point, and skim up the harbor like a great white bird. Then, as she was so near the beach, she took a run down to it "just for a little minute." She stood close to the water, and let the waves break twice over her bare feet. Then she saw a stone, almost as round as a ball, just out of reach in the water; and she waded in after that. She slipped on the stones and wet her frock, and, while she was wringing it, she spied a great red jelly-fish. Now, Nannie had never seen a red jelly-fish. She had heard the fishermen say they were poisonous, and she watched this with great interest.

While our little maid was examining her curiosity, a party of sandpipers alighted near her. They looked so funny, their little bodies perched on such long, slender legs. Nannie laughed as she watched them running so nimbly after their supper. Then one, two, three great white sea-gulls flew over the water, following the beach. They skimmed so close to the waves, Nannie watched to see if they did touch the water; but the more she looked, the more uncertain she was.

When the sea-gulls had vanished, Nannie turned from the beach with a sigh, only halting once to see if the tide had reached the well she had made in the morning. She reached it just in time to see it washed down, and then hastened home.

Nannie did not see anything of Bennie or Charlie in the yard, and it was suspiciously quiet. "They are playing around on the west side," said Nannie, with an uncomfortable fear that they were not.

The west side was as deserted as the front yard; and Nannie said, "They have gone into the house: it is growing chilly." But no Bennie or Charlie were to be found in the house.

"Oh, dear! I wasn't gone but a little minute: he might have waited," said Nannie.

Now, did he go off and take Charlie with him, or did he leave Charlie there alone? that was the question. Going out to the gate and looking up and down the road in great anxiety, Nannie discovered a scrap of paper pinned to the gate.

"Gone home with Joe. I told Charlie you had gone down to the beach and would be back in a minute. He promised to stay right here. BEN."

That was what the note said. Nannie's brown cheeks grew pale. "He's gone to find me," she thought; and without an instant's delay she sped to the beach, looking in every direction, and shouting, "Charlie, Charlie, Charlie dear!" But only echo answered.

Oh, the great, wild wilderness of rocks, with the fast coming waves dashing against them, and the dark shadows gathering among them! They never had looked so fearsome before. What if—what if Charlie boy was out there!

Nannie scrambled over the rocks, stumbling and slipping in her haste, and brushing the tears from her eyes, that she might see into every dim niche. She fancied now that she spied Charlie's pink frock, and now that she saw a tiny hand. "Dear God," she murmured brokenly between her sobs, "you can see everywhere. Do please take me right to Charlie; and I never, never'll leave him again, even for a little minute, when I'm taking care of him."

Then she came upon Charlie's gay-colored reins,—his horse he called them,—and she did not know whether to be frightened or glad. "Charlie, sweetheart, Nan's darling, can't you hear?" she called, wringing her hands as she listened in vain for an answer.

Scrambling down under a jutting rock that shut out the waves, she heard a tiny voice, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and at the same instant beheld Charlie leaning against the great towering rock, his golden curls making a faint halo against its blackness. "Don't let some fishes bite me, an' don't let sister be drowned, an' don't!"

"Charlie, Charlie!" shrieked Nannie, in a frenzy of joy. "You dearest, dearest, blessedest baby!" She tumbled down the rocks beside him, threw one arm over him, and lay there sobbing and laughing. Charlie looked on with wide open solemn eyes. "I did wait," he said, "one, two, free, four, a

hundred minutes, an' then I fought sister drowned."

"Let's go home now," he said, when Nannie grew calmer; and she took him by the hand, and began to retrace her steps over the slippery, uneven rocks. It was quite dusk, and the ledges had become mountains, and the boulders sea monsters, and she must go slowly for Charlie's little feet. The hurrying waves were so near!

"Shall we be home to-night, do you fink?" asked the child after a time of climbing up and down, and still the dark rocks loomed before them.

Nannie stopped and looked about her. She had seen that the tide had cut her off from the shore, and the waves were dashing high above the low reef between the point and the beach.

"Charlie," said Nannie, "I am as tired as I can be, and so are you. Let's stay here until morning. It will be great fun."

"But it's cold, and I'd ruver have my supper," objected Charlie.

"I'll put my frock over you; and we will not mind about supper, just this once. We'll play we are wrecked, and some brave sailors will come and get us and carry us home, and we'll have supper with our breakfast in the morning."

"We'll have the beautiful angels to take care of us all night; and in the morning we'll see the great golden sun come up out of the ocean and put all the stars to sleep, and wake up all the birds and flowers and folks."

While she had been talking, she made her way to the highest and most sheltered niche she could reach, and, tucking Charlie in the farthest corner, began to sing his "sleepy songs." Very soon the twin stars, looking up from the dark rock, disappeared under their little white curtains.

Nannie was sure she should keep awake all night, but soon her head drooped and all was still in the dark niche.

When Charlie awoke in the morning, he found himself in his own little bed; and he looked about with astonished eyes.

"Nannie," he called, "did ve angels take us home?"

"They showed Uncle Foster and Mr. Craig where to find us," said Nannie.

"Bennie," said Nannie to her little playmate, when he came over to hear the wonderful story, "I think you might have waited just a minute: you promised."

Bennie straightened up, and answered with all the dignity he could command: "Nannie Whitcomb, you were gone almost an hour; and that's almost sixty minutes. I thought, of course, you'd be back pretty quick after all that time."

"Who'd think," said Nannie, "that a little minute could be such a long time!"

ROSIE'S NOSES.

"Oh, dear," sighed Rosie.

The sigh was so deep and Rosie's face so sober that Aunt Em and Sister Lillie looked up from their work.

"What's the matter, Puss?" inquired auntie.

"I wish I didn't have a pug nose," said Rosie, sadly. Auntie and Lillie looked amused; while Rob, who was lying on the

lounge, laughed outright. She was such a little girl that no one suspected a heavier trial than a broken doll or a dead kitten.

"Well, I do," she persisted. "Rob says it points to my bangs."

"So it does," said Rob, still laughing, "straight up to her little curly bangs. Look at it."

"Don't tease her, Robbie," said Aunt Em.

"Don't mind him, my dear," she said to Rosie. "Pug noses are nice. See, mine is a pug."

Rosie looked at Aunt Em's nose critically.

"Well, I don't think it's very nice," she said. "Anyway, I wish I didn't have one."

"You ought to be satisfied with your looks, Rosie," remarked Lillie. "Now my nose is a pug, too; but I don't feel bad about it."

"But you ain't satisfied with your hair, 'cause you curl it with hot irons every day."

"Oh, that's only to make it look a little better," said Lillie, in self defence. "Now, I wouldn't dye it to make it any other color."

"Well, I only want to make my nose look a little better. I don't want to change its color, only its shape."

"What kind of a nose do you want?" asked Aunt Em.

"Like Hannah Lee's," said Rosie. "I heard her mother say yesterday that Hannah's nose was just perfic; and, when she saw me, she said to the lady that was with her, 'What a horrid pug nose that child's got!' and the lady said, 'Yes, ain't she?'"

"I tell you what, Puss, that was hard," exclaimed Rob, "but you just get your nose fixed over. You can do it as easy as a wink. There is a man down town that makes noses grow any shape you want them. And I read the other day that, if you wear a patent clothes-pin on your nose, it will grow straight and 'perfic.'"

"But, Pussie," said Aunt Em, "suppose you changed your nose, and we didn't any of us recognize you, what would you do? I am sure we would all miss that dear little pug if it were gone."

"There'd be my mouth and eyes, and I'd know all the rest of you, and I'd tell you who I was," answered Rosie.

"Of course, you would," said Rob: "no danger but we would know you. I'll send along the first good fairy I see, and have the thing fixed up."

Rosie wondered if he meant it; but she didn't ask him, because he teased so much. Then auntie and Lillie left the room, and Rob soon followed. After that Rosie settled down in the big soft chair by the fire, and as it began to grow dark she wondered why nurse didn't come to put her to bed. While she wondered, the door opened; and the queerest creature came in and walked up close to her. He was very little, not half as high as the table. He had funny thin legs and a big body. His eyes were round and bright, his mouth large and well turned up at the corners, giving him a very jolly look, and his nose was the puggiest of pugs. The little girl knew he was a Brownie. She had seen Brownie pictures often. At first she was frightened and was going to scream, when she caught sight of a little basket he was carrying. It was full of noses of all shapes and sizes. He must be the good fairy Rob was going to send, so her brother wasn't teasing her, after all.

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* Brownie is a little collier.

"I hear you don't like your nose," said the Brownie.

"No," said Rosie, not quite sure whether or not she ought to say "sir."

"Well, all you've got to do is to choose the one you want out of my basket, and I'll have it on for you in no time."

Rosie forgot her fright, and thought only of the new nose that there was a chance of getting. So she watched with interest as the Brownie held up one after another for her inspection.

"Try that now," he said, holding up a large red one, with a big bend in it.

She held it up to her face, and looked in the glass. It made her think of the woman in the fairy story whose chin turned up and nose turned down, making her look like a nut-cracker. "Oh, that won't do at all," she said, laying it back in the basket. "There, let me see that." And she pointed to a beautiful straight white one, as perfect as Hannah Lee's own.

The Brownie handed it to her, and she held it in place.

"Ah, that is fine!" cried he. "What do you think?"

Rosie said it was just what she wanted. So the Brownie took a bag of tools from the basket, and, climbing upon the arm of the chair, began to put the nose on. When he had finished, he said: "Now you look fine indeed with that beautiful nose. All the other children will wish they had seen me, too." And before she could say a word he had gone.

Rosie sat and stared in the glass for a long time, thinking how glad papa and mamma would be to have her look so nice, and how Rob couldn't tease her about her nose any more. But, alas! just as Aunt Em had said, no one knew her. Their Rosie hadn't a straight nose like that, they declared, but a cunning little turned-up one. In vain she told them that it had been made over, and begged them to look at her eyes and hair and mouth, and showed them two rows of pearly teeth. She looked for Rob, but he was not to be found.

It made her sad not to be recognized; but she would go to the Sunday-school picnic, anyway. "I guess they'll know me there," she said to herself.

So she started off, and looked with such scorn upon several girls with pug noses that she met on her way that she almost made the new straight one turn up. She went into the Sunday-school room, and took her seat. Soon Rosie's teacher came in.

"Who are you, my dear?" she asked.

"I'm Rose Cady," the child replied timidly.

"Oh, no, you can't be: Rosie hasn't that kind of a nose."

Poor, poor Rosie! The happy moment had come for starting, and hundreds of little eyes danced with pleasure, and hundreds of little feet could scarcely keep from dancing; but Rosie stood sorry and ashamed. Her teacher called the superintendent, and said to him, "Here is a little girl who says she is Rose Cady, but she doesn't look the least like her."

"It's funny," thought Rosie, "that noses are the only things girls are known by"; and then she said aloud, "I came to go to the picnic."

"Why not let her go?" asked the superintendent.

"It wouldn't do at all: we can take only our own pupils, and likely her mother knows nothing about it. I'm sorry, my dear; but we couldn't think of taking you."

Rosie walked out, her heart almost bursting, and that horrid nose hurting all the time. Here were a hundred happy boys and girls all dressed clean, and with their very own noses, going in a big boat up the river, with music, too, and plenty of good things to eat; and she, because she hadn't been satisfied with her nose, was turned right away from her own Sunday-school picnic. This state of affairs would never do, and she didn't know where the Brownie had gone. Soon she caught a glimpse of him a little way ahead.

"I want my own nose," she shrieked, and put up her hand to pull off the one he had given her, it was hurting so; and then she sat up in the big soft chair, and saw Rob on the lounge, laughing. In her hand was—what? Not a new nose at all, but a patent clothes-pin, one of the kind that work with a spring, and is warranted to make pug

noses grow straight, if worn long enough. "Did you put that thing on my nose, Rob?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Puss: I wanted to help you get a 'perfic' nose. I thought you'd be glad to get rid of your pug."

Rosie jumped down from the chair, and smoothed her skirts. "I think a pug nose is as nice to have as any other," she replied, with dignity.—*Alice A. Smith, in Harper's Young People.*

For the Christian Register.

IN THE MILL.

BY ANNA J. GRANNIS.

The sun comes up, and the day is crowned,
With its face turned toward the west;
And all day long in the mill is found
The bustle of toil's unrest.

The steam sings out to the silent steel,
Till pulley and shaft reply;
The thread unwinds from its mimic reel,
And slips through the needle's eye.

Click, click, and over the long white track
The stitches begin to go,
Like tiny steps where none turn back
In crossing a field of snow.

Or whether the softest south winds blow,
Or the north grows dark with fears,
While the changing seasons come and go,
I'm stitching away the years.

And the great world never asks nor cares
What may go in with the seams,
Whether bits of song or broken prayers
Or only a toiler's dreams.

When toil is done, and the day kneels down,
With its worn face turned away,
While cool hands take off its fevered crown,
And slip on its robe of gray,

Then up and down through the busy mill
Its swift wheels begin to slow,
And the loud pulse of the steam grows still
In the engine-room below.

And the old bell, waiting in its tower
For pulley and shaft to cease,
Rings the first stroke of the closing hour,
For the toiling hands' release.

And then from the great deserted rooms
The grim shadows chase the light;
The dim corners quickly fill with glooms,
And the mill shuts down for night.

A LINCOLN STORY.

Two letters were once addressed to a certain corps commander of the army of the Potomac on the eve of a forward movement,—one of them written by Gen. Halleck, chief of staff, and the other by Mr. Lincoln. Gen. Halleck's letter contained a warning couched in this fashion: "In undertaking to place your command on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock, you will exercise extreme caution in affording full protection to your advance, rear and flanks, in order that the enemy may not be encouraged to make an attack while your forces are separated in the act of crossing." This was good advice. Lincoln gave it to the same commander in the note which he wrote to him, but this was the form in which he expressed it: "Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on a fence, neither able to hook with your horns nor kick with your hoofs."—*Exchange.*

GRANDPA'S PIGS.

Tom had come to spend a week on grandpa's farm. Tom was a city boy, so he loved to run in the green fields, feed the chickens, and ride to the mill with brown Dobbin. Grandma said Tom was a very good boy, and grandpa said he would make a fine farmer some day. Tom loved to see Henry, grandpa's man, feed the little pigs. How they would gobble up their supper! and Tom would laugh to see them tumbling over each other, as if they were trying to find out which one could eat the most.

One day grandma had a tea-party. She dressed Tom in his new suit, and sent him out to walk in the flower-garden until the ladies came. But Tom thought he could at least go and look at the piggies. So he climbed up on the fence, and threw bits of leaves on their backs to wake them up.

All at once there was a big crash, and the board Tom was sitting on broke in two. Down went poor Tom into the pig-pen! Oh, what frightened piggies! And, oh, what a dirty boy, all over mud!

Grandpa heard a sob as he passed near by, and he thought the piggies must be very funny ones if they could cry like that. So he looked over the fence; and there in the corner of the pen sat poor Tom, crying as if his heart would break.

"Oh, ho!" laughed grandpa. "What new piggy is this in my pen?"

Grandma washed him and changed his clothes. But Tom had to wear his old sailor suit to the tea-party; and grandpa said every time Tom came near him that night,—

"Well, how is my new little prize pig?"

Mother said Tom deserved it all for not staying in the garden, as grandma told him to do; and, whenever Tom wanted to disobey, she would say,—

"Remember grandpa's little pigs."—*Sunbeam.*

OCCUPATIONS OF A HINDU WOMAN.

Some consider her a painted idol kept for amusement and pleasure as a plaything. Others know her to be a drudge on whom all the hard work of the family falls, and which takes up all her time and attention. Both their views are exaggerations of the real state of things, and do her injustice. She rises in the morning very early and sees to the work of sweeping the house and sprinkling water on parts of it, and the utensils cleansed and washed. This is ordinarily done by the menial servant. This done, she prepares to bathe. She dresses her hair and anoints it and her body with oil, generally some scented oil, and then goes into the bath, or some river, if there be one hard by. The bathing over, she changes her clothes, and, having arranged for the cooking, enters into the room where the family idol is kept. There she makes the necessary arrangements with her own hand for the morning devotions, and goes through her religious exercises. The cooking is done either by herself or by a Brahmin, male or female, entertained for the purpose. All the members of the family then partake of the dinner,—the males first, then the females, and last of all the menial servants. She then takes a little *siesta*, lying down either talking with the other members or reading some religious work, rarely going to sleep. In the afternoon again the house is swept clean, and the members are busy with their respective works. The accounts of milk and bazaar expenses are kept up. In the evening clothes are again changed; and the requirements of the evening religious service are attended to, and the arrangements for the evening meal made. After all have taken their supper, the ladies attend to their toilet, and prepare to go to bed. The children share a good portion of the attention of the housewife as well as the chief male members of the family.—*Unity and the Minister.*

WILLIE'S SCHEME.

"My pa's going to get me a parrot some day," said Willie; "an' I'm going to keep him in my room when mamma reads stories to me, so's he'll learn 'em, and tell 'em to me when nobody's got time to read to me."—*Harper's Young People.*

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BIRDS.

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS.

In undisturbed forests and meadows, where the foot of man rarely penetrates, the proportion of birds varies little from decade to decade. But where man has entered the proportion changes with each passing year. Few persons who have not looked into the matter realize to what an extent this is true. This country is so wide in extent that it might be hard to tell just how many species of birds have become extinct, but in England the geographical limits make this more nearly possible. Mr. W. H. Hudson, the well-known ornithologist, in a pamphlet entitled "Lost British Birds," shows that, of the four hundred species formerly at home in Great Britain, but two hundred can now be claimed; and many of those are never seen on land. They are sea-fowl, and rarely touch the shore. "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," wrote Shakespeare; but it will soon sing only in poetry. In London the markets receive daily, in the early spring, from twenty to forty thousand larks, which arrive every morning in sacks, and are sold to the dealers by the bushel measure!

How is it in this country? One has but to go through the markets of any city, especially in the South, to see scores and hundreds of song-birds exposed for sale. New England people watch for the blue birds, and herald their arrival in the newspapers, rejoicing in the advent of summer which they prophesy. But the heralds who last year essayed their first flight among the branches of the apple-trees will not all come back this year. An ornithologist, walking through the market in Washington, paused to count three hundred blue-birds in one stall. The feathers had been stripped off to hide the iniquity from the general public, but the trained eye of the naturalist was not deceived. Such was the welcome these songsters had on their northward way!

Myriads of song-birds of many species lose their lives every year to gratify the appetite of man. Robins are considered legitimate table birds in some parts of the country, an expert sometimes bagging three thousand in a day. Even the oriole and song sparrow share the same fate, and the bobolink is shot by the thousand wherever the merry little fellow is found. Even the tiny wren is killed for food in some places.

But, shocking as it seems to slaughter these exquisite songsters for the mere bite of food that they supply, the number of lives sacrificed to fashion mounts up to millions, in spite of the long crusade against this Vandalism. The natives of India are learning that by selling their ploughs and draught animals and buying guns and ammunition they can make more money shooting birds for ladies' hats. They have yet to learn that, when the birds are all gone, it will be impossible to raise crops. In one province of India, within a period of three days, thirty thousand birds were killed for the milliner's trade. One consignment brought to England thirty-two thousand humming birds, eighty thousand water fowl, and eight hundred thousand pairs of wings. From South America and the West Indies, at one auction, three hundred and sixty thousand bird skins were sold. It is not strange, then, that careful estimates place the unnecessary slaughter of birds at eight millions annually. Think what a royal symphony is hushed, what beauty of form and color is thrown away, and what a flood of joyous, innocent life is barbarously cut off!

It is said that sentiment has been developed to the extent of no longer demanding the sweetest singing birds for millinery purposes; but, if they are not songsters, they are at least harmless, and in almost every case they are the valued friends of man. Who can estimate the loss to the world, not only in beauty and cheer, but in the more material shape of loss of crops of grain and fruits? A few years ago, in the blossoming season, the orchards of the land were filled with myriads of tiny warblers and other migratory birds, so small that they were hardly noticed among the flowers. With their busy little bills they killed countless numbers of injurious insects, and their coming was a blessing to the horticulturist.

Their disappearance has been followed by fruit diseases of every kind. The same is true of the grain fields. The birds that lived on weed seeds are rapidly disappearing in their turn, and the weeds rejoice and spring up with renewed vigor. In the gardens the cut-worms, learning that their foes in birdland have been conquered by man, thrive apace, and in turn will win the victory over man himself.

It may be asked, What can be done about this matter? Can the lost birds be found again? Not those that have been exterminated. But there are some species in danger of extinction that in time, by protection, might be restored in large numbers, as has been done in a few places in regard to the beautiful little sea tern. Much can be done by legislation if a wise public spirit will insist on having the laws obeyed.

Nothing but enlightenment can cure this evil. And that brings the whole reform back to the parents' door. It is slow work trying to reform the gourmand who is willing to sacrifice a life for the tasty bit of a wild bird's breast. It is dreary trying to reform the devotee of fashion who worships an ever-changing god. But there is some cheer in the thought that every new generation gives fresh soil in which to plant new germs of good. It is the mothers and fathers who, by precept and example, must teach the children the value, the beauty, and the sacredness of bird life. It is in the home that the little ones must learn the cruelty of robbing these defenceless creatures of their sunny existence, and the unkindness to the world in depriving the earth of the charm of their presence. If it be true as is claimed by some naturalists that the small boy is the bird's worst enemy, then half the battle is won if the small boy can be conquered.

But, as the parents alone cannot do everything for their children, teachers and pastors must be enlisted in this fight. Intelligent teachers, whose interests and sympathies are on the side of the birds, can have a great influence in developing the humane spirit in their pupils. And, if preachers are inclined to think that bird life is beneath pulpit notice, they should be reminded who said that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the Father's notice. Ruskin was not far from right in saying that perfect sympathy with animals is necessary, not only for the education of a gentleman, but of a Christian. The rule of the Society of St. George might well be the rule to be adopted by all who would come into this sympathy: "I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."

Personals.

Rev. J. S. Thomson, pastor of Unity Church, Los Angeles, Cal., will not be able to visit his mother in Liverpool, England, during his summer vacation, as he had intended to do. He and Mrs. Thomson will spend August and September in Montreal, New England, and New York.

The death of Emily Faithfull, the well-known English philanthropist, has brought out many tributes to her effective work. By her practical ideas and her unwearied earnestness she has done more than any other one woman in England to help on the industrial freedom of her sisters.

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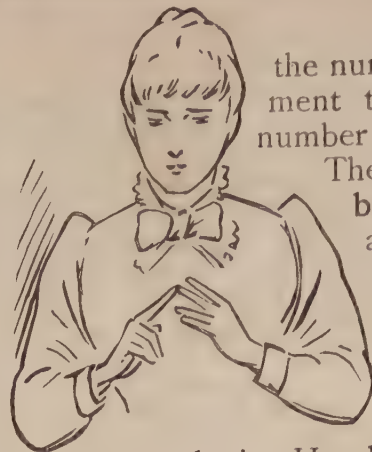
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I take great pleasure in the Unitarian and recommend it right and left. There are few other magazines I read so much.—Massachusetts.

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Just to lie Still! Maud L. Cotton.

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Ho! petty prattler of sparkling sin,
Paradox-monger, slave of the queer!
All your wish is a name to win,
To shock the dullards, to sack the tin,—
Wait till you come to ninety year!

Curled locks cover your shallow brains,
Twaddle and tinkle is all your cheer,
Sickly and sullied your amorous strains,
Pessimist praters of fancied pains,
What do you think of *this* ninety year?

Ninety times over let May day pass
(If you should live, which you won't, I fear),
Then you will know that you were but an ass,
Then you will shudder and moan, "Alas!
Would I had known it some ninety year!"

Pledge him round! He's a man, I declare:
His heart is warm, though his hair be gray,
Modest, as though a record so fair,
A brain so big and a soul so rare,
Were a mere matter of every day.

His eloquent lips the truth have kissed,
His valiant eyes for the right have shone.
Pray and listen,—'twere well you list,—
Look not away lest the chance be missed,
Look on a man ere your chance be gone!

Martineau lives, he's alive, he's here!
He loved and married seventy years syne.
Look at him, taintless of fraud or fear,
Alive and manful at ninety year,
And blush at your pitiful pessimist whine!
—*From Punch, May 11, 1895.*

The Sunday School.

Children's Sunday was noticed in Lawrence, June 16, by the Unitarian Sunday-school, Rev. George H. Young, pastor and superintendent. The exercises occurred in the forenoon, taking the place of the morning service. Flowers decorated the pulpit, songs were well sung by the children, remarks were made by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and Mr. Young christened one child. A goodly attendance of adults helped to fill the church.

A notable union service commemorative of Children's Sunday was held in Dorchester at the Third Religious Church, Rev. F. B. Mott, pastor. Dr. Daly, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and others have worked hard to make this the great success it was. The Methodist, Orthodox, and Baptist Sunday-schools joined with the Unitarian, and used the Flower Service for 1894 published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The effect of this large volume of voices was inspiring. Remarks were made by several clergymen. Such a union service as this should be repeated in many places.

In Barre, Sunday, June 23, similar exercises were held in the Unitarian church, Rev. A. F. Bailey, pastor. The songs and services were in charge of Mr. Wheelwright, and these were given in the forenoon. There was a large congregation in attendance. The Flower Service of 1893 published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society was used to good effect, the carols being finely rendered. The chief address was given by Rev. Edward A. Horton. The appearance and spirit of the school were admirable. In the evening the guild of this church held its last meeting of the season, with a very large number present. Mrs. Cook read a paper, which was excellent, on "Religion in Every-day Life." Remarks were made by various members, and the evening passed with great profit. This guild is one of the most vigorous in the denomination, and proves a helpful part of the church life.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Southern Presbyterian* on the Armenian question:—

If diplomacy brings nations to such a pass that they cannot lift up a stern voice for fair dealing, then diplomacy had better be laid aside, and common sense and common righteousness be assumed as the principles of international government. England had little excuse in the days of Cromwell for interfering in the affairs of Savoy, but her letter calling for a halt in the persecution of the Waldenses shines out as a bright star in the night of a dark and troubled time.

The *London Christian World*, in commenting on one of the recent lynchings in this country, says:—

Granting that the three men were guilty and deserved death,—though that is not proved without a fair trial,—the lynching remains as an act of lawless barbarity that might, perhaps, be expected from Turks in Armenia, but not from nominally civilized Christians in America. If the men were guilty, the law would have sent them to the scaffold. The white mob, by ignoring the law, have brought it into contempt, and

have put themselves on a level with the guilty blacks by turning themselves into wild beasts. If the State has any respect for its honor, it will inflict on the lynchers condign punishment.

Zion's Herald sees in the work of Mr. Roosevelt an effectual means to promote the single standard of morality for both sexes:

Mr. Roosevelt's latest stroke—to treat men arrested for "disorderly conduct" with the same severity which is visited upon women apprehended for the same offence—will mark a new epoch in morality in our metropolitan city.

The *Lowell Times* recognizes the divinity of a mother's love:—

The preference of motherhood is generally based on an instinct which tends to protect the one whom others do not favor,—not only the weak and feeble, but the bad and worthless. And it is better so. It is better that the mother heart, erring in its judgment and hoping against hope to the end, should still go out, loving and condoning, pitying and sustaining where none other can and will; for there will always be plenty to bear hardly upon the sinner, while endless compassion and undying love are seldom found in this world outside the mother's heart. Many a black sheep can vouch for the truth of this maternal instinct. Many a man has been rescued and brought back to manhood and good citizenship who, without the tender, pitying compassion and sustaining force of a mother's love, would have been wholly lost.

Charities and Reforms.

The annual report of the New England Watch and Ward Society shows active continuance of the work that this society has been doing for the past seventeen years toward the promotion of a purer public sentiment. Lotteries, gambling, objectionable posters and theatrical performances, have all been the objects of their successful crusades. An article by Frederick B. Allen, on "How shall a Great City deal with the Social Evil?" is included in the report.

COUNTRY WEEK CHARITY.—The Ladies' Committee in charge of the "Country Week" at the Young Men's Christian Union are hoping to receive donations from many more of the friends of this beautiful charity, so that they will not be obliged to disappoint the many worthy and needy little children now on their carefully prepared lists from having a health-and-pleasure-giving vacation in the country this season. Very kind donations have recently been received from friends travelling in Europe, accompanied with pleasant words showing their interest in this charity for the poor little children of this city. It is hoped that others, in the enjoyment of their own vacations, may similarly remember those in great need of a country visit and without the means of enjoying it. Contributions may be enclosed to William H. Baldwin, President, 48 Boylston Street, Boston, marked "Country Week," for which receipts will be promptly sent.

Here and There.

The Turkish government intends to establish an earthquake observatory at Constantinople.

A one-shilling scarlet Newfoundland postage stamp recently brought \$282 at the sale of the Levison collection in New York.

Italian grape-culturists are now making illuminating oil from grape-seeds, from which they get a product of from 10 to 15 per cent. It is clear, colorless, and inodorous, and burns without smoke.

The manner in which Protestantism in the south of Ireland is decreasing, mainly through emigration, can be inferred from the fact that in the parish of Killarney, according to the rector, Archdeacon Wynne, there was in 1889 a total church population of 268 persons, while last year there were in the same parish only 178 church people, or a decrease of over 66 per cent. in five years.

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Pleasantries.

So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs England was deaf to her cries.—*Irish Newspaper.*

"Whin I walk," said an Irishman, who objected to the bicycle, "I prefer to have my feet on the ground."—*Youth's Companion.*

"How many bells are in this chime?" asked the curious traveller. "Eight, all tolled," said the sexton.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Ah," said the old printer, who had just come down to be a waiter in a cheap restaurant, "this is like old times. Here I am distributing pi!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

At a country school in England it is said that one of the examiners in a general exercise wrote the word "dozen" on the black-board, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Nobody can deny that postage-stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly. "It's on page ninety-eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets o' stamps than any other country of its size in the world."—*Harper's Young People.*

In one of the primary Sunday-school classes the lesson of the Good Samaritan was being reviewed. The teacher asked, "What had happened to the poor man who had been hurt and was at the side of the road?" Little Johnnie, who seldom speaks, raised his hand. The teacher was pleased, and said, "Well, Johnnie, you may tell." "Please, Miss A., he was run over by a 'lectric car."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

As many of you know who have big brothers and sisters in college, *c* is pronounced like *k* in Latin words. Two little boys had heard something about this difference of pronunciation. They were overheard talking, and this was what they said: Bobby: "Our dog's name is Cicero, but since my brother's been to college he calls it 'Kickero.'" Johnny: "I s'pose that's the way they pronounce it at college. They're all crazy on football!"—*Good News.*

Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright, and knows her own antecedents and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed, and spoke cheerily: "I'm so glad to meet you. I've often wanted to. It's so funny. My name is Sawyer, and my grandfather was a tailor; and your name is Taylor, and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

An absent-minded young preacher in New England, wishing to address the young ladies of his congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home. He was almost as badly mixed, the narrator of this story says, as another speaker, who, after describing a pathetic scene he had witnessed, added huskily, "I tell you, brothers, there was hardly a dry tear in the house."—*Harper's Young People.*

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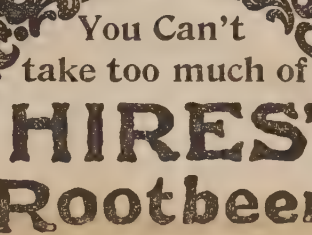
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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

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Editorial.

REV. C. F. DOLE's article in the *New England Magazine* for July, "The Evangelical Movement in America," is an unusually fine piece of work. It has great clearness of thought and keen insight into the action of religious forces. He presents his subject with judicial fairness, and his outline of the different phases of this movement is analyzed and stated with signal fidelity to the facts and the motives of the parties. It breathes a high ethical tone, and has the ring of the Puritan and the prophet. It is inspiring and uplifting to read a sketch like this, which rises above the narrowness of the partisan into the higher atmosphere of historic and religious truth. We hope that all our readers, for their own instruction and quickening, will not fail to read it.

THE drama that took place last week at Jackson, Ky., is one which cannot fail to excite sadness in the minds of the thoughtful. "Bad Tom Smith," who has been associated with several murders, was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Before his execution he was converted to the Baptist faith, and received a public immersion. So far-spread was the excitement that several thousand people attended the scene, after which the crowd went in a body from the river's bank to the place of execution, and there in a hollow square listened to his confession. So general was the sympathy for the murderer, it is reported that one hundred one-gallon jugs of whiskey were sent to the jail by admiring friends within

a few days of his execution. The various features of this spectacle were such as could only exist in a low moral state of society, and they make a burlesque of the sanctity both of law and religion.

A CONVENTION of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church will begin its session on July 10 in Boston. Delegations from all parts of the country will be present, and a special feature will be the presence of a considerable number of women preachers. Foremost among these will be Rev. Augusta Chapin, the only woman, it is said, who has received the degree of D.D. She is a college graduate, and has been preaching more than thirty years. She is described as "a brilliant speaker, a forcible writer, and an untiring worker." Rev. Florence E. Kollock, who recently took a special course at Newnham College, England, and is a colleague pastor at Pasadena, Cal., will also be present. A number of other women preachers from the West will take part. Probably there are more women in the Universalist pulpit than in any other single Christian denomination, and their presence at this convention will add interest and value to the proceedings.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT's recent address on "Evolution" before the North-western University has made quite a stir among the old-school Western orthodox. A correspondent voices this in a rambling protest sent to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. He says it was evident that the aim of Dr. Abbott was to overthrow the orthodox teachings of the Bible, and to substitute uncertain speculations. It is unaccountable to him that an orthodox institution should spend a whole year in teaching the cream of orthodox truth, and then send for a man to kick it over and leave the sour milk of speculation. Of the government of the universe his critic says that Dr. Abbott takes a purely theistic view. Then the same critic, in his wrath, turns upon Dr. Drummond the charge of teaching Pantheism. Dr. Drummond, he adds, not only differs from the Bible on minor points, but also on the fundamental and essential doctrines on which the whole of Christianity rests. The fact is the science and history of the college professor and the preacher of Plymouth Church are in antagonism with the creed taught in the orthodox theological school. If you accept as truth the teaching of the old theology, you must reject the new science and history. Dr. Abbott and Dr. Drummond, in accepting the new science and history as truth, have to throw overboard the old creed; and this is the alternative which all clear and logical thinkers must accept. In the end opinion must always yield to fact.

THE death of Prof. Huxley is a great loss to the world. Few men of our time have filled a larger place or done a nobler work. In the paths of science he was an original discoverer, and he has made very valuable contributions to human knowledge. He brought to the examination of nature keen faculties of observation, a vigorous intellect, and that power of quick generalization by which laws are derived from facts and the horizon of knowledge enlarged. He was a lover of truth for its own sake, and was both frank and brave in his utterance and defence of his own convictions. As the conclusions he reached in his investigations frequently brought him into conflict with the prevailing religious opinions, he often took up the lance in defence of his teaching; and he was a vigorous fighter. He crossed swords with many of the higher dignitaries of the Church, and gave as well as took many severe thrusts. In the domain of science he ranks among the chief. His services and the nature and extent of his labors must be left for a future and fuller treatment. What he has done in

various ways is of priceless worth and of imperishable value. Though his mind had a large sweep, it had its limitations. In the heat of controversy with theologians he would sometimes lose his judicial fairness. But, take him all in all, his name will remain with that of Tyndall and Darwin, as illustrious examples of men who by their tireless industry and devotion in the pursuit of knowledge have made extensive acquisitions and become benefactors of mankind.

DEAN EVERETT, at the annual meeting of the alumni of the Divinity School, made a favorable report of the work and the condition of the school during the past year. Fifty-two students have received instruction, though only forty-four have attended at a single time. There are nineteen who at present design to enter the Unitarian ministry: the rest now belong to other denominations. Some of them will probably later in their studies graduate from other theological schools. There are five graduates from Meadville who are taking a post-graduating course. The next year the proctor will be a Methodist who entered with the intention of only remaining a portion of the time, but was advised by Bishop Vincent to take the entire course, and has decided to do so. There is a very kindly spirit among the students; and, while there is a marked difference of opinion and a frank expression of this difference, there is a wide-spread social feeling among them, and a deeper tone of spiritual life. In various ways the students were working together in full harmony. There has been an increase in the teaching force of the school by the appointment of a new professor, a graduate of the Andover School, who for two years has been studying in Germany for this purpose. He will be associated with Prof. Thayer in the department of the New Testament, and will bring to his work unusual ability and promise. The new plan at Cambridge in its working has proved to be a signal success. The result gives great pleasure to the government of the school, and should encourage the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary in their efforts for broader and more independent lines of study.

WE have an illustration of how to solve the strike question in the method adopted by the bricklayers and the builders of New York City. This, as probably may be known by many of our readers, was adopted in 1885, and grew out of a strike. After a struggle both sides became eager to come to an agreement. A joint committee from seven labor unions met an equal number selected by the builders; and they entered upon a mutual agreement April 9, 1883. The builders promised to pay at once 42 cents an hour, to be raised to 45 cents as soon as all the builders could be brought into line. In 1887 the rate was raised to 50 cents an hour, and this has continued until now. Thus it will be seen that for ten years the men have been getting better wages than before. The joint arbitration board consists at present of sixteen members,—one from each of the eight bricklayers' unions of the city and an equal number from the Mason Builders' Association. By March 1 each year this committee has passed upon the agreement for the coming year. All past grievances are brought before the board to be settled; but, while the questions are under consideration, the men continue their work. The cases after a full hearing are decided. If the workman is in the wrong, the men sustain the builders; and, if the builder is in the wrong, other builders compel him to pay the fine or right the wrong. The success of this plan rests on the fact that both parties have strong organizations. The results in this case have been such that the builders three years ago aided the hod-carriers to form an organization, and made a like

arrangement with them. The builders, we are told, are now seeking, and with probable success, to extend arbitration to all the building trades in New York City. If in other cities both parties would enter into this plan in the right spirit, what is to prevent it from becoming universal?

RECENTLY we noticed the existence of prejudice against race and color in Rhode Island. In Eastern and Central Europe this spirit has burst forth with intense fury. When the new czar was crowned, the Jews indulged the hope that the severe laws existing in Russia against them would be softened; but they have been doomed to disappointment. These edicts are still burdensome. Besides other hardships, their schools are closed; and the children have no instruction. Not long since in Germany a funeral procession of Jews was broken up, and thus the most sacred affections were outraged. In Vienna the late city election resulted in returning so large a number of anti-Semitic officials that they, by combining with other groups, held control of the municipal government. The emperor, fearing the consequence of this coalition, has ordered the city affairs to be taken from the hands of the elected officers. In various ways the race hatred is blazing with great fury, and the most atrocious outrages are committed against the Jews. Worst of all, in some cases even the authorities wink at this savagery toward the despised people. The feeling is very much intensified by the addition of religious hatred; and, from present indication, the fierceness and cruelty seem to be on the increase. This spirit of antagonism which so extensively prevails proves that large strata of savagery still exist, untouched as yet by the higher forces of intelligence and justice. The very alphabet of the religion of Jesus is yet to be learned and practised before a radical reform can come and a higher civilization prevail.

LIBERAL CONFEDERATION.

It is not surprising that the general tendency of the time toward a consolidation of kindred organizations should show itself in the religious field, and that, together with much effort among the Christian sects to combine for practical work, there should be talk of a liberal confederation. What may be possible and what impossible in this direction is a question worth careful and candid consideration.

There are now in existence three denominational organizations to which the name liberal may be fairly applied,—those controlled, respectively, by the Jews, the Universalists, and the Unitarians. There are besides these many local religious societies bearing no denominational name and entirely independent in their character. Of all these organizations it may be said that they are working on closely parallel lines and toward the same ideal. Neither of them probably cares very deeply at heart for the name it bears, save as that name stands for an effective working fellowship which time has matured and strengthened.

But, while the three main branches of the liberal movement in religious thought have grown to be so like one another, in many respects, that it is hard to tell the difference between them, one can see that anything like consolidation is, for the present, as impossible as if they were entirely unlike. It is both a wise and a strong instinct which tells each one to cling to the organization it has, and forbids it to exchange that for any new form of union, whatever theoretical gains may be promised, because of the uncertainties that beset such an experiment. These organizations are the fruition of great labors and sacrifices. They are filled with sacred memories and traditions, which constitute a large measure of their power; and they constitute, in the hands of those who have charge

of them, a very sacred trust. Courage is a good quality, and men must often risk serious losses for the sake of more splendid gains; but, when it comes to the surrender of what has been built up by long and costly effort as a means of good to all the world, the certainty of something better must be very clear to free one from the charge of foolish recklessness.

But, if consolidation be out of the question, has not the time come for some form of confederation to be adopted? Undoubtedly, such a means of united action can be established if the results to be looked for are sufficient to repay the effort. What results are set before us? It is said, in the first place, that in this manner needless and wasteful antagonisms could be avoided. But it must be replied to this argument that, if any large amount of antagonism exists between the bodies it is proposed to federate, that must render their union impossible; and, if there is little antagonism, then there is little need of taking steps to correct it. The latter is probably the truer statement. Some jealousies may show themselves here and there in out-of-the-way places; but these are hardly worth noticing, in comparison with a general feeling of mutual respect and good will.

It is urged again that independent churches throughout the country would join a new federal organization, though they will not unite with any existing denomination. On what ground this expectation stands it is hard to see. Neither is it plain what greater attractions the new organization would possess, nor is there any evidence of a new desire on the part of these isolated societies to ally themselves with a general organization. Their whole history shows a strong preference to stand by themselves; and, if we are to judge by the experience of the Liberal Congress, they are by no means generally eager to unite among themselves or with some larger religious body.

A third argument for federation is that there are many small places where there are liberals enough of different names to support a church, if only they could be brought together, though each class is too weak to support a church by itself. This is undoubtedly true, and we must all wish that there were some way of meeting the problem which these small communities present. But, when we ask where the means for doing this much needed work are to be found, there is only one answer to give: they must come from churches which think they are already doing their utmost in support of missionary work. In other words, the denominational churches must carry forward their denominational work, and add to that the burden of maintaining the new federal organization proposed.

The probabilities are that, for the present at least, liberal churches could not or would not support both these lines of work and support them well. No one can say that the field which confederation might be expected to reach and cultivate is not important; but, with limited resources at our command, we have to ask ourselves, What is the most important thing we can do? And the liberal denominations are likely to feel for some time to come that their own work of church extension demands all the support they can give.

TEACHING PATRIOTISM.

In former days it seems to have been believed that patriotism was best taught at home beside the paternal knee, around the winter fire on windy nights, when the thoughts easily reverted to great and heroic deeds done by the fathers and mothers of the country, and the story of battle and moving incident and glorious sacrifice for the sake of country came readily to the lips of the elders who were fond of instructing and delighting the young.

But now life is too rapid and absorbed, too much filled with unimportant but exacting trifles, to give time for the best of all teaching—that of parents and grandparents and elder kinsfolk—to eager-minded and alert-eared children, who listen with absorbed interest to the tale of the ages and the deeds of the forefathers. The first mode of teaching history and patriotism, the oral mode, invented by Homer and handed down by the Grecian rhapsodes, was the best; but, unfortunately, there is no longer time and leisure to thus instruct the young. It was therefore imperative that some system-

atic teaching of children should be instituted in the schools, that they might not be left to grow up absolutely ignorant of the history of their country, its organization and laws, and the duties of citizenship, nor wholly to miss that kindling of mind and heart that comes from the glowing recital of deeds worthy of emulation. The patriotic spirit grows by noble examples of men who have lived and died for their native land, have laid the foundations of free institutions in struggle and endurance and the sacrifice of their lives, and propped the infant State by their devotion and wisdom.

Thus the custom has grown up of setting apart a day for the recital and commemoration of these things, and of saluting the flag in the schools, pledging fealty and love to the symbol of the nation. Of late years a little more attention has been paid to the teaching of American history; but this tentative effort still falls short of what it should be, in order thoroughly to ground the young in knowledge of the great principles on which our government rests, and the love and reverence requisite to its perpetuity. It is said that no thoroughly admirable school history of the United States has as yet been produced. Scores of writers have tried their 'prentice hands at this worthy task, but nothing comparable to Green's "Short History of England" has resulted. The work is yet to be achieved, and it is worthy the attention of the best writers of the time.

But books, after all, can teach less than the living voice, and the object-lessons of the great anniversaries which have been thickly strewn over the past twenty years, from the battles of Lexington and Concord to the monster fair at Chicago. These have been of prime importance in the education of the people, and especially of the young. Concrete history is always the best. Pageants, memorials, statues, picture, story, help to make vital the driest detail of the past. Gradually we are gathering a great body of these things, that will help the American boy and girl to read as they run, and to remember the important fact, and work it into life and experience. What boy with a seeing eye in his head and a feeling heart in his breast can pass unheeded by the pathetic statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park, New York, unmoved to pity and admiration for the young hero and martyr, who, when led to execution as a spy by his country's enemies, exclaimed, "Would that I had a hundred lives, that I might give them all for my dear country!" Here is a living, concrete bit of history,—a fact that still throbs with red blood and pregnant meaning for ardent souls. We need more such memorials for the education of the young. The vivid presentation of example is the propulsive force of patriotism.

The scholastic training is good, especially for the swarms of dark-skinned children who crowd now the school benches in cities,—peaceful invaders from over seas, who come with strange, outlandish words upon their tongues, as ignorant of our history and laws and traditions as the occupants of cattle ships. But they have in them the stuff to make Americans, if rightly kneaded; to become the upholders of the peace and prosperity of the nation, if light is let in on their untutored souls and a spark of love is kindled for their adopted land,—no stepmother, but more generous than any own mother the Old World provides for the moneyless and untaught. What a task for a nation,—to turn Slav, Italian, Scandinavian boys and girls into patriots and lovers! And yet it must be done if these dense incoming hordes are to buttress, and not to wreck, the republic.

These inchoate masses have strained the capacity of the schools. New methods of teaching have been adopted, new adaptations to conditions that scarcely existed ten years ago. This stubborn material,—how can it be made to run into the mould of American citizenship, with an enlightened love of country? It is a great problem, unthought of by the founders of our system of free schools. It was not dreamed that we were to be pedagogue to all Europe, and part of Asia and Africa. But for these strange new-comers, more than for the others, is the concrete, patriotic lesson the best,—something to be embraced by eye and mind, to be printed as an image, a picture, on the brain. For this reason it is a pity that the great opportunity offered by our

noblest anniversary, the Fourth of July, is mainly squandered. All that has come out of it for the children is the fire-cracker, the deadly toy pistol, the rocket and Roman candle, and other contrivances by which the day, instead of being a time of joy and gratitude to the peaceably disposed, has become a period of dread and torture, leaving behind it a long trail of casualties and fatalities to life and limb. It shows how careless we are of our most precious heritage, that this great day of memory, hope, and promise, the grandest in our history, and perhaps in the history of the world, should be allowed to fall into the hands of noisy hoodlums, who profane its most sacred associations and make it a terror to the law-abiding.

When will this blatant, uproarious Fourth of July yield to a reform movement for the proper observance of the day? The invention of the American people has signally failed in the illustration of this our noblest holiday. It should be rescued from the hands of roughs and rowdies who profane its sacred memories, and restored to its pristine use, as a stimulator of pure patriotism, a means of kindling a new spirit of devotion to the fatherland. Noise, vulgarity, carousing, profanity, now mark its path; and the precious opportunities of the day are wasted because of the apathy and indifference of the American people.

DISTANT MISERY.

Is it not Gibbon who says, "Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery"? But that was written more than a hundred years ago. There is no longer any distant misery. The railroad, the swift-coursing ocean steamer, the telegraph, have brought all places near. A hundred years ago, had there been at Kiel a great international celebration of a bloodless naval victory, it would have taken weeks for the news to reach us; and whatever ebullition of joy and gladness there might have been would have effervesced and passed away before the cold type could have told the story. To-day the flash of the electric spark brings the message to our doors almost before the hour of the celebration has struck.

The latest geographies hardly indicate by so much as a line or a dot places in the far East which have suddenly sprung into such importance that they seem in our immediate vicinity, and we read of them and speak of them at the breakfast-table as though they had adjoined our birthplace.

Nebraska was once a great way from Massachusetts; but, by the lacework of wires that enmesh the country, not a hamlet in New England but feels its contiguity when starvation threatens the distant State. The Sea Islands sun themselves in their sparkling sea, unthought of by the world at large till the sky is hidden by clouds and the waves sweep over the land, leaving desolation and misery behind. Instantly the whole nation is aware of this group of islands, with its patient, hard-working people reduced to beggary. Their misery is no longer distant.

There is another reason why, for the people of the United States, distance is quickly annihilated in times of joy or sorrow in other lands. Not a country on earth but has its representatives here. Invisible ties by the ten thousand stretch away across the oceans to every place beneath the sun; and over these unseen strands come messages of weal or woe, to gladden or depress. However cold the general pulse may be, the individual heart throbs with warm sympathy with its far-away kin.

There are some people who seem to have no red corpuscles in their blood. They brand every man "sentimentalist" whose sympathy leaps forward at any cry of misery, as the sword of the knight of the Round Table almost flew from its scabbard to meet a wrong half-way. Such people would have called the old pagan who found nothing in humanity alien to his interests a crank. They have never discovered the educational value of a wide sympathy, to put it on no higher ground. A young man who was graduated at Harvard the other day chanced to hear some one speak of the Armenian outrages, and naïvely asked to what the speaker was referring. He had not heard the subject mentioned before. Latin and Greek history? Oh, yes: he was familiar with that. Mathematics and philosophy? He had taken honors there. But to him Armenia was as unknown a country as the back of the moon. Naturally,

his sympathy was cold to that distant misery. He had not only lost the satisfaction of feeling for another's woes, but he betrayed a lack of information that seemed like painful ignorance. As love of nature inspires a man to learn all that he can about the department which most appeals to him, so love of humanity, a sympathy with all who suffer, leads one to inform himself as to that family, that people, that land, whither his sympathies fly.

Those who are cold to distant misery lose a great inspiration. The warmth of sympathy quickens the religious feelings of gratitude and aspiration. A sweet-souled invalid, who for years had been shut up in a tiny bedroom on a hard bed, when asked what she did all day long, replied, "I lie here and count up my mercies." She had reached the solvent for selfish trouble. No misery on earth was distant to her. With a quick leap her heart flew out to every case of suffering which reached her ear, only to fall back with gratitude for the blessings which were hers. To refer again to Armenia, what greater lesson in gratitude for the priceless blessings of a free country could that college boy have had than to have been able intelligently to compare the condition of an American citizen with a subject under the accursed domination of Turkey; what greater cause for aspiration, for a desire to make himself worthy of the liberty into which he had been born, and to do his part as a worthy citizen in his native land, than to be able by the power of imagination, quickened by sympathy, to look on the Oriental Christian under the heel of the Moslem, and then to see the American under an open sky, with every right of manhood freely his?

Keen sympathy may bring its pang of pain, but it brings blessings that can come in no other way. It must tread a "thorn-road"; but, like the wild eglantine, the thorns are beset with beauty and sweetness.

Musings.

A SUNDAY in London! There are many ways of spending it. Twenty years ago I heard Spurgeon in his tabernacle; but Spurgeon had no message for me, and now his voice is sealed. Two years ago I heard Stopford A. Brooke; but now his chapel is closed, and he has been taking a winter's rest on the Continent. Let us hope that we may see and hear him in our own land the coming winter, all the better for this enforced rest. Farrar I have heard, and Parker I have read; but there is no lack of new preachers who have been slowly making their fame. Canon Gore and Page Roberts and Archibald Carpenter are three prophets in the Established Church who have something to say, and who draw crowds to hear them say it. St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, was in easy range; but it was something more than an idle curiosity that drew me there. I had heard that the preacher was a brother of W. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon; and the Bishop of Ripon I knew was a brother of the late H. Bernard Carpenter, to whom I publicly gave the right hand of fellowship in the old Hollis Street Church when he came to Boston fourteen years ago. Could it be that there were three pulpit orators in one family? I entered the church, and was shown a seat close to the pulpit. I needed no one to tell me who the rector was among the white-robed priests and singers. There was one face that was unmistakable. The bright new coins in my purse bearing the image of Victoria have scarcely a greater resemblance to each other than the face of this preacher bore to his gifted brother. It was as if Bernard Carpenter stood before me. If the resemblance was great when the face was at rest, it became startlingly lifelike when the preacher announced his text and threw himself into his discourse. His voice seemed to be pitched a little lower, but his facial expression was almost identical. He spoke like his brother, without a note, and with even greater fluency and rapidity. His discourse had a stronger logical framework than the discourses of Bernard Carpenter were wont to have, and the treatment was more systematic: there was not that flaming rhetoric which set the preacher in a blaze and often kindled his hearers. Few men have so fervid an imagination as had Bernard Carpenter. It sometimes ran away with him, but he generally took his hearers with him. Mentally, the brothers differed; but, theologi-

cally, I could see no marked contrast. The sermon was broad, catholic, ethical; and the slight reference to the Trinity it contained treated it not as a complete expression of truth, but as a threefold manifestation of the love of God. In a pleasant chat after the sermon Mr. Carpenter paid a warm tribute to Dr. Martineau, as the greatest mind in England, and said he had written him on his birthday and sent an offering of flowers.

In the afternoon I had an experience which was unusual, to say the least. What would the old Puritans who founded the town and church of Dorchester, Mass., have thought of one of their ministers preaching in cassock and surplice? Certainly, some of their successors would have thought it intolerable. The black gown, as much the garb of the scholar as of the minister, is not a stranger to that pulpit; but the long cassock and the white surplice over it,—what would they think of it? On the other hand, what would the Bishop of London or any other of the constituted authorities of the English Church say, if told that a Unitarian minister, who had never received ordination through the historic episcopate, had preached in a London pulpit? Which of these contending critics must I satisfy first? The Puritans, most of them, are dead, and cannot wreak their vengeance; and I doubt if the bishop has any vengeance to wreak (or if he could wreak it if he had) when he learns that it was not at a regular, but at an extra service that I spoke, and that, though I wore the clerical vestments and spoke from the pulpit, my auditors were not sheep, but nearly all lambs. Technically considered by "the Church," perhaps it was not "preaching," but only an American ministerial layman's address at a Sunday afternoon service for children. It was held in the church itself, with surpliced boy choir and organ; but the service used on the occasion was not from the Book of Common Prayer, but from a very uncommon prayer book, which, I suspect, is used as yet only in this parish. Think of standing up in the chancel side by side with the rector, just behind a division of the choir boys, and intoning a service made up of extracts from responsive services by W. L. Sheldon of the Ethical Culture Society of St. Louis and by Rev. J. Vila Blake, Unitarian minister of Chicago, with hymns by Gannett, Hosmer, and others. Well, it did seem a strange but a delightful conjunction of ritual and geography that St. Louis, Chicago, and Boston, Ethical Culturists, Unitarians, and Episcopalians, should all be represented in a devotional service in a London church of the established order. Could catholicity go any further? If cassock and surplice seemed strange, the matter of the service was sweet and beautiful, and a thousand times better than saying over passages which could not mean anything to anybody. This service book has but lately issued from the press, and bears upon the title-page the names of Rev. A. W. Oxford of London and W. L. Sheldon of St. Louis. Mr. Oxford was the compiler, but he has freely used and generously acknowledged the material furnished by Mr. Sheldon, and has also availed himself of Mr. Blake's service-book and various other hymn and service books. The volume is not, however, either a literary or theological bit of patchwork as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors, but is well fitted together, like the seamless robe of Jesus, which may well be the symbol of unity in worship. Mr. Oxford's catholicity has been before shown in the compilation of the Berwick Hymnal, prepared several years ago, and containing, in addition to the grand old hymns of the Church, many hymns by modern Unitarian writers. This book is one of three which I like to think of as showing the freedom, fellowship, and faith attainable in modern hymnology. The other two are the hymn-book compiled by Rev. Dr. John Hunter of Glasgow, a Congregationalist, and that compiled by Rev. Dr. Gottheil of the Temple Emanu-El, New York, the distinguished representative of Reformed Judaism. Mr. Oxford's parish is in one of the densely populated districts of London, with a large foreign element. But, in addition to ministering to the wants of his people, he has been elected a member of the London School Board, and has found time withal to prepare himself for assuaging the ills of the body as well as of the spirit, and will shortly have from Oxford his degree

as Doctor of Medicine. In his delightful home several beautiful clocks bore witness to his love of horology. Certainly, at any rate, he means to keep up with the times; and he will not pray, I am sure, with Hezekiah, that the dial may be set back, or, with Joshua, that the sun may stand still.

ONE more pleasure and one more surprise awaited me. I had been to church twice, but I determined to go a third time. My excuse for this dissipation is that I wanted to hear my dear friend, Dr. Brooke Herford, in his own church Sunday evening. So, after sitting with him under his own vine and fig-tree, with olive plants around the table, with my cup running over in the midst of my friends, which is so much better than having it run over in the midst of one's enemies, I went to Roslyn Hill Chapel. The lady who walked with me and sat by me was Miss Hallie Q. Brown, a colored lady of Wilberforce University, who is speaking in England in behalf of the education of the colored race. We sat in front, directly facing the choir. One of the singers was a sweet-faced brunette, but not a Saxon brunette. There was African blood in her veins. My companion confirmed my opinion. Our curiosity passed into admiration when she rose and sang "O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion" with splendid voice and fine artistic expression. Years ago Aldredge, the most distinguished actor of the colored race, finding that he had but little opportunity in America, came to England, and settled. He died just after his little girl was born. It was this girl, educated in London and Brussels, who had sung to us. To sit in a London church beside an American colored lady, and listen to a beautiful rendering of "The Messiah" by another colored lady, was an unusual experience, and seemed to indicate that here, at least, the Messiah had already come, and that men would no longer hate and destroy in all this holy mountain. Such a scene in certain American cities would break up the church, and possibly occasion violence and bloodshed. But the time will come, I trust, when black and white may sit together in the same church pews in our Southland, and listen to a colored girl sing the gospel of "The Messiah,"—"O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion." Surely, then, the good tidings will have come! As for the sermon by Dr. Herford, it was not only an exposition of the threefold benediction, but was a benediction in itself, rational, natural, devout, and full of sweet reasonableness. In three months many of my readers will have a chance to hear that familiar voice, and to welcome again in our own land the genial face. Thus ended my London Sunday, a day as full of pleasures as it was of surprises.

Brevities.

The glorious Fourth! May the sentiments it awakens find quiet expression!

Michigan University sends out seven hundred graduates this summer. Coeducation does not seem to diminish the numbers of that thriving university.

An exchange says, "It is somewhat startling to read that a railway station has been opened at Gehenna"; but it hastens to explain that it is the termination of the line from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and is therefore purely mundane.

The *Berea Quarterly*, published by Berea College, Kentucky, has a picture showing students, whites and Negroes, from seventeen different States. Education and mutual acquaintance are the best antidotes for race prejudice.

In a recent issue of the *Christian Register* "The Evolution of Character" should have been ascribed to Miss L. Lamprey, a graduate of Holyoke of about 1890, instead of to R. E. Whitman, by whom the manuscript was sent to the office.

The following description taken from a letter recently received from Jamaica will appeal to those who have ever seen the brownish-yellow, ragged banana, as it grows in the tropics: "The wind is blowing, and the tattering leaves of the banana. The trees, with their old, faded leaves hanging around them, look like the slovenly Negroes here, in their untidy, torn, and dirty clothes."

With Americans crossing the seas by the thousand, it is good to be assured that modern steamship machinery is now so complete that a great vessel like the "St. Louis" could average eighteen and one-half knots an hour and reach port only one day late without a rudder! Such is the advantage of twin screws.

If there were a Theodore Roosevelt in every city, who would close every saloon on Sunday, what a blessing it would be! And, if the people would support him by keeping the saloons closed the other six days, one might hope to see the dawn of the millennial day. As it is, it looks as though they would persist "to the crack of doom."

The love of liberty runs in the blood of the Poles. Disliking, for some reason, the priest assigned to them in Buffalo, they have voted to call an independent priest, and in the interim are holding services among themselves without a priest. As one of the papers says, "Ecclesiastically, the bishop has the case; but the people have the sympathy of American Protestants and of many Catholics also."

The New York papers are comparing the Long Island member of the board of education, who thinks it will conduce to immorality for school children to see their teachers dismount from a bicycle at the school-house door, to the Brooklyn school trustee who denounced Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" as an indecent poem. To such men the words "To the pure all things are pure" must be meaningless.

An American traveller in England writes enthusiastically of the beautiful lawns and well-kept parks, and is surprised to find how interested the people are to know of the wildness of regions not remote from Boston. "Nor," says the writer, "can they understand why we try to imitate wild nature in our parks. They love nature, it seems to me, better than most people at home; but it is a very sedate Dame Nature, in a tailor-made gown. Our wild, barefooted, bare-headed lass they have never met."

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday," the school-boy recites, and thinks with horror of the barbarism of those old times. Then he picks up the morning paper, and reads that on the twenty-eighth day of June a murderer was baptized in a southern river and hanged the same day, the execution being public, with excursion trains bringing hundreds, and hundreds more coming on foot and on horseback to witness the two occurrences. The American holiday seems not unlike the Roman of two thousand years ago.

As we go to press, a postal card reaches us from Japan. It is of special interest, as showing that Mr. MacCauley is the object of missionary effort there. The card is addressed to Dr. C. MacCaulay, Unitarian College, Tokio, and reads as follows:—

Bring nothing but thy GUILT, plead nothing but the BLOOD, and God must welcome thee,—yea, far more than welcome. The Everlasting Arms shall be thrown around thee, on thy finger shall be placed the seal of Forgiving Love, and there shall be JOY in the presence of the Angels of God.

In view of Turkish proceedings in Bulgaria and Macedonia, in addition to the harrowing troubles in Armenia, there is a growing dissatisfaction that the United States government has not made any moral protest to Turkey, and that there has been no expression of sympathy with the great powers in their attempt to secure reforms in Turkey. At a meeting of the United Friends of Armenia held last week a resolution was passed, petitioning the President to at least make such a protest as was made by this government at the time of the Crete massacre.

The *North Carolina Christian Advocate* waxes sarcastic in its indignation at what it believes is the drying-up of the stream of a true and noble beneficence, and a dependence on social entertainments to raise money for religious and philanthropic purposes: "Ice-cream and sherbet are 'holiness to the Lord,' and that lady engaged in the service of the sanctuary who never suffered the agony of bruised muscles over these commodities is not yet ready to wear the starry crown. There is virtue in penance done in freezing sweet morsels for the millions at home, that we may have money to keep up the sanctuary where God's name is recorded, and may be able to send the

good news of salvation to the millions abroad. It is such a delightful way to give our money! It makes us feel as if we had value received, and we don't mind the loss of it so much!"

Pro and Con.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The following letter from the Board of Instruction of the Meadville Theological School was sent to Rev. A. W. Jackson at the close of his period of service there:—

REV. A. W. JACKSON:

Dear Sir,—Your colleagues, instructors in this school during the past year, have already expressed their appreciation of your work in asking to have you reappointed to the position you have so ably filled, and now wish to assure you of their profound regret in the action which has deprived the school of your faithful and highly successful labors.

With sentiments of high esteem and regard,

GEORGE L. CARY.
HENRY H. BARBER.
GEORGE R. FREEMAN.
FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Your columns contained recently an expression of regret because of the failure to retain Rev. A. W. Jackson as professor in the Meadville Theological School, but the Unitarian public may not know how keenly his pupils feel the loss to themselves and to those who may come after. The character of Mr. Jackson's scholarship needs no defence; yet it should be made known that, in a remarkable degree, he was able to reach and help the students. Undertaking, at short notice, a prolonged and severe course of instruction, he carried it through with rare fidelity and success. His high ideal of preaching especially influenced the sermons that passed under his kindly criticism. Religiously and homiletically, they grew in power.

Were this tribute merely personal, it would hardly warrant publication. It expresses, however, the nearly unanimous feeling of the whole body of students, whose individual indebtedness, like my own, can be but half realized or expressed.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON,
Class of 1895.

A GRATEFUL RESPONSE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

The Liberal Church League of our city sent out a short while ago about two dozen requests for books for our free library; and the responses were so hearty and generous that we wish to make public acknowledgment of them,—not only that all may know how kindly our people have acted toward us, but also that you may know how well we are getting on in our efforts to establish a first-class library in connection with our church of liberal Christianity.

We have received up to date: from the American Unitarian Association, 50 books; from Dr. W. H. Furness, 9; from the Unitarian Sunday School Society, about 45; from Rev. Joseph May, 56; from the Cheerful Letter Exchange, through Misses Lilian F. Clarke and Bertha Langmaid, 120; from the Second Church of Boston, through Miss Howard, 7; from the First Church, Boston, through Miss Storer, 10.

Besides these, we have received some very valuable books from Prof. C. C. Everett, Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe, Mr. L. F. Young, Mr. Charles Daniel, and Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

All of these books are good, and most of them are the very choicest. We feel very much encouraged now to keep on working for our library. The whole library has been turned over to a competent committee appointed by the church; and this committee is already at work arranging for the very earliest possible use of the books, of which we feel so proud, and for which we are so grateful.

The books thus far have been sent to Rev. George L. Chaney; but, as Mr. Chaney is to be away from the city for some time, it may be safer for any who are willing to add still further to our collection to send them to

JOHN T. JOHNSON,
President of the League,
2 So. Sixth Street, Richmond, Va.

For the *Christian Register*.

THE HILLSIDE CEMETERY.

BY THEODORE F. COLLIER.

What holy calm! and what Elysian peace!
Such as the Lord to his disciples gave;
Peace conquering all the terrors of the grave;
Peace without end, which time doth but increase
To fearful hearts presaging glad release
From death's grim horrors, which so oft deprave
Minds that no human bonds could e'er enslave.
Here rest ye quietly till time shall cease!

So, when for me the wearying course is run,
And when I've neared the oft-retreating goal,
But one request I have,—a simple one,—
That on this hillside, on this quiet knoll,
I may await the dawn of heaven's sun,
The glorious resurrection of the soul.
Clinton, N. Y.

TASTE, AND SEE.

BY GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

Every thoughtful person—perhaps every person—finds himself sometimes asking the question, Is the world friendly to me? Is nature, or the sum of events, or the power behind the whole, responsive to my desire and helpful to my need, or is it regardless or hostile?

Suppose we consult each one his own experience for an answer. Have I, as a matter of fact, found life kind to me? How have I been dealt with by events? Have I been treated, so far as I can see, like a child, or been abused or neglected? Perhaps the first off-hand answer will generally be: "I have had such a mixture of good and evil that the balance is not altogether clear. I have enjoyed much, and I have suffered much. Perhaps the happiness in my life has so far outbalanced the unhappiness that I ought not to complain. But so much has been adverse—I have so often been thwarted, I have not only suffered so often and variously, but I have so often been disappointed, my desires and capacities for happiness have so greatly outrun any fulfilment they have received—that I cannot say I have found Life a tender mother or anything like it."

Some such answer might be the first honest thought of most of us. The standard we instinctively apply is the measure of pleasure and of pain, so much happiness and so much suffering. But, on a second thought, we see that that standard is hardly an adequate and all-sufficient measure of existence. Let us reshape our question, and ask, Does life, as a matter of experience, meet and satisfy man's highest needs? Then you see we must ask: What are his highest needs? What constitutes the highest, genuine, undeniable success? By way of answer we look around upon the faces we know best, we call up our most treasured memories, we send our thoughts questing among the books we have read, the men and women we have revered. Well, out of such material what do we instinctively choose as the elements of a successful life? We choose the brave people, the stout of heart, the sweet of spirit; those who were rich and soaring in imagination; those who shed sunshine around their path; those in whom were deep springs of peace; they who fought the good fight of endurance; they who in Siberian exile still held to their cause, and hoped for their children,—all the strong, the tender, the true. These are the successful people, are they not? These things constitute the highest success,—the power to do and dare, the spirit of sympathy and sweetness, the hardihood that cannot be broken, the tenderness that cannot be exhausted. Those are the highest needs of man.

Put the question so, then, Does life, as it actually comes to us, offer scope and exercise and education for fidelity and courage and generosity and patience? Why, it seems as if life from first to last offered just that,—just that and all the time! It is one continuous moral opportunity. "Is that what you desire?" says Life. "Then open your hands and eyes and heart,—I will fill them all! You want to be strong? Here is a task for every hour, to harden your muscles. You aspire to a noble patience? Oh, never fear but you shall have lessons in that! Heroism and hardihood? I have winter cold and summer heat, pangs of nerve and of soul,—the tools and fires by which heroes are forged. You would like to grow helpful, sympathetic? Dear child of

mine, at every step of your path is some other of my children who wants your help."

And, after we have pondered that answer awhile, perhaps we say: "Dear mother, we will do our best; but we are little children yet. We cannot always be climbing toward the heights. Sometimes we want playthings." And she answers: "Take them, children! Would you have beauty? Here is the loveliest world about you. Here are the ocean and the mountains to delight you; here are the grass-blade and the dew-drop. Would you be amused? Here are the drollest things imaginable. Carry a sense of humor with you, and you will find this a most humorous world. Have you an appetite for knowledge? You live in a great museum and library."

And in another mood we come back to her, and say, "There is a deeper need,—our hearts crave love." And she answers with a smile whose depth of reassurance cannot be interpreted in words: "*Be lovable*, so shall you be loved. The very element which encompasses your inner existence is an atmosphere of love. You cannot understand the mystery. But just so far and so fast as your own nature expands, as it grows stronger and sweeter, so it is ensphered, interlocked, embraced in the heart of all."

But perhaps we falter: "You speak of things we have so dimly realized, so little attained to! The divine face we seem to see by glimpses is so soon veiled; our own lives in their daily actuality are so poor and broken." "Be of good cheer!" is her word. "The best you reach and the best you crave make together a promise of the gift I hold concealed until earth's work is done."

To put the whole matter in the simplest way, the question, "Is life friendly to me?" gets its answer according to what we mean by friendly, according to what we really want to have given us. If we want just to escape trouble and "have a good time," as children say; if ease and physical comfort and undisturbed enjoyment make up our ideal of life,—why, then, we shall be baffled and beaten all the way along. We shall say in our heart, There is no God, no higher power that answers our importunate call. But if we really and habitually set our desires on character, if we want above all to be full-statured men and women, to be children of God, we shall find ourselves helped and forwarded at every turning. We shall find that disaster means opportunity. We shall find that our happiest hours, instead of being lost and swallowed up as time passes, leave, somehow, the best of themselves as a perpetual enrichment of our lives. We shall feel that love has in itself the promise of eternity. We shall find perpetually opening to us new avenues of interest and knowledge and achievement. We shall find new and unexpected ties binding us to our kind, new vistas beckoning us on.

Let each one consult his own sober, best-weighted experience. Each of us has led a more or less inconstant and wavering course, has striven upward sometimes, drifted sometimes, sometimes plunged wilfully downward. Recall those times when your purpose was purest and strongest, and did you not find life itself making in your favor? Did you not, somehow, feel yourself on the right road? Have you not felt the ground firm under your feet just in proportion as you were honestly trying to do the best you knew how?

The riddle finds its answer when a man practically accepts as his law and aim to be true to the highest right he knows. Science makes us familiar with the idea that all depends for each creature on being fitted to its environment. We speak familiarly of "a fish out of water." What the water is to the fish, what the air is to the bird, that, to man's higher nature, is the moral law, the moral ideal. Let him accept that, conform to that, and he is in his right place. The world he feels is friendly.

The moral ideal, we say, for brevity of speech; but we mean that large ideal which, with the so-called virtues, includes the noble hunger for knowledge, the delight of manly action, the divine joy in beauty, the human sense of the humorous, and every normal, wholesome taste and faculty of man.

But why,—the thought occurs,—why is mankind so fearfully slow in learning what is its true law and aim? You personify the supreme power as a mother. Why has the

mother let a myriad generations grope so blindly? We do not know. That is a part of the great mystery which encompasses us. But what we do see is that somehow the lesson is being taught. Mankind has groped, and still gropes, but more and more into the light.

To come back to that individual experience which means most to us, can we not, each one, in looking back, see how again and again and yet again we have been taught that there is no safety but in well-doing, no happiness but in love? And is there anything for which we are so grateful as those moments when we learned the lesson? A child pores, anxious and troubled, over its book—it has reached one of the great stumbling-blocks, the first sum in long division or the Latin verb—until the eye brightens, and the word comes, "I see it! I've got it!" And so, at times when we have been beset and perplexed over some problem of action, the perception flashes on us, "That is the right thing to do!"

Have you ever watched a dog, bidden to perform some well-known trick, capriciously reluctant and resisting, though urged, coaxed, commanded, until with a sudden yielding he rushes through his performance, and springs on his master in a transport of satisfaction? So, perhaps, the higher intelligences sometimes watch us! Ah, how we struggle, resist, brace the shoulders, and set the teeth in resistance! And then some gracious wave of impulse lifts us; and suddenly, we know not how, we do the thing we said we would not, and rest and peace enfold us!

"But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild

At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

That is the new birth, that is the most blessed moment of life.

But it is not the occasional birth-hours but the hours of daily living, which make up the warp and woof of our existence. And along with each hour comes always, always, the choice. There is hardly a circumstance so commonplace, so trivial, but, perhaps unconsciously, we meet it in the better way or the worse. There is no distress so profound, no situation so hopeless, but it offers us a choice,—the right way or the wrong. Happy they in whom the right choice becomes so inwrought that it is the spontaneous, unquestioning impulse. Well is it with him who, though not spontaneously, yet strugglingly, resolutely, wages his daily battle.

And what of those in whom the wrong choice has become habitual till all power to choose the right seems lost? What of the moral wrecks, the souls that apparently never waked to the struggle or waked but to perish? For these, too, is there opportunity hereafter? The veil of that mystery is not lifted. All we know is that the highest disposition in us, as it seeks to reclaim up to the very end of earth, must of its own nature and necessity hope beyond earth.

"Oh, taste, and see that the Lord is good!" Taste, and see. Do not take it at second-hand report. Do not rest on any man's assurance about it. Do not expect satisfaction from any mere argument to prove that God is good. *Taste!* Honey is not so sweet to the tongue! *See!* Yonder vision of mountains and ocean is not so glorious to the eye.

And mark what follows: "Oh, taste, and see that the Lord is good! Blessed is the man that trusteth in him." Blessed is he who trusts in God; that is, as we must take it home, who accepts goodness as the law and aim of his life. Saving faith is just simply the hand outstretched to do the duty; and, when it clasps the duty, it clasps God's hand. Consciously it may be at times, with a thrill so transporting that life could hardly bear its continued rapture. Unconsciously or with dim consciousness for the most part, but all is well. When God is wholly veiled, the soul that takes duty for its part is still divinely befriended.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

THE FLAG.

BY LYDIA J. SANDERSON.

"A sceptre all who meet obey."—Byron.

What is a flag? Whence comes it? How does a bit of silk become the rallying-point and a guiding star of armies and people? How does a bit of cloth of no intrinsic worth influence the destinies of nations who struggle, suffer, and conquer? Why do the faded colors, tattered as they may be, enslave the mind, excite the fiercest animosity, and kindle the warmest enthusiasm? How comes it that these seeming trifles are enriched by a thousand memories? Why is it we pay to them royal honors? Why is the flag "a sceptre all who meet obey?"

Truly, these questions are interesting; and, connected as they are with national history, what more interesting study can be engaged in than that afforded by the symbols and emblems that have in all ages stirred the hearts and kindled the emotions of man?

The use of distinctive standards in an army for its many divisions and to mark the place of its leaders must have been an early necessity in the art of war. Symbols that had thus become associated with victory would become sacred, and hence would be introduced in religious rites. In this way, doubtless, originated the numerous devices which are connected with war and religion in all ages and countries. In common language, the words "banner," "ensign," "standard," "colors," and "flags" are used, generally, to mean the same thing.

We have authentic records from the early times that standards or banners were borne by nations and carried in battle. Allusions to them are frequent in the Old Testament. They are repeatedly referred to by David and Solomon, while the expression "terrible as an army with banners" shows the importance and awe with which they were regarded. It was customary for many centuries to choose the colors of a saint in whose intercession much confidence was placed for a military standard, and it has been the practice of the pope in all ages to give consecrated banners when success was wished for the enterprise. In the early Anglo-Saxon poem of the tenth century, "Beowulf," we read, "Then to Beowulf he gave a golden banner"; and the early poets tell it was a custom to have banners suspended from trumpets, for Chaucer says, "On every trump hanging a brod bannere," while we find Shakspeare saying, "I will a banner from my trumpet take."

At what time the form of standard which we call a flag was first used is not known. Some accounts state that the present form was first acquired in the sixth century in Spain, while others state that the waving flag was first used by the Saracens. Previous to this time the ensigns were generally extended on cross-pieces of wood. Ancient military standards were fixed on the tops of towers or on platforms, and were stationary. Hence the name "standard": this spot was the rallying-point in battle. When borne in battle, they were carried on a pole.

Representations of standards were found on the oldest bas-reliefs of Egypt. Their invention is attributed to Egyptians. Diodorus states that they consisted of figures of sacred animals borne on the end of a staff; and the paintings at Thebes show such objects as a king's name and a sacred boat, while a semicircular fan was a common figure. The standards of Pharaoh's army had various figures, including reptiles, beetles, etc. It was believed that Isis, upon her death, made her resurrection into the moon; and to-day the Egyptians honor the crescent on the flag.

It is certain that the Hebrews carried standards after the exodus, which practice they probably derived from the Egyptians from whose bondage they had just escaped; for they bore figures of birds and animals. We read in Numbers of the divine command given to Moses,—"*Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house.*" Isaiah, in foretelling the ruin that would fall on Assyria, found no stronger expression than to compare the overthrow of the Assyrian king to be "as when a standard-bearer fainteth." Layard says Assyrian standards were carried by the charioteers, and were similar to those of the Egyptians. According to Wilkinson, the Egyptian and Assyrian vessels carried

no flags; but their devices were embroidered on sails.

The royal standard of ancient Persia, adopted by Cyrus, was a golden eagle with wings expanded; and the sacred standard of the Persians was the leather apron of a blacksmith, around which the people rallied when he aroused them to deliver Persia from tyranny.

Many other national standards have originated in similar ways. Something at hand was seized in an emergency and hoisted as a rallying-point, and afterward adopted for the attachment which clung to it as an object identified with freedom and patriotism. The Basarac sheriff, the green (some writers say black) standard of the Turks borne by Mahomet, is believed to have been brought from heaven by the angel Gabriel, and is preserved with the greatest veneration; and the present standard, with star and crescent, was adopted by Mahomet II. from its being the device of Diana Byzantina, the patroness of Byzantium. It was first hoisted by him in 1453, after the capture of Constantinople.

The Greeks usually placed a piece of armor at the end of a spear, as a signal for rally, though Homer tells us that Agamemnon

"Lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command."

—Pope's *Iliad*, VIII., 269, 270.

The Athenians bore Minerva's emblem, an owl, and the olive for their standard; while the Corinthians carried a winged horse. The Lacedæmonians carried the letter *L*, and the Messinians the letter *M*. When Alexander the Great began to claim a divine origin, he had a standard made inscribed with the title "Son of Ammon." Greece as a nation to-day has adopted the colors (blue and white) of Bavaria, in honor of her first king.

The Romans had various forms of standards; but, according to Pliny, the eagle was the chief military ensign. The eagle surmounting the thunderbolt, with the letters *S P Q R* (Senatus Populusque Romanus), was also a common standard. The ball, often used as a standard, was emblematic of the dominion of Rome over the world. It has been said that the emperor Constantine bore on the top of his standard the sign of the cross, but this could hardly be; for the cross at that time was known only as a heathen emblem, and not adopted by Christians till later. The sign which was borne by Constantine was the only recognized Christian emblem, the first two letters of our Lord's name—the Greek *X* (English *Ch*) and *P* (in English, *R*). The numerous red, white, and black eagles, single and double headed, which we find in so many standards of modern Europe, have come down from the Roman standard, the countries they represent standing for fragments of the great Roman Empire.

We find in China, Japan, and Tartary the dragon-shaped emblems which were adopted for military ensigns from the earliest age to the present, and to-day is found in the flag of China. Dragons in black, gold, and silver, were most common in the Far East, while white, red, and green were more general colors among the Celts.

Some of the Asiatic devices are of a religious significance. Burmah bears a peacock, one of the incarnations of Buddha; and Siam, the sacred white elephant. Japan, the source of the sun, as her name signifies, has adopted for her flag the blood-red rising sun.

Spain, in the early period of her power, bore the Castilian flag, quartering Castile and Leon, which Columbus bore on his ships to this country, as well as a personal flag given to him by Queen Isabella,—a white swallow-tailed pennon. The national ensign of to-day is in marked contrast to the present royal standard,—a very complicated construction, including the arms of Aragon, Sicily, Burgundy, and several others, being composed of red and yellow stripes taken from the bars of Aragon.

We find among the celebrated banners of France the royal banner of St. Louis,—blue powdered with fleur-de-lis in gold, a peculiarly French and royal device of extreme antiquity, the emblem of an ancient worship much older than any record of the Trinity, of which some have supposed this flower to be a symbol.

The famous St. Martin's banner has, singularly enough, furnished the English language with the word "chaplain." It was

a blue banner in the form of a cape or cloak,—in French, *chape*. The oratory in which it was preserved took the name *chappelle*, the person intrusted with its care being termed *chapelain*; and thus, according to Collin de Plancy, our English words "chapel" and "chaplain" are derived.

In Chambers's "Book of Days" we read that one of the legends connected with St. Martin is that he divided his cloak with a naked beggar at the gate of Amiens. This cloak, being miraculously preserved, formed one of the most sacred relics of France. When war was declared, it was carried before the French monarchs as a sacred banner, and never failed to assure certain victory. The canons of St. Martin of Tours and St. Gratian had a lawsuit for sixty years about a sleeve of this coat, each claiming it as his property; but Count La Rochefoucauld put an end to the proceedings by sacrilegiously committing the relic to the flames.

The oriflamme, the sacred banner of Clovis, was a piece of red silk with flowers of gold wrought in gold thread (hence its name). It was cut into five points, each having a green tassel. At the end of the tenth century it had become the royal standard. It was first carried into battle by Louis le Gros in 1124, and appeared at Agincourt in 1415 for the last time, then hung in the old abbey Church of St. Denis till it was destroyed when the tombs of the kings of France were despoiled during the first French Revolution; but a reproduction still hangs from one of the pillars of St. Denis. The flag of Hayti to-day honors the banner of St. Martin and the oriflamme of France. The *cornette blanche*, or white banner, emblematic of the purity of the Virgin Mary, followed the oriflamme, and was adopted in the fifteenth century. It was powdered with fleur-de-lis.

Previous to the Revolution the French can hardly be said to have had a national flag. Each regiment in the army carried its own colors, while colors of reigning families were accepted in the place of national standards.

The tri-color was introduced at the Revolution; but the origin of the design is unknown. It bore the imperial crown, with the letter *N* and the eagle on the blue and red portions, with the imperial bees, and over all the inscription, "L'empereur Napoléon à la Garde Nationale de l'île d'Elbe." To the staff, the top of which was surmounted by a golden eagle, was suspended a tri-colored sash, also richly embroidered. This splendid standard was presented by Napoleon to his guards in Elba shortly before his invasion of France in 1815, and captured by the Prussians at Waterloo, and by them sold to an English gentleman, who took it to England. It is now on exhibition in the collection of Mme. Tussaud in London.

We find Napoleon's design again in the flag of Italy, which is a modification of the French, the division of the field next the staff being green, a favorite color of the emperor, instead of the blue. In the centre is a red shield charged with a white cross, the arms of the dukes of Savoy.

The flag of Portugal is a modification of the old flag carried by the early discoverers, which brought glory to Portugal in the days of Henry the Navigator.

The Austrian flag originally bore the Roman eagle; but now her ensign is red, white, and green, bearing the arms of Austria and of Hungary, surmounted by the royal crown.

The czar of the Russias considers himself entitled, as an imaginary successor to the Roman Cæsars, to bear on the imperial standard the double-headed eagle, the two heads denoting his Western and Eastern empires; while the merchant flag, white and blue, and red, traces its origin to Peter the Great. This ensign, as also the Dutch, has the same colors as the French flag, but the same colors as the French flag, but the former has the white uppermost, the two colors together, not according to heraldic laws, which provide that metal must not be placed upon metal nor color upon color. The latter has the red uppermost, then white, and the blue at the lower edge.

The National Assembly at Frankfort in the revolutionary year of 1848 brought out the old German colors of the time of Barbarossa,—black, gold, and red; and there was much discussion as to which color had the precedence. Freiligrath said, "Powder is black, blood is red, and golden flickers the flame." Then followed the substituti-

tion of white for gold; and Frederick William II. was the author of the meaning of the German standard, "From night through blood to light."

The Belgian colors adopted in 1831 are those of old Germany,—black, yellow, and red,—but arranged like the French flag.

The oldest flag now in existence is the Danish,—a red field bearing a white Latin cross. Tradition says it descended from heaven ready-made, in answer to King Waldemar's prayer as he was leading his troops to conquer the pagans of the Baltic.

In the Swedish-Norwegian flag we see the Danish design with colors changed. The union was introduced in 1817, when the two countries were united under one king. Switzerland's flag is a red field bearing a white Greek cross.

For many years the standard of Ireland was three golden crowns on a blue field; but Henry VIII., fearing it might interfere with the triple crown of the pope, chose the green field, representing the emerald isle, and the harp, the land of song.

Of the English national flags the earliest forms bore the cognizance of the ruler for the time being. The Danes, during their dominion in Britain, carried the raven on their ensign. Wessex claimed the dragon, and the Saxons bore a white horse. We find a variety of forms of English flags. At the time of the crusades they became subject to established rules, when heraldry began to assume a definite form.

The famous Bayeux tapestry, about which so many opinions have been formed as to its age and by whom and where it was executed, is said to exhibit a complete display of the military ensigns in use at the time of the Conquest, by both the Norman invaders and the Saxon occupants of England.

There is an old tale of how the pendant originated with the English,—after the Dutch Van Tromp, in 1652, defeated the English fleet under Blake, and sailed into the Channel with a broom at the masthead, to show he had swept his enemies off the sea, how a year later, when the English fleet defeated the Dutch, the admiral hoisted a long streamer from his masthead, to represent the lash of a whip, to show he had whipped his enemies off the sea; and the pendant has flown ever since.

Probably no flag is more familiar to the world than the Union Jack of Great Britain. The first Union Jack was composed of St. Andrew's Cross of Scotland and St. George's Cross of England, in 1606, under the reign of James I. In 1801, in consequence of the union with Ireland, the cross of St. Patrick was combined with the other two. At what time or for what reason the name of Jack was given to this flag is conjectural by the old historians. In old records it is almost universally styled the Union Flag.

Hulme, in his book on heraldry, says: "The favorite theory is that, as the union took place in the reign of King James, who in heraldic French would be termed Jacques, the flag would naturally be called *l'Union Jacques*. Several other theories have been broached of varying degrees of improbability, the best of these being derived from the word *jaque* (hence our modern jacket), the surcoat worn over the armor in mediæval days. This had the cross of St. George always represented on it."

The royal standard of England is a gorgeous banner, never hoisted except on occasions of the first ceremony, and never displayed on shipboard except when the sovereign or some member of the royal family is present or on a sovereign's birthday. When the Prince of Wales embarked at Portland, Me., October 15, 1860, to return to England after his tour through the United States and Canada, the royal standard of England was floated to the breeze,—the only occasion on which this standard of royalty is known to have been displayed within the United States, though it may fly again should he revisit us this fall.

In the olden days flags were of many shapes, and often of only one color. Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion," speaks of where

"A thousand streamers flaunted fair,
Various in shape, device, and hue,—
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue;
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,—there
O'er the pavilions flew."

To-day they are mostly oblong and of many hues.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

Many readers of the *Register* will be glad to have a word from Antioch College. The thirty-eighth annual commencement was held on Wednesday, June 19. It was not lacking in those interests and attractions which mark the day to those who are annual pilgrims to Antioch. The village is outwardly but little changed. The old-time beauty clothes the wooded ravine, the same summer quiet broods over the land. The ample campus stretches from the turreted hall and the dormitories, its trees more beautiful with each year, and giving wider shade. The surrounding fence is still bordered for a long distance with the carriages that have brought in the friends from the country round about, always a pleasing evidence of the local interest which the occasion awakens. New faces appear in the group of instructors; but there are still those whose life labors have been most faithfully given to the college, and who keep up the connection with its honorable past.

The year just closed seems to have been a very successful one. In the various grades there have been enrolled altogether two hundred and ten students. There were four graduates in the regular academical course (A.B.): Thomas L. Lockhart, Walter J. Mason, Charity J. Judy, and Arnetta B. Hopping. Their commencement "orations" were thoughtful and well given. Several graduates received the degree of A.M., for which they had specially studied and given proof of the requisite qualifications. The large chapel was completely filled by the congregation of young and old, though the young largely predominated,—a sign of hope for the future of the college. It was a delight to look into the fresh, earnest, happy faces, full of the health of the open air and country-side. Following the parts of the graduates came the presentation of a Bible to each of them, in accordance with the custom from the beginning of the college. The presentation address was made by President Long. Then the whole audience joined in the familiar strains of "Antioch," to the accompaniment of the orchestra. This also is an inseparable feature of an Antioch commencement, as "St. Martin's" is of a Harvard commencement dinner, to lead which used to give our John Langdon Sibley such delight, and thereby an added reflected joy to those who followed in the days gone by. But one must be present to appreciate an Antioch commencement dinner, following the exercises in the chapel, in the college commons on the first floor of the women's dormitory. The plain but excellent and abundant tables, the friendliness and informality of the fellowship, the mingled seriousness and mirth of the unstudied after-dinner talking,—all this cannot be put in any description to the uninitiated. All participants, from the president of the college to the humblest visitor, deposit their half-dollar in exchange for a dinner ticket; and the profits (financial) of the feast go to the gain of the College Commons Fund, though one wonders what profits can accrue from such a generous *quid pro quo*. Certainly, it could not be so anywhere else but at Antioch, where one dollar is mysteriously made to do the work of three in all things connected with the college. It is this feature that has made possible to many young men and women an education at Antioch, who would otherwise hardly have obtained it elsewhere,—an education not only from the text-books and faithful instructors, but from the economies practised amid the simple and hardy democracy of the institution from the very beginning, and wherein "a man's a man for a' that." And this leads me to say a word of the present service and constituency of the college. Few students take the full academical course. Few, apparently, are able to do so. Yet this course is maintained from year to year by a few, and gives an intellectual standard and backbone to the institution. But many are able to acquire here a partial training who otherwise would probably have little opportunity besides that furnished by the public schools of the small towns and the country-side. The convenient supply inspires the demand. In this respect Antioch has been doing in these recent years, and continues to do, a work well worth the doing, and which amply justifies the interest taken in it by its friends. Indeed, it may well be doubted if there be another institution wherein the

same amount of expenditure brings equal return in aiding young men and women the better to meet the duties and rise to the possible opportunities of after life. The institution has a good showing in this respect, as the record of its students will bear witness, whether full graduates or not.

The meeting of the two literary societies of the college, the Star and the Union, was held in the chapel on the morning of the day before commencement. The address this year was given by Rev. George A. Thayer of Cincinnati, who spoke on "The Character and Career of George William Curtis," a subject which he made full of suggestion and inspiration to the large audience that listened to him. The alumni meeting was held in the evening, on which occasion addresses were given by Rev. Arthur M. Judy of Davenport, Ia., and Rev. E. A. Coil of Cincinnati, who were once students at Antioch, and the former of whom is now upon the board of trustees. The same day there was held the annual meeting of the board of trustees, at which the reports showed the college to have suffered no lessened service or diminution of strength through the past year, but rather to be in a somewhat more hopeful condition, despite the disaffection in certain quarters which of late it has had to face. The addresses at the commencement dinner were of good cheer, and marked by loyalty to the college and by confidence that it has a work to do and will do it. Several graduates were heard, as well as others interested in the institution. The corps of teachers deserve high commendation for their work and the spirit in which it is done. Their salaries are miserably below what they deserve; but these men and women are attached to Antioch, and they find in their work and in their good fellowship in it a compensation that is more to them than dollars. The old-time spirit survives in the Antioch of to-day,—the pursuit of learning for its advantages to the whole man and its uses in the better conduct of life.

F. L. H.

THE JAPAN MISSION.

I.

A REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

In opening my annual report as superintendent of your mission in Japan, I desire to speak of the general situation and interests of the mission somewhat at length and freely. It is my hope that what I say may have a wide hearing among the home churches, and receive their careful, serious judgment.

Your mission has a position in Japan quite unlike that of any other representative of a foreign religious body. Of all such bodies, it has the smallest representation and the smallest financial support. Yet it has a place in popular attention wholly out of proportion to its apparent insignificance and weakness. It is more talked and written about, more praised and blamed, more advised and misrepresented, than any other of the missions. To judge from the number and earnestness of its friends and its enemies, one would say that it is a host in power and wealth. Why is this? Because Unitarianism is, or at least professes to be, in the farthest advance in free methods and in rational opinions in its relations to the problems of ethics and religion, and because the sympathies of the educated Japanese are, at least in intention, given to free thought and to rationalism in belief. Making the largest professions, therefore, the Unitarian mission has come under the most jealous and rigid scrutiny laid upon the religious bodies at work in this country. It has been subjected to a severe twofold criticism. First, from its natural enemy, conservatism in both orthodox Christianity and in the instituted religions of Japan, Buddhism, Shinto, and Confucianism; second, from the Japanese, who are free thinkers and rationalists, who are either indifferent to or sceptical of all religion, or who are not yet convinced that Unitarians are sincere in their professions or who yet do not understand what Unitarianism is. Confidence is a plant of slow growth among the Japanese; and, also, free-thinking Japanese are not naturally inclined to religion in any form. I will illustrate what I am saying.

Many times in the Christian periodicals

and from Christian pulpits here the whole Unitarian movement in America has been brought under review for the information of the Japanese public. The conditions and history of the American Unitarian Association have been laid before the Japanese people time and again since your mission has been established, and the review has not been one of praise. Your fewness in numbers, your "moribund state," the "absurdity" of your attempt to carry on a foreign mission, sending one sole representative to a country which was imagined to be eagerly awaiting his coming that all might gather under the Unitarian banner, the gradual decrease of the mission until but one man bears its burdens,—all these things and many more have been laid before readers and audiences in Japan by certain orthodox Christians representing missions larger in men and money.

Next the mission itself has come in not only for its share in the proclaimed weakness and insignificance of the American churches and associations, but for its own supposed unworthiness. Certain Japanese Christians, liberally inclined, have resented our presence here as an intrusion upon their domain. I have been told by a leading man among them that the privilege of extending liberalism in Christianity, and indeed in religion, in this country is the natural right of the liberalized Christians; i.e., of the men trained in, but emancipated from, orthodox Christianity. He urged upon me the duty of not recognizing any one who had come out of Buddhism as a co-worker in the religious development of Japan, at least not to co-operate with him as a leading worker in the Unitarian movement. Another fault found with your mission is that it represents a wholly negative faith. Both Christians and Buddhists have sought to turn popular favor from us through this charge. Lying before me now is a Buddhist criticism of the seven principles of belief common to Unitarians, which stand from month to month on the first page of our magazine. The writer says in a long article that Unitarianism arose originally to correct the defects and errors of Roman Catholicism and Protestant Christianity. Here is its standard. First, the old Christianity was based on traditional dogma, Unitarianism says faith must be based on rational truth, not mere dogma; second, old Christianity suppressed man's intellectual liberty, Unitarianism lifts the banner of free inquiry; third, Unitarianism aims above all to develop moral character individually and socially, but all religions aim at this also. There is nothing new in this threefold standard. The Buddhists have it also. Moreover, this threefold standard is not religion. Positive faith is needed for that. There are things lying above science needed for religion. "True!" answer the Unitarians; "but we have our seven common beliefs." The writer then comments on what we say in short sentences of God, Christ, man, the Bible, sympathy of religions, etc. These beliefs are nearly all negative, says the criticising Buddhist. The value of Unitarianism lies in its negations, not in its positive faith. The writer advises us, therefore, not to call ourselves religious, but to be content with being "the critics of the religious world," to "correct its defects." This is a good work, is needed; and we should do it. Then, for our own sake, we should take a step forward, and become religious by accepting Buddhism. Superstitious Buddhists would do well to become Unitarians; but Unitarians, in order to accomplish anything in the world for positive religion, should become true Buddhists. A third fault found with your mission arises from the fact that Unitarians are Christians in origin and by profession, and that Unitarianism, therefore, in no true sense has universal value. We have to bear a great deal of criticism from the free-thinking Japanese on this plea. In several non-Christian magazines the name "Christian" is used always for exclusiveness and bigotry. All Jewish and Christian history is read so as to support this claim. The Christian antecedents of Unitarianism have been used for the purpose of obstructing all the work we do, however large our conception of Christianity or hospitable our offered religious fellowship. Again, to many, indeed to most, Japanese the Unitarian mission is

unintelligible on account of its intellectual individualism. It is difficult for Japanese to understand how men can "agree to disagree" or how men of differing faiths can work together. Our mission is charged with having no unity among its workers. Recently in a magazine a writer sought to discredit our work on that account. Both in America and here, it was said, there is union among Unitarians on the side of negation. But, since they lack positive faiths, Unitarianism is valueless for creating a denomination or in producing practical organized beneficence. The writer urged his countrymen not to contribute time, money, or strength to a body which has no positive policy, because time, money, and strength are positive things. Unitarians can unite temporarily when they are bent upon destruction; but their weakness, too, lies in this fact. They cannot unite for any positive service to society. And so long as they cannot do this there awaits the Unitarians of Japan no such glory as that which follows practical constructive effort.

There is a fifth cause of complaint against your mission, arising from our deliberate purpose and also from our financial limitations. The mission is often reproached for not organizing, supporting, and directing a denominational movement in Japan. All missions but yours have engaged in the work of building and supporting churches, and of educating young men for the ministry, and of giving them positions and salaries after their graduation. It was expected by a large number of young men when Senshin Gakuin was founded that they would receive specific theological education in its classes, would have their support while studying, and, when graduated, would be sent to the chief cities of the country to propagate a Unitarian creed and to build up churches, sustained from our treasury until they could become self-supporting. The fact that your mission makes no provision for doing this kind of work is not yet understood generally. Notwithstanding all attempts to make our policy clear, the impression is still left in many places that the Unitarian mission must follow in the way in which the other foreign missions have gone. Our policy has been to leave the responsibility for religious organization and support with the Japanese themselves. We have founded a post-graduate school in which the higher education has been offered, free of cost, to students. We support a mission church. We support a magazine, publish books and tracts. We have a Post-office Mission which is working as far as possible into all parts of the empire, circulating the best literature, and answering inquiries from persons interested in religious and ethical questions. Farther than this we cannot and we do not desire to go. We are seeking to co-operate with the Japanese, to help them to help themselves in this matter of the development of their religious faith and life. We are trying to show them the way. We do not propose to carry them any distance onward in the way. If the way is worth taking, we believe that they will find means of their own for going forward in it. Then, further, your mission has to meet with exactly the same antagonism in Japan that confronts the Unitarian Association or churches in America. The educated men of Japan are even more affected by the scepticism and indifferentism associated with the speculative activity of the present age, than are the educated classes at home. There is no phase of philosophic or scientific criticism in Europe or America which is not, as soon as possible after its appearance, known also in Japan. Intellectual activity here is just as varied and almost as acute and intelligent as in Berlin, Paris, London, or Boston; and, besides, it does not have the weight of tradition or institution to hamper it. The logical conclusions of materialism, agnosticism, positivism, the destructive effects upon traditional religion of scientific criticism, are more widely and more quickly reached among young men in Japan than in Europe or America. It is a great mistake for any one to imagine that there is a noticeable movement in State, Church, literature, art, or what not in the West which is not known, commented upon, and judged here as soon as modern means of communication can make the movement known. So far as the

educated classes of Japan are concerned, the same conditions prevail as those which affect educated men and women at home. In this respect the Japan mission of your Association and any Boston church are conditioned alike, the advantages of the past being on the side of the church in Boston.

In contact with this people, stirred as it is by these and yet other moods, your mission thus has received a public attention out of all proportion to its personnel or its purse. We are in touch with all the questions of the day connected with religion, ethics or the social welfare. We appear as freemen, as leaders, yet as reconcilers and mediators. We are both of the future and of the past, progressive and yet conservative. We represent many churches who are trying to prove all things that they may gain new, and yet to hold fast old, truth and goodness. Consequently, small though we are, we are forced into exceptional prominence, are challenged, criticised, and often violently opposed.

But there is another side to our position. Our prominence is not wholly unpleasant. We have many friends as well as enemies. During the early part of last year there was a noticeable awakening of educated public opinion here concerning the higher needs of the people. The problems of morality and religion, and social questions in particular, occupied periodical literature and public gatherings to a degree much more marked than had been the fact for some time. A decided reaction from the previous political excitement began. In the summer the war with China broke out. Since then the people have been almost engrossed by that. Nevertheless, the momentum of the aroused interest just spoken of has not spent its force. In this interest your mission has been found to have a part of growing importance. The number has been rapidly increasing who believe that Unitarianism can give valuable help in the effort to solve the important problems. The Buddhists are evidently drawing much from us and from the same sources which Unitarians use. The Japanese Christians, especially those of the Congregational churches, are liberalizing so rapidly that a good number of prominent persons among them differ from us only in name. There are some Japanese Christians who have conferred with me in recent months who, were circumstances favorable, would co-operate with us. I said to one of them, "You would have nothing to do with me three years ago, when I sought your acquaintance." "I know," he said, "but times have changed since then."

SYMPATHY WITH THE ARMENIANS.

The Unitarians of England, at their anniversary meeting, showed their sympathy with the Armenians in Turkey by the following resolution on the atrocities committed there. It was offered by the president, Mr. Joseph T. Preston:—

"That the oppressive misrule of Turkey over its subject Christian provinces has long been a scandal and a by-word, and that the horrible massacres and outrages in Armenia in which that misrule has recently culminated demand the interference of the civilized world; that we do not charge these atrocities upon Mohammedanism, believing that they are as repugnant to what is best in Islam as to Christendom, but we charge them upon Turkey; and, in the name of the treaty obligation which England has undertaken, we call upon our government to take immediate and decisive action for protecting these oppressed Armenians, and for so placing them under rulers responsible to Europe as to make such outrages henceforth impossible."

Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., seconded the resolution. He said that the previous week he was invited to attend an arbitration meeting with reference to the Armenian atrocities; but he wrote to the secretary of the meeting, saying that the arbitration he would most like to see was the British fleet sailing up to Constantinople. His remarks were received with applause.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

—John B. Tabb.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Arrangements for the meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to be held in Washington, D.C., October 21-24, are now nearly completed. The programme, subject to a few possible changes in minor details, will be as follows:—

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21.

8 P.M. Sermon. Rev. Minot J. Savage.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22.

9 A.M. Communion Service.

10 A.M. Address of Welcome by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of All Souls' Church, Washington. Response by the President, Hon. George F. Hoar. Appointment of Committees, etc.

10.30 A.M. Address of the Chairman of the Council and Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

11 A.M. Address of the Secretary of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

11.20 A.M. Address of Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

12.10 P.M. Introduction of new business

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

3 P.M. "The Church and the Masses," a paper by Rev. John Cuckson.

3.30 P.M. "Our Congregational Polity," a paper by Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer.

TUESDAY EVENING.

7.45 P.M. "Our Young People: Their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." (Programme arranged and meeting to be conducted by Rev. Edward A. Horton.) Opening remarks by the President of the evening. Prof. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., will speak on "Pedagogical Methods in Sunday-school Work." Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, "Cultivation of the Spiritual Nature" (Guilds). Rev. Ida C. Hultin, "Religious Development through Intellectual Leadings" (Unity Clubs). Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, "Character and Citizenship through the Sunday-school." Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., "Enthusiasm for Humanity" (Lend a hand Clubs, etc.).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Stephen H. Camp.

10 A.M. "Church Extension." Addresses, twenty minutes each: Rev. Messrs. D. M. Wilson, D. W. Morehouse, George L. Chaney, T. B. Forbush, A. W. Gould, and C. W. Wendte.

12.20 P.M. Report of the Business Committee.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

3 P.M. Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

8 P.M. "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America," a paper by John Fiske.

9 P.M. "Our Unitarian Theology," a paper by Prof. Charles Carroll Everett.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Edward Hale.

10 A.M. Four papers, twenty-five minutes each, as follows: "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. Howard N. Brown; "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett; "Atonement," by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford; "Forgiveness," by Rev. Mary A. Saford.

12 M. Report of the Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Election of Officers.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

3 P.M. "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems," a paper by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D.

3.30 P.M. "The Modern Applications of these Principles," a paper by Anna Garlin Spencer.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker and Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham.

THURSDAY EVENING.

8 P.M. Platform Meeting. Subject, "The Outlook." Rev. Rush R. Shippen will preside. Speakers to be announced later.

Metzerott's Music Hall, one of the finest auditoriums in Washington, has been engaged for the meetings of the Conference.

Full particulars in regard to hotels, reduced fares, etc., will be announced in a week or two.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Gen. Sec'y.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

BOSTON UNITARIAN CHURCHES, SUMMER SERVICES, 1895.—Second Church: Open all summer for union services, 10.30 A.M., in which the First Church, Second Church, King's Chapel, and Arlington Street Church unite. July 7, Rev. Thomas Van Ness; July 14, Rev. Henry F. Jenks; July 21, Rev. Edward C. Guild; July 28, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke; August 4, Rev. Hilary Bygrave; August 11, Rev. Hilary Bygrave; August 18, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke; August 25, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke; September 1, Rev. Henry F. Jenks; September 8, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke; September 15, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke; September 22, Rev. Thomas Van Ness.

Church of the Disciples (corner Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street): Open all summer for union services, 10.30 A.M., in which the South Congregational Church, Church of the Unity, Church of the Disciples, and New South Church unite. July 7, Rev. Loren B. Macdonald; July 14, Rev. Henry G. Spaulding; July 21, Rev. Minot J. Savage; July 28, Rev. William H. Savage; August 4, Rev. William H. Savage; August 11, Rev. Orello Cone, D.D.; August 18, Rev. George E. Littlefield; August 25, Rev. Loren B. Macdonald; September 1, Rev. W. S. Key; September 8, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.

First Parish, Dorchester (Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, pastor): Open all summer. July 28, Rev. Charles A. Humphreys; August 4, Rev. John W. Chadwick; August 11, Rev. E. Q. S. Osgood; August 18, Rev. Henry G. Spaulding; September 1, Rev. Eugene R. Shippen.

Hawes Unitarian Congregational Church, South Boston (Rev. James Huxtable, pastor): Closed during July and August.

Bulfinch Place Chapel (Rev. S. H. Winkley and Rev. C. R. Eliot, pastors): For July and August, Sunday-school at 11 A.M.; vesper services at 7.30.

Barnard Memorial (Parker B. Field, superintendent): Service for children at 3 P.M. during the summer.

All Souls' Church, Roxbury (Rev. W. H. Lyon, pastor): Closed from July 21 to September 8, inclusive.

Third Religious Society, Dorchester (Rev. F. B. Mott, pastor): Closed during August. Church of the Unity, Neponset (Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, pastor): Closed during August.

Norfolk Church, Dorchester (Rev. W. H. Branigan, pastor): Closed during July and August.

Church of Our Father, East Boston (Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., pastor): Closed during July and August and first Sunday in September.

Unity Church, Allston (Rev. J. L. Seward, pastor): Closed July 14 to September 1, inclusive.

Unitarian church, Roslindale: Closed during August.

Christ Church, Dorchester (Rev. B. A. Goodridge, pastor): Closed during August.

First Unitarian Society, Revere (Rev. E. R. Butler, pastor): Closed during August and first Sunday in September.

Church of the Unity, Beachmont (Rev. E. R. Butler, pastor): Closed during August and first Sunday in September.

Unity Church, South Boston (Rev. Herbert Whitney, pastor): Open all summer for an evening service at 7.30.

First Parish, West Roxbury: Closed during July and August.

Unitarian church, Winthrop (Rev. W. S. Key, pastor): Open all summer.

Boston Common: The religious services under the big cottonwood-tree near the band-stand, which have been so successful, will be continued through the summer. The exercises begin at 5 P.M. every Sunday, and end about six o'clock. Two prominent clergymen will take part at each service. Singing from slips, led by cornet and chorister.

Ministerial Services and Supplies: Any one needing the services of a minister can find response at once by applying at the Unitarian Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Room 5, office of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, Rev. Edward A. Horton, president.

HARVARD DIVINITY ALUMNI.—The Association of the Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School met on Tuesday last, June 25, in the chapel of Divinity Hall at Cambridge, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The meeting was called to order by the president, Rev. E. J. Young, D.D., of Walham. Prayer was offered by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., now of Concord, N.H. The report of the last meeting was read by the secretary, Rev. J. L. Seward of Allston, and approved. It was voted that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to nominate a list of officers for the coming year. The chair appointed Rev. Thomas D. Howard of Charlestown, N.H.; Rev. E. C. Guild, now of Pembroke; and Rev. B. F. McDaniels of Newton Centre. They nominated the following list of officers for 1895-96, who were unanimously elected: president, Rev. William Orne White of

Brookline; vice-president, Rev. Samuel B. Stewart of Lynn; secretary, Rev. J. L. Seward of Allston. Business Committee: Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport; Rev. E. C. Guild of Pembroke; and Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., of Dedham. The venerable William H. Furness, D.D., of Philadelphia was chosen as the "first speaker" for 1896; and Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport was chosen for the "second speaker." Rev. C. C. Everett, D.D., dean of the faculty, gave an interesting report of the Divinity School during the past year. There have been in all fifty-two students. The dean's report of the school's progress was most gratifying to the alumni. The secretary then read the necrology for the year. There have been nine deaths: (1) Rev. Henry Adolphus Miles, D.D., class of 1832, died at Hingham, May 31, 1895; (2) Rev. Frederic West Holland, class of 1834, died at Concord, March 26, 1895; (3) Rev. George Edward Ellis, D.D., class of 1836, died at Boston, Dec. 20, 1894; (4) Rev. Edmund Burke Willson, class of 1843, died at Salem, June 13, 1895; (5) Rev. John Farwell Moors, D.D., class of 1845, died at Greenfield, Jan. 27, 1895; (6) Mr. Robert Stanton Avery, class of 1846, died at Washington, D.C., Sept. 12, 1894; (7) Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., class of 1847, died at Concord, Sept. 30, 1894; (8) Rev. Loring Everett Beckwith, class of 1870, died at Boston, March 18, 1895; (9) Mr. Henry William Robinson, class of 1879, died at New York, N.Y., Jan. 28, 1895. At four o'clock a recess of five minutes was taken, after which Rev. William R. Alger of Boston delivered an eloquent address upon "The Culture of Religious Faith," to which no brief report could do justice. At 5.30 a collation was served in the library building. J. L. Seward, Secretary.

BOSTON.—The Church of the Disciples Union Services: Rev. L. B. Macdonald will preach next Sunday. After September 15 the Pastoral Committee will provide for supplying the pulpit until the end of October, when Mr. Ames is expected to return from a four months' trip to Europe.

GREEN HARBOR, MASS.—The second year of Rev. Mr. Savary's pastorate here is drawing to a close. It is to be regretted that, after the faithful service of both Mr. and Mrs. Savary, there should be deficits in his salary. Last year this deficit was \$100; this year it is \$51. Will not some church, branches, or individuals make this up before the year expires, that the pastor and his wife may begin the new year with renewed hope and courage? The annual fair for which the loyal members of Green Chapel Society work so earnestly will be held August 7 and 8, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. The friends in Boston and vicinity are earnestly invited to be present. Contributions of articles, materials, or money may be sent to Mrs. William H. Savary, Grace Chapel, Green Harbor, Mass.

MEADVILLE, PA.—The church here will close with the last Sunday in June. Mr. Lawrance is away in quest of health. During his absence the pulpit has been supplied by members of the Senior Class of the Theological School and resident ministers.

NEEDHAM, MASS.—"The First Church of Christ" in Needham, which celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary in April, still continues to flourish. The second year of the pastorate of Rev. P. S. Thacher began at that time, and an increase of \$200 to his salary gave practical proof of the esteem of his people. The sixty-ninth anniversary of the Sunday-school was observed the last Sunday in April, an original feature of the exercises being a brief review of the lessons of the year given by the different classes. "Children's Day," June 9, witnessed an unusually large number present, the sermon being especially for them and their parents. The christening service was followed by a tenor solo, "O Father, our little ones keep!" The children too young to attend Sunday-school were presented with little bouquets. The floral concert was held in the church in the evening, the speaking being by the primary and intermediate classes. All were presented with blooming plants. June 23, "St. John's Day," was commemorated by the Masons, who attended church in a body, and listened to a strong and earnest sermon upon "Lessons from the Life of John the Baptist," which cannot fail of being remembered with profit by all. The "King's Daughters" recently held (in aid of their charitable work) a unique entertainment. This was a babies' reception, which was a great success, both socially and financially.

PROSPECT HARBOR, ME.—Summer services will be resumed the first Sunday in July, in charge of Mr. C. A. Sangston, a recent graduate of the Meadville Theological School. Visitors in the community are invited to attend.

TACOMA, WASH.—A correspondent sends the following items: "Rev. Alfred W. Martin returned from his trip to Boston on

June 15, and resumed services, which will be continued Sunday evenings until the middle of July, at which time he will take a vacation until the middle of September. On the evening of June 19 a reception was held in the parlors of the First Free Church for Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their guest, Miss Parker of Boston. The membership of the First Free Church is growing rapidly; and, although the church will seat about two hundred and fifty, there are generally no vacant chairs. Mr. Martin has returned from his Eastern trip full of new hopes and ambitions for the cause of universal religion."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The association met with the Church of the Unity, Rochester, N.H., on June 25 and 26. The meeting was one of those double blessings which come to us when circumstances are just right: the old New Hampshire Association was blessed with the hospitality which the youngest society in New Hampshire could give, and the thriving little church in Rochester was joyously proud to have the association with it. Who would have thought, even a few years ago, that the Rochester people could do what they did a few days ago? Now, with the right man in the right place, as Rev. W. H. Walbridge seems to be, this gem of a church and wide-awake society bid fair to do greater things yet.

On Tuesday evening Rev. Charles G. Ames gave the sermon, and on Wednesday morning Rev. Charles J. Staples gave an excellent address on "The Revival of Religion." At 9.45 o'clock Col. C. C. Danforth of Concord, N.H., took the chair, and congratulated the Rochester society for its good work, and also the association for its good fortune in meeting with the new church at Rochester. Rev. Enoch Powell discussed the paper of Mr. Staples in an interesting manner, and then Rev. G. E. Littlefield of Peterboro addressed the meeting on "The Present Duty." This was followed by remarks by Rev. J. B. Morrison of Laconia, Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord, Rev. Lyman Clark of Andover, and Mr. C. B. Tebbitts of Lynn, Mass., the donor of a pretty memorial window in the church. Hon. Solomon Spaulding of Nashua, Hon. Woodbury L. Melcher of Laconia, Mr. J. C. A. Hill of Concord, and Mrs. W. B. Neal of Rochester also addressed the meeting.

Besides the lowering weather, the necessary absence of the local minister, Rev. W. H. Walbridge, owing to the critical illness of his wife, touched the meeting with a bit of sadness. On motion of Rev. Mr. Phalen it was voted that the association express its sorrow for the trial of the pastor of the Rochester church in the illness of his wife. The association, owing to the suspension of an afternoon session, also expressed its thanks to the Rochester society for their cordiality and the anticipated collation.

Then the devotional meeting, which was postponed to eleven o'clock to accommodate Rev. Mr. Staples, who had to leave early, was conducted in a helpful sermon by Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth, during which Rev. C. B. Elder arrived from Keene. Mr. Elder then gave a very thoughtful and stirring address on "The Revival of Religion," based upon a criticism of an editorial upon that topic in the New York Sun. After this Rev. Messrs. Powell, Clark, and Phalen made remarks, and the meeting adjourned to a bountiful collation prepared by the good ladies of Rochester.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

An Eclectic Exhibition.—The purchase of rattan goods at a rattan store is not always wise, for one sees only the shapes and styles of a single manufacturer. It is much better economy to visit a large furniture establishment (as, for example, the warerooms of the Paine Furniture Company on Canal Street), and there make selection from the popular pieces of all the leading rattan manufacturers. At the Paine warerooms there may literally be found the gems of rattan ware from all the leading makers of this country. A trifle may also often be saved in the price by making purchases in this way.

Marriages.

In Belmont, 29th ult., by Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Arthur Pineo and Rose Taylor, both of Waverley.

Deaths.

In Cambridge, 1st inst., Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Willard, D.D., in the 84th year of her age.

Newton Rest-Cure.

The Befriending Committee of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union wish to call the attention of ladies temporarily disabled through nervous diseases to the favorable terms they have made at the Newton Rest-Cure. For further particulars address the BEFRIENDING COMMITTEE, 264 Boylston Street, Boston.

SONNET.

O world, thou chooseth not the better part.
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes;
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies.
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

—George Santayana.

The Pulpit.

GOD OUT OF DOORS.

ABSTRACT OF SERMON.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

"Day uttereth speech unto day, and night showeth knowledge unto night."—PSALM XIX. 12.

If we trace the beginnings of the growth of the religious life of any people, we shall find that it began in the simplest and most natural way. Among the Hebrews, almost the first trace that we have of their thought about God is that he is represented as walking in the garden of Eden in the cool of the day, under the trees, under the open heaven. It was many a long year before they offered worship to their God in any covered place. It was under some sacred oak, like that at Mamre. It was on some hill-top, or in such places as these, where they offered their worship. So the Greeks believed that the rustling of the leaves of certain consecrated oaks had a divine meaning, and they looked to their priests to interpret these messages from the gods. And the Greeks were right. There is never the rustling of a leaf but has a message from the divine, if only we may rightly interpret it.

But by and by the Hebrews erected a tent, a tabernacle within which they placed their sacred ark, and supposed that God made this his special abode. Gradually, all peoples, according to the degree of civilization they had attained, erected sacred enclosures of one kind or another, until at last there was the magnificence of Solomon's temple, and some of the most marvellous architectural structures that the world has ever known crowning the hills of Greece. The people got to believe that God himself is shut up in these enclosures, and is not any longer abroad in the world.

As religions have developed, instead of keeping God out of doors, seeing God, feeling God everywhere throughout his universe, the people have come to shut him up in buildings, to shut him up in books, to shut him up in verbal statements; and the rest of the world outside is looked upon as profane, secular, natural.

It is well that we should associate in our minds the worship of God with special places, special forms, special ceremonies. It is well, when we come in here, that we should come with our heads uncovered, as in a sacred presence. It is well, when we take the name of God upon our lips, that our heads should bend in recognition of that presence. These sacred associations are natural, and not confined to the religious life.

I have no fault to find with this: it is sweet and true and natural. But I do have fault to find with the way of looking at God that leaves him in the churches, that does not take him away with you when you leave here, that does not make you feel that you can no more escape that blessed presence than you can escape the air you breathe.

Every spring the newspapers begin to discuss the question of the closing of the churches; and the assumption on their part seems to be that the religion of any particular congregation that closes its church has for the time being come to an end, that worship has ceased, that the service of God and of our fellow-men is suspended until the vacation comes to an end. The implication is that God is located here, and that, unless we meet here once a week, we do not meet with God; that service for God is exclusively that which we perform in this place; and that, when we are not here, we are not serving God. This is what I find fault with,—this assumption that religion is a thing necessarily and always connected with a specific place; and, if we believe it, it is very likely to be so, so far as we are concerned.

Then, as I said, the world has come to shut up God in certain books, called Holy Scriptures or Bibles. They were not thought to be holy scriptures or bibles when they were first written. They were literature then. They were history; they were song; they were hymn; they were proverbs, wise sayings; they were letters; they were visions. But after a long period of time they came to be regarded as so consecrated, so specially sacred, so specially holy, that the people accepted the idea that all of God's truth was in that particular book, and that the minute you read any other book you were reading something which was not God's truth, though it might be ever so true. It was not religious truth, although it might be ever so intimately concerned with our duties to our fellow-men or with the highest services that we are able to render the world. In this way people have come to talk about sacred history and profane history. God was in the history of the Hebrews, but was not in the history of Greece or in the history of Rome or England or America. He was with certain men who fought thousands of years ago, and helped them to fight battles and win victories for humanity; but we have had to fight our battles and win our victories for humanity without him. God's truth is in the psalms of David, but not in the psalms of Samuel Johnson or Samuel Longfellow or John W. Chadwick or Theodore Parker. God's truth is in the letters that Paul happened to write; but, if a modern minister writes ever so sacred, helpful a letter to guide, to teach, to lift some human soul, that is secular, that is not religious. I have no fault to find with the discovery of God in the Bible; but I find fault with shutting him up in that book, and not seeing and feeling him everywhere in the history of the world, in the wise saying, the sacred song, the proverb, the literature, the letters of the world.

Again, they have come to shut God up in certain creeds. Now, these creeds, so far as they go, may be ever so accurate. They may be most "dreadfully true," as Lowell says. But any definition of the divine leaves out more than it includes. And so we need to remember that God is not only in our statements of belief, whether they be Presbyterian or Unitarian, but that he is outside of all statements, and that there is more of him outside of the statement than in all the wise devices men have ever been able to include in all their statements. It is a God out of doors, out of the church, out of the Bible, out of the creeds, that we need to remember if we wish to find our God.

We have condescendingly given God one day in seven. The other six we have reserved for our own use, as though God were not in Monday as well as in Sunday, and in Tuesday and Wednesday and all the days of the week, and as though righteousness and true thinking and true feeling and true worship and high aspiration were not as incumbent upon us on Wednesday as on Sunday. I have no fault to find with your discovery of God on Sunday. I have no fault to find with your giving more time to the conscious finding of God that day than on other days. I find fault only with your talking about the rest of the week as though God were not connected with it.

Take your business. You have been accustomed to put God into your so-called religious devotion, but you have left him out of business. You have left him out of politics. You have left him out of society. You have left him out of all worldly affairs, until people have actually come to feel that it is somehow an impertinence for a minister to suggest the intrusion of God into these other affairs. Religion is one thing, and business is another; religion is one thing, and politics is another; religion is one thing, and amusement is another. So people divide their lives, giving a little space and a little time and a little thought to God, and thinking of all the rest of their time, and all their other occupations, as worldly, secular, divorced from God.

In other words, we have created a distinction which does not exist between the natural and the supernatural. We have made a distinction of the natural that leaves God out; and then we have been obliged to invent a process called supernatural, or miraculous, by which to get him back into his own world. We rob ourselves of God by these arbitrary divisions; and we make our lives barren and empty and poor be-

cause we live so much without God in the world.

Let us for a moment step out into the outside world, and see whether we have left God behind us or not. Stoop down and examine a grass-blade, and see God at work before your face, clothing the world with greenness and beauty by the same process as that in which his creative work has always been carried on from the very beginning. When the sun sets in his glory, and the stars come out, lift your eyes to the heavens, and see away off beyond these bodies that shine out in their distinctness a cloud of light. Get the most powerful telescope that has been invented up to the present time, and you shall not be able to pick out star points in it, for they are not there yet. What is it? a nebula, God overhead creating a system, as at your feet he is creating the blade of grass; world-building going on just before us; we admitted into the workshop of the Almighty, into the very secrets of creation itself, seeing the mighty hand, that is not too mighty to shape a rose-leaf, shaping a galaxy,—sun, planets, and moons.

Then, as you take your excursion this summer, through the river valley or among the hills or by the seashore, if you are not wise enough yourselves to read the meaning of it, ask some geologist to tell you. Right here God is at work just the same as he has always been at work with this beautiful old earth of ours, sculpturing it, scooping out the river valleys, shaping the courses of the brooklets, creating as of old.

If you get the microscope and study more deeply until you untangle the wondrous combinations of the infinitesimal, you discover everywhere infinite order, no confusion. You find perfect arrangement of atom on atom, molecule on molecule, perfect order everywhere. Can you think of this, and feel that God is very far away?

Then take the mystery of life, the miracle that takes these particles of dust and absorbs them into that which grows, into that which feels, into that which thinks, into that which hopes, aspires, and worships,—one life from the little particle of protoplasm up to the brain of Shakspeare and the soul of Jesus. Can you face this, and for a moment even partly comprehend what it means, and think that you are away from God?

And, then, the beauty! The poet in very familiar lines has told us:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I do not believe a word of it. The old Greek sculptor knew better than that, who, when he was finishing some secret part of his statue, and a critic said, Why do you take all that trouble: no one will see it? replied, Yes, the gods will see it. So I do not believe any gems are lost in ocean caves, or that any flowers waste their perfume or their beauty in desert places. I believe that the infinite, loving heart of God has infinite joy in every beautiful thing that the infinite skill has chosen to create. In the presence of the beauty of the world, then, you are close, very close to him who has made this beauty, and who has taught us to worship him "in the beauty of holiness."

Then, if we choose to study it farther, we find ourselves everywhere in the presence of righteousness; that is, absolute law-keeping. For absolute law-keeping in any department of the universe, when lifted into the range of human thought and life, becomes righteousness. There is not a thing that God has made until we climb up into the free action in free creatures that does not perfectly keep all his laws. And we, by this very process of hurting ourselves and finding the way again by pain, are being trained into the more perfect and voluntary obedience.

Where will you turn, then, out of doors, where will you get away from God? Emerson sings,—

"When me they fly, I am the wings."

I wish, then, to help you this summer, during our vacation, when this particular place is closed, to feel that you are in a world full of God, as full as it is of air; that you cannot escape from his presence. But I would not put that as I used to hear it, when I was a boy, in the form of a threat, until I came to dread his presence, and wish I could escape from it. It now

has become to me an unspeakable joy that I cannot escape from God. Wherever you go, accustom yourselves to feel this tender, loving, sweet, infinite presence. Try to gain a glimpse, to get into sympathy with what Wordsworth knew when he said,—

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man."

I want you to feel that everywhere you are in this living presence, the presence that shines in the sun, that is blue in the sky, that ripples in the water, that which alone can explain any miracle of this wonderful world all round us, the thrilling presence of God.

I want you to come to have a sense of comradeship with this presence. I do not believe that it is fancy when we have a sense of a presence, of comradeship in the woods, among the mountains, under the stars. There is a presence dearer to us and nearer to us than any dearest and nearest friends that we have on earth. I believe you can commune with this presence.

"Speak to him, thou; for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet,—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

In this presence may come the truest, sweetest, noblest sense of worship. When I stand under the stars at night, and look and long until the tears come, until I am lifted in the presence of their brightness,—is it not worship? When I stand beneath a mountain, and feel it call to me,—feel the thrill and the lift in what I speak of inadequately as the sublime,—is it only so much rocks and trees? The ancient polytheists talked about the gods in the mountains, the gods in the trees, the gods in the brooks, the gods in the clouds. I agree with them, only I would leave off the letter s,—that is all. I would say *God* in the clouds, *God* in the brooks, *God* in the leaves, *God* in the mountain, calling to me, lifting me, saying, "Come up higher"; *God* in the voice of the infinite sea, that rouses my blood, and thrills me with high feeling and high purpose and high resolve. Is this irreligious? Is this unworshipful? Am I away from God because I am out of doors?

When Tennyson, walking out with James T. Fields, who tells us the anecdote, catches the smell of the violets, and, dropping on his knees, calls out, "Down on your knees, man,—down on your knees, man,—violets, violets," is it not a recognition of the beauty of God? Was he not engaged in worshipping the supreme power, the skill, the beauty, that made the violet? And when James Russell Lowell, stooping down on the edge of a pool by the seashore, where there were all sorts of tiny fishes and sea creatures and marine vegetable growths,—when he looked at the wonder of shape and color and beauty, and exclaimed, "What a poet God is, what an imagination God has, that expresses itself in this infinite variety!"—was he not engaged in an act of worship ten thousand times more worshipful than the perfunctory bending of the knee of thousands of people who go through their formal rituals in churches merely from a sense of habit, without any thrill or touch of feeling, of life and soul? Worship is of the heart, the feeling, and not of the lips or the bending of the knee.

I want you to go out of doors, and to have such a sense of comradeship as Lowell has partly expressed in "Under the Willows."

"I care not how men trace their ancestry
To ape or Adam; let them please their
whim.

But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely, there are
times

When they consent to own me of their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of all
words."

Well may we be touched with this feeling of sympathy, this comradeship, when we are out of doors. And we cannot stop with saying all life is my relation, unless we include in the all life Him who is the life of all. For it is God's life in the protoplasm

and God's life in the grass-blade. It is God's life all the way through; and, when we recognize that feeling of comradeship and rejoice in it, we are conscious of the presence and the love and the care of our Father who is in heaven.

I want you, then, as you go away this summer, to recognize that you are a part of this all of life; and I want you to feel a tenderness and a sympathy, not only for life in man, but for horse, for dog, for cat, for bird, for fish, for insect, for all that is dowered with this marvellous gift of the divine life. I want you to learn to rejoice in the joy that is all around you this summer. Remember what Lowell again said,—

“There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.”

Rejoice in the joy of life. Be touched with tenderness and sympathy for all this life that can feel and can suffer, and do not dare to add a pang to the burden of the world's sorrow. As you enter into this life, include in it the trees and the grass-blade. Count it a part of your religion not wantonly to destroy or injure anything that God has taken the pains to make. Recognize your kinship with them, enter into the life and joy for all, and then think how many million times more you multiply the capacities of this joy when you can rejoice in the joy of all that is living. How like God you become in sympathy and tenderness when you can feel with everything that feels! How like God you become in service when you remember that he, the omnipotent, is the universal servant of everything that he has made! God serves every grass-blade, every insect, every reptile, every worm that crawls; and we become likeliest God when we enter into this life of universal sympathy and service.

When you walk away from the church door this morning, do not think you are walking away from God. Learn to walk your pathways of life as happy, blessed children, friends, and comrades of God, walking the earth hand in hand with him, feeling a consciousness of his presence until you can say with the Psalmist that there is no place in the universe where any power of evil or good can put you where you will be away from him. Take the faith of Whittier when he said,—

“No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.”

Walk this earth as God's earth, make your life a life of service, make every day an hour of worship. Let your round of existence be religious until you feel the sense of this comradeship so real that you can look even death in the face without any fear, for God is in those worlds as yet inaccessible to us. If we pass into the shadow where these eyes cannot see, the pathway will be lighted by him, so that we may be with God now, with God everywhere, with God always.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

BY REV. W. H. FISH.

Why not revivals of religion as well as “the revival of learning” when learning had fallen so low, or, as now, revivals of trade and business, revivals of patriotism and politics, or of any other important and valued human interests, where there is a dearth or deadness of any of them? And why should religion be made an exception, particularly in its higher and more reasonable forms, wherever it is dormant in many souls and churches? Why, also, should there not be a revival of Unitarianism, if only on a high intellectual and spiritual plane, corresponding with its great and divine ideas and principles, entirely free from the superstition and fanaticism often connected with the common revivals, in harmony with reason, and in fraternal fellowship with all who love righteousness, hate iniquity, and would live and labor to advance the kingdom of God? Are Unitarians generally religious enough already, by virtue of their “unfallen” nature, and so none of them needing any “second birth”? And is the chief thing that the young men and women of the denomination need,—intellectual, ethical, and æsthetic culture, fine and fashionable manners and accomplishments that fit them for “the best society,”—the moiety of religion that comes through these higher educational channels quite sufficient, particularly if a commend-

able attendance at church once a Sunday, at least, is added, even with no special desire, much less earnest work, for the religious welfare of others less favored and outside of their charmed circle?

In its full and rounded form Unitarianism is the grandest faith thus far made known to mankind. Even the best form of the “New Orthodoxy” only nearly approaches it at certain points, if an advance, perhaps, at others. Beginning as the Christian Unitarianism that it always has been, with God, as specially revealed or manifested in Christ, and ending with God as “all in all,” good triumphant over evil and love over selfishness, and thus universal holiness, harmony, and happiness secured,—now the commonly received view of Unitarians, though not wholly confined to any one denomination, is fast spreading through them all, excepting the most creed-bound and exclusive. Its ethical and humanitarian requirement is the highest possible, summed up in the injunction of Jesus: “Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,”—perfect men and women as he is perfect God. And, interpreted by this sublime faith in the “One God and Father of all, above all, through all, and in all,” the fundamental foundation and central doctrine of Unitarianism, we have our perpetual being in a glorious universe, subservient to and answering a divine purpose and end. But, if the faith had no real basis except in the imagination and wishes of mere idealists, then would the universe seem a mysterious, perplexing, tormenting riddle and muddle,—its night side all dark and cheerless! and as Channing has said, “Human life would be mean, and man poorer than the brute.”

But, if Unitarianism should not keep the spiritual life, the enthusiasm for the religion of Jesus, awakened in it at the last Saratoga Conference, and even have it deepened and broadened by its own faithfulness under divine influences, so that it will become a spiritual awakening and inspiring power in various of its churches where there is very little social religious life and genuine Christian co-operation, its outward and forward look would be gloomy enough.

But other denominations are becoming liberal, and the one that shall have the most divine life and reasonable enthusiasm to advance this cause of God will undoubtedly be the prosperous and leading denomination, whatever its name. But it is the history of sects that sometimes “the first shall be last, and the last first.” As Paul said to the Jews, “Seeing ye put the word of God from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, so we turn to the Gentiles,” so it is possible that the grand opportunity of the Unitarian denomination may be a lost one to it, through lack of fidelity and zeal, though the denomination is the best prepared of any by its grand history to fill the land with its faith and a divine religion of humanity.

Not to be satisfied with the slow progress and growth of Unitarianism is most reasonable, and to be justified. Hence my advocacy of the need of a general and genuine and wide-spread revival or simultaneous awakening of dormant religious natures into a new or a fuller appreciation of our faith, and also into such deep and earnest religious aspirations and endeavors as will turn many from darkness to light, from coldness and indifference, as also from sin and unbelief, to the taking of a strong and sure hold on God and eternal life, which will be equivalent, with a baptism of the Divine Spirit, to a new birth,—birth into a spiritual world, a world of love and light, whose revelations alone can satisfy the desires and needs of the soul for unseen and eternal things. And when I see “Evangelists” full of earnestness and zeal, with a mixed system of beliefs, bad and doubtful as well as true and good, and yet quickening the religious sentiment of many young and no longer young persons into desires and purposes to be Christians, and committing themselves to this high calling and entering into their churches, the inefficiency in this respect of much of our Unitarianism is all the more marvellous to me; but that is simply unapplied Unitarianism, which ought to be used as effectively to awaken sleeping souls as to lead on in the path of progress those already awakened. Gloomy views of death and vindictive views

of hell are certainly not needful for this purpose.

Some time since one of our wisest and best and much beloved Unitarian ministers (Dr. Miles, lately departed) told me that he had met somewhere in the writings of the late distinguished Dr. Bushnell, “liberal orthodox,” an expressed anticipation of grand revivals of religion at some future time under the influence of Unitarianism, and that in such a man's view this great faith contains “the potency and promise” of a divine life, yet to be widely diffused by it. Is not this significant and worth considering, how its latent power can be brought out and applied? At a late Norfolk Conference the new and able secretary of the American Unitarian Association gave the denomination twenty years to take on new and more vital and vigorous life and strength to make itself pre-eminently worthy of its great and divinely appointed mission; but, failing in this, what then? Unitarianism “for substance of doctrine” cannot die; for God “keepeth watch o'er all his own.” And this is his own, and he will in some way preserve it; but the opportunity to make it the great reviving, regenerating, uplifting, and transforming power in the world it was designed to be may some time, I repeat, pass into new hands.

But no, the denomination of the Channings, the Wares, Walkers, Peabodies, Mays, Parkers, Clarkes, Furnesses, and the rest of the class, and of noble women not a few, and many kindred successors, cannot pass away nor become insignificant among the denominations, as though it were designed only as a preliminary theological and ethical movement or simply the “leaven” that some have thought it; but the denomination will live on, grandly improving the secretary's “twenty years” of probation, and before that time, we will trust, become one of the most flourishing and fruitful trees in the garden of the Lord, the incarnation then better understood than now, and clearly seen to be not in one man only, though the divinest and the special revealer and leader, but in all men in proportion to their Christ-likeness and oneness with the universal Father by a fulness of his spirit. And, had not Theodore Parker fallen on the evil times that he did, slavery and the kindred abominations and a barbarous theology abounding, monopolizing much of his time and great capacities, he might have been the pre-eminently efficient reviver of a pure and fervent as well as reasonable religion throughout the denomination, as he certainly was in a limited sphere; for no man, perhaps, has ever stood in an American pulpit more deeply, devoutly, earnestly religious than that great heresiarch of Music Hall, or more impressively, efficiently so at his best. For proofs of this see his “Discourse,” his “Ten Sermons,” and especially his two sermons of “The Soul's Normal Delight in God” and “The Delights of Piety.” With Parker “piety was the seed, philanthropy the blossom and fruit”; and the motive power of philanthropy, the love of God, essential to the love of man. Unfortunately, many of his partial disciples have accepted and emphasized his denials, but not so earnestly his affirmations, his theology, nor his religion; and I have known his religion to be called, by such iconoclasts, “sentimentalism,” but a revival of such sentimentalism throughout the Unitarian denomination would be its surest salvation and growth,—a newly awakened consciousness of God and eternal life in him.

But that this talk about “revivals of religion” or the awakening of slumbering souls to life and light is not mere unreasoning and unreasonable enthusiasm, reconsider also what James Martineau has said germane to the subject:—

“The times and people that have visibly felt the proximity of God have always been characterized by hearty and productive affections, by vast enterprises and great sacrifices, by the seeds of mighty thought dropped upon the world and the fruits of great achievements contributed to human history. In contact with every grand era in the experience of mankind will be found the birth of religion, a fresh discovery of the preternatural and the mysterious; a plenary sense of God; the descent of a Holy Spirit on waiting hearts; a day of Pentecost to strong and faithful souls, giving them

the utterance of a divine persuasion and dispensing a new gospel over the world. We, alas! are far enough—far, at least, as the days of Wesley—from any such period of inspiration in the past; perhaps, however, the nearer to it in the future, as there is no night unfollowed by the dawn.” See also Dr. J. H. Allen, in the June number of the *New World*, especially on the 317th page and in paragraph 2. And do we not see in the great Martineau awakening—so many ministers testifying to their great and grateful indebtedness to him, expressed in such fervor and earnestness—an encouraging sign of the dawn of a new day, the great spiritual leader, illuminated and illuminating, living again in them, to carry forward the great and divine cause he has so magnificently represented,—the cause of God and humanity? Surely, these younger ministers will not go to sleep, but so live and labor that they in their turn will live in many faithful disciples as Martineau lives in his. And this outward sign of a great harvest from this great teacher's quiet, patient, persevering sowing of the seeds of the divine kingdom must be a very great reward to the noble seer; and in due time, though we hope to hear from him still further, he may well say, “Now, Lord, let thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

Spiritual Life.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*J. H. Newman.*

The conception of man's freedom as ethical and spiritual, as resting upon the infinite worth of human personality, and its direct relation with the divine Personality, has been the direct source of all that is noblest in modern civilization.—*Quarterly Review.*

There is a time when religion is only felt as a bridle that checks us; and then comes another time when it is a sweet and penetrating life-blood, which sets in motion every fibre of the soul, expands the understanding, gives us the infinite for our horizon, and makes all things clear to us.—*Lacordaire.*

God never works only for to-day. His plan runs on and on. The web he weaves is from everlasting to everlasting; and, if I can fill a part of that web, be it ever so insignificant, it will abide forever. And this is one of the most comforting thoughts to us. While on earth we may do something for eternity.—*Bishop Simpson.*

Bear in mind that, to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness.—*Peabody.*

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The end of all political struggle is to establish morality as the basis of legislation. 'Tis not free institutions, 'tis not a democracy that is the end,—no, but only the means. Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime will not pay, a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man.—*Emerson.*

To know that there are scattered all over the world kindred souls whom we shall never see, perhaps, but whom we may at any time happen upon, makes the whole mass of men and women more interesting than they otherwise would be. We see them all at their best, and it keeps us at our best. We come to realize more fully that they and we must all be loved to be understood. So our quest for the holy grail in human souls congenial and uplifting becomes its own exceeding great reward.—*Selected.*

Literature.

CHURCH'S LIFE OF CROMWELL.*

If there are and have been and will be many lives of Oliver Cromwell (as of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington), the world may be assured there never can be too many. For, since the world was made, the biography of a strong and Heaven-appointed man has ever been its best literature. Novels are an adumbration of that; and poems, even Homer's and Shakspeare's, are the quintessence of such lives, presented in the metrical and idealizing form so acceptable to mankind. Besides, in Cromwell's case, so complex was his character, and so great the misconception of him which the stolid and traditional conservatism of England formed and long cherished, that no life of him now for two hundred and fifty years has been able to set him forth as he was. Carlyle, with his piercing but distorting genius for history, was strong enough to puff away at one blast the nonsense of old slanderers and the effect of party rage in Clarendon, Ludlow, and the cold bigot of Toryism, David Hume; but he gave a new twist of error to the conception of this great man's mission. To Carlyle arbitrary power was in itself a good thing,—as, doubtless, it is in the divine Ruler,—but never, if men are to wield it. It is an occasional necessity rather, not to be assumed from ambition, as by Napoleon, nor by a system of fraud and force, as by the spurious Napoleon, who made Canrobert the instrument of his murderous assault on France, but only to be taken up as Cromwell received it, at the hands of a necessity great enough to be qualified as divine,—the call of God. But even the chosen instruments of Heaven are fallible men, and Carlyle felt bound by his theory to defend and explain Cromwell sometimes upon false grounds.

The centuries bring clearness of vision where great men are concerned, although they often do oblivious injustice to men of a lower rank. The farther England sees Cromwell recede in the past, the wiser is her verdict upon him; and now we hear that his statue is to be placed in the great Parliament House, where room was found half a century ago for elegant third-rate heroes of romance and friendship, like Falkland, or representative English gentlemen, like Hampden and Chatham. Above such men—famous and even great as some of them were—the genius of Cromwell rises into the higher rank of those few soldiers and statesmen who have changed the political fortunes and face of the world. Mayell, the Puritan Horace, had a profound appreciation of Cromwell, when in his lifetime he wrote:—

"And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived, reserved and austere,
Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould."

The latest life of this hero is by Samuel Harden Church; and, without indicating any considerable genius or even penetration in the writer, it is a compilation of real value, from his openness of mind and careful sifting of authorities. Although the book has more than five hundred pages, he is compelled to omit many things that would throw light on Cromwell,—among

others, his transactions with his witty and shabby cousin (Hampden's cousin, also), the poet Edmund Waller. There is an anonymous life of Waller, printed in the London edition of his poems and speeches in 1711, which might have been profitably consulted by Mr. Church (as it was, without giving credit, by Mr. Gosse, in his Lowell Lectures, ten years ago), and would have furnished a racy anecdote or two, in a style a little more picturesque than our modern author uses. But he has given us so much that is good, especially in Cromwell's own words, that we will not find fault with his omissions.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. By Walter Besant. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This last venture of Mr. Besant is a sad but powerful story. It is largely the tale of misery, meanness, and crime. But, though the drama is set in the shadow, it is lighted up with rays of noble thought. The opening scene represents a young physician at the death-bed of his father, who in his last hours revealed to his son the story of his life. He was the son of John Calvert Burley. The latter was the member of a family who were marked by their miserly cruelty. Misfortune and suffering ran through several generations. The present living representative was John Calvert Burley, who had acquired a vast fortune by pandering to the worst vices. He was a miser; and his son was so impressed with the conviction that the money gained by the family had been a curse for two hundred years that he resolved to renounce his inheritance, run away, assume a new name, and begin life free from all the dishonor which had brought so much misery and moral ruin. At fifty-five, after an honorable career, he died; and in the confidence of his last hours he reveals to his son that the latter has a grandfather still alive, who soon after died and left a fortune of sixty millions. Who are the heirs? This was the question sent forth to the public while the millions were placed in the public treasury, waiting for the real claimant. This was the grandson; but, as his father's dying charge to his son was not to have anything to do with this ill-gotten wealth, he kept in the background. And various members of the family were in a furor of excitement and hope. Notwithstanding his wife had resolved never to have anything to do with this money, there began to grow, on the part of the real heir, the desire to claim his prize. With it he would found a great scientific college, which would bless the world. The various phases of the struggle by which he at last revealed himself is vividly drawn, as well as the craze which possessed other claimants before the true heir was discovered. To cap the climax, just as the heir was to receive his own, a will was discovered which left the whole estate to the founding of a college of science. This is a brief outline of a story which is both sad and tragic. Throughout the whole we see exemplified the great moral fact that, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap, and how often the consequences of our own misdeeds affect others. This is done, however, not in the way of moral preaching, but in the natural working out of results in character. The personages in the drama are vividly drawn with individual distinctness. On the whole, this may be classed among Mr. Besant's best novels. It is alive with interest, abounds with strong delineations of character, such as Margaret; the American girl, Ella; the Australian family; Clarence; and the chief personage, Dr. Lucian. We see here also the working of a weird imagination common to the author's works,—sometimes a tendency to exaggeration, and with flashes of noble sentiment.

A WOMAN OF IMPULSE. By Justin Huntley McCarthy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—A woman of impulse, as drawn by Justin H. McCarthy, is of noble family, rich inheritance, attractive in person, and with high intellectual and moral aspirations. Living in a period when literature abounds in quotations, and the public reads what is written about Shakspeare, Milton, and other great authors, instead of studying their original work, she is filled with the earnest desire to get at the realities of life. She had been specially interested in a book of a somewhat radical character called the "Cry for Liberty," written by Brander Swift. Naturally self-willed and fond of adventure, Dorothy Carteret resolved, under the assumed name of Candida Knox, to take humble apartments in London, and begin life in earnest. Among other things, she had a strong desire to know the author of the "Cry for Liberty." This was done in a very unconventional way. Swift, in the pursuit of his studies, was a frequent visitor to the British Museum. Here he met a girl with "the most beautiful face he had ever seen." He was haunted by it; and, after seeing it several times, he was desperately in love with it. One day the girl asked him, "Are you a student of these things?" And the ice was broken. They soon became companions in their quest for knowledge; and

with frank and sincere confidence the girl told him her name and residence, but gave him to understand that their relation was that of friendship. Swift, though desperately in love, had to recognize this, and so the story goes on, with a variety of incidents and characters, until, Candida Knox, with all her eccentricities, having a woman's heart, the intimacy ripened into love, and then, assured of the truth of his affection, she tells him of her own love and real name. While other personages figure in the story, the chief interest gathers round these two. The woman of impulse was thoroughly unconventional; yet, under all her freaks, frankness, and eccentricities, she is a true woman, striving her best to reach her noblest ideal. This book is far from the common type of novels, both in its characters and aim, and gives us glimpses of some of the peculiar phases of social life and the teeming thought of the times.

PRINCE HENRY, THE NAVIGATOR: THE HERO OF PORTUGAL AND OF MODERN DISCOVERY, 1394-1460 A.D. By C. Raymond Beazley, M.A., F.R.G.S. With an account of Geographical Progress throughout the Middle Ages as the preparation for his work. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The plan of this volume is well described on its title-page. The author, availing himself of original sources, describes the knowledge of geography which existed during the Middle Ages to the end of the fifteenth century, and the various enterprises of discovery which preceded. This takes about a third of the book, and is, so to speak, a prelude to the life of Prince Henry. The period of the latter may truly be regarded as the turning-point in the development of many centuries. The author says that the interest which surrounds Henry "is somewhat clouded by the dearth of complete knowledge of his life; but enough remains to make something of a picture of a hero, both of science and of action." The work has been done with carefulness; and the reader has a large amount of useful information relating to what has been done in the way of discovery before Henry, and also the very important results of the labors of the Portuguese sailors under the inspiration and aid of the prince. These hardy mariners sailed along a large section of the western coast of Africa, and prepared the way for the more brilliant deeds which soon after followed. The series of maps given, which illustrate the continual geographical progress, are of special value. "These," says the author, are "the first English reproduction in any acceptable form of several of the great charts of the Middle Ages; and, taken together, they will give, it is hoped, the best view of Western or Christian map-making before the time of Columbus that is to be found in any English book outside of the great historical atlases." This book has an unusual value, because it contains the best available knowledge, in a small space, of the discoveries of the period it covers, and gives us an insight into the spirit and purposes which guided these hardy sailors in their discoveries.

INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Emanuel V. Gerhart, D.D., LL.D. Completed in two octavo volumes, 1,744 pages. Per volume, \$3. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.—The first volume of this work appeared in 1891, and treated of "The Sources of Theological Knowledge," "The Christ Idea," "The Doctrine of God," and "Cosmology." The present volume is devoted to "Anthropology," "Christology," "Pneumatology," "Soteriology," and "Eschatology." The author's point of departure in the construction of his system is the conception of Jesus as both divine and human,—both God and man. The supposed method of the process of incarnation is developed with a fulness which leaves far behind the simple story of the Gospels; yet even a dissenter must confess that the discussion is conducted with great soberness, and with all the clearness of presentation of which such a subject is capable. So in his eschatology the author is to be ranked with those who free the traditional doctrine of the resurrection from some of its difficulties by extending the view of Paul, and giving not only to the righteous a spiritual body in place of the disintegrated physical organism, but also to the wicked a new devilish body suited to the conditions of their hellish life. In the underworld the soul is without a body, but at the resurrection it will create for itself a new tenement-house. The conception of the solidarity of the family is evoked to furnish a way of escape from perdition for the infant children of Christian parents. "By nature, infants are fallen: they are subject to the power of the law of sin, they are the heirs of death." From this death they may be saved through Christian baptism. One may protest at every turn against the author's positions, but can hardly withhold from him the praise due to a most thorough, painstaking, and conscientious treatment of themes which are likely yet for many generations to be considered of supreme importance by the great majority of Christians.

IN THE HEART OF THE BITTER-ROOT MOUNTAINS. The Story of "the Carlin Party," September-December, 1893. By Heclama. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The narratives of the experiences of those who travel in rough and unexplored regions have always a special fascination, because they deal with danger and hardship. The story of the Carlin Party is one of these. It is the record of a hunting trip taken for recreation and pleasure. Leaving behind the comforts of civilized life, this small party plunged into the wilds of the Bitter-root Mountains. It was by no means a holiday affair. At an unusually early period they were confronted with severe snow-storms, which covered and hid the trails; and they were forced on their return to descend the Kooskooskee on rafts built with their own hands. As they crept along, they were tossed by the rapids upon high and pointed rocks. Thus they toiled slowly, gliding amid cold and rain, in daily peril of their lives. To add to their trials, one of their comrades was ill unto death; and they were obliged to leave him on the banks of the river to die alone in the sleet and snow. After various thrilling incidents they were met by a rescuing party, and reached their homes. The author has told the story in a literal and informal way, yet full of pictures of camp life and vivid descriptions of scenery. As one of the party was somewhat of an artist, we have a large number of illustrations reproduced from photographs taken on the spot, and also a valuable map of the Clearwater basin and adjoining territory. The book closes with a reprint of portions of the narrative of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which treats of their travels through this section.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Isaac A. Corneilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The outcome of this dull, learned, careful, and laborious book is that we have in America a State without a Church, but not without a religion. The government, he says, is Christian, but it is not sectarian. We cannot think he has made out his positive case. That we have no State Church and no State sectarian religion he has proved easily enough. But he has again disproved it, if he has proved that the State is Christian; for, in that case, it is sectarian as against the Jew and the agnostic. It is true that many Christian forms and laws and practices are implicated in the procedure of our State and national government. It is right that it should be so, perhaps, seeing that the Christians are in a vast numerical majority. The Jew and the agnostic, if they are wise, will good-naturedly concede so much when the incident is not burdensome. But that hence our State and national governments are formally Christian we cannot well make out, and we are very glad that we cannot. If they are, the battle of religious liberty is not yet fought out to the end; and the spirit of Roger Williams must hold itself in readiness to be again invoked.

THE NEW WORLD, WITH OTHER VERSE. By Louis James Block. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The elaborate poem which names Mr. Block's handsome volume has been already noticed in our columns. The defects of its qualities, as also the advantages, reappear in the other longer poems that are now printed with it. They are noble in sentiment, generous in admiration, abounding in suggestive and inspiring thoughts; but they are exceedingly expansive, seldom musical, and "over-languaged," with a tendency to use words for their own brilliance and color without sufficient reference to the thing to be expressed. The first in the collection, "The Friendship of Faiths," was read in part at the Parliament of Religions. It must have made an impression far below its real worth, the form being quite unsuitable to public reading. Even the shorter poems would be improved by condensation. Of these, that on David Swing impresses us as one of the best; and it contains no better stanza than the first:—

"The engulfing night that clips the world around
Has reason to rejoice:
The voicelessness that girds the realm of sound
Receives another voice."

YOUR WILL: HOW TO MAKE IT. By George F. Tucker, author of "A Manual of Wills," etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. The criticism which spontaneously arises as we read the title of this book is disarmed by the excerpt which follows from Flood's "Pitfalls of Testators." It is: "What testators really want is, not a book to show them how to construe badly worded documents, but one to indicate to them how a will ought to be worded under professional guidance, which will construe itself." When a lawyer of Samuel Tilden's ability makes a will that is broken in the courts, so that millions of dollars go to those who have no moral right to it whatever, it would seem that nobody should make his own will unaided, though it is

* OLIVER CROMWELL: A History, comprising a Narrative of his Life, with Extracts from his Letters and Speeches, etc. By S. H. Church. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

evident that a blind lawyer may lead a blind testator into the ditch. But Mr. Tucker's book is one that will certainly conduce to greater carefulness with or without legal help. He gives many interesting examples of wills that have failed to carry out the intentions of the persons making them. Some of these examples may be commended to the novelist as much better calculated for his purposes than any he is likely to invent.

HISTORY OF RELIGION. By Allan Menzies, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of St. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—We have here in the first place a sketch of primitive religious beliefs and practices, and then a fuller account of the origin and character of the great systems of the world. The scholar will not go to it for anything new, for its character is essentially popular. So much the better! This statement of a Presbyterian scholar is even broader and more sympathetic than Dr. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." No such claim is made for Christianity as a *pleroma* as is made by Dr. Clarke. Indeed, nowhere is the treatment more genuinely critical than in the chapter on Christianity. In the account of the teachings of Jesus there is not a word to suggest that he was a Presbyterian, not a word to suggest that the dogmas of the Calvinist have anything to do with Christianity. The book will be a good one for class instruction. Those using Dr. Clarke's book would do well to supplement it with this. It would be hard to name a book that indicates the growth of liberality in religion more pointedly than does this.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By Michael Scott. With an Introduction by Mowbray Morris. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—The name of Michael Scott suggests rather the wizard who spoke the words that cleft Eildon hills in twain than the writer whom Christopher North called "the best sketcher of sea scenery that ever held a pen," and whose essays were hailed by the *Quarterly Review* as the most brilliant series of magazine papers of the times. The introduction to the present edition of this vigorous sea story places it among the classics of English fiction. It is certainly a vivid and striking book, varied in its presentation of life, rapid in action, melodramatic in character, as Marryat asserted at the time it was written, yet with a spirit and humor of its own. In such a book one does not expect all the characters to be "respectable" or conventional, and the reader may make up his mind for plenty of blood-shedding and the like.

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE. By Mary C. Rowsell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.—The drama based on this novel was written by the author in conjunction with Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, and seems to us more likely to be really successful than in the form of fiction. It is the story of two claimants to one wife and one estate, the impostor being the natural brother of the rightful husband. It is also a tale of the reign of terror,—almost the only time, as the preface points out, that a fraud of such extent could be planned with any hope of success. The story is interesting after one escapes from the melodramatic scene with which it opens, and reads into the main portion of the story. The wicked brother is very wicked indeed, and there is little attempt at delicacy of shading or study of character.

TREASURES OF KURIUM. By Ellen M. H. Gates. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—It has been the good fortune of Ellen M. H. Gates to write a few verses that have sung their way into the popular affection, and are likely to remain favorites indefinitely. Such are "Beautiful Hands" and "Your Mission," which go the rounds of the newspapers periodically, always finding fresh welcome. Hers, too, are the verses which may be found in many a guest-room, printed on satin ribbon, and bought, probably, at some fair, beginning, "Sleep sweet within this quiet room." They are good, but would be very much better if the writer would change the first line, as she might easily do, and correct the printer's mistakes in punctuation. Such simple, musical heart-songs as these find always their friends. The book is attractively printed and bound.

ÆSTHETIC PRINCIPLES. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—Mr. Marshall's earlier volume, entitled "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics," was a thorough and carefully written treatise, showing the close student of psychology and physiology. The present volume does not attempt to cover the whole subject discussed in the other, but it sketches out the results which are of greatest interest and most practical value in reference to the study of æsthetics. It is written for less critical readers, and the phraseology is less technical. Prof. William James has said of Mr. Marshall's work in general that acquaintance with it will be necessary to every future student of the subject, and that

its various qualities render it almost "epoch-making" in the present situation of science.

WITH THE PROCESSION. By Henry B. Fuller. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.—Mr. Fuller's knowledge of Chicago is of two kinds. He knows it from the inside, as it seems to the inhabitant who has seen it grow from town to metropolis; and he knows it also from the outside, from the point of view of one who has travelled and compared and analyzed. He gives us keen, brilliant pictures of this restless, eager, generous, delightful city, whose friends may criticize it severely, though they never yield that right to a stranger. The story itself is not of great importance. The value of the book is in this delineation of character, affected by local influences. His style is refined and telling; and this novel, like its predecessors, is clever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Boston: Ginn & Co.—The Athenæum Press Series is intended to furnish a convenient library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time, and thus far it is fulfilling its purpose well. Mr. Hale's edition of Herrick is intended for those who are content to enjoy his poetry, and also for those who desire to study a little the things which they have enjoyed. He has tried to give all the best poems, and some not the best, but representative.

WEE LUCY: LITTLE PRUDY'S "WEE CROODLIN DOO." By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The little children who remember and love "Little Prudy," and to whom this book is dedicated, will welcome with eagerness and delight these bright and charming stories. They enter into the spirit of child-life, and therefore are very fascinating to children. Sophie May is too well known in our households to need an introduction, and many mothers will be glad to greet "Wee Lucy."

Miscellaneous.

Rev. Charles H. Pope has compiled a small book which he calls "The Gospels Combined." He has blended parallel passages and connected separate accounts so as to present the life of Jesus in a continuous narrative. The language is that of the revised version, with free use of its marginal readings when that seemed advisable.

N. J. Henderson, ensign in the First Naval Battalion of New York, has written a small book entitled "The Elements of Navigation," designed for the instruction of beginners in this science. It gives a short and complete explanation of standard methods of finding the position of a ship at sea and the course to be steered. It is published by Harper & Brothers.

A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago publish a book by Dr. Chalmer Prentice, M.D., entitled "The Eye in its Relation to Health," in which some new theories are set forth for which the author claims attention and invites criticism. It is a book which will be chiefly interesting to specialists, though it is written in a popular style, which allows it at least to appeal to ordinary readers.

Ginn & Co. issue a "Complete Geography," by Alex. Everett Frye, which is well up to date in all that pertains to use, convenience, and suggestive help in this study. There are simple study maps and full reference maps, there are numerous and interesting illustrations, the surface-forms and climate of various parts of the world receive full treatment, and everything is planned for intelligent study by pupils.

The object of "The Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders," written by Roger S. Tracy, M.D., and published by D. Appleton & Co., is to furnish information which has been scattered or so buried in technical discussions that it has not been generally accessible. It is mainly a compilation, and contains facts about ventilation, drainage, care of contagious diseases, disinfection, food, and water.

Another outcome of the interest in the philosophy and practice of mental healing appears in a book by Annetta Gertrude Dresser on "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," published by George H. Ellis. It is dedicated to the sick everywhere, and consists of a biographical sketch of the man who, according to the writer, first claimed that "disease is an error or belief, and truth is the cure,"—an exposition of his philosophy and selections from his manuscripts.

Rev. Alexander H. Crauford has written a book entitled "Enigmas of the Spiritual Life," which is published by Thomas Whitaker of New York. This series of essays evidence an attempt to think out some of the gravest and most important problems of man's higher life as they present themselves to inquirers of the present age. He writes from the point of view of Broad

Church Christianity. While he does not intend to assail revealed religion, the volume is only suited to those who believe in the progressiveness of moral and spiritual knowledge.

Mr. James P. Munroe is the author of a suggestive book published in Heath's pedagogical library, entitled "The Educational Ideal," which traces the outline of a special phase of development in the history of education. He shows how the permanent influences that have affected the growth of this ideal from the narrow pedantry of the schoolmen have been those alone which paid heed to the natural development of the man and studied the normal growth of the child; that is, toward "natural education." He considers successively, as types and leaders in educational progress, Rabelais, Bacon, Montaigne, Locke, Fénelon, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and, collectively, women.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From the Universalist Publishing House, Boston. Praise and Thanks, A Hymn Book for the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Doctor Izard. By Anna Katherine Green.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. Billy Bellow. By W. E. Norris. Diplomatic Disenchantments. By Edith Bigelow. The Mayor of Casterbridge. A Story of a Man of Character. By Thomas Hardy. In Deacon's Orders, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The Plated City. By Bliss Perry. Our Western Archipelago. By Henry M. Field. Price \$2.00. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy. By Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. Price \$3.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Dance of the Whip-poor-will. Polka for the Pianoforte. By Helen Frances Lowe. Minuet for Pianoforte. By Henry Levy. Bagatelle for the Pianoforte. By G. D. Wilson. Remember, O Beloved! Song. Words by Owen Meredith. Music by C. Lamar. Moonlight Festival. By J. J. Gallaher. Polonaise Brillante for the Pianoforte. By C. D. Wilson. Who'd not be a Vagabond? Words by Maude Loader. Music by Sydney Brown. Marche Romaine. For Mandolins and Guitar. By V. Leon.

"A Great Good Man."

Charles Francis Barnard.

A Sketch of his Life and Work by FRANCIS TIFFANY. With a Portrait and a View of Warren Street Chapel. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

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For the Christian Register.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The glowing splendor of the sky
Has found a little flower,
That sleeps with half-awakened eye
To greet its rising hour.
So, when the sun is in the east,
It opes its fairy cup,
And of the sunshine makes a feast,
And asks the bees to sup!

For the Christian Register.

ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

"I won't take it to Squire Tracy's. I won't, I won't!"

"Law, Mars Marley, how you do 'splode!"

"It would make a mummy explode,—to hand him this subscription paper, and watch him read, 'James Coleman, a goose.' A goose! That's all that your pa subscribed to the Fourth-of-July barbecue."

"He's your pa as much as he is mine," the little sister replied with a kind of spirited meekness.

She was afraid of Marlborough when in his scornful, angry mood. He was often in such mood in these days, as he was beginning to realize the policy of stinginess prevailing on the plantation, which stood out markedly against the background of traditional largess and hospitality of the Southern planter. Sukey did not fear personal harm, but was vaguely frightened to see her brother stamping around with flushed face and hot words.

"Is a goose toler'ble little to subscribe for a barbecue?"

"Little! Just read this: 'W. V. Strong, four sheep; T. J. Philpot, two steers; Henry Lamar, ten turkeys; William Buck, wagon-load watermelons; Mrs. Lane-Tucker, ten dozen beaten biscuits.'"

"Boun' doze biscuits woan be light. I kin beat Miss Lane-Tucker's cook makin' beatum biscuits."

"Yes," Marley snorted: "you think that you can beat everybody making everything. Why don't you cook something for this barbecue? Everybody's coming to it for twenty-five miles,—from Cross Roads, Turnpike, Trezvant's Ferry, Jackson Bluffs, and everywhere. If all the neighbors were as stingy in subscribing as pa, there wouldn't be a bite around. A goose! And I've got to take the subscription-paper to Squire Tracy and around the neighborhood; and everybody'll read pa's name,—'James Coleman, a goose.' I won't take the paper around! I won't go to the barbecue! I won't!"

"An' not have no Fou' July? Doan you ker nothin' 'tall 'fer you' country?"

"No, if all it's worth is a mean old goose. Pa will pick out the scrawniest old goose on the place, and it will taste like burnt feathers; and all the boys and girls in the county will know about it. Oh, I can't stand it!"

Marley's face was suddenly quivering, and hot tears were filling his eyes. Sukey went caressingly closer.

"Go away!" he ordered. "You shan't go to the barbecue, either, to be shamed and hurt. Stop crying! What do you want to go for? To be made scorn of?"

"Oh, Marley, isn't a goose, if it's a gander, toler'ble much for a subscription? I wish pa would give all our flock of geese."

"Now, looky yere, all boaf you two honeys! You write on dat suscription you' ma's name,—'Miss James Coleman, fife poun'-cakes.'"

"Pa'd never let her give them."

"Nebber min'! I'll bake dem poun'-cakes."

"O Aunt Silvy, you couldn't! They'd never let you have the time or the flour and sugar."

"Doan you pester. Bake 'em in my cabin night befo'e de barbycue."

Marley felt revived. Five pound-cakes! Pound-cake was a dainty variety in those days, when sugar and flour had to be hauled by ox-cart from the distant river mart. Five cakes would count up like gold pieces in a contribution-box. Five pound-cakes would rank anything yet subscribed or likely to be.

"But how can you get the things? The

flour and sugar are kept locked in the closet; and, besides, you oughtn't to take them without leave."

"Doan unpussuade me. Jis' put down, 'Miss James Coleman, fife poun'-cakes.'"

"I won't put it down till you tell how you're going to manage. You go to stealing, and you'll get turned out of the church; and, when you die, you'll go down." And Marley pointed toward the earth's centre.

"I keeps chickens. They's comerdatin': they'll lay me eggs. Sunday mawnin's mistis s'tribits flour to de black folks, so dey kin have a session from co'ase cawn-bread. Nex' Sunday I'll git a s'ply uv flour from de black folks. I kin make it up to 'em heap 'er ways: they'd swap flour fer a slice uv taut."

Sukey started. "O Marley! You and I can leave our slices of tart on our plates, and Aunt Silvy can pay some with them. Oh! I forgot all our food's pa's."

"How'll you get the sugar?"

"Mistis gives me sugar 'lowance fer de tauts. Every time I makes tauts I'll put in toler'bul little sugar, an' save de res' fer poun'-cakes."

"Rut, Aunt Silvy, that sounds like stealing. I have six bits. Marley can go to town, and get flour and sugar."

"Thar's butter. I doan reckon I can't git no butter nowhars."

Suddenly Silvy's face looked inspired.

"I kin make sponge cakes: dey doan want no butter. Thar's sally-rattus,—make de batty foamy. I'll jis' ax mistis to gimme a little sally fer my heart-burn."

"You mustn't cheat," said Sukey, promptly. "You can have my picayune that the doctor gave me for letting him put leeches on."

"Dat's all 'cep' milk. Git de milk from de calves."

"Calves don't give milk," Sukey protested.

Silvy chuckled, then explained. When the eight cows kept to furnish milk for the "white folks" table had yielded the requisite pigginful, she would, before the calves were let to their mothers, levy an assessment, taking "jis' a few draps all roun' from de cows."

"O Aunt Silvy! That'll be stealing from the calves. That's the same as stealing from pa, for all the calves belong to him."

"Law! Nebber saw nuther sich tickler chile."

"The calves don't all b'long to pa. He gave me Brindle's calf, and you Cherry's. Why can't we subscribe our calves to the barbecue? But pa wouldn't let us."

"Aunt Silvy might take some of the milk that belongs to our calves."

"But, Marley, that wouldn't be fair to the calves. Oh, I can't think of any way that we can do. My heart is tired."

"Doan be uncouraged, honeys. Put on de suscription: 'James Coleman, one goose an' one cook.'"

"For to barbecue?" cried Sukey.

"Mussy, no! To cook an' wait on barbycue table. I woan haf no white folks' dinner to git to home, so you see I kin spar myself to de barbycue."

"No: pa wouldn't let you go. I heard him say, when ma asked him to send a hand to weed the garden, that Silvy could do it while we went to the barbecue. He wouldn't let you have a holiday."

"I could pay him back Christmus, when we black folks always has a week holiday,—could wuck one day outen my hol'day week."

"Weeding won't wait till Christmas. The ochre an' sweet-potato vines,—every thing will get choked by weeds."

"O Marley,"—Sukey was eager, yet doubtful,—"we could, couldn't we, Marley? Couldn't you and I weed the garden? Couldn't we get it all done before the Fourth?"

"I reckon we could," Marley said brightly.

"An' I'll he'p you, honeys."

Silvy wanted to go to that barbecue, to show her cooking skill.

"No, your work belongs to pa. At last Sukey and I have come to something that's our own. We'll take hold of the garden. We won't tell pa about it till barbecue day."

Marley was about to add eagerly to James Coleman's subscription "and a cook," but a sudden lump of doubt in his throat sent him to his mother with the plan. "Would it be wrong?"

"Not to hoe the garden and give Silvy

the chance of the barbecue; but it isn't right to give, without his knowledge, your pa's written promise to furnish anything. But I'll put my name down for a cook if you'll truly weed the garden."

"Yes, ma; and for five pound-cakes, please, ma."

"Well, there."

"We'll begin before breakfast."

By that meal hosts of weeds lay in dew-wet heaps. Sukey had plucked the weeds growing close to the plant-stalks, that these might not be endangered by Marley's hoe, unduly near, and that his hoe might not lose time in wary strokes. A quaint figure was Sukey, as she rebent to the weeding, her face far back in her deep sun-bonnet, pantalets hanging to the bare insteps, the small hands in half-fingered gloves, home-knit. Indeed, these were entirely home-made. The cotton had been seeded by hand instead of by gin, and then mixed with black-silk lint. With this silk lint in view, every scrap of black silk, both new and worn, was carefully saved and, in time, picked to lint. This lint carded in with cotton was hand-spun into a fine gray thread, of which a soft, pretty glove was knit.

Marley worked under a large straw hat, whose crown was kept wet; and so was the bandage on his forehead. Meanwhile Aunt Silvy brought fresh water from the gum-tree spring, and peaches and slices of cold watermelon for refreshing the children. At ten o'clock Sukey brought out an umbrella, trying to shelter Marley as he hoed; but this pestered him. But she weeded in its shade, stooping, holding it with the left hand. At length they both fled to the shade, and lay in the open "passage" between the two log rooms. That evening they worked as long as they could distinguish weeds from plants. The second and third days were like the first.

"To-morrow's the Fourth. The cabbage patch isn't weeded. I am as lame as if I had been put on the biscuit-block and pounded with the rolling-pin."

Little sister was too weary to reply. She would have relinquished the patriotic opportunity, had Marley hinted at capitulation. But he said with the death-in-the-ditch manner,—

"I've got to fetch those weeds before breakfast in the morning."

When he waked, breakfast was ready. He was appalled at finding himself belated.

"There isn't any use. I can't finish that cabbage square, and Aunt Silvy can't go to the barbecue. We can't any more than get ourselves ready. Why didn't you wake earlier, Sukey?"

"I is goin', sho's you bawn." Aunt Silvy's face was shining. "De gauden's all finish, clean's dis flo'."

"Aunt Silvy, if you,"—

"I nebber done it. You chilluns ought er be shame yerselves, callin' you' pa stingy. I hearn him tellin' you' maw he's sorry fer dem poo' chilluns, an' he'd finish de weedin'."

There was another trial of the children's pride. They had to ride to the barbecue double, behind the father and the mother. They were glad to be early in the hickory grove. They found dug a long, deep ditch, in which men were kindling fires, laying on great hickory logs with a view to getting clear barbecuing coals. Marley and Sukey walked the length of the long tables, trying to reckon the probabilities of there being room for them. They witnessed nearly every arrival, and could have told a year after how each one came,—in stately coach or lumber-wagon, on horseback or by foot.

Duly, they found mates and social pleasures and woodsy enjoyments, making returns to the centre of movement to note the dying of the hickory logs into clear, clean coals that floored the ditch with fire. They were fascinated in watching the men suspend, by cross-poles, over the glowing coals the huge roasts, loins of beef, legs of mutton, quarters of steers, halves of shoats, turkeys, and the one goose. Then the sputtering and hissing of the meats and the savory odors,—it was all novel and alluring to the child fancy. It pleased Marley and Sukey to have it recognized that the busiest, the most important person on the grounds was Aunt Silvy. She watched the meats, trying them with probes, poked and stirred the coals to new efforts, engineered the shifting of the roasts to fresher fire. She saw to it that the drinking-water was renewed, baked corn-dodgers, and duly had dozens of coffee-pots breathing out fragrance. Finally, she

sliced the pound-cakes, and set plates of the golden wedges along the centre of the long table.

There was a flag. A drum and fife made music. Then a young lawyer from the Ferry gave the oration, making the most of his gestures with his head. Marley cheered as loud as he wanted to; and Sukey envied him the privilege, so patriotic and happy did she feel, though she had torn her lawn dress, riding in the brush top of a tree cut for the barbecuing coals. There was so much of the jolly dinner that, when everybody had enough, there remained mammoth pieces of the barbecued meats and turkey skeletons well padded. Nothing of the goose was left, and none of the pound-cake.

Finally, the marshal made a speech, thanking the people for turning out to honor the glorious Fourth, and for all that had been done to make the occasion a success worthy of the nation's new President, James K. Polk.

"But," he concluded, "without making invidious comparisons, I must say that no one person has contributed more to the success and enjoyment of the entertainment than has the superintendent of the cooking. The meats were done to perfection, the coffee was fit for President Polk, the pound-cake would have been a treat for the gods. I move a resolution of thanks to Mrs. James Coleman's cook, Aunt Silvy."

Seconds were shouted from all parts of the audience. The motion carried with a roar that set the hickory-trees to singing. Aunt Silvy, spreading with both hands her red oil-calico frock, dropped a deep courtesy, saying, "Thanky, master; an' thanky, Laud Jesus"; while two children soared away to a happy "new earth."

THE TRUE STORY OF A GARDEN BOX.

Kate Quiner had ten cents; and, as she never had owned even one before, the little silver piece seemed a fortune to her. She found it in the gutter where she was making mud pies.

There were other children all about. In fact, the street where little Katy lived was swarming with children that warm spring morning. "Show it to us, Katy," they begged; and "O Katy, come and spend it at the shop!"

But Katy was firm. "None of yez can see it, an' I won't spend it till I shows it to Miss Marg'et at the kindergarten," she declared; and off she ran, holding the precious money tight in her dirty little hand.

Pretty Miss Margaret was all ready to say good-morning when the children reached the kindergarten; and Katy poured out the whole story of her good fortune before she even took off her hat.

"An' shure, Miss Marg'et dear, me mother would ruther yer'd tell me how to spend it. Me mother's a scrub lady, yer know, an' she says the quarters is hard to get; but she thinks you's an illegant lady, an' yer knows the best thing, shure."

When all the children had sung good-morning to the new day, and the sunshine, and had thanked the Father in heaven for all his care, Miss Margaret took up the ten-cent piece again.

"Where did it come from, children?" she asked; and step by step they traced it back from the gutter where Katy found it to the big mine from which the silver first came....

"Have yer thought, Miss Marg'et?" asked Katy's eager little voice at noon.

"Yes, Katy. I know something very nice for you to buy. Can you guess what it is?"

"Candy? peanuts? a pianner? a watch? a dolly?"

"No, something better than any of those. How should you like a garden of your very own?"

"A garding! oh! oh! But I ain't got no garding, Miss Marg'et, not even a yard. We lives way up lots of stairs, we do."

"I know it, Katy," replied Miss Margaret; "but, if I had a box of nice earth put outside your window, should you like to spend your money for seeds to plant there?"

Katy loved flowers dearly, and hard-working Mrs. Quiner was delighted at the thought of having a bit of green near her room. "Shure, it'll seem like home," she said. "Didn't I used to pick the flowers by the handful when I was a child? and now

it's years since I've had a bit of a sprig to call me own."

Every one in the house was interested; and, when the big box of earth came, willing hands helped lift it up the steep stairs, and a crowd watched the workman as he hammered and screwed until the box was really fastened in its place.

Kindergarten seemed very long to Katy the next day; and she could hardly wait for Miss Margaret to lock the school-room door, she was in such a hurry to spend her precious money.

Surely, ten cents never went so far before. Miss Margaret told the florist the story of the little garden; and, besides seeds of various kinds, he gave Katy a red geranium in full bloom, and a tiny rosebush with two buds. Then Miss Margaret went home with Katy to the little room where the box was waiting for them, and they planted seeds and set out the plants. A little boy who lived on the floor below brought water for them all the way up the four long flights of stairs, and felt repaid when he was allowed to plant some seeds and have a long, long smell of the geranium.

I do not think any little window garden ever did as well as Katy's. Perhaps it was because she took such good care of it, never forgetting to water it and pull up the weeds. Whatever the reason was, by the end of June the little garden was very beautiful. Strings were carried from the box to the neighboring windows, and morning glories and nasturtiums were climbing over them in every direction, mounting high enough to peep in at the little lame girl who lived on the floor above. The box itself was full to overflowing; for, besides her geranium and rosebush, Katy has pansies, mignonette, and pink and white daisies.

Miss Margaret told Katy not to be afraid to pick her flowers, for they would bloom all the better if the blossoms were taken off. So she used to take little bunches, or sometimes a single flower, to her friends.

The flowers helped many people that summer. Old faces grew soft and gentle at the sight and smell of the sweet blossoms, and there were fewer angry looks and cross words among the children. Katy, who was a little sunbeam herself, utterly refused to give her flowers to any one with a scowling face. "If yer ain't pleasant, I can't give yer a flower," she would say sadly; "for yer'd likely forget it or break it, an' flowers' feelin's hurt easy!"

But perhaps the greatest change was in Katy and her mother. When the plants began to grow, Mrs. Quiner found that she could see them better if the window was clean; and, when that was washed, the other looked so badly that it had to be scrubbed, too. Then so many visitors came up to see the garden that the room began to look more tidy. At last, one day, when there was no work to be done away from home, Mrs. Quiner swept and dusted and scrubbed until everything was as neat as could be.

When all was in order, our Katy looked about with delight. "We'll keep it so, won't we, mother?" she said. "An' I'll keep myself clean, too! Me hands has been clean because the flowers was too sweet to be touched when they was dirty, but now I'll be clean all over!"

"That ye shall, me darlint," cried her mother; "an' I'll wash the bits of clothes of yer, too, att'er ye're safe in bed, an' then yer'll be fine an' clane in the mornin'."

It was all done as they had planned; and that clean little room was such an example to the neighbors that little by little other rooms became more tidy, and faces and clothing cleaner. Best of all, kinder words were spoken, and a greater love for one another began to show itself.

The garden bloomed all summer; and, when the cold nights came, the plants were potted for the winter, and the box was taken down to wait for another spring.

At last the days grew warm once more; and then, instead of one, there were ever so many little window gardens in the neighborhood, and Katy's ten cents helped to start them all. She had so many more seeds and slips of plants than she needed that she gave away a great many; and in boxes and bottles and old pans the bright little plants grew and blossomed, helping little children and old people, too, in that hot, dirty street to be happier and better.

All this happened several years ago, and Katy has grown now to be quite a big girl. She and her mother have been able to move out of the city into the country, and are very happy in their new home; and Katy says that all their good fortune has come to them from "Miss Margaret's garden-box."—*The Churchman.*

AFTER THE RAIN.

Dropping the hollyhocks beneath the wall,
Their fires half-quenched, a smouldering red;
A shred of gold upon the grasses tall,
A butterfly is hanging dead.

A sound of trickling waters, like a tune
Set to sweet words, a wind that blows
Wet boughs against a saffron sky; all June
Caught in the breath of one white rose.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

WHAT PUZZLED MARGERY.

This is Margery's first year in school, and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One morning recently she came home at noon greatly excited. "Oh mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music lesson, and asked us how many turnips there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma couldn't understand it, either; and, the more positive Margery grew about the matter, the more her mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher, Margery's mamma asked her what she had meant by asking the children how many turnips there were in a bushel, during a music lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she exclaimed, laughing,—

"Why, I asked the children how many beats there were in a measure!"

Margery's bright mind had done the rest. *Youth's Companion.*

A STORY OF A SHOEMAKER.

Gibraltar, you know, is in Spain, but Spain has only of late years been permitted to possess an open Bible; for prior to 1868 it was almost an unknown book among the people, its circulation being forbidden by the authorities. During those dark times a Presbyterian minister, from Scotland, went for his health to Gibraltar, where, though in Spain, being under British rule, the Bible society had a depot. While sojourning there for a considerable time, the good man used frequently to put some copies of God's word into his pockets, and, crossing over into Spanish territory, would circulate them among the people, who received them joyfully.

On one of these excursions he visited the house of a shoemaker, with whom he had an interesting conversation, from which he found that the Spaniard had a meeting at his house every week to talk over public affairs and the state of the country. As the shoemaker, however, confessed that these discussions had never yielded much profit, his visitor said, "You should get the Bible, and read that: it would do you more good." "Ah," was the reply, "I wish I could get it; but our priests won't let us have the Bible." Great was his joy when one was presented to him, with the intimation that, if his friends would like copies, on his coming to a certain house in Gibraltar a further supply could be obtained.

A few weeks afterward, a Spaniard, in his holiday dress, knocked at the door where the minister was staying, and, asking earnestly to see him, was shown into his room. He soon made himself known as the shoemaker who had received the Bible, stated that it was regularly read at the weekly meetings, and that his friends were so anxious

to have copies he had come to beg a further supply. His request was readily granted, on which he pulled from under his arm a parcel, and said: "I have brought you a little mark of my gratitude, which I hope you will accept. I have made and brought you a pair of shoes." "It is very kind of you," said the good minister; "but I fear the shoes may not fit, and so will not be of use to me." "Try them, sir," said the other; "for I think you will find them just your size."

The trial was made, the shoes were found an excellent fit; and, on the maker being asked how he had guessed the size so exactly, he replied: "I knew after you left my house you had to pass over some soft clay. So I followed you, and from your footprints I took the size of your foot; and I was then able to make you the shoes, which I resolved to bring you. I hope you will wear them as a mark of gratitude from a poor Spanish shoemaker for the precious book you brought him."—*Gleanings for the Young.*

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves, and went away. After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said:—

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:—

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; and, throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till about sunset he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless, after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him; and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:—

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing: now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my hand."—*The Sunday Hour.*

The bells of Westminster Abbey chime hourly a sweet simple melody. Every one does not know the words allied to the tune. They are:—

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide;
And through thy power
No foot shall slide."—*Exchange.*

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JUNE.

June with sunshine in her eyes
Passed her hand across the skies,
Then, with archly smiling lips,
Blew upon her finger-tips.
Soon the air grew wondrous sweet.
Overhead and under feet,
Under feet and overhead,
Trooped the roses, white and red;
Trooped the roses—crimson, white,
Pink and yellow, pale and bright—
Till they perfumed earth and air,
Roses, roses, everywhere.
Wearied then, she shook her head;
And the petals, white and red,
All the petals—crimson, white,
Pink and yellow, pale and bright—
Fluttered slowly, softly down
To the border of her gown.
Half dismayed to see them fall,
Quick she turned to leave them all.
Looking back to say good-by,
She met the glance of warm July.

—Anna J. Granniss, in the *Congregationalist*.

THE MOLLUSCA.

We imagine that few persons have heard that the mollusca are, in some cases, capable of producing musical sounds. Yet in Ceylon there is a lake species which produces sounds "like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger,"—an excellent way of accounting for the songs of the sirens. But others disbelieve in the mollusk theory, and hold that the music is produced by a certain fish. A striking instance of the musical powers of the mollusca is quoted in a work on mollusca by Rev. A. H. Cooke: "When up the mountains of Oahu, I heard the grandest, but wildest music, as from hundreds of *Æolian* harps, wafted to me on the breezes; and my companion (a native) said it came from, as he called them, the singing shells. It was sublime. I could not believe it, but a tree close at hand proved it. On it were many of the *achatinella*, the animals drawing after them their shells, which grated against the wood, and so produced a sound. The multitude of sounds produced the fanciful music."

The mollusca are, with few exceptions, provided with ears, so that the appreciation of sound is certain, though there are no experiments to tell us what sort of sounds they prefer. In powers of vision, too, the snails and their kind are far from being deficient. The two black eyes of the snail on their inquisitive horns are familiar to everybody. The scallop shell, which is a lower type than the snail, being a simple, headless form, has quantities of beautifully iridescent eyes of varying tints upon the edges of the mantle. There are rudiments of these even in the dull oyster, so that Mark Twain's contempt of the oyster's probable appreciation of scenery loses some point. But these animals, all of them, are very short-sighted. There is nothing to be alleged against the perfection of their eyes as organs of vision; but they do not seem, all the same, to be particularly effective. A little mollusk, whose name is *Onchidium*, has developed in certain districts a huge number of eyelets upon its broad back. In the places where the *Onchidia* can see there also exists in the same localities a fish with a longer name still, *Periophthalmus*. This fish, instead of disporting itself in the sea, prefers the dry land, at any rate the margin of the shore. It hops along, looking about it with a pair of goggle eyes on the top of its head. The great object in life of the *Periophthalmus* is to catch as many *Onchidiums* as possible; and, conversely, the great object of the *Onchidium* is not to be caught. Each has some advantage, so that they are fairly balanced. The peaceful mollusk moves but slowly. It has, however, the innumerable eyes already spoken of, which enable it to command the neighborhood. When the shadow from the hopping *Periophthalmus* falls upon it, it proceeds to squirt out from certain glands in the skin little pellets of secretion, which rain round the fish, and tend to deter it from advancing further. That the eyes really have this use seems to be shown from the eyeless condition of other species of this mollusk which live where there are no *Periophthalmus*. That, at any rate, is the opinion of many. Other mollusks escape their foes by their resemblance to inanimate surroundings,—a small kind of limpet, which, when young, has an iridescent hue which matches well with the similar hues of the leaves of the great *Laminaria*, upon which seaweed it makes its home. When the mollusk is older, it loses the brill-

iant tints of youth, and moves down to the stem and the roots of the seaweed, where it is still inconspicuous. This almost looks like intelligence on the part of the mollusk. Another mollusk is so wise as to live invariably upon colonies of the creature known as "dead men's fingers," to the polyps of which it bears a close likeness in color. In any other situation it would be obvious, and an easy prey for aggressive fish or crustacea. There are other means for defying enemies which are possessed by certain mollusca. In the Philippine Islands a few land forms have the power of casting off at a moment's notice the end of the foot, precisely that part of the body most likely to be first grabbed by a bird. Unlike the fox in the fable, the mollusk would soon repair the damage. One *Fulvius Hirpinus* was the introducer of the snail as an article of food. He instituted snaileries, which were surrounded with a ditch to prevent the animals from crawling away too far and getting lost, and fattened his herds with meal and wine. The employment of shells as money is widely spread. A gentleman in India built himself a house at the cost of about £400, which was paid for entirely in shells, the number of cowries representing this sum being sixteen million. But the cowrie is not by any means the only shell used as a medium of exchange. In some parts of Scotland shells were lately used as receipt forms. When a bargain was made, each party to the transaction got one-half of a bivalve shell, such as mussel, cockle, or oyster; and, when the bargain was implemented, the half that fitted exactly was delivered up as a receipt.—*London Chronicle*.

BOYS IN CHINA.

A boy indulges in many games from which his sister is restrained both by her bound feet and general sentiment. The women and girls often gather in their doorways on summer evenings to watch the boys at their games,—wrestling, walking on stilts, ball-playing, kite-flying, battledore and shuttlecock, etc. But the Chinese boy never engages in his sports with the zest of a Westerner; and after he enters school his teachers discourage games as undignified.

The poor boy is sent out on the hills to gather grass and sticks for fuel or is apprenticed to a trade. If he is a farmer's boy, he finds plenty to do about his father's farm; and his life contains very little playtime. He does not work as hard as the Western boy.

Every family that can afford it sends one or more boys to school at six or seven years of age, and from the time of entering school the pupil is a being set apart from his less favored brothers. He at once becomes a gentleman. He is not expected to engage in any manual labor or help about the home any more; and if, after many years of schooling, he is unable to get an official position or a place as a teacher, he will sponge on his relatives and friends, or send out his wife to beg or starve, rather than work with his hands. If the boy is bright and industrious, he may rise to any position of power and wealth which is within the Chinese civil service. Educated men and pure women are the Chinaman's ideals for his sons and daughters.—*Mrs. George S. Hays, in the Sunday School Times*.

OLIVES IN MENTONE.

The growth of the olive-tree is very slow. The seed will not germinate until two years after planting, and the tree is fifty years in coming into bearing. The Tuscans have a saying, "Plant a vineyard for yourself, an orange grove for your children, and an olive orchard for your grandchildren."

The olive blossoms in the neighborhood of Mentone in April, and has small white flowers with thick, waxy petals. The most beautiful period of the groves is when the young olives are ripening, the trees then being laden with plum-shaped fruit varying in color from bright green to bluish-purple and dark red.

Picking begins in October, before the fruit is fairly ripe, and is the occasion of much innocent mirth and jollity. Both sexes and all ages engage in it. Some of the trees are shaken; but most of the fruit is picked, since thus it is less liable to be bruised and broken.

From the orchards the olives are carried to large dry-rooms, where they are stored until a quantity sufficient for pressing has been gathered. Then they are carried to the mills, which may be seen in the ravines about Mentone, driven by the torrents which come foaming down from the mountains in all directions.

These mills, with their huge water-wheels rising sometimes tier above tier, form picturesque features of the landscape. The most notable of these, in the valley of the Carrei, have four stages of water-wheels.

The olives are reduced to pulp by being passed through a grater much like that of a cider-mill, and the mass is put into hempen baskets constructed for the purpose. These, to the number of ten or twelve, are piled up together, and pressure applied.

The oil thus extracted is of the best quality, "virgin oil." Upon the refuse, called *marc*, boiling water is poured, pressure again applied, and oil of the second quality is produced. The refuse is then permitted to undergo a short fermentation, and is again pressed after being treated with boiling water, yielding an inferior fatty oil called *huile de rehouse*.

But the thrifty peasants are not yet done with it. The residue is put into a series of brick or stone troughs, filled with water, and beaten with poles. The oil rising to the surface is skimmed off. The mass is next put into caldrons and boiled, and, being again placed in the presses, yields the second *huile de rehouse*, which is mixed with the first, and used in the arts, principally for soap-making.—*Exchange*.

CHILDREN'S MISTAKES WITH WORDS.

Mr. James Payne tells us that he knew a boy who for years substituted for the words "Hallowed be thy name" "Harold be thy name." In this and similar cases it is not, as might be supposed, defective hearing. Children hear words, as a rule, with great exactness. It is the impulse to give a familiar and significant rendering to what is strange and meaningless. A friend of mine could recall that, when a boy, he was accustomed, on hearing the passage, "If I say peradventure the darkness," etc., to insert a pause after "peradventure," apprehending the passage in this wise: "If I say 'Peradventure!' the darkness is." In this way he turned the mysterious "peradventure" into a mystic "Open Sesame," and added a fine touch of romantic color to the passage. My friend's daughter tells me that, on hearing the passage, "shewing his mercy unto the thousands, and visiting the sins of the fathers to the third and fourth generation," she construed the strange word "generation" to mean an immense number, like billions, and was thus led to trouble herself about God's seeming to be more cruel than kind. In some cases, too, where the language is simple enough, a child's brain will find our meaning unsuitable, and follow a line of interpretation of its own. Mr. Canton relates that his little girl, who knew the lines in "Strumpelpeter,—

"The doctor came and shook his head,
And gave him nasty physic, too,"—

was told that she would catch a cold, and that she at once replied, "And will the doctor come and shook my head?" It was so much more natural to suppose that, when the doctor came and did something, this was done on the person of the patient.—*Prof. James Sully, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

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Spirit of the Press.

The papers are getting more and more roused on the subject of lynching. The *Episcopal Recorder* of Philadelphia says:—

The lynchings which have occurred in Illinois and Maryland are a disgrace to the whole country. It makes no difference where they occur, the whole body suffers. The only difference between North and South is that in the former section public sentiment and the press universally condemn anything like mob violence. This is a most important distinction at home, but will not be recognized abroad, where the whole country will be held responsible for the outrages against which every right-minded person protests.

The London *Sunday-school Chronicle* has the right idea of crowding out bad reading matter by furnishing the best literature at cheap prices:—

Mr. Stead is making a brave attempt to supply the million with the masterpieces of the great English poets, and has just issued his first pennyworth. Teachers and parents should endeavor to place these cheap and valuable publications in the hands of the children under their charge. If boys and girls could be induced to read these works, they would have little desire to peruse the offscourings of literature which are now exercising such a corrupt influence on the rising generation.

The *Jewish Messenger* has not a high opinion of undeserved titles:—

There has been a gratifying lull in the senseless practice on the part of most American colleges of showering learned titles upon brigadier-generals and obscure clergymen. This year, however, there has been a revival; and quite a number have been added to the enormous crowd of modest theologians who are neither prophets nor apostles, but doctors of divinity. So common is the title, however, that it carries little weight any more, as it is no guarantee of scholarship. One out-of-the-way Pennsylvania college gave the degree to half a dozen ministers. Another habit, equally objectionable, is for colleges to bestow such a degree as LL.D. on the younger members of their faculty. If this habit continues, the LL.D. will share the disrepute into which the Ph.D. and the D.D. have both fallen.

The *American* is ready to give full credit to the earnest work of women:—

To-day, in spite of the resistance of our older institutions, women in every part of the country, outside of Philadelphia, enjoy the same facilities for education that men do. And they are embracing these opportunities with an enthusiasm their brothers seem to have lost. They show this by carrying on their studies after graduation. They are now actually in charge of the intellectual interests of most of our American communities. They form the reading circles, control and fill the literary societies, conduct and participate in the University Extension work, establish and use the free libraries, subscribe for the magazines, and in all intellectual matters take the lead of men. The ruder sex gives itself up to making money and managing politics; but, unless it mends its ways, it will be confined to the former, and women will take politics also into their control. Political power is sure to gravitate to the sex which has the largest intelligence and the heartiest interest in social questions, whether or not it is the best fitted to exercise it.

Charities and Reforms.

A very hopeful report has been made by the British Commission on the Aged Poor. The commissioners found that the number of the aged poor is decreasing in the United Kingdom. They were dealing with paupers over sixty-five years of age, and it was found that three in ten of the total population of Great Britain are compelled to apply for parish relief. This may seem a large number to Americans, but it shows an actual decrease of pauperism in Great Britain.

The Handbook of Charities, compiled by John Visser, and issued with the indorsement of the Illinois Conference of Charities, contains authoritative data about all the philanthropic organizations of Chicago. It is a guide and directory, besides giving interesting information about methods and means that have been found available in that city. The Bureau of Labor and Transportation is carrying on the work begun a year ago, under the auspices of the Civic Federation, transplanting unemployed or poorly employed individuals and families from congested centres of population into agricultural districts. The work of compiling the handbook has been well done, and it was a work well worth doing.

THE SOUTH END VACATION SCHOOL.—The committee have deemed it best not to reopen this school, which has not been in session the past two years. Industrial schools are taking some of the older children, and the sand garden in the yard of the Wait School-house provides health and amusement for the younger ones. The kindergarten articles—sewing materials, slates, pencils, etc.—belonging to the vacation school the committee would gladly give to any school in need of them or to any individual desirous of starting a vacation school. If the friends who so generously aided in the support of the Wait Vacation School would kindly continue such aid for the benefit of the little ones in the Wait sand garden, their contributions would be gratefully received, acknowledged, and appropriated to that object by the former treasurer of the Wait Vacation School, Mrs. J. W. Andrews, 36 Rutland Square.

Personals.

At a meeting of the ministers of Salem, held for the purpose June 22, a committee, including both Protestant and Catholic clergymen, was appointed to draft a resolution with reference to the death of Rev. Edmund B. Willson. The following was prepared by the committee:—

“Resolved, That we give expression to our esteem and affection for one who, by his unflinching fidelity, courage, and charity, so well exemplified the true spirit of the Christian ministry, and did so much throughout his extended service to uplift and sweeten and bless the life of this community. May we all imbibe his gentle spirit, and be the better that he has lived among us!”

Mrs. Julia A. Carney wrote the jingle beginning, “Little drops of water, little grains of sand,” when a teacher in a Boston primary school, and while penning a simple article for her little ones on the value of moments.

KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

The following additional contributions to the Kindergarten for the Blind have been received from date of April 20 to June 18, 1895:—

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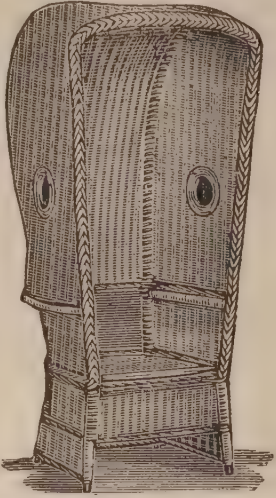
Education.

The July meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver is sure to be a notable success. The preparations are on a most liberal scale.

Adelbert College of Western Reserve University is to begin at once the erection of a new library building, the gift of Mr. H. R. Hatch of Cleveland. It will have capacity for about one hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, besides large spaces for reading and study rooms. It will be built of stone.

President Jordan of Leland Stanford University feels sure of keeping the university open through 1895, at least, in spite of the fact that the government has sued the Stanford estate for \$15,000,000, and pending settlement all funds are locked up. It would be a great calamity if this noble young institution, with some seventy instructors and about one thousand students, should be even temporarily crippled.

A Calcutta paper, speaking of the overworking of students, especially at the time of graduation, says: “Last year we had the misfortune to see three of our most brilliant graduates carried off before they could receive their diplomas. The university examinations this year came to a close only three or four days ago, and we now hear of one or two rather serious cases among those who appeared at them. The number of those who will suffer from sleeplessness, headache, dyspepsia, and other ailments, for months together, will remain undetermined. Shall this state of things be allowed to continue, or shall we not rather set about remedying the evil at once?”



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"Bread may be the staff of life, but a saddle of mutton makes the journey easier."

"He is always in the best of spirits." "No wonder he is well preserved."—*Detroit Tribune.*

She: "Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger?" He: "Cool? I actually shivered!"—*Boston Transcript.*

First Boarder: "What's the star boarder making all that hubbub about over that berry pie?" Second Boarder: "I guess he found the berry."

Snoggs: "Was it not disgraceful the way in which Smiggs snored in church to-day?" Stuggs: "I should think it was. Why, he woke us all."

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."—*Harlem Life.*

"How do you stand in your classes, Tommy?" asked the stranger. "On my feet, sir," said Tommy, with a look of surprise that any one should ask so foolish a question.

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college." "Yes, wuss luck." "Worse luck! Why?" "He's larned so much he can't plow up nothin' but my feelins, nor harrer nothin' but my soul."

Miss Beacon Street: "Then, you know, we have our Browning clubs." Miss Manhattan (contemptuously): "Oh, our cooking clubs go a little further than the proper coloring of baked beans."

An Arab, travelling across the desert with Mohammed one day, said, "I shall turn my camel loose to-night, and trust him to Allah." The wise prophet made answer, "Friend, first tie thy camel: then trust him to Allah."—*Christian Citizen.*

"Darling," she said to her husband, as they sat on the roll of parlor carpet in the hall of the house into which they had just moved, "I wish this roll of carpet was velvet." "Do you? Well, I don't." "What do you wish?" "That it was down."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Man on horseback: "Hallo, old man! given up riding?" Man on foot: "Well, the fact is, my doctor says that I am getting too fat, and advises me to take short quick runs during the day. But I want some object to run for." Man on horseback: "Buy a straw hat."

Mr. Kelly: "An' how are ye this mornin', Mistriss Flynn? Is yer rheumatiz any better?" Mrs. Flynn: "Well, yis, I think it is, I thank ye kindly. The new doctor's treatment is doin' me a world av good, I believe. He advices me to take queen ann eternally, an' to rub anarchy on me joints. So I'm doin' it, an' I think it's helpin' me wonderfully."—*Puck.*

A parish clerk, during the abortive Irish insurrection of 1848, said in a poetic oration: "To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow, that we were to have been blown up to-morrow." Another, declaiming against the oppression of the times, exclaimed, with national fervor, "It's not the tenth part that these tyrants take from us, but the twentieth!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Gen. Grant, who was fond of children, was introduced to a little girl, four years old. She gazed at him with an expression half-incredulous. "Are you the Gen. Grant that fought in the battles?" she asked. "Yes, I was in a good many battles," said Grant. The little one looked at him in wondering silence, and then said, "Let's hear you holler!"—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

A London journal says that a lively discussion once took place in a town council in the north of England. One thing led to another, till one of the disputants gave another the lie direct. The insulted party rushed forward, and the pair clinched. At that moment the first man exclaimed, "I reiterate that you are a liar!" To the astonishment of every one the aggrieved party let go his hold. "Oh, well," he said, "in that case I accept the apology. If a man says he reiterates, that is all any gentleman can ask."

Typography, often erratic, rarely reveals so delicious an accident of humor as that contained in the following paragraph from the *New York Recorder* of Monday, June 10: "men and women who went to Blackwell's Island yesterday to see a class of paupers confined in the faith of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Henry C. Potter. The sight was one to give a nervous person the horrors." That the victim of the blunder is a bishop of well-known Broad Church proclivities is perhaps the pith of its richness.—*C. T. C.*

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with visits to Honolulu, Hilo, the Volcano of Kilauea, etc. July 2 and 16. Alaska and Yellowstone Park. July 15. Colorado, Utah, and Yellowstone Park. September 3. Yellowstone Park and return, also Yellowstone Park, the North-west, and California.

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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895.

NUMBER 28.

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Editorial.

MR. CHADWICK'S sketch of "Old Marblehead" in this month's *New England Magazine* brings up before the reader's mind a graphic and distinct picture of one of our old New England towns. All its memories and traditions are so dear to him that what he writes is a labor of love. But, aside from this, he has the gift. His capacious and retentive memory is a storehouse of old folk-lore, and he has the faculty of making his narrative fresh and picturesque. Marblehead, both old and new, under his versatile pen, is throbbing with life. In addition to the interest of the story, with its wealth of suggestion, the sketch will be valuable to the future historian for the lights and shadows which he has rescued and wrought into his charming mosaic.

THE great army of Christian Endeavorers have invaded Boston. They come from every nation and clime,—an army with banners, mottoes, song, and prayer, bent on making the world better. Before this issue reaches our readers, they will have nearly ended their campaign, and we shall speak more fully of this in our next issue. It is an encouraging sight to see such a company of earnest workers, full of the freshness, hope, and enthusiasm of youth.

To estimate the value and power of this organization, one must call to mind the fact that, though it has not existed twenty-five years, it has two and a half millions of members, and that they are working on the lines of the churches to which they belong. We have here a mighty moral force. Not only can the Church look to them with hope for the future of religion, but every well-wisher for the good of society will recognize them as able helpers. In all questions which bear on the public weal they will be found opposed to public corruption and in favor of honest government. Two millions and a half of votes representing the idea of Christian citizenship is a powerful safeguard to public order and a great quickener of the better elements which make for a higher civic life and vital religion.

IN connection with the great gathering of the Christian Endeavorers there will be about the same time in Boston the General Convention of the Young People's Christian Union, composed of delegates from the various Universalist churches in the country. Arrangements have been made to accommodate two thousand near the churches where the meetings are to be held. The workers in the Every Day Church are busy with the details. Among other subjects of interest will be the presence of Rev. I. Wallace Cate, the Universalist missionary from Japan. He is the head of the mission, and also occupies the chair of hermeneutics in the Universalist Theological School in Tokio. Many questions of practical importance will be dealt with. Among other features of interest will be a pilgrimage of the delegates to Gloucester to visit the places made sacred by the work and life of John Murray, the father of American Universalism. The house where he lived is still standing; and, as the visitors stand in the old home and recall the events of the early days and the fidelity and consecration of their honored leader, they will catch new inspiration to go on in the work given them to do. We look with unusual interest to the proceedings of this convention, and hope that it may have so marked a success as to lead to other conventions on broader than denominational lines.

"WHAT we need to do is to get the nineteenth century to look at Christianity as the first century looked at it." This remark of an English preacher the *New York Tribune* takes as a text for "A Lay Homily." The thing in itself is impossible. The first century looked with its own eyes: so do we. The *Tribune* puts this truly when it says: "The first-century Christians reached conclusions by methods that would be alien to the modern mind. We are the children of our age, and the age is one of questioning and doubt. That is the groove into which all modern thinking must inevitably run. The apostles heard the message of revelation; and their answer to it was the confession, 'I believe.' When the modern man hears the same message, his answer comes in the question, 'How shall I know that the message is true?' We would not imply that this age is faithless,—far from it. It has in it the capacity for the highest and best kind of belief. But it cannot find belief by just the same road that satisfied preceding ages. Its creed necessarily takes some of its coloring from the complex atmosphere of the age. Men to-day cannot, if they would, transport themselves back into the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere in which Saint Paul lived, any more than he could have projected himself forward into the spirit of our own age. Not in looking backward and wishing for the days of Christ, or in looking forward and sighing for the pearly gates of heaven, but in meeting life day by day in the spirit of Christ,—this is a type of Christianity that has within it the promise and potency of incalculable good to humanity."

IN the "Character Sketch" of a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* we have an interesting biography of Mr. James Stansfeld. In tracing the influences at work in the shaping of Mr. Stansfeld's character, Mr. Stead puts special stress on the fact that his father was a staunch Unitarian. "The Unitarians," he says, "among whom Mr. Stansfeld's lot was cast were a sect cultured, comparatively leisured, and well-to-do. There was among them no wild and fervent gospelling such as that which helped the primitive Methodists to evangelize the savages of the mine; but there was in its stead a healthy enthusiasm of humanity, making itself manifest in rigid regard for rightness of individual conduct and a keen sense of the obligations which were due to society and to the State. Most of the best of the New Englanders, from Emerson to Lowell and Holmes, were Unitarians of this type. It is a high type, with a morality not surcharged with emotion, but full of tenderness and aspiration, lacking, alas! only in that faculty of propagandism which alone secures the perpetuity of religions." We call special attention to the closing words. When Mr. Stead says that Unitarians are lacking in the faculty of propagandism, he probes their weakness to the quick, and also tells the truth when he adds that the faculty of propagandism alone secures the perpetuity of religions. A type of religion which does not inspire a missionary spirit and embody its spirit in an organized church, whatever other excellences it may have, is short-lived. All experience and history prove that only by the zeal of propagandism has any form of religion taken a permanent place in the world. It is a hopeful sign that the perception of this truth is dawning on the Unitarians of to-day.

THE picture of Oscar Wilde in prison is both sad and pitiable. He is described as sitting in a dazed condition, without wishing to see any one or desiring to hear from the outside world. After he had been confined a few days, he was ordered to the treadmill; but soon he fainted, and fell from exhaustion. His physician, on examination, declared he was not shamming, and for the present at least could not bear this test without serious, if not fatal, injury. He is obliged to conform to prison rules, and rises at a fixed hour, takes his meals at the prescribed time, and retires according to established rules. His moral lethargy keeps pace with his physical, and he seems to be wholly oblivious of having done any wrong. In an interview with the chaplain, when asked if he was repentant, he at once jumped out of his dazed silence, and in rage glared at his questioner, and exclaimed: "How dare you to insult me in this fashion! I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused." His career is an impressive lesson that we get from life both in quantity and quality what we give. No amount of wealth, no degree of social position or gifts of genius, can escape this great moral law. If a man prostitutes his gifts, wealth, or social position, and lives for low ends, the fruit of bitterness ripens. The sanctity of virtue demands this. Honor, truthfulness, devotion to high ideals, and noble aims bring their reward. We reap as we sow. Such is the fact which flashes out from history and life. It is true of all time and of all men.

THE first reports of the violence in East Boston on the Fourth of July were exaggerated. In truth, the affair can hardly be called a riot, but rather a disturbance. Whatever the future examination may prove the details to be, the saddest feature of the whole transaction is the symptom it reveals of an unhealthy condition of opinion. The thing happened because there exist in the community race and religious animosities which are liable to be fanned into bitter hatred and violent outbreaks. Explain as

you will the causes of this event, it could not have happened if the animosities did not exist. If the existence of hostile feelings was not present in the minds of certain members of the committee of the carnival, they would not have thought of excluding the red school-house and its friends from their procession, nor would certain aldermen have refused to grant the application for the afternoon parade. On the other hand, the suspicion that the simple emblem of the school-house was a fling at the parochial system excited the ire of the supporters of the latter. The fact of the prevalence of these inflammable materials is the lesson of the hour, and demonstrates the need of softening our prejudices and toleration for each other's differences. The American idea is that each man and associations of men have a full right for the expression of their opinions, either by speech or parade, as long as they remain within the bounds of the law. It matters not whether it be the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the A. P. A., or any other organization. This needs to be stamped upon the minds of all, whether natives or new-comers. Opinions and beliefs have an equal chance before the law. The disposition to encroach upon this right, to rush into lawlessness and to foment religious bigotry, cannot be too severely deprecated. Freedom and law were the watchwords when the nation was born. It is the very corner-stone upon which our institutions rest. The readiness which so widely prevails, and which seems to be growing in strength, for individuals to take the law in their own hands and to outrage the rights of others through mob violence, is one of the most serious aspects of the time. It is all the same whether this be in South Carolina, Illinois, Ohio, or Massachusetts. It surely seems a striking illustration of unfitness to see a mass of angry men making an assault on a peaceful procession on the Fourth of July. It is a desecration of all for which this anniversary stands. Unless a roused public sentiment shall demand a halt in these exhibitions of lawlessness and violence, and the authorities and the courts visit the offenders with severe penalties, we shall cease to be a nation of law-abiding citizens.

A METROPOLITAN CENTRE.

THE growth of Chicago is one of the marvels of the century. Less than fourscore years ago only a log house and the remains of an old fort occupied the land on each side of the river which now bisects the city. Situated at the end of one of the great lakes, by an extensive system of railroads it has become an immense distributing-point, and reaches out its iron arms far and near. By means of canals it will in the future have a direct water communication to the ocean by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and, like Manchester in England, will become a seaport as well as an inland city. From its custom-house goods will enter and depart from and to all parts of the world, and will reach their destination without breaking bulk. Already it is moving forward with rapid strides in its bold and ambitious efforts to become the first metropolis of the Western World. A glance at the map will show some of the natural causes of commercial prosperity. The same energy which has enabled it to achieve its brilliant results has also been turned toward those means of culture and influence which directly affect our best civilization. Chicago is noted not only for its towering warehouses, but also for its schools, its museums of art, its public parks and charities and churches. Its newspapers, by their wide range of thought in the treatment of subjects, their enterprise in gathering news, and their ability in the discussions of all the vital questions which directly touch on life and reach into the higher realms of literature, science, and

religion, are equal to any in the country. Not content with giving its efforts and wealth to mere material results, it is now spending millions in building up great institutions of learning, which will in the future take place beside Harvard and Yale.

From this it will be seen that Chicago is already the chief of inland cities, and will in the future become a great metropolitan centre. The time is not far distant when that section washed by the Mississippi and its tributaries will have several populous inland cities, and become a powerful shaping force. Already its political influence is felt. Since the election of Lincoln in 1859, with the exception of Mr. Cleveland of New York, the Presidents chosen have come from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The land washed by the Mississippi and its tributaries is one of the world's chief granaries; and, as this whole section increases in wealth, it will also increase in culture and refinement.

One of the chief and striking characteristics of the Chicagoan is his pride and loyalty to his city and his undoubted faith in its future. With a prodigal hand he pours out his wealth in aid of all public enterprises. The way in which the Exposition was designed and carried out has won the admiration of the world. It could have reached its signal success only by the action of public spirit and civic virtues.

With these facts in mind, we are not insensible to the grave defects in this city which has sprung into existence under the spur of such intense enterprise. The eager desire for wealth has been all-absorbing. Men have been bent on money-getting. Often the methods employed have been unscrupulous. Municipal corruption has been bold and vigorous. But truth requires us to add that, while men have been eager to get money, they also have spent it freely, not only for show and personal gratification, but also to help various public enterprises. The faith of its citizens in Chicago is unbounded, and they prove their faith by their works.

It almost goes without saying that Chicago is not only now a great metropolitan centre, but is destined to become still more so in the future. In considering the action of the higher forces of civilization, this fact must be kept in mind. Especially is this true of those efforts which are made toward religious organization. As the Christian Church in its earliest days first sought a foothold in the chief cities, and from them went forth the great transforming power of the new faith, so must it be now. Hence the importance of Chicago as well as other Western cities as a religious centre. The missionary organizations of the Central North-west must have their departure from this point. The fact is too evident to need further enlargement. It has its bearings on the organized efforts for the spread of Unitarian Christianity. The American Unitarian Association, if it is to make an advanced step, should make this city its headquarters, and, gathering round this centre its various Western forces, move forward toward larger achievements for the liberal faith.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

No other English-speaking man of science has, since the death of Darwin, been so representative of the ways of science for the popular imagination as Prof. Huxley. Two months ago he rounded out his threescore years and ten, but such was the immense vitality of his thought and style that no one thought of him as getting old; and his conformity to the Biblical standard of longevity—as if nothing in his life might so become him as his leaving it—must have been a surprise to many who had not informed themselves of the fact that he was born May 4, 1825. It was an interesting coincidence that he as well as Darwin should take an ocean voyage for a post-graduate course. His on the "Rattlesnake" was but four, while Darwin's on the "Beagle" was five years long; and his observations bore the fruit of no such magnificent generalization as Darwin's "Natural Selection." Nevertheless, they bore fruit after their kind, as did the life in general on shipboard. They spoiled him for a practising physician, and sealed him for an investigator and teacher of the truths of natural science. There is encouragement in his career for those who do not find the true path when they are first setting out. Moreover, he informs us that he began by

writing carelessly and ill, and that for many years he was indifferent to literary form. This is exceeding strange, seeing that he developed a style so masterly; and it is difficult to believe that he was not to the manner born, however he improved himself by practice and devotion to an exigent ideal.

Huxley's name has been long associated with Darwin's as a protagonist of the latter's, early in the field, and with an enthusiasm and a frankness which have not been surpassed. Darwin's appreciation of his loyalty was all that Huxley could desire. That loyalty was as fearless as it was intelligent; and the history of the controversy furnishes no more dramatic incident than the retort of Huxley upon Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, when that famous dignitary had flouted the Darwinian theory of human origins as something monstrous and absurd. But the name which has been oftenest paired with Huxley's is that of his friend, Prof. Tyndall; and it is interesting to know that, at the outset, they were companions in misfortune. They were candidates at the same time, Tyndall for the chair of physics, and Huxley for that of natural history, in the University of Toronto, Canada; and they fared equally ill. But here was the beginning of a friendship and collaboration second to few, if any, in the scientific annals of our time. Since Tyndall's death no one has written about him more heartily and pleasantly than Huxley, and it is superfluous to say that the depreciatory estimate of Tyndall which was current in his lifetime got from his friend no particle of justification or support. This depreciatory estimate was frequently and habitually expressed in terms of relative admiration and distrust, Huxley getting all the former and Tyndall all the latter. A successful analysis of this injurious comparison remains a desideratum to this day. It often went so far as to represent Tyndall as a brilliant charlatan, while it allowed that Huxley was a genuine man of science. Conservative and apologetic theologians lent themselves industriously to this manner of belief. Yet it would be difficult to fix a time when they were not as hard hit by Huxley as by his friend; and of late years the little finger of Huxley's anti-theological writing has been thicker than was ever Tyndall's thigh. From the standpoint of their ultimate biographer, it is probable that Tyndall's temper will be found the more purely scientific and at the same time as much more religious as it was more imaginative than Huxley's.

Prof. Huxley has not left us in any doubt as to the objects that he had in view in the pursuit of knowledge and its dissemination. He does not even name among them the successes of original investigation, so that his successes upon this line cannot have been less than he imagined them to be. They were—the objects of his life as named by him—the popularization of science; the development and organization of scientific education; the defence of evolution as an adequate solution of the riddle of the world; and last, but not least, "untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science." And it is not too much to say that in all these particulars he has done a great and very memorable work. That "popularization of science" which is practically falsification, and of which we have no end, found in his methods that "criticism by example" which is the most effective possible. The defence of evolution in its narrower (Darwinian) or wider (Spencerian) implications has found in him a representative at once cautious and alert, for its speedy triumph owes to him a quite incalculable debt. Equally indebted to him is the increasingly successful rivalry of the natural sciences with the classics in English schools and colleges, while the evident enrichment of his own thought and style from classic sources has interposed a timely barrier to those who would do away with classical studies altogether.

As for Huxley's "untiring opposition to the ecclesiastical spirit," it grew with his growth; but is it so sure that it strengthened with his strength? He often warned the theologians off from his scientific preserve, and told them, in words to that effect, to mind their own business. But the fable was for him as well as them, and he was not always clear concerning this.

He poached on their preserve as much as they on his. Often the game he bagged justified the adventure. So wide was his culture and so vivid his intelligence that he was often wiser than the theologians on their chosen ground; but the joy of battle often tempted him to conflicts in which his skill was far below his best, and the waste of gifts that might have been much better employed was sometimes tragical. But such occasional aberrations did not prevent the even tenor of his way from being splendid with the proofs of intellectual honesty and magnificent in its rebuke of the "orthodox lying for God," of which the scientists and the theologians furnished examples equally flagrant and deplorable.

Huxley's encouragement to shape one's words as absolutely as possible upon one's thought and to see things as nearly as may be as they are, was, perhaps, his most important contribution to contemporary morality. It is plain that the main region of his life was not intellectual or scientific, but ethical. "Veracity of thought and action" was the mark of his high calling, and to that he entreated others to lift up their hearts. But, in his "resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off," may it not be there was a predilection for those "uglier features," a tendency to exaggerate their ugliness? Theology can hardly be accused of a disposition to make life more attractive than it is, in view of the Westminster Confession and that sort of thing. It is to be hoped that science has nothing more horrible to lay bare than the doctrines of election and eternal hell. It is to be hoped that her ultimate message will be something more cheerful than the expression to which it attained in Huxley's later writings, and especially in the celebrated "Romanes Lecture," where the doctrine was thoroughly dualistic, man on the one side and an anti-ethical cosmos on the other. For many and the most of us that doctrine is discouraging. But Huxley did not find it so. He expected the heroic energy of mankind to make a good fight with the anti-ethical cosmos, and in spite of it to bring in the better times. But the dualism of the "Romanes Lecture" has been subjected to a criticism that enables us to trust that things are not so bad as that.

It was Huxley as a man of letters that gave to Huxley as a man of science his free course, and glorified him with Tyndall in the affections of the reading world. Many have imagined themselves in love with his science when it was to his literature that they had given their hearts. His scientific knowledge might have been ten times as great; and, without his clear, strong, vivid, and incisive style, he would have made a very different impression, much narrower and much less agreeable. As a controversialist, his roughest manners were so frank and cordial that only those devoid of humor or sincerity could resent them bitterly. He has been a notable figure in the arena, and without him it is something tamer and less picturesque. But his life has gone into the structure of the times, and his career will long remain a subject of insatiable curiosity and of widely varying judgments as to its significance of use and good. J. W. C.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL OUTFIT.

The recent commencements all over the country have one prominent feature: they show what immense changes have been made both in the quality and scope of university instruction. The educational leaders have brought to the subject practical sagacity and a keen perception of the real needs of the times. In this they not only reveal their wisdom, but also administrative foresight. The forces at work have already wrought striking alterations in our ideas and in the structure of society. The introduction of machinery and steam has given rise to the great factory, and produced the proletariat. The individual worker thus becomes one of a class; and a radical change is made in the relations between capital and labor, the employer and the employed. The achievements of science, in revealing the powers hidden in the bosom of the earth, in tracing the origin of the species and the history of man, have opened profounder intellectual and religious questions. The wider uprising of the democratic spirit, and the unrest and struggles which it has generated and intensified,

make necessary a new adjustment of social and political institutions. A graduate of to-day, as he leaves his Alma Mater with the design of becoming a minister or lawyer, or proposes either a public or business career, needs a larger and more varied outfit than ever before. The knowledge serviceable in the Middle Ages was chiefly locked up in Greek and Latin; and the student gave his chief attention to the gaining of a mastery of these languages, so as to possess himself of the world's intellectual treasures. But now, while the priceless wealth of the Greek and Roman mind may be still found in the original tongue, we have here only a small proportion of modern knowledge. Hence the need of a great enlargement of the college curriculum. Moreover, so great has been the increase of knowledge that he who wishes to master a single department must become a specialist, and make this the chief study of his life. These, with many other considerations, show that the present enlargement of the educational outfit is a necessary evolution in education.

In addition, the intense breeze of practical life has penetrated into the academic hall; and the student in the recitation-room and laboratory feels the stirrings which come from the real world. President Eliot, in his speech at the Harvard alumni dinner, emphasized this when he said, "We are not interested in producing here languid observers of the world and spectators at the game of life. We want to produce by the hundreds and thousands devoted workers in the world of to-day."

It is the source of great encouragement to know that those who have in charge the liberal instruction of our young men and women are thus working on the broader lines of education, and recognize the great changes which have taken place in society. Thus we see the difficult and very grave problems which the moderate graduate will be brought to face, and the perils which arise from the readjustments of social, scientific, intellectual, economic, and religious questions in an age of radical transformations. Hence is evident the need of this new educational outfit from year to year; and the truth is emphasized that the aim and end of a university course of instruction is to enlarge the scope of knowledge and train a generation of strong thinkers, inspired by lofty ideals and with the earnest "desire to be of service in the world."

THE PLACE OF TRIFLES.

We often talk about the tyranny of trifles, which intrude themselves into our days, seeming to hinder us in the duties of wider scope, which we are pleased perhaps to call our real work. So large a proportion of each day's experience is taken up with doing over the things that were done the day before and must be done again on the day after that it is no wonder we sometimes rebel, and dream of the splendid aims we might compass, were we not continually held back by the necessity of considering unimportant details. This is especially true of a woman's work; and it often happens that her courage fails sooner when she must look ahead to a monotonous round of little duties than if she could think of a great and difficult task to be begun, carried on, and finally completed, to leave room for something else. It is comparatively easy to talk of flinging ourselves into the work of the world and sustaining first-hand relations with the toilers; but, when our work is the eternal doing of little things that seem to leave us just where they found us, it is not so easy to feel the thrill of the larger vision or the conviction that our work really means anything, either to ourselves or to anybody else.

Trifles always hold the right of way. The minister's sermon must be laid aside unfinished just when he cares most for it, on account of some petty interruption that hinders his thought, ruffles his mind, and is not of the slightest consequence in itself to him, after all. The mother must adjust herself to a life full of breaks and interferences, sure only that she must take her opportunities on the wing if she means to make anything of them. We cannot even have a great joy or a great sorrow by itself. The heart may ache with unacknowledged pain; but dinner must be served at six o'clock, and we must be ready for it. Mark Twain's diary seems sometimes to represent the sum total of life for many of us, as the

days go by undistinguished and almost unrecorded.

Yet there is often a real blessedness in the very insistence of the little things that claim our thoughts when we want to give ourselves to larger matters. How they hold us to our work and to our better selves in times of trouble by the incessant demands that cannot be ignored! They shake us out of the selfishness we might otherwise hardly discover. They make an overstrain of feeling seem melodramatic; and by the necessity of adjusting ourselves to them we acquire that saving sense of proportion which, even in the times of mental excitement, helps us keep our equilibrium and gain self-mastery, that best result of experience.

Habit thus developed rarely fails to assert its claims in a crisis. In Zangwill's recent novel, "The Master," the mother feels that she can stand the strain of her daily life no longer. It is not the thought of her children who would be left motherless that holds back the weak, nervous, distracted woman: she has no remembrance of the responsibilities that rest on her and on her alone. It is just the sight of Matt's bare feet that arrests her thought and claims her attention. She sees that, if Matt does not have his socks and shoes immediately, he will surely catch another cold. Her motherly instincts triumph, and the volcanic fires in her breast are soon extinguished.

The real corrective for the dominance of trifles in our lives is to dignify them all by a great purpose running through them. If the aim of the minister is something more than the preparation of fine sermons, he will learn not to be too impatient at the unavoidable interruptions which will surely come. A mother must learn to hold her golden thread of purpose clear and straight despite all the threatened knots and snarls of cross entanglements. There is no better use for a great passion or enthusiasm than just this of giving meaning to all the little things of life. If a great longing for education fills a boy's heart, he is glad to meet the disagreeable conditions which that longing may force upon him. Splitting wood or caring for a furnace may then mean opportunity to him instead of drudgery. Sometimes a great love so fills the heart that it seems to inspire every little thing done from morning till night, and nothing ever seems a trifle if we do it for the sake of one we love.

THE JAPANESE MISSION.

We trust that no one of our readers will fail to read the report of Mr. MacCauley, to be found in our present issue and that of last week. The extent and value of the work as thus outlined must commend itself, and should lead to a renewed interest in this mission. It has been carried on under the stress of discouragements which have arisen chiefly because there has been a lack of financial support, which has prevented our missionary from employing efficient collaborators. The field is waiting; and the workers are ready, and the harvest full of promise, if they could be financially sustained. While the work has been greatly enlarged, the working force has greatly diminished. The policy of the Unitarian mission differs from those of others. It aims to be a distributor of the best and highest ideas of the religion of Jesus, and, when these have taken root, to leave it for the natives to organize their churches according to their own wants. The wisdom of this course is enforced by the present condition of the mission of the American Board. The *Congregationalist*, in a carefully written article on this subject, says the friction between natives and foreigners has been such that the question has arisen "whether English and American missionaries should not withdraw, and leave Japan to work out alone her own salvation." The matter has assumed so great importance that it has been decided to send a deputation of prominent members to make a full investigation into the real state of affairs. It would seem, from what has been given to the public, that the result will be to allow the Japanese churches established by the mission of the American Board complete and independent control. This is practically following, in many respects, the policy of the Unitarian mission in Japan. Whether this be true or not, it is very clear that the Unitarian mission is successfully carrying on its work, and for its greater efficiency requires more aid from

our churches. Mr. MacCauley's report ought to secure this, so that he may be strengthened, and go forward with renewed courage and faith.

Brevities.

Rev. Dr. Miner's last message from his death-bed to his brethren at the Monday Ministers' Meeting was characteristic: "Give my love to the brethren, and say to them, 'Be faithful!'"

Gen. Booth, who does not know what rest means, will again start on a trip round the world. He goes to spy out the land suitable for agricultural colonies and to take a survey of the general Salvation work.

Dean Farrar's successor at Westminster Abbey has twice during his ministerial career taken empty churches and filled them. He rides much every day, and generally prepares his sermons while in the saddle. They are described as very direct and forceful.

The French Chambers have voted in favor of making a treaty with the United States for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration. All hail! This is a long step toward peace. Glory to God in the highest, good will toward men, is dawning, though dimly as yet.

The North Carolina *Christian Advocate* is deservedly severe against ministers who advertise sensational subjects for their sermons, and thinks that there was some basis of philosophy in the old preacher's reply when, being asked the subject of his sermon, he said, "I never let the devil know."

The politicians are playing shy of the Manitoba school dispute, and the Dominion government have decided to refer the matter back to the local legislature. If this fails to settle the question, then it will be brought before Parliament at a special session in January. This course has made trouble, and may lead to a change in the ministry.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness preached a specially fit and impressive sermon at the Second Church, which was the last service for the year; and special mention was made of the duties of summer as well as those larger ones which relate to the public. He will preach the same sermon in our pulpit next week to an audience extending over the world and numbered by the thousands.

Lady Spencer has passed a rigid examination before the Naval English Board with first honors, and secured a license as captain with an official document certifying her capacity to fill the rank to the satisfaction of the admiralty. It is said she has no intention to apply for a war-vessel, but has taken the examination to be captain of her own yacht. The woman will be on deck all the same.

Ministers and teachers who are sometimes discouraged about the results of their labors should take encouragement at Senator Hoar's address at the commencement of Williams College, when he said that he had the honor to be present at a private dinner with President Garfield and Mark Hopkins at the White House, just before the former's death, and heard Garfield tell his noble teacher how much he owed to his influence.

The late Dr. W. G. Eliot of St. Louis, when his ministerial friends sought his advice about making a change, was wonted to reply, "Stick." Dr. Anderson, when called to the presidency of Brown University, was of the same opinion. When asked if he was going, he replied: "Go? No: I am going to stand by Rochester. Rochester invested in me when I was unknown and without value. If the investment has not proved a failure, Rochester deserves the profits."

The Pacific Theological Seminary, Milwaukee, says one of our exchanges, is now considerably excited over charges brought against some of the breweries of employing children under fourteen years of age, furnishing them an undue amount of beer to drink, and exposing them to demoralizing conversation. The charge is brought by Inspector Stewart of the United States Labor Bureau, and the owners of the breweries insist that its truth shall be proved.

The story is told that Dr. Henry M. Field once had Dr. Patton and Joseph H.

Choate to dinner, when the subject of evolution came up. "How," said Mr. Choate, "do you interpret the first chapter of Genesis?" "We look upon that," replied Dr. Patton, "as a sort of charcoal sketch of what might have been." The *New York Tribune*, in giving this, adds, "The phrase is a little unguarded, and, if uttered by Prof. Briggs, might have been considered as speaking lightly of sacred things; but Dr. Patton is a great master of dialectics, and can doubtless reconcile it with the most rigid Orthodoxy." He also gave a proof of this in his late address before the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The police commissioners of New York City begin to realize the extent and difficulty of the work they have in hand, and are resolute to use every possible means to execute the "Excise Law." The *New York Evening Post* thus sums up the result to date: "As tangible moral results of the board's unequivocal attitude, it can be recorded (1) that a large body of violators, both behind and before the saloon bars, are finally convinced that the police mean business this time; (2) that these persons have given up looking for a letting down in police vigilance; (3) that the police force believes it must do every Sunday what it has done for several weeks; and (4) that their opinions and convictions are right."

The glorious Fourth was universally observed throughout the country. The injunction of John Adams was thoroughly heeded by the roar of cannon, the blast of the horn, the waving of the flags, and public services. The noisy feature is a nuisance and a horror to weak nerves, and is very far from the ideal way of celebrating Independence. It may, however, have its uses, and help keep alive the sentiment of patriotism. At best, all this flash of gunpowder and night racket are endurable simply because it is inevitable in the present condition of the world. Still, with all this there are other features. The sermons, orations, and addresses, with all their spread-eagle phrases, contain gems of truth and inspiring words which have their influence. After the smoke has rolled away and the noise has ceased, there abides the great fact for which the day stands; and this is stamped more distinctly upon the popular mind by the celebrations. In the Old World the day was fitly observed by the American colonies, especially in Paris and London. In the latter place the gathering seems to have had unusual zeal and zest.

Pro and Con.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE FAITH.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Here in this most orthodox of countries, where the traditions of Puritan ancestors are still held in reverence by the large majority, dwell a man and his wife of whose present situation I want to tell you. He has from early youth been a "bright and shining light" in the Baptist church. If not yet a deacon, he at least leads the prayer-meeting more often than any one else, and speaks, sings, and prays with an unction even the minister might envy. He professes to believe in all the dismal doctrines of Calvin, and yet is habitually cheerful, not to say hilarious. Believing in the terrible power and purpose of the devil, his existence yet seems a fit subject for jokes, when not in *meeting*.

He has been a kind husband for thirty-five years, has had family worship, etc., and would seem to have had every opportunity of impressing upon his wife the doctrines of his church, of which she, too, is a member. They are in comfortable circumstances, and have met with no especial trouble; and yet that wife is and has been for months in an intensely melancholy state of mind. She never smiles, takes no interest in anything, and groans and cries nearly the whole twenty-four hours. And what is it all about? She realizes the situation, if the things she has been taught are true; and the risk of death in an unprepared state drives a woman who has been living a kind, loving, Christian life for many years to the verge of insanity. Night after night she keeps her husband awake to explain to her "the way of salvation," all the ins and outs of which he knows as well as if he had been present when the arrangements were made.

Round and round the circle she goes, but, when he is tired out, still asks, "But how do I know I am *willing* to be saved?" If they try to talk of other things, she shrieks and cries, "How can I think of other things, when I might die to-night, and my soul not saved?" It seems a cruel wrong, when she wakes him from a five-minutes' nap with the question, "Do *you* think you are a Christian, and why?" He would think it wrong to soothe her with talk of the loving Father who cares for her, with rational words of hope and faith, unless she first feels "willing to be damned for the glory of God," for fear of soothing her to a "false peace."

It is, no doubt, a comfort to him to think she "met with a change" forty years ago. This is only one pathetic case out of many, and yet this is the latter part of the nineteenth century. Is there not need for a liberal, hopeful faith to be preached everywhere?

If Jesus were on earth to-day, many good men and women in our churches would hardly dare to trust his words of trust and hope, so deeply have the fears and doubts gone into their bones. A. G. B.

CARD-BOARDS NEEDED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

May I through the columns of the *Register* appeal not for thousands of dollars, but for little pieces of card-board? Last year we had in some of the school-yards of Boston seventy thousand children. We bid fair to have *more* this summer. Each child wants to sew cards, and, holding up his clean fingers, begs for a design. But such cards, pricked with a simple design, the outlines of a flower or a cat or a penny trumpet, cost money to buy. The matrons of each of these summer playgrounds are too busy to prick but a few every other day, and the children *want* them. It is pathetic to see their eagerness and pride in owning a card which they have stitched in colored worsteds where it was pricked. It is the poorest of the poor who are sheltered in these playgrounds or at Charlesbank, where thousands *more* clamor for cards. These playgrounds are under the care of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, and were first started at Unitarian mission chapels. Now the school-yards have been given us. Miss Ellen M. Tower has always been their presiding genius. Would that each reader of the *Register* would prick a few cards, each card about four inches square, and send them to 20 Chestnut Street, from which place Miss Tower will distribute them among the children!

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

45 Commonwealth Avenue.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Pleasure derived from a perusal of the article on "Literature for Children" in the *Christian Register* of June 20 prompts me to send this word of thanks. I agree with the assertion that the day of light jingles and stories written for pictures is past. Our children are fast acquiring a taste for good literature, and the demand is keeping pretty even pace with the supply. Here in this city a school-teacher, just to test the taste of her scholars, began reading to them the first volume of "Tanglewood Tales," by Hawthorne. She was surprised at the great interest manifested by them, and did not have to go far to discover why. First, the language was so simple and withal so beautiful that the listener was thoroughly conversant with the subject in hand, and charmed at the same time. Second, the stories were invariably a true poet's fancy, and thoroughly consistent with the beautiful rhetoric they were written in. Other books by so-called authors for children failed to interest the scholars, and the teacher was always compelled to return to the beloved tales sooner or later. I have a theory that some children can appreciate a good, well-written story as well as a larger person; and I am not without foundation for it. I have seen them greedily devour Kipling's "Jungle Book" with all its difficult Indian names, and prefer good stories of the ancient Greeks to fairy tales. This is a good sign, and demonstrates the need of a distinct literature for children.

T. P.

Council Bluffs, Ia., July 2.

WISHES.

Oh to lie in the opening grass
That gracefully bends to the winds that pass,
And to look aloft the oak leaves through,
Into the sky so deep, so blue!

Oh to feel as utterly free
As the oriole swinging above on the tree,
Or the locusts piping their drowsy whirr,
Or the down that floats from the thistle burr!

Oh to float with the cloudy drifts,
Changing hue as the sunshine shifts,
Or hastening gayly into the west
To follow the blushing sun to rest!

Oh for the secret of Nature's power
To drain the joy of the present hour!
Oh to work and glow in the sun!
Oh to sleep when the day is done!

— William Roscoe Thayer.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND.

SALISBURY AND STONEHENGE.

III.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

We have travelled through England, not in kangaroo leaps, but in a short-gaited way, hopping from bough to bough of the ancestral tree. We have spent twelve days in London. That may mean many different things to many different people. To some it meant a bird's-eye view of the great panorama of life, to others the National Gallery and the British Museum, to others a study of social institutions and the world of men. But we were all ready at any rate for a brief retreat, a spell of rest and quietude; and where better could we find it than in some little cathedral town? And so the three maids, who are also their own mistresses and who serve themselves and each other, sometimes in one capacity and sometimes in another, started on a career of place-hunting, which was crowned with eminent success. Would that the selfish place-hunters in our own land would follow the example of the maids, and go abroad to find a situation! If they were only as zealous for the public welfare, they would be welcome to stay at home.

"The Elysian Fields." I visited them once as a boy; and they will always be associated with pleasure gardens, cakes, and merry-go-rounds at Hoboken, N.J. But the "Elysian Villa" is not there. It is in the charming town of Salisbury, England; and we have taken a limited possession. The limitation does not refer to the house, but to the limited time we shall have to enjoy it. For a few days, at least, it is ours. The villa is on Churchfields. On the front the view is nothing to speak of, and it is too near the railroad; but, like the colleges at Cambridge, its unique feature is "the Backs,"—the cosey little garden behind and the river that separates it from the meadow beyond. The garden is divided into two terraces, the upper one with a grass plat and flowers, the lower one, extending to the river, devoted to the service of the kitchen. Here in this garden we have all the privacy that one could desire. Large and well-furnished bed-chambers, a parlor, and a dining-room complete the suite. Everything is pleasant and homelike. As a piece of movable furniture, we have hired the cook, with all her outfit; and Coriander has been installed in the responsible position of housekeeper, which is a guarantee that we fare well. It is interesting to see with what mock seriousness she takes this weight of responsibility, and gratifying to think that no results that are really serious have overtaken either her or us. But this may be because the cook prepares the meals, and Coriander has only to order them. All that is necessary is a daily visit to the butcher and green-grocer with a pocket-book and a cab. But it gives an assured feeling of domesticity to our living; and, if anybody has to be censured, it is easy to place the blame upon Coriander. Thus far we have had nothing to bestow but the most lavish applause.

The charm of this place, however, lies not in the dinner table, by which certain travellers are accustomed to gauge the merits of every abode, but in the blooming garden, the flowing river, and the beautifully proportioned spire of the Cathedral. Such a wealth of roses as luxuriate in this garden! The snow buds and blossoms in the pure, cool white. There are sunsets and dawns unfolded in exquisite petals, and deep blood-red from the heart of summer itself. There are masses of unforgettable forget-me-nots, and this level patch of green is just the place for a siesta. One

almost fancies that he might find the lotus growing in this garden, and that we might share the fate of the lotus-eaters.

But we have not forgotten our country nor our countrymen. The lotus for us remains unplucked; and on the 17th of June, by way of reprisal for the victory won by the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, Mizippi plucked some British roses, white and red, and tied them up along with a few sprays of forget-me-not, making the trinity in unity of our American colors. The stars and stripes themselves were not lacking. We hung them from a pillar of the porch, and the British flag from another; and they waved in friendly unison in the same breeze. We had telegraphed the day before to the American Lyon, who has been fraternizing a few weeks with his English cousin, and gently roaring now and then at public meetings, to represent the American menagerie. He arrived by noon, and was duly decorated with the American colors. Mavilla has been crazy ever since we came here to entertain somebody; and who more entertaining or more entertainingable than our compatriot? As we could not easily drive to the Bunker Hill monument, we decided to visit another pile of stones more ancient, more curious, and more enigmatical. Everybody knows what the Bunker Hill monument means; but who can tell the meaning of Stonehenge? Not we. There is an exhilaration to one's curiosity in finding a monument to which nobody can fix a date, which is devoid of an inscription, but not devoid of a purpose. It is the fact that it must have meant something that piques your curiosity to know what it really did mean. But you are safely insured against the ostentatious learning of anybody else. No garrulous guide or monotonous verger can oppress you by unloading the whole weight of his memory upon your unprotected ignorance. If you are a Yankee and good at guessing, you may see this collection of stones with your own eyes, and guess what they mean if you can.

The ride from Salisbury on that beautiful June afternoon took us first through the quaint town, with its old English houses, the second story often projecting over the first just as the old houses in New England were built in the early days. The market place is an ancient agora, and on Saturday night one may get a lively impression of this usually quiet place. Here is the Gothic Poultry Cross and the old "Halle of John Halle," built in 1470, and since patched up and restored and used as a shop. In these same streets once walked Philip Massinger and Addison and Fielding, and it was here that "The Vicar of Wakefield" was issued from the press. As we pass out of the town, we see Old Sarum, the original site of Salisbury, which, like many other old towns, was first built on a hill and afterward descended to the valley. Opening before us is a beautiful view of Salisbury Plain, and the day does not pass without seeing the shepherd. This is pre-eminently an agricultural region. The chalk crops out frequently; but, barren as it seems in a quarry, it offers fine opportunities to the farmer, as the abundant hay crops testify. It is an open country, and we may see for miles around. The fertile fields, many of them dotted with haystacks, cut off as clean as a knife can cut them, offer a pleasing variety of color. Brilliant fields of poppies, in gay British red coats, are drawn up in line, with heavy platoons of grain behind them, as if martialled for review on this 17th of June.

We pass through Amesbury, a pretty little village with houses with thatched roofs hanging well over the mud walls below and protecting them from rain. The walls along the road are also of mud, and protected likewise by a thatched cover. There is a curious old church, and the curate shows us about with evident satisfaction. Old Roman bricks were utilized in the walls. No one knows just how old this venerable church is. It goes back centuries, and makes our old landmarks seem but yesterday affairs. It was here that Queen Guinevere came to die, and her diminutive head may be seen on a window sheltered and overshadowed by the Virgin. The burial fees for the sexton are posted up like a cabman's tariff, to prevent overcharging, and we read that a four-foot common grave and bell rung one hour costs three shillings and sixpence, the bell rung two hours costs six and sixpence. Circular clumps of imposing beeches stand in a kind of communal isolation on the plains, and the driver has no

explanation to offer of this singular arrangement except that they were planted in imitation of Stonehenge. Each group is a round grove temple by itself.

From the pictures I had seen of Stonehenge I had obtained no adequate idea of the massiveness and imposing character of these enigmatical stones. One can easily retrace the outer circle they formed and reproduce the inner ellipse. Some say there were two circles and two ellipses. This is not a fortification or a house,—more likely a tomb or a sanctuary. It is not Greek nor Roman: it may be pure British. In its formation, its inner and outer circles, it looks more like the famous "pigs' puzzle" than anything else. These rude stones have been transported a long distance: they are not found in place here. Some are of sandstone, and some are granite. They have been rudely worked with tenons or bosses and sockets to fit the lintels on the piers. The blue stone in the centre is regarded as an altar, and recalls the altar stone in the centre of the circle of the old Greek theatre. The solitary stone standing out on the plain is said to show clearly the orientation of this temple, and experts can trace a sacred way. All around are barrows and tumuli, as if this were a central sanctuary in the midst of an ancient cemetery. We ride back partly over an old Roman road, and have a walk, too, over the downs, then follow a charming road pleasantly shaded, going through Dernford and Woodford, and seeing Lake House that looms up like a castle with bay windows and parapet. They are haying in the fields near by; and a woman's face shines under the enormous fork of hay which covers her head and shoulders,—a sort of rural bonnet, not unbecoming, though a little out of style for city folk. With such a head-dress this woman still walked like a rural queen. This 17th of June was not brought to its appropriate close until Mizippi and the writer had left the carriage, and by a flank movement over the downs had executed a march of three and a half miles on Salisbury, which surrendered its charms without bloodshed. If it was not a legal holiday here, there was nothing unlawful in our way of enjoying it; and not a word of protest was uttered by any one in authority from the queen down to the town policeman. But I suspect that, instead of taking England by surprise, we were completely captivated ourselves.

But I have left to the last the most exquisite element in our enjoyment of Salisbury,—the beautiful cathedral. I refuse now to treat it in any critical mood, or to indulge in invidious comparisons. It is an oratorio in stone; and one can enjoy an oratorio in stone, like an oratorio in music, without stopping to compare it with everything he has heard before. Nearly all of the English minsters and many of the smaller churches have some individual elements of historic interest or artistic beauty, and I find it easy to like a good many. Salisbury has two characteristics which heighten its charm. One is the perfection of its setting, the other the unity of its design and execution. Unlike so many of its rivals, its building time did not straggle over two or three centuries, exposing it to the influence of more than one style of architecture. It was finished within a period of forty years. Instead of a mixture of styles often interesting to the architectural analyst and grammarian who is fond of parsing the construction and translating the stone patois, we have one of the most beautiful and perfect examples of the pure English Gothic, thoroughly harmonious and uniform, without a single discordant note or any foreign element.

But a gem may be spoiled by a bad setting. There are cathedrals whose proportions are obscured by the meaner buildings which cluster around them, or they must be viewed in piecemeal from the narrow streets that engirt them. It is the charm of Salisbury that it stands on a lovely green, with nothing to interfere with the full display of its grace, symmetry, and harmony, or the realization of its perfect repose. The verdant tapestry of lawn, not cut up and slashed by gravel walks, seemed to have been unrolled as a carpet to soften the tread of the worshipper. In this close of Sarum no vehicles, no sheep or cattle or secular intrusions, are allowed. Superb elms and some of the noblest cedars I have seen shade the aisle leading to the west front.

The interior lacks the Doric strength of the Norman style and the warmth of cathe-

drals in which the light glows through much stained glass; but the unbroken unity of effect so characteristic of the exterior is reflected within, where its influence is even more needed. On Sunday I heard a sermon here which in its doctrine was certainly as mediæval as anything in the architecture of the building; but it could hardly be called a Gothic sermon, for it was not sufficiently pointed. This was the only thing that jarred, and nearly half the congregation protected themselves against any such impression by leaving just as the sermon was about to begin.

The cloisters and the chapter house have an eloquence of beauty which even the verger cannot spoil in telling you about them. The single pillar in the chapter house and the groined ceiling, the arcade, and the curious series of sculptures in the spandrels of the arches command the eye. From no point is the cathedral so imposing as from the north-east corner, where you have a view of nave, the two transepts, and spire, which is not equalled by any cathedral I have ever seen. The spire is the highest in England, four hundred feet from the pavement to the top. It was not a part of the original design or execution, but the work of the second architect some fifty years after. It is beautifully proportioned. It is only when one stands directly under it that he can have any idea of its great height. One of the finest views of it we had one day, as we took a boat and rowed up a branch of the river, and at a bend in the stream saw the church across the meadows, and the graceful spire rising in lofty beauty and perfectly reflected in the calm water. So well preserved is this beautiful edifice, so little spoiled either by time or restoration, that it is hard to realize that we are looking at a building which was begun in 1220,—six hundred and seventy-five years ago,—and, save the spire, completed within the space of forty years.

One revolving English picture will not easily fade from our memory. The pleasant domesticity of "Elysian Villa," the symphony of roses in the garden, the meadows and the winding river, the trout lying in the shade of the tree and eating the bread-crumbs we drop to them,—two of them four-and-a-half pounders, but with no fear of the frying-pan,—the monitory spire taking our thoughts from things below to those above, the broad greensward in the cathedral close, the villagers promenading on the lawn, the noble arcade of trees, the beauty of bishops' garden, cloisters, and chapter house, the ride over the hills, the walk over the downs, and, most perfect of all, the picture, from the north-east corner of the close, of a temple of worship which after six hundred and seventy-five years still seems almost as fresh and graceful, as grand and imposing, as when it was first dedicated to the worship of God.

S. J. B.

A PLEA FOR MR. MICAWBER.

BY E. P. POWELL.

It would be presumptuous to say that Micawber is the best drawn of all of Dickens's characters, but he certainly is one of the very finest and strongest. Many of Dickens's characters are too finely worked up, exhibited after dissection. Mr. Micawber is a bold, free sketch. His weaknesses are not on exhibition, although you perceive them: whereas Copperfield and Pickwick are satires on themselves. Copperfield is beautiful, loving, lovely, but fatally selfish. Pickwick is a good-natured old man, lacking in common sense. Aunt Jane and Micawber are the two for whom you feel at the parting most real admiration, and that sort of love which goes through the full gamut of life. What they do has brought tears to your eyes.

On his weakest side Mr. Micawber stands for a very large part of human beings. He is waiting for something to turn up: this is precisely what they are doing. Fortunately for some of them, things always are turning up in this world; but, unfortunately for others, things are also frequently turning down. This believing, trusting side of human nature Mr. Dickens was careful not to make either ridiculous or mean. Mr. Micawber is lovable, not hatable. We have a warm feeling for him, and are conscious that he has a warm feeling for us. There is no keen plotting to take advantage of us. He believes in nature: he believes in human nature. He is

sure of the innate goodness of things. Uriah Heep is the opposite character. He has no faith. He plots and counterplots purely on the basis of selfishness. Such characters multiplied would prevent human society. It was the finest wit that brought them into antagonistic juxtaposition. Micawbers and Heeps naturally hate each other. One symbolizes sunshine; the other, darkness. Micawber is large; Heep is small. Micawber is apparently a failure; Heep apparently a success; but in the end the first has done a good life-work, and the latter is worse than a collapse.

Micawber stands for faith, slightly exaggerated; Heep, for works, slightly exaggerated. And, after a thorough acquaintance with the two, we are all far better convinced than by any sermon of the wonderful power of faith. Optimism, we learn to say, is, after all, the first great duty of a human being. Do things turn up always to a sincere believer? "Well," Mr. Micawber says, "not exactly the things we expect to see turn up; but something turns up, and to an honest heart something a good deal better than what the heart hoped for or asked for."

"My foot is on my native heath! My name's Micawber!" These are two superb facts that a pessimist is never sure of. He never realizes that the earth is *his*, is his native land, his beloved, blooming heather home. He is always in doubt where he is. He is always decrying the present, and looking out for a future. He, too, is waiting for something to turn up, but meanwhile fails to see that something wonderful has turned up. It is a curious fact that all great religions have dropped into pessimism. They cannot see any good about them. They take to cursing those who do. They call great national assemblies of Uriah Heeps together to forbid any one to believe in the to-days. Uriah goes by his book; and, though he would not steal from you your purse, he steals your future happiness. He plans that at some time he is to be enormously wealthy, and you are to be poor. His chief consolation is truckling for that proud day when he is to become great and rich. Mr. Micawber sees the glory of his native heath.

Then Mr. Micawber is proud of his name. He is Micawber. He is not somebody else. He is not asking somebody else to bear his sins and their penalties till he can have a new name in another world: he is Micawber now and forever. At the worst poor, and not having much of pelf or honors, he is on his native heath, and he is *Micawber*. When he meets a friend, a foe, or a critic or a judge, he strikes his breast bravely, and will not deny himself. Mr. Balfour would not know what to do with Mr. Micawber, because with Mr. Balfour the first thing of importance is that no one is of the least worth but is saved by the blood of an atoner. Mr. Martineau answers "that personal guilt and goodness are exchangeable qualities, that may be shifted by compact, like deficit and surplus between debtor and creditor, condenses into a small compass the maximum of contradiction to the very essence of morals." Heep is humble: he is nobody, less than nothing; he hopes for pardon only in some one's else goodness. Micawber squares himself to accept his own name and his own record.

Mr. Micawber is always ready to share his last meal. He does not stand for the sharply competitive phase of social life,—the crowding down and out. His great, big arms are not all elbows. They reach out to circle in and embrace the largest possible number. Not quite sound on production, he is thoroughly sound on the subject of distribution. He is a fairly good sample of our social reformers, all of whose theories are capital in the way of equalizing wealth, but rather feeble in the way of securing a maximum of productive labor. Indeed, it is likely that, if we had a surplus of Micawbers, we should all starve to death. Not a whit different would be the fate of five million Henry Georges. The charm of profit-sharing hangs on the amount of profits there are to be shared. Five cents among ten boys will not largely go to settle the problem of human misery. There is more profit-sharing in the slums than in the flats, more in the flats than in the cottages and villas.

Yes, we are compelled to see that my friend, Mr. Micawber, is not quite a "practical" man. He barely keeps soul and body together; but, then, his soul is a big one, and his body a big one. Uriah Heep's soul

is growing smaller and smaller, and his body is getting weakened; but he has no sort of difficulty in keeping them together. Carlyle suggests that a preliminary to the problem of salvation is whether your mean little soul is worth saving. Uriah bent his whole power to making sure of being kept, not to being worthy of being kept. Micawber unconsciously was busy with making him worthy of salvation. We do not care to overlook this weakness. It was not practical. When he died, he could not look back, and say: "I have been a very practical man. I have built up a big business, have a huge house, a costly family, am a success; and now,—well, now I am going to die away from it all." This splendid success is not to be denied to many. It is the present business and social ideal. People who never wait for anything to turn up are dying every day with this proud record: they are able to leave a big heap behind them, and an obituary telling of it. Micawber failed in that, but he had a big soul; and we all love the big fellow,—and that's the end of it.

KIDD'S "SOCIAL EVOLUTION."

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has an article in the *North American Review* for July which is characteristic of the writer. He deals with his subject with clearness, force, and directness. We give the following:—

RATIONAL SANCTION.

Mr. Kidd does not define what he means by "rational sanction." Indeed, one of his great troubles throughout is his failure to make proper definitions, and the extreme looseness with which he often uses the definitions he does make. Apparently, by "rational" he means merely selfish, and proceeds upon the assumption that "reason" must always dictate to every man to do that which will give him the greatest amount of individual gratification at the moment, no matter what the cost may be to others or to the community at large. This is not so. Side by side with the selfish development in life there has been almost from the beginning a certain amount of unselfishness developed, too; and in the evolution of humanity the unselfish side has, on the whole, tended steadily to increase at the expense of the selfish, notably in the progressive communities about whose future development Mr. Kidd is so ill at ease. A more supreme instance of unselfishness than is afforded by motherhood cannot be imagined; and, when Mr. Kidd implies, as he does very clearly, that there is no rational sanction for the unselfishness of motherhood, for the unselfishness of duty or loyalty, he merely misuses the word "rational."

SUPRA-NATURAL AND ULTRA-RATIONAL SANCTIONS.

Mr. Kidd's definitions of "supra-natural" and "ultra-rational" sanctions, the definitions upon which he insists so strongly and at such length, would apply quite as well to every crazy superstition of the most brutal savage as to the teachings of the New Testament. The trouble with his argument is that, when he insists upon the importance of this ultra-rational sanction, defining it as loosely as he does, he insists upon too much. He apparently denies that men can come to a certain state at which it will be rational for them to do right even to their own hurt. It is perfectly possible to build up a civilization which, by its surroundings and by its inheritances, working through long ages, shall make the bulk of the men and women develop such characteristics of unselfishness, as well as of wisdom, that it will be the rational thing for them as individuals to act in accordance with the highest dictates of honor and courage and morality. If the intellectual development of such a civilized community goes on at an equal pace with the ethical, it will persistently war against the individuals in whom the spirit of selfishness, which apparently Mr. Kidd considers the only rational spirit, shows itself strongly. They will weed out these individuals, and forbid them propagating, and therefore will steadily tend to produce a society in which the rational sanction for progress shall be identical in the individual and the State. This ideal has never yet been reached; but there have been long steps taken toward reaching it, and in most progressive civilizations it is reached to the extent that the sanction for progress is the same not only for the State, but for each one of the bulk of the individuals composing it. When this ceases to be the case, progress itself will generally cease, and the community ultimately disappear.

Mr. Kidd then defines religion as being "a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the

general interest of the evolution which the race is undergoing," and says that we have here the principle at the base of all religions. Of course, this is simply not true. All those religions which busy themselves exclusively with the future life, and which even Mr. Kidd could hardly deny to be religious, do not have this principle at their basis at all. They have nothing to do with the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing on this earth. They have to do only with the soul of the individual in the future life. They are not concerned with this world: they are concerned with the world to come. All religions and all forms of religions in which the principle of asceticism receives any marked development are positively antagonistic to the development of the social organism. They are against its interests. They do not tend in the least to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the organism in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing. A religion like that of the Shakers means the almost immediate extinction of the organism in which it develops. Such a religion distinctly subordinates the interests of the organism to the interests of the individual. The same is equally true of many of the more ascetic developments of Christianity and Islamism. There is strong probability that there was a Celtic population in Iceland before the arrival of the Norsemen, but these Celts belonged to the Culdee sect of Christians. They were anchorites, and professed a creed which completely subordinated the development of the race on this earth to the well-being of the individual in the next. In consequence they died out, and left no successors. There are creeds, such as most of the present day creeds of Christianity, both Protestant and Catholic, which do very noble work for the race, because they teach its individuals to subordinate their own interests to the interests of mankind; but it is idle to say this of every form of religious belief.

HUMBLE HELPERS.

BY S. E. W.

In a recent book review some editor sighed for a story which should deal with high-bred people instead of the wearisome sameness of sketches from low life, for conversation in books taken from the lips of the educated instead of the dialect of Negroes and mountaineers, and wondered if authors thought there was no romance in life in good society. He deprecated the craze for slumming, which was leaving its imprint even upon light literature. But there has been a revelation at the base of our revolution; and we are learning that the lives spent in factories may be as heroic as those in clubs, that a maiden with dyed-stained fingers may be more maidenly than Clara Vere de Vere, and that gentle hearts may as often beat beneath cheap calico as under linen lawn. A few illustrations may serve to correct the false view entertained by some who have not yet fallen under the charm of a noble life lived in very ignoble environments.

There is an "unvested sister" in this city who has been closely associated with life among the lowly for more than a dozen years. She had thought her gift might be the very useful but homely one of simple good cheer; and so she shared it in attics and cellars, going home at night with a great joy at her heart because some sick woman had blessed her "glad face" or some despondent man had been encouraged to try once more to win in the awful struggle against poverty. But last summer an overwhelming sorrow came into her own life, and the weeks usually spent in joyful home-going were like a cyclone of death and disaster.

She had shared all her joys with her poor; and she bravely resolved to spare them any knowledge of her suffering, and returned to them without the ordinary trappings of woe. One of her first meetings was with a hunchback dwarf to whom she had ministered through years of pain and bitterness of soul. His quick and sympathetic eyes read something in her face which he feared, yet longed to know. So he asked softly if all were well at home.

She answered that the mother who made it home had gone to heaven. Tears filled his dark eyes; and, touching her hand with but the tips of his trembling fingers, he responded,—

"Life is full of hard places, and they that are safely past them are happiest."

What poet could have rendered a psalm of immortality in more hopeful key? And this giver of comfort spends his days in a saddler's shop, doing the most monotonous of mechanical work, with only Sundays for

books, and holidays to be dreaded because a day off the bench means loss of pay for a day's work. His is one of the loneliest souls in a great city. His kindred all gone, and his social relations under the blight of cruel deformity; yet he philosophizes on life and the hereafter in a quaint but happy fashion.

The next to note the grief she strove to hide was a grimy locksmith in a tiny shop,—a man whose sturdy piety makes his life one of strength and repose, even amid many hardships and distress. He asked, with keen but sidelong glance, which showed he was afraid of the ground he was treading, if life had been smooth with her during the summer. When told of the loss sustained, he dropped both file and key, his face contorted as if he were suffering physical pain; and then, as if that were not in accordance with his unshaken belief in the Father's goodness, he said:—

"Ah, miss! life would be a sorrowful journey but for help from up yonder"; and, looking heavenward, his face seemed momentarily illuminated as he added, "God grant ye have that in your hour of need!" From a little club of joyous working girls the shadow was kept until a few evenings since, when they began some eager questioning about the home-going this summer. She answered that there would be no more home-going until she should go to find her mother, who went to heaven almost a year ago. Their faces paled, and deep-drawn breaths showed the shock they suffered; but their comfort came in increased gentleness of manner, and not in speech. Perhaps the sweetest ministry was from a girl whose loaf of bread must be seen at a cooking-school exhibition. There were various exercises in different rooms, from one of which the visitor hurried with only one thought for the moment,—to get out of hearing of the young voices that were singing "Home, Sweet Home." She fled past the poor girl who presided over a table of bread and rolls, not stopping to praise them, but returned after half an hour under the sky with composure regained and a few words of apology to "Maggie," whose brown eyes brightened, as she said:—

"I'm glad you came back. I was going to speak to you when you passed; but I saw there were tears in your eyes, and so I didn't say anything."

Gentle Maggie! Such sweet silences help to check the tears.

And these are among the lowly people of whom the reviewer of novels is weary!

There is too little knowledge of the hearts of these people even among many who are in close sympathy with their lives. Too many of their visitors wear their rainy-day clothes when going among them, just as they withhold their best thoughts, under the mistaken impression that a woman with sodden hands must perforce carry a dull brain, or that a young girl in a carpet factory would be stirred with discontent at sight of a pretty gown. Worse than all, the notion that "trailing clouds of glory" never pass over courts and alleys as they do over avenues.

Those who have pearls to cast need have little fear of their falling among swine. Should the much dreaded swine be found, they would be like those of Circe's time, capable of retransformation, if one but carries the magic wand of fraternal love.

LIFE IN ARMENIA.

I have seen a very large number of Sassounians from all the villages that suffered during the massacre. I have eaten, drunk, travelled, and lived with them, studying their ways, their views, their desires, hopes, and fears; and I have no hesitation in saying with emphasis that a more quiet, peaceful, God-fearing people is not to be found in any part of the world. They are hardy, no doubt, sober, abstemious, and can live on an excuse for food which would kill a European in a week. Their piety does not entail that deep respect for truth which Westerners regard—in theory, at least—as one of the bases of all true religion. But, then, their condition is their best excuse. It is absolutely impossible to be veracious and to live in Armenia, as things are at present arranged. The wretched people have embodied this melancholy fact in one of their proverbs: "He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup."

A lordly Kurd may enter an Armenian house at any hour of the day or the night, and ask, "How many carpets, how many

Turkish pounds, how many sheep do you possess?" And the higher the estimate, the greater the number that the defenceless man must give up then and there to the armed bully. Go to any Armenian shop in Erzeroum, Moosh, Van, Bitlis, Kherput, and ask the shop-keeper to narrate his experience of Turkish customers, be they simple folk or officers and officials. They inquire the price of an article, pay one-third, sometimes a half, and promise the remainder in a few days. And the vender never receives another piastre. This is done every day of the week. An Armenian in Erzeroum is suspected of having spoken with a European,—with myself, for example. He is charged with the crime,—perhaps he has actually committed it, without feeling any severe remorse of conscience. If he admits the fact, he is a ruined man. His trade will suffer, the police will have him boycotted, and a week or so later he may be in the typhoid section of the Erzeroum prison, where the inmates are dying like flies. Veracity is a delightful virtue; but it requires a certain soil to be properly cultivated, and the soil of Kurdistan lacks all the essential qualities needed. Even a liar may note and a hypocrite criticize the unveracity of the Armenian people; but, when the historian has explained the temptation, the moralist may feel disposed to palliate the defect.

The truth is that, with all their faults, which are mainly traceable to the serfdom in which they live, the Armenian population is the sole progressive element in Asiatic Turkey; and their potential influence for good, as a moral and intellectual leaven, should be measured less by the unattractive qualities which they have necessarily developed than by the latent germs which have never yet had an opportunity of blossoming into realities.—*London Daily Telegraph Correspondence.*

WHAT UNITARIANS BELIEVE.

BY REV. N. HOAGLAND.

We believe in being loyal to our own reason rather than to that of any other man or set of men, however good they may be. We believe that through reason and conscience comes the revelation of God of highest authority, and that to ignore and repudiate that which speaks to us in our own souls is to dishonor God and cheat ourselves of God's best help. While we do not believe that even reason and conscience are infallible, we do believe that they are to be trusted. We believe they are worthy of being trained and developed. We believe that in our own deepest reason and conscience God speaks to us more directly than through any reported message to another person. Consequently, we do not accept creed or Bible as final authority; for we do not believe that revelation stopped two thousand years ago, but that,

"Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and right are still revealed."

As to the doctrine of the Trinity, which limits the manifestation of God to but three forms, we would say we believe not only in a God in Trinity, but in multiplicity. We believe that every form that hath power and life is a manifestation of God, and yet that there are not many Gods, but one God,—*"One law, one life, one element."*

Then, in regard to Jesus, we not only believe he was all he claimed to be in the most authentic Gospels, but we believe mankind is all he claimed for it. In the same sense that Jesus was God we are God. That is not saying any of us are as perfect as he, but it is saying that we may become like him; for did he not exhort his disciples to "become perfect even as the heavenly Father is perfect"? So, instead of believing in one Son of God, we believe in millions of them. And for my part I think there are just as God-like men walking the earth to-day on missions of peace and good will, whose hands and hearts are as busy doing good, as ever walked it in the days gone by. The moral government of the world would be a failure, were it otherwise. We believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the great religious teacher of our race, and we gladly acknowledge him as such. But we do not think that our best way of honoring him is to make claims for him he never made for himself. We do not think that our best way of showing respect to him is to beg him

to grant us special favors through no merit of our own. We feel that the highest honor we can pay him is to know the truth about him, and to follow his teachings and cherish his spirit in our hearts. The greatest homage we can give him is to be like him.

To sum up, we believe in the moral nature of God and man.

We believe that, as man becomes more moral, more obedient to the law of justice and love, he will become more divine. We believe that God is not less kind and just than we are, but infinitely more merciful and righteous. We believe in a continuous and ever-growing revelation of God's will to man. All scriptures that inspire life with goodness are our Bibles. Punishment is a necessary result of evil-doing. The only way to escape it is to "cease to do evil." That one can do evil and escape its natural results is no part of our gospel. Punishment is God's schoolmaster to whip us into the higher life, if we will learn by no gentle teachers. The future life is not to be feared any more than the present. The life to come is an outgrowth of the life that now is. Heaven or hell begins here. "As a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The teachings of Jesus as given in the Gospels we accept. He is to us a spiritual leader and guide. He is our teacher in the way of moral action and spiritual life. We prefer his simple teachings to the elaborate doctrines of many of the later creeds, baptized in his name, but which are only slightly touched with his spirit. But we accept not only one teacher as sent from God, but all who reveal to us the truth that makes for life eternal.

GEN. GRANT'S CHILDHOOD.

In the *July Century* are printed extracts from a rare and curious Japanese "Life of Grant." The following is from it:—

"From the time of his birth he was different from an ordinary baby. His body was large. He weighed 1 kwan, 292 me. As he grew, his thought became deeper accordingly. It was seen by the eye of every man. He showed no color of fear, however great the sound that came into his ear. When he was not fully two years old, his father, Jesshi Rumito Gurando, happened to carry him outside of his house; and some bad young men in the neighborhood, looking back at Gurando Kuen, said: 'We hear that this baby, as people say, has a brave heart, and never fears anything. We will try whether this is true or false.' And they went away and got a pistol, and gave it to the hand of Gurando Kuen, and pulled the trigger. Then came out a bullet like a thunderstorm. The baby was not afraid of it, and never changed the color of his face, but, pointing to the pistol, asked another shot. The father as well as the bad boys was astonished, and there was no one who did not roll his tongue."

TINY REPUBLICS.

A quaint little republic came to light only recently when the citizens of Andorra boldly threw off the yoke of tribute to the French. 'Tis true it was only the sum of \$200 which they refused to pay; but their action was sufficient to recall from obscurity for a moment the Lilliputian realm nestling on the heights of the Pyrenees. The vale of Andorra measures less than eighteen miles in either direction; but it is the home of one of the oldest republics in the world, the constitution of which is four years older than England's Magna Charta. The Andorrese number in all but 10,000 souls, and these and their ancestors have lived for a hundred years in the heart of Europe without having written one word of its history.

But Andorra is only one of a score of tiny republics,—miniature nations, some of which are only to be found marked on navigators' charts. Tavarola, for instance, is the smallest republic on the face of the globe. It occupies an island off the north-east coast of Sardinia, and comprises fifty-five people. It enjoys, however, the distinction of equal suffrage. Then there are Goust, Franceville, and San Marino, all smaller than Andorra. Truly, one-half of the world knows not the other half.—*Philadelphia Record.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The following letter has been sent to the secretary of the Western Conference and the various State and local conferences in the Middle West, according to a vote of the directors of the American Unitarian Association:—

At the last meeting of the Western Conference certain resolutions were adopted concerning a closer working union between the American Unitarian Association and the churches and conferences of the Middle West. These resolutions were duly reported to the Association, considered, so far as time permitted, by a majority of the directors, and will be presented to the various State and district conferences for consideration.

Recognizing the fact that a plan for missionary work, including so many details, should not hastily be adopted, recognizing also the Congregational independence of the various conferences whose approval is necessary, the directors of the Association, without coming to any definite conclusion as to its merits and defects, have instructed their secretary to address a letter to the conferences concerned, saying that, while they do not bind themselves to the acceptance of the plan proposed, they do heartily approve of the general purpose to be attained; namely, a more effective co-operation of the Unitarian churches of the West with one another and with the American Unitarian Association. They do not wish to anticipate the action of the several conferences. They do most heartily desire to come into closer working relations with them all. They ask, therefore, for a frank expression of opinion from all concerned as to the wisdom of adopting this plan with or without modification. If there should be general agreement in regard to this or any other plan of co-operation, the directors of the Association believe that, with mutual good feeling and a common desire to serve the cause represented by our Unitarian churches in the West, all the details of a sympathetic co-operation will be adjusted in such a way as to meet all legitimate demands.

With assurances of the heartiest sympathy and a desire to find continually new ways of mutual helpfulness, I am, in behalf of the directors of the American Unitarian Association,

Yours very truly,
GEORGE BATCHELOR.

WOMEN'S ALLIANCE.

The fourteenth annual meeting of Maine State Branches of Women's Alliance of Unitarian and Other Christian Women was held at the Unitarian church at Houlton on Wednesday, June 26, 1895. The meeting was opened by the president, Mrs. S. F. Hamilton of Saco, who in a few well-chosen words extended greeting to those present at this our fourteenth anniversary, and reviewed our progress as an Alliance from the first gathering in the gallery of Hollis Street Church, Boston, at one of our anniversary meetings, to the present time, and spoke of the help we have been able to give, not only to Indian and Negro schools, but also to solitary dwellers on farms and Western prairies through our Post-office Mission.

In the absence of our secretary-treasurer, Miss M. H. Kelley of Portland, Mrs. Barry, acting secretary, read the report of the previous meeting, also the treasurer's report, showing the receipts of the year to be \$918.05, expenditures \$881.82, leaving a balance of \$36.23. Mrs. E. M. F. Bartlett of Waterville, our national director, reported the year's work to have been encouraging, bidding us go on with courage for the future. Miss M. E. Fox, Post-office Mission director, reported that the work throughout our State was growing, Castine having entered upon the work during the present year, and the other Branches increasing the number of correspondents. The churches of West Gouldsboro and Sullivan are direct outcomes of our Post-office Mission work.

Reports from the various Branches were read by Mrs. True of Augusta, Mrs. Wood of Bangor, Mrs. Alexander of Belfast, Mrs. Wadsworth of Eastport, Mrs. Hall of Kennebunk, Mrs. Perkins of Portland, Miss Mason of Saco, and Mrs. Jones of Waterville. Mrs. Hamilton reported that the Castine Branch was doing good work when she visited them in May; and Miss Lovering of Houlton, a student at the Castine Normal School, also spoke in regard to that Branch. No reports were heard from Yarmouth, Brunswick, Winter Harbor, Houlton, West Gouldsboro, and Sullivan. Mr. Ramsey reported that a Branch of the Alliance had just been started at Farmington, but no work done as yet.

In the enforced absence of Mrs. Jordan of Portland, who was to have read a paper, this was omitted; and the ladies listened to a very able paper by Mrs. Catlin of Eastport on the subject, "How can we best do Missionary Work?" followed by an exceedingly practical paper by Mrs. March of Saco, in which she recommended the appointment of a woman missionary in our

State. These papers were discussed by Mrs. Sarah Hooper of Massachusetts, Mrs. Beach of Bangor, and others. Mrs. Beach thought the time had come to start a Unitarian church in Lewiston, and hoped the Unitarian women of the State would take the matter in hand this summer. Miss Fairfield of Saco moved that a committee be appointed to take this matter of missionary work in hand, which motion passed; and Miss Fairfield, Mrs. True of Augusta, and Mrs. Beach were appointed that committee. It was also voted that the conference be asked to appoint a committee to act with this committee.

The Nominating Committee brought in the following list of officers for the ensuing year, who were balloted for and elected: president, Mrs. Sarah F. Hamilton of Saco; vice-presidents, Mrs. J. L. Marsh, Saco, Miss Helen Bates, Waterville; secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary H. Kelley, Portland; Post-office Mission director, Miss M. E. Fox, Portland.

A rising vote of thanks was given to the ladies of the Houlton parish for their kind hospitality. Also a vote of regret and sympathy was extended to Miss E. C. Jordan and Miss M. H. Kelley for their enforced absence, after which the meeting adjourned. In the evening a Branch of the Alliance was formed among the Houlton ladies which we were very glad to welcome to our fellowship; and at a business meeting of the State Alliance held later it was voted to send Mrs. E. C. Jordan of Portland to Washington in October as our delegate, with all expenses paid, and also to pay the expenses of our president, Mrs. S. F. Hamilton, to this meeting.

F. W. BARRY, *Sec'y pro tem.*

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE following is the list of preachers at the Union Church of North-east Harbor, Me., for the summer of 1895: July 7, President William De W. Hyde of Bowdoin College; July 14, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn, N. Y.; July 21, Prof. George Harris of Andover, Mass.; July 28, President L. Clark Seelye of Smith College; August 4, Professor Francis G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass.; August 11, Rev. Daniel Merriman of Worcester, Mass.; August 18, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass.; August 25, Rev. Philip S. Moxom of Springfield, Mass.; September 1, Prof. Charles Carroll Everett of Cambridge, Mass.; September 8, Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—At a meeting of the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, held July 2, after hearing Rev. T. J. Horner two Sundays, it was voted unanimously on first ballot to extend him a call to become pastor of this church, at a salary of \$2,000 per year. The congregation at Battle Creek is said to be the largest liberal congregation in the West outside of Chicago, the regular attendance being from three to five or six hundred.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—The ladies of the First Parish have given Mrs. Brown, before the family left for their summer home in Cataumet, a valuable silver tea-set and a diamond pin of exquisite workmanship in the form of a snowflake. These gifts were accompanied by the following letter, signed by one hundred and fifty-two ladies of the parish:—

"Dear Mrs. Brown,—We, the undersigned, take great pleasure in sending you these tokens of our love for you, and our appreciation and admiration of your unselfish character and your noble devotion to duty during the years that you have lived and worked among us. May the future bring to you, as you deserve, true though new friends, and may you still remember with affection those old and tried friends who part with you with real sorrow! Sincerely yours."

Mr. Brown will begin his work at King's Chapel the 1st of October, and will then take up his residence in Boston. He will preach no formal farewell sermon in Brookline, but expects to occupy the pulpit of the First Parish Church for the last time as settled minister of the church the last two Sundays in July.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Unity Club of the Fourth Society recently gave a very successful dramatic entertainment. The play was well received, and the financial returns were unexpectedly large.

SHERBORN, MASS.—At the First Parish Church the usual afternoon service was given largely to singing by the choir, interspersed by a short address from the pastor and recitations by the children. The old church looked beautiful, adorned as it was by flowers and ferns.

SOUTH NATICK.—Children's Sunday at Eliot Church was a full day. The pastor in the morning gave a sermon upon "Child-

dren and Flowers." At the close eleven little ones were christened. In the evening a special song service was given, the children taking part with recitations. The church was beautifully decorated.

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church of this city has recently appointed the following honorary trustees: Octavius Brooks Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Cambridge, Mass.; E. W. Meddaugh, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. John C. Phillips, Boston, Mass.

JAPAN.—We have received the following as translated by Rev. Mr. MacCauley: "Invitation to Second Commencement of Senshin Gakuin, June 19, 1895. Meiji 28, 6th month, 19th day, 1895, Senshin Gakuin, Second Commencement Exercises: essay, 'Individualism,' graduate, Yohei Iitsuka; oration, 'Japanese Ancestor Worship,' graduate, Iwas Hasunuma; presentation of diplomas, President Clay MacCauley; address, 'Occidental and Oriental Ethics,' ex-President Hiroyuki Kato of Imperial University."

THE MAINE CONFERENCE.—The Unitarians of Maine have been on their annual pilgrimage, the thirty-first annual meeting of the Maine Conference having been held at Houlton June 25-27. The story is long, but we will recite it briefly. The first chapter is headed "Bangor." Rev. S. C. Beach extended an invitation to the delegates west of Bangor to remain Monday night as the guests of the Bangor parish. He expected twenty-five: eighty-five pilgrims on divine business bent sought his shelter. Bangor, however, was equal to the emergency. Rev. Mr. Beach gave a few words of welcome, and introduced as the president of the meeting Hon. I. K. Stetson. Mr. Stetson gave an admirable address "from a business man's standpoint." Brief speeches were then made by all the visiting clergymen and some laymen, the general topic being "What the Spirit saith to the Churches." Having rededicated this historic shrine to the living God and to the freedom of the soul, we slept like tired and faithful pilgrims, to awake early Tuesday morning for the long ride to Houlton. At noon we arrived at Houlton. What a reception! Houlton, like Bangor! They royally entertained one hundred and twenty-five. At four o'clock the visitors were tendered a reception in the church vestry, where the royal welcome was further emphasized and a fine collation spread.

The conference opened Tuesday evening at 7.30. The sermon was by Rev. S. C. Beach of Bangor. It was a clear and strong presentation of the value of the Church in history, and an earnest plea for its present support. The last part of the sermon dealt with the problem of giving religious instruction to the young.

Wednesday, at 9 A.M., a devotional service was conducted by Rev. Walter Lane of Presque Isle. The speaker dealt with the religious life. Many took part from the pews, and the service proved interesting and helpful to all. A business session was held at ten o'clock, Major P. M. Fogler of Augusta presiding. The principal item of interest was the report of the Missionary Committee by the chairman, Rev. J. L. Marsh. From the report we gather that the churches are in good condition. Yarmouth is the only vacant pulpit, Brunswick being closed for the present. Maine has seventeen churches, with movements at Standish, Sullivan, and West Gouldsboro. For this work we have fourteen regularly settled ministers. We have recently lost Rev. A. G. Pettengill to Hyde Park, Mass. If growing Boston's need is greater than that of Maine, we can but rejoice that Hyde Park has such a strong preacher and pastor. The woods of Maine are full of Unitarians. Thousands are undiscovered. Of organized, conscious Unitarians there are fifteen hundred families, or about six thousand persons, who know what they want and are bound to have it. Our church property is valued at \$225,000, with an indebtedness of only \$3,750. The aggregate seating capacity of our churches is 6,350; average attendance, 1,800; invested funds, \$40,000. Six churches received aid last year from the American Unitarian Association. Farmington, which has been intermittently open for several years, is now open in earnest. Under the care of Rev. W. H. Ramsey, it seems destined to continue among the stronger societies of Maine. At eleven o'clock Rev. J. C. Perkins of Portland read a paper on "Church Organization." The paper was an able and a practical setting-forth of the growing need of organization, and this, too, along new and progressive lines. Hon. J. O. Bradbury of Saco opened the discussion of the subject, followed by many others.

The afternoon was devoted to the Women's Alliance. The president, Mrs. S. F. Hamilton of Saco, opened the meeting with Scripture and prayer, followed by an address of greeting embodying the story of the birth and growth of the Alliance. Mrs. M. F. Bartlett of Waterville, as national director, gave a few well-chosen words of good cheer. The report of the Post-office Mission, by Miss M. E. Fox, gave proof of the efficiency of this branch

of our work. An interesting feature was the short reports from the several Branches, showing the good work being done. Mrs. H. D. Catlin of Eastport read an able paper, strong in its earnest appeal for larger and more sympathetic work by the Maine churches. Mrs. J. L. Marsh of Saco gave a paper on "Missionary Possibilities." The essay was direct in its word to the churches to do more effective work. Emphasis was laid on individual work in the churches. Mrs. Marsh outlined a missionary scheme, which was referred to the Missionary Committee. Interesting and hopeful remarks were made by Mrs. Hooper of Boston, who defended the much abused Unitarian man. Mrs. S. C. Beach of Bangor made an aggressive address on Maine missionary endeavor, presenting a plan for attempted work in Lewiston. Mrs. E. A. D. Burrington of Belfast read a paper dealing with the practical side of church life. As a result of the meeting, a Branch was formed at Houlton under promising auspices. At 7.30 a platform meeting was held, Hon. J. O. Bradbury presiding. Mr. Bradbury made an excellent address, setting forth the larger meaning of the church. Rev. D. M. Wilson spoke earnestly along the line of a greater religiousness in the churches. Rev. W. H. Ramsey followed with an address on "The Religion of Jesus as a Creed." The speaker saw here the only basis of union for divided Christendom. Rev. T. J. Volentine closed the meeting with an address on "The Transforming Power of Religion." Defining religion to be right relation to the universe, the speaker went on to show that in winning this relation man was transformed.

Thursday, 9 A.M., service of communion, conducted thoughtfully and helpfully by Rev. W. T. Phelan of Portland. 10 A.M., business session. Among the many items of business was a vote to continue the publication of the *Church Exchange* another year. This is a paper in the interests of the Maine churches, issued monthly. A Publication Committee was elected, consisting of Rev. J. C. Perkins, Rev. E. E. Newbert, and Mrs. R. W. Sawyer. Rev. D. M. Wilson made an address dealing with the missionary opportunity in Maine. Rev. E. E. Newbert read an exhaustive paper on "Unitarianism as a Philosophy and as a Mode of the Spiritual Life." Rev. H. D. Catlin opened an able discussion of the topic.

The afternoon was given up to pleasure, the Houlton friends taking the occasion to show their guests the beauties of the town. At 7.30 a platform meeting was held, Rev. E. E. Newbert presiding. Rev. Archibald MacDougall of St. John, N.B., spoke upon "The Basis of Authority in Religion." He argued to show that reason is always the court of last resort. Rev. L. D. Cochrane read a paper on "The Liberal Christian's Opportunity and Duty." He outlined our ideal position, and then asked what we are to do with it. The spiritual democracy is now building upon the civic democracy. We must remain the logical protestants. Rev. E. J. Prescott spoke of the practical bearing of the liberal faith. Let us, he said, have honest, candid thinking and a free democratic spirit. Rev. J. L. Marsh reviewed our pilgrimage, the heights to which we had attained. We will now go down from our mount of communion to the people. A thank-offering was made to the Presque Isle church, amounting to about \$100. The conference closed with the benediction. The next annual meeting will be held with the church at Farmington. Following are the principal officers for the ensuing year: president, Hon. J. W. Symonds (Portland); vice-presidents, Gen. Selden Connor (Portland), Hon. W. P. Whitehouse (Augusta), Hon. J. O. Bradbury (Saco); secretary and treasurer, Rev. J. L. Marsh (Saco).

Forty-three miles north of Houlton is another shrine of the liberal faith. Friday morning many turned their faces homeward; but sixty live Unitarians, not content to return short of complete fullness, boarded the train for Presque Isle and our church of Northern Aroostook. It rained, but we were happy. We took the Presque Isle homes by storm. They seemed glad to be stormed. In the afternoon we gathered in the pretty little church for a love-feast. And we had it. In the evening a more formal meeting was held. Rev. J. C. Perkins opened the service, outlining the topic for the evening,—"Our Gospel." He was followed by Rev. Messrs. E. J. Prescott, E. E. Newbert, L. D. Cochrane, and J. L. Marsh. Rev. Walter Lane, the minister of the church, and Mr. Daggett, a leading layman, spoke words of welcome. For many, at least, these were the best meetings of the Aroostook series; while the minister and people were encouraged by our presence. Perhaps we have never had a better conference. Never was there a closer fellowship of our ministers and churches. Never has Maine Unitarianism been in fairer condition, with a larger readiness for real missionary endeavor. Yes, our conference felt the spirit of Jesus, the missionary zeal of Saint Paul, the logic of Calvin, the fervor of Wesley, the intellect of Channing, and the poetry of Emerson. Surely, the churches of Maine must be quickened as the result of this "Aroostocratic Conference!"

—The recent meeting of the Epworth League at Chattanooga was large and enthusiastic. The members one morning charged upon Lookout Mountain, and held a service there. The big gathering on one day was the largest in numbers ever held in the South. Many practical subjects were discussed, and the speakers and preachers emphasized the truth that the Church must deal with practical questions. Besides the purely evangelistic work and the future of Methodism, the convention discussed questions of a more general character and those which touch on secular themes: "What to Read," "How to Read," "Entertainments," "The Duty and Privilege of Giving," "Christian Citizenship." There was much plain speaking about political sinners, and the mayor of the city was commended for his honesty and clean administration of office. The nature and extent of the gathering illustrate the swiftness and force in popular organization among the Methodists. This league is strictly denominational. It began in May, 1890. Now it has fifteen thousand chapters with a membership of a million. In the future a much larger increase will doubtless be reached.

—The services of laying the corner-stone of the Westminster Cathedral was an imposing affair. The high dignitaries of the church were present in full force, and everything was conducted with ritual pomp and splendor. Eight thousand were in attendance. The tone of the addresses was hopeful in anticipation of great increase of the Catholic Church in England. In connection with this it was noticed that Cardinal Vaughn at the luncheon toasted the pope before the queen. This has caused a very animated discussion among the Anglicans, and given rise to a considerable feeling of disapproval for thus giving the pope the precedence of the queen.

—The Pan American Congress of Religion and Education will meet at Toronto, Can., from the 18th to the 25th of July. The range of subjects which will be discussed is very wide, and the topics are all of vital interest at the present time. The gentlemen who have been selected to address the congress upon these topics are among the ablest speakers and writers of the country, both clerical and lay; and they represent, in an unusually fair distribution, all creeds and schools of thought, from the most conservative to the most advanced. A glance at the titles of some of the subjects which will come before the congress for discussion will show that the issues are all live and timely ones. "Religious Congresses and their Responsibilities," "Christianity and Education," "The Debt America owes to Public Schools," "Municipal Reform," "The Rights and Duties of Labor," "The Adaptation of the Church to Modern Life," "Organization of Charity and the Catholic Church," "Recent Progress in Philanthropy," "Christianity and Labor," "The Outlook for Church Unity," are some of the topics set forth on the official programme.

—The Unitarian popular meetings on the Common continue to excite interest, and the success has been greater than the friends of the movement expected. Even the Sunday before last, though the day was stormy, there was a good attendance; and last Sunday, as the skies were propitious, a large congregation gathered to hear Dr. Fisk and Rev. Mr. Van Ness. The former gave a very able address on the development and progress of religious thought, while the latter spoke with earnestness and point on the duties incumbent on every citizen toward the highest welfare of the State and nation.

—Open-air services are held by the pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church of Chicago. A Chicago correspondent of the *New York Evangelist* writes that experience is proving "that a magnificent evening congregation is a possibility, if one will waive the question as to which side of the wall it is gathered. Promptly at half-past seven, after a preliminary prayer-meeting, the people gathered 'at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation,' and the sound of the cornet, floating through the streets and across the park, announces that worship is about to begin. Hymn slips are distributed through the crowd, the choir are in their place, and the singing rises from many voices till it is heard afar. The throng is constantly swelling, and all is orderly and respectful and quiet. After the service of praise there is a brief Scripture reading, followed by a short earnest prayer. The anthem by the choir is not omitted, and its singing chains the people to the spot. After another congregational hymn a short sermon follows. While there is some loss of hearers during this time, it is slight, the main body standing devoutly right through to the benediction. All are then invited within doors, where the choir have already gone, and the lights are flashing and the great organ pealing out its joyful welcome. A large number respond, many of them being evident non-churchgoers; and the movement is helped by the personal invitations of the Christians as well as their example. A fifteen-minute bright but serious and pointed service follows; and at half-past eight both services are concluded, and the congregation disperses."

Business Notices.

The souvenir china with views of old Boston and the newer, imported by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, including Faneuil Hall, the State House, and the Old State House, will interest many visitors. Their warehouse of seven floors is one of the interesting places to visit.

It saves One Dollar.—For many years the price of \$5.50 has been considered as very low for a tubular iron bedstead of the latest approved pattern; but we notice that one house (the Paine Furniture Company, 48 Canal Street) has brought the price still lower, and announces a reduction to \$4.50. This is certainly surprisingly cheap for these popular and dainty cottage bedsteads. They are just the thing for summer houses.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Sherborn, by Rev. Eugene De Normandie, James Francis Allison, of Dublin, N.H., and Emily B. Ware, of Sherborn.

In South Natick, 1st inst., at the Unitarian church, by Rev. J. P. Sheafe, assisted by Rev. L. R. Daniels, Harry N. Andrews, of Boston, and Anna L. Alger, of Natick, grand-daughter of the late Rev. Horatio Alger.

Deaths.

At North Brookfield, 28th ult., Mrs. Mary B. Jenks, aged 73 years.

Loyal through life, she carried that loyalty even to the grave.

At Albany, N.Y., 28th ult., Mrs. Rhoda Rice, aged 65 years.

The gentle life which has just come to an end was one of peculiar beauty. The serene, cheerful nature, the loving heart, the helpful hand, drew to her young and old alike. Her sympathies did not grow cold with years. To the end her response to all worthy appeals for help was ready and warm. She was an ardent Unitarian, uniting with Dr. Hale's church in Boston forty years ago, and afterward transferring her membership to the Unitarian church in Newton, Mass., where she resided eighteen years. She was actively interested in all work connected with the Unitarian Church. But, while in outside interests the practical hand and loving sympathy will be missed, it is in her home where the loss will be most profoundly felt. She was pre-eminently domestic, and the memory of her tender solicitude and watchful affection for those nearest and dearest to her will be at once their consolation and their grief.

In Cambridge, 1st inst., Mary Willard, daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Willard, in the 84th year of her age.

In the death of Miss Willard, her relatives and friends have lost one whose beautiful Christian life will always be a blessed memory. She was born in Deerfield, Mass., where she spent most of her life. The home of her childhood and youth was an ideal one, made so by the Christian spirit that pervaded it. She was fortunate in having parents who by precept and example gave her early instruction in the Unitarian faith, to which she was always loyal, and from which she received the strength and comfort the trials of her life demanded. No one could ever discover from any word she uttered that she had any suffering, either mental or physical, so completely did she conceal it by her cheerful submissive trust.

For many years she was an invalid, but no word of murmur or complaint escaped her lips. Her character was the union, in a remarkable degree, of many Christian virtues. She was patient and courageous, modest and unassuming, self-sacrificing and conscientious. In a word, her whole moral character had its root in a spiritual faith that hallowed and sanctified every motive, thought, and act. She could say with Paul, so entirely was her life hid with Christ in God, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

She was beloved by the young as well as the old. In her they found a genial companion and a sincere friend. The wit and humor of her conversation had a charm for them. Her great interest in their work and pleasure made them forget her age.

Her intellect was clear and vigorous to the last, in spite of physical pain and infirmity. At the age of eighty she prepared and published the life of her sainted father. From time to time there came from her pen a poem or composition which breathed the spirit of her deep religious nature.

She loved the Latin classics, and within a few years had translated many of her favorite authors, especially Cicero, whose *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute* were a source of great pleasure to her.

Peacefully and calmly, as she had lived, she passed on. Her life was in the truest sense finished: it was complete in the beauty, dignity, and perfection of the Christian faith.

Truly she had a right to say at its close, with the apostle: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst is Athol, Mass.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

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A LADY with a pleasant home near Boston, and having the care of a young girl of thirteen, desires to communicate with parents or guardians who may be seeking a temporary or permanent home for one or more children. References exchanged. Address GUARDIAN, care *Christian Register*.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

A SOPRANO SINGER of experience desires position in church choir. Highest references. Address H. M. W., care *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.

THINGS UNSEEN.

BY SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL.

What firm realities there are, but hidden to the human eye;
From sound and sight removed afar, and yet so intimately nigh.
Surprising structure and design, and beauty passing common thought
From realms beyond the vision's line within the scope of knowledge brought.
What firmaments beyond our ken pervade the awful depths of space!
What tiny life, unseen of men, the water and the air embrace!
The facts of sound and sight elude the narrow boundaries of sense.
The loves and hopes of earth are crude, and feeble our intelligence.
Yet now in each familiar face, and in the life and world we know
A primal thought we learn to trace, and growth discern in joy and woe.
What if in unimagined ways the hand divine shall guide us still
With warmer love and loftier praise, unfolding purpose to fulfil.
As dust to dust the body falls, so life to life the spirit lends;
And far beyond its crumbling walls the landscape of the soul extends.

Sermon Gleanings.

ACCEPT YOURSELF.

BY REV. ARTHUR M. JUDY.

Take first the matter of physical form and feature. A man must learn to accept his physical self faithfully and lovingly, or be forever barred from one of the highest felicities of religion. And I know that the issue at stake here is not small. Laugh as you may at the folly of sighing over one's looks, it is not a slight but a mighty folly. Some of the bitterest moments of rebellion that many souls pass through are the moments when they reject, revile, and hate their own looks. Where envying and strife is, says the good Saint James, there is not the wisdom that descendeth from above, but there is confusion and every evil work.

But, of all envying, what is more bitter, what leaves the heart more in confusion, than this which is involved in that moment when a man rebels against his ugly features or his insignificant person? Surely, here is practical impiety, for here is rejection and contempt for that part of the universe which comes nearest and counts most to the man; and, if there be one thing which that man must learn to do if he is ever to gain the peace of God, it is to learn to accept himself as he is, account it right and give thanks. Not an easy act of faith that, but one which the masters of the world achieved before they attained the felicity of true children of God. And as it is with looks, so is it with talents,—a man must accept what he has and be contented therewith if he would not lose one great opportunity for happiness. But this he cannot do, you may reply, because no man can be happy if he believes himself inferior. According to De Tocqueville, "the passion for equality in democratic communities is ardent, insatiable, insistent, invincible." And, I would add, it is not political equality alone that is thus ardently demanded, but intellectual equality as well,—moral equality,—that equality which will enable a man to feel himself the peer of any man. I would say not a word against this passion for equality. In it I see not only vast promise of incessant effort to improve, but I see also a stern rebuke to the thoughtlessness which ignores or underrates the point wherein equality does actually exist. Why should not every man look upon his own ability, and reverence and accept it with cheerfulness? But you exclaim, That is talking vaguely and in the air. Here we have, on the one hand, men who do telling work at every turn: here one who fails at whatever he tries. Is it possible for this latter to be content and accept himself with gratitude? I hope not. Occasion for discontent with himself every man has, as I said at the outset; and so long as a man sees that he is blundering he ought to have the grace to condemn himself vigorously. There is no other known way of increasing the sum total of talent in the world. But let the discipline be administered in faith and cheerfulness. Let him who recognizes his weakness not lose heart. Let him, like a true lover, take himself for better or for worse.

Suppose this self be poor in wit,—in talent to create or appreciate,—what then? This, I answer: accept it cheerfully, nothing doubting, as a skilful teacher accepts a backward pupil, saying to yourself, My work is to turn this dullard self into a wise and ready man. In "the sounding labor-house vast of being" my task is to transform my own folly into wisdom. And every man has that task set him, only it is not the same kind of folly—happily for the world—that each is given to transform. Here is the millionaire whose talent for accumulation needs little mending; here the great orator, poet, or philosopher, whose talents in their ways need no bettering. But, in other ways, what improvement those men are all called upon to make! what stupidity, in seeing a board, driving a horse, speaking to a child, treating a wife, do they exhibit! In the household even of their shining talents the poor, maimed, dull, ugly child has not been omitted. It is there to be cared for with exceeding care: it is there to be changed by love and patience and wisdom into a strong, alert, noble man. If they are to be truly thankful to God for their household of talents, they must be thankful for the defective as well as the perfect; accept the imperfect indeed as their grandest opportunity, their dearest blessing, since it enables them to be coworkers with God in the fashioning of that toward which all creation moves,—a pure, a perfect soul.

And I believe we ought to accept ourselves even in our wickedness in this same spirit. If we believe in the universe, if we believe in God, we must believe that there was some good reason for planting men in this world in their imperfect state. There prevails too largely the feeling, either implied or expressed, that the best thing God could have done, was to have planted here a world filled with perfect men and women. Why, the very conception of heaven as it used to be held, with its spotless saints and untamptable angels, was an unconscious arraignment of God for what he had made possible in this world. The only way we can possibly recall that unconscious accusation against God is to realize that not perfection reached, but perfection pursued, is the best possible state in which man or angel can exist. Once we enter unto this, which, I believe, to be the nobler theology, then we have ample reason for accepting ourselves with gladness, wicked though we be. If the truth should be forced upon us that there is a deep vein of cowardice, or deceit, or lust in our heart, shall we there-upon be utterly cast down and put out of all conceit and pride in ourself? I opine not. That wickedness reveals the essential work we put into this world to do. It shows us where our character yet remains to be made. It marks the point at which our ancestors left the task of soul-creating unfinished. It discovers the incomplete statue which God has handed on to us to chisel at. Why, then, shall we not receive this God-assigned task cheerfully? Why not accept this much-to-be-bettered self with gladness? Surely, God knew whether or not this was the best self to give us.

This does not mean to slacken for one instant the strain of conscience or of culture. The human self viewed in its broadest outlines includes, besides, the powerful impulses which lead to what is low, the incessant drawing which lifts to what is high. To accept this first part of one's self to the exclusion of the second part, and be content, is what makes a man a villain, rake, or hypocrite. But to know that one's nature is full of ignorance and wickedness against which culture and conscience must wage a ceaseless warfare, and to be content that it shall be so, that makes a man wise, happy, and devout. Believe me, there is a sense in which it is the height of presumption to be dissatisfied because you are in part ignorant and wicked. Jesus exclaimed, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God. To rebel, then, against our wicked nature is to assert a claim to that which is the prerogative of the Almighty alone. I would like the earnest people who grow morbid over their faults to think of that fact. They ought to be a little more modest; they ought to be willing to be one of the great democracy of erring souls, not moan because they do not belong to an aristocracy of souls made perfect. In God's

good time he will, we may dare believe, lift them by the great laws of conscience and culture nearer to that blessed rank; but in the present he has, we may doubt not, some splendid use which they are serving in their democratic incompleteness.

To use this doctrine to save ourselves from morbidness about our sinful state, to keep us back from the presumption of aspiring to the impossible, to give us the humility to praise God for the great gift of being, though there be dross mixed with its gold,—thus to use this doctrine seems to me the part of highest wisdom. Some way must be found by which the world of erring men can come to accept themselves lovingly and reverently, and this doctrine opens the way.

And it opens a way, too, by which they can come gladly to accept themselves in age and sickness. And, of all hard things, we know that to learn to grow old gracefully is one of the hardest. Hard, very hard is it to bear gracefully the failing of the senses, the bending of the back, the wrinkling of the face and the blurring of the eyes.

But, O men and women, this is what you and I must learn to accept, and accept graciously if we are indeed to accept ourselves. This is that awful inevitable which Epictetus tried so plainly to prepare us for.

Here our own will plays little part, or plays it only in a far-reaching way. Here our being passes largely from reign of the moral into the reign of natural law. Here vital, chemical, and physical processes take us in hand and make us not wholly, but largely, what we are. Here, therefore, is it primarily a question whether we can willingly accept ourselves as the laws of God fashion us?

To grow gray, that is your doom. To detect the hand become unsteady, to notice the memory fail, to discover an organ that is defective, or to find out the predisposition along which the fatal disease will creep,—that is to know yourself; and to accept the self so known with undaunted courage, to do your work in the world with steadfast faith in God's love,—that, methinks, is to attain the measure of the stalwart man. Emerson, in his address on the history of the town of Concord, declares that what chiefly interested him in the annals of early wars is the grandeur of spirit exhibited by a few Indian chiefs. One, in the midst of awful torture, being asked how he liked the war, replied, "I find it as sweet as sugar to Englishmen." There was a true hero; and there was shown the spirit which you and I must have when the tortures of age and disease come upon us, if we are to take our place among the sublime victors who have accepted every joy and every misery which pertains to the inevitable self, and find it sweet.

THE RISEN LIFE.

BY REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

The true Christian life wears the common dress of humanity. "It makes all things kin," as has been said: "it does not stand out angular against any part of mankind." Its mark is that humble spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price. It does not dogmatize, it does not exclude. It is meek and lowly of heart, and not only has rest within itself, but it brings rest to others. Its kingdom is not of this world, though its work is here; and therefore its servants do not fight. It does not strive nor cry, nor is its voice heard in the streets. It is content to grow like the violet, hidden from the eye, known only by its scent; universal as the daisy, giving like it a "sympathy which cares not should it be set at naught," in unexpected nooks among the rocks and fields of common life, in meekness, like that flower, fulfilling its "function apostolical." Read the Beatitudes: that is its charter. Read the chapter of Saint Paul on charity: that is its spirit and its activity. We have torn it away too much from practical life, we have hedged it round with rules and observances. So that, when men are asked to live the life of one who has risen with Christ, they answer, "It is impossible."

Let us make it a little plainer, though not less difficult; a little simpler, though not more comfortable.

Take public life. This is the sphere in

which a Christian life is most often repudiated as impossible. But the Christian life is in the imitation of Christ for the love of his noble humanity, and that does not lead you away from the world: it only bids you rise above the spirit of the world. It is to have a high standard of righteousness and love,—Christ's standard,—and to live as close to it as you can, exerting all your strength. It forbids the tricks by which men enter Parliament; it forbids the corruption of others by any means whatever; it forbids the violation of conscience for the sake of party for the sake of a seat. It forbids the business man to use the money of others in chance speculation: it bids him keep his hands clean and his honor untainted, not only before the world, but before the tribunal of his own conscience. It tells him he has no right to go by the current standard of commercial morality,—a standard which seems to say, "Get all the money you can, by any means which will not bring you into the grasp of the law or under public shame." It tells you to believe men rather than to suspect, to give a courteous honor to an adversary rather than the dishonor of abuse, to have the justice which sees your own value and that of your opponent, and allots the fitting meed to both. These and many other things are a part of the Christian resurrection in public life.

Another side of public life is our life in society. The best way in which we may there in heart and mind rise with Christ is by the thoughtful watchfulness of love. Thoughtlessness of heart slides into insensibility of heart, and, if encouraged in youth, makes the cruel men and women of after life. How often do we ask ourselves before we speak whether our speech will do wrong or give unnecessary pain? We are proud sometimes of speaking daggers, and delight in the cleverness which makes another wince. It is a pride and pleasure which is base; for it is inhuman, and it is as far removed from the gentleness and sweetness of Christ as heaven is from hell. Then, again, there is that careless habit of "plain speaking," and the way we have of plunging ourselves upon it, till it passes with some into overbearingness and with others into acute disagreeability. We little think how much it jars upon persons more sensitive than ourselves, and how much suffering it gives. It is good to be plain spoken, but within the limits of charity. Still more mischievous is that looseness of tongue which proclaims everything that its owner has heard from another, without a thought whether the other may like what has been said in a moment of abandon to be proclaimed upon the housetops, which seems to think that nothing is sacred to feeling, and that no seal of confession, though not exacted, ought to be understood as laid upon the lips. That is abominable want of thought and love.

Much of what has been said about social life applies also to domestic life. That which most spoils it—when love is there—is petty quarrels. I do not speak of differences of opinion upon subjects worthy of

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discussion. Plenty of those intellectual minds within the household keep its atmosphere fresh, enliven and stimulate the intellect, heart, and conscience of the family. But I speak of quarrels. Familiarity of life with one another gives room for unchecked development of temperament; and, when opposed temperaments do not care to play gently in and out among one another, ungracious disturbances ruffle the surface of our happy lake of life. Let them go on day by day, and these tempers, once so unfrequent, never let the waters rest. Love remains, but life is spoiled. Therefore let the music of these words enter into your spirit, and keep them with you till you learn how to make their meaning into daily act: "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

THE JAPAN MISSION.

II.

One ill-disposed writer not long ago spoke of us as "the parasite of Christendom" because Unitarianism draws so many of its adherents from among those who had been nurtured orthodox Christians. The chief religious book of the year, written by a man once a leader in the orthodox fellowship, is decidedly rationalistic, and speaks of the future of religion in Japan as sure to be akin to Unitarianism. In our own public meetings we have no difficulty in procuring as speakers the very best scholars of the country. At the dedication of Senshin Gakuin last spring we had only representative men. In our special monthly lecture course during the winter past the lecturers have all been men of widely spread reputation as scholars and teachers. These lecturers are not all Unitarians in the sense of being members of any of our organizations; but they are open admirers of our principles, and are willing fellow-workers with us in these endeavors to get public opinion under the influence of the best knowledge and faith. I have been told privately of not a few who would assume our name, were there not political and social embarrassments which at present they cannot set aside. Moreover, I have been told scores of times in many parts of the country that the one form of religion which Japan can accept, and the only form where it is ready to accept any in place of the traditional faiths now passing away, is one which shall be free and rational. Most of those who have spoken to me have used the name "Unitarian." They meant, of course, Unitarianism as a method, not as a dogma.

Then, further, as you will see below, Mr. Kanda, the temporary secretary of our association, has received more than twenty-five hundred letters during the year past,—letters from inquirers seeking information about Unitarianism, and light on dark problems. The letters come from all sects, Buddhist as well as Christian. Mr. Kanda tells me that the Buddhists are especially interested in theistic inquiry and in the relation of Unitarianism to orthodox Christianity, and that the Christians wish particularly to know about our faith concerning the creation of the world, what we think of the Bible, and our belief concerning Christ. Here are samples of the questions:—

"If Unitarians do not believe in the Bible as divinely inspired verbally, how can they select truth from out the errors? If they select by the authority of private judgment, why, that often errs." "While Unitarians acknowledge mistakes in the Bible, they yet assert that it is the best religious book. Do they make this assertion because they know no other sacred book, or because they have studied all the Bibles in the world?" "Is Unitarianism a selection from the truths of all religions, or has it itself all truth? If it is truth, where is its Bible? If it is a selection, then is it not merely a patchwork?" "Does the Unitarian say that God cannot be explained by the human mind? Yet Unitarians say that God is good and all-powerful. Can God then be partially known? If so, who discovered this much about God?" "Is there any necessity for salvation if man is evolving from lower to higher life by means of his own nature? If moral sin or a low level of life is a stage necessary in order to reach a higher level, then is moral sin allowable? If man is not depraved, then his present state is good enough. There is no need of progress."

"If Unitarians believe in the immortality of the soul, do they believe that the soul had a beginning, but has no end? or had the soul neither beginning nor end?" "If the soul is everlasting, then after death where does it go?" "If there is compensation for right and wrong done, is it made in this life or after death?" "If man is evolving from a low to a higher life by his essential nature, where is the need of God's help? or why should we consider at all the divine existence?" "If God is omnipotent and omniscient, there is no necessity that he should create low beings that they may rise. Why does he not make all things perfect at once?" "Why did God make things perfect at the start, and not since then?" "If God created one race able to progress, and another to remain uncivilized, is he not a partial God? Is he sufficiently morally worthy to be called a moral God?" "Is life everlasting or infinite?" "If life did not exist in the far past, what is the cause of life?" "Why is one man prosperous and happy, and why are there born cripples, deaf-mutes, and other miserable beings?" "Has the universe no beginning and no end? If neither, then there is no need of a God. If God created the universe, whence came the material to work with?" The relations of spirit and matter, of religion and ethics, were the burden of many writers. "If ethical culture be extended, what need is there for religion, except for the forms of burial?" "Does religion bear only upon our destiny after death?"

These questions in a thousand forms come into our office constantly year by year. Is not your mission heavily charged in being made the minister to so many thousand minds concerning these inquiries of profoundest moment? Who can be equal to the responsibility thus laid upon us? Where, in your work, is there a duty of farther-reaching consequences than is imposed here? Still further, your representative has had a very close connection with the religious activity of this country, in the preparation, month by month, of a "Summary of the Religious Press" of the empire, published in the most widely read of our daily papers. For some months, on account of more imperative demands upon my time, this "Summary" has not been made. I hope to resume it before long. But I have reason to believe that it has been exceptionally helpful to the foreign community who are interested in Japan's religious progress, and has been generally welcomed.

In reference to the organized work of your mission there is this to say. We have so organized our three departments of church extension, publication, and education that very little of our energy is misdirected or wasted. Church extension is necessarily much limited. The First Unitarian Church is flourishing. But it is by no means a self-supporting body. Its minister is Mr. Laji, the superintendent of our newly reorganized Post-office Mission. He has quite a good hearing, from sixty to two hundred in the regular audience. Only lately have there been attempts at the collection of money from the members. A collection of twenty and a half yen was made last year. I have no doubt that more systematic work will be done in this direction hereafter. Church work, as you understand it, is yet very strange to this people. But the duty of taking care of their own work will be steadily kept before them. There are numerous out-stations where Unitarian organizations—organizations having that name—exist. They have no pastor, only lay leaders. We cannot supply them with ministers, having not yet the properly trained men to send to them; nor have we any funds with which to support ministers for them. There are ten or more such organizations. There could be hundreds of such organizations, with many thousands of members, were we ready to start them financially,—a work which we cannot and which we have not the desire to undertake. By and by it is our hope that, having received the influence of our literature and our school, the Japanese will of themselves organize for liberal religious work, and support their own organizations. We cannot and we do not wish to change our present policy. We are here as a distributor of ideas. As they take root, we must leave their nurture and the harvest to the care of the people to whom we give them. To this end our publication department is doing good service, I think. At present we are limiting the distribution of our literature almost wholly to special inquirers and in answer to direct

requests. Our record for the year past is as follows:—

1. Books: Dr. Clarke's "Steps of Belief," 1894 published 750, distributed 37; Prof. Bixby's "Crisis in Morals," 1893 published 750, distributed (1894) 153; Mr. Kanamori's "Present and Future of Christianity in Japan," bought (1893) 500, distributed (1894) 89; Theodore Parker, Unity Series, published (1893) 2,500, distributed (1894) 740; William E. Channing, Unity Series, published (1893) 2,500, distributed (1894) 745.

Prior to 1894 we had published a "Service Book" for religious service, 1,000 copies. We have only about 350 copies of the book on hand, and are revising the volume for a new issue. This book was compiled for us by Rev. W. H. Hawkes, and is of especial excellence. The translation can be much improved. The Japan Unitarian Association has published two Year Books, the first one having an edition of 1,000 copies, the second 500 copies. Two Senshin Gakuin catalogues in English, of 1,000 copies each, have appeared. One catalogue in Japanese of 250 copies was published. In all, these extra publications have numbered 4,750 copies, and, except as above noted, have all been distributed.

2. Our magazine has been published as follows, since it was started four years ago: as *Unitarian*, 20 issues, amounting to 30,000 copies; as *Shukyo*, 41 issues, amounting to 41,000 copies. In all, 71,000 copies. We have bound nine volumes of the magazine into 550 copies, nearly all of which have been distributed.

Our tract publication has been quite large during the past four years: Rev. A. M. Knapp, "Unitarian Principles," 30,000; Rev. M. J. Savage, "God of Evolution," 20,000, "Man of Evolution," 5,000; Dr. H. W. Bellows, "Orthodoxy and Liberal Christianity," 5,000; Rev. Clay MacCauley, "Threefold Standard of Unitarianism," 10,000, "In what meaning is Unitarianism Christian," 10,000, "Fellowship of Religions," 10,000; Rev. W. H. Hawkes, "Jesus Christ," 10,000; Rev. W. C. Gannett, "Life of the Bible," 10,000.

In all, our tracts during the past four years amount to 110,000; but previously Mr. Knapp had published large editions of Dr. Clarke's "Discourse on the Bible," Parker's "Character and Mission of Jesus," Dr. Hedge's "Problem of Evil," and "The Influence of Liberal Christianity in America," by himself. Each edition was of 5,000 copies, I think. In all, 20,000.

At present we are about to publish second editions of Dr. Bellows's tract and Mr. Savage's "Man of Evolution." We are preparing for the press translations of my little book on "Christianity in History," and of the Unity pamphlets "James Martineau" and "Ralph Waldo Emerson."

During the year past we had comparatively few of our tracts left for distribution. Our work was especially taken up with the Senshin Gakuin and the completion of our new hall, Yuñtzukwan. In the coming year we hope to enlarge our publication list and to fill up some of the emptiest shelves of our store-room used for former publications. In all, however, we have sent out more than 200,000 missives bearing in some way the gospel of our faith and hope.

I wished to say much of our education department, operative in the Senshin Gakuin. This school is hardly yet known by our home folk as it is. The kind of building we occupy has been pretty well described in pamphlet and in our papers. But the school as a body of living teachers and students is, I fear, not yet well known to the churches from whom comes the small funds by which we live. Our students are not children, but are young men of from eighteen to twenty-seven years of age. They are at least high-school graduates, and they have a working knowledge of the English language. In mental acumen most of them are fully equal to American young men of their years. In intellectual acquirements most of them stand creditably high, a few of them exceptionally well onward.

Lying before me is a pile of essays recently received from my own classes. Here are some of the subjects: "What is Christianity, and what the Present State of Christian Thought and Life in Japan?" "Characteristics of Confucianism"; "Japanese Mythology and Doctrine of Creation"; "Shinto"; "Analysis of Doctrines of the Shingon Sect,"—criticism of Buddhism; "The Ideal Church in Doctrine and Practice"; "Scientific Study of Mind"; "Japanese Religious and Social Customs concerning Birth and Death"; "Biographies of Kobo Daishi, Shinran Shonin, and Nichiren,"—Japanese saints; "Ancient Doctrines in Japan concerning the Soul, Heaven, and Hell"; "Early History of Christianity in Japan." Some of the essays, with but little correction, would be interesting and instructive reading to our home friends. We have already had about forty students in our school. At present we have seventeen. Our examinations are thorough, and our exactions very strict. Our grade of scholarship steadily advances. The faculty is composed of seven persons, teachers of good standing. We have been crippled badly by the uncertainty of tenure hitherto the fact among our teachers. The return to America of Profs. Wigmore and Lawrance, and the death of Prof. Liscomb, were serious losses to us. Prof. Droppers is still here. Rev. Mr. Lloyd, an English missionary, has done a good part in helping us to carry on the work our lamented Prof. Liscomb had to give up. But so far there is no one to take the important chair vacated by Rev. Mr. Lawrance. How sorely we need a successor for him, words here cannot show. Our Japanese teachers are much to be praised for excellent scholarship and for painstaking care. Our churches are much indebted to them. Without them Senshin Gakuin would not be a possibility to-day. When the institution was established, there were five persons here representing the American Unitarian Association,—Messrs. Wigmore, Liscomb, Droppers, Lawrance, and myself. To-day, of these, Prof. Droppers and myself only remain. Indeed, of the seven persons who during the past four years have been connected with your mission, only the two just named are here; and almost at any time Prof. Droppers may go back to America. During these four years the mission's strength has thus been steadily diminishing, while its work and importance have been greatly enlarged and differentiated.



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May I not hope that the churches you represent will give the Japan work a serious and just consideration? The mission ought to be far better sustained than it has been hitherto. I do not mean financially. Yet any one can see that we have almost a pittance to use compared with the importance and extent of the work done. What I speak of most is moral support. The work is well worth doing; and now that it has been carried on so long, and has become, in many ways to the Japanese, an object of exceptional public attention, it ought to be done well. Our churches should be glad to pay its cost. In a measure, too, in this mission, it is not so much the Japanese people who are now undergoing test as the Unitarian churches of the United States. The Japanese people have been led to look upon the Unitarian mission as a serious attempt to help them. The mission no longer is obscure or an experiment. It must therefore be conducted until we can lay its work down, honorably done, or, if the work is suffered to languish, we who have placed the mission here and have bid the Japanese listen to our message must bear whatever consequences may follow our neglect. I earnestly ask, therefore, that the churches which the American Unitarian Association represents shall take the Japan mission under their willing care, and shall support it generously for a while yet, so that we can hasten the time when we can leave the cause we came here to advance, safely in the hands of the Japanese, and honorably return to our homes and to other duties.

Pardon me for this long and yet inadequate report. The field is far away, and there is much that you and our churches should know about it. I have tried to tell you much, but there is much more that ought to be told; and I believe that, long as the report is, it has not even yet so set forth the facts that those who read it will understand fully the appeal which the facts justify. I send the report, however, with the request that it be made well known to the people of our churches.

Respectfully submitted,

CLAY MACCAULEY,

Superintendent Japan Mission, A.U.A.

Tokyo, March 29.

Spiritual Life.

There was never a person who did anything worth doing that did not receive more than he gave.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The principal thing in life is not devotions, but duty; is not open utterance, but inward aspiration; is not formal requests, but earnest endeavors.—*John C. Learned.*

The endurance of love is no grim and stoical quality. It is a patience full of brightness. It is a fortitude the strength of which lies in the very depth of the heart's tenderness.—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

Not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space; not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought nor a pure resolve nor a loving act has ever gone forth in vain.—*Robertson.*

I have a very great confidence indeed in the kindness of God toward us. I do believe, if we shall find ourselves mistaken on either side in eternity, it will be in finding God more merciful than we expected.—*Charles Loring Brace.*

Love is not, when unguarded, all in all. It must be accompanied by the right reason of justice; for justice is the only element in which love can act without the danger of falling into weakness, favoritism, even folly. Indeed, justice is the other side of the shield of love.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Religion is erecting its altars, not to commemorate the supernatural, but the natural, as the greater and ever-present divine manifestation; not the exceptional authority of experience or history of one man or one nation, but that which is woven with the destiny of all.—*John C. Learned.*

Men feel and know that pain is a fact, although it is unseen. They need to learn that peace of mind is a fact, and comes by a well-ordered soul; that reverence is a fact, and brings us near to God; that elevated sentiment is a fact, and raises us into a higher society than earth; that sober faith is a fact, and gilds the horizon of our being with a heavenly glory.—*Starr King.*

Literature.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS BARNARD.*

Here is a book which can be read through in a summer afternoon, and no book published within the current year would better repay the setting aside of a summer afternoon for the reading of it. It has the same charm of style that marked Mr. Tiffany's biography of Dorothea Dix, the same quality of keen insight, expressed in pithy, quotable phrases. In this story of a strong, enthusiastic life lived among the beginnings of modern philanthropy what, for us, has become institutional, and to some extent mechanical, is closely personal, and has the fascination of personality, the interest of daring and patient individual experiment. The book is especially noteworthy and suggestive in these days, when the centre of moral and religious enthusiasm has shifted so decidedly to the sociological side. How marked, in this regard, the change has been in the last sixty or seventy years, is brought out admirably in the chapter on "Old Boston." So long as the population of Boston was "one of the most homogeneous in nationality, customs, and faith anywhere to be found," Puritanism, in this citadel of its faith, could not become conscious of its inherent limitations; but, "so soon as the miracle of foreign immigration began to show its proportions, it became clear that the machinery of the Church, as framed by Cotton, Ward, Newton, and the rest, was not adequate to the occasion. The Church, by that machinery, virtually proposed to any stranger who might arrive here with his family from Connaught or Bavaria or Genoa that he should purchase a piece of property called a pew, that he should lead his family there on Sunday at half past ten in the morning and at quarter past two in the afternoon. If he would do this, the Church, on the other hand, was ready to give him religious instruction. Such an offer, not made indeed with any urgency, was, of course, never accepted."

Dr. Tuckerman was the first to comprehend the drift of the new conditions, and his "ministry to the poor" was the first successful attempt to meet these conditions. Under him, as a master, Barnard caught the vision of the work to which his life was to be devoted. Dr. Channing preached the sermon at Barnard's ordination to this "ministry of the poor,"—the ministry at large. Mr. Chadwick, in his book on "Old and New Unitarian Belief," has shown us how far ahead of his time Channing often was in his theological insights and his religious sympathies. The remarkable passages quoted by Mr. Tiffany from this ordination sermon show that he was equally in advance of his generation regarding the spirit and the method of charitable work.

Charles Barnard, however, soon discovered that he was best fitted to do only one particular kind of this great work,—that which concerned the young people, the children. "Children never for an instant mistook his hearty human nature for the pious disguise of an atrabilious minister, surreptitiously bent on decoying them into a festival of dreary catechisms or spectral tracts."

At first he tried to do his work in co-operation with churches already established; but these churches had not sufficiently outgrown the Puritan tradition to be willing heartily to follow the lines of his genius, so there resulted the founding of the Children's Church, and finally the building of the Warren Street (now the Barnard Memorial) Chapel. Compare the story of the desires and the expectations in Charles Barnard's heart at the time this chapel was built with the desires and expectations of Arnold Toynbee two generations later, and you will find many points of resemblance. The idea of residence among the classes with which he worked; the idea of gathering in the rooms of his chapel as many as possible of the brightening and refining influences of the homes of the most cultivated people,—books, pictures, music, dancing, all sorts of innocent amusements and recreations; the idea of having these cultivated people themselves—merchants, doctors, lawyers, men and women of special gifts and high purpose—as his active fellow-workers; the idea of having his chapel the centre of

*CHARLES FRANÇOIS BARNARD. A Sketch of his Life and Work. By Francis Tiffany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"activities, industrial, literary, mechanical, as well as religious,"—all this was included in Charles Barnard's as well as in Arnold Toynbee's plan; and much of it he worked out to completion.

Besides these, many other lines of work had an origin in Warren Street Chapel, which only recently have been incorporated in our public school system or in the public charitable work of our great cities,—the teaching of sewing and carpentering; the teaching of singing, which, strangely enough, was unknown in the public schools at the time Mr. Barnard adopted the practice in his Warren Street classes; the distribution of flowers to the sick; the giving of free rides and excursions into the country to the poor. It is surprising to learn, too, that Mr. Barnard inaugurated the custom of decorating the church pulpit with flowers; that before his daring innovation flowers were regarded as an impertinence in the sanctuary.

Indeed, no one can read the chapter on "Setting Object-lessons," in Mr. Tiffany's book, without confessing the truth of a remark once made by George Hillard to Mr. Barnard,—"You have made the chapel a university."

Necessarily, the force of Mr. Barnard's character made itself felt far beyond the distinct lines of his work among children. To cite one example of this wider, less frequently recognized influence, it seems true beyond a possibility of doubt that the establishment and development of the beautiful Public Garden in Boston was due primarily to his "foresight, indomitable persistence, and personal audacity."

At one time it was proposed to place his statue there in recognition of this fact. Unquestionably, Mr. Barnard himself would have cared very little for such a memorial. The continued existence of the chapel and the garden themselves would have seemed to him sufficient. But, if the tablet and the statue have any power to keep alive in each successive generation the nobility of the past,—and who that has visited Westminster Abbey would care to raise that question,—I know of no life which, for the good of the future, would better justify such commemoration than the life of Charles Francis Barnard. A. M. L.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS. A History of National Legislation and Political Events, 1774-1895. By Joseph West Moore. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This great big octavo of 581 pages is interesting, if it is nothing else. But, besides being interesting, it is instructive. We cannot describe it better than in the words of the preface: "The first chapter is somewhat like a prologue, and serves to inform the reader in a rapid manner of the English settlement of the country and of the momentous events which led to the meeting of the first Continental Congress. Thereafter the history goes on in consecutive style to narrate the movement for independence, the doings of the Revolution, the making of the Constitution, the establishment of the constitutional government, and all the important legislative proceedings from the First Congress of the United States to the close of the Fifty-third Congress, the origin and growth of parties, the memorable actions of the Presidents, and innumerable other matters pertaining to the broad and diversified fields of American politics." A valuable trait, not mentioned here, is the description of leading statesmen, well, but not admirably done. There are also copious extracts from their speeches made on great occasions. As compared with Mr. Rhodes's history, the book lacks interest, partly because it is so much more condensed; but, then, it has the advantage over that of sweeping the whole field. The attitude of the writer is singularly disengaged in all the controversies which he describes. Take such things as the Cr dit Mobilier scandal and the charges against Blaine: he gives the facts in a plain, unvarnished way, and makes no attempt to fix the judgment of his readers one way or the other. This is, no doubt, the better way; but that it is the more interesting we are not so sure. The concise statements of such political movements as that for the annexation of Texas are admirably done. If one reads for entertainment, he will find abundance of it here; and, if he reads for instruction, there is plenty here to confirm other readings and many things elsewhere omitted, the personal equation in the choice of historical matter being something that is apparent in all histories.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL. A Novel. By M. E. Francis. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a novel that has many turns and intricacies in its development. First we have a young girl giving her heart to a man far below her in character, if superior to her in station, and who is en-

cumbered with one wife already. "Encumbered" is the right word; for she was a dead weight upon him, and a burden greater than he could bear. Discovering his former marriage, our heroine leaves him, but seeks him out when the first wife dies, only to find him on the verge of taking a third. He does so, and she dies; and then he seeks out number two, and wishes her to take charge of his child. She not only does this, but takes him into the bargain; and then all goes well. This skeleton of the story has a ridiculous appearance; but, as clothed by the author with the draperies of her thought and style, it appears very different. Whether the author means to suggest a social problem is not clear. Doubtless, many readers will find one in the book, and decide that the heroine should have held fast to the man who had deceived her, because he "loved much," and because he would have been transformed by her affection. But she did what she conceived to be her duty, and those who do that in these dreadful complications which so abound in literature and life will do better than those who let the stress of inclination have its way.

A FLORIDA SKETCH-BOOK. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Bradford Torrey is well known by many lovers of nature as the author of several bright and interesting books on birds and flowers; and his old friends will welcome the "Florida Sketches," because we are introduced to new scenes and objects. The author gazes on nature with a quick and discerning mind. He makes the reader see what he would not if he himself travelled over the same ground, because his facts and descriptions are gathered at first hand; and this gives his pages a real value. No one can follow the author as he rambles in the "Flat Woods" or "Beside the Marsh," on the beach at Daytona, or along the Hills-

Souvenir China. Boston Views.

We have recently landed plaques, plates, pictures, trays, etc., having views of famous buildings of Old Boston and some of the newer, engraved from photos by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons of Staffordshire, and done under-glaze in their rich old blue borders. Among the views may be found

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- Boston Common, 1836.

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borough, or takes his trip on the Upper St. John, or in walks about Tallahassee, without being enriched with new knowledge and fresh impressions. We hear the notes of the new birds he meets, see their rich and brilliant plumage, or pause to admire the wealth and fragrance of the flowers, so vivid and accurate are his descriptions. The "Florida Sketches" give to the reader additional knowledge of the wealth and variety of the land of flowers and birds.

GOD'S LIGHT AS IT CAME TO ME. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—We have here one of many books that are the outcome of Christian Science and that sort of thing. As we read, we feel that here are elements of truth and soberness, but mixed up inextricably with what is unreal and absurd. Moreover, the writer seems to have a vocabulary of her own; and, however exact its denotations and connotations for herself, for her readers hardly do they exist at all. What we want, it seems, is "the clear understanding of the unconscious or spiritual mind." The words may convey an idea to the writer: they convey none to the reader. But we are on safe ground when she says, "Know all that is, and thou wilt know thyself." But again we lapse into obscurity, when, for an explanation of "that tired feeling," we have this: "The soul longs for freedom, while the mind, with its old habits, thinks and works on the physical plane; and so comes suffering." Possibly and probably, the writer is trying to say something that is good; but she is inarticulate. And, as compared with a diet of her phrases, what is described in the Bible as "filling the belly with the east wind" must be invigorating and satisfactory.

THE MASTER. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Zangwill has been known chiefly as the masterly painter of Jewish life and customs and character, but this novel shows that he has equal power in a broader field. This book will undoubtedly be compared with "David Grieve," so closely akin are the general outlines of the two stories. The scenes of rough farm life in Nova Scotia through which Matt Strang passes are sketched with a strong hand, and form a vivid contrast to the artist life in London, with its disillusion, its mistakes, and its repentances. The final word of the book is that of "David Grieve," too. Even a mistaken marriage does not mean final disaster. Matt "had sorrowed and endured; he had sinned and suffered; he had known love,—the love of the soul and the love of the senses; he had known the heartache of baffled ambition and the dust and ashes of achievement." But out of all this travail of soul was born his art; and, like David Grieve, his life was not unhappy. The novel is very long, but it is well worth reading.

LITTLE KNIGHTS AND LADIES. Verses for Young People. By Margaret E. Sangster, author of "On the Home Road," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There is a very genuine note in this volume of poems for children. Nothing is surer than that Mrs. Sangster is a lover of children, and that she has a very tender heart for their joys and sorrows. At the same time it must be said that her verses are very unequal, and that seldom do they attain to any literary value. There is something beautiful in this immolation of the author on the altar of her devotion to the children's joy; but it is certainly questionable whether she would not have done as well or better if she had been more exigent with her muse, and especially have curbed her predilection for the jingling kinds of metre. Moreover, we are of the opinion that the best verse written for children, except very little ones, is not that which is written down to the level of their taste and comprehension, but that which is written up to the level of some splendid heroism or some great event.

CHURCHES AND CASTLES OF MEDIEVAL FRANCE. By Walter Cranston Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—This record of a traveller's impressions of the great monuments of France does not study deeply into their history or the minute details of building, but shows love for their beauty and appreciation of the education and enjoyment they offer. The chapter on "Carcassonne" will reveal the amply sufficient reasons which certainly justified the longing of the old peasant to see the place, and will awaken the desire in others. There are two dozen or more illustrations that really illustrate. The literary style of the book is charming, and the reader will immediately wish to plan just such a tour for himself, though, in case that be not possible, the book itself is a substitute not to be scorned; and, in case one has already visited these cathedrals and châteaux, then nothing could be a more delightful reminder of them.

GOVERNMENT & CO., LIMITED. By Horatio W. Seymour. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—The author of this book bears a distinguished name and an additional "W." Whether his name indicates any

blood relationship to Gov. Seymour we have no means of knowing. His political relationship is evident enough. He is a Democrat of the Democrats in his political theories, and he finds the sign of democracy in the absence of privilege. His book is "an examination of the tendencies of privilege in the United States." It is a very interesting one, a very searching one. We commend it heartily to those who believe in democracy, and are at the same time eager in their support of privilege of one sort and another. There is much more privilege in the United States than Mr. Seymour has indicated in his little book, and "that way danger lies."

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. Auditorium Building, Chicago: The Bancroft Company. The fourteenth number of this great work has been received, and is occupied with the sketch and illustration of the "Fishery and Transportation Departments." We have very true pictures of the two buildings, and also minute details embracing a very wide variety of subjects. The text and the illustrations are finely done. In fact, the whole work will be a marvel; and "The Book of the Fair" will be of great value in itself, and keep alive the memory of the Exposition. No one who desires to have a permanent knowledge of the Exposition in all its details, put in the best form of book-making, should be without this work.

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Mill-cent Garrett Fawcett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—It would have been impossible for Miss Fawcett to narrate in the compass of this book all the important events of the queen's long life and reign; but she has done something equally good by giving us a bright, connected account of its main features, dwelling on its formative influences in early life, and referring to the political and personal events of later years only so far as they illustrate the queen's character and her conception of her political functions. The result is readable and interesting. The book contains many anecdotes.

PATRIOTS' DAY. By George J. Varney. Lee & Shepard.—The purpose of this book is partly explained by the title. It tells the story of Lexington and Concord, beginning with the conditions prevailing in Massachusetts in April, 1775. Then comes the story of "Paul Revere's Ride," as he himself described it for the Historical Society in 1798; and successive chapters tell of the events of the day and the British retreat. Many stories and anecdotes are included, recording individual experiences; and there is also a collection of fourteen or fifteen poems brought out by the first celebration of Patriots' Day one year ago.

Miscellaneous.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" makes a double number in the Riverside Literature Series; and its convenient form and clear type offer excellent opportunity for the re-reading of this classic, written by the man whom Thackeray called "the most beloved of English writers."

Racine's "Athalie" is one of those classics which must be studied by every student of French; and the recent edition published by D. C. Heath & Co. of this city offers every advantage for study, even to the addition of a brief treatise on versification especially prepared for this book. It is evident that much care has been taken with the notes.

"Harold," a tragedy in five acts, written by Ernst von Wildenbruch, is published by Maynard & Merrill of New York for advanced students in German. The preface and notes are prepared by A. Voegelin, and supply only such information as is necessary. The old mistake of leaving nothing for the student to do is not often repeated in these days of more advanced methods.

A new edition of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd," appears from the press of Harper Brothers, and tempts to a rereading of the first book that brought Mr. Hardy not merely a name, but popularity. It was in these chapters that he first adopted the word "Wessex" from the pages of early English history,—a name soon taken up as a local designation. In the preface to this new edition Mr. Hardy courteously asks the reader to refuse steadfastly to believe in any inhabitants of a Victorian Wessex outside the pages of this volume and its companions.

Literary Notes.

Count Tolstoi's latest deliverance is a theological work entitled "The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated," an English translation of which has just been issued.

The new books published in England during 1894 amounted to five thousand three hundred. Of these, four hundred and seventy-six were in the department of theology.

"The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen, is to be the next volume in the help-

ful little series entitled "The Library of Useful Stories," published by D. Appleton & Co.

The Bookman states that Queen Victoria is planning to establish a "literary order of merit for the recognition of those who, as journalists and writers of books, have done good work."

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, is claimed to have reached the largest sale of any work of fiction issued during the past six months. It met instant popularity.

The pleasant discovery has just been made at Galashiels, Scotland, of over a hundred letters written by Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Craig, the banker. The letters were discovered in a box filled with the archives of the old Leith Bank.

Edna Lyall has appropriated some of the profits of her literary work to the completion of the peal of bells at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, England. She gave three fine bells, which were named after three of her leading characters,—Donovan, Erica, and Hugo.

Robert S. Peabody, the well-known Boston architect, will contribute a series of papers to the *Atlantic Monthly* during the summer months. The title of the series is "An Architect's Vacation," the first number of which treats of "Rural England."

The book of responsive readings, originally prepared for the chapel use of Harvard University by Henry Van Dyke, D.D., has been carefully revised and enlarged to more fully meet the requirements of chapel services in schools and colleges. It is published by Ginn & Co.

The "last will and testament" of Lord Byron was sold at auction in London recently for \$15. At the same sale a characteristic letter of Carlyle to Mrs. Austin brought \$20; and a letter of Byron to Colridge, \$35. A letter of George Eliot, complaining of the literary criticism of certain persons, was sold for \$25; a letter from Nelson to Sir William Hamilton, for \$40; and a number of letters written by American Presidents and statesmen, for \$125.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Little & Co., Boston.
Littell's Living Age. Sixth Series. Vol. VI.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
A Modern Man. By Ella Macmahon, author of "A New Note."
From the Irving Company, New York.
The Way Out. Exemplified Philosophy. By Moses Samelson.
From Philip Green, London.
Select Discourses and Essays. From the Works of William Ellery Channing. Edited with an Introduction by W. Copeland Howe.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
My Love's like a Red, Red Rose. Composed by J. F. Hadley.
I asked Three Little Maidens. Song. Words by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Music by L. N. Penfield.
Red Bird Caprice. For Pianoforte. By Helen Frances Lowe.
I love thee Tenderly. By Harold Leston.
A Brownie Song. Words and music by Annie Moore.
Hark! my Soul, it is the Lord. Sacred Song. By Louis R. Dressler.
I need thee, Precious Jesus. Arranged from Michael Watson. By George B. Nevin.
The Comforting Christ. Sacred Song. Words by Llewellyn A. Morrison. Music by Geo. B. Nevin.
Coriellie. By C. W. Bennet.
Graceful Dance in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. By Arthur Sullivan.

The House Beautiful.

By WILLIAM C. GANNETT,

Author of "A Year of Miracle," "Blessed be Drudgery," etc. Paper, ornamental, choice edition, price 15 cents. (In "Life-Studies" form, 6 cents; 10 copies for 30 cents.)

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[From The New Unity, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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"We can here trace the growth of the New Unitarian gospel, see something of the great moulding influences that have shaped and changed it, note the dangers it has encountered, thrill with the warm light of its newly discovered hope, feel ourselves taken into comradeship with its noble army of workers and saints. . . Decidedly marking a clearer point of vision in the development of Unitarian thought."—The Unitarian.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

LOST JUNE.

BY ELIZABETH HILL.

Where hast thou wandered,
O beautiful June?
Why has it faltered,
Thy ravishing tune?
Telling of roses
That never should blight,
Telling of ever
Undying delight.

What can have happened
To shadow my eyes?
Whence are those blurring
Great clouds on the skies?
Why do I notice
The petals' soft rain?
When did my heart
Cage the sad bird of pain?

Hark! 'tis a whisper
Comes wafting to me:
"Open thy heart,
That the bird may go free.
Then will he sing thee
A comforting strain,—
Sweet is the voice
Of an unprisoned pain.

"Though he may tell thee
Thy life is the rose,
Petal by petal
Its happiness goes.
Though he may tell thee
Thy life is the blue,
Shadow by shadow
Its sorrows pass through.

"Yet will he sing
That the roses of earth
Blossom again
With a heavenly birth,
Yet will he chant
Of a shadowless sky
Gladdening the June-tide
Of God's bye-and-bye."

For the Christian Register.

OUTSIDE THE BARRIER GATE.

GOING A-MAYING.

BY A. D. G.

The Barrier Gate closes at half-past nine; and on Friday nights, between ten and eleven or later, you might have seen a dog-cart drawn by a gray Somali pony slow up beside the *choki* (police station), where the Indian Sepoy paces on guard at the Gate. "Ifrah al bab, ifrah al bab" (open the gate), shouts the Padre Sahib, who is driving. The half of the Gate creaks slowly on its hinges. They are through, and outside the Barrier Gate. Now they, the Padre Sahib, the Padre Sahib's wife, and their dog, Nookta, turn the last corner of the last towering, bleak, rocky outpost,—it is all rocks inside the Barrier Gate,—the fresh wind from hundreds of miles of ocean strikes their faces with refreshing rudeness; another turn, and they follow the winding road,—originally a camel track,—over the sands, home.

The Padre Sahib lives outside the Barrier Gate; and the Padre Sahib's wife told me these things before the open grave in the little Christian cemetery out there in the sand was levelled. She had gone through the Barrier Gate a bride,—a "tired bride," she added,—and she had had her fancies about the home in the desert and work among the women. Sometime I may tell you of her home-coming, and the ideals and the work; but I would rather be silent a little longer, till I become more reconciled to the change. We did not speak often together; yet in a strange land, with many memories and few hopes, the heart finds rest and coolness beneath the smallest shadow, howe'er fleeting.

I thought I would tell you how they went "a-maying"; though it is true it came about in April, and not on the first, either.

The camels came, she said (the Padre Sahib's wife, I mean, of course), at about five o'clock in the morning, and gurgled and groaned after their custom before kneeling at the porch where the white jasmine grew.

They—that is, the Padre Sahib, the Padre Sahib's wife, and Nookta—had been inside the Barrier Gates, and dined at the hotel, the night before, as was their custom to do once a week. Consequently, they were in no mood for early rising. But, to ride to a certain belt of thorny acacia trees thirteen miles away, an early start must be made.

They knew a place there where the thorn-trees spread gnarled, curving limbs, inviting one to linger and lean and drowse away the time. Birds come there, unaffrighted

by men; lizards slip along the branches; and, overhead, a green, green parasite clings, and weaves a shroud for the thorn-tree, but a pleasant shade for those beneath.

Once before they had rested there; and the "Mem-Sahib" (Madame Sahib) had marked a certain creeping plant, and coveted it. So on this day in April they started forth for a frolic under the trees, and a ride over the sand and jungle.

Abou Rās, father of a head ("with something in it," the Padre Sahib's wife used to say), the fastest and easiest camel in the village, was saddled with the native saddle. This resembles a padded saw-horse, with a back no one ever leans against, and two cross-pieces in front for the knees to grip.

Then the Padre's camel Abou—something or other, I don't recollect what he was father of—was saddled and cushioned. The saddle-bags were balanced with a due proportion of food, drinks, *zambeels*—native baskets—for the creeping plant, a tin box for beetles, etc.

Nookta rode in a box slung to the side of Abou Rās, whence she viewed with interest and concern the lizards slip across the path, and glide away among the clumps of grass and bushes.

The day was cloudy, the air sweet, and soon they were stepping swiftly out from the village, and past the last outpost of British protection into the country of the Sultan of "Al Hauta."

And now they see the sight that caused the Padre's wife to call the picnic "going a-maying" in April.

Their road is a winding camel track, made, in the first instance, by the will of the camel who first led the way from the villages beside the desert or the mountains beyond, journeying toward the Barrier Gate. Doubtless his master slept, as is the custom on long journeys, lying across the load in the sultry heat of day or the chill air of night. And, as that first camel trod, so will all others tread now and always.

The Padre Sahib's wife said that her "heart leapt up" when she beheld the white and yellow blossoms adorning the level places all along the path. Neither she nor the Padre in all the long years lived there had seen this sight before,—tiny white blossoms, scarce daring to open their eyes to the blinding glare of the blue sky, and here and there, all about and among them, flowers of a brilliant yellow, defying the sunlight while crouching low. And further joy awaited their unaccustomed eyes. Surely, can this be Araby's sands, this other glimpse of home, by which name, with infinite though perhaps unrecognized and unsuspected pathos, we exiles term the land of our birth, be we English, Scotch, or Yankee. For under a thorny bush—and, by the way, there is little that lives here, outside or inside the Barrier Gate, without its own particular thorn—was green grass. Delicate, graceful, freshly green, and full of sunlight, it smiled and swayed and stirred the heart. It grew where the shadows rested longest, under the thorns. Almost in silence these two pointed the sight to each other,—the miracle it seemed; and the Padre Sahib's wife couldn't speak, she said, for the tears that came to eyes and throat.

But Nookta pointed her eager ears, and watched a lizard there in the grass. Nookta had no memories of home other than hers outside the Barrier Gate, where she came to live when a helpless, blind, sprawly, ugly morsel of seven weeks.

I'll tell you more of Nookta when you come again, for you are fond of dogs; and so was the Padre Sahib's wife.

On they went, past Fiyooash (one of those villages bordering the desert), where Abou Rās never failed to suggest a rest by trying to take the path to the village. Abou Rās knew every path leading to the nearest village, and the home path; nor did he ever fail to make known his knowledge and wishes. Besides, once past Fiyooash, he thought there was no chance of a stop this side of Mijhaffa, five miles away. On they speed past a saint's tomb, half hidden in the bushy trees, where a dog always ran out, snarling and barking and lifting his heavy lips over his fierce white teeth. Nookta, of course, returned curse for curse, her white hairs stiffening and bristling down her back; and the camels quickened their pace, speeding softly on.

Now they are in the woods, or tree belt, and heads must be bent and limbs of trees dodged as the path turns and twists among the growing branches, ever on the alert to deal the unwary traveller a blow.

I remember just here how we were all sitting on the hotel veranda (the hotel is inside the Barrier Gates), newly equipped with green chics,—rattan shades for door or window,—when the Padre Sahib's wife began to tell me of their dodging the tree branches. The Padre Sahib was devouring the week's "Telegrams" (Reuter's), quite unconscious of all around him, at least it seemed so until, just here, he suddenly looked up, and said: "There was usually several inches' pace between Ajuza's head and the branches when she ducked. I always rode behind her. So I could see, you know." Then he returned to the "Telegrams" and Lord Rosebery's appointment to the premiership. Ajuza was the Arabic pet name the Padre Sahib had given his wife, or rather it was one of them.

Presently an open bit discovered two beautiful clumps of the very creeper so coveted. The camels are made to kneel, nothing loath; for the heat has grown with the day. Out jumps Nookta, away after a lizard before she has fairly landed on her feet. The Padre slips off his beast, helps his wife to slide down, and then on hands and knees they remove the loosely packed sand from the long tubers, whence come the long trailing lengths of polished, juicy leaves, tendrils, and stem, brimful of the rain that fell in such torrents scarce a month ago, when this fertile spot was desert waste to the eye.

It was just before that storm that they discovered the rock where they were now to seek flowers. They were reading when suddenly far off, faint, a rushing as of wind through pines or surf on a distant beach. A few drops of rain, a roar as of a mighty torrent, the sky is black, the winds sweep past in utter rout before the deluge of waters escape at last from their cloud prisons, which also are fleeing fast from their gathering upon the bleak mountain tops, twenty miles away.

The Padre seeks to shelter his party with the thick folded sutrunjee (Indian rug), but the rain bursts through all such covering. The Padre's wife with a joyful heart listens to the mighty symphony of wind and rain and sighing branches, while she struggles into her already wet riding boots. Nookta, trembling with fear, creeps beneath her skirts; and a scorpion takes refuge on her lap.

Near by, tied to bushes, the camels quiver and shiver, terror-stricken; but the soaked cushions are tied on, the soaked luggage hurried into the saddle-bags, the riders, also soaked, mount, and urge their huge beasts over the now flooded paths and quite hidden fields.

Meanwhile, or rather all the while, the Padre Sahib's wife has been shaking from head to foot, not, however, with fear, but with laughter. Who can describe the scene? Camels and dog the picture of misery and wet, a continual deluge from above, the fields turned to inland lakes, the track a rushing torrent, while the Padre Sahib, who leads now that difficulties have arisen, presents a large sun hat fringed with long, thin streamers of rain!

Truly, it is a strange spectacle; and one spectator's mouth ached from laughter.

An hour or more brings them home, soaked and happy,—for has not fresh, sweet water fallen fast and long on their upturned faces, and is it not three years since the Padre Sahib's wife felt fresh rain on her face? The clouds are already sweeping back to their mountain fastnesses, as is the custom of storms, whether of sand or rain, in Araby. . . .

And it is this same sweeping flood which, a month later, has called from their sleeping the gentle blossoms of white and yellow carpeting the barren sands, the tender grass-blades bending in the shadows, and filled the leaves of the creeper to the brim with juicy life. And where there were no blossoms nor grass, and but one creeper, on this May-day in April, the Padre and the Padre's wife, with Nookta, lizard-loving, found hundreds of creepers and a carpet of bloom.

They returned home laden with trophies of the springtide. But the Padre Sahib's wife told me she would have given all for a white violet growing she knew where.

I hope she has found some beyond the last Barrier Gate.

A TRAMP DOG.

Carlo was the handsomest dog in the United States. At least Jimmie Drummond, his young master, thought so; but Jimmie had to confess that he was also the vainest.

Carlo was also the most amiable dog in the world; but he was not the slightest use as a watch dog, for he would have been far too polite to bark at any burglar. In fact, he was rather ornamental than useful; but, then, he was so intelligent and so full of fun that Jim could forgive him everything except his running away.

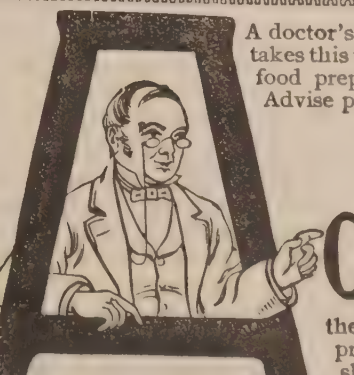
The Drummonds lived in the country, and once in a while the monotony of life got to be too much for Carlo. He would run away to the nearest town, associate with all the common dogs there, and return scarred by the marks of many battles in which he was not always victorious.

He knew perfectly well that he ought not to run away; and, when he would make up his mind to come home at last, he would rush into the sitting-room in the most engaging way, lick Jim's face, insist upon getting into Mrs. Drummond's lap, great dog though he was, and would be so affectionate and generally agreeable that for a long time they did not have the heart to punish him.

But his absences grew more and more frequent, and longer and longer; and at last Mrs. Drummond said, "Jim, it must be stopped."

So the next time Carlo returned from a protracted spree, with his usual engaging grin and general air of just having been around the corner on an important errand, Jim, with a heavy heart, took him into the back yard, explained the situation to him, and gave him a thrashing. Jim was not much bigger than Carlo himself, and I don't think he hurt him very badly; but Carlo made a terrible uproar, and howled as if every bone in his body had been broken, and ran away that night and stayed a week!

Then Mrs. Drummond tried her hand at



A doctor's advice to the dyspeptic generally takes this turn, "Avoid greasy food." Avoid food prepared with lard would be better. Advise patients to

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switching him, and so did the gardener. They tried coaxing and flattery. They tried starving him, they tried tying him up. At the very first opportunity off Carlo would go to town again, and in a few days be brought home by some little colored boy, who would demand any sum from twenty-five cents to two dollars for his pains.

At last a happy thought occurred to Jim. "Now, collie, you're nothing but a tramp dog," he said reproachfully. "And you are getting so bitten up, you are not even handsome any more."

Of course, Carlo understood every word his little master said to him, and it mortified him terribly to be told he was no longer handsome; but he did not quite understand what Jim meant to do with a dilapidated hat and an old coat and vest he brought out with him. He could hardly believe his senses when Jim put the vest on him, slipped his forelegs into the coat, and fastened it on his back, and tied the old felt hat around his handsome head with a green veil.

In vain Carlo coaxed and wagged his tail, and licked his master's face. Jim went right on fastening those dreadful clothes securely; and, when he was done, he said: "Go away now. You're nothing but a tramp dog, and you're dressed like a tramp dog, and you don't belong in this house any more. Go to town, and play with the other tramps."

Then it dawned on Carlo that his master was making fun of him. He sprang up and shook himself, and scratched and tore at the hateful clothes; but they would not come off.

Mrs. Drummond came into the room while he was struggling with them. "Dear me," she said, "here's a tramp dog in my sitting-room. Shoo! Get out! This is no place for tramps!"

Carlo felt as if he was having a bad dream. He hung his head, and slunk out into the kitchen. He was always sure of a warm welcome there; but, alas! when Mary saw him, she fairly screamed with laughter. Carlo gazed at her reproachfully with his great soft eyes from under the dirty, old felt hat; but the more he gazed, the more she laughed. So he stole mournfully out of the back door.

The kittens and the old black cat were sunning themselves there. They were always the best of friends with gentle Carlo. The kittens loved nothing better than to play with his tail. But now—and this was the hardest of all—Frisky and Whuzy uttered a horrified cry the moment they saw him, and fled in terror. Popka, the old black cat, stood her ground one moment, her back arched, her tail bristling, then she spit at him, and fled, too!

Carlo dropped right down where he was, and hid his head in his paws.

By and by the butcher came by, and stopped to laugh at him. Then Carlo got up, and went around to the other side of the house. All day he spent in wandering around the garden in a dispirited sort of manner, trying to get out of people's way, until Jim's heart ached for him.

At last, when night came, Jim said: "Well, collie, are you tired of being a tramp dog? Will you stay at home now if I take the old clothes off?"

And Carlo looked up, and said "Yes" as plainly as any dog ever did.

"Shake it off then," said Jim; and Carlo gave his little master his paw.

And from that day to this he has never run away again.—*Bertha Watson, in Methodist Recorder.*

BE YE THANKFUL.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Dick, "that I really must"—

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No: just look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Dick, then read aloud: "March 8. Ben lent me his hat." Here again: "January 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly." Well,

observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?"

said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory. So I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and, when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."—*United Presbyterian.*

SABBATIA.

Upon the margin of a reedy pond,
Held in the hollow of low, rounded hills,
Where Silence, like a presence, broods and thrills,
I found Sabbatia. As a lover fond,
Flying, the mistress of his heart to greet,
Forgets the world in reading her sweet eyes,
And cries, "For me God makes a paradise!"
So, kneeling, happy, at Sabbatia's feet,
Bathed in the sunshine of her rosy smile,
I murmured, "Twas for me she grew so fair."
For answer, lightly glided here and there
A blue-winged dragon-fly; a bird the while
Trilled one clear note; tall rushes stirred; and near
I caught the glisten of the sun-dew's tear.

—*Emily Shaw Forman.*

A BOY OF A THOUSAND.

Robert Bain recently prevented a serious accident in Public School No. 23, at Marion, near Jersey City. There were sounds of a panic from the room beneath his class-room, and no one can tell how many children might have been injured but for his cool head and quick thinking. He did what any bright American boy should have done, but what scarcely one boy in a thousand would have done.

Two lower floors of the Marion Public School are occupied by the classes of the primary department, and the top floor is occupied by the grammar department. The building is heated by steam. One of the radiator valves was broken off the other day. While waiting for a chance to repair the break, the janitor carefully turned off the steam at this radiator, and fitted a tight wooden plug in place of the broken valve.

Some very foolish person, either for the sake of a joke or from a habit of meddling with things without asking leave, turned on the steam. The radiator was in one of the class-rooms of the upper primary floor; that is, the middle floor of the building.

The wooden plug was shot out of the radiator with a report like a pistol shot at a quarter past ten in the morning. Every child in the room rushed screaming toward the sliding-door leading to the stairway. So fierce was the impetus of the crowd that the door was twisted off its tracks and turned half-way around.

Miss Agnes Carlen, the teacher, was unable to control the children; for they had swept past her before she really understood what had happened. She stood helpless, half fainting, fearing that the heavy sliding door would fall and crush her pupils. Meantime great clouds of steam came hissing from the radiators.

With a great clattering of many feet the frightened boys and girls swarmed down the stairway, looking for places of safety. Forty of them ran out into the school-yard; but forty more were kept indoor by Miss Searle, the principal of the primary department, and her aids.

At the moment of the explosion and panic the boys and girls of the grammar department on the top floor were almost panic-stricken. They heard the loud report beneath them, the hissing of steam, the screams, and the swift trampling feet. Every one was scrambling up from his desk, when Robert Bain jumped out into the aisle, and cried:—

"Keep your seats! There's no danger if you stay where you are!"

Those words stopped the rush like magic. Seeing Bain's coolness and courage, all the others were ashamed to show themselves cowards. It was not so much the words he uttered as his manner in saying them that swayed the crowd. His tone not only

showed that he was not frightened, but the order rang out sharply and confidently, as if the boy knew he would be obeyed. A few moments later Miss Emma Johnson, the teacher in charge of the class, learned all about the accident on the floor below, and told the children of it. There was, of course, no possible danger of panic now.

What would have happened if young Bain had not spoken at the right moment? Very likely the children would have rushed out, like Miss Carlen's pupils, before they could be checked. A steep stairway lay before them; and probably many of them would have been badly hurt, if not killed, in the wild downward flight.

An accident somewhat like this, in the Greenwich Avenue Public School in New York, many years ago, had the most serious consequences.

Robert Bain is fourth sergeant in one of the two cadet companies of the Marion Public School. He was very happy, but also full of blushes, when Mr. Du Rie, the principal of the school, complimented him before all his friends. If every boy who reads of his brave act will make up his mind to keep cool in any panic near him, he will have paid the best possible compliment to Robert Bain.—*Harper's Round Table.*

THE FIRST PRINTER.

When Faustus had printed off, in 1460, a number of copies of the Bible, he undertook to sell them in Paris, where printing was then unknown. As he sold his copies for sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred for their manuscripts, he created universal astonishment; but, when he produced copies as fast as they wanted and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was in agitation.

The uniformity of the copies greatly increased the wonder. Information was given to the police against him as a magician, his lodgings being subsequently searched; and, a greater number of copies being found, they were seized.

The red ink with which they were embellished was supposed to be his blood, and it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; and it is presumed that, if he had not fled, he would have shared the fate of those whom superstitious judges in those days condemned for witchcraft.—*Jewish Messenger.*

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BRYANT'S MARRIAGE.

IT WAS AN IDEAL UNION BETWEEN THE POET AND HIS WIFE.

Allusion has already been made to his marriage. None could have been happier, no union more nearly an ideal one. Miss Fanny Fairchild was a young lady whose parents had lived on the Seekonk, a stream tributary to the Green River, not far from Great Barrington. Early left an orphan, she made her home alternately with her married sisters in that place; and there it was that Bryant met her. Charming in person, sweet in disposition, lovely in character, she drew him to her through his sympathy with her orphanage, his admiration of her beauty, and his appreciation of her worth. For forty-five years she was the stay and blessing of his life. What that marriage was to him they knew best who knew him best. Reserved on the subject to the world at large, he allowed only those who were nearest him to know the wonderful depth and tenderness of his affection. Their sympathy was perfect, their dependence mutual.

He said at her death: "I never wrote a poem that I did not repeat it to her, and take her judgment upon it. I found its success with the public to be precisely in proportion to the impression it made upon her." A dear friend of them both has said: "The union between Mr. and Mrs. Bryant was a poem of the tenderest rhythm. Any of us who remember Mr. Bryant's voice when he said 'Frances' will join in his hope that she kept the same beloved name in heaven. I remember alluding to those exquisite lines, 'The Future Life,' to Mrs. Bryant, and her replying, 'Oh, my dear, I am always sorry for any one who sees me after reading those lines: they must be so disappointed.'" Beatrice and Laura have not received such tributes from their poets, for Mrs. Bryant's husband was her poet and lover at seventy as at seventeen.—"Bryant and the Berkshire Hills," by Arthur Lawrence, in the July Century.

Spirit of the Press.

The New York Observer takes the heretics in hand in the following:—

The Outlook believes that it is quite possible to state the Biblical doctrine of redemption wholly dissociated from the notion of a fall in Adam, and knows of no one so well qualified to make such a restatement as Prof. Drummond. The desire of the Outlook is to give a boost to the doctrine of evolution by showing that it is not antagonized by the Bible plan of redemption. Our contemporary knows of no way in which the Scotch professor could do so much to abate religious prejudice against the doctrine of evolution as by such a restatement of the Scripture doctrine of redemption. This would be very funny if it were not far too serious for humor. We are to have a Saviour, but no sinners, a redemption, but no redeemed ones, a salvation without any subjects needing to be saved, a healing with none to be healed. If Prof. Drummond and the Outlook can make a statement of Christ's redemption that shall not involve man's fall in Adam, they will certainly overcome a great deal of native prejudice, and numerous persons will be ready to accept such a religion as an ornament without any care for its utility. But the utility will be so small that it is hardly worth the while to worry about preserving the article. If the story of the fall is false, the Cross of Calvary was meaningless, if not altogether a mistake.

To this the Outlook thus replies:—

Then we should suppose that even the New York Observer would concede that the entire "plan of salvation" can be found in, or at least deduced from, the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. So general has been the opinion in the Church that the story of that life and those teachings embodies "a statement of Christ's redemption" that it has given to the four narratives the title par excellence of "The Gospels." But, according to the New York Observer, this is clearly a mistake. Since neither Christ nor any one of his four biographers ever refers, directly or indirectly, to Adam or his fall, the Gospels themselves cannot, according to the New York Observer, involve the doctrine that man is a sinner, nor the doctrine that Christ has come into the world to redeem man from sin. In other words, they are no Gospels. He who is led to believe that man has ascended from a lower animal order, and that the story of the first sin, as recorded in the third chapter of Genesis, is not history, but truth in the form of either myth or allegory, is not compelled to disbelieve in the awful fact of

sin and the glorious fact of redemption. After the third chapter of Genesis Adam's sin is not mentioned in the Old Testament, except incidentally, and by way of allusion once in Job. It is never referred to by Christ, nor in the apostolic discourses, nor by Peter, James, Jude, or John, and by Paul only parenthetically. And Paul, in that chapter in which he deals most comprehensively with the nature and origin of sin,—the seventh chapter of Romans,—does not even remotely refer to Adam's fall, but attributes sin, as does the modern evolutionist, to the animal in man, and regards as sin the emergence of that animal and its mastery over the spiritual and the divine. To affirm that it is possible to state man's sinfulness or Christ's redeeming work without implying man's fall in Adam is to affirm that these doctrines of the spiritual life are not to be found in any of the Biblical writings except the book of Genesis, the book of Job, and certain of Paul's Epistles, and in the two latter only incidentally and indirectly. It is, in short, to expunge from the major part of the Bible, including the teachings of Jesus Christ himself, the two articles, sin and salvation, in which Christlieb sums up the whole evangelical faith of Christendom. We can hardly think that the New York Observer means to teach so destructive a heresy.

Personals.

Mrs. Paret, the wife of Bishop Paret of Maryland, is a friend of the birds. She is trying to form a society in Baltimore, the members of which will be pledged not to wear any feathers on their hats except ostrich feathers.

There are those still living who can recall when Emma Willard began the higher education of her sex by founding the Troy Seminary. She was told that she would be wanting to send the cows to school next, and the State of New York refused to spend a dollar in aiding her experiment.—American.

At a gathering of her people numbering about one hundred thousand the queen of Madagascar, against whose country the French were waging a war of aggression, made the announcement that, though a woman, she would herself lead her troops against the enemy, and would rather perish than survive the ruin and slavery of her people. Utterances worthy of a queen, indeed! This is the same queen who some years ago set her face strongly against the introduction of liquor traffic in the island, suggested by some civilized sons of Europe.

Science.

A London restaurant uses an electrically heated plate to keep one's food warm. So long as the current is turned on, one can dine in as leisurely a way as he likes. There is no danger of receiving a shock from touching the plate.

Great things are expected of the telautograph. The recent trial over one of the lines between Paris and London was in every respect successful. A speed of twenty-two words a minute, averaging five letters to the word, was obtained. The reproduction was to all appearances, except shading, an exact fac-simile of the sender's telautogram.

A transparent mirror glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent. It is proposed to use this type of glass for glazing windows in city residences; for, while it will not cut off light or vision from the interior, it will prevent outsiders from seeing into a room.

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THE BEAUTY OF STEVENSON'S CHARACTER.

It is impossible to deal, however lightly, with the personal qualities of Robert Louis Stevenson without dwelling on the extreme beauty of his character. In looking back over the twenty years in which I knew him, I feel that, since he was eminently human, I ought to recall his faults; but I protest that I can remember none. Perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain want of discretion, always founded on a wish to make people understand each other, but not exactly according to wisdom. I recollect that he once embroiled me for a moment with John Addington Symonds in a manner altogether bloodthirsty and ridiculous, so that we both fell upon him and rended him. This little weakness is really the blackest crime I can lay to his charge. And, on the other side, what courage, what love, what an indomitable spirit, what a melting pity! He had none of the sordid errors of the man who writes,—no sick ambition, no envy of others, no exaggeration of the value of this ephemeral trick of scribbling. He was eager to help his fellows, ready to take a second place, offended with great difficulty, perfectly appeased by the least show of repentance. Stevenson was the most exquisite English writer of his generation, but those who lived close to him are apt to think less of that than of the fact that he was the most unselfish and the most lovable of human beings.—“*Personal Memories of Stevenson*,” by Edmund Gosse, in the *July Century*.

Education.

The Deseret Professorship of Geology in the University of Utah has been endowed, as we learn in a note from Dr. James E. Talmage, the incumbent of it, with sixty thousand dollars by the liberality of the Salt Lake Literary and Scientific Association, not by the city. The Literary and Scientific Association is a body incorporated for scientific pursuits which has existed for several years in Salt Lake City.—*Popular Science*.

The Old South Lectures for the summer of 1895 will begin Wednesday afternoon, July 17. The course will be upon “The Puritans in Old England,” the several lectures being as follows: July 17, “John Hooper, the First Puritan,” Edwin D. Mead; July 24, “Cambridge, the Puritan University,” William Everett; July 31, “Sir John Eliot and the House of Commons,” Prof. Albert B. Hart; August 7, “John Hampden and the Ship Money,” Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus; August 14, “John Pym and the Grand Remonstrance,” Rev. John Cuckson; August 21, “Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth,” Rev. Edward Everett Hale; August 28, “John Milton, the Puritan Poet,” John Fiske; September 4, “Sir Harry Vane in Old England and New England,” Prof. James K. Hosmer. Free tickets for the course are furnished to all young people under twenty applying in their own handwriting to the Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-house, Boston, with one-cent stamp enclosed. A limited number of tickets will be sold to adults for \$1.50, and free tickets are furnished to teachers.

Charities and Reforms.

“Medical Declaration concerning Chastity” is an eight-page leaflet, just published, No. 29 of “The Philanthropist Series,” New York. It is signed by many leading and influential physicians, and is a timely, important medical testimony for the promotion of purity.

A protest has been raised in Belfast against the abuse of medical charities by the manner in which the doctors and nurses are occupied, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, attending to the accidents and injuries which are the result of drunkenness, the victims being for the most part workmen who are in receipt of good wages.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes the ward of the State, and is paid a pension for support and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due him from the State to begin life with. This inculcates a humane and charitable and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chance of pauperism, and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.—*Self-culture*.

Here and There.

The sale or exhibition of portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Prof. James Bryce in Constantinople has been prohibited by the sultan.

Women as well as men are employed to remove the snow from the streets of Paris. Groups of both sexes, armed with brooms, gather at certain points all over the city.

It is said that the wholesale dealers in eggs in New York and Brooklyn and vicinity have in one year transacted business to the amount of \$25,000,000.

An exchange says that we are the only country indulging in the universal use of wrapping paper. In other countries newspapers, pages of old books, and green leaves take its place.

The crown jewels of Austria are of fabulous value, among them the most celebrated opal now known to exist; but, as the empress must give bonds for them whenever she wears them, and as her private jewel possessions are extensive and beautiful, she seldom brings the crown jewels from their seclusion.

With the stockings and socks made of paper, the latter to be sold at 3 cents a pair, the work of the darning and the laundry both are considerably diminished. Up to this time the expense of splitting, twisting, and preparing paper yarns for commercial use has been so high that manufacturers of fabrics have found little inducement to them in making textiles. Lately, however, a number of paper-pulp manufacturers have been at work on the problem of producing cheap pulp yarns, with the result that a new process has been formulated.—*The American*.

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BOOKS.

The Spirit of God. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 323 pages. Cloth, \$1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: *The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.*

Heart-Beats. A Book of Meditations. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, \$1.50; white, full gilt, \$2.00.

Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. It is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition.—*Christian Register*.

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. New Edition. 193 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

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Pleasantries.

"My dear, have you given fresh water to the goldfish?" "No, mamma; they haven't drunk what they've got already."

Brown: "I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary." Simmons: "He did; but I wouldn't accept the position, because I should have to sign everything Green, per Simmons."—*Exchange.*

The German professor of music to be met with in English drawing-rooms is an entertaining old gentleman. To him recently a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests, "How did you like the rendering of your song, professor?" "Vas dot my song?" replied the professor. "I did not know him."—*Selected.*

According to the story, three French boys were studying a volume of Shakspeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am"; (2) "To were or is to not"; (3) "To should or not to will."—*Harper's Young People.*

A prominent clergyman gives this description of the life of a minister: "My experiences with churches make me think that ministers are like cats. When you first go to a new place, everybody says: 'Come, pussy! Come, pussy! Nice pussy!' And you come. Then they begin to rub your fur, and say, 'Poor pussy! Poor pussy!' And then they say, 'Scat!'"—*The American.*

A Minnesota hotel advertises, "Fine porcelain bath-tubs free to commercial men." This hotel deserves to live in history as the first establishment of its kind on earth which was ever known to give anything free to commercial travellers. It reminds us of what Gen. Sherman said about St. Louis hotels during the war: "Rates, \$4 per day,—board and lodging extra."—*The Commercial Traveller.*

The tourist was in Milwaukee not long since, and was not feeling especially melancholy, when he noted the sign, "Knight & Day, Undertakers." He had already made a note of one nearly as unique in the same city, which reads, "Dadd & Son, Drug-gists." For a long time there was in the city of Buffalo an auction firm with this title: "English, Irish, French & Scot." This strange combination of surnames continued for many years, and even to-day the firm name doing the same auction business is "English & Irish."—*Observer.*

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, had the Mosaic idea of justice,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. A friend met him one day walking along the street, leading a street boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnny watch him while he eats it."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Valuable Help.—Teacher: "In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?" Pupil: "I don't know." Teacher: "It's simple enough, if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half their number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply by one hundred. That's 1800. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add to what you've got. That's 1815. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates, if you will only adopt my system."—*Travellers' Record.*

JULIAN RALPH.

A writer in the *Book Buyer* gives some interesting incidents in the career of Julian Ralph, the well-known newspaper man of this city. One secret of his success is that everything is perennially interesting to him. "By Jove," he once said to an old New Yorker, "have you ever seen the City Hall? Have you? Well, I stumbled across it yesterday, and I'm proud to be in the same town with it." Although he must have travelled upward of one hundred thousand miles in different parts of the world, strangely enough, he has never been in Maine and Texas. Before he went to China, he prepared himself very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and, on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai, remarked: "Hello! What t'ing? What fashion man you b'long? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied: "This is Mr. Ralph, I presume. We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. Oh, that's all right. I spent eight years at school in Norwich, Conn." "Ah!" said Mr. Ralph, partially recovering his presence of mind, "vely well, vely well."

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Editorial.

BISHOP POTTER, in deciding to live for a month in Stanton Street, New York City, has revealed alike his wisdom and devotion. The section he has chosen for his vacation work is described as one of the most thickly settled spots on the earth. The residents are chiefly foreign born, and a large portion recent comers. They are Roman Catholics and Jews, with a sprinkling of Protestants and a considerable class of non-church-goers. There cannot be anything specially inviting in the surroundings of his residence, and these are in striking contrast to the attractions of Newport. He goes to make a practical study of the work and to put himself into direct contact with slum life. No amount of reading or reports from others can give that knowledge which comes from personal observation. After a month's residence and preaching, with his ability and wise judgment, he will be better fitted to carry out practical plans for the improvement of this district. Besides, there will be a great gain alike to the bishop and these people. Both will learn more of each other's ways and needs, and a living sympathy will spring up between them. The act furthermore cannot fail to increase and intensify the spirit of consecration among both clergy and laity. For

some time there has been a marked increase both in missionary and charitable work among the New York Episcopalians, and this will stimulate still greater activity. Bishop Potter thus proves himself a real overseer, and walks in the footsteps of Him who when on earth went about in the byways and among the poor and neglected doing good.

THE New York *Sun* is a sturdy champion of sound Orthodoxy. It advocates the old ideas of supernaturalism and Bible infallibility with a positive dogmatism equal to that of Mr. Moody, and is quite as free in its flings of infidel and sceptic toward Dr. Briggs and the higher criticism. In a recent editorial on "Japan and the Missionaries" our New York contemporary is inclined to approve the proposed putting of the missionary work into the hands of the Japanese on the ground that the growth would then be more natural and less artificial. No doubt, it is added, this growth would be affected by the "sceptical" spirit which prevails among the educated natives. They would maintain the standard of "Orthodoxy as well as it would be kept up by the graduates of sceptical seminaries whom the American Board is likely to send out as missionaries in the future. These schools are cultivating in their students a critical spirit similar to that which prevails among the Japanese. They are teaching them to distrust the authority of the Bible, and consequently of every doctrine and every dogma upon which Christian theology is founded."

THE summer school is now in full activity at the seashore and among the valleys and mountains of New England. In fact, it has open doors extending to the Pacific Coast. The subjects treated are of great variety and wide scope. Among its instructors and lecturers will be found many of the foremost thinkers as well as teachers of our high schools and universities. Evolution, ethics, political economy, the relations between capital and labor, good citizenship, how to read history, come within the scope of the curriculum. Perhaps, in its widest and fullest sense, it may be found in the Chautauqua gatherings. The root idea in each and all is to bring knowledge to the people who have not the means or leisure for extended study. The summer school is the people's college, and it is reaching a large class through its popular methods. In no way is it intended to take the place of the established institutions of learning, but does a special work of its own. It rather feeds instead of drawing from the high schools and universities, and is a quickener of intellectual activity. It is used in the service of religion, as seen in the Roman Catholic summer school and others which might be mentioned. Though to a large degree its instruction, from the nature of the case, is fragmentary, it is very suggestive and stimulating. Among the forces for good at work in this modern life let us recognize the summer school.

A CHURCH LABOR BUREAU has been established in the St. Bartholomew Parish House, New York City, which has an interest to all who are seeking the solution of economic questions. This bureau has now been in operation about a year and a half, and finds employment for about two hundred and fifty a month. It is not the design to find employment for "waste humanity" or to push the weak and incompetent into service. A careful examination is made of every applicant, and only after this has proved satisfactory is he recommended. Each applicant is required to pay twenty-five cents on registering and seventy-five cents when a place is secured. If the application fails, the twenty-five cents are refunded. Besides finding permanent places, the bureau has sent men for temporary re-

lief at the expense of the parish to the wood-yard of the Charity Organization Society. The bureau makes a specialty of furnishing American girls as domestic servants, and this branch of work has proved very successful. The demands for American girls is three times greater than the supply. Still, they are growing more willing to go out at domestic service than formerly. The general idea on which the bureau acts is: "Give a man a chance to help himself, and he will maintain his self-respect; but the minute you make him a gift or a loan he begins to be degraded and pauperized. The bureau is doing very efficient work in obtaining employment for honorable men and women, who really prefer to pay for services rendered." As yet the bureau is not self-supporting, but it is hoped soon to make it. If this experiment can help a large class in need without making them paupers, it will render a very valuable service as an illustration of an important principle.

THE address of the colored men of South Carolina to the people of the United States cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of every generous mind. It declares that the rights and privileges of the Negro race have been trampled under foot by the dominant faction in South Carolina, and that this faction has further declared its purpose to perpetuate its power by amendments to the constitution which will forever bar the Negro the right of suffrage. They also declare that they have used all lawful means to secure their constitutional rights without avail; and therefore, as a last resort, they make an appeal to the people of the United States. But little can be done for the Negro in South Carolina beyond the expression of general sympathy. The immediate issue is confined to the State, and at present there is great uncertainty as to the immediate result. At first the leaders of the two great parties entered into an agreement to join their efforts in the approaching constitutional convention to secure the supremacy of the whites. Now we are told the party in power repudiate this agreement, and propose to elect delegates of their own and to carry out the policy of disenfranchising the Negro as far as is possible, but giving the franchise to all whites except criminals. Further, they intend to abolish the tax for the support of Negro schools, leaving them without any aid except such as the Negroes themselves pay in taxes. The leaders intend to use every means in their power to carry out their plans. Col. Dargan was driven out of Edgefield when he attempted to denounce this scheme, and was threatened with loss of life if he persisted; and this high-handed policy has been approved by a Democratic convention. Such a bold scheme has roused the wiser men of the State, and they see the danger ahead. They will make an effort when the convention meets to settle the suffrage question on a fairer basis than this one proposed. But the result is as yet uncertain. It is to be hoped, both for the good of the Negro and for the best welfare of the State, that the present scheme of the dominant party may be defeated, and that a juster plan will be adopted.

AN incident is related connected with the recent Oxford race between the Cornell and Oxford crews which shows how strongly aristocratic feeling still clings to the English college men. A number of the American students were eager to be present, and, being short of ready money, resolved to work their way as cattle-feeders on the steamers. But the Englishmen, we are told, stipulated that no member of the American crew should have ever engaged in manual work as a living. "This is a gentleman's race, don't you know; and no representative of the lower classes need expect to be allowed to compete simply because he happens to have saved up money enough to

go to college." Whether this be a true version of the case or not, it is certain that the aristocratic feeling above indicated exists among English students and graduates. This is in striking contrast both to the American feeling and fact. True, there is a small class here who have inherited the wealth which their fathers gained by toil who assume airs of gentility and look down on those who engage in manual labor with the air of superiority and condescension. But these excite the smile of pity. With us lads of good breeding and education, in the spirit of manly independence, prefer to work their way by even "menial labor" than to depend upon the help of their rich relatives. This fact speaks well for American manhood.

DR. JOHN FISKE gave a very able lecture before the Congress at Greenacre on "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," in which he planted himself on the ground of spiritual theism. He gave a brief survey of religion from its earliest and crudest forms to its most refined shape, and found that all religions contain these three essentials: "first, belief in God as in some way either explicable or inexplicable, analogous to man; second, belief in an unseen world, in which human beings continue to exist after death; third, belief in an inseparable connection between this unseen world and the moral law." These three beliefs Mr. Fiske declared were essential to religion. Anything calling itself religion which undertook to omit any one of these essentials was not entitled to the name. He placed great emphasis upon the fact that coeval with the genesis of humanity and the ethical sense the religious sense also began to appear. Was this reaching out of humanity toward the unseen world the establishment of a relation in which the subjective term only is real and the objective term imaginary? If so, it was something without precedent in the whole history of evolution, an isolated fact in the universe; and this is enough to condemn the supposition. It may safely be affirmed that there are no isolated facts in the universe. The whole analogy of evolution bears us with resistless momentum to the conclusion that the religious cravings of mankind are correlated with an unseen world that really exists, and in which the process of ethical evolution is to find its fullest fruition and consummation.

THE PROTECTION OF THE SABBATH.

An organization called the New England Sabbath Protective League has recently been formed, the names of whose officers, taken together with its declared objects of work, warrant the hope that it will prove of much practical value. At the same time the task to which it devotes itself is by no means an easy one. The worst result of carrying a good custom to extremes is the difficulty of preventing the inevitable reaction from going to equal lengths in the other direction. They who now wish to preserve Sunday for the high uses it may serve as a day of rest from toil and for devotion to spiritual culture have no harder foe to fight than the memory of the Puritan Sabbath which lingers in the public mind. No matter how reasonable may be their demands, selfishness and greed are able to raise against them the cry that an attempt is being made to bring them back under the yoke of an ancient bondage. Dishonest as this charge may be, it is specious enough to cost the friends of the Sabbath the loss of many an adherent who ought to stand stoutly on their side.

It is well to reckon with this difficulty at the outset, and to understand that it constitutes a somewhat serious handicap. The promoters of this League should consider upon what type of mind they need to bring

influence to bear, and upon what grounds they can best commend their cause to people whom they most need to convert or enlist. It may be assumed that all who are in close affiliation with churches can be counted upon to resist further encroachments of business and pleasure upon our day of rest. They who care little or nothing for church-going are the people who most require to be wrought upon, and nothing is likely to appeal to them less than mere reiteration of the Mosaic command.

This new Protective League, in its declaration of principles, "assumes that the Sabbath is a divine institution for rest from toil. This conviction is based upon the references to it in the sacred Scriptures of the Jewish and Christian churches, upon the example of Christ and his apostles, upon the general conduct of the Christian Church for eighteen centuries, and upon the acknowledged necessities, physical, mental, and moral, of the nature of man." This last clause undoubtedly furnishes the most fruitful text for public discussion, and it is on this part of the argument that most emphasis needs to be placed. The testimony of Scripture is not likely to weigh much, either with those who make or with those who enforce our laws. Indeed, there is a large class of minds which, disbelieving in what are commonly called the "divine sanctions" for the Sabbath, are very apt to refuse to support a movement for the preservation of the institution, so long as these sanctions are urged as the pretext for action.

These things being understood, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to make much of those grounds of common effort on which all classes of believers and non-believers can stand together; for we want the help of people outside churches to keep the day from being given over to worse and worse desecration. It is not possible to overestimate the blessing of Sunday merely as a day of rest from physical toil, and the tendency of modern life to lay upon us activities that are more and more intense continually enhances the value of this boon which the piety of the past has given us. But, when rest means only pleasure, then pleasure soon comes to mean business also. Half the world finds employment in helping the other half to its Sunday amusements. The door thus opened to gainful pursuits is pushed more widely open year after year; and, if present tendencies go unchecked, one does not see why the day of rest may not be lost entirely at last. Certainly, it is none too soon to call a halt to some of these tendencies, even if we are thinking only of the interests of those who toil so hard during six days of the week that they need the seventh for physical recuperation.

Again, the opportunities which the Sabbath affords to the masses of men for intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture are such that its preservation is a matter of the greatest consequence to our higher civilization. We, of course, maintain that the influence of the Sunday services in our churches throughout the land is of incalculable benefit, though there are many respects in which we should like to amend the teaching that comes from most of these pulpits. Unless the mind has been so warped by prejudice as to render it incapable of just views, it is hard to understand how any intelligent person can fail to set the highest value upon the ministrations of the church, taken as a whole. Then, as public libraries and art museums are coming to be opened at least during some part of Sunday, and with the leisure that the day brings to the common people to read with a mind freed from the heavy cares of the week, it seems as if every lover of his kind should fight hard rather than surrender the Sabbath back to those grasping, worldly interests from whose hard hand it has been won.

It is to be hoped that this new league will adopt no tone of meaning to revive and enforce an outworn type of Sabbatarianism. To insist, for example, that public reading-rooms should be closed and Sunday newspapers should cease to be published would be a great mistake. Churchmen may band together to keep the Sabbath as they please; but, when it becomes a question of procuring or enforcing legislation on the subject, and of winning the better element outside churches to help in saving the day from being utterly swallowed up in a tide of

worldliness, the line of defence should be drawn where people who are looking only to the reasonable well-being of society will be willing to take their stand.

On the other hand, if any word of ours could reach those who are refusing to make any contest for the better use of the Sabbath because some one else believes in divine sanctions for the institution which they do not acknowledge, we should like to remonstrate with them on the folly of their proceeding. So long as the demands of the Sabbath Protective League are fair and reasonable, all reasonable men and women should help to enforce them. Whether the motive be to secure only what is plainly for the advantage of society at large or to obey what is regarded as an express divine command, while people can agree on the practical measures to be taken, and are confronted by strong forces which care neither for the will of God nor the good of man, their division on matters of theory is always an invitation to defeat.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

The great gathering of Christian Endeavorers from all parts of the world in convention in Boston has been a marked event. In every way it was successful, and this powerful movement deserves a candid and careful study. That in fourteen years a single society, formed without any idea of the future before it, but bent on a local work, should increase to more than forty thousand, and spread world wide, embracing a membership of two and a half millions, and generate a high enthusiasm and consecration in Christian work, is a phenomenon not to be passed by with indifference or a sneer. What, then, is the spirit and purpose of this organization?

It is rooted in three features,—the taking of the pledge to be loyal to Christ and his Church, the consecration meeting, and a system of committees by which its practical service for Christ is performed. These cardinal principles are insisted upon. Efforts to form Endeavor Societies without these three features, we are told, have been short-lived. The work of the organization has been done by the voluntary service of members. Hence the outlay of money to keep the vast organization going is trifling. This removes at once the perils which come from a large class of paid officials, and the work is better done because it is inspired by consecrated service. Each society is connected with some church; but there is also great flexibility and adaptability to circumstances, doctrines, church polity, and ecclesiastical conditions in all lands, but in every case the three features above named are insisted on. "It is the proud boast," says President Clarke, of this society, "and it is no empty boast, that it is as loyal to its own church as any purely denominational society possibly can be." At the same time it claims not to represent a sect, but "the undivided evangelical young people of America." And the fellowship, we are assured, for the last year has been growing broader and more complete; "and this fellowship," adds President Clarke, "is necessary to future successes, as is proved by past victories. Thus it is declared that denominational loyalty and love are only more marked when we are bound together in an alliance offensive and defensive against the hosts of evil. It is true in Christian Endeavor ranks, as never before in the history of Christendom." The president closes one of his addresses with this exhortation: "Then let us enlarge our boundaries, Christian Endeavorers, not for the sake of the organization, but for the sake of the kingdom, because enlargement means a larger federation, a sweeter fellowship, a wider unity, a stronger army to fight against hoary and venerable wrongs. Let us enlarge our fellowship for no selfish motive, but because the God-given successes of the past show that enlargement means the spread of the intense devotional idea for which Christian Endeavor stands, because it means civic purity, missionary extension,—the world for Christ."

This breadth of fellowship, it is true, is limited to all "evangelical" Christians; but, in justice to truth, we should add that the Endeavorers represent a broad type of "evangelical" Christianity, and that they as a whole are more intent on making practical Christians than theological zealots.

The tone of the speaking during the late meetings was directed toward an improvement of the world we live in, so that here and now our lives may be purer and happier. While the importance of missions and distinct efforts for the conversion of men were urged with earnestness, great emphasis was also placed on the importance of still more aggressive efforts for the reform of existing evils. "Push things!" was the cry. Awaken, and keep awake righteous public sentiment! "The Endeavor Society is a quick and tender conscience in these matters among the young men of the community. It is an indignation meeting against misrule and corruption which never adjourns. Its true mission, as of every similar organization, is to awaken and to keep awake righteous public sentiment, until organized wickedness slinks away abashed and ashamed of itself. Not as an organized society, but as well-organized individuals, simply because we are followers of Christ, the righteous, let us stand everywhere for the right. Do not be content with overthrowing one Tammany in New York and another in Chicago. Do not be content until a Tammany in America is forever an impossibility. Do not be content until a corrupt political deal is impossible and intolerable as an open cesspool would be in your own parlor. Follow the flying foe. Push things. The sword of the Lord and of Christian Endeavor!"

A society of young people inspired by a lofty religious enthusiasm, planted in the very heart of thousands of churches bound together by a sacred pledge to work for the highest good of men, stirred by a Christ-like love for the sinful and suffering, and giving themselves by personal consecration to noble ends and with a sublime audacity of faith in the truth and power of the love of God to reconstruct the world,—a society with such a spirit and aim, though it may have clinging to it some of the errors of the old theology, is a mighty force in helping forward the fulfilment of the prayer of Jesus,—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

A telegram from Paris informs us that the French Chambers have voted in favor of making a treaty with the United States in which arrangements are to be made for the settlement of all questions in dispute between the two nations by arbitration. No details beyond the brief telegram have as yet reached us. The movement itself is very important as an indication of what we hope in the future will be adopted by the great nations as an established policy. There are several reasons which make it probable that something of this kind will become a necessity. The very great improvement both in weapons and ammunition have already made war so expensive and destructive that no first-class nation can carry on for any length of time without ruinous exhaustion of men and money. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in a brief article in the *Century*, has very convincingly shown this. The changes made since the battle of Gettysburg have been so great that, if the rifle and present improved field guns had then been in use, they would probably have destroyed every man in the assaulting lines in Pickett's famous charge. There is no reason to suppose that we have reached the limit of improvements. The constant changes every year show that we are still making a rapid advance in the attainment of still greater destructive results. Already no exposed charge can be attempted against a well-fortified line without certain destruction of those who make it. Two armies in the open field can destroy each other with swift certainty, and even the one which holds the ground will gain the victory by an enormous sacrifice of life. In addition to the fearful destructiveness and cost of war is the loss which comes from the derangements of trade. The commercial relations between different nations are now so varied and extensive that a war would bring a wide-spread financial disaster, reaching from the home of the humble worker to the national treasury. It is this condition of affairs which makes rulers shrink from war. Formerly great nations engaged in wars of conquest to enlarge their dominions and increase their power: now these are not undertaken on the grand scale of olden times, but governments enter into a tacit agreement as to what territory each may acquire, and, when

disputes arise, they try to settle them by diplomacy instead of an appeal to arms.

Notwithstanding all this, we are also confronted with the fact that the great European nations are bending their energies and pouring out their money in the organization of vast armies and in the invention of new and more destructive weapons. France and Germany are armed to the teeth, and, cherishing bitter memories of the past, like two angry lions are waiting and watching for the favorable opportunity to rush at each other. The war spirit is uppermost, and probably they will be in no mood to consider the question of international arbitration until after the exhaustion and ruin of another war. Looking at the world from this standpoint, it would seem that we are farther than ever from realizing the hope of a general peace among nations. Perhaps this is one of the ways by which we are at last to reach the establishment of international arbitration. Already Germany, Austria, and Italy have formed a triple alliance; and it is reported that Russia and France have done the same. May we not at least hope that this is the beginning of a policy which in its future development will embrace all nations?

There are other aspects of the question which point to this desired end. The intense industrialism and the higher influences of literature and Christianity are weakening the power of the war spirit, and the people are beginning to protest against a policy which makes such vast expenditures necessary. Already the people are taxed nearly to the point of endurance. Italy is on the verge of bankruptcy, and France and Germany are draining their resources. The rulers find it hard to get the needed military appropriations without earnest appeals to patriotism and national pride. From present indications legislatures will soon demand a halt. It seems almost certain that statesmen will be confronted with the question, How can we reduce our warlike expenditures? This will lead them seriously to consider whether this cannot best be done by establishing an International Court of Arbitration, backed by the united military force of the world to maintain its decisions. This would enable each nation largely to reduce its force, the ratio of reduction being mutually agreed upon. No one expects so radical a change will be adopted at once. The vote of the French Chambers is only the first step. But the considerations given above clearly point as the results of the evolution of history to the ultimate establishment of a court of international arbitration.

Musings.

THE universal language has not come yet. The universal alphabet is much nearer than the universal tongue. The universal alphabet was born in America. It came in when the lightning was taught to write with a pen three hundred or three thousand miles long. The lightning was illiterate. It could make all sorts of crow-tracks on the sky, as a boy may scribble aimlessly on his slate. But they did not mean anything, and they looked almost as jagged on the clouds as the angular system of penmanship which is still fashionable and ugly. But, when Morse invented the telegraph, he found it necessary to invent an alphabet which the lightning was capable of using. The common alphabet was out of the question with his instrument. So the combination of dots, dashes, and spaces known as the Morse alphabet was contrived, and became identified completely with that telegraphic system. Morse made it for the eye. He had no idea that it would soon be read by the ear more quickly than it could be read by the eye, that it would literally be taken "on tick." The writer was not ten years of age before this alphabet had become as familiar to eye and hand as the type in which this is printed. The Morse instrument soon made its way on the continent. Some alphabetical system of dots, dashes, and spaces was needed for its use; but I was not aware that just the same combination was used on the continent. I found it out, however, the other day in a very interesting way. I was in Dol, a little French town of Brittany, and wanted to send a telegram to London. Though my own writing is more legible to me than that of any editor I know of, the operator had doubt about the spelling of a proper name. I was standing close to the instrument, and

immediately put my finger on the Morse telegraphic key and wrote the name. The young man listened with surprise; and his "Ah, oui," and "Je comprends," showed that he had read the message. We compared notes, and found that the alphabet was, as he said, *le même*. Yesterday morning I had occasion to send a message from a local post-office in Paris. The telegraph was behind the counter, where I could not get at it; but, after the girl had taken the message, instead of returning thanks verbally, I took out a latch-key from my pocket, and with the blade of my knife I clicked out *merci*. The girl's face brightened into a sunny laugh, and she recognized me at once as one of the fraternity of telegraphers which a common alphabet had brought into electric affinity.

THE Morse click is not the only American sound which has forced itself upon the ear of Europe in an alphabetical way. The typewriter has crossed the ocean, and has begun to add its American accent to the Babel of other sounds. The typewriter will write as easily in French as in English, as easily in Dutch as in French, and as easily in Italian as in Dutch. A card before me reads, "Vous n'avez plus le temps d'écrire à l'ancienne manière." The French have been prompt to take up this invention. More than one hundred and fifty Remingtons are now in use in the ministerial departments and two hundred among the railroad companies; and others are distributed in various departments of the government. I do not know how far our writing machines have found their way in the English government. But I suspect that it is more conservative in this respect. A few weeks ago I called on one of the most important members of the English cabinet, the Home Secretary. He kindly wished to commend me to one of the prison commissioners, who might give me more detailed information on the subject I was studying. I presumed he would take out his card and write a few words on it, or possibly call a secretary and dictate a note which he might sign. I was surprised to see him take a quill pen, and write an autographic note to the commissioner. The goose-quill seems to me an emblem of the last century; and I was surprised that a man burdened with such a great load of work, whose time seemed so precious that I hesitated to rob him of a single minute, should nevertheless take time to write a note of introduction with a quill pen to a gentleman in a subordinate department of the government. It was a good illustration of the conservatism of English courtesy, or of the Home Secretary's personal conception of the duties of a gentleman.

SUCH matters, after all, are matters of form and etiquette, and depend much upon conventional usage. The question when a man shall use a machine and when he shall use his own hand will in the future be decided with some reference to the saving of time and labor. I know no reason why a man should turn himself into a writing machine when he can get some machine to do the work for him and secure more time for something else. I hold, at any rate, that it is a mistaken courtesy for a man to write with his own hand a letter which the person addressed cannot read when he gets it. It seems more courteous for such people to use a typewriter or to dictate their letters to an amanuensis. How many books would be popular if the readers had to read them from the author's manuscript or from a fac-simile of their handwriting? It does not detract from, but greatly adds to, the pleasure of a reader to have the book in legible print. The author's signature at the beginning may be well enough. Likewise it adds greatly to an editor's pleasure in receiving an article if it is type-written, instead of a mystery of confusions and conundrums. And I hope the time is coming when it will be considered bad manners, as well as bad policy, to send an editor articles in any but good type-written characters. A lady who wrote a private letter by typewriter apologized at the end for writing a postscript in long hand. Her conception of etiquette was both sensible and kindly. There is an individuality in handwriting, I admit; but let it be reserved for signatures on bank checks, letters of credit, Christmas gifts, and other luxuries. It was a delightful surprise, on going into the cathedral of Boston, England, to find the

names of John W. Chadwick and Charles F. Dole on the register in characters as familiar to my eye as are their faces themselves. They were written with a legibility and a self-respect which was becoming in this house of God. They were written to be read, unlike the names of bank presidents and secretaries of the treasury, which are written so as to prevent forgery. I could have sworn that Chadwick and Dole had crossed the ocean and written their names on that book with their own hands. But I may be mistaken; for I knew a member of Congress whose secretary could imitate his signature so exactly that he used to frank all of the senator's letters and gratify people who wanted his autograph. I hope this secretary is not to be held responsible for all the forgery he has committed with his chief's authorization.

Brevities.

The sermon of Rev. Mr. Van Ness is a word for the times. Read it one and all.

As an illustration of the spirit of the times is the fact noted by a lady who opened a charming mountain home for summer boarders. While applicants wrote inquiring about table, rooms, fishing, drives, amusements, drainage, and the like, not one asked about church privileges.

The Duchess of Teck, mother of the Duchess of York, has been slumming in the Whitechapel district. Royalty and poverty knelt before the common Father of all, and joined in prayer, followed by song and kindly words. Thus the rich and poor meet together.

Commissioner Roosevelt puts forth this statement: "All laws are to be enforced, but in the order of their importance. All crimes will be punished, but in the order of their seriousness; and those who think they can divert the labors of the board of police from putting out the conflagration by pointing to bonfires, are foes of good government, allies of the lawless, and are clamoring in vain."

One of the few Christian Endeavorers who visited Franklin Park on Sunday, as he looked around, is reported as exclaiming: "This pleasure ground strikes me as a magnificent illustration of Christianity. It is a humanitarian enterprise for the good of all the people. It must make the multitudes happier and better and safer for that reason. In its people's common and people's parks it is teaching our other cities a great patriotic and Christian duty."

An old Puritan custom has been revived in several towns in Iowa and Minnesota. Children of sixteen years and under are required to be at home when the town bell rings the hour of 9 P.M. Any one under the fixed age found in the streets without a written permit from parents or guardians, is liable to arrest. This is a return to the age of paternalism. Surely, the young who now roam in our streets at night need looking after; for the temptations are fearful.

Chinatown in Boston has also had its open-air meeting, and a native Chinese minister preached. It was a unique and picturesque scene to see the Celestials, with their almond eyes, gazing upon their fellow-countryman as he told the gospel story and set forth the Christian principles, showing that all that was best in the principles of Confucius and other Chinese sages were in keeping with the Bible and the doctrines of Christianity. This is said to be the first step toward organized religious efforts among the Chinese.

The *Advertiser*, in noting the story of the military officer who saw the parting of the waves of the Red Sea caused by a storm, says: "It is too bad to spoil such smug self-complacency; but in the interest of historical precision we are bound to remark that this explanation is exceedingly venerable, has long been familiar to all properly taught Sunday-school boys and girls, is a standard example of Christian 'apologetics,' and was thoroughly set forth in one of a series of lectures delivered in Boston under very orthodox auspices in the year 1872."

Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, and Longfellow—not to mention Whittier, whose Orthodoxy is on a plane with James Freeman

Clarke—are great favorites with the Christian Endeavorers. The Tennessee delegation visited Mount Auburn; and, as they came to the grave of Longfellow, they broke out in song. Others around the cemetery drew near, until they formed quite a gathering. Then it was proposed that they have a service. So one made a prayer, and several of the members repeated passages from the works of the poet; and words were spoken appreciating the value of his poetry and the high influence it has had in the world. It was a spontaneous and hearty tribute which they thus paid to the Unitarian poet.

The gathering of the Universalists in Boston was not overshadowed by the great mass of Christian Endeavorers. The meetings were full and enthusiastic. The question has been asked, Why did not the Universalists join with the larger gathering? The Universalists, it is said, some time ago asked to be allowed to join in the movement, while they retained at the same time their separate denominational existence. This was declined. So the Universalists organized among themselves, and, like Methodists in their Epworth League, worked in their own lines. The young Universalists are full of enthusiasm: they have faith in their own ideas, and are downright in earnest. The Young People's Christian Union has vigorous life, and their proceedings were varied and interesting. We shall give a fuller report of them next week.

Pro and Con.

MAN'S LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

What does man know of God's hidden life, or of the life he has infused into things on our planet? We are continually discovering more and more of the workings and power of his life, in vegetable, insect, animal, and man. Yet no age nor people have been able to understand the thousandth part of what exists in the forms of life around them.

A man must be the perfection of egotism and ignorance to think he knows more than a small fraction of what exists in his own mind and body. The more we study some of the simplest things we ever saw, the more complicated and inexplicable they become to us. And we may refer them to the wisest sages or scientists, and their report is, "We do not know," "We see through a glass darkly."

It would be a great blessing to mankind if all our teachers were as ready to acknowledge their ignorance as Paul was, and as fully conscious of the grand and glorious attainments to be reached by fighting against ignorance and sin. T. M. C.

THE NEED OF ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The value of organization, the enthusiasm that comes from numbers, and the power of symbols in religious work has never been better illustrated than in the Christian Endeavor movement. In the past ten days Boston Unitarians have had before them an object lesson as to what can be done with young people. The *Boston Advertiser* well says in a late editorial, "What other one interest, mercantile, political, or educational, could organize within so few years a society having members in every country on the face of the globe, and bringing together fifty thousand delegates at an annual convention?" Deducting, as we may, for a number of persons who have simply come to Boston in order to have a good time or to spend the summer at New England resorts, deducting also a certain percentage for those who are not especially interested in the Endeavor movement, it still remains a fact that thousands have come to this convention of 1895 because they are sincerely and thoroughly in earnest and interested in religious topics. The question which we must ask ourselves is, What are we doing for and with our young people? Scattered here and there throughout the United States are a number of literary organizations, or Unity Clubs. New England is quite strong in religious guilds, which more or less add to the vitality of our Unitarian churches; but so far there has been no unified movement, no direct object of large importance to draw all these societies together and no single head or

bureau to advise, suggest, create, and stimulate. During the May anniversaries a general feeling showed itself to unite in some more intimate way the guilds and the Unity Clubs. A joint committee looking to this end was appointed, and they have already had one satisfactory consultation. It is the desire of the presidents of the Unity Club Bureau and the National Guild to interest not only the ministers of our respective churches, but also the young people themselves, in this plan of one national Unitarian organization. We write this letter at the present time in order to call the attention of our ministers and leaders of young people's clubs to the subject, trusting that at our national Conference at Washington we may have an informal meeting of all interested for the discussion of a plan which shall unify our various interests, East and West, and give us such large objects and purposes as will arouse the enthusiasm of our young men and women everywhere.

THOMAS VAN NESS,
President of Unity Club Bureau.

LOREN B. MACDONALD,
President of Nat'l Guild Alliance.

THE OIL OF JOY FOR MOURNING.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

When our dear ones are taken from us, belief in an immortal life is the one consolation we can have. If we can think of them freed from all suffering, all infirmities of this flesh, young and joyous, going about their Master's work, our sorrowing hearts take courage again, and turn back to meet the cares of this daily life, rejoicing that those the dear God has taken from us are spared its vicissitudes.

We thank him for the blessing of their lives, their influence surrounds us, we remember and love to dwell on their virtues; and we strive as never before to live up to the examples of charity, honesty, and purity they gave us. We love to read the books they prized, we value every object they touched. The pictures they gazed on, the music they preferred, all become endeared to us. We enshrine them in the most sacred place of our memory, and our own lives receive a certain consecration from communicating with the gentle spirits that have preceded us to the other shore. How differently, alas, the chastening hand of death appears to those whose minds have never accepted the belief in a future life! Their dear ones are gone. The restless heart is still, the keen, bright intellect annihilated, the love, the sweet fragrance of a beautiful nature, all gone,—nothing left but a recollection, no hope of a reunion, no beatific vision of that beautiful soul winging its way to the heavenly mansions.

In hopeless anguish the crushed mourner turns away from the grave, infinite desolation in his soul. What words can comfort him? None. He is forced, perhaps, to live for others, to again take up the burden of life. There are people dependent on him, young children to care for; and so, if he have the strength, he gathers himself together, and puts his shoulder to the wheel. But all the while his heart in wild rebellion is crying out against the cruelty and uselessness of existence. Time will dull his sorrow and bring some alleviation: this is all he can look to until oblivion closes over him, and the grave ends his career.

In God's merciful providence it may or may not make any difference in the world of spirits what poor mortals in their blindness and ignorance think here. We do not see beyond the veil, and cannot know; but it does make an infinite difference to us and to all about us here whether we are uplifted by a divine hope or whether we are doggedly enduring existence.

We meet radiant faces, we come in contact with saintly lives, we see their beauty and their fragrance, we feel the blessings they carry with them, the outpouring of their hearts toward all God's creatures, their recognition of a kinship with all humanity; and we contrast these lives with those of many excellent, upright men and women, who, unilluminated by that Light which alone explains the mystery of our universe, are like ships without a rudder, tossed hither and thither, now drifting idly with the current, now scudding before the winds of adversity, now wrecked on the rock of despair, unhappy, at war with the world, rebellious against fate, and unable to do life's best work.

E. E. JEFFRIES.

CARPE DIEM.

O soul of mine, how few and short the years
Ere thou shalt go the way of all thy kind,
And here no more thy joy or sorrow find
At any fount of happiness or tears!
Yea, and how soon shall all that thee endears
To any heart that beats with love for thee
Be everywhere forgotten utterly,
With all thy loves and joys, and hopes and fears!
But, O my soul, because these things are so,
Be thou not cheated of to-day's delight.
When the night cometh, it may well be night.
Now it is day. See that no minute's glow
Of all the shining hours unheeded goes;
No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows.

—John W. Chadwick.

ANOTHER YEAR OF THE MINISTRY
OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

BY REV. A. D. MAYO, M.A.

If the flight of time is the measure of excellence in any work, surely the way the months have flown since my last summer's talk with the readers of the *Register* should testify to the value of service rendered. Now, just recovered from the noise and confusion of the fifty thousand "Endeavorers," who have kindly combined the pious effort to evangelize Boston with the delights of a summer visit to the Hub, it may be somewhat restful to listen to the plain story of what one man is doing in a work that tries to combine things sacred and secular in that mighty word "Education," which never was freighted with such wondrous fulness and richness of meaning as in these years of our Lord.

I premise by saying that this Ministry of Education includes everything I am able to do from July 4th round to a new Independence Day. It is now fifteen years since I have enjoyed the parson's blessed privilege of a summer vacation. The literary work of the mission becomes more exacting every year, and is necessarily crowded into the four months of summer and autumn residence in Boston. The present summer, perhaps until December, will be filled with constant labor on my projected History of the American Common School, of which the publication will begin, by the National Bureau of Education, probably during the coming winter. It is my object in this, the most extended of all my educational writings, at least to offer to the educational public of the country such a readable, continuous history of this most characteristic American institution as will emphasize the absolute and indispensable relations of the common school to American civilization. In addition to this the preparation of nine new lectures before the Young Men's Christian Union on the general subject, "Our New Teachers," with the labor from which no man or combination of good people seems disposed to relieve me of getting together the moderate fund by which the work of the coming year shall be done, certainly offers small opportunity for rest or recreation. Providentially, my health and ability to labor, so far, have been adequate to the increasing demands of the new years.

After the usual labors of the summer and autumn, from July 1, 1894, to Thanksgiving Day, I transferred myself to Washington, D.C., which I made "headquarters" for field work in the neighboring States of Maryland and Delaware till the opening of spring. There is no part of the country where downright solid work, like the old-time "terrible toiling" of Horace Mann, is more needed than in the older portions of the Atlantic Southern States. Outside of a dozen large cities and towns, Delaware, half of Maryland, and all of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies are fair missionary ground for the educator.

The colored folk, indeed, in some respects can better afford to wait for this great uplift than the majority of their white neighbors, for the same reason that a child has more time before him than his father and mother to prepare for responsible life. The one disability of the Negro—which too often, unfortunately, he does not himself recognize—is the portentous fact that, while every European people of the humbler class has fought its way through the awful discipline of sword, pestilence, and famine, for a thousand years, toward such freedom as it now enjoys, and by this tremendous schooling is reasonably able to appreciate and use, our brother in black was held in the prolonged

childhood of slave society up to the day of his emancipation by a revolution not of his own making, and to which he contributed in no considerable degree. Then, wisely or unwisely, he was shot up to the highest earthly position, republican American citizenship, of which the motive power is mental, moral, social, and industrial self-control. Until several millions of colored children and youth learn that most difficult of all lessons, to "paddle your own canoe," everything done for the race eight millions strong will expose it more and more to the rough collision with the lower ten million of white folk who are its natural rivals in the race of life.

It will be even more important, for the coming five-and-twenty years, that ten millions of uneducated, prejudiced, and provincialized white people of the sixteen Southern States shall be lifted out of their present ways of thinking and feeling than that the Negro shall be stimulated unduly with the expectation of a complete enjoyment of political and social equality. In everything, excepting these final and highest conditions of citizenship, the colored people of the South are to-day enjoying such opportunity for improvement in general intelligence, reliable character, self-supporting and varied industry, and a deliverance from their present home disabilities, and the half-pagan superstition of their church life, as justifies all that has been done, and much that may be hoped for their future. But, in his upward march, the Negro now confronts what may prove his most formidable obstacle to advancement,—the condition of more than ten millions of the lower strata of the Southern white people. South Carolina remains, as it has been for a century past, the barometer of the South. The present determination of the leaders of its dominant "people's party," to place the colored majority under a permanent political and educational disability, is the most dangerous peril that has confronted the race since the early days of reconstruction. We now realize what a calamity befell the South and the country through the defeat of the great measure for national aid to education. It was inevitable that the masses of the Southern white people, sooner or later, would come into that control of public affairs in these States once held by the slave-holding class. The real question twenty years ago was, When this inevitable change takes place, will ten millions of these white people, hitherto the humble followers of the most powerful and ambitious aristocratic class in Christendom, be ready, under their new leadership, to recognize the Negro in his new citizenship, and continue to grant him even such opportunities as he has enjoyed since 1870 under the political administration of his old masters? I repeat, this is to-day the "impending crisis" of this people. And the sooner all the great forces of our American civilization, in every practical way, are brought to bear upon the general uplift of three-fourths the white population of the Southern States, the better will it be, not only for our colored citizens, but for the future of the republic.

For this reason, and in view of the swift-coming years "when no man can work," I am more inclined than ever to concentrate my field work on those portions of the South where the common school is least developed and the unschooled white population most in need of what the common school can do. Our great educators of the North, in their wearisome controversies over the technicalities of the "New Education," the mysteries of "Correlation," and the wonders of a materialistic psychology are strangely forgetting that ninety per cent., even of white young America, is never found in any school after the age of twelve, and that the majority of our new American perils, North and South, are such as eight continuous years of a thoroughly good common school education, with moral and industrious training well stirred in, would cause to disappear in one generation. The condition of the American Negro, twenty years hence, depends far more on what the ten millions of Southern white people who form the strata next above him and the corresponding class of recent foreign extraction in the North may then think and feel about him than on anything that any political party can do for

him in Congress, or all that even the superior education the Northern churches are now imparting to him can achieve. For every law enacted for his political protection will be ignored or defied; and, the more he knows and the more capable he becomes, the less will he be tolerated by the great brute labor-league interest of the North, that everywhere elbows him into the gutter, and the solid column, not of "poor white trash," but of well-enough meaning but narrow-minded Southern people, not yet half convinced that he has the common rights of American citizenship. Our good people who are still orating against the "Bourbons of the South" are simply barking on a worn-out last year's squirrel track, that has already "run up a tree." The old South of forty years ago, with all its merits and demerits, has passed into history, and outside an occasional reminiscence in Congress and the political machine in two or three States, as a public force, no longer exists. It is now this great uprising, unschooled Anglo-Saxon new South—the children of the Confederate soldiery, whose bravery, loyalty to their leadership, and miraculous endurance of all things for what they honestly believed the cause of freedom, home, and country we all admire—that now confronts us. Politically, this excellent and hopeful people is now in the hands of the most dangerous body of leaders ever known in the past century of the republic. Socially and religiously, it is in no condition to deal justly with the awful race problem that, like a threatening apparition, stands right across the highway of its advancement. The most hopeful thing about it is its steady improvement in industrial methods, its strong and self-sacrificing home and neighborhood life, and especially its great awakening, just now, to the need of a better education for its boys and girls.

Everywhere in my visits I find the great mass of these people demanding more and better common schools, thronging my lecture-rooms and the churches everywhere open to me, their young folk listening to the glorious gospel of our new American citizenship, and toiling for their own educational opportunity in a way that carries me back to my own boyhood among the hills of Northern Massachusetts. And it will be high time for the cultivated classes of New England and the West to denounce these people for their present attitude toward the multitude of colored folk with whom they are living, and of the shady side of whose life they are always kept in mind, when the educated Negro citizen, so often a true Christian lady or gentleman, is no longer looked at askance in our churches, told to "move on" at our hotels, compelled to live apart in our cities, and, with now and then a picturesque exception, ignored and practically suppressed.

So, with no lack of interest in all that is being done for the superior schooling of young "Afro-America," I more and more believe that the great need of the South of to-day is just the sort of revival of the common school that some of us remember half a century ago, under Horace Mann, when New England paid less per capita (less than \$3 per annum) for the common schooling of its masses than Texas and Mississippi to-day, and the average wages of teachers (\$12 for men and \$6 for women per month) were less than is now paid to Southern Negro teachers, and as large a proportion of the "native American" children of Massachusetts were in no school as among the white population of Georgia and Alabama to-day. It is not by building new colleges in the South for common school children half so much as by waking up and informing the influential millions of the rising "Third Estate" of the South to demand and obtain more and better common schooling than the meagre four or five months—with all the drawbacks of sparse population, comparative poverty, and unskilled teaching, which is now the only educational heritage of their children—that this great Southern uplift must be achieved.

My own work during the past year remains to be briefly told. The highest point reached in the period given to Maryland and Delaware was a crowded week in Wilmington, the only considerable city in the latter State. I went at the call of the lead-

ing woman's club of that city, who had undertaken the prodigious task of lifting up the rural common schools of their State to real efficiency, and rescuing the children from the hideous nightmare of child labor, which is the barbaric side of the new manufacturing life of the entire South. Beginning with an address at an influential public meeting, presided over by the venerable chief justice of the State, the week was crowded with opportunities for talks to the school children and their teachers, with preaching the gospel according to education in the Unitarian, the Quaker, and the largest Protestant (Methodist) church in the city, all the while in a perpetual conference with the most influential men and women in the little commonwealth. Our closing lecture, "Upper Story Work for American Girls," was given to a congregation that filled Dr. Hurlbut's great Methodist church, with our good Brother Bowser, we believe for the first time, invited to a seat of honor in any evangelical pulpit in the place.

During a two months' spring tour in West Virginia and Kentucky, with a ten days' downward dip to Columbia, S.C., and Nashville, Tenn., I gave sixty public lectures in fifty days, with one exception preached every Sunday to overflowing congregations, travelled two thousand miles, and inspected every sort of school in every place visited. In this deeply interesting tour nothing is remembered with greater pleasure than ten days' lecturing in Berea College, closed by Decoration Day, when a hundred veterans of the 150,000 white soldiers from the South that helped save the Union once more marshalled their failing ranks, while the good captain that raised the first Union flag on Lookout Mountain once more waved the ragged old ensign and told the simple story, while 1,500 people responded, and at least a score of babies in arms were crying for the new education.

One of the most grateful of all the literary tasks connected with this ministry was a month given—at the request of Dr. Curry and United States Commissioner Harris, whose requests are commands—to the preparation of a paper in commemoration of Robert C. Winthrop, in his great service of almost a generation, as president of the Peabody Education Fund, regarded in all its relations and results as the most conspicuous example of educational statesmanship in American history. On the original delivery of this paper in Washington it was claimed for publication by the National Bureau of Education as a suitable testimonial to Mr. Winthrop, and the great work with which he was so honorably connected, and which he declared the most important service he had rendered his country. This paper will appear in the forthcoming Report of the National Bureau of Education. A lecture condensed from it, already delivered at various points in the South, can be offered during the coming months to any association, club, or school that desires to renew its interest in this magnificent philanthropy of George Peabody, and its marvelous results at the beginning of the great Southern movement for the establishment of the common school.

There is only space left to say that probably till December 1 I shall be detained in Boston with constant occupation in connection with my work. Outside of my own personal earnings, I should have on Thanksgiving Day \$2,500 as the minimum outfit for the work of the present year. I do not complain that this money must be largely collected by personal letters and visits to old and tried friends of the ministry and such persons as I may try to enlist to take the places of those who every year pass on. But I am sure, if a hundred people who will read these words and whom I do not know could spend one week with me in any one of a hundred Southern villages to which I am called, I could be saved from this summer weariness of being a beggar for Christ's and the children's sake, and the time well given to the needed rest and recreation of which I have known so little for the past fifteen years that I have quite forgotten the old-time ministerial vacation. My post-office address is 25 Beacon Street, American Unitarian Association Rooms; and my residence is in the large upper chamber, 658 Massachusetts Avenue, which has been my Boston headquarters for the past dozen years. At

either place I shall be happy to meet any of the friends of education during the coming five months.

THE JAPAN MISSION.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

In common (I hope) with many others I have read Rev. Mr. MacCauley's report on the Japan mission. I have been promised an opportunity to speak for the mission at the approaching session of the National Conference, and defer till that time some things I am anxious to say. Meantime I wish to note one or two points.

First, the name of the minister of the First Unitarian Church of Tokyo (who is also superintendent of the Post-office Mission) is Saji, not Laji, as your printer makes it. Mr. Saji was educated by Buddhists as a young man of special promise, and set apart as a public "defender of the faith," the temples thus preparing and supporting him, in the hope that his eloquence might stay the advance of Christianity. But, while loyal to Buddhism, in defence of which he became an orator of national reputation, Mr. Saji perceived that Religion is greater than any form of faith, and began to urge his people to take wider views. Like many another reformer, he found his coreligionists unprepared for his new teachings, and, while holding a high position in the esteem of the people, fell into ecclesiastical disfavor. Disappointed by the unwillingness of Buddhists to look beyond their own narrow circle of thought, he despaired of ever realizing his dream of universal religion. This was his state of mind when our Unitarian mission appeared in Japan. He read our literature, heard our representations, and decided that in Unitarianism is to be found that union of free method with reverent faith which promised the realization of his dreams. He accordingly made public profession of adherence to our principles. Straightway a howl of denunciation echoed from one end of Japan to the other, hardly a magazine or newspaper in the land failing to comment upon his apostasy.

I had heard this story before going to Japan, and expected to find Mr. Saji among the workers. But he was not. He had apparently disappeared from public life, and there were those who said (and some exultantly) that he was not hero enough to brave the criticism his actions had called out. This opinion, as events proved, was most unjust to him. He was, at the time of his profession of Unitarianism, under contract with a publishing house in Tokyo to edit a series of text-books on scientific subjects,—a task of great importance, to which he felt obliged to devote his whole time. One day, while I was in Japan, he appeared at Mr. MacCauley's house, and said that he had on that morning sent to the printers the corrected proofs of the last volume in the series he was editing. "I am now ready," he said, in substance, "to show the sincerity of my former declarations. I am now wholly at the service of Unitarianism. Let me work in any way that I can be of use." From that day to this his loyalty has not wavered; and his usefulness to our cause—that of the largest faith—is incalculable. To have met the needs of such a man, and to have set free such an influence as his among the thinking people of Japan, goes far toward justifying our work in that country. It certainly deserves and should have our cordial and hearty support.

Again, Mr. MacCauley speaks of our many publications in Japanese. I expect to have a full set of those at the National Conference gathering at Washington, and imagine that many will be interested to look them over. They are printed in the strange hieroglyphics of Japan, but in paper, binding, etc., would be a credit to an American publishing house. The report also speaks of the many letters of inquiry received at the mission headquarters,—twenty-five hundred last year,—asking the deepest questions the human mind ever formulated. I have about a hundred of these letters in my possession,—quaint specimens both as to paper and chirography, and doubly interesting when it is remembered that under this strange writing are conveyed deep heart-yearnings after the truth we teach. I shall be glad to give these letters to Branch Alliances, guilds, clubs, or interested individuals. No price is

asked; but, if the request is accompanied or followed by a gift toward the Tokyo library or the publishing fund of the mission, I shall be glad to forward it to Mr. MacCauley and acknowledge it through the *Register*.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS FOR THE CENTRAL WEST.

To the Directors of the American Unitarian Association:

The record of the Central West for the current year must be "the short and simple annals of the poor." The business depression which has been so severe during the past two years was greatly augmented by the total or partial failure of crops in 1894 through nearly all the wide territory lying west of the Mississippi. Not a few churches have found it impossible to maintain a regular minister, while missionary effort has been greatly restricted through lack of funds for its vigorous prosecution. Endeavor has been directed to the sustenance of existing organizations rather than to the creation of new ones.

THE WORK OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Association has directly assisted some forty churches in this district during the year, besides carrying on more or less missionary work at more than twenty-five other points. This work extends from Ohio to Utah and Montana, and from Lake Winnipeg to Oklahoma City. It includes cities like Cincinnati, Duluth, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Sioux Falls, St. Joseph, Wichita, Helena, and Salt Lake, as well as the university towns of Ann Arbor, Iowa City, Lawrence, and Madison. These aided churches and mission points are distributed as follows: Ohio, one; Michigan, six; Illinois, two; Wisconsin, nine; Minnesota, twelve; the Dakotas, eight; Iowa, five; Missouri, three; Kansas, six; Oklahoma, four; Nebraska, one; Colorado, three; Utah, one; Montana, two; Manitoba, seven.

The large majority of the older churches stand as they did a year ago. Changes in pastorates have been comparatively few. Some vacancies have been filled, and some fresh ones have unfortunately occurred. The eastward migration of Rev. S. M. Crothers is still mourned; but the advent of Rev. F. L. Hosmer at St. Louis, of Rev. B. R. Bulkeley at Chicago, of Rev. William R. Lord at St. Paul, of Rev. W. D. Simonds at Madison, Rev. Carlton F. Brown at St. Cloud, and Rev. V. E. Southworth at Janesville, gives cause of congratulation. There is prospect also that our few remaining vacancies will be satisfactorily filled by September.

CHURCH BUILDINGS.

Three new churches have been erected during the year: the beautiful People's Church at Kalamazoo, Mich.; the pretty and unique structure at Perry, Ia.; and, more recently, the neat village church at Cherokee, Ia. The first and last mentioned are wholly paid for, while that at Perry only owes a small sum to the Church Building Loan Fund. It is pleasant to mention in this connection that the church at Greeley, Col., has paid its last instalment to the Loan Fund, and joyously celebrated its freedom.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS.

Under the fostering care of the Illinois Conference the missionary movement at Sterling has taken organic shape, and settled Rev. Seward Baker as its minister. Cherokee, Ia., has also assumed church responsibility, and has invited Rev. B. A. Van Sluyters to its pastorate. Through the earnest efforts of Rev. C. E. Montague, the First Unitarian Church of Cañon City, Col., has been gathered, which, though small, is very much alive, and will thrive unless crushed under the financial pressure that is so severe in the Rocky Mountain region.

MISSIONARY WORK.

The Iowa Conference is still the banner missionary conference. Its energetic secretary, Rev. L. A. Harvey, reports new movements through the State, some of which may be only temporary, while others are full of promise of permanence. Centerville, West Liberty, Ames, Washta, receive frequent visitations; while Ida Grove is the latest and perhaps the most promis-

ing of all these mission points. At Burlington Rev. W. A. Pratt of Keokuk has begun evening services with fair promise. In Wisconsin Rev. T. G. Owen has conducted some encouraging work at Barker, Bert Valley, and Downing, on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railway; and he is earnestly desired in many other places. In Minnesota the chief missionary work is among the Scandinavians, although Rev. F. C. Davis of Winona has a very flourishing movement at Plainview. A country village that will give a week-day congregation of three hundred, with the temperature twenty below, has both zeal and endurance. Kristofer Jansen remaining in Norway, Rev. A. H. Norman has succeeded to his work in Minneapolis and Western Minnesota. While Nazareth Church has suffered somewhat by Mr. Jansen's departure, that at Madelia has been specially flourishing. A Scandinavian Free Church has been organized at Crookston, Minn. Rev. J. J. Brauti has preached and lectured as the Association's missionary up and down the Red River Valley, with headquarters at Grand Forks, where he holds regular Sunday services. Rev. Helen G. Putnam, the devoted secretary of the Minnesota Conference, has organized a church at Detroit, which she is quietly nursing into strength. In South Dakota Rev. J. L. Andrew is our missionary. Besides preaching three Sundays a month at Sioux Falls, he has held services in nine other cities and towns, including Pierre, the State capital, Worthing, Miner, Artesian, etc. In Southern Kansas Rev. W. S. Vail preaches in the morning at Wichita, in the afternoon at Valley Centre, and in the evening at Newton, meeting the wants of three localities each Sunday. Rev. C. H. Rogers, who went to Oklahoma City eighteen months since, has not only organized a church and secured a chapel in that city, but has formed a second society in Guthrie, to which he ministers Sunday evenings, and has some four or five mission posts for week-day visits. Rev. Stephen Peebles held a series of eighteen very satisfactory meetings in Carbondale, W. Col., during the winter and spring, and is earnestly urged to resume them next autumn. Reports from Montana show that Mr. Crooker and the Helena church are steadily growing in influence, and are an increasing power for good all through the State. Mr. Crooker has recently secured an efficient ally in Rev. J. D. Reid of Great Falls, whose church, while nominally independent, is heartily one with us in spirit and purpose. Mr. Crooker and Mr. Reid are planning a tour of evangelization through the State in the early autumn, which will arouse much interest, and from which excellent results are expected.

ICELANDIC MISSION.

As was foreshadowed in my last report, the death of Mr. Peterson necessitated the withdrawal of Rev. M. J. Skaptason from the northern settlements, and his establishment at Winnipeg. The Winnipeg mission has prospered under him. The congregations have increased, new interest has been awakened, debts have been paid, and the church is looking hopefully forward to better times. Meanwhile Mr. Skaptason, in old country fashion, makes three pastoral visits a year to his five northern churches, preaching, baptizing, confirming, marrying, and is welcomed with greater eagerness each recurring visit. A new Icelandic organization has been formed at Selkirk West, which is in charge of an earnest layman, although under Mr. Skaptason's direction and supervision.

One of our oldest and most faithful workers has during the year been called to the higher service,—Rev. Sylvan S. Hunting. Mr. Hunting's work in the West began in Detroit, Mich., before the war. He served as a chaplain in the Army of the Tennessee. Afterward he was minister at Quincy, at Indianapolis, at Davenport, and at Des Moines. He also served for some years as Western secretary of the Association. He was a genial friend, a conscientious counsellor, a courageous advocate of truth and right. He rests from his labors, and his works are his monument.

The field is wide, and in many parts is full of promise. The laborers also seem plentiful, and anxious to enter upon the work. When the time shall come that our means are equal to our opportunity, there will be abundant and glorious harvest.

T. B. FORBUSH,
Supt. for Central West.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

BY DR. J. E. ROBERTS.

The Church has urged it upon men for a great many generations that their duty is to love God. One might just as well have said their duty is to love classical music. I have seen a thousand people, I should think, from an audience of two thousand, leave the hall while Edward Remenyi was playing his violin. It was not music to them. They did not care to stay: they were sorry they came, and they went away. But to bring them back, and to say to them, "Thou shalt love this music," would be as rational as to say to a human soul, "Thou shalt love God." Not a single bound, but a slow process of growth, and sometimes marked by painful effort. With this always for an encouragement and sustenance,—that, wherever a human soul feels the throb and response of love for anything in God's universe that is beautiful or true or good, he is beginning to love God. I think that, when that poet said that he always felt like making an apology for treading upon a violet, or felt like taking off his hat in response to a bowing field of grain, that he was already entering into the presence of the everlasting, and feeling upon the shores of his life those waves that rise out of the immeasurable deep of feeling and passion that will some time meet and mingle upon the shores of the Infinite. This growth in the love of God ought not, because it is slow, to discourage one. I think we must confess, when we are frank about it, when we are honest and admit it without explanation or excuse, that there are a great many things about the Infinite's works that we do not love: we do not know how to love them. We do not love the winter that kills the fields and makes them sere and brown, and hides all the flowers for their long sleep; but we love the flowers when they come again, and the trees, when out of the silent mystery they put on their garments of beauty. And some time we shall love even the frost that kills and the winter that wraps the mantle of death about the earth. We love life now, with its enthusiasm and its joy; but we do not love death. We shrink from that,—nay, we hate it. But the time may come when even its face shall be kindly to us, for we shall see that it is part of God's plan. We love joy and gladness now, and our heart leaps up to meet them; but we shrink from the disappointment and murmur at tears. But the time may come when, looking back, we shall see that there were not only beauties in the universe which the darkness of the night alone revealed, but there were virtue and strength and powers within us which nothing could have matured unless they had been wrapped in the darkness or beaten by the storm and tempest of tears and grief. So that, if we love a little now anything of the world of God, let us believe that we are beginning to love—nay, that we are loving—the Infinite. If any person represents or illustrates to us qualities that evoke friendship and inspire love, let us believe that to us there is in the human way a revelation of God. So the human friendships, the human loves, are God's revealing. We cannot so love without loving the highest, without loving God himself. And there is, too, a certain responsibility involved in this. The responsibility is measured by the degree of moral growth or spiritual attainment. If we love God, then we owe him but one thing; and that is the only thing one ever had or ever can have to give in this world or in any world,—himself. If a man had it in his power to give all the world beside, I fancy it would weigh light when matched against himself. And never till we reach this view-point can we know how divine a thing religion and love and friendship are, until we get away from the idea that they can be measured or valued or represented by anything external to ourselves, until we know that there is nothing that we can give the Infinite or that the Infinite wants of us, who has all things, and that, when we come into his sacred presence of love, there is only one offering that we can bring,—ourselves. This much the humblest may give: the mightiest can give no more. And this religious service, these things we do,—this worship, this meeting, these prayers, this form,—are nothing,—nothing but the attempt of the unspeakable to syllable itself forth. The soul finds itself then at last in this conscious oneness with the Infinite, where it

looks down on human life, and is itself law-giver, revealer, Bible, redeemer,—at once the giver and the gift. And our religion comes to be this when our love of God has attained those heights. Then the prattling tongue of controversy will cease; then casuistry will be dumb; then over vain and garrulous pride there will steal a respectful and becoming silence, and we shall know the ecstasy of a perfect love that casts out fear. Because love is linked with the Infinite, it must therefore be mysterious; because it is so high as to transcend our thought, it must therefore baffle our philosophy. I think, standing here in the face of all that is inexplicable, against which we cry out, that the very voicelessness of this Sphinx-like mystery of human life is a better pledge of the Infinite for life's complete fulfilment than any explanation or demonstration would be. I believe that I am honest when I say that I had rather walk out into the shadow that lies just beyond this visible, friendly, familiar life—walk out through that shadow and face the unknown, with no pledge but the eternal silence of God—than I would be with any demonstration that is possible to us. So this love of God carries with it its responsibilities of trust. It is idle, weak, futile, vain, to speculate. Who can understand it? But, over against that, who may not feel the ineffable throb of life's sympathy with God; who may not feel spirits, blest and beautiful, that hold up life lest it dash itself against a stone; who cannot see in the deepest dark of grief's concealing night those kindly, quenchless stars; and who may not know that it is the soul's divinest opportunity, its highest privilege, its crowning, consummate joy, to so love and trust as that, dashed and broken by a tempest or on life's halcyon sea, threading the darkness with bleeding, bruised feet or sitting among flowers and listening to the murmur of the waters of Paradise, living here or going into some other world than this, this life, fragment of the everlasting ray of uncreated light, is so closely bound and bonded to the Infinite there is for it no failure, no falling away, but eternal and endless fulfilment?

EXAMINATIONS IN CHINA.

The Chinaman does not sit at a desk for three hours and then go out again. Once he is in, whether he like it or not, he must stay there for three days. And, as he has to provide for his own wants during that time, he requires a great deal besides his writing materials. Some rice will be issued by the government on the second day, but probably not on the first and third; and, in any case, it will very possibly be of doubtful quality, so that he will do well not to trust to it. He therefore lays in a substantial stock of provisions,—cooked rice, biscuits, ham, hard-boiled eggs, anything that will keep and will not give trouble in preparing. Still, he generally takes a tiny stove and some charcoal, so that he can warm up anything if he desires to do so. His teapot and teacup and a stock of tea he will be quite certain to remember. The attendants will bring him hot water when wanted. Matches and candles should not be forgotten, nor his pipe and tobacco, if he be a smoker. Then, though the days may be hot, the nights will be cold. He must have extra clothing to put on in the evening, and a large, thickly wadded quilt, which, wrapped around him, will serve at once as a blanket and a quilt when he goes to sleep at night. Lastly, his cell is exposed to the rays of the sun if the sky be clear, or the rain may beat in if the weather be wet. He should therefore have a light screen and an oilskin sheet which he can hang up if required. All these things together form a load which will tax his strength pretty severely when he comes to carry them into the place. This probably he will have to do himself, as, wherever the rules are strictly observed, no servant or porter is allowed to pass through the portals.

The tests being distributed, the candidate is free to occupy himself with them as he likes. "He may work, sleep, or eat at whatever hours he pleases. He may chat with his neighbors if he finds any inclined for relaxation." But he has to make a home of his cell for two nights. On the third day he must deliver up his paper and depart before dark, and he may do so as early as he

pleases. After one night's rest at home the candidates reappear for the second set of papers. After three days again comes a night's rest, and then the hall is entered for the last time. The length of stay is the same; and, when it is at an end, the contest is finished. "The examination," says Mr. Bullock, "is a pretty severe trial to any one of a weak constitution. A death in the enclosure is not a very rare thing; and sicknesses are often caused, either by the heat, if the weather be particularly fine and clear, or by the cold and damp, if it be wet and windy. Still, the delicate-looking Chinese scholars, men utterly unused to active exercise, support the inevitable hardship and discomfort better than the infinitely more vigorous and athletic young gentlemen of England could do."—*The Schoolmaster (in Journal of Education.)*

THE POOR IN HOT WEATHER.

It would be impossible to estimate the sufferings of the poor in the great cities during the unusually hot weather of the past week, huddled as they are more closely together in the tenement-houses than the law would permit the packing of cattle. One must see the conditions under which they live before he can believe that human beings would remain in such surroundings. The little closet-like rooms are so stifling that to remain in them would mean certain death. Consequently, the whole population of our East-side tenements seek the street. There in the early morning hours can be seen women whose haggard looks plainly show that they have had a sleepless night, walking up and down with infants in their arms, who, were it not for their feeble cry, you would think had already passed to the great beyond. We are told that this tenement-house property is the best kind of investment, that a higher percentage can be made on it than upon property in the best parts of the city. The law seems powerless to protect the poor in this instance, and the landlord is merciless.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

FOR BROADER FELLOWSHIP.

A circular has been issued by the committee appointed last year at the meeting at Athol extending a cordial and fraternal invitation to all Christian ministers, Catholic or Protestant, of whatever name, to meet on Tuesday, July 23, at the town hall of Ayer. The former circular thus described the object of the meeting: "This gathering is intended to bring together all ministers who may accept the invitation as fellow-workers, brothers, and neighbors. The purpose of the meeting is to testify to our mutual friendliness, to recognize such aims as we may have in common, and to raise the question whether there is anything we can do by co-operation more than we are now doing to promote the great object to which we should be devoted." This is another indication of the reaching after a broader fellowship and union among Christians.

Spiritual Life.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude.*

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers.—*Charles Dickens.*

There never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Walter Scott.*

The really brave man is never cruel, for bravery is far more than physical courage: it is moral, and has in it a heart of womanly tenderness. Manliness and strength and bravery are most highly developed only in the soul that is fullest of love.—*Philip St. Ford Moxom.*

Take the little task, no matter how small it is, which is committed to your care, and put all the skill, the patience, the loving service in it that an angel could put in, and you have shown yourself an angel in doing it. That is all you need to worry about.—*M. J. Savage.*

To stand upon our own feet, to exercise a manly self-reliance, to maintain our own convictions, let the opposition be what it may, to cultivate the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness for our fellow-men, and, above all, to be steadfastly devoted to an ideal life-aim,—that is what we understand by living a spiritual life.—*A. W. Martin.*

Of course there is moral light in good deeds and in good words; but there is far more in good lives. Good words and deeds are flashes of light in darkness; but good lives are candles, torches, beacons, never-setting stars, that burn steadily and light our paths all the way through the journey of earth.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

The great duty of God's children is to love one another. This duty on earth takes the name and form of the law of humanity. We are to recognize all men as brethren, no matter where born or under what sky or institution or religion they may live. . . . The law of humanity must reign over the assertion of all human rights.—*William Ellery Channing.*

Grievous as the sins of our day are, there is a noble spirit of earnest thought, of universal inquiry, of manly independence, and heroic enterprise,—a spirit like that which brooded over the primeval chaos, or the soul of spring heaving under the dissolutions and melting snows of winter. This spirit is among the people, and it will stand by the man who trusts it.—*C. H. McAnney.*

Master of Life, you took your instrument, And, with your pity, on the living wall Of lives about you smote a message. Blent Of every surest sign earth's little ball Hath to speak God with, was your mighty call.

Your message was your life impressed on men.

Ah! lover, friend, and brother, this was all.

Your life was pity. Live forever, then!

—*Hannah Parker Kimball.*

The Sunday School.

The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in the city of Boston is keeping its Sunday-schools open with hardly an exception during the summer. This is true of Parker Memorial (3 P.M.), Bulfinch Place Church (10.30 A.M.), Church of the Unity, South Boston, and New South Church (10.30 A.M.).

The inquiry is constantly made by our Sunday-school workers for a liberal commentary on the Bible, and it has been a source of lament that such a work does not exist. This deficiency is to be remedied,—in a short time, we trust. Dr. Orello Cone, so well known for his ability, and Prof. G. L. Cary, president of the Meadville Theological School, with associates, are preparing such a much needed help. The character of the authors guarantees a satisfactory result.

This is the time when churches and Sunday-schools are sending contributions to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, and will be even more actively doing this in the autumn. We state what can be done to help on this worthy organization. A contribution to the funds of this society by any Unitarian parish or Sunday-school connected therewith shall entitle such parish, either directly or by its Sunday-school, to appoint three persons who shall be members of this society for the term of one year, beginning with the first day of October next following the receipt of such contribution; and such persons shall be designated delegate members. All members constituted as above shall be entitled to vote and act at all meetings of the society. A payment of ten dollars at any one time shall constitute a person a member of this society for life. A church or Sunday-school can have life members made from their donations, if they are sufficiently large, by sending names with the contributions.

Those who are planning for autumn excursions should bear in mind the Unitarian National Conference, which will hold sessions at Washington, D.C., from October 21 to October 25. Among the meetings of importance at that time is the one which will occur Tuesday evening, October 22, in the interests of our young people. The speakers will be President G. Stanley Hall, Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. They will treat topics which relate not only to the personal welfare of young men and young women, but also have reference to the denominational interests of our body. Our future is in the hands of the young people is something that we often say, but the realization of this great truth ought to show itself in a sturdier and more zealous treatment of the questions which belong to the religious and moral education of our young people.

The meeting on Tuesday evening will communicate, we trust, both information and inspiration.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

BOSTON COMMON.—The services under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in the city of Boston Sunday afternoons on Boston Common continue with success. The attendance is larger now than at the first, and the singing is better. The listeners remain throughout, and even on the outer edge there is very little moving to and fro. It has been found that a cornet, well played, is the best instrument for leading the congregational music. The clergymen who have spoken once seem desirous of addressing this out-of-door congregation again. Certainly, the experience is somewhat novel. It may be said that the results are highly satisfactory, viewed in any aspect. Last Sunday, though the service was begun under a threatening sky, it is estimated that there were at least eight hundred earnest listeners. Rev. William Key spoke on "Christ and Christianity." This, he said, was still living. The Christian Endeavor movement and the work of the Salvation Army prove this. The people who are at the head of these two great religious movements of our times are men who have been brought up in the spirit of Christ, and have imbibed the spirit and truth of the gospel of Christianity as we find it in the Sermon on the Mount. Rev. Mr. Crothers, who followed, spoke chiefly of the necessity for loyalty to two good things which had been gained, which were a free government and a free religion. The one thing that we have learned, he asserted, is that justice concerns every one of us; and it behooves everybody to show perfect loyalty to the institutions which are a result of justice. Christ taught a kind of religion so simple that it was exactly equal for every man. He said of the poor woman that she did the best she could. That was the great lesson for men to learn,—not to do the best that anybody else can do, but to do the best that he can do himself. Rev. Mary T. Whitney and Rev. C. F. Dole were announced as the speakers for next Sunday afternoon.

ATHOL, MASS.—Second Church: Every available space in the church was occupied Thursday afternoon, July 11, when Rev. Carl G. Horst was formally installed pastor of the Second Unitarian Society. The installation proper was by the congregation, represented by E. V. Wilson, Esq., who delivered an address which we give below. This part of the service was not an innovation, as some might think, but the old Congregational form, bequeathed to us by the fathers of our faith, and involving a principle dear to every loyal Unitarian Congregationalist. Rev. M. J. Savage gave a soul-stirring sermon on "The Functions of the Ministry in our Modern Life." Rev. W. W. Fenn gave the "Charge to the Pastor," which will be long remembered by those who were privileged to hear his noble plea that the minister should be the voice of the ideal. Rev. Mr. Green of Petersham offered the invocation; Rev. Mr. Parsons of Greenfield, the installing prayer; and Rev. D. H. Rogan of Athol, the closing prayer. Rev. Charles P. Lombard read carefully selected passages from Ecclesiasticus as Scripture lesson. Rev. S. W. Sutton of Athol extended the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. A. F. Bailey of Barre gave the address to the people:—

"Being a Unitarian society, we are a Congregational body; that is, we manage, control, and direct our own affairs. Our form of government is a pure democracy. Every member has an equal voice in the management of the society. We determine what officers shall be chosen, and we elect them; who shall be admitted to membership, and the manner in which they shall be admitted. We choose our pastor or minister, he holds that office during the pleasure of both parties, and then we dismiss him. And all these acts are subject to no revision or investigation by bishop, council, presbytery, convention, or synod. Our ministers are not sent to watch over us as theological policemen. The church has the same authority to ordain and install its ministers that it has to determine who they shall be. If the ceremony is performed by another minister, his authority so to do is wholly derived from the church for which he acts. Recognizing this, the ceremony of installation in Unitarian churches is frequently, if not usually, performed by a layman, a member of the society who is selected by the church to represent it for that purpose. You have been selected by the practically unanimous vote of this society to become its pastor, and you have accepted our call; and, by virtue of that acceptance and the authority of this society, I now install you as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Athol.

"There is something worth noting in the mutual agreement by which the relation of pastor and people is assumed. It is not

simply a union of sentiment at the beginning of the relation, but it signifies that there should be the same union of sentiment during its continuance. The pew and the pulpit are to work together. There are certain duties that devolve on each; and each must perform its part if this church shall be all and do all that becomes a Christian church. We pledge you our earnest support, and will ask for no truer loyalty on your part than we show on our part. We ask you to subscribe to no creed, but we ask you to preach the faith. We recognize that, as one's knowledge broadens, his belief changes: what is miraculous to the child is commonplace to the man. But, while beliefs change, faith remains. The truth, so far as we know the truth, is our creed: and nothing that is true is heresy. We ask you to broaden our knowledge of the truth and to strengthen our faith. There are those of deep religious convictions in this congregation. To them the Unitarian faith should be presented in all its beauty and fulness. Many who are not Unitarians, and too many who claim that they are, think that the Unitarian creed is a denial of certain articles in the creeds of other churches. It is no doubt true that the Unitarian movement was a protest against a Christianity that was unchristian, a humanity that was inhuman; but it was not then, nor is it now, a denial of all belief. The Unitarian Church has a living, vital faith; and that faith we ask you to preach. Those truly religious souls who are the saving salt in every congregation are no more satisfied by preaching only the old denials than a famished man would be at a restaurant where the bill of fare, from top to bottom, is 'We have not any.' Preach to us the faith.

The pulpit in a Unitarian church is a rostrum from which the truth may be spoken without fear of the charge of heresy or dread of the ban of excommunication. Every question that touches the religious side of man, every problem that affects him intellectually, morally, or spiritually, may be looked squarely in the face and fairly discussed. It is a frequent complaint that the pews are empty, that many do not go to church; but the pulpit that has something to say will not have to talk to empty pews. The questions of the day are proper topics for the pulpit. We care little for the sin of the Adam that was, but we care much for the conduct of the Adam that is. The prophets of old discussed present topics; and the prophet of to-day, if he is a prophet, will discuss live issues. If he has a message, he will not lack for hearers. Our Emerson says,—

"Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit":

but the nations in these closing days of the nineteenth century sit only at the feet of those prophets whose faces are set toward the dawn of the twentieth century. Preach to us the faith, the faith of to-day. Teach us the truth, the truth of to-day. In the pulpit and out of it, be thou our pastor; and in the church and out of it we will be thy people."

BAR HARBOR, ME.—The arrangement of services for the summer of 1895 of the Unitarian church is as follows: July 21, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; July 28, Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.; August 4, Rev. S. M. Crothers, minister of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass.; August 11, Rev. S. M. Crothers, minister of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass.; August 18, Rev. Bradley Gilman, minister of the Third Congregational Society, Springfield, Mass.; August 25, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, minister of the Channing Religious Society, Newton, Mass.; September 1, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, minister of the First Unitarian Congregational Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.; September 8, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The action of the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, says a correspondent, is significant, as showing the unconscious progress of Unitarian thought. While still holding to the independent name and position, after hearing some of the best available candidates of liberal orthodox views, the call was finally extended to a life member of the American Unitarian Association, the vote being unanimous on first ballot. The people of Battle Creek say that they want positive, constructive thought based on good, sound philosophy. The period of negation has passed for them. While the fellowship of the church is on a purely ethical basis, the worshippers are devoutly religious. Last Sunday being Children's Day at the Independent Congregational Church, the platform and organ were transformed into a little floral paradise. "The morning sermon by Rev. Mr. Horner," says the Battle Creek Journal, "was one of marked ability and excellence, upon the spiritual unity of Father and child, the possibilities of our individual lives reaching a higher standard, refuting the

pessimistic thought of to-day that the world is growing worse instead of better. The whole sermon was one of an elevating tone, and leading us to look upward and aim at the only perfect example,—that of Christ."

BERKELEY, CAL.—From the *Pacific Unitarian* we glean the following: "The church at Berkeley will remain open during the summer. On June 2 the pastor held simple and touching memorial services for the Colima victims, eulogizing Prof. Harold Whiting and his wife, who, with their charming children, were so identified with every interest of our church."

DENVER, COL.—After the regular morning service last Sunday the members of Unity Church held a called meeting, at which time it was decided by unanimous vote to grant their pastor, Rev. N. A. Haskell, a vacation during the months of July and August. Another vote, which also expressed the unanimity of the congregation, was one of thanks and appreciation of Mr. Haskell's work in Denver during the past two years as a minister and a man. During his short stay of two years seventy-five new members have been taken into the church. Were it not for his wife's serious and protracted illness at their home in California, Mr. Haskell would have continued the work so well begun; and it is with mutual regret that the relations between pastor and people are thus dissolved.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Four years ago Unity Church, which had been built during Dr. Fay's pastorate, was burned; and the sum of \$8,000 was realized from the sale of the lot and insurance, after all debts had been paid. The congregation purchased their present edifice and lot from the Baptists for \$25,000 three years ago, and spent \$5,000 on repairs and enlargements. The church has cost \$33,000, including the interest on the mortgage. This shows that the members of the church have raised \$25,000 in three years, besides the current expenses. Last April the pastor, J. S. Thomson, asked the congregation to pay off the last \$10,000 of the mortgage; and on July 3 the last cent of the debt on the church was paid. The church property has doubled in value since its purchase, owing to the erection of fine buildings within a stone's throw, costing millions of dollars. The people of Unity Church now own property worth \$60,000, free of debt.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Our year's work has just come to a close. In many respects it has been an important year. We have held services in a centrally situated hall, of which we have had the exclusive rental. Outside of the Mormon Tabernacle congregation our services have been better attended than any other church of the city, averaging some two hundred every Sunday. Our sociables have been exceptionally successful, netting quite a substantial amount toward the defrayal of current expenses. There has been a large influx of young people during the past year. This is an element which we can ill afford to do without. Among the affiliated societies of our movement here are the Ladies' Unitarian Society, meeting weekly; Unity Club, also meeting weekly; and our Sunday-school. All these are in good condition, especially Unity Club, which, although only one year old, has been the most potent factor in our social life since its inception last autumn by Mr. Stanley Hunter. Mr. Hunter came to us last year fresh from the Meadville Theological School, bringing with him an originality of thought and personality which has been chiefly instrumental in the success which has attended our church during his stay with us. As Mr. Hunter's engagement with us drew to a close, several farewell parties were tendered him; and on his birthday a surprise party (which proved a real surprise) in his honor was got up by the young people of the society. On this occasion he was presented with a silver-mounted umbrella and two bound volumes of "The World's Parliament of Religions." Mr. Hunter leaves us for a lecture tour of the Pacific Coast, carrying with him our best wishes and assurances for the future. His successor here is Mr. Adelbert Hudson, late of Sioux City, where for many years he was a successful lawyer. For the past two years he has been studying at the Harvard Divinity School. He comes to us with much ability and a varied experience, inspiring us with the prospect of continued good work in this unique and difficult field of labor. Mr. Hudson gave his future parishioners the opportunity of hearing and meeting him on July 7, on his way to Yellowstone and the Pacific Coast. He will rejoin us in September, to begin regular work.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Rev. H. Digby Johnston preached his farewell sermon on June 9. At the close of the morning service the congregation held a session, and adopted a resolution of regret over the resignation of the pastor, and expressing kindly wishes for his future. It is stated that he will shortly go to England. The trustees extended an invitation to Rev. George H. Rice of Stockton to preach for us on June

23 and 30. It is hoped that Mr. Rice may be induced to remain and become the permanent minister of our society.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—First Church: Dr. Stebbins has been out of town for three Sundays, and Mr. Eliot has preached in the morning. On the 16th and 23d he spoke of the relation of the Unitarian church to the social and industrial problem,—two excellent discourses, calm and searching,—treating the subject with rare strength and moderation. Both scientific knowledge and brotherly love are required to solve the problem. Neither without the help of the other will suffice. Improved conditions must come gradually from evolution, and the thought and talk of revolution and catastrophe should be discountenanced.

SANTA ANA, CAL.—Sunday, June 23, Dr. Fay spent with Rev. Mr. Watson, in the morning making a short address suitable to the occasion. It was Children's Sunday; and, as a most interesting part of the exercises, Mr. Watson baptized sixteen children. Some half-dozen more were to have been baptized, but temporary causes prevented. The hall was very full, the impression good. In the evening, to a large congregation, Dr. Fay preached on "The Religious Trend of the Period." The interest was intense. Many were present who are not in the habit of attending our church, and a desire to hear more on the same subject was expressed by many.

SEATTLE, WASH.—Our Unitarian society has had great pleasure and inspiration from a few days' visit from Rev. Charles W. Wendte. A social reception and cordial greeting were given him and his venerable mother last Friday evening, which passed off delightfully, with music, flowers, and refreshments supplementing the sociability, and the impromptu address of welcome by Dr. J. H. Acton, pastor, followed by a spirited address from Mr. Wendte. On Sunday, prefacing his sermon with brief allusion to the recent death of Prof. Huxley, Mr. Wendte preached on "The Strength and Weakness of Unitarianism." It was so apt and comprehensive a treatment of the subject that all were highly edified. On Monday Mr. Wendte gave his interesting lecture on "Picturesque England," illustrated with one hundred fine stereopticon views, for the benefit of our church treasury. Ever welcome as Mr. Wendte is in his missionary visits, he never seemed in better health, spirits, and hopefulness,—yea, helpfulness.

FROM THE SOUTH.

We give below the following from the *Southern Unitarian*:—

Charleston Church: Our people, with few exceptions, have gone into summer quarters. Some have betaken themselves to Sullivan's Island, some to the mountains; and a few contemplate going abroad. We are made to realize by this general exodus that the hot days of the year are upon us. It is with languid attention that the sermon is heard by the small number who brave the glare of these disagreeable July days to attend the services of the church. After this month both Sunday-school and church will close for the summer, and everybody will take a rest. The minister will probably go to the mountains, to hunt and fish and get inspiration for another winter's work. The different societies of the church still hold their fortnightly meetings; but, of course, they do not manifest as much life and activity as they did in the winter. They are to be congratulated on meeting at all during these hot, sultry days. It shows that they are possessed of the grace of courage, even if they do accomplish but little.

Chattanooga, Tenn.: Rev. J. M. Seaton has been preaching here for the last five Sundays with much acceptance. He preached in Marietta, Ohio, the last two summers in June, and will go to his home in Ohio for the summer months. The friends in Chattanooga will hear several ministers before calling any. They expect to decide the important matter before them this summer, and to secure the continuous services of a new minister by September.

San Antonio, Tex.: Rev. N. Shultz writes: "I have been keeping up regular services, as the weather has not been so hot that people could not leave their homes at mid-day. So long as they continue to come, there is no reason why we should not keep up services. The weather has been exceptionally fine here, and everything points to a prosperous time."

"Unitarians," says the *Western Mail*, "are the smallest of Welsh denominations numerically; yet one is bound to admit that, with the exception of Calvinistic Methodism, their ancient Gorgon, they have left deeper traces on the national mind of Wales than any other. Some of those who have sat in the chair of Moses at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, were among the most accomplished and cultured men Wales has produced in any age; and their names shed a lustre on Welsh education for a century and a half. Nor is it only at that institution Unitarianism has served Wales.

Owing to the force of circumstances, Unitarian preachers were compelled to supplement their ministry by tuition. In this way during the last hundred years the denomination gave Wales a succession of excellent teachers. Welsh literature is deeply indebted to Unitarianism. It is most difficult to duly estimate the influence of Unitarians in the field of Welsh letters, especially in the counties of Glamorgan and Cardigan. Nor is the denomination devoid of intellect and literary ability even yet. There are giants in Welsh Unitarianism, but they are not just to themselves and to the Welsh people. Unfortunately for the interests of the denomination, many of their brightest intellects have crossed the border and serve the English people. However, we have still with us Rev. Thomas Thomas, the patriarch of the denomination; Rev. R. Jenkin Jones; Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans; Mr. William James; Dr. Griffiths, and others. And long may they live to minister to their country's welfare, though we beg to differ from them as to method and manner!"

We take the following from the *Purity Servant* of Lahore:—

"Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar came and stayed at Lahore for about three weeks. He had been invited by Sirdar Dayal Singh Majithia for consultation in organizing a Theistic Mission for the Punjab and several institutions in its connection. For the present it has been arranged to open an Orphanage and a Boarding-house at Lahore. Mr. Mozoomdar has gone to Simla, where he intends to spend the summer. He will be here in Lahore again in November, and will probably stay for a couple of months, at least. This time he remained busy in the work above alluded to, and could not deliver many lectures. He, however, held several friendly meetings at his residence, and conducted divine service in the Mandir on two Sundays that he was here. His service and sermon had attracted large audiences. The entreaties of friends induced him to deliver one lecture, and this was given in the Brahmo-Mandir on May 6. The subject of the lecture was, 'Will the Brahmo-Somaj Die?' It has created a great sensation, especially in a quarter the mission of whose life seems to be to efface the name even of the Brahmo-Somaj from this world. The lecture of Mr. Mozoomdar was so full of instruction and of sympathy toward all living churches that we had wished the leaders of different Somajes and societies had come and personally heard the catholic view of a distinguished leader of the Brahmo-Somaj. But who can move those who have resolved not to hear, and whose tolerance extends in misrepresenting and misinterpreting others? Counter-lectures have already been commenced. We do not desire to say anything in defence of the Brahmo-Somaj or the Purity Association. We can assure our brethren that, if we possess the germs of life, no insinuations, no amount of adverse criticism, vile abuses, or secret stabs, will take the life out of us. We will not abuse for abuse, we will not wilfully misrepresent them, but will offer prayers to God that the same light which has been vouchsafed unto us may be granted to them. What we call light may not be so in their view; but we cannot do better than ask for them the blessings which we have received, and which we value above everything else."

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Borrowed from the Turks.—One of the most useful pieces of furniture in any household is a small table, either low or high, but in either case taking little floor space. In almost every room two or three such tables may be placed to excellent advantage. The manner in which the Turks use low tables has given us many clever hints, and some of the most charming effects in our modern houses are dependent upon the free use of small tables. We venture to remind our readers that the place to buy such tables to the best advantage is at the Paine warerooms, on Canal Street, where very low prices are quoted for this one line of furniture.

Marriages.

In Boston, 5th Inst., by Rev. James De Normandie Alfred W. Davis and Mary Bancroft Nute.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst is Athol, Mass.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's), in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A LADY with a pleasant home near Boston, and having the care of a young girl of thirteen, desires to communicate with parents or guardians who may be seeking a temporary or permanent home for one or more children. References exchanged. Address GUARDIAN, care *Christian Register*.

A SOPRANO SINGER of experience desires position in church choir. Highest references. Address H. M. W., care *Christian Register*.

For the Christian Register.
NATURE GIVES THE HOLY MOOD.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

If the heart has gathered rust,
And God's holy image dust,
Grown his worship half profane
For the hearts' high altars' stain,
Just by turning to her shrine,
Nature makes us half divine.

Never are we so far away
From her presence, night or day,
But this holy rood so high,
Standing 'twixt the earth and sky,
Calls us to her worship sweet,
Where her woods and waters meet.

Where within this chancel rail
Drink we from the Holy Grail,
While her dawns' communion cup
Offers that the soul may sup,
And her morns' baptismal dew
Consecrates the heart anew.

To us, each and all, she speaks
Thundrous from her mountain peaks.
Awed, the very rocks repeat
From their high and awful seat,
Sermons from her holy hill,
Where her valleys splendrous fill.

Falls away the power of sin
For this Presence that's within
Every little growing thing;
Where a winged world's a-swing,
And the meadow brook all day
Sings our very souls away.

So she gives the holy mood,
Nature, to the soul that's stood
Reverent, questioning as a child,
Of her wonders undefiled;
Makes the soul seem half divine,
When we worship at her shrine

GEORGE WHITEFIELD STONE.

The election of George W. Stone by the American Unitarian Association to the office of treasurer, with additional duties, is a new departure. His entrance upon his office may be looked upon as the beginning of a more aggressive policy and a growth of an interest in denominational work. Mr. Stone has special fitness for the duties he will undertake. He is a man of ability and positive convictions, and is all alive with interest and enthusiasm for the progress of Unitarian Christianity as defined in the Saratoga platform. We look forward with confident expectation that his labors will meet with success, but this success will also depend largely upon the co-operation and help which he receives from individual Unitarians and churches.

George Whitefield Stone was born in Moravia, Cayuga County, N.Y. During his infancy his parents removed to Homer, in Cortland County, N.Y., in which village Mr. Stone spent his childhood and youth. He comes from Puritan stock. His ancestors removed to Central New York from the town of Brimfield, in Massachusetts, about the year 1795. The subject of our sketch was educated in Cortland Academy at Homer, and was engaged in the study of law when the war of the Rebellion broke out, and was admitted to the bar while in camp prior to his departure for the field. He was the first man to enlist in Cortland County, and was elected captain of his company. He subsequently entered the navy as acting assistant paymaster, and was soon made judge-advocate of the North Atlantic Squadron, serving on the staff of Admiral Lee, and afterward of Admiral Porter.

He married Miss Catherine Cushing Graupner in Boston in 1865, and soon after the close of the war removed to Wilmington, Del., and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was appointed national bank examiner for Delaware, N.J., and part of New York State in 1889, and held that position until July 1 of this year, when he was elected treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, and removed to the city of Boston, where he now resides.

The last service held in the Unitarian church at Wilmington, Del., before the church closed for the summer, was conducted by Mr. George W. Stone, the minister, Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, having sailed for Europe, where he is to spend the summer. The congregation was a large one, many of Mr. Stone's friends from other congregations being present. When the services were concluded, Mr. Daniel W. Taylor, the treasurer of the church, and one of its most active and useful members, arose and entered the pulpit, requesting Mr. Stone to take his old place in his pew near the pulpit. Mr. Taylor, after a few very earnest and friendly words of mingled congratulation and regret, presented to Mr.

and Mrs. Stone a book which had been prepared for the occasion. The book is probably the only one of its kind in existence. It is twelve by six and one-half inches in size, and contains thirty leaves. The covers are of heavy leather, traced or engraved (sometimes called "poker work"). This is done in a very artistic manner. The paper used in the book is very heavy, and the typographical work is the perfection of the printer's art. On nearly every page is a selection from Emerson's writings, most of the quotations being from Mr. Stone's favorite essay, "Self-reliance."

The book contains a testimony from the board of trustees, of which Mr. Stone was chairman, and an address from the congregation to both Mr. and Mrs. Stone. This latter is signed on the pages of the book by the members of the congregation. The book also contains four beautiful pictures, one each of the exterior of the church, the interior, the interior of the church parlor, and of the house and grounds where Mr. Stone had lived for many years.

Mr. Stone was completely taken by sur-

were the first to sing praises within its walls, and your interest kept pace with the growth of the society.

Of late years, Mr. Stone, you have broken for us most acceptably the bread of life from our pulpit, and proclaimed with the eloquence of conviction your faith in the doctrines of Unitarianism, which has grown to mean to you the religion of Jesus. With the larger opportunity which will come to you in the new work to which you have devoted yourself we can sympathize and rejoice; for some are ministers by profession, and some are born with the royal accolade laid upon them. And to this spiritual knighthood we feel that you belong; and, as your new work will broaden your field of usefulness, it will enable you to use the gift divinely bestowed to the various needs of a larger audience. As one of the trustees of our church, you will be sadly missed; and, as an earnest, faithful supporter of the society, your loss will be continually manifest.

While we as a congregation take pleasure in any gain that may come to you, at the same time we cannot but remember and regret that with this change we are losing two of our oldest and most valued members. Though regrets at times outweigh our congratulations, yet be sure our interest and



GEORGE WHITEFIELD STONE.

prise, and did not attempt to reply. Words were not needed to bear testimony to the happy results of the twenty-eight years of striving together for the faith that makes faithful, for the ideals that adorn and beautify human lives. No separation ever seemed more natural, and the sadness at parting was tempered by the consciousness that it could not and would not be either complete or final. Mr. Stone left Wilmington the evening of that day, and on the first day of July assumed the duties of his new office at No. 25 Beacon Street.

We print below the resolutions passed by the members of the First Unitarian Church of Wilmington, Del., and its board of trustees, on receiving his letter of resignation of his official position as a member of the society and the board of trustees:—

THE CONGREGATION OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

To MR. AND MRS. G. W. STONE:

Dear Friends,—It is with mingled feelings that we accept the fact of your departure from our congregation and our city. Your twenty-eight years of residence has made it seem as though you belonged among us and were leaving your native place; and, while we recognize the gain to you, and offer our best wishes, our own loss hinders the full expression of them. We regret your loss to our city; but how much more will our church be the loser! With its dedication you were identified; and your voices

affection follow you to your new home and into the new work.

With best wishes, we are always your good friends.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The trustees of the First Unitarian Church of Wilmington, Del., in accepting the resignation of their valued associate, co-worker, and friend, George W. Stone, in consequence of his election and acceptance of the trusteeship of the American Unitarian Association, necessitating his removal from among us, feel it their duty as well as pleasure to give some expression of their sentiments of mingled regret and congratulation,—regret that our little church shall lose the benefit of his wise counsel and progressive spirit, and congratulations that he is advanced to a position of more extended usefulness.

We are conscious that the church as well as the community needs such men; and it is evident that the society has grown under these influences, and that Mr. Stone has also grown with it in the effort he has made for the advancement of all those things that go to make up a progressive and well-ordered community. And we consider that his new associates have cause for congratulation in the acquisition by them of one whom we esteem so well qualified to fill the new duties to which he is called.

Our good wishes will accompany him, and our memory will ever bear record of our genial and pleasant association in our church work during the many years we have been engaged therein.

LEA PUSEY.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees.

The Pulpit.

CITIZEN AND NEIGHBOR: RIGHTS vs. DUTIES.

BY REV. THOMAS VAN NESS.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—1 COR. xvi. 13.

Naturally during this past week our thoughts have been turned to the celebration of Independence Day. Orators, editorial writers, and special patriotic observances have stimulated in our minds the meaning of the action taken by our forefathers on that memorable Fourth of July, 1776. As far as can be judged by popular manifestations, the celebration of this year has been as pronounced and as intensely earnest as any in preceding years.

It is difficult for a traveller to rightly estimate the distance he has gone over without the aid of milestones. Equally difficult is it for a nation to thoroughly realize its rate of progress on the high road of civilization without some annual celebrations of historic events. Such national red-letter days bring back the thoughts and methods of those about whom time has placed a halo. By putting in sharp contrast the conditions under which they lived with our own, we are better able to determine in what ways we have progressed, and the value of the present civilization.

In imagination, therefore, let us place ourselves back in the Boston of a century ago. The common, or "people's park," gives it a familiar look; but, as soon as we leave this central spot, how differently do all things appear! We cannot make our way around the city by means of electric cars or even horse-cars; for, outside of a few irregular stage-lines running to suburban points, there is no method of public transportation in vogue. The sidewalks are indifferent. In many places there are none, the streets narrow and abominably paved. Few of the street names do we recognize; and, as for numbers on the houses to guide us to our destination, they are as yet not in existence. The houses are mean, inconvenient, mostly weather-beaten and unpainted; and, as night comes on, they are dimly lit by the light of home-made tallow candles. In winter they are cold and cheerless with their uncarpeted floors, except in the living-room, where a great fire of wood is kept burning. To pass through the streets at night is positively dangerous on account of the darkness and the wretched ruts and holes in the pavements. In summer there is no ice by which water from the town pump can be kept cool, or meats, butter, and milk be kept from spoiling. Fruits and vegetables are expensive. The tomato, cauliflower, and cantaloupe are as yet unknown; while bananas, pineapples, oranges, and lemons are the greatest of luxuries.

Information as to one's friends and neighbors who live even so short a distance away as New York is meagre. The larger streams must be forded or crossed in flat boats at great peril, and the mail stage coach at its best takes a week to go from city to city. Information is obtained from private letters or by gossip; for only a limited number of newspapers are published, and the best among these are hardly more than advertising sheets, what news they contain being from a week to six months old.

Think how infinitely better is the lot of the average workman and citizen of to-day! Hospitals, asylums, free dispensaries, and philanthropic institutions of all kinds, unknown a hundred years ago, now supply his wants in moments of distress, or when poverty, misfortune, and sickness are upon him. The economic bicycle or the cheap street-car makes it possible for him to travel miles and miles at a less expense than to go from Boston to Cambridge in 1795. Food from every quarter of the globe, of first quality and greatest variety, is easily purchasable. The school-house is free. So, too, in many States are the university, the public library, the art and scientific museums, and the popular people's concerts in the open air. Then information in regard to every country, political, religious, economic, is put at the disposal of any one for one cent. Books of the best authors can be purchased for five and ten cents. Gas and electric lights are everywhere. Streets that are well paved and guarded by police protection make it possible

ble for the weakest woman or child to walk them at night as well as day. Water of purest quality is brought to each man's very door, even the North End quarter of Boston being now in better sanitary condition than the Court End quarter of the same city at the close of the eighteenth century.

We hear much said to-day of the wretched condition of the poor, the long hours of labor, the small pittance obtained for work, the unjust economic conditions prevailing; and yet, when we compare the longest hours of labor to-day with those of the average workman and farmer of a hundred years ago, we see that our forefathers worked more continuously and with less mechanical helps than even the poorest shoveller or farm hand in this year of 1895.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, we are vastly in advance over our forefathers in all those things which make for comfort, convenience, better food, better housing, and a more general diffusion of information. Those rights concerning which the Declaration of Independence spoke have been won and are possessed and can largely be enjoyed by the poorest as well as the wealthiest in the United States.

This fact being admitted,—and any one studying dispassionately the industrial history of the past one hundred years cannot deny it,—it behooves us to ask if we have equally advanced in other directions. We are told by labor agitators, by socialistic reformers, and others who have at heart the well-being of the masses that the kingdom of God, the ideal commonwealth, cannot be known on earth under present economic conditions. These industrial reformers assert that only when each man in the community has his proper rights can we hope to see justice and truth, love and peace, reign supreme.

When we try to find out from the lips or published writings of such economists just what they mean by "the people's rights," we find reference is made to but one thing,—the economic condition of wage earners. The people, it is said, are not obtaining their full share of the products of the earth. Wealth and industrial power more and more tend to consolidation in the hands of a few; and, while it is acknowledged that the average conditions for every man are vastly better than one hundred years ago, yet because in the distribution of the earth's goods some have taken by might, stealth, or right more than is supposed to be their share, therefore the others feel they have good cause to believe themselves injured, and consequently to be discontented.

Now, on the other hand, such careful thinkers and writers on economic affairs as Mr. Wells and Mr. Griffin declare that the average condition of the working classes has improved nearly one hundred per cent. in the past century. Certainly, we know nothing to-day of the awful conditions prevailing in England in 1798, when little children worked in factories and cotton mills from twelve to sixteen hours a day, and where women dragged heavy coal-carts and labored like beasts of burden. Whatever the rate of improvement, whether one hundred per cent., seventy-five per cent., or only fifty per cent., it is admitted that from highest to lowest here in America the nineteenth century has wrought a marvelous advance in all those things which make for comfort and physical satisfaction. The question, then, of utmost importance for us to answer is whether, if by some sudden economic change we could immediately raise the amount of wealth and comfort for every inhabitant,—say fifty per cent. over what is now possessed,—we could at the same time, as is also claimed, raise the whole moral, intellectual, and religious tone of the nation. In other words, Are people's morals, intelligence, and goodness of life so greatly dependent upon mere exterior things that, when these things change and fluctuate, their morality and religiousness change and fluctuate correspondingly?

Illustrations, I know, are given which would seem to carry yes for an answer; but let us look to the sober pages of history for our information. It being admitted that in these past one hundred years our industrial conditions have been improved, our style of living, our general comfort, and our means of intelligence and culture broadened, the question is: Have we advanced over our forefathers one hundred or even fifty per cent. in dignity of bearing, in modesty, in evenness of temperament, in love of truth, in God-fearing righteousness?

Are we more honest, more just, more forbearing? Are we twice as moral, twice as religious? Have we citizens that vastly tower over John Adams and Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris and George Washington and Rev. James Freeman in patriotism, in integrity, in love of right, and in God-fearing regard for duty?

I tell you we are shamed, as we go back and read the chronicles of a hundred years ago, to see with what manliness, with what honesty, and with what a high degree of character men stamped themselves upon the community and the age in which they lived. 1895 can show no worthier specimens of manhood and womanhood than 1795. No: while exterior conditions do have their influence upon us all, yet I think we greatly overrate this influence, forgetting that hardship, poverty, and labor have developed many a one whom the world now delights to honor.

I want, then, to-day to turn away from this mere emphasis of rights, about which we have heard so much through the past week, and ask if over against rights there are not certain very pressing duties. Certainly, the laborer has a right to all of the earth's products that he can honestly earn; but, if at the present moment, either through unjust conditions or world-wide industrial changes or the power of certain other citizens in the community, he is not receiving absolutely and fully his just deserts, is that any legitimate reason why he cannot still be a man, why he shall lose energy and heart and become discontented?

After all, as has been truly said, the real value of every right rises or falls with the use to which the right is put; i.e., the dutiful way in which it is used. Let us note a few of the rights we all may thoroughly enjoy, and then ask, Do we dutifully use them for the general good,—even for our own good?

Take, first of all, our political rights. Each citizen in the United States has the right to cast a ballot which shall decide who are to be the executive officers of the nation, from President to the obscurest county constable. This being so, how many men translate this right into a feeling of obligation? how many give time and thought to the primaries, and feel it a duty to examine well into the characters of the respective candidates before voting for them? Large, indeed, with responsibility is this right of political sovereignty; and few there be who seem to fully realize it.

Again, every citizen in the United States has the fullest religious rights. He can worship as he will, uncoerced by fear of government, bishop, or centralized ecclesiastical authority insisting on uniformity in religious procedure.

Not in vain did our Pilgrim forefathers breast the dangers of the Atlantic and the terrors of a new and unknown land. Through their efforts we enter into the fullest religious rights. Yet of what good is the opportunity to religiously think and believe as we please and to worship as our conscience dictates, if, instead of availing ourselves of this right, we carelessly fail to worship at all and support no kind of church? Was it for such indifference to our spiritual duties—duties to self, to others, and to God—that so much hardship and agony on the part of Huguenot and Puritan and Netherlander was endured?

So, too, we are glibly told that every corporation or business firm has a right to all that it can make. Admitting the right, by implication does it not carry with it a duty? We read of certain mills in the eastern part of this land which during its years of prosperity earned twenty-two per cent. dividends, and at the same time the owners were paying many of their workmen but ninety cents a day. Does not the right to such large profits carry with it the duty of a more liberal financial remuneration to the mechanics who help make it?

"America," says Emerson, "is only another name for opportunity." Each one, according to the Declaration of Independence, has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, providing he does not infringe on the equal rights of his neighbor. Well, then, does it follow that he has a right to spend his money as he pleases? If by some fortunate chance, some lucky invention, some discovery of an oil-well or a gold mine, a man comes into the possession of millions, is he to lavishly and foolishly spend it without regard to the influence of such expenditure upon others, simply because he is free so to do and the law

protects him in his right of free choice? Or, at the other end of the social scale, does not every workingman, because he has the right of an American sovereign, also owe a duty to the public which obligates him to be temperate and quiet in his actions, not to break the peace or lower the moral tone of the community, and, above all, not to add by his carelessness or wastefulness of public property to the unsanitary condition of his ward or to the city tax rate?

But all this that I am saying is the merest platitude, thoroughly well known to every one, I am told. Yes: I am aware of it. Strangely enough, it is these best known things that are so often ignored; and therefore they need restatement. As we look over the history of the United States for the past year, we find it stained by a lawlessness which tells more forcibly against the republic than all our arguments in favor of its splendid material progress. East and West, in Chicago as in Brooklyn, the military arm called in to enforce order plainly tells us that there has been an over-emphasis on personal rights and an ignoring of the complementary fact that, as the reverend orator said, "the citizen who would enjoy the blessings of liberty and the institutions of democratic life must be willing to help in the maintenance of that federation by fidelity to every public obligation which the State shall impose upon him."

I trust, then, these words of mine may be considered timely ones; for in a few days most of us will be widely scattered on our vacation journeys. Summer seems particularly the time when we lay aside our obligations. How often am I told by city people that they do not feel it incumbent upon them to attend church when they are off summering in mountain towns or at seaside villages! Again, when far from home Sundays are often passed in mere pleasures, when unconventional practices are indulged in which would not be attempted or even tolerated in the social circles of the city to which the tourist belongs. "I have a right to do as I please, when I'm away," must be translated into, "I ought to please to do that which is for the common best." No wonder a Maine townsman of sterling integrity said he hoped his village would never be cursed with the city boarders. They corrupt our youth by their example, which is largely one of large expenditure and extravagant dressing and living. By their indifference to Sunday observance they make it hard for us to get our sons and daughters to attend church or even to care for religious things.

It should be kept in mind that society is an organism. No one part of it can be deranged without all the other parts feeling the evil effects. More and more delicate is growing this interdependence between all classes and all communities. If, for our personal welfare and happiness, it is necessary that our brother man be pure, honest, trustworthy, and law-abiding, then it is equally necessary for his highest welfare that we possess those same virtues.

If the inner qualities of mind and heart which govern him have really more to do with the making or marring of my personal happiness than all the outward things with which I can surround myself, then surely the reverse proposition is equally true, and his happiness and success are dependent upon my right qualities of soul and mind. One's rights are individual. They extend no whit further than the circle of his personality. One's duties are to society. They extend even to the confines of the earth. He who only thinks of his own rights, or at most simply cares for the welfare of his family and takes little interest in the general weal, is not a true Christian, nor is he a good citizen. The duty of the citizen is more and harder than this. Love of country first means love of one's fellow-men.

Liberty is now ours, and individual rights. Unity is what we now want and a sense of personal obligation. These combined, and we shall indeed have the ideal land,—the glorious republic of the sons of God. In the name of the Church, by all the sacred symbols of religion, I call each man to his duty.

A new political year is upon us. Pray God we may make it a religious year in which our hearts shall flame with a joyous willingness to serve our fellow-man and the State, a year in which we shall consecrate ourselves to our duties, and, looking to the

Author and Finisher of our salvation, press forward unto the mark of his high calling, until we all come unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ.

Spirit of the Press.

Dr. Dorchester, in writing to the *Advance* on "The Improvement in Public Affairs," says:—

There is less infidelity and scoffing among public men than from fifty to one hundred years ago. Then a large percentage of the leading statesmen were outspoken sceptics. Chancellor Kent said there were few professional men of that period that were not infidels. A writer in the *Index* in 1870 said, "All the great men who took part with Mr. Paine in laying the foundations of the government of the United States, with very few exceptions, were of the same theological sentiment." Churches, clergymen, and the religious people generally were freely and foully assailed in public places and on public occasions. In Hartford, Conn., one of the centres of Puritanism, that eminent minister, Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong, could not pass along the street without being grossly assailed, until, in self-defence, his effective wit was so vigorously aroused as to compel the respect of his assailants. Gen. Dearborn, an officer of the general government, riding in the public stage in Connecticut, denounced the churches as "painted nuisances." In Western and newer sections it was even worse, until such men as Rev. Peter Cartwright in Illinois and Rev. M. Stubbleworth in Georgia won respect by inflicting physical drubbings upon their assailants.

The New York *Observer*, in an editorial on Huxley, deprecates the influence of the great scientist on religion:—

The influence of Prof. Huxley has been and, we fear, will continue to be very pernicious to the cause of religion. Because he was an acknowledged authority in his own branch of physics, and because he wrote in a fluent and vivacious way, many were induced to accept his opinions on a subject which he had never sufficiently studied and upon which he was wholly unfitted to dogmatize. This was increased by the fact that he took pleasure in shocking men's prejudices, and in pronouncing his opinions in the most confident and offensive way. Men forget that there is a wide difference between the methods proper to physical investigation and those appropriate to the weighing of moral evidence, and leap to the conclusion that one eminent and trustworthy in the former must needs be the same in the latter. The case is made worse by the fact that the question involved does not touch any minor or unessential point, but affects the very existence of religion on the earth. For, if there be no God, or if we are unable to determine whether there is one, the bottom falls out of every form of faith now existing in the world, sin and guilt cease to exist, immortality becomes a dream, redemption is an empty name, and the gospel of the grace of God is a phrase without significance. It is a shallow philosophy and a false application of science that leads to such results as these, and no glamour of a distinguished name should mislead any to make shipwreck of their faith by giving heed to so manifest a delusion.

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The *Outlook* has the following on "Irrational Rationalism":—

Mr. Norman Pearson contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an article on "True and False Notions of Prayer," from which we clip the following curious paragraph: "The same objections to prayer for divine interference with the order of things external to ourselves apply with equal force to prayer for the modification of our own characters. 'Make me a clean heart, O God,' is as naked an appeal for miraculous interference as a prayer for rain. Each alike, if granted, would be a disturbance of natural causation, seeing that human character, no less than the weather, is a product of natural causes." On no subject except theology would a reputable thinker offer or a reputable review publish such a paragraph as this; but, in arguing on theology, all the ordinary rules of reason seem to be abolished by a certain class of writers, both orthodox and heretical. Mr. Pearson's argument in this paragraph would be as efficacious to prove that communication between man and man is impossible as to prove that communication is impossible between man and God. If it is not possible for the divine Spirit to exercise a purifying, elevating, and enlightening influence on human experience without a disturbance of natural causation, neither is it possible for one human spirit to exercise such influence on another human spirit. If Mr. Pearson's argument is sound, children should cease to expect benign influences from their parents, pupils should cease to go to school for instruction, clients should cease to apply to lawyers for counsel, patients should cease to ask doctors for advice, and friends should cease to seek help from friends in time of trouble. It is true that this argument, with just these applications, is sometimes to be found in the writings of the fatalist; but it is also true that humanity pays no attention to it.

Literature.

MEMOIRS OF BARRAS.*

We have here a document of great importance, both as concerning the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon, about which it would appear that at this present time we cannot have too much. But it is a document which would have had a wide, if not so general, an interest if there had been no Napoleonic revival in possession of the book-makers and the magazines. Its appearance at this time is apparently a mere coincidence with this revival, though a disposition to make hay while the sun shines may have spurred the editorial flank. M. George Duruy, the editor, is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon,—a fact which makes his position as the editor of memoirs which are from beginning to end a systematic depreciation of Napoleon a peculiar one, to say the least. It is easy to conceive that his sentiments might have attracted him to a course that would have been extremely prejudicial to his performance. For what could have been more natural than for him to have checked Barras in a running commentary of notes that would have made a constant friction for the reader's mind, and prevented the memoirs from delivering their proper force upon him? But from such a course his abstinence is well nigh absolute; while in a preface to the first and another to the second volume he puts in a deliberate demurrer, and shows good reasons why the statements of Barras concerning Napoleon should not be taken at their face value.

In his general introduction M. Duruy gives a history of the "Memoirs" and accounts for their tardy publication. It is a history which detracts not a little from the value of the "Memoirs" as immediate impressions of the events with which they deal, seeing that it discloses the fact that we are generally at two removes from those events. It was not until 1819 that Barras projected his "Memoirs"; and, as presented to us, they reflect at every stage the after-thoughts of a soured and disappointed man. Even where we are advised that we are dealing with the notes which he made immediately after the meetings of the Directory, we have not infrequently "a trout in the milk," palpable evidence of a point of view subsequent to Napoleon's decline and fall. This first remove is probably more serious than the second,—that of the editor, M. de Saint-Albin, who, taking the notes and manuscripts of Barras, has made them over into what he considered a better literary form. M. Duruy is of the opinion

that he has not added to their interest by this treatment, and that he has deducted something from their value; but we have no reason to believe that he has distorted the documents in any radical way or to a degree approximating that in which Barras's own malicious afterthought distorted the impressions which he originally received.

Such being the situation, it is evident that we have here a very serviceable body of memoirs, but one that must be used with the greatest caution. Nothing could be more absurd than for any one to imagine that we have here a veritable history of the Revolution from 1789 until 1796, with a true account of the actions and the motives of Barras himself, Napoleon, Carnot, and a multitude of others who crowd the tragical and sanguinary stage. For one thing we have the falsification of omission. What notion would an unprejudiced reader get of Napoleon's campaign in Italy from these meagre and grudging general indications? But the falsification is not all omission. Unquestionably, a glory was reflected back upon the earlier events of Napoleon's career from the height of his renown. But, though his part at Toulon and on the 13th Vendémiaire, when the first Royalist reaction got its quietus, may not have been so important as heretofore traditionally conceived, it was probably much more important than Barras is willing to allow, especially in the second matter. In trying to write Napoleon down, Barras writes down himself either a knave or a fool, or both in one, if Napoleon was so unimportant as he represents him up to his Italian campaign. For it was Barras who was most influential in making Napoleon commander-in-chief of the army in Italy. From the standpoint of his previous history, as here set down, such an appointment would have been utterly monstrous and absurd. We have a similar contradiction when we come to the appointment of Talleyrand as foreign minister by the Directory. Either Barras did not think so meanly of him as he writes or his support of him was singularly lacking in that "conscience" to which he makes a fulsome and reiterative claim.

This claim does not extend to matters of personal conduct. On the contrary, Barras is prouder of nothing than of his immoral relations with various women. His "Memoirs" are scandalous in this regard, and involve many reputations, but none that was not badly smirched before. Josephine fares worst of all, and probably even worse than she deserves, though "the consensus of the competent" has been increasingly damaging to her character with the lapse of time. But, when Barras would have us to believe that Napoleon made her his wife, knowing her to be the merest courtesan, and immediately after his marriage turned her over to Barras for the continuance of an old *liaison*, he is presuming too much upon our gullibility and our ignorance of the letters which Napoleon wrote to her from the scenes of his Italian victories.

Nothing in these memoirs is so grim as the *sang froid* with which the writer moves from one incident of horror to another. We are brought into a strangely realizing touch with the events of the Revolution, all of which Barras saw, and in some of which he was *magna pars*. Both of the 9th Thermidor, when Robespierre fell, and of the 13th Vendémiaire he was the leading spirit; and these volumes stop just short of the 18th Fructidor, when again his rôle was that of the chief actor, unconscious that he was a puppet obedient to Napoleon's dictatorial hand. That he could pass through so many vicissitudes is eloquent for his shrewdness, but also for his ability. Neither in nor between the lines is there any evidence in these volumes that he was not consistently republican in his sentiments. An admirer of Danton, he has been made to share the odium of Danton's imaginary desire to establish the house of Orleans on the throne. Evidently, if he had had to choose between the Orleanists and the Bourbons, he would have chosen the former, but only when obliged by circumstances to despair of the republic. The well-known split in the Directory, continually three to two, is such an oft-told tale in Barras's minutes of the Directory meetings that it gets to be very wearisome. As one of the two, Carnot is the object of Barras's continual reprehension as one of the three. Here, again, there is a notable *suppressio veri*. No one would ever imagine the real Carnot, with his genius for military administration, from the picture

of this irritable recalcitrant. But there are matters here which the discreet historian of the future will have to reckon with.

Barras would have us to believe that from the first he found in Napoleon a remarkable resemblance to Marat, and in Talleyrand a remarkable resemblance to Robespierre. That in both of these particulars we have not the malicious inventions of his after-thinking, we are by no means well assured. Certainly, Napoleon and Talleyrand were very different from Marat and Robespierre in one particular: they had much less sincerity. Barras holds to the idea that Robespierre endeavored to commit suicide on the 9th Thermidor. M. Duruy furnishes a fac-simile of the Commune's call to arms which is opposed to this interpretation. Four of the leaders of the Commune had signed their names, and Robespierre had written "Ro" when *somebody* shot him, breaking his jaw and splashing the paper with his blood. That he should have written "Ro" and there have stopped and shot himself does not seem probable. What is much more so is that Barras did not join the party against Robespierre until he was convinced that Robespierre had marked him for destruction, his endeavors to conciliate him having been in vain.

We are truly sorry for any one who attempts to read these "Memoirs" without considerable previous knowledge of the persons implicated and the order of events. Those who have read Prof. Sloane's *Life of Napoleon in the Century* to date may consider themselves fortunate so far as preparation for these memoirs are concerned, while they suggest a doubt of the soundness of his opinion concerning the conduct of Barras in various particulars. J. W. C.

RACE AND LANGUAGE. By André Lefèvre, Professor of the Anthropological School, Paris. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a profoundly learned and extremely valuable book; but it is one that appeals to scholars and students of the higher grades much more than to the class for which the "International Series" was originally devised by Prof. Youmans, with whom it originated. We doubt very much whether he would have thought it well to add this volume to a series which already contained Prof. Whitney's admirable volume on the same subject. The doctrine of the opening chapter is that the consonant is the substructure and foundation of language. "Man alone possesses it, and it is the greatest and most fruitful of his conquests. This treasure is composed of but six letters, K, G, T, D, P, B,—the gutturals, dentals, and labials." A chapter on "The Embryology of Language" follows. Its results are as follows: "Animals possess two of the important elements of language: the spontaneous reflex cry of emotion or need; the voluntary cry of warning, threat, or summons. From these two sorts of utterance, man, endowed already with a richer vocal apparatus and a more developed brain, evolved numerous varieties by means of stress, reduplication, intonation. The warning, or summoning, cry, the germ of the demonstrative roots, is the parent of the names of numbers, sex, and distance. The emotional cry, of which our simple interjections are but the relics in combination with the demonstratives, prepares the outlines of the sentence, and already represents the verb and the names of states and actions." A chapter on "The Formation of Words" completes Part I.; and in Part II, we have eight chapters on "The Geographical Distribution of Languages and Races," embracing the idea which, once strange, is now one of the commonplaces of philology,—that the widest variety of race may be consistent with a unity of speech. Chapters on the Semitic and Indo-European languages conclude the second book; and Book III. is devoted entirely to the organism of the Indo-European language, which, for Prof. Lefèvre, is the language richest in significance of all human speech, the medium of civilization and progress to an extent of which Bossuet knew nothing when he exalted Hebrew to the highest seat,—the language in which God spoke to men.

THE ODES OF HORACE. Translated into English by W. E. Gladstone. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The proverb, "Traduttore, traditore," the translator is a traitor, can as easily be made good with Horace as with any classic poet; also the proverb that a translated poem is a boiled strawberry. Both have been made good by his translators many times. Nor is it to be expected that, when so many have failed, Mr. Gladstone would succeed perfectly. In some instances he has improved upon his predecessors, in others he has fallen short of them. The wonder is that, with so many irons in the fire, this one has been so little burned, and that it has been hammered into so good a shape. There is great felicity in many phrases, a noble music in many of

the odes,—to say in all would not be much of an exaggeration. The measures are mainly classic English measures, and they are adapted to the variety of the originals without any attempt to reproduce their special forms. One of the most obvious defects comes from the endeavor to attain condensation through elision,—especially the elision of articles, a common artifice, and always fatal to the quality of English verse. And, if, after reading pleasantly for a while, we take up our Horace and begin to make comparisons, we find that, however magnificent Mr. Gladstone's translation, it is not Horace. Its music is not his music. It is heavy where he is light. Here the touch is careful: there it is deft and magical. Those ignorant of the originals may take much pleasure here, but they must not delude themselves with the idea that they have got the real thing. Meantime the rusty Horatian will do well to compare Mr. Gladstone's translations with the originals, and ask himself where and how he could improve upon them. A heightened appreciation of Mr. Gladstone's workmanship would undoubtedly ensue.

SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS, AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS. By Robert Bridges. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Whether brevity is or is not the soul of wit, it is quite inseparable from Mr. Bridges's particular variety. Whether it would have been so under any circumstances we do not know. It may be that he would have been more expansive if he had not been the literary editor of *Life*, but that, being this, he has been subdued to what he worked in, like the dyer's hand. Short articles were in requisition, and short articles he has written. Those who have read them in *Life* will be glad to read them again in this attractive book. The best do not come first, but certain "Suppressed Chapters" from "Trilby" and other novels. The imaginary letters that come next are better, and still not the best. These are the reviews of "Novels that Everybody reads." Their brevity is sometimes a serious limitation. For example, in the review of "David Balfour" there is not a word about Bertha Grant, one of the most charming creatures ever created by a novelist. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is taken somewhat too seriously. We have always supposed it was intended for a burlesque. In "The Literary Partition of Scotland" Mr. Bridges deals too tenderly for us with the melodramatic ending of "The Little Minister"; and why, oh, why, is there not a word of Crockett's "Stickit Minister," the best of all his books? In "Friends in Arcady" Marion Crawford's account of his own life is extremely interesting. We had hoped that the "Plea for Diana"—Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"—would clear up her silliest performances, her blabbing of a state secret confided to her by her lover; but it leaves that blot on her immortal loveliness as indelible as ever.

THE ARTHURIAN EPIC. By S. Humphreys Gurteen, M.A., LL.B., graduate of the University of Cambridge. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The general reader who has read Stoddard Brooke's study of Tennyson can afford to let this volume pass without much attention. For appreciation of Tennyson's "Idyls" it is much inferior to Mr. Brooke's delightful book; and the learning of the comparative study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman versions of the story has been weighed in the balance by those who are skilful in such things, and found wanting. Not only is Mr. Gurteen's acquaintance with the materials for such a comparison inadequate, but he does not



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* Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate. Edited with a general introduction. Prefaces and appendices by George Duruy. In four volumes. Vols. I, II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

make the most of what he has in hand. Of misinterpretations and anachronisms he has not a few. A writer must not be expected to be omniscient, but he must be judged somewhat with reference to the pretensions that he makes; and, when we find Mr. Gurteen quoting "The Faerie Queen" as an old anonymous poem, our confidence in his erudition is not a little shaken. In his comparisons of Tennyson's "Idyls" with the older forms, Mr. Gurteen is generally a lenient critic; but he deals very sternly with him in the matter of Vivien, who is no such evil character, it seems, in the old poems, traditions, and romances as he has represented her. But, seeing that by this arrangement we have all the old forms intact and something entirely new, full of "novel lights and darks undreamed of," it does not seem that he has any just ground for complaint.

AMONG THE NORTHERN HILLS. By W. C. Prime, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Prime sees nature and life at first hand, and learns their secrets with his own eyes. He enters into sports with the zeal of the genuine angler, loves the trees in the primeval forests as personal companions, and delights to draw the trout from the mountain brook. He also sees far into the real import of common, every-day life, and interprets its meaning and moral beauty. Taking as a suggestion some scene or event in the northern hills of New Hampshire,—such as "A Thursday Evening Meeting," "An Easter Long Ago," "An Old-time Thanksgiving," "A Northern Sleigh-ride," "Life seen through a Window,"—we have a series of charming sketches full of varied interest, vivid description of character, touched with fine sentiment. These have the breath of nature and the real spirit of rural New England life. They are marked by breadth of thought and a healthful moral tone. The author in this book shows how much a rich, keen, and observant mind can see in the most common scenes, and also how much he can make his readers see. This is thoroughly a wholesome book, and will prove an especially welcome companion during the summer, either at the seashore or the mountains.

COLONEL NORTON. A Novel. By Florence Montgomery. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.—Browning's idea that the development of a soul is the only subject worth dwelling on finds an echo in the conception of this novel. Moreover, the development is in Browning's way,—that of revolution, and not evolution. A giddy girl is transformed by the impact of an heroic deed upon her consciousness. Her apparently worthless life is saved by a splendid fellow, and she is put upon her honor to make good his loss to his children and the world at large. The construction of the story is unfortunate, introducing, as it does, this incident in an explanatory way long after its occurrence. The book is worked out through the conversation of the *dramatis personæ* to a considerable extent, and the conversation is well managed. Col. Norton, who names the book, is clearly a secondary character; but he has his own course of love, and the reader follows it with interest.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH AND THE Ayrshire LEGATEES. By John Galt. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. With an Introduction by Alfred Ainger. New York: Macmillan & Co.—It is a delight to have these charming books accessible to the general public instead of stored away in private libraries among one's peculiar treasures. When we realize that these charming books were written before the Waverley novels, and with the ambition to do for Scotland what Goldsmith had done for England in "The Vicar of Wakefield," we can better appreciate how great must be that merit which makes it desirable to reprint them after a lapse of seventy-five years from the time of their original publication. A great treat is in store for those of the present generation who can appreciate the consummate humor and pathos of the Scotch characters drawn by Galt's gifted pen and the truth and beauty of the simple life which he describes.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST. A Devotional History of our Lord's Passion. By James Stalker, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.—Dr. Stalker takes up the New Testament story at the arrest of Jesus, and ends it with his burial. The few verses of the Gospels are expanded into three hundred and seventeen pages; but the earlier form will, we trust, be preferred by the majority of those who read the book. Notwithstanding many fruitful thoughts, its average tone does not impress us as healthy and invigorating. We can easily conceive, however, that those who make much of Passion Week in the way of public services will find it a quarry from which they can get much material to build up into their discourses when their own invention fails. For ourselves, we do not know when we have found so much of that treatment of Jesus which Emerson deprecated as "noxious exaggeration."

LIFE AND THE CONDITIONS OF SURVIVAL. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$2.—The aim of this book is to carry evolutionary principles into the field of individual life and character, showing their practical application to the problems of hygiene, sociology, religion, and applied ethics. The writers are well known, and their words on topics such as these are sure to be of interest to intelligent and thoughtful readers. Among others, Dr. Lewis G. Janes writes of "Cosmic Evolution as related to Ethics"; the subject of Rev. John W. Chadwick is "Habit"; Rev. John C. Kimball contributes an essay on "From Natural to Christian Selection"; and Rev. Edward P. Powell closes the series of fourteen papers by considering "Religion as a Factor in Social Evolution."

PRINCETON STORIES. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—The stories of this collection average better than most books about college life, written from the student's point of view. They are varied in theme, while the fun is not rowdyish, nor is the pathos absurd. Of course, they are boyish, or they would not be in touch with the life they are meant to describe; and, although they may be chiefly interesting to one who has already a personal knowledge of Princeton, yet there is more than one story among them well worth reading for its own sake.

THE DOCTOR, HIS WIFE, AND THE CLOCK. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The plot of this detective story is neither agreeable nor original. Neither is there much detective skill shown in tracing the blind murderer, who himself confesses his crime. The story has an element of excitement, as have all the books by this author; but it is not without a touch of melodrama.

THOMAS BOOBIG. By Luther Marshall. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is the story of a boy who grew and grew until he was seventy-five miles high, and had acquired the power "to extend his body at will, like a human telescope." The book shows a desperate straining after some unusual effect, but succeeds neither in being interesting nor remarkable.

Miscellaneous.

The new bound volume of the *Century Magazine* is sufficiently attractive to make it a temptation for anybody who ought to do other things than read its fascinating stories and numerous articles of interest. Only when examined in this compact form does one realize the amount of good literature obtainable by a year's subscription to such a magazine as this.

The *Transcript* has published a series of articles, describing different trips that may be taken to the various suburbs of Boston, chiefly by means of the electric cars. They have attracted a good deal of attention, and are now printed together in a convenient pamphlet, which ought to have the result of making many people better acquainted with their opportunities to visit interesting and beautiful places at small cost.

The new hymnal, prepared under the authority of a committee of the Universalist General Convention, contains 708 hymns and 513 tunes, with three orders of service and accompanying chants, and is issued by the Universalist Publishing House. This is not a revised or enlarged edition of the work hitherto in use among Universalists; and there is much more extent and variety, especially in its musical selections. The compilers have been careful to have all the melodies within the range of average voices. We notice hymns by many of our favorite Unitarian hymn-writers.

The Magazines.

The *New England Kitchen* for July contains an article entitled "Some Early Mushrooms" which ought to help the housekeeper in her search for wholesome and appetizing food products. "The Relation of Woman to Hygiene and Sanitation" is a thoughtful paper, written by Dr. Mary E. Green, and read at the National Council of Women. The magazine contains the usual number of recipes and much good advice, notably an article by Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill on "Summer Beverages."

Literary Notes.

Count Tolstoi refused a large sum offered him by an American publisher for his last story. The *Neva*, a Russian illustrated weekly, then offered him \$500 a page for the exclusive right to publish it as a serial. This, too, he refused, and made a free gift of the manuscript to the *Severny Vestnik*, a Russian monthly magazine.

The *Open Court* during July will contain a rejoinder to Mr. Carnegie's and Senator Lodge's articles in a late number of the *Forum* on "The Annexation of Canada," by Prof. J. Clark Murray of McGill University, Montreal.

A new serial story by Brander Matthews will be published in *Harper's Weekly*, beginning in the first number that will appear in July and continuing for three months. The title of this story is "His Father's Son," and its scene is laid in the city of New York.

Rebecca Harding Davis returns to periodical literature after an absence extending over more than a decade. Since she last published a novel, her gifted son, Richard Harding Davis, has made a phenomenal success in the field which witnessed her triumphs. The title of Mrs. Davis's novel, which is to be published serially in *Harper's Bazar*, is "Doctor Warrick's Daughters."

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Copeland & Day, Boston. Meadow-grass. Tales of New England Life. By Alice Brown. Price \$1.50.

From James H. Earle, Boston. Ships by Day. A Novel. By Edwin A. Wyman. Price \$1.50.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cause and Effect. By Elinor Meirion.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. How Tommy saved the Barn. By James Otis. Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories. By Edward William Thompson. Price \$1.00.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. By James Morier. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. Price \$1.25.

From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The Gospel of Buddha according to Old Records. Told by Paul Carus. Price 35 cents.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.

My Darling Emeline. Song and Dance. By J. Ed. Lakeman.

The Patter of the Rain. By W. F. Stubbs.

The Flower of an Hour. A Japanese Poem. Composed by John Cox Dear.

Cosmopolitan. Caprice Dance. By Jos. Marks.

With Fingers Weary and Worn; or, The Song of the Shirt. Words by Thomas Hood. Music by J. C. Bartlett.

Juliet Mazurka. Guitar Solo. By H. F. Keefe.

Queen of the Roses. Waltz. Two Banjos. H. F. Keefe.

Dance of the Wood Nymphs. Morceau. By J. J. Galaher.

"I love, and the World is mine." Music by Henry Burdett Willis. Words by Florence Earle Coates.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond. For Pianoforte. By Edward Hoffman.

Brownie Dance. Frolic Schottische. Mischief Polka Mazurka. Guitar Music.

Baby has left her Honey Boy. Song. By Percy Grant.

The Shepherd's Pipe. For Pianoforte. By L. Gregh.

"A Great Good Man."

Charles Francis Barnard.

A Sketch of his Life and Work by FRANCIS TIFFANY. With a Portrait and a View of Warren Street Chapel. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

The Rev. Francis Tiffany, who wrought well as the biographer of Dorothea Dix, has quite doubled his claim upon public gratitude by producing a sketch of the Life and Work of Charles Francis Barnard. . . . The Warren Street Chapel, opened in 1836, and now aptly known, in honor of its founder, as the Barnard Memorial, was the offspring of his passionate zeal for exposed and neglected children, to thousands of whom he became a good genius and a guardian angel, as many old chapel boys, scattered over New England and the West, survive to testify. His big heart and fertile brain produced also the seeds which have grown up into many accepted agencies of education and charity; for Boston is indebted to him for the beginnings of sewing schools, evening schools, vacation schools, infant schools, day nurseries, music in schools, free libraries and reading-rooms, free art exhibits, rides for invalids, and the methods by which our Associated Charities and "settlements" seek to bring the prosperous into sympathetic relations with the unfortunate and the poor. . . . Into this little volume is compacted the story of a life of enlightened, practical, saintly philanthropy, which is not dimmed by comparison with that of John Howard, Florence Nightingale, or Vincent de Paul.—*Boston Gazette*.

He left behind him a name and a work with which nothing in Boston is to be compared except Father Taylor's. Mr. Tiffany's book is one of very great and rare interest.—*The Independent* (New York).

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Toronto Week.—The ideas are so simply and so strikingly expressed that it is a pleasure to read it from cover to cover. The author strikes us as having eyes to see.

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Members of One Body. Six Sermons by Rev. S. M. CROTHERS. 132 pages. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

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Afterglow. By FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY. 81 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

There are few who, reading it, will not be strongly attracted to this little book. It is written out of life,—out of the struggling, perplexing, troubled, hopeful, aspiring life we all know and dread and delight in. And grow in it. And this is how the book is to help us.

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The Home.

A BRICK BLOCK.

Eight small brick houses standing side by side;
Eight flights of steps, narrow and long and steep;
Different dimensions: all nineteen feet wide;
Some forty-two, some forty-three feet deep:
Each with a curved bow-window and a dome;
So much alike that children in their doubt
Must count, poor things, to know which house is
home!

Commonplace people walking in and out,—
A curious thing to write a poem about!

And yet inside are men as wise as we,
And happy, though with little cause for mirth:
To each his nineteen feet by forty-three
Seems the important corner of the earth.
Each has his secret tears, his open jest:
Each has his pride in the brick cell he calls
His home, and somehow knows it from the rest.
Those narrow rooms are his ancestral halls,
His little universe within four walls.

These men give plays, lifelike beyond belief,
Whose actors really live and really die,
So full of nonsense and so full of grief
One scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry.
Here some Antonio mourns his unpaid debt;
There a real Shylock counts his darling hoards;
Here a real Romeo sighs for Juliet.
Think what great sights this little block affords:
Eight first-class Shakspeare's plays are on the
boards!

The lover cannot see. His dancing eyes
Detect no fault, no ugliness, no sin:
His sweetheart's house seems fair as Paradise
Because he knows his sweetheart is within.
I, too, am growing blind. I cannot see
The ugly house-front or the narrow stair:
Those unknown friends are very dear to me;
And, as I gaze across the dingy square,
Eight homes of those I love are standing there.
—Robert Beverly Hale, in *Youth's Companion*.

For the Christian Register.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Mamma stood at the gate, waving her hands for a good-by to her two little girls as they trotted off down the hill to the kindergarten. Little brother Thorie was winding himself up in her big kitchen apron, nearly upsetting her when he reached his last and tightest twist. He wanted to go with his sisters, but he was too young for so long a walk. He was but two years old; and the town was not so near as it seemed, looking down from the top of the hill.

Mamma stopped a moment, before shutting the gate, to admire the beauty of the scene before her eyes. There lay the lovely San Diego Bay, with a long purple hill beyond, and the light-house showing dimly through the haze. And nearer at hand was a brushy hillside sloping down to a flat, where stood a dozen or more Indian huts. These huts were not very pretty. They looked best when you saw them from a distance. They were made of old quilts, old bits of matting, old grain bags, and such things, which the Indians had begged from the townspeople. These articles were spread over a framework of sticks, so as to shed the rain. But I am afraid the huts were pretty leaky, after all.

Mamma was going to be very busy that day. So she gave Thorie the towel, and told him he might dig a well under the big fig-tree in the back yard. He thought that was fine fun for a little while.

By and by mamma thought, "Why, how still Thorie is!" So she went to see how he was getting on with his well.

There was no Thorie there. Neither was he in the front yard, nor at the carriage-house, nor with his papa in the study. Mamma told papa about it; and both of them began to rush here and there over the yard, calling, "Thorie! Thorie!"

Then they went out at the gate, and separated. Mamma started toward town, while papa went farther up the hill in an opposite direction. And both of them kept calling, "Thorie! Thorie!" A great lump seemed to come into mamma's throat when no Thorie answered. She searched the path for his little tracks, but the ground was too hard for footprints. She ran hither and thither across the hillside, scanning the bushes in hopes to find him wandering among them.

Finally, she heard a shout in the direction of the Indian camp, and then saw one of the Indian women start toward her, beckoning and waving a corner of her red shawl in a strange manner as if to attract attention. The camp was more than a quarter of a mile away, but mamma could see that a crowd of Indian women and children had gathered about some object in front of the huts.

That object was a very small, bareheaded boy in a dress of navy blue flannel. When his mamma came up, pale and almost breathless, she found Thorie standing in the midst of the crowd, having the best kind of a time.

The Indians were much pleased with their little visitor, and were offering him various trinkets to amuse him. He received their attentions with great satisfaction. Indeed, when his mamma took him by the hand to lead him home, he pulled back with vigor, and said "he wanted to stay at the kintygatten."

MRS. PRATT'S CURRANT JUMBLES.

"Now, Martha Ann, you be sure to behave the best you know how."

"Yes'm."

"And don't act like you hadn't had anything to eat for a week."

"No'm."

"And be sure to come home 'fore dark. Mis' Pratt will tell you what time it is if you can't get to see a clock."

"Yes'm."

Little Martha Ann walked slowly and primly down the wide, gravelled walk leading to the front gate, followed by the watchful eyes of her grandmother.

"You throw yourself back more, Martha Ann. You'll be all round-shouldered if you stoop over like that."

Martha Ann heard the house door close, and she turned around and looked back. One of the front windows of the sitting-room was open, and a little girl of about Martha Ann's own age was looking out. She was Esther Cray, Martha Ann's cousin; and she had been shut up in the house for two weeks with the measles. She was almost well now; but her grandmother didn't think it prudent to let her go out of doors, and so only Martha Ann had been allowed to accept Mrs. Pratt's invitation to tea.

Mrs. Pratt was an old lady who lived at the other end of the village; and once a year she invited half a dozen little girls to tea, following a custom which her mother had begun many years before. Old Mrs. Hobbs was dead now, but her daughter remembered to do the things she had liked.

"I do wish you could go, Essie," said Martha Ann, wistfully.

"Yes, I wish so, too," replied Esther.

"But you can tell me all about it. And, if she has lemon jelly as she had last year, you can put some in your pocket for me." And Esther laughed.

Martha Ann laughed, too, then turned around toward the gate again, and went out into the wide, shady road. She walked along on the grass, so as not to get her shoes dusty; and she held up her pink gingham skirt with one hand. She was conscious that she looked well. She had on the white lawn apron which her grandmother had given her at Christmas. This was the first time she had worn it, and it was now June. It had been kept locked up in the cedar chest in the upper hall. Grandmother Cray had taken it out of the drawer in the old-fashioned bureau which was in the room occupied by the two little girls, and put it away. She thought Martha Ann looked at it too often, and that it might become soiled before a time came to wear it. It had been in the cedar chest four months, and Martha Ann was delighted to have it in her possession once more.

Mrs. Pratt's house stood back from the street, and the front yard was full of roses. Little Martha Ann stopped a moment to smell a pink one which bloomed on a big bush near the box-bordered walk.

"That's a beauty, isn't it?" said Mrs. Pratt, appearing on the front porch, a big white apron covering the entire front of her black dress. "Come in, Martha Ann. All the rest are here."

There were four little girls sitting on the long haircloth sofa in the hall. They all wore fresh gingham dresses and stiffly starched white aprons; but Martha Ann's apron was the only one which had embroidered straps over the shoulders. She noticed this at once.

"Why didn't Esther come?" asked Mrs. Pratt; and Martha Ann explained, adding that Esther had been "very sorry."

"Yes, I guess it was a disappointment," said Mrs. Pratt. "But things will happen that way sometimes. Now all you children talk to each other while I see if supper is ready."

The four little girls made room for

Martha Ann on the sofa; and she sat down, taking care not to rumple her dress. They all knew each other very well; but they felt rather stiff and formal on this occasion, and they were all glad when Mrs. Pratt came back and called them into the dining-room.

On the table was a large platter of cold chicken, flanked on one side by a plate of hot biscuit and on the other by a dish of stewed potatoes. There were several kinds of preserves, custard-pie, a glass dish of apple jelly, and a white china basket of currant jumbles. Mrs. Pratt prided herself on her currant jumbles. She always made them whenever she had company.

The basket stood on a corner of the table close to Martha Ann's right hand. It was full up to the handle.

"Now, children, eat all you want to," said Mrs. Pratt. "I do love to see you get enough."

Martha Ann liked the currant jumbles better than anything else on the table. She knew she never could make Esther understand how nice they tasted.

After supper the little girls went out in the front yard. All except Martha Ann played "Puss in the Corner" among the trees and rose-bushes. Martha Ann sat in a low rocker on the front porch, and looked on; but she did not seem to be enjoying it. She sat very still, and did not smile once. She asked the time as soon as Mrs. Pratt came out on the porch after washing and putting away the tea dishes, and, when she learned it was seven o'clock, said she thought she had better go, as her grandmother had told her to come home early.

"Very well," said Mrs. Pratt; "and I will put some of those currant jumbles up for you to take to Esther. You tell her to think of me when she eats 'em, and next time I invite her to tea she mustn't have the measles."

Martha Ann smiled faintly, and said, "Thank you, ma'am" in a very low voice, and with her soft blue eyes cast down, when she took the paper bag containing the jumbles.

She walked to the gate without looking around at all. When her hand was on the latch, she remembered that she had not told Mrs. Pratt that she had had a pleasant time. But she didn't go back. After hesitating a moment, she unlatched the gate and went out into the road. She walked with her head bent, forgetting all about what her grandmother had said about throwing her shoulders back.

About a quarter of a mile down the road she came to a big stone which lay close to the fence. She sat down on it, the bag of jumbles in her lap. Her face was very sober; and after a few minutes she began to cry softly, wiping away her tears with the skirt of her apron. Presently she put her hand in her pocket, and drew out her handkerchief, folded neatly, just as she had taken it from her bureau drawer. Then slowly, one by one, she brought out *four currant jumbles!* She cried harder than ever as she looked at them.

While at the table she had slipped them into her pocket when she thought no one was looking, and they had laid a heavy burden on her tender little conscience ever since. She knew she ought to go back and tell Mrs. Pratt what she had done, but it

seemed as if it would break her heart to do it.

"I can't! I can't!" she sobbed, her little face all puckered up with weeping.

But she did.

Mrs. Pratt was rocking on the porch and knitting on a blue yarn stocking when little Martha Ann came humbly in at the gate again. All the little girls who had been playing "Puss in the Corner" had gone home.

"Well! What on earth brought you back, Martha Ann?" asked Mrs. Pratt. "Did you leave anything?"

Martha Ann burst out crying. She took the four currant jumbles from her pocket, and held them out to Mrs. Pratt.

"I took 'em," she sobbed. "I took 'em when you wasn't lookin' at me. I was goin' to take 'em home to Essie."

Martha Ann's eyes were so full of tears that she couldn't see the expression of Mrs. Pratt's face, but she felt the currant jumbles taken from her hand.

"Shall—shall I give—you—these—in the bag—too?" she sobbed.

"No: you keep 'em. Take 'em to Essie, like I told you. I ain't mad at you, Martha Ann. I felt pretty sure you'd come back. I was just sittin' out here to see. I saw you take those jumbles; but of course I couldn't say a word. An' I knew why you was sittin' out here so solemn after supper, an' didn't want to play. But I guess you're all right now. You needn't cry any more. Come in and let me wash your face: it's all smouched up."

It was almost dark when Martha Ann reached home, and her grandmother scolded her. So she had to tell why she stayed so late. She cried again when she saw how the story shocked her grandmother.

"It does beat all how children will act!" said the old lady. "I'm mortified 'most to death, Martha Ann. But you did right to go back and tell, though I don't guess Mrs. Pratt will ever ask you to her house again."

But she did. When Esther was able to go out, another invitation came for both little girls. And this time, when Martha Ann left Mrs. Pratt's house after tea, there was nothing in her pocket except her handkerchief.—*Florence H. Hoyt, in the Independent.*

HOW DAISY HELPED.

"Ah! there's lots of trouble in the world!" the cook said, as the grocer's boy passed out of the door.

Daisy, resting in the wide, cool porch, turned her blue eyes toward the speaker. "Who has lots of trouble, cook?" she asked.

"Lots of people," said the cook, shortly.

Daisy pondered awhile, her chin resting on her plump little hand. Then she said suddenly, "Do you, cook?"

"I should think so! There's that boy didn't bring half the things I ordered. He says the children are all sick and the grocer's worried, so he forgets things. And he can't come back till he's delivered what he's got with him; and Kathie is in the garden gathering peas, and I can't leave these cakes even to call her."

"I'll go," Daisy said, jumping up and tying her white sunbonnet. "I can clear off that much of the trouble."

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As she ran across the lawn, a group of children—summer boarders like herself—called to her to join them. But she shook her head gayly, and hurried down between the long rows of pea-vines.

"To go to the grocer's, is it?" said Kathie, despairingly. "And how'll I ever get peas enough for dinner then?"

"I'll pick till you come back," said Daisy, encouragingly. "Make haste, Kathie."

The nimble little fingers pulled the plump, green pods swiftly; and, when Kathie returned, hot and breathless, the big basket was nearly full. Then Daisy sat in the porch again, and helped to shell them while she rested.

"I don't see how we'd have got along without you," the cook said, looking quite pleasant, as Daisy threw down the last shell.

Daisy laughed. "It's nice,—helping people," she said. "I'm going to find some more trouble to clear off."

She ran down the steps, and paused, glancing at an open window above. A low, wailing cry sounded within, and a sweet, faint voice singing a cradle song.

"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of the baby," she thought; and she ran toward the hall door. A playful breeze followed her; and, just as she crossed the threshold, a lot of closely written sheets of paper fluttered to her feet.

"Oh, dear!" some one said. And Daisy looked up to see a gray-haired man at a desk near the door. He looked very pale and tired, and one of his feet was bandaged and resting on a cushion.

Daisy said nothing until she had secured all the fluttering sheets, and placed them on the desk. Then she took a large shell from the hall table. "Will this do for a paper-weight?" she asked timidly.

"Very nicely, my dear," said the gentleman. "It was so still this morning that I forgot to ask for one, and I have sprained my ankle so badly that I can't move without assistance. Thank you, my dear. I shall have no trouble now."

Daisy ran upstairs with a happy song on her lips. The young mother's pale, sad face brightened when she saw her.

"O Daisy, dear, you are like the sunshine!" she said. "Baby has been ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his crib for a minute or two, while I bathe my head?"

"And then we'll take him out of doors," said Daisy, eagerly. "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool. And I'll hold him while you rest in the hammock."

Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking slowly under the trees, while the baby slept quietly in her lap. The tired mother in the hammock close by had forgotten her troubles, and was sleeping the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased; but Daisy was very happy, as she sang softly in the shade.

"O Daisy, I never can thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she awoke, rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks! And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried!" she added confidentially.

"You see it costs so much for us to stay here; and I was afraid the money was all thrown away. Baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner-bell!" said Daisy.

"Let me take care of baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, coloring a little. "I'd have to dress first, and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant little girl, and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne in her worn dress shrank from observation. She did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said demurely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook, laughing.

"Mrs. Verne's baby's sick, and she doesn't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know she could eat a nice lunch under the trees." For answer the cook loaded a tray with roast lamb and green peas and raspberry tarts, and gave to Daisy. What a delightful "picnic" dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl. So she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure, and then the young

mother lay down in the hammock with her baby on her arm. Daisy waited until they both slept again; and then she ran back with the tray, and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner.

A little boy came to the door, crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until his nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch for mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn, tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing had finished his work, and was lying on the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You don't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it isn't," said Daisy, earnestly: "it's lovely,—ever so much nicer than play. Ah, there's mamma! I must carry her parcels upstairs!" And the little helper ran away.—*Alice J. Leland, in the Weekly Welcome.*

FREEDOM.

The captive bird must pine and die,
Or beat its bars with fruitless rage;
It cannot cleave the azure sky,
Its life is bounded by its cage.

And such a thing, O God, am I,
When held by passion, sin, or wrong;
I know no free, encircling sky,
Nor can I raise triumphal song.

Yet freedom is within my reach,
The bonds that bind will always yield,
If no ill deed or thought or speech
Their soul-enslaving power wield.

The bars self-forged that keep me in
Will melt before a purer will;
And fullest freedom I shall win
When love and truth my being fill.

—*Charles A. Muddock, in the Pacific Unitarian.*

THE EGG GATHERER.

Miss Eliza S. Quincy, the daughter of the venerable president of Harvard College, in the reminiscences written solely for the use of her own family, tells an anecdote of the Revolutionary War which had never before, we believe, been published.

Col. Tallmadge commanded a detachment of dragoons in 1777, and was stationed half-way between Philadelphia, Lord Howe's winter quarters, and Valley Forge, where Washington with his ragged, half-starved army was encamped.

He received orders one day to go to a little tavern just outside of the British lines, where a young girl who had been in the enemy's camp would meet him and give him valuable papers.

Col. Tallmadge, with a few men, rode to the tavern. He alighted, and, going up on to the porch, was met by a smiling, pretty little country girl of fifteen, in a sunbonnet, carrying a basket of eggs, which she offered to him for sale. He saw the papers beneath the eggs, and, pretending to joke and chaffer with her, managed to secure them unseen. At that moment one of his men dashed into the house, shouting:—

"The British! The British!"

Tallmadge ran out to see a large body of light-horse of the enemy coming at full speed. He leaped upon his horse, calling to his men to fly, when the poor little spy fell upon her knees, crying:—

"They will kill me! They know I did it! Don't leave me!"

"They will kill me if I stay here," cried Tallmadge. But he held his horse motionless a moment. "Can you ride?" he said.

"Yes: an ox,—anything, to get away," she replied.

"Jump up behind me, then. Hold by my sword-belt."

She scrambled up, and he put spurs to his horse and followed his men. The British gained on them, and fired volley after volley, which Tallmadge and his troop would return, wheeling and firing, and then resuming their flight. The bullets whizzed around the little egg-gatherer, who clung closer to the sword-belt, gasping out:—

"Don't mind me! Fire again!"

She escaped unhurt. Tallmadge rode with her that day to Germantown, and left her in her own home. She afterward married; but her name is not found on the list of the heroines of the Revolution, where it surely should have had a place.—*Youth's Companion.*

CURIOSITIES IN WORDS.

Some words have had curious experiences; and not a few, it is sad to say, have fallen into disgrace. Thus the word "dunce" was at first a proper name, like John or George.

We can understand how the names of persons came to be applied to things, because we do the same thing ourselves, as when we call a Derringer pistol a "derringer" or when we speak of riding in the "Pullman." In this way the "sandwich" is said to have got its name because it was a favorite dish with the Earl of Sandwich, and the "guillotine" because the use of such an instrument was first proposed by Dr. Guillotin. The name of a person is also given very often to a class of other persons. If we see a very queerly dressed person, we are tempted to call him a "guy." Children in England understand how the name "Guy" has come to be used in this way. On every "Guy Fawkes's Day"—November 5—they have great fun with an effigy of Guy, which is not at all flattering to the bad hero of the "Gunpowder Plot." The name "dunce" takes us back to another epoch in history. In the revival of learning following the darkness of the Middle Ages the reformers had little patience with those who still clung to the old ideas, and especially little with their leader, Duns (or Dunce) Scotus. He was a man of great learning; but his name was so often spoken with contempt that it became a by-word, and any one who was slow and stupid was called a "Duns man" or a "dunce."

A still less complimentary term, "idiot," is taken with little change from a Greek word, which meant a private person, one who took no part in public duties. The Greeks believed that service in public life was a necessary part of true education, that without such interests no one could be well informed. So the use of this word was extended to all in whom the mental powers were untrained, and finally to those in whom they were wanting. Now, the original meaning has fallen out of use, and is wholly forgotten. If you were to call a friend an idiot, he would hardly feel satisfied to be told that you were merely speaking of him as a private citizen.—*Zion's Herald.*

A PARROT AT BREAKFAST.

A funny parrot lives in Brooklyn, and is very fond of the lady she lives with. When the breakfast bell rings in the morning, she will push open the door of her cage with her bill, fly down to the breakfast table, take her own chair, which she always knows and occupies at each meal, and wait until the family assemble. If they should not gather as quickly as she thinks they ought, she will call out, "Hurry up, folks, hurry up," and at the same time hop over to the oatmeal dish, and attempt to lift the cover; for she is very fond of oatmeal, and will make her entire breakfast of it. She would not touch the oatmeal, even if able to lift the cover; for she is a very good Polly. After finishing her breakfast, she flies right back to her cage.—*Exchange.*

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SAPOLIO

For the Christian Register.

MEMORIAL.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

My heart holds solemn festival
Beside the summer sea,
Where wind and wave, accordant, chant
Their rhythmic threnody.

A presence like the breath of flowers,
A stir, almost a sigh,
Attends, and thrills, and doth persuade
That thou art really by.

How else could all this beauty live
In earth and sky and sea
If thou, most beautiful, were not
Eternally to be?

Thou of the ever-searching mind,
The serious violet eyes
That God's great universe didst scan
With grateful, glad surprise,

Unconscious that its loveliness
Was mirrored from thine own,
Though owning that its grandeur has
Within the soul its throne.

Thou who, accepting all life's cares
In sweet humility,
Found, with the poet, "In His will
Is our tranquillity."

O perfect woman! mind and heart
From every taint removed!
A benediction rests on them
Whom thou hast known and loved.

Long years ago on wave-wrought sands
Our blended hearts became
The mystic, ever-living shrine
Of friendship's holy flame.

With tears I now renew the bond
Beside the summer sea,
And, rev'rent, join the wind and wave
In loving threnody.

Perry Beach, Me.

Personals.

The expenses of Queen Victoria's household are estimated at £172,000 a year. Nearly every shop in High Street and Castle Street, Windsor, has an account with the queen, who is lavish in her orders, but very particular in their execution.

A topaz seal set in gold, bearing the arms and motto of Viscount Barrington, was recently found on the field of Waterloo. The seal belonged to Ensign Barrington, who was killed at Quatre Bras on the memorable June 16, 1815, nearly eighty years ago.

What is without doubt the greatest scholastic honor yet conferred upon a colored man in America by any institution worthy of the name is the degree of Ph.D., which was bestowed upon Mr. W. E. B. DuBois by Harvard at the late Commencement. Mr. DuBois has already an A.B. and an A.M. from that institution, and has studied two years in the University of Berlin.—*Boston Courant.*

The *American Messenger* tells of a lady who, on a school-teacher's salary of a thousand a year, lives on five hundred dollars, and supports a substitute for five hundred dollars in China, from whom she receives weekly letters. A friend has said of her that she practically lives the life of the angels who serve God day and night, for at the antipodes her substitute missionary is working while she sleeps.

Good Americans will be glad to know that Miss Minnie Kellogg, a young American lady, is bringing credit to her country. *Galvani's Messenger* says of her: "Miss Kellogg has scored another success in Paris, at a concert held in the large Salle des Fêtes du Trocadéro, which holds an audience of six thousand persons. Her voice filled it with ease." Miss Kellogg is the daughter of Mr. Charles E. Kellogg of New York, well known for his admirable work in organized charity.

When the wife of Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.

The statue to Emma Willard to be erected by her old pupils on the grounds of the seminary that bears her name, in Troy, will be unveiled May 16. Work is to be begun this week on the foundation. The sculptor has represented Mrs. Willard as she was in 1821, when, at the age of thirty-four, she founded the celebrated school. Singularly enough, the attire of the figure in the mode of seventy years ago is not much unlike the present revived styles of woman's dress. The wide sleeves and full skirts are almost exactly similar.

Temperance.

A bill has passed the Alabama House prohibiting the sale of liquor anywhere throughout the State outside of incorporated towns.

An Anti-tobacco League has been organized in the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, students from all the classes except the Senior enrolling as members.

The conversion of Sir William Vernon Harcourt to temperance views is said to be largely due to the influence of his wife. Lady Harcourt is the daughter of the American historian, John Lothrop Motley.

"The London County Council has given its aid to the temperance cause by discontinuing the use of stimulants in asylums under their control, and forbidding the sale of drinks in the auditorium of places of amusement.

Scholarship has so deteriorated in the schools in Allentown, Pa., on account of cigarette smoking that the school board has taken the matter in hand, and given notice through the newspapers to dealers in tobacco not to sell to boys under sixteen years, or they would be prosecuted.

Of the four thousand criminals who have passed through the Elmira Reformatory, 38.7 per cent. were the children of drunken parents, with the probability of 11.1 per cent. to be added, making 49.8 per cent. of the criminals who had been prisoners there the victims of hereditary alcoholism.

According to a recent return from the Statistical Department of the Custom House in 1893, the consumption of liquor per head in this country stood at almost exactly the same figure as in 1865. Beer was a trifle less, wines and spirits a trifle more. Reduced to terms of alcoholic strength, they would be as nearly as possible identical.

Here and There.

The Duke of Bedford has imported two thousand frogs from America to free the ponds on his estate from destructive insects.

The ancient city of Kyoto, Japan, celebrated on the 30th ult. the anniversary of its erection as the capital of the country eleven hundred years ago.

An English epitaph:—
"Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosius Grimm.
He took his beer from year to year,
And then the bier took him."

A missionary affirms, "I could walk from Canton to Shanghai, over eight hundred miles, not walking more than twenty miles a day, and could sleep every night in a village or town that has a little Christian community."

From researches on the effect of heat and pressure as applied to a cooling orb, Mr. Clarence King, the well-known American geologist, concludes that the age of the world does not exceed some twenty-four million years.

The first work printed on shorthand writing was by Dr. Timothy Bright of Cambridge, in 1598, who dedicated it to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of "An Act of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character."—*American.*

Some little time ago a minister was arrested in New York City for killing robins, under the law against killing song-birds. He was recently from the South,—Virginia—and he was surprised to learn that the robin was a song-bird.—*Exchange.*

At Hampton Court in England is a grapevine which has been bearing grapes for nearly a century. It is estimated that during the vine's existence there at least one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of ripe grapes have been gathered from it.

There was one block in New York City every house upon which was decorated with the stars and stripes on Flag Day last week, and there was another upon which not a single flag was seen. The former was in the Jewish quarter, and the latter was in the most fashionable part of Fifth Avenue.

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praise when successful housekeepers. One element of that success is

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A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which on stormy nights the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in a fisherman's boat; and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the Lonely Rock and gone down.

In her deep sorrow this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak; but she said in her heart that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day, but, when night fell, arose and lighted the candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it and spun; but, when the day dawned, she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle. And from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending upon it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view, and were safe.

There was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No: they are very poor. But, poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude, or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.—*Jean Ingelow.*

Charities and Reforms.

A practical method of cleaning the slums is about to be undertaken in Manchester, England. An overcrowded and unhealthy space of five acres in the centre of the city will be taken, the buildings torn down, and new model workmen's dwellings erected in their stead, with large areas for playgrounds and trees and flowers planted in the open spaces. The town council has appropriated \$1,250,000 to this sanitary reform.

Several things have been demonstrated by the Chicago Bureau of Labor and Transportation which carries on the work of sending unemployed individuals and families from congested centres to agricultural districts, that there is a demand in the country for the surplus labor of the city, that a considerable percentage of the unemployed are willing to turn their backs on the allurements of city life and accept work on farms, that the railroad corporations are willing to aid in such transplanting, and that such work can be successfully prosecuted at a small per capita cost.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia has found it needful to erect an additional building, which will add much to its usefulness. This hospital has grown in a comparatively brief period from the treatment of eighty patients in 1862 to the treatment of nearly nine hundred patients in the year past. Incidentally, it has done much to advance the knowledge of women who

enter the medical profession as a means of livelihood. The hospital has therefore accomplished the twofold purpose of ministering capably to the needs of the sick and injured of the community and of raising the standard of medical learning and of nursing among women.

Education.

Richard Norton, son of Charles Eliot Norton, has been appointed lecturer on archaeology, and Florence Bascom, Ph.D., reader in geology, at Bryn Mawr College.

Drury College has received from the King of Siam the gift of the new edition of the writings of Buddha, in forty volumes, printed in the Siamese language. Only twelve other sets are to come to this country.

The code which will control the schools of England for the next school year makes some radical changes in the conduct of the schools. The most important is the regulation by which inspectors may substitute surprise visits for the previous formal inspection and examination. Another important provision is that which makes "object lessons and suitable occupations" compulsory class subjects for grades one to three. The extension of the provisional certificate for assistant teachers, and the recognition of cottage-gardening as a specific grant-earning subject, will be welcome in rural schools.

Two reforms are sorely needed in the American public school system,—complete separation of the management of the schools from politics, and a clear and definite recognition of teaching as a profession of very high rank, with provision for permanency, for advancement and increase of salary as a result of work accomplished, and some form of provision for aged or disabled teachers. Teachers in our public schools are altogether too much at the mercy of politicians who have no clearer ideas of education than they have of public duties and interests. They are, as a class, underpaid; their tenure of position is insecure; they lack the stimulus of steady and intelligent promotion. They must be liberated from the control of the politician; and they must be stimulated by generous recognition of their services, both in the matter of pay and of position. It is impossible to attach too much honor to the profession of teaching, to guard it too carefully, or to reward those who practise it nobly with too liberal a hand. We have much to learn in this country, not only regarding methods of teaching, but respecting the development of the teacher.—*Outlook.*

Science.

Edward Atkinson says that the time will come when the fibre in the cotton-stalk will be utilized, and there are important elements for tanning and dyeing in the root.

A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown to a man overboard at night, he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

The London *Times* mentions an invention in Germany that looks to the direct production of electric energy from coal. The device is a "gas battery," working with carbonic oxide, air, and chloride of copper. It has been received with some enthusiasm in the country of its inventor, but in England its practical utility is still in question.

A Washington company claims to have an automatic telegraphic transmitter capable of sending two hundred words a minute without an error. The highest speed attained by the press associations in sending news matter from the capitol is thirty-three words a minute; and that, too, only when meteorological conditions are favorable. The owners of the new invention say that by it messages forty words long could be sent from Chicago to New York for ten cents.

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A man who was arrested the other day for stealing an umbrella tried to get off by saying he was laying something by for a rainy day.—Exchange.

Uncle George: "How do you like arithmetic?" Little Dick: "Pretty well, so far; but the teacher says next week we are to begin learning how to extract roots. I guess he thinks we're all going to be dentists."—Exchange.

First Lesson in Physiology: Dialogue in a bath-tub between a couple of Detroit youngsters. "Say, Fweddy, is we sewed or pasted together?" "Sewed, of course, Tom. If we was pasted, we'd come apart in the water, just like my scrap-book did."—Exchange.

"Why, Mary," said Mrs. Wilson to her little girl, "you and your visitors are doing nothing but sit about and look miserable. Why don't you play something?" "We are playing." "Playing what?" "We're playing that we are growed-up."—Exchange.

A good baby story is of a neighbor meeting a little one on the street, and saying. "Good-morning, my little dear. I never can tell you and your sister apart. Which of the twins are you?" And the little dear made answer, "I'm the one what's out walkin'."—Exchange.

Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms, when she said, "Walter, it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you." Walter replied cheerfully, "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just alive, we don't care how much you suffer."—Youth's Companion.

A questionable blessing, says the *Scottish Guardian*, was pronounced on a kind donor of coal the other week in Dublin. An old woman, to whom some bags had been sent, invoked upon the benefactor: "Well, the Lord bless ye, and may ye never want a fire yerself in this world or the next."

It is well always for boys to learn how to spell, as the experience of a little lad in England recently proved. He tried to write a verse to his teacher; and, in using the word "bouny" to describe her face, he wrote, "and, oh, your bony face." The teacher did not like having her face referred to as bony, and the poor little fellow was kept in for an hour after the rest of the boys had gone home.—Harper's.

"Well, Frank," said the teacher, "do you know your lesson to day?" "Yes, ma'am," he answered. "The answer to the first question is 'South,' and the next is 'Africa,' and the next is 'South America,' and the next is 'Peninsula.'" "But, Frank, that isn't the way to learn a lesson. You must skip about. That's the way I shall do in asking questions." Frank's countenance fell. His great discovery was of no use. "But, Miss Gray," he said, "I might not skip round the same way you do!"—Youth's Companion.

The death of Dr. Julius H. Seelye recalls an incident at a meeting of the American Board, when Dr. Mark Hopkins was in the chair. Dr. Seelye preached the opening sermon, at the conclusion of which the customary resolution of thanks was offered. In rising to put the resolution, Dr. Hopkins said, "It is moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to Dr. Julius H. Caesar for his able"—He got no further, for a shout of laughter by the entire assembly showed Dr. Hopkins his mistake. The lapsus was at once corrected; but Dr. Hopkins was himself as much amused as any one at his mistake, and frequently took occasion to refer to it.—Christian Work.

RAMSAY'S REBUFF.

Ramsay's patroness, Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, to whom he dedicated his "Gentle Shepherd," once sent him a basket of fruit. No poet of the last century could let such a circumstance go unsung. Accordingly, honest Allan composed the following epigram, which he returned in his note of acknowledgment to the countess:—

"Now, Priam's son, ye may be mute;
For I can bauldly brag wi' thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit:
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Not content with sending this to the person to whom it was addressed, he enclosed a copy to his friend Budgell, who immediately sent him back the following comment upon it:—

"As Juno fair, as Venus kind,
She may have been who gave the fruit;
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Liberty, Holiness, Love.

VOLUME LXXIV.

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Editorial.

THE Chautauqua season is now in full progress in various parts of the country. The one at South Framingham began this week. The one thing peculiar about this movement is that the annual meetings do not represent all the work that is done. These annual gatherings are rallying occasions. The work is carried on through the year by groups who pursue courses of study and reading under competent leaders, and are examined as to their proficiency. This examination must be satisfactory before the degrees are confirmed. From this it will be seen how far-reaching the influence is and what wide-spread results are obtained.

THE Young People's Baptist Union have had their red-letter day in Baltimore, and their services have come to an end. There were many features in this gathering in common with that of the Convention of Christian Endeavorers in Boston. There was great earnestness and enthusiasm. The people of Baltimore met them with an open and cordial hospitality; and there was the same open fire of big guns against the saloons and dens of infamy, especially those in cities. The moral sense of society cannot fail of being quickened by such stirring appeals to work for righteousness.

DR. ABBOTT'S address before the graduating class of the North-western University does not please the Methodists. The *Zion's Herald* thinks it a new thing to have a pronounced liberalist holding Methodist doctrines up to ridicule and treating the most sacred beliefs of the Methodist as absurd and obsolete superstitions. The Methodist Church, it says, will stand reasonable discussions of all disputed points, even to the question of the errancy of the Scriptures; but there are a few things which she regards as settled. The degeneracy of human nature through sin, necessitating regeneration by the Holy Spirit, is not an open question. Neither is redemption through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. The sufficiency of the Scriptures as a safe and infallible guide in life and duty is something not to be subjected to ridicule.

THE Pan-American Congress now in session at Toronto is well deserving a notice, both for the value and importance of the topics discussed as well as the character of those who composed it. One of the marked speeches was that of Rev. T. J. Conaty, who said that if religion be left out of the schools, it will not be long before it is left out of the house and out of the churches. He claimed that parochial schools such as those under the direction of the Christian Brothers were of a high order. The gathering of representative Catholics like Bishop Ireland and Rabbi Gottheil, the Jew, and well-known Protestants of various denominations, to discuss the leading questions in a broad and able manner, is not now regarded as novel; and yet such a congress could not have met ten years ago. This fact illustrates the great drift which is moving onward toward a wider co-operation in religious as well as in other matters. After the Roman Catholic bishop, the Jewish rabbi, and Protestant ministers come into direct personal contact, they learn to appreciate the good points in each other's character and position, and to be more cordial and just in their judgments of each other. It is on this basis and in this way that a real progress is made toward a deeper religious unity and a wider fellowship.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT meets the charge that intemperance has increased in New York since the enforcement of the excise law by a flat denial, which he backs up from the police reports. In addition, the surgeons of various hospitals report that the number of people brought in with broken heads because of drunken rows has fallen off greatly when the saloons have been closed. The surgeon in the hospital on Howard Street, which has the larger part of the Italian quarter to cover, states that Sunday before last there were only two calls for the ambulances, which is something unprecedented. At Gouverneur Hospital, where the surgeons are usually kept busy Saturday nights and Sundays patching up the wounds of men and women who have been hurt in drunken brawls, the house surgeon reports that Sunday before last, with the exception of a few men who got hurt in the manufacturing stores where work is done on Sunday, not a case was brought in. A similar report was made at the Harlem Hospital, where there has been a sudden stoppage in the Sunday cases coincident with the closing of the saloons; and the superintendent declares that the action of the Police Board in enforcing the Sunday closing law has been a great boon to the people. These reports go to confirm Commissioner Roosevelt's statements as to the diminution of crime resulting from the action of the Police Board.

THE murder of M. Stambuloff has created a profound sensation, not only in the East, but throughout Europe, both for the tragic circumstances connected with the assassination and its influence on the Eastern ques-

tion. The life and career of the ex-premier are so closely connected with the recent development of Bulgaria that important consequences may be the result. Both by his personal character and wise statesmanship he fought the intrigues of Russia, and with a bold hand held in check the disturbing elements in his own country. He was a man of great force of character, bold and fearless in carrying out his policy, and with an indomitable will. In his administration of affairs he must be placed among the foremost statesmen of his time,—such as Cavour, Crispi, and Bismarck. It was through his efforts that Ferdinand was placed and kept on his throne. But the latter, for some reason, recently changed his attitude toward Russia; and the result was a change of cabinet. A strong nature like Stambuloff, who carried things with a high hand, made bitter enemies, which led to this great crime. It is not yet fully determined whether the murder was prompted by personal feeling or political considerations. The wife of the ex-premier is confident that Ferdinand had something to do with it. At the time of writing this question is in doubt. It is no uncommon thing in Bulgaria to assassinate a public man, either from personal hatred or for political ends. This event will doubtless reopen the Eastern question, and awaken a wide-spread feeling of uncertainty as to the future. But one thing is sure,—by the death of Stambuloff Bulgaria has lost one of her best and most loyal friends and Europe one of her foremost statesmen.

REV. R. A. ARMSTRONG, in the Liverpool pulpit, sounds, says the *London Inquirer*, "A Call to the New Puritanism." After showing how the great nations of the past fell through inbred corruptions of the heart and life, he warns his countrymen that they are threatened by a disease pointing to like destruction. He cites evidence of the laxity and license that have marked some forms of literature and art of late, and thus challenges those who shrink from doing battle with the evil. As the word is equally needful for us, we give the following:—

On these matters we have been bred to a wholesome reticence, and good men and women do not willingly turn thought or speech upon them. But, if all reticence and restraint be thrown away by the ministers of evil, then we, too, if we would save the generation that comes after us, must put aside our reticence, and speak one strong, clear word. When evil arises with impudent front and mouths its blasphemies across the world's stage, then good must open her lips, that the young be not led astray. You must take sides, every one of you. You cannot be neutral. You cannot shrink back into silence, flattering yourselves that your voice of protest is not called for by God. If you sit aside and are silent, you strengthen the sinister forces which are making assault on all that is good in our civilization. You are called to the high courage of a new and wiser Puritanism,—a Puritanism which shall put the ban on no innocent amusement, which shall know that the laughter of little children is music in the ear of God, that young men and maidens require mirth as much as their necessaries food, which yet—nay, all the more—shall set its face as flint against all that can corrupt or defile, and make war to the death against such as would rob our homes of their sweetness and preach a devil's gospel in the ears of the young men and women of our country.

THE New York *Times* recently printed an article on "Wealthy Negro Citizens of New York," which doubtless will surprise many who can only think of the Negro population as made up of whitewashers, bootblacks, barbers, and porters. The writer of this article assures us that in New York and neighboring cities are men as well intellectually equipped as was Frederick Douglass; that many own brown-stone dwellings in fashionable sections, which they rent to white tenants; that many employ white servants, ride in their own carriages, driven by liveried coachmen. To prove the truth

of these general assertions, a list of names is given of those who have acquired wealth from \$100,000 to \$500,000. They carry on business, and hold responsible positions. Chief Engineer Thomas W. Bohanna is an expert electrician. He was born in Virginia, and came to New York, made himself proficient in electricity, had charge of the first isolated electric plant started by the Edison General Electric Company, and afterward ran the first storage battery put up by President E. H. Johnson. Then mention is made of a Negro woman art teacher, another woman as a physician, who graduated from the Long Island Hospital. Many other like cases are cited. One of these representative men said to a *Times* reporter: "We are not to be judged by the street loungers and drunkards of our race. It would be just as sensible to judge the white race by its criminal classes. If we can get fair treatment, we will ask no more, but will demonstrate our right to proper recognition. We only want a chance. Give the young black men opportunities to learn a business. The trades are closed to them. The trades-unions are against them. They cannot obtain situations or apprenticeships at the ordinary trades on account of the prejudice against their color. The consequence is that, instead of becoming trained carpenters and mechanics at the age when they are best adapted to learn such trades, they are shut out, and have to take to menial occupations to earn their living. In this way the growth and development of the entire race are retarded. The white race must overcome its prejudice, and give the Negro race more liberal opportunities to fulfil its real mission in the world. That the Negro man will take advantage of such opportunities is proven by the self-evident fact that he does take advantage of all such as are offered to him. Negro men are not spendthrifts, but they are exceedingly thrifty when they have a chance to earn and save money; and, as compared with the white race, the Negro race can show a very fair percentage of wealthy and well-to-do persons."

BIBLE STUDY.

In his address before the great Christian Endeavor Convention, recently held in Boston, Mr. Moody gave some excellent advice with regard to the study of the Bible. If only he had urged the most intelligent study by the best means at present available, his remarks would have been still more to the point. But we fear there can be no doubt that this was not at all in his mind. The kind of study he appears to prefer is one which leaves recent discoveries in Biblical research quite out of notice.

Neither Mr. Moody nor any one else can make too strong a statement of the unique position which the Bible holds in the world's literature. It is, indeed, the Book of books; and they who go to it for the quality of life contained in it can find rewards which the study of no other writings will yield. It was the portion of Mr. Moody's address which implied that the words of the Bible, taken into the heart, would prove the seeds of a new and higher life that we should wish to commend most heartily. Whether or not this book may be properly called the "revealed word of God" is rather a fruitless controversy. For practical purposes, at least, this is no exaggeration. Whatever it may contain, the measure of its power and usefulness among men will be what they can get out of it; and, unquestionably, there is wisdom to be found in its pages as valuable to the world as if it were the direct and immediate utterance of Deity.

But to assume that any unintelligent reading of the Bible, however faithfully persisted in, will bring to light this hidden wisdom of the ages, is taking too much for granted. Perhaps no earnest perusal will go wholly unrewarded. But, surely, it is

better to have a bucket at the end of a pole which one lowers into a well, hoping to bring up some refreshing draught; and in this case the bucket must be a discerning, well-taught mind. Mr. Moody confesses that there is much in the Bible which he does not understand. At the same time he permits himself to use expressions which, if they have any application, are probably meant to disparage the labors of those who are doing most at the present time to make these dark places plain.

The great audience listening to Mr. Moody was solemnly warned by him against those who are trying "to pick the word of God to pieces." No names were spoken; but one must suppose that this was aimed at scholars who, like Dr. Briggs, by most careful and conscientious study of these ancient writings have arrived at truths about them in conflict with some traditions and ignorant conjectures. He could not have meant the Ingersoll class of critics, because he spoke of them as "Christian workers." We do not understand that Mr. Moody assumes to be a learned man, and it is not remarkable that he should be poorly informed as to the results of the most advanced Biblical study. But it is remarkable that editors of religious journals throughout the land, who do presumably know how reverent and faithful the labors of these Bible students have been, should not speak out in their defence against mere ignorant prejudice.

One who knows nothing of modern scholarship as applied to sacred writings, but takes it upon himself to speak slightly of those who have given their lives to its advancement, is like a common farm laborer sneering at the great geologist, beside whose store of knowledge his own slender stock of information about the earth which he tills is no more than the first step out of dense barbaric ignorance. We are more than ready to give to Mr. Moody all the honor that belongs to him as an honest and earnest evangelist; but it is simply ridiculous for him to sit in judgment upon what has now grown to be a science of Biblical criticism, having proofs for its assertions which no intelligent mind can ignore. "Picking the Bible to pieces" is not the right way to speak of the labors of men whose only fault is that, having searched the Scriptures longer and deeper than others, they have learned more of what the Bible truly is and of what it contains than is yet known to the majority of Christians. But the spread of this new knowledge throughout the Church is inevitable. It is as certain to displace whatever theories conflict with it as any other discovery is sure to make its way against the errors and half-truths that oppose it. The leaders of popular religious thought would now much better signify their wisdom if, instead of trying to silence these new authorities, they were to try to propose for and ease whatever shock it may cost the believing heart to discover that some of its cherished ideas must be given up and laid aside. It may be said that to the practical, every-day Christian the new facts which Bible study has yielded are not in themselves of great consequence one way or the other. This is probably true. But why, then, are good and true men being tried for heresy simply because, these facts having been brought to their notice, they cannot honestly pretend to believe traditional statements in opposition to them? The truth is that, however little the interests of practical religion may seem to be at stake, the most fundamental questions as to the proper method and attitude of Christian thought are up for settlement. Now, as so many times before our day, it is to be determined how much power an ignorant majority has to restrain investigation and conclusion from going beyond what it is pleased to consider the final limit of knowledge. Now, as heretofore, it has to be settled whether Christianity has ceased to be capable of intellectual and spiritual growth, or is still receptive to the new light out of which such growth must spring. There is really no uncertainty as to the issue of this contest, and they who are trying to bind or bribe scholarship to advocacy of inadequate opinions are making for themselves a record whereat the next generation will look with some amusement and disdain.

CHILD LIFE IN CITIES.

During the torrid week in early June those who could not flee from the fiery furnace of the metropolis saw heart-rending sights as they took their way through the crowded poor quarters of the city, where pale, languid little ones, too listless to play or even to move, sat gasping for breath in doorways and on the stone curbing neighboring the malodorous gutter. At night every roof and fire-escape in the tenement district was crowded with fainting, perspiring human beings; and in various instances sleeping children rolled from these giddy, unprotected heights, and were dashed to death or hopelessly maimed.

Distracted mothers, with stricken babies in their arms, wandered in the treeless streets, seeking a breath of air, or camped in the small parks, of which there are all too few. The babies, with pale, pinched features, livid lips, sunken eyes, too feeble to cry, the little clawlike hands relaxing their limp hold on life, were a sickening sight to see. The older ones, with some physical stamina, were often covered with prickly heat and half poisoned by bad air. All night long bands of tired men and women, with their sleepy, exhausted children, tramped the streets, or lay down upon the pavements when nature refused the power of motion. The suffering endured by tenement children in a single week of weather permanent among the nineties cannot be estimated. Had the heat lasted a few days longer, death's harvest among the cribs and cradles would have been frightful to contemplate.

This unrecorded suffering, this mother anguish, these dumb lives that expire for air to breathe, lay a terrible charge at the door of our civilization,—the charge of criminal neglect and indifference to human suffering. In a city like New York, a vast, solid, compact wedge of living, breathing, struggling humanity, with a great East Side in portions one-half more densely inhabited than any, even the vilest, most crowded cities of Europe, there are such glaring anomalies that public attention cannot too often be drawn to the terrible facts. The waste of child life in great cities is a squandering of human seed-corn. If the slums are to increase, the precious hope of the world's redemption must decrease. If the children must die by the thousand, literally choked and poisoned for lack of air, playgrounds, purifying water, green shade, and sunlight, degeneracy is sure to follow. The future of our cities lies, to a great degree, in the tenements, especially in a city like New York, where the tenement population so vastly overtops all other classes. How to preserve the little ones, to give them a chance for moral and physical development, is not so much a problem of humanity as of sociology. Society rests upon these poor homes. Its roots are in the tenement quarter rather than in Fifth Avenue. And the first demand is for the simplest elements of life,—light, air, room for exercise. These, even more than wholesome food and cleanliness, are called for with an imperative voice. The metropolis has been shamefully slow in awaking to the cry of the children,—the feeble wail of puny infants and little helpless toddlers, the pathetically dumb class that has no language but a cry. Multitudes have been stifled, and have gasped out their little lives who might have been saved, had public pillagers and corrupt officials had a proper degree of conscience, a sympathetic perception of what is needed to save the little ones. It is a murder of the innocents as judicial as Herod's.

We could partially forgive them the plundering of the public treasury, had they given the children parks and playgrounds convenient to their cheerless homes, public baths in sufficient numbers to provide for general cleanliness, and kindergartens where those of tender years could be saved from the dangers and corruptions of the streets. The great school buildings are mainly empty and useless during the heated summer months. A few vacation schools have been opened,—less in all than half a dozen,—whereas every school building in the metropolis should be given up to the children, under proper supervision, for gymnastic exercise and recreation. Although a large class of mothers in the tenements are among the tenderest and most devoted to be found, there are many who through the hardening effect of poverty and evil habits are callous to their children's suffer-

ings. The childish diseases of the tenements are in considerable measure due to their criminal neglect or ignorance. The education of poor mothers needs an organized and systematic effort such as has as yet scarcely been imagined. Sudden natures cannot be awakened, and are hopeless. They have a less tender feeling for their offspring than the cow has for its calf, or the sheep for its lamb. The tenement streets are dotted with children, lame, halt, suffering from sore eyes and various forms of skin disease, that might be cured if taken in time. The district physician, the district nurse, the charitable societies, the fresh air societies do what they can. Still there is a vast sweltering mass, an impenetrable core of child wretchedness and need in our cities, remaining untouched, and which can only be reached by improved sanitation in streets and houses, by more enlightened motherhood, by breathing-places, baths, and places of rest and refreshment near the homes of the poor. The tenement laws recently passed by the legislature at Albany bid fair to do something for the children as well as the adults of the working population; but it requires an awakened and vigorous public sentiment to execute laws effectively, and it must be acknowledged that the rich of our cities who board up their front doors and hermetically seal their city windows as soon as the hot weather comes, and they have made ready to depart, each to his own country paradise, are as blind to the needs of the helpless little ones as are their inhospitable-looking houses. They carry with them no thought of cholera infantum, the black death that stalks through Hester Street and Avenue B, while they are fanned by the sea breeze or soft gales from the mountains.

The city problem is to the greatest extent a child problem. There are large classes that cannot be permanently redeemed: other classes can only rise by a slow evolutionary process. But immediate returns may be expected in health, joy, moral fibre, all that makes humanity of worth, by giving the children in our cities a better chance. The simple gift of a living supply of fresh air would alone save hundreds yearly. Physical degeneracy brings in that demon in the fibre that develops into the tough, the burglar, the criminal, the jail-bird of every description. The numerous victims of a degraded civilization must be heard. Their weak cry goes up to God in the silences; and, unless they are satisfied with the great common blessings, a curse will come upon our people of ever growing shame, of ever more crowded prisons, of larger insane asylums, of more numerous inebriate hospitals, more crowded work-houses, and a frightfully enlarged area of poverty. We must awake to the need of sowing our seed-corn, of basing a worthy future in the bodies and souls of the children who with dumb and suffering lips demand their rights.

BORN ANEW!

"For a single cradle," says mighty Nature, "I would give every one of my graves."

When Nicodemus sought out Jesus of Nazareth to discuss with him the new philosophy, after we know not how much friendly discourse, Jesus suddenly sums up the whole issue in that striking dictum, "You must be born anew!"

It is easy to see how Nicodemus was perplexed. While he was studying the theory and probably trying to ascertain from the new teacher how more clearly to apprehend eternal verities, Jesus united experience and inspiration, vision and practice, and proclaimed an eternal verity!

Nicodemus was still seeking data, but Jesus was already alive with facts!

Simply to be receptive to the ceaselessness of God's streams of activity, as they flow about us, was to Jesus continual new birth. When we open our eyes intelligently, how beautiful the world appears! When we receive a new truth sympathetically, "it confesses us," as Howells says: it makes us own it, we become so much more on its account. And Browning says:

"In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues;
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and joys which fast
supplant
Their griefs and cares.

They grow too great
For narrow creeds, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good; and
peace
Rises within them ever more and more."

And Paul says: "To be continually transformed by the renewing of the mind is to be able to *prove* what is good, to understand what is acceptable, according to the purpose and will of God." This continual transformation comes, perhaps, in some living word, in a moving example of patient heroism, in a tale told tremblingly, in a glimpse of another life, in the murmur of a passing soul, in the touch of a friendly hand!

Robert Burns, stamping, roughly booted, over the red soil in the plough-field furrow, sees the commonest of grass-land flowers turned under beneath the ploughshare; but at the sight his soul is born into a new sympathy with all weak and tender things.

Vassilli Andreitch, the rich, bargaining merchant in Tolstoi's "Master and Man," while insisting upon driving through a snow-storm in order to get beforehand in a business transaction, sees his despised manservant, ill-clad, ill-fed, freezing to death; and the rich man's heart is born anew into emotions of human sympathy and brotherly love, so that he even sacrifices his life and saves that of his servant.

There never was a day upon which one could not be born anew; and every day there is fresh birth possible,—birth that never was possible before. Can we be content to remain only what we are already? No: we want new birth, grander thoughts, deeper emotions, clearer sight, sweeter fancies! Every new opportunity encourages us to grow equal to it. As to Napoleon, with all his faults, the indomitable achiever, a new difficulty was only spur to new endeavor. When his marshal, Masséna, was shut up by the victorious Austrian army in Genoa, and with his brave soldiers was starving there, Napoleon was on the other side of the Alps,—those craggy steeps where no wheel had ever rolled; yet his only answer to the engineers, who reported the impossibility of crossing that snowy range of glittering pinnacles, was to cry: "Forward! Forward! There shall be no Alps!" And presently the glittering bayonets shone in rivalry above the untrodden snow.

So there need be no Alps, no impossible pass to bar back any soul from being born anew!

"God's spirit falls on me as dewdrop on the rose,
If I but, like the rose, my heart to him
unclose."

ORGANIZATION.

Boston has surely had an object-lesson this month in *organization*. The Unitarians that were in town have had something to think about. Between fifty and sixty thousand people, from all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and some "from over the water," came down upon the city, singly and in groups of various sizes, from a carriage-load to a train-load, clad in garments grave and gay, but all bearing the colors of the two organizations they represented,—red and white and blue and white,—the former numbering about twelve to the latter's one. It is not likely that any other motive than that of religion would have been strong enough to furnish, not only the numbers, but the enthusiasm that was displayed at these meetings. There were some peculiarities about this gathering that deserve more than a passing notice,—some things that were conspicuous by their absence, and others that were conspicuous because of the fact that they took and more than filled the places of the absent things. For example, the subjects which aroused the most interest, which attracted the most attention, were those which had to do with modern social life,—good citizenship, temperance, moral reform,—in short, the subjects upon which Jesus laid the emphasis of his teachings. The religion which most inspired the meetings was the religion of Jesus rather than the religion of John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, or Martin Luther. Theological questions, as such, were not much referred to, except by a few of the older ministers, who seemed to be somewhat frightened lest the young people, in their enthusiasm for a religion that would be suitable for present use,—by which I mean the religion of the Sermon on the Mount,—should forget the catechisms and the creeds, and, taking Jesus as their

leader, and not the theologians, should somehow smuggle in the kingdom of God before the dogmatic inspectors should have a chance to bring it in through the regular theological custom-houses. On the whole, these meetings furnished a very striking illustration of the large advance that has been made by the masses of the earnest workers in the orthodox churches in the direction in which the Unitarian denomination had already marked out its course by its Saratoga declaration. Is it unreasonable to hope that all the best religious thought and all the earnest efforts of the devout people of this land will finally rally together under this same inspiring declaration?—not because we as Unitarians have made it, but because it is true. This grand movement called "Christian Endeavor" demonstrates that the work of Christianity can be performed without interfering in the least with existing religious organizations. The only remnant of the unchristian spirit that remains in this otherwise noble movement is its unwarranted and unjust exclusion of what it usurps the right to characterize as the "unevangelical denominations." The consequences of this exclusion are not likely to affect in any way the numbers or the success of this movement from a strictly material point of view; but the violation of any principle of right or justice carries with it a penalty, and this is as true of large as of small organizations. The assumption on the part of certain denominations that they have a monopoly of Christianity in the world may stand a few years longer; but the spirit of Jesus the Christ is against such an assumption, and it cannot long stand. The young people of this generation show no disposition to encourage any spirit of dogmatism, and it is evident that the proscriptive spirit manifested by some of the older leaders of organizations like the societies of Christian Endeavor will not be shared by their successors. Perhaps some day the phrase used by President Clarke, "the world for Christ," will be extended a little to read "the world for those having the Christ spirit." When this time comes, personal opinions about theological questions will be classified where they belong,—among the "non-essentials,"—and the armies of religion will move forward to certain victory. Then we shall have perfect liberty, individual and denominational; and each one will be able to do its best work. We shall then have unity in essentials; and in non-essentials, diversity; and in all that healthy freedom which alone can produce the highest spiritual development.

Perhaps it may occur to some of our good Unitarians to ask why we should not have a general organization of our guilds, Unity Clubs, and other young people's societies,—such a one as was suggested in last week's *Register* by the two presidents of Unity Club Bureau and National Guild Alliance. Could not the Women's Alliance help in such a work? I am sure that every Unitarian interested in the spread of our faith and in the work for which we stand will not only be glad to see such an organization, but will work to bring it about. What says our veteran saint, Dr. Hale, about this matter?

CHRISTIAN COMMENT ON HUXLEY.

No one fact testifies to the immense influence of Prof. Huxley more than the widespread notices from the religious press. The *Springfield Republican* has a pertinent editorial on this subject:—

"A significant feature," says our contemporary, "of these comments from Christian sources is the recognition of Huxley's enthusiasm for the truth, and his high ethical ideas; and there is here and there an acknowledgment of the service he has done religion itself, in driving into the background and out of acceptance numerous false and imperfect notions of the universe and of the relation of scientific facts to theological dogmas and to religious truth, which stood squarely in the way of the largest usefulness of the Christian Church. That some good has come from his attacks on institutionalism in religion, and upon some of the forms in which the Church had set its doctrines, and that, to some extent, he was right in holding that the sanction of the Church has occasionally been given to unworthy and untrue moral ideals, because those ideals are apparently set forth in the Bible, is also conceded. There can be no question about the debt of the Christian

Church to thinkers of the Huxley type in this respect. Huxley demanded that only that which was at least consistent with the highest humanitarianism should be held to by an institution which professed to be the visible kingdom of God on earth; and it is admitted that there is less superstition and bigotry in the Church because of his work.

"Huxley's crowning service, indeed, was as a stimulator and teacher of clear thinking. Every reader of his writings inevitably gets an insight and an impulse that forever after makes it harder for him to confound things that are unlike or hold to things that contradict or disagree with other things known to be true. He has implanted in multitudes of minds, in the Church as well as out of it, the habit of proving all things by comparison with an accepted standard of truth, which may or may not be the accepted one of creed or Bible. The influence of the adoption of this scientific habit by theologians is seen to-day everywhere. It is the basis of the higher criticism and the new scholarship, and will underlie the new theology which is to come out of modern study, thought, and research.

"It may be true that Huxley was a sufferer from the atrophy of his religious instincts, and that he lacked the ability to see those truths which can only be spiritually discerned. It may be, too, that he was bitter and sometimes unjust in his attacks on matters and opinions which he believed to be hindrances to progress and false in themselves. These are all familiar criticisms of Huxley, and can be allowed to stand for what they are worth, be it much or little; but the clear-sighted among the children of the Christian Church realize and acknowledge that this is not all that must stand if justice is to be done to this sturdy champion of the truth as he saw it, an uncompromising foe of humbug and dishonesty as well as of foggy thinking.

"His was essentially a fight for the things for which the Church stands; and, so far as that fight was won, the Church is as great a gainer, if not greater, than the world outside."

Brevities.

Rev. Minot J. Savage will spend a few weeks at New Boar's Head Hotel, Hampton Beach, N. H.

President George L. Cary and Prof. H. H. Barber of Meadville Theological School sailed for Europe on July 24.

Late telegrams report that the Armenian question is likely soon to be settled, the Porte granting most of the reforms demanded by Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. This is a consummation devoutly to be desired.

Hon. Alexander H. Rice, who died within a few days, was one of the best known public men of Massachusetts. He held many important offices, was a graceful speaker, and was highly esteemed for his many private virtues.

Commissioner Roosevelt put on duty last Sunday his whole police force, and it was almost absolutely "a dry day." The selling of beer and liquors was generally stopped. The bars in the big hotels were closed, and the thirsty were driven to the soda-fountains on the streets and in drug-stores. As these were not interfered with, they did a big business.

The colored women come next on the stage. During the last of the month a conference of their clubs will meet at Berkeley Hall, Boston, to discuss the needs of national organization, higher education, industrial training, and the moral, mental, physical, and financial growth of the American colored woman. A special session will be given to a social purity pledge. It is expected that from twenty-five to thirty clubs will be represented.

Rev. A. D. Mayo has been honored with the degree of LL.D. from Berea College, Kentucky. The act was very fitting, as coming from a college which represents more than any institution in the South the whole American system of education, including in its six hundred students a large number from the mountain regions of the South, with a growing attendance from the West and an excellent element of the superior colored youth. The college is coeducational, and contains a vigorous department both for normal and industrial training.

The conferring of this degree on Dr. Mayo is a deserving recognition of his labors in the same direction.

It is said that Tolstoi, dressed like a peasant, in search of a publisher, entered an office; but the publisher, in reply to him, said: "I really cannot be bothered. It is no use for me to examine your sketch. We have hundreds of such things on hand, even though you were in a position to guarantee the cost, which I very much doubt." Upon this Tolstoi made himself known. The publisher, mortified and humbled by his mistake, was profuse with apologies. But Tolstoi could not be moved, and, as he departed out of the door, said, "I must find a publisher who has more time and does not exact a guarantee."

The organization of the United States Religious Association at Ayer, Mass., notice of which will be found in another column, is one of the most promising movements for a larger union which has yet taken place. Both Catholics and Protestants prayed together as they began their proceedings. It was agreed that all could work with one heart in all practical efforts for good government, temperance, and the reforms of social evils. While there was this fraternity of feeling, the fact of theological differences was distinctly kept in view; and it was also affirmed in the speeches that there was a place for Catholicism as well as Protestantism. Father McKenna, who at one time was received with cheers, said that before coming to the meeting he consulted his spiritual adviser, Vicar-General Byrne of Boston, in the absence of the archbishop; and he willingly gave his permission. Thus it will be seen that this movement has the indorsement of high officials of the Roman Catholic Church.

Pro and Con.

A LECTURE LIST.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

We wish to state through the columns of the *Register* that, at a regular meeting of the Ministers' League held last April at 25 Beacon Street, it was voted to prepare a lecture list, the object being to provide our weaker and smaller churches with lectures at a small expense. This list has been made, and contains the names of some thirty ministers, members of the league. It will soon be printed and placed in the American Unitarian Association Rooms, and, most likely, with the Unity Club and Guild headquarters, where it can be found by those wishing it.

LEVERETT R. DANIELS,
For the Committee and League.

LEARN THE LESSON.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Few persons can have read the reports of the mammoth convention which has just been held in Boston, fewer still can have attended any of the more important meetings, without being convinced that the Christian Endeavor Society is exerting a great power for good. It would be easy to criticize many things that were said and done; but, when all due allowance has been made, the claim of one of the leading speakers that the society exists "to translate sentiment into life" seems amply justified. Especially significant were the presentation of a banner to the local society which had done most for the promotion of good citizenship, and the emphasis placed upon the fact that the young man who was killed in Troy while trying to protect the purity of the ballot-box a year or two ago was a member of the Christian Endeavor organization and a martyr to its principles. If the statements made as to the part taken by the society in the recent uprising in New York and Chicago are well founded, it is evident that in its rapid growth lies one of our chief hopes of deliverance from the evils of political indifference and corruption.

One great secret of the society's success seems to be its method of cultivating in each of its members a sense of individual responsibility. It gives them all a definite duty to perform, and insists that that duty shall be faithfully and regularly done. In one way or another it is constantly saying, in the words of President Clark: "Make of your religion the first thing in all your lives. Place it before your business, before your social pleasures, before your school,

before your amusements. There is one supreme thing in the world, and that is the service of the Master."

Is not this the word which we all, old and young alike, need to hear uttered more frequently and with greater power? How many lives there are which are simply drifting along in the direction of the least resistance, without any high aim or noble endeavor, without the least sense of loyalty or obligation toward the Power which brought us here and on which we so entirely depend. If, as Mr. Van Ness and Mr. Macdonald suggest in the last *Christian Register*, we can learn the lesson which this Endeavor movement has for us; if we can desire and adopt some method by which a kindred influence can be more effectively brought to bear upon the lives of our young people; if we can succeed in reaching those among them whom our existing organizations fail to interest,—shall we not be doing more to promote the practical "religion of Jesus," which we have declared to be "summed up in love to God and love to man" than we are likely to do in any other way? Is there any topic which is more worthy of earnest attention at the Washington Conference?

WILLIAM H. FISH, JR.

A VISIT TO BULFINCH CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Looking over the list of summer services of the Boston Unitarian churches yesterday, I noticed that the Bulfinch Place Chapel would be open mornings for Sunday-school during July and August, and shortly wended my way thither over the sun-scorched sidewalks of Beacon Hill, arriving, to my sorrow, rather late, a modest placard at the door announcing the appointed hour as 10.30 instead of 11, as the printer had typed it. However, I was in season for far more than the closing benediction,—in truth, for many good words. Instead of the hum of many children in classes reciting to a number of different teachers, I listened to one pleasant voice, that of the leader, giving a familiar talk—interesting, instructive, appreciative—on the composer Mendelssohn. The Scripture lesson which had preceded, I incidentally learned, was the parable of the talents; and the speaker showed Mendelssohn as one who, though possessed of sufficient means to live in luxurious ease, had he been so inclined, yet labored diligently from a sense of duty, as one who had been intrusted with talents, and also from devotion to his art, expressing himself in music as the highest and truest form of language, putting a bit of himself into every one of his beautiful "Songs without Words" and his grand oratorios, "Elijah" and "St. Paul," writing no requiems, voicing not the anguish of a sorrow-stricken world, but singing always cheery, uplifting strains, full of the joy of faithful living; in family and social relations, tender and true, generous and helpful, happy dispenser of sunshine of the soul. Some of his music was played on the piano, brief extracts from his letters were read; and the thought was pressed home to us all that it is good to live and to labor and to love, to be cheerful and to help make other hearts glad in pure and simple living. The poet Whittier was named as the subject for next Sunday. The room was airy and cool. A hymn was sung, the common prayer voiced together, greetings exchanged by friends and neighbors; and I came away feeling that it was good to have been there.

A thought expressed in an old English novel, that I read many years ago and have never read since, came to my mind. A friendly library having given me a chance to verify my references, I beg to give it here:—

"I often think and feel," said Dr. Beauchamp, "that there's more real piety in being happy than in any other act in life."

"I don't know whether you could call being happy an act, Doctor."

"I know," answered Dr. B., "that being miserable is often a voluntary act. There are people who will be miserable, and to will is an active verb; and therefore I suppose that to be happy may also be a voluntary act, and a Christian duty also, as often as circumstances will permit."

I should like to write further of helps and hindrances to cheerfulness, but judge the suggestion, Stop now and write again, to be the happier thought and wiser way.

M. H. G.

Boston, July 22.

For the Christian Register.

IN MEMORIAM:

HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

When pass away, beyond our mortal sight,
The good, the great, whose presence blessed us
here,
So much seems lost from out our earthly sphere
'Tis like the change of day to sombre night!
And yet, though in the valley's shade no light
Is seen, the dawn of hope draws near!
For even now upon the hills appear
Gleams of a Day with endless radiance bright;
And, as in clearer air the sky-larks rise
Higher and higher in their heavenward flight,
Till—singing, singing still—we lose them in the
skies,
Yet *hear their song*, though they have flown from
sight,
So fall upon the listening ear alway
The benisons of great souls passed away.

HUMAN LOVE FOR GOD.

BY REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

It may be thought that there is an impassable distance between what is implied in the last word of this title and what is implied in its first word. Hardly do we at first climb up to any idea of God. How, then, can we at once reach him by our love? It is not easy to see how we can love one whose existence is not put beyond all doubt, of whose personality we only dimly conceive, with whom we have no visible communication except through intermediate agencies, and whose infinite grandeur, if really felt, must annihilate us. Even when these and other conditions are met, we do not readily yield our affections to one who imperatively says, "Thou shalt love me." Love follows some other law than that of authority.

There may be those who wrongfully blame themselves for their coldness of heart. It may not be useless to try to show what love for God really means, and how it is within our capabilities and duty.

When we talk about the distance between God and man, there may be some survival of the childish conception that God is a venerable and omnipotent Ruler, seated on a far-off throne, surrounded by myriads of angels, and superintending this wonderful universe.

There may be shadows from an earlier perspective. During long ages it has been believed that nature is something not yet subdued to God's dominion, that it is at war with him, that it is the realm of demons, sending to us our disappointments and sufferings. This is the Old Testament doctrine, and it clouds much of the New Testament.

If science has banished the evil spirits, there may be an inheritance of the influence of this ancient superstition. With such persons anything that is according to nature is at once pushed aside as unworthy of further thought. It makes no appeal to wonder and reverence. A wall is built up between nature and God.

Modern thought rejects this supposed distance. It believes that God is immanent in nature. He moves the planets in their orbits and paints the tints of the humblest flower. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence?" That the ancient writers here quoted had foregleams of the grandest spiritual truth is a better proof of their divine insight than all the arguments of Biblical critics. The early religions could not have been altogether ridiculous and debasing if they were here and there illuminated by such lofty and prophetic words.

Are perplexities about God's personality any greater than perplexities about our own personality? Who has ever seen his own soul? Our spirit is as much a mystery as is the Spirit of God. Man's spirit acts through his kind deeds and his loving and noble life. And is not God cognizable by every adjustment for our good, by every happy hour we enjoy, even by the evils we meet, designed as parts of a needed discipline? The darkness which clouds the personality of our friend is not sufficient to lead us to think we can never love him, or to prevent our grateful thought upon the tokens of his care and affection. Why should it be sufficient in the case of God?

Indeed, in all outward objects there is something too deep for us to fathom. As to matter itself, do we know anything except as it affects our senses? Can any one tell us what is light, electricity, life, and countless other things? We are perpetually

put to school to teach us the limits of our knowledge; but do these limits lead us to deny the existence of something back of the phenomena? If "an undevout astronomer is mad," does not study in any one line of investigation bring us nearer to the order, wisdom, and benignity of God, and assure us that we have in our souls intimations of something infinitely beyond?

If any one be troubled by the *command* to love God, it may be well to try to form some just idea of the mode in which it was given.

No one supposes that distinct words were uttered. God has not our linguistic organs. What need has he of any of our human dialects? The phrases, "God spake these words and said," "The Lord spake these words," were used by those who believed that God impressed upon their minds the *things* reported. But they were free to utter them in their own way. "The spirit of the prophet was subject to the prophet," not he to it. A duty he set forth by the words "Thou shalt"; a restraint, by the words, "Thou shalt not." The diction was according to the fashion of a primitive age.

It was laid aside in advanced stages of culture. Who can imagine Jesus as saying, Thou shalt be pure in heart, thou shalt be meek and merciful? He never taught in that way. But, looking to the commandment which first appeared as early as the book of Deuteronomy, it is indeed wonderful that some, even then, subordinated all ceremonies, rites, sacrificial gifts, and creeds to that great commandment. The doctrine is one thing: its form of statement partook of the rudeness of an early people.

And what does the doctrine really mean? The word "love" is a translation from a Hebrew term which places the stress on other things than mere affections. Even in our common version it is often rendered by the word "fear"; for it includes reverence, obedience, a steadfast looking to God, a humble and sincere breathing for him. This last appears to be the root idea. All these shades of meaning are covered by the word "love."

So in our language we say we should love our child, should love a flower, should love our country, should love a wise and beneficent ruler. It does not follow there should be no discrimination. Love is graduated according to the object. Who can love God with the vivacious tenderness felt for the dearest friend? The affection the Bible enjoins is an habitual reverence, wanting, as some may think, in occasional fervor, but really more enduring, more obedient to reason, and with more control over life.

It was a sensible comment of the renowned Church Father, Saint Augustine, on the words, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, mind, and might," that true religion has a claim on our whole nature,—not on our love alone, but upon our understanding, our will, our force of character. To bring the chief stress to bear on our emotions is to obey only a part of our duty, and what all history proves is the easiest part.

Reverence for God,—is that impossible? Does not the spectacle of the world and the course of our own life lead us to that? In the vision of him we find our origin, our duty, our pathway of progress, and our assured continuity of existence.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION CONVENTION.

BY REV. GEORGE W. COOKE.

The convention of the Young People's Christian Union held in Boston July 10-14 was quite overshadowed by that of the Young People's Christian Endeavor; but, in its own way, it was quite as significant. When the Christian Endeavor organization was started, the Universalists tried to join it, but were coldly received or crowded out. Then they began to organize a society of their own, which has grown with astonishing rapidity. It now numbers about sixteen thousand members, has about four hundred local unions, publishes a weekly paper in Boston, has a paid organizer or missionary, and during the past year raised over \$11,000.

There were present at the meeting just held in Boston about five hundred and fifty delegates and two thousand five hundred members of the organization. Large delegations came from the Western States, and most of the States were represented. The meetings were held in the Church of the

Unity, which was well filled at all the sessions. An overflow meeting was held in the Every-day Church every evening. In proportion to the whole membership of the two organizations, the attendance at the Christian Union was much larger than that at the Christian Endeavor Convention.

I attended most of the sessions of the Young People's Christian Union. The meetings were all of great interest to me. I found them inspiring and enthusiastic. They were liberal in tone, broad in spirit, and catholic in aim. Although of necessity denominational in character, they were not sectarian or bigoted. The attitude toward evangelical Christians was friendly and appreciative, while that toward Unitarians was most cordial and sympathetic. On the first evening Rev. M. J. Savage was one of the speakers, and his words of appeal for closer union between the two denominations were enthusiastically received. I was invited to speak at one of the sessions, as the representative of the Unitarian young people's organizations; and what I said elicited a most hearty response. I found myself throughout the four days of the convention in closest sympathy with the aims and methods of the convention, and quite as much at home as if the meetings had been conducted under Unitarian auspices.

It was quite evident to me that the Young People's Christian Union has become a great power in the Universalist denomination. It has brought together in organic union the younger people and those who look toward the future, of whatever age. The number of older persons present was large enough to give judgment and wisdom to the convention; but an earnest missionary spirit and great enthusiasm prevailed. It was quite evident that the Union has taken fast hold of the hearts and convictions of its members. The enthusiasm rose to a high point when the place for the next meeting was discussed, when the election of officers occurred, and when the adoption of a new constitution and by-laws was under consideration. That the organization has gained the loyalty and devotion of the members was shown throughout the meetings in many ways. The enthusiasm was unmistakable, so contagious and inspiring was it. It was a sober and controllable enthusiasm, however, and with a strong foundation of good sense and wise judgment.

I was much impressed by the harmony which prevailed between the younger and the older members of the convention. Without doubt the Young People's Christian Union contains the young life of the Universalist denomination. The officers of the Union are young people, the president and secretary being about thirty years of age, the treasurer about twenty. The delegates were largely of the youth of the denomination. Few old persons were in attendance or among the speakers. Yet there was a considerable proportion of delegates of middle age, and a majority of the speakers were of that class. So far as I could see, no jealousy existed, but rather a cordial spirit of co-operation between all present. I was surprised at the large number of the leaders of the body who were not only present as delegates, but active in the deliberations and work of the convention. This is as it should be, for it insured to the meetings that the enthusiasm was directed to wise results.

Much of the time of the convention was devoted to its business interests. Among the topics considered were the publication of *Onward*, the weekly organ of the society; the work of the secretary, who is the national organizer; the support of the Japan and other missions; the pushing of post-office work, which is carried on among Universalists of the Young People's Christian Union. This missionary feature of the meetings was one that gave purpose and definiteness to the work of the organization. It has built a church at Harriman, Tenn., and supports a missionary there. It proposes to open up other missionary posts in this country, as well as to aid in the support of the mission in Japan. The success of the Japan mission has inspired the forward-looking members of the denomination with the idea of making the whole world their field of labor.

Other practical topics were also up for consideration. Much attention was given to the education of the young for good citizenship. This feature of the work of the Young People's Christian Union is made a prominent one, and the papers and addresses showed that it is capable of yielding

efficient results. Careful consideration was also given to the perfection of the organization itself, and the convention was largely a school of methods. Addresses were made on the best methods of conducting the meetings of local Unions, how to attract and hold the young people, and on the relations of the Church to the young. The attention given to these papers and addresses showed that the delegates were really interested in the topics discussed, and that their loyalty to the Union is strong and vigorous. It showed that, while they thoroughly enjoyed the convention as a holiday, they had a deeper purpose, and one of large meaning to them.

The interest in all the meetings of the convention was unmistakable. It showed itself in many ways. Something of the spirit of the Endeavor movement has been caught up by the Young People's Christian Union, without doubt, as shown in their use of banners, badges, and songs. I was not impressed, however, with any excess or exaggeration in this feature of the convention, but rather with its attitude of youthful hope and courage. So far as I could judge, there was nothing in the tone and temper of the convention to which a Unitarian could object. So far as any doctrinal teaching found expression, it was of a most progressive and rational kind. The denominational feeling was in no degree stronger than at our own Saratoga Conference of last autumn. From first to last the meetings were such as we ought to have among our own young people. We can learn very much from our Universalist neighbors in this regard, and we shall be wise if we all allow them to teach us the lesson we so greatly need. If we mingle with them cordially, we shall find that they are one with us in belief, in ideals, and in present rational aims.

THE FUNERAL OF PROF. HUXLEY.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. LYON.

One would have supposed that the funeral of Huxley would be largely attended; for, not only was he a great scientist, one of the leaders in the rapid intellectual changes of the past half-century, but he was well known to the ordinary reading public as one who had made great matters plain to its understanding. But, as the train stopped at the little station of East Finchley, the number of passengers who alighted, though unusual, was by no means great. This was partly due to a wrong announcement of both time and place, which had not been corrected till that morning's papers, and even then only as to time. As we came away, we met some eager persons hurrying up the narrow lane, too late for the event they had left London to see. The cemetery of St. Marylebone is a very pretty one, we had time to notice, looking much like the best of our later American burial-places, except in the preponderance of crosses for gravestones. There are no iron fences or stone curbing to break the sweet green sward, and there is an abundance of flowers. The land is high and the air clear, and to the left the heath rolls up to break in billows of trees around the spires of Hampstead.

As we were waiting in front of the neat stone chapel, an obliging young chemist pointed out to me various distinguished men. One who had especially attracted my attention by his very tall and slender form, and striking though rather loosely hanging face, fringed with a thin brown beard and crowned with a hat set well back, he told me, to my great delight, was Lecky. Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist, and Prof. Gladstone were among the waiters. An old, pleasant-faced man who alighted from his carriage at the gate, and walked somewhat feebly up the path, was Sir James Paget, the famous physician; while the still vigorous man who drove up to the door was Lord Kelvin, better known as Sir William Thomson of "prayer-gauge" notoriety, but a very "orthodox" man, and president of the Royal Society. Herbert Spencer was too much an invalid to come, and Lubbock and Wallace were also looked for in vain. There were a few women, among them Mrs. Kingdon Clifford; but almost all the company were men, and a distinguished-looking company it was.

The coffin was carried into the chapel and placed on very high black trestles, seeming doubly high and obtrusive in the small

room. It was then that disappointment began. If any one had hoped that the burial of so pronounced a writer on religious subjects would have something to distinguish it from the funeral of the common parishioner of the Church of England, his hopes soon ended. A clergyman in the conventional robes ascended the pulpit, the undertaker stationed himself at the clerk's desk below, and the two shared a service that seemed doubly formal and empty by comparison with the utterances of those firm lips that lay mute in the lifted coffin. A little gleam of consolation came from the knowledge that the clergyman was Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, a friend of Huxley, and himself a writer upon matters of science. But the company took no part whatever in the service, the undertaker representing them in the few responses. One thought of those words of Emerson about the preacher who was spectral and the snow-storm without the church which was the only reality. There was indeed nothing to show that the preacher or the dead had ever really lived, "had bought and sold, been cheated or in love," or anything else but an attendant of the Anglican Church. None of his gray-haired contemporaries told of the battles which they and he had fought with superstition, nor did any of the younger men speak of what the keen mind had done for them in light and leading. The service droned its way through truth and error, through Paul's faith in the life to come and his hasty prophecy that the trump would sound before his hearers should all "sleep"; and the dead man made no remonstrance or criticism. The strained imagination might fancy him grimly consoling himself by the thought that his favorite word, "agnostic," had been suggested to him by this same Paul, in his speech to the Athenians.

Then we all went out to the grave through the realities of the beautiful day, and the priest and the undertaker resumed their dialogue there. Then we filed again through the green lane to the station, and were rolled back to London. Not a tear had been shed by any of the company, except by the family; and the general feeling seemed to be a sense of relief that an artificial but necessary function had been performed. Doubtless we shall have eulogies and criticisms enough for a while in the reviews, but one wondered whether something might not have been said there where the mortal was to be ended of the work and worth of one of the foremost thinkers and writers of the age. "When Bradlaugh was buried," said an indignant fellow-passenger, "no word was said and no service was held; but we stood and looked on silently, and came away so. And I tell you there were tears enough then." An unalterable liturgy has its advantages often, but there are times when something a little more human would be better.

As we walked along the lane, two rustics stood watching the throng of black coats and silk hats go by; and one of them said to the other, "What did the man do?" Such is fame, but it is a question that no one can yet answer. That he defended, expounded, and developed the Darwinian theory, and that he brought to this work a mind as keen and cold as steel, a wit as sharp as a sword, and a literary style which had had no superior in his time for clearness and firmness, we all know. We have all to thank him that he looked upon science not as a thing for the laboratory only, but as truth to be proclaimed and used wherever there was error to be overthrown. He did not hesitate to set it squarely face to face with the cosmogony of the Bible, and went on to criticise by its light many other things in the sacred writings which seemed to him not only untrue, but mischievous. He was severe with the Churchmen. His famous reply to Bishop Wilberforce's sneer at evolution betrayed his feeling toward the bishop's type of mind and method of reasoning. The bishop, it may be remembered, asked him, after Huxley had been giving his views upon the matter, whether it was upon his grandfather's or his grandmother's side that he descended from the apes. Those who remember how the mouth of Dr. Hedge used to shut upon some grim retort or criticism can picture to themselves how the thin, firm lips of Huxley snapped as he replied that, if he had to choose his ancestor between a decent ape and a bishop who had only a sneer for great truths, he would take the ape every time. When I last saw him, he was lecturing upon snakes at Kew Gar-

dens; and, as he handled the horrid creatures, one might recall the passage in which he had written that "extinct theologians lie around the birthplace of modern science as the serpents were scattered around the cradle of the infant Hercules."

On the other hand, it must be said that Huxley found little cheer in or to give from his science. The endless warfare and rivalry of natural forces and forms seemed to him to show little sign of love or hope for man. Nature was "no sentimentalist" to him, and was rather to be resisted or borne bravely than trusted for any good intention she might have for man's welfare. It was not, therefore, because he had fresh good news to give in place of the old gospel that he spoke, but because he believed, as he said, that "the truth is the best remedy for the manifold miseries of mankind." But is not this, after all, the deepest faith that any man can hold,—that the universe is, at bottom and in its reality, kind to man? Huxley was a Hiram of Tyre who furnished timber and stone out of the primeval forests and rock. The Solomons who are to build the temple of the new faith have not yet been born.

LEO XIII.

Now to those to whom the privilege of conversing with Leo XIII. has been extended; to those who look below the surface of things, and realize that everything the pope says, does, thinks, or writes, is the outcome of deep and earnest thought, exercised by one of the most powerful minds of our day, a dim adumbration of this influence and its consequences reveals itself.

The frequenter of the Vatican instinctively learns that no one within those walls differs with that wonderful old man; that the mind lingering in that frail tenement of flesh and blood is keen, alert, and self-reliant; that to the pope assertion of unlimited authority is no effort, that it is part and parcel of his nature, enabling him to set aside a pompous cardinal more easily than the archbishop of Canterbury can a beadle. For this pope is a great power,—a far greater potentate than the king who sits in his palace on the other side of the Tiber; and, if the supposed visitor be a Catholic, to him a divine personage, divinely inspired, borne up in his counsels by the Almighty God of the universe, and guarded from error by Omniscience. To him the delicate life hanging by a thread in the attenuated frame is nothing but a miracle, as indeed it is to others who only take a material view of the fact, while that the mind of this aged man is still capable of bearing the strain of incessant labor fills many with amazement. This is no fancy portrait of Leo XIII. That his life is being miraculously prolonged is now very generally accepted by the faithful; and, even by medical men, it is looked on as phenomenal that so light a spark should not have been extinguished at least twelve or fifteen years ago.

It is patent to any one reading the daily papers that the Vatican is becoming more and more a factor in European politics, not alone in matters of general policy, but in all social and religious questions; that it has a hand in the making and unmaking of governments; that it influences elections (in some countries and certain localities to the extent of controlling them altogether); that it takes its part in the burning question of the education of the people; and, lastly, that in the New Worlds that are being brought under colonizing influences, such as Central Africa, it is destined to play a by no means insignificant rôle.

And who but Leo XIII. guides and directs this policy?

Reason as we may, blink facts as much as we like, the pope, in the silence of his austere furnished room, with his simple fare of *pasta* and cold water, is a power in shaping the destinies of the world greater than the czar, greater than Emperor William, greater than all the foreign secretaries who fret and fume on the political stage in the length and breadth of Europe.

And why? Because he embodies the idea of a persistent, unwavering policy, with one distinct aim,—an aim that will outlive him, that will be followed with the relentlessness of a sleuth-hound by his successors. Triple alliances will have crumbled, dual monarchies have split into fragments, the sun may have set on the British Empire, republics rise and fall; but still this one supreme object will be in view, every-

thing moral and material will be utilized with that sole idea, everything which stands in its way crushingly and persistently set aside. And this terrible power is and must continue to be in the hands of the only true autocrat living, a man who need not be swayed by faction, master of himself and master of thousands of highly trained men, who blindly do as he bids, chancellor of his own exchequer, with no one to question the use of the immense sums that flow into his coffers. He is the only autocrat free from the *res angusta domi*: he has no personal family worries. Royal Marriage Acts cannot afflict his dreams, and complicated dynastic arrangements do not affect him.

But to the outside public a latter-day pope often seems to be merely the spiritual head of the Roman Church, occasionally seen at some festival in the Sistine Chapel, while the rest of his time is taken up in receiving ladies in black veils,—mostly Protestant and mostly American,—in granting audiences to some wandering Britisher with a new patent for the union of the churches, or in dispensing blessings and indulgences on hordes of amiable pilgrims (personally conducted) who have taken the Vatican, Lourdes, or anywhere else, in their trip.

But, however true this might have been of other popes, it is distinctly not the case with Leo XIII. It is true he is compelled to go through many of these trivialities; for women are still women, and noodles are not as extinct as the dodo. But the amount of work of other kinds he gets through, and its extreme importance, is known to few. The diplomatic correspondence alone, carried on chiefly by his very able Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, but verified and examined in every line by his Holiness himself, would occupy the time of most men to the exclusion of everything else. In addition to this are naturally all the "Cares of the Church," its government, preferments, missions; the political bearing of every act of every parliament as affecting the papacy; an analytical scrutiny into the lives of all the Roman hierarchy; a study of the personal character of every statesman of eminence; the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of European foreign relations; and countless other matters,—Home Rule in Ireland, Catholicism in America, religious questions in Austria, with everything else embraced in the universal dominion of the Church.

And now a word as to the spiritual condition of the hierarchy of Rome. To the student of history it seems indisputable that a great boon and blessing has befallen the Church of Rome through the loss of its temporalities. To any one familiar with the "good old days" of Roman society thirty years ago—the ease and luxury of the great prince cardinals, their fat revenues, their palaces, their nephews and also their nieces, and the pomp and splendor of their lives—the existing state of affairs in the Catholic world of Rome presents a marvellous change. A visit nowadays to a cardinal or a monsignore is quite another thing,—no relations of either sex dangling about his eminence's ante-chamber, no lackeys in livery, no great rumbling coach with fat horses; nothing of this,—all gone; nothing but austere and decorous economy. And, by a process common in all lives, improved domestic economy has produced higher spirituality, has revived that earnestness essential to success in anything, and has added a dignity to their position in the eyes of the vulgar which luxury had never succeeded in imparting. Further, what was true of the prelates was true of the pope, whose very person grew more and more sacred the less he came in contact with the outer world. Rome gained immeasurably by the loss of her ridiculous papal army, laughable as a menace, perilous as rendering it obligatory under certain circumstances to take part in European quarrels.

But now the Vatican works the polling-booth, an infinitely surer and more effective force, and one which it is almost beyond the powers of any State to control.

Thus round the person of Leo XIII. a strength has accumulated unknown to modern papacy, while, personally, no pope for centuries has been more implicitly obeyed or more devoutly revered. Nevertheless, it is also clearly his own remarkable personality which has greatly contributed to this state of affairs, coupled with the fact that the loss of the temporal power, and

with it relief from the trumperies which take up the time of ordinary royalties, has left him at leisure to devote his great intellect to what may be properly called the legitimate business of his position. Then, again, it is a fair speculation as to how far even Leo XIII.'s extraordinarily pious mind, as proved by the blameless purity of his prepal life, would have stood that greatest of all human trials, elevation to an exalted position, coupled with power. As it is, the transcendental has remained conspicuous in him. To himself, and to millions of others, he is above all human consideration of earthly weakness and incapability of wrong-doing; for the simple fact that he has had no opportunity to show through erring that he is fallible.

It is said that Leo XIII. has not changed in the smallest degree since his election to the chair of St. Peter; but it must be pointed out that it was certainly not anticipated that that quiet, calm, and holy mind had another side to it which would entitle it to rank with Bismarck's or that of the shrewdest of modern statesmen,—namely, a fixity of purpose that none have excelled; a personal courage that would smile at the stake; and a grasp of all questions, social, moral, or political, equalled by few. Add to this an undoubting belief that he is God's *Alter Ego* here below,—not alone in matters concerning the Church, but in all things secular as well; add again his firm faith that this God takes cognizance of the traditional sparrow on the house-top, and is forever guiding the world through the pope, and *through the pope alone*; add his extraordinary personal influence (before laid stress on), and last, but by no means least, the financial condition of the papacy (more flourishing than it has been for centuries), and it would appear that the power of the pope is not dead in the person of Leo XIII.—*Fortnightly Review* for July.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS FOR THE SOUTH.

To the Directors of the American Unitarian Association:—

I place at the head of this report a statement with which I propose to begin every address or paper I may give concerning the South until that statement is corrected by a change in the facts. It is this: *One-third of the land and one-third of the people of the United States are in the South. One-thirty-third of the Unitarian churches are there.*

It is our task to divide the denominator, or, better, multiply the numerator of that last fraction by eleven. Let us multiply the dozen Unitarian societies at the South eleven times, and we shall do for its religion what business enterprise is doing for its industry and what modern education is doing for its culture. Whether the South wishes it or not, the law of the correlation of work and thought and the correspondence of occupation and character will revolutionize her religious institutions as well as her social and industrial conditions. It is the duty of people who have in their career anticipated some of the inevitable transitions of the coming age in this fateful portion of our country to share with it the results of their experience.

During the last ten months I have visited all the Southern States, and held religious services there. Starting from Saratoga immediately after the National Conference in September, I visited in succession Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, preaching in these cities and conferring with their ministers and people on our duty to carry a restored Christianity to the Southern States. From St. Louis I went to Memphis, where the movement begun by Mr. Preston with four members has developed into an enterprising society, with fifty enrolled members, under the charge of Rev. G. H. Clare. These earnest people are already prospecting for a church building. They deserve all the aid the older churches can give them.

From Memphis I went through Arkansas to Texas, stopping a day at Little Rock. I am told that there are intelligent and well-to-do people in this city who would welcome our church among them. At Dallas I preached one Sunday, and took counsel with a few known friends there. At Fort Worth I found little remaining of the Unitarian society once formed there. We ought to have a strong minister here or in Dallas, who should minister to both cities. At Waco I found a city centrally located in a

very productive country, and with an assured future. It would welcome a liberal church which was both liberal and religious. I then visited Austin, the capital and educational centre of Texas. Here Rev. E. M. Wheelock is doing telling work as a preacher, and his society is growing and active. At San Antonio, where I went for the following Sunday, Rev. N. Shultz is bravely and cheerfully doing what he can. Galveston and Houston were my next preaching points, and in both places I found hearers and would-be confessors of the better faith and larger hope in religion. One able man could minister to both these cities until each could support a minister of its own.

New Orleans is always interesting. Our church there holds its own and a little more under Rev. W. C. Peirce. That is saying much, when we consider the difficulties under which it labors. It is planning to move as soon as its present edifice can be profitably sold. Then will begin its new day.

A Sunday in Mobile gave me a hearty and hopeful hearing from fifty or sixty people. A Jewish synagogue is built on the foundations of the old-time Unitarian church. A Sunday in Montgomery, besides a good congregation, brought favorable notice from the press and unfavorable comment from the pulpit. A visit to Tuskegee at the time of the Labor and Educational Conference there was a day or two well spent, and full of evidence that the colored people of that region are rising under the influence of sensible education and counsel. In Florida we saw brother J. C. Gibson and some of his coworkers and fellow-worshippers. I did what I could to organize and encourage them. A Sunday service in Jacksonville brought out a small but excellent congregation. I visited Tampa, and talked with our friends there, but only for a day. In Savannah I found but one Unitarian, and he was not anxious to have a church there. At Charleston there is always welcome and devotedness to our cause. I preached and lectured there, and took counsel on church-extension matters. From Charleston to Greenville, S. C., takes one from low-country to up-country folk. Both are getting ready to think our thought and walk our way. The little band of Unitarians and their liberal friends in Greenville are earnest and active. They have salt in themselves. They hold services whether a minister is with them or not. At Knoxville, where I preached twice and lectured once, they also hold continuous services. Asheville is always full in its season. Its minister, Rev. H. A. Westall, divides the year between Asheville, Knoxville, and Greenville. Atlanta I found the same wide-awake, enterprising, friendly city as ever. Our opportunity there was never so great as now. This year, with its great exposition, offers us the chance of a lifetime to make our way, our men, and our cause known throughout the South and beyond. The Unitarian books will spread our literature broadcast, and special services will give personal weight to our liberal word.

Chattanooga, the church, has done what it could, when Chattanooga, the city, was doing nothing. Rev. S. R. Free has gone to Willimantic, Conn., where he was needed to begin a new church among his old friends and former parishioners. At Nashville I met two or three men much in earnest in their desire for a Unitarian movement there. On my return to Richmond, I found the young society in good heart and keeping, with Rev. J. M. Seaton filling the pulpit in my absence.

An interesting trip to Wallace, N. C., introduced me to Rev. J. G. Dukes, who is preaching a truly liberal gospel to the people in that region. He and many of his people are in perfect accord with our principles and views. I preached in Norfolk one Sunday. The service was not largely attended, but it gave me an opportunity to meet and converse with a few effective men in that city. The Baltimore Conference brought the ten months' travel, preaching, organizing, and counselling to a good conclusion, and marked the beginning, let us hope, of a new advance of organized, progressive, Unitarian church-extension work at the South.

I cannot close this report without calling attention to the extent of the Southern field, requiring a journey of ten thousand miles to make a visit to all our posts. The isolation in which our Southern men and churches carry on their work makes it more

important for them than for others more closely connected to have the visitation and counsel of a brother in the faith. In due time not one superintendent for this immense field, but six such officers, will minister to six sections of the South. There will be associated with certain ministers centrally located in these sections one or more assistant ministers, who will visit every year the scattered individuals, circles, alliances, leagues, or churches of each district. This is part of the purpose of that circuit work which is just starting at the South. It is the desire of the present incumbent of this office to be superseded by local superintendents, who will bring to the sheep scattered abroad the service and sympathy of friends near by.

For the present, although the word "missionary," with its association with religious enterprises among the brethren, is not a fortunate one, I must say that the Southern work is pre-eminently missionary; that is, it is a work which Unitarian people must do patiently, generously, and long for people who are not Unitarians, and who can only become such by gradual change and natural growth.

GEORGE L. CHANEY.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN FRANCE.

It has been a very common remark that no nation is drunken where wine is cheap, and the grape-growing countries have been pointed out as a verification of the truth of this assertion. It has generally been said that the social and political issues of the drink question are confined to the Northern nations of Europe. But now we are informed that France, which is among the chief wine-growing countries, is considering this subject, at least so far as legislation upon it is concerned. A project of law has been introduced in the form of a measure of revenue which takes account of the moral and social aspects of the question, and in some of its details is avowedly determined by these. The *New York Times* says:—

The Chamber of Deputies passed the law, which includes an entire removal of the taxes on what are called "hygienic drinks,"—including wine, beer, cider, and perry,—which raises the duty on alcohol, and which includes supervision by the State of the rectification of alcohol.

The French Academy of Medicine has been fully committed to the principle of the new law, and apparently has been consulted about its details. At any rate, Dr. Magnan, one of its members and a very distinguished physician, has just submitted to an interview in a Parisian newspaper, in which he justifies the law upon medical, which in this case are also moral, grounds. The liquor question, he declares, has forced itself upon public attention in France by reason of the increasing mischief wrought by alcoholism in France within the last twenty years. According to him, the medical profession finds extremely urgent the need of some measure to allay the evil results of unrestricted competition; and it considers that it has found them in the bill just passed by the Chamber of Deputies. The encouragement of beverages in which the proportion of alcohol is small he regards as important, but not more important than the proposal to give a government guarantee for the purity of such spirits as are permitted to be sold.

The history of this measure is especially interesting, as showing that the production of wine and of beer, of which the production in France has been steadily increasing during the period specified by Dr. Magnan as that in which the evils of the liquor traffic have been increasing, is not the guarantee that it was formerly supposed to be against drunkenness. It is true that the mischief has by no means gone so far in France as in Great Britain, but it has gone far enough to indicate that the increase of drunkenness comes from causes pertaining rather to the general conditions of modern industrial life than to the circumstances of any particular nation.

CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

The burning of Servetus, in one or another form, is brought into court from generation to generation; and now we have the story once more by Leonard Woolsey Bacon in *Christian Literature* for July. After giving a brief but graphic sketch of the burning, he thus sums up the affair:—

The punishment of Servetus, considered in itself, leaves no very dark stigma on the reformer's character. But on moral principles, that are the same in every age, Calvin stands condemned for having denounced Servetus to the Catholic Inquisition by the use of confidential papers, and for having delivered the unfortunate fugitive to the Geneva magistrates when he was on his

way to try his fortune in Italy. Granted that Calvin was in the line of his duty when he kept guard, in his way (which was the way of his age), for the security of the reformed churches, had he any charge over the police of consciences in Catholic countries? Neither can we accept as natural or compatible with a Christian spirit the hard heart with which the reformer expresses himself to the end with regard to his rival, without so much as a moment's softening at the sight of the scaffold.

To defend Calvin for his course toward Servetus is no longer possible, in the light of the full array of evidence now accessible to every scholar. Something can be pleaded in mitigation. He was not, as is sometimes asserted, guilty of unfaithfulness to any principles of toleration of his own. Farel expressed his master's thought as well as his own in one of the letters to Calvin, in which he clamored for the death of the heretic. "Because the pope condemns believers for the crime of heresy, because passionate judges inflict on the innocent the punishments which heretics deserve, it is absurd to conclude from this that the latter ought not to be put to death as a protection to the faithful. For my part, I have often declared myself ready to die, if I had taught anything contrary to sound doctrine, and that I should be worthy of the most dreadful punishment if I were to turn any from the true faith of Christ; and I cannot apply any different rule to other men." This point being established, the fatal conclusion followed; for it is impossible to dispute that Servetus was a heretic of an aggravated and dangerous type. He was no mere unbeliever, but a theologian intense in his convictions, with a plan for reconstructing theology, the Church, and society, as set forth in his book of the "Restitutio Christianismi," or "Christianity Restored." And, since he was a theologian of that period, it is needless to add that his manner of expressing his views was acrimonious and insulting to all antagonists, both Catholic and Protestant. Taking his career altogether, he does not appear to advantage in the figure of a martyr of free thought and fidelity to conviction, under which some would fain present him to us.

HUXLEY.

Huxley admired Mr. Gladstone, and during a great part of his life gave an honest adhesion both to Mr. Gladstone's measures and to the eloquence of his tongue; but, when it came to exposing the fallacies of Mr. Gladstone's theology, he naturally went straight to the point without pausing to pay compliments. For a long time his name was anathema to the clergy, who entertained a vague dread of what they supposed were his opinions, and a more positive resentment for his treatment of Bishop Wilberforce in the memorable scene which took place in 1860 at the Oxford meeting of the British Association. The practised rhetorician was rude to the young man of science, and got the worst of it; and the old-fashioned clericalists were long before they forgot and forgave. Strange are the revenges of time! Thirty years later the head of a conservative and ecclesiastical government made Huxley a Right Honorable; and in the very city where the duel had taken place in 1860 Lord Salisbury, in 1893, in his memorable address as president of the same association, accepted the essentials of Darwinism, and was thanked for his address by Huxley.

I intended, when beginning this letter, to say but little of Huxley in his public capacity; for to me he was not so much the teacher and the controversialist as the beloved elder friend, almost a kinsman, more admirable and charming in all the relations of private life than almost anybody I have ever known. Of late years he had been somewhat deaf; and he greatly felt the trouble of this, which, to a man of his extraordinary social gifts, implied a very serious diminution of the pleasures of life. To the end he talked wonderfully well; and in earlier years, before his deafness came upon him, no one was so quick in the give-and-take of conversation, or so ready both with pregnant aphorisms and with bright and humorous repartee. His family worshipped him; and, indeed, when one looks back upon his unvarying sweetness of temper, upon his total disregard of self, and upon his readiness to give them of his best, whether in great matters or in small, one does not wonder at the worship. It is scarcely too large a word to apply to the feeling held toward him by many of his scientific friends, especially by those a few years younger than himself; for they saw in him, not only the great leader, the protagonist in the struggle between truth and superstition, but also the most devoted, the

most kindly, the most human of men. He has left a gap which none can fill. In this department of knowledge, as in almost every other, there are more clever men than ever, more investigators, more trained reporters; but here, as there, the great men have disappeared or are passing rapidly away.—*Humphry Ward, in New York Tribune.*

TOLSTOI.

In describing a visit to Tolstoi, Mr. Andrew D. White speaks of the great Russian reformer as follows: "Tolstoi resembles a patriarch, a philosopher, who with prophetic vision sees the future. He is about seventy years old, but is remarkably well preserved and capable of doing a great deal of manual labor. Whether in his home or on the streets, he is usually attired in his peasant's garb. His blouse and his trousers, instead of being bright-colored, as those worn by peasants, are of a dull brown hue. His boots are heavy; and, when out walking, he always stuffs his trousers into their tops. In this garb he receives professors, men of learning, princes, aristocrats, and, in fact, every one who visits him. His shoulders are broad, and his frame is large. It is his custom to labor daily at some manual occupation,—not because he thinks it necessary for his health, but because it is his theory of life. And, no matter who may call or what the occasion, he does so much labor daily, rain or shine. His home in Moscow is not pretentious, but it is comfortable. What surprised me when I first visited his house was the room into which I was ushered. I found myself in a small room, similar to those occupied by Russian peasants in moderate circumstances. Here I met for the first time this strange philosopher and writer, attired, as I always found him afterward, in his peasant's costume. Another surprise awaited me when I was presented to Mrs. Tolstoi. The room or saloon where she received me was handsomely furnished and modern in every way, and her costume was of the latest Parisian style. Communication was easy, because Tolstoi speaks English and his wife French. The latter language I acquired years ago in France. In this peasantlike room I have often seen the novelist surrounded by savans and professors from the university. They did not seem to fear proscription for visiting one who entertained such liberal ideas."

HANDEL'S EXPRESSIVE PATHOS.

When Handel was blind, he composed his "Samson," in which is the most touching of songs, "Total Eclipse." He sent for Beard, the most popular singer of the day. "Mr. Beard," he said, "I have made a song which I cannot sing as it ought to be sung, but I can tell you how it ought to be sung." And then he sang it with most expressive pathos. Beard stood listening in silent wonder and admiration. When it was ended, he said with tears in his eyes, "But, Mr. Handel, I can never sing it like that." This anecdote, not recorded in common biographies of Handel, used to be told by the late Edward Fitzgerald, whose letters have recently been published.—*Littell's Living Age.*

MILITARY DRILL.

The Grand Army of the Republic is taking considerable credit for their instrumentality in introducing military drill into many public schools. They propose to do so into all of them, if they can. For our part we think they are doing harm in this rather than good. Military drill is not a good system of physical culture. It is no substitute for a thorough course of instructions in gymnastics. It does not train all the muscles equally. It does not produce an even development of the body, but a one-sided development. In all the countries of the world where soldiers are trained it is necessary to supplement military drill by gymnastic training to get the results required. Not only is the physical effect bad, but the mental is also bad. The drill suggests war, not peace. The true patriot will fight for his country when there must be fighting, but he will use all peaceful means first. In a great majority of cases they will be all which are required.—*Journal of Hygiene.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The treasurer of the Association proposes through the columns of the *Register* to make such announcements and suggestions as he may desire to those interested in our denominational work; also such information as may be gathered from time to time about our publications and the general conduct of business at headquarters. This is vacation time; and many of our churches are closed, and their ministers are absent from their home, seeking rest and recreation. Business is therefore quiet at headquarters.

The meetings of the two great societies of Christian Endeavor and the Young People's Christian Union, the orthodox and Universalist organizations for young people, brought a great many visitors to our rooms. An unlooked-for but very gratifying interest was manifested by many badge-wearing visitors in our building, our publications, and the pictures of our saints. One only needs to stay in this building a short time to see people who are finding their way out of the dogmatism of the old faiths; and the inquiries and expressions of interest in the new-old thought that all the law and commandments can be summed up in that one word, "love," are impressive, and many times really touching. I am sure that, if our own people, secure and satisfied as they are in the enjoyment of their own free faith, could know how much good it was in our power to do for those who are tired of the doubts and complexities of Calvinism, and who long to learn the secret of our love and trust, we should be overwhelmed with gifts to be used for the spread of the "religion of Jesus." That we shall all some day appreciate not the duty, but the privilege, of having a share in this glorious work I firmly believe. To be sure, the Church wants money; but it wants with it the same spirit that made the Galilean peasant over into a man and world Saviour,—not by the words he uttered, but by the good deeds he performed for his fellow-men, by his life and example. Let us stop wondering what is true and what is false. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." If every Unitarian will have faith enough to make a thoroughly sincere and exhaustive test of that assertion, we shall get something besides words, words. But we must let the preachers do the preaching. Those of us who are at headquarters will be glad to see here any and all of those who are in any way interested in our work. We shall be glad to send you tracts which you do not have to pay for, or books which you do have to pay for. Come and see us, or write to us, if you cannot come.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treas.

The Sunday School.

A Sunday-school worker in New Jersey sends the following letter to the editor of the *Sunday School Times*. It is a very sensible utterance concerning Sunday-school libraries:—

"For books specially written for Sunday-schools I have little or no respect; and, after reading and handling and reading about, literally, hundreds of them, the conclusion has forced itself upon me that, for a story pure and simple, we should go to the authors whose names have been stamped upon the world as standard. This is a broad statement; but you will understand it to exclude Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, even wonderful George Eliot, and others. After an experience of many years among publishers of religious literature, I have been convinced that Sunday-school books, like hymn-books and other articles of merchandise, are often made to sell, and that even among books approved by committees bigotry is so pronounced as to be deplorable. I have known... 'reading committees' to exclude books for a single sentence that may not have been satisfactory. But I hold that good writers of Sunday-school stories are so few that it is doing a scholar, who may never see good books outside of Sunday-school, an injustice to rob him of the world's great thoughts, and, by placing Sunday-school books in his hands, instil a taste that is weakly sentimental. I have written from experience, though I could cover reams about my 'ideal Sunday-school library,'—a question that to me is a burning one, and needs as much attention as corruption in politics; but I would like to know the result of your large experience."

The editor adds something of his own in the subjoined extract:—

"There is no absolute standard for a good book for the Sunday-school library. One Sunday-school wants only religious books in the library, while another would give a place to books not distinctively religious. A mission school needs different books from

a church Sunday-school of the highest grade. Even within recognized limits of treatment and aim tastes and preferences differ widely as to matter and style. Whether the books are to be mainly or exclusively for the children's general reading, or more strictly for their 'Sunday reading'; or whether the library is to be made up in considerable degree of books of devotion or books useful as helps in Bible study and religious work; or, again, whether literature as literature is to be regarded in the make-up of the library,—all these questions and conditions serve to complicate the problem, and, in fact, to render its satisfactory settlement possible only by those immediately interested. So various are the points of view, then, in judging of books, that it would be impossible for the editor satisfactorily to pass opinion upon particular books with reference to their use in the Sunday-school library. One thing, however, is certain. Every school should have a standard by which its selections are made."

Religious Intelligence.

MR. RICHARD W. BOYNTON, a graduate of Meadville, Pa., has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Roslindale Unitarian church, his duties to commence in September.

THE fifth annual Lithia Springs encampment will be held this year from Saturday, August 17, to Tuesday, August 27, inclusive. The now famous Lithia Springs are situated in Shelby County, Illinois, about four miles east of Shelbyville and one mile from Middlesworth Station, on the C. C. C. & St. L. R.R. Col. John Sobieski, the famous Polish prince and American patriot, presides during the eleven days. This gentleman presided over the ten days' camp last year, and won the admiration of all who came in contact with him. Col. George W. Bain, "the silver-tongued orator" of Kentucky; Hon. John G. Woolley, the great temperance lecturer of the world; Mrs. Leonora M. Lake of St. Louis, the eloquent vice-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; Prof. Samuel Dickie, national chairman of the Prohibition party; Rev. Dr. Carlos Martyn, leader of the National Christian Citizenship League; Rev. O. W. Stewart of Eureka, Ill., secretary of Illinois State Christian Endeavor Union; Prof. James Clement Ambrose, the famous writer and lecturer; Helen M. Barker, treasurer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union; and many other good men and women and fine singers,—are engaged. Special days are given to National Reform, Financial School, Woman's Christian Temperance Union Work, Education, Christian Endeavor, Total Abstinence, Prohibition, Humane Society, Good Health, Children's Training, etc.

THE meeting at Ayer, notice of which we gave in our last issue, was held this week; and both the spirit of the discussions and the action taken were memorable. There were thirty-one clergymen present, and not a discordant note was struck. Both Catholics and Protestants were very strong and explicit in their declarations in favor of forming a union. There were many speeches, all of one tone; and slips of paper were handed to each clergyman to express his opinion of what the union should be. The result was that a committee on organization was appointed, and their report was adopted. It is as follows: "Name.—The United States Religious Association."

"Object.—Resolved that we form ourselves into an organization, the object of which shall be fellowship and acquaintance with each other's religious doctrines, local co-operation with each other on the basis of love to God and man and to the furtherance of all social reforms and the bringing into the kingdom of God. Clergymen in attendance at the meetings of this association shall be deemed members thereof."

"Officers.—President, two vice-presidents, corresponding secretary, recording secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, and an executive committee of five."

"Meetings.—Semi-annually, in spring and autumn."

The report was adopted, after which the following officers were elected: president, William J. Cloues; vice-presidents, P. A. McKenna and Joshua Young; corresponding secretary, William J. Batt; recording secretary, E. I. Lindh; assistant secretary, H. F. Hallett; executive committee, A. W. Blackford, W. W. Cambell, I. F. Porter, S. P. Everett, and W. R. Buxton. The meeting was closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in concert by all present.

THE circular for the Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs from July 28 to August 4 has been issued, and promises to be more inspiring than ever. Already a large number of ministers and an unusually large number of the laity have signified their intention of coming to spend the week in the delightful social and religious atmosphere which always characterizes this unique gathering in nature's temple, beside New Hampshire's

noblest lake and within sight of mountains lofty and grand. It is beyond question that these delightful meetings have been of great service in spreading the religion of Jesus; and, now that a new missionary spirit is manifesting itself in our midst, it is hoped that all those who wish to see the spirit of the Saratoga Conference triumphant throughout our borders will rally round the standard we have set up at The Weirs, and help to make this year the best year in the history of our Grove Meeting. Some of the names of our speakers this year are: Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont.; Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Edward J. Wright of Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. D. M. Wilson of Boston; Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Mass.; and Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester, N.H. Besides these we are expecting many others who will cheer by their presence and help. One of the notable features of the week will be Layman's Day. Addresses are expected from Senator W. E. Chandler, Hon. Charles F. Stone, Hon. H. W. Parker, Col. H. B. Quinby, and others. The music for the day will be furnished by the Oberon Quartette of Laconia. Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., president of Dartmouth College, has promised to speak on some educational theme; and it is expected that other prominent educators will also be present and deliver addresses. Mr. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee School, is to be present and speak. Plan to come to The Weirs for the week of the meeting. It will do you good, and us, too. Mr. Origin B. Young of Hopedale, Mass., will have charge of the music. We hope that many of our readers will, in making their summer arrangements, have this meeting in view. Arrangements have been made for reduced hotel and railroad rates. Any one can obtain further information by addressing Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H.; Rev. Charles J. Staples, Manchester, N.H.; or Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Newburyport, Mass.

BOSTON.—Bulfinch Place Church: Summer services are being held every Sunday as follows: Sunday-school at 10.30, with general lesson upon "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," conducted by Mr. Eliot, assisted by members of the school. Next Sunday's lesson will be upon Whittier, with readings from his poems. Vesper services at 7.30 P.M., with special music and brief practical sermons. Mr. Eliot's subject for July 28 will be "The Gospel of Hope." The music will be furnished by the Gounod Quartette. Mr. George A. Burton, director. All are welcome.

Notwithstanding the great heat of last Sunday, a good-sized congregation listened to the speakers at the Unitarian meeting on the Common. By way of novelty, Rev. Mary T. Whitney took part with Rev. C. F. Dole in the services. The latter gave a novel explanation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He is reported as saying: "When the people had assembled to eat, there was only one boy who offered his dinner to all present. Christ did not create from these two loaves and three fishes the wherewithal with which the multitude was fed, but rebuked the others so that they brought him the food they had been keeping for their individual delectation. By dividing this, Christ proved that the possessions of the few might contribute to the general happiness of everybody, if wisely disposed of." Rev. Mrs. Whitney, who followed, said she believed that the Church had just awakened to the importance of what people ought to do rather than what they ought to believe. The late Christian Endeavor Convention was proof of it. "Anybody who is not up to the two great ideas of Christian Union and Christian Endeavor," she continued, "is not in the vanguard of moral enterprise. The discovery of these is the great discovery of the nineteenth century, which is destined to revolutionize the Christian world. The essence of Christianity is to do something. The ultimate result will be that Christian Endeavor will prove Christianity is practicable. It is going to take hold of everything in society, and men and women will learn that being Christians is simply being honest and upright and industrious and loyal in all business and domestic affairs." The speakers next Sunday will be Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mr. George W. Stone, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association.

ASHBY, MASS.—The twenty-seventh anniversary of the settlement of Rev. G. S. Shaw as pastor of the First Parish was observed on Sunday, July 21. The church was very finely decorated with flowers. The services consisted of one address by the pastor, a reading, with music and singing and responsive reading, etc. Mr. Shaw reported that during the year he had preached 81 times, attended—including Sunday-school—203 other meetings, officiated at 19 funerals and 3 weddings, and made 450 calls. Average attendance, 78+. Lily communion was also observed, and was very much enjoyed by the people.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Third Religious Society: The church of the Third Religious Society of Dorchester is situated on Rich-

mond Street, at the Lower Mills. The society which forms this religious home has always been Unitarian, having severed itself from the First Church at Meeting-house Hill in 1813, and formed an independent organization. The church has no creed; and what it stands for is probably best explained in the words of the pastor, Rev. F. B. Mott. He says: "It has no test of compulsory belief. Its members belong together, not because they have given up thinking for themselves and all agreed to accept one statement of faith, but because they have a common purpose. They unite to worship together, to seek divine guidance, strength, and help together, that they may grow each and all more and more into Christ-like life. More than anything else this may be said to be a church of the living God. For it is the divine presence, God with us here, giving whenever we ask, revealing himself whenever we seek, answering whenever we knock, upon which the church relies. That is its height. Its breadth is all Dorchester first, and then all the world." It has a large and flourishing Sunday-school, and many organizations for missionary, charitable, educational, and other purposes. Rev. F. B. Mott, the pastor of the church, is a young man, bright and interesting in personal appearance, a clear and distinct speaker, and a sermonizer of power. Last Sunday was Children's Day at the Lower Mills, and union services of all the Protestant churches were held at this church. The platform was profusely decorated with potted plants, green boughs, and flowers; while the rear of the pulpit was one bank of ferns, with the word "Welcome" in daisies. The singing was by a quartette, and the organ was played by Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard. The people are most hospitable and kind at the church, and surely endeavor to follow out their creed of "love to God and love to man."—*Dorchester Beacon*.

TOWER HILL, ILL.—Preparations are being made for the annual study season at Tower Hill. The institute will continue from August 8 to 18. The exercises will be in charge of Rev. A. W. Gould and Rev. J. Lloyd Jones. The subjects to be treated are varied and interesting.

WINTER HARBOR, ME.—Services at Channing Chapel as follows: July 28, Rev. George Batchelor; August 4, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; August 11, Rev. S. M. Crothers; August 18, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; August 25, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; September 1, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D.; September 8, Rev. Roderick Stebbins.

—The pope's appeal to the English for unity, and the discourse of Father Vaughn, has stirred up the bishop of Manchester to reply in his preaching at the Manchester cathedral. "The bishop," says the *Christian Life and Unitarian Herald*, "pressed the arguments of the papal advocate to their logical extremes, and showed the claims of Rome to be untenable, adding: 'If these conclusions were accepted, then it followed that the Roman claims must be regarded as tyrannical usurpations, mischievous to Christian life and truth, and fatal to Christian freedom. As such, they must be manfully resisted by all who were loyal servants of Christ, and who discerned in Roman errors and arrogance one of the most formidable of the hindrances to the progress of the gospel.'"

Business Notices.

A Good Effort.—The public appreciates every effort on the part of any firm to lower the price of a desired luxury. One house in this city is constantly making this effort, and to-day they announce the result of their latest attempt in the reduction of the price of a good rattan rocker to the low figure of \$2. The firm making this offer is the *Palme Furniture Company*, on Canal Street.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Leicester, 16th inst., by Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., assisted by Rev. Samuel May, Dr. George A. Slocumb, of Worcester, and Florence White Seaver, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Taunton, 17th inst., by Rev. John P. Forbes, William F. Palmer and Marie E. Convers, both of Taunton.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. Carl G. Horst is Athol, Mass.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

TO LET. The desirable house, 113 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

A SOPRANO SINGER of experience desires position in church choir. Highest references. Address H. M. W., care *Christian Register*.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Brother of mine, good monk with cowl'd head
Walled from that world which thou long since hast
fled,
And pacing thy green close beyond the sea,
I send my heart to thee.

Down gust-sweet walks, bordered by lavender,
While eastward, westward, the mad swallows whir,
All afternoon poring thy missal fair,
Serene thou paces there.

Mixed with the words and fitting like a tune,
Thou hearest distantly the voice of June,
The little, gossiping noises in the grass,
The bees that come and pass.

Fades the long day; the pool behind the hedge
Burns like a rose within the windy sedge;
The lilies ghostlier grow in the dim air;
The convent windows flare.

Yet still thou lingerest; from pastures steep
Past the barred gate the shepherd drives his sheep;
A nightingale breaks forth, and for a space
Makes sweeter the sweet place.

Then the gray monks by hooded twos and threes
Move chapelward beneath the flaming trees;
Closing thy book, back by the alleys fair
Thou followest to prayer.

Born to these brawling days, this work-sick age,
Oft long I for thy simpler heritage;
A thought of thee is like a breath of bloom
Blown through a noisy room.

For thou art quick, not dead. I picture thee
Forever in that close beyond the sea,
And find, despite this weather's headlong stir,
Peace and a comforter.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

The Pulpit.

IN THE GARDEN A SEPULCHRE.

BY REV. C. S. LOCKE.

"And in the garden a sepulchre."—JOHN XIX. 41.

We may take these words as an emblem that into every life, however prosperous and attended by all the means of happiness, the element of trouble enters. The Egyptians recognized the same fact when at their feast they placed a skull on the table, and so did the author of the saying that there is no house without a skeleton in its closet.

The garden itself offers an illustration. As in summer the casual visitor traverses its paths, free from weeds or litter; as he sees the trees, with their luxuriant foliage, the lawn, with its smooth, thick carpet of verdure, the shrubbery and flower-beds, with their variety of rich colors and rare perfumes,—very little thought may he take of the labor and painstaking by which this beautiful result has been accomplished. What he beholds may seem to him the easy effect of the processes of nature instead of the hard achievement of human toil. He does not appreciate what labor has been necessary in the preparation of the soil, in clearing it of weeds, in draining it and supplying it with moisture, in protecting delicate plants from inclement winds, in driving off or destroying injurious worms and insects. He does not know by what perpetual vigilance the freshness and beauty of the garden is preserved the summer through. Or we may find an illustration in the most common vegetable you plant. We will say a squash seed. It soon sends forth its two broad leaves. You guard it carefully against an untimely frost or the fatal cut-worm. Other leaves appear, and with them yellow bugs, which you carefully destroy. Others, darker and larger and more ravenous, follow; and these, too, you vanquish. But, when a grub enters into the stem, you leave all hope behind. In fact, we find that each useful vegetable has one or more of the lower forms of animal life which share our fondness for it.

The wheat has the weevil; the apple-tree, the borer and canker-worm; and the potato, its sudden decay. An attack of army worms or grasshoppers, a freshet or a drought or a blasting, may nullify the year's labor of the husbandman and disappoint the most sanguine expectations of harvest.

And, as in the garden elegant with fountains and rockwork and rare and beautiful plants there are these foes concealed from the transient observer, but well known to the gardener or owner, so in the happiest household, in the most successful career, in the gayest and merriest life, there is an element of sadness, some disturbing cause, often unknown to the world, which prevents unalloyed enjoyment.

One of these causes is the hand-to-hand fight with nature and with men for a livelihood. The difficulties which the farmer meets are paralleled in every occupation. Where greater gains are possible, greater risks must be encountered. The sailor with fortune for himself and family may

sink in sight of his home. The manufacturer and mechanic in a dull time may lose the profits of a busy season, or, still worse, may in their prosperity have spent in advance the probable earnings of the future, and find themselves face to face with bankruptcy and financial ruin and compulsory dependence. It is no idle figure of speech when a family, seeing its means of comfortable support diminishing, says that the wolf is approaching its door.

I think we may fairly say that the hostile elements and insects, numerous and busy as they are, with which the farmer contends, hardly bear comparison in their importance with the difficulties that beset those engaged in mercantile and financial business. The lack of punctuality on the part of a debtor may lead to the most disastrous results. Honest enterprises that promised much turn out worthless or are superseded by something better. The follies of friends prove as fatal as the competition and fraud of enemies. A change of tide in business, the introduction of new methods, the production of another class of articles, merely a change in the fashions, the rushing in of hundreds into a profitable employment where there was only room for tens,—a hundred unforeseen contingencies may bring disaster, may bring it, too, not in youth when we are elastic and versatile, can spring from a lost chance to one possibly successful, but after maturity, when the character and habits are formed, when we have lost the ability of adapting ourselves to new things, must do what we have done or do nothing. A few persons obtain the success which raises them above anxiety and care for the future, and which affords them means and leisure for the indulgence of their special tastes and aptitudes; but the majority of men will own that the struggle for a livelihood, a good thing though it be, as a sepulchre is a good thing, is still a sepulchre in the beautiful garden of life.

Another disturbing element is ill-health. I do not refer to short and limited sickness, though this often interrupts greatly one's plans and occupations. I mean those ailments which are not very evident except to those who suffer from them, and which hinder, but do not prevent activity, and which hardly seem to shorten life. We know that, not only the quantity of our work is diminished, but its quality is much impaired, if we are suffering with rheumatism or dyspepsia or headache. A certain amount of the energy which we would gladly put into our labor is taken up in bearing pain patiently, and the task which the vigorous body would have performed with alacrity and pleasure becomes burdensome and distasteful. The attention is distracted, the power of application impaired, continuous effort made impossible, the ability for expression rendered defective, the manner modified, the temper affected, the range of culture and useful exertion limited, often by some chronic ailment hardly known except by the sufferer. The bite of a mosquito or the sting of a bee, though their effects are very transient, show us in some slight way how chronic illness may affect its subjects. Next to good qualities of character we may call sound health the most precious of possessions. Our vigor and cheerfulness, our freedom from anxiety and depression, our resolution in carrying forward our pursuits, our gentility and gaiety in society, our serenity under misfortune, and our carelessness with reference to adverse circumstances, depend upon our good health. How pitiable, too, is the lot of those whom sickness renders helpless and dependent, who linger long years in paralysis or consumption or some chronic disease without hope of recovery! They may have the solace which comes from the affection of relatives and friends, they may have wealth to procure every possible alleviation and comfort; but a melancholy shadow has fallen upon their life which can never be lifted. From whatever point of view they look, there is a sepulchre in their garden.

Not very different from this matter of ill-health is that of hereditary tendencies. While we do not believe that "in Adam's fall we sinned all," or that we are held guilty for the transgression of our first parents, we know that physical and moral qualities run along the line of descent. Your rate of premium in obtaining a life insurance will be modified by the record of your ancestors. Intemperance, a propensity to dishonesty or theft or more violent crimes, run in families. Another evil ele-

ment, which I may suggest, but not fully describe, is domestic discord. I do not mean those cases where brutality resorts to physical violence, but those in which with good intentions there is uncongeniality of disposition. The two yoke-fellows do not draw well together. One of them may be exacting, may not appreciate the severity of the other's toil nor be satisfied with its results. So fault-finding and discontent afflict one member of the family, and the sense of hard conditions and of bearing unmerited disapprobation renders miserable the other. One, perhaps, is extravagant; the other, penurious: one, capable and enterprising; the other, slack and injudicious. An indolent, dissipated, thriftless husband will spoil the results of a good wife's neatness, economy, and good management. A wife ambitious for social position, fond of company and dress, and despising work, has brought many a hard-working husband after years of struggle to bankruptcy. I remember seeing in the Louvre a painting of the deluge. Its composition was something like this. An athletic man was endeavoring to escape from the rapidly rising waters. On his shoulders was his aged father. With one hand he grasped the arm of his wife, who was holding an infant, while an older child clung to her garments. With the other he had seized the branch of a tree on the high bank above. The branch had already broken before meeting half the burden it would be called upon to bear, and it was evident that the whole family must sink beneath the flood. The face of the principal figure interpreted to me the agony and despair of men whose helpless families, often innocently, but sometimes wilfully, have dragged them into ruin. It would of course be easy to find pictures, emblems of what actually exist, of united, harmonious families, whose members are joined by the closest affection and confidence, delight in one another's companionship, and work for the same objects. It would be difficult to enumerate the bitter ingredients which, when there is no actual cruelty, spoil the sweetness of home. Dissimilarity of tastes, different views of the nature and objects of life, a gradual divergence through differences of occupation and development, lack of regard for each other's feelings,—as if the marriage ceremony shut out the claim for mutual courtesy and gave one human being the same proprietary right in another that he has over a horse or a dog,—differences with respect to the management and discipline of the family, peevishness, fretfulness, a fault-finding disposition, ill-temper, moroseness, and sulkiness, if they are not sepulchres of love, are at least unsightly weeds in the garden of home. Sometimes, too, when husband and wife are well agreed, children will afford anxiety. Their lack of health may occasion solicitude, and their death cause a settled sorrow. Without being ill-disposed, they may disappoint you in their mental and moral qualities and in their choice of occupation. Or, still worse, they may yield to temptation, become the victims of evil habits, the foes of good order, a perpetual source of distress. Thus in homes where father, mother, brothers, and sisters should find rest, sympathy, recreation, comfort, help, enjoyment, there is, it would often seem, a needless painful element, without which many other burdens and difficulties would be cheerfully met. It is comparatively easy for the members of an affectionate family to encounter the buffets of fortune, and in one another's love and helpfulness to find a solace for every kind of trial.

The last factor which I shall mention, and the one which, perhaps, mars most the beauty of life, is our innate evil tendencies. We do not believe that human beings are born totally depraved, we do not believe that any one sins until, consciously and wilfully, he transgresses his sense of moral obligation; but we know that there have existed within us, from our earliest remembrance, inclinations which, unless subdued and controlled, will issue in wrong-doing. No effort or education will completely eradicate them. What is called in the New Testament "the new birth" may develop within us a sense of duty and of our filial relations to God which will help us to overcome our lower nature; but we shall still find, like Paul, that, when we would do good, evil is present with us. By becoming a Christian, you do not get rid of your former self: you simply lay yourself open

to those motives, encouragements, examples, and principles which will help you in self-conquest.

He who would be my disciple, says Jesus, must take up his cross daily and follow me, meaning that every day we must contend against the indolence, the appetites, the inclinations, and the desires that would lead us astray or prevent one good action, and that we must subdue those emotions of vanity, envy, jealousy, and uncharitableness to which we may be subject. This is the great personal contest in which we each are engaged. Victory brings to the soul salvation: defeat issues in the soul's ruin. Often it is the case that those tendencies are so held in check as not to result in wrong action. Sometimes they may not become manifest to one's most intimate friends; but I think that those whose lives are most saintly will tell you that they have always contended with this enemy within, and that, the stronger has been the aspiration after excellence, the more ardent has been the longing for a perfect character and a spotless life, the keener has been the conscience, correspondingly greater has been the suffering which this sense of deficiency and of easily besetting sins has caused.

In conclusion the question comes, How shall we deal with this sepulchre in the garden? We cannot remove it. Stray as we will through the shady bowers and trees, we come back to it. As we look upon the sweetest flowers and pluck the rarest fruit, we catch glances of its ghostly aspect. We turn obstinately from it, and it becomes more vividly present to our imagination. We may chafe at its presence, we may seek in every way to divert our attention from it, but without success. It is necessary to accept it as an element of our lives and to make the best of it. Some of you remember the old graveyards, overgrown with weeds; the moss-covered-slate slabs, half prostrate and rudely sculptured with death's-heads and cross-bones; their whole aspect emblematic of gloom and dismal neglect. You remember the tomb, with its loosening mortar and its tumbling stones and creaking iron door and chilly breath. With these you have contrasted the cemeteries of later days. You have walked, perhaps, through Mt. Auburn or Forest Hills or Greenwood, have admired the graceful monuments, with their hopeful inscriptions, the well-trimmed sward and the beds of flowering plants. Thus in the old graveyards and in the modern cemetery are presented to us two classes of lives,—one class which sees only the sepulchre in the garden, and the other which makes a garden around the sepulchre. One class refuses to be comforted. Those belonging to it fasten their thoughts on their personal ills without thinking of or endeavoring to use the mitigating or favorable circumstances of their lot. The ills that trouble them, when compared with those that others suffer, may be trifling. They may be those that a little effort or sacrifice of pride or concession would overcome, but they persist in being wretched. Again, there are those whose

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Sermon Gleanings.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF RELIGIONS.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Some of you may ask, Do not the different religions really differ as higher and lower, better and worse? It is a question much more easily asked than answered. It seems to me that the proportion of wheat to chaff is much greater in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures than in any others. It seems to me that the personality of Jesus is infinitely more engaging than the personality of Confucius or Mohammed or Buddha. Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, as they call him nowadays, is too remote for a comparison. But probably neither of these things appears to be so to the Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Confucian, as well qualified to judge as I am in the matter. And this, not only because of the bias of affection and association, but because their central personality, their great religious teacher, is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. What is betterness in religion? It is nothing absolute: it is something relative. Would Phillips Brooks's religion, as he preached it from the pulpit of his beautiful Trinity, have been any better for the Negroes of the rice swamps and the cotton fields than that of their own Methodist exhorters? It would not have been half so good. Half!—not a hundredth part! What could our administration of religion here do for the multitude of people who worship at the end of the next block? Less a good deal than theirs could do for us. I never get into the tide of the great happy swarm that comes surging out of St. Peter's every Sunday morning just at my hour without thanking God that these people also have their symbol of religion, and that, irrational and tawdry though it be, it is a symbol and a picture of the reality and seriousness of human life, of the goodness of God in the land of the living and beyond the gates of death, of the beauty of divine compassion, of the exigencies of a moral law. Things are good that serve a useful end. Whether a grand piano is better than a dredging shovel depends on what you want to do,—evoke an excellent music or dredge a muddy dock. You will get no music out of your shovel, no dredging out of your piano. The religions of the lowest races are better for those races than the religion of Martineau and Frothingham and Potter. The religious instincts of humanity in one respect are like the green-eyed monster jealousy,—“they make the meat they feed on.” They fashion the religions of the world according to the needs of men at different stages of their growth. And it is not as if any expression of religion were an expression of the absolute reality. At the best, we are only trying to say something,—not saying it right out sufficiently and perfectly. Our symbol may be a more refined and delicate symbol than some others, but it is a symbol still. And this ought to gender in our minds a wholesome modesty, and to lay a hushing finger on our lips.

There were a good many people at the Parliament of Religions who saw the heavens opened, and beheld a vision of the religion of the future, in which there should be an end of all sectarian names and divisions,—no more Presbyterians or Methodists, no more Christians or Buddhists, but one great, all-including body of believers. That is a vision which has for me no particular attractions. It is as impracticable as the dream of a universal republic, and quite as undesirable as that. I cherish

a better and more reasonable hope. It is that, with little or no diminution of the present multiplicity of sects and households of belief and faith, we may come into an ever larger sympathy, each cultivating our own little patch with loving and assiduous care, but each rejoicing in the others' flowers and fruitage, not always harping on their barrenness and weeds; taking down all the fences, but allowing the ancient landmarks to remain; loyal to our own traditions, reverent of all those that others cherish with a glowing heart. At the same time, if we have a noble confidence in our ideas and beliefs, we must do what we can to lead those who do not now see how true and beautiful they are, how noble and inspiring, how sweet and grand. We must do this in persuasive words, and much more with persuasive deeds, seeing to it that our walk and conversation show that our ideas and beliefs are no barren virgins, but fruitful mothers of fair-featured, large-limbed purposes and actions, strong for the doing of brave things and the building-up of God's eternal kingdom among men. And we must do these things, not that we may have dominion over men's faith, but that we may be helpers of their joy. If those whom we can cheer and brighten can conscientiously and happily remain in their old homes, so much the better: if they cannot, then let them be thrice welcome to our table and our hearth. But it is a matter of vastly more importance that we make our life true and deep than that we have bigger sheepfolds and a greater multitude of sheep. So, not to-morrow, and not soon, shall come to pass the prophecy of one who saw in mystic vision

“A temple, neither pagod, mosque, nor church,
But loftier, simpler, always open door'd
To every breath from heaven; and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein,”

and that of him who said, “It shall have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry.”

Spiritual Life.

Minutes are like gold dust, which is never so fine that it cannot be used or that it loses any of its value.—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

If your life is dark, then walk by faith; and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything.—*Horace Bushnell.*

To be in line with God's great purposes is to be the conductor through which the resistless currents of God's sovereign will are passing.—*Merrill E. Gates.*

Paradise is here, visible and tangible by mortal eyes and hands, whenever self is lost in loving, whenever the narrow limits of personality are beaten down by the inrush of the divine Spirit.—*Mrs. Humphry Ward.*

To-day all science, all philosophy, and all religion in the minds of its interpreters conspire to show us what a profound faith has been reached by any man who can sincerely say, “I accept the universe.”—*John Learned.*

One cannot too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offence. Not to grieve long for any action, but to go immediately and do freshly and otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong.—*Thoreau.*

How serene, how beautiful, how sublime, the thought that the strongest power in the universe is on the side of our utter alliance with the highest and holiest kinships of our nature! “Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.”—*Mrs. Gates.*

If he could doubt on his triumphant cross, How much more I in the defeat and loss Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled, Of having lived the very life I willed, Of being all that I desire to be? My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me? —*W. D. Howells.*

Instead of shrinking back from life's ordeals, we should welcome them as opportunities long desired to prove our faithfulness, to recite our lesson once again,—this time more perfectly, to expiate, perhaps, some long past faithlessness. How eagerly we should then go about our tasks, how purposeful would life become!—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

This is the law, not Moses' law, but the gospel law; the law of liberty, by which a man becomes truly free, because he has trampled under foot the passions of his own selfish flesh, till his immortal spirit can ascend free into the light of God. Remember that Saint Paul always couples with the resurrection and ascension of our bodies in the next life the resurrection and ascension of our souls in this life.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Our being is not quite buried in torpor and darkness. Already it is bursting out into light and expansion. Full it is of epochs and heroic crises. It feels itself called upon to act and to advance. And to this earth-strife that presses upon us every day, to this solemn waiting, to this dim bordering upon the realm of boundless light, is there not a voice that says: “Onward! Onward forever!”—*Orville Dewey.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Sacred Heart Review* has this to say in relation to a movement in Chicago to read the Bible in the public schools:—

A significant movement, inasmuch as it furnishes plain evidence that the Catholic theory of education is commending itself more and more to thoughtful and intelligent non-Catholics, is the one that has been inaugurated out in Chicago, with a view of introducing into the public schools the reading of portions of the Sacred Scriptures regarding whose interpretation and meaning all Christians are in accord. Several prominent members of the Catholic hierarchy have spoken in approval of this plan, and Cardinal Gibbons earnestly commends it. “The men and women of our day,” wrote the cardinal, in reply to a request for his views on the subject, “who are educated in our public schools will, I am sure, be much better themselves, and will also be able to transmit to their children an inheritance of true virtue and deep morality if at school they are brought to the knowledge of Biblical facts and teachings.” The approval which Cardinal Gibbons and other Catholic prelates have given to this Chicago plan should not, however, be interpreted as meaning that they consider the daily reading of a few Scriptural passages all the religious instruction a child requires during its school days.

Zion's Herald answers below the question which has often been asked, why the Methodists have not joined the Christian Endeavorers, and aims to clear the policy of separation from the charge of narrow exclusiveness or sectarianism:—

A sufficient answer to such a charge should be found in the indubitable fact that the Methodist denomination in all its history has been noted pre-eminently for its spirit of fraternity and catholicity. Wesley, its founder, was one of the most fraternal and tolerant of men, impressing his spirit so strongly upon his followers that it descends through the generations. The simple and only reason that Methodism is not included in the Christian Endeavor Society is because it was discovered by actual experience that the training given, while excellent and most helpful to the Congregationalist and Presbyterian, did not develop our young people at their best according to the Methodist type and pattern. Methodism is peculiar in spirit and polity, as was the apostolic Church. To make the best Methodist Christian, it is found that our own unmixed training is the more effective. And is the desire of the Methodist family to train and nurture its own children in its own peculiar way a manifestation of bigotry and sectarianism? Not so to any person who intelligently understands our Church,—its genius, spirit, and peculiar work. Is it reasonable to ask a denomination with a membership of nearly five millions to surrender its youth to another denomination for education and moulding?

The *Churchman* thus discourses on democracy in the Church:—

The realization of the democracy and absolute equality of all men in the realm of religion is being discovered to be a very serious difficulty in our day, certainly not less so than in the apostolic age. Prestige and distinctions and privileges that belong to men in the secular world will crowd into the Church. Pride and exclusiveness and aloofness, which men cultivate as social beings, will obtrude and express themselves in relations that we are pleased to call purely religious. And the question that is crowding upon the Church's consciousness to-day more, possibly, than any other question, and is asking itself in all manner of ways, is the old-new question, How shall the Church get rid of this persistent endeavor of the purely worldly elements of life to establish and maintain differences and distinctions in religious relations, the rich bidding the poor keep their distance in the words, “Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool”? How shall artificial classifications be simply merged and lost in a common, equal, divine heritage as children of one common Father? One of the most distinctive qualities and attributes of the Church of God is its absolute impartiality as it utters its message and does its work in this time-world. It knows neither Jew nor Gentile, neither black nor white. Translating this impartiality into modern phraseology, the Church is supposed to know neither capital nor labor, neither millionaire nor pauper, neither employer of labor nor the laborer himself, as making a difference. God is no respecter of persons. His Church cannot have “the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons.” In truth, the Church is the only leveller among all the forces that are making and shaping human destiny. It is the only institution known to history that has the authority to “put down the mighty from their seat and exalt them of low degree.” Ideally, the Church is an absolute democracy, recognizing temporal distinctions, it is true, recognizing kings and rulers and worldly authorities; but in her own province, as a spiritual kingdom for the government of men before God, she knows no difference, the meanest and poorest and least accounted of having the same rights and privileges and position as the most exalted in human affairs.

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst writes vigorously in the *Independent* on “Church Unity,” as will be seen from the following:—

Ecclesiastical cleavage lines are not of a kind to be closed up by concocting a scheme of church reunion, either federal or organic. It is not one of those issues that can be consummated by an arrangement. People cannot be made ecclesiastically cohesive by any amount of ecclesiastical fixing and ecclesiastical tinkering. The secret of true and constructive church union and church unity lies only in the intensifying of the cohesive power, and the cohesive power of the Church is the mutual love of Christ and his people. Anything that presumes to take the place of that is a cheap and profitless subterfuge. Coming together in convention, and attempting to lay down lines upon which the unifying experiment can proceed, exhibits an evidence of everything but just the one thing that is necessary; and for people to ruminate upon methods by which the thing shall be done is considerably like a congress of botanical savans convening to decide upon the steps by which a mass of inorganic matter shall be constructed into an organized plant. There is no working power in a scheme. . . . We are not going to become one in the sense intended by our Lord, by means of minimizing the respects in which we differ, but by accentuating and maximizing the one great respect wherein we are in accord. There is only one key-note in which the music of a united Church can be composed, and that is the note of a living Christ with whom our life is hid in God. Now it does not conduce very much to that result to treat different modes of doctrinal opinion

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as having all about the same value, and none of them to be exactly credited with having any value. That easy-going indifference which keeps good-natured toward all opinions, for the reason that it cares nothing in particular about any opinion, does not denote either an intellectual or a moral tone that makes candidacy either for the reception of great blessing or for its conveyance. We are not going to reach church unity by dropping, all of us, to the dead level of doctrinal "don't care," but by rising to the positive altitude of mutual coherence in a loved and living Christ.

Literature.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS FOR THE YOUNG, TOLD FROM AN ETHICAL STANDPOINT.*

Like Brahma, in the famous song of Emerson, the Bible seems to sing,—

"They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings."

Dr. Felix Adler, recently addressing the Unitarian Sunday School Union in New York, contended that the Bible is the most indispensable of all helps in the religious instruction of the young. But what he had in mind was almost exclusively the Old Testament stories of the patriarchs. To hook the New Testament parables and the other teachings of Jesus to some useful end seemed to him a far more difficult business. But it is a business that Mr. Sheldon has essayed with ample courage, if not altogether happily. What he has attempted is to give us a purely ethical Jesus; to eliminate not only the "theology," but the religion that is implicated in the Gospels, as warp with woof in any fabric of the loom. Failure was to be expected from such a tremendous *tour de force*. The wonder is that the failure is not much more conspicuous. The candid reader will be surprised that so many sayings of Jesus can be economized for purely ethical purposes without doing them violence, that so many more can be economized with very little violence. Mr. Sheldon would have done better if he had remained content with these. Within their range his appreciation of the character and teachings of Jesus is very beautiful. We have never read an orthodox account of Jesus that has made his human worth and sympathy so great and wonderful. Here is an appreciation to which not many of our Unitarian radicals attain, and fewer of our Unitarian conservatives. But, either to task his ingenuity or through unwillingness to deny himself so many tempting things, Mr. Sheldon has gone far beyond those that with little or no violence offer themselves to purely ethical uses, and subjected to the stress of his ideal a great many that have not lent themselves at all willingly or gracefully to his purpose. In furtherance of this purpose, he has truncated and garbled many passages in a manner that can be hardly less offensive to the Christian theist than to the agnostic who has a lively sense of the right of a great man to his own thought. The curtailments and suppressions are often remarkably ingenious, but they will stir up many readers to righteous indignation and excite many others to Homeric laughter. It is impossible to avoid the impression that Mr. Sheldon is himself wholly without humor. A very little would have enabled him to see how ridiculous some of his circumlocutions would appear to others. It is a subordinate matter that he has allowed himself to use the birth legends freely, including the birth at Bethlehem. This certainly is superfluous disrespect to critical sincerity. "The Christmas Poem," as Mr. Gannett calls it, is very beautiful; but, if freely used with children, the indication that it is poetry, and not fact, should be made clearer than it is here by such phrases as "it is said" or "according to the tale," which would not arrest the attention of a child.

Mr. Sheldon's enthusiasm for the life and character of Jesus is beyond dispute. He says: "I think it the most beautiful story in the world. I look upon it as the most beautiful life that was ever lived." But he has presented a picture of this life so partial that it is terribly misleading. Here are beautiful lessons which we would not willingly deny ourselves. But whoever uses them is bound to tell his pupils that Jesus was very different from the person

represented here; that, for better or for worse, he trusted in a heavenly Father, and had his name continually on his lips. It is a serious question whether, in order to economize the ethical import of Jesus, Mr. Sheldon was justified in presenting him to us in this moon-faced way,—one side in absolute darkness. We are inclined to think that he was not, while warmly grateful for the many beautiful and noble things the book contains. J. W. C.

THE REBEL QUEEN. A Novel. By Walter Besant. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Besant in this novel deals chiefly with Jewish thought and life. Though the scenes are in England, the characters represent the chosen people, with the customs, ideas, and peculiarities of race and religion which have grown out of this ancient faith. "The Rebel Queen," on whom the story chiefly hinges, is Madame Alveda, a woman of strong personality, endowed with a brilliant mind and an heir to an immense fortune. Early in life she marries a man whom she loves. Though poor in purse, he is rich in the promise of future intellectual achievements. He is thoroughly a Jew in his faith, and believes that God ordained that the woman should obey the man. At this the proud spirit of the young wife rebels, and she asserts the equality of the woman with the man. Though they love each other, their natures are so positive that neither will yield. So, after a few months of wedded life, they agree to separate. The husband for a long period disappears, and is thought to have died. A girl is born; and the mother, renouncing her faith and people, becomes the champion for woman's equality and enfranchisement. This is the great purpose of her life. She writes a book on "The Condition of Women," which is read throughout the world; and she is everywhere recognized as the leader of "the cause." This absorption and the renunciation of her faith and people make her life one of isolation and void of personal attachments. In this atmosphere the daughter lives; and, though she has everything which wealth can command and the aid of the best teachers, she grows up without any living personal contact with life around her. With all her beauty, high aspirations, and a quick mind, in her isolation from all family connections she looks upon the world as if it were a show. But her noble nature tires of this; and, in order to see common life as it is, she leaves her home, with its rich surroundings, and mingles for a short time with those of the "common lot." At once a new world of experience opens upon her. An eager interest is awakened, and she feels the intense reality of life. By a series of events she becomes associated with persons who are near family relatives. Among others she meets her father. But to her he figures as a wood-carver, yet full of high and rich talk. He lives in an ideal world, and with a prophet's faith outlines the future reign of righteousness and love on earth. The "Rebel Queen," in the height of her career, finds her fortune swept away; and her daughter, instead of desiring to take up the "cause," prefers to be a woman and become one of the "common lot." Through all this experience the woman's heart in the girl blossoms into a sweet and beautiful love for one who has long been a valued friend, and in the end she marries. The truth at last comes out that the wood-carver is her father, and many of her companions are her relatives. From this brief outline and the scenes and persons woven into it, we have ample material for the portraiture of character, and these have been used with skill and power by the author. While the whole book breathes a Jewish atmosphere, there is a deep human element underneath which is very striking. It may seem to some readers that justice has not been done to the "cause," or to Madame Alveda as its leader. But such must keep in mind that the persons who act and speak are Jews, and therefore represent their ideas, and not necessarily the opinions of the author. "The Rebel Queen" bears the stamp of the author's mind, and has both interest and power.

STUDIES OF MEN. By George W. Smalley. New York: Harper & Brothers.—With one or two exceptions, these "Studies of Men" were written by Mr. Smalley as London letters for the *New York Tribune*. They well deserve their present exaltation to the dignity of literature in a handsome book. Their defects are obvious. Mr. Smalley "dearly loves a lord"; and, when he has dined with one, how is he straightened until he has let us know about it! It is evident, also, that he is continually under the necessity of compliment, writing, as he is, of distinguished people whom he is meeting socially. Where he is least restrained, we are obliged to wonder if he is on dining terms with this or that, Lord Salisbury, for example. A further limitation comes from the fact that many of these studies have an obituary character, and hence an adherence to the *nil nisi* rule more positive than would otherwise have obtained. Sometimes, too, we have the

bias of closer personal relations. This is particularly evident in the chapter on Lord Randolph Churchill. Hardly can Mr. Smalley expect that any one who knows anything about that gentleman will accept his statement as a final one. His taking up with Boulanger marked his capacity for blundering; and that, after this, he should not have known that he could not be *persona grata* as the English minister to France is almost incredible. Last, but not least, Mr. Smalley's taste is sometimes weak in proportion as his love of gossip is strong. When the Tennyson letters appeared in the *Tribune*, we were astonished that Mr. Smalley could retail two such abominable stories as those of Tennyson's brutal manners in the matter of port wine. We expected to find them omitted here; but they are here, as gross, and probably as false, as ever. But these qualifications must not be insisted on too much. Notwithstanding them, the book is one of very great interest, and would help any one to a better appreciation of current English politics. Mr. Smalley has a happy knack of describing his various personalities. He begins with Cardinal Newman and he ends with George William Curtis, the former being one of his most inadequate appreciations. Of the more important between these extremes are Balfour, Parnell, Spurgeon, Jowett, Tyndall, Froude, Rosebery, Carnot. Several of these studies are made up of letters of different periods, and afford a panoramic view of this or that great career. Mr. Smalley is always "the Tory squire," but his admirations are not at the mercy of his political opinions. He has much more admiration for Gladstone than for Salisbury. His praise of him is generally direct, his blame taking the form of slur and innuendo. It is certainly a matter for regret that Mr. Smalley has returned to America, to be the American correspondent of the *London Times*. But such papers as those on Holmes, Winthrop, and Curtis are among the most delightful in the book; and it is greatly to be hoped that the *Tribune* will retain him for such things.

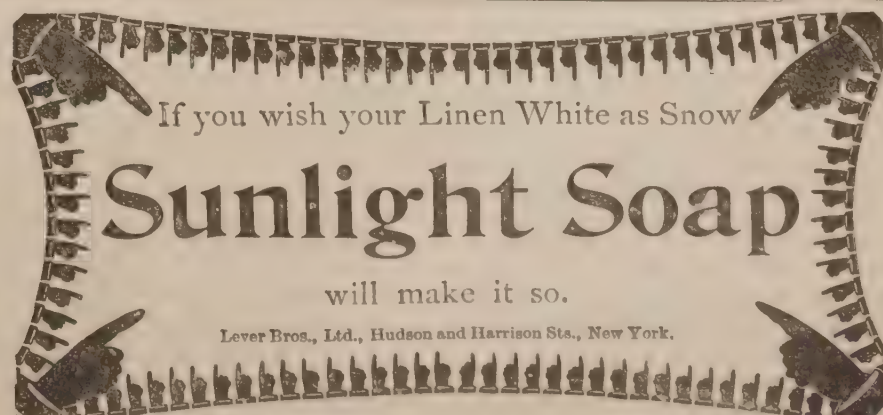
THREESCORE AND TEN YEARS—1820 TO 1890: RECOLLECTIONS. By W. J. Linton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Mr. Linton's picture—an admirable likeness—looks the man he is, at once artist and revolutionist. His book suffers a good deal from the multitude of his acquaintances and friends. So touch and go is the treatment that the chapters almost degenerate into so many catalogues of distinguished names. It is hardly worth while to be told that Mr. Linton knew such or such an one while we are not told anything about him; and, if there had been less of mere naming in some parts, there might have been more of expansion in others. His likes and dislikes are set down with equal candor and simplicity. He did not think much of Dickens, and he admired Thackeray immensely. He compares Holyoake with Bradlaugh, much to the former's disadvantage. Among his early intimates were W. J. Fox and the Flower sisters. The way in which Browning's acquaintance with them is spoken of, as already a thing of the past in 1837, does not agree with the representation in Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography. The Chartist agitation, in which Mr. Linton took an active part, is dwelt on a little more than other matters; and still the treatment is extremely slight. Leigh Hunt is cooked as if Mr. Linton loved him, as he plainly did. It was, it seems, his son Thornton who was the criminal accomplice of the first Mrs. G. H. Lewes. Mr. Linton's admiration of Mazzini was very great, and he takes up the cudgels for him against Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle with good effect. Mr. Linton came to the United States in 1866 with no thought of remaining, but he has never been able to get away. As a revolutionist, his occupation has been gone; but, as one of the great engravers of the world, he has had generous appreciation and had troops of friends. There is a queer letter from Whittier, saying that his birthday was "the very last of 1807." The critical opinion is that it was December 17, and Whittier's reckoning was apparently a little out.

THE WORLD AS THE SUBJECT OF REDEMPTION. Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in the year 1883. By Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A., Canon of Canterbury and Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. With an introduction by

Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. Second edition, revised. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.—The second edition of Canon Fremantle's book is opportune. When it first appeared in London, it fell flat on the English public, so that the publishers were inclined to give it up as dead. In the university where the lectures were given the opinions were not cordially received, but regarded as new and revolutionary. But in this country the book fell as good seed cast into more fruitful soil; and its reception has induced the author to publish a new American edition, with a fuller preface and introduction by Prof. Ely. Although the first edition was noticed in our columns, it is worthy of a second consideration, because the subject treated is one of the most important in its practical application. It begins with the maxim that Christianity is primarily a life, and only secondarily a system of doctrines, public worship, and clerical government; that the world, the whole of human society, is to be brought under the power of Christ; that God is working for the redemption of the world through all the agencies of secular life, as well as through the specific forms of doctrine or worship,—that, in fact, all life is one, and that all its manifestations, whether in art, literature, government, or business, is a part of the method by which God designs to build up in this world a divine kingdom. Christ's religion is for the present life, as well as for that which is to come. These ideas are fully unfolded; and, aside from some peculiarities of the authors, we have presented a larger view of religion, and one fitted to inspire lofty ideals and to awaken grander hopes. In reading this book, one's thought is stimulated and the mind moves in a wider sweep, and we dwell in a region of lofty ideas. These lectures will well repay careful study, especially by the young; and no minister who would keep in touch with the best and noblest thought and aspiration should fail to have it in his library.

AN EXPERIMENT IN ALTRUISM. By Elizabeth Hastings. New York: Macmillan & Co.—The temper of this book is sufficiently indicated in a motto on the title-page taken from Sir Thomas Browne. It is, "The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take six thousand to make out." That is to say, none of our social panaceas are going to reform society altogether and bring in the millennial dawn. The book is very different in its intention from Mr. Howells's "Visit to Altruria." That is a criticism on our present methods and a suggestion of a new order: this is a criticism on the new methods, gentle and serene; if cynical, very delicately so. The stage is not a little crowded, a great many different phases of social effort being exhibited,—the college settlement in the slums, the anarchist, the pessimist. There is also a woman doctor, who furnishes quite as much of the criticism on the reformers as the author. "Shovelling fog" is her description of their social theorizing. There is a "Butterfly-hunter," as they call him,—an entomologist, who has found a rare specimen, but has never been able to make out its entire history. Perhaps he is meant for a symbol of the average sociologist. The final judgment on the college settlement is that there is no particular objection to its being tried by any number of young men with Ph.D. degrees and honest enthusiasm and a saving sense of fun. But, then, there is no objection to young men's carrying up their coal anywhere, and blacking their own boots, and being on terms of simple, sweet humanity with all persons who are serving them at home or abroad. The Lad, so called, who writes a book and makes it as good as he can, seems to send his arrow nearest to the white. There are good things all the way along, and the book is one that can be particularly commended to the professional reformer. It may not kill his appetite for panaceas, but it will give him food for thought.

THE CONDITION OF WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES: A TRAVELLER'S NOTES. By Madame Blanc. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. The women who desire to see themselves as others see them will here find a sympathetic and, in the main, accurate picture. Madame Blanc must have taken notes very diligently, for the book is packed with facts. She gives hearty and honest praise



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*STORY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS FOR THE YOUNG, Told from an Ethical Standpoint. By W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the ethical society of St. Louis, S. Barnes Weston, publisher, Philadelphia.

where praise is deserved, and her criticisms are kindly. The description of a day at Hull House is admirable in its fidelity, and the writer evidently caught the spirit of the place surprisingly. So of her account of the Boston Woman's Club, the preaching of Julia Ward Howe, and many another place and scene. Madame Blanc's opinions about the Negro race are not quite what one would expect from a Frenchwoman, and they are expressed in one place in words that will cut like a knife: "At New Orleans . . . I saw a class of little Negro girls, with faces like monkeys, studying Greek; and the disgust expressed by their former masters seemed to me quite justified." "Their former masters" never existed; for, thank Heaven, the days of slavery are so far behind us that no "little girls" were ever under its rule. The opinion, however, that industrial education is better for the Negro than classical is quite as applicable to the mass of whites as blacks.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U.S.A. By W. H. Bishop. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.—Dreams of an ideal community, where the lives of all shall be governed by disinterested love, and where unhappiness and perplexity shall be unknown, still find place in fiction, as this book shows. In an appendix the author asks, after explaining the industrial and social features of his scheme, "When shall this glorious consummation of our hopes be brought to pass?" and answers his own question with an enthusiastic: "Why, in 1901, as a matter of course. When a generation of men have the opportunity to start a new century, why should they not insist that that century should be a perfect one in every respect?" It is perhaps needless to state that the gentleman who wrote this book is not the W. H. Bishop with whose name readers are already familiar.

A TRUCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—There is genuine power in two or three of these stories,—power of the sort that grows on one with each rereading, as he notes the subtle strength or beauty of description or the sudden force of a situation. The horror of the first one, which gives the name to the book, is actual and present from the first premonition of what is coming till the reader shuts the book, paraphrasing the closing words, "And he who reads forgets not." The vivid contrast between happiness and despair which it contains is very effective. "As Haggards of the Rock" is also a strong story; but the others are unequal in merit, somewhat too long drawn out, and too vague for one who can write so clearly and to the point as Mrs. Wright, when she chooses.

YALE YARNS. By John Seymour Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mr. Wood is not by any means a novice in writing, and yet these sketches have rather an undeveloped character. There is more of a champagne flavor than one quite likes in stories about undergraduates,—and we say this not so much because of any quarrel with champagne in literature as because there seems here an apparent determination to bring in the college slang and the college weaknesses, whatever else may be left out. Some of the stories are quite amusing, and others show an inventive faculty that ought to have wider scope; but we cannot help the feeling that Yale deserved better of her would-be representative.

A SIREN'S SON. By Susie Lee Bacon. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.—This publishing firm have started a series of twenty-five-cent novels, and they open the new series with this story by a young Southerner. Miss Bacon began writing when only fourteen years old, and her first book was published in Richmond, Va. This is the story of a young man whose mother exerts a singular influence over him,—an influence really opposed to his best interests. She separates him from the girl he loves, who betakes herself to a convent. The entire story is curiously vague and shadowy, making its motto especially appropriate,—"Life is a gray plain, whereon are mirages, nothing more."

PANTOMIMES; OR, WORDLESS POEMS. By Mary Tucker Magill. New York: Edgar S. Werner.—This is a new and enlarged edition of a book which Miss Magill published some years ago for the use of elocution teachers. There are many new illustrations of poses and gestures and appropriate music written expressly for these exercises. Though the book may be a suggestive one, it would hardly do to follow the directions too carefully and precisely. The teacher who wishes to make a success of facial training must give play to her own originality and personality, and not merely copy the mechanical directions of a book.

STORIES OF COLUMBIA. By Will H. Glascock. New York: D. Appleton & Co. These fifteen true stories are sent out to American boys and girls with the hope that they may teach a genuine pride in their

country's achievements and a deeper love for her institutions. There are three or four stories of Columbus. One chapter is devoted to the Pilgrim Fathers, another to Washington, another to Lafayette, and still others to Revolutionary heroes, inventors, etc. Much of it is already familiar, doubtless, to the boys and girls for whom it is intended; but it is well to have the stories in such convenient form.

Miscellaneous.

"Kolberg," Paul Heyse's historical drama, appears in the series of modern German prose literature, intended for advanced students and published by Maynard, Merrill & Co. of New York. The notes are by R. H. Allpress.

Ten of Charles Lamb's essays, edited with biographical sketch and notes, form No. 79 in the Riverside Literature Series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The collection includes "Old China," by which name the little book is known, "Dream Children," "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," "Barbara S.," etc.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., has edited Macaulay's Life of Johnson, one of the books required for admission to many of our colleges; and the book is published in Leach, Shewell & Sanborn's Student Series of English Classics. A biographical sketch, a consideration of Macaulay as a critic, and a few pages of notes are included in the volume.

The American Book Company publish three small books which will be found helpful and interesting by German students. "Die Monate" and "Der Lindenbaum," by Seidel,—one of the best writers of short stories with whose work we are acquainted,—and Stifter's "Das Heidedorf," will be found of value, both as examples of pure German and for their intrinsic interest.

Literary Notes.

Rev. Frank Buffington Vrooman contributes a very timely and important paper on "Child Life and the Kindergarten" to the July *Arena*. A carefully prepared bibliography accompanies this paper.

Scribner's has secured the right to reproduce for its August number eight of the wonderful pastels recently exhibited by Edwin A. Abbey in New York and Boston. Hopkinson Smith writes with enthusiasm about Abbey as a colorist.

The interest in the American life of the past will increase the appreciation of Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's forthcoming volume of fiction, entitled "In Old New England," in which the romantic side of colonial New England is pictured. "In Old New England" is to appear in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Dr. Henry C. McCook's new volume, entitled "Old Farm Fairies, or a Summer Campaign in Brownieland against King Cobweaver's Pixies," will be published July 20 by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. It presents in a pleasant and most interesting form some of his observations and findings in natural history.

Beginning with the May number, Vol. III., Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. will issue in the United States the monthly periodical *Science Progress*, a publication now well known in England, and one that has there taken the highest rank. *Science Progress* is not a magazine of compiled matter for popular reading, but a serial for scholars who desire to discuss the results of investigation.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston. The Sexuality of Nature. An Essay. By Leopold Hartley Grindon.

From Joseph Knight Company, Boston. On the Point. A Summer Idyl. By Nathan Haskell Dole.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Master Wilberforce. The Study of a Boy. By Rita. Her Majesty. A Romance of To-day. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. A Confession of Faith. By an Unorthodox Believer.

From Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa. Thinking, Feeling, Doing. By E. W. Scripture.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Sweetly slumber. Little One. A Cradle Song. Words by William H. Gardner. Music by Philip Greely.

Merry Mandarin. A Chinese Dance. For Pianoforte. Composed by J. Warwick Moore.

My Shepherd is the Lord my God. Sacred Song. Words by Eugene Field. Music by Philip Greely.

At the Church Gate. Song. Words by Thackeray. Music by F. A. Schneckler.

Mr. Clifton Davis. As sung at the Baltimore Cathedral. By Ave Verum.

The Coal King. Ballade Romantique. For Bass or Baritone. Words and Music by E. W. Foster.

I didn't mean to. Song. Words by Edward W. Barnard. Music by H. H. Thiele.

Yoho. Song. Written by W. Saple. Composed by Martin Silber.

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[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE WEED'S TRANSLATION.

BY A. R. MACALPINE.

Dandelions, whose heads of gold
So lately decked the meadow's mould,
Are now arrayed in shrouds of white,
And silent wait to take their flight.

Nor long they wait; on gleaming wings
The whispering breeze the message brings.
How quickly now they buoyant rise,
How eager seem to gain the skies!

These ghosts of flowers soaring high
Bear tiny seeds as up they fly.
Seek they, with gifts, on other shore
The birds that sing on earth no more?

Ah, no! the seeds must fall to earth,
And, buried there, shall wait new birth;
For 'tis God's law to seeds and men
"They first must die who'd live again."

O doubting soul, the lesson heed,
Be trustful thou as modest seed;
For all that sleep beneath the sod
Shall wake again at touch of God.

THE VISITOR IN PINK SILK.

When I was a little girl,—I hope I have a big crowd listening to me, with clean, smiling faces and Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on, sitting row upon row on Sunday-school benches,—when I was a little girl, there came into our country neighborhood a family of rich people, who lived in more style than I had ever heard of.

I was allowed to go with my mother when she went to call on the Pages, and was delighted to find in the family a little girl about my own age, whose name was Fenton. I did not see her, however; for she was just getting over the mumps, and my mother did not want me to take the disease.

Mrs. Page promised that Fenton should return my visit as soon as ever she was well; and I went home much impressed with the butler's brass buttons and the silver bowls on the sideboard.

One bright summer day, some weeks after this visit, I was enjoying myself very much playing in our back yard with our wash-woman's daughter, when I heard my mother's voice calling: "Constance, O Constance! Come here, my daughter!"

"Bother!" I said to myself, in a very naughty tone. "Now I'll have to go and learn that old geography lesson."

"O Conny, beg your mother not to make you!" coaxed my little visitor.

"Well, you come and beg for me," said I, with sudden craftiness; for I had observed that my mother, who was gentle to every one, was especially kind to those who were called "the working people."

So we left the happy sand pile on which we had been sliding, and I hurried Delia into the sitting-room to find my mother. She was there; and with her was a very fine-looking maid, in muslin cap and apron, and my new neighbor, Fenton Page!

My, but I was abashed! She had come to spend the afternoon, and the maid said she would come back for her at six o'clock.

I can't help being amused now, as I look back at that utterly dejected little self, in a dark calico dress, bare-headed, with a brown linen apron, none too clean or smooth from sliding down the sand pile.

But there was no help for it, so Delia and I carried her off to the sand pile. There we came to a full stop, for clearly no girl in a pink silk dress could play in the sand. Then I took her to the flower garden, but she did not know pansies from tulips. She had never planted a seed or watched a rose bloom in her life. I showed her my little fluffy chickens, but she was afraid of them. Think of being afraid of chickens!

At last I took my finely dressed visitor up to my play-room; but she didn't seem to care for my dear dolly, because the red had come off her cheeks. She said she had sixteen dolls at home, and one could talk and one could walk.

At last I sat down flat on the floor, and gave up the job. "What do you play at home," I asked, "if you don't have chickens nor flowers, nor birds nor sand piles, and if you are tired of dolls and don't like to read?"

"I dress up and walk out, and go to dancing-school, and visit the other girls, and go to shows and things," said the city child, smoothing down the pink silk.

At last six o'clock came, and with it the stately maid; and my visitor minced away

under her lace parasol. I felt like a prisoner set free, and Delia and I tore back to the sand pile.

"I never want to see her again, never!" I exclaimed.

But the next morning early back came my visitor. This time she wore a pink lawn and a white sunbonnet.

"Mother says I can slide on the sand hill," she cried as soon as she came in sight; and of all pleased girls she was the most delighted. She got them to give her a little garden at home, too; and we worked in it together.

I soon found that all God's little girls loved his birds and flowers and chickens when they had a chance, and when they were not too much dressed up; and I was entirely cured of coveting my neighbor's brass-buttoned butler and their silver bowls when I found that being tied up in fine clothes went along with these things.

"When we have little girls, Delia," I said, "we mustn't ever dress 'em in pink silk dresses."

"Nor white lace parasols!" said Delia, with a little sigh; for Delia admired my visitor very much.

"No, indeed!" I answered positively. "If we do, they will never learn all the beautiful near-the-ground things that God means us to play with. I s'pect he just made little chickens and bluebirds for us, and hid the violets in the woods so we could have fun hunting them. My! ever since that first visit it has almost made me sick to see a piece of pink silk!"

"Well," said Delia, reluctantly, "if you think my little girls can't have both, I guess I won't dress 'em in pink silk!"—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Presbyterian.*

MRS. TABBY AND HER KITTEN.

"Mew! mew! mew! mew!" sang Mrs. Tabby's four little kittens.

Mrs. Tabby felt a very proud mother as she looked at her little darlings lying in a basket in the wash-house at Grafton parsonage. "I'll be back soon," she whispered to them in her cat language. "Be good while I am gone. Don't quarrel, but be kind to one another." So saying, she gave them all a kiss in her cat way of kissing, and they all said, "Mew! mew! mew! mew!" which meant, "Yes, mother"; and off she went to see a neighbor whom she had promised to call upon that afternoon.

"I don't much like leaving them," she said to herself, as she turned to give them a last look at the wash-house door. "I hope they will be safe. I don't feel quite happy about them after what I overheard the master saying this morning, but I won't be gone long. I just want to have five minutes' chat with my friend, Miss Spot, and then I'll hurry back again."

With this she sprang up the garden wall and jumped over into the next garden, where she was soon deep in conversation with Miss Spot.

She was not away very long, but long enough for the gardener to steal away three of the four kittens in their mother's absence. Only one was left in the basket for poor Mrs. Tabby to find on her return.

There was only one little "Mew!" sounding from the basket as she entered the wash-house door. She feared the worst when she heard the feeble sound. "Oh, my babies, my babies!" she cried. "Where are you? Oh, what has become of you?"

She looked everywhere,—in the coal cellar, in the wood cellar, in every corner; but she could not find her children anywhere. She was very sad indeed.

Mrs. Tabby, however, was a very sensible cat, besides being a very affectionate mother; and indeed she had made her head quite ache with crying. She thought to herself: "If they have taken away three of my kittens, they may come and take the fourth; and they shall not do that if I can help it, for I'll hide her."

It was a very wise idea of Mrs. Tabby's; but the question was, where could she hide the kitten. She looked about in all the rooms downstairs, but she could not decide upon any corner where her kitten would be safe.

The master and mistress were away from home that day, so she had a good chance to look all round the house. She went into all the rooms, but she could nowhere find a home for her little one. At last she went up to the attics. They were only used for

storerooms. In one corner of the front attic a lot of blankets were stored.

"This is the very place," she thought. "If I can but make a way through, I'll make our home at the back of this pile of blankets. No one will ever find us out here."

With this she began to push her way through, making a very narrow passage between the different bundles of blankets till she came to the wall. Then, by means of pushing very hard, she pressed the blankets forward till she had made a most cosy little hole, with just room for herself and her child. Of course she felt rather tired with the effort, but she did not mind that. She was so glad to have found such a safe and warm home.

The cook was fortunately busy, and did not notice her as she caught her kitten in her mouth, just telling it to be quite quiet, and ran with it up to the attic. After she had had a long sleep, she woke up feeling much better, though still very sad.

She told her kitten that it must never mew now, and that it must be very quiet, or it might be taken away, too.

The kitten gave a tiny little mew, which meant, "Yes, mother," and was quite happy very soon.

All went well for about four weeks. Mrs. Tabby used to creep downstairs when she knew no one was about, to get what food she could find. She generally managed very well, though sometimes, I am sorry to say, she was obliged to steal. Then she would go back to her little kitten, and they enjoyed themselves very much in their comfortable nest.

But in the mean time the master and mistress and the cook had missed Mrs. Tabby and her kitten. They hunted everywhere, high and low, in all the rooms, even in the front attic; and poor Mrs. Tabby trembled behind the blankets as she sat and listened to their voices. "She must be somewhere," she heard them say; but where she was they could not make out.

One day she had a terrible fright. Her kitten was so very happy she gave a louder mew than usual, and it happened that the mistress was at the bottom of the attic stairs. "That cat is somewhere in the house," she heard her say. And there was another search, but no one thought of turning out the blankets.

At last one day Mrs. Tabby was feeling very hungry, and she lingered longer than usual downstairs over a very tempting plate of fish that she had found. She was late in returning to her home. As she was running up the attic stairs, the mistress came out of her room. She crept up gently after Mrs. Tabby, and reached the attic door just in time to see Mrs. Tabby's tail disappearing through the blanket pile.

"I have found you at last," she said; and soon she called the master and the cook.

"Good, faithful old Mrs. Tabby!" they said, as they stroked her and fondled her; and soon the kitten was brought out,—such a bonny, plump little kitten, so happy and well!

This is a true story. Was not Mrs. Tabby a loving, devoted mother to her kitten? She tried to hide it once again, but she was not so successful. She did not mind this time, though; for she soon found

out that neither her master nor mistress nor the cook wanted to take this kitten from her.—*Little Folks.*

ONE HUNDRED HAPPY BIRDS.

It was the 16th of June, and a dreadfully hot day. I remember the date because it was the day after my birthday, and mamma wouldn't let me go to school. I had had a birthday party, and was very tired, mamma said. My head ached, and mamma said it would ache worse if I went out in the hot sun. Everybody said it seemed as if they should melt, but I felt as if I were roasting.

I sat by the front window with a fan, trying to get a breath of air; but there wasn't any. And I kept saying I knew I should suffocate if a breeze didn't come along pretty soon, till mamma told me if I would not talk so much I should be cooler.

So I looked out of the window to see what I could see. The big stone block opposite shut out the blue sky, and the sidewalks were so glaring in the sun that I felt hotter than ever. There were two maple-trees in front of the house; but the leaves looked wilted and dusty, it had not rained for so long.

We lived in Hartford, and boarded on Capitol Avenue. We had the front chamber and two other rooms; but I knew it was cooler downstairs, and should have gone down if there had not been company in the parlor. Oh, how glad I am that I didn't! There was a piazza in front, and the roof was right under our windows. I was just thinking that I would go and get a drink, when I saw a sparrow sitting on the edge of the roof with his mouth wide open. I called to mamma to come and see if he were sick, and she said he was only hot and thirsty.

"I am going to pour some water out on the roof," I said, "and see if he won't drink."

So I poured down a whole pitcherful. It was a tin roof, with a gutter on the edge, so that the water stayed there. The place where it would have run off was stopped up with leaves and dirt, so it happened all right. And you ought to have seen that sparrow! Why, I thought he would never stop drinking! And then, when I saw that the water did run away a little, I poured out some more; and what do you think? That bird popped right into that water and took a bath!

It was not long before other sparrows came, and mamma said I would have my hands full if I kept them supplied with water. But it was such fun! I forgot all about being hot, and mamma helped to carry the water. We took it from the marble basin in her room. It seemed as if the news had spread all over town, by the way the sparrows and robins flocked there to enjoy it.

I never saw a robin take a bath before, and I was so delighted I could hardly keep still; but I had to, for fear of scaring them away. Folks say that the sparrows drive away the robins; but I don't believe it, for they went in bathing together just as peaceably as could be. There would be two or three in at a time.

I must tell you about the first robin that

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BLINDFOLD.

What do we know of the world, as we grow so old and wise?
Do the years, that still the heart-beats, quicken the drowsy eyes?
At twenty we thought we knew it,—the world there, at our feet;
We thought we had found its bitter, we knew we had found its sweet.
Now, at forty and fifty, what do we make of the world?
There in her sand she crouches, the Sphinx with her gray wings furled.
Soul of a man I know not: who knoweth, can fore-tell,
And what can I read of fate, even of self I have learned so well?
Heart of a woman I know not: how should I hope to know,
I that am foiled by a flower or the stars of the silent snow;
I that have never guessed the mind of the bright-eyed bird,
Whom even the dull rocks cheat, and the whirlwind's awful word?
Let me loosen the fillet of clay from the shut and darkened lid;
For life is a blindfold game, and the Voice from view is hid.
I face him as best I can, still groping, here and there,
For the hand that has touched me lightly, the lips that have said, "Declare."
Well, I declare him—my friend—the friend of the whole sad race;
And oh that the game were over, and I might see his face!
But 'tis much, though I grope in blindness, the Voice that is hid from view
May be heard, may be even loved, in a dream that may come true.

—E. R. Sill.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It has been well said that, like charity, pleasure begins at home. To a man or woman with no sweet memories of home the world is, after all, but a battlefield or a wilderness. Some are too poor and some too rich to have a home. Lord Beaconsfield describes a duke who had many residences, and adds, "He had only one misfortune, and it was a great one,—he had no home!" Sir Walter Scott strikes a chord which vibrates in every heart, when, after returning from the sights of the Continent, he ordered his servant to wheel him slowly through the rooms at Abbotsford, and then said, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain home; give me one turn more."—*Frederick Saunders, in the Christian Work.*

AN AFRICAN FABLE.

Concerning an African idea of the origin of monkeys, or chimpanzees, Mr. Herbert Ward relates a fable of the natives of Balangi and adjacent tribes of the Upper Congo, to the effect that many generations ago a tribe of natives who lived on the banks of the Congo River, near Bolobo, fell into a condition of debt and difficulties with their neighbors. In order to escape the persecutions of their wrathful creditors, they retired into the great forest. Time passed, but they still remained poor. Forest life degenerated them. Hair grew upon their bodies. They arranged to forego speech, lest they should be recognized. They are still in the forest, and are known as *Bakewa*, or "monkey men." Upon being asked if they ate chimpanzees, a member of the Balangi tribe replied, "No: we are not cannibals!"—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Charities and Reforms.

A movement has been instituted in New York City to co-ordinate the various municipal reform bodies which have sprung into existence during the past few years. The idea is not to have any of the present organizations give up their distinctive features, but rather to form a central council composed of delegates from all associations working for municipal purity.

An English writer who is despondent over the cruelties of the world says: "Our very pastime is murder, and our 'sports' involve some creature's wounds and agony. There sits the gentlest maiden in all the church; and even she wears on her bonnet a broken wing, from which 'chemicals' have with difficulty cleansed the stain of blood. Where shall I find worshippers whose 'sport' is not the torture of some helpless creature, or whose adornment is not the broken wing which some poor bird fluttered over its defenceless young, left to perish of cold and hunger, in order that that dainty little hat might be 'lovely' enough to appear in the house of prayer?"

A settlement that has taken a considerable step in the direction of public work is that at St. Mary Street, Philadelphia, the

head worker being Miss Katharine B. Davis. Owing to its influence, the city council has begun the work of enlarging the "Starr" garden which belongs to the settlement. Many of the worst of the surrounding tenements have been demolished, and \$5,000 has been appropriated toward the cost of laying out the ground and converting it into a pleasant public park. A new development is the Branch Free Library which the Free Library of Philadelphia has now consented to run entirely at its own expense in a part of the large building which is being erected for various purposes in connection with the settlement. Two librarians are to be paid by the city, and a large stock of books provided. In the same way their kindergarten work has been taken over by the board of education, the teachers being paid by that board, and one of them being a resident. Another resident, Dr. F. L. Van Gasken, is a medical inspector for the city board of health,—the only woman who has yet been appointed in that capacity in America.—*Outlook.*

Temperance.

At a recent important public ceremony, of which the Duke and Duchess of Teck were the central figures, three ladies of the aristocracy drank her majesty's health in cold water.

The Michigan House has passed the anti-treating bill. It prohibits the purchase of spirituous, malt, brewed, fermented, or vinous liquors for another to drink and the sale thereof to a person to be given to another as a treat.

During the last twenty years it is claimed that the consumption of alcoholic liquor in England has fallen off one-half, while it has doubled in France.

Mr. Bryce, M.P., speaking at Aberdeen, said he thought it was a good sign that the drink question had got a hold on the consciences and thoughts of so many people of both sexes. Of all the evils that afflicted the country, this was probably the greatest; and its effects were such that they were bound to ask what steps they could take to reduce drinking in the country.—*Christian World.*

Science.

One of the most sensible of recent inventions is that of an electrical mail-box. Whenever a letter is put into the box, a signal is sent to the occupant of the building. The box may be placed in the same electric circuit with a call-bell.

It is said that an electric camera has been invented which can be attached to a telephone or other electric circuit, its object being to reproduce images of the persons speaking to each other.

Guttmann proposes the erection of convenient stations for the thorough disinfection of physicians after they have visited an infectious case. The operation will take about fifteen minutes, when the doctor can go about his work certain that he cannot carry the disease to his fellows.

In experiments suggested by the fact that in a photographic dark room with ruby-glass windows a scarlet uniform will appear perfectly white, Herr H. W. Vogel finds that, where white light is rigidly excluded, the eye loses all sense of color, and sees only in shades of black and white.

The flying machine is still one of the prospective successes of the opening of the twentieth century. Prof. Langley's aluminum engine has achieved a flight of about one thousand feet; and, although only an experimental model, the recent experiments with it are considered more successful than those of Mr. Maxim in England.—*Inventive Age.*

Prof. Holden of Lick Observatory writes that before the art of photographing the moon can be carried to greater success there must be plates of greater sensitiveness and finer grain. Now the photograph of a volcanic crater on the moon's surface will appear like a grain of the silver on the plate unless the crater is over a tenth of a mile in diameter.

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EDITH THOMAS.

Last winter there was a doll show held in Boston for the benefit of the Blind Kindergarten. There were big dolls and little dolls, dolls in ball dresses, dolls in wedding gowns, dolls in long baby dresses, and dolls in check aprons in the district school. Most of them were so fine that I don't think any little girl would care to play with them, but they were pretty on show.

But the dearest of all the dolls was dressed by Edith Thomas, who is blind and deaf and dumb, but whose fingers worked as skilfully as if her eyes could guide them. She is a very busy little girl, and some of her work was sent across the sea to the great Paris Exposition. I wonder if you can knit a doll's hammock with your two good eyes.

She is in the School for the Blind in South Boston, and was very happy when she found she was to have a room-mate. But, alas! she was fond of early rising. She cannot see a clock, you know, nor hear one strike, nor hear a rising bell. How is she to know when it is time to get up?

She disturbed her companion so much by her early hours that they were to be separated. But Edith begged for the child to stay, and promised to wait till she was called. Can you think how this is done? Some one comes to her bed, and spells b-e-l-l in her hand. She can dress herself, and she likes to go to the laundry and help to turn and fold the clothes. She can wash dishes, too, and sweep, and make beds. I think she must be very useful.

And she has a loving heart. Once, when she knocked another child's doll off a shelf and broke it, she was very sorry, and told her teacher many times of her grief. But suddenly she thought of something better than to speak her sorrow, and ran to her room to get her favorite doll, which she carried to the little girl to replace the one that was broken.

The first time she was taken to church she was so glad that she ran about the house telling with her fingers where she was going. This is what she said, "Edith put on best dress and go to church after make bed and fix room nice." She tied up her penny in the corner of her handkerchief, that she might not lose it, and ran along the street in great excitement. But in church she kept perfectly quiet.—*Selected.*

Personals.

The bicycle clubs of St. Petersburg were so delighted to hear that Count Tolstoi had taken to the wheel that they made him a present of a silver bicycle, ignoring the fact that he would be the last person in the world to approve of such a thing.

Mr. Gladstone is an unusually good modern linguist. He talks French fluently; and those who remember his extemporized after-dinner speeches years ago in the mansions of the Parisian *élite* know that he could turn graceful phrases and express clear views in French, though he has never loved or professed to love that tongue. Italian, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone admires most among all "living" languages. He is as reticent and modest about his command of it as he is about his other qualities, yet his knowledge of it is very wide indeed.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Education.

Mary Sharp College of Winchester, Tenn., was the first woman's college to make Latin and Greek a requisite for graduation, a claim which is substantiated by John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education. This requirement was never made prior to 1853.

The perfection of any public-school system depends, must depend, on the cordial interchange between the two governing influences in every child's life,—the home and the school. Whether they will or not, they are allies; and their victory depends on directed co-operation, unity of aim because of a unity of effort. Public education depends on educated public sentiment, and that on the comprehension of what is being done in other communities at home and abroad.—*Outlook.*

The happiness which comes from serving others ought to be taught elaborately, carefully, thoughtfully, as a part of the training in all schools and colleges. The reward for service is never proportioned to the amount of service rendered. The lesser oftentimes brings the greater satisfaction, or rather, perhaps, brings it home better. In short, all schools, from the elementary to the professional, are fitting for life;

and, if they keep the true end in view, all teachers should instruct the young creatures intrusted to their charge how they may best be happy and how they may best serve their fellow-men.—*President Eliot, Harvard College.*

The history of Christianity in Corea is remarkable and even marvellous. It has been introduced twice in that country,—first about the close of the sixteenth, and the second time near the close of the eighteenth century. Its first teachers and converts in Corea were utterly exterminated, but Christianity was again reintroduced in a most remarkable manner. Some Chinese religious tracts had been brought from Peking, among which were some expositions of the Christian religion by French Catholic missionaries, who had established stations in China. A number of Corean students, being engaged in a critical study of the text of Confucius, found these tracts. One of their number espoused the Christian faith, and became a prominent teacher of its doctrines. He was soon joined by friends, and in this singular way Christianity was again planted in Corea.—*American Educational Bulletin.*

Here and There.

Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh-water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.

A concrete bridge having a clear span of 164 feet and 26 feet wide was recently constructed over the Danube at Munderkingen, in Austria. Stone is scarce and dear there, while good Portland cement is produced in large quantities.

The project to build an aerial tramway at Niagara Falls is likely to be carried out the coming summer. The plan is to run a cage-like car on a huge cable strung across the river immediately over the falls. It will be operated by electricity.

In Italy, one of the first countries to take up cremation as a substitute for burial, the number of crematories in 1894 was 23, and that of bodies cremated 2,509. Though the membership of the cremation societies increases steadily, progress is not very rapid, owing to the hostility of the Church.

Cape Juby, on the coast of the Sahara, with the adjacent territory and the factories lately established, has been bought by the sultan of Morocco from the English company settled on the land, with a view to avoiding complications with England and preventing England from obtaining a foothold in Morocco.

There were 17,864,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year. Jamaica, Cuba, Honduras, and Colombia supply most of the fruit, and its transportation has become an important item in the business of various steamship companies. It is within the easy memory of people of middle age when a banana was a great rarity. But now, unquestionably, the consumption of this one tropical fruit in this country has become large enough to affect to some extent the demand upon the wheat supply.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Indian agent in charge of the remnants of the Six Nations reports that there are now left in New York 168 Cayugas, 478 Onondagas, 260 Oneidas, 2,750 Senecas on the Cattaraugus Reservation, 401 Tuscaroras,—in all, 5,141. There has been a slight increase in their numbers during the past twenty years, a perceptible improvement in their morals, and a "gradual but steady" improvement in their habits as to industry, etc., and their general condition. The farms, houses, and barns of the Tuscaroras are as good as those of their white neighbors; and the Senecas on the Cattaraugus Reservation are hard-working and thrifty. Very few of these New York Indians manifest any desire for citizenship.

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Customer: "Give me a dozen fried oysters." Waiter: "Sorry, sir; but we're all out of shell fish, excepting eggs."—*Selected.*

A student, describing the salubrity of Italy, stated that, "in spite of the cholera the immortality only reached twenty per thousand."—*The Budget.*

A gentleman, who was relating an accident he had, was asked by the surgeon if it was near the vertebrae that he had been hurt. "No, sir," was the reply: "it was near the Observatory."—*Selected.*

The most remarkable case on record is that of a Yankee soap man, who in a violent storm at sea saved himself from drowning by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.—*Selected.*

An auctioneer at a sale of antiquities put up a helmet with the candid remark: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder: I think he was the first in the iron business."—*Selected.*

Betsey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen one day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsey. "But the fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to git outter my own way."—*Exchange.*

She: "Theatrical people would hardly fancy the advent of that hat and these sleeves together." He: "But they would be a great boon to the stage." She: "How so?" He: "The stage would have to be elevated."—*Pacific Unitarian.*

In the summer Baby was very busy supervising everything that went on at the farm. After a while she pushed away her chair at supper one afternoon, declaring that she did not want any more milk. "Why not, dear?" asked mamma, gently. "Because," said Baby, with an air of superiority, "I know all about it now: milk is nothing but chewed grass."—*Selected.*

Mrs. Newriche (patronizingly): "Were any of your ancestors men of note, Mr. Cynic?" Mr. Cynic: "Yes, madam, I should say so. One of them was the most famous admiral of his day, and commanded the allied forces of the world." Mrs. Newriche (with altered tone of deep respect): "Is it possible, Mr. Cynic! And what was his name?" Mr. Cynic: "Noah, madam."—*Life.*

The *Musical Courier* tells this anecdote about Joachim and a London barber: "The great violinist is said to have once visited a barber in that city to get his hair cut. He is in the habit of wearing it rather long behind, and intimated as much to the barber, whereupon that individual promptly replied, 'I wouldn't wear it too long, mister: if you do, you'll look just like one o' them fiddlin' chaps.'"—*Exchange.*

One day a college professor, going to his class, came across one of his students who had just fallen down. Asking him how he fell, the student replied, "Notwithstanding." Telling the anecdote a short time later the professor said: "I met Mr. Junior the other day, and he made a very bright remark. He had just fallen down, you know; and, when I asked him how it happened, he said, 'Nevertheless.'"—*The Budget.*

He had been silent in thought for some time. At length he heaved a sigh, which moved his friend to inquire what the trouble was. "This world ain't run right," he answered. "Why, you ought to be happy. You've been away enjoying yourself, I understand." "Yes. I've been away, but I don't see much enjoyment,—not in a world where the fish are so shy about bitin' an' the mosquitoes so eternally willin'."—*The American.*

FROM RECENT EXAMINATIONS.

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Define flinch, and use it in a sentence. Flinch, to shrink. Flannel flinches when it is washed.

By what is the earth surrounded, and by what is it lighted? It is surrounded by water, and lighted by gas and electricity.

Name six animals of the arctic zone. Three polar bears and three seals.

What is yeast? Yeast is a vegetable flying about in the air, and hitching itself on to anything.

Why do you open the dampers in a stove when lighting a fire? To let the oxygen in and the nitrogen out.

What did the Constitution do for the country? It gave the President a head.

What are the last teeth that come to man? False teeth.—*The Budget.*

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Editorial.

MR. GLADSTONE'S withdrawal from public life marks an epoch in English politics. His career covers a large part of the century, and he has for years been its foremost public figure. After the partisan heat engendered by the intense struggles in which he has been engaged become a memory, and passions of the strife have cooled, then a fair judgment of the nature and extent of his influence will be had. But Mr. Gladstone was a scholar as well as statesman; and, like many other political leaders in English politics, he gave himself to the study of the classics and general literature. Now, in ripest old age, as he leaves the hall of debate and retires to private life, he returns to the studies of his youth with earnestness and fidelity, and will be remembered as the Grand Old Man.

THE Summer School of Theology which a short time since had its first session at Cleveland was in the nature of an experiment. President Thwing, who organized the programme, was wise enough to invite men to take part whom the public would like to hear. The result was that most of the daily sessions were generally crowded. One of the most marked men who lectured was Principal A. M. Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford. He is a spe-

cialist in theology, and is working to make ministers realize the permanent practical value of theology as a science. He speaks without notes, and is both a popular orator and profound speculative thinker. Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon and others also took part. As a venture, it was a success, paying its expenses out of its income. The attendance at times reached three hundred. It is probable that this summer congress will be repeated; and this discussion of great religious topics on broad lines of thinking will be of value especially to the younger ministers, in giving their minds a clearer insight of the real condition of theological thought.

THE controversy in the Presbyterian Church between the radicals and conservatives has again come to the front by the action of the Otsego presbytery in granting a license to preach to Frank B. Seeley, a student of the Union Theological Seminary. This, say the more conservative, is in direct violation of the vote of the late General Assembly, which forbade such license to students of those seminaries for whose teaching the General Assembly disavows responsibility. The case will probably be brought before the synod, and possibly be carried up higher.

IN a previous issue mention has been made of wealthy Negroes who live in New York and other American cities. In Europe there are those who have been honored by royal authorities for their intellectual achievement. Among the foremost of these may be classed Ira Aldridge, who was born in Maryland. He went to Europe, and rose to be one of the most distinguished tragedians of his time. It is reported of him that at one time, when he played Iago in Moscow, he excited so great a furor of enthusiasm among the students that they unhitched the horses from the carriage in which he was going home, and dragged him in triumph to his lodgings. The king of Sweden knighted him, and the emperor of Russia conferred a decoration upon him. From others he received medals and decorations to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars. He was, from the reports given of him, one of the most modest and polished of men, thoroughly refined, unostentatious in speech and manner. Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, a full-blooded Negro, had a world-wide reputation as author and linguist. He also was appointed to places of trust and distinction, and was elected an honorary member of the aristocratic Athenæum Club in London. Another coal-black Negro, Peter Salem, received from Queen Victoria the honor of the Victoria Cross for his heroic act in throwing himself in front of his commanding officer and receiving the bullets in his own body which otherwise would have found lodgment in that of his captain. Still other cases could be given. In estimating the future possibilities of a race, we must have in mind its highest type of manhood and character.

THE volume containing the statistics of churches in the United States, which has recently been issued, gives a favorable account of the religious organizations. The Methodists and Baptists lead by far all the other Protestant denominations. It may be a surprise to some to learn that the number of communicants is greater in the cities than in the country, and that the greatest number was in New York City. Philadelphia leads in the number of church buildings, Brooklyn comes next, and Chicago follows as third. There has been a marked increase of Protestant members since 1880 of 3,895,128, or 42.03 per cent., while the increase of population was only 24.86 per cent. From these and other facts we learn that the power and influence of organized religion are greater now than forty years ago.

It is often said that the power of religion is on the wane, but the statistics prove the contrary. So also the present drift of opinion. In Oxford and Cambridge the prevailing tone of thought on religion has changed during the last thirty years. The tendency to what may be called scientific atheism is far less strong than in the earlier stages of evolution. Such writers as Prof. John Fiske are now pronounced theists, and the change in the world of action is still more evident, as will be seen in the birth and progress of Salvationists and Christian Endeavorers. We are told that in some of the European art galleries, where a few years ago not a religious picture could be found, they now abound. In addition to all this there is the growth of Christian missions, which has been very wide-spread and increasing. The churches as a whole are more alive, and, inspired by lofty consecration, are going forward in aggressive religious work.

EDWARD BEECHER has died, and this leaves another gap in one of the most gifted and influential families of the United States. He was the eldest son of the family, and has had a very memorable career. He was a very vigorous thinker, and, like his brother Henry and his sisters Catharine and Harriet, swung off from the moorings of the old Calvinistic theology with the intensity of one who, by the larger growth of the mind and the higher moral instincts, found it hard to reconcile his intellectual convictions and finer ethical feelings with the creed of his Church, and therefore modified his early beliefs. To an intense longing for the truth and courage to carry his ideas to their logical results he added a deep attachment to the faith of his childhood. This sometimes led him into strange and fanciful conclusions, as will be seen by "The Conflict of Ages." This book was a theory to escape a dilemma, and during his whole life he did not reach to clear thinking, as did Henry and Harriet. During the anti-slavery struggle he fought with the fire and faith of a Hebrew prophet, and in various reforms had the courage of his convictions. In no sense was he a trimmer; but, like a doughty champion, he was a brave and outspoken leader. As minister, teacher, and writer, he took a foremost place, and was an independent thinker, with the limitations already noted, and will be remembered as a man of strong personality and moral elevation, who consecrated his gifts for the advancement of the highest human welfare.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER has been interviewed by a New York *Tribune* reporter, who says that Mr. Collyer told him he did not intend to retire from his pastorate. Some years ago he told the trustees of his church that they should get a younger man to fill his place, and that "I wanted to retire when I was seventy. A short time ago I again spoke of the matter, and said I thought I would better retire; but they wouldn't let me. Then I told the trustees I would like to have an assistant, and I shall have one who will relieve me of some of my work. I have not selected an assistant yet. You may say that I shall not retire until the church is willing to let me go, and I don't know when that will be." The *Tribune* adds to this the following brief editorial: "The report that Dr. Collyer was to resign from the Church of the Messiah was, naturally, not credited by people familiar with the circumstances of his ministry and the high regard in which he is held by his people. The denial which he makes of the current rumor is not intended for these, but for the public in general, which will be glad to know that Dr. Collyer is to remain in the active ministry as long as his parish wants his services. It is good news, further, that he is to have an assistant, who will relieve him of a share of his

work. Dr. Collyer is now seventy-two years of age; but his health continues good, and his mind is clear and active. Though it was his intention to retire when he reached seventy, it is probable that he will not go on the superannuated list for some time yet,—let us hope not for many years."

THE summer Chautauqua has reached its twenty-fifth anniversary. It is a growth from small beginnings. The August *Forum* has an article by Albert S. Cook which gives an outline of this institution and a sketch of its history and progress. The term "Chautauqua" stands for the name of a place and for an idea. Its existence is largely due to John H. Vincent, now a bishop of the Methodist Church. In early life he awoke to the fact that he had an intellect, and he also felt the longing for culture. In his personal development he reached in his own mind the reconciliation of culture and religion. He was an organizer, and soon he took the first step which has led to great results. The agencies which are the result of his labors are an organization, first, to promote systematic home-reading; second, courses of instruction by correspondence in certain larger branches; third, a summer school offering courses in a number of departments of study. These are known, respectively, as the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts (Correspondent Department), and the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts (Summer Session). During the twenty-five years it has had 2,590 students in regular courses, more than one-fourth of whom have earned degrees; and nearly every religious denomination has been represented. This is what has been done in the College of Liberal Arts; but the attendance for the same period is 225,000, and the total number of graduates is 35,153. Here we have the people's college, reaching out to the homes and lives of the people. "In seeking," says Mr. Cook, "to define the Chautauqua idea above, I spoke of it as an 'attempt to elevate, enrich, and inspire the individual life in its entirety.' We can now better see, perhaps, the force of the italicized words. It is this conception of truth as a whole, and of life as a whole, which makes its protagonists irresistible. This is the universal solvent of opposition and of bigotry in every form.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

The *Fortnightly Review* for July contains a striking article on the papacy, which attributes the growth of its influence during the last quarter of a century, in part, to a revival of belief in the supernatural. The fact of the increase of its power, and the reason assigned for it, may both be assented to within limits, though the article in question is open to the charge of presenting only one side of the case. Probably the net gain of practical influence to the papacy as a governing force in the world's affairs is not very great; for, while it has won triumphs in one place, it has lost prestige elsewhere. It is a little curious that, while the author of this article sees clearly how much new spiritual command has come to the pope through loss of temporal sovereignty, he represents the Church as scheming night and day for recovery of that worldly power, and does not appear to understand that success in this direction would probably prove as fatal in the future as it has been in the past.

When he speaks of growth of belief in the supernatural, it is to be noted that he uses that word to include any direction of events outside of or above the usual order of nature. For our part, we agree that such use of the word is entirely legitimate. There is a sense in which the telephone is a supernatural instrument, for nature never would have produced it without help from

man's inventive genius. If above the natural laws that govern the world there is a higher Will or Intelligence making use of them for definite purposes, that is a supernatural Power. The divine government thus conceived of may be also a government of law, but that does not bring it within the domain of what we call nature. Indeed, the question as to the method by which a supernatural Power acts is not first in importance. First of all is the question whether or not such a governing Intelligence exists.

No doubt, the most powerful currents of thought have now been for some time setting toward a wider and deeper persuasion of the reality of the supernatural, in this large sense of the word; and this makes for a revival of interest in religion in all its myriad forms of historic development. The article above referred to truly says, "Nothing is more remarkable than the number of persons nowadays who are in earnest about religion of some sort." A bit of evidence not there noted might be found in French art, which certainly has borne the stamp of materialism and irreligion as strongly as the most zealous opponent of the Church could desire. Whereas a few years since a picture treating of a religious theme was almost never discovered in the *salon*, now one source of information goes so far as to say that a majority of these pictures deal with scenes taken from the Old or New Testament. This may be in some measure a fashion which will soon pass away; but, taken in connection with the great amount of literature now published having to do with the sources of Christianity, it surely indicates a large new growth of interest in all that pertains to the Christian religion.

Among thinking people everywhere there is, beyond question, a growing conviction of the certainty of some divine government of the world, which awakens new interest in all traditional forms of faith. This return of belief in the supernatural must bring more or less new strength to churches of every name. It will be more or less, however, according to the interpretation of the supernatural which these churches give. To assume that the Church of Rome is to get most of the benefit of this reviving interest in religion is to ignore some very plain difficulties which stand in the way of that Church. Its conception of the divine government, and of the whole realm of the supernatural, so far as one can judge from the outside, is widely at variance with the controlling spirit of modern thought. It appears to believe in a Providence which is one of arbitrary will, and not in a spiritual order governed by laws and principles capable of universal application. It seems to depend upon miracles which in each case are special and unique, and which are something other than the invasion of a lower by a higher realm of established law and order.

We say this appears to be true, not meaning to declare what the teaching of the Church of Rome really is, or what its symbolism implies to those who cherish it. We may, however, say with some confidence that this is the way in which the modern mind mostly understands its teachings; and, as this mind, under the influence of science, has been trained to think of the universe as one illimitable domain of law, it will not take kindly to any supernatural world in which divine favors are conferred through the personal influence of the saints.

Ultimately, we apprehend, this difficulty will be found very much in the way of the older schools of Christian thought, though it is to be confessed that science furnishes only a partial view, through its blindness to the supreme fact of personality. At present, if we are to try to balance up the causes at work, we must allow a large influence to fear or dislike of all the tumult and unrest of the age by way of holding people to the ancient creeds. The threat of social anarchy, for instance, makes the established discipline of the Church of Rome seem a very haven of refuge to many peace-loving souls. But, as the two great forces of this century, science and democracy, reach a maturer stage of their development, most of the disquieting excesses and vagaries which have marked their advent will disappear; and then the old forms in which belief in the supernatural has been cast will have to be profoundly modified. Just now the public mind overlooks many things which then it will not tolerate. They who are now wrestling with this problem—how to amend our conceptions of the divine government in accordance with the new

knowledge that has come into the world—may often seem to be engaged upon a thankless task. Still, the day is not far distant when every positive result they have wrought out will be eagerly accepted by the world at large, and will prove to be of great practical value to religion of every name and kind.

THE PLACE OF THE COLLEGE.

Probably nine-tenths of the thinking men and women to-day congratulate themselves occasionally, with a genuine, whole-souled gratitude, that the opportunity for university education is in these days offered freely to women. It is no uncommon thing to meet one whose inclinations draw her so strongly in the direction of science or research that it amounts to the possession of genius; and we think with sudden pity of the many in years past who must have felt the same urgent call, only to know that the doors leading to their chosen work were hopelessly barred, or opened so grudgingly that half the energy must go to the overcoming of unnecessary difficulties of preparation. As Nan Prince, in Miss Jewett's story, said reverently, "If God meant that I should be a doctor, the best thing I can do is to try to be a good one." Even where all special talent is wanting, it is a fortunate thing when a woman may gain that steadiness of purpose, the concentration of will, and the broadened sympathy that are the results we naturally expect from our college training. No education ought to be too good for a mother, and certainly the woman who is good for nothing in the world but to bear children is not very good for that.

Nevertheless, it is quite possible to attach an unreal importance to the college degree, and instinctively underestimate the possible intellectual force of a woman who does not possess it. Emerson instances somewhere the leading man of a leading city who, having set his heart on a college education and missed it, could never feel himself the equal of his brothers who had gone thither, and adds that his easy superiority among men was never able to countervail to him this imaginary defect. Almost any woman whose friends happen to be largely among the college-bred class can relate numerous instances leading her to wish that another Lowell might write an essay "On a Certain Condescension in College Graduates." Not long ago, for instance, a distinguished woman was proposed for a place of honor high in educational circles. She was a woman of fine mental training and long experience, but immediately there was head-shaking and demur. "But she is not a college graduate, and has no degree. College women should see to it that only a graduate is chosen." Again one hears a remark like this: "Miss Blank is not really educated, you know: she is not a college woman." Are we not in danger of putting the shadow for the substance every time that we allow a remark like that to pass unchallenged, if referring to a woman to whom life has given the same results we seek from our college training?

It is natural enough that college women should prize the outward emblem of their new opportunity and the victories they have gained, but it is also a sign of immaturity when they fail to recognize that a college is of use just so far as it teaches them to live. As of a woman's club, so of a college: its best service is to teach a woman how to get along without one; that is, how to put the wisdom, the decision, the sympathy, the broad-mindedness that it should develop, into application in daily life, long after the college itself is a thing of the past. If college does not put into a woman a splendid impulse for the finest living, then it may fall far below many another influence in real educative training. Thinking is a partial act, and "time shall teach that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives."

In the lower grades of education it is not difficult to see how the mind casts off material aids one after another, and learns to depend on its own private powers. The time comes when the child no longer needs to repeat the multiplication-table in order to know the product of seven times eight. The boy knows whether a construction is correct or incorrect without looking up the rule in his grammar. So it is with the knowledge we gain at college; but the habit of thinking thus fostered, the love for the best that has been known and thought in the world, the sympathy with differing

forms of experience,—these remain, and must be worked into the commonplace life of every day.

Perhaps there is encouragement in this for those who are forced to forego the college training for which they have longed. The compact, consecutive study of the university is desirable, and should be eagerly sought; but it is not indispensable. The habit of thinking, the love of the best, the wider sympathy, of which we have just spoken, may be gained by other methods, if need be. One of the most valuable gifts of a university education, but one not given to every careless comer, is the irresistible desire to shun stopping-places, and to carry the love of learning all the way through life. Now, that may be the share of one who never goes beyond the threshold of Radcliffe or Vassar. The best knowledge and the best ideas of the times are open far more freely than we think to all who have the determination to pursue them, whether in college or out. Matthew Arnold declares that culture is the study of perfection. It looks beyond machinery. It has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light; and so long as the intellectual life consists not in the things we have learned, but in the things we are learning, not in what we have accomplished, but in the habitual temper of the mind, not the place where we are standing, but the direction in which we are moving, we may take heart and push on, looking at college opportunities as means to the end we are all seeking, but remembering that to have really lived will mean some day far more than our books have taught.

CONSOLATION.

Time may soften the edges of our grief, but it cannot always restring the soul. To get back to the level of buoyant feeling, we must be tuned and tempered by varied influences. Nature's soothing is the best because she deals in hints and suggestions which we grasp for ourselves without the filter of other minds. When no other form of consolation seems possible, we try the outdoor sanitarium. The voice of the water fall silent by day, but heard in the night, the balsamic scent of pine woods with the odor of dew, the murmur of the forest and of waters, the great silences, have sympathetic intimations to the listening ear to purge grief and lighten the black shadows of loss.

Slowly, the ear that has long seemed indifferent to the noises of humanity, to words meant in kindness, but falling dead, attunes itself to the low, tender monotone of nature. Long we sit in the forest, and listen to the vague murmur of leaves, the hum of insect life, the rustle of the underbrush, the short warbles and scattered notes of birds. Busy seem the innumerable inhabitants with their housekeeping. They have no private griefs. They are never gloomy or morbid. Insensibly, their cheerful optimism passes into the blood. The sore heart finds a salve in this communion that is neither fussy nor intrusive.

Birds twitter as they chase each other on the wing. Their little ones tumble out of the nest, and are resourceful and self-supporting in a day. If you have bruised your foot against a stone, nature is not going to cry over you. She will infuse vigor into your blood as she lends strength to the hawk's wing or braces the fin of the lake trout. Far away from cities, in the pine woods, with your feet in the ferns, the mountains lift their strong, brave heads into the sky, the lake unfolds its shining spaces ruffled by the breeze, or smooths its mirror to reflect cloudland and forest,—there is tonic and health for the heart grown suddenly old under the withering hand of sorrow. Well-meant efforts at condolence have perhaps done you little good. The sermons you have heard preached on death and the decay of human hopes may have left you still hungry for what you have lost, still unreconciled to the blow that fell in the night while you slept, and seared and withered your green spaces.

Nature has a better method with the bruised heart. She does not preach, she has no homilies to offer; but she sends her ministers of consolation in at the ear and eye. She touches the senses with new spiritual intimations, makes her vigor and soundness to prevail over our morbidity and sickness of soul. With the deeps of her

heavens, the shining of her skies, her cloud trains, the strength of her great mountains, the loveliness of her tall trees, her pageants of morning and evening, she brings the consciousness of the partial nature of all grief, how small it is, what a speck in the spaces of time and the infinitudes of eternity, what a poor fretting moth compared with the joy wings of the great angels of light.

Thus the detached grief from the soul makes it look like a mist on the lake, like a cloud on the mountain. We come to contemplate it in her presence as something apart, a thing to be examined outside ourselves. No longer does it live exclusively in the inner chambers, shrouding the windows and hanging the walls with black. Consciousness is at last freed from its tyranny. It grows more tender, more lovable, a better housemate, because it has put on a white robe or a gray. God's messenger to the heart that grieves comes on the breeze, in the song of the night thrush, in the wash of waves on the little lake beach where the boat is moored. The smoke of the camp-fire rising above the spruces, the voices of children in the forest, the squirrel winding his clock in the pine, the chipmunk darting about mossy logs and boulders bring peace. How companionable they are! How exactly they suit your mood! You can afford to put aside your private feeling, to enter into this sylvan life or the life of the fields. You see the selfishness of many feelings you once thought noble. When the bird and the honey-bee and the field-mouse and tree-toad pluck at you, and say, "Come, sympathize with me, enter into my little experience," it were churlish, indeed, to deny the request. And thus the heartache is eased, the wound is healed by Nature's intention.

The larger things rest you and heal you, as do the little things. The deep, contemplative shadows of the wilderness know your darkest mood. They have something to give you of their own nature that refreshes, like sleep. The solitude that does not tire or tease is in their bosom. They offer the tonic of delicious, inspiring wildness. It is good at times to get away, and be alone in their company. They have secrets to impart you can never tell another. Like an old witches' magic, they must look into your hand, or rather your heart, and whisper in your ear. They will show you the best things,—such glory and gloom of the day as you never see in company, such clouds chasing over the purple bloom of the mountains as cannot even be hinted at to others. All the stories of enchantments in forest and dell are based on this intoxication of the spirit of Nature, when she shows herself alone to one who loves her.

Her confidences and artless revelations enter your nature, silently soak into it, fill it as the spring fills with pure water. Healthier throbs come into your heart. Your laugh sounds less hollow and forced. A hint of exultant happiness has come back. You have put yourself lovingly into the old mother's arms, and she has kissed your eyelids and breathed into your nostrils. You find you have still within your withered heart the deep abiding love of this earth God has made so beautiful to delight man's senses, and lift him to the contemplation of the things of the spirit, the realities of which these glories are but hints and fore-runners. The chords of your spirit harp were broken or relaxed for a time, but the divine hand restrains them. They give forth, not the merry strain of old, but a psalm of resignation, humility, and faith. Things that once seemed dead are not really dead. The soul is like the frost-bitten tops of the trees that are putting out new buds and leaves in July. In these hints it finds that nature is its congener. Under heaps of ashes there still is a spark. Under mountains of gray mould and dead leaves there still is a germ. Nature is God's commissioned consoler. It reaches the stricken heart not in one, but in a million ways. It makes all things speak to us of eternal vigor. It teaches that the lost may be found, that invisible things are real things. God leads us back in the simplest ways after all our stumbles and bruises and hurts and wounds, our faithlessness and despair,—leads us back, and tells us, his tired children, just to be still, and rest in him.

Musings.

It is easy to see why a Frenchman loves Paris. His language indeed does not permit him to distinguish between the things he likes and the things he loves. He would ignore the distinction made by a prim little Puritan pedant of six or thereabouts, who corrected another's English by saying, "We like our food: we love our parents." The Frenchman loves his food as well as his parents. And so he does not simply like Paris: he loves it. But, if he had the choice of some cooler word, he would not apply it to his beloved city. Paris is a focalization of the genius of France. Its history, its tragedies, its hopes, its sorrows, its victories, its defeats, its irrepressible gayety, its wild, tumultuous passions, its joy in the beautiful, and its love of liberty are all blended in the history and life of Paris. A swiftly revolving, kaleidoscopic world, a bright, gay panorama of existence of varied color and beauty,—that is the first and the constantly repeated impression of Paris. Then there are the dark and turbid streams, like the Catacombs, and the sewers beneath. Paris is wicked enough. Whether it is any more wicked than London, New York, or Chicago, I will not attempt to say, though I very much doubt it. To sober Puritanism the reproach of Paris lies in its gayety; for the Puritan has often confounded gayety with wickedness and sombreness with piety. But the gayety of Paris is an attribute which belongs to it as much as the song of a bird belongs to the bird or the brightness of a rose belongs to the flower. And gayety is not inconsistent with fragrance. The attempt to turn heaven into a Quaker meeting would not suit the French. Nor are they content to postpone the enjoyment of existence to any remote time, provided they can enjoy it now and here. Paris and London are very different. They are as different as the French are different from the English. Each retains the distinctively national accent. It is not surprising that Daudet finds London grim. It would be hard to imagine London surrendering itself so absolutely to the joy of a fête as Paris does on the fête of the republic, the 14th of July. There is misery in both cities; but the misery of the London slums seems more solid misery, less decorated with plume and feather, than the misery of Paris, which tempts suffering to disguise its reality, with the feeling, undoubtedly, that to disguise is to mitigate.

As I WRITE, the preparations are going on for the national fête; for the French 4th of July comes on the 14th. In the public square stands, booths, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of shows are establishing themselves. Preparations are made on a large scale, and pre-eminently for the people; for it is the French people that take the day into their own hands, and celebrate it with the geniality, heartiness, and vivacity which belong to their character and traditions. When I saw this fête observed in Paris two years ago, I was impressed with the perfectly natural and innocent enjoyment of the people. At the review of troops in the Bois de Boulogne many thousands gathered to admire and applaud the twenty thousand soldiers. Perfect good-nature reigned in the crowd. In the evening the streets and squares were completely taken possession of by the people. Omnibuses and hacks were withdrawn, and the carnival of gayety proceeded without interruption. Nothing is more characteristic on this festival than the music and dancing in all the public squares; and it is perfectly proper in the great city, as in the smallest village festival, for a gentleman to invite any lady he may fancy in the crowd to dance with him, and perfectly proper for the lady to accept. There are showers of bonbons and paper fillets, brilliant illuminations, and gay music; but rioting and drunkenness are rare. The effervescence of French enthusiasm exhales more easily and naturally in other ways.

THE Americans in Paris always keep the 4th of July with a dinner and a sufficient number of speeches; and the dinner this year was, I am told, one of the best. As I had accepted an invitation to be present at a dinner given by the Société Générale des Prisons in the Eiffel Tower, I could not drop to any lower level. But to me the most impressive and memorable celebration of the day was the decoration of the tomb of Lafayette by the American delegates to

the International Prison Congress. Lafayette is not buried at Père-la-Chaise, but in the retired grounds of a secluded monastery, where members of his family had been laid to rest before him. A large wreath, with an appropriate inscription, was prepared; and at nine o'clock in the morning the American delegation drove to the secluded tomb. Notice had been given of this plan; and about fifty Americans gathered at the spot, some of them bringing flowers to strew on the grave. The address of Hon. Charlton T. Lewis of New York was brief, fitting, and eloquent. I could not but feel that this quiet, simple tribute to the memory of the noble Frenchman who gave himself so completely to establish liberty in America and in his own beloved France was better than any number of fireworks. The life of the ardent young marquis, so lofty, self-sacrificing, and generous with his service and his purse, has always had a charm for me, and will always be recognized as a most fortunate event in the history of our struggle for liberty. Right alongside of the tomb of Lafayette is that of his son, whose name, George Washington Lafayette, is a reminder of the affection which existed between the French marquis and the American commander. A few steps from these tombs lie the bodies of 1,306 who were guillotined in the French Revolution, reminding us how much France has paid as the price of her freedom.

Brevities.

Rev. Edward Beecher, who recently died at the age of ninety-two, is reported as saying, "I never smoked or chewed tobacco, and never drank ardent spirits in any form, but was fond of out-of-door exercise."

The *Interior* advises the New York *Observer* and *Outlook*, who are discussing the vertical movement of our father Adam, to call upon Dr. Parkhurst and ascertain the vertical position of Adam in New York to-day, and enter upon a friendly consultation as to what they can do for him.

Mrs. H. W. Beecher, though eighty-five years old, contemplates writing a biography of her husband. The following remarkable statement is accredited to her: "In the nearly fifty years that we lived together he never gave me a cross word, and I believe his conduct was as near like the life of Christ as any man's has ever been."

The Emperor William, it is reported, has during the past year been thoroughly converted to the repose of a British Sabbath, and would like to establish something like it in his own country. The "Continental Sunday" is far from being one of bodily or mental rest, and its moral influence in some directions is far from desirable.

Rev. Robert Collyer, in speaking of the case of Marie Barberi, said: "The poor girl should not be put to death. She should be taken care of somewhere for the rest of her life, but they should not kill her. From what I have read of her case, she committed the act for which she will have to suffer in a frenzy brought on by the treatment of the dead man, which produced emotional insanity. I may be wrong, but I don't think she should be put to death."

The reformer has at last reached Wall Street. The first note is given by the New York *World*, and the prophet of this movement is Mr. Arthur Brisbane. That there needs a reform in the methods of Wall Street few will deny; but, to make any headway, the work must be carried forward by men of the Dr. Parkhurst type. As a means in this direction, it is proposed to organize clubs, and through them to create a public opinion which will demand and secure a reform. To accomplish the latter, very much is yet to be done. That a reform is needed few will deny. How to do it is the difficult problem.

The latest novelty is to explore the North Pole by balloon. Mr. S. A. Andree, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Congress in London, suggested that the start should be made "in the summer of 1896, in time to reach the Norskoarne Islands, situated in the north-west corner of Spitzbergen, by the middle of June. The sun in that region, he said, was always above the horizon at that season; and for that reason the temperature of the air and the balloon would be very uniform." What next? Perhaps Prof. Langley may yet succeed in his flying

machine, so as to take a voyage across the Atlantic.

The colored women bring up the rear by their congress, which had its session this week in Boston. It was somewhat of a novel sight to see gathered in Berkeley Hall lawyers, physicians, poetesses, authors, editors, and other representative colored women, to consider and discuss the best way of influencing the people of their race in temperance, chastity, hygiene, higher education, and domestic questions. Mrs. Josephine St. P. Ruffin presided, and gave the key-note when she said: "It was time for the colored women to unite in more strenuous efforts for good and for the benefit of their race, that the unjust and almost unholy charges that are made against them may be the better refuted. This, I am sure, can be done by the present organized army of intelligent and progressive colored women." Besides the listening to reports from the clubs, useful papers on live topics were read; and the members behaved very much as "white folk." At least a dozen clubs were represented; and, as these have been the growth of less than five years, the result is full of promise. An organization of this kind cannot fail to have a widespread influence, which will be felt in many colored homes and quicken the minds of the colored people.

Pro and Con.

BOOKS TO GIVE AWAY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Sunday-school of the Unitarian church at Peabody, Mass., has the following discarded books to give away :—

Twenty-two copies of the "Sunday School Hymn, Tune and Service Book," published in 1871, by A. U. A.

Thirty copies of the "Sunny Side,"

Thirty copies of the "Golden Harp," song books for Sunday-school use. Any Sunday-school desiring these can communicate with Rev. J. W. Hudson, Peabody, Mass.

E. A. H.

THE AYER CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I notice that you have fallen into the mistake of the Boston dailies, which reported wrongly the name of the new organization formed at Ayer the 23d inst. I am sure that, as chairman of the committee on a form of organization, having penned the same, the name finally adopted was "The United Religious Association," and not "The United 'States' Religious Association," which would be quite vague and absurd. Also the phrase "bring in the kingdom of God," and not "bring into the kingdom of God," was the phrase adopted.

A. J. RICH.

FOR SICK MEN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Dear Sir,—We have many friends with whom we can communicate most directly through the *Register*. Are you willing that we should say to them that, as the hot weather lasts longer and longer, we have more and more applications at this office from physicians and others, who know the facts that we will send into the country those who are sick or who need country air, who are not provided for by organized plans for outings?

It is, in particular, the cases of sick men for whom we ask for contributions as generous as we have received in former years.

EDWARD E. HALE,

For the Ten Times One Society.

AN IDEAL HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Woodbine shades the west piazza from the glare, letting through only splintering sunbeams to perform an elfin dance over the floor below. Here one may lie at ease, gathering strength from the soft airs, and listening to the pleasant sounds of nature. Just outside towers a fine elm-tree from whose long branches depend not one, but three, oriole nests, one of them full of twittering nestlings, over whose welfare the flame-colored parents keep a careful and melodious supervision. And the elm-tree has other tenants. If you should have the temerity to spread your reclining-chair be-

neath it, two fluffy gray squirrels will come and warn you in unmistakable language that they were first in possession, and you are but a trespasser. Beyond one catches glimpses of the lovely Newton hills. Within doors a tranquil refinement prevails, from the two pleasant parlors to the daintily appointed bed-rooms, in which it would be a privilege to be sick if one were not making such haste to get well and outgrow them. This comfortable home—which has about it no breath of the hospital—is called the Newton Rest Cure, and is situated upon Otis Street, West Newton, so near to the centres that one marvels at its seclusion. Its inception came about last winter from the conviction of a few sympathetic persons that there was need of small sanitariums for gentlewomen disabled by nervous disease,—a place which should offer, with skilful medical attendance, the concomitants of a genuine home, and which should be at a price consistent with limited incomes. That their confidence has not been misplaced it needs but a passing visit to demonstrate.

Those who come here merely prostrated soon go forth again renewed and refreshed. To those who bring the long-drawn suffering of months or of years there dawns gradually a vista of returning nervous forces, and life begins to seem again worth the living.

J. P. D.

FREE CHURCH SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In the annual report of the directors of the American Unitarian Association I notice that a resolution approving the "free system" as being best suited to efficient missionary work was presented and passed. How the free pew plan may operate, in strictly missionary work, I cannot say from experience; but for the usual church purposes it is so unpracticable and unbusiness-like as to be really farcical.

The free pew idea is one of those sentimental theories that are attractive and easily argued for, because it seems somehow broader and higher and nobler than the rental system. But it is all sentiment and theory. In practice it is an utter failure to the point of absurdity.

It sounds so fine, so helpful, to say: "Our pews are free, absolutely free, to all. Come, and be welcome!" But how is it in reality? My first taste of a free church was something like this :—

A pew was assigned to us, and we were invited to consider it our regular seat. A collection was taken each Sunday, and I supposed this was to meet expenses. But in a few days the treasurer of the society called with a book in which I was to sign my name, agreeing to give so much a year toward the support of the parish. Glancing over the signatures, I saw that the respectable saints in good standing pledged themselves to from \$25 to \$75 each; and, wishing to be deemed an average saint myself, I put \$50 opposite my name. I did not object to the expense; but, if one agrees to pay a fixed sum and occupies a special pew, what becomes of the ennobling "free system" idea?

My next experience of the anti-rental system, in another town, was somewhat similar. We could take our choice of several pews, and there was no rent bill to look out for. How broad and free this sounds! And yet, with yearly and weekly contributions (all agreed to in black and white), extra assessments for the choir, and other demands to meet expenses of various kinds, the actual cost of the church attendance in this country parish was about twice what it was in a large city, where the regular pew rent was \$50 a year.

What is the use of dodging the facts and of calling a church "free" where everybody is taxed? The fact is that we cannot honestly have free pews until we can have free preachers and free music, not until insurance companies are eager to take free risks on church property, coal-dealers, sextons, and gas companies looking for an opportunity to do missionary work on the free system.

How absurd this seems! Yet it is no exaggeration. Agreements have to be made to actually pay these demands; and it is only open and business-like to arrange as nearly as can be for a certain rental income to meet the outgo agreed upon. If these outlays are not arranged for by rentals, but by "voluntary (?) contributions," still what becomes of the free church idea?

LAYMAN.

IN DOG DAYS.

I see the landscape tremble in the heat,
I hear the murmur of the rustling trees;
I close my eyes, and to myself I seem
As one who floats 'mid odorous Indian seas.
Scarce draw the sails in the dull opiate air;
Scarce stirs the breeze the opalescent calm;
Upon the sleeping islands that we pass,
Scarce move the fringes of the shadowy palm.
And, as I sail, I seem to hear the voice
Of one who reads some drowsy Eastern tale,
Telling of men untouched of all the ills
Which for our hands and for our hearts prevail;
Aye, to be living in those days I seem,
And in those days still dreaming that I dream.

—John W. Chadwick.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

IN THE PACIFIC NORTH-WEST.

Rev. C. W. Wendte has recently returned from a vacation missionary trip to the Pacific North-west, during which he has travelled some four thousand miles and made nineteen public addresses. He reports the business condition of Oregon and Washington decidedly improved. The prevailing hopefulness is in marked contrast with the despondency which ruled a year ago. At the same time this people is practically at the end of its resources; and whatever income they now receive must be devoted to the discharge of debts and still more pressing material needs. At no time did the ideal interests among them suffer so severely as now. The church finances are at their lowest ebb; and the ministers' salaries are greatly in arrears, or have been reduced to a point which compels them in many cases to surrender their charges and seek settlement elsewhere. Were it not for the American Unitarian Association, all our churches in that region, save the mother church in Portland, would have to close their doors for a season.

SPOKANE, which felt the financial stringency of the times perhaps more keenly than any other of these North-western cities, is one of the first to rise from the depression. The enhanced prices of cereals and shipments of flour direct to China and Japan are leading to the erection of additional flour-mills. The discovery of valuable mines to the north induces a brisk trade in supplies, and the impending location of a large army post near the town adds to the cheerful outlook. Rev. A. G. Wilson, after serving our church faithfully and well for several years past, has resigned, and will seek at the East a congenial settlement. He leaves the church united and in better financial condition than for years past, though the salary it can offer a minister is but small at present. Meanwhile, if ever manifest destiny was written on the face of a town, it is at Spokane; and every day makes its superb water power and transportation facilities of more and more importance. The membership of the Unitarian society, while not large, is representative of the best life of the city; and it has a fairly good edifice, with no other incumbrance than about \$900 owing the Loan Fund. It wants, of course, "a man like M. J. Savage," and will take what it can get. Rev. L. W. Sprague and Mrs. Lila Frost Sprague of San Francisco have been supplying the pulpit on a six weeks' exchange with Mr. Wilson. They are greatly liked. On Sunday evening a symposium was held by these speakers, together with Mr. Wendte, on the topics, "What it is to be a Liberal, a Unitarian, and a Christian."

SEATTLE.—The new minister, Dr. J. H. Acton, draws larger audiences than ever before attended our Unitarian church here. Financially, however, our cause suffers. Many of our most zealous members are much crippled in their resources. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shippen, Messrs. Conant, Allen, Lindsley, Preston, and others are faithful as in former times. Mr. Wendte, while here, discoursed on "The Weakness and Strength of Unitarianism"; and, in response to an appeal at the close of the service, a collection of \$150 was taken up. Seattle is unquestionably the coming city on Puget Sound, and is resuming something of its former metropolitan aspect. The new canal to be cut through a hill from the waters of the sound to those of Lake Washington, a great body of fresh water in the rear of Seattle, is an enterprise of much importance from a commercial point of view. One feature of it is the reclamation of the tide lands adjoining the city with the earth from the cutting. St. Louis capital, chiefly, is invested in this scheme.

PUYALLUP, in the centre of vast fields, holds one of the most attractive and well-arranged of our smaller churches. Its chief pillars are the two brothers, Ezra and John Meeker. When hops sold at \$2, the farmers in West Washington waxed rich. But last year 5 and 7 cents were the ruling prices, while lumber is equally depressed. The American laborers in the hop fields and gardens are glad to accept 80 cents and \$1 a day as wages. It should be said, however, to offset this, that the cost of living also corresponds somewhat to these prices. One of our ministers, now out of employment, told me that he was able to secure good board at a neighboring farm-house for himself, wife, and two children at \$16 a month, or 50 cents a day for four persons. Their appearance showed that the fare was at least plentiful and wholesome.

But for the luxuries and ideal interests of life little remains, though I did hear of one worthy lady who spent \$2,000 on her late husband's tomb. To offset this, however, she subscribed only 5 cents a week toward the support of Unitarian preaching. Yet 5 cents a week represents for many housekeepers in this region quite a large sum. It is not pleasant to have the cause of the gospel in these parts so closely dependent on hops or any other single article; but so it is, and until the autumn returns come in it would not be easy to predict the future of Unitarianism or any other ism in this beautiful valley.

Mention ought to be made of the fine reading-room attached to this church, containing fifty or sixty of the leading English and American magazines and papers. These are not only accessible on week-days and Sundays in the church, but circulate freely among the townspeople, farmers, and wood-choppers throughout the county. They must be a great influence for good in all that region.

McMILLIN.—On Sunday morning, July 7, the superintendent drove six miles through hop-fields and a dense fir forest to McMillin. The latter is a little hamlet in the woods, consisting of ten or twenty houses, and is a flag station on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here the enthusiasm of Mr. A. D. Hale and half a dozen other independent and clear-thinking heads of families built a modest little church of our order. The Women's National Alliance contributed \$300 toward the structure. Last winter the Oakland (Cal.) Sunday-school curtailed the windows and replenished the Sunday-school library. A group of some twenty-five children with bright faces, many of them dwelling miles away on isolated ranches in the forest, was in session. The superintendent addressed them, and helped teach the Bible class. Then followed the service for their elders, a little company of perhaps forty persons. The music was not quite equal to that at Arlington Street, but it was fully as earnest and much less expensive. It is not as easy to speak to this frontier congregation as it would be to address Mr. Savage's or Mr. Ames's people. It requires far more energy of body and demonstration of the spirit, and they are far more critical of the sermon and delivery than a Boston audience would be. Some of our most able and honored preachers in New England would, I fear, fail to receive a call from these frontier churches. The most flattering comment made upon a discourse by the writer in one of our Central California towns was made to him at its close by a citizen of that country, guileless of a shirt-collar, but with a sincere desire to please,—"Waal now! 'Twan't nigh so bad as I expected!"

After the sermon came a general hearty hand-shaking, then the trustees' conference with the superintendent, and a lunch with the kindly and hospitable Hale family in their garden. Few as are these people, and limited their resources, denominational rivalry here displays itself in a hateful form. A second meeting-house is rising not forty feet away from our little Unitarian tabernacle, and the American Board actually pays \$500 a year to a missionary to reside here and prevent the Unitarian heresy from gaining a permanent foothold. In vain did our people offer their orthodox brethren the partial use of their edifice for worship. A thousand dollars or more, chiefly from the East, is going into the new structure,—practically, a dead waste of money. And now the five or six German Lutherans in this village of a dozen or twenty houses are meditating a third church. But our McMillin friends hold lay services, and are encouraged by a monthly or semi-monthly

sermon by the Puyallup and Seattle pastors or the Universalist preacher at Tacoma, Rev. Mr. Felt. To assure this, the American Unitarian Association makes them a grant of \$100 annually.

We drove back to Puyallup in the afternoon, reaching it in time for the four o'clock service. About seventy-five persons were present, mostly men, including a delegation from the Grand Army. In the evening a third service was held, followed by an appeal for subscriptions for the year. After this a conference was held with the trustees; and then the superintendent went home with the Meekers, a tired but happy man. Some of our lazy ministers in the East, who, with only one service a Sunday, an exchange of pulpits once a month, an eight weeks' summer vacation, and a new settlement every fourth year, complain bitterly of overwork and exhaustion, might be benefited if they were to take a turn now and then at missionarying on the frontier.

CENTRALIA is a small town in West Washington, where a liberal movement has sprung up spontaneously. A little company assembled one week-day evening to hear the setter-forth of strange doctrines. It is hoped to give them an occasional missionary service. They have met for some time past as a Sunday Circle, under the auspices of the Post-office Mission, and are an unusually bright lot of people.

OLYMPIA, the capital of the State, had a vigorous Unitarian society years ago, under Rev. David Utter's ministry. That gentleman, by the way, has just distinguished himself in the annals of American exploration by making, in company with his fifteen-year-old son, the perilous passage of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, from Utah to the Needles in Arizona, on a raft! Nothing more daring can be conceived of. The writer has visited the cañon, and it seems almost incredible that any such insecure craft should have borne the intrepid voyagers over those terrible rapids and dark and winding chasms.

After Mr. Utter came Rev. John C. Kimball, and made the fir forests ring with his stentorian eloquence. Mr. Kimball was immensely popular in these parts. Had he remained, he would probably have been sent to the United States Senate by this time. Later our society lost its little church by fire. The site, during the boom four years ago, was sold for \$8,000. In their overconfidence they built a church for \$10,500, and a block of flats for as much more, and assumed a large indebtedness. The boom subsided, the flats were unrented, the town went to pieces for a time. Rev. Mr. Hoagland felt compelled to leave them for want of financial support; and for two years only occasional services have been held. The congregation has melted away to a handful of discouraged and financially embarrassed men and women. Meanwhile the debt presses heavily, and the Loan Fund instalments are not paid. Altogether the situation is most distressing. The superintendent is thankful in such a strait that he had eight years of business training ere he entered the ministry. Two visits to Olympia makes our problem there a little nearer solution than before, and it is hoped that ultimately all will be arranged for the best interests of those concerned.

It would have been pleasant to visit Waitsburg, Ore., where one of our old-time Meadville graduates, Postmaster Duncan Ingraham, is the centre and soul of a Unitarian circle which meets regularly for study and worship.

Astoria, Fairhaven, Whatcom, and Everett, each with a little circle of friends of our cause, proffered a welcome. But no permanent work can be done in these towns until business revives, and it seemed best to devote one's labors to places offering larger immediate inducements.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Our well-established and vigorous society at this point goes on as usual. Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, pastor emeritus, has improved in health, and is able to occupy the pulpit more or less on Sundays. The Eliot home remains, as ever, the hospitable centre of Unitarian social life in that city, and of all genial and refining influences. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur continues his earnest and able ministry. His friends predict for him a large place in the intellectual and moral life of our fellowship. If there is a better, more efficient Sunday-school in our body than that conducted by Mr. Wilbur, I have never learned of it. The twenty-five years of Mr. Eliot's

fostering care are now crowned by the thorough and painstaking endeavors of Mr. Wilbur. The principal drawback is the narrow, inconvenient quarters assigned to the school. Our Portland church sadly needs a new structure with modern appointments. As its property is now very valuable for business purposes, it will not be long, let us hope, before it arouses to the need of a new and beautiful church home, such as the other leading societies of the city have already acquired.

The Frazier Public Reading-room in this church is one of the best institutions of Portland, while Miss Davidson's work in the Post-office Mission is a quiet but telling influence throughout all this region for liberal Christian principles. Portland is a beautiful city, with its handsome public and business edifices, its charming homes, its broad river, and its glorious panorama of snow peaks and primeval forests. It is the emporium of a fertile and prosperous State, and has a great future before it.

SALEM.—It was a sorrow to find our old-time fellow-worker, Rev. W. E. Copeland, a very sick man. With the kind aid of Mrs. Thomas L. Eliot, who is not only a poetess of acknowledged merit, but occasionally drops into preaching; of Rev. Messrs. F. H. Adams and Wilbur, and Drs. Acton and Eliot, a series of supplies was arranged for the Salem pulpit; and Mr. Copeland will be given a much needed rest. Salem is the capital of the State of Oregon, and a beautiful little city, shaded by that most handsome of shade-trees, the Oregon maple. The public buildings, asylums, reformatories, etc., of the State, are largely located here, with woollen and flour mills; while all around is a fertile agricultural country. The vast wheat-fields of Oregon are a pleasant sight at this season, with their golden billows of grain. Mr. Copeland has wrought well here. The church is composed of prominent and substantial people, who are determined to maintain it with power. Twelve of the leading members, bankers and business men among them, take each a spell of acting as sexton, to save the expense of that functionary. Twenty-four of the women members, in turn,—in some cases aided by their servants,—attend to the cleaning of the church. Five of the wealthiest members promise soon to give \$500 apiece to clear off the debt on the church edifice, which, it may be remarked, is a well-appointed and handsome building. Mention should be made of the efficient labors of Mrs. Copeland in the Sunday-school and parish.

EUGENE.—The seat of the State University is a place of importance. For a year past monthly Unitarian services have been held here by Mr. Wendte, Mr. Wilbur, Dr. Eliot, Mr. Copeland, and others. These have awakened much interest. About one hundred persons attended the superintendent's services. On Monday Mr. Wilbur came down from Portland, and a canvass of the town was made. Some twenty calls showed all favorable, and many ready to help in the organization of a Unitarian society. The best elements in the town are represented in the list of names. It may, however, be best to await the dawning of better financial times, and simply continue our services. The State University is doing admirable work in informing and broadening the minds of its pupils and the people of Oregon in general. President Chapman especially, although nominally a Methodist, is abreast of modern ideas and methods; and under his energetic direction the institution is increasing in numbers and influence.

So ended a vacation trip to the Pacific North-west. There was reward and inspiration in it as well as toil and weariness. The single thought that all this vast region, several times larger than New England, and with infinitely greater resources in climate, soil, mines, forests, and fisheries, will some day, in the not far distant future, be the abode of twenty millions and more of Americans, of itself gives a great uplift to one's missionary endeavors, and makes this preliminary work of the utmost importance to our liberal cause. Portland, Seattle, Spokane, are to be the metropolises of the Pacific North-west; and around these will cluster cities and towns of only secondary importance, with great and rich districts behind them. Let us not, therefore, "despise the day of small things," but toil on in the full conviction that "it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom."

A CONTRIBUTION TO MODERN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

Rev. S. M. Crothers gave a very broad and able lecture at the Plymouth School of Ethics on "The Tendencies of Thought in Liberal Christian Churches," which was fully reported in the *Transcript*. From this we condense the following:—

We are not so much elaborating a universal religion as coming to realize the universality of religion. The liberal Christian, acknowledging in other religions this tendency to develop universal ideas and sympathies, and rejoicing in it, comes to see it in that which has come to him by inheritance. It is his mother tongue. He believes first of all in religion as a universal fact in human experience, an elemental force in history. Believing in the universal, he sympathizes with its special manifestations. Christianity has already assimilated many elements. It has felt the "influence sweet of Athens and of Rome, and old Judea's gift of sacred fire." It has responded to "slow, sure Britain's secular might and the German's inward right," and to-day its pulse quickens with the abounding life of America. At its centre it has enshrined a type of humanity which in tenderness and grace has never been surpassed. It is rich in memories, it has a moral impulse not yet exhausted. The tendency of present thought strengthens while it enlarges Channing's idea of Christianity as a spiritual system. The action of the Unitarian National Conference last year, when conservatives and radicals united in expressions of loyalty to the religion of Jesus, while with the same unanimity they understood that religion to be not a body of doctrines, but a manifestation of love to God and man, is indicative of this attitude. In Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion" may be found a frank statement of this position, which thus concludes: "Christianity understood as the personal religion of Jesus Christ stands clear of these perishable elements, and realizes the true relation between God and man. For religion is the right attitude of the finite to the Infinite; the straining of the vision from within the shadows to the far-off light; the devotion of goodness, still immature and precarious, toward the Perfect and the Eternal."

The work of liberal Christianity in theology has been more largely negative than affirmative. The great affirmations had been made long ago. But theologians have mingled with these other affirmations which largely nullify the sublime conceptions. The contribution of liberal Christianity has been in its denial of the limitations to the thought of God. Infinite power working through eternal laws does not need the transient miracle. Infinite wisdom is not consistent with the afterthought implied in formal schemes and plans of salvation. Infinite goodness leaves no room for a hopeless hell. "Be assured," said Channing, "that God cannot demand your assent to what shocks your best feelings." This purified theism is the essential faith. In the development of the idea of the fatherhood of God the liberal Christian has often fallen into an anthropomorphism more undisguised than that of the creed which he had rejected. The Calvinist had room for the harsher facts of existence. The preaching of liberal Christianity has often been characterized by an easy optimism. God is so good that there is nothing for us to fear or to exert ourselves about. He will take care of everything.

From this paradise of sentimental piety we have been driven by the scientific spirit. It has revealed the "Calvinism of Nature." The element of struggle comes back. Optimism we still may have, but an easy optimism is henceforth impossible. The best is not a gift, but an achievement.

In regard to the faith in the personality of God there are three general positions in regard to the theistic faith. The first is that of those who accept the categories of human personality as sufficient definitions of the one Power of the universe. When it is said, "God is a Person," it is taken for granted that we understand what personality is. This faith is definite and dogmatic. Secondly, those who, looking upon personality as limitation, refuse thus to limit the Power which forever must be unknown. In the third place, we have those who look upon personality, not as a limitation, but as the most mysterious and unfathomable

mystery of being. In the abysmal depths of personality they see, not an explanation of that Power in which we move, but the most sublime and awe-inspiring manifestation of that Power. The soul of the good man, conscious of himself, devoted to righteousness, aspiring to perfection, is not the only manifestation of that Power, but it is the highest that we have.

One phase of the social question with which the liberal churches have dealt is the conception of the function of the Church in society. The pioneers of religious liberalism in America were inclined to undervalue the Church, and to cultivate extreme individualism.

Their attitude as reformers compelled this. During the Transcendental period a virtue was made out of this necessity. The religious institution was treated as a prison-house of the religious spirit, from which it was seeking emancipation. There is noticeable now among Unitarians a certain pride in the paucity of numbers as contrasted with what they love to speak of as the popular religion. This is not always consistent with their fine appreciation of the enthusiasm for humanity. Their attitude is like that of the squirrel,—

"If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry."

The historical question which has caused the most discussion is that of the relation of the free and rational piety which Channing and Ballou believed in to Christianity. In the Universalist body this has only recently assumed any importance; but among Unitarians it has caused not a little controversy, and has passed through several phases of opinion. In the first stage the claim for the Christian name was a claim for recognition, and was a part of the struggle for existence. To the early Unitarians of New England Christianity and religion were practically synonymous terms. What were called the false religions were only dimly seen in the horizon. The liberal party claimed by eliminating the accretions to present the purity of the Apostolic Church. As a relic of this period, the American Unitarian Association has still a tract on its remoter shelves called "The Apostle Peter a Unitarian." The so-called Christian connection has remained in this stage of development. Discarding man-made creeds, and contenting itself with the language of the New Testament, it professes to reproduce in the nineteenth century the faith of the first. Two new forces entering the Unitarian field made this position untenable. One was criticism, the other was the comparative study of the great world-religions. The effect of Biblical criticism was to discredit the assumption of the primitive perfection of Christianity. The critic found no spiritual Eden free from superstition and misleading speculation in the first century. The apostle Peter was evidently not a Trinitarian, and would have been sorely perplexed over Calvin; but he would have been no more at home in the atmosphere of modern liberalism. If by primitive Christianity we mean the exact reproduction of the thought of the first group of the disciples, we are asking an impossibility. We do not know exactly what it was. And, if we did know, it would be impossible accurately to imitate it. And, moreover, if we could accurately imitate it, it would have no more practical value than any other curious anachronism. Each age must develop its own peculiar type of piety.

On the other hand, the impartial study of other religious systems makes it evident that the spiritual and ethical elements which we find in Christianity are not its exclusive possession: they are found in different degrees and in various proportions in all the great faiths of humanity. As a consequence of this, many of the liberal party in religion, after having earnestly contended for their right to bear the Christian name, began to feel that, after all, it was a limitation. In the Unitarian body this has been largely the line of cleavage between so-called radicals and conservatives. The same essential faith was held by both, but historic phrases which to some were full of broadest and most inspiring meaning to others had come to seem narrow and exclusive. Most of those who pleaded for some formal acknowledgment of the lordship and leadership of Jesus had in mind no Messianic doctrine: they would follow Jesus only because they believed he

led into the full freedom of the truth. And those who would yield allegiance only to a universal religion were ready to acknowledge that in the words and spirit of Jesus they found the best concrete illustration of that universal religion.

The "flesh and blood" were linked into a truth divine. The differences were differences of approach to the same central facts. To one a free and spiritual religion was an inheritance, to the other it was a discovery. No wonder that there was much misunderstanding. This period is rapidly passing away. The question which once threatened serious division, and, in fact, occasioned a schism in the Unitarian body, small in numbers, but important because of the high character and attainments of the seceders, is no longer a threatening one. Does the acceptance of the method and spirit of liberalism in religion take one necessarily outside Christianity? To those brought up in the prevailing thought of a century ago this question had an importance and definiteness it has not now, and it was answered according to a different method. There were in religion, as in botany, hard and fast classifications, and an impassable gulf between the species. At a certain time Christianity was created. It is either good or evil, to be accepted or rejected. The unsatisfied must create a new religion. Timid piety trembled that the faith delivered to the saints might be destroyed. More daring spirits accepted the challenge, and issued prospectuses of a new rational and universal religion.

To-day both these dispositions have been superseded by a temper of mind which is the result of the application of the principle of evolution to religions. The old classifications became obsolete. The genetic connection comes to be more important than formal definitions. It is seen that the "World-soul knows his own affair," and does not leave his choicest works to the caprice of an individual, even though that individual be a philosopher of good repute. The great events come not when one man says, "I will invent a religion," or another says, "Go to, I will destroy it!" They only come in the fulness of time. Thus the historic faiths, viewed as living things, have new importance and authority. They endure not because they remain the same, but through their adaptability and assimilation.

MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA.

To the Directors of the American Unitarian Association:

With the revival of business prosperity which began several months ago we come to the close of the year in this department with a decidedly improved outlook. The paralyzing effect on our missionary work of the great financial depression through which we have been passing is already perceptibly modified. The discouraging features in the situation are beginning to disappear. There is a renewed interest in missionary work among us that promises to result in the immediate future in the starting of several new and hopeful movements.

But even the past year is not without its record of new missionary enterprises successfully started. For several years plans for a second church in one of the newer parts of the rapidly growing city of Buffalo have been maturing, and have now ripened into fulfilment. Early last autumn, under the auspices of the Church of Our Father in Buffalo, the pastor, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, began at Parkside a new movement, which has already developed into a permanent organization. A good congregation has been gathered, a Sunday-school established; and the society starts with a membership which, in quality and numbers, insures stability and steady growth. In addition to his arduous duties as pastor of his large and flourishing church on Delaware Avenue, Mr. Slicer preaches and conducts the Sunday-school at Parkside regularly every Sunday afternoon. To him, and to the hearty co-operation of his people, the success of this new enterprise is entirely due.

It is a pleasure to report that, after many years of suspended animation, the Unitarian Church on Staten Island is exhibiting signs of revival. Beginning first with a Sunday-school in a private house, the interest grew until last autumn the society quietly proceeded to the erection of a beautiful new chapel, which takes the place of the old church which had been for many years disused. This new and attractive place of worship was dedicated with impressive cere-

monies on the 31st of March. The church was filled to overflowing, many Unitarians from New York and Brooklyn being present. No regular pastor will be settled at present; but the pulpit will be supplied by the ministers from New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood.

The most important undertaking of the year has been the resuscitation of the First Unitarian Church of the city of Albany, N.Y. Organized in 1842, this church had a checkered history up to 1872, the date of its last suspension. Previous to that there were several suspensions, owing to long interregnums in the pastorate. At the date last named above a combination of circumstances seemed to make further effort to maintain it impracticable. Its property was sold, and after paying off its indebtedness a small sum of money left over was deposited in a savings-bank. The corporate existence of the church, however, was maintained by the officers; and now, after a suspension of twenty-three years, the society is again revived,—this time under such changed conditions as make it practically certain that from this time on it will go steadily forward to develop into vigorous life and power. This result has been made possible chiefly by changes in the situation in Albany which have taken place within the last few years, and especially within the last few months. When the able and popular pastor of one of the largest evangelical churches in Albany applied to me early in the winter for admission to the Unitarian fellowship, it seemed to me that the opportune time for inaugurating a movement for the resuscitation of the cause in that city had come. After much earnest entreaty, and the assurance of many persons of liberal religious views in Albany that they would heartily co-operate in an effort to build up a Unitarian church in that city, Rev. Dr. Brundage was finally persuaded to remain, and become the pastor of the revived church. Steps were immediately taken to inaugurate this work; and on the evenings of March 21 and 22 two platform meetings, arranged and presided over by your superintendent, were held in Jermain Hall. The speakers were Rev. Messrs. Thomas R. Slicer, S. R. Calthrop, Minot J. Savage, Charles F. Dole, S. M. Crothers, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The attendance at these meetings, and the wide and deep interest aroused by them, surpassed all expectations. On the first six Sundays following these meetings the Leland Opera House was occupied by very large audiences, attracted there by the preaching of Rev. Dr. Brundage, who was at once put in charge of the work. The services are now held in the new Odd Fellows Hall, with an average attendance of over three hundred. On April 21 the church was reorganized, and a full board of officers elected according to the statute governing such cases. Dr. Brundage was then regularly engaged as pastor of the church, steps were taken to put its financial affairs on a good business basis, and all the work of the church is now being conducted in an energetic and efficient way. The church now has an enrolled membership of one hundred and fourteen, and there is every reason to expect that in the coming autumn and winter this will be steadily and largely increased.

In addition to the foregoing I desire to make mention of two new movements in country towns,—the first in Union Springs, Cayuga County, N.Y.; the latter, at Gouverneur, St. Lawrence County, N.Y. The former was inaugurated by Rev. J. M. Scott of Ithaca, and the latter by Rev. Mr. Mitchell. It is as yet too early to say what will be the outcome of these undertakings, but both seem to have in them some promise of growth and usefulness.

Since my last report three pastoral changes in this department have taken place. The first was caused by the greatly lamented death of Rev. Walter C. Moore of Trenton, N.Y. This vacancy has just been filled by the election of Rev. Edward F. Temple, who will enter upon his work on July 1. In All Souls' Church, New York, Rev. Frederick J. Gauld succeeded, in October last, Rev. W. W. Locke as assistant minister. At Passaic, N.J., the withdrawal of Rev. Stephen H. Camp from the temporary charge of the society was followed on April 17 by the installation of Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks as the first regular pastor of this flourishing new society.

I take pleasure in calling your attention to the fact that since my last report the so-

ciety in Orange, N.J., has, within five years from the date of its organization, become entirely self-supporting.

In concluding this report, it gives me satisfaction to mention the fact that during the past year three of our older churches have, with very gratifying results, introduced the business-like subscription method of raising their missionary funds.

Respectfully submitted,

D. W. MOREHOUSE,

Supt. for Middle States and Canada.

A REMINISCENCE OF PARIS.

BY EDWARD FROST WATROUS.

A few weeks since I stood before the Palais du Commerce in Lyons upon the spot where Carnot was assassinated, startled at the thought that nearly a year had passed since that memorable event in the history of France.

Paris was deeply stirred on that June evening when the news spread throughout the city that the President of the republic was dying, and that his distracted family was rushing toward the city that mourned in bitterness the treachery that had lain low an honored guest.

I was in Paris then and during the days of excitement that followed, and noted with interest the effect of the calamity upon citizens of all classes. The very air seemed heavy with the horror that filled all minds in the knowledge that another noble life had been sacrificed to the demon of anarchy. The suppressed excitement was manifested in various ways,—in the crowds representing all ranks and grades of society passing up and down the boulevards, each face wearing a subdued anxious expression. There was increased activity at the news-stands; and nearly every man was reading the last issue of *Le Temps*, *Le Figaro*, or other of the journals which gave full accounts of the dastardly crime that had left vacant the chair of state in the French Republic. Theatres and places of amusement were closed for several nights, while various fêtes and entertainments were indefinitely postponed. So general was this expression of sorrow that the Bourse seemed a conspicuous exception, until the explanation was given in the journals "that the law did not allow of that expression of their association with the national grief."

Early on Monday the Elysée Palace, the Chamber of Deputies, War Office, and other government buildings displayed the tri-color, furled and crape-bound; and another twenty-four hours saw the hotels and prominent business houses in the heart of the city shadowed with the insignia of mourning. The statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, always bearing mourning wreaths since her separation from France, received many additions; while the statue of Lyons was heavily draped with crape, even to the encircling veil.

The black-bordered photographs of M. Carnot were offered for sale on every street corner. In one day the bright costumes and gay flowers disappeared from the shop windows; and in their places were only goods of black or white, alternating with large clusters of the national flag tied with crape. Even the flower-booths changed in appearance. There were not alone garlands of natural flowers on sale, but those hideous works of distorted art so extensively used in France for funeral decorations, made from black, white, and purple beads, strung upon wires and shaped into impossible flowers and foliage.

The body of the late President reached Paris before dawn on Tuesday, and was at once removed to the Elysée to lie in state until the funeral. It was early surmised that the obsequies would be at Notre Dame, and the burial in the Pantheon, where the ashes of the patriot might mingle with those of other great men who had contributed to the glory of France.

At the palace hundreds of floral offerings were received the first day, and every hour increased the number. Of those received later many were unrivalled in magnificence, as the gardens and conservatories of all Europe contributed their most precious treasures at the command of royalty.

Telegrams of condolence came promptly from every civilized nation, and each European monarch gave expression to his personal sympathy with the bereaved family. The truth of the words of Shakspeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

was verified in the fact that, notwithstanding the relations of France with Germany were not entirely harmonious, yet the first message of condolence received at the Elysée was from the Emperor William.

As with one voice, the nations of the world expressed condemnation of the crime that had deprived France of a political leader, who, through devotion to his country, by faithful performance of duty, regardless of self, had done more for the French Republic than any other man, and who in his untimely death had won the crown of martyrdom.

But, as the truest sympathy must come from a similar experience, so from no other country were the honest and cordial words of commiseration more welcome than from the sister republic of the United States, where twice the hand of an assassin laid low her chief executive.

The Convention of the National Assembly was called for Wednesday,—a delay that occasioned some surprise, as the law of 1875 provided "that, in case of vacancy from death or any other cause, the two chambers shall proceed immediately to the election of a new president." The interval gave opportunity for the various journals to suggest names and comment with great freedom upon the qualifications, desirable or otherwise, of the several possible candidates. M. Casimir-Périer received many commendatory notices, though it was evident that one faction feared, as much as another desired, his election.

But the suspense was soon ended, as at the first ballot M. Casimir-Périer was elected: the six hundred deputies who drove out to the historical palace of Versailles at mid-day of June 27 returned before sunset, their task finished.

The result was promptly telegraphed to the city, and long before six o'clock the principal avenues of the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées from the Arc d'Etoile to the Place de la Concorde were thronged with carriages filled with citizens and strangers awaiting the coming of the newly elected President. Around the Arc d'Etoile swept the double line of cavalry, and between was the carriage of the man thus unexpectedly raised to the highest position in France. At his side was his principal rival, M. Dupuy, and opposite two officers of high rank. The breastplates and carbines of the cavalry flashed in the rays of the setting sun; and the Lancers, who followed the first carriage with glittering brass helmets, tossing plumes, and waving pennants, made a brave appearance as Guard of Honor to the new President. The hundreds of deputies formed a long procession; and, as it filed rapidly cityward, I waited in vain for indications of the excitement that one might naturally expect. But there was not a shout nor an exclamation. One could not regard the silence as a mark of indifference, but rather as indicating respect to the memory of the dead,—the man still lying in the quiet chapel of the Elysée.

Late that evening, as on other evenings, I passed by the palace. All driving in that vicinity was suspended, and the only sound to be heard was the tread of the soldiers on guard before the chamber of death.

Preparations for the funeral continued through the week. Notre Dame was hung without and within with drapings of black; while the entire façade of the Pantheon was covered with black, relieved by the ornamentation in silver and gilt in stars, *fleurs de lys*, and other emblems. As soon as the route for the procession on Sunday was known, there was great activity along the boulevards. Thousands of positions in windows, upon roofs or balconies, were secured at extravagant prices.

But these did not suffice; and long before midnight of Saturday the Champs Elysées presented a busy scene, where thousands of Parisians were preparing to pass the night, to make sure of a desirable place for the morrow. Carts, tables, chairs, boxes, ladders, anything that promised an elevated position, was brought into requisition. The sound of the hammer was heard throughout the night, as by the dim light of moving lanterns temporary stands were erected. Amid the medley of confusing noises weary men, women, and children sought for much needed rest. But there was little opportunity for rest anywhere in Paris, as the entire city was astir at dawn, many going down the Champs Elysées to look upon a scene unknown in Paris in a time of peace. With dismay they gazed upon the beautiful boulevard, transformed into a disorderly market

place, with its undisputable evidence that the transients had breakfasted as well as slept there.

For hours I watched the gathering of the multitude and the deputations going to the palace with floral emblems, many being borne upon the shoulders of two or four men. These were artistic productions, some, of rare orchids, being of fabulous value. The wreaths were often six feet in diameter. Among them I recall one of especial beauty: the lower half was of Parma violets, massed; the upper half was composed of nodding ferns, long-stemmed pink roses, and sprays of heliotrope.

As a rule, each wreath was crossed by a broad purple ribbon, with suitable inscription in gold letters, followed by the name of the society sending the same. It was said that millions of francs were expended upon the floral tributes,—a creditable statement to those who saw the dozen or more large wagons loaded with flowers that preceded the funeral car.

The black car, with muffled wheels, upheld the catafalque, with ornamentation of gold, silver, and waving plumes; while over the coffin was thrown the French tri-color in graceful folds. The reins that crossed the six coal-black horses were of broad white ribbon, a mute holding the bridle of each horse.

The atmosphere from early morning had that peculiar shimmering only seen when the heat is intense. At ten o'clock the procession left the palace; and, as it moved across the Place de la Concorde, so dense was the throng that it was difficult for the advance guard of cavalry to clear a route through the mass of packed humanity. Some confusion resulted, and morbid curiosity was expressed in remarks that were ill-timed. Panics occurred as frightened horses backed into the crowd, or trees and stands broke down under the restless movements of occupants. Each vase along the guarding fence of the Tuileries held from one to three men, and the trees overflowed with boys. Ambulances were kept busy carrying to the hospitals those who were injured by falling, overcome by the heat or who fainted under the fearful pressure.

This confusion was only temporary; for, as the car moved along, there was a silence such as is only known when the presence of death is recognized. This was an impressive spectacle. Men bared their heads, and muttered their prayers; while women sobbed, as they counted their rosaries and crossed their breasts.

Close behind the car walked the three sons of M. Carnot. Next, alone, bare-headed, came M. Casimir-Périer. The appearance of the new President awakened great interest, as, seemingly unguarded, he followed the body of his predecessor to its last resting-place. It was well known that apprehensions had been expressed that his life would be the forfeit of his presence; and the journals had stated that, after having exhausted every argument in the hope of keeping him within doors that day, his anxious family had spent the entire night in prayer for his safety. These reports added to the general interest felt, and he was the cynosure of all eyes. He was in full evening dress,—the costume worn by French gentlemen upon all important occasions,—his broad breast crossed by the red sash of the Legion of Honor, as, with eyes lowered, erect carriage, and martial tread, he passed through the crowd, which was proud of the bravery displayed by the new President.

Minute-guns sounded from the time the cortege started until Notre Dame was reached, when the great bell of that cathedral began to toll, and the Archbishop of Paris in full ecclesiastical robes stood in the central door to receive the dead. The friends gathered about the bier placed before the high altar, and the vast congregation stood during the mass and the brief eulogy pronounced by the archbishop. The procession then re-formed, and marched to the Pantheon,—the Westminster of Paris. Here four short addresses were made by prominent officials. The bier was left standing there; and the burial in the crypt was during the evening, witnessed only by the family and immediate friends. It was four o'clock when the procession disbanded, and thousands of weary people who had stood or marched for six consecutive hours sought their homes for rest and refreshment.

On both Monday and Tuesday I visited Notre Dame and the Pantheon to gaze upon

the throngs who gathered to see the decorations, and at the latter to look upon the burial-place and secure a souvenir of the occasion.

The Place before the Pantheon was filled with people, quiet and orderly, but earnest in the desire to secure admission and a souvenir. The former required much patience, as only a few could be admitted into the crypt at once. A line was formed which reached far into a neighboring street, where many stood for hours beneath the broiling July sun, awaiting their turn.

Duplicates of the more important emblems were made by the skilled flower-makers of Paris; and the thousands of original tributes were placed within the enclosure at the left of the Pantheon, whither the people continually pressed to receive a rose, violet, or leaf of palm.

A few days since I stood again in the Pantheon, near the spot where the monument of M. Carnot is being placed. Although entirely hidden from the public view, it was said that considerable progress had been made, and that the public ceremony of its dedication would undoubtedly occur during the summer. When completed, it is to be a magnificent monument worthy of the prominent place it will occupy among the thirty-five memorials to men famous in the history of France.

THE AWFUL AVALANCHE.

A touching story comes from Turin. In a narrow valley, near the celebrated *Therma di Vinadio*, there is a little hamlet which every winter is almost completely separated from the rest of the world by the snow. A few days ago an avalanche rolled into the valley, and, reaching some of the houses, carried off the roof of one and completely crushed and buried another in which were two peasants and their child.

The neighbors immediately proceeded to dig them out, making a tunnel through the snow, but found the mother and father dead. The baby, however, was found in its cradle under two tables, which had fallen one against the other, forming a kind of roof. A dog was also in the cradle with the child. *American.*

TAMMANY'S PROTECTED SALOONS.

Commissioner Roosevelt has an article in the *Independent* of last week which shows how the law was observed. An arrangement was made with wealthy saloon-keepers that, as long as they loyally supported the Tammany ticket, they should not be molested in their Sunday traffic. Mr. Roosevelt says:—

Only recently I came across a curious case, in which this lesson was taught. A new patrolman from the country was put upon a given beat for the first time. He knew that under the law all saloons had to close at one o'clock. A big corner saloon kept by a noted Tammany politician remained open after the hours, as a matter of course. The smaller saloons in the neighborhood had closed. The policeman put his head in the door, and directed the proprietor to close. The proprietor regarded this as a joke. It was something so novel in his experience he could not understand that it had a serious side. After making his rounds once again, the policeman, finding the place still lighted, walked in, and told them to shut forthwith. They regarded it first with amazement, then with anger, and finally told him that he had better mind his own business and leave. Thereupon he replied that he would instantly arrest the saloon-keeper and his assistants if they did not close. Accordingly, close they did, but sent word immediately to the police station. At the station the news created more consternation. In fifteen minutes an officer had been sent around to the too zealous policeman, who was taken off that beat and put on another, where there were no saloons. In five minutes after the saloon was again blazing with light and in full blast. Three or four complaints were soon afterward lodged against the countryman for trivial faults, and in a very few weeks he had learned the lesson of being blind unless his superiors chose to order his eyes open.

Another case which came within my personal knowledge may also be interesting. A certain officer arrested the lookout man of a saloon whose owner was an influential politician. The lookout man's friends came to his assistance, assaulted the officer, and injured him very severely. Instead of commending him for his actions, the board actually fined him severely on a trumped-up charge of assault, and the saloon was not again molested.

LIVING UNITARIAN MINISTERS.

The Unitarian Exhibit at Atlanta will have on its walls portraits of our late Unitarian ministers. It is proposed to prepare albums which shall contain photographs, cabinet size, of all living Unitarian ministers, to be open to examination during the exposition, and afterward presented to the American Unitarian Association and placed in the American Unitarian Association Rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. The usefulness of such a collection there is obvious.

It will save much correspondence and expense if each one of our ministers will, on reading this, send a cabinet photograph of himself, with his autograph on the card beneath it, to Mrs. George Leonard Chaney, Leominster, Mass. She will see that the photographs are properly arranged in simple, strong albums. All ministers who do not send photographs by August 20 will receive a begging letter. Please save the work and the expense by sending before August 20. After September 10 address her at Atlanta, Ga., Box 643.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

A church without a Sunday-school or guild is like a family without children: its disappearance is merely a question of time.

The infant class in the Sunday-school is a good place to *begin* the missionary work, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the missionary education. If every Sunday-school had its *missionary Sunday*, say once each month, at which time the scholars should bring their pennies, their nickels, or their dimes, with an occasional talk from the superintendent or minister about it, so that they might catch the significance of it, we should then begin to build for the future as well as to provide for the present.

There is a thought that grows out of the preceding paragraph. If the children are taught to think of others, to care for others, —if they are taught in this way the meaning of that word they ought to know all about, *altruism*, should we not be educating them in the second great commandment more effectively than we could in any other way?

Once more. How long would it be before the children would be wanting to know what their parents were doing in the same direction? Who knows what an influence upon the parents would be set in operation? Every one with any powers of observation knows that the child is the real master in the family, spiritually speaking; and how long would it be in this missionary work before "a little child should lead"?

In the guilds there should be a branch, or section, devoted to the missionary work; and it, too, should have a *practical* side. There is no work connected with the church that exceeds it in interest for the young, if you will only let them see the results. In these guilds, therefore, there should be regular giving, for human nature is the same in a boy or a girl that it is in a man or a woman; and they, too, value a thing, generally speaking, at what it *costs*, sacrifice being an essential and indispensable element among the items of cost.

We hear much said about what this rich man or that, this rich church or that, *ought* to do for our work, and perhaps the judgment is accurate; but what about the person that discerns this duty for another? Does he or she always see it with a clear, unclouded vision, or is it true that the other's duty is seen by looking over or under the beam in the critic's eye?

It is undoubtedly true that, if every one *except* the rich men, did *their* full duty, the missionary treasury would be much fuller than it has ever yet been. Would it not be a good plan to limit the privilege of criticism to those who have already performed their full duty?

This week we have quite a number of new books in the rooms. They are, with one exception, all small books. Most of them have just been published. A small volume, entitled "The Forward Movement in Religious Thought, as interpreted by Unitarians," is by Dr. Brooke Herford, published by Philip Green, London. We have "Five Lectures delivered by Dr. Herford in Rosslyn Hill, Chapel Hempstead." The titles of the lectures are as follows: "The Old and the New Thought of the Bible," "The Old and the New Faith in God," "The Christ of the Gospels brought

back," "Practical Christianity the Salvation of Society," "Heaven and Hell: Here and Hereafter"; also, "Heads of English Unitarian History," with appended lectures on Baxter and Priestley, by Alexander Gordon, M.A.; also "Life in the Holy Spirit, and Other Sermons," by John Dendy, B.A.; also "Psalms of the West," second edition, published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Limited, London.

We have also the little book of "Poems" by John B. Tabb. These poems have attracted much attention, and the call for it is increasing. Price \$1. Another volume of poems is by Philip Henry Savage, entitled "First Poems and Fragments," published by Copeland & Day, price \$1.25; also a new supply of "The Theology of the Future," and other brief essays, a very convenient little volume, published in 1894 in London. This is a compilation from the writings of James Freeman Clarke, D.D., W. Copeland Bowie, J. Page Hopps, R. A. Armstrong, B.A., Charles Hargrove, M.A., Frank Walters, J. C. Street, Brooke Herford, D.D., G. Vance Smith, D.D., and S. Fletcher Williams. Price 25 cents. This is a useful book to distribute to those inquiring about Unitarian views.

"The Natural History of the Christian Religion," by William Mackintosh, M.A., D.D., is generally regarded as a very important book, and is highly commended. It is a large volume, containing twenty chapters and an appendix. The book is a study of the doctrine of Jesus as developed from Judaism and converted into dogma. Price \$3, sent free of postage.

These are a few of the latest books. Our friends will remember that we can furnish any Unitarian publication, and, generally speaking, almost any book that those living outside the large cities may wish to procure. Unitarians ought to understand that they can assist our work by using the facilities for this business which we furnish, and we believe them to be fully equal to those offered by any one else.

G. W. S.

The Sunday School.

So many of our Unitarian Sunday-schools used the one-topic graded system last year, they will be interested to know in good season what the developed plan is for the coming year. The subject of the first twenty lessons will be "The Teaching of Jesus," and of the last twenty, "The Beginning of Christianity." The first subject will be treated in the parables. Mrs. J. C. Jaynes will write original lessons for the Primary Department, to be illustrated as heretofore. Instead of issuing the entire forty lessons at once, as has been done for the Primary the past two years, these illustrated leaflets will be published at the same time with the Intermediate and Advanced, and sent out together. The intermediate lessons on the same subjects will be prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. Lectures will be given at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, as before on Saturday afternoons, for the Primary in one section, and the Intermediate and Advanced together in another section. The latter "talks" in Channing Hall will be by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, who has been so successful with them the past season. Although bearing no date, it is planned that the first lesson shall begin with the 15th of September (the third Sunday), and the first "talk" on the 14th (Saturday) at 3 P.M.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

"In his discourse Sunday at Athol," says the *Orange Enterprise*, "Rev. Carl G. Horst made the broad statement that indiscriminate almsgiving was wrong,—little less than sin. The thinking person cannot fail to see that Mr. Horst is correct. It is far better to help others to help themselves than to aid them directly."

THE Athol Transcript, under its "Church Notes," gives a programme of the Sunday services; and the Unitarian church welcomes to its fellowship, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality, all who "in the love of the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ wish to unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

THE sixth annual session of the Hancock Conference at the Unitarian church, Bar Harbor, will begin August 7, programme as follows. Morning session, beginning promptly at 10.30, standard time: devo-

tional exercises, conducted by Rev. S. W. Brooke; "A Word of Greeting," Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D.; address by the president, Hon. John D. Hopkins; introduction of business; appointment of committees; address, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers; discussion, opened by Rev. Charles F. Dole. From 12.15 until 1.30 P.M. there will be a recess and collation. Attendants at the conference are expected to bring a basket lunch. This may be left in charge of the committee of the Bar Harbor church. This committee will prepare the collation at some room near the church. Afternoon session, beginning promptly at 1.30 P.M.: opening exercises, conducted by Mr. Charles H. Porter, Jr.; address, "The Work of the Interdenominational Committee in Maine," President William DeWitt Hyde; address, "The Work of Liberal Christians in Maine," Rev. D. M. Wilson; address, "The Liberal Gospel: How to proclaim it," Rev. L. D. Cochran; reports of committees; election of officers; concluding exercises, conducted by Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D. The conference is expected to adjourn about 3.15 P.M. The Bar Harbor Unitarian church is on Ledgelawn Avenue, a few minutes' walk from the steamboat wharf. The conference has no regular membership. All persons interested in the subjects discussed are cordially invited to attend. The meetings are open to all. Steamers leave as follows for Bar Harbor: From South-west Harbor 7.30 A.M., North-east Harbor 7.40 A.M., Seal Harbor 8.05 A.M.; from Winter Harbor 9 A.M., Grindstone Neck 9.30 A.M.; from West Gouldsboro 8.30 A.M.; from Mount Desert Ferry 7.45 A.M., Sullivan 8 A.M., Sorrento 8.30 A.M. Returning, steamers leave Bar Harbor for Seal Harbor, North-east Harbor, and South-west Harbor at 5 P.M.; for Grindstone Neck and Winter Harbor at 5.45 P.M.; for West Gouldsboro at 3.30 P.M.; for Sorrento at 6 P.M.; for Mount Desert Ferry at 5.45 P.M.

BOSTON.—The Country Week Mission is now very busy, and in some of the towns arrangements are made to secure places for the visitors. Thus in Athol nineteen families of the Unitarian society have promised to take ten or more children free of charge. This is equal to a contribution of \$3 per child. One feature of this work is that the money subscribed is spent in the town where the subscription is made. The travelling expenses are paid by the "Boston Country Week."

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday-school at 10.30. Subject, "William Lloyd Garrison." Vesper service at 7.30. Music under direction of Mr. George Mendall Taylor. Mr. D. Mark Babcock, Miss Emma Becker, and others will sing. Rev. C. R. Eliot will speak upon "Business-life Duties." All are cordially invited.

Boston Common: Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mr. George W. Stone, treasurer of the Unitarian Association, were the speakers in the popular religious open-air services last Sunday. They were listened to by the usual large audience, and everything passed off well. Thus far the services have not been broken by rainy weather, and last Sunday was the eleventh on which services have been continuously held. These meetings are held under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, and the Executive Committee is so well pleased with the results that it has been voted to continue through August and September. On next Sunday, August 4, the speakers will be Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo and Rev. W. J. Batt, chaplain of the Concord Reformatory, Massachusetts. For the other Sundays in August the following ministers have been secured: Rev. Messrs. F. B. Mott, E. C. Butler, F. B. Hornbrooke, T. C. Williams, James De Normandie, and George L. Perin.

BATH, N.H.—The ladies of the Lend a Hand of All Souls' Church at Bath, N.H., will hold their annual sale for the benefit of the church at the church parlors, August 22, and will give a dinner and supper at the dining-room of All Souls'. The ladies will be grateful for any donations of money or articles from their many kind friends of the past. A large debt makes a heavy burden upon the church, and the ladies are striving to liquidate it. Contributions can be sent to Mrs. Gen. Bedel or Mrs. Sophia Orne.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Rev. John W. Chadwick will preach at the First Parish Church on August 4.

GREEN HARBOR, MASS.—The annual fair of Grace Chapel Society, Green Harbor, will be held August 7 and 8, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. We invite the Unitarian friends to be interested, and hope as many as possible will be able to be with us. Mr. and Mrs. Savary will receive at the parsonage for luncheon all who come from abroad. Trains leave Old Colony station, South Shore Road, at 9.30 and 11.30 A.M. for Green Harbor. Barge at station, 25 cents each way.

Round-trip ticket, \$1.45. Barge returns at four o'clock P.M. to meet afternoon train for Boston.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Sunday services have been kept up this summer as usual. In the nine years of its existence this church has never suspended Sunday worship except on a few occasions when closed for repairs or participation in some general city service. Rev. C. W. Wendte resumed his work on July 14. The Sunday-school has met regularly for worship, though not for study, during the summer, but begins its new year of work August 4. The cool summer climate around San Francisco Bay permits this early resumption of services. Indeed, so far as the thermometer is concerned, there need be no cessation of church life. Great heat is unknown, and fires are often in order at evening during June and July. The floral wealth in California at this season is wondrously beautiful.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., is pastorless. Services are suspended during the heated term.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Rev. William G. Eliot preached Sunday mornings during June and July. Recently he gave a series of three thoughtful discourses on socialism. Mr. Eliot's earnestness, devotion to duty, and spirituality of nature are winning him a large place in the esteem and affection of both laity and ministers. Mrs. Eliot also is much esteemed and beloved. Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins is enjoying a brief vacation among his parishioners. Rev. Mr. Sprague returns to his pulpit in August.

SAN JOSE, CAL.—Rev. W. M. Jones has resigned this pulpit to accept a call to the Universalist church at Pasadena, recently left pastorless by the translation to Boston of our much admired Miss Florence Kollack, a woman in earnest. Mr. Jones is a broad-minded and able man, and worthy to succeed her.

—VICTORIA COLLEGE.—The object of this institution is to train up Indian "females not to become M.A.'s and B.A.'s, but to become good mothers, good housekeepers, good wives, etc." The *Calcutta Unity and the Minister* has the following:—

"The Victoria College has now been practically opened. Needful arrangements in connection with the boarding are complete. An elderly lady for looking after the comforts of the boarders and the resident superintendent with family have taken their quarters in the institution. One of our missionaries with family is now a resident of the institution. One of the daughters of a missionary of our church, who is well qualified to teach the girls, has become a boarder. The girls' class has just been opened, and the beginning has been hopeful; and it is believed a sufficient number of girls will soon be enrolled as pupils. The adult class has also been opened. Yesterday Babu Kali Churn Banerjee, M.A.B.L., delivered the first lecture, which was heard by a large number of ladies. The publication of a monthly periodical in Bengali intended for the females is in contemplation. In it these lectures shall be preserved in a tangible form, so as to enable females, not only those who hear those lectures, but also those who live in the Mufassil, to compete in the annual examination. The girls' class is held every day except Saturdays and Sundays; and the tuition fee, including carriage hire, is 1 rupee per mensem. The lodging and boarding fee for the boarders is only 10 rupees per month, and it is hoped that the institution will be as a home unto them. No fee will be charged in the adult department. For the present classes for teaching English and Bengali will be held twice a week; and popular lectures on scientific subjects and laws of health, etc., will be delivered every week. The institution cannot be made successful without public sympathy and support.

Business Notices.

An Old French Model.—For a thoroughly sensible economical china cabinet, we commend our readers to examine the pattern advertised in another column of this paper by the Paine Furniture Company. It is made with as much care as if it cost \$100, but the price is only \$29. It is very capacious, and a really charming design of the antique French school.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office Christian Register.

A LADY with a pleasant home near Boston, and having the care of a young girl of thirteen, desires to communicate with parents or guardians who may be seeking a temporary or permanent home for one or more children. References exchanged. Address GUARDIAN, care Christian Register.

A SOPRANO SINGER of experience desires position in church choir. Highest references. Address H. M. W., care Christian Register.

SONNET.

Have patience: it is fit that in this wise
The spirit purge away its proper dross.
No endless fever doth thy watches toss;
For, by excess of evil, evil dies.
Soon shall the faint world melt before thine eyes;
And, all life's losses cancelled by life's loss,
Thou shalt lay down all burdens on thy cross,
And be that day with God in paradise.
Have patience; for a long eternity
No summons woke thee from thy happy sleep;
For love of God one vigil thou canst keep,
And add thy drop of sorrow to the sea.
Having known grief, all will be well with thee;
Aye, and thy second slumber will be deep.

—George Santayana.

The Pulpit.

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.*

BY REV. W. C. GANNETT.

It is vacation time. The boys and girls have shut their school books, the school-rooms are given up to janitors, the teachers are resting in the country places or have themselves turned into scholars in the summer schools. It is a good time, in this breathing-space, to say over again to ourselves certain homely old truths about education which we are apt to forget in the school hours,—certain old truths which those who go to school and those who have got through school and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school all equally need to bear in mind; homely truths which the schoolmasters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all the rest is for, and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of school, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and age; truths about the fundamental education which knows no vacations.

And this is the very first thing to say about the matter: one girl and one boy can go to Harvard College or to Wellesley or Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and a thousand girls cannot go: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

But, of the thousand, many say, perhaps, that they do not care for "culture," any way. Yet "culture" is but a sort of glory word for "education." There is a flower hint in "culture" that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, their very misspelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf or caricature that apes the real thing. No one that is wise laughs at the true culture. Everybody that is wise wants it. Everybody that is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the workman who is an honor to his calling. Culture is that which transforms the wilful, crying child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Nobody really laughs at this. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only, or—dwarf of a dwarf—a mere text-bookish education, such as the high school and college are sometimes thought to give, and sometimes do give.

Yet, if to-day they give no more than that, it is the fault of boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this better than themselves. The educators were never quite so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to college, if you can; or, if when young you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory,—to give his child the education that he missed. Go to college, if you can; for college is a greenhouse for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started in the greenhouses, and the great faculties of

mental and moral nature have no vital need of college training. Yes, go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to get through it; for that pinch on the money side will halve the college dangers and may double the college profits for you. But, whether you go or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education depends chiefly on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that in the boy or girl it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what are these two facts but saying that culture can be won outside of college by means which nearly all of us can master? So I repeat: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Cornell, and a thousand boys and girls cannot, *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.*

THE MAIN OF EDUCATION: WHAT IS IT?

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the other way, and repeat often to himself or herself, "Culture without college is possible, and possible for me!" Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible because the main of education lies in self-disciplines,—self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow: they only offer us materials for growth. "Each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as no one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a self-discipline; and all of us, to speak exactly, are "self-made" men. What is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all. College men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they,—these tap-root habits? They lie in three great groups: first, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other,—self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy, and perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral habits? Practically, they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a "person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book knowledge without them, cannot go far on in his trade without them,—of course, cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lop-sidedness and genius top-heaviness,—sources of downfall rather than of rise. But with them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people,—habits of justice, of sympathy, of modesty, of courtesy, and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And, besides these two, a third group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to our ideals, habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach religion.

As we name these great names over one by one, the feeling rises in us,—these surely are the main things in culture: to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college gives. Think them over once again, these man-making habits,—the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand firm and to push hard; the splendid power of centring one's whole mind in fixed acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against private ends; the power to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. This, this is the real culture. And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now, all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible, and possible for me.

THE THREE TEACHERS: (1) ONE'S WORK.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us,—us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The teachers are three in number,—work, society, books; and the greatest of the three is one's work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind; work makes character. No work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention, and honor to do it. Of all the educating forces, a steady need to do something promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character,—the habits that came first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life-preserver," Emerson reminds us: he means our soul's life. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, but not exemption from it. The man born rich is born into danger. He, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land, at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, is a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day even the daughter of wealth elects a task to save her life. To be a true woman, to be an educated woman, she must stand for some good work well done.

Well done; for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work,—good as we can do. The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it,—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power; and good work means, first or last, and usually both first and last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard workmen. The actor Kean was a master on the stage, it is said. He practised two days on a single line; but, when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences. He tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-known story, "In His Name," he took a journey in Europe, ransacked a Lyons bookshop for old pamphlets, studied the history of poisoning, shut himself up a week or two in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story. She spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola," in order to catch the trick of language among the common people of the city; and her husband said that, before writing her "Daniel Deronda," she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth rewriting. First came a short, condensed statement, then another, then a long, full statement, then an abstract from this, and at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said, "Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And, if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humblest task. Hear what Mrs. Garfield once wrote her husband, the man who was to be

the President: "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day, 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine,—that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why, this is going to college for me: this task is the day's lesson. I'm not a drudge, but a pupil: do this as well as I can, and there is education, there is 'culture' in it for me." The sense of quantity in the task may tire and age us, often does: the sense of high quality put into it refreshes and makes young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to get it.

(2) SOCIETY.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is society. And, as with the head teacher, work, we scarcely realize how much we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach us than it does, if we will let it. "Every man my schoolmaster," is a motto for the wise. It is said of Daniel Webster that he never met a stable-boy without extracting some bit of information from him that was worth remembering. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakspeare's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children hold more texts than any text-book. If we can only read well our neighbors, each, like a bit of Scripture, is "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"; and the best among them are "inspired of God" to reveal to us—what? Ourselves, our own unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us, and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life,—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate."

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*The above sermon was printed a few years since in the *Unity*. There has been a wish from many to have it republished. We print it with corrections and additions from Mr. Gannett.

As if unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us all, waiting for some Livingstone or Kane to come that way.

Blessed are they who have the eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor! Among discoverers thus gifted are men we put upon the school committee, send to the legislature, elect as mayor and as governor, make overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but never could afford to go to. And these men might answer, should we ask them about their schooling: "My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My school-masters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting-rooms, on 'change. One taught me manners: one taught me tact. She raised my standards of justice and truthfulness and honor: he widened my ideas of public spirit. This one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom faced a neighbor without facing a teacher." He who can truly say such things was born for education, and will get it, whether he go to college or not.

But how is it that they manage to extract so much from others,—these head scholars in the bookless school? Some do it by that gift of eyes to see the inside of a neighbor. Others have a genius for geniality. But, as in work, so in society, few win a great success without deliberate effort. There is no easy, royal road to any art. To extract the good out of society takes bravery, takes modesty, takes a kind heart, takes a high aim. Bravery to conquer shyness, if one has it. For some poor fellows it takes campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness. If we know that we are shy, better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to dancing-school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better make ourselves tell the story at table until we can tell it and others can hear it without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for all this bravery. But through it all keep bravery's twin, modesty; for modesty gives the ready passport through the outer lanes to the doors of good society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too; for this alone admits one past the doors and the reception-rooms of courtesy to the inner living-rooms of mind and heart. And the high choice is needed which habitually companions the best side, not the poorer side, in men, and which instinctively seeks friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things,—it takes them all,—bravery, modesty, a kind heart, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you will have the fine art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the inside and the best side of a neighbor. And men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer upon you an invisible degree, "Master of Arts."

(3) BOOKS.

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in colleges; but in this day he goes about the country, teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wants to hear,—all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history, he will teach us science. He will teach us the love of noble literature. He will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But, again, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices, and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to give that price for his help will make for himself three golden rules:—

- I will be a reader;
- I will read best books;
- I will read best books in the best way.

"I will be a reader": that means no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour—if not an hour, a half-hour; if not a half-hour, then a quarter; if not a quarter, then five minutes—in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of this summer can make the difference between two good solid books taken into us and none at all put in. The odd minutes of tomorrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on "margins": it is margins of time well used that gives us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln,—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more; there were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy,—and how about the girls? Let me quote from *Far and Near*, a journal for working-girls:—

"A young mother said: 'I haven't read a book in three months. I can't with the children.' But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning and mending with literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of Shakespeare's plays in spare minutes amid the clatter of spindles. Another lady told the writer that she read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Taine's 'English Literature' while waiting for her husband to come to dinner. She was her own housemaid, and kept the books close at hand in the dining-room."

But, of course, if I am to reach culture, the books I read must be "*best books*,"—not bad, not even pretty good, but the best my mind is able to absorb. That is our second golden rule. In this happy day of cheap literature beware of the literature of cheap quality. Each age begets out of its very civilization its own new temptation, its own new form of dissipation. The saloon at the corner is only about two hundred years old. The newspaper in every home is hardly fifty years old; but the newspaper habit has already become a direful dissipation for many of us, partly because the papers are so good. We could not live without them; but their toothsome scrappiness, taken as our minds' "square meals," bewilders the attention, shallows the judgment, fritters the memory, steals the growing-time. It is the newspaper habit that does the harm. Too much newspaper will spoil one for magazines. Too much magazine will spoil one for a solid book. Our margins are small. How shall we use them? It is easy to use them all up, and have nothing to show. Look out the words "Index Expurgatorius" in the cyclopædia to see what they mean, and then make a private Index Expurgatorius, on which a great many innocent books as well as all bad books should be registered,—innocent books which are not innocent for you and me because our time-margins are so small. Am I a boy, the question on which my education is apt to turn is this: Shall the newspaper be the staple of my reading? Am I a girl, the turning question is, Shall love-stories be the staple of my reading? Am I a grown man or woman, the turning or perhaps the turned question is, What sort of books lie waiting on my table for the leisure hour at night, and what do I read on Sunday afternoons? In the public libraries seventy to eighty-five per cent. of the books taken out are classed as "juveniles and fictions." If my library book is often in that seventy per cent., one thing is sure,—I am no candidate for "culture." Whereas the habit of absorbing three or four "real" books each year, and year by year, goes far toward making one in ten years the gentleman or lady.

Of absorbing them, I say; for "I will read best books in the best way." This, our last rule, can be put in one word,—Read and *ruminate!* Read and ruminate! A book that gives no cud to chew is scarcely worth reading once, a book worth reading of which one does not chew the cud has scarcely been read.

A bracing word from John Stuart Mill shall end the talk. He says: "They who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them, and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. Several great things which this generation is destined to do will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done far less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing." If that be true in England, how much more true here in the Land of Opportunity! Work, society, books, with these three teachers, and a will to get the best from them, culture without college is possible, and possible for *me*.

Spiritual Life.

To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.—*Seeker*.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now.—*Charles Kingsley*.

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable. Neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best.—*Ruskin*.

Every true spiritual longing is a reaching up out of self into a better, truer, nobler life. Praying is always a climbing upward toward God. We can thus climb only at the cost of struggle and self-denial, the crucifixion of the old nature.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and love for another being, perhaps but a creature of his imagination. Still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imaginations.—*Helps*.

A man does not receive the statements that "two and two make four" and that "the pure in heart shall see God" on the same terms. The one can be proved to him with four grains of corn: he can never arrive at a belief in the other till he realize it in the intimate persuasion of his whole being.—*Lowell's Essay on Dante*.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*James Russell Lowell*.

A God above it all, my heart, my heart,—Above the seething passion and the pain, A great, calm presence. Plunge thy fever vain In perfect peace again, and yet again. Take courage and look up, my heart, my heart!

—*Hannah Parker Kimball*.

Man's greatest need is not to eat, not to win wealth or honor, not even to live or to go to heaven, but to do and be what God wills. Duty—that is, the carrying out of God's purpose in our lives—is greater than all else. As George MacDonald makes one

of his characters say, "Better go to hell doing your duty than go to heaven doing nothing."—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

This truth comes to us more and more the longer that we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly and somewhere, somehow do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Christian Leader*, in reply to an article in the *Christian at Work*, uses the opportunity to set forth New Testament Universalism in the light of "clear ideas":—

We must at the outset give notice to "the outside world," not, however, at all needful as respects most of our readers, that the formal and authoritative creed of Universalism is very brief, and that it attempts no definition of the nature of Christ beyond what is implied by the special designation which makes him the Saviour of the world. There has been a quite general agreement as to the meaning of the New Testament phraseology which declares him to be the Sent of God, the special Personality whereby God was in him reconciling the world to himself. The light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ, whereby he is the brightness of the Father's glory and express image of his Person, is a verbal formula that has excited but little discussion, for the reason that it has not occasioned noteworthy difference of opinion. The designation of him as "the Man" among men, and the declaration that he is the head, and that we attain perfection as we in all things grow up into him, can hardly be matter for much interpretation, as the words themselves are interpretative.

The extreme rationalistic doctrine that Jesus is simply one of the world's teachers and helpers, even the best, but that he is this only, by the same sort of credentials as those which commissioned Socrates and Luther and Channing and Ballou, has at this time some favor in the Universalist body; but we have no reason for the suspicion that any theory that robs his office of a special and distinctive character has favor with the average Universalist,—in regard to which a long and wide-spread experience and observation should enable us to know.

The *Churchman* is still keeping up a continued discussion on the subject of unity. In its last issue it thus considers the question of "The Christian Ministry as One Basis of Christian Unity":—

Discussion of church unity, its prospects, and even its possibility, seems to us, at this present moment, to have almost narrowed itself to one single issue. Christians of different denominations are already at one upon many radical points of the faith. Those who are contemplated as likely to enter into the great Catholic Zollverein already agree in their acceptance of the Scriptures, of the two sacraments, and probably of the two creeds. The heart of all Christendom beats together in harmony with the Church's truth on these points. But, when it comes to a practical question of church polity and organization, there seem to be at present but slight traces of unanimity, excepting among some leading minds in all denominations. The question of polity brings us at once to the question of the ministry. The ministry is the executive of the Church in teaching, in ruling, and in the ministration of the sacraments. Each denomination has at present a separate ministry. Yet the union, say, of the Presby-

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terian, the Methodist, and the church ministries, would be the practical realization of church unity between these bodies. What is it that has so far prevented this union between the different ministries from being consummated? It is idle to talk of any union among the separate bodies of professing Christians unless there be a unity established by which the authority of the Church shall be made one and undivided.

The *Congregationalist*, in referring to Prof. John Fiske's lecture at the Greenacre Conference, after giving an outline of it, adds:—

These essential elements of religion, as Prof. Fiske states them, are the primary principles of the Bible, which to the belief in God presents the moral law as from him, and to the belief in an inseparable connection between the unseen world and the moral law presents the sacrifice of Jesus Christ as the means of restoration to fellowship with God of those who have broken the moral law, and, therefore, their connection with the unseen world. The theory of evolution is constantly undergoing changes, though in some form it is steadily gaining ground among all classes of religious students. It is constantly approaching toward harmony with Biblical teachings. As Dr. Fiske expounds it, it seems to make the fact of a revelation from God not only possible, but necessary. If to these fundamental beliefs which he names evolution points to objective realities, they must disclose themselves to the human soul reaching out after them. God cannot be silent to those who believe in and love him. The movement of evolution is the activity of the Father of mankind. The Bible is the record of his thought finding expression in human history and experience, and of his love and mercy finding expression in the incarnation, death, and resurrection of his only begotten Son.

The *Outlook*, in an editorial on "Foundations of Belief," says:—

Reason may and should deal with its affirmations, but it can no more set them aside than it can set aside the affirmations of sense-perception. One set of affirmations is as fundamental and as trustworthy as the other. There is no more reason for repudiating spiritual truths which cannot be deduced from sense-perception than there would be in repudiating those sensuous truths which cannot be deduced from spiritual perception. The belief of a devout soul in God is due, primarily, to a spiritual perception of and a personal fellowship with him. It would be as legitimate to conclude that some of the external phenomena of life are not real because it is difficult to reconcile them with this spiritual faith in a wise and beneficent God as to conclude that God is not wise and beneficent because it is difficult to reconcile his wisdom and beneficence with some external phenomena. In other words, reason must take for granted all perceptions, both sensuous and supersensuous, and harmonize them as well as it can: the rest it must leave to be harmonized in the future. It is irrational for reason to say, I cannot find a place for certain perceptions in the scheme I have thought out, therefore I will deny their existence. There are certain facts of the spiritual life which are at least as clear as any facts testified to by the sense-perception. It is in these facts the religious life is grounded, and out of them reason constructs theology, as in those other facts the sensuous life is grounded, and out of them reason constructs science.

Literature.

"WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE."*

It was certainly a daring business for Miss Putnam to write the life of William the Silent, seeing that Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" derived its chief interest from the light it cast on his impressive and yet baffling personality. But that her book, as written, amply justifies her daring there can be little doubt, if any. Her admiration for Motley is very great. She tells us that he has been her guide through the labyrinth of partisan opinion, and that she has patiently followed his inspiring lead with growing admiration for the untiring industry of his laborious researches and for the accuracy and skill of his adaptations from the enormous mass of matter that he examined. At the same time she thinks it possible that, if Motley had written in the end instead of the middle of the century, he might have painted his characters in less heavy lines of black and white; and at particular points she does not

hesitate to differ frankly from him in his interpretation of motives and events. But it was not in such mere incidents as these, of which she could hardly have been conscious in advance, that Miss Putnam found the motive for an enterprise involving so much labor as this elaborate biography, which necessarily is at the same time a history of the Netherlands for a period of nearly thirty years' duration. The motive actuating her inhered in a great mass of documents, many of which Motley used, but which since his time have been published in full with scholarly editing, "so that these manifold views of the times are open to all students." "The correspondence of the Prince of Orange himself has been printed in two series, aggregating fourteen volumes," and containing over seventeen hundred letters. Motley had taken much of this material and made it over into his own brilliant and fascinating pictures of the times and the man. It has been Miss Putnam's humbler task to write the life of William somewhat in the manner of Carlyle's "Cromwell," to compel William as far as might be to tell his life story in his own letters. And yet, that she might give order and connection to her book, she has been obliged to write a large part of it with her own hand,—a larger part, indeed, than that contained in the letters and other original documents from which her liberal quotations are a source of unflinching interest.

The outcome is, of course, very different from that of Motley's "Dutch Republic." Miss Putnam is too depreciatory when she says it is "a running series of pictures arranged in somewhat a kaleidoscopic fashion"; but that there is a tendency to this effect may be allowed. There is a certain lack of stream. The current breaks upon the letters and contemporary documents; but, as it breaks, it often flashes a truth, a meaning, a suggestiveness, that the most brilliant paraphrase, even such a one as Motley himself might have written, could not impart.

Miss Putnam has brought to her work a judgment singularly sound. To the temptation of the biographer, either to exalt the hero unduly or systematically depreciate his worth and standing, she has not succumbed. She has honestly endeavored to see and to report William "in habit as he was," remembering that wise men are not always wise. William was wiser for others than for himself, the quality of two of his four marriages witnessing, and also the manner of the third. The apparent inconsistencies of his character are not reconciled. "Pursue virtue virtuously," said Sir Thomas Browne. It was a hard thing to accomplish in the sixteenth century. Machiavellian diplomacy was the order of the day; and William resorted to it often in the course of his long, hard struggle with the conscienceless and remorseless power of Spain. The reader cannot but wish that Miss Putnam had been able to render a better account of his long subjection of himself to Philip's hand, and of his determination to foist the Duke of Anjou as a protector (!) on the Flemish Provinces.

Nevertheless, from out the baffling obscurity some things emerge with clear and admirable definition. One of these is the marvellous patience of William. Where in history shall we look for anything equal to it? Year after year his struggle with Philip was a long series of humiliations and defeats, relieved by little of a different character, and even this little generally passing to the credit of some other than the prince. It is by no means plain how he achieved his final measure of success. There is no cause or group of causes explicated that seems adequate to the effect. Another thing that comes out clearly is the growth of William's character with the process of events. Here is in part, no doubt, the explanation of his long pretence of devotion to Philip and his regent, Margaret of Parma. "Sub pondere crescit" might well have been the motto on his shield. But what distinguished William most from his contemporaries was his apprehension of the principle of religious liberty. The failure to appreciate this principle was the rock on which the Dutch Republic split. Neither Catholics nor Protestants could rise to the height of their great opportunity. If they could have done so, the States of Belgium and Holland might have been amalgamated into a nation capable of resisting every foreign shock,—one of the greater powers of Europe to this day.

The merit of Miss Putnam's book is far

less in its manner than in its matter. Her style has nothing of special charm to recommend it. It is somewhat vitiated with colloquial expressions and others remarkable for their infelicity. On the other hand, it is always simple and straightforward; and of writing deliberately florid there is not a line. The frequent use of the first person singular is a deduction from the dignity appropriate to such a work. Looking deeper, we seem to find a too generous confidence in the intelligence of the reader, a certain fear on the part of Miss Putnam that she may tell him something that he already knows,—as, for example, concerning the rise of Lutheranism and Calvinism in the Netherlands and the grounds of their antipathy. But, when every proper deduction has been made, the book remains one of surpassing interest and of great importance, for which our gratitude to the faithful and industrious author is indeed very great.

J. W. C.

LETTERS OF CELIA THAXTER. Edited by her Friends, A. F. and R. L. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Mrs. Thaxter's friends, Mrs. Annie Fields and Miss Rose Lamb, have made a very beautiful selection of Mrs. Thaxter's letters. There is little in them of the nature of a revelation. The objective parts,—the aspects of sea and shore, of storm and calm, as the vision of these things passed before her eyes at Appledore—have been anticipated in her books and poems. And, as for that which is more personal, a few months ago Mrs. Fields wrote a delightful paper for one of the magazines which left little to reveal in a biography deliberately reserved in its exposure of the more intimate concerns of Mrs. Thaxter's private life. What we have here is a more liberal quantity of that the quality of which we had acquaintance with already, and the fresher, more immediate and spontaneous record of experiences that were the raw material of her literary work. That work and this record each has its peculiar charm. Here in her letters our complicity in her enjoyment of her island life is more active than in the books wherein her emotion was recollected in tranquillity. Here, too, we have much more of herself than in her books. It was a self as pungent as the salt sea's breath, which was her vital air; as vigorous in its individuality as the isles that helped to make it what it was. She owed much to her environment; but, had she been "land-locked" all her life, she would have been no common woman: her personality would have asserted itself in some distinct and memorable way. Our "land-locked" is a reminiscence of the title of her first poem, published in the *Atlantic*, than which she never wrote a better. It was extremely beautiful, but its title was its most poetic trait; and this, we are sorry to read, was suggested by Mr. Lowell. However unacquainted with Mrs. Thaxter, in her books or personally, one may be, there is "a garden of refreshment" for him in these letters; but their attraction will be greatest for those who knew the woman, both in her literary expression and in the "real presence" of her superb and radiant and joyous walk and conversation. They will hear her tones in these sentences, her ringing laughter. It will be as if again they sat with her before the driftwood fire, and listened to her more glowing talk of her beloved rocks and flowers. But here, too, is the assurance to which the casual visitor or the less intimate acquaintance could not attain,—that not without long and painful struggle had Mrs. Thaxter conquered for herself that peace which radiated from her face, that joy which she dispensed with lavish hand. There were phases of her intellectual experience that had no beauty that we should desire them, but through them, and other things even more threatening, her human heart persisted with indomitable courage; and our own hearts beat truer as we take to them this story of her life so bravely set "midmost the beating of the steely sea."

OUR FIGHT WITH TAMMANY. By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—If Dr. Parkhurst were writing his book now instead of six months ago, it would be different in some respects. Its estimate of what has been already accomplished would be considerably reduced. More would be said about another principality and power, quite as corrupt as Tammany, through whom the victory of November last has been shorn of more than half its proper strength. An enormous majority was rolled up for reform; but, in the mean time, Boss Platt sat quietly in a corner, laughing in his sleeve to see the men that he had nominated carried into the legislature on the wave of popular revolt, and looking to him for their instructions once they were securely settled in their seats. A legislature less qualified for the work to which it had been called was never assembled. No other in the history of the State has furthered so many private jobs. No other has assaulted the civil service with such ingenious assiduity. But for the clutch

of public opinion on its throat and the gubernatorial veto in its eye, it would have done much more evil. But the one thing it was elected not to do it did,—establishing a bi-partisan police board, easily capable of a worse operation than that which it displaced, Mayor Strong consenting to the iniquity. One of the disappointments has been his conception of non-partisan municipal government as multi-partisan, a placarding of factions instead of a choice of the best men, regardless of their partisan proclivities. Dr. Parkhurst tells his story frankly, and without more of self-assertion than is justified by the events. With less he would not have accomplished what he did. Thank Heaven, it was a minister of religion that initiated the reform and made a fighting chance for it, and compelled the press to come and range itself upon his side! If all has not been done that was hoped for, much has been accomplished. Theodore Roosevelt is practically the Police Commission, and that is "significant of much." But Platt is not a whit to be preferred to Tweed or Croker. *Delendus est!* And we hail with joy the institution of a State Republican Association devoted to his political annihilation. But it has taken in hand a business of the greatest difficulty. May its success be as complete as it is well deserved!

THE COUNTESS BETTINA: THE HISTORY OF AN INNOCENT SCANDAL. Edited by "R." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A motto on the title-page assures us that "the story trips upon a very airy foot, within a measurable distance of unreality." The distance is quite inappreciable. The motto is, in fact, a comment on some story of Dumas'; and thus we are informed at the outset to what family of fiction this particular book belongs. Mr. Weyman has eaten "the bee-bread" of Dumas to such good purpose, why not another? But, if we have here a relation of Dumas and Weyman, it is, if not a poor relation, not one distinguished for its quality. The sequence of events has not, perhaps, more unlikelihood than that of many famous and successful novels; but there is something in their character or their arrangement which is so prejudicial to their interest that it never quite attains to fascination. It may be that there are no impossibilities in the novel of adventure any more than in the fairy story; but the improbable must not be made too gross and palpable, or something in the art of the narrator must convince us that he tells a sober and unvarnished tale or render us indifferent as to whether he does so or not. The author of "The Countess Bettina" does not attain unto these things.

A LOST ENDEAVOR. By Guy Boothby, author of "A Bid for Fortune." New York: Macmillan & Co.—Somewhere in literature there is, we believe, a couplet which declares that

"In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives."

Vary that couplet so as to make it read,

"And in the dregs of wasted lives
Something immortal still survives,"

and you have the *motif* of Mr. Boothby's "Lost Endeavor." It is a story written with much power, which sometimes ventures on a realism which is horrible and revolting. The scene is laid in an island off the coast of New Guinea. Two miserable castaways drift together there, and the attrition of their lives strikes out a spark of love. Soon their whole beings are on fire; and, if all that is base in them is not burned up in the purifying flame, much that is noble, sweet, and tender is revealed. We have many stories celebrating the response

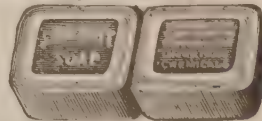
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of innate goodness in the depraved to a goodness far above them, but there is something novel in the mutual incitement to good works of two whose feet take hold on hell.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—When Mr. Stockton wrote his "Ardis Claverden," and his humor therein proved itself able to subject itself to the exigencies of a story that was very sweet and pleasant in its course and end, many of us hoped that he would go on in this direction; and we were encouraged to believe that he would do so by the example of Charles Dudley Warner, the measure of whose gift is all the distance between "My Summer in a Garden" and "The Golden House." But Mr. Stockton has not gone further in the direction of "Ardis Claverden." "The Adventures of Captain Horn" is even more extended than that novel, but it has none of its coherency and development. It is little more than a succession of burlesque adventures, and would have been more interesting if it had been worked up into half a dozen different stories. Gen. Grant's father said that Ulysses had "the gift of continuance." Mr. Stockton has it not. It is true of his longer stories generally that they decline in interest as they go on, and "The Adventures of Captain Horn" is not so free from all complicity in this defect as those who are most jealous for the author's fame could wish.

LYRICAL POETRY FROM THE BIBLE. Edited by Ernest Rhys. London: I. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House.—This book is exquisitely beautiful in every outward way, and the idea which inspired its preparation was not a bad idea. But it has not been well carried out. A general adhesion to the authorized version was perhaps well conceived, though the English of the Old Testament revision is much better than that of the New. But there seems to be no good reason why the manifest errors of the King James translation should be reproduced. In such errors the book of Job disproportionately abounds; and many of the corrections of the revised version are very happy, and detract nothing from the noble rhythm of the King James translation. It is hardly less than wicked to reproduce Job xix. 25, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in its classic form. Of the whole book about 100 pages are given to selections from the Psalms, 60 pages to Job, and some 30 pages to lyric fragments in the Pentateuch, Judges, Samuel, and Chronicles. Each selection has a Latin title, presumably from the Vulgate. There is to be another volume, and the venture is sure to justify itself for all its obvious defects.

ROBERTA. By Blanche Fearing. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.—This is the story of a life begun in poverty, tried by the severest tests of misfortune and humiliation, severely disciplined by mistakes and misunderstandings, but reaching at last a triumphant serenity, as well as earthly happiness. The book bears witness to the high purpose of the author and to her thoughtful study of social problems rather than to her skill as a novelist. If she were to devote herself for a time to the writing of short stories, it might help her gain the condensation, directness, and power of letting her characters speak for themselves, which in a short story are imperative, and are hardly less valuable in a novel. Scattered through the book are many reflections upon life and society, which, while they may possibly detract from the success of the book, looked upon as what should be an artistic whole, are yet valuable and significant in themselves. The book is carelessly bound, several pages being missing in one copy, at least.

THE ZEIT-GEIST. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.—Miss Dougall, who is the author of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity knows," both of them strong and satisfactory novels, shows the characteristics of her former work even in this narrow compass. This is mainly a study of the religious development of a thoughtful man, who learns by slow degrees, not only to conquer his appetite for drink, but to attain a working theory of the universe which is to him inspiration and support. Miss Dougall justifies herself for this study (though such work, thoughtfully done, needs no justification) by saying, "I do not believe that it belongs to the novel to teach theology; but I do believe that religious sentiments and opinions are a legitimate subject of its art, and that perhaps its highest function is to promote understanding by bringing into contact minds that habitually misinterpret one another."

OLD MAN SAVARIN. By Edward William Thompson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.—Mr. Thompson is one of that group of Canadian writers now enriching our English literature with their stories and poems, and incidentally reflecting glory on their country. There are fourteen stories in this collection, and not one that is not well worth the reading for some especial excellence of its own. "Old Man Savarin" and

"The Privilege of the Limits" delight us with their fresh humor, besides affording us an interesting study of French Canadian manners and customs. "McGrath's Bad Night," the main idea of which is nothing new, is told with a simplicity and directness that send it straight to the heart of the reader, who immediately becomes conscious of a wider sympathy for its sake. In short, the stories are clear-cut and picturesque, written in a straightforward, effective style.

DIPLOMATIC DISENCHANTMENTS. By Edith Bigelow. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a bright and rather original story, well adapted for the reader who intends to relax in his summer reading, and has yet no desire to reduce himself to the level of absolute inanity. The quiet professor, who is suddenly transplanted to Berlin with his somewhat ambitious family, and obliged to turn his attention to diplomacy instead of abstract social economics, is well drawn. His daughter, instead of making a brilliant alliance with a foreign nobleman, falls in love with an American who has only his good looks and fair prospects to recommend him; while his married niece narrowly escapes unhappy complications with a fascinating actor. The book is well written.

A MODERN MAN. By Ella Macmahon. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.—It is only fair, while so much is being said about the new or modern woman, that modern man should also have his chance in fiction. It might be difficult for a reader to define the new product in careful distinction, however; for, as presented here, he is not unlike men of other generations, though he is certainly not the typical and romantic hero. The plot is remarkably simple, but it is well developed; and the interest is confined to few characters. The book is one of the pretty Iris Series; and the flexible covers, the attractive print, and the general daintiness of the make-up would lend a charm even to an uninteresting story, which this one certainly is not.

A GENDER IN SATIN. By Rita. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.—The rather meaningless title of this book is the epigram of its Mephistopheles, who declared that "a beautiful woman is a gender in satin," wherein we fail to find either the wit or the application. The story has no decided recommendations, and inspires at best only a languid interest. A woman who is in love with the wrong man has the courage to tell her husband and ask him to save her from herself, which he does, incidentally shaking the breath nearly out of his false friend; and we are left to suppose that, after a period of waiting, husband and wife may be really united and live happy ever after.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. By Ellinor Merion. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This is the story of an episode, an unfortunate love affair that ended in sighs and tears and regrets, but which need not have ruined the happiness of the young woman involved, who seems to have taken the affair rather too seriously. At all events, her experience was probably better for her than marriage with the conceited young clergyman she did not love; though the author seems to imply that her suffering was a kind of Nemesis. The book is a fair average sample of the light literature supposed to be particularly appropriate for the summer season.

DOCTOR IZARD. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The whole interest of Mrs. Rohlf's new book centres in the explanation of a mystery, a case of identity; and even that interest is much less compelling than in some of her other books. The chief fault of this writer is that she fails to arouse in the reader any interest in her characters for their own sake; and without this the complexities of a plot, however ingenious, take no real hold.

Miscellaneous.

The latest bound volume of Littell's *Living Age* contains the weekly issues for April, May, and June. These quarterly volumes form valuable additions to any library, made up as they are of the best articles in leading magazines, each one selected for real worth.

"The Naulahka" appears in paper covers for summer reading, published by the Macmillans; and the reader will find that the four years which have passed since its first appearance have had no power to dim its interest. The contrast between the breezy, self-confident, rather unscrupulous young Westerner and the secrecy and subtlety of the Eastern civilization he is bound to circumvent produces stirring and original situations; and one surrenders himself to the romance with real enjoyment. The early death of Wolcott Balestier, in collaboration with whom Rudyard Kipling wrote this book, is regretted anew in its reappearance.

Literary Notes.

"Forty Years in China," the new book by Rev. R. H. Graves, will be published soon by R. H. Woodward Company. It is to be sold by subscription, and part of the proceeds will be given to foreign missions.

Maurus Jókai, the distinguished Hungarian poet, novelist, historian, and patriot, has written for the August number of the *Forum* a highly interesting article entitled "My Literary Recollections,"—practically, an autobiography of his life.

The second of Robert S. Peabody's delightful papers appears in the *Atlantic* for August. "The Architect" chooses charming regions for his summer rambles, and talks interestingly in this number of French and English churches.

Dr. Max Nordau writes a "Reply to my Critics" in the August number of the *Century*. His book on "Degeneration" has called out a large amount of simply abusive criticism; and, while he pays his respects to such writers, he gives serious answers to several objections which have been urged against his theories.

"Chapters in Workshop Reconstruction and Citizenship," by C. R. Ashbee, A. M., is the most recent publication in the political economy series of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass. As the title suggests, the volume in question is a practical thesis on the application of technical art education to skilled labor in the workshops. The author's ideas are far-reaching: they apply not so much to the immediate personal benefit of the artisan as to the national value of art education applied to skilled handicraft.

There has been an unexplainable Napoleonic craze in the United States this last year; but none of the writers have dealt with the Little Corsican from the standpoint of the modern science of criminology and mental and moral disease and perversion. This Hon. John Davis does in the *Arena*; and he argues from Napoleon's ancestry and the careers of his parents to show that the great general and exploiter was a born brigand, with all the gambling and lying, deceitful, unscrupulous instincts of the Corsican bandits on sea and land.

The old town of Machias in Maine had a more remarkable history in the time of the Revolution than perhaps any other town upon the long line of the exposed Maine coast, and the heroism and adventurousness of the little community in its conflicts with the English forces which descended on it are something about which most people know very little. Miss M. E. C. Smith tells the story in the August number of the *New England Magazine*, and her article will be read with interest by the hundreds of people who in this summer time are scattered along the Maine coast.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
The Christian Consciousness. Its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrine. By J. S. Black.
From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.
Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." By James Arthur Tufts.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
The Veiled Doctor. A Novel. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis.
My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens.
Pony Tracks. Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.
From Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.
A Hundred Years of Missions; or, The Story of Progress since Carey's Beginning. By Rev. Delevan L. Leonard.
From the Transatlantic Publishing Co., New York.
Pan-gnosticism. A Suggestion in Philosophy. By Noel Winter.

From the Bancroft Company, Chicago.
The Book of the Fair. Part Fifteen. Price \$1.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
There is an Hour of Hallowed Peace. Sacred Song. By C. Chenery.
American Guard. March. For Pianoforte. By Rich-Graziella. Waltz. For Pianoforte. By Joseph Knecht.
Uncertainty. Song. Music by Robert A. Keiser.
Ave Verum. Music by D. S. Hollingshead.
Seek Ye the Lord. Sacred Song. By Walter Gould.

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Toronto Week.—The ideas are so simply and so strikingly expressed that it is a pleasure to read it from cover to cover. The author strikes us as having eyes to see.

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A Year of Miracle: A Poem in Four Sermons. By Rev. WM. C. GANNETT. 106 pages. Cloth, limp, red edges, 50 cents. Fine edition, bevelled edges, full gilt, heavy paper, \$1.00.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

BY EDWARD N. STONE.

"Numberless laughter of ocean waves,"
Myriad-twinkling smile of the deep,
Breaking over low coral caves
Where shipwrecked sailors sleep!

Down, down in the soundless gloom
There full many a good ship lies,
Watched for in vain till the Day of Doom
By weary, tear-dimmed eyes.

Hopes and loves and youth's fair dreams
Lost in those silent depths there be;
And over them all there shouts and gleams
The laughter of the sea.

A LESSON.

"O mother!" cried Ruth, in dismay: "if I have to wipe the dishes, we shall miss the coach."

Mrs. Blake glanced at the clock. "Oh no," she said briskly: "there's nearly half an hour yet, and I have so much to do this morning, I really need all the help you can give me."

"Mr. Day said they were going to start earlier this year," said Ira, uneasily.

"Well, I'll not keep you long," returned his mother.

"Now, Ruth, let's hurry," urged Ira, when they were ready to go. So they almost ran, down the street, around the corner, up the hill, and then around another corner to the church, from which the excursionists to the beach had arranged to start.

Alas! there were no coaches there, and no excursionists.

Ruth and Ira looked at each other in despair, and the tears gathered in Ruth's blue eyes.

"Don't cry," said Ira. "I know a way to go now; and we've got money enough, too. We can take the train to the city, and then inquire the way to the wharf and take the boat. We'd get there almost as soon as the others did."

"But mother told us never to go on the water unless she or father was with us," objected Ruth.

"Then you won't go?" said Ira, a little contemptuously.

"Are you going?" demanded Ruth, irresolutely.

"No!" was the savage answer; and then they both turned and walked home.

The disappointment was very great, and their mother felt even worse than they did. "I am so sorry," she said. "I didn't think they would start so early."

She looked up at the clock. "Why, it has run down!" she exclaimed. "That explains it. I'll tell you what you can do," she said, after she had wound the clock. "Right after dinner you may go to your aunt Martha's, and stay till after tea. I'd let you go now, but I'm afraid it might not be convenient for her to have you all day."

Ruth and Ira brightened, for going to Aunt Martha's was almost as great a treat as going to the shore. They always had a delightful time there with their six cousins, to say nothing of the ride in the electric cars.

Ira immediately began packing up a home-made telephone apparatus he had promised one of the cousins to put in between their house and a room over the stable; and Ruth went to making up a package of books, consisting of certain volumes she had borrowed and others she was going to lend.

After this Ruth took the baby to ride; and Ira went on several errands, which occupied the time till noon.

Mrs. Blake had made a batch of cream-cakes for Ruth and Ira to carry to Aunt Martha, and had then begun on the week's ironing, heating her irons on the oil stove, which was placed on the kitchen range, and hanging the clothes as fast as ironed on the clothes-horse which stood close beside the stove. Just before sitting down to the hasty dinner, she rocked the baby to sleep and put him in his cradle, which happened to be in the kitchen near the clothes-horse.

Ruth had on her prettiest gingham, and Ira, too, was all ready to start. So as soon as they had swallowed the last mouthful, they put on their hats, kissed the sleeping

baby, took the basket of cream-cakes, and started.

Mrs. Blake followed them to the door, with the scissors to trim the ravelled end of Ruth's hat ribbon.

Just then the door of the next house burst open, and a woman rushed out, wringing her hands and screaming.

"O Mrs. Blake!" she cried out on seeing her neighbor: "Johnny's cut himself, and is bleeding to death. Come over quick!"

Mrs. Blake, scissors in hand, almost flew across the yard between the two houses, calling to Ruth and Ira, as she ran, not to leave the house till she came back, and disappeared within Mrs. Dill's.

"Humph! I don't believe it's anything," Ira grumbled. "Mrs. Dill always makes a mountain of a molehill."

"Well, if it isn't, mother'll be back in a few minutes," said Ruth.

"Yes, but we'll miss the car, and have to wait an hour for the next one."

They sat down in the sitting-room, gloomily silent. At the end of a very long five minutes Ira spoke.

"What's the use of staying in the house?" he said. "Let's go out and sit under the oak. The baby'll cry when he wakes up, and let us know."

"Mother told us not to leave the house," returned Ruth, hesitatingly.

Ira waited a few minutes.

"Well, are you going?" he asked crossly.

"Going where?"

"Out under the oak, of course."

"No," answered Ruth, decidedly: "I'm not. Are you?"

"No!" snapped Ira. "Mother told us not to leave the house."

Then they looked at each other, and laughed.

"Let's have a game of checkers," Ruth proposed.

"All right," agreed Ira, jumping up to get the board.

Ruth paused, in the act of crowning her first king, to lift her head and sniff the air. "Seems to me I smell smoke," she said slowly, still sniffing.

Then Ira sniffed. "It is smoke!" he cried, turning pale, and starting up.

The board fell to the floor, and the checkers rolled all about, as they both rushed to the kitchen.

"Oh!"

A light wind had arisen, and, blowing on the oil stove, had caused the blaze to burn higher, and set fire to the clothes on the clothes-horse; and, as Ruth and Ira entered the kitchen, a corner of the light cotton coverlet over the baby was sending up a little flame.

Ruth seized the cradle and dragged it half across the room, frantically put out the little blaze with her bare hands, and then snatched up the baby; while Ira, with all fury, pumped the wash-basin full of water to dash over the clothes-horse.

In three minutes every spark of fire was out. The baby was crying, and Ruth was hugging and kissing him, and crying, too. Ira had found the mop, and was wiping the water from the floor, carefully concealing his face from Ruth; for he was ashamed to be caught showing emotion.

When Ruth warmed the milk for the baby's dinner, Ira took his turn in petting him; and then they both watched him eat, and after he had eaten they carried him about and took a great deal of pains to amuse him.

At length, as he seemed to prefer creeping about the floor to anything else, Ruth and Ira let him have his sweet will, and, collecting their scattered checkers, sat down near the window to continue their playing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ruth, after several games, "it's after three o'clock, what do you suppose is the reason?"

"Here she is now," said Ira.

Seeing them at the window, Mrs. Blake came in the front way. She looked very tired, and Ruth and Ira studied her face earnestly.

"Is—Johnny?" began Ira, in an awed tone.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Blake, reading what was in his mind. "He's going to get well, though it will take a long time. The doctor said, if I had been half a minute later, it would have been too late."

"'Tis too bad you had to be disappointed a second time, but it couldn't be helped," she went on. "As soon as I had tied a strip of my apron around the poor boy's leg above the cut, and twisted it up with the poker, I had to go for the doctor; and, when I had helped him tie the artery and put Johnny to bed, then Mrs. Dill began to have fainting fits, and I couldn't leave her till just now, when her sister—"

"Do I smell smoke?" she said, interrupting herself, and then hurrying out to the kitchen, while Ruth and Ira began telling her about the fire.

She turned very pale at sight of the blackened clothes; and, when she learned about the little coverlet, she caught up the baby from the floor, and, holding him fast, began to cry.

This last was so rare an occurrence that it filled Ruth and Ira with dismay; and they hung about her, begging her not to.

Finally, she wiped her eyes, smiling at their distressed faces. "I'm all right now," she said; "and you are good children. You've stayed indoors all the afternoon. Now go out and swing in the hammock."

They swung back and forth in the hammock for some time in silence.

"It doesn't seem as though I should ever again be even tempted to disobey mother," said Ira, at length, with a little choke in his voice.

"And I shall never feel so badly about being disappointed," said Ruth, soberly. "I shall think 'tis for some good reason. Supposing we hadn't missed the coach, or supposing we had started a little earlier and gone to Aunt Martha's."

"That isn't near so bad as supposing we had taken the cars and gone to the shore or gone out to sit under the oak," said Ira. "If we had disobeyed mother, Mrs. Dill would have had to use up that half-minute in coming clear over, and Johnny would have died, and the—baby—would!"

"O Ira, don't!" sobbed Ruth.

"Well, I won't," said Ira. Then, after a minute, "I say Ruth, let's go into the house and see the baby."—*Lizzie Robbins, in the Independent.*

WHY DAISY WON'T EAT LAMB.

Daisy came into the cool dining-room and seated herself in her chair at the table, with the least bit of a frown between her big brown eyes as she looked over the table.

"Oh, dear, I am hungry enough to eat a whole lamb and lots of peas; and I thought I heard mamma tell Sarah to have lamb and green peas."

"That was for dinner, my dear, and you shall have all you want then of lamb and green peas; but now I'm afraid you must be satisfied with this nice fresh bread that Sarah has baked, and these delicious strawberries," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she gave Daisy a dish of the beautiful fruit.

"Oh, yes, mamma, they are nice; but you know, when I play in the Park, I always get so dreadful hungry." And further speech was stopped by some big berries, which, I'm afraid, went into the little mouth rather faster than mamma approved.

Soon Daisy's older sister, Dorothy, came into the room, just from the street, with her big hat on, trimmed with lace and a beautiful little bird coquettishly perched a little on one side of it.

"Oh, what a dear little bird! When I'm grown up a young lady, I shall always wear such lovely birds on my hats to match all my dresses: they look presackly as though they were alive, and stayed there because they wanted to."

Dorothy laughed, and kissed the eager, bright little face as she passed around to her chair on the other side of the table.

"Mamma, just as soon as I have finished luncheon, I want to go right out again; for Bessie Brown and Nannie Ford and I are going to give our children a party under the big maple on the Common, and we have so very much to do yet, to get them all ready. Not one of all my children are dressed yet, and— Oh, Bessie's Marguerita has the loveliest yellow chiffon dress, she does look witching in it, with her dark curls." And Daisy looked as absorbed and interested as only little mothers of large families of dolls can look.

"But, Daisy," said Dorothy, "where is your rest and ten minutes' nap to come in? You know doctor said you must not neglect it these warm summer months that we are obliged to stay in New York."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton, "you must take your nap first, Daisy; for you are not yet very strong, and you do not want to be sick again."

"No, indeed, mamma, but just this once. We will not run about in the sun, but stay under the shade of the big tree where we are to have the children's party; and we have a little May-pole for them, with such lovely ribbons."

"Well, my dear, I shall have to let you go this time; but come in when you get tired, won't you?" said Daisy's indulgent mamma.

Daisy lived near Central Park, and with some little friends spent many happy hours there. Their favorite place was under a spreading maple on the Common, where they could sit on the grass and watch the sheep and the big dog guarding them; and they felt quite as happy there as though they owned all they could see of the beautiful park.

At dinner-time, when Mr. Hamilton had served all the family, and passed Daisy's plate, she said, "Plenty of peas and potatoes, papa, but no lamb, please."

All turned to Daisy, who looked as demure as such a little maiden could.

"Why, Daisy," said her mamma, "I thought at luncheon you were greatly disappointed that we did not have lamb and green peas; and now you do not want any lamb at all?"

"None, mamma," said Daisy, with a curious little quiver in her voice. "I shall never eat any more lambs, or ever wear beautiful birds in my hat, as Dorothy does."

"But what does this mean, pet?" said her papa.

"I'll tell you how it is, papa: When we were playing this afternoon with our children, under the maple, and they were all sitting around their little May-pole with

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their ribbons in their hands, and looking too sweet for anything, I got all at once dreadfully tired, and took my Dotty Dimple in my arms and went off by myself under another tree to rest: they did all chatter so, it made my head tired. I sat looking at some birdies swinging on the branches, when all at once a great many birds came all flying down at me; and one big red bird said: 'Let's pick her baby's eyes out: she says, when she is a big girl, she will have a bird on every hat to match all her dresses; and that means all of our babies will be killed and their eyes picked out.' Then they all chattered and flew around me, and tried to pick out Dotty Dimple's eyes; but I threw my arms around her, so they could not get her, and I told them I had never thought how dreadful it was to have their babies killed, and I never, never would wear a bird in my hat. I begged them to forgive me; and I told them, if they would only go away and not hurt my baby, I would ask sister Dorothy never to wear a bird, either. Then they all sat on a limb, and talked together very fast, and soon all flew away. Oh, I was so glad." And Daisy breathed such a sigh they all laughed.

"But that has nothing to do with your eating lamb with your peas, Daisy," said Dorothy.

"I know," said Daisy; "but I think the sheep had been listening, and, as soon as the birds had all gone, they came up close to me. I was not afraid of them until one big one put his head down and shook it at me, and said I was a cruel little girl; and he looked very ugly at me, and said: 'This is the little girl that said she could eat a whole lamb, she was so hungry: we'll eat her baby, and see how she likes it. How would you like to have your baby dragged away from you by big men, who never pay any attention to its cries for its mamma, or our cries for him not to take our babies, but carry them away and kill them for big people and little girls to eat?' Then they all shook their heads and said, 'Baa, baa,' so loud; and I think they would have eaten me and Dotty, too, but I begged them not to hurt us, and I told them I had never thought that lamb and green peas meant eating a dear little lamb that had to be killed, and that I would never eat any more lambs as long as ever I lived."

"But that was all a dream, my little girl," said papa; "and I think you may safely eat some of this lamb."

"I don't think it could be all a dream, papa; for, when I jumped up to run away, there were all the sheep up close around me, and looking right at me. I could show you the one that wanted to eat my baby,—only they did not look ugly at me any more; but I don't want ever to eat lambs again. I never thought they had to be killed,—those dear little lambs that run and play and look so pretty and happy. I don't want any lamb."

"But," said mamma, with a smile, "they were made to be eaten; and it must be right to kill them."

"I think they were made for their nice wool: that is better than to think they were made just for us to eat," said sister Dorothy, quite seriously.

"Yes, I think you are right, Dorothy," said Mr. Hamilton; "and, if we had to see them killed, we would not enjoy eating lamb with our green peas any more than Daisy does to-night."

"Well," said Daisy, "I never will eat any more lambs." And I'm afraid there wasn't much lamb eaten at Daisy's home that night.—*New Church Messenger.*

"LITTLE SUN-BONNET."

They called her "Little Sun-bonnet." I will tell you why.

Her mamma had promised to take her to a picnic, and for days little Beth could talk of nothing else.

The night before the picnic day Beth had caught sight of little round cakes, tarts, and a Washington-pie on the pantry shelf; and when her bed-time came, and she was up in her little room with mamma, she asked so many, many questions that at last mamma said,—

"There, there, dear, you must go to sleep, so as to wake very, very early in the morning."

After mamma had left her, Beth lay for a long time thinking; and this awful thought came to her,—suppose she shouldn't wake "very, very early," and so have no time to get dressed for the picnic!

In a twinkling Beth was out of bed. She pulled on her stockings. She buttoned the six buttons of each small boot, and as many buttons of her dress as she could reach. Then she felt around in the dark for her pink calico sun-bonnet. This she tied tightly under her chin. Then she crept softly back into bed.

How mamma laughed when she came into her little daughter's room in the morning! And how every one else laughed! And now you know how Beth came to be called "Little Sun-bonnet."—*Babyland.*

HOME.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white soft hand, and reaches o'er,
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo, where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite Love will lead thee home.

—E. R. Sill.

LITTLE "PUT-OFF."

"I'm going to ask Jessie to come and see me this afternoon after school, mamma."

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes; and couldn't you let us have a little afternoon tea?"

"I think I could."

"Something very nice?"

"I'll see about it."

"I know what that means," said Patty, giving her mamma a very nice, loving kiss.

"But wait, Patty," said mamma, as the little girl was tripping away. "I want you to come straight home from school, so as to attend to your little duties before Jessie comes."

"My dusting my own room, you mean?"

"Yes, it ought to have been seen to this morning, hey, Patty?"

"Yes, mamma; but I had to study my reading lesson this morning."

"I thought the evening was always the time for that."

"But I put it off because I wanted to play checkers with Jack."

"I wonder if my little daughter will ever learn not to put off duties for pleasures. And it seems to me there was something out in the arbor which ought to have been looked after."

"Oh, I remember! I was pasting scraps out there with May the day before yesterday, and I put off picking up the things till morning, and then I wanted to weed my flowers."

"I hope you will do it before Jessie comes."

"That's what I mean to, mamma. Good-by."

"Where's mamma?" asked Patty, on her return from school, after the short afternoon session.

"She's gone out," said Jane, the girl.

"Gone out! Did she say anything to you about a little supper for me, Jane?"

"No: I didn't hear anything about it."

"That's very strange of mamma," said Patty. "She must have forgotten it. Oh, perhaps she put it off until she comes home. I wish she hadn't."

The "put-off" reminded Patty of the room she was to dust. But, as she passed a window, she caught sight of some of her flowers which grew outside.

"Oh, my pansies!" she cried in great concern: "they are all drying up and withering." She was very fond of her flowers, and everything else was for the moment forgotten as she hurried for some water to give them.

"You dear little things," she said, "you almost seem to know I am giving you a nice cool drink. You look just as if you wanted to say, 'Thank you.' Oh, I wish I was a fairy, and lived in the times when they

could hear flowers and lambs and birds and things talk."

Walking on with her watering-pot, dreaming of the delights of such a condition of things, she came near the arbor.

"Now, I must tidy up that arbor. Jessie'll be here in a minute, and I'd better put off my dusting until she's gone home. I shan't take Jessie up to my room: I'd hate to have her see how untidy it is. I do wish mamma did not think little girls ought to keep their rooms dusted, and pick up their things after they're done playing. Ah! look at that great weed growing so near that beautiful white lily."

The weed was removed with little fingers, which took tender care not to disturb the roots of the queenly lily. And then Patty looked up, and smiled a very loving greeting to a bluebird which chirped above her in the branches of a tree.

"There you are, you little beauty! Are you singing to this lily? Of course you are. You sing to the flowers all day, don't you?"

And off went the little lassie into a train of fancies as to which flowers she would sing to oftenest if she were a bird, springing up at length to say, "But I must be sweeping the arbor."

She ran for the broom; and, as she hurried back, her little friend Jessie came down the garden walk.

"Ah! there you are, Jessie. I'm glad to see you. I was just going to sweep this arbor, but it can wait until you go."

The sweeping of the arbor would not have taken more than five minutes, and Patty felt a little prick of conscience as she led the way to another part of the large, pleasant garden. But she quieted it with the reflection that it would not be polite to work when she had company, and that, of course, mamma would not wish her.

They played croquet for a while, and then made dolls of daisies and hollyhocks. When they had a long row of the flower maidens, Patty thought it was full time for the treat which had been promised; and, excusing herself to her friend, she ran into the house.

"Hasn't mamma come yet?"

"No," said Jane.

"Dear me, Jane, can't you give us something nice for a tea with Jessie?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Jane, good-naturedly. "To-morrow's baking-day; and there's nothing much in the house now, for we are to have hot biscuit for tea by and by."

"Not a bit of that cocoanut cake?"

"Not a bit," said Jane, going to look.

"There was a little this morning, I know."

Jane did what she could for her, and Patty returned to the garden with a piece of apple pie, some crackers, and a little currant jelly,—a very poor sort of tea, she thought, and wondered more and more how mamma could have neglected to see to it when she had promised. Mamma was famous for getting up nice little treats when Patty's friends came, and it was easy to see that Jessie was rather surprised.

Patty's mother came home a few minutes after Jessie was gone, and Patty met her at the door with a very mournful face.

"I suppose, mamma," she said, "that you put off fixing my nice little tea until you came back. But it's too late now, for Jessie's gone."

Mamma smiled at Patty's injured tone, and asked, "Did you dust your room, dear?"

"No, ma'am, I went to water my pansies, and"—

"Did you clean up your paper in the arbor?"

"No, ma'am, I put it off because Jessie came."

"Well, I think you had better go at once and do them."

Not one word of regret for the neglected afternoon tea.

Patty went up to her room, and began dusting.

What was that behind her toilet cushion? A game for which she had been for some time longing. There it had been all the afternoon, when it would have been such a delight to try it; for they had become tired of those flower dolls.

She put her room in good order, and then went down to the arbor. An unfolded napkin lay over something in the seat, and Patty lifted it up to see what it might be hiding.

"Oh, my!"

What a dainty lunch lay on the little tray! The last of the cocoanut cake was there, with macaroons and kisses, some cunning little sandwiches, sliced pineapples, and bunches of grapes. And Jessie was gone, and there was no one to see it or help her enjoy it.

Poor Patty sat down and cried. Then she swept the arbor, sighing to herself!

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't put off!"—*Christian Leader.*

HE LOVES DOLLS.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it and carry it to his kennel, and lie down beside it. The children of the neighborhood thought this was fun, and would ask the dog's owner, "Please, may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" Alas! Now the dog snatches dolls from the little owners, and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer a favorite: his reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk: he runs off with them without the owners' consent.—*Outlook.*

A CLOCK THAT KEEPS THE SABBATH.

A London gossip writes: "The Aquarium people have organized an exhibition of curious old clocks and watches. Among the two thousand examples acquired are several of special interest. Of the general exhibits, one of the most interesting is a clock built by a pious Scotchman a century and a half ago. To guard against any possible consequences of breaking the Sabbath, he so constructed it that at midnight on Saturday it stopped dead, and never so much as ticked until Monday morning began."—*Christian Advocate.*

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NAPOLEON AND WASHINGTON.

Simultaneously with these events the most careful preparation was made for a step which might redound to Bonaparte's credit if properly taken, but could easily be detrimental to the complete success of his schemes. Under the new constitution every department of government had an assigned dwelling-place. That of the consuls was to be the Tuileries. How could an absolute dictator install his penates in the some time home of absolute royalty without inspiring general distrust? The first step was to rechristen the pile as "the palace of the government," the next to consecrate it to glory. From far and near the statues of the great were gathered to adorn its halls. The choice of these displayed in significant confusion the generals and statesmen of all times in all places. Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, Cato, Cicero, Brutus, Mirabeau, Marceau, and Joubert, and many others of lesser note, were assembled in effigy. But highest of all was set the image of Washington, the news of whose death had just reached Europe. His example was to be held up as the real inspiration of the new ruler. In order both to arouse the imagination of the people and to convince their understanding, the army was put into mourning for the great American, and a festival was instituted in his honor. To honor the typical and ideal republican of the age was a conspicuously effective idea, since it accorded thoroughly with the approved traditions of the Revolution.

The celebration was set for Feb. 9, 1800, and proved a great success. It had already been decided to reawaken public enthusiasm by instituting great military ceremonies to accompany the final deposit of the captured standards from Aboukir in the Hospital of the Invalides. These and the Washington festival were interwoven with consummate art; and, while the First Consul's victories were recalled in the imposing parade, the simple and impressive words of an able orator, M. de Fontanes, reminded the nation that the immortal Washington had shown as a general more strength than brilliancy, and had awakened little enthusiasm, but great confidence, that he was one of the men inspired to rule who appear from time to time in the world, that he was neither partisan nor demagogue, and that, when peace had once been signed, he had laid down his arms to become the wisest of constructive legislators. "Yes, Washington, thy counsels shall be heard, thou warrior, legislator, administrator! He who in his youth surpassed thee in battle like thee shall close with conquering hands the wounds of his country." Minds less quick than those of the Parisians would have discovered the moral of the address even without the peroration. When the official journal next day published the glowing words and described the brilliant ceremony, the coming monarch was already lodged under the roof of the Bourbons. Since at Leoben Bonaparte had made the liberation of Lafayette and his family an indispensable condition of the treaty, it might have been expected that his name, so long used elsewhere in a natural juxtaposition, on such an occasion would be linked with that of Washington; but the honors of that day were to be shared with the dead foreigner, not with the living Frenchman.—Prof. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," in the August Century.

WHAT TWO WOMEN HAVE DONE.

According to the Chicago Times-Herald Miss Jane Addams's work as garbage inspector has been as successful as any of her work in connection with Hull House. She has associated with herself a young graduate of Wisconsin University, Miss Johnstone; and the two of them have swept one dark corner of Chicago as it has never been swept before. "Two months," says the Times-Herald, "have worked a wonderful change. Goode Street, which was formerly heaped with piles of refuse, overflowing from the garbage-boxes, is now comparatively clean. Back of Tilden Street, between Aberdeen and Centre Avenue, running parallel with Van Buren Street, is an alley that was impassable two months ago because of the accumulated garbage and refuse. The emergency team carried away fourteen loads of dirt, and the alley now is a neat-looking thoroughfare." The work has not all gone smoothly. Some of the residents in the ward, particularly the Ital-

ians, are disposed to throw their refuse into the alleys instead of dumping it into the garbage-boxes. And other residents, without distinction of nationalities, are disposed to use the garbage-boxes for firewood. "A man, who was requested lately to get a garbage-box for his property, replied: 'Not much! I don't get no garbage-box for the boys to burn up on the Fourth of July. Just wait till next week, and I'll tend to it.' As a new garbage-box costs \$5.50, it is rather expensive firewood." In some parts of the ward notices had to be served upon property-owners before the great piles of refuse were removed. In half a dozen cases the inspectors had to take the matter before the court; but in each case they were successful, and the conviction has been spread that it is cheaper to comply with the law than to fight it. Miss Addams and her assistant start out on their tour of inspection every morning at six, returning to Hull House for an eight o'clock breakfast. Then they go off again until eleven o'clock. It is believed that in a short time, when they have had a chance to get even with the world,—or the normal level of the street,—the young women will have their house in order each day before noon.

Education.

Teachers' salaries are being raised once more, which means not only better times, but higher appreciation of good teaching.

The young women of the Louisville public schools have undertaken to classify and index all the trees grown on the sidewalks and in the various parks of the city.

A Russian Hebrew is said to have devoted a large sum to establishing a Jewish University in Jerusalem, in which special attention is to be paid to the Semitic languages and Hebrew literature. Significant figures from Russia tell of but one hundred and twenty university students per million inhabitants, while Germany has five hundred to every million.

The manual training work as seen in actual operation in many of the board schools of London surpasses most of the similar work exhibited at Chicago. No effort is made to provide every school-house with a workshop; but at certain centres in the city there are rooms furnished with carpenters' benches and fitted with vises and other necessary attachments, the boys from neighboring schools—usually within the radius of one mile—going, divisions of twenty, one-half day each week, to these manual training centres for this special training. This plan works well, and one workshop suffices for two hundred boys. The work is mostly in wood, although work in iron is receiving some attention; and drawing is always taught in connection with the manual training exercises.—Journal of Education.

Science.

The pneumatic principle has been applied to boots. The air tubes lie between the upper and lower soles, and give a springy movement to the foot, calculated to reduce friction with the ground and to alleviate fatigue.

One of the most sensible of recent inventions is that of an electrical mail-box. Whenever a letter is put into the box, a signal is sent to the occupant of the building. The box may be placed in the same electric circuit with a call-bell.

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CHILDREN OF INEBRIATES.

A distinguished English specialist in children's diseases has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve temperate families during a period of twelve years, with the result that he found that the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperates were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers' children twenty-five died in the first week of life as against six on the other side, the latter deaths being from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or to oedema of the brain and membranes, to this record being also added five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth as to be really dwarfs; five who, when older, became epileptics; one, a boy, who had grave chorea, ending in idiocy; five more who were diseased and deformed; and two of the epileptics who became, by inheritance, drinkers. Ten, therefore, of this fifty-seven only showed during life normal disposition and development of body and mind. Of the temperates, as already stated, five died in the first week, of weakness; while four in the later years of childhood had curable diseases, and two only showed inherited defects of a nervous character. Thus the large proportion of fifty were normal in every way, sound in body and mind.—*New York Tribune.*

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL EPIDEMIOS.

The great spiritual epidemics of the Middle Ages were the product of a condition of the most profound insecurity on the part of the great multitude, who might at any moment be robbed, maimed, or cruelly murdered by their barons and princes, and were, moreover, exposed to the perpetual terror of all,—the everlasting hell-fire. A race of people that were forever trembling before the devil in the hereafter and the armed cut-throats in the present could not help suffering from delirium, the expression of which was the Crusades. As the immediate causes of the excesses of the Flagellants and the Beguins, the St. Vitus dance, etc., we find terrible epidemics, such as the "black death" in the middle of the fourteenth century, or local pestilence or famine. These causes produce effects similar to those of over-exertion. They weaken the body by privations, and by violent, depressing, and disorganizing emotions. It is also beyond dispute that over-exertion is not the sole possible cause of hysteria and degeneration; but it is, on the other hand, no less indisputable that over-exertion may be a cause of these conditions, and quite as potent a cause as war, pestilence, and famine, insecurity of life and property, and fear of the devil. I believe that I have by my statistical tables proved that it is the cause of the present universal hysteria and degeneration in no less a degree than the "black death" of 1348 was the cause, in Germany at least, of the madness of the Flagellants.—"*A Reply to my Critics*," by Max Nordau, in the *August Century*.

Personals.

The Princess Mercedes of Spain, now in her thirteenth year, is the only ex-queen of her age in the world. She was queen of Spain during the six months after the death of her father, Alfonso XII., and before the birth of her brother, the present king.

Ellen Terry was forty-seven on February 26. In Coventry, where she was born, a brass plate on one house bears the inscription, "This is the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry," while on another house across the street is a similar plate marked, "This is the original birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry."

Charities and Reforms.

A small circulating loan collection of pictures has proved a satisfactory part of the attempt of Hull House to make art a means of education. The collection numbers, at present, not more than seventy pictures; and very little more than one hundred dollars have been expended upon it. The pictures are, for the most part, photographs selected with great care from choice things only, whether modern or old, and with a view to variety of appeal to the interest and taste of the borrowers. Some water-color sketches have been given and lent, and the collection contains an Arundel print and several colored prints of Fra Angelico's

angels. The latter are so popular as to be engaged in advance. The loan and return of each picture is recorded, with the date and the name and address of the borrower, upon a card. It is expected that the picture will be either exchanged or renewed at the end of two weeks. The borrowers frequently become attached to them, and prefer to keep the old one longer rather than to have a new one. Within a short walk from Hull House a little parlor has been completely transformed by the Fra Angelico over the mantel and the Luca della Robbias on the walls. A few doors down the street a tiny bedroom has been changed from a place in which a fragile factory girl slept the sleep of the exhausted into one where she "just loves to lie in bed and look at my pictures: it's so like Art Class!"—*The Forum.*

Temperance.

The amount of New England rum sent from the port of Boston to Africa has decreased in two years from 1,025,226 gallons to 561,265.

Michigan has passed a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for the employment of persons addicted to the use of intoxicants.

Count Goetzen, who led a German expedition in 1893 across Equatorial Africa, testifies that, "owing to strict temperance and a regular mode of living, and especially to the precaution to drink only boiled water, the health of all Europeans who took part in the expedition was from beginning to end excellent."

The following is the result of an analysis of a cigarette made recently by a physician: "The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proved to be the most ordinary quality of paper whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker a habit of using opium without his being aware of it, his craving for which can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes."—*Christian at Work.*

Here and There.

A buried city, like that of Pompeii, is being excavated in Central America, at the foot of the volcano Agua. Pottery, fine glassware, jewels, flint instruments, and skeletons over six feet long have been taken out at depths of fourteen to eighteen feet.

Emeralds have been discovered in Arizona and, it is said, in North Carolina. Diamonds have been found in North Carolina, Virginia, California, and Alaska. Sapphires of small size but great brilliancy have been found in North Carolina.

Twenty towns in Minnesota have already adopted the curfew ordinance. It provides that young people under sixteen years of age who are found on the streets after the ringing of the curfew are subject to arrest. The first offence is punished with a fine, the second with imprisonment, and the third with both.

A comparison of the maximum temperature in different parts of the world shows that the great desert of Africa is by far the hottest. This vast plain, which extends two thousand miles from east to west and one thousand miles from north to south, is said to have a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest days of summer.

It is estimated that London has twenty-five daily newspapers,—seventeen morning papers, and eight afternoon; Paris has forty-nine dailies, of which almost, if not quite all, are published in the morning; New York has forty-nine, of which eleven are evening papers; and Chicago has twenty six, of which eleven are evening papers.

The chief justice of Wyoming has established the precedent of summoning women as jurors, and is much satisfied with the result. He says, "I have never in my twenty-five years' experience in the courts of the country seen more faithful, intelligent, and resolutely honest jurors than the women who have served in that capacity in my court."—*Standard.*

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Pleasantries.

"Woof, are we wick?" asked Charlie. "No," answered Ruth, "not rich." "Are we poor, ven?" "No, just middle-sized."—Selected.

A little Philadelphia girl, while watching the rain, turned to her mother, and said, "Ma, I guess the weather is so warm it's melting the clouds."—Exchange.

An exchange calls attention, apropos of the pompadour sleeve, to Ezekiel, chapter xiii. verses 17, 18, where a woe is pronounced upon the women "that sew pillows to all armholes."

Young Lady (on the grand stand): "The umpire calls a foul, but I don't even see a feather." Her Escort: "But you must remember that this is a picked nine."—Sacred Heart Review.

Doctor: "The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world." Patient: "But I can't afford to ride a bicycle." Doctor: "Oh, you don't need to ride one: just dodge them."—Sacred Heart Review.

"Uncle," said Harry, "please buy me a goat." "Harry," said his uncle, "I can't afford it." "But, uncle," argued the youngster, "the more littler goat you buy, the more money it won't cost."—Exchange.

Jones: "This chicken is fourteen years old." Smith: "How can you tell the age of a chicken?" Jones: "By the teeth." Smith: "By the teeth! Chickens don't have any teeth." Jones: "But I have!"—Exchange.

A little girl whose parents recently moved to another city, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."—The Evangelist.

A correspondent of an English paper writes: "You refer this week to the title 'Jan Maclaren' as an amusing error committed by *Le Chrétien Evangélique*. In a country newspaper, published within twenty miles of London, the name appeared as 'Jane Maclaren' not many weeks ago."—Exchange.

Is this a joke? Scene: A Sunday-school. Johnnie: "I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob birds' nests last spring." Miss Jones (with an oriole in her hat): "Why was it, Johnnie?" Johnnie (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat): "Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em."—Kate Field's Washington.

A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He had made an iron shot in which he had sent the soil almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddie, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word,—"Scotland."—Exchange.

School children are proverbially original in many of their utterances. In the grammar department of the West Middle School the teacher was examining her young charges in history. Pennsylvania and its founder, William Penn, were under discussion. She told the little ones that Penn was a disciple of peace, and finally asked, "Can any of you tell me what 'peace' means?" "I can, teacher," breathlessly exclaimed a little fellow. "Well, and what does 'peace' mean?" "It means 'no scrappin,'" responded the boy.—Harper Post.

FROM RECENT EXAMINATIONS.

Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as "the felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of our public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is *bona fide*, having been read during the past week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city.

Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground.

Name a domestic animal useful for clothing, and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

If you were travelling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

Mention five races of men. Men, women, children, and babies.

Describe the white race, and show that it is superior to the other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Dirt and people.

Name a fruit that has its seeds on the outside. A seed cake.—The Budget.

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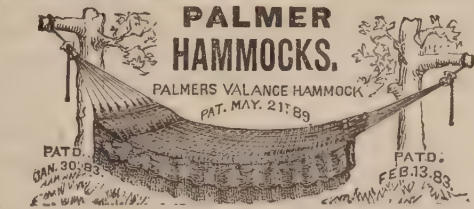
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Editorial.

CARDINAL GIBBONS's visit to Rome has given rise to many rumors. He is highly esteemed by his associates, and the pope and the high officials have discussed important questions bearing on the course of the Romish Church in this country. Among other questions treated is the one which the pope has at heart, as declared in his recent encyclical in relation to a broader union. A correspondent of the *New York Sun*, writing on the presence of Cardinal Gibbons at the Vatican, adds: "What has given a capital interest to this visit of the Cardinal to Leo XIII. is the question of the relation of Anglicanism to the Roman Church. The holy Father has repeated to the son of the United States, where these questions arouse curiosity, all his plans, all his hopes, all his desires. Without being indiscreet, I think I can say with certainty

that the Archbishop of Baltimore did not hold back his sympathy nor his thoughts. With his open heart, his broad and lofty mind, he has encouraged Leo XIII., and brought out clearly the points of contact on which the two churches can meet, deliberate, and perhaps draw nearer. This visit *ad limina* will not have been without results."

THE farewell services of Dr. Farrar on a recent Sunday at St. Margaret's were very impressive. The sermons preached on that day were such as few ministers in London could preach. But behind the preacher, with his eloquent discourse, stood the pastor and the man. The noble ideal which the sermon held up finds few, if any, better illustrations than in the life and work of the former incumbent of St. Margaret's. He represents alike the cultivated scholar, the broad-minded lover of truth, and the devoted friend of the humble as well as the cultured. Bold and free in his utterance, he illustrates the noblest type of the Christian religion as seen in the English Church,—indeed, it may be said the noblest type now existing anywhere. A crowd gathered on the occasion of the farewell services, and it was evident from the expression of feeling how dear he was to his hearers. He enters, as dean of Canterbury, into another sphere of labor; and he will carry with him the same devotedness of purpose, lofty aim, high scholarship, and breadth of thought which have made his ministry so memorable at St. Margaret's. It is such examples as this which enrich the Anglican Church, and raise our common Christianity into a higher level of truth, righteousness, and love.

THE bicyclists have their race prejudices, and close their club doors against the colored man. Rev. Bradley Gilman of Springfield, Mass., has been a bicyclist for a number of years; and, in consequence of the benefits to be received from the efforts of the American League of Wheelmen, it was urged that he should join the league. Soon he received a circular in which it was said, "Our rules require a member to be an amateur, to be white, and to be eighteen years of age." Mr. Gilman, as soon as he read the rule, we are told, rubbed his eyes, asked if he were living in Massachusetts, and sat down and penned a scathing letter to the *Springfield Republican*, expressing the indignation which he and every other right-minded bicyclist must feel at the intrusion of race prejudice into the arena of healthful sport. The Massachusetts members maintain that they have fought against this rule, but, as yet, they have not been able to have it changed. We trust those who are opposed to this distinction of color will keep up the fight until they succeed in wiping out this odious rule.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which will celebrate its silver jubilee this week in New York City, will be a very important gathering. This association already is one of wide-spread influence, but is only in the beginning of its career. It already numbers three thousand separate societies, with a membership of sixty-five thousand. It is a compact organized body, and is under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church. There are three questions of special interest to be considered,—the best substitute for the saloon, the elimination of the insurance feature from the societies connected with the Union, and the effort to make temperance in the Romish Church an entirely religious movement. Able papers will be read by distinguished ecclesiastics; and it is proposed to adopt a plan for the organization in each parish of a total abstinence society, of which the rector shall be the head and ruling spirit. Another matter of present interest and importance will be the decision

on the subject of the Benedictine monks' breweries at Latrobe, Pa. It seems that a special license was granted these monks to brew beer for their own consumption. But gradually they extended their business, until the product of the breweries was sold in all parts of the world. It is expected that the apostolic delegate will indorse the protest against this liquor business, and that the Union will urge its abolition. Several of the most eminent church officials will be present, and the result will be a more wide-spread temperance organization within the Romish Church. When we consider how large a proportion of its members are engaged in the liquor trade and the amount of intemperance among the people, this effort to use the influence of the Church for temperance is one of the most encouraging features in this great reform.

THE civilized world has been shocked at the recent report of the massacre of Christians in China. It seems to have had its origin in a fanatical hatred, and to have been very atrocious in some of its features. Full and reliable details have not reached us at the time of this writing, but it is very clear that the treatment of men and women has been both brutal and cruel. According to the early despatches received the victims were butchered after having suffered terrible abuse. At the State Department it is believed that the massacre is simply the result of another outbreak of fanaticism such as raged during the Chinese-Japanese war. Kucheng, where this massacre took place, is a city ninety miles south-west of the province of Fuh-kien. There are several missions at this place. A London despatch to the *New York Sun* says: "The missionaries are in no way to blame for this outbreak. These outrages will be brought at once to the notice of the Chinese government, but the action of Chinese officials is notoriously slow. But prompt measures will be taken by the British and American governments to ascertain the exact truth of these reports and a stern demand made for a reparation."

It is an encouraging sign to note the increasing disposition on the part of high State officials to carry out the laws against gambling and prize-fighting. One of the latest instances of this is that of Gov. Culberson of Texas. He has, we are told, taken active measures to prevent the holding of the proposed prize-fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The attorney-general has ruled that both prize-fighting and aiding and abetting a prize-fight are forbidden by law and punishable by prescribed penalties; and now the governor has issued a proclamation forbidding any one from violating the law against such fights, calling on all law-abiding citizens to aid him in enforcing the law, and promising that he will use all the authority and power of the State to prevent the proposed violation of the law, and bring its violators to punishment. If, in spite of all these efforts, the fight should come off, it is to be hoped that the governor will bring the offenders to punishment. This is the only way effectually to put a stop to these brutal and disgraceful scenes.

THE secretaries of the boards of health of the six New England States have published a brief summary of vital statistics which are of interest and value, even if not complete. The movement of the centre of population southward may be explained from the fact that the manufacturing interests are largely in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The female death-rate is lower than the male. In New England in 1892 it averaged 19.9, while in Europe for that year it ranged from 17.7 in Norway to 35 in Hungary. The statement that the death-rate in New Hampshire is higher than the birth-rate must be received with a hesitation which demands more accurate

evidence. The marriage-rate for all New England in 1892 was 18.5, which is higher than the rate reported for any foreign country in that year, Hungary coming nearest, with a rate of 18.4. The marriage-rate in Ireland in 1892 was only 9.3. But in the matter of births France (22.1) and Ireland (22.4) are the only foreign countries reporting a rate below that of New England, which was 24.9. England and Scotland had a rate of 30 and a fraction, Italy and Austria 36, and Hungary 40. The death-rate varies less than either of the others for the civilized world. In divorces New Hampshire and Maine take the lead, while Massachusetts has the lowest rate. Many other facts are given in this report which throw light on the actual condition of society.

AMONG the many good results from the late Chicago Exposition may be mentioned the influence upon Jewish women which has led to an important organization. Woman's sphere among the Israelites of old was very limited. She had no voice in the organization of the Church. It is only recently that the bars which separated them in the house of worship have been broken down, and even among the orthodox Jews the separation still exists. But the power of the time spirit is too strong for the most bigoted traditionalist. Recently women have planned and formed various associations for charitable and philanthropic objects. Among the chief of these is the sisterhood of American Jewesses known as the National Council of Jewish Women. This has existed only about two years, but it has the promise of a very great usefulness and growth in the future. In most of the large cities sisterhoods have been established. In Chicago they have charitable societies, Bible readings, and courses of lectures. In Pittsburg they have founded a kindergarten. In Baltimore the council inaugurated the project of erecting a central building which shall contain offices of all of the charitable organizations of the city. A model tenement house is also being managed by the Baltimore Council. In Cincinnati the women have started an employment bureau for the poor. The Philadelphia Council has succeeded in interesting the philanthropic societies of that city in joining it in the project of solving the child labor problem. These facts we glean from the reports of the First National Convention of the National Council of Jewish Women held in Washington last May. The leaders in this movement are women of note. The National Council has an official organ in the monthly magazine, the *American Jewish*, which is published in Chicago, and has won a decided popularity. From all this it will be seen that even our Jewish sisters are coming to the front, and in the future will find their place in the Jewish society and church.

JEWES AND UNITARIANS.

We have long known that Unitarianism is made to serve as a kind of "bogey," by means of which the governing authorities of Christendom are wont to scare their rebellious subjects into submission. As mothers of a certain class threaten their fractious children that the "bad man" will get them, so Orthodoxy says to a young minister who shows signs of thinking for himself, "You are drifting into Unitarianism." To Unitarians themselves it is not a little amusing at times to note how this threat is received. While some pay no attention to it, others are put into quite a nervous panic, and either promise at once never to be naughty any more, or explain with eager haste that they never could by any possibility ally their fortunes with that heretical sect.

All this as an incident of the changes now being effected in other Christian de-

nominations is familiar to our observation. We learn, however, with some surprise, that among Jews the Unitarian name is invoked for the same purpose. The more orthodox members of that faith also hurl it as a reproach against those of their brethren who have departed somewhat from the ancient standards. So, at all events, we are informed by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, in an address on "Moses and Jesus," lately published in the *Reform Advocate*; and he evidently feels under some necessity to make it plain that he and his friends are not guilty of the accusation.

Acknowledging some likeness between Jews of the reformed faith and Unitarians, Rabbi Hirsch nevertheless finds what he regards as a vital distinction in ethics that keeps them apart. Moses is the true type of Judaism, he thinks; and that great name stands for an active, aggressive righteousness, for a virtue that is capable of scorn and indignation in its hostility to evil. On the other hand, while he reverences Jesus as one who sometimes rises to the height of the Judaic ideal, it appears to him that Unitarians slight this aggressive note in the character of their chosen leader, and follow him mainly because of his doctrines of non-resistance to evil. "Sweetness and light," as he understands it, are the great words of the Unitarian gospel; and sweetness and light are terms that indicate to him a very sad degeneracy of spirit.

This distinction strikes us as being too much in the air,—a kind of theoretical discrimination which does not reckon very accurately with the facts in the case. Any one in the least familiar with Unitarian biography must know that, in active hostility to injustice and wrong and in passionate resistance to their encroachments, the men and women who have most given character to the name were by no means deficient. Again, Shakspeare had good reason to make Shylock say, "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." In other words, there have been enough meek Jews and enough fiery Unitarians to upset this classification entirely, so far as existing types of character are concerned.

If the distinction is to be based on a difference of ideals, it is necessary to remember that any exalted ideal is a very complex thing. A great number of contradictory traits enter into it and help to shape it. More emphasis may be placed on this or that quality, but it must not be assumed that therefore other qualities are put out of sight. Exactly what the Jewish ideal of the perfect human life may be we are not qualified to say, and we shall not quickly grant the right of an outsider to expound the Unitarian ideal. We may say, however, that from our point of view any conception of the higher life which fails to recognize its supreme law in the law of love and any creed which does not add to the idea of God-likeness that of God in man are both deficient as judged by the best spiritual standards we know.

One criticism of Unitarianism made in this address is undoubtedly only too well deserved. It has been at certain periods of its history too exclusively an intellectual movement, and has suffered, as all one-sided culture must suffer, from lack of robust vitality. This is nothing that can be charged upon its ideals or its beliefs, but is what we repeatedly see in human life,—that fineness of perception and feeling are often won at too great sacrifice of strength. We believe, however, that this criticism is now made without full knowledge of the best Unitarian life of the present time, and that it does not apply with so much force as it did some ten or twenty years ago.

The rabbi is known to be a strong friend of the Liberal Congress; and he implies that Unitarians lack courage or are too selfishly intent upon their own missionary work to interest themselves in the plans of the new organization. That charge may go for what it is worth. Every man judges for himself what place in the vineyard holds out to him the largest promise of accomplishing something worth while by means of his labor; and, when one says to another that he must work with him in order to do anything for God and humanity, silence is perhaps as good an answer as can be given.

We must, however, call attention to these closing words from the rabbi's address: "On, then, in this spirit to reclaim the world,—hand in hand with all liberal forces, still not forgetting that these liberal

elements brought us nothing, have nothing to bring. What they possess was ours before they owned it." We do not wish to be captious; but, really, this profession of having everything to contribute and nothing to gain from the rest of mankind seems to us dangerously near that sectarian spirit which the Congress holds so great a sin. Men do not commonly band themselves together unless they feel that they have some need of each other. We doubt if Unitarians are often found claiming that they alone have all that is needed to save and regenerate the world; and, if they are not too eager to flock to the standard of every one who is sure that he has much to teach them, we trust they commonly have grace to seek help at any source whence there is reason to think they may have something to learn.

LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

Sitting here within two hundred feet of the sea, and with the passionately loved music of the surf in one's ears, how can one care what becomes of the civilized world from which he has escaped? But the editorial order reaches far; and, after all, one must return to civilization again some time, and so one must keep on living terms with things as they are. Perhaps, also, during the lazy season a little thinking may be done which will issue in action when the days of activity return.

The writer is one who watched with eager interest the recent meeting of the Societies for Christian Endeavor in Boston, as well as the work of the Young People's Christian Union. With no love for the narrowness which prevented the fusion of these great organizations, one must still remember that this narrowness is natural and logical. The Endeavorers could not unite with the Universalists without sharing the "bigotry," as the old lady expressed it, of hoping that "everybody is going to be saved." And that, of course, would take away the reason for their peculiar methods and aims. It was not this, however, that I was troubled about. This "bigotry" is rapidly spreading, and may be left to take care of itself. As one interested observer, I was chiefly anxious to know the practical results of the great organization.

No engine has yet been devised which does not waste a large part of the force in the working of the machine itself, and yet the machine accomplishes vastly more than could be done without it. So, though much thought, enthusiasm, and labor ended in banners and marching and shouting and singing, still it seems clear that "great good"—from their point of view—must result from such unanimity of interest and purpose. It seems clear, then, that liberals, with their grander interests and nobler purposes, might well seek a closer and more wide-spread organization for the more effective doing of their work. We were the first to organize the young people for practical work within the limits of our local churches, and now we only need to weld our companies into regiments and our regiments into armies. It would be well if some crystallizing word could be spoken or action taken at the meeting of our National Conference in Washington in October.

But there is another phase of liberal organization that is just now of special and pressing importance. It goes without saying that the "evangelical" bodies are more closely organized than we are, for despotism is always more compact than liberty. It is of the essence of liberty that this should be so. And yet a little clear thinking will show that, though people may decline to be committed to a statement of theological belief, there need be no loss of liberty in practical organization on the basis of a common purpose and for the attainment of certain ends. I have never been able to see why the liberals should not have a practical organization as effective as that of the Roman Catholics, and yet leave personal beliefs utterly free. Indeed, the maintenance and perpetuation of liberty demand organization.

Every little while religious liberty, in some part of the country, is not only threatened, but seriously invaded. Some devout Seventh-day Baptist is persecuted for conscientiously refusing to keep a "Sabbath" for which there exists neither Biblical nor ecclesiastical authority. Concerning Bible reading or religious teaching in the public schools the liberals desire, for the sake of the schools, to maintain a position of equal

justice toward all,—Catholic, Protestant, Christian, and Pagan alike; but lack of organization makes them weak in the face of any small but compact body of bigots. Over and over again we have been in danger of some action looking toward the always accursed union of Church and State. History shows that it has always been a calamity; and yet there are those who are always striving to afflict the country again with that which, at so great a cost of treasure and blood, we have fortunately escaped.

When the Liberal Congress met in Chicago two years ago, I was one of those who joined heartily in the movement; for I hoped that here, at last, was the beginning of what I had so long hoped for,—a union, for practical ends, of Universalists, Unitarians, Ethical Culturists, Liberal Jews, Independents, Liberal Orthodox, and others. A national union of all liberal religious bodies might be brought about after a plan analogous to the federal union of the States. Each body might maintain a complete autonomy, and be free and independent in the managing of its own affairs; and yet all together might maintain an organization, offensive and defensive, for the protection of liberty and the achievement of common ends.

As it is a scandal to have two or three orthodox churches antagonizing each other and struggling for existence in a town not large enough for the adequate maintenance of more than one, so it is equally a scandal to have an Independent, a Universalist, and a Unitarian church all trying to live in a place where one could better do the work. Under the guidance of the Congress, a union of all liberal forces in small places ought to be brought about, letting the majority decide as to method and name.

If these two ends—the general one of protecting liberal interests in the whole country and of helping on the practical union of fragments of societies in small towns—could only be reached, the existence of the Liberal Congress would be more than justified. If, however, the Congress is to degenerate into the unneeded position of another sect, a great hope will have been disappointed, the grand union that is really needed will have been postponed, and its final achievement will have been made greatly more difficult. Let me close by earnestly beseeching those having the Congress in their more immediate charge to guard the liberal forces of the country against a great danger, and to appreciate a great opportunity and help on a great success.

M. J. S.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon makes a contribution to the subject of Christian fellowship in a brief paper printed in *Christian Literature* for August. He is not inclined to accept the idea that each Christian organization is the Church of Christ. According to the New Testament conception, he says, the Church is made up of Christian people, not of Christian parties. It is "the communion of saints," not the confederation of sects. As he looks abroad over the great scope of the world and of history, he finds the one Church the commonwealth of believers. "To the service of this, and not of any fraction of it, however pure in doctrine, however Scriptural in form of organization, however imposing by the magnificence of its extension to the service of the whole fellowship of believers in the town in which I serve, I am devoted by the consecration that makes me the minister of Christ":—

The one Church of Christ in the American town does not need to be created. It needs only to be *recognized*, and to be *manifested* to the world. It needs to be *recognized* by its own members and ministers. It does not now offer itself to observation in any corporate form. It has no chief officer, the visible centre of unity, no organized council or presbytery consulting for its united interest, no constitution or laws except the word of its Lord in the New Testament; but, men and brethren, you who believe in the Holy Ghost, do you doubt—can you doubt, so long as they who pass from death to life are known by this that they love the brethren—that in your own city, where you live and labor, the Church of Christ, one and indivisible, is a most solid reality?—the Church, with its cementing power of mutual love, so sadly hindered by ignorances and misconceptions, and by the miserable divisive spirit of sectarian allegiance, with its common zeal for its one Lord now wretchedly squandered in wasteful competitions, with its craving needs and duties, so often forgotten by its

ministers in their exorbitant sense of duty to a narrow parish or congregation? Must you needs *see* this one Church of Christ before you can believe? Have you no sense of paramount loyalty and duty to the whole body of Christ's disciples, but only a little gush of sentiment, when you have given the devotion of your heart and the strength of your manhood to the supreme service of the party of Christians whose fortunes you are pushing with the spirit of a baseball game, as if the "emulations" which Paul condemns as works of the flesh were the very fruits of the Holy Spirit?

This is more fully unfolded by the following practical illustration:—

From year to year, as the midsummer returns, is renewed the annual reproach of the American Church. In city after city, town after town, as the season of discomfort, danger, and sickness comes on, the Christian ministers, with the honorable exception of one great communion, and with certain individual exceptions besides, will as a body simultaneously forsake their charge, and leave the city deserted of its resident pastors. And each man, speaking for himself, will say, and say truly, that he leaves with the consent of his congregation, and that, so far as his congregation is concerned, this is the best time for him to take his needful rest. And no man will consider that each man is member of a college of clergy having charge of the common interests of the Church of the whole town. If once the individual minister should learn to recognize in his own heart that the one Church of the one Lord in his town was a most solemn reality, and that he was not merely the one pastor of his little fold of the flock, but also one of the company of the pastors of the whole flock, this annual scandal would at once begin to be abated.

With this large idea of Christian fellowship the affections of the disciple fail to be satisfied with any one fragment of a church, and goes forth to recognize and love, through all ages, one holy catholic and apostolic Church,—the fellowship of all disciples.

A FEMININE CODE OF HONOR.

At a recent meeting of the Pioneer Club, a suffrage society of London, officered by ladies of title, it was proposed to frame a woman's code of honor. The idea has called forth at least one rather cynical newspaper article, in which the writer animadverts on the absence of *esprit du corps* and moral perception in women of the world. Such a meeting and its avowed object, he argues, show conclusively that up to this time women have not formulated rules by which they tacitly agree to be governed in many delicate junctures.

In fashionable life delinquencies such as cheating at cards, which would ostracize a man and banish him from his club and his set in society, are overlooked in women. It is conceded that these slips on the part of what is still known as the "fair and frail sex" in a certain section of society are to be treated with indulgence. Women are not so sternly held accountable by the mandates of a received code of opinion in their lapses from truth and honesty. They are treated with leniency, like children and undeveloped persons who commit like offences.

The writer perceives among women no unwritten law by which they would refuse to pay the bill of a poor tradesman in order to liquidate a gambling debt with promptness. The tradesman may fail in consequence of non-payment, his children may go barefoot or lack bread, but no dishonor falls on the head of the delinquent debtor; while, if he fails to meet promptly his gaming obligations, he is socially cashiered, and posted as a cheat and renegade. Men, it is more than intimated, conceal the vices of other men and tell lies about their own where the delicate and fragile fame of a woman is involved. This is supposed to be one of the immutable laws of honor. The easy tolerance of men is not always based on high moral sanctions. It is a species of self-protection. The man who condones his associate's vices would be included in the condemnation if the associate's character were known. It is therefore politic to say nothing. The conspiracy of silence pervades society, and to a certain extent it may be essential. Society could scarcely hold together if all were known concerning its members. This easy tolerance may lie at the foundations of stability and help to establish those compromises by which people manage to rub along in mixed and complicated relations.

This is not a high view of the moral order, but it is the world's way. When, therefore, we look into the secret motives of men's charity, we find it is not much higher or nobler than women's uncharity. High-minded women, it is safe to say, would not accept for themselves a code of honor drawn up on the lines of the code practised by the man of the world. Their moral point of view differs, and ought to differ. They bear the obloquy of being hard and unmerciful toward their own sex, but they can now in refutation point with just pride to what women have done for themselves and each other. The writer referred to makes mention of a picture by a Russian artist, where the woman taken in adultery is stoned by women alone. This is a bitter reproach, not altogether undeserved. But the fact that women see morally at a different angle from the man of the world is the salt of the world. Their very uncharity toward moral delinquents of the sex, cruel as it has been in special instances, has arisen from the instinct of self-preservation, the need of safeguarding the family and preserving the marriage tie. The high-minded, thoughtful woman of our day would not screen offenders from the consequences of their acts. She calls for justice, not for the woman alone, but for both the man and the woman. She would abolish that part of the code of dishonor that condemns the woman and screens the man. It is true that this great reformation lies potentially in the hands of women. Until it is accomplished, the condemnation of wrong and cruelty toward her own sex is upon her head. She formulates the laws that govern social intercourse. She approves or rejects members of the so-called best society. Her smile is the passport for the erring man, her frown is the condemnation of the erring woman. No code of honor for women that does not include perfect equality of condemnation of the sexes where the sin and shame are equal can be effective either for her own moral advance or the advance of the race.

Let the delinquent man stand on the same plane as the delinquent woman. Let him share her punishment and be rehabilitated with her through penitence and purification. The wise guides and advocates would not withhold punishment. Nature enforces the penalty for trespass, but punishment which leads to self-recovery is alone consistent with the scheme of nature.

The so-called venial trespasses of women, such as falsehood, cheating in small sums, breach of contract, irresponsibility on the plea of feminine weakness, may be excused in the fashionable woman by those of her own kind, but would meet with no condonation in the wage-earner. The stern laws of business are teaching women morality along with addition and multiplication. Small cheating, lying, and unfaithfulness may be tolerated in circles where men look upon women as inferiors and incapable of a high standard of moral attainment. Such tolerance may be a part of that manly code of honor of which we hear. It remains for women themselves to teach men better and give them nobler social laws. The developed and thoughtful and right-minded woman asks no complaisance toward her moral lapses, however small. The mere suggestion awakes her indignation. High probity, not low tolerance, is the rule of her being.

Did not the moral nature grow at even pace with every other part of the expanding powers of woman, it were of little moment that she be trained in colleges or skilled in the sciences. If she is not to raise the tone and elevate the standards of political life, it were better the ballot were withheld; for her great superiority lies in her moral intuitions and spiritual insight. These are the forces most needed by the world, and what she has to give cannot always lie under a bushel. It is a matter of supply and demand.

The uncharity and hardness of which she is accused spring partly from her cramped and narrow life, the sense of fear, the instability of her position. With education and poise, the power of self-protection and support, an *esprit du corps* is growing up among women of a different sort than the conspiracy of silence practised by so-called men of honor. It is a sense of loyalty to the highest interests of womanhood, a raising of the moral and intellectual plane, not excluding the gentle impulses of the heart,—an indissoluble bond of mutual helpfulness and appreciation.

Musings.

It is of no use: I give up the task. Without proper reflection I assumed a great responsibility. It is wearing upon me. I am not equal to it. It is clear that I must pack up my trunk and go home. Before leaving Boston, I had decided to come to Europe without a trunk, using a dress-coat case and a large bag which had served me before in Europe. But a lady friend very kindly offered me the use of her steamer trunk, and I was gratefully weak enough to accept it. It enclosed a convenient amount of space, and promised to be very useful. If it had been a new trunk, one without a reputation, there would have been little danger in accepting it; but, on the contrary, it was a trunk that had travelled in England and all over Europe. Some of the old labels were still clinging to it, but more decisive than these was the full name of the owner painted on the end. I knew that these labels and that name would give this trunk a certain amount of character, but I had no idea of the amount of character it would mean. When I arrived in England, my eyes soon began to be opened,—not to the weight of the trunk, but to the weight of importance attached to it. When the porters caught sight of it, they recognized it as an old friend. They took it tenderly out of the luggage-van, and then there was a hot competition as to who should receive the lovely owner as she stepped from the carriage. Imagine their grief and disappointment in finding that they had been imposed upon, and that instead of this incarnation of first-class feminine loveliness there was nothing but a prosaic third-class male traveller. When I discovered the state of affairs, I tried to mitigate this disappointment by a lavish distribution of fees; but I could not counterfeit the smile with which they were bestowed. When I got to France, the expectation heightened. Some porter, I suspect, had telegraphed that the trunk was coming. I braced myself up for the new responsibility, and made new drafts upon my banker; but it is all a failure. I should like to be as lovely as the owner of this trunk for a single day, just for the sake of having this unusual experience and exerting its influence upon the hotel and railroad porters of France. But it is of no use. I might climb the Matterhorn, I might scale Mont Blanc; but I could not attain the inaccessible heights of loveliness which the name on that trunk demands. And so in a few days I shall pack it up and go home.

Brevities.

Princess Nazle of Egypt, who is regarded as the most enlightened and progressive of Egyptian women, has interested herself in a project to exhibit work of the women of Egypt at the coming Atlanta Exposition.

Gov. Morrill is carrying on a vigorous fight in Kansas against the liquor-dealers. He is reported as saying that he will make "Kansas dry" if it takes every dollar in the treasury and all the militia to do it. This spirit on the part of officials will do much to enforce the laws.

When the late Rev. Dr. Henry A. Miles was in Europe, he was said to resemble the then reigning Pope Pius Nono; and often in the streets his companions would hear a passer-by exclaim, "Il papa!" Dr. Miles was also said to resemble Victor Hugo with his head covered, but the moment he took off his hat the resemblance ceased.

Dr. Parkhurst, though now taking a vacation in Switzerland, keeps up his interest in the reform going on in New York City. Thus he writes to the secretary of the City Vigilance League a good word for the president of the Police Commission. He says he recognizes the fact that, while men of equal intelligence and conscientiousness may hold different opinions in regard to the excise laws, "no man will question the intelligence or conscientiousness of Mr. Roosevelt."

The Armenian question moves slowly. The latest phase is the proposition from the European powers to appoint Christian assessors to assist the provisional governors; but this, it is said, the Porte will not assent to. Meantime the speech of Mr. Gladstone this week in London has added to the excitement in England. The question, he

said, was not one of party or simply one of religion. We have reached a critical position, "and the honor of the powers is pledged to the institution of reform in Armenia." He made three proposals: first, that the demands of the powers should be moderate; second, that no promises of the Turkish authorities should be accepted; and, third, that the powers should not fear the word "coercion." A resolution was adopted, pledging the powers to a reform.

The American Presbyterian pilgrims, according to the *New York Tribune*, have fallen into the hands of the Philistines in Calvinistic Switzerland: "The singers had gone on in advance with some of the saints, and had escaped tribulation; but sixty-two pilgrims, after visiting more deliberately the shrines of the Reformation in Geneva, set out for a five hours' journey to Interlaken. Their baggage was weighed, and a billet rendered for 2,260 francs. The manager of the party protested against the extortionate charge; but the officials were obstinate, and insisted upon having the money paid to the last sou under threat of leaving the baggage behind. The pilgrims went on their way in a state of indignation, denouncing the railway officials as brigands and highway robbers in language different from what is ordinarily heard from Presbyterian pulpits. When they had been a few hours in Interlaken, the Jura & Simplon Company sent a despatch stating that there had been a slight mistake, and that the charge should have been 223 francs instead of the larger amount. Ninety per cent. of the money was subsequently returned."

Pro and Con.

COLLECTIONS AND APPROPRIATIONS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The appropriations of the American Unitarian Association for the year ending April 30, 1895, in aid of new and old societies, as shown by the last official report, was \$37,056. The number of societies that received pecuniary assistance was ninety-nine. The cost of superintendence and missionary work in the entire home field is reported to have been \$17,550. The two sums given show what it has cost, in money and service, mostly to maintain societies that have had a considerable period in which to become self-supporting, and so justify the managers of the beneficiary fund for having afforded temporary aid. It is a difficult as it is a delicate task for any board, in management of funds contributed for the planting of new and the assistance of enfeebled societies, to decide on prospects and actual results, so that no expenditures will go to waste. There is a time to die, as well for religious organizations as for individuals who succumb to physical exhaustion. The total annual contributions to the American Unitarian Association are absurdly and reproachfully meagre; but, such as they are, the officers who distribute them must find their work extremely embarrassing, as very fine lines need to be drawn in their appropriation. There is no margin for squandering. The demands far exceed the supply. Many appeals must be refused. Strict business principles hold in religious enterprises in which money is a factor. Real necessity, fair expectations, and actual results should be decisive as to when and where to give or to withhold.

A partial analysis of the report referred to furnishes the following data. The total contribution of the Association the last year to societies, including the cost of mission service, was \$54,606. The number of societies receiving the benefit of this expenditure was 99. Some interest naturally centres in the inquiries, How many of these societies made any return gift in response to the urgent call for a liberal annual collection in aid of the Association, and what was the sum of the collection received? It appears that 58 societies, in sums varying from \$5 to \$50, gave tangible evidence of interest in general denominational work. The total amount of their return gifts was \$1,166. 41 societies gave no portion of the gratuity received. So much more was the seed than the harvest.

In view of the foregoing statements, it might not seem gracious or politic to point any sharp moral; yet there are obligations on the part of both the dispensers and recipients of the funds of the Association which are too manifest to be mentioned. The

query may be raised whether an organized religious society discharges reasonable obligations that year after year receives its principal financial support from a denominational fund and makes no return contribution. Limited means may be suggested as the reason; but would it burden its members to refund as much as they expend for a picnic or a summer excursion? We speak of planting and nurturing churches; but, in a plain business view, is it not for results,—for growth, activity, generosity, and devotion, such as will warrant the outlay? Beneficiaries are on probation, and may be expected to justify themselves by their good stewardship.

The judgment and executive ability of the new treasurer of the Association awaken the expectation that the annual collections from all sources will be considerably increased. Through the columns of the *Register* he invites suggestions from those concerned in his undertaking. It may seem early to intrude an individual opinion; but, having in view larger annual contributions to the general objects of the Association, the writer has little doubt that a method almost too simple to be mentioned will accomplish the purpose. It is for a concise official circular to be sent to every minister of the denomination, stating definitely what money is solicited for, the same to be read from the pulpit and re-enforced by the preacher's explanation and exhortation. So far there is little innovation on previous methods. But, instead of passing the contribution-box, which practically means giving on a minute scale of generosity, let every member of every congregation be presented with a printed slip, a promise to pay, on which he or she has only to enter an amount and subscribe a name. Self-respect will at once come to the rescue, and resources for enlarged operations will not be wanting. This method of individual appeal, with a definite personal response, will swell the treasury of the Association beyond any previous record.

A LIFE MEMBER OF THE A. U. A.

FREE CHURCH SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In your issue of August 1 I noticed a criticism by "Layman" of the free pew system. If every one who might be drawn to our liberal churches because of the "broader faith" were amply able to pay, say, \$50 a year for pew rent, then "Layman's" position could be maintained. But every one is not able. There are some within the limits of every parish who are absolutely unable to pay a single dollar. Under the free pew system, provided it is free in spirit as well as letter, these people are not deprived of the helps which our gospel can give. Then, second, under the free pew system, it is not the one who pays the largest amount of money who gets the best pew. The one who applies first, whatever be his social or financial standing, takes his choice of whatever pews remain unoccupied.

Those who have had to deal with the very poor will understand what this means. The ones who need the benefits of our church most are those who cannot pay anything, or, at most, very little, if they be true first of all, as they should be, to the needs of their families.

Hence the great importance of this point. People will not attend nor take any interest in the church unless they have a place to sit,—a place that they can call their own. This being true, we can never get the occupants of the "highways and hedges," if, when they reach the doors, we say, "No money, no place," or "The more money, the higher place."

If the church is to be anything more than "an utter failure to the point of absurdity," then money must not be held as necessary to its privileges. It is true, I admit, we cannot yet have "free preachers or music or insurance or coal-dealers or sextons." Men like "Layman," who are both able and willing, must pay them. When, through the helpfulness of the church, an institution made possible by the generosity of the many "laymen" with whom we are blessed, the material prosperity of the poor has been secured, then they will willingly, gladly, help in doing for others what has been done for them. Experience has proven this to be neither "sentiment" nor "theory."

W.
Brookfield, Mass.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR.

On conscience, as on rock New England's hills,
His life was built. With reason's inward sight,
He saw as though from a cold mountain height,
When the white day pure winter's radiance fills.
Hot with the wrath of justice, against ill
Wrought out of wrong he waged a fearless fight,
And stood unflinching for imperilled right,
Freedom and country,—one who greatly wills.
Sparkling his wit as beads of foaming wine,
But keen to pierce as pointed rapier blade;
Tender in heart, wise, cheerful to the end,
To Concord's soil as native as its vine,
There with most precious dust New England laid
The statesman, jurist, judge, and steadfast friend.
—*Darwin E. Ware, Atlantic Monthly for August.*

THE COLUMBIAN CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

The Church of Rome has evidently decided that the exigencies of the time require her to gratify the craving of her American people in all walks of life for instruction on the burning questions agitating the religious, social, and literary world. This is emphasized in the Catholic Summer School movement inaugurated in 1892, and called by the president of the Eastern branch, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, "the crystallization of the idea of higher education among the masses." The Columbian Catholic Summer School now holding its first session in Madison, Wis., is the Western and, in many respects, the most important branch of this movement. Like the parent effort, it has been organized through the combined energies and deliberations of eminent clergy and laymen of the Church. It has been blessed by high ecclesiastical dignitaries,—indeed, by the Holy Father himself. A university town has been chosen for its home; and, as frankly announced in the circular, it has been resolved to build the church policy in America on as solid a foundation as that of university or college. The impartial observer who has been led by a spirit of inquiry to attend the lectures of the Columbian School at the Fuller Opera House cannot fail to have been surprised at some of the statements he has heard. "Holy Mother Church," the audience has been told, is the "Mother of Progress"; and, conscious of her "supernal mission to guide all knowledge into properly authorized channels," she stands calmly by, in her magnificent dignity, while men blunder through the mazes of so-called modern science, until the time is ripe for the world to receive some new truth careful investigation has brought to light. She then graciously invests that truth with the authority she alone can give.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, in his learned lectures on "Science and Dogma," aroused much interest by the liberality of his views and by his sweeping claims for his Church. She had never been opposed to true science, he said,—only to what was false. Whatever is uncertain she examines, and what proves to conflict with religious truth she rejects. Theistic evolution, he said, admitting the existence of God and development under his providence, was accepted by some of the most learned Fathers of the Church fifteen centuries ago. He did not think of maintaining, however, he continued, that the doctors of the early Church taught evolution in the sense in which it is now understood, for the reason that its formulation in a theory in its present form was impossible before men of science had in their possession the accumulated results of the research of these present times. Having thoroughly examined into it, the Church had fully indorsed the theory of to-day; and, under her wise guidance, the people would find that belief in evolution was not incompatible with belief in her own divine truth.

The impartial visitor to the school, who was brought up under Quaker influence, has found it difficult, in listening to these and other lectures at the Columbian School, to resist the inner voice that bade him inquire why the Church has usually waited for this valuable research to be made by those who do not live beneath the shadow of her wing, and why she delays spreading new truth broadcast until there is danger of this being sought elsewhere by her aspiring children, if she will not vouchsafe it to them.

In the lectures on science, literature, history, ethics, and dogma, alike, it has been made clear how fully the Church realizes that the world moves, and that she must be on the alert if she would not lose her vantage-ground. Various speakers have made

the most remarkable claims; but they have all manifested a desire to prove how broad and liberal the Catholic Church is, and how wide-spread her influence. Prof. Maurice F. Egan of the Notre Dame University, Indiana, in his literary lectures maintained that all that was noble and good in the literature of the Christian era was due to Catholic influence; and he calmly claimed for the Catholic Church even Tennyson and our own Longfellow, because at their best they gave evidence of Catholic beauty. He took pains to have it understood that he meant the Catholic Church whose seat is at Rome.

Another lecturer reminded his audience how that "friend of education, Holy Mother Church," was the founder of vast institutions of learning in the great European centres, and described the tender relations that existed between these early seats of knowledge and the Holy Father at Rome. A touching account was given of how quickly all perplexities were ended in the days when papal authority guided science, because God's viceregent on earth alone had authority to settle mooted questions.

Here the outsider cannot help thinking how much simpler it would have been for his holiness to promulgate the truth before the dispute arose. It is certainly remarkable how gracefully this infallible Church places the stamp of approval on the intellectual achievements of those who are not numbered among her children. It seems almost equal to a confession on her part that, however great may have been the learning of her own children, the subjection under which they have been held has cramped their originality and all those powers that go to make progress.

That the Church believes in teaching her children submission the learned lecturers of the Columbian Catholic Summer School have not attempted to conceal. One eloquent divine declared that the conscience could alone be "secured against coercion, as well as against its own possible errors," by placing it in the hands of the pope. The prime demand in our land, and in all other lands, he said, was obedience to law and established authority; and no law, no authority, should be allowed to conflict with the supremacy of the Church.

It has been plainly stated at the school that all our modern universities are tainted with infidelity. It has also been plainly stated that "Holy Mother Church" threw her mantle with that "gentle firmness she so well knows how to use" over those institutions of learning that during the Renaissance became tainted with infidelity, and drew them back into the fold.

Does she wish to throw her mantle over our American institutions of learning? Apparently so. Will she be able to do this? We think not. Nor is it likely she can ever gain control of our institutions of State. Let us be free from any such fear, and be glad that she is increasing the facilities for higher education in her own institutions of learning. It is a splendid sign of the times that she feels the need of endeavoring to keep pace with the higher education of the day. The Church that can embrace the doctrine of evolution when necessary can accept other decrees of progress when the time is ripe.

The Columbian Catholic Summer School has come to Madison to stay. Its session this year lasts from July 14 to August 4. The attendance is large, and represents citizens of this State and several other States. Bishop Messmer of Green Bay, the genial, scholarly, and enthusiastic president of the school, has engaged the Fuller Opera House for a six weeks' session next summer. It is said that before long grounds will be purchased for a permanent location.

FROM LONDON.

The political situation is purely partisan. It is good for nothing, bad for much, flat, timid, and colorless. The main endeavor is not to find a right way for all people living upon these little islands, but how to secure for our party the majority vote. The right way is quite evident, but how to try all the others first is the game. So the constant political seesaw. Somebody said, "Political reform does no more than knock a few rascals down, that another set of scamps may step up." But such a saying is not polite. No gentleman would think of saying it,—any more than he would of declaring the most pious a "generation of vipers." The followers of Jesus must be

more discreet than their Lord, and instead of the single eye must see how too close an adherence to the Golden Rule is likely to affect ballots. Englishmen in large numbers cared more for their Grand Old Man than for Home Rule for Ireland; and, now that he is party inspirer and leader no more, Home Rule is laid upon the shelf. It cannot win English suffrages or be a rallying cry. The recent action of the Irish themselves in regard to a statue for Cromwell has decidedly injured the prospects of a free hand for Ireland. It is quite clear that the Irishman is not a politician. This may be to his praise. He speaks as he is moved, and not always cautiously or advisedly. To himself his speech is pure because passionate. This Oliver was a somewhat savage surgeon over there in Ireland, certainly. But, then, he was a man with the manners of his century. For that the Irishman cannot forgive him. He had the additional misfortune of being English. No favor can be shown him! The thoroughbred Irishman forgets the result upon himself of this temper. He forgets, or does not care, that with what measure he metes it will be measured to him again. Home Rule has received a blow from its chief representatives. And now the Liberal government has gone. The Tory is at the helm. Before this reaches you we shall know by what majority the country approves of his crew. Most likely Liberalism, in its official capacity, is about to have an enforced rest,—a rest sure to be full of restlessness. The Grand Old Man's voice is still heard in the land, urging his old request for Ireland; and there are those who heed him. But the recognized new man of the party rallies around another cry,—"Down with the Lords!" The prospects for both old man and new are remote.

The death of Mr. Huxley leaves a great void. So much bravery, fidelity to the spirit of truth, so much virility and single-mindedness of purpose, are not common in any time or nation. His work will live, but all England will miss him. Yet how little has been said of him! With the pious world he was not popular, and ecclesiastics do not praise him. Even the English press takes off its hat chiefly to the men of the traditions. Are they not its patrons? A much less notable man might have received from it more appreciation and more outward praise,—not that these have been lacking, save when we compare the volume and the style in which much inferior men are written up. A friend who attended Huxley's funeral was surprised at the fewness of those who attended, and distressed at the perfunctoriness of the whole service. But, then, our friend did not realize that a funeral is a very unimportant thing in England,—that it seldom is an expression of the same feelings it calls forth in America. An Englishman gets himself into his quiet place as simply and unobservedly as he may. Nothing of a display is consonant with his *post-mortem* desire. He would rather not die than have a showy and demonstrative American funeral. It is a mere matter of taste, and the perfunctoriness of the service is a safeguard against a flood of gushing appreciation and sentimentality. Englishmen often ask us Americans, "What becomes of all the sinners in America?" Judging from American obituaries, they conclude that only the good die over there. So cold, perfunctory, and matter of every day was the service at Huxley's funeral that my friend thought it read by the clerk of the cemetery, who perhaps runs through it officially a dozen times a day. But the next morning I noticed that the reader was no less distinguished a clergyman than Lewell Davies. Huxley was no enemy to religion, but to religious lies insisted upon as foundations of faith.

The Cornell crew did not cover themselves with glory, to say the least, in the eyes of Englishmen at Henley the other day. They seem to have succeeded in turning what may have been their misfortune into their fault. They heard the word "Go!" and they went. Though none followed, they continued to go, and of course came to the goal. There was no contest, no victory. The opportunity was offered them for a fair trial of speed with the crew of the "Leander"; but their wind was probably spent, and they declined. Whether the crew of the "Leander" blundered or bungled, or was deaf or panic-stricken in presence of so much American briskness and dash, is not very clear. The only thing clear is that it did not start. For the repute of Cornell

it is greatly to be regretted that, seeing this, they did not go back, and insist upon a fair start and a real contest. When they were beaten out and out the next day, great was the rejoicing over their worsting. Not to win anyhow, but to win honorably in a real contest, Englishmen will, and rightly, insist upon.

At this point my letter switches off from London to the English lakes. Last Sunday, July 14, I preached in the well-endowed Unitarian house of worship in Kendal. One must record that the house is very good, that the one singer of the morning service was very good, but that the number of worshippers was such as one would not care to see in print. Tell it not in Gath! True, the shepherd of these Kendal sheep is off upon his holiday; and the story goes that there the question was put, "If our minister has a holiday, why shouldn't we have one, too?" This question is more significant than at first it seems. The nominal Unitarians do not, as a rule, enjoy worship. They do not lean upon it, do not feel its worth to themselves, do not cultivate or care for it. It is a proper thing, of course, and has to be kept up to still the orthodox and the avenger. But it is something of a burden and a bore. We want a holiday from the house of worship, and have the habit of taking one upon the slightest pretext. It is humiliating to reflect upon the fewness of the worshippers in our London places of worship, with just two or three exceptions. What will the end of this state of things be? Probably no branch of the Christian vine is more likely to be "withered," or is in such sore need of severe pruning, of spiritual revival, discipline, and reform, as this which calls itself Unitarian. The right side of critical and theological argument is something satisfactory, and so is the financial spurt that puts an extra sum at the disposal of our central associations. But the church that builds chiefly upon these may puff up; it cannot edify. It neither serves nor saves; and the sooner we all become aware of this, the better for us, our offspring, and the communities wherein we ought to be eminent, not for the least possible amount of spiritual life, but for a larger, fuller, more joyous abandon to it. Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? We can be redeemed from our present estate,—the curse of the law" of our own denominational conventions, narrownesses, and conceits.

But let me escape from this pestilent heresy to the charm of Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere, and all these lovely hills. Let me jot down a few lines about the Home Colony at Browhead and Starnthwaite Mill, concerning which I wrote last year from this same region. The idea of the Home Colonization Society is to put men who will work, but who, for some cause, are out of the usual grooves of labor, upon land that needs working, and to doing things that need to be done,—sawing logs, grinding grain, raising stock, etc. It believes that such men can earn their own livelihood, and not lean upon either private or public charity. Thus far, despite lack of money and the initial cost of every start, the experiment seems to me a most gratifying and promising success. Both upon the farm and at the mill all goes well. At the farm the men seem happy, industrious, and interested in what they have to do. In a tramp of some miles with three of them I elicited ample evidence of their belief that this, for them, was the happiest providence of life. They were full of hope, good cheer, and self-respect. At the mill I found ten men, ages ranging from nineteen to sixty, perhaps. One of them interested me beyond all telling. I have known many literary and even moral admirers of Tolstoi. Never before had I met with an ardent and consistent disciple, a spiritual child of Tolstoi. Here he was,—an educated, gentlemanly fellow, of some thirty years or a little more, belonging to a family of some wealth, and once a captain in the army; a quiet, thoughtful, pleasant, but firm countenance. You feel that here is a man not likely to trifle with himself, and one who has himself perfectly in hand. He has renounced the world, not in bitterness, but in the sweet and strong conviction that renunciation alone is right. He has entirely given up his claim to his share in the family inheritance. He believes "Blessed are the poor," and that we are not to creep out of that beatitude by adding "in spirit." He believes that one ought to

work with his own hands for whatever he has. He thinks of the whole social organism as Tolstoi thinks. And he is consistent with what he thinks and believes. He is not communicative, has no vestige of spiritual vanity in word or action. I left him with a reverence such as the true man, once called saint, compels. If there are many of that make in these times, there are glad tidings for our old earth and its peoples yet. The Home Colony, under such spirits to tone and guide it, would, it seems to me, become an eminent centre of light and leading; a refuge for many an earnest spirit reacting from the unsatisfactoriness and cruelty of the Mammon-driven world. It would also say to honest but outwitted and disheartened men as the Master is reported to have said, "Come unto me." Here for your labor ye shall have bread, for your treatment you shall have whatever true brotherliness can do or give. In that "ye shall find rest for your souls." As I sat at the Colony's common table, where all partook of the same food and where all were baptized into the human spirit, I realized that it was a communion service more touching far, and more genuinely Christian, than the ceremonial one of the churches. Here was no posturing and fleeting sentimentality. Consciously or not, this meal was in memory of our common Master; and he was very present in that midst. My anxiety for the Home Colonization Society is almost entirely the financial one. If only its founder were as faithful to the art of begging as Gen. Booth, he would accomplish more for the true spiritual riches. So good an undertaking ought not to be allowed to suffer for lack of unrighteous Mammon in a land of such enormous wealth. S. F.

TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM H. LYON.

The Liberal party in England, the party of Gladstone, is undergoing a very severe disaster. Every day brings tidings of fresh defeats in the new elections. Sir William Harcourt himself, the Liberal leader in the last House of Commons, though representing Derby, one of the chief strongholds of the party, has been unseated; and three others of the late cabinet have met the same fate. Of the 58 members from London, only 8 will be Liberal; and even Manchester, so often the leader in reforms, is no longer faithful to her old love. When I write, the party which had a majority, though a small and uncertain one, in the late Parliament, has only 101 (even including Parnellites) out of 371.

Several hopeful causes suffer with the defeat of the party which was their champion. Home Rule for Ireland has received a serious, perhaps a fatal blow. The disestablishment of the Welsh Church must at least wait. Armenia is discouraged, knowing the coolness of Lord Salisbury toward her; and already the sultan has stiffened his back against the intervening Powers. The House of Lords is freed from fear of a hostile majority in the popular body, which had threatened to take away its very life. But most decisive of all is the blow at the "Local Veto Bill." This provides for what we should call "local option" as to the means of dealing with the liquor traffic. It proposes to enact no general law, but only to give each town or city the power to take what attitude it chooses toward the public-house, license, prohibition, or inaction. It was brought forward by Sir William Harcourt himself, and adopted as a party issue, not only by the temperance organizations, but by the Liberals as a whole. Unfortunately, little or no discussion was possible before the ministry felt obliged to resign; and the Conservatives have persuaded the populace that it means practical prohibition everywhere, depriving the publican of his business without compensation and the workingman of his beer and gin. There is little doubt that on this point, mainly, the Liberal party was wrecked.

Many interests were roused against the bill. First, there is the great power of the brewers and distillers. The business of the latter is decreasing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his last budget, or financial scheme for the ensuing year, stated that the use of brandy had declined 31 per cent. in fifteen years, though the population had increased 13 per cent.; and that the tax on rum had been for the last year unexpectedly

small, though, "owing to the extraordinary severity of the weather in February, the receipts (*for taxes only*) rose suddenly to an excess of \$500,000. But," added the Chancellor, "whatever other interests and manufactures may be suffering from depression, the brewing trade is not among the number." On the contrary, the tax of sixpence a barrel upon beer had brought into the national treasury \$2,825,000 more than on the previous year. This is a business worth defending against the possibilities of local option; and great has been the activity of the brewer and of his agent, the publican. The Conservative journals are not proud of these allies, however, and barely mention them in their comments upon the victory. But the Derby correspondent of the *Standard*, the organ of the Conservative party, thus frankly explains how that Liberal stronghold was carried: "Local veto was the main issue. Neither Home Rule nor the House of Lords was heard much of in the contest. There are about five hundred licensed victuallers and beerhouse-keepers in the town, and the whole of their influence was thrown upon the side of the Conservative candidate."

The second interest arrayed against the bill is the agricultural,—the farmer that raises the barley, that makes the malt, that makes the beer, that flows in the house where Jack drinks. The agricultural regions have suffered too much already to give up any more business without a struggle.

Then, of course, there is the class that drinks the beer and means to keep on drinking it. This includes the majority of Englishmen, and a very thirsty majority it is. It includes multitudes of women also, and not a few children. As I went down Hampstead Street (and Hampstead is one of the best of the London suburbs), I caught a glimpse, through the swinging bar-room door, of a striking domestic picture,—the father holding a little girl by one hand and offering with the other a glass of ale to his wife, who held in her arm a nursing baby. I was on my way to a drug-store to get some alcohol to heat milk for my baby, but I found that I could not have it without the prescription of a known physician.

The right of an Englishman to his beer is as inalienable as any right claimed in our Declaration of Independence. It is food and drink to him. Far back in mediæval history Prof. Ashley has lately showed us the peasant farmer with his bread and beer equally dear to him. In the chapter of old St. Paul's Cathedral one of the canons was distinctly charged with the duty of brewing the ale for his brethren, and all the old houses had great set kettles in which the clothes were boiled and the family ale prepared,—not at the same time, however; for that would have hurt the ale. All through the cities and towns the best-lighted and most attractive places along the streets are the public houses, where ale flows in a perpetual stream, except perhaps on Sunday forenoons. The very paupers in the work-houses are supplied with \$250,000 worth of beer every year. The average annual expenditure for drink in the kingdom is about \$625,000,000, of which \$150,000,000 goes to the government in duties. Evidently, then, a great army of drinkers re-enforce the brewers; and the Veto Bill touched also the tax-payer in a tender spot.

Mr. Chamberlain appealed to all three of these interests in his speech at Stratford-on-Avon last evening. "That measure," he said of the Local Veto Bill, "would affect one of the industries on the success of which agriculture largely depended; for, undoubtedly, whatever else the public house might be, it was, indirectly, one of the very best customers of the farmer. To close the public houses would be an injustice, in the first place, to the publicans, who would be deprived of their livelihood through no fault of their own. It would be a gross injustice to the workingmen of the parish, to whom a moderate indulgence in drink was a pleasure, a comfort, and might be a necessity, but who would be deprived because there was in the community a small minority that could not take care of itself. . . . Let them treat him [the drunkard], undoubtedly, with penal discipline; but, for Heaven's sake, let them not interfere with the vast majority of decent, honest, sober, respectable working people, who had just as much right to a glass of beer when they wanted it in a public house as he had to a glass of wine when he wanted it out of his own cellar." [Cheers and "Hear, hear!"]

This speech of Mr. Chamberlain repre-

sents, probably, the thoughts of a majority of the English people, and has a great deal of truth in it,—especially in the closing sentence. The English people are a far more temperate nation to-day than ever before, though they drink more beer. I was on Hampstead Heath Whit-Monday, a "bank holiday," when a crowd estimated to number from fifty to seventy thousand of the lower classes were having their outing; and I saw not a single person drunk. On a previous holiday there I was told not a single arrest had been made. I sat with the members of one of the great city guilds at their magnificent monthly dinner (the guild spends annually \$35,000 on its dinners,—mainly upon wines), and saw no man conspicuously the worse for what he drank. At both ends of the social scale, and all the way up or down, there has been a great widening of the gulf between drinking and drunken.

Yet it is manifestly unfair in the Conservative orators to represent the Local Veto Bill as an attempt to deprive the workingman of his beer, and thus to interfere with his liberty. It restores him his liberty. It releases the country town or village from the tyranny of the cities, and gives it the power to deal with the traffic according as its own needs require, and not according to the different conditions of city life. Total prohibition may find little favor, but the different modes of license, including the Gothenburg system, which in essence is advocated by the Bishop of Chester and others of earnest purpose, admit of a wide choice, according to the wishes or the necessities of each parish or county. It is a sad sight to see a great party, with all its plans of reform, washed out of office by this flood of beer, and sadder still to see, as the *Daily News* has well put it, "parson and publican" walking arm in arm to the polls, the defender of the Church and the defender of unlimited beer, the champions of the spirit and of spirits, passing the loving-cup at the feast of triumph. Truly, "politics makes strange bedfellows." But every good cause which is defeated to-day may say with Crispi, "My name is to-morrow."

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

To the Directors of the American Unitarian Association:—

Of the four hundred and fifty-four churches which constitute the Unitarian denomination in America, two hundred and sixty are in New England. This fact makes applicable to me in an especial manner your counsel, frequently given the past two years, first to strengthen the churches already in existence. And it is with pleasure I report that efforts in this direction have met with good success. Most of the churches are in excellent condition, their members in increasing numbers meeting together for worship, and everywhere organizing more efficiently for practical work and missionary enterprise. Indeed, there is now in all New England but one society having a meeting-house which has not held religious services this past year. The ancient church in Sudbury has this unenviable distinction. We have reason for thinking, however, that the quiescence of the society covers, but hardly conceals, a growing determination and effort to open the meeting-house for services the year round.

There are in the Year Book the names of several societies which are annually set down as without pastors. Some of these are mere preaching stations of the past, with no society or meeting-house or present hope of actuality. Hanover, N.H., and Middlebury, Vt., are types. A few others have a house of worship and the remnant of a society. The extent of their activity is to hold services throughout the summer. One society of this class has fallen upon evil days, and is likely to be ended summarily. Many of the pew-holders of the meeting-house occupied by the First Unitarian Society of Newport, N.H., successfully petitioned for the sale of the building. Over \$6,000 was realized. Your superintendent is striving to get this amount converted into a fund for the erection in Newport of a church for liberal Christian worship, if within a reasonable time there shall be a demand for it. Much hope of such demand is cherished, as the town is growing; but difficulty is experienced in inducing some pew-holders to relinquish their share of the spoils.

The society in Farmington, Me., a year ago was hardly more than a name: to-day it is one of the most active and promising

societies in the State. Encouragement to open the doors of the church once more was given in the increase of liberal sentiment in the town, and in the children of the older Unitarians coming to years of responsibility and to a desire for their own faith. Rev. W. H. Ramsay followed the superintendent to keep up the interest till a minister could be found who would settle in Farmington and carry on the work successfully. But Mr. Ramsay so took the hearts of the people that they would consider no other person for pastor; and, in response to their appeal, the Association joined with them to secure him for a period of at least two years. The wisdom of placing such a man as Mr. Ramsay in an outpost like Farmington is shown in increasing interest in religion in that and neighboring communities. Already Mr. Ramsay has held services in a union church near by, and "let in more light than they have witnessed for many years."

Similar work is being done by Rev. J. A. Bevington in Barnstable and in other towns and villages on "the Cape." He has fairly doubled the strength of his own church, holds regular services in Barnstable jail, and has established a new preaching station in Wareham. What better use of its means can the Association make than to aid in keeping such able and earnest men as these in the old and decreasing rural communities of New England? The better traditions of the towns are thus preserved; and the disintegrating elements, so much dreaded in our day, are resisted.

Rochester, N.H., seemed at one time to present no other claim to your consideration than its need of rational religion. There were many in the town who would attend none of the evangelical churches, but there was no encouraging nucleus of loyal Unitarians. Indeed, after several years of missionary effort, the total strength exhibited twelve months ago was about twelve families and an income of \$200. All that the minister received came from the Association. During the year, however, a neat church has been built and the twelve families have increased to seventy. Rev. W. H. Walbridge is greeted at both services by congregations numbering over one hundred, and the prospect is that the church will continue to prosper and soon become independent.

Although, on account of the financial depression, you were constrained not to encourage new movements, several have sprung up almost of their own accord. The Unitarians and Universalists of Melrose Highlands united in a Liberal Christian Union, and sought the advice of your superintendent. He commended to them the services of Mr. James H. Haworth of the Meadville Theological School, whose able teaching and tact have led the society on to a condition which promises much for the ensuing year. At Newton Highlands a little society, started by Rev. C. A. Allen, has been carried forward by students from the Cambridge Divinity School. Rev. L. D. Cochrane of Ellsworth, Me., has continued services at Bar Harbor during the winter with such success that the society is eager to settle and support a minister of its own. But it is in Willimantic, Conn., that the strongest movement for the establishment of a Unitarian church has manifested itself. A few months ago Rev. S. R. Free, a former pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational church in that city, was summoned to it from Chattanooga to attend a funeral service. Before he went away, he preached in the opera house; and the people came in such numbers to hear him, and so much interest was shown in liberal religion that the superintendent immediately encouraged preaching every Sunday. With the assistance of Rev. Alfred Free, services were held regularly in the opera house; and the request was made to the Southern superintendent to release Rev. S. R. Free for work in the new field. Mr. Free has already arrived in Willimantic, and has been welcomed by large numbers of his former townsmen. In spite of the depressing effect of two bank failures, the movement is growing; and steps are being taken to secure a house of worship.

The addition of New Brunswick to the department of New England, just at the time when the church in St. John was passing through the perplexities connected with the building of its edifice, increased in no slight degree the responsibility and expense for this field. But the worst has been experienced; and it now seems clear that, when a successor to Dr. MacDougall

is secured, a strong society will be gathered in the new building.

It is a curious comment upon the present state of religion that the only church we have lost in these recent years in New England should be lost through the triumph of our principles and spirit. The Unitarian society in Brunswick, Me., has closed its doors for an indefinite time, persuaded that it has no special mission in comparison with the work done by the Trinitarian Congregational church "on the hill." In that church the preaching is as rational and sweet as it was in our own. Unitarians are satisfied with it; and now, although our own beautiful little church is closed, our ideas continue to be promulgated, and with no expense to the Association.

Of the forty-four churches in New England aided by the Association last year, fifteen are old churches and twenty-nine are new. The policy of gradually reducing the amounts appropriated is pursued, and the expectation is that five new and two old churches will be brought the coming year to a state of independence.

The Boston Benevolent Fraternity of Churches under its extended charter is enabled to take charge of churches heretofore cared for by the Association, and to develop missionary fields heretofore considered by your superintendent. The church in Chelsea in its need applied to the Fraternity successfully for aid; and in behalf of the Fraternity its president, Rev. E. A. Horton, has assumed responsibility for church extension in Brookline. It is understood to be the aim of the Fraternity to have supervision of all the churches and territory included in the Suffolk Conference. This is an important extension of the scope of its activities, and calls for such action on the part of the Fraternity and the Association as shall secure, in season to prevent overlapping of energies, a plain delimitation of the missionary fields of each. It may not be out of place to state here that Christ Church in Longwood, Brookline, independent both of the Association and Fraternity, is growing in strength under the devoted and patient ministry of Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D. Lately a number of helpful families have connected themselves with the church, and the prospects for the coming year are more hopeful than at any time since the church was opened for services.

A word or two remains to be said regarding the supply of vacant pulpits, a work carried on by the superintendent and the "Committee on Vacant Pastorates and Ministerial Settlement," appointed by the Ministerial Union and the Ministers' League for Practical Work. All the churches in New England make use of this instrumentality for securing a new pastor, but some of the ministers can hardly restrain their individuality enough to come into line with the great majority of their brother ministers. They are impelled to commend themselves or friends to church committees. As the church committees almost invariably refer all letters back to the superintendent, it does not seem as though, for the good of all, it would be hard to surrender the glorious privilege of acting independently. In spite of the friction incident to the establishment of new methods, the bureau has served churches and ministers well. It has brought order out of the chaos of candidating, and prevented unworthy persons forcing themselves into our ministry through the doors of the churches. Since it began operations, it has aided in the settlement of over eighty ministers, with an average of something under seven persons heard in a pulpit. The wearisome procession of candidates, many of them unsuited to the churches through which they were passing, is being shortened to the few men fit for the place.

CHRISTIAN AND RELIGIOUS UNITY.

"BROTHERHOOD DAY" AT THE WEIRS.

BY A. JUDSON RICH.

This was a red-letter day in the history of the Grove Meeting enterprise, the annual Unitarian Mecca. For two hours and a half the pentecostal season lasted. Just such a meeting of all sects and denominations had never been in grove or temple on this planet, save once at the late World's Fair; and yet the only feeling was why could this not have taken place earlier and oftener. The presence of a Catholic priest, armed with authority from his vicar-general to stand before assembled clerical represen-

tatives of Protestant churches and offer his contribution, made the occasion a marked event in New England ecclesiastical matters. The spirit of love and fraternity ruled all hearts, and the tide of feeling and fellowship swelled and throbbed with tender and prophetic glow. These sects and churches were present by able representatives,—Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, Congregationalist, Shaker, Unitarian, Methodist, Free Baptist; and each spoke on the one subject of "Unity" and the things which unite, while each yielded not the special name or creed, but clasped hands and blended hearts to help fulfil the prayer of the "Man of men," that they all might be one.

Who were the speakers, and what was the subject? The subject was "Christian and Religious Unity." The speakers were Rev. E. Isidor Lindh (Baptist), Rev. Peter A. McKenna, D.D. (Catholic), Rev. William J. Batt (Orthodox Congregationalist), Rev. A. P. Putnam, D.D. (Unitarian), Sister Wilson (Shakeress), Rev. D. E. Little (Methodist), Rev. Lewis Malvern (Free Baptist),—the two latter conducting the devotional services,—and Rev. A. J. Rich (Unitarian), who had arranged the programme, and who presided at the meeting, making the opening address.

First, hymn, Scripture, and prayer, all in the spirit of the occasion, and preparing the minds of the eager audience to hear the earnest and prophetic words of faith, hope, and love break from lips unaccustomed to the mingling of so many hearts and tongues in a common chorus, as in Peter's pentecostal day. Mr. Lindh led off with a fine paper on "Interdenominationalism and its Benefits." He has just left his Baptist pastorate in West Acton, Mass., and taken up his residence in Cambridge, where he is to pursue his studies in the Semitic languages and in Assyriology and Egyptology, with a view to a professorship in the university. His paper was a scholarly production, and a broad treatment of a subject which seemed to fill his heart. It lifted all lines among the sects, and welcomed all religions, churches, and creeds to united work and friendly co-operation in the work of Christian endeavor. While not believing that the time for church unity had come as yet, but might and should some day, he would have all band themselves together in bringing in the kingdom of God. The paper had been prepared for and read at the late Ayer Conference, before the United Religious Association, which made it the true word for the Brotherhood Weirs meeting. He spoke of the effect of the first Ayer meeting in January, and how it touched him, even to tears, after returning to his home.

Then was introduced Father McKenna, pastor at Marlboro, Mass., for a quarter of a century. He had been invited to speak at the Ayer meeting by the president of this meeting; and he yielded, after long correspondence and consulting the vicar-general of his Church. He also came to this meeting, and was the particular star of the occasion. A large man, of impressive presence and of manifest intellectual power and religious instinct, before uttering a word he was met with applause, and listened to with unmeasured delight by an audience composed of United States senators, Congressmen, governors, and other high officials, and choice people from all over New England. He spoke without a written word; and for just thirty minutes, the time assigned him, he held his hearers by a spell which made every one enthusiastic at the speaker's outbursts of eloquence, wit, wisdom, and sound Americanism. And, when he sat down, a storm of applause followed; for every sentence was packed with truth and adorned with the beauty of a fine and finished rhetoric, which showed him to be a most delightful and persuasive orator.

Among other things Rev. Father McKenna said: "It is the age of reform. Why not have religious reform in the sense in which the United Religious Association propose to have it,—reform in methods of work? Now we are seeking for social reform on Christian lines. Hence the need of union. What are the Christian lines of social reform? They can be stated in three propositions: first, all men are created equal; second, social inequality, nevertheless, is sure to arise from the very nature of things; third, Christian charity, love of fellow-men, must then display its power in manifold ways to bridge the gulf which social inequality creates.

"I am convinced that the United Religious Association has a great work before it, and work that is needed. This union already at Ayer, through the attitude of the able, learned, thoughtful men of the clergy there assembled, gave a glimpse of the possibilities for good which it holds within itself, and that 'its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.' The Christian Church of New England has a message to deliver to the people, and it has not yet for various causes been able to deliver it with all the pentecostal power which it possesses. The outlines of the grand work have unfortunately been lost sight of in the miserable, petty details and unfortunate misunderstandings begotten of doctrinal division, and consequent loss of power. Division always means weakness. When the American people won independence and liberty, they wished to win it for all mankind; and all mankind owes a debt to the American republic. Therefore, all should hasten to repay the debt and return the gift, whatever be the form of one's religious belief. New England is not as profoundly religious as it was fifty years ago. We wish to come to her rescue by our United Religious Association. The real American heart is of a strong religious nature, and recoils with horror from unbelief. Every man who is a man holds certain truths to be incontestable, believes in some higher and better state than the present. He hopes to enjoy that state. This is not the day of political problems. The American people have solved this problem of the day. The era of social questions demands a solution. The evident want of interest among thousands concerning the eternal problems of human life and religious destiny shows but too plainly the need of the united religious efforts of men standing on some common platform, and, in their eagerness to save the masses of men, willing to forget doctrinal difference. American citizenship, in its highest, finest, noblest sense, is the need of the hour. The development of political corruption in our cities proves the statement.

"Principles are needed, grounded on Christian belief, to rightly solve the social, legislative, political problems that are constantly confronting the citizens for solution. Otherwise, government, like the Founder of the Christian religion, is in constant danger of being sacrificed on the altar of expediency. May the United Association ring out with a clarion call for this new crusade!"

Even more pronounced and emphatic was the speaker on the subject of the American school system, the palladium of the American government, and the fortress no right-minded citizen could have the heart or the unwisdom to storm or assail. He declared that he never antagonized the public schools in all his quarter-century of pastoral work in the heart of Massachusetts. Such utterances by a Catholic priest of influence, authorized to speak by highest church authority, are significant in these times of attempts at sectarian strife by even a few who mean to be patriotic, even though through contention, but whose over-zeal, untempered by knowledge and soberness, have made a patient public suspect that they are—perhaps unconsciously—un-American. Christian unity, religious unity, mean brotherhood, unity in all possible relations of life. If we cannot yet have church unity,—Catholic, Anglican, and Greek Church brought back into one fold,—we can have the next best thing,—these three branches co-operating for righteousness, working for human welfare and the highest good of man.

Rev. Mr. Batt, the efficient and great-hearted chaplain of the Concord (Mass.) Reformatory for the past ten years, followed the silver-tongued Catholic, in a long and excellent address, depicting the two Ayer gatherings and organization, the United Religious Association, and telling the story of the evangelical minister (presumably himself) calling upon a Catholic priest, and in a friendly way talking over the pros and cons touching a closer affiliation between them, as the resident clergy of the town, in all fellowship and work, and in every interest affecting society and the well-being of the people, the result of which was that ever afterward hand in hand they wrought and heart to heart they toiled and lived in the community,—a high example, surely, for other clergymen to follow. He commended the energy of that society which, while honestly contending for Amer-

ican protection, sometimes fell into the mistake of antagonizing the religion of a certain class, and thought that all whose aim is to walk and work in love together with all denominations and sects should be equally in earnest and devoted. He pleaded for the united action of all denominations to do more to create and encourage good citizenship, and to inspire men with manliness, breadth, and the spirit of co-operation with all good people and good organizations and institutions. He also sets an example of how this can be done, and does not hesitate, where he knows his man, to exchange with so-called liberals, or to co-operate with good people in any work or aim for the elevation of humanity or the good of the community or the happiness of the people.

The Shakeress followed the Congregationalist. Sister Wilson, who represented this sect, gave a most beautiful address, full of spiritual fervor, clear in thought, earnest in manner, and thoroughly consecrated to her religion, which includes the graces of patience, self-sacrifice, the subduing of the senses, and purity of life. Her face, looking out of her plain straw bonnet, trimmed with black lace, had the glow and sparkle of a soul behind it illuminated by the Spirit, and chastened with hard ways of material life. She was in perfect harmony with the spirit of the meeting, and wished her sect to be considered members of the United Religious Association.

Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam of Concord, Mass., made the closing address, which burned and glowed with the pure flame of religious thought and spiritual illumination, which in turn kindled all our hearts, and seemed to fill the room with the aroma of goodness and our eyes with the moisture of a tenderness most touching; and we were lifted in our feelings, and all hearts seemed to flow into each other, and the pentecostal hour had come, rich with the dew of Hermon and glad with the experience and satisfaction of a faith that made the prayer of Jesus, "that all may be one," just a little nearer fulfilment.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

Here is an opportunity, such as may not occur again for thirty years, for us to introduce our Church to the Southern people and their receptive guests. The directors of the Exposition have shown their respect for our church by allotting to it a very eligible space in their Building of Liberal Arts for the purpose of displaying its publications, its apparatus for religious education, and its historic and present position as illustrated by pictures of its churches and their ministers. All this is offered us free of charge, and we owe to such generosity a worthy and attractive addition to the great Exposition. That it will be great and successful nobody who knows Atlanta and the scale on which she has laid out this International Exhibit can doubt.

At its last session in Baltimore the Southern Conference appointed a committee to secure a proper presentation of our Church at this fair. Rev. Messrs. George L. Chaney, J. M. Seaton, R. R. Shippen, George A. Thayer, and C. J. K. Jones are that committee. The Church of Our Father in Atlanta will render all the aid in its power. It has appointed a committee to co-operate with the Conference Committee. Mr. H. M. Currier, 39 Woodward Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., will superintend the erection of the stand and the reception of the contributions sent to the Exhibit. Exposition labels and tags may be obtained from him by those wishing to take advantage of the half-rates offered by the Southern railroad and the express companies. Everything should be sent on or before September 1, as the Exposition opens September 18. The American Unitarian Association, the Sunday School Societies, the theological schools, the National Conference, the Women's Alliance, the Western Conference, are all expected to take active part in this enterprise. Our English brethren have also been invited to send their publications, and the publishers who have printed the books of our leading writers will send select copies.

It is the purpose of the committee to exhibit not only works technically religious,—such as sermons, commentaries, and manuals of devotion and education,—but books of history, philanthropy, poetry, education, fiction, and art, written by Unitarian

rian writers. These books will be placed on shelves surmounted by busts of leading Unitarian thinkers and speakers. Pictures of historic churches and ministers will adorn the walls. On tables and counters will be spread the manuals and other aids of religious education, also the photographs of all the living Unitarian ministers who will send them to Mrs. George L. Chaney, Leominster, Mass., on or before August 20. Miss Florence Everett, chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee, is expected to have charge of the exhibit. She will be assisted by members of the Atlanta church.

All persons willing to help in this important enterprise are requested to send word to Rev. George L. Chaney, Leominster, Mass., in August, or Box 643, Atlanta, Ga., in September, what they can do.

Busts of the following-named persons are desired: W. E. Channing, H. W. Bellows, Dr. James Walker, Horace Mann, H. W. Longfellow, and other leading men of our Church.

Pictures of Dr. Freeman, Priestley, J. F. Clarke, Hedge, Martineau, Dewey, Noyes, Parker, Norton, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant, Hawthorne, Prescott, Edward Everett, the Adamses, Parkman, Palfrey, Bancroft, Starr King, Furness, the Wares, E. S. Gannett, George William Curtis, S. J. May, W. G. Eliot, the Alcotts, Dorothea Dix, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Peabody, and others are especially desired. To prevent duplication, word should be sent to Mr. Chaney before articles are sent in. Everything loaned will be carefully guarded and returned, or disposed of as the lender desires. People not wishing to pack and send separately can send their contributions to the Association Building, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and they will be forwarded from there. What is done must be done quickly; for the time is short, and the pressure of traffic over the lines to Atlanta will be very great.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaney will be in Atlanta during the Exposition, and will give their personal attention to the Unitarian exhibit. Nowhere else is such a presentation of our Church needed, for nowhere else is that Church so little known as at the South. This Exposition is the providential candlestick in which we must place our candle. It has been under the bushel long enough.

G. L. C.

A FABLE.

A certain man determined to engage in the business of selling merchandise. He rented a spacious and convenient building on the principal street of a busy city, selected his merchandise with care,—some of it good, some less good, and some bad; but he displayed them altogether. He organized a force of skilful salesmen and clerks, hung out some artistic signs, prepared some attractive advertisements for the newspapers, then opened his doors. Buyers came in large numbers. He sold his goods, he increased in wealth, and won for himself the title of "Prosperous Merchant."

MORAL.—Success comes to those that observe the laws that govern the enterprises in which they engage.

ANOTHER FABLE.

A certain man determined to engage in the business of selling merchandise. He rented a small and secure building on a very respectable side street of a busy city. He selected his merchandise with great—yes, even extraordinary—care, choosing only the very best in the market. He laid his goods carefully away in drawers in the inner room of his secure building. He did not organize any force of salesmen or clerks, because he was not sure his goods would be called for. He nailed a small tin sign, with the words "Merchandise for sale within" painted neatly thereon, on the door-post. He did not think it prudent to anticipate his profits by expending his capital or any part of it in advertising, lest it should not prove to be effective. He therefore saved the money that he would have used for that purpose to pay his rent. When he had carefully packed away his excellent stock, he opened his door (he had but one door), and sat down upon the step and waited for customers. Occasionally, some man, who was a stranger in the city and had lost his way, stopped to ask directions about the streets; but his place of business was unknown to the buyers of the class of goods he had in his building. He was unknown to the public generally. Only

those in his immediate vicinity knew him at all. He was treated with respect, but not with cordiality, by all in the neighborhood; but the adolescent youth who passed his door daily always referred to him as "the man who was not in it."

MORAL.—No matter how good your wares may be, it will not benefit you unless you organize your business and let people know that you are ready to supply their wants.

The above fables are respectfully dedicated to those who "can't understand why the magnificent truths of Unitarianism do not capture the world."

The Treasurer recognizes the fact that it will be impossible for him to succeed in his work unless he can enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the churches in his work. This sympathy and co-operation can only be obtained through the help of the ministers. It is no doubt true that the main work, in detail, can be done by the laymen, and especially by the laywomen, but not as against the indifference or want of sympathy on the part of the minister. The minister is the head of the church, as he ought to be; and our work as an Association, as the executive missionary and business arm of the denomination, can never be developed to its full capacity until the ministers give it their hearty support among the people in their congregations.

An excellent plan for carrying the above suggestion into practical execution would be for the churches to choose, in any way they might prefer, a person connected with the church—man or woman—to act as the representative of the American Unitarian Association in all matters relating to our missionary work, publications, contributions, and such work as it would not be right to ask the minister to do. This would promote active and cordial relations between this Association and each individual church, with the result that we should have a channel of communication always open and easily and quickly used, without disturbing the minister unnecessarily. For this responsible position the most active, energetic, and zealous worker in the society and in its various activities should be selected,—one that commands the confidence of all, and one whose selection would be heartily approved by the minister. It would be well if this could be done very soon, so that we might have the list ready for use as soon after the churches open as possible.

There are two important fields for missionary work that are open to Unitarians. The first is among those within the Unitarian fold, and the second among those without the Unitarian fold. Unless the work is thoroughly done in the first, it is not likely to succeed in the second. The true missionary spirit among the ministers, among the laymen and laywomen in the churches, will solve our problems for us quicker than any plans that can be devised, no matter how ingenious they may be. There can be no substitute for this spirit. G. W. S.

Religious Intelligence.

REV. DR. MAYO began last Sunday evening a series of vesper services at the Young Men's Christian Union under the general topic, "Our New Teachers." The one last Sunday was on "The Orator," and was a very able address. The rest of the course will be as follows: August 11, "The Journalist"; August 18, "The Teacher"; August 25, "The Preacher"; September 1, "The Novelist"; September 8, "The Scientist"; September 15, "The Social Reformer"; September 22, "The Historian"; September 29, "The Statesman."

THE First Unitarian Church of Manchester, Mass., was organized on Thursday of last week, August 1, at a fully attended meeting held at the house of Mr. Henry S. Drew. By-laws were adopted, and the following officers were elected: Prudential Committee, George Wigglesworth, chairman, Mrs. Stephen N. Bullard, Mrs. Henry S. Drew, Miss Mary F. Bartlett, clerk, George Peirce; trustees of the property, which consists of a handsome little church and a lot of land, Nelson S. Bartlett, Arthur Lincoln, and Dr. Walter Channing. We learn that great interest is manifested in this new society, and good-sized audiences are already attending the service. It is expected that Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford will preach there in September.

BOSTON COMMON.—At 5 P.M., next Sunday, Rev. F. B. Mott of Dorchester and Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy will be the speakers in the service near the band stand. The help of good singers, scattered through the audience, would be welcomed.

BATH, N.H.—The ladies of the Lend a Hand of All Souls' Church at Bath, N.H., will hold their annual sale for the benefit of the church at the church parlors, August 22, and will give a dinner and supper at the dining-room of All Souls'. The ladies will be grateful for any donations of money or articles from their many kind friends of the past. A large debt makes a heavy burden upon the church, and the ladies are striving to liquidate it. Contributions can be sent to Mrs. Gen. Bedel or Mrs. Sophia Orne Johnson.

LINCOLN, MASS.—During Rev. W. H. Pulsford's vacation it is expected the supplies will be as follows: August 11, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley; August 18, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; August 25, Rev. O. J. Fairfield.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.—In order that delegates and others desiring to attend the meetings of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches to be held in Washington, D.C., Oct. 21-24, 1895, may have all the information necessary to guide them in making their plans, the following early announcements are made:—

Arrangements have been made with the hotels in Washington to give the following reduced rates to those attending the Conference: Arlington Hotel, \$3.50 per day; Shoreham, \$4 per day, \$7 for two in one room; Ebbitt House, \$3 per day, \$2.50 per day on sixth floor; Riggs House, \$3 per day; Arno, \$3 per day; Willard's Hotel, \$3 per day, \$2.50 above fourth floor; National Hotel, \$2.50 per day; Hotel Raleigh (European plan), rooms \$1 per day and upwards; Hotel Normandie, \$4 per day, or two persons in one room, \$3 per day each. Persons who prefer a boarding-house can obtain good accommodations at prices ranging from \$2 per day upward.

By vote of the Council, the headquarters of the Conference will be established at the Arlington Hotel, which, with its fine and spacious parlors, offers exceptionally good accommodations for all the large social gatherings in connection with the meeting of the Conference. Engagements for board and rooms can be made with any of the above-named hotels by writing at any time previous to the meeting of the Conference. It is desirable that these engagements should be made as early as possible, in order that the assignment of rooms may be made in advance, and delay and confusion on the arrival of the guests be thus avoided.

By arrangement with the several passenger committees of the Trunk Line Associations, reduced fares to Washington and return have been secured over all the principal lines of railway. This reduction is on what is called the "certificate plan." For the guidance of those who, in purchasing tickets, desire to avail themselves of the reduction on their return tickets, the following information, from the circular of instructions issued by the Trunk Line Passenger Committee, is given here:—

1. The reduction is fare and a third on the Railroad Committee's certificate.

2. Each person availing of it will pay full first-class fare going to Washington, and get a certificate filled in on one side by the agent of whom the ticket is purchased. Agents at all important stations and coupon-ticket offices are supplied with certificates.

3. Certificates are not kept at all stations. If, however, the ticket agent at a local station is not supplied with certificates and through tickets to Washington, he can inform the delegate of the nearest important station where they can be obtained. In such a case the delegate should purchase a local ticket to such station, and there take up his certificate and through ticket to Washington.

4. Going tickets, in connection with which certificates are issued for return, may be sold only within three days (Sunday excepted) prior to and during the continuance of the Conference meeting, except that, when meetings are held at distant points to which the authorized limit is greater than three days, tickets may be sold before the meeting in accordance with the limits shown in regular tariffs.

5. Deposit your certificate, on the day of your arrival, with the Secretary of the Conference, or the person designated by him to receive certificates, for necessary indorsement and *visé* of special agent.

6. Certificates are not transferable, and return tickets secured upon certificates are not transferable.

7. On presentation of the certificate, duly filled in on both sides, within three days (Sundays excepted) after the adjournment of the Conference, the ticket agent at Washington will return the holder to starting-point, by the route over which the going journey was made, at one-third the highest limited fare by such route. The return tickets will in all cases be closely limited to continuous passage to destination.

8. No refund of fare will be made on account of any person failing to obtain a certificate.

9. Delegates and others availing of the reduction in fare should present themselves

at the offices for certificates and tickets at least thirty minutes before departure of trains.

For any further information please address D. W. MOREHOUSE, Gen'l Sec'y.
104 East 20th Street, New York.

—A MISSION TO JAPAN.—The Salvation Army is preparing for an attack on Japan; and great was the enthusiasm when, at the City Temple on Monday night, the valiant little band of invaders were presented with their colors by Gen. Booth. Looking still more worn and weary than his wont, the general's declaration that he was now quite convalescent and ready for any duty raised a perfect tempest of applause. His picturesque figure was seen to great advantage in the beautiful marble pulpit against a background of scarlet-coated bandmen; and his voice was never more tender than when, holding the flag in his right hand, he waved it over the audience and recalled all the memories of pain and joy that clustered about "this emblem of the Army's triumphs." "I charge you," said he, "to remember that our onward march is over the bloody body of Christ. Let its red remind you of that blood, let its blue speak to you of that perfect righteousness which comes by faith in him, and its yellow be emblematic of the fire of the Holy Ghost. Go, and love the people, love the people; and, if you can't love them, ask for a recall. Take it," he said to Col. Wright; and then, himself retaking it, the general passed it along from one member of the band to another, saying: "Touch it, touch it. If you be unfaithful, it will be a witness against you on earth and in heaven. If you are faithful, I hope you will be buried under it. Be true to God. The eyes of Salvationists are on you. We will all pray for them, won't we?" Then, turning to the audience, he continued, "Those who mean to pray fix bayonets, and say, 'Amen.'" And they said "Amen" in a way that only Salvationists can say it, with right hand upraised, and the first finger pointing upward. The missionaries meanwhile looked over the sea of faces with moistened eyes, and, standing round their new colors, made in their Japanese costumes a singularly attractive group. The women's dresses were of drab alpaca, and the men's of black, with dark red sashes and jerseys; and very becoming they were. The party consists among others of Col. and Mrs. Wright, Capt. Newcombe, a lady from the Church Missionary Society, who goes at her own expense; and others who will join the party from India. The mission had, the general explained, been contemplated a long time; but many things had stood in the way, one of which was money. Now, however, a Californian gentleman had sent £200, Mr. Rich. Cory had given £250, and Mr. T. A. Denny £100. So they were getting along better. It would cost about £500 or £1,000 to start the mission; for they were sending out some of their best officers, and it would never do to go into the back streets.—*London Christian World.*

Business Notices.

At such a time as this, when there is a demand for office furniture, the announcement in another column of Paine Furniture Company is especially interesting. The patented desk chair which they advertise is the acme of comfort and not at all expensive.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

LADIES' Bicycle Underwear

STERLING UNION SUITS, made of selected Egyptian Cotton, soft, porous, and absorbent. Always perfect fitting, easy and comfortable. Price \$2.50 per suit.

STERLING EQUESTRIENNE TIGHTS made with new patent back lap and perfect fitting hips,

BALBRIGGAN, \$1.38.
BLACK LISLE, \$1.50.
SUMMER SILK, \$3.50.

Ladies' & Misses' Bathing Suits, Caps, Shoes, and Hose.

at lower prices than ever before.

CHANDLER & CO.,
Winter St., Boston.

GOD'S AGES.

Here in the broad fields of the busy West
A generous harvest waits the tireless hand;
With peaceful trust the palmy days are blest,
And sweet, unbroken rest the nights command;
Amid brave toil and hope and courage strong,
God's ages roll along.

In other lands the calm expanse of heaven
Is oft-times rent by clash and cloud of wars,
To seething strife humanity is given,
Till pitying earth the ebbing life-tide draws;
Yet who can doubt, serene above the wrong,
God's ages roll along?

Whether the glad earth blossom, teem with fruit,
Or her fond bosom bear the load of death,
Whether the soul in dark distrust be mute
Or from its woe give forth melodious breath,
Whether defeat or victor's joyful song,
God's ages roll along!

—From "A Bank of Violets," by Fanny H. Runnells Poole.

The Pulpit.

WHY SHOULD WE IMITATE JESUS?

BY HOWARD MACQUEARY.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."—1 PETER ii. 21.

The character of Jesus, and why we should imitate it, is the subject of this sermon. And this is the most important question which can engage the attention of Christians of all names and sects, because, on the one hand, Orthodoxy has unduly exalted Jesus, and, on the other hand, Heterodoxy is disposed to unduly depreciate him. In no other case is the character of the founder so completely identified with his religion as in the case of Jesus. Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, may all be distinguished from the systems of religion they taught; and we may accept their teachings without imitating their characters. But Jesus not only practised what he preached: he especially commanded his disciples to follow in his steps, to do as he did.

Moreover, it is a notable fact that, the more men become sceptical as to the dogmas of Christianity, the more do they appeal to the character of its Founder as that which is most beautiful and most attractive in this system. Even the most radical sceptics vie with the most earnest believers in eulogizing the human character of Jesus, and yet it is probable that most people have vague ideas of Jesus' character. They think of him as a good man, but could hardly point out special traits of character which were commendable and admirable. It is the object of this sermon to do this. I should be glad to think that henceforth those who hear this sermon would always not only cherish profound respect for Jesus, but would try to imitate his example.

Of course, I shall speak of Jesus as a mere man, and discuss his characteristics as I would those of any other man. Orthodoxy, as I have just said, has deified Jesus; but we cannot reasonably be asked to imitate the example of a God. If Jesus were God, then his example is useless to us. And, while Orthodoxy recognizes and asserts the humanity of Jesus, yet at the same time it allies the man Jesus so closely with the God Jesus, it attributes so much superhuman power to Jesus, that it makes his example, even as a man, utterly inimitable and unapproachable by us. This is equally true of all those views of Jesus held by moderate liberals, such as conservative Universalists and Unitarians, who, while denying the Deity of Jesus, assert that he was a superhuman being. You have only to read Channing's sermon on "The Imitableness of Christ's Character" to see how impossible it is to assert that Jesus was a superhuman being, and yet maintain successfully that this superhuman character may and should be imitated by human beings. If a Channing could not prove such a proposition, certainly weaker men may well despair of doing so. It ought to be as clear as day that Jesus must be considered as a mere man of like passions with ourselves, who had to struggle against sin and temptation as we have to struggle against it before he can be held up as an example for us to imitate.

But, while we fully admit that Orthodoxy and semi-Orthodoxy have unduly exalted Jesus, we must also insist that radicalism is disposed to unduly depreciate Jesus. It is one of the most deplorable features of modern scepticism that it cannot see much beauty in the character of Jesus. It is true that the radical sceptics profess great respect for Jesus, but they never think of imitating

his example. On the contrary, they are more disposed to treat him as "a child of his age," whom "our progressive age" has outgrown. His character was indeed a pure one, his courage in dying for truth and righteousness was admirable, he said many true and beautiful things; but, after all, he was an optimist, a dreamer, an impracticable sort of person, whose teachings and example cannot be followed by this generation. This is about the way the radical sceptics of our age feel toward Jesus, and it is to combat such views that I have written this sermon.

Having thus stated my object and point of view, I proceed to discuss the most important characteristics of Jesus.

I. And the first characteristic that strikes us is, of course, his sympathy with humanity in all its phases. It is said of him that "he went about doing good"; and his life, from his first appearance as a public teacher till he died on the cross, was filled with kindly deeds to suffering humanity. He seems to have been a veritable magnet for sufferers of all sorts. Here he would heal a woman of a fever (Matt. viii. 14-17); there he would cure a paralytic (Matt. ix. 1-8); over yonder he would soothe to rest the raving maniacs, whom the people thought possessed of devils, so terrible and violent were these unfortunate sufferers (Matt. viii. 28-34); out there in the deserted fields he causes the hungry multitude to be fed before they start home, lest they faint by the way (Matt. xiv. 13-21). Here comes a poor stricken father with an epileptic child, kneeling to him and saying, "Lord, have mercy on my son"; and Jesus rebukes the "devil" of epilepsy, and it departs from the boy (Matt. xvii. 14-21; Mark ix. 14-29). There by the wayside sit two blind men, crying for light and sight; and Jesus touches them and restores their eyesight (Matt. xx. 29-34). Here comes poor Jairus with the sad news that his little daughter lies at the point of death. And Jesus hastens to his house, and finds the family and friends weeping over her apparent death; but he puts them forth, and by his wonderful powers arouses the girl from her deathlike trance, and in due time she recovers (Mark v. 21-43,—especially verse 39; and Luke viii. 40-56). Here at the gate of the little town of Nain comes forth a funeral procession, with the body of a poor widow's son stretched out in apparent death. He stops it, and restores this young man to consciousness and to his bereaved mother (Luke vii. 11-17). Even those poor outcasts, the lepers, found in him a friend and helper (Mark viii. 1-4, etc.). No matter if these deeds may be easily paralleled from the history of other great and good men, no matter whether they were "miracles" or not: the real value and beauty of these stories is found in their testimony to the sympathy of Jesus with suffering humanity. Even if it be said that these stories are mere legends (I do not believe they are), yet legends must have some basis to rest upon; and Jesus would never have been given the noble title of the "Great Physician" if he had not done great things for suffering humanity. But he sympathized not only with the sadder side of human life, he also took part in the joys of the people. The story of the marriage at Cana of Galilee may be a legend; but it is true in essence, in that it brings out vividly the social side of Jesus' nature. It is said in another place that "the Son of man came eating and drinking"; and he ate and drank so freely with the people that he was—unjustly, of course—accused of being a glutton and a wine-bibber (Matt. xi. 19, etc.). While he never chose a home for himself, he could take little children up in his arms and bless them, and declare that "of such is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xix. 13-15, etc.). The artists have done well in seizing upon this scene as one of the most beautiful in all history. Many great men are devoid of the softer sentiments, and are too absorbed in great thoughts and schemes to think about the little ones. But, if Jesus had not shown a deep love of children, his character would have been deprived of one of its strongest points. He would have failed to touch the mother's heart, and would justly have cut himself off from the sympathy of a large section of mankind,—nay, indeed, of all true men and women. Nowhere in his history is the charm of Jesus' character so finely and forcibly brought out as in those passages which record his attitude toward the little children. The sympathetic side of Jesus' nature is

still more clearly brought out in his dealings with the poor. He deliberately chose for himself a life of poverty, in order that he might get nearer to the hearts of the mass of the people. For it cannot be doubted that Jesus might have become a rich and popular rabbi of his time, had he chosen to have accepted the traditional teachings of Judaism, and have fallen in with the popular customs. But he preferred truth to position and poverty to riches, in order that he might give the bread of life to the people. The story of his temptation shows how he was tempted to adopt riches and worldly honors, and how he resisted the temptation. In adopting a life of poverty, he necessarily deprived himself of the means of relieving the physical needs of his fellow-men. But, after all, the need of sympathy is often greater than the need of bread; and Jesus, as a poor man, could identify himself with poor people, could get close to them, could live with them and in their hearts, and help them to higher and nobler views of life than he could have done as a rich man. A great deal has been and is being said about Jesus' ideas of poverty. But, if some of these critics were as anxious and as ready to cultivate his self-sacrificing spirit, and to put in practice his grand humanitarianism, as they are to point out the evils of almsgiving, the problems of poverty and pauperism would soon be solved. Grant that the rich people of our time should not "sell all they have and give to the poor," yet it by no means follows that they should amass millions by the iniquitous methods notoriously employed to-day in every line of business. Grant that much evil results from injudicious almsgiving: it by no means follows that rich men should "shut up their bowels of compassion" when solicited for funds to carry out the great philanthropic projects of the age. Grant that many unworthy tramps call at our doors for bread: it does not become Christians to turn a deaf ear to all appeals for help from the poor. Grant that much, very much, is being done in hundreds of ways to relieve poverty and root out pauperism: it remains a fact that there are myriads of Christians who do not live up to the teachings and example of their Master in their dealings with the poor. They do not believe in the doctrine of "Christian Stewardship"; they flout the idea that they should use their wealth for the benefit of others; they laugh at the notion that great wealth carries with it corresponding obligations to spend it for the intellectual, social, moral, and religious betterment of mankind. No part of Jesus' teaching, therefore, no feature of his character, is more important than his sympathy with the poor. If only his professed disciples would even partially imitate his example and manifest his spirit in this matter, how soon would the millennium be ushered in! Nowhere else can there be found such wide divergence between the example and teachings of Jesus and the actions of modern Christians as here. Instead of imitating him and practising his precepts, many Christians are busy giving reasons why he should not be followed in this matter. But, not to dwell longer on this phase of our subject, let it be noted that Jesus' sympathy with humanity came out in still another way; namely, in his treatment of fallen women. Read the story of the woman taken in adultery in John's Gospel (viii. 1-11), and contrast the Master's treatment of that woman with that of modern Christians in such cases. The

critics tell us that this beautiful story is not found in the oldest manuscripts of the Gospel. No matter! It is truer than history. This is not the only case of this kind recorded in the Gospels. In Luke's Gospel (viii. 36-50) another woman "who was a sinner" received the same sort of treatment from Jesus. And such stories would not have been told of the great Teacher if they had not been true. Modern Christians would dislike to hear of their minister's coming in contact with such women, even to do them good. It would give ground for gossip! But Jesus was evidently not afraid of such gossip. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick"; and he came not to call the self-righteous, but sinners, to repentance. And so he had kind words for every one, and aimed to relieve the sick, to help the needy, to raise the fallen, and to elevate the whole human family.

II. A second characteristic of Jesus, which is not as commonly noted as his humanitarianism, was his practical good sense,—what we may call his manliness. It is to be feared that most men consider Jesus an effeminate person, a saintly man who spent his life teaching impracticable theories to women. He was, they fancy, a typical preacher,—one who spent his evenings with the ladies and his days in dreaming on the hillsides or in the fields of how men might be made angels and heaven established on earth. But he did not take part in the stern realities of life; and, therefore, he could not sympathize very much with the practical business man, or tell him how to overcome his special difficulties. Let it be remembered, then, that Jesus spent the first thirty years of his life in his father's carpenter-shop. A tradition says that he used to make yokes, and this is not at all improbable. I should like to have one of those yokes; for I am quite sure it was well made, and it would be far more valuable than a piece of "the true cross." It is not at all probable that a poor carpenter, who had to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, entertained very impracticable theories of social regeneration. And this opinion is confirmed by the records of Jesus' life. Thus, recall the story of the young man who came to Jesus and asked him what he must do to inherit eternal life. "Keep the commandments," replied the Master; and, when the young man said he had kept all these from his youth up, Jesus answered, "One thing thou lackest: go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven" (Matt. xix. 16-30, Mark x. 17-31, Luke xviii. 18-30). This reply showed Jesus' profound insight into human nature. He saw at a glance that this young man was self-righteous, that he was disposed to glory in having kept all the commandments from his youth up; and yet he lacked the very essential of all religion,—namely, love of his fellow-men, which would lead him to sacrifice what he had and give to their necessities. None but a man of shrewd common sense, of fine discernment, could have made this discovery. A man who had been shut up in a cloister, a man who had lived among women and did not know men, would not have cut to the root of this young man's self-righteousness and weakness; and the fact that he went away sorrowful, and did not do what Jesus bade him do, showed that the discernment of hearts had judged him correctly.

Again, when the Pharisees came to him

COTTOLENE

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and tried to entrap him into a treasonable utterance against the Roman government by asking him if it was lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, he cleverly parried their attack by taking a penny, and asking, "Whose is this image and superscription?" They answered, "Cæsar's." Then said he, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's" (Matt. xxii. 15-22). In this reply he not only laid bare the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, but he recognized the lawfulness of government, and gave them a wholesome lesson in true religion. A visionary would not have done that. If, for instance, Jesus had been a sentimental socialist or anarchist, as some modern writers claim he was, he would have allowed himself to be entrapped into advocating a revolution. But he believed in government: he felt that even a bad government was better than no government and better than an unwise revolution; and, above all, he felt that hypocrites should be rebuked, and not be allowed to ensnare others for their purpose. Only a shrewd, practical man could have made that reply.

Once more, when a lawyer (or scribe) tried to puzzle and confound Jesus by asking him which was the greatest commandment, he gave him a reply equal to anything the wisest of the sages have said, and one whose force even a lawyer had to admit. "The first of the commandments," he said, "is this: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." No wonder the scribe exclaimed in astonishment, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth!" (Mark xii. 28-34, Matt. xxii. 34-40). No matter if this reply was not original with Jesus: his use of it on this occasion showed both his strength of mind and fine practical sense. He proved himself more than a match for the lawyer by quoting his own law against him; and, if lawyers are considered "practical men," Jesus should be so considered.

On another occasion a man came to Jesus and asked him to speak to his brother, that "he divide the inheritance with him." But he refused to do so,—first, because he would not interfere with the rights of property; and second, because he saw that covetousness lay at the root of this request. Jesus did not propose to violate the law of the land, and yet he did not let this opportunity of teaching a great religious principle pass by unimproved (Luke xii. 13-15). And, in like manner, when his enemies tried to entrap him into a violation of the Mosaic law by bringing to him the woman taken in adultery, he silenced them by the masterly reply, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." He knew that the woman's accusers had themselves been guilty of the sin they charged against her, he knew that they were simply aiming to ensnare him; and, therefore, he cleverly avoided sanctioning adultery, and at the same time did a deed which is of itself enough to immortalize him. How any one with such facts before him can think that Jesus was not a man of fine practical sense I am unable to understand. He was as gentle and tender as a woman, and at the same time as stern and shrewd as the wisest men of his day and of ours. His example is worthy not only of the imitation of women, but also of the imitation of the business man. His gospel was intended not for the cloister, the pulpit, the parlor alone, but for the busy haunts of men,—for the law courts, the marts of trade, and the dark places of the earth. In a word, Jesus was a man,—the manliest of men, who lived among men, who knew men, who taught men, and who expected men to follow his example seven days in the week, and not merely on Sunday or under special conditions.

III. The third characteristic of Jesus that strikes us most forcibly was his intellectual independence. This is seen in his treatment of the Mosaic law in his Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v.). It must indeed, have seemed the height of presumption for an obscure Nazarene carpenter and peasant to venture to correct and supplement the teachings of the great lawgiver of his people. "It hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, etc.; but I say unto you" thus and so. No wonder it was said "he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." He felt that Moses had not gone far enough and deep enough, and that

he could add to the old legislator's precepts; and we are forced to admit that he did pour the richest new wine into the old wine-skins. The scribes taught the utmost reverence for every jot and tittle of the law; but he did not hesitate to reject this when necessary, and to infuse into it a new and better spirit. He was rebuked by the Pharisees for rejecting the "traditions of the elders,"—the traditionary laws and customs, which were hardly inferior in popular esteem to the Decalogue itself. But he fearlessly retorted that they had "made void the word of God by their traditions" (Mark vii. 1-13 and Matt. xv. 1-9).

He repeatedly violated the customs concerning the Sabbath, and justified that violation by the grand declaration that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and "the Son of man was lord even of the Sabbath" (Mark ii. 23-28, Matt. xii. 1-8, Luke vi. 1-5). Such a statement must have astounded the formalists of his time, and it needs to be more deeply pondered by the Sabbatharians of our day.

Jesus was the boldest thinker and the greatest heretic of the ages. He did not hesitate to reject the most approved precepts which he considered erroneous and the most venerable traditions which he considered false and superstitious.

Now, a good many modern writers, as, for instance, Rev. M. J. Savage, (in his "Jesus and Modern Life," chap. iii.), tell us that Jesus' knowledge of the universe was decidedly meagre and limited. Instead of knowing all about the universe (which Orthodoxy holds he created), these writers claim that he had very erroneous ideas of the origin, constitution, and destiny of the world. Astronomy, geology, and biology are modern sciences; and Jesus held the popular opinions of his time upon such subjects. From all this we might be disposed to think lightly of Jesus' intellectual power. And, of course, if Jesus were, as Orthodoxy affirms, the Creator of the universe, then he ought to have known its real nature and constitution. But we who hold that Jesus was not God, but only a great Prophet of God, are not disturbed by the intellectual limitations which the critics predicate of Jesus. He was pre-eminently a great religious genius, and was not inspired on all other subjects. A man cannot be expected to transcend all others in more than one line. As Saint Paul says: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing; to another, prophecy; to another, divers kinds of tongues; and to another the interpretation of tongues" (1 Cor. xii. 4, 8, 9, 10). In short, there are born scientific geniuses, poetical geniuses, military geniuses, and religious geniuses. A Darwin could never be a Napoleon, nor a Shakspeare a Newton. Hence it is sufficient that Jesus outranks all the religious sages of history. It is not the extent of his knowledge on scientific or historical subjects that we emphasize, but his intellectual independence. I am quite sure that, if Jesus lived to-day, he would gladly accept the results of scientific research, and would see in the discoveries of modern science grander revelations of God than the old seers saw in nature. What is needed above all things in scientific investigations or religious matters is intellectual independence; and, therefore, Jesus' example may well be imitated by the most advanced thinkers of our day. The Church and the world are still suffering from a dearth of bold and independent thinkers and workers; and, if we could only get more men to reject "the traditions of the elders," as fearlessly as Jesus did, there would soon be a decided clearing of the political, educational, social, and religious atmosphere. Let not, then, educated men fancy that Jesus has nothing of importance to teach them; for all their knowledge will amount to nothing if it be not courageously used.

IV. The last and most important characteristic of Jesus that I shall note is his moral courage. This is seen in every word and act of his from the time he emerges from the obscurity of his Nazarene home until he vanishes from earth. He faced rabbles, he denounced the political and religious rulers of his time, and he finally died a martyr to his cause.

It is held by some that Jesus did not clearly foresee the result of his work from the beginning, and that it was only as time went on that the necessity of dying for his

cause became apparent. Then it was too late for him to retreat, and so he was forced by circumstances to die the martyr's death. But this attempt to detract from the courage of Jesus is untenable,—first, because the contention is improbable in itself; and, second, because it is contradicted by the most reliable parts of the Gospels. It must have been plain to so great a mind as that of Jesus that any one who should have the boldness to attack the popular religion of his time would win the martyr's crown. The history of all the great prophets, with which he was perfectly familiar, as well as the experience of the more recent reformers, made this perfectly certain. Hence, when he adopted the rôle of a religious reformer, he must have known that suffering and death awaited him. If, however, he had been so simple as not to foresee this result, his experience as a public teacher would soon convince him of the fact. Thus it is said that soon after opening his ministry he visited his Nazarene home and preached in the synagogue there. His sermon so exasperated the people that they led him to the brow of the hill whereon the town was built, and were about to cast him down headlong. "But he, passing through their midst, went his way" (Luke iv. 14-32). On more than one occasion he displayed such marvellous courage in the presence of a mob that they let him escape unharmed (John vii. 30, etc.). In his various conflicts with the Pharisees and Sadducees, also, he manifested great boldness; and in no other man's biography can be found a severer denunciation of hypocrisy than in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew's Gospel, where Jesus' eightfold woe against the Pharisees is reported.

On a certain occasion, when he was passing through Herod Antipas' province, some Pharisees came and tried to frighten him by saying, "Get thee out and depart hence, for Herod will kill thee." But Jesus, in reply, sent a positively defiant message to the king,—"Go ye," he said, "and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow; and the third day I shall be perfected. Nevertheless, I must walk to-day, and to-morrow, and the day following; for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem" (Luke xiii. 31-33). This means simply that he would do his appointed work, regardless of the king's threats; and then, having finished his work, he would suffer the consequences.

A man who could thus face angry mobs thirsting for his blood, who could denounce the religious and political rulers of his time for their hypocrisy and oppression, and could finally submit to crucifixion, was certainly a hero of the highest type. Some men speak lightly of the death of the martyrs, as if it required but little courage to die for one's convictions. But, usually, those who thus aim to detract from the glory of a Jesus or a Socrates would not suffer a moment for their convictions. They would not sacrifice a dollar for the sake of truth. Certainly, the vast majority of men honor him who is willing to seal his testimony to truth and righteousness with his blood. The

story of the death of Jesus, robbed of all its superstitions and legends, will ever be read with the deepest emotions by all who can admire moral and physical courage.

From all this it appears that Jesus' example is worthy of our imitation because of his deep human sympathies, because of his practical good sense, because of his intellectual independence, and because of his moral courage. The philanthropist who would relieve suffering and root out poverty can gather inspiration from him who went about doing good; the business man can learn practical wisdom from the carpenter's son who proved himself more than a match for lawyers, Pharisees, and his other opponents; the educated man can learn intellectual independence from the bold rejecter of the traditions of the elders; and the prophet and reformer may be nerved for the conflict by the splendid courage of the Crucified One. The force of example is far greater than that of mere precept; and, as Jesus not only taught the noblest religious and ethical truths, but put them in practice, and left us an example that we should follow in his steps, we shall do well to imbibe his spirit and imitate his character.

And what was the secret of the marvellous courage of Jesus? It may be found in his God-consciousness. "The fulness of the Godhead did not dwell in him bodily," but he dwelt in God. "In God he lived, moved, and had his being." He felt deeply and sincerely that God was his Father, that he was surrounded by the awful presence, that the divine Spirit was ever whispering his commands in his ear, and that he dared not disobey those commands. Therefore, he could sacrifice ease and comfort, home, friends, family, and fortune, and live a life of pain and die an ignominious death, knowing full well that a higher reward awaited him in the ushering in of a new and better era of holiness and happiness among men. It is such faith that makes heroes and martyrs; it is such faith that removes mountains of difficulty, sin, and misery; and it is such faith which we as Christians must seek and cultivate. All hail, then, thou great Nazarene! From thy rest in the bosom of God mayest thou look down upon thy fellow-men! and may a blessed influence issue from thy spirit, that shall lead us on through the trials and troubles of life to that rest that remaineth for the people of God!

Spiritual Life.

There is nothing that so becomes a man as the brave surrender of himself to the truth.—*John Page Hopps.*

Cultivate the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them. *Cuyler.*

What the scientists teach cannot in the nature of things harm religion. They may put to death a thousand theologies, if they will: they are only schemes, devices of the human mind. Religion centres in the eter-

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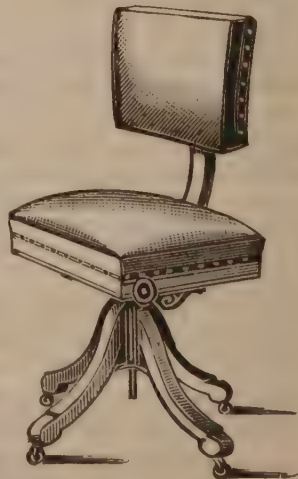
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nal relation between the human heart and the infinite life of our Father.—*M. J. Savage.*

If we, having freedom, fail to live the moments as they come to us, fail to seize them as they pass, and take from them blessings with which they are laden, disorder enters into the divine laws, delay and hindrance of harmony and perfection is experienced in the world of men.—*John C. Learned.*

He that is honest and earnest and speaks and pleads honestly and earnestly needs no novelty to attract and to keep the people. Sincerity is the magnet that draws them. Truth is the chain that keeps them. Reverence is the light that shines them home better citizens, and brings them back again better men and better women.—*Joseph Krauskopf, D.D.*

The most we can do with the present moment is what? Simply to give it the right tendency and upward inclination, a movement toward the ideal. Achieve! Achieve! The genius of life strikes no other chord; and we improve our fleeting opportunities as they are borne to us and from us on the wings of the hours by trying to achieve.—*Frederic A. Hinckley.*

We do not admire this mutual criticism of each other's temperature, and strongly suspect the reality of that earnestness which prides itself on its own intensity. We must not propose to assume any artificial heats, in order to spite and disprove this frequent accusation, but be resolved, in an age diseased with pretence, to remain realities,—to profess nothing which we do not believe, to withhold nothing whereon we doubt, to affect nothing which we do not feel, to promise nothing which we will not do, holding, with Paul, that simplicity and sincerity are truly the godliest of things.—*James Martineau.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Christian at Work* in an article, "After the Christian Endeavor Convention," utters this warning suggestion:—

The Endeavor Society should be kept within the proper bounds prescribed by its constitution. These comprise the reclaiming of the indifferent, the maintenance of a prayer-meeting, the promotion of the social interests of the church, the promotion of personal consecration, and the furtherance of the mission, and other beneficent work of the church; and this is all. And it is enough. So full is this list that there is no room for politics, or even the cause of good government, further than that individually members should sustain it by their votes. But Christian Endeavor is not a good government club, much less an anti-Tammany organization. Therefore, Christian Endeavor, as an organization, has no more place in the political field than it becomes a Board of Foreign Missions to concern itself over a town system of drainage. The tendencies of such organizations is to branch out so as to include other departments of activity: this Christian Endeavor will wisely avoid.

The *Congregationalist* says:—

Religious enthusiasm finds its real test in the appeal to the pocket-book. When the Hindus cease to give their millions every year for the support of old temples and the building of new ones, we shall begin to believe that the power of Brahmanism is broken in India. A form of religion which calls forth no response of gratitude in gifts of what most men value need not be feared and cannot be much extended. It is this test which Christianity is called upon to meet, and just now in our own churches it is become a very searching one. The debts of the Boards are burdens which must be lifted, but they cannot be lifted without wide-spread self-denial. It is a test of our real belief in the work which we have undertaken to do for Christ. Is it so much worth while that we can deny ourselves this pleasure, postpone that purchase, lessen the amount which might have gone into the account of our savings? Evangelical Christianity gives out of all proportion to so-called liberal Christianity. It grows by giving. But the work does not stop in years of drought; and, when the streams are full again, the empty cistern must be filled. It is both a call to faith and a test of faith which the emergency of the debt brings upon us. The fiscal year of the American Board is about ending. One month remains.

The *New York Observer*, in an article on "Rottenness No Remedy," thus concludes:

It is fortunate for society that all evil impulses do not find expression in deed or even in word, that many murderous thoughts and many lewd ones are kept in abeyance, no matter what influence may serve to keep them so. But to suggest that degenerate literature so feeds the evil trend of man's fleshly nature as to satisfy it and keep it in

subjection is absurd. Evil tastes and passions grow upon one. They are never more than temporarily satiated. There is the cry of the horse leech, Give, give. They are fed only to become the stronger antagonisms of all that is good in the soul. The mental powers of numberless men and women are undermined, and noble impulses are shackled and deadened; and in the case of Christians spiritual life declines under the influence of much of the abominable literature on which polite society is feeding to-day. Dr. Nordau believes that the present epidemic of degeneracy and hysteria will end at a given time, humanity either forming some adaptation to the new conditions of existence or subordinating these conditions to the power of its organic control. He has faith in the power of human-kind to self-cure, since he is convinced that its vitality is not yet exhausted. "But," he continues, "it must not be prematurely concluded, therefore, that nothing remains to be accomplished, or that the matter may be left to itself. The degenerates as well as their imitators, open admirers, and such as profess the ideas of this class, are, I fear, quite inaccessible to healing influences." He believes that on the day when newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested. But, unless the Paris doctor has more to say as to the cure, we shall have to look elsewhere for it. The evil is deep, and it is spreading. Perhaps one of the worst features is the distaste it creates for solid and profitable reading.

Literature.

"SELECTED ESSAYS OF JAMES DARMESTER."*

Seldom does one get within the compass of a volume of three hundred pages so much food for thought as we have here. Prof. Jastrow's introduction is a tribute of glowing admiration to the great scholar on whom the mantle of Renan fell in such liberal folds, and who was cut off untimely midmost in a career whose large performance was but the promise of yet greater things to come. Born in 1849, Prof. Darmesteter was at the time of his death only forty-five years old. His father was a poor Jewish bookbinder at Château-Salins in Lorraine, who moved to Paris with his family in 1852. "After the most strictest manner of the sect," he was reared a Jew; and the bias of his birth and early training was powerful in determining his course of life, when, after some years of various study following his academic preparation, he settled down to Oriental philology as the main region of his intellectual activity. He soon acquired a high rank among Persian scholars, and before his death was their acknowledged head. A French translation of the Avesta, with a commentary, completed only a few months before his death, remains the most enduring monument of his erudition. For this work the French Academy gave him a prize of 20,000 francs. Its main effect was to bring down the Avesta from the hoar antiquity to which it had been assigned,—an effect in perfect sympathy with that resulting from the higher criticism of the Old Testament.

"That man is terrible who does one thing"; but Prof. Darmesteter had no ambition to be terrible, and he did many things. In Sanskrit literature and Latin philology he did notable work. And he was no dryasdust either as a student or as a writer. He was ever quick to find the human at the red-ripe of the heart of any literary or religious manifestation; and he was, like Renan, the master of a noble style, remarkable for its virility, as Renan's was not. He was at home in English literature, an earnest student of Shakespeare, but also of our latest poets, one of whom, Miss Mary Robinson, he translated, first her poems, then herself, making her Mrs. Darmesteter. True to his idea that the modern Jew must find his life by losing it in the nationality with which he chooses to connect himself, he was a Frenchman, heart and soul, in his patriotism and his political enthusiasm, and threw himself with ardor into the questions of a troublous, changing time.

The essays and papers selected by Prof. Jastrow are but seven, and none of them reveals Prof. Darmesteter in the more recondite aspects of his mind. Two of them, "The Prophets of Israel" and "An Essay

*SELECTED ESSAYS OF JAMES DARMESTER. The Translations from the French by Helen B. Jastrow. Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

on the History of the Jews," are closely allied, and mutually support each other. Each is remarkable as a piece of compact and effective generalization. The former is ostensibly a review of Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." But, while Prof. Darmesteter claims for Renan a profound morality, his own is much more in evidence; and his moral appreciation of the Hebrew prophets is much better than Renan's, who dearly loved "the seat of the scorpion." Indeed, Prof. Darmesteter writes of the prophets with so much enthusiasm that the reader is in danger of forgetting that his sympathy with them is far from being complete, less so than Matthew Arnold's; for, while Arnold found in their Yahweh "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," Darmesteter finds in him only the reflection of a moral ideal. And here, where some would find defect, Prof. Darmesteter finds the promise and the potency of Judaism at the present time. Handicapped neither by theism nor immortality, he believes that it can run the race set before it with triumphant patience and success. The comparison of Judaism with Christianity, with respect to their supernatural elements, is one of the most suggestive pages which the book contains.

The chapter on Renan is reprinted from the pages of the *New World*. It is an interesting, but not by any means complete, account of him. Another very interesting chapter is that on "Race and Tradition," which argues that race, so called, is a fiction to a very great extent, and especially that the purity of the Jewish race is a fiction of portentous magnitude, that the peculiarities of the race have been produced by its traditional experience, by the Ghetto,—i.e., by its isolation and its disabilities. That a mixture of races is good for the creation of a vigorous nationality is shown by various examples, and the doctrine is one which ought to be peculiarly comforting to the people of America. The chapter on "Afghan Life in Afghan Songs" must not be passed over in silence; for it is one of the most interesting in the book.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS. Venice. By Alethea Wiel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin.—We have in this volume an outline of the history of Venice divided into three periods,—the first from 697 to 1172, which comprises the dawn of the ducal power. The second, from 1172 to 1437, is the period of Venice when she reached her greatest glory. The third period includes the decline, in which we see the occasional flashes of the old spirit of greatness through the gloom of decay, until at last Venice in these modern times becomes a part of United Italy. In many ways Venice takes a unique place in the history of nations. The author has told the story with fairness and candor, and has not let the brilliant features which light up the history warp or mislead her judgment. She deals very largely with the structure of the government and the successive changes which have taken place from time to time. On her historic canvas we have the general features of the nation's life and deeds represented. This would have been improved if we had portrayed more of the private and social life of the people, as seen in their homes and streets, in their daily walks, business, and amusements; for it is here that we have the hidden yet real sources of national power. But probably the author did not have in mind so comprehensive a plan, as she begins her preface with the remark that "the story of Venice in its entirety and completeness has yet to be written." It is but just to add that what she has undertaken has been well done. The volume is enriched by illustrations which add to its value.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," etc. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.—His great trilogy of war stories easily placed Sienkiewicz

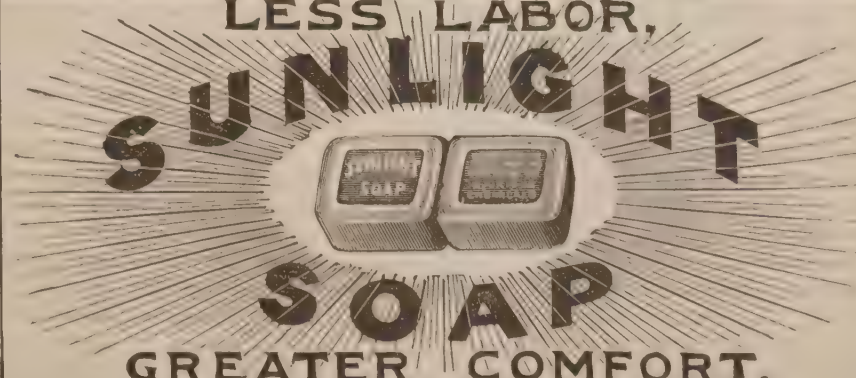
among the first novelists of the time. The history of Poland gave him an opportunity of which he availed himself. Among the writers of romantic history from Victor Hugo to Tolstoi not one has excelled him in ability to fire the reader's imagination, and to make the old times live again. When, however, he passes from the old time to the new, something is wanting. The characters are as numerous, as well drawn, as clearly distinguished from each other; but they lack the passion and power which made their ancestors so interesting. A love story, of which the background is the awful scenery of war, and of which the hero is a warrior whose mustache curls with his wrath, and whose sword is a lightning stroke, gains something by contrast, such as are not furnished by the scenes of peaceful modern life. A lover whose greatest cares are laid upon him by contracts, mortgages, and land speculations, cannot be an heroic figure. The moral problems worked out by the "Children of the Soil" are the ancient problems of love and duty which come out of the tension between the affections of the soul and the passions of the senses. What a good woman can do to make the moral fortunes of a man, and what a bad woman can do to mar them, is plainly set forth in the lives of certain modern Poles, who are not particularly good or wise or interesting.

DR. GRAY'S QUEST. By Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—We have here a posthumous novel; and one would like to know if it was the crowning work of Mr. Underwood's useful and busy life or the product of an earlier period which he withheld from publication on account of some dissatisfaction with its quality. There is likelihood in this surmise, for the novel is not one which is likely to increase the author's honorable fame. There is a good local color and some happy characterization, but a certain lack of clearness in the development of the plot which turns upon an unjust accusation and the endeavor of Dr. Gray to relieve the gentleman who is suffering from this from the injurious burden. The doctor's quest is a journey to Europe, when such an incident meant much more than at present, in search of the real criminal. The interest of these matters is much enhanced by Dr. Gray's attachment to the daughter of the man who is unjustly used and imprisoned. The web is further tangled by a designing woman who endeavors to captivate the hero's fancy, but does not succeed. Mr. Underwood's ability and training come out in a good many places, and give a value to the book apart from his particular aim. At one point Daniel Webster is introduced, and in a manner suggestive of some actual occurrence.

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. By Richard Whately, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third Street.—For the republication of this book we are probably indebted to the Napoleon revival that is now in full career. If all those who are making Napoleon collections buy a copy, a considerable edition will go off. It is often referred to as a refutation of the mythical theory of Strauss. It could hardly be that, seeing that Strauss never doubted the existence of Jesus; and the attempt of Whately is to make the existence of Napoleon appear doubtful. In fact, this clever *jeu d'esprit* was written in 1819, sixteen years before the appearance of Strauss's Life of Jesus. It was directed against the more destructive German criticism of that time. It passed through many editions, and many who have never read Strauss have considered it a complete demolition of his theory. Its point is very blunt indeed, when turned against the Biblical criticism of the present time.

BILLY BELLEW. By W. E. Norris. New York: Harper's.—Considering the good points of this book, such as effective situations and interesting characters, it is a pity that one cannot read it with more satisfaction. The hero is a friendly, well-meaning fellow, in whose fortunes the reader becomes interested; but he is tied by most ridiculous notions of loyalty to a married woman whom he does not love, and by whom he is continually compromised. He loves a charming girl, who returns his

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FOR LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES.



affection; but a series of unimportant events keeps them apart until she, misunderstanding the situation, marries an old lover, and he breaks his neck by falling from his horse. So the misunderstandings are never explained, and the story itself is not of the kind that makes one willing to endure the ending for the reason that such things probably happen in real life.

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS. By E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 75 cents.—The ghosts of a mistaken past are cruel when they appear to vex an honest and peaceful present. The artist hero of Mr. Benson's clever little story not only dreads his ghosts, but he is impelled to fix them before him in actual form by painting his own portrait with all that unhappy past looking at him through its eyes. There is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde story in the outcome; and the portrait seems about to master the artist, when he is saved by the loving faith and courage of his wife. The morbidity of the story does not prevent certain scenes from being fresh and natural; and they incline one to believe that the author will next give us a bright, wholesome story, more like this than like "Dodo," but better in all respects than either.

EVERY DAY'S NEWS. By R. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.—The latest issue in the "Incognito Library" is another attempt to depict the woman whom hysterical novel-writers and hard-pushed paragraphers announce to us as the coming type. Boldness, superficiality, and self-assertion are her characteristics, scorn of man and distrust of marriage is her credo, to write erotic novels is her crowning ambition; and she stalks through the pages of a book, scattering unhappiness for others right and left with serene self-satisfaction. It is a relief to remember that at least we have met her nowhere else; and we may refresh ourselves with the thought of the real women whom we know. For the rest, this individual book is well done; and the tension is relieved by a more natural character than that of the heroine.

FOUR AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: HARVARD, YALE, PRINCETON, AND COLUMBIA. Harper & Brothers. \$3.50.—These four papers have been written by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, Prof. William M. Sloane, and Prof. Brander Matthews respectively. They are exceptionally qualified to treat of their subjects, and the interest of the book is by no means confined to the students and alumni. It is good for us all to understand and appreciate, not only the past history and the immediate work done at these institutions, but also the greater work which awaits them, and to which their aims are directed. These descriptions are graphic and complete, helped out by many illustrations; and the book offers harmonious comparison of the differing ideals and methods.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF JERUSALEM. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Hutton writes of the landmarks which survive the crash of empires and the march of time, and which made Jerusalem the most imposing and memorable place he ever visited. He tried to put together all the information which the traveller wants to know without compelling him to take a heavy volume along. If the only use of the book were to serve as a guide-book, however, it might easily spare the many illustrations; and the text itself could have been put into compass so small as to fit it even for a woman's pocket. It is an interesting half-hour's talk about the people and places made familiar through the Bible records.

HOW TOMMY SAVED THE BARN. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—Mr. Otis is one of the most popular of those writers for children who select their characters from among the little waifs and strays in a great city, and show how generosity, regard for others, and simple honesty may blossom in the most unpromising surroundings. Mothers differ about the influence of such books, but there is no doubt that they find ready sale to editors and publishers. This story tells the adventures of three city children, sent by the Fresh Air Fund for a country outing. One of them is adopted, and the others find lifelong friends by the experiment. Some of the happenings are quite amusing.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The "Library Edition" of Mr. Besant's books has reached its tenth volume with this collection of short stories. The first of these is a most disagreeable study of a man who made religious pretension the cloak for his utter hypocrisy and meanness of soul. The sordidness of this central character finds no relief or let-up from the time we first see him, a candidate for ordination, until his death in a State's prison. Fortunately, other stories help redeem this one. "One and Two" and "Peer and Heiress" are two of the best, though none of them do justice to the author.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE: A Story of a Man of Character. By Thomas Hardy.—This new edition of a favorite novel may well find many new readers, since the popularity of Thomas Hardy has steadily increased since the time when the book was first written. The incidents narrated arose mainly from three actual events; namely, the sale of a wife by her husband, the uncertain harvests which immediately preceded the repeal of the corn laws, and the visit of a royal personage to this part of England. This book may not be so well known as others by Hardy, but it has the same absorbing interest of character study and nature drawing.

A BANK OF VIOLETS. By Fanny H. Runnells Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mrs. Poole's verses are graceful and light, showing a fondness for nature and enjoyment of things pure and good. One of the poems, "Looking unto Spring," first appeared in the *Christian Register*; and some lines in it are among the best in the book. From the personal poems we discover the writer's enjoyment of Keats, Bryant, Stevenson, and De Amicis. The eight lines to "A Maréchal Niel Rose" are especially pretty.

Miscellaneous.

"Poems of Coleridge and Campbell" are put together for No. 80 of the "Riverside Literature Series," and their clear print and convenient form make this an attractive little book. Happy the child who rejoices over each of these numbers as it is issued, and who adds it with pride to his own collection of books. They are within reach of every one who aspires to own books at all.

The "housekeeping conscience" burdens many a woman who would like to be comfortable rather than conventional. To these troubled souls Miss Ethel Davis's little book, "Dishonesty and Caste," ought to be especially welcome. It is a bright, sensible little talk about house furnishing, entertaining, domestic service, and kindred topics of interest to home-makers. It is published by the Home Science Publishing Company.

D. Appleton & Co. publish a new cook-book by Gesine K. Lemcke, the principal and owner of the Brooklyn Cooking College, entitled "European and American Cuisine." It is quite full in directions as regards the proper preparation of meats, soups, fish, vegetables, etc.; but it needs to be supplemented by the author's book on "Desserts and Salads." There are hundreds of recipes, including many not familiar to Americans, and not a few of them elaborate and complicated.

Literary Notes.

Thousands of cyclists all over the country will read attentively, "What to avoid in Cycling," by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., in the *North American Review* for August. The value of such a contribution from so eminent a source is apparent.

The leading article in the *Monthly Illustrator* for August is, as usual, upon the work of a prominent American artist. In this case it is Frederick Dielman, more than a dozen of whose paintings and sketches serve as illustrations to an appreciative paper by Alfred Trumble upon the work of this "painter of the beautiful."

American interest in "Ian Maclaren" will be heightened by a new view of the man himself as seen among the people of his own parish, by Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, one of the editors of the *Sunday School Times*. Dr. Thompson writes appreciatively of the famous author as preacher and pastor. The sketch will appear in an early issue of his paper.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. will shortly add to their list of literary publications an edition of Shakspeare's plays for high school and college classes; and an attempt will be made to present the greater plays in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar.

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[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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The Home.

PRISONERS.

Everywhere the sculptor hears
A voice unheard by other ears;
It half commands and half entreates,
As this burden it repeats:
"Hasten, master! quickly come!
Countless ages, dark and dumb,
Frozen in this prison white
Has my beauty longed for light.
Hasten! with thy chisel keen
Cut away my marble screen,
And before your gladdened eyes
See a perfect statue rise!"

So at times I strangely hear
Messages distinctly near.
"Tarry not: I would be free,"
Whisper lips well known to me.
"Silence deeper than the tomb,
Darkness raven as the gloom
Wrapping the decrees of Fate,
Here surround me as I wait.
Hasten, hasten to set free
Thy perfect self that is to be."

—William Roscoe Thayer.

SOLVING THE RAIN PROBLEM.

"It's one o' the longest droughts we've ever had in this country," remarked huckster Perrin to farmer Tomkins. "My garden's almost burned to a crisp, an' I'm afraid it'll catch a-fire if we don't soon have rain."

"Yes, an' jest look at the corn," the farmer replied. "The blades are all curled up into long tubes. Never saw it so dry in my life."

A colony of fairies who dwelt in Cloud-land thought that all the people of the drought-stricken district would agree to have rain at once; and so they held a council, and decided to ask the Rain Father to unlock the fountains of the sky. But at that point the queen suggested:—

"Wouldn't it be a wise plan to consult the people first, to see on what day the rain would be most welcome?"

"A splendid idea!" chimed the fairies.

"Who will go on that errand?"

"I will," replied Westwind.

"And I," sang Mistmaid.

"And I," echoed Sunbeam.

And so said Moonglint, Rosedawn, Twilight, Stellar Ray, Cloudburst, and all the rest of the fairy assembly. So the queen assigned to each swift-winged messenger a portion of the parched district, and then all sallied forth on their errand of blessing.

Westwind made her way to a community of farmers and gardeners. It was early on Monday morning; and thrifty Farmer Tomkins was busy making hay in his meadow, so Westwind flew lightly to him and fanned his cheek and brushed his grizzly beard.

"Ah, that wind feels as if it might bring rain before long," the farmer said, stopping to whet his scythe.

"Will it suit you to have rain to-day?" whispered Westwind in his ear.

"Well, we need rain powerful bad,—powerful," he replied; "but, if it would only hold up until to-morrow, I could get all my hay in the barn. We can wait one day longer for rain, seein' we've stood it this long."

"It won't do to ask for rain to-day," said Westwind to herself, bounding across the fields to consult old Farmer Gruffman, whom she found grumbling in the barnyard while attending to his stock; and, when she asked softly, "Will it suit you to have rain to-morrow?" he replied shortly:—

"Nup! To-morrow I want to thresh my grain. The machine's engaged, and the women are busy baking for the hands. Rain wouldn't suit me at all to-morrow or next day. Better let it rain to-day, so's to cool off the air for our threshin'."

"I must wait till Thursday," mused Westwind, bidding Mr. Gruffman good by. She next visited Farmer Soonaway. He was sitting at his breakfast-table; and so she darted into the dining-room through the open window, drawing a draught of fresh air in after her.

"Ah, how good that pleasant breeze feels!" said the farmer to his wife. "It seems a little as if it might bring rain."

"I do hope it will," responded Mrs. Soonaway.

"It would suit me to a dot just now," added the jolly farmer. "My hay's all in the barn, an' the threshing's all done. I wish it would begin right away, an' keep on for several days."

"How would Thursday suit you?" suggested Westwind.

"Thursday? Why, almost any day this

week would suit me better than Thursday. You see I've promised to haul a load of wheat to mill on that day, because the miller needs it then and can pay me spot cash for it. I'm a little short o' money just now."

"Yes, and you promised to get my little steam-engine," chimed in Jimmie, from the other end of the table; "and, if it rains, you can't go to town!" and he puckered up his face ready for a cry.

The puzzled fairy flashed out of the window and hurried as fast as her wings could carry her to the next farm-house. When she made known her errand to Mr. Airs, he replied:—

"Friday wouldn't suit me,—not at all. Let it rain on any other day this week. We need rain bad enough, I know; but I'm going to have a sale here on Friday. You see, I've been a little unfortunate; and so I've got to sell off."

"No, Friday won't do, either," murmured the fairy, springing away before the farmer could finish his tale of disaster. "Where shall I go next? I'm beginning to feel discouraged. Those people are hard to please. Huckster Perrin lives over yonder, I believe. I'll call on him next."

"Yes, yes: we ought to have rain," he assented, in answer to Westwind's gentle inquiry. "My beans an' corn an' tomatoes are all drying up,—fairly cooking in this broiling sun. Yes, send us rain,—the sooner, the better."

"How would Saturday?"

"Oh, don't wait till Saturday! Send it to-day. Everything is suffering, and the cabbage will be ruined by Saturday. Besides, Saturday is market day; and you couldn't choose a worse day for the hucksters."

As Westwind bounded away from Mr. Perrin's garden, a happy thought struck her. Sunday would be the day for rain: on Sunday nobody would be at work. But, as she went from house to house, many of the girls and boys demurred against having Sunday turned into a "rain-day."

"Anything but a rainy Sunday!" broke out Susie Brighteyes, a little impatiently. "All the boys and girls want to go to Sunday-school on that day, to recite their verses and get their reward cards. Oh, no! Let it rain on any day except Sunday."

"No day seems to suit these selfish people," moaned the fairy; "and so I can't ask for rain at all without vexing some one. Oh, dear! What shall I do?" She rose wearily in the air; and, when she reached the cloud where the fairy queen sat on her throne in the "mackerel sky," she sank almost exhausted on the vapory floor. And it was some minutes before she could tell her story. Just as she had finished the recital, Mistmaid alighted on the cloud by her side, looking very tired, and even a little angry.

"I tell you, queen," she burst out, "you can't suit such fastidious folk. I went all over Springdale, and I couldn't find a single day that would suit all the people of that town."

"Why, I'm sorry you have failed in your errand," quoth the queen.

"It was too trying," pursued Mistmaid. "Monday didn't suit the washerwomen, who are poor, and make their living by washing other people's clothes. Tuesday didn't suit a large party of excursionists. Wednesday didn't suit poor Mrs. Dennis, who sells vegetables on that day. Wherever I went somebody objected to having rain on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. And at last, in my desperation, I called on the parsons of the place; and—would you believe it?—every one of 'em begged me not to send the rain on Sunday, for it always kept people away from church, and it was so disheartening to preach to small audiences."

"And how did you succeed?" the queen said to Moonglint, who had just returned, looking jaded and spent.

"Not at all," declared that fairy. "I went among the lovers, you know, and found that some one had an engagement for every day in the week."

When the other fairies brought in their reports, it was found that they, too, had failed to set aside any special time for the rain.

"What shall we do for those people?" they all moaned together. "How can we help people who are so selfish?"

"There is only one way out of this dilemma," said the queen, presently; "and that is to go to the Rain Father and tell him of the people's needs, and beg him to

send them rain whenever he thinks best. He is all-wise, and knows best how and when to water the earth."

"You are right, good queen," said Rose-dawn; "for, if we leave it to those people to agree on a day for the rain, their land will become a desert, and they will all die of want."

"Go, fairies," the queen commanded, "and bear my message to the Rain Father."

Swiftly they sped through the air to the home of the Rain Father, who gave them kindly audience, listened to their recital, and then announced, with much dignity:—

"I have heard your request. Before the evening twilight cometh, I shall send the Storm King with all his cohorts across that parched district. Fare ye well, good fairies."

The Storm King obeyed the mandate of the Rain Father, and for three days poured his aqueous batteries upon the arid land; and, although many people grumbled because their plans had been thwarted, the earth was bountifully refreshed.—Leander S. Keyser.

SWEET PEAS.

"Billy!"

"Yes'm."

"Come here. I want you," called Billy's mother.

"I'm awful busy."

"But I want to see you."

Billy gave an impatient grunt, as he rested one end of the stick of pine wood he was whittling on the ground and sighted it to see if it was straight and level.

"I guess there's no hurry," he said. Billy was not given to hurrying to oblige other people, even his mother.

Presently he heard her voice at the door of the barn in which he was at work, or rather at play.

"What are you so busy about, Billy?"

"I'm making a cross-gun."

"It's going to be a nice one, isn't it?" said mother, passing her hand along the stick. "You always do nice work with tools, Billy."

"Yes," said Billy: "I like to make nice things."

"I came to get you to put something up for my sweet-pea vines to run on. They're just nicely out of the ground."

"But I want to finish my gun," grumbled Billy.

"You can do that 'most any time, so rny," said mother, coaxingly. "But the peas are growing, and can't wait long."

"Why didn't you plant 'em against the fence, so they could run on that instead of planting 'em out in the middle of the yard?"

"Because it's too shady by the fence. They'll blow beautifully there in the sun; and you know we don't get many beautiful things, Billy."

"What do you want put for them? Brush, like the peas out in the field?"

"Well, that wouldn't look very nice for the front yard, would it? I thought maybe you could whittle out some sticks. You're so clever with your knife, you know."

"Lots of work," growled Billy.

"Well, good-by, Aunt Maria. I'm off. Good-by, Billy."

A nice-looking, well-grown boy had been coming slowly toward the barn door, and,

in doing so, had heard a little of the conversation between Billy and his mother.

"You really are going to take the next train?" said mother.

"Yes, I might as well as break into another day."

"I must get you a lunch, dear," said mother, hurrying toward the house. Hugh, Billy's cousin, lingered a moment to admire the smoothness of the cross-gun stock.

"But I've got to quit work on it," said Billy. "Mother wants me to fuss with her sweet-peas."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Hugh.

"Not half so lucky as you are," said Billy, looking with admiring envy at his cousin. Hugh was a high-school boy in the city some distance away, for which reason, and for his good clothing and his superior age, he was held in great respect by Billy.

"If I was a chap that had as good clothes as you, and could live in a city, and go to high school, and play foot-ball, I'd think myself the luckiest fellow in the world."

"You wouldn't if you had to do without what's far better than everything else in the world put together," said Hugh, soberly,— "something you have and I haven't, and never can have again."

"What's that?" asked Billy.

"You have your mother."

"Oh!" There was a little pause.

"Time was," went on Hugh, "when I didn't think it made much difference whether I pleased mother or not. I thought it a bother sometimes, when she wanted me to do things for her. Now I shall never in all my life hear her voice asking anything of me,—no matter how I long, long for it. Good-by. I'll come again in the summer vacation."

Billy followed Hugh out of the barn to watch while he, with graceful thanks, took the offered lunch, seized his small valise, and struck out in the direction of the station.

"He's a dear boy," said mother, shading her eyes, as she also looked after him. Then she crossed the bit of grass in the front yard to take a look at the sweet-peas just showing above the ground; and Billy could see her smoothing the earth about them and pulling up a stray weed.

He saw the smile which came upon her patient face as she bent lovingly over the tender shoots.

Somehow his high-school cousin's words seemed to have opened Billy's eyes, for he noticed things which he had never before thought of noticing. There were few pretty things, sure enough; and how mother did love pretty things! She was fond of flowers, but could have so few because of fences being carelessly kept and gates liable to be left open. The little gate leading into the front yard was always out of repair, and Billy had more than once seen tears in her eyes when Carlo had gotten in and amused himself by scraping up her freshly planted seeds.

"Yes, I'm always sorry to have him go, he's so kind and thoughtful."

Mother said it as she went into the house; and the sound of her gentle voice had scarcely died away before its place was filled by the noise of the sewing-machine, at which Billy knew she was working for him.

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PILLSBURY'S BEST IS TODAY, AS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PAST, THE STANDARD FLOUR OF THE WORLD.

He went back to the barn and began hunting over some sticks which might do for the sweet-pea vines. He could not find any he liked; but his eyes fell on a thin, smoothly planed strip of wood which stood in a corner. He had found it at a house which was being built some distance up the road, and had instantly longed for it to turn into slats for some sloping shelves in what he called his museum. He had swept out shavings for an hour to pay for it, and thought it a great prize.

It was true that Billy was handy with tools. He had done wonders in the way of building sleds, carts, bird-houses, wind-mills, and water-wheels. And just now, with the new thoughts which had come into his head with his cousin's parting words, it occurred to him that he had never made anything to please his mother. And with the thought came a remembrance of something he had seen in the little country town nearest the farm.

"That thing Mrs. Allen's got her morning-glories up onto. What'd mother think to have such! Mrs. Allen's got lots o' nice things," remorsefully, "and mother ain't got any. But that's a bought thing, and we don't never buy that kind o' things. But, if I had some more o' them smooth sticks, p'raps I could fix up something."

With one half-regretful look at his cross-gun, Billy started for the place where the strip came from. There were more of them, and—oh, delight!—a number of short pieces which the workman said he could have for nothing. Again Billy put in some sturdy chore work to pay for the longer piece.

He went around by the back of the barn in order to get his treasures in without observation, and, on going to bed that evening, spent at least a half-hour of wakefulness in thinking over his great plan.

"I'll make it awful pretty. And I won't let her know till it's done and stuck in. Like enough she'll think I've forgot all about it." And Billy chuckled himself to sleep at the thought.

For two or three days he worked at his flower frame every spare hour, often stopping to give a jump and a whoop at seeing how the delicate things shaped themselves under his hands, almost of themselves it seemed sometimes, as if knowing of the love which belonged with the offering, and glad of having a share in its sweetness. Short bars at the bottom, then a bit of dainty lattice, then more cross-pieces, and, with a final triumphant inspiration, some wire twined deftly between, for the better holding of the delicate tendrils.

Billy sat and gazed with delight as the last nail went carefully in. Then came a new and bolder idea.

"It ought to be painted."

In the twilight he carried it down to the unfinished house, and, going again early in the morning, made another exchange of work, this time for paint.

"White or green?" asked the painter. "Folks mostly has green for garden things, lately."

But Billy said white. His mother liked white things, and white seemed somehow more like her. White it was, dainty and delicate, as it finally stood in the back porch of the new house to dry.

In going out the next morning, Billy's eyes shone at perceiving that mother, evidently discouraged in waiting the support for her rapidly growing treasures, had stuck in a few laths.

"Poor mother! She's give up on me," he said with a smile.

"I wish some of them was out," said his sister Hetty, following him, and standing near the peas.

"Why?" asked Billy.

"'Cause it's mother's birthday; and I wanted to put some of 'em on the dinner-table,—just to show her I remembered it, you know. There's a few other flowers, but she does love sweet-peas so."

"Whoop!" cried Billy, with a jump over the laths, Hetty giving a little scream for fear the sweet-pea vines would be ruined.

Two hours later Hetty began the carrying out of a deeply laid scheme of Billy's by calling out:—

"Mother, Billy's took away all the laths you had your sweet-peas on. Pulled the vines off 'em!"

"Dear me!" said mother, in a troubled voice. "How could he! What could he have wanted 'em for?"

"Come out and see," went on Hetty.

Mother came. Billy was standing at one side of the yard, near enough to see the

flush of surprise and delight taking the place of the troubled look, near enough to mark the smile and the glow through a little mist of tears as before her arose the graceful mingling of shining white and daintiest green.

They took but a little time,—her steps over the grass plat and those which brought Billy to her side. But plenty long enough for a crowd of resolutions to surge up in the boy's heart that often and often, in many ways, would he taste the sweetness of bringing joy to his mother's face.

He put his arms close about her.

"Happy birthday, mother! Many, many happy birthdays!"—*Sidney Dayre, in Sunday School Times.*

For the Christian Register.

MOTTO.*

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

Who can tell the mother's meaning,
When, above the cradle leaning
Where her baby lies,
She with it holds sweet communing?
Broken words or wordless crooning
For her need suffice.

But a heaven-lit joy is glowing
In her eyes; for God is showing
Her the wondrous worth
Of a life! And hers is given
That the pattern set in heaven
Be not marred on earth!

HOW MAC DUFF WENT TO SLEEP.

The tall bouquet stood solitary above the relics of the dessert. Mac Duff, in sleepy satiety, leaned back in his high chair, his fluff of golden curls hanging about a round face rosy from valiant exertions as a trencher-man, his large blue eyes, dreamy and sweet, giving no hint of the infinite imaginations lying *perdu* in that yellow head.

"Come," said grandmamma.

That "come" electrized Mac Duff into exceeding wakefulness. He knew that it included his afternoon nap. At once he slipped under the mahogany which but now had concealed his fat legs.

"Let's p'ay I was a litta dog, grandmamma. Bow! wow! wow! Isn't I a cunning litta dog?"

"You will be a much cunninger little dog going upstairs," says the arbiter of the small boy's destinies, inexcusably holding open the door. Grandmamma was thankful that there were but sixteen steps, as each step marked a new phase in Mac Duff's imaginations. At every step he paused to bark, to "fluff his hair like a litta pity dog," "to be a dog walking on one leg, on two legs, on three legs, on four legs." He was seized with a consuming interest in zoology:—

"Is zere any dogs without tails?"

"What made 'em has four legs?" "Why did zere hair grow all over zere body?"

"Was zey all heads?"

At the top of the stairs a vigorous dash was made for the bath-room and liberty. This was skilfully intercepted by grandmamma, who turned the tide of war toward the bedroom.

Here life became very amusing to Mac Duff. He shouted with laughter at seeing a fly walk up a window-pane, and he introduced a small ravelling from the carpet as "a litta jack wabbit." His apron came off while he was enacting the part of a very funny Indian named "Danceengleg." This hilarious savage stood on his head while his kilt and shirt-waist were being removed, and walked around on one foot and one hand while his flannel petticoat was unbuttoned.

Reduced to his hose and cotton under-suit, this antic infant "played he was an effelant" while grandmamma put the pillow-shams out of harm's way and folded back the counterpane. Detecting out the corner of his eye that these preparations were nearly completed, Mac Duff bolted for under the bed; but all the effelant was not under cover, when grandmamma caught him by one leg.

"Grandmamma," in a very wheedling tone, "I'd be so happy if we just had one nice little dance before I go to bed."

The strictly Presbyterian relative is subdued into a lively waltz about the bedroom, and the small boy ends in a pink and laughing heap in the middle of the bed.

"You don't want to tell me 'bout de poor

*Free translation of Motto for Third Mother Song in Froebel's "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder."

litta frog zat didn't mind his mamma, does you," insinuates Mac Duff, gently, "while you does up my knobs?"

Grandmamma rolls the yellow locks out of harm's way, and tells the tale of little froggy. At the close of the story Mac Duff, foreseeing the inevitable nap at hand, weeps one little tear, but states that "it is for poor litta froggy."

"Now, grandmamma, you reads to me out of my mamma's Biba, zat my grandmamma that is up in heaven gived to her."

"Very well. What shall I read?"

"Oh, 'bout 'Lijah an' de cake; and 'bout Moses, an' Samuel, an' Joseph, an' ze bad boy zat wasted his papa's money in a far country, an' fed ze pigs, an'—an'—"

"There, there, Mac Duff! Only one. Which one?"

"Only one!" as surprised as if this were not a daily announcement. "Well, David. But don't read me ze songs he made. We'll save zem for Sunday. Read me how he killed a great big norful high giant. How do giants eat dere dinner, grandmamma? Wis dere fingers?"

Peace and alert wakefulness while 1 Samuel viii. is read. Then:—

"Dat is a mos' beautiful story, grandmamma. Now I wish you'd sing me a whole lot of hymns. Sing 'Robes of White,' an' 'Glory, Glory,' an' 'Sweet Story,' an' 'Hush, my Dear,' an'—"

"Only two, Mac Duff."

"Only two!" much amazed. "Only two! Well, sing 'Glory, Glory,' an' 'Peter's Garden.' Only two? I'se sure you don't love me, grandmamma."

"No more talking, Mac Duff! Lie down in the middle of the bed and shut your eyes."

"My eyes don't stay shut. Zey hops open all ze time. Why don't eyes has buttons on zem? Can't I put my feet on ze wall?"

"No."

The two hymns are sung, and then:—

"Now no more. Go to sleep at once."

Retired behind the footboard, grandmamma reads.

Mac Duff's black stockings rise into the air and wave like piratical banners to and fro. This growing wearisome, a pair of fat hands describe circles in the air.

"Grandmamma, I'm done enough sleep."

No reply.

"Oh, dear," very softly. "Las' night a fearful great muskito came and bit me right on my nelbow. Grandmamma, I do wish you'd come kiss ze place zat wicked muskito bited."

"Hush, Mac Duff!"

Silence. Grandmamma is reckless enough to hope that her descendant is asleep; but, lo! a round pink face rises above the footboard.

"How are you, my dear grandmamma? I hope I see you well to-day."

"Mac Duff, I am surprised at you! Lie down."

Mac Duff disappears.

"I hope a nice big dragon fy ate up ze wickid muskito zat bited my nelbow. Grandmamma, why don't litta boys say prayers when dey goes to s'leep jus' before after dinner?"

"Their grandmammass say the prayers for patience."

"Once ze doctar said I was a berry nice patient, 'cause noffin was ze matter wis me."

"Don't talk, Mac Duff."

"Grandmamma, what makes grandpapa go to sleep jus' before after dinner, when nobody don't make him?"

"Mac Duff, you are a very naughty little boy to talk after you are put to bed."

"Grandmamma, why does you call some f'owers wild f'owers? Do dey kick, dey is so wild? Grandmamma, papa's wild horse kicks. Grandmamma, I guess my grandpapa wants me to come down an' hear 'bout de sauce-box. Grandmamma, when I went out to-day ze f'owers holded down zere heads and winkled at me."

Profound silence. Grandmamma looks over the footboard. Yellow head, roses, dimples, white gown, black stockings, fast asleep. Grandmamma thinks it a beautiful sight.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

PRIEST AND WOODMAN.

Abbé Torlin, who has just died, at the age of eighty-five, at a village near Lyons, where he was pastor, was the hero of a very remarkable exploit for the honor and glory of God. When a young vicar, he had taken the place of his pastor, who was temporarily incapacitated by illness. It was decided to decorate the choir of the church with wood carvings, but he had no money. The Abbé Torlin, having called upon a rich peasant proprietor, hoping to obtain from him some pecuniary assistance, met with a very cold and uncivil reception. While being shown the way out, the young priest said,—

"If you cannot give me money, you can give me that oak which is standing there. It will just do for our carvings."

"You shall have it," replied the peasant, "if you can fell it yourself in a day. But, if it is still standing at sunset, you must pay me 200 francs."

The abbé, although he could not have had the example of Mr. Gladstone to encourage him, resolved to show what he could do as a woodman, and to accept the risk of failure. The next morning he said his mass before daybreak, and just as the sun began to rise he delivered his first blow with his axe upon the tree. The whole day he worked as if his life depended upon his success, and before sunset the tree fell; but by that time the amateur woodman was completely exhausted by his exertions, which were the marvel of the district.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

A watch for the blind is among the newest inventions. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand reaches a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The sightless owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down, and then counts back to twelve.

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"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE
REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU

SAPOLIO

WOMEN'S ALLIANCE LEAFLETS.

The Study Class Committee of the Women's Alliance has prepared a leaflet with a course of reading and study on "Unitarian Belief." Copies of this leaflet will be ready for distribution soon. They will be sent free to any branch or circle of students connected with any Unitarian society. Another notice will soon be given in the *Register*, with information as to where applications for this leaflet may be made. The committee now ask, as a favor, of all Alliances or churches who have printed sermons or tracts on the following subjects, and who are able to give these to students interested, to kindly send a specimen of each one to Miss Clarke, whose address is given below, so that these may be offered, in addition to those already on our list. The tracts of the Unitarian Association, of the Western Conference, and of the Church of the Disciples in Boston have already been included. The subjects chosen are "A Brief Statement of the Central Idea of Unitarian Belief," "Unitarian Belief in regard to God," "Jesus Christ," "Man," "The Holy Ghost," "The Bible and Inspiration," "The Trinity," "The Future Life," "Heaven and Hell," "Church-going and Ordinances" (including baptism and the Lord's Supper), "Miracles," "The Christian Church." Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass., Chairman of Study Class Committee.

Charities and Reforms.

The movement in favor of summer outings for poor children in London and other large cities of England is stronger this year than ever. Philadelphia was the first big city to move in this matter many years ago.

The New York City Indian Association has succeeded in accomplishing its special work of the year in having raised the one thousand dollars required for the salary of Dr. Hallowell at Agua Caliente.

The nine-o'clock curfew ordinance, so popular in other Minnesota towns, will soon be adopted in Duluth. The proposed ordinance prohibits all persons under fifteen years old from appearing on the street after nine o'clock, and provides a penalty of \$100 fine, or ninety days in jail, for violating the law.

The National Association of Elocutionists is making a special effort to have every city of twenty-five thousand and more inhabitants provide a separate school for the instruction of stammerers, where they will not merely receive the proper vocal training, but be constantly under the supervision, during school hours, of teachers familiar with the treatment of such deficiencies and able to check every tendency to fall back into the old habit. Such schools have been eminently successful in Germany.

An interesting experiment in turning large farms into small holdings, which may help to solve the agricultural problem in England, was recently completed in Dorsetshire. Sir Robert Edgecombe seven years ago bought a farm of three hundred and forty-three acres, spent money in building roads and wells, divided it up into twenty-five holdings of from two to thirty-three acres, and offered them for sale, payment to be made in ten equal annual instalments. Purchasers were readily found of all trades and classes, eight only being agricultural laborers; and all the instalments, with slight exceptions, have already been paid off. Instead of a farmer and three laborers, there are now twenty-five families of seventy-five persons on the land, which has increased in value from £170 to £313 a year. —*The American*.

Education.

The forty-second session of Roanoke College has been a most successful one, not only in the large increase in the enrolment, —twenty-three per cent.,—but also in the faithful work done by the students.

President Dreher of Roanoke will give an address on "Education in the South: Its Difficulties and Encouragements" before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga Springs the first week in September.

Ninety-five per cent. of the population of Massachusetts live in towns having good high schools. The children of the other towns may go to the most available high school, and the town must pay the tuition. This is the only State in which every child may have free high school privileges. —*Journal of Education*.

In New England colleges were organized before there was an efficient public-school system; but, if New England was the first

to make the error, she was also the first to rectify it. In the West, owing to the wise provisions of the ordinance of 1787, the educational system "was built from the bottom." In the South the case has too often been the reverse.

ANDOVER, N.H.—The fall term of Proctor Academy will begin September 2, with improved facilities for the coming year. The principal, Rev. James F. Morton, A.M., will receive the young men in his new house built during the summer, leaving the Boarding Hall for a young ladies' dormitory. The Unitarian Educational Society has recently received \$3,000 from the executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary A. Hunt of Nashua, who made a bequest of that amount to the permanent funds of the academy.

A kindergarten settlement similar to the plan of the college settlements is proposed for Boston, and will in all probability be opened in the autumn. It will be called the Elizabeth Peabody House. The plan is to lease or buy a suitable dwelling in some quarter of the city where the population is crowded, and have a group of eight or ten kindergartners, normal students, and teachers in residence. The undertaking is to be a memorial to Elizabeth Peabody, to whose efforts the growth of kindergartening is largely due. The settlement will be supported by the Elizabeth Peabody House Association. Each member of the association will be asked to contribute \$3 or more per year. The success of the house will necessarily depend upon having a large number of members in the association.

Here and There.

The famous Spitzer collection of arms and armor was sold at Paris last week for nearly \$320,000.

The straw plait used for hats and bonnets is chiefly made in the counties of Bedford, Bucks, and Hertford. A large quantity is made by young girls at their own homes. Luton, in Bedfordshire, is the centre of the straw bonnet manufacture.

Engravers in Germany harden their tools in sealing-wax. The tool is heated to whiteness, and plunged into the wax, withdrawn in an instant, and plunged in again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The steel is said to become after this process almost as hard as the diamond.

The largest extent of marsh land in the world is to be found in the lowlands which form part of the steppe of Baraba, between the rivers Irtysh and Obi, in Asiatic Russia. The region is flat and far from salubrious. It is covered with impenetrable forests, salt lakes, and quivering marshes, extending over an area which is not less than, and probably exceeds, one hundred thousand square miles.

Every pope has his motto, and selected by himself, but taken from a list believed to be prophetic, and long attributed to Saint Malachi, a friend of Saint Patrick, but now proved to belong to the sixteenth century. Sometimes they are appropriate. That of Pius IX. was "Crux in Cruce," Leo XIII.'s is "Lumen in Coelo," his successor's will be "Ignis Ardens"; and then follow "Religio Depopulata," "Fides Intrepida," and "Pastor Angelicus."

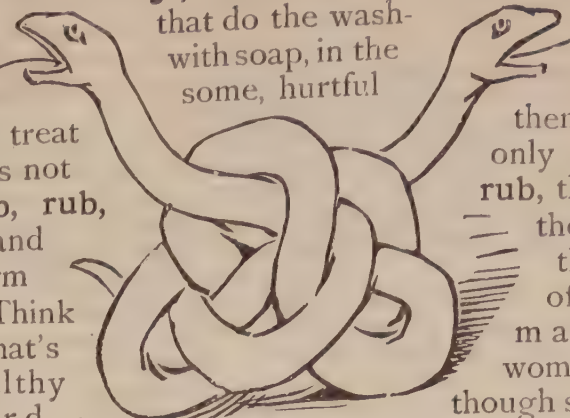
The Chinese millers make flours out of wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, millet, potato, sweet potato, chestnuts, peanuts, beans, peas, lentils, pulse, rice, almonds, and fifty other vegetable substances. This offers a variety unknown to our own civilization, which often enables the physician to nourish a patient who does not care for food. It also enables him to give different qualities to teas, broths, and stews. —*Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*.

The deposits of nitrate of soda in the north of Chili are found in the rainless districts of Atacama and Tarapaca in layers of varying thickness, which are supposed to have once been the beds of long dried-up lagoons. The nitrate of soda is extracted by being first dissolved in water, which removes the dirt and other components. The nitrate is then allowed to crystallize; and from this raw material are obtained nitrate of soda, sulphate of soda, and magnesia, iodine, and common salt. —*Christian Work*.



Knotty, and Not Nice

—the hands cleaning ioned, tire-them better, treat ine. It saves not but the rub, rub, the arms and all the harm from it. Think and tear that's strong, healthy wash board—to death" after it. Then think how much better, and cheaper, and easier it is to use Pearl.



ing and old-fash-way. Treat them to Pearl-only the hands, rub, that tells on the back, and that comes of the wear made by a woman with a though she's "tired

Beware
you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

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ORTHODOXY AT OXFORD.

The centre and fortress of this vast system, and of the reaction against the philosophy of the eighteenth century, was the University of Oxford. Orthodoxy was its vaunt; and a special exponent of its spirit and object of its admiration was its member of Parliament, Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, who, having begun his political career by a labored plea for the union of Church and State, ended it by giving that union what is likely to be a death-blow. The mob at the circus of Constantinople in the days of the Byzantine emperors was not more wildly orthodox than the mob of students at this foremost seat of learning of the Anglo-Saxon race during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. A curious proof of this had been displayed just before the end of that period. The minister of the United States at the Court of St. James was then Edward Everett. He was undoubtedly the most accomplished scholar and one of the foremost statesmen that America had produced. His eloquence in early life had made him perhaps the most admired of American preachers; his classical learning had, at a later period, made him Professor of Greek at Harvard; he had successfully edited the leading American review, and had taken a high place in American literature; he had been ten years a member of Congress; he had been again and again elected governor of Massachusetts. And in all these posts he had shown among those qualities which afterward made him president of Harvard, Secretary of State of the United States, and a United States senator. His character and attainments were of the highest; and, as he was then occupying the foremost place in the diplomatic service of his country, he was invited to receive an appropriate honorary degree at Oxford. But, on his presentation for it in the Sheldonian Theatre, there came a revelation to the people he represented, and indeed to all Christendom. A riot having been carefully prepared beforehand by sundry zealots, he was most grossly and ingeniously insulted by the mob of undergraduates and bachelors of arts in the galleries and masters of arts on the floor; and the reason for this was that, though by no means radical in his religious opinions, he was thought to have been in his early life, and to be possibly at that time, below what was then the Oxford fashion in belief, or rather feeling, regarding the mystery of the Trinity.—From “*The Continued Growth of Scientific Interpretation*,” by Andrew D. White, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August.

THE SERVICE OF BIRDS.

The birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, though they sometimes reward themselves for this hard work by dainty tidbits of ripening fruit. A pair of common American robins, or thrushes, have been watched while they carried three thousand earth-worms to one brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvæ which would literally develop millions of destructive creatures, both in forests and orchards; and one of the most inveterate foes of the canker-worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle in the elm. For every wing of black and gold on a young girl's hat an apple-tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, and left brown and ugly in the summer sun, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the loathsome canker-worm.—*The Presbyterian*.

Temperance.

The Earl of Carlisle is a very stanch teetotaler,—so much so, in fact, that wine is not allowed upon his table; and, when he came into his title and estates, the wine cellar at Castle Howard was done away. Some splendid old ale, worth a large sum of money, was run away, the taps being turned, and the casks allowed to empty themselves.

The maharajah of Baroda, India, recently manifested his interest in the progress of temperance work by issuing a mandate to the effect that no new liquor-saloons should be opened in future without the sanction of the presiding official. He also provided that, if five-sixths of the house-owners and inhabitants should present a plea that all the liquor-shops should be closed, the official might give the necessary order.—*Ram's Horn*.

The way that the authorities treat open drunkenness in Denmark seems to us in America somewhat unique, because in this country the burden of the expense and the odium is borne by the drunkard's poor wife and family. In Denmark any inebriate found in the street is hustled into a cab, taken to the police station, and locked up until he has grown sober. Then he is taken to his home in a cab by the police. Next a bill is made out for the repeated transportation of the tippler, and presented to the saloon-keeper who sold the offending drunkard the last glass of beer, wine, or liquor. This bill is sometimes quite considerable. Of course, all saloon-keepers are very careful in consequence of this responsibility.

Personals.

Rev. Dr. B. S. Whitman of Colby University, Maine, has accepted the presidency of Columbian University, Washington, D.C.

Kaiser Wilhelm is the most extensively dressed man in Europe. He has one hundred and twenty-eight naval and military uniforms alone, besides his gold uniforms, royal togger, and an extensive wardrobe of all kinds.

Science.

Mr. David Flannery reminds the readers of the *Electrical Age* that we would not be able to see at all but for the dust always present in the atmosphere to scatter the rays of light. Perhaps no discovery of the century is more beautiful than this, unless it be that of the reproduction of flowers by means of butterflies and other insects.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears that all the land and fresh water shells are peculiar to the locality. Nor is this all. Fifty-seven out of the seventy-eight species of birds and seven hundred out of the one thousand species of insects do not exist in any other portion of the globe.

Another “handicraft” is threatened by the progress of science. Wood-engraving bids fair to become a lost art—and more's the pity!—through the perfecting of mechanical processes; and now *Invention* announces that the gold-beater's art is likely to be extinguished by electrolysis, by means of which gold-leaf of any thickness, down to one-four millionth of an inch, can be made.

A vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headaches has been devised by a French physician. It is constructed of strips of steel put in vibration by a small electro-motor which makes six hundred turns a minute. The sensation, which is described as not unpleasant, produces drowsiness. The patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes to find that the pain has ceased.

It is not so surprising that the American carpet-makers should send their manufacturers to England as that they should find any trade at all in the Levant, which is the great market for the beautiful products of Oriental looms. A good grade of Oriental rugs is not relatively much dearer here than domestic carpets, and in Turkey they must be at least as cheap as the imported article.

Plants kept in the light from an electric arc not only grow as in the sunlight, but some grow faster and larger. They produce chlorophyll in abundance; they reach out toward the source of the light and twist this way or that; they assimilate more potash, produce more albuminoids, and yield a larger amount of ash. These phenomena show that the physiological quality of the electric arc light is the same as that of the sun.—*Cosmopolitan*.

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Pleasantries.

A goat, sent by rail from Chicago to Boston, was tagged by the owner, "Please pass the butter."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

"Why don't you ever write any poetry, Scribe?" asked the friend. "I did write a poem once,—an 'Ode to Oblivion.'" "Indeed! What became of it?" "It reached its destination."—*Charity Guardian*.

Alicia, aged five, to entertain one of her mother's friends, fetched a photograph of the sliced-off Psyche, which she presented with the remark, "Vis is a very beautiful fing—but I don't fink so."—*The Transcript*.

She: "It must have been an awful storm to blow away the light-house." Cholly: "Terrible, my dear! But it could only have been through carelessness that there was a light-house in such an exposed place."—*London Tid-Bits*.

Ernest was four years old when he saw his first monkey, which was on the street with a "hand-organ man." He rushed into the house, saying: "Mamma, mamma! Him looks like a man, but him am a kitty!"—*Youth's Companion*.

The following was received from an applicant for the post of organist by a church committee: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either white or colored. Having been both for several years, I wish to offer my services."—*American*.

Oxen or elephants as means of rapid transit would not seem more remarkable to the strictly modern child than the antiquated horse. Such a child was one day looking at an old print. She exclaimed: "Oh! How funny! Here's a horse-car! or maybe," looking more closely at the rather long ears, "maybe it's a reindeer car."—*Exchange*.

Had it in his head.—"Now, Willie," said his teacher, as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afghanistan?" Willie hesitated a moment. "Don't you know?" asked the teacher. "Yes! I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can't lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied.—*Harper's Young People*.

A woman at the World's Fair, who had charge of an exhibit in the Machinery Building, in a section given over to iron monsters which whirled, revolved, hammered, and shrieked on all sides, says that one day a visitor stood near her, gazing about in a bewildered way for a time. Then she approached, and inquired, "Is this the Fisheries Building?"—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, cap in hand. "Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate. "Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed. "Nobody needs a boy." The boy would not give up. "Well, say, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?" The magnate collapsed. "I'm sorry to say we do," he said; "and I guess you're about what we want."—*Northern Budget*.

In a volume of "Transactions" recently printed by the Grolier Club there are some amusing stories told by Mr. Frederick Keppel, and among them this of Matthew Arnold: "After his return to London from his first lecturing tour in this country he visited Mrs. Procter, then eighty years old. In giving Mr. Arnold a motherly cup of tea, she asked him, 'And what did they say about you in America?' 'Well,' said the literary autocrat, 'they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes didn't fit me.' 'Well, now,' said the old lady, 'I think they were mistaken as to the clothes.'"

DEFINITIONS.

There are often hidden meanings in the humorous answers given by school-boys in the examination-room. From a collection of such answers in the *University Correspondent* we cull a few authenticated specimens. "Parallel straight lines," said one boy, "are those which meet at the far end of infinity." And another sagely remarked that "things which are impossible are equal to one another." The boy who wrote, "A point is that which will not appear any bigger, even if you get a magnifying-glass," would have no difficulty in understanding that a star, being but a lucid point, cannot be magnified. Every examiner is familiar with the non-committal answers frequently received, and with which may be classified the cautious statement that "two straight lines cannot enclose a space, unless they are crooked." But even these words of wisdom are eclipsed by the definitions of kinetic and of potential energy once received. "Kinetic energy," ran the definitions, "is the power of doing work. Potential energy is the power of doing without work." This truth, which has a monetary application, is well worth adding to our contemporary's collection.—*Nature*.

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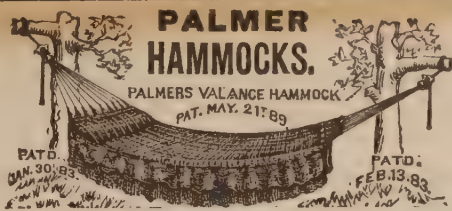
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Editorial.

MR. GLADSTONE'S great speech at Chester has increased the interest in Armenia's affairs, and will add new strength to the demand for a real reform. The only protest which has reached us of the "grand old man's" address is that from Khalef Khalid, who asks him why he hates and denounces the Turk. This has drawn out a letter, in which he says: "I entirely disclaim the hatred and hostility to the Turks, or any race of men, which you ascribe to me. I do not doubt that you write in entire good faith, but your statements of facts are unauthenticated. I proceed only upon authenticated statements. I make no charge against the Turks at large, but against a Turkish government. I make the charges which they have been proved guilty of by public authority. In my opinion, I have been a far better friend to the Ottoman Empire than have the sultan and his advisers. I have always recommended the granting of reasonable powers of local self-government, which would have saved Turkey from terrible losses. This good advice has been spurned; and, in consequence, Turkey has lost 18,000,000 of people, and may lose more. Pray weigh these words." In this connection we would note that, at a luncheon with Rev. Dr. Lorimer, Mr. Gladstone said: "I am desirous to have

America specially interested in the work of Armenian reform. Whenever England has had dealings with the sultan, the Ottoman government thinks it is actuated by some ulterior motive. But America occupies so independent a position, and is so far removed from the seat of European politics that its public opinion will have great influence in the East."

AS WE get the facts in relation to the Indian massacre, it is a repetition of the old story of provocation and injustice. The Indians were arrested for violating the game laws, the maximum penalty of which is a fine of ten dollars and three months' imprisonment. The warrant in this case, we are told, was issued in blank. Therefore, the constable and his posse who arrested the Indians committed an assault on them. The New York *Evening Post* says that the *Pressing* regards the killing as murder. Without going into the details of this story, it is evident that the Indian who was killed was treated as if he had no rights which a white man is bound to respect. How long will this gross injustice to the Indian and the Negro be continued? Our treatment of them is both a shame and a disgrace. As a relief to the sad story of Indian wrongs, we welcome the signs of progress as a result of the better influences which have been at work for the civilization of the Indian. Statistics received at the Indian Bureau show that 30,000 Indians are now engaged in farming, stock-raising, and other civilized pursuits. During the year they raised over 1,373,000 bushels of corn, and other grain and vegetables in proportion. They own 206,000 head of cattle and 1,284,000 sheep. About 22,000 Indians voted at the last election. It is estimated that 30,000 out of the total Indian population of 247,000 are church members. Out of the 247,000, 189,000 are self-supporting, and 35,000 pay taxes.

THE closing scenes of the gathering at the Alliance Camp at Old Orchard were marked by the same sensational features as those of former years. According to custom, the last meeting was devoted to a missionary collection, and all the methods known and believed in by the dwellers at the Alliance Camp were employed. It is estimated that fifteen thousand people were present during the day, one-third being at the special missionary meeting. The sermon on this occasion was the missionary work which the Alliance is engaged in throughout the world; and then direct appeals were made for contributions, and over \$60,000 was pledged. As these people do not belong to the wealthy class, what is the secret of their success? The leaders who make the appeal in the first place really believe in the work, and give themselves to it with singleness of purpose. Their enthusiasm reaches the height of fanaticism. Their language is, "We come, dear brothers and sisters, to the missionary offering which we believe God will bless." "I cannot," says Dr. Simpson, "claim a foot of land on earth except a grave. My only property is the publishing of religious works, which have not paid expenses. All I can claim my own is the love of Christ. But I want to give something to-day for this missionary cause; and I am going to promise a certain sum, and trust God will give me strength and opportunity to fulfil that pledge before another summer." Starting with the pledges to raise \$10,500, the Alliance leader began his appeal, after a silent prayer. Others followed. One man said: "I have prospered in my business, and I have resolved to lay several pieces of property at the feet of my Master. This property is really worth \$10,000, but by a forced sale it will only realize \$7,500." Then, with singing, prayer, and exhortation, the work went on, with small and large sums promised, until at the

close \$60,000 was pledged. Now, criticize as we may this outburst of enthusiasm, the motive which guided these disciples was unselfish. The gift was an offering on the altar of Christ.

THE massacre of the missionaries in China is a very engrossing topic in the East. At Shanghai there has been an indignation meeting to protest against the feeble action of the British government. But the trouble is that there is no real Chinese power with which to deal. The officials may promise; but, as affairs are largely in the control of the mob, even when promises are made by the Pekin government, there is no certainty that they will be carried out. Society in a large part of China is in a demoralized condition, and the anti-foreign feeling has reached a stage in many districts which it is difficult to control. It is thought that the best course is a joint action between Great Britain and this country. But, to prevent the repetition of these massacres, it seems that the only effectual remedy will be found in a joint protectorate. Such is the sensitiveness on the part of other powers that this is not easy to do. One thing is clear,—that China has become the "sick man"; and, if the present condition of affairs is allowed to go on, it must end in a breaking up of the nation. Russia is watching with an open eye; and her present friendly dealings with China has for its object the annexation of Chinese territory and the heading off of Japan in her ambitious aspirations. So complicated are the questions at issue that both the governments of Great Britain and the United States have to move with deliberation, and the friends of the outraged missionaries must take into account the difficulties which surround the whole affair.

THE race war has taken on a new phase in Illinois. In this case it is intensified by the addition of the labor question. The mine-owners, finding the colored laborers more quiet and reliable than the Italians, have employed them in considerable numbers. This has enraged the Italians, who are comparatively new-comers, ignorant, and without an acquaintance with our ways and institutions. Moreover, they were full of fight, and only waiting for an excuse to pounce on the colored laborers. A plausible opportunity soon presented itself. An Italian was waylaid by four Negroes and badly injured. This so excited the Italians that a mob of three hundred made a fierce assault on the homes of the Negroes, dragged the men out, and made them targets for rifles and small arms. "The women," we are told, "were insulted, and, while begging for mercy, were shot down and fatally injured." This case has serious aspects. The rioters, in their attempt to drive out the colored laborers, struck at one of the fundamental rights of the American citizen; and the outrages are all the more inexcusable because those who committed them were recent comers. The authorities of Illinois should bring the offenders to justice, so that they may be taught that this is a country where the laws must be obeyed, and, if they are violated, the penalties are sure and complete. Unless this mob spirit is crushed out, we shall drift into anarchy.

THE Convention of the Catholic Union last week in New York City proved, as we predicted in our last issue, to be one of the most memorable temperance gatherings which have ever taken place in this country. It made known that the religious force of this powerful Christian body is openly and aggressively arraigned against the liquor saloon and liquor-selling on Sunday. Some of the meetings had a very marked dramatic interest, especially that one in which a Tammany State Senator and Commissioner Roosevelt were speakers. Senator O'Sullivan hoped to carry his audience with him

as he advocated the non-observance of the excise law. But his attempt was a signal failure. The opposition shown to his sentiments was so strong that the presiding officer was obliged to interfere to keep the peace. But, when Mr. Roosevelt came forward, the audience received him with enthusiasm; and during his speech his pointed and pungent words were received with uproarious applause. Then, again, when some of the priests, with the fire and fervor of the old Hebrew prophets, denounced the saloon and liquor-selling, and with fervid eloquence portrayed the suffering and woe caused by drunkenness, the feelings of the audience were aroused to the highest pitch of intensity. The convention toward its close passed a series of resolutions which pledged the Church to greater fidelity, and outlined many methods by which temperance may be carried forward. These resolutions mean far more than those of a like character passed by Protestants, because they have back of them the power of the Church and a purpose which rests on the sanction and inspiration of religious authority. But, great as will be the abiding influence of this "Silver Jubilee," its immediate political importance, especially on the coming contest in New York to repeal the excise laws, will be very great. It was evident that in this meeting Tammany could not count on any help, but rather determined and aggressive opposition. The eyes of many politicians were opened to see the power and meaning of this uprising in the Roman Catholic Church.

RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN AMERICA.

IT is often a good thing to see ourselves as others see us, for in this way we get glimpses of truth which we alone are not able to discover. We have a case in point in the address of Dr. Bradford in Birmingham, and reported in the *Christian World*, which contains the impressions of a candid and able observer. While in this country, he was very careful to study our religious outlook. The first thing that impressed him was the difference in the position of the Episcopal Church in the two countries. In England the Establishment overshadows all other religious communions, while in the United States the Episcopalian is one of the smaller religious bodies. Moreover, the religious problems in the States is very different from those in England, because of the heterogeneous quality of the population, where cities are made up of people from every European nation as well as from Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. Mission work "is complicated by this composite population; and often the missionary must speak several languages, or there must be several distinct workers. All varieties of the Christian Church and many forms of pagan religion are to be found in many American towns." There are three great movements "in the religious world which are of international importance and interest. In theology there is at present what, to many, seems almost a crisis. The critical wave has reached America, and is severely straining those churches which have the stronger forms of polity. The Baptist and Congregational are suffering little, the Episcopalian very much, and the Presbyterian most of all. Just now the contention is concerning the 'Higher Criticism.' Already Prof. C. A. Briggs of Union Seminary in New York and Prof. Smith of Lane Seminary in Ohio, two of the noblest and ablest men in the Presbyterian fellowship, are under suspension. This movement will soon, in all probability, reach the Methodist Church, although as yet it is comparatively undisturbed. But it must not be supposed that this agitation indicates any real drifting. On the other hand, the American churches were never more loyal to the central doctrines of the Christian revelation than they

are now; and the consecration of all the people, especially the progressive party, to mission and social reform, is conspicuous and inspiring.

"Concerning the reunion of Christendom Dr. Bradford said that not much was being done, although most of the churches have committees on the subject. But the committees do little except report progress. At one time there was proposed a congress of the denominations, but nothing came of it. Now the most prominent movement is the 'New League of Catholic Unity,' in which many eminent ministers and laymen of various denominations unite in advising the consideration of the 'Chicago-Lambeth Articles' as a possible basis of unity. The non-Episcopalian members of that league do not, as a whole, agree in adopting the historic Episcopate; but, recognizing the 'Lambeth Articles' as something positive and constructive, they advise their study as a starting-point for a fuller consideration of the subject. Meanwhile there is silently but steadily growing a spirit of unity and brotherhood unknown in the past; and that seems probable as a matter of growth which would be impossible as a mechanical contrivance.

"The most remarkable religious movement in the United States since the freeing of the slaves Dr. Bradford believed to be the revival of municipal righteousness, which has had as its great prophet Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst of New York, and almost equally prominent Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven. This is a wonderful spiritual uprising; and under its influence the better classes of people have been taught that they are numerous enough to rule, that they can rule, and now they are in the positions of power all over the land. No man of modern times has been more heroic and prophetic, more constant and courageous, than Dr. Parkhurst, and to him more than to any other is due honor for the achievement of the mighty social and political revolution, which is without a parallel in American history. It must always be remembered that this has been a religious revival, that it has been led by ministers, and that its home has been the Christian Church.

"The outlook is full of encouragement, although in the growth of the commercial spirit, in the secularization of almost all life, in tendencies toward materialism, which are numerous and strong, there are many forces which are unfavorable. On the whole, those who believe in righteousness and the kingdom of God have great reason to rejoice." The speaker closed with an earnest plea for unity and harmony between English and American Christians, because to them more than to all others are committed the honor and responsibility of leading in the great work of the world's redemption. "At last, when the battle is fought and the victory won, these two great nations should be able to clasp hands as Wellington and Blucher did after Waterloo, and together rejoice in the triumph achieved; while, with all the hosts of the redeemed, they cast their crowns at His feet in whose name they have prayed and fought, sacrificed and died."

SENATOR HOAR'S REPLY.

The recent reply of Senator Hoar to two letters of criticism sent him by Mr. T. C. Evans is a valuable contribution to the discussion relating to the Roman Catholics and our common schools. He, in the first place, denies having said, as has been charged against him, that he was in favor of the confessional, or that he wanted to see something in our Protestant churches like the confessor in the Catholic. He brands the whole thing as "a miserable lie,—an invention made out of whole cloth." Those who know the senior senator of Massachusetts need not be told that he is a believer in the principles of the New England Puritans, and that no man in Massachusetts has more at heart the welfare and perpetuity of our system of free common schools than he. The point of disagreement between him and his opponents is that of method. He thinks Mr. Evans's method, by massing together the Catholic voters, would overthrow the common-school system. He would be just and conciliatory to the Roman Catholics:—

When O'Neil, the young Catholic soldier of Worcester, lay dying, he said: "Write to my dear mother, and tell her I die for my country. I wish I had two lives to

give. Let the Union flag be wrapped about me, and a fold of it laid under my head." I feel proud that God gave me such a man to be my countryman and townsman. I have very little respect for the Americanism that is not moved and stirred by such a story. If O'Neil had left a daughter who had her father's spirit, I would be willing to trust my child or grandchild to her instruction in secular education in the public school, even if the father had kissed with his last breath the cross on which the Saviour died, or even if the parting soul had received comfort from the lips of Thomas Conaty or John Power or John Ireland or Archbishop Williams.

He also says he likes John Boyle O'Reilly, the Catholic poet, when he sang the praises of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in that noblest of odes: "If I understand your former letter, you don't want a man who differs from you saying or thinking such things. I want the whole 700,000 Catholics of Massachusetts to believe what John Boyle O'Reilly believed, and to love and reverence the Puritan founders of Massachusetts as he did; and I think my way is the way to make them do it. You do not, if I understand you. You think the way to make good citizens and good men of them and to attach them to Protestantism is to exclude them, their sons and daughters, from all public employment, and to go yourself into a dark cellar and curse at them through the gratings of the windows."

Passing to a statement of his religious faith, Mr. Hoar refers to his address at the Unitarian National Conference. Though it failed to do justice to his own heart,—and he is aware of its own imperfections,—yet he adds: "I may be permitted to say that, within a few weeks after it was delivered, an eminent Catholic clergyman sent me a message, expressing his delight in it. The most famous Episcopal bishop in the country said to a friend of mine that he had read it with great pleasure, and that it sounded to him like the old times. A Baptist minister, bearing one of the most distinguished names in the country, wrote me a letter in which he said, as he read it, 'At every sentence I said to myself, "Amen, Amen."'" An eminent orthodox minister, doctor of divinity, read it aloud to his parish in full, instead of his Sunday's sermon. And a very excellent and able Methodist minister wrote to me, and said, 'If that is Unitarianism, I am afraid I am a Unitarian.' I think the time has come to throw down the walls between Christians, and not to build new ones. I think the time has come to inculcate harmony and good-will between all American citizens, especially between all citizens of the old commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The letter thus sums up the matter:—

I have no pride of opinion. I shall be very glad to revise any opinion of mine; and, as you state it, I shall be very glad to "know better in the future," if you will kindly enlighten me.

You and I, as I have said, have the same object at heart. We desire, above all things, the maintenance of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and, above all other instrumentalities to that end, the maintenance of our common-school system, at the public charge, open to all the children, and free from partisan or sectarian control. If you and I differ, it is only as to what is the best means of accomplishing these ends. If you think that they are best accomplished by secret societies, by hiding from the face of day, by men who will not acknowledge what they are doing, and by refusing public employment to men and women who think on these subjects exactly as we do, but whose religious faith differs from ours, then I do not agree with you. I think your method will result in driving and compacting together, in solid mass, persons who will soon number nearly or quite fifty per cent. of the voting population of Massachusetts. Nothing strengthens men, nothing makes them so hard to hear reason, nothing so drives them to extremity in opinion or in action as persecution or proscription.

On the other hand, my method is the method of absolute freedom and of pure reason. The Catholic boy, who has grown up in our common schools, who has formed his youthful friendships with his Protestant classmates, whose daughter or sister, as he grows older, is employed as a teacher, will very soon be as attached to our common-school system as we are ourselves. He will be required, as he gets property, to pay his share for its support. He cannot ask to be exempt from a tax to which all Protestants cheerfully submit, whether their own children be in the schools or not; and he will not easily be made to give his consent to paying twice. The American spirit, the spirit of the age, the spirit of liberty, the spirit of equality, especially what Roger Williams called "soul liberty," is able to maintain herself in a fair field and in a

free contest against all comers. Do not compel her to fight in a cellar. Do not compel her to breathe the damp malarial atmosphere of dark places. Especially let no member of the Republican party, the last child of freedom, lend his aid to such an effort. The atmosphere of the republic is the air of the mountain top and the sunlight of the open field. Her emblem is the eagle, and not the bat.

Musings.

I HAVE mused sometimes on what might have been the royal splendor of France in its imperial days. Going to Versailles, one may see in its grand palace and sumptuous halls, hung with battle pictures, a survival of that magnificence and luxury which gave royalty an external glory. One can imagine what might have been the feelings of Franklin in leaving the severe frugality of his republican and Quaker associations to come to this splendid court, and we know how well he maintained himself and his cause. If it was interesting to visit this historic place, as I did a few days ago, to see the grandeur which still survives and imagine that which has passed away, to watch the wonderful fountains playing to admiring crowds, and walk through the famous galleries, I have found it still more interesting to see something of the life, hospitality, and elegance of the French republic as it is to-day. It has been my interesting privilege, as an official delegate from the United States to the International Prison Congress, to be a guest of the French government. That privilege has been something more than a nominal and perfunctory one. The French government, in acting as host, did nothing by halves: it almost overwhelmed us by the dignity and brilliancy which it infused into the lavish hospitality of its welcome. Its official receptions, dinners, and entertainments, which have given great *éclat* to the Congress, have been marked by an elegance and generous expenditure which recalled the days of imperial grandeur. One feels that, if the republic does not wear the old clothes of imperialism, it has a raiment which is as brilliant, if not quite as gaudy, as that which it has discarded. In talking with the president of the Bar Association of Paris, by whose side it was my privilege to sit at an elaborate dinner, he said to me that republicanism was certainly well established in France, but that they were still a little too fond of imitating the pomp and grandeur of monarchical days. But it was certainly very interesting and delightful to be included in a hospitality which was as genuine as it was generous.

THE round of civic and national hospitality was begun by a reception to the delegates given by the President of the republic, Monsieur Félix Faure, at his official residence, the Palace in the Champs des Elysées. This soirée formed a brilliant introduction to those that followed. The ushers and officials in uniform and, most of all, the long line of dragoons, with their horse-hair plumes, "standing attention" and forming a martial balustrade on each side of the staircase, were a reminder that France still fosters the military spirit and preserves some of the gorgeous dye of the old imperialism. There were a few military guests; but the delegates, numbering, including the French members, several hundred, made the prevailing aspect of the gathering wholly civic. Black dress coats and white cravats were sometimes varied a little by the decorations worn by some of the foreign delegates. Apparently, the wholly indispensable element of uniform was the white cravat. A delegate who happened to come from a city where black cravats are now used in evening dress was stopped by an usher, and kindly informed that white ties were essential; and, undoubtedly, he would have felt a little awkward to have found himself the only man distinguished by a black tie in a gathering of several hundred. As he had come unprepared for this emergency, the usher kindly offered to procure him one. On the other hand, an Episcopal clergyman, wearing his professional uniform, and two or three Catholic priests in their robes, passed in unchallenged. At another reception during the week, given by one of the Ministers of State, a Quaker delegate found his black tie and simple black suit no barrier to admission. There was no speech-making at this opening soirée. That was reserved

for the formal opening of the Congress the next day, in which the President of the republic made a suitable and impressive address. At the reception the only formality was the presentation of each delegate to the President and his wife. Monsieur Faure, a man dignified and imposing in appearance and character, bears easily and gracefully the honors of his office. This palace is not as old as the one destroyed at Versailles; but in the ancient tapestry and the elegant decorations there is a suggestion of the earlier days of royalty from which France has now, let us hope, forever emerged.

THE next afternoon (Sunday) occurred the formal opening of the Congress in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, and in the evening a dinner offered by the Committee of Organization to the foreign delegates at the Hotel Continental, which was followed by a reception to the French members at ten o'clock. At this dinner all departments of the French government were represented by distinguished officials. Monsieur Georges Leygues, minister of the interior, presided; and at his right sat Mr. Eustace, the ambassador of the United States, who is now chief of the diplomatic corps, and whose constant pride is that he may attend all public gatherings without wearing a decoration. Then there was Mr. Galkine-Wraskoy, the general administrator of prisons in Russia, and on the left the Italian minister, Berenger, distinguished in French law; and opposite sat the minister of justice and Jules Simon, M. Chaumetemps, minister of the colonies, and through the great hall were many other men of distinguished position. On this occasion, as indeed on most others, the speeches were short and few, and were confined to a welcome extended by the minister of the interior and a response by M. Galkine-Wraskoy, the head of the Russian delegation. Then on the following Wednesday there were excursions to Melun, a dinner at Fontainebleau, a visit to the different monuments in Paris, and excursion to Sèvres and St. Cloud. On the evening of the 4th of July a banquet was given in the Eiffel Tower by the Société Générale des Prisons of Paris, which I had the honor of attending. Then there was a visit to Nanterre and Montesson, with a breakfast at St. Germain, which I was obliged to forego, and another excursion on Sunday, which included some prison-visiting. On Sunday evening M. Leygues, the minister of the interior, gave a reception to all the members of the Congress at his official residence, which is likewise palatial in character, where the large body of delegates could stroll through the gardens, listen to the delightful music of the Garde Républicain, to some comic renderings by Coquelin and others from the Comédie Française, and to some fine singing. The largest and most brilliant gathering was perhaps the dinner offered to the delegates by the city of Paris, given at the Hôtel de Ville, one of the grandest banqueting halls on the Continent. Here I had the privilege of sitting next to the vice-president of the Senate, and of exchanging views upon the characteristic features of French and American republicanism. The dinner was followed by a reception, with comedy and singing and instrumental music. I will not say how many times through the week I heard the "Marseillaise" played when the President of the French republic was toasted, and how stirring was this grandest of national airs when rendered by the finest of French bands. An eminent musical friend of mine has said that no great national air has ever been written without a bit of minor in it. Certainly, the minor in the "Marseillaise" is one of the most effective and beautiful strains, recalling, as it does, the tragedies of blood and pain through which France has passed. I have by no means catalogued all the entertainments and invitations which were crowded upon the delegates, including garden parties, receptions, and other courtesies. It would require a strong constitution to stand them all. There was a suspicion that the French government might be planning to kill us with kindness. But these occasions furnished the delegates with greater opportunities of mingling together and exchanging views and obtaining information. Of the general work of the conference I must speak elsewhere and at another time; but I know that the American delegates will join me in returning thanks for the official

and personal hospitality which was extended to them and their associates from all parts of the globe.

Brevities.

Rev. Samuel J. Barrows arrived at Quebec on Sunday, and is now in camp at Georgeville. He will reach Boston about the 20th, and is refreshed by his European trip.

Our readers will rejoice to learn that Rev. Charles G. Ames had a pleasant voyage, and was able to be at every meal. On his arrival he was much better than when he started.

The latest telegram says that the sultan of Turkey is firmly resolved not to admit the principle of foreign control in Armenian reforms. If this be true, and he still persists in not moving, the powers will have to give him a dose of coercion.

We trust that all of our readers will give special attention to the comprehensive statement of Unitarianism to be found in this issue, which was made in consequences of charges against the Japan mission. In addition, they should not pass by Mr. MacCauley's report of the Senshin Commencement.

Bishop Potter has enjoyed very much his month in the New York City slums. "The experience," he says, "has been fruitful of new and varied impressions of life. It has opened to me a vista of wonderful possibilities in the cause of the gospel. I must say that it is with a sense of regret that I relinquish the trust imposed on me in this attractive field of labor."

Rev. Mr. Conway has made a report to the Anti-lynching Committee. He says the visit of Miss Ida Wells to England and the formation of the Anti-lynching Committee have had a good effect in America. At first only a few newspapers at the North took any notice of these cruelties. He commends the *Boston Transcript* and a few others in the Northern cities for their interest, and says the services of the *Christian Register* have been beyond all praise. In some parts of the South the crime has disappeared. There is a good deal of feeling in the section averse to the atrocities, much of it being latent. "It is not improbable," he adds, "that some great protest will presently arise in that region, where the millions of respectable people are disgraced by the few thousands of ruffians who hunt and murder Negroes, and who are countenanced by a few political demagogues in the mob-ridden localities."

Dr. Martineau's American friends will be interested to learn that there is a "process" copy of a drawing by Mr. Theodore Blake Wigman. The *London Inquirer* says the portrait, in spite of the extreme difficulties in the way of a completely satisfactory likeness, possesses a very high degree of merit. "The figure, which is clothed in a dressing-gown closely buttoned, is three-quarter length. The face is slightly turned to the right. The upper part of the face is excellent, though in our copy we miss the luminousness of the eyes, which probably belongs to the original drawing, and is certainly a feature of the illustrious subject. The mouth and chin, though more successfully rendered than in several sketches we have seen, form the least satisfactory part of the portrait. Taken as a whole, however, the artist's work will be accepted gratefully by the many admirers of Dr. Martineau." For the benefit of our readers who may desire a copy we would add that it can be had in cabinet size and on large boards at Essex Hall, London.

Pro and Con.

THE JAPAN MISSION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The *Universalist* of August 3 contains a letter from Rev. Edgar Leavitt concerning the work of the Universalist mission in Japan. One paragraph concerning the Unitarian mission in Japan is so evidently the result of a misunderstanding that I wish, before it could be possible for Mr. MacCauley to defend himself, to say that to his friends in America it is incredible that he should have used the language attrib-

uted to him. There has come to hand through the *Japan Mail* a translation of the letter by Mr. MacCauley, which is probably the article referred to by Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Leavitt's language is:—

Our Unitarian brethren have declared their position as simply promoting free thought on religious subjects. One need not be a Christian in order to be a Unitarian. One may be a Christian, or he may be a Buddhist, or he may be neither, only provided he is a free thinker. Some of the teachings of Jesus, of Buddha, of Confucius, are wrong and harmful to the moral and spiritual development of the Japanese people; and we will do all we can to drive them from the land (so says a late issue of *Shukyo*, the Unitarian magazine). In the same article it is declared that they oppose no one's opinions nor pronounce them wrong nor heathenish nor heretical, but would freely learn from all, and that they themselves profess no fixed principles.

If you have space to print Mr. Leavitt's charge, together with Mr. MacCauley's letter, which, if not the original upon which the charge is based, is certainly an authoritative statement of Mr. MacCauley's position, you will much oblige the friends and supporters of our mission to Japan.

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Sec'y A. U. A.

UNITARIANISM DEFINED.

My dear Mr. Nakanishi,—I have not had time since the receipt of your letter of the 2d inst. to give it the attention it deserves. But to-day I shall try to answer at least its main question. This question has been answered by me many times during the past five years, and always essentially in the same manner. For some reason, however, I do not seem to have made my meaning perfectly clear. Whether the fault is in me or is in the minds of the persons I have addressed, I do not know. But it is evident that what I have intended should be understood is not yet understood either by yourself or by many who show a good deal of interest in the Unitarian movement in Japan. I shall therefore try once more to make my meaning plain.

First, Unitarianism is a religious movement whose history shows it conclusively to be directed by three principles:—

1. Free thought in the investigation of religious problems.
2. The supremacy of the human reason in deciding truth or error in religious doctrine.
3. Moral character and work as testing the worth of men, and as being the ultimate basis of church or associated religious fellowship.

Now, my dear Mr. Nakanishi, if you and your friends would accept this statement, and then never forget it in your inquiries about Unitarianism, your present misunderstanding could not occur. The three principles above stated are supreme. They govern everything else that may have place under the name "Unitarian." Their logical conclusions also are always accepted by Unitarians as soon as such conclusions are made known.

Next, then, never putting out of mind these three fundamental principles, which may be called the "Unitarian standard," we should remember that under this standard the Unitarian churches, or Church, has naturally occupied many positions, and made many changes; and we should know that these variations are to be substantially repeated in the future. As long as men think, and think freely, their minds will change and grow with human knowledge and progress. The Roman Catholic Church boasts that it never changes. Why? Because it claims for itself that it is a perfect divine institution established in this world by God himself. The orthodox Protestant Church subjects all its development to what it claims is a perfect divine revelation,—the Bible. But the Unitarians have always refused to submit their minds to either the Church of Rome or to the Bible of Protestantism as such. Their authority has been, and is to be, the enlightened reason.

At this point we are brought to consider Unitarianism as having part in Christian history. It is a fact that Unitarianism had its origin within Christianity. It is also a fact that most Unitarians at the present day are Christians,—in this sense, that they accept the religion which Jesus Christ taught, believed, and practised as the highest form of religion by which they can direct their own lives. But it is further a fact that Unitarianism has never had a fixed Christian theology. It has again and again been modified by deeper and larger conceptions of Christianity. The early Unitarians were as different in their notions about Christianity from the Unitarians of the present time as present Unitarians are different from orthodox Christians. From generation to generation Unitarians have changed in their conceptions of Christianity until now their National Conference in America, by a unanimous vote given last year, stands upon this platform:—

"The Unitarian churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance

with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and to man."

But notice, also, that this Christian position is the result of the steady growth of Unitarianism in Christian countries, and as a part of Christianity. Unitarianism is not necessarily confined to Christianity, nor do Unitarian Christians shut up their religious fellowship to those only who are professed Christians. Unitarianism does not belong exclusively to any one form of religion, be it Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or any other historical faith. The American Unitarian Christians last year, at the same time they adopted the conception of Christianity above given, adopted also unanimously the following declaration:—

"This Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and polity. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims."

"Unitarianism," as the word is understood in religion, has therefore become a world-wide movement, even although its birth and growth have taken place in Christendom and as part of Christianity.

Now, you can see that, when Unitarianism is carried outside of what is called Christendom, or Europe and America, and is brought into a non-Christian country like Japan, its relations to the religious and to the general life of such a country, are above everything else, those which arise from its fundamental principles and methods,—that is, from its threefold standard spoken of at the beginning of my letter. The personal faith or definite creed of any Unitarian representative or teacher is therefore a secondary matter, and is not to be considered authoritative in the counsel or aid he may give to those who may wish to associate themselves together for Unitarian faith and work.

So, then, Unitarianism in being brought to Japan must not be thought of as hostile to any form of religion in Japan, as such. If, for example, a Buddhist is a free and impartial investigator of religious problems, if he is sincerely willing to submit his faith to the authority of philosophy and science, and if he puts character or moral excellence before everything else as the test of manhood, then he and any true Unitarian can be intellectual friends, even though they differ very widely in other special conclusions. And, if any Buddhist is sincerely desiring to help to make men better and happier by bringing them under the law of justice and love, then such Buddhist can work hand in hand as a religious brother with any true Unitarian. Of course, a bigoted Buddhist and a free Unitarian can no more study together and work together than can a bigoted Christian and a free Unitarian. But free Buddhists and free Unitarians can and ought to be brothers in principle and in work, even though the Unitarians may find in Jesus Christ their own teacher and guide. No true Unitarian would find fault with a Buddhist for his love of Sakya-Muni as teacher of holy thought and living; and, likewise, no true Buddhist should find fault with a Unitarian who may also be a follower of Jesus Christ. The Unitarian principle requires a genuine catholicity of religious sympathy and the largest toleration in matters of intellectual speculation. The Unitarian is, in fact, opposed only to intellectual slavery, bigotry, falsehood, and vice.

I hope that I have now answered your question. If you understand my answer as I mean it to be understood, you will see that there is no obstacle set up by Unitarianism itself to your co-operation with me or with any other representative of Unitarianism who is true to his principles. I understand that a writer in *Bukkyo* has lately found fault with Unitarianism because there are Unitarian workers in Japan whose beliefs differ from one another. I suppose that this writer considers that, when men differ in belief, they should separate and form their own parties. Japan is a country of parties, I know. It seems to be difficult for your countrymen "to agree to disagree." But the Unitarian aim is to recognize as far as possible the right of every man to his own opinions in matters of speculation, and to try to find a bond of sympathy and co-operation in universally acknowledged truth and goodness. Unitarianism is therefore not the agent of a tyrannical partisanship in small things: it is the guide of those who ignore petty partisanship for the sake of a free, all-inclusive service to the largest welfare of mankind. Unitarianism has often been reproached as being "mere morality." Unitarians hold this reproach to be the highest kind of praise. They do not neglect the search for truth, of course; but they hold that truth has its highest value in making mankind better, nobler, purer, happier.

In a word, then, I am bold enough to claim that, among the religious movements in the world, the freest, most progressive, most tolerant, most inclusive of all, is Unitarianism. It is marked by method rather than dogma. It is as varied as nature or the human mind is varied. It is as united as the hunger for truth or the need

of moral excellence can unite men. Every Unitarian has his own faith, and this faith is usually very strong and clear. I have my own definite creed on all the problems of theology and ethics. All Unitarians are pretty well agreed in their disbelief in so-called Roman Catholic and orthodox Protestant creeds concerning the trinity, the Deity of Christ, the Bible, salvation, and human destiny, even though they differ in the emphasis they put on their denials of various parts of these creeds. All Unitarians believe in a universal spiritual endeavor on the part of mankind, in the worth of religion under all its forms in all nations, in a growing manifestation of the faith which underlies all historical expressions of faith, in the duty and the privilege of the disciples of all forms of religion to rise to a common level on which by enlightened reason they may find at last an intellectual as well as moral basis of harmony and co-operation. I hold that this sublime conviction was justified by Christ himself. You may hold that it was justified by the Buddha himself. Each of us can cherish his conviction without any break in sympathy. It involves no antagonism. Jesus and Sakya, I believe, would have found no reason for separation from each other. They would have gone hand in hand to feed the hungry, to comfort the sorrowing, and to fill mankind with love and peace. It is foolishness, it is even a crime against the human soul, for the followers of Jesus and Sakya to separate from each other as enemies, or even as strangers.

Unitarianism has not come to Japan to destroy, but to fulfil. I am not here to reproduce in Japan the Unitarian Church of America, except in its spirit. Unitarianism is here to set men free, or rather to help the free minds of Japan to set all minds free in spirit, and to hasten the coming in the world, as far as may be, of the sublime empire of love and righteousness which will at last make of humanity a true brotherhood under the care of the infinite and eternal God, our Father.

I am, with sincere respect, yours always,
CLAY MACCAULEY.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Among the many noble charities of Boston there is probably none that makes a stronger appeal to people of all ages and stations in life than this, which provides free rides in the harbor for sick babies. Those of us who have watched the color coming back into an infant's pale face as the result of such a trip must feel that by such a charity many burdens are lightened, many anxious hearts comforted, and, in all probability, many a child's life saved. It is with the purpose of calling attention to this work, and especially of pointing out how even a small gift may be of use, that I wish you would print the following letters. Such a charity as this ought to have a special interest for children in our prosperous families.

A FRIEND OF THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

My dear Mr. Tobey,—I was one of the many children that went to the lovely play of "Cinderella" given for the benefit of the Floating Hospital; and, while there, I bought one of the programmes. A short time ago, while I was ill, I earned 15 cents by making two yards of lace and darning a pair of stockings. I was going to buy a pair of side-combs, when I happened to read the account of the trips in Boston Harbor for the poor sick babies. So I send my 15 cents in stamps, hoping that it may make some poor child happy. My father used to be a minister of Boston before he came to Meadville, so that I am interested in the poor children of Boston. I am sorry to send so small an amount. But it is the dimes and nickels that make the dollars. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,
RUTH I. LAWRENCE.

Meadville, Pa., May 15.

MISS RUTH I. LAWRENCE:

My dear little Friend,—I hope I shall receive this summer a great many letters from friends of the Floating Hospital, and many large contributions. I should like you to feel sure that none of them will mean more to me than your gift, for none of them will tell me of so much as yours. I have a little girl of my own, scarcely able to talk as yet; but I am sure that I shall want her to be just such a girl as you must be,—a good daughter, with a tender, loving heart for those who suffer.

There are lots of things that dimes and nickels make besides dollars. Yours have made a man who is very, very busy happy; and they will help to make some poor little sick baby well, and its mother happy, too. May God bless you; and, should you come to Boston again, I shall certainly want to see you.

Sincerely,

RUFUS B. TOBEY.
Berkeley Temple, Boston, May 22.

For the Christian Register.

SONNET

TO MISS ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

BY REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING.

"And I could wish my days to be bound each
To each by natural piety." Sang thus
Great Wordsworth, voicing in his noble speech
The aim that makes our life victorious.
But you have lived the poem; for your days
Have flowed together like some tuneful song,
One sweet, melodious hymn of faith and praise
And deeds of love to win the world from wrong.
This one thing have you done and yet rejoice
To do. For this let love and friendship weave
Their choicest garlands now, pleased that the voice
First heard at morn is still obeyed at eve.
My joy it is that I your life have seen,
Have known how fair it is, how fair has been.

BACKSLIDING IN SWITZERLAND.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways"; and so I have been literally backsliding down the side of a Swiss mountain, and that mountain a slope of the Matterhorn. I have always thought that the time to coast or to have a toboggan-slide would be in the middle of July. Then the sun is warm: there is no danger of freezing your nose or your toes, and the only difficulty is in having the snow present in sufficient quantities. To-day my dream has been fulfilled. There was plenty of snow and plenty of hot weather. The toboggan was simply a Swiss alpenstock; and, if the reader had looked at the right time, he would have found the writer lying flat on his back on the mountain side, with the alpenstock plunged into the snow above his head. It was a situation of suspense for the writer and the guide beneath who was watching the descent. There was no trouble about getting down to the rocks below: the only trouble was in the landing in the proper shape.

I had been dissipating in Paris, yielding to the lavish civic, official, and personal hospitality extended to the members of the International Prison Congress. After such a round of dissipation an expiatory pilgrimage to the Swiss mountains seemed to be a personal necessity. The goddess to whose shrine the pilgrimage was made was Athene Hygea. So I found myself in the Valley of Zermatt one Sunday morning in the middle of July, with staff in hand, a pack on my back, and a modern suit of knickers on my legs. It was a glorious day, gloriously bright and gloriously hot. Not a Sunday has passed since landing in Europe that I have not attended church once, twice, or three times during the day. I had prepared myself for this pilgrimage by attending the song service in the English church Saturday night. But English churches on the Continent are not open very early Sunday morning. I did not wish to be arrested for burglary by forcing an entrance; and so I became Catholic, and stood for a minute in front of the Catholic church with my hat off, for at this early hour the church was too full to accommodate worshippers who were crowded into the little street. We must at least give credit to Catholicism for rising a little earlier than Protestantism on Sunday mornings.

My pilgrimage was undertaken alone. Neither Coriander nor Mizippi was yet ready for it; and Mavila had fled to Scotland. So I started on my solitary and yet not lonely way toward the Schwarzersee. The road winds up from the Zermatt Valley, crosses the Zmutbach by a little bridge, and then passes up through a pine grove from which one has a pleasing view of the Zmutt Valley. A little shed here tempts to refreshments; and the young Swiss who was waiting for customers joined me in a glass of lemonade, and was a little amused that I called my tramp a *Pilgerfahrt*. Ascending through this wood of pines and larches, you emerged into an open space, giving a fine view of the Gorner glacier. You hear below the ceaseless roar of the waters of the gorge, which rush with tremendous energy through the great rocks which hold them in their courses. Then the Breithorn looms roably into view. A road to the left leads to the Théodule Pass, but the path I am to follow leads to the right. It is a well-marked, winding bridle-path. One after another the mountains open to view, and prominent among them are Lyksam and Monte Rosa. After a steady three hours' climb the Schwarzersee

Hotel is reached. Just below it, to the left as we approach, is the Furgg glacier, looking very dirty, as though it needed a good washing; but there are torrents of water rushing from below it, and streams from the Gorner glacier and the Findeln, uniting to form the Visp, which rolls through the Zermatt Valley to swell the waters of the Rhone. The majority of pilgrims are content to stop at this hotel, but it is no sufficient or worthy shrine for the ambitious mountain worshipper. Away up above, with no bridle-path or foot-way, is the tempting height of the Hörnli,—a spur of the Matterhorn, which rises magnificently above it in all its threatening grandeur. It was my good fortune here to fall in with a young Swiss from Zermatt, who is engaged in the delightful occupation of bottling lemonade during the week, and who had chosen this Sunday for an outing. Born among these hills and mountains, he had climbed this height not for the francs which tempt the professional guide, but for the joy of climbing them. We soon formed a compact to climb the Hörnli together. We passed the Schwarzersee and the little lake with the same name, and then over broken stones through a rugged, pathless way.

We spent an hour in stiff climbing, till at last we were nine thousand three hundred and forty feet above the sea, and the glory of the Lord was unveiled before us. What a magnificent and indescribable temple! How dwarfed and insignificant the little temples made by hand compared with the wonderful architecture of this array of peaks, naves, and transepts! One might say, as the voice came to Moses, "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place in which thou standest is holy ground." It is a wonderful panorama which you may get here by simply using your heel for a pivot. There is the Mischabelhörner to the north-east; further to the right the Nadelhorn and the Dome, rising nearly 14,000 feet high. There are the Strahlhorn and the Stockhorn, and further to the right the beautiful Breithorn, whose outlines are softened into delightful curves by the clear white snow that covers them. Just below it lies the Gorner glacier, which winds down like a graceful river, its banks definitely marked by long black lines. Above it and to the left of the Breithorn are the twin mountains (Zwillinge), also called Castor and Pollux. As we face to the south, there is the grandest of all the mountains which tower above the Zermatt,—the mighty, threatening, but not unconquerable Matterhorn. We are just below it. We are standing on one of its feet, or, rather, on one of the shoulders that stretch to the north. How defiantly it seems to rise in the clear sky! A long list of tragedies are the results of the continued ambition to put that mountain under one's feet. As I came up, I passed the little graveyard in the village. There are stones marking the graves of Hadow, Hudson, Lord Francis Douglas, and Croz,—one of their guides,—who, with Mr. Whymper and another guide, made the first ascent of the Matterhorn, but were lost in descending by a fall of four thousand feet toward the Matterhorn glacier. My guide can count up some eighteen to twenty who have been killed or injured in scaling the mountain side. But it is no longer the difficult task it once was. Ropes have been attached to the most inaccessible places, and the ascent is frequently made during the summer by good climbers, among them a fair proportion of women; and one of those who successfully reached the top was a blind girl. "What went she up for to see?" If Farrington would lend me two hundred francs, I might be tempted to make the ascent myself. "They are threatening now," says my friend, "to run an electric road to the top of the Matterhorn." Certainly there are plenty of streams and mountain torrents to furnish the power; but, when they are harnessed up, I am not sure that I should care to go. The Rigi has lost much of its poetry by the prosaic way of reaching the summit. Nevertheless, there are thousands who get the superb view of the whole conclave of peaks who could not get it if they were left to their own feet.

Then, as we turn to the south-west, we see the Dent Blanche and the jagged Rothhorn. It is only a year ago that a guide lost his life in ascending this mountain. Still further to the right is the Gabelhorn, very steep and rugged, and then the majestic Weisshorn, with great masses of snow,

and last in the range the Trifhorn. Peacefully lying below is the Zermatt Valley. Here one is in a sanctuary. It is one of Nature's Sabbaths: there is no wind, violent or boisterous, but cool breezes fan the cheek. The roar of many waters comes up from the silent glaciers. These dumb, white rivers make no music: they lie cold and impassive, but beneath them the waters break into boisterous laughter. There are no birds here and no timber; but a little butterfly is flitting about me, and reminding me of the Schmetterling I left in Paris. Like Peter, James, and John, one might fain wish to build a tabernacle on this height. It is *wunderlich*, says my friend. We take our frugal lunch, write a German verse to the butterfly, and an apostrophe to the same *papillon* in French, and then prepare for our descent. The guide makes the welcome proposition that, instead of coming back as we had come up, we go down the other side of the Hörnli, and, making our way to the Stapfel Alp below, return to Zermatt that way. We start down over the rocks until we come to fields of snow which lie like white sheets on the mountain side. My guide proposes a *Rutschpartei*. He takes his alpenstock on the left side, holding it down with the left hand below and the right hand above. Then, sitting down on his "hunkeys," and using the alpenstock as a brake, he swiftly glides down the smooth white snow-field. It looks so easy and so delightful that I attempted to follow in the same way. The motion was extremely exhilarating; but suddenly I found my feet sliding out from under me, and that I was going at a tremendous speed on my back down the mountain. I plunged the alpenstock into the snow at my side, and found myself lying as described at full length on my back, holding to the alpenstock above my head firmly imbedded in the snow. At the foot of the snow-bed the rocks were sharp and threatening: it was only the sturdy alpenstock that saved me from landing in a heap upon them. With a more cautious use of the stick, I succeeded in getting down in safety. Another field was tried with better success, and still another, until finally the guide and myself locked arms, and went down a snow-field together in good shape. Crossing glaciers, unless they are badly crevassed, is tame work compared with the exhilaration of coasting down a steep snow-field with your alpenstock as a toboggan.

Getting below the snow-line, we crossed beautiful fields of mossy green, bedecked with flowers, and, after a rest at the Stapfel Alp, made our way back to Zermatt through delightful groves radiant with rhododendrons and shaded with larch and pine. Though I have visited many cathedrals in Europe, I have had no more worshipful Sunday than this one spent on the side of the Matterhorn, with the glory of the Lord revealed in the munificence of his creation.

It would take many days to exhaust the opportunities of Zermatt for the climber and the seer. Two other trips are pleasantly remembered. One is a visit to the Gorner Gorge, in which Coriander mounted a mule for the first time in her life, and saw some of the mountain peaks between his ears. The throat of the gorge is very narrow in some places. The roar of the water is like a small Niagara reverberating through the rocks. To me it is very interesting to turn from the stiff, frozen glacier to the torrent full of abounding life and motion. Yet there is a motion to the glacier. It is hard to realize that this great river of snow and ice is inch by inch making its way down the valley.

Another delightful trip was to the Gorner Grat, in which Mizippi mounted a little white pony to make her assault on the mountain. The landlady at the hotel was a little surprised when I ordered a horse with a gentleman's saddle, and quite curious when she saw Mizippi's divided skirts. But anybody who has seen women riding male bicycles in Paris ought not to be surprised at a woman riding horseback in bicycle fashion. Nobody has yet invented a side-saddle for a bicycle; and perhaps the modern wheel, if it does not supersede horsemanship altogether, will bring back again the proper fashion of riding for women which prevailed before the foolish side-saddle was introduced in the reign of Queen Anne. The trip to the Gorner Grat is easily made in three stages,—one to the Rife Alp Hotel, through a pleasant, shady way; the second stage to the Rife Berg, where a second hotel furnishes opportuni-

ties of rest; while a third stage brings the traveller to the Gorner Grat itself. Here there is a superb view of the mountains, presenting the same panorama, but at a different angle from that seen from the Hörnli. Unfortunately, another hotel building has been placed on the Gorner Grat, so that the view is somewhat cut off; and the observer is compelled to walk around this desecration to see the mountains. The road offers no difficulties to the climber. The main objection I have to it is that it has become the fashionable "thing to do," and that scores of people on horses and mules, and some ignominiously carried up in chairs, make a continuous procession from the valley to the top. A more secluded and delightful path was found in returning by the way of Findeln, giving us a view of that glacier, of the little village bearing the same name, of the gorge into which the glacier melts, and, grandest of all, of the stupendous Matterhorn. On one of its sides a white cloud, like a gull's wing, hung all the afternoon, soft and motionless. The deep shadows against the other mountains, the depth of the gorge, and the sunlight illumining the cloud and the crest of the mountain are pictures which one cannot buy, and which do not fade away like some of the photographs of the stores. S. J. B.

SENSHIN GAKUIN COMMENCEMENT.

BY CLAY MACCAULEY.

The friends of the Japan mission will be pleased to hear that the second commencement exercises of the School for Advanced Learning (Senshin Gakuin), supported by the mission, were a marked success, and did much to show the people of this country the high standard which has been set for the institution. The day was clear and cool (June 19). The beautiful Assembly Hall and anteroom of Yuiitukwan, our headquarters building, were crowded with visitors, many of whom were men of position and name. The essay and oration of the two graduates were really creditable discussions of their themes, "Individualism" and "Japanese Ancestor Worship"; and the commencement address of Mr. Kato, a member of the House of Peers and president of the Imperial University, on "Occidental and Oriental Ethics," was heard with unbroken attention, and has had a good deal of serious notice in the magazines and journals of the country. I have received a letter from the editor of a leading review in Tokyo, which, in translation, is worth repeating here. He writes: "This year, the 28th of Meiji, is the year in which our empire has shown its real power to the world,—in its victory over China, in the joyous welcome given to its returning triumphant troops. During this memorable time Senshin Gakuin has held its second commencement exercises. I was honored with the privilege of being present at these exercises. I cannot refrain from offering to you my congratulations.

"Senshin Gakuin, as I see it, is the most hopeful school in our country, as a leader of religious and scientific thought. While all the country was under great excitement, its professors and students stood firmly and steadily by their work, devoting themselves to the study of profound religious and scientific truth. And now the school has brought forth its second class of graduates. The events of society are the effect of new thought. Also new thought is the effect of social events. The happenings of the past year have affected our people profoundly. Your young men who are now leaving Senshin Gakuin, instructed as they have been in its lecture-rooms, ought to be leaders in our country's new career. The responsibility which rests upon you all is great and heavy. I sincerely hope in your future."

I wish I could reproduce here the three addresses which were given at our commencement. Graduate Iizuka's essay on "Individualism" would be well worth reading at home. After a clear exposition of his theme he subjected it to a closely argued criticism. He insisted that the common welfare is not best furthered by the individual's pursuit of prosperity. Free competition is not a good law for social effort. It is questionable whether freedom is a natural right. The State is not merely a collection of individuals. The State has an end for itself. To this the individual should be subject. Individualism ignores

the social organism, and is thereby in conflict with true morality. It does not recognize the inseparable relation of each one to all. Freedom is a limited privilege. Present civilization is largely the effect of individualistic theories. So far much prosperity has followed these modern principles. The inevitable difficulties arising from individualism, however, have at length appeared; and individualism cannot remove them. State socialism must come. This only can solve the social problem and advance the world's higher civilization. Graduate Hasunuma's oration on "Japanese Ancestor Worship" began by a criticism of Herbert Spencer's theory that ancestor worship is the primitive and lowest form of religion. He claimed that ancestor worship as developed in Japan contradicts Mr. Spencer,—that in Japan, at least, it did not originate either in fear or awe. In establishing this claim, Mr. Hasunuma quotes freely from Japanese ancient records, to show that ancestor worship in Japan was but an expansion of filial piety, a tender regard for the dead, which had the semblance of worship. The speaker asserted that this ancient institution had had very beneficial effects upon the Japanese people. There has been unquestionably a close connection between the thousands of years of unbroken imperial succession and the stable State and reverence for parents, dead as well as living. Contrast the miserable dispersion of the Jews, who neglected the Fifth Commandment, with the established empire of Japan. Then what an important place ancestor worship has had in promoting Japan's beautiful virtues of loyalty and filial piety, honor, and social solidarity. Then, if Carlyle's religion of "hero-worship" has any meaning; if an ethical religion is to be preferred to one that is theological; if we are to remember how many philanthropists and martyrs have been supported by our reverence for ancestors,—surely, we cannot degrade our "ancestor worship" to a low level in religious consciousness. The latter part of the oration was historical, showing the various changes and developments of this cult or institution,—how it was influenced by Confucianism, and how even mighty Buddhism, which modified greatly Japanese religion, literature, and art, was compelled to yield to and to be itself shaped by the ancient native reverence for the dead. I shall not attempt to give any notion of Mr. Kato's address. It was a scholarly and eloquent utterance, as all Mr. Kato's public speeches are. He is one of Japan's most cultured and impressive orators, and the important place which Senshin Gakuin has secured in public regard here is shown in large measure by the fact that Mr. Kato honored it by speaking for it on its Commencement Day. I am desirous for special reasons that the home friends of our mission should realize how important this institution, as well as the other departments of our work, have become in the opinion of the Japanese people. On this account I have here noticed some things that ordinarily I should not make note of in a *Register* letter. The fact is that whatever is thought of Unitarianism as a whole by the people of this country is directed by what is seen of Unitarianism in its work here. The Japanese people are coming to regard Unitarianism with exceptional respect. Our Senshin Gakuin has a great career as a possibility, and from what it has already done much will be expected of it. For this reason the future of the school is fraught with more critical issues than would be true of an institution of less pretension, promise, and achievement. Indeed, the reputation and fate of Unitarianism, as a whole, so far as Japan is concerned, is involved, in the main, in the career of this school. The good name in particular of the American Unitarian churches, under whose sanction the foundations of this work were laid, is bound up with the course the school will take in the future. Let the school go on as it has been going on during the four years in which it has been in existence: it will gain more and more confidence among the people in the real worth of Unitarian principles and organizations. Let the school be made yet stronger and more worthy of its pretensions, and foreign organized Unitarianism will gain thereby in popular goodwill and support. But let anything occur at home by which this work here shall weaken or fail, and, beyond question, Unitarianism as a movement in religion will suffer seriously, and, dependent upon

the causes at work, may lose regard wholly among the people who now look upon it with so much hope as a force in the direction of their new life. Much more is involved in the successful development of the work of our Japan mission than the mission itself. During the year past, under the restricted financial condition of the American Unitarian Association, our work here has had to bear its share in the limitations. Very well: all friends in Japan, as well as at home, appreciate and allow for these limitations. It is not of such things I am now speaking. I am speaking of the real sentiment, desire, disposition, spiritual attitude, of the home folk toward the mission. Through patience, perseverance, hard work, a large claim for Unitarianism has been made upon the people of Japan in this mission; and, at length, a desirable place in the confidence of the Japanese people has been gained. Much has been overcome, much has been secured, and now much is expected. Our work hereafter must therefore be done well, if done. Better than it has been done we must do it: worse should not be allowed. And failure would mean not merely the ruin of our local gains and reputation; but, if a failure were caused by a lack of sympathy and consequent lack of co-operation at home, the local failure would mean the degradation in this empire of the name we bear. I wish that our home people might understand fully the magnitude and the dignity to which the work of the Japan mission has attained,—that, in fact, there is no other one interest supported by the Association of so much importance as this.

But I must not take too much of the *Register's* space. Only let me say this much more: the prospect for the fall term of our school is very encouraging. Various improvements in our curriculum have been made. I will mail a catalogue of Senshin Gakuin to any one who may wish to see in detail what the institution is doing. I am glad to be able to say that Mr. Kishimoto, known to many readers of the *Register*, is to lecture for us next winter on "The History of Christian Doctrine" and on "Modern Rationalism." Since Mr. Lawrence left us, this chair has been unoccupied most of the time. There are now seven teachers in our faculty,—four professors and three lecturers. Our students number about twenty. Our rigid examinations and the necessity for students to have a working knowledge of English keep the number of students down. But our student limit is marked at forty-five. Our work is chiefly post-graduate.

The following extract from a letter just received from a Buddhist priest and professor in a Buddhist College may be of some interest to our friends:—

"I became a member of the First Unitarian Church in Japan on the 1st of this month. I hope you will be kind enough to instruct me henceforth. Formerly I was a Buddhist and a professor in a Buddhist school. Having investigated the principles of Unitarianism during the past three years, I have become a member of your church, not by the advice of others, but of my own will, through my own conviction. I am now devoting all my time to the study of the principles of the Unitarian faith."

This is a far-away country. But men are men, and we are all members one of another. Japan yet needs the helping hand, especially when her people walk by faith, not sight.

Karuizawa, Japan, July 17.

REPORT OF THE WORK OF THE A. U. A. ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, SUPERINTENDENT.

The value of the superintendent's office and work in the support of our missionary operations and extension of our principles has been proven during the past twelve months more convincingly than ever before. The financial depression existing throughout the United States is felt with especial severity in these new Western communities, still so largely dependent on the long-settled and wealthy Eastern States for the material and moral aid with which to develop their vast resources and build up their civilization. In such crises the pinch of want is felt most of all by the institutions and the men which represent the ideal interests of society. Especially has this been the case

with the young churches of the Pacific Coast. Nearly all of these have been called into life within the past five or six years. It is not too much to say that two-thirds of them would have been compelled to suspend their services or go out of existence altogether, had it not been for the sympathy, the instructed supervision, and the generous aid extended them by the American Unitarian Association, through its missionary committees and agents in the field. As it is, while the past year has been the most trying we have ever experienced, we have been enabled to keep up our church life and missionary endeavors in creditable fashion. We have not lost heart or lost ground. We have even made a little advance.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S WORK.

To begin with the superintendent's work. I have made three missionary journeys to Southern California, and one to the States of Oregon and Washington during the year, besides several shorter trips to nearer Central California points. I have thus visited every Unitarian parish save one, preaching, lecturing, making addresses, and conferring with pastors and church officers. Through my friendly mediation, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Seattle, and Puallup have been supplied with ministers. Denominational aid has been secured for several societies, amounting to \$5,450, with an additional \$3,500 for special missionary services, superintendent's office, and the San Francisco Book-room and Headquarters. In October of 1894 I attended the Unitarian National Conference at Saratoga, N.Y., and continued on to Boston, where I met the American Unitarian Association Board, and presented the interests of the Pacific Coast.

The vast distances to be traversed in my department, as well as our remoteness from the denominational centres at the East, necessitate an unusual amount of journeying. In all, I have covered some 12,500 miles of railway and ocean travel; and, including my summer vacation, which was devoted as usual to missionary labors, I have been away from my Oakland pulpit twenty-one Sundays, in addition to week-day activities.

It has been my aim to be at the Unitarian headquarters in San Francisco on two days in the week as much as possible. I have written and dictated over a thousand letters on denominational business, and written extensively for our local organ, the *Pacific Unitarian*, and other journals in the same interest.

Finally, it will not be out of place for me to state here that, including the amount paid my esteemed church assistant, Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, the entire amount of the salary I received from the American Unitarian Association, as its superintendent, has been expended in furthering our missionary work on this coast. I felt myself repaid for this additional labor by the privilege of doing it.

BOOK-ROOM AND HEADQUARTERS.

The book-room and denominational headquarters for the coast have become an important auxiliary in our missionary operations. The expense of maintaining them falls short of \$1,000 annually, of which amount the American Unitarian Association pays \$250. The remainder is provided for from local sources. We have been fortunate in securing a convenient and centrally located office on the ground floor, with ample display of signs, etc., at a rental only one-half that of the former room. Here is kept on hand a good supply of the publications of the American Unitarian Association, the Sunday School Society, etc. It is also the publishing office of the *Pacific Unitarian* and rallying-place of our various local organizations. Miss Metta Curtis is in daily attendance. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., is chairman of the Headquarters Committee, and devotes much attention to the interests of the book-room.

The *Pacific Unitarian*, genially edited and beautifully printed by Mr. C. A. Murdock, has a circulation of over one thousand copies, and is within \$200 annually of self-support.

BUILDING AND LOAN FUND.

The Unitarian Church Building and Loan Fund has about \$13,000 loaned, without interest, on eight church properties on this coast. Some of the parishes pay their ten per cent. annual instalments quite promptly, as they become due. Others are

sadly derelict. Meanwhile I am glad to announce that, despite the hard times, the church indebtedness of the Unitarian societies on the coast has been reduced over \$20,000 during the past twelve months. \$10,000 of this amount was raised in Los Angeles. In addition, a bequest of \$5,000 to the Santa Barbara church, when paid, will enable that society also to liquidate its entire indebtedness. To offset this, by the burning of the San Diego church an investment of several thousand dollars, over and above its insurance, was lost. The latter society has promptly rallied from its disaster. From the proceeds of its insurance and the sale of its site it will be able to liquidate all of its indebtedness, and feels to-day a peace of mind and a calm outlook on the future in happy contrast with its former dependent and anxious situation. Arrangements are now in progress by which, it is hoped, the Loan Fund's investment in the Olympia church also may soon revert to it again.

CHURCH WORK.

I am glad to report that one more society (Santa Barbara) has become entirely self-supporting. But Seattle has slipped back into the ranks of dependent societies, and San José and San Diego have had their appropriations increased. Grants have been made for the first time to Santa Maria, San Bernardino, Redlands, and Ontario. Olympia and Sacramento, having temporarily suspended services, are not beneficiaries of the American Unitarian Association this year. Fresno also is quiescent.

MISSIONARY WORK.

New missionary work has been done at Hanford, where Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr has begun a most promising movement, which the National Unitarian Women's Alliance has promised to aid the coming year; at Los Gatos, by Rev. W. M. Jones and others; at Santa Cruz, where six services were recently held; at Eugene, Ore., by Rev. T. L. Eliot, Rev. E. M. Wilbur, Rev. W. E. Copeland, and the superintendent; at various points in East Washington, by Rev. A. G. Wilson; at Centralia, W. Wash., by Rev. F. H. Adams; and at Gilroy, by Rev. L. W. Sprague.

THE MINISTRY.

We have welcomed into our Pacific ministry Rev. E. F. Dinsmore, Rev. J. H. Acton, D.D., Rev. H. D. Johnston, and Rev. F. L. Adams, all formerly orthodox clergymen. We have lost, temporarily, from active service, Rev. Mrs. Caroline Norris, by removal from the coast Rev. T. J. Horner, and from our Unitarian ministry altogether Rev. J. H. Garnett, who came to us two years ago from the Baptists.

We have received within the year applications to enter our ministry from five other clergymen of orthodox connection, who were, however, for various reasons discouraged from uniting with us.

There are thirty Unitarian ministers in active service, or seeking it, on the Pacific Coast.

STATISTICS.

The statistics of our Unitarian church life on this coast remain very much as they were at the last session of the Conference. About twenty-seven churches number some two thousand families, with an average Sunday attendance of over three thousand souls. The value of the church property is \$450,000, on which there is to-day (1895) \$74,000 indebtedness.

The amount raised during 1894-95 for current expenses, to meet indebtedness, and for other purposes, is about \$70,000. For general denominational causes some \$3,000 was raised.

At the recent session of the Pacific Unitarian Conference held at San José, an exceedingly interesting programme, extending over four days, was presented. Eighty-three delegates, including fourteen ministers, were present. The spirit of our councils was harmonious and fraternal, the discussion earnest; and the following resolution passed with unanimity:—

"Resolved, That we acknowledge with gratitude the sympathetic interest of the American Unitarian Association in the work of our Church on this coast, and the financial aid without which many of our parishes could not continue operations; further, that we urge upon all our societies that they become contributing members of the Association."

THE WEIRS GROVE MEETING.

From July 28 to August 4 was held the eighteenth annual Unitarian Grove Meeting at the Weirs, N.H. This summer gathering was conceived in the broadest spirit at the start; and the men who began it, Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., and Rev. Enoch Powell, meant it to be what it has always been,—a missionary meeting. This year the attendance was not as large as it has been on many previous years; but the character and spirit of both the speakers and the congregations were never higher or more enthusiastic. Two reasons are sufficient to account for the small audiences,—wet and cold weather and the coming National Conference at Washington. Grove meeting this year seemed a misnomer, for the weather made it impossible to hold but two meetings in "God's first temples." But, owing to the courtesy of our Methodist brethren, we held our meetings in the little chapel on the hill overlooking beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee. On both Sundays and on "Educational" and "Layman's Day" the chapel was filled to overflowing, and many could not get in who desired to do so.

The Saratoga resolutions furnished the key-note of all the week; and on the programme was printed, as "Our Purpose," "We strive to spread the religion of Jesus, which we believe to be summed up in love to God and love to man."

Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago sounded the clarion call of the week in a noble sermon on "Practical Religion," on the first Sunday morning. He had an audience so numerous that he could lay his hands on those who sat crowded close to his feet. No better and stronger word could have been spoken than he then and there uttered. He made a statement of religion which, as Emerson says, "makes scepticism ridiculous." In the afternoon Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia lifted us all to a high plane of the ethical and spiritual life by his lofty and inspiring thought; and in the evening Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester called us all to a strict and loyal service to our glorious faith by his earnest words.

Monday afternoon Rev. Samuel Hamlet, who is doing such excellent service at Wolfeboro, gave a thoughtful address on "The Need of Liberal Churches in Small Communities." In the evening we had a conference, led by Rev. Enoch Powell, at which Rev. William I. Nichols of Philadelphia spoke with warm appreciation of the Grove Meeting and its purposes.

Tuesday we made our annual excursion on the "Mt. Washington," a large and noble steamer, over the beautiful lake to the Unitarian fair at Wolfeboro. We had a pleasant social outing, and made the Wolfeboro Unitarians materially richer by our visit. On the return trip we encountered a thunder-storm, and saw the lake in all the fury of a tempest. We were glad when we got safely back to Weirs. In the evening Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., gave us a strong sermon on "Liberty and Responsibility."

Wednesday our hearts were made glad by the presence of Rev. D. M. Wilson, who spoke on "Our Work and our Needs"; and the Grove Meeting welcomed for the first time the earnest and enthusiastic new treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, Mr. George W. Stone. Mr. Stone stirred all our hearts by his winning personality and by the direct and forcible way in which he spoke of the faith we all love. He gave us two noble addresses, and no one at the Weirs this year made a more profound or positive impression. Surely, such a man is a tower of strength; and we are all ready to follow his leadership to the certain victories we are sure he will win for our common cause.

Prof. Booker T. Washington won fresh laurels and new friends among us, and went away a little richer for his noble work. In the evening the conference was led by Rev. J. B. Morrison of Laconia.

Thursday was "Educational Day"; and we were proud to welcome such men as Rev. Charles R. Murkland, president of New Hampshire's Agricultural College at Durham, Hon. Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Education for New Hampshire, and, best of all, Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., the much loved and progressive president of Dartmouth College. President Murkland spoke on "Authority: Religious and Educational,"—a thoughtful, scholarly,

and inspiring essay which charmed us all. President Tucker spoke on "Greatness," finding it in three traits, "Authority," "Originality," and "Benevolence." He showed us that, tested by these qualities, there is as much true greatness to-day as ever, and cited as examples Bismarck, Gladstone, and Lincoln. Hon. Fred Gowing presided with admirable taste and tact; and, at the close of the addresses, Prof. James T. Bixby and Rev. Samuel B. Stewart both offered excellent and pertinent remarks. Taken all in all, this was one of the most helpful days of the week. In the evening a Syrian, Ezekiel Taminosian, from Antioch gave us a lecture on "Life in the Orient."

Friday morning Rev. James E. Wright of Montpelier, a man whom we all delight to honor, gave us a sermon straight out of his heart. In the afternoon there was held on a small scale a "parliament of denominations." Rev. A. J. Rich presided; and there were addresses by a Baptist, Rev. Mr. Lindh of Cambridge, Mass., Rev. P. A. McKenna, a Catholic priest of Marlboro, Mass., who made a profound impression by his eloquence and evident desire to co-operate in the common work in which all sects should unite. Rev. Mr. Batt of Concord, Mass., spoke for the Congregationalists; and a Methodist, a Shaker sister, and a Unitarian also spoke. It was a veritable Pentecost, and we all felt a long step had been taken toward "the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace."

In the evening Rev. H. H. Woude of Toronto gave a remarkable lecture on "The Merchant of Venice." He also gave a lecture on Saturday night on "Macbeth," and gave a reading at the cottage of Judge Fellows on "Shakspeare as a Man." Everybody was delighted with the scholarship and spirit in which these lectures were given; and Rev. Mr. Woude won a host of admirers, who were fascinated by his vivid and realistic interpretation of the prince of poets and "the greatest of all preachers."

Saturday, "Layman's Day," was a red-letter occasion. Judge J. W. Fellows of Manchester presided. The leading address was by Hon. William E. Chandler, United States Senator from New Hampshire. It was an exhaustive and analytical address on "Unitarianism as a Hope and a Faith, not a Creed"; and it is earnestly desired by the audience which heard it that it may soon be given to the readers of the *Christian Register*. Hon. Charles F. Stone also gave an admirable address on "Progress in Law and Economics," showing the wonderful advances we have made since the days of Salem witchcraft. It gladdens our hearts to know that in our ranks there are such prominent and talented laymen who are ready to come to Weirs to speak for the advance of the faith.

Sunday was the last day; and noble sermons were given by two Nestors of Unitarianism, Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., and Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, D.D. There was a large attendance; and the music, furnished by talented singers from Concord and Boston, was of the highest order. At the farewell service in the evening Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., presided; and in short and earnest speeches an attempt was made to gather up the chief impressions of this delightful and helpful week spent together on the shores of New England's most beautiful lake. Then we sang with deep feeling Chadwick's sweet hymn set to "Auld Lang Syne," and the eighteenth annual Unitarian Grove Meeting was history,—helpful and gracious and blessed to those who entered into its spirit of faith and hope and love. FRANK L. PHALEN.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Those who are at home in the imaginative world of Dickens's characters, and love and rejoice in those glorious brothers, the Cheerybles, who befriended Nicholas Nickleby, must have thought of them in reading of the late Simon Wormser, the millionaire banker, who died so suddenly last week while out taking his usual evening walk. The deep and tender attachment of Mr. Wormser and his brother Isidor was one of the picturesque features of Wall Street. The two, when the day's work was over, were always seen going home together. Their brotherly affection and their respect for each other's opinion were known and commented upon in New York financial circles as an inexpressibly touching example

of fraternal regard. The street can ill afford to lose the clear-headed, wise banker; still less can it afford to lose the daily inspiration of his conduct. Mr. Wormser was a prominent member of the congregation of that noble and beloved apostle of liberal Judaism, Rabbi Gottheil.

A fortunate quarter of a million of our citizens are estimated to be out of town, enjoying the change of air, diet, and people that vacation time ought to bring to all. It is chiefly the toilers who remain, and they keep the business thoroughfares as crowded as at any time in mid-winter. And, of these toilers, over thirteen thousand have recently taken a voluntary respite from their daily labor. In other words, this number of garment-makers in New York during the last week in July left their employment, at the bidding of the officers of the United Brotherhood of Tailors, and for more than seven days were "on strike." Few strifes between "labor and capital" have been as quiet, orderly, and ultimately successful as this one. The trouble centered itself in that part of the tenth ward known as the Hebrew quarter, where, according to Jacob Riis, life means the hardest kind of work almost from the cradle. It is here that the shiploads of Polish and Russian Jews settle, many of them finding work in the sweat-shops, at the poorest pay of any workmen in America. It is these men who rose in rebellion against their taskmasters, accusing them of broken promises and demanding that, as contractors of labor, standing between the manufacturers and workmen, they should agree to the following terms,—to employ only the men belonging to the Brotherhood of Tailors, which would provide them with all the hands they needed, that fifty-nine hours should be called a week's work, ten hours a day for the first five working-days, and nine hours for the sixth day, that an hour for dinner should be allowed every day, and that no over-time work should be permitted.

The Brotherhood further provided a minimum scale of wages; for, like many other friends of labor, they have not yet learned that wages cannot be arbitrarily maintained at any fixed figure, but are lowered or raised by uncontrollable agencies.

The accession to these demands that has been made by the contractors will undoubtedly eliminate many of the evils of the sweat-shops. But those who have studied the question assert that sweat-shops cannot be abolished, that they are nothing more than private apartments, and that men cannot be prohibited from sewing in their own homes. It is a sad thought that there is no present redress for this pitiable evil. That, while the immigration of droves of foreigners continues, and the unwholesome tenement building abides, so long will women, children, and men toil ten to fifteen hours a day at starvation wages, in foul air and with insufficient food. Miss Jane Addams, of the Hull House, told before the Summer School at Plymouth one year of a little Italian girl that she rescued from one of the sweat-shops of Chicago. As in our public schools in the Hebrew quarter, where the teacher asks daily, "What must I do to be healthy?" and the whole school responds,

"I must keep my skin clean,
Wear clean clothes,
Breathe pure air,
And live in the sunlight,"

so Miss Addams tried to teach the little Italian waif. "When you get up in the morning, Tessa, what do you do?" "I sew pants," the child answered. "No: you wash your face, little one; and then, Tessa,"—"I sew pants," came again the answer. The child had literally known no other duties than the desperate ones of "a sweater."

The most engrossing topic these days with the press and the public is Police Commissioner Roosevelt's energetic efforts in enforcing the Sunday excise law. His position that, while the law remains on the statute book, his one duty is to see that it is strictly enforced, is approved by the Good Government Clubs, Dr. Parkhurst's City Vigilance League, and by many of the best citizens. A letter signed by some clergymen, among them Bishop Potter and by several social workers, has been sent to the Police Board. It states that their action has been helpful in securing a healthier, more orderly Sunday among the poor. The most recent statistics show that on Sundays, 1894, liquor then being freely sold from the side doors of saloons, the arrests

for drunkenness numbered 311; while on the corresponding Sundays this year there have been only 198 arrests for the same offence.

By a happy coincidence the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has been held here this week. There have been over ten thousand delegates present from out of town; and they, together with the New York members, have held some mass meetings, which have opened the eyes of the Tammany politicians, who seemed entirely unaware on which side of the excise question the Catholic Church would throw her tremendous influence. This important fact was settled once and for all at these meetings. Said one of the fathers, "Catholic stands unmistakably for temperance, and the Church proposes to fight the saloon in this city as no other power has done." Said the president of the Union, in one of his addresses, "A man cannot be a good Catholic, a faithful, docile child of the Church, and continue in the unbecoming business of conducting a liquor-saloon."

President Roosevelt's action in enforcing the law here regarding Sunday liquor-selling is going to bring local option to the front as an issue in the State election which is to take place this fall. In which case the attitude of the Catholic Church in this city will be an important factor in determining the result of the vote.

There is a dearth of news in denominational affairs, with the churches closed and the ministers away; but work has been going on at the Unitarian headquarters, and plans have been formed which, when put into execution in the autumn, will result, it is expected, in an aggressive campaign throughout the territory embraced in the Middle States Conference. Among other features of this campaign will be a "forward movement" in Brooklyn. The secretary's arrangements for the National Conference to be held in Washington in October are now nearly completed, and will be announced from time to time in the *Christian Register*.

A cheering bit of tidings, especially for those who would, if they could, send every city child into the country during the summer, has come in a letter from Miss Harrington, kindergartner of the Willow Place Chapel, connected with the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn. The kindergarten, for the second time, has been transferred to the country for the summer months. This year it is at Rutherford, N.J. The letter (dated in June) says: "We have been here two weeks, and are nicely settled. The first ten children have returned home; and how well they did look when they left! Our neighbors are delightful; and, having the Unitarian church so near (Rev. George H. Badger), we receive kindness all round. Mrs. Bell lets us have the use of her grounds; and, as there are hammocks and swings, one knows where to find our little ones."

"The children that came on our first trip were our babies, and we became very fond of them. They did not want to leave us, and it was very cunning to hear them talk it all over. One little fellow said 'that he would miss those lovely blankets on his bed.'" M. A. M.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Whatever may be the real nature of faith, its power cannot be contested. There is profound reason for the Gospel affirmation that it can move mountains. The great events of history have been brought about by obscure fanatics armed with nothing but their faith. The great religions which have governed the world and the vast empires that have extended from one hemisphere to the other were not built up by men of letters, of science, or by philosophers. The creed on which the civilization under which we live was founded was first spread by obscure fishermen of a Galilean market town. Shepherds from the Arabian deserts, whose contemporaries hardly knew of their existence, were the men who subjected a part of the Greco-Roman world to the dogmas of Mohammed, and founded one of the vastest empires known in history.

A strong conviction is so irresistible that only an equal conviction has any chance of struggling victoriously against it. Faith has no enemy to be really afraid of except faith. It is sure of triumph when the material force opposed to it is the servant of weak emotions and of weak belief. But, if

it is brought to face a faith of the same intensity, the contest becomes very active; and success is then determined by accessory circumstances, usually also of a moral order, such as the spirit of discipline and better organization.—From *"The Work of Ideas in Human Evolution,"* by Gustave Le Bon, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The treasurer would like to have Unitarians generally, and especially those from a distance visiting Boston, know that they are welcome at 25 Beacon Street. We shall be glad to furnish any information we can; also inquiries about books, publications of any kind, including periodicals. We keep on our tables a supply of the *Christian Register*, *Unitarian*, the *New World*, *Lend a Hand*, and can generally supply any back numbers wanted. We also have catalogues of religious books by Unitarian authors and catalogues of our own publications, which we will send to any one wishing to make selections; also a list of Unitarian tracts which we publish. Perhaps it may not be generally known that the tracts in this list are furnished free of cost to any one applying; and it is to be hoped that Unitarians will familiarize themselves with these publications, and use them among their friends not acquainted with our views: that is what they are published for. It is perhaps well to repeat, also, that we can furnish almost anything in the line of books that you may want. The work at 25 Beacon Street is carried on for the benefit of the Unitarian denomination; and whether you belong to it now, or only want to belong to it, or only think that you may perhaps some time want to belong to it, or even if you only wish it well, you are welcome to utilize our facilities.

There are some books on our shelves that ought to be read more than they are. For example, every layman and laywoman can read with profit Prof. Carpenter's "Life in Palestine when Jesus lived." It costs only 50 cents post-paid. It contains information indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of the work accomplished by Jesus. No matter how weary one might be of the popular cant and mysticism so prevalent about the life and work of Jesus, all this weariness would be forgotten in a new and intense interest in the problem he had to solve, as the reader meets, it may be for the first time, the real Jesus, and sees the matchless blending of courage and wisdom with love and patience which distinguished him. There is no romance in the conditions described, no attempt at the dramatic, but a plain and practical treatment of an historic period.

After this the other book of Prof. Carpenter's, "The Three Gospels," naturally follows. Like all this author's work, this is clear and interesting; but, what is more to the point, it gives the reader the latest results of the best scholarship on the origin and relations of the Synoptic Gospels. The price of this book is \$1.25, post-paid.

Now, if Prof. Carpenter, with his magnet of scholarship, will gather into narrative form the life and teachings of Jesus, using only such materials as have survived the reverent criticism which he has made, we shall have the record of a life that for wisdom, strength, and beauty has no parallel in human history.

VISITORS.

The dulness peculiar to vacation time still continues at these rooms, enlivened occasionally by visits from our Western and Southern friends on their way to the New England coast to get a breath of real sea air and enjoy the music of the winds and waves. We hope to see them on their return brown and hearty and ready for a year of rousing work.

WASHINGTON AND ATLANTA.

From the inquiries already made and the preparations now going on, the meeting of the National Conference in Washington in October is likely to prove a success in numbers and interest. Washington is at its best in October; and the city is not only interesting because it is the national capital, but also because it is a very beautiful city in every way. It is to be hoped that many of our Unitarians will extend their trip to Atlanta. The great Southern Expo-

sition will be in its best trim at that time. Our superintendent of the Southern work, Rev. George L. Chaney, will have a Unitarian exhibit in the Exposition. Atlanta is the Chicago of the South. It is the most enterprising of all the Southern cities, and it would be very helpful to our church there if our people would encourage them by their presence and an expression of interest in their work.

STATISTICS.

The treasurer is not receiving answers to his inquiries for information from the churches as promptly as is desirable. It is impossible to carry on denominational work intelligently without knowing where the people are with whom we have to deal, and how many there are, also. It cannot be that Congregationalism implies isolation, or is hostile in any degree to co-operation; and it is impossible to conduct any work such as the missionary work of our denomination without some statistics upon which to base estimates. Will not those who have received postal cards fill up the blanks and return them, or, if they cannot do it, hand them to some one who can do it?

GEORGE W. STONE,
Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at Providence, R.I., Wednesday evening and Thursday, October 16 and 17. The five liberal religious churches in that city will give a hearty welcome. These sessions for Sunday-school workers are deservedly popular; and the usual interesting programme of speakers and subjects will be provided.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. F. W. HAMILTON has been called to the First Universalist Church at Boston Highlands, to succeed Rev. Dr. Rexford.

THE Minnesota Conference of Unitarians will be held at St. Cloud, Minn., September 17 to 19. It is hoped by holding it at this time that it will not conflict with other interests or meetings. H. G. Putnam, Secretary.

BOSTON.—Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday-school at 10.30. Subject, "William Cullen Bryant." Vesper Service at 7.30. Duets by Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bartlett. Violin selection by Mr. S. E. Goldstein. Rev. C. R. Eliot will speak upon "A Religion for Men." All are cordially invited.

Boston Common: Favorable skies attended the religious service at the cotton-wood-tree last Sunday. A special feature was the presence of many children, who left the grass plots, gathered near the speakers, sang right heartily, and listened patiently. The speakers for next Sunday, 5 p.m., are Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke and Rev. B. F. McDaniel.

HANCOCK CONFERENCE.—The sixth annual session of the Hancock Conference was held in the Unitarian church of Bar Harbor, Me., on Wednesday, August 7. In spite of the foggy weather, more than a hundred delegates from the various villages around Frenchman's Bay attended; and these, with the Bar Harbor contingent, both summer and permanent residents, filled the prettily decorated church. By steamboat or buckboard people came from South-west Harbor, North-east Harbor, Seal Harbor, and Somesville on Mt. Desert Island, and from Ellsworth, Lamoine, Sullivan, Steuben, West Gouldsboro, Prospect Harbor, and Winter Harbor on the mainland. At four of these places there are regularly established Unitarian churches: the remaining places have union churches, with liberal preaching in the summer season. The only settled ministers are Rev. L. D. Cochrane and Rev. Cora S. Cochrane, who preach at Ellsworth and Bar Harbor, and maintain a circuit among the other churches; but in summer many Unitarian ministers resort to the various villages about the bay, and for twenty years the region has been a practising field for divinity students. Among the ministers who were present at the conference were: Rev. C. C. Everett, D.D., who lives in the summer time at Seal Harbor; Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and Rev. C. F. Dole, who have houses at Bar Harbor and South-west Harbor respectively; Rev. S. A. Eliot, who lives at North-east Harbor; Rev. S. W. Brooke, who has rented the Homans Cottage at Schooner Head; Rev. S. M. Crothers, who is staying with Mr. Peabody; and

Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., who is staying with Mr. Brooke; Rev. T. E. Allen, who is spending the summer at Lamoine; Rev. T. J. Horner, Mr. C. M. Langston, and Mr. C. H. Porter, Jr., who are preaching at Sullivan, Prospect Harbor, and West Gouldsboro. With such a force of ministers, a large, earnest, and responsive congregation, and the cordial hospitality of the Bar Harbor church, the success of the conference was assured. The meetings of the conference have always been entirely simple and informal, and there was no departure from that unwritten law this year. A spirit of good-fellowship and natural co-operation prevailed. The addresses were all extemporaneous, not a manuscript appeared, and the unaccompanied singing, led by Mr. Eliot and Mr. Porter, was sweet and hearty. The morning session opened with devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. S. W. Brooke of Boston. Then Dr. Peabody, with his accustomed felicity, extended the greetings of the Bar Harbor church. In the absence of the president, Hon. John D. Hopkins of Ellsworth, who came in later, Rev. S. A. Eliot presided, and read letters from Mr. Hopkins and the greetings of the Maine State Conference through its secretary, Rev. J. L. Marsh. Rev. S. M. Crothers addressed the conference on "The Latent Spiritual Power in our Churches." Though he refrained from being witty, needless to say that he was wise. He held the closest attention of his hearers, as he revealed the as yet unrealized possibilities of the liberal gospel. Mr. Dole followed him with an earnest and animated address. Dr. Everett added his calm words, placing just the right emphasis on just the right points; and Rev. T. E. Allen closed the discussion. It was a morning given to high thought in simple expression.

Dr. Peabody then summoned the conference to the collation spread by the ladies of the Bar Harbor church in the Grand Army Hall, and all enjoyed a pleasant social hour. The afternoon session was opened by a brief service conducted with charming spirit by Mr. Charles H. Porter, Jr. President William De W. Hyde of Bowdoin College gave a most interesting address upon "The Working of the Interdenominational Commission in Maine." This commission, of which Dr. Hyde is the originator and president, has conducted for three years past an important experiment in denominational co-operation among the evangelical churches, preventing the multiplication of needless churches through sectarian zeal, and checking the abuses of sectarian rivalries. Dr. Hyde demonstrated the urgent need of such a commission, and explained the principles upon which the Maine Commission does its work. The success of this interesting experiment in Maine is worthy of close attention, and points the way to the efficient conduct of the work of church extension, be it orthodox or liberal. Rev. L. D. Cochrane of Ellsworth followed with a telling address on "Our Liberal Gospel," which was full of good points, clearly and strongly made. Mr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, Ala., was then given the floor, and made one of his short and spirited speeches about the splendid work of the Tuskegee School for Colored Youth. The Committee on Resolutions reported through Mr. Langston a resolution of thanks to the speakers and to the ladies' committee of the Bar Harbor church. On the report of the Committee on Elections the following were elected officers of the conference for the ensuing year: president, F. Noyes of Sullivan; vice-president, Capt. Deasy of Prospect Harbor; secretary, Rev. L. D. Cochrane of Ellsworth; delegates to the National Conference, Mr. and D. B. Flint of Winter Harbor, Mrs. F. G. Peabody of Bar Harbor; delegates to the Maine Conference, the officers of the conference. This election marks the transfer of the affairs of the conference to the charge of the permanent residents of the district. Hitherto the summer visitors have largely controlled the conference; but now local interest has become quite strong enough to permit of the withdrawal of the summer people from active work, though their hearty co-operation is of course assured. A special vote of thanks was given to Rev. S. A. Eliot, who started the conference in 1889, and has ever since arranged for its annual meetings. As the collection taken at the close of the afternoon session far exceeded the modest needs of the conference, the balance was given to Mr. Washington for Tuskegee. The conference was brought to its close by a beautiful service conducted by Dr. Peabody; and the people separated with the sense that they had been together through one of God's best days, had heard noble truths, and felt unutterable things.

SOLEMN CEREMONY BY WHICH LOUIS SINGERMAN ENTERS MANHOOD.—The confirmation of Louis Singerman on his thirteenth birthday took place at the Jewish synagogue, corner of Seneca and Eighth Streets, Saturday morning, at 10.30 o'clock, in the presence of an audience that filled every inch of available space in the edifice. The ceremony was interesting, and at different times extremely pathetic, particularly so when the youth was praying to God to bless his people and strengthen him to the end of his days, that he might cling stead-

fastly to his laws. The special feature of the ceremony, however, was the maiden speech of the youth before the vast audience, wherein he told of the significance of the occasion, declared his arrival at the age when he could no longer plead tender years as an excuse for sin, and expressed publicly his desire to be received into the spiritual bond of his people:—

"To-day, by the laws of our holy religion, I step from childhood to manhood,—an event which is the most sacred of my life. I can no longer plead my tender years as an excuse for sin, nor will my beloved parents be held to account for those things wherein I may be wanting as a true Jew and son of God. Though but young in years, I feel deep and fervent pride in the fact that I am a Jew; and at this most solemn hour I can but rely upon the goodness and mercy of God to lead me in the paths that I should go through life. God grant me the power to so live that I may become a useful Hebrew, and not only that, but that in the years to come I may be a true man. Let me say here that my heart overflows with tender love for the sweet parents who have watched over and cared for me since first my infant eyes beheld the light. May their days be long in the land which the Lord God has given them! To teachers who have instructed me I express my gratitude. May the synagogue wherein my voice is heard to-day move on to prosperity, and may Heaven so strengthen me that I may live in honor to carry out all religious resolutions. As a son of Israel, I desire to be received into the spiritual bond of my people. I am ready to accept the faith of my father, and willing to share with my brethren the responsibilities of our common obligation."

He then recited the creed of the Jewish religion, saying:—

"I believe that God is one, holy, and purely spiritual, the Creator, Ruler, and Preserver of the universe, to whom alone belong homage and adoration. I believe that God has created man in his image, and has endowed him with an immortal spirit, through which he may sanctify himself in his thoughts and actions. God has proclaimed the immutable law of morality on Mount Sinai, through Moses, the greatest of all prophets, as an infallible guide for my conduct. Man is responsible for his actions. God is merciful, but also a righteous judge, who renders to every one the fruits of his doings. I believe that Israel is the priest-people of God, destined by him to proclaim and spread all over the earth the knowledge of the One Eternal, and to teach obedience to his holy will to all families of man. This universal mission of Israel will be realized in the future. The Messianic time, predicted by our prophets, will come when all mankind, redeemed from error and evil, shall acknowledge the Holy One of Israel as their Father and Redeemer. Deeply imbued with the truth of these principles, I solemnly profess before God and his congregation that I am resolved to live in conformity with this faith, to make the fulfilment of these duties the highest task of my life, and to strive amid all trials and temptations to remain faithful to my God."—*Seattle Post Intelligence*.

Since the New England Hospital for Women and Children on Dimock Street, Roxbury, has been partly closed for very extensive repairs and improvements, we have come to realize more than ever before what an important place this institution fills in the community. We are happy to announce that the hospital is again open for patients in all its departments, and better able than ever before to contribute to the comfort and relief of those who need hospital aid.

Business Notices.

From London.—Every woman who is anxious to improve the appearance of her parlor should take the trouble to see one of the new London divans which have come suddenly into fashion this season. They are going to be very much in evidence in the next few years in polite society. Perhaps the best place in Boston to see such a divan is at the Paine furniture warehouses on Canal Street. They are not at all expensive.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

At Templeton, 3d inst., Mrs. Mary S., wife of Capt. C. Sawyer, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A LADY with a pleasant home near Boston, and having the care of a young girl of thirteen, desires to communicate with parents or guardians who may be seeking a temporary or permanent home for one or more children. References exchanged. Address GUARDIAN, care *Christian Register*.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury; 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

A VESPER PRAYER.

From all its little bells the brook
Shakes out a silver peal,
And faintly from the forest nook
Their elfin echoes steal.
The shadows lengthen on the sward,
The light dies in the west:
Now, through the dewy twilight, Lord,
Send down the balm of rest.

The glimmering kine upon the grass
Lie crouched in dumb content;
And wandering breaths of blossoms pass,
In one rich perfume blent.
The braided gnats in sweet accord
Wail where the willows weep:
Now, through the solemn night, dear Lord,
Send down the gift of sleep.

—James B. Kenyon.

The Pulpit.

TRUE RELIGION.*

BY CHARLES A. ALLEN.

"The faith of the saints."—REV. xiii. 10.

"I do not call *you* a religious person," said the young atheist, Donovan, to Dr. Tremain, in Edna Lyall's interesting story. But Donovan was mistaken, nevertheless. The doctor was really a deeply religious man. He held clearly and strongly to Christian truths, and felt the power of them in his heart; but he was not tied to any mere dogmas,—the shells and husks by which Christian truths have been sheltered and sustained in certain minds or in certain periods of history,—and therefore he knew how to deal gently with doubters, who have often been repelled by outgrown dogmas. And, on the other hand, there was this to be said for Donovan,—that he had led a life of suffering and bitter discouragement; that the so-called religious people whom he had known had been unjust and heartless to him; that, when he was a young boy, he had been left to the care of a nurse who had treated him harshly, but made him say his prayers; that his mother's religion was shallow and heartless, for she had insisted on his going to church regularly, when his keen perception told him that it was all a piece of hypocrisy with her and with most of the congregation; that at boarding-school his manly honesty had brought him into trouble, so that he was at last disgraced and expelled by the pious teachers; that his good father had died before Donovan had an opportunity of really knowing him, and his mother had married a cousin, who cheated the boy out of his inheritance, and yet was a model of formal religion. All these "religious" people were constantly hammering at him with their dogmas, which to him seemed as false and mocking as the voices of fiends. What wonder that he thought of religion as a gigantic hypocrisy and cruelty! And, when he became acquainted with Dr. Tremain, a wise, loving, sympathetic, generous, broad-minded Christian, he was somewhat confused, and said, with ingenuous frankness, "I do not call *you* a religious person."

With a gentle laugh, the doctor replied, "Thank you!" for he instantly saw what Donovan really meant; and the result was that, through the loving wisdom and patient warm-heartedness of Dr. Tremain and his family, Donovan was gradually drawn out of his defiant, morbid, unhappy atheism into an appreciation, such as had never dawned on him before, of what religion really is and of what Christianity really is.

It is a very instructive book, this story of "Donovan." There is good material in it for a hundred sermons: it is full of religious lessons well adapted to our times, and perhaps none need these lessons more than we Unitarians do. For many of us are inclined to cherish prejudices somewhat similar to those of Donovan, though seldom so extravagant,—to be distrustful of everything emotional in religion, and perhaps to sneer at piety, or even to speak of religion itself in a tone of contempt, because we have seen so much hypocrisy and selfishness that take the names of religion and piety; and so, when we meet a religious man or woman who wins our respect and love, we are tempted to say, "I do not call *you* a religious person."

Well, it is always hard to restore damaged words to their ancient beauty; and sometimes it seems as if the only possible course were like that generally taken with infected garments,—to bury them out of

sight. For some words are hopelessly damaged. Who of you would ever think that "silly" once meant "holy" or "innocent," that "simpleton" once meant "a man without guile," that "plausible" once meant "deserving applause," or that "cunning" was once applied to honorable skill in the fine arts! We sometimes feel the same about the word "piety": it has so many disagreeable associations to some of us that we would rather dislike to be called "pious."

But the trouble often is that, when we drop the old words, we are liable, for lack of suitable words in their place, to lose our grasp of the realities that these words stood for, and even to let everything that was ever connected with these words be overwhelmed with distrust and contempt. For instance, the words "libertine" and "free thinker" once meant honorable independence in thinking for ourselves; but they have become so offensive to many Christian people by being associated, often very unjustly, with moral laxity that some people have not the courage to speak their honest thought because they dislike to be called "free thinkers." The degradation of this word has thus in some degree degraded the commendable spirit of honest, brave truth-seeking, for which the word once stood. And there is just the same danger in letting such words as "piety" and "religion" become demoralized and degraded. We are liable to become blind to the lovely reality for which these words stand in many minds; and thus we may commit the grievous mistake, full of mischief to susceptible and innocent souls, of sneering at piety and religion, and even at Christianity, without discriminating the true from the false and without doing justice to the reality of character for which these words still stand to many, and for which we have no other words to serve as well.

For instance, what better word is there than "religion" to describe that reality of character which gives to saintliness its sweetest charm and to heroism its loftiest grandeur? You and I have known people whom we could not help reverencing and trusting and loving, whom we felt to be something more than merely honest in the ways of common life, or merely charitable in the form of beneficence to the poor, or merely kind-hearted in the home and the highway. They are something more than all this. Most of us feel it instinctively, just as we see and feel the sublimity of a snow-capped mountain. It is possible, to be sure, that some of us have never felt this reverence, just as there are people who have lived all their lives in sight of some sublime natural object, and have never looked at it with admiration, and wonder with an immense wonder when other people journey hundreds of miles to see this mountain, and to admire it. In like manner, some people live for years in the constant presence of the highest goodness and sweetness and sublimity of character, and yet never feel any emotion of admiration for it. It must have been so with many who saw and heard Jesus day after day in his wonderful ministry, and yet at the last joined with the throng in crying out, "Crucify him!" Is it strange that such people sneer at religion, when they are so blind to the sublime reality of character, for which the word "religion" in its best sense stands?

But, whether we see it or not, there is such a thing as saintly character. And now what is it that really makes the difference between the true saints and the commonplace, average, respectable men and women, who never do anything bad, and yet show no beauty or greatness of character above the general type of respectably good men and women? It is not mere conscientiousness; for a man may be very conscientious, and yet we may not call him a saint. It is not mere honesty and kind-heartedness, "doing justly and loving mercy," admirable as these may be; for with these there may be mingled weaknesses of character which do not, indeed, impair our respect, and yet may prevent our feeling reverence. And then, besides, a thoroughly honest, conscientious, kind-hearted man may yet act with a certain coldness of temper, even when he always does what is right, so that we feel somehow that it is rather hard work for him to do what is right. We feel sure that, with all his conscientiousness, he has no very ardent love for doing right: his conscientiousness is cold-blooded, and therefore fails to warm us

with admiration. And then, often under the apparent conscientiousness we detect the metallic ring of a refined but hard selfishness,—a doing right for the sake of the reward,—not the warm, human tone of a voice that throbs with love. We say in all such cases that the man is good, to be sure, but that he has "no soul," no enthusiasm, no earnestness; and he therefore kindles no enthusiasm in us. We feel that he has a great respect for duty, and would always do his duty when he sees it; but we have our doubts whether he has much love for his fellow-men beyond a very limited circle. We do not count on him to make any great sacrifices, because he has so little ardor of love. He is like a piece of granite, firmly standing in his place and lot of common duty,—

"A tower of strength
Which stands foursquare to all the winds
that blow,"

rather than a flame of self-forgetful sympathy and helpfulness that takes the whole world into its ardent love, as the morning sun pours its holy, warm, and life-giving light over a chilled and suffering earth.

Now, what is it that makes this difference in character? Surely, it must be a secret of great value; for such loveliness of character deserves, not our admiration only, but our emulation. Do we not all feel that we would gladly become such as these saints are, whose presence touches us with so much reverence, and sometimes with something like awe, as if we stood before an angelic court of justice and were convicted of many sins? And do we not instinctively ask, What is the secret of this marvellous beauty of character, this angelic charm?

As we come to know such people well, we find that the secret of their charm is this,—that these people have a great deal of deep, true feeling on certain subjects, with regard to which most of us are rather cold, or perhaps entirely indifferent. I say, "true feeling,"—not mere sentimentalism or gush, that flames up in fervid talk, but leaves no impression on the life. There is plenty of such false and shallow feeling, which is apt to make earnest people distrust all feeling and prefer to be like icebergs themselves rather than to be like the crackling fire of thorns which blazes up with a great deal of foul smoke and quickly goes out, leaving only a grimy spot on the green earth. But true feeling may be very calm, though never cold. Some people of the most intense feeling that I have ever known have been very quiet and calm in manner, saying little, but showing the signs of their deep, true feeling in the earnest eye, the glowing face, the warm tone of voice, the decided, eager action. No one would make the mistake of saying that these are cold-hearted people. The devoted father or husband or wife or mother may not be always chattering words of endearment; but the warm heart of true love is constantly felt in the atmosphere of the home, beams from the eye, and throbs in the voice. The patriot does not need to make fiery speeches and protest his readiness to die for his country; but his few words are so warm with true feeling that they electrify with patriotism all who hear him, and his brave deeds intensify the power of his words.

So it is with religion. For what is true religion but noble character, elevated, purified, consecrated, and glowing with intense feeling about our duties to God and man! The man who is deeply in earnest about his duties to himself, because he warmly feels that the voice of duty is the voice of God; who is deeply in earnest about his duties to his fellow-men, because he warmly feels that his fellow-men are his brethren in God, children of the same Father and heirs of the same immortality,—such a man is a religious man in the true and high sense of the word. And his religion is an intense reality of which every one feels the glowing earnestness. Even the mocker feels it, whose tongue is ever ready to sneer at piety and faith. Such a religion puts to shame all flippant sceptics, and silences their heartless jeers; and they can only say, "I do not call *you* a religious person." Such a religion makes the home where it dwells a house of prayer, and lights up the features of the true saint with a beauty and calm before which we bow in reverence.

To be deeply in earnest, then, about our duty to ourselves and to others, because we believe so intensely that duty is the voice of God, and that all men are the children

of God; to speak with intense earnestness whenever our word is needed; and to act with resolute, self-sacrificing earnestness whenever action is needed,—this is being truly religious.

And the best morality or conscientiousness amounts to very little without this earnestness. Christian churches have been perfectly right in saying that morality without religion is of little value, though they have often made the sad mistake of lowering the meaning of religion to some mere creed-belief or ritual form or spasm of devout emotion that had no influence on the character. Morality without religion may be only a bundle of respectable habits, or it may be only the cold calculation of prudence; or, at the best, it is cold-blooded, has no enthusiasm or aspiration. It does not kindle a glow of emulation in other hearts, and does not rise into ever higher attainments of character. It has not the earnestness that strenuously resists temptation and eagerly fights against the evils of life. And, therefore, such morality will never save anybody, and will do nothing to make the world any better. "No heart is pure," says "Ecce Homo," "that is not impassioned: no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic."

It is true that a strong habitual sense of duty, a sincere reverence for what is pure and noble, will give much strength. Any sincere reverence for goodness is the beginning of true religion. But reverence does not become truly religious, and does not give to character all the strength that is constantly needed in the common temptations of life, till it bows in worship before the infinite goodness of God.

A recent writer, in speaking of the dangers to which young women are exposed in our great cities, urges that the only safety for such girls is an intense religious feeling of the sacredness of their integrity and their virtue. When strong temptations beset them, if they hesitate they are lost. If their highest motive is a merely conventional habit of good behavior or a cold-blooded prudence, if they think only of keeping up a good appearance, or if their conscientiousness is not made strong by deep religious feeling, they will easily trip and fall. "God knows that the temptations of life are terrible," says this writer; "but the men and women, high or low, who withstand, and refuse to lie, to steal, to envy, to malign, and to be vicious, are those, and those only, who are inspired by a sentiment that is dearer to them than life itself."

It is said that, both here and in Ireland, the Irish Catholic girls are generally more virtuous than the Protestant girls of a similar social class, for the reason that with these Catholic girls feminine virtue is a part of their intense religious feeling. It is hallowed to them by an exalted enthusiasm. It is passionately and reverently cherished as a holy duty that they owe to God; and, therefore, if a hot temptation comes, there springs up instantly within their hearts the hotter flame of religious enthusiasm by which they have consecrated

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*Preached in the First Church, Bridgewater, Mass., June 13.

themselves to virtue, and thus the temptation is foiled. Must we not think that many fair lives which we have known in Protestant homes might have been saved from shame and bitter misery, if they had been trained to feel warmly this enthusiasm for what is pure and right and honorable,—the enthusiasm which true religion inspires?

I speak with earnestness, because I feel,—and many others in our ministry feel,—that the special danger of Unitarians is indifference to this enthusiasm. Other churches have their own special dangers, as well as their special merits. We may admire and emulate their merits; but we had best let them attend to their own dangers, while we ourselves consider what are our own peculiar perils. Other churches may tend to Pharisaism, to exaggerating the importance of rites and dogmas and all the outward expressions of religion, which may draw attention away from the inner life of faith and love. But our tendency—a far more dangerous tendency—is toward that Sadduceism which has its doubts about everything deeply religious, which takes life easily, complacently, self-indulgently, doing a good deal that is creditable and nothing that is scandalous, yet lacking that deeply earnest feeling which puts a glowing enthusiasm into every duty, and is sensitive to every obligation, and kindles in other hearts around us the passion of a consecrated purpose. The force of old habits in which our parents trained us keeps our older people still attached to church-going ways; but, as for any enthusiastic feeling about religious duties, most of us are rather incredulous of it, and some of us are apt to look upon it with contempt. Is it strange that indifference to everything religious is far more prevalent in our Unitarian circles than elsewhere in Protestant lands, and that our homes, though ever so refined and cultured and pure, do very little to train our young people in a warm enthusiasm for their duties to their fellow-men and to their God? I have known Unitarian congregations where this moral decay had gone so far that the general spirit was thoroughly irreligious, and any appeal for a more earnest spirit provoked a quiet jest or perhaps a bitter reply of resentment and contempt. For such irreligion there is no remedy but the cleansing fire and awakening shock of some grief or terror or calamity, such as God often sends in his infinite mercy to arouse in heedless souls the consciousness of a higher life. If God is not merciful in some such judgments, it were better that such sham churches were swept away, so that the ground may be cleared for more faithful servants of God to enter in.

This, then, is the secret of true religion,—a deep, earnest, enduring feeling about the duties of life as obligations placed upon us by the Father of our souls. And this, then, is the faith of the saints,—the inner life of love and trust and loyalty toward God that creates the saintly life. For true "faith" is not a creed-belief, though a clear conviction of certain religious truths is essential to nourish the life of faith. It is not a momentary blaze of emotion, though an expression of intense emotion often testifies to the life of faith within the heart. It is the deep, patient, enduring feeling about duty, which is awakened and sustained by our belief in God as the Father of all souls,—an enthusiasm of conscientiousness, of self-sacrificing love and earnest concern for the welfare of others, of humility, forbearance, forgiveness, purity, and courage. Such traits as these make the good life; but, when they glow with a deep, warm enthusiasm and consecration, they constitute the religious life, the perfection of which is the saintly life. True religion, then, is "the faith of the saints,"—the faith that leads to saintliness.

But how shall we sustain in ourselves and kindle in others this enthusiasm that feeds the saintly life? Is there any more important means to this end than our frequent meeting together for worship, breathing together the atmosphere of prayer, meditating together on the great thoughts that nourish in us the spirit of faith, listening to the words that come from an earnest heart and that speak of holy duties and sublime hopes, of our human ties of brotherhood in God, and of the grandeur that immortality gives to the most trivial tasks? And then, whatever else may be helpful to us in any degree,—these special services of communion, these affiliations in church membership for closer fellowship and co-

operation, these special meetings for prayer and mutual help,—these all have their preciousness, and we must not neglect them. It is so easy to become irreligious; it is so hard to struggle against the evil of the world, and to save others from the foul and withering sins that constantly beset them, that we are grossly unfaithful unless we earnestly and constantly use all these helps, and do our utmost to make others feel their need of these helps, so that they may be strong in every hour of temptation and earnest in every way of duty.

Spiritual Life.

The real gist of religion is loving service: all else is form and vaneer.—*Selected.*

Heaven itself would fail to please the heart that had not learned to know heaven's supreme delight here.—*The Golden Rule.*

As the principle of love is the main principle in the heart of the real Christian, so the labor of love is the main business of the Christian life.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Love grows by culture. To him that hath shall be given. Love to-day with all your heart, and to-morrow your heart will hold more than to-day.—*James Caleb Jackson.*

Sorrows are like window-blinds which, in shutting out the sunlight, shut us in from the world's distracting scenes, and make for us a quiet place where we may be alone with God.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

The secret of a happy life is having one's heart full of praise; and, when we count our blessings every day in a spirit of thanksgiving for them, we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.—*Selected.*

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for something that would ennoble and interest us in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The peace which the world gives is by subtraction: it comes by the removal of the things which disturb us. The peace which Christ gives us is by addition: it comes in the midst of the things which disturb us.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Recently it was a bold thing to say that conduct was three-fourths of life. It is beginning to be seen that it is all of life,—not doing simply, but knowing and being. Never before have men been so conscious that every study and every art culminates in this.—*John C. Learned.*

In the sight of God greatness does not depend on the extent of our sphere or on the effect produced, but on the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is performed, the spirit in which trials are borne, and the earnestness with which goodness is loved and pursued.—*W. E. Channing.*

Men, in their short-sightedness, may judge us by what we seem or what we do. God judges us by what we are. Our real contribution to the world is not what we give from our pockets or even from our hands, but from our souls. Life alone begets life; love, love; virtue, virtue; character, character. This is the law. There is no other.—*J. T. Sunderland.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Advance*, in an article on "Tolstoi as a Spiritual Leader," thus draws his portrait:—

Much is made of Tolstoi's manner of life. In the possession of wealth, he assumes the garb of poverty, and engages in the most menial vocations. Thus he puts himself in close connection with the poor, for whom he has a deep and doubtless genuine sympathy. He has been called the Russian Buddha, though he lacks the complete self-renunciation of Sakyamuni. Renouncing his works of fiction, he yet edits new editions and receives an income from his royalties. Aiming to assist in bringing in a millennium in which men, "relieved from the incubi of organized religion and government, shall dwell together in equality, peace, and mutual brotherly helpfulness," he yet brings to his task no great inspirations, lofty views, and assured hopes. He is thus far short of possessing the qualities of great spiritual leadership. Grotesquely a non-resistant, and professedly magnanimous, he yet thinks meanly and judges harshly of the church of his people

and of organized government; affectedly earnest, he ignores the supernatural source from which all great earnestness has its issues; the national ensample of sacrifice for the poor, he holds and increases wealth; loving souls, he holds out no hopes for the soul's future welfare; and, claiming to possess and to teach the principles of a manly fortitude, he lacks the faith which is the fibre and strength of lofty heroism. Put his name beside that of Knox, the regenerator of Scotland, or Luther, the soul of the Reformation, or of Edwards or Finney or Park, and the sane mind must be instantly impressed with his immeasurable inferiority.

The *Interior* has the following criticism of Dr. Kuyper's use of the phrase "the glory of God":—

In a review of Dr. Kuyper's *Encyclopædia*, a work recently published in Amsterdam, Prof. Huizinger gives in the *Presbyterian Review* four propositions defining Revelation, as laid down by the German professor, the first of which is this, "God reveals himself for his own sake, and not for the sake of man, 'for his own glory,' as the Westminster theologians would say." By an elaborate and not altogether candid explanation this statement can be construed so that it will not represent God as a being of infinite selfishness, regardless of the welfare of his creatures, destitute of goodness, benevolence, and all those attributes which render him an object of love. Such a conception of God is as far in opposition and as antagonistic to his revelations of himself as is possible. It takes the goodness and divine self-sacrifice out of the gospel. It takes the glory out of the cross. It makes all that we love and cherish and adore a vain display, and it is a denial of that which it is an attempt to describe; namely, the glory of God. What is the glory of God? The word "glory" has been subjected to a change in and a perversion of its primitive and plain meaning. It has been made to stand for the fame of Napoleon. He sought and attained great military glory. His utter selfishness, his entire disregard for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, make his character fulfil Dr. Kuyper's definition. Napoleon fought and conquered "for his own sake, not for the sake of man,—for his own glory, as 'French militarism' would say." This is the definition of the word "glory" which Dr. Kuyper appears to have adopted. It is the opposite of the meaning of the word in its original signification and the opposite of the intent of the Spirit in the Scriptures. Glory is the outpouring of light. The glory of God is the outpouring of his divine attributes.

The *Advance*, in an editorial on "Christ a Positive Teacher," gives an outline of the way in which he deals with error and wickedness:—

But Christ did not turn upon these wrongs with the fierce wrath of the old prophets. It has been called a defect in his teaching. But was it? It has been said that he was not a reformer of the evils of his generation. There is a sense in which this is true. He was not a reformer, but a regenerator. The common type of reformer, as we have seen, deals in denunciation. He is a man of wrath against sin. If he succeeds, it is by driving a wedge into the social or national compact. All reforms inaugurated and conducted by denunciation run to violent conflict and tragical conclusions. The regenerator goes deeper. He touches new springs of action. He sets in motion a new law of life. He does not call fire down from heaven, but he calls up burning enthusiasm from the slumbering spark of divinity within the soul. He does not destroy men's lives, but he raises the dead in their lives. When the Saviour taught, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," he set a law of life and blessing over against all drunkenness and

harlotry. When he said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," he put the strongest of all doctrines against wars of conquest. And in the Golden Rule he gave the world a principle of conduct which would undo all wrongs, and which admits of no improvement. His parables are pictures of the new principle. He is a sower. His word is seed. Sown in the human heart, it springs up and bears fruit, some sixty and some an hundred fold. Cut down the thorns and weeds in a field, even pluck them up by the roots, and then leave the field to itself; and soon they will cover it again. But sow it with grain, and you will have a waving harvest. Christ sowed our humanity, trampled under foot for ages, with all good things, watered it with his tears, warmed it with his love; and the world has ever since been reaping the golden harvest.

NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION.

Napoleon had ridden nearly two hundred miles without rest, and all to no purpose. Going into the little posting-house near the fountain, he dropped into a chair and for an instant rested his head upon the table. But no. He must not sleep: he must work. He called for lights. He spread out the war-maps upon the table, and, sticking his pins here and there, as was his custom, at once began to study the situation. Philip never forgot that scene,—the gray of the morning, the group of silent soldiers, and, through the open door of the cottage, in the circle of flickering light, the tired and defeated leader of men poring over his maps, planning a new campaign.

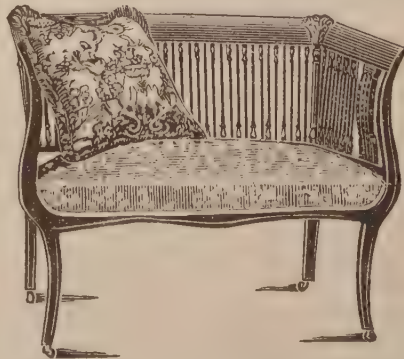
But that campaign never came. Fate was too strong for him; and, yielding to the inevitable, Napoleon finally gave up his determination to make an instant march on Paris with the troops who were following him from the eastern frontier, and rode wearily to his palace at Fontainebleau, a few miles to the south. Bad news travels quickly. And bad news speedily found its way to Fontainebleau. The Allies entered Paris. The city,—"faithful Paris," as the emperor had called it,—instead of rising against the invaders, welcomed them. France was weary of war. The dignitaries of the empire, following the lead of Talleyrand, "that arch-conspirator," one by one deserted the emperor who had made them rich and loaded them with honors. They gave their allegiance to the new government. The white cockade and the white flag of the Bourbons appeared in the streets. "Long live the king!" began to be heard where "Long live the emperor!" had so often been shouted. The abdication of the emperor was demanded; and fickle Paris at last made ready to welcome back the Bourbons whom nearly a generation before it had driven away in the days of terror.

Treason hastened the work. Napoleon's army, upon which he had depended for his revenge, dwindled away; and Marmont—brave Marmont, who had so valiantly defended Paris—went over with his entire corps, and forever after was esteemed a traitor by the France he hoped to serve and save.

The marshals, whom the emperor had raised to rank and riches, joined in the cry for his abdication. They conspired against their old leader. It is claimed they even doomed him to death if he refused to obey their will.

Then, deserted by his companions-in-arms, worn out with a useless struggle,—loath now to bring about civil war by appeals to the people who were loyal and

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the old soldiers who were faithful to him,—Napoleon, with that serenity that marks a great soul, yielded to the inevitable, and on April 11, 1814, signed his abdication.

This is the act of renunciation he signed,—this victor, subjugated by Fate and by his own ambition:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the emperor is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and for his family, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even to that of his life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

The tricolor had indeed fallen. The man who for so many years had given glory and greatness to France, who had distracted England with war, startled the whole Continent with his success, and filled the world with his name, stepped down from his throne; and Europe once more breathed freely. Great in everything he did, Napoleon was as great in his fall as in his glory. The empire was dead.—From "*A Boy of the First Empire*," by Elbridge S. Brooks, in *August St. Nicholas*.

DR. HOLMES'S PROFESSION.

Apparently, the law did not tempt Holmes to persevere in it; and before he had been two years out of college he abandoned it finally, to take up the study of medicine,—his grandfather's profession. Although he had already written much, and was helping to edit a miscellany, he seems never to have thought of authorship as his calling; and, indeed, there was here in America in 1833 but little chance that an author might support himself comfortably by literature alone. American literature was hardly older than Holmes himself, if we trace it only to the publication of Franklin's "*Autobiography*" and of Irving's "*Knickerbocker's History of New York*," both of which first appeared about the time of Holmes's birth.

Having made his choice of a profession, Holmes devoted himself to it,—at first in Boston, and then in Europe, making the voyage chiefly that he might study it in Paris, where at that time the best instruction in medicine was to be obtained. "I was in Europe," he wrote half a century later, "about two years and a half, from April, 1833, to October, 1835. I sailed in the packet-ship '*Philadelphia*' from New York for Portsmouth, where we arrived after a passage of twenty-four days. . . . I then crossed the Channel to Havre, from which I went to Paris. In the spring and summer of 1834 I made my principal visit to England and Scotland. There were other excursions to the Rhine and to Holland, to Switzerland and to Italy. . . . I returned in the packet-ship '*Utica*,' sailing from Havre, and reaching New York after a passage of forty-two days." He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1836, being then twenty-seven years old; and in that year he also published his first volume of poems. Nothing of Dr. Holmes's has been more popular than "*The Last Leaf*," contained in this early collection; and none has more richly deserved to please by its rhythmic beauty, and by its exquisite blending of humor and pathos, so sympathetically intertwined that we feel the lonely sadness of the old man even while we are smiling at the quaintness so feelingly portrayed. Dr. Holmes was like Bryant (who composed "*Thanatopsis*" and the "*Lines to a Water-fowl*" long before he was twenty) in that he early attained full development as a poet. Although each of them wrote many verses in later life, nothing of theirs excelled these poems of their youth. In their maturity they did not lose power, but neither did they deepen or broaden; and "*Thanatopsis*" on the one side and "*The Last Leaf*" on the other are as strong and characteristic as anything either poet was ever to write throughout a long life. What Bryant was, what Holmes was, in this his first volume of poems, each was to the end of his career.

To neither of them was literature a livelihood. Bryant was first a lawyer, and then a journalist. Holmes was first a practising physician, and then a teacher of medicine. He won three prizes for dissertations upon medical themes, and these essays were published together in 1838. In 1839 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth, and the next year he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson. Shortly afterward he resigned the position at Dartmouth and resumed practice in Boston. He

worked hard in his profession, and contributed freely to its literature. And in 1847 he went back to Harvard, having been appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology,—a position which he was to hold with great distinction for thirty-five years.—*Prof. Brander Matthews, in August St. Nicholas*.

Literature.

"CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS."*

It is a delight to come upon a book that one can praise so heartily as this. Mrs. Ritchie's style in it is at its best, with very little of a certain fluffiness into which she has often fallen heretofore. "And my daughter wrote it," said Thackeray to Fields, "every word of it; and I fairly blubbered over it." He was speaking of one of her earliest stories, perhaps "*The Village on the Cliff*." What tears of happy tenderness would rain down from behind those omnipresent spectacles upon these pages if he could read them! They make him more lovable than ever. Once he appears upon the scene, we are never happy when he retires from it until he comes back again, with one exception,—the last chapter, which Fanny Kemble makes complete with her large, sumptuous personality. Mrs. Ritchie praises Mr. Henry James's essay on Mrs. Kemble as one of the few adequate studies of her character, and certainly she has written no sentence better than Mr. James's "A prouder nature never fronted the long humiliation of life"; but we got from that subtle and elaborate essay no such impressive sense of Mrs. Kemble's tragical experience and her ethical nobility as we get from the brief sketch that we have here.

Mrs. Ritchie is her own heroine much of the way,—not a particularly heroic one. Indeed, her favorite line is that of self-depreciation. It is her blunders and misfortunes that she dwells upon with most insistence. There is no parading of her distinguished acquaintance, but evidently the range of it has been very wide. Her first chapter, "*My Poet*," celebrates her young delight in *Jasmin*, the French Provencal poet, and her disappointment in finding him a very fat and ridiculous and red-faced little man. Her next chapter, "*My Musician*," is most pathetic in its brief glimpse of Chopin. "*My Triumphant Arch*" celebrates her intimate personal relations with the "*Arc de Triomphe*." "*My Professor of History*" is a bit of "silver music with a golden ending" about a dear old Parisian lady to whom Mrs. Ritchie sent money during the siege of Paris, all of which the old lady gave for the cannon presented by her *quartier* to the city. Her "*Witches' Cauldron*" summons to her view and ours a long procession of her father's friends, one of them Charlotte Brontë, about whose party at her father's house, a very funny story is told. The little lion would not roar at all, and the disgusted showman let himself quietly out of the front door and went to his club, leaving his guests to shift for themselves. Just after this episode we find ourselves reading something about Charlotte Brontë which sounds like Thackeray; and, sure enough, it is, but the quotation-marks have been omitted.

The procession of friends continues in the Kensington chapter, John Leech being one of the most notable. And here comes out the evidence that Leech was the little boy who sings "*Home, Sweet Home*," in "*Master Birch's School*." Next we have an account of a visit to Weimar, where Thackeray had been in 1830, and seen Goethe two years before his death: so much the same and so much different makes up a pleasant whole. The reminiscences of the Carlyles somehow make a different impression from Mr. Froude's volumes without controverting them. In Mrs. Carlyle's self-regulation and in Mrs. Kemble's there is encouragement for people who under the stress of sorrow are disposed to let themselves go with the current. There are other chapters reflecting experiences of travel and periods of residence in Paris, Rome, and Switzerland. It is all so sweet and good, and the spirit of Thackeray is so pervasive of it all, that we find ourselves crying

*CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie, author of "*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

mournfully, "Why, oh, why, will not the hand that has done this write us the biography of Thackeray, enriched by his delightful letters, and not leave some one else to do it who will not do it half so well as could the author of this delightful book?"

THE PEOPLES AND THE POLITICS OF THE FAR EAST. Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Corea, Siam, and Malaga. By Henry Norman, author of "*The Real Japan*." With sixty illustrations and four maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The war between China and Japan, probably ending in the proposed treaty of peace between these countries, has brought vividly before the world the extent and importance of the great changes which are taking place in the Far East; and it is not too much to say that the recent work by Mr. Henry Norman treats of this whole subject in a comprehensive manner. This book, the author tells us, is the result of nearly four years of travel and study in the country and colonies of which it treats. Much of his knowledge has been gained at first hand, and verified by an extensive study of various sources of information. Hence we have the results of personal observation interwoven with investigations. It is not too much to say that we therefore have in this book a fuller knowledge of the Eastern question and the present condition than can anywhere else be found in a single volume. It is very clear that we are on the eve of great changes in the East, and these have a wide special interest because of the relation between the great European nations and their Eastern colonies. The point on which affairs now turn is the relation between Japan and China. The war has brought us two surprises,—that of the weakness of the Chinese Empire and the strength of Japan. The growth of the latter within the last twenty-five years is one of the marvels of history, and places the nation in front as one of the shaping forces of the future. The dogged obstinacy with which China has pursued her exclusive policy makes it evident that she will only yield to outside pressure. "She has never been opened except by war, and will never admit reform except at the point of the bayonet or at the sight of the iron-clad." Japan, on the other hand, after breaking from her feudalism, has developed from within, and is reaching forward to greater commercial and military power. If the reports of the recent treaty are correct, she has not only forced several of the Chinese ports open to her trade, but also has demanded that the same privileges be extended to other nations. The means for an intelligent and full knowledge of this and other questions bearing on the problems of the Far East will be found in this valuable book by Mr. Norman. It has a large number of illustrations made from photographs taken on the spot, and also from original maps.

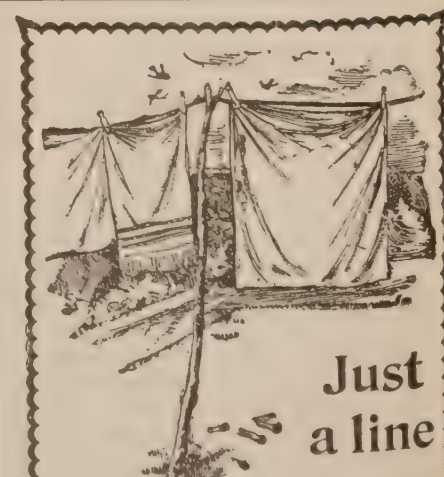
EVOLUTION AND EFFORT, AND THEIR RELATION TO RELIGION AND POLITICS. By Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—On its theoretical side Mr. Kelly's book is an arraignment of Spencer and Weismann and Kidd, whom he finds much alike in the determinism of their evolutionary doctrine for all their special differences, and a cordial acceptance of Huxley's opinions as developed in his celebrated "*Romanes Lecture*." The contention of that lecture—that the evolution of the Cosmos is anti-ethical—is not so discouraging for him as the related doctrine of man's voluntary power to "take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." It seems to us that Mr. Kelly very greatly overrates the influence of ultimate theories of ethics upon conduct. It would not be easy to make out that Spencer, for example, has been more disposed than Huxley to discourage "effort" for the improvement of society, and to let "evolution" have its unimpeded sway. Natural selection and the struggle for existence have in war their most obvious contemporary expression. Yet war has found in Spencer as earnest an opponent as it found in Voltaire in the eighteenth century and in Erasmus in the sixteenth. On its practical side Mr. Kelly's book is for the most part extremely sane. If its tendencies are socialistic, they are so with great moderation. The indictment of partisan politics is no whit more severe than it deserves. At various points there are admirable suggestions. Those in behalf of pauper farms are certainly among the best; but they would meet with furious opposition from the labor unions, and the legislators are generally at their beck and call. All that is written about the relation of preachers and politics is not rich in saving common sense. Preachers are advised that they must confine themselves to non-partisan politics. By so doing they will disarm the censure of the partisan members of their congregations. Alas! there is nothing the partisan politician so abhors as non-partisan politics! As between the partisan politician and the non-partisan, give him the former every time; for with him he can make a deal. The event has shown that there was much less of moral enthusiasm in the New

York elections of 1894 than Mr. Kelly, writing in the flush of victory, imagined. Reform was a good cry for the campaign; but "the reform legislature" proved to be as sordid, as partisan, as favorable to jobbery, as opposed to every good and honorable thing, as any legislature that ever met at Albany.

THE WAYS OF YALE IN THE CONSULSHIP OF PLANCUS. By Henry A. Beers, author of "*A Suburban Pastoral*," etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—As a literary performance, Mr. Beers's "*Ways of Yale*" is far and away behind his "*Suburban Pastoral*." The college man in that was much in evidence, the literary man in this. But in that the literary man was dominant throughout: the college man is dominant here. We have not so much the literary workman's reminiscences of Yale in the sixties as we have the survivals of the college boy in the literary workman's book. Here are many jokes which would not be half so amusing as they are to Mr. Beers if he could detach himself from them and see them in their naked worth, without the subjective fallacy. Nevertheless, for those who once were college boys, if they have not become hopelessly senile, it will be exceedingly attractive. Every Yale man will want a copy. Its popularity will probably far exceed that of its more worthy predecessor. It does not put its best foot foremost in the first chapter nor the second. It does in the third, which is entitled "*Chums*." The next, on "*Eating Clubs*," is almost as good. "*The Diary of an Undergraduate*" is made of *dissecta membra* that could not be articulated with the preceding chapters. "*Our Own Percival*" and "*A Sub-Freshman's Impressions*" have a faint odor of padding about them; but it is good padding, and therefore not to be condemned. Mr. Beers has fired a laugh that will be heard round the world, wherever a student of Yale shall read his jolly book.

A CHILD OF NATURE: STUDIES OF THE OUTWARD AS RELATED TO THE INWARD LIFE. By Marion D. Shutter, D.D. Boston: James H. West, 174 High Street.—We have here a series of very sweet and lovely natural parables foreshadowing spiritual things. In the first, "*A Wayside Prophet*," it is a clover blossom that teaches the blessing; and, if it sometimes nods, it does no more than Homer did, or than a clover blossom naturally does. "*The Joy in Harvest*" is less curiously considered, and is by so much better than its predecessor. Next in order comes "*Monuments of the Leaves*." Ruskin is quoted here, but the quotation is one of those "pathetic fallacies" which he denounced in other folk. Spiritual qualities are attributed to the leaves which they do not possess. Nothing better can be said of "*The Mission of the Snowflake*" than that the remembrance of Gannett's "*Treasures of the Snow*" does not spoil it for our enjoyment, its charm is such a different charm. "*Down to the Lake*" makes a fresh use of Simon Peter's "*I go a-fishing*,"—a use, we are bound to say, that was not in the text until Mr. Shutter put it there; but it is none the worse for that. "Back to nature and work, when all the best seems lost." As face answers to face in water, the experience of many a reader will answer to the truth and soberness of this advice.

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED. Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, some time an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, author of "*The Colonial Cavalier*." Boston: Little, Brown &



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Co.—It would be a monstrous shame if a book so exquisitely made as this in every outward fashion did not have a soul to match. But this it has in very deed and truth. The story is told as if by the hero, and, if not with the fidelity to contemporary forms of thought and speech to which Thackeray aspired in "Henry Esmond," and measurably achieved, there are very few who can put a finger on the spots which ail, and tell us they are "here and here." Moreover, whatever the measure of fidelity, the form is very pleasant in its quaintness and remoteness from our modern ways. The substance of the story is not below the level of its style. It is simply and naturally conceived, and moves to a satisfactory conclusion in a manner that is in agreeable contrast with the characteristic story of the present time. If we must hint a fault, it is that the order of society in which the story moves seems more developed than it could have been a dozen or twenty years after the settlement of Jamestown.

AMERICA OR ROME: CHRIST OR THE POPE. By John L. Brandt, author of "Turning Points in Life," etc. Illustrated. Toledo, Ohio: The Royal Publishing Company.—This book is the work of a sincere fanatic, and it is conceived entirely in the spirit of the A. P. A. It will do something to extend and aggravate that spirit. It contains a considerable amount of harsh and homely truth, together with much that is puerile, exaggerated, and absurd. A book of the same size upon Protestant follies and excesses would contain much disagreeable matter. Unquestionably, there are dangers connected with the increase of Roman Catholicism in this country; but they are dangers that can best be encountered in a spirit of absolute religious equality, trusting to the spirit of our institutions to mould its temper more effectually than can any propaganda all compact of sectarian animosity and bitterness. The illustrations of Mr. Brandt's book sink to a deeper level of vulgarity than his written matter. The most effective of them is the picture of Brother Jonathan and the Roman priest contending for the body of a school-boy. He seems to be in quite as much danger from one as from the other.

THE WAY OUT: EXEMPLIFIED PHILOSOPHY. New York: The Irving Company.—Utopias are as plenty as blackberries in these latter days. Mr. Samelson's has the virtue of sincerity, and it abounds in incidental criticisms on the existing order that are not void of sense. The practical outcome of the whole matter is a graded system of taxation upon incomes, one per cent. on incomes of \$1,000, and then gradually increasing until an income of \$1,000,000 would be taxed \$771,150. Evidently, the author has found pleasure in developing his scheme, and that he will give pleasure to a certain class of readers is tolerably sure; but that "the way out" is any clearer for his showing we cannot bring ourselves to believe. From a literary point of view the book is extremely crude; but, as it was not written to give pleasure to the literary sense, but to usher in the great millennial dawn, any criticism on this score would be out of place.

THE CURSE OF INTELLECT. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—If Max Nordau had waited a little longer, he would have had another degenerate for his collection,—the author of this book. It is horrible and disgusting. It is the story of a man who, tired of humanity, domesticated a monkey, taught him human speech, and infected him with "the curse of intellect." The monkey is not grateful. When he comes to understand human society, he likes it as little as his friend. Finally, he murders his friend and then himself. It is a waste of good paper and ink to make such a book, a waste of time to read it. If there is power in the writing, it is wasted power.

SENTIMENT AND SONG. By James Sumner Draper. Boston.—Criticism is disarmed by a book "printed for private distribution," of which the author says in a prefatory note that it is "intended only for the tender touch of friendship and affection." To that touch it will no doubt respond, with many pleasant intimations of things past and gone; but of literary value it has an inappreciable amount, and it is both contradictory and cruel that its modest worth should be subjected to the unsympathetic curiosity of a larger world than that for which it was originally meant.

Miscellaneous.

The "Students' Series of English Classics" numbers now nearly thirty books, and affords in substantial form, at reasonable price, books with which every student ought to be acquainted. The latest issue is Scott's "Lady of the Lake," edited with introduction and notes by James Arthur Tufts, Professor of English in Phillips Exeter Academy. Leach, Shewell, Sanborn & Co. are the publishers of this excellent series.

"Webster's Speech on Bunker Hill Monument" is published in Heath's "English Classics," with preface, introduction, and notes arranged by Mr. A. J. George. We like much Mr. George's theory as to the use of notes. He protests against that method of annotation which prevails too frequently in our text-books of English literature, and which furnishes criticism instead of directing to the sources of criticism. He agrees with Dr. Johnson's vigorous opinion, "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils." His own, on the contrary, are framed "to stimulate inquiry, and send the mind on voyages of discovery."

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell," a powerful and dramatic story of a woman's temptation and her degradation, is about to be dramatized, and will be put upon the stage this fall.

The *Sunday School Times* is publishing a series of articles giving a general view of Greek manuscripts from the earliest times, by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. The article appearing in the issue of August 10 continues an account of Greek manuscripts before the time of Christ.

Macmillan & Co. announce the publication of a new quarterly review to be entirely devoted to history, and called the *American Historical Review*. It was founded by a conference representing some thirty universities and many eminent historical scholars; and J. Franklin Jameson, professor in Brown University, is to be the editor-in-chief.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have recently published a new volume in the "Students' Series of Standard Poetry," edited by Dr. William J. Rolfe, "Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'" It has been prepared for school use in the careful way that characterizes all of Dr. Rolfe's work; and the book has a portrait and biographical sketch of Arthur Henry Hallam, the brilliant young Englishman in whose memory the poem was written.

The University of Chicago has assumed the financial responsibility of the *American Journal of Sociology*. The head of the department of sociology in the University of Chicago, Prof. Albion W. Small, will be editor-in-chief of the *Journal*; and the other members of the sociological staff will be associate editors. Some of the most eminent sociologists in the United States and Europe will be advising editors and contributors, and the new journal will not be the "organ" of any school of sociological opinion.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Coleridge's Principles of Criticism. With Introduction and Notes by Andrew J. George.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Heart of Life. By W. H. Mallock. The Honor of the Flag. By W. Clark Russell. An Island Princess. By Theo. Gift.
From A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. The Song of Solomon and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. By Walter F. Adeney.
From Funk & Wagnalls, New York. The Saloon-keeper's Ledger. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D.
From the American Book Company, New York. Patriotic Citizenship. By Thomas J. Morgan.
From the Humboldt Publishing Company, New York. Merrle England. By Robert Blatchford.
From the Romance Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga. Love-fugue. By Jon. B. Frost.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Bay State March. For Two Mandolins and Guitar. By A. H. Plante.
Sunshine and Roses Waltz. Mandolin and Guitar. Rock-a-bye, my Honey. Plantation Lullaby. Words by Al. B. Van Fleet. Music by Bertha Baker.
The Convict's Little Child. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck.
Trusting in Thee. Religious Song. Words by Wm. Henry Gardner. Music by Robert Coverley.
The Wayside Cross. By Alfred Rawlings.
Genevieve Gavotte. For Pianoforte. By Wm. Dressler.
The Heart of a Soldier. Words and Music by Hastings Webby.
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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

LONG BEACH.

BY ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

A stretch of white and shining sand,
It gleams along the level strand,
Its crystals sparkle at my feet,
In blue the sky and ocean meet
Far onward as the eye can reach.
I hear the sea's deep rune and roar,
Its billows break upon the shore
In crest and foam, with ruby glow
And tints of amethyst below.
O summer glory at Long Beach!

The changeful spirit of the sea,
Whether in calm of majesty
It moves the waves in rhythmic play
Or whether, clothed in sullen gray,
In storm, with surging, heaving breast,
It writhes in trouble and unrest,
A wondrous tale it tells in each.
When the wild billows headlong leap,
Stirred from the waters' hidden deep,
A moving liquid wall it rears,
And close and closer still it nears,
As if to hide in overflow
An isle of emerald and snow.
O storm-tossed ocean at Long Beach!

But, green as haunt of bright Undine,
The meadow lies the sea between
And the still azure of the bay,
A marvel at the close of day,
When earth and air transfigured show,
Illumined in the sunset glow,
And thought is thrilled too deep for speech.
The clouds are jasper, rose, and flame,
The darkling waves reflect the same.
Over the gold a lacelike spray
Foams on the billows' molten way.
The ocean, sky, the island fair,
Gleam in unnumbered colors rare.
O sunset glory at Long Beach!

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"What have I seen this afternoon?" said Uncle Burton, as the children gathered round him when he came in. "Well, I was at the menagerie; and I saw a monkey governed by moral principle. What do you think of that?"

"A monkey!" said Tom.

"Perhaps I should have said a chimpanzee. He had an apple,—he is very fond of apples; and he broke it in two, and stretched his hand through the bars toward the cage at a right angle to his own, and gave the other half to a little monkey, and seemed to grin with pleasure to see the monkey enjoy it."

"That wasn't moral principle," said Miss Mary.

"What was it, then? Not common animal feeling?"

"I don't know. Don't you remember when Jack and Gill, the setters, were chained up so long, and Jack got loose, and went and brought Gill a bone?"

"Well, you'll admit that it was very good-natured on the part of Mr. Chim?"

"I guess monkeys are good-natured," said little Jane. "I saw a monkey once catching the fleas for another monkey who was kneeling down and holding still; and every time he found a flea he held it up to the light like—like a curiosity, and looked at it, and laughed as if it were the greatest joke in the world."

"Monkeys don't laugh," said Will. "Man is the animal that laughs."

"It was all the same as laughing," said little Jane. "It was his way of laughing."

"I saw a monkey pare a huckleberry once," said Tressy, "and it made me laugh. It was the monkey that used to swing by his tail from the top of the clothes-pole in Marcia Meyer's back yard. I should think it would have made him sick."

"Who ever heard of a sick monkey?" cried Tom.

"I did," said Miss Fanny, "at the 'Zoo,' in London. He had the rheumatism, and the keeper had put him on the hot-water pipes. Sir Edwin Landseer had just died; and there had been at Burlington House—the Royal Academy, you know—a great gathering of all Landseer's pictures, and among them was one called 'The Sick Monkey.' In that painting the poor, sick monkey looks entirely miserable, and as if the last drop of his misery was caused by the medical monkey's devouring the orange that had been sent in for the invalid; and I had wondered if that strange, gray pallor on the invalid's face were not fantastical, till I saw this sick monkey on the hot-water pipes myself. It put me in mind of a little pickaninny I met once in a colored woman's arms; and she was saying she had thought the child poorly, he was so pale and so

dark under his eyes, poor little bit! My sick monkey had life enough in him, though, to be very much interested when another monkey put out his hand and clutched the bird of paradise feather in a lady's bonnet and made off with it."

"They are uncanny caricatures," said Uncle Burton. "Sometimes I have thought the Zoölogical Gardens are good places to go and study what human nature ought not to be."

"There is a great deal of human nature in some of the animals," said Miss Mary. "Did you never hear of Bayard Taylor and the African lion in the 'Zoo'? Some African potentate had sent the lion over to the queen, from his private collection; and the poor beast, away from his bright, hot place, was homesick beyond expression in that cold, dim London. They thought he was dying. He ate nothing. He lay listless, with his eyes shut, now and then giving a deep sigh. When Mr. Taylor said something to him in Arabic, the lion opened his eyes. Mr. Taylor then said something else. The lion got up and came forward and knelt in front of the bars, and gazed at Mr. Taylor with his wide, yellow, unblinking eyes. And, as Mr. Taylor went on speaking in Arabic,—he looked a good deal like an Arab himself, you know,—the lion purred and fawned and made every manifestation of pleasure. Mr. Taylor went to see him daily as long as he stayed; and before he left town the lion was eating his rations, and becoming contented."

"That is like Campbell's story of the parrot," said Tressy, "only it ends better,—

"He hailed the bird in Spanish speech, The bird in Spanish speech replied, Flapped round his cage with joyous screech, Dropped down and died."

"The last time I went to the 'Zoo' I had the most horrible time I ever had in my life," said Miss Fanny. "I had taken mother there; and you know she was very old and quite infirm, and could only walk very slowly. We were going leisurely down one of the paths when, happening to look over my shoulder, I saw an enormous shadow that darkened the sunshine. It was Jumbo, the big elephant, coming along the same path, escaped from his keeper. There was no way of safety from him there, either to right or left. There was nothing to do but to keep straight ahead to a little house in the distance. And I couldn't hurry mother. She could hardly walk, anyway; and now it seemed as though it were all she could do to stand up. I had heard that Jumbo had grown very cross; and I remembered all the dreadful things I had read of elephants, and my heart just stood still with terror. I pulled and lifted and dragged mother along, expecting every second to see her tossed in air by that prodigious trunk, and to be trampled under those great feet myself; and we got inside that little house just as Jumbo reached the door and his keeper came running up. It was a place where they sold cakes; and the poor, innocent creature remembered it, and had come down for some. I wondered when I saw him afterward in this country, and offered him a seed-cake, if he recalled that morning."

"The 'Zoo' is a great institution," said Uncle Burton, looking at his watch.

"It is a very old one," said Miss Mary.

"Yes: Belshazzar had one, evidently."

"Adam had one before him," cried Will.

"King Francis had one when the lady threw her glove into the den of lions to see if the knight who was vowing he only wanted a chance to die for her was in earnest," said Miss Mary, as she lighted the spirit-lamp under the silver tea-kettle.

"Well, nowadays, any plain citizen is as well off in the matter of the 'Zoo' as if he were a monarch with caravans bringing him tigers and boa-constrictors from their desert lairs," said Uncle Burton. "In Amsterdam once we paused before an immense tank full of dark water. A man of some unknown country was there. 'Want to see hippot?' he asked; and then he whistled. Thereupon the surface of the tank began to wrinkle in great, silent circles, bubbles came up and broke, the circles grew larger, and the enormous head of a hippopotamus appeared,—the behemoth of Job, they say it is, you know. 'Want spik?' said the man. Of course, we wanted 'spik'; and the man whistled again, and then the vast object raised his head and threw forth a sound as if the heavens were rushing together,—a bellow, a roar,

a noise of many waters, a trumpet blast to which the bugle call of Roncesvalles was a whisper. That was this man's idea of speaking, apparently. But it was the noise that ought to issue from such a mass of repulsive ugliness."

"I remember her," said Miss Mary. "Yes, the water boils. She was the mother of the one in London. And they fed the gigantic thing with balls of brown bread no bigger than an egg."

"The Zulus feed them with something smaller yet. They throw quantities of dried peas in their way, and these make the animals thirsty, after which they drink vast draughts of water; and then the peas swell, and kill them."

"Oh, Uncle Burton!"

"How cruel!"

"But is it my fault? Cruel, indeed. There are states and conditions where humanity is more cruel than the brutes," assented Uncle Burton.

"Once when I was in Italy," said Miss Mary, "I saw a little green and gold lizard come out of his hole in the crevice of a rock, and lay hold of a great worm as long and as large as my finger!"

"Enormous!" said Uncle Burton.

"He didn't think so," answered Miss Mary. "He carried the worm off to his hole triumphantly, and to his dismay found the hole too small. He evidently thought about it a moment. And then, just as plain as day, he gave me a wink, and turned round and backed himself into the hole. Then he rolled his eyes up at me again, with another wink, as if he would say, 'More ways than one to kill a worm,' and proceeded easily to bite the worm in two and eat him on the spot. There, the tea is ready."

"That wasn't cruel, I suppose," said Tom.

"No, indeed. That was only nature,—an incident in illustration of the law of demand and supply."

"I wonder what the worm thought," said Will.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the Independent.*

HOW BOB WON THE PRIZE.

A group of boys were standing one day by a village pond. They were evidently tormenting something in the water, and enjoying themselves very much. Only now and then one less hardened than the others would exclaim,—

"Let the poor little wretch be!"

Fortunately for the poor little kitten which was struggling in the water, there was more grass than stones at hand, or it must have been killed; and then the great bull-dog Bob might never have won the prize.

Suddenly a deep-toned bark sounded near at hand. At the first notes the bullies dropped the pebbles or grass they held, and listened; but, when the second bark came nearer still, there was a cry from all,—

"It's Bob!"

And all the boys took to their heels like the cowards that they were.

Bob, the squire's bull-dog, came bounding to the scene of action. He hated boys of any kind; but, most of all, he hated such naughty boys, and he never saw a knot of them together without considering it was his duty to disperse them. He caught sight of the youngsters at the pond as he was starting for his morning walk, and he dashed up like a steam-engine to see what they were after.

The boys meanwhile had scrambled into various trees, and watched the enemy's proceedings.

Bob looked round with a sneer on his already well-turned-up nose, and was perhaps reflecting on the cowardice of bullies, when he caught sight of something struggling to climb up the edge of the pond.

"My!" exclaimed Jack Hunter, the boy who had pleaded for mercy: "I wouldn't give much for the little beggar's life if Bob gets hold of it."

But Jack was wrong. Bob could be gentle as he was strong. He seized the poor, exhausted kitten and trotted gravely home with it in his mouth.

"No, Bob, no: we don't want any drowned rats here," said the squire, as he met his favorite dog.

But Bob trod majestically on till he reached his own kennel, then he dropped the poor kitten on the nice, clean straw, and began licking it all over. Half an hour afterwards Squire Strange, looking in, found Bob lying fast asleep, with the kitten nestled between his big paws.

That was the beginning of the strange friendship between the wee kitten and the big bull-dog. Where Bob went, there pussy was bound to go, too. Sometimes she would ride on his back, sometimes Bob would carry her in his mouth, and sometimes the kitten would leap about by his side; but, wherever one was, there you would find the other.

Now it happened one day that a dog show was to be held about three miles off, and Bob's master determined that he should go.

"He's bound to get a prize," the squire said to his coachman.

"Yes, sir, if he don't cut up rusty at being shut up in one of them cages. Bob's got a temper, sir; and, if they do anything he don't like, he'll let 'em know it."

The squire laughed.

"Never fear: Bob will be all right. You'd better take that kitten away over night. Lock her up in the loft, and tell your boy George to feed her, but not to let her out all day to-morrow."

The kitten was taken away; and Bob spent the night howling, till the coachman got out of bed and whipped him.

"I suppose it was the moon," he remarked next morning to the squire; but his eight-year-old son knew better.

He fed the kitten, as his father had told him. Then he tied a piece of blue ribbon round her neck, and crept out of the loft very quietly, with pussy in his arms.

Meanwhile, Bob had been dragged most unwillingly to the show. He was accustomed to freedom, and resented the chain by which the coachman led him. Still more did he resent being thrust into a sort of cage, and having numbers of people staring at him. Finally, he turned his back on every one, curled himself up in the farthest corner of his box, giving an occasional growl if any one rattled the bars to rouse him, and looking a perfect picture of sulkiness and discontent.

"I thought Squire Strange's bull-dog was to be here," said one of the judges. "He ought certainly to take the first prize."

"He is here, I believe," was the reply; "but he's in such a bad temper that no one can get to look at his points. Hello, what's that? This isn't a cat show!"

A tabby kitten, with a blue ribbon round its neck, was rushing about from cage to cage, mewing piteously, as if looking for something. Suddenly Bob gave a start, shook himself out of his bad temper, and uttered one loud, glad bark. The kitten sprang through the bars; and, when the judges came round again, they had no difficulty in finding Squire Strange's Bob, for there wasn't another dog to equal him.

As for the kitten, she was just bubbling

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over with delight at having found her big friend, and began playing with his tail as if it were a mere reel of cotton.

"How on earth did the kitten get here, I wonder?" said the squire, when he saw them together. He did not know for a long time that little George had carried her all the way, and then given her a push in among the dog kennels to find her friend.—*Little Folks.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO DINAH.

There were too many cats at the farm,—there was no doubt of that. Only this morning Jake, the hired man, had said he must drown black Dinah and her two gray kittens. Both Harry and Dick, the eight-year-old twins, who were spending the summer at the farm-house, had heard him say so. But, oh, how dreadful it sounded! Kill dear Dinah, the mother of so many promising kittens! The little boys, you must know, were great friends with all the cats on the place. Every evening, when the long line of cows came slowly up to the barnyard to be milked, they begged some of the foamy new milk, and, filling the cats' basin, would call all the hungry pussies to their supper. How they would run and race to reach the dish first, pushing and crowding each other in the most impolite way!

"Dick," said Harry, "we must do something about Dinah. There aren't so very many cats here.

"Let's see: there's Snowball and Midget and Fidget,—her kittens, you know,—they always stay in the wagon-house; then the old Maltie, he's so old he's generally asleep in the rocking-chair in the kitchen; those two big tiger-cats live in the woodshed, and Dinah and her kittens up in the hay-mow.

"Have you been keeping count?"

"Yes," chimed in Dick, "that's nine; and Jake said, 'Good land! six cats is enough for one farm-house.'

"I tell you what, Harry," added tender-hearted little Dick, "we must find a home for Dinah. I should think 'most anybody would be glad to have such a fine cat; and where could you see prettier kittens? Let's walk down the road and notice all the houses, and pick out a good one for Dinah."

So, after dinner, never minding the warm sun, with broad-brimmed hats well pulled down over their eyes, off they started. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile below, and lying on the door-step was a fierce-looking dog. That would never do. The next house seemed well supplied, for two fat cats sat in an open window. The boys were getting tired, the road was dusty, and it was a pretty long walk; but they thought of Dinah, and trudged bravely on. At last they reached a big yellow house, far back from the road, with tall, green trees around it and a broad piazza,—just the place for cats. How nice to see black Dinah stretched out there sunning herself, while the kittens played around her!

"We'll go in and get a drink from the well," suggested Harry, "and look around a little, and see if there are any cats."

A sweet-faced old lady was sitting by an open window. "Could they have a drink of water?" "Oh, yes, yes," she answered, smiling at the two polite little boys. Not a cat was in sight.

"I know she'd be good to Dinah," announced Dick, as they started for home. "That's just the place we wanted to find. I s'pose we might have asked that lady if she wanted some cats, but she can't help liking Dinah. We'll take the cats down this evening; and, when those people find 'em there to-morrow, I guess they will be pretty glad."

After supper they borrowed a big basket with a strong cover, and placed the cat and her kittens safely inside. It was growing dark as they started once more down the road. The basket was rather heavy; and every few minutes Dinah mewed dolefully, the kittens joining in.

"Dinah, dear," whispered Harry, "don't you know we are taking you to a nice place? We'll walk fast, and won't keep you shut up very long." And the cat seemed to understand, for she lay quietly in the basket.

Now they had reached the house. No one was in sight. They walked up to the steps, took the cover off the basket, out jumped Dinah, the kittens followed, and all ran under the piazza.

When Jake looked for Dinah the next day, he couldn't find either her or her kittens. "I guess they heard me say I must drown 'em, and ran off; but it's sort of funny," he said to himself.

A few days later the little boys went back to the city, and heard nothing more about the black cat and her family till the next summer, when they again visited the farm. The very first walk they took, you may be sure, was past the yellow house; and what do you suppose they saw on the piazza? Who but Dinah herself, asleep in the sun, and playing around her not the gray kittens, but three little pussies as black as herself.

"Harry," said Dick, "we won't bring them any more cats this summer: I guess they have enough now."—*Alix Thorn, in The Outlook.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA OF DUTY.

Our blue-eyed daughter with locks of gold, Rosy and dimpled and eight years old, Went to Sabbath-school one fine day, When grass was springing in balmy May. The question swiftly went round the class, And soon came the turn of our little lass. "Your duty to neighbors?" the teacher said. Promptly replied our golden head, "I don't know what kind of duty, you see; But I know plain duty as well as can be." Her hand on her curls the teacher laid: "Well, what is 'plain duty,' my little maid?" "Why, duty's the thing," with a moment's thought, "That you don't want to do, but you know you ought!"

—*Amelia Barr.*

THE BRAVE LITTLE TREE.

It grew close against a dingy little house in the corner of a big lumber-yard, with piles of lumber all about it, some yellow and sweet-smelling, and some brown and musty from rain and storm.

The children who lived in the little house called the great towering stacks mountains, though they did not know how a mountain really looked; and they pretended that a brindled cat, with one ear gone, that went prowling about the lumber-yard, was a tiger, very fierce and dangerous.

There were three of the children, two boys and a girl,—almost too many for such a very small house; but they were so jolly and rosy and good-natured that one would not have objected to half a dozen of them. It was Betty who first discovered the tree the day after they moved into the house, when they were all a little homesick. She was poking about among the tin cans and old shoes and rubbish, and all at once she noticed the brave little tree. It had started to grow right under the window that jutted out like some sort of a swelling from the front of the house. It must have been disappointed when it grew up against the floor, and found it could get no further that way; but it just bent its head forward and went pushing out toward the light, until at last it got beyond the window, and could grow up toward the sky. When Betty saw it, she shouted,—

"O Timmy, we've got a tree, a little, crooked tree!"

Timmy and Joe ran to see. They had been thinking of a tree to climb; and, when they saw the slim little thing, Joey said, "No, that ain't anything!"

But Betty said, "If it keeps on growing, maybe it'll get up so's to shade the window and have birds' nests in it."

"Oh!" said Timmy. "Let's clear away all the trash, so's it'll grow faster."

Away went old shoes and tin cans, whirling among the lumber piles, while thirty little brown fingers did the work of a rake very well.

"Doesn't it look sweet!" said Betty, tying a bit of scarlet braid about the slender brown thing, and leaning her rosy cheek against it. "It's our very own tree."

That night at supper Betty said, "Do you know all kinds of trees, father?"

"Yes," said the father, "once they're done up into boards, I know 'em: growing in the woods, they're all alike,—just green leaves and bark. Then there's kinds that has apples and cherries and plums to grow on 'em: them ain't for boards."

"Oh!" said the children, their eyes shining. "S'pos'n' our tree should be that kind!"

"And what kind is best for birds, father?" asked wise little Betty.

"For birds? Well, then, I don't reckon birds is very choicey. 'Most any sort'll do, so it's quiet and cats not too neighborly;

but birds hereabouts have to take what they can get, same as folks."

The next morning Betty took her father out to examine the tree; but, though he looked very wise, and even broke off a tiny twig and smelt and chewed it, he only said,—

"It ain't any kind at all, I'm thinking,—just a bush like; but you can't rightly tell till it gets leaves."

So every day the children ran out as soon as they were dressed to see how the little brown buds were swelling; and Betty always said, "Hurry, little tree, and make your leaves!"

"I'll give you some glory seeds to plant around it," said Betty's mother. "They'll run up fine, and be all over blooms, pink and purple and red." But Tim and Joey had a far finer picture in their minds of every twig hung thick with shining apples and long-stemmed cherries and purple plums, such as old Nicholas sold at his stand on the corner.

Very slowly, as the weather grew warmer, the pale-green leaves began to push out of their snug brown wrappings,—such a lovely, lovely green! But one little twig at the very top had the queerest little knobs, not at all like leaves, just a brown scale and a soft, gray thing that crept out further and further from its house.

"It's a caterpillar," said Joey: "they grow on trees."

"They're tree-kittens," said Timmy, stoutly. "The teacher had some once in school."

"Oh," said Betty, "do you s'pose they'll want to stay up here? 'Cause, then, we couldn't have a bird's nest!"

"They're just a kind of flower," said Timmy, walking off in disgust, "and don't anything come of 'em,—apples nor cherries nor nothing 't all."

But Betty reached up her finger, and softly stroked the pretty gray things, and said, "It's a dear, lovely little tree, and it's making the best things it can."

The next day, when the downy catkins were lightly powdered with gold, Betty led her father out again to see them.

"Sure," he said in surprise, "and if it isn't a pussy-willow! There's not much to that."

"It's the prettiest thing in the world," said Betty; "and I just love my dear little tree."

She patted it with her rough little hand, and her father looked at her with a queer smile about his mouth.

"It is a brave little thing," he said; "but I know of something a deal prettier and sweeter." And he lifted Betty up, and kissed her on both red cheeks.—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Outlook.*

RUNAWAY RUSTY.

Lulu Brown has a funny little cat named Rusty. It has dark yellow-brown fur and queer little paws with six toes. It used to be a tramp cat, without any home; but one morning Lulu found it crying on the door-step, and took it in and fed it. Ever since then the cat has stayed with her, and now Lulu would not part with her pet for anything.

Besides the cat Lulu has a little fox-terrier named Fido. At first Rusty would have nothing to do with Fido. She would raise her back, and swell up her tail, and spit at him whenever he came near. After a while they became friends, and drank their milk out of the same saucer, and slept in the same chair in the kitchen.

This spring the Browns moved to a new house across the city, nearly a mile away from the old one. Of course Lulu took her pets with her. On the very last load of furniture there was a large clothes-basket, with a cloth tied firmly over the top. In the basket were Fido and Rusty.

When the wagon reached the new house, the cartman took the basket down and brought it inside. Then Lulu carefully took off the cloth.

Rusty made one jump out of the basket, and ran out of the door as fast as she could. Lulu and the cartman chased her, but that

only seemed to frighten her worse. She ran across the street, and through a vacant lot; and the last they saw of her was her yellow tail flying over a fence.

When night came, and Rusty did not come back, Lulu thought that she must be lost for good, and that they would never see her again. But the next day, when Mr. Brown went back to the old house, there on the doorstep was Rusty! She had gone all the way back to her old home during the night. How she ever found her way back was more than Lulu could tell, but the little girl was very glad when her father came back with the cat in his arms.

After a few days Rusty settled down in her new home, and now stays there as contented as can be.—*Exchange.*

KINDNESS OF ANTS.

A naturalist who has studied the ways of ants found that some of them feel friendship and pity for suffering; and he tells it thus:—

"One day, watching a small column of these ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran backward in an agitated manner, and soon communicated the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it. Others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with such force that I thought the legs would be pulled off; but they persevered till they got the captive free. I next covered one up with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of its antennæ projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay soon liberated it. The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their unflagging exertions for the rescue of their comrade could not have been greater if they had been human beings."—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

A PRETTY STORY.

It would be a pleasant thing if all people who are plagued with short memories had the ready tact by which the composer Rossini once turned his own defect into a graceful compliment. He met at a dinner one evening Bishop, the famous English song-writer, to whom he had been introduced on a previous occasion, and to whom he had taken an instant liking. "Good evening, Mr. —," began Rossini, cordially, extending his hand; but the name of his English acquaintance had basely deserted him for the moment. There was scarcely a perceptible hesitation on his part, however; for instantly he began to whistle softly the opening bars of Bishop's glee, "When the Wind blows." The face of the "English Mozart," as Bishop was often called, lighted up with a smile of gratification; and Rossini's failure to recall his name was instantly forgiven in the recognition of his pretty compliment.—*The Independent.*

Bowel * Troubles

among infants and small children in summer is most to be dreaded. Improper food and insufficient nourishment is always the cause. A few drops of

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Even as a bird sprays many-colored fires,
The plumes of Paradise, the dying light
Rays through the fevered air in misty spires
That vanish in the height.

Vanish beyond the stars and further dreams,
The heaven of heavens. Here in my thought the
dome
Flashes about me with familiar gleams
Of birthplace and of home.

These myriad eyes that look on me are mine.
Wandering beneath them, I have found again
The ancient, ample moment, the divine,
The god-root within men.

For this, for this, the lights innumerable
As symbols shine, that we the true light win;
For every star and every deep they fill
Are stars and deeps within.

Heroes and gods beneath them come and go:
Still the heroic, the divine, remain,
Breathing from these the strength that quiets woe,
With beauty crowning pain.

—A. E., in *Homeward Songs by the Way*.

REV. JOHN LANGDON DUDLEY.

On the 24th of July, 1895, the body of Rev. John Langdon Dudley, whose death occurred in Boston, Nov. 21, 1894, was removed from the receiving tomb of Mt. Auburn Cemetery, and interred in the Andover, N.H., cemetery, he being a native of this place. Brief services at the grave were held by Rev. Lyman Clark, pastor of the Unitarian society, and Rev. John Thorpe, Congregationalist. Mr. Dudley having been called for a time to the pastorate of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, his grave will be associated in the thought of many with the other grave in Italy where Theodore Parker's body is buried. Mrs. Marion V. Dudley will edit and publish a volume of the sermons of her late husband. On the Sunday following the interment Rev. Lyman Clark read to the Unitarian society, Andover, a sermon by Mr. Dudley, the subject of which was "The Ethical the Essential Element in Christianity." The discourse was prefaced with a biographical statement, and was heard with much interest by a congregation of his native town. A photograph of his face was present. It is, perhaps, not often that a minister supplies a pulpit on the Sunday following the burial; but Mr. Dudley found this opportunity. The publication of the volume of his sermons will be awaited with interest by his friends.

Personals.

The widow of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton is to have a pension of \$500 a year in recognition of his services to literature.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson of San Francisco has gone to Chicago to assist Miss Jane Addams in the management of Hull House, the social settlement institution.

A monument to Ibsen is to be erected at once without waiting for his decease. It will be the work of Herr Stephen Sinding, and will stand before the Royal Theatre in Christiania.

S. R. Crockett, the Scottish novelist, worked his way through Edinburgh University on less than \$2 a week. He is a farmer's son, and was accustomed to "roughing it" in his youth.

Temperance.

Twenty-one temperance associations have been formed in India during the past winter, with an enrolment of two thousand new members.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, whose interest in temperance is well known, has written a new book, "The Saloon-keeper's Ledger," with the aim of educating the public mind and conscience afresh in regard to the drink question.

In 1874 there were 300,000 distillers of brandy in France, who were only permitted to produce forty litres apiece. The number has now increased to 900,000. There has been a corresponding increase in drunkenness among the French lower classes; and, whereas in 1884 there were only 133 cases of insanity to each 100,000 of the population, now there are 166 to every 100,000.

A great railroad corporation recently collected and tabulated all the facts pertaining to the men and conditions of every accident which occurred on its lines for five years. 40 per cent. of all accidents were due altogether or in part to the failures of men who were drinking, besides 18 per

cent. where there was every cause for suspicion of a similar condition. In one year over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the mistakes or irresponsibility of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen.

Education.

Drury College has received from the king of Siam the gift of the new edition of the writings of Buddha, in forty volumes, printed in the Siamese language. Only twelve other sets are to come to this country.

According to the "Yale Senior Class Book," just published, the average expenses of students at that college are \$912 for the Freshman year, \$943 for the Sophomore, \$942 for the Junior, and \$1,032 for the Senior.

In the Harvard Divinity School there has been an increase in the teaching force of the school by the appointment of a new professor, a graduate of the Andover school, who for two years has been studying in Germany for this purpose. He will be associated with Prof. Thayer in the department of the New Testament, and will bring to his work unusual ability and promise.

Illinois has now a law providing for the retirement of public-school teachers,—after twenty-five years' service in the case of men, and after twenty years' service in the case of women. The statute provides, however, that no taxes can be levied for the use of the pension fund established. The fund is to be maintained by the deduction of one per cent. each year from the salaries of all public-school teachers employed in the State.—*Exchange*.

Dr. Charles Peabody, who has been assisting in the important excavations at Eretria, carried on by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, reports that the explorers have made discoveries quite as notable as those of last year. He states that a gymnasium and other well-paved buildings have been uncovered, as well as three inscriptions, three heads, and some good architectural fragments; while the excavation of the theatre found last year has been nearly completed.

Our present commerce with the Central and South American Republics is as nothing to what it will be twenty-five years hence, when a knowledge of the Spanish language will be absolutely essential to all young men engaged in the counting-houses of the firms engaged in business with that part of the globe. Let parents and pedagogues, therefore, put into the boys' heads a practical knowledge of Spanish, which they will find it not difficult to build upon a tolerably fair foundation of Latin.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Science.

Chinese dentists rub a secret powder on the gums of the affected tooth, and after about five minutes the patient is told to sneeze. The tooth then falls out. Many attempts have been made by European dentists to secure this powder, but none have ever succeeded in doing so.—*The Presbyterian*.

The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 3,480 yards of the thread,—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silk-worm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

The city of Paris has been trying the experiment of establishing hot-water fountains, which, it was thought, would be useful to the public, and particularly to the poor people who cannot afford to have a fire at all times at their homes. The water is delivered from automatic machines. Put a half-penny in, and you get eight litres of water (about fourteen pints) at a temperature of 60 degrees Centigrade; that is to say, 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

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LITTLE MEXICAN CHILDREN.

The dear little brown-skinned babies of Mexico play very much as little children in the United States do, though their country is so hot that the sun tans them brown and they must learn not to care for the heat when they run about and play. They make mud pies and build houses in the sand and stones and play marbles; but best of all they enjoy swinging in a big swing suspended from some tall tree. Sometimes the Mexican papa fastens a long pole high up on a row of cocoanut-palms, and then hangs a swing between each two of the trees from the pole. Then all his little Mexican children can swing together in the sunlight. And the big Mexican boys and girls, and even the Mexican fathers and mothers, are fond of swinging, too.

The little brown boys and girls are not as noisy at their play as the little children in the States. They seldom cry or even laugh aloud. But they all love music very much; and every morning, as soon as the first sunlight comes in at the window, the Mexican father springs out of bed and begins to sing a beautiful morning hymn, and all the family join in, down to the wee-est brown baby of all, and the little Mexican babies have very sweet voices. When all the families in the houses and all the people on the streets have joined in the singing, it makes a great morning chorus. Is it not a beautiful custom?

The children of Mexico can make pretty little clay and wax statuettes. If a little Mexican boy should go to your kindergarten, he could model such beautiful things for you in the clay that you would almost think big people must have made them.

The houses the Mexican children live in are made of adobe; but, instead of having the garden behind, as we do in the States, they have the garden right in the middle and the house built all around it. And there are great, long rooms, with high ceilings; for the houses are but one story high, but only little openings for windows because they have no glass. But they spend most of the time out of doors in the plaza or alameda, the public square and park, where they sell flowers and fruit or listen to the band concerts.

Mexican children do not celebrate the Fourth.—*Child-Garden.*

IMPORTANCE OF BIRDS.

A paper was recently read before the Biological Society of Washington, the subject of which was the food of birds. So much has been said about birds as being destructive to fruit and vegetation that an investigation of this kind is of the utmost importance. In the stomachs of some of the birds there were thousands of ants. Over six hundred stomachs were examined, and in almost all of them insects formed the greater part of the contents. Ants especially seemed to be popular, and in almost every instance the other insects were of harmful sorts. In one of the reports of the Agricultural Department it is said that each bird has its favorite foods; but, when these fail, it casts about to find something that can be substituted. Another peculiar fact discovered in birdology, and the appetite of our winged friends for ants, is that these industrious little insects plant colonies of mealy bugs on certain varieties of the coffee-tree. These bugs are cultivated by the ants for their food; and, as they flourish and increase rapidly, they furnish abundance of subsistence, and the ants thrive correspondingly. It is suggested by a number of scientists that the woodpecker should be encouraged and protected in every possible way, as many circumstances seem to indicate that he would be the very best assistant in getting rid of the grubs that are destroying the elm-trees all over the country.—*New York Ledger.*

Charities and Reforms.

The City Board of Charities of Portland, Ore., have published the biennial report, together with a directory of the charitable and beneficent societies and institutions of the city.

That idiots may be improved, educated, and possibly cured, is demonstrated by the recent report of a training school in England which takes these imbeciles in charge. More than 30 per cent. of those under treatment were taught to conform to moral and

social law and to "work like the third of a man," more than 40 per cent. were rendered capable of conducting under friendly control the ordinary transactions of life, of "working like two-thirds of a man," and some 25 or 30 per cent. have risen so closely to the standard of manhood that only experts could differentiate them from ordinary young men and women. The course of training in this remarkably successful institution lasts seven years.—*Evangelist.*

Here and There.

Five-cent telegrams are to be tried in Italy. The government is also trying to have the tariff with other European countries reduced.

Electric lights will soon be authorized in the churches at Rome, Italy, for illuminating purposes, though wax candles and oil lamps must be retained for the use of the altars and shrines.

It will cost a million drachmas to put the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, and the other monuments in Athens damaged by last year's earthquake in a safe condition. An appeal for help will be sent out to all countries.

"Two Ocean Pass," in the Rocky Mountains, is so called because there is a marshy lake in it from which flow two streams,—one into the Pacific, the other into the Missouri, and through the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic. The pass is just south of Yellowstone Park.

The citizens of St. Ignace, Mich., have decided to honor the last resting-place of Father Marquette with a monument befitting the courage and enterprise of the explorer and missionary who in 1670 established his Jesuit college, military station, and missionary headquarters there.

The sardine industry in the United States is largely confined to the eastern coast of Maine. There are in all about sixty factories, employing about nine thousand persons, the yearly product amounting to nearly six hundred and twenty-five thousand cases. The fish used is a small hering.

An old Gobelin of the seventeenth century, hitherto kept in the Hohenzollern Museum, has just been repaired, and taken to the Royal Palace in Berlin. It represents the deed of the great Kurfurst, and measures about five yards high by four yards broad. The subject is the siege of Stettin, with batteries and groups of generals and soldiers.

The penny-in-the-slot system of gas-meters has succeeded beyond expectation in South London. The consumer can put a penny in the slot on any number up to ten, and in return have gas to the value of the pence supplied. Following the example of Paris, there is a proposal to establish a system by which Londoners will be able to obtain a supply of boiling water by placing a penny in the slot.

A novel method of rewarding the Japanese troops for their services in the war against China has been resolved upon by the Japanese government. Instead of being presented with medals, each soldier who has served in the campaign is to be given a watch; and the Japanese war office has just entered into contracts with several Swiss firms for a large supply of these timepieces. The presentation of the watches will be made by the Mikado when he reviews his victorious troops at the close of the war.

A bicyclist has succeeded in sailing a bicycle over rough country roads by the aid of a sail and mast of his own make. The latter is of spruce, seven feet in length, and is lashed to the frame of the wheel with a strong cord. The sail is of light cotton cloth. While it is impossible to beat into a head wind on a narrow street, yet it runs well with a good stiff breeze on either quarter or behind. The managng of a wheel with a sail on is not as difficult as it may seem; and there is no reason why, on a good level road, with a large sail, a person should not make good progress, even with a moderate breeze.

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Pleasantries.

Customer: "Let me have a steak, rare." Aesthetic waiter (calling): "One June day steak!"—*Exchange*.

A French Canadian editor has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 for calling a brother editor "a Methodist."—*The American*.

"Do you know your letters, Jack?" "No, sir; but the postman does, and he always tells. I don't need to know 'em."—*Harper's Round Table*.

"Suppose," said little Mabel, "that our pug should try to follow his nose: would he run down his throat or would he turn a back somersault?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Mrs. S.: "What is the name of your cat?" Mrs. W.: "Claude." Mrs. S.: "Why do you call it Claude?" Mrs. W.: "Because it scratched me."—*Harper's Round Table*.

Impecunious Lover: "Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Wealthy Maiden: "Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."—*St. Louis Humorist*.

"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother, after the caller had gone. "I did," answered Willie. "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."—*Religious Herald*.

Master (examining pupils in geography): "What is the name of this town?" Pupil: "Birmingham." Master: "What is it noted for?" Pupil: "Fire-arms." Master: "What are fire-arms?" Pupil: "Poker, shovel, and tongs."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I think I ought to stay home from school to-day," said Bobbie. "Why so, Bobbie?" asked his father. "You aren't ill, are you?" "No, poppy; but I dreamed I was in school answering questions all last night, and I think I've had enough for one day," said Bobbie.—*Harper's Round Table*.

Recently Nellie was told that birds that migrate are called migratory birds. A day or two later she saw a flock of wild geese going south, and ran to tell mamma in great excitement. "O mamma, look!" she cried. "See the my gracious birds going to the warm country!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A country paper declares that "Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village, on returning to his house the other day, found in his ground-floor bedroom, the door of which had been left open, a cow, probably astray." The conjecture expressed in the last two words may be set down as, on the whole, a fair one.—*Youth's Companion*.

A lady gave her little niece, on her birthday, a beautifully mounted stuffed kitten. "But, aunty, I can't take it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Why not?" "Because I've got some little birds." "This cat won't catch your birds: it's a stuffed cat!" "But my birds are stuffed ones, too!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"The ostrich is a foolish bird," a gentleman was saying. "When it sees an enemy coming, it sticks its head into the sand instead of running away." "Oh, well," said his wife, "that's its nature." "I know it, but just the same it isn't logical." "Oh, yes, it is, my dear." "How do you make that out?" "It's ornithological."—*Washington Star*.

"He's not what you would call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a baby as he lay howling in his mother's arms; "but it's the kind of a face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of a face that grew on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the fond mother: "you'd be better looking if it had."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

MISSIONARY METHODS.

That is a delicious description which Crockett gives of little Wattie Carmichael's soundness of faith. Wattie was a Cameronian, and anticipated an era when the black savages of all the earth would quit eating one another and attack the problems of Effectual Calling as set forth in the Shorter Catechism. Of the other savages, not black (Free Kirkfolk, U. P.'s, or Established Churchmen, for examples), Wattie was scarcely as sanguine. He charitably hoped much for them, but inwardly expected very little. His duty toward them, however, he knew very well; and he did it, his historian says, to the best of his ability. "It was, when he met a Free Kirk or Established boy, to throw a stone at him; or, alternatively, if the heathen chanced to be a girl, to put out his tongue at her. This he did, not from any special sense of superiority, but for the good of their souls."—*The Interior*.

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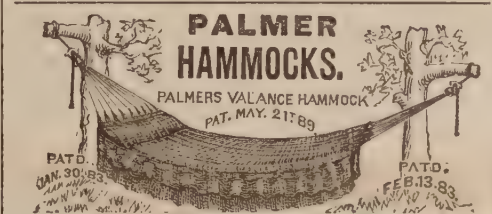
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Editorial.

In a recent sermon on "The Church of Christ" Dr. Lyman Abbott showed that he was a catholic Congregationalist in the following words: "It is said that a church that has not a creed is bound together by a mere bond of sand. It has been said recently, as a condemnation of the Congregational Church, that there is one Congregational church so broad that it will receive into its membership even Quakers and Unitarians. I do not know whether Plymouth Church was meant or not; but Plymouth Church is ready to receive into its membership either Quakers or Unitarians on the simple basis of loyalty and love for the Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that it seems to me the Unitarian is illogical in his philosophy. But the measure of the man is not the logic of his philosophy, but the loyalty of his life; and the Church of Christ, built on the simple basis of loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, is broad enough to take in John G. Whittier on the one hand and Channing on the other."

THE political reaction in England, which has restored the Conservatives to power by a great majority, is one of those electoral tidal waves which come without announcement, but not without precedent. Such reactions have occurred in this country in both liberal and conservative directions. No politician can be sure that the tidal wave which

has suddenly floated him into power will not as suddenly recede and leave him stranded on the shore. An earnest and prominent Liberal in London, in analyzing the Conservative victory, attributed much of it to the withdrawal of a great personality. Mr. Gladstone's retirement was indeed a severe blow to the liberal cause; and Lord Rosebery could not, nor could any other liberal leader, make good the place made vacant by this extraordinary man. It is another illustration of the power of personality in politics. Voters are swayed by men quite as much, and often much more, than by measures or principles. There are a multitude of illustrations of this in our own history, some of which show the power for good which personality may wield in politics, and some which show its power for evil.

THOUGH England does not follow the custom of holding its Parliamentary elections on the same day throughout the country, as is done in Presidential contests in this country, the formation and opening of the new Parliament is an illustration of the ease and rapidity with which a great political change can be made in England by submitting it to the people. The custom of changing the ministry at critical junctures seems to an American an illustration of the danger of what Mr. Lincoln called "swapping horses crossing stream." And, if changes of ministry in England were followed by the overturn in the civil service which has marked transitions in our Presidential administrations, they would indeed be disastrous. But, while changes in the cabinet take place, the permanence of tenure in the civil service in all the departments secures a constant and firm administration and an adhesion to tradition that insure stability, and which in matters of detail may even be carried too far. There are certain lines of policy, too, which survive political changes. While Home Rule has received a strong set-back, for instance, there is every reason to believe that the policy and demands of the Liberal government on the Armenian question will be backed up and carried out by the Conservatives. Though further Liberal advance is checked for the present, it is not likely that the solid gains which have been made by the Liberals in various directions will be undone. The Conservatives are too conservative themselves to wish to change anything which has become a part of the established order.

It is evident that in the future the prosperity of a church is not to depend alone on its dogmatic accent or history. Lines of division established many years ago cannot survive the changes which time is sure to bring. The wooden fence rots, the barbed wire rusts, and even the stone fence comes down after a while. Ecclesiastical barriers have no more permanence. There are many theological notions which are bound to pass away because they are no more needed. They will disappear as the candle disappears before the lamp or the lamp before the electric light. The church which is simply intellectually dry and cold may furnish a shelter for opinion, but it will not warm and nourish hungry sentiments. Churches are undergoing certain tests of utility,—not the utility of the market-place, but the utility of the soul. If the soul has no use for it, a church will soon become a spiritless corporation. The tests to-day which a church must undergo are tests of service, of human interest, of fitness to meet the needs of human society, of sympathy with the poor and distressed, of fellowship with the laboring classes, as well as that firm hold on the abiding and essential verities of religion without which a church becomes a secular enterprise. The growing power of the ritualists in England arises not from the narrowness of their creed, but from the breadth of their sym-

thies. The ritualists have identified themselves with socialistic movements: they are inviting the sympathy and interest of the working classes. The Salvation Army, likewise, owes its success not so much to drum and tambourine as to warmth of heart and readiness of hand. The little village church in some secluded country district may continue to plod on in the same old-fashioned way; but the churches in the great centres of population must in some way adjust themselves to the new and momentous problems with which they are confronted. This adjustment cannot be purely theological: it must be ethical, social, and religious.

In the *Forum* for August Justice Henry B. Brown of the United States Supreme Court has an able article on "The Twentieth Century," which gives us the major part of his elevated address before the graduating class of the Yale Law School. Justice Brown focalizes and condenses the rays of progress which have expanded in every direction during the last fifty years. He notes the social, industrial, economic changes brought about by the introduction of steam, electricity, and other inventions; but the immediate effects of these he finds less important than certain secondary effects which have become apparent in the last thirty years, and which threaten not only to affect the political future of every State, but to revolutionize the entire productive industry of the world. "It may be summed up in the single word 'consolidation,'—consolidation in politics, in business, in society. . . . The consolidating influence is not less manifest in matters of internal economy, and is as potent in business as in politics. In fact, it may be said to have revolutionized the whole system of production." Looking at the changes likely to take place in the twentieth century, Justice Brown thinks they promise to be social rather than legal or political. He doubts if monopolies have ever fastened themselves upon the necessities of life to the extent they have done within the last twenty years. Labor, on the other hand, is gradually consolidating its various trades-unions with the avowed object of dictating terms to capital. The solution of this does not lie, according to Justice Brown, in the destruction of private property. He does not accept State socialism. "Under our present social system, with all its faults, the civilized world is constantly growing richer, freer, more prosperous than ever before,—the richer less ostentatious in the display of their wealth, the poorer better housed, better clad, and better fed. Certainly, the burden of proof is upon those who claim that this civilization is a failure."

EVERY American who has had a few months' experience of travel or business in England or on the Continent comes home impressed with the superiority of the English and Continental telegraph system and parcel post to our own methods. The rapidity and cheapness with which even large articles may be sent by parcel post over the Continent, across the Channel, and in Great Britain, are surprising to one who has been accustomed to pay the high rates of expressage in the United States. A young man who is making a bicycling tour in Switzerland told the writer that the parcel post had been invaluable to him on his tour, and that he had even sent a bicycle wheel by post to have it repaired. In the article referred to above, Justice Brown, while he feels "assured that the social disquietude does not point to the destruction of private property," thinks it is not improbable that it will result in the gradual enlargement of the functions of government and in the ultimate control of natural monopolies. "If the government may be safely intrusted with the transmission of our letters and papers, I see no reason why it may not also be intrusted with the transmission of our tele-

grams and parcels, as is almost universally the case in Europe, or of our passengers and freight through a State ownership of railways, as in Germany, France, Austria, Sweden, and Norway. If the State own its highways, why may it not also own its railways? If a municipality owns its streets, and keeps them paved, sewered, and cleansed, why may it not also light them, water them, and transport its citizens over them, so far as such transportation involves a monopoly of their use? Wherever the proposed business is of a public or semi-public character, and requires special privileges of the State or a partial delegation of governmental powers, Justice Brown finds no sound reason why such franchises, which are for the supposed benefit of the public, should not be exercised directly by the public. He finds in the satisfactory development of civil service reform an answer to the most formidable difficulty in the way of such a change.

THE VITALITY OF FAITH.

We live in an age of faith,—not of blind, unreasoning faith, but of faith with its eyes open. The eye of faith is the capacity of spiritual perception. It enables us to see the spiritual elements which may be hidden in material things. It may not reveal to us the constitution of a mystery, but it enables us to look through it. It puts us into relation with the heart of existence. The solution it furnishes is not that which is revealed by knowledge, but that which is conveyed by trust.

But it is a mistake to suppose that faith teaches only submission. This is indeed one of its most valuable lessons. It suffuses the hard, cold inevitable with the glow of piety and trust. But faith has as much to do with action as with submission. It teaches us to strike as well as to yield, to work out our own salvation as well as to stand still and see the salvation of God.

No age has given more examples of the faith which inspires activity than our own. It is its mighty, impelling power which has tunnelled mountains, spanned rivers, girded the earth with a belt of fire, opened new highways of trade, and established new relations of neighborhood and brotherhood upon the earth. It has set before us vast possibilities, and has kindled the energy necessary to realize them. The great cathedrals and temples of the past are not the only monuments of faith. The Brooklyn Bridge, the continental railways, the ocean liner, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, are illustrations of the vitality of faith. They show, first, man's faith in God, and, second, his faith in himself. Man's faith in the constancy of the laws of nature leads him to attempt and to achieve works which he would not undertake or fulfil if nature were fickle and deceitful. He believes in the promises of God. He predicts an eclipse or the rise and fall of the tides with an unshaken confidence in the fulfilment of prophecies which he has learned to read from the book of nature. It is faith founded on knowledge, and it is knowledge founded on faith. If faith and sight are sometimes opposed to each other, they may also be in harmony. Their revelations may lie in the same direction. Knowledge may support faith, as faith may stimulate knowledge.

That faith which helps to make this an age of action is seen in the ends to which action is directed. The basis of trade subsists not wholly in selfishness, but in a recognition also of the truth of human brotherhood. The great works of human achievement in this age are founded on a faith in the solidarity of mankind and in the possibilities of human development. In spite of the selfish competition which enters into business, there are elements of justice,

righteousness, and mutual helpfulness which reveal the presence of deeper and nobler sentiments than one might suspect in the clash of interests and the struggle for advantage. These nobler elements are the conscious or unconscious manifestations of man's faith in his own higher destiny. In the discord of competition they reveal the vitality of love, hope, and faith,—the prophecy of something better yet to be. The power to discern this yearning and the confidence which seeks to fulfil it are illustrations of an active, working, vital faith in the triumph of goodness and justice in the social order.

There are those who are pessimistic enough to declare that religious faith has pretty much died down to the roots. But this is only because they are looking at some little patch of their own shut in from light and air. The vitality of faith may be seen in new growths of trust, larger conceptions of Providence, and a more radiant view of the nature and purpose of the universe. It is not merely owing to larger knowledge, but to larger faith, that much superstition has been banished and healthier growths of conviction have taken the place of lurid mistrust and trembling uncertainty. It is the vitality of a more vigorous faith that has expelled from the pantheon a horde of demons, and sent them rushing down like possessed swine into the sea of oblivion. It is the vitality of faith as well as the lucidity of reason that makes our conception of God more beautiful and more just, and brings us into peace with him and into peace with ourselves.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR REVERIE.

It is not an ecclesiastical Sabbath: it is one of Nature's own Sabbaths somewhere in the middle of the week. The spirit of peace and rest is brooding over the woods. A gentle breeze is toying with the leaves near the shore and wrinkling the placid surface of the lake; but there is no storm nor violence in its breath. Soft, fleecy clouds are floating in the sky, filtering the sunlight of its glare. There are deep pauses of calm when the leaves have ceased to flutter and the water to ripple, when every tree, twig, and bush is asleep, and the earth is as silent as the sky. There is no death nor stagnation in this calm. Nature is simply dreaming. And every few minutes she opens her eyes, and the sportiveness begins again. Apparently, it is the sportiveness of aimless leisure. There is no purpose in the clouds that one can discover. They are held with no leash and driven with no impulse. They hang noiselessly in the air. The winds are as light as the breath of a child. They are in no working mood. They do not sigh to turn windmills or to push sails,—not they. This is an August holiday. They will dance a summer jig with the sunbeams on the water, blow a thistle-down for the fun of it, dangle the poplar leaves, or, like the angels in the Talmud, balance themselves on the points of the pine needles. And the waves are as aimless and harmless as the wind. They are hardly big enough to be waves. They are simply laughing dimples in the lake.

Nature is far from dumb this day; but who can tell what she means to say in all her coquetry of mood and action? It looks very much as if she had put on her holiday clothes just for the pleasure of wearing them, and were content to smile and frolic, with little snatches of sleep in between, just for her own rest and enjoyment. There is nothing didactic nor sermonic here. Nature is not now a grammar or a text-book or a treatise on ethics. She may be loaded with erudition for your instruction, and full of enigmas for your speculation; but she does not thrust any of them upon you. They are far enough out of sight and mind. You may ask as many questions as you please. "Nature, are you conscious of your own beauty? Where did you come from, and where are you going? How old are you? What is your object in life?" But the only answer you will get will be the floating clouds, the rippling waves, the rustling leaves, and the soft, wordless air.

To know what Nature is saying, one must learn her language. It is not the dialect of the pulpit or the bar or the naturalist's table. Just now the artist and the poet are her truest interpreters; but the

best of them can only catch a few sentences.

Is it a wonder that men who do not take life seriously and men that do may both find relief in coming into companionship with Nature? The man who does not take life seriously may find an apparent justification for his aimlessness in the way in which Nature seems to live just for the pleasure of living. And the man who takes life seriously may find in the companionship of Nature release from the perplexities and problems and sorrows which come from human society. The life of the hermit is perfectly explicable. It may not be courageous or generous, but it is intelligible. In human society there is an artificial element: it becomes burdensome and oppressive; it constrains liberty. One escapes it when he leaves human society altogether. "Here," says the Hermit of Birch Bay, "I am once more free. I am free from the vices, the pains, and penalties of civilization. Here there are no prisons for me to visit, no insane asylums, no hospitals. There are no beggars on the street corners asking me for alms. Gaunt poverty has gone. Here is no intemperance, no riot, no gambling, no spectres of foul disease. I am solitary, but I am free from the evils of society. My religion is that of Nature. I worship the sun and the moon and the stars, the clouds, the sky, the water. I know nothing and want nothing of creeds, dogmas, legends, popes, or Bibles. I keep the sacraments of communion and baptism,—communion with Nature in her visible forms, and baptism into her peace and joy; and I keep her holy Sabbaths on whatever day of the week they may happen to come."

The Hermit of Birch Bay has gone to his hermitage. "Nature is taking a nap," said he: "why should not I? Here in this solitude I have lost the reality and the consciousness of human society. If now I can lose completely my own consciousness for a while, I shall be happier still; and, when it comes back to me again, it will burn brighter and better."

ORTHOPRAXY.

Orthodoxy is not as militant as it was, but orthopraxy is gaining in influence. The compensation will be more than adequate for society and for religion. It is a curious and beautiful comment on this tendency to read, "He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine whether it be true." The path to right believing seems surely to be by the way of right doing. This subtle truth has been overlooked by mediævalism. To elevate the creed alone lost often the deed; but to do with our might what our hands found to do never left us intellectually empty. "Experience is Nature's teacher," says Taylor. "She was installed before the rectorship of St. Andrew's was ever heard of." "Set any man to lead an honest life, and he can write a book at the end of it." "Bodies of divinity" are well named. "They have seldom any souls in them"; for the only real divinity is God working in us to do his good pleasure, and that while we are striving to work out our own salvation.

Agnostic pride is a vagary. It marks no passage in intellectual or manly activity. It is the conceit that makes an idiot asylum an ideal paradise. It is a pleasant fact to note that the leading statesmen of England and America have been positive and aggressive "defenders of the faith," but doers also. The life of Gladstone is not one-sided. He has worked at political and social problems; and he has been a rifle's range ahead of the Palmerstons and Cannings and Pitts, whose believing was as narrow as their doing was selfish. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" have reached somewhat beyond the experience of doing; but the book, at least, indicates that our age leaders are not resting in the vanity of ignorance. Science for a brief period was supposed to have settled down to facts, and ignored the synthesis of facts that lightens eternity with a blaze of hope and love. But to-day our leading scientists are, by the very force of doing, brought into a tremendous activity of believing.

But to do, simply to be bravely, fiercely active, no longer suits the times. Voltaire we can hardly find it in our minds to hate, because he was such a tremendous doer. We are inclined to honor Tolstoi because of his devotion to work. But the question must be answered, Is he orthoprax? Is he working rightly, or is he only reviving the

hair shirt of Saint Sylvester and the nasty personality of Saint Stylites? Voltaire's activity went with a detestable heteropraxy. The type is worthless for human progress. Who shall live aright? Who shall live, purely, truly, and strongly? American character gets a vigor of righteousness out of Washington and Jefferson. It has never learned to love Burr or Hamilton, brilliant as they were. The immense power of a right life is something that always constrains us. It is hard to find out what Jesus was believing, he was so busy with doing. "I must do the will of my Father."

The effort of the Church in the earlier centuries to take all rightness into its own organic life led to terrible blunders. Rightness, or riteness, not only became a vast ritual of church ceremonies, but charity and love became ceremonial. To love man was to dole charities: to love God was to dole prayers and sacrifices. But, worse than this, the State was looked on as outside of morals,—a Machiavellian affair, belonging to a world under condemnation. Literature became divided into sacred and profane; while education, apart from religion and theology, was not conceived as possibly moral. This divorce of the moral from secular doing we inherit; and the ludicrous debate we cannot shake off, whether our common-school curriculum can be positively and constructively moral without teaching a creed. But the signs are that not only in America, but in England, we are drawing close to a reunion of statecraft and morals. Charity must be right charity, wise charity, and State charity, as well as church charity. If the Church desires to educate, let it do so; but that does not release the State from the duty of engrossing moral culture with intellectual training. Business must be readjusted to humanity, co-operation, fellowship. It is not enough that the Church preach love on Sunday and teach us to pray for forgiveness for our selfishness. We must do as we would be done by in our offices and counting-rooms and fields and homes. There are church morals, and there are morals that the schools must inculcate. Church and State are two collateral divisions of the human family, evolving side by side. Neither one is dissociated from the law of right doing. Good citizenship does not consist in obedience to statutes of legislatures, but in infusing our relations to our fellow-citizens with the spirit of helpfulness.

A new faith in the Golden Rule as workable characterizes the close of the nineteenth century. No one can be found who believes that our present social order of elbowing out the weakest is to continue. Every one who has to propose a scheme of social betterment is listened to with avidity. The books that have had for ten years the largest sale have been those which anticipate great religious and secular progress. Mr. Bellamy and Henry George may be argued down, but it still remains that they are greedily read because they have faith in deed. The people are with them, not as indorsing their special schedules of reform, but as believing that the twentieth century will work out a nobler social evolution. The two books dealing with social economy that have recently secured the largest attention of students have been Pearson's "National Life and Character" and Kidd's "Social Evolution." The last is a distorted bit of logic and a perversion of history; but it sings the song of human progress.

Jefferson inaugurated in American politics the principle that politics is, or ought to be, only applied ethics. "With nations," he said in his second inaugural, "as with individuals, our interests, soundly calculated, will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties." This application of the Golden Rule to government and statecraft our nation has never quite forgotten. There are sure signs that a revival of Jeffersonian ethics is immanent in living politics. The application of ethics in civil service is grasping our municipal failures, and pointing the way to decent government at the nuclei of society.

Orthodoxy will not fail from the world: it will rather increase in its power; but it will follow, not precede, orthopraxy. To do according to the best light of the age will be the supreme law. Churches will not cease to exist; but they will multiply as homes of the people, as workshops, as schools of good will, as the headquarters of noble deeds. Lincoln said, "Show me a

church that believes in the Golden Rule, and I will join it." His was that Church invisible that has never wasted its force in contentions over Pharisee and Sadducee boundaries.

Musings.

THE foreign office of the *Christian Register* is just now established in London. After rolling over England, through Brittany and Normandy, in and about Paris, and through Switzerland, it is settled once more for a brief period almost under the shadow of Westminster. It is seldom that one finds an amanuensis enjoying a more desirable or a more historic site than the one who is writing from dictation this paragraph. I am looking out upon the Parliament Square, which is surrounded by some of the greatest buildings of which England may boast. On the left are the great towers of the Parliament Houses,—noble examples of Gothic art, with the intervening buildings of the House of Lords, the House of Commons, Westminster Hall, and the other historic apartments, which every traveller must see. It is but three or four days since I went through them again, and admired the exquisite decorations of the House of Lords and the House of Commons and the noble proportions and grand ceiling of Westminster Hall. It is surprising to think that the business of the House of Commons can be done in such a small hall, nearly one-third of the members being left unseated; but, with the lobbies and the great hall outside, I suppose as much business is done without the hall as within. There is a fear that, if the House of Commons were made as large as it ought to be, its acoustic properties would be destroyed. Every fifteen minutes "Big Ben" strikes out the quarters, each time with a little pattering melody, which expands at the full hour into a tune. With the exception of a slight variation in the opening notes, it is the old familiar tune that we have heard at Cambridge and Salisbury and other places where time is set to music in cathedral clocks. It does not become quite as monotonous as the "Fisher Maiden" in Amsterdam. Directly before my eyes are two little green parks, with beds of flowers, giving freshness and verdure to Parliament Square. Four statues adorn the park, among them those of Beaconsfield and Peel. Every now and then a bird lights on the head of Sir Robert in a kind of benedictory way. Just beyond the Square is St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey. Externally, the Abbey is badly dwarfed by the imposing towers of the Parliament buildings. One must enter it to come within its spell. It is somewhat disturbed by the crowd of monuments, many of which are too pompous and elaborate; but it is a pleasure to sit in nave or transept and hear the music roll through the vaulted aisles. To an American it is interesting to find the American flag blended with the British on one of the windows on the threshold of the Chapter House. It is the window to James Russell Lowell, which has been happily conceived and skilfully executed.

SITTING here one may hear the low, dull roar of London. The marvel is not that there is so much noise, but that there is so little. One does not hear in London the whizz of the electric car, as in Boston, or the rush of the elevated road, as in New York, nor the deafening rattle of the vehicles as in Paris. The whole business centre of London is now laid with asphalt; and, though there are thousands of omnibuses and innumerable cabs, one hears only the clatter of hoofs or a dull roll of wheels. Standing near the Bank of England, where the crowd of omnibuses is sometimes the greatest, I have often heard nothing but the clatter of the hoofs, which drowns the noise of the wheels, so that one might think, if his eyes were shut, that he were hearing the march of a great troop of cavalry. The time may come when the clatter of hoofs will disappear, and one will hear nothing but the roll of the wheels over the dead asphalt. This time seems to be predicted by the electric carriages, which are now being developed rapidly in France, and which may be seen from time to time in the streets of Paris. It is very curious to see such a carriage moving along without horses and without any apparent means of propulsion. I share the feeling of a writer in the *Petit Journal* who said that he dis-

tinctly missed the thills until reflection showed him that a carriage that did not have any horses did not need any thills. The disadvantage of asphalt pavement is that, when wet, it is too slippery for horses; but, when the electric carriage becomes general, this pavement may be introduced everywhere. Already this time seems to be foreshadowed by the bicycles which I see coursing around the Square, or finding their way to the most crowded portions of Cheapside or the Strand. It must require a great degree of self-confidence to venture into this immense throng of vehicles on a machine which must be kept going if it is to preserve its equilibrium. Yet the other day I saw a woman on the Strand, past middle life,—I should say nearer sixty than fifty,—riding with the greatest composure a tricycle made on the bicycle pattern, with the two hind wheels very close together. She held a parasol over her head with the left hand, and guided her wheel with the right. If she had been in a drawing-room, she could not have been more composed. "Well," said an omnibus driver to me, "women will do anything!" Why shouldn't they?

It is not uncomplimentary, I hope, to any of the other good people who live in London, whether they be princes, dukes, earls, or bankers, bishops, or shopkeepers, to say that I have found the omnibus drivers among the most interesting of my London acquaintances. The queen, I venture to say, has not really seen London; because she has never, I take it, ridden on the top of a 'bus and talked with the driver. No private livery, however exalted, can furnish the same privilege. It would cost her majesty but a penny if she did not ride too far. She would not have to send word in advance to see that the driver was becomingly dressed. The London omnibus driver belongs ostensibly to the gentry. His boots are blacked every morning, and he wears a stove-pipe hat. When a man attains these two extremes of gentility in London, he may be fairly indifferent as to what comes between them. His coat may be shabby; but he is fitted to enter the presence of kings, on the highways at least. There are drivers who assert the liberty of their profession, and affect a more youthful and nobby appearance by wearing Derbys and very high collars; but such a levity in costume is more frequently left to the conductor, who never, that I am aware of, boasts a high hat. The mademoiselle who comes with us to London for the first time finds it *drôle* that these drivers and conductors can wear just what they please; that they are too aristocratic to wear a uniform, such as prevails in Paris or as she will see in Boston or New York. There is a convenience in the uniform. It helps to distinguish the conductor from the passengers. Yet this distinction in clothing did not prevent two Germans in Boston last spring from seriously assuming that I was the conductor and tendering me their fare. They were a little surprised when I thanked them for their generosity, and told them I had already paid mine. I have long been an honorary conductor, without emolument, on the Boston lines, accustomed to stand on the platform and ring the bell when my associate on duty was wedged in the mass of ninety passengers in the middle of the car, and dependent for information upon the "All rights!" or the go-ahead bell from the rear end; and only once have I pulled the wrong cord and registered a passenger on the dial instead of summoning the motorman to let one off. The company failed to profit by this mistake in exacting five cents from the driver to square accounts; for the next man who got on was not counted, and there were no "spotters" in the "freight" to report the omission. The London omnibus conductor and his Paris *confrère* know nothing of the joy of having a 'bus or car so loaded down from stem to stern that it is only by cutting his way through like a snow-plough that the conductor can collect the fare. In London and Paris, strange to say, an omnibus never carries more than it can hold; and the horses consequently never have to draw more than they can pull. It is a little aggravating to the impetuous American to see 'bus after 'bus pass him in Paris marked *complet*, and find himself obliged to get a ticket at an omnibus station, and wait his turn for a place; but it is merciful to the beast and to the passengers. Electricity has rendered mercy to horses superfluous

in some American cities, and mercy to passengers is something we may attain in the distant future.

If the London omnibus driver illustrates the conservative respectability of the English gentry, the vehicle he drives is *bizarre* enough. I have never seen a vehicle which had so much geography painted on the outside. Apparently, at first sight, every omnibus goes everywhere. All you have to consider is the matter of color. Experience rectifies this error. You find that there is some difference in the medley of names, and that all you dare to affirm is that every white omnibus goes to as many places as every brown one. Then comes the difficulty of distinguishing between the geography and the advertisements. If the geography abounds, the advertisements do much more abound. When I was in London a few years ago, soap seemed to have the predominance; but now there is hardly an omnibus rolling that is not pledged to "Nestle's Milk." No amount of agitation seems to break the globules of this advertisement. It is never "Nestle's Cream" nor "Nestle's Butter," but always "Nestle's Milk." I never saw milk that would bear so much transportation without souring. I do not know who Nestle is; but it is only because the omnibuses do not give any more information,—do not carry the biography, so to speak, beyond the period of lactation. The Paris 'bus, on the other hand, is sobriety itself. Instead of a bill of geographical particulars, a single conspicuous signboard on the top or above the windows indicates the destination; and no advertisement, not even of soap or milk, is allowed to settle on the outside. The tramway driver in Paris, instead of sounding a gong with his foot, works a pneumatic horn with that member, which utters a warning toot, like a nursery trumpet.

BUT now the London roar has become fainter, and now it is drowned by the peals of Westminster ringing out on the hazy air. The lights are dimly burning in the Square. The great towers loom up like massive sentinels. It is ten o'clock. The government offices have been closed long since. But, if we cross St. James Park, we shall find the sentinels pacing before Marlborough House and Piccadilly all aglare. But I am going to roost near the birds in Russell Square.

Brevities.

"Home again, home again, *on* a foreign shore!" was the popular and appropriate song at the Shayback camp in Canada about a week ago.

In his Chester speech Mr. Gladstone put the Armenian matter in a nutshell when he said that the Porte would listen to the word "must," but would not listen to the word "ought."

The city church bell is taking a vacation while the minister is trying to recover his tone. But bell and minister will both, we hope, ring out all the better when they are set swinging again.

The lectures delivered at the Plymouth School of Ethics have been faithfully reported in the *Transcript*, and thus sent far and wide over the country. What is more, there is abundant evidence that they have been read and appreciated.

At the "Shayback Camp" at Birch Bay, on Lake Memphremagog, Canada, the editor of the *Christian Register* conducted the morning service in the cabin on Sunday. At the evening service of song, which is held in the camp barge, on the lake, with a flotilla of boats from the Holbrook Camp, thirty-eight were present.

We protest against the people of the Sandwich Islands holding Boston responsible for Mr. Joseph Cook. Boston has done something for the education of Mr. Cook; but to hold it responsible for his Fourth of July orations when abroad is too much. It is quite as bad as it would be to make Boston responsible for Col. Ingersoll.

John Burroughs was reported at Plymouth last week as saying that, when his grapes are especially fine in flavor, but somewhat poor in appearance, he always sends them to Boston. If, however, they are fine in appearance, but not so good in flavor, he sends them to New York. Now, we want to

know where he sends those that excel both in appearance and flavor?

The death of Baron Tauchnitz will remind many of their past indebtedness to the man who provided the best of English fiction for travellers and residents in Continental countries. The pale yellow covers of "a Tauchnitz edition" harmonize well with a red Baedeker; though many, too, are the foreigners who have appreciated the convenience and cheapness of these books.

We are indebted to Rev. W. C. Gannett for sending us the sermon which appears this week. It was preached some years ago at the ordination of Rev. Reuben Thomas of Brookline, and again when our own Mr. Dole was ordained to the orthodox ministry in Portland. It was received with censure by many of the conservative ministers who heard it; but it is still a good illustration of the emphasis which progressive Orthodoxy lays on the moral element in Christianity.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in an interesting article in the *Independent* on "The English Elections," says: "The election of Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary, is perhaps the most cheering indication of the campaign. He not only holds his seat, but has increased his majority; and yet he stood out manfully for the Newcastle programme, including the local control of the liquor traffic,—a triumph that is only to be explained by his hold on the wage-working class on account of the 'Parish Councils Bill,' the 'Factory Acts,' the work for prison reform, and many other admirable measures in the interest of the people, of which he has been the chief defender in the House of Commons." Mr. Asquith is a man of great ability, who could be ill spared from the House of Commons.

Pro and Con.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Have any of our churches copies of "Hymn and Tune Book and Liturgy," or any hymn and responsive service-book, which they would be glad to give for the purpose of assisting a new movement at Rockville, Conn.? If so, please notify Rev. E. C. Headle, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at earliest convenience. E. C. H.

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE FREE PEW METHOD.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In the issue of the *Register* of August 1 an article upon "The Free Church System," by "Layman," does not correctly represent the significance of this plan, which was recommended at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

To have the pews in a church free does not imply any lack of business method in the support of the church. On the contrary, the plan of free pews should be associated with the most strictly business-like conduct of the affairs of the church. It is not reasonable for those who are connected with a church where the pews are free to suppose that they will not be called upon to contribute to the support of the church in some manner. But the especial feature of the free pew system is that the contributions are entirely independent of the sittings occupied. There should be a definite statement upon the part of all who are interested in the church, and who are able to make any pecuniary contribution, as to the amount that will be given. But, in determining upon this sum, there will be no consideration of any direct return in the way of a particular pew. A large contributor will not demand that he shall have an especially desirable pew in consequence of his large contribution. He is contributing toward the maintenance of a church in which he is interested, both for the sake of the moral and spiritual benefit to himself and to the community; but he will not desire any better pew than another has who pays much less. The man with small family, who requires but few seats, will not insist that he shall have assigned to him an entire pew simply because his payment is large; while the man with a large family, but possessed of small means, has to take an inferior pew or a few seats in a more desirable position.

Indeed, the person believing in the church

will contribute to its support even though he may seldom or never be able to attend the services. But it is manifestly inappropriate that the contribution of such a person should be in the form of rental of a pew or of any portion of one. The thought of any *quid pro quo* in making payment toward the support of a church is a vicious element. It is not necessary to a thoroughly business-like management of the church's finances. If it is desired that there be a special assignment of pews, this can be made just as well where there is no fixed rental as when a particular price is set upon each pew. The assignment of pews should be kept entirely separate from the question of money contributed for the church. But any form of special assignment of pews is undesirable. Nothing is accomplished by it where the number of the congregation is smaller than the seating capacity of the church, since every one can take the seat which might be assigned to him. Common courtesy, together with a little tact and skill on the part of the ushers, can provide for the various tastes of different people.

But, where the congregation is larger than the seating capacity, the assignment of special seats increases the difficulty of accommodating the congregation present on any particular Sunday. It is uneconomical of space.

A great advantage of the free pew plan is that the distinctions among people on the ground of differences of financial condition are not introduced into the church. Here is one place where the poorest man can have as great privilege as the richest. And, while every one is expected to contribute according to his ability, those who are unable or unwilling to contribute are not on that account deprived of their opportunity to obtain benefit from the church. Those who do contribute to its support are not desirous that the person of small means, or even the person of ungenerous disposition, should be excluded from the church or be compelled to occupy an inferior place. Rather is it a part of their chivalry and of their noble or Christian spirit that those to whom, perhaps, the church privileges are especially precious or by whom they are especially needed, should have the opportunity to enjoy them. Surely, it is no objection to the free pew plan that the poor or the mean may be benefited by it.

It may be conceded by the advocates of this system that it involves more effort and more devotion on the part of those who really desire to support a church than does the method of renting or selling pews; but the system is certainly more in accord with the purposes of a true church, and, if faithfully upheld and coupled with a business-like administration of the church's financial affairs, it must promote the highest success. W. I. NICHOLS.

THE FREE CHURCH SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

There is perhaps no need to add to what your correspondent "W." has already well said in reply to "Layman." But I should like to call the attention of the latter, and of any persons who may sympathize with the mercantile idea of the church, to the very interesting chapter on "The Meeting-house" in Mr. Adams's "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History." Mr. Adams there explains the rise of the pew system, and goes on to say that "it is somewhat noticeable that equality in the worship of a common Creator has ever been as little observed in democratic New England as in any country classed as civilized, if, indeed, it has not been there less observed." I am bound, however, to be very patient toward "Layman's" position; for I fear that, before I had really thought about the subject, and had been made to see how ill the usual pew system serves to express our "humanitarian" religion, as Dr. Hedge liked to call it, I, too, might have been inclined to agree with "Layman." I do not think that he knows the actual working of the pew system on its "seamy side," as a minister comes to discover it. I am very sure that he has not yet taken the pains to inform himself as to what the "free" system is. I believe that he would be interested to know how large the number of churches is that are supported by the voluntary method. CHARLES F. DOLE.

South West Harbor, Me.

THE COMFORT OF THE STARS.

When I am overmatched by petty cares
And things of earth loom large, and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs

Of heaven fan my cheek, and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets! such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars;
Undreamed of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth,—
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the
earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by vast on vast, my puny heart
Is greated for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

—Richard Burton, in the *Congregationalist*.

INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

BY SAMUEL J. BARROWS, SECRETARY OF THE
AMERICAN DELEGATION.

I.

PREPARATION AND ORGANIZATION.

One reason why the International Prison Congress, which closed its sessions a few weeks ago at Paris, was a success, is because great pains were taken to make it successful. Such large gatherings are not successful by accident. Somebody has had to do a great deal of hard work to prepare for them and to conduct them to right issues. There may be a success which comes from spontaneity, when the flaming tongues of inspiration kindle such a Pentecostal gathering; but, for the most part, the success is the result not of electric flashes from the skies, but of those which come from wires which have been wisely laid, batteries carefully connected, or motors previously planted. So, looking back upon this conference, I should say that what was most valuable in it was not that which sprang from spontaneous discussion, but the more carefully elaborated papers which laid the foundation for such discussion and the winnowed contributions which will be gathered together in the Proceedings.

The great preparations made for this Congress run back for more than two years. It was not the preparation of private or volunteer activity alone: the French government threw all its resources of organization, labor, and money into the scale. The Fourth National Congress, held five years ago at St. Petersburg, had been a great success. The French government determined that that held at Paris should not be less successful. At the head, and representing the French government in the work of preparation, stood M. Leygues, the Minister of the Interior; but the working and organizing force and guiding brain was that of M. Duflos, director of penitentiary administration in France. A committee of organization embracing chiefs of other divisions was also formed; and, with this compact and official representation, backed up by the interest and encouragement of all interested in penal problems, the work of preparing for the conference went on. There is, of course, also a permanent Committee of the Congress, which holds over from one gathering to another, whose officers were in close alliance with the French committee.

More than a year before the Congress was to meet, the different governments of the world were asked to send official representatives. The application was formally made to our country through the French ambassador to the Department of State, and by it referred to the Bureau of Education, which invited the National Prison Congress to elect delegates to be officially commissioned by the Secretary of State. Other delegates were commissioned by the governors of the States. Our own government, however, makes no appropriation for the expenses of its delegates; nor does it pay anything toward the expenses of printing the Proceedings of the Congress, as do nearly all the other governments participating in it. It would seem that, if the expenses of the delegates are not paid, Congress should at least appropriate the \$500, which might be its share of this small expense.

As soon as delegates were appointed, the names and addresses of those officially chosen were communicated through the usual diplomatic channels to the French government. Direct communication was then established between the French Bu-

reau and the official delegates. A series of elaborate questions, carefully prepared by the committee of the Congress, embracing the most difficult problems in prison administration, and ranging over the whole ground of preventive, corrective, and reformatory work, were sent out to the delegates elect; and they were invited to write reports and essays upon the schemes presented, which were to serve as the basis of discussion for the Congress.

Thus it will be seen that the official programme was prepared a year or two ahead; and, instead of waiting to discuss these questions merely in the short time allowed by the Congress in the few hours of daily session, the carefully written essays, prepared in advance, were printed and bound up into three large volumes, and sent to all the delegates some three months in advance of the opening of the Congress.

In our own National Prison Congresses, or Conferences of Charity and Correction, it is the custom to map out a programme, and have prepared papers read at the sessions, with a discussion to follow. It would not be easy to adopt the plan referred to of having these essays printed in advance: it would involve too large an expense for printing, and there would not be time to do it in an annual gathering; but the International Prison Congress, meeting but once in five years, has time for elaborate preparation, and, with the support of different governments, it is able to make a large outlay for printing. Not only were the reports in answer to the programme questions bound up and circulated, but an outline of questions and blanks for statistics, as the skeleton of monographs on prison administration, was sent to the delegates in different countries. They were invited to prepare monographs after the manner described. The result was the preparation of some valuable monographs and a collection of a large array of statistics on the prison system of different nations. Some of these treatises covered five hundred or six hundred pages in print. They were all issued at the printing department of the great Central House of Penal Administration at Melun. The labor and cost of putting these volumes through the press were not slight. With others which were printed by private enterprise, and with the reports of societies interested in the prevention of crime, the reformation of children, or the assistance of discharged prisoners, they constituted a large library of material for each delegate.

So much for the work of preparation. The points I have mentioned give but a small idea of the extent of work involved.

COMPOSITION OF THE CONGRESS.

The response to the invitation to send delegates was very generous. I have before me the first bulletin of the Congress prepared for the opening day, giving a full list of all those who had been officially appointed, and who had signified their intention of being present. Not all those thus named appeared at Paris; but the bulletin gives a good idea of the extent to which participation was invited and accepted. Thus Germany named 16 delegates. England sent but 1 official delegate, Mr. Ruggles-Brise, one of the Prison Commissioners; but there were 14 other representatives credited to England. Austrian-Hungary nominated 21, though I doubt if more than half of them appeared; Belgium, 36; Chile, 2; Denmark, 10; Spain, 5; United States, 10; Greece, 3; Holland, 10; Italy, 32; Russia, 56; Switzerland, 14. There were also delegates from Sweden, Norway, Nicaragua, Roumania, Portugal, and Japan. As to France, the Congress showed what a great body of philanthropic men and women, interested in every phase and aspect of penology, could be brought together as its hosts and supporters. The list of French adherents and delegates officially enrolled numbered 537, and includes the names of prison directors, governors, wardens, chaplains, doctors of law and doctors of medicine, judges, librarians, senators, deputies, professors, advocates, councillors, directors of public instruction, prison inspectors, engineers, magistrates, army officers, architects, prefects of police, directors of prison societies and of organizations for discharged convicts, rabbis, priests, writers and experts on sociology, and correspondents of the Institute of Paris.

To me it was very inspiring to think that this large and representative body from all parts of the world had come together to con-

sider questions relating to the development and redemption of humanity. Its religious complexion was as varied as that of nationality or language. There were Jews, Christians, and Buddhists, Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants, conservatives and liberals, joined in fraternal and peaceful discussion. At no time in the discussion did any question of sect or symbol or religious tradition interfere with the free, large, scientific consideration of penal problems.

SCOPE AND SPIRIT.

The broad basis on which the Congress was organized and conducted was set forth at the beginning in the opening speech of welcome by the President of the French republic; and it met a fit response in the address of Mr. Pols of Holland, which followed. President Faure said that science takes on more and more an international character. The perpetual exchange which is made through book and press does not alone suffice. Scientists themselves come together to divulge their discoveries, to search together, and to blend in a universal patrimony the fruits of their meditations and their labors. The work which they were to follow was one of the most noble and one of the most arduous. To strengthen repressive action, and at the same time introduce more humanity in the laws, to ask for indulgence rather than rigor, without abandoning any of the indispensable guarantees to social order, to awaken in the soul of the delinquent and of the criminal the notion of duty, of right, and of justice, was the end which they had proposed to themselves.

"It seemed at first," he continued, "that your ideal was placed too high, and you were reproached with attempting the impossible. Your generous conceptions were treated as chimeras. You were accused of sentimentalism and of feebleness. Nothing could shake your faith. You knew better than any one that there are incurable maladies, incorrigibles which must be put beyond a state of harm; but you said that all maladies are not incurable, and that there are means of salvation which ought to be attempted. Perversity has been in your eyes only an exception. You have affirmed that human nature is at bottom right, loyal, and generous. You never have despaired of that. You are right. In the darkest and the most ravaged heart there may survive, as in the ruins of a temple, a lamp forgotten by the last priest, which burns still for truth and goodness. Besides, the question is not of substituting for the severity of penal laws a sort of philosophical indifference which would compromise public security. It is the question of stimulating moral forces and of developing generous instincts which are able to prevent the offence or the crime, and, after the downfall, of raising and rehabilitating the guilty. No one maintains the irresponsibility of the being who has failed: that would be to affirm the inutility of chastisement or of recompense. It is true that physical constitution, education, heredity, and misery exercise a direct influence upon criminality. The legislator has taken account of these inevitable reactions in the appreciation of acts and the graduation of penalties. Upon this point the tradition has not changed. But you have made an innovation when breaking with ancient errors. You have said that intimidation and fear are not the only means of assuring the amendment of the culpable, and that education and hope are also sure means of obtaining it. . . . Chastisement, without possibility of pardon and forgetfulness, discourages and degrades. The hope of rehabilitation provokes to effort, and restores."

These noble sentiments were greeted by the Congress with loud applause. Continuing, the President said: "You have made this principle pass from theory into practice. But your ambition was not satisfied. To restore or to amend is well, but to prevent is better. You have sought to drain the source of evil. It is here that the International Prison Congresses have accomplished the most beautiful part of their work in revising legislation relative to abandoned and faulty children. To draw childhood from bad surroundings and from bad examples is to fulfil the first of civic duties. To extend to the wayward child a friendly hand, to console it in its distress, to forget and make it forget its faults, is to make a good citizen of one who might become useless and dangerous."

In responding to this broad and elevated

address, M. Pols, the vice-president of the International Penitentiary Commission, and delegate from Holland, said, in part: "Who doubts now penitentiary work? It is not simply an affair of justice or of administration confided to the intelligent and active care of those in authority: it is, above all, a social interest of the first rank, which demands the combined action of all social forces and private action conjoined with the action of authority. We are happily very far from the time when it was thought that Justice was honored in being represented as cold and impassible, the sword and the scales in her hand, but her eyes bandaged. That symbol of the impartiality and the integrity of ideal justice, the bandage, symbolizes rather perhaps another quality of justice as formerly conceived; namely, that of not seeing clearly in weighing the crime, but of striking blindly and without discernment the criminal. Penitentiary science, whose triumphant advance marks the grand progress of humanity, has dethroned cold, impassible, and blind justice. Seeking to determine the causes and the movements of crime, it has been quick to perceive that responsibility is not to be attributed alone to the material author of the crime: it has recognized the complexity of human nature and of society, the necessity of a complete revolution in the means of attack and of defence, in the weapons of combat. In maintaining a horror of crime, it modifies considerably the sentiments concerning the criminal. If it has not discovered those two noble truths repeated since antiquity as beautiful sentences which one might admire while dispensing with their application; namely, that prevention is better than punishment, and that justice does not exclude charity,—that even there is no justice without charity, as there is no charity without justice,—it has made of these living and vivifying principles of reform, and has infused them into legislation and administration. But this movement, so powerful and so fruitful, is not due to official initiative, but to the awakening of the public conscience by private action."

M. Pols showed then that this new and exalted conception of justice, while it had exerted a salutary influence on legislation, was very far from attaining its full development. It could not be denied that it had multiplied questions, complicated the problems, extended the field of study and the difficulties to be resolved. The Congress itself furnished proofs of this; but it also showed that, the more extended the task, the greater was the number of workers. The horizon of penitentiary science has been enlarged, and the successive Congresses—of which that at Paris is the fifth—are obliged to follow the progress which is in part due to them. The march from St. Petersburg to Paris had marked new advance in the special solicitude shown for unfortunate and wayward children. It will be the special honor of this Congress that it has devoted so large a part of its activity to this subject. Upon the proposition of a Russian delegate in the International Commission, it decided to establish a section for discussing all the questions relating to youth.

The importance of securing the co-operation of women in this work was well set forth by M. Pols. "Belonging ourselves to that section of humanity which insensibly is led to accord perhaps too great a place to justice, we welcome, above all, the adhesion, more and more marked, and the co-operation, more and more warm, of that other section of humanity which interests itself first in the triumph of charity. If penitentiary science inclines more and more to accord to woman a distinct place, as it has already accorded it to childhood, it needs, above all, the moral support and the co-operation of woman in the study of the multiple questions relative to culpable and unfortunate women. The solution of these questions will not advance without the co-operation of women. The presence of so many distinguished women in our ranks are happy indications that the Congress of Paris will be a new milestone in the ascending march of prison reform."

It is thus seen on what broad lines, on what a liberal, scientific, undogmatic basis the Paris Congress was organized, and how wide and far-reaching were the themes which engaged its attention. In another article I must show how some of these problems were defined and discussed, and what basis of agreement was reached concerning them.

subject. The chaplain of Columbia College affirms: "There is a better religious outlook for the colleges of America than ever before. The students have clearer views of truth and intenser spiritual zeal than a generation ago." A prominent graduate of Harvard says: "The religious life of the colleges is more hopeful than ever. There is a marked improvement at Harvard. There is increased desire for correct life, for benevolent activity, and for religious service." A graduate of Yale bears similar witness: "The students of Yale have better manners, better morals, better religion, than ever before in the history of the college." Similar evidence might be adduced from many other sources, and from a wide examination of the social condition of young men of the time.

The *Watchman* makes this forecast of "The New Interpretation":—

Religious men everywhere are conscious that during the last twenty years a change, which the most inveterate conservative cannot ignore, has passed over the conceptions of truth as held by the churches. There is no Protestant denomination which has not been affected by this change, and the Roman Catholic Church has been more profoundly influenced by it than any one of them. To the superficial observer it seems as if the movement had been in the direction of a denial of supernatural Christianity. That, however, is hardly a just account of the matter; for, strenuous as the battle has been between the Naturalists and the Supernaturalists in the closing years of the century, the latter are victorious along almost the entire line, and some of their strongest opponents have become their allies. But the conflict within the ranks of those who hold to supernatural Christianity, though it has attracted less attention, has been hardly less significant. There the contest has been waged between a legal and a mechanical interpretation of the great Christian doctrines and a spiritual and vital one. The cause of Supernatural Christianity is winning a great triumph; but the ideas that are dominating the victorious party, and have the promise of the future, are those of the men who insist that the Bible is a book of principles and motives rather than of statutes, that the true analogies of spiritual truth are to be found in the processes of life rather than in the realm of mechanics, and that the adaptation of a doctrine to the needs of a spiritual life is a unique authentication of its truth. The modern study of biology, and the increasing attention paid to the phenomena of consciousness, have powerfully contributed to this tendency. It is probably quite within bounds to say that during the last decade few theological treatises or volumes of sermons have won a large recognition which have not enforced the conceptions or been wrought out in the temper of which we speak.

The *Churchman* discourses in this vein on "Clerical Poverty":—

In the June number of the *Protestant Episcopal Review* appears a remarkable article entitled "The Power of Poverty." A more accurate heading would be "Poverty as a Power," since that is what is intended to be shown. The general idea of the paper seems to be that the clergy, whom the writer considers to be greatly lacking in their hold upon the masses, would greatly gain in spiritual influence by taking up voluntary poverty. As is not infrequently the case in treating a large subject so as to deal with a smaller one, the author falls upon two or three conflicting issues. He starts with the example and teachings of our Lord to prove that poverty is both a duty and a blessing for the clergy. The trouble is that these, if taken, as the writer says they should be, absolutely and literally, prove too much. The words and the pattern of Christ are for all disciples, and not for the clergy alone. Taken as our author uses them, they must mean that wealth is a snare which Christians should shun. He sneers at the phrase "consecrated wealth," and evidently doubts that such a thing can be. If the kingdom of heaven is the heritage of the poor, it is that of the poor layman as well as the poor cleric. Here is the plain proposition: Christianity and wealth are incompatible. If this be so, then the whole matter is settled at the start.

We hardly need to discuss the citations of our author exegetically. It is clear to most educated Christian thinkers that words spoken with evident regard to the life of Judea in our Lord's time cannot be applied literally to succeeding ages and changed conditions. If a tramp were to meet the author of the *Review* article on the street and to seize his overcoat, he would hardly, we think, follow out the Lord's command, and bestow upon him his cassock, coat, and waistcoat, but would call the nearest policeman to arrest the robber. If the conversion of the world was to be to poverty, by poverty, then the Church of Christ went astray just in proportion as it outgrew the little

community at Jerusalem. It is only necessary to show the example of the apostles, who may be presumed to understand the force of their Lord's words. Saint Paul shows clearly that the apostles were maintained by the Church in answering the charge that he supported himself by his own labors. The wandering career of our Lord and his disciples in the brief years of his ministry was possible only under the conditions of Oriental life at that day, and was called for only by the special needs of his work.

Literature.

"MEADOW GRASS TALES."*

To criticise a book and say no ill of it whatever is manifestly a gratuitous derogation from one's assumed prerogative; but, if we are going to speak ill of this book, it must be in the matter of externals. Item: the design of the cover is a piece of silly affectation, which might go well with some of the "erotic, neurotic, tommyrotic" poetry that is being published in England in these days at the sign of the Bodley Head, but is entirely out of place, with its gilt horse-pond and its arrangement of pollards, on the cover of a book in which compacted lie a baker's dozen of the homeliest possible transcriptions of New England life. Item: with a superabundance of outer margin, the inner margins of the book are narrow to a degree that adds nothing to its appearance, and makes it much more difficult to read.

And now, having satisfied the claims of critical impartiality, we will proceed to make the comparative remark upon the book which every reader will expect. It belongs to the same genus as the stories of Mary E. Wilkins, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Miss Fuller, the author of "Pratt Portraits" and other pleasant things. Its species is allied more closely to Miss Wilkins's than to Miss Jewett's. The *dramatis personæ* are a more peculiar people than Miss Jewett's. But the temper of the book is less gaunt and grim than that of Miss Wilkins's stories generally: its tone is less cheerless and depressing. Here, too, we have a "Mother's Revolt," though it is called "Heartsease." Indeed, three or four of the stories are stories of revolt in one way or another. But each in its turn is as unique in its conception as if Miss Brown had no such cousins-in-art as Misses Wilkins, Jewett, and Fuller. Not only is this so, but the style and manner of the book are all the writer's own, and wonderfully bright and good they are,—quiet, too, without a line of that small cackle of smartness and exaggeration which is the stock in trade of Kate Douglas Wiggin and some others. The first portion of this scripture, "Number Five," is not a story, but a murmurous stream of happy reminiscences, which, beginning at a district school-house, widens out into the tender history of many village folk of days long since. We could wish that every reader of this portion might have it illustrated, as was our own copy, by God's own hand, seeing that we read it not as we ran, but as we rode, and, flower for flower, matched those upon the page with those along the roadside's loveliness of tangled shrub and vine. Each of the twelve stories following this delightful prelude has its special charm. In one, "At Ludleigh Fair," we seem to hear a note of unreality that makes a discord for the mind. Some are more amusing than others, some more tender; but all have a sure artistic comprehension of the values of the social scenery of a New England village, still cherishing the simpler manners of the olden time. We have reserved the climax of our praise for the beautiful idyllic thing called "Bankrupt." One must go to the early love passages in "Richard Feverel" for anything so lyrical in its sweetness as the passage on pages 240-242. Thanks, Alice Brown, for the unstained delight and satisfaction we have had in your book; and we are sure that we have spoken "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Terms, 1893-94. By James Anthony Froude, late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Another book from Froude reads somewhat differ-

ently in the shadow of his death than it would if he were still alive. One thing is sure,—that the book is extremely interesting: one more interesting never trickled from his pen. Its thesis is that the English navy is a product of the Spanish Inquisition, and his argument is remarkably impressive. Within a lifetime the English seamen changed their status from that of a set of harmless fishermen to that of rulers of the sea. And this came about through the reprisal of English pirates on the Spaniards for the Inquisition's treatment of Englishmen in Spanish ports. The story is alive with interest. It has terrible incidents,—"John Hawkins, and the African Slave Trade," "The Great Expedition to the West Indies," "The Attack on Cadiz." It has other incidents as compact of treachery as these of daring. Never was a bolder game than that which Hawkins played with Philip II., in which Philip lost a queen,—the Queen of Scots,—and she her head. Those who love the air of adventure will find it blowing merrily through the chapter on Drake's voyage round the world. In conclusion, we have a chapter on the sailing of the Armada, and another on its defeat. Nobody came off with less credit than Queen Elizabeth. It was in spite of her delays and feebleness that her navy and her "adventurers" prevailed against the splendid foe. Mr. Froude is throughout a *laudator temporis acti*. He has a cynical defence of the most horrible brutalities. One feels almost ashamed to be reading with enthusiasm things so much after Robert Louis Stevenson's own heart. But, certainly, the courage was magnificent,—the scorn of death. Very noticeable is the improvement in the style of the book as it goes on. At first it is very choppy: the sentences so short that, when we get one of two lines, we are made glad. As we go on, the longer sentences are more frequent, and the perpetual *staccato* less numbing to our apprehension. The book is certainly encouraging. Its motto might well be: "Say not that the former times were better than these. For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning these things."

THE TRIPLE TRADITION OF THE EXODUS. A Study of the Structure of the Later Pentateuchal Books, reproducing the Sources of the Narrative, and further illustrating the Presence of Bibles within the Bible. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, A.M., D.D. Hartford: The Student Publishing Company. 8vo., pp. lxiii, 382.—In continua-

tion of his "Genesis of Genesis" Dr. Bacon here gives a study of the story of Moses and the exodus, with the special purpose of distinguishing the two parts (J and E) of the prophetic narrative. He has already made a good name for himself as critic; and this work, by its carefulness and insight, will add to his reputation. It is encouraging that amid the cares of a pastoral charge (he is minister at Oswego, N.Y.) he finds time for such thorough investigation. The results of his examination are best seen in the second part, in which he gives a revised translation of the three documents separately. In the introduction he has an admirable characterization of the three authors (J, E, P). His work differs from that of Addis ("the oldest book of Hebrew history") in that it gives all three documents, confines itself to the Pentateuch, and goes more minutely into the investigation of the text. His reconstruction is supported by good critical considerations, and adds to the interest of the narrative. It may be heartily commended to all who are interested in the subject.

THAT EURASIAN. By Aleph Bey. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.—The word "Eurasian" is compounded of "Eur" and "Asian," and is descriptive of an individual of mixed parentage, Hindu and English. There are many of such parentage in India, and the object of this book is to set forth the abuses to which they are subject as a class and to compel our sympathy for them. The field is one which has been little worked; and, if the author does not exaggerate the situation he depicts, he is to be commended for the earnestness of his purpose and the ability with which he has executed it. At the same time it may be fairly questioned whether the writer would not have made a more profound impression if he had abjured fiction altogether, and expressed himself in the directest manner possible. It is to be hoped that, moved by his endeavor and his partial failure, some other writer will "assume these unperformed duties." There is this, also, to be said,—that, having adopted a fictitious vehicle for his argument, the writer has burdened it with many other things that are quite irrelevant, among them his opinions on a variety of topics, those concerning religious matters being the most prominent. In these opinions there is a good deal of "horse sense," but, with much good information, some that has been picked up at random and without discrimination. The story, apart from its

Handsome Pitchers.

The demand for odd pitchers has increased so that our foreign buyers have gleaned them from every source.

Wedgwood's old blue landscape decorations on the old Dutch shape.

Wedgwood's Jasper with Flaxman's designs in *bas relief*, old tankard shape and the old Dutch. All sizes.

Haviland's "St. Lazare" tall vase shape for flowers.

Haviland's "Cherbourg" for sideboards, faint fadey decorations.

Old blue Canton covered pitchers for ice water.

Cauldon China tea table pitchers.

Ridgway's real stone sage color bamboo pitchers.

Wedgwood's old blue Dutch shape, with Boston views underglaze, to be seen with our souvenir and motto china.

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* MEADOW GRASS TALES: New England Life. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland & Day.

purpose, has much interest; but one of its most painful episodes might have been omitted as intrinsically improbable, while its reflection on the system of Indian mixed marriages is purely artificial.

CHRIST AND HIS FRIENDS. A Series of Revival Sermons. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., pastor of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—Here was a campaign planned in advance, and carried out in such a way that Dr. Banks, like Wordsworth's "happy warrior" could "see what he foresaw." All the texts and themes are taken from the Fourth Gospel. They were selected several months in advance of the delivery of the discourses, and much time was spent in gathering illustrative material. Evidently, the search took an extended range; for the anecdotes are by tens and hundreds. There are thirty-one sermons; and they were preached on the thirty-one days of January, 1895. After a few hours of special study, each was dictated to a stenographer in the morning, and then preached in the evening without manuscript or notes. The sermons are very different from the revival sermons of former times. They have in them no terrors of damnation and very little orthodox theology. The blood of the atonement is conspicuous by its absence. The sermon on "The Fountain of Living Water" is perhaps the most widely different in its method from an old-style revival sermon. "The Old Oaken Bucket" is quoted in full. So is Jean Ingelow's "Song of a Boat" and "Song of a Nest." The same sermon draws largely from "an article by Dr. Barrows in the *Christian Register*, entitled 'The Hoary Heart.'" Many of the illustrations are extremely happy, and it is easy to believe that many who listened to the whole course of sermons were made better men and women.

THE DISEASES OF PERSONALITY. By Th. Ribot, Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology in the Collège de France. Authorized Translation. Second Revised Edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.—Prof. Ribot is no doubt well informed as to the subject of which he treats; but his talent for exposition is not remarkable. The contents of his mind are turned out in a disordered heap, and the reader is left very much to himself in drawing his conclusions as to what all this is about. Consciousness is treated throughout as a simple phenomenon superadded to the activity of the brain. Why it should be so treated is argued in the introduction. Organic diseases of personality—a much wider term than consciousness—are treated first, with many painful illustrations from the records of human monstrosity. Affective diseases are next considered. The sense of touch appears to be much more deeply implicated in a normal consciousness than any other. Disorders of the intellect are discussed in Chapter III., and the dissolution of personality in Chapter IV. In a concluding chapter the conclusion is reached that the ego is a co-ordination, and the further conclusion is unavoidable that it does not survive the shock of death. One cannot read such a book without feeling that for much of our criminal procedure the methods of the alienist should be substituted, and for much of our blame of individuals the tenderest pity. There is material here for many novels of morbid psychology, and we shudder to think that it may be discovered and economized.

THE MARTYRED FOOL. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper's.—The two parts of this book are almost equally vigorous. The first is the sowing of the seed: the second is the reaping of the harvest. The first shows us how anarchists are made: the second shows the folly and injustice and wickedness of anarchism. The first tells of hardship in Australia: the second, of suffering in Paris. The first is pitiful with the struggles of a little, uncomprehending child against the cruel facts of life, shadowed by a fate for which he was not responsible: the second is pitiful with the struggles of a man who finds by slow degrees that life is a greater and more complex thing than he had supposed, and that there is no atonement possible for his own mistakes. Mr. Murray is a strong, sincere writer, possessed of much dramatic force. His aims are less to produce a means of amusement for the reading public than to represent life as it is,—a task not always agreeable.

SHIPS BY DAY. By Edwin A. Wyman, Ph.D., D.D. Boston: James H. Earle. \$1.50.—About twenty years ago Dr. Wyman wrote a book entitled "Acquaintance with God," which "easy-going Christians might have thought austere," as we are told by a sympathetic evangelical critic. It is a curious circumstance that he should now produce a second book of such different character, this one being a romantic love-story. Still, this is written with the purpose of counteracting the harm that the writer fears from the influence of "Ships that Pass in the Night": and he desires to prove that immortality is something more

than a guess. Thus the sentimental passages are interspersed with theological and speculative discussions. The book is very long, numbering over four hundred and fifty pages; and it offers colossal proof that a D.D. and a Ph.D. after a man's name are useless when he comes to write a novel.

MY LADY NOBODY. By Maarten Maartens. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One can see by this novel that Maarten Maartens is a powerful writer, although it must be ranked decidedly below "God's Fool" or "The Greater Glory" in the strength of its conceptions and the general fitness of its arrangement. It is crowded with unimportant incident, and stretched out to most unnecessary length. The plot, clear and effective in itself, is needlessly confused with uninteresting side issues. On the other hand, the characters are drawn with that clearness of outline which the writer well understands how to give, and the study of "Ursula" makes up for the faults of the book. It is better read in book form than when long-drawn out as a serial, though the frequent brilliancy of conversation or observations make even detached portions worth reading.

Miscellaneous.

"An Island Princess," by Theo Gift, is published in the "Hudson Library Series," with paper covers, for summer reading. It is a simple story of one "who loved and rode away," only in this case the lover did not ride, but went off in a man-of-war, leaving his island princess to wait and watch until the paper came that told of his marriage. It is a sad little story, that takes not long in the reading.

Macmillan & Co. have reprinted the once popular novel, "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," written by James Morier in 1824. This edition is illustrated by H. R. Millar; and there is an introduction by Hon. George Curzon, M. P., which gives a brief account of Morier's life, and indicates the merits of this book. He thinks that, even though the Persians were to be blotted out as a nation, this would yet remain "as a portrait of unrivalled humor and accuracy of a people who, though now in their decadence, have played an immense, and still play a not wholly insignificant, part in the complex drama of Asiatic politics." The book shows them as light-hearted, nimble-witted, and volatile, but subtle, hypocritical, and insincere.

The Magazines.

The August number of the *Forum* contains an interesting and suggestive article about domestic service by Mrs. Hersey Goodwin of Cambridge.

The third number of the *Philistine*, the new monthly magazine, which emulates the success of the *Chap Book* and the *Bibelot*, contains brief articles from Ouida, Elbert Hubbard, William Morris, Stephen Crane, and others. It is published for \$1 a year at East Aurora, N. Y.

Literary Notes.

"A Siren's Son," the novel by Susie Lee Bacon, is issued by Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago, not only in cloth, but also in paper covers, for summer reading.

The Concordance to Browning's works, which has been edited by Miss Marie A. Molineux, A.M., Ph.D., will be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. next autumn.

Music Received.

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Longing for Spring. For the Pianoforte.
The Wayside Cross. Song for Contralto. Words by Fred E. Weatherly. Music by Alfred Rawlings.
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[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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The Home.

THE MESSENGER.

[For the Picture by G. F. Watts.]

Strong angel of the peace of God!
Not wholly undivided thy mien;
Along the weary path I trod
Thou hast been with me, though unseen.

My hopes have been a mad turmoil;
A clutch and conflict all my life;
The very craft I loved a toil;
And love itself a seed of strife.

But sometimes in a sudden hour
I have been great with godlike calm,
As if thy tranquil world of power
Flowed in about me like a psalm;

And peace has fallen on my face,
And stillness on my struggling breath,
And, living, I have known a space
The hush and mastery of Death.

Stretch out thy hand upon me, thou
Who comest as the still night comes!
I have not flinched at buffets: now
Let Strife go by, with all his drums!

—By Richard Hovey, in the Independent.

For the Christian Register.

PRINCESS LEGEND.

[From the German of Wilhelm Hauff. Translated by Mrs. C. A. Adams.]

In a fair kingdom far away, upon whose gardens of perpetual green the sun is always smiling, there has ruled from the beginning until now the good Queen Fantasia.

For many hundreds of years had her generous hand scattered blessings in abundance among her people, who loved and honored her in return. The queen's heart, however, was too great to allow any limit to her good deeds. So she herself, in all the royal splendor of her eternal youth and beauty, descended to the earth; for had she not heard that here lived those who in dismal privation passed their lives amid toil and hardship? To these Fantasia brought the most beautiful gifts in her kingdom, so that, after she had passed over the earth's fields, men went joyously to their work, and amid all their want and sorrow grew glad and cheerful. Moreover, the royal children, no less fair and lovely than their queenly mother, were sent that they might bring blessings to the human beings.

Once when Legend, the queen's eldest daughter, came back from the earth, her mother noticed that she was sad, and even thought she discerned traces of tears. "What is the matter, Legend, sweetheart?" said the queen. "Ever since your journey you've been so sad and downcast. Won't you confide to your mother your trouble?" "O mother dear," answered Legend, "I would certainly not have remained silent so long, if I hadn't known that my trouble is yours, too."

"Always speak, daughter mine," advised the beautiful queen; "for sorrow is a stone that drags down one alone, but which can easily be carried by two."

"You want my story," answered Legend, "so listen. You know how willingly I associate with human beings, how cheerfully I go to sit with the poorest before their cottages, to chat with them a bit after their work. They used to offer me their hands for greeting when I came, and look after me smiling and contented when I went away. Well, nowadays it isn't so any more."

"Poor Legend!" said the queen, and stroked the child's cheeks, which were wet with tears; "but perhaps you only imagine all this."

"Believe me, I feel it only too keenly," returned Legend. "They no longer love me. Moreover, when I approach, I am met with cold glances. Nowhere am I welcome. Even the children, who always loved me especially, laugh at me now, and knowingly turn their backs."

The queen leaned her forehead on her hand, and thought silently. "And how can it have happened, Legend," she asked at last, "that the people below there have changed so?"

"Look you, O Queen Fantasia, the human beings have constituted guards; and these, with sharp scrutiny, survey and examine everything coming from your kingdom. If any one comes who is not to their mind, they raise up a great cry, and either slay him or slander him so terribly among the human beings who believe their word that he finds no more love, not a spark of confidence. Ah! how fine it is for my brothers, the Dreams! Happy and light-

hearted, they flit down to earth, and, without asking leave of those clever guards, seek the slumbering mortals, and weave and picture for them things that gladden the heart and delight the eye."

"Your brothers are light-footed," said the queen; "and you, my darling, have no cause to envy them. Besides, those border guards I know well: the mortals aren't unwise to post them there. Many a wily fellow goes there, pretending to come straight from my kingdom, when at the most he has merely looked at us from some mountain."

"But why do they let this count against me, your own daughter?" sobbed Legend. "Ah! if you only knew how they treated me! They called me an old maid, and threatened not to let me in at all next time."

"What! not let in my daughter!" cried the queen; and anger heightened the glow in her cheeks. "But I see already where this comes from: our wicked cousin has maligned us."

"Cousin Fashion? Impossible!" cried Legend. "She always used to seem so friendly."

"Oh, I know her, the false one!" answered the queen. "But try again, in spite of her, my daughter: he who wants to do good must never rest."

"O mother! What if they should send me back, or should slander me, so that the mortals wouldn't look at me, or would let me stand in the corner, alone and despised?"

"If the grown-up people, fooled by Fashion, set less value upon you, turn to the little ones. Truly, they are my darlings: it is to them that I send my loveliest pictures through your brothers, the Dreams. Yes, I myself have often floated down to them, have hugged them, kissed them, and played the most charming games with them. They know me well, too. Of course, they don't know my name; but I have often noticed how at night they smile up at my stars, and how in the morning, if my bright, fleecy clouds drift through the heavens, they clap their hands for joy. When they grow older, they still love me. Then I help lovely maidens twine their gay garlands, and wild boys grow more quiet when I seat myself opposite them on a high cliff, and from the cloud-world of the distant blue mountain cause lofty castles and gleaming places to rise, and from the glowing clouds of evening picture bold troops of horsemen and wonderful processions of pilgrims."

"Oh, the dear children!" exclaimed Legend, excitedly. "Be it so! I will try them once more."

"Yes, daughter dear," said the queen. "Go to them; but first let me dress you in such a way that you may please the children, and still not be repulsed by their elders. For, see, I will give you the costume of an almanac."

"Of an almanac, mother? I should be ashamed to vaunt myself before the people thus."

The queen beckoned, and the waiting-maids brought forward the elaborate garb of an almanac. It was all interwoven with gleaming colors and beautiful patterns.

The maids braided the long hair of the beautiful maiden, bound her golden sandals under her feet, and draped the costume about her.

The modest Legend dared not lift up her eyes; but her mother, regarding her with delight, clasped the child in her arms. "Go," said she to the little one; "and my blessing go with you. And, if they despise and scorn you, come back to me. Perhaps a later generation, more true to nature, will turn their hearts back to you."

Thus spoke Queen Fantasia, and Legend descended to the earth. With a beating heart she approached the spot where dwelled the clever watchmen. She bent her little head toward the ground, drew her gorgeous gown closer about her, and with hesitating steps drew near the gate.

"Halt!" shouted a deep, rough voice. "Turn out, guard! Here comes a new almanac!"

Legend trembled when she heard this. Several elderly men of dark aspect rushed out. They held in their fists pointed feathers with which they opposed her. One of this crowd strode up to her, and with a rude hand grasped her by the chin. "Now lift up your head, Sir Almanac," cried he, "so that anybody can see whether you are of any good or not."

Blushing, Legend threw up her little head in the air, and flashed open her dark eyes.

"It's Legend!" cried the watchmen, and laughed with all their might. "Legend! This one must have thought she was going to do wonders. Only how came you to wear this suit?"

"Mother dressed me in it," answered Legend.

"So? She will smuggle you in, will she? Not by a good deal! Get away with you! See that you get out!" cried the watchmen in a chorus, and stuck out their pointed feathers.

"But I only want to go to the children," pleaded Legend. "You surely can allow me to do that?"

"Aren't there enough such vagabonds running loose in our land?" cried one of the guards. "They only prattle to our children foolish nonsense."

"Let's see what she knows this time," said another.

"All right!" cried they. "Go on, tell what you know; but hurry up, for we haven't much time to waste on you."

Legend stretched her hand and described with her forefinger many signs in the air. Then one saw beautiful figures passing along,—caravans, splendid horses, gayly adorned riders, many tents on the sands of a desert, birds flying, and ships on a stormy sea, silent woods and crowded streets and commons, battles and peaceful nomads. They all floated by in living pictures, in a gay, busy throng.

Legend, in her interest in bringing forth the pictures, hadn't noticed how one by one the guards had all fallen asleep. She was just going to describe new signals, when a friendly man stepped up to her and seized her hand. "See there, good Legend," said he, as he pointed to the sleepers: "your gay pictures are nothing to these men. Slip quickly through the door. Then they won't suspect that you are in the land, and you can go your way free and unnoticed. I will take you to my children, and in my house you shall have a quiet and friendly corner. You can dwell there, and live by yourself. Then, when my children have learned their lessons, they may bring their playmates, and listen to you. Will you do it?"

"Oh, how gladly will I follow you to your dear children! How I will exert myself to give them once in a while a jolly hour!"

The good man beckoned to her kindly, and helped her over the feet of the sleeping guards. Laughing Legend glanced back when she had passed, and then slipped inside the gates.

JOHNNIE'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

"I'm right tired of being a boy. It's 'Johnnie, run down cellar and bring up the wringer, or wash-tub, or the ice-cream freezer,' or 'Johnnie, just run upstairs and bring down a chair'; and it's sure to be the biggest and heaviest one they want. It's a wonder they don't tell me to run up to the moon and bring down an armful of mountains, or else run down to China and bring up a few dozen laundrymen. Then it's 'Johnnie, run and do this,' and 'Johnnie, run and do that,' till, I declare, I wonder they don't change my name to Johnnie Runn and be done with it."

Johnnie threw himself on the lounge by the side of Daggers, the cat, sleeping comfortably in a round fur ball.

"I'd much rather be a cat. He enjoys life, and has nothing to do but eat, sleep, and play. If he wants anything, all he has to do is to let out a howl, and everybody is ready to run and get whatever he wants."

Daggers, thinking himself addressed, rolled over like a caterpillar, yawned, stretched, and began picking affectionately

at Johnnie's coat-sleeve, purring softly and sleepily.

"Then there's Mary Ann, always and forever asking me to fill up the wood-box. It's the meanest wood-box I ever saw. Gets empty forty times a day, seems so."

It was a hot day, and Johnnie was tired; and, just as he began to feel drowsy, Daggers rolled over, then sat up, and to his surprise began to speak.

"You think a cat has nothing to trouble him. How would you like to live among a lot of giants who picked you up by one leg or by the head, just as it happened?"

"Well," answered Johnnie, argumentatively, "that isn't as bad as being a Johnnie run boy."

"If you wish to change places with me for a time, I can arrange matters for you. I have often longed to have people know what some of our troubles really are, so that they would be more gentle with us. When they don't understand us, they call us uncanny. We like pleasant voices, and it frightens us and hurts our feelings when sharply spoken to. We distinguish our friends by the tones of their voices and their soothing treatment of us. Do you still wish to change places with me?"

"Yes, till I have had a real jolly, lazy time," said Johnnie, eagerly.

"Then close your eyes tight, and I'll go over to the rug by the chimney and signal for the witch-cat. She'll come through the fire-board in the grate, and then—you'll be I, and I'll be you."

"Well, now, this is comfortable, nothing to do but purr and sleep. I can hear Daggers filling up the wood-box this minute. He will have to run for the mail pretty soon. Wonder if he can unlock the post-office box—err-r purr-r-r."

"Oh, dear! how Ned startled me! Just as I was sleeping so sweetly too. I wouldn't mind his petting if it wasn't so heavy-handed. He acts as if he was petting an elephant. Such petting shocks my nervous system, besides making me cough. Oh! oh! the baby has grabbed both hands full of my fur, and it hurts cruelly. I just scratched back, and Ned boxed my ears. There, Eva has taken me on her lap. She treats me so kindly. It's a pleasure to purr for her. Her smoothing is restful. Pur-r-r! What's this! Eva went upstairs and left me on the floor, standing up half asleep. I'd like to know if I am ever to get my nap out. I don't like this. Guess I'll howl. There, they have put me out doors. Horrors! There is a big black dog. He's coming right for me! What a fearful red mouth! If I can only get to that tree,—ah! safe at last; but how my heart beats! I haven't had such a fright since I fell down cellar, when I was a boy. I'm more afraid of that dog than I used to be of the wild animals I read about. I wonder how long he is going to stand there and bark. There comes Eva: she drove the dog away, and is taking me into the house. She is rubbing her cheek on my head and calling me pretty names. I'll purr just as soon as I can calm myself. Purrr-r-r."

"There, she has dumped me on the lounge. Guess I'll go out in the kitchen. I think I smell fish. I never knew raw, fresh fish could smell so good. Yes, there is a fine pike on the table. I think I can reach it if I get up in a chair. There! Mary Ann just slapped me, and called me a sneak. And all I could answer back was me-ow-w. She put a big dab of grease on my nose, 'to keep me occupied,' she said, then stood and laughed to see me try to lick it off. How mean of her! It will take a good half-hour

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to get my face properly washed. This is a hard world for cats, after all.

"There is a nice soft cushion in a chair in the parlor. I'll dodge in there, and see if I can find any peace for my life. Ah! but isn't this comfortable! This is the eider-down cushion Eva is so choice of. Wish I could lie awake, just to see how sweetly I sleep. Purr—r—r.

"Meow—w—w! I never yelled louder in my life. A lady caller came in, and innocently sat down upon me. I never knew that such a beautiful lady could sit down so heavy. What next! I ran out to the dining-room, and Ned accidentally stepped on my toe. He said I yelled louder than a mill whistle. I am bruised and sore all over. Ned is sorry, and gave me some scraps of meat on a newspaper in the woodshed. When I get used to it, I may like it; but the smell of printer's ink destroys my appetite. I thought cats had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. The pity of it is we cannot speak and tell people when we are in pain, and so we have to suffer on in silence. If they would try to put themselves in our places sometimes, and consider our feelings, our lives might be happier. Rough handling hurts us as cruelly as it does a human being. Some boys, and even girls, think it displays cleverness and noble qualities of character to abuse helpless creatures. Only the weak and cowardly wilfully persist in so doing. Many are cruel from thoughtlessness and ignorance or indifference. I never thought of this before. . . . Why! where am I?" and Johnnie sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, I thought I was a cat. But I'm glad I'm a boy. I guess that witch-cat must have been talking to me just before I woke up, and it was all quite true."

Johnnie looked at the clock.

"It's time to go for the mail, and the wood-box must be empty by this time. Filling up the wood-box isn't half so bad as being chased up a tree by a dog, or being sat on."

Johnnie went whistling about his tasks after this strange dream, not in the least objecting to being a Johnnie-run boy.—*Caroline Mosher, in the Advance.*

A CHAT ABOUT DOGS.

The first dog that impressed himself on my mind was a bull brindle named Tag. When I was just three years old, Tag celebrated my birthday by bounding up against me and knocking me down. He didn't mean to do so, for in spite of his breed he was very gentle. When I cried, he ran barking loudly to my father, who was sitting at some distance under a tree, and then, still barking, ran back to me, thus drawing my father's attention to the accident. This is the first thing in life that I remember. I have had many knock downs of various kinds since then, but none for which I have been so quickly compensated.

Tag was a remarkable dog in many ways. He looked so intelligent that a famous painter of animals several times made him sit for his portrait, and always very modestly declared that he couldn't do Tag justice. Tag had in a large degree what many dogs possess in little,—a keen sense of property. This did not relate alone to bones that belonged to himself, but to anything which he fancied was intrusted to his care.

For instance, whenever the stable man went away for a while, he would point to the barn door, and say, "Stay there, Tag, and mind the horses till I come back." This was a necessity at the time, for quite a gang of horse thieves lurked in the neighborhood. Tag generally planted himself in front of the barn on such occasions, and only my father's voice could entice or command him from his post. He recognized my father as commander-in-chief of the farm.

One day when Tag was watching the barn, my father, sitting at his library window, saw the wagon of the man who supplied us with oats, bran, and other stable necessities, drive up to the barn door, where Tag was lying in the sun, apparently fast asleep. The man carried in succession several bags of grain into the barn, and emptied them into the bins. After a while my father, glancing up from his book, noticed the wagon still standing at the door.

"That man takes rather a long time fill-

ing those bins," he thought, and then resumed his reading. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, glancing out again, my father was surprised at seeing the wagon still there. He at once inferred that something must have happened, and went out to investigate.

Arrived in the barn, he found the man, who was a new driver of the grain team, standing very pale beside a heap of grain sacks. Tag had hold of the man's trousers near the ankle where they were baggy.

"What's the matter, Tag?" said my father.

The dog let go, and with an accusing bark began to paw at the pile of grain bags. My father, taking the hint, examined, and found one of his best harnesses hidden in one of the empty sacks. Being a merciful man, he only gave the dog-convicted thief a lecture, and let him go.

Now, Tag had seen the grain men come and go dozens of times, but it seems he had kept a special eye on this one. In other words, he knew his man.

Another dog of my acquaintance who possessed rare intelligence was a water spaniel. Rock, as he was called, unquestionably understood human speech far better than we ever comprehend dog language. His master was a rather careless young man, nearly always in delicate health, whose mother naturally worried about him considerably.

One morning, after a heavy rain, this young man started to go out on the thick wet grass of the lawn in thin slippers. His mother remonstrated with him, and begged him to stop and put on his boots.

"You will catch your death a-cold," she cried, as he went out into the wet, unheeding her solicitude.

Now, this young man's boots and shoes were kept in a back entry on a shelf about four feet from the floor. What was his mother's amazement, a moment after, at seeing Rock, who had been listening to the conversation, sitting on his haunches, barking at the boots.

Presently, as they wouldn't come at his call, and as his mistress offered no help, the dog with his teeth dragged a chair up to the shelf, jumped on it, seized a boot, and ran out with it to his master on the lawn. Then he came back, seized the other, and carried that to the feet of the astonished biped, whose four-legged friend seemed thus to demonstrate that his master did not possess quite so good an understanding as himself.

The following anecdote is vouched for by a friend of mine, and will be readily believed by all close students of dogology. One day an orphan-looking puppy of pointer breed appeared at the door of a Canadian gentleman who had a fancy farm. The gentleman's daughter took compassion on the stray, who barked and fawned at her feet very prettily. He was instantly fed and adopted. Things went well for a while, and he grew into the affections of the whole family.

But one luckless day four half-grown chickens of a valuable breed were found dead in a little yard where they were kept; and the puppy, who had jumped into the yard from the top of a small dog-house standing by, was caught in the act of shaking the fourth dead chicken.

The gentleman, taking a whip, entered the yard, gave puppy a sound thrashing, and finally, in anger, drove him howling off the farm. Three days later, at early morn, the puppy reappeared at the door, barking vociferously and dancing about in an extravagant fashion that made the gentleman smile. As he advanced, the dog, still gambling, ran along in the direction of the chicken yard, stopping every few paces to turn back and bark.

The master followed him, and on coming to the place found four exceedingly forlorn but live chickens, about the size of those which puppy had destroyed, huddled in a corner of the little yard. These strange chickens bore the marks of the puppy's teeth, and it was clear that he had brought them one by one from a neighboring farm to replace the four he had been whipped for killing.

Here was surely a rudiment of moral sense in the dog, though, like a great many men who do similar things, he had been

robbing Peter to pay Paul, as the saying is. Here also was a proof of the sense of number,—the ability to count correctly.

But that is a faculty quite marked in dogs, especially shepherd dogs.

It is needless to say that the young pointer was restored to favor, though the chickens also were restored to their owner with apologies for the puppy's grand larceny. In conclusion let me say, Beware of a man who doesn't like dogs. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is treacherous and cruel; and, however smooth and pleasant he may seem, he will bear watching by men,—and, of course, by dogs.—*Henry Austin, in the Independent.*

WHAT WAS THE REASON.

Belle lived in a big, old-fashioned house that stood in the midst of a big, old-fashioned garden. It was a large white house, and it peeped out between the horse-chestnuts and waving elm-trees to watch the crowds of people passing up and down the street and around the corner.

This house was a very nice place for little girls to live in, but for some reason or other kittens didn't like it one bit. Belle had had "just heaps of kittens" given her; but they all ran away, and, when they didn't run away, somebody took them.

And now another kitten had disappeared, which Mrs. Sheldon, the egg woman, had brought Belle the night before. It was the prettiest maltese kitten; and Belle had named her, tied a bright red ribbon around her neck, given her a great big supper, and kissed and hugged her "most fifty times," and then put her to bed in an old basket down in the cellar.

When Belle got up in the morning, no kitten was to be found. She had jumped out through the cellar window and run away, like all the rest of Belle's naughty pets.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" sighed Belle, sadly. "I 'most believe I'll buy a Kitten kennel just like Bruno's, and tie my next kitten with a big bouncing chain!"

Just then the gate slammed, and in walked Mrs. Sheldon with the runaway kitten tied securely in a willow market basket.

"She came home this morning, Miss Belle!" she explained; "and I put on my bonnet, and brought her right back again!"

"I'm very glad!" said Belle, mournfully; "but it's no use, 'cause she'll only run home again to-night! Oh, dear! I can't keep one single kitten at all!"

Mrs. Sheldon laughed at the solemn little face looking up into hers so sadly.

"Well, we'll see!" she replied. "When I was little, like you, Belle, my aunt told me as how a cat would never run away again if you buttered its toes and turned it round the table-leg three times, one right after the other; and we'll try it right now!"

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Belle, excitedly.

"Why, won't that be real fun, Mrs. Sheldon!"

So the bad, naughty kitten was taken out to the kitchen, and Mrs. Sheldon buttered its four soft little paws all over with butter, and then she put her on the floor, and pulled her around the table-leg, very slowly, three times.

The kitten didn't like it; but finally the journeys were safely accomplished, and she sat over in the corner, washing her greased paws as fast as she could.

"And now she can run about the yard?" inquired Belle, joyously.

"No: I wouldn't let her for a day or two," answered Mrs. Sheldon; "and I'd forget to tie a ribbon an' bell onto her neck for a spell," she continued, as she put her shawl around her shoulders.

And, do you know, that kitten never ran off again, and Belle has her now! She isn't a kitten any more, only a sober, sedate, old cat, with a big family of children and grandchildren around her.

Belle still thinks that it was greasing her

toes and walking her around the table-leg three times that kept her from running away again, but mamma and I both think that Mrs. Sheldon's advice about forgetting the ribbon helped a great deal; but perhaps the most important reason was that papa mended the cellar window.

What do you think, little reader?—*Margaret Dane, in the Youth's Companion.*

THREE AMUSING STORIES.

An amusing story is told of an army officer in India, who at great trouble and expense procured some ice to be served at dinner. He probably gave the order in that fashion; for his cook rushed into the dining-room in great consternation, and told him he had boiled the ice, and it had all gone to water.

That story was capped by a good-natured Australian, who said: "I'll tell you what I did once. I had a large watermelon sent to me as a present. None of us had ever seen one before, and had no idea how it was to be served or eaten. So we cut it and scooped out all the inside, the seeds and the red part, and tried to eat the rind; but we did not care for it." When the laughter had subsided, the same story-teller went on: "But I must tell you about the green corn. We had heard about that being considered such a luxury in America, and we knew that it was to be boiled. So we put it on in salted water, and boiled it for an hour, testing it every few minutes, as we would have done potatoes; but it would not get soft. At last we decided to serve it; but we could not cut the cobs, so, after tasting a few of the water-soaked kernels, we decided that we had not missed much, for it was tasteless stuff anyhow."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

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The centuries of bloodshed
Are past, those cruel years;
But there is still one country
Whose mountains drip with tears,
Whose river-banks are blood-stained,
Whose mourning loads the breeze,—
A land of dreary ruins,
Ashes and cypress-trees.

The bride's soft eyes are tearful
Behind her tresses' flow,
Lest the Koord's shout should interrupt
Love's whisper, sweet and low.
Red blood succeeds love's rosy flush,
Slain shall the bridegroom be,
And by the dastard Koords the bride
Be led to slavery.

The peasant sows, but never reaps.
He hungers evermore.
He eats his bread in bitterness,
And tastes of anguish sore.
Lo! tears and blood together
Drop from his pallid face;
And these are our own brothers,
Of our own blood and race!

—Alice Stone Blackwell, from the Armenian of
Bedros Dorian.

MISS VICTORIA B. WILLIAMS.

The picture of Miss Victoria Williams in her invalid's room in Baltimore comes vividly into mind as we read the announcement of her death on the 6th inst.

Crippled and suffering in her early life, she bore her long decades of pain with such courage and cheerfulness, and became such an example of spiritual sweetness and power over the ills and burdens of life, that she seemed even while on the earth to be almost lifted into sainthood.

She would plead for the simplest words if any must be uttered over her grave. And yet the delicacy and charm of her personality, her bright intelligence, her eager interest in passing events, her love of her church, her loyalty to her Unitarian faith through more than half a century, and her pathetic limitations to the four walls of her room and her invalid's chair,—all these have had such an influence upon those who knew and loved her that the feeling of gratitude for her life must find words.

The windows of her soul were open always. She had the power to escape from the narrow room into the fair world without, to breathe its airs, to feel its freshness, to summon and to create spiritual companionships, and to blend her life and thought with the Eternal.

Her simple faith made all things radiant; and, when the morning dawned for her as she slept her life away on earth, it was not as a stranger that she entered in through the gates into the City.

W. H. R.

Personals.

On August 1 the University of Edinburgh conferred on Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia the degree of LL.D., characterizing him, in the university oration, as "the chief ornament to medical science in the New World."

Dr. Francis Walker, son of General Francis A. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has accepted his call to the Department of Political and Social Science in Colorado College. He pursued his post-graduate studies at Columbia College, where he took high rank, and goes with much promise of success to this rapidly growing institution.

The New York *Evening Post* says that Mademoiselle Pauline de Grandpré probably knows more of the prison life of French women than any one else in France. She lived in the St. Lazare prison as the house-keeper of her uncle, who was chaplain there during the empire. In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since he died she has devoted herself entirely to visiting female prisoners and obtaining situations for them when they have undergone their sentences.

The Katholikos of all the Armenians is a noble-looking old man of seventy-four, with handsome features and a fine gray beard. He speaks Armenian, Turkish, and a little French, but not a word of Russian. His scholarship is not very noteworthy; but he is the author of several works,—a commentary on the Psalms, and one or two smaller books of a devotional character. When at home among his own people, he wears a violet velvet skull-cap and a loose robe of light drab-colored stuff. When receiving visitors, he puts a black peaked hood of *moiré* silk over the skull-cap, and wears a gown of blue silk and a magnificent diamond cross. He is one of the most urbane of men, and the Western visitor to the monastery obtains easy access to his presence. He took part in the Berlin Confer-

ence; and, after his labors there were ended, he visited England, where Dean Stanley received him, and had him once pronounce the benediction in Westminster Abbey. The Katholikos is fond of alluding to his visit to England, and has been heard to regret that he is now too old to visit the great republic across the ocean.—*Independent*.

Temperance.

The hold which the liquor interest has on the English nation—a fact which has been demonstrated by the recent political overturn in that country—is very imperfectly understood among us. At the recent convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in London one of the speakers, an Englishman, presented the share list of one brewery company, which, he said, contained the names of forty-seven ministers of the gospel.—*The Congregationalist*.

Every lover of temperance will sympathize with Lady Henry Somerset, and wonder at the law which forbids her to use her own discretion in refusing a liquor license on her estates. It appears that a certain hotel sought the renewal of its liquor license, which she refused. The proprietor appealed; and the Justice in Chancery has sustained the appeal on the ground that she is simply holding the estate as tenant for life, and that her personal opinions must not affect her fiduciary action. That is, if it is for the pecuniary interest of those who come into the estate after her death to ruin men body and soul by liquor, she has no right to stop it.—*Independent*.

Here and There.

It is said that Egypt, in proportion to population, has more railway mileage and better service than Austria, Hungary, Spain, or Portugal.

Cables will connect the Eiffel Tower with the turrets of the Trocadéro Palace during the 1900 exhibition, and upon them light passenger trains will be run by gravitation.

The thousand-franc prize of the Société des Artistes Français has been awarded this year to François Montholon, who has no hands, but paints with a wooden hand. In 1889 he received honorable mention, and in 1890 a medal.

The medals of honor at the Paris Salon have been awarded to M. Ernest Herbert, for his picture of the infant Jesus asleep in his mother's arms, and to M. Bartholdi, for his sculpture representing Switzerland succoring Alsace in 1870.

The only tea plantation on the continent where tea is successfully produced for the market is near Summerville, S.C. It is twenty acres in size, and contains several thousand trees, from which about one thousand pounds of black tea, retailing at from \$1 to \$1.40 per pound, will be obtained this year.

The military workshop of Puteaux, in France, is turning out leather tires for the army cycles in place of India rubber ones, which are difficult to repair when they break down. Leather tires can be sewn without much trouble by the cyclist or a neighboring shoemaker. Moreover, they are lighter than rubber ones, and less apt to slip on wet pavement or asphalt.

The Baldwin apple is to have a monument,—a granite shaft seven feet high, crowned with an apple,—erected near Woburn, Mass., the exact spot where the first Baldwin apple-tree was discovered, a hundred years ago, by a surveying party. The name came from Col. L. Baldwin, a distinguished engineer, who sent apples from the tree to friends; and they spoke of it as the Baldwin apple.

Modern industry has a foothold in the arctic regions. Mines are worked on a large scale, and a railroad regularly operated in such high latitudes. This is the case in Sweden, where the Lulea-Gellivare Railroad, built for the purpose of carrying iron ore from the Gellivare mines to the seaport of Lulea, extends fifty miles above the arctic circle, and enjoys the distinction of being the first railroad to open up the frigid zone.

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POPPY CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

As the cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in England except under a special license from the excise authorities, so the cultivation of the poppy in British India is forbidden unless a license has been taken out. When a cultivator takes out a license from the Opium Department to cultivate a certain area (usually two-thirds of an acre of his own land), he receives an advance in money to secure his allegiance; and he binds himself to deliver to the opium agent at a fixed price, ordinarily of 5s. a pound whatever opium may be produced on his land.

When official supervision is efficient, it is certainly very difficult for a man to cultivate poppy on a larger area than is covered by his license without detection. The cultivation cannot be concealed. It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation, wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended; and at length the time comes when they burst out into flowers, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop; for the women and children of the cultivators' families come forth and pick them off one by one, and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening; and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude. In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots; and they scrape off the exuded juice, and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Charities and Reforms.

Some years ago in Birmingham, Eng., a few people interested in the work succeeded in introducing humane education in the public schools as an experiment; and it was found to be so valuable that it has been adopted by the authorities, and has become a part of the regular school work, with most gratifying results. In at least two of the United States the law requires humane teaching as a regular part of the school work.

The Chicago Woman's Club has made a beginning in practical philanthropy by taking unto itself sixteen other clubs and renting and fitting up a building near Hull House as a model lodging-house and workshop combined. The plan is to establish a sewing shop or laundry in connection with the lodging-house and to make both self-supporting. There is a significant suggestion in this movement to the great company of women's clubs throughout the country.—*Altruist Interchange.*

The substitution of home for institutional life has resulted in the placing in homes of 87,845 children since 1853. Many of these have grown up to occupy positions of credit and honor. Among them are numbered physicians, lawyers, ministers, and business men of ability, while one has become the governor of the State in which he lives. The secretary of the society says: "Our records show that eighty-five per cent. of those placed in homes have turned out well, and but two per cent. badly."—*Altruist Interchange.*

Education.

The British school at Athens has been promised an annual grant of £500 per annum for five years from the British government. At a recent meeting, presided over by the Prince of Wales, extensive subscriptions of sums varying from £100 down were made toward the fund by leading persons and institutions.

The entire income of the University of Chicago during the past year was \$520,000. For the ensuing year it is expected to reach \$603,000, and the disbursements are estimated at \$582,000. The faculty numbers at present 157. The students in the graduate schools numbered last year 534, in the divinity schools 281, in the colleges 772, a grand total of 1,587.

New York City is to have a model school building, with a large playground on the roof for pleasant days and an indoor playground on the first floor. On the fifth floor will be a manual training school, with gymnasium and cooking school; and in the basement will be either a number of shower-baths or a large swimming-pool for the free use of the pupils.

The National Education Society has approved the general movement throughout the country for promoting education in the field of American citizenship, and has emphasized the importance of placing before the people of our country fuller history of what has been accomplished by arbitration to secure peace throughout the world. This is wise and timely action, which is being greatly promoted by the works of the younger historians who have appeared during the last decade.

The school should be brought into relation everywhere with the public library. The teacher should instruct the pupils what and how to read; and all should be taught, as they leave school, that the public library may become for all a permanent higher school. There is now hardly a town in Massachusetts without its public library. This is peculiarly the library age. To a hundred towns beautiful library buildings have been given by successful sons of the town, in grateful reverence for the place of their nativity. Other States are following the lead of Massachusetts in legislation which shall make library privileges universal. This notable library movement is a thing of our own time; and nothing is more potential with good for the country town, where often there are few books and slight intellectual stimulus.—*New England Magazine.*

Science.

The belief that the shallower parts of the bottom of the Eastern Atlantic are parts of a submerged continent once joined to the American mainland seems to be growing. A writer in the *Westminster Review* says that the scientific evidence in support of Plato's story of a lost Atlantis has recently multiplied a hundred-fold.—*The American.*

A Geneva clockmaker has just perfected and patented a speaking watch. It is an application of the phonograph to the old-fashioned repeater, whose springs and hammers have been replaced by a desk of vulcanized India rubber. As the point moves over the surface, it emits articulated sounds, indicating the hour, being an exact reproduction of those produced on a cylinder by the human voice, which can be heard in an adjoining room.

M. C. Bordineax, a lapidary of Paris, recently accomplished what had before been considered impracticable, if not impossible. He has succeeded in perforating and engraving diamonds. Among the specimens of his work is one in which the royal arms of Russia have been engraved on the plain surface of a large diamond. The father of this lapidary is said to have been the first to succeed in polishing diamonds on other than a flat surface.

Cans made of paper pulp are being introduced to take the place of tin cans for containing all kinds of preserved products. The occasional cases of poisoning from canned foods are due to the contents becoming tainted through the cans not being airtight. Many millions of tin cans are used annually by canned goods factories in this country, and such cases of injury from tainted goods are comparatively rare; but because it is possible, through slight defects in the solder or minute breaks in the cans, for such danger to result, the canners have been looking for a satisfactory substitute for tin. It is believed that this has at last been found in the paper-pulp cans. They are oilproof as well as waterproof.—*The American.*

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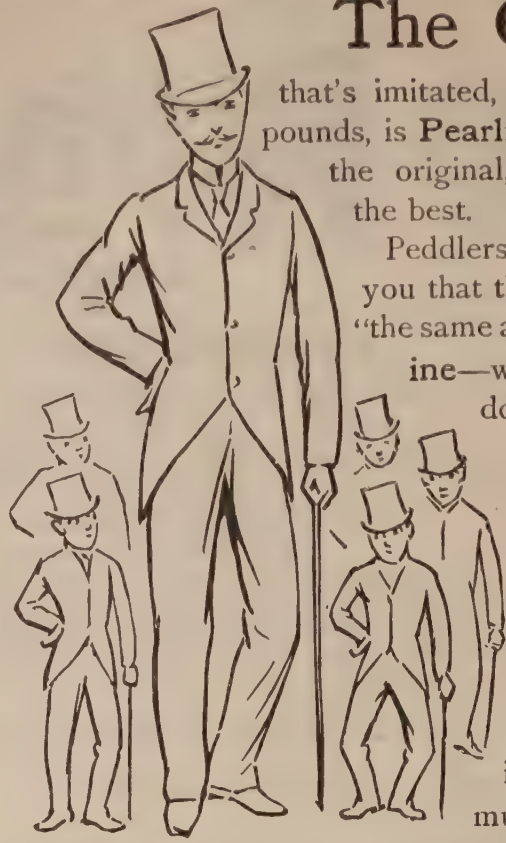
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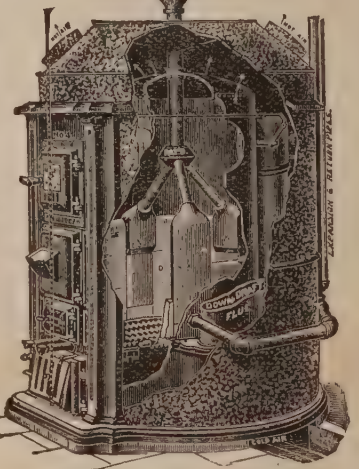
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A Scotch newspaper refers to Mrs. Lease of Kansas as "one of those strange men found frequently in America, who write under a feminine *nom de plume!*"—*The American.*

Clergyman (examining a Sunday-school class): "Now, can any one of you tell me what are the sins of omission?" Small Scholar: "Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo): "O mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?" Mamma: "Why do you say that, my dear?" Little Elsie: "Look at all its freckles."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"This," groaned the wretched young father, shifting the wide-awake baby to the other arm and making the turn at the north-west corner of the room for the four hundred and fifty-seventh time, "is one of the hardships that pass in the night."—*The Satchel.*

Mamma: "I will give each of you one piece, and another a little smaller, of candy." Freddy: "But I don't think either of my pieces is smaller than the other." Polly, gravely: "No, mamma, and one of my pieces is even larger than the other!"—*Youth's Companion.*

"Mother," said a little Scotch lassie, "dae ye ken what a phenomenon is?" "Yes, dear, I can tell ye that. Dae ye see thon coo in the field? Weel, that's no phenomenon. Dae ye see thon tree?" "Ay, mother, I see the tree." "Weel, that's no phenomenon; but, when you see thon coo climbing up thon tree with its tail foreinst it, that'll be a phenomenon."—*The American.*

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow in 1807, he was asked by the magistrates what inscription he recommended for the Nelson statue, then just erected. Sir John recommended a short one: "Glasgow to Nelson." "Juist so," said one of the bailies; "and, as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we not juist say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone, too?"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

An Englishman, new to American travel, was travelling through New Jersey. Approaching a city, he turned to the lady across the aisle, and asked hurriedly, "Is this Elizabeth?" Drawing herself up, she replied sternly, "What do you mean?" Without perceiving that he had offended her, he repeated his question; and she screamed out, "Sir, you are no gentleman." Just then the brakeman shouted "Elizabeth," and the stranger left the car.—*Exchange.*

There was once a boy named Parker, whose admiring relatives thought he ought to learn something about the alphabet. So one day at luncheon it was duly impressed on his mind that P stands for plates, and for prunes, and for Parker. He was letter-perfect; and the next day at luncheon was called on to show off. "What does P stand for?" asked his brother. "Oh, I know this time" was the quick reply: "it stands for," looking carefully over the table, "it stands for dishes,—and for sauce,—and for me."

A teacher set her pupils at work on the subject, "What should Little Boys not do in School?" and from one of them received the following effort:—

"Little boys when at school should not make faces at the teacher, and should not study too hard because it makes them near-sighted, and should not sit too long in one position 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in arithmetic 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Robert Ganthony once asked Wedon Grossmith to read a play he had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. "Night after night," he said, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful! The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say I hadn't had time to look at it yet." Some months passed, and Ganthony still pursued without mercy. At last Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more before it occurred to him that he might have left the comedy in his cab, going home. He went down to Scotland Yard, and inquired. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found!"—*New York Ledger.*

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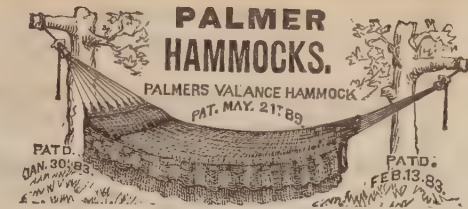
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Editorial.

THE manufacture of India-rubber has had an interesting influence upon theology. It has introduced an element of elasticity into the meaning of words. Creeds which were once hard and rigid have now become extremely flexible. They can be stretched to cover a larger meaning. A cast-iron creed is not malleable enough. It is liable to breakage. The only thing to do is to melt it up, and pour it into a new mould. But the application of vulcanized India-rubber to creedal tissues is a great improvement. A sentence which was supposed to have a fixed meaning may be stretched into something larger. Certainly, many of these words need stretching badly enough.

THERE is an advantage, at any rate, in having words grow out of littleness and meanness into something large and generous. There are words that have dwindled and shrivelled up. There are those with an astringent quality which pucker the mouth; and there are words which have become richer, sweeter, juicier. Some of them are dear household words, indigenous, they cannot be easily grafted on another tongue. Some of them, too, are blooming and fruiting

out in the churchyard, and hang their fruit over the wall which is supposed to divide the church from the world. We like to see this blossoming and ripening. The persimmon is not agreeable eating until it is just ready to decay. It is too astringent, liable to purse the mouth, like the strings of a miser's money-bag when he is asked for contribution. Its sweetness comes rather late. But better than if it did not come at all. Our Puritan fathers seemed to delight in sour apples, and some of their faces look as though they had eaten a good many. The Puritan theology is a little too tart for modern teeth. Very liberal doses of sugar are now needed to make it palatable, but we need to look out that we do not add too much. It is better to sweeten the tree than to sweeten the sour fruit in the kitchen.

THE best way to ripen a green, gnarled sour old word is to infuse in it sunshine and sweetness by the natural ripening processes of growth. To bring this about means the expansion of larger ideas and richer sentiments. There are words which mean a great deal more to-day than they did fifty years ago. They take no larger place in the dictionary, but they weigh more and measure more. The United States was once a small pair of words, but to-day they have a large significance in the vocabulary of nations. Christianity is a word of varying shapes and meanings. It has expanded and contracted from time to time; but to-day it means more than it ever did, and it ought to mean more than it does. Liberty means more than it once did, but still it needs to grow. We shall enlarge it not by making a Fourth of July noise, by spending money for powder and fire-crackers and blowing off our fingers and setting fire to our houses, but by infusing the spirit of liberty into our laws and institutions. There are many other words we should like to see enlarged. We should like to see Unitarianism mean not only the unity of God, but the unity of man. We should like to see baptism mean not only baptism by water, but baptism by fire. We should like to see the apostolic succession mean not the formal authentication of the priest, but the descent of the Holy Spirit. But, when one turns over the dictionary, he meets everywhere words that are in the bud, and must watch patiently for them to blossom and fruit.

A CORRESPONDENT criticises with reason the exclusive features of the Young Men's Christian Association and of the Society for Christian Endeavor. We have always had a deep interest in the work of these organizations, and wish them God-speed in every effort for the diffusion of righteousness, love, and the application of practical Christianity. But we regret that they insist upon creedal tests for membership. There is, indeed, a system of associate membership, through which these organizations are able to add to their revenues and in some degree to their influence. But it is practically the maintenance of the hypothetical and artificial line between saints and sinners which has obscured the view of Protestantism, and interfered with its success. The Young Men's Christian Association simply follows the example of the churches. In doing so, it follows a very bad precedent. The creedal test of membership has not succeeded in establishing a holy corporation or a holy spirit in the Church. It has created division, multiplied sects, and been a constant barrier to the diffusion of love, which is one of the first objects of the Church to promote. These organizations for practical work have nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by taking a larger view of Christian life and character, and making their conditions of membership as broad as

their Christian aim and purpose. As a matter of fact, there are few Protestant churches to-day broad enough to admit to membership the mixture of saints and sinners which made up the primitive Church.

If the fence which the Church has built around itself were as large as the bounds of Christianity, there would be less to complain of; for Christianity with the largest and freest interpretation is hospitable enough for saints and sinners, Jews or Gentiles. Unfortunately, the creedal bounds established by the Church have been so narrow and exclusive that they would no more hold the great body of Christians than Noah's ark would hold the animals it was built to save. Like the legendary builder of the ark, the Christian Church has acted on the assumption that only a few of the human race could be saved anyway; and it has been its main business to get these few into the ark. The Church has therefore failed to be the sufficient exponent of Christian sentiment; and it cannot be said that it has succeeded in establishing any line between itself and the world which is not arbitrary and artificial. We have never been able to say that ecclesiastical morals are any better than non-ecclesiastical morals. The theological test of membership has kept some saints out, but it has let a good many sinners in. Happily now, there are churches which are boldly announcing that they do not assume to be a close corporation of saints or theologians, but that they exist to bring in the kingdom of God. Their membership is not conditioned on dogmatic tests. They welcome not only those who are saved, but also those who need salvation,—the only salvation which is worthy of the name, that of sound, wholesome, character.

WE are sometimes tempted to ask, What has become of the ideal of American liberty? It looks as if we were about to drive it, like Hagar and Ishmael, into the wilderness. There is a narrow, fanatical cry of "America for Americans." It means that there shall be enough liberty here for Americans, but not for anybody else. And so we enacted laws against the admission of the Chinese, laws against the importation of foreign labor, and in New York State the legislature was guilty of passing an act making it unlawful for a contractor to employ any persons except citizens of the United States in the construction of public works. A Buffalo contractor who employed an Italian on a contract for paving in a portion of that city was recently arrested and convicted of a violation of the law. But, fortunately, the general term of the superior court reversed the conviction, and pronounced the statute unconstitutional. The *Nation*, in commenting upon this incident, says: "If the several States have power to enact such laws as this, it is evident that the general government will soon have trouble with foreign countries. Our treaty with Italy provides that Italians residing in the United States shall enjoy the same rights and privileges in respect to their persons and property as are secured to our own citizens, and similar provisions are generally inserted in treaties. While Congress has power to override treaties, the State legislatures have not; and upon this ground alone, as Judge White says, the statute could be held unconstitutional."

THE spirit of antagonism to foreigners in China, breaking out in deeds of violence, may furnish a mirror in which we may be able to see ourselves. It is but another manifestation of race prejudice. When we see it in China, it looks very ugly to us; and, when American citizens are injured or en-

dangered, they are very prompt about talking of protection and reprisal. This manifestation of Chinese prejudice is indeed bad enough; but it is not any worse than the hatred of the Chinese which may be found in this country, and that has shown itself from time to time in acts of violence, in which innocent Chinese have been the victims. The spirit of race prejudice which flames up in China is the same wicked spirit which leads whites in the West to commit outrages upon unoffending Indians, to lynch Negroes in the South, to slaughter Italians by mob violence, and to put Jews under a ban of social persecution. We must beware, then, of a hypocritical assumption of virtue when we inform the Chinese government, through our minister, of our displeasure at such intolerance. Perhaps the Chinese will reply that, if Americans would stay at home, they would not be in danger of their lives in China, and that it proposes to adopt the American plan, and pass a law forbidding them to dwell in that country.

AN INVESTMENT WITH INTEREST.

THERE are investments which pay no interest, and there are those which do. There are investments which are safe, and there are those which are dangerous. The investment we speak of is safe, and it will yield a good dividend. Franklin is credited with the saying that it is as safe for a man to put his money into his brain as into his pocket. If it is safe for one to cultivate his own mind and heart, it is as safe to cultivate those of his children. During the summer several weeklies have thought it worth while to give their readers an educational number, in which the merits of various institutions have been well advertised. It is a good investment of space. In the interest of the same cause of education, we wish to call attention to an organization and to certain instrumentalities with which all of our readers ought to be familiar, and which offers them a good investment for time and money.

Among the great mass of exchanges that come to our office every week, there is one which we would like to see in every family in the country. That may be a large wish. That journal is not prepared for a circulation of fifteen million. If we moderate this wish, and say, "We would like to see it in every Unitarian Sunday-school and in every Unitarian family," our wish for its prosperity would be altogether too small; but its fulfilment would insure to it a large increase of circulation. The fact must not be concealed that Unitarians do not support as they should the papers and periodicals which are prepared not exclusively for, but with reference to a Unitarian constituency. If all Unitarians who could take the *Christian Register* or the *Unitarian* were to send their subscriptions, there would be a large increase of the mailing-list of these papers. But we are speaking now of *Every Other Sunday*, the bright, clean, sparkling, wholesome bi-weekly edited by Rev. E. A. Horton and published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. This paper marks a wide departure from the Sunday-school papers of earlier days. The old-fashioned papers were often more senile than juvenile. *Every Other Sunday* is youthful in spirit, but wholesome, earnest, and manly in tone. The reaction from the straight-laced, pietistic tone of the old-fashioned Sunday-school literature has driven some writers for young people into gross violations of good taste. But in *Every Other Sunday* one may find instruction, entertainment, animation, combined with refinement and good taste. The pains that are taken by the able editor to make this journal what it ought to be should meet with prompt recognition and support.

It is timely, too, to speak not only of *Every Other Sunday*, but of the society

which publishes it. In about a month—that is, by the 1st of October—the books of the society will close for the current year. They ought not to close without bearing upon their pages the name of every Sunday-school or church in the Unitarian fellowship, as well as a host of parents and individuals, as partners and stockholders. The Sunday School Society is not only a book concern which furnishes a long catalogue of valuable literature for Sunday-school teachers and scholars, but it is an organization which directly invites the partnership, co-operation, and fellowship of churches, Sunday-schools, and parents. A Sunday-school or church making any contribution to the treasury of the society before the 1st of October of the current year is entitled to three delegate members to the annual meeting, with full powers. Life membership is only \$10.00. Life members can be made from donations of churches and Sunday-schools when they are sufficiently large. This year the annual meeting of the association will be held at Providence. There is every prospect of a large attendance. The Sunday School Society is in anything but a moribund condition. We are not asking for money to buy its shroud and give it a decent burial. It is fully alive, active and working. The interest in it was never greater. It is just because it is doing so much that we should like to put it in a condition to do more. It has had an honorable and worthy history. Unitarianism did not begin in the nursery, but in the study and the pulpit. Its early controversies were exegetical and philosophical, and the literature which grew out of it was adapted rather to mature or ripening minds. It was only later discovered that Unitarian Sunday-schools were nearly devoid of literature and text-books, presenting with simplicity the results of modern Biblical study, the principles of ethics, the science of good government, as well as studies in biography, philanthropy, and practical morality. The society has secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent Unitarian scholars and writers in supplying this great need. It is now able to offer one of the most valuable outfits of text-book for Sunday-school instruction, as well as hymnals and devotional literature. Much has been done: there is still more to do. This is an investment which is sure to yield a good return. To educate our children is to lay the foundation of individual and social prosperity.

Let our churches, Sunday-schools, and parents tell the Unitarian Sunday School Society that they are pleased with its work, and that they want it to do more. And the most graceful and effective way to convey this compliment and this desire will be to send as promptly as possible a generous collection to the treasurer.

THE DIVINE BREATH.

In all religions the hidden life of the soul is compared to breath, a principle of existence inhaled, made effective by contact with the receptive nature. Spiritual growth is an act of receptivity. This is the one condition. The sustaining element is found everywhere; but, as in a close room the air is impure, and fetid, so in the closed soul there is no invigorating intercourse with the spiritual springs by which we are fed.

The believers in the divine breath are called mystics, and such they are; for only those who have lived on this fine air can affirm, and those who affirm cannot prove save by shining beauty of life and exaltation of being. Large numbers of people have no belief in the mystical union of the soul with God. They will not allow that such a thing is possible. They have not felt the need or the longing for such an experience. The people who affirm the possibility are to them visionaries. They conclude that such states are due to nerves, or to an unbalanced mental condition. A scientific and investigating age is sceptical of these things. It forces such as believe in them to hide them deep in the heart. The profoundest religious testimony is not heard in the experience meeting or on the mourner's bench. There are hours that transcend analysis. They belong to the realm of pure being, where words are not, and realities present themselves undisguised.

Shy as we are of the expression of these things, all religious forms and exercises are based on the presumption of their truth. It is the preacher's office to rise in the pul-

pit and tell his hearers what he has learned directly from God, at first hand, and not from books and the lips of theological professors. If he has not received a personal message, and felt the divine breath of the spirit, his ministrations have no religious significance. Unless he has taken his inspiration from the springhead, and not from the artificial conduit, how can he lead men to peace and hope? How can he deepen the spiritual channels in the place where he lives? The fact that he stands in the pulpit as teacher and guide indicates that he believes, or some time has believed, in the divine breath, in a fellowship with and personal relation to God that transcends definition,—the mystical union of the soul with its Maker. He is to open to others, if he can, the door to this supreme experience.

Our holiest hours are incommunicable, too personal, too profoundly felt to be shared save by indirect radiation. Men may live moral lives without the divine breath. They may dispense with churches and ordinances, with fasting and prayer, and still be just and true and upright in their relations; but religion predicates a something that passes these excellences and attains to the beauty of holiness,—an ideal more spontaneous, sweeter, purer than the moral standard that measures out its mint, anise, and cumin with absolute precision. It lives by the vision on the Mount. Such hours may be few in number, even in a long life. We are not told that Moses went to the top of Sinai every day, or even more than twice or thrice. His experience is a symbol of the religious life of man. It is only for an hour, perhaps, that the divine breath breathes upon us; but it changes our relation to time and to eternity.

Nothing earthly can supply those needs that spring up in the depths of the soul. It must enter the invisible sphere. It must find rest in the thought, the presence, of God. But seeking alone will not satisfy. It must find response. Its longings and hungerings must be met. How God satisfies the soul in these states transcends definition. Some way the word of peace is spoken, the blessing is bestowed. After long wandering in worldly ways, we return, parched and athirst, to the living waters. The unspeakable loneliness of life drives the being back to its last resource. If it has no home in God, there comes despair.

All joy, all love, all receptivity, at last are seen to be only portions and fragments and sparkles of the completeness that is in him, and in him alone. Mysticism must have been greatly abused to be so disturbed; for, in truth, we are all mystics, as at moments we are all poets. Prayer could never have come into the world without a profound instinctive conviction in man of the divine breath. The act of getting upon the knees, of falling upon the face in devotion,—what is it but the attitude in which it is felt that God will come, and his breath may breathe upon the spirit? Scepticism has sought to take the vitality out of prayer; but the inventors of prayer tests are more shallow than those who put up gross petitions for personal gifts and favors. Men must pray: otherwise madness would be more common than it is. The conditions of this tragic life press them to the dust, where they lie dumbly waiting for the visitation of the divine breath, the silent soothing and healing of the Spirit. There are places in every life where hard common sense and reason fail, where the soul can only cry out to the Eternal, and wait for a sign that it is heard. That the need of prayer is universal shows that the divine breath of consolation is a reality. Without the instinctive belief of the race in its efficacy, there would be no religion. The dullest soul that puts up a formless petition to God is a mystic, though he may scorn the term. Still he believes there is a Fount of Love, a soothing, helpful, supporting Power in the universe.

Those who affirm that there is a divine Breath which sustains the soul as the natural atmosphere sustains the body have the testimony of a great analogy. It will submit to no chemical test: it will not yield to the cunning of the retort and blowpipe. It yields no visible reaction, but it is the sustaining spiritual force of the world. Who can tell his neighbor how God and his religion help him to bear the ills of life? If he tries to tell, he may stammer, may fall into platitudes, or repeat trite and outworn texts; but the reality of God's help is in his consciousness. He may see a leer on

the faces of those who doubt all but the manifestations of gross matter; but they, too, live by the mystic Breath. Instinctively, they believe more than they profess to believe in the Power that rules us all. Their very profanity bears rude testimony to their faith.

The dislike of religion and mysticism, however, is real. Its roots run deep. Not that every one who laughs at piety and dislikes the strait-lacing of conscience is not at times secretly religious. Religion is so universal, the commonest loss or sorrow brings it welling into the heart. With a sense of dependence God comes in. He follows where grief has left the door open. But, somehow, the religionists have often failed to make the outward manifestation of religion lovely. The tradition of its crabbed sourness and sharp angularity has prejudiced those who wish to be happy in their own way. God is not a ritualist or a Puritan. His spirit is a free gift. The divine Breath is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth. The churches have a share of his spirit; but the wide universe is his holy temple, in which he dwells forever.

BY THE SEA.

Nothing between us and Spain! Nothing, that is, but miles upon miles of this wonderful, billowy, shimmering ocean and the life-giving air above it; "and though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond, still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea," and these shining stretches of beauty quiet the inner unrest and smooth out the mental wrinkles of anxious thought. There is no room for personal, commonplace worries in the presence of these eternal whisperings. We take the word of Keats to heart, and let our vexed and tired eyes rest on the wideness of the sea, and our ears "dinned with uproar rude" accustom themselves to the ocean harmonies, until we forget the jar and fret over little things that intrude too much on our daily moods.

These great rocks seem inhospitable and threatening at first to the unaccustomed visitor; but how quickly they change when once met on their own terms, and how graciously they offer up their choicest secrets for our delight! The tide is going out, and we climb trustfully over the great boulders which each high tide cuts off from the mainland, until we reach the highest point and find a resting-place where mermaids might gather to dry their hair in the sunshine, just for the pleasure of dipping it again in the water. On a great rock before us, round which the waves are scrambling and splashing, we can see this very minute a sea-god's fingers clinging to the upper edge as he lets himself down, startled by our coming, into the water below.

A few moments more, and we make our zigzag way downward, seeking the very rocks where shortly before the waves were dashing. Here the crimson dulse reminds us that the edge of the sea holds treasures no middle depths can reveal, and we search for the marvellous life hidden in the tiny pools left in the cracks and hollows. Most of the anemones are closed, finding, perhaps, the light too strong for such delicate operations as they carry on; but here, in the shadow of a rock, a few of these flower-like types of marine life are blooming with the apparent innocence of their terrestrial counterparts. No hint is here of the zoöphyte's invisible shafts of protection, nor the voracity that enjoys even a fat scallop on occasion. In this deep fissure, with its cavernous recesses, we find the most brilliant starfish, pink, red, and even an unusual green. Surely, the United States Commission that is planning a star-fish crusade in the interest of the oysters (or perhaps the oyster-eaters) need not disturb this secluded aquarium of nature. Here is a sea-urchin,—who would remember the name Echinus, when the more graphic word is equally available?—seeming lifeless except that it draws together its tiny spines as it lies turned over on the palm of the hand. We take it to a convenient pool and watch it wake to sudden activity, and stretch out its delicate violet tentacles through the water, seeking the sea food that seems actually willing to be caught, so promptly does it appear. No matter with how swift a movement we snatch the tiny creature from the

water, instantly all the tentacles have disappeared, and it is again the bristling inanimate lump.

What hungry little things all these creatures are! Even the barnacles, wedged close together on the sides of the rocks, wave their fan-like petals to and fro, seeking something to eat, always something to eat. Each one is just a stomach and a hand, and the one exists only to serve the other. Sometimes the curly plume will wave about for several seconds, finding nothing; and then comes by apparently a whole shoal of the little crabs, invisible to our coarser sight, and the tiny hand draws in again and again, making the most of its opportunity. But, no matter how busily it works, it can never satisfy its greedy master, the stomach.

Tired at last of lying flat on the rocks, we make ourselves comfortable once more as close as we can get to the water's edge; and we watch the swirl of the current between two boulders where the water is sucked in and again thrown back with almost sentient force. The white-breasted sea-larks flutter near us with a joyousness of motion that makes them seem akin to the spray thrown up over the smaller rocks. Here by the sea one learns, for the time at least, a supreme indifference to many of the little matters that insistently fill up our lives; and the thoughts are drawn inevitably to the ancient questionings and the eternal answers. A great joy or a great sorrow may hold the soul with a domination stronger than that of all the outside universe, and then the sea can only gradually assert its power; but in any mood less compelling such days by the sea, while in one sense lifting us out of ourselves, are yet curiously interwoven always with a strange, unspeakable desire for fuller, completer life. Always alluring our questioning, always denying our desires, yet changing imperceptibly under our very eyes, and suggesting the answers it never lets us fully grasp, the sea holds us to visions of something beyond and outside of our daily experiences. This note of unappeasable longing is in all the ocean harmonies. Rossetti called it "the echo of the whole sea's speech." To Lowell it seemed "forever seeking something it cannot find," and to Emerson it made open confession of its mystic power:—

"I, too, have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal

With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die."

Musings.

ONCE more my desk has a keel. It has also a smoke-stack; and, while I muse, the fire burns. I pity the poor stokers. Perhaps they pity me. My desk has a rolling top and also a rolling bottom. The mast is writing the figure 8 on the sky. Whenever the mast indulges in this sort of arithmetic, it always disturbs my own calculations. It conflicts with the sound of the dinner-bell. I have dragged myself resolutely from my berth and gone to every meal. Nevertheless, I feel like the German friend who once sent me an essay for correction which contained the following sentence, "Man without religion will always find something lacking in his interior." There is something lacking in my interior. Somehow, the Sunday service, conducted by an Episcopalian chaplain in full regimentals, has not filled the void. My convictions, however, have become more settled. I could not swallow the Athanasian creed without getting seasick, but a plainer and less rancid dietary is more grateful.

This floating desk is named the "Marpesa." A comfortable, well-fitted, and well-manned steamer it is, of the Dominion Line. If only the mast were less intoxicated! But it is not the fault of the craft, but of the swelling bosom of the sea. We are running steady now. If you want to know what a jolly tar means, you should sail with Capt. Cave and his little white bull-dog, "Nell." There is a theory that a captain must shut himself up in his cabin

and confine himself to his chart. Capt. Cave not only studied his charts, but managed to visit all his sea-sick passengers every morning, and to cheer them up with the magnetism of his personal presence, which was worth more than a dose of medicine. He could calculate as closely the position of a disk in shuffle-board as he could make an observation of the sun's disk at noon. And I have seen the young ladies piloting him through the rocks and shoals of "Sir Roger de Coverley" or the "Virginia Reel," if you know it better by that name; while the first officer played delightfully on his violin, and the doctor accompanied with a banjo. I like this northern route for summer travel. One reason is that you have more land in proportion to the amount of sea than on any other route on the Atlantic. There were only four days on which land was not visible. After we had left Liverpool, we had next day the north of Ireland. There were no oranges growing there. It looked green enough to satisfy the most ardent Fenian. Then came four days of watery waste, and on the fifth we sighted Belle-Isle. The name is very suggestive and sweet to me. It seemed like a greeting from the queen of my own household. We passed the northern shores of Newfoundland, up the Straits of Belle-Isle, with Labrador lying low on the north. This is a favorite coasting-ground for icebergs; and we saw a great regatta, thirty of them under full sail. How they gleamed and sparkled in the sun, and what various shapes they took! Then we passed the island of Anticosti, and at last entered the St. Lawrence River at Father Point. There the pilot brought us a batch of letters. It is delightful to be able to get welcoming letters from friends twelve hours before reaching Quebec.

QUEBEC always impresses me with its commanding situation. It would stand a hot fire from an enemy; and I have felt the sun so hot there that it seemed as if the stone walls of the citadel ought to melt, and run in lava down to the river. The march of improvement is seen to some extent in this historic spot, and fire, as well as progress, has removed some of the picturesque features of the old town; but there is enough left to make it still interesting to the American, especially if he sees it before he goes to Europe instead of when he comes back. There is a noble view from the citadel. I should have been more interested in seeing the old town again if a great circus had not appeared as we were driving about. I can never quite resist the fascination of elephants, horses, of ponies and golden chariots and camels and lions and tigers, if the latter are properly caged. It is a survival of an early interest in Noah's ark. But floating now in my memory is a beautiful picture of Quebec by moonlight, as seen from the steamer. Then, after lying all day at dark in the stream, the anchor is lifted, and we steam up the St. Lawrence by moonlight, threading our way through the buoys until midnight, when the gong sounds rest to the engine, and we lie to four hours for more water and more light. It is curious this transformation of an ocean liner into a river steamer. The pathway between the buoys seems narrow enough, and a skilled pilot is needed; and at times one can almost toss a biscuit on the shore, which is flat and marshy, but delightfully green, and dotted here and there with villages. The trip up the St. Lawrence forms a pleasant close to a pleasant voyage.

I AM still on foreign soil; but I am at home,—at home on the beautiful waters of Memphremagog, at home among hills and mountains and forests, rocks and shores, yet more at home in the presence of familiar and beloved faces. I am still in a country where British pennies will buy stamps at the post-office, and where the British flag floats above the American on the tall flag-staff. But, after spending some portion of every summer for eighteen years on these familiar shores, it is hard to feel that I am "abroad," and, diplomatically considered, just as much in a foreign land as if I were in Switzerland. When the full history of the Shayback camp at Birch Bay is written, it will furnish some interesting material for the evolutionist. It is an object-lesson in the development of social and industrial institutions. What I am most afraid of is that the development will go on too rapidly, and that before long camp will lose every

trace of savagery. The telegram I sent from Father Point twelve hours before we reached Quebec ("Prophetic ice-cream-burgs, six people, twelve appetites, a thousand hearts") had borne its fruit. The dinner was ample, and the ice-cream delightful; but it had been frozen in an automatic freezer. The happy days when one used to stand on the freezer while another turned the crank are gone. No more licking of the dasher to reward the labor at the crank. You simply pour in the cream and the pickle, avoiding, if possible, putting them in the same vessel; and in a few minutes the thing is done. It used to be a delightful task to go up to the spring for ice-cold water; but now it flows through logs into a rustic spring-house near the camp kitchen. Once we had to row to the village for ice: now a convenient little ice-house set in the woods holds a store cut from the icy roof of the lake every winter. And so the demon of improvement marches on, and threatens to turn the Shayback camp into a fashionable watering-place. But, with nineteen tents and a log cabin, there is still a good deal of circus left; and among all my travels I have found no place where I get just the life and find just the rest I get here.

WELL, it has been a rather long trip from Boston to the Shayback camp by the route I have taken,—Boston to New York, New York to Liverpool, a zigzag, round-about trip through England, then London, Salisbury, Weymouth, the Channel Islands, Normandy, Paris, Switzerland, London, and Liverpool, Quebec, Montreal, Magog, and the camp at Birch Bay. There was a decided contrast between the mighty "Lucania," six hundred feet long, in which we left New York, and the little thirty-five-foot steam launch that brought us on the lake from Magog to Birch Bay. But the welcome we received at the wharf at Birch Bay was as enthusiastic as the send-off at New York. The little wharf was almost as much crowded, in proportion to its size, as the great pier when the ocean liner sailed. And now a more stately craft is bearing us toward American waters. It is the "Lady of the Lake." I like her because she is always perfectly sober. Her mast never writes the figure 8, or a figure 5 made from the bottom upward, as I used to write it when a boy. She has been fitted up anew. She sails along as steadily as a swan. She is freighted with a Sunday-school excursion. "Pilot," I said, "blow the whistle, please, when you cross the line." We are nearing Province Island. The United States is coming into view. Newport is getting into focus. On the west shore there is a large rock bearing a distinct mark. "There it is,"—the boundary line between the United States and Canada. There is a puff of steam, and then the sharp whistle. We have crossed the American line. The stars and stripes from the flag-staff seem to be reflected in the water. Once more at home from a foreign shore! The custom-house officer is waiting to greet us; and, with patriotic emotion, we shall open our trunks and meal-bags, and show him the old clothes we have brought from camp.

Brevities.

The Knights Templar have captured Boston this week. There are enough Masons here to build anew the temple of Solomon. They are all free, and, from the reception they have received, may be considered to be accepted.

A minister was spoken of as "a seedy preacher." If it were meant that there is seed in his sermons, and that he knows how to sow them, the reproach may be a compliment. But perhaps the seed does not all fall on good ground.

Prof. E. L. Richards contributes an article to the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which he shows how much the mind gains by the proper exercise of the body. The brain and nervous system are supplied with more and better blood, the repair of waste is more complete, and, since there is a necessary putting forth of will in all use of the voluntary muscles, the mind is exercised while the body works.

The New York *Witness* says, "A high-kicking skirt-dancer from New York was one of the attractions at an entertainment given in behalf of a church out in Michigan recently." We are not told of what

denomination this church was, and whether the dancer was a man or a woman. But it is worth noting that, through the progress of ritualism, skirts in motion are just now very popular in the Episcopal Church.

The new treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, in his bright notes written at headquarters, complains of being lonely. We suspect that a gentle shower of contributions, large and small, to the American Unitarian Association treasury would make him feel quite at home, and remove any sense of solitariness. Checks can be sent by telegraph as well as by mail.

During the last three months the editor, though away from his desk, has seldom been separated from his readers; and the last *Register* contained some twelve columns from his pen. He has not succeeded in circulating as widely as the paper, but he has covered several thousand miles. During six weeks of his absence the managing editor was Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, for six weeks Rev. S. W. Bush, and the last number was ably put to press by Mrs. E. E. Marean, who, with Mr. Bush, has rendered constant and valuable service. The ripened judgment of Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Rev. George Batchelor have been felt in the spirit and the administration of the paper. Contributions of Miss Augusta Larned have enriched the editorial page.

Pro and Con.

THE BAPTISTS AND PERSECUTION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In the recently published biography of John G. Whittier is a letter written by him relative to the persecution of Quakers by the Puritans of New England, which contains the following statement:—

"With the single exception of the Friends, every sect in Christendom believed in the right of the magistrate to punish heresy."

As a personal friend of Mr. Whittier through more than half the period of his life, I do not hesitate to assert that no man could surpass him in an earnest desire to be just. Therefore, such a statement from him is startling. Every student of ecclesiastical history knows that the Baptist Church not only denied such right of a magistrate, but has always been a zealous advocate of religious liberty for each individual soul.

When Roger Williams left Massachusetts and founded a church and colony in Rhode Island, this was among its fundamental principles; and the persecuted Quakers had perfect liberty to dwell there in peace, and preach their doctrines. And from that day to this the Baptist Church has been a sturdy opponent of the union of Church and State.

It is difficult to understand how Mr. Whittier fell into such an error, unless his Quaker training and tastes repelled the study of church histories. However that may have been, I know that he would have hastened to correct his mistake if he had been aware of it, and to do justice to a Church to which we all owe so much.

A UNITARIAN.

LOOK BENEATH THE SURFACE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The recent large and enthusiastic meetings in Boston of the Societies of Christian Endeavor have called forth much eulogistic comment from the periodical press, secular as well as religious. One important peculiarity, however, of the organization and method of this association seems to have received no notice; and yet this feature of the Endeavorers' policy is so remarkable and significant that, without recognition of it, much of the character and influence of the association will fail to be understood.

Dr. O. W. Holmes has somewhere described a class of men which he calls "the Brahmin caste of New England." He meant by that phrase persons who, sprung from a refined and intelligent ancestry, have inherited and continued to cultivate intelligence and refinement. The characterization is just, as well as expressive; but there is now existing and flourishing among us a class of persons to whom the phrase "the Brahmin caste of New England" much more appropriately belongs.

The cultured, refined, literary class which

Dr. Holmes had in mind do not claim to be, and are not, in fact, better men than the average of their fellow-citizens. They have even special faults of their own; and a considerable portion of the superiority generally conceded to them is a superiority of surface, like veneering, which may perhaps conceal serious defects. Moreover, they are not an organized body. They are, and prefer to be, individuals. They rarely act in concert, and take no measures of proselytism to increase their number. They very rarely speak or act as a class, and they make no pretensions as a class. The New England men whom I have in mind as bearing a much stronger resemblance than these to the Brahmin caste of India are two organized bodies constituting two societies for active practical work. The central idea of their founders was that, since they were better and wiser than the mass of the community around them, this superiority in wisdom and goodness imposed upon them certain obligations. Recognizing the duty of the strong to help the weak, of the wise to enlighten the ignorant, and of the good to seek the reformation of the evil, they assumed that their voluntary undertaking of measures so useful and important entitled them to claim and exercise the authority of teachers over pupils. They determined to establish a paternal government, to rule for the purpose of doing good. Their view was wide-reaching in its comprehensiveness. Their field was the world. So they made a beginning with the community around them, inviting all to partake of their beneficence on condition of submitting to their authority. These societies, entitled the Young Men's Christian Association and the Society of Christian Endeavor, consist of active members and associate members. The associates, or low-caste members, can neither vote nor hold office. They enter the society to be governed, while the active members enter it to govern.

The rulers in both these societies have a genuine desire to benefit the community around them; but the consideration demanded from those who accept their benefits is distinct acknowledgment, practical as well as theoretical, of the superiority of the Brahmin caste. These rulers are, and have determined to continue to be, the governing class, the "upper crust"; and each "associate" who joins them must silently submit to be ruled at the pleasure of this class.

The Indian Brahmins claim superiority on the ground that they are holy. The New England Brahmins make the same claim on the ground that they are pious. But to this point of resemblance between the two succeeds a material point of difference. The Indian Brahmins wish to monopolize holiness for themselves, and have no desire to diffuse it, or to allow its benefits to be shared by the inferior castes. The New England Brahmins, on the contrary, associate themselves expressly for the purpose of extending to others the advantages of that piety which they claim to possess and to find precious. While, therefore, the Indian Brahmin makes his holiness a ground for selfish isolation, and even for contempt of his inferiors, the New England Brahmin is moved by his piety to seek intimacy with others, that he may benefit them.

Thus the opportunity of promotion is offered to all the "associate," or inferior, caste. Whoever of them shall be certified by competent "evangelical" authority to be pious (since the testimony of Unitarians or Universalists will not avail), may become a Brahmin, and thus entitled to various rights and privileges beyond those of common men.

History tells us that, among the Plymouth Pilgrims, only church members were allowed to vote in civil affairs or to be chosen town officers. Piety, certified by evangelical church membership, was the indispensable qualification for the exercise of civil rights. The State of Massachusetts and the United States of America long ago gave up this ground as untenable. Time will show how much further the two societies above mentioned will be able to carry the system of caste thus established. The main purpose of them both is to support and enlarge the churches of the various denominations classed as orthodox or evangelical; but is not their policy, organized and insisted on as above described, closely akin to that system of caste in India which American missionaries are trying to break down?

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

For the *Christian Register*.
OUR YEARS.

BY EDWIN E. WOODMAN.

They come and go. As waves upon a beach
Now lap our feet and now elude our reach,
The rolling years, in quick succession tossed,
Spring in the future, sparkle here, are lost.
We have but heard the nesting cat-bird's groom,
We scarce have counted half the summer's bloom,
Ere autumn maples by a fiery shower
Fright every lyric wing, dull every flower.
Winter succeeds, with killing winds that blow
Cerements upon the frozen world in snow.
Then, while we mourn so surely dead a thing,
Dogwoods break white, we circle into spring!
Thus life and death are linked in endless chain.
So after death come life and youth again.

AGNOSTICISM OUTGROWN.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

There are temporary passages of history, when people are too tired from some great intellectual struggle to take interest in problems equally important or, possibly, greater. Agnosticism, covering the whole subject of eschatology, or the science of the future life, became a necessity about the time that evolution began to develop the riches of this world and this life. To classify the data of the world we live in under the single law of unity and progress overworked the brains of investigators. A circular letter sent by the *Register* to men of science, asking what science taught on the question of immortality, brought a preponderating response that science concerned itself with this life. Mr. Darwin to inquirers answered that he sometimes believed in the doctrines of God and immortality, and sometimes doubted the same. But to the public he said he assumed the current views of religion to be correct, but had in no way concerned himself with them. Evolution, as taught by him, was the doctrine of life on this globe. Where it came from or what became of it he did not undertake to discuss. So it was that Mr. Darwin was a real agnostic.

That there is a great reaction in favor of positive faith is seen in every department of literature. The Church is slowest of all to yield faith: it is slowest of all to recover positive belief. It seems probable that for some time yet we shall see the anomaly of a church teaching less than social and political, or even physical, science. The curious picture is now quite world-wide of scientists and politicians laying down more positive theological beliefs than the theologians. The latter have reduced essential articles to the least possible number, while the former are squaring data to a creed long enough to please the Council of Trent. Dr. Momerie says in a recent symposium that we may insist only on the doctrines of God and immortality: "Faith in God and immortality seems to me the only rational basis for morality. If there be no immortality, the universe is rotten to the core, and therefore devotion to goodness is the crowning folly of the race." This sort of logic is likely to wreck what little belief the Church has left. The really moral man never places his character and selection of rightness on the fact that there is another life to make right payable. To do the right thing is common sense and good policy, and the faith of the whole world rests on the assurance that right will win. This is ingrained in the plodder's proverb and the sage's apothegms. It is doubtful if the mere belief in immortality has ever been of any great value morally or intellectually. It is accepted not as a first choice; for, by all odds, the first choice of most people is never to die. It is associated with such extravagance of unseen terrors or unwholesome joys that it has had a tendency to weaken the simpler and purer loves involved in the Golden Rule.

Without, however, carrying on a discussion with Mr. Momerie, whose creed has such a *diminuendo* tendency, we turn to Mr. Balfour, as representative of a class that has escaped from the pathetic undoing of Calvinism, and feels free to look out for a large basis for extended belief. It is a curious fact that no claim to political preference in England is stronger than a manifested power to step outside of pure politics, and synthesize the facts of life for other ends than matters of State. Mr. Gladstone is a better theologian than any existing bishop of England, and Mr. Balfour has more than doubled his political strength by publishing "The Foundations

of Belief." It would be delightful if we could say he had been able to do anything permanent to allay the restlessness of scepticism or arouse men from agnostic stupor. How much may be expected from his book may be discovered in this vital passage: "We must not forget that it is Authority rather than Reason to which in the main we owe not religion only, but ethics and politics, that it is Authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science, that it is Authority rather than Reason which lays deep the foundations of social life, that it is Authority rather than Reason which cements its superstructure." This he is not content with, absurd as we shall see it to be; but he adds, "Though it seems to savor of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say that, if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we shall look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority." It is difficult to say in which these sentences exceed, whether in the helplessness of the logic or the incorrectness of definitions. Following, however, Mr. Kidd and other recent English authors, Mr. Balfour has relied largely on sweeping paradoxes. It seems enough to this class of authors to simply reverse an accepted theory, turn it squarely on its head, and then call it a new discovery in sociology or theology,—something overlooked by all the generations before us. Is there a shadow of ground for the assertion that the brute is more marked by its logic, and man by his capacity for blind obedience to authority? We certainly have larger instincts (hereditary powers) than animals; but we also live in a field of inquiry so limitless, and we persistently investigate so eagerly, that our lives out of the shadow of eternity and infinity are as one to ninety-nine.

In fact, we owe not one thing in religion, ethics, or politics to authority, but to that investigation, in part of others, in part our own, in whose correctness we have confidence. It is the ulterior investigation (positive knowledge) which we trust, and not the mere authority (diction) of any one. It is a very cheap assertion to make that we do not all expect always to investigate individually every topic or fact or set of facts. But because we trust others to do part of this for us does not indicate that we owe our religion to authority any more than we owe a coal of fire to the tongs or the purity of sugar to the bowl or the barrel. Authority is nothing of this sort. In religion the Protestant orthodox invariably speaks of authority as in the Bible as a revealed book: the Catholic speaks of authority, meaning the inspired Church, capable of receiving from God information or wisdom which, authoritatively, it reveals to the common people. Hold fast by either of these, and you have legitimate authority. But, clearly, Mr. Balfour means a very different something by his authority. He means that we get our science, our sociology, and ethics from great minds, whom we credit. He does not complete his logic, for these authorities reach back to ultimate reason. His elemental paragraph should therefore read, "We must not forget that it is authority based on reason, the authority of investigators, and not always our own individual reasoning, to which we owe our religious views, our ethics, and our politics." This feeble assertion of self-evident platitude is hardly worth the trouble of making, and so in all verity Mr. Balfour's book is hardly worth the writing. It has a breezy frankness that makes one on first opening it expect excellent things.

To help us out of agnosticism by leading us back to authority is hopeless. Reason has at last such a hold on us, and the duty of investigation is now so generally accepted that we may say that in any foundations of belief reason must be the cornerstone. Our real escape from agnosticism is here: that science—and I do not mean merely physical science—has enlarged its sphere. It has been able to get together, to group and classify, the enormous data that lay mountain high before Darwin; and it has been able to draw general conclusions in every department of life,—in theology, ethics, sociology, politics, history. In fact, Spencer began almost at the same time as Darwin began his analytic work to do this great synthetic work. But so astounded were we with the analysis of the latter that we were slow to feel the synthe-

sis of the former. But, if the *Register* were to-day to send out a series of questions to the physicists of most note in the United States, the responses would not show a prevalent agnosticism as to God and immortality. There is no indifference as to the sphere of eschatology. No one can be found to urge that science has a sphere by itself, is not concerned with religion. On the contrary, religion is recognized as a science, the conclusion of all sciences, the science of sciences. It is not held to be possible to confine our researches to life facts pertaining to this globe's career. Evolution has widened out to consider the Cause, or Source, of Life on this globe.

The outlook is full of faith, no longer a blind credence, but a reasonable and reasoned confidence,—a belief that carries us substantially where all reason has carried us, to the spiritual basis of the universe, to him in whom we live and move and have our being. Between him and us there stands, however, no constituted "authority," no infallible interpreter. Our reasons face toward the Eternal Reason, as our love rests in the infinite Love. God from this standpoint is a scientific fact; and immortality is not a credence given to future rewards and punishments, but confidence in the continuity of that free soul that gladly enters into sonship with God. Science is unveiling the glory of that great truth, "Now are we the sons of God."

CONCERNING GENRE IN ART.

BY J. LEONARD CORNING, SR.

What we moderns call *genre*, for lack of a better name, has been known and cultivated in art from the earliest historic ages. We find it, as to substance, albeit with technique the most rudimental, in the paintings of the ancient Egyptians, on the slabs of Assyrian sculpture, and, with distinct signs of betterment, on the painted walls of Roman palaces and villas. Just what these old-time artists called it we do not know, and it is of no great consequence. Enough to say that the delineation of human life, as distinguished from inanimate nature, has been a very prominent aim of art as far back as history can take us with its records, whether written, carved, or painted, of the doings of man. And it would be no wonder if one of these days some future Lubbock or Mortillet should uncover a world of *genre* antedating by millenniums the pyramids of Egypt and the palaces of Nineveh, and opening an entirely new volume of prehistoric art.

Two facts seem to be beyond dispute: first, that American picture-buyers have as yet but slight acquaintance with the rich resources of *genre*; and, second, that they are gradually waking up to a new sense of their opportunities in this relation. My old teacher, Prof. Lübke, recently deceased, used to define *genre* to be any delineation of human life in art, the domain of the historical only excluded. Accepting this definition as the best that can be given in a single sentence, it will at once be seen that a world of *motif* absolutely exhaustless is opened to us. If the supply ever shows signs of decadence, it will be due to the infirm faculty of explorers, and not to any poverty of resource. With this little preliminary word, I will come directly to the purpose of this paper, which is to offer a few hints which, I hope, may be helpful to buyers of *genre*, as they have been helpful to me.

In this, as in all departments of art, there is a graded scale of merit, determined by the lesson taught and the quality of its appeal. A picture of human life is always interesting; and so *genre*, whether of low or high grade, if decently done as to technique, always finds ready buyers. Probably the *genre* element in Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings had more than anything else to do with their great popularity. This great artist, as is well known, introduced a human element into many of his animal groups, which held a mirror up to our daily life, giving us, if I may so express myself, the visible forms of quadrupeds with the mentality of bipeds. In this Landseer was the supreme artist of the animal kingdom for all time, and is not likely very soon to have a rival who can boast even of a show of success. Let us wander for a few moments through the halls and cabinets of a great picture-gallery, and test the worth of its *genres* by the standard which I have suggested,—the quality of the lesson con-

tained and the quality of its appeal to the mind of the observer.

Here, for example, are square yards of the paintings of Teniers and Van Ostade, the great *genre* painters of the seventeenth century. Any of them would bring a great price if thrown on the markets of London or New York, chiefly, however, because of the fascination of age. Put them a century back, and add a little more of the smoke and grime of antiquity, and they would appreciate as railroad stocks and bonds do in a Wall Street revival of irreligion. But, after all, they belong, every one of them, to one of the lower grades of *genre*, as to moral substance, which is the most precious and abiding consideration. They picture, almost *ad nauseam*, the doings of beer-gardens and wine-shops and rustic dance-halls. All this is interesting enough in its way; but I can think of themes, and a good many of them, which tend more to edification by reason of their appeal to the better or the best part of our nature.

Leaping over the years, and coming down to our own times, we will individualize a few representative names. Of German painters of *genre* to-day, perhaps Defregger and Grützner may be classed among the most prominent; and their fame long since travelled over ocean and continent to the confines of civilization. Both are residents of the Bavarian capital, and of both their compatriots are justly proud. Defregger's themes, for the greater part, are drawn from the peasant life of the Tyrol, of which he is a native, the city of his adoption, however, being Munich. Some of his paintings have crossed the Atlantic, and are in American homes. Perhaps the most valuable of this little group is "The Horse Fair," owned by the late Marshall O. Roberts of New York. But nearly all of Defregger's pictures, whether in Europe or in America, are chiefly prized for their wonderful delineation of the lower grades of life among Tyrolean peasants. Once in a while, though rarely, the moral element comes in, as, for example, in his "Tischgebet," in which we see a rustic household gathered around a huge bowl of soup, out of which all are helping themselves, soup-plates being an unknown luxury. One of the children is standing in the act of asking the divine blessing on the simple repast, while every head is bowed in reverence, and the great family dog gazes upward in silent wonderment. This time the great painter has conducted us into the higher realms of *genre*, and I have often asked myself the question why he does not do it oftener. Perhaps, if we could persuade him that the moral element in a picture really adds to its mercantile value, he might take the problem into serious consideration.

Edward Grützner, as is well known, is Germany's great painter of fat and bibulous monks in wine and beer cellars. He often adds culinary solaces as accessories; but, with this little occasional digression, he almost never ventures outside of his specialty, in which he is confessedly without a superior, one might almost say without an equal. As is well known, the monasteries of Bavaria have long been suppressed by royal edict. But a few of the lost sheep may occasionally be seen in cowl and cassock on the streets of Munich; and there is a little group who keep themselves sleek and fat for Grützner's especial benefit, all considerations of personal solace being, of course, excluded. These carnal monks, in all possible situations and attitudes, have become nearly as stereotyped as chromos in Grützner's studio,—a factory which transmutes paint into pelf with astonishing rapidity and skill. People of full purses and bibulous tastes like to hang Grützner's fleshy and fleshy monks in their dining-rooms, as inspirational examples of gastric possibilities, I suppose. But nobody pretends that there is a morsel of moral inspiration in paintings like these. Interesting and amusing conceits they certainly are, besides being admirably wrought satires on the ecclesiasticism of a hundred years gone. But their mission ends here, and they must take their place among the *genres* of subordinate grade in the moral scale of valuation. Ludwig Knaus, formerly of Düsseldorf, but lately of Berlin, is a master in the art of combining amusement with moral appeal in *genre*. In his famous "Golden Wedding," we have a merry, rollicking crowd of dancers in a beer-garden in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of wedded love and loyalty in

the lives of the aged couple who are dancing in the foreground. A wonderful sermon on the benediction of domestic fidelity is here; and on a canvas congregated with merry-makers the moral appeal is, after all, the most prominent feature.

In the great glass palace at Munich there is held, as is well known, an annual exposition of the art of all nations; and hither come some of the finest paintings of our time, and multitudes of visitors from all parts of the world to enjoy and be educated by them. In this great fragile hospice will always be found *genres* of every grade. Of the painters of them I will specify two, who to my thought occupy the higher levels of moral appeal. One of these is Blume-Siebert, and the other is George Jakobides. A picture of Blume-Siebert's which attracted the notice of the Bavarian prince-regent some years ago, and which I am informed his royal highness tried too late to purchase, was "The First Shoes." A peasant mother has brought her baby to the old cobbler of the village to get the first pair of shoes fitted to its tiny feet. She is a proud mamma, with the baby sitting there on her lap, half terrified and half defiant. The wrinkled face of the old cobbler is full of benignity as he holds the little foot tenderly in his withered hands. He shares the mother's pride and joy; and one would think, to look at his beaming eyes, that this was his first experience of such touching character, albeit it is likely that he has shod all the babies of the village for half a century. When I first saw that picture, I said to myself, "There is painted music for every mother's heart"; and, having a *carte blanche* for a goodly number of dollars from a rich relative on the Hudson, I closed a bargain straightway, and this beautiful appeal to the heart some time since crossed the Atlantic. George Jakobides is a Greek by birth, though Munich has long been his adopted home. He is the great painter of old age and childhood; and a painting of his showing a peasant grandfather tending baby, some years since exhibited in the glass palace of Munich, has haunted my memory ever since. It always had a group of gazers before it; and, in wandering through the vast halls and corridors, I continually found myself coming back to this masterpiece of domestic *genre*. Getting subsequently another *carte blanche* from an American picture-buyer, I found in the atelier of this gifted Greek the dearest old grandmother with a plump baby on her lap that I ever saw on canvas. The baby was as pulpy as German babies commonly are, with no intellectuality in its fat, round face to speak of. But the dear, old, wrinkled crone, bending over it with her tender eyes, sees great possibilities in that tiny form; and, if the baby realizes grandma's hopes, he will one of these days be a Bismarck or a Goethe. The artist called his picture, "Bei der Grossmutter"; but I told him to call it "Spring in the Lap of Winter," the name with which it was christened when it started on its long pilgrimage over the sea to brighten a home in the city of New York.

Of Jakobides I may say that he almost never omits to put a high moral element into his *genres*. He paints from the heart to the heart; and I wish that more of the great and tender appeals which he puts into visible form might go to American homes with their ministry of benediction.

Faulenbach bei Füssen, Bavaria.

A REMINISCENCE OF DIVINITY HALL.

BY A SCIENTIFIC STUDENT.

Reminiscences seem to imply a long lapse of time and venerable age in the relater, but this is a relative matter. If history undergoes a forced growth, and events accumulate rapidly, an antiquity is acquired by a decade as real as that which gradually mosses over the slow accretions of a century less active. It is really only twenty years ago since the writer went to Cambridge, fresh out of the West, with an ardent desire to pursue certain special studies at Harvard; and that ambition was about all he possessed. How he managed to live next to nowhere and upon next to nothing for a time, at first, does not matter to this tale; but at last he found himself (and little else) the occupant of a small front room on the ground floor of Divinity Hall. By dint of gifts and loans and rough carpentry,

he managed to get the barest necessities of furniture, and settled himself to stay as long as he could, and meanwhile to squeeze every possible drop of juice out of the lemon of learning he was struggling to keep his grip upon.

As he sat down the other day upon the worn stone step where he used to lounge after tea, and peered at the window of his old room, and through a recollection somewhat blurred, like its wrinkled old panes, looked back to those days which seem so long ago, he could not recall that he suffered very much under the affliction of his circumstances, even though he knows that he was often hungry and sometimes cold, nor that he was greatly disturbed by anxiety. Why should he be? Fighting for his way was nothing new; nor, for that matter, has it ever grown old. He had nothing to lose except opportunity to study, and experience (or, perhaps, inexperience) led him to think that there were more ways than one of arriving at his object.

No massive buildings then filled the verdant square that lay in front of the old-fashioned theological school-house, and in those delicious October days the place was an ideal one in which to work or to loaf. The swaying elm-tops were great plumes of russet and yellow, shadowing thinly a natural greensward, where the asters were thickly sown and the golden-rod nodded in every out-of-the-way corner. The long avenue down to Kirkland Street was a blaze of scarlet, and carpeted with the shed glory of the maples; and beyond and behind were the dark and rustling pines of Norton's Woods, their bases masked by thickets of flaming barberry and birch and other shrubbery brilliant with the bravery of the New England autumn. One could look straight away westward to Oxford Street, and beyond its growing trees, across Jarvis Field, even to North Avenue, and doubtless could catch sight of the rounded dome of the "Washington Elm." Beyond there lived Lowell and Longfellow; and there was Revolutionary ground, and plenty of other things to stir a prairie-bred imagination. It must sometimes have been clouded and rainy; but the remembrance is only of skies doubly blue, and of all-pervading sunshine and cool, quiet air. Somehow the perfect serenity of the Sunday afternoons lingers most prominent in the picture,—peaceful hours when the robin and woodthrush were calling melodiously to one another from unseen perches as the sunset light streamed level through the branches, and the contented treble of the vireo mingled with vesper chimes, drifting warningly to our ears, as we listened and dreamed.

But these sweet recollections would never have been stored away in memory, had not a piece of great luck happened to him. Various unmanageable obligations to the university had been got rid of, and the plan of fighting a waiting campaign had succeeded up to the point of paying rent for this same little room. The sum was not large, but it was as far out of reach as if it had been ten times as great; and at last no postponement nor squirming nor immovability would longer suffice. The year's rent must be paid in advance, or the tenant must leave "to-morrow." Consoling himself with the only consolation in sight,—that the authorities had not said "to-day,"—and utterly blank as to what next, the said campaigner came into the hall a trifle late for dinner, which all the theologists were eagerly attending in the Commons Building in the rear. As he entered, he smelled a smell, and followed his nose down cellar, just furnished with stores of winter coal. Each room owned a binful of its own, and, beyond, guarded by a heavy gate with an old-fashioned lock a foot square, was the great store for the furnaces. Through this gate poured wisps of smoke and puffs of gas. The college coal was on fire!

The mischief had just become manifest, and every moment was of value to the historic old building and its precious library. No one, so far as known, was at home; and the nearest fire-alarm box was a quarter of a mile distant. A broken iron bar lay near, and, seizing it with a strength altogether beyond his power in less excited moments, the writer succeeded after a time in smashing the ancient and massive lock and bolts. The sound of the tremendous blows brought another late student to the scene just as the gate fell; and, while he ran for a water-bucket, the writer seized a shovel, and, in the midst of a frightful smudge, began dragging and throwing the

coal away from the ignited part, near a badly made flue. Then together we two toiled, shovelling and pouring on pailfuls of water, working as only men can work under such circumstances, and in twenty minutes got the fire under control. By that time the danger had somehow become known, and a crowd came flocking into the cellar, with the venerable dean of the faculty at their head. The reader can perhaps imagine how we looked,—pouring with sweat, nearly stifled and blinded by steam and coal-gas, and utterly black with smoke and dust. We had to tell our names in order to be recognized; and next day the writer was informed that he could have his room rent free as long as he required it.

So that last obstacle was disposed of, and studies proceeded without interruption. The other fireman was a brilliant fellow, who has made his mark since in social economy and as a lecturer at the university. Other faces and names come to mind. One was a blind man,—long since dead,—who had the sunniest of natures and liveliest of intellects, curiously, but not bitterly affected by his absence of sight. Another was a deep student, but unworldly, and often a dreadful bore in company; and he and the blind man were ever at wordy war,—lunge and parry of joke and repartee.

Another bore—call him John Doe, as the lawyers do—was a bore for reasons not unconnected with being a congenital fool. He got into the unwelcome habit of coming to our room,—I say ours because it was largely shared with me in waking hours by another student, a cool, learned, aristocratic, but moody young man of the world, who was taking the course just out of curiosity, so to speak. One winter evening Doe came in, and was more than usually exasperating. A revolver happened to be lying upon the table, which Doe made the text of certain facetious observations. Chum was sitting close to the open coal-grate smoking a cob-pipe in silence, and waiting with such patience as he could for the visitor to depart. Hoping to hasten this event, the writer lifted the revolver, and without an instant's hesitation fired a ball into the glowing grate. Chum never stirred except to brush the flying coals off his knees; and Doe darted out of the room, and stayed out thereafter.

That pistol figured in another incident, without any special reason that can be recalled. One Sunday afternoon a student who taught a class in the Sunday-school of Dr. James Freeman Clarke in Boston announced that he could not go, and wondered where he could find a substitute. He was a portly, cherubic, innocent-minded fellow, at whom everybody poked a little good-natured fun; and the writer at once offered himself. To his amazement and amusement the proposition was accepted; and he rushed off, discovering, as he took his seat in the horse-car, that his hip-pocket was loaded down with that pistol,—something altogether unusual. He knew that the church was down in the Back Bay region somewhere, and, going thither, made haste to approach the only man he could see upon the streets to ask more particular direction. This was such a countrified, slouch-hatted, strange-looking old gentleman that no information was expected; but his reply was: "Oh, yes, I can tell you. I am James Freeman Clarke myself."

The class proved to be a group of bright young girls; and it is doubtful whether their lesson was very profitable, for, apart from other considerations, the teacher was incessantly in terror lest that pesky six-shooter might fall out of his pocket,—something likely to make a sensation in a Boston Sunday-school!

And so these recollections might spin on, thread wound with thread. But the men have gone, and the scene has largely changed. The old hall still stands, but the charm of its environment has been vastly diminished. The two great Museums of Zoölogy and Archæology spoil the landscape, and intercept the view with their vast and ugly extensions. Where one could formerly look out upon green commons or a lovely waste of weeds and thickets are now groups of Queen Anne (or, perhaps, Mary Ann) houses, in very unhappy contrast to the dignified old homes of the historian Palfrey, and of Benjamin Peirce and Agassiz and C. P. Cranch, and many another not far away. The dusky and balsamic deeps of Norton's Woods have been cut down and thinned out; and there is no longer an academic, needled-paved path

through the pines, where men pace up and down, book in hand. The springy little pond where the boys fished with pin-hooks, and the students at the museum gathered hydroids, and watched the development of frog-life, and chronicled the blooming and seeding of plants and the coming and going of the birds, and studied the ways of the wild mice, and eke a weasel now and then,—this has been filled up; and its green, weed-hidden outlet and the rough, thickety field beyond are all a ball-ground for the theological "nine."

Has the same sort of change gone on inside the venerable old brick walls that we rescued from the flames? Do the young fellows, writing and preaching practice-sermons to the school once a week, still make tangled, flowery essays of them, as pleasing (and as obscure) as Norton's Woods, as broad (and as much other person's property) as the old view out of the west windows,—and as green? Or have they modernized those beautiful essay-sermons into something succinct, practical, and scientific, ringing with the electric gong of to-day, as the campus about the dear old hall has been made useful and prosaic?

THE ARMENIAN PANDEMONIUM.

BY REV. GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Mr. Gladstone's terrible indictment of the Turkish government, summed up "in the four awful words 'plunder,' 'murder,' 'rape,' and 'torture'" inflicted upon the unhappy Armenians, has been established beyond question not only by explicit consular reports and special correspondents of the newspapers, but by the clear and convincing account given in the current number of the *Contemporary* by Dr. E. J. Dillon, the special commissioner of the London *Daily Telegraph* to Armenia. Although the Porte has taken the most rigorous means of suppressing the facts and preventing the truth becoming known, there is positive evidence that the worst accounts of the massacre in Sassoun were not exaggerated, and that since then cruelties and atrocities have continued to be perpetrated upon a smaller scale, though not less publicly. Among the great powers, England is morally responsible for the recurrence of these barbarities. By the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1880 she pledged herself to maintain the integrity of Asiatic Turkey against Russia. She also assumed the right and accepted the duty of seeing that effectual reforms were carried out in behalf of the Christian subjects. To-day she seems unwilling to fulfil her obligations to Armenia, and, rather than suffer the Russians to cross the frontier in aid of that unhappy people, is content merely to express sympathy with the wretched victims, and to trust that the mutual antagonisms of race and religion will gradually subside. As Mr. Gladstone urged, "the powers should not fear the word 'coercion.'" That word alone has any effect upon the Porte, whereas general expression of sympathy, or even monster meetings held in England to protest against the monstrous wrongs, so far from restraining the Turk or pacifying the Kurds, seem rather to intensify their hatred of the Armenians, and incite them to vent their rage upon the Christians in their own peculiar and devilish ways. The Sacred Law of every Mohammedan State precludes all justice being done to a Christian in a lawsuit against a Mussulman. The Christian's oath is worthless: the Christian's evidence is not admissible. To-day the Christian who has suffered in property, limb, or life at the hands of Mohammedans has absolutely no redress. The Kurds, who, with the authority of the Turkish government, have been guilty of robbing wealthy Armenians, raiding their villages, looting their houses, burning their crops, lifting their cattle, and committing rape and murder, cannot be brought to justice. It is illegal for the Armenians even to complain of these doings. To remonstrate against such atrocities, to appeal to the authorities for aid or redress, or to petition the sultan, are acts which incriminate the man already insulted and injured. He himself is accused of sedition or murder, arrested upon trumped up charges, and consigned to miserable prisons, reeking with filth, stench, vermin, and disease, and described by those who have visited them as veritable hells upon earth. The majority who are thus incarcerated, if unable to pay their keepers the extortionate sums that

are demanded, languish and perish of hunger, pain, torment, and madness. In many cases rich Armenians have been tortured to confess that they are guilty of crimes falsely charged, or their friends are burned and racked, until in sheer desperation they swear that they have witnessed the deed of which innocent persons stand accused. New and diabolical methods of punishment are there in vogue, unknown to our Western civilization and too shocking and outrageous to be described. Overcome by anguish and despair, after being subjected to the standing-box, red-hot ramrods, and the *sheitantly*, the wretched Armenians are ready to swear to anything to be relieved from their persecutors. From this horrible situation there is no way of escape: there is no power to intervene. There is no court of appeal, since the constituted authorities themselves, either directly or indirectly, are parties to the villainies.

The reign of terror not only prevails throughout Turkish Armenia, but also extends to native Armenians in Europe and America. Even in a land of civil and religious liberty, they scarcely dare raise their voices against the sultan; for his spies and emissaries are everywhere, and the names of protesting Armenians in London are forwarded to the secret police at Constantinople, and the friends or relatives of these suspected persons abroad are arrested for sedition. Three intelligent Armenians in this country declined to attend a public meeting for fear of jeopardizing their brothers and sisters at home. Even a naturalized American citizen dare not return to his beloved Armenia if it is there known that he has said aught in defence of his unhappy people. He may be the bearer of a passport, and imagine himself safe in the land of the Turks; but, if the slightest suspicion rests upon him, his passport will be taken from him, he will be liable to arrest, and, once imprisoned, may never be heard of again. Since the United States has no naturalization treaty with Turkey, and since it is the declared policy of the Porte to expel all American Armenians from its dominions, they cannot enter the interior without peril to life and property. There is at present no security in Turkey for American missionaries, merchants, travellers, or correspondents.

Will the United States venture to speak or act against this condition of things in the East, which has been fairly described as "organized brigandage, legalized murder, and meritorious immorality"? Are the political interests of England in Egypt and India more potent than the intelligent, civilized, and humane instincts of her people at home? Shall the holders of Eastern securities in London dictate the policy of the new ministry? If England should delay and allow herself to be duped by Turkish promises of reform, it is still less likely that France or Russia will adopt any active measures of intervention. At a banquet given in honor of Hon. James Bryce to consider the case of the Armenians, M. Iskender, a special delegate from Paris, said, "It is almost impossible for us to attempt any real movement in favor of this cause, since it is the distinct policy of the French government to remain friendly with the Turks." Russia has certainly shown herself willing to join England in any reasonable efforts to ameliorate the lot of the Armenians. Already she welcomes these miserable refugees across her border; and, if she at once sent troops into Armenia to put a stop to the horrors and terrors which there prevail, England would not dare oppose her, while the civilized world would approve and applaud her action. As Canon MacColl has truly said, "Russia should have the credit of having done more for the Christian subjects of the Porte than all the other powers of Europe together."

But, whatever protest be made and whatever people espouse the cause of humanity, there is no time for hesitation or delay. The latest advices from Armenia bring the dread tidings that to robbery and murder has succeeded famine, and that those who survived the massacre and the prisons are now being swept away by starvation. A letter from an Armenian gentleman lies before me, which says: "I believe there are no people on the face of the earth so wretchedly situated as the Christians of Armenia. They are not only subjected to the most atrocious cruelties and abuses, but the poverty and hunger of to-day are beyond description; and I sometimes feel discouraged and in despair that God can allow

such things to exist among a peace-loving people whose only crime is that they are Christian."

Another Armenian friend writes: "What are civilized Europe and America going to do after reading these terrible revelations? What has become of the sons and daughters of the Revolutionary heroes and the anti-slavery philanthropists?" Let us trust that our people will bravely and generously and promptly do their part.

MISSIONARY WORK.

BY REV. A. G. JENNINGS.

May I say just a word about our missionary work in the Central West? Of course, if we are to survive as a denomination, we must do missionary work. If we are to get money to support our denomination, we must show some results for money already contributed. If we could, with our \$50,000 already contributed for missionary work, actually show an increase of, say, ten new, well-organized, well-equipped societies every year,—that is, ten new churches, with church buildings, in ten representative cities (places large enough to support Unitarian churches); if, in the Central West, where last year we spent over \$18,000, we could show an actual increase of, say, two or three representative, self-supporting churches,—it would certainly be an incentive to try to raise money for our missionary activities.

But, when we show so few results, is it any wonder that our churches fail to become very enthusiastic over our missionary enterprises? I know it will be said we cannot measure the results of our work. We say it is mostly seed-sowing, and we must wait for the harvest. Heretofore we have congratulated ourselves largely on this phase of our work. "We have distributed so many tracts." "We have printed so many books." "We have had so many services in school-houses and out-of-the-way places." "We have attended so many conferences." "We have written so many letters in our Post-office Missions." "Thus we have been the leaven to quicken and change the whole lump."

All this has been helpful, let us admit. But now comes the question, Is it not time for us to begin to organize churches? It seems to me our great work now is to organize and build. The seed is sown: it has been sown not by Unitarians alone, but by every agency under heaven,—by our newspapers, by every magazine which is published, by every book which is read. Unitarianism is in the very air we breathe. I find almost every intelligent person I meet has outgrown the old Orthodoxy: every church in our land, even our Catholic churches, are honeycombed with liberalism. I met a prominent Catholic only the other day who was having trouble with his priest. He said to me, "I am coming to your church." The seed, I say, is sown. The harvest is ripe. Now, our work is to gather it in. Organize liberal churches. Any liberal organization now, anywhere, will be sure to gather the people. We should go forth, therefore, and plant churches. My way would be to plant them only in important centres at first: here they will soon be self-supporting. Plant a few such churches every year, and we shall soon gain a mastery over the situation; and Unitarianism will thus become the religion of the future. And now one word as to how to do it. The best way would be for the American Unitarian Association to appoint and support for a time ministers-at-large, who should make a specialty of missionary work. These men should go from city to city organizing and establishing Unitarian churches. They should select important centres, not wait to be sent for, but go into new fields and establish churches. The materials for establishing such churches will come from the most unexpected sources and in the most unexpected ways. The people who will support a church will not show themselves at first. But, after they are found, they will not desert the cause.

The great argument in favor of this plan is, it would give us missionary specialists. Missionary work is a distinct profession. We should have trained missionaries. Men should make this their life-work. After a man has established a few churches, he learns how to do it. Every new enterprise then becomes easier than the one which preceded it. A man learns just how much

he can rely upon promises. He learns how to meet and overcome discouragements. If it comes to church building, he has had experience, and can recommend plans. In short, he is prepared for emergencies, and cannot fail in his results.

The great objection to this plan will be the expense. \$18,000, we say, is already being spent in one of our missionary districts. But would it not be wisdom to devote, say, \$2,000 of this to a plan which would certainly yield two well-organized, self-supporting churches each year?—a result which is not accomplished now by the entire expenditure of the \$18,000. The time has come when we should do missionary work in a systematic and business-like way. Let the American Unitarian Association send out its reapers, and I know the harvest will justify its pains.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Everything is very quiet at 25 Beacon Street. Vacation makes the rooms almost lonely. New books are not coming in very freely; but orders by mail for our well-known books continue to come in, showing that somebody is reading, even if it is vacation. Among the books on our shelves that ought to receive attention I have selected the following for notice this week:—

"Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love" contains selections from the writings of James Freeman Clarke, D.D., one for each day in the year. The selections were made by Dr. Clarke's daughter. They are inspiring and helpful. The book is admirably adapted to family use for daily readings. Price 75 cents. "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" is a book of the same character as the one just referred to, for family use. This book bears a high reputation, and is widely used. The selections were made by Mrs. Tileston, the accomplished sister of Rev. Henry W. Foote of blessed memory. Price 75 cents. "Home Prayers," by Dr. Martineau, is a collection of prayer with two services for public worship. Price 75 cents. "Prayers," by Theodore Parker, new edition, with preface by Louisa M. Alcott, is a book of 200 pages. Price 75 cents. "A Historical Sketch of the Unitarian Movement since the Reformation," by Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, is a valuable book, giving a thorough and reliable history that ought to interest every Unitarian. 246 pages. Price \$1.13. "A Short History of Unitarianism since the Reformation," by Frederic B. Mott, is a condensed history. 80 pages. Price 50 cents. We also have: "Books of Consolation," by several authors; "Leaves of Healing," by Katherine Paine Sutton, 228 pages, price 75 cents; "Light on the Cloud," by Minot J. Savage, 176 pages, price 94 cents; "Christian Consolation," by A. P. Peabody, D.D., 438 pages, price 75 cents; "Sursum Corda," a compilation of hymns by Mrs. Tileston, 291 pages, price 94 cents.

A number of smaller books that are called for constantly deserve even a wider reading than they now have, for example: "The Year of Miracle," by W. C. Gannett, 106 pages, price 38 cents; "The Faith that makes Faithful," by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 228 pages, price in paper 25 cents, in cloth 75 cents; "The Thought of God," second series, F. L. Hosmer and W. C. Gannett, 119 pages, paper 38 cents, cloth 75 cents.

AFTER VACATION.

The work for this year begins very soon. The officers have been busy during this month with plans and estimates for the field work this fall and winter. I wish every Unitarian in the United States could see the chance we have to do good "right now," as they say down South. If the Unitarian gospel is a real gospel, and we know it is, we have the chance to spread it now faster than we ever have been able to do it before. A very few years will tell the story whether we are to march into the promised land or whether we shall sit by the roadside and watch the liberal orthodox brethren march past us. We shall be a great deal worse than the one-talent man in the parable if we don't look out; for we are in danger of hiding ten talents in our napkins. It will be no excuse to say that we cannot do the necessary work, nor that we do not know what we are expected to do. Unitarians know what they ought to do; and they know how to do it, and they

can do it, and they know that they can do it. The only uncertain element in the case is the will.

The task will be stated before long in dollars and cents. Then we shall see. Meantime, it will be well to brush up the church conscience and get it ready for use.

NOT FOUND.

There seems to be an impression abroad in the land that this Association has a private gold mine somewhere in or near Boston that can be relied on to make up any deficits caused by the torpidity of the corporate consciences of the churches. The new treasurer has been unable to locate any such mine; and he begs to assure the churches that they will need to cure their own ailments by heated applications of consecrated energy, or we shall miss the glorious opportunity that is now in sight.

THE CHURCHES, NOT THE ASSOCIATION.

This Association is simply the organization through which the churches do their work. The work belongs to the churches: this Association simply executes their commands. The extent of its usefulness is governed entirely by the churches. Unitarians contribute liberally to other good causes: it is to be hoped that they will give more attention to the needs of their own work in the immediate future.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

"Almost like a song," says Rev. William Elliot Griffis, "has been the life of Haruko, the Empress of Japan. With health, beauty, sweet feminine attractiveness, of immemorial noble lineage, beloved by her lords and people, awarded personal honors by her husband unknown to former empresses, she has lived to see Japan made a new nation, and the sun-banner borne victoriously into mighty China. In the national regeneration and the hearty adoption of Western civilization she has borne a leading part. Her heart has been ever warmly sympathetic with all that means joy or sorrow to her people. Now she feels for the hundreds of her female subjects who, having married Chinese dwelling in Japan, are now rent from husband, and often from children, especially sons, and whose whole domestic life is wrecked by the war. The storm came to most of the people in China, Corea, and Japan as a fire-bolt out of a clear sky. The empress's sympathy, too, is with her gallant lads, who beyond seas uphold the nation's honor under the rising-sun flag. Already her warm heart is felt like a nation's pulse. At this moment, because of her encouragement, the Japanese camps in Manchuria are well supplied with both comforts and dainties above and beyond the regulations and the rations. Her gracious influence soothes many an hour of pain and anguish, when brave lads lie wounded in the hospital, or when households at home mourn because the bamboo streamers flutter in the wind over new-made graves in a foreign soil."

QUEER MONEY.

Here is an amusing account of a traveller who went many years ago to Mexico, and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he:—

"In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change, she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many portions of the country.

"I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."—*Harper's Round Table*.

ANTS AT PLAY.

The old story of ants indulging in games and play was for a long time thought to be a fable, but grave scientific gentlemen of our day have seen it; and we shall have to believe it now, queer as it seems. The old story was told by Huber, who "saw these ants on a fine day assembled on the surface of their nest, and behaving in a way that he could only explain as simulating festival sports or other games. They raised themselves on their hind legs, embraced each other with their fore legs, seized each other by the antennæ, feet, or mandibles, and wrestled, but all in friendliest fashion. They then let go, ran after each other, and played hide-and-seek. When one was victorious, it seized all the others in the ring and tumbled them over like ninepins."

So much for the old writer: now says the new: "The players caught each other by the feet or jaws, rolled over each other on the ground like boys playing, pulled each other inside the entrance of their nest, only to come out again, and so on. All this was done without bad temper or any spurting of poison, and it was clear that all the rivalry was friendly."—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

PET PIGEONS.

Among the many interesting sights of London may now be numbered "the pet pigeons of St. Paul's Cathedral." The pigeons of Cairo, St. Mark's, Venice, and Rochester Castle are matters of history; and ere-long the pigeons of St. Paul's will find a place among the sights of the world. In the trim and well-ordered gardens that surround the great sanctuary, these pigeons find a home; and beside the noble fountain, and in the branches in the rich foliage of the trees, they afford an interesting picture of rural bird life in one of the busiest highways of London city. It is a charming sight, during this fine hot summer, to witness the docility of these interesting birds in their intercourse with many admiring and sympathetic friends. Groups of people, young and old, may be seen daily feeding these proud and pretty birds.—*The Churchman.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Jewish Messenger* shows the part that Jewish women have taken in practical charity:—

We are grateful for the kindly words of our Unitarian contemporary, the *Christian Register*, in reference to the National Council of Jewish Women and their field of activity; but it may be interesting for it to learn that, while it is true that the Jewess has had no voice in the organization of the synagogue, she has not waited for 1895 to plan and form charitable and educational societies. She was always a pioneer in such movements. An American Jewess, Miss Rebecca Gratz, founded the first Sabbath-school a century ago. Ladies' benevolent societies were attached to synagogues at an early date. If at formal worship the sexes were separated in Oriental vogue, the Jewess was always foremost in practical charity; and some of our best-known institutions are indebted to her for their success. The new movement, however, is noteworthy, not as indicating that the Jewess of to-day is more zealous than her mother or grandmother, but because its aim is national, banding together existing agencies, and promoting new organizations along special lines. There is no conflict in this field between the traditionalist and the anti-traditionalist. All are inspired by the same spirit of devotion to Judaism and humanity.

The *London Inquirer*, in a leader on "A Right Method and a Wrong One," refers to the proceedings of the late Christian Endeavor Convention. He hits the nail on the head when he emphasizes the need of taking a positive attitude and of working on the lines of construction:—

The society has gained ground simply because its work was needed, and because it entered upon the needed work in an earnest and practical spirit. What would have happened, had it taken a merely negative attitude? It might easily have done so. It might have pointed to the fact that at present the children and young people generally are not trained as they should be, either in the knowledge of Christian doctrine or the practice of Christian virtue. It might have pointed to the thousands of cases

where young people who have passed through the Sunday-schools of their particular church have passed through them never to return, either as teachers or workers in any kind or degree; that the Sunday-school has too often been the preliminary of a life unblest with the comforts of a religious faith, and undistinguished by any of the graces and virtues, the seeds of which it was the especial work of the Sunday-school to implant. Hence it might have conceived that its first duty was to smash the Sunday-schools, if not the evangelical churches. Had it been as audacious as a certain political organization of our own day, it might have assayed to save young people's souls by destroying the churches and burning the New Testaments. But it had the sense to know that it must work with such instruments as Heaven had given to it; that it must take the world as it is, and make use of the organizations that have been a blessing in times past, to assist it in its efforts to ameliorate the present. Hence it aimed not to destroy, but to build, not to supersede the churches, but to make use of them and to live in them. And, as far as appears, no Church regards it as an enemy. None finds any cause for jealousy. In regard to the Salvation Army, which at first claimed to work with the churches, and not in rivalry with them, it was soon evident that a new and most formidable sect had arisen, and one not particularly scrupulous in respecting the rights of its neighbors. The evangelical churches are therefore obliged to watch its doings somewhat narrowly, even while approving its aims, if not imitating its methods. No such fear seems to have arisen with regard to the younger movement of Christian Endeavor; and it may be hoped that occasion for any such anxiety may not be given. One of the speakers at the convention said that he had learned long ago that the secret of working with others was to care only for the good of the cause, and to put away all care for recognition and the honor of leadership. It is a lesson which the leaders of other organizations would be the better for learning. These people will do more good than they know or intend. For one thing they will find out for themselves which are the helpful and practical parts of Christianity and which are mere impedimenta. Moreover, while working within certain prescribed limits,—for in America, at least, the movement seems entirely orthodox,—they will furnish valuable hints to those who might not be able to join them in their special work.

Spiritual Life.

This is the permanent and essential condition of the moral life, that each must make decisions for himself.—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

Somehow, if you have patience imbedded in your heart, there comes a sort of cheer along with it; and, before you know what is going to happen, your whole experience is irradiated as with sunshine. I think the patient life is the successful one, after all.—*Rev. Louise S. Baker.*

To apologize for ill-doing or harsh speech is not ignoble. It is the offended isolation, it is the selfish sulkiness, which is unworthy of man or woman. The apology may be difficult at first, but difficulties of this kind we are bound to overcome if we seek to rise with Christ.—*S. A. Brooke.*

It is sweet to know in time of sorrow that God's love changes not. It is the same in the brightness and when the brightness changes into gloom. It is the same in joy and when the joy turns to grief. It is the same when blessings are given and when they are recalled.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

He who has many treasures has many duties, and he who has many duties has many treasures; and, if our duties drive us and are more than we can do, it is that our hands are over full of treasures, and we must let some slip. So we are blessed even in the work exacted of us.—*Letters from an Unknown Friend.*

Go on in all simplicity. Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your own soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances.—*Francis de Sales.*

The crown of saintliness was never won by those who bid for it with some great display of their own importance or goodness or some loud profession of their own service; but it came all unlooked for to some humble soul that was, perhaps, still wrestling with its own shortcomings, toiling on while it deplored its weaknesses and sins.—*John Learned.*

There is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led and helped and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take care that, by the glance being turned inward or strained onward or lost in vacant reverie, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand straight from God.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

Through love to light! O wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes surging o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.
—*R. W. Gilder.*

The Sunday School.

Last year's course, "Scenes in the Life of Jesus," is now ready in manual form. Each one (Intermediate and Advanced) sells for 20 cents a single copy or \$1.80 a dozen.

The first three lessons in the current one-topic graded course on "Teaching of Jesus" will be ready for distribution September 1. They are intended to cover the dates of the last three Sundays in September (the 15th, 22d, and the 29th.) These are issued in three grades, as heretofore; and the illustrated "Primary" will be sent out to the schools in the parcels with the Intermediate and Advanced. The three subjects are "The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Pearl of Great Price," and "The House on the Rock." The Advanced are written by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, the Intermediate by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Primary by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. Price 50 cents a hundred leaflets. The Intermediate and Advanced are printed together in a four-page leaflet. The Primary is a four-page leaflet, with half-tone picture.

The *Pilgrim Teacher* for September contains the following sensible comments: "It is a bad thing for a teacher to have fits,—fits of punctuality, fits of absence, fits of study, fits of visiting, etc. If he has them, the scholars will be sure to have fits, also,—principally, fits of staying away. The only fitting thing a fitful teacher can do is to resign." "Do not allow the scholars to go out after the close of the Sunday-school in a boisterous, helter-skelter way. They should not act like sheep just let out of pen. Keep the school well in hand to the very last. Dismiss deliberately, class by class, if necessary, or, at least, section by section. Allow no pushing and jostling. Insist upon decorum in God's house. All the good impressions of the most earnest teaching may be dissipated by the irreverent rush which, on adjournment, is to be seen in many schools."

Religious Intelligence.

(Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.)

REV. RUSH R. SHIPPEN will preach next Sunday in the First Parish Church, Dorchester, and not E. R. Shippen, as a published notice says.

BOSTON COMMON.—The usual large attendance was on hand last Sunday at the big tree, to listen to Rev. James De Normandie and Dr. George L. Perin (Universalist). Both speakers talked effectively on matters which are in the mind of the public. A gentleman who has watched these meetings quite closely believes so thoroughly in the good they are doing that he has sent in a cheque for \$100 toward defraying the expenses. Such a token as this is a substantial recognition of the excellent work which this summer movement represents. The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, which has this open-air preaching in hand, considers this, of course, only one part of its many enterprises, all of which seek to reach the people at large in various ways. The financial part of such extended operations is very great, entailing large expense. It is to be hoped that the public, seeing such good efforts being put forth in all directions, will respond by supporting the treasury of the fraternity. The various churches of this organization have been kept open during the summer, and all demands upon the ministers have been promptly met. The service on the Common occurs again next Sunday at 5 P.M., near the band stand.

ATHOL, MASS.—Second Church: The Athol "Country Week," a branch of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union "Country Week," is one of the most deserving institutions of our town. It is now in its third season, and we take pride in the fact that it was started by our Guild of the Good Shepherd in the summer of

1893. The first season the guild gave fourteen children from Boston an outing of four weeks. Last year the Guild of the Good Shepherd enlisted the active sympathy not only of our church and Sunday-school, but also of others, and so was enabled to make fifty-eight little children happy by a visit in the country. This year so many in the town have taken a hearty interest in this good work that it was thought best by the committee (Miss Grace Pitts and Mrs. E. V. Wilson, both earnest workers in the Second Church) to fix upon a name that would indicate this general interest, and so called it "The Athol Country Week." This season one hundred and twenty-eight children were given an outing. The Athol Transcript, the best of our weekly papers, devotes a column every week to Second Unitarian Church news. Besides a picture of the church and the time of services, it gives items of local and general denominational interest, and welcomes to its fellowship, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality, all who, "in the love of the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ, wish to unite for the worship of God and the service of man." This department is conducted by our pastor.

BATH, N.H.—The ladies of the Lend a Hand Club of All Souls' Church held their annual fair on August 22. The sale was quite a success, and netted them \$175. They desire to return most heartfelt thanks to those who sent them donations of fancy articles and money. Rev. Samuel B. Craft of Boston sent his check for \$50, Miss Downing of Concord sent \$5, Rev. E. J. Wright of Montpelier \$1; and fancy articles were received from A. Plainfield, N.J., from Springfield, Cambridge, Salem, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Fall River, New Bedford, Mass., Franklin Falls, and Nashua, N.H., and Augusta and Bangor, Me.

CHELSEA, MASS.—On September 1, after a vacation of two months, services at the First Unitarian Church will be resumed under charge of Rev. A. P. Reccord, a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School of Cambridge, who has received and accepted a call as pastor to this church. Sunday-school, under the superintendence of Miss Margaret B. Barnard, will also convene for its first session on this date. Five lectures are announced for Monday evenings at the church in October and November, under the auspices of the Chelsea Branch of the Women's National Alliance, to be delivered on October 14 by Rev. M. J. Savage, October 28 by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, November 4 by Miss Margaret B. Barnard, November 11 by Rev. S. M. Crothers, and November 18 by Rev. Charles G. Ames.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—The ordination and installation of Richard W. Boynton, a graduate of Meadville, Pa., as pastor of the Roslindale Unitarian Church, will take place on Wednesday evening, September 4, at 7.45 o'clock. Mrs. Boynton, who is also a graduate of Meadville, will be ordained to the work of the ministry at the same service.

Business Notices.

From London.—Every woman who is anxious to improve the appearance of her parlor should take the trouble to see one of the new London divans which have come suddenly into fashion this season. They are going to be very much in evidence in the next few years in polite society. Perhaps the best place in Boston to see such a divan is at the Paine furniture warehouses on Canal Street. They are not at all expensive.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder
Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Boston, 24th inst., by Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, E. Florence Hathaway, of Assonet, and Joshua F. Crowell, of West Yarmouth.

Deaths.

In Plainfield, N.J., 22d inst., Rose, the only daughter of Edgar Huidekoper and Rose Skeel Mumford and grand-daughter of Thomas James Mumford, late editor of this paper, aged 1 yr. 2 mos. and 10 days.

Situation Wanted

By a young man 18 years old (graduate of Bryant & Stratton's) in some business where faithfulness and application will count for future advancement. Address H. A. E., Office *Christian Register*.

A LADY with a pleasant home near Boston, and having the care of a young girl of thirteen, desires to communicate with parents or guardians who may be seeking a temporary or permanent home for one or more children. References exchanged. Address GUARDIAN, care *Christian Register*.

MRS. H. M. BROWN, 49 Oxford Street, Cambridge, wishes to take charge of two or three little girls. Instruction at home or at school. References: Rev. C. R. Eliot, Boston; Prof. C. J. Child, Cambridge; Mrs. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Jamaica Plain.

TO LET. The desirable house, 118 Highland Street, Roxbury, 11,000 feet of land; beautiful location; Norfolk House cars now run near. Two furnished cottages, West Falmouth. S. G. DAVIS, 113 Devonshire Street.

HYMN.

BY REV. AUGUSTUS M. LORD.

[Sung at the 250th Anniversary of the Roxbury Latin School.]

Our fathers sought to serve thee, Lord,
Not in rich temples built with hands:
In living deeds they kept thy word,
And counted justice more than lands.

Their first gift to the coming days
Was given toward firmer thought and will,—
The gift of wisdom's ampler ways
That broaden round their children still.

The comradeships, the memories,
That make this spot a holy place,
We owe to them, the bravely wise,
The patriot scholars of our race.

We pledge our manhood as our youth
To use that glorious gift aright,
To seek one freedom, that of truth,
One fellowship, that of the light!

The Pulpit.

LESSONS FROM MY HEARTH.

BY REV. JOHN M. SCOTT.

"While I was musing, the fire burned."—Ps. xxxix. 3.

Nothing is so pleasant as fire upon the open hearth. The winter winds, making their weird music in the gable and among the trees,—not just a frozen music, as the fable tells that the bugle held for so long before it awoke its echo on the winds, but yet a freezing music if one were to stand in the midst of its breath blowing these pipes to its wild, fierce will,—this wintry music without but adds to the joy and the beauty of the hearth flames. It is not merely the physical comforts, the glow of the warmth on the body, the dance of the flame in the eye, but the responsive kindling of emotion and thought, the world-dreaming, the wondering about all the meanings of nature and of ourselves, the dear, delightful threnody and glee of many musings,—even upon the vanity of life and its worth, of God and my escape into him for some forgiveness and new creation, as the Psalmist far away through the centuries did when he said, "While I was musing, the fire burned." He meant the fire of "that light that never was on sea or land,"—the hot heart within him that broke into flame, as the brushwood of troubled thinking and experience drove him into thoughts of God and the speaking out of his thought in prayer and praise. I mean the outer fire made out of the troubling of timbers by which my house was built. "While I was musing, the fire burned"; and yet the fire without had answer from the fire within,—the psalmist and I much at one in heart, though separated by the shadow of the centuries, only I think my inward hearth burns brighter and purer flames than his, because I am farther in the noonday of the world's life, and have upon me the sun of the humanizing Christian centuries and that splendid and appalling outlook upon the making of a man which is the nineteenth century's chief contribution to world-life and world-thought.

Perhaps I had better at this point share with you that lesson of my hearth-fires, which thinks about the outward fire and the inward fire,—the fire on the hearth and the fire in the heart. There is an outward and an inward fire of life. Creation lies without us, burning its countless flames of life, that thereby we may be warmed and blessed. Creation lies within us, and burns its fire of life there, breaking into many flames of emotion and thought, of aspiration and duty and willing to do. In the blending of the fires without and the fires within us is the making of the man. The fire without, that gently flames into the grains and fruits, becomes the fire within, through the sacrament of our daily bread,—the fire within us whereby our loves and thoughts and selves are warmed into the life we are living. The lily burning a white or a scarlet flame in the fields awakens within us its answering flame, even the passion and joy of beauty. The oriole, burning its flame of gold among the trees, which flame breaks out into a music which the crackling of the fire upon the hearth can never hope to tune with, awakens within us its answering flame of a gladness that sings out, making our natures musical. The sunset fires on the hills awaken within us their answering conflagration of our life's clouds until they glow with a divineness revealing the beauty

of God. The horse, burning the homely fires of its every-day faithfulness to man, awakens within us its answering flame of life needing to live out its greatness by the patient toiling that does the humbler, necessary tasks. The fires of everything without, as each is true to its nature, fulfilling the old Genesis fact that each thing brings forth after its kind, awaken within us their answering fires, by which we have our moral and intellectual natures, knowing that in emotion and thought and character there is no confusion of grape bringing forth thistle, or thistle bringing forth grape. Even the granite burns within us an idea of patient endurance and steadfastness, of life hardened and fixed in character. We are told, indeed, that everything without was once molten, a mass of fire, cooling and definitizing itself into all these wonders of creation which we see without us, from the hard granite to the baby's soft cheek and the tenderness of love that throbs in a mother's heart. So these molten emotions within us, these flames of thought and being, are that we may cool and definitize them into a world of order and beauty, into a character that shall be like an earth with strength and tenderness, and multiplying an endless creation of truth and love.

The flame on the hearth passes away, dies out into ashes, and so the life flames of these things in the creation; but the answering fires that they awaken within us, as diversified and complex character, burn on as long as we shall be ourselves. The lily that Jesus saw burned into ashes centuries ago; but the thought of God's care for us which it awoke in Jesus burns on in his gospel, blessing still his countless disciples. The seed that he saw scattered by the hand of the sower, and growing into its harvests, burned soon to its ashes; but the answering fire which it awoke in Jesus, teaching him how truth and a man grows, burns on in his gospel, making wise his countless disciples. Life, therefore, does not so much consist in things which must perish in the using, but in thoughts which those things bring to us, the character they bring as we use them meanly or nobly, getting out of them an immortality measured by that use. Life consists not in the abundance of things we have, but in the bountifulness of what we are of truth and goodness; and that greatness we call Christian. In the pathos of the earlier and later psalmists, threnodying about the vanity of life and the passing away of everything into silence and pathetic dust, life does not ring true. It is made out of the base metal which judges of the appearance only, and therefore cannot judge righteous judgment, or which has not thought large enough and thorough enough to beat out the gold of thought with which to stamp in the image and likeness of speech. There is this outward passing and perishing, and it is pathetic as the mournful wind passing through the withered reed; but, if we see that what passes away outwardly has had a soul, that which has been saved in the heavens of our character abiding within us and doing a deathless work of helping God to fashion us, then we have the reedful music, as when the shepherd has fashioned it into a pipe, and blows through it the sweet, true music of his pastoral love for sheep, for maiden, wife, and home, into a greatness of peace enchanting the soul. What life I have experienced in the world, the passing world of show and change, is immortal in me as character; and often it is that these inward graces of things are finer and diviner in man than they were in any realization in the world without.

"As the fire burned, I mused"; and this was my musing,—that what outwardly perishes is inwardly renewed and abides within man as his character, his nature; that the end of the world without man is that it may be creative of a world within man, perishing things becoming imperishable thoughts, passing events becoming abiding character.

"Least village boasts its blacksmith,
Whose anvil's even din
Stands symbol for the finer forge
That, soundless, tugs within,

"Refining these impatient ores
With hammer and with blaze,
Until the designated light
Repudiates the forge."

With a single stick of wood you cannot make a blaze. When the smaller sticks are ablaze, the big one burns with them; but,

when they are in ashes, the big one smoulders and dies out of its fire, not able alone to keep you or itself from freezing. And so, as my fire burned, I mused, thinking so it is with the fires of life. Everything in nature must touch up against other things, mingling their natures and services together, in order that each and all may be enriched into fuller life.

A tree, attempting to fulfil itself in one only blossom, would issue in failure, no fruit, no endless generation of other trees. Indeed, it would not grow and enlarge and make the finest use of sun and soil and air, distilling them through the graces of itself into the satisfying glories of its life. Unless the fires of its growth were kindled by the countless blossoms it sends forth to greet the burning heart of the summer, it could not be, it could not become, a full glory of itself. For a fire on your hearth you may blend many things together,—coal and wood and paper, and anything that can break forth into a flame. Let us think that so the blossoms come to burn their beauty in the summer air. Soil and sunshine and rain blend themselves together and burn up into the living tree and its fruit. Soil cannot burn into a single blossom without these others. Rain, without the soil and the sun, cannot green into a single leaf. Sun, without what the soil and the rain give, cannot put forth one of the green and growing wonders of the orchards. But all together, meeting and mingling themselves into a flame, they can warm the winds of the summer into the red apple or the peach of gold. This is true of every living thing. Many things have come together, and, mingling themselves into the fires of life, have become what walks the earth, swims the sea, or flies the air. Then, by setting the solitary in families, the Master of life has made some of his finest handiwork, whether going by feet or fins or wings. By socialism on the soil there is produced the finest animals, themselves so the best protected, the best helped to live out their natures unto a greatest fullness. By socialism in the sea the best fishes come to be, so best protected and enabled to live out themselves unto a greater fullness of their natures. By socialism in the air the birds become of a worth and fineness they could not in solitariness attain unto, so protected, so helped to live out their natures into a greater fullness. And, when we come to man, we see him, as is the custom of anthropologists to tell us, emerging from savagery accompanied by his faithful dog and cow, coming up, indeed, in groups of his kind into that fullness of social life we call our civilization. Take out of these fires of our lives what has come into them from the flames of other lives, and we would become but charred and flameless sticks. "Other men have labored, and we are entered into their labors." Other men have lived, and we have entered into their lives. Other men are living, and we are entering into their lives: rather, their lives are entering into us, and making our lives richer and fuller of human worth. That others are living over again in us, though unconscious of having entered into us, a grace of life, a gain of character, is the truth of ourselves,—a fact from which is no escape.

"None can avoid this purple,
None evade this crown."

And this is the obligation of altruism. Even as our hearts are hallowed by the countless services of those who have experienced death, and who are yet in this present joy of life with us, so we find duty freighted holiest when it asks of us the service of others, the making of the earth a sweeter place for these who are coming after, to enter into our labors, to enter into our lives and live them on in the new days and the new experiences. Not obligation, but highest joy, this living out the common destiny of all in blending ourselves together to make a flame of fuller life for others about us and these to come after us.

Life is motion. It is diligence of journey and doing. It is not repression, but expression. Every living particle of our bodies is in rapid motion, as ceaseless as the tides of the sea; and this is life. We are breaking into flame more subtle and volatile than the swift, running fires of a conflagration; and this is life. Emotion moves on in its cycles, as the earth through its seasons; and, although there is no rattle of chariot wheels on the road, no puff and noise of an engine on the track, yet it is

just by moving without pause that we love, and that is life. Thought is always busy, the brain never stilled, pausing no more than the streams always seeking their level; and this is life. The whole nature of man is in ceaseless activity and growth, and that is life. Fossilize any part of these volatile activities, and death reigns. We must be ceaselessly active, ceaselessly expressing ourselves, in order to live. Everything alive just so inherits and reigns in the kingdom of its life. And it is expression in and toward and for others. Anything that lives in and toward and for itself soon ceases to live. What begins in and ends upon ourselves makes for that freezing of the heart which we have in trembling named death. It is by unfolding itself into the air that the tree lives. Expressing itself in the leaves, giving itself forth in them, it lives and grows. It gives that it may receive, and so we all. The givers are the receivers. Life grows large in unselfishness. We can break into a fuller flame of joy by putting ourselves with others into the diligent service of all whom we may in any way enrich. Everything grows together by ministering unto each other. There is no joy like the altruistic joy. It has no regrets, no inward, troubling compunctions, no empty horrors like those into which we sink when at the unsatisfying service of ourselves. And this joy is just as the bird's joy comes. Not by keeping within itself, and seeking to make a song that no one else can hear, is the bobolink's glory of gladness sung, but just by flying itself out in gift to the winds do the winds give themselves up to its pipe, that so its inmost soul may sing to the nesting mate in the June meadows. So, as we give ourselves up to the service of others, these others become in us the medium for our highest and sweetest self-expression. And, as old violins mellow into deeper and tenderer richness of tone in every bow that lengthens in fond dalliance across their throbbing bosom, so does every expression of ourselves in the service of others deepen and sweeten our capacity for joy, our capacity for the fuller life of which the selfish are so scant. Colors come in companies. Burning together, they come in the white sunbeam to be life and glory for the garden and the field; and they are never apart in any divorcement whatever. They come united to the rose, and make it live and show its inmost soul in its glowing blossom; and that we see red is just that these sunbeams, in their dear socialism of making flowers, repress themselves into the red, that it may have the honor of being the rose's glory. When in primrose, this dear socialism represses, that so the yellow may be the glory there. When in the violet, this dear socialism represses, that so the blue may be the glory there. Yet, always together, each helping the other to the fullness of manifesting itself, and so in turn helped to the manifestation of its glory,—all of them together in the heart of every flower, as upon every cloud in their dear, visible fellowship of the rainbow. One color could do nothing. Unless it dies, it abideth alone, doing

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no tasks of making the flowers that can show its hidden splendors forth; but, dying into this fellowship of color warming to color, then it brings forth fruit, can journey the leagues of air, and come to the earth and live over again in all the flowers that dream it in their heart of green, to awaken it in their blossoms blessing the summer winds.

“And, even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.”

“As the fire burned, I mused” that life is not a solitude, but a companionship, not a selfishness, but a service; that our flame of life can burn in purest, strongest fervor when it mingles with others, and these allow themselves to be consumed to make warmth and brightness in the world.

My fire was made of fragments left over after building my house. I was Scriptural in that I gathered up the fragments that nothing be lost, even as I believe the good God is always doing in all the wonder ways of his making worlds and men. And these fragments it was that made the fire on my hearth. And I mused this lesson that nothing be lost,—not as a duty-determination of my life, but as a duty-determination of God’s life. When he determined upon creating, then he saw the loss, the fragments, that must fall apart from the glory into which their fellows have gone; and he determined that nothing should be lost, that they should somewhere and somehow come to their glory, also, and cherishing every fragment of himself that is his creation that so it may serve some of his lovely thoughts ever creeping up into their blossom. Nothing is lost, they tell us,—not the matter that to our vision dissipates and passes away, not the force that to our searching of it out passes away, and not life which vanishes before our eager eyes, and not personality which dissipates in what we call death, and yet up into which all creation aspires and climbs. We have seen how that, with the outward passing of things, not their fragments, but their very souls, their inmost meanings may be gathered up into us, immortal with our immortality. But in other ways some dear orderliness of our Father’s perfect thought haunts with an everlasting glory all the wastes and destructions of his creation. If this cannot go up with its fellows into that immediate honor, then it may burn up in this glory: it may pass away to appear in lovelier forms, in sweeter life, in greater glory.

“As the fire burned, I mused,” that in making there is always this selection,—some vessels, as the old Scripture has it, chosen unto honor, and some unto dishonor, some bits of maple cut away as worthless that the glory of the violin may appear; but this musing made no hopeless hells of despair in my thought, no shadows of eternal death on my hope, for I am certain that God said to himself, in that deep and holy self-communion wherein he determined to make us and such a world as ours, “Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost,” even as sometimes we have charged ourselves unto kindness and justice in some great, severe task unto which we set ourselves. And I am sure that God is true to that obligation, that he is gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost. We are seeing that he is. Our vision will grow clearer; and we shall see that this great loss of death we shrink and fear is but a gain, not even a gathering up of the fragments that nothing be lost, but a moving-on in the centre of the purpose of the creative Love. And we will find that, just as the night veils the face of the day, through which by and by that face breaks smiling, so life shall show a dawn of everlasting glory through the lifting veils of our deaths,—every loss issuing into a gain, every death dawning into a life, every going down unto some going up, as so the seeds descend that the harvest may ascend. What I have lost from one joy shall burn up in another, even as what has not entered into my house goes up to again find the sunshine, and down to again find the soil unto life, as it burns its brief glory upon my hearth. So mused I “as my fire burned.”

Can I make plain this next musing, which was really the first one that came into some philosophizing of life? The wood there going up in flame was a fact,—a fact not simply in my house, but in the universe, not simply in my life, but in God’s life. It was one point of glory in

the history of the wood, in the history of the world. But what a patient working and waiting in the life of God that this glory so brief might appear on my hearth! If what is came out of what was, then the ages conspired and toiled unto the making of that wood, unto the bringing of it and my life together in the brief, bright blaze. Together we blossomed out in our little joy, and then separated to go on into our destinies, which may or may never meet again. Why should it regret the little companionship with me, though it can never be again? Why should I regret its dear flame, though it can never again burn in my happy eyes? We have met and companioned and parted. Let the memory of it be with me, not saddened with any regrets, but just at joy’s full, because it has been so a happy part of my life. Indeed, we could not be at that dear fellowship in its flame but for the fact that we are passing always, and change is an essential part of our natures. Every bit of the wood has been on a pilgrimage from the time it left the heart of God to become a part of his creation. And what a journey if we could have it told us,—a romance our novelists have not yet dreamed, our scientists but dimly guessing, as riding in the chariot of the sunbeams, sailing from the clouds in the crystal shallops of the rain-drops, a mermaid of merriness laughing in the waves of the summer sea; a death in the soil, the darkness of graves experienced; then resurrection, as it became a part of the chestnut-tree, slowly and patiently travelling toward the sun, visited by birds, currents of life flowing in it and building its nature; tragedy again, the axe destroying, saws and planes cutting, sundering the dear companionships that grew up together in the tree,—the part entering into my house to abide the years, the other part coming on my hearth to go up in the flame for my gladness, journeying a very essential part of its becoming anything, and hurrying feet of hail and farewell making the music that sung in the tongues of flame, the brightness of the fire? Could it have paused on my hearth, it could not have been fire. The hurry of its hail and farewell was what made it fire. Down into ashes, some of it, to again some time climb into grasses and trees, to liquefy into dew and be kissed into glory by the beams of the sun, others of it lifting straight toward the sun in the chariot of fire, as of old they say Elijah went. And my journey how great unto the brief trysting-place where this wood and I held pleasant comradeship, and were like ships in the night speaking each other in passing! From God’s heart to my hearthstone what a journey! Could its story be written, God’s secrets were said, and day would dawn out of our troubling ignorance. But who can know? Who say what of these journeys in which my consciousness took its part? What we know is that it was journey, and must be, with many a happy hail and sorrowing farewell eyes, in as brief glory of love as that with which I and the flame on my hearth met, and then hurrying each our own ways, what we call death taking some of the beauty, that blessedness after which I so sorely hunger. Yet why regret the passing away, the change by which we must be and continue? It was a happy, holy hour. To shadow it by my regrets and tears is not to do it the truest honor. I will rather be glad that it was, that it is, in my memory, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and honor it by giving myself up to the joy of the present, burning my dear life’s flame at the best for the happiness of who now is sharing it. Just now it is sacred time of fellowship. Let us be at our best, that God in this moment he patiently planned may be at his best. And that we change and pass we will not be sorrowful; for it is this that makes the joy of the moment, makes us partaker of the glory of the life that is, and is because of its great and generous journeys. To pause just now, the rose would petrify into marble, and were not itself, no more than the effigies of our dead are themselves. Indeed, that pause of the rose were death. Because it hurries, it is its dear charm. We do pause in the photograph, but it has unreplying lips. The flame, if it could have paused on my hearth, would have become a thing of death, a painted show, no reality of its blessed self there at all, just the pathos of what we call death. So, if, when dear eyes looked love into mine, in the dawn when dreams were true and life was holy time, no change in us at all, no passing and journeying on at our growth,—

why, it would just have been death, and not even the love’s sweet memory, as on old tombs they carve some Romeo and Juliet in each other’s arms, lip, perhaps, to lip, and eye glazing at eye,—ah! such were not love, it were not life. Better the dear, passionate kiss, and then the sword of a Capulet or a Montague, than to have life that knows no shaping of passionate, pure lips. Better the rapture of Friar Laurence’s cell, and then the dagger, than never to have answered pure love with pure love.

“ ’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

In order to love, we must lose, as the most constant tune which swelled and filled the winds with sweetness was at the very moment of its fulfilling passing away: one note fulfilled itself and died, that another might take its place and the tune continue to the end.

“Change and decay on all around I see.
O Thou who changeth not, abide with me!”

The One who changeth not cannot abide but for this change and decay which the poet lamented. How could the changeless love by which nature continues to be abide an endless glory of all the summers unless it were true that

“Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the spring runs dry,
One by one beyond recall
Summer flowers droop and die?”

Just that in the change and passing of all he is able to tarry and make the new summers glorious with his presence. What is it I see in the beauty of the rose? Endless pilgrimage, that made its beauty. What is it I hear in the rush of the stream? Pilgrimage, that makes the grace of the rivers. What is it I hear in the gladness of the oriole’s singing? Pilgrimage, that makes its hymn enchanting my heart to praise with it. Everything that is becomes, because its nature is worked out through change and decay. That there are no endless pauses on some present sweet note makes the music of all this wonderful life we experience in nature, makes that marvellous hymn of man which we are, and through the changes rung are becoming sweeter and holier tune of the Divine Heart.

Instead of lamenting this as an evil, instead of thinking that in this fact God is unkind, let us learn that it is indeed a good, that in this fact God is most kind. Life could not be in us and for us but by the fact of change and passing. Love could not be in us and for us but for this fact of change and passing. The constancy we crave is just that these who have passed away from the glory of our eyes, loving them, have gathered into them the deathless, changeless spirit of our love; and in them it is passing up into new glory of living and loving. The constancy we crave is just that this love, whose outward form of loveliness has passed away, has become a part of our nobleness, of a fine nature persisting through all the changes that may befall, and showing itself forth in some tender, new beauty, some new holiness of life. It is fate? Nay: let us not petrify life’s heart by so calling it. Let us have no withered hags spinning out to us the threads of destiny and snapping them with a snarl and hollow laugh. It is the dear necessity of love that love’s life cannot in other ways be lived out and become just

these experiences, which, although passing so swiftly from us, are yet the things we would not exchange for any monotony of petrification in our love and life. The bit of chestnut is gone from my hearth, and I shall never see it again laugh out for me in such a dear flame.

I gone, and never to look again upon its dancing glee; but this is the price we pay for that happy hour, for every holy time of our lives. This is life, and must be; but always has it its seasons of summer. Within, without, there is always a present beauty, a present joy. Life is of worth now, and will be. Whatever of worth in its past, that lives within us as power to work out the new worth in the new day, the new, faithful love in the new comradeship.

“As the fire burned, I mused” that “God is good, and his tender mercies are over all his works,”—not only over all, but in all and through all; that he abides all our experiences and changes, as our inmost life abides all our deaths as our resurrections into newness of life. I mused that his goodness and mercy appear in life, in being, by just the change and decay we sometimes lament,—this change and decay, not the reality, not the meaning, but the glad flame on my hearth, and in my heart the reality, the meaning, present love and present life the reality, and always without an abundance of truth and beauty and love, and always within us God and the dear ones we have loved and lost, to be experienced into greater, truer nature, diviner, more enduring character.

SONNET.

A thousand flowerets of a thousand hues,
Born of the sunset and the early dawn,
Burn in the darker forest, and suffuse
An unimagined brightness o’er the lawn.
These are the days I give my heart in pawn
To thee, O nature, and the world refuse;
These are the days I feel my footsteps drawn
To seek the wayward motions of the muse!
I have not long enough on earth to stay
To lose the joy of one bright summer day;
One quiet day of peace, ah, many a one!
Full of the song of birds and tremulous
With sunshine; let the world seek after us;
The muse and I are wandering with the sun.

—Philip Henry Savage, in *First Poems and Fragments*.

A LETTER OF ELIAS HICKS.

I enclose an exact copy of an “exhibit” used in the celebrated case of “Thomas L. Shotwell, complainant, and Joseph Hendrickson and Stacy Decow, defendants,” in the Court of Chancery of the State of New Jersey, in the year 1823, in a suit to obtain possession of property to be used for religious purposes. This exhibit is a letter from Elias Hicks, the famous Quaker that did for the society of Friends what Dr. Channing did for the Congregationalists of this country, at about the same time, the Friends now being divided into two branches, one known as the “Hicksite,” the other as “orthodox,” the “Hicksites” being Unitarian in their views.

I obtained this copy through the kindness of Mr. William Z. Flitcraft of Woodstown, N.J. Mr. Flitcraft kindly made this copy from the Court Reports of the State of New Jersey, so that there can be no reasonable doubt as to its genuineness and accuracy.

The letter is an argument by Elias Hicks



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in favor of his views, couched in the peculiar language of the society of Friends, but none the less powerful on that account. I think that your readers would enjoy the letter, and I would suggest that you publish it in the *Register*. The underscored words are in Italics in the court report.

GEORGE W. STONE.

From "an authentic report of the testimony in a cause at issue in the Court of Chancery of the State of New Jersey, between Thomas L. Shotwell, complainant, and Joseph Hendrickson and Stacy Decow, defendants.

"Taken pursuant to the rules of the Court, by Jeremiah J. Foster, master and examiner in chancery.

"In two volumes. Vol. II."

[Page 333. Exhibit No. 37. Letter from Elias Hicks to Dr. N. Shoemaker of Philadelphia.]

JERICHO, THIRD-MONTH, 31ST, 1823.

Dear Friend,—Thy acceptable letter of First-month last came duly to hand; but my religious engagements, and other necessary concerns, have prevented my giving it that attention that its contents seem to demand. Thou queries after my views of the suffering of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and what was the object of the shedding of his blood on the cross, and what benefits resulted to mankind by the shedding of this blood, &c. I shall answer in a very simple way, as I consider the whole subject to be a very simple one, as all truth is simple when we free ourselves from the improper bias of tradition and education, which rests as a burdensome stone on the minds of most of the children of men, and which very much mars the unity and harmony of society.

1st. By what means did Jesus suffer? The answer is plain,—by the hands of wicked men, and because his works were righteous, and theirs wicked. Query. Did God send him into the world purposely to suffer death by the hands of wicked men? By no means; but to live a righteous and godly life (which was the design and end of God's creating man in the beginning), and thereby be a perfect example to such of mankind as should come to the knowledge of him and of his perfect life. For, if it was the purpose and will of God that he should die by the hands of wicked men, then the Jews, by crucifying him, would have done God's will, and of course would all have stood justified in his sight, which could not be. But it was permitted so to be, as it had been with many of the prophets and wise and good men that were before him, who suffered death by the hands of wicked men for righteousness' sake, as examples to those that came after that they should account nothing too dear to give up for the truth's sake, not even their own lives.

But the shedding of his blood by the wicked scribes and Pharisees and people of Israel had a particular effect on the Jewish nation, as by this, the topstone and worst of all their crimes, was filled up the measure of their iniquities, and which put an end to that dispensation, together with its law and covenant. That, as John's baptism summed up in one all the previous water baptisms of that dispensation, and put an end to them, which he sealed with his blood, so this sacrifice of the body of Jesus Christ, summed up in one all the outward atoning sacrifices of the shadowy dispensation, and put an end to them all, thereby abolishing the law, having previously fulfilled all its righteousness, and, as saith the apostle, "He blotted out the handwriting of ordinances, nailing them to his cross," having put an end to the law that commanded them, with all its legal sins, and abolished all its legal penalties, so that all the Israelites that believed on him, after he exclaimed on the cross, "It is finished," might abstain from all the rituals of their law, such as circumcision, water baptisms, outward sacrifices, Seventh-day Sabbaths, and all their other holy days, &c., and be blameless; and the legal sins that any were guilty of was now remitted and done away by the abolishment of the law that commanded them, for "where there is no law there is no transgression." But those that did not believe on him, many of them were destroyed by the sword, and the rest were scattered abroad in the earth. But I do not consider that the crucifixion of the outward body of flesh and blood of Jesus on the cross was an atonement for any sins but the legal sins of the Jews; for, as their law was outward, so their legal sins and their penalties were outward, and these could be atoned for by an outward sacrifice. And this last outward sacrifice was a full type of the inward sacrifice that every sinner must make in giving up that sinful life of his own will, in and by which he hath from time to time crucified the innocent life of God in his own soul, and which Paul calls "the old man with his deeds," or "the man of sin and son of perdition," who hath taken God's seat in the heart, and there exalteth itself above all that is called God, or is worshipped, sitting as Judge and Supreme. Now, all this life, power, and will of man must be slain and die on the cross spiritually, as Jesus died on the cross outwardly; and this is the true atonement, which that outward atonement was a clear and full type of.

This the apostle Paul sets forth in a plain manner. Romans vi. 3 and 4: "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead (outwardly) by the glory of the Father, even so we," having by the spiritual baptism witnessed a death to sin, shall know a being raised up spiritually and walk in newness of life.

But the primitive Christian Church having soon after the apostle's days turned away from the true and only sufficient guide, the spirit of truth, that Jesus commanded his disciples to wait for, and not attempt to do anything until they had received it, but assured them that, when they had received it, it would be a complete and sufficient rule, without the addition of any other thing, as it would lead them and guide them in all truth. And to its sufficiency John, the beloved apostle, bore this noble and exalted testimony, in full accordance with his Divine Master, in this emphatic language to his fellow-believers: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you, which is truth and is no lie." But the believers, by too much looking to their old traditions, soon lost sight of or neglected fully to attend, as they ought to have done, to their inward guide, turned their attention outward to the letter, which always killeth those who lean upon it as a rule. Hence the successors of those meek and self-denying followers of the example and commands of Jesus apostatized from the simplicity of the gospel by which the unity was broken, and they soon became divided into sects and parties, and persecuted each other, and invented and promulgated inconsistent and unsound doctrines, such as original sin, certifying that all Adam's offspring was condemned to eternal punishment for one misstep of our first parents; for they don't appear to have been guilty of but one failure, and that, it appears, they made satisfaction for at the time of their first arraignment by their benevolent Creator, manifesting sorrow and repentance, which seems to be fairly implied by the sequel of the interview between them; for it is said he clothed them with coats of skin, to hide their nakedness, which is an emblem of durable clothing; and, as their nakedness was not an outward one, but a nakedness of soul, not being able to conceal their sin from the all-penetrating eye of Divine Justice, so when he had brought them, through conviction, to see their error and repent of it, he was reconciled to them, and clothed them again with his Holy Spirit.

And, inasmuch as those idle promulgators of original sin believe they are made sinners, without their consent or knowledge, which, according to the nature and reason of things, every rational mind must see is impossible, so likewise they are idle and ignorant enough to believe they are made righteous without their consent or knowledge by the righteousness of one who lived on the earth near two thousand years before they had an existence, and this by the cruel hands of wicked men slaying an innocent and righteous one; and these are bold and daring enough to lay this cruel and unholy act in the charge of Divine Justice, as having purposely ordained it to be so. But what an outrage it is against every righteous law of God and man, as the Scriptures abundantly testify! See Exodus c. 23, v. 7, "Keep thee far from a false matter, and the innocent and righteous slay thou not; for I will not justify the wicked." Deuteronomy c. 27, v. 26, "Cursed be he that taketh reward to slay an innocent person"; and much might be produced to show the wickedness and absurdity of the doctrine, that would accuse the perfectly just, all-wise, and merciful Jehovah of so barbarous and cruel an act as that of slaying his innocent and righteous Son, to atone for the sins and iniquities of the ungodly.

Surely, is it possible that any rational being, that has any right sense of justice or mercy, that would be willing to accept forgiveness of sins on such terms!!! Would he not rather go forward and offer himself wholly up to suffer all the penalties due to his crimes rather than the innocent should suffer? Nay, was he so hardy as to acknowledge a willingness to be saved through such a medium, would it not prove that he stood in direct opposition to every principle of justice and honesty, of mercy and love, and show himself to be a poor selfish creature, and unworthy of notice!!!

Having given thee a sketch of my views on the subject of thy queries, how far thou may consider them correct, I must leave to thy judgment and consideration; and may now recommend thee to shake off all traditional views that thou hast imbibed from external evidences, and turn thy mind to the light within, as thy only true teacher: wait patiently for its instruction, and it will teach thee more than men or books can do; and lead thee to a clearer sight and sense of what thou desirest to know than I have words clearly to convey it to thee in. That this may be thy experience is my sincere desire; and, with love to thyself and family, I conclude.

Thy affectionate friend,

ELIAS HICKS,

DR. N. SHOEMAKER,

Literature.

A SYSTEM OF LUCID SHORTHAND. Devised by William George Spencer, with a Prefatory Note by Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It seems odd enough that Mr. Herbert Spencer should have been lured into the publication of this system of shorthand invented by his father more than fifty years ago. It would seem somewhat like a reflection upon his own doctrine of evolution, for this is a case of stenographic atavism. In the last fifty years shorthand has made decided progress,—too much progress to make the reversion to an untried private system a safe one. The history of this book is curious. The manuscript, as it is here given, was completed by Mr. Herbert Spencer fifty years ago. The system was invented some ten years before by his father. It is not merely as a memorial of his father that this filial duty is carried out. It is not simply as a bit of stenographic history that it is given to the world. "Let me explain," says Mr. Spencer, "why I am anxious that this system should not be lost. It is not merely as a better shorthand that preservation of it is important. Existing short-hands serve very well,—especially, phonography. Save in respect that it keeps the line, the lucid shorthand has no advantage over phonography for reporting and kindred purposes. Nor is it that I am prompted merely by filial feeling to rescue from oblivion a work on which my father bestowed so much time and labor. The action I now take in the matter results from the conviction long since formed, and still unshaken, that the lucid shorthand ought to replace ordinary writing." The italics are Mr. Spencer's. This was once the dream of the inventor of phonography, and it has perhaps been more nearly realized by that system than any other. But phonographers have pretty well given up the idea of displacing the ordinary writing, and are using shorthand mainly for the purpose for which it was needed,—that of making verbatim reports of speeches and for amanuensis work. Mr. Spencer seems altogether to have overlooked one invention which renders the substitution of "Lucid Shorthand" for ordinary writing far less probable to-day than it was fifty years ago. We mean the introduction of the typewriter. It is now possible to write at the rate of seventy-five to ninety words a minute on the typewriter, and to have a text as perfectly legible as print. It is doubtful if those who should be deluded into taking up Mr. Spencer's system of lucid shorthand would be able to write it much faster without sacrificing the legibility claimed for it. There are other objections to this system. One of them is that the arbitrary characters are very arbitrary, and some of them hard to make. The system is not worked out with sufficient detail and with enough exercises to enable many to attain a practical mastery of it.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MINISTERIAL POWER. The Carew Lectures for 1895, Hartford Theological Seminary. By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. Hartford, Conn.: Hartford Seminary Press.—The expression of these lectures falls far below the level of their intrinsic quality. It is scholastic in the extreme, as if the lecturer were afraid that he might not appear sufficiently learned to the young theologians of the Hartford Theological School. The first lecture makes very little headway, but comes to a good conclusion with the concluding sentence of Jowett's essay on "The Interpretation of the Scriptures" in the famous "Essays and Reviews." A second lecture treats of physical and mental qualifications for the ministry, and contains some excellent warnings and suggestions. Experiential and devotional qualifications are next considered, then social and pastoral, next liturgical and homiletical, and, finally, theological and ecclesiastical. In the last chapter a passage on the neglect of certain truths is full of interest. It is said of the Fatherhood of God, "This truth, supreme in the estimation of Jesus, has for centuries remained in comparative obscurity," and then follows this significant quotation: "One is aghast to discover that the doctrine which Jesus put in the forefront of his teaching did not leave a trace on the dominant theology of the early Church, and for long centuries passed out of the Christian consciousness. Had it not been for the Lord's Prayer, and in a sense the three creeds, no witness had been left for the Fatherhood in Christian doctrine and worship. The Anglican communion has thirty-nine articles, with one on oaths, one on the descent into hell, one on the marriage of priests, one on how to avoid people who are excommunicate, and not one on the Fatherhood. The Presbyterian communion has a confession with thirty-three chapters, which deal in a trenchant manner with great mysteries; but there is no one expounding the Fatherhood of God." In the next following paragraph it would be interesting to know just exactly what Dr. Hall means when he says that "the expectation of our Lord's return—that thought which dominated the Apostolic Church, that hope which was the 'master-light of all its seeing'—is being reinstated in the Christian consciousness after cen-

turies of practical effacement." Surely, the learned lecturer must know that the New Testament expectation had reference to an event in the immediate future which never came to pass. But the whole book is tragical with the suggestion of a half-emancipated mind, like Milton's

"tawny lion, pawing to get free His hinder parts."

FIRST POEMS AND FRAGMENTS. By Philip Henry Savage. Boston: Copeland & Day.—The suspicion that Copeland & Day are nothing if not eccentric in the manner of their making of books gets a notable rebuke from the appearance of Mr. Savage's "First Poems." It could not be more simple and refined. "In russet clad, every particular of print and paper is a pleasure to the eye and well suited to the volume's spiritual significance. Mr. Savage has not written in the hope or expectation of attracting wide attention. He is a nature-poet; and the nature-poets, as such, condemn themselves to an audience reversing the proverbial "fit, though few." Even those who love nature with a sincere and great affection are not always attracted to her image in the poet's glass, or their devotion to Wordsworth or Emerson makes them indifferent to every later vision. Mr. Savage's is that of a man whose admiration for the aspects of the natural world is wholly sound and sweet. Clearly, he is not one who thinks it a nice thing to write poems about nature, and therefore says: "Go to! I will do it." Clearly, he was a lover of nature before he took to verse. And the main pleasure in reading these poems is that of holding one's ear close to a heart that beats in loving unison with natural sights and sounds. Here are poems written as with the eye on the object, so realistic is the touch, and others more suggestive of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," wherein the object turns into a symbol of some spiritual relation. Meantime, Mr. Savage is as objective to himself as any natural appearance. He not only enjoys the natural vision, but he enjoys himself as so enjoying. All through his book there runs a note of self-approval, self-caressing, because of his preference to natural beauty and suggestion to the gauds which most men seek; and this note is so genuine, so unaffected, that it gives the book another very real charm. In a time when, with so many poets,

"The form, the form alone, is eloquent,"

it is refreshing to come upon a man the substance of whose poetry is superior to his formal workmanship. It is so in the case of Mr. Savage. Here and there he might have filed his line a little more to good advantage; and sometimes the distinction between what is homely, and therefore the true stuff of poetry, and what is matter of fact, and therefore to be put aside, is not carefully observed. It is more difficult to name particular poems for special commendation because none of them are named by the author. But it is in such poems as that numbered ten that we find Mr. Savage at his best, and there are many such between the covers of his sincere and thoughtful book. "First Poems"—name and thing—has a prophetic intimation, which we trust the times to come will happily fulfill.

UN-AMERICAN IMMIGRATION: ITS PRESENT EFFECTS AND FUTURE PERILS. A Study from the Census of 1890. By Rena Michaelis Atchison, Ph.D., with an introduction by Rev. Joseph Cook. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.25.—The author of this book is a lady who has given much attention to sociological discussion, and the structure of this book shows a good deal of



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hard work. But the outcome is not wholly satisfactory. Foreign governments are resenting the charge that they sent either their paupers or their criminals to this country. In regard to criminals there is no doubt that the most important of European governments are trying to settle the problems of criminality upon their own soil. There is more ground for the assumption that paupers have been assisted to this country, as nothing is more natural than that the poor in foreign countries should hope to better their condition by coming to a land where labor is better paid and food abundant. The importation of emigrants by contractors has been one of the worst features of the emigration problem. The facts and statistics bearing on the subject of emigration are presented in various aspects in this volume. But the suggestions the writer has to offer for the restriction of emigration will have little practical result. The author would not exclude any particular race or people. She would admit the worthy and exclude the unfit, but this is the most difficult thing to carry out. She proposes that no emigrant should be allowed to land who cannot read and write his native language, and who has not money enough to prevent him from being a burden to the State for a period of six months. She would extend the time for naturalization, require immigrants to declare on landing their intention or non-intention to become citizens.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. Together with an Interlinear Literal Translation of the Greek Text of Stephens, 1550, with the Authorized Version, and with Various Readings. By J. P. MacLean, Ph.D. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company.—This book strikes us as being probably among the first-fruits of a scholarship still largely in the making. If it is only the expansion of a thesis originally presented for a doctorate, it may be looked upon as giving good promise for the future. If it is a product of maturity, and not of youth, its publication would seem to have been superfluous. As a guide to the present attitude of scholarship with reference to the mooted questions of the Johannine literature, it is imperfect and unsatisfactory. It doubtless did the author good to write the book; but the scholar needs something more complete, and the learner something at the same time more impartial and more accurate. The errors may be chargeable in part to the printer, provided he did not give the author sufficient opportunity to scrutinize the proof-sheets. Apart from the contents, the English style is that of a very unskilful writer. This, however, is a matter of secondary importance in such a work, albeit good speech is always preferable to poor.

MASTER WILBERFORCE. By "Rita." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This is the history of a young man who was not "brought up," but "left to develop"; and this development is traced from infancy up through the period of his first love affair, with its tragic termination. At the age of three this remarkable infant began dieting himself on hygienic principles. He learned his letters by heart in a single lesson, and then stopped the praises of his nurse with fine contempt, saying: "I only remember them. I don't know them." Fortunately, he is less unusual as a young man than as a child; and his love affair is not without interest. The book, while not remarkable in any way except for the precocity of its hero, is a good average summer novel, burdened by no peculiar notions about the modern woman, and wholesome in its influence, so far as it will have any.

THE VEILED DOCTOR. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. New York: Harper's.—Miss Davis gives us a sad book in this study of an unhappy marriage and its strange ending. The frivolity of the youthful wife and the sternness of the husband, set in the quietness of a sleepy old town, "where the brooding quiet muffles every pulse of modern life," are well drawn, and awaken understanding with the successive phases of their misunderstandings. Miss Davis follows Hawthorne in her main idea; and the climax of her book, as of "The Minister's Black Veil," comes in the persistent determination of the man to keep the veil from displacement, even in his death struggles, and to let no mortal see again the face that he had once shrouded from sight. The death scene is one that will not be forgotten easily.

OUR WESTERN ARCHIPELAGO. By Henry M. Field. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.—The veteran editor of the *Evangelist*, Dr. Field, adds another to his many books of travel, this time describing scenes and experiences in our own country. Beginning with an interesting chapter on "The Canadian Pacific Railroad," he takes us with him through Winnipeg and British Columbia, Alaska with its glaciers and islands, and back through Washington, Montana, and the Yellowstone Park. His companion on the trip was his niece, introduced to us as the youngest of his household. While one cannot place this book by

the side of "The Barbary Coast," for interest, it is yet fresh and animated description, showing that the traveller loses none of his enjoyment in visiting new places.

THE PLATED CITY. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.—Mr. Perry's book is of unusual interest, as the minor novels go,—first for the cleverly worked out plot, the well-drawn characters, and the uncommon situations, and then for its keen study of social conditions in a small manufacturing town. The color question is skillfully handled; and the disagreeable or painful experiences which one instinctively expects to find in a book of which this is an element are, if not eliminated, yet so skilfully managed as to arouse thought without undue exaggeration. Mr. Perry is one of our most enjoyable writers of current fiction; and his books are wholesome, bright, and stimulating.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This account of naval cadets and their adventures will prove no less entertaining to boys than the other books by Mr. Henderson; and it is a clean, wholesome story, less tinged with exaggeration than most books of its class. The search of these friends for a runaway, and the complications that arose after the enlistment of one with the Brazilian insurgents, form the main plot of the story. The writer has made the most out of the events in the harbor of Rio about a year and a half ago, when the White Squadron enforced respect for the American flag.

MEDITATIONS IN MOTLEY. By Walter Blackburn Harte. Boston: The Arena Publishing Company.—The meditative, gently satirical essay will always be in favor with lovers of good literature; and Mr. Harte's endowments for success in this sort of writing are not few. The very titles of this bundle of papers, "imbued with the sobriety of midnight," are tempting, as when he writes of "The Satisfaction of Prejudice," "Jacobitism in Boston," "About Critics and Criticism," etc.; and he treats his subjects with charming egotism and decided originality. They have received much praise from English reviewers.

Literary Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue in the fall a volume containing the last poems of James Russell Lowell. The same firm announces a one-volume edition of Robert Browning.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which is to appear in the *Century* during the coming year, beginning with November, is called "Sir George Tressady." The world to which its readers will be introduced is partly industrial and partly that of the English country house. It is understood that several characters of a former novel will reappear.

"The Proceedings of the Minneapolis and Cleveland Conferences for Good City Government" will be published by the National Municipal League about the middle of September. These papers treat of the municipal conditions of the leading American cities North, South, East, and West, and deal with the prominent features of the movement for municipal reform. The price will be \$1.50 for the cloth-bound, \$1.25 for the paper-bound edition. Orders may be sent to the National Municipal League, 514 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Books Received.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Twice-told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Riverside Literature Series. Price 60 cents. The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. With Accompanying Papers. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Riverside Literature Series. Price 50 cents. From Copeland & Day, Boston. Robert Louis Stevenson. An Elegy, and Other Poems, mainly Personal. By Richard Le Gallienne. Price \$1.25. From Macmillan & Co., New York. Passages of the Bible chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest. By J. G. Frazer. Price \$2.00. Grania. The Story of an Island. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Price 50 cents. From Harper & Brothers, New York. The Money we need. A Short Primer on Money and Currency. By Henry Loomis Nelson. Harper's Book of Facts. A Classified History of the World, embracing Science, Literature, and Art. Compiled by Joseph H. Willsey. Edited by Charlton T. Lewis. Price \$8.00. (Sold by Walter S. Bigelow, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.) From D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Mottos and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother-play. By Henrietta R. Elliot. From the American Book Company, New York. Psychology in Education. By Ruric N. Roark. Webster's Academic Dictionary. New Edition. Price \$1.50. Pupils' Outline Studies in the History of the United States. By Francis H. White. From Funk & Wagnall Company, New York. The People's Bible. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Pretty Phyllis Gray. A Beautiful Song and Chorus. Words and music by Harry Moore. Save me, O God. Sacred Song. Words by Sweet Mollie Dell. Waltz Song and Chorus. Words by John T. Rafferty. Music by Alice C. Rafferty. Be Good, Sweet Maid. Words by C. Kingsley. Music by Otto Santor. Mission of a Rose. Song. Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.

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Toronto Week.—The ideas are so simply and so strikingly expressed that it is a pleasure to read it from cover to cover. The author strikes us as having eyes to see.

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The Home.

MAN IN NATURE.

Climbing up the hillside beneath the summer stars,
I listen to the murmur of the drowsy, ebbing sea;
The newly risen moon has loosed her silver zone
On the undulating waters where the ships are
sailing free.

O moon, and O stars, and O drowsy summer sea,
Drawing thy tide from the city up the bay,
I know how you will look and what your bounds
must be,
When we and our sons have forever passed away.

You shall not change, but a nobler race of men
Shall walk beneath the stars and wander by the
shore;
I cannot guess their glory, but I think the sky and
sea
Will bring to them more gladness than they brought
to us of yore.

—William Roscoe Thayer.

For the Christian Register.

A DAY WITHOUT MAMMA.

BY ELIZABETH M. CHAPIN.

Things never would have happened so under mamma's administration. But mamma was away. Uncle Tom came for her that morning, for dear Grandma Armstrong was sick. Mamma turned very pale when she heard it; and Uncle Tom kissed her, and called her "poor little Maidsie," in a way which Master Donald considered quite frivolous in a man as old as his Uncle Tom.

"Be good children," called mamma, as she drove out of the yard, looking back at the three faces flattened against the window-pane. "Mind Mary, and don't tease Baby Fred."

"Yes'm, yes'm," chorused the children. They watched the carriage receding in the rain, till a bend in the street hid it from sight. Then they clambered down from the window-seat.

"Will Grandma Armstrong die?" asked Ethel, in an awe-struck voice.

"Like's not," returned Mary. "She's an old lady, an' she ain't been a mite well lately."

"Does it feel good to die?" pursued Ethel. "Do people go right straight to heaven?"

"Dear knows! I don't," Mary replied brusquely. "Now I've got to go down to the laundry to finish the washing I began yesterday. You play prettily together till I come back. I won't be gone long."

Donald had stood for the last few minutes, his hands in his pockets, staring at the carpet. He looked up when the door slammed after Mary. "I have an i-de-a," he said slowly. Donald was fond of large words, and pronounced them with solemn impressiveness, distributing the accent evenly on all the syllables. Leaving the room, he soon reappeared with a small box, the contents of which he emptied on the floor,—big buttons and small buttons, round buttons and flat buttons, buttons of all sizes, colors, and descriptions.

"Pwity, pwity!" murmured Baby Fred, admiringly.

"Will mamma like it?" Ethel ventured.

"She never said we mustn't," said Donald, quickly. "Now I'll tell you the game. These are to be our soldiers. I am an emperor, and this rug is my ter-ri-to-ry. You must live over on the mat next the door, and I will come and subdue your forces."

Ethel looked distressed; but she was so used to having her forces subdued, in one way or another, by Donald, that she made no verbal objection. And her little heart overflowed with gratitude, when he offered her her choice of the buttons. She formed a company of cut-glass buttons, another of round gold-dust buttons, and then carefully selected the prettiest of the odd ones.

"Those can be your mi-li-tia," suggested Donald.

"I've picked out all the nice ones," said Ethel, with a qualm of conscience. "Wouldn't you like some 'litia, too?"

"I don't mind. Men don't care much for looks, you know. This is the way we'll fight. You have to snap the buttons at each other. If you tick 'em, it don't amount to anything; if you send 'em aways, they have to retire from the field of battle; and, if you tip 'em over, they're mortally wounded. Now you take your men over to the mat, and I will come and invade your ter-ri-to-ry."

The campaign was a brilliant one, dis-

playing much generalship on the part of Master Donald. He led his army across the burning desert with forced marches, leaving here and there a shoe-button, which he said sickened and died on the way. In the dead of night, by means of a pontoon bridge, he marched his troops over the swollen river,—a black stripe in the carpet,—and made an unexpected attack on Ethel's army, taking her entirely by surprise. A bloody engagement ensued.

Ethel found herself somewhat at a disadvantage; for her soldiers, being selected mainly from the point of beauty, were easily killed,—that is to say, turned over,—while Donald's big agate buttons no strength of hers could budge an inch. She could not help shedding a few tears when her gold-dust general received a mortal wound, but for the most part the game was a happy one. Even Baby Fred contributed to his brother's and sister's pleasure. They chose to regard him now as a neutral nation, now as an envoy, but most often as a destructive cyclone.

The children were still playing when Mary returned. "Mercy me!" she cried, glancing at the clock. "Who'd have dreamed it was so late! Well, your luncheon is all on the table; and the sooner you eat it, the better."

"Goody!" cried Ethel. "Aren't you glad, Donald? I'm so hungry."

"We'll finish after lunch," assented Donald. "What have you got to eat, Mary? We always have creamed crullers when mother's away, if we're good."

"I couldn't fuss to whip cream," said Mary. She was tired and cross. "Bread and milk and baked apples and sponge cake is a good enough lunch for any one. I know some little boys and girls that would think it a feast."

She led the way into the dining-room, and saw the children in their places and Baby Fred muffled in his bib. Then she left to "tidy up" the nursery.

"I think I've got another idea," said Donald. He broke up his bread into bits of various sizes, and named them as he dropped them one by one into his milk. "This is mackerel, this is a cod, this large one is a whale, and all the long brown crusts will be hungry sharks. We'll go fishing: only let's shut our eyes, so it will be a surprise what we get."

Ethel and Baby Fred followed their brother's example.

"Mine are all whales," shouted baby, delightedly, squeezing his eyes tightly together, and stirring the whales so vigorously with his spoon that milk splashed out of his dish far and wide.

When the milky oceans were fished dry, the children helped themselves to a sponge cup-cake each, and sat munching dreamily. A beam of golden sunshine suddenly darted across the floor, and stood dancing on the wall.

"It's just the color of this cake," cried Ethel. "I'm so glad it's cleared off. Now we can go out in the garden to play this afternoon."

"After we've finished our game," said Donald. "I'm through. Come on, children."

Donald stopped on the nursery threshold, wrath and indignation in his eyes. "What have you done with our troops?" he demanded.

Whish, whish, went Mary's broom. "I put them back in the bureau drawer," she said, "where they belong, and where they'll stay for one while. Now you all put on your hats and go out of doors. I can't be bothered while I'm sweeping."

Ethel and Baby Fred trotted off gayly. Donald followed at a slower pace, plotting in his naughty little brain how he might best pay Mary for capturing his soldiers.

"Say, children," he said, when he reached the corner of the garden where the others were busily spading a little plot of ground that they called their flower-bed, "if you'd like to go to the circus this afternoon, I'll take you with the new silver dollar Uncle Tom gave me on my birthday."

"Isn't that splendid, baby?" exclaimed Ethel, hopping up and down. "You're real good, Donald. But how will Mary?"

"She said she wanted us out of the way," retorted Donald, his eyes flashing; "and I suppose the outer of the way we are, the better she will like it."

However, Donald took great care that Mary's sharp eyes should not spy them as they went away; and the children made a very quiet exit into the street through a

broken place in the hedge. "It's nearer this way," Donald explained, "and it's getting late."

As the three approached the centre of the village, the sidewalks grew more and more crowded and more and more thickly fringed with carriages. Riders galloped up and down the street on horseback, scattering yellow posters. Rough men and coarse-faced women jostled eagerly against each other. Clerks were gathered about the shop doors, making audible and sneering comments on the passers-by. Baby Fred, pushed this way and that, began to whimper.

"Take his hand, Ethel," commanded Donald, peremptorily, seizing the other himself. "Don't cry, baby! We're most there."

How the children managed, in that swaying jam of people, to cross the street and the circus-grounds to the tent is more than I can tell. But they certainly reached there, with no further mishap than the loss of Ethel's hat and a zigzag rent in the front of Baby Fred's embroidered white dress.

"These two," said Donald to the doorkeeper, ringing down his silver dollar, as he had often seen his father do, and waving his hand toward the younger children.

The doorkeeper eyed the small group quizzically. So did a benevolent, white-haired old gentleman just behind. "Gramp's takin' the kids to the circus," said the doorkeeper to himself, and handed Donald the tickets. "Evidently, they're known here," thought the benevolent old gentleman. "Belong to the troop, perhaps. Bright looking children! It's too bad, too bad." However, he followed them so closely that the man who took the tickets made the same mistake that the doorkeeper had done before.

Once inside the menagerie tent, Donald's uneasy conscience subsided; and he forgot everything but the happiness at hand. How could he help it? Here in front of him were all the animals he had ever pored over in the back part of the dictionary, many of them endeared by myth and history. True, Androclus's lion looked rather sleepy; and there was a peculiar and not altogether satisfactory odor about Hannibal's elephants. Still, if the tent were suddenly transformed to an arena, doubtless they would display many of their ancient virtues. And Donald pictured to himself, with much inward complacency, how the large man in front, who had just been standing on Ethel's toes, and who turned around with an oath at her brother's remonstrance, would look, with both arms torn off, slowly munched by a Bengal tiger.

To the other children, however, the long array of cages grew monotonous. "I wish that wolf would stop whirling round so," said Ethel at last, with white lips, clinging to the limit rope for support. "He makes me so dizzy."

"We'd better go into the other tent now," Donald hastened to say, wise from previous experience with Ethel's white lips.

But Baby Fred, who had planted himself before the sea-lions' cage in front, refused to budge one way or the other. And, when at last Donald bore him off by main force, his lips quivered and his brown eyes filled with tears. "Wahn' see—sea-li-ons—some—mo—ah," he sobbed piteously.

"Sh, sh!" said Donald. "You can see those another time. It's lots nicer in the other tent."

The children found themselves places on the lowest tier of seats in front of the central ring, and stared about them in open-eyed wonder. To them it was a scene in fairy-land; and what but fairies could be those dainty little creatures, all in gauze and star-bespangled, that danced so merrily on the backs of the strong horses, and jumped all unharmed through hoops of burning flame?

"It's so nice," sighed Ethel, nestling close to her brother. "Too good to be real. Perhaps we're all asleep."

"I might pinch you," suggested Donald. Ethel shook her head hastily.

The afternoon passed only too soon. The fairies became English sporting ladies, who, in turn, were shifted to fat clowns, and then to bright little black-and-tans.

"Is it all over?" asked Ethel, as the ringmaster shouted something about the evening exhibition, and the people began to leave.

"Yes," said Donald, hurriedly; "and we must get out as quick as we can."

The tardy conscience, or, perhaps, a hitherto latent fear of consequences, was awake now. Donald pushed his way eagerly on toward the door, only thinking that he would better reach home before his father returned from the bank. But just at the entrance he found himself abruptly hugged and kissed.

"Donald! Donald Gray!" cried his mother's voice. "And where are the others?"

Donald looked back, glad to turn from his father's grave face. There was Ethel pushing her way heroically between a very lank man and a very fat woman, but Baby Fred—

"Ethel," he called, "where's baby?"

"Isn't he with you?" asked Ethel, surprised. "I haven't seen him since I started."

Mrs. Gray faced her husband. "Fred-eric," she said, "my baby is lost!"

Back they hurried in the face of the crowd. Had any one seen a baby, a little, yellow-haired two-year-old, in a Swiss embroidered dress and a red fez cap? Every one looked interested and sorry, but no one had seen him. Mrs. Gray's face grew white with each successive step; but she only walked the more firmly, and clasped the more tightly by the hand the children that were yet hers. Donald's face looked like his mother's, white and determined.

"Papa," he said in a hard-set voice, "we'll look here, and you go into the menagerie tent."

"Why didn't I think of that before?" said Mr. Gray. "No, dear: Donald is right. You must stay and look here." He hoped she did not know the awful fear that came to him at Donald's words.

"Frederic," said mamma, "can it make much difference? I must be the first to find him,—my precious baby,—even if"—

They all went into the menagerie tent together.

The keepers shook their heads at the mother's question. No, they hadn't seen him. They would have known if there had been an accident, but children were sometimes stolen.

The tent was almost empty now, but there was no glimpse of the little wayward figure that would have been so precious to the eyes that searched. Relieved, though heartsick, Mrs. Gray turned back.

"I can see something white over there," said Donald, suddenly; and, wrenching his hand from his mother's grasp, he ran across the tent. The others followed.

Yes, there, curled up in the straw in front of the sea-lions' cage, lay Baby Fred, fast asleep, with a happy smile on his very dirty face.

Mrs. Gray lifted him gently in her arms. "Tired little man! We won't wake him," she said.

The motion opened Baby Fred's brown eyes. "Wahn' see sea-lions s'moah," he said drowsily, and dropped to sleep again.

"No, Frederic, I'm not tired; and I want to carry him,—mother's little, little baby! We'll all go home now. Thank God!—all!"

"Donald must be severely punished," said his father that night, after the children had gone to bed.

As he spoke, the door opened; and a little figure, clad all in white, marched slowly into the room.

"I have come to the con-clu-sion," said Donald, gravely, "that I will never take the children to the circus again."

"Little rascal!" muttered his father.

But Mrs. Gray, thinking of how some time her little ones might be motherless, even as she was motherless and heartsick now, felt very tender toward all delinquencies. She put her hand on Donald's head,



and turned the wise little face up toward her own.

"Donald has hurt mamma very much," she said.

Ethel would have burst into repentant tears, but Donald only compressed his lips.

"I was bad," he said, in a judging voice, and left the room.

THE BLACK SATIN FAN.

"Grandma, won't you lend me your black satin fan?" asked Elsie, putting her head in at the open door of grandma's bedroom, where the old lady sat at her desk.

"I want to dress up in Aunt Mary's shawl and hat, and play I'm a lady going to make calls. I've got a parasol; but I must have a fan, you know."

"I'm afraid you might break the fan, my dear," said grandma; "and I value it very highly."

"Oh, no, I won't break it, grandma," pleaded Elsie. "I'll be so careful, and I can't play without a fan."

"Well, you may take it, then; but be sure you don't break it, and bring it back as soon as you are through using it," said grandma, who felt sorry for Elsie because she had no little brothers and sisters, and was obliged to play alone most of the time. They lived a long distance from neighbors, and those who were nearest had no children of Elsie's age.

Elsie ran out with the fan, and put on the hat and shawl she had borrowed from Aunt Mary. The parasol was her own, a recent gift from grandma.

Elsie felt much pleased with herself as she walked up and down the garden paths, fanning herself gently, just as she had seen Aunt Mary do. She pretended that she had friends at the dog-kennel, the chicken-house, and the rabbit-hutch, and held long conversations with imaginary ladies. The arbor was the last place at which she called; and, when she entered it, she heard such a twittering overhead that she forgot everything else in her curiosity to see the nest she was sure some sparrows had built in the vines. She laid the parasol and fan on the bench, and then sprang on it herself, and began to part and shake the vines, which had crept through the wide lattice and grown thickly over the inside. The twittering stopped at once, and at the second shake two sparrows darted out almost into Elsie's face.

Startled, she stepped back quickly, tripped upon the parasol, and came down with a crash upon the bench, the fan under her.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "I believe I've broken grandma's fan."

And she had. Two of the sticks had snapped, and the satin part of the fan hung over limply when opened. When the fan was closed, the broken sticks did not show. Elsie cried softly, and felt very unhappy. How could she tell grandma what had happened? And she had promised to be so very careful. After thinking it over a long time, she decided that she *couldn't* tell. Perhaps grandma wouldn't use the fan for a long time; and when she did, and discovered that it was broken, she might, perhaps, have forgotten that she had ever loaned it. She might think it had been broken in shutting the drawer.

Elsie, feeling very guilty, went quietly into the house, and listened at the door of the sitting-room. She heard her mother and grandmother talking together, and so was sure she could go into grandma's room and put the fan away without being seen.

She laid it away in its long, narrow box, and then hurried out. She didn't venture to go into the sitting-room, for she didn't want to see any one just then. She went upstairs to her own little room on the second floor, and played with her paper dolls until supper time.

Once her mother looked in on her way to her own room.

"You're very quiet this afternoon, it seems to me, Elsie," she said.

"I'm playing with my paper dolls," answered Elsie, not turning her head. She didn't want her mother to see her face; for she felt very guilty, and she knew it showed in her face.

"Did you put my fan away, Elsie?" asked grandma at supper.

"Yes'm," answered Elsie, keeping her eyes on her bowl of bread and milk.

Grandma asked no further questions, but that one had been enough to take away Elsie's appetite. She could not eat more than half the bread and milk which was in the bowl, and, to her mother's surprise, did not want any cake.

"I hope you're not going to be sick, Elsie," said Mrs. Bond.

Elsie shook her head. "No'm," she answered in a low voice.

"I think she has been playing too hard," said Aunt Mary. "Elsie is a regular romp."

"She is grandma's own dear little girl," said her grandmother; and Elsie felt more unhappy at the praise than she would have been, had she been scolded.

Several weeks passed, and Elsie had almost forgotten about the broken fan, when one afternoon the minister, his wife, and four children came to tea. Elsie had on her best white frock, her new slippers, and the string of silver beads which grandma had given her on her birthday; and of course she was on her best behavior.

She took the minister's four children out into the garden, picked them some flowers, showed them the rabbits and pigeons, and played hide and seek in the big orchard.

All three of the minister's little girls screamed and cried when, in hiding down by the hedge, Elsie stepped on a snake. But Elsie didn't cry or scream at all. She just picked up a stick, ran after the snake, which was crawling away as fast as it could, and killed it with several sharp blows.

"You're brave," said the minister's son, a boy of twelve, who came running up to find out what all the fuss was about. "I hate a coward. What's the use of being afraid of a little garter snake? I knew a boy once who use to catch garter snakes and hang them around his neck."

His little sisters looked horrified. They said they couldn't help being afraid of snakes, and they wouldn't play hide and seek any more.

Elsie felt proud and pleased because Oscar had called her brave. They all marched to the house, Oscar carrying the dead snake over a stick.

They had just finished telling of Elsie's bravery, when Grandma Bond came into the parlor, her black satin fan in one hand. She sat down and opened it. The afternoon was quite warm.

"Why, mother," said Elsie's mamma, "you've broken your fan."

Grandma looked sorely distressed.

"Susan must have broken it in some way," she said. "I sent her into my room after it. Perhaps she let it fall, and stepped on it."

Susan was the chambermaid. She had been Elsie's nurse, and Elsie loved her dearly.

She stood up, trembling from head to foot; but she spoke out in a clear voice.

"No, grandma," she said, "Susan didn't break it. I broke it the day I was playing I was a lady, and I didn't like to tell you."

Then she sat down, and covered her face with her hands. Every one was looking at her. She felt sure the minister's wife wouldn't want her to play any more with Oscar and his little sisters.

Then she felt her grandma's arms around her, and heard the minister say, "I think the child very brave to confess her fault before us all."

"Yes, that was braver than killing the snake," said Oscar.

"She has moral courage," said the minister's wife.

Elsie cried a good deal, but she was glad she had told the truth. She was unhappy only because she was ashamed of not having made the confession long before.

"It would have been easier," she thought. "Next time I break anything, I will tell about it at once. It makes it harder and harder to put it off."

"I'm glad you're not a coward, Elsie," her mother said.

"But weren't you dreadfully ashamed of me, mamma, when you heard me tell before all those people about breaking grandma's fan?"

"I would have been ashamed of you if you hadn't told," her mother answered.

Grandma sent the fan to the city, and had it mended. It came back as strong as ever. But Elsie never borrowed it again.—*Florence Hallowell Hoyt, in the Standard.*

A BRAVE MOUSE.

I met a little mouse on my travels the other day that interested me. He was on his travels also, and we met in the middle of a mountain lake. I was casting my fly there, when I saw just sketched or etched upon the glassy surface a delicate V-shaped figure, the point of which reached above the middle of the lake, while the two sides as they diverged faded out toward the shore. I saw the point of this V was being slowly pushed toward the opposite shore. I drew near in my boat, and beheld a little mouse swimming vigorously for the opposite shore. His little legs appeared like swiftly revolving wheels beneath him. As I came near, he dived under the water to escape me, but came up again like a cork, and just as quickly. It was laughable to see him repeatedly duck beneath the surface and pop back again in a twinkling. He could not keep under water more than a second or two. Presently I reached him my oar, when he ran up it and into the palm of my hand, where he sat for some time and arranged his fur and warmed himself. He did not show the slightest fear. It was probably the first time he had ever shaken hands with a human being. He was what we call a meadow mouse; but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods, and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight!

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat, and resumed my fishing. But it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat, and peer down into the water. Finally, he could brook the delay no longer, and plunged boldly overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—*From Little Nature Studies.*

HE TRUSTED THE BOY.

Bishop Clark of Rhode Island recalls a story connected with Bishop Wilmer's visit to Boston in attendance upon the General Convention.

One morning he stepped into a shop in Washington Street, and made a few purchases. Some part of the goods could not be delivered at the moment, it appears; and the purchaser was to call for the bundle in the afternoon. He was on his way to do so, but, while crossing the Common, met a boy whose looks he fancied; and suddenly it occurred to him that he might save his steps.

"Are you a good boy?" asked the bishop, stopping the boy.

The boy was taken aback. He hesitated, and then answered, "No."

"What do you do that is bad?"

The boy seemed unable to define his shortcomings.

"Are you honest?"

The boy thought he was, on the whole.

"Well, then," said Bishop Wilmer, "I am going to trust you with ten dollars to pay a bill for me in Washington Street."

With that he gave him the name of the firm and the number of the shop, and added,—

"Bring the receipted bill and the bundle to the Brunswick Hotel as soon as you can, and here is half a dollar to pay you for your trouble."

The boy trotted away on his errand; and the bishop returned to his hotel, where he told his friends what he had done. They assured him, of course, that he had made a great mistake, and would never see either money or bundle.

In due time, nevertheless, the boy arrived at the hotel with the receipted bill, which, on looking at it, the bishop found to be for ten dollars and a half instead of ten dollars, as he had thought.

"How did you manage it?" he asked the boy. "I gave you only ten dollars."

"Oh, I took the half-dollar you gave me for doing the errand. I thought I could trust you as much as that."

The bishop was much pleased, of course, and told the story at a public meeting in Providence a few days afterward.—*Youth's Companion.*

A MONKEY'S CAPRICES.

The last of the famous group of pets which Frank Buckland collected at his house died a few months ago. It was the monkey, Tiny the second, of the species *Cercopithecus mona*. She was a beautiful and graceful creature, covered with a thick coat of handsomely shaded hair, and had been under Mrs. Buckland's care seventeen years and a half. She had the lifelong reputation of being exceedingly mischievous, and was an accomplished thief. She led a gray parrot, which had been an inhabitant of the house for twenty-five years, a terrible life; and, when she was let out of her cage, she played havoc with her master's papers and manuscripts. She would dash about the room, make a clean sweep of the table, and fill her pouches with anything that appeared especially nice. Her two later companions were a gray parrot and a thoroughbred dachshund, Olga. Every morning Tiny and the dog had a game of romps that invariably ended in the discomfiture of Olga. The dog would run round the monkey's cage, barking loudly; Tiny, inside the wires, would run round also, and, when opportunity occurred, would seize the dog's ears and keep pulling at them till Olga released herself. Notwithstanding these little disagreements, the dachshund appeared to miss Tiny, and went about the house as if seeking her. The parrot, too, seemed to regret the loss of the monkey, and efforts were made to cheer her drooping spirits, if possible.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freudenthal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and *vice versa*; for it is composed of two wings which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men, and the left one to women of the congregation.

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AT THE WASHINGTON "ZOO."

A favorite amusement of the little bear was to go off to the end of his cage away from his mother, and then, rising on his hind feet, walk over to her, and, throwing his arms about her neck, hug her for all he was worth, and then begin to bite and scratch and pommel her.

This she would stand for a while; but, if he became too severe, the usual cuffing was given him, or else, if he was very bad, she would take him up in her mouth, and go and drop him in the large water tank at one end of the cage, the edge of which was on a level with the floor. This great tank was two feet deep, and even when there was no water in it it was wet and slimy; and the little bear did not like it.

Sometimes he was thrown in when the tank was half full of water, and was left to gasp and choke several minutes before the old bear would reach in, and, grabbing him by leg, foot, back, or head, whichever one came uppermost, pull him out and drop him on the floor to dry. The last time I saw him he was very naughty indeed, and was several times doused in the water.

The last dip seemed to have been successful, for a very quiet little bear crept up to its mother's side by the edge of the tank. But, when the mother's head was turned, he leaped up and sprang at her in such a way as to make her lose her balance. There was a tremendous splash as the old bear slid over the side and under the water.

The little bear's ears stood straight up, and he looked the very imp of mischief as he saw his mother disappear. His expression changed, however, when the old bear's head came above water again. There was a look in her face that made him think that it would be well to retire.

With ears laid flat back, he sped for the small covered room opening off back of the cage, and retired to the darkest corner, where he crouched down and pretended to go to sleep. Mrs. Bear slowly climbed out of the tank, then tramped across the cage to the room in the rear, and, blocking up the entrance with her body, leaned forward and administered several resounding thumps to the little black bundle in the corner. The little bear was on his good behavior after that for twenty minutes.—*Congregation-alist*.

Education.

It is said that there are over one hundred thousand children in the State of Pennsylvania who are receiving no education.

Mrs. Harriet C. Porter, of Waterford, Conn., has given \$6,000 to Union College as a fund to aid worthy graduates of the college who shall take up the study of law. The bequest is made in memory of Mrs. Porter's husband, the late J. K. Porter, who was a member of the class of '57.

The class in Practical Morals connected with the Massachusetts Reformatory listened in June to a series of lectures, delivered mainly by Mr. G. O. Virtue, on such subjects as "The Right to Labor," "Social Ideals," "Democracy," etc. At their close a list of examination questions was used to test the knowledge and judgment of the class on the subjects discussed.

The College for Women of Western Reserve University was the first women's college in this country to be established as an integral part of a university. It represents neither separate education nor coeducation. It represents what may be called the co-ordinate system, which embraces, it is believed, what is excellent of the separate and the coeducational systems, and eliminates the undesirable features of both.

The French Archæological School in Athens is to celebrate its jubilee in March, 1896. The institute was founded in 1847, which would make the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary come a year later than it is decided for. The reason for this is that the much talked of Olympian games are to take place in Athens during April and March, 1896; and the directors of the school thought it advisable to hold their celebrations at a time when the city was full of visitors.

A kindergarten settlement, similar to the plan of the college settlements, is proposed for Boston, and will, in all probability, be opened in the autumn. It will be called the Elizabeth Peabody House. The plan is to lease or buy a suitable dwelling, in some quarter of the city where the population is crowded, have a group of eight or ten kindergartners, normal students, and teachers

in residence. The undertaking is to be a memorial to Elizabeth Peabody, to whose efforts the growth of kindergartening is largely due. The settlement will be supported by the Elizabeth Peabody House Association.

A noted thinker said that character was not what we saw in action in a man, but what we saw in reserve for great emergencies. To say that a teacher should have self-control and self-possession, in the narrow sense of the words, is cant. To say the same, with the broader meaning of being able to concentrate the whole mind upon a given point and hold it there, to bring up for use all the knowledge he has acquired, is to utter a truth of supreme value. Such a character makes his pupils thinkers.

The Old South Prizes, that have done much to foster the increased interest in American history for the last fourteen years, are offered again in competition to all who have graduated from the Boston High Schools (including the Latin Schools) in 1894 and 1895.

Forty dollars will be awarded for the best essay on each of the subjects named below, and twenty-five dollars for the second best, —making in all four prizes. Competitors may write on both subjects if they wish, but no one can receive more than one prize.

The essays must be sent between Jan. 1 and 31, 1896, to the Committee on Old South Prizes, Old South Meeting-house. It is recommended that they be written on quarto letter paper, and that no essay exceed in length fifteen pages of the *North American Review*. Each essay must bear an assumed name, and must be accompanied by a sealed letter, having the assumed name outside and the real name of the writer within, together with the date of graduation and the name of the High School at which the pupil graduated.

The judges will give some weight to the literary merit of the essays, but will chiefly consider the amount of historical knowledge and thought displayed. They will reserve the right to withhold any or all of the prizes in case essays of sufficient merit are not offered.

The subjects this year are:—

- I. New England Politics as affected by the changes in England from 1629 to 1692, the dates of the two Massachusetts charters.
- II. The Character of Cromwell as viewed by his contemporaries. Consider especially the tributes of Milton and Marvell.

Charities and Reforms.

The outing trips which have been given to poor women and children by the Salvation Army workers have been very beneficial to the recipients. In five trips they have taken 2,834 persons, who have enjoyed an outing of several hours at Nantasket, Winthrop, or other of the beaches in the vicinity. They have taken those children not connected with Sunday-schools or institutions, which are otherwise provided for. The cost is a little less than ten cents a head. Unfortunately, this work must now come to an end if funds are not provided for its continuance. The treasurer is Frank P. Luce, care C. H. Robbs & Co., 1 Dock Square.

The Hartford School of Sociology is about to enter upon its second year. The first curriculum has been successfully completed. The development of the practical side has been effected not only by field work, study of institutions, and investigation of local problems, but by the organization of a Sociological Club, which is divided into sections for special research. A Social Settlement has been established under its superintendence. The objects of this club are: I., Promotion of the study of Sociology; II., The practical development of Sociology in Hartford; III., Assistance to sociological organizations already existing; IV., Institutional movements; V., Municipal progress; VI., Federation of sociological organizations. A substantial library of Sociology has been founded, and a reading-room is well furnished with the periodical literature of this science.

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THE QUEEN'S DONKEY.

Queen Victoria, during her recent sojourn at Cimiez, on the French Mediterranean coast, was often seen to drive, on pleasant afternoons, a very sleek and comfortable-looking donkey. The aged queen, holding the reins herself, seemed greatly to enjoy her drive, and the complacency of the donkey suggested that he almost understood the honor which was being done him. This donkey, whose name is Jocko, has an interesting history.

During a previous sojourn in the same district the queen was one morning enjoying herself *incognito*, in the open air at Acquisgrana, when she saw a peasant leading along by the bit a donkey which looked as if he had once been a fine animal of his kind, but now seemed to be almost starved. He was lean, languishing, evidently suffering.

The queen asked the man if his donkey was for sale.

"That depends, signora," said the man. "If I were to sell him, now, how should I get my living?"

"How much did you pay for him?"

"A hundred francs."

"I will give you two hundred, and you can buy another donkey."

The man sold him to the unknown "signora," and poor Jocko at once began a new life. Abundantly fed and carefully groomed, he blossomed out as a royal favorite. The story spread, and the queen could take no more promenades with convenience; for she was certain to encounter every day several peasants who tried to sell her decrepit and half-starved donkeys. She bought none of them.

During her late visit the queen drove through Acquisgrana with Jocko; and his former owner, the peasant, saw the equipage go by. The donkey was fat, glossy, and glittering with buckles of silver and gold.

"Alas!" exclaimed the peasant. "When I sold my donkey, why didn't I throw myself in?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith (Dachshund) is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit.

As he was playing about the lawn by himself, he suddenly came unawares upon this long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window curtain, and there was no one in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the stick. He smelled it carefully all the way along. He drew back a little to gaze at it, licking his lips in delighted anticipation. Then he approached it and smelled it once more; and it seemed just as if he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon temptation, and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have.—*The Quiver*.

Here and There.

No tree has yet been measured taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, four hundred and fifty feet high.

Elbert, the centre of the French woollen manufacture, is so well off that it has abolished nearly all its town taxes, and now petitions the government for leave to do away with the octroi, the duty on provisions entering the town.

Clay suitable for paving brick has recently been discovered near Minneapolis, and the discovery is likely to have an important bearing upon public paving in the twin cities of Minnesota. Hitherto paving brick was to be had only by paying a high freight rate for a long haul.

The gigantic California trees are the protected wards of the nation. At the head-

waters of the San Antonio River is the group of two hundred, of which ninety are of the largest size, thirty feet in diameter near the base, and towering far up into the skies four hundred feet.

The blue jay is proving a decided pest in California by eating the eggs of other birds, particularly quail and game birds. So the Olympia Club of San Francisco has appointed a Saint Bartholomew's day on which every one who can buy or beg or borrow a shot-gun is to join in the slaughter.

Among the curiosities of tropical plants are the pearls found occasionally in the cocoanut palm of the Philippine Islands,—pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of true opals which are found in its joints.

Canada has a forest in the Hudson Bay and Labrador region 1,000 by 1,700 miles in extent, while that of the Amazon basin is calculated to be about 2,100 by 1,300 miles. Central Africa has a forest region of 3,000 miles from north to south, of an unknown depth; and the vast pine, larch, and cedar forests of Siberia are 3,000 miles from east to west and 1,000 miles from north to south. The natives call them "places where the mind is lost."

The United States Agricultural Department has decided that the peanut is not a nut, and that its native home is Brazil. In the South, where it grows, it is known as the goober pea, the earth-nut, and goober. The part we eat is the seed, and the shell is a pod. If you carefully separate the parts, you will find in the seed, as in the pea and the bean, the little shoot folded away ready to sprout if the seed is planted.—*The Outlook*.

Science.

The new bridge that spans Chicago River at Van Buren Street is wholly dependent on electric power for operation, being equipped with 200 horse-power in motors.

The Association of State Weather Service, of which Major H. H. C. Dunwoody is president, has reconsidered its intention of meeting in Springfield in September, and will meet in Indianapolis in October.

A plan is on foot in Buffalo, N.Y., to erect a bridge across the Niagara River, and beneath it to place a series of undershot water-wheels which would be used to drive dynamos to furnish light and power to the city.

An exhibition is open this month in London of Egyptian antiquities discovered by Professor Flinders Petrie. The main feature of the display is a series of objects illustrating the new race who overthrew the first Egyptian civilization.

It is stated that Dr. Bertillon, inventor of the famous Parisian method of identifying criminals by exact measurement, has discovered a new method for identifying handwriting by enlarging the letters by photography, and measuring the alterations due to beating of the pulse.

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments into which air or water may be admitted to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.

Roots draw enormous quantities of moisture from the soil, and by this means it is discharged into the atmosphere. For example, the common sunflower was found to exhale twelve ounces of water in twelve hours; and an oak-tree with an estimated number of 700,000 leaves would in the same way give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

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She: "Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger?"
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"Well, Johnnie," said a doting uncle to his little nephew, who had been fishing all day, "did you catch a good many fish?"
"No, unc'e; but I drowned a good many worms."—*Tit-Bits.*

The eye of little Elsie was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was. Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."—*The Evangelist.*

The member for North-South Blankshire: "Gentlemen, you twit me with having turned my coat. Years ago I supported this measure. Then I had a reason. But now, gentlemen, I have lost my reason!" And he wondered at the deafening smile that pervaded the meeting.—*Fun.*

Last Christmas eve Mr. J. went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—*Exchange.*

An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you by requesting your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope you will condescend to be present with us at six o'clock."—*Exchange.*

Mr. Blue Island: "Pardon me, but do you know which of those mills is Brown's?"
Miss Hub (with an impulsive shudder): "Sir! Do I look like a woman born and reared in Chicago? I am a stranger here. I'm from Boston." Mr. B. I.: "Oh, well, that's all right. I didn't know but you might know a little something, for all that."—*The Satchel.*

I overheard a comic opinion pronounced by a 'bus-driver. "It's this way," he said. "Wot 'ud wimen do with a vote if they 'ad it? They're that contrary. Why, if I says to my old woman, 'Give me tripe and onions for dinner,' does I get it? No! I gets beef and greens!" With which convincing argument he settled the matter to his entire satisfaction.—*Exchange.*

Here is a sample of American humor which might any day be paralleled, for the same incident might happen over and over among people born with a funny bone. Two men met in the country road, perhaps on the way to and from market. "How are you, old Ben Russell?" called one. "Come, now," said the other, "I'll bet you I ain't any older'n you! Tell me what's the earliest recollection you can put your finger on." "Well," said the other, thinking a moment intently, "the very first thing I can remember is hearing people say when you went by, 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"—*The Interior.*

HER NAMESAKE.

It is related that an enthusiastic admirer of Fanny Kemble, whose full name was Frances Anne, once decided to name a little daughter for that distinguished lady. Unfortunately, she disliked the name of Frances only a little less than that of Anne; while Fanny struck her as too undignified to replace the fuller form. After much thought the child was named, and named, her mother declared, for the person she had originally desired to honor in that way. But the baby was christened Franciola Annetta, and it is at least doubtful if Mrs. Kemble would have recognized her namesake.

A much funnier, and entirely authentic, case was that of the little black baby in Washington which the mother, a respectable colored woman, asked leave to name for Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Spofford cheerfully granted the permission; but when, some weeks later, she went to call on the infant, she was greatly surprised to hear it addressed by its fond parent as Genevieve. "Why, how is this?" she asked. "I thought the baby was to be named Harriet for me?"

Mrs. Spofford's friends, as it chanced, had often remarked that her Christian name was not suited to her, it was too chilly, too prim, too conventional a name. Therefore, her amusement was all the greater when the smiling mother replied at once, a trifle apologetic, yet quite confident the correctness of her course would be manifest on consideration.—

"Oh, yes, Mis' Poffit; but then Genevieve 'spresses you a great sight better'n Ha'yit does!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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Editorial.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made some weeks ago of the meeting of the National Unitarian Conference at Washington October 21-24, and we have already printed the first draft of the program. The officers of the Congress are now busily engaged in completing arrangements and details, and we shall soon have further announcements to make of special interest. We urge our readers to make early arrangements to attend the Conference. Apart from the special purpose of the gathering itself, Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States; and October is a delightful month in which to visit it.

THE sultan, with the evasive diplomacy which is characteristically Oriental, put off a decision on the Armenian question until he should see what would be the attitude of the new English ministry. He now promises reforms, but declines to give the guarantees asked by the powers or to accept the scheme and methods proposed. Mr. Gladstone's speech at Chester ought to assure the sultan of the state of English sentiment on this matter, and it is to be hoped that the new ministry will not abate one jot of the demands which have been made. They were much more moderate than the sultan ought to have expected.

THE work of Unitarianism has been exerted in four directions. First, in showing the true simplicity of Christianity, in placing right emphasis upon its practical side, in bringing into the foreground the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the two great Commandments. Second, it has demanded the most fearless application of reason to the study of problems which reason has been found adequate to solve. It has encouraged the critical study of the Bible in the light of modern scholarship, and has welcomed every advance in the field of science. Third, it has stemmed the tide of materialism, and insisted that spiritual things should be spiritually discerned. And, fourth, it has aided in the application of enlightened principles and wise benevolence to the problems of poverty, crime, and education.

THE rage for inflation in these days takes various forms. One of its most useful applications is made when the bicyclist pumps air into his rubber tire, and the invention has also been applied to carriage wheels. It helps to make the road smoother. And now we are told of an invention by which some stimulating gas is pumped into a man or horse to make him more buoyant. The invention is to be applied to athletes, so that the bicyclist will have to inflate himself as well as his wheel, and the jockey his horse as well as his sulkey. Undoubtedly there are some things that will improve by aeration. A balloon is not worth much unless it is inflated. But the application of inflation methods to the currency, to politics, to oratory, and to business, may lead to disastrous results. The bubble may look pretty while it is floating; but, when it is burst, we may be surprised that there is so little of it left.

"SALVATION by phraseology," that is what we may call the use which is made of certain words and phrases, which are advertised as if they had a salvatory power. There is no difficulty in securing a certificate of Orthodoxy, if one will simply use orthodox phraseology. Many of these phrases have lost their original meaning or are not true in the sense in which they are uttered. They are the mould of earlier thought, which does not fit conceptions of our day. Much ingenuity has been exercised in trying to revive and rekindle these silicified concretions, but they will not kindle. They furnish no real fuel for the altar of religion. Salvation by phraseology has long been the loud voice of the revivalist; but in the quieter halls of the theological seminaries one is often compelled to ask whether the work of phrase-building and phrase-fitting which is carried on is not much like the work of children who play with alphabetical blocks, who are not dealing really with the objects they spell, and whose combinations sometimes result in words without meaning.

THERE are mysteries which are real, and there are those which are artificial. Everything beyond the range of our exact knowledge presents some aspect of mystery. We cannot go far in any branch of science without coming to the background of the unknowable. Mystery may develop either awe or curiosity. This susceptibility of the human mind has led to the manufacture of mysteries as a means of acquiring power and influence. The juggler adopts it as a business. It is his art to mystify his audience. His ingenuity and skill elude the senses. The more elusive he is, the more does he appeal to the curiosity of those who witness his performances. His patrons go not because they believe in the reality of what he does, but because they want to see how it is done. Curiosity is not confined to the female sex. It was probably just as strong in Adam as in Eve. The juggler is not the only man who thrives on it. A prominent knight templar

freely confessed recently that Freemasonry could not afford to give up the appeal to human curiosity which it made by the element of secrecy. It was represented that Masonry might do just as much good in the way of philanthropy, and might do a much broader and better work, if its ritual and ceremonies have in them any stimulating power, by exhibiting them in the light as well as in the darkness. But the knight confessed that few would join if they could find out wholly what Masonry meant without entering the organization, and we have no doubt this is true. This is a weakness of Freemasonry; but its strength lies in this weakness, and the same is true of various other secret societies. Such a mystery is, of course, purely artificial. It is something which does not belong to the subject, but which is really thrown around it. It is not a natural fog in the landscape, but a smudge or a forest fire which some one has kindled, and which would better be put out. To create artificial mystery is simply, like the puzzle-makers, to challenge curiosity or to becloud the atmosphere with smoke and mist.

IN the realm of religion we find also those who trade in the mysterious, and a good many of their wares are altogether artificial. When a man looks out toward the universe, there are mysteries which challenge his reason or his faith. They may grow out of the limitations of his knowledge and his faculties. But there are mysteries which are man-made; and priests have thrived on these artificial mysteries, just as the juggler thrives on his art. Simon, the magician, who amazed the people of Samaria with his sorceries, was not the first or last to manufacture mysteries for the sake of beguiling credulous people by his arts; and he supposed the apostles were engaged in the same sort of business. One who can delude the senses is often able to delude the reason. The supposition that there is some mysterious power in priestly incantation in a piece of wood supposed to be taken from the cross, in the bone of a saint, the coat of a martyr, has secured and still holds the reverence of thousands of people. But all this has not the slightest relation whatever to religion as such, is in no way necessary to its existence, but rather a hindrance to it.

THE magicians and mystery-makers, in spite of the light of our own age, are as busy to-day as ever. They not only perform their miracles in the old churches to delude the ignorant, but they delude the educated and intelligent. There is a psychological realm which investigation has only dimly lighted. The uncertainty of our knowledge here is taken advantage of by deceivers and mountebanks. This deception and fraud is carried on under the name of Spiritualism, many of whose followers are so fond of being humbugged that they prefer to pay their money to these impostors than to pay it for the scientific investigation of psychical phenomena; and so a room full of people will sit and watch the manifestation of make-believe ghosts in a dark room, who talk gibberish and make grotesque and disgusting impersonations of departed friends, and pay from two dollars to five dollars a night for such manifestations, when a fourth-rate juggler would in a few minutes show how it is done, and get them up as many such performances as they wanted for fifty cents a night. Honest, earnest Spiritualists may mourn over this; but they are not able to prevent it.

THERE are mystery-makers in theology, and they have wrought a good deal of mischief. They have manufactured artificial incense, and waved it before make-believe gods. They have raised a smoke instead of a flame. They have introduced artificial doctrines, founded on false assumptions.

They have enveloped the simplest things with a tangle of verbiage and a cloud of metaphysics. Thus we have whole libraries of disquisition upon the mystery of the trinity and on the double nature of Christ, which are man-made mysteries, difficulties of thought which have grown out of limited or confused thinking and inexact knowledge. The religion of Jesus, on the other hand, was simple, beautiful, clear, trustful, ethical. He disliked to be taken as a wonder-worker or a magician, but he could not escape the tendency of his age and those which followed to throw an air of artificial mystery around the simplicity of his nature. He who was one of the most natural of men has been made an artificial being with a double nature, concerning which theologians have wrangled for centuries, whose mission has been supposed to save the world from hypothetical sin. It is easy enough to see historically why much of this has happened, but it is not easy to see why it should be perpetuated. The cry of "Back to Jesus" is the sign of a desire to find the real Jesus instead of the artificial one.

ECCLECTIC RELIGION.

The eclectic in religion is the man who chooses here and there what he likes. He is not governed by names, parties, or labels, by creedal bounds or traditions. The eclectic to-day has several thousand sects and religions to choose from. He may pick what he wants from this and that,—a piece of doctrine here, a bit of definition there, a form, a ceremony, a statement, a scrap of ritual, as he likes. There is no certainty, of course, that the eclectic in religion will always be guided by wise choice. Instead of taking the best, the richest, the deepest things in the religions which invite his choice, he may choose the superficial, the grotesque, the non-essential elements. The result may be an incongruous collection of particulars,—a kaleidoscopic medley of patterns, without depth or vitality.

Mormonism is an example of a curious eclecticism in religion. It is a mixture of Protestant freedom and hierarchical slavery, of patriarchal institutions of the Old Testament grafted upon nineteenth-century society. It has a pope of its own and a bible of its own and a doctrine of infallibility, while it believes, like the Quakers, to a certain extent in the "Inner Light." Its ceremonies are a curious mixture of traditions and inventions. But, in spite of its coat of many colors, it has succeeded in fitting it to the religious sentiment so as to develop a good deal of power.

Eclecticism has certain disadvantages. The bigot is narrow: he cannot see the good in any other system but his own. His narrowness gives concentration of effort and interest, and that means strength. The evils of bigotry are terrible; but they carry, like weeds, a power of self-propagation, and have thus an advantage over the weakness of concession or the dilettanteism which often go with eclecticism. The eclectic may lack the inspiration and impulse which come from relation to some historic movement which flows in a definite channel. He may have, also, too many ingredients in his religion. It may be in religion what patent medicines are in therapeutics,—a mild concoction of innocent simples, or some drastic nostrum that creates more disease than it heals. There is no surety that the eclectic may not become himself a bigot when he has made up the ingredients of his religion and put his own label upon them.

But, making all allowance for the danger of eclecticism in religion, it may attain a virtue, a strength, and a richness, a breadth, and a power from the underlying elements which may enter into and inspire it. These are, most of all, freedom and catholicity. If the eclectic is free to reject, he is also free to accept. He may reject

the evil and accept the good in the medley of sects about him. His freedom may help to secure for him that judicial frame of mind which accepts as easily as it condemns. Catholicity is the natural and noble fruit of a rational, just, and unperturbed freedom. It places us in sympathetic relation with the various religions and sects of the world, both past and present; and only when such sympathy is established is one prepared to recognize and accept the best elements in whatever is offered to his choice.

The eclectic who is really catholic may not find it necessary to reconstruct a new religion out of the peculiarities of those that exist. He may go deeper than external form, and may discover what is vastly more important,—the sympathy which underlies all religions. When he attains to this deeper conception and experience, he will be less troubled or attracted by superficial features. He may not give up his own form of faith, his own religious connection, because he may learn to see it in its historic proportion and relation to the other movements with which it is allied, any more than a pear may wish to become an apple or an apple a plum in the same orchard. He is content to bring forth fruit after his kind, and not to disparage the yield of some other tree. So, without leaving his own religious household, he may establish a vital sympathy with his religious neighbors. But, if his freedom and catholicity can make him at home where he is, they also make him at liberty to go elsewhere for his affiliations, if his sympathies draw him: he is as free to go as to stay.

The Unitarian Church is an historic one. It is a growth from the root of Christianity, like Episcopalianism, Methodism, Roman Catholicism, or any other branch. It is a faith which may be held narrowly or broadly and grandly. Its ideal is not realized unless it expands into true catholicism. It is free to adopt whatever it may need for its own life and nature, whatever methods it may need for its propagation. The best Christianity has always been eclectic. It has sometimes adopted the corruptions of other religions, but it has also adopted elements of their strength. Unitarians and other liberals in religion need not be afraid, then, of the reproach of eclecticism. When marked by rationalism, freedom, catholicity, it is a synonyme for liberality; and it is not inconsistent with profound, definite, and burning conviction.

There are liberal churches in which this principle is well illustrated. In their worship we may find the music of the Roman Catholic Church, hymns drawn from every sect in Protestantism, a prayer-book in which the aspiration of the old liturgies may blend with those that are new, the extemporaneous prayer of Congregationalism and the silent prayer of the Friends. It may be as liberal and catholic in its spirit as in its worship. It may cherish the faith in immortality which is the distinguishing feature of Spiritualism, without asking for materialistic demonstration. It may recognize the faith in spirit which marks Christian Science without its contempt for matter, surgery, and physiology.

The most liberal church is the most comprehensive, and comprehensiveness is not weakness. The great Mississippi, as it rolls to the Gulf, may bring with it the waters of a thousand streams; but they only add to its volume, as it joins the Gulf Stream in carrying warmth and life to the ocean.

A VISION OF GOOD WOMEN.

So much is said nowadays of the "new woman," we are led to ask who it is who represents to us the typical woman. What are the qualities which compose for us that dearest vision? Not those who are nominally, but really good. Nominal goodness may be a stale product, like soda water left uncorked. It is a negation or a sham. The typical good woman has been a stumbling-stone for hosts of novelists. She resists definition, like music or perfume. But we all know her, and her distinguishing trait is a positive quality. We know her by the way she touches our inward appreciation, renews our faith in human nature, and uplifts us when we feel ourselves about to sink in a sea of pessimism.

Who is the woman we would have bend over our sick-bed, and hold our hand in death? Who but the woman who makes up

for us that dear image which Goethe calls the eternally womanly? Not the wise, not the witty, not the perfectly gowned, the learned, and instructed in all the arts of pleasing, but the woman who is transcendently good, whose virtue so transfuses her nature that all the other qualities are dissolved in the glow of clarified goodness. Generally, some three or four we have known make up this composite image, touch and mould and color it until it calmly takes its place at the top of our appreciation. It is the essence, the light, the loving presence that fills us with gentle but sufficing happiness. To know her near us is enough. The necessity of doing may be great; but the perfection of being thrills the whole nature, like musical vibrations.

The goodness of the good woman may not transcend the goodness of the good man; but it is different. It has a quality all its own. It is more frankly flavored with the heart, for the good woman is not afraid to let her heart speak. She grows unostentatiously, silently, into the likeness of divine tenderness, that cannot confine itself to husband or child, father or mother or friend, but must be diffusing itself throughout its sphere, pulsing almost unconsciously into a little world, to make it sounder and sweeter and more true and faithful. This type of woman may not be a speaker, a conversationalist, a maker of phrases, an entertainer. She is more often a poor woman who lives her religion, and is quiet and unemphatic about it because it is so profound. Silently, she fulfils the decree: "he who would be first among you let him be a servant." She may be old and plain, by no means eloquent. But, when the time of need comes, she quietly shows her quality, steps into her right place, becomes an influence, a helper, a dependence,—in fact, a providence. Happy the childhood that has such a woman for its shelter, whose warm affection enwraps the germ of the young soul, nourishes it on simple, instinctive truth, brings forward the nature through no formal incubation of unreality, but by the nurture of the highest intuitions, ever making truth truer and virtue more virtuous and honesty more honest and bravery and fidelity fresh air for the lungs of the mind.

Such a mother sanctifies all she touches. Her children cannot wander beyond the gleam of her halo, nor lose the precious gift she has bestowed. If the new learning, the enlarged opportunity, the expanding life of woman, were to lower this vision of the good woman, so unique in her simple loyalty and devotion, these things might not find advocates among the wisest and best; but the top of all expansion, all education, must be spiritual insight and the perfected nature where character passes insensibly into influence. Society is swayed as much by the intuitional seers as by the instructed in formulas. The ennobled conscience works as subtly in the world as undercurrents and principles of growth. The mysterious and inexplicable part of life is that which tells most. All training must have for its aim the highest ideal. The conception that pauses on the lower slopes fails. Perfection of goodness comes not with the narrow, but with the enlarged view. The feminine principle, so precious for supplementing the male, raised to its height of perception, will enfold the vision of holiness that lived in those women who followed Jesus.

It has been the civilizer, the ennobler of human nature through all ages: woman's goodness from the first helped to conquer the defect of her weakness. Out of the good, pure woman as mother, the divine made manifest in the flesh, came the Madonna,—the tender type that stretches a human hand of pity to every bruised heart, and smooths the rugged path of repentance. Womanly sympathy formulated this picture of the one woman worthy to be the mother of a God, who has taken her abiding-place in churches and wayside shrines,—the woman courageous in death; for her faith created the Saint Catherines and Saint Ursulas. And, great as have been the abuses of saint-worship and Madonna-worship, the germ of this sentiment lies deep in human nature, is entwined with the fabric of society. Half-way up the mount of transfiguration, where God shows his face to the exalted nature, stands the humble woman shrine of the poor in spirit.

We all have our madonnas. We reverence them somewhere in the depths of our worldly hearts. They have kissed our bruises in infancy; they have wiped away

our childish tears. They have shamed us by their patience and cheerfulness and loving endurance. They have taught us the great lessons of unselfishness and sacrifice. We rested in their arms as infants: we rest in the thought of their goodness all our lives. If they could endure bravely,—those tried and loving souls, who took so many vicarious sorrows into their breasts, besides bearing their own burdens,—cannot we bear ours without complaint?

Education, opportunity, will tend to enlarge this type, to relieve it of narrowness, to enlighten and make wiser and nobler. Head will instruct heart, and heart will infuse its lovingness into the conclusions of head. The good woman is an ineradicable type. All that goes to enlarge and strengthen woman's nature must burnish the lovely image and enlarge the sphere of her influence. This type of the good woman is perhaps too much overlooked in the present phase of our society, where brilliance and ambition sway the crowd. But it is an essential of the world. Beauty and wit and pleasure and intellect must lower their stars before this radiant-fronted one whose changeless star burns undimmed on the heights of humanity.

Musings.

I MET a gentleman on the street the other day who, after greeting me as a returned exile, inquired whether my notes and articles on foreign travel were to continue in these columns. I looked into his face to see whether this question showed any element of anxiety, but his smile was so ambiguous that I could not tell whether it veiled fear or expectation. It is somewhat dangerous to send a minister abroad. The danger is not only that he will buy his clothes in London, but that his sermons will be filled with imported goods, and have a strong exotic flavor. Large sections of the Alps, miles of glaciers, possibly Mt. Blanc *en masse* or the Weisshorn or the Jungfrau, will be set into the discourse, or served up by the spoonful from Sunday to Sunday throughout the year. It might be possible for an expert, on looking over a minister's sermons for the year after he has been abroad, to extract from them his whole route of travel. I have known intolerant parishioners to object to this constant reference to "when I was abroad," though most ministers are more artful than to begin the illustration in this way. A preacher whom I used to report twenty-five years ago was in the habit of carting tons of Palestine into his pulpit, and justified himself, no doubt, for doing so on the supposition that it was holy land. It occasionally became a little wearisome to the people, though not to the preacher. There are editors who are liable to the same reproach. I will not mention them by name; but I am sure that no reproaches of this kind are uttered against my friend Dr. Henry M. Field of the *Evangelist*, who year after year has taken his readers from country to country over different parts of the globe, and issued a small library of books of travel, made up from his charming letters to that paper. And the good doctor is still continuing. A gentleman met an editor of my acquaintance who had just returned from abroad, and said to him, "I am glad to see you back, but hope you'll go away soon; for I always enjoy your writings better *when you are away from home*." This may be a doubtful compliment; but it is true that there are authors whose writings are more interesting than their personal presence, and what they most need for the peace of their friends is transportation.

I AM in no position to take a pledge therefore that "Musings" and notes on foreign travel and observation will not reappear from time to time in these columns. This is a form of intoxication not easily cured. The gold-cure is of no use here. It may only aggravate the malady, and lead to a second trip to Europe. I have much sympathy with the minister or editor who is afflicted with this form of inebriety, and who is periodically taken with a paroxysm of reminiscence. He is often as helpless as his hearers or readers. He comes back from Europe with his brains scratched all over with impressions. Back of his eyeball there is a whole gallery of pictures. His ear has vibrated to the music or the jargon of strange tongues, and he is a rare man or

woman if some of these voices have not for him a special melody. If he sees Europe with an open heart as well as with an open eye and an open ear, and does not charge too much for entrance to that stronghold of his affection, the turnstile will register a good many admissions. Then, of course, he carries a kodak and a note-book; and one can travel so fast in these days that no weekly paper can keep up with his wanderings. Let him write as industriously as he may, he is sure to come back with bales of material, not dutiable at the custom-house. It is his readers and hearers who must pay the tax on these imports. I have known travellers who did not succeed in relieving themselves of this malady of reminiscence until they got a lantern and a number of slides, and proceeded in this pictorial way to give their views of Europe.

Brevities.

The editorial in last Sunday's *Herald* on Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., which we copy this week, will call forth a good many answers from those who see it in the *Register*.

The *Philistine*, a new periodical, is not a giant as was Goliath of Gath. It is a pygmy in size, and calls itself a "periodical of protest." Let us hope that no Israelitish shepherd will sling stones at its forehead.

Mr. Albert K. Smiley, proprietor of the Lake Mohonk Mountain House, invited Booker T. Washington to speak to his guests the evening of August 26. The result was a collection of \$1,100 for Tuskegee, the largest single collection ever taken by Mr. Washington.

Bishop Whipple of Dakota, who has done such a noble work among the Sioux Indians, recently said to a reporter: "The Indian is proverbially honest, unless he is demoralized by drink. In thirty-six years' experience with the Indians, I never knew one to tell me a lie, and I never had a thing stolen by one. I asked an Indian once if it was safe to leave my property in my wigwam while I made a distant journey. He laughed, and said: 'Quite safe. There isn't a white man within one hundred miles of you.'"

Certain streets in Cambridge, where the great forty-inch steel water-pipes are being laid, have assumed the appearance of lines of fortification, and give one an idea how a city might look in a state of siege. At least, that is what people say who saw Paris in 1873. This is because long stretches of the deep trenches must remain uncovered until the pipes have been tested in place, which can be done only from gate to gate. The new pumping-engine now under construction is one of the largest in the world, with a capacity of twelve million gallons every twenty-four hours.

In our department of "Education" is an extract from the Boston *Transcript*, calling attention to the work of Mr. J. W. Davison at Fort Valley, Ga., who is carrying on an industrial school for colored youths in that city. Rev. James De Normandie of Boston in a personal letter says: "Nothing can be of greater value than the establishment of these schools for the training of the colored people in the South. This one for which Mr. Davison is soliciting help is doing such good work that I am glad to promise \$25, and more, if possible, and commend his work to the interest and generosity of all friends of the colored race."

It is not uncommon for a cloud to float into a poem or for a poem to float into a cloud; but just what a fearful thing clouds may be when marshalled into a scientific procession may be seen by the closing paragraph of an interesting article on "Natural Rain-makers," by Alexander McAdie, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September: "So, while the clouds delight us, they are also active for our welfare. In never-ending procession they move, ragged ranks of fracto-nimbi, jostled by frowning cumuli, tatterdemalion scud leading an army of mighty nimbi, the baleful funnel cloud, hovering and ill-omened, rolling strato-cumuli that lie far out on the flank. Thus they pass, while in the calm above appear the cirri dainty and lacelike, or curling wisps of laughing cirro-stratus."

Rev. I. M. Atwood in the *Christian Leader* says: "If a preacher does not know

how to carry his message to the people, he has not mastered his business. Let him set that down as a fundamental truth." Then, referring to the address of Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy at a Unitarian meeting on Boston Common, he adds: "The second speaker at the Unitarian meeting was an object-lesson in this respect. The word he had to utter was not more simple than any word of the gospel, but he bore it at once to the mind of his hearers. By his manner, his art of statement and illustration, his evident mastery of his own purpose, he made every one listen and understand. He had light: many others have. He let his light shine: many others bottle their light up."

And now here is the *Watchman*, published in Boston August 29, in this year of our Lord 1895, putting on its spectacles, and with the utmost gravity writing an editorial on the fall of the walls of Jericho by the blast of a ram's horn, treating the subject as if it were solid fact, and trying to draw some moral lessons from this event. One might imagine that the writer had never heard of such a thing as Hebrew mythology, and did not know that this was an interesting specimen of it. There is no moral lesson which the story is capable of teaching that would not be just as telling if the narrative were treated as poetry or mythology instead of as hard historic fact. But, if it is to be treated as fact, then the moral the *Watchman* draws from it ought to be greatly modified. If the walls of Jericho were so badly built that they could be blown down by the blast of a ram's horn, somebody was guilty of criminal negligence. But, if it was really a cyclone that did the work, the Hebrew writer ought to have a little credit for grim humor in calling it the blast of a ram's horn. We hope the walls of Zion on which the *Watchman* stands are better built than those of Jericho, but the indications of that article are that they are a little shaky.

Pro and Con.

THE ATLANTA EXHIBIT.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The responses which have already been made to our request for books, pictures, and other illustrations of the Unitarian Church, to be placed in the exhibit at Atlanta, Ga., are just enough to make us wish for more. Boxes will be sent to Atlanta from 25 Beacon Street this week and next; and all loans or contributions to this object should be sent there before September 9, care of Miss F. L. Close.

G. L. C.

A SUCCESSFUL FREE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Having been connected with an old Unitarian society conducted on the pew-renting system, and for the past eighteen years an active worker in a new society formed and very successfully carried on under the "free pew system," I wish to place before your readers the last and, as I believe, only right method, as it appears to me.

I admit at the start that such a free church system as "Layman" describes in the *Register* of August 1 would be unbusinesslike, because their theory and sentiment were not carried out in actual practice; and I also believe that it would be next to impossible to introduce the new idea into a church that had been long established and that had become habituated to the pew-renting system, and with reasonable success. But, if a new society is to be instituted, the new way will be found perfectly easy, and much more pleasant and helpful, for the reason that all favoritism and discrimination on account of the money value of the pews is entirely eliminated.

Of course, every church, in common with all other helpful organizations, has to be supported; and all thoughtful people understand it, and are more than willing to do their part. It is possible that the voluntary contributions are not always given in the spirit that they should be, but that would be still more true if the expenses were paid by selling the pews annually at auction.

In the church which it has been my privilege to attend constantly for eighteen years, every person on entering feels absolutely free and welcome to the use of any of the four hundred seats; and no person, no matter what their standing, financial or

otherwise, expects, or ever is shown, any preference whatever. After the sermon and during an organ voluntary the young men who act as ushers pass around the contribution-box to give strangers and friends from abroad, who may be with us for the day, an opportunity to help if they desire to do so. It is not understood by anybody that this pittance each Sunday is to defray the expenses of the service. At the beginning of the year a soliciting committee sees every member of the parish, and all subscribe from five cents to two dollars per week, payable to the collector once in three months, or oftener if the subscribers prefer; and that is the end of the money matter, so far as the church services are concerned. I submit that that is the true way rather than the old pew-renting custom, that allowed a few people who happened to have money to usurp the best places in the church, while many more interested and more helpful and deserving were driven to a less desirable seat, or, from a feeling of false pride, driven from church influences altogether.

Our church was never so prosperous as it is to-day, and nothing could induce the society to give up the "free church system."

WORKER.

Athol, Mass.

FREE PEWS AGAIN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

It is with much satisfaction that I note the replies to my few lines regarding what seems to me the free pew fallacy. The subject is one worthy our best thought, and my hope is that those for and against the free system will state their views frankly. To my mind none of the replies made meet the point raised, which was not based on theory or sentiment or preference, but on my personal experience alone. I asked, If an attendant signs an agreement to pay a certain yearly sum, and selects or has assigned a special pew, how is the church "free" any more than if the amount paid is called "pew rent" instead of a "contribution"? Is it not the same thing in effect, and how does the "free church" idea receive any true recognition?

"W." replies that under the free system it is not the amount paid that secures the choice of pews, but early application, and that the poor will shun our church doors if we say, "No money, no place," or "The more money, the higher place." Well, I truly think there is far less chance of "feeling," or discord, where a family selects such a pew as it prefers to pay a known rental for at fixed times. As for announcing to any human being, however lowly in estate, that without money there is no place, surely there is no such church as that. "W." is creating a difficulty, while I only desire to meet the difficulties that really exist.

At one of our Unitarian Club dinners some one quoted from an Irish servant, who, when asked if any heat was coming up the register, replied, "Yes, there is heat; but it's a cold heat." Perhaps there is too much cold heat in our churches; but, surely, renting our pews does not condition our keeping a cashier in the vestibule to demand spot cash from non-pew-holders. As well might our preachers withhold their sermons unless the society would pay cash on delivery! I don't believe there is any Unitarian church, regardless of its "system," but will cordially welcome any to seats without money and without price.

Mr. Nichols does not seem to agree with "W.'s" idea that under the free system early application should secure the best pews. On the contrary, he claims that "any form of assignment of pews is undesirable," and that all this should be left to "the tact and skill of ushers," who "can provide for the various tastes of different people." Perhaps. But why is it, then, that, almost without exception, families prefer to and do occupy the same pew Sunday after Sunday, instead of leaving the matter to the tact and skill of an usher? And is not this the case in all churches, regardless of the system guiding its affairs? Mr. Nichols takes ground with "W." that renting the pews keeps the poor from church, or else relegates them to undesirable sittings; and, while this may in some cases be true, still, even when the pews are called free, I doubt if a family that gave nothing toward the church support would feel quite comfortable in taking possession of one of the most desirable pews, to the exclusion of another family that contributed liberally.

Mr. Hale's "Double" remarked, "What has been already said has on the whole been so well said that I will not further occupy the time." Mr. Dole's reply reminds me of this. He thinks there is nothing to add to what "W." has said, but then goes on in a most kindly way to say that I have not informed myself. This is true; but in my first paper I was careful to state that it was not offered as expert testimony, but only as a bit of personal experience. Mr. Dole is correct in supposing that I would be interested in knowing how many churches are supported under the voluntary method. Far from claiming "to know it all," I am only a seeker after truth. But neither "W." nor Mr. Nichols nor Mr. Dole has yet converted me from my lack of faith in the system they advocate.

Few ministers receive any business training whatever. Almost the only successful preacher well known to me personally, who has also a keen, well-balanced business judgment, is the present secretary of the American Unitarian Association. His opinion from the practical point of view would be of value, as would the conclusions of the Association's treasurer, who, in feeling the denominational pulse and prescribing from the financial standpoint, must realize that all theories relating to church support must, after all, submit to the monetary test.

As a member of one of our larger parishes and one of its standing committee, it was my duty to approve all accounts prior to their payment by the treasurer. When I recall the various items aggregating many thousands of dollars, it still seems to me that no organization, and more especially a religious body, has any moral or legal right to positively contract these debts without arranging with certainty for their payment. And I repeat that, if they are to be paid by pledged contributions, this is practically the same as pew rent, except that in the former case there is no certainty as to when the contribution will be sent in, while in the latter the treasurer sends out his bills at stated intervals. They are recognized as a business obligation, and the treasurer can know with reasonable certainty when he will be in funds to pay the debts incurred.

It would be interesting, as a phase of this subject, to know under which system church debt (meaning excess of expenses over income) is more prevalent. My impression is that in this direction the verdict would show against the free system,—the debt growing in the usual way until some great stir is made, when a few provident members wipe it out in order that the improvident ones may go to work building it up again.

As stated in the beginning, the subject is one of general interest; and its agitation can hardly fail of being helpful.

LAYMAN.

AID FOR ARMENIA.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

For nearly a year the story of the horrible Turkish outrages upon the Armenians in Sassoun (Armenia) has shocked all civilized nations. Conclusive evidence has established the sickening fact that the atrocities in the Sassoun equalled in savagery those perpetrated in the past by the same fiends in Greece, Crete, and Bulgaria. Unfortunately, universal indignation could not secure, so far, either present relief or future protection to the many thousands of victims of Moslem fanaticism. Only through the slow, diplomatic intervention of the great European powers can such be in time obtained for them. In the mean time the general sympathy with the cruel fate of the Armenians can alone manifest itself through protests by speech and in print, and through the exercise of charity in alleviation of their pitiful distress. Besides murder, rapine, and devastation, another dire visitation has now come upon that stricken people, calling for immediate pecuniary help. They are threatened by famine, and urgent action is necessary to avert the danger of starvation.

We are informed by a private letter that in one district alone "there are now about eight hundred and sixty of these houseless wanderers living in the woods and mountains, in caves and hollow trees, half naked, and some indeed without covering for their nakedness. Bread they have not tasted for months."

A strong committee of leading English-

men, representing all parties and all classes, has been formed under the chairmanship of the Duke of Argyll, and has already raised and forwarded a considerable sum of money. Believing that our generous countrymen will be glad to follow the noble example of the kindred nation, an American committee has been organized for the same object.

The committee herewith confidently appeal to the American public for liberal contributions, which will be distributed through the agency of the English Committee, or through the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, as contributors may prefer.

Checks should be made payable to Spencer Trask, treasurer, 27 Pine Street, New York.

The following are the American Committee: Mrs. Robert Abbe, Prof. N. Murray Butler, Morris K. Jesup, Jacob H. Schiff, Spencer Trask, Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Mrs. Henry Villard, Everett P. Wheeler.

A. AYVAZIAN, M.D., Secretary.
424 W. 57th Street, New York.

CHURCH CLOSING.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I am glad to learn that the question has been asked several times at the Unitarian rooms this summer, "Why is it that our churches need to be closed from one-fourth to one-sixth of the year?" I hope that question will continue to be asked, and that the subject will receive the attention it deserves. If a church should be closed one-fourth of the year, why not close it for the whole year? It is no answer to say that the congregations in the summer are small. If a church should be closed because the congregations are small, then certainly many of our churches should be closed altogether.

Then the pastor must have a vacation. How many men of any other profession or occupation take a vacation of a fourth of a year? Of course, all men and women who really work need rest. But this can and may be secured without a sacrifice of the duties of the position, whatever it may be, of the man or woman.

No man can worthily and properly embrace the profession of a Christian minister without being ready and willing to make whatever sacrifice may be necessary in order to fulfil, so far as in him lies, all that the sacred office requires. He should not consider first what may most conduce to his pleasure or comfort. If I spoke my whole thought on this subject, I should use strong language. I hope that the question which our new treasurer says has been asked several times will be repeated.

W.

SPAIN AND THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I am considerably surprised to-day, while looking over your paper of July 4 last, to find the ancient and somewhat stupid story of the Spanish shoemaker and the Bible. This is one of the stock-in-trade stories of the enemies of the Catholic Church, and is rather worthy of an A. P. A. paper than the columns of the *Christian Register*. The Bible has been through very many editions in the vernacular in the kingdom of Spain, under the sway of the Catholic Church. I have by me at the present time a beautiful edition printed at Barcelona in the vernacular in the year 1852, than which I have seen none comparable in England.

The very first book that was printed by Gutenberg was a Bible; and, before Luther and the Protestants arose, more than seventy editions of the Bible in different languages had appeared from the hand-presses then in use.

The Spaniards are a well-educated and very literary people, and the shoemaker in the story could not have been in good faith. In fact, I am inclined to think he was guying the minister. By the way, in 1887 the population of England was 27,826,798, with 8,802 pupils in the universities. In Spain, at the same time, the population was 16,945,786, with 15,787 pupils in the universities. Spain has always had the Bible, and I venture to say there is more Bible literature in the Spanish language than the English.

By giving this room in your columns you will make a little reparation for a wrong which, I feel sure, was not done intentionally.

ARTHUR M. CLARK, C.S.P.
628 California Street, San Francisco.

For the *Christian Register*.
SUMMER.

BY REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

Why waste the ointment poured upon his head?
Why its aroma fill the hallowed room?
Why waste the heliotrope and rosy red,
The pansy and the pink, their rich perfume?

Why wasteth June the summer's sunlight long?
Why beauty wild upon the landscape spread?
Why doth the warbler waste his wooing song?
Why waste the blossoms which the fruit trees shed?

These be the offerings of the summer days,
The tokens of the heart's devotion fair:
"She hath done what she could" in earnest ways;
It shall be spoken of her everywhere.

The flowers fair are mother of the fruit;
Without fond love best deeds are never done;
It is not waste, but summer's warm pursuit
By which the wealth of life is truly won.

AGNOSTICISM, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

BY REV. JAMES M. WHITON, PH.D.

There are agnostics and agnostics. There is an agnosticism which is mere indifference, devoid of interest in the Unperceivable. There is an ethically superior kind, earnest and reverent, endeavoring to know the Unperceivable, and regretting that it cannot. To this class belongs Mr. Spencer. He declines the name of Christian, but he is closer to many who hold to it than he is willing to admit. Among these, also, there is an agnosticism, between which and that of Mr. Spencer, in his highest affirmations, there is an approach, which is hopeful, if it be fairly recognized on both sides, for the progress of the theistic problem toward a larger agreement.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent "Foundations of Belief," while criticising Mr. Spencer, goes far to pare away the fundamental difference between them. Mr. Spencer, replying in the *Fortnightly*, makes no account of any concessions, but devotes himself to the difference, and, as we think, exaggerates it. The real, as distinct from the apparent, approximation between the professed theist and the professed agnostic deserves some adequate recognition.

In his "Ecclesiastical Institutions," Sections 659 and 660, Mr. Spencer has made this important admission, "The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that the Power manifested throughout the world, distinguished as material, is the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." In this recognition of an identity of nature between the divine and human, he is at one with the Christian theist, who might even accept the statement as "a rationalized vision" of the Pauline doctrine, "God was in Christ."

But Mr. Spencer is not disposed to recognize the approach to his own views that Mr. Balfour has made; e.g., great as is our seeming advance beyond the speculations of the primitive man, "our approximate guesses are still closer to his than they are to their common Object." "We cannot form, I will not say any adequate, but even any tolerable, idea of the mode in which God is related to and acts on the world of phenomena." Ignoring these concessions, Mr. Spencer attacks Mr. Balfour's thesis that the order of the universe is explicable only by the postulate that it has proceeded from a rational Being. But is not the human consciousness, in which he recognizes the universal Power as welling up in us, a rational consciousness?

Mr. Spencer's impediment seems to be in his self-imposed use of words. "Thinking truly," as he says in the *Fortnightly*, "requires mental representation." Consciousness does not become thought till put into definitely conceivable form. But, when we try thus to think of a rational Author of the world, all definite conception fails, "leaving only a consciousness that cannot be put into form." Hence the traits of a rational Author, not being "mentally representable," are "unthinkable," being only "abstractions of human attributes existing unlocalized and multiplied by infinity." Such a result, he says, is not thought, but "a mere blank form of thought, a *pseud-idea*. The difficulty here is in Mr. Spencer's restricted notion of thought, as always explicit and reasoned out in definite terms. But nothing is a more common fact than the valid judgment; i.e., thought, which is simply a form of consciousness that eludes, or even defies representation in

definite terms, but is valid notwithstanding. Man not being built in compartments, thought is not restricted to the logical process of the intellect. In reality, these two great writers are not so far apart as one of them would make it seem. As to ultimate scientific ideas, they are at one. Both hold that the Infinite Reality behind phenomena is not mentally representable in thought. Both hold that this Reality is witnessed to in human consciousness apart from forms of thought. Mr. Spencer holds, further, in line with Mr. Balfour, that "the necessity we are under to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy gives rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic interpretation to the universe."

It is in their treatment of these common positions that the two part company. The one emphasizes the positive, the other the negative aspect. The one affirms what is given in consciousness apart from thought-forms: the other denies what is unrepresentable in thought-forms. And so Mr. Spencer concludes his reply by maintaining that "not even the highest mental attributes conceivable can be predicated of that Existence which fills all space for all time." Inconsistent as this seems with his recognition of the Universal Power as welling up in that rational human consciousness which it has called into being, he is tethered to it by the limited connotation which he has assigned to "thought."

For Mr. Spencer's well-known antipathy to conventional Christianity only too much cause exists. But it should not involve one who has almost, if not altogether, broken with the crudities of the popular theology. It is, of course, regrettable that Mr. Balfour, with all his concessions both to liberals and agnostics, is not wholly clear of entanglement with doubtful theories,—for instance, as to the need of theological formulas for a basis of ecclesiastical co-operation. But that Mr. Spencer writes under a strong bias is plain throughout his reply to Mr. Balfour, and particularly at the outset, where he flagrantly misrepresents him as writing in the interest of supernaturalism as currently conceived. It seems to us a case where prejudice has thrown away a fair opportunity of staking out for theists and agnostics some common ground. Had Mr. Spencer been disposed to emphasize his agreements rather than his disagreements with so serious and open-minded a seeker after truth, he might have written more helpfully for all who are trying to explore the Great Mystery which the Christian poet speaks of,—

"And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding man."

INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

BY REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION.

II.

PROBLEMS AND DISCUSSIONS.

In a previous article I have described the preparation, composition, organization, and scope of the "V^e Congrès Pénitentiaire International," held at Paris. In the present article I purpose to mention some of the more important problems and discussions which engaged attention in the first section.

For purposes of classification, to save time and focalize discussion, the Congress was divided into four sections. To the first section was assigned "Penal Legislation," to the second "Questions relating to Prison Administration," to the third "Preventive Means," to the fourth "Questions relating to Children and Minors."

A president, vice-presidents, and secretaries were elected for each section. Sessions were held in separate rooms each morning; and the results of discussion were presented through a reporter chosen for each theme to the general session of the whole congress, where a vote was finally taken on the subject, with the general result of confirming, with occasional amendments, the conclusion of the special section. While this method had its advantages, it was attended also with manifest disadvantages. The interest of many delegates was not confined to one section. Important questions might be discussed simultaneously in two or three sections, and the delegate could only attend one. Yet division

into sections is perhaps the only way in which to successfully do the preliminary work of collecting and converging knowledge or opinion in a large, deliberative body; and every delegate had the advantage of listening to reports and conclusions in the general assembly, though he might miss the sifting process of discussion. A more serious difficulty lay in securing unanimity of conclusion without whittling away the sharp, definite point of the question until it became a generality, or without fusing it with an alloy of compromises. It is a rule of our National Conference of Charities and of the National Prison Congress not to adopt a platform, not to form a philanthropic or sociological creed. The reports of discussions speak for themselves. It often happens in bodies of this kind—and the Paris Congress furnished some illustrations—that very important questions are formally decided by a bare majority vote. The decision then may be merely a numerical one: the real weight of knowledge and opinion may often be with the minority. On the other hand, there is an advantage in being able to gauge the direction of thought and sentiment and the march of progress; and, when a representative body like the International Prison Congress comes to a unanimous conclusion upon a question of theory or practice in philanthropy, it means a good deal.

PENAL LEGISLATION.

The questions relating to penal legislation brought together in the first section the large array of legal knowledge and ability from all nations in which the Congress was especially strong. The question whether a malefactor ought to be regarded as a recidivist until he had renewed the same infraction awakened much discussion and difference of opinion, and also whether the penalty ought to be progressive. In some countries a criminal who is sent to prison two or three times is regarded as a recidivist without reference to the nature of his offence. Under the German system he is regarded as a recidivist only if he renews the same offence. It was maintained during the discussion that there are recidivists who are accidental and occasional, and that there are those who are professional and anti-social. It is the last, whether he be a general recidivist, committing a variety of crimes, or a special recidivist, confining his infractions to a single line, who is most dangerous. It was ably maintained in the discussion that an increase, or cumulation, of penalty should follow in such cases, and that it should be left to the discretion of the judge. This question of dealing with "repeaters," as the prison wardens call them, is one of the most difficult practical problems in penology; and it was not surprising that the discussion on this subject was animated and prolonged. Before any agreement could be arrived at, it was found necessary to appoint a special committee to formulate opinion, and to defer report until a later session. The result was the final adoption of a report in which recidivism was treated as general or special according to the gravity of the offences, and with some reference to the time elapsing between them. The committee were swayed more by practical than by theoretical considerations. It is of the greatest importance to have accurate classification; but practical necessities are more important than theoretical ones, and the dangerous criminal, whatever his record, must be properly controlled. The report favored a progressive accumulation of penalties and the infliction of more rigorous sentences in the case of professional criminals. Courts, it was declared, in the third place, should not suspend these rules unless they recognize the existence of extenuating circumstances of an exceptional character. The law should fix a minimum special penalty to avoid the imposition of short sentences. It was further reported that the law should fix the number of condemnations which, in connection with the nature of the condemnations incurred and the perversity of the criminal, should enable a judge to decide whether the accused is a malefactor by profession. A great majority of the section was certainly of the opinion that there was too much clemency exercised by the judges toward habitual offenders. The clemency of the judge is too often determined by the gravity of the special act of which the prisoner is accused than by the character of the criminal committing it. The section did not go beyond a general expression of

the need of a cumulative penalty. It did not decide in favor of the indeterminate sentence or of a long definite period such as exists in certain countries. It left the nature of the measure to be pronounced by some future Congress. In this connection I may remark that an habitual criminal law exists in Massachusetts, as in some other States, the prisoner receiving twenty-five years when convicted under this law.

TRANSPORTATION.

The subject of the transportation of the criminal is not in the United States a practical question; but it assumes a good deal of importance in an International Prison Congress, since France and Russia are committed to it, and debate is sure to be warm on this question. In the preliminary reports the French system was presented by Messrs. Charles Petit and Charles Babinet, counsellors of the Cour de Cassation, Paris. The text of the question was whether transportation in the larger sense should be admitted in a rational system of repression; and, if so, what particular rôle should it be called upon to fulfil? Previous congresses have dealt with these questions with caution. The Congress in Stockholm in 1878 did not proscribe transportation, as some of the members desired, but passed the following vote: "The sentence of transportation presents difficulties which do not permit of its adoption in all countries or the hope that it will realize all the conditions of justice." The Congress of 1890 in St. Petersburg, held in a country where transportation has been maintained for three centuries, said: "Against hardened and rebellious criminals prolonged imprisonment or transportation to territories, or dependent possessions of the country interested, may be employed, but always with the guarantees which ought to surround authority for those who are deprived of their liberty, and with the possibility of regaining that liberty by their good conduct according to a system of conditional liberation."

In 1854 France, after a long and painful experience with defective penal prisons, revised its system, and found new hope in transportation, which was established in Guiana and New Caledonia. Next to New Zealand the latter is the largest island in the Pacific, twenty-five miles broad and about two hundred and forty miles long. It has many conditions which adapt it for a penal colony. The French system has been in operation for forty years. A system of conditional liberation in the island without the privilege of leaving it, and with remuneration for work for those who are set free, encourages good behavior. At the expiration of the sentence the *libérés* form a class by themselves, and have many of the advantages of free emigrants. Undoubtedly, the French system is carried on under conditions which are more humane and hopeful than the old prison system which it to some degree replaced. It has distinctly in view the reformation of the prisoner. It recognizes the need of a wise administration and superior personality, the need of rewards and encouragements as well as strict discipline. Relegation or banishment to these colonies is a milder imposition of the penalty. Both of the French reporters advocate the French transportation system, and maintain that, while under the old system the number of recidivists was ninety-five per cent., there are only five per cent. of recidivists under transportation. It must be remembered, however, that this is a comparison between transportation and the *bagnes*, or French convict prisons which the penal colonies replaced. It is not a comparison between transportation and the best modern system of prisons.

The Russian reporter to the conference was Prof. N. S. Tagantzew of St. Petersburg, professor in the Faculty of Law, honorary member of the university, and a member of the Court of Cassation. He is one of the distinguished jurists of Russia. He did not disguise the defects in the administration of Russian transportation. He maintained, however, that transportation combines the essential conditions of intimidating the prisoner, securing the safeguard of society and the correction of the criminal, and that it ought not to be excluded from penal measures. But, since the practical application of transportation, as history and experience can attest, presents serious difficulties, it is only to be recommended for States which offer convenient

conditions and in a restricted measure. Transportation should be maintained only in countries possessing territory for its application, and especially where they cannot secure the repression of crime by seclusion in prison. Transportation is not a measure to be extended to a great number of criminals without regard to individual qualities. But it is to be applied in accordance with their physical and moral aptitudes for colonization.

The report of Prof. Tagantzew was read before the Commission of the Juridical Society of St. Petersburg. Their judgment of the report is of interest. They declare that the significance of transportation as penalty, abstractly considered and without reference to the indications of experience, is unanimously received by Russian jurists in the same sense set forth by Prof. Tagantzew. On the contrary, when it came to the practical application of transportation, there was dissent. To the optimism of his report was opposed a negative opinion, since there is reason to doubt the rational organization of transportation in Russia, where, though it has existed three hundred years, it has not been able to establish itself firmly. "Nevertheless, transportation must be accepted as necessary, with the restrictions indicated by Prof. Tagantzew, in the presence of defects of penitentiary organizations; for, of two evils, a bad prison and a bad system of transportation, the first is evidently the greatest." It must not be forgotten, however, say this committee of Russian jurists, that the existence of transportation does not forbid the perfection of the penitentiary system.

These words indicate how earnestly and decidedly Russian jurists are moving toward the development of their prison system, and that traditional and hereditary methods are not to stand in the way of their ideal of what a prison system should be.

Another of the most distinguished members of the Russian delegates to the Conference was Prof. Ivan Foinitski, professor of law of the faculty of St. Petersburg, and general advocate of the Court of Cassation. Prof. Foinitski is one of the most eminent writers in Russia, and indeed in any country, on penological subjects. As most of his writings are in the Russian language, they are not readily available. It is, therefore, fortunate that his able and valuable study of the subject of transportation has just been translated into French by M. George Bonet-Maury of Paris, son of Prof. G. Bonet-Maury of the College of France, so well known to many of our readers from his visit to this country to attend the Parliament of Religions, and his contributions to religious literature. The translation is confined to the historic study and criticism of English and Russian transportation, with a condensed summary of different systems practised by other countries, save that M. Bonet-Maury has deferred the translation of Prof. Foinitski's account of the French system until another time.

Prof. Foinitski is a strong opponent of transportation. His volume of two hundred and sixty pages appeared just before the Prison Congress. It was expected that it would influence the discussion of that body. I have not time or space now to notice this elaborate volume as its merits deserve. Prof. Foinitski examines carefully all the arguments which have been presented in favor of transportation, and rejects them *in toto*. He declares that transportation up to the present has nothing but negative results to show.

In private conversation, and also in debate in the Congress, Prof. Foinitski ably maintained his view, and declared that this method had been renounced by all countries except France and Russia, and that even in these countries it had not been successful. His important work deserves careful study as a standard treatise on this subject.

The debate in the first section was exceedingly warm, and extended over three sessions. Prof. Leveillé of the Faculty of Law of Paris warmly defended the French system. It was evident that only negative conclusions or a compromise could be reached with such a division of opinion. The legal section succeeded in passing the following vote: "Transportation under different forms, with the ameliorations already realized and of which it is still susceptible, has its utility, whether for the execution of long penalties for great criminals or for the repression of habitual criminals and obstinate recidivists." This con-

clusion was strongly combated in the general session.

Other questions which came up in the legal session were questions of classification,—the distinctions between vagabondage and mendicity, measures to be adopted against those who induce young girls to emigrate for the sake of prostitution, the important question of conditional liberation, the question whether the victim of a crime is sufficiently protected by modern laws, and whether he should receive some indemnity for the wrong he has suffered. On this latter question it was voted that penal legislation should take more account of the necessity of the reparation due to the injured party; that, when the complaint of a party in a civil suit is recognized as grounded, he should never be condemned to pay costs. The Congress decided that it should take into serious consideration a proposition to allow to the injured party a portion of the gains realized by the work of the condemned during his detention. But, recognizing the difficulty of estimating all the elements which enter into this question, it was referred to the next Congress.

The question of conditional liberation also had an important place in discussion and I had the honor of submitting a paper on what Massachusetts has done with the probation system.

IN VAGRANT'S LAND.

BY ALICE GORDON.

A bit of old pasture, consisting of two gentle slopes and the broad, shallow basin between, is occupied during the late summer by a vigorous colony of those vagrants of the vegetable world called, indiscriminately, weeds. The term, viewed in the light of its etymological meaning, is often a misnomer, as inapplicable as some human nouns collective.

These Ishmaelites of Flora's kingdom are given a bad name, and then made to justify it, are first banished to the desert, and then reproached for developing hardihood rather than beauty. Little blame to them if their latent poisonous qualities also appear in the struggle for existence. Emerson's definition of a weed as a plant whose use has not been discovered has a quality of justice, and suggests a different attitude toward these wayfarers of the earth. But is it their condition of outlawry alone, or the influence of blood, that causes the difference between them and the denizens of the garden parterre? Surely, something more than the effects of environment divides them from the stately lily, the grave pansy, and gentle pink, and all the prim beauties of the conventional border, growing and blooming like well-trained children where they are bid. A natural selection of the estate that suits them best may make a broad line of separation between the plants that will and those that will not be cultivated out of individuality, massed according to color, trimmed and clipped into nondescript forms at the gardener's fancy. The vagrant blood defies restraint in the plant world as in the human. Some connection may yet be found between these plant gypsies and the Turanian races of mankind. The earth is their home: their native air is liberty. If driven from the fields, they have the fence corners and waste places for their encampments. The autumn wind is courier, guide, and vehicle for their marches. Always ready to move on at the behest of agricultural beadleism, without title to a rood or tithe of its surface, they yet possess the earth.

But the vagrants are not in haste to assert their birthright. They remain in the background through the spring, while violets paint a summer sky on every sunny slope, and pink and white beauties haunt dim woodland ways; through early summer, the time of June roses filling the air with bloom and perfume. But, with the tropic heats of August, they obey the call of the sun, and come in throngs to take the place of the delicate children of the royal line.

This old pasture is one of their favorite haunts. Here are patches of golden-rod, its clusters of buds wrapped in green sheaths of calyx, with no hint of the golden glory to come. Here is pale purple mint, whose blossoms children love to rub between their hands, seeing in imagination "gardens of spices, wind blown." A succulent stalk bears purple and white cups so daintily pleated they seem a model for

dressmakers to fashion after. There are stalks of milkweed filled with a viscid fluid that oozes out of every wound, and a nameless scion of gypsy land, whose purple blossom has a honeyed odor of inexhaustible sweetness.

Half way up the slope, gray and solitary, stands a mullein stalk. A plant of to-day, it reminds one of some hoary ruin with the dust of ages upon it. There is such a venerable air about it, such a lack of even the suggestion of former bloom! But touch the leaves. Did loom of human make ever weave a velvet pile so soft and fine? What an aristocratic indifference is expressed by the solitary yellow flower crowning the ancient watch-tower. No bourgeois enthusiasm for this melancholy recluse! Calmly it opens its golden rim, preserving a serene composure in the midst of vivid life. We are reminded of the precious metal, buried in its rough quartz, for which men risk life.

Not far away is another flower castle,—the thistle. No solemn ruin, but an intensely modern affair. Its walls are set with terrible reminders to the avaricious fingers that would meddle with its royal occupant. If there be a gypsy queen in vagrant's land, she is the thistle. Reclining in her purple robes, in the heart of her fortress, she keeps her honeyed sweetness for that bold courtier, the bee, and the sweet-voiced court poet, the goldfinch, whose yellow wings hover near. The mailed walls of the castle glitter in the sunlight; but already a power that no walls, however guarded, can shut out, is making itself felt. Many of the purple-tressed beauties are turning white, and shedding their glory of bloom. The ground around is covered with a soft silken down, fit only for a fairy's couch or to line the nest of the dainty goldfinch.

These late summer days the place is vocal with another life than the intense but silent life of plants. From the monotonous chirp of the cricket, the undertone to the summer orchestra, to the loud shrilling of the cicada, the gamut of sound is complete and incessant. Each little musician attends strictly to his own performance, without regard to what his neighbor is singing. At your every movement a crowd of winged forms rise and dart hither and thither. On every side they are clinging to the stems, staring with goggle eyes at the intruder.

Master Crooked-knee is here, with all his relations,—the creaky, crawly performer who makes night hideous with a tune resembling that of a door swinging on rusty hinges,—and crowds of gauzy-winged creatures in hues of emerald, crimson, and gold shining in the sun.

Some of the merry company are singing their last song; for Arachnida has spread her fatal web everywhere between the green stems, and in gorgeous black and orange armor waits her prey. And she has not long to wait. Foolish little Crooked-knee, darting to and fro, entangles his active legs in the web woven of filmy threads hardly visible to the eye, but of terrible power. In one web a monster in ebony and gold has been keeping guard over a motionless form wrapped in its white winding-sheet. In another two grasshoppers are caught, and the spider from the top of the web calmly watches their frantic struggles to escape. A little work with a twig sets them free; and away they dart, to fall into another trap, probably, while the indignant spider runs up her winding-stair to protect a skeleton hung in the attic. One feels no compunction at robbing a spider of her well-earned dinner, perhaps because of the terrible advantage she has over the unwary, and the cool, pitiless vigilance with which she uses it.

Amid the hum of busy life it is odd to find a member of the fuzz family who has gone to sleep in his curtained hammock, trustfully swung between two grass-blades, whose green tops bend over like a canopy. Wrapped in his soft silken coverlet, he has closed his eyes on the summer world, heedless of accidents that may prevent his ever becoming a butterfly.

Ephemeral creatures of a day,—how soon that day passes, and what intense life they crowd into its few golden hours! Day and night the pæan ceases not till autumn comes to end it, and a rheumatic cricket lonesomely chirps the farewell number.

Autumn vapors are trailing over the vagrant's summer home. The dead stalks rustle in the wind. A cold breath rises from the damp ground. All have vanished,—

the humble beauty and the castled queen, the bird and the bee, the hunter and its victim. The vagrants are ready to move on. Now, while the farmer garners his crop, comes Nature's sowing time. The wind, the all-sufficient sower, is ready, with many a mournful song of the past in mind, to sing on the way. With breath of ice and fire, with wheels of the sun and road of blue, the charioteer offers free passage to the waiting seeds. He makes no promise as to direction or destination. The tiny brown voyagers spread their white sails, and set forth without chart or compass, their only course "whither the wind will."

Golden-rod has turned to silver-rod. A white inflorescence appears on every decaying stem,—a sort of ghostly bloom. It is a symbol of death and resurrection. Every pod is bursting with potential life. I found one upon a milkweed stem, from which the first seed was taking flight. Its fairy white wings fluttered in the breeze, as if longing to sail up into the blue sky, while the seed yet remained fast in the pod:—

"Just poised for flight, its brown feet
clinging yet
To the earth house, the husk that held it
long;
While its white wings tremble to forget
Their bonds, and join the liberated
throng.
Type of the spirit in its house of clay,
Bound to the earth, yet striving to be
free,
Through birth and death, by Nature's de-
vious way,
Seeking its unforgotten liberty."

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PROPHET.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT VISITS DR. MARTINEAU.

No one, in my judgment, has done more, probably no one so much, among English-speaking peoples as Dr. James Martineau to stem the tide which half a century ago was running so strongly toward materialism,—the doctrine that there is nothing but matter, that all thought, emotion, life, are only subtle forms of physical force, that there is, therefore, no God in the universe and no soul in man. Dr. Martineau modestly disclaims having rendered any such service. Materialism, he says, has changed its form rather than its nature, and, so far as it has disappeared, has done so to give place either to a spiritualism which deals with ghostly appearances, rappings, mind-readings, telepathy, and like forms of spiritism, or else to a phase of Hegelianism which merges man's consciousness in a universal consciousness, and so destroys the foundation of religion. For worship is, he truly says, communion between two personalities; and any philosophy which denies a divine personality in and behind and in some sense apart from nature denies the possibility of worship, and, in the highest sense, of religion.

Something like this he said to me as we were riding from the station—where, with two of his daughters, he had met me—to a beautiful loch in a wild, romantic glen in the north of Scotland. For seven or eight months of the year he lives in London, where, a friend who knows him well tells me, he has a most beautiful private library. Four or five months in the year he lives at Aviemore, which is little more than a station on the Highland Railroad. It is not even large enough to have an inn; and a place must be very small in England or Scotland not to have an inn. I had to ride in the train six miles further up the valley to Boat of Garten to get a place to spend the night. I shall not attempt to describe the ride up from Edinburgh to Aviemore, over what Baedeker well calls one of the most beautiful railroad rides in Scotland: through the lovely vales of Perthshire; through the wild, romantic pass of Killcrankie; by the side of wild Scottish moors and the Grampian Hills where "my father fed his flocks," and where I should fancy they would have got very little to eat; to the fertile vales and high hills which combine to make the region about Aviemore one of exquisite, romantic beauty.

Though Dr. Martineau has just passed his ninetieth birthday, his eye is not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. "Would I like to take a drive before dinner, which was at five o'clock?" "Very much." "It had been raining, and another shower

was evidently coming up, but Dr. Martineau would not mind it, for he had a waterproof on: would I mind it?" "Not at all, for I also had a waterproof on." In fact, rain did come down in a smart shower; and he did not mind it in the least. When we got out, he was as spry as I was. And I could readily believe what his daughter told me, that he made nothing of climbing one of the smaller—but not so very small—Scottish hills which she pointed out to me. It was more difficult to believe that he had passed his ninetieth birthday, and that his life had been one of ceaseless literary activity. He seemed to be a demonstration of the truth of the spiritual philosophy, the independence of the soul, and its mastery over the body. It is partly, at least, because he has so young a soul that he has so vigorous and hale a body.

As we rode, we talked. It was not an interview. It would therefore be very unfair to hold Dr. Martineau responsible for this fragmentary report of what is at best but my understanding and memory of a memorable hour.

Some remark of mine led him to give me a sketch of the origin of English Unitarianism. English Unitarianism has grown by a natural development out of the Richard Baxter Presbyterianism. The bond of union was not dogma, but spiritual sympathy. There was no creed, no theological definition. After the restoration of Charles II. and the Act of Uniformity, for a generation all churches not in conformity with the Church of England were prohibited by drastic legislation. They could not meet for religious worship, and the nonconforming ministers could not live within five miles of a large town. For a generation, therefore, whatever worship was conducted was in violation of this law, and by stealth.

Of course, organized Presbyterianism was impossible; and when under William and Mary the Act of Toleration was passed, and liberty was again permitted, these Presbyterian churches had become independent, and have remained so ever since. But they have retained the character which they had taken on in Richard Baxter's time and under his influence. In the same church a Calvinist, an Arminian, an Arian, and a Socinian might work and worship together. There was no standard of belief: no one was required to define his theology. Indeed, it was hardly considered permissible to do so. In this air of liberty, unhampered by creeds and traditional beliefs, the development went on naturally until the churches generally became in fact, though not in form, Unitarian in their belief. But the same spirit of freedom remains. They are representative not of Unitarianism, but of a perfectly unfettered Christian liberty. Their bond is spiritual, not dogmatic.

I asked him if the churches were not growing together, and what he thought of the Lambeth Articles as a basis of church union. I judged from his reply, as from the replies of other nonconformist divines with whom I have spoken on this subject, that these articles have attracted no such attention in Great Britain as they have in the United States. I should think it was clear that they are not taken very seriously outside the Episcopal Church. The creeds, said Dr. Martineau, afford no basis for union. Historic scholarship has made it clear that the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed possess no authority; that the Apostles' Creed was the gradual growth of an earlier age, and as such has no binding force on us, and affords no foundation for the Church to build on. The only hope of union is in some scheme of federation whereby each church will preserve its own autonomy, but will recognize every other church as a church of Christ.

I have no right to invite my readers into Dr. Martineau's cottage, or to introduce any stranger to his daughters, or to ask any one to sit down with us at the evening meal. I can only say that, after a most delightful afternoon in most delightful company, where art, literature, and philosophy all were guests, I came away from this visit to one of the nineteenth-century prophets of the Christian Church with that admiration akin to affection which his writings had inspired in me deepened by this brief personal acquaintance.—*The Outlook*

MEETING AND PARTING.

BY REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING.

We meet by chance, but at our meeting find That thought and life and poesy and art Disclose the selfsame meanings to each heart; And tones accordant sound whenever mind To mind responds. Such ties may surely bind Us twain in friendship's bond. Our lives apart Will run; but on her mystic loom the heart New threads of golden memories shall wind.

Farewell. Too soon the sea will greet the land; Too soon old ocean's murmurings will cease, And soon our feet their different ways must go. Auf wiederseh'n! may Heaven have kindly planned That we shall meet again in joy and peace, Or here, or where celestial waters flow!

On S.S. *Normannia*, August 21.

DR. HALE AS A PUBLIC MAN:

WHAT THE BOSTON "HERALD" THINKS OF HIM.

[In its issue of September 1 the Boston Herald publishes the following interesting tribute to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. While the Herald rightly claims Dr. Hale as a proud and special possession of Boston, it is also true that his name and influence are known the country over.]

"Why didn't you tell Edward these kind things when he could have heard them himself?" said the wife of Dr. Edward A. Washburn to Bishop Potter, as she stood outside of the door of his study in Calvary rectory, tearful and grateful, as she heard one after another of his brethren say from the heart what he had been to them as a leader of religious thought and what he had done in his life. "He would have been gladdened and helped by them." It is often the case that the wisest and the best of men never hear the words that would have encouraged them in their work, because it seems as if they ought to do it without sympathy and appreciation; but when a man like Dr. Hale has reached the period of threescore and ten, though he would be the last man to seek it, it is not an improper thing to say what he has been to his generation while he is yet with us. More or less this has already come to him in the fact that his services have been widely recognized; but there is an emphatic word which may be rightly spoken in his presence and which his career justly deserves. For about forty years he has gone in and out here in Boston, claiming nothing for himself, meeting the opportunities of life, as they came to him, and making the lives of countless men and women the richer for his relations to them. No cause has needed a friend without having his response; and, the more hopeless has been the outlook for the individual, the more ready has he been to give his sympathy and help. Again and again, where a party has been cast aside, he has persisted in following the needy one with his kindness, saying that, when every one else had failed, it was the privilege of the clergy to cling to the unfortunate with the persistence of the Master over a lost soul. In the city, to know that one needed a good word was like a command to Dr. Hale to give it. Hundreds of young men on the threshold of a career, but needing encouragement, have found in him one who followed them with his love, and one who stood ready to help in a substantial way if this was required. He has not waited till others approved and a thing was popular before he gave a helping hand; but, if a cause was right, he has stood by it and made it popular. It used to be the inquiry, "Is Dr. Hale in it?" if one wished for the authority of an enterprise; but it long ago was taken for granted that he would have a part in every worthy matter that was before the public.

Such a willingness to give one's self to the service of others, and to do it in the spirit of one who feels thankful for the opportunity to do good, is not so common as it might be; and it has done more than any other one thing to place Dr. Hale at the head of those who live for others. Wherever a social service was to be rendered, wherever a cause needed a champion, wherever an oppression needed to be righted, wherever a worthy person needed a friend, he has been ready to render such service as he could. Dr. Hale has filled his life with the richness of these experiences. Some years ago, as Bishop Kemper, then in charge of the North-west, entered a railway train,

one exclaimed, "There is the richest man in the North-west!" His companion replied, "I did not know that the bishop was a rich man." "He is not; but the look of affection that greeted him as he entered the car was worth more than you or I could buy, and we are not men of small wealth." So the interest in Dr. Hale, as he goes about the city, is based upon a public service which has had no limits. Wherever he goes, some one remembers this and another remembers that; and there goes forth to him a grateful tribute of respect which means infinite riches in itself. The late Dr. Holmes was a sunny and kindly man whom everybody loved; but his wit, his *bonhomie*, his humanity, were chiefly in response to what was addressed to himself. He had the personality that awakened an interest in others. Dr. Hale has a not less distinct personality; but the interest of the public in him is not due so much to his wit and genial personality—abundant as these are—as it is to the knowledge that underneath his brilliant play of intellectual gifts there is a kindness of heart that is unbounded. Wherever he goes, there is a response to the nobleness of his heart. Every one has found something in him that endears him to his fellows.

We have been so long used to his advocacy of what ought to be done that it is not easy to consider what he has done, but it would be much easier to tell what he has not done than to describe the rounds of his activity. During all the years of his service in a Boston pulpit he has been the pastor of humanity in a ministry at large. He has taken possession of the hearts of the people; and to-day there is, perhaps, no other man in Boston, among all the faiths, who so commands the reverence, the affection, and the respect of the people. He has not neglected his own flock for the service of others, but he has been in no sense a tea-drinking pastor among his own people. He has saved his time, so that he has met all his necessary duties; and he has never failed to be where duty called him. To-day he lives in the minds and hearts of thousands who have never heard him preach, but who have been won to him by some act of kindness that has changed the current of their lives. His relation to social issues, his interest in good citizenship, his close concern for the development of character among the young, his recognition that religion is the highest type of manhood,—many-sided as they all are,—have endeared him to young and old; and, eminent as Boston has been in great citizens, he stands out as the first and foremost man in this community for his helpfulness to all humanity. It must not be forgotten, in this connection, that he is one of our most voluminous authors, and that he is in constant service in a city parish at an age when he has earned the right to retire to private life. His career is an example of the largeness of heart that a man may put into his work when he lives up to the measure of his gifts. He has embodied the spirit of the Roman maxim, whose free translation is that nothing that pertains to humanity is foreign to myself. Boston is vastly richer for the life and services of such a citizen, and this brief tribute to his many-sided activity will find a warm response in the minds and hearts of thousands who have felt the blessing of his career.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The head of the procession marching homeward for new struggles, and let us hope new victories, has reached Boston. Every day brings numbers of ministers with sun-browned faces, who are on their way home. All express the hope that we are to have a good year, and that with the return of prosperity, which all predict, with the help of the National Conference meeting and a general revival of interest in our work, we may make a record the coming year of which we shall have reason to be proud, and for which we shall be truly thankful.

We have no new books to call attention to just yet; but we have some that would be new to very many of our Unitarians, and not only new, but interesting. We have complete sets of books of the following

authors; and we hope that our congregations will remember this list when they are wondering what they can do in the way of a little gift for their minister or a contribution to their own libraries or the libraries in their towns, public or private:—

	Vols.	Price.
Rev. Wm. R. Alger.....	5	\$9.00
" Joseph Henry Allen.....	6	6.35
" Cyrus A. Bartol.....	4	4.25
" Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D....	5	7.00
" John W. Chadwick.....	14	15.25
" Wm. Ellery Channing.....	5	5.50
" James Freeman Clarke.....	24	29.00
" Robert Collyer.....	5	6.75
" O. B. Frothingham.....	12	15.50
" Edward E. Hale, D.D.....	16	15.30
" Frederic H. Hedge, D.D.....	7	13.00
" James Martineau, D.D.....	10	21.50
" Dr. Andrew Peabody.....	10	11.90
" Theodore Parker (partial).....	5	5.75
" Minot J. Savage.....	28	26.20
" Edmund H. Sears.....	5	5.75

The prices given above are list prices, subject to the usual discount.

BEGINNING TO VISIT.

The treasurer has begun one of the agreeable duties connected with his office; namely, that of visiting the churches, conferences, etc. The summer camp at Weirs was a very pleasant beginning. The weather was cool, if anything too cool; but the greetings were not lacking in warmth by any means. It really seems as if we ought to make a great deal more of these delightful opportunities to meet our Unitarian friends. We ought to have hundreds more there next year than were there this year. It would be a good stroke of missionary work, as well as an agreeable social occasion. Next at the old historic church at Quincy. If our good Unitarians at Quincy are as liberal with their money as they were on the Sunday the treasurer visited them with their water, there will be no complaints that they have not done their duty. It simply poured on that day. We hope to see more of our friends in Quincy some time when the sun shines. There was considerable vacant room in the church on the day we were there.

Next Newport, R.I., the beautiful city by the sea, and in the beautiful church called the Channing Memorial, with its chimes and the noble statue of Channing in the park fronting the church, a lovely summer day, a good congregation, and everything as pleasant as it could possibly be. The church in Newport is alive, and we feel sure it will give a good account of itself this fall.

UNITY OF PURPOSE.

Can we not have this year a concentration of all our unities upon the one unity of purpose,—that purpose being the earnest, enthusiastic, persistent presentation of our denominational missionary work? Let every man and woman consider himself and herself a special committee of one to give the Unitarian church a lift in some way. If you can't work, you can pay: you can probably do both; but you can pay *something*, and you can do *something*, if you really want to.

Really, we haven't any record that we want to use as a guide for *this* year, either in paying or working. We *never* had such a chance; and, if we mean *anything* by our professions, now is the time we ought to show it. This Association will do all the work you will let it do; and, the more you give it to do, the happier will be those who have the work to do as officers and directors.

By the way, please remember that the American Unitarian Association is a church member. It belongs to *all* the churches. Always think of it as *WE*, not as *you*.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

Now that the churches will soon be open, we would like to say to those who control the collections, let us have your contributions just as early as you can, so that we can not only know what we dare undertake, but so that we may not have to pay interest on money to keep our work along until you pay in your contributions; but look out, please, and don't skip anybody who wants to help. And, if you wish, you may make a *number* of contributions. Quarterly contributions to the missionary work of the church is the old-fashioned way, and we can manage it, if you want to do it that way. We are ready, as the editor of the *Register* suggested last week, to receipt for money, no matter how it comes, by telegraph or mail. GEORGE W. STONE, *Treas.*

A LAPLANDER'S DRESS.

The operation of dressing in cold weather in the far north is so elaborate that it is difficult to understand how a deliberate boy or girl in Lapland can be ready for breakfast before dinner-time. First, two suits of thick woollen underclothing are put on, and over these goes a shirt of reindeer-skin, with cloth bands to fasten at the wrists. Sometimes two of these shirts, or kaptas, are worn, and a reindeer-skin vest beneath them. The trousers are of reindeer-skin also. Two pairs of heavy woollen stockings are worn, and the child who puts these on when they are damp is sure to have trouble with his feet. Around the feet a peculiar grass, well-dried, is carefully wound; and, over all this goes the shoes. Button and hooks and eyes are scarce in Lapland, all clothing is fastened by strings, and it is dreadful to think of all the "hard knots" that Lapp children have fumbled over while too sleepy to be amiable.—*Harper's Young People.*

Spiritual Life.

No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes.—*Mrs. Humphry Ward.*

The man of large faith is the man of great inspiration and, naturally, the man of large life; for faith is not in itself an end, but a means to an end which is the enlargement of life in all noble and beautiful qualities.—*E. Sloan.*

God is the ally of every soul that seeks wholly to be true. Experience sooner or later corresponds to genuine and noble aspiration. Opportunities for heroism come to him who is fitting himself for heroic action.—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place, we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority, the turnpike road.—*Julius Hare.*

If I had only one prayer to utter, it should be this: Holy God, leave me not in the power of my own sins. Abandon me not to my own blindness; spare not my shrinking flesh; leave no hiding-place for my follies; wash me though in the bitterness of gall, if only so I may be clean; crucify me like my Master, if only so I may rise with him to the true knowledge of thy Fatherhood.—*Dr. Bellows.*

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live,—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sunshine or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows, indeed, what it is to act, to work, cries out, "This alone is to live."—*Phillips Brooks.*

To the wise man who lives close up to his opportunities, one day to look forward to is no meagre blessing. It is much, it is truly a royal privilege, if we perceive its almost infinite possibilities,—possibilities of thought which can traverse the centuries of human history; possibilities of feeling which may sound the depths of the human heart; possibilities of action which, on this one day, by some true word or deed, may change the whole course of a human life, may leave an undying memory or influence in the world.—*John C. Learned.*

The Sunday School.

The "New Song and Service Book," issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, is now in the third edition. Sunday-schools are ordering this new publication quite rapidly as the autumn work begins.

Every Other Sunday, Volume X., is now ready in one bound volume. In this shape the twenty-two numbers form a rich resource for Sunday-schools and homes of stories, anecdotes, illustrations, and apt teachings. Bound in cloth, price 75 cents per copy, postage prepaid.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society will not issue a new Harvest Service this year.

There are four reprints from which the schools can select, all of which have been popular. These are for the years 1887, 1890, 1892, and 1893. Price 5 cents a copy or \$4 per hundred. Besides these the "New Song and Service Book" provides a large amount of material adapted both in service and song for harvest concerts.

Religious Intelligence.

(Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.)

BOSTON COMMON.—Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, D.C., and Rev. Mary T. Whitney were the announced speakers for last Sunday's open-air service. These exercises, as has been stated before, are so happily welcomed by the public that they will be continued through September. Among the speakers engaged are Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and Rev. Frank A. Gilmore of Haverhill, Mass., for September 8. On succeeding Sundays Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Dr. J. M. Pullman, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and others will take part in the services.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—The First Parish Church will be open next Sunday, September 8, and Rev. W. W. Fenn will preach.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Stewart Avenue Universalist Church has already issued a carefully planned prospectus for 1895-96, showing that it will continue and even enlarge its various lines of work. The various sections of the Study Club are well organized, and their membership is very large. The work of the church is defined as "a serious attempt to serve our community along the noble lines of life, to find the spiritual and ethical meaning of all phases of life, to help misfortune, to create in our immediate social life an intense love for life's highest possible interests. We raise no barrier of creed. 'Tolerance and freedom' in pulpit and pew is our motto; to seek truth instead of defending past statements of belief, our purpose. Our doors are wide open to all whom we can serve. In the spirit of love and fellowship for all we set our hands to the tasks of the coming year, and welcome to our fast growing company all who may need our service and all who through us seek to serve others."

DORCHESTER, MASS.—First Parish: Rev. F. L. Hosmer of St. Louis will preach next Sunday at 11 o'clock.

GARDNER, MASS.—The people of the First Unitarian Church have been looking forward for several months to the ordination and installation of William Channing Brown as their pastor. The service is to be held on Wednesday, September 11, at 2.30 P.M. Mr. Brown is a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, class of 1894; and he spent last year as a graduate student at the Harvard Divinity School.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—All Souls' Church begins its services September 1; and the pastor, Rev. Victor E. Southworth, will preach on "Our Church: What can it do for Janesville?" The Fortnightly Club has planned a progressive course of study on "Ethics of Citizenship in History, in Literature, and To-day." The Sunday-school work is carefully organized. An unusual feature of the services in this church is indicated by the following notice on the announcements: "At the close of the regular Sunday services, after an intermission of fifteen minutes, the audience is called to order for a free discussion of the subjects involved in the morning sermon. The preacher is anxious to have every one remain, and enter freely into this discussion."

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—Robert Collyer spent the month of August in Newburyport, in fulfilment of a large desire to share for a time the life of a New England seaport town. Though it was vacation time, yet the church was opened on August 18; and a large congregation dared the rain, and filled the house to listen to him. The following Sunday Joseph May received a warm greeting from his old parishioners at Newburyport, and gave them a powerful discourse, while Mr. Collyer preached in the ancient and quaint Rocky Hill Meeting-house in Old Salisbury to an audience that occupied even the window-sills; and, though the church is Orthodox Congregational, the people's delight was universal. Mr. Collyer also addressed a vacation meeting of the Newburyport Women's Alliance, at which two hundred women and some men were present.

OAKLAND, CAL.—The Oakland (Cal.) newspapers announce that Rev. C. W. Wendte, after nine years' faithful service, has resigned his pastorate. "The trouble is entirely a financial one. Mr. Wendte's relations with his church members are har-

monious, and the feeling with a majority of them is that such arrangements must be made that his services will be retained. The resignation was written and sent to the trustees two or three weeks ago; and probably the main motive dictating it was a desire to place the trustees and church members in a position in which they would be perfectly free to do what they thought would be for the best interest of the church. Since the resignation was placed in their hands, the trustees have held several meetings; and one of their first acts was to pass resolutions heartily indorsing Mr. Wendte and calling upon him to remain. But Mr. Wendte said the matter should go before the church as a whole, as the Unitarian polity of church government is a congregational one; and he also insisted that, if he was to remain, some effort should be made to reduce the debt of the church, and make the general burden lighter. Mr. Wendte came to this city in 1886, after holding pastorates in Newport, R.I., Cincinnati, and Chicago. In 1871 he founded the Athenaeum in Chicago, which has grown so largely, and become a people's college. Since his arrival here Mr. Wendte has been very active in many enterprises which have been organized for the elevation of the people. He has delivered many lectures upon literary themes and upon the compositions of classical music composers. He is now president of the Alameda Humane Society, the Oratorio Society, and a director in the Fabiola Hospital and the Chabot Home. He was the founder of the Unitarian society in this city, and also of the Associated Charities and the Starr King Fraternity."

At a meeting of the members of the church, called to consider Mr. Wendte's resignation, a series of resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressing the regard of the congregation for its pastor and its desire for him to remain, and pledging itself to lift the debt on the church.

WEST DEDHAM, MASS.—The society in West Dedham have extended the vacation of their pastor, Rev. Obed Eldridge, to September 15, hoping that the additional time will enable him to regain his health."

IOWA ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches will be held with the People's Church, Anamosa, October 15, 16, and 17. It is hoped that friends farther West on their way to the National Conference will plan to attend this meeting. To all such the Conference would extend a cordial invitation. Leon A. Harvey, Secretary.

MINNESOTA CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Minnesota Conference will be held at St. Cloud September 17-19. The conference sermon will be preached by Rev. William R. Lord of St. Paul. Mr. George R. Stephens of New Paynesville will read a paper with the subject "Fields White unto Harvest." Rev. F. C. Davis of Winona will speak of "The Scope of the Liberal Pulpit"; and to Mrs. W. A. Shoemaker is assigned the leading topic of the Sunday-school Conference, "The Difficulties and Advantages of Teaching without Appeal to Scriptural Authority." There will be a platform meeting, with short addresses by Rev. William Ballou of Fargo, Rev. H. M. Simmons of Minneapolis, Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, Rev. Marion D. Shutter of Minneapolis, and Rev. T. B. Forbush. Rev. F. C. Southworth, Rev. J. L. Andrew, and Hon. L. W. Collins will be present at the general meetings and share in the discussions.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Additional donations to Sept. 1, 1895:—

Apr. 9.	East Boston Sunday-school.....	\$5.00
" 10.	Templeton First Parish, additional..	1.00
" 10.	Stow (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 11.	Youkers (N.Y.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 13.	Cohasset (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 13.	West Roxbury Church.....	30.00
" 17.	Laconia (N.H.) Sunday-school.....	3.00
" 17.	Eastport, Me.....	16.88
" 17.	Madison (Wis.) First Unitarian Church.....	10.00
" 20.	Burlington (Vt.) Sunday-school.....	20.00
" 22.	Revere (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	3.00
" 23.	All Souls' Church, New York.....	100.00
" 23.	Channing Memorial Sunday-school, New York.....	20.00
" 23.	Fitchburg (Mass.) First Parish.....	10.00
" 23.	Brewster First Parish Church and Sunday-school.....	7.00
" 25.	Peabody First Unitarian Church.....	15.00
" 29.	Wilmington (Del.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 29.	Roslindale Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 29.	Needham Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30.	Christ Church Sunday-school, Dorchester.....	10.00
" 30.	Asbury First Parish.....	9.51
May 1.	New South Church Sunday-school, Boston.....	5.00
" 1.	Alton (Ill.) Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 1.	Spring Garden Society, Philadelphia.....	25.00
" 1.	Milwaukee Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 1.	Church of the Disciples, Boston.....	50.00
" 3.	Sterling (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	6.35
" 3.	Berlin (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	6.00
" 6.	Cambridge Third Congregational Sunday-school.....	25.00
" 7.	Haverhill Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 7.	Lancaster (Mass.) First Church.....	10.00
" 8.	Dorchester First Parish.....	50.00
" 9.	Reading (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 13.	Mis A. R. Faulkner.....	30.00
" 14.	Winthrop (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 14.	McMullen (Wash.) Sunday-school.....	1.00
" 21.	Chelsea (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 21.	Bath (N.H.) Sunday-school.....	2.00

May 21.	Salem (Mass.) First Church.....	\$8.23
" 27.	Church of the Unity, Boston.....	100.00
" 27.	Channing Religious Society, Newton, additional.....	20.00
" 28.	Harvard Church, Charlestown.....	19.35
" 28.	Philadelphia First Church Sunday-school.....	20.00
" 29.	Hartford (Conn.) Unity Sunday-school.....	10.00
June 5.	Hingham New North Church.....	16.00
" 6.	Brooklyn (N.Y.) First Congregational Society.....	25.00
" 7.	Brookline First Parish.....	75.00
" 7.	Canton First Congregational Society.....	20.00
" 10.	Hingham First Parish.....	65.00
" 12.	Weston First Parish.....	20.00
" 12.	Concord (Mass.) First Parish.....	25.00
" 13.	All Souls' Sunday-school, Roxbury.....	3.77
" 15.	Randolph Sunday-school.....	40.00
" 18.	Jamaica Plain Society.....	20.00
" 20.	Hawes Church, South Boston.....	25.00
" 24.	Barre First Parish.....	7.20
" 24.	Charlestown, N.H.....	7.00
" 26.	Petersham Sunday-school.....	50.10
" 28.	North Easton, Unity Church.....	27.00
" 29.	Lynn Second Congregational Society.....	12.00
" 29.	West Upton Sunday-school.....	10.00
July 1.	Billerica Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 2.	Neponset Sunday-school.....	110.65
" 2.	Buffalo, Church of Our Father.....	1.77
" 6.	Athol First Unitarian Sunday-school.....	50.00
" 11.	West Newton Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 17.	Somerville First Congregational Society.....	45.00
" 24.	Santa Barbara Society.....	5.00
" 26.	Harvard (Mass.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30.	First Parish, East Bridgewater.....	15.88
Aug. 8.	John Capen.....	25.00

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Treas.

Business Notices.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Four Hundred in All.—"Four Hundred" is a number which has become famous through the late Ward McAllister. But this has no bearing on the use to which we put it now. We only employ it here to comment upon the enormous number of styles of chiffonieres in the warehouses of the Paine Furniture Company on Canal Street. Such an immense variety gives to the purchaser an element of value in selection, which adds nearly twenty per cent. to the worth of his purchase. This is one of the great benefits from trading at a large establishment.

Deaths.

In this city, 26th ult., Sally E. Longley, aged 98 yrs. 5 mos. 14 days, widow of James Longley. In Malden, 28th ult., Rev. William M. Bicknell, 75 yrs. In Salem, 29th ult., Ellen Maria Grant, aged 70 yrs.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. HENRIETTA G. DORR.

On the morning of July 28 there passed from death into life a sweet soul, whose gentleness and strength came from that "wonderful compounding of the element of suffering with the spiritual forces" to such a marked degree that we who watched and saw the beautiful outcome feel like offering the tribute of a grateful memory. To many of us the mere mention of the name of Mrs. Henrietta G. Dorr will always bring to mind the chamber toward the east, where for so many weary months she taught us such a lesson of patience and trust. Herself the object of such a ministry of devoted love as never was exceeded, she still seemed to grow more and more unselfish and to desire to give all the happiness and gratitude in her power. No little neighborly attention was forgotten. No birthday or anniversary of any friend but had its special remembrance from her. She was particularly gracious in her thought of the aged. Her sympathies and attentions took even wider range, and included every one of whom she could hear who was ill or in any way afflicted. No undertone of pain ever disturbed the melody of her kindness. "So as by fire" was she refined. We went to cheer and comfort her, and every time came away feeling that we had been the recipients. George Eliot says "illness seems to me the one woe for which there is no comfort, no compensation"; and yet our dear friend, whose sufferings were most acute and constant, kept them from us, and, instead of complaining, gave us glad greetings.

Gradually, she dropped her various interests, and lived only upon love, to whose smallest expression she ever gave quick response. And so she left us,—richer far for having known her, inspired to effort by her heroic example, brightened and uplifted rather than saddened and depressed, as we recall her "serene triumph of spirit over hopeless anguish of body."

When she was laid to rest on the little hilltop at Mount Auburn, under a mound of flowers such as she had always loved, after the committal service her pastor, Rev. Mr. De Normandie, repeated Tennyson's beautiful "Sunset and Evening Star." And we seemed to see her cross the bar, meet her Pilot face to face, and enter the haven of eternal rest.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.,

October 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Messrs. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB have arranged for the accommodation of delegates and others who may wish to attend the National Conference an Attractive Series of Excursions at Very Low Rates.

Parties will leave BOSTON Friday, October 18, and Monday, October 21, under special escort. A choice of routes by boat and rail.

Additional Excursions to GETTYSBURG, OLD POINT COMFORT, Etc.

Send for special circular.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, 2961 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston.

For the *Christian Register*.

ALONE WITH GOD.

BY REV. EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

Alone with God, when, in the dark together,
Sin and my soul in deadly conflict meet;
And, oft defeated, when, with broken tether,
I wander far from his constraining feet,—
Alone with God.

Alone with God, when, in the shadow waiting,
The blow descends from Sorrow's lengthening arm,
And o'er me fall with fury unabating
The waves of this world's unrelenting harm,—
Alone with God.

Alone with God, when, in some happier hour,
The joy I dreamed, yet half despaired to see,
Breaks on the heart, oh, then the blessed power
Of a life shared between such worth and me,—
Alone with God!

Yet not alone. For he who by the Father
Attended walks, has friends to cheer the way:
Nature and man and all things gayly gather
To speed with hope the long and silent day,—
Alone with God.

Sermon Gleanings.

MEN OF CLAY AND MEN OF IRON.

BY REV. W. F. PLACE.

"Quit you like men, be strong."—1 COR. xvi. 13.

Sculptors model in clay, but carve in marble. The clay changes form readily, every touch leaving its impress; and the lump that was fashioned into a saint to-day can be moulded into a villain to-morrow, while the marble retains each feature through the ages.

We note similar characteristics among men, and speak of men of clay and men of iron, men who are moulded by every circumstance and men of solid character, whether it be good or bad. Our political life presents abundant illustrations of these plastic men. Many people are swinging back and forth in their religious associations, not as conviction remoulds them, but as trifling circumstances shape them. We find in every community men who have chased every political, social, and religious phantom that has appeared.

The world has always honored men of iron; and all its heroes have been men of that metal, whether a Cæsar, a Hannibal, a Cato, or a Luther, a Savonarola, a Garrison. The world honors men that it can find when it looks to them for service, and can fully trust when it has found them.

We want boys and girls, men and women, of iron to meet the temptations of life. When our boys and girls go away to the city, we do not wish days and nights of anxiety for fear they may yield to the allurements of the world about them. When we employ them, we need the assurance that we can trust them. We need church members who believe something, and have enough iron in them to be trusted in their work.

We want men of iron in our politics. When we attempt to replace a man of clay in political life, we are not sure we have not put another in his place. But I need not enumerate the places where we need men and women of iron. It is wherever there is noble work to be done.

The thought of unfeeling hardness is often associated with the idea of men of iron. It is true of some men of iron, but it is not necessarily true. Luther, who was as immovable as the eternal hills for right, was tender and loving in his social relationships. Was Sir Philip Sidney any less a hero that he gave his cup of water, in the agony of his own dying thirst, to the wounded soldier? We need not fear hardness of heart in making ourselves men of iron.

It may be objected that, were men generally of iron, there could be no progress. Heat softens iron, so that it may be moulded into new forms. The heat of a living issue and the blows of earnest debate soften men of iron, and beat them into new forms. Thus this country was changed from pro-slavery to anti-slavery sentiments. Thus all great revolutions of thought are brought about. The men of clay can claim no real glory in any forward movement. They have been whatever the immediate pressure upon them has made them. I imagine that it is because we have lacked heat that we have reshaped men so slowly. It will not do to say, for instance, that Methodism has made so great progress and we so little, because it has worked upon men of clay. No: it has had the heat able to soften

them and shape them to newer and nobler uses.

Can we do anything to change men of clay into men of iron? There is a mysterious alchemy that transmutes clay into iron, for all are plastic at first. We should use our best efforts to aid that transmutation. We should train our children to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We often coddle them into incurable babyishness,—and often more in religion than anything else,—instead of fitting them to be heroes. We ought to refuse to make a selfish use of the weaknesses of others, and so discourage them,—refuse to make the pliability of another serve us in politics or religion. Were a man to come to me and say, "I have had trouble with Deacon Jones, and wish to withdraw from my church and join yours," I should tell him to stay at home and settle his difficulty with his deacon like a man. Were I to do otherwise, I should not only encourage the very trait of character that I condemn, but manifest the same trait.

There are some who are doomed to remain clay through life; but, if there be a little sand in their composition, heat, the fires of trial, difficulty, affliction, persecution, may give them considerable firmness. I once heard a minister pray God to send persecution upon his denomination. It seemed to me a strange prayer; yet that minister knew that the fires of persecution would bake the clay men about him into some firmness and consistency of form.

You say that such a doctrine as this makes religion too hard! Our religion is hard. That is its glory. A young man can get through many a Western college before he could fit himself to enter Harvard; yet those colleges are begging for students, while the halls of Harvard are thronged. Live young men and women are not seeking the easy in education, and we commend their judgment. In like manner we are not seeking an easy religion; for we are building for eternity, and we wish our material to last. So we mould day by day, with painful effort, not the easily moulded, plastic clay, but the adamant that shall retain its beauty and its glory forever.

SELF-MASTERY.

BY CHARLES F. THWING.

Self-mastery, the last and highest stage in the development of character, has in itself, at least, three elements. One of these elements is egoism. By egoism I mean a just, worthy, and proper confidence in self. Great men always have egoism. It is the condition of aggressiveness. Without aggressiveness, no man proves himself to be great. Take Emerson's representative men. Plato, the philosopher, is the man of egoism. Swedenborg, the mystic, is the man of egoism. Montaigne, the sceptic, is the man of egoism. Shakspeare, the poet, is the man of egoism. Napoleon, the man of the world, is the man of egoism. Goethe, the writer, is the man of egoism. Each of these great men is a man of egoism. Each of them has trust in himself. It is not cockyism: it is not pride blown out so big that it has become thin, and is in peril of collapsing from its very big thinness. It rests upon the calm weighing of the evidence presented by one's self for doing great things. Some college men have too much trust in themselves. They are inclined to trust in themselves because they are college men. This is foolish while one is in college: it is more than foolish when one has gone forth from college. Folks will soon forget whether you are college-bred. They do not forget what you are or what you can do. To them the process of getting power is a zero. To them the results, the power itself, is supremely significant. Trust yourself exactly, and only for what you are and for what you can do. A proper self-interpretation will always produce seriousness in any man. It will also give to each man a sense of mastery in and of himself. And this mastery of himself will also give to himself a proper interpretation of himself. Egoism, not egotism, self-respect, not self-conceit, self-love, not selfishness, is an element in self-mastery.

Self-mastery also has in itself the element of work. The master of himself is a man of work. Work is both a cause and a result of self-mastery. Work is an expression of the worker. In expression man finds a larger self. Work is his *alter ego*, and also it may be a magnified *ego*. The piece

of work done is a convex mirror of the worker. The expression of self in work reacts on the man, and makes him larger. The humblest work gives dignity to the worker who has put himself into it. Such an architect as the great Richardson of our own time must have felt this enlarged selfhood, as he saw his ideas soaring skyward, like birds on wings of stone. Such a poet as our own Lowell must have felt this enlarged selfhood, as he wrote the "Commemoration Ode" or "The Cathedral." Such a romancer as our own Hawthorne must have felt this magnified power of himself as he created the immortals. It seems to me that this is somewhat the meaning of the words written at the very beginning of the Bible, in which it is said, "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold! it was very good." This self-satisfaction of God with his own work helps to prove how good and great he himself was. He was in a sense more of a master of himself and more conscious of his mastery when he had finished the creation and looked upon it than he was before creation began. Necessity carries along with itself beneficences. The necessity of work carries along with itself enlargement of selfhood. And this enlarged selfhood means a larger humanity, and, if a larger humanity, a better and stronger one. Work magnifies. Ignorance minimizes. The person of the worker becomes so great that his own personality goes out into other personalities. He masters them by his own enlarging self-mastery. Work is thus both a cause and a result in this self-mastery of man. O my friends, thank God that you are called to be workers! Thank God that you are put in a world of work! Thank God that you are put in an age that calls for work! As you love your own self and wish to have for yourself the largest selfhood, ever and everywhere be a worker.

Self-mastery also has in itself the element of loyalty to the highest principle and the highest being. Self-mastery implies respect for all facts and truths. The freedom of self-mastery is born of perfect obedience to perfect law. The man, master of self, has sufficient intellectual acumen to see that there are personalities more wise than himself. The man, master of himself, has sufficient heart to feel the presence of personalities more present and more pervasive than his own. The man, master of himself, has sufficient will to recognize the fitness of his will being ruled by will more puissant. The man, master of himself, has sufficient conscience to accept the universal law of right. Men have long discussed whether God exists; and, if he exists at all, how? For us such discussion is ended. But more important than the mere principle of theism held by a man is the relation which the man holds to the God who is embodied in this principle. A mighty mental conception of the theistic fact may have slight influence over life, for the conception is purely mental. The conception is never translated into a personal principle of belief. A slight mental conception of God may have great power over life, for this feeble conception has been translated into a personal principle. The power of God in a life is a product made up of the multiplier of the mental conception and of the multiplier of the personal grasp which the man has on this conception. For one, I should prefer a feeble intellectual conception and a mighty volition grappling this belief to one's being before I should prefer a well-ordered intellectual belief and only a feeble volition to make this belief personal. But, when to a mighty intellectual conception of the God is joined a mighty volition which makes this idea a part of one's character, the whole person of the man comes into the largest, the noblest, the deepest, and the highest relationship to the profoundest principle, to the highest being. The man thus comes into a self-mastery,—a self-mastery which is born of loyalty to the highest, a self-mastery which results in loyalty to the highest. He has a self-mastery which comes from perfect obedience to perfect law. He is master of himself because he has found himself in this Master and Maker of us all,—God.

This self-mastery, as seen in trust in one's self, gives egoism. This self-mastery, as seen in work, gives altruism and a larger egoism. This self-mastery, as seen in loyalty to the highest, gives us religion.

This self-mastery never exists for itself. A part of the being of the individual man, it also holds relations to other individual

men. It may be called a complex of self-masteries. All these self-masteries are to be adjusted each to the other. Each exists for all, and all exist for each. Every grain of star-dust has relation to all the worlds. Move it, and you change the centre of gravity of the universe. All the worlds have relation to the grain of star-dust. The worlds preserve it in its place and relations. Thus the universe, with its myriad stars, having infinite space to wander in, rolls on in perfect order, keeping time with the centuries and with the seconds. Each man, as he comes to his large selfhood, as he becomes master, has relations with humanity and divinity; and divinity and humanity have relations with him. He exists for all, and all exist for him. All of the component parts of humanity should move through the deathless ages in perfect harmony, in larger developments, in higher attainments of being. Israel came to his splendid zenith in Solomon, and then fell into the night of darkness and exile. But humanity in God should come, in the progress of the ages, to a zenith from which it should never decline, but whence it should seek a still higher and higher zenith, of which the limitations are to be found only in the infinite Godhead. Such, I do believe, is the destiny of humanity and of every worthy member of it. For this glorious consummation "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Through all these struggles and trials and masteries the creation is reaching upward and onward to this glorious, infinite fulfilment. Such a consummation is the result of the adoption of sons into the love of God, is the recognition of the divine Fatherhood of the human spirit, is the making of all of love into law, and is the transmutation of all of law into love. All the disciplines of training, all the learning of scholarship, all the refinements of culture, are for the sublimation and extending of this self-mastery into God and into humanity.

INDIVIDUALITY.

BY REV. J. A. CHASE.

"But ye are a peculiar people."—1 PETER ii. 9.

Peter declares that the followers of Jesus are a peculiar people. Amid the millions who worshipped idols, they, a little company, worshipped God as Christ had declared him, as the loving Father of all human souls.

While even the Jew felt himself superior to other men, Peter rejoiced that in Christ Jesus "there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free," but one common brotherhood; and so the followers of Jesus are called peculiar. They had besides certain distinctive traits of character that stamped them as peculiar.

Amid the degradation of pagan vice they at least sought to live pure, clean lives; and their noblest men, like the great apostle of the Gentiles, both preached and lived an ideal of self-sacrificing manhood that put to shame the worldly pride of the Roman and the spiritual pride of the Jew and the intellectual pride of the Greek. This new faith not only declared men, all men, no matter how poor or ignorant or vile, to be our brothers; not only united them in a common worship of the Father, not only purified morals and by its ideal of a noble discontent added a new and tremendous impulse to human progress, but in a very large and true sense developed a new and nobler individuality for all.

Individuality is that which individualizes one, those distinctive traits of character that mark a man as different from others. Individuality is not so much the mark of morality or immorality as of power. It gives positiveness and decision, and so also confidence and courage. It is that quality of character by which one resists the influence of circumstances and events, and makes these subordinate to the human will. It was that which enabled Grant to cut himself loose at Vicksburg from the timid Halleck and the government at Washington. It made Napoleon feel himself to be the man of destiny. It appears in the words ascribed to Cæsar: "The ship that carries Cæsar and his fortunes cannot sink." It distinguishes the moral hero everywhere, from the Roman Cincinnatus at his plough to Garrison and Phillips and Theodore Parker.

In literature and art and science individuality is the creative and organizing force

that marks the difference between the man who can originate, who can think new thoughts and put them on paper, in marble, or on canvas, and the man who either unconsciously repeats or merely imitates and copies. Wherever you find creative and original force of mind, there also is individuality. The power that newly thinks, creates, originates, is always individual power.

Without the distinctive and positive traits that constitute individuality the mind is only a slate or sponge. It merely absorbs and registers its impressions.

Individuality is the transfusing and transforming power. Without it we are but mere harps played by every passing wind of circumstance, social influence, and opinion, docile enough, it may be, to learn from others, but with small power to think or act for ourselves.

Without some decided individuality our opinions are those of our party, our church, our neighborhood. They cannot be said properly to be our own. Without it one may still have a kind of religion, but it will be a borrowed one. He will think, feel, and act religiously after a certain fashion, but always as he is told.

Morally and intellectually, your man of feeble individuality is apt to be timid and conventional. It is not so much what is true as what is believed to be true that interests him. The mind of such a man until solidified from without is in a liquid state, and so can be run in any mould of custom, prejudice, belief, strong enough to grasp and hold it.

True individuality runs in no one invariable mould. It is that power that enables us to act on the thought, the customs, the opinions, the life of men about us, and to shape them anew and in accordance with our own will.

All really great and representative men are possessed of it. A man who has it seems often by a right, self-acquired and indisputable, to lay claim to the knowledge, the service, the skill, that others may yield him. Your man or woman of individuality, no matter how humble, stands out from his or her surroundings; and we seem to see the life about them reflected and intensified and magnified in them.

While people of strong individuality are apt to be decisive, positive, and aggressive, they are also sometimes narrow and conceited, egotistic and arrogant, disposed to imagine their own the most valuable type of character, and to measure other people by their own narrow standard. Success in life along any line, unless guarded against, may make a man fancy his own the highest type of superiority. The man of strong individuality often has the defects of his virtues. But, if narrow, conceited, arrogant, or egotistical, remember that he is strong not because of these weaknesses, but in spite of them. The strength of the arrogant man is not in his arrogance, but in the vigor and assertive force of character that sometimes goes with it. The strength of the conceited man is not in his conceit, but in the buoyant self-assurance and confidence that may accompany it.

The cure for these faults of individuality is not less, but a broader, nobler, more cultured individuality,—broad enough to show us not only our own strength, but our own weakness.

Individuality lies at the foundation of all solid and noble character. It is what puts us in possession of ourselves; and until we own ourselves what avails any other kind of ownership? How shall we best cultivate and develop individuality? We must learn to concentrate our forces, and not scatter ourselves. The man who aims at everything is likely to hit nothing. The foundation of individuality and of all else that is solid and enduring is "know thyself." We must know both our own strength and weakness, what we are and are not, what we can do and cannot do. The sooner we begin to find this out for ourselves, the better for us every way.

That is a good morality, that is a good religion, that is a good business for you, however it may be with others, that most helps you to be yourself. We want, then, to so train and educate ourselves as to acquire this self-knowledge.

Individuality demands of us a certain self-training and self-culture. What it

chiefly requires is that we so think and so feel and so act that our thoughts, feelings, and actions be really our own. The church, the political party, society, our social set, all are continually asking us, either silently or openly, to agree with them; but, as we value our individuality, as we prize freedom and progress for ourselves and others, let us be careful how we suffer any agreement except it be an honest one. Said Goethe:—

"Self-contradiction is the only crime,
And by the laws of spirit in the right
Is every individual soul
That acts in strict accordance with itself."

The gospel, then, of individuality is this: think your own thoughts, and live your own, not another's life.

True individuality consists not in merely differing from others. It may quite as often, probably far more often, consist in agreeing with them. The two great forces of all progress, civilization, and society are self-interest and the interest of the many. Both, a narrow individualism and a narrow socialism, set these two forces in opposition. On the one hand, the man who measures everything by the standard of his own individuality is morally sure to sometimes mistake his own mere whim for absolute reason and prejudice for truth. Relying thus narrowly on himself, he is likely to treat with contempt the teachings of history and other men's experience, while he tries to measure everything by his own little one-inch rule. But there are ocean depths and infinite heights in humanity that his one-inch rule cannot fathom or explore.

Again, he who makes little of the individual, who fancies that a Moses, a Jesus, a Buddha, a Confucius, a Mohammed, and all great thinkers, heroes, and reformers, count for little or nothing in the unfolding of our race, makes the opposite mistake. The true philosophy of human society and human history recognizes both the force of individual men and also the logic of events.

And so we are led back to the thought with which we started. We saw how Christ and Christianity gave the world a new or Christian individualism, and that it did this by giving it also a new and Christian socialism. It taught the divinity of man as son of God. What truer foundation for a noble individuality than that? A divine nature shared in common by our whole human brotherhood. The law, therefore, of its use and development, not selfishness, but love. We are all part of one great living whole of God and humanity. The life we live is not our own separate and apart, but it is the life of God and of humanity flowing in our veins and welling up into thought and speaking forth in word and act. To try to isolate ourselves, then, means mental and spiritual weakness, paralysis and death.

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

At the thirtieth annual reunion of the 52d Massachusetts Regiment their chaplain, the late Rev. Dr. J. F. Moors of Greenfield, was constantly remembered. The principal paper was by Prof. Henry M. Whitney of Beloit College, Wis., read by Secretary Gere. Prof. Whitney was sergeant-major of the regiment, and messed with the chaplain during the regiment's campaigns, so that he, better than any one else, was fitted to write his memorial. Several short speeches of a reminiscent nature in memory of the chaplain were made; and resolutions expressive of the regiment's love and respect for him were adopted. We take the following from Prof. Whitney's paper:—

One day, among the many visitors to the camp, there appeared a man who became suddenly interesting when it was buzzed about that he had been appointed chaplain, and was arranging to go. He was the "pastor of the Unitarian church down town." He came in a buggy, driving a small black mare, whose name, we afterward learned, was Dolly. He was short and somewhat thick-set, but not fleshy. He had bristling black hair and beard, an olive complexion, a face that made you wonder whether he was not a Jew, an eye in which the white was somewhat conspicuous, but in which the principal things were brightness, directness, penetration, and a quickness to twinkle, a mouth firm, but mobile, and drawing easily into lines of either shrewdness or mirth. He seemed practical, observant, sagacious, responsive, with

none of the far-away look or the abstracted manner of the scholarly recluse. Indeed, he might have been taken for a business man but for the color and the cut of his clothes. He seemed to know the language of scholars, but he spoke readily in the diction of every-day life. He laughed easily, heartily, and quite infectiously, but not noisily nor long. He had a good-humored word and a ready shake of the hand for every one. He had the manner of belonging with us in the democratic fashion. After glancing about and taking in the general situation, he went back to his home. Few of us had seen him, and few thought of the possibility of what he might be to us before our campaigning was done. It was only when we took that memorable train for our camp on Long Island that he really cast in his lot with us. Dolly came along with him, destined to seem an almost inseparable part of the chaplain's personality. Through the slow misery of cold and rain and snow and hunger and broken sleep in New York and on the Union race-course he was with us, but not in a way that especially helped us to know him. Then came the heavy voyage to New Orleans in the overloaded transport, with the gale off the South Carolina coast, the insufficient food and water, the nauseating condition of the interior of the ship, the burial of two of the men at sea, the passing of Key West, the stay at Ship Island, the anchorage at New Orleans, the landing at Baton Rouge December 17, and the entrance upon a winter of drill.

It was in this life at Baton Rouge that we began to find him out. At the age of forty-two he was in the full maturity of his physical, mental, and spiritual powers. He had brought along synopses of some of his most simple, practical, and moving sermons, with the idea of using them on Sunday afternoons; but he found few opportunities for work of that kind. One of my most vivid recollections of him is in connection with a sunset service in the grimy old foundry on the bank of the river. Here and there flickered a tallow candle, only making the darkness more weird. The sergeant-major lined off the hymns, all sang who had any voice, and the chaplain talked to us of God and duty. That was while we were still camping on the bank.

Then, you know, we moved back from the river some two miles to the field of the battle of the previous August. We were close to the cemetery; and beneath us were some of the dead of that fight, in burial so shallow that occasionally a bone would appear through the surface of the ground. The removal of men to the regimental hospital, the "Rainbow Saloon," became a frequent thing, so that there were sometimes fifty there, and sometimes the deaths were almost daily. The colonel was kind in taking time and strength to visit the sick, but to the chaplain it was a steady work. Sometimes he was not well himself; but he plodded on, and to many a wasted man the chaplain's visit was the one bright spot of the day. He was not merely sympathetic: he was shrewd sense incarnate. He had no illusions; and he told some men plainly that they were babies, and others that their sickness was largely or wholly their own fault. But he knew a brave man when he saw one; and his ministrations by the bedside were soothing, as his prayers were comforting and sustaining to the faith.

In this connection it would be foolish to conceal the fact that there were many prejudices against himself to overcome. It is true in all lines of life that we do not propose to like a new-comer unless we do; but he came to us under the disadvantage of not being the kind of a Christian on which we had fixed our minds. The regiment was made up in remarkable degree of people who were emphatic in their religious preferences, and those preferences in most cases not of the Unitarian kind. As long as people continue to care for their beliefs and to feel that character and destiny are affected by religious opinions, they will have very positive preferences as to the choice of their chaplain when they go out campaigning for a year.

Western Massachusetts is surely as positive as any part of the country in this re-

spect, and Unitarianism has never been the faith of any large proportion of her people. Hence a clergyman of the Unitarian kind would have been the choice of very few of the men, or of those whose hearts went with us to the front.

Mr. Moors was, on the other hand, in his personal character peculiarly well qualified to be the compromising point, since not all could have exactly the kind of man that they preferred. His religion was to him a very genuine and simple thing, not perfunctory, not dwelling in abstractions or philosophizings, not regarding God from afar, not controversial in any primary way, with no touch of radicalism, and no fondness for making great discoveries that should call for the surrender of one's most fundamental and most cherished convictions. He cared a great deal about the Fatherhood of God, and showed it in every one of his talks to the men, and in the prayer with which the dress parade sometimes closed, or with which he committed to the earth some of our dead. He had very great worship for Christ. He was constantly constructive in his religious work, steadily seeking to ally himself with such good as he could find in men, and to help it to get control of their lives, leaving doctrinal attitudes to come out as they might. Hence, after we left Massachusetts, we remembered less and less that he was any particular kind of Christian, and thought more and more that he was a particularly godly and Christ-like man.

And this great victory he secured without any crafty silences or any effacement of his real self. If any candid person wanted to know what he thought on any subject, he was quite ready to speak. If any one showed a disposition to overbear the chaplain's right of private judgment, that man got a lesson, gentle but effective, that kept him from offending again. He shared the safeguards and the limitations of his school of thought: he could not be a sluggard; he could not be an evangelist. He just went along, thinking Christ-like thoughts and doing Christ-like deeds; and, if that worked slowly, it worked surely, quietly lifting up the men about him as the moon lifts up the tides of the sea.

Literature.

RHODES'S "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."*

Mr. Rhodes's third volume, taken as a whole, fully maintains for him the reputation which he had already earned. The introductory chapter is a general summary of the industrial and social progress during the decade 1850-60. To many of his readers we doubt not this will be the most interesting chapter in the volume; but we doubt whether such will be the most judicious among those whom he attracts. Something too much here of the spirit of Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy," not in an aggravated shape, but tending to encourage what is least admirable in the temper of our American life. We should be glad to think the estimate of our moral progress and condition is substantially correct, but we fear it is too flattering. Quite the most interesting part of this chapter is the section, pages 18-45, which deals with the business prosperity of 1846-57, and with the relation to that prosperity of the tariff of 1846; also with the relation of this to the panic of 1857. Mr. Rhodes is too much of an historian, too little of a partisan, to ascribe all the prosperity from 1846 to 1857 to the low tariff of 1846 or to ascribe the panic of 1857 to the working of that tariff. But he argues carefully and conclusively that the tariff was one cause of

*HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.

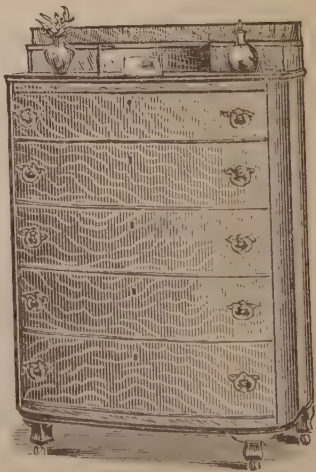
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the prosperity among many, and that with the panic of 1857 it had hardly anything to do. The Guthrie tariff of 1857, reducing the rate to some twenty per cent. on the average, was, he considers, one of the best tariffs ever enacted, but for its adherence of *ad valorem* duties. Owing to the panic of 1857, it did not have a fair trial. Perhaps the most instructive fact in the whole volume is the vote of both South Carolina and Massachusetts—the one solidly Democratic, the other solidly Republican—for the five per cent. reduction of a tariff already practically “for revenue only.” It is a fact that can be commended heartily to the unhappy few who honestly believe that a protective tariff has been Republican politics from the beginning, and that anti-slavery was an incidental matter. And how refreshing it would be to see once more Republicans and Democrats uniting for the furtherance of any object evidently tending to the public good!

Chapter II. of this volume—XIII. of the continuous work—deals with the winter of 1860-61 and the attempts to patch up some kind of a compromise that would stay the progress of secession. Here, as always in dealing with a political situation, Mr. Rhodes's method is that of discussion; and the outcome of his discussion at this point is that it was Lincoln who chose the dread arbitrament of war rather than make the concession of further territorial extension of slavery. A word from him would have determined Seward in favor of the Crittenden compromise, and the great body of the Republican politicians would have quickly fallen into line. Seward inevitably makes a very bad appearance all through the winter and a worse one in the spring following Lincoln's inauguration. One of Mr. Rhodes's critics thinks him too severe with Seward, begging us to remember that Lincoln was not known early in 1861 as we know him now. But this demurrer only covers Seward's offer to take the business of the government entirely out of Lincoln's hands. It does not cover his general attitude of indecision in dealing with the seceding States nor the imbecility of his scheme for making war with two or three European countries, in order to unite the North and South in a common war of defence. Lincoln's hesitations from his inauguration until the attack on Sumter are seen to have been all the hesitations of a policy resolved on saving the border States and putting those seceding on the offensive, in order to unite the North. In the second particular he succeeded perfectly, and in the first so far as to keep Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri in the Union. The conduct of Buchanan during the last months of his administration is also very carefully considered, with the result of finding him not treacherous, but miserably weak. The popular conception of Floyd's treachery is very much abated by the facts which Mr. Rhodes sets forth.

In dealing with secession, Mr. Rhodes argues at length that it was a popular movement, into which the so-called leaders were dragged much faster than they liked. Correspondingly, he repudiates the doctrine of a conspiracy of the few precipitating the action of the many. Yet there were many signs of nervous haste on the part of the leaders and of a determination to stampede the reluctant and questioning into the secession ranks. The “Reminiscences” of Reuben Davis of Mississippi are particularly strong upon this side. Mr. Rhodes's argument, though able, is not convincing; and we shall not be surprised if his book excites more discussion at this point than at any other.

All that Mr. Rhodes has written of the Great Rebellion is resolutely bent on doing ample justice to the rebels. Evidently, he cherishes the hope that the persistent fairness and justice of his book will make it something of an eirenicon; and, though he may be disappointed to some extent, he cannot be altogether. But it must not be imagined that he has any monochromatic waste of indiscriminate complaisance for all the *dramatis personæ* and alike for all the tendencies and principles involved. Dealing with persons, he is extremely careful to do justice to their characters and motives; and here and there he qualifies considerably some of the conceptions that have been popularly entertained. Once, at least, his disposition to be kind and generous quite gets the better of his judicial mind. This in the case of Gen. Robert E. Lee, of whom he writes that “in all essen-

tial characteristics he resembled Washington; and, had the great work of his life been crowned with success, . . . the world would have acknowledged that Virginia could in a century produce two men who were the embodiment of public and private virtue.” But, surely, it must make a difference whether the cause in which a man enlists is one compact of justice and sincerity or one resolved on the perpetuation of a monstrous system of injustice, with which he allies himself in a miserable half-hearted way. If Washington, believing England in the wrong, had taken the chief command of her forces, no success that he might have achieved would have assured him the fame he now enjoys. And Lee falls short of such a fame not only by so much as he failed of making the Rebellion a success, but far more by so much as he joined himself to that side which was marshalled in defiance of the moral judgment of mankind.

But, however generously Mr. Rhodes may deal with individuals, there is no lack of sternness in his dealing with the causes of the war and with its moral character. The restoration of the Union was the formal object which Lincoln always kept in view; but that slavery might have freer course was the sole inspiration of secession, and the war logically tended to the destruction of slavery from the outbreak of hostilities. In his former volumes Mr. Rhodes, making a study of slavery, found it economically atrocious and morally degrading to both the master and the man. This being so, the cause that it inspired could not be otherwise than base, whatever elements of personal heroism and devotion were conspicuous as the war dragged its slow length along.

Mr. Rhodes concludes his volume with the rejoicings of the North over the military successes of the winter and the spring of 1862. Success had been the order of the day almost everywhere except in Virginia; and Grant's star is as clearly in the ascendant, as we close the book, as McClellan's is sinking in disastrous night. No abatement is made from McClellan's ability as an organizer or from the affection he inspired among his men. But the instrument he fashioned he had not the wit to use. His exaggeration of the enemy's strength was the absurdity of a monomaniac. Mr. Rhodes writes clearly of the battles and military combinations without undue amplification. In these parts he has availed himself of the criticism of Gen. J. D. Cox, thus insuring himself the utmost possible freedom from error or unfairness. The final judgment on the merits of Shiloh is somewhat less favorable to Grant than that of his own memoirs. Fremont's reputation is left in a bad shape. His emancipation business is exhibited as an attempt to blind the anti-slavery leaders to the abuses of his military department. None the less surely, step by step, we see the relations of the government to slavery tending to the inevitable proclamations of September, 1862, and January, 1863, and the Constitutional Amendment of February, 1865. To his treatment of the financial and foreign policy of the government Mr. Rhodes brings the same clearness and discrimination that he brings to all the rest of his impressive narrative of a great and stirring time.

J. W. C.

ETHICAL ADDRESSES. First Series. By the Lecturers of Ethical Societies. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston.—With this volume easily accessible, there is no reason why any one who wishes to fully understand the spirit, purpose, and methods of the ethical societies should not do so. Indeed, the first address, by Dr. Adler, “What do We Stand for?” is a statement so admirable in its clearness and comprehensiveness that it leaves little to be desired except in the way of illustration. Dr. Adler has two other addresses,—one on “Prayer and Worship,” and the other on “The Modern Saint.” The former has a peculiar interest for those who know that at the outset of the ethical movement Dr. Adler drew the line between those who could and those who could not pray. It cannot be truly said that he has departed in the least from his original position. But he has come to the conclusion that “something is required to take the place of public prayers for those who do not pray, and who have no interest in religion.” Dr. Adler suggests “public statements of the great cardinal truths of ethics,” but adds that they cannot be manufactured out of hand. The objections to prayer are stated very seriously and respectfully, but an excessive literalness is their dominant characteristic. Many who substantially agree with Dr.

Adler still feel that prayer is a reality. But the absolute sincerity of Dr. Adler's procedure is in refreshing contrast with the subscription *con amore*, as one says, to the traditional creeds, while not believing anything they say in any obvious sense. Dr. Adler is pre-eminently the speaker of the ethical movement, and Mr. Salter as pre-eminently the writer. To read the former is always disappointing, so much we miss the vocal utterance. On the contrary, the fulness and richness of Mr. Salter's addresses can only be appreciated *solus cum solo*. He has three addresses in this volume, and they all invite us to an atmosphere of singular elevation. Mr. Sheldon's addresses are also two in number, and the one called “True Liberalism” is as well worth considering as any in the book. His ideal liberalism is no “mush of concession.” In Mr. Mangasarian we seem to find a much more sympathetic attitude toward Christianity than in the days when he first shook off the dust of his feet upon it. But the whole book is characterized by a breadth of sympathy that is more helpful and instructive than any particular doctrine or address.

TERMINATIONS. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An old proverb says, “Call no man happy until he is dead.” There is a hint of the same thought in the title of Mr. James's book, bidding us note the ending of a career before we claim to understand its significance. Two of the stories, “The Death of the Lion” and “The Middle Years,” show us each the death of a literary man,—the one ruined by recognition, taken from his protecting obscurity, and made a drawing-room sensation, the other longing on his death-bed for “another chance,” and yet understanding by the devotion of the man who gave up a fortune in order to be near him that “the thing is to have made somebody care.” “We work in the dark: we do what we can, we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion, and our passion is our task.” “Frustration is only life,” and life is what passes. “The Altar of the Dead” is a strange, appealing story, curiously mystical in its own analytical fashion; and “The Coxon Fund,” the one most expressive of Mr. James's subtle humor, tells the story of an intellectual parasite, magnificent in his dependence, who ceased to produce the day that he became able to publish.

THE FOAM OF THE SEA. By Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.—The ordinary summer reader will hardly be impressed by the opening story of this collection, finding it probably too mystical and elusive for one who wishes no mystics that are not comfortably explained at the end of the story, and preferring to fight shy of prose poems in general; but to many this will come as a strong bit of writing. The other tales are quite different. The spirit of “In Battlereagh House” is that of fashionable English life a hundred years ago,—the life of Beau Brummel and his friends, although no time nor place is given for the drama we are asked to witness. At the opposite pole of life and feeling is the story, “Powers of Darkness,” which shows a strength of thought we had not otherwise found. The stories are all well worth reading; though, if we could have but one, we would choose “Garden Deadly,” partly for its richness of language and description, partly for the originality and beauty of its conceptions. In it the old Circe is conquered again. Miss Hall is an adept in her chosen field of imaginative romance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: TRIBUTES FROM HIS ASSOCIATES. With Introduction by Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.—The Lincoln number of the *Independent* has not been forgotten, and it was well to have the remarkable tributes printed at that time collected in book form. It forms a portfolio of portraits, each adding something to the delineation, and making together a noble tribute to the character, the many-sidedness, the nobility of the man we honor. The series of reminiscences extends from his early manhood up to the hour of his death. His private secretary, Mr. W. O. Stoddard, his law partner, Mr. Herndon, his early associates at the bar, Judge Welton and Mr. Littlefield, Mr. W. J. Ferguson, who was one of the players at Ford's

Theatre on the fatal night, and many others unite in this testimony of respect and affection and faithful remembrance.

FOUR YEARS OF NOVEL-READING. By Richard G. Moulton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50 cents.—This is the record of university extension work in the direction of novel-reading, undertaken on the principle that literature is the science of life, and that the great classical novels are among its best text-books, to study which is the true antidote to trashy fiction. This is exactly the work that many of our Unity Clubs have been doing with programmes as carefully prepared and results as creditable; but this particular group of novel-readers live in a mining village of Northumberland, England. To an outline of the work done by the union is added four representative essays contributed during the four years since it was started; and an introduction to the book, written by Mr. Moulton, explains why cultivation of the novel-reading taste is desirable, and how it is to be attained.

HER MAJESTY. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.—This is a bright, interesting story, with no theory to expound, no cause to champion and desire to make converts, unless it be to the old credo that love is the best thing in the world, worth a kingdom, if need be. The reader has no inclination to study the maps of Europe to find in which quarter the domain of the royal Honoria may be situated. He will not even ask how it comes that a queen so truly a queen should occasionally use such purely American slang, or where she gained that American independence that led her to search out the wrongs of her subjects in the old-fashioned Haroun-al-Raschid manner. Perhaps she and Aline live together in Ruritania; but, if so, there are surely three delightful maids of high degree together.

CHRISTIAN CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS. By G. A. Gumlich, Ph.D. Translated from the German by L. A. Wheatley. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls.—This volume does not assume to be as elaborate as the volumes of Dr. Schaff on the same subject. It gives a short account of the symbolical books of the churches and sects of Christendom and of the doctrines dependent on them. The book has passed through three editions in the German, and will be found a very convenient handbook, presenting in a condensed form the most important doctrines of the various creeds. It will be necessary for the student to verify statements by referring to the original text, which is not given. The sketch of the doctrines of the most important sects is very brief,—too brief to give light and shade of opinion.

THE MUSICIAN'S YEAR-BOOK. Compiled by Margaret Reintzel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.—The violet covers of this little book enclose quotations arranged for each day in the year, the general purport of which is sufficiently explained, perhaps, by the title. Poets, essayists, and musicians have written many noble words of inspiration or counsel for him who gives his heart to music, and it has evidently not been difficult to match the days with appropriate sentences. The dates of birth or death of many musicians are also given.

FORWARD HOUSE. By William Scoville Case. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—Stories of adventure always find their readers, when written with any dash and spirit at all; and this one has enough mystery connected with its plot, at least in the beginning, to add that element of interest also. Mr. Case is a new writer, but one from whom we are likely to hear more. The fortunes of the Forward family were tragic and unusual, unrelieved by the lighter experiences that would find place in a longer story.

School Books.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Riverside Literature Series “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table” and Hawthorne's “Twice-told Tales.” The Riverside Series constitute in themselves a valuable school library of English and American literature.

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The American Book Company publish White's "Outline Studies in the History of the United States" (30 cents). It is intended to supplement the Standard school history. The students are required to locate places, trace routes, follow lines of development, make pictures of objects, write opinions, and classify knowledge.

The American Book Company have issued an "Academic Edition of Webster's Dictionary" (\$1.50). It is an entirely new book, abridged from Webster's International Dictionary, but following the plan of the form of Webster's Academic Dictionary. It contains a large amount of matter, a more complete method of indicating pronunciation; and the number of illustrations has been increased from three hundred and fifty to over eight hundred. It is excellently printed.

The new books that have appeared on psychology within the last two years show the place it has obtained in the academic and collegiate instruction. The American Book Company have just issued "Psychology in Education," by Ruric N. Roark, Dean of the Department of Pedagogy, Kentucky State College (\$1). The book is written for the average teacher. It deals with psychology in education. The writer has wisely avoided the introduction of speculative metaphysics. Instead of finding this book a dry sheaf of definitions, the teacher will find it full of practical suggestion and useful precepts garnered from experience and observation. The teacher who studies this volume and seeks to apply the principles it expounds can hardly help becoming better fitted to deal with mind by knowing something of its laws.

Miscellaneous.

For over fifteen years Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London has been at work on the "People's Bible"; and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have just issued the twenty-eighth volume, which completes the undertaking. We have noticed from time to time the appearance of successive volumes, and need only add that the present volume is uniform in style, spirit, and method with its predecessors. It would be interesting to compare the later volumes of this work with the earlier ones, to see whether Dr. Parker has really grown in fifteen years. This is not, however, a critical or verbal commentary or one presenting the results of modern scholarship. It is a collection of sermons and prayers, covering the whole range of the Bible, and written in Dr. Parker's individual style.

The Magazines.

The number of *Littell's Living Age* issued August 31 is particularly rich in interesting articles. "Robert Burns," "At the Waterloo Banquet," and "The Defence of Fort Chitral" lead off. Then follows a description of "Old Italian Gardens," by Vernon Lee, and "My Native Salmon River," by Archibald Forbes. M. H. Spielman reviews "The Rivals of Punch," showing how many clever adversaries it has distanced. Banda Khuda writes of "Religious Movements in India"; and Beatrix L. Tollemache contributes an article on "Cranford Souvenirs," the chief fault of which is its brevity. There ought to be more of it.

There is nothing in the current number of *St. Nicholas Magazine* more fascinating for a child than the delightful picture of "The Kittens' Picnic," accompanied by rhymes for very little folk. "A Battle on Wheels," which opens the number, will be found amusing; and there are nearly a score of other poems or verses, most of them illustrated. The serials by Elbridge S. Brooks, Howard Pyle, and James Otis are continued. There are short stories by Candace Wheeler, James Baldwin, and Victor Mapes, and more serious articles by Dewitt C. Lockwood, Theodore Roosevelt, William T. Hornaday, and Jeanette L. Gilder, the last of these describing Antwerp and last year's exhibition there.

In the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* President Andrews continues his "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," with an account of the third term agitation of 1880, and the events that preceded and followed the nomination of Garfield, ending with the assassination. Parts of this are quite dramatic, and sum up in a few pages the meaning of events not yet forgotten by readers of to-day. Edward S. Martin writes of "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America," and Henry Van Dyke uses the cry of the Canadian *royaleurs*, "Au Large," for the subject of a delightful article about the Lake St. John country. Abbe Carter Goodloe contributes a story of girls' college life, entitled "A Photograph." Robert Grant gives us another of his brilliant discussions on the art of living, considering "The Case of Man"; and there are several other articles of interest, including the conclusion of Anthony Hope's "comedy in narrative."

"Freemasonry in Boston" is a timely article in the September *New England Magazine*. It is written by Warren B. Ellis, and is almost wholly historical, though it appreciates the practical aims and work of the order, which was indeed an Ethical Culture society long before the term was ever formulated. As Mr. Ellis expresses it, "it is a system of ethics which helps us to believe in the 'fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.'" "Old-time Drinking Habits," by Charles Northend, and "License and No-license in Cambridge," by Frank Foxcroft, are two articles that supplement each other admirably, and show reason for encouragement to those who are working temperately for temperance. Winfield M. Thompson writes of the rich and undeveloped country of "The New North-east," meaning Aroostook County in Maine. There are several other articles of interest, including a fresh instalment of Helen Leab Reed's serial and short stories by Ada Marie Peck and David Lowry.

"Three Gringos in Central America," by Richard Harding Davis, "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow, and "Notes on Indian Art," by Edwin Lord Weeks, are the three important illustrated articles of the September *Harper's*. The last of these contains interesting views of the Taj Mahal and various beautiful mosques. "A Fifteenth Century Revival" describes the effect of Savonarola's preaching. David Graham Adey tells the story of the song, "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre"; and Mark Twain narrates several personal experiences indicating mental telegraphy. Another group of seven searching poems by William Dean Howells is one of the most interesting features of this number. Mr. Howells means to force his readers to think, if he can; and he generally can, when he is in earnest. Ian Maclaren, Julian Ralph, and Thomas A. Janvier contribute short stories; and there is a leading poem by Julian Hawthorne, besides instalments of the serials and two articles by Owen Wister and Dr. William H. Thomson respectively.

Literary Notes.

A new edition of Miss Agnes Repplier's "Essays in Miniature" will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will be enlarged by a new essay on "Ghosts." At the same time a new edition of her five volumes will appear in uniform binding.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out shortly a "Whittier Year Book," a companion volume to the popular "Holmes Year Book" of 1894. The selections for this have been very carefully made, and the little volume will have a new portrait of Whittier.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Benj. W. Wells.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Leighton Court, a Country-house Story. By Henry Kingsley. New Edition. Price \$1.00.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
A Ringby Lass, and Other Stories. By Mary Beaumont. Price 75 cents.
Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. Paper, price 50 cents.
Lyre and Lancet. A Story in Scenes. By F. Anstey. Price \$1.25.
Maid Marian and Crotchet Castle. By Thomas Love Peacock. Price \$1.25.
From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.
The Gospel of Buddha, according to Old Records. Told by Paul Carus.

The House Beautiful.

By WILLIAM C. GANNETT,

Author of "A Year of Miracle," "Blessed be Drudgery," etc. Paper, ornamental, choice edition, price 15 cents. (In "Life-Studies" form, 6 cents; 10 copies for 30 cents.)
CONTENTS: *The Building of the House; House-Furnishing; The Ideal of Beauty; Flower Furniture; Book Furniture; Our Guests; The "Dear Togetherness."*
In the cheaper form the edition is neat and serviceable. The special edition, on rich, tinted paper, silk-stitched, with neat, illuminated cover, serves admirably as a dainty remembrance for a friend, and especially to "tuck in with wedding-gifts."

[From *The New Unity*, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

* Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

JAMES H. WEST, Publisher,
174 High Street, Boston.

Complete List
of Published Books

BY
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

1848	*The Rosary (edited)			
1850	*Margaret Percival in America			
	*Scenes from Christian History			
1852	*Letters on Irish Immigration			
1854	*Kansas and Nebraska			
1855	*Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency			
1856	*America			
1860	*Elements of Christian Doctrine. Sermons			
1861	*Ninety Day's Worth of Europe			
1863	The Man Without a Country. Cloth Ill. \$1.50, Cloth Plain, School Edition, 50c. Boards, 25c., Paper 20c.			
1865	*The President's Words			
1868	If, Yes, and Perhaps; now called The Man Without a Country and other Stories			
1869	*Puritan Politics in England and New England			
	*Sybaris and other Homes	Cloth	\$1.25	
	The Ingham Papers	"	1.50	
1870	Ten Times One is Ten	"	1.00	Paper .25
	Neither Scrip nor Money	"		.15
	Daily Bread and Other Stories	Cloth	.80	
	Daily Bread	"	.40	" 20
	How to Do It	"	1.00	
1871	Ups and Downs	"	1.50	
1872	Christmas Eve and Christmas Day	"	1.25	
	Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other; with Miss L. F. Hale and others.	Cloth	1.50	
	His Level Best and other Stories	"	1.25	
1874	*Workingmen's Homes	"	1.25	Paper .75
	A Summer Vacation	"		.50
	In His Name	Cloth Ill. \$1.25; Cloth	1.00	" .25
1875	Our New Crusade	"	1.00	
	*One Hundred Years Ago	"		.25
1876	Philip Nolan's Friends	"	1.50	
1877	G. T. T. or the Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman	Cloth	1.00	
1878	What Career	Cloth	1.25	
	Mrs. Merriam's Scholars	"	1.00	
1879	*Life in Common and other Sermons	"	1.25	
1880	*The Kingdom of God and other Sermons	"	1.25	
	Crusoe in New York	"	1.00	
	Stories of the War (edited)	"	1.00	
1881	June to May. Sermons	"	1.25	
	Stories of the Sea (edited)	"	1.00	
	Stories of Adventure (edited)	"	1.00	
	A Family Flight through France and Germany; with Miss Susan Hale.	Cloth	2.25	Boards 1.75
1882	A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria; with Miss Susan Hale	Cloth	2.25	Boards 1.75
1883	Stories of Discovery (edited)	"	1.00	
	Seven Spanish Cities	"	1.25	
	A Family Flight through Spain; with Miss Susan Hale	Cloth	2.25	Boards 1.75
	Story of Spain; with Miss Susan Hale	"	1.50	
1884	A Family Flight Around Home; with Miss Susan Hale	cloth	2.25	Boards 1.75
	The Fortunes of Rachel	"	1.00	
	Christmas in a Palace	"	1.00	Paper .25
1885	Christmas in Narragansett	"	1.00	" .25
	Stories of Invention (edited)	"	1.00	
	What is the American People?	"		.20
1886	Easter (Sermons)	Cloth Gilt .75, Cloth Plain .50		
	A Family Flight through Mexico; with Miss Susan Hale	Cloth	2.25	Boards 1.75
	Boys' Heroes	Cloth	1.00	
1887	Franklin in France; with E. E. Hale, Jr.	2 Vols. Cloth, each	3.00	
	Life of George Washington. Studied Anew	Cloth	1.75	
	Lights of Two Centuries (edited)	"	1.40	
	Chautauquan History of the United States	"	1.00	
	Back to Back	"		Paper .25
1888	The Arabian Nights (edited)	"	.50	Boards .40
	Mr. Tangier's Vacation	"	1.00	Paper .50
	How They Lived in Hampton	"	1.00	" .25
	My Friend the Boss	"	1.00	
	Red and White	"		.20
	Tom Torrey's Tariff Talks	"	.50	" .20
1889	Sunday School Stories (edited)	2 Vols. Cloth, each	1.00	
1891	Four and Five	Cloth	1.00	
	The Story of Christopher Columbus	"	1.25	
	James Freeman Clarke, Autobiography, Diary, and Correspondence (edited)	Cloth	1.50	
	Colonel Jack (edited)	"	.75	Paper .25
	The Story of Massachusetts	Half Morocco 2.00, Cloth	1.50	Boards .40
	Afloat and Ashore	"		
1892	The New Harry and Lucy	Cloth	1.25	
	Sybil Knox or Home Again	"	1.00	
	East and West or the New Ohio	"	1.00	
	*Maltese Cross	"		.10
1893	Every Day Sermons	Cloth	1.00	Paper .50
	A New England Boyhood	"	1.00	
	Sermons of the Winter	"	1.50	
	One Good Turn	"	.30	" .20
	Ralph Waldo Emerson	"		.10
	For Fifty Years. Poems	"	1.00	
	If Jesus Came to Boston	"	.50	

Books on the above list marked with a star (*) are out of print, but possibly may be picked up. We shall be pleased to try to fill such orders at lowest rates to the purchaser. Orders for the balance will be executed promptly from this office.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

BY MARY CURTIS BAIRD.

As when a child wakes trembling in the night,
And gropes for tender hands to draw it near,
Waits for the loving voice that soothes its fear,
Then sinks back, sighing, wholly eased from fright,
And all untroubled sleeps until the light,

So starts my soul from rest in faiths held dear,
Appalled at sudden loss of meaning clear;
Afraid to judge,—uncertain of the right,
Then, yearning still for one to hear and care,
In terror of the deepening gloom I cry.

The answer swift comes to my wordless prayer,
And all my doubts and anxious questionings fly.
For, having heard His voice and touched His hand,
I do not ask to know or understand.

For the Christian Register.

LITTLE GITANA.

BY L. J. SANDERSON.

Little Gitana is a Spanish gypsy girl, with thick black hair, and big, bright, dreamy eyes, with a graceful body which wriggles and turns and twists, as only the body of a little gypsy child can do.

She lives in the side of a mountain, where there are many caves in which many other little gypsies live. Little Gitana's home is in four caves cut into the rock. In the first cave is the living room, beyond it is the basket room, while on each side are the bedrooms. Pictures, images, flowers, tambourines, castanets, cymbals, and baskets adorn the wall and hang from the ceiling.

The entrance to the cave is shaded by the tall cactus plants, with bright blossoms of red and yellow. Here lives Gitana. When she was very small, her little fingers were taught to weave the little baskets which she sells to the visitors, and her tiny feet were taught to dance.

The day we saw her she balanced herself and performed the most wonderful tricks with her heels and toes; while her little body, gayly dressed in red and yellow, turned and swayed, and her little arms held up the cymbals which her tiny hands brought together with a clash and clang in time with the turn of her body and the steps of her toes. Her gypsy father played the tune upon his guitar, while the gypsy mother wove the bright-colored baskets.

The little Gitana dances and sings as the days go by.

When she was yet but a tiny child, she was taught to read the lines of the hand, so that by and by, when she was older, she could roam about the country, telling the good or ill fortunes which would come to the fair ladies whose hands were stretched out to her wise eyes. As soon as she could talk, she was taught to beg; for begging is a part of the gypsy life. After she danced for us that summer day, as we sat in the cave, she brought her little baskets to sell, asking us in the most winning, irresistible way to buy; and, as we stepped into the carriage, she jumped about the wheels, she ran alongside, always calling, "Propina! propina!" which means a present of money, and would not leave us until we shook some coins into her hands, notwithstanding that we had already paid to enter the cave and to see her dance. And thus little Gitana and hundreds of other gypsy children live in the caves in Southern Spain, where they work and dance and sing and beg, out among the sunny rocks and flowers, looking above to the bluest of blue skies, and across the tall palms to the purple hills and the snow-topped mountains, or in the cool shade of the mountain cave.

A PAIR OF SHOES.

Bertha sat on the floor, critically eying a pair of new shoes. Shaking her head, she said complacently:—

"Yes, they look pretty nice, very nice; but," she added with a sigh, "I would have liked a pair of red ones. Mamma, when I was at the store this morning with grandma, I saw a lovely pair of red shoes. I asked her to get them for me; but she said she thought you did not care for colored shoes, now don't you?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear," answered Mrs. Bartlett, laughing at something that had come to her mind with Bertha's question. "I guess grandma was thinking of a time when I did like colored shoes."

"Well, I think she was, too; for she laughed, and told me to ask you if you liked them. I guess it is one of grandma's jokes. Do tell me what it is, mamma. Did it happen when you were a little girl?"

After waiting a moment, her mother smilingly replied: "Yes, it was something when I was a little girl that made grandma laugh; but we didn't laugh at the time it happened, you may see. Get your work, and I will tell you.

"The shoes that grandma and I were thinking of were purple ones, brilliant purple, with little flat heels, laced up the front, and reaching just above the ankles."

"Oh, dear, how funny they must have been!" laughed Bertha.

"Yes, as I look at them now, they must have been queer little shoes; but at the time they were bought they were just as beautiful in my eyes as the red ones which grandma refused to buy for you this morning. When I was a little girl, I lived in a small town in Ohio, where my father was the physician. He had not grown rich, for it was an exceedingly healthy place. No one was very rich, no one was very poor. I had played all my life with little girls and boys brought up just as I was, caring more for a good time than for fine clothes.

"I had a playhouse built by a young uncle, but the furnishings were not such as children's playhouses have in these days. My dishes were broken bits of china and glass, and among them were some that were so fine in my childish eyes that they were only used upon state occasions. Well, as I said, I played, and was very happy with my little friends, never caring for anything different from what we had. But one day something new appeared to us. Hattie Ray, my particular friend, had a cousin come to visit her from New York. She astonished us all by her clothes. Never had we seen anything so gorgeous in all our small lives, such dainty dresses and silk aprons with tiny pockets and bows, such beautiful stockings and shoes,—colored shoes, red and yellow and brown. For very common wear she had black ones. These different articles of clothing pleased the different fancies of the children. Hattie told me in confidence she meant to coax her mother to give her a silk apron with pockets for her next Christmas present.

"But nothing pleased me as did the shoes. Every night when I went to bed my last thought was of those colored shoes, and I resolved to have some red ones myself when I was rich. It was the 14th of June, just two days before my birthday, that my mother called me into the kitchen where she was making pies, and said:—

"Lizzie, you had better go down to Mr. Stout's, and get a pair of shoes. These are too badly worn for Sunday. I intended to go myself, but I shall not have time. You have been alone before, and know what to do. Get the shoes a size larger and like those you have on. They are pretty heavy for summer, but they wear well," she added, more to herself than to me.

"Taking from its peg my little pink sunbonnet, I started down the path toward that part of the village where the few stores stood. It was a warm day, and I walked slowly along till I came to the little foot-bridge across a tiny stream. This was a resting-place where we children invariably stopped. Here the branches of a big willow tree overhung the little brook, making it a pleasant, shady place. Sitting on the edge of the bridge, with my feet dangling over the side, my glance fell upon the shoes I wore. Coarse and ugly but substantial shoes they were, bought for service, not for looks. Heretofore the prospect of a pair of new shoes had been quite enough to make me happy, but to-day the spirit of envy had taken hold of me. Why couldn't I have dainty shoes, like Mary Lester's? Why had my mother said I should get more just like these hateful old things?

"I rose impatiently from my seat on the bridge, giving the little feet in the coarse shoes an angry stamp as I did so. Going down the road, I grew crosser and naughtier until I reached the one long street where the stores were. Here I stopped to look in the windows to see the things that I had seen a 'hundred years,' I said to myself crossly. Suddenly my gaze fell upon a little china tea-set on exhibition. Now I

had looked at this same little tea-set with its wild roses and pretty vines a great many times; but the mark, \$1.00, had always made it seem far away. All the girls from Jennie Todd, four years old, up to big Mary Roberts, wanted that tea-set. They had longed for it ever since the designing store-keeper had put it in his window.

"I wonder who will get it?" I said to myself, with a sigh.

"Nowadays that tea-set costing a dollar would seem a small thing. But a dollar in those days was a great deal to spend for a child's plaything. I stood here some time, looking and thinking. I wondered if the tea-set would be sold before I was grown up and could buy it for myself. Finally, I walked down the street, forgetting about the fine shoes in the desire for the tea-set. Suddenly I stopped with a cry of astonishment. I had reached the shoe store; and, glancing up, what did I see among the same old men's boots with their long leather tops, and the boy's shoes with their thick soles and copper toes? Could I believe my eyes? There, like a dainty little princess, was a pair of red shoes,—yes, and further on a pair of purple shoes, too. Colored shoes! Red, purple, and brown! such beauties! A long time I stood there, looking at them, then hurried into the shop.

"How d'ye do, Missy?" cried the old shoe-maker, who had known me since I had worn my first pair of shoes. "Want a pair of shoes, do ye? Well, let me see, what kind does mother want?"

"Under my downcast eyes on the counter was a pair of shoes like the ones I wore. They seemed to read my thoughts, and look at me with reproach. I turned my eyes resolutely toward the window as I replied:—

"A pair of red ones, please." As the words left my lips, my heart gave a great bound, my boldness almost took away my breath.

"Did you say red ones, dearie? I am getting a little hard of hearing these days," putting his hand to his ear.

"Yes, sir, red ones," I answered loudly.

"U-m-yes, yes," doubtfully. "Did your mother say you should get red ones? These are only for show, just a few pairs. Still, they are for sale, too," he added quickly, as he saw the look of disappointment on my face.

"But I'm afraid I haven't the size," looking down at my old shoes, "have only a couple of pair; but the purple ones, guess they are about your size."

"Going to the window, he took out the purple shoes, placing them in my hands. As my fingers pressed the delicate leather, and I looked at the bright pretty things, my last good thought fled. I would have the shoes! Sitting on the old bench, Mr. Stout tried them on, and rather reluctantly said:

"They are all right," and added as he wrapped them up, "don't get the soles soiled, or I can't take them back; and it may be your mother won't want to keep them."

"No, sir," I said: "father will be in to-night to pay for them."

"That's all right, child, that's all right. Mind now, that you do not get those shoes dirty."

"I hurried down the street, only stopping once to take a look at the tea-set. Down the path I flew, with the precious shoes in my arms. When I reached the old willow,

I sat down, and wiped my hot little face and smiled. Those beautiful shoes! I would just take a little bit of a look at them. Breaking a tiny hole in the paper, I looked in. What a beautiful color they were! Slowly I untied the end, and took out first one, then the other. I turned them over, and wondered how I would look walking about in them. I unlaced one of my old shoes, took it off, and thrust my foot into the new one. Then I stood up on the paper with both feet close together. How ugly the foot in the old shoe looked! Sitting down again, I removed the obnoxious shoe, and put on the other purple one. How fine and handsome they were! It did not matter to me that my dress was an old and faded print. I had no eyes for anything but the purple shoes. What was it Mr. Stout had said about getting the soles soiled? He could not take them back. I would have to keep them. Softly I lifted one foot from the paper, and put it on the ground, then the other. In alarm at my naughtiness, I quickly stepped back on to the paper. Here I stood for a moment undecided, then with a firm step I walked back and forth several times to the bridge. The soles were soiled enough now! A naughty spirit within me said, "Wear them home, then your mother can't possibly take them back."

"Putting on my sunbonnet, which I had taken off that I might better see my feet, I started once more for home with my old shoes in my hand and my eyes fastened on the bright-colored ones upon my feet. As I neared home, I wondered what my mother would say, and if she would be very angry. Then I walked very slowly, and by the time I had reached the gate I had almost stopped. But I must go in some time. So, plucking up my courage, I entered by the kitchen. My mother was still busy with her baking. She did not look up as I entered, but said:—

"Why, child, how long you were gone. Did you get the same kind of shoes? Let me see."

"All my courage failed. Speechless and guilty, I stood in the doorway waiting. As my mother turned quickly at receiving no answer from me, her gaze fell upon the bright-colored shoes.

"Why, what in the world—where did you get those? Why don't you answer me? Lizzie, do you mean to say that Mr. Stout told you to take that kind of a shoe instead of those you have always worn?"

"No—no—mamma," I cried, finding my tongue at last. "It wasn't Mr. Stout's fault. He didn't want me to take them: it was just myself, my other ones were so ugly. I—I—I—O mamma, I didn't think you would care so much." The look of sorrow and reproof on my mother's face was too much for me. "I am sorry, indeed I am," I sobbed.

"My mother stood looking at me in silence for a moment, as I threw myself into the old rocking-chair, crying as though my heart would break.

"Take off those shoes, and put on your old ones," she finally said. Walking to the closet where she kept her best china, she took down an old blue sugar-bowl that had belonged to my great-grandmother. In this she often kept bits of change. She took from it now four quarters; and, laying them on the table beside me, she said:—

"Here is a dollar your grandmother gave me. With it I was to get the little tea-set

103 COOK BOOK

Remember these Directions for using Cottolene

108 COOK BOOK

For shortening never use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would of lard. When frying with Cottolene always put it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene produces the best results when very hot, but as it reaches the cooking point much sooner than lard, care should be taken not to let it burn—when hot enough, it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Follow these directions in using Cottolene and lard will never again be permitted in your kitchen or in your food. Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

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you liked so much. It is a great deal to use for such a purpose, but your grandmother thought she could afford to give you that on your birthday."

"My heart gave a great leap at the mention of the tea-set, but sank suddenly as my mother continued:—

"This dollar," putting down another, I had saved that you might buy some candy, nuts, and apples, and on your birthday enjoy your new tea-set with your little friends. Put on your old shoes, take this money, and go to Mr. Stout and ask him to give you a pair of shoes like the ones you are now wearing."

"There was a look of sternness in my mother's face I had never seen there before, a look that forbade any coaxing. Picking up the purple shoes from the floor, she carefully wiped them, saying,—

"Purple shoes will hardly look well with your green muslin dress, so I think we will put these away. You could only have worn them once or twice anyhow, they are so frail."

"Once more I put on my little sunbonnet, and once more I travelled the old path across the bridge and under the willows,—a sadder, but a wiser little girl."

"But the tea-set, mamma the tea-set, didn't you get it afterwards?" eagerly asked Bertha.

Mamma laughingly shook her head.

"I don't think I ought to tell anything more," she said. Bertha, well knowing her own shortcomings, and the fact that they were so often overlooked by a fond and doting grandmother, looked so disappointed at this reply that Mrs. Bartlett hastened to add:—

"The next time I passed the china store the dear little tea-set was gone. If I cried over the discovery, no one knew it but the old willow, who knew and kept so many childish secrets. For a long time I mourned the fact that I might have had the pretty china. My punishment was hard; for my birthday came and went just like any other day, but I knew I deserved it."

"Oh, dear," said Bertha, "I was so in hopes that you got the tea-set after all."

"Well, dear, I did, after six months in which to think over my wrong-doing. Grandmothers of your day and grandmothers of mine were very much alike; for, when Christmas came around, my dear grandmother put the tea-set into my hands herself. Feeling sorry for me, but knowing I deserved the punishment, she had bought the little dishes, and kept them all that time."

"Well, I must say, I think you did very wrong, mamma, to get the shoes; but still I am glad you could have the tea-set. Purple shoes! I don't think I ever could have wanted shoes of that color."—*Cornelia A. Donaldson, in the Interior.*

HOW WILLIE AND I RODE PIG-BACK.

They were the sweetest pigs you ever saw; and Michael O'Dowd, the farm steward, had bought them for father at the fair of St. Anne's.

One was a little fat white pig, with a curly tail, and the other was a little fat black pig, with a straight tail; and they had the cunningest eyes, and were so smooth and clean that Willie and I agreed they were "perfect ducks of pigs."

I think we both rather preferred the black one,—he was so very black, and was such a sociable little fellow.

One night shortly after their arrival, when Willie and I had gone to bed, and nurse had carried away the lamps, Willie crept out of his cot, and hopped into mine.

He had been making a wonderful plan; and, as it was a dead secret, we had to talk about it under the bed-clothes.

He thought if we were to get up very early, before nurse came in, and go out doors, and mount those sweet new pigs, we could soon train them nicely; and what did I think of that for fun?

I squeaked with delight down under the blankets. Willie said he had told his plan to Micky O'Dowd, the steward's son, who was quite an old boy, about nine years of age, and that Micky had promised to help, and would meet us at the pig-sty as soon as it was light.

Morning came; and, oh, what a time we

had dressing ourselves! Everything that tied on we tied in hard double-knots, and everything that buttoned on we buttoned before instead of behind, which made the armholes uncomfortable. We crept out by the study window, as the great front door was still bolted and barred.

Micky was on hand, and so were the pigs. I was a little disturbed to find that I must ride like a boy, for the pigs simply wouldn't be saddled.

Micky chased our steeds into a corner of the pen while we mounted; for mount we did, although they squealed enough to deafen us. A moment later, and we were off.

Shall I ever forget how those pigs did run? The black one led, with Will hanging on to its ears for dear life, his yellow curls streaming out straight behind him; the white pig close behind, yelling like mad, as I clung with both arms round his neck.

But, just as he reached the very roughest spot in the yard, the black pig stopped short, and stood on his head. The white one was too close behind to pull up in time, so he tumbled heels over head on top of the black one; and, when the terrified Micky reached the spot, the pigs were nowhere, but a very sober boy and girl sat upon the paving of the yard, the boy with a bump over his eye and the girl with a rapidly swelling nose. Micky picked us up, tied up Willie's head in a red cotton handkerchief, and gave me a cabbage leaf to hold to my nose. Then he "cleared," and no Micky was seen about the place for a week or more.

Willie and I started for the house, hand in hand. "We did have a lovely time, though, didn't we?" said Will, from under the red cotton handkerchief. "We did," I groaned from behind the cabbage-leaf.

But, between ourselves, little men and women, we have never ridden a piggy-wig, black or white, from that day to this.—*Beatrice Harvey Dobbs, in Babyland.*

DOT'S ADVENTURE.

Uncle Ned was really to blame for it, though he had not the least thought of such a thing when he said to Dot as she came up with her round music-box under her arm:—"Hello, little Dago! Where's your monkey?"

Now, Dot lives in the city winters, and knows all about the organ-men and their queer little beasts. She comes with mamma in summer to the bigish country town in which mamma herself was a little girl. She had always thought it would be a fine thing to have an organ and go about the streets, gathering pennies. As Uncle Ned sauntered off, she grew very thoughtful. Then her face brightened. She ran down the garden, calling excitedly to her little sister:—

"Mab, Mab! I want you! Aunt Sarah said yesterday you were one perfect monkey."

Dot was just turned five, and Mab three; but the two were almost of a size, since Dot was a mere mite, and Mab deliciously chubby. When lunch-time came without bringing them, Grandmother Allen began to fidget, and wonder what had become of those precious little dears. At first Dot's mamma only laughed, saying,—

"They will be here in a little while, bright as a new penny."

But, when three o'clock saw them still away, she, too, grew uneasy, and went to search for them.

So did Uncle Ned, but he chose another way. Somehow, he remembered Dot's face as he saw it last. "It would be just like her: she is the most original little morsel!" he muttered, as he took his way along the shady streets to a big hotel, much frequented by summer visitors.

About the same time Dot was saying a little tearfully: "It's your fault, Mab: you're too big. Nobody won't believe you're my monkey when I tell them so. And you don't hold your cap out right: you drop it just as soon as they don't put things in it."

You ought to keep holding it till they were sorry and gave you something."

"My arm gets tired. I'm hungry. I want to go home. We have got the five cents Cousin Anna gave us when she met us as we started," Mab whined disconsolately, tugging at the string that bound her to Dot's arm.

"Bah! old cry-face!" Dot said with dignity. "I want to get enough pennies, so we can have ice-cream soda and some pep'mints. Come! we'll try this place,—it looks nice and big, with heaps of people on the porch."

"I want mamma," Mab said disconsolately, but followed Dot up the piazza steps obediently, holding out her red fez, while Dot turned the crank of her music-box so vigorously that no sound of any sort came from it. People began to stare at them. One young woman bent and kissed Mab's hot cheek, saying: "You poor little angel! Have you got nobody belonging to you?"

Mab did not answer: her eyes were fast on some one coming up the steps. With one bound she broke from Dot's hold, and flung herself tempestuously into Uncle Ned's arms, crying out:—

"Uncle Ned! I want to go home. I won't ever be Dot's monkey any more."

"No, you shall be mine," Uncle Ned said, swinging her upon his shoulder and walking away in triumph.—*Martha McCulloch Williams, in Outlook.*

AN ELECTRIC CUP.

Some motormen working for a street-car company clubbed together to keep a large cooler of lemonade at the car depot. They at first put no restrictions upon its use. Other men found out where the lemonade was, and it was impossible to keep the cooler full. The men wanted the lemonade, and yet they could not afford to supply it free to all in the stable. Then they hit upon a plan. The electrician of the company came to the help of the men. The cup, chain, and cooler were connected with the lamp circuit in the stable, and the mat in front of the jar was kept damp. When a man not in the secret took the cup in his hand, he received a shock. The men in the secret—that is, those who contributed toward the lemonade—disconnected the current before touching the cup.—*Outlook.*

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ELLEN M. GRANT.

At the funeral services of Miss Grant at her late residence in Salem her pastor, Rev. Mr. Manchester, was assisted by her former pastor, Rev. F. B. Mott, and her friend, John W. Chadwick. Mr. Batchelor, another former pastor, whom she counted in the inner circle of her friends, was kept away by illness. Mr. Chadwick spoke as follows:—

"I am myself so much in need of comfort in this sorrow that I would gladly sit in pure passivity, and listen to such words as others might find it in their hearts to speak; and yet I crave the sweet and mournful privilege of testifying here to the tender grace and beauty of the life which has now reached its earthly term, and passed beyond it into the unfathomable mystery which lies beyond. There is one spot in Salem which henceforth will always have for me a special sacredness. There, with her sister, stood my friend less than a month ago, and waved me a farewell. Lingeringly, I looked back to her, and she to me, each fearing much that we might never meet again on earth. I shall think of her in many pleasant ways, but oftenest as she stood that afternoon on Chestnut Street and waved me her farewell.

"She was my friend for more than thirty years. Her friendship was the first-fruit of my ministry. A boy in the Divinity School, I came here to preach for Mr. Haskell; and she took pity on my formless youth, and showed me such kindness as I never could forget. A little later she said to me, 'I hope you will go to Brooklyn'; and that prophetic intimation was the first I had of a great happiness that was awaiting me, and is not ended yet. The kindness of those early days has suffered nothing from the lapse of time and the changes it has inevitably wrought. For many years she was so much in Brooklyn that I might dare to enter a parochial claim upon her loyalty and affection, and I was always met halfway. And how beautiful it has always been to come here to this house, where she was born and lived for seventy years,—Salem of Salem, Peace of Peace,—a quiet eddy in the rushing stream of my habitual life, and here rest my spirit and renew my early rows! How good to breathe this air of stainless purity, to see the flowers she loved, never more sumptuous than for her burial, and the dear familiar objects of her house, so expressive of her personality and taste, and to sit at table where, in truth,

'Every loaf and cup was mystic,
Wine and life-bread eucharistic,
Feeding body less than soul.'

"Those of us who knew Ellen Grant did not care to analyze our satisfaction and delight in her companionship. There by God's grace—by her own grace—they were; and we were content to have it so. But some things could not but be evident to us. If we had closed our eyes, we should have known them by some subtle intuition: her liking for the quiet side of life, and yet withal her keen delight in such excursions into the larger world as widened her experience of natural beauty; and most of all her loyal affection for her house and home, her garden, her Barton Square Church, her Unitarian faith and the congregation of its saints, her beloved city of Salem, any failure to appreciate which would have subjected any one to grave suspicion in her eyes. Loyalty was the most natural expression of her character, and its consummate flower was her loyalty to her friends and especially to those dearest ones and best whom God had given her to be her own by the most sacred of familiar ties, the companions of her mind and heart in the sweet habitudes of her domestic life.

"She has been spared what she so much dreaded,—the serious weakening of her bodily and mental powers. She went in and out among you with little obvious impairment of her proper personality, when suddenly she 'was not, for God took her.' It was best so for her and all of us. Her gracious image has not been defaced. Long will her quiet memory rebuke our noisy ways, and breed in us some earnest questioning whether her way of gentleness and peace is not more fraught than they with all that makes for life's most lasting good."

Here and There.

Dews are less abundant on islands and on ships in mid-ocean. Seamen nearing land can tell that fact by reason of the deposits of dew on the vessel.

In Minneapolis it is said that the gross receipts of every trolley road in the place have been reduced fully one-third by the craze for wheeling.

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In the city of Tokio there are eight hundred public bath-houses, in which a person can take a bath, hot or cold for a sum equal to one halfpenny.

Pop-corn pops because the essential oil in the corn is converted into gas by heat, and thus an explosion occurs which tears the kernel open, and causes a singular inversion of its contents.

It cost the United States government \$1,848,000 to care for 2,200 Dakota Indians seven years, while they were savages. After they were Christianized, it cost for seven years \$120,000, a saving of 1,728,000. *Exchange.*

The British Museum has been rearranging its Phœnician collection with great advantage. These valuable monuments of the ancient people are now housed in the second northern gallery, and form a perfect history of the race which played so great a part in the early history of the world.

One of the attractions of the Calcutta (India) Orphanage has lately died,—the interesting little girl who in her younger days is believed to have been nursed by a bear, and was captured while playing with bear cubs. She was in the institution for the last two years and a half, and made some progress in acquiring human habits except in the acquirement of the power of speech. She was amiable and affectionate, and was possessed of natural innocence. She has left a mark on the mind of all the inmates and friends of the institution, specially of the manager and his good wife. Her life is an interesting subject of study for scientific men.—*Exchange.*

Prof. Roth of Zürich is credited with having made experiments that have led him to believe that butter which has hitherto been considered a safeguard against tuberculosis is not seldom a vehicle of that disease. The professor says that twenty different samples of butter made of cow's milk, bought in as many different markets, contained, with only two exceptions, tubercle bacilli, and which, when inoculated in some guinea-pigs, caused the development of tuberculosis in them. Dr. Fevro of Turin is also credited by the *Family Doctor* with having made similar experiments with Italian butter with almost identical results; that is to say, eighty per cent. of the samples of butter examined by him contained tuberculosis infection.

Education.

Brown University offers a prize of \$200, open to general competition, for the best essay on either of the three following subjects: (1) A critical comparison of the claims put forward on behalf of Rhode Island and Maryland, respectively, regarding the first establishment of religious liberty in America; (2) a critical history of the movement toward disestablishment and complete religious liberty in Connecticut; (3) a critical history of the movement toward disestablishment and complete religious liberty in Massachusetts. No essay can be received which is not founded upon original research. The prize will be awarded at Commencement, 1896. Essays must be placed in the hands of the president of the university on or before May 1, 1896.

ANOTHER INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN GEORGIA.—Mr. J. W. Davison of Fort Valley, Ga., principal of an industrial school for colored youths, is in the city. He comes for the purpose of seeking aid for his school. The school has been devoted to regular literary work until, about two years ago, a manual training-school was established in connection with the regular grammar course. The aim has been to train the boys in carpentry, truck-farming, and blacksmithing, and girls in needlework as far as the limited means of the institution would allow. Mr. Davison comes highly indorsed by two Worcester gentlemen,—Mr. Calvin L. Hartshorn and Mr. James Draper, who have been down there and seen his work. He has also a letter from Senator George F. Hoar and one from Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, vouching for the reputation and good character of Mr. Calvin L. Hartshorn and Mr. James Draper, both of Worcester. The school, which receives a small appropriation of State money, is in charge of a board of trustees, consisting of both white and colored citizens, and selected by the community, which is deeply interested.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Charities and Reforms.

The workers at Morgan Chapel are about to open again their sloyd school for boys as well as the industrial school for girls, where various branches of needlework and crochet are taught. They have a room where the babies are cared for while their sisters are at work with the needle. A printing-press will soon be in operation; and there is a room for making and mending shoes, a class for repairing men's and boys' clothing, a class in writing for young women and men, and a weekly sale of garments at the lowest possible price, so that the poor may come and buy, and keep themselves in comfort, while the few cents thus received are used for the sick and aged. The chapel workers would be glad to receive contributions of fruit and vegetables in this harvest season or, indeed, any help toward the furtherance of their work. Contributions may be sent to E. S. Emmons, Morgan Chapel, 87 Shawmut Avenue.

Temperance.

Finland has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a total abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

Another ban has been put upon the liquor traffic by the decision of the Junior Order of American Mechanics in Omaha that no one connected with the sale of liquors as a beverage shall hereafter be admitted to membership in that order.

The governor of Sierra Leone, addressing the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, strongly advocated prohibitive duties on spirits in Africa; for wherever there was a drunken chief there were signs of neglect and destitution. Spirituous liquors in Africa injured British commercial interests.

The medal struck in honor of the silver jubilee of the Catholic Temperance Association of America consists of a silver-plated bar, with suspended shield and red, white, and blue ribbon. On the front of the medal are engraved a fine cut of Father Mathew, the Catholic Temperance Association badge, with laurel cord and wreath. Appropriate inscriptions are found on the reverse side.

A duplicate of the Willard fountain, presented by the children of the world to Chicago in the Columbian year, and called "The Little Cold Water Girl," is to be placed on the Westminster Embankment, London, and called the Somerset fountain, in honor of Lady Henry Somerset. The children of Great Britain have aided in collecting the funds; and Mr. George Wade, the celebrated London sculptor, has executed the work, although the design was that of Miss Anna A. Gordon of Boston, superintendent of temperance work among children of the white ribbon army.—*Woman's Column*.

There is quite a little temperance wave in France. Alcoholism has been the prominent subject before the French House of Deputies; and a bill has passed, the purpose of which is to restrict by high taxes the sale of all distilled liquors, which are called "toxic," while fermented liquors are called "hygienic." Another step is the decision to introduce into the schools lessons which are intended to make clear to the eyes of the scholars the terrible dangers, physical and moral, of alcohol. Already, in the higher primary schools of Paris, physicians have been giving special instruction on the subject. The minister of instruction, M. Poincaré, has directed teachers generally in the primary schools to take up the topic; and even M. Henri Rochefort has, in his journal, been treating on this same subject of alcoholism.—*The Independent*.

Science.

"Practical experiments in electric ploughing," says the London *Electrical Engineer*, "have been made at Halle-on-the-Saale, Germany. Here a two-furrow tilting plough was used. The electric motor is fixed to the implement itself."

From recent tests at Royton, England, it appears that the heating value of dried refuse is only about one-seventh that of good coal. "The results," says the *Electrical World*, "show that the idea of burning town refuse at any sort of profit is erroneous: it cannot be imagined that refuse which gives on evaporation anything less than two or three pounds of water per pound of refuse would not pay for carting."

LONG-DISTANCE SEEING MACHINE.—It is said that Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is now engaged in experiments looking to the perfecting of a machine harnessing electricity to light, so to speak, so that it will be possible for one's vision to be extended to any distance desired. Prof. Bell insists that the fact has already been demonstrated, and that it only remains to construct the apparatus necessary to bring the possibilities of the discovery into actual and practical use.—*Littell's Living Age*.

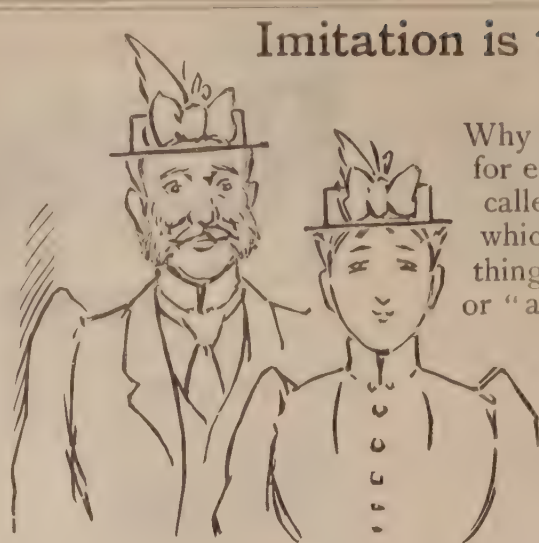
It is the heart which is principally exercised during cycling. So soon as brisk cycling has commenced, the motions of the heart begin to increase. In this respect cycling differs from many other exercises. Rowing tells most on the breathing organs, dumb bells and other exercises where the muscles are moved without progression of the body tell most on the muscles, while in climbing and long pedestrian feats it is the nervous system that is most given to suffer. There is not a cycle rider of any age in whom the heart is not influenced so as to do more work; and, although in skilled cyclists and trained cyclists a certain balance is set up which equalizes the motion, such riders are not exempt from danger.—*Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., in North American Review*.



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A boy of three was in the garden. Going up to a rose-bush, he exclaimed, "Oh, grandma, these flowers have teeth!"—*Harper's Round Table.*

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between faith-cure and mind-cure is that mind-cure requires no faith and faith-cure requires no mind.—*Exchange.*

At the "Zoo."—Bertie: "You say that is the bird of freedom, mamma?" Mamma: "Yes, Bertie." Bertie: "Then why is it in a cage?"—*Harper's Round Table.*

Cora (on the hotel veranda): "You say that man is a geologist?" Merrill: "Yes. He is picking out stones for a patent medicine firm to plant advertisements on."—*Judge.*

She (on her voyage): "What is that place down there?" He: "Why, that is the steerage." She: "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?" *Boston Traveller.*

"Did you ever hear the joke about the village that had two skulls of Saint Paul, — one when he was a boy and one when he was a man?" "No, what was it?"—*Youth's Companion.*

"Tommie, your spelling report is very bad," said Mr. Hicks to his boy. "That's all right, papa," said Tommie. "When I grow up, I'm going to dictate all my letters, like you do. It's the typewriter that'll have to know spelling, not me."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Judge B. fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage in a bump on every stair until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said, "I hope your honor is not hurt?" "No," said the judge, sternly. "My honor is not hurt, but my head is."—*Exchange.*

Funny things are sometimes found in other examination papers than those of school boys and girls. A graduate of a military school, who was being examined to test his fitness for a certain rank in the service of the army, found the following question in his paper, "What condition is requisite before a man can be buried with military honors?" And he wrote the following answer, "He must be dead!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The teacher told the children how a wise man once said that we have only one mouth and two ears, so that we may listen and hear twice as much as we speak. Afterward, to see how much of the instruction was remembered, she asked, "Why is it that we have two ears and only one mouth, Frances?" "Because we would not have room in our face for two mouths, and we would look too crooked if we had only one ear." "No, that is not the reason. You know, do you, Rosie?" "Yes, ma'am. So that what we hear may go in at one ear and out at the other."—*Philadelphia Times.*

An English teacher in a Japanese school discovered, by giving out subjects for composition, that the pupils had been trained to find a moral in everything animate and inanimate. Mr. Hearn, in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," gives a few specimens. One boy thus wrote on "Mosquitoes": "On summer nights we hear the sound of faint voices, and little things come and sting our bodies very violently. We call them *ka*,—in English, 'mosquitoes.' I think the sting is useful for us, because, if we begin to sleep, the *ka* shall come and sting us, uttering a small voice: then we shall be brought back to study by the sting." To another pupil was assigned the *botan* (Japanese peony) for a composition, and he wrote: "The *botan* is large and beautiful to see, but it has a disagreeable smell. This should make us remember that what is only outwardly beautiful in human society should not attract us. To be attracted by beauty only may lead us into fearful and fatal misfortune."—*Exchange.*

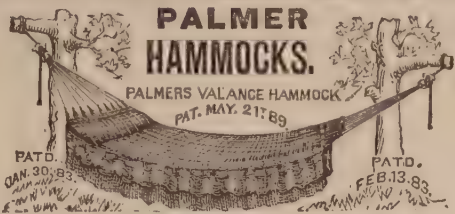
CARLYLE AND THACKERAY.

Mrs. Wilson tells a story about Carlyle and Thackeray, which has been told before, but which may be new to some readers. Several artists at the Royal Academy dinner, sitting in the neighborhood of these great men, were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. "His glorious coloring is a fact about Titian," said one. "And his glorious drawing is another fact about Titian," cried a second. So they went on till Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with a slow deliberation which had its own impressive emphasis, "And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian and cares nothing about Titian; and that's another fact about Titian." Thackeray was sipping claret at the moment. He paused, and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said, "that is not a fact about Titian. But it is a fact—and a lamentable fact—about Thomas Carlyle."—*Westminster Gazette.*

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VOLUME LXXIV.

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Editorial.

THE late H. O. Houghton fulfilled his debt to his profession. He made his contribution to the printing art and to the publishers' trade. "The Houghton face" is well known in the type foundries, and the workmanship of the Riverside Press speaks for itself. In reaching these artistic results, Mr. Houghton had the co-operation of able associates, and perhaps nothing better has been said of him than that the tears of his workmen showed how strong was the personal tie between them and him. The association was something more than that of a simple business relationship. It is impossible in such a relationship always to escape friction. But the number of men who have remained for many years in the employ of the firm shows how long and how well this relation may be sustained without rupture or alienation. But, though faithful to a profession of very large scope, Mr. Houghton's interests were not limited to it. He was a philanthropist, generous in gift and service, whether for the protection of animals or the protection of the Indian, the promotion of education, and the diffusion of charity. He had been for many years a faithful supporter and attendant of the Mohonk Indian Conference. He will be greatly missed there, as at other gatherings where his counsel and aid and cheerful presence will be gratefully remembered.

UNDOUBTEDLY all the Unitarian churches that have pastors will elect them delegates to the National Conference at Washington, and many ministers will be glad and able to go and pay their own expenses. On the whole, we believe there is no religious denomination that takes care of its ministers better than the Unitarian; and we believe we have only to make the suggestion that there are ministers who cannot well afford to go to the Conference in Washington at their own expense to hear that their parishes have generously decided to send them. The minister who goes as a representative from a church will feel that the vote is something more than a compliment if his people furnish him the means to go and return; and the churches will feel more interest in the Conference if they think it important enough to pay the expenses of their minister. Such a gathering is something more than a picnic. It is an occasion for counsel and inspiration. Its influence will react on the churches themselves. The healthiest churches to-day in the Unitarian body are not those which stand in independent isolation, but those which make most of their organic connection, and are joined together in the promotion of good works which no one can do alone, but which all can do together. Of course, a lay delegation will go with the minister; for the National Conference is not a purely clerical body, and then let as many of the church as possible join the throng.

THE *Methodist Recorder* comments on the editorial in the *Christian Register* on "The Supernatural," and says, in sympathy with that article: "The conception of the supernatural that modern thought is leading the world to is one that has in it the most perfect conciliation of law with divine control. Any view of the supernatural that loses sight of the fact that God operates through his universe in an orderly method, that is expressed by saying that it is in accordance with law, will have but little influence upon present thought. The one great achievement of modern science is the conception of the universe as dominated by law. We cannot share in the apprehension that the truths of evangelical Christianity have anything to fear from a conception of the divine government of the universe in harmony with the new knowledge of the universality of order and law that the world has reached. It has everything to gain. But, whatever revisions men may be compelled to make of their views, let the truth prevail. And there is no more important part of the truth than that to which the trend of modern thought is leading men; namely, a recognition of the presence and directing power of God's life over the affairs of men and the world."

THE question whether a church shall remain open all summer depends on circumstances. An open church has something to do with open ears. If there is no congregation to fill the pews, it may be questioned whether it is worth while to fill the pulpit. A minister may get a response from the echoes of an empty church, but it is not the response that he most needs. Where there is an audience, church and pulpit may well be kept open; but it does not follow indeed that the pastor should not have a vacation. The church may well supply his pulpit during his absence. There is no minister who will not do his work better forty-eight weeks in the year if he has rest during the other four, and many of the hard workers in the church need a rest as well as the minister. A correspondent who asks the question, "If you close a church for a month, why should it not be closed altogether?" might be asked, If it is worth while for a man to sleep eight hours at night, why shouldn't he sleep the whole twenty-four? If a man does his work all the better for sleeping a third of the day,

it is possible that a church may do its work better if those who bear the heat and burden of the day take a needed rest. In cities it is but fair that a sufficient number of churches should be open to accommodate all who desire to attend; and, as a matter of fact, this is practically done. We know no reason why a dozen churches on the Back Bay should be kept open when the people who go to church in August in that section would not fill one of them.

MINISTERS and ministerial associations have fought the Sunday press, and tried to preach it out of existence, but without effect. The Sunday paper has continued to grow enormously in size and circulation. But now it has occurred to some sensible people that it might be a good idea to use the Sunday press to some extent as a mouth-piece of religion. An association has been formed called "The Newspaper Sermon Association." Mr. William E. Harmon of Boston is president; and on the advisory board are prominent clergymen, such as Rev. George Hodges, D.D., dean of the Cambridge Theological School, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and others, and two of the leading journalists of New England, Charles H. Taylor, proprietor of the *Boston Globe*, and John H. Holmes, editor of the *Boston Herald*. The purpose of the association will be to secure from the pens of the ablest preachers short non-sectarian sermons addressed to non-church-going newspaper readers, to be published on or near the editorial page, and properly advertised in each Sunday paper in the United States. The central bureau of the association will be at 13 School Street, Boston, and will be conducted under the supervision of the advisory board. The experiment seems to be an excellent one; and we believe that, if the right kind of sermons are furnished, it will be successful. Sermons used for this purpose must be written for this century, not for the last. They need not be slangy or sensational, but they must have in them that element which the common people will hear gladly. With live editors as well as live ministers on the advisory board, and the support already assured of a large portion of the press throughout the country, the result ought not to be doubtful.

THE Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis has just issued a circular relating to a proposal set forth by its president in his annual address at Hartford, June 13, that an "American School for Oriental Research" be established in Palestine. "The object of the school would be to afford graduates of American theological seminaries and other similarly qualified persons opportunity to prosecute Biblical and linguistic investigations under more favorable conditions than can be secured at a distance from the Holy Land, to gather material for the illustration of the Biblical narratives, to settle doubtful points in Biblical topography, to identify historic localities, to explore, and, if possible, excavate sacred sites." The school is to be kept free from sectarian control, and its general administration will be under a board of managers. Beirut is suggested as the most eligible place for the headquarters of the school. To make the experiment possible, a score or more of institutions and of individuals are asked to pledge themselves to contribute not less than one hundred dollars annually for the term of five years. Names may be sent to Prof. James Henry Thayer, Cambridge, Mass. So much has been accomplished by the establishment of the French, German, English, and American schools at Athens in the study of Greek archaeology that with these examples before us there is every reason to believe that valuable results would follow the establishment of such a school in the Holy Land. We trust that the experiment will be made, and that the small amount of money required to try it

will easily be forthcoming. The action of the society at its next meeting in New York in December will depend upon the number of favorable responses it receives by November 1.

GETTING INTO COMMISSION.

It is a nautical term, and the yacht races have made it tolerably familiar. It means to put a vessel into service after it has been laid up.

A good many churches have been laid up for the summer. They furled their sails and dropped anchor: they have been dismantled and boarded up or they have been drawn up on the dry dock for repairs. Passengers have gone, and the crew have scattered. We are far from agreeing with the critics who object to all this, and who would keep a church afloat with all sails set until she rots. There is something heroic in such a determination. But no vessel is worth much without a crew; and, when the crew scatters, as the crew of a Back Bay church invariably does every summer, it is just as well to declare it out of commission.

But, when the September breezes begin to blow, it is a signal to get into commission again, to float off the dry dock, repair the rigging, weigh anchor, and hoist sails. It is time to call all hands on deck, and give the pennant to the breeze. The success of every boat in this fishing fleet will depend upon the extent and thoroughness of the preparation. Not a single block or rope must be lacking, and every man must know his duty and his place.

The church that is to do the best work must be well organized. It must not be fitted up as a pleasure yacht for luxurious indulgence: it must not forget that it belongs to the fishing fleet, and that every man who comes aboard is expected to belong to the crew. In too many of our churches the crew is small and the passenger list too large. There are many people who do not object to making a voyage to heaven in a modern first-class ecclesiastical liner, on which they are well fed with regular courses of gospel, and are willing to pay a stipulated price for a sleeping berth and a seat at the cabin table. They will of course buy a programme for the charitable concert. But they never will go on a vessel on which they have to work their passage. It is a part of their religion to

"Be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas."

Some of our fleet are splendid vessels; but there is no crew to man them, and so they float like phantoms on the deep, with aimless vacillation.

Then there are other churches that are fairly manned, but badly organized. They have within them the capacity for ten times as much power if the captain or the engineer could only command and apply it. It is not enough that the captain must tell his men to do something: he must tell them what to do and where. There are few of our churches in which there is not room for improvement in method.

It takes many of our city churches too long to get under way after the summer vacation. It is as if an Atlantic liner should be fitted up with an old-fashioned windlass instead of with a modern engine for drawing the anchor out of the mud. The winter season of our city churches is short enough. Sluggishness at the start makes it practically a good deal shorter.

In a few weeks roving pastors will be home, the children will be back to school, and their fathers to business. Let not the church be behind. If a church is to be simply a light-ship to anchor near a shoal and sound its fog-horn, its service will not be without utility; but, if it is to do some navigating itself, if it is to have a definite purpose and destination, to spread its nets

as a fisher of men, or bring the best fruits of one zone of life to some other that needs it, it must have some motive power, whether the breezes of heaven or the sun power in its coal-bin, and it will need a good captain and a good working crew.

THE PASSION OF POSSESSION.

One of the subtlest and, in some respects, one of the most dangerous forms of selfishness often masquerades as devotion to another. The love which professes its own willingness to give all, and on that ground demands an equal return, often seeks in reality nothing less than the utter subjugation of another's will, and may thus easily bring about its own undoing. The love which will endure no separation from the beloved object, which construes every other interest as a disloyalty, which can brook no disagreement in opinion, is weakening, not strengthening, and is not improved by being labelled devotion. Every human soul must have leave to be itself, and no love which denies that right is anything more than the passion for possession.

One of the hardest lessons that some parents have to learn is the judicious letting alone of their own children. Their desire to decide every trifling question that presents itself, even for the child who has long since graduated from the nursery, may often be a timid love, that merely seeks to guard against every possible mistake and consequent hurt. Often, however, it is the failure to recognize that the child has become an individual being, thinking his own thoughts, impelled by desires that the parent may or may not understand, beginning to live his own life, and forced by nature itself to accept his own responsibilities. If the parents have made the most of the childhood years, when the little life was given over to their guardianship, and the awakening mind was eager to follow in the directions opened to it, and the impressionable heart was sensitive to each look and tone, then oftentimes the best thing is a wise disregard of the restlessness and impatience that are only indications of development and readjustment. We often need to learn to trust our children more and to guard ourselves from showing the anxiety that we inevitably feel at each new crisis in a child's life. Let not the passion of possession blind our eyes to the inalienable rights of every individual soul,—the right to think its thoughts naturally, to look forward to its own future, and to formulate certain of its own decisions.

A boy just entering manhood often does not understand his own attitude toward himself and the world. He could not express in words even to himself the feelings that bid him stand on his own feet, and seem somehow to conflict with the old dependence on the will of others. Old habits of obedience are strong; but the time comes when something more must be added to them, and when the volition to action must be not mainly from the outside, as heretofore, but from within. The old love for home is not weakened; but the old relations change insensibly, and must grow into something deeper and more steadfast. Now it is not always easy for parents to recognize the child's side of all this and to adjust themselves willingly to a certain change of relation,—in short, to give up the old feeling of possession for the co-operation and mutual freedom of friends.

Some parents, it is true, seem to have prepared for this time even from the birth of their children, keeping ever in mind the ideal of free, independent, earnest manhood or womanhood, trained to loving service for love's sake. These have led their children to depend always more and more upon their own sense of right, trusting them to make their own decisions whenever possible, guiding rather than commanding, influencing rather than ruling, always loving much even in times of uncertainty and mistakes; but there are also many parents who seem to know no difference between absolute lawlessness and lack of control on the one hand and the continual exercise of authority on the other, and who often confound their own wills with intrinsic principle.

It is in this passion for possession that the tragedy of a broken friendship or an unhappy marriage often lies; and this is most pitiful, because here it comes just where love seems to be most intense and true. Still, that love which seeks to be all-sufficient for happiness, and will willingly

admit no other interests in life, must necessarily fail. Somebody has said that friendships are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest things we know. If that is true, it is when they are built on a mutual trust that can allow of wider and ever wider circles of interest without fearing overthrow. If they are anything less, even then permanence in a friend's heart can never be gained by seeking to limit his freedom and dominate his thoughts.

The desire to possess, to make our own, whatever we really love, is natural enough. It is an impulse that has helped us all the way through life, and given us much of what is worth having; but there are many ways in which we lose the thing we most desire, if we seek to hold it too strenuously or too exclusively for our own. Life is forever changing, and we can gain a new good only by exchanging for it something that we still hold precious and dear. The girl who goes forward to love and marriage must give up her beautiful girlhood. The mother who takes her baby into her arms takes with it the care and responsibility, never to be put aside again. Even then she cannot keep her little one, but must see it grow into a separate life, with separate sorrows, that she can neither bear nor take away. The passion for possession must gradually grow into a feeling selfless and more divine even than the dear delight of ownership. In this we may acquiesce and rejoice in the spiritual laws which will assert themselves, whether we will or not, or we may rebel, and make life harder for ourselves and for others.

THE BIBLE.

Modern human intelligence builds its philosophy of life, its authority for conduct, and its axioms of religion upon a large and comprehensive view of man's relationship to the rest of the universe in which he lives. That relationship, clearly recognized, is the foundation of reasonable, intelligent religious faith for to-day. The rich soil in which man finds himself planted, the world of which he finds himself a part, the universe of earth and sky, form and ideal,—these feed the powers of his living soul as well as his physical energy. Everything behind him has grown up into himself. He, therefore, naturally turns to the Bible as an invaluable record of the achievement of human nature in religious development, at least through a thousand years of its evolution. He discovers the growth of religious truth, sees the overthrow of one law to make way for a higher, the decay of one system in the production of a better, and recognizes in the Bible the expanding drama of human life, the upgrowth and branching out of the great living tree of truth. So unique, so impressive is the great book, in this historic sense alone that it is likely to remain for the faith of to-day, as for the faith of the past, at the heart of religion.

Progress in the highest things, progress is the first teaching of the Bible. As the wigwam gives place to the hut, the hut to the cabin, the cabin to the cottage, the cottage to the house, so Abraham's religious ideas were not good enough for Moses, nor Moses' rules of life noble enough for Isaiah, nor Isaiah's pure enough for Jesus. Systems must perish, creeds must die, that the spirit of faith may go on growing, bursting out of its old homes, shattering them as it goes in order to build newer resting-places with larger outlook and higher roofs.

This splendid intellectual religious progress is the chief inspiration of the Bible. It sweeps the gamut of human experience. Steadily rising all the way, through succeeding shocks of history, through the brooding influences of the great world forces about them, through the mighty moving of the eternal power within, the religious ideas of humanity became purer, more elevated, and more ennobling. As part of the vast procession of humanity, marching across the mighty fields of time, these Bible characters teach the very process by which men and women of to-day may develop natural religious faith. Moses had wisdom and experience: he was feeling after justice. David caught glimpses of justice flecked with mercy. The prophets yearned after true salvation, righteousness, and holiness

for the life of the people. We watch the turmoil. Forsaking one path, trying another, finding this one wrong and that, from fierceness they advance to restraint, from revenge to resistance. They have faith. Hope comes and goes. Their tendency is progressive, they are pushing away the artificial, they are expanding the natural spirit. Jesus at last clears the air by the brilliant illuminating power of a divine love. The whole transformation is from the crude hieroglyphic effort of an undeveloped religious yearning, not knowing how to give itself expression, to the divine oratory of the liberated spirit proclaiming love to God and man as the goal of religious evolution. The Bible stands as the chief historical record in human life to which the "faith for to-day" refers for confirmation of its naturalness. The banner is raised above the shattered temples of the past, waves to-day above the larger temples of the broader faith,—the banner of a Christ-like love!

Flusings.

THE kodak is one of the best of diaries, providing the machine and the film work. Every click of the machine registers an impression made in less than a second of time. Measured in this way, the seventy-five views I have before me will only represent seventy seconds of time, or a little over a minute. But, as a matter of fact, their record of experiences runs over several weeks, and for the eye and for the memory may be prolonged to several years. Every one who has an eye and an eyelid has really a lens and a shutter; and, if his memory is properly sensitized, he will be able to take flash pictures on his brain. But it will help his mental film a great deal to recall with vividness the things he has seen, if, in addition to his note-book, he has them registered in a four by five camera. And then his friends have the privilege of seeing some of the pictures that he has seen himself, though a photograph can only be a suggestion: it cannot give colors, odors, atmosphere, and sounds.

A VOYAGE by photograph! It is not so cheap as it seems. These photographs have cost a good deal,—not so much in money as in time and experience. They are all colored, not with paint, but by that interest which comes from personal participation; and some of them are touched with emotion. I lay no great store by those shots taken on the steamer. Yet I would rather travel by fancy and photograph than by reality across the ocean. The photographic "Lucania" does not roll: there is no jar and no cinders. Here is a group playing shuffle-board. They do not know that they have been taken, and have been used simply to give a little life and reality to the picture. And here is a suggestion of the service in the steerage; and I can hear the earnest, eloquent pleadings of the Swedish Salvation Army lass and her melodious voice in the hymns. And there is the flock of sea-gulls that from a hundred miles out on the ocean convoyed us to Queenstown. Now they have settled down on the water, like an escort of soldiers who have come to parade rest, till we land the mail and a few passengers, and start again for Liverpool. With a strong glass I can count eighty, and can almost see them rise and fall on the waves. Here are enough pictures, if put together, to make a good panorama of the English lakes,—Derwentwater and the mountains beyond, the picturesque hotel at Keswick, placid Thirlmere with its sandy beach, and a charming view of Buttermere, with a long, wooded tongue of land stretching into the lake and the mountains rising beyond. Here are the sheep among the gorse, and the winding stream and the winding road through the valley; beautiful stretches of pasture, brown enough in the picture, but fresh and green in recollection. Here is the swell and curve of the barren hills,—a beautiful mingling of light and shadow, bringing up again the ride home from Thirlmere. Here is the old mill at Keswick, and a picture of the Crosssthaite church, where Southey is buried. Once more I can see Castle Crag and Cat Bells, the mountains guarding Derwentwater, and the great Bowder Stone with Mizippi on top. And now we pass to Sneinton Hermitage. In my early boyhood a little pic-

ture of this curious old suburb of Nottingham, with houses built into the side of a cliff, had been brought over by my grandfather as a souvenir of old England. The growth of Nottingham has surrounded the site of the old hermitage until there is only a piece of it left; but no sooner had our hansoms entered the street than I recognized the old houses built into the cliff, and some of the cliff-dwellers were kind enough to invite me in their quaint dwellings, with some of the chimneys running up through the rock, and with storerooms and larders cut back into it.

THIS soft, distant view of Salisbury, with the spire reflected in the waters of the river, is worthy of Millet. Now and then, at long focus, when the atmosphere is just right, a kodak gives you a bit of impressionism which is emotionally worth more than its scrupulously realistic detail at short range. But I value not less the picture of the cathedral taken from the north-east corner, and showing the full height of the spire. It was worth going back to get my camera to take the lovely picture of the bishop's garden, with the noble tree and the ivy covering the buildings. Grateful and refreshing, also, are the garden scenes and the view of the river and the lass in the boat, recalling the charming days of housekeeping at Salisbury. And now we have our own pictures of Stonehenge, authenticated by the presence of the pastor of All Souls' Church, Roxbury, and a real English barrow, with an American Barrow on top of it,—a live, animated specimen of the nineteenth century, much more interesting than the bones and relics we might have found if we had dug into its depths beneath. If one wants to see a picturesque English village house, I would show him the houses of Amesbury, with the overhanging straw thatch and the vines creeping on the side. But here are two pictures that are misplaced. They belong in the lake region. One is Rydal Mount, with its magnificent beeches, where for a time Wordsworth lived, and the other a picture of the old graveyard at Grasmere, where he is buried. The sun is shining only on the back of the tombstone, and I regret that I could not take the modest inscription on the other side. But it is time to stop for refreshments,—let us say a week, at least.

Brevities.

Last week, when the "Defender" won, everybody thought it was glorious to be an American: now that the "Valkyrie" has won the second race, there are many who are willing to claim an English ancestry.

Rev. J. L. Corning of Munich is to give ten lectures during November at the Meadville Theological School on "Art Studies in Comparative Religion," with nearly three hundred and fifty stereopticon illustrations.

Vegetarians in England and in this country are such mild, peace-loving creatures that it is a little odd to hear the vegetarian movement in China charged with the blood-thirstiness which resulted in the recent outrages. It is possible that the Chinese have been feeding on something stronger than the kindly fruits of the earth.

Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell University thinks we shall never have a paper thoroughly independent in stating its views until we have one that is first independent of its circulation and advertising; and he adds that no greater service could be done the country than to endow a paper with a sum so large that it would be a matter of indifference whether the people subscribed to it or not.

The friends and admirers of Dr. Brooke Herford will soon have a chance to see and hear him again in this country. That is another inducement to go to the National Conference at Washington. The students of Harvard, where he held the honorable office of preacher, and which gave him his degree, will have a chance to hear him in the "Dudley Lecture." The date will be announced later.

Hereafter round dances are not to be tolerated at Catholic excursions or sociables in the diocese of Pittsburg. Any pastor in that diocese who permits them to have place at any entertainment held by his parish is

to be suspended. It is interesting to see the Catholic Church becoming Puritanic in its strictness. But we suppose a waltz introduced in a quadrille, which is a Terpsichorean way of squaring the circle, will not be counted.

The *Watchman* (Baptist) says: "It is hardly possible to expend too much care in making the church building and surroundings in every detail as clean, neat, and orderly as possible. Sometimes we have wondered if it would not be a good thing to interest the boys and girls of a congregation in keeping the grass plots and side-walks of the church in the trimmest condition." A good suggestion. But will our Baptist neighbor agree that church lawns shall be sprinkled?

The following incident may be and is probably apocryphal, but it is told of the new canon of Westminster: "Having been terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation, he suddenly paused in his sermon, and interjected the remark, 'Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales!' The effect was miraculous; and a solemn silence reigned, as the preacher continued: 'As a matter of fact, my dear brethren, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention.'"

Rev. E. P. Marvin furnishes a new argument against woman's suffrage, for which Dr. Bulkeley ought to be grateful; "The new woman is simply a modernized edition of the old woman who sinned in the garden because she was led to believe that she hadn't rights enough as things were." To call Eve an old woman is too bad; but Mr. Marvin ought to have added that she not only voted herself, but got Adam to vote her way. By casting this ballot, she succeeded in bringing the knowledge of good and evil in the world. The trouble with the modern politician and a good many other people is that they do not always choose rightly between them.

Those who are planning to attend the National Conference should send to Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, Boston, and get a little pamphlet of fourteen pages, giving eight different itineraries of journeys to Washington and return. These itineraries are especially arranged for New England travellers; and some of them provide for excursions to Gettysburg, Blue Ridge, or to Old Point Comfort. They will be personally conducted, and include transportation, hotel accommodation, and care of baggage; or tickets may be obtained for the round trip, including transportation only. Delegates or others who intend to avail themselves of this opportunity should register as early as convenient. All tickets for the personally conducted excursions must be taken on or before October 16.

A writer in the *Congregationalist*, commending the historical pilgrimage as a factor in education, describes the experience of a party of young people who, knowing the general facts about the battle, "obtained much that history cannot give when, starting from Cambridge Common, where the president of Harvard College offered the prayer before the battle, they followed on foot the line of the night march over Charlestown Neck, noted from Charlestown Heights the conformation of the peninsula and the position of the British ships on whose decks the unsuspecting watchmen called out their hourly 'All's well' within sound of the patriots' shovels, formed in line where Stark's brigade lay behind the rail fence where the most of the fighting was done, and then explored Bunker Hill and Copp's Hill opposite."

Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, writing from Mohonk to the *Evangelist*, tells of the catholicity of a Sunday evening praise meeting: "At these Sunday evening services of praise I have been struck with the beautiful catholicity of the hymn-book. The lions and the lambs lie down together in the hymnological pasture-grounds: Calvinist and Arminian forget all their controversies when they both join in shouting, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' Protestant and Baptist alike can chant the old hymn that Saint Stephen of Saba first chanted eleven centuries ago. Two of our grandest hymns have a Unitarian parentage,—'In the Cross of Christ I glory,' by Sir John Bowring, and 'Nearer, my God, to

thee,' by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. The father of English hymnology, Dr. Watts, was a Congregationalist; and the devout old blind lady, who has furnished over two thousand hymns (of the Sankey school of music), Mrs. Fanny Crosby Vanalstyne, is a fervent Methodist. 'Just as I am, without one Plea,' was composed by an English Episcopalian; and 'My Jesus, as thou wilt,' by a German Lutheran."

Pro and Con.

KEY AT THE DRUGGIST'S.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Appalachian Mountain Club have been making a trip, via the Canadian Pacific, to the Pacific Coast. This morning the city of Tacoma might have been edified by the unusual sight of thirteen Appalachians going in a body to church. Think of it! We were intending to encourage the Unitarian faith, to rejoice the heart of the minister, Mr. Alfred Martin, who is said to be an ultra-liberal, calling his church undenominational. The hotel clerk said it was only about six blocks off,—a short walk. So we set forth quite properly, not because all were Unitarians, but for the sake of going somewhere; and the Unitarian element predominated. Well, we walked and walked, asking directions now and again, till, after over a mile of up hill and down, we came to the unpretending little vine-covered edifice with a hospitable notice on the closed door, "Key at the Druggist's." It had not occurred to any of us that the minister's summer vacation might be in progress, as was evidently the case.

The walk had been through some of the prettiest streets, which we were glad to see, so we personally did not regret the failure of the church-going plan, and went contentedly back to the hotel; while the rest of the folks, undaunted, went into the next church they came to that was open.

PHYLLA.

CHURCH PRIVILEGES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I have read with much interest the articles on the "free pew system." Having had an experience of eleven or twelve years in collecting the money to pay the bills of a society supported by the voluntary contribution system, I wish to add a few words to what has already been said.

It is true that we have not really free churches,—not until we all bring of our most precious things, as did the Israelites of old, and build a church on which there is no debt, and the preacher preaches from a pure love of souls, and the congregation can sing with a religious fervor that is a divine harmony, and the sexton and other officers work for the pleasure it gives them, and we hold our meetings by daylight, and run our own risks of fire: not until then, I say, can we have a church really free.

But, next to the common blessings of air and sunlight,—blessings that we do not realize until we are deprived of them,—I believe there is nothing we prize so much as the things we pay for. If we make sacrifices for them willingly, they become doubly dear to us. We desire the success of our object. We have a pride in it, and are not willing to see our efforts come to naught. This, I am aware, is not the highest motive; but I am not speaking of the highest church, only the outward and visible form of our outward and visible worship. To our church services all are welcome. But I notice it is those who pay—even if it is only a small sum, if their means do not admit of a larger one—to whom we look for interest, for attendance, and for help in carrying on the work of the parish. Strangers who come to live among us, and who give at first because they are asked, perhaps, will grow to have an interest, and will cast in their lot with us in that way.

And, while it is right and proper for the richer members to be willing to give freely of their abundance, I believe it is wrong to say that they should bear the whole burden. I have not had to do with the very poorest; but I believe that, generally speaking, there is no one, except perhaps in the time of some unusually hard pinch, who could not give something and feel the better for it. I believe it pauperizes people as much to receive their church privileges free as to

receive their food free. I am always sorry to hear the remark, made usually as an excuse for not giving, Mr. A. or Mr. Z. could pay all the expenses of the church, and not feel it. That is the very thing: we need to feel it. The rich people cast of their abundance into the treasury of the temple, and it was looked upon as a matter of course; but, when the poor widow cast in her two mites, which represented toil and sacrifice, she was immediately made an example of for all coming generations.

B.

THE FREE PEW SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The free seat does not always mean the same thing. It should. A free seat assigned, or claimed, with or without compensation, is not free, and should not be so classed. A free seat means a seat without cost to the sitter, and is any seat in the church not filled at the time of one's entering the church for worship to be assigned for that hour, or, if there is no usher, to be taken, no one having any claim upon the seat thus to be occupied but the sitter.

There are two distinct kinds of churches to be considered in connection with the free seat system,—the missionary church, purely as such, carried on by some church or a syndicate of churches, and the ordinary self-supporting church.

It is expected that the first class shall be free absolutely to the people attending worship. It might be consistent with such a church to take collections occasionally or regularly for the use of the church or even for charity. I should say that it would be advisable, as it would stimulate the helpful feeling that even through poverty it is possible to contribute toward charity. But, at best, a mission church puts a poverty label upon each attendant or member, and has an effect to lower the tone of the church and the character, just as, in another direction, there is something degrading and injurious to character to be recorded as a member of a reform school. Of course, I want to believe in the mission church, and I have to accept reformatories; but there is a danger line in glorifying either. There is a better way of dealing with both than is encouraged. The fewest possible, surely, of the latter, the better. Too many thus get a smirch they never outgrow.

The second class, the regular church free seat system, has its advantages and its disadvantages. I have already defined what a free seat is. We must hold to that. A seat held as one's own for use, paid for or free, is no free seat. The majority of pews and seats in so-called free churches are thus held,—not all absolutely, but by a sort of right of possession, when not actually assigned; and these people feel troubled to find the seat or pew occupied by others, strangers or regular worshippers. A way of settling the question of seat tenure would be to assign a seat to all who pay anything regularly toward the support of the church, and all others to have any, any time, not occupied when they enter the church. But that is practically the pew-rental system, and should not be dignified or degraded with a false label.

If the gospel, as the Salvation Army practically testifies, is for the lost and the poor, then moral, intelligent, and well-to-do people should take a hint from this increasingly popular institution. But that is run on a business basis, and every member is a contributor of service or of cash. Dead-headism there lasts only as long as it takes to get its members cleanly and self-respecting, sober and consecrated to the work. The tendency, on the other hand, of the regular church mission, is to pauperize its members temporarily and spiritually, and to make them scarcely any better than they were when they had the old surroundings. Some of the arguments used in favor of free seats are: (1) The gospel should be free, without money and without price. (2) The true church is democratic, and knows no caste or distinction; and so all seats at church should be equally free and available to all,—the first comers selecting the seats desired by them. (3) The humanitarian *versus* the mercantile spirit is the true church idea. (4) The doctrine that all men are brethren and God the common Father demands the common seat system of first come, first served. (5) Wealth and culture should both be consecrated to the religious training of the poor and ignorant. (6) The Golden Rule and the spirit of Christ's

teachings and example seem to warrant this method. (7) The benefit spiritually of the better classes is a reason why these people should devote their money and their service—to say nothing of the saving of these lost people—to securing a free gospel, free churches, and free pews.

The arguments against the free seat system are briefly these: (1) The more in number that pay what they are able, the better for the finances of the church. Who ever knew a church whose expenses were met by one man or a few, with no effort or self-sacrifice by the many, to succeed? (2) The more the individual members of a congregation can be induced to contribute to the church of work or money, the better for these people in all respects, since it teaches industry, economy, sobriety, self-dependence, self-respect, and takes away the deadening effect of deadheadism, and being beneficiaries instead of aiders to the best of all causes. It lessens expensive outgoes for vicious tastes and appetites to have a high moral purpose to work out. (3) People who pay for pew or seat occupy them more, become more interested and devoted to the church, are happier in feeling that they perhaps pinch to pay for so much good. They ought to be educated to feel meanly to steal anything, or to feed at free soup or seat at church. The free seat lessens the possibility of doing the very best to develop the manly character, or the high-minded religious temper of mind, even in the poorest. (4) The tone of the church goes down with the tone of character developed. The free seat brings in to this second class of well-to-do churches bummers, the mean and stingy; and, if it is said they are just the ones who need the gospel, yes, but the very fact that it ministers to miserliness shuts them off from the possibility of benefit. (5) The church is ideally a democracy: nations, society, should be, provided it is a levelling upward; and yet there is such a thing as natural caste. Nature has set the lines of mutual friendship and all associated life, family, church, like to like. There cannot well be, save artificially and forced and for the hour, one social centre for the church and another for society at large. To try to be all alike one hour a week will be to patronize or be patronized, and to act the hypocrite and bring reproach upon religion. (6) It is a mistake that so many are too poor to pay something toward the church. I have excepted purely, yet hesitatingly, missionary churches; but any one who really wants to go to church and pay for a seat will find a way to do it, as they do to buy bread or beer or bicycles or excursion tickets. Train these people to value highest the best things, and not take away the sense of worth in them by flinging them patronizingly or pompously at their feet. And, then, I believe that fewer poor people will attend a church with free seats than where they cost something. The thrifty poor will choose to go to the church which demands pay for its seats. They are found there. Even the poorest protest inwardly against free anything, for soul or body. And that sense needs to be encouraged. (7) The spirit of the new charity is "Science *versus* sentiment," "Not alms, but a friend." Keep close to that modern method, adding, "Help the poor to help themselves," and you will be so careful how you *overdo* charity and philanthropy. That is the imminent danger in the modern church. I am a bit afraid of an institutional church craze. It has its dangers.

The free seat system breaks up or greatly disturbs the worshipper. The sense of having a seat with its old associations and surroundings, and its angle of vision in the same direction toward the pulpit, is worth much. But to sit here to-day and there to-morrow, for father to sit here and mother there and children there, because some one has come early and rightfully taken the seat, is to irritate, disturb, unfit, one for meditation, repose, and aspiration, which true worship is supposed to inspire. The poor need all this just as much as the rich, and, instead of free pews, let the money be raised by subscription, a part of which shall be given to the *really* poor to be invested by them in seats, all to be assigned and be occupied, if possible; and transient comers, rich or poor, can usually have seats furnished them.

The popular cry is free seats, and perhaps it is the thing to encourage; but a serious responsibility will be thus incurred, and work damage in many directions.

A. JUDSON RICH.

For the *Christian Register*.

THEIR INFLUENCE.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

She bore red roses out of church,
Where they had been a pleasure sweet;
And, while she walked before our path,
They breathed their perfume in the street.
Ah! so, I said, the Christian lives,
In prayer and song and love complete,
And then to other souls he gives
Like greeting in the common street!

A LITTLE CITY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY J. LEONARD CORNING, SR.

The mountain ranges of the Tyrol are within easy access from Munich, and a half hour's ride by rail on a clear day will bring us within sight of some of its snow-capped peaks. The mountain nests of Bavaria overlooking the Austrian frontier are many, and it is our habit to select a new one every year for our summer outing. This time we fixed upon the little city of Füssen, on the river Lech, close under the shadows of the Julian Alps,—“ad fauces Julias,” as the old Romans were wont to designate its locality; that is, at the feet of the Julian. The Germans only translated the Latin name in calling the little old Swabian city Füssen; and they have made sure of their philology by painting upon the local escutcheon on the façade of the city council house three feet kicking wildly in the air, with fractions of legs as accessories.

Our simple rustic nest is a farm-house about ten minutes' walk from the city and about five or six minutes' walk from the Austrian frontier, which we occasionally cross just for the novelty of taking dinner in a foreign country.

Perhaps no town of its size in Europe has within its limits and in its environs so many notable sights and memories as our little city in the mountains. The Emperor Maximilian I. used to call it his “little Augsburg”; and one of his favorite past-times was to hunt in its neighboring forests, in which, tradition relates, he killed a great many bears with his own hand.

Far away in the valley approaching our little mountain nest one can locate it by the walls and towers of the ancient castle, overtopping all adjacent architectures from its rocky throne, much as Heidelberg Castle looks proudly down upon the farms and buildings of the Neckar valley. This mountain fastness dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was built for a summer residence by Bishop Friedrich I. of Augsburg. Towering aloft from its rocky base and frowning gloomily down upon the city and surrounding landscape, it is an almost imperishable memorial of the proud usurpations of the old ecclesiasticism, some remnants of which still survive in this region of the earth. We have made the long circuitous journey through the halls and corridors of this mighty and mouldy pile, and have selected the rooms which we would like to occupy during the next season, should our fancy incline the path of our summer outing in this direction. For you must know that the glory of that grand old episcopal castle long since departed, and the poor peasants who have it now in charge are glad to rent its rooms to transient lodgers at twenty-five cents a day. I think I would pay that much to sleep for a single night in the chamber occupied by his grace the bishop of Augsburg more than five hundred years ago. Who can tell but in such surroundings I might in dreams live over again the ecclesiastical ambitions and satisfactions of my youth, all of which have long ago been remanded to the period of intellectual whooping-cough and measles?

The Benedictine monks were a very wealthy order up to the beginning of the present century, and they have left here an architectural monument which in its splendor partly atones for the usurpations that occasioned the suppression of the order by royal edict. This monument is the church of St. Magnus, whose foundations date from the eighth century, the superstructure, with its present rich accessories, however, being not yet two centuries old. Here are conserved the mortal remains of Saint Magnus, the founder of the Benedictine monastery, who, tradition relates, walked over the foaming waters of the Lech, and with his episcopal staff drove out the wild beasts from the neighboring forests, and thus made the land habitable. A piece of this

wonder-working staff is on exhibition in the crypt of the sacred edifice; and, as I stood and contemplated its inherent power (for which privilege I paid the sum of ten cents), I could not repress a wish that I might get the loan of it, and hand it over to the new police commissioners of the city of New York, that they might try its virtues on the wild beasts which stalk abroad in human shape through the streets of that devoted city.

In one of the chapels of this magnificent church I saw twenty painted tablets, copied from Holbein's “Dance of Death” by an obscure painter at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Perhaps we are indebted to his unskilled hand for making this painted sermon of mortality more gruesome than the original itself. Within a few minutes' walk of this memorable sanctuary is the Church of the Holy Spirit, a small structure showing the pedantic rococo style of architecture and internal decoration to full advantage. Nearly the entire front is taken up with two enormous paintings of Saint George and Saint Christopher, the latter with the child Jesus on his shoulders, whom our rustic landlady individualized as Saint Columbus,—a piece of information for which, I confess, I was not quite prepared. In the triangular space enclosed by the gable is the Trinitarian dogma in the conventional style of painted Trinities, the Father an old man with white flowing beard, the Son a vigorous youth with the cross, and the Third Person at the top of the triangle in the form of a dove. I have seen and exhibited many painted Trinities, and this one is neither better nor worse than the average. Truth to tell, dogma is hard to paint; and, of all dogmas illustrating the difficulty of the task, the arithmetical paradox of the Trinity is perhaps the chief.

Crossing the bridge over the Lech, and taking an ascending path due south-east, a walk of less than an hour conducts us to the mediæval architectural folly of Hohenschwangau, a stately mass of walls and towers and pinnacles, dating from the eleventh century. Perhaps I should beg pardon for calling this memorable pile an architectural folly. I certainly do not intend to criticise it as a work of art. As such, it is a noble relic, and challenges admiration. But the moral meaning of a princely residence perched high in the air, as if it were a vulture ready to swoop down and devour the dwellers of the valley, is not to be admired; and this is what royalty and princely rank meant when this architectural relic was built, and for long centuries thereafter. Perhaps the most creditable memory which lingers about the walls of Hohenschwangau is the pretty authentic tradition that they once offered a night's shelter to Martin Luther on his departure from Augsburg after his famous disputation with Cardinal Cajetan concerning the doctrines of the reformed faith.

But the crowning architectural glory of Füssen is the magnificent castle of Neuschwanstein, built in the Romanesque style of the twelfth century by the late eccentric and unhappy King Ludwig II., who, you will remember, drowned himself some years ago in the lake of Starnberg. Dr. Gsell Fels calls this edifice “the noblest mountain castle of modern times,” and such it undoubtedly is. The cost of it was seven and a half million dollars, and a third of it yet remains uncompleted. Its massive walls look as if they could rival the Pyramids in indestructibility, and its interior splendors baffle description. On the lower floor is a long series of bedrooms for the accommodation of the royal servants; but on the floor intended for royal lodgment there is only one bedroom, a wonder of Gothic beauty and splendor, and this designed for the king himself. On that magnificent gold-canopied couch he slept, the custodian informed me, but a night or two before his tragical death. In that music-hall of more than Oriental splendor choirs of singers and players on instruments used to render the masterpieces of music, he himself being the only listener. Alas! when eccentricity of mind takes on moral aberrations, what a melancholy spectacle is the result! Yet art owes a debt to the unfortunate Ludwig II. which the world will not easily forget. He it was who found out Wagner, and introduced him to the reluctant recognition of our time. This one service to modern culture balances a good many scores.

In a few days the people of our little city in the mountains and the rustic dwellers of

the valley far and near will drop their wonted industries for a few hours, and gather in the churches to commemorate the Ascension of the Virgin Mary. As for ourselves, we have had our earthly ascensions for the year; and on the anniversary of Mary's mounting into cloud-land we shall be rattling downward to the grime and smoke of the Bavarian capital.

Faulenbach, bei Füssen, Bavaria, August, 1895.

UP AND DOING.

BY R. L. BRIDGMAN.

It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of spectators that Pennsylvania is held firmly in the grasp of a political boss. Senator Quay has resisted triumphantly an attempt to overthrow him, which had many elements of success in its favor. Against him was the Republican governor, Hastings, elected by a great majority last year, who used his large powers to defeat him. Many of his old political friends and associates were this year in the ranks of his opponents. In Philadelphia and Pittsburg the Republican leaders of most prestige and most familiar with political manipulation were allied with his enemies. In his own party were the daily papers and the men who were most vigorous in denouncing him. Yet he carried a safe majority of the State convention, and both sides united at his feet in harmonious demonstrations. Apparently, it was a contest of selfish and unselfish forces in politics; and apparently the former won, or there was no significance which we, at this distance, can extract from the events.

Coincidentally with this significant event comes the publication of a letter written from Europe by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, attacking the New York police vigorously, and making it plain that the struggle there is by no means ended, and that “there is no discharge in that war.” A convention of Good Government Clubs of New York City has just been held, giving promise that the anti-Tammany movement of last year, headed by the Committee of Seventy, will be continued in strong hands this year. Joseph Larocque, late chairman of the Committee of Seventy, was temporary chairman of this convention; and one of the resolutions adopted was that the purpose to secure good government “can best be carried out by the nomination and election of municipal officers upon strictly non-partisan lines.” What was done by the Committee of Seventy and by its reform associates, as Dr. Parkhurst said in his Music Hall address, was but a beginning. That committee has formally dissolved; but the men who made it what it was, who were its vigor and its wisdom, see that they can defeat Tammany permanently only by uniting all honest men against it and by constant agitation. It will not do at all for men who want honest and competent government to bestir themselves only once a year, leaving the men whose living is in their office-holding to scheme and to manipulate during the entire twelvemonth. The contest for good government is as constant as the struggle for existence.

It is one of the fortunate things for Massachusetts that the State has no political boss. Not a man has ever had that distinction. Not a man has been so prominent that the people have turned instinctively to him alone. Not a man has been able to carry either party at his will, one way or another. There has been a constant jealousy of political bossism and constant freedom from it. One reason for this freedom is found in the frequency with which the people can express their opinion at the polls. In Massachusetts there is no long term of years during which the politicians can plan and manipulate, while business men go on accumulating money and thoughtless people pursue their frivolities, making no account of the serious concerns of government. Before any political manipulator can get his power well established, the people have an opportunity to express their will; and often is it proved that they are the masters, not the servants or tools, of the men who are at the front in political matters. Their judgment is well trained. They are familiar with political questions, and are accustomed to political action. Hence they keep control of their own affairs, and, as a rule, manage them so that either great abuses do not arise or are of short duration.

One of the demonstrations of the last year, of the fight with Tammany (not yet certain in outcome), of the resistance to Plattism in New York, to Gormanism in Maryland, and to Quayism in Pennsylvania, is that “eternal vigilance” on the part of the people is imperative if they are to have a safe popular government, in which the public good is the chief end, and in which offices are held by men on their merits. Our government is the prime concern we have to attend to, actually standing, in importance, before the duty of providing for one's self. It cannot and must not be neglected. The old idea that government will run itself and be all right will not do in our day. Constant watchfulness, personal interest in political questions, personal share in the nomination of officers, and personal attendance at the polls,—all these are imperative upon every good citizen.

Ours is a government by the people; and it is a problem of the times to cultivate and to develop in the mass of the people that disposition to attend first of all to public matters, to attain that quickness and soundness of judgment in passing upon public questions and that unselfishness of service which only will make the government efficient and stable. Cultivation of our political sense is an urgent need of our times. We must have, if we prosper, a realization of our functions as government-makers so keen that the mass of the people will take a lively interest in public affairs, and will attend to them promptly and competently, with no dictation from any party boss, and with no blind attachment to any party organization. We love the sentiment, “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*”; but, while we are waiting for the opportunity to die *dulcely* and decorously for country, we ought to attend to the public business faithfully, so that there may be no bosses, no plundering of the public treasury, no corrupt judiciary, no rotten police force, no domination by the saloon, no ring of any sort ruling and fattening at the expense of the people.

THE SONG OF SUFFERING.

BY MISS E. P. CHANNING.

In some moods perhaps none of us is free from the teasing reiteration of a phrase, pleasant or otherwise, as once grateful sleep eluded me as I was pestered by the question

“Under which king, Bassanio?
Speak, or die.”

Sometimes a suggestive quotation haunts the mind, as the following, which was written of Vittoria Colonna, but is equally applicable to the large sisterhood of consolation:—

“She learned in suffering
What she taught in song.”

She, not he; for, whatever other monopoly man craves, as a rule, he is content that woman should have the monopoly of suffering. Physically and spiritually, it is hers. The divine man was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but he is the great exception to the general rule. How well woman learns the lesson! Think what the world would be, with its individual and its family distress, if that lesson were not by her well learned. As a woman grows older, whatever she may do with her own heartache, her consciousness of the widening and deepening universal sorrow fills her heart with pity for her fellow-creatures, some of whom are not so strong to bear as she. With such a deep sense of the prevailing woe, how can she teach in song what she has learned in suffering? The how may puzzle, but that she does thus teach is as true as that the inward sun shines on the prepared soil. The song may not be in rhyme or even in words. A tone, a look, or a smile can teach the lesson. Poor is the home that has not such a teacher. More than the minister or the set precept, she goes on her animated way, lifting one little burden after another, or, better still, teaching the burden-bearer to lift it for himself. One asks, Is she exempt from trial? Whence that tranquil brow, that reassuring voice, that unflagging zeal? In spite of the delicacy of her nerves, by her sympathy she is eminently fitted to console. If one wonder at the strength with which she bears the suffering which leans so heavily on her, and fancy it is because her own lot is exceptionally bright, read rather the true lesson of her

courage. She has "learned to mend a broken heart with other people's interests, so that the marks should show little. There may be some souls whose brave and bitter lot it is to conquer comfortless." There is not one man in a hundred who has as much courage as a woman. Whence her courage? From her religious faith. I rejoice to believe that the following petition, written by some one, consciously or unconsciously goes up from quiet hearts, unknown of men: "Grant me with loving hand to bring refreshment to his weary ones. Verily, I should know how to speak to sick hearts, for I have greatly suffered, and therefore I can speak to those who suffer, too; for, if I dare say it, before any can open the kingdom of heaven to another, he must first have overcome the sharpness of death himself."

Dr. Dewey said: "Sorrow holds the keys of our mortal life. She ushered us into it. She opens all the passage to another life. . . . I have seen an old man on his bier; and I said: Hath he done the work of many years faithfully? Hath he come to his end, like a shock of corn fully ripe? Then all is well. There is no evil in death but what life makes." Phillips Brooks said: "The greater part of any one's life was generally passed in suffering. . . . Pain may be called a sort of universal sacrament, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disorder."

"Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweeter things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

"Why art thou so cast down? Thou hast good reason to be so, but one must never be as sad as one's fate." T. T. Munger says, "It should be the first question with one who in any way suffers, as it is nearly always the first impulse, To what service of ministering pity am I called?" And another says: "I never knew one who worked among the suffering to complain of his own lot. It makes men dumb to see what others have to endure."

SCIENCE AND THE HOLY GHOST.

BY W. A. CRAM.

In the Christian Church the Holy Spirit has been widely believed and taught as the third member in the triune Godhead. In another form it was accepted and revered as a miraculous manifestation of God. Yet, again, it has been believed to be a supernatural gift, a special kind of heavenly providence, endowing favored mortals with miraculous powers.

Science and reason have commonly ignored it as outside their legitimate domain, or smilingly offered the passing bow to it as "half child's play, half God in the heart." In the later growth of science a new phase of thought and belief seems to be arising concerning the reality and meaning of what is called the Holy Spirit; namely, that it is a part of nature, a manifestation of soul in and through forms and life of this world, just as natural and common as the falling of rain, the flow of electric currents, the blossoming of trees and singing of birds. How shall we present this growing thought, this new faith?

Here is the crystal or mineral world. Natural science presents it to us as one degree in the evolution of forms and life of our earth. The next degree above is the vegetable, above the vegetable the animal. These three constitute the body and life development of our earth, so far as our common senses reach. We may consider them interconnecting links of an endless chain of being,—below, the mineral, invisible links up through which the elements and energies of the crystal world have come into our earth being; above, the animal degree, invisible degrees of higher, more perfected bodies and lives, reaching upward into the unseen realms of the universe infinitely beyond all ken of our senses. Three degrees appear, then, of bodies and lives in our common-sense world: below, an invisible realm, from which our visible world arose; above, an invisible into which all things seen are moving. On the great highway of evolution the soul of the crystal is striving upward to plant, the plant to animal life, and man whither? Does the soul's ascending way stop at man or at the upper borders of this world? Has man ever reached the serenest heights of perfected

love, of goodness and beauty, that he could say hope and desire reach no farther? Has the crystal all the elements and energies within its own form and degree to evolve, to lift itself into plant, with no life or will to feed and draw from above? Nature is quite plain in her answer. The crystal would never rise above its own degree, were there no soul, no power of higher life to feed and draw. The plant breathes forth its own spirit and energy upon the rock. It reaches out its hands of higher life, dissolves, leads up, moulds and quickens the crystal into tree trunk, into leaf and blossom. In other words, it feeds and helps the soul of the crystal to climb up to the plant degree. Has the plant the will or energy, unaided, to transform itself into animal? We cannot see, we do not know that it ever does; but everywhere the animal world draws and moulds the vegetable into its own degree and life. So far as we can discover, no lower degree of being has power or will sufficient in itself to grow and give itself birth into a higher. Nature says through rock and plant to rise there is ever needed the power and will from above to aid. Is man an exception? Does nature work by a new law in her evolution of man or by the same old law in more perfected ways? Science and reason answer, The same old law, only higher up. But what higher degree over man that shall feed and draw him? The unseen universe. Our earth is being discovered to be a little island world, infolded and overflowed by a boundless realm, an invisible ocean of being. Now, this infinite unseen is related to our seen, much as our atmosphere to the grosser earth-crust, or in life as the plant is related to the crystal and the animal to the plant. Each higher in nature partly borders and partly interblends with the next lower. The next upper kingdom of matter and life bordering ours is almost unknown to us, never directly visible, as we may suppose the vegetable kingdom unknown to the mineral or the animal to the vegetal. Yet each lower in turn is life dependent upon the next higher. It appears that always from above are the chief sources of all organization and life. We are dependent for all the higher elements and forces of growth and evolution upon the life and energy of this vast invisible spiritual universe that infolds us, just as naturally as the mineral is dependent on the plant, and the plant on the animal.

Why have we so little consciousness or knowledge through our senses of this great invisible world and life that surrounds us, if we are so dependent upon it? It appears to be nature's way through all ascending degrees of being. The worm has little or no sense or knowledge of the butterfly life so close above his earth-clod way. The reptile can know but little of our homes and work. Conscious life reaches but little above its own degree of organization, however much it may depend upon a higher for its growth and upleading. All the while, however, organs may be growing, senses developing within or upon the body of lower degree, preparatory for birth into a higher. Thus the grub cannot enter into conscious possession of butterfly life through its worm organs and senses; yet within the worm body is developing the embryo organism of eyes, wings, etc., through which the insect soul shall rise into the conscious life of the butterfly's world, casting off in death the outgrown body of the lower state. Science is discovering the same law in the human. We cannot attain to the consciousness of the upper, invisible world and life through the organs and senses of our present state. We must first possess hands, feet, eyes, brain, a whole developed organism, constituted of the elements and energies of the spiritual world, one that responds to the higher invisible life, ere we can see and know it in its richness and fulness. As well may the insect soul possess and know the sunshine and beauty, the sweetness and delight of the butterfly life, when it has attained only to the worm body, as that we can possess and know the reality and beauty, the wisdom and delight, of the higher invisible that borders ours of to-day through these earth bodies that answer only to this lower world of sense. But whence and when, our bodies answering to this higher world and life, if so be we are to attain it? Shall we look this side death or only beyond for them? Shall we ask of miracle or nature concerning them? Has science thus far no vision, no knowledge, to answer us in part? The seers and

prophets of the higher science of to-day tell us that we hold a body in embryo, growing for the new life. They assure us that the greater and more essential part of all our organs of life are constituted of the invisible elements and energies of the unseen or spiritual world that surrounds us; that our seen form of hands, feet, eyes, brain, etc., is only a gross, rude framework, a temporary staging, in and over which the invisible spiritual body of us is being grown and moulded. Why not consciously live in and through these spiritual bodies now? We do in fact live to-day more essentially and really in the invisible part of our organisms than in the grosser forms of matter we see and know each other by. But it appears under nature's law that our conscious active lives here must be possessed and expressed more through the hands, feet, eyes, and brain of this world's matter, so long as we abide in this degree.

To state this natural fact in another way. So long as we live in our bodies of this world, all the most real and essential life of our souls that is fed and arises in and through our embryo spiritual bodies must needs be translated and toned down into the sense and consciousness of the earth degree. Keeping this clearly in mind, we say that we are constantly in touch and communion with the upper spiritual world and life, though commonly so little conscious of it. We mark this same fact and natural law of the unconscious response and interaction of seen and unseen, the inner and outer, all about us.

The embryo child is infolded by and holds fast to the mother's organism. All the while it is in touch and communion with the great outer world; for the beauty, hope, joy, and grief, the sunshine and shadow, that flow and consciously live in the mother's loves and strivings, through her flow on and minister to her unborn babe, not to awaken and lead it forth at once, but to feed, to mould, and develop the embryo organs and senses through which the child soul is at length to be born into outer life. We are discovering more and more clearly that nature's way is much the same for us one degree higher up.

The beauty and power, the knowledge, art, love, and striving of worlds and life, that unseen border us above, move before us as a Holy Spirit from unseen heavens, descend for us, feeding and developing our spiritual bodies for new and higher birth than this earth gives.

As the unborn child touches and communes, unconsciously lives with us through his growing embryo limbs, brain, and organs of sense, that feel and respond to the mother's life, so we feel and grow through our embryo spiritual bodies, that are in natural touch and response with the spiritual world, unconsciously communing and living with beings of that world.

In this way of nature's ministering Holy Ghost the ascended prophets and priests give back a measure of their higher life beyond death to the prophets and priests who still abide on earth. So the scholars, artists, inventors, statesmen, and reformers, who have risen through death into the larger, richer light and love, touch and commune with kindred here.

So the friends and lovers that have passed from our homes and fields through death's way over this world's borders are not lost or separated from us, but from thence reach back, aid, and inspire us with the spirit and power of their upper homes and fields.

This inward and higher life of ours, awakened and rising responsive to the call and touch of the higher spiritual world and life, finds little conscious expression in this lower world's organs and senses of matter. It abides within, unfolding and ripening its organism to be, awaiting decay and death of hands, eyes, and brain of these grosser earth forms, for its birth and resurrection into the homes beyond death.

Meantime are we altogether deaf and blind to the soul's higher life that we see not, hear not, feel not, through these common earthly senses? In life's better moments we experience hopes, loves, and aspirations of beauty, of knowledge and delight, we know not realizable here. Yet they arise and abide with us as the divinest revelations and assurances we know.

Are they not the first faint foregleams of the coming day, the new life, answering to the touch and call of the Holy Ghost that lives and works over all?

Everywhere this seems nature's way. So the soul of the pine forests touch and com-

mune with the mountain rocks and stones of the field, bidding them come up higher. In this way the souls of the animal world touch and commune with the forests and flowers, bidding them come up higher.

So the spiritual and unseen higher world descends as a Holy Spirit, touching and communing with us, bidding us "come up higher." Is it not nature's constant way, even as the sunshine and falling rain, the songs of birds and the mother's love?

UNITY AND VARIETY IN RELIGION.

BY P. C. MOZOUMDAR.

Since the holding of the Parliament of Religions, a great deal of talk has taken place on the subject of the future religion. Some years ago a very enthusiastic missionary, who had been to India, complimented me, and said I was quite an advanced man, and that I was waiting for the day when all the great religious books of my country were heaped up and made into a bonfire for the warning and illumination of the world. I was obliged to contradict such an idea of the ultimate religion of the world. I saw that the great books of my country had a great field; that in the past they had taught, and that in the future they shall still teach. I do not believe that the future religion, when it shall come to pass, will be at the expense of any great religion or any great national spiritual life. The history of religion in the past points to what the future is likely to be. Whatever be the origin of religion, whether the sense of the Infinite or an instinct of dependence upon a Higher Power, or a search for the unseen from the seen or from the known after the unknown, whether it be an intimation of Being much like human nature, whatever the originating instinct might be, no one can doubt that such an instinct is common and universal. No nation in any stage of barbarism could get rid of some kind or other of religious faith. Not only is the instinct common and universal, but we find that its product has always been based upon certain common truths and principles. Every religion, from the grossest to the most refined and sublime, has taught the principles of faith and love and purity. This faith, love, and purity always depend upon culture, upon development, and their accompanying graces; but no religion has ever been known which inculcated hatred in place of love, or uncleanness in place of purity, or scepticism in place of belief. If there is faith, in what is that faith? You say in God.

But some one will point out one or two systems of religion in which there is no God, and, after all, God in the dictionary of religion has always amounted to a relative idea; but, whether it mean a man like Buddha, in whom the Buddhists believe, or Mohammed, in whom the Mohammedans believe, or a tree or a stone or a snake, we conclude, whatever the concrete form was, it was undoubtedly a Supreme Being who deserved worship and the trust of the human soul. As man rises from the low to the high, and from the high to the higher, still his ideas of a Divine Being grow also, until they expand into wisdom, love, truth, and holiness, before whom we bow our heads, and say, "Our heavenly Father." Nay, more: not only are the principles common, but the processes are also common.

Every great religion of which I have any knowledge has worshipped God, either through the forces of nature or in the form of heroes and great men, or through their own spiritual instincts. No religion, however idolatrous, has been able to shake off this threefold medium. The Vedas have worshipped God through the forces of nature. David and Elias also saw the manifestations of God's power and wisdom in natural objects so glorious that no argument, no logic, no sophistry, could overcome the simplicity of their natural religion. Behold the incarnation of the Sonship of Christ as God in man! Behold, also, God's attributes in the different deities worshipped in the Hindu Pantheon! Thus you cannot escape the conclusion that processes of religious development have been universal.

Still further, every religion has its symbols, its rites, its organizations, and its authorities. Speaking generally, you will find that these are rather the sacred vessels in which men have placed their faith in God, their love for mankind, their worship, their hopes, their ideas. But here

comes the great principle of variety. Oftentimes the rites and the symbols and authorities and organizations of religions differ. Every nation has had its different surrounding circumstances. Its climate is different; its geography, its bodily constitution, its mental temperament, its history, all different. That these differences should have deeply affected the principles of the religious development is not at all wonderful. But the sense of trust, love, and holiness in all religions is the same or similar, only the forms disagree.

Yet I declare that even in the midst of all this variety there is so much in common that the student is wonder-struck at the fact of unity. The unity of great religious books, prophets,—nay, even religious ceremonies and ordinances,—stands out so prominently before you now and then that it seems either the books must have been written in collusion and by mutual agreement, that the prophets must have acted in some kind of mutual conspiracy, or that the same spirit should have inspired what is best and deepest in all religions. In the midst of all the controversies and conflicts that afflict the religious world, you come across the fundamental truths which are so similar that you are struck by the thought that they must have a common soul, a common impulse, a common origin, and a common aim. The differences almost disappear in the agreements. Variety in religious doctrines, dissimilarity in church organizations and Scriptures, characteristic developments, and peculiar growths are things which ought never to be got rid of. Variety means progress: it means life. It means the flavor of national life: it means the subterranean vitalities in which every nation is as original, inspired, stands out before God as his own beloved. For, when variety is knocked out of religious systems, everything leads to a dead level, to a monotonous hue, to uninteresting uniformity. Why, even the most sanguine eclectics would be surprised and shocked at the consequences. Therefore, as these circumstances arose, as various needs arose, and the impulses of variously constructed minds arose, these varieties in religion grew also, until they became so large, so prominent, that the primitive unity seemed to be lost. Yet it was not lost, and the evidence of that is clear at the present time.

"WHITHER WILL ART LEAD US?"

BY R. E. WHITMAN.

In your issue of May 30, under the caption of the "Spirit of the Press," you print without comment an article by Charles Dudley Warner on "Whither will Art lead us?" in which Mr. Warner, clever and well equipped as he is, seems to have fallen into a careless, mildly pessimistic, and unphilosophical conclusion.

Whatever foundation there may be in the divine mathematics for the law of cycles, this may safely be said of it,—that it leads thought out into broader fields of conception than does Solomon's declaration that there is nothing new under the sun, and whatever has been shall be, or Mr. Warner's "coincidence." The idea of cyclic recurrences is in accord with celestial phenomena, and the "spiral ascent" of Swedenborg and Emerson is quite in accord with the law as well as that of the higher evolution. This concept—that man is coming now again into the awakening light of his perihelion, as he seemed to do four hundred years ago, but certainly and surely on a higher plane—inspires the heart of man with hope.

It would be quite impossible for the most comprehensive mind to compute the present amount of debt the human race owes to that disturbance of the stagnant and fetid pool of Western thought produced by the Renaissance of the fifteenth century. Theologically, the earth was flat, hell beneath its thin crust. This incomprehensible plane among far-distant and attendant subordinate spheres was the stage upon which men were enslaved to their own ignorance and superstition, dominated by ecclesiastical authority, which claimed for its cause of being these same Ten Commandments itself had selected from the great number of "thus saith the Lords" recorded as having been delivered to the Israelitish people by their first great leader and teacher, Moses. That which was and is divine and eternal in man was struggling to come into recognition

with groanings terrible to be uttered. The thinking principle could no longer be held in universal bondage, neither by the anathemas of the Church nor the soft lullaby of the safety and comfort of the sleeping *statu quo*. Men would think, though they died for it. The martyr roll we will not repeat; but, if that shaking of the dry bones of assumption resulted in the birth of such forces as Galileo, Bruno, Dante, Columbus, Copernicus, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Machiavelli, Wyclif, Huss, Luther, Bacon, and Shakspeare, and scores of like men, then we may hope that we are indeed on the eve of a like "coincidence," though that former one failed to bring heaven to earth or to make all men agree as to the true relation of art and morals. If the thought of the great world mind has subsisted for four centuries on the manna distributed by these emancipated thinkers, is it not quite time that its digestive power should be stimulated by some new pabulum? Earth thought of as the centre of the universe, and discovered to be and generally accepted to be but a very inconsiderable planet in one of the innumerable star systems, has wrought great changes in thought, though, to my knowledge, never officially accepted as a fact bearing the most remote relation to the fundamental status of theology. Yet even this stupendous rediscovery of four centuries ago was of vastly less importance than the acceptance of the great law of creation by evolution,—that creation ever is, not was, that man was not made out of the dust of the earth, but is being so made.

Is it not quite possible that this quarto-centennial "coincidence" is another occasion for the declaration of the independence of thought, and may result in the abrogation of any fixed law regarding morals that is not forever made subject to the moral consciousness of the individual and in accord with reason ever influenced by conditions? If one is conscious of having departed from the line of law involved in the Mosaic Code, then it would be well to return to that law as a measure of safety to himself and the community, unless he is able to perceive that higher law written by the finger of God in his own consciousness, of which the written code of Moses was only the objective sign and symbol. But how can we return and "sit squarely on the Ten Commandments, and let the world go round"? That same world seems to continue to go round and forward in its orbit, and never seems to think it necessary to turn backward in its flight to oblige any retrogressionist. Neither does it return to its former conditions. If the heavens declare the glory of God, the earth does in fact show his handiwork; and men have studied that handiwork and find the law of progress written on tables of stone much too ponderous for Moses's hands to bring down the mountain. When the earth was the home of the giant reptile and the tangled mass of monstrous herbage, was not the law of God then in its full, unchanging force? Was not that law then being written, in order that the mind of man should some day begin a full and free translation of that law? Where, then, was the "code," as Moses saw it and delivered it to his ignorant and stiff-necked brethren? And can we suppose that the conditions of creation ever moved in any more rapid way than they are now moving? If earth and air by gradual and constant change made it at last possible for man to subsist and breathe, is it not likely that those changes are still going on? And, as reptile became bird and fish became amphibian, because of implanted desire in organism and change of environment, is it not to be supposed that man as man is ever changing in accord with that inevitable, continuous change of conditions?

If those Ten Commandments are the only safe rallying-ground for hopeless, distraught humanity, then is it supposed we are to accept the Jehovah of the Jewish tribes for our own Lord God, whom only we are to serve? This we most assuredly cannot do and keep sacred the divine reason within us. If, then, time and conditions change the image of God in the collective mind of peoples, races, and civilizations, then, as there are no two minds alike in all the millions that live and have lived, consequently no two human souls, no two living organisms, can have the same Lord God, unless we still go back to the idol which might be owned as common property by two or more or by a community. As we are forbidden by this very code to make to our-

selves or bow down to any image of anything in heaven above or earth beneath or the waters under the earth, may it not be idolatrous and sacrilegious for one man, or body of men, or even banded ecclesiasticism, to present its mental conception or image for the worship of any soul? Let us hope, then, that this "coincidence" may awaken again the dormant mind and heart of Christendom to the realization of the indwelling God, and that men may find the Ten Commandments and the true cross within their own souls, and cease forever to look back into darkness for light.

Washington, D. C.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Chaney returns thanks to the following-named ministers who have sent to her their photographs for the Atlanta Exhibit: Rev. Messrs. E. J. Young, C. D. Bradlee, E. E. Hale, H. N. Brown, George Batchelor, M. J. Savage, H. G. Putnam, A. N. Somers, Stephen Peebles, G. F. Clark, E. M. Wilbur, M. A. Safford, E. E. Gordon, J. V. Blake, J. H. Long, Herman Snow, S. B. Flagg, E. B. Payne, D. W. Morehouse, J. F. Dutton, J. B. Morrison, O. J. Fairchild, H. F. Bond, George F. Piper, C. C. Hussey, James De Normandie, C. G. Howland.

Excellent as this list is, every minister whose name is not on the list and who reads this acknowledgment will see that it is not complete. Although the Exposition opens on September 18, these pictures may be sent after that date; and they will form part of the collection of photographs of living Unitarian ministers which is to be kept at the Unitarian Building in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaney may hereafter be addressed at Atlanta until January, 1896, Post-office Box 643.

THE GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE.

The grave is situated in old Paris, within the grounds of a convent that the ancestors of Lafayette founded, and where repose the remains of many of the French nobility. Above the hero's tomb floats a silken flag, bearing the stars and stripes. A good many years ago an American gentleman left in his will a sum of money to be used for the special purpose of keeping an American flag forever flying over the grave of Lafayette. It has done so without intermission from the day the will went into effect; and whenever, through the wear of the elements, one flag becomes unserviceable, a new one straightway takes its place. Through untold centuries the emblem of the country which in its early struggles for liberty had his beneficent aid will wave above his ashes.—*Washington Post*.

Spiritual Life.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by a restless anxiety as to the future are not crosses which come from God.—*Fénelon*.

Many a one can say: I am a man that hath griefs, but the Spirit comforteth me. I am a man that oft knoweth not the way, but the Spirit leadeth me.—*W. M. Bicknell*.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing; and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.—*Letters of Lowell*.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley*.

The world stands on ideas, and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements, is moral force.—*Emerson*.

Do not take overmuch thought for to-morrow. God, who has led you safely on so far, will lead you on to the end. Be altogether at rest in the loving, holy confidence which you ought to have in his heavenly providence.—*Francis de Sales*.

Wherever that spiritual greatness that was in Jesus has become known, it has operated like a second conscience in the world, on the one hand making men conscious of their own weaknesses, and on the other hand filling them with a profound realization of the infinite possibilities that lie within each human soul.—*A. W. Martin*.

Doubtless it is true that only by the cross will any of us ever be saved. But the cross that can save us will not be Christ's: it must be *our own*. From Christ we may learn how noble and glorious a thing a cross rightly borne may become, and thus draw incentive and strength from his example. But the example must awaken in us the same faith in truth, the same devotion to duty, the same love of our fellow-men, the same willing obedience to God, or else it will avail us naught.—*J. T. Sunderland*.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

What about the Conference at Washington? is the question most frequently asked nowadays at our rooms. The programme for this meeting is nearly completed. The plans for getting to and from Washington are already perfected. In addition to the regular excursion rates arranged for by the secretary and treasurer of the Council of the National Conference, Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb announce eight itineraries, all of which include Washington during the entire Conference, and also present several attractive excursions in addition to the Conference,—Gettysburg, Old Point Comfort, Va., and Richmond. The cost of these excursions is very reasonable. Some of the advertisements of these excursions, giving the itineraries and cost, have been left at these rooms; and we shall be glad to send them to any of our friends who may wish to see them.

We have a new book this week, "From Jerusalem to Nicæa: The Church in the First Three Centuries," by Rev. Philip Stafford Moxom. The book contains eight lectures delivered under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, Boston, last spring. The lectures are printed as delivered, with the addition of many illustrative quotations from the early fathers which had to be omitted in delivery, but appear in the book. The subjects treated are familiar to ministers generally; but the general reader will find in the book much to interest and instruct him. The high standing of the author is a sufficient guarantee that whatever he says will be worthy of the most careful consideration. Price \$1.13.

We have some more books, written by our staunch and vigorous Unitarian writers, that ought to be spread abroad in the world to build up and confirm the reverent faith our Church stands for, among them four books by Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont.; namely, "Jesus Brought Back," 214 pages, "The New Bible and its Uses," 286 pages, "Problems in American Society," 292 pages. These books are 75 cents each; also a small volume by the same author, "Different New Testament Views of Jesus," 80 pages, cloth 30 cents, in paper 15 cents. We have also a small volume of 84 pages, entitled "The Essential Man," by Rev. George Crosswell Cressey, Ph.D., of Salem, Mass. Price 56 cents. Prices given are all net prices.

COLLECTIONS.

The question of "Free Pews" versus "Rented Pews" has been so freely and ably discussed in the columns of the *Register* that the treasurer is longing to see somebody stir up the thoughtful men in our churches on the subject of *how to raise money for the missionary work of the Church*. In order to start such a discussion, will not somebody please to submit a plan? That will be enough. There can be no plan suggested that some other body cannot improve. At least, the probabilities are that such is the case. The Unitarian idea is to unite the best features of all plans. By all means let us have the benefit of a full discussion of all the methods that have been tried, and as many more as any one can suggest.

A WORD TO THE CHURCHES ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The meeting at Washington is almost sure to be a very important one,—perhaps in some respects the most important one ever held. Every minister in the denomination ought to be there for the sake of the churches under his charge; but the fact is many of these ministers, while perhaps they might not like to have me or any one else say it, are not able to spare from their salaries the money it will take to go, and many of them will be compelled to remain at home unless the church over which they are settled sends them. There are two ex-

cursions from Boston, both leaving Boston Friday P.M., October 18, and, returning, leave Washington Friday A.M., October 25, reaching Boston Saturday, the 26th, in the forenoon. This makes an eight-day trip. The entire cost for the whole, including everything, is, in one case, Raymond & Whitcomb, \$40, and Nason & Durgin, \$30. The tours are not exactly the same. We have the advertisements of both at these rooms, and will be glad to send them on application.

VISITS.

Continuing the record of visits, the treasurer had the pleasure of meeting the Unitarians of the old Second Parish of Worcester, Mass., last Sunday,—the "First Unitarian Church" of the "Second Parish," a combination of numbers quite unusual, and also quite curious to those not familiar with the early laws of New England, when the parish was as much a legal division as the town, and when the parishes were supported by a regular tax. This old church has been in existence over a century, and in a town claiming a population now of one hundred thousand people, and with the most glorious gospel ever proclaimed to men,—a gospel that has always been faithfully proclaimed from this pulpit. One would, therefore, naturally expect to find the lower floor filled and the galleries packed; but, alas for the popular discrimination! it is a sad fact that the glorious gospel we preach has no chance in competition with the sanguinary insurance theory against eternal fires that characterizes the business and bargain spirit which at present monopolizes mankind. But we must not let this discourage us. The processes of evolution are slow, but sure. "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night." We have only to do our part, and not worry about results.

Worcester has one institution that it surely has reason to be proud of,—a free library, that was a revelation to the treasurer of what such an institution could be made to be and to do; and not the least satisfactory of its features is the one that opens its doors to the public seven days in every week. This splendid institution is under the charge of a thoroughly educated and skilful Unitarian, who is doing splendid work with it. GEORGE W. STONE.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "Talks" at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, begin again for the season on next Saturday, September 14, at 2 P.M. The Primary lectures will be merged with the ones given by Rev. Mr. Pulsford on the Intermediate and Advanced lessons. Those who have been accustomed to attend will take notice that the hour for Mr. Pulsford's "Talk" is two o'clock instead of three, as heretofore, and that there will be no separate session for the Primary. It is hoped and planned that Mr. Pulsford, who has been so very inspiring and helpful in his past addresses, will be able to furnish the primary teachers, as well as those of the other grades, with many suggestions and practical aids for their departments. These "Talks" are free. A cordial invitation is extended to the public at large, and all interested in such matters, as well as to Sunday-school workers, to attend.

The first three leaflet lessons, Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced, in the one-topic graded course for the current year on "The Teaching of Jesus," are out. The subjects are "The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Pearl of Great Price," and "The House on the Rock." The Intermediate and Advanced are printed together on a four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents per hundred leaflets. The Primary, with picture, is also a four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents per hundred. The present three numbers cover September 15, 22, and 29.

A new catalogue has just been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, containing a full list of all its publications. Copies will be sent to any one applying or writing for the same.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. JAMES HARWOOD, formerly of the High Pavement Church, Nottingham, England, and now of London, is making a brief visit to this city, with Mr. De Nor-

mandie, and will preach for the First Church in Roxbury, Sunday next, September 15, at eleven o'clock.

If secretaries of the various organizations calling meetings at the Unitarian Building will regularly send, with their other notices, one to the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, it will be a convenience to the American Unitarian Association, as well as enabling them to give information that is frequently called for by members of the different committees.

DR. BROOKE HERFORD sailed the 5th of September by the "Gallia" to Boston. He will go direct, on landing, to Rev. John Cuckson's at Wayland; and then, after a few days, to Manchester-by-the-Sea, preaching in the new church there September 22, and visiting among old friends at Manchester, Beverly, Swampscott, etc. From October 6 to 20 he will be in Cambridge and Boston, preaching, October 13, at Brookline in the morning, and in the College Chapel, Cambridge, in the evening. October 20 he preaches at Arlington Street morning and afternoon, and then goes on to Washington for the National Conference. Thence, on the 25th, he returns to Boston to take the "Gallia" on the 26th for his return to England. Letters, etc., may be addressed to the American Unitarian Association Rooms, 25 Beacon Street.

Boston.—Church of the Unity: Services will begin again September 22; and Rev. M. J. Savage, the pastor, will preach.

Boston Common: Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill., were the speakers under the cottonwood-tree at the open-air service last Sunday. The attendance was larger, if anything, than usual. Dr. Hale spoke on "The Creation of a Better American Character," and Miss Hultin's subject was "The Naturalness of Religion." The speakers for next Sunday, September 15, at 5 P.M., will be Rev. John M. Pullman, D.D. (Universalist), of Lynn, Mass., and Rev. Albert Walkley of Boston.

Dorchester: The Sunday-school connected with Christ Church reopened Sunday, September 8; and in preparation for the opening a circular had been distributed which outlined the work of the coming year, and invited the co-operation of parents and all interested. The main school will use the lessons on "The Teachings of Jesus" and "The Beginnings of Christianity." The "Research Class," open to all young men and young women, will devote the season to "A Study of the Sects." Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., is the superintendent.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Rev. Thomas Jay Horner opened his pastorate here Sunday, taking for his text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." The congregation was variously estimated at between five and six hundred, and both pastor and people expressed themselves as well pleased with the prospect for the winter. The Lecture Committee, having in charge the "People's Popular Lecture Course," connected with the Independent Church, have arranged for a series of entertainments for the winter which will cost about \$1,400. The course will be opened by Theodore Thomas's orchestra, to be followed by Rev. W. D. Simonds, Max O'Rell, Rev. J. J. Lewis ("Passion Play of Oberammergau"), Rev. Henry Elliott Mott of Buffalo, and "Boston Rivals."

NEWBURG, N.Y.—Services were resumed Sunday morning, September 1, at the Church of Our Father, by its pastor, Rev. Arthur H. Grant, who was greeted by the largest morning congregation, with perhaps one exception, that had ever gathered to hear him. This encouraging circumstance was due to a card, printed by order of the board of trustees, and mailed in due time to every church member. It read as follows: "The Church of Our Father will resume its regular morning services on Sunday, September 1. It would be a great encouragement to the pastor to be greeted at this first service by a large congregation. We hope, therefore, that all of the congregation who are in town will make a special effort to be present at this time. The Sunday-school will reopen September 8. Evening services will not be resumed until a later date." A falling-off in congregations during the summer vacation is not an uncommon event in many of our churches. Many attendants lose their ephemeral interest in the services, while often the more stable element are attacked by a sort of Unitarian inertia. In all such cases the card method of the Church of Our Father may be resorted to with a possible great advantage.

PATERSON, N.J.—Under the title "Plain Sermons for Practical People," Unitarian services were resumed last Sunday in this new field. They are in charge of the neighboring ministers, Rev. George H. Badger of Rutherford and Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Passaic, and are held Sunday afternoons, at 3.30 o'clock, in Odd Fellows'

Hall. Following is the programme: September 8, "Retribution and Reward," Rev. F. S. C. Wicks; September 15, "Good People who don't go to Church," Rev. George H. Badger; September 22, "Pure Religion and Undeified," Rev. Mr. Wicks; September 29, "A Parable of the Bicycle," Rev. Mr. Badger; October 6, "God and Cyclones," Rev. Mr. Wicks; October 13, "Why Common People heard Jesus gladly," Rev. Mr. Badger.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—The Unitarian church was the scene of an unusually interesting ceremony on Wednesday evening, when Richard Wilson Boynton and his wife, Harriet Barton Boynton, recent graduates of the Meadville Theological School of Meadville, Pa., were ordained and installed as ministers of the Unitarian society of Roslindale. The ceremonies of a husband and wife being ordained and installed as teachers of the gospel in connection with the same society were sufficiently novel to attract an audience which filled the little church on South Street. The flower committee had transformed the interior of the edifice by the use of beautiful plants and blooms in great variety. The service opened with an organ voluntary and the singing of "How Lovely are the Messengers!" from Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul," by a quartette. Invocation was offered by Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of West Roxbury, and readings from the Scriptures by Rev. William H. Savary, Green Harbor, Mass. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston, from the text, "Able ministers, not of the letter, but of the spirit." Rev. Abraham W. Jackson of Concord, Mass., made the prayer of ordination, the quartette responding. Mr. Solomon B. Stebbins, a member of the society since its organization, made a brief address of welcome; and the charge to the ministers was given by Prof. George R. Freeman, Meadville, Pa. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot of Boston, a close friend of Mr. Boynton, extended the right hand of fellowship. Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Burlington, Vt., a former pastor of this society, gave the charge to the people, the closing prayer being offered by Rev. William L. Walsh of Brookfield, Mass. The exercises closed with the benediction by the pastor.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—The *Daily Union* gives an account of an interesting service which was held at the Unitarian church of which Rev. J. L. Douthit is pastor, September 1: "The Unitarian church was well filled last evening, many from the country being present. At the close of the sermon, and during the singing of that beautiful hymn written by the Catholic Father Tabor,—

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,"—

Col. John Sobieski came forward, and gave his hand as a token of his desire to become a member of the congregation. The pastor took his confession as follows: "My brother, is it your solemn purpose to live a Christian life, taking Jesus as your teacher in morals and religion, that you may get good, be good, and do all the good you can by the grace of God?" The answer came, "That is my purpose." "Now," said the pastor, "all present who will clasp our brother's hand on this simple confession are invited to do so while we sing 'God be with you till we meet again.'" Nearly every one present, including those of other congregations, came forward, and gave Col. Sobieski the hand of fellowship during the singing. Then Brother Douthit spoke of how, as a boy at school, he was thrilled with the story of Poland's struggle for liberty, and how, later in life, he had been interested in the story of the Polish brethren who were a body of heroic Unitarian noblemen three hundred years ago. He expressed his joy and gratitude that God had sent a man to-day of the truly royal line of Poland's patriots and benefactors to be a communicant of this congregation and help them in their Christian endeavors. By request, Col. Sobieski would now make such remarks as the spirit moved him.

"I was born and brought up," said the colonel, "in the Roman Catholic Church, and held to that faith till Pope Pius IX. excommunicated King Victor Emanuel of Italy. I was in such strong sympathy with Victor Emanuel in his effort to free Italy that I concluded I would rather go to hades with him than to go to heaven with the pope. So I left that communion, but with no unkind feeling toward the old Mother Church or any member of it. I knew then and know to-day a great many of the most saintly men and women who are connected with the Romish Church. Indeed, I can never hope to be half as good a Christian as my own dear mother was, who lived and died a member of that Church. Latterly I united with the Episcopal Church; but I found, as I became more acquainted with many peoples, and began to investigate these things, that I was not at all in harmony with the special tenets of that Church, and so, for honesty's sake, I withdrew from it a few months ago. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to belong to a body of communicants that would allow me independence of thought and full liberty

of opinion as a disciple of the Great Master. I wanted also to be identified with a body of Christian believers that recognizes the equal rights and privileges of all men and women of all races and colors. I wanted a church that would allow our wives and mothers and sisters an equal voice and vote in the government of the Church and the State. I found to my joy that this congregation was established on just such a broad basis of Christian freedom, brotherhood, and unity. And, in joining this congregation, I am glad to feel that I have not really separated from any of the good people of the congregations whose creeds I cannot indorse, but have rather united with the larger brotherhood of all humanity. I ask your prayers, brothers and sisters, that I may be and do something worthy of this, I esteem, great privilege."

TOLEDO, OHIO.—Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, announces the subjects of his sermons through September as follows: September 1, "Beginnings"; September 8, "The Man who waits"; September 15, "Another Consideration of Life after Death"; September 22, "Restlessness"; September 29, "A Jealous God."

WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies will be held October 1-3 at Madison.

Business Notices.

If you value your eyesight, and wish to preserve it as long as possible, avoid reading or sewing by gas or electric light, and use only the Miller Lamp.

An Interesting Custom.—It is peculiarly interesting to note the sentiment which has always attached to one piece of furniture in every household,—namely, the dining-room table. There are many families who would economize in any direction who, nevertheless, would be unwilling to put up with a poorly made or cheaply finished table. Speaking of tables, there is shown in another column of this paper a pattern of dining-table which is sure to be admired. It costs \$45 at the Paine warerooms on Canal Street, but it has all the appearance of a \$100 pattern.

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For the *Christian Register*.

SONS OF SCIENCE.

BY REV. EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

Mighty blows the men are dealing,
In that new world far away;
Forest hewers, skies unsealing,
As their axes glint and play.
They are dull with righteous blindness
To the beauties of the wood,
And no milk of human kindness
Stays their hand of hardihood.

Men unhonored, howe'er strong then,
Toiled they at their cruel task;
Comes a later time along, then
Glory more than they could ask.
Smiling valleys, cities teeming
With gay life, their work attest;
O'er their names a nation, dreaming,
Rises up to call them blest.

Sons of science thus degrading
Tall tradition to the ground,
How the light pours in, pervading
Truth's dominion newly found!
God was lost within the fastness,
Old time growths of darkening thought:
Now he looms with nearer vastness
From the ruin you have wrought.

Other hands shall build the city
Where the temple spires shine forth;
But 'twas you who without pity
Toiled to clear the cumbered earth.
Spare not, nor with hand unsteady
Error's ancient work undo,
Till at last a world grown ready
Finds a saintship e'en for you.

The Pulpit.

A CROWN OF LIFE.

BY REV. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

"Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer. . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. II. 10.

The finest heroism is that of ordinary life. Steadfastness in hard times is a far nobler manifestation of moral strength than the most dashing valor which souls display under the joyous impulse of great success. For instance, the greatness of Gen. Washington is shown by the magnificent hopefulness and steadiness with which he held his poor little army together through long months of retreat and suffering far more than by his consummate ability in the guidance of actual battle. Yet it is chiefly for conspicuous victories, shining deeds of valor, that popular praise is given; and our average idea of a just reward for human achievement is that of immediate honors, public praise, and gain in wealth. Many persons after they have done well in an enterprise think they have received no reward unless they have obtained fame or riches. Yet comparatively few do receive such rewards as these, and we hear a continual outcry that justice does not rule between God and man. It is asserted by those who thus criticize the order of the universe that the starving poet, Chatterton, stands in the sad annals of history as an unanswerable accusation against the divine justice. It would be easy to give a long list of scholars, poets, novelists, high-minded reformers, self-sacrificing toilers for pure ideals in society, who have gained none of the rewards that are commonly desired. Their fame has only come after they have long passed away, and can no longer care for it; and they have suffered in a lifelong battle against actual privation. Is it just that a Palissy should be reduced to the verge of starvation while slowly developing his marvellous skill as an inventor in the manufacture of glazed pottery, and should die without a worldly reward for his final success? Is it just that the world's multitude of sufferers includes not merely the idle, inefficient, and vicious, but in large numbers those whose troubles are not from their own fault, those to whom poverty clings in spite of their devoted labors, and those who are kept down by constant illness or other unavoidable weakness? Out of the sorrows of earth the bitter sufferings, the centuries of labor, that hardly win bread and shelter, there rises, like a baleful mist between man and God, the vast, fierce doubt of God's justice. Why has God denied to all the multitudes of the unfortunate all adequate reward to their efforts?

The sufficient answer to these doubting questions is the pointing out of the fact that those who ask them have set up a wrong standard of rewards, and so have overlooked the most important things God is doing in human souls. Who told you, my doubting friend, that the only just reward for writing a noble book is immediate fame, or

that wealth ought always to be showered upon the most diligent workers? I do not see any necessary connection between such deeds and those specific rewards; but I do see a necessity that the good Creator of our souls shall give to each mortal the just fulfillment of every earnest endeavor. Therefore, when I meet a case in which injustice seems to beat upon a human soul, I am constrained to believe in God's justice rather than in my present judgment. I am clearly not in possession of all the facts, and must study the life before me more deeply, and also revise my theory of what constitute just rewards before I come to a conclusion. My knowledge of God convinces me that just rewards are invariably given; and, if I cannot understand them, there shows my need of deeper thought.

In trying to understand the justice of God, we must discard the imperfect conception that goodness ought always to win prizes of money and prosperity. God is not a magnified committee of award, who examines the records of earth, and metes out to men as rewards for good conduct the things they most desire to possess. Abundant resources, delightful pleasures, gratifying honors, enrich some lives and fail to reach others by causes that are not intended, in my belief, to make of them arbitrary rewards. They fall to the share of evil men and good alike, and are missed by myriads of the most virtuous persons. Divine rewards must therefore be a different sort of thing; and, inasmuch as God can do no wrong, we ought to be able to discover his marks of approval in every life we know to be a noble one. This search inevitably becomes a religious one. Our trust in God is our chief guide; and by this we are led to see, as Jesus and his group of teachers did, that the deepening of life itself is the divine reward to all excellent deeds or hopes. In various places in the New Testament it is more or less distinctly taught that the first outcome of a good life is simply more life. It seems to me that Jesus gave the noblest utterance to his mission when he said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He was not speaking of a salvation after death, but of life then and there. The author of the book of Revelation makes his crown of life that is to be given to the faithful a matter to come after death. They who are faithful unto death shall receive only a larger, richer life. But the thought of Jesus is a broader one even than that. They who are faithful, pure in heart, noble, do receive at once more abundant life; and life is but one thing before or after death.

This, I think, brings us to a knowledge of the perfect justice of God in extending rewards. Life is the great gift of God to man; and every helpful influence from God, every sacred teacher, every event of life rightly used, serves to enlarge, to broaden or deepen our life. The one continuous reward of right conduct is the blessed advance of character or life which such conduct brings. There is something which no evil heart can enjoy, but which no righteous soul ever for an instant fails to receive as the immediate reward of his good qualities. That gracious reward is life with its uncounted possibilities, to be your deepest joy at the present time and your eternal field for high surprise. The ancient Greeks gave a crown of wild olive to the victors in their athletic or poetic contests, and the modern world gives crowns of wealth and conspicuous leadership to those who win in its competitions. But there is a lovelier crown than these. The many souls that seem to lose in their competitions with others are in reality gaining much of permanent value while they strive with noble aims. To all who work thus, whether they seem to win or not, there is given life as a crown. Be faithful unto death; and you receive that crown,—simply life. It is not that you are given a triumphal entry into some heavenly city, whose golden streets are lined with crowds of cheering angels, who praise you as you march in behind a herald who proclaims your valiant deed. There has been too much of this worldliness in human expectations of heaven. You simply enter into life with a freedom of spirit and a purity of feeling which reveal to you anew and more clearly than you ever saw it before that the purest joy, the greatest victory of life, is just the living of it. The hero makes his greatest sacrifice at the place of perilous duty, loses all his joys and treasures because honor

bids him die, only to awake and find that life is still his, but brighter, dearer, than ever, because now ennobled by his faithful heroism. Once a mere existence full of mingled joy and sorrow, life has now been by his own act transformed into a crown, a reward sufficient for all goodness. It may well be that heaven is simply the discovery by an immortal soul of the divine joy it is to be alive. If so, then, surely, life can be transformed into a crown, a measureless joy, at any moment by any sterling act of worthiness in the midst of the trials that make goodness difficult. To be faithful unto death is required but once of any man; but to be faithful up to the full requirement of every situation is demanded of us all at every moment, so that we can at any instant discover the real sublimity of this life of ours. As the immensity of space waits for our growing science to penetrate its distant mysteries, so the immensity of life's beauty and delight waits all around us and within us for us to arouse our half-exerted faculties and understand it. Our life is an incessant growth when we are doing our best with it; and the most delightful, most satisfying truths about this growth of ours is that the blossom of it, the beautiful result of our endeavors, our tribulations, and our hopes, is not any mere reward of a day, any praise or gift which might dazzle a child, but more life, a crown of life. That is a blossom so rare in its loveliness that to appreciate it is to possess it; and to possess it, to know that life is the soul's highest blessing, is to understand God's dealings with man in most noble faith. I trust God in perceiving that the only direct reward he ever gives, the crown of life, is the sweetest, highest possible outcome of any excellence of conduct.

Many are slow in attaining this grand confidence in life; and I suppose that nearly all of my hearers have sometimes a despondent mood, when they doubt if life is such a desirable thing, after all. But these are not your wisest moods, and very few yield to them permanently. Despair about your own life will keep God at arm's length from you almost as surely as sin will. To feel God's reality deeply and gladly, you must first know yourself; for 'tis in your own life that you must chiefly search for grounds of faith in God. It is a fact, I think, that, although there is a good deal of youthful pessimistic talk, and bitter words are often heard, discontent with life does not sink very deep into any soul. There are very few who actually and completely tire of life. Multitudes chafe against their limitations, and complain of their hardships, and seem to feel that their desired happiness is far away from them; but 'tis the trials, not life itself, which they denounce. Life is clung to passionately and selfishly by the ignorant, trustfully and bravely by those who feel its eternal nature. They who believe most strongly that life is everlasting are learning more and more to find in the present time all the blessed things they feel the future heaven will maintain.

The wiser we grow, therefore, and the better we become, the more surely do we understand the holy joy of being alive, inasmuch as life even now brings to all the faithful the true reward for all their efforts.

Life may seem nothing rare to one who idly, selfishly, squanders its precious hours; but to every diligent man life is a treasure beyond estimation, and such natures find in the opportunities of each new day the ample reward for faithfulness in the day before. The true scholar's reward does not lie in the fame he may or may not receive for his book, nor in the financial returns it secures. His joy is in the doing of the work itself, in the eager search for truth, in the knowledge he is acquiring, in the actual labor of his literary art. The artist Turner cared so little for public praise and for the selling of his famous works that when he died there were in his possession hundreds of his paintings, which by a little worldly wisdom he might have turned into gold. His joy was in the art itself, in the painting of pictures; that is, in life rather than in common rewards. Life was his crown, as is that of every worker who honors his occupation. Activity calls for more and larger activity to be its sweet reward. "When I have achieved something," prays every great soul, "mock me with no crowns of laurel or gold. Grant me a crown of life, something more to achieve, time and courage for mightier deeds."

The divineness of this crown of life is made evident by its universality. Every good deed, every pure thought, broadens into finer life. If any man of an earnest mind understands what earnestness is worth, he has already the one divine reward of earnestness, and need not care to be popularly known as an example of zeal.

See life in this light, my friend, and, so far as you are concerned, the sting is taken away from all your failures and difficulties. The deepening, broadening, enriching, of your nature, is your reward for your faithfulness through your long years of toil, hardship, loss, and grief. The merry child may be the happiest of mortals in a sense, but he has yet to earn the greatest blessings of life. He has only made a beginning in life itself. Not till he has faced the sternest discipline of toil and disappointment will he be capable of knowing what good things life bestows upon them that are faithful. Therefore, I say to every young and untried soul, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer"; for not even God can bestow real life upon you until you have laid foundations for it by loyal struggles under hard conditions." We know that restricted resources call out a man's own mental resources, and that a Robinson Crusoe with only a jack-knife to depend upon accomplishes more with it than another can with a whole kit of tools. We know that the gravest anxieties of business or private life give rise to our firmest courage, our grandest moral strength. We know how the trials and bitter, searching things of life take hold of careless youths and silly girls, and change their mood from vanity to beauty and strength, as the flames that burn out the iron's impurities and give forth the royal steel. In all such moral developments we see the gift of larger life coming to those that have earned it by desert; and, what is of most immediate interest to us, we see it coming without weary delay while yet the fierce struggle goes on.

The most significant thing in the matter is that the crown of life—that is, life in its aspect of moral success and self-reliance—does not come to any one class of men more than to others. It comes in the very midst of anxiety, poverty, and physical weakness; and it blossoms forth also in souls that have easier careers. The only places where it does not appear are the wastes of vice and selfishness. No wicked person can know the depths of life until he changes his course, and begins by moral struggle to develop his soul. To all such it was truly said, "Except ye turn, and become as little children,—that is, pure in heart, sincere, truthful,—ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." But so merciful is our God, so gracious his work upon us, that the instant any soul does turn, does feel a noble aim, and begin to obey its guidance, that instant life takes on a new and lovelier aspect. Our life gains in value and interest as fast as we press on with our moral growth. The miserly think to grasp the good things of life. The selfish and the crafty dream of making the most of life by fraud and injustice. 'Tis a horrible delusion, a living death. Life throbs only in goodness. It grows rich as the soul grows excellent. In no other way than by long-continued, valiant moral endeavor can any soul gain heaven here or hereafter.

Would you know what life is? Probe its very depths, and be able to distinguish good from evil? Then do not tamper with vice or study men's evil deeds. There is nothing of life there. Go right onward in the boundless patience of necessary toil, in the sterling honor of doing everything as well as you can, in the high-spirited faith-

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fulness that honors little duties as much as conspicuous ones, and you shall know life in all its depth and length and breadth and beauty.

The crown of life which settles upon us as we hold ourselves faithfully in the front rank of duty is in the first place intelligence, perception, understanding. It is the power of knowing; and with it come the fine joys of mental growth as the mind grapples with deep problems, and watches the facts which the great laws of God marshal around each observant mind. This gift of thought is a marvellous thing; for it makes man the master over everything he studies, and fills every moment with intense interest. If you can think connectedly, soberly, hopefully, your life is free from nine-tenths of the self-inflicted sorrows that afflict mankind. "Knowledge always grows from more to more," making you better able to cope with the difficulties of your occupation and the mysteries of human thought. Again, life is a crown in bringing to us refined feelings, the power to appreciate noble motives, to read the better traits that lie beneath some men's roughness, and to honor gladly delicate emotions which rude and untrained souls do not comprehend. Life has grown very rich to you, if you are deeply sensitive about giving pain to others and quick to see and answer every appeal to your sympathy. You gain a purity that dares to look all evil in the face, to lend a hand to any one who seeks your assistance in the battle against it, and yet serves to make you shrink from doing evil as from utter dishonor.

Best of all, life brings you the mighty traits of character that fit you to do the work of the world in noble fashion. As life deepens in you, you gain hope that sustains you through all delays and dangers, love that teaches you how to treat your fellow-men in helpful spirit, faith that makes God a reality to you more precious than all other truth. Thus, when human souls are on the upward march, that movement is invariably one of winning dearer treasures of the life with God. Upon all the faithful life bestows—that is to say, God, who made life the thing it is, bestows—the ever-increasing power to think, the deepening refinement of feeling, and the broadening ability to act with righteous efficiency in all the affairs of earth and heaven.

And yet there are careless observers who ask if God does not unjustly neglect to reward virtue!

"I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet

"That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

"That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

"That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

"Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day."

Sermon Gleanings.

THE MASTERY OF LIFE.

BY REV. CHARLES J. STAPLES.

German handicraftsmen in the last century were accustomed to divide their lives into the three periods of the "learning years," the "wandering years," and the "master years." We have here a rough division of the process of the soul's education. Each of us must pass in succession through each of these stages. Each furnishes a necessary element in that which is the goal and crown of human existence,—the mastery of life.

Learning is not the accumulation of facts most of which will be forgotten and a very few remembered in after years. Its valuable product is a certain acquaintance with the experience of humanity in the past. The difference between the educated and the uneducated is a familiarity with what has been already said and done by human-kind. To have this knowledge is to stand on a vantage-ground in dealing with life. It is a noble heritage. It makes a man the larger and the richer spiritually his life long. Learning puts a man into possession

of the large outline of life. Just as the child imitates the great rich words of his mother tongue, and makes them his instruments without fully realizing their power and meaning, so instruction furnishes us only the symbols of what we may be.

The second element in the divine education is contact and personal touch with present realities. This is a valuable result of travel, but it does not need wide travel in order to attain it. God plants a natural impulse in the heart of youth to move out from the smaller and fixed horizon of childhood into the wider. Youth is the period of the wandering years in mind and spirit. It is the time of personal test and trial, when the boy and the girl seek to prove all things. We must have patience with this, and take it as the leading of God. Fain would the parent and teacher keep youth as it leaves the school in the old ways, but it is impossible. They can no longer hide their pupils from the training that comes by experience. Every human soul must come into possession of itself, and this it must do by going out and away from its early shelter. Trust them to God, keeping the welcome of the home and school for their returning feet when buffeted and weary.

The third element, the stage of mastery, comes by exercise of one's own will. We learn and are learning all along, by trying to manage the things of life. Even the child plays with his sticks and straws, shaping them into the forms that suit his purpose. Life is empty unless we have some purpose in it, some desire of mastery over men and things. This is the stature of the full-grown man. We need not interpret this mastery in any narrow sense. By the attempt to realize his vision of what can be done, man shows what power of mastery he has won through instruction and experience. If he cannot, through timidity or nervousness, rise to the rule of some little corner of God's world, he is but half a man. In the effort to create that on this earth which has not been before, he takes his ordained position as a son of God.

Finally, there is a mastery of the earth which is not a ministry of God. The strong arm, unconsecrated to the service of the highest, works only a narrow selfishness. So instruction and experience, untouched by any sense of our accountability to the Father, wreak in the end only wider desolations. In going about the Father's business the human animal becomes a son or daughter of God. The man of Nazareth knew not the learning of the schools. His wandering years were spent in an obscure corner of the earth. But what a master of life he was! This is the calling of God to all souls everywhere. They can and must do his work. They must tame the wilderness, bring light into darkness, order into chaos, and wholesomeness into all foul places of earth.

CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY.

There is but one way to the apprehension of the teachings of Jesus, whether religious or social; and that is the patient study of the Gospels with the aid of all modern and critical and exegetical methods. The only thoroughly safe method is the inductive gathering of teachings from the gospel sources, and their subsequent classification into a system. Here, as in all scientific processes, the aim of the investigator must be the discovery of what is, not the substantiation of some notion as to what ought to be. It is even unsafe, as a first step, to gather only such passages as may serve as the basis of a particular doctrine. The first question is not *what* sociology did Jesus teach, but *whether* he taught anything that may properly be called sociological. Classification must logically, and generally chronologically, succeed discovery and interpretation. Let all the materials for a social teaching first be gathered. Then, whether they be few or many, let them be shaped into a system.

Such a method is not peculiar to the study of the New Testament. It is that by which one may gain the system of any writer who has himself not arranged his thoughts in a logical system. To such a method the words of Jesus are as the words of Plato. The greatest reverence that may be shown them is to treat them as if they needed no exegetical odds, but were both

intelligible and capable of enduring rigid scrutiny.

But in such a method the words of Christ have more than an archaeological or devotional import. No man's teaching has equalled his in the magnitude of its social results, and there are messages in his words yet to be heard. The sociologist who disregards the teachings of Christ is as unscientific as he who in the history of philosophy should neglect Plato and Kant, or in the history of the United States of America should disregard the Constitution. But quotation is not exegesis, and rhetoric is not classification. If Jesus is to figure among sociologists, before he is cited as an authority let him at least be understood; and, if he is to be debarred from the class of social teachers, let it first be remembered that much which is put forth as his is no more from him than the schoolman's gloss was from Aristotle.

The sources from which it is possible to draw the social teachings of Jesus are primarily, though not exclusively, his own words. At first glance, therefore, no problem could seem easier than the process of gaining such teachings. With most theologians of the past, with many of to-day, the *ipsissima verba* of the Master are an end of all discussion; but, even if we disregard the possible changes incident to one or more processes of translation, it is a prime necessity that the interpreter remember that thought is superior to word, and that a sentence wrenched from its context may be quite as misleading as a similarly detached word. The thought of Jesus is sometimes so genuinely Oriental as to elude any process of interpretation that is purely verbal. His style is so concrete and his similes so perfect that there is a constant temptation to forget that a parable, after all, can teach only an analogy, and that the real teaching of its author lies not in its form, but in the analogy. Further than this Jesus seldom combined complementary or mutually modifying thoughts. He was not a systematic lecturer, but a creator of impulses. He sometimes puts forth a proposition so categorically as to make it appear that it exhausts his teachings upon the subject, and yet under some other circumstances its modification is expressed with equal absoluteness. The two superficially appear contradictory. In reality, they are the two hemispheres of the truth. To claim either of them alone as his teaching is to do Jesus injustice. His real teaching can be gained only through their combination. For this reason, so far as a systematized and complete statement is concerned, outside of the magnificent summaries into which Jesus has compressed the essentials of religion and morals, no one can claim to have mastered Christian teaching until he has mastered its entirety. The failure to observe this simple caution lies at the bottom of much of the heresy and sectarianism of the centuries and of no little crude religious teaching to-day.

It is, therefore, above all, necessary to study the words of Jesus, not only as detached maxims, but as the scattered parts of a complete system.

At this point one naturally meets the question, Are the teachings of Jesus commensurate with the teachings of the entire New Testament? In a certain sense it is perhaps true that Christian doctrine is thus commensurate. Waiving in this discussion the question of the inspiration of the apostolic writers, it is yet reasonable to hold that in the teachings that emanated from the companions of Jesus we have that

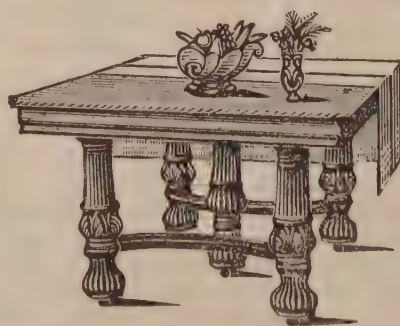
which must be regarded as expressive of the spirit and purpose of Christ. Nevertheless, it would be contrary, not only to the most ordinary processes of historical study, but also to the testimony of Christian consciousness, to make no distinction between the social teachings of the Gospels and those of the Epistles. In the latter we have the application of the former to the needs of the growing Christian societies of the first century. In some cases these applications are clearly adapted only to the peculiar circumstances of those early years. At all events, it is very apparent that in the passage from the social teachings of the four Gospels to those of the other New Testament writings we are passing from a constitution to statutory law, from principle to attempted realization of principle, from philosophy to conduct. For this reason, following the historical method of the recent science of Biblical theology, it is better to confine the search for the data of Christian sociology, as it is defined above, to the gospel narrative and its brief continuation in the opening section of the Acts.

Yet even here the circle whence these data are to come must be slightly restricted. Wholly apart from the question as to the origin and mutual relations of the four Gospels, it is beyond dispute that in their present form the accounts they contain are the work of writers who lived in at least the second generation after the death of Jesus. The component parts of each Gospel may be shown to date from the contemporaries of Jesus, and it is possible that at least three of the accounts were brought into their present literary form by these contemporaries themselves. Yet, however this may be, the Gospels now clearly contain two elements,—the teachings of Jesus and the editorial material added to them by their writers.

This second element is considerable in the Fourth Gospel, but by no means wanting in the Synoptics. It is of various sorts, but may be mostly classified as introductions, transpositions, explanations, reflections, prophetic antitypes, and verbal changes. Many of these are self-evident to the careful reader, and most are easily separated from the teachings of Jesus by simple processes of criticism. Their value is considerable, however, for the understanding of Jesus' own positions, upon which they form a sort of commentary or scholium. In few cases will their separation affect the force of the passage from which they are taken, but it is evident that such a separation might at times be of service in appreciating the teaching of Jesus himself.

One form of editorial work not specified above is, however, of the utmost value as a source of the social teachings of Jesus,—the narrative of his life. In most cases such narrative is demonstrably from eye-witnesses, and in its essential elements is beyond suspicion. From such narrative data may be drawn of equal importance with those contained in the words of Jesus. His example and life, quite as much as his spoken teachings, have universally been accepted as a basis for Christian doctrine; but nowhere are they of more importance than in the sphere of his sociology. No student of the life of Jesus would venture to predicate inconsistency between his outward act and his inward belief. It is impossible to think of him simply as an honest man, practising that which he would forbid his followers. In certain cases, it is true, he did accommodate himself to circumstances and demands that he regarded as

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peculiar and even unjust, but seldom without specific explanation or comment. Speaking generally, the doings of Jesus, when once viewed in the light of their attending circumstances, quite as much as his words, are materials from which to construct a systematized statement of his social teachings.

There is another source of such teaching, which, though negative, is not to be disregarded,—the silence of Jesus on many points upon which the age in which he lived was interested quite as much as is our own. For example, such social evils as slavery, gambling, prostitution, are unsailed in the gospel narrative. So far as many deeper social and political questions are concerned, Jesus was also silent. This fact is not only remarkable. It is significant of a distinct element in what we venture to call his social philosophy. Just what this element was does not concern us here. It is enough to call attention to the fact, and to suggest that a vocalization of this silence, be it with never so eloquent a philosophy or never so ingenious play upon words and texts, is to make exposition presuppose, if not dangerously resemble, imposition.

If one adopts the conventional division of the study of sociology, descriptive, static, and dynamic, it at once becomes evident that little that can be termed descriptive sociology is to be found within the Gospels. Jesus was not a student of society in the technical use of the term. His interest in publicans and sinners was not simply scientific. His work was not that of the investigator, but of the revealer and inspirer. It is impossible to think of him as laboriously gathering material for a treatise upon social phenomena, a measurer of foreheads, and a compiler of statistics. Not only was the age in which he lived innocent of any such scientific processes, but the whole career of Jesus makes it evident that, while no man, not even Socrates, ever possessed a keener perception of human nature alike in its strength and weakness, his main effort was the presentation of ideals and the gift of spiritual powers through which they might be attained. For this reason any systematized presentation of his teachings must content itself with a very incomplete and incidental presentation of his views of humanity as it is, and devote itself almost exclusively to his conceptions of what society may become, and the means and process through which its desired consummation may be reached.

In the present series of papers a pioneering attempt will be made to set forth (1) the Christian ideal of man, society, the family, the state, social life (in the narrower sense), wealth, the church, and (2) the dynamics of progress; that is, the forces, the means, and the process that make these ideals realizable.—*Shailer Mathews, in the American Journal of Sociology.*

A TALE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. Rothschild, being a great admirer of art, readily consented to sit for him as a beggar. The next day at the studio Delacroix placed a tunic round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who, struck by the surpassing excellence of the model, congratulated his master on having at last found exactly what he wanted. Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, he seized an opportunity, when his master's eyes were turned, to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look, and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent, but no means. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the

amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of ten thousand francs which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild offices.—*American Hebrew.*

Literature.

"OUTLINES OF SOCIAL THEOLOGY."*

Dr. Hyde has written a very interesting and amusing book. It is, moreover, extremely significant. It has much of the real orthodox strut, and yet it develops a system of theology which is as different from the traditional Orthodoxy as a hawk from a hand-saw. Here are things said of the Bible, of Jesus, of miracles, which in many orthodox circles will to-day receive a cordial welcome, but which a few years ago would have been scouted as the rankest heresy. When the first gun of the amalgamated societies of Christian Endeavor is fired by Mr. Moody, and he assures the faithful that the Bible is all of a piece, and that, if they accept any part, they must accept every other, the fish story about Jonah included,—for "God could make a fish that would swallow the whole world,"—it is evident that the old Orthodoxy will not abdicate to-morrow nor the next day after that; but that the Orthodoxy of a near future will be much more like the attenuated thing of Dr. Hyde's imagination than like the frozen rock of Calvin's Institutes there are many reasons for believing. In the mean time it is highly important for the working of this business that the appearance of Orthodoxy should be well kept up. Dr. Hyde's artifice for doing this is to disapprove the Unitarians because they have not a sufficiently definite body of religious truth. Yet there is hardly an item of his own doctrine which, stripped of its verbiage, and stated in language deliberately resolved to be not elusive, but expressive, the Unitarians would not accept; and it does not seem impossible that Unitarians may yet find themselves visited with the severe displeasure of a new Orthodoxy for no greater fault, if fault it be, than that of declining to state in an inarticulate and bewildering jargon truths which it has expressed for half a century in the most simple and straightforward speech at its command.

Dr. Hyde's exposition is strongly tinged with Hegelian metaphysic; and that, no doubt, is one reason why he so revels in putting new wine into old bottles. Hegel was the first-born of many brethren who have rejoiced with a peculiar joy in this kind of transubstantiation. Dr. Hyde's book is in three parts; and the first part, "Theological," is in three chapters, one of which develops a doctrine of the Father, a second a doctrine of the Son, and the third a doctrine of the Holy Spirit. There is first-rate thinking in these chapters. Each doctrine is a good doctrine in its turn; but, ghosts of Athanasius and Augustine and Calvin and Edwards, what would your living counterparts have said of these surprising transformations?

Incidentally, the second chapter contains a valid criticism upon Kidd's doctrine of ultra-rational religion. "If the appetites are the man and intelligence is his adjunct and instrument, then, indeed, the antagonism between such an individual and society is, as Mr. Kidd tells us, hopeless and irreconcilable; and the only hope of getting social conduct out of him is some 'ultra-rational sanction,' which shall startle him into a wholesome fear of penalties or shock him into a prudent concern for his fate in the hereafter." But, continues Dr. Hyde, "such an abstract individual, such an animal in human form, nowhere exists. It is a fiction of the imagination to which no real being corresponds. *Unus homo, nullus homo.* One man alone is no man at all. . . . Reason is not, as Mr. Kidd represents it, the most profoundly individualistic, anti-social, anti-evolutionary, and disintegrating of all human qualities. Reason is the common bond that binds humanity together." The whole passage is admirable and effective, and we should like to quote it unabridged. It embodies the Hegelian criticism of Kidd's preposterous "ultra-rational religion," than which criticism nothing better has appeared or can; and it is quite enough.

*OUTLINES OF SOCIAL THEOLOGY. By William De Witt Hyde, D.D., President of Bowdoin College. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The chapter containing this criticism develops Dr. Hyde's doctrine of the second person of the Trinity: "Sonship consists in the perception of the Divine Ideal in every concrete situation and the striving to realize that ideal even in the most unideal conditions." Having developed what he calls "the *a priori* conception of what the Son of God should be," Dr. Hyde proceeds to assure us that "this *a priori* conception and the gospel account of Jesus of Nazareth exactly coincide." But in sorry truth his "*a priori* conception" is not a *priori*. It is shaped on the New Testament account of Jesus to just the extent that it is found to agree with that conception. Like Omar Khayyám, he "comes out at the same door wherein he went." All that he writes in this connection is loose, uncritical, and so shamefully lacking in intellectual seriousness as to be thoroughly immoral. For example, "Jesus was tested at all the vital points. The lust of the flesh, the fascination of power, the pride of life, all presented themselves to his youthful ambition." This is a free paraphrase of the story of the temptation; but, even if that story were known to be a clear reflection of the spiritual experience of Jesus, what would such an experience of imaginary temptation amount to in comparison with the storm and stress to which hundreds and thousands of men and women are subjected every day?

The looseness of Dr. Hyde's thinking is so pervasive that particular examples fail to show how gross it is; but one other may be given: "By virtue of his perfect obedience Christ is God in humanity." He then goes on to speak of Unitarians as rejecting "the divinity of Christ," as if they, *as such*, rejected *such* divinity as is implied in his "perfect obedience." But Channing and all the Unitarians of his generation, and of the next for the most part, believed in such divinity, which is no divinity in the traditional sense, as much as their orthodox contemporaries. Many Unitarians of the present time believe in such divinity (*i. e.*, perfect obedience); and all might do so, and at the same time believe that Jesus was as entirely human as Shakspeare or Luther or the next man that they might meet.

This is the way in which Dr. Hyde condones his heretical offences, which are many, and makes himself solid with an Orthodoxy which, so long as the old distinctions can be kept up, cares very little whether they denote any difference: "Unitarianism has been of immense service as a critic of the extravagances and excrescences of orthodox tradition. In performing this service, it has, in great measure, made the fatal mistake of accepting the deistic conception of God. Unitarianism has helped to save others. Itself it cannot save. Between acceptance of the incarnation and agnosticism there are several way stations where the practical worker may tarry and the devout spirit may rest."

But what is there in such an "incarnation" as that of Dr. Hyde's conception that might not easily be accepted by any Unitarian without a moment's coquetry with any Orthodoxy, new or old? What is there in such an "incarnation" which affords a particle of justification for the isolated and unique position which he assigns to Jesus? Such isolation is irrational and immoral. And, as for "way stations between the incarnation and agnosticism," Dr. Hyde's position is much farther from the former, much nearer to the latter, than that of the Unitarian who believes in the incarnation of God in humanity. As compared with this, a doctrine that confines his incarnation to the personality of Jesus is pitiful in the narrowness of its implication.

Dr. Hyde's doctrine of the Holy Spirit is as remote from the traditional Orthodoxy as his doctrine of the Father and the Son. "The spirit of social service is the Holy Spirit." Good; but, so interpreted, what Unitarian is there who does not believe in the Holy Spirit? Has not "the spirit of social service" been pre-eminently the Unitarian spirit? But, when Dr. Hyde attempts to show us how "the spirit proceeds from the Son," he again becomes ingenious and indirect, and confines to Jesus an operation in which all good men and women have taken great and honorable parts.

It is impossible for us to follow Dr. Hyde through his Part II. and Part III., the first anthropological, the second sociological. They are better than Part I., but

they play fast and loose with damaged phraseology in a manner only a little less reckless than that which we have already seen. At the same time they abound in sentences and passages, in criticisms and comments, that are admirable in their justice and their penetration and their sympathy with the highest thought and the most noble living. Dr. Hyde's meaning and purpose are far in advance of his expression from the first page to the last. Because of his ingenious mixing up of traditional phraseology and rational thinking, he has written one more book for the encouragement of theological dishonesty; and of such there was little need. His fundamental doctrine is so excellent that we are bound to hope that it will not be strangled in the traditional rags and tatters with which he has assiduously tricked it out and wrapped it round, but we are obliged to fear a different result. J. W. C.

SHORT STUDIES IN PARTY POLITICS. By Noah Brooks. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—If the brevity of Mr. Brooks's "Studies" helps to carry them far and wide where something more elaborate would not have gone, it is decidedly a recommendation; for, although the book is superficial, and brings to the progress of events little of moral purpose or discrimination, even such knowledge as it affords of party politics is better than the blank ignorance of the majority of those who vote one way or the other. The pages on the relations of the Liberal Party to the Whigs and Democrats do not show any lively apprehension of the part which the political independent has to play. It is not only possible, but probable, that the Birneyites, in "throwing away their votes," as Mr. Brooks puts it several times, were not "building better than they knew." They were not fools. That their action would tend to Polk's election they perfectly well knew. The election of Polk seemed to them a lesser evil than the success of the Whigs with an equivocal candidate. On page 124 the life of John Quincy Adams is lengthened out into the canvass of 1848; and his vote for Winthrop as Speaker of the House meeting in December, 1847, when Palfrey "voted agin' him," suggests that he was not "in full accord with the men who led the Free Soil movement." It is agreeable to find that Mr. Brooks has not joined the apologists for Webster's Seventh of March Speech. On the other hand there is no indication of the fact that "political abolitionism" ceased from being abolitionist when it became political. Henceforth it did not oppose slavery, but only the extension of slavery, the Republican platforms of 1856 and 1860 neither demanding the repeal of the fugitive slave law nor the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Evidently, it was no easy matter to bring the party that had made these base concessions up to the point of using the war power of the government for the destruction of slavery in the States.

THE HELPFUL SCIENCE. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. New York: Harper & Brothers.—By "the helpful science" Mr. Mivart means the science of knowledge, called epistemology by those who prefer long words to short ones, or, perhaps, words that exactly express their meaning to those that express it less exactly. His book is very pleasantly written, and contains a good deal of matter that must be agreeable from every point of view. There is nothing in it to differentiate the author as a Roman Catholic from the Protestant or

There are
soaps and soaps
but only one

Sunlight
Soap

which is the soap of
soaps and washes clothes
with less labor and greater
comfort.

Makes homes brighter
Makes hearts lighter

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other Christian believer or religious believer of any sort as such. What he is butting against is a system of philosophy which he calls "sensism," the founder of which, as he reckons, was Hume, whose followers have been Sir William Hamilton, John Stuart Mill, Alexander, Lewes, Spencer, and Huxley. Many will sympathize with the inspiring motive of the book. It is one of many signs in current philosophy that to rest in scepticism is a difficult, if not impossible, thing. We crave assurance that we are in touch with reality, that we are not walking in a vain show, that our ideas and beliefs are correspondent with an actual world. Some of Mr. Mivart's criticisms of those to whom he opposes himself are certainly striking and apparently effective. Whether they would still appear so if one of them should make reply is food for thought. There is a note of courage in the book which is refreshing and inspiring. Here is no attempt, as with Balfour and Kidd, to justify the irrational assumptions of religion by proving that the assumptions of science are equally irrational. Neither Balfour nor Kidd is named; but both are indicated, and especially the former, where it is written: "The indignation of any one who values our highest mental powers may well be excited by sophists, who make use of exceptional mental gifts for the purpose of disparaging and virtually denying the existence of that wonderful and admirable human intellect which they insult and blaspheme."

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN OPIUM-EATER. From Bondage to Freedom. Boston: James H. Earle.—We have in this book a very different one from the celebrated "Confessions" of De Quincey. No time is spent in picturing the delights and raptures that attend the use of opium. It is the opinion of the writer that De Quincey's book has been the occasion of ruin to hundreds where it has deterred one from the opium habit. There is nothing of De Quincey's literary charm. The book is written without any felicity of expression; but then, too, there is nothing here to attract any one to De Quincey's course of life. There is much more confessed than opium-eating,—drink, gambling, and debauchery; and that one so immersed in evil habits should have extricated himself or have been extricated is something marvelous. It is so represented quite literally in Mr. Cole's narration. The love of a good woman was the instrument of his salvation. The story at this point is less explicit than we could wish, and is invested with more of mystery than is agreeable to the best moral uses of the situation; and yet perhaps the only mystery is that of the claim made on an errant will by the goodness and beauty of angelic womanhood. There was a terrible fight, not with the inclination to return to the habit, but with the apparent necessity for doing so if mind or body was to be saved from utter wreck. Touching religious matters there are vague hints of rupture with a conventional orthodoxy and piety, but they are not sufficiently developed for us to understand at all clearly what is in the writer's mind. It is a matter for regret that the circumstances of the writer's reform were so peculiar as to diminish their serviceableness for others who are in his doleful plight.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.—There are many stories that make one feel a great pity for the sinner, even while condemning the sin; but in nearly all of these the sin proceeds from some natural impulse or from some sudden self-surrender, which in itself was far from being evil, becoming so only in its relations and consequences. Mrs. Ward, on the contrary, forces us to look at life with different eyes, and stirs our hearts by the recital of a commonplace theft committed by a commonplace person, until we are ready to believe that no person is really "commonplace," and that back of every sin there is a nature made to prefer light rather than darkness. We watch a tragedy of fate, as we see poor, thoughtless, pleasure-loving Bessie Costrell changed into the repentant, frightened, despairing woman. The book is sad, of course, but sad "with a difference"; and it has nothing in common with the books that make life seem less worth the living since such things can be true. Rather does it teach a sympathy with helpless things that suffer in the same way that life teaches it, just by putting the story itself before our eyes and letting it say to us what it will.

WATER TRAMPS; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "SEA BIRD." By George Herbert Bartlett. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This pleasant story describes the adventures of four students, whose temporary lack of funds forced them to combine business with their summer yachting trip. Several times they were narrowly saved from bankruptcy by fortunate catches of bluefish, each of which meant comparative affluence for a time; but, when bluefish were wanting, they were willing to dig clams or even to sell huckleberries, if absolutely necessary. The chief complications arose from their frequent meetings with

friends, from whom they wished to conceal the state of things; and some of these complications are quite amusing. The summer proved an eminently successful one, not only for the fun it afforded, but financially and matrimonially as well. The writer's enthusiasm for the sea is evident.

ON THE POINT. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.—This summer idyl mingles pleasant description, housekeeping, and domestic worries, love-making, and summer amusements in approved proportions, seasoning it all with informal, rather bright conversations, and a fair amount of comment on men and things in general. Mr. Dole's style often needs condensation, or so it seems sometimes; but perhaps the hammock reader would be unwilling to spare these expositions of odd theories and personal experiences which are characteristic of the writer. The book is attractively printed and illustrated.

The Magazines.

The *American Kitchen Magazine*, formerly the *New England Kitchen Magazine*, continues its mission of telling people what to eat and how to prepare it, besides devoting a space to an interesting article by Frederic W. Taylor, M.D., on "Hygiene in our Public Schools." Albert Leffingwell, M.D., writing on "Physiology in our Public Schools," emphasizes again the needlessness and the great danger of allowing vivisection in the instruction of children. The articles of this magazine are short and practical.

The August number of the *Magazine of Poetry and Literary Review* opens with a handful of poems by Edward Dowden, tender, lyrical, and pure. Then follow selections from Frances Ridley Havergal, James E. Nesmith, Christopher Pearse Cranch, Helen Gray Cone, and others less known, several of them accompanied by a portrait of the poet represented. The leading literary articles are "Old Forms in Modern Hands," "Poetry, Prose, and Editors," and "Shelley as a Lyric Poet," none of which are important.

Donahoe's Magazine for September opens with an article by Bernard Morgan, entitled "The Pope at Home." It describes the ordinary occupations of this "tireless old man of eighty-five," and there are several illustrations of his rooms in the Vatican. Mgr. Charles de Harlez, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Louvain, compares Buddhism and Christianity, Maibelle Justice writes of "The Passion Play in America," as performed by Indians on the Pacific Coast; and Mary Elizabeth Blake continues "Leaders of Men," begun in the last number. The fiction is contributed by Frank H. Swett and Ross B. Franklin, and there are other less important articles and eight poems of varying degrees of merit.

One of the leading magazine articles for this month is "John Smith in Virginia," by John Fiske, which appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Fiske stands stoutly by the more romantic versions of Smith's various adventures; and his readers are glad to have such undoubted authority, supported by such reasonable proofs, for the credence they gladly yield. The serial by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps draws near a close. A sad ending seems indicated; but love is the best thing in the world, and her hero will not die unloved. Agnes Repplier writes in her lively style of "Guides: A Protest," which will awaken many recollections of masterful couriers and omniscient interpreters. "The Mystery of Witchface Mountain" is a new serial, begun by Charles Egbert Craddock; while that of Gilbert Parker is continued. Bradford Torrey writes delightfully of "Chickamauga"; and there are other articles by William Cranston Lawton and James Schouler, and poems by Bliss Carman and Michael Field.

The Napoleon articles in the *Century* are supplemented this month by one describing "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire," profusely illustrated and written by an inmate of the palace through the nine most prosperous years of the empire. Alice C. Fletcher contributes an article on "Hunting Customs of the Omahas," out of the writer's personal studies of Indian life. H. V. Boynton's description of "The National Park," embracing the Chickamauga and Chattanooga battle-fields, will be read with interest. Bradford Torrey in this month's *Atlantic* calls Gen. Boynton "the man who is at the head of all things pertaining to Chickamauga and its history." These articles are especially timely now that the park is to be dedicated on September 19 to 21. "Recollections of Henry Clay," by Madeleine McDowell, contains interesting anecdotes. There is plenty of fiction in this number. "The Princess Sonia," by Julia Magruder, is finished; and "Casa Braccio" hastens to the same fate in the next issue. Mary Hallock Foote and Sarah Orne Jewett are the writers of short stories,

The four important serials of the *Popular Science Monthly* are "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Andrew D. White, "Professional Institutions," by Herbert Spencer, "Development of American Industries since Columbus," by John G. Morse, and "Studies of Childhood," by Prof. James Sully. Each of these advances in the current number of the magazine. "Natural Rain-makers," by Alexander McAdie, and "The Study of Birds Out-of-doors," by F. M. Chapman, are illustrated for the sake of additional clearness, the latter article being part of a chapter from the author's illustrated handbook of American birds. Harry Banjafield urges the importance of "Fruit as a Food and a Medicine," which ought to lead readers to take full advantage of their present opportunities. Gertrude Crotty Davenport writes of "Variation in the Habits of Animals," instancing cases of variability in feeding and nesting habits and in methods of warfare. "Ancestor Worship among the Fijians," by Basil H. Thomson, is another article of interest, chiefly occupied with facts of observation.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson and collaborator, has written an account for the October number of *Scribner's Magazine* of the daily life of the novelist and his family. Mr. Osbourne was a figure in Mr. Stevenson's household whose importance was known to all well acquainted with the family.

In the September number of the *Writer* a series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors" is begun by William Hayes Ward, the superintending editor of the *Independent*, who tells what the *Independent* wants, and does not want, in the way of manuscripts. This series will be continued in the *Writer* monthly by the editors of other leading American periodicals, and will be of great practical value to all periodical contributors.

The success of the "Livres de Lecture et de Conversation," published a year ago by D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston, in their "Heath's Modern Language Series," has induced them and the author to furnish "Lectures Courantes," a similar but more advanced book. Like the "Livres de Lecture et de Conversation," this book is designed for colleges, seminaries, and high schools, and contains reading, conversation, and composition for second year pupils.

The editors of the *Critic* offer \$25 for the best original poem that shall reach them not later than Sept. 30, 1895, on the subject of bicycling or the bicycle. \$10 will be paid for the second-best poem. Poems of less than four or more than one hundred lines will not be considered. Each manuscript must be typewritten, and must be signed with an assumed name, not previously employed by the writer; and the real name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope marked on the outside with the assumed name only. Competition closes September 30.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

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Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. A Bunch of Violets. Words by Walter Plough. Music by Floyd McKimstry Schoonmaker. If I Must, well I Must. Negro Song and March Chorus. Words and music by Percy Gaunt. Lift thine Eyes. Sacred Song. By Harry G. Leland. Approach of Dawn. Quadrille. T. H. Rollinson. Do you Forget? Song. English words by Mrs. O. L. Fox. Composed by Idalia Scallan. Where the Bee sucks. From "The Tempest." Music by Arthur Sullivan. Love, Stay by and Sing. Words by T. R. Sullivan. Music by Robert Atkinson. Heart so True. Song. Words by George Cooper. Music by Mattie Woodcock. Don't take my Boy away. Words and music by Percy Gaunt. Love is Blind. Written and composed by Felix McGlen-non.

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The Home.

SONNET.

A thousand beauties that have never been
Haunt me with hope and tempt me to pursue;
The gods, methinks, dwell just behind the blue;
The satyrs at my coming fled the green.
The fitting shadows of the grove between
The dryad's eyes were winking, and I knew
The wings of sacred Eros as he flew
And left me to the love of things not seen.
'Tis a sad love, like an eternal prayer,
And knows no keen delight, no faint surcease.
Yet from the seasons hath the earth increase,
And heaven shines as if the gods were there.
Had Dian passed, there could no deeper peace
Embalm the purple stretches of the air.

—George Santayana.

IN THE YEAR 1835.

"Did you ever have a Sunday-school celebration when you were little, and did you take part, grandma?" asked Alfred, snuggling up very close to his grandma Tracy. "Speak a piece, I mean, or say texes?"

"O grandma, you did. I see it in your eyes," cried Edgar, snuggling his hassock close on the other side. "Tell us about it, please."

It was always Alfred who first thought of things and began everything, and Edgar followed. They were so very much alike in looks, had it not been for this difference, their papa would not have been able to tell which one he was speaking to; for they were twins. Both were always on the go; and Papa Tracy called them Wiggle and Waggle, and cook called each one Alfred-edgar with the greatest impartiality, while all the people on Oak Street called each one Twunny. They had hosts of friends, those Twinnies; but cook did not want them in the kitchen, because, she said, they "flustered" her, and made her put in the baking powder wrong, and Mamma Tracy could not have them in the nursery, for baby was cutting four new teeth, and was sick and restless. And this particular Saturday they would have been very lonesome little boys, had it not been for grandma; for they had been vaccinated, and their arms were sore, and the way it snowed and blowed and roared was fearful. Sometimes, when it was pleasant, they forgot that grandma might be lonesome; but, when it stormed, they never forgot her. Dear me, no!

"About the very first thing I do distinctly remember is a Sunday-school celebration," replied grandma, with a smile; and, laying down her knitting, she stroked first one yellow head, then the other, with her delicate hand. "I was very small, not more than five years old."

"Oh!" cried the twins in concert, and smacking their lips. They felt as if they were going to hear wonderful things, for it seemed to them grandma and the world were young together.

"We lived on a farm, and were five miles from the meeting-house," resumed grandma; "but only the severest storms kept us at home. When it was just plain cold, we were well wrapped up, and given hot bricks; and our mother had a Dutch stove, a tiny tin box full of hot coals to put at her feet. The meeting-house stood in the centre of a grassy square, at which four roads met, and you would not think it much to look at; for it was a plain, bare house of red brick, with a squat wooden tower painted white, and which had at each of its corners a sort of peak, the shape of a carpet tack. The pews were high and square, and had doors; and the pulpit was high up, and reached by a winding stairway, and over it hung a wooden canopy, or sounding-board. I could only see the tops of the heads of the people who sat next us, and of course caught no glimpse of the others; and the sermons were always long, and I was often glad to put my feet on mother's foot-stove. Sunday-school came directly after the long morning service, and each scholar learned as many verses as he could. I, being little, learned only one, or two if they were brief; but just after my fifth birthday a prize was offered to all who would commit the Twenty-third Psalm. I was the youngest child who succeeded; and I was given a red Testament with a gilt clasp, and thought a great deal of myself in consequence."

"Did you stand up and say it afore 'em all, grandma?" asked Alfred.

"No. I repeated it to my teacher. That was in March. The celebration came in June, and Grandma Verbeck was so pleased at my getting the Testament she gave me

a new frock for the occasion. She went herself to Utica, and bought it, a rose-red cashmere; and she embroidered it with floss of the same color, so it was extremely pretty. I had to wear with it new red shoes and a ruffled muslin apron. My hat was a gypsy, and had a wreath of tiny roses round it; and, when I was dressed that Wednesday afternoon, I was as proud as a peacock.

"Haying was just over, and the grass had been neatly cut about the meeting-house; and, after we children had all assembled under the sweet-acorn-tree which stood in the south corner of the lot, Silas Beard, blowing on his flute 'On the Road to Boston,' led us in procession two by two round that grassy square. Deacon Trent did not approve of the tune; but Silas said we could march better to it than we could to China or Windham, and father said it was a week-day anyhow, and we were not in the meeting-house, and Dr. Tappan, that was the minister, only smiled. The third time we went round the square Silas stationed himself under the sweet-acorn-tree, and we filed into the meeting-house.

"After singing a hymn the superintendent asked questions: 'Who was the first man? Who was the meekest? and the oldest?' and so on. At first the school replied in concert; but, as the questions became more difficult, an answer came now from one corner, now from another. But we did not twist our heads about to look. We could not have seen if we had, and then we had been taught that gaping about is bad manners. At last the question, 'Who were cast into the fiery furnace?' was asked. Ruth Buel gave the first name, 'Shadrach.' Then Tilly Von Emms, who sat not far from me, cried shrilly, 'Meshach.' She was two years older than I was; and I admired her very much, for her golden hair curled, and my dark mane was straight as wire. I had heard that story no end of times, and knew well enough all the names, and that Abednego was the one lacking; but I had never heard the sound of my voice before the whole school. Full of ambition to shine and of vanity over my pretty dress, I sprang up, determined to cover the Brockholst name with glory; but once on my feet wheels seemed to be going round in my head, and I hesitated. Kind Dr. Tappan, thinking to help me, rose in his pulpit, and, leaning over and smiling at me, said: 'Our dear little Rachel Brockholst is going to tell us the third name. Be very still that you may hear her.' My voice seemed to die in my throat. I would far rather have taken a whipping or one of Dr. Bogart's old-fashioned messes of pink-root, aloes, castor-oil, and senna. But my great-grandfather had fought Indians, and my father had been at Valley Forge, so the brave blood in me rallied enough to breathe rather than to say,

"Indigo. The third one, sir, was Indigo."

"Yes, Abednego," said the kind doctor as quick as a wink. Then, turning to the choir, he waved his hand, and added, 'Please favor us with 'There is a Land of Pure Delight.'"

Alfred and then Edgar smiled doubtfully. They did not like to laugh at grandma, even at her doings when she was a little girl; and they were quite ready to be angry if any one else had dared to do so.

"My cheeks turned as red as fire," resumed grandma. "For of course my mistake sounded loud as a thunder peal to my own ears, and Tilly Von Emms added to my chagrin by crawling up on her seat and looking over at me and snickering. Dreadful manners she had for our day."

"I call that real mean," cried Alfred, slapping his knee, "and bad manners any time."

"So do I," echoed Edgar, with great promptness.

"Well, after the benediction Dr. Tappan came down and sat in our pew, and petted me; and, when they passed the cake,—it was the old-fashioned kinds, pound cake and election cake, full of fruit,—he helped me to big wedges."

"Was there lemonade?" demanded Alfred.

"No. For the grown-up folks there was hot tea made out doors, I think, in a kettle, and for the children jelly water, very pink and cool and delicious to drink, we thought."

"And is that all?" asked Alfred, wistfully.

"We want every single bit," added Edgar.

"Yes. Nothing came after the cake but the home-going. Grandmother comforted me then. She said she was all to blame for filling my head with thoughts about my new frock. A head, she said, is like a box. Once full, it is full. The secret of a noble life is not to fill one's mind with trifles to the crowding out of sweet and gracious things."

"I like you better than ever, grandma," said Alfred, after a long silence. "I love you more if, when you were little, you were sometimes a little—naughty and—'staken.'"

"So do I," said Edgar. "I like you a million anyhow."—Elizabeth Cumings, in the Advance.

KEEPING A SECRET.

Is there any greater joy in children's lives than going out into the country? For weeks the Kimbark children had talked and thought and dreamed of the Lake Cottage where they were to spend their vacation.

When school was fairly over, they only waited to put away their books, and help in the great fun of packing and shutting up the house; and away they started,—bag, baggage, bat, ball, and boat, father, mother, Hannah, and all.

What a joy the whole trip was, and how perfectly enchanting was the cottage by the lake side, and all the delicious country surroundings!

The house stood upon a little bluff, at the foot of which the shore was lined with tall reeds, grasses, and brakes. In rainy weather it was wet and muddy here, but in dry weather it was sandy. Here the little boat was moored; and here the younger children played, taking long journeyings, going the length of the rope, as they were not allowed to go rowing on the lake alone.

One twilight, when the family were all having a delightful row together, mamma was reminded by the reeds along the shore to tell a certain story about them. How once upon a time, long, long ago, a king named Midas did such a very foolish thing that he was punished by the fairies by having his ears grow tall, just like those of an ass.

His barber was the only man who knew the king's dreadful punishment, for a high pointed cap hid the ears from every one else. This barber had promised, honest and true, he would tell nobody; but sometimes the secret seemed too much for him. He felt as though he would surely burst with it. Still, he remained faithful, relieving himself when he felt unusually distressed by going down to the shore, and whispering it to the reeds. But the reeds thought it was too good to keep,—they had made no promises,—so they whispered it to every one who listened; and to this day they tell the tale,—"King Midas has asses' ears!"

This story made Teddy curious to hear the reeds tell their secret; and the next morning he wandered off among the tall grasses, and, creeping along, he cuddled down, and listened.

There was just a faint, gentle breeze, which made a rustling noise, and—yes—there certainly was a whispering sound. Listen,—what did it say? He could hear something like "asses' ears." Yes, he really could hear it plainly now,—"has asses' ears."

Now for the rest of it. That wasn't so

plain. It was so awfully long ago, perhaps these young reeds had forgotten who it was that had asses' ears; but listen,—there it is,—"idas has asses ears." Then clearer,—"King Midas has asses' ears." Just as plain! How funny it was!

Teddy lay and listened and listened to the soothing sound, and then he fell to wondering if he could keep a secret all to himself if he had promised to. He just knew he could: he wouldn't tell even the reeds. Still, he was glad, on the whole, the barber had told, it was such a good story. Then he listened to it again. All at once he heard something else; and with his keen, bright little eyes he saw something moving farther on among the reeds. He looked closer, and listened more intently. What do you suppose he discovered? An old mother duck, who had stolen a nest down on the water's edge. Here she was sitting quietly and patiently on her precious eggs, waiting and watching for the stir of life in them that promised her such great joy.

With her beady black eyes she gave Ted an appealing, frightened look, which seemed to say,—

"Oh, please, little boy, please, for pity's sake, don't disturb me; and please don't tell of me to other boys!"

Ted understood her, for he was a boy who could hear with his feelings as well as with his ears; and he replied, softly:

"All right, old duckie, I won't trouble you. I won't let even a cat-tail hurt you. And I won't tell anybody about you, either. No, nobody but you and I and the reeds will know where your nest is. Here's my chance to keep a secret. We can't exactly shake hands on it, but I have promised you; and I am good for it!"

Mrs. Duck really seemed to understand; for she clucked softly, and smoothed her feathers as Ted crawled out of the reedy bed as quietly as he could.

He hurried home, feeling very big and important with his secret. He wished he could tell Ruth,—just Ruth. She wouldn't do any harm, and she would be so interested. Of course, it was awfully hard not to tell Harold, but then Harold and some of his big hunting friends might interfere; but Ruth,—still, she was a girl, and very curious, and she might go to look, and then Mrs. Duck would know he had not been true. More than all, he would know it himself, and despise himself for giving in.

So he shut his lips tight together every time he thought of it; and the longer he tried, the stronger he grew. Though he did almost let it out to mamma one day when he was telling her how truly he had heard the old barber's secret, and again, when they were out in the boat one day, papa rowed so near the place his heart almost stood still for fear they should disturb the nest.

He visited his feathered friend often, always taking her some little dainty, in the way of crumbs he had slipped into his pocket, "Hop-o-my-thumb" fashion.

So the days passed in safety. Ted was growing in self-control, Mrs. Duck in confidence; and soon great reward came to both.

Of course, you cannot quite feel how supremely happy the feathered mother was as her dear little ducklings came safely out of their shells, all vigorous and hungry, how proud she was as she led them to the water, and they all took a delightful swim together! Dear little feathered mamma,

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she felt as though she had come out into a new world herself; and she was perfectly sure that nowhere in all creation were there twelve such beautiful ducklings as now followed in her train.

You can, however, feel just how delighted Ted was as he saw the family all safely launched. He raced up to the cottage, shouting for Ruth. Together they raced back to the shore; and, jumping into the boat, they pushed it the length of the rope, and found themselves right in the family circle.

What fun it was watching them and feeding them then, and for many days after! The feathered family were given the very best care, protection, and food, and became so tame they would swim right up to eat out of the children's hands. Other ducks came, too; for they learned that these children were to be perfectly trusted. You would surely feel so, too, if you took a look into their happy faces.

Ted was very glad for several reasons that he had been true. Papa said,—

"That's business."

Mamma smiled, saying, "That's one kind of self-control."

It was very gratifying to see Ruth's wide-eyed admiration as she heard how he had learned and kept the secret, and to have Harold exclaim:—

"Good for you! I wish you had told. However, as you didn't, I see I can trust you with other important business."

And old mother duck opened her bill, and said, "Thanks, thanks!"—*Hal Owen, in the Churchman.*

PASS IT ON.

Once when I was a school-boy, going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation,—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he, pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying, a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence; and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me, the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you; and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

"I will, sir, I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand; and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It is all right, sir. I will pass it on."—*Home and School Visitor.*

A BIRD'S NEST.

Perhaps the most unique nest in North America is that of the dusky little rogues who demand our hospitality by building in unused chimneys, the chimney swift. The nest is a delicate and lovely wall pocket, of the daintiest twigs, woven carefully and artistically together, and placed, apparently glued, flat against the chimney, like a bracket. How it holds together long enough to rear swift babies or why it hangs to the sooty surface a moment is a mystery. Curious indeed would be the sight, could we only enjoy it, of the city of the swifts, with its hundreds of residents, as it exists in some of our big chimneys.—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

A BRAVE POOR BOY.

Mr. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating to an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:—

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled, and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track, throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track face downward, in sharp fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket-office," said the child's father, "and, hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said,—

"Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jamie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand, and said, "It's a bargain." And so Edison became a telegrapher.—*Lutheran Standard.*

THE BABY'S NURSE.

"Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed, "oh, yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point, with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could he? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard; and the colonel's little child was playing about, and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great, clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then, and helped me up; and, when I told him about it, said he: 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in charge. I'd have you to know that he's that baby's nurse.'"

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms; and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk as though it had been a cradle! And that great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then!

"He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back. Then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant; and he would hand them up to the mother, nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach and knew how to do it. Oh, an elephant is an uncommon handy nurse when he is trained to the business; and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."—*Pansy.*

SERENADING HIMSELF.

Herr Nötel, merchant and burgomaster, who is passionately fond of singing, is the first tenor and president of the Schnitzel-burg glee club. The club consists of only a single quartet; but, small as is their number, the greater is their enthusiasm for the songs of Germany. Nötel would shortly celebrate his silver wedding. They must give him a serenade: there was no help for it. But what was a quartet without the first tenor? There was no getting a substitute, but for all that they would give Nötel a surprise. On the eve of the festal day the three members of the club, armed with lanterns, met at the appointed time before the house of their respected president; and, after some clearing of throats and twanging of tuning-forks, the music began. A small crowd collected in the street, and the windows in the vicinity were lined with appreciative listeners. The Herr Burgomaster and his family also appeared at the windows of their brightly illuminated sitting-room. The first bars of the well-known song, "Silent Night," left much to be desired; but the three voices bravely held on their way amid the surrounding stillness, and in a few moments Herr Nötel went down into the street and joined in the quartet. No sooner was the song finished than he ran upstairs again, appeared at the open window, and in loud, clear tones thanked the club for their ovation. Seen on a public stage, an old gentleman madly rushing upstairs to thank himself for serenading himself would cause a good deal of laughter.—*Harper's Young People.*

RUSKIN AND HIS SERVANTS.

No doubt some readers may have read the following extract from *Fors Clavigera*, and taken it to be simply poetic sentiment:

"I have got two Davids and a Kate that I wouldn't change for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me. This very morning I must stop writing presently to find the stoutest of the Davids some business, or he will be miserable all day."

The professor and I were dining together, the windows of the dining-room looking up to the wood at the left gable of the house. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and how delicious it was.

The professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb; and, ringing for one of the servants, he said, "Please tell Jackson I want him." This was the gardener,—one of the "Davids," I suppose. When he came into the room, his master said, "Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious."

Jackson, with a true gardener's pride, thanked us both for our appreciation of his early rhubarb, and left the room.

When we had finished dining, a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark even before the sun had gone down. After placing the candles, she was leaving the room, when she said, "Please,

sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over the 'Old Man.'"

The professor rose from his chair at once, and said, "Thank you, Kate, for telling us; but, before disturbing my friend, I will go and see if it is worth looking at."

He left the room, and soon returned.

"Yes," he said, "it is worth seeing"; and he led the way upstairs to his own bedroom.

It was certainly a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston "Old Man" mountain, and at its foot, in deep shade, "the Hall," on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, according to tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in "our Arcadia of western meres," and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush.

We sat, I remember, in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. He was thinking, perhaps, of the many more charming sunset skies he had seen in various parts of the world. But I was thinking more of the charming relationship and sympathy manifested between master and servant, and how strange it would seem to most of us that even such a trifling matter as a gardener's first rhubarb is not to be left as a matter of course, nor such a common occurrence as a beautiful sunset to be left to pass away unnoticed in this exceptional household.—*Selected.*

JACK'S LAME FOOT.

A well-known gentleman kindly sends us an account of Jack, a chestnut horse with a white star in his forehead, white right hind foot, a beautiful head and bright eyes, who one day, when about nine years old, became lame, and was turned from his stall into the barnyard. Shortly afterwards Jack contrived to get out of the barnyard, and without halter or bridle went to the neighboring city of L., which was about three miles distant, and found the blacksmith's shop where he had been shod. The blacksmith, not knowing the horse, drove him out of the shop four times, and then, as he again returned, examined his right fore foot and pulled off the shoe, and found that a nail had been driven into the quick of the foot, which produced the lameness of the horse.

To get to the blacksmith's shop, Jack had pulled the pin out of the barnyard gate, and passed through the main street of the city, which was full of teams, and made two turns in the street to get to the right place. *Our Dumb Animals.*

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IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

A FAITHFUL POLIOEMAN.

A few days ago the people of Dorchester, Mass., were much pained to learn that the soul of the police captain of the great Twenty-fourth Ward had taken its way down "the river that flows forever to the unknown sea."

Born in Ireland, Michael Merrick came to this country when a mere child of eight years, and fought his way through life to a position of great honor in the police department of the city. First a patrolman, then a sergeant, then lieutenant, he was finally appointed captain, which office he filled at the time of his death.

Probably few realize the responsibility resting on the shoulders of him who occupies the position of captain in the 11th Division. Certainly, none realized it more fully than he. Doubtless many of Dorchester's citizens have passed him on the street on the way to his duty without knowing that this man, with slender, erect figure, of a bearing so modest that it suggested the professional man rather than the police officer, was their protector, and watched over them even while they slept. And yet here was one of Boston's most renowned police captains, who, to use Emerson's words in describing the first emperor, "in every moment and emergency knew what to do next," thoroughly familiar with the rules and routine of the department, a strict disciplinarian, respected, honored, and beloved by his superiors, by his subordinates, and by the citizens as well.

In these days of what Hon. George F. Hoar has termed "intemperate utterances of the pulpit and of the press," aimed at the Irish-American citizens of the country, his example will not be lost sight of. His life and work furnish an emphatic answer to the argument so often made that a man cannot be a good Catholic and a good citizen, for he was both. In the future it will be a sufficient defence to the Irish-American Catholic of Boston, at least, to mention his name and remain silent. The members of the numerous "patriotic" orders, when the example of the hero of Winchester and the Valley is cited, say, and with some reason, "We have no fault to find with Sheridan; but he was a man of a century; he was better than the average of his race." But Capt. Merrick was distinctly a man of the people, who struggled on through life to the honorable position to which he gave the best years of his career.

Of his domestic life I forbear to speak: such ground is too sacred to tread; but I may say that he educated his children so that to-day they are a credit to him and to themselves,—one a physician of high standing, while others hold important stations in the public service. But he has left them a priceless heritage; for, when is written the complete history of what the quaint language of the conveyancer terms "that part of Boston formerly known as Dorchester," it will be incomplete without the name of him now of the great and silent majority, the patrolman, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain of police in Boston's greatest ward,—a shining example to every man in the department, gone to answer the last roll-call, with no duty neglected and no trust abused, "faithful unto death."

When the day arrives of which we are beginning to see the early dawn, when the offices of the municipality are filled by men having the conscience, integrity, and self-respect of Michael Merrick, then and not till then may we expect an answer to the prayer graven on the shield of the city, "Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis."

HENRY B. CALLENDER.

Spirit of the Press.

The Outlook, writing on the case of Prof. Ryder of Andover, speaks of the radical inconsistency of creed subscription:—

It might be thought sufficient to say here simply that Dr. Ryder's teachings, whatever they may be, are found to be not inconsistent with a liberal interpretation of the Andover Creed; and so Andover Seminary is not to lose one of its most eminent and valued teachers. But more than this seems to us to be involved in this case; namely, the radical inconsistency of creed subscription with the essential principle of Protestantism. Rome affirms that the Church is infallible. It may, therefore, by tradition add to the Bible, and by ecclesiastical decisions authoritatively declare its meaning and its applications. Protestantism affirms that only the Bible is infallible; that all church additions and church interpretations are human and fallible; and, therefore, all creeds are to be brought to the Bible to be tested. By Protestants and by Puritans, who are Protestants of the Protestants, a seminary is founded and endowed to promote the study of the Bible. An able and conscientious scholar is engaged to study the Greek Testament and to teach its interpretation to the students. If now a discrepancy is discovered between his interpretation of the infallible Bible and the fallible creed, what does the logic of Protestantism require? Evidently, that his teaching be examined in the light of

modern scholarship to see whether it is rational and Scriptural; and, if so, it should stand, and the creed should be changed. What does the logic of creed subscription require? That the creed should be examined; and, if the scholar's interpretation of the Bible does not accord with the creed, the interpretation should be changed. We test the modern scholar's interpretation of the infallible Bible not by the Bible itself, but by the fallible creed. We found a seminary for the avowed purpose of ascertaining what the New Testament teaches, in order that we may from time to time correct the errors in our man-made and fallible creeds; and then we propose to stop any interpretation of the New Testament which discovers that the fallible creed is fallible. This is not finding fault with either the trustees or the visitors of Andover Seminary. They are given a system, and they are under obligation to administer it as well as they can. It is condemning the system itself. No college would forbid an Arnold to discover that certain ancient historic theories are untrustworthy, or an astronomer to discover error in former astronomical theories, or a professor of chemistry to discover a new and before unthought of element in the air. When we are studying the works of God, we assume that we can learn something new about them. It is only when we are studying God himself that we assume that nothing new can be learned, that we know him perfectly already. We need a Luther to bring us back to the doctrine of the Reformation, that all creeds and theologies are to be tested by the Bible, and that no interpretation of the Bible is ever to be tested by a creed or a current theology. We do not live in Rome, but we do as the Romans do. Let us be consistent. Let us either affirm with Rome the final authority of the Church, and test the Bible and all interpretations of it by the creed, or else affirm with Luther the final authority of the Bible, and test all creeds and interpretations of creeds by the Bible.

Here and There.

Sixteen hundred persons and 31,210 cattle were killed last year by wild beasts in Bengal, according to the official returns.

The missionaries in India are indignant that a firm of European silversmiths should undertake an order to make a bull to be worshipped at a Hindu temple. The bull is to be silver, and life size.

The German emperor's imperial train cost \$750,000, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. Each of the sleeping-cars is fitted with a bath.

Two more slabs of stone inscribed with words and music have been found in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi by the French. By using some of the fragments previously discovered, a second hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans.

Some notion of the amount of lumber being cut in the Minnesota forests is had from the fact that one day last week there was a jam of logs in the Upper Mississippi above St. Cloud which was estimated to contain 250,000,000 feet of lumber; and a little further up the river was another jam, which extended for almost twenty miles.

On any special festive occasion a Chinese host sends out three separate invitations to his guests. The first is despatched a couple of days before the banquet, the second on the day itself, to remind the friends that they are expected without fail, and the third about an hour before sitting down to table, by way of showing how anxiously the visitors are expected.

It has been recently suggested by an English naturalist, Pocock, that the observation of a spider's web may have given rise to the art of netting. It appears by a letter to Nature from a learned Japanese, Mina Kata, that a Chinese cyclopedia, published in the fourth century A.D., states that "Taihu made a spider his master, and knitted nets."

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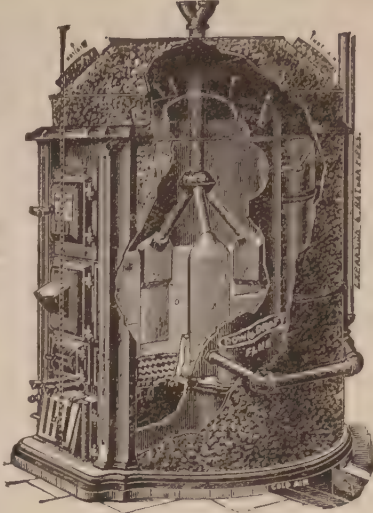
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Cholly: "I told Miss Lenox that I was out of sight." Dick: "What did she say?" Cholly: "That I verified an old adage."—*American.*

Hackett (gloomily): "I tell you, Charlie, this is a hard, hard world." Sackett (interestedly): "So you have bought a bicycle, have you?"

An agent tried to sell a man an encyclopedia. The man said he did not want one, for he would not have the time to ride it. *The Outlook.*

"I saw my papa's last book before he wrote it," said Jimmieboy. "How did that happen?" asked the visitor. "It was a blank book then," said Jimmieboy.—*Presbyterian.*

Sammy: "Here's my new cart. Ain't she a beauty?" Tommy: "You mustn't say she. A cart's it." Sammy: "'Tain't. It's she." Tommy: "I'll leave it to Dick." Dick (inspecting it): "'Tain't either one. It's he. It's a mail cart."

A bright Chicago boy got an autograph album filled with signatures; but, as they lacked neatness and uniformity, he bought a new book, and copied all the names in it, according to copy-book rules. Now he is happy.—*Selected.*

Pompous Author (to veteran editor): "What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?" Veteran Editor (promptly): "I would advise him to sit quietly down, and wait for the times to catch up."—*Boston Home Journal.*

An absent-minded young preacher in New England, wishing to address the young ladies of the congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home.—*Standard.*

A lady of New York,—where the horse-cars are still in fashion,—in speaking of the extent of the trolley system throughout the country, said, "Mr. Trolley must be a very rich man if he is interested in so many street-car lines." The laughter was taken good-naturedly, and the speaker explained that "trolley" to her mind was the same as Westinghouse, Wagner, and Pullman of steam railway fame.—*American.*

Two little folks, poring over Retzsch's outlines of Shakspeare, explain and expound as follows: "That's Romeo: that's Juliet. She says, 'Don't go!' He says, 'I must, I must go to my office!'" "This is a king. He's saying his prayers. [It is a picture of the king at prayer in Hamlet.] He says to the Father in heaven, 'Forgive me if I've vexed you.' He know she's not been very good. 'I don't know who that lady is in her night-gown. [Lady Macbeth.] She is rubbing her hand. She has a bad mosquito bite.'"—*Exchange.*

"Defuelization" is a new word added to the language, told in a story by Senator Palmer about an Illinois farmer who for several years had been selling him wood for \$6 a cord. "This year," says Senator Palmer, "he came to me with a load, and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at \$2 a cord. I still refused, and he wanted to know why I would not take it at \$2. I told him I was using soft coal, for which I paid \$1.37 a ton. "Well," he exclaimed. "I heard you was trying to demonetize silver, but now you're trying to defuelize wood."—*The Tribune.*

TWO VERSIONS.

A young farmer who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself at a Presbyterian conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

"I ain't had any great learnin'," he said frankly; "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin': that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky; an' in the middle of it was two great letters,— 'P. C.'"

"I knew that meant 'Presbyterian Conference,' an' here I am."

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride.

"I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat; "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters *may* have stood for 'Plant Corn?'"

Fortunately, this version was accepted by the applicant.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Editorial.

DESPATCHES from London received through the *Daily News*, by way of Kars, report that fresh outrages have been perpetrated in the Erzenian district in Armenia: "A band of brigands attacked on August 12 a company of Turkish gendarmes, killing a sergeant. The Turkish authorities, without making any inquiry, decided that the assailants were Armenian revolutionaries from Kemakh, who intended to release prominent Armenians, who are still in prison at Kars. A force of one thousand Turkish troops was sent to Kemakh, and five villages were pillaged. Five thousand persons were rendered homeless. Men were tortured, and women and children assaulted. Four monasteries were sacked." This is but another terrible chapter in the long record of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, and the end is not yet. Diplomacy is slow, and the Turkish government is either misleading or evasive. Unless the Armenian question is settled soon, under the Turkish policy of extermination there will be very little left of it to be settled. The pretext of Armenian rebellion will always serve for new slaughter, unless England and the powers are able to stay with a strong hand the Turkish arm.

THE danger has been that the Armenian agitation in this country and in England would stop before something positive had been accomplished by it. Our own govern-

ment certainly could not do less than it has done in this matter: whether it could not have done more is another question. It has communicated to the Turkish government the expression of American public sentiment in regard to these outrages, but the moral force of these protests is much weakened by the utter want of backbone of the American minister at Constantinople. Some months before Mr. Gresham's death Mr. Terrell had lost the confidence of the State department, as he has since lost the confidence of the country. If President Cleveland cannot take the active part in the Armenian question that is taken by the English cabinet, he can strengthen the moral attitude of this country immensely by sending to Constantinople a man who is in some way fitted to represent it. We may send to Turkey reams of protests from the American people; but they will have very little effect on the sultan or his advisers, so long as we have a man at the Turkish court who treats the whole matter with a wink of indifference, or who is more concerned in establishing the Turkish view of the case than our own.

THE chronic grumblers about ministerial vacations overlook the fact that the minister who leaves a city church for a summer outing often preaches to thrice as many people while away as he could preach to if he stayed at home. We do not think it a good plan for ministers to preach much during vacation, when they have gone off for a rest; but, wise or unwise, a good many city ministers do preach, and to audiences of good size. The summer watering-places certainly have their religious needs, and missionary work can be done as effectively there as in the deserted brown-stone wildernesses of the city. The populous districts should, of course, never be abandoned, and the poor should never be deprived of opportunities for worship and for hearing the gospel; but the rich man needs to be saved as well as Lazarus, and it is possible that the gospel writer, when he described him in hell, was thinking of some fashionable summer resort. In Boston the Unitarian churches have joined for a number of years in having a union service on the Back Bay; and this summer a Sunday afternoon service has been maintained on the Common, in which rich and poor, without the necessity of discussing the pew question, could join together in a worship both filial and fraternal.

A WAVE of excitement has swept over a Methodist church in Chicago. It is reported that the pastor received a blessing from the papal ablegate, Mgr. Satolli, in the name of the pope, at a service at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, to which the minister had been invited. The deacons of the church were at once informed of this occurrence, and "lost no time in calling upon the pastor and demanding an explanation." The report adds that it was "a decidedly stormy interview," and that the pastor "did not know which way to turn to escape the cross-fire of scathing questions which were hurled at him from all directions." It is pompously added that "the trustees of the church will institute a thorough investigation." We are unable to understand why this episode should have occasioned so much excitement. The Methodist pastor, out of personal curiosity, went with a lady who had formerly been a Catholic to see this ceremony, and to see one of the great leaders of the Catholic Church. It does not appear in the report whether the blessing he received was one bestowed upon the whole congregation or a special blessing for himself. If he received it as a member of the congregation, the interesting question will arise whether a blessing bestowed on a congregation is to be divided up fractionally among the members, like a communion loaf, or whether every member is capable of appropriating the whole of it.

But, even if the Methodist pastor received a concentrated special blessing in the name of the pope, we do not see why his deacons should roast him on a gridiron. That sort of persecution ought to be left to the A. P. A.

WE do not see how these Chicago trustees can arraign their pastor without assigning more importance to a papal benediction than Methodists are accustomed to do. The Methodist priesthood constitutes one hierarchy, the Roman Catholic priesthood another; and both of them are sufficiently rigid. Theoretically, no official act of a Methodist minister is recognized as authoritative in the Catholic Church, and no official act of a Roman Catholic priest has any authority in a Methodist church. To prosecute a Methodist minister for receiving a papal benediction is an implied recognition of the validity of the blessing. Such an implication will bring down upon the Methodists the hot indignation of the A. P. A., who, if they are determined to uproot ecclesiasticism in the United States, may well take the Methodist Church in hand. We suspect, however, that there are sensible Methodists who will see in this action of the papal ablegate an illustration of Christian courtesy which found its proper response in the courtesy of the Methodist minister. The generous blessing of any good man or woman, whether pope, priest, or layman, is something to be received with respect and gratitude; and we do not know why this Methodist minister should not have reciprocated the courtesy of Mgr. Satolli by blessing him in turn. Blessing is better than cursing, and we are free to confess that we would much rather receive the benediction of the pope than the maledictions of the A. P. A.

ONE of the most significant and interesting indications of the changed position of women in our day is seen in the new relations into which they have entered in the Presbyterian Church in the United States. This Church has been one of the most conservative in doctrine and in practice, and this conservatism has been manifested distinctly in the restraint imposed upon women in religious services. "Let women keep silence in the churches" and "Suffer not a woman to teach" were the awful injunctions which the Presbyterian Church respected as truly as it did the Calvinistic interpretations of Pauline theology. But now the Calvinistic theology is losing its hold, and so is the Pauline conception of the place of women in the Church. In a recent sermon Rev. Dr. D. B. Greigg, pastor of the Twelfth Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, said: "You may see the advance of woman in the Presbyterian Church. What a change has developed there! Within the last twenty-five years women have taken their places as coworkers with men in all religious activity, in public addresses, in preparing and presenting reports, in leading congregations in praise and at the throne of grace. The women of the Presbyterian Church have developed amazing powers of leadership. Drop into an Endeavor service, and, if you are a philosopher, you will reflect upon the strange feature of young women leading devotions, speaking and praying in an old-fashioned Presbyterian congregation. If you are a cynic or inclined to old-fogyism, you will hold up your hands in holy horror, and turn away, muttering that present days are not like the old days, and that the Church is going to ruin. Dismiss your fears. Presbyterians are only going back to the old customs of the primitive church, and he would be a rash man indeed who would venture to prove that this advanced step upon the part of woman is contrary to proper teaching. The woman of to-day is born to an inheritance of power and privilege such as her ancestors never dreamed of."

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will hold its sixteenth session at Washington, D.C., beginning Monday evening, October 21.

If one who is becoming a veteran in the service of the Conference can judge by the indications, the Conference will be one of the largest and strongest ever held. The result at Saratoga not only surprised and pleased those who were present at that eventful meeting, but also inspired confidence in lovers of our cause throughout the country. A new interest has been awakened. Hope, expectation, and enthusiasm have taken the place in many cases of doubt and apprehension. We hear less than ever before from within and without of the cry that the day of Unitarianism has gone by.

The programme which has been made will certainly interest our people. Great subjects will be treated. The difficulty is that the week will be so crowded with rich food for mind and heart that the delegates will be unable to take all the courses. Washington is very accessible for those who come from regions west of the Hudson River; and it is probable that a large Western delegation will take this opportunity to visit the beautiful city, which is the capital of the country, and to make the acquaintance of Unitarians from the East. Eastern Unitarians who have been accustomed to social recognition and numbers sufficient to prevent loneliness know little of the surprise and pleasure of one who has always lived where Unitarians were regarded as peculiar phenomena both in the church and in society, and not too numerous at that, when they see them assembled in a multitude. At once their self-respect is increased. The cause assumes larger proportions. They take courage, seeing that something has been done which may be done again in other parts of the country. Apathy is the one thing to be dreaded. We have no enemy more destructive than indifference. Unless all signs fail, the coming meeting at Washington will be preceded by a period of expectation and hope, and will be followed by an advance all along the line. The Unitarian Association stands ready to do any amount of work when the churches are ready to stand by it. A little active interest, a little knowledge increased on the part of all the men and women of our parishes, more willingness to give, and an increased desire to work, a purpose to have something done by our churches which shall be of national importance, would instantly change the aspect of affairs and make our Church more than ever a conspicuous factor in the advance of civilization and religion in the United States.

This meeting ought to have many attractions for our friends who are scattered throughout the South. Some of the most intelligent men and women, representing the best sentiment of that part of the country, —the new South,—which is so rapidly becoming a powerful factor in the national life, would find themselves greatly helped and strengthened by meeting at Washington representatives of Unitarianism from all parts of the country.

The churches everywhere should actively co-operate with their ministers in securing a full representation at this meeting. No church can afford to allow its minister to be absent merely because he cannot afford the expense. If the church can afford it, and he cannot, let him go as a delegate, expenses paid. Let no rich church fail of a delegation because wealthy people do not volunteer to go. There are always men and women of the finest intelligence and spiritual quality who are available for such service, although it does not always happen they have full purses. It should be honorable to them and to their church if they were appointed and their expenses paid whenever it is necessary to secure a representation. The minister or lay delegate

who attended the Saratoga Conference and did not return more like "bottled sunshine" than he went must have failed to catch the spirit of that eventful meeting.

The Unitarian Church in America during the last thirty years has come into something like a coherent organization. It has provided for its purpose machinery enough of every kind. When complaint is made that the machinery does not work efficiently, it would be well to remember that, given a decent organization and a reasonable amount of machinery, the entire condition of effective work is not more machinery, but *power*. An animated interest in the best things in American life, a spirit of devotion to the highest interests of the republic poured through the channels of moral and religious activity, are always the result of a National Conference. From the Unitarian Association to the smallest guild or club in the country there is no organization which would not show increased activity if there were a rising tide of spiritual power in all the churches. In the changed conditions of American life we can no longer trust to the social and religious conditions which formerly were so favorable to the production of literature and the growth of strong churches manned by great men. The home life, the compact social organization, and the close, friendly intercourse of the old times have passed away. The men and women who represent the Unitarian thought and life are scattered over the United States. To make themselves felt now, they must draw together, combine their forces, and stimulate one another by the interchange of thought, the cultivation of friendship, and by co-operation in planning great things for the common good.

There has been no time in the history of our Church when, with so little difference of opinion among ourselves and with so little adverse criticism from without, we could define our purpose, state our object, and summon our forces to undertake important work for mutual benefit and the common good. In literature, in the life of our churches, in the spread of truth, in the establishment of new centres of influence, in the proclamation of a simple gospel freed from injurious traditions and adapted to the free movements of life and progress in our time, we have now an open course. If we may trust what appear to be evident signs of the time, the men and women of our churches will show their faith by their works, and make the meeting at Washington, with what comes after, memorable in our history.

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Chairman of the Council.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

In the old-fashioned preacher the man was sometimes lost in the minister. There was a saintliness which did not belong to this world. There was a professional aspect to the minister's message which gave it a certain conventional authority. But we are coming to feel more and more to-day that the message of the minister must be re-enforced by the power and spirit of the man. Unless the man is in the message to-day, professional tone, garb, cant, will not carry it.

There has just passed away at Plymouth a venerable saint of the Unitarian household, Rev. George W. Briggs, D.D., who was a marked example of the inspiration which a man may receive from his message, and of the weight and impulse which the message may receive from the man. Dr. Briggs always preached as if he himself had been enkindled by that which he was uttering; and, as a consequence, he did not fail to kindle his audience. His success was not the result of the studied arts of the orator. It could not be separated from the character of the man. There was no doubt that he was born to be a preacher. His message was clear, but not cold. His heart beat in his brain. There was always a body of thought to his sermons, but they were warmed by sentiment and vitalized by conviction. Dr. Briggs was as far from being a mechanical preacher as one can imagine. There are men who deliver the gospel message as if a phonograph were speaking in a manikin. It needs something more than lung power to sound the gospel trumpet. The genuine power of the preacher remained with Dr. Briggs clear into his old age. His moral and spiritual vigor always impressed one more than his physical infirmity.

A man who threw himself so completely into his message could not himself fail to be a welcome messenger to his people, could not fail to be pastor as well as preacher. So it was that he formed the most endearing and the most lasting attachments with his people. Though he moved from one parish to another after long intervals of service, he always carried with him friendships which could not be broken, and left behind him fragrant memorials of a sacred ministry. His heart was so warm, his sympathy so fluent and tender, his words of consolation so rich and soothing, that his message to the house of sorrow came like a tender benediction. And, then, his spirit was so young and joyous and bright and winning that it diffused sunshine in the social circle.

Dr. Briggs kept step with his own time. Though his life was long, fourscore and five years, it did not merely become a memory of things that had been. He easily adjusted himself to new and advanced thought. He was in sympathy with the young men of his day; and they easily found themselves in sympathy with him.

If it is painful to see one lose an interest in his chosen profession and dropping out of sympathy or relation with it, it is gratifying and reassuring to those who enter it to find a man maintaining for more than fourscore years an interest in the holy offices of the ministry and a joy in fulfilling the functions of the preacher. Only as a man really loves to preach will people love to hear him. Very seldom of late years did Dr. Briggs appear before his people; but, when he did, the fulfilment of his own beautiful life seemed to give the fulfilment to his message. Without seeking to follow widely the path of authorship or activity outside of his profession, he showed how much a man can make of the ministry when he stays within it, and how much, also, the ministry can make of one who is devoted to its service.

MR. AND MRS. PUT-OFF.

This is not a family of Russian extraction, although the name has a Slavic termination. They have branches in every race under the sun. In America we are inclined to question their existence as native born, but we really cannot hide the fact that there are Put-offs in our own stock. They are far from an easy-go-easy sort of people, are just as fidgety as the rest of us, but lack the power of prompt execution. The result is that at home, in doors and out, they are always at sixes and sevens. "Time enough ahead! Time enough ahead!" is Mr. Put-off's favorite maxim; and all the young Put-offs believe, with all their souls, that "haste makes waste." "There is a great deal often accomplished by waiting," says Mrs. Put-off. So the whole of them wait for something to turn up; but corn and wheat will not turn up unless sowed in time, and, while you wait on sowing, the reaping waits on you. The curious thing is that the Put-offs keep on sowing,—about a month too late; and they cut fodder when they should have had fine grain. The wonder is they do not get discouraged, but they manage just to keep soul and body together.

It is utterly useless to expect to make money or a living from neglected trees, vines, and crops. The only sure plan for keeping up with the seasons is to keep a little ahead of the seasons. Then, if spring comes in two weeks sooner than you expected, you are ready to move on with it. There is no room for an old stump or a pile of brush or a stone heap on a decent place. Every unsightly object occupies the room that belongs to something valuable. Keep a memorandum in your pocket; note in it every broken limb, every loose fence board, every stump, and whatever else is to be done, and then you will not forget it. Mr. Put-off says this is all true,—that he really intends to keep suckers off his trees, and to prune away dead limbs; but he doesn't get at it. Over the way Mr. and Mrs. Get-up-and-Get live, and they are always urging their neighbors by example and precept. "Winter," says Mr. G., "is the farmer's friend. It gives him a chance to get ahead of his work." Mr. G. is often out in his orchard in winter, pruning or clearing, when the snow is six inches deep. "One day now," he says, "is as good as a day in spring; and a day's work now takes so much off the pressure and hurry of the spring."

These two families illustrate the difference between success and failure in farm life. Whoever tries to invent better methods, better tools, and to originate better fruits and larger crops, has no complaint to make of agriculture as a failure. Mr. G. picks bushels of grapes off his barns and outbuildings; and he always finds room for a new sort of grape, and time to set it. Mr. Put-off never finds time to set or get a new bush or vine, and then he has no room to plant it in. You would hardly believe this if you saw how much land he has that does not pay him ten dollars an acre. Only when a tree agent comes about, with a lot of lying pictures and tremendous novelties to sell at extortionate prices, Mr. Put-off invests. He does it because he can put off paying until delivery.

You should see Mr. Put-off's plum-trees! They are a mass of black knot, which he intends to cut out and burn; but he puts off the doing of it until the trees are spoiled. At last the law interferes, and compels him to do some pruning. His apple orchard is littered with dead limbs that blew off a year ago. Along the roadside are trees that are broken and spoiled by neglect. He intended to get at these things; but somehow things get behind hand, and always stay there. He never did quite catch up, and he never will.

A dead tree is a thief. A pile of rubbish is where a few hills of food ought to grow. A nest of worms will subtract a dollar or more from your pocket-book. In all the list of enemies, animal and vegetable, that assails us, there is not one single put-off. They are all ready to take advantage of the climate and the seasons.

Mrs. Put-off's house has a hundred plans of work and jobs to be done, "when she gets round to it"; but she never will get around to one-tenth of them, as she has no system for execution. The worst thing is, however, that it will not do to urge her on or in any way hurry her. It "breaks her all up," and she can do nothing at all. The best thing to be done is to let her alone and not criticise. Mr. Put-off is slightly different; for, if you hurry him, he slights his work, and nothing is done as it should be. It is a capital thing that these people married each other, for now they do not care because things are at odds and evens.

No man or woman has a right to indulge in habits that disorder a household, throw out of time the fulfilment of duties, and lead children to consider it an unimportant matter whether they are exact in obedience to obligations or are not. It should be the first law of every home to know the worth of minutes, to be punctual, exact, and sure. This both parents are responsible for. There can be no compensation for disorder, and irregularity. The only seeming compensation is the liberty to put off what ought to be done at once. There are few social laws of a purely economical sort laid down in the Bible; but this very excellent one is there, "Put not off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

Musings.

I HAD no expectation last week of going abroad so soon again. But I find myself once more, by sudden and mysterious transportation, outside the jurisdiction of the United States. The transition has been so rapid that I have to stop and ask myself how I happen to be just where I am. Next to a pen there is no instrument I am fonder of wielding than an axe. It was a matter of regret not to find an axe in the Shay-back camp, as I came home from Europe. Camp without an axe is like home without a mother, and I had a sort of half-orphan feeling when I went into the timber. Not that I ever want to commit tree-murder. There is too much arboricide now; and it ought to be punished by decapitation,—that is, by taking the head off the axe-handle. But, when I find in the woods monarchs of the forest laid low by some destructive wind, or standing dead on the stump, or when the grove needs to be thinned and the wood-box needs to be filled, I am ready to pick up the axe that lies at the foot of the tree. So, as I walked by a Boston hardware store last week, I suddenly wheeled about, entered, and asked for an axe. I had been reading lately a Greek version of the familiar fable of the poor man who lost

his axe in a river. A lovely angel came to help him, and, diving into the stream, brought up first a gold and then a silver axe to test the man's honesty. He disclaimed the ownership of both, and acknowledged only the axe he had dropped into the stream; and the good angel rewarded him by giving him all three. When, therefore, the storekeeper brought me an axe with a golden head, I thought of the fable, and wondered if he would bring a silver one if I declined this, and end by bringing me a steel one, throwing the others into the bargain to reward the honesty of my bearing. On the contrary, he told me it was the only axe he had left, and offered to sell it just as cheap as if he had fifty others. Would it be honest, I asked myself, to take a golden-headed axe at this price? However, as I like to do business on a gold basis, I gave the man four pieces of silver, the equivalent of one dollar, and left.

No SOONER had I come into possession of this instrument than I longed to put it to use. I carried it through Washington Street, and down Franklin, hoping to discover some dead tree left by the old settlers. It would have been a labor of love to cut down a dozen telegraph-poles. They constitute a dangerous disfigurement to the city; and, if one could bring down at the same time the telegraph and the telephone rate, it would be a double benefaction. But was this axe legally sufficient to attack these corporations? and, if it be true that corporations have no souls, could a man be arrested for murder if he killed one? To have gone within half a mile of the Common with an axe would have exposed me to the suspicion of tree-slaughtering. I made a detour around the Post-office, and then started to find a North End lodging-house, wisely determining to do my cutting and slashing only when and where it would be perfectly safe. I found a lodging-house on Causeway Street. It was kept by a man named Pullman, who employed a colored man as chambermaid. As I had no prejudice in regard to color, I engaged a bed. The place was clean and well kept, but an excess of oil lamps made it fearfully hot. It was indeed one of the hottest days of the season,—last Wednesday, September 11. I went to bed early, and, to satisfy the keeper that I was commercially sound, paid for my lodging in advance. I noticed before I turned in that I was to sleep in a trundle-bed,—an experience that was common when I was a boy, and which had the charm of early associations. I was not fairly settled in bed before I felt the wheels of my bedstead roll a little. The bed moved several feet. It kept on moving. "Oh, yes," I said: "the colored man is pulling my bed out into the yard where I can get a little more air. Much obliged to you. Only don't pull her into the water"; for I had a vague feeling that the Mystic River flowed somewhere around the north side of the lodging-house. The rumble increased: the bed began to rock. It bumped and swayed: the speed accelerated. I raised the curtain, and looked out of the window. Houses and trees were flying by at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Then the truth dawned over me. Some one had hitched a locomotive to my trundle-bed, and we were plunging into the night. But the discovery created no alarm: locomotives I have found to be among the most docile and friendly creatures, and their impulses controlled by intelligence and judgment. I took two or three short naps,—about ten or twenty miles each,—and then settled down to a long, two-hundred mile sleep, punctuated only by those attempts at self-recovery which come when the trundle-bed comes to a dead stop, and you are half aroused by the utter noiselessness of your position. You miss the soothing rock and rattle, the snort of the engine, the rumble of the wheels, and are threatened with consciousness. The engine starts again, and you are off. It was not till the lapse of nine hours that the colored masculine chambermaid called me, and said, "Newport!" "What Newport?" "Newport, Vt." I rose, jumped into my clothes, seized my gilded axe, silvered the palm of the colored man, and stepped out on the platform at five in the morning to find "The Lady of the Lake" tethered at the wharf. There was no frog pond here, and this was not Boston Common. Twelve miles away I could see Owl's Head, with a cloudy night-cap. "Yes," I said, "this is the lake; but the lady I want to see is twenty miles away."

I took the boat, and a few hours after entered the Shayback camp by the back door. The front door is the lake. The back door is the charming path through the maples, leading from the Georgeville road. The Shayback camp at Birch Bay is now a nunnery. A few weeks ago there were thirty people here,—a flock of girls and a whole drove of boys. Now the boys have gone; and the men, lawyers, preachers, editors, engineers, architects, bankers, and students, have left, too. Mrs. Shayback, the quartermaster, chief cook, doctor, judge, admiral, and general benediction, has also gone. In fact, twenty-six people have gone; and only four maidens are left. This is why Birch Bay has become a convent. I whistled the camp whistle as I came down to the cabin. The rules of the order did not prevent the nuns from giving the old comer a warm welcome; for, underneath the secular garb, they recognized the hermit of Birch Bay. They were taken by surprise; but, after the hermit had made himself useful by chopping wood and washing dishes, they admitted that it was a good thing to have a man around. The "Hermitage" was all ready for him, and he was ready for the "Hermitage." The gilded axe was soon ringing in the woods, and the oars were dipping in the lake; and I was not sorry that some one had hitched a locomotive to my trundle-bed.

It is not easy to get used to the present silence of Birch Bay. To some people five seems a good-sized family, and in their early years at Birch Bay the Shayback camp sometimes did not number more. But of late years it has grown to twenty-five and thirty. Little barefooted boys and girls with pig-tails down their backs are pretty thick. A camp boy is an invaluable and irrepressible form of motion, and a camp girl an inestimable provocation to mischief and mirth. One end of the camp table we call "Bedlam"; but "Bedlam" now is absolutely silent. Every day at noon in August the bay looks as if a score of young dolphins were splashing and diving; but now the raft is deserted, and the noon spectacle is wanting. The hermit of Birch Bay has taken a lonely dive into the clear waters, but his individual splash creates no great commotion. An ominous silence reigns at Birch Bay, but the loons have come back to supply scream and laughter. They find no fault with this brooding silence: they can easily break it themselves. So yesterday three of them swam defiantly but a few rods from the point, and made the air ring long and loud with their satirical laughter. The north winds came down, too, to greet the hermit. When he left Boston, the thermometer was up in the eighties. Within twenty-four hours after he had reached the lake, it had dropped to forty-two degrees, and on Sunday last at seven in the morning was thirty-six. But it only made the axe ring in the woods and the birch logs crackle on the cabin fire. On Sunday the hermit preached in the cabin to an audience of six, two more hearers coming from across the brook. Mizippi deftly played the camp melodeon; and the nuns kept awake by holding a session of the Birch Bay Dorcas Club, and devotedly stitching and weaving baskets, as Dorcas did, undoubtedly, when she went to hear Peter preach. A display of birch-bark products was held and admired after the service: they are all for the heathen. And then the hermit went out on the raft, and, like Saint Anthony, went down and preached to the fishes in his bathing suit. The sunset came to greet the hermit, too,—a magnificent display of glorified color wrought on a background of cloud. In all my travels this summer I have seen nothing so fine. It was a wonderful issue of free gold; but the free silver man had his turn, too, for at nine o'clock at night there was a brilliant display of the aurora. The whole northern sky shone as with electrified silver. Surely, the heavens did their best to welcome the hermit. The autumnal tints are only just beginning to spread over the trees. In ten days they will be all aflame.

Mrs. SHAYBACK is famous as a cook. But what about the refectory at the nunnery? It was ample, varied, experimental, and conclusive. A whole library of cook-books lay round in the kitchen tent, and were consulted like sacred oracles. The gastronomic reputation of the place was well sustained. There were surprises, too. I did not know that such fine charcoal

apple-sauce could be made by judicious neglect, and I had no idea that such excellent griddle-cakes could be made out of caoutchouc. Two or three of these cakes sewed together would make a good overshoe.

FIVE days of delightful rest at Birch Bay, and then the hermit folded his tent, like the Arabs, and silently stole away, leaving the nuns in possession of the lake and the forest, the sky, the sunset, and the glinting aurora.

Brevities.

Pack your Saratoga trunk in a few weeks, but label it for "Washington."

Most of our city ministers are already in the harness again. Let the deacons see that the wheels are well oiled.

Read the particulars about transportation to the National Conference on our sixth page, and then secure your ticket.

"On to Washington!" Let the capital be taken, and then let the fire kindled at the National Conference spread over the country.

Dr. Hawthorne, a Baptist minister in the South, has come out against women bicyclers. He is probably afraid that the women will ride over him.

"The model layman,—who is he?" asks a writer in the *Central Christian Advocate*. We know, and we suspect that there are few ministers who do not know him.

Rev. M. J. Savage will be welcomed back to his pulpit at Unity Church, Boston, next Sunday; and, undoubtedly, the pews will receive a welcome from the pulpit.

In the quotation from Shakspeare in Miss Channing's article last week on "The Song of Suffering," "Bassanio" should have been "Bezonian," meaning a beggar or needy person.

"Are you a radical or conservative?" a flippant young reporter once asked the late Rev. Dr. George W. Briggs. Dr. Briggs smiled compassionately on the young man who had but two labels for everybody, and said, "Both."

The faithful organist and choir-leader spends a good deal of valuable time in selecting good music. A Boston organist who passed away but recently was unusually wise and conscientious in his selections. The collection is now offered for sale, and the catalogue may be seen at this office.

It is unfortunate that the yacht race between the "Defender" and the "Valkyrie" ended as it did. An international contest which develops a generous rivalry may be followed with useful results in boat-building, seamanship, or any other art; but, when the contest simply develops a narrow patriotism on either side, it may as well be suspended.

Who shall say that Catholics are not marching with the nineteenth century? The Catholic University of Washington has just opened its doors to women. This is a notable step. It has also called Col. Carroll D. Wright to the chair of economics in that institution. Col. Wright has accepted. This does not mean that Col. Wright has become a Roman Catholic or that the Catholic University has become Unitarian. It means that economics can be taught without religious dogma. There are Protestant institutions in this country where no Unitarian would be admitted to the teaching faculty.

The *Boston Herald*, in speaking of the appointment of Col. Wright to teach economics in the Washington Catholic University, says: "Col. Wright is a Unitarian; but it may be believed that, in teaching economics, he will not trouble the Roman Catholic youth with his religious views, and they will be sure to receive a better all-round economic education than could be given by any one else in this country. He has had exceptional opportunities to fit him for such a position, and his appointment will do much to show that Bishop Keane intends to make this institution one of our leading universities."

The *Boston Herald* thus speaks of what it terms the snubbing of Dr. Briggs: "The refusal to allow Dr. Briggs to speak on Christian unity at a meeting of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, soon to be held in Louisville, Ky., because he is a Presbyterian clergyman under censure for too free

teaching concerning the Bible, will be variously interpreted; but it is to be regretted for many reasons. While it is true that Dr. Briggs is under censure, it is also true that he is one of the strongest advocates of Christian unity in the whole country. . . . It is small business to treat a strong man this way."

Pro and Con.

IN AID OF ARMENIA.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

At the request of numerous citizens, we, the undersigned, have allowed the use of our names as a committee to take charge of funds intrusted to our care for the speedy relief of the distressed survivors in the Sassoun district of Armenia.

We shall remit such funds through the proper channels to responsible persons known to us, on the field. Money can be sent to either of the undersigned or to Frank H. Wiggin, 1 Somerset Street, or to Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., 50 State Street; Edward G. Porter, Beaumont Street, Dorchester; Martin Brimmer, 47 Beacon Street, Boston; Mortimer B. Mason, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston; Henry L. Higginson, 44 State Street, Boston; Hagop Bogigian, 22 Beacon Street, Boston.

THE FREE PEW SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I am very much interested in the discussion of the free pew system. It seems to me a mistake, however, to make the question at issue whether pews should be rented or free, and to suppose that by this discussion the whole problem of church finances is covered. Whether pews should be rented or free is primarily a question of ethics. If it is decided that it is not right to rent pews because this system lacks ethical beauty, an argument to the effect that a church cannot pay its bills under a system of free pews does not prove that the pew-renting system is ethically right. If the pew-renting system is ethically wrong and the free pew and subscription plan is a financial failure, we are compelled to seek some new plan that will make the church a financial success and at the same time allow the church to do that which is ethically right in the distribution of its pews.

In my judgment the pew-renting system is unjust and ungentlemanly. Equal rights exist in a church as well as in a State. Distinctions based on ability to supply the church treasury with money disregard the common humanity of each church member and break the ideal of social democracy which should reign in the church. This system is ungentlemanly because it is not an expression of the highest type of kindness. Perfection of love does not allow the church to serve the man of wealth with a good seat and the man of poverty with a poor seat. I most heartily agree with "Layman" that the subscription plan is virtually the same as the pew-renting system. The man who pays five dollars is a charity to the man who pays five hundred. Both men receive from the church the same service, and the large contributor pays for part of the service which the church renders to the small contributor. To receive alms is detrimental to the manliness of the recipient, and to give alms too often produces a feeling of superiority in the giver. Social democracy cannot exist under the subscription system; and the system is wrong, not because it fails to make the church a financial success (which is usually the case), but because it does not put the church in the condition best fitted for the development of the highest ethical character in its members.

The churches need a system that is ethically sound, that allows the members to fulfil the ideals of social democracy, and at the same time makes it possible for them to be a financial success.

I believe that the churches are becoming more and more educational institutions, and that they are to fulfil more and more in their communities the functions of social educators, their fields of instruction being especially ethics and religion. The church members are to become students of ethics and religion. The relationship which the student has to his college is the relationship which the church member should have to his church. The financial system which the colleges have developed is the system

which the churches will find themselves compelled to adopt. Part of the running expenses will be met by the payment of a certain stipulated sum by each member of the church. Some system of scholarships may be developed to supply the needs of those who cannot pay this required tuition to the church. The additional sum above that received from the church tuitions will need to be made up by an income accumulating from an endowment. Of course, each member of the church will be receiving alms from the endowment, and to this extent will be getting more than he pays for; but the gift which comes from an endowment is impersonal and not degrading, especially when the gift is in common and the members all share alike in the gift. Under the endowment and tuition system the members of the church would be left free to fulfil the ideals of social democracy. This system is ethically sound, and I believe also financially sound.

There was good reason for the subscription system under the older type of Church,—that type which is now the orthodox Church,—because that Church was and is a propagandist institution. Each subscription is made for the sake of having the gospel preached to the unsaved. The great motive of this Church is the salvation of men by means of convincing them of certain religious doctrines. The Unitarian Church has taken the scientific position in religion. It is not a propagandist institution, but an educational one. It teaches the two sciences, ethics and religion. The members are church students, and should share alike in the opportunities of the church, and be required to share alike the financial support of the church. The deficiency should be made up by endowment,—a form of subscription that is impersonal and not debasing and not destructive of the ideals of social democracy. It seems to me that the members should have regular seats, because this helps to regular attendance and thoughtfulness. E. M. FAIRCHILD.

THE PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Will you kindly allow me a little space in the *Register* to ask the writer of the article published in this week's issue, entitled "Look beneath the Surface," what "history" he refers to as his authority when he says that "among the Plymouth Pilgrims only church members were allowed to vote in civil affairs or to be chosen town officers?" As a lineal descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, I have tried to keep informed of the events, characteristics, and all that of the early settlers at Plymouth; and I was indeed surprised to meet with the above statement.

So careful, reliable, and conscientious a writer as Mr. J. A. Goodwin, who compiled "The Pilgrim Republic,"* on page 1 of that valuable work says, "They did not restrict voting or office-holding to their church members." On page 160 he says, "The whole male population, in town meeting assembled, attended to all questions of public interest, generally making reference of each case to the governor and council."

These quotations refer to the years 1620-1621. "In 1636," Mr. Goodwin, page 414, says, "None but freemen could vote in the General Court of Election." Page 405, he says, "It was subsequently provided that voters not freemen must have a freehold worth £20." Nothing here is said about church members. On page 415, describing affairs at the "Bay"—Massachusetts—and "at New Haven, 1636," Mr. Goodwin says, "Only church members were entitled to vote." No such restriction was ever adopted in *Plymouth or Connecticut*. But I fear to trespass on your patience with further quotations. Enough has already been shown to indicate to your readers that in this, as well as in other matters,—historical,—it is well to "look beneath the surface." The fact is, the men who composed the company at Plymouth—"Mayflower" people—were Separatists, not "Puritans," like those who settled Boston and Salem; and tradition, not history, has so often confounded them that it has been easy to charge the illiberality of the latter upon the former. Hence the unguarded remark of the writer whom I desire to correct. E. A.

*THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

For the Christian Register.

"DEI GRATIA."

BY MRS. E. C. WHITNEY.

Spirit of Holiness, oh, breathe
Within mine ear that wondrous key
That tunes life's friction to a chord
Of softest, sweetest harmony.

When earthly tumult mars the soul's
Serenity, and sweet peace wanes,
Life's "angry babble" sinks to rest
When Thou dost strike those mystic strains.

Is it the chord once lost, that ear
Of mortals now must seek above?
The key that makes a holy chime
Of earthly turmoil, child, is—Love!

AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

It is a pleasant as well as fortunate event that, while Napoleonism is having its revival in literature, the making of America and the establishment of federalism is having a greater revival. Up to a recent date we had but two great histories,—Bancroft's and Hildreth's. We have had added to these recently Parkman's admirable histories of the North-west, summed up in "A Half-century of Conflict," Fiske's monographs, which are living pictures of the past, Johnston's most useful handbooks, Winsor's "Columbus" and monumental "Narrative History of America,"—a marvellous work in detail,—forty volumes of material by Hubert Bancroft on "The Pacific Coast States and Tribes," a large number of brilliant monographs, like that of Weedon's "Economic Story of New England," and Brown's "Genesis of the United States." But these do not more than open the list. A full library of works on constitutional history could be collected by itself. The best of these are Von Holst's "Constitutional Law of the United States" and Landon's "Lectures on the Constitutional History and Government of the United States." Taylor's unfinished work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution" is a noble testimony to American scholarship. Other monographs of value covering special eras are not lacking. Of these the "American Statesman Series" has probably done the most to popularize American history. Some of the volumes in this series are of the highest rank as history; others are not. But, by all odds, the greatest work of this kind is "The History of the Administrations of Madison and Jefferson," by Henry Adams. Written from a New England standpoint, or, rather, an Adams standpoint, this is nevertheless a perfect thesaurus of authorities,—a most painstaking work; and, while not just to Thomas Jefferson or Madison, and somewhat out of sympathy with both, it is one of the few works in history that an American may point to with pride. Of outline histories we have had two uniquely good,—Johnston's and Sheldon's,—the latter constructed of contemporary documents, a plan sure to be of great value to young pupils. But Dr. Andrews has now added a third, which, with Fiske's making a fourth, will supersede for some purposes their predecessors. Both the latter works are invaluable as handbooks for scholars. It was natural that Centennial Year should teem with works on Columbus; but, of the whole pack, none came near high-water mark except that of Winsor. The volume by Dr. Adams bore marks of manufacture at second hand. Histories of secession have equally failed of highest rank, although some of the memoirs will be useful as historic material. "The History of the Civil War," by the Comte de Paris, was probably the best of the general works. Mr. Bryce, perhaps more than any one else, stimulated us to the present awakening in the study of our own history and institutions. His "American Commonwealth" and Von Holst's "Constitutional Law of the United States," both by foreign-born writers, displace all works by Americans.

After all these, we come upon no less than five more ambitious attempts to write American history,—Schouler's "History of the United States," Payne's "History of the American People," McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," Von Holst's "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850." Of Mr. Payne's work it is hardly possible to judge as yet. Only two volumes are before the public, but are full of promise. Von Holst's volumes

have met with nothing but the highest praise from scholars. Mr. Rhodes is giving us an analysis of recent history that is thoroughly excellent every way.

Mr. Schouler's work is, without question, the most complete picture of the nation from its founding to the Civil War. It is a rapid, straightforward narrative, seldom stopping to quote authorities, but accurate in facts, and possessed of the highest historical genius. The narrative flows on, when well under way, with a marvellous richness and eloquence, midway between the general and the particular, the narrative and the philosophic methods. As an authority, it is going to stand prominent. But what it is to be most valued for is the fact that the author is possessed of a vast synthetic power: a real economic and political philosophy makes the facts he relates bear their true relative position and force. There are instances of special pleading as he reaches periods near his own, and these are to be regretted; but, on the whole, Mr. Schouler has given us a brilliant, vigorous, strong, pithy, stimulating history. He is never tempted to turn aside to lengthy, disproportionate disquisition, but holds his subject and himself marvellously well in hand. He is a condensed, pruned Macaulay.

Of Mr. McMaster one can take only a single view. Gossipy and fuller in detail than Schouler, he gives us on every page what he promised at the outset,—a history of the people. Mr. Schouler has admirable summaries of the popular life and economic changes in separate chapters. But Mr. McMaster had in mind "to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canon of the times, to note the changes of manners and morals, to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons, and in our own time destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes." He equally discourses constantly on progress in the utilization of power, and its applications to machinery. Thousands of minute elementary facts which rarely enter into written history Mr. McMaster rightfully puts in place. He describes far more than Schouler, and therefore is at his best in picturesque episodes. If you wish for the discussions that preceded the settlement of the question of a national capital, or a thoroughly filled picture of the visit of Lafayette, or a complete account of the attack on Washington's character, or a full account of mints and coins, you must turn to McMaster. It is not possible to find anywhere else so perfect a history of the War of 1812. It was a gossipy war, a war of small episodes, a war disgraceful for petty management, for the presence in power of imbeciles, and for disasters of a most aggravating sort. It needs a hand like Mr. McMaster's to do it justice. The six episodes of American efforts at secession are not given too full statistics. Those who desire to study the questions of tariff and free trade and finance will find large material here at hand. But, to fully understand Mr. McMaster, one needs to turn to such subjects as the study of slavery in Indiana. Here he finds the outlines of other historians filled up and comprehensible. For the general reader we have nothing equal to McMaster.

This is but a bare outline of the work recently undertaken in the history of the American people. We are as a nation but one hundred years old; but that hundred includes the history of steam, of railroads, of telegraphs, of electricity, and steam applied to arts and industries,—practically, of the press, of great colleges, and great monopolies. It covers the rise of millionaires and their vast enterprises. It is equivalent to a thousand years of any preceding period. We have already a richer field for research, teeming with greater problems, than the whole history of Rome.

But this is not all: greater history is ahead. Questions even more vital to the life of society than the slavery of Negroes are now crowding upon us. The problem is no longer one of secession, but one of possible degeneration or regeneration. The system of competition on which all our business is based must be tested in comparison with new methods of production and distribution. It is probable that a total readjustment will take place to co-operation in industry and profit-sharing. City life must become suburban, at least. These enormous maelstroms of humanity must be

broken up. The centripetal tendency of population must be reversed for the centrifugal. While socialism will win more in some directions, individualism will win in others. The end of coal is not fifty years ahead. That will necessitate the substitution of other forces for steam. The great steam age will thus have soon done its work. Its roar and bluster will be in the past. But this is not all. Internationalism crowds hard on nationalism. Statesmen must learn to plan less for limited areas and river-bounded territories. The field will be the world. Tariffs will have the moral side to the front. Finance must not be led in eternal circles of blind wandering. This and more makes us recall with pleasure and indorse the opinion of Jefferson that the chief study of a self-governing people should be history. "We," said Lincoln, "are history-makers." We cannot too well understand the errors as well as the achievements of the past. Above all, we need the grand optimism that inspires the students of history that has not been falsified in the writing. When Bunsen wrote the words, "God in History," he spoke the truth we are more and more learning to see.

It is not a procession of monarchs or statesmen that passes by, but the evolution of humanity inspired by the will of Divinity.

A NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The biography of a man of quite exceptional ability, written by his equal or superior, is too infrequent an event not to be notable. We have that conjunction in the biography of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen by his brother, Leslie Stephen, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Fitzjames, as his brother uniformly calls him, was the more striking personality, the man of greater public force and standing, law his main haunt, literature his avocation; while the career of Leslie has, I believe, been exclusively literary. His, if not the stronger, is certainly the juster mind and the greater literary skill. Fitzjames could have given us no such biography of him as he has given us of Fitzjames. Full of the warmth of brotherly affection, it is nevertheless characterized throughout by that critical instinct everywhere apparent in Leslie Stephen's essays, in his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," and in his "Science of Ethics."

In one other respect this is a notable biography. It is written in a manner which in past times has had some great examples, but which latterly has fallen considerably into disuse and disrespect, as if a "Life and Letters" were the only kind of biography worthy of our attention and regard. Their name is legion whose opinion is, The more letters and the less life we have, the better. Their ideal is that of the completest self-effacement possible, the biographer content and satisfied to be the editor of his subject's letters. Leslie Stephen's biography of his brother is removed from this variety as far as possible. No letters are formally introduced, and such as are quoted are quoted briefly and in such a manner as not to mar the sense of literary continuity. In a volume of 504 octavo pages it is the biographer who is speaking to us, giving us, together with a vivid portraiture of his brother's life and character, the best of his own thought concerning a wide range of matters relevant to his special theme. Nor could any better argument be found for this kind of biography as needing no apology than the example of it now in hand. A collection of Fitzjames Stephen's letters must have been wonderfully good that would have made a book so interesting as this, and, withal, so instructive and impressive.

This is a notable biography in respect to a third particular. It is the biography of a family, and not merely of an individual. If Galton had not anticipated the title, "Hereditary Genius," it might appropriately have been the title of the book in hand. The genealogical introduction to the biographies of famous men are apt to be a weariness; but the one we have here is not, though it is prolonged through 65 pages. The father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all men of marked ability. That of the great-grandfather was both physical and intellectual. He had his ups and downs, especially his downs, and, as a

prisoner for debt, wrote earnestly, if not convincingly on the injustice of such imprisonment. Six feet and three inches tall, he anticipated in this respect his great-grandson, Fitzjames, whose general resemblance to him was remarkable. He was the first lawyer in a succession of five generations. His son, the grandfather of Fitzjames, after a youth of much adventure, became a successful lawyer, a Master in Chancery, and a valued coadjutor of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay and their set in the West India emancipation. The father, best known by his "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography" and by his "Lectures on French History," was an under-colonial secretary, with a capacity for business management that was quite marvellous. He was a man so hyper-sensitive that he hated to look in the glass, so modest that he wished to have his birthdays pass unnoticed, and "shy," as Sir Henry Taylor said, "beyond all shyness that you could imagine in any one whose soul had not been pre-existent in a wild duck." He married a daughter of Rev. Henry Venn, one of the most softly shining of the evangelicals; and Fitzjames was their third child, born March 3, 1829.

It is because he is so thoroughly convinced of the truth of Wordsworth's dictum—

"The boy is father of the man"—

that Leslie Stephen has dwelt with careful emphasis on Fitzjames's childhood and youth. Of brilliant promise there was little, of school and college honors and successes few indeed; and, when his professional life began, so tardy were the victorious eagles in perching on his banners that he sometimes questioned whether he had not better devote himself to literature exclusively. From first to last it would be hard to say which engrossed him more, his vocation as a lawyer or his avocation as a writer; nor does it greatly matter, seeing that, as lawyer and writer, he was still the social moralist. He always resented the distinction so often made between law and morality, holding law to be the formal expression of the deepest moral needs of the community; and, as a writer for the *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall*, and other publications, whatever his subject, there was an irresistible gravitation to its moral side.

His industry was enormous. A formidable list is given of his independent books and magazine articles; but the main bulk of his literary contributions were to the weeklies and dailies,—226 articles in one year for the *Pall Mall Gazette*! He had a giant's strength; and, alas! he used it like a giant, with irrational expense and waste. There is something inspiring and rebuking for the most of us in his industry, but at the same time a voice of warning. He wrote all night and walked thirty-five miles the next morning,—many things of this sort. But he broke down at fifty-six, and died at sixty-four. He is best known to the general public by his "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." It was a book which lost him many friends among the Liberals, and made him some among the Conservatives and Tories. To many it seemed hard, even to brutality, in its plea for force as the origin and mainspring of the social order. It was nothing if not unsentimental. As was the book, so was the man. Sentimentalism was his chief abomination. He had no mercy on it anywhere in literature or life. And a sentimental regard for the brutal criminal was of all sentimentalism the most abhorrent in his eyes. As a judge, he reserved his sternest penalties for men who abused women and children, sentencing for life a man who had tried to hack his wife to death, and made a botch of it.

Here was a man who had in him a great fund of real sensibility; but his determination not to wear his heart upon his sleeve led him to rudely force it back, and to defend it with the bosses of a forbidding and impenetrable shield. So hateful to him was all wilful optimism that, in his avoidance of it, he tried to make his statement as repulsive as possible rather than as engaging. The final outcome of his thinking on the religious side was extremely tenuous in its affirmations, if it was not purely negative. It became so, however, only by a most gradual process of differentiation from his original belief, the evangelical doctrine of "the Clapham sect." His love and admiration for his father's and his mother's people and their friends lengthened out a

process which otherwise would much sooner have reached its term. Worse than a wilful optimist, he hated a whining pessimist. He did not often "drop into poetry"; but once he did so in reply to Tennyson's "Despair." His verses were addressed to the dripping malcontent of Tennyson's poem, and among them were the following:

"The know-nothing books may alarm you;
but many a better man
Knows he knows nothing, and says so, and
lives the best life he can.
If there is a future state, face its hopes and
terrors gravely:
The best path to it must be to bear life's
burdens bravely.
And, even if there be none, why should you
not live like a man,
Enjoying whatever you have as much and
as long as you can?
In the world in which we are living there's
plenty to do and to know,
And there's always something to hope for
till it's time for us to go.
'Despair' is the vilest of words, unfit to be
said or thought,
Whether there is a God or a future state or
not."

"'Despair' is the vilest of words."
"That," says the biographer, "expresses
Fitzjames's whole life and character."
And the man himself in these pages is
more helpful than anything he writes. His
life had many disappointments, but he was
superior to them all. He gave enormous
labor to the codifying of the English criminal
law only to see his hope continually deferred
and miserably disappointed at the
last. But his heart was not made sick.
Men who could walk between his legs were
frequently preferred to him for positions of
great public influence. But he went on
counting up his joys and satisfactions, and
found himself one of the happiest of men.
Doubtless he had serious defects of character
or disposition; but he was splendidly
courageous and sincere. Here is his scheme
of life: "We cannot get beyond probabilities.
We have to make a choice, and make it
at our peril. We are on a pass, blinded
by mist and whirling snow. If we stand
still, we shall be frozen to death. If we
take the wrong road, we shall be dashed in
pieces. We do not certainly know whether
there is a right one. What must we do?
'Be strong and of a good courage!' Act for
the best, hope for the best, and take what
comes. Above all, let us dream no dreams
and tell no lies, but go our way, wherever
we may land, with our eyes open and our
heads erect. If death ends all, we cannot
meet it better. If not, let us enter the next
world with no sophistry in our mouths and
no masks on our faces."

It is not the most attractive scheme imaginable. But there is something in it to
pique the courage of a man from whom the
ordinary props and stays have fallen away;
and, at least, it is a scheme to which Sir
James Fitzjames Stephen was always true,
come bright or evil days.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.*

THEIR BEARING ON OUR SOCIAL
PROBLEMS.

BY REV. E. A. COIL.

There are certain great principles laid
down in the teachings of Jesus, the uni-
versal, practical recognition of which would
quickly transform the world. When the
burdens of taxation were heavy and the
class spirit was strong, and all the evils
incident to such a distorted state of society
were rife, there appeared upon the scene
one who declared in no uncertain terms
that all men are the children of God, and
therefore brethren who should dwell to-
gether in love. His declaration was
strengthened by a life consistent with it,
in that it was full of pity for the mis-
guided and laden with encouragement for
the weak. Sometimes I hesitate to men-
tion that fundamental principle of the
teaching of Jesus,—namely, the fatherhood
of God and the brotherhood of man,—be-
cause we talk about it so much, but seem
at times to practise it so little. But, inas-
much as the cause, of which present con-
ditions are but an effect, consists so largely
in the fact that it is either ignored or
looked upon as an optimistic dream which
can never be realized in fact, we must
speak of it, and convince the world of its
practicability and inestimable value. Man
is entirely too likely to form the habit of
thinking of himself as a distinct personal-

ity, whose development and interests are
independent of all the rest of mankind.
There is a tie of kinship binding him to
the lowest and weakest of his fellow-men in
a way that makes his interests one with
theirs. The cry of many in nearly every
age has been, "Save thyself, regardless of
what becomes of the rest of the world."
Just as though "heaven could be heaven,
and look unmoved on hell." That castes
have been developed, sectarianism strength-
ened, race prejudices perpetuated, and
human slavery in various forms allowed to
exist, is not at all strange when we con-
sider the standpoint from which most peo-
ple have been in the habit of looking at
life. To effect a change for the better, the
eyes of men must be opened to the fact that
they have not seen and understood life as
it really is.

A recognition of kinship would mean
that the mere cash relation which now re-
ceives such wide-spread recognition, and to
which everything else is, in so many cases,
subordinated, would take a secondary place.
All the movements looking toward a better-
ment of human affairs, of which I have any
knowledge, have succeeded in so far as they
have recognized this kinship; and in what-
ever degree they ignored it they have failed.
I conclude, therefore, that it is not by this
or that particular method that our problems
are to be satisfactorily solved, but in the
recognition of the doctrine of fatherhood
and brotherhood as taught by him to whom
not only lawyers and doctors, but artisans
and fishermen, gladly gave ear. We can re-
fuse to incorporate this principle into our
lives and act upon it in our daily contact
with each other, if we so choose; but there
is a severe penalty attached to such re-
fusal, and we cannot escape it, no matter
how hard we try. Their training has been
such that, when people read, "Whosoever
will save his life shall lose it, and whoso-
ever will lose his life, for my sake, shall
find it," they are very likely to begin
thinking of things which belong exclusively
to the spiritual realm. But a little obser-
vation will reveal to all of us the fact that
the truth contained in that statement is
operative on our streets, in our factories
and stores, just as well as in the spiritual
world. No matter what phase of our ex-
periences we are considering, Jesus was
right. He who seeks to save his life in
a narrow and exclusive sense will inevita-
bly lose it. In whatever degree we allow
the principles of darkness to abound in the
community in which we live, our own chil-
dren are in danger of falling into the ditch;
and no policy of exclusion that we may
adopt will render them safe. A hope based
upon anything less than that doctrine of
brotherhood which implies an earnest effort
to save the world from sin is sure to fail.

Let us look for a moment into the fac-
tories and workshops and stores where so
many daily ply their trade. There the cash
relation is predominant. On the one hand
are many who seek simply the largest and
best service for the smallest possible pay.
On the other, there is an army of men who
contend for the largest pay for the least
possible service. I have listened to dis-
cussions between employers and employees;
and almost universally they resolve them-
selves, in one form or another, into discus-
sions of so many pieces, so many dollars
and cents, and so many hours. Each looks
upon the other as his enemy, and from that
standpoint considers the work to be done
and the remuneration therefor. And what
is the result? The conditions that prevail
throughout the industrial world of to-day
are the answer to that question. Blind self-
ishness on one hand, no matter whether it
appears first among employers or employees,
is sure to beget a like spirit on the other;
and, until men learn that their interests are
one, and deal with each other as brethren,
present conditions are not likely to be ma-
terially improved. Suppose the principle
upon which so many are disposed to act at
the present time was supplanted by that
nobler one which constitutes so important
a factor in the teaching of Jesus, and, in-
stead of suspicion and destructive greed,
men should begin living more for each
other. In this case employers would every-
where pay the largest possible amount for
services rendered. On the other hand, em-
ployees would give the best and greatest
possible service for that which they re-
ceived. I believe that the adoption of this
principle would quickly transform the in-
dustrial world; and, if the greatest good to
the largest number is the thing we seek, I

am sure no one would have cause to regret
the change. The establishment of this
principle is now the chief thing that con-
cerns us.

The man, and not the dollar, would then
become the standard of greatness, and the
kingdom of heaven would not be far away.
But, in order to effect this change on the
material plane, another principle charac-
teristic of the teaching of Jesus must be given
a larger place in our daily lives.

You remember it is recorded that, while
he sat beside Jacob's well, near the city of
Sychar in Samaria, his disciples, who had
gone into the city to buy provisions, re-
turned and urged him to eat. He had just
ended that interesting conversation with
the Samaritan woman; and he seemed, for
the time, to be entirely forgetful of his
physical needs. His reply was, "I have
meat to eat that ye know not of." Through
the mysterious connection of the mind with
the body, the faintness of the flesh was re-
paired by the energies of the spirit. This
is a lesson that the Western world needs
to learn. We are in danger of sacrificing
the spirit in the interest of a great material-
istic civilization, which, however grand it
may become, will not of itself satisfy the
longings of a human soul. Like Martha,
we are much troubled about objective
things. We fret about environments, and
work ourselves into a fever about soup-
houses and cheap food counters. Do not
misunderstand me now. These things are
of importance, and I would be the last one
to discourage any worthy effort to supply
the needy with food. But our social prob-
lem will never be settled by giving atten-
tion to that alone. Show me a nation ab-
sorbed in things subjective, and I will
point you to one in which what we call civ-
ilization is on the wane. On the other
hand, show me a nation that measures life
by purely materialistic and objective things,
and I will show you one that is restless,
fretful, and constantly on the verge of revo-
lution. You may add to this a high but
purely intellectual culture, and the case will
remain much the same.

In a recognition of the many-sidedness of
our lives is to be found the golden mean
which we should all seek. To disregard the
objective in its various forms is to rob our-
selves of much that we may legitimately
enjoy; but, however beautiful and helpful
the objective may be, if we do not partake
of that bread and drink of that water which
comes down from heaven, our souls will
cry out because of hunger and thirst. We
may mistake the nature of that cry and
strive to still it by greater accumulations
or more gorgeous environments; but that
means giving ourselves a stone for bread or
a scorpion for fish, and the cry will grow
louder and its tones become more plaintive
as the days go by.

The more I study these things, the more
I become convinced that any scheme which
has for its object the betterment of human
conditions is doomed to failure unless it
plants itself squarely and practically upon
the great doctrines of fatherhood and broth-
erhood, as taught by him in whose reli-
gion we say we believe, and at the same
time grasps and clearly comprehends the
spiritual side of life, and contributes abun-
dantly to its needs. I hold in high esteem
that intellectual culture of which we are
justly proud; but, unless it serves us as
a sure pilot to guide us to a better under-
standing and wider application of these
principles which Jesus declared, and for
which he was not afraid to die, there will
still be an aching void in our lives. Our
souls, figuratively speaking, will be discon-
tented, hungry, and cold; and in some form
or other the world will continue its quar-
relling, bickering oppressions, and martyr-
doms until the end of time.

THE TARPEIAN ROCK FOR EVIL- DOERS.

BY REV. MARY H. GRAVES.

The wronged woman her own avenger.
For victims of brutality a heroic part, in
defiance of law, has been suggested as jus-
tifiable and as praiseworthy under certain
circumstances. His death for her dis-
honor,—thus the balance is struck. A mild
voice has been heard in protest, to the
effect that the course is not saintly. In
truth, the ethics savor of the old rather
than the new dispensation, to which the
world has not yet had time to adjust itself.

The "Eternal who makes for righteous-
ness" is so very patient!

We have had impromptus on this ques-
tion from nimble minds and noble hearts;
but what is the verdict of sober second
thought? Did two wrongs ever make one
right? Was ever the outcome of hatred and
vengeful violence other than remorse and
anguish, or torpidity and continuous de-
generation? Bolts of wrath,—do they not
react with fearful effect on mortal arms that
try to wield them? There comes to mind
a familiar study of the old, old question.
It is by the pen of a master. Scene, Rome,
summit of the Tarpeian Rock; Miriam and
Donatello.

"Who were they," said he, looking ear-
nestly at her face, "who have been flung
over here in days gone by?"

"Men that cumbered the world," she re-
plied; "men whose lives were the bane of
their fellow-creatures; men who poisoned
the air, which is the common breath of all,
for their own selfish purposes. There was
short work with such men in the old Roman
times. Just in the moment of their tri-
umph a hand, as of an avenging giant,
clutched them, and dashed the wretches
down the precipice."

"Was it well done?" asked the young
man.

"It was well done," answered Miriam.
"Innocent persons were saved by the de-
struction of a guilty one who deserved his
doom."

Miriam's strange persecutor now ap-
proached, and "such a cold, sick despair
crept over her that it impeded her breath
and benumbed her natural promptitude of
thought."

A moment more. Then a wild cry from
a falling victim, and Donatello's voice say-
ing, "I did what your eyes bade me do
when I asked them with mine, as I held
the wretch over the precipice."

She could not deny that joy had thrilled
her heart when she beheld her tormentor in
his mortal peril; "but, with the dead
thump on the stones below, had come an
unutterable horror."

For a companion picture turn to Gwen-
dolen Grandcourt, a "crushed penitent,"
recounting to Daniel Deronda the gruesome
details of the drowning of her husband, her
quickenened conscience accusing her of an
instant's delay in throwing the rope to save
him, and of a flash of gladness that he was
gone.

In a strongly written bit of fiction in one
of the leading magazines a few years ago,
"An Eye for an Eye," occur these words,
which make the reader, as did the author,
"feel reflective": "While the code of so-
ciety continues to make subtle distinctions
between equally guilty parties, one can
scarcely be surprised that those who suffer
under its operation should sometimes dis-
regard all law in their efforts to obtain jus-
tice."

True; and yet, from the more advanced
and thoughtful women of our time, some-
thing wiser and better is to be expected than
a harking back to the Tarpeian Rock and
the reasoning of hunted Miriam at bay.
The world waits to hear.

Spiritual Life.

The poet utters, the thinker meditates,
the righteous acts; but he who stands on
the borders of the divine world prays, and
his prayer is word, thought, action in one.—
Balzac.

It is the eternal order of God that the
deeds of man, good or evil, come back and
must come back upon the doers. In this
way the good is rewarded, conserved, the
evil is tormented, torments itself, and there-
by becomes self-correcting, self-undoing.—
H. W. Thomas.

"He only wins his freedom truly
Who daily wins it fresh and fair,
He only ever rises newly
Into the regions of the purer air,
Who falters not for blame nor praise,
But lives in strenuous and victorious days."
Louis James Block.

A man may be an eternal failure, al-
though his footsteps glitter with gold and
his words sparkle with knowledge. That
man is the most successful in the divine
kingdom who sets in motion the greatest
amount of spiritual power, power for the
glory of God, whatever may be the opinions
or rewards of fallen mortals.—John Reid.

* An address given before the Unitarian Women's
Alliance of Cincinnati, Ohio.

REV. WILLIAM H. BICKNELL.

The death of Mr. Bicknell in Malden August 28 brought relief to a spirit that looked forward through the decay of the flesh to renewal of life. Oppressed during months of weakness, borne with patient submission, he caught glimpses of light on the way of his decline that cheered and sustained amid the deepening shadows of mortality, and moved him, out of the fulness of experience, to say, "God restoreth my soul." With calm and sure eye that beheld in every added infirmity a new token of the grave, he awaited the summons to depart,—not as the mandate of a resistless tyrant, but as message of a benignant friend.

Although years have elapsed since our friend was busy in the active duties of the minister, yet his interest in the word and its work was ever steady and strong. To the great truths of Christianity his mind was always open, his sympathies responsive, his trust in them cordial and sincere.

As parishioner, he moved upon the same lines of faith and duty that he had marked with just and true hand in the pastoral office and work; and in the fellowships of the church, in choice labors in the Sunday-school, before his health finally failed,—in any and all ways that may become the Christian,—he abundantly proved that his real ministry was his life. In the parishes where he once ministered many hearts will be thrilled with sadness, as they feel that he is gone; but the privilege of sacred memory is one with the privilege of immortal assurance that, having loved these,—his friends who once wrought with him under the Master's inspiration,—he, like his Master, "loved them unto the end."

B.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

RAILROAD ANNOUNCEMENT.

The fare over the principal lines of railway will be full fare going to Washington, and one-third of the fare returning, provided the person desiring this reduction secures a certificate when purchasing the ticket for Washington, and has it properly indorsed at Washington. Full directions as to this will be given later; but one thing must be borne in mind,—that no reduction of the return fare can be obtained except upon the presentation of the certificate properly indorsed.

All persons going from Boston who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining certificates can do so by buying their tickets of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street. These tickets cover exactly the same as would those purchased of the railroad; i.e., transportation to Washington and return. They do not include parlor cars, or berths, or state-rooms in steamers. Price of ticket for the round trip, via Fall River Line to New York and Royal Blue Line from New York to Washington, is \$12.67, tickets good going Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, October 18, 19, 20, and returning within ten days. Price of ticket, round trip, all rail route, leaving Park Square Station, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, 9 A.M., or midnight express, is \$16.33, tickets good going Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, October 18, 19, 20, 21, returning within ten days.

Messrs. Nason & Durgin advertised in last week's Register a Washington excursion at \$30 for the round trip, including hotel expenses at the Vendome. This covers boat and railway fare, including berth on steamer; but transportation by rail is, of course, in regular passenger-cars, and, as train to be taken from Boston on Friday leaves at 6.30 P.M., passengers are expected to obtain supper before starting.

Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb issue a very full circular, with particulars as to excursions: first, travelling by boat and rail to Washington, and return, stopping at the Ebbitt House, and covering every needed expense for the whole trip, including drawing-room car seats and all incidental meals, at \$40; second, all rail, every necessary expense included, for \$50, with more extensive excursions, taking in Gettysburg, Blue Ridge, and Harper's Ferry in one case, and Old Point Comfort in another. The particulars as to these excursions are so fully set forth in their circulars that we do not undertake to reproduce them here, but advise every reader of the Register who is intending to visit Washington to send for their circular, either to Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb direct

or to this office. Our knowledge of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb and their methods of doing business leads us to say without hesitation that any statements or agreements that they make can be relied upon. Arrangements will be announced later by which parties from other sections of the country can visit Gettysburg, Old Point Comfort, and Richmond under the auspices of Raymond & Whitcomb, if desired; and an agent of theirs will be located in Washington to look after the interests of all who cast their lot with them.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

The Southern States Passenger Association, the Central Traffic Association, the New England Passenger Committee, and the Trunk Line Passenger Committee have all granted the reduction in fare on the one-fare-and-a-third certificate plan. This includes all the principal railroad lines, exclusive of those belonging to the Western Passenger Association, as noted below.

The programme for the Conference is very nearly completed; and, with one or two exceptions, the speakers have all been engaged. It is strongly missionary in its character and purpose, with just the right number of scholarly subjects introduced to make the whole as mentally strengthening as it will be denominationally and spiritually. Within a week or two the completed programme will be given in the Register.

The Western Lines Passenger Association has refused to grant any reduction in fares on its railroad lines. These lie in the territory west of St. Louis and north-west of Chicago. All Unitarians living north and west of these two points who attend the Conference can secure the reduction from Chicago and St. Louis eastward by purchasing regular tickets from their homes to these two points, where through tickets to Washington should be obtained, together with the railroad certificate which will entitle the holder to a return ticket at the reduced rates.

In this issue of the Christian Register appears the first list of delegates appointed to attend the National Conference to be held in Washington, October 21-24. Several churches that did not send delegates to the last meeting at Saratoga have been among the first this year to send their credentials to the secretary of the Conference. This makes it look as if Mr. Batchelor's prophecy in the Unitarian would be realized, and that we may expect "such an uprising of our people, such unanimity and enthusiasm, that from the Washington Conference we shall date a new epoch in our missionary history."

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Business is beginning to look up at these rooms. The number of visitors is increasing daily. The board of directors had its first meeting since vacation on Tuesday last, and Mr. Batchelor gives the results in another column. The Channing Hall "Talks" began last Saturday. The regular monthly board meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women was held last Friday. Every day committees meet in the various rooms of this building. Persons not residing in Boston, and not familiar with the details of Unitarian work in and about Boston, would be surprised, I think, at the extent of the business transacted at these headquarters during the busy season of the year. The number of tracts sent out daily is large, and the sale of books begins very encouragingly.

No new books have been received since last week's notes; but, among the old books, we find the following, which ought to be more widely read: "Ways of the Spirit," "Reason in Religion," "A Volume of Sermons," all by Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, \$1.13 each. It is unnecessary to speak in praise of anything Dr. Hedge has written: everybody recognizes his writings as among the best. Dr. C. C. Everett's "Gospel of Paul" is a work that is an interpretation of Paul's doctrine of the atonement. If those persons who think that Paul's writings justify the doctrines of Calvinism will read this book carefully, they will in all probability change their views somewhat, if not entirely. We advise every one that wants to really know what the great apostle actually taught to read this

book. Dr. Everett is dean and professor of theology at Harvard University. Price of this book, \$1.13. "Kindling Thoughts," by Elizabeth P. Channing, is a book filled with beautiful and helpful thoughts. The chapters are short, and the book is a good one to have on one's table to take up when weary and perplexed for a few moments' reading. It ought to do a world of good, and will, if it is used. Price 84 cents.

We would repeat, for the benefit of our friends outside of Boston, that we can supply any standard books they may wish to order from the Association. If you want a book, write to us, and we will get it for you if we do not have it in stock.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

Preparations for the Atlanta Exposition exhibit, which Mr. Chaney is conducting, have been going on here for ten days past. It will be a fine exhibit, and it is to be hoped that our Unitarian friends who visit the Exposition will look it up. It is quite certain that almost any one will be surprised to see what an abundance of interesting material there is in existence for such an exhibit. Photography furnishes the means for showing faces and places that Mr. Chaney has availed himself of. We hope to have some of it at these rooms when the fair closes. It is likely that many of our delegates will extend their trip to Atlanta from Washington.

VISITS.

Last Sunday at North Easton, Mass., in the handsome church, with its beautiful windows, its excellent choir, and well-filled pews. The day was a perfect one; and the beauty and quiet of the scene were inspiring and helpful to all, people and preacher. North Easton is a very interesting place. Wealth and prosperity are about one on every hand. Architecture by Richardson and landscape gardening by Olmsted add greatly to the natural beauties of the place. The Unitarian denomination has great reason to be proud of the laymen it has in this place. The name of Ames, associated as it is with the most extensive business operations of the country,—a name known among business men everywhere,—is a credit to any denomination. The great manufacturing establishment, the town hall, the free library, the high school, the beautiful church, cemetery, parsonage, the cairn, the shade-trees,—all these and numerous other objects, to say nothing of the great lawns and greenhouses adorning the surroundings of the village, and open to the enjoyment of all, show what wealth can do in the hands of kindly-disposed, liberal, and, greater than all, common-sense men.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

Directors' Meeting.

The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, September 10. There were present Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Williams and Messrs. Batchelor, Brown, Butler, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fenn, Fox, Howe, Little, Long, Savage, and Stone.

The treasurer made a report of which the following is the substance: the expenditures of the Association from May 1 to September 1 have been \$25,762; cash on hand May 1, \$732.60; received from churches, \$2,274.80; income from funds, books, etc., \$5,047.94; leaving, to provide from temporary loans, \$17,706.66.

On recommendation of the Finance Committee it was

"Voted, That it is not the intention of the American Unitarian Association to exact the four per cent. interest called for by the deed of trust made by All Souls' Church, Chicago, and that it will take whatever steps are legally necessary to release the society from the payment of said interest, and thus carry out the original purpose of the Association."

It was also

"Voted, That the treasurer be instructed not to pay over any appropriation to a society when debt to the Church Building Loan Fund shall be three months in arrears until the amount so due shall be paid, except by consent of the Finance Committee."

On recommendation of the Finance and Executive Committees, it was

"Voted, That the Association shall spend no money until it gets it, except in so far as it is necessary to keep good work going which is already begun, or in the hope that the outlay may result in increased receipts. New work shall be undertaken as fast as increased income shall justify it."

This committee also ask for further time to consider the matter of changing the by-laws to define the mutual relations of the secretary, assistant secretary, and treasurer.

Rev. T. B. Forbush, superintendent for the Middle West, having asked aid for certain churches, on recommendation of the Western Committee, the following appropriations were made for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1895: to the First Unitarian Society, Ann Arbor, Mich., \$1,200; to the Free Congregational Society, Baraboo, Wis., \$150; to the Free Christian Church, Minneapolis, Minn., \$800; to the First Unitarian Church, Duluth, Minn., \$500; to the First Unitarian Society, Fargo, No. Dak., \$400; to First Unitarian Society, Des Moines, Ia., \$300; to Rev. Charles H. Rogers, for work in Oklahoma City and Guthrie, \$600; to All Souls' Church, Colorado Springs, Col., \$400; to First Unitarian Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$800; to the Independent Congregational Society, Great Falls, Mont., \$200; at the discretion of the Western superintendent, for Scandinavian work in the Red River Valley, \$400; to Rev. Walter S. Vail, for missionary work in Southern Kansas, \$100; at the discretion of the Western superintendent, for work in Athens and Sherwood, Mich., \$240; to Rev. Fitz C. Davis, for missionary work in Minnesota and Wisconsin, \$200. Also to the Unitarian church, Sturgis, Mich., from July 1, 1895, to April 1, 1896, \$150; to Rev. J. L. Andrew, for missionary work in South Dakota, from July 1, 1895, to Oct. 1, 1895, \$75; to Rev. Herman Haugerud, to assist him in moving to Minneapolis, Minn., \$75.

Mr. Forbush was present, and explained the circumstances that made these appropriations necessary, and also made a general statement concerning the condition of missionary work in the West.

It was also

"Voted, That \$3,000 be appropriated, with travelling expenses, to pay for the services of Rev. T. B. Forbush as superintendent for the Central West, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1895, all sums received for preaching to be credited to the Association."

"Voted, That \$250 be appropriated for the office expenses of Rev. T. B. Forbush to May 1, 1896.

A general discussion followed concerning the establishment of a "Missionary Council" in the West. No resolutions were offered, but it was apparently the unanimous opinion of the board that the Unitarian Association should in no way attempt to influence the action of the Western churches and State conferences in regard to the matter. The Association has no specific plan which it wishes to urge upon them. It has, however, one paramount desire; namely, to come into vital union and working harmony with all the active forces of Unitarianism in the Middle West, to encourage and strengthen, and, so far as it may, to assist with sympathy and money lonely workers and struggling churches.

It was

"Voted, That a committee, consisting of the secretary, treasurer, and Mrs. Hooper, be appointed to write a memorial resolution upon Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard, and to nominate her successor."

On recommendation of the Committee on the New England States it was

"Voted, That an appropriation of \$1,200 be made to Rev. John B. Green for services at St. John, N.B., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1895."

The Committee on Foreign Missions, being in doubt as to the exact sum necessary to pay the remaining expenses of the current year up to November 1, made the following recommendation; and it was

"Voted, That the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association be authorized to meet the drafts of Mr. MacCauley for the Japan Mission, at the discretion of the secretary, to an amount not exceeding \$500 for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895."

Considerable discussion followed concerning the future of this mission. While no definite action was taken, the prevailing sentiment of the directors seemed to be that it was inexpedient to lay plans for the building up of a permanent school of theology in Japan. The political and religious changes are going on so rapidly in that country that it is impossible to foresee what will be the needs to be provided for. The directors, therefore, do not think it expedient to add any new member to the force at our headquarters at Tokio. It was believed that, by reducing the scope of our mission, our representatives could maintain a dignified attitude, and, returning somewhat to the original plan of the mission, do that which would be effective in expressing the sympathy of the Unitarians in America for progressive religious movements in Japan, and give all necessary information to the leaders of religious thought and action in that country. With this general understanding, it was

"Voted, That \$2,500 be appropriated for the salary of Rev. Clay MacCauley and \$500 for the salary of Mr. Droppers, for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895."

All further consideration of the question was postponed to the regular meeting, November 12, when, more information having been received from Japan, some definite decision would be made concerning the future conduct of the mission.

The Executive Committee was instructed to consider and report any proposition

which may be made concerning the relations of the American Unitarian Association to the *Christian Register* or other publications.

The president, secretary, and treasurer were chosen delegates to the National Conference at Washington.

On motion of Mr. Stone it was "Voted, That the matter of signs for this building and stands and bulletin board in lower hall, register for visitors to the rooms, and the establishment of a circulating library of religious books in this building be referred to the Finance Committee, with instructions to report at the next meeting of the board such recommendations as they may have to make."

Adjourned.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, Sec'y.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "Talks" opened auspiciously last Saturday. A goodly attendance was on hand to listen to Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, who will give the addresses for the three grades hereafter. By a vote of those present the regular hour for the ensuing Saturdays is fixed at half-past two, this being more convenient for all considered. We call attention to this, so that there will be no mistake, and repeat the information of last Saturday, that there will be no Primary "Talks" by themselves, they being merged in the Channing Hall "Talks," and the hour is changed from three o'clock to half-past two. The subject for next Saturday, September 21, will be "The Pearl of Great Price."

Contributions to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society are coming in quite generously. We would remind churches and Sunday-schools that only two weeks remain in which to remit. The financial books close October 1, to be ready for the auditors. Any church or Sunday-school contributing any sum is entitled to three delegates to the annual meeting at Providence, October 16 and 17, with full voting powers. These delegates are members of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for one year, beginning October 1. We urge again upon our denomination the opportunity of sustaining the work which the Unitarian Sunday School Society is carrying on. It means the training of the young people in the faith, in character, and in essential religion. It means, also, some guarantee that the Unitarian denomination will have a future. If we do not secure the young people, where is there any outlook of growth?

The current leaflet lessons, one-topic graded system, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, are being ordered quite largely both West and East. The subject, "The Teaching of Jesus," as shown in the parables, promises to furnish a very helpful line of topics. Sunday-schools that have not so far taken up this course are now falling into line. There never was so much union and system in the Sunday-school teaching of our body as at present. And all this is accomplished, not by the sacrifice of the wishes and life of the individual schools, but by raising them to a mutual plane of plan and spirit.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, closed his connection with the Unitarian church in Lowell in June, with many kindly expressions of regard from the parish. The ladies of the society presented to Mrs. Batchelor a silver tea-service of eight pieces. Last month Mr. Batchelor moved to 19 Wendell Street, Cambridge.

THE new leaflet prepared by the Study Class Committee of the Women's Alliance is now ready for use. The subject is "Unitarian Belief"; and it is divided into the following heads: "The Central Idea of Unitarian Belief"; "God"; "Jesus Christ"; "Man"; "The Holy Ghost"; "The Trinity and Creeds"; "The Bible and Inspiration"; "Prayer"; "Miracles"; "Sin, Evil, and Regeneration"; "The Future Life"; "Heaven and Hell"; "The Christian Church." This leaflet is not for sale, but is at the service of any Branch of the Alliance, or class of readers, or individual student, in any Unitarian church. Copies may be obtained by addressing Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

BOSTON.—Church of the Disciples: During the extended vacation of Mr. Ames Sunday services have been arranged as follows: September 22, Rev. John Cuckson; September 29, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford; October 6, Rev. George Batchelor; October 13, Rev. F. G. Peabody; October 20, Rev. F. H. James; October 27, Rev. Charles T.

Billings; November 3, Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Second Church: Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the minister of the Second Church, in Copley Square, has just returned from a vacation visit to Southern France, and will occupy his own pulpit on the 22d, preaching the last sermon in the union series. On October 6 the Sunday-school will reopen, the primary department under Miss Kate L. Brown, and the main Sunday-school under the leadership of Rev. C. A. Langston, formerly of San Francisco, and a last year's graduate of the Meadville Theological School.

Boston Common: Next Sunday, September 22, the last open-air service for the season will be held on the Common. The Boston Journal has this to say: "Under the spreading branches of the old cotton-wood that is coming to be known as the 'Unitarian tree' another large and interesting congregation gathered yesterday afternoon to hear the Unitarian speakers give some sound, practical advice as to life in this world, together with a word of encouragement for the hereafter. There is no doubt about the success of these meetings in interesting the people. The novelty of the idea, which may at the beginning have drawn out some persons from motives of curiosity, has worn off; but there is apparently no more signs of waning enthusiasm among the audiences than there is with the speakers. Yesterday's congregation was as large as any on the Common. The people stayed until the close, too, although the dusk was fast closing in and the chill of the evening had set the thinly clad to shivering. There have been a few faithful ones who have not missed a meeting this summer. Among them is the Unitarian dog that every one who has heard any of the Unitarian preachers under the tree has come to know. He was on hand with the first arrivals yesterday, and walked around among the people as if to bid every one a hearty welcome. During the preaching he sat near the speakers' stand,—a model of quietness and attention, listening intently to all that was said." Last Sunday Rev. B. F. McDaniel of Newton Centre read the Scriptures, and commented on it. The regular speakers were Rev. J. M. Pullman, D.D., of Lynn (Universalist), and Rev. Albert Walkley of Brighton. Dr. Pullman spoke on the subject of "Working out your own Salvation." Mr. Walkley considered the subject of "The Improvement of Individual Souls as Necessary to the Improvement of Institutions and Laws."

The evening comes now so soon and the weather is so cool, the directors of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches have decided that it is wise to end these meetings for the present season. It seems a pity to stop when so much interest is manifested; but there is no option. These meetings, as the *Register* readers must have seen by the brief reports, have been remarkably successful. Both speakers and audiences seem to have been in quick sympathy, and great good has been accomplished in various directions. The people at large who have gathered have received valuable thoughts, and the clergymen have come face to face with the people in frank consideration of living topics. The moral effect on the Unitarian denomination is not to be overlooked, since it shows that we are able to handle ourselves in the arena of an everyday test, away from upholstered pews and stained-glass windows. The preaching of the gospel is necessary in both kinds of places, but it was a well-known comment that Unitarians could not deal successfully with people at large. No greater proof could be given that this is false than the remarkable meetings on Boston Common the past summer. These have numbered nineteen in all. There has not been an omission of a single meeting owing to bad weather, though the skies have been threatening up to the very hour of beginning. At the closing service next Sunday, at 5 P.M., south-west corner, near the band stand, will be Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Rev. Augustus M. Lord of Providence, R.I., and Rev. Edward A. Horton.

ALBANY, N.Y.—One of the Albany evening newspapers published last Saturday for its weekly sermon an interesting statement by Dr. William M. Brundage on "Moral and Religious Education in the Sunday-school." Dr. Brundage believes that the average Sunday-school is a disappointment to parents, their children, and the pastor; and he proposes to improve upon the type in the school to be connected this winter with the newly organized Unitarian church of this city. The programme that he has adopted is somewhat similar to that successfully used by his neighbor, Rev. E. M. Fairchild of Troy, N.Y. There are to be five departments, beginning with the primary, which is to be in charge of a trained kindergarten. The senior department is for adults, and its study will be "Comparative Religions." In the words of Dr. Brundage, "The single purpose in the new 'School of Ethics and Religion' is to help the boys and girls to be the noble men and women God means them to be,—to teach our children that they are children of God, and to teach them to act like children of God."

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. C. H. Porter of Quincy will preach in the First Parish Church on Sunday, September 22.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Second Society: Services will be resumed Sunday morning, September 22, Mr. Chadwick preaching on "The Religious Situation."

CARTHAGE, MO.—Mr. Frederick M. Bennett of the Harvard Divinity School has accepted the earnest call from the Unitarian church at Carthage, Mo. He began his work in this important field on September 15. Mr. Bennett was married at La Fox, Ill., September 5, to Miss Alice M. Barber.

GARDNER, MASS.—Mr. William Channing Brown was ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Society of Gardner, Mass., on Wednesday, September 11, by a Council of Unitarian Congregational Societies, duly called and organized. Rev. A. F. Bailey of Barre was chosen moderator, and Mr. L. A. Wright of Gardner clerk. The council, after due consideration, unanimously approved the candidate; and the action of the society and the programme of ordination was carried out as follows: invocation, Rev. Edward Green; reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Walter F. Greenman; sermon, Rev. William W. Fenn; ordaining prayer, Rev. George M. Bodge; charge to the minister, Rev. George W. Kent; right hand of fellowship, Rev. W. L. Walsh; charge to the people, Rev. Edward A. Horton; concluding prayer, Rev. William Brown; benediction by the pastor. Large delegations were present from Athol, Barre, Petersham, Templeton, and other neighboring churches; and the church and pastor received hearty congratulations and wishes for their future prosperity from all.

LITTLETON, MASS.—The regular annual meeting of the North Middlesex Conference will meet with the Littleton society Wednesday, October 9. Programme and arrangements will be announced next week.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—During the summer the Second Church has been kept open every Sunday, though for the evening service only. The pastor, Rev. L. W. Sprague, and his wife exchanged with Rev. A. G. Wilson of Spokane for two months, thus getting a change, if not a vacation. Mr. Sprague resumed his regular work the 1st of August, taking up again both morning and evening services. The regular congregations are now back, and the church is well filled in the morning and crowded in the evening. The course of sermons given on Sunday nights on "Science and Religion," embracing a memorial to Prof. Huxley, a study of Drummond's new book and of Kidd's "Social Evolution," and lastly "The Religious Thought of To-day," has proved most attractive and profitable. Mr. Sprague now announces a course of Sunday evening Unitarian revival sermons, which he, with the assistance of other ministers, will give in the Second Church. The only way in which they can be called "revival sermons" is in the attempt made to revive the interest of many who say they are Unitarians, but who have nothing to do with the church of that name.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Reported as appointed to the Sixteenth Meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to be held at Washington, D.C., Oct. 21-24, 1895.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ASHBY.—First Parish: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sheldon.
ATHOL.—First Congregational Church: Rev. S. W. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Leander B. Morse.
Second Unitarian Society: Rev. Carl G. Horst, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Lord.
BEACHMONT.—Church of the Unity: Rev. Eber R. Butler, Horace Tobey, Mrs. C. J. Shaw.
BRIDGEWATER, EAST.—First Parish: Rev. John W. Quinby, Mrs. Susan M. Keen, Charles F. Mann.
BOSTON.—Church of the Unity: Rev. Minot J. Savage, Henry F. Miller, James N. North. Alternates: Alfred Ewer, Frank B. Thayer.
(East Boston) The Church of our Father: Rev. Richmond Fiske, D.D., Henry Peterson, Arthur D. Rogers.
CHELMSFORD.—First Congregational Society: Rev. Granville Pierce, Mrs. Lucy Fletcher, Mrs. F. A. Adams.
CONCORD.—First Parish: Mr. Harvey Wheeler, Miss Angelina Ball. Alternates: Prescott Keyes, Mrs. William Wheeler.
DEDHAM.—Third Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Reuben Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Fisher. Alternates: Mrs. William Colburn, Miss Anna Colburn.
DOVER.—First Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Frank Smith. Alternates: George D. Burrage, Mrs. Mary Smith.
HINGHAM.—First Parish: Rev. John W. Day, Ebed L. Ripley, Wilmon W. Blackmar.
HUDSON.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. John Mills Wilson, James L. Harriman, Edmund M. Stowe.
LITTLETON.—First Congregational Society: Rev. Isaac F. Porter, Mrs. Mary J. Priest, D. G. Houghton.
NORTHBORO.—First Congregational Church and Society: Miss Ella Searle, Mrs. L. F. Stratton.
REVERE.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Eber R. Butler, John Y. Pratt, Mrs. C. M. Butler.
ROCKLAND.—The Unitarian Society: Rev. Frederick O. MacCartney, Charles A. Townsend, Miss Angela W. Collins.
TURNER'S FALLS.—Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Free, Mrs. Daniel P. Abercrombie.
TYNGSBORO.—First Parish: Rev. William Brown, Miss Mary E. Bennett, Miss Ellen F. Perham.
WEST TOWNSEND.—Liberal Christian Society: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Barrett.
WINCHENDON.—Church of the Unity: Rev. A. J. Culp, D. H. Barnes, J. N. Richardson.
WORCESTER.—Church of the Unity: Rev. Calvin Stebbins, Hon. George F. Hoar, Cyrus G. Wood.

COLORADO.

GREELEY.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. C. Howard Wilson, Oscar B. Hawes.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.—First Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. Joseph Waite, William Francis, Horace Cornwall.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, Mrs. Frances L. Garrett, Miss Helen L. Garrett. Alternates: Daniel W. Taylor, C. Cameron.

MONTANA.

HELENA.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. J. H. Crooker, Hon. Henry M. Blake, A. D. Edger.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ANDOVER.—Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Lyman Clark, Walter S. Carr, Mrs. Maria Carr.
MILFORD.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. A. Judson Rich, Mrs. William Richardson, Miss E. A. Livermore.
NASHUA.—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. Powell, Miss Henrietta Prescott, Miss Kate Thayer.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG.—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Charles E. St. John, R. Q. Whitten, Mrs. Henry Holdship. Alternates: George Faunce, Miss Mary P. Semple.

VERMONT.

BRATTLEBORO.—Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Mrs. Mary E. Warder.

ASSOCIATIONS.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CONFERENCE: Rev. F. A. Hinkley, Rev. C. F. Abbott, H. C. Parsons.
HANCOCK CONFERENCE (MAINE): Mr. and Mrs. David B. Flint, Mrs. F. G. Peabody.
NORFOLK CONFERENCE: E. A. Cushing, Mrs. G. F. Fisher, Mrs. Samuel Phipps.
WORCESTER CONFERENCE: Charles H. Blood, John C. Otis, Mrs. W. S. Heywood.
UNITARIAN MINISTERS' MONDAY CLUB: Rev. Alfred E. Mullett.
UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON: Frank B. Thayer, Mrs. C. R. Elliot, Hon. Charles H. Porter.

Business Notices.

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The Morris carpets and rugs are beautiful—really works of art, in both design and color—shown by Joel Goldthwait & Co., 169 Washington Street.

Marriages.

In Littleton, 11th inst., by Rev. I. F. Porter, George F. Stone and Lizzie A. Proctor, both of Littleton.

Deaths.

In Dublin, N.H., 8th inst., suddenly, Elisabeth J. Faulkner, of Keene, N.H., in the 74th year of her age.

In Passaic, N.J., 8th inst., Elizabeth Farrie Chamberlain, 89 years.

A lifelong Unitarian, faithful to its highest spirit. She was one of the committee of forty-two that went to West Roxbury to invite Theodore Parker to Boston. She leaves the memory of a life full of love, patience, and tenderness.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

OF

Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.,

October 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Messrs. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB have arranged for the accommodation of delegates and others who may wish to attend the National Conference an Attractive Series of Excursions at Very Low Rates.

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A YOUNG LADY wishes to secure a position as soprano in a church choir in or near Boston. Address BOX 70, TEMPLETON, MASS.

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For the *Christian Register*.

CONSUMMATION.

BY T. H. F.

“The fashion of this world passeth away.”

All things are but as dust. From whence they sprung,
To that shall they return. Vain builders, ye!
Relentless Time shall mock your prophecy,
This will endure. Earth's mighty fabrics wrung
From sweat of toiling hands, and labored thought,
The pride and glory of presumptuous man!
Eternity but measures out a span
Of fleeting years to all that ye have wrought.

The Temple and the Coliseum; where
Jehovah's shrine, the boast of pagan Rome,
Where that fair building, once Religion's home?
And what is Rome's yet mightier structure?
There,
Wherein her hosts made bloody holiday,
The broken column and the crumbling wall
Of gaping ruin but presage its fall
Beneath the heel of Time's remorseless sway.

Egypt's colossal mystery of stone,
Which from the sands its lofty sides uprears,
Defiant still of wreck and change of years,—
Shall this of all man's work, and this alone,
Escape unscathed the universal doom
Pronounced on all? Not so; for in the end
Its fate with that of all things else shall blend:
The sepulchre itself shall find its tomb.

If such as these shall pass, what power may save
Aught from the wreck of years, of old or new,
Which, in their turn, with their own dust shall
strew
Earth's kindred clay within one common grave?
And did He err who said of old, There stands
A mansion fair, on sure foundations placed,
Whereon no winds shall beat, no floods shall
waste?
No: such there is,—“a house not made with
hands.”

The Pulpit.

BE NOT ANXIOUS.

BY REV. ERNEST C. SMITH.

“Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.”—
MATT. vi. 34.

The chapter which I read this morning (Matthew vi. 19-34) is one of the most exalted and beautiful in all literature, full of tenderness and full of strength. While it does not temporize, but plainly sets two ways before a man and bids him make his choice,—telling him that he cannot serve God and mammon,—it also breathes the deepest trust in God's care and love, telling those of little faith that the Father's care includes even the grass of the field, and will not fail them in their time of need.

No matter how a man's philosophy may conflict with the plain teaching of the chapter, there are practically moments in every life when its words of trust have a soothing and healing power beyond all expression. It is heart speaking to heart, supreme faith speaking to doubt that would fain be faith. In our ordinary hours we see, perhaps, only the outward, poetic beauty of the words. When our hearts are bowed down with grief and loss, when disappointments beset us and we look forward to a future dark and forbidding, when the coming days and weeks seem like a grim fate bringing to us burdens too heavy to bear, then, and not till then, do we find out the true meaning of the words and the true comfort that is in them. They are the utterance of a great faith,—the faith that removes mountains. While we hasten from one pleasure to another, are absorbed in the successful search for this or that, we feel no deep need of that which faith can give; but, when the objects that satisfied us fail, when we can no longer see the outcome, we long for the eye of faith, and, as our own faith is weak, we flee to Him whose faith is strong. We are like the passenger who, while the sky is clear and the sea smooth, is confident and careless, but, when storms sweep down and the waves swell mountain high, runs in terror to the calm and unmoved captain to gain some hope from his confidence.

This portion of the Sermon on the Mount will always be a consolation and a stay to those who come to it under such circumstances. Even those who come most blindly will find there some balm for their aching hearts. But the hard common sense of our age shakes its head at some of the commands there, saying: “Very pretty, but very impracticable. Suppose men should cease to sow and reap. Where would the bread come from? Suppose we should be as careless of raiment as the ‘lilies of the field,’ should cease to toil and provide for

the morrow. Would that bring about an ideal condition of affairs? Would man be more spiritual, less animal, less given over to his passions?” With a few such questions as these many a man puts aside the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, thinking he has shown good cause why it can be nothing to him.

There is a certain logic in this brusque treatment of the subject, a dim consciousness that, however poetic or ideal the injunctions may be, yet they are somehow intended to have a practical application. Now, between what presents itself as a most natural practical application of the precepts and the habits of mind of the ordinary nineteenth-century man there is a deep, almost impassable gulf. The summing up of the chapter is in the words, “Therefore, take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for itself.” The tendency to-day is to attribute all advances and gains to precisely this taking thought for the future, or “to-morrow.”

A German writer of to-day claims that Jesus was so thoroughly an Asiatic, belonged so wholly to the Orient, that we of the West cannot understand him or draw near to him. Is this true, and can there be no willing application of his precepts to our modern life? The writer seems to think that Jesus here means to suggest something like the Buddhistic asceticism, where literally the devotee took no thought for the morrow, but begged his daily bread from door to door. What the common sense of to-day takes as the *reductio ad absurdum* he accepts as positive and emancipating truth. The Buddhist saint neither reaps nor sows. In fact, he looks upon labor for the “meat that perisheth” as sinful, and passes his time in meditation that continually carries higher and higher in the spiritual realm.

Now, it is true that the asceticism of the early centuries of the Church can point to this and kindred sayings of Jesus in justification of itself. The question, then, is a fair one, put to us both by ascetics, who are struggling for holiness, and by practical, energetic men, who regard asceticism as absurd, “Does Jesus enjoin asceticism and neglect of the common prudences of life?”

This is a question which cannot be answered offhand. The answer depends largely on who the questioner is and on the motive of his question. On the one hand, in the ordinary meaning of the term, Jesus was not an ascetic. “The Son of Man came eating and drinking,” was present at feasts and marriages, was a-hungered and ate like other men. The only fast of which we are told is that which marked the beginning of his ministry. He bade his disciples keep his memory, not by a feast, but by a social meal. He made use of forethought and prudence at times in his dealing with priests and Pharisees. On the other hand, he bade certain men leave all and follow him. He told one man to sell all he had and give to the poor, to take up his cross and follow him; and he did teach his followers to despise earthly riches and glory. He would not make men idlers. He would not make all his followers preachers; but he would make them pure of heart: he would have them “seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.” If love of wealth or love of power was absorbing their attention and engaging their best powers, he bade them root out that love, give up their wealth and their power as being hindrances to their truest life. Yes, if those cares we consider absolutely necessary—cares for food and raiment—come to usurp the whole of our lives, they, too, must go. When one has to continually plan how to make a small income go a great way, to do without the things he desires most in order to get some of the things he must have, when it is work, work, work, for the meat which, it is true, perishes, but which the body must have or die, it is easy to lose faith, and conclude that riches is “the one thing needful.” Many have this feeling who have never known grinding poverty,—people who compare themselves with their more wealthy neighbors and desire this or that luxury, a little more leisure, or a more sumptuous style of living. It matters not what the thing desired is, the principle is the same. Only this feeling seems to be more justified as we approach those things which are absolutely necessary to support life,—the “food” and “clothing” of the gospel. Here, if anywhere, the anxiety would be justifiable.

“Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat.” Had he ever felt the pressure of hunger? Did he know what an absorbing want it becomes, how outraged nature cries out? Yes, we are told that he did. He makes a test case right here. He takes this primal need of man, the need of bread, and tells us that even the pressure of that need should not make us doubt or forget God. It is a real need, he acknowledges, not merely an imagined want,—“Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things”; but, to recall his own answer to the pressure of that same want, “It is written that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” The soul's need of God is deeper than the body's need of bread. It is not that, when we need bread, we are to fold our hands and wait for God to fill our mouths. I see nothing of that spirit in the life of Jesus. I think Paul was not contradicting the spirit or teaching of Jesus when he wrote to the Thessalonians that, “if any would not work, neither should he eat.” It is right that man should work for his bread. The command is not, “Do not work for your bread,” but, “Take no thought for the morrow”; or, as the revised version has it, “Be not *anxious* for the morrow.” It is lack of trust that is rebuked.

So I find here not asceticism and not condemnation of prudence, but that trusting spirit which is certain that righteousness is more to be desired and prized than riches, and which, having done all, is ready to leave results with God, knowing that, if the first search is for the kingdom of God and his righteousness, no evil can befall him that he shall not have abundant strength to bear. The real thought of the passage is, to me, independent of the mere form in which it is expressed, is neither carelessness nor idleness, but simple trust, which may be active and energetic as you will,—a simple trust which is ready to take life one day at a time, doing always the nearest duty, and not being over-anxious about to-morrow's burdens and to-morrow's needs. The last sentence of the chapter, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” used to trouble me greatly, seemed to mar the beauty of the chapter as a whole. Now it seems to me to throw considerable light on the meaning and application of our text. It is as if the command were addressed to some one of those persons who are continually borrowing trouble from the future and adding it to the burden they have to bear to-day. Each day has its own evil, its suffering, its dangers, its burdens. Why be concerned beyond to-day, and take upon thyself the burden of two days? I know there is another aspect to the matter,—that there are anxieties for the morrow which have true nobility in them; but I wish you to see the truth of this aspect as well, and the very practical benefits that follow obedience to the injunction of our text.

“Be not anxious for the morrow.” It is merely another form of the motto, “One day at a time.” It is, or may be, a bugle-call to duty in the present: it certainly sanctions no postponement of action, no putting off until to-morrow what you can do to-day. So, although the text primarily refers to fears for the future, I wish to speak as if it included hopes for the future as well; for the motto, “One day at a time,” is a good one in both connections. It suggests the importance of the present opportunity, implies that to-day demands our whole attention, our whole strength. One trouble with too much thought for the future is precisely that it may lead us to lose the present and what it can give us. We postpone our existence while we wait for the to-morrow that never comes. We cannot live in the future and the present at the same time: action belongs only to the present; and, if we are to act, it must be now. Dreaming of the future may be pleasant, as well as overwhelming; but it is not fruitful. The call is, “Act, act in the living present.” Each day brings opportunities with it: do not scorn them. Let me read you a few stanzas that seem to have sprung out of experience:—

“Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels in the wind,
“Each turning round a small, sweet face,
As beautiful as near?
Because it has so small a face
We will not see it clear.

“We will not clasp it as it flies,
And kiss its lip and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious now.
“And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain:
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.”

So far, then, as taking thought for the morrow empties the present for us, let us, as we are bidden, “take no thought for the morrow.”

This kind of thought for the morrow empties the present to enrich the imagined future: the “anxiety for the morrow” of our text borrows from the future to overburden the present, and then sinks beneath the load. Have you never known people who groaned under this double burden? Or, rather, do you know any one who is entirely free from it, any one who does not need a deeper faith and trust in God's goodness and love? I have known one or two saints whose trust seemed absolute, who truly had no anxiety as to what the future might bring forth; and in these cases anxiety would have seemed inevitable to the ordinary observer. To them God was not a mere abstraction, but a loving Father, a very present help in time of need, to whom they might go and receive daily strength for daily needs. Such lives are better explanations of the text than all the sermons that have been written on it.

But most of us either have no real faith or else have so much doubt-mixed with it that it is hardly worth the name. Well might Jesus say to his hearers, “O ye of little faith!” This lack of faith manifests itself alike in most important concerns and in matters trivial, in that pessimism which sees evil at the heart of things and in the fretful spirit which cumbers itself with the cares and trials of the morrow. Many a noble, self-sacrificing spirit is robbed of half its graciousness just because its possessor cannot live one day at a time, cannot trust for what it cannot see. Some of you know how hard it is to live with one who has this doubting, fretful disposition,—how it manages to let fall a drop of bitterness in every cup of joy, and to put heavier burdens on the already heavily laden soul. The friend may be helpful and loving,—these borrowers of trouble often are; but this very fact may multiply his anticipations of evil for you, and lead to greater energy in borrowing trouble.

These anticipations of evil are as hard to bear, oftentimes, as the reality would be. Indeed, the actual occurrence of the dreaded evil is sometimes a positive relief to the overwrought expectation.

“It's never to-day which the spirit breaks:
It's the darkened future without a gleam.”

Oh, if these burdened souls could only take to themselves the true meaning of “Be not anxious for the morrow”; or, rather, if they could only share the trust of him who uttered those words! The man or woman whose daily task is hard, whose strength just suffices for the day's duties, who is weary of the treadmill existence forced upon him, is lost if he lets the thought of the coming weeks and years, each just like the last, or, as his fancy paints it, worse than the last, take hold upon him. It is the old story of the discontented pendulum over again. The task is too overwhelming; and we faint at the thought of it, leaving the present portion that we could do undone.

WOULD YOU HAVE THE
HANDSOMEST
GLOVES?
THEN WEAR ONLY THE
GENUINE DUCHESS,
Which come in all the popular styles, dressed and undressed Kid, button and Foster lace, long and short wrists,
And cost no more than other makes.
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But, as the realization of the fact that its overwhelming task required only one swing at a time, and that it had a whole second for each swing, set the pendulum at work again, so the realization (not the mere thought) that we are called upon to live our life and do our duties only one day at a time may give us new heart.

There is a further promise which I firmly believe to be true,—that, as our days are, so shall our strength be. It may not seem true to you all: it has proved true to me. If we seek for strength from the Source of all strength, we shall receive sufficient for the days as they come to us. God requires from man only what man has power to accomplish. We say we could not bear certain troubles,—that the pain and shame would kill us. Yet those troubles come; and we *do* bear them, and do not die because of the experience. We may even pray for death, as Elijah did; and yet the boon is not granted, and we learn to bear the burden instead of getting rid of it. And yet we will not learn by experience, but continue to doubt and fret.

Another very real burden with many is the uncertainty of the future, the ignorance of what a day may bring forth, what changed duties may meet them. They cannot walk by faith, but must see their way, even its distant portions. After some great loss or sorrow which closes certain paths we had hoped to tread, when certain duties which had become a part of our very life are suddenly taken from us, we stand bewildered, and ask: "What can I do? What can life bring me? What is my duty now?" Something of this feeling, consciously or unconsciously, I think, comes into every life whose course is suddenly changed either by the death of one whose life was closely knit up with it or by arrival, at some conviction which undermines our present position, and puts us in a new attitude toward the world. In all such cases the tendency is to look too far away for an answer, to try to settle too much, the future as well as the present. Probably darkness stares us in the face: we see no goal toward which we must press. But by and by the immediate present forces itself upon us; and, lo! we see one step clear before us,—some simple, every-day duty, perhaps, but still clearly a duty. As we think of our great loss, or of the seemingly barren years stretching out before us, it may seem as if it mattered little whether the duty was done or not. But, if we take it up bravely, not letting the darkness of the future overwhelm us, it is wonderful how our strength increases and how the way opens before us. Only a step at a time, the goal still shrouded in darkness, but always one step for us to take.

And, strangely enough,—providentially, I believe,—the very best preparation for future steps, in fact, the only adequate preparation, is that we take this step now. The best way to make sure of the morrow's strength is to put our whole strength into the task of to-day. "Therefore, be ye not anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself." A wise command, truly, and a practical one! Only how can we obey it? By using what faith we have, and thus increasing it, by laying hold of the eternal verities, and, in the midst of broken and shifting lights, which only cast fitful gleams into the darkness of the future, trusting that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms," and that we cannot stray beyond the reach of God's love and care. One who does this will still have to meet trials and sorrows, will still have crosses to bear, but will also be strong with the strength of the living God, not anxious for to-morrow, but obedient for to-day.

"Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

"Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

"Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt thine to obey:
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

"Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say:
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

"So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, help me, Lord,
Just for to-day."

THE REFORMER.

Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down,—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice, lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,
And where is justice, in a world like this?

But by and by earth shakes herself, impatient;
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly
stars.

—E. R. SILL.

Sermon Gleanings.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ETHICAL FORCES.

BY REV. T. T. MUNGER.

The most striking feature of the day is the development of new forces. It is so great that there is simply no end to it. We no longer prophesy: prophecy cannot measure probability. Any day may bring out something that will revolutionize the face of the globe and society as a consequence. We who work in moral ways are slow to see that possibly the same thing may be true in our world. It has hardly occurred to us that, as the earth under our feet is stored with undeveloped forces, so the moral world may have lodged within it energies peculiar to itself not yet realized. We have rather assumed that we have a complete system, full and strong enough for whatever is to be done. And we are sometimes disposed to decry any attempts to enlarge or even alter it. But see what is going on in the realm of material invention. Every day fresh developments of power and new combinations of forces. Nothing is created, only discovered. So in our world and work is it not possible that we could take some of our elemental truths and bring them into a stronger working form, or so unite one truth with another that they shall develop a new moral force? Let me make a few suggestions in this direction.

The first is that there is a vast amount of moral force and encouragement lodged in the truth of divine sovereignty—I use the term not in a theological, but rather in a dynamic sense—that has not yet been brought out, and awaits development.

The strong religions have always contended for this doctrine as a primary and fundamental truth. Whatever becomes of human freedom, we must have divine sovereignty, whatever metaphysical and practical difficulties lie in the way. It has always been full of comfort and power, but we are permitted to see it to-day in a way that adds immensely to its practical value. It is no longer solely a matter of revelation or an inference from history: it is a fact of science, which at last, as a scientific necessity, rests the whole movement of creation and the order of the world on the will of God. This is as well established as gravitation or chemical affinity. Natural selection, always held in a critical way, becomes subordinate to this older and newer truth of the divine Will and Purpose. Its method is by evolution.

It is one of the chief consolations and encouragements of earnest workers for the uplifting of society that they are laboring under such a law as this. The same power that lifted the continents out of the waters is raising mankind to higher conditions. It is the divine Will working toward a full realization of itself,—the divine working for the divine. The course of the world is simply a realization of the will of God. By its very nature it is always pressing toward higher forms, from chaos to order, from simplicity to complexity, from life to more life,—all tending to the production of the brain which crowns and covers man like a dome. Now begins a moral order. Heart takes its full place beside the will. Out of relationship springs the sense of duty,—conscience spread over life. The sacredness of the world and of man and of society begins to be felt, the vision of God comes with clearness, and love divine and human is on the stage.

The significance of this process or progress lies in the fact that it has been going on from the beginning,—one movement,

one thought, one purpose, one will behind and in it all: it is divine sovereignty on its proper scale. But see where it points, —to minds, perhaps, you say. No, to the moral and spiritual. If the movement is not a delusion, it must reach such a stage: otherwise, God would stop short of himself. We have been taught to think that man will preserve about the same proportions as to natural qualities; that his type is pretty well fixed; that human nature will not greatly change; that he will go on contending for himself, unselfish only so far as religion requires it. This old question has become a very new one, and is the most vital in, at least, three sciences,—biology, sociology, and theology. Christ anticipated them all, and made the decision in his own person. He fixed the bounds of the developing universe by loving his neighbor as himself even to the point of total self-sacrifice and by oneness with God in the spirit. In him is revealed the destiny of society, ages ahead of us, but a goal toward which the same Power that created the heavens and the earth and made man in his own image is leading the world. Man will not become a different kind of being: the type will not change, but the type will be developed. We have but an imperfect idea as yet what kind of a being man is. We only know that there are in him certain things, potential qualities, that have had so far no adequate expression. Who will say that the forces represented under the general term "religion," and more particularly that quality known in religion as "love" and in science as "altruism," have had so far any due and adequate part in human life and conduct? This side of man's history lies in the future. The day will come, and is fast coming. It is as sure as that God is himself.

The question now comes up, how we are to co-operate with this world movement, how we are to insert our agency into a process so mighty that it seems not to need it.

My first answer is, by insisting in all our work on the ideal, tempering it with practical wisdom.

It will never do to lose sight of the ideal. When we do that, we forget our own nature and the nature of the work in which we are engaged. We are made after the power of an endless life, and our task is the regeneration of human society. The workers and the work are thus correlated to an ideal achievement. It will not be fulfilled until a regenerated humanity is delivered up to

God, that he may be all and in all,—dear and religious words, easily translated into the language of science; for science is also keyed to moral perfection.

But, while we contend for the ideal, we must not forget that it lies afar off and at the end of things. We cherish the ideal because it is stored with hidden forces that may be drawn out and used, but only in a certain order. The higher conditions the lower: we must never forget that; but it is also conditioned by the lower, and this also we must never forget. To recognize this condition, and so manage it that it shall do its work, and then give way to the higher, is well-nigh the sum of practical wisdom. Goethe says, in substance, "Greatness depends on knowing your limitations." It is true also of reforms: they must know their limitations. Moral and social reforms are beset by two enemies,—those who thrive on the evils that are attacked, and idealists who will have everything or nothing. It is not unjust to say that the latter often inflict the most injury. Social reform is a battle. In our own country the opposing side, the fighting force, is greed,—not ambition nor love of power, but pure and simple love of money. "To this complexion have we come at last." While it represents the depths of vulgarity and baseness, and is a powerful enemy, it could be successfully fought if there were agreement on the other side. What is more melancholy than the history of the temperance question during the last forty years,—every possible advance thwarted by divided opinion in the ranks of reform! As the result, the saloon holds the field, and bids fair to hold it until idealists cease to play into its hands, and begin to co-operate with those who are ready to undertake what is possible, but not what is impossible.

The plea of the idealist is conscience; but conscience waits not alone on the ideal, but also on the possible. Rev. Charles Gore aptly says: "No truth can degenerate into a greater lie than that it is a man's first duty to follow his conscience. A man's duty is to enlighten his conscience." To insist on the ideal because the indorsement of anything short of it is an offence to conscience is a blind misuse of conscience. It is a denial of progress, which is by steps and stages, and of the law of growth,—first the blade, then the ear, and at last the full corn in the ear. It overlooks the truth wrapped up in the saying that God winked at times of ignorance.

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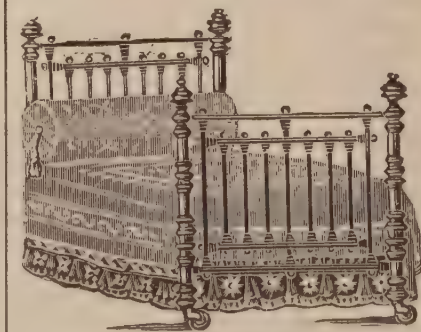
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The choice between the possible and the ideal is often difficult: it is not easy to know where to draw the line. I know of no better rule than to keep one's eye on the ideal, but not to insist on it. Meditate on it, cherish it, enshrine it in your hearts. Let it be a temple where you go to pray and refresh your spirit; but, when you come out, face the world as it is, and do the best you can. Only do something,—the one, first, eternal requisite in all human undertaking. It is a long and weary path that humanity has to tread. The spires of the golden city shine in the distance, but are reached only by a path that sometimes drops into low valleys, sometimes winds as if it turned back; and every step is so short that progress is seen only by faith. But, meanwhile, we may rest confidently in the reality of the ideal and draw in its inspiration. If the kingdom were not to come, if society were not to be regenerated, little heart would be left us even to deliberate on the evils of the world, and none at all for resisting them. We are not striving to overcome certain abuses, but to deliver from all evil.

The second suggestion is that we should press the altruistic principle into the fullest possible use.

The time has come for ascending into the higher forms of human helpfulness and service. The door that opens and no man shuts is turning on its hinges, and we catch glimpses of that world in which the love of God is man's rule of conduct. The peculiarity of the end of the age is a tendency to think correctly. The glamour of Greek art and ideals, the art for art's sake hallucination, the conscienceless literature,—each with its deep and subtle selfishness,—are passing by, dying of their own emptiness. The world has no more use for them. The age of agnosticism, with its paralysis of the moral nature, is also passing. Its vision of a godless universe is ending,

“And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God makes himself an awful rose of dawn.”

A clearer faith, a more altruistic service,—these are the signs we see in our sky. God and duty, Christ and the Christ-life,—these are now before us, not merely under the form of the Church, but also as the revelation of science and the product of thought. The developing world is drawing nigh to the Life that was lived under the Syrian sky. We are actually taking into our thought and turning over as something worth testing the idea that not struggle for existence, but love, is the law of the world. Mr. Kidd does great mischief when he relegates this truth to the super-rational realm. It is instead the very soul of reason: it is the burden and secret of nature, only we have not clearly seen it. That my neighbor is as real as myself, and that, therefore, it is my duty to love him as myself, is unquestionable logic; but we have not fully thought it out.

It only remains to apply this truth to society. My suggestion is that we should press it, crowd it upon the world as fast as we can. There is already more of it than most of us suspect. There is, in some quarters, fear lest it will work deterioration of character by weakening self-reliance. It is urged that it is better to leave men to the laws by which the deserving win and the weak fail; that what is needed and aimed at is a world full of strong men, and not a world full of patched-up, weak ones,—questions on which we will not now enter, only remarking that we must be careful how we handle these great words; careful also lest we find ourselves repeating the worn-out catchwords of past ages, deaf to some heaven-born words that are fast finding their way into the vocabulary of modern thought. It is unfortunate that, whenever the word “love” is used, it is thought to imply a sentiment or a gift. It is a sentiment, and it may imply a gift; but it is more than either or both. Neither indicates its prime function. This, I should say, is to secure a full individualism as a basis for the social system. Its first and main aim is to strengthen the man himself. And the chief work it has to do is to take off the burdens and root out the evils that now crush men into misery and weakness. If I were to look into the Scriptures for the word that best describes the task that lies before social reform, it would be that spoken at the grave of Lazarus,—“Loose him, and let him go.” Make a living man of him, unbind him, and he will take care

of himself. When that is done, social science may take him and fix his place in the social fabric. At present and for a long time to come the main business of reform will be to work out those evils that have made men weak and defeated their manhood. It does not presume to wage a contest with nature, in order to save those whom it were better should not be saved. Its contest is with the evils that have brought about an abnormal state of society and filled it with abnormal men. Let it be as it will and must with these: love will do its uttermost for them; but the main thing it has to do is to stop the processes that are turning out generation after generation of bruised and maimed and thwarted humanity. Such is the work of altruistic reform,—not the ideal fantasies of Mr. Howells, nor the vagaries of Mr. Bellamy, nor the reduction of society to one vast man, as socialism would have it, but rather such an improvement of social conditions that individualism shall have full play.

Thus character becomes possible,—the only logical explanation of humanity, the only achievement worth striving for.

“If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.”

Literature.

“THE CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL.”*

The story of a private school which has attained to nearly seventy years of existence, and averaged more than two hundred pupils during that long period, and which, from its institution in 1828 by the late Gideon F. Thayer until this day, has been distinguished for high educational ideals and original methods, must possess much interest for its graduates and the general public. Chauncey Hall is a name endeared to successive generations of Bostonians especially. In the appendices to this little work will be found names which represent the best social and business traditions of the city, together with eminent examples of her culture, character, and good citizenship. It is a record of usefulness and noble purpose of which any institution might be proud. No one is more competent to give it literary expression than the able educator whose fifty years of service as teacher and principal of Chauncey Hall are perhaps its brightest chapter, and who now, in a vigorous and honored old age, his eye not dim nor his natural strength abated, is spared to be the chronicler of its annals. If there is any fault to find with the book, it is that Mr. Cushing has spoken all too modestly of his own large share in the development and efficiency of the school.

He pays a deserved and generous tribute to its founder, his long-time associate,—the late Gideon F. Thayer,—a man of sterling character and many gifts as an educator. It was the happy fortune of the present writer to have received his early education at Chauncey Hall during the decade so important in its history between the years 1850-60. These witnessed the close of Mr. Thayer's long term of service, the assumption of the full direction of the school by Mr. Cushing, the first connection of Mr. W. H. Ladd with its faculty, together with other notable changes in its personnel and methods. Valuable as were the educational opportunities of the school in that day, the chief benefit conferred upon its pupils was the privilege of coming under the personal influence of such trained scholars and high-minded and earnest men.

Chauncey Hall was founded in 1828 by Mr. Thayer, who had ideas of his own, in advance of the current educational methods. This was ten or fifteen years before the reforms in the public school system of New England, introduced by Horace Mann and his associates. The existing schools were characterized by poor accommodations as regarded the comfort and health of their pupils, imperfect apparatus, even a blackboard being rare, severe discipline, poorly paid teachers, and courses of instruction either unduly classical or purely practical. What redeemed them was the fine personal endowment and lofty purpose of their principal, among whom names like the late N. A. Gould, George B. Emerson, and E. S. Dixwell awaken grateful memories.

Mr. Thayer rightly judged that there was

* HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL, 1828 to 1894. By Thomas Cushing. Boston,

need and room in Boston for a school based on the new methods in education which were being discussed in Boston, and which private initiative could more readily introduce than public. Already, in 1820, he opened in a room in the rear of the old Province House, off Washington Street, a school of this character. Among other improvements he opened, in connection with it, the first gymnasium attached to a school in Boston. His ideas met with favor, and an increase of pupils led to an extension of his plans. A site in Chauncey Place, next the First Church, was secured, and a building erected which was a notable advance on the school architecture in vogue at that day. A cut of this building—since torn down, together with its neighbor, the stately First Church, to meet the encroachments of business—prefaces the book. It will be a pleasant reminder to many old-time pupils of profitable and happy hours spent within its walls. It was, indeed, an ideal location for a school. A brick wall, afterwards replaced by a light iron trellis, in those days stretched across Chauncey Street, and forbade the passage of vehicles. The quiet court was only invaded by romping school-boys, and on Sundays by the decorous congregation, where to-day is a crowded and noisy thoroughfare. Great chestnut-trees shaded street and playground. The latter, from want of space and off-time stress of weather, was situated chiefly under the school building, which rose on solid granite piers over it to the height of three stories. In the rear of the school site, where is now Hovey & Co.'s store, was then the beautiful tree-shaded garden of an old estate. On the south was another large garden, with the residence of Judge Jackson.

In this structure many of Mr. Thayer's educational ideas were made actual. Besides the large hall in the third story, which was the general assembly-room of the school, there were four or five classrooms, each devoted to its special department of instruction. Classes went in rotation from the hall to these rooms and back again. This simple and now familiar system of class instruction in separate rooms was, fifty or sixty years ago, a great novelty. The construction of school edifices up to that time would not have permitted it.

Other innovations were the convenient, separate desks, with their comfortable chairs, the ample blackboards on the walls of every recitation-room, the maps, globes, and philosophical apparatus, the natural history collection, the hot-air furnace, then a great rarity, etc.

The system of teaching, also, was a notable improvement in many ways over existing models. The departmental instruction already referred to, the milder and more paternal discipline, the opening half-hour of moral instruction and devotional exercise, which served to bring the ennobling influence of the principal close to the heart and conscience of his pupils, the increased attention to drawing, singing, and natural science, the medal system, and especially the substitution of masterpieces of English literature by Irving, Scott, and Shakspeare for the dull reading books in common use, were characteristic features of Chauncey Hall. To Mr. William Russell, the gifted teacher of elocution and rhetoric, and author of text-books highly prized by a former generation, the eminence which the school attained in the department of English was largely due. One of the most distinguished of the graduates of Chauncey Hall, the historian, Francis Parkman, has borne grateful tribute to his merits as an instructor and a man. Later generations of pupils cherish much the same feeling of gratitude toward one of his successors in that department, Mr. William H. Ladd, who, as

teacher and principal, has now been connected with the school since 1855. One of the characteristics of the school has been the long terms of service of its teaching force. Besides the principals referred to, Prof. Gaetano Lanza taught in the language department for seventeen years, and Prof. J. B. Torricelli, to whose beloved memory a just tribute is paid, twenty-four years. Oliver F. Bryant served thirty-four years, Horace Chapin, most amiable and faithful of men, twenty-four years. To crown this record, Miss Susan D. Nickerson rounded out in 1889 forty-eight years of service as head of the preparatory department, and has left in thousands of minds, made wiser and better by her instruction, the imperishable testimony to her goodness and devotion.

As the years went on, the reputation of the school increased. Many of the best families of Boston sent their children to it. The appendix to the book contains the names of thousands of pupils, and it is noteworthy how often the same family name is repeated, parents, children, and grandchildren in succession having received their education at Chauncey Hall. Indeed, the list may fitly be termed an anthology of the leading families of the city. In later years there has been a manifest preference for Chauncey Hall, also, on the part of the more cultivated foreign-born citizens of Boston. The list of pupils includes many who entered Harvard and other colleges, and in later life won distinction in business and the professions. Among them we note Horatio Hale, the philologist, Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D., late pastor of the First Church, Henry T. Tuckerman, the author, James Jackson Jarves, the art critic, Francis Parkman, the historian, Rev. John Weiss, the brilliant preacher, Alice Stone Blackwell, Rev. William C. Gannett, Rev. F. H. Hinckley, Dr. Reginald H. Fitz, T. E. Chickering, John Lowell, Henry Lee Higginson, Curtis Guild, Gen. G. W. Colamore, Gen. Hazard Stevens, Arthur Fuller, H. S. Burrage, Lieut. J. A. Perkins, Lieut. Henry Ropes, Col. C. E. Griswold, and many another of whom Boston has reason to be proud.

The connection of Mr. Thomas Cushing with the school began with its inception in 1828. At the time of his assumption of the principalship, in 1855, Chauncey Hall, largely through his efforts, had become one of the leading educational establishments of the country,—a rank it has ever since maintained. This is not the place to speak of Mr. Cushing's admirable work as an instructor, or the lasting and ennobling impression which his strong character produced upon the thousands of boys who came under his care. The memory of his vigorous manhood, his inflexible justice, and his untiring devotion to his pupils, is written indelibly in their hearts, and is one of the most cherished traditions of the school. The latter has survived his withdrawal in 1879, the episode of the Civil War, which drafted so many youth into the army, the encroachments of business and the great fire, which, twice in succession, compelled it to seek other quarters. In its present admirably appointed building in Copley Square, with a large force of teachers and an increased number of pupils, it keeps up the honorable traditions of its past. True to the spirit which actuated its founders, it has made many innovations, when these were dictated by the highest welfare of its pupils. The other sex is no longer debarred entrance. Since 1858 girls sit side by side with boys in the school-room. There are women teachers as well as men. Indeed, one of the present principals of the school is a woman, Miss Mary H. Ladd, while a sister, Miss Harriet Ladd, has been an instructor since 1864. A military battalion holds its daily drill, a kindergarten

Flowers flourish in the Sunlight, which brightens and gladdens everyone, and

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and normal training school have been added. The outlook for another prosperous seventy years seems assured.

The most impressive of the appendices of the book is a roll of honor containing the names and military record of two hundred and thirty-four former pupils of Chauncey Hall, who gave themselves to their country in her hour of need. It is a chapter in the history of the school of which it may well be proud. A portrait of the founder, Mr. Thayer, displays his fine, noble countenance. To some old scholars it would bear an even stronger resemblance to the original if it reproduced the famous gold crown-tipped pencil with which the good man was wont to rap his mild counsel into their dull pates. The absence of a likeness of Mr. Cushing is to be regretted. We are glad to learn that, yielding to a general desire on the part of his old-time pupils, he consents to supply the portrait to those that desire it.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

The Magazines.

The *Kindergarten Magazine* is always of interest to those interested in this form of educational work, whether practical workers or not. The notes about the kindergarten meeting at Denver in July are full and interesting, containing many suggestions of value; and an article by Amalie Hofer on "The Social Settlement and the Kindergarten" is well worth reading, even in the present abundance of similar ones.

Lend a Hand for September continues its work of informing the people about the progress that is being made in educational and philanthropic directions. Chautauqua, the school savings-bank system, the Calhoun Colored School, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences come in for the main share of attention this month; while John Visher of Chicago discusses "Philanthropy as a Social Factor," and Prof. J. J. McCook writes of "The Tramp Problem" and of helps toward its solution. "Manual Training for the Feeble-minded" is an extract from an address by Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows delivered before the Association of Medical Officers of American Institutions for Idiotic and Feeble-minded.

The leading articles of the *Arena* for September are a continuation of Helen Gardiner's "A Battle for Sound Morality," treating of recent legislation in Colorado, Nebraska, and Missouri, and "Marvels of Electricity," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, which maintains that electricity is a master of psychic as well as physical life, and opens wonderful possibilities. Another scientific article is "How Evolution Evolves," by Stinson Jarvis. Henry Wood writes of "Omnipresent Divinity"; Prof. Frank Parsons writes of the electric lighting in different places, aiming to show its actual cost; Rev. Marion D. Shutter traces "Progressive Changes in Universalist Thought,"—a subject which he is well qualified to treat; and a symposium of seven ministers, discussing Prof. George D. Herron and his work in California, will also be of interest to many.

September's *Forum* opens with a manly article by Theodore Roosevelt on "The Enforcement of Law," recounting points in the recent political situation in New York and in the opposition that met the attempts to have the statutes honestly maintained. "Municipal Progress and the Living Wage," by D. G. McMeans, "The Benefits of Hard Times," by Edward Atkinson, and "Unsanitary Schools and Public Indifference," by Dr. Douglas H. Stewart, are the articles chiefly concerned with present social questions. Clarence King argues for a better understanding of the Cuban question, believing that the United States should give Cuba the aid she needs. Richard H. Hutton, editor of the *London Spectator*, writes of Prof. Huxley; and Frederick Harrison's article on "George Eliot's Place in Literature" is also of interest to the general reader. "Methods and Difficulties of Child Study" are treated by Mrs. Annie Howes Barus.

In the *North American Review* for September the Bishop of Albany, William Croswell Doane, tries to explain "Why Women do not want the Ballot." He does not argue, wishing merely to assert the basic principles of the case, which in his mind are the following: first, suffrage is not a right, but a privilege; second, women who are taxed are already represented "by their relatives, by their potent influence, and by men's sense of justice"; third, overstocked professions and neglected duties would be the result if "this unnatural idea" of equal suffrage should be successful; and, finally, less employment and lower pay would result likewise. He then notes the probable dangers that religion would be dragged into politics, that violence of partisanship would be fostered and the family relations put in peril. It will be interesting to keep this article for future reference. "Reminiscences of Prof. Huxley," by Sir William H. Flower, Huxley's

friend for forty years, is interesting and clear. "The Christian Endeavor Movement" is explained by the president, Rev. Francis E. Clarke, D.D. Robert H. Thurston of Cornell College traces "The Trend of National Progress" with charts and figures, the study of which leads to important and most promising conclusions. Max O'Rell shows the present danger of American democracy from the general willingness to endure bullying and snubbing from servants of the public. "The African Problem" is ably and temperately discussed by Edward W. Blyden, minister to the Court of St. James from Liberia, and probably the most learned of Negroes, whose opinions on many subjects are generally accepted as authoritative. This unusually interesting number contains other articles that deserve mention.

Literary Notes.

Roberts Brothers have put together in book form Rev. Philip Stafford Moxom's "Lowell Lectures" of last year, with the title "From Jerusalem to Nicæa."

Mrs. C. Emma Cheney, wife of Bishop Cheney of Chicago, has written a book which A. C. McClurg & Co. will soon publish, entitled "Number 49 Tinkham Street." It describes the working of a Christian social settlement to show the benefit to society of a mingling of the poor and ignorant with men and women of education and refinement.

Among graphic methods of illustrating the Sunday-school lesson, the sand-map is now used in many progressive schools. Miss Juliet E. Dimock has become known as an expert in the use of this form of lesson illustration. She has written an article for the *Sunday School Times*, in which she describes the making of a sand-map and its varied uses.

The "North-western European" edition of the *Minneapolis Times* contains over a hundred closely printed pages of information about the North-western States, the opportunities and advantages they possess, and the advance they have made. Climate, soil, lands, stock interests, dairying, lumber, mineral wealth, fuel, transportation, education, and other subjects are fully treated.

Under the title, "The Elia Series," G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue a series of famous books, offered as specimens of the best literature and of artistic typography and book-making. The first group of the series will comprise Lamb's "Essays of Elia," "The Discourses of Epictetus," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Franklin's "Autobiography," and Long's translation of "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius."

"The Journal of the Countess Krasinska in the Eighteenth Century" is soon to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The author was the great-great-grandmother of both the present rulers of Italy; and her journal is filled with interesting events of her own life and of the times in which she lived. The personality of the countess is confirmed by the excellent frontispiece portrait, after the original painting by Angelica Kauffmann.

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago announces for publication early in October a highly unique collection of popular sketches of the religious and secular history of Israel by Prof. C. H. Cornill, one of the foremost orthodox authorities on Old Testament history in Europe. This book will embody all the results of the new higher criticism, and will be written in a spirit of the highest and most enthusiastic reverence for the religious aspects of its subject.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press a book by the late Ward H. Lamon, entitled "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, 1847-65." All readers of current history know the close relation that existed between Mr. Lincoln and his old friend, Mr. Lamon. This work contains much new material. The chapter on what has been called "The Antietam Episode" is said to be especially interesting and reliable; for the author was not only present, but took a leading part in that affair. The book is carefully compiled by Miss Dorothy Lamon.

Miss Milicent W. Shinn, formerly editor of the *Overland Monthly*, has been studying a subject that has lately called out some speculation, "The Marriage Rate of College Women." She has carefully gathered statistics from all of the women's colleges of the country; and these she includes in an article with the above title, written for the October number of the *Century*. She finds the ultimate probability of a college woman's marriage to be below 55 per cent. against 90 per cent. for other women,—not quite two-thirds as great. Location has something to do with the question. The college women marry most in the Middle West, and least in the North Atlantic States. The reason is largely because they are employed as teachers in girls' schools,—a station in life more inimical to marriage than any other save that of a nun.

Books Received.

From the *Arena Publishing Company, Boston.*
Song Blossoms. By Julia Anna Wolcott.
From *Ginn & Co., Boston.*
Responsive Readings. Selected from the Bible and arranged under subjects for Common Worship. Price 85 cents.
From *Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.*
Morelli. A Sketch of the Life and Work of the Painter, Domenico Morelli, with Eight Heliotypes. By Ashton R. Willard. Price \$1.25.
The Madonna of the Tuba. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price 75 cents.
The Whittier Year-book. Passages from the Work and Prose of John Greenleaf Whittier, chosen for the daily food of the lover of thought and beauty. Price \$1.00.
From *D. Appleton & Co., New York.*
The Stark Munro Letters. Edited and arranged by A. Conan Doyle. Price \$1.50.
From *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.*
A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Judges. By George Foot Moore. Price \$3.00.
A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. By Rev. Wm. Sanday, D.D., LL.D., and Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, B.D. Price \$3.00.
Margaret Winthrop. By Alice Morse Earle. Price \$1.25.
From *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.*
Elizabeth's Pretenders. By Hamilton Aidé. Price 50 cents.
From *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.*
Zoraida. A Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara. From the *Central Conference of American Rabbis.*
The Union Prayer-book for Jewish Worship. Part I. The Union Prayer-book for Jewish Worship. Part II.
From *Harper & Wallis, Columbus, Ohio.*
The Forces of Nature. A Study of Natural Phenomena. By Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis.

Music Received.

From *Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.*
Savoy March. Two-step. By John Francis Gilder. Price 50 cts.
The Passing of the King. Song. By J. C. Macy. Price 50 cts.
The Summer Girl. Two-step. By H. M. Capps.
Mazle. Words and music by J. Ed. Lakeman.
Angel-land. Song. Words by F. E. Weatherly.
Hidden. Words by S. T. Livingston. Music by Gertrude H. Swift.
Violet Polka Mazurka. Composed for Guitar. By C. de Janon.
Up to Date. Waltzes. By Rudolph Aronson.
I'll tell your Mother on you; or, You can't bite my Apple. Words by Flora Meyers. Music by Collin Coe.
Girl who owns my Heart. Song. Words by George Cooper. Music by Chas. E. Pratt.
Sweet Little Mary. Song. Words and music by Alfred Wooler.
When de Shadow of de Moon am on de Levee. Plantation Song. Words and music by Chas. Gardner, Jr.
Irene McNulty. Comic Song. By Chas. Gardner, Jr.

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LOST AND FOUND.

Where have they gone, the happy summer days,
With all their loveliness of earth and sky,
Which we have seen so gayly passing by,
Till now the last a moment more delays?

Whither have fled their mornings cool and sweet?
Whither their dreamy haze of highest noon?
Whither their sunset glories, and the croon
Of many waters murmurously fleet?

O friends, dear friends, who have been with me here,
To-night, for all the miles that intervene,
There is no inch of space our hearts between:
Come, hark with me a voice of hope and cheer.

These summer days that have so sweetly fled
Have their Avallon wherein they abide,
Like good King Arthur after he had died,
Or seemed to die, when still he was not dead.

It is a quiet place within the heart,
Where they live on for many an after day,
Blessing alike our labor and our play;
And nevermore from us do they depart.

And when we know not why we are so gay,
And when we laugh, nor know the reason why,
God sees in us a gleam of summer sky,
Or hears some brook go laughing on its way.

And so in you, I know, God keeps for me
The sweetness of the unreturning days,
Safe from all harm, and better than all praise:
Be mine, at least, such immortality.

—John W. Chadwick.

For the Christian Register.

AMONG THE THURINGIAN FAIRY-FOLK.

BY S. ALICE RANLETT.

Thump! clump! patter! clatter! go the wooden shoes over the rough cobble-stones of Ruprechtsdorf, a little hill-encircled village of Thuringia. See the chilly, gray twilight of the German autumn morning. The children are running to school. The boys' yellow hair slopes like a little thatched roof over their weather-browned foreheads, and the girls' tight, smooth, flaxen braids fly out beneath their brown and red kerchiefs; and the blue eyes of boys and girls alike smile amiably from the ruddy, apple-checked faces.

"Auf! Weg da! Juchhe!" they cry, darting through the market-place, not pausing even to look at the delights of the booths just set in order for the weekly market-day. Bright kerchiefs, cabbages, red and white, gay shoulder-shawls, cackling geese, bleating sheep, and even gingerbread dainties with their stuffing of nuts do not stop the children in the morning race. Later they will return and feast their eyes, at least, on all these things; but now the important question is, who will first and who will last lay hand upon the fountain's rim. For the first is, by the common consent and the long custom of the Ruprechtsdorf children, their ruler in play-hours for the day and is called the *Kinder-Kaiser*; and the last, unless excused by the *Kaiser*, is compelled to be the story-teller at the children's second breakfast, or luncheon-time.

"He! Heinz comes first," is the merry cry, followed by, "Ach! Lieschen, thou lazy one!"

"But the children are always glad when Lieschen is their story-teller, and this, indeed, is often; for, being the poorest runner among them, she is by far the best story-teller; and besides she has great advantages; for she lives outside the village, just where the green Moritz valley narrows into a dark, gloomy notch between the rocky hills, and on the edge of the great forest, which has always been regarded as the home of nixies, and kobolds, dwarfs, gnomes, moss-children, giants, and "queer little people."

The children do not venture alone into this Moritz wood; and sometimes, when they wander there in company, they think they hear a faint, silvery laugh or a light footstep or they catch a glimpse of some fluttering shadow among the flickering leaves which, they are sure, belongs to the weird people of the forest.

On the rocky crest of the hill which overhangs this valley and wood is perched the ruined Moritzburg, one of the old Thuringian castles, whose broken walls and crumbling towers and dungeon-like apartments are full of charms and mystery.

About the Moritzburg and the forest, and the river which runs through it with foaming rapids and still pools, Lieschen knows

many a wild story; and the children gather eagerly about her at luncheon-time, contentedly munching their hard rolls, sometimes seasoned by a slice of savory sausage, and, looking up over the village roofs to the ragged tower of the old castle, they listen with delight and shiver with ecstasy.

"In our forest river," Lieschen begins, "there lives a nixie, and she has an invisible castle far down in the green water, near the sheep-bridge, where the river bends and is wonderfully deep; and my grandfather has told me that once, long ago, when a little maid and some grown-up people were walking through the woods near the sheep-bridge, suddenly the child saw a grand and beautiful young lady, with long yellow hair and a floating white dress, walking up and down upon the other shore. And the child fell to trembling and crying, and told the others what she saw; but they could see nothing, and they laughed at the little thing. You know, children can see things that grown-ups can't.

"They say the nixie keeps, down in her castle under the water, a great pot of shining gold pieces, and she gives the gold to those who go down with her to the palace; but, then, if you go down there, you never come back. So where's the use of your gold?

"My grandmother says once, when she was very little, the nixie tried to make her go down to the beautiful hidden castle. She was going by the sheep-bridge, when she heard a splashing in the water and then a merry laugh; and, when she looked about, she saw there in the river a wonderfully beautiful lady, with long shining golden hair, who beckoned to her, smiling graciously and calling her by name. But my grandmother had heard of the nixie; and she was afraid, and ran fast away to other people.

"And long ago, they say, the nixie used to go about quite openly, and often went to a butcher in the village to buy her meat. She used then to look like any lady. Only her teeth were queer and shone like gold, and her dress was always dripping wet because she had come out of the river, you know.

"But the butcher was much displeased because the water-lady, without saying a word, used just to point at the pieces of meat she liked, and make him give them to her; and she always liked the best. So, then, a friend foolishly advised him that, when next the nixie should point out her choice of meat with her proud white hand shining with green emerald rings, he should chop it off. And this he tried to do; but the nixie swiftly drew away her hand, and then she looked at the man with furious, angry eyes, and said,—

"Remember well what you would have done, and beware evermore of water.' Then the butcher was greatly frightened, and he never went near the river or the lakes; but one day he was crossing a little gurgling brook, and the water in it would come scarce higher than his ankles, when out popped the nixie, laughing scornfully, and dragged him into the water, and held him with her strong white hands face down till he was quite dead. You see, it's better ever to make friends with the nixie.

"They say that the water-lady appears sometimes in one form and sometimes in another, and sometimes she has jet black hair instead of yellow; but always she wears the shining white dress and always the rings with glittering green stones.

"The fisher-folk often see the nixie when they are fishing on the river-banks late into the night, and they put silver pieces on a certain rock, and then they see a white hand reach silently out of the water and take away the silver; and, after that, the nixie sends them good luck, and they catch fish fast and merrily. But sometimes they hear her call out the names of men, and then they shudder; for they know that she is calling those who will some time be drowned in the river.

"She is not willing that any one should bathe in the deep pool by the sheep-bridge; and once, when a baker from the village was swimming there, he felt some one seize him by the ankles and try to drag him down, but, when he screamed for help, his companions ran to him, and succeeded in pulling him ashore, but on his ankles there

were the blue, bruised marks where two great, awful claws had clutched him.

"And once a painter, passing over the sheep-bridge, played on his guitar till the nixie came to listen,—for she ever loves music,—and he thought he had pleased her so much that she would do him no harm. So then, because the day was warm, he sprang into the cool, green water for a bath; but he was swiftly dragged down into the deep pool, and no one ever saw him afterward.

"Yet sometimes the nixie is so kind and does such good deeds to people!

"Long years ago there lived here in Ruprechtsdorf a poor little orphan maid who had no friends, and who lived among strangers who gave her little bread and many blows, and she was so wretched that at last she thought she would end her trouble, and go and drown herself in the deep, dark pool by the sheep-bridge; but, when she went there, it chanced that many persons were passing on that day. The fishermen were fishing up the stream, and the country folk were going and coming from the market, and the noble ladies and knights were riding on a journey through the wood; and so the little maid lay down beneath a green shady tree which hid her, thinking to wait there till nightfall.

"Now, when the sun was setting and all was still, the poor child rose, thinking her time was come, when she saw walking along the shore a young and beautiful lady, dressed like a princess in shining silken clothing and wearing glittering precious stones upon her white hands and in her golden hair. This strange lady came up to the child and gently stroked her hot brow, and spoke in a sweet voice to her and told her she had been watching her and knew the dreadful thing she was intending to do, and told her how wicked it was and talked to her of the dear God and how he had put her into the world to live while he pleased, and told her what holy religion teaches about self-murder; and, when the poor child promised to think no more of such a sin, the beautiful lady stooped and kissed her, and suddenly she disappeared.

"And once a poor widow and her children were going through the wood on their way to Albrechtsdorf, and they had no food, and the children were crying and begging for bread, when suddenly a beautiful lady came stepping lightly under the green trees, carrying a basket of white, shining woven silver; and from it she took bread and honey cakes and fair red apples and fed the children till they were no longer hungry, all the time singing in a sweet voice which made them glad, and then she gave the costly silver basket to the poor mother, and she was gone. But the widow sold the basket for money which bought bread for many months.

"They say that once a year at the midnight before the holy day of all the blessed saints the nixie goes to the village church to say her prayers; and they find in the morning a great golden piece of money in the poor chest, which the water-lady has left there for her offering."

As Lieschen paused, the little *Kinder-Kaiser* from his throne on the highest of the school-house steps gives his imperial command:—

"Now, Lieschen, I would have thee tell some stories of the queer little people." And Lieschen opens her mouth to obey, when the school-bell rings. Play-time is over, and the little emperor and all his little subjects march silent and orderly in to masters and lessons.

A FIGHT WITH GRAVITATION.

Slow at his books Tom Gordon certainly was, yet he had a good mind. It took him a long time to learn a lesson; but, when he had once learned it, he never had to look at it again. In athletic sports, too, he was not brilliant; but he could be relied upon. He was like a stone wall at first base, though he was not so successful as a batter. In football he was not aggressive enough to suit his school-fellows; but he was fearless, and he could carry an indefinite number of opponents on his back. In the tug-of-war he was unconquerable.

There was a story that, when Mr. Brown's school, with Tom for anchor, pulled the Normal Stars, Tom's three ropemen, after having, with Tom's assistance, secured an extra foot or two, went off and got a drink of soda water, leaving Tom to mind the rope alone. Tom always denied this story, and I must confess that it sounds unlikely. I think the probability is that, if they went away at all, they went away one at a time.

That day Tom pulled anchor, but generally he pulled on the rope. He was captain, of course; and his thundering "Ready! Heave!" was enough of itself to take away the strength of the other side. It was a great disappointment to Tom when Mr. Brown forbade the tug-of-war, on the ground that it injured the boys.

"I suppose it is bad for you," Tom was heard to say; "but a boy ought to learn how to keep his back straight and put his strength to a thing. He may have to lift something heavy some day."

For the rest, Tom was a tender-hearted fellow, who could not bear to hurt any one. When he was a little boy in the sixth class, one of his classmates, mistaking gentleness for cowardice, forced Tom into a fight. Tom hit out so quickly that one knock settled the other fellow, and then he fell to crying because the blood came out of the little rascal's nose.

One evening after supper Tom took the electric cars and went in town on an errand for his father. His business accomplished, he set out to walk home; for, although a few flakes of snow had fallen, the night was fine, and he wanted to get some good fresh air into his lungs before sitting down to spend an evening with Cicero.

He had reached a deserted part of the street, and was walking up a long hill not far from home, when he saw coming toward him a heavy two-wheeled coal-cart drawn by one horse. The wheels were on the car-tracks, the driver's head had fallen over on his shoulder, and he was fast asleep. Meanwhile the brave old horse plodded on, with the contentment of a veteran in the coal business who has left his load of coal, whose driver is asleep, and who is going down hill on his way home.

From out of sight far along the street came the singing of wires, which means that an electric car is approaching. A moment later the car, coming on like mad,

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1 Broadway, New York.

hove in sight some distance behind the coal-cart. As it reached the summit of the hill, and began the descent, its speed did not abate.

Nearer and nearer it came, but the motor-man did not seem to have any fear of running into the coal-cart. He even turned round and said something to the conductor, who was standing behind him. Then he turned back again, but he turned too late. He was nearer than he thought. He jammed on the brake, and reversed the power just as the old horse turned aside to draw the cart out of danger; but the tracks were covered with a little layer of snow, and the car-wheels slid over them like the runners of a sleigh.

The whole weight of the car struck the corner of the coal-cart, and flung it from the tracks. The wagon fairly surged up in the air, and came down on its side, with the man underneath it and the horse still in the shafts. Neither man nor horse stirred after they fell.

The conductor and driver were both unhurt. "This is a bad business, Phil; an' we'd better git out!" the driver said.

The conductor nodded, and pulled the bell twice, and the car swept away. The only passengers were three ladies, who probably did not know what had happened.

Tom was not a hundred feet away when the thing happened. His horror at the sight itself was not greater than his astonishment and anger when the car moved on. For the first time in his life he would have liked to have some one by the throat.

He rushed up to the cart excitedly. It had been thrown to the right of the track. The driver's leg was underneath one of the great wheels; and he had evidently fainted, for he did not move nor speak. Tom seized him by the shoulder and shook him roughly. The man roused up a little.

"Pull your leg out when I lift," Tom shouted; and then he stooped down, and got hold of the edge of the wheel.

He straightened his back, bent his knees, and gripped the wheel tight. Then, with a great effort, he flung back his head and straightened his knees. Up came the cart, wheel, frame, and all.

"Pull your leg out!" Tom shouted again. The man started, tried to sit up, pulled his leg a little way out, gave up, and rolled over on his face, with his head directly under the wheel.

It was too much. Tom thought he would rather have died than see such a thing happen. He could not hold up such a load for more than a few moments, and it would kill the man when it fell. No one was in sight. He could not move, not a muscle, or he would have to let go. Oh, if he had only let the fellow lie there, and brought help!

"Get out of there! Rouse up!" he cried; and then, as the man did not move, "Help! help!" he yelled. "There's a man dying! Help!"

There was only one house near enough to send him aid in time, and he directed his cries at that. There were lights in the windows, but no one seemed to stir to help him. At last the strain became so great that he could shout no longer. He clenched his teeth, and resigned himself to despair.

A door slammed. He looked up at the house, and saw a girl running down the steps. Could he hold out till she got to him. "I'll make a good bluff at it anyway," thought Tom, grimly; and he held on. He had not strength enough even to hurry up his rescuer.

The girl, who was well built, strong and ruddy, reached his side quickly.

"What are you wanting, sorr?" she said.

Tom was gasping. Great drops of sweat ran down his face. His feet staggered about from place to place. His legs were strained past bearing, his hands perfectly numb. He felt that he was all but done for.

"Pull out the man!" he muttered, and then shut his lips tight, as the wheel almost slipped from his grasp.

The girl looked down, and without a moment's hesitation crawled under the wheel to pull him out.

"Don't go under!" Tom gasped, in agony. "I may drop it."

"Faith, then, you won't," came her voice, without a tremor. "You'll hold on a bit longer. You won't let it hurt me."

That was enough for Tom. He bent his knees a trifle, renewed his grip on the wheel, leaned his head forward a little; and then a "Ready! Heave!" burst out

on the night air that made the street ring. Back flew his head again, his great knees straightened themselves, and once more wheel, frame, and wagon shot up in the air. A moment later the girl had pulled the coal man out of danger.

Then Tom shifted his feet a little back, and with an involuntary gasp let go. Down came the heavy cart with a crash, but only on the uninjured earth.

Tom thanked the girl as best he could, and then, utterly at the end of his strength, sank right down where he was in the mud and dirt. It seemed as if he could never move again.

"Sure, 'twas an illigant pull entirely!" said the Irish girl, admiringly. "What shall I be doin' now?"

"Run for the doctor," Tom said, rousing himself; "or—no. I don't think it will be necessary."

A car was coming, this one out from town. It was crowded. With a great effort Tom stood on his feet and ran to the track. "Stop, stop!" he cried. "Some one's hurt!"

The motorman stopped. Tom climbed on board, and slammed open the front door. "Is there a doctor here?" he inquired. A middle-aged man rose from his seat, and came toward the front of the car. Tom led the way to the coal-cart. "The team fell on him, and hurt his leg," he said.

The doctor stooped down, and began to make his examination. A crowd from the car gathered about the spot.

The girl's father was one of the number, and he eagerly questioned his daughter about what had happened. She told him what she knew, and all who heard her turned eagerly to get a sight of the young fellow who had borne so much to save the injured man's life.

But Tom was no longer to be seen. He liked to do his duty, but he hated to talk about it. He was on his way home, and hard enough it was for him to get there.

Some of the more curious of the crowd tried their hand at lifting the cart. Two young men, working together, raised it half a foot and dropped it.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Gordon read from the newspaper a very ornamental but substantially correct account of the strength and bravery of an unknown young man who had preserved Michael Daly, of Woodhouse's Coal Company, from instant death. Mr. Gordon read well, and his wife and daughters could hardly breathe till he had finished.

"O-o-oh!" cried Gertrude, when the end came. "What a splendid man! And so modest, too, not letting any one know who he was! He was a real hero, wasn't he, Tom?"

"Why, no," said Tom, unconcernedly. "I can't say I see anything especially heroic about it."

"Well!" Gertrude exclaimed, turning to her mother. "Tom is the most unromantic boy! I don't believe he knows what a hero is!"—Robert Beverly Hale, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Inside of the cottage all was cosy and bright. The firelight gleamed on the walls, flashed across the old clock that stood in the corner, and shone on grandma's face as she sat knitting in her high-backed chair. Harry and Ned lay on the rug, their heads pillowed on shaggy old Nep, the great dog, who had been their friend ever since they were babies. Outside the snow fell thickly, and the wind howled down the chimney. The boys had been out in the snow; and now, after their supper of roast apples and bread and milk, they were ready for one of grandma's stories.

"This is a story that my mother told me," she began; "and it happened when she was a little girl. It was during the War of the Revolution, and the New England villages and towns were overrun by the British soldiers, houses were burned and the men and boys forced to hide in the woods to avoid being taken prisoners. My mother's father owned a large farm on the outskirts of the village. He had gone to the war with his two eldest sons, leaving my grandmother at home with three children, of whom the eldest was a boy about Harry's age. His name was Harry, too. Although only fourteen, he was a well-grown, manly boy, large for his age.

"One cold, snowy night in December, as the mother and children had gathered about the fire, thinking sadly of those who were in camp, perhaps in battle, a loud knock resounded through the room; and a neighbor entered hastily, without waiting for a response.

"'I came to warn you,' he said excitedly, 'that a large party of British soldiers have entered the town, and are compelling the people to quarter them in their houses. There has been a fight, and a number of Americans taken prisoners. Harry there had better escape while he can. I am on my way to warn others.'

"As he left the house, they could hear in the distance the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"'Go, my son, before it is too late,' cried his mother. 'The Lord will protect the innocent: go quickly.'

"'I cannot leave you and my little sisters,' replied the boy. 'Father told me to take care of you, and my place is here. I am not afraid.'

"'Tramp, tramp, tramp came the hoofs, nearer and nearer.

"'Oh, my son' cried his mother, as she heard the sound, 'you must go: you will break my heart if you stay here.'

"'I cannot, mother,' said Harry, firmly: 'my place is here.'

"Just then the great clock rang out the hour, and they could now hear the voices of the soldiers. A sudden thought struck the mother, and she opened the door of the clock.

"'Quick, Harry,' she said. 'I will hide you in the clock: they will never think of looking there.'

"She pushed him into the clock and closed the door. There was just room enough inside for the boy to stand upright. The clock stood in the corner, and in its back was a hole that a little mouse had gnawed. Harry blessed that mouse for the breathing-place thus provided for him. The mother whispered a prayer, as she soothed the frightened little girls and sat down to her spinning. Soon she heard the laughter of the soldiers, as they dismounted and came up the steps. As she opened the door and the light from inside streamed out over the advancing group, she saw to her relief that they were all officers and looked like gentlemen.

"'We must have supper here, my good woman,' said the foremost, as they entered the house, 'and as quickly as possible; for we have far to ride to-night.'

"'My little daughters and I will do what we can for you,' she replied with quiet dignity.

"'This is a warm nest,' said the officer, as he glanced around the bright room. 'Are you on the side of the king?'

"'The King of kings is on my side,' she answered, as she bade the little girls prepare the table for the unwelcome guests.

"It did not take long for the hungry men to dispose of the generous fare provided for them, but to the mother and children it seemed hours. How long could her boy live in his close hiding-place? Agonized prayers went up from her heart, as she waited on the men.

"'Where is your husband, and have you no sons?' asked the captain, as they left the table.

"'My husband and sons are fighting for their country; and may the Lord give them the victory!'

"The captain flushed angrily. 'A nest of rebels, I perceive. Well for you, woman, if you had not spoken those words. I will search the house, to be sure that none of the brood have been kept at home. Two of my men will stay here, to see that none escape from the door; and you can go with the rest and show us the way.'

"The mother never knew how she lived through the next half-hour. Forced to go from room to room with her persecutors, trembling at every sound from below, her courage nearly failed as she thought of her brave boy in his hiding-place, which might be discovered at any moment. But at last the long agony was over, the search had revealed nothing, and the officers left the house. As the last one reached the door, however, the door of the clock slowly opened; and Harry stepped out into the room. He stood transfixed at the sight of

the young Englishman, who was a bright-faced, sunny-haired lad not much older than Harry's eldest brother.

"'My boy, my boy!' exclaimed the poor mother. 'You will not take him from me? Perhaps you have a mother at home who is praying for you now. Think of her, and spare another mother.' And she knelt at his feet. 'My boy would not leave his mother, although he might have been in safety now.'

"The young officer raised her gently: the tears were in his blue eyes. 'I will not betray you,' he said. 'I have a mother at home.'

"He touched his cap, and hastily joined his companions; and Harry clasped his mother in his arms."

The fire flickered and burned low as grandma finished her story. It was bedtime. But still the old clock ticked on, as it had done all through the years, telling to each succeeding generation the story of youthful courage and faith and patriotism. Mary B. Ferry, in the *Congregationalist*.

HOSPITAL DOLLS.

Ever since the election of the President of France he has devoted two mornings a week to visiting hospitals. Instead of marching through the various wards, escorted by the hospital officials, he goes from bed to bed, shakes hands with the patients, inquires into their condition, and encourages them with cheering words. It is said that he tarries longest by the bedside of little children. He always asks them what he can do to make them forget their pain, and the answer is almost invariably, "Une poupée." The result is that on the following morning there arrive at the children's ward of the hospital boxes containing dolls. As M. Faure has now given away over a thousand dolls in this way, it will be seen what a philanthropist he is, in deeds as well as in words. Of course, his example has been followed by his imitators and by other well-doers.—*The Outlook*.



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THE ARMADILLO AS A PET.

In Central America the armadillo is frequently domesticated to rid houses of insect pests. They also make as nice pets as one could desire. No animal is cleaner or less objectionable about the house. They are as desirable in this respect as well-trained cats or lap-dogs, and there could be no higher praise than this.

It is not merely the odd forms and ways of my rare pets that have made them the objects of my peculiar interest. I have been equally charmed with their intelligence and with their evident attachment to myself. If, when they are near me, I suddenly move away from them, they come trotting at my heels in their comical way as fast as their short legs can carry them.

Their gait is always a walk or brisk trot, never a gallop. Most of their movements when in motion resemble those of little pigs. They have learned to answer to their names, and come quickly when called. Curiosity is a prominent characteristic of the animal. If allowed free scope, they will explore every part of a strange place, trying to run their sharp noses into every opening. Much of the daytime is spent in sleeping. In lying down, one generally rests its head and forefeet on the neck or back of the other, in a very affectionate manner.

Their attachment for each other is remarkable, all the more noticeable when one becomes separated from the other. If I shut Jack up in a basket, Jill goes round and round outside, at times standing on her hind feet and reaching to the top with her nose. When Jack is finally liberated, they put their heads together for a few moments; and then off they go on one of their tours of exploration.—*Charles H. Coe, in the Popular Science Monthly.*

THE FRIENDS WE MAY HAVE.

Squirrels make very attractive pets; but they cannot be attractive unless they are happy. If you live where there are squirrels and chipmunks, you will soon discover how friendly they are. I know one family of children who live in a little house in the woods in summer who have been so kind and tender to the little people of the woods that they come fearlessly to the house. The squirrels and chipmunks know that in the stumps about the house they will find food that loving little hands have put there for them. They know that under the piazza are large bowls of water. The birds know that hanging in the trees are pails of water as soon as the spring gets low, and a visit to the piazza means a particularly dainty morsel. A squirrel can be taught to play with a ball or a spool. The story is told of a pet squirrel who would stop in the midst of a game of romp and disappear, to return with a couple of nuts which he would drop down the back of the neck of the lady or little girl who was playing with him. The family thought that the squirrel did this as a mark of approval, for he never looked for the nuts again. It is worth while, if only for the amusement afforded, to make friends with the birds, squirrels, and chipmunks about our homes in the woods.—*Outlook.*

TOBACCO AND LUMBER.

Few travellers—not one in a thousand—suspect there is anything behind the legend which greets them in an ordinary railway carriage: “The penalty for smoking in a carriage other than that marked ‘smoking’ is forty shillings.” That it has anything to do with the depreciation of the company’s rolling-stock never enters their heads.

A smoking-carriage, however, only lasts about half as long as an ordinary vehicle, and, once well broken into its mission, it is completely spoiled for all other purposes. It can never be rid of its smell.

“Literally speaking,” remarked a well-known car-builder recently, “a railway carriage smokes. The fumes of the tobacco are absorbed into the timbers, penetrate into the mortices, and grow into a kind of gas that eats its way into the structure. On the Northern Railway in France a few weeks ago twelve ‘smokers’ were taken to pieces at the shops. The fumes that oozed forth from every crevice would have sickened an English workman: only the French are ac-

customed to a kind of tobacco that has not been inaptly compared to half-burnt linen rags flavored with glue and assafoetida.

“The timber of a smoking carriage—if it is ever used again—can only be employed in building another ‘smoker.’ But the best oak rolling-stock only lasts about a quarter the time that soft pine would last if stationary; and the tenons of ‘smoker’ timbers rot in about half that length of time.”

What about the smoker’s throat and stomach?—*English Paper.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Examiner* discusses a question of modesty:—

One of the ablest of our Southern preachers has been lifting up his voice against those audacious “females”—as they say in that locality, meaning women and girls—who have presumed to indulge in the fascinating pastime of bicycle riding. We are disposed, for several reasons, to think that the preacher has been misdirecting his able artillery of invective. In the first place, the mere fact that the bicycle is an innovation on established modes of locomotion does not in itself make it worthy of censure. In the second place, we are very sure that the kind of women who would be at all affected by our friend’s vigorous admonitions would be the last to engage in anything that could be accounted immodest. And, thirdly, we are equally sure that there is nothing immodest in bicycling *per se*, any more than in the kindred pastime of horseback riding,—an approved manner of locomotion for women in the South. As to the costume of the woman bicyclist, with occasional exceptions it is, so far as our observation has gone, modest and becoming, and much more convenient and healthful than the ordinary street costume of to-day. We hesitate, indeed, to pass judgment in so great a matter; but, really, it does seem to our unsophisticated mind that our womenkind are quite as capable of settling questions of modesty and propriety as any “male person” of us all.

Temperance.

The St. Paul Railroad Company recently discharged eleven engineers and thirty-five firemen on one division, because they frequented saloons while off duty.

Germany heads the list of beer-drinking countries in 1893 with 1,202,132,074 gallons,—an increase of 34,000,000 over 1882, the consumption being 33 gallons per head.

The Anti-cigarette League has been established in all of the ninety-five grammar schools of New York City. The league now numbers forty thousand public school boys.

Charities and Reforms.

The fourth Indiana State Conference of Charities will be held at Fort Wayne, October 15, 16, and 17. Its object is to gather and diffuse information respecting the benevolent, charitable, penal, and reformatory work of the State and the counties, and that of private institutions and societies; to learn how best to do the work and then to make the best methods popular is rapidly becoming recognized as a valuable aid to the cause of progress in all the subjects with which it is concerned. Its members are mostly practical men and women, actively engaged in some of the many and various departments of the work which they come together to discuss. At the coming meeting important papers will be given on City Charity Work, Care of the Insane, Child-saving Work, Penal and Reformatory Work, and the Care of the Feeble-minded.

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VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

It is in the Western States that the greatest progress in rural improvement has been made during the last ten years. Here one finds illustrations of co-operation and enterprise surpassing the more staid East. The Wyoming Village Improvement Society is the foremost organization of its kind in Ohio. It was formed in 1880 at a public meeting where several spirited addresses were made. The mayor of the village was made president, and a directory of four women and four men was appointed. These were divided into committees on trees, on sidewalks, on sewerage, on finance, and on entertainments, concerts, and lectures. Though the population of the village was only seven hundred, they began work with thoroughness and enthusiasm. Nearly every man and woman in the village joined the association. They first undertook one conspicuous improvement,—the enlargement and adornment of the unsightly grounds of the railroad station. They collected \$1,200 by subscriptions. The railroad company added \$400, and hauled the needed gravel and soil without charge. The result is the most attractive station park on this line of railway. In 1881 there were planted in this park one hundred and eighty-five trees and sixty-three shrubs of flowering varieties and flower-beds, all arranged by a competent landscape gardener. In 1882 seven hundred and seventy trees were planted along the streets. The aggregate number of trees planted by this association is about four thousand. During its first three years the society raised, through membership dues, private subscriptions, entertainments, and the like, nearly \$3,000. The membership fee was \$3 for the first year, and annually thereafter \$2; for persons not of age \$1, or the planting of one tree under the direction of the tree committee. The society has secured an efficient street-sprinkling service. The property holders have laid miles of artificial stone sidewalks, and public-spirited citizens have given to the village a commodious and elegant hall in which is a fine library and reading-room. The Village Improvement Society has been the leader in these and many other improvements.—*B. G. Northrop.*

CLAY FOR CORRESPONDENCE.

How papyrus could be employed for the purposes of correspondence we can easily understand, but that clay should have been commonly used for the same purpose would a short time ago have been thought incredible. And yet we now know it to have been a fact. One of the largest and most important collections of ancient letters ever brought to light is that which has been found at Tel-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt. It consists entirely of clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform characters, and written for the most part in the Babylonian language. The letters were sent to the Egyptian court from the kings of Babylonia and Assyria, of Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, and Northern Syria, as well as from the governors and "protected" princes of Canaan; and they belong to the century before the Exodus. They prove that at that period the language and syllabary of Babylonia were the common medium of literary intercourse throughout Western Asia, and that the cuneiform characters had not as yet been superseded in Palestine by the letters of the Phœnician alphabet.

Education.

At the University of Brussels three ladies from East India recently passed their examinations in the medical department. Two of them received the title of M.D. "with great distinction," the third "with distinction." On the basis of their diplomas the ladies have received appointments in women and children's hospitals in their native land, and are also permitted to practice in the harems.

Conscious instruction, moral or intellectual, is often resisted by the pupil. Children are by nature conscious imitators of stronger natures. It also seems to be an iron law that they must always unconsciously imitate and rapidly become like their teachers. In this process there is no friction. In the domain of intellect the fact is important, because the habit of mind which they silently imbibe from the teacher is a far more potent force in their growth than the few facts they gather. But in discipline the truth, so often unobserved, that the pupils acquire the disposition of the teacher, is the central principle of the science of school government. It explains the strange successes and failures which puzzle and please or pain the friends or beginners in teaching. In its light we may often make a profitable self-examination.—*Henry S. Baker, in Education.*

Science.

Monazite, a rare mineral which neither melts nor burns, is found in the rich metallic heart of the Appalachian Mountains that lies in North Carolina.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

It has been supposed that nothing could take the place of ivory in the manufacture of the sensitively elastic balls used in playing billiards. But the scarcity of ivory has set inventive wits at work, and now in Sweden hollow balls of cast steel are found to be a satisfactory substitute.

A young man of St. Louis has invented an electric carriage, which can travel, with six passengers, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and can climb a hill with ease. It is run by storage batteries, which require ten hours to be charged, and which can then run the carriage at the rate of twelve miles an hour for four hours.

A Canadian blacksmith claims to have solved the problem of tempering aluminum so as to give it the consistency of iron. He has made and hardened a cannon of the metal, which has lately been tested in the presence of government officials. A charge, consisting of a pound of powder, has been successfully fired out of this little piece of ordnance without leaving any appreciable effect upon it.

Here and There.

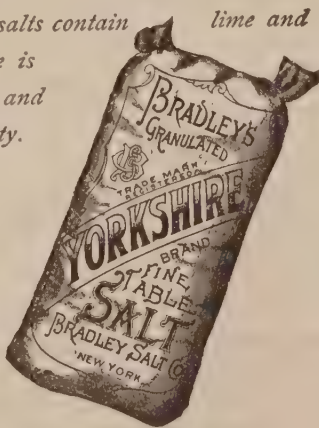
One grain of gold, after leaving the gold-beater's hands, will cover fifty-six square inches.

Snakes are said to live to a very old age. A large boa in London some time ago was estimated to be about two thousand years old.

A recent English writer on trial by jury says it was derived from Normandy. But it existed in Iceland from the earliest times, where the Normans certainly did not introduce it. As the Icelanders and the North Saxons were practically the same people, it is hardly open to question that their primitive customs were as nearly identical as their language.

The inhabitants of the small group of islands situated on the south of Iceland possess a very curious method of communication in their so-called "bottle post." When the wind blows from the south, and one of the islanders wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle; and, to insure their delivery, he encloses at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where people are generally on the lookout who are willing to deliver the contents of the bottle in return for the enclosed remuneration.

All other salts contain lime and dirt—lime is unhealthy and dirt is dirty.

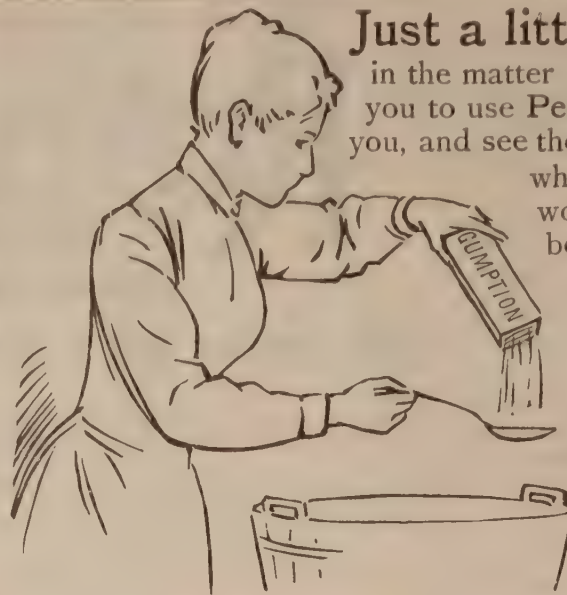


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Pleasantries.

She (on her voyage): "What is that place down there?" He: "Why, that is the steerage." She: "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—*Selected.*

A facetious visitor: "See yat 'ittle boy over zare?" said Mabel. "Yat's my 'ittle buzzer, an' his name is Nat." "Indeed?" said the visitor. "Well, I think gnat is a very good name for a buzzer."—*Harper's Young People.*

Henry: "But how can you afford to go abroad every summer?" Richard: "That's easy enough. When I come back with my trunk all covered over with steamer checks and foreign labels, I can always sell it for more than the entire cost of my trip."—*The Transcript.*

"My friends tell me that there is a magic spell about my writings," said the author, complacently, as the editor glanced at his manuscript. "There is; but I prefer Webster's style of orthography myself," said the editor, as he handed the manuscript back.—*Exchange.*

"What do you think of the present State House?" I asked, proudly looking up at the golden dome shining through the trees. "Well, I've circumspected that creatur' afore and behime; and, ef you don't watch out, the tail of the thing will swallow the head."—*The Southern Unitarian.*

Warburton: "Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?" Mamma: "No, you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours." Warburton: "I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I?" Mamma: "Yes." Warburton: "Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam."—*Florida Times-Union.*

A contemporary informs us that "two-cent literature, a Zulu Chief," was asked for in a book-store the other day. It turned out that the asker really wanted a life of the martyred Haytian general, Toussaint L'Ouverture, although why he thought him a Zulu is not easily explained. But "Toussaint L'Ouverture" does sound a little like "two-cent literature," curiously enough. Another book-store oddity was the memorandum from a Harvard student, who wanted "an ad valorem Shakspeare." Philadelphia papers please copy, for the benefit of Mr. Furniss, the editor of the "Variorum."—*The Outlook.*

FAMILY WEATHER.

A very characteristic and delightful note is that given in a recent *Century* from Dr. Holmes to J. T. Fields, thanking Mr. Fields for the gift of a barometer. The gift was so much appreciated that it was wanted by the sunny Autocrat for his study and by Mrs. Holmes for the parlor, a difference of opinion which prompted him to impart to his friend the following quaint dialogue,—imaginary, no doubt, in the indications of bad weather; for weather in the Holmes household is well known to have been perennially fair and fine.

I have observed some extraordinary movements of the index of the barometer during the discussions that ensued [wrote the doctor, after mentioning the domestic difference], which you may be interested to see my notes of:—

Barometer

Fair

Dry

Change

Very Dry

Rain

Very Dry

Much Rain

Set Fair

Stormy

Mrs. H. My dear, we shall of course keep this beautiful barometer in the parlor.

Dr. H. Why, no, my dear: the study is the place.

Mrs. H. I'm sure it ought to go in the parlor. It's too handsome for your old den.

Dr. H. I shall keep it in the study.

Mrs. H. I don't think that's fair.

Dr. H. I'm sorry. Can't help it.

Mrs. H. It's—too—too—ba-a-ad.

Dr. H. (Music omitted.) 'Mid pleasures and paal-a-a-c-es.

Mrs. H. I will have it! You horrid—

You see what a wonderful instrument this is that you have given me. But, my dear Mr. Fields, while I watch its changes it will be a constant memorial of unchanging friendship; and, while the dark hand of fate is traversing the whole range of mortal vicissitudes, the golden index of the kind affections shall stand always at SET FAIR.

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BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE question of parochial schools in this country has been considered a great deal in relation to the policy of the Catholic Church. But it would seem that in Canada it is likely to be the policy of the Episcopal Church. The triennial session of the Church of England of the ecclesiastical province of Canada in session in Montreal, has passed a resolution to the effect that the Church, having in view her highest interests, should as soon as possible, wherever practicable, secure the establishment of her own schools. The conditions in Canada and the United States are different. But every church that goes into the business of setting up ecclesiastical schools makes a drain on the public school system, and there is no education secured in ecclesiastical schools which wholly replaces that which may be obtained in the best secular school. Fortunately, the Protestant bodies, as a whole, have not felt it necessary to establish sectarian schools; and their competition with the public-school system is mainly through private schools established on social and fashionable lines.

SOME time ago the pope of Rome wrote an encyclical, in which he appealed to the people of the East and West to acknowledge his supremacy. The letter was received with courtesy and in a friendly spirit by some of the officials of the Eastern

Church, though it is perfectly evident to any one who knows the condition of the Eastern Church that the dogma of papal supremacy has not a ghost of a chance of acceptance. The Greek archbishop of Smyrna was not content to pass the papal letter by without giving it a theological whack. The archbishop characterizes the demand of the pope as counter to the teachings of the Gospels, to the apostolic traditions, and to the decisions of the ecumenical councils, and counter to the doctrines of the Holy Fathers of the Eastern and Western Churches of the first nine centuries. The archbishop brands as heretical innovations the doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God, the Roman practice in regard to sprinkling in baptism and of unleavened bread at the Eucharist, and the doctrine of the supremacy and the infallibility of the pope. "In short," says the archbishop, with a good deal of temper, "these men who have come from the Occident into the light-bringing Orient for the unholy and profane purpose of contaminating the orthodox with their false doctrines are false teachers and lying prophets, who have closed their eyes to the true light and have darkened their understanding."

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON won a decided victory for himself and his people at the opening of the Atlanta Exhibition last week. The electric impulse which the President's daughter gave with her finger from Gray Gables, which started the machinery of the exhibition several hundred miles away, will not be so far-reaching in its consequences as the electric impulse of Mr. Washington's eloquence at the same exposition. The Boston *Transcript*, which has long given an earnest support to Mr. Washington and his work at Tuskegee, says: "The speech of Mr. Washington at the Atlanta Exhibition this week seems to have dwarfed all the other proceedings and the exhibition itself. The crowd that listened to it were carried away with enthusiasm, and the sensation it has caused in the press has rarely been equalled. The Southern papers themselves pronounce it epoch-making, and call it the beginning of the end of the war between the races. All this is no great surprise to those who have kept informed upon the development of industrial and other education for Negroes in the Negro-populated districts of the country. Intelligent and sympathetic observers have long been aware that it was through the silent and serious and steady work of the schools for the Negroes that the solution of the race problem was coming, and not through the passions of politics, stirred and kept hot by tricky professional party managers for use in presidential elections. Mr. Washington is no different from what he has been: he is saying no more than he and his backers have been saying for years. But he is a great revelation to those who have hitherto regarded the Negro question as one simply calling for slangwhanging partisan and sectional abuse instead of philosophy, patience, and study."

IN another column we have treated the more political aspects of Italian unity in relation to the temporal power of the pope. But we cannot overlook the fact that, although the movement for the establishment of Italian unity was a political one yet there were also in it intellectual and religious forces of considerable power. We do not deny for a moment the spiritual elements which enter into Roman Catholicism, and which have been beautifully embodied in the lives of its saints. But, on the other hand, there has been another tendency in the same Church which can as little be overlooked: it is the tendency to place stress upon external elements in religious service. One may turn to the catechism of the Council of Trent, and find, of course, that a spiritual interpretation is given to all these forms, ceremonies, sacraments, and images. But it is nevertheless true that the clergy have from time to time fallen into a most mechanical administration of them and even the Church, in its highest authority of pope and council, recognizes the salvatory magic of a simple external service. Thus, if no priest is at hand to baptize a dying infant, anybody, man or woman, Catholic or Protestant, may perform the ceremony; and the outward act is supposed to have salvatory power. This is externalism of the most absolute and dangerous character, and it has not been confined to Roman Catholicism. In the revival in Italy twenty-five years ago the reaction against papal supremacy was also a reaction against the mental and social oppression of an army of priests, who represented the tradition of mechanical service and external authority in religion.

THE papal delegate in this country, Mgr. Satolli, in defending the right of the pope to temporal sovereignty, based it on the ground that "the pope, as head of the Catholic Church, must be independent of all human authority." With thinking people, however, such a statement will not help in the slightest the claim of the pope's temporal supremacy, because it is as indefensible as the doctrine it is supposed to support. There is no reason in history, philosophy, ethics, or common sense why the pope should be "independent of all human authority": there is every reason, on the other hand, why he should submit to constituted authority wherever it is legitimately exercised. "Some sort of restraint," says Mgr. Satolli, "is inevitable, so long as the territory in which the holy see is located belongs to another power." This is undoubtedly true. The pope is obliged to obey the laws of the country in which he resides. This is what every good citizen ought to do, if he is to share the protection which allegiance secures. The doctrine of Archbishop Satolli is not that set forth by Paul or observed by Jesus, whose teachings the popes have mistranslated into, "Render unto the popes the authority which belongs to Cæsar." In overthrowing papal supremacy, the Catholics of Italy set themselves squarely in opposition to this doctrine that "the head of the Catholic Church must be independent of all human authority." It may be humiliating to the pope to receive coins with the image of the king of Italy on them; but it means that the Italian people have begun to distinguish between the functions of the Church and those of the State, and, while they are willing that the pope should exercise the first of these, they do not mean that he shall exercise both.

A CURIOUS form of superstition has appeared in connection with the administration of asylums for the insane in Germany. It is made the subject of an extended article in *Das Protestantenblatt* of September 7. Some of these institutions in Bielefeld, Kaiserswerth, Elberfeld, and Münster, are mentioned as being under a controlling ecclesiastical influence which directly interferes with the doctors in their treatment of mental disease. An active controversy has sprung up between the doctors on the one side and some of the chaplains of these institutions on the other. Much of this controversy has appeared in print, and it is strange enough to find the religious founders and administrators of these institutions maintaining doctrines which take us back to the ideas of demonic possession revealed in the Gospels. A distinction is drawn between diseases of the body and diseases of the soul; and the soul doctors, as these pastors declare themselves to be, are of the

opinion that, the less the medical doctors have to do with patients suffering from mental disease, the better.

OF course, they have established a jargon of their own, and talk about "the positive and negative functions of life" and the danger of having these crossed, resulting in bodily sickness. There is talk of "somatic and psychic and pneumatic negative, as well as positive functions," which might mean a good deal if it really meant anything. We are told that the world contains material, psychical, and pneumatic elements which can work us harm. "The psychic is the demonic, the pneumatic is the Satanic." Evil works personally in the last, though not in the first. The criminal is Satanically sick: the insane are demonically sick. These two elements, the demonic and Satanic, may be in strife with one another. There is some recognition of personal responsibility; but sin and possession appear as causes of mental disease, especially of epilepsy. Cure, therefore, is to be sought on the pathway of religion. Pastor Bodelschwing of Bielefeld distinctly declares that it is in the highest degree essential that those who are mentally diseased, especially epileptics, should be brought into the spirit of prayer; for "epilepsy is, if not in all cases, to be traced to the direct influence of Satan." It is not surprising, after reading this and much more superstition of the same kind, that the *Centralblatt für Psychiatrie und Nervenheilkunde* should say that a "few steps further in that direction, and no cultivated physician will take a position in an insane asylum." The assembly of German alienists in 1893 wisely declared that "the acceptance by a physician of a place in an institution not under medical control is in opposition to the interests and dignity of the medical profession." Sixty-five prominent physicians of Bremen have sent an address of thanks to Dr. Scholz, director of a Bremen hospital, for bringing these facts before the public.

FREE ITALY.

Italy has been rejoicing in the twenty-fifth anniversary of her unity and freedom, and she certainly has something to rejoice over. Twenty-five years have shown that the victories of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were not empty of lasting and valuable consequence. Even the most casual and superficial observer cannot go to Rome without seeing striking proof of the progress which Italy has made since her freedom from papal dominion, and one who looks deeper into the life and history of Italy will find still greater reason for satisfaction.

The uprising of Italy was not distinctly a war between Roman Catholicism and any Protestantism or any other form of religious faith. Italy was and is still essentially a Catholic nation. The victory is primarily a political one. If it involved the overflow of the papal dominion, it was simply because the Catholic Church had usurped political powers, and stood opposed to modern ideas. It was not a conflict between politics and religion as such, but between sectionalism and nationality, between mediævalism and the nineteenth century, between democracy and hierarchy; for, though Italy is still monarchical in form, it became essentially democratic in spirit. The papacy was altogether an artificial despotism, a relic of an age and an order when the Church, forgetting its proper mission, became in its greed for power a stern, despotic hierarchy. Its despotism was shown not merely in the burdens which it imposed upon the people of Italy, but in the development it kept them from attaining. It was part of the policy of Rome, as it was under the slave-holders' oligarchy, not to educate the masses of the people. The enormous illiteracy in Italy was

a strong indictment of the papal government. In 1870 sixty-four out of every hundred of the male population of Italy could not read or write. Beggary is still bad enough in Italy, but it was still worse then.

What Bismarck did for Germany Victor Emanuel did for Italy. He developed a feeling of national unity. Italy, like Greece, was for centuries swayed by the animosities and recriminations of sectional feeling. While Greece has always been distinguished for patriotism, it has been difficult until recent years to secure anything like real national unity. Italy has been similarly divided into Venetians, Tuscans, Romans, Neapolitans, and Lombards. This sectional feeling has not wholly been annihilated, any more than it is absent between North and South, East and West, in our own country. But it is now subordinate, there as here, to the unity represented by the national flag. In a visit to Italy two years ago the writer was impressed with the warmth of Italian patriotism and the development of a democratic sentiment in connection with the national spirit.

The establishment of the temporal power of the pope and the sway it exercised, not only over Italy, but over Europe, compelling emperors to cringe to its authority, is one of the most remarkable examples of the perversion of Christianity. Nothing would seem further from the spirit of the young Nazarene who preached the Sermon on the Mount than the establishment in his name of temporal dominion over the world, enforcing its claims at the edge of the sword, and imposing curses in this life and the life to come on those who resist its power. The yoke of papal authority was broken in England, in Germany, and in France; but it was laid heavily on the neck of Italy, and its threatening shadow was cast over other countries. Under the inspiration of great leaders, the Italian people rose and broke the yoke which galled them; and it is safe to say that, if left to themselves, they will not suffer again from this particular form of oppression. There is just as much likelihood of the renewal of American slavery as of the renewal of papal supremacy in Italy. The only way this can be brought about is by the interference of foreign powers who may be jealous of Italy as she is, but who would have little occasion to fear the temporal power of the pope. The people of Italy cannot be hoodwinked by the part which the pope plays in his assumed rôle of prisoner in Rome. They know perfectly well that he can have just as much freedom as rightfully belongs to him, and that he has no right to rob them of theirs.

An intelligent observer and writer communicated to the *Christian Register* a few years ago the results of interesting observations in Italy. In this article he said:—

Two things seem to me to be as irrevocably settled as anything in human affairs can be: first, that the once called "States of the Church" are permanently States of Italy, owing sole and undivided allegiance to the Italian government; second, that the Rome of the popes has vanished forever, to make room for the Rome of the people,—the capital of a free and united Italy. The spiritual sovereignty of the pope is possibly as strong as it was two hundred years ago: his temporal sovereignty has been completely abolished, with not the remotest prospect of restoration in any shape or on any conditions. He may call himself what he pleases, and his friends may call him what they please; but he is now, and will remain, simply the head of the Catholic Church, with no more real civil authority or power than one of his own chamberlains. He and his successors may cling to the fiction of temporal power as long as they choose; but neither he nor they can get rid of the hard and stubborn fact that the temporal power of the papacy is as much a thing of the past as the rotten borough system in England or African slavery in America, and the sooner this is fully understood and accepted in England and America and everywhere else, the better for all concerned. The work of abolition has been deliberately done by those who felt the temporal power longest, and know it most thoroughly from its beginning to its end,—the Italian people themselves. Who can doubt their absolute right to do it? Who can doubt that they knew precisely *what* they were doing, and precisely *why*? And who can doubt that the work thus done will stand?

Let Italy be kept free from foreign interference, and this verdict, we believe, will stand.

The papacy lost a great opportunity,—the

opportunity to promote and gratify the aspirations of the Italian people. This lost opportunity cannot be easily regained. The present pope has done something for Catholicism by seeking to adjust it to certain aspects of human progress. But he has not yet fully discerned that the real progress of spiritual religion is not in the direction of political domination. Christianity has been spread greatly by the sword, but every conquest thus gained has been in violation of the Christian ideal of peace and love.

The Catholic Church in the United States has shown that it can prosper without temporal sovereignty, that it can adjust itself to free democratic institutions; and some of the strongest champions of the separation of Church and State in this country are Catholics. Christianity in Italy has nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by this new infusion of liberty and patriotism in the Italian people, who, in spite of the drain on their resources imposed by a heavy standing army, have made remarkable progress in education, civil and political freedom, and in the embodiment of the humane sentiment in laws and institutions.

MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy is not a fixed quantity, always and everywhere the same thing. It has as many complexions as Fortune herself, varying from the most delicate shade of blue, which is hardly more than a pleasing foil to happiness, through deepening gradations of gray, down to the blackest hues of despair; and Shakspeare has even described it as sometimes green and yellow. Poets have sung of the charm of melancholy long before Fletcher or Milton or Rogers; and then, again, they have written words when under its blighting influence that almost succeed in withering health and joy and hope in the heart of man. Our own moods are sufficiently varied to reflect at one time or another nearly all the changes of feeling which poet may picture or pathologist analyze.

Sónya Kovalevsky, in her "Recollections of Childhood," describes certain stages in the girlhood of her sister Aniuta which may be taken as symbolic of moods that are not uncommon, especially in the lives of young girls who have plenty of time to think about themselves. One of these stages was the period when Aniuta indulged herself to the full in the luxury of melancholy. It followed the romantic period when she imagined herself a young damsel of the Middle Ages, and preceded the time when she was convinced that her vocation in life was to become an actress. Aniuta saturated herself with thoughts of the questions she could not answer and of the longings she could not satisfy, as if she were the first person who had ever had to meet them. The outcome was this period of gentle melancholy, when she took Saint Thomas à Kempis for her model. Her words, her actions, her whole person, were expressive of renunciation and soul-crushing resignation. She tasted the joys of a painless martyrdom, and every one in the house was touched with respect for this unusual seriousness. Poor little Sónya felt ashamed of not being sufficiently depressed herself, and she envied the depth of her sister's feelings. It would show a shallow knowledge of human nature to find anything uncommon in the state of mind thus depicted; and the sentimentality of this "most humorous sadness" is hardly worth noticing, since it is as transient as the ripple of a wave.

Half-way between the melancholy which is a pleasure to poets and maidens and the bitterness of actual pessimism is that expressed in the Greek epigrams, which mourn that the joy of life disappears and that men are in reality less than nothing, yet are all the more sensitive to present beauty and pleasure. This is akin to the melancholy of Omar Khayyám, which is so mingled with philosophy and beauty as to almost convert us for the time being to the delight of sadness, even in this more persistent form.

The great "Melancholia" of Albrecht Dürer, which Thomson has chosen for the tutelary goddess of his "City of Dreadful Night," is a fit emblem of the despairing, unrelenting misery of such men as Leopardi, Heine, and Thomson himself. She sits on her granite pedestal, leaning forward, with her cheek on her clenched left hand, deep in sombre thought. The instru-

ments of science are scattered about her feet, but none of them has availed to unlock the dreadful mysteries of Time. Her passionate endeavor has been in vain; and she believes that struggle brings defeat because there are no prizes to crown success, that the oracles cheat because they know no secrets. Leopardi and Heine suffered the severest physical ills; and Bertram Dobell says of Thomson that he had "much of that self-torturing spirit which afflicted Rousseau and drove Cowper to insanity." Mrs. Cavazza thinks that these incurable sufferings sufficiently account for the gloom of their poetry. She adds that Leopardi was like a "divine, sad nightingale, singing amid a moonless grove"; while Heine had in his sophisticated song "the mocking-bird's cries and laughter, broken and feverishly alternated,"—a bit of comparison most just and effective.

It is not worth while to study too closely the various forms and expressions of melancholy, especially in its most despairing utterances; and yet it is but a superficial optimism that does not take such experiences into account. On the whole, how few are the examples of such continued sadness! The majority of men and women accept simply and bravely the ordinary duty of cheerfulness, and hardly anything increases our respect for human nature more than this. Sorrow comes to all, but the common relations and duties of life demand that we hide our grief in our hearts, and go on living our own lives with unabated helpfulness. Earnest people have little time to indulge in the luxury of melancholy. Thoughtful people discover that there are compensations for sorrow always and everywhere, and even he who is most tempted to rebel against his fate needs only to look about him to see that he is not bearing it alone. "It makes men dumb to see what others have to endure."

In the feeling of brotherhood and mutual helpfulness there is the beginning of comfort; and other reasons for happiness reappear later, till life widens once more to peace and joy. It is better to be manly than to be a coward, better to suffer in silence than to live on the alms of pity from those who have their own troubles to bear, better to face life as it is than to sigh for an impossible world of ease and pleasure.

THE NATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

The annual session of the National Prison Association was held in Denver from the 14th to the 18th of this month. Wardens from Massachusetts to California and from Minnesota to Texas were in attendance, besides chaplains, secretaries of State boards of charities, and scientific students of penology. It was a good meeting. The papers were brief, and the discussions pertinent; while the general tone and spirit were all that could be desired.

The subjects that came before the association were familiar ones,—the indeterminate sentence, labor in prisons, prisoners' aid societies, the parole, educative industries, the comparative value of the Auburn and Pennsylvania or the separate and associated systems, the duties of the chaplain, and the introduction of reformatory methods into State penitentiaries as well as into reformatories for so-called first offenders. There was, also, an excellent paper on the water supply for prisons, which, however, was quite as applicable to any public institution or private home as to penal structures.

A paper on "Prisoners' Aid Societies," by Rev. S. J. Barrows, was a summary of what the civilized world is doing in that direction. The work of the United States for ex-convicts is not brilliant as compared with some of the European nations.

Mr. Z. R. Brockway, superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory, was the central figure of the congress, not only in physical stature, but in experience, wisdom, and notably in the affection of the people. Whenever he spoke, his words were received as those of a seer; and, wherever he moved, he was surrounded by loving and admiring devotees. One felt like echoing the toast of one of his loyal friends,—“Mr. Brockway: the *World* could not down him.”

Two public addresses were given by Mr. Brockway, one at Denver and one at Colorado Springs, in which he summarized the results of his forty-four years' experience in dealing with prisoners, and testified to

the value of the indeterminate sentence and the parole system.

A paper by Dr. A. G. Warner on "Politics and Crime" elicited warm discussion. It was carefully prepared, after his usual scientific and painstaking manner, so evident in his admirable work on "American Charities"; but the arraignment of political methods was so severe that, had the paper been written by a less distinguished student and conscientious scientist, it would have seemed an exaggeration. The noble examples of officials who are superior to the sins and vices of those whom he scourged show what is possible, and afford the hope that communities may be educated till they demand no other. For the old saying, "Like father, like child," is no truer than "Like community, like public official." The only remedy for the discouraging state of affairs in many a city is the slow process of education.

Massachusetts was well represented by Warden Scott of the Concord Reformatory, who makes a good impression wherever he goes, and by the moral instructor, Rev. W. J. Batt, of the same institution, who is well known for his genuine goodness and his equally genuine modesty. But no women's prisons or reformatories in the country were represented at Denver. The feminine pronoun with reference to prisoners was not once heard. This might perhaps have been taken as an unconscious compliment to women or a tacit acknowledgment of their virtue; but no one knows better than these experienced wardens the relation of women to crime, and, had Mrs. Johnson or Mrs. Brackett been there, they could have told not only of the female offenders of Massachusetts, but of the wise ways there adopted for reforming these vicious and criminal girls and women. But, as it was, one might have supposed all the women of the land to be saints, though to every eight hundred of the population there is a masculine sinner immured in some prison.

One of the most effective speakers at the congress was H. H. Hart, secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections of Minnesota, a good thinker, quick observer, ready speaker, and endowed with an unusual amount of sterling good sense. His address at the chaplains' meeting on Sunday night was a model, and was warmly received. The secretaries of State boards, several of whom attend these congresses, are influential in creating a public opinion in favor of reform, and in many instances achieve more in this direction than the wardens themselves, whom an ignorant public suspect to be "interested" if they favor civil service reform or the parole system.

Gen. Brinkerhoff, the president of the congress, was never more earnest in his advocacy of good methods. His benignant face shone with real joy as he told of his delightful experiences in Europe during his recent visit at the time of the International Prison Congress. He gave a vivid picture of the contrast between receiving jails and prisons of detention in Great Britain and those in this country. There each prisoner, as he is received, goes into a separate cell, and never sees any other prisoner. He characterized certain features of the American jail system as worse than anything to be found in Russia, and, though a guest in Denver, criticised the city jail there as one of the worst in some respects that he had ever seen. The jails of this country are, with a few exceptions, a national disgrace.

No decision as to the place of meeting of the next congress was reached. One thing, however, was determined,—that more time than ever before is to be given to the consideration of the prevention of crime. That decision marks the high plane on which the Prison Congress stands. It is not enough to know how to treat men in prison: it is vastly more important to know how to deal with them, so that, once out, they shall never come in again, and more important yet to know how to set in motion influences which shall keep them from entering the criminal ranks. Theorists may tell how this might be done; but prison wardens and chaplains, who have had a chance to study the convict and his origin, know exactly where the danger lies, and they are the ones who ought to warn the public. The first and chief preventive of crime, they are all agreed, is education of the whole man, hand, heart, and head. Mr. Brockway made the striking statement that in his experience of more than forty years he

had never had under his care a convict who was a college graduate. But more valuable to the average man than book education is the training of the hand.

The sessions of the congress were held in the pretty and convenient Unitarian church; and among the wisest words spoken were those by Rev. J. H. Crooker in one of the evening addresses. He himself said that the discussion which followed was one of the most impressive hours he had ever spent.

The unbounded hospitality of the Colorado people added to the delightful memories that were stored away during the ten days that your correspondent sojourned among them. The ascent of mighty Pike's Peak revealed majesty and glory, and a vast world of interest and beauty spread below; but the smaller world of domestic life revealed by admission to the sacred fireside was far more beautiful and of a glory as unfading.

B. C. B.

Musings.

THE English people have the strangest notions of geography. To an American they seem very much mixed up. There is hardly a New England boy of ten years who does not know that Boston is situated on Boston Bay, that Cambridge is about three miles from Boston, and Dorchester about four miles in another direction. But, if you ask an English school-boy, he will tell you that Boston is on "The Wash," that Cambridge is fifty miles away, and Dorchester one hundred and seventy-five. If you ask him how far Weymouth is from Dorchester, he will get the distance about right. He will be decidedly off about the situation and distance of Plymouth; and, if you carry the examination still further, he will show the most remarkable confusion concerning geographical relations. You will be told that Hull is at least fifty miles from Boston by water, and may conclude that it will be of no use to go down there to spend the summer if you expect to come to Boston every day. You will be told that Beverly is high and dry on the land, some ten miles from the water, and that, instead of being able to reach it by electric car from Lynn, it is a railroad journey of several hours. If you dispute the English school-boy, he will show you all this down on the map. You put on your glasses, and look at one of these strange productions; and you begin to think that the map was made in some inebriate asylum, or that England must have suffered some terrible earthquake which has utterly dislocated the whole geography of the isle. To be sure, the island is not very large; and so it is not possible for a town to travel a great distance east or west or north and south, for that matter, without getting into the water. Nevertheless, the disturbance is sufficient to greatly confound your calculations. If you are in Boston, for instance, and want to take a drive on the Brighton road, you will have to go a hundred and fifty miles before you reach the Chestnut Hill reservoir. You will find that Peterboro has thrust itself in between Brighton and Boston, and that, in fact, you pass very close to Hartford, St. Albans, Uxbridge, Kingston, before you even get to Brighton. There is some advantage, to be sure, in being able to take in all these places, as you may do if you have hitched your buggy to a locomotive.

I MAY as well say that the railroad men in England are thoroughly in league with the map-makers, and that it would be of no use for you to correct these errors on the map unless you can reconstruct the country as well. Just what this means will further appear when I say that Exeter has strangely been brought into neighborhood with Tiverton, that Dartmouth is not a great way from King's Bridge, which, when I was a boy, used to be on the Harlem River. Portland is close by Weymouth, but Pembroke is one hundred and seventy-five miles by land from Weymouth. Taunton and Bridgewater are somewhere near where they ought to be, and Bristol is not an unreasonable distance from Newport; but Manchester, Northampton, Winchester, are hopelessly scattered, and Leicester and Lancaster are not within a hundred miles of each other. This being the case, it is not strange that Norwich should have landed about forty miles from Ipswich, and that Maldon

should be much nearer Braintree and Chelmsford than Boston; while Waltham, well known as the site of the great American watch factory and the residence of some delightful people, is but ten miles from Hartford, where Dr. Bushnell used to preach with such power. Newmarket, which, when I left America, was peacefully settled in New Jersey, had shifted within a few miles of Cambridge when I reached the other side; and Haverhill, instead of being directly north of Boston and some thirty miles away, as I left it, was about sixty miles south. Bolton and Greenfield are singularly near together, and Wakefield has moved about twenty-five miles east of Greenfield. Chesterfield, the summer home of Rev. John W. Chadwick, is but a few miles south of Sheffield. Newark, one of the principal cities of New Jersey, has got wedged between Lincoln and Nottingham; and Stamford has lost its position on the New Haven Road, and moved in the direction of Peterboro. Tamworth is not far from Sutton; and Worcester, instead of being the heart of the Commonwealth, has moved toward the south-west. Tewksbury is not far from Gloucester. The map of England shows but one Oxford; while every American knows there are at least thirty equitably distributed over the United States. New York and Connecticut seem to have suffered much by this English earthquake; for Rochester and Chatham have collided, while Woodstock and Enfield are miles apart. Andover is reasonably near Amesbury; but Wareham, Milford, Wellington, Dover, Sandwich, Bedford, Glastonbury, Truro, Hartland, are so hopelessly dislocated that no geographical surgeon could set them straight. What shall we say of education in England when this fearful jumble of situations is passed off as modern geography? I suggest that Parliament appoint a board of survey to come to this country, and find out just where these places really are.

THERE is another aspect of this question which is more complimentary to England. It is the fact that, beginning with our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers, and coming down to the present time, the settlers of this country from the eastern coast to the Mississippi and beyond, but especially in New England, have shown their gratitude to the mother country by using the names which history or personal association had there made intimate or famous. It is even pathetic to study the map of New England, and see with what tenderness and affection the Puritan fathers remembered their old homes. They could not bring with them the old soil and the familiar places, but they could perpetuate the music of familiar names. And to this day, when the tide of travel has turned and New England sends its pilgrims yearly to the old country, their interest is greatly enhanced by seeking the old places from which so many New England towns were named. Some of the old English towns have indeed derived more fame from the New World than they could have had without it. The new Boston has long since surpassed the old in fame and beauty, though none of its church towers have reached the height of the grand parish church, the "Old Stump," in which John Cotton preached. This association is far more interesting and natural, and far less ridiculous, than that from which the people of New York suffer, owing to the legislative pedantry which sowed that State with Greek and Roman names. But we have borrowed from England, Greece, and Rome long enough; and I am glad that in the new West many of the Indian names are preserved. They are a little hard to spell sometimes, but not so hard as the Welsh names which our forefathers mercifully spared us.

Brevities.

Rev. M. J. Savage is a grandfather, and has celebrated the event by writing a poem to his grandchild.

Some of our orthodox exchanges do not like the presentations of Unitarianism which Rev. Clay MacCauley has made to the Japanese. But, then, they do not like presentations of Unitarianism in this country.

Rev. M. J. Savage is going to stay by Boston, and Boston is going to stay by Mr. Savage. This will not prevent Mr. Savage

from preaching outside of the city, for "Unity Pulpit" carries his sermons every week to a large number of readers.

It is said that in France the bicycle fever has interfered with the business of theatres, cafés, etc. Who knows but it may be taken up by the Evangelical Alliance as a missionary agency? Yet ministers here are wont to complain that it interferes somewhat with church-going.

The State University of California is still under suspicion on account of the liberal views of some of its professors. The fact that Unitarians were allowed to hold services in Stiles Hall has created decided opposition on the conservative side. Of course, the Unitarians pay rent for the building, and only engaged it for temporal occupancy.

The members of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco have just celebrated the thirty-first anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Horatio Stebbins. Ladies of the congregation have presented to the church a life-size portrait of their honored pastor, which was painted by Miss Withrow. The portrait is said to be excellent; but the church, we believe, will still value most highly the speaking likeness of its pastor every Sunday morning.

The number of ministers on the roll of the "Congregational Year Book" increased last year forty per cent. more than the number of churches. The *Congregationalist* says, "If every church were manned, there would be at least one hundred unemployed ministers in Massachusetts seeking settlements." Does this mean that the harvest is small, and that the laborers are a great many? Perhaps it also means that many are not called, and therefore few are chosen.

We are glad to say that Rev. Francis Tiffany, who has been spending a few weeks at the Massachusetts Hospital for a necessary surgical operation, has returned to his home in Cambridge, where, we trust, his progress will be as rapid and as sure as the affectionate wishes of his large circle of friends and admirers would have it. Mr. Tiffany will soon issue in book form the charming letters, carefully revised, which he contributed to the *Christian Register* during his trip around the world.

Mr. Courtney Guild, private secretary of Mayor Curtis of Boston, is able to turn his hand at short notice to a variety of employments. At an hour's notice he was called upon last week to represent the city at the Italian festival, and paid a warm tribute to the Italian patriots. A few days after he was as suddenly called upon to take the place of an oarsman in a boat-race, and his boat came in the winner by five feet. And last Sunday, at the Unitarian meeting on the Common, he was drafted as chorister. Evidently, Mr. Guild does not belong to the unemployed, and has no difficulty in getting a situation.

We have heard much about the bicycle face, and now it appears that there is a "preacher's face." A writer in the *Homiletic Review* has discovered it. We should hope it might be such a face as Moses had when he came down from the mountain. But this writer, who quotes the observation of a business man, says: "There is about it a certain set of the muscles, especially in the upper part of the face, the skin over the cheek-bones is peculiarly immobile; and there is something in the face that seems to denote unfamiliarity with the rough ways of the world. 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'if you are a close observer, you can almost always tell a preacher-face.'"

Pro and Con.

PRICKED CARDS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

May I through the columns of your paper thank the friends who so generously answered our appeal for pricked cards? The waifs and the weaklings of our playgrounds have been made contented by sewing the simple designs, while the bright and beauty-loving children have rejoiced in the more intricate patterns. The anxieties of the matrons and the self-imposed labors of Miss Tower have been greatly lessened by being able to give out cards almost daily,

—a luxury the children have never before enjoyed. To all those who kindly contributed we send our happy thanks.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

A CORRECTION ACCEPTED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Not having now within reach the historical publication to which my memory referred in an incidental remark respecting the Plymouth Pilgrims, I accept the correction courteously made by "E. A." in the *Register* of the 19th inst., and thank him for it.

C. K. W.

LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

In your issue of August 8 is an article from one of your most eminent editorial correspondents, "M. J. S.," touching a vital point of "The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies." I was a delegate to the congress, in May of the present year, from the Non-sectarian Church of this city. I felt, at the conclusion of its work, that probably there was just a little confusion among some of the leaders as to the real aim of the congress.

It seems to me to be a very simple matter, and one easily solved, if we take a large and judicious view of it. It is probably true that the word "liberal" is out of place in the name of the organization, for the simple reason that men who do not belong to liberal churches take part in its work; and there is a desire that evangelical churches should become members. The congress is, first of all, a kind of religious and ethical "clearing house," or common meeting place, for "all kinds and conditions of men" and opinions. To this work no one can object.

But it is urged that no movement can live unless it becomes aggressive, lays out a definite work, and pursues that work with wisdom and energy. This is also true. There is one simple, straightforward course for the congress here, it seems to me; and that is to send out active missionaries to do a much needed work. Let there be a clear and frank understanding between the congress and other liberal bodies, and then there will be no need of criticism or disagreement.

There are Unitarian, Universalist, Reformed Jewish, and Ethical Culture organizations for founding new and sustaining weak societies of their respective kinds. Hence this is not the specific, aggressive work of the congress.

Here are two considerations that front all these movements: 1. There are many places "ripe for the harvest" of some form of liberal religion. All the liberal movements combined do not by any means occupy the field. Here is room for the congress to work, and to this no one should object.

2. What kind of societies ought the congress to organize? In the very nature of the case, each locality should settle this matter for itself. We sometimes forget the worth of our plea for congregational independence. Let the society, when organized, choose its own name, and co-operate with as many or as few organizations as it chooses to do. The missionary ought to be a discreet man, and never attempt a new organization where one of the liberal faith already exists. He should encourage people to join freely the liberal church of their choice, after due deliberation and investigation. In the event—and here probably I touch upon the sorest difficulty in the matter—that a Unitarian church desires to become a member of the congress, and cease to affiliate with the Unitarian body, or if an independent church wishes to withdraw from the congress and affiliate with the Unitarians, Universalists, Ethical Culturists, or Jews, in the name of all that is fair, let such society "go in peace." Who has a right to raise a single question against such a change?

If in the organization of societies there are a few Jews or Unitarians or others, and they willingly join and engage in the work of the movements, who can say, Nay? It seems to me that any objection to this line of work, under the circumstances, is out of the question. Let us all work with might and main. Let us co-operate earnestly. Let us think more of the needs of humanity than of any party names, and these seeming difficulties will vanish.

J. W. CALDWELL,

Associate Minister Non-sectarian Church, St. Louis, Mo.

For the *Christian Register*.

THE SPIRIT'S PERSUASION.

[To L. M. B.]

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

Often, like music from far distant viols
Which soothes and uplifts and dispels all unrest,
A softly breathed whisper, divine in compassion
And tender reproof, brings its balm to my breast:

"Enter, O soul, enter now the fair kingdom
Whither thy day-dreams have evermore flown;
Beautiful is it,—that vast peopled Silence!
Let it to thee be no longer unknown.

"Wait not the future to give thee fruition:
All is but seeming,—this parting and loss!
Know that thou art, as thy loved are, immortal:
Few are the barriers and easy to cross.

"Nearer than aught the eye ever beholdeth,
More real and more precious than all the world's
show,

Lo, this thy heritage! Soul, why so blindly
Follow and cling to its shadow below?

"Nor key, gate, nor warder doth hinder thine en-
trance,

Naught but thyself bars the way to the throne;
Break thou the bondage of doubt and denial,
Enter, O soul, and possess thou thine own.

"Through all the ages my love hath enfolded
My children to lift them from sorrow and strife:
O thou who hath being alone in my bosom,
Awake to the truth, and attain perfect life!"

INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

BY SAMUEL J. BARROWS, SECRETARY OF THE
AMERICAN DELEGATION.

III.

Only in the most general way in this
closing article can I refer to the work of
the other three sections of the Congress.

PRISON ADMINISTRATION.

The adoption of some method of identifying prisoners led to the invention and development some years ago by M. Bertillon of the system which bears his name. Delegates were given an opportunity of observing the working of this system in Paris. It has now been adopted in various parts of the United States, in Russia, Norway, Switzerland, and in Great Britain. The Congress recommended its general adoption.

The question whether female prisoners should receive different treatment from male, and whether a special system of penalties should be applied to them, led to the adoption of resolutions declaring the necessity of establishing special prisons for women, governed by special rules and regulations. The Congress also declared itself in favor of *cellulaire* imprisonment for women. If it had been possible to transport the Woman's Prison of Massachusetts to Paris for a few weeks, an excellent object-lesson of what a woman's prison ought to be would have been set before the delegates.

The Congress declared in favor of the necessity of labor in all prisons as an indispensable element of order, health, and morality. The question whether prisoners have a right to a salary created a lively discussion. It was decided that, while the prisoner has not a right to wages, it is wise, in the interest of discipline and improvement, to encourage him through gratuities. And here it may be remarked that nearly all the countries on the continent allow prisoners a certain portion of their earnings, part of which they may spend for extras while in prison, and part of which is reserved until the time of their release. Some practical questions of classification were also considered, and the extent to which hope and fear ought to be appealed to in prison discipline, and the treatment of insane criminals.

PREVENTIVE MEANS.

Mendicity and vagabondage received much discussion. A distinction was made between invalid or infirm mendicants and accidental or professional vagabonds. The first, it was held, need to be assisted until they recover strength enough to help themselves; accidental vagabonds should be sent to refuges, or stations, where work is obligatory; and professional vagabonds ought to be the subject of some severe method of repression. It was urged that the most efficacious way of dealing with professionals is prolonged confinement in special labor colonies, like those in Belgium; though objection was made to the aggregation of such large masses of vagabonds.

Prison libraries were approved, and it was thought that some special journal properly prepared for prisoners would be a useful adjunct. The question of alcoholism received the attention it deserves. The

necessity of reducing intemperance which fills prisons, hospitals, and insane asylums, was forcibly presented. Among the means for its restriction were mentioned a diminution in the number of licenses, reduction of the production of alcohol, and a monopoly in the hands of the State. Prohibition was even advocated, and also the establishment of the Swedish and Norwegian system, together with the multiplication of temperance cafés. Dr. Magnan, chief physician of the asylum of St. Anne of Paris, made an excellent and earnest report. He gave the history of the progress of inebriate asylums in America, England, Germany, and Switzerland. He emphasized the necessity of requiring dipsomaniacs to remain in an asylum sufficiently long to establish a cure. One of the most successful of these asylums is in Zürich. From 30 to 70 per cent. of the inmates are cured, depending largely upon the length of time spent in the institution. Dr. Magnan maintained that, while natural light wines produced but little intemperance when used as beverages, great harm has come from the adulteration and artificial doctoring of wines; and he believes that all wines which are not absolutely natural ought to be prohibited. The establishment of laboratories for the examination of drinks and the prohibition of those which are dangerous was recommended. Senator Zakrewsky of St. Petersburg said that the Russian government is now occupied in establishing a monopoly of alcohol. It will be followed by a large diminution in receipts. The monopoly has already been introduced in four provinces. It will be introduced into twenty-seven departments next year, and finally in the others. The imperial government will suppress saloons at the same time. There will only be a limited number of licenses issued, held by persons subject to the State. Mr. Lejeune, Minister of State of Belgium, showed the results obtained in Holland from the new law on the consumption of alcohol. They did not appear to him satisfactory.

The Congress finally adopted a unanimous resolution, declaring that, owing to the growth of alcoholism, the main cause of which resides in the consumption of alcohol not rectified, and of artificial drinks whose influence is seen more and more every day in the development of crime, the public authorities should combine their action with that of voluntary associations in curative and preventive measures. Among these measures the counsel recommended the limitation and regulation of saloons and inns, the encouragement of hygienic drinks, and the development of the temperance propaganda. It favored the creation in each country of inebriate asylums, in which work should be well organized.

DISCHARGED CONVICTS.

The question of how best to aid discharged convicts was the subject of some elaborate and valuable reports, one of the best being that of Mr. E. J. Ruggles-Brise, chairman of the prison board of England and Wales. On the continent, as already said, prisoners are allowed very generally to accumulate a fund against the time of their discharge; and the question was what should be done to prevent them from wasting this accumulation and falling again into crime. In some places this is done by sending the balance to the mayor of the town in which the prisoner resides, in other places by placing it in the savings-banks, and permitting the discharged prisoner to draw only a small amount at stated intervals. Or it is put in the hands of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. To an American one of the most surprising and gratifying features of the Congress were the facts showing the large number of societies in England and on the continent for the aid of discharged prisoners. In this country, while we are ahead of Europe in some things, and notably in our best reformatories, we are far behind in extending rational aid to discharged convicts. There are not more than four or five active societies in the whole of the United States. In Great Britain alone there are ninety societies. In France there are fifty-four such societies, and they are formed into a national union. As a result of this reorganization and the increased interest developed, fifteen new societies were formed between May, 1893, and May, 1894. There are twenty such societies in Hungary, and a large number in Denmark. They exist also in Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Rus-

sia. But nowhere, perhaps, has so much been done in this direction as in Switzerland. The Swiss system is not a matter of money aid; nor is it, for the most part, aid through the establishment of labor homes, though this has a place there, as it has in France and England. The distinctive feature of the Swiss system is the fact that every prisoner who is not a confirmed repeater has a patron who acts as his friend and guardian when he comes out of prison. He stimulates his zeal, aids him in finding work, and is able to exercise a surveillance over him which is very different from that which is exercised by the police. The State assists these societies by subsidies, but the most efficient and practical work is that of the friendly and helpful personal relation which is established between the discharged prisoner and his patron. This is a beautiful realization in prison work of the principle, "Not alms, but a friend," which now is recognized in the work of our Associated Charities.

CHILDREN AND MINORS.

Concerning the treatment of children and minors I think we have less to learn from Europe than on many other questions. In this matter we are far ahead of England,—in Massachusetts, Michigan, and some other States, where the placing-out system is preferred to incarceration in houses of correction. Yet other States are woefully behind; and mere children are often committed to prison with older offenders. In the matter of juvenile reformatories a great advance has been made in Europe. Some of the best reformatories I have seen were in Italy; and I recall with satisfaction the visit made under the kind offices of my friend, Prof. George Boros of Kolosvár, Hungary, to the reformatory at that place. The spirit which prevailed was excellent, the accommodations were good, everything was scrupulously clean, and the administration wise and determined.

Interesting reports were given from different directors concerning the management of institutions for the young. Much attention was given to physical education, and a long discussion took place on the proper legal age of responsibility. An earnest discussion on the prevention of prostitution took place, and the subject was carried over to the next Congress,—1900.

In conclusion I may add that the value of the Congress cannot be determined merely by the work it has done during the week of its session. Its influence will be widely felt in a new impulse to the study of penological questions in all their relations, and in the development of wiser methods, better laws, and a more humane administration.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

BY REV. GEORGE W. COOKE.

The great meetings of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies and the Young People's Christian Union, held in Boston during July, have evidently aroused in Unitarians the conviction that it is time their own young people were organized and brought into active relations with the churches. It is not too much to say that the Endeavor movement is one of the most remarkable indications of the new religious life of our time. It is open to criticism in more than one direction,—for its show without substance, for its tendency to foster cant, and for its want of seriousness. After all is said against it, however, which can be justly urged, it remains true that it is doing an excellent work in a way well calculated to reach those who need its help. It has put new life into many a church, and it has saved the young people to religion.

It was true of most Unitarian churches a few years ago (as it is of many of them now) that they did not interest the young people. The service was not sufficiently attractive, the preaching was too scholarly, the social life too formal, to win their interest and their sympathy. Even now one may enter churches where there are not more than two or three persons under thirty-five years of age. You inquire about the young people, and find that they cannot be persuaded to attend church or that they have been won to the Episcopal Church by its superior attractions of young life, music, and a warm social atmosphere.

Thanks to the active and excellent work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society and other causes, the children are in our Sun-

day-schools. Much is done for them, and that of a quality and effectiveness which cannot be surpassed anywhere. We have not yet learned to do the same excellent work for those who have outgrown the Sunday-school. We are not reaching those who are from twelve to twenty-five years of age, and in such a way as to draw them from the Sunday-school into the church. The work done by some of the guilds shows what may be accomplished in this direction. This work needs to be extended into all our churches, and it needs to be so organized that all the young people's societies will be closely knit together into a general organization.

We can learn a lesson from the Christian Endeavor and the Christian Union organizations. It were foolish to refuse to learn that lesson because of an unwillingness to copy from others. The idea we may adopt, without the acceptance of the method as a whole. Yet it might be well for us to make use of the method to a large extent. That method has been developed with skill and a rare degree of wisdom, and it has proven abundantly capable of achieving noble results. If we are wise, we will give heed to the lesson which we have thus been taught, and improve upon the Endeavor method if we can. Certainly, the part of folly would be in ignoring it, not in its adoption.

If Unitarianism is ever to be permanently and widely effective, it must win the interest and the convictions of the young. It must so organize its churches and carry on their work that the young people born into them will not care to leave them for any other. That result we may wisely set before ourselves as the test of merit which the Endeavor movement has given us. If our church services are such as to attract the young, we may be sure they will attract the old. If our preaching is such as to interest the young it will be effective in winning the great unchurched. On the other hand, if our services and our preaching are such as to drive away the young men and women of our own congregations, we may be very sure they will never win the masses. The shortest and surest method of learning how to make our churches popular is to acquire the power of taking our own boys and girls from the Sunday-school into the congregation, that they may become regular and interested attendants upon church. When we can win the young, we can win the masses.

It is my opinion that we have before us, as a denomination, no work of anything like such importance as that of organizing our own young people. If it were necessary, we could well afford to drop every other work for the sake of this, that it might be given its real value. The results will not present themselves immediately in their full importance, but in the long run they will be surer and more satisfactory than from any other source. If we look forward to such missionary results as can be secured by the middle of the twentieth century, there can be no question that they will be much larger by the indirect method of training our own young people to a living interest in the religion which is ours than by any other we can follow.

We have now learned quite thoroughly that it is religion which must be the central motive in any attempt to win the young to our churches. All other methods have failed, and in such a way as to bring humiliation and a bitter sense of defeat. We must appeal directly to the religious instincts and needs of the young. We must give them religion in its simplicity and in its sincerity. We have gained nothing by trying to win the young with amusements and social attractions. We have gained even less by trying to win them by means of intellectual studies. These are excellent and greatly important in their way, but they do not afford the true means of making religion a vital power in the lives of boys and girls. Give the young religion. Speak to them from soul to soul, from one heart directly to another. They will undoubtedly prefer a religion which is rational and humanitarian; but it must appeal to the heart, to the imagination, and to the soul's deepest needs. Above everything else, it must give the young ideals; and it must give them a vision of a world which is fairer and better than the present. That fair world should not be a mere theory; but it should be embodied in the service of the church, in its ritual, and in its life. Then it will win the young, and, in keeping

them within its fold, the church will find new life and power for itself.

If the Endeavor movement has taught us anything, it is that we ought to organize our young people not only into local guilds (or whatever the name taken), but that we must organize them for the denomination. That is, the local societies should be bound together into a body coextensive with the denomination, with definite aims and methods, with a spirit of comradeship and fellowship, and with some distinct work set before it which shall command the interest and enthusiasm of every member. We need in every church a young people's society which shall be for those between twelve and twenty-five what the Sunday-school is to the children, and which shall definitely and positively continue the work of the Sunday-school. In such a society the young may be led to love the local church and to become thoroughly loyal to it. They may be led to know the history, teachings, and spirit of Unitarianism, and therefore to become loyal members of the denomination. Our beliefs, methods, and aims may become familiar to them. They may be brought into touch with our general church life. They may also be brought to know of our missionary enterprises, and to regularly contribute to them. In a single word, they may be kept in our own churches and in our own denomination.

In order to secure such a result as this, we must take loving and sympathetic interest in the young. We must give them of our best, and in such a form that they can appreciate it. We can win them only through love and sacrifice. We must study their needs, condescend to the measure of their thoughts, and adapt our religious teaching to the capacities of their growing natures. When we have won them, we shall find that in every way our own religion has become truer, more helpful, and of richer promise.

THE "NEXT THING."

BY JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Life is perplexing to any one who looks at it with earnestness; and there are times when all of us would give much to some one who would simplify its problems. It is a bit of such simplifying that I hope to do with my word to-day.

From the first we desire to "fill a place in the world"; but it takes us a long time to realize that it must be *our* place and not that of another, nor a fanciful, imaginary, heroic place of our own creating that no conditions of our lives make possible. Carlyle gives the key when he says, "Work out the situation wherein thou even now standest," and, "Thy ideal is in thyself: the impediment, too, is in thyself." It is a good deal to know our limitations: it is a good deal more to realize our possibilities within those limitations. We can best know these in their relation to the next thing we have to do, or ought to do, or which is *here* to do. We waste much time in looking beyond and quite over that which is "next" us, in any sense of next. Perhaps it is next us in duty, perhaps in ability, perhaps in opportunity. At any rate, it is here and ours, and is what we can and may do. We save ourselves wrong and anxiety when we reach the point where we say: "I cannot solve all the problems of life. I may not look far into the future: perhaps I have no great mission to perform. I may not have wisdom to decide the great questions of life; but I can stand here, in my own place, and do the 'next thing' as well as I know how."

It is certainly true that, if we live up to the best we know to-day, it will be given us to know more to-morrow; and, if we ever wish to be heroes in any great emergency of life, we must be heroes-in-the-making all along. "The understanding of highest concern to every individual—that of his duties in this life—is found, not in the speculations about an infinite and unknown future, but in the needs of the present," says Louise Nydegger; and this is a growing belief with nearly all thoughtful persons of whatever creed.

Another simple help is to realize that every day is a fresh beginning. A friend of mine lived for many years with a sister; and they two always "began again" with the day, coming together, after the rest of the night and the "healing that night has shed," to greet each other with affection and fresh hope for the new day,—a dis-

tinged, fresh bit of life ready for their best using. In middle life this sister "went away," and my friend went to live in the family of another relative. There life "just went on." Can you realize the difference? No mental or moral vigor that was realized as corresponding to the physical vigor that comes with a new day. Yesterday lapped over on to-day, weighting it, and taking from it its spring; and life lost so much of its strength for this family and those who came in contact with them.

Will it seem very prosaic if I say that the breakfast hour and the manner of keeping it has much to do with this matter? If there is a time set and kept at which all members of the household can come together for the leisurely cheerful breakfast, it creates a very different mental and moral atmosphere and incentive from the irregular, half-attended morning scramble so common to many households.

Elocution teachers used to lay great stress upon the use of the vowels in reading; but the best teachers now realize that, if the consonants are carefully looked after, the vowels will almost take care of themselves, and thus good enunciation will be secured. It is so in the reading of life's lessons. If we look after the little daily "next" things, the great cardinal virtues will almost take care of themselves; and think how the consonants outnumber the vowels! In speaking of a beautiful life that had passed from the here into the beyond, W. C. Gannett once said, "Common sense, duty, unselfishness, self-respect, and a growing reverence from others,—this sums all up: *the years held a thousand details and no events.*" Fortunately, most lives must be ordinary, with few or no events, with thousands of details that can make up the beauty of character and helpfulness, with only "next things" faithfully done, instead of carelessly or blindly looked over in our search for that which is worth while. This "next thing" is what is worth while, we come to find out, if we are wise; and it is often the gateway to the larger thing we desire to do. "The reward of doing our duty is the *added power* to do the next," George Eliot tells us; and it is true. Let us learn the lesson, if we would help others to solve life's problems; for our best teacher is he who "in his own heart first kept school."

Has life become a tangled hedge or a stone wall against which you beat in vain for a way through? Cease your frantic struggle, look close at hand for your "next thing" to do, and you may find it the breaking of a tiny twig that reveals a thin place in the hedge, or a latch that opens a door in the wall. Wonderful help and light will come if you tread this "next thing" pathway; and you will wonder why you ever weighted yourself down with yesterday and to-morrow, or sought afar for some great thing. What you will be worth to others in your serenity and growing ability can hardly be estimated, and every "next thing" will include more of value and radiating influence.

"So live thou here that, when thy life is fled,
No one may say of thee, 'This man is dead.'"

NO HERETICS NEED APPLY.

Dr. Briggs, the eminent Presbyterian divine who has been declared a heretic by his Church on account of his liberal theories of Bible interpretation, has furnished fresh trouble to the conservatives. This time he has been the innocent cause of agitation in the Episcopal communion. The Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, an organization of men of the Episcopal Church, has an annual convention; and of late years these meetings have partaken largely of the nature of a church congress, where various phases of the Church's work and activities are discussed by eminent speakers. Last year the brotherhood gave much attention to the labor question; and Harry Lloyd, the labor agitator, held an honored place on the platform, and was greeted with great enthusiasm.

As church unity is a subject of intense interest in the Episcopal Church to-day, the brotherhood, in arranging its programme for the 1895 convention at Louisville, secured Dr. Briggs, as one who has been conspicuous in the movement, for a speech on the subject. No sooner was the programme published, however, than a storm of protest went up from conservative

or High Churchmen all over the country. Some of these took form in articles in the church papers, others in letters to the brotherhood authorities threatening to disband chapters of the organization in numerous parishes. So the brotherhood has yielded, and Dr. Briggs will not address it on church unity or any other subject.

The course of the conservatives is logical; but it seems none the less narrow, as logical action very often does. It is but fair to give the High Church side of the argument, which is to the effect that the Episcopal Church hardly could win credit for "soundness" in the faith on which it invites the union of Protestantism if it allowed a Presbyterian "heretic," officially so declared, to talk to one of its representative organizations on the very subject involved. But it may be questioned whether the conservatives' victory may not be productive of loss in other directions. Dr. Briggs's condemnation is indorsed by the Episcopal Church, and to that extent no bar raised against Presbyterians coming into the Church with a large "C." But everybody knows that the Presbyterians have no idea of coming into the Church, anyway. As usual with sticklers for letter and canon, the letter has won; but no substance of real, vital, genuine unity suffers a blow.—*Boston Transcript.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The treasurer would like to call the attention of the ministers and standing committees this week to the fact that the treasury of this Association needs early attention if the missionary work of the denomination is to have that effect upon the Unitarian cause that every one so much desires. There is not very much need for remarks from this place; but, if the ministers will make some pointed remarks from their pulpits, and also to the workers in every church, as they are called into consultation in private; it will help matters along. There is only one way for this Association to get money, and that is from our good Unitarians who really care to see the truth, as we understand it, spread abroad in the world.

The contributions to this work ought to be taken up in the fall, whenever it is possible to do it. The financial year ends in May. The work must be planned and largely carried out in the fall and winter. As it is now, the contributions are not taken up until the late winter and spring. The whole thing is exactly reversed, and it is very difficult to manage affairs for this reason. The board does not know how much it is to have to work with. As a consequence, it is obliged to depend upon estimates and to borrow money to carry on operations until the church contributions come in, and to pay interest on its loans. This is all wrong and unbusiness-like. The treasurer would appeal to the churches, as strongly as he can, to change this practice, and make their contributions at the beginning of the year, and not at the end. Suppose it does bring two contributions close together. We ought to have a good extra contribution, anyway; or, what is better, we ought to have quarterly contributions instead of annual, or, what is still better, monthly contributions. Our giving ought not to be spasmodic. Our work ought not to depend upon a chance condition of mind, once a year, of all our givers. We ought to conduct our missionary work as we do our other important business. We ought not to squeeze out a mere pittance for such a cause. Nearly every man, woman, and child in our churches could give the church something every month, if they had a chance. Is it not pitiful that we so persistently attempt to hide behind such transparent pretenses to protect ourselves from the trifling sacrifices this great cause calls for?

Unitarians give liberally to everything else in the world, except the Unitarian church missionary work. Isn't it about time to take care of our own work? It would seem so. It is difficult for any one living at the centre of our denominational activities, and seeing the demand and supply from day to day, to speak moderately and patiently about this matter. Please, brethren, do not waste any more time in talking about machinery, organization, or about "ways and means." Never mind the ways now: our ways are good enough. It is "means" we want, and in time for use this year; and, when we are "caught up,"

and have a little surplus for the future, then let us see if we can improve our ways.

The treasurer will have to be excused from discussing any other subject this week. There is no other subject worth talking about in the department which he has in charge. He feels as he can imagine the chief engineer of the city's water-works would feel if he saw the water upon which the citizens depended for their life and health going out of his reservoirs just a little faster than it was coming in. He turns to the supply first, and does all he can to increase that. If he cannot do that, then the directors will be compelled to partially shut off the gates and reduce the outflow.

There is no doubt about it: our churches have never yet done half they ought to do and could do if they only wake up and "look out." These notes will close with this question, which is earnestly referred to every Unitarian whose eyes come in contact with it, How many Unitarians are there in the United States who have really and truly made any sacrifice in giving to the missionary cause of the Church?

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

One of the attractive features of the programme at the forthcoming meeting of the National Conference in Washington will be Mr. John Fiske's paper on "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America." Mr. Fiske, in consenting last spring to write this paper, said that he was deeply interested in the subject, and that the working it up would be a pleasant summer occupation. That he will treat the evolution of liberal thought as an intellectual and moral movement making for a more rational religious faith will be accepted as a matter of course by all who know him as a thinker and writer possessing the clearest historical insight and the profoundest knowledge of all the factors with which his subject is concerned.

The Tuesday evening session of the Conference is to be devoted to "Our Young People: Their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." One of the five persons who are to speak on different aspects of the subject will be the president of Clark University, Prof. G. Stanley Hall. That so distinguished an educator has taken for his subject "Pedagogical Methods in Sunday-school Work" is a sign of the growing appreciation of the need of introducing into our Sunday-school work the improved methods of study which have been developed and applied so successfully in all our well-conducted day schools.

The fear has been expressed that the New England delegation to the Conference will be smaller than in the past because the trip to Washington costs a little more than that to Saratoga. The round-trip rate between Boston and Saratoga last year was \$7. The round-trip rate between Boston and Washington will be, on the certificate plan of one-third reduction, or without certificate by purchasing tickets of Raymond & Whitcomb, *via boat and rail*, \$12.67, or *all rail route* \$16.33. It is true that this is a little more than the cost of the Saratoga trip; but New Englanders should remember that, at the reduction they are given an opportunity to visit Washington, one of the most beautiful capitals in the world, and to spend several days among its various and splendid attractions, historic and artistic, under exceptional advantages as to reduced hotel rates and special privileges of various kinds. The additional cost of travel is but a trifle when compared with the vastly greater enjoyment of the feast of sight-seeing which this trip will afford.

For those who prefer the accommodations of a private house during their attendance upon the Conference in Washington, the following addresses of excellent boarding-houses are given: Mrs. Pond, 910 Fifteenth Street, N.W., rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Owings, 1514 K Street, N.W., rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Julia F. Smith, 1447 Massachusetts Avenue, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Mary Marsh, 1015 Connecticut Avenue, rate \$2 per day; "The Elsmere," a select family hotel, H Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, rate \$2.50 per day; Mrs. E. P. Keech, 1817 Thirteenth Street, N.W., rates \$2 per day. "Crosby House," Third Street, near C., rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; "Westminster," corner Q and Seventeenth Streets, Mrs. Redmond, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Van Dyke, 1301 K Street, corner Thirteenth Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Calley, Fourteenth and H Streets, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Morrison, 1414 H Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Somerville, 1531 I Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Birmingham, 206 New Jersey Avenue, S.E., rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Mrs. Ella Brayley, 1012 H Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Smith, 1120 Sixteenth Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Kate B. Wright, 129 E Street, N.W.,

rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day; Miss Alice Owens, 1615 K Street, rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day. Metzgerott's Music Hall, where the Conference will be held, can be reached easily from any of the above-named places by street-car lines.

A "Conference Programme" is just issued from the press of Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., Boston. It is for free distribution, and can be procured by writing to the general secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, 104 East Twentieth Street, New York, or at the American Unitarian Association Building, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. The "Programme" has been gotten up very attractively in pamphlet form. It contains the programme of the Conference, together with lists of officers of the various general Unitarian organizations, and much information regarding the American Unitarian Association and its organization for missionary work. Portraits of the general officers of the Conference and of some of the principal speakers who are to address the Conference are scattered through the bulletin, which will be in every way a delightful souvenir of the occasion, as well as a valuable guide to all who go to Washington October 21 to 24.

THE MOZOOMDAR MISSION.

We have received from Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar a report of his work in India from January to June, from which we make the abstract that follows. We trust that contributions to the Mozoomdar Mission Fund, one of the most valuable forms of foreign missionary work, will come in with promptness and generosity. They may be sent to the treasurer, Mrs. William Howell Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The first week in January is devoted to meetings and celebrations in memory of Keshub Chunder Sen, who departed this life on the 8th of January, 1884. A devotional meeting was held at the family residence of Keshub in the morning; and in the evening addresses were delivered on the aims and character of our great leader, hundreds of young men from the colleges of Calcutta being present. His personal example is the rallying point around which some of the most divergent parties and personalities of the Brahmo-Somaj gather in the midst of their controversies, and his ideals must remain the great object of attainment in the society.

Our own church was established in January, 1830; and we celebrated this year our sixty-fifth anniversary. It is our high festival. There are morning and evening services, public meetings for lecture and discussion, together with outdoor expeditions and feasts. Large numbers of ladies, also, from Brahmo and orthodox Hindu families gather at Peace Cottage for prayers and for a common feast, amid much cordiality and rejoicing. In all these festivals flowers are in great demand, and our places of worship interwoven and garlanded with brilliant blossoms. The proceedings are generally in the vernacular; but there was one English meeting in the town hall of Calcutta which was attended by fifteen hundred people, among whom was the governor of Bengal, Sir Charles Elliott, who has been most friendly to us. There were also other English officials and a sprinkling of European missionaries, the subject of my discourse being "The Relations of the Brahmo-Somaj to Other Religions," which has since been printed in the *Interpreter*. This festival is a season of hard work, but also of spiritual refreshing. I came from it tired, yet refreshed, weakened, though strong, successful, satisfied, and thankful.

There are three sections in the Brahmo-Somaj. In two of these good feeling has not prevailed. On my return from America a Brahmo-Somaj Union was formed. In this various Brahmo leaders have joined; and the influence of the venerable Devendra Nath Tagore has been strongly felt. This effort at Union has been generally a success, and everything is being done to promote brotherly feeling. I have great faith in the continuance of such efforts.

On the 15th of February I left for Monghyr, which was in Mohammedan times the military capital of Behar and Upper Hindustan; and more than once the sovereignty of Eastern India has been gained or lost around the fortifications and riversides of Monghyr. Twenty-seven years ago this city was the scene of a great revival of the Brahmo-Somaj, and it made an important epoch in the life of Keshub Chunder Sen. It is a beautiful place, with the boundary of the broad Ganges on one side and a low range of dreamy green hills on the other. It has the remnant of the old fort enclosing it, with verdant meadows and picturesque bungalows inside them. Six miles from Monghyr is the great railway town of Jamalpur; and fifty miles to the east is Bhagalpur, which has a large and influential population. Preaching services were held in all these places, and in March the journey was continued into East Bengal. Lectures and addresses were given to large congregations of the Somaj, and, after a week of profitable work there, returned to

Calcutta. Early in April I started on an extended tour in Northern India, reaching Lahore at the end of the month. I organized there a Brahmo-Somaj Mission. Its object is to attract the young men of the Punjab. With that object a boarding-house and reading-room has been opened, and a college is in contemplation next year.

In the second week of May, when the plains were too hot for my health, I left for the Himalayas, where I have been in the hermitage of the Brahmo-Somaj. The everlasting snows are overhead, in front of me, the deep, dark forests are around, and enshrined in my heart the adorable spirit of God, to meditate upon whose glory is the privilege and joy of my existence. May this blessing abide with you and all my dear friends in America!

Art is indeed beginning to find out that it must make friends with need or it must perish. It perceives that to take itself from the many and leave them no joy in their work, and give itself to the few to whom it can bring no joy in their idleness, is an error that kills.—*W. D. Howells.*

The Sunday School.

The third Channing Hall "Talk" will take place next Saturday, September 28, at 2.30 P.M., 25 Beacon Street, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject will be Lesson III., "The House on the Rock." As we have notified all interested before, Mr. Pulsford addresses the three grades, the Primary being merged in the others. The subjects are of interest to people at large, and ought to attract a great many besides the regular Sunday-school workers. The suggestiveness of the parables is a constant source of applicable lessons for every-day life. All cordially welcome.

"A Catechism of Liberal Faith," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, is nearly ready for sale. It will be a volume of 112 pages, containing thirty-six lessons, each one bearing upon an important matter of liberal belief. Such a book as this ought to be a great source of suggestion to Advanced classes. We can easily conceive of its forming the basis of one of the most satisfactory courses of study ever introduced into Sunday-school work. This catechism and Rev. Minot J. Savage's "Unitarian Catechism" are manual ploughs that go down into the subsoil of belief, where the springs of action are. The price of Mr. Dole's manual, bound in cloth, will be 35 cents a single copy, or \$3.50 a dozen.

There is every evidence that there will be a large attendance at the annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, to be held in Providence, R.I., Wednesday evening, October 16, and Thursday, October 17. The five liberal churches of Providence invite not only delegates and life members to the hospitality of Wednesday night, but all others who are interested in Sunday-school work and wish to attend. There will be a platform meeting on Wednesday night at the Westminster Church, with three speakers; and the sessions of Thursday will be held in the First Congregational Church, with a very tempting programme. Full details will be given in next week's *Register*, and notices will be mailed to the churches in a few days.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

The Nominating Committee for the Unitarian Sunday School Society will report the following names to be voted upon at the annual meeting, October 17:—

President, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, Mass.; *Vice-Presidents*, Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., East Boston, Mass., Robert C. Metcalf, Boston, Mass.; *Clerk*, Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., Boston (Dorchester), Mass.; *Treasurer*, Richard C. Humphreys, Boston (Dorchester), Mass.

Directors for three years.—Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., Dedham, Mass.; Frank A. Page, Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. Clara Beatley, Boston (Dorchester), Mass.; Rev. Charles E. St. John, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Allen G. Jennings, Toledo, Ohio.

The general officers nominated are the same as last year; but, as by a provision in the By-laws the retiring directors are not eligible for re-election until a year after the expiration of their term of office, the above nominations for directors are all new names. In addition are the following directors, who hold over from previous elections, and who therefore will not be balloted for this year.

Term expires in 1896.—Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. Edwin T. Horne, Boston (Dorchester), Mass.; Mr. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary C. Eddy, Boston (Dorchester), Mass.; Rev. George D. Latimer, Salem, Mass.

Term expires in 1897.—Mrs. Frances E. Colburn, Hopedale, Mass.; Mr. Arthur L. Jones, Charleston, S.C.; Rev. Merle St. C.

Wright, New York, N.Y.; Mr. Roland W. Boyden, Beverly, Mass.; Mr. Frank A. Drew, Boston (Roxbury), Mass.

Horace S. Sears, Rev. George H. Young, Rev. Frederic Gill, Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, Miss Mary L. Hall, *Nominating Committee.*

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

THE first meeting for the season of 1895-96 of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, October 3, at twelve o'clock.

THE Worcester Association of Ministers will meet with Rev. L. G. Wilson, Hopedale, Mass., Tuesday, October 8, at 10 A.M. Essay by Rev. W. J. Leonard of Bolton. Subject, "A Study of the State of Religion in Rural New England." Sermon by Rev. G. M. Bartol, D.D., of Lancaster. G. F. Pratt, Scribe.

PARISHES proposing to adopt a new hymn and tune book will be glad to learn that "Hymns for the Church and Home, with Tunes," edited by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston and Mr. Arthur Foote, will be published early next month. The American Unitarian Association will be the publisher, and its advertisement found in next week's *Register*.

BOSTON.—New South Church: A reception is to be given to Rev. L. B. Macdonald, who has just resigned to accept the call to Concord, Mass. It will be given by the Women's Alliance of the New South Church, and will be held Friday evening, September 27, from eight to ten o'clock.

West Roxbury: The ordination and installation of Alfred Rodman Hussey as minister of the First Parish will take place in the church on Wednesday evening, October 2, at 7.40 P.M. The public is cordially invited to attend. The church is situated close by Highland Station, on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, of which a train leaves Park Square Station at 7.05 P.M.

Church of the Unity: Rev. M. J. Savage occupied his pulpit last Sunday morning, and announced in the course of the sermon that he had decided not to accept the call from Washington. The subject for the day was, "Some Things we can do for the Church, and Some Things the Church can do for us"; and Mr. Savage concluded his sermon by a review of the twenty-one years during which he has been pastor of the Church of the Unity.

Arlington Street Church will be reopened on Sunday morning. The vesper services will be resumed on the 13th of October; and on Sunday, the 20th, services will be conducted morning and afternoon by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. A reception under the auspices of the Herford Club will be given to Dr. Herford on the 17th, from 4 o'clock to 8 P.M., at the residence of Rev. John Cuckson, 288 Commonwealth Avenue, to which all the members of his old parish will be cordially invited.

Boston Common: One of the largest gatherings in the entire series met at "The Unitarian Tree" last Sunday, at five o'clock, to welcome the announced speakers. The interest seemed as deep as ever; and, when it was announced that the meetings would probably be continued another season, applause followed. Mr. Horton spoke first concerning the general results of the course, and made a few remarks upon the views which had been set forth in these meetings. Rev. Augustus M. Lord of Providence followed in a concise address as to the "staying power" or hold-on quality in character. He was followed by Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill., who eloquently refuted criticisms which are often made on Unitarianism as not having sufficient motive power in it. The day was one of the hottest, as all know; but the assembly held together until six o'clock, when it was somewhat dark.

CONCORD, MASS.—The installation of Rev. L. B. Macdonald as pastor of the First Parish will take place Thursday evening, October 3, at seven o'clock, in the church. Trains leave for Boston at 9.12 P.M. The order of service is as follows: voluntary; anthem; invocation, Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, D.D., of Concord; selections from the Scriptures, Rev. Carleton A. Staples of Lexington; sermon, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge; prayer of installation, Rev. Charles C. Everett, D.D., of Cambridge; right hand of fellowship, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton; charge to the pastor, Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston; address to the people, Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston; benediction by the pastor. Delegates to the installation will be provided with supper at six o'clock in the vestry of the church; and all intending to avail themselves of this invitation will kindly advise Mr. Edwin S. Barrett, chairman of the standing committee.

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church of Tacoma resumed services September 15, when Mr. Martin spoke on "The Value of Life." The following topics are announced: September 22, "What is Universal Religion?" September 29, "Universal Religion and Special Religions." The first two Sunday sermons in October will be devoted to a consideration of the late Prof. Huxley and his creed. The winter bulletins will announce details of a special course of sermons on "The Idea of God," and a special course of Sunday evening lectures on six great leaders of liberal thought, —Channing, Parker, Emerson, Potter, Frothingham, and Abbot. A special course of study upon "The Life and Times of Jesus" has been arranged for the Sunday-school.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—The pulpit in the Unitarian church was occupied last Sunday by Rev. George Batchelor. Next Sunday Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., will preach. A train leaves Boston at 10 A.M., and a returning train leaves West Newton station at 12.17. It is expected that Rev. J. C. Jaynes, fresh from his European tour, will be in his accustomed place on Sunday, October 6.

GUILDS.—The National Guild Alliance some time since appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. George W. Cooke, Miss Kate L. Brown, Mrs. Laura B. Martine, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, to prepare a service book for the use of young people's devotional meetings. That book has now been prepared, and is ready for publication. It contains twelve opening services, seven closing services, about fifty tunes, and about eighty-five hymns. The aim has been to make a book well adapted to the needs of guilds and similar societies, though it can be quite as successfully used in Sunday-schools or churches. Those who have examined it think the book a thoroughly good one. In order to secure the publication of the book, it is necessary to guarantee a sufficient sale to meet expenses. Those wishing to use it are therefore asked to say what number of copies they will take. It is proposed to get the book out about November 15; but, in order to do this, subscriptions must be received by October 1, or soon after. The price will be fifty cents per copy in cloth, or forty cents in paper, in any quantity desired. The committee wish to urge upon those interested the importance of immediate action in reference to the book. They feel that it will be a positive help to the guilds, and that the effort to secure its publication should be heartily seconded in a practical way. It will give to the young people's movement a more definite purpose, and arouse a new interest in it all along the line. Orders should be sent to George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

NORFOLK CONFERENCE.—At a meeting of the directors of the Norfolk Conference held in Boston, Monday, September 16, it was finally decided, after much discussion, not to hold the autumnal session of the conference, which usually occurs about the second or third week in October, on account of the National Conference at Washington assembling about the same time, as well as the annual gathering of the Sunday School Society taking place very near that date. The annual meeting of the Norfolk Conference will therefore be combined with the winter meeting, to be held in February according to the customary arrangement. E. Q. S. Osgood, Secretary.

THE Essex Unitarian Conference will hold its annual meeting at Marblehead, Thursday, October 3. The devotional meeting at 9.30 A.M. will be in charge of Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D. At ten o'clock will be held the business session of the conference; at 11 A.M., address by Rev. E. A. Horton, on "The Relation of Young People to the Religious Life of our Churches," to be fol-

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lowed by discussion. Lunch at 1 p.m. At 2 p.m. Mr. George W. Stone will speak upon "The Saratoga Conference, and its Influence upon our Future Work," to be followed by discussion. Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., is expected to be present and to take part in the conference. Alfred Manchester, Secretary.

CHANNING CONFERENCE.—The sixtieth session will be held in the Unitarian Congregational church, Norton, Mass., October 8 and 9. The programme is as follows: Tuesday evening, October 8, at eight o'clock, religious services, with sermon by Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston. Wednesday, October 9, 9.30 A.M., devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Herbert L. Buzzell of Fairhaven, Mass.; 10.15 A.M., preliminary business, after which discussion of the question, "How to enlist our Young People in Church Work?" 1 p.m., collation; 2 p.m., discussion of the same subject continued. The following speakers have engaged to take part: Rev. George W. Cutter of Newport, Rev. William F. Furman of Providence, Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton, Mass., Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, R.I. After the regular speakers, the subject will be open for volunteers.

REV. GEORGE W. COOKE is prepared to address guilds or to help in their organization. He has just prepared and sent out the following circular: "As the agent of the National Guild Alliance, I wish, during the coming winter, to visit as many of the guilds as possible, to find out their ways and methods, and to speak to them on the general guild work. Those who can arrange for such a visit are invited to call upon me or to write me. I may be found in the Unitarian Building (Room 11), Boston, Mondays, from 9 to 12 A.M. and from 2 to 5 p.m. My object in visiting the guilds and other young people's societies is that I may ascertain if it is possible to bring about an effective general organization like that of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society or the Young People's Christian Union. I have something definite to suggest as to how to secure such a result, and I wish to know what the young people think about it and what they are willing to do."

CONFERENCE OF THE IOWA ASSOCIATION.—The seventeenth annual conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches will be held at Anamosa, October 15, 16, and 17. Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Iowa City will preach the conference sermon. At the ministers' meeting Rev. Elinor Gordon of Sioux City will read a paper on "The New Pulpit." Wednesday and Thursday mornings will be chiefly given up to business. At the Sunday-school meeting Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago and Rev. Arthur M. Judy of Davenport will lead the discussion on "Sunday-school Literature and Teachers' Meetings"; and on Wednesday evening three aspects of liberal religion will be taken up, as follows: "What the Bible means to Unitarians," Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago; "Our Thought of Man," Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago; "Our Faith in God," Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids. The closing sermon will be by the president, Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Conference of Unitarian-Congregational and Other Christian Churches will be held in All Souls' Church, Greenfield, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 2 and 3. On Wednesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, the sermon to the conference will be preached by Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers of Cambridge, Mass. On Thursday morning the conference will assemble at 10.15 o'clock. Committees will be appointed, and preliminary business of the session transacted. At 10.30 there will be a discussion of the theme, "How to reach the Young People." This will be conducted by Rev. Arthur Anderson Brooks of Greenfield, assisted by Rev. Bradley Gilman of Springfield, Rev. Frederic Allen Hinckley of Northampton, Rev. S. R. Free of Willimantic, Conn., Rev. George W. Piper of Northfield, and Rev. Herman Hagerud of Rowe. Addresses limited to seven minutes each. At 11.15 Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, will deliver an address on "The National Outlook of the Unitarian Church." This will be followed by a general discussion, limited to five minutes for each speaker. At 2 o'clock p.m. a paper will be presented by Rev. Francis Bickford Hornbrooke of Newton. Subject, "Reward and Punishment." This, also, will be followed by a general discussion, at the close of which the election of officers and other business will be taken up.

THE British and Foreign Unitarian Association has arranged with Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of Ann Arbor, Mich., U.S.A., formerly editor of the *Unitarian*, who has been spending the last two or three months in England, to go on a special mission on behalf of the Association to India,

for the purpose of studying the religious condition of that country, with the special view of ascertaining what openings there may be for Unitarian thought, and to promote closer and more fraternal relations between the Unitarian body and the Brahmo-Somaj. Mr. Sunderland will start on his mission early in November, and will remain about four months, visiting Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, the Unitarian mission stations in the Khasi Hills, Delhi, Agra, Banda, Lahore, and most of the larger cities of India. Mr. Sunderland will be glad to meet, or otherwise put himself into communication with, Unitarians or inquirers regarding Unitarianism, leaders and members of all branches of the Brahmo-Somaj, and with representatives of other forms of progressive religious thought. Communications may be addressed to him at Bombay, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 13 Rampart Row, up to December, 1 or during December and January at Calcutta, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 11 Old Court House Street, or to the editor of the *Interpreter* or the *Indian Messenger*.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Reported as appointed to the Sixteenth Meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to be held at Washington, D.C., Oct. 21-24, 1895.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ASHBY—First Parish: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sheldon.
ATHOL—First Congregational Church: Rev. S. W. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Leander B. Morse.
Second Unitarian Society: Rev. Carl G. Horst, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Lord.
BARNSTABLE—Congregational Church and Society: Rev. John A. Bevington, Miss Desire E. Hinckley, Miss Abbie L. Hinckley.
BEACHMONT—Church of the Unity: Rev. Eber R. Butler, Horace Tobey, Mrs. C. J. Shaw.
BEDFORD—First Parish: Rev. O. J. Fairchild, Mrs. Carrie L. Bacon, Mrs. George R. Blinn.
BOSTON—Church of the Unity: Rev. Minot J. Savage, Henry F. Miller, James N. North. Alternates: Alfred Ewer, Frank B. Thayer.
(Dorchester) Society of Christ Church: Rev. B. A. Goodridge, Josiah H. Carter, Mrs. Frank B. Lathrop.
(East Boston)—The Church of our Father: Rev. Richmond Fiske, D.D., Henry Peterson, Arthur D. Rogers.
BRIDGEWATER, EAST—First Parish: Rev. John W. Quinby, Mrs. Susan M. Keith, Charles F. Mann.
BRIDGEWATER, WEST—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. B. Maglathlin, Francis E. Howard, Mary P. Whitman.
CANTON—First Congregational Parish: Rev. Henry F. Jenks, Charles H. French, William O. Chapman.
CHELMSFORD—First Congregational Society: Rev. Granville Pierce, Mrs. Lucy Fletcher, Mrs. F. A. Adams.
CONCORD—First Parish: Mr. Harvey Wheeler, Miss Angelina Ball. Alternates: Prescott Keyes, Mrs. William Wheeler.
DEDHAM—Third Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Reuben Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Fisher. Alternates: Mrs. William Colburn, Miss Anna Colburn.
DOVER—First Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Frank Smith. Alternates: George D. Burrage, Mrs. Mary Smith.
HINGHAM—First Parish: Rev. John W. Day, Ebed L. Ripley, Wilmon W. Blackmar.
HUDSON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. John Mills Wilson, James L. Harriman, Edmund M. Stowe.
LITTLETON—First Congregational Society: Rev. Isaac F. Porter, Mrs. Mary J. Priest, D. G. Houghton.
NEEDHAM—First Congregational Society: Rev. Philip S. Thacher, Mrs. Caroline G. Mills, George K. Clarke.
NORTHBORO—First Congregational Church and Society: Miss Ella Searle, Mrs. L. F. Stratton.
REVERE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Eber R. Butler, John Y. Pratt, Mrs. C. M. Butler.
ROCKLAND—The Unitarian Society: Rev. Frederick O. MacCartney, Charles A. Townsend, Miss Angela W. Collins.
STOW—First Parish: Rev. J. S. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Stevens.
STURBRIDGE—Unitarian Congregational Society: E. L. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nichols.
TEMPLETON—First Parish: Rev. J. M. W. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Lord.
TURNER'S FALLS—Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Free, Mrs. Daniel P. Abercrombie.
TYNGBORO—First Parish: Rev. William Brown, Miss Mary E. Bennett, Miss Ellen F. Perham.
WALTHAM—First Parish: Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Mrs. John E. Soper, Miss Mabel B. Soper.
WEST TOWNSEND—Liberal Christian Society: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Barrett.
WINCHENDON—Church of the Unity: Rev. A. J. Culp, D. H. Barnes, J. N. Richardson.
WORCESTER—Church of the Unity: Rev. Calvin Stebbins, Hon. George F. Hoar, Cyrus G. Wood.

COLORADO.

GREELEY—First Unitarian Society: Rev. C. Howard Wilson, Oscar B. Hawes.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD—First Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. Joseph Waite, William Francis, Horace Cornwall.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, Mrs. Frances L. Garrett, Miss Helen L. Garrett. Alternates: Daniel W. Taylor, C. Cameron.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE—Church of the Messiah: Rev. Charles J. K. Jones, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Caroline Thompson. Alternates: A. G. Munn, F. N. Hartwell.

MAINE.

EASTPORT—First Congregational Society: Rev. Hasket D. Catlin, Mrs. S. B. Hume, Miss A. A. Milliken.

MONTANA.

HELENA—First Unitarian Society: Rev. J. H. Crooker, Hon. Henry M. Blake, A. D. Edger.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ANDOVER—Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Lyman Clark, Walter S. Carr, Mrs. Maria Carr.
LEBANON—First Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Charles C. Vinal, C. D. Smith, Mrs. J. E. Lincoln.
MILFORD—First Unitarian Society: Rev. A. Judson Rich, Mrs. William Richardson, Miss E. A. Livermore.
NASHUA—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. Powell, Miss Henrietta Prescott, Miss Kate Thayer.
WILTON—Liberal Christian Church: Rev. John C. Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pevey.
WILTON CENTRE—First Congregational Church and Society: Rev. John G. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Abbott.

NEW JERSEY.

PLAINFIELD—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Hobart Clark, Mrs. W. F. Adams, Miss Bessie Reynolds.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Charles E. St. John, R. Q. Whitten, Mrs. Henry Holdship. Alternates: George Faunce, Miss Mary P. Semple.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON—The Unitarian Church: Rev. Henry A. Whitman, Alva Gage, Miss Caroline H. Marsh.

VERMONT.

BRATTLEBORO—Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Mrs. Mary E. Warder.

ASSOCIATIONS.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CONFERENCE: Rev. F. A. Hinckley, Rev. C. F. Abbott, H. C. Parsons.
HANCOCK CONFERENCE (MAINE): Mr. and Mrs. David B. Flint, Mrs. F. G. Peabody.
LADIES' CHARITABLE SOCIETY OF FITZWILLIAM, N.H.: Miss Alice Ayers, Mrs. Julia Perry, Calvin B. Perry.
NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE: Mrs. H. D. Catlin, Miss Phoebe M. Waldo, Mrs. J. M. Tyler.
NORFOLK CONFERENCE: E. A. Cushing, Mrs. G. F. Fisher, Mrs. Samuel Phipps.
UNITARIAN MINISTERS' MONDAY CLUB: Rev. Alfred E. Mullett.
UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON: Frank B. Thayer, Mrs. C. R. Elliot, Hon. Charles H. Porter.
WORCESTER CONFERENCE: Charles H. Blood, John C. Osis, Mrs. W. S. Heywood.

Business Notices.

The low prices that are being made on carpets and rugs by Joel Goldthwait & Co., 169 Washington Street, are astonishing. No one need go without nowadays.

We all want the best; and, when we can secure all the patented improvements of the Miller at the price of the ordinary Centre-draft Lamp, there is no question as to which we will buy.

If you want the BEST for cooking and heating you must be sure to examine the products of the "MAGEE" Furnace Company before deciding on the new Range or Heater. The new "Magee Grand" is provided with their patent Oven Thermometer, said by expert cooks to be the greatest improvement of the age; while the famous "Boston Heater" is winning its way into public favor with every succeeding year. They are honestly, carefully, and intelligently made for USE,—not merely to sell.

The crockery stores were never more interesting in the display of novelties than this season. The new shapes and reproductions of old shapes with the dainty decorations are interesting to connoisseurs in ceramics. The reduced cost, by reason of what Edward Atkinson terms the progressive reduction going on in all industries, is demonstrated in pottery-making, steam power having displaced hands, fuel-saving kilns, the new methods of decorations, together with the reduction in tariff tax, having brought really fine china to the cost of the white ware of a few years ago.

An Interesting Exhibition.—Interesting news is that which is contained in another column in regard to the famous London Club sofa, which has just been placed on exhibition at the Paine warerooms on Canal Street. Imagine a superb upholstered sofa, eight feet in length, on which two persons may recline (at opposite ends), without interfering with each other. How many Bostonians realize the advantages which this city enjoys in having the largest retail furniture store in the world? Where is there such another piece of furniture as this in the ready-made stock of any store in any other American city? Yet this is only one of the scores of famous and interesting creations which these warerooms contain.

The Atlanta Exposition.—The Atlanta Exposition has opened very brilliantly, and is now in full running order. It is sure to attract a large attendance from all sections of the country. Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, with their accustomed enterprise, have arranged for a series of attractive tours to Atlanta, extending through the autumn and into December. The dates of leaving Boston in October are the 2d, 8th, 14th, 16th, 22d, 28th, 30th; and in November, the 5th, 11th, 13th, 19th, 25th, and 27th. There is a choice of routes, and not less than six days—in most cases a full week—will be passed in Atlanta, with headquarters at the well-known Kimball House, of which Warren Leland, Jr., is manager. These trips will be similar in style to the famous World's Fair tours so successfully carried out by the firm two years ago. A circular giving all needed details may be obtained by addressing Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street (opposite School Street), Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Dorchester, 17th inst., by Rev. Geo. M. Bodge, of Leominster, Jay Jordan, of East Boston, and Daisy Pelce, of Dorchester.

In Worcester, August 31, by Rev. Calvin Stebbins, Wm. H. Earle and L. Addie Greenwood, daughter of the late Aaron Greenwood, of Hubbardston.

Deaths.

In London, Eng., 1st inst., Aaron B. Champion, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Champion was a prominent member of the Cincinnati bar. He was educated at Antioch College during the presidency of Horace Mann, and has always been a staunch supporter of the Unitarian church, serving long on its board of trustees, and also as superintendent of the Sunday-school, until he resigned on account of what he felt the more pressing claims of the House of Refuge, a reformatory and shelter for neglected or criminally disposed children. Of this institution he had long been a director, and was now president; and his interest in it was unflagging, he still faithfully filling all its claims when falling health would have made it impossible to attend to his private business but for an iron will that drove the machinery relentlessly on when life was almost spent. He was a director of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, and active in other public benevolent work, with always the helping hand ready for a friend in trouble. Leaving home in pursuit of renewed health too late, a few weeks brought the end in a foreign land, with only the devoted wife out of his tenderly loved family by his side.

In Dublin, N.H., 8th inst., Elizabeth J. Faulkner, aged 73 years.

Her death was without warning. While her eye was not dim nor her natural force abated, she was called to the house of many mansions and the rest that follows a life well spent. We cannot think of her as being unprepared. The house of her personal life was always set in order. When we consider the purity of her ideals, her faithfulness, and the prevailing spirit of her life, we can well believe that, whenever the summons might have come, she was ready.

Miss Faulkner was a life-long resident of Keene, N.H., and was fortunate in the community, the home, and friends, where she passed her days. Her life was singularly happy. Though touched at times by sorrow, yet the sunshine of joy most thoroughly pervaded it. Her mind was broadened and enriched by travel, by reading, and by intercourse with many bright minds.

She was a most loyal friend of the Unitarian church in her native city, and generously assisted in building the new edifice. She was constant in attendance upon religious service, and faithful to every duty, however small, which grew out of her church relations. But she was also a friend of the denomination at large, believing that the individual church became strong as the wider cause prospered. The Unitarian Association therefore found her a generous giver of money, and seldom did a good cause appeal to her in vain. Her charities to individuals were countless. To the fine spirit and sentiment of charity taught by Christianity she added a sound common sense and an unfailing knowledge of when and how to give.

The keynote of her life, sounding through many beautiful strains, was faithfulness.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

OF

Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.,

October 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Messrs. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB have arranged for the accommodation of delegates and others who may wish to attend the National Conference an Attractive Series of Excursions at Very Low Rates.

Parties will leave BOSTON Friday, October 18, and Monday, October 21, under special escort. A choice of routes by boat and rail.

Additional Excursions to

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Send for special circular.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston.

Unitarian Excursion

—TO—

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A party will leave Boston on Friday, October 18, returning Friday, October 25, using Hotel Vendome on Penn. Ave.

Drive of three hours through residential part of the city and to Arlington Heights.

Trip to Mt. Vernon.

Guide at service of the party at all times.

J. HOWARD NASON, who accompanies this party, has been very successful in managing Washington Excursions, and is always at the service of the party.

Price of tickets \$30.00, including all expenses.

For full information apply to

NASON & DURGIN, 228 Washington Street.

We refer by permission to Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR, Chairman of the Council.

THE RALEIGH

Pennsylvania Avenue and Twelfth Street, N.W.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Only two blocks from hall in which Unitarian Conference meetings are held.

The only strictly first-class hotel conducted solely upon the European plan, with its entire construction absolutely fire-proof.

No pains nor expense have been spared to make the sanitary conditions of the hotel as satisfactory as modern ideas and first-class work could make them.

Every room is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The service and cuisine of the hotel will be maintained in accordance with the best traditions of the culinary art.

Rates for rooms are graded according to size and location.

T. J. TALTY, Manager.

The Ebbitt House

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Special rate for those attending meeting of the National Conference, \$2.50 and \$3.00 each per day up. Parlor and above parlor at equally low rates. This house is only two blocks from Metzger's Hall, where the Convention will be held.

H. C. BURCH, Manager.

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is open to engagements for PREACHING or LECTURING. Address: ALLSTON, MASS.

Rooms To Let.

Single or in suite, with bath. House occupied by owner. Apply at 36 RUTLAND SQUARE.

To Organists and Music Committees.

A large and valuable selection of choir music, made with care by a Boston organist, is now offered for sale. Church committees have an excellent opportunity to obtain, at a reasonable rate, an unusually good selection of modern and classical compositions. Address, MUSIC, Christian Register Office, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

WANTED—A little boy or girl, delicate or otherwise, or an infant from birth, requiring a mother's care, to bring up in a Unitarian minister's family, the members of which are a thoroughly domesticated and musical household in full view of the Atlantic Ocean and beautiful scenery of the harbor, only four miles from Boston. Abundance of new milk and fresh laid eggs. References: Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Horton, Boston. Address "X. Y. Z., Christian Register Office, Boston.

A FRENCH TEACHER, graduated from Paris, highly recommended by a Unitarian lady, desires a home in a family in return for some hours of tuition. Excellent references as a teacher of French. Address MLE. H. B., care Christian Register.

For the *Christian Register*.

“AS WE ARE KNOWN.”

BY EDWARD W. STONE.

“Seeing as we are seen.” The shadows gather
Too quickly round us in life's clouded day:
We look not up with childlike trust, but rather
We grope with downcast eyes along our way.

“Knowing as we are known.” Too soon we harden
Our simple hearts toward brother and toward
friend,
Learn to suspect and doubt, and scorn to pardon,
And walk in lonely pride on to life's end.

Yet, sometimes, from our weary, fretful chiding
We lift our tearful eyes, the shadows flee,
We see God's hand our footsteps gently guiding,
And catch faint notes of heaven's harmony.

And sometimes, when we look at one another,
The veil is rent; the spirit's eyes behold
With clearer sight the soul of friend and brother,
And 'neath the dross we see the shining gold.

Sometimes! And then the glorious vision leaves us,
The clouds return that dimmed our path before,
The shadows deepen and our heart deceives us,
And so we grope and doubt forevermore.

No, not forever! For God's hand shall free us
Some day, and then before the great white throne
We shall see him as his own eye doth see us,
And we shall know at last “as we are known.”

The Pulpit.

“WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?”

BY REV. M. W. CHUNN, PH.D.

Certainly no man can ask a more important question than the one propounded by the jailer of Philippi, “What must I do to be saved?” In the legend, in the sixteenth chapter of the Acts, the jailer of Philippi, startled by the manifestation of some superhuman power, in fear and trembling asks Paul and Silas, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved?” I would not have any person in this audience emulate the example of the jailer of Philippi in giving way to fear and trembling. I would have every person in the audience banish fear, and calmly and thoughtfully give his attention to the vital question, “What must I do to be saved?”

It is evident that there is no possibility of our being saved from certain things which the world has been accustomed to regard as evils or losses. Physical death has been considered in all ages as one of the very greatest of evils. I could quote much from the standard authors of the world concerning the terrors of the great enemy,—death. These words of Claudio in “Measure for Measure” must suffice for this occasion:—

“Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round
about
The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.”

A few centuries ago men were engaged in a serious search for the fountain of perpetual youth. It was believed that the waters of this magic fountain had power to remove the wrinkles of old age, and to kindle again the fires of strength and vigor within the failing body. Every school-boy is familiar with the story of the fruitless but romantic search of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of youth in this New World. Farther back in the history of the world men who had become renowned for virtue or valor were represented as escaping the pangs of death, and being translated in bodily form into the realm of the immortal gods.

Whether physical death is an evil or not, it enters as a factor into the great plan of nature. Death is natural, as natural as birth; and, consequently, we cannot be saved from death. The world has done wrong in regarding death wholly as an evil. Premature death may be an evil. It is difficult for us to extract any good from the fate of a brave, wise, and honest man who is cut down in the gala-day of his usefulness. It is difficult for us to see anything but evil in the death of the innocent, prattling babe. What advantage is there in being born, if death is to claim the indi-

vidual before he has had an opportunity to taste the joys or the sorrows of life? What advantage is there in being born, if death is to claim the individual before he has had an opportunity to learn any lesson in the world's school of experience?

But I cannot regard death, when it comes to the man ripe in years, wholly as an evil. It is when the man full of years passes away that death seems most natural. The man has been fully prepared for the end. As the vigor of manhood has departed from his body, the love of the world has departed from his heart. Nature, which is sometimes kind as well as cruel, breathes upon him the spirit of peacefulness. He no longer shrinks from death as he would have done in manhood's prime. Childish superstitions regarding the terrors of the unknown world to which he is journeying are banished from his mind. It is no longer life, but death, that he craves. If I had the power, I should not dare to banish physical death from the world. I would banish premature death. I would have every individual live on until ripe old age. But I should not dare bestow upon mankind the gift of everlasting physical life.

There are other things commonly regarded as evils from which all of us cannot be saved. While travelling from place to place, we may fall victims to accidents that are the result of human carelessness or human limitation. No man can travel from here to Chicago on a railroad train with absolute assurance that he will experience no loss of limb or life. Human skill and foresight may in time be able to reduce to a minimum the dangers of railroad travel. But human skill and foresight will never be able to render railroad travel absolutely safe. We also stand in danger of falling victims to the havoc that is caused by the powers of nature. No person in this audience has absolute assurance that he will not some day be killed by lightning or bruised and mangled in a cyclone. There is not a spot on the surface of the globe where human life is not threatened by the forces of nature. Blizzards, tornadoes, earthquakes, are some of the forces of nature that wage a never-ending war against human life. The best that we shall ever be able to do will be to foretell the approach of destructive storms and other death-dealing forces of nature, and thereby escape to some extent their ravages. We may be able to lessen the danger that threatens us from the forces of nature. We shall never be able to avoid entirely that danger.

Disease is another evil from which some of us will find it impossible to be saved. Regular habits, temperance in eating and drinking, abundant exercise in the open air, will accomplish a great deal toward banishing disease from the constitution. But no amount of regularity in habits, or temperance in eating and drinking, or open-air exercise, will be sufficient to develop a constitution, if there is no germ of a constitution to be developed. There are thousands of children born every year that have not the shadow of a chance in the world. A child is born of diseased parents; and, before the little one has learned to lisp his mother's name, hereditary disease has claimed him for its victim. The child has nothing but a diseased constitution to begin life with, and no amount of skill or care will be able to save him from an early grave. The father of the child had ruined his constitution by making himself a slave to intemperance or licentiousness. The mother of the child had ruined her constitution by tight-lacing, or by yielding to other behests of the tyrant goddess, fashion. What save an early death could you reasonably expect for the offspring of such parents? Common sense and care are antidotes to the ravages of disease. The framing and enforcing of wise statutes regulating marriage would have a tendency to lessen disease. But disease in milder or in stronger form cannot be wholly rooted out of the world. No man has absolute assurance of exemption from the ravages of disease.

Poverty is still another evil from which all the human race cannot be saved. The entire civilized world for months has been experiencing the evil of poverty. In India, in the various European countries, and in the United States, thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children know what it is to be cold and hungry and homeless. It matters not in what part of the civilized world a man travels to-day, he

hears the cry of “hard times.” There are many valuable antidotes to the evil of poverty. If all men would practise the arts of industry and economy, the evil of poverty would be greatly lessened. Industry and economy will accomplish far more toward bringing on an era of prosperity than will street harangues bewailing the hard times. If all men would learn the wisdom of spending their dimes and dollars for fuel and clothing and wholesome food instead of throwing them away for beer and rum and whiskey, there would soon be a marked change for the better in the financial condition of the world. How many men who indulge in drinking and smoking have cut down their supplies of beer and tobacco since the era of hard times dawned upon us? How many saloon-keepers have experienced a falling-off in their sales since the era of hard times dawned upon us? It is the merchant, who sells the necessities of life, flour, and meat and sugar, who has experienced a falling-off in his sales since the era of hard times began. I venture to assert that, of the 15,560 business failures reported in the United States during the year 1893, not one-tenth of one per cent. of them were failures of saloon-keepers. A saloon-keeper sometimes dies or goes out of business; but “failure” is a word that has no place in his vocabulary. The wife and the children of the tippler must go on half-rations of flour and meat and sugar because of the hard times; but he himself must have his full rations of beer and rum and whiskey, whether the times be bad or good.

The practical application of the principles of human brotherhood would also be a valuable antidote to the evil of poverty. It is the grasping, selfish, heartless money power of the world that is largely responsible for this extraordinary era of hard times. This period of financial depression, through which the country is passing now, is largely the result of the schemes of men who, whatever they may theoretically believe regarding the doctrine of human brotherhood, in practice are seeking to subject mankind to the most intolerable slavery. These men already have their millions, but they must have their millions more. The toiling, struggling mass of humanity have no rights that these men, kings by virtue of the almighty dollar, consider themselves bound to respect. In their mad rush for more millions, these men do not scruple to trample into the dust every principle of the religion of humanity. In their mad rush for more millions, these men have no time to bestow thought or care upon the thousands of their fellow-creatures, whom they drive cold and hungry and naked into the streets.

I have presented a brief list of remedies for the evil of poverty. These remedies, if applied faithfully, would lessen the evil of poverty. The remedies will not be faithfully applied until human nature undergoes a radical change.

“Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?”

“Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
Not in our time, nor in our children's time,
'Tis like the second world to us that live;
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven
As on this vision of the golden year.”
—Tennyson, in “The Golden Year.”

For centuries more we shall doubtless continue to have the poor with us. Misfortunes will continue to fall sometimes upon the most industrious, most economical, and most temperate of men.

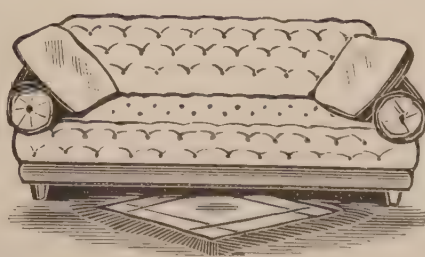
I have dwelt at some length upon various physical evils to which the flesh is heir, such as premature death, disaster, disease, poverty. I have noted the fact that it is impossible for mankind to be saved wholly from these physical evils.

The world is blighted with moral evil as well as with physical. Of the two kinds of evil, moral evil is the worse. The special object of this address is to point out to you the way of salvation from moral evil. Selfishness is a moral evil. As civilization advances, selfishness, unfortunately, does not always retrograde. A half-dozen pioneer families settle in some new country. They are hundreds of miles from the refinements of civilization. Their rude houses are scattered here and there over the prairies, several miles from one another. But two of these farmers, whose houses are four or five miles apart, are better neighbors than two business men who live in the same block in one of our large cities. If one household in this pioneer colony is unfortunate because of sickness or loss of crops, their more fortunate neighbors lend them a helping hand. As long as some of the families have an abundance, their neighbors shall not pass the winter cold and hungry. In time the new country receives a large increase of settlers. Railroads are constructed. Towns and cities are built. The old spirit of hospitality that characterized the early settlers is displaced by a spirit of greed. Some family meets with misfortune; but human hearts are not as tender, and human hands are not as helping as they were a score of years ago. The rich man clothes himself in the finest cloth, and fares sumptuously every day, regardless of the fact that his neighbor is clad in rags and emaciated from hunger. Civilization and selfishness commonly go hand in hand. Ask any man who has lived ten years on a farm in a new country and ten years in a populous city in which place he witnessed the more selfishness, I think he will tell you he witnessed the more selfishness in the populous city.

Lust is a moral evil. Just so far as a man harbors lustful thoughts and desires, just so far is he undermining his moral constitution. When lustful thoughts and desires gain entrance into the human mind, they often increase so many fold that they crowd out chaste thoughts and desires. The more a man allows his mind to dwell on impure things, the harder does he find it to fix his thoughts on pure things. The mind grows to resemble the substance upon which it feeds. If the mind battens long on lustful thoughts and desires, it becomes incapable of appreciating anything better and nobler.

Intemperance is a moral evil. Intemperance weakens the physical constitution, it benumbs the mental constitution, it poisons the moral constitution. The physical, the mental, and the moral in man are so closely connected that what injures the physical or the mental constitution thereby injures the moral constitution. If I am to decide any question that involves an important principle of ethics, I wish my body to be vigorous and my mind to be clear when I render my decision. The man whose brain is stupefied with the poison of alcohol

LONDON CLUB SOFA.



Every week we are adding to our large stock the notable specialties and unique creations which heretofore have only been made to private order at high prices.

As an indication of this fact glance at this London Club Sofa,—eight feet in length, thirty inches deep on the seat, and twenty inches in height at the back.

Here two persons may recline at the same time, using opposite ends of the sofa, without interfering. Five or six persons may sit comfortably on its spacious seat. Where is there such another piece of furniture in the ready-made stock of any store?

The upholstery is of the heaviest character: it has the depth of the longest springs, and these are embedded in the finest curled live-horse hair. The covering may be leather, tapestry, cretonne, or any desired material. We recess the ends for down cushions, and supply these with the sofa at no extra cost.

Paine Furniture Co.,
48 Canal St., Boston.

is not in condition to pass judgment upon any matter of importance.

I might mention many other moral evils to which men fall victims, moral evils from which men need to be saved,—such as pride, anger, covetousness, dishonesty, envy, backbiting, falsehood, obscenity. The list of moral evils is a long one. What must I do to be saved from selfishness, from lust, from intemperance, from pride, from anger, from covetousness, from dishonesty, from envy, from backbiting, from falsehood, from obscenity, from any other moral evil to which human flesh is heir? My answer to this question is summed up in this one sentence: I must put myself in harmony with the trend of the Power that governs the universe. The man who transgresses the moral law is not living in harmony with the trend of the Power that governs the universe. The selfish man, the lustful man, the intemperate man, the dishonest man, is in open rebellion against the Power that governs the universe. The man who continually transgresses the moral law is rushing to certain destruction. He is out of joint with the universe. I would write in indelible letters on the mind of every person who comes within sound of my voice these words, the golden text in my address to-day, There is no other way under heaven offered to men whereby they can be saved except by putting themselves in harmony with the trend of the Power that governs the universe. There are certain moral principles that are as well established as physical principles.

I am not more certain that bodies, when unsupported, fall to the ground than I am that some courses of action tend to moral gain,—salvation,—and that other courses of action tend to moral loss,—destruction. I am not more certain that there is in the universe a Power or Law that holds the sun and the planets and the stars in their orbits than I am that there is in the universe a Power or Law that makes for righteousness. The Power that holds the sun and the planets and the stars in their orbits and the Power that makes for righteousness is one and the same Power.

There is one important fact that I have gleaned from my study of the history of humanity; namely, that the world is slowly, but surely, growing better. In spite of all that pessimists may say to the contrary, I am confident that the world is better to-day than it was a thousand or a hundred years ago. Individual philanthropists a thousand years ago may have taught as lofty moral precepts as our best philanthropists of to-day are teaching. Former ages may have produced as noble and lovable individuals as our late George W. Childs of Philadelphia. I do not know that George W. Childs was a greater benefactor to mankind than was Thomas Paine, who preceded him by almost a century. I do not know that Thomas Paine was a greater benefactor to mankind than was Alfred the Great, who preceded him by nine centuries.

The difference between the world to-day and the world a thousand years ago is that the masses to-day are more enlightened, and consequently are morally better, than were the masses a thousand years ago. A thousand years ago a few of the more intelligent philosophers believed that human slavery is an evil; but the masses had not been educated up to this standard of morality. To-day the masses of the people in every civilized land are thoroughly convinced that human slavery is an evil.

The ancient laws of Justinian uphold slavery on the ground that the victor in war acquires absolute right over his captives. The whole spirit of modern law is opposed to this infamous legal code of Justinian.

A thousand years ago a few of the more intelligent advocates of Christianity believed that the persecution of heretics is an evil. But the great majority of the advocates of Christianity believed that heretics ought to be dragged forthwith to the dungeon or to the stake. To-day the masses of Christian believers are less addicted to the crime of persecuting heretics than they were a thousand years ago. Barbarous methods of punishment that were in vogue a few centuries ago are no longer in operation in civilized lands. It is not necessary for me to cite more facts in support of the proposition that the world has been steadily growing better. That Power in the universe which makes for righteousness has been leading humanity steadily upward.

Our inability to comprehend that Power in the universe that makes for righteousness

does not prevent us from putting ourselves in harmony with its trend. To put ourselves in harmony with the trend of this Power that makes for righteousness means to banish selfishness from our hearts. It means to treat our fellow-men as brothers and equals, who are entitled to the same rights and privileges that we ourselves enjoy. To put ourselves in harmony with the trend of this Power that makes for righteousness means to banish lust from our hearts. It means to make our thoughts and desires pure and chaste and God-like. To put ourselves in harmony with the trend of this Power that makes for righteousness means to banish falsehood from our hearts. It means to make our lives truthful and honest and upright. To put ourselves in harmony with the trend of this Power that makes for righteousness means to trample under our feet every vice, and to consecrate our lives to truth, benevolence, purity, and every other virtue. To put ourselves in harmony with the trend of this Power that makes for righteousness means to be saved ourselves; it means to do our part toward saving the race of mankind.

I do not think it is necessary for me in this address to dwell on the false answers that have been given to this important question, “What must I do to be saved?” I have endeavored to refute the errors of the dogmatic theologians,—blind leaders of the people,—not by directly assailing their errors, but by making an earnest presentation of the truth. I will not delay to draw the contrast between the views of salvation that I have presented and those that are commonly presented from Christian pulpits.

You are all thoroughly competent to draw this contrast for yourselves. When the truth once gains possession of the human mind, error can no more abide therein than darkness can abide on the earth after the sun has risen.

A CATECHISM OF LIBERAL FAITH.*

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE.

I.

WHAT MAN IS.

What do we think of when we see any person for the first time?

Ans.—We think first of the dress, the form, the face, the body, the outside.

What do we sometimes say, though the body may be good and strong, if a man proves not to have any mind?

Ans.—We say that “the man is not all there.”

Would you say that the man was “all there,” though he had a bright mind, if he had no heart, or kindly feelings? Take the case of the Emperor Nero.

What do you say if one has no conscience, or moral sense? Cite the Pome-roy boy or Tito in “Romola.”

What important things go to make a man, and especially an “all-round” man?

Ans.—A good heart, intelligence, or good sense, a good conscience, a good-will, and reverence.

Is the man all there,—that is, truly a man,—if any one of these things of which we have spoken is wanting?

Suppose, for instance, that a man had lost an arm, but had these things, and another man had all his limbs, but had no reverence or no will power, which would be the “all-round” man?

Give instances of men or women who have been thus “all-round” persons.

Can you see those things—mind, conscience, etc.—which go to make the real man or woman, or are they all invisible?

What may we call the real man of whom the body is the outward form?

Ans.—We may call the real, or inner man, who thinks and wills and does right and loves, the soul, or the person.

Can you think of any quite satisfactory name or definition of what we mean by the soul, or person?

Ans.—No, the simplest facts are often the hardest to describe. Thus it is very hard to describe the common word “matter.”

Is the soul, or person, visible?

*Extracts from a book by Rev. Charles F. Dole, now in press, to be published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Is the person less if his body is little, or even if his limbs were cut off?

Where is the person?

Ans.—He seems to be wherever he acts; that is, where he shows his good heart or his good-will. Thus his presence is not only inside his body, but it may fill a room, so that every one else in the room feels it.

What strange fact is there about persons?

Ans.—The real person, or soul, is not only invisible, but he is one and indivisible. Thus the body is composed of parts, and it may be cut to pieces; but the person, the more completely he is a person, is a unity at every moment.

What word do we use to express this fact?

Ans.—We use the word “I.” Thus we say “my body,” as though it were a tool to use; but, whenever we say “I,” we mean the indivisible person, the self.

What difference in their consciousness is there between young children and grown persons?

Ans.—The young child is not yet conscious of himself as a person.

Do you suppose that any animal has real personality?

What wonderful experience comes to children as they grow mature?

Ans.—It is a great and new experience when a person becomes conscious of himself as a unity, and, therefore, as master of his body and his senses.

What religious name has been given to the complete and all-round human person?

Ans.—Such a person has been called a “son of God.”

A man is a soul, or person, by virtue of the invisible things,—his mind, his good-will, his good heart. Show how a good, vigorous, healthy, well-controlled body is a fitting house for the real person of a man or woman.

What is the most important question that we can ask about another person?

Ans.—The great and real question is not about the outside, or how he looks, but what sort of a person is he?

II.

ABOUT RELIGION.

What great and puzzling questions meet us as soon as we begin to think?

Ans.—We want to know why we are here in this world and what our destiny is; what sort of a world it is; what grand Power makes it; what kind of Power it is; whether it cares for men and loves them; and, if this is so, what we ought to do so as to come into accord with the great Power, or Life.

What is religion?

Ans.—Religion depends upon our answer, and especially upon some positive answer, to the questions just given. It is our thought of the reality and character of the mysterious Power in and behind all things;

it is our feeling toward that Power; it is also the conduct that goes along with such thought and feeling.

How is it that there are different religions?

Ans.—The different religions correspond to the feeling, the thought, and the knowledge of different men in different ages.

What is atheism?

Ans.—Atheism is the denial of the ground of religion. Thus the atheist says that there is no Power above man that cares for him.

Can any one prove atheism?

Ans.—No: on the contrary, there have probably been few real atheists. Those who have been called so have often been misunderstood. Thus Socrates in his time was wrongly called an atheist.

What are agnostics?

Ans.—Agnostics do not think that we can know anything about the subjects of religion.

What fact has often made men agnostics?

Ans.—The fact that there are many different religions.

Does this fact really show that we can know nothing in religion?

Ans.—No, there have also been different ideas about matter and the outward world; but men go on studying these things.

What truth is there in agnosticism?

Ans.—The truth is that the deepest facts are very difficult to describe.

Has there been improvement in religion?

Ans.—Yes: as a man’s thought ought to be better than a child’s thought, so religion to-day is better than the religion of the time when men were living a barbarous life.

Is it humane, that is, is it the part of an all-round person not to be interested in religion?

Ans.—No; for religion is one of the deepest, most universal, and most natural interests of mankind.

How do you account for the fact that some persons are not interested in religion?

Ans.—We account for it in the same way as for the fact that certain persons are color-blind and others have no sense for poetry or music. Many persons also have got wrong and misleading ideas about religion, and do not, therefore, understand how interesting a subject it is.

What does religion claim to do for us?

Ans.—As music and art satisfy certain wants in us, so religion claims to satisfy the deepest needs of our nature.

What facts should you like to be assured of?

Ans.—We should like to be assured that our lives count for lasting good, and that the great Power, or Life, is beneficent and friendly to man. We should like to be assured that there is no evil thing in the world to be feared, and that what men call evil may be overcome or even turned into good.

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How should you like permanently to feel about life?

Ans.—We should like to have a prevailing sense of restfulness, trust, and hope.

Practically, and at its highest, what may religion be said to offer?

Ans.—Religion offers the secret of the true or happy life.

III.

ABOUT GOD.

What did we observe about the nature of man?

Ans.—We observed that the most real things in man belong to an invisible world. Thus the self, or person, could not be seen or touched.

What facts do we discover when we study the world of things around us?

Ans.—We find that here, too, the most real facts are quite invisible. Thus we cannot see force, as in the case of electricity or gravitation. We cannot even see or truly touch the atoms of which things are composed.

What wonderful fact is still more mysterious?

Ans.—All things in nature move in measure and order.

What do we call this order?

Ans.—We call it the reign of law.

To what class of things does order, or law, belong?

Ans.—It belongs to the invisible world, or the world of mind.

What great fact does science teach?

Ans.—Science teaches that we live in a universe.

What does this mean?

Ans.—A universe is an orderly system wherein all things work harmoniously together.

How completely is the system in which we live a universe?

Ans.—There is no comet in the heavens nor grain of sand on the seashore that is outside of the order which fits all parts into the whole.

Can a man see this order of the universe?

Ans.—No, to his eyes things often seem to be disorderly, as in a storm; but man thinks this universe with his mind.

Which do we call most true, what the eyes see or what the mind finds out?

Ans.—The mind puts together and explains what the senses merely find.

What other mark of a universe do we discover besides order and law?

Ans.—So far as we can penetrate, the material of the universe is everywhere the same. Thus the same elements of matter which form our bodies are blazing in the star Sirius.

If this is a universe, what must be true about it?

Ans.—All the forces in it must come from one Power.

What else must there be besides Power?

Ans.—There must be mind, or intelligence; and the Power and the Mind must be one.

By what name do men call this wonderful Power or Intelligence?

Ans.—There are many names. The most common name is God.

Is it wrong to use different names for God?

Ans.—No name is sufficient to describe God.

What great idea do we associate with the name "God"?

Ans.—The name "God" carries the idea of the Good, or the Beneficent.

Do we see signs of the Good in the world around us?

Ans.—Order, Law, Beauty, and Unity are good.

What do we discover about the things in the outward world that seem to us disorderly or ugly?

Ans.—The more we study, the more we learn that these things come under the Order, or belong to their place in the great whole and have a meaning. Thus even the particles of dust in the air obey the law of gravitation, and play a part in the beauty of the sunset.

What else do we learn about the things that we call ugly?

Ans.—We learn that the ugly things disappear and do not last, while the beautiful Order and Unity remain.

Is there any beauty in a toad or a snake?

Ans.—Yes, to the eye of the trained naturalist these objects also have wonder, beauty, and significance.

IV.

ABOUT GOD AS THE GREAT CAUSE.

Can we imagine anything—for example, a stone—as moving itself?

Can we imagine the stone as having created itself?

Can we think of the stone as having always existed?

Can we think of the particles of the stone as having always existed?

What do we want to know about the stone?

Ans.—We want to know the cause that brought the stone into being.

Is it enough to say that gravitation brought the particles together?

Ans.—No, we want to know then what made gravitation.

What else do we want to know?

Ans.—We want to know what made the chemical laws that govern the atoms of the stone and compel them to take definite proportions toward one another.

What if we suppose that the atoms of matter and gravitation and the chemical laws have all existed forever?

Ans.—Then we want to know what makes them all work together into order and unity.

What sort of answer satisfies this last question?

Ans.—The great Cause which thus unifies all things must be a Being of thought and will. Thus the atoms of matter are his outward manifestation; gravitation, or force, expresses his will; the laws of matter spell out his thought.

Do we need further to ask what made God?

Ans.—No; for our minds rest content when we say that God always was,—that is, God is eternal.

Can the mind rest content in any other thought of the cause or causes that make the world?

Ans.—No other thought than the thought of God gives us the idea of unity or makes a universe.

What are those called who explain all things as originating in matter?

Ans.—They are called materialists.

Can you conceive that eternal atoms of matter agreed together to form this world?

Can you conceive that thought, consciousness, conscience, and will should arise out of atoms of matter?

Ans.—No; for this would seem to make the atoms a sort of gods.

What idea does our mind seek after besides cause?

Ans.—We want to know a purpose worthy of a universe; in other words, our minds ask, Why?

How does the idea of God give us a fit answer to this question?

Ans.—It is a worthy purpose of the universe when we say that God thus expresses his good will, or beneficence.

How can we state our thought of this purpose?

Ans.—We believe that all things move toward good.

Does this mean that things were once less good, and that God has therefore changed?

Ans.—No, God is always the same; but, as men's minds grow, the universe seems to move and to progress.

V.

GOD IN HUMAN LIFE.

Where does our life come from?

Ans.—We do not make our own life. It is in us, as though by "the breath of God."

Where does our thought come from?

Ans.—We cannot invent our own thought. It comes to our minds as though some one whispered it to us; or we seem to copy it from the thought that is written in the book of Nature.

Where do good feelings come from?

Ans.—We do not produce our own good feelings; but they rise at the touch of beneficence, or love.

Where does our good-will come from?

Ans.—Our good-will is stirred by the good-will that is shown to us.

What is the source of our life, our thought, our good feelings, and our good-will?

Ans.—It must be in God.

Why is it not enough to say that we get these things from other men?

Ans.—Because other men, our parents, our teachers, the inventors, the holy men and women, all in turn derive whatever they have from the one great source.

How, then, do wrong thoughts and feelings and ill will ever come?

Ans.—They come because men are yet childish or disobedient, as when the pure sunlight falls through faulty glass.

Where is God?

Ans.—God is wherever he acts.

Can we ever see God with our eyes?

Ans.—We can see God only as we see the person of our friend. We can see him in what he does; that is, wherever he expresses himself.

In what real ways do we thus see God?

Ans.—We see God in the beauty of his world, in a noble deed that he inspires, in the love that looks out from our friends' eyes; for these all tell us of the presence of God.

What great things may we say of God?

Ans.—He is one; he is eternal; he is power; he is thought; he is cause; he is life; he is beneficence, or love. His universe moves for the good of his creatures.

Can we think of God as a person?

Ans.—We think of him as a person in the sense in which we learned to call the most complete man a person. We mean that he is a real being, and that our higher nature is akin to his nature. Man's thought answers to God's thought, and man's love to God's love.

After we have said all that we can about God, what must we modestly add?

Ans.—"His greatness is unsearchable" and "His ways are past finding out." See Rom. xl. 33-36; also Eccles. xliii. 30-33.

Of what other profound facts may we add that they are "past finding out"?

Ans.—We must say this of our own natures, and we must say it of all things about us. Quote Tennyson's verses,—

"Flower in the crannied rock."

CAUTION.—We use the word "God" in different senses, straining language to express the greatness of the thought. Thus we use the word in the largest sense to include all the reality of the universe. Nature is God. All is God. We use the word also when we are only thinking of the invisible reality behind outward things. We may even say reverently, and in a still narrower sense, that man is God; that is, man is of the divine nature. Possibly, "the doctrine of the Trinity" was an unconscious attempt to express these different uses of the word "God."

It is interesting to see that we use *man* also in different senses. We use the word for all mankind: we use it also for the individual. We use it in a restricted sense for the invisible being who thinks and loves. We thus use it for the moment as though the man were apart from his body. More accurately, we use it for the whole man, body and soul. The all-around man is thus a unity. God is likewise a unity,—not apart from nature, but in and through nature.

Literature.

"PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION."*

The lectures delivered by Frederick Howard Wines at the Lowell Institute last winter were written out with revisions soon after, and are now published in the "Library of Economics and Politics" by T. Y. Crowell & Co. They make a volume of nearly 350 pages, and cover the subject of "Penology and the Penitentiary System" from the earliest times till now, with much that is argumentative and instructive, as well as historical. The historical part is, however, of great value, particularly in what relates to the establishment of that method of reformatory treatment of criminals which culminates in the prison system of Mr. Brockway at Elmira, and which Mr. Wines very justly calls "The Elmira System." He shows the gradual steps by which this was evolved slowly and painfully from the old methods of punishment, repression, and exile, the success of the American Revolution by depriving England

* PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION: An Historical Sketch of the Rise of the Penitentiary System. By Frederick Howard Wines, LL.D., special agent of the Eleventh United States Census on Crime, etc. Boston and New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

of a dumping-place for her convict population, leading to the founding of a distinct penal colony in Australia, the abuses and inherent evils of which produced in time the English system of penal servitude in prisons, out of which the talents of Sir Walter Crofton and others developed the more perfect Irish convict system, this in turn by the missionary efforts of the elder Dr. Wines (for the son now holds a confusing though well-deserved title of LL.D.). Prof. T. W. Dwight, Mr. Brockway, and several persons in Massachusetts became sufficiently known in America to produce the establishment of reformatory prisons at Elmira, N.Y., Sherborn, and Concord, Mass., etc. In these, and particularly in the remarkable Elmira prison university which Mr. Brockway has organized and managed now for nearly twenty years, the most perfect form of the new penal system exists, with its indispensable condition of indeterminate sentence, its trade schools (the best yet in operation in America), its physical treatment by baths, gymnastics, military drill, etc., of the mentally or physically defective, and the other features of that elaborate "prison science," here taking the form of an art, which is supplanting the old and crude methods of punishment.

Perhaps it is hardly accurate to call this perfected institution the "Penitentiary System," as Mr. Wines here does; for that title is getting superannuated, like the thing it used to describe, at Philadelphia, Auburn, Charlestown, Pentonville, and so many other "model prisons" in Europe and America. In the wide range of his learning, theological, historical, economical, and political,—so great that it leads him to make valuable observations by the hundred, in passing, and merely by the way, in course of his argument,—Mr. Wines does not, perhaps, call attention to the fact that this idea of penitential prison reform is based on the distinctively Christian doctrine of penitence and pardon for sin which grew up in the early formative ages of the Church, and, filtering down through the complicated relations of human society, at last created the model prison, which was the modern type of the ancient monastery. It had, consequently, most of the defects as well as the merits of the monastic system, until the later reformers, especially in the last fifty years, or since the genius of Maconochie and Brockway has been dealing with these difficult questions, have introduced those social features which fit the penitent convict to go back into the world. The discipline of the monk and the nun had not this last characteristic: it did not qualify them to resist the temptations and meet the opportunities of social life, but only to avoid them. The peculiar merit of the Elmira system is that it prepares the subject of it for the trials of earth rather than for the distant joys of heaven, and thus runs somewhat counter to the distinctly ecclesiastic spirit in which the requirements of the modern penitentiary were first devised. Like other ecclesiastic arrangements, these requirements were enforced by military methods, and to this, in part, was due their failure to meet the needs



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of the criminal; for, as Maconochie long ago pointed out, the military and the reformatory principle, though they are capable of giving external aid to each other, are in fact diametrically opposed,—the one dealing with men in the mass, and the other, like the influences of spiritual religion, addressing the individual man, and winning him to an inward conformity rather than to that external conformity which leaves the heart untouched and the life unreformed.

There is much more in this volume than we have here intimated. It is rich in fact and suggestion, and is generally free of those inaccuracies which beset the thinker with a turn for generalizing, such as the younger Dr. Wines has, like his father before him. To combine exactness with expansive theory is given to but few men: the training of father and son in statistical work has, however, corrected the slight tendency toward assumptions and traditional generalizations which a theological education and some practice in the pulpit had in their case helped to create. F. B. S.

A RINGBY LASS. By Mary Beaumont. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.—This book is one of the pretty "Iris Series," which means that, in point of convenience and outward form, it is all one can ask. It contains five short stories, all simply and effectively told and in harmony with the best books that have previously appeared in this setting. The first of the stories, that which names the book, is an old-fashioned love story, in which she is fair and he is brave; and the occasional glimpses of Yorkshire gossip and customs that it gives are delightful. The second story, "Jack," is burdened with the pain of hopeless love and the pathos of an early death; but it is true in touch, and not too sad, after all. "The White Christ" is the word of a Norwegian guide,—not a love story, but one that recognizes more heart experiences in a man's life than those which touch his love for a woman. "Miss Penelope's Tale" introduces an element of the supernatural in an entirely new form; while "The Revenge of her Race" is a curious little story of the marriage between a young Englishman and a Maori princess. Mary Beaumont is a new name to us; but, if she can write stories like these, it will soon enough become familiar.

MAUREN'S FAIRING. By Jane Barlow. New York: Macmillan & Co.—There is an originality and freshness about these tales that makes this one of the most charming collections of short stories that has appeared this summer. Those that give us bits of Irish peasant life are the best, and in these the conversations especially are deliciously natural and humorous. There is a refinement and delicacy about the opening tale and in "A Year and a Day" that is not duplicated; but they have less movement and life than "A Cream-colored Cactus." "Mac's Luncheon" and "A Formidable Rival" are amusing stories of a boy who would be less delightful in real life than in fiction, where one feels no responsibility for his freedom of speech.

LEIGHTON COURT. By Henry Kingsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—This is the fourth issue in the set of Henry Kingsley's books as published by this firm. It is more compact in incident and conversation than "Ravenshoe" or "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlin," and its interest is quite as well sustained. The revival of Henry Kingsley's novels, shown by the fact that two different firms are now publishing new and complete editions of his works, seems to have been well founded on the basis of their genuine merit, which is quite different in style from that of others, and deserves not to be forgotten. His novels are wholesome and manly, as was only to have been expected from such a man.

Miscellaneous.

A pretty collection of picture-cards and reward-tickets for the use of Sunday-schools comes to us from the publishing house of Ernest Kaufman, New York. The latter are made up of eight or nine small pictures, which may be cut apart for use. The Scripture texts are illumined with bird and flower designs, good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, are enriched by verses of poetry, and there is one set of large, illumined texts. The price of the cards in the set is very moderate. Occasionally there are texts used which the Unitarian teacher or mother will hardly find available.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish among their "English Classics," "Coleridge's 'Principles of Criticism,'" with introduction and notes by Andrew J. George, M.A. It is made up of Chapters I., III., IV., and XIV. of "Biographia Literaria." The first chapter, relating to Coleridge's mental development and training, is a charming bit of biog-

raphy. His "Principles of Criticism," brought out in the chapters which follow, justify Lowell's statement that in criticism Coleridge was indeed a teacher and interpreter whose service was incalculable. "Many of his hints and suggestions are more pregnant than whole treatises." Mr. George's preface makes a good portico to the volume, and his notes clear up many difficulties; and the English reader will be grateful for the translation of hard Greek and Latin.

Literary Notes.

The *New England Kitchen Magazine* has proved a title too narrow for the scope of this monthly periodical; and it will be henceforth known as the *American Kitchen Magazine*,—a name more descriptive of its field and aims.

Books Received.

From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston. Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry. By Edwin J. Bartlett. The Essentials of Arithmetic, Oral and Written. Book II. For Upper Grades. By Gordon A. Southworth. A First Book in Greek. By Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph.D., and Edward Southworth Hawes, Ph.D. The Educational System of Vertical Penmanship. By Anna E. Hill. Tracing Course, 3 Nos. Regular Course, 8 Nos.

From Joseph Knight & Co., Boston. A Mad Madonna, and Other Stories. By L. Clarkson Whitelock.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Beginnings of Writing. By Walter James Hoffman, M.D. With an introduction by Prof. Frederick Starr. Price \$1.75. The Psychology of Number and its Applications to Methods of Teaching Arithmetic. By James A. McLeilan, A.M., LL.D., and John Dewey, Ph.D. Price \$1.50.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage. By C. E. L. Wingate. Price \$2.00. Under the Old Elms. By Mary B. Claflin. Price \$1.00. Cuore. An Italian School-boy's Journal. A Book for Boys. By Edmondo de Amicis. Price \$1.50. Turning Points in Successful Careers. By William M. Thayer. Price \$1.50.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Studies in Theologic Definition. Underlying the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. By Frederic Palmer. Price \$1.25.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. Ormond. A Tale by Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Carl Schloesser. With an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Price \$1.25. Jacob Faithful. By Capt. Marryat. Illustrated by Henry M. Brock. With an introduction by David Hannay. Price \$1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. At Odds. A Novel. By the Baroness Tautphoeus. Two volumes. Price \$2.50. Echoes of the Playhouse. Reminiscences of Some Past Glories of the English Stage. By Edward Robbins, Jr. An Unlabeled Girl. A Story of School Life. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. At War with Pontiac, or the Totem of the Bear. By Kirk Munroe. Price \$1.25. The Preacher and his Place. The Lyman Beecher Lectures delivered at Yale University in the month of February, 1895. By Rev. David H. Greer, D.D. Price \$1.25.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. Price \$1.25. A Knight of the White Cross. A Tale of the Siege of Rhodes. By G. A. Henty. Price \$1.50. The Tiger of Mysore. A Story of the War with Tipoo Saib. By G. A. Henty. Price \$1.50. The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By Henry M. Baird. Two volumes. Price \$7.50.

From F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago. Washington, or the Revolution. By Ethan Allen. Price 50 cents. Paper covers.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Richard of Taunton Deane. An Old Somersetshire Song. Music arranged by J. L. Molloy. Magnolia Waltz. Composed for Guitar. By C. de Janon. To Thee. English Version by M. J. Barnett. Music by Guy d'Hardelot. Terra Marique. Words by C. H. Goldthwait. Music by Gertrude H. Swift. Carmen Waltz. Guitar Solo. By P. Celorrio. Give my Love to Maggie. Song and Chorus. By Jas. R. Homer. The Dipper in the Park. Song. Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Charles E. Pratt. The Youngest of the Two. Song and Chorus. By Jas. R. Homer.

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The Home.

ARMENIAN CRADLE-SONG.*

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

[From the Armenian of Raphael Patkanian.]

Nightingale, oh, leave our garden,
Where soft dew's the blossoms steep;
With thy litanies melodious
Come and sing my son to sleep!
Nay, he sleeps not for thy chanting,
And his weeping hath not ceased.
Come not, nightingale! My darling
Does not wish to be a priest.

O thou thievish, clever jackdaw,
That in coin findest thy joy,
With thy tales of gold and profit
Come and soothe my wailing boy!
Nay, thy chatter does not lull him,
And his crying is not stayed.
Come not, jackdaw! for my darling
Will not choose the merchant's trade.

Wild dove, leave the fields and pastures
Where thou grieve'st all day long;
Come, and bring my boy sweet slumber
With thy melancholy song!
Still he weeps. Nay, come not hither,
Plaintive songster; for I see
That he loves not lamentations,
And no mourner will he be.

Leave thy chase, brave-hearted falcon!
Haply he thy song would hear.
And the boy lay hushed and slumbered,
With the war-notes in his ear.

MOLLIE WHITE-FOOT'S VACATION.

BY ANNA H. SMITH.

When Mrs. Perkins gave Clara Bourne her prettiest kitten, the gray one that had four white feet, she thought Clara loved kittens. She did not know that it was her own amusement Clara loved, but that she wanted a kitten just as she wanted a doll to play with.

Clara carried the kitten home; and, fortunately for the kitten, there was a kind cook there who gave it every morning a saucer of milk, with bread crumbs or oatmeal, and also looked after it at dinner time, so that Mollie White-foot grew large and fat and sleek, and had, on the whole, a very comfortable time, except when Clara played with her too roughly.

When summer came, Clara's mother and father decided to close the house, and go away to board for two months at the mountains. Clara was so delighted that she hardly gave a thought to Mollie until the day before they were to start. Then she asked her mother if she were going to take Mollie with them. Mrs. Bourne told her that it would be impossible, but that she need not worry, as Mollie could very well take care of herself for two months; and Clara, busy with getting her little trunk packed and putting in it her favorite toys and books, gave no further thought to the matter.

The Bournes started off in excellent spirits one pleasant morning; and, as they turned the key in the door, Mollie came and looked at them, and cried as if she understood that they were going away, and as if she were begging them not to leave her alone. This made Clara, and even Mrs. Bourne (who did not like cats), feel a little uncomfortable; but they soon forgot all about Mollie in the excitement of the journey.

They had left enough scraps of bread and meat under the doorstep in the back yard to last Mollie for a few days; but she missed her milk, and, when night came, mew'd sadly, for she began already to feel very lonesome.

In a day or two there was a heavy rain; and Mollie had to crawl under the doorstep as far as possible, and stay there until the storm was over,—an experience which she did not find at all pleasurable. She had never been a cat given to neighborhood wanderings; and, when her little store of food had given out and no human being came near her, and, in spite of her most beseeching mew's at the side door, the house remained closed to her, the creature began to feel very wretched indeed. She got so hungry that she could not sleep at night; and one night her cries reached the ears of a sick woman in a house near by, and kept her from getting the sleep she needed until her husband

went out and threw stones and sticks in the direction in which the cries came, and then poor Mollie, frightened nearly into a fit, crept under the doorstep again, and lay in half-dazed silence.

That night Mrs. Bourne and Clara slept soundly in their comfortable room at the hotel among the mountains, and no thought of Mollie came to trouble their placid repose. The days which flew by so rapidly for Clara and her mother dragged slowly to Mollie. Now and then she managed to catch a bird, and once she made a scanty meal upon a very small mouse that ventured across her pathway; but she was getting too weak to do very much hunting, for which, indeed, she was sadly unfitted, owing to the manner of her bringing up. She ventured into the neighbors' yards in her desperation; but she found that the swill-buckets were all kept tightly closed, and, if she was seen, she was driven off with a stone or a broomstick. Many of the houses round about were shut up like her own home; and the families who were left were so indignant to think that the more fortunate ones who could get away should leave their cats behind for the stay-at-homes to take care of that they would not often feed a stray cat, or even tolerate its presence. Mollie saw two little pet kittens bereft of attention crawl away and hide and die; and she felt as if that must soon be her fate, too.

One day, when Mollie was prowling around in search of a bit of food, a boy threw a stone at her. Being weak with hunger, she did not jump aside quickly enough to avoid the missile. In the panic caused by pain and fright, she ran wildly, she did not know where, and by chance took refuge in a garden belonging to a house a few streets from where the Bournes lived. There was a little hole in the fence which she spied out as she ran; and, being thin, she crawled through, and fell exhausted under a low-growing shrub.

The day and night went by, and another day and night; and Mollie still lay under the shrub, aching from the bruise she had received, and too weak to crawl about any longer in search of food and drink. Her mouth was parched with thirst: she slept, and woke with feverish starts. How gladly she would have welcomed a taste of cool water! The third day was slowly drawing to an end when Mollie heard footsteps approaching her. She had met with so much unkindness that she wanted to get up and run away, but she was too feeble to do so. The footsteps paused, and a hand pushed aside the branches that partly concealed her; and, as Mollie raised her eyes and tried to shrink back under the bush, she saw a boy looking down at her. This sight alarmed her very much; for boys, as a rule, had never been kind to her. All she could do, however, was to lie still, and wait for the expected blow. Instead of the blow she felt a hand touching her head softly, and heard a gentle voice say, "Poor pussy!" That was all; and, just as Mollie was trying to purr a faint response, the steps retreated much more rapidly than they had come, and Mollie, thinking herself forsaken, closed her eyes again in a sigh of disappointment.

In a few minutes she heard once more the sound of footsteps, and this time two voices.

"Here, mamma, right here under this bush," said one voice.

"Oh, the poor thing!" said another.

"Is she dead, mamma?"

"No: she is opening her eyes," was the reply. "Put the saucer of milk down close to her head."

Help had come to Mollie at last, but it seemed as if it were too late. Mollie could not take the milk. "Bring a little water, Henry," the kind voice said; and in a few minutes Mollie saw a dish of water placed almost under her nose, so close that she could by raising her head lap a little. She was so grateful that she tried to purr, and, in fact, succeeded in making a faint sound.

"Leave the milk, Henry, and the water," said the voice. "See that faded ribbon around her neck! The poor thing has been left to starve by some family gone away for the summer, and I think she has been hurt in some way. Do you see how wicked it is for people to be so thoughtless?"

From this time on better days came to Mollie. Slowly her strength came back under the ministrations of the kind little boy and his mother; and by and by she

grew sleek and fat, and seemed quite like her old self. When the early days of September arrived, instinct drew her back to her former home; and there a great surprise was in store for her. The house was open again; and, as she walked leisurely toward the open door, Clara darted out, and seized her with a cry of delight.

"O mamma, mamma! just look here! Mollie has come back, and see how handsome she has grown!"

"Well, didn't I tell you," said Clara's mother, casting an approving glance at Mollie, "that cats are quite able to take care of themselves when they are obliged to do so?"

THE SAMPLE QUILT.

"There, Elmira," said Mrs. Deborah Sharp, "there isn't another one in the whole town half so handsome." She patted lovingly the bright silk quilt spread out on her front-room bed.

"Indeed there isn't," responded Elmira. "Mrs. Green is the only one I know of that has a silk quilt, anyway; an' hers isn't a circumstance to this. Hers is mostly made of her and her mother's old black silk that she dyed, and black silk don't dye another color so it looks like much."

"No, I should say not," her aunt said grimly. "Remember how I dipped that old black silk of mother's. I guess I shan't try to take black silk and dye it pink again in a hurry. Now let's see. It's all done except that last corner over by you. That won't take more'n fifteen pieces, if 'twill that. Then, when I get that in, I guess we'll have Mrs. Green and Mrs. Badger and her company here to tea. They'll be the first ones to see the quilt except ourselves. How many pieces did you say came yesterday?"

Elmira went to the bureau and picked up a large brown envelope, out of which she shook a handful of silk pieces of all sorts, and counted them carefully.

"There are twenty-one pieces, Aunt Debby; an' there were seven left from the lot we got last month. I put them in the wardrobe drawer."

Mrs. Sharp took the lot from Elmira. "Land!" she said appreciatively: "aren't they pretty? Seem's to me the silks get prettier every month. Now how much is this lavender one with the sprig on it? I'd like to get you a dress off that, Elmira."

Elmira's pale face flushed softly; but, before she could reply, her aunt's voice broke in sharply, "Elmira Horton, just read that, will you?"

Elmira wonderingly took the printed slip that had come with the samples. Her aunt gazed at her with consternation, while she read it.

"Well," the girl said, as she finished it. "I don't see anything the matter: it's the same thing they've always sent."

"What!" her aunt gasped. "Why haven't I seen it before then? Do you mean to say they've been sending that printed notice for over a year, and we've kept right along stealing their silks?"

"Stealing!" echoed Elmira, hopelessly.

"Yes, stealing. What else is it, I'd like to know, when it says it here plainly that"—she took the paper and read in jerks,—

"'You will please return all samples we send you, whether or not you select any goods for purchase.' Now, Elmira Horton, what do you make of that?"

Elmira looked more hopeless than ever. "Oh!" she stammered. "I never thought it meant us. Why, you only got the samples to make the quilt of. We haven't bought anything at all."

"That's all the worse," answered her aunt, severely. "But we have, though. Last winter I bought that yard and a half of black silk for my apron, and this spring you sent for that blue surah for your hat."

"So I did," said Elmira, weakly. It seemed to give a new phase to the matter, now that she remembered their purchases. Then she visibly brightened.

"I don't believe," she said more decidedly, "that, if it was wrong, Mrs. Dunston would have told you you could send for all the samples you wanted."

"I don't believe," replied Mrs. Sharp, "that Mrs. Dunston meant what I thought she did. That summer she was here and kept getting all those samples was when I first thought that, if I could get a lot of 'em, I could finish out this quilt I'd had started so long. And so I asked her if I could send for samples, too; an' she said I could, an' gave me the address of Prince & Co. But I don't suppose she ever thought I was going to send for pieces of silk an' keep 'em to make a quilt of, without paying for 'em. And here I've been cheating that store out of enough silk to make two-thirds of a bed-quilt! And I never thought of it before!"

Poor Mrs. Sharp so far forgot herself that she sat down on the edge of her best counterpane on her best-room bed.

Elmira looked at her dejectedly. It seemed bad enough, and she felt as if she were more to blame than her aunt. The silence in the room was so complete that the ticking of the clock in the next room jarred painfully. At last Mrs. Sharp got up, and began deliberately to fold up the unfinished quilt.

"What are you going to do, aunt?" ventured Elmira.

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Sharp. "I'm going to think about it to-night."

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Sharp abruptly announced to her niece that she was going to Boston that afternoon. Elmira almost dropped her cup of coffee. Her aunt had been to Boston just once during the last ten years, and that was when she went to the funeral of her husband's brother.

"I've been thinking all night," went on Mrs. Sharp, calmly, "and I've concluded that's all I can do. First, I thought I'd rip out all those pieces, an' send 'em up to Prince & Co. with a letter. But, what with the turned-in edges an' all the fancy stitches, there'd be little left of the silk of any good to them. So I'm going to take that quilt an' show it to Mr. Prince, and explain to him how it all was. And, of course, I can't do anything but give him the quilt."

"You can get Jane Thomson to stay a few nights with you; an', if anybody asks what I've gone for, you can tell 'em I'm going to visit Brother George's widow, and I am. She's been wanting me to come ever since George died."

That afternoon Mrs. Sharp and the quilt departed, leaving Elmira tearful and contrite. The more she thought of the theft they had been carrying on for so many months, the more heinous seemed her part in it. Her aunt had been away for five days when Elmira received a postal card

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*This lullaby is a favorite in Armenia. Mothers sing their children to sleep with it under the shadow of Mount Ararat and along the banks of the Euphrates.

from her, saying she should be back that afternoon. So Jane Thomson went home, and Elmira waited with tingling nerves for the evening stage-coach.

When Mrs. Sharp arrived, she wore an inscrutable expression; and to all Elmira's anxious questions she responded briefly that she would tell her everything after supper. As soon as the dishes were cleared away, Mrs. Sharp unlocked her trunk, but did not open it. Then she and Elmira sat down together before it, and Mrs. Sharp began her story.

"I didn't tell Hannah what I'd gone up for," she said; "for I'd begun to think that I didn't know but what I could be put in jail for stealing. So I wasn't going to worry her over the mess. So I held my tongue."

"The very next morning after I got there I went right down to Mr. Prince's store. Land! Elmira, it's an enormous store, now I tell you! I should think there isn't anything that grows or is made but is in that store. Well, I couldn't find Mr. Prince that first morning, nor the next; and they weren't going to let me see him the third. But I just told that stuck-up clerk of his that, if he thought I was going to lug that big bundle round any more mornings, he was mistaken. 'And,' says I, 'if I can't see Mr. Prince, you've got to keep the bundle here till I can.'"

"Just then who should come by but Mr. Prince himself. I knew 'twas he before he spoke by the way that clerk began to be all of a sudden most polite and kind."

"Well, Mr. Prince took me right into a little room where there was nothing but a desk and some chairs, an' nobody else but us two. He's a handsome man, about forty-five, I guess; an' he had the sharpest eyes I ever saw on a human being. But they weren't ugly eyes, nor mean. I told him the whole story; and he never said a word, except he coughed hard once or twice, and kept pulling his mustache most of the time. When I got through, I undid the quilt, and spread it out carefully. It made me sick to think of giving it up. I didn't see anything in Boston half so handsome."

"So," says Mr. Prince, "that's the quilt." And he stood looking at it for a long time, while I thought he'd hear my heart beat: it sounded to me louder than all the rattle of the cars outside. Then all of a sudden he leaned over and put his fingers on the pieces of your mother's wedding gown and my mother's and the East India silk of grandmother's and my wedding one."

"My," he said, "what beautiful pieces of silk!" I told him what they were, and he asked me if I had any more like 'em; and I said I did,—a little bit of every piece."

"And, then, what do you think he said? He told me his wife was making a collection of rare pieces of silk, and that she hadn't in all her collection such lovely pieces as those old ones of mine. And he said, 'If you will send me just little scraps of those silks, I shall be much more than repaid for all these samples of mine.'"

"Well! I felt as if all my bones had turned into soft India rubber. And I dropped into a chair and boohooed. Yes, I did, Elmira Horton. An' Mr. Prince didn't know what to do. He sent for some ice-water; and, finally, I made out to tell him that, when a body expects to be taken up an' sent to jail, and instead is treated as the angel of the Lord would treat a poor, unknowing sinner, it was a little too much for my nerves."

"Then he got solemn, and said a funny thing. 'Mrs. Sharp,' says he, 'I didn't know there were any people like you left, even in New England. If I could be sure there were many more, I'd be glad to give my entire silk department to their sole use.' Now, wasn't that queer?"

"Then, don't you think, he got a carriage and put me in, and paid the driver; and I was driven home to Hannah's, an' she opened her eyes, I tell you. And the next morning came a big bundle to me; an' inside there were enough pieces of silk to make three quilts,—whopping pieces, too. And there was Mr. Prince's card; and on it it said, 'For Mrs. Sharp, with Mr. Prince's thanks.'"

"Yes, Elmira Horton; and just let me get into that trunk, and I'll show you. And we'll have Mrs. Badger and Mrs. Green here to tea just as soon as that quilt's done!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A PAIR OF PIGEONS.

A pair of pigeons named Annie Rooney and McGinty were given to a boy of eleven who lives in New York City. They were very young when they were given to him, and he determined to train them so that they would always make their home at his house. For six weeks he kept them in his room in a mocking-bird cage, and was very careful about the food and water. In the day-time he put the cage outside the window, and, when it rained, covered it with a cloth; for pigeons, while they use a great deal of water both to bathe in and to drink, do not like to be out in the rain.

When six weeks were passed, he opened the cage door, and fastened it so that the birds could go out. At first they were contented to poke their heads out of the open door; but, finally, after a great deal of conversation (pigeons are great conversationalists), out they flew. They seemed hardly to know the use of their wings at first, and circled around in a dazed way, alighting on the top of a neighboring roof, where they apparently had again a great deal to say to each other. For twenty minutes they talked, then seemed to have made up their minds to try a long flight; for, with one graceful swoop into the air, off they flew. Hours went by, and they did not return; and, when it was nearly dark, all hope was abandoned. But suddenly there was a whirr of wings, and Annie Rooney came home. McGinty still was absent. Annie Rooney perched herself on her roost, every feather ruffled up most disconsolately; while the boy who owned them went to bed very low in his mind. At daylight next morning he was awakened by such a cooing as he had never heard before. Rushing to the window, there he saw McGinty in the wildest excitement, and with his head almost buried in the little dish which held the drinking-water.

From that day the cage was left outside, and the door taken off, so that the birds might come and go as they chose.

Then, alas! began their troubles. So pleased were they with their little journey into the world that they at once set out to explore the houses near by; and every day a note was sent in from some neighbor to the effect: "Extremely sorry; but your pigeons fly into my bedroom, and knock down all the ornaments." "Your birds insist upon walking up and down under my bed, making most unearthly sounds. I am afraid of birds, and cannot stand having them in my house." "Again your birds have flown into my windows, and are in the children's doll-house. They refuse to come out, and make such a hideous noise as to alarm the children."

These three notes were only samples of others; and, after a family conclave, it was decided the pigeons must be sent away. Summer was coming on, and it was finally concluded the country was the best place for them.

Their owner took them in a covered basket to a farm on Long Island, where they were put into a pigeon-house, and provided with water and food. The next day they were apparently happy. So, with many regrets, they were told good-by; and the boy returned to town.

It was a long journey,—some hours; and it was rather a sad-faced youth who mounted the steps, and told his mother he had left his birds in the country. It was then six o'clock in the evening. At ten minutes past six there was a great fluttering of wings; and, lo and behold! Annie Rooney and McGinty had returned, and prouder and happier pigeons never were seen.—*Anne Helme, in Harper's Round Table*.

DOT'S TAME CROW.

There are many animals that can be tamed to pet besides cats and dogs. I have seen sheep, foxes, coons, white rats, and even toads; but the best bird is a crow. My little Dot heard papa say there were some crows near by, high up in the crotch of a tree; and she wanted to see them, but she could not climb so high. Her big brother Tom said he would get them for her. How brave he looked climbing that tree! He found two little crows; and, as he did not wish to rob the mamma crow, he only brought one down. Oh, what a plump, funny-looking, featherless bird he was, with bright, beadlike eyes, and his

heart beating so rapidly with fright that Dot said,—

"O Tom, take him back to his nest!" But Tom replied, "We will put him in a cage and feed him bread and milk, and see what he will do."

In a short time little Mr. Crow grew into a beautiful black bird, and would fly in and out of the cage at any time, he was so tame; and, when he wished to be fed, he would cry, "Caw! caw!" so sharply that Dot knew just what he wanted.

Dot said, "I think he must brush his feathers to have them so glossy, and I wonder if it hurts as much as when nurse brushes my hair."

Mr. Crow grew to be a great thief, and would take anything he could lay his hands on—I mean claws—on, even grandma's silver spoons, and would fly into the ridge-pole of the house, and not even Dot could call him down. Once he hid some spoons, and we never could find them. Dot taught him to say "Halloo" quite as plainly as a parrot; and such long conversations as they carried on when he perched himself on Dot's knee! He would look at her, wink his eyes, turn his head first one way and then another in a very wise way; and Dot thought he understood every word she said.

Dot had a flower-bed, and he used to help her weed it by scratching the earth. One day I heard her say, "Naughty Mr. Crow, you have scratched up my pansy." Then he flew on to her shoulder, tried to peck her lips; and she said, "That's the way he kisses me and asks forgiveness."

Once a lady came to the house, and Dot took her into the garden to pick some flowers. Mr. Crow went, too; and he would fly about and snip off the flowers with his bill, and the lady asked Dot "where he kept his scissors." He was so fond of red flowers that he snipped off every bud from the red rose-bush.

Sometimes he would be gone a few days, and Dot said he was "visiting his relatives." Once, when he returned, he looked so funny. He had tried to swallow a wee little mouse; but the tail still hung out, and he had such a time trying to get it down his throat! But he succeeded at last.

One day Dot's mamma put a kettle of red raspberries on the stove to boil for canning. She left the room a moment; and, when she returned, what did she see but Mr. Crow in the middle of the kettle, eating berries as fast as he could! He looked up just long enough to say, "Halloo," which meant, "I am having a good time!"

He grew so mischievous that, at last, Dot's mamma had him carried a long way off. Dot felt very badly, and—yes—she cried, too; and wouldn't you? But she told me very quietly that the next spring there were so many tame crows about that she knew Mr. Crow had sent all his little children back to see how she was.—*The Examiner*.

A CLEAN TOWN.

The cleanest town in the world is said to be Broek, in Holland. It is only a few miles from the capital, and has been famous for its cleanliness from time immemorial. It is also notable on account of the fanciful style of its houses and yards and gardens and streets. The people, though only peasants, are well-to-do; and all feel a pride in their town. It seems to be the first business of their lives to keep their houses freshly painted, their gardens in perfect order, and their yards and streets as clean as a parlor, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. No carts are allowed in the streets, and no cattle. Though the raising of stock and the making of butter and cheese are their occupations, a stranger would never imagine that there were any cattle in the region unless he went to the beautiful green meadows at the back of the houses or the stables out there, where cows are kept in stalls scrubbed and washed like a kitchen. The streets are too fine and neat for the feet of the animals to step on. All are paved with polished stones, intermingled with bricks of different colors, and kept so scrupulously clean that a lady could walk anywhere in white satin slippers.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An English boy wrote to the London *Times* an account of how he cared for some birds during the severe cold of last winter.

"I thought perhaps you would allow a school-boy to tell you how very tame and fearless the cold and hunger have made the wild birds around our house."

"Of course, we feed them with bread and all sorts of odds and ends, and the ground is simply black with our hungry visitors. Even the suspicious rooks come quite close to the house for their share."

"A little blue-tit passes its day in our basement, heedless of sleepy pussy baking herself before the stove."

"Most of all, I wish to tell you about my strange bedroom companion, a little robin, which has taken up its residence in my bedroom; and, though I leave the window open, he never goes out, except to take a short fly. We pass the night together, and he makes his bed in one of my football boots."

"The other morning he woke me up by singing on a chair at the side of my bed, I suppose he thought I ought to be at my lessons."

A CLEVER DOG.

The London *Spectator* tells the following story:—

"A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner. Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and, as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose; and, having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran on in front, and rang the gate-bell of the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait when I arrived there."

The largest State building in the United States is the capitol of Texas. It is also seventh in size among the great buildings of the world. It cost \$3,500,000.—*Popular Science*.



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**"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BAR-
GAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES**

SAPOLIO

REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS.

In the Third Congregational Society (Unitarian), Cambridge, yesterday morning, there was a special service in memory of the late Rev. George W. Briggs, D.D., who had been pastor of the church for over a quarter of a century.

The assistant pastor, Rev. W. H. Johnson, occupied the pulpit, and preached the memorial sermon. Appropriate music was rendered by a quartette. Prior to the sermon the assistant pastor explained that the service of the day was not intended to attract public attention, but was merely a testimony of the love and esteem which the members of the society felt for their late pastor. He then read the testimonies to Dr. Briggs which three of the older parishioners had been invited to give. The first letter referred to the circumstances under which Dr. Briggs became pastor of the church. Hearing that he had resigned his pastorate at Salem and was coming to Cambridge to educate his sons, the Third Church gave him a call, which he at first declined because of his advanced age, thinking that a younger man could do more good. He finally, however, accepted, and on April 3, 1867, began a ministry which continued for twenty-eight years with perfect harmony. Since the organization of the society in 1805 there had been no longer term of service by any pastor. "We shall never look upon his like again," the letter concluded; "and it remains for us to profit by his example. Dr. Peabody once wrote that Dr. Briggs had always held a foremost position among Unitarian ministers and in the hearts of all who knew him."

The second testimonial spoke of the five years of suffering which preceded the pastor's death, which was, perhaps, indicted by Infinite Wisdom only to round out a noble life. Dr. Briggs was a power in the pulpit. His sermons, while emotional, were never sensational. His texts were so carefully chosen and so strictly adhered to that the text always recalled the sermon, or a passage from a sermon the text. The influence of his whole life was one of uplifting and inspiration. Old and young loved him, and all gave him their confidence.

"Having been a member of this church under all its pastors," wrote a third parishioner, in part, "I may say that, from the very first of his coming, Dr. Briggs drew us all into closer harmony. We became one joyous family. He sympathized with us in our joys, and was beside us in bereavement, and led us in his prayers up to the Father's throne." After speaking of the joyousness in the late pastor's life, which was one of his most attractive characteristics, and the sacrifices for his people's good, which his generous heart prompted him to make, the writer said, "His influence over our lives will never be lost."

The assistant pastor announced that the parish committee had decided to hold, at some date in the near future, another service in memory of Dr. Briggs, which would be of a more public character, and at which all the friends, as well as the parishioners, of the late pastor would be welcome. After the singing of a hymn Mr. Johnson preached the memorial sermon from the text, "A Cloud of witnesses," Hebrews xii. 1. He spoke with eloquence and feeling of the departed. Honored and loved as men may be, he said, in brief, they seldom show all that is noble in them until after death.

When death has lifted one out of earthly environment, he went on to say, his true character shines forth as the moon when lifted above low-lying vapors. Every life which is worthily lived bears testimony to some enduring principle. As a minister, our beloved pastor bore faithful witness for Christ in all his ways.

In the consecration of his life to his people, even more than in his eloquence as a preacher, he was the faithful shepherd of his flock. He was the constant friend and father of his people, and his presence was a perpetual sunshine. His throne was preeminently in the heart. His sermons glowed with the fervor of intense personal piety.

Doctrinal points had little interest for him compared with the sorrows and joys and daily needs of his people. He did not argue, but presented his own deep convictions so powerfully that his hearers believed and accepted them. To him the life hereafter was a vital reality. The spiritual world was not a land of shadows: it was only passing from the home below to the home above. Dr. Briggs had an intense conviction of the value of the testimony of the spirit as superior to that of reason. He believed that the truths of religion might be hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes. The statements of the Bible were accepted by him as conclusive. He believed that in heaven the Messiah was still carrying on the redemption work which he began on earth: his ministry was not closed when he parted from his disciples.

The late pastor had a conviction of the supernatural mingling with the natural which was characteristic of a past age.

His ministry had in it the same elements which made some of the preachers of old so powerful. He was filled with faith and the power of the Holy Ghost; his eloquence thrilled his congregation. With his conservatism, he was yet in warm sympathy with the progress of modern civilization.

In one of his sermons, written in 1891, he said: "One day now does more for human progress than a thousand days of patriarchal time. Life was never so well worth the living." He regretted that his years were not before instead of behind him. In all his work he had the same energy, faith, and sincerity which marked him as a preacher.

In conclusion, the speaker referred to the wonderful harmony which had existed between pastor and people all through Dr. Briggs's long ministry, and the influence which the life of the late pastor was now exerting and would continue to exert in the future.—*Boston Herald.*

Spiritual Life.

The use of trials and temptations is to lead us to see our own helplessness, our dependence upon the Lord, and to make us willing to go to him for guidance and safety. *Chauncy Giles.*

The everlasting arm! I think of that whenever rest is sweet. How the whole earth and the strength of it—that is, almightiness—is beneath every tired creature to give it rest, holding us always! No thought of God is closer than that.—*Selected.*

To find life full, then, of good opportunity in the little kindnesses, daily, unrecorded acts, and to fulfil these in love, is an important part of the true blessedness of life that goes far toward writing it on our hearts that "each day is the best day of the year." *The Churchman.*

Love is like the diamond,—pure, white. Other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, each with its own hue of brilliance, the diamond uniting all colors with one beautiful and simple white. Love uniting all graces is "the fulfilling of the law," the beauty of holiness, "the image of God." *The Standard.*

More divine life is distilled into the soul by good deeds than is distilled by learning. Franklin says, "I have always set greater value on the character of the doer of good than on any other kind of reputation." It was meat and drink of Christ to do the will of God.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

So long as sorrow and death cross the threshold of the home, so long as mutual love seeks holy union, so long as sweet childhood is dedicated to a "life of love and service," and the soul in its diviner moments hungers for truth, so long the church, tolerant, positive, reverent, helpful, has its indispensable place in our social economy. He who wilfully neglects it neglects in that degree his own best life.—*W.*

The process of character-formation goes on through the action and interaction of many forces. The totality of a life, at any moment, is the product mainly of little things. Trifling choices, insignificant exercises of will, unimportant acts often repeated, things seemingly of small account,—these are the thousand tiny sculptors that are carving away constantly at the rude block of life, giving it shape and feature.—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

Show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with a polarity that arranges itself instantly on the eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger, referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing,—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber room, but has form and order. There is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.—*Emerson.*

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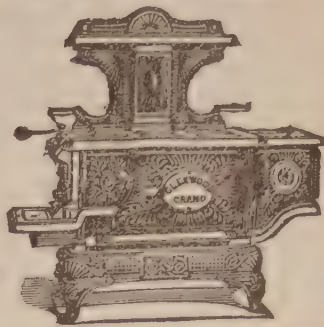
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SECTION 1. All persons qualified to vote for school committee shall, at the next State election, have an opportunity to express their opinion by voting yes or no in answer to the following question: Is it expedient that municipal suffrage be granted to women?

SECT. 2. Equal opportunity shall be given to men and women to register prior to said election.

Believing it to be for the best interests of the Commonwealth that men and women should share equally the responsibilities of its government, we hereby urge the women of Massachusetts to respond to the invitation of the legislature, as set forth in the act of 1895, by registering and voting in favor of municipal suffrage for women.

And we ask all legal voters to consider seriously that, while Massachusetts is now governed by an aristocracy based strictly on sex, it is possible, by voting in the affirmative under this law, to insure "a government of the [whole] people, by the [whole] people, for the [whole] people."

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JOSIAH O. LOW.

On September 16 another strong, earnest, devoted member of our household of faith was called up higher. For many months, at his quiet, beautiful home at Newport, Mr. Low has been slowly, gently, declining in bodily strength, although his reason and judgment, his faith and hope and love, were wonderfully sustained to the last. He was born in Salem, Mass., in 1821, the son of Seth Low and Mary Porter, who were among the most prominent and respected persons of that place. Josiah was for many years associated as partner with his brother Abiel in the well-known importing firm of A. A. Low & Brothers of Brooklyn, N.Y., who were leading merchants with China and the East Indies.

Both were deeply interested in and earnest supporters of the First Unitarian Society in Brooklyn; and, when the beautiful Channing Memorial Church was erected at Newport, they not only contributed most generously of their means, but gave their strong personal influence to the success of that worthy enterprise. Josiah survived his brother by two years. Inheriting the sterling qualities of his ancestors, he was himself a superior man marked by unusual force of character. He possessed a cultured mind stored with useful knowledge, matured and enriched by long and varied experience and by wide observation of life and manners. As a man of affairs, he was sincerely respected for his clear, sound judgment, his liberality of sentiment, his unwearied industry, and inflexible integrity. His impulses were all generous, his principles those of scrupulous honor and justice. In religious concerns he was devoted to the highest aims of liberal Christianity, insisting upon a reasonable faith and the practical application of that faith to the simplest duties of daily life. He believed that "religion is life, and the life of religion is to do good." His personal trust in the goodness and mercy of a heavenly Father was not merely a verbal creed, but a happy part of his daily experience. By this trust he was strengthened and sustained through the many tasks and trials of his long, active life, and also cheered and comforted in the hours of weariness and days of suffering and suspense which came upon him as the earthly pilgrimage drew toward its close. With remarkable patience, fortitude, and resignation, he waited for the final change, perfectly assured that, whether here or there, "in the body or out of the body," nothing could separate him from the love of God. Those who knew him best will long cherish the

memory of a brave, consistent, conscientious man, of unfeigned piety, fixed in his religious convictions, just and generous to all, and humbly striving as best he might to put in practice the simplest rules of Christian duty.

G. W. C.

Education.

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS ON PURITANISM. Seven new leaflets have just been added to the Old South series, all relating to "English Puritanism and the Commonwealth." They are numbered 58 to 64, and are as follows: No. 58, "Hooper's Letters to Bullinger"; 59, "Sir John Eliot's 'Apology for Socrates'"; 60, "Ship-money Papers"; 61, "Pym's Speech against Strafford"; 62, "Cromwell's Second Speech"; 63, "Milton's 'Free Commonwealth'"; 64, "Sir Henry Vane's Defence." There are many earlier leaflets in the series relating to the same period, including "Vane's 'Healing Question,'" "The Petition of Rights," "The Grand Remonstrance," "The Scottish National Covenant," "The Agreement of the People," "The Instrument of Government," and "Cromwell's First Speech." With these Old South leaflets, which are sold for five cents a copy, just enough to cover their cost, our students can come into immediate touch with the men of the English Commonwealth, and the great scenes in which they acted. These men and events were as truly a part of American as of English history, as it has been a main object of the "Old South Lectures" of the present year, on "The Puritans in Old England," to point out. It is pleasant to know that these leaflets are coming into general use in the schools, and being circulated throughout the country. Their publication in this cheap form is one of the best features of Mrs. Hemenway's noble benefaction.—*Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-house, Boston.*

Here and There.

Michigan is entering the lists as a peach-growing State. Orchards are being formed of 500, 1,000, and even 10,000 trees.

In this country alone the sales of bicycles for this year are estimated at half a million. The total number of bicycles in use is estimated at a million.

It is said that, of the three thousand visitors to the National Yellowstone Park during the last three years, hardly one hundred were Americans. Probably more Americans have climbed the Alps than have visited the Yosemite Valley.

In Greece, excavations will be shortly resumed at Eleusis, and researches will be made in the prehistoric tombs at Cephalonia. At Delphi the French will soon begin work again, as they have received from their government a sum of 150,000 francs for the purpose.

Every Paris school has its "canteen," where free meals are given to the children who cannot pay, while those who are better off pay in part or in full. Each child brings his clean napkin, his little bottle of *vin ordinaire*, and sometimes fruit or a bit of cheese for dessert. The cooking is usually done by the janitor, and the meals are served at little tables in the play-room. The cost of the portions, generally stews of meat and vegetables, is about two cents for each child.

Some conception of the constant danger to the public health of New York may be had by reading the last quarterly report of the Board of Health. The sanitary inspectors, who are kept more steadily at work now than ever before since the organization of the Department of Health, in addition to their other labor, destroyed 600,000 pounds of vegetables unfit for food, 300,000 pounds of meat, 13,000 pounds of fish, and 50,000 pounds of confectionery, so called,—the poisoned sugar stuff sold to children at the penny shops all over town.

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He was fond of singing revival hymns; and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Boy: "I want to buy some paper." Dealer: "What kind of paper?" "I guess you better give me fly-paper. I want to make a kite."—*Philadelphia Record*.

A teacher requested each scholar to write a sentence containing the word "toward." One boy of nine years wrote, "I toared my pants!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"Can you give me any good reason for these impressionist pictures?" She: "Yes, indeed: they can be hung either side up with equally good effect."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Old Lady (to motorman on trolley car): "Ain't you afraid of the electricity, Mr. Motorman?" Motorman: "No, ma'am, I ain't got no call to be afraid. I ain't a conductor."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Teechum: "That small engine pounding away in the corner, Toby, is called a donkey-engine." Toby: "And yet the engineer says it works with a four-horse-power. That's funny, isn't it?"—*Harper's Round Table*.

A little boy asked at the dinner-table one day, "What is chilli sauce?" Little Mary, his sister, who had just begun to read, answered as grave as a judge, "It's the sauce that chills, but not mebrates."—*Youth's Companion*.

Bessie was just finishing her breakfast as papa stooped to kiss her before going down town. The little one gravely took up her napkin and wiped her cheek. "What, Bessie," said her father, "wiping away papa's kiss?" "Oh, no," said she, looking up with a sweet smile, "I'm wubbing it in."—*Zion's Herald*.

The story is told that a woman had a very fashionable silk waist made, which she sent to her sister in a little Western Kansas town. She received in reply a letter of thanks, in which the sister said that she found the sleeves much larger than her thin arms needed, and had cut them over, getting enough out to make her five-year-old girl a dress. "You must have thought I had awful fat arms," the sister out West wrote. *Zion's Herald*.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality; for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveller, "The devil seems to be the greatest land-owner in these parts!" "Ah! sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so; but he lives in England. I think he's what they call the absentee landlord in Ireland."—*London Gentlewoman*.

"Borde never visits us now," said Mr. Tyrer. "It's more than two months since he was in the house." "Yes," answered Mrs. Tyrer, "it's rather singular, certainly." "It is—very singular. The last time he was here I did my very best to be entertaining. I sat with him two solid hours relating to him the smart sayings of our children; and you helped to entertain him, too." "Yes, I showed him the baby and told him all about her cute ways, and even tried to get her to talk to him. Don't you remember?" "Yes," said Mr. Tyrer. "I can't understand why he keeps away."—*New York Press*.

The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers; but in a country church not one hundred miles from Arbroath the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attender and a pillar of the church (whose crops had turned out very poor), was not in attendance. The minister, in the course of the following week, met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason for his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Weel, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I didna care aboot approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."—*Scottish-American*.

A story is told by one of Lord Zetland's party, who were making inquiries into the condition of a distressed district. They were crossing a lake. A gale was blowing, and waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman referred to had been assured that an Irish peasant, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him rather than appear disagreeable. It struck the gentleman that here was a good chance to put the assertion to the proof. "There is very little wind, Pat," he said to one of the boatmen. The answer came through the howling elements, "Very little, indade, your honor; but fhwat there is is moighty sthrong."—*Youth's Companion*.

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Editorial.

WOMEN are taking more and more an active part in the life of Greece. As a result of long Turkish domination, they have been much excluded from many lines of industry which have been open to women in Europe and this country. But they are also beginning to make their influence felt in political directions. It is customary at each election in Greece to have representatives of the different political parties at the polls. The women who are agitating for political rights had representatives at the polls at the last election for deputies. The government has now said that women must not be present. The women protest, and declare that they will be present at the next election, which occurs in about a month. In the last election the women printed many tracts and held meetings, and the editor of a Greek paper estimates that one-third of the chamber was elected by their influence.

THE provisional programme of the Greek Olympian games to be held next spring at Athens has just been issued in the Greek papers, giving an outline of the various contests and the conditions prescribed. The games begin April 6, 1896, and last for three weeks. They comprise contests in running, leaping, wrestling, lifting, exercises with rings and ropes, throwing the discus, horse races, and various other athletic games. The running contests will range from one hundred to fifteen hundred metres. But one race, from Marathon to Athens, will be 42,000 metres long. All these races, except those from Marathon to Athens, will take place in the great Panathenaic stadion in Athens. This stadion has been made on or near the site of the ancient stadion of the city; but it has been vastly enlarged, so as to contain 70,000 spectators. It has cost 800,000 drachmas,—about \$114,000. This amount was given by a wealthy Greek of Epirus, Mr. George Evaros, who made most of his money in Egypt, and is reputed to be worth \$13,000,000. The first three rows of seats in the stadion are marble from Mt. Pentelicus, which still continues, as in the days of Pericles, to yield its treasures. The course from Marathon to Athens will be in imitation of the ancient runners who brought to Athens the news of the victory at Marathon. There will also be modern games, such as football, cricket, tennis, bicycle races, and aquatic sports. The French Archæological School will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. The editors of Athens have formed a reception committee for foreign correspondents. An appropriate and interesting feature, recalling the great part Greece has had in the development of the drama and the immortal plays rendered at Athens, will be a succession of modern plays rendered by some of the best actors of Europe.

It is perhaps too early to decide upon the permanent value of the services which Pasteur has rendered to science and humanity. He has been the pioneer in new departments of study. With remarkable industry and enthusiasm, he has labored to out-general and defeat the armies of bacteria which threaten animal and vegetable life. Applying his attention to the protection of the silk industry in France from the contagious diseases which threatened it, his discoveries, at first disputed, were finally rewarded with recognition and gratitude. His experiments with diseases of cattle had a similar result, and finally the world was excited by the announcement of a discovery for the cure of hydrophobia. The result in this case is less certain than with his earlier discoveries; and, though it has gained him a wider fame, it is probably less important, since hydrophobia is not a common disease and it is by no means certain that those who were treated by his method would have died without it. But, whatever may be the final verdict on his latest discoveries, his services in a new and difficult department of science must be gratefully recognized.

THE triennial convention of the Episcopal Church begins this week at Minneapolis. It is a national gathering, all the dioceses in the country being represented. The questions which come before it are of more interest to the Episcopalian body than to the outside world, because they are largely questions of polity and administration. It is proposed to reduce the number of delegates, so that the convention shall be less unwieldy, to call it a synod, and to invest it with greater authority. The subject of changing the name of the denomination from the "Protestant Episcopal Church" to the "Holy Catholic Church," or the "American Church," will doubtless come up. But, as the Episcopal Church is rather a conservative body, it is not likely

to make a radical change in its own name, especially by adopting one which is far less suitable than a designation which has become already historic. There are other religious denominations which do not like the names they bear; but it is not easy to change them. The proposition to unite a number of dioceses into a province with a chief bishop to be called a primate seems to be a movement in the direction of priestly ambition. But it is not likely, on the other hand, that the powers of the laity who have representation in the triennial convention will be abridged.

THE *Churchman* is provoked. It is not a dissenter which has provoked it, but one of its own household of faith. It is very "provoking," it says, in a somewhat petulant mood, that Canon Freemantle at the Grindelwald Conference should have expressed an opinion in favor of an exchange of pulpits between Episcopalians and ministers of other denominations. Thereupon it reads to the canon a lecture on the historic episcopate, which, so far as Canon Freemantle is concerned, is all thrown away. He is not likely to give up his large view of the apostolic succession for the small one which the *Churchman* represents. The attitude of the *Churchman* on this matter illustrates the evils of the doctrine it defends. A prelatical error, an aristocratic claim to a patent right on ministerial ordination, is used as a barrier to Christian fellowship. We do not believe that there is any great desire on the part of ministers of other denominations to preach in Episcopalian pulpits,—certainly, not unless Episcopalians would like to have them, as undoubtedly a good many would. What they protest against is having a spurious claim set up as if it were an essential element of Christianity, when, in fact, like the close communion of the Baptists,—another barrier to Christian fellowship,—it has nothing to do with the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, or the Eleventh Commandment, and, if judged by these, would be set aside as a survival of the caste spirit of paganism, not the holy brotherhood of Christianity.

A WOMAN was lately detected by custom-house officials in trying to smuggle lace between the leaves of her Bible. She seemed to act on the presumption that her piety would carry her through. But, strangely enough, the custom-house officer was kindled by her devout spirit, and wished to read the Bible also. We are not told whether he turned to the story of Zaccheus or the story of Matthew, who was sitting at the receipt of custom; but he found the lace somewhere between Genesis and Revelation. This is by no means the first time that things have been put into the Bible that did not belong there, with the view of smuggling them into Christianity. Thus the doctrine of the historic episcopate, to which we have just alluded, and the doctrine of close communion, are not found in the Bible. They have been read into it. It is so likewise with the doctrine of infant baptism and the doctrine of the trinity. They are interpolations quite as much as the lace which the pious woman hid between the lids of her Bible. To be sure, when they have once been put in, they may be found there; but they do not belong to the book itself. They are not a part of its tissue: they are contradictory to its spirit; and it has cost the Church altogether too much to read them in and then to read them out again.

IN a recent interview Prof. Bruce of Scotland said that such a change had gone on in Scotland that such a case as that of the trial of Prof. Robertson Smith, which occurred there some twelve or fifteen years ago, would not occur now. The change that has gone on in Scotland is certainly

significant. Professors are now holding positions in Presbyterian and Congregational colleges in Scotland and England which they could not have held fifteen or twenty years ago. The *Chicago Standard* (Baptist) notes a "growing conviction of the fact that trial for 'heresy' is a thing quite out of date. An attempt to control inquiry in processes of ecclesiastical discipline is equivalent to an attempt to control the spirit of the age itself. It is an age of inquiry,—of inquiry to whose research nothing is to be assumed as forbidden. Whatever it is given man to know, it is also given him to inquire into, with a view to reach conclusions which rest in the witness of his own understanding, and not to be taken entirely on trust."

ON the other hand, Dr. Morris at Lane Theological Seminary, in an address to the students at the beginning of the term, made it clear that there was a great need of the development of Christian catholicity in this country: "That the broad, calm, generous, hopeful catholicity I have described is not, as much as it ought to be, a dominant characteristic of the times we are living in, will be confessed by careful observers. I do not refer to this lack, as it is painfully manifest in the political or the social sphere: I refer to it only in these relations with which we, as present or prospective ministers of Christ, are specially concerned. Is there not on one side too much of dogmatism in our theological atmosphere? Are there not some Christian men about us too much concerned about minute differences in doctrinal statement, ignoring too much, meanwhile, the great underlying principles of doctrine in which these differences find their proper harmony? Are they not too ready to suspect the essential Orthodoxy of those who may disagree with their particular opinions, and to discredit intelligence, disparage reasonings, impugn motives, and even challenge evangelical standing on this account? And is not the rigid arm of ecclesiastical authority invoked too often to repress differences, to stamp aberration with the seal of judicial disapproval, and even to exclude from fellowship those who find themselves conscientiously unable to accept this or that ecclesiastical doctrine?" Lane Seminary, like Union Seminary of New York, have both been victims of the spirit which Dr. Morris criticises.

THE PREACHER AND HIS PLACE.

It seemed, perhaps, after Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, and a few others had filled the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching at Yale University, that there was little or nothing more to be said, and that students might as well be referred to the printed volumes in which these lectures were preserved. But let any one take up the volume entitled "The Preacher and his Place," by Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, just issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, and he will wisely conclude that these lectures could not be well spared from the series. He will probably be content with no such negative appreciation, for the truth is that they make a substantial addition to what has already been said. This addition is not so much in the way of new material, new thought, new methods, or new experience: it is rather the addition of new life. There is no fear of the Lyman Beecher Lectureship becoming a dry and sandy waste of iteration so long as the faculty succeed in getting born preachers to fill it. A good fountain is something that everybody likes to see. It matters not that we have seen a hundred other fountains before, and that they were fed from the same source: we like to see the beauty, power, and life of the living stream. Every true preacher is himself a fountain. We like the living stream of utterance, especially when it is

not merely a torrent of words or a roar of lungs, but a fresh, clear stream of thought, moved by some mighty impulse which gives it elevation. It may or may not sparkle in the sun, it may or may not be colored with electric light: it is the living water, the manifestation of power that attracts us. Dr. Greer has himself this life, freshness, lucidity, and force; and therefore his book is thoroughly alive. He was strongly tempted to recast these lectures in preparing them for print. We are glad he overcame the temptation of the evil one,—the devil of dilettanteism. The danger is that the living stream would have been cast into cold blocks of artificial ice. That is always the probability when one attempts to revise with a cold hand the thought which was poured out at a melting heat. Taken just as they are, one may miss the living voice of the preacher; but one cannot miss the living thought. Dr. Greer speaks with no unnatural fervor, with no rapt, ecstatic vision; but he does speak with intellectual and moral sincerity, with depth of conviction, and with a skill and power of statement which reach the mind as well as the eye or ear.

Much has been written about the change which has taken place in the relation of the Christian minister to the age. After reading this book, we have a fresh conviction that, if the preacher has changed his place, he has not lost it. The true prophet always has and always will have a place. No new instrumentalities of printing-press, telegraph, phonograph, Sunday newspaper, or what not, can supersede the pulpit, so long as there is a man to fill it. The real place of the minister, as set forth in this volume, is just as large, if not larger, than it ever has been. The sphere of the pulpit is only contracted when we have a contracted man in it. The mission of the prophet is essentially the same from age to age; but, doubtless, Jesus, if he spoke to-day, would speak in a living language instead of dead Aramaic. The wise preacher who speaks out-of-doors will, if possible, arrange his pulpit so as to let the breeze of heaven carry his word instead of speaking against it. Otherwise, his message may be inaudible to all except the few who gather around him. Dr. Greer has seen the signs of the times; and, though he is not a time-server, he speaks with the breeze.

His lectures on "The Preacher and the Past" and "The Preacher and the Present" give a broad intellectual and spiritual perspective to the ministerial relation. This is the voice of one speaking with an authority which is not official or magisterial or perfunctory, but such authority as is conveyed in the watercourse, the steam jet, or the electric current,—the authority which lies in all power.

Theological students and young preachers will find special interest in what Dr. Greer has to say about the preacher preparing his message. They will be disappointed if they expect to find any special recipe for a sermon. Indeed, Dr. Greer has little to say about the preparation of a sermon, but a great deal to say about the preparation of a message. The preparation of the message means the preparation of the messenger, the man. Such preparation may be general or may be special; but it is the preparation of life and character. There is always danger that divinity students or young public speakers of any kind may be allured into thinking that there is some magical trick of elocution or method which will win the attention of an audience, like the young man described by Phillips Brooks who attributed a great speaker's power to the use of a certain gesture. With such arts and tricks Dr. Greer has nothing to do. But from his own experience he has, however, wise suggestions to make in regard to method. His own habit is to preach without notes, but it must be remembered that he did not adopt it until after several years of steady practice with the pen. He does not commit his sermons to memory, which indeed has little or no advantage over preaching from manuscript; nor does he speak "extemporaneously," in the dreadful sense in which that word is often used, as a synonyme for the uncombed, unsifted thoughts and impulses of the moment. Every sermon is carefully thought out with a pencil in hand, and many thoughts as they come are noted down; but no notes whatever are taken in the pulpit.

Young students may be encouraged to try Dr. Greer's method; but, if they expect to obtain in any degree his success, they ought

to get one sentence of his book by heart: "To prepare to preach without notes is a much more difficult process than to prepare to preach with them." The italics are Dr. Greer's. The young preacher had better write them with capital letters. More dangerous than the pen is the fluent tongue. An intelligent layman recently said, "When our pastor comes into the pulpit without a manuscript, some of his hearers always prepare for a nap." And yet preaching without notes is commonly supposed to be more vivifying and awakening than that with the manuscript. But this layman complained that his pastor simply emitted a smooth stream of words, and it was easy to sleep under the sound of the babbling brook. A dangerous gift of fluency led him to depend on the "inspiration of the moment." "If you adopt the method simply as a makeshift," says Dr. Greer, "and find it easier and less exacting, you will surely fail, as you surely ought to fail."

Not less suggestive and stimulating are the chapters on "The Preacher and the Parish" and "The Preacher making the Most of Himself." Here, as elsewhere, Dr. Greer goes to the fountain-head of inspiration and purpose. His real word to the preacher is to lead a deeper and richer life.

There is no dogmatism in this volume, and no cant, no halting conservatism and no rash iconoclasm. There is a broad, liberal spirit, and an earnestness which shows that liberalism need not be cold.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR.

A book provocative of thought and full of practical suggestions is Dr. A. G. Warner's "American Charities." Dr. Warner has had long and intimate association with the families of the poor in large cities, especially in Baltimore and Washington; and he has made a special study of the causes of poverty. It is, therefore, interesting to see what he considers the chief cause of pauperism. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," said the old writer; but the modern writer says the destruction of the poor is their ill-health. English, German, and American tables are given, showing specified causes of poverty; and, as the result of a careful investigation, Dr. Warner says: "So far as these tables show, the most constant cause of poverty everywhere, at all times, and according to all investigators, is 'sickness.' . . . The average percentage is between 20 and 25." "It has been confirmed and reconfirmed in so many ways that the conclusion seems inevitable that the figures set forth real and important facts."

Again he says, "It may be concluded that, while the leading cause of confirmed pauperism, as investigated by Mr. Booth in England, is the weakness of old age, the leading cause of incipient pauperism, as investigated by the American Charity Organization Societies, is the weakness of childhood," this weakness leading easily to sickness.

In studying occupations as a cause of sickness, several disease-begetting trades are mentioned; and stress is laid on the improper employment of women and children as leading to a breaking-down of the physical system, and so producing a race of weak infants, who must struggle through life or die young.

The effect of certain occupations upon health is further studied in mortality statistics. The statistics on this point are taken from Hungary, as gathered by an eminent statistician. The table analyzed shows that, "if we start at the age of 25 with 1,000 persons of each class, there will be living at the end of 35 years: of the merchants, 567; of the tailors, 421; of the shoemakers, 376; of the servants, 290; and of the day laborers only, 253. During this time the total number of years of life lived by the merchants was 28,501.23, and by the day laborers only 22,317. But, worse than this, of the years of life falling to the lot of the day laborer, 1,493 will be years of sickness; while, of the years of life lived by the merchants, only 824 will be years of sickness. Or, to state the same thing in another way, the merchant will have 33½ years in which to provide for 1 of sickness; while the day laborer will have only 13.9 years of health in which to provide for 1 of sickness."

One who has had much experience in the homes of poor people hardly needs any such

statistics to be convinced that the deductions are true. Many a family drops into hopeless need because the bread-winner lies, perhaps for years, prostrate with mortal sickness. Many a young woman left to earn her own living finds her way to the charity bureau because sickness robs her of ability to work. Sickness of wife and children keeps many an honest man poor, paying for medicines and medical attendance. In the less self-respecting classes sickness soon becomes an excuse for beggary and the breaking-down of all the walls of decent independence, and makes broad the highway to pauperism.

These are almost self-evident facts, though too little stress has heretofore been laid upon them. What is the remedy? Only the one great cure-all, which has no savor of charlatanry,—education. In the schools, the homes, the churches, the gospel of good health must be preached. A sound mind in a sound body is just as necessary to-day as it was when people were speaking Latin. Along with this gospel of theory should go equally important practice. The fact that day laborers are so short-lived suggests at once the need of making their homes and food better, and training their children into something higher. Cooking-schools and manual training schools will help to bring this about. There is work enough here for the intelligent and philanthropic in securing these things in all our cities. There is also work for associated charity and friendly visitors in looking even more strictly after the health of the families, where their influence is felt in matters of diet, ventilation, and water supply, as well as in matters of drainage and other things which have long received their attention. The greatest amount of sickness from which people suffer is preventable, were they properly educated as to the sacredness of the human body and the necessity for obeying all the laws of health.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL FILTER.

The Christian Church for centuries has concerned itself with the question of water. It has been even rash enough sometimes to propose to save souls from eternal fire by a preliminary application of water in this life. It has been supposed that the blessing of a priest could give to it a special sanctity. Yet the blessing of the priest has not availed to kill the germs of typhoid in "holy water," and some other filter than a theological one has been necessary to avert contagion.

But the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh has now approached the question of salvation by pure water from the simple physical side. In the church yard a circular tank of concrete, six feet high and six feet in diameter, has been erected. A passer might guess that it was a baptistry. Closer examination shows that it is a filter. The Pittsburgh Times satisfies public curiosity in the matter by saying:—

It is a model of a basin for the sand filtration of city water. It has been built at the expense of the Citizens' League, an organization of public-spirited young men, most of whom are members of the First Unitarian Church. The object of this league is to introduce to the attention of the people of Pittsburgh the success of sand filtration as a means of removing typhoid germs and other bacteria from drinking-water. They have prepared to do this by a practical demonstration, through the operations of a working model.

William P. Flint, connected with the Westinghouse Works at Brinton, is the president of the league; and J. O. Handy, a chemist of considerable local reputation, is the secretary. Rev. Charles E. St. John, pastor of the church, is taking an active interest in the experiments. The filter has been built at a cost of about \$100, and was put into operation last Saturday. Some time this week samples of the water, before being filtered and afterward, will be submitted to bacteriological analyses, under the direction of Dr. E. G. Matson, an expert in such matters. The results of these tests will be published.

The men who are interested in these experiments believe that Pittsburgh's water supply is largely responsible for the typhoid fever which has for several years prevailed here to a greater or less extent. Dr. Matson is thoroughly convinced that such is the case. It is admitted that the city water is pure as far as can be shown by chemical analysis, but they claim that a bacteriological analysis shows quite another thing. It is asserted that sand filtration not only purifies the water chemically, but clears it of all disease germs, or bacteria.

Water systems with sand filtration have been used for years in Hamburg and other

German cities, with definitely satisfactory results; and a complete plant on this method has been erected at Lawrence, Mass. The model in the Unitarian church yard has been erected according to the plans sent here by the city engineer of Lawrence.

The Citizens' League grew out of a lecture delivered at the Unitarian church last spring by Mr. Handy on the subject of "Pure Water." The movement is entirely disinterested, and all persons who desire to further the cause of pure water are urged to become members of the league. The work will be carried on until either the value or worthlessness of the system is shown, and the results will be left for the action of the authorities.

This action inspired by the Unitarian church of Pittsburgh is as significant theologically as it is physiologically. It shows that, to avert disease, we must no longer depend upon prayers and prophylactics, but that we must reverently seek and study the laws of nature, and obey them, if we are to put ourselves in harmony with the will of God. This church filter is a practical illustration of the way in which religion and science may go hand in hand.

THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT.

The Boston Transcript does not become so absorbed in yacht races or in social gossip that it cannot give serious attention to the important religious problems of our day. There are breezes blowing stronger than those which filled the sails of the rival yachts. In a recent editorial the Transcript gives us an observation on the weather, especially with reference to conditions in the Episcopal Church:—

The liberal movement in theology is well established in all the Christian bodies. This is evident in the nature of the opposition made against it. As vigorously as this is pushed, no visible impression of any power stops its advance or deadens its popularity. Great things are in store for this movement. The late American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies at Chicago is the creation of the absolute mental liberty that is going up from all the churches. It is not to be discouraged by the tirades of the conservative element. Wellhausen in Germany has just completed the fourth edition of the prolegomena, a little fact which indicates the drift of the new thinking. Prof. Pfleiderer stirred up the minds of the Scottish Orthodoxy by his recent lectures in that country, and replies are constantly forthcoming to arrest the effect which they have produced. Mrs. Humphry Ward contributes a preface to a new translation of Hausath's "Time of the Apostles," and asks a question there which shows that the times are ripe for the answer she gives, although it is far away from the well-trodden paths.

The salvation of heretics is discussed in evangelical magazines; and the quotation of the Jesuit missionary in Japan is held up with a new pride, "The Church must have her formularies, but God is very much kinder than the Church." The saying of Pius IX. about his belief in the salvation of heretics, given upon the evidence of Cardinal Newman, points to the fact that alongside the ultramontane in the Roman Church is the liberal; and, according to a Mr. Hittell, the liberals are increasing.

The Episcopal Church has felt the force of these changes more than any other Christian body. With the developments of the Oxford movement of 1833 came the fear of Romanizing tendencies. Dr. Pusey, in his views, was comparatively a Low Churchman alongside the ritualistic utterances and practices of the Catholic Champion, edited by a clergyman of the advanced school, whose theology Chicago ten years ago would not tolerate, but New York accepts as the inevitable outcome of the partisan spirit. When the general convention of 1874 heard Dr. DeKoven's great speech on ritual, it was but a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal alongside the bass-drum of its modern representatives.

With the coming of the liberal movement into the Episcopal Church has come likewise the toleration of ritualism. Broad Churchism veers in one direction, and does not care to interfere with the tendencies of the sacerdotalists. This will come out at the next general convention. The Western dioceses are nearly all of the advanced school, while those in the East are becoming more liberal in their interpretations of the liturgy and the doctrines of the Church.

But the party with a future is, after all, what the sedate East is perceptibly creating. The Episcopal Church must be guided by the principles of this party in order to keep up with its growing opportunities. These are seen in its affiliations with other Christian representatives, in the adoption of their methods, and in the willingness to meet their overtures half-way. Every Christian conference has demonstrated the necessity of doing away with denominationalism, in so far as it is used to encourage a biased and unhealthy impression of religious truth.

Musings.

THE similarity of names between many towns and cities in old England and in New England one would think might occasion some confusion in the post-office department now and then. And, indeed, that is the case. A gentleman in Cambridge, Eng., told me that he had often received letters directed to the "University Press," which evidently belonged to my friend, Mr. John Wilson of the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. And, occasionally, a letter goes to the old Boston which ought to come to the new. But there is no likelihood that the visitor will confound the old Boston or the old Cambridge with the new cities by that name any more than he would confound the genuine Oxford with the thirty towns bearing the same brand in the United States. The old Boston is as different from the new as it well can be. Think of a Boston without horse-cars or "electrics," without Young's, Parker, or the Vendome, and without the Public Garden or the South Cove! Think of a Boston with only one Unitarian church instead of twenty-eight, and that little church only forty-two by thirty-two feet in size! Yet the old Boston has its docks and its market-place and its Athenæum. The market-place is divided off into pens for sheep and cattle and pigs and horses, and there is a relic of the stocks of earlier times. There are many quaint old houses in the town. But the grandest building is St. Botolph's Church, of which the first stone was laid by Dame Margery Tilney, "on which she laid five pounds sterling. Sir John Truesdale, then parson of Boston, gave five pounds more; and Richard Stevenson, a merchant of Boston, gave also five pounds, which were all ye gifts given at their time." Seventy-five dollars was not a large sum to begin the great church, whose foundation was laid in 1309. Some one must have given a good deal more to build this noble edifice, with its grand tower in the perpendicular style of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The height of the tower is two hundred and seventy-two and a half feet, which is fifty-one feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument. One is impressed, too, with the height of the ceiling of the nave, which is sixty-one feet; while the width is ninety-six feet, six inches. The "Old Stump," as the tower is called, may be seen thirty miles away. Somebody has discovered that different parts of the old church correspond exactly with different periods of time. Thus there are three hundred and sixty-five steps to the tower, corresponding to the days in the year, fifty-two windows in the church, corresponding with the weeks in the year, twelve pillars, corresponding to the months in a year, seven doors, corresponding with the days in the week, twenty-four steps to the library, matching the hours in the day, sixty stairs to the chancel, matching the minutes in an hour. I did not dare to verify these numbers, lest some of them should be found to be wrong and the symmetry of the whole astronomical arrangement might be destroyed. The grand old church is well worth seeing for what it is, but the American Bostonian honors it for what it used to be. He looks with interest akin to reverence on the pulpit in which John Cotton preached. I thought again, as I have often thought with reference to our Puritan fathers, what a sacrifice they made in leaving these imposing churches and cathedrals to worship in little wooden meeting-houses in the New World. I said something of the kind to the verger about John Cotton. "Oh," he replied, "it probably did not make much difference to him: he was a Low Churchman, you know." The register of the old church is full of the names of Boston visitors; and a permanent memorial of the filial gratitude of the new Boston is seen in the restoration of the south-west chapel, which was restored by some of her citizens at a cost of \$3,250.

EXTERNALLY, the old Cambridge is also but little like the new, though there is some approach to sameness in the academic atmosphere of both places. Of the three days I spent in Cambridge, one, by good fortune, fell on Whitsunday; and I had the pleasure of attending the Sunday afternoon service in King's College Chapel. The occasion is one of the notable ones of the year, when all the faculty and students are expected to go to church in their best robes,

and there are many guests and high functionaries from other colleges. The procession into the chapel is imposing. Ringing in my ear are still tones of the impressive music. One may tire of the liturgy; but he does not tire of the stately building, the beautiful stained-glass windows, the elaborate carving, the fan-vaulted ceiling, and the historic decorations of Tudor portcullis and Lancastrian rose. There is no finer view in Cambridge, I think, than the view which one gets from King's College Bridge, taking in the chapel, the beautiful green, the river, and Clare Bridge. A walk along the "Backs" is what every visitor must take. It is the special pride of the Cambridge man, and the one thing which he always refers to when he compares Cambridge with Oxford. Two Americans, at least, are now firmly established in the University of Cambridge. One is Prof. Rendall Harris, formerly of Haverford College, Pennsylvania; and, when I last saw him, he was attending a Quaker meeting at that place. The other is Dr. Charles Waldstein, professor of archaeology, who, a week after I was here, was to give his inaugural address. When I last saw him, he had come to Athens fresh from the excavations of Argos, in Greece, enthusiastic over the richness of the find made by the American School under his direction. It was my pleasure to dine with Dr. Waldstein, and with the Master of King's, the fellows and students in the College Hall, and afterward to sit in the evening in the Fellows' Garden, with its exquisite verdure, and listen to a singing contest of the nightingales, vying with each other in brilliancy of song.

If I make but a brief mention of Oxford, it is because I have paid homage to that place once before; but, in the two years that elapsed since my visit, I found something new in Oxford to admire. I mean the building of Manchester New College, which surprised me by the amplexness of its proportion and the beauty of its details. Our divinity chapel at Cambridge, Mass., is but a small box compared with its spacious and elegant chapel. It was a delightful pleasure to enjoy the hospitality of Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter and his wife, whose name will kindle pleasant recollections in our readers of his visit on this side of the Atlantic.

Brevities.

Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford received a warm welcome at the Unitarian church at West Newton, where he preached last Sunday.

The notice of Rev. Dr. Briggs, which we publish in another column, is written by a friend who knew him long and well, and supplies facts in regard to his career not furnished by previous notices.

The many Eastern friends of Rev. J. H. Crooker will be glad to know that for the next two weeks they may find him at the Hotel Bellevue, next to the American Unitarian Association Building, Beacon Street, Boston.

The article by Mr. Courtenay Guild on the significance of the Italian celebration is a succinct and interesting sketch of the influences and forces which have led to the Italian unity, and one may well agree with him that the Italians have something to celebrate.

A minister who preached last Sunday in the suburbs of Boston in the course of the day rode twelve miles on a steam railroad, twelve to fourteen on four lines of electric cars, five miles in two private carriages, and two miles on horseback. If he had not been preaching or if he had gone on a bicycle, people might have thought that he had broken the Sabbath.

Mr. Dole's "Catechism of the Liberal Faith," just published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, is a good illustration of how a catechism should be prepared. It does not answer every question. It leaves some things to be answered by the student. There is room for difference of opinion. Throughout it is marked by that eminent candor and judicial spirit which it is of far more importance a scholar should acquire than that of dogmatic assertion.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Atlanta University in another column, offering special inducements in the way of lodgings for visitors to the Exposition. The advantage of accepting this opportunity

is that the visitors will not only have a chance to see the Exposition, but will also have a chance to see the Atlanta University, which is well worth visiting at any time for its own sake. The Negroes have been a great factor in the development of this Exposition, and Atlanta University has been a great factor in the development of the Negro.

Rev. W. H. Lyon has cheered the hearts of our Hungarian brethren, and has been gladdened himself by a visit to Transylvania. Next week we shall publish a letter from Mr. Lyon, which comes too late for insertion this week. The Hungarian paper, the *Koloszvár Ellenzék*, extends him a cordial welcome, and says: "Rev. W. H. Lyon, American Unitarian minister from Boston, arrived with the express train at Koloszvár. The interesting guest has a very attractive appearance, tall, with high, intellectual face, who at the very first sight makes a very pleasant impression. To-morrow morning he will leave Koloszvár with the express train for Bölön, in the society of the bishop and many Consistors. There he will have a good opportunity to see the Szekler people in their own customs and home. We hope that he will make use of his journey in giving a true report of Hungary and its people to his countrymen, which we need very much, especially at present, when the leaders of the Wallachs do everything to misrepresent us among the foreigners. We welcome the distinguished American citizen among us."

Pro and Con.

IMPROVING CHURCH SURROUNDINGS.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In your issue of September 12 appeared a clipping from the *Watchman* speaking of the care that should be given to making church building and surroundings neat and attractive, and suggesting that it might be well to interest the boys and girls in such work.

This idea is, in fact, one that has already developed into a practical success here in Framingham. Last year a club, composed and conducted wholly by the young people of our Unitarian church, was formed for this very purpose. The church grounds presented an almost primeval appearance, and the club planned to raise a fund for improvement in this direction. As the intention was to raise \$500, the young people adopted "The Five Hundred" as the name of their society. They sold a large amount of Christmas confectionery, while preparing a dramatic entertainment, which was unusually successful. Their net earnings for the winter were about \$150.

The paths and driveways were attractively laid out, and the grass plots put in fresh and attractive condition, several of the young men giving their own time to the work in order to make the money go as far as possible. One would hardly know the place, so great has been the improvement already accomplished. And this is but the beginning. Nor are these results limited to this one object. Such work brings the young people together. It connects them actively and personally with the church affairs,—a result that cannot always be brought about from the pulpit.

If other churches contemplate adopting some such plan as this, let me drop a single hint. In inviting your young people to undertake the work, place the matter wholly in their hands, and then—let them alone.

Framingham, Mass.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

While the liberal cause is not without its signs of promise and encouragement, one can hardly go over the field and not find very much to discourage and disappoint. I am no believer in pessimism; but it is to our hurt that we do not seek to understand the discouraging features, and find some way of remedying them. The desire for a rational and liberal faith has grown as dissatisfaction with creeds has increased, but thus far we have not shown ourselves equal to the opportunity. The people have about outgrown the supplies of the old churches, and find themselves disappointed when they come in touch with us, or, rather, the presentation of our faith; for I am strongly convinced that the disappointment comes

from the preacher's lack of experiencing the deep, glorious realities of our faith. We ministers are not willing to see that the failure is on our side, but deceive ourselves with the thought that "the people cannot appreciate our thought." What super-human beings we are that so few can "appreciate our thought"! If we cannot present our thought that people may understand and appreciate, better betake ourselves to the desert, as did the monks of old; for the world would not be the loser. "Our thought!" It is thought, thought, thought, until one is led to believe that he cannot be religious (I use "religions" as meaning the sum of all moral and spiritual endeavor) save he be crammed with the dreams of philosophers, speculations of psychologists, fancies of theologians, and theories of sociologists. We are dry, tiresome essayists, and there is scarcely a preacher or minister among us. Not only are we failing to meet this growing need of our faith, but I fear we are not holding our own in parishes already ours. Fields once cultivated are either lying fallow or being cultivated by other hands for other crops.

In the majority of cases the trouble is in the pulpit. The liberal ministry lacks sense of duty, lacks conviction, does not feel the vital forces of religion unfettered by dogma, fails to realize that the world is a needy world, that the liberal faith can and must supply the needs of a hungry people. True, it has ideals, lofty and pure as any, has visions of right and wrong; but they are *abstractions*, not *living* realities. "A wise lecture, a good essay, was that," is the report of the sermon common among the people. The pulpit does not vitalize, it does not awaken. Has man so changed that this is no longer the mission of the pulpit? Nay, more than ever, we need to hear the old command, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" There is plenty of talk about religions, but rarely a flash of religious experience. There is familiar acquaintance with the history of religions and philosophy of religion, but a woful ignorance of "religion personally realized." Our ministry can tell the relations of the "ego" to the "non-ego," and discourse on the implication of the "I ought," and on all the other gods in the modern Christian Pantheon, but walk blind to all the eternal verities beneath the cloak of humble duties, and unconscious of the heavenly blessings that descend upon the lowliest of earth. Need we wonder, then, that churches are closed, trustees tired, and that few attend the open temples of our faith? Is it not here that we fail to meet the growing need? Men flock to us from other denominations, are welcomed into ministerial fellowship, and are turned loose upon our churches, knowing nothing but the evils of Orthodoxy, and with no purpose save that of fighting the "old church." One must live the larger faith to know it.

The present day call is for men who love the ministry, who are in touch with all human weaknesses and strugglings, who can find in their own experience a word or a light that will cheer and guide others, who can lift the people out of the worries and trials of the every day into the brightness of God's goodness and order, because they have felt it and seen it all themselves. The call is for men who know religion is real and vital, that character does not flow from high thought, but goeth hand in hand with the aspirations of the soul. We want religious leaders and teachers,—men who can lead because they *know* the way, who can speak with that simplicity and directness that carries conviction to the human soul, men kind to the old faiths, yet in deep and holy earnestness for the larger and better faith. In remedying the trouble, we must "begin at the sanctuary." The men who move and influence the world are men of mighty convictions, whose faith is a reality; and it would be to the glory of God and blessing of man for us never to start or restart a society unless we *feel* and *know* we have the food to supply the need. It is because I believe that Unitarianism stands for a reality, a vital faith, that I have called attention to these troubles. Born in the old, I have gone on into the new; and I in a measure realize that in our faith is a satisfaction and *certainly* which the old does not contain. If we would only rise to the full opportunities of so free and noble a faith, knowing through our own experience that it is the power of God unto salvation!

CHARLES GRAVES.

Rock Rapids, Ia.

For the *Christian Register*.

THE VICTIM OF A WORD.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Of on the passive ear there falls a word
That on the soul doth leave a lasting stain.
Grieve as he may, and strive, the thoughtful youth
Will never be as pure in heart again.

Sometimes unwilling do we list a tale
That stabs our faith and plants a living pain.
Though life goes on as once and friends are true,
Our trust in man is never whole again.

Sometimes a monstrous thing is on us thrust,
A hateful fact, loathsome as is decay.
Sweet joy is slain, and from that fatal hour
There is a shadow on our brightest day.

Helpless we are, the world conspires to hurt,
Even in our own despite our souls are stirred
By things we ne'er have sought; and to the end
We mourn our loss, the victims of a word.

THE DAY THEY CELEBRATE.

BY COURTENAY GUILD.

During the recent celebration by Italians of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Rome and the achievement of Italian unity the question was frequently heard, "What are they celebrating, and why was the occupation of an Italian city by Italians considered a matter of such importance that the anniversary of the event is made a day of rejoicing?"

The world of to-day has become so accustomed to the idea of the kingdom of Italy that it scarcely remembers the evolution of the nation from a number of petty States.

In the days of Roman supremacy Italy was simply a part of the Roman Empire; and after the fall of Rome the people of Italy were so divided against each other that through the Middle Ages, and even until the present century, the name Italy signified merely a peninsula in Southern Europe. It was a geographical designation, not a political division of the continent. Republics and principalities of the peninsula rose to great wealth and power; and, although occasionally uniting for mutual protection against foreign invaders, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Milan, and other cities, in the heat of commercial rivalry, were extremely jealous of each other, and even ready to make war at times on very slight provocation.

In their disunited condition large provinces of Italy were appropriated by strong neighbors, so that a great part of the country was subject to foreign powers in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the independent republics had so declined in maritime and military power as to be able to offer only a feeble resistance to the invader. All ambition and desire for liberty seemed to have died out, and the Italians appeared to be resigned to the lot of a conquered people.

It was in this condition that Napoleon found the land when he crossed the Alps, and entered Italy with his army in 1796. The French invasion destroyed all remaining political independence, and installed a new set of rulers in the peninsula; but the important result of French occupation was the establishment of the Italian republic, with Napoleon as president, which became in 1805 the kingdom of Italy.

It required sixty-five years for the Italians to become strong enough to win independence and unity; but the formation of Napoleon's kingdom aroused a yearning in the minds of the people for a free and united Italy, and after 1805 all efforts of Italian patriots had the expulsion of foreign rulers and the establishment of the Italian nation, with Rome as its capital, as the ultimate result to be sought.

The downfall of Napoleon was followed by a new partition of Italy; but the spirit of desire for national unity that had been roused could not be subdued by foreign bayonets, and the hatred of foreign rule was proved by frequent uprisings against the oppressors, as well as by the formation and growth of secret patriotic societies.

Through many vicissitudes the national feeling grew in force. Sardinia, which by the middle of this century had become the leading Italian power, was looked to as the leader and hope of Italy for the contests with Austrians and French; but, the campaigns of 1848 and 1849 resulting in disaster, the kingdom of Sardinia was on the verge of losing its own independence, and the achievement of freedom for Italy seemed almost hopeless.

In spite of these reverses, and having to pay a large war indemnity, the Sardinians

were not cast down. By taking an active part in the Crimean War in 1855 and 1856, as the ally of France and England, King Victor Emanuel won for his country the recognition of the great nations and the right to be counted as a factor in European politics. A fresh struggle for independence, which gave promise of bringing unity and a lasting peace, began in 1859. "Italy free to the Adriatic!" was the announced object of the war; but, after two successful battles at Magenta and Solferino, Louis Napoleon, the French ally of the Sardinians in this war, suddenly decided to make peace with the Austrians. To be sure, Lombardy was added to the dominions of Victor Emanuel; but, by the terms of peace, Austria was confirmed in possession of Venetia, and Napoleon demanded and received Nice and Savoy as a recompense for French assistance. These terms of peace were very distasteful to the people of some of the smaller States, who, instead of becoming citizens of a free Italy, found themselves restored to their old rulers. Many insurrections occurred, and the people called for Victor Emanuel to become king of Italy.

Of the papal States over which the pope ruled as a monarch, Romagna in 1859, and the Marches and Umbria in the following year, announced their adherence to the king of Sardinia. The French general, Lamoricière, commanding the troops of the pope, was obliged to surrender to Fonti, the Sardinian general; and, a popular vote giving a tremendous majority for annexation, the revolted provinces were joined to the Sardinian kingdom.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, with a band of volunteers, was fighting to win Naples and Sicily for the union. The Sardinian fleet, co-operating with the land forces, brought complete success. Garibaldi and his men were received with enthusiasm by the populace. King Francis II. of Naples fled, and "the Two Sicilies" were added to the domain of Victor Emanuel. The name "Sardinia" had become too restricted for a nation that should embrace all Italy; and the first Italian Parliament, assembling in Turin Feb. 18, 1861, voted to Victor Emanuel the title of "King of Italy." Venetia remained in the grasp of Austria, and the Papal States were still under the rule of the pope. These provinces were still lacking to a united Italy.

The war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria furnished Italy the desired opportunity to gain, as an ally of the victor, the much-coveted Venice. By the peace of October 3 Venetia was transferred from Austria to the kingdom of Italy amid popular rejoicing.

The people of Italy, and especially those of the Papal States, clamored for Rome as the national capital, and for the completion of national unity by the merging of the Papal States in the kingdom of Italy. Two powers interposed between Rome and Italy,—the reluctance of the Italians to make war upon the head of their Church, and the presence of a garrison of French troops in Rome.

On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, France needed all her forces to oppose to the advancing Prussians; and in August the French troops were withdrawn from the States of the Church. September 2 brought the surrender of Emperor Napoleon and his army at Sedan, and September 6 the Italian government decided on the occupation of Rome. The Italian army entered the States of the Church September 11, and on the 20th began the attack on the city of Rome. The firing, beginning at five o'clock in the morning, lasted until about ten o'clock, when the Italians effected an entrance into the city through breaches made in the walls by their artillery; and the papal troops immediately capitulated, in accordance with orders from the pope.

Exclusive of his Italian troops who refused to fight against their countrymen, the pope's army, commanded by Gen. Kanzler, consisted of nine thousand men,—French, Bavarians, Swiss, and even some Canadians; for *Harper's Weekly* of November, 1870, mentions the arrival in New York of two hundred members of the papal army on their way back to Canada.

The army of Victor Emanuel was received with unbounded joy by the populace; and a vote on the question of annexation to the kingdom of Italy gave the remarkable result of 133,681 in favor of the union, and only 1,507 against it. The

Eternal City was soon declared the capital; and the united Italian kingdom, the ideal for which so many patriots had fought and died, was an accomplished fact.

The occupation of Rome was the final act in the struggle of more than half a century, which secured a political renaissance, the separation of Church and State, and the union of all Italians under one flag.

No wonder that Italians cherish the memory of September 20, and celebrate the anniversary! It is the most glorious anniversary in their history.

OUR COLLEGE MEDIÆVALISM.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

It is an intolerable fact that, in some of our colleges of the older sort, manners are indulged and customs sustained that have long since been abolished from every other part of the civilized world. Every group of young men that matriculates is met, not with courteous welcome and manly brotherhood, but with every conceivable insult and annoyance. The more rustic, but not by any means least brainy, are often subjected to innumerable indignities. That this brutality should lead to serious conflicts is natural, and tragedies are not unknown to the history of a single one of our older colleges. Princeton, whose immaculate theology should insure at least tolerable behavior, had the trial of a black man for shooting a student who intruded on his household with a gang of his mates. Cornell had a murder case. Hamilton has had at least two deaths from hazing in its history. Not one of the New England colleges has escaped with a shameless record. The day is near when some scores of colleges are to open their doors all over the land. Are we to be treated to a repetition of this savagery? and, if so, why?

The American people, consisting of fathers and mothers, wish to know why their boys, brought up in the family to ideals of a manlier sort, carried through the common-school system of the land without encountering false views, must, in the higher schools, at last be taught to endure and to inflict unmanly abuse and torture. Why are they to be initiated into a spirit wholly alien to all they have been taught at home, at school, at church, and in decent society? Over the colleges, founded originally to educate a class of ministers, pre-empted for the most part by clergymen, men of religious character; and the faculties consist of men of culture and refinement. They most unanimously condemn this characteristic of college life. Why are they helpless to prevent it? Is college tradition stronger than college discipline? If one faculty or board of trust fail, it would seem that some other board or faculty somewhere ought to succeed in abolishing hazing. But we are morally certain that the month ahead will witness a vast deal of shameful college rowdyism, and that the authorities will seem to be powerless to prevent it.

It is, however, a matter of record that the newer colleges, based on coeducation, are less subject to this low estimate of honor than the older institutions that are more closely modelled after their monastic heredity. In many of these colleges hazing is entirely unknown. That is, the more mediæval the general type of the school, the more mediæval the traditions and manners. The German universities hold literally to the duel, which is abolished from all other social orders. The American college prefers dragging boys about, naked, with ceremonies suited to Ashantee and Timbuctoo. It has lost the grit of the fair and square duel, and prefers to turn ten boys loose at midnight on one helpless fellow, who cannot resist, or is pounded if he does. It is a supremely American feat to crowd his room with smokers, and smoke him sick, several deaths having been the consequence; but college custom is too sacred to be stayed by the killing of a few incipient ministers and statesmen.

The present phase of hazing is a modification of what existed thirty years ago. It is more English in type. It involves the idea of fadding, and it ends in establishing class rank. The Freshmen are obliged to wait on the upper-class men to a degree that we would not have endured when we were college boys in the fifties. So we have the old mediæval brute-force customs that came to us more directly from Saxon ancestors, modified by the meaner customs of English schools.

If the source and origin are mediæval and foreign, clearly the remedy is to make our colleges more American in tone and spirit throughout. This is exactly what is not taking place. The old togger of monks and that ilk is being introduced more generally. Last summer a half-dozen more of our colleges turned out during Commencement Week with gowns, and boys instead of girls inside of them.

I have attended alumni dinners where the tobacco smoke from cigarettes and cigars was as thick as that in a hazing outrage. Bishops and judges tilted back, and smoked and spat like saloon habitués. The trouble is not with the boys only. They are only developing one phase of a common difficulty. We are trying to perpetuate a something very classical and conservative, and are only preserving the wretched shuck of antiquity. The gowns and trash of all sorts should go. Our boys should be recognized as true Americans, with American obligations to sustain the best possible American manners.

FROM ITALY.

BY REV. SILAS FARRINGTON.

Day after day of brilliant sunshine, and twelve hours of it to the day! Every lake at its loveliest, the sky at its heavenliest, each hill wonderful in its ever-changing light, every prospect pleasing, and man very far from vile! Such an ideal holiday season has not been developed for years.

Nothing remarkable about our outward coming from old England until we were about to plunge into the solid rock of the St. Gothard Tunnel. Suddenly, then, certain exceedingly salient features struck us; and, curiously enough, they were overwhelmingly nasal. So amazing the sight that the twenty-one minutes of adamant gloom gave the welcome opportunity for pulling ourselves together again, and recovering strength before beholding them again. Should we behold them again? Had not a too vivid imagination played us false? Are there not broad daylight illusions? These are but noses of the mind. So we reasoned, as we rattled through the darkness. But, alas! and most pitiful, when we emerged, there they were, three of them, scarcely believable, though among things the most plainly seen. There they were upon the faces of three brothers, well dressed, not of the commonest of the common people, with an air of good breeding about them, and yet overweighted, oppressed, afflicted, by these amazing smellers. For three days, on boats, in trains, at hotels, we were with this trinity of nose-brothers. Not once, by any chance or by any watching, did we see one of them smile. Not the number of their years, but the length of their noses, had solemnized them; for the eldest was but twenty, and the youngest sixteen. Poor fellows,—to have to go through life thus! One friend asked another, "What sin do you suppose they committed in a pre-existent state?" "Oh, nonsense! There is no pre-existent state! Such things are naturally evolved," was the ready answer. "What on earth, then, do you imagine their ancestors have been strenuously sniffing at these many generations? For, according to your theory, when Nature wishes to develop a new variety of features or limbs, she sets an individual, or a family of individuals, to doing a certain special and peculiar thing. What was that thing in this instance?" "Oh, I cannot definitely say; but, judging from their solemn visages, it may be that their ancestors were Calvinists, of the elect, but who, with an ever-increasing difficulty, have been trying and trying to detect some faint sulphurous fume from the eternal pit. If the neck of the giraffe gets longer and longer, reaching after receding boughs, why not the nose of man in sniffing after departing fire and brimstone? But, not to dogmatize, let us feel the depth of this mystery! Three intelligent youth compelled to carry those three unintelligible noses through this altogether unintelligible world!"

The effect of these abnormal probosces having passed, all Northern Italy became more beautiful than a dream. Where ever was air more light, sweet, and gently motionful? Where were skies ever of such tremulous depth and luminousness? What lakes, save the unspeakable Lucerne, were ever so luxuriously lovely? And the people,—where on earth on summer days are men, women, and children of lighter heart

or of readier wit than here, despite their poverty and heavy taxation? One is impressed by it again and again,—in the café, the evening promenade, the communal fête. Happily, these poor still retain the Christian's time view. If they are distressed, it is not for long. After this flesh, they shall see God. They have none of our intellectual bewilderment, none of our indifference to the things of religion. A hearsay of theoretical knowledge has proved for the mass of English, and probably American, people a dangerous thing. But faith and more than a show of piety still serve these Italians. One hears that, like modern art, this piety is purely conventional and imitative. Even so, it is still better than none at all. Here there is an ideal estate that still sways heart and conscience. Here religion still presents for imitation the inimitable man, the adorable woman, and a great multitude who, passing through the world, were not of it,—these likest God, and our best proofs of him. Clinging fondly to these, the common people, despite their multitude of sins, are rendered docile, devout, penitent, patient, and full of a hope that the hardness, tribulation, and crosses of life seldom take wholly away. How these multitudinous churches are thronged! What hours of rest the populace find within them!—a rest that our secular strife and strain, even when successful, is impotent to give,—the rest that remaineth, always and everywhere, for the people of God. Any one who knows the absenteeism of Unitarian London, the emptiness of its places of worship as a rule, asks himself many an awkward question at Milan, Como, in hill-slope village, everywhere. Small churches, amid sparse populations, fill, no less than great cathedrals with ornate music and great splendors of spectacle. In this unattractive place the service often seems more hearty, tender, and touchingly sincere. All this, however, holds only of the simple people. It does not hold of the ecclesiasticism as an organization. The sheep are much more innocent than those trades-unionists, their shepherds. When men bind themselves to stand by their ecclesiastical union, right or wrong, and before all else,—to have no other end so high or holy as to yield it their implicit obedience,—then, in the long run, it makes the best of them untrue, machine-servers, every whit as hard and hateful as if they were so many capitalists acting together against labor, or so many laborers gone mad against every giver of work and payer of wages. Popes and prelates are perhaps better intentioned men than Protestants sometimes imagine,—quite as admirable as the men who protest against the Roman machine. All the same, they are parts of and enslaved to that machine. They are Rome's bondsmen, and one cannot admire the sullen and obstinate attitude they maintain toward the civil authorities. If the temporal power will not yield to ecclesiastical desires, then Holy Church will ignore and, so far as it can, cripple the secular sway. Nothing in Italy seems so fraught with various mischiefs as this feud between the old machine and the new life. The populace will feel the effects of it more and more. They are between two opinions, in some necessary sympathy with each; but as yet they are essentially devout, and derive immense comfort, hope, and joy from their devotions. Not to pope or prelate, but to these, belongs the kingdom of heaven.

In a little lakeside village we were much interested in a funeral. A rich Milanese had died in the hotel. He had frequented the place, and given generously of his abundance to this or that local undertaking. So everybody had some knowledge of and regard for him. Early on a Monday morning a great number of candles, nearly an inch in diameter and quite three feet long, were carried about hither and thither. The early boats brought enormous shields and crosses and crowns of gorgeous summer flowers, cannas, gladiolas, dahlias,—masses of brightness so huge as to require four and even five men to carry some of them. At eleven the little shops were shut, and the pealing bells of the church rang out right merrily. It was no doleful, dismal toll. "Fought's the fight, the victory's won!" was the impression conveyed. And now down the village street, along the shore, on its way to the church, comes first a boy in white, carrying cross of gold and ebony, glittering and flashing in the mid-day sun, followed immediately by a band of music, playing strong, triumphal strains. A hun-

dred orphan boys,—plump, clean, and neatly dressed,—bearing draped banners and a badge round each right arm; a hundred or more men, of all ages between eighteen and eighty, in bright Turkey-red calico gowns and caps, some rustic fraternity, and every member carrying his yard-long lighted candle. Then, perhaps, a larger number of women and maidens, wearing the graceful black lace as their only head-dress, with their candles also trimmed and burning. Another and larger, and more tenderly playing band of musicians, another uplifted cross, followed by white-robed choir and gorgeously arrayed clergy, chanting as they go. Immediately then the hearse, high and imposing, drawn by four horses carefully led and entirely hidden under black velvet, silver-fringed, with tall plumes nodding on their heads. Behind the hearse walk the two young sons of the deceased and a few friends of the family, each with his candle. Then came an open carriage heaped high with the floral offerings, followed by about every man, woman, and child of the surrounding hillsides,—a long and straggling array, but all apparently serious and sympathetic, giving their sacrifice of a half-day's labor and of a candle to honor where they felt honor was due. So was the rich man borne to his burial.

To all good Americans who are about to do Italy, or who have already done it, I venture to commend in terms not qualified this Hotel Washington at Lugano, where I have been in bliss these ten days. It stands high above town and lake, commands views of near and distant mountains, is ever visited by the purest and sweetest airs, and is admirably kept. Several of the lower hotels are good, but they are down in the close and stuffy town. Here, within three or four minutes of the railway station, and above it, in open, large, fruitful, and beautiful grounds, stands the house whose name ought to make it homelike to Americans. It is but a few years old; and, since Americans are fond of new things, one hardly sees why they should, like flocks of sheep, generally go to one or two hotels which are supposed to be the thing, where they pay much more and fare worse. Here I found an American authoress who was born at Pomfret, Conn., eighty-two years ago, who once lived in Roxbury, where I was born, but who has lived in Italy these many years, and who is very bright and vivacious still. Scarcely could she find a pleasanter place for the sunset of her life than in her rooms in the front of Hotel Washington. Lugano is virtually an Italian town, all its ways and feelings Italian, save the one very satisfactory feeling that under the Swiss government it escapes the severe taxation imposed upon all by the government of Italy. That Americans do come and do do Lugano with all the region round about—Mont Salvatore, Mont Generoso, and Monte Bré—may be inferred from this. Climbing Monte Bré a morning or two since,—a mountain worthy and well repaying,—I came, high up, in front of a small house, upon a shingle prominently placed upon which was inscribed this significant device "Americans may here find tea out of doors and Sweet Corn." If sweet corn distinguished by capital letters will not catch Yankee pennies, then what will? Being very much Anglicised, and unused to gnawing the cob, your correspondent did not apply.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Sydney Smith has somewhere said that the most beautiful possession which a country can have is a noble, rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge, who, without being factious, is firm and independent, and who is an earnest promoter in his civil and political life of all that can shed a lustre upon his country or promote the peace and order of the world. Now, a goodly number of our citizens believe that New York possesses this nation's best gift in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who, in his career as police commissioner, is standing four-square to all the winds that are blowing in our political sphere. That there is a moral issue at stake in our coming elections is wholly due to his firm position on the excise question. If he had not insisted that the Sunday closing law should be enforced because it stands on the statute books, we would have had the usual sort of hypocritical campaign, in which great professions of virtuous policies are made, with little intention of fulfilling

them afterward. As it is, this new moral issue, which has been forced to the front by the simple honesty of Mr. Roosevelt and his fellow-commissioners in executing the existing laws, has aroused all of our better citizens to a sense of the tremendous consequences involved, irrespective of the advisability or non-advisability of a more liberal Sunday law. These citizens are in dead earnest in their determination to stand by the police commissioners in their policy of an honest enforcement of all laws. Out of all this there has naturally arisen the present political question of local option as opposed to uniform State control in the regulation of the liquor traffic, the discussion of which by great men and small, by big and little corporations, by Government Clubs and Vigilance Leagues, has thrown the city into a paroxysm of excitement. In the midst of it all Mr. Roosevelt stands calm and firm, pleasantly refusing to commit himself to reporters or others on the side of either local option or State control, but continuing, Sunday after Sunday, to close the side as well as the front doors of all the saloons in town.

The placid imperturbability of Mr. Roosevelt had ample opportunity to be tested last week, when the united societies advocating liberal Sunday laws had a mammoth parade on the East Side of the town. From thirty to forty thousand men were in line. Mr. Roosevelt was invited by the committee to review the parade; and, although he promised to be present, if possible, none of the committee seemed to believe that he would keep his word. But he was there on time and in front, and greeted with his good-natured smile the hisses as well as the cheers of the paraders. The banners which read, "Send the Police Czar to Russia!" "No Police Club Domination! Away with the Spies and Informers!" "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Reform Racket," he asked to have sent down to police headquarters as mementoes of the occasion.

Next to the interest of the paraders in Mr. Roosevelt came their interest in a stirring speech made to them, later in the day, by one of our own ministers, Rev. A. H. Grant of Newburg, N.Y. Mr. Grant said that he was present, not to advocate the saloon, but to plead for an American Sunday which would be in accordance with the principle of American liberty. He arraigned the Church for not keeping up with modern civilization. It selfishly demanded its Sunday dinner, its Monday morning paper, its rapid postal service; and hosts of workers labored every day in the week in order that all these luxuries and conveniences might be enjoyed. Yet the Church continued to fight the losing battle of securing the setting aside of one particular day as a religious institution. This, he said, was both selfish and hypocritical. The Church, he argued, should join with the State in securing one day of rest a week, and then keep its own doors open seven days in the week.

The Shakspeare Society of New York, now about ten years old, under the inspiration and leadership of its president, Mr. Appleton Morgan, has pledged itself to raise enough money to purchase the "Poe Cottage" at Fordham, which is now for sale. If the home of the poet is not soon secured, it will be razed to the ground, in order to widen the King's Bridge Road on which it stands. The Shakspeare Society held a meeting at the cottage on a recent Sunday; and its eloquent president made an address full of touching allusions to the poverty and misery and unmerciful disaster suffered by Poe, whom he called "our American Shakspeare," while living at Fordham. The purpose is to move the cottage one hundred feet back, and to preserve it as a memorial of the poet, to be kept always open as a shrine sacred to his memory and maintained with appropriate furnishings. Though, in the estimation of many, Mr. Morgan's praise of Poe, "as the grandest, the most unique, the most noble, and the sweetest of our own poets," is a trifle too exaggerated, that part of the public who give attention to such calls on their purses seem glad to respond, and to pay their tardy tribute to a genius whose life, spent in unremitting literary toil, has been unjustly blackened and vilified by one of his biographers.

Considerable attention has been paid here to two horseless pleasure carriages imported from France by R. H. Macy & Co., who have exhibited them for several days on Fourteenth Street. They crossed the many

car-tracks on this street with perfect ease, and dodged and turned out for passing vehicles and cars like any regularly propelled carriage. The source of their motive power is petroleum, and their average speed on a good road is twenty miles an hour. It is computed that the running cost of one of them is one and a half cents a mile, as against four cents a mile for the usual horse and carriage. The American inventor has not yet applied his skill to the further evolution of the horseless pleasure carriage. But, when he does, it is predicted, with characteristic "hopefulness," that, as in the case of the bicycle, which also owed its origin to France, he will produce a cheaper, safer, and more efficient vehicle and motor than the French article now in our city. Meantime we are beginning to see in our streets small delivery carts attached to a sort of elongated bicycle, and propelled by a cyclist in the usual way. These go with great speed even along the crowded thoroughfares.

The reviving business and gayety of the city after the dormancy of the summer is interesting and entrancing to an observer. Like the author of "Prue and I," one has a delight in the pleasures and extravagances of the town, in the richness and beauty of the shops, and a pride in the prosperous busy activity of the metropolis, without having any participation in or desire to more than gaze on all these good things. Just as the city is gradually getting to its best condition, so the theatres one by one are reopening, with plays of repute and actors of renown. Mr. John Drew in a new play, "That Imprudent Young Couple," Mr. Nat C. Goodwin in "A Gilded Fool," E. M. and Joseph Holland at the Garrick, in "A Social Highwayman," Sothorn, Clara Morris, Marie Wainwright, and Francis Wilson are all here, and are drawing large audiences at their several theatres. Best of all, we have the promise of a week of Mr. Joseph Jefferson in the near future; and, finally, we are soon to see Mme. Modjeska again in "Measure for Measure." Her portrayal of Isabella has been pronounced incomparable.

Three years ago this coming November the first Unitarian service was held at Passaic, N.J. And now, under the leadership of Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, the young pastor, this vigorous society has purchased a good building site, on which before long it hopes to erect a suitable church. This is the kind of success which is an inspiration to both minister and people. Our other churches in this vicinity have all reopened, but it is too early to gather any news about their winter work. From Brooklyn comes word of the first issue of a monthly paper to be published in the interest of the local work of our Unitarian churches there.

M. A. M.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

Only two new books this week; but they are new, and of course they are good,—one, "The Postulates of Revelation and of Ethics," 75 cents, net, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Harvard University; and the other, "A Man," 75 cents, by Rev. Minot J. Savage. This book is made up of sermons selected from the last year's course of sermons in Unity Church. This book will no doubt receive a wide reading, as his books generally have. These are all the new books we have this week.

The talk these days about this building is chiefly about Washington, and the various interests we have at stake in the great meeting we expect to have there this month. The facilities for getting there seem to be increasing in number all the time, and the cost is certainly very reasonable both for transportation and board.

It is to be hoped that one result will be reached, and that is that we shall have not only the interest of our churches in one another increased, but that we shall also have some means devised and recommended for improving the means of communication between the churches and the various organizations that do the denominational work. This Association would be greatly assisted in its work if it could have, for example, a person designated, appointed, or elected, no matter how it is done, by each society, who should act as the representative of this Association. Perhaps other organizations might be similarly benefited, but I only

speak for this Association. If the treasurer could have some one so designated, who had the entire confidence and approval of the minister and the society, with whom he could correspond about collections, denominational papers, books, and all sorts of business matters, it would be a great help. There is so much to be done that no one wants to ask the minister to do, and that the minister generally does not want to do; but these are the very things that somebody must do if we want to "get on in the world." Everybody has to "keep house" in some way. Churches must look after their material interests, or they will soon find their spiritual interests disembodied; denominations, *ditto*. I am sure we all desire to see the Unitarian cause prosper; but it never can, of course, unless we all pull together. It is evident that we are pulling together better than ever before. Saratoga did a great deal for us, and Washington ought to do more. Things have happened since Saratoga that never happened before, so let us take courage. Let each one trust and help the other, and a future of usefulness awaits us.

A new oil portrait of Rev. S. H. Winkley has been hung this week in Committee Room No. 4. Mr. Winkley is one of the veteran ministers of the Boston Fraternity. A continuous term of service of fifty years closes in the autumn of 1896. The portrait is beautifully done, and Mr. Winkley's many friends are cordially invited to come and see it.

VISITS.

The mind of the treasurer was so thoroughly occupied last week with the subject of finances that no account of the visit of the preceding Sunday was given. The visit of September 22 was to the church in Hudson, Mass. This vigorous society was organized early in the sixties. It has never asked for any help outside of its own membership for any contribution. It has built its own church and paid for it, and has been a steady contributor to the American Unitarian Association for many years. The society is prospering. The day was the hottest of the season; but, notwithstanding that, about one hundred and fifty children came out to the Sunday-school, and sang with as much vim as if the day were cool and pleasant. This is one of the most interesting schools that the treasurer has ever had the good fortune to see. It is evident that the superintendent and the teachers are all thoroughly well posted in their duties, and able to keep the interest in their work up to the highest pitch all the time.

Last Sunday, September 29, at Taunton, Mass., in the fine old church, with its beautiful surroundings. This is one of our largest and strongest parishes outside the large cities. The day was pleasant, and a good congregation was present. If all our churches, like this one at Taunton, would take hold of our denominational missionary work in dead earnest, we should have all we could do at these headquarters to spread the Unitarian gospel. The denomination has never yet shown its strength, and never will until such important parishes as this one lead off in the work.

The treasurer hopes to hear from the Unitarians of Taunton in a way that indicates their intention to stand by the Association in a practical and substantial way.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

The Wednesday morning meeting of the Conference will be devoted to addresses by the department superintendents of the American Unitarian Association. These addresses, as last year at Saratoga, are not to deal with the past and what has been accomplished in it, but with the future, and how it may best be used for "Church Extension." Those who are really earnest Unitarians, and believe in making our faith more widely known, will not find this a dull session, but one of great interest. At the present time, in the American Unitarian Association Board and elsewhere, missionary policies are under discussion, and different methods are being carefully considered. The departments of the superintendents embrace the whole United States and Canada, and the distinctive features in the missionary policy of each will be fully set forth. Out of the knowledge gained by the experience of the superintendents in dealing with the problems as they arise in their several fields, valuable suggestions ought to be contributed which will help to show the way to a more practical, business-like, and successful missionary policy.

One of the most striking meetings at the last Conference was that held by the Uni-

tarian Temperance Society, and its programme for Wednesday afternoon at Washington promises equally well. It will deal with "The Modern Methods in Temperance Reform." Among the speakers will be Rev. A. P. Doyle, general secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, who was heard with so much enthusiasm at the silver jubilee of the Union which was lately held in New York.

These are the days when social problems largely occupy the thoughts and hearts of most of us; and Prof. Peabody will have many eager, earnest listeners to his paper on "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems." Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, who has done so much remedial work, is especially fitted to discuss "The Modern Applications of these Principles."

Judging from the number of inquiries that have been received concerning excursion rates from Washington to Atlanta, it is evident that many of those who are to attend the Conference are planning to extend their trip and visit the great Southern Exposition now in progress. It will be welcome news to these that the railroads leading South from Washington are advertising liberal excursion rates to the Exposition. The secretary has not the exact rates at hand, but will endeavor to obtain them in time to announce them in next week's *Register*.

Delegates to the Conference are fortunate in having so many first-class hotels which will serve as abiding places during the Conference week. Among the best of these are the two whose cards appear in our advertising columns. The "Ebbitt House," with special rates for the Conference attendants, is located only two squares from the Conference Hall. It is the custom of this house always to make a discount to clergymen. It is headquarters for the Raymond & Whitcomb people. "The Raleigh" is a new first-class hotel on the European plan, with its entire construction strictly fire-proof, and is located a little less than two squares from the hall.

Arrangements have been made by Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, extending the time on tickets sold by them, enabling parties to visit the Exposition at Atlanta. Special personally conducted parties will be made up for these trips, the round-trip fare being \$15, in addition to the fare to Washington and return. Parties will also be made up, all expenses, meals, hotels, transfers, etc., included, itineraries and price of which will be announced next week. This extension of time permits of four and a half days at Atlanta. Parties reach Boston Thursday, October 31.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "Talk" for next Saturday afternoon, at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 o'clock, will be on Lesson IV., "The Leaven," conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. All cordially invited.

BOSTON PRIMARY UNION.—The sessions of the Boston Primary Union of Sunday-school teachers will be resumed on Saturday, October 5, at the Bromfield Street Church, commencing at two o'clock. The lesson will be taught by Miss Bertha F. Vella each week; and all Sunday-school teachers are cordially invited to attend its weekly sessions, which will continue throughout the winter.

The current leaflet lessons on "The Teaching of Jesus" are out for October,—the Advanced by Rev. T. R. Slicer, the Intermediate by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Primary by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, the same subject for the three grades. The subjects are "The Leaven," "The Mustard Seed," "The Talents," and "The Sower." Intermediate and Advanced printed together in one leaflet. Price 50 cents per hundred leaflets. Primary also a four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents per hundred.

Attention is called to the detailed advertisement in another column, giving full information as to the annual meeting of the Sunday School Society, which occurs in Providence, R.I., Wednesday evening, October 16, and Thursday forenoon and afternoon, October 17. There is every guarantee in the programme for a profitable time. Sunday-school workers who get discouraged ought to attend these large meetings and replenish their enthusiasm. There will be topics treated by able speakers which relate to the actual conduct of schools and for the improvement of methods. The Providence friends have extended a cordial invitation for home hospitality on Wednesday night to all those who may be interested in Sunday-school work and wish to attend, as well as to life members and delegates.

The platform meeting at the Westminster Church on Wednesday evening is a new departure. It was thought wise to vary the habit a little, and, instead of securing one conspicuous speaker, to have three, with topics somewhat varied, yet all bearing upon vital Sunday-school matters. There will be a hearty welcome for Dr. Herford the next day, who gives an address

in the forenoon, immediately following the business meeting. Mr. Charles N. Goodrich will be a new voice to our Unitarian assemblies. He is qualified by his position and experience to speak an authoritative word concerning the methods most in vogue in the Congregational Trinitarian Sunday-schools. Rev. S. H. Roblin, who speaks in the afternoon, is well known as the successor of Dr. Miner in Boston. We have thus in the programme an inclusive representation of Unitarian, Trinitarian, and Universalist elements.

There is probably no need of urging attendance on these sessions. Fortunately, the Unitarian denomination is waking up to the need of more wisely and vigorously dealing with the young people. Very frequently has it happened that, while we are laboriously discussing deep subjects in public meetings, our young people are running away from the churches. Very often, when we ask them to come in and join our churches, we offer them stones for bread. That is to say, we erroneously imagine at times that churches can be sustained by appealing only to adults. It is all wrong, and the Unitarian laity have seen it for some time. What we specially need is a fresh devotion to this very difficult but inevitable problem of how to interest and train children and the young people in our faith. The Unitarian Sunday School Society is bending all its energy to this end, as far as its means permit. Meetings such as these to be held at Providence will show how far along we are in this important part of our denominational work.

Religious Intelligence.

ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS IN AND ABOUT CAMBRIDGE.—Meetings first Monday in the month from October, 1895, to June, 1896: Rev. C. W. Heizer, October; Rev. M. O. Simons, November; Rev. W. H. Johnson, December; Rev. S. M. Crothers, January; Rev. B. F. Bailey, February; Rev. Francis Tiffany, March; Rev. W. H. Pierson, April; Rev. J. H. Whitmore, May; Rev. G. W. Cooke, June. Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, Moderator. Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel will be open October 6, morning service only, at 10.30 A.M. Rev. Howard N. Brown will preach.

Ministers' Monday Club: October 7, 10.30 A.M., Rev. E. C. Headle will preside. Rev. Charles T. Canfield will give the address on question, "What may be New Purposes and Methods of Unitarianism?"

Church of the Disciples: During the extended vacation of Mr. Ames Sunday services have been arranged as follows: October 6, Rev. Francis Tiffany; October 13, Rev. F. G. Peabody; October 20, Rev. F. H. James; October 27, Rev. Charles T. Billings; November 3, Rev. Charles G. Ames.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn will preach in the First Church in Brookline next Sunday, October 6.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The ordination and installation of Augustus P. Record as pastor of the First Unitarian Church will take place in the church, Hawthorne Square, on Wednesday, October 9, at 7.30 P.M. All are cordially invited to be present.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—The Unitarian parish have passed resolutions recognizing the faithful, scholarly, and Christian ministrations of Rev. Richard A. Griffin, who has but recently resigned after a pastorate of four years.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The fine new granite church of the First Unitarian Society will be dedicated Thursday evening, October 10, at 7.30 o'clock. Rev. E. A. Horton will preach the sermon. Pastors and friends are invited to be present.

TAUNTON, MASS.—A correspondent writes: "The First Parish in Taunton listened with pleasure to a ringing lay sermon on Sunday last from Mr. Stone, our new American Unitarian Association treasurer. If the pulses of his hearers were not stirred, it was not the fault of the preacher. The discourse was a clear statement of the fundamental principles of the Unitarian church, and closed with an earnest, manly appeal for a more persistent and whole-hearted devotion to this church of the living God on the part of those who believe in its principles of goodness, justice, and righteousness."

TOKIO, JAPAN.—A letter in the New York *Herald* describes the Senshin Gakuin, or School for Advanced Learning, and bears testimony to the excellence of the work done here, adding that no foreign mission is so popular as this, owing to the liberal geniality of its president, Rev. Clay MacCauley. Concerning the school the writer says: "The method is perfectly free inquiry,—no prejudice being manifested toward any existing religion. It is the

only school of the kind in Japan, and there are few like it in the world. The faculty is composed of seven members, and the examinations are rigid. There are no textbooks, all teaching being through lectures and essays. There are Christians, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Confucianists by education and association in the faculty; but all have the same object in view,—search for the truth wherever it may be found. Mr. MacCauley is a Christian, but he interprets Christianity as large enough to include this object. What is known as the 'Church Extension Department' exists for the encouragement and mild support of liberal religious movements originating and developing among the Japanese. It does not build churches, impose creeds, nor pay salaries to preachers. It does not import church organizations from the United States nor reproduce foreign cults. It waits for and helps along native effort, which is honestly directed toward gaining the highest truth and securing the best life in religion and in morals. The Japan Unitarian Mission is in constant correspondence with associations and individuals throughout the empire who are known to be affected by the leading religious and ethical influences of the age. In this direction the Unitarian Mission has a very important reason for being. Its influence for good in this direction is, indeed, great. It is the only organization of the kind in Japan, and is worthy of the generous support of all who recognize truth and sound morals as the basis of true religion."

WAYLAND, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. C. W. Heizer on Monday, October 7. Train leaves Boston, Union Station, at 10.10 A.M. Paper at 11 o'clock. Collation at 1 P.M. Rev. Brooke Herford is expected at the meeting.

WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The Worcester Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will meet with the First Unitarian Society in West Upton on Wednesday evening and Thursday, October 9 and 10. Rev. S. A. Eliot of Brooklyn preaches the sermon on Wednesday evening. Rev. G. M. Bodge of Leominster reading the essay Thursday morning. The day will be devoted to the interests of the Sunday-school. G. W. Kent, Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE. The Alliance connected with the First Church, Roxbury (Rev. Mr. De Normandie), will receive the New England Associate Alliance at its next meeting to be held early in November. As this will be the first meeting after the biennial meeting of the National Alliance, the election of officers will take place as the by-laws require. A circular will soon be sent to the Branches, giving the exact date of this meeting, and the names reported by the Nominating Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND FIELD.—Rev. J. B. Green of Reading accepts the very urgent call extended him by the people in St. John, N.B., and seconded by the Unitarian Association. He enters upon his duties the first Sunday in October. The church in Bath, N.H., has lately been favored greatly by fortune. Its summer fair was made unexpectedly successful by a gift of \$50 from Rev. S. B. Craft; and now from that same good friend of the society has come an additional gift of \$200. Mrs. S. O. Johnson of Bath has set an example which many might follow to the great advantage of our churches. She has made such provision in her will as shall secure to the society forever an annual income equal to the amount now paid by her for pew rent. The Unitarian services in Wilimantic, Conn., continue to be attended by congregations numbering three hundred and upwards. If it were not for the financial depression caused by the two bank failures, it would be one of the most promising movements New England has seen for years.

WOULD YOU HAVE THE HANDSOMEST

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As things are, it is likely the denomination will be called upon to help the people build a meeting-house immediately. The Catholic church in Maplewood, N. H., has recognized the generosity of Gen. George Theodore Cruft by dedicating their new edifice to "Saint Theodore." The church in Bar Harbor, Me., has grown so rapidly as to feel that it can afford a minister of its own. Rev. L. D. Cochrane, who began services among the permanent residents of the place, is asked to work with them altogether. The summer residents have contributed liberally to effect such an arrangement. Rev. Herman Haugerud of Rowe, Mass., has resigned to take charge of the Swedish church in Minneapolis. He has done excellent work in the Rowe parish, and will be greatly missed. Rev. N. S. Hoagland, who resigned charge of the Fourth Society in Providence, R. I., has been requested to withdraw his resignation, and will for the present continue his labors in that field. The church in Northampton, so important as the seat of Smith College, is being favored with preaching by some of our more prominent ministers. Miss Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill., preached there a few Sundays ago to an overflowing house. Rev. F. W. Pratt preached last Sunday, and sermons are expected from Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. S. A. Eliot, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., and others. Unitarian services were held in the town of Derby, Conn., a week ago Sunday by the superintendent. The society in Sudbury, Mass., has at last been induced to open its meeting-house for religious services; and they are conducted every Sunday by Rev. C. W. Heizer of Wayland. At Pittsfield Rev. C. W. Park has entered upon his labors with great satisfaction to the society.

D. M. W.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN. The third meeting of the National Alliance will be held in Metzerott Music Hall, Washington, D. C., October 23, at 2.30 P. M. Accredited delegates, life members, officers and standing committees of the Executive Board, must present credentials. At this meeting vice-presidents and directors will be elected, and a Nominating Committee and Committee on Credentials appointed. The report of the special committee appointed to consider the question of establishing the office of honorary vice-president will be received and acted upon. Reports of corresponding secretary and standing committees will be presented. Branches are desired to give full instructions to their delegates. Delegates unable to be present may send credentials and votes by mail to the recording secretary before the meeting. Members and friends are invited to visit the headquarters of the Alliance, which will be open day and evening in one of the small rooms of the Metzerott Building. A public reception will be held by the officers of the Alliance in the parlor of the Arlington on Thursday, October 24, from 4 to 7 P. M. Members of the Alliance and all attending the Conference are most cordially invited. Emily A. Fifield, Recording Secretary.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BELMONT—Congregational Society: Rev. Hilary Bygrave, J. V. Fletcher, I. H. Locke. Alternates: Miss Anne Learned, Miss Maria Livermore. BERLIN—First Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Pratt, Hon. William Bassett. BERNARDSTON—Congregational Unitarian Society: Mrs. J. K. Brown, C. R. Hills. BOLTON—First Congregational Church: Rev. William J. Leonard, Mrs. Julia A. Woodbury, Miss Lucy H. Sawyer. BREWSTER—First Parish: Rev. Thomas Dawes, Captain and Mrs. J. Henry Sears. Alternate: Mrs. Mary D. Newell. CAMBRIDGEPORT—Third Congregational Society: Rev. and Mrs. William H. Johnson, Mrs. Charles L. Jones. DIGHTON—Pedobaptist Congregational Society: Rev. Mary L. Leggett, Mrs. Nancy Baxter, F. Waldron. Alternates: Mrs. E. Horton, Mrs. J. Standish. GROTON—First Parish: Rev. Joshua Young, D. D., Miss Georgeanna A. Boutwell, Mrs. Daniel Needham. HINGHAM—Third Congregational Society: Rev. C. T. Billings, Major B. F. Meserve, Mrs. H. A. Miles. HINGHAM, SOUTH—Second Parish: Rev. Charles T. Billings, Joseph Jacobs, David Cushing. HOPEDALE—The Hopedale Parish: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Welch. LAWRENCE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. George H. Young, Mr. and Mrs. William T. MacAlpine. LINCOLN—Unitarian Congregational Society: Miss Cook, Miss Hulda Howes, Miss Jennie Pierce. MALDEN—First Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey, Miss Sophia W. Sargent, Miss Charlotte A. Jones. MARLBORO—Second Parish: Rev. Edward F. Hayward, Mrs. Loren Arnold, John L. Stone. NORTHFIELD—First Congregational Society: Rev. George F. Piper, Miss Eliza Belcher, Miss Fannie M. Piper. NORTON—Congregational Parish: Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Young, E. C. White. RANDOLPH—Church of the Unity: Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, Mrs. Peter C. Wales, Mrs. Walter Howard. Alternates: Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Ephraim Belcher. ROWE—First Congregational Church: Rev. Herman Haugerud, Mrs. Julia F. Browning, Frederick A. Browning. SHIRLEY—First Congregational Society: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hazen, Miss Laura King.

ILLINOIS.

GENESEO—Unitarian Society: Rev. John B. Bidwell, Miss C. M. Allen.

KANSAS.

LAWRENCE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. C. G. Howland, B. W. Woodward, Tracy Learvard.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EXETER—First Unitarian Society: Miss Mary E. Hartwell, Miss Annabel Warren. Alternates: Miss Alice Chesley, Miss Annie Shute.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN—Second Unitarian Society: Rev. John W. Chadwick, Henry W. Maxwell, Sylvester Swain. Alternates: Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Wing.

RHODE ISLAND. NEWPORT—Channing Memorial Church: Rev. George W. Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens.

ASSOCIATIONS.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION: George Batchelor, George W. Stone, Horace G. Wadlin. BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES: Rev. Edward A. Horton, William P. Fowler, John Capen. UNITARIAN CLUB (BOSTON): Francis H. Brown, William Howell Reed. UNITARIAN CLUB, PROVIDENCE, R. I.: James F. Fie d, Frank Bowen, William H. Miller. UNITARIAN EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY (ANDOVER, N. H.): Miss Mary A. Downing, Mrs. Clarence E. Carr.

Business Notices.

First in Favor.—There has, perhaps, been no invention in furniture which has been so popular with the large class of people as the Revolving Bookcase. It is at once so handy and so compact, so convenient and so inexpensive. Speaking of prices, our readers may be interested to know that there is a sale of Revolving Bookcases at the PAINE furniture warehouses on Canal Street this week, with some very tempting low prices.

"We fully believe in the stereopticon, not only as an educational, but also as an evangelizing force. For hearty, enthusiastic congregational singing it stands forth pre-eminent. We have sung from eight to ten popular hymns from the screen on a Sunday evening, interspersed with prayer and testimony, and have thus seen souls won to Christ without the aid of any sermon. We have in a simple way taught the Life of Christ to crowded audiences through eye and ear. We have made John Bunyan's immortal allegory known to thousands who had heard of it only in a general way. The stereopticon services were the cause of several copies being purchased, and "Pilgrim's Progress" was made real. We have shown Luther's life, and glorious John Wesley's career, with the aid of sixty choice views. The stories of Esther, Ruth, David, Elijah, etc., are made realistic with the mighty help of the lantern. We don't worship the instrument: it is but a thing of brass and glass and magic if you will. But it speaks. He that hath eyes to see let him hear in that way what the stereopticon says."—The Open Church.

All settled pastors in the United States can secure complete outfits from Messrs. Riley Brothers, 16 Beekman Street, New York, or their agents, on instalment plan, and hire slides of every description.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Belmont, 25th ult., in the Unitarian church, by Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Irving F. Symmes, of Winchester, and Annie F. Dean, of Belmont.

Deaths.

At Charlestown, N. H., 23d ult., Lucia Denny, widow of Joshua Clapp, aged 87 years and 4 months.

Born in Leicester, Mass., Mrs. Clapp's married life was spent in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp were earnest and devoted Unitarians and members of Federal Street Church in the pastorates of Dr. Channing and Dr. Gannett, both of whom were welcome visitors in their summer home at Leicester. Eminently fitted as was Mrs. Clapp to adorn prosperous years, the strength and beauty of her character were revealed in the period of adversity. Her children recall with loving gratitude the sacrifices she made that their education should be secured. Mrs. Clapp's last years were spent in Charlestown, which had become endeared to her by family associations. The church at this place felt the invigorating influence of her warm love and deep interest. With natural strength scarcely abated she was to the last a source of comfort and efficient helpfulness.

T. D. H.

At Claremont, N. H., 20th ult., suddenly, Susie H. Twitchell, daughter of Dr. George B. Twitchell, of Keene, N. H.

The death of this precious young woman in the flower of her beautiful life is one of the mysterious dispensations which call for all the faith and courage possible to human hearts, and arouses the deepest sympathy for those bereft by such a loss.

If one believed, as is sometimes said, that it is always the best who die young, no one would have looked for length of days for this dear child; for a more angelic spirit has seldom walked among us in human form. We call such a death untimely; but what shall be said when, after twenty-seven years of earthly life, one leaves it "unspotted from the world," having already achieved a noble womanhood, made up of love, reverence, courage, fidelity, discretion, and of generous service to the world in the high calling of a teacher?

Truly, she was worthy of the name she bore; and, like others of her kindred, she has so revealed the beauty of worship in her own sweet and strong personality that the living truths she taught will be long remembered, not only in the community where her lovely childhood was passed, but by her fellow-workers, her devoted pupils, and her many loving friends everywhere. What greater achievement is possible to the longest life?

At Narragansett Pier, R. I., 9th ult., Mrs. Ellen Frances Woodhull.

From the years of her infancy she was a resident of the capital; and during all her life a member of the best society there. It seems hard to realize that one who possessed so many charms and graces of person and character, who retained to the last fresh and unfading the beauty that distinguished her youth,—"age could not wither her,"—and whose culture, ready wit, and unfailing resources made her one of the most charming members of the society in which she moved, has gone from us forever.

She was remarkable for her placidity, her evenness of temper, her sweetness of disposition, her calm, strong, good sense and unerring judgment. Her wit was keen and brilliant; she was remarkably agreeable in conversation, and that of no common order; she disliked and always avoided gossip, and was never heard by her most intimate friends to say a harsh word of any one.

She was the widow of Captain Maxwell Woodhull of the United States Navy, whose tragic death cut short what promised to be a glorious career in the War of the Rebellion; and she was the daughter of Mr. Moses Poor, a highly respected citizen of Washington, who died many years ago. She was the last of her immediate family.

Gen. Maxwell Woodhull, Miss Nellie Woodhull, and Mr. Charles H. Woodhull, her children, survive her. And they, with many nephews and nieces who loved her most dearly, and admired her many virtues and graces, are left to mourn her sad death.

Religious Notices.

North Middlesex Conference

Of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Churches, LITTLETON, MASS., Wednesday, October 9, 1895.

Order of Proceedings.

FORENOON.

9.45 A. M. Devotional Meeting. Leader, Rev. WILLIAM BROWN, of Tyngsboro. 10.30 A. M. Business Meeting. Reports, Appointment of Committees, etc. 11.00 A. M. Address. "How far can we adopt Mrs. Humphry Ward's Suggestions to Unitarians?" Rev. THOMAS VAN NISS of Boston. 11.45 A. M. Address. "Organization," GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association. 12.15 P. M. Dinner.

AFTERNOON.

1.45 P. M. Business, Roll Call, Reports, etc. 2.00 P. M. "Our Young Unitarians," short papers by young people. 2.30 P. M. Address. "The Social Obligation of the Christian Church," Rev. JOHN C. MITCHELL of Wilton, N. H. 3.00 P. M. Five-minute Addresses. Open to the Conference. 4.30 P. M. Adjournment.

The Littleton Society will furnish transportation from the Fitchburg Railroad depot. Friends wishing transportation from Boston & Maine station at North Littleton will please notify Rev. I. F. PORTER, pastor of Littleton Society.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

ANNUAL MEETING

—AT—

Providence, R. I., Oct. 16 and 17, 1895.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Wednesday, October 16. In the Westminster Church, Mathewson Street (Rev. HERBERT H. MOTT, pastor).

7.45 P. M. Platform meeting, with three addresses:— Rev. W. HANSON PULSFORD, Waltham, Mass. Subject, "Sunday-School Instruction and the New Criticism." Rev. THOMAS VAN NISS, Second Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "Organization in Sunday Schools." Rev. JOHN CUCKSON, Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "The Relations of the Home to the Sunday School."

Thursday, October 17. In the First Congregational Church, Benefit and Benevolent Streets (Rev. AUGUSTUS M. LORD, pastor).

FORENOON.

9.00-9.45 A. M. Devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. FRANCIS B. HORN BROOKE, Newton, Mass. 9.45-10.00 A. M. Opening of the Business Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. 10.00-10.20 A. M. Reading of Directors' Annual Report. 10.20-11.00 A. M. Discussion of Directors' Report, Election of Officers, and miscellaneous business. 11.00-11.25 A. M. Address by Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, D. D., London, England. Subject, "The Minister and the Sunday School." 11.25-11.50 A. M. Address by Mrs. SETH C. BEACH, Bangor, Me. Subject, "Women and the Sunday School." 11.50-12.15 P. M. Address by Mr. CHARLES N. GOODRICH, Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-School Superintendents' Union of Boston and vicinity. Subject, "Main Lines of Work in Congregational Sunday Schools." 12.15-12.45 P. M. General Discussion and Remarks. Speeches limited to five minutes each. 12.45-2.00 P. M. Intermission and Collation.

AFTERNOON.

2.00-2.30 P. M. Opening of afternoon session, transaction of unfinished business, and other matters. 2.30-3.30 P. M. Three Twenty-minute Addresses:— 1. Rev. JAMES DE NORMANDIE, Roxbury, Mass. Subject, "Bible Teaching as Illustrated by the Book of Jonah." 2. Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, Pastor of Second Universalist Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "The Place and Function of Sunday Schools in Church Life." 3. Rev. CHARLES F. DOLE, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Subject, "The Value of Catechisms in Modern Sunday-School Training." 3.30-4.00 P. M. General Discussion and Remarks. Speeches limited to five minutes each. 4.00 P. M. Adjournment.

Those in attendance at this Annual Meeting are entertained by the following five churches and their pastors: First Congregational Church, Rev. A. M. Lord, pastor. Westminster Congregational Society, Rev. Herbert H. Mott, pastor. Olney-Street Congregational Society, Rev. William F. Furman, pastor. Bell-Street Chapel, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, pastor. Fourth Unitarian Society, Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland, pastor.

By request of our Providence friends the hospitality of the Parishes is offered for the night of Wednesday, October 16, to all individuals who may wish to attend the sessions of this occasion, as well as to life members, delegate members from contributing churches or schools, and to pastors of said churches and schools.

Those in attendance are requested to report, on arrival, at the Westminster Church, Mathewson Street.

Churches and Sunday Schools that have contributed to the funds of this Society during the past fiscal year are entitled to three delegate members, either from the Society or from the Sunday School. These delegates are members of the Society for one year from Oct. 1, 1895, with all the voting powers and usual privileges of such membership; and they will be furnished with cards, which must be filled out and returned on Thursday forenoon, October 17, as credentials. All persons

in attendance, not delegates or life members, have full privileges in the exercises except the right of discussing business and of voting.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

The special attention of those wishing to avail themselves of the Providence hospitality on Wednesday evening is called to the following directions:—

1. To send their names as soon as possible, and in no case later than Monday, October 14, addressed, Secretary of Unitarian Sunday-School Conference, Providence R. I.
2. To put the proper prefix of Mr., Mrs., or Miss to their names.

Information as to Trains and Fares.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company (Old Colony System) has placed round-trip tickets reduced rates, for sale at the following stations, good going October 15 to 18, and returning until October 17 inclusive:—

Boston.....	\$1.35	Concord Junction....	\$1.65
Canton Junction....	1.00	Fall River.....	.80
Worcester.....	1.35	Plymouth.....	1.50
Brockton.....	1.45	Middleboro.....	1.00
North Easton.....	1.10	Taunton.....	.92
Yarmouth.....	2.25	Cohasset.....	1.85
Fitchburg.....	2.30	Clinton.....	1.90
Framingham.....	1.25	New Bedford.....	1.30
Lowell.....	2.10	Newport.....	1.15

The winter schedule of trains does not go into effect until October 15. Delegates can consult official time tables for the desired information.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

OF

Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

AT WASHINGTON, D. C.,

October 21, 22, 23, and 24.

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For the Christian Register.
LIFE'S LAST SLEEP.

BY MARY HANDERSON ELLA.

Death comes so often in our latter years,
We grow familiar, and forget our fears;
So used to pain becomes the aching heart.
God's message falls upon the sufferer's ear,
And sad eyes brighten; while forebodings drear
In foretaste of great blessedness depart.
Ah! Marvellous the sweetness and the faith
Which give the dignity of life's last sleep!
The Comforter through mute lips softly saith,
"When peace like this is ours, how can you weep?
A little time of silence we must bear,—
A time for love to grow more sweet and dear,
And you will come with sympathy more near
The better knowledge I have gained to share."

The Pulpit.

LOVING GOD THROUGH HUMAN LOVE.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY REV. HEMAN P. DE FOREST, D.D., WOODWARD AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH.

"Hereby we know that we love the children of God when we love God, and do his commandments. For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous."—1 JOHN V. 2, 3.

The love of man is involved in the love of God. There is no real love of God that does not include the love of his children. As the same writer says elsewhere, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Love is a state of the human spirit, an atmosphere in which one abides. He who is in that atmosphere loves the human that appeals to him no less than the divine. Loving God is not merely a feeling toward him, a gushing-out of emotion: it is a practical exercise of his spirit. It is a real doing of his commandments, taking that in the sense, not barrenly, of keeping rules and edicts, but of obeying the inward impulses that come from the spirit of love and of God.

From several sources questions about loving God have come to me of late. "What is loving God? Is it anything more than loving men, and trying in his name to do them good?" "I do not think I love God, for I do not feel toward him as I do toward those I love best." "It is hard to think of God as the Great Energy that fills all things, and yet to love him as a Father." These are all expressions of sincere and earnest minds trying to get into the real atmosphere of the truth and to live the spiritual life. And, because I believe them to be typical feelings, common to many besides those who have spoken of them, I should like, if possible, to help clear up the difficulties indicated.

Let us recognize the fact that nothing but emptiness and disappointment can come from the effort to love an abstract conception. Love goes out only toward personality. And the personality must lie warm and living in our hearts, or it fails to quicken affection into life. Israel, for instance, was laboring for a thousand years to bring forth its idea of Godhead. In the old notion of Jahveh as God of Israel only, there was a sort of personal warmth akin to patriotism,—a common affection which went out in a crude way to their personal champion. When the prophets began to see in him much more than this,—the God of all the earth, "who formeth the mountains and createth the wind, and declareth to man his thought,"—while there was an immense gain in breadth and truth of conception, there was a loss of the nearness that begets personal attachment, until, a little later, God's relation to the whole nation gave place to the new idea of his direct relation to every man in all the affairs of his life. That gave birth to all that is best in the Psalms of Israel, with their outgoing of personal confidence and affection. Yet that did not last. Those heart-songs died away as the era of sacrifice and mystery came into greater predominance, hand in hand with the idea that God was an arbitrary dictator of commands and observances, and that his favor was secured only by the most correct and exact compliance with specific laws; and Judaism became barren of the spirit of love,—a mere tithing of mint, anise, and cumin. Then, after the coming of Jesus and the intense feeling that sprang up on his departure that he was God manifest in the flesh, there was a leap of thought and life which showed how the

real heart of man hungered for something more close and personal than Judaic religion could ever give it. At once, with a suddenness that was startling, Jesus, the Christ, took the place of the Father he loved and spoke about so much; and to him went out all the affection and personal loyalty which it had been so hard to give to the more abstract Jehovah. So complete was this change, and so central to the apostolic age, that for eighteen hundred years the same phenomenon has been witnessed of placing Jesus in the central place, with God removed to a vague background, the being "whom no man hath seen or can see," dreaded, revered, and worshipped, but never standing in the intimate relation of close fatherhood in which he was the warmth and light of the life of Jesus himself. There was abundant reason for this. The human heart, seeking for a real religion, must have something concrete and close and warm: it cannot love an abstract idea. Jesus was seen as God reduced to the human compass, enshrined in a human and personal love. The whole responsive life of man went out to him. It was its heart-hunger for God finding in Jesus a visible and tangible personality, to which it could leap forth spontaneously. And so it came to pass that he did what he did not in the least aim to do, but rather the contrary: he did not bring the real Godhead of the universe nearer to the average mind, but took the place of it, letting it even sweep backward, farther out of sight, farther into the impenetrable mystery.

We are pillowed in our infancy on a bosom of affection. It is long before we know it; but, when we do awake, it is to our mothers that the earliest love goes forth. For a long time thereafter it is in the sphere of the home that our love is drawn out: fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood,—these are our shrines. Whatever of the spirit of real love is born into us finds its object here. So it is only by these familiar names that even Jesus can picture to us the love that is to go forth to God. Fatherhood, brotherhood, are our only interpreting names, because these are what we first know. And, if we ever do love God, we come to it by rising from the home love, or some later and even stronger love that awakes in us, to the higher affection. This makes the common affections of life sacred and divine, in that without them there is no ground in us for the love to God.

Horace Bushnell, a modern apostle of the deep things of the spirit, opened a long-hid mystery when he said, "Loving God is but letting God love us." The letting is the important act here. Not that we can help his loving us, if we tried never so strenuously: it is his nature, and he is not to be turned from it, fortunately for us; but there is a difference in the love of a father for a prodigal son among the swine and for the same son saying, "Father, I have sinned,"—a difference, I mean, in the effect of it on the son. It could not reach him before. Now it can, and is happy in the fact; and he, being responsive, feels it working in him great surges of shame for the past and love for the love that never let him go.

All love has one source. Do our mothers love us? It is God in them that breaks out into love in its highest manifestations, with its divine unselfishness and its clinging power. Wherever love is, we get a glimpse of the divine and infinite. There is, doubtless, a mere animal instinct, such as the lioness feels toward her cubs, which simulates the higher thing which is real love. It is sometimes left to a human mother in good society to root out even that. But I am talking of love. Most of us have known it well. Whether it has come to us from mother or from friend; whether it is the love of family or the love of man and woman or the love of some great nature that has been down with us in the darkness where we walked, and has clung to us and would not let us go, and has lifted us almost by its own energy out of despair or sin or sorrow,—there has been in it the love of God. It is only as such love responds to the Spirit of God in it that it does and dares, and clings to us and will not let us go, though it cost struggle and patience and sacrifice and pain. Or the love that comes as sunlight into our lives, and is round us as an atmosphere in which we live, which makes all the ongoing of our days sweet and happy and full of light and hope,—this is of God. "Love is of

God, and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

And this love, as a channel of the love of God, is the power that most often lifts us up into the clearer realms where we are at one with the divine, and its love becomes real to our hungry hearts.

The love we have to God is realized in our love to men. It cannot abide alone. They who have thought to gain it by retirement and meditation have found it only a will-o'-the-wisp save as it has issued in the love that seeks men and tries to do them good. For the love of God is not a mere feeling, as I have said,—a gush of emotion in which the soul is rapt away to things ineffable. It is a spirit, an atmosphere, in which one lives; and "he who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." But to dwell in love, to be really baptized with its spirit, is to have that energy of it within us that seeks continually to find exercise for itself and actually to give itself to others.

Unfortunately, the service of God has too often been conceived of as the conferring of something on him, by ownership or sacrifice, by which it is thought he will be pleased. But what can we do for him by our offering of gifts for his use, or by the singing of his praises, save to give expression to what is in us, and thereby satisfy our own cravings? Have the strong words of the old prophets of Israel no meaning for us to-day?—

"Wherewith shall I come before Jehovah,
And bow myself before the high God?
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings,
With calves of a year old?
Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams,
Or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?
Shall I give my first-born for my transgression,
The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?
He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;
And what doth Jehovah require of thee
But to do justly, and love kindness,
And to walk humbly with thy God?"

Is he not as likely to say to us as to Israel at Bethel:—

"I hate, I despise your feasts,
And I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies.
Take away from me the noise of thy songs,
For I will not hear the melody of thy viols.
But let judgment run down as waters,
And righteousness as a mighty stream."

The real love for God will manifest itself in what we do for men. It will set itself to help on the kingdom of God on earth as the dearest end it can set before itself. When Jesus pictured the test of human lives, he told how the king would say to some: "You have been loving me: I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me." "When, Lord?" they say in astonishment. "When you did it to the least of these my brethren." The Samaritan did not worship in the Jerusalem temple: his own on Mount Gerizim had long been levelled to the ground. But, when he took care of the wounded man on the road to Jericho, he showed himself a lover of God beyond the priest and Levite of orthodox connections and habits, who passed by on the other side.

Men and women are warned not to love each other too dearly, lest God be jealous,

not to love their children too much, lest he take them away. This is not religion. Real love does not exhaust itself by giving: it grows by giving. The more you love your child, if it be unselfish love, the more you will love God; for the loving of a little child brings you into that atmosphere and spirit of love where the heart is living and warm, and goes forth to God as naturally as the sunlight streams into the ether. You will need to be cautioned lest your love of human kind become selfish and exclusive, and is indulged as a mere luxury. That vitiates it. But the more you love your brother whom you have seen, unselfishly, the more you will love God and see him, too, with the spiritual vision.

To sum up, then, this relation of divine and human love: all love is of One, and the line cannot be drawn where the human stops and the divine begins. But we may feel sure of this,—that to see the love of God in all the love that comes to us, to recognize it in all the unselfishness we see, is the only way to know it truly, and the most direct road to the clearer sense of it as an indwelling life.

We cannot do our duty to any one without love. We cannot keep his commandments without doing our duty to men. But, when we learn to love and to obey the promptings of love in our human relations, we find that "his commandments are not grievous" any more. The spirit in us is in sympathy with the spirit in him, and we are the children of our Father which is in heaven.—*Outlook.*

A CATECHISM OF LIBERAL FAITH.*

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE.

VIII.

THE BIBLE AND HOLY BOOKS.

What is the best known book in the world?

Ans.—The Bible.

How is the Bible made up?

Ans.—It is made up of many different books, written at various times, mostly by Hebrews or Jews.

What material does the Bible contain?

Ans.—It may be thought of as the library of the Hebrew people, containing their history, their laws, their stories, their ancient customs, the lives of their great men, their poetry and hymns, the sermons of their teachers, their best thoughts, and their religion.

Why is the Bible important for us?

Ans.—Our religion and many of our institutions and ideas have their origin in the Bible.

Is the Bible equally important and interesting throughout?

Ans.—No, there are widely different levels of value in the Bible. Parts of it hardly interest us at all.

What is one reason for this difference of value?

Ans.—The early Hebrew people, like most other early nations, were barbarous; and their thoughts and their religion were therefore low and sometimes childish.

Whose work are the best parts of the Bible?

Ans.—The most precious parts of the

*Extracts from a book by Rev. Charles F. Dole, now in press, to be published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

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Bible are the work of certain poets, as in the Psalms; of a few great preachers or prophets; and especially of Jesus* and Paul in the New Testament.

What idea do many people hold of the way in which the Bible was written?

Ans.—Many say that the Bible is a "supernatural" book.

What do they mean by this?

Ans.—They think that the ideas in it, if not the very words, came in a special way from God, as in the case of no other book.

What insuperable difficulty is there in this view of the Bible?

Ans.—There are many ideas, specially in the earlier parts of the Bible, which are not worthy of God, but are plainly the rude thoughts of Hebrew men. Thus men used to think that God was pleased with the sacrifices of animals, that he was a "jealous God," and that he required the extermination of his enemies.

Are there important truths in the Bible which are not to be found elsewhere?

Ans.—No, the study of religion shows that its great ideas are all to be found in many sources besides the Bible.

Are there other holy or sacred books besides the Bible?

Ans.—The Hindus, the Persians, the Chinese, the Buddhists, and others have also their own sacred books.

What collection of wise and good books is sometimes added to our Bible?

Ans.—The books of the Apocrypha.

Is there any distinct line that separates the best books of the Apocrypha, as Ecclesiasticus, from such books as Daniel and the Song of Solomon in the Old Testament?

What makes a book "holy"?

Ans.—Great and helpful thoughts, such as ennoble men's lives, make a book holy.

What ancient books can you think of that belong to this list besides the Bible?

What books of our own time are really holy books?

What sacred history is there besides the Bible history?

Ans.—The history of the growth of our own national liberties, as in the Revolution and the Civil War, is doubtless sacred history.

What poetry is sacred besides the Psalms?

Ans.—Our own hymn-books, for instance, contain sacred poetry.

Does the fact that there are other holy books make the Bible less sacred or precious?

IX.

INSPIRATION.

Where have we agreed that all helpful and noble thoughts come from?

What word has sometimes been used to express the idea that God communicates truth to man?

Ans.—It has been said that truth comes by "inspiration."

What does inspiration really mean?

Ans.—Inspiration means the fact that the spirit, or mind, of man catches the thought of God. In other words, it is because man is akin to God that he can "think God's thoughts after him." If we call it inspiration by which Isaiah or Tennyson strikes off a beautiful verse, shall we also call it inspiration when Newton or Darwin or Edison catches the vision of a new idea?

Is it also inspiration when a new and good thought comes to any of us?

Is there any reason why we may not reverently say that God thus *speaks* to us?

What would an "inspired man" be?

Ans.—A person would be inspired who always thought true and good thoughts.

XI.

ABOUT JESUS.

Whom do we generally think of as the best man who ever lived?

What was characteristic of Jesus' life?

Ans.—He lived the life of a whole, or true man.

What other way is there to say the same thing?

Ans.—He lived like a child of God.

What does this mean?

Ans.—It means that Jesus showed the nature of God. A child of God lives to

*While Jesus inspired the great teachings of the New Testament, he did not leave any writings behind him.

show his good-will, because God's life is Good-Will.

What made it easy for the early men to think of Jesus as the son of God?

Ans.—Men had already been used to thinking of their heroes as sons of God. When, therefore, Jesus, a new type of hero, appeared, and men recognized the beauty of his humanity, his devotion, and his disinterestedness, they said, "Here is the true son of God."

What rare and beautiful things did Jesus have a "genius" for?

Ans.—Jesus had a genius for righteousness and love and for religion.

How do we know this?

Ans.—We know that he was quite willing to die for righteousness, love, and religion.

What wonderful power did Jesus show?

Ans.—He showed the power of a good man over evil.

How did he show his power over evil?

Ans.—He faced toil, pain, and death, and changed the evil into good. Thus, after his cruel death, there was more love in the world than there had ever been before.

Can other men exercise this power over evil?

Ans.—Yes, every one who shows good-will in labor and pain, and bears trouble without murmuring, likewise changes evil to good.

What sort of conduct, or demeanor, always overcomes evil?

Ans.—The demeanor of a child of God, who faces the evil and is not afraid of being hurt.

What do many persons say further about Jesus?

Ans.—Many say that he was more than a true man, and even that he was God.

Can anything higher be said of Jesus than to say that he was a true man?

Did Jesus ever claim to be more than a true man?

Ans.—There is no evidence that he ever made such a claim.

Have other true men ever lived and died for the sake of righteousness, love, and religion?

Ans.—Yes, often. *Give examples.*

Could we love and admire Jesus so well if he had been other than a real man?

What facts bring us into close sympathy with the real Jesus?

Ans.—The facts that he had real temptations as we have; that he had hours of depression and discouragement, when he could not foresee the use of his life; that he suffered from misunderstanding and loneliness.

If he had been God,* as some say, could he ever have been discouraged?

If he had been "the only son of God" from heaven, would it have been any great thing to come into this world for a short life?

What did Jesus really give for the sake of his love?

Ans.—He gave all that he had.

What divine quality is in true love?

Ans.—The love which gives all without grudging is of the infinite nature.

In what sense may Jesus be called the "ideal" man?

Ans.—All men ought to be willing, like Jesus, to give all for the sake of righteousness and love. In other words, the life of good-will which Jesus lived is the largest possible human life.

Was Jesus' idea of life at all new at the time?

Ans.—It was new to most men.

If Jesus' idea of life is the true idea for all, why has it not been more familiar to men?

Ans.—We believe that it was a new or higher step of human growth, or development. Like all new things, it was not at first understood.

Is this consistent with our thought of a growing world?

Ans.—This is precisely what we should expect in a growing world. Thus it is a new stage in the growth of each child when

*The word "God" is here used in the largest sense, meaning the infinite life. It is only in this sense that we may object to calling Jesus God. (See Matt. xix. 17.) In the narrower sense, Jesus taught that all good men may be called sons of God; that is, of the divine nature. (Compare also John x. 34-38.)

he sees for himself what the whole, or "all-round life," is.

XII.

JESUS' TEACHINGS.

Did Jesus intend to establish a new religion?

Ans.—There is no evidence that this was his intention.

Did he teach new doctrines?

Ans.—No, he appealed to what was already in the thought of his people.

Where are his most characteristic teachings?

Ans.—They are mostly in "the Sermon on the Mount" and in a few of the parables in Luke.

How may his teachings be summed up?

Ans.—They are in the two great commandments of love to God and love to man.

Under what familiar name did Jesus think of God?

Ans.—He thought of God as the heavenly Father.

How did he think of men?

Ans.—He held that all men are our brethren.

Whom did he count the happiest people? *See the Beatitudes.*

Whom did he call the greatest man?

Ans.—He called him greatest who did most good, or served others best.

What did he think the most fatal error?

Ans.—He thought it the most fatal error to be selfish, or, as he expressed it, to "save" one's own life.

What did he think made life most real and abundant?

Ans.—He thought that life grows rich by giving and by loving.

What did Jesus think about property?

Ans.—He held that all things are ours in trust to do good with.

What was the religion of Jesus' people?

Ans.—The Hebrew religion.

What difficulty in the Hebrew religion prevented it from spreading among all men?

Ans.—The Hebrew religion required people to follow certain customs and observances; in other words, people had to become Jews in order to join it.

Did Jesus quite free himself from Hebrew customs and ideas?

Ans.—No: if so, he would not have been truly a man.

What curious ideas were common in Jesus' time?

Ans.—People commonly believed in the coming day of judgment, in a Hebrew Messiah or national Deliverer, and in evil spirits that possessed men.

Did Jesus teach that any of these things were necessary to religion? *See the parable of the Good Samaritan; also Matt. xxv. 37-41.*

How were Jesus' teachings suited to make a universal religion?

Ans.—The teachings on which Jesus laid stress are such as appeal to men's conscience and their sense of religion everywhere.

Have other great teachers of religion taught like Jesus?

Ans.—Yes, many of the noblest teachings of China, India, Persia, Greece, and Rome, are like Jesus' words. Thus the Chinese Confucius taught the Golden Rule.

What beautiful trait is to be found in Jesus' life and teachings?

Ans.—Jesus is remarkable for his hopefulness and enthusiasm.

How may we sum up his faith, or creed?

Ans.—He held that this is God's world; that is, a divine universe.

How may we sum up his teachings about conduct?

Ans.—He taught men to live as though this were God's world, or to live like children of God.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MAGNETISM.

BY G. E. LITTLEFIELD.

I wish to urge the "better way" to induce young people to attend religious services, and especially the Sunday-school. The *Sunday School Times* advocates a "house-to-house visitation" by young people, who shall map out a town or city and organize themselves into such committees that not one man, woman, or child shall fail to receive an urgent invitation to attend church and Sunday-school. This is a good idea; and I believe that, if tried, it will bring great temporary, and perhaps some permanent, results.

Certainly, there are many families in every community which will quickly respond to such a manifestation of social sympathy and interest as this house-to-house visiting; for in every community there are many people who, for one reason or another, have become alienated from their neighbors, and who have a natural longing for recognition and status in the larger life around them. But the fact that they are alienated and have resorted to the by-ways of society betrays them at once as weak in character and affiliated with that army of the unattached called "tramps." They are the very ones whom the church and Sunday-school could help most, and mostly exist to help. And they are the ones who cost the church and Sunday-school more effort in proportion to results than any other class of people they try to reach. Their self-negligence and weakness of character make it very easy to lead them into spiritual pauperism. Almsgiving is now known to foster material pauperism, and the danger in going out into the by-ways with the invitation to attend church and Sunday-school is to nurture the enfeebling idea into their feeble minds that the sole end and aim of the church is to coddle this species of the unfortunate.

There are thousands of these spiritual paupers to-day who have become proud of their condition, feeling that the churches would lose their reason for being if it were not for them. They have acquired the habit of holding themselves for the highest bidder in sentimental church sympathy. And, having visited them, with your bid or invitation, they will play with your whole system of church tactics, coming to a few meetings, then lying back to extort more invitations; and, finally, they will march off with some equally foolish visitor of a rival church to renew their little game.

The Sunday-school should attract, not beg, for attendance. It should be a charmed place for bright, happy children, who seek it with eagerness, not a stall for the reluctant who must be wheedled and coaxed into it.

How can we make such an attractive place and how get the children attracted? Let me answer the last question first.

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There are just four ways to influence people, old and young,—compulsion, persuasion, education, and attraction. Most vigorous, and temporarily most effective, is the method of compulsion. The policeman forces his man to go where he wants him; and in the Concord Reformatory the prisoners all attend church because they are compelled to. But we know this method, which also has much to do with the good attendance at our public schools, will never do for our Sunday-schools. We question how much good the prisoners get from the service they are forced to attend; and we know that compulsory prayers at college were not as religious as voluntary devotion in colleges where this method has replaced the compulsory system. And we also know that the child hardly feels the law behind his school attendance because his parents look upon this attendance as a matter of course, and because he really likes to go to school. The power of the third method of influence is clearly seen here. Education in our country is such a matter of course for every child, and is such a necessity for human welfare, that now all parents are “educated” up to the point where they are not compelled, or even persuaded, to send their children to school. We have seen how the method of persuasion works, in our talk about house-to-house visiting. We saw that the result might have some temporary good, and even some permanent effects. Persuasion is certainly much preferable to compulsion, and, like the latter, is often the only means one can use for quick and preliminary results. I believe in the method of “education” for most lasting results. The man or woman, and even the child, who is trained to attend church and Sunday-school, and who realizes for himself or herself their goodness, will need no continual urging or forcing to do his or her duty. They may not love to go always. It may be that a conflict often comes between the duty of attending Sunday-school and the desire of play or pleasure. But the influence of long habit and education will win every time.

But I have already hinted that my ideal method is the method of attraction. If the child loves his duty, he will not hesitate to perform it. If he loves the Sunday-school, he will be in his place every Sunday. Instead of crying because he must go, he will feel the tears start if he cannot go. The Sunday-school should attract the children to its charming and elevating influences. And now I must answer the second question. How can we make such an attractive place?

I answer, broadly, By lifting the Sunday-school up from the commonplace. “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” As true as this text has been of Jesus, so will it be true in regard to the Sunday-school. If we will lift the whole idea of our Sunday-school up, out of ignoble things, out of the humiliating begging for attendance, out of the compulsory attendance of many, out of the coaxing by petty trifles, trying to bribe interest and attendance, out of the slipshod teaching, out of the general disrespect into which parents and their children have come to regard it, and all together, *all* together,—mothers, fathers, teachers, and scholars,—resolve that it shall be an hour with Jesus and the children, in the presence of God; if we will lift it up to just as high and consecrated a service as we can make it, spiritual, soul touching soul, and withal *human*, every child feeling how God loves it, and how in love it should, nay, cannot help, but love God, and, moreover, every soul actively interested in every other, so that the little boy from the byway shall seek out the little boy from the highway, and the young lady from the hill shall confide in the sister from the low lands; if, with all this mingling of human and divine life, there be the seasons of delight in games and picnics, never forgetting through all that above all is the purpose of the Sunday-school,—soul development; if in such an environment, with such a purpose, each officer of the Sunday-school is “lifted up,”—never fear but that Sunday-school will be well attended, and gladly attended, by increasing hosts, who will graduate into the church with that enthusiasm and inspiration and consecration which will make the church also “draw all men unto it.” For such a church will be a medium of *life*, and humanity will always seek the Life more abundant. And in such a church the good people will meet all who come with cordial helpfulness, so helpful that even

spiritual paupers will come to help, so cordial that through heart-love they shall find heart’s ease and happy heaven in Infinite Love.

Literature.

“THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF JESUS.”*

To say that Mr. Rogers’s book bearing the above title is in no strict sense a biography, and that it is only certain of the teachings of Jesus which are brought under consideration by him, is to offer no criticism upon the structure of the work, but only to call attention to the difficulty which an author often experiences in his search for a simple phrase which shall at the same time adequately and concisely represent the nature of his treatise. In its method the work before us bears some resemblance to Renan’s “*Vie de Jésus*” in that it makes a critical study of the gospel sources in preparation for the more constructive portion which is to follow. In the freedom with which these sources are handled there is also a suggestion of the bold procedure of the French critic; but beyond these superficial characteristics the reader finds little to suggest a comparison between the two works. In fact, one who speaks of M. Renan as “playing at religion” is not likely to follow very closely in his footsteps.

Mr. Rogers’s book is pretty evenly divided between his criticism of the Gospels and their sources and his treatment of the sayings of Jesus. In fact, so much of the latter part is critical in its character that the general impression left upon the reader as he closes the volume is of a sifting rather than of an upbuilding process. Yet the whole spirit and temper of the book is reverent, notwithstanding that the author shows little respect for traditional opinion concerning the Gospels, and handles them with a freedom which sometimes seems to threaten their serious impairment as sources of historical evidence.

The chapter on “The Synoptic Problem” is devoted to a somewhat elaborate presentation and illustration of the theory that there is a direct genetic connection between Matthew, Mark, and Luke. In considering the various forms which this theory has assumed, the author begins by altogether rejecting the notion that the Mark Gospel has been derived from either of the other two, separately or together, by a process of abbreviation, since, apart from the fact that it bears the stamp of originality, no reason can be conceived for the making of such a compend as this theory supposes. The contrary supposition that Mark is a combination of Matthew and Luke also has nothing in its favor. Matthew and Luke, again, it is maintained, are altogether independent of each other. When, however, we come to consider whether Matthew and Luke made use of Mark’s Gospel, there is affirmative evidence in abundance. If they had not before them the Gospel in its present form, they at least had access to a document very much like it. But Matthew and Luke must also have been acquainted with a source distinct from our Second Gospel, which source our author speaks of vaguely as “another document” containing many sayings of Jesus. In addition to this it is maintained that there is reason for supposing that Matthew, Mark, and Luke all made use of a common source, and that sometimes Matthew and Luke have preserved for us a primary reading from this source where Mark’s narrative appears rather to be secondary. This source was hardly the traditional *logia* of Matthew, the apostle, since it contained much historical matter along with the teachings of Jesus, which the *logia*, as described by Papias, apparently did not. Besides, our Matthew contains professedly historical matter, which from its incredibility cannot well be ascribed to an apostle.

The question of the authorship of the John Gospel is treated at considerably greater length than the Synoptic problem. The author makes known his conclusion almost at the outset “that the Fourth Gospel is in no sense the work of the apostle John.” It is his theory that the writer of the Gospel, instead of being an eye-witness, “is taking facts which he has found in the

*THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF JESUS: A Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, together with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York and London: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

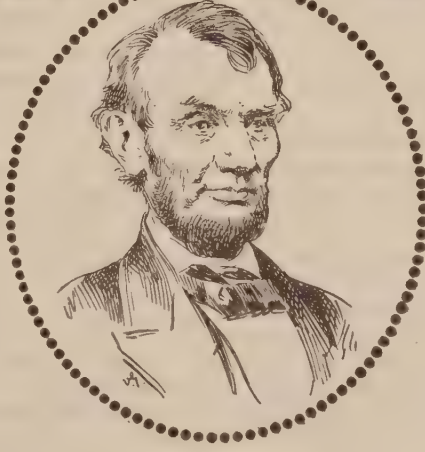
older Gospels, and is freely using these facts, and transforming them sometimes, so that they shall suit the purpose which he has in view.” A painstaking attempt is made to substantiate this position by careful analysis of a considerable number of important passages, and especially of the concluding portion of the book. Of the various theories concerning the source of the doctrine of the prologue, that one is accepted which ascribes it to Philo in substance, though not in exact form. The last chapter is held to have been written by the author of the rest of the book, and not by a different hand. This author “probably was a presbyter in one of the cities of Asia Minor; but, at any rate, he was a man who had reached a new conception of Christianity, a philosophy of religion, which, as Jesus stood at the centre of it, he wished to carry out in a representation of Jesus’ life; and, in accordance with a very common literary custom, he determined that it should be written in the person of one who actually had lived in Jesus’ time, and who should stand for the religious conception which he had to represent.” The characteristics of the Gospel are summed up in a single paragraph, of which the following is the essential part: “The history, the facts, are not facts at all, but only an outward dress, a picture of the ideas which the author wishes us to see beneath them. The author does not mean them to be accepted as facts, and the very boldness of his attempt shows his ingenuousness. . . . As history, it has no value; but, as the highest expression of religious philosophy which Christianity produced, it will always remain, as Luther called it, ‘the only tender, true, chief Gospel.’ ”

In the chapter on “The Credibility of the Gospels” the question of miracle comes up for consideration, with the conclusion that miracles, while not impossible, are historically improbable. There is evidently a decided leaning on the part of the author toward the interpretation of miracle stories as pure myth rather than as legend having an historical foundation; and he follows the current of the time in thinking lightly of attempts to explain the New Testament marvels by hypotheses implying ignorance and mistake on the part of the evangelists or those from whom their material came. This is not the place to break a lance with the author upon this point; but we may note that the statement—“that for an extended healing ministry in Jesus’ life, for anything, in fact, more than an influence over demoniacs, the evidence is very slight

indeed”—could only proceed from one who, having explained one class of cases in an historico-critical spirit, then indiscriminately applies to all the rest the presupposition of a mythical origin. As to general credibility, Matthew and Luke are placed far above Mark; and the defence of this position is drawn out with considerable fullness. The more constructive portion of the book, embraced in Part II., will give greater satisfaction to the general reader, who will probably have been somewhat bewildered, even if he has not entirely lost his way in the mazy foreground of critical discussion. In fact, the two parts might well have made two distinct books, so slight is the dependence of the latter upon the former. No doubt the order of the book is the order of the author’s workshop, but plain folk will care more for the completed product than for a presentation of the experience of the workman. The whole book is one of no small merit; but its critical portions appeal rather to those who, already having some familiarity with the subject, are more likely to read with discrimination than to those who for the first time are seeking to place themselves under the influence of the new light which is shining upon the gospel record. G. L. C.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—These handsome volumes make a promise to the eye which is sadly broken to our hope. It must, however, be conceded that the editor makes no promise that his book does not perform. He tells us in advance that letter-writing was not Coleridge’s strong point. A poet of genius, a remarkable talker, a writer fertile in resource, however digressive in his method, when it came to writing letters, the futility which was of the essence of his character made itself manifest. The letters are almost devoid of style, and they are dreadfully diffuse. That they have

“Bright gleams of everlastingness” is not to be denied, especially as there are liberal quotations from the author’s poems; and the quotations are the cream of milk that was the purest of the time. It is amusing to see how Southey carries himself as one conscious of his literary immortality; but, when a select edition of his poems was published the other day, the critics said, *Cui bono?* with spontaneous unanimity. Meantime, with much indifferent matter, there is in the poetical product of Coleridge a residuum that is adamantine to the wash of time. A large proportion of these letters has not been before published; but it is astonishing how little light they



LINCOLN'S

Hesitancy to Marry

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throw upon those points of Coleridge's career which the biographers heretofore have left most in doubt. These are his change from the Unitarianism of Priestley to a position which made him the corypheus of the Broad Church of England party in the period of its adolescence, the development and abridgment of his opium habit, and the grounds of his at first informal, but finally complete, separation from the wife with whom at first he seemed to be serenely happy. All these things are left much as they were before. The beginnings of his opium habit were probably antecedent to those he half remembered, half imagined. That during the last eighteen years of his life, under the Gillmans' hospitable roof, the habit was much abated, if not completely mastered, there can be no doubt. But for a native infirmity of will he would never have been overcome by it, but it made that infirmity much greater. Hence, and from the shame of it, the long dallying in Italy, and the backwardness in facing Mrs. Coleridge after his return; but there can be little doubt that there were other grounds of alienation. Such a wife is easily conceivable as would have lured him home and kept him there, and cured him of his fatal predilection. Many of the letters are taken up with misunderstandings between Coleridge and his friends,—Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Colter, and others. He emerges from these as little stained as any of those involved. Generally, some slanderer was at the bottom of the trouble, and suspicious silence carried on his work. As between Southey, with his well-bred dignities, and Coleridge, his great imagination, exacting conscience, loving heart, and feeble will, the choice inclines toward the latter, even if character only is considered. One has only to look at Southey's picture to see that he was bound to be correct, and at Coleridge's to see that his dice were loaded dangerously. The editor has done his work extremely well. His notes are often excellent; but the book should be read with Traill's or Hall Caine's or James Dykes Campbell's biography of Coleridge within easy reach: if all three of them, so much the better. The portraits in these volumes are deserving of the warmest praise.

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY. By Henry Dyer, D.E., M.A., D.Sc. New York and London: Macmillan & Co: \$1.50. The book is a calm, broad, philosophic discussion of the elements which enter into industrial evolution. In his introductory chapter the author broadens the definition of "useful worker" to include all who render efficient social service, whether by pen or pick, whether by voice or hammer or chisel. If this definition were generally accepted, we may agree with him that it would help to reconcile the claims of labor and ability. The second chapter is devoted to conditions of development, and assumes that "in every organized society there can be no rights apart from duties." The conflicting questions of labor organization and social reformation are treated with an evident intention to be fair and judicial. The book is not pessimistic, nor does it make the mistake of believing that everything is just as it ought to be. The writer recognizes the improved condition of individual industry, but believes both from an economic and a moral point of view that the individual system of industry by itself is not sufficient to bring about a stable social structure. Wisely guided, trades-unions are recognized as powerful agencies for good. The writer favors an extension of State control, but only as it makes the work of the individual more efficient, and does not hinder his free development. The writer presents higher ideals of social and industrial organization than we have yet realized, and with a calmness and reasonableness which show that they are not wholly Utopian.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.—This is the third volume in Mr. Mitchell's series, and takes up the time of Queen Anne and the Georges. It is a pleasant, informal account of the leading writers of the times, giving pen-pictures that will be less easily forgotten than the more serious chapters of a school-book on the history of English literature, and affording admirable supplementary reading for young people. The charm of style does not fail, and we should be doing the writer an injustice if we were to imply that the book is only for young people. While it claims to present neither new facts not adequate literary criticism, it has yet the valuable qualities of holding the reader's interest, even in reviewing lives that are comparatively familiar.

PONY TRACKS. Written and illustrated by Frederic Remington. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is easy work to follow Mr. Remington's trail. It is so definitely marked that we can't lose it, and we do not wish to. We read as the author rode after Gen. Miles, at a full gallop. The whole volume is full of the life and spirit of the plains. We can smell the alkali dust, see the light of the camp fire among the trees, hear the crack of rifle, the splash

of oars, the tread of horses, and the peculiar dialect of the ranchman. The book is made vivid and picturesque by the lifelike and dramatic illustration by Mr. Remington. It is an excellent transcript of life on the plains.

School Books.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn have issued a number of new school-books. Among them are: "The Essentials of Arithmetic, Book 2," by Gordon A. Southworth, superintendent of schools, Somerville, Mass.; "Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry," by Prof. Bartlett of Dartmouth College. The system of vertical penmanship has strong advocates as a new feature in modern school methods. The style of writing is certainly much less stilted than the old schoolmasters' hand, apart from the question of hygienic value. The course comprises eight books prepared by Anna E. Hill, supervisor of public schools, Springfield. The same firm also issue a "First Book in Greek," by Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph.D., professor of classical philology in Tufts College, and Edward Southworth Hawes, Ph.D., head instructor in Greek in the academic department of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. It is an attempt to make a systematic, brief, and thorough book, which shall be complete in itself, and not require the use of a grammar. It is well arranged according to natural and modern methods.

Miscellaneous.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. republish Maria Edgeworth's "Ormond," illustrated by Carl Schloesser, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The interest of the volume is much enhanced by knowing the circumstance under which it was written. "Ormond" was written under the great pressure of anxiety and sorrow of her father's last illness and death. The work received his revision, and parts of it were dictated by him. It was his interest and delight in the work which encouraged his daughter to go on.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

- From Ginn & Co., Boston. Selected Essays from Saint-Beuve. With Introduction, Biography, and Notes by John R. Eflinger, Jr. Paper covers.
- From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Last Poems of James Russell Lowell. Price \$1.25. Christ's Idea of the Supernatural. By John H. Denison. Price \$2.00. Fraill Children of the Air. Excursions into the World of Butterflies. By Samuel Hubbard Scudder. Price \$1.50. Townsend Harris. First American Envoy in Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Price \$2.00. The Coming of Theodora. By Eliza Orne White. Price \$1.25.
- From Lee & Shepard, Boston. The Laws of Social Evolution. By Rev. Franklin M. Sprague.
- From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Master and Man A Story. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Jack Alden. A Story of Adventures in the Virginia Campaigns '61-'65. By Warren Lee Gosse. Price \$1.50.
- From the American Book Company, New York. Myths of Northern Lands. Narrated with Special Reference to Literature and Art. By H. A. Guerber. Price \$1.50.
- From Harper & Brothers, New York. Snow shoes and Sledges. A Sequel to "The Fur-seal's Tooth." By Kirk Munroe.
- A Study of Death. By Henry Miles Alden.
- From Macmillan & Co., New York. A Set of Rogues. By Frank Barrett. Price \$1.50.
- From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Red Star. By L. McManus.
- At Tuxter's. By G. B. Burgin.
- From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Unc' Edinburg. A Plantation Fecho. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by B. West Cline. Price \$1.50.
- A Chosen Few Short Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. Price \$1.25.
- A Little Book of Profitable Tales. By Eugene Field. Price \$1.25.
- The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. Price \$2.00.
- The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch. By William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D. Price \$1.50.
- From George William Rugby, Chicago. Why not? or Lawyer Truman's Story. By Dr. W. W. Totheroh.

Music Received.

- From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Patsy McKim McCann. Words and music by Chas. S. Hill.
- Golden Sunbeams. Schottische. By T. H. Rollinson.
- Merry Moments. Waltz. By Helen Frances Lowe.
- O Salutary Hostia. Music by Sir Jules Benedict.
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The weary world's a cheery place
For those with hearts to win it.
Thank God, there's not a human face
But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mirth,
Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place
For those with wit to use it.
Where all are bidden to the race,
Let him who dares refuse it!
The simplest task the hand can try,
The dullest round of duty,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place
Is this rough world of ours,
For those who love and work apace,
And fill their hands with flowers.
To kind and just and grateful hearts
The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
And find themselves in heaven!

—Dora Read Goodale, in the Congregationalist.

POLLY'S MINUTES.

Polly was sewing. At least, she had her thimble and scissors in her lap and a partly hemmed napkin in her hand. But the napkin was being whisked about on the rug for the amusement of Polly's kitten.

The tall clock in the corner ticked steadily, as it had been doing for nearly a hundred years. Polly looked up at its old brass face.

"How slow you are!" she sighed. "Mother said I must sew for an hour, and your hands have only gone half-way around since I began. Can't you tick any faster?" "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" Really, it was a most aggravating old clock. Presently Polly began to yawn.

"I wish it didn't take sixty minutes to an hour," she thought. The clock ticking was making her sleepy.

"I wish—there weren't—any minutes." "You do, do you?" said a round-eyed, thin-legged Brownie, such as Polly had read about in Mr. Palmer Cox's stories.

"Did you ever see a minute?" asked the little man, before Polly had gotten over her surprise at seeing him.

"No," said Polly, "I never did."

"Come along with me, then." And he led the way toward the clock. Then Polly noticed that the door in the lower part of the clock was open. The Brownie stepped in between the weights and the pendulum, and Polly found that she had suddenly grown small enough to follow him. When they were inside, the bottom of the clock began to go down, carrying them with it as though they were in an elevator.

"Who are you?" Polly asked the Brownie, as they started.

"I am your Time-keeper," he answered. "I live in the clock with the Time-keepers for the rest of your family. I tell your servants what you want them to do."

"My servants!" cried Polly in astonishment; and then she held her breath, for they were going down very swiftly.

Presently they stopped before an opening in the wall of the passage through which they had come.

Through this opening they stepped into a lighted corridor, so long that Polly could not see the end of it. The roof, floor, and walls of the corridor were made of something which looked like yellow sand; and opening off both sides of it were smaller passage ways, from which came a clinking sound, like the ticking of many clocks.

The Brownie led Polly into one of these side corridors.

"Here is one of your servants," he said.

Then Polly saw another Brownie at work with a pickaxe clicked against the wall as regularly as the tall old clock had ticked.

"What is his name?" asked Polly.

"He is called One Hour," answered the Brownie; "and he is gathering minutes, which are of pure gold, and which belong to you. When he has gathered sixty of them, your next Hour will come to work in his place; and this one will take the minutes he has gathered for you, and do with them whatever I tell him to do. Some of them will be made into gold dollars, all stamped with your name. Didn't you know before that 'Time is money'? And, of course, being fairy money, it buys much more than common money does. Happiness and knowledge and goodness and great-

ness, all can be bought with well-spent time."

"But won't all my minutes be made into gold dollars?" asked Polly.

"Wait and see," said the Brownie.

Presently a bell sounded, like the striking of a clock. Immediately the Hour Brownie threw down his pickaxe, and another Brownie came rushing in to work in his place. But the first Hour put his sixty minutes into a basket, and looked at Polly's Time-keeper.

"Keep fifteen, and throw the rest away," said the Time-keeper; and the Hour ran away with the basket on his shoulder.

"Why did you tell him to throw away my minutes?" cried Polly.

"Because they belong with the wasted minutes," answered the Brownie. "Fifteen minutes of this hour you have used in sewing. Those minutes will be made into fairy dollars. The rest of the time you have spent playing with the kitten and sleeping, and those minutes you yourself have wasted."

"I have been asleep!" exclaimed Polly; and just then she woke up.

"Well," she thought, beginning to sew very hard on her napkin, "those minutes may be thrown away; but this next Hour will have to make every bit of gold into dollars."

And she has been careful about saving her minutes ever since.—*The Child's Hour.*

STORIES BY GRANDMA.

SOME TERRIBLE ADVENTURES WITH WOLVES.

"Grandma," said Ralph, "what do you suppose Uncle Henry said?"

"Well," answered grandma, "it wouldn't surprise me if he said it was a cold day, or"—

"No: I mean what do you suppose he told me,—what kind of a story?"

"Oh, dear! your Uncle Henry is such a hand to tell stories that I could hardly guess. About animals, I suppose, though; and nothing smaller than elephants, I'll warrant."

"No: wolves. They chased him once. Got away by climbing a tree, and pulling the tree up after him."

"Dear me! What an extraordinary occurrence!" exclaimed grandma.

"But do you believe it, grandma?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, no: certainly not. I never believe any of your Uncle Henry's animal stories."

"Well," said Ralph, slowly, "I've been a little afraid of some of them myself. He couldn't pull up a tree he was in, could he, grandma?"

"I don't believe he could, unless he pulled pretty hard. I remember my uncle Henry used to tell a wolf story when I was a little girl. He said that one day, when he lived in Vermont, two wolves came after him; and he ran as fast as he could. By and by he began to get tired. Just then he came to a big rock, half as big as a house, and leaped upon it. The wolves were close behind, and so furious that they were almost or quite blind. One rushed around the rock one way, and the other the other way. They met on the farther side; and each thought he had caught Uncle Henry, and they began to fight like cats and dogs. Pretty soon they stopped to rest, and saw their mistake; and Uncle Henry said he never saw two wolves look so disgusted."

"Do you believe that story?" asked Ralph.

"Well," answered grandma, "it does seem to have its hard points. I think he may have stretched it a little."

"Tell me a true wolf story, grandma," pleaded Ralph.

"I'm afraid I don't know any more wolf stories,—except the one about Little Red Riding-hood. Once on a time"—

"Oh, I've heard that, grandma. Tell me another about your Uncle Henry."

"Well, another time, when Uncle Henry was living in Vermont, a long time ago, two wolves came and sat down on his door-step. His house was a little log cabin with only one door. It was a very cold winter, with deep snow. So there wasn't much for wolves to eat. These two wolves were pretty hungry; and they thought that they would wait on the door-step till Uncle Henry came out, and just eat him for dinner, and perhaps stir around and get the stage-driver for supper, and depend on luck for breakfast the next morning.

"Uncle Henry happened to look out of the window, and saw the two wolves sitting on the door-step. So he just stayed in, and said nothing. He stayed in and kept on saying nothing for two whole days; and still those wolves sat there, and waited for dinner to serve itself. They were friendly for a long time, and sat facing each other, discussing the weather and other things, I suppose; but, after a while, when they began to get pretty hungry, they had a little tiff, and turned their backs on each other. Then Uncle Henry took a clothes-pin, reached through the crack under the door, and slipped it on their tails where they crossed, just as cool as if he had been pinning a wet stocking on a clothes-line. It held their tails together like a vise. 'Stop pinching my tail,' said one wolf. 'You'—"

"Now, grandma!" broke in Ralph, reprovingly.

"I'm telling this story just as Uncle Henry told it to me when I was a little girl. I don't suppose he meant that the wolf really said that out loud, but thought it, and looked it. 'Let go my tail,' said one wolf; and he scowled over his shoulder at the other. 'Quit pinching my tail,' said the other; and he looked over his shoulder and scowled. Then they sprang at each other, and began to fight as hard as they knew how. Uncle Henry said he never heard such a noise in his life. But, after a while, it became all still; and he went out. But he couldn't find anything except a little wolf fur floating about in the air, and the clothes-pin. So he concluded that they had either fought each other completely out of existence, or got tired out and gone off."—*Harper's Round Table.*

HOW SUSIE SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

"Yes, Susie is very good in algebra," said mother, a little proudly. She spoke to Grandma Little.

Susie was a neat, pretty girl of sixteen, who had worked very hard to improve her advantages at the village school that she might be of some help to her mother when she had completed her course, as she had done in June. It was now July. Her mother was a widow, who owned their little house and had a very small income besides. She had been compelled to be very economical since her husband died. She had the two children to care for and Susie to keep in school. She was far from strong, but could not afford help, though needing it so much.

Grandma Little was "grandma" by courtesy only. Susie had no living grandparents. This "grandma" was father's aunt, who was very well-to-do, and lived with her well-to-do son. She had always taken an interest in her nephew and his family, and often gave evidence of that interest in some kindly way.

Grandma looked over her spectacles at Susie.

"So she was good in algebra?" she said.

"Yes: good in all her studies," said mother, "and good in algebra especially."

"Did she receive a medal?" asked grandma.

"No, they gave no medals in the school, you know. But her teachers all said she deserved one."

"Well, I shall give her one," said grandmother, decidedly, nodding cheerfully as she spoke. Then she took a bright gold eagle from her purse. "Now, now, Susie, don't be so foolish," she said, as the girl began to protest. "If there's one occasion upon which grandma ought to be allowed to give a little present, it's now, to make the time memorable,—the time when you have become prepared to help your mother and to lead a useful life. Here's the medal, Susie; and here's a problem for you to solve. Let

your mother know the answer within a week. How can you use this money to the best advantage by dividing it into two equal parts and procuring something you want very much? Now run along, dear," as Susie kissed her gratefully, "and think it over."

"What use is Susie to put herself to?" asked grandma, placidly. "Will she stay at home to help you, or will she go away to teach?"

"I need her help badly enough, it is true," said Susie's mother; "and I only wish I could afford to keep her at home. But we absolutely need the money she could earn by teaching to help us along until Bobbie here gets to be a man," patting the curly head of the boy who had crept up to her knee. "I wish Susie could find a place in our village school," she continued; "but they want experienced teachers there, so I suppose she will have to be away from home and earn a small salary for a time."

Then the subject was dropped, and shortly after grandma went away. Susie thought over her problem many times during the days that followed. One point was settled from the first. One five was to repay mother for the pretty graduating dress. Susie knew how much her mother had herself needed a new dress, and had taken the five dollars only under the stipulation that it was to be repaid the moment another such bill came into her hands by teaching.

But the other five! Drawing, music, more German lessons, a little trip, some new books,—which did she want the most? All seemed so entrancing. So she pondered for days. Now she had almost decided for music, now for drawing, now for the books. But, amid all her day-dreams, there would come uncomfortable thoughts of the needs about home; and somehow, predominant above all, there stood out to her fancy the form of little Robbie, her eight-year-old brother, in his tattered jacket that called so loudly for a new one in its stead. The more that thought occurred to her, the more it grew in favor, until it took possession of her mind to the exclusion of all other cherished plans. One day, before the close of the week, she rushed into the room where her mother sat, gave her a hug, and put her precious medal into her hands, saying, "Half is for the dress, of course; and the other half for little Robbie's jacket." Then she hurried off. Just five minutes later Grandma Little called.

Grandma's very first question, before she could lay aside her bonnet, was how Susie had solved her problem. When she had learned, she despatched Robbie to find his sister.

"You have found a splendid solution, my dear," she said laughingly, when the young girl had come. "You have a fine head for mathematics. And now let me tell you that I've been solving another problem for you. The first thing my daughter-in-law said to me when I went home a week ago was that she wished she could find a nice, sweet young girl to teach her two little boys. You see the boys are almost too bright and learn rapidly; and they're no very strong, so the doctor thinks they ought not to be confined in school. Harriet says she wants somebody to come for just three days a week; and she'd like some one to help her daughter Alice, too, in her algebra. You see, Alice is a sweet girl, but doesn't take very well to solving problems as yet. I told my daughter-in-law I believed I knew just the person for her. Do take it, dear. You can ride there on the cars in fifteen minutes each day, you'll get a good salary, be with nice people, and you can keep the place for years. Then you can be at home with your mother half the week besides, and help her ever so much. What do you think of my solution of the problem, my child?"

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"I think you have a splendid head for mathematics, grandma," said Susie, as she and her mother together laughed and almost cried for joy.—*Mary R. Diefendorf, in New York Observer.*

FRENCH.

French would have made only a good-sized armful when he first came to the Washington "Zoo"; but no one would ever think of taking him up in his arms now. More than two years ago he first saw the light in a circus tent, but, being too weak to travel, was given to some ladies in a small Virginia town, who gladly took him, petted him, and carefully brought him up. So healthy a youngster he soon became that before many months he was transferred to the "Zoo," in the fear that, with growing strength, there would develop a temper which would have to be guarded against.

But the savage temper has never made its appearance. A pet with his keepers, he responds to their advances with rough and ready affection that one might expect from a Newfoundland dog rather than from this handsome young lion. With this warm liking for his keepers, and with a large, clean, roomy home, he seldom seems unhappy; and only on hot, sultry days will he go at times to the heavily barred window, and look off over the fields to the distant woods or down the hill to the flowing Rock Creek. Then, perhaps, a dismal roar will sound through the building, startling the other inmates out of their noonday slumbers. But these fits do not last long, for he has never known what real freedom is. At night he frequently joins, with his deep, gruff voice, in the concert that all the animals start up as soon as it is really dark. His roar is so heavy that the very windows rattle; and timid persons, travelling in the darkness, look fearfully about them, and hasten their steps until well out of sound.

French is still too young to be anything more than a puppy in his actions. He might even be called *kittenish*, were it not for the exceeding clumsiness of some of his motions, so different from the stealthy movements of the tigers and leopards in neighboring cages. When he gets up in the morning, he begins to stretch himself; and, like an elastic band, there seems to be no limit to the space he can cover. After a few minutes spent in exercising each leg in turn, then all of them together, he begins a rapid run round and round the cage, bounding up and down, sideways and backward, coming down with all four feet stiffly stretched out like a frisky calf. This violent exercise completed, French gives several yawns, opening his mouth wide enough for an ordinary man to put his head in, and disclosing strong, white teeth that do not look as if they would ever need the attention of a dentist. After this it is time for "nail-sharpening." So, going over to a small tree-trunk standing upright in one corner of the cage, he proceeds, in regular cat fashion, to perform this part of his toilet.

Every now and then he turns to watch the early visitors before his cage, his beautiful large eyes shining so softly that it seems as if any one might trust the creature. Breakfast time is approaching, however; and no one knows this better than French. He begins to rub against the bars, purring and arching his back whenever any of the keepers pass by. If unnoticed, he waits until one comes along close to the cage, then reaches out a long forepaw and gently taps him on the shoulder. The man turns, and, with a "Well, French, old fellow," reaches out his hand and quietly scratches the lion's head, the creature keeping as motionless as a statue. Once the hand is taken off, however, he becomes alive again, and romps about the cage, showing in every motion his delight at being recognized. This exercise ends with a vigorous chase after the tufted end of his tail, which he finally catches and pretends to bite.

After a meal and a nap, during which he lies stretched out motionless, as if dead, French is ready for play. So he begins to rub against the bars, in order to attract the attention of a keeper. One comes along, and, picking up an oblong piece of wood two inches thick and about eight inches long, throws it into the cage. The lion springs on this as if it were something alive, then gives it a push which sends it spinning across the cage, only to take an-

other leap after it. But his favorite plaything is a big wooden ball, worn now and well gnawed. This he rolls for hours from one end of the cage to the other, sending it spinning with one paw, and catching it on the rebound with the other, making such a racket that nervous persons soon beat a retreat.

In time even this plaything loses its charm; and, letting it roll off into a corner, French lies down for another nap. This time he lies flat on his back, with all four feet sticking up in the air,—a favorite position, but a very funny one to the beholder.—*Ernest L. Thurston, in the Congregationalist.*

ODD FRIENDS.

Last summer, while in the country, I witnessed a very curious comradeship. It was at a farm-house. The hens had all been carried to another farm, leaving at home a solitary rooster, who had refused to be caught with the rest.

There was a large white cat about the premises; and soon the rooster began to follow her around, talking to her in his rooster fashion.

At first the cat seemed to dislike so much attention, and would hide away, sometimes for hours; but, whenever she reappeared, the rooster would run toward her with great delight, assuming the air of protector and provider. He would look up articles of food, and call her to partake, evidently expecting her to respond.

After a while the two became inseparable during the day; and, even when night came, the rooster would linger around as long as possible before going to roost. Frequently the cat followed him to the shed, and looked up at him on his perch, while he talked to her as if urging her to come up, too.

On this point, however, habit proved stronger than affection; and she slowly wended her way back to the house. But, when morning came, they were always found together again.

The rooster would stand quite still, and allow the cat to rub against him; and she seemed to take care not to rub the feathers the wrong way. It was extremely amusing to watch them, day by day, growing more and more attached to each other. They sat side by side, wandered about together; and, whenever one was called, the other followed closely behind.

When food was given the cat, the two often ate from the same dish. The rooster seemed to take great delight in this proceeding, keeping up a constant chatter, as if encouraging the cat to eat all she could.

Their friendship continued uninterrupted through the entire summer, with none of those misunderstandings and coldnesses which often occur among a higher order of beings. But, when fall came, and the hens were brought back, the rooster left his summer companion, seemingly without regret.—*Selected.*

GREAT MEN'S OATS.

Among the stories told of great men and their cats, the one which the nurses of Cairo and Bagdad to-day tell to their children about Mohammed and his sleeve is the most beautiful and interesting. One day, as the prophet sat meditating, his cat Muezza came and lay down on the broad, extended sleeve of his garment. The prophet meditated long. The cat, purring and suggesting to her master dreams of Paradise, fell asleep.

The prophet now had to go to his duties. But he could not disturb Muezza's slumber! So he took a pair of scissors, cut the sleeve from his coat, and went his way without it.

When Chateaubriand, a famous French author, was a poor exile in London, his most cherished companions were two kittens, which he describes as "all white, like ermines, with black at the tips of their tails." These cats lost their lives in some way, and Chateaubriand's grief is pathetically recorded in his "Mémoires d'Outre-

tombe." He was presented by Pope Leo XII. at Rome with a fine cat named Micezzo, which, however, has no such place in his memoirs as the two kittens of the London lodging-house.

Champfleury, another French writer, has recorded that, visiting Victor Hugo once, he found, in a room decorated with tapestries and Gothic furniture, a cat enthroned on a dais, and apparently receiving the homage of the company.

"That is the cat," said Victor Hugo, "the very fellow that caused Méry to say, as the creature rubbed its back against his legs, 'God made the cat in order to give to man the pleasurable sense of having caressed the tiger!'"—*Youth's Companion.*

WHERE THE DAY IS BORN.

The maritime powers of the world have agreed to make London the time centre, and the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude from London (or Greenwich) as the point where the day changes. This meridian, therefore, *leads the day*. Its passage under the one hundred and eightieth, or midnight, celestial meridian, marks the beginning of a new day for the earth: here *to-day* becomes *to-morrow*.

It is here, then, that Sunday is born, just to the west of Honolulu. But bear in mind that the day travels westward. Therefore, this new-born day does not visit Honolulu until it has made the circuit of the globe. Honolulu and New Zealand are only about thirty degrees apart in longitude; but they are a whole day apart as regards any particular day, *because the point at which the day changes lies between them*. Sunday born on the one hundred and eightieth meridian is a long way off from Honolulu. It is morning there, too, but it is Saturday morning; while in New Zealand it is not yet day, but the Sunday dawn is breaking. It is clear, then, that, if it is Friday (near midnight) at Honolulu to the east of the line, and Sunday (near 1 A.M.) to the west of it, a ship which sails from Honolulu to New Zealand, or from east to west, must sail out of Friday into Sunday, and thereby skip the intervening Saturday, and gains a day; and, *vice versa*, a ship which sails from New Zealand, where Sunday has begun, to Honolulu, Friday has just ended and Saturday begun, or west to east, must lose a day.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

SOME STRANGE VISITING-CARDS.

Calling in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting-cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance; and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting-card, consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.—*Selected.*

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SOLIDARITY.

Shepherd on Dakota's hills
When you drive your flock to shearing,
Sailor on the Carib sea
As your ship is southward steering,
Guess ye where the goal may be?
Fleece and freight shall come to me,
Spite of distance and of veering.

Hands shall pass, but none shall keep
Till into the hand intended
Drop the unknown brother's gift,
And the service-chain be ended.
Spin and weave, then, sow and reap,
Drive the furrow through the deep,
Work of one with all is blended.

Cease the feud of hand and brain.
Tell me which in worth exceeded,
Who first made the duty plain,
Or who best the duty heeded?
No true worker works in vain,
Each shall have his wage again:
All are noble, all are needed.

—William Roscoe Thayer.

REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, D.D.

One more of the long pastorates is ended. Only four names now remain on the Year Book of men ordained sixty years ago. By the death of Rev. George Ware Briggs, D.D., on September 10, the Unitarian Church has lost something more than one of its oldest ministers: it has lost one of its most loyal and loving adherents, one of its wisest and most faithful teachers.

With deep reverence for spiritual things, and childlike faith, Dr. Briggs had, also, to a marked degree, fearless independence of judgment. "Both conservative and radical," he jestingly called himself, and truthfully. And in this did he most honor his Church,—that he believed her borders wide enough to make room for the best in all creeds. But little need be said of his theological position. His success as a pastor lay in his personality. His cheery, winning way made his simple, every-day gospel of faith and love and duty an irresistible power, and bound his people to each other and to him by ties that even his death cannot loose. No pastor ever knew better how to speak comfort to the mourner. His keen appreciation of the good, his tender sympathy, and, above all, his intense personal faith in the future life, made his words by an open grave seem nothing short of inspiration. His prayers will be long remembered. So deeply did he realize the significance of the act, and so utterly did he surrender himself in loving, childlike faith, that he lifted his hearers for the moment to his own spiritual level, and taught them the meaning of communion between the human and the Divine.

Dr. Briggs was born in Little Compton, R.I., April, 1810. One of his earliest recollections, and one that made a deep impression upon his childish heart, was over-hearing his widowed mother praying for him. Whatever may have been the special petition of that devout Calvinistic woman, the spirit of her prayer was surely answered in the rare spiritual and moral nature that unfolded in the boy. In return for such farm services as a child could render, he received instruction in Latin and mathematics from Rev. Mace Shepard, the stern Calvinistic autocrat of the town, who, however bitterly hostile he might be to adults who differed from his religious views, had yet a kindly sympathy and a helping hand for boys with intellectual ambitions. At the age of eleven George Briggs entered Brown University, and graduated in the class of 1825. During and after his college course, though only a boy and not a stalwart one, he taught the village school in Little Compton; and it was a great source of amusement to him in after years to be greeted by men much his seniors as their old teacher. He returned to Providence to study medicine, and became acquainted with Frederick A. Farley, who took him to hear Dr. Channing. The result was that he abandoned medicine, and entered Harvard Divinity School.

He was ordained at Fall River in 1834. His second parish was the First Church of Plymouth,—a connection that never ended except in form. Plymouth claimed him from that day. To Plymouth he returned when his work was done, and in Plymouth he was laid to rest. He was settled over the First Church in Salem between 1850 and 1869, and from that time till his death over the Third Church in Cambridgeport. Though he took no active part in pastoral work for the last five years of his life, his parish would not consent to his request for dismissal. But, though he no longer went in and out among them, no pastor ever influenced his people more positively and directly than did Dr. Briggs even from his sick-chamber. And when, after eighteen months, he came back from the border-land between death and life to speak one more word to them, he found them nearer to him, if possible, for the very separation. Dr. Briggs preached only four or five times after the long illness, and left Cambridge finally a year and a half ago. At his daughter's beautiful home, by one of the Plymouth ponds, the last sickness came upon him. After the acute attack he rallied, to wait a little while upon the very threshold of the new life, and to reflect its

beauty and peace. The many friends who were privileged to see him then have a picture that fitly crowns their memory of the saintly life.

Dr. Briggs was twice married, to Miss Lucretia Bartlett of Medford, during his Fall River settlement, and to Miss Lucia Russell near the close of his Plymouth pastorate. Four children survive him, two daughters of the first marriage, two sons of the second,—Miss Briggs, Mrs. George Barker, and Mr. George R. Briggs of Plymouth and Mr. LeBaron R. Briggs of Cambridge.

Spiritual Life.

The elements of happiness in this present life no man can command, but over the blessedness of his own spirit circumstances need have no control.—J. Thom.

Whoso neglects a thing that he suspects he ought to do because it seems to him too small a thing is deceiving himself: it is not too little, but too great for him.—E. B. Pusey.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.

Give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures he has made, and that the only real, effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into his love, and, knowing it separately, surrounds it with his separate sympathy.—Phillips Brooks.

There is loss, irreparable loss, of manhood in every wrong act that we do, in every wrong thought we cherish, in every inward dishonesty and disloyalty. There is something that repentance cannot do. It cannot undo the past: it cannot blot out our record. If we face our bad acts and our bad deeds as permanent things, there will be a recoil in us from that past; and the recoil will be the power of the Eternal Spirit delivering us.—George A. Gordon.

Education.

It is said that the demand for women to teach the sciences is greater in proportion to the supply than in any other direction. It seems to be the one field of labor not overcrowded.

Prof. Crosby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has completed some very important tables for the determination of common minerals by a study chiefly of their physical properties. They are indispensable for private students and for schools where mineralogy is taught.

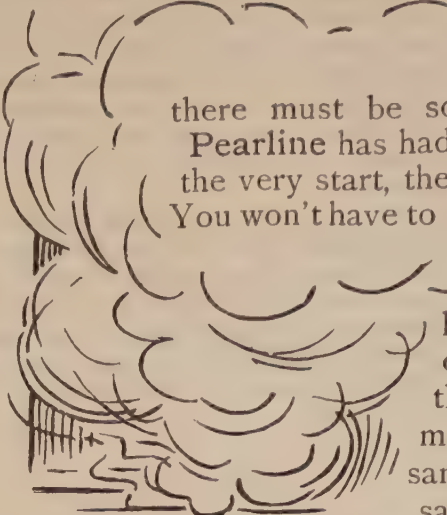
There is a college for housewives at Walthamstan, Eng., where young women may learn all the branches of domestic work, including cookery, needlework, laundry work, and household superintendence. The name of the college is, appropriately, "St. Martha's." Only ten pupils are received at a time, in order that each may serve her turn as housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, etc. As the course of instruction includes every household function, from building fires and cleaning lamps to giving dinner parties, the graduate is equally fitted for a housemaid or a house mistress.



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MRS. LUOY P. THAXTER.

At the memorial service held in Boston, September 25, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison gave the following address:—

The memorial custom of friends gathering together when a loved one has passed from sight has its sanction in that sweet human sympathy and fellowship which a common loss inspires. Although as frequent and familiar as the rise of sun and stars, death rarely comes without surprise or shock. The mystery which every human soul struggles in vain to penetrate again presents itself, and we who wait a little longer for the inevitable summons ponder afresh the problem over the body of the dear friend from whom the spiritual essence that we knew has departed.

It avails little at such times as this to deal in prophecy or dogma regarding the light seemingly quenched. More profitable and uplifting is it to dwell upon the comforting reflections which in bereavement come to sustain and soothe. In the present instance no room is left for regret or sorrow. This is rather an hour for congratulation. Our note should be a psalm of triumph over a long life nobly lived. Death has come simply as an angel of mercy, and opened the door which was the single escape from the pain which medicine could not allay. Blessed is the benevolence and kindness of what the world too long has called the "king of terrors!"

This is a rounded life that we contemplate. Prolonged far beyond the psalmist's allowance, it was rich in deeds and love and association. It had its sorrows and disappointments, as what life has not? and, although grievous to bear at the moment, these trials left traces on the character and spirit of exceeding beauty and value. The mental feebleness of age and loss of faculties were spared our friend. Until at last the burden of the body became unbearable, she kept her youthful nature and her exceptional charm.

It is a pleasure to tender the loving tribute which Mrs. Thaxter deserves from four generations of a family whose tender regard I can but feebly voice. Nearer than kith and kin are friendships founded in unselfish ideas. No bonds are closer than those of the reformer. By birth and circumstances she was an abolitionist, born into the heat and tumult of the great struggle of the age. She was nurtured amid scenes which are now a part of history. Not far away from her home occurred the persecution of Prudence Crandall, in which race prejudice and hatred had a national illustration. In Brooklyn, Conn., Mrs. Thaxter's native place, lived in her girlhood that saint among men, Samuel J. May, the friend and minister of her family. There also came the leader of the anti-slavery movement to woo and marry his gentle wife among that group of earnest coadjutors whose faithfulness never relaxed.

Our friend became a reformer from conviction not less than from inheritance, and in her maturing days performed the service which freedom demanded in the fast-pressing crises, when the land was saved not alone by public workers, but also by that army of unrecorded men and women who in their sphere and place proved "worthy of the great adversity."

Into what noble and continuing companionship this led we know. Of Parker and Garrison, of Phillips and the Mays, of James Freeman Clarke and John A. Andrew and their lofty kind, she was esteemed and beloved. And if, across the invisible line, the spirits of the just made perfect exist, what welcome must be hers!

I hardly know how to touch the tender relation of marriage which, after years of teaching that must have been an inspiration to her pupils, brought to Lucy Scarborough a husband mated to her needs in principle and affection. It was the rarest union. Theodore Parker was the chosen minister to declare the bond. To my younger ears, when people spoke of "Daniel and Lucy," it seemed like an allusion to a single nature, so closely were they identified in aim and love and service. How cheery and comforting their presence was in sorrow! They ever kept the bright side of life in prominence, generating an atmosphere of hope and courage.

Children were not to be their portion; but parental instinct and benevolent impulse prompted them to adopt her niece for a daughter, whose devotion was the blessing of their declining years. The death of Mr. Thaxter tested the faith and philosophy of his inseparable wife; and, if, for a time, the clouds obscured her life, and happiness without him seemed impossible, the long struggle at length brought victory, and again she took up bravely the daily tasks and duties. "The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear."

One could take this noble woman's life as a theme whereon to weave the story of the century, the thrilling part of which was covered by her years. The overthrow of slavery, the emancipation of woman, the theological revolution, the Transcendental epoch, the nation's literary development, all left their impress on her thought character. Her death closes an era unparalleled in interest. She had the felicity of

living near to the heart of humanity, and felt

"The solemn pulses sending blood Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good."

"All I have seen," said Emerson, "teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works." More than this it is not necessary to say. Grateful for a life so useful and fragrant, let us carry away the impress of its loving faithfulness and strength.

THE SUFFRAGE "REFERENDUM."

The Massachusetts Association opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women to the People of Massachusetts:—

The Wellman bill, enacted by the last legislature, gives the opportunity to all men and all women qualified to vote for members of school committees to express in November their opinion on the question, "Is it expedient that municipal suffrage be granted to women?"

This bill is not rightly called a "Referendum"; for it proposes no change in our laws, but provides merely for an expression of opinion by vote. Its practical result will be its influence on future legislatures.

We urge the duty upon all women to interest themselves in this question, and to aid the formation of a right public opinion thereupon; and we call upon all men voters to justify the present suffrage status by an overwhelming "No" at the polls in November.

We do not urge women opposed to the further extension of the suffrage to vote. We affirm that the burden of proof rests with the Suffragists. We declare that the silence of our sex at the polls will not mean consent, but opposition or indifference.

We find tangible proof that the women of this State do not desire the ballot in their general indifference to school suffrage, which has failed to rouse their zeal and interest during the many years of its existence; while some time before such suffrage was established the valuable services of women on the school boards had been secured by the votes of men.

We believe that the extension to women of municipal suffrage would be a danger to the State for which no compensating advantages are shown.

We believe the present division of labor and responsibility between the sexes to be founded on reason and on the laws of nature; and, while freely admitting that a higher standard of patriotic and civic duty is needed by both men and women, we affirm our belief that it must be brought about by an advance in civilization and in education, and that this advance would be impeded rather than helped by the complications resulting from municipal suffrage for women.

Mrs. James M. Codman, Miss Sarah H. Crocker, Mrs. James C. Fisk, Mrs. Charles E. Guild, Miss E. H. Houghton, Mrs. Francis C. Lowell, Mrs. Oliver W. Peabody, Mrs. Philip H. Sears, Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Miss E. P. Sohler, Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, Executive Committee.

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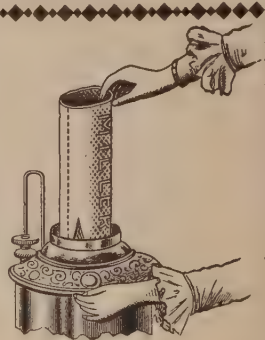
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"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother. "'Cause 'tain't any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A physician says, "Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods or fields every day." But suppose a tramp should object to being taken through the woods and fields every day by girls in feeble health?—*The Christian Work.*

Editing under Difficulties. "Little Sister: "Most of the articles in your paper this month is awful poor." Little Brother (editor of amateur paper): "I know it, but the boys that wrote 'em sent stamps for their return; an' I needed the stamps."—*Tit-Bits.*

A certain little three-year-old likes very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day the choir sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; and after she got home the little one was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies kept for me."—*Evangelist.*

William M. Evarts was going up once in the elevator at the State department which was loaded with applicants for ministerships and consulships. Turning to a friend, who accompanied him, Mr. Evarts said, "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time!"—*The United Presbyterian.*

The late Dr. Poor, Presbyterian missionary in Ceylon, was a man of a pleasant humor. During one of the periodical epidemics of cholera which swept Ceylon Dr. Poor was violently attacked. A messenger was at once despatched for Samuel P. Green, M.D., a medical missionary residing about five miles away. When Dr. Green came into the room, Dr. Poor exclaimed, "Well, this is a bad prospect: here is a Poor patient and a Green doctor." This was his last witticism.—*N.Y. Observer.*

State Abbreviations.—The most egotistical of the United States, "Me."; most religious, "Mass."; most Asiatic, "Ind."; father of States, "Pa."; most maidenly, "Miss."; best in time of flood, "Ark."; most useful in haying time, "Mo."; decimal State, "Tenn."; State of exclamation, "La."; most astonishing State, "O."; most unhealthy State, "Ill."; State to cure the sick, "Md."; State for students, "Conn."; State where there is no such word as fail, "Kan."; not a State for the untidy, "Wash."—*Youth's Companion.*

A DESIRED DEGREE.

A young minister settled over a small country parish was instructed by his parishioners to procure a piano for their use. He did so, telling the dealer to charge the bill for rental to the secretary of the parish. When the bill amounted to \$25, the society being unable to pay it, as well as the salary of the pastor, the music-dealer dunned the minister for the money, telling him that he assumed the responsibility. The latter replied that he never assumed the responsibility of another, having all he could do to pay his own bills, whereupon the dealer threatened to sue him.

A short time after our friend received a letter from a New York collection agency, to which, as well as several following, he paid no attention, until the following short but definite letter came:—

"Rev. ———:—

"Dear Sir,—Unless you remit at once, we shall publish you all over the country as a Delinquent Debtor.

"Yours, etc.,

"———,"

To which he replied:—

"Gentlemen,—Ever since I entered the ministry I have been struggling for the title of D.D. Go ahead.

"Respectfully,

"———,"

—*The Budget.*

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Editorial.

THE Armenian situation seems to grow steadily worse. Within the last week Constantinople has been the scene of bloody riots. A detachment of Armenians who were going to present a petition to the minister of justice were fired upon and killed. The Armenians were attacked in their own quarters by the populace, and the number killed is said to have reached a hundred and fifty. That many of the Armenians were armed does not render the slaughter any less reprehensible. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the Armenians, who were peaceably carrying a petition to the government, carried arms for any other reason but self-defence against the uncontrolled Turkish hordes in Constantinople, which broke loose upon them, supported by the Turkish soldiers. Meanwhile the condition of the fugitives from Sassoun is one of abject destitution. From a communication just received from the Duke of Westminster, forwarded through Mr. Edward Aitkin, the secretary and treasurer of the Armenian Relief Committee, it is stated that Mr. Hallward, the English vice-consul at Van, testifies to an enormous amount of destitution, which will certainly increase before next winter. This applies also to the province of Bitlis and a large extent of Erzeroum, where there are survivors of the Sassoun massacre. "A year ago these people were comparatively prosperous and comfortable, but are now barefooted and in rags, begging their daily bread from those who are not much better off than themselves." We repeat the appeal for aid which has already been made, and remind

our readers that any amounts, large or small, may be sent to Lee & Higginson, State Street, Boston, and, in New York, to Mr. Spencer Trask, 27 Pine Street.

THE Texas legislature has decided that it will not have prize-fights in that State, and the vote is so decisive that there cannot be any doubt as to what the legislature means. In the Senate the vote was twenty-six to one, in the House, one hundred and seven to five on the bill prohibiting prize-fighting. Hearings were given to the opponents of the bill, some of whom argued that such a law would be detrimental to the business interest of Dallas, where the fight was to be held. But the legislature does not seem to have been much swayed by these considerations. The bill makes prize-fighting a felony, and imposes a punishment upon the principals for every infraction of the law by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not less than two and not more than five years. Prize-fighters have found it hard to find a place in the United States where they could conduct a fight under the protection of the law. Texas is a big State; but it proves to be a little too big for such purposes. It is but a little while ago that it was considered a land of rangers and cow-boys, where prize-fights and duels might flourish like cacti; but this action of the Texas legislature will create a different impression, and the prize-fighters will probably have to go over the borders into Mexico.

THE discussion on woman suffrage assumes a new phase of interest in Massachusetts this fall from the fact that the people will have an opportunity of expressing their opinion about it at the polls, women as well as men being entitled to vote "Yes" or "No" on the question. There will be less interest in the vote, however, than if it really settled the question in this State. But, as a matter of fact, the result one way or the other does not confer or withhold the right of suffrage. The real responsibility rests with the legislature, and it is there that suffragists must direct their energies. In the interest of free discussion we have printed appeals and protests for and against the movement. There are influential and weighty names on both sides; and in this direction the names are so well balanced that they may be said to practically neutralize each other, so far as character, respectability, and prominence are concerned. But this fact tells far more for woman suffrage than it tells against it. Twenty-five years ago the showing would have been quite different. Then the suffragists stood in a small minority. Slowly but steadily their cause has grown in influence, until they can point to a splendid roll of names the country over. A movement thus honorably supported can no longer be considered as erratic or dangerous. It is not at all likely that Massachusetts is as yet prepared to cast its vote affirmatively on this question. But the preliminary discussion which has already begun will be more important in the way of educating the people than the vote itself. It is on this education that the suffragists must rely. For many years, covering the administration of four successive editors, the *Christian Register* has stood for woman suffrage; and in that time the cause has slowly gained notable victories. There seems to be no reason now for changing its course, and but little need of reaffirming its position.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON of New York, in an article in the *Churchman* of September 21, says, "A few years ago it struck the churchman as humorously grotesque that a Congregational conference appointed a committee of supposed experts to write a 'Confession of Faith' for a denomination which had been in existence a couple of hundred years." It may be owing to a deficiency of the sense of humor that we are

not able to perceive the "humorously grotesque" element in the fact that a religious body finds it desirable to give some new expression to its faith. It strikes us as much more humorously or melancholy grotesque that a religious denomination, whether Congregational, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, should continue to publish and advertise statements of religious faith which one-half or two-thirds of its members have outgrown, which they could not possibly accept in the sense in which they were originally written. Thus the Presbyterian Church is carrying about the cumbersome burden of the Westminster Confession. The doctrines of the damnation of infants and the damnation of the majority of the race taught or implied in that confession, however sweet they may have been to the men who framed them, have become offensive enough to the greater majority of those who are enrolled in the Church which professes them. The incongruity, be it sad or humorous, does not seem to be in the earnest desire of progressive Presbyterians to get rid by revision or burial of these distortions of Christianity, but in the strange tenacity of those who wish to preserve them and preach them to-day. It is grotesque enough that a gospel of despair should be called a gospel at all.

LIKEWISE the Episcopal Church reveals similar incongruities. It has been overweighted with the Athanasian Creed. Its Thirty-nine Articles do not present the belief of the majority of its communicants. They teach the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and pronounce a curse upon those that presume to say "that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature." There are many good Churchmen who would like to get rid of all these anomalous excrescences on their own confession of faith. There are some, like Canon Page Roberts of London, who refuse to read the Athanasian Creed in their pulpits, and who put the stamp of their individual reprobation upon creeds and confessions which are but the cinders of old theological discussion, and cannot be made to burn upon the altars of religion to-day. However grotesque it may seem to the bishops who wrote the Pastoral Letter that Canon Page Roberts should remain in the Church, and undertake to revise its creeds and confessions on his own account, or that Rev. Mr. Oxford of London should prepare a hymn-book and a service-book for the use of his people, it seems far more grotesque to continue to teach under conciliar authority doctrines which are a parody on the teachings of Jesus and the faith once delivered to the saints.

WE can heartily go with Bishop Huntington, however, in his "Plea for Simplicity." Our Puritan fathers, in their reaction from tawdry ceremonial and meretricious display, went too far, as did the Quakers, in excluding the element of the beautiful in worship. And it has taken Congregationalism some time to recover from this formless rigidity. But a marked tendency in the Episcopal Church to-day is toward a complex and pompous ritualism. It is in danger of running into the externalism which has been one of the besetting sins of the Catholic Church. Against this tendency Bishop Huntington protests in the elegant diction which flows so easily from his pen: "We go often to history for precedent: why not heed it for warning? Argument is scarcely needed to prove that the kind of ecclesiastical character of which Constantine was a type and the style of piety of which Southern Europe has displayed sickening illustrations are a persistent peril in a material civilization such as the next half-century in the United States is almost certain to witness. That civilization is dogged in its merry march

by three cruel seducers,—luxury, frivolity, and vanity. They will thrust their tawdry pomp into the advance, led by the bride of Christ, if they can. She may well look anxiously and pathetically on her children, who are not of this world, needing for herself no meretricious attractions upon her chaste beauty to win them, no tiara on her forehead to impress them with her royalty, no array of mortal distinctions to make her majesty more august. They who imagine that the Lord's sacraments are honored or venerable in proportion to the barbaric parade of the function forget the principles of art hardly less than of the religion of the Son of God, and are almost as untaught by the culture of Athens as by the simplicity of Nazareth. A State can have the virtue of order without political *finesse* or diplomatic fuss, and the Church can have the grace of sacraments in its fulness without being spectacular or effervescent or mimetic."

THE PATHWAY FOR THE NEGRO.

The address of Booker T. Washington at the Atlanta Exposition marks an epoch in the history of the Negro in this country. But a few years ago the colored orator, if he had been ready to say what he did, could not have found a platform or an audience among the white people of the South; and, if the platform had been ready, it is doubtful if the orator could have grasped the situation then as he has done to-day. As the associated press reports of Mr. Washington's address did not contain the full text, we have taken pains to procure it, and print it entire this week, together with the volley of comments from the Southern press, which echoed it from Washington to New Orleans. These comments show as nothing else could the deep and wide-spread impression which the address produced.

Mr. Washington has succeeded because he has approached the subject from the right end. It cannot be denied that, in their efforts to bring the Negro suddenly into the full light of civilization, a good many zealous people began at the wrong end. This was conspicuously so in the education of the Negro. The smoke of the war had hardly cleared away before one could have found in Washington a motley assembly of Negroes studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew who had not mastered the rudiments of an English education. Beginning to build the chimney at the top was misdirected effort. With his keen, practical vision, Gen. Armstrong saw that it must begin at the bottom; and he laid the foundation broadly and wisely at Hampton. A graduate of that institution, Mr. Washington, with original and independent power and clearness of vision, has worked in the same line. The growth of the institution at Tuskegee has been remarkable; and its influence has been to develop the Negro along the lines of self-helpfulness, independence, and practical efficiency. The young men and women who have gone forth from it have been seed-sowers of morals, intelligence, and civilization all through the Black Belt. The Negro exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition shows what the Negro has done and may do. But for several years another exhibit has been going on at Tuskegee. One could see there not only the making of horseshoes, the building of houses, the tilling of a farm, but the making of manhood and womanhood, the building of character, the culture of the conscience and the intellect.

Circumstances of time and place gave to Mr. Washington's address at Atlanta a great significance, which has surprised the Southern press. But, if the Southern newspapers had had reporters at the Tuskegee Negro conferences for the last three or four years, they would have found that the spirit of his address at Atlanta is precisely what he has been giving to his own people at these annual conferences at Tuskegee; and

they would find that his manly exhortations to industry, thrift, temperance, and self-helpfulness have met with the same warm response from the colored people as the Atlanta address met from the whites. It is reassuring to find that the most intelligent element in both races is in practical agreement as to the pathway which the Negro must follow to make the most of himself and his opportunity. Unfortunately, the Negro has been the victim of two misleading influences,—the influence of the politician, on the one side, and of the superstitious and ignorant Negro preacher, on the other. He has been led to believe that salvation might come through the ballot, or that he must wait till he gets to heaven before he can get what he ought to have now and here. But the ballot, counted in or counted out, has not brought him prosperity and independence; and the harangues of the Negro preacher have not paid his mortgages. Gen. Armstrong and Mr. Washington have pointed out a more excellent way. The Atlanta address is philosophical, the more so that it is practical.

It would be unjust to the Southern people to say that they have just discovered the value of Mr. Washington's work. His Atlanta address has waked up some sleepy editors, and they have broken out into involuntary applause. But for several years the more intelligent and influential white people in the vicinity of Tuskegee have seen what was going on, and have given cordial support and encouragement to the Normal and Industrial Institute. So, while it is true that Mr. Washington is dead in earnest in his conception of what the Negro needs, many Southern men are just as earnest in recognizing the truthfulness of his position.

And now the question which comes to us will come to many of our readers. It is why a man whose inspiration, counsel, guidance, and practical sagacity are so eminently needed by his own people, and have been so abundantly illustrated in the development of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, should be obliged to travel from place to place in the North for some months every year to secure money to keep his institution going. It may be asked, Why do not some of our millionaires who are so abundantly endowing educational institutions in the North give a million dollars for the endowment of Tuskegee? The principle on which that institution is conducted, of appealing to the student, and practically compelling him to do all that he can do to secure his education, would prevent an endowment from becoming a harm; but it might become a vast source of good in enabling Mr. Washington to devote all his time to the colored people of the South instead of annually educating the white people of the North.

OVERWORK.

It is not work that kills: it is worry. It is not work that breaks down the health: it is overwork. And probably more women yield to this form of prostration than men. They have not been long enough harnessed to the world's chariot wheels to have learned to shirk. They work while strength holds out; and, if they hold a responsible position, they are apt to feel that they are indispensable there, and so cling to it alone instead of asking others to share it with them, or training younger persons to be ready to step into their places when the time comes for rest. One of the best lessons, healthwise, for capable men and women to learn is that there are "just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." It may sound like an inappreciative sentiment; but it is magnifying the human race at large, though it may seem to belittle the individual. No man or woman is indispensable. The world is not made on that plan. Therefore, the busiest person may pause to breathe, and so be able to live the longer and work the harder. For, though a wise Providence supplies the needs of humanity as they occur, yet the process of adjustment of new men to new places is not easy; and those who are doing important work should so order their lives that changes shall not come oftener than necessary.

But how often people forget this, and, burdening themselves with work enough for several shoulders, sink at last under the heavy load! It is but a little space of time since a noble woman gave away her life in this fashion,—a sacrifice to overwork.

To-day, too late, three or four people are carrying the heavy load she tried to carry alone. A broken down book-keeper in a large city, who well earned a salary of several thousands, sees to-day her place filled by three men, whose combined efforts only make good her place.

As we look over the country and study various institutions, we wonder what will happen when the overworked and overworn heads fall, as they must sooner or later. People are raised up to succeed them; but what a pity to lose precious lives and experience, simply because the labor was not divided sooner!

One sees the same thing in homes. The patient mother is cook, nurse, maid-of-all-work, till she drops in her place. Then a housekeeper, a maid, and a nursery governess are found necessary to make good the absence of the busy hands; but no hired service can fill the void in the home and the hearts.

It is economy to spend money in home, office, institution, if it will lessen the strain of head and heart, divide the labor, and lessen the care. The early part of the business year is a good time to apply this rule, and it may apply in parishes as well as anywhere else.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The men and women who were young at the time of the Civil War learned one meaning of patriotism in a way that no books can teach. Children who saw their parents send away cherished stores of blankets and household supplies, and who helped to economize in the ordinary household comforts, that hard-earned money might thus be sent to the soldiers in the field, to say nothing of the more costly sacrifices of the times, did not need to hear much talk about the duty of quick response to the call of one's country. That was the time of action. This is the time of reasoning and of thoughtful consideration as to what the individual really owes to the State; and the systematic teaching, which is already becoming rather general in our schools, is more than ever necessary. In the future this teaching must inevitably be widened to include much more than has yet been attempted. The problem is something more than how to teach the little Scandinavians, Italians, Poles, and all the others to stand up for their new country and to hurrah for its flag. Not at first, but sooner or later, we must teach them the principles upon which the government is founded, show them that the call for thoughtful devotion is not relaxed in times of peace, and let them understand something of the principles that govern the relations of this country to all the other countries of the globe. In this our native-born young Americans need instruction quite as much, perhaps, as the little strangers now entering our schools in these autumn days.

Genuine patriotism is not exhausted in the enthusiasm that is awakened in times of desperate need, nor even in the steady purpose that seeks always to uphold the rights of a single State, a single section, a single country. There is every reason that patriotism should see with clear eyes, even when it thus discovers faults in its own country and excellence in other lands. For instance, the real patriot desires no monopoly of freedom for himself; but, taught by his own feelings, his heart beats with indignant sympathy every time he hears of oppression anywhere, whether its victims are white men or black, whether in America or in Armenia. He has no sentiment for his own country that would lead him to commit an injustice in order to advance its interests. He believes, indeed, that its interests are based on something deeper than mere extension of territory or assertion of authority, and that individual privilege is always to be considered in relation to the wider interests of humanity on grounds of expediency as well as of ethics.

Patriotism of this sort means, also, education and enlightenment. It leaves no room for such petty self-assertion as was exemplified recently by the French officers who were being entertained in England. Their hosts tried to give them pleasure by arranging a water excursion for them, and inadvertently a steamer was selected which bore the name "Prince Bismarck." One and all refused to go on a boat that seemed to honor the former enemy of their country, though an impartial observer might suppose they would rather enjoy the suggestion of

directing the ways of the great statesman, and reducing him to serve their pleasure. Harmony was restored by the substitution of "The Duke of Cambridge," and one kind of "patriotism" was satisfied for the time being.

In America, of all countries, true patriotism ought to be developed, because this is pre-eminently the home of man, and may claim to speak for the human race. Every corner of the civilized globe has its own characteristic virtues. Every race of man has a peculiar excellence or capability. By our very composition we ought to be fitted to comprehend this, and not only to extend quick recognition to real patriotism and just deserts in other lands, but to appreciate the value of differing modes of thought here at home. It is natural, perhaps, that every despotism should be hostile to independent thought and action, and show distrust of religious dissent; but for us who, as Americans, believe in freedom of thought, both in matters of State and of religion, as the primary condition of full-grown manhood, narrowness in this regard seems well-nigh unendurable. It is only to be met and cured by the same old methods upon which we have been depending ever since the mighty experiment of upbuilding this republic was first begun. It seems slow work sometimes; but we must keep at it, and educate, educate, educate. No one who studies the growth of liberty, both religious and civil, can really despair, however impatient he may become at times with crude intolerance or national selfishness. Even the boy at school no longer studies history as a mere record of facts and dates. He is taught to discover the causes of development here and the reasons for retarded growth there. He learns how the interests of Puritan New England and Catholic Maryland, of Dutch New York and French Louisiana, could not long be divided. He sees for himself how all the nations of the earth are bound together by mutual interests, each serving needs of the other, and how jealousy and distrust must finally give way to the conviction that in the gain or loss of a single nation to which justice is denied all the others share.

Musings.

I SEE by the papers that Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant has arrived at Boston by the "Cephalonia." I thought some of sitting down and writing her a note, welcoming her to this country; but a constitutional idleness in the use of the pen has restrained me, and I have concluded that it would be a great deal easier, certainly much more legible, and perhaps just as polite, to commit my welcome to a type-writer and a type-setting machine. There may be people who will be shocked by the unconventional publicity of such a letter; but they may justify my course when I say that I can save a two-cent postage-stamp by this device. Besides, Mrs. Chant is already so well sun-burned by the glare of publicity that this open letter will cause nothing but her ears to burn.

My dear Mrs. Chant,—I am delighted to welcome you once more to our shores, and to tell you that the America's cup is still here. What a disappointment it would have been to you, as a loyal Englishwoman, to find, on reaching here, that the cup had gone across the water! But you still would have found, and I hope always will find, that there is here a larger cup of American hospitality, brimming with welcome, from which you may drink.

I recall with vivid pleasure the evening when I last saw you at your own home in London. I had often heard you on the platform and seen you in the homes of other people; but I wanted to see you in your own home. I enjoyed myself so much that I hope I shall have that pleasure again. You can imagine the rare curiosity with which a conservative like myself entered your home. I had heard it stated so often that woman suffrage means the abolition of the home that I wanted to see what sort of a ruin you were living in. It has seemed to some that, with all your numerous public engagements, you might be a good deal of a stranger to your own family, that you might have merely a bowing acquaintance with your husband, and possibly have some difficulty in recalling the names of your children. It had even been intimated, I think, that you did not live with your husband at all. If you noticed a little confusion and embarrassment on my part that evening, you may explain it by the fact of my surprise at the undisguised admiration and affection which your husband, Dr. Chant, seemed to have for his wife, and

the love which fairly bubbled over from your children. It naturally took me a little time to recover from this staggering blow to my prepossessions, and to adjust my eyes to the brilliant glow of love-light diffused through your home. I do not like overmuch the modern style of journalism, in which a reporter enters one's home and turns it open unto the inspection of all the world. But, if I were going to do that sort of thing, I should like to have the job of writing up that home on Gower Street. As this letter is not intended for publication, and I can trust you not to make any such use of it, let me say that I was strongly interested in that assertion of maternal feeling which led you to spend that afternoon in making doll babies for some charitable purpose. That a woman suffrage advocate should know how to use the needle seemed to me singularly grotesque. But the dolls were, however, anything but grotesque; and I should like to have about a bale of them for Christmas presents for my young friends. In this humble work of stitching you are not without eminent companionship. For many years after she was married and had entered into public life Mrs. Livermore cut her husband's clothes; and I will warrant you that they were cut to fit.

But that a woman suffrage seamstress should be able to sit down to the piano, and play and sing words and music of her own composition, was another extremely interesting item in the pleasures of the evening; and I cannot forget the fun which the young folk had in acting out some of these songs. It seemed to me then that it was a part of your mission in life, with voice, pen, and personal influence, to move the world to action to some new rhythm, set to a new melody, and with finer harmonies of life and spirit. Perhaps your work as a seamstress, too, better fits you to sew up broken hearts, as your training as a nurse helps you to heal physical and mental wounds.

If I were writing for the press, I should not dare to mention, lest it might detract from the dignity of your eminence or from the eminence of your dignity, that we all went out into the yard with the young folk, and tried skipping the rope. Such youthfulness is not easily pardoned by those who have become prematurely old and who have ossified into rigid decorum.

Heretofore I had known you simply as Mrs. Chant; but now I shall never be able to think of you without thinking, too, of the bright boy, the merry girls, and the delightful man who, with yourself, illumine and sweeten the Gower Street home. It was worth going to London to make Dr. Chant's acquaintance. I have already catalogued him among the list of "good physicians"; and I am sure that the benediction of his face and charm of his presence must kindle health in the very bones of his patients.

I refrain from signing this letter simply because, if you do not know who wrote it, it will be of no use to tell you.

Brevities.

The ministers are back to their posts, and a whole volley of gospel musketry has begun to sound along the line.

These are the mellow, golden days of fall, when the glory of the Lord is seen in the burning bush, and the trees bring forth fruits after their kind.

Our Presbyterian brethren who read the extracts from Mr. Dole's new "Catechism of the Liberal Faith" which appeared in the *Register* of last week and the week before have noted some important variations from the Westminster Catechism. We suggest that they save further controversy in their own body by adopting this revised version.

There are those who may think that the criticism of a Japanese upon the missionaries in his country is too severe. But we publish it as an illustration of an attitude of mind which missionaries must meet. And there are European observers who, while doing justice to the devotion of the missionaries, feel that there is some ground for such criticism as this native writer makes.

Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., and his family will have the sincere sympathy of his great circle of friends in the loss of his son, Robert Beverly Hale, who has succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Hale, inheriting his father's genius, had already begun to make a name for himself as a poet and story-writer, and was a young man of much promise. His death will come with a shock of great surprise to his college mates and comrades.

It is the custom at the Shaybacks' camp every summer to read two of W. C. Gannett's sermons for Sunday service, "Blessed be Drudgery" and "A Cup of Cold Water."

This last summer, while the latter sermon was being read, there was a little commotion outside the log-cabin door, sounds of feet and subdued voices. At the close it was explained. A fisherman, rowing past in the hot sun, and remembering the delightful spring in that neighborhood, had pulled his boat ashore, and come up to the cabin to beg for a cup of cold water.

Now that the Montana Industrial School has been turned over to the government, the contributions which have been made for Indian work may be given to work among the Negroes. Mr. Washington's address this week and the comments of the Southern press remind us that in no better way can Women's Alliances advance our missionary work than by making their annual contributions to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, and by taking Negro scholarships equal in number to those of the Indian scholarships which have been transferred in Montana.

The *Christian Mirror* is a trifle superstitious. Before the yacht races took place it seriously asked, "Is there any relation between the Sunday record and the mishaps of the 'Defender'?" and added: "According to the daily papers, she has had eleven mishaps. Her time for launching was set for Sunday, but the effort was a failure. She started out for what may be called her trial trip on Sunday, and now the papers tell us the work of putting in her new mast was completed on Sunday." When it came, however, to her contest with the "Valkyrie," the "Defender" won by eight minutes. Are we to accept the *Mirror's* logic, and conclude that the Sunday work helped to secure the victory?

Mrs. Helen Campbell, in an article in the *Standard*, tells us something about the sermon factory of Rev. Charles G. Ames: "There is in Boston a certain minister, the successor of the well-beloved James Freeman Clarke, and himself no less loved and honored, who owns now, at nearly seventy years of age, a hundred and more notebooks, full of the gleanings of these years. These are not only stray passages from books he has read as he paused in long walks for breathing time or as he journeyed by one conveyance and another from point to point in his wide-reaching parish. To those he has added thoughts of his own, grave or gay, the strange and sad, the wise and the foolish sayings of the people whose words he has caught. There they are, long rows,—of later years all of one size, a record of life, as it has passed, and the only diary he has kept. Friends are allowed to turn them over, and know what treasure of mirth, of wisdom, of genuine poetry, the closely written pages hold. 'That's my sermon factory,' the master says, when reproached for locking it all away. 'I can't turn a page without finding something that means fresh light on living; and, when I can't think out what I want, I just turn the leaves, and take the thing that appeals at the moment. I am coming to think that, if we talked less and wrote down more, we should understand life better.'"

Pro and Con.

THE APPROACHING NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

It can be very reasonably hoped—or more reasonably wished, perhaps—that many men from our churches, in addition to the many devoted and faithful women, may be sent as delegates or go voluntarily to this approaching National Conference; for the men generally need the influences that will be dominant there more than the women do, most of whom keep in close touch with their churches. Men are generally too exclusively engrossed with secular affairs, and not inclined to give much attention to religion, especially to personal religion, unless occasionally attracted to it by some distinguished men or great occasion. The local churches do not frequently enjoy much of their presence or their generously supporting influence. Admirable would it be, then, if a large number of them could be attracted to the various National Conferences, where they can hear distinguished speakers and feel their quickening, inspiring influence.

The last National Conference at Saratoga was represented by all in attendance to be a really great occasion, and it awakened a

general enthusiasm for "the religion of Jesus" that it was good to witness or to read about. Might not that be called a genuine "revival of religion,"—a revival on the part of some, and an original awakening on the part of others, not of sectarianism or any superstition, but of the true spirit as well as the faith of Jesus? None of the proverbial Unitarian coldness was manifest there; and, if any long frozen up music was taken there, it certainly got thawed out.

And so, again, without doubt, will it be the same at the Washington Conference. It will be another great occasion, with more representative men and women to speak with even more inspiring influence,—the Pentecostal promise again fulfilled, that the Spirit should be freely given to all, and "both sons and daughters prophesy." This seems to be the anticipation of the general secretary of the American Unitarian Association, "who is becoming a veteran in the service of the Conference," and tells us that "the coming Conference will be the largest and strongest ever held." This thought of many should be the hope and prayer of us all. The Conference should bring a genuine enthusiasm for God and humanity, and so in reality be a great religious awakening; and let us hope and pray that the Saratoga enthusiasm, reappearing at Washington, will not be spasmodic and local and evanescent, as is apt to be said of "revivals" generally, but that it will survive the great occasion, and diffuse itself through all our churches, making them churches of that Spirit that giveth life!

W. H. FISH, SR.

MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Since so much has been written about Japan that now everybody knows something about the habits of her people, is it not time for those good and zealous Christians who are supporting missionaries over here to look themselves over, and see whether they really are doing any good or not? The more we examine these "benighted heathen," and especially the more we compare them with Christians, the more we see that we are taking liberties with a people whose daily practices are far in advance of anything we know. The missionaries who are sent out here are generally well-meaning specimens of an uncultured class of society, who know nothing about the classics of China or Japan, who have read none of the books on Oriental religions. They do not attempt to familiarize themselves with Oriental customs, but with an overwhelming egotism set to work to demolish that which has been held noble and good for centuries. Their lack of culture makes an impassable gulf between them and the better classes in Japan; and their lack of morality (I use the word only in its highest sense) loses for them the confidence of the poor. In matters of filial conduct to the aged, of conscientious treatment of servants, of unpretentious and humble living, the missionary cannot represent to the Oriental mind a high standard of morality. The Japanese wonders why they ride in jinrikishas, and then forget to extend to the poor, perspiring human horse such consideration as he is wont to receive from his heathen patrons. He wonders why they dress so well and eat so much. He compares them with the officers of his own army, who in the late war persistently refused to eat better food than the rank and file ate. He wonders why we do not send them to Tammany Hall or the "Barbary Coast" of San Francisco. The family council, as provided by the civil code of Japan, deals with all questions of right conduct in family matters so successfully that at present no Western missionary can advance anything as a substitute. To be sure, that one old dogma about "coming to Jesus" is not in it; but the principles which Jesus taught are all there. There is missionary work to be done here, as there is all over this distracted earth; and, if our zealous friends in America are anxious to do so, let them send out some trained nurses, machinists, and young doctors to work among the poor, and the harvest will be great. For centuries Japan has advanced on psychic lines, to the exclusion of things material. If we could only trade some of our Yankee ingenuity for some of their morality, it would be good for both sides.

LU WHEAT.

Yokohama, Japan.

For the *Christian Register*.

AT DAWN OF DAY.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWES.

At dawn of day, when the morn is breaking,
And thought and hope in the heart are waking
Ere light and life have their perfect way,—
That is the time when the soul doth pray,—
At dawn of day.

The small birds twitter their tender lay,
Their full soft throats with their carol shaking.
The air is full of the scent of hay
Ripe and sweet for the morrow's raking
At dawn of day.

Like the hope of the soul is that moment gray
Mid the shadows misty and dim and quaking.
A troublous place of the earth they're making,
And our eyes strain after the coming ray.
Ah! when shadowy death is our life o'ertaking,
May it not be like the great awaking
At dawn of day!

AMONG THE UNITARIANS OF HUNGARY.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. LYON.

I.

"Many thanks for the loaf of good brown bread," wrote the dying Theodore Parker to Charlotte Cushman in Italy. "It is like the Lord's song in a strange land." I remembered this as I sat in the dining-room of the handsome Hotel Hungaria in Budapest, staring helplessly at a bill of fare in a language utterly disconnected from any tongue that common travellers know, and hearing conversation on all sides that had absolutely no meaning to my ears. For, when I was realizing that I was indeed in a "strange land," a waiter passed me with a plate of smoking green corn. He might call it what he would,—*kukurecz*, *török buza* (Turkish corn): it was green corn, and the smoke thereof was as the incense from my native altars. As the train sped along the great Hungarian plain, which had tempted so many inroads of barbarians in centuries gone,—a plain absolutely level from horizon to horizon, like an ocean,—on both sides stretched away great fields of the same grain. Here and there the blue succory smiled with its familiar face, the wild aster looked up with its timid greeting, and great yellow and black sunflowers nodded like old friends. White farm-houses, with tall trees bending over them, seemed to have followed from New England. The haystacks had changed from the slender piles around sharpened poles, which we had seen in the Tyrol, into substantial cones; and windmills, that might have rolled like bicycles from Rhode Island, waved their great arms across the fields to the homesick American.

In short, there is something in Hungary besides the common love of liberty which makes the American feel at home there; and, when I was met at the station in Kolozsvár by Prof. John Kovács, I forgot entirely, in the warmth of his welcome, that I was in so foreign a land. Prof. Kovács, who is so well remembered by American Unitarians as the eloquent and charming Transylvanian who came to the Saratoga Conference of 1882, and made us all love the Hungarian Unitarians through him, remembers that visit himself as one of the most happy experiences of his life, and is never tired of repaying to the Americans who visit his native land the hospitality which he then received. All through my visit he was my guide, interpreter, and herald. I soon found that the warmth of his welcome was the forerunner of the kindness of the entire Unitarian body, not, of course, to me personally; but to me as the representative of the American and English Unitarians. My visit had been suddenly planned; and there was time only to secure letters of introduction from Mr. Bowie, the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, who asked me to carry the greeting of the English Unitarians, and from Dr. Herford, while the authority of the directors of the American Unitarian Association to be one of their representatives to the anniversary meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association served as a letter of introduction from the other side of the ocean. The bearer of these documents received at once the accumulated cordiality which the Unitarians of Hungary hold to the credit of their brethren in other lands,—a cordiality so warm and so strongly and constantly expressed that I cannot go on with the story of it without warning the reader that the individual man disappears and the dele-

gate (so considered) takes his place, though it may often be necessary for him to speak in the first person.

I found that my hasty visit had happened at a most fortunate time. Not only was the quadrennial Synod to be held; but it was to be held in a Szekler village, where the life of the people could be seen unsophisticated and unlevelled by the common-places of a city. Besides this, a new and beautiful church was to be dedicated, and the *Jubilæum* of the loved bishop was to be celebrated.

First of all, however, the honors of Kolozsvár, the capital of Transylvanian Unitarianism, must be rendered to the delegate, who was entertained at dinner by the bishop, along with Profs. Kovács and Boros of the University, Rev. Messrs. Peterfi and Masea, pastors of the Unitarian church, and others. Mr. Peterfi, in an address of excellent English, bade the representative of their distant brethren welcome to the hospitality of the Unitarians of Hungary, and proposed a toast to their honor. The delegate answered as best he could, and so began a long series of public and private expressions of good will to the far-off fellow-believers.

Mr. Allen has so lately given a fresh and comprehensive account of the history of the Polish and Transylvanian Unitarianism in his "History of the Unitarians of America" that those who wish to know it in detail may be referred to that valuable book. But it will do no harm to recall here that the Unitarians of Transylvania or of Hungary, as they prefer to be called in the present enthusiastic national consciousness, numbering about one hundred and eight churches, with sixty-five thousand communicants, are the remains of a most remarkable and once promising Unitarian movement in the east of Europe in the later days of the Reformation. In Poland, then a proud and happy nation, the educated and the noble classes formed the main support of the three hundred Unitarian congregations; while in Transylvania, under the reign of John Sigismund, himself of the new faith, there were over four hundred churches. Francis David mounted a stone in the market-place of Kolozsvár, and so eloquently expounded the Unitarian faith that the entire city was converted,—a matter of great encouragement to our open-air preachers on Boston Common. But, when the Catholic reaction set in and the Jesuits began that insidious attack which proved so fatal to Protestantism in the south of Europe, the Lutherans so hated the Calvinists, and both so hated the Unitarians, that all three, fighting separately, were an easy prey to their united and fanatical enemy. In Poland not a church remains of the Unitarian name, and in Transylvania only one-fourth of the number that owned Francis David as bishop are left. This remnant has found its support, not among the nobles and the wealthy of the land, but mainly among the farmers of one province and of one race,—the Szeklers of Siebenbürgen, the most easterly part of the kingdom of Hungary.

It is a most singular fact that Unitarianism, which has been considered the faith of the educated and cultivated in other lands, and, as has been said, so began in Poland and Hungary, should have found at last its sole support among the Szeklers. For they are not even of Aryan descent, but of Turanian, cousins of the Turks, whom they have had to fight so often. When the dreaded Huns swept down upon the Roman empire in the fourth century A.D., under Attila, and rushed, panic-stricken, back again after their terrible defeat at Chalons in 434, one fragment remained among the hills of Transylvania. Here they were when the Huns came again in the ninth century, under the name of Magyars, and began the history of the Hungarian nation; and here they have been ever since, as the bulwark of Hungary and of Christendom against the Turks.

It was this singular race that received and kept the Unitarian faith when Polish scholars and Hungarian nobles surrendered it. Whether monotheism was in their blood, as it was in that of their cousins, the Turks, and of other Asiatic stocks, is a question that leads us too far back into the mists of prehistoric times to be answered; but the Szeklers have clung to it with such constancy and courage as to suggest some deep affinity. The story of their loyalty has no parallel in Unitarian annals, and ranks with that of the Waldenses.

There are few stories in religious history so thrilling as that of the villages of Bág-yon and St. Gerlitz, when the Catholics were taking forcible possession of the Unitarian churches of the land. They took advantage of the absence of the men from these places, and made a bold assault upon the sanctuaries. But the women rushed in and defended them through the windows and doors, and held them till masculine help arrived. In the brave but ill-fated revolution under Kossuth in 1848, the Szeklers showed their love of liberty afresh, though the Wallachs attacked them in the rear; and nothing was more thrilling in my visit than to clasp hands with some of "Kossuth's hussars,"—fine types of manhood, with the Hungarian costume, especially the long black coat, buttoned to the throat and crossed by loops of braid, or "frogs." It was hard to realize that the quiet and gentle farmers whom I met, or the courteous nobleman who sat at my side at one of the banquets, and could trace his pedigree far back through the centuries by his "documente," were the descendants of the wild and savage Huns whom Gibbon describes so vividly; but their whole history has shown that, when there was fighting to be done, especially for liberty, the spirit of Attila was very much alive in them. This indomitable constancy has been applied to religious liberty also, and to the defence of their Unitarian faith.

This natural loyalty has been preserved and economized by a very compact organization. Unitarianism elsewhere is individualistic: here it is socialistic. We in New England are Congregationalists of the Congregationalists; but the Unitarians of Hungary are essentially Presbyterians, though even more absolutely governed. The congregations have almost no independence. They are controlled by a body which they have no voice in electing. Their ministers are appointed by the bishop, from three candidates whom they present to him, though he usually takes the one who had the largest number of votes from the congregation. In certain circumstances his power of appointment is absolute. The Consistory also fixes, or may fix, the amount of the minister's salary. The separate congregations are governed each by a body called the "Inner Men," who are the pastor, schoolmaster, and certain laymen. The churches are grouped into districts; and the "Inner Men" of a district constitute the District Assembly, which elects the dean, or superintendent, and other officers, and manages the affairs of the district. Above these bodies stands the Consistorium, with about three hundred members,—a close corporation, filling its own vacancies or adding new members by the nomination of the deans or of the bishop. The Consistorium is the governing and legislative body of the church. Meeting once a year in Kolozsvár, it is the Ecclesiastical Council. Meeting every Sunday, except the first of the month, in the same city, it is the Representative Council, representing the church to the government. Meeting every four years with some district, it is the Synod, with power to ordain ministers and to elect the bishop and certain lay officers. The bishop is its executive officer, largely under its control nominally, but, if he is a man of power, capable of moulding its action to a large degree.

Of the eight districts, six entertain the Synod in pairs, the other two alone, so that there are five meetings in a series, covering twenty years. This year the Synod met in the little village of Bölön, not far from Kronstadt, in the south-western part of Siebenbürgen.

Leaving Kolozsvár in the very early morning, a ride of about eight hours brought us to the station of Apácz, where we were to alight. Here, to me at least, accustomed to the cooler manners of Western Unitarianism, there was a most delightful surprise. No sooner did the bishop show his face at the door of his car than a shout arose from a large crowd of men by the side of the train. At their head were Hungarian flags, and several ministers clad in trailing robes of black silk, faced with velvet. As the bishop approached them, the dean of one of the entertaining districts greeted him with a hearty address of welcome. The bishop replied with grace and fitness, as even one to whom the words were unintelligible could see by the effect upon his hearers. Then we were placed in open carriages drawn by four horses each, followed by a long line of other vehicles.

Fifty or sixty young men on horses took their places ahead, and we galloped and rolled along the road to Bölön. We could see the new Templum far ahead, shining fresh and white on the top of its hill. Along the road the peasants came to their gates or lined the fences, smiling or waving welcome to the good bishop. Soon we halted, however, at a little village, where children were singing the "Austrian National Hymn," and, on alighting, were received with another address of welcome, to which the bishop again replied. Meantime our carriages had been so loaded with bouquets and wreaths of flowers—roses, mignonette, zinnias, and others, all familiar to American eyes—that we could hardly find room for ourselves. Another drive, through clouds of dust and lanes of smiling people, brought us to the foot of the hill on which the church stands, and under a fine triumphal arch of flags and flowers. Here the dean of the other district made a third address of welcome; and then the pastor of the place, Rev. Salomon Csifó, welcomed the brethren of other lands in the person of the American. This was done in excellent English, but with a poetical fervor such as is seldom heard in English lands. Mr. Csifó is one of the many young men who have received the whole, or a part, of their theological education in England, and who, as pastors or professors, are doing admirable service to their people, and making all English-speaking guests feel doubly at home.

After this we were conveyed to our respective hosts. Prof. Kovács and myself, to my great pleasure, were assigned to one of the Szekler farmers, Mr. Uzon (or Uzon Ur, to be quite Hungarian), who, with his most cordial wife, showed us the true hospitality for which the Szeklers have always been famous, the Unitarian Szeklers especially. The Szeklers call a large "help" of anything at table a "Unitarian piece." My hostess apologized for serving me with Indian meal mush and milk at breakfast, as being peasants' food; and I had some difficulty in convincing her that I had been brought up on it. Theodore Parker's brown bread in Italy came again to my mind. Not less acceptable was the *paprikash* chicken, which came as a second course; i. e., chicken fricasseed in butter and the Hungarian scarlet pepper, or *papriká*. In all things and in all respects the Uzonis gave us always a real "Unitarian piece."

Kenilworth, England.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.*

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, ALABAMA.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Board of Directors, and Citizens:—

One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population, and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race, when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition which will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of the bottom, that a seat in Congress or the State legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill, that the political convention or stump-speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen the signal, "Water, water! we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back, "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water, send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you

* Delivered at opening of Atlanta Exposition, Sept. 18, 1895.

are"; and a third and fourth signal for water was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket; and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man who is their next-door neighbor, I would say, Cast down your bucket where you are. Cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded. Cast it down in agriculture, in mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And, in this connection, it is well to bear in mind that, whatever other sins the South may be called upon to bear, when it comes to business pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world; and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is that, in the great leap from slavery to freedom, we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life,—shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted, I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight million Negroes whose habits you know, whose loyalty and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast it down among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as you have been in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defence or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent. interest. These efforts will be twice blessed, "blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no escape, through law of man or God, from the inevitable:—

"The laws of changeless justice bind Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast."

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you pulling the load upward, or they will

pull against you the load downward. We shall constitute one-third and much more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third its intelligence and progress: we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding, every effort to advance the body politic.

Gentlemen of the Exposition, as we present to you our humble effort at an exhibition of our progress, you must not expect overmuch. Starting thirty years ago, with ownership here and there in a few quilts and pumpkins and chickens (gathered from miscellaneous sources), remember the path that has led us from these to the invention and production of agricultural implements, buggies, steam-engines, newspapers, books, statuary, carving, paintings, the management of drug stores and banks, has not been trodden without contact with thorns and thistles. While we take pride in what we exhibit as a result of our independent efforts, we do not for a moment forget that our part in this exhibit would fall far short of your expectations but for the constant help that has come to our educational life, not only from the Southern States, but especially from Northern philanthropists, who have made their gifts a constant stream of blessing and encouragement.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera house.

In conclusion, may I repeat that nothing in thirty years has given us more hope and encouragement and drawn us so near to you of the white race as the opportunity offered by this Exposition; and here, bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that, in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South, you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race. Only let this be constantly in mind: that, while from representations in these buildings of the products of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, letters, and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefit will be that higher good that, let us pray God, will come in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, and in a determination, even in the remotest corner, to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law, and a spirit that will tolerate nothing but the highest equity in the enforcement of law. This—this, coupled with our material prosperity—will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and new earth.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

WHAT IT THINKS OF MR. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS.

The speech of Prof. Booker T. Washington, president of the Negro Industrial School at Tuskegee, Ala., delivered in the opening exercises of the Atlanta Exposition, has attracted a great deal of attention, and deservedly so. Prof. Washington is a very intelligent man, and one who talks practical common sense. He appeared with the Citizens' Committee from the South before the Appropriation Committee of Congress in behalf of the Exposition appropriation, and his speech on that occasion attracted much attention. There is no nonsense or affectation about Booker Washington. In the very opening sentence of his speech he properly referred to his people as Negroes, and frankly gave tribute to the white men of the South as the Negro's best friend.—*The Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.*

The big hit which was made by Prof. Booker Washington in his speech at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition has raised general curiosity among the public to know something about this clear-headed Negro and his work. The average reader has noted the fact that he is at the head of

an industrial school for Negroes in the State of Alabama, but few know more than that. It will be a surprise to many to know the dimensions of the work which he has in hand.—*The Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.*

He delivered his address in clear and incisive voice, which was heard by every one in the hall. Almost every sentence was applauded, and his speech was a great hit all the way through. His opening assertion that the recognition of the Negro race by this Exposition would do more to secure the friendship of the two races than anything which has happened since the Negro was emancipated was received with demonstrations of profound approval by both white and colored.—*The News, Savannah, Ga.*

The hit of the day was made by Booker T. Washington, the representative of the Negro race, who in a twenty-minute speech evoked greater applause than all the others put together. He seemed to have the ear of the audience, and pleased both whites and colored. His speech is considered an augury of the future friendship of the races.—*The Register, Mobile, Ala.*

The programme presented the remarkable spectacle of ex-Gov. Rufus B. Bullock, elected chief executive of the State by Republican votes during the reconstruction period, and now a leading citizen of Atlanta and director of the Exposition, acting as master of ceremonies, introducing in succession to a Southern audience Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Woman's Board, and Booker T. Washington, the representative of the Negro race. This incident, coupled with the appearance of Negroes in carriages in the parade, and the presence of the Negro Building on the grounds, emphasized the recognition given to the race by this Exposition for the first time in the history of such enterprises.—*The American, Nashville, Tenn.*

Of all the speeches made at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition no one was more sensible and pertinent to the occasion than that of Booker T. Washington, the Negro president of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. In the course of a conservative, thoughtful address, full of wise and good counsel to his race, he told them that at the present time it was more important for members of his race that they should have an opportunity of earning a dollar in a factory than an opportunity of spending a dollar in an opera house. He covered the case, as every one South knows; and it is obvious to any one that it is the Negro's disinclination to acquire the training necessary to skilled labor that makes the majority mere ordinary from hand-to-mouth workers.—*The American, Nashville, Tenn.*

Some ultra-conservative people who have doubted the propriety of inviting a Negro to take a prominent part in the programme were enthusiastic in their praise of his speech, and it is generally conceded that its effect will be a happy one.—*The States, Columbia, S. C.*

Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, who delivered the address on behalf of the Negroes at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, is a Negro, proud of his race and an honor to it. His advice has always been in favor of harmony between the two races, and especially in favor of the betterment of his own race by the inculcation of habits of industry and economy.—*The Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

The change is one that augurs well for the future of the Negro and of the country. It means that the Republican party, abandoning the Negro as a political issue, will leave the South to solve in the best way it can one of the most serious problems ever imposed upon a people. We may be sure that, in the process of solving it, the Negro's right to vote will become sacred just as soon as he has a moral right to take a part in the government of the country.—*The Telegram, Macon, Ga.*

Among the speeches made at Atlanta on Wednesday last, on the occasion of the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, none produced a more pleasing impression than that delivered by Rev. Booker T. Washington, a prominent colored man, and principal of the Tuskegee Normal Institute, in turning over the exhibit of the colored people to the Exposition management. The address was most temperate, and calculated to throw considerable light, for the benefit of our Northern critics, upon the relations existing between the races in the South. Mr. Washington admits, and the justice of his admission will be generally recognized, that in the South the colored race has full opportunity to engage in all lucrative and paying occupations,—a privilege not generally extended to him in the North, where Southern intolerance is so commonly paraded and dilated upon. The great majority of honest and humane people will read with interest these remarks of a sensible colored man, who has grasped more completely than most educated men of his race the great and salient truths connected with the race problem in this section. Were such views as he has voiced at Atlanta placed before the people of his race, instead of the misleading mouthings of selfish politicians, the

race difficulty would be greatly simplified, and the working out of its solution would be robbed of much that is disagreeable and disheartening.—*The Picayune, New Orleans, La.*

In the most progressive and enterprising city of the South, in the midst of an assemblage composed largely of Southern people, a woman stood forth at the inauguration of a great industrial undertaking, and told of the share that women had taken in making it a success. It was not the first time, it is true, that such recognition had been accorded to women; but it was the first time that such a thing happened south of Mason and Dixon's line. It constituted the official concession of the South of the enlarged rights and privileges of the women of the land. Of equal, if not greater, significance was that part of the ceremonial which brought into the foreground the representative of the colored race. When Booker T. Washington stepped forward to address that vast assemblage, the respectful hearing accorded him testified the fact that the South has come to recognize and concede the fitness of the Negro as a citizen and as an agency in the moral and material progress of the country. It was a practical admission that the Negro is fit for other things than being a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. The masterly character of Mr. Washington's address, which has been generally pronounced the best effort of the day, is a legitimate source of pride to the race he represented. Time is the great leveller. It breaks down the barriers of prejudice, and under its influence the impossible of yesterday is the accomplished fact of to-day.—*The Times, Washington, D. C.*

It is surprising to see with what unanimity the press of [the country awards to Booker T. Washington, the representative of the colored people, the credit of having made the best speech at the opening exercises of the Atlanta Exposition. One reason of this may be that the speech was a surprise, because of the sentiments expressed by the orator and the excellent advice he gave to his race. The speech was an admirable one, and was heartily applauded all through its delivery. The South is willing to give the colored people a chance to show what they can do for themselves. In fact, she has given it to them. She has opened every profession, business, and occupation to them. If they fail, it will be because they lack the qualities necessary for success. They have the opportunity. It remains to be seen to what extent they will take advantage of it.—*The News, Savannah, Ga.*

Prof. Washington has shown himself an administrator of the first order; and we are not surprised that a man who could make such an astonishing success at the school at Tuskegee has been able to grasp the salient purposes in such industrial expositions as that at Atlanta, and present them in such order, with such force, and so eloquently as to surprise, instruct, and charm his audience.—*The Commercial, Louisville, Ky.*

While other men of his race have discoursed upon the right belonging to the colored people and the wrongs to which they have been subjected, Booker T. Washington has labored for the practical betterment and elevation of his people. As a moving spirit from the first in the establishment and maintenance of the Tuskegee Industrial School, he has held up the standard of practical, useful, available education for the colored people of Alabama, beginning with a handful of pupils, which has now increased to nine hundred attendants. He has sent out hundreds of working carpenters, blacksmiths, and other craftsmen; and so great has been the influence of these educated working people that the old one-room shanty, the old slave habitation in Alabama, is being supplanted by well-built cottages. Mr. Washington, laboring for his race, has deserved well of the country, and has vastly helped both races.—*The Star, Kansas City, Mo.*

When a Negro applies for work, it is not refused him in the South because he is a Negro. How is it at the North? In the South the Negro has as good opportunities for earning a support or accumulating property as the white man has. How is it at the North? Never yet have Negroes been driven from their homes in the South because they were trying to make an honest living. Never has a Southern State refused them protection in their legal rights. How is it at the North? Of course, the majority of the people of the North condemn the outrage recently perpetrated on the Negroes in Illinois. So do the majority of the white people condemn the lynchings that have sullied the honor of Southern States. Each section should seek to eradicate its own faults, and this will give both plenty to do.—*Jacksonville (Fla.), Times-Union.*

The address of Booker T. Washington, the representative of the Negro race, yesterday, has attracted the attention of all the country. Telegrams are pouring in from everywhere, and special correspondents have orders for articles as to Mr. Washington's history and life-work in education. The incident has called particular attention to

the display which is now being installed in the Negro Building. Enough of it is in place to show in a very attractive way what the race can do in the higher class of handicraft.—*The News, Savannah, Ga.*

In all respects it was the most remarkable address ever delivered by a colored man in America, for it was the first time that one of that race ever took so prominent a part in any great national or international affair not of a political character. The speech stamps Booker T. Washington as a wise counsellor and a safe leader. It was a very dignified and eloquent oration; and, if it could reach the hearts and touch the minds of the colored people, it would undoubtedly accomplish great good. And yet it was an address levelled at the whites. It will reach these, and will go far toward narrowing, if not solving, the great problem known as the Negro question. The Negro can only be advanced as he deserves to be advanced. While he may have temporary success as a politician in an abnormal period, he must surely find his proper level; and his proper level is that which he has won and must win by the work of his hands and brain.—*The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.*

We exaggerate nothing and deprecate nobody when we say that the most interesting and significant utterance made on the occasion of the opening of the Atlanta Exposition was made by Prof. Booker T. Washington, the principal of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Colored University. A great many speeches were made, and they received the attention and commendation they deserved; but none was so important as to its matter or so felicitous as to its style as the speech of Prof. Washington. A Negro himself, and speaking for the highest intelligence, the broadest thought, and the noblest purpose of his race in this country, Mr. Washington was the focus of an attention which no other orator received. What he said was so moderate, so sensible, so instinct with true patriotism, and withal so gracefully and so eloquently conveyed, that, as the New Orleans *States'* report of the occasion puts it, "he evoked greater applause than all the others put together." One such man as Booker T. Washington is worth a thousand of such noisy, contentious, and mischief-making charlatans as one hears in this city, exploiting their offensive vanity and agitating foolish remedies for fancied ills. He is doing noble and splendid work for both races. Both races may well be proud of him.—*The Post, Washington, D. C.*

Hon. Clark Howell, editor *Atlanta Constitution*, in an article in the *New York World*, September 19, said:—

To the Editor of the World:—

I do not exaggerate when I say that Prof. Booker T. Washington's address yesterday was one of the most notable speeches, both as to character and the warmth of its reception, ever delivered to a Southern audience. It was an epoch-making talk, and marks distinctly a turning-point in the progress of the Negro race; and its effect in bringing about a perfect understanding between the whites and blacks of the South will be immediate. The address was a revelation. It was the first time that a Negro orator had appeared on a similar occasion before a Southern audience.

The propriety of inviting a representative of the Negro race to participate in the opening exercises was fully discussed a month ago, when the opening programme was being arranged. Some opposition was manifested on account of the fear that public sentiment was not prepared for such an advanced step. The invitation, however, was extended by a vote of the board of directors; and the cordial greeting which the audience gave Washington's address shows that the board made no mistake. There was not a line in the address which would have been changed even by the most sensitive of those who thought the invitation to be imprudent. The whole speech is a platform on which the whites and blacks can stand, with full justice to each race.

The speech is a full vindication from the mouth of a representative Negro of the doctrine so eloquently advanced by Grady and those who have agreed with him that it is to the South that the Negro must turn for his best friend, and that his welfare is so closely identified with the progress of the white people of the South that each race is mutually dependent upon the other, and that the so-called "race problem" must be solved in the development of the natural relations growing out of the association between the whites and the blacks of the South.

The question of social equality is eliminated as a factor in the development of the problem; and the situation is aptly expressed by Washington in the statement that "in all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

The speech will do good, and the unanimous approval with which it has been received demonstrates the fact that it has already done good.

CLARK HOWELL,
Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

It was promised in last week's "Conference Notes" that the excursion rates to the Atlanta Exposition from Washington would be obtained and published in this issue of the *Register*. The secretary has received these; and they are as follows: The Pennsylvania Railroad offers a twenty-day excursion from Washington to the Atlanta Exposition, at \$19.25 a person, and at \$14 a person to parties of ten. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad offers an excursion ticket at \$14, good for twelve days, either all rail or by steamer from Washington to Norfolk, Va.

What with the Atlanta Exposition and the capital as sub-attractions, and this glorious October weather to make folk long to go on pilgrimages, there is every reason to believe that the attendance at Washington will be very large. Attention has already been drawn to the fact that many churches which last year were not represented at Saratoga have been among the first to appoint delegates to the coming Conference, which, owing to its place of meeting and to certain press arrangements that have been carefully made, will undoubtedly make itself felt all over the country as a most important and interesting religious convention.

Metzerott Music Hall,—so named for its proprietors,—where the Conference is to be held, has every accessory which Convention Hall at Saratoga lacked to make the oratory of the meetings a success. Its acoustic qualities are excellent, and there will be no reason why the speakers cannot say their wise and eloquent good things with every likelihood that they can be heard in all parts of the hall. This is a great desideratum to hearers as well as to speakers.

It is certain that no one will want to lose a word of the Thursday morning meeting, which is to be ushered in by a devotional service conducted by Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N. J. This will be the spiritual high-tide meeting of the whole Conference, as its topics, "The Holy Spirit," "Incarnation," "Atonement," and "Forgiveness," easily promise.

The only accredited delegate to the Conference from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association will be Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, who in the past has been so actively identified with our Unitarian work in this country. He returns to us with added honors and renown, as one of the foremost leaders in the recent "Forward Movement" in London. One has only to read Dr. Herford's recently published book of addresses to see how important was his contribution to this movement across the water, which has put new life into the Unitarian churches of London.

So many applications have been received for an extension of Washington round-trip Conference tickets, to take in Atlanta and the Exposition, that Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have now completed arrangements to this end. A personally conducted party will leave Washington, in Pullman vestibuled cars, Friday, October 25, at 11.15 A. M., reaching Atlanta Saturday at 6 A. M., and, returning, leaving Atlanta Tuesday, October 29, at 1 P. M. Headquarters at Atlanta will be the Kimball House; and price of round-trip tickets, all expenses included, Washington back to Washington, will be \$48. All holders of Raymond & Whitcomb tickets who wish to visit Atlanta independently can have their Washington tickets extended, and purchase round-trip tickets (transportation only), Washington back to Washington, for \$15.

Religious Intelligence.

(Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.)

IMPORTANT Sunday-school announcements will be found on the 9th page.

REV. BROOKE HERFORD is to preach in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, next Sunday, October 13, and on October 16 will give the "Dudleian Lecture," dealing with some aspects of the relation of Catholicism to liberalism.

PRISONERS' SUNDAY.—We call attention of ministers to the fact that the National Prison Chaplains' Association, at its recent meeting at Denver, respectfully ask all churches who can conveniently do so to observe the appointment, now of many years' standing in New York State, of the fourth Sunday in October, this year October 27, as "Prisoners' Sunday."

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The autumnal meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association will be omitted on account of the National Conference at Washington. Tickets to Washington and return, at reduced rates (the certificate plan), can be obtained at all the principal railroad stations in New Hampshire. Frank L. Phalen, Secretary.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Howard N. Brown, the new pastor, preached last Sunday morning, the church being opened for the first time since its renovation.

Second Church: Rev. Thomas Van Ness preached last Sunday on the subject of "Prayer."

In the Church of the Unity last Sunday Rev. M. J. Savage preached a discourse adapted to the season, entitled "Reaping-time."

Ministers' Monday Club: October 14, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Charles T. Canfield will preside. George W. Stone, Esq., treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, will confer with the ministers about finances. A full attendance is requested.

South Congregational Church: Owing to the severe sickness of Mrs. Hale and his son, Robert Beverly Hale, whose death is elsewhere reported, Dr. Hale was unable to occupy his pulpit last Sunday; and it was filled by Rev. C. C. Everett of Cambridge.

The Arlington Street Church has just issued a manual giving an account of the various organizations which are included in its activities, and a short but interesting account of the history of the church by Mr. Charles C. Smith. The new organ is completed; and with its fine choir, one of the best in the city, and Mr. Cuckson in the pulpit, the vesper services of this church, which are held every Sunday afternoon at 4 P.M., will undoubtedly be as popular as ever. Hereafter the chimes, instead of being rung in the old-fashioned way, will be played by the organist, Mr. Louis O. Thompson, the bells being connected by electricity with a key-board in the organ loft.

Christ Church, Dorchester: The Starr King Club, composed of the men of this parish, began the season with a most enthusiastic meeting last Thursday evening. The club has assumed the financial responsibility for the new parish paper and the insertion of the weekly press notices. At its next meeting the subject for discussion will be Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth versus Commonwealth." The Sunday-school shows a gratifying increase in numbers. A most enjoyable excursion was made to Lexington last Saturday afternoon. Under the helpful guidance of Rev. C. A. Staples the various points of historic interest were visited, and the early scenes of the Revolution were brought before the imagination far more vividly than is possible from simply reading the printed narrative.

CONCORD, MASS.—Rev. Loren B. Macdonald was installed as pastor of the First Parish Church October 3. The invocation was by Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, and Rev. Carlton A. Staples of Lexington read from the Scriptures. The sermon by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge dwelt on the need of a religion which enables men to stand alone, feeling that the will of God is sustaining them. The prayer of installation was made by Rev. Charles C. Everett, D.D., of Cambridge. He referred very touchingly to the late Rev. Grindall Reynolds, a former pastor, and also referred to Rev. Benjamin Bulkeley, who was the last settled pastor. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, who welcomed the new pastor to a town famous for its history and its great men, to a meeting-house of historic memories, to a succession of noble souls in the ministry, and to a faithful and loyal people. Rev. Edward A. Horton gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Thomas Van Ness the address to the people. The congregation then joined in singing the hymn, "One Holy Church of God appears"; and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, the newly installed pastor.

HUMBOLDT, IA.—The Unity Club here opened its sixteenth season on Sunday evening, the 29th ult. Heretofore they have been held on Friday evenings; but it is hoped that the change will serve the double purpose of valuable work for the club and providing appropriate Sunday evening services. The main work of the coming year will be the study of James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," alternating with the study of sociological subjects. An introductory paper given by Rev. Charles Graves was an able exposition of the mission and value of this branch of the church and the possibilities it opens.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.—A notable event in the history of the Unitarian North Church took place October 2, it being the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the society. The white church in which the exercises were held is the third which the society has occupied. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Francis O. Williams of Brookline, who was the pastor from 1850 to 1856. Scriptures were read by Rev. C. C. Vinal of Lebanon, N.H., who was pastor from 1857 to 1871. A hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. John Clifford of New York, pastor from 1871 to 1883, was sung. An address of welcome was delivered by Hon. Moses T. Stevens, after which Rev.

Charles Noyes, the present minister, delivered an historical address. The singing of a hymn written for the occasion by Rev. Hobart Clark of Plainfield, N.J., closed the morning exercises. Hon. Moses T. Stevens presided over the afternoon exercises; and addresses were made by Dr. William Everett of Quincy, Rev. S. C. Beane of Newburyport, Hollis R. Bailey of Boston, Rev. Mr. Shipman of Andover, Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Boston, Rev. Dr. Barnes of North Andover, Rev. Joseph Osgood of Cohasset, and A. P. Hegapioian of Constantinople.

ROXBURY, MASS.—All Souls' Church: The chimes of All Souls' rang merrily Sunday noon to warn the congregation within its walls that its pastor, Rev. William H. Lyon, had arrived, and would presently greet them in person after a long absence in Europe. The "Cephalonia" only landed him in time to join in the closing exercises; and he took the opportunity to express his own pleasure in meeting his people again, and to give in a rapid sketch an idea of the countries he had visited. Following the benediction, he was warmly greeted by all of the congregation, and then by the children of the Sunday-school in songs of welcome, among them an original ode written for the occasion, to which he very happily responded. The church and Sunday-school room were both beautifully decorated in anticipation of his arrival. Rev. Mr. Lyon and his family return in the best of health.

WAYLAND, MASS.—Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., preached in the Unitarian church to a large audience last Sunday. On Saturday evening Dr. Herford was tendered a reception at the residence of Mr. Theodore Bennet of Wayland.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—A full house greeted Rev. J. C. Jaynes last Sunday morning, and listened to one of his best sermons. On Monday evening a reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes in the parlors of the church, and again the warmth of feeling existing between pastor and people found expression.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—The ordination and installation of Rev. Alfred R. Hussey as pastor of the First Parish took place October 2. The seating capacity of the church was hardly sufficient to accommodate the large number present. Invocation was offered by Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Roslindale, and immediately following this the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. F. W. Merrick of West Roxbury. The sermon was preached by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham of New Bedford. The prayer of ordination was offered by Dean C. C. Everett of the Harvard Divinity School, and the welcome from the parish by Prof. Linus Faunce of West Roxbury. Rev. James De Normandie of Roxbury delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. E. A. Horton extended the right hand of fellowship. The charge to the people was given by Rev. Frank W. Pratt of Deerfield, and the benediction by the pastor.

UNITARIAN WOMEN'S DAY, ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—November 18 is the date assigned Unitarian women, and their meeting will be held in a fine and suitable hall in the Women's Building. Mrs. F. C. Swift, 82 Spring Street, Atlanta, a member of the Atlanta Unitarian church, has general charge of matters relating to the meeting; and all communications relative to it may be addressed to her. The meeting will be addressed by both Northern and Southern Unitarian women, and it is hoped that the occasion may be made worthy the opportunity here presented for reaching considerable numbers of people who are not informed as to our religious views. The space allotted Unitarians in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building is now ready, and is very attractive in white and yellow, with gold relief. The great Methodist church south has the space on one side and a Roman Catholic institution is its other next neighbor. C. I. C.

THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX (MASS.) CONFERENCE.—The eighty-ninth regular session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held on Tuesday, October 15, in the Unitarian church, Billerica. Order of exercises: 11 A.M., devotional service, conducted by Rev. Loren B. Macdonald of Concord. 11.30 A.M., reports of committees and miscellaneous business; address by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford of Waltham, on "What has the Higher Criticism done for the Bible?" 12.40 P.M., collection for current expenses of the conference. 12.45 P.M., box-lunch, the society at Billerica providing tea and coffee. 2 P.M., roll-call of the churches; discussion of the morning subject, opened by Rev. C. W. Heizer of Wayland. Train from Union Station, Boston, at 10 A.M.; return, 3.18, 5.58 P.M.

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—It is the custom of the League to hold the fall meeting, the first in the new year of work, in some of the country towns

about Worcester. This year a delightful meeting was held at Leicester on Thursday, the 3d of October, when about one hundred and twenty-five women gathered and listened to certain selected papers given during the last winter, at the meetings in Worcester. The following delegates were chosen to represent the League at the meeting of the National Alliance: Mrs. Calvin Stebbins, Mrs. A. B. R. Sprague, and Mrs. William S. Heywood. Mrs. Sarah Theo. Brown presented briefly the general outline and aim of Alliance work, after which a paper, written by Miss Williams of Northboro, on "Church-going in the Past, Church-going To-day, Church-going in the Future: Our own Individual Duty in Reference to Church-going," was read and discussed. Adjournment for luncheon came at one o'clock; and tables were spread in the adjoining Congregational church parlors, which had courteously been opened to entertain the guests. In the afternoon the following papers were read: "The Red Cross Movement in this Country and Abroad: Clara Barton's Connection with It," by Mrs. William S. Heywood of Sterling; "Sketch of the Life of Lucy Larcom," by Mrs. William F. Abbott of Worcester; "How shall we fortify Boys against the Temptations of College and Business Life?" by Miss Julia F. Darling of Mendon. Discussion followed all the papers, and at four o'clock the exercises closed with singing.

ESSEX CONFERENCE.—The hospitality of the Unitarian parish at Marblehead was put to the test by the great company which attended the annual meeting of the Essex Conference on Thursday, October 3. The parish responded nobly, and gave a royal welcome and generous entertainment to the three hundred and fifty persons in attendance. Never before in the history of the conference were there so many ministers present from outside the churches represented as were at this session; and the whole discussion of Rev. E. A. Horton's brilliant and inspiring address on "The Relation of the Young People to the Religious Life of our Churches" was given over to them. Rev. Brooke Herford gave the brightness and cheer of his presence, and spoke a hearty word of inspiration and encouragement. Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont., and Dr. Osgood of Cohasset also spoke. After the collation Mr. George W. Stone spoke of "The Saratoga Conference, and its Influence on our Future Work,"—a strong word, which received hearty response from Rev. A. Walkley of Brighton, Rev. Mr. Tricky of Danvers, and several members of the conference. After six years of excellent service as president of the conference, Hon. E. P. Dodge of Newburyport declined to serve longer in that office; and a heartfelt vote of thanks for his long and faithful service was passed. A committee was appointed to prepare resolutions on the death of Rev. E. B. Willson, and will report at the next session. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D.; vice-president, Hon. Stephen H. Phillips; secretary and treasurer, Rev. Alfred Manchester; directors, Mr. Stephen Hathaway of Marblehead, Miss Lucy Cleveland of Salem, Mrs. Allan Rogers of Gloucester, Mr. Edward Giddings of Beverly.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of this conference, held in All Souls' Church, Greenfield, Mass., October 2 and 3, was marked by a very large attendance, delightful weather, and inspiring exercises. The session opened on Wednesday evening with a sermon by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, founded on the reply of Jesus to the man who asked his arbitration in the matter of a dispute with his brother concerning property (Luke xii. 13-15). The sermon set forth the power of high principles in the solution of all human disputes and entanglements. Jesus would not decide between the brothers, but he would announce a principle which would render such disputes impossible. This is the essence of what the Church has to offer men,—an awakening of the higher moral sense, the gospel of unselfishness, issuing in the best manhood and the greatest peace. The sermon gave great pleasure to an audience completely filling the beautiful church. On Thursday the exercises began at 10.15. After some preliminary business the theme for discussion, "How to reach our Young People," was taken up. The speakers by appointment were Rev. A. A. Brooks of Greenfield, Rev. George W. Piper of Northfield, Rev. Bradley Gilman of Springfield, Rev. F. A. Hinckley of Florence, and Rev. J. W. Carney of Holyoke. This was followed by the chief address of the forenoon session, delivered by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, who spoke eloquently on "The National Outlook of the Unitarian Church." He greatly delighted all who heard him by the promise and hope he discovered in the outlook.

At 12.30 the conference was invited to a collation spread in the lower rooms of the building by the ladies of All Souls' Church. The tables were beautifully laid, with profuse decorations of flowers; and the viands

were tastefully served. At two o'clock the conference reassembled to listen to a most able and scholarly address by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke of Newton, on "Reward and Punishment." It was such an address as forbids the reporter to meddle. The conference adjourned at 3.30 o'clock, and immediately thereafter a meeting of the Franklin County Branch of the Women's National Alliance was held in the same place. At this meeting the speakers were Mrs. George Dennison of Springfield, Mrs. Charles B. Peabody of Philadelphia, Mrs. Fayette Smith of Cleveland, and Mrs. Bradley of Boston.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ANDOVER, NORTH—North Parish Church and Society: Rev. Charles Noyes, Hon. Moses T. Stevens, Mrs. John Elliot.
BOSTON—New South Church: F. E. Bartley, Mrs. J. H. Wiggins, Mrs. F. R. Tibbets. Alternates: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitcomb, Mrs. M. E. Sparhawk.
Second Church: Charles D. Holmes, Mrs. Francis H. Brown.

South Congregational Church: Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., George O. Carpenter, Mrs. William Howell Reed. Alternates: Mrs. J. W. Andrews, Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper.
(Brighton)—First Parish: Rev. Albert Walkley, Miss M. O. Pierce, Miss Georgia D. Livermore.
(Charlestown)—Harvard Church: Rev. C. C. Carpenter, Ernest C. Marshall, Miss Elizabeth Hurd.
(Dorchester)—First Parish: Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, J. Homer Pierce, Miss Jennie G. Moseley. Alternates: Henry F. Howe, Geo. C. Burgess.
(Dorchester)—Norfolk Unitarian Church: Rev. William H. Branigan, Samuel H. Babcock, Horace S. Fowle.
(Jamaica Plain)—First Congregational Society: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Mrs. A. Davis Weld, Miss Alice G. Morse.
(Neponset)—Church of the Unity: Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, Laban Pratt, Mrs. John W. Porter.
(Roslindale)—Unitarian Church of Roslindale: Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Miss Mary Hastings, Miss Clara Webb.
BELMONT—Congregational Society: Rev. Hilary Bygrave, J. V. Fletcher, I. H. Locke. Alternates: Miss Anne Learned, Miss Maria Livermore.
BERLIN—First Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Pratt, Hon. William Bassett.
BERNARDSTON—Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Francis W. Holden, Mrs. Hattie Brown, Miss Maria Sanderson.
BEVERLY—First Parish: Mr. and Mrs. James Marsters.

BRIDGEWATER—First Parish Church: Rev. Chas. A. Allen, H. M. Blackstone, Miss Martha Keith.
BROOKFIELD—First Congregational Church: Rev. William L. Walsh, Henry B. Crosby, Mrs. J. W. Livermore. Alternates: Mrs. H. L. Butterworth, Mrs. H. P. Gerald.

CAMBRIDGE—First Parish: Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, D.D., Mrs. C. S. Gage.
CLINTON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. James C. Duncan, Mrs. Harriet A. Harris, Mrs. Christopher C. Stone.

DANVERS—Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. Eugene De Normandie, Mr. and Mrs. John Lummus.
FALL RIVER—Unitarian Society: Rev. Arthur May Knapp, Mrs. James M. Morton, Mrs. William R. Warner.

FITCHBURG—First Parish: Rev. Walter F. Greenman, J. F. D. Garfield, Mrs. Effie M. F. Hartwell.
FLORENCE—Free Congregational Society: Rev. F. A. Hinckley, Henry B. Haven, L. F. S. Plimpton.
FRAMINGHAM—First Church: Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Thos. C. Porter, Abby S. Perry.
GARDNER—First Unitarian Society: Rev. William Channing Brown, John Sawin, William Soule.
GLOUCESTER—First Parish: Rev. L. W. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Davis.

HARVARD—First Congregational Parish: Rev. J. P. Sheafe, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fairbank.
HUBBARDSTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. William Channing Brown, William Wheeler, Miss Clark.
LEXINGTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. Carlton A. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. George O. Davis.

LEXINGTON, EAST—Follen Church: Rev. George W. Cook, Edward T. Harrington, Alfred Pierce.
LYNN—Second Congregational Society: Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, Chas. B. Tenbets, Chas. H. Newhall.
MENDON—First Parish: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. George.

MIDDLEBORO—First Unitarian Society: J. Foster Tucker, Alice E. S. Eaton, Adeline V. Wood.
MONTAGUE—Second Congregational Society: Mrs. G. A. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bardwell.
NEW BEDFORD—First Religious Society: Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., Henry B. Little, Dr. John F. Young.
NORWELL—First Parish: Rev. T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Torrey.

PEABODY—First Unitarian Church: Rev. J. W. Hudson, Nathaniel Symonds, Charles S. Osgood.
QUINCY—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. C. Butler, Mrs. George Keyes, Franklin Faxon. Alternates: Mrs. Franklin Faxon.

RANDOLPH—Church of the Unity: Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, Mrs. Peter C. Wales, Mrs. Walter Howard. Alternates: Mr. William Porter, Mrs. Ephraim Belcher.
SCITUATE—First Parish: Rev. and Mrs. Watson Weed, George O. Allen.

TAUNTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. John P. Forbes, Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Paige. Alternates: Miss Fanny Townsend, Mrs. Henry D. Atwood.
WESTBORO—First Congregational Society: Rev. J. H. Weeks, John L. Brigham, Mrs. I. T. Swift. Alternates: Mrs. J. L. Brigham.

WINCHESTER—Winchester Unitarian Society: Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield, S. W. Twombly, G. P. Brown.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., Charles M. Gorham.

CONNECTICUT.

BROOKLYN—First Ecclesiastical Society: Rev. and Mrs. James E. Locke, Charles G. Williams.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON—All Souls' Church: Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Henry F. Blount.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—First Unitarian Society: Rev. W. W. Fenn, Hon. D. L. Shorey, Mrs. Beecher. Alternates: Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Follansbee.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—First Independent Christ Church: Rev. Charles R. Weld, Hon. Enoch Pratt, Judge Thomas J. Morris. Alternates: Mrs. M. N. Perry, Miss Easton.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Newton M. Mann, William Wallace, Thomas Kilpatrick.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EXETER—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Alfred C. Nickerson, Miss Mary E. Hartwell, Miss Annabel Warren. Alternates: Miss Alice Chesley, Miss Annie Shute.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN—Second Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. John W. Chadwick, Henry W. Maxwell, Sylvester Swain. Alternates: Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Wing.

NEW YORK—Church of the Messiah: Rev. Robert Collyer, Gardner I. Colton, Wm. T. Salter. Alternate: Mrs. Joseph P. Hale.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Joseph May, Miss Elizabeth Bradford, Enoch Lewis. Alternates: Miss E. C. Egne, Frank R. Tobey.

Unitarian Society of Germantown: Rev. James C. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Clark. Alternates: Mrs. John P. Hsley, Mrs. H. L. Deacon.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT—Channing Memorial Church: Rev. George W. Cutter, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens. PROVIDENCE—First Congregational Society: Rev. Augustus M. Lord, Augustus R. Peirce, Mrs. Sydney R. Burleigh.

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. J. H. Acton, D.D., Joseph Shippen, Mrs. J. H. Allen.

ASSOCIATIONS.

CHANNING CLUB OF BOSTON: Frank B. Thayer, Horace S. Sears, George Hutchison. CHILDREN'S MISSION TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESERT: BOSTON: William H. Baldwin, Clarence W. Jones, Dr. J. Foster Bush. MINISTERS' LEAGUE FOR PRACTICAL WORK: Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. E. C. Headie, Rev. Pitt Dillingham. NATIONAL BUREAU OF UNITY CLUBS: Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. George W. Cooke, Rev. W. H. Savage. NEW HAMPSHIRE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION: Gen. George T. Crutt, Hon. Henry M. Baker, Col. Charles C. Danforth. NORFOLK AND MIDDLESEX MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION: Rev. Solon W. Bush. NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE: J. A. Harwood, Littleton: Thomas H. Elliot, Lowell. SUFFOLK CONFERENCE: Rev. C. R. Elliot, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Reuben Peterson. UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY: Rev. Edward A. Horton, Richard C. Humphreys, Edwin J. Lewis, Jr. UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY: Rev. C. R. Elliot, Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Mrs. M. F. W. Homer. WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN: Miss Augusta F. Taft, Mrs. Mary S. Rugg, Mrs. James B. Stone.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Contributions having been received from the churches or Sunday Schools of the following places during the past fiscal year, they are entitled to delegate representation at the Annual Meeting at Providence, R.I., October 16 and 17.

Should any errors or omissions be discovered, or any society fail to receive its notices and blank credentials, please report at once:

Alton, Ill., First Unitarian Church. Andover, N.H., Congregational Unitarian Society. Andover, No., Mass., North Parish Church and Soc'y. Arlington, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Ashby, Mass., First Parish. Athol, Mass., First Congregational Church. Second Unitarian Society. Ayer, Mass., First Unitarian Parish.

Baltimore, Md., First Independent Church. Bangor, Me., Independent Congregational Society. Baraboo, Wis., Free Congregational Society. Barnstable, Mass., Cong'l Church in East Precinct. Barre, Mass., First Parish. Bath, N.H., Independent Christian Society. Belmont, Mass., Congregational Society. Berlin, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Bernardston, Mass., Cong'l Unitarian Society. Beverly, Mass., First Parish. Billerica, Mass., First Congregational Society. Bolton, Mass., First Congregational Church. Boston, Mass.:

First Parish of Dorchester. First Church in Boston. First Religious Society in Roxbury. Second Church in Boston. First Parish, West Roxbury. Arlington-Street Church. First Congregational Society, Jamaica Plain. Third Religious Society in Dorchester. Harvard Church, Charlestown. Hawes Unitarian Church, South Boston. South Congregational Church. Barnard Memorial. Church of the Disciples. Church of Our Father, East Boston. All Souls' Unitarian Church, Roxbury. Christ Church, Harrison Square. Church of the Unity (Neponset). Church of the Unity (Neponset). New South Church. Norfolk Unitarian Church, Dorchester. Unitarian Church of Roslindale.

Brewster, Mass., First Parish. Bridgewater, East, Mass., First Parish. Brockton, Mass., Unity Church. Brookline, Mass., First Parish. Brooklyn, Conn., First Ecclesiastical Society. Brooklyn, N.Y., First Unitarian Cong'l Society. Third Unitarian Congregational Society. Buffalo, N.Y., First Cong'l Unitarian Society. Burlington, Vt., First Congregational Church.

Cambridge, Mass., Third Congregational Church. Canton, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Charlestown, S.C., Unitarian Church. Charlestown, N.H., South Parish. Chelmsford, Mass., First Congregational Society. Chelsea, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Chicopee, Mass., First Unitarian Church. Clinton, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Cohasset, Mass., First Parish. Concord, Mass., First Parish. Concord, N.H., Second Congregational Society. Sunday-School Association.

Dedham, Mass., First Parish. Dedham, West, Mass., Third Parish. Duluth, Minn., First Unitarian Church. Duxbury, Mass., First Parish.

Easton, North, Mass., Unity Church. Eastport, Me., First Congregational Society. Exeter, N.H., First Unitarian Society.

Fairhaven, Mass., Washington-St. Christian Church. Farmington, Me., The Liberal Christian Association. Fitchburg, Mass., First Parish. Framingham, Mass., First Church.

Gardner, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Greenfield, Mass., Third Congregational Society.

Hamilton, Can., First Unitarian Church. Hartford, Conn., First Unitarian Cong'l Society. Harvard, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Haverhill, Mass., First Parish. Helena, Mont., First Unitarian Society. Hingham, Mass., First Parish. Holyoke, Mass., Liberal Christian Cong'l Society. Hopedale, Mass., The Hopedale Parish. Hudson, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Hyde Park, Mass., First Unitarian Society.

Kennebunk, Me., First Congregational Parish.

Laconia, N.H., First Unitarian Society. Lancaster, Mass., First Congregational Society. Lawrence, Kan., First Unitarian Society. Lawrence, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Lebanon, N.H., First Cong'l Unitarian Society. Leicester, Mass., Second Congregational Society. Lexington, Mass., First Congregational Society. Lexington, East, Mass., The Follen Church. Littleton, Mass., First Congregational Society. Louisville, Ky., Church of the Messiah. Lynn, Mass., Second Congregational Society.

McMillin, Wash., First Unitarian Church. Madison, Wis., First Unitarian Society. Manchester, N.H., First Unitarian Society. Marlboro, Mass., Second Parish.

Marshfield, Mass., Grace Chapel. Medford, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Medford, Mass., First Parish. Melrose, Mass., Congregational Unitarian Society. Menomonic, Wis., Unitarian Society. Milford, N.H., First Unitarian Society. Millbury, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Milton, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Milwaukee, Wis., First Unitarian Society. Montpelier, Vt., Church of the Messiah.

Nashua, N.H., First Congregational Society. Natick, South, Mass., First Unitarian Parish. Needham, Mass., First Congregational Society. Newport, R.I., Channing Memorial Church. Newton, Mass., Channing Religious Society. Newton Centre, Mass., Unitarian Society. Newton, West, Mass., First Unitarian Society. New York, N.Y., Church of All Souls. Church of the Messiah. Norton, Mass., Congregational Parish. Norwell, Mass., First Parish.

Oakland, Cal., First Unitarian Church. Orange, N.J., First Unitarian Church.

Passaic, N.J., The Unitarian Society. Peabody, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Pembroke, Mass., First Church. Pepperell, Mass., First Parish. Peterboro, N.H., The Congregational Church. Petersham, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Philadelphia, Pa., First Unitarian Church. Spring Garden Unitarian Society. Pittsburg, Pa., First Unitarian Church. Plymouth, Mass., First Parish. Portland, Me., First Parish. Portland, Ore., First Unitarian Society. Portsmouth, N.H., South Parish. Providence, R.I., First Congregational Church. Westminster Congregational Society. Olney-Street Congregational Society.

Randolph, Mass., Church of the Unity. Reading, Mass., Christian Union Church. Revere, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Rochester, N.Y., First Unitarian Cong'l Society. Rockland, Mass., Unitarian Society.

Saco, Me., The Second Parish. Salem, Mass., The First Congregational Society. Independent Congregational Church. San Francisco, Cal., First Unitarian Society. Second Unitarian Society. Santa Ana, Cal., Unity Church. Santa Barbara, Cal., First Unitarian Society. Scituate, Mass., First Parish. Sharon, Mass., First Congregational Society. Sherborn, Mass., First Congregational Church. Somerville, Mass., Second Unitarian Society. Springfield, Mass., Third Congregational Society. Sterling, Mass., First Congregational Society. Stow, Mass., First Parish. Syracuse, N.Y., Unitarian Congregational Church.

Taunton, Mass., First Congregational Society. Templeton, Mass., First Parish. Turner's Falls, Mass., Unitarian Society. Tyngsboro, Mass., First Parish.

Upton, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Uxbridge, Mass., First Congregational Society.

Walpole, Mass., First Congregational Society. Waltham, Mass., First Parish. Watertown, Mass., First Congregational Society. Wellesley Hills, Mass., Unitarian Society. Westford, Mass., First Congregational Parish. Weston, Mass., First Parish. Whitman, Mass., First Unitarian Society. Wilmington, Del., First Unitarian Society. Winchendon, Mass., Church of the Unity. Winthrop, Mass., The Unitarian Association. Woburn, Mass., First Unitarian Parish. Wollaston, Mass., Unitarian Society. Worcester, Mass., The Second Parish. South Unitarian Congregational Society.

Yarmouth, Me., The Central Church. Yonkers, N.Y., First Unitarian Cong'l Society.

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Treas.

Business Notices.

Not only does the Miller Lamp contain the latest improvements as regards wicking and lighting, but its beauty of design makes it an ornament to the home.

Winter Tours across the Continent.—Persons expecting to visit the Pacific Coast the coming season will be interested in Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's announcement of their annual series of delightful winter tours to California. Every advantage that trains of superb Pullman palace vestibuled sleeping and dining cars can afford will be enjoyed by the members of these parties. The tickets give the travellers entire freedom, insure reduced hotel rates, provide for numerous side trips to points of special interest, and may be used returning independently at any time or with any one of ten parties having special escort, with a choice of three routes. The first date of departure from Boston is October 22, and the second November 19. A descriptive pamphlet will be mailed to any address by Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston.

Over One Hundred.—It is hard to realize that in a single furniture warehouse in this city there are now on exhibition over a hundred different wood mantels, fully erected and complete in every detail. It is still more remarkable that the establishment making this display is not a wholesale house or a firm devoting its entire attention to this one line of cabinet work, but the Paine Furniture Company, whose attention to this one branch of their business has developed it to astonishing proportions.

Christmas at Bethlehem.—On the first Christmas Day Bethlehem was visited by wise men from the East. Next Christmas the city of David will be visited by wise men from the West, a party of tourists having determined to spend Christmastide at that place, the scene of those momentous events that have made Bethlehem of Judea a familiar name through the whole world. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, are invited to participate. Of course, other places of interest in the East will be visited, among others Athens, Damascus, Jerusalem, and many places in the Holy Land connected with the sacred story, Cairo, the city of the "Arabian Nights," the Riviera, Paris, London, etc. A little illustrated pamphlet, containing information regarding the details of this tour, or Pilgrimage, as it may be termed, can be obtained, post free, from Thos. Cook & Son, 261 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world-wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In West Newton, 5th inst., Mrs. Harriet A. Pitts, widow of Lemuel Pitts, 75 yrs. 7 mos. In Denver, Col., 1st inst., Benj. F. Smith, son of the late Benj. F. Smith, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and formerly of Worcester, Mass.

Marriages.

In Athol, 2d inst., by Rev. Carl G. Horst, Frederick G. Livingston and Mary G. Lawrence, both of Athol. In Dorchester, 2d inst., by Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, Charles S. Long and Maude Fletcher, both of Dorchester. In Middleboro, 1st inst., by Rev. W. C. Litchfield, Addison E. Taylor, of Gardner, and Fannie T. Litchfield, daughter of the officiating minister. In Neponset, 2d inst., at the Church of the Unity, by Rev. George Herbert Hoamer, Ellis Hollingsworth and Elsie M. Littlefield, both of Boston.

Religious Notices.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

ANNUAL MEETING

—AT—

Providence, R.I., Oct. 16 and 17, 1895.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Wednesday, October 16. In the Westminster Church, Mathewson Street (Rev. HERBERT H. MOTT, pastor).

7.45 P.M. Platform meeting, with three addresses:— Rev. W. HANSON PULSFORD, Waltham, Mass. Subject, "Sunday-School Instruction and the New Criticism."

Rev. THOMAS VAN NESS, Second Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "Organization in Sunday Schools."

Rev. JOHN CUCKSON, Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "The Relations of the Home to the Sunday School."

Thursday, October 17. In the First Congregational Church, Benefit and Benevolent Streets (Rev. AUGUSTUS M. LORD, pastor).

FORENOON.

9.00-9.45 A.M. Devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. FRANCIS B. HORN BROOKE, Newton, Mass.

9.45-10.00 A.M. Opening of the Business Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

10.00-10.20 A.M. Reading of Directors' Annual Report.

10.20-11.00 A.M. Discussion of Directors' Report, Election of Officers, and miscellaneous business.

11.00-11.25 A.M. Address by Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D., London, England. Subject, "The Minister and the Sunday School."

11.25-11.50 A.M. Address by Mrs. SETH C. BEACH, Bangor, Me. Subject, "Women and the Sunday School."

11.50-12.15 P.M. Address by Mr. CHARLES N. GOODRICH, Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-School Superintendents' Union of Boston and vicinity. Subject, "Main Lines of Work in Congregational Sunday Schools."

12.15-12.45 P.M. General Discussion and Remarks. Speeches limited to five minutes each.

12.45-2.00 P.M. Intermission and Collation.

AFTERNOON.

2.00-2.30 P.M. Opening of afternoon session, transaction of unfinished business, and other matters.

2.30-3.30 P.M. Three Twenty-minute Addresses:—

1. Rev. JAMES DE NORMANDIE, Roxbury, Mass. Subject, "Bible Teaching as Illustrated by the Book of Jonah."

2. Rev. S. H. ROBLIN, Pastor of Second Universalist Church, Boston, Mass. Subject, "The Place and Function of Sunday Schools in Church Life."

3. Rev. CHARLES F. DOLE, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Subject, "The Value of Catechisms in Modern Sunday-School Training."

3.30-4.00 P.M. General Discussion and Remarks. Speeches limited to five minutes each.

4.00 P.M. Adjournment.

Those in attendance at this Annual Meeting are entertained by the following five churches and their pastors: First Congregational Church, Rev. A. M. Lord, pastor. Westminster Congregational Society, Rev. Herbert H. Mott, pastor.

Olney-Street Congregational Society, Rev. William F. Furman, pastor.

Bell-Street Chapel, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, pastor. Fourth Unitarian Society, Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland, pastor.

By request of our Providence friends the hospitality of the Parishes is offered for the night of Wednesday, October 16, to all individuals who may wish to attend the sessions of this occasion, as well as to life members, delegate members from contributing churches or schools, and to pastors of said churches and schools.

Those in attendance are requested to report, on arrival, at the Westminster Church, Mathewson Street.

Churches and Sunday Schools that have contributed to the funds of this Society during the past fiscal year are entitled to three delegate members, either from the Society or from the Sunday School. These delegates are members of the Society for one year from Oct. 1, 1895, with all the voting powers and usual privileges of such membership; and they will be furnished with cards, which must be filled out and returned on Thursday forenoon, October 17, as credentials. All persons in attendance, not delegates or life members, have full privileges in the exercises except the right of discussing business and of voting.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

The special attention of those wishing to avail themselves of the Providence hospitality on Wednesday evening is called to the following directions:—

1. To send their names as soon as possible, and in no case later than Monday, October 14, addressed, Secretary of Unitarian Sunday-School Conference, Providence R.I.

2. To put the proper prefix of Mr., Mrs., or Miss to their names.

Information as to Trains and Fares.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company (Old Colony System) has placed round-trip tickets, reduced rates, for sale at the following stations, good going October 15 to 17 inclusive, and returning until October 18 inclusive:—

Boston.....	\$1.35	Concord Junction....	\$1.65
Canton Junction.....	1.00	Fall River.....	.80
Worcester.....	1.35	Plymouth.....	1.50
Brockton.....	1.45	Middleboro.....	1.00
North Easton.....	1.10	Taunton.....	.92
Yarmouth.....	2.25	Cohasset.....	1.85
Fitchburg.....	2.30	Clinton.....	1.80
Framingham.....	1.25	New Bedford.....	1.30
Lowell.....	2.10	Newport.....	1.15

The winter schedule of trains does not go into effect until October 15. Delegates can consult official time tables for the desired information.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

OF

Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.,

October 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Messrs. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB have arranged for the accommodation of delegates and others who may wish to attend the National Conference an Attractive Series of Excursions at Very Low Rates.

Parties will leave BOSTON Friday, October 18, and Monday, October 21, under special escort. A choice of routes by boat and rail.

Additional excursions to Gettysburg, Old Point Comfort, etc.

SPECIAL TRIP TO ATLANTA,

leaving Washington after the close of the Conference, and reaching Boston October 31.

Send for special circular.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston.

Unitarian Excursion

—TO—

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A party will leave Boston on Friday, October 18, returning Friday, October 25, using Hotel Vendome on Penn. Ave.

Drive of three hours through residential part of the city and to Arlington Heights.

Trip to Mt. Vernon.

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SONNET.

I think the immortal servants of mankind,
Who from their graves watch by how slow degrees
The World-Soul greathens with the centuries,
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind,—
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.

O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great,
All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse;
The world for you held purport. Life ye wore
Proudly, as kings their solemn robes of state,
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use.

—William Watson, in the Spectator.

The Pulpit.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.*

BY REV. W. F. SLOCUM.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—ROM. xiii. 10.

This is a definition of love, and not of law. It is love, or charity, defined in terms of law, or justice. The word which is here translated "love" is elsewhere rendered "charity"; and, if the true meaning of "charity" is kept in mind, "charity" is the better translation. The fulfilling of the law is the realization of justice. So that we can render the passage, for the convenience of our thought, charity is the realization of justice. This is the theme of our discourse. It is important that we should come at the outset to some common agreement in regard to the words that we are to use. First of all, we must not consider this word "charity" in any narrow or restricted sense.

Dole-giving and charity are not synonymous terms. Almsgiving may be an expression of charity; and, again, it may be farthest removed from true charity. Whatever helps another in his higher nature is charity: whatever injures him is not charity, whatever name we may give to it.

No better illustration of true charity can be found than that of the apostle, as he stood at the Gate Beautiful, looking into the face of the pauper cripple, and said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up." In other words, he made a self-respecting man of him, giving him power to bear his share of life's burdens. Charity is that passion or state of mind which leads one to help another, and to delight in helping him. By a peculiarity of language, we have come to call the act which is the expression of this passion or feeling by the same word, "charity." That is, the act of ministration is called charity, as well as the feeling which prompts it. In other words, the expression has a subjective and an objective meaning; but, primarily, it refers to the feeling of the soul itself, and that feeling or state is the desire really to help another.

Justice is fairness. It is a moral and mental quality which makes men fair or just. He who takes more than his share is unjust: he who wrongs another is unjust.

The profoundest and most satisfactory definition of justice is, "Justice is complete virtue displayed toward others." Justice is that within the soul which leads one to act rightly toward another. Both of these human passions, charity and justice, are positive, and not negative. They lead the human heart to go out toward another. They produce action: they rule and guide human life.

It remains now for us to see in what sense charity is justice, to discover if the act of charity is the act of justice. If this should prove true, we shall have learned a very practical lesson, and one which will take much of the confusion out of our problems, and also help to drive sentimentalism out of the administration of charity. There is no doubt that many good people are confused when they meet the problems that are forced upon society by the existence of our dependent and penal classes, and that many others are persisting in saying and doing things that are harmful to society and the State.

Our problems are difficult enough without the added loss of effective force for their solution arising from false opinions and the confusion of fallacious views. There are many people in the world who are willing to work, but are helpless as they are

*Sermon preached before the Prison Congress, Denver, September 15.

confronted with the exceedingly difficult conditions that crime and pauperism thrust upon modern society. Much certainly will be gained if we can lay hold of some broad, far-reaching principle that will enable these people and others who feel no responsibility to do something through one of the many avenues that it will open to them.

Is, then, the administration of charity the administration of justice, and ought both to be working along the same lines? If so, then much of the feeling of almost contempt for the administration of charity from some sources and the indifference of many others will lose this power.

We must stop here to distinguish between sentimentalism and charity. Sentimentalism is untruthful; that is, it does not deal with things as they are. It blinds itself to facts, and acts from mere feeling. It is essentially unreasonable, and therefore unjust, and so wrongs some one. Sometimes it wrongs the State by a false leniency toward a criminal. It wrongs the pauper and society by unwise treatment of a beggar. It wrongs children by giving them weak ideals of character, and, instead of wholesome training, teaches them unworthy and petty conceptions of life, truth, and duty. Charity, on the other hand, recognizes every fine and noble possibility in men and women. It deals with them in the light of their higher destiny and possibilities. It discovers the nature in them that is akin to all that is best in humanity, and that which also has kinship with God. It finds the divine side of human life because it is divine. It has the majesty and tenderness of the Eternal Father in it, because it sees the deepest meaning in human life. It suffers for men, it condemns them, it pleads with them, it dies for them; but it is always truthful, it has the eternal Reasonableness within it, it can do no wrong. It is ever true and just, and lives not for the moment, but for eternity. This ideal of charity has only once been fully realized on this earth. It was made perfect by him who, when men thought to lead him into false statements in regard to public affairs, gave rather a perfect and comprehensive conception of the administration of justice when he said, "Render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." It was the same Jesus of Nazareth who loved the world with a perfect love, wept over the divine city, and with expressions of divine sweetness uttered his yearnings for its people, and also spoke words of condemnation with all the judicial quality of the judge passing sentence upon the wrong-doer. It was he who could go to his cross for men with the divine passion of his great soul upon him, but never either looked upon evil other than it was, or had one word of false sentimentalism for the sinner. No one was ever so tender as he. No one was ever so just as he. His tenderness was exalted because of his justice, and his justice because of his tenderness. It was the perfect harmony of the two that made him what he was and what he ever will be to the world. This is our ideal. The world has multitudes who are blindly swayed by their affection, and whose ideals of ministration become narrow, superficial, and weak. These often rush hither and yon with intense activity for the moment, but ultimately lose enthusiasm, if they ever really had it, and end in passing harsh and unjust judgments upon others and upon society in general.

Then there are those who are forever prating of justice and sneering at works of reform and benevolence, as if they were nothing but sentimentalisms. These, too, are harsh, narrow, and unfair. Their conception of justice is anything but just. Their reasoning is shallow and one-sided, because their opinions are formed with a narrow vision of facts; and usually their every effort to be just is an injustice, because they are so essentially one-sided. It takes courage, calmness, and great wisdom to avoid the faults of either of these. Nothing is more unattractive than the professional charity worker, who, having lost the milk of human kindness, works simply according to certain prescribed rules, regardless of the deeper facts of human nature which true love discovers. On the other hand, few things are more harmful in all work of reform than the shallow sentimentalist who tells the world that he alone understands the sorrows and needs of the poor and unfortunate, and condemns the slower and safer movements that strike at the root of society's wrongs, and seek to build up

an edifice that will stand the storm of years.

Charity and justice are both founded upon that which is essentially reasonable. But does some one say love is not reasonable, and that its beauty lies in the fact that it is unreasonable; it asks no questions; it is blind, and we delight in it because of its blindness? But is this the highest ideal of love? Was this the love of the Christ? It seems to me that nothing was ever more reasonable than his love and all that flowed out of it. If we could have measured his thought, his ideals, his knowledge of this world and the next, his perception of man's destiny and the destructive powers of evil; above all, if we could have measured his power for loving and saving,—we should see that he did the most reasonable of all things when he poured out his life for this world. What was more reasonable than that he should be found preaching, talking, pleading; than that he should be by the sick, the lowly, the sorrowing, the needy; that he should seek to reach all classes and all conditions; that he should at last, moved by his divine compassion, give that life of his for the world? Nothing is more reasonable than that a noble, unselfish man should live a life which is filled with thoughts and deeds of love. It is cruelty and crime that are unreasonable. Walk through the long corridors of our penitentiaries, look into the faces of the vast army of young men who fill most of the cells,—young men with powers of noble thought and brave deeds, powers of enjoyment in society, of self-respect, and all that makes life happy and beautiful,—and, tell me, is it reasonable that they should be in these prisons?

I am not forgetting the circumstances that helped to bring them there, the false training, the poor ideals, the wretched companionships, the story of early temptation and vice; but behind all these there is the man capable of living a good life, the man with his deeper nature and its finer impulses. No crime ever had an adequate reason for its commission. No cruel, hateful deed ever could claim reasonableness as the excuse for its performance. Many a man in his hour of remorse looks into his own soul, and cries, "Fool, fool!" Then he tells the truth. There is a love that is blind and foolish, and such love loses its power and glory; but let us be careful before we say this or that act of love is unreasonable. Who can judge but he who is perfect reason and justice, and knows the end from the beginning? It is not always unreasonable to give one's life for those we love; but it is usually reasonable to live for others, true, patient, noble lives.

Justice is justice only when it is reasonable. The moment the element of reasonableness passes out of it, it ceases to be justice. Perfect justice considers all the circumstances, and looks deep into the springs of action; and, whether applied to the individual or the State, it has the same meaning. It is profoundly true that "injustice is suicidal to the State"; for justice is the order of the State and all true society, and the State is the visible embodiment of justice under the conditions of human society. "The State is the reality of which justice is the idea."

The question that both charity and justice ever ask, if they are true, is, What is right? And what is right is what is reasonable. It is right and reasonable that the State should build its insane asylums, and, according to the most scientific treatment, care for those whose mental condition makes it either impossible for them to meet the battle of life or be safe in society. It is right and reasonable that dependent children should be trained and protected by the State under certain conditions. It is right and reasonable that the criminal should be punished, improved, reformed. The very test of entrance into that kingdom which is founded upon eternal reasonableness and righteousness is that of ministration to the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, and the prisoner,—a ministration which fits men and women for the kingdom of heaven. Every act of true charity is the fulfilling of some divine law, and that is not charity at all which is not the fulfilment of some divine principle. The beauty and glory of all works of love consist in their conformity to that divine love that is ever about us, and which the lives of all true men and women have revealed. It is only as we lift all works of charity up into the light of the eternal laws of righteousness that we shall know the value of our institutions, and

that which they can and ought to accomplish. The laws of God have no discord in them. The judge, pronouncing just judgment upon the wrong-doer; the lowly angel of mercy, ministering in the by-ways of the great city; the skilful physician, operating in the hospital; the chief executive, forgiving the criminal in behalf of the State, when the time is ripe for it,—all these are acting according to principles each one of which is in accord with every other. It is this that constitutes the unity of all these functions of the State and the glory of all true charity.

We may now go a step further. Charity or love, in righting the wrongs of society is simply doing what is just. More than this, justice will never be done until love has completed its work.

Did you ever walk through darkest London or darkest New York or Chicago, and look into the faces of children who have been wronged in their inheritances, wronged in their opportunities, wronged in their education, wronged in every possible way in which a child can be wronged,—wronged by the sins, the ignorance, the stupidity, of men and women? Who is to right their wrongs? Miss Addams at Hull House, Dr. Taylor in his university settlement, Oxford students at Toynbee Hall, are helping to do it. Hospitals, children's homes, kindergartens for the poor, are doing it. Every act of ministering love that tenders the cup of cold water to one of these little ones is doing it. The education of earnest, high-minded men and women to go forth to make the world better is helping to accomplish it. People never simply wrong themselves by their evil deeds: they injure others, and the divine law of compensation and adjustment is ever that of love, or true charity. If evil, however, wrong the innocent, virtue aids the weak and the unprotected; and every noble life helps to right the world's wrong and injustice. And every noble deed is the fulfilment of the law of love in one way or another.

It is, after all, charity in the form of justice that the world needs more than anything else. The working man or woman says, "I want a fair chance to earn a living." That is not only the best charity, but it is just. Something is wrong when that chance does not exist. It is the injustice that lies in the conditions of the sweatshop that rouses people against them. It is when society makes the conditions of life so hard that men and women cannot possess enough to enable them to be all that God wants them to be that society is unjust, and that love must set itself at work to right the wrong. The workingman says, "I do not want charity: I want justice." If charity is dole-giving, he is right; for then he would lose his manhood, his spirit of independence, his power to be his best and truest self. But, if we lift our word "charity" out of the degradation into which it has fallen, if we see that it is the fulfilling of the divine law of love, that it is righteousness and justice fulfilling their mission in human affairs, then he and we all need from our fellows that charity which is the realization of justice. The rich man needs it as well as the poor man. The laborer and he for whom he labors, the criminal, the pauper, the sorrowing, the helpless, the broken-hearted, the strong and the self-reliant,—these all, in this complicated economy of human life, need that which above all else rejoiceth in the truth, and

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under the working of which that which is perfect comes. No one is independent of charity in this larger sense; for every man needs that justice should be done him,—needs in his own affairs, needs in his own soul, the consciousness that he toward others and others toward him are obeying that principle which is the golden rule of life, and which is the fulfilment of all law and all charity,—“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” This is true charity.

We may now take another step, and maintain that nothing is worthy of the name of charity that is not the realization of justice in one form or another. That which wrongs society or wrongs the individual is not charity, we all admit; but, more than this, has society any right to let men and women become untrained, morally and intellectually, diseased physically and spiritually, if it can prevent any of these ills? Is it reasonable, right, just, that there should be a darkest London or a darkest New York or a darkest Denver? Is it right that any city should so neglect a class that it will become a pauper or a criminal class? Every thoughtful, earnest person answers, No. Therefore, society stands condemned, we all stand condemned, just so far as we have not done our duty toward these classes: just so far as society is not giving men and women a fair chance to be pure and upright, there is injustice. What, however, does charity propose to do about it? What should it be doing in its reformatories, in its hospitals, in and through its institutions for the penal and dependent classes? Oh, more, what ought it to be doing through its homes, its churches, its schools? Saving these poor and unfortunate ones? Yes; but charity has not found its larger, its true mission, if it is not so purifying society that it is becoming less and less possible that there should be these classes. This is what is due humanity, and this is the inspiration of all true charity. This, too, is the larger justice which needs to be realized. The State, as I have said, should be the visible embodiment of justice under the conditions of human society. So everything that helps society to fulfil its true mission is the realization of true charity and justice. Build your homes, and build them well. Establish your schools, and in them make the moral idea dominate everything else. Rear your churches, and keep the spirit of true religion in them. Establish business enterprises according to fair business principles; and in all these let no sentimentalism enter, but rather that charity which “rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.” Then will justice be done, and that which is perfect will surely come. The claim has now been made that charity is the realization in society of that order which is best characterized as justice. There is, however, a poverty in our national life that needs help more than much that we call by that name. The poverty of our slums is not commensurate with the narrowing spiritual poverty that is seen in large numbers who think to hide their poverty by showy equipage and extravagant living. There are in America to-day great numbers of men and women who are losing their better, their higher selves in their greed for vast wealth. They are most unjust to themselves, and are pauperizing their lives without knowing it. Never was there such need of noble gifts as to-day; and some are discovering it, as they discover the blessedness that comes best to him who gives. Passing out from the shadow of our hard times, is our nation to enter upon another great scramble for wealth, that one may possess more than another; or are we entering a new era of larger ideas for the nation and for society? Is a sense of greater privilege and opportunity coming to all classes? Just so far as the nation becomes selfish, and lust for power and personal self-aggrandizement dominate, the spirit, not only of charity, but also of justice, will pass out from the national life; and then the spiritual suicide of our nation is at hand.

A leading and representative newspaper, arguing against a plan which was devised for helping young men to help themselves in securing an education, said within a few days, “Rich men have no responsibility for other men’s sons, and no interest in them.” I know that does not represent the position of large numbers of patriotic men who hold their wealth in trust for the highest good of society; but I fear it does rep-

resent a large element in our nation and the working theory of altogether too many. The saddest side of such a view is not the loss to the young men who might be helped into valuable lives enriched for noble service, but rather the loss that comes to those who are missing their opportunity of broadening their lives by the service they might render their country in the training of its young men. It is the wrong the man does himself in shutting up his own soul that is the most painful side of such a view.

The time is at hand when America must pass out into the larger view of charity and justice, when we must recognize our mission as a nation. Questions of wealth, of self-aggrandizement, have so filled our range of vision that the principle of giving to the world an example of a nation filled with the spirit of ministration has been too poorly realized. Our literature needs new inspiration, our political and social economy needs a new saving force in it, our religious life needs something it does not possess. How shall this something come to us? The rest of the world is thinking most of standing armies and military equipments. Let America think most of its institutions for making the world better, most of how it can train the young for service, most of how it can give to the world in and through its public and private affairs an ideal of true charity, which shall be that of justice.

THE NEED OF MISSIONARY WORK.

BY REV. J. M. SCOTT.

If the sweet spirit and reality of union which made the last meeting of our National Conference at Saratoga historic and prophetic is to flower out in the fulfilment of its prophecy of richer life in our churches and enthusiastic and successful missionary enterprise, all the Unitarian peoples must realize the need there is of our gospel.

The danger to a Unitarian’s missionary enterprise is that of an amiable indifference, the semi-indolence of feeling that things are going about right, and therefore nothing to be done but to devote one’s self to one’s self, and that of imagining that the type of preaching heard in all orthodox churches is that of Phillips Brooks or Philip Moxom or Theodore Munger. We see and rejoice in the evidence of a growing liberality and sweet reasonableness in many of the orthodox circles, and therefore erroneously conclude that our work is being done by others, and that there is little need of exerting ourselves to help realize the kingdom of light and sweet reasonableness in the world of religion. In order to correct this erroneous conclusion, I wish that Mr. Stone’s suggestion could be carried out, and the sermon on “The Atonement,” preached at Pittsburg by Dr. Boothe, the Assembly’s moderator, before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, might be published and circulated among our own people as a call to missionary work. An equally strong summons might be made to us if some of the actual sermons preached by obscure men might also be circulated among us.

I heard a sermon this summer which, if taken down as spoken, would well serve such a purpose. It was preached in an historic town where there are two educational institutions for young people. It was preached by a doctor of divinity. It was his farewell word on the eve of his vacation, and had as its text the words of Jesus, “Come ye apart awhile, and rest.” It began with the extravagant assertion that no religion but the Christian had any such idea of rest,—the usual extravagant misrepresentation of what other religions teach. He said some good things as to the wrong of overwork and the gain and righteousness of resting. But, by some antithetic association of ideas, he got his thought over to the restlessness of the wicked through the never-ending torment of conscience, and mingled with this the old and cruel grossness of material, everlasting fire-punishment for the lost, using these words, “They will be burned, boiled, and fried,” and how awful this will be, because they must suffer in their very “inwards.” He defended this gross statement by quoting what was to him a conclusive Scripture,—the one that says that in hell there is “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,” which must mean a physical body suffering in material fire. He also got back to the

theme of his morning sermon, that only by faith in the blood of Jesus was there any salvation at all. I doubt not that to nearly every one who heard that sermon it was the very truth, and set forth just what they believed. The exception was the young physician and his wife whom I accompanied to church. And yet this is their church, the kind of preaching they must listen to, if any. They may live for years in absolute loneliness from any other kindred spirits, holding somewhat the larger faith; and yet there may be others in their community of like minds with themselves. In all probability, no successful Unitarian church movement could be made in this place. The question arises, What can we do for such,—not only for such as my two friends, but for the general benightedness that is hearing and believing such wicked falsehoods? The other week I had a letter from a physician in a certain town in which no successful Unitarian church movement could be started. He told me the sermon he had had to listen to the other Sunday from the text Matthew xxviii. 19, 20. The preacher said: “What we want is more Holy Ghost preaching. There is a clamor for preaching from Huxley. Cursed be such preaching! To the devil for such preaching. We want the preaching of the truth, of God’s truth, as found in the Bible.” My friend comments: “The poor, deluded fanatic! as though the teachings of Huxley were not God’s own truths, about which we are trying to find out more. I am sure I can read or hear of Huxley’s teachings, founded on scientific truth, and exclaim with the Psalmist, ‘How wonderful are thy works, and thy truths past finding out!’ It does seem to me remarkable that any man in this enlightened age should look on scientific truth in any other way than as the revelation of the wonder, the power, and the majesty of God.” I am certain that this man does not know of another kindred spirit in that place. If he were to boldly express himself at home as he has to me, he would no doubt be looked upon as a more dangerous man than a certain brilliant but drink-ruined lawyer about whom we conversed when I last saw him. What can we do for such countless lonely ones through all the villages and towns of our land? You answer, “Put our literature into their hands.” Yes; but how? Shall we depend simply upon what an individual can do when occasionally he learns of such cases? Shall we depend simply upon the advertisements of our “literature sent free,”—the method used by our Post-office Mission workers? I believe there is an excellent way to supplement the work we are already doing in this respect. It is to have evangelists who will go into such towns, and for several weeks, night after night, preach our truths and distribute our literature. There should be a singing and a speaking evangelist together, “two by two.” They should use every possible legitimate way to advertise their work and attract the attention of the people. Such work, wisely and enthusiastically done, would result in calling the attention of that community to the fact that there is another sweet and serious-minded interpretation of Christianity than that the pulpits are uttering. It would result in drawing together and making acquainted liberally disposed people who would never know each other’s hunger for better things but for such meetings. Such people ought to be organized into a home Sunday reading society, and urged to meet together and read to each other the newer truths, talk to each other about them, teach them to their children. This ought to open a larger field to our periodical literature. Aside from ministering to these souls, so much needing our truth, it would have its influence upon the pulpits of such places, making their darkness shine with something of sweetness and light.

I know the money difficulty of carrying on such a work, and the difficulty of getting the wise, right workers. But yet I believe somewhere a beginning could be made,—enough of a beginning to demonstrate a success, and therein call forth money for that work’s increase. In many ways it would be wise to follow up such meetings with preaching visits from our ablest and most renowned ministers.

For a forward movement along our missionary lines I am persuaded of the wisdom of three things: this that I have written about; what Mr. Jennings so recently

wrote about, the putting of men in the missionary field who would devote their whole time to the establishing of churches,—as soon as they could make a place for a permanent pastor to work in, going on into a new field; and the imbuing of our young ministers with the idea of Mr. Sunderland’s little book, “The Liberal Ministry as a Field of Work for Young Men and Women,” wherein he urges that the young minister choose his field of labor as the young lawyer or physician, and, like them, stay there until he has conquered success. I am sure that working in this way, with enthusiasm, consecration, and wisdom, we should all be surprised in the results of such work and in the strength for the doing of such work to which we would rise. Wherefore let us think upon these things.

The Sunday School.

The next Channing Hall “Talk” will be held on Saturday, October 12, at the Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 P.M. Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford will address the three grades,—Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced. Subject, Lesson V., “The Mustard-seed.” All cordially invited.

The Register has contained copious extracts from Mr. Dole’s “Catechism,” which is about ready for sale. It has been decided to issue, besides the edition in cloth covers, one in paper covers, which will bring the price more within the range of those desiring to use the book in Post-office Mission work, or for purposes where a large number of copies may be required. Of course, the difference is simply in the character of the covers. Copies bound in cloth, 35 cents single copy or \$3.50 per dozen; in paper covers, 20 cents single copy or \$1.80 per dozen.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The first regular meeting, thirteenth season, 1895-96, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, October 14. Subject, “Unsolved Sunday-school Problems.” Fifteen-minute addresses will be given by Rev. Augustus M. Lord of Providence, Miss Mary E. Glidden of Neponset, Mrs. Clara Beasley of Roxbury, Rev. A. P. Record of Chelsea, Rev. Edward C. Guild of North Pembroke, Rev. B. F. McDaniel of Newton Centre. The social meeting will be held at 5 P.M., supper at 5.30, addresses at 6.30; and the meeting will be adjourned at 8.30.

We call the attention of all those interested in the coming annual meeting of the Sunday School Society to a correction in the information as to trains and fares on the circular which has been sent to all the Sunday-schools. The round-trip tickets at reduced rates will be good going from October 15 to 17 inclusive, and, returning, until October 18 inclusive. This is a correction of the announcement on the printed circular, which says that the tickets are good only from the 15th to the 16th going, and, returning, until October 17. The ministers

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and superintendents of Sunday-schools are requested to give notice of these increased facilities from the pulpit and in the Sunday-school on next Sunday. There are so many who desire to go to Providence on the morning of Thursday, returning the same day, that they need to be informed of this privilege, which they have, of reduced rates. This was intended in the first place, when arrangements were made with the railroad company; but through some oversight the dates were not correctly understood.

Literature.

HARPER'S "BOOK OF FACTS."*

A library in one volume is what we might call Harper's "Book of Facts." There is no department of science, art, history, politics, literature, and philosophy, into which it does not radiate. Turning over its pages at random, one might assume at first that there was very little unity in all this variety. But careful examination shows that it is something more than a miscellaneous scrap-bag of information. The large amount of material brought together is not merely arranged alphabetically, but is organized on a systematic plan and arranged with wise method.

The basis of the present volume is Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," first prepared in 1841. The design which Haydn set before himself was "to attempt the compression of the greatest body of general information that has ever appeared in a single volume, and to produce a book of reference whose extensive usefulness may render its possession material to every individual." For what was comparatively a pioneer work in this direction Haydn's book was remarkably successful. It has been indispensable to every reference library. It has passed through twenty editions. But, valuable as it is, it is nevertheless marked, even in the American edition, by the provincialism which is apt to distinguish English works of that kind. History with the makers of English encyclopædias and gazeteers is apt to be the history of England or the continent. They have not discovered that we have been making history on this side of the water with a rapidity which will make up in some measure for our delay in beginning it. There has sprung up here a new nation with a history of its own; and, while it is easy for Americans to exaggerate the importance of their own history, it is just as easy for English writers to undervalue it. Taking simply the old-fashioned, though altogether false, method of estimating history as a succession of great battles, one of the greatest conflicts that ever occurred on the planet has taken place here; and the results of these battles are just as important in the history of the world as any that have preceded them. To any student of modern history the battle of Gettysburg is just as important as that of Marston Moor. Hence it is that nearly every English historical book of reference or cyclopædia must be made over if it is to be of much use to American readers. Harper's "Book of Facts" has incorporated the best part of Haydn; but it has been compiled and arranged with a different method, and presents such a greatly increased amount of material as to fairly entitle it to a distinctive name. The book has been adapted for American readers. There is danger, of course, of going to the opposite extreme, and of giving a prominence to American events which they do not deserve in a history of the world.

Some of the excellences of the work are its great range, the pains which have been taken to bring it up to date, the condensation of style and clearness of arrangement. By a system of cross-references, every page of the book becomes an index to some other page.

A book so comprehensive cannot be infallible. There are bound to be gaps here and there, and inconsistencies of arrangement, and occasional disproportion. We judge a work of this kind by what it contains, and also by what it leaves out. We have verified enough of it to be impressed with its general accuracy. Of lapses and omissions we name a few. Though the most important American colleges are mentioned, one must turn to Virginia to find any refer-

ence to William and Mary College. The notice of phonography does not recognize prominent American systems, nor is this done sufficiently under the title of "Stenography." It is odd to find the Pentateuch treated in a single line, as the "Five Books of Moses, probably written about 1452."

An inconsistency of arrangement is the description of the Methodist Episcopal Church under "Methodism"; while, under the title of "Protestant Episcopal Church," we are referred to the word "Church." "The Roman Catholic Church," on the other hand, is treated fully, but with different material, under both titles, "Roman Catholics" and "Church, Roman Catholic." In the matter of archæology the work is not so strong as in some other departments. Though Schliemann's discoveries are mentioned, Dörpfeld's discoveries seem to have been overlooked. Modern advances in Old Testament criticism are apparently ignored. The dogmatic assertion about the Pentateuch is equalled by that about the Psalms. "The Psalms of David were collected by Solomon, 1000 B.C.; others added 580 and 550 B.C." What if Dr. Briggs's persecutors should quote this against him? Though several obscure versions of the Psalms are mentioned, the "Bay Psalm Book," which has a great historic importance in New England, is not included; nor is it mentioned in the article on "Printing." There is a want sometimes of accuracy in indicating the pronunciation of names.

Of these limitations, which might be multiplied if we were to go into details, it must be said that no book of the kind could possibly be free from them; and we much prefer to judge such a work by its general merits than by special defects. Some of those we have referred to, such as belated Biblical criticism, are due to retaining features of Haydn which ought to have been revised or omitted.

The industry and care which Mr. Willsey has put into his work deserves recognition, and the volume has had the advantage of the valuable editorial judgment of Mr. Charlton T. Lewis. It is a valuable, convenient handbook of reference, covering a wide range of topics, and giving for the most part the information which the general reader is most likely to need.

"HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME."*

Under the above happily chosen title the American Unitarian Association has just published a new hymn-book. It is the book published five years ago by Mary W. Tileston and Arthur Foote, then called "Hymns of the Church Universal," and now brought out with important changes and additions. Tastes differ as much, perhaps, in the matter of hymn-books as in regard to other things of use and beauty; and it is not easy to make a standard of comparison to which all will agree. One likes what another dislikes, and very often there is no more to be said. It would be for the most part useless, therefore, as well as ungracious, to try to fix the value of this new book with reference to others which have commended themselves to public favor. It will be enough to call attention to some of the merits of the work, without assuming to say that they are more or less conspicuous than the advantages which other hymn-books possess. First of all, it is undeniably a handsome book. Perhaps we may even go so far as to say that it is unusually handsome. Paper and printing are of the best; and the result is a very attractive page, which it is a pleasure to contemplate simply as a work of art. Again, turning to the table of contents, we find that the arrangement of the hymns is admirably systematized. They are so well grouped in classes under appropriate headings that the search for a hymn of particular character is much facilitated. This is a matter of no small consequence to the minister, who may wish to select hymns with reference to the topic of his sermon. When his memory is at fault, a good table of contents helps him quickly and easily to what he wants.

One sees from a brief glance over the scheme of its arrangement that this book is probably well adapted for use in Unitarian churches. More than a third of the whole book—that is to say, 189 pages—is devoted to "Hymns of the Christian Life." The next largest portion, or 111 pages, is de-

voted to "Worship and Praise," and to "The Presence of God in Nature and the Soul." Other smaller divisions of the book represent fairly well the amount of emphasis that is commonly laid upon the subjects of which they treat in Unitarian preaching. On the whole, from our point of view, it is a well-balanced arrangement. Especially to be commended is the provision of 24 pages of excellent chants. Churches which have adopted the liturgies recently published will find here most of the chants there appointed to be sung; and it would perhaps be a distinct gain in churches where no liturgy is used if choirs could be induced to substitute some of these chants for so-called anthems of which they are rather over-fond.

The music contained in this book ought to be good. Certainly, it has passed the inspection of a competent judge. Much of it is new. There is said to have been a great advance in the art of writing hymn-tunes. Particularly, the music of the English Church is said to have been greatly enriched in recent years in this direction. As many of these new tunes bear the names of composers who are thus accredited as good authors, it is fair to assume that we have in this book a valuable contribution of music that is new to most of our churches.

As to the literary qualities of the work, it is possible to speak with more assurance, and to say that they are unquestionably of a high order. All who know anything of Mrs. Tileston's taste in religious poetry would expect this. The rights of the authors of hymns have been scrupulously observed, and in very few instances has their original phrasing been changed. The custom of taking orthodox hymns and reading into them a new theology is to be censured on many accounts. Happily, as this book proves, there is little need to resort to that questionable practice. Many hymns, coming down to us from old days, strike a note which underlies theological differences; and our own writers have furnished much more than a scanty supply of hymns that will bear the test of frequent use. Both the old and the new are set before us in "Hymns for Church and Home." The new book, if it does not displace others, will undoubtedly find an earnest constituency of its own.

RESPONSIVE READINGS. Selected from the Bible, and arranged under Subjects for Common Worship. By Henry Van Dyke. Boston: Ginn & Co.—This book was originally prepared by request for the chapel of Harvard University, where it is now in

use. It has been revised and enlarged, in the hope that it may supply a real want in the religious need of other colleges and schools, and also of churches. The selections have been made and arranged, as Dr. Van Dyke says, with the following objects in view: to give a wider range to the service by including appropriate passages for antiphonal reading from all parts of the Bible; to omit the imprecatory Psalms; to make each selection complete in itself, with a central thought, and not to attempt a mosaic of disconnected passages; to divide the verses only when it helps to make the meaning clear, and to keep the portion read by the people from being too long; to vary the length of the selections, so that it may be easy to find one to fit a short service when necessary; and to arrange the readings in relation to the great truths of religion, so that they may be instructive and helpful to faith and life. The Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creeds, and the Ten Commandments have been included in the book. Much of the value of the volume consists in the classification of selections and an indication by appropriate head-lines of the sentiment they express. The list of subjects is given in detail in the contents, and at the close there is an index of Bible passages.

FORWARD MOVEMENT LECTURES. By Brooke Herford. London: Philip Green. These lectures, which were delivered as Mr. Herford's part in a general course of simultaneous lectures on the same subjects given in the Unitarian churches throughout London, will interest many of his friends and readers in this country. A brief account of Unitarianism serves as introduction, after which Mr. Herford takes up in turn the following subjects: "The Old and the New Thought of the Bible," "The Old and the New Faith in God," "The Christ of the Gospels brought Back," "Practical Christianity the Salvation of Society," and "Heaven and Hell: Here and Hereafter." Mr. Herford treats these topics with his well-known vigor of thought and felicity of presentation; and the book will be found not only useful to those who already accept the faith which is here represented, but to many who desire to know what Unitarianism really stands for and what are the grounds of its belief.

GOD FORSAKEN. By Frederic Breton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.—Prof. Calvin Mortimer, one of the characters in this book, musing over the body of his dead wife, says: "I have been blind all my life, or I would never have deprived a woman of her faith in a personal God. As she herself said, she asked for bread, and I gave her a microbe." Perhaps this indicates sufficiently the plan of the novel. It shows the change in a woman's character coincident with her change from Catholicism to unbelief. She leaves her husband, for which the reader will hardly blame her, but is equally un-



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This magazine makes a feature of giving new ideas for pleasant home evenings. An entire page of new suggestions is in the October issue of

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* HARPER'S BOOK OF FACTS. A Classified History of the World, embracing Science, Literature, and Art. Compiled by Joseph H. Willsey. Edited by Charlton T. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold only by subscription. Office for the New England States, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

* HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME, WITH TUNES. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

happy with a Norwegian lover, whom she leaves in turn. For six weeks she serves as secretary to her husband during a temporary blindness, thinking herself unknown. She dies at last, and escapes her unsolved problems. The book is inconsequent and uneven.

THE WHITTIER YEAR BOOK. Passages from the Verse and Prose of John Greenleaf Whittier chosen for the Daily Food. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—It is not every poet who has written verses worthy of being read every day in the year. This is a severe test. There are poets who soar too high, beyond the range of the common mind; and there are those who drop too low to furnish daily food and inspiration. But Whittier wrote for the common heart, and he touched it because he wrote out of it. Yet it is not only the pulse of emotion and noble sentiment that we find in these extracts. There is here the glow of imagination. There are visions of beauty in these pages, apples of gold set in pictures of silver.

The Magazines.

The cheery yellow covers of the *New England Magazine* enclose numerous articles of interest this month. "The Boston Subway, and Others," written by F. Foxcroft, and well illustrated, is a complete and satisfactory exposition of what we may expect from the subway itself, and of the experience in other places with similar plans. R. G. F. Candage, writing of "Boston Light and the Brewsters," pays deserved tribute to the interesting history and the natural beauty of our Boston harbor. E. P. Powell tells of the settlement of the Oriskany Valley, under the title "New England in New York"; and Kate Gannett Wells relates the story of Deborah Sampson, a heroine of the American Revolution, probably an ancestor or kinswoman of her own, whose romantic experiences well deserve remembrance. There are other articles of interest in this October number.

"A Cruise on the Norfolk Breads" is the opening article in the *Century Magazine* for October, the leisurely, appreciative description of a sail from Wroxham to Yarmouth, brightened by an observation as quick to detect interesting points in human nature as in scenery. One of the most important criticisms on Nordau's "Degeneration" is that to be found here written by Prof. Cesare Lombroso, the "master" to whom the book is dedicated. It is interesting on account of its personal element, as well as its insight into Nordau's positions and its intelligent differing. "Glave's Career" tells the story of the explorer and his sad death. It is written by Robert Howard Russell, and Mr. Gilder adds a sonnet to the memory of one whom his friends have a right to praise. There are the usual memoirs, both of the first and the third Napoleon, and other features of more or less importance. George A. Hibbard's story, "An Earlier Manner," though light in general effect, touches on a deep truth in human nature.

We give a hearty welcome to all bright articles that encourage men and women to forsake crowded watering-places and the follies of summer hotel life for the free woods and closer communings with nature. In the current number of *Harper's Magazine* is a fascinating article by Henry Van Dyke, entitled "At the Sign of the Balsam Bough," which is sure to delight those who already know the camping joys whereof he writes, and to stir a vague, even if evanescent, longing in the hearts of the most confirmed seeker after crowds. "Alone in China" is a remarkable account of a marriage between a Chinese mandarin and an American, told with graphic directness by Julian Ralph. Poultney Bigelow, Richard Harding Davis, Thomas Hardy, and the author of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" continue their serials. There is less attention paid to fiction in this number than usual, the two short stories being "The Coupons of Fortune," by Mary Stewart Cutting, and a tramp story by Josiah Flynt, "Jamie, the Kid." There are poems by Charles Dudley Warner and Alice Brown.

Literary Notes.

The numerous lovers of Miss Yonge will be glad to hear that Macmillan & Co. have just published her last story, "The Long Vacation," which deals with the further fortunes of the Mohuns and Merrifields and the innumerable branches of their family made familiar to the readers of Miss Yonge's earlier novels.

Macmillan & Co. will publish among their October fiction a new story by Anne E. Holdsworth, the successful author of "Joanna Traill, Spinster," under the quaint title, "The Years that the Locust hath eaten"; "Wild Rose," a tale of the Mexican frontier, by Francis Franois; and another story of adventure, called "A Son of the Plains," by Arthur Paterson, author of "A Man of his Word" and "A Daughter of the Nez Percés."

The October issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* (published for Harvard University) will contain an article by Prof. Lexis of Göttingen on the concluding volume of Marx's "Capital," in which this posthumous publication of the great socialist is fully analyzed and criticised; an article by Prof. Bascom of Williams College, urging the retention of the gold standard as against international bimetalism; an article by Mr. G. K. Holmes of the Census Bureau, pointing out how far the people of the United States live in their homes as owners or as tenants; and a careful theoretical discussion, by Prof. Taussig of Harvard University, of the employer's place in distribution. There are also notes and memoranda on tariff history and on other subjects and the usual bibliography of current publications.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

- From Ginn & Co., Boston.
A History of Greece for Colleges and High Schools. By Philip Van Ness Meyers, L.H.D.
From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
The Nimble Dollar, with Other Stories. By Charles Miner Thompson. Price \$1.00.
Standish of Standish. A Story of the Pilgrims. By Jane Goodwin Austin. 2 volumes. Price \$5.00.
The Christ of To-day. By George A. Gordon. Price \$1.50.
From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
The Hazelwood Stories. "Little Daughter." By Grace Le Baron. Price 75 cents.
From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
Ernest Renan. My Sister Henrietta. With Photogravure Illustrations from Paintings by Henri Scheffer and Ary Renan. Translated by Abby L. Alger. Price \$1.25.
History of People of Israel. By Ernest Renan. Price \$2.50.
Don. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Price \$1.00.
From Dreamland Sent. By Lillian Whiting. Price \$1.25.
From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
The Red Badge of Courage. An Episode of the American Civil War. By Stephen Crane.
The Mottos and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play.
From A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.
The Book of Jeremiah. Chapters XXI-LIII. By W. H. Bennett, M.A. The Expositor's Bible.
From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
Chilhowee Boys in War Time. By Sarah E. Morrison. Price \$1.50.
Dr. Miller's Year Book. A Year's Daily Readings. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Price \$1.25.
From the Century Company, New York.
The Horse Fair. By James Baldwin. Price \$1.50.
Washington in Lincoln's Time. By Noah Brooks. Price \$1.25.
From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
What I Told Dorcas. A Story for Mission Workers. By Mary E. Ireland.
From the American Book Company, New York.
Elements of Geometry, Plane and Solid. By John Macfie, A.M. Edited by Emerson E. White, A.M., L.L.D. Price \$1.25.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
College Sermons. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. Price \$2.00.
The Men of the Moss-hags. By S. R. Crockett. Price \$1.50.
The Delectable Duchy. Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By "Q," author of "The Splendid Spur." Paper covers.
The Herons. By Helen Shipton. Price \$1.00.
From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Mr. Midshipman Easy. By Captain Marryat. Price \$2.50.
Richelieu. A Tale of France. By G. P. R. James. 2 volumes. Price \$2.50.
The Red Star. By L. McManus.
At Tuxter's. By G. P. Burgin.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Tales of an Engineer. With Rhymes of the Rail. By Cy Warman. Price \$1.25.
The Bachelor's Christmas, and Other Stories. By Robert Grant. Price \$1.50.
Cruising among the Caribbees. Summer Days in Winter Months. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Price \$1.50.
The Kanter Girls. By Mary L. B. Branch. Price \$1.50.
Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. Price \$1.50.

Music Received.

- From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.
Often when my Soul in Anguish. Words by Mrs. C. E. Burdett Taylor. Music by Mrs. A. H. Taylor.
Bear thou my Greeting. Words and music by John Lloyd Whitney.
Now I lay me down to Sleep. Song. By Mrs. A. H. Taylor.
Love's Answer. Words by E. G. Cheverton. Music by Albert W. Brown.
The Cable Car. Words and music by Spencer Palmer.
The Old Trundle Bed. Words by James Whitcomb Riley. Music by Mrs. A. H. Taylor.
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Mr. Sunderland's *College Town Pulpit* is necessarily suspended during his year abroad, but is to be resumed on his return. The next number may be expected in September, 1896. Back numbers (sermons for 1894-95) can be furnished to order. Subjects: 1. "The Soul's Cry for God"; 2. "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal"; 3. "Sectarianism: Its Causes and Cures"; 4. "The True Cross of Christ"; 5. "Was Jesus God? How did he come to be worshipped?" 6. "Loyalty to Conviction"; 7. "Is Life a Blessing?" 8. "Mr. Ingersoll's Treatment of the Bible"; 9. "A Religion for a Republic"; 10. "The Surest Way of doing Good."

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE OLD FOLKS OF THE TOWN.

BY EDWARD N. STONE.

I remember it as yesterday, though years have rolled away,
How we gathered in the "meeting-house" each solemn Sabbath day,
How the staid New England farmers, in their "Sunday best," arrayed,
Sternly silent, sat and listened to the words the parson said,
And how from the gallery I gazed in childish wonder down
At the patriarchs of the village church, the old folks of the town.

There they sat, those white-haired pilgrims, clustered in the foremost pews,
Straining every sense to test the soundness of the preacher's views.
Orthodox were they in spirit, Puritans in name and blood,
Knowing of no middle ground betwixt the evil and the good.
They had "kept the faith" right nobly, through the ages handed down,
And the pillars of the church were still the old folks of the town.

Yet oft-times the body's weakness mocked the spirit's watchful care,
And amid the flood of doctrine slumber seized them unaware;
For the weight of threescore years and ten was mightier than their will,
And the length of orthodox discourse was far more mighty still.
And irreverent urchins giggled, spite of parents' warning frown,
When they spied a nodding head among the old folks of the town.

But when theme and prayer were ended (for all things must have an end),
And choir and congregation rose, their melodies to blend,
And bade the trumpet sound abroad to call lost sinners home,
Because the long-expected Year of Jubilee was come,
Then how thrilling was the music, which no louder notes could drown,
Of the cracked and quavering voices of the old folks of the town.

Years have come and years have vanished, and the cold New England snows
Now have drifted many a winter o'er the graves where they repose;
But those dim old eyes are gladdened now by sights we may not see,
And the quavering voices sweetly chant the Song of Jubilee,
For the Master whom they served so well has laid his golden crown
On the sainted, silvery temples of the old folks of the town.

Years have come and years have vanished and have brought me in their train
Many a bitter disappointment, much of sorrow and of pain.
I will gladly yield to others all the pomp that wealth can claim,
Leave to them the glittering prizes of power and of fame;
And I ask no higher honor when I lay life's burdens down
Than to rest at last in peace among the old folks of the town.

For the Christian Register.

A CASTAWAY.

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER.

"Come here, Midget, and tell me what you have been doing over at Bessy Morriss's all the afternoon." He caught the little white dress as it fluttered by, and drew her up on his knee. "Now tell me all about it," he commanded.

"Mr. Morriss told us stories," she said.

"Why, wasn't he at the office?"
"He is sick," she said. "He hurt his ankle yesterday. You mustn't laugh, papa, because Mr. Morriss is sick."

"I didn't," he said: "it was because his ankle was sick. What did he do to it?"

"He hurt it on his bicycle, but he will be all right Wednesday. Papa, why don't you stay at home and tell me stories?"

"Because I don't hurt my ankle," he replied.

"You stayed at home the day Uncle George was here," she urged.

"When you come from San Francisco to see me, I will do as much for you."

"But you might tell stories, anyway."

He laughed. "My talent does not lie that way," he said. "What did Morriss tell you about,—dragons and fairies?"

"No," she said: "the best one was about a kitten."

"A kitten!" he repeated. "Well, I do know a story about a kitten; but I don't know as it would suit you, for it is true."

"Tell it, anyway," she commanded. "Sometimes the true ones are just as good as the others."

"It was when we were out West," he

began. "We were going to climb a mountain. Tom, what mountain were we on that night we slept in the snow?"

"The one north of Lone Peak," said Tom. "It didn't have any name."

"Oh, yes," he resumed. "Well, we started right after supper, so as to have the long march across the valley in the evening and morning when it wasn't hot. When we got to Mill Creek, we met a rancher with a big wagon; and he took us all in the wagon, and we rode with him until nearly nine o'clock, and got well out toward the mountains. He left us on the road that runs to Big Cottonwood Cañon, just at the beginning of the hill where the white house with the flag-staff stands. You remember it, Tom?"

"Do I?" said Tom, energetically.

"Never mind, Tom," commanded the audience. "Tell me about the kitten."

"We started up the hill," he went on; "but, before we had gone far, we heard the most piteous wailing I ever heard. Tom was sure it was a child."

"No, that was Carl," said Tom. "I said it was a cat all the time."

"So you did. Well, it was a cat, sure enough, wandering back and forth in the sage-brush, crying in the most hopeless way. It was the most pitiful sound I ever heard."

"Was it worse than when Jimmy Morriss hurt his thumb in the door?" asked the Midget.

Papa laughed. "Well, it was quite different," he said. Tom called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" and the little creature came running to us as though we were rescuing her from a wreck or a desert island. We could not see her very distinctly in the moonlight, but she looked to be very thin."

"What color was she?" asked the Midget.

"She was a common little gray kitten, with white marks, as nearly as I could judge. Tom stooped to pick her up as she came toward him; but she avoided his hand, and would not let any of us touch her, and ran around and around us, mewing constantly. We started on; and the kitten ran along ahead of us, sometimes almost under our feet, and always mewing and looking back to make sure we were there. Finally, I succeeded in picking her up; but she would not stay with me, so I let her go again."

"Did you give her a saucer of milk?" asked the Midget.

"No," he replied. "I didn't happen to have one in my pocket. We decided to leave the kitten at the house on the top of the hill. So, when we got to it, Tom caught her, and put her down inside the fence; and we walked on briskly. But we had not gone far before we heard the same piteous mewing, and looked back. The kitten was running after us,—a little black shadow in the road, which was white with dust and moonlight. At the next house, about quarter of a mile further on, I took the kitten, and told the boys to hurry on. When they had gone far enough, I tossed the kitten as far as I could into the yard, and ran after them. The yard was covered with alfalfa, and had a 'slat and wire' fence around it; and I thought the kitten would not be able to find her way out until we were gone. But I had not reached the boys before she was after me again."

"It was the funniest thing I ever saw," said Tom, "to see you running along with that big blanket on your back, and the tiny little kitten at your heels."

"What did you do then?" demanded the Midget.

"There was nothing to do but to let her run along with us, which she did very industriously. The next house was a mile or more away; and we decided that, when we came to it, we would tie the kitten to the fence, and leave her to the mercy of the people who might live there. So, just before we came to the house, I tied a string about her neck, and was just going to tie her up, when something came out of the weeds beside the road. What do you guess it was?"

"A kangaroo," said the Midget, promptly.

"No, it was another kitten."

"Oh!" said the Midget. "Was it your kitty's sister?"

"I should judge not by their actions. I put our kitten down; and in an instant both backs were up, and they were talking at each other in a most hostile fashion."

"Did they love each other?" asked the Midget.

"Why, no, dear. I say they were just going to fight."

"Oh!"

"We took the opportunity to run away as fast as we could, and leave our troublesome little charge. Soon we fell into a walk, and began to congratulate ourselves that we were rid of her at last, when we heard her mewing again, and knew that she was in pursuit of us once more. We hid hastily in the scrub-oak beside the road, thinking that, if she did not find us, she might turn back; but she didn't."

"What did she do?" asked the Midget.

"She ran back and forth before our hiding-place, as though she knew that we had not gone on, mewing so piteously that we had no choice but to come out and go on. She followed us bravely for several miles along the road. Finally, we began going across the open fields; and we put our hats in our pockets, and looked like a pack of hunchback goblins with our blankets on our backs, and our black shadows about our feet. Do you remember, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom; "and the moonlight on the big white peaks and the valley! Wasn't it grand?"

"What did the kitty do?" asked the Midget.

"She got tired with hopping over the stubble of the wheat-fields, and was glad to let us carry her at last. Finally, we came to the last house before the one in the mouth of the cañon; and there we tied her to the fence, and left her."

"Then what became of her?" asked the Midget.

"I am sure I don't know," he replied.

"I have often wondered about it."

"Papa," said the Midget, suddenly twisting round and looking up at him, "you don't end it up nicely at all."

"But that's the way it did end," he said.

"I don't care: it isn't nice."

"How ought it to end?"

"Oh, you ought to take her up the mountain; and she would catch mice and birds and squirrels and rabbits and bears, and by and by she would grow up to be a big kitty, and you would bring her home, and we would always keep her." He and Tom laughed heartily.

"Run along, and fix it to suit yourself," he said, putting her down. "You can do it a great deal better than I can."

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

"O Harold, aren't you glad? I'm so happy I have to hold myself down to keep from flying! Two whole hours to play before six o'clock; and Rosie is over at grandpa's, and we can stay the whole time in our dear, dear, own little house!"

"But you don't know what I'm going to do, Marjory. You know what lots of nice, flat stones there are everywhere here? Well, I'll show you the size I want; and you c'lect 'em for me, and I'll build a little fireplace with a chimney in our house. There's plenty of good, sticky, wet clay down by the creek for mortar."

"O Harold!" Marjory could say no more; but the light in her great gray eyes and the ecstatic clasping of two brown little hands showed what she thought of the idea.

"Then, when we get the chimney made, you can c'lect dry sticks to burn while I catch some fish and clean them, and we'll cook 'em on the coals. I got a lump of salt in my pocket."

"Perhaps we ought to take the fish home for Uncle John," said Marjory, doubtfully. "He liked those so much you caught last week."

"Pshaw! Aunt Maria hates the bother of cooking them. Besides," he went on bitterly, "I don't know what they've done for us that we should bother to do anything for them after our work's done."

"Everybody thinks they're awful good to us," said conscientious Marjory.

"That's all they know about it," with a contemptuous toss of his bright curls and a defiant flash of his blue eyes.

What had Uncle John and Aunt Maria done for the penniless orphan children? Nothing, but to give them a comfortable home, good food, decent clothes, and sensible training in useful work, with a reasonable though carefully measured allowance of playthings. What had they failed to give? Fatherly tenderness, motherly petting, the sense of freedom and sympathy. They thought the children spoiled and ungrateful: the children thought them cold

and hard. What a pity that they did not understand each other better, that the good people who were straitening themselves to provide for John's sister's children did not know how to bestow their gifts with graciousness, and that the warm-hearted, impulsive boy and girl became chill and constrained in the presence of their benefactors.

Uncle John and Aunt Maria did not understand what a change it was for the children to come from their town home, with its prettiness and daintiness, its schools and social pleasures, its gay, tender little mother, to the hard work, rough ways, and loneliness of the farm.

Was there nothing to bring them nearer each other? Yes: there was one bond of union. Dear little five-year-old Rose, with her sweet, dimpled, wild-rose face,—Aunt Maria's precious baby girl. Harold and Marjory both loved her and petted her. She might have made them all friends, only that the twins dared not tell her their one great, precious secret, their own little house in the woods, lest she should tell her mother. They felt a bitter conviction that Aunt Maria would instantly forbid any such foolishness, make them bring all their treasures back to the safe shelter of the house, and quite give up their one refuge.

So they only played there when Rose was asleep or gone to town with her mother, or away on one of her frequent visits to her adoring grandma.

The children had come from a prairie town, and these woods were a constant wonder and delight. They were no great, primeval forest, but open oak and walnut woods, with occasional thickets, beloved of birds and wild flowers. They were in that strange "driftless region" of Southern Wisconsin, and a narrow strip of Iowa across the river, that the learned say was an island of bare land when all the surrounding country was covered with a great ice-sheet a mile thick. There were no red granite boulders here, such as they used to see here and there on the prairie, no rounded pebbles of many colors, such as lay near the boulders, only everywhere flat, gray limestone rocks, with the marks of strange fossils on them, which puzzled the children immensely.

The flat, gray rocks, or pieces of rock, were fine for all the needs of playhouse builders; and they had used them ingeniously in their "fairy palace," as Marjory called it. Harold called it a "shanty."

It was in an out-of-the-way corner of the woods, where there was a thicket on one side of a big mass of rock, that towered up like a fragment of a ruined castle. A young oak-tree had been bent over at right angles, about five feet from the ground, by the mass of wild grape-vines that covered it. This was the roof of their house. The back of it was the big rock itself: the sides and part of the front were woven of saplings and underbrush. They had two old rubber blankets, which papa had used years before on hunting trips. One of these lined the roof: the other—rolled up when the house was in use, and tied down when they left it—made the door.

Within there were seats and table, built



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of bits of board and rock, and upholstered with moss. There were also Marjory's little rocking-chair, her doll's cradle, with her doll in it, two or three little vases with wild flowers in them, and gay picture-cards fastened against the rock at the back.

It was really a cosey little playhouse, arranged with much childish taste; but to the children it was much more than that: it was a refuge and a home, in a sense that the comfortable farm-house had never been, the one bit of their old, free, happy, sheltered life left to them.

"If only Rosie could see it!" sighed Marjory, as she refilled her vases with the flowers she had gathered as she came through the woods.

What a treasure and joy the wonderful new woodland wild flowers had been! True, they missed some of their prairie friends,—the starry dog-tooth violets, like tiny white Easter lilies, the melting blue and satiny pink of the luxuriant masses of the lungwort,—bluebells, they called them,—and, later, the larkspur and wild hyacinth and pink sweet-william; but, oh! the joy and surprise of the Easter flowers, the big pale blue anemones that blossomed in March, cuddled close to the ground and wrapped in fur to keep from freezing, but smiling bravely at the bitter March wind, the rapture of the pink and blue hepaticas, the waxen white blood-root, the rose-veined spring beauty, the pale yellow lily of the bellwort, the splendid great white trillium!

Now, late in May, the scarlet columbine and blue harebells, with the tiny white stars of the rock cress, hung from every crevice in the face of their big castle rock. Marjory had gone a little out of her way, to a damp, steep, northward-facing ravine side, for an armful of shooting stars.

"They're like the pink ribbon I had on my hat one summer," she explained to Harold: "the sun fades them. Don't you remember what a pale pink they were on the prairie? And down in there, where the sun never shines, they are crimson, and so sweet. They are twice as fragrant as the prairie ones."

Harold was really very patient and polite for a boy; but he felt obliged right here to remind Marjory they must drop foolishness and get to work if their fireplace was to be built and their fish caught and cooked.

Meanwhile little Rose was having a rather dull afternoon at her grandma's. An old neighbor, who had gone to Kansas twenty years before, had come back for her first visit to her old home; and grandma did not have half the time and attention to give her baby that she usually had. So, when Rose announced that it was time for her to go home, grandma tied on the little straw hat without any protest, stuffed the apron pocket with cookies, started baby off with a kiss, and scarcely watched her through the gate before she returned to her guest, with

"Well, as I was saying, Elijah Pettibone's wife!"

Little Rose trotted bravely off by herself. It was a scant half-mile, a broad, open path through the woods; and she had been over it two or three times a week ever since she was a two-year-old. No one dreamed of any danger to the baby in passing over it at five o'clock of a warm spring afternoon.

But it was *very* warm. It was a tired-feeling afternoon, some way. Little Rose dragged one plump foot wearily after the other, and carried her hat on her arm.

"I wish my papa or my grandpa would come with the horses," she murmured. "I wish Margie and Harold would make a chair wiv their hands and carry me. It's so hot; and the sun isn't shining any more, eiver!" with a sudden, startled glance around her.

Crash! Heaven and earth seemed to split at once with the sound and the blinding light. A fierce wind came rushing down the road, flinging raindrops as big and hard as bullets at the defenceless baby. With a terrified scream little Rose ran into the darkening woods for shelter, ran wildly further and further from home and safety.

"Well, I *should* think them children were big enough to come in when it rains. Still, I s'pose they're safe enough somewhere. It came up so sudden, and they likely were ketched a good piece from home. Probably they're under a big rock or in a cave somewhere. But they'll git soaked through, coming home through the

wet woods,—spoil their shoes, and ketch cold, too, like as not. I'm thankful Rose is safe at mother's. Of course, they never would let her start home with a storm coming up. Grandma would have to keep her baby to supper, anyhow. Father'll bring her home in the buggy when the shower is over."

So, for the twentieth time, Aunt Maria said, as she stepped deftly about her shining kitchen, putting a hot supper on the table, more anxious at the children's absence than she cared to confess.

The first wild fury of the storm was over. For the last fifteen minutes it had been only a steady downpour, with no thunder and little wind. The sound of a horse's feet splashing furiously through the mud and storm and a shout at the gate startled the inmates of the kitchen. Uncle John had thrown open the door before even Aunt Maria could reach it.

"Did Rose get home before the storm?" shouted Joe, grandpa's hired man.

"O God, have mercy!" moaned Aunt Maria. "My baby! my baby!" Like a lightning flash, accusing conscience smote her. "You did not feel like that about the other children," it said. "Can you pretend you loved them like a mother?" "God save my baby," cried poor Aunt Maria in her heart, "and I will be a mother to the motherless from henceforth. John Marston," sharply, "what are you standing still for? Get your hat and rain coat and a lantern, quick, while I put on my gossamer and rubbers. Joe, you ride on, and alarm the neighbors."

But before either of the men could move to obey a drenched little figure came tramping sturdily through the rain.

Aunt Maria pounced on him, breathless, and dragged him through the door, searching his face with devouring eyes.

"Rosie's safe, Aunt Maria," he hastened to say. "I heard her crying in the woods, and I found her before she got much wet,—the trees kept the rain off at first; and we took her into our little house, and Marjory took off her wet dress and shoes, and wrapped her in an old shawl of mother's she keeps there, and we had a fire, and—she's all right. I caught four minnies," he went on to say, looking wistfully at the supper table; "and we gave Rosie two of 'em, and Marjory and me had one apiece."

His listeners were weeping thankful tears, but in a moment Aunt Maria was her capable self again. With one motion, as it were, she stripped off his wet clothes, rubbed him vigorously, and had him dressed in dry garments and wrapped in an old waterproof, with a drumstick in one hand and a biscuit in the other. "Now show me the way," she commanded, filling one tin pail with bread and fried chicken and another with warm milk.

Uncle John followed, with an armful of wraps and the useless lantern; for the storm was breaking now, and the lovely May sunset beginning to shine through t

rees and turn the rain to drops of gold.

Harold led the way, manfully; but his heart was heavy.

"Of course, we had to tell," he was thinking to himself. "We never could have got Rose home through the wet woods ourselves; but I wonder if Aunt Maria *will* let us keep our shanty!"

He led them to the cunningly built bower, and lifted the rubber door. It was warm and bright inside, with a little fire of sticks burning cheerily in the new-built fireplace. Marjory sat in her rocking-chair, singing softly to her baby cousin, sleeping in her arms, warm and rosy.

Aunt Maria restrained a wild impulse to clasp her recovered treasure, threw off her dripping gossamer, and knelt and put her arms round both little girls at once. The action and the look in her face emboldened Marjory to say:—

"*May* we keep the little house, aunty? I didn't bring anything out here but my very own things, and they won't get spoiled; for all this big rain never got in a bit."

"Of *course* you may keep your playhouse, and Rosie may come out here when you want her. And—and"—it was hard for

Aunt Maria to utter sentiment, but she was determined the words should come—"I want you and Harold to feel you are my very own, just as much as Rose is. I'll be just as good a mother to you as I can."

"You dear, good aunty! I love you, and I never will be afraid of you again," sobbed Marjory, clinging round her neck.

Harold said nothing; but he looked penitent and ashamed and happy all at once, as he stood holding Uncle John's hand tight. *S. W. Shoup, in the Independent.*

A TROUBLESOME PLANT.

A few years ago, while on a visit to Colombia, a New Orleans man saw and admired a water hyacinth. He brought some bulbs home, and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain. In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up with the invading flower. Great masses of it are floating in the lake, rivers running into the lake are choked with it, and it has travelled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Colombia it is a harmless, flowering plant that grows in tubs; but in Louisiana the conditions suit it, and have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest.—*Popular Science News.*

SOME NOVEL RACES.

A London newspaper some years ago contained an account of a strange sort of contest which two noblemen once got up for their own amusement. It consisted of matching a flock of turkeys and a flock of geese for a race on the London and Norwich road, in the middle of the last century. The turkeys would insist upon flying up into the roadside trees to roost; while the geese, keeping up a steady waddle all night, reached London from Norwich two days ahead. The same journal also mentions the feats of Hon. Tom Coventry's sprinting pig. In 1803 this speedy animal was matched against a celebrated runner, and started a strong favorite on the day of the race, which she won with ease. The pig had been trained to run the distance each day for its dinner. Another strange contest of this time took place between two sporting noblemen, who raced against each other on a windy day on Hampstead Heath, one running backwards in jack-boots, and the other holding up an open umbrella, and running forwards.—*Selected.*

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For the Christian Register.
TO SLEEP.

BY THOMAS I. HOGAN.

Dear mistress of my purer, better part,
Come swiftly with thy soft compelling eye,
Dim shining; fold me closely to thy heart;
With rarest tenderness of touch and look,
And mild insistence, child of deepest love,
My sick brain nurture, and embalm my sigh
In essence of soft sighings, till forsook
Of each wild brooding, ev'ry darkening lie,
My soul will in its native freedom move.
Sweet mistress, come!

Thou only, queen of all the middle land,
Hast empire absolute; o'er death and life
Alike thou rulest in a life more grand
In high communing, soul enchantment sweet
As sweetest sadness, loftier bliss replete,
Than if realities of waking hopes were rife,
And daylight dreams complete. With lover's hand
Come lead me swift through ever-fading light
Of flesh, unto the soul's immortal sight.
Dear mistress, come!

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

The Boston Transcript of Monday, October 7, contains the following notice of Robert Beverly Hale:—

The entire community will sympathize deeply with Dr. Hale in the loss of his youngest son, at a time when he is in such serious anxiety, also, as to the issue of Mrs. Hale's critical illness. But the death of Robert Beverly Hale is more than a private loss. Although but twenty-six years old, he had already done notable literary work, earning him recognition as one of the most promising of the younger writers of Boston. He was clearly at the beginning of a brilliant career, and people were turning their eyes to him with pride and great expectations. The stories from his pen which have appeared in recent months in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New England Magazine*, and elsewhere, are stories of no common kind. They revealed an ingenuity, a humor, an originality, and always a human warmth which have led many to feel that Dr. Hale's own literary genius was to be perpetuated peculiarly in this son. The strong sonnet upon Francis Parkman, which appeared in the last number of the *New England Magazine*, shows, also, his genuine and noteworthy poetic talent. He was a man of rare versatility, of close application, and of high purpose. He united in himself, like his father, the literary instinct with the instincts of the man of progress and the reformer. He was a member of the Municipal League; and at the time when he was struck down by illness he was deeply interested with other young men in plans for a new social settlement which is about to be established in Boston, and which he was to join. This settlement will have a new consecration from his interest in it; and the city, while it mourns his early death, knows itself better because he has lived.

Spiritual Life.

Our life is neither complete nor healthful save as it is blended with the common life of our fellow-beings.—*Philip S. Moxom.*

For whatever happens to me each day is my daily bread, provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand, and so feed upon it. *Fénelon.*

Do not let any of us complain that our circumstances are making us evil. Let us manfully confess, one and all, that the evil lies in us, not in them.—*F. D. Maurice.*

Duty stands for the most part close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him is she willing to enter and to be his ready guest.—*Francis Peabody.*

We are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, it is too hard for me to do, or of any sorrow, it is too hard for me to bear, or of any sinful habit, it is too hard for me to overcome.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

Through making us hope for immortality, God has made us a promise of it. If faith is the evidence of things not seen, hope is the certainty of them. The morrow of the world is a purpose in the mind of God, and so is the great to-morrow of my soul.—*William Mountford.*

Be not afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. It is with the wind and storm of tribulation that God separates the true wheat from the chaff. Always remember, therefore, that God comes to thee as truly in thy sorrows as in thy joys.—*M. Molinos.*

God speaks to us most directly in that which is nearest to us. Straining out to find him in the remote, the extraordinary, the supernatural, however it may pass for

piety, is, after all, the very reverse of true piety. There is no higher manifestation of Divinity that we can know anything about than that which appears in the processes of human development. God is revealed to us, in men and women and little children, full of grace and truth.—*H. W. Thomas.*

Education.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE.—The Hampton Institute for the normal, industrial, and agricultural training of the Negro and the Indian began its twenty-eighth session on the 3d inst., with a larger number and from a better class of students than ever before. There were many more applicants, both Negro and Indian, than the school can accommodate; and a larger number than it can well keep has been admitted, expecting that the weeding-out process of the next few weeks will reduce the number to the usual six hundred and fifty. During the vacation months the Indian students have been scattered about on farms in New England, where their services are in demand, and are well paid. About forty new Indians have come from the various reservations, and many more have begged the privilege. A larger number of Indian girls have applied than can be accommodated. This is a most hopeful sign of progress on the reservations. With nearly five hundred and fifty Negro students and one hundred and forty-five Indians enrolled as boarders and three hundred primary day scholars, the number being daily taught on the school grounds is about one thousand. A well-appointed gymnasium has been added to the academic department, and the girls are to receive special attention along the lines of physical culture. Heretofore the school's manual training has been that of actual apprenticeship to the trades. Now, more than ever, the effort is being made to give each pupil, by class-room drill under competent instructors, such knowledge of the use of tools, patterns, and drawing as shall best prepare him for his trade later on. The Normal Department opens well, with every promise of success. Gen. Armstrong's faith that the country would not let Hampton go down has been abundantly rewarded in the increased prosperity of his great work.

Here and There.

The British Museum has secured for the small sum of \$720 a unique collection of editions of "The Imitation of Christ," including six manuscripts and 1,199 printed editions. The institution already had some 500 editions, and now owns considerably more than one-half of the three thousand—more or less—editions which have been issued.

Close to the little village of Anadol, in Bessarabia, a very valuable and interesting discovery of old coins has been made. In one place alone ten pounds of gold coin were found, mostly belonging to the reigns of Alexander the Great and his father, Philip of Macedonia. Most of these coins are in perfect preservation, and have been selling for as much as fifty rubles each on the spot.

The new bridge which is to connect New York City with the New Jersey suburbs is to be completed in 1900, and is to cost \$36,000,000. It will be 7,340 feet long, and its span will be 155 feet above high-water mark. The Brooklyn Bridge required 10,890 tons of steel, but this will require 132,349 tons. The cables are to consist of steel wire in the form of loops or links connected with steel pins.

It is said that the Seckel pear, like the tomato, was long despised as an inferior article of diet, until Lawrence Seckel, from whom the fruit takes its name, experimented with it. On his estate near Philadelphia, afterward the property of Stephen Girard, an old tree that bore the insignificant pears in quantities had stood for years, and its fruit was fed to the goats and cows. One day Mr. Seckel chanced to taste one of the pears, and the flavor pleased him so greatly that he became aware that he had made a discovery almost as important as that of Charles Lamb's hero who first burned his fingers with roast pig.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE LITERATURE.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, of which Mrs. Livermore is the president and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe vice-president, invites both men and women in sympathy with its principles to join the association by sending \$1 to the treasurer, Mr. F. J. Garrison, 4 Park Street, Boston.

To doubters the association recommends woman suffrage tracts by George William Curtis, Hon. George F. Hoar, James Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Lloyd Garrison, Phillips Brooks, Florence Nightingale, Lucy Stone, Clara Barton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Livermore, Frances Power Cobbe, Ednah D. Cheney, John Stuart Mill, and many others. All these can be obtained at the office of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association, 3 Park Street, Boston.

Temperance.

Twenty-one temperance associations have been formed in India during the past winter, with an enrolment of two thousand new members.

In launching a ship at Bath, Me., the other day, the young lady who officiated at the christening used a bouquet of sweet peas in place of the customary bottle of champagne.

The farmers around Sacred Heart, Minn., evidenced their desire for no-license in that town by pledging themselves not to sell grain nor buy supplies there if the village went for license.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad for years past has refused to sell its lands immediately joining its stations except upon conditions which preclude the sale of intoxicating liquors thereon.

A national conference of the English clerical advocates of the Gothenburg system will be held in November. The Fabian Society is about to issue a tract advocating the municipalization of the liquor traffic.

Siberia has a temperance society which pledges its members to total abstinence on every day of the year but one, September 2, the pledge, taken every year September 1, binding them to abstain for a whole year from the morrow.

The Catholic Temperance Union of Boston will celebrate Father Mathew's birthday at the Boston Theatre next Sunday evening, October 13. Rev. P. A. McKenna of Marlboro will deliver a lecture; and there will be an elaborate musical programme, under the direction of Prof. Alfred de Seve.

The *Spectator* is urging the necessity of temperance reform in England. The *British Weekly* says, "The British people will

not see the publicans in a perpetual riot of triumph"; and it urges that the Gothenburg system be adopted without any compensation save a lengthened notice of termination.

"Alcoholic Anæsthesia, a Factor in Crime," was described by Dr. I. N. Quimby at the great meeting of the Medico-Legal Society in New York. Dr. Quimby asserted that the old idea that alcohol is a life-sustaining substance was long ago abandoned by experts, who now look upon it as an anæsthetic.

Personals.

Rev. Joseph Osgood, D.D., now in the fifty-third year of his ministry at Cohasset, had a pleasant meeting of the Plymouth and Bay Association at his house on his eightieth birthday, September 23. One of his parishioners presented him with eighty dollars in gold; while, among other expressions of friendly interest, was a vase with eighty beautiful roses.

In a junior examination of the medical department of the University of Michigan, two Chinese girls from Kiukiang, China, took the highest stand. It is probable that they are the only Chinese girls in a coeducational institution in this country, and at Ann Arbor they are noted for their brilliancy and scholarship. Miss Howe, a missionary from Ann Arbor, induced them to come to this country three years ago. At that time they knew scarcely a word of English.—*Exchange*.

Jean Ingelow is now a venerable woman of seventy-four. She spends the most of the year at her quiet home in Kensington, alternating her time with a sojourn each season at Nice. In both places she is surrounded by her household pets, and in this life of quiet domesticity she passes her time, saying little of her work unless urged to do so. She is described as "a sweet-faced, gray haired woman in a cap," with nothing romantic or suggestive of her profession in her appearance.

The Dowager Empress of China has had a more romantic life than usually happens to ladies of such exalted rank. It seems that she was the child of poor parents who dwelt in the neighborhood of Canton, and a beauty "beyond compare." Once, when starvation threatened her parents, she suggested that they sell her as a slave. A famous general was found as a purchaser who eventually became so pleased with her grace and beauty that he adopted her. On the occasion of the general's next visit to Peking, he took his daughter with him, and offered her to the emperor. Her beauty, wit, and intelligence so fascinated the emperor that he made her his wife, and marked the general with many favors. When the emperor died, the empress took the reins of government, and directed the national affairs better than most of her predecessors. She is considered one of the world's great women.—*The Independent*.

Many people who know Mrs. Ormiston Chant as a public speaker and preacher will be surprised to learn that she is one of the most domesticated women in London. Her last interviewer found her a few mornings since in the middle of spring cleaning. She had just washed nine pairs of woollen stockings, and had further devoted her morning to superintending the charring, looking after a hundred and one small matters, seeing two interviewers, and doing a good deal of other business. Mrs. Chant is, moreover, a cyclist and a billiard-player. For the former she would "get up at six any morning," and the latter presents to her an ever-growing attraction. We learn from the *Lady Cyclist* that Mrs. Chant is chairwoman of the Mowbray House Cycling Club, and that she prefers the bicycle to the tricycle. She does not wear "breeks," because, as she preaches in many pulpits, she is fearful of doing anything that might prejudice those she most wishes to win over. "Anything," she says, "is better than skirts on a cycle. My daughters will certainly wear the rational dress."—*Selected*.

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Pleasantries.

When was Mrs. Humphry Ward like Solomon? When she made David Grieve. *Pacific Unitarian.*

A child seeing a bill on a telegraph post: "O mamma, look! A message has fallen down!"—*Primary Education.*

His First View of an Elephant.—Elder brother: "Look at his tail, Jimmy,—look at his tail!" Jimmy: "Which one, Bob,—de one before or de one behind?"—*Harper's Round Table.*

Small Margery had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't a-minded its walking all over my hand," she said, between her sobs, "if—if it hadn't sat down so hard."—*New York Evening Sun.*

"What makes the baby cry so?" asked Willy. "He's cutting his teeth," said the nurse. "Why do you let him do it?" asked Willy. "You won't even let me cut my own nails."—*Harper's Round Table.*

When Fogg was asked what he thought of Mahlstick, a scraggly-headed painter, he replied, "I should think better of him if he would use his brushes on his hair instead of upon his canvases."—*Transcript.*

Mrs. Joanes: "How do you do, Mr. Brown? Flossie, this is Mr. Brown; he thinks everything of little girls." Flossie: "Funny, but there's a man who lives in our street with the same colored name as you." *Transcript.*

Frank comes into the house in a sorry plight. "Mercy on us!" exclaims his father. "How you look! You are soaked." "Please, papa, I fell into the canal." "What! with your new trousers on?" "Yes, papa, I didn't have time to take them off."—*Omaha Bee.*

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—*Boston Transcript.*

"It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is faster than Temmy can wear them out."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"My tooth aches awful," said Willie. "Don't you think I'd better not go to school to-day?" "No, you needn't go to school. I'll take you to the dentist instead," said his mother. "I think—I guess I—l'd better go to school, after all," rejoined Willie. "The tooth aches, but—it doesn't hurt any."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Miss R. was telling her Sunday-school class of small boys about the Shut-in Society, whose members are persons confined with illness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for these that are so shut in?" "I know," said a little boy. "Some one in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes; and who, Johnnie?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.—*Selected.*

Two little ones who had been told to remain near the house one morning were quite discontented, and begged to go across the way with their playmates. "You are not properly dressed for visiting to-day," said the mother, "and Robert's face is not clean." "Oh, never mind," exclaimed the child: "it will be all right. They are playing house, and I can be the hired girl, and Robert can be a tramp that I let in." *Youth's Companion.*

The commercial enterprise of most of the religious papers is quite remarkable, and the secular appearance of their advertisements is noticeable. But the climax of this sort of thing seems to be capped by a letter seen recently. It was addressed to a business man by the manager of a religious weekly, and it solicited an advertisement on the ground that the paper "not only had a very large circulation, but a very credulous class of readers."—*The Transcript.*

"Miss, you can't bring dogs into the car," said a Third Avenue conductor to a young woman who tenderly held a wriggling little object wrapped up in a shawl. "Tain't a dog," snapped the young woman; and the discomfited conductor retreated to the rear platform. He studied the case for a few minutes, and then, returning to the young woman, said, "Miss, you can't bring cats in, neither." "Tain't a cat," said the young woman: "it's a rabbit," and the long ears emerged in confirmation of her assertion. At this the conductor looked puzzled for a moment, and then said: "Well, that's accordin' to the rules of the company. Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs; but rabbits is insects. So you can stay."—*N.Y. Star.*

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

BOTH Gov. Greenhalge and Lieut. Gov. Wolcott in the present political campaign in Massachusetts have spoken out very strongly against the intolerance of the A. P. A. None who know them could doubt their position on a question of religious toleration. The A. P. A. tried to capture the Republican convention in Massachusetts, but made but a small showing when it came to the vote. It conducts most of its work in the dark, and it is not work which would very well stand the light. Whatever temporary success the movement may have, it is destined to disappear before a better conception of Americanism and a better illustration of religious toleration.

At the meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club last week the president, Lieut. Gov. Roger Wolcott, referred to the visit of the athletes of Cambridge University, England, and of the agreeable and delightful impression they made. "I was pleased to be told," he added, "by the captain of the team, Mr. Horan, that among the athletes who came over here there were many who

had won remarkable distinction in scholarly attainments. Of one man he said that he had got a 'classic first': another had won high honors in mathematics. It seems to me that we Americans, especially those who have anything to do with active college and university life to-day, should bear it in mind that athletics should minister to and aid intellectual development, and should never be allowed to become a substitute for it." Mr. Wolcott's remarks were greeted with applause; and, as most of his hearers were college graduates, this was significant. It may be because the English athletes devoted so much time to their studies that they did not carry off as many honors as the Americans. It would be interesting to know just what was the standing in college of the Americans who won prizes, and perhaps some of the sporting reporters will hunt it up.

It is not always convenient for ministers to preach sermons on particular Sundays on topics assigned them. There are often reasons, local or general, why some other topic would be more timely. The fourth Sunday in this month is the day fixed upon by the National Association of Prison Chaplains as "Prisoners' Sunday"; and ministers throughout the country are urged to preach sermons on the causes, prevention, and treatment of crime, the restoration of the criminal, and the duty of the State and community toward those who have broken the law. We suspect that a good many Unitarian ministers who return to their pulpits October 27 will naturally want to preach on the Washington Conference, and orthodox Congregational ministers may be moved to preach on the American Board. But, if ministers cannot use the 27th of October in that way, there is no reason why they should not use some other Sunday in the year to speak on the various aspects of this broad subject of the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal. In Massachusetts, for example, there are 100,000 arrests for crime annually, and more than 26,000 commitments. On the first day of October there were 7,610 confined in penal institutions. When we think of this vast number of arrests and commitments, and the fact that nearly 100 discharged convicts go out into the community every week, that the expense of supporting prisons is more than \$900,000, and the cost of the police and courts is more than \$2,000,000, in this one of the best States in the Union, we may ask whether the magnitude of this subject ought not to command the attention of every church in the community. We trust, therefore, that ministers who are not able to devote October 27 to this subject will call the attention of their people to it on some other Sunday during the year.

It is urged by the opponents of woman suffrage that women may exert enough influence in politics indirectly without wielding the ballot. In support of this argument they might point to the influence which women have had in the recent English elections. This is brought out very distinctly in an article in the *North American Review* for October by Lady Jeune. The Primrose League is an organization of conservative women formed in memory of Disraeli, and to propagate Tory principles. During the last election it sent out an army of women workers, canvassers, and clerks, besides those who spoke at meetings. No less than 5,613 members were added to the league in July; and Lady Jeune says, "There is little doubt that the Primrose League dames contributed largely to the success of the conservative party." In answer to questions by an English weekly journal Lord Valentia says, "I can only speak for my own constituency, and have no hesitation in saying that the aid contributed by ladies both in clerical work

and canvassing has been of the greatest possible value." Another M.P. says: "The ladies gave me great help. On the other hand, my opponent's wife was of great value to her husband by her clever and lively speeches." Another M.P. thinks the power of women in this direction is immense, but does not like to have them speak in public; and another accuses them of all sorts of political unfairness.

It is curious to note that this activity in electioneering was shown very strongly on the conservative side. The women who did not believe in voting themselves were willing to canvass personally, speak in public, and run the whole machinery of a political campaign. In order to do this, they had to become as thoroughly informed in regard to the issues of the election and the means necessary for success as if they had cast the ballot themselves. It may seem curiously inconsistent that women who do not believe in woman suffrage should work with such immense activity in a campaign where woman suffrage was not one of the issues. So far as the dreaded influence of the ballot on woman itself is concerned, it is apparent that, if in addition they had cast the ballot, they would not have been any less or more womanly than they were. It is clearly evident that, while women in England may, with property qualifications, have municipal suffrage, they are not content with this limitation of political privilege, but have organized extensively for work on national issues, and have succeeded greatly in influencing the result of a national campaign. There is a fact and a logic involved in all this. The fact is that the women who are educating male voters are getting an education themselves; and the logic is that their grateful husbands, brothers, and friends will by and by insist that they shall vote also, and it will be extremely difficult then to find a good reason why they should not.

UNITARIANISM TO-DAY.

The National Unitarian Conference which is to be held in Washington next week will, in its varied and interesting programme, be an exposition of modern Unitarianism. It will not be an occasion for mere retrospect, however useful this might be. If its historic relations are brought out, it will be that its present position may be more fully understood. At this Conference Unitarianism will be seen both as an organized agency and as a free spiritual influence. Its accumulation of power as a moral, intellectual, and spiritual force in this age has been remarkable. It has never patented its ideas, and it has done far less to extend them than it ought to have done. But somehow they have had a wonderfully sustained power of self-extension. Like a sweet odor, a breath of air, a glow of sunlight, they have spread far and wide and diffused themselves in the church, in the home, in literature and society.

It has not been so easy for Unitarianism to put up its sign and advertise its roots and seed. But, gradually, it has grown more and more in organic power and efficiency, until to-day it is better equipped for its work than ever; and we suspect that at Washington it will be seen that the machinery is pretty well oiled.

Another thing will be clearly evident,—that it does not exist for the sake of its machinery, any more than an electric current exists for the sake of the motor which helps to direct and diffuse it. So what we shall be most impressed with at Washington will not be the rattle and jar of mechanism, but the light and radiation of those conceptions and emotions of love to God and love to man, immortal hope, social duty, and devout worship which Unitarianism holds with faith and gladness at this close of the nineteenth century.

THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

The annual conference on behalf of the Indian, held under the patronage of Mr. Albert K. Smiley, at Lake Mohonk, N.Y., took place last week. A large number of government officials, teachers, missionaries, editors, and other friends of the Indian were present. The meeting held six sessions, averaging two hours and a half each.

Among the subjects discussed were the working of the severalty law, the need of special advisers for Indians taking up allotments, the leasing of allotted lands, the iniquitous state of affairs in the Indian Territory, the absolute necessity of more zeal in missionary work, and the introduction of Young Men's Christian Associations among the tribes. Aside from the report of Dr. Heilmann, the efficient superintendent of Indian schools, on the work of the past year, little attention was paid to the matter of schooling. That part of the work is in such good hands that it goes on smoothly. More children are enrolled than ever before, but there are still some thousands for whom no schools are yet provided. The experiment of persuading States to enroll the Indian children within their limits in the public schools of the State has resulted in measurable success, and several hundred are thus receiving their schooling. If the Indians paid taxes, there would be less trouble. This exemption from taxation on the part of Indians holding allotted lands has worked no end of trouble in every direction. It is a great pity that this could not have been foreseen by the framers of the severalty bill. But the truth is there was no thought at that time that the land would be allotted in hot haste to whole tribes at a time. It was supposed that here and there an Indian might be found progressive enough to want to take up land, and he was to be free from the burden of taxes till he should be able to stand on his own feet. But, now that whole townships are allotted, the States in which they lie are justified in demanding money from some source to pay for roads, schools, and courts in these new communities. It is an unfair burden to throw upon their white neighbors. Hence more stress than ever was laid upon the need of some provision by Congress to meet this lack of taxes, either from Indian funds in the hands of the government or, failing these, from the national treasury.

A ringing speech on the impossibility of alienating the legislative authority which the United States holds over all the people in the land was made by Dr. Lyman Abbott after hearing Senator Dawes's account of the scandalous state of affairs in that pest-hole of iniquity, the Indian Territory. Professedly an Indian Territory, it contains only about thirty-four thousand Indians, while there are more than three hundred thousand whites! These white people have no law, no public schools, no flag. It is the snug harbor and the factory of criminals of every kind, and every year makes the matter worse. It is a difficult problem but one that must be met and conquered, no matter what it costs. This is strongly put in the "Platform" which is given in another column.

One of the most interesting pieces of work undertaken of late is the establishment of Young Men's Christian Associations among the Indians. This branch of practical work has been under the charge of Dr. Charles Eastman, an educated and devoted gentleman of the Sioux nation. He has organized more than forty in many different tribes, so that now at least two thousand young Indian men are thus banded together for physical, mental, and moral training. This work so quickly commends itself as a wise and hopeful thing that it seems strange it has never been presented before.

Other practical measures that were heart-

ily commenced were the employment of more field matrons and a rapid introduction of reindeer into Alaska. The herds have thriven wonderfully; and the increase has been as much as could be expected, but at the present rate it will be nearly twenty-five years before there will be enough reindeer to distribute to the thousands of natives whose food supply has been destroyed, and who are half starved and miserable. Here would be a chance for some lover both of humanity and of animals to help stock Alaska with these most useful creatures, that are to the dwellers in arctic regions what the palm is to the dweller in the tropics, the source of food, shelter, clothing, and defence.

A PULLMAN EDIOT.

The question whether corporations have souls or not would probably have been decided in the negative if the vote of the passengers in a Pullman sleeper could have been taken a few weeks ago. A Western train was passing through Nebraska during the intense heat of September, when the mercury stood at ninety-eight in the cars. A clergyman brought an invalid daughter on the train at Lincoln, to take her into Iowa, a few hours' ride by daylight. A bed in a lower berth was arranged, and the invalid was placed upon it. The upper berth, however, was pulled down. It was stifling hot in the car, and the girl was gasping for breath. Two physicians happened to be on the train, one of them a woman. Both offered their services, and sought to promote her circulation by chafing her hands and by massage. They asked that the upper berth might be closed, so that they could work to better advantage, and that the invalid might have more air. The porter said that he had no power to do it. Appeals were then made to the conductor by several disinterested passengers. The answer was that the upper berth could not be shut unless the full price was paid for the whole section. "It is the law of the company," was the only reply; and, as the scant purse of the clergyman could afford no such luxury, the sick girl had to lie and pant in the lower berth and the physicians had to work at great inconvenience.

The directors of the Pullman Company undoubtedly believe that the law they have made that the upper berths shall always be pulled down unless the whole section is paid for is necessary for their business. It will be hard for them to convince many people that such is the case. As it stands and as it is enforced, it is certainly an ungenerous rule, in strong contrast with the usage of railroads in England and on the continent. A traveller in an English or continental coach pays for one seat; and, if there are enough people to fill the compartment, that is all he is entitled to. But, if he is the only passenger, he can occupy the whole cab if he wishes. It would be easy for the foreign companies to put up fixed arms or divisions between the seats, so that a passenger could only occupy one seat at a time; but, on the contrary, passengers may lie at full length on the seats by day or by night if they are not occupied by other passengers, and this is a great comfort in foreign travel. The European railroads seem to have assumed that it is worth while to let their passengers be just as comfortable as the extent of the traffic will permit. They would smile if told that they lost anything by treating the public with any such consideration. The Pullman rule that no person shall occupy the whole section if there are other passengers wanting berths is a fair one; but why, when a car is only half full, the company should not be willing that the passengers should have the advantage of the extra space over their heads it is not easy to see. There seems to be a superstitious notion that the pulling down of the upper berth will compel other passengers to get aboard, or, if not, that those who have already bought tickets should be punished. It is not as if the property of the company were to be injured by not enforcing this rule. It is not possible for a passenger to occupy an upper berth and a lower one at the same time. No harm comes to the upper berth if it is shut. On the contrary, the passenger is less likely to ram his head against it when he is trying to get up in the morning. The rule is simply an illustration of cold, wilful disregard of public comfort.

But, even if such a rule were generally necessary, there is no reason why it should

be enforced with invariable despotic cruelty, as in the case mentioned. The porter and the conductor were not without souls: they were simply the agents of a soul-less authority. It might have cost them their situations to have violated the rule. Their own fear of this authority was shown in the literalness of their interpretation. It was afternoon. In letting a bed to the invalid at the regular price, they had sacrificed two seats. No other passenger could occupy that section. As the girl occupied the whole of the section longitudinally, it does not appear why she should not have had the rest of it vertically. As enforced, the rule was simply an act of coercion to make a poor man pay double fare. There was not a passenger on the train, unless riding on a free pass, who did not think that the rule of the company, thus cruelly and arbitrarily enforced against a poor invalid girl when the thermometer was at ninety-eight, was altogether a heartless one, as well as a bad business policy.

It is such a soul-less rule as this which gives a boost to socialism, and leads many people to ask the question whether they could not travel a little more comfortably if they took things in their own hands and managed the railroads for the good of the community instead of for the profits of a few.

ECONOMY AS A FINE ART.

There are few families in the large middle class of American society who are strangers to the word "economy." The workingman with his weekly wage, the clerk with his few hundreds, the business or professional man who is dependent on his salary for a suitable living,—all know the necessity of fitting their desires to their incomes; and to do this requires economy in one form or another. As a man's income increases, the necessities of his family increase, also, only apparently in geometric ratio. Until a man is practically sure of his bread and butter, whatever happens, economy is only a hard, grinding necessity in which there can come no lapses, and about which there is no room for discussion. So long as a week's illness, for instance, with its accompanying loss of income and unexpected expenses, means literal disaster, the element of choice does not enter into the problem at all; and without this element of choice there is no possibility of regarding economy as a fine art. On the other hand, the man who has money for every passing fancy, and with whom the most lavish expenditure threatens no diminution of resources, knows no more of the pleasures of economy than does a blind man of painting. It is when a little saving here may mean an unwonted indulgence there that economy assumes its proper dignity. When self-denial in a Sunday dinner may mean the purchase of a new book, when a ticket for the symphony concerts must be balanced against the easy-chair we have been wanting, when an evening with Irving means extra work on some Saturday afternoon, then it is that the new book or the concerts or the theatre come with a rare zest of enjoyment, and assume a value unknown to him to whom all these things are a matter of course, to be taken at the proper time, like his three meals a day. Economy as a fine art demands a certain sense of proportion and an understanding of the things one really wants most. It can be no haphazard affair, depending on momentary impulse or friendly coercion or fashionable inducements for its exercise. It must follow long lines of conviction, quick to recognize genuine advantages, cheerful in decisions. There is an economy that narrows the life and cramps the affections. There is also an economy which merely adds the flavor of appreciation to the pleasures it sanctions. It is based on no "cold-scrag-of-mutton sophistry," but on the solid law of compensations. It is a friend to be cultivated while one is young and cheery and independently inclined.

There is no way in which a man is more sure to reap what he sows than in this matter of economy. "The gods sell all things at a fair price"; and a man betrays himself as soon as he shows where he draws the line between necessities and luxuries, between the things for which he is willing to economize and those which may be reckoned among the superfluities, if need be. The early Massachusetts colonists could economize painfully in household matters, and it was even difficult to raise among

them a paltry sum for a palisade as defence against the Indians; but they gave freely for the sake of education. They seem to have considered it of comparatively small consequence whether or not they had variety of provisions, but they could not exist without schools and a college. Gov. Winthrop wrote, "Howsoever our fare be but coarse in respect to what we formerly had, yet He makes it sweet and wholesome to us, that I may truly say I desire no better." Many an economy is "sweet and wholesome" when it is for the sake of something we really care about.

Economy considered as a fine art is as far removed from parsimony as it is from wastefulness itself. It plans for certain expenses of the higher life as regularly as for light and fuel. Church, for instance, is no luxury to be put aside with the least possible contribution, given grudgingly, but a legitimate demand on one's time, his money, and his interest. When this economy gives, it gives royally, not as if led by some unhappy accident of circumstances. It scorns to be the handmaid of a false pretence, saving here for the sake of useless show somewhere else; but it exults in the careful consideration that can afford to help on the truest interests of life, or serve a fellow-creature at need, or spend for the increase of faith and freedom and true brotherhood in the world.

Musings.

I WAS pained to find the other day that a gentleman friend of mine had lost four toes on each foot. The deformity was covered over by a patent leather shoe. I noticed that several other friends had suffered in the same way, and wondered what general accident had succeeded in chopping off their toes. I expressed my sympathy to these crippled friends, and asked how the accident had occurred. I found, however, that, instead of looking for sympathy, they were merely posing for admiration. Having waked up some morning to discover that the Lord had made them with five toes instead of one, they had jammed their feet into leather toothpicks, by courtesy called shoes, and were going about to create the impression that the shoes were made to fit, and that they were even beautiful to look at. In the old juvenile readers it used to be said that the peacock was proud of his tail, but his pride fell when he looked down at his feet. So it has seemed to me that these fashionable young peacocks ought to be humiliated when they look down at their feet. The coat-tail is an appendage which could stand such treatment without involving physical deformity. A dress-coat is indeed an ugly thing, because the tail has been clipped without any reference to lines of beauty; but it does not interfere with the circulation or the physical structure of the wearer. When you come, however, to jam a man's five toes into a space which is not more than large enough for one or two, the inevitable result is malformation. The Chinese have reduced this business of foot-cramping to a science, and begin in childhood, just as the flat-headed Indians do at the other end, in seeking to force their skulls out of shape. And I have seen some of these toothpick shoes for children, which showed that the last-makers and shoemakers had determined to imitate the Chinese by beginning early in their efforts to torture the human foot into the shape of a narrow keel on each leg, as if a man were made for a catamaran! What would be the result of the long-continued compression and suppression of the four toes out of five? It would result in a one-toed, or one-hoofed, race. The horse, in prehistoric ages, had several toes; but, by not taking care to preserve their individuality, they have grown together into a single hoof. This one-toed race seems to be the ideal of the shoemakers and their deluded customers. How vulgar the Greeks were, when such of their artists as Praxiteles, Phidias, and others ventured to put the human foot into marble, just as it was in the flesh! What a curious delinquency we should have had in Greek sculpture if they had made the Greek foot according to a modern last of the toothpick variety! Would it have been possible for Du Maurier to have obtained any such success with "Trilby" if the modern shoemaker, instead of Little Billee, had drawn the foot? Dr. Waldstein, the professor of archæology in Cambridge, England, who has dug up in Greece enough

marble hands, feet, legs, etc., including the beautiful Hera head, to stock several museums, had a Greek foot which had walked off some Greek statue lying in his room; and, when I asked him if it belonged to a Greek Trilby, he said, with mock indignation, that the Trilby foot was altogether a poor piece of work. But how much poorer would it have been if the artist had been a shoemaker, or a shoemaker the artist!

WHAT if some future historian of the human race, tracing its various stages of physical evolution, should write the history of the human foot from such foot-gears as he might find in modern museums or shoe stores. If, in his ignorance, he assumed that the shoe was made to fit the foot instead of the foot made to fit the shoe, he would be led to describe a race of men in the Elizabethan period whose preternaturally lengthened big toe curved away over on to the instep, like the trunk of an elephant when it is thrown back over its head. He would find a tribe with a foot cut square across at the end. He could trace variations in length, breadth, and shape every year, until eventually he reached the toothpick foot. There is no reason to suppose that he would have to stop here. The fear we may have of the one-toed race is groundless. Fashion is fortunately as fickle as she is foolish. She cannot stay of one mind very long; and it is doubtful if the "toothpick," or "razor," will last over another season. A distinguished authority in the shoe business told me the other day that a large firm engaged in manufacturing India-rubbers had received an order for several thousand cases of narrow-toed rubbers, but they were afraid to fill it lest the fashion might change before retailers had disposed of the goods. My friend assured me that he thought the "London toe" would be the next thing in shoes. The "London toe," of which I saw a good many abroad, is a sort of compromise between the natural toe and the American "toothpick." But the shoe-dealers must have something to stimulate their business; and, though the "London toe" may be an alleviation, there is no certainty that some worse folly in the shape of an elongated heel may not follow it. It is not often that we announce the coming fashions in this or any other column; but, in the interest of a suffering humanity, it seems to be a philanthropic duty to herald even such a mitigation as the "London toe." For myself, I have a physiological last at Mr. P. J. Hinckley's, 101½ Charles Street, Boston; and, when I want a pair of shoes, I drop him a postal card, and do not have to visit the chiropodist in consequence.

Brevities.

A Noachian rain in New England last Sunday.

That admirable institution, the New England Hospital for Women and Children, will hold its anniversary this year in Copley Hall, Boston, October 29. Noted speakers will be present.

The President has returned to Washington in time to attend the National Unitarian Conference. Without regard to party, Unitarians will approve of the President's judgment in this matter.

The Lake Mohonk Conference expressed a tender spirit of sympathy with Dr. Hale in a telegram sent to him; but the yellow scrap of paper could tell little of the genuine heart sorrow felt and spoken by every one.

To say that Mohonk was more beautiful than ever this year means not only that the hand of man has added to its charms, but that the beauty of association grows deeper and dearer. The halo about the kind host's head shines brighter, and the gentleness of the cordial little wife grows yet tenderer. All felt it good to be there, and were quite ready to echo the witty words of Mr. McElroy: "I am not sure in the last analysis but Mr. and Mrs. Smiley do more for us than we do for the Indians."

One of the most earnest and able of the new apostles of Unitarianism is Rev. William M. Brundage of Albany, who came into the Unitarian church recently from the Methodist body. The Unitarian society in Albany has just issued in pamphlet form seven sermons by Mr. Brundage under the general title "Some Things for which the

Unitarian Church stands." These sermons are excellent for missionary work; and, with this in view, the Albany society printed a large edition, and is now able to offer a thousand of them to Post-office Mission workers at the low rate of \$5 per hundred. This excellent opportunity ought to be seized. Orders for the same may be sent to Mary E. Hawley, 158 Elm Street, Albany, N. Y.

The review of "Hymns for the Church and Home," published in last week's number of the *Register*, failed to state that the book called "Hymns of the Church Universal" was published from a compilation of hymns left by Henry W. Foote. No doubt all who have used this latter book are so well aware of their indebtedness to Mr. Foote that the correction hardly needs to be made on their account. But, for the benefit of others, our review of the later work should have said more exactly that Mrs. Tileston and Mr. Arthur Foote were simply editors of "Hymns of the Church Universal." The new book is, however, to all intents and purposes, a new collection, one hundred and thirty-five hymns having been omitted, and nearly three hundred hymns, together with over one hundred tunes, having been added, to make up the collection now published under the title "Hymns for Church and Home."

The Greeks have taken to modern journalism as ducks take to water. Perhaps it is owing to the influence of their early heritage. Athens has probably more papers in proportion to its population than any city in Europe; and, wherever the Greeks go, they must have their newspaper. So it is not strange that in New York we should find a Greek paper called *Atlantis*, which is published weekly at 5 cents a number, or \$3 a year. It is printed on excellent paper and with good type, and takes up all the questions of the day at home and abroad, whether the Armenian question, Corinthian currents, Bulgarian affairs, the Olympian games, or other matters. It contains many items of interest about the Old World and the New, notices of new books, and a page of advertisements. The proprietor is Mr. Solon Vlasti, president of the New York Greek Society. College students who wish to become familiar with modern Greek will find the *Atlantis* of much help.

Mr. Booker T. Washington has pointed out that, industrially, the Negro has a much better chance in the South than he has at the North. This fact was strongly set forth about a year ago by another colored man, Mr. Thomas J. Bell, a graduate of Atlanta University. In an article in the *Bulletin* of that institution Mr. Bell said: "The colored man in the South must work for small wages because money is so cheap there. But he is not debarred from work because he is a colored man; but in all the ordinary lines of labor he can enter in and work right along with white men, and there is nothing said about it. Colored contractors often have working under them both white and colored men. But in the North, where one would expect that things would be open and free for all, if anywhere, where they claim to have no 'color line,' but where every man is supposed to be considered free so long as he behaves himself and attends to his business, I must say that things are otherwise. Here only very few lines of labor are open to the colored man. Pains are taken that he does not enter into competition with the white man. He can work in hotels, clean offices, wash out spittoons, black boots, and do other work in that line; but that is about as far as he can go. He feels it, he knows it; and so it always happens, when he applies for a position, the question he asks himself is not whether he can do the work, but whether they will employ him."

Pro and Con.

HYMN BOOKS WANTED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

Our liberal movement in Carthage, Mo., is in need of second-hand copies of the "Hymn, Tune, and Service Book, Revised Edition." Any society which has discarded copies, and wishes to make them do good, will confer a favor by corresponding with Mr. F. M. Bennett, 1111 South Maple Street, Carthage, Mo. E. A. H.

THE VISION.

For the *Christian Register*.
BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

Strange flowers in cluster, creamy white,
I gathered, and brought to the candle light,—
Flowers of a day, with the sun's fond kiss
Now warm on the cheek of the face of this,
That seemed too pure to be born of mould,
With the germ of wings, in its crepey fold.

They were stranger blooms, in a garb so fair,
For fear that the evening's candle glare
Might tarnish and rust, I laid them away,
Only to find at the break of the day
The spirit had vanished, only leaving instead
A crumpled cere-cloth that folded the dead.

Oh, vision of beauty! this bloom of a day,
It speaks to my soul in a silent way,
And I almost think that the legend's true:
That souls reincarnate; that in splendid view
I have seen some dweller from far away
That came on love's vision, for just a day.

And my soul is reborn into newer light,
For just this vision supremely bright:
That the dead are alive, and perforce, to win
Some soul from the toils of care and sin,
They come in the guise of a little flower
To transform the heart by this living power.

UNIVERSITIES AND WORKINGMEN.

BY REV. F. G. PEABODY, D.D.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the "social movement" of our time is its relation to the universities. A generation ago no two social classes stood farther apart than the universities and the workingmen. The life of the universities was absorbed in literary self-culture; and scarcely a trace of social responsibility, or even of intellectual interest, in the practical problems of modern society could have been found.

To-day the universities, more than any other body of men, are recognizing both the pathos and the peril of the industrial situation. The last and best method of philanthropy—the method of residence among the poor and of the contagion of the better life—is a movement begun at the universities, maintained by university men and women, bearing the name, both in Great Britain and this country, of "University Settlements." The universities within the last half-dozen years have competed with each other in establishing courses of instruction on "The Condition of the Workingman," "The Ethics of Modern Society," "Pauperism and Charity," "Socialism and Communism," not to speak of the more academic lectures on economics and sociology. Thousands of young men are now graduating each year from the American colleges, with a sympathetic understanding of the position and need of the American workingman, such as would have seemed to the graduate of the last generation no part of a liberal education.

This remarkable change has been brought about by two causes. First, it has been in some degree forced upon the universities by the tremendous activity and progress of the workingman.

GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

The growth in power and resources and capacity for self-help on the part of the hand-workers is, of course, the most important characteristic of the time; and thoughtful people must take account of it, whether they will or no. But, on the other hand, this new growth of industrial democracy has been met, among the universities, by a new philosophy. The philosophy of individualism has had a great part in history, and dominated the English world and thought since the time of Locke. But a new conception of life and duty is supplanting it. "Society is an organism" is its maxim. "We are members one of another" is its religious expression. The life of the individual finding its significance only in the service of the whole,—that is the doctrine with which the university student now faces the world.

STUDY OF LABOR PROBLEMS.

Among all the extraordinary changes of the modern life, its new inventions and processes, its cheapening of necessities and its multiplication of luxuries, its transition from the age of steam to the age of electricity, there is, after all, nothing of such significance or permanent effect as this change in philosophy from the self-centred to the organic creed. It has given a new motive and scope to economic study: it has practically re-created ethics. It gives a new meaning to the Christian religion, and it is making a new kind of college man.

The college man of the past was given to self-culture for its own sake, and expected his education to separate him somewhat from the common lot of the world. The new college graduate regards his education as a tool to use for the service of his own time. He recognizes that the social problems now presenting themselves are not to be solved by sentimentalism or passion or enthusiasm, but need, first of all, wisdom; and so he gives himself to study for the sake of its social utility. And, as he thus seriously turns to sociological studies, he finds himself in a new companionship. He discovers that one other body of men and women, with much of the same patience, though with far less opportunity, are trying to understand in some philosophical way the social situation. It is not the employer class, with many notable exceptions: they are absorbed in business affairs. It is the working people. The simple fact is that an amount of hard study is going on in many a workingman's home, and a kind of literature is to be found by many a hand-worker's evening lamp, of which the prosperous classes have, for the most part, no conception. And so the young university man and the workingman naturally meet. Each has its limitations. The inexperienced youth is sometimes more enthusiastic than he is wise, and the workingman is often crude and impracticable. But this, at least, is true, that these two types meet and know each other, and are beginning to believe in each other. What could be better for either type than this mutual understanding and respect?

A WORKINGMEN'S COLLEGE.

Lest some reader should think this statement of relations visionary, I shall cite one case of such practical intimacy. Harvard University lies about a mile from a considerable working-class population; and three years ago a few students of the university undertook to meet some young workingmen scholars of Cambridgeport, and give to them, as scholars, the instruction which they, the students, had just received. They transmitted, that is to say, the university courses, the student now becoming teacher, and handing on the knowledge freshly acquired. From this modest beginning has grown a workingman's college, with a faculty of eighty student teachers and a membership roll of from seven hundred to eight hundred workingmen. It is a beautiful thing to find in these classes youths of luxurious training happily and heartily at work with men from the compositor's desk or the carpenter's bench. Both teachers and scholars are learning much more than the lessons assigned. They are coming to understand each other. The college boy is learning that there are other ways of education than his, and the hand-worker is learning that many a well-dressed youth is neither a fool nor a snob. They meet to study the elements of mathematics or French, but they are learning together the doctrine of the organic life of man.

Cambridge, Mass.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S ORGANIZATION.

BY REV. GEORGE W. COOKE.

By way of suggestion, I wish to present some ideas on the subject of the more efficient organization of our young people. It is a subject to which I have given much thought, and what I am able to present may be helpful in bringing this important question definitely to the attention of others. It has seemed to me that what we wish to accomplish may be stated under four heads:

1. We wish to take our young people from the Sunday-school into the church. To effect this result, we need a young people's organization, officered and managed by them. It should be distinctly religious, and hold stated devotional meetings.

2. We wish to train our young men and women in a knowledge and appreciation of our own religion. To do that, it must be made attractive, and adapted to the needs of the young mind and heart. It is not enough to say that the church is always open to the young. We must make it thoroughly congenial to them. We must win them by giving them something to do, some part in the church, some place which they can fill to their own advantage and to the advantage of others.

3. We need to keep the young people of our churches loyal to the local churches, and loyal to the spirit of the liberal faith.

To do that, we must invite them into an active co-operation in the work of the denomination. There is absolutely no other way in which from the start to make them loyal Unitarians.

4. Not only must the young of each local church be banded together for fellowship and co-operation in the religious life, but the fellowship should extend throughout the denomination, and draw together into one active brotherhood the young people of all our churches.

If these propositions approve themselves to the judgment of those interested, it would seem not to be difficult to hit upon what is approximately the best thing to do. We must remember, however, that we have to deal with young people, and that we should thoroughly adapt our organization to their tastes, capacities, and needs. In the Sunday-school the children can be guided; but in such an organization as we now propose, the young people must largely guide themselves. What is adapted to the needs and tastes of the older members of our congregations may not attract the young, and may even repulse them. Let us remember that the externals of religion—its ritual, music, sensuous expression, and enthusiasms—appeal to the young as they do not to the adult members of our churches. Pure thought and refined spiritual convictions mature minds appreciate, but the young do not.

With this preface, let me say at once that we need in every one of our churches a young people's religious society. Such a society should have for its cardinal object to hold devotional meetings, which shall be adapted throughout to the needs of the young. They should be spirited, simple in method, devout in aim, and inspired by the earnestness and enthusiasm of youth. In organizing such a society, I believe the Epworth League offers the best model. It is that of a society intimately connected with the church, under its motherly care, and subject to its general supervision. Around the central object of the devotional meeting, held on Sunday afternoon or evening, are gathered all the other interests of the church in which the young can take part. The several interests of the society are in charge of committees, such as social, musical, financial, philanthropic, fellowship, and literary. Those of a musical taste can have charge of the music of the society. Another group can lend a hand in helping others, and keep before the society the true work of charity. The Fellowship Committee can seek out new members, see that the members know each other, visit sick members, and in other ways help to make the society a genuine brotherhood. The Literary Committee can provide speakers from abroad, give courses of lectures, or provide study classes where these are desirable.

I am convinced, by much observation and experience, that this breadth of method is indispensable to permanent success. Without question the religious aim and the devotional meeting must be central and vital in the whole scheme; but, given these, numberless interests must be at hand to attract and hold all whom we desire to reach. While the central aim should never be weakened by the collateral interests, we should not forget for one moment that the liberal conception of religion makes it co-extensive with life and all its true purposes. We wish to have the young taught that amusements, morals, literature, daily life, are in vital relation with religion; that devotion is a right spirit within every form of activity.

Such a society as we propose should be a young people's society, with its members and officers drawn from their number, and with its work done by their efforts and direction. At the same time it should be the young people's society of the church with which it is connected, and it should be thoroughly loyal to that church. Very important is it that it should not withdraw the young people from the church, to regard their society as an end in itself. From the first, and throughout, it should have as its aim to help the church, to draw the young into it, and to make its individual members helpers of the church in every possible way. To this end it should be definitely stated in the constitution and by-laws that the society is a branch of the church. The members should pledge themselves to a loyal interest in the church, and to attend upon its services at least once every Sunday when it is possible for them to do so.

Given the local societies, it needs no extended argument to prove that they will be more effective if banded together to promote their common objects. Here is where an efficient organization will be of the greatest service in giving strength and a wise purpose to the whole movement. We can wisely follow the Christian Endeavor and the Christian Union societies by adopting their method of having a national organization, subordinate State and county organizations, and a uniform organization and methods for the local societies. There may be objections to such a scheme of uniformity, but the advantages will far outweigh the limitations. The chief advantage will be that we shall have an army, and not a guerilla squad.

For myself, I should be glad if we could affiliate with the Universalist young people, by adopting their name of the "Young People's Christian Union," and by following their methods of organization so far as we can adapt them to our needs. Why should there not be a general organization of the youth of the liberal churches of the country, as there is of the evangelical? Following the model of the national Endeavor organization, each denomination can do its own work in its own way; but the affiliated societies could work together for those ends they have in common. Certainly, it is desirable that we should band our young people together into an active and strong organization if we would keep them with us. We need not be afraid of cramping them or of making them think that religion is synonymous with routine. There is not the slightest danger of our taking from them the spirit of liberty; but we need to organize them for the sake of having them come into full possession of the liberties to which they are entitled, and which they now miss for the most part.

I wish to suggest right here that the evangelical people have succeeded because they have applied common sense to the work of interesting the young. In themselves badges, banners, society songs, and the other equipments of a successful Endeavor meeting are of no value; but they have much of influence upon the young, and may be wisely employed for what they are worth. Should we consent to use some of these showy but inoffensive methods, we should find that we had gained very much in our power to interest the young. I seriously propose, therefore, that we use these methods. Let it be done discreetly and æsthetically, if we will; but let it be done for the sake of what it will enable us to accomplish by means of other and more important methods.

Our conferences, Unitarian Clubs, Alliance quarterly meetings, and other gatherings serve to interest the men and women of our churches in the general work of the denomination. Why should not the young be interested by similar meetings held to promote the general interests of their societies? Various objections will be raised; but these have been overcome by the Christian Union societies, and, in spite of school and other duties of the young people, they are able to hold large and successful meetings. Such gatherings would put new life into the local societies, and they would develop that spirit of fellowship which is essential to the success of such an organization.

Another way of drawing together the local societies and of giving a common purpose to their activities is to have them take in hand some work which they will carry on in common. Let every member of each local society contribute two cents each week, this money to go into the treasury of the national organization, to be spent by its officers for missionary purposes. If each of our four hundred churches had a young people's society of thirty members, the sum realized in forty Sundays would be \$10,000, and in fifty-two Sundays over \$12,000. The gathering of this money and the spending of it would give a purpose to the proposed society which would be of great importance to its permanent success. I am convinced that some such object is necessary in order to hold the societies together for the growth in religion which they primarily have in view. This collateral object will not interfere with the main one, but will facilitate it, and make it more impressive. The chief purpose of such a method of work, however, would be to educate our young people into a real knowledge of our denominational life, its missionary enterprises, and its spirit of

humanitarian service. Were our young people thus educated and taught to give each week a mite for missionary work, when they came into the church pews as men and women, the American Unitarian Association would have no difficulty in getting from every church according to its real capacity to give.

One other suggestion I wish to make. The Endeavor and Christian Union societies not only have a uniform organization, but they have in all their local societies the same subjects for consideration at each of their meetings. Would it not be wise to adopt a somewhat similar method for our young people's societies? A schedule of topics could be prepared at the beginning of the year, some of the topics to be optional, and others to be made use of by all of the societies on the same dates. In this way something of uniformity could be secured, while freedom would be left for local enterprise and preference. Such a method would enable us to bring forward such topics and to make use of such special days as would conduce to the growth of interest in the liberal faith. By such a method, too, it would not be difficult to make our young people understand their own belief and why they accept it. Without teaching them to be sectarian or dogmatic, we could give them a faith vital with life, truth, and love.

I can readily anticipate most of the objections which will be raised against the propositions I have put forward in this paper. I am sure none of these objections are in themselves important, and they ought not to stand in the way of an effort from which so much of good will result. The objection made by those who wish to keep the young people's meetings strictly devotional in their character, that spiritual growth will be lost sight of, would be a conclusive one, were it not true, as proven by abundant experience, that the plan here outlined really increases the interest in religion on the part of the young people.

To love the church to which they belong, to feel an earnest interest in the denomination of which they are a part, assuredly will not lessen the devotional spirit of the young people's society. Nor can one think that the interest growing out of a weekly contribution to missionary work, or that of meeting in conference with other young people, or that of considering with others, on the same evening throughout the country, some problem of good government, right living, or high thinking, will in any degree lessen the worshipful purpose of the society.

The religion in which we believe teaches us that, if we would find ourselves, we must lose ourselves. The religion our young people must be taught is one which bids them live for interests larger than their own. Good as a young people's devotional meeting may be, it will soon starve to death if its interest is centred in itself. The young people need a common interest, an interest which joins them heart and hand with the older people, and an interest which will give them the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The treasurer was so much occupied last week with other matters that the weekly notes for the *Register* were overlooked until it was too late, and Brother Barrows had closed the door. It is hardly important enough to call for an apology; but, nevertheless, we will try to remember it in time hereafter.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The new hymn and tune book, called "Hymns for Church and Home, with Tunes," is now ready. This is a square 8vo, of 512 pages, and contains 801 hymns. The hymns were edited by Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, and the tunes by Mr. Arthur Foote. The collection contains a large number of the old hymns and tunes and many new ones. It will, no doubt, have a large sale. Price \$1.50; discount to societies and to ministers of 20 per cent. The seventeenth volume of "Unity Pulpit," containing the sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage, began September 27. "Unity Pulpit" is published weekly by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston. Price for season, \$1.50; single copies, 5 cents. The First Parish of Cambridge has begun the publication of the sermons of Rev. S. M. Crothers. The first one—subject, "Catholicity"—is on our table

now for sale. Subscription price for these sermons, \$1 per annum; single copies, 5 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to Dr. J. T. G. Nichols, 63 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Among the books we have the following new ones: "Responsive Readings," by Henry Van Dyke, was originally prepared for the chapel of Harvard University, where it is now in use. This is a revised and enlarged edition prepared for general use in churches and elsewhere. Price 75 cents. "The Preacher and his Place," the Lyman Beecher Course of Lectures at Yale University, delivered last spring by Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, contains eight lectures in all. Price 94 cents.

The death of Robert Beverly Hale has called out a very earnest expression of sympathy for Dr. Hale and his family from all our Unitarian friends who have called at these rooms. The continued illness of Mrs. Hale is a further source of anxiety to our beloved friend. Dr. Hale will surely have the sympathy of all who know him in his prolonged trial.

The notes of preparation for the National Conference at Washington are sounding louder and louder. It certainly looks now as if we should have the greatest meeting we have ever yet held. Let us hope that it will leave its mark on the history of our Unitarian thought, and that it will widen and deepen our influence in the nation. Surely, we have the religion best adapted to the needs of the day. The two great commandments ought to be great enough to cover all the religion, even of this great people.

VISITS.

October 2, in the evening, visited the Unitarian Club of Watertown. This is the first club of men formed in our churches. The meeting was held in the fine parish house, and it was a pleasure to look in the faces of about sixty men that seemed to know what they were in the world for. We expect to hear from these men in their work hereafter. Next day, October 3, "Essex Conference," in that curious-looking old town of Marblehead, with its corkscrew streets, its big rocks, and its hospitable people. The old meeting-house was well filled, and the exercises of the conference indicated that Unitarianism in Essex was going ahead. Sunday morning, October 6, Portland, Me., in the old First Parish, with its solid-looking granite church, its fine Sunday-school room, and, what was specially delightful to the treasurer, the privilege of hearing its celebrated organist, Kotschmar, the author of some of our best church music. This old church is rich in historic associations, and it maintains the traditions of Unitarianism with dignity and power. In the evening of the same day at Kennebunk, a fine old country parish, active and prosperous, with a library of about fifteen hundred volumes, which might be, and I hope will be, made to help convert the town to Unitarianism. The missionary spirit seems to be active in this old parish, and no doubt we shall hear a good report from them when the offering day arrives. Monday, October 7, monthly meetings of the committees of the board. Tuesday, October 8, monthly meeting of the American Unitarian Association Board, the report of which Mr. Batchelor makes in another column. There is no lack of interest in these meetings. The problem how to make \$1 do the work of \$3 is somewhat exciting in its character, especially when a noble army of critics, nearly every one of whom firmly believes he or she could do it, looks on with eyes that slumber not in sleep. The question uppermost in the minds of the board is which enterprise will die if we don't help it? If our Unitarians only knew how much the missionary work is suffering for money, I do believe that there would be a reaching out for check-books that would make my official bank account good for the drafts Mr. Batchelor would like to draw on me to pay for good missionary work.

Wednesday, October 9, North Middlesex Conference at Littleton, Mass. Another autumn meeting up in Beaver Brook Valley, in the old white meeting-house, with its modern-looking neighbor, the town hall, just across the way, and its artistic library building, "spick-and-span new," just down the street, waiting for its books. The hospitality of the First Congregational Society was hearty. They endured our discourse with patience, and then rewarded us

with solids and liquids more than sufficient to build up the tissue lost in their service. We had some papers read at this conference from the young people of its churches that were admirable in their spirit and style. When we get our National Young People's Association, we shall expect to have a large delegation from North Middlesex.

Sunday, October 13, at Unity Church, Worcester, Mass., was practically lost, so far as public services were concerned. The rains descended and the floods came, and beat upon the church: it stood the rains and the floods, but the people came not. It was one of the heaviest rains of the year. We shall try again so far as Worcester is concerned. The Unitarians there cannot escape.

Monday evening, October 14, at the Unitarian Club of Taunton Mr. Batchelor gave a rousing speech, and the treasurer applauded with the rest. Taunton is getting ready to be heard from, evidently.

The South Middlesex Club next, then the Dorchester Club, and then all aboard for Washington.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

Directors' Meeting.

The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, October 8. There were present Mrs. Wells and Messrs. Batchelor, Brown, Butler, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fox, Hosmer, Howe, Little, and Lyman, Mr. Lyman in the chair.

The treasurer made a report, of which the following is the substance: the expenditures of the Association from September 1 to October 1 have been \$8,686.78; cash on hand, \$417.64; received from churches, \$858.82; from other sources, income from funds, books, etc., \$1,778.97, leaving to provide for by temporary loan, \$6,466.63. The business of the New England States had the precedence. It was

"Voted, That \$2,500 be appropriated, with travelling expenses, to pay for the services of Rev. D. M. Wilson as superintendent for the New England States, for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895, all sums received for preaching to be credited to the Association." \$250 was appropriated for typewriting, etc., for the New England department.

On recommendation of the New England Committee the following appropriations were made for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895: to the First Unitarian Church, Littleton, N.H., \$200; to the Unitarian Society, Windsor, Vt., \$225; to the First Congregational Society, Castine, Me., \$150; to the Second Congregational Society, Montague, Mass., \$50; to the First Unitarian Society, Middleboro, Mass., \$300; to the First Church of Christ, Sandwich, Mass., \$150; to the First Unitarian Society, Exeter, N.H., \$250; to Rev. John B. Green, St. John, N.B., \$100 to aid him in moving; for the ministry-at-large and general missionary work in the New England States, at the discretion of the secretary and the superintendent of that department, \$500. It was also voted that \$500 be appropriated for missionary services of Rev. S. R. Free in Willimantic, Conn., for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895, and that \$175 be appropriated for missionary work in Stowe and Middlesex, Vt., at the discretion of the secretary and the New England superintendent.

The Finance Committee reported the receipt of a legacy from the late Miss Sophia J. Snow of Brunswick, Me., of \$5,000, "for the support of preaching to destitute societies"; and by vote of the directors it was added to the general fund.

Also, on recommendation of the Finance Committee, it was

"Voted, That a special committee, consisting of the treasurer and Messrs. Lyman and Little, be authorized to take such action in regard to the signs on this building as they may consider wise."

"Voted, That the treasurer be authorized to provide a bulletin board for the lower hall and a register for visitors."

On recommendation of the Publication Committee the following votes were passed:

"Voted, That Unitarian books be furnished, at the discretion of the secretary, to the Fogg Memorial Library, South Berwick, Me., to Midland College, Atchison, Kan., and to the public library at Santa Ana, Cal."

"Voted, That the secretary, in conference with the Publication Committee, be authorized to publish the Year Book for 1896, at an expense not exceeding \$600, and a copy be sent without charge to each member of the Association, and that, in preparing the list of ministers, the aid of the Fellowship Committee of the National Conference be availed of, as in previous years."

On recommendation of the Middle and Southern States Committee the case of the church at Chattanooga, Tenn., was considered. Owing to the financial disasters which have destroyed the power of self-support in this church, an appeal was made to the Association to pay the salary of the

minister for the coming year, the church having ability only to meet its obligations to creditors and to pay its local expenses. After an earnest discussion the directors "Voted, That \$1,500 be appropriated to Rev. Moore Sanborn for services at Chattanooga, for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895."

After preaching a month at Chattanooga, great confidence has been created that Mr. Sanborn would be able to carry the parish through its troubles well on its way toward self-support; and, with this understanding, this large appropriation is made for one year only.

It was "Voted, That \$200 be appropriated for the ministry-at-large in the Southern States, at the discretion of the secretary and superintendent of that department."

"Voted, That \$200 be appropriated for the ministry-at-large in the Middle States, at the discretion of the secretary and superintendent of that department."

On recommendation of the Executive and Finance Committees, certain amendments to the by-laws were accepted, defining the duties of the new treasurer.

Heretofore the secretary of the Association has been its executive officer and *ex-officio* chairman of all committees. By the new rules the treasurer is made *ex-officio* chairman of the Finance Committee, which also shall have charge of the property and the direction of the business of the Association which is carried on in its building.

No change was made in defining the duties of the secretary, because the new duties of the treasurer had never been formally assigned to the secretary. A new article was added:—

"ARTICLE XV.—The Treasurer shall have the custody of the corporate seal and of the funds of the Association; shall receive moneys and make disbursements as directed, and shall be the custodian of the deeds, bonds, certificates of stock, agreements, business papers, and all other personal property of the Association. He shall sign, execute, and deliver all deeds and other instruments of conveyance, assignment, or transfer, in the name of the American Unitarian Association, which shall be under the seal of the corporation. In addition to his other duties, he shall be especially charged with the duty of raising money for the use of the Association; and for this purpose he shall visit churches, conferences, and individuals whenever it seems advisable to him to do so.

The Montana Indian School has been transferred to the United States government, which took possession July 1, and paid \$2,444.57 for the building, equipment, etc. The rule providing for the annual appointment of the committee on this work was therefore omitted.

The Committee on Resolutions, in memory of Mrs. S. H. Bullard and the nomination of her successor, asked for further time to consider the nomination, and offered the following resolution:—

"Voted, That the directors of the American Unitarian Association, in session Oct. 8, 1895, hereby put on record a testimonial in memory of their late colleague and friend, Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard.

"Having the culture and traditions of a Unitarian ancestry, a quick intelligence, and a lively interest in new movements of thought and life, her willingness to serve made her almost an ideal director. She was decided in action, wise in counsel, and devoted to the public service, both of the church of which she was a member and of the Association, of which she was a faithful and active director."

A letter from Rev. S. M. Crothers, applying for aid to secure real estate at St. Anthony Park, Minn., was referred to the Finance Committee.

On motion of Mr. Dole the attention of societies asking aid of the Association was called to a resolution adopted at the annual meeting:—

"Voted, That the board of directors are requested to take action, with due reference to special conditions and the time required for change of method, to recommend the free system for the use of the churches which have the benefit of the missionary money of the Association."

Adjourned.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, Sec'y.

BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.

The Unitarian Club held its first meeting for the season on the evening of Wednesday, October 9, Hon. Roger Wolcott, the president of the club, in the chair. At the beginning of the evening the proceedings were suspended, upon motion of the secretary; while the large company gave expression, by a silent and a rising vote, to their tender and respectful sympathy with Dr. Hale in the great anxieties and sorrow that had come upon him.

In introducing Mr. Brooke Herford, D.D., Mr. Wolcott spoke of the pleasure he recently had in welcoming the English athletes in Cambridge to this country, and then added: "There is an Englishman present here to-night who has had the somewhat unusual experience of having been domesticated in two continents. After a residence of many years in the great and

enterprising Western city of Chicago, and then after a residence of many years here in Boston, where he made so many friends, he seemed such a part of us that we were unwilling when he felt that a call of higher duty summoned him back to England to render good service to the cause of liberal Christianity. He has come back, as we told those other Englishmen that we hoped they would come back; though we did not promise to give them any more laurels than they take this time. Dr. Brooke Herford has come back; and, gentlemen, I ask you to give him a cordial Boston welcome." [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF DR. HERFORD.

Mr. Chairman and my dear old Boston Friends.—If I cannot say much, and if I say it rather hesitatingly, it is not because I have not much that is in my heart, but rather by the very fullness of the heart, which cannot always speak. But I wish that I could tell you all that your welcome, and the welcome that I have had so many a time in this room, has been to me and is to me now. Your chairman spoke of me as having been a part of you: I am a part of you still! [Applause.] A part in a work which is also a work of the athletes; and I claim to be one of the English athletes, though growing, perhaps, a little out of the best athletic form in outward things. [Laughter.] These men who came over from England to be handsomely whipped—though it was pleasant to hear that they had taken in Niagara—are the young athletes of English life; and I and those with whom I work there are as truly engaged in a great struggle in which there are not many laurels. I found more laurels on this side than on the other. You do give your laurels handsomely to those who you feel are with you in heart and in work. It is a joy to me to stand here among the men who were so long my neighbors, my helpers, my fellow-workers, in the great cause of liberal Christianity on this side, to look them once more in the face, and take as many of them as one can by the hand, and feel that here I renew that spirit and feeling of belonging with them that was always so strong in me while I was living here.

I must not waste the very few precious minutes that I dare take, when one whom it was worth crossing the Atlantic to hear [applause] is going to speak to you one of those words which, like the words that he has published in late years, have made the work of every liberal minister—I think of every minister in all the Protestant world—stronger and more confident than it had been for years before. [Applause.] I know that those two works, "The Idea of God" and "The Destiny of Man," have been felt by many as giving them something more of a confident tone in putting these things before the world, not as mere hypotheses or pleasant balancing of possibilities or hopes, but as the great realities of which he is going to speak to us again to-night. I want to say just this hopeful and encouraging word,—that, as I look back upon the twenty years that have passed since I first landed in this country, and since I began to look out upon the life, and especially the younger life, of America, I can see a real and, I think, a steady progress in that younger life, a steady growth toward a nobler public spirit, a finer interest in public questions, a more earnest manhood in all that makes good citizens. And I trust that this very club is at once the evidence and the fostering means of turning something of that growing manhood of the younger generation into the channel of a manly, free, liberal religion. The life of the country, the higher patriotism in the country, can rest upon no foundations that do not reach down to the very eternities of God and righteousness and immortality. At least, that is my strong conviction; and I only trust that, as years go by, you and the churches represented by this club will find your work growing stronger, the young men rising up to take their places more earnestly in it, and so that all will prosper with you as it seems to me to have been doing during these three years in which I have not been feeling the pulse through my old church here, though reading with such great joy of its continued strength and activity under my dear friend, John Cuckson. One of the best testimonies, perhaps, to the growing depth of his work I may speak of, in the fact that even some of my dearest old friends there, while they are telling me how irreparable was the loss, address me casually as "Mr. Cuckson." [Laughter.] That has happened once or twice or half a dozen times; and I only hope that Mr. Cuckson and I may so get mixed up together in the minds and hearts of our friends here that we may hardly know which is which. And, when he comes to England, we will try to give him some of the welcome that I have been having for these three weeks past.

But I am keeping you from the great business of life; and I simply close by thanking you for this opportunity, which was one of the privileges I chiefly counted upon in coming over to this side, and in wishing for your club and the work it represents continued and ever nobler prosperity. [Applause.]

Prof. John Fiske of Cambridge then delivered a noble address on "The Everlast-

ing Reality of Religion," which we shall shortly give in full to our readers, and therefore refrain from giving an abstract here.

CONFERENCE NOTES.

Is it necessary to call the attention of the readers of the *Christian Register* to the fact that the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will begin its sessions in Washington on next Monday evening, October 21? All the arrangements for the meeting of the Conference are now completed; and it only remains for the representatives of our churches from all parts of the country to assemble themselves at our national capital, in order to begin a meeting which, judging from present indications, promises to be one of the most important in our history.

The secretary notices that some societies have sent a list of their delegates to the office of the *Christian Register*, to be added there to the printed list, and that they have not at the same time sent their credentials to him, at 104 East 20th Street, New York City. He wishes to call the attention of these societies to the fact that it is not publication in the *Register*, but the sending of the credentials of their delegates to the secretary, to be deposited with the Committee on Credentials at Washington, that will entitle them to a vote in the Conference. The credentials should in all cases be sent first to the secretary.

The following additional boarding-houses are highly recommended by the local Washington Committee to delegates to the Conference who prefer the accommodations of a private house: Mrs. Keech, 1817 Thirteenth Street; Mrs. Sarah C. Murdock, 1201 "Q" Street, N.W.; Mrs. Pegram, 1345 "L" Street, N.W.; Mrs. Offley, 1335-37-39 "L" Street, N.W.; Mrs. A. R. Story, 218 New Jersey Avenue. Rates from \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

The secretary desires to remind all those who are to address the Conference, and who have not already sent an abstract of their paper or address to him, that it is very important they should hand it to him immediately after their arrival in Washington, in order that full press reports may be prepared.

It is very important that all persons who come to Washington with railroad certificates entitling them to a return ticket at a reduced rate should turn these certificates over, on the first day of the Conference, to the assistant secretary, who will be appointed to take charge of them and fill them out in preparation for the signature of the special agent of the railroads. Nothing causes more annoyance to the delegates themselves, and also to the assistant secretary, than the withholding of the certificates until the last moment.

At the meeting in Saratoga last year a great many withheld their delegate tickets until the last day of the Conference. Inasmuch as the voting list is made up from the delegate tickets, it will be seen that it is of the first importance that these should be handed to the secretary at the opening of the Conference.

A bureau of information will be established at Metzerott Hall during the Conference meetings. This will be in charge of a competent person, who will give to inquirers all necessary information about the points of interest in and near Washington, as well as in regard to matters pertaining to the affairs of the Conference itself.

The committee on the current support and endowment of the *New World*, appointed by the last National Conference, will meet at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, D.C., on Tuesday, October 22, at five o'clock P.M. N. P. Gilman, Secretary *pro tem*.

CONFERENCE PROGRAMME.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Council at "The Arlington."
8 P.M. Sermon, "Our Gospel," Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22.

9 A.M. Communion Service, conducted by Rev. Robert Collyer of New York.
10 A.M. Address of Welcome by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of All Souls' Church, Washington. Response by the President. Appointment of Committees, etc.
10.30 A.M. Address by Rev. George Batchelor, Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of the Council and Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.
11.10 A.M. Address by Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Boston, Secretary of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.
11.30 A.M. Address by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., London, representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.
12.10 P.M. Introduction of new business.
12.30 P.M. Report of the Business Committee.
2.30 P.M. Side Hall, Metzerott. A meeting to consider the proposed consolidation of Guilds, Unity Clubs, and other Young People's Societies.

3 P.M. "The Church and the Masses," a paper by Rev. John Cuckson, Boston, Mass.

3.30 P.M. "Our Congregational Polity," a paper by Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., Boston, Mass.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.

7.45 P.M. "Our Young People: Their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." Opening remarks by Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, the Chairman of the evening. Prof. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., will speak on "Pedagogical Methods in Sunday-school Work." Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill., "Cultivation of the Spiritual Nature" (Guilds); Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Moline, Ill., "Religious Development through Intellectual Leadings" (Unity Clubs); Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Buffalo, N.Y., "Character and Citizenship through the Sunday-school"; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Boston, Mass., "Enthusiasm for Humanity" (Lend a Hand Clubs, etc.).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Stephen H. Camp, Brooklyn, N.Y.

10 A.M. "Church Extension." Addresses, twenty minutes each, by Rev. Messrs. D. M. Wilson, D. W. Morehouse, George L. Chaney, T. B. Forbush, A. W. Gould, and C. W. Wendte.

12 M. Report of the Business Committee.

2.30 P.M. Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. At this meeting Vice-Presidents and Directors will be elected, and a Nominating Committee and Committee on Credentials appointed.

Reports of Secretaries and Standing Committees will be presented, and matters of general interest considered.

3.30 P.M. Public Meeting, under the auspices of the Unitarian Temperance Society, in All Souls' Church, 14th and L Streets, upon "Modern Methods in Temperance Reform." Addresses will be made by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Secretary of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem; Rev. A. P. Doyle, General Secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; and Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge, Mass., who will speak upon "The Righteousness of the Norwegian Principle and Paramount Importance of its Application in Temperance Reform."

4 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

8 P.M. "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America," a paper by John Fiske, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.

9 P.M. "Our Unitarian Theology," a paper by Charles Carroll Everett, D.D., LL.D., Dean and Bussey Professor of Theology, Harvard University.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N.J.

10 A.M. Four papers, twenty-five minutes each, as follows: "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. Howard N. Brown, Boston; "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.; "Atonement," by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Waltham, Mass.; "Forgiveness," by Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.

11.45 A.M. "The Japan Mission," by Rev. W. I. Lawrence.

12 M. Report of the Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Election of Officers.

3 P.M. "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems," a paper by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

3.30 P.M. "The Modern Applications of these Principles," a paper by Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R.I.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, Helena, Mont., and Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, New Bedford, Mass.

4 to 7 P.M. The officers of the Alliance will hold a public reception in the parlor of the Arlington. All members of the Alliance and all attending the National Conference are most cordially invited to be present.

8 P.M. Platform Meeting. Subject, "The Outlook." Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Washington, D.C., will preside. Addresses are expected from Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Boston; J. Harsen Rhoades, New York; Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., London; Horace G. Wadlin, Reading, Mass.; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston; and others.

Religious Intelligence.

THE report of the Channing Conference was received too late for insertion this week.

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall, Monday, October 28, at 10.30 A.M. Rev. Charles F. Dole will give the address. Subject, "Truth, and How we know it." The public are invited.

REV. C. W. WENDTE of Oakland, Cal., superintendent of the American Unitarian Association for the Pacific Coast, will attend the National Conference at Washington, and will visit Boston, where he will remain from October 27 to November 1, on business connected with the Pacific Coast. He may be found at the Unitarian Building during that time.

A BUST OF DR. PRIESTLEY.—It will interest the lover of Unitarian traditions to know that the beautiful mural monument to Rev. Joseph Priestley, erected some years ago in the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia by the Unitarians of America, is to receive the bust of its subject, which

was a part of its design. The bust is given by friends and members of the church, among them some of the descendants of Dr. Priestley and their connections. It will be of bronze, of size proportioned to the monument, and will be made by Mr. John J. Boyle of Philadelphia, a sculptor, whose skill was shown in some excellent work at the World's Fair, and who has been especially known for his very striking statue, "The Stone Age," on Fairmount Park. It is intended that the bust shall be ready for its unveiling as a part of the ceremonies incident to the celebration of the centenary of the church in the early summer of 1896. It was largely owing to the encouragement and advice of Dr. Priestley that the society was organized. It is remarkable that during almost a century it has had but two clerical pastors, Rev. William H. Furness, D.D., who retired in 1875, and Rev. Joseph May, who was installed in 1876. But for twenty-nine years (from 1796 to 1825) it lived and prospered under the ministrations of its own lay members, and even built its first church, in which it worshipped for some twelve years before it had a clerical head. This is an example which might wisely be followed, in some cases, to-day.

ANDOVER, N.H.—Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Mass., delivered an interesting and instructive historical address to the students and friends of Proctor Academy on the evening of October 9, the subject being "Some of the Makings of New England."

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—The First Unitarian Church of this place has been put in thorough repair during the summer vacation; and a large congregation greeted the pastor, Rev. J. H. Müller, when it opened the first Sunday in September. The church is in a flourishing condition, the congregation having increased steadily during Mr. Müller's pastorate.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—First Parish Church: Rev. C. T. Billings will preach on Sunday, October 20.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The order of service at the ordination and installation of Mr. Augustus P. Reccord as pastor of the First Unitarian Church, which was observed on Wednesday, October 9, was, together with organ voluntary, anthem, and hymns, as follows: invocation, by Rev. Samuel B. Stewart of Lynn, Mass.; reading of the Scriptures, Rev. W. S. Key, Winthrop, Mass.; sermon, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Cambridge, Mass.; ordaining prayer, Rev. Edward D. Towle, Salem, Mass.; welcome to the city, Rev. R. Perry Bush of the Universalist church, Chelsea, Mass.; charge to the pastor, Prof. C. C. Everett, D.D., Harvard University; right hand of fellowship, Rev. Alfred Manchester, Salem, Mass.; charge to the people, by Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, Mass. A reception will be tendered to the pastor under the auspices of the Unity Club on Wednesday, October 16.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Rev. George R. Gebauer has accepted the unanimous call of Unity Church. Mr. Gebauer has been supplying the pulpit since September 1.

EVANSTON, ILL.—The Women's Alliance of the Evanston, Ill., Unitarian Church wish to thank the friends who have subscribed through them for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and beg to announce that they will continue to receive subscriptions at the usual rate, \$1 a year. In addition to this, they will receive new subscriptions to all the leading magazines, the commission realized therefrom to be applied to the Church Building Fund. Address Mrs. Hubert W. Brough, 720 Madison Street, Evanston, Ill.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—The late Rev. George W. Briggs, D.D., was first settled at Fall River, Mass. It was therefore eminently appropriate that a memorial service should be held in the Fall River Unitarian church. It was conducted by Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, who paid a just and able tribute to the memory of Dr. Briggs; and the service was interesting and impressive.

MELROSE, MASS.—Rev. Thomas W. Brown, who is in the fourth year of his pastorate of the Unitarian church of Melrose, was tendered, together with Mrs. Brown, a pastoral reception in the spacious parlor of his church on last Thursday evening, the 10th inst. The occasion was a very pleasant and successful one, and was the second of the kind which the society has tendered its present minister.

ROCK RAPIDS, IA.—The ladies of Unity Society, Rock Rapids, Ia., gratefully acknowledge the contributions for their annual Thanksgiving sales in years that are past, and again solicit for the same this year. As they contemplate building next summer, contributions will be especially acceptable, gratefully received, and judiciously appropriated. Mrs. T. K. Bradley, Secretary.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The new Unitarian church, costing, with its furnishing and appurtenances, something over \$80,000, was dedicated Thursday evening, October 10. The church was crowded to overflowing, and a fine and eloquent sermon was given by Mr. Horton. A dedication service was read by the pastor, and Rev. Mary T. Whitney and Rev. H. C. De Long also took part.

THE NEW ENGLAND FIELD.—Rev. J. A. Chase has received and accepted a call extended by the church in Houlton, Me. He was the first and only candidate. A like compliment has been paid Miss Emeline Harrington. She was the first candidate for the pulpit of the Pepperell church; and the people were so well satisfied they did not care to hear any others, and chose her. Rev. L. D. Cochrane has accepted the call extended him by the church in Bar Harbor, and will at once enter upon his duties there. Mr. C. H. Porter, Jr., of the Cambridge Divinity School, is to take a year of active life in the ministry before completing his course. He will be with Rev. S. A. Eliot in his church in Brooklyn, N.Y. Rev. W. H. Ramsey of Farmington, Me., gets out about forty people, to say nothing of the children in the Sunday-school, at his preaching station in Fairbanks. The New England superintendent began service in New London, Conn., last Sunday, and, in spite of the storm, had a congregation of eighty to hear him. Rev. Albert Walkley will preach in this place next Sunday. In all the drenching storm of last Sunday Rev. Mr. Crothers of Cambridge went to Melrose Highlands to fill an engagement made to that church to deliver a sermon. He and the chairman of the committee were the only persons who ventured out. In Northampton next Sunday they are to have special services. In the morning Rev. J. H. Crooker will preach; and in the evening there will be a platform meeting, at which addresses will be delivered by Mr. Crooker, Mr. S. M. Crothers, and Mr. Archibald M. Howe. Rev. L. M. Burrington has been conducting services all summer in Stockton Springs, Me. It is the only church in town, and it is the hope that an independent or free church may be organized broad enough to include all the people in the community. D. M. W.

WORCESTER (MASS.) CONFERENCE.—The Worcester Conference of Unitarian Churches held its autumn session with the church at West Upton, October 9 and 10, opening on the evening of the 9th with a service and sermon by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn, a strong word fitly spoken. The session of the 10th began with a devotional service, led by Rev. W. Channing Brown of Gardner, who made "Enthusiasm" the topic and the spirit of the hour. It being customary to devote the autumn meeting of the conference to the interests of the Sunday-school, the special business of the day began with an essay by Rev. G. M. Bodge of Leominster upon "The Relation of the Church and the Sunday-school One to the Other," the essay prompting as spirited and profitable a discussion as its own treatment of the subject had been. The afternoon was devoted to a Sunday-school experience meeting, an account being given by the representatives of over twenty Sunday-schools of methods pursued, experiments made, interest secured, and good things yet to be desired. The president of the conference, Mr. Charles H. Blood, of Fitchburg, himself a Sunday-school superintendent, summed up the general experience, pointing out that it showed an unexpected and most encouraging increase of attendance and interest on the part of the children, an emphatic need of that inseparable union of church and Sunday-school which the essay of the morning had so strongly urged, and a clear demand upon the church to begin this union by its adult members becoming as loyal to the Sunday-school as they wished the children to become to the church. Mrs. J. B. Stone of Worcester, as representative of the Worcester League of Unitarian Women, closed the conference with a discriminating and inspiring address upon the use of methods in the Sunday-school adapted to the needs and the natures of the children, not as we heedlessly guess they are or guess they ought to be, but as they reveal themselves to us when we carefully and faithfully study them. Beautiful autumn weather, bountiful provision, and the most cordial and thoughtful hospitality combined with the good work done to make the conference at West Upton a most successful one.

THE WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.—The nineteenth annual meeting of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies was held in the Unitarian church of Madison, October 1-3. There was an unusually complete representation. Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison gave a hearty welcome, to which Rev. H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee responded. Rev. H. M. Simmonds of Minneapolis gave one of his characteristic, scholarly sermons on "The Growth of Morality." The business session showed the conference to be in a healthy state of activity. Much time was

given to the discussion of the new plan of missionary co-operation in the West; and the following resolution, proposed by Rev. Mr. Secrist, was adopted, with one or two dissenting votes:—

"It is the opinion of this conference that the plan of missionary co-operation proposed with reference to the American Unitarian Association, the Western Unitarian Conference, and the State conferences is impracticable; and we must therefore give it our disapproval. Nevertheless, we believe that some plan can be devised by which the unity now existing very generally among the Unitarian churches of the West may find expression and be realized in practical co-operation. And we desire to work toward such an end."

The following resolution was also adopted: "Inasmuch as there is no general paper centred in the West which represents our Unitarian Church, it is the wish of this conference that such a paper be established, or, preferably, that one of the existing Unitarian periodicals be transferred to this section."

The second evening was devoted to a platform meeting on the general subject of "Unitarianism as related to Religious Progress in America." Fifteen-minute addresses were given by Rev. C. F. Niles, Rev. H. T. Secrist, Rev. V. E. Southworth, Prof. D. B. Frankenburg, and Rev. T. B. Forbush. The ministers' meeting Thursday morning was led by Rev. A. W. Gould, the general topic being "Demands of the Age upon Teachers of Religion." In the afternoon practical "Parish Problems" were discussed. Rev. Alice Ball Loomis, Richland Centre, spoke of "How the Woman's Society shall be Most Helpful to the Church." Rev. Mr. Simonds and Hon. H. M. Lewis each gave an impromptu talk on "How to reach the Men." "Young People's Societies" was discussed by Rev. C. F. Niles of Menominee; and Rev. Mr. Gould gave a talk on the Sunday-school, with an outline of the nature studies for children now being issued by the Western Sunday School Society. Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago gave the closing sermon on "Our Liberal Gospel." The old officers were re-elected. The meetings were largely attended by the people of Madison, and the papers gave full reports. Robert C. Douthitt, Secretary.

THE NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the North Middlesex (Mass.) Unitarian Conference was held with the Littleton society on Wednesday, October 9. The weather was favorable, the attendance large, the church beautifully decorated. At ten o'clock a devotional meeting was led by Rev. W. Brown of Tyngsboro. The business session was presided over by Vice-president Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell, the office of president being vacant since the death of its honored occupant, Col. Daniel Needham of Groton. Prayer was offered by Rev. Enoch Powell of Nashua. Rev. George E. Littlefield, secretary, read his report of the June meeting at Nashua. Rev. George C. Wright spoke briefly upon church work in Lowell. It was voted that the secretary ascertain from certain societies in lower New Hampshire whether they desire to join the conference, and that the secretary and Rev. George C. Wright prepare and transmit to Rev. E. E. Hale a letter of condolence upon his recent great bereavement. The need of supplying preaching at Townsend Harbor was presented by the secretary. Mr. George W. Stone, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, next gave an effective address upon "Organization." Miss Nettie B. Roe of Ayer read a bright and suggestive paper upon "The Pansy Club." "Our Unitarian Young People" was a thoughtful essay by Miss Nettie Stevens of Chelmsford, read by Miss Edith W. Emerson. Miss Helen M. Bissell of Peterboro spoke briefly in the same line of thought.

At noon a substantial repast was served in the town hall by the Littleton society. At the afternoon session the roll-call of the churches showed nearly two hundred delegates present, not including the local society. Treasurer Charles H. Coburn read his report, showing a small balance in the treasury. The Nominating Committee made their report, and the following officers and committees were unanimously elected: president, Thomas H. Elliott, Lowell; vice-presidents, A. W. Sawyer, Littleton, J. Tyler Stevens, Lowell; secretary, Rev. George C. Wright, Lowell; treasurer, Charles H. Coburn, Lowell; Prudential Committee, Rev. Enoch Powell, Nashua, Rev. Granville Pierce, Chelmsford, Hon. Solomon Spaulding, Nashua, J. P. Hazen, Shirley, Rev. John C. Mitchell, Wilton; Committee on Sunday-school Work, Miss Georgiana Boutwell, Groton, Miss Hannah Prescott, Nashua, Rev. J. W. Roberts, Ayer; missionary work, Rev. George E. Littlefield, Peterboro, Rev. I. F. Porter, Littleton, Rev. E. Powell, Nashua, Mr. H. A. Brown, Ayer, Mr. Herbert J. Harwood, Littleton. Rev. George E. Littlefield, the retiring secretary, received a vote of thanks for his efficient services the past four years. Voted to refer the needs of the Townsend Harbor field to the Missionary Committee with full powers.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness of the Second

Church, Boston, held the close attention of the audience by an address upon "How far can we adopt Mrs. Humphry Ward's Suggestions to Unitarians?" There is no need, said he, to tell you who Mrs. Ward is. He referred to her first prominent work, "Robert Elsmere," which touched the reconstruction of religion. The fashionable world of London was greatly surprised by her identification with Unitarianism: she comes from Episcopalianism. She says that European thought to-day is Unitarian. Her suggestions to the denomination are: First, that Unitarianism shows a certain indecision, a vagueness, as she infers from the tone of our sermons, prayers, and hymns, as if we are not wholly freed from old-time associations and teachings. The Puritan in his day stood boldly for the truth. In one sense, he was an iconoclast, a tradition-breaker. His utterance was, "We are the Lord's free people. Puritanism then was mighty, for it was simply a pursuit of truth. "Is Unitarianism to-day," says Mrs. Ward, "standing for this as it ought?" She thinks we are carrying over many things from the past which do not truly represent our belief. Leave these outgrown things: learn to apply the mediocrity of Christ in new ways, but serve him not with coldness. Second, the tendency of Unitarianism in England is to stand outside the national life. That defect was shown in Boston during the recent great Christian Endeavor convulse, when only two of our Unitarian churches were open. It is time these barriers were thrown down. Episcopacy is striving to become the national Church. Give them our opportunities, and they would sweep the country. Why should we not unite with other liberal churches in some grand, progressive movement? Let us feel that we are a part of the national life. Mrs. Ward also criticises our cold, bare form of worship. Our church music was contrasted unfavorably with that of the Methodists, whose hymns and music are "singable" and catch the popular heart. In the Catholic Church, too, are finely rendered the grand compositions of the great masters in the realm of music. We need more of the beautiful adornment which characterizes the interior of our Catholic churches, and appeals to the emotional nature. A uniform and dignified garb for the clergy was suggested. Her views, which met the speaker's approval, may be thus summed up: to stand for the truth; to enter more fully into the national life; to make our churches more attractive; to have a uniform responsive service, or liturgy.

"The Social Obligations of the Church" was the theme of Rev. John C. Mitchell of Wilton, N.H. An invitation was received from the Lowell society to hold its next session in that city. The customary vote of thanks was tendered the local society for its hospitality and to speakers and the choir for their services. The closing hour was given to five-minute addresses.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Reported as appointed to the Sixteenth Meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to be held at Washington, D.C., Oct. 21-24, 1895.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ANDOVER, NORTH.—North Parish Church and Society: Rev. Charles Noyes, Hon. Moses T. Stevens, Mrs. John Elliot. ASHBY.—First Parish: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shelden. ATHOL.—First Congregational Church: Rev. S. W. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Leander B. Morse. Second Unitarian Society: Rev. Carl G. Horst, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Lord. BARNSTABLE.—Congregational Church and Society: Rev. John A. Bevington, Miss Desire E. Hinckley, Miss Abbie L. Hinckley. BEACHMONT.—Church of the Unity: Rev. Eber R. Butler, Horace Tobey, Mrs. C. J. Shaw. BEDFORD.—First Parish: Rev. O. J. Fairfield, Mrs. Carrie L. Bacon, Mrs. George R. Blinn. BELMONT.—Congregational Society: Rev. Hilary Bygrave, J. V. Fletcher, I. H. Locke. Alternates: Miss Anne Learned, Miss Maria Livermore. BERLIN.—First Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Pratt, Hon. William Bassett.

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BERNARDSTON—Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Francis W. Holden, Mrs. Hattie Brown, Miss Maria Sanderson.
BEVERLY—First Parish—Rev. William B. Geoghegan, James A. Marsters, Mrs. Nancy C. Marsters.
BOLTON—First Congregational Church: Rev. William J. Leonard, Mrs. Julia A. Woodbury, Miss Lucy H. Sawyer.
BOSTON—Arlington Street Church: Rev. John Cuckson, Mrs. James B. Case, Mrs. Henry S. Grew.
Church of the Unity: Rev. Minot J. Savage, Henry F. Miller, James N. North. Alternates: Alfred Ewer, Frank R. Thayer.
New South Church: F. E. Bartley, Mrs. J. H. Wiggin, Mrs. F. R. Tibbets. Alternates Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitcomb, Mrs. M. E. Sparhawk.
Second Church: Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Charles W. Holmes, Mrs. Francis H. Brown.
South Congregational Church: Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., George O. Carpenter, Mrs. William Howell Reed. Alternates: Mrs. J. W. Andrews, Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper.
(Brighton)—First Parish: Rev. Albert Walkley, Miss M. O. Pierce, Miss Georgia D. Livermore.
(Charlestown)—Harvard Church: Rev. C. C. Carpenter, Ernest C. Marshall, Miss Elizabeth Hurd.
(Dorchester)—First Parish: Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, J. Homer Pierce, Miss Jennie G. Moseley. Alternates: Henry F. Howe, Geo. C. Burgess.
(Dorchester)—Third Religious Society: Rev. Frederick B. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Eddy.
(Dorchester)—Norfolk Unitarian Church: Rev. William H. Branigan, Samuel H. Babcock, Horace S. Fowle.
(Dorchester)—Society of Christ Church: Rev. B. A. Goodridge, Josiah H. Carter, Mrs. Frank B. Lethrop.
(East Boston)—The Church of our Father: Rev. Richmond Fiske, D.D., Henry Peterson, Arthur D. Rogers.
(Jamaica Plain)—First Congregational Society: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Mrs. A. Davis Weld, Miss Alice G. Morse.
(Neponset)—Church of the Unity: Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, Laban Pratt, Mrs. John W. Porter.
(Roslindale)—Unitarian Church of Roslindale: Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Miss Mary Hastings, Miss Clara Webb.
(Roxbury)—All Souls' Church: Rev. W. H. Lyon, Henry S. Bean, Mrs. Charles Newhall.
BREWSTER—First Parish: Rev. Thomas Daves, Captain and Mrs. J. Henry Sears. Alternate: Mrs. Mary D. Newell.
BRIDGEWATER—First Congregational Society: Rev. Charles A. Allen, Hollis M. Blackstone, Miss Martha Keith.
First Parish Church: Rev. Chas. A. Allen, H. M. Blackstone, Miss Martha Keith.
BRIDGEWATER, EAST—First Parish: Rev. John W. Quinby, Mrs. Susan M. Keith, Charles F. Mann.
BRIDGEWATER, WEST—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. B. Maglathlin, Francis E. Howard, Mary P. Whitman.
BROCKTON—Unity Church: Mrs. Minerva H. Bird, Miss Mary Hayward.
BROOKFIELD—First Congregational Church: Rev. William L. Walsh, Henry B. Crosby, Mrs. J. W. Livermore. Alternates: Mrs. H. L. Butterworth, Mrs. H. P. Gerald.
BROOKLINE—First Parish: Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stearns.
CAMBRIDGE—First Parish: Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, D.D., Mrs. C. S. Gage.
CAMBRIDGEPORT—Third Congregational Society: Rev. and Mrs. William H. Johnson, Mrs. Chas. L. Jones.
CANTON—First Congregational Parish: Rev. Henry F. Jenks, Charles H. French, William O. Chapman.
CHELMSFORD—First Congregational Society: Rev. Granville Pierce, Mrs. Lucy Fletcher, Mrs. F. A. Adams.
CLINTON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. James C. Duncan, Mrs. Harriet A. Harris, Mrs. Christopher C. Stone.
COHASSET—Rev. Joseph Osgood, D.D., Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Tower.
CONCORD—First Parish: Mr. Harvey Wheeler, Miss Angelina Ball. Alternates: Prescott Keyes, Mrs. William Wheeler.
DANVERS—Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. Eugene De Normandie, Mr. and Mrs. John Lummus.
DEDHAM—First Parish: Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., Miss Ellen H. Crehore, Mrs. Mary Cole.
Third Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Reuben Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Fisher. Alternates: Mrs. William Colburn, Miss Anna Colburn.
DIGHTON—Pedobaptist Congregational Society: Rev. Mary L. Leggett, Mrs. Nancy Baxter, F. Waldron. Alternates: Mrs. E. Horton, Mrs. J. Standish.
DOVER—First Parish: Rev. Obed Eldridge, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Frank Smith. Alternates: George D. Burrage, Mrs. Mary Smith.
FALL RIVER—Unitarian Society: Rev. Arthur May Knapp, Mrs. James M. Morton, Mrs. William E. Warner.
FITCHBURG—First Parish: Rev. Walter F. Greenman, J. F. D. Garfield, Mrs. Effie M. F. Hartwell.
FLORENCE—Free Congregational Society: Rev. F. A. Hinkley, Henry B. Haven, L. F. S. Plimpton.
FRAMINGHAM—First Church: Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Thos. C. Porter, Abby S. Perry.
GARDNER—First Unitarian Society: Rev. William Channing Brown, John Sawin, William Soule.
GLOUCESTER—First Parish: Rev. L. W. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Ebed Dris.
GREENFIELD—Third Congregational Society: Rev. Arthur A. Brooks, Mrs. George E. Lyons, Mrs. Charles B. Peabody.
GROTON—First Parish: Rev. Joshua Young, D.D., Miss Georgiana A. Boutwell, Mrs. Daniel Needham.
HARVARD—First Congregational Parish: Rev. J. P. Sheafe, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fairbank.
HINGHAM—First Parish: Rev. John W. Day, Ebed L. Ripley, Wilmon W. Blackmar.
Third Congregational Society: Rev. C. T. Billings, Major B. F. Meserve, Mrs. H. A. Miles.
HINGHAM, SOUTH—Second Parish: Rev. Charles T. Billings, Joseph Jacobs, David Cushing.
HOLYOKE—Liberal Christian Congregational Society: Rev. J. W. Carney, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Thayer.
HOPEDALE—The Hopedale Parish: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Welch.
HUBBARDSTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. William Channing Brown, William Wheeler, Miss Clark.
HUDSON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. John Mills Wilson, James L. Harriman, Edmund M. Stowe.
HYDE PARK—First Unitarian Society: Rev. A. G. Pettingill, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Rich.
LANCASTER—First Congregational Society: Rev. George M. Bartol, D.D., William A. Kilburn, Miss Mary W. Fuller.
LAWRENCE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. George H. Young, Mr. and Mrs. William T. MacAlpine.
LEOMINSTER—First Congregational Society: Rev. and Mrs. George M. Bodge, Miss Alvina E. Johnson. Alternates: Miss E. P. Grout, Mrs. Mary E. Goss.
LEXINGTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. Carlton A. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. George O. Davis.
LEXINGTON, EAST—Follen Church: George W. Cook, Edward T. Harrington, Alfred Pierce.
LINCOLN—Unitarian Congregational Society: Miss Cook, Miss Hula Howes, Miss Jennie Pierce.
LITTLETON—First Congregational Society: Rev. Isaac F. Porter, Mrs. Mary J. Priest, D. G. Houghton.
LOWELL—First Unitarian Society: Charles H. Coburn, Mrs. C. F. Blanchard, H. C. Guild.
LYNN—Second Congregational Society: Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, Chas. B. Tebbets, Chas. H. Newhall.
MALDEN—First Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey, Miss Sophia W. Sargent, Miss Charlotte A. Jones.
MARBLEHEAD—Second Congregational Society: Rev. Henry C. MacDougall, William L. Hooper, Miss Mary H. Fabens.
MARLBORO—Second Parish: Rev. Edward F. Hayward, Mrs. Loren Arnold, John L. Stone.
MENFIEL—First Congregational Church: Rev. John A. Savage, Henry E. Marshall, Mrs. William Marshall.
MENDON—First Parish: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. George.
MIDDLEBORO—First Unitarian Society: J. Foster Tucker, Alice E. S. Eaton, Adeline V. Wood.
MILTON—First Congregational Parish: Rev. Roderick Stebbins, Miss Joanna Rotch, Mrs. John B. Tileston.
MONTAGUE—Second Congregational Society: Mrs. G. A. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bardwell.
NATICK—South—First Unitarian Parish: Rev. Lev-erett R. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Perry. Alternates: Mrs. Harriet J. Daniels.
NEEDHAM—First Congregational Society: Rev. Philip S. Thacher, Mrs. Caroline G. Mills, George K. Clarke.
NEW BEDFORD—First Congregational Society: Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, Mrs. William J. Rotch, Frederick Grinnell.
NEWBURYPORT—First Religious Society: Rev. Sam-uel C. Beane, D.D., Henry B. Little, Dr. John F. Young.
NORTHAMPTON—First Congregational Church and So-ciety: Miss Ella Seely, Mrs. L. F. Stratton.
NORTHFIELD—First Congregational Society: Rev. George F. Piper, Miss Eliza Belcher, Miss Fannie M. Piper.
NORTHAMPTON—Second Congregational Society: T. M. Shepherd, Miss Sarah Todd, Miss Ella I. Edwards.
NORTON—Congregational Parish: Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Young, E. C. White.
NORWELL—First Parish: Rev. T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Torrey.

PEABODY—First Unitarian Church: Rev. J. W. Hud-son, Nathaniel Symonds, Charles S. Osgood.
PENACOOK—First Church: Rev. E. C. Guild, Mrs. Tison, Mrs. Litchfield.
PLYMOUTH—First Parish: Rev. C. P. Lombard, Arthur Lord, William S. Kyle.
QUINCY—First Congregational Society: Rev. E. C. Butler, Mrs. George Keyes, Franklin Faxon. Alter-nate: Mrs. Franklin Faxon.
RANDOLPH—Church of the Unity: Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, Mrs. Peter C. Wales, Mrs. Walter Howard. Alternates: Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Ephraim Belcher.
REVER—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Eber R. But-ler, John Y. Pratt, Mrs. C. M. Butler.
ROCKLAND—The Unitarian Society: Rev. Frederick O. MacCartney, Charles A. Townsend, Miss Angela W. Collins.
ROWE—First Congregational Church: Rev. Herman Haugerud, Mrs. Julia F. Browning, Frederick A. Brownling.
SALEM—Independent Congregational Church in Bar-ton Square: Rev. Alfred Manchester, Walter C. Harris, Miss Ada E. Deland.
The North Society: Rev. Geo. D. Latimer, Mrs. Charles Hoffman, Mrs. James Braden.
SCITUATE—First Parish: Rev. and Mrs. Watson Weed, George O. Allen.
SHERBORN—First Congregational Church: Rev. L. R. Daniels, Mrs. Martha A. Clark, Miss C. L. Leland.
SHIRLEY—First Congregational Society: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hazen, Miss Laura King.
STONEHAM—First Unitarian Church: Rev. J. Herman Whitmore, Mrs. Charles S. Jewett, Miss Laura J. Nowlin.
STOW—First Parish: Rev. J. S. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Stevens.
STURBRIDGE—Unitarian Congregational Society: E. L. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nichols.
TAUNTON—First Congregational Society: Rev. John P. Forbes, Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Paige. Alternates: Miss Fanny Townsend, Mrs. Henry D. Atwood.
TEMPLETON—First Parish: Rev. J. M. W. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Lord.
TURNER'S FALLS—Unitarian Society: Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Free, Mrs. Daniel P. Abercrombie.
TYNGSBORO—First Parish: Rev. William Brown, Miss Mary E. Bennett, Miss Ellen F. Perham.
UPTON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. T. E. Chappell, Rev. and Mrs. George S. Ball. Alternates: Mrs. Emily Harris, Miss Lizzie Ball.
WALTHAM—First Parish: Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Mrs. John E. Soper, Miss Mabel B. Soper.
WESTBORO—First Congregational Society: Rev. J. H. Weeks, John L. Brigham, Mrs. I. T. Swift. Alternates: Mrs. J. L. Brigham.
WESTFORD—Westford Church: Miss Eliza T. Babbitt, Mrs. John P. Barnard.
WEST TOWNSEND—Liberal Christian Society: Rev. George S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Barrett.
WINCHENDON—Church of the Unity: Rev. A. J. Culp, D. H. Barnes, J. N. Richardson.
WINCHESTER—Winchester Unitarian Society: Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield, S. W. Twombly, G. P. Brown.
WOLLASTON—Unitarian Society: Rev. James E. Bag-ley, Mrs. Charles T. Baker, Mrs. George W. Bennett, Alternate: Charles S. Cummings.
WORCESTER—Church of the Unity: Rev. Calvin Steb-bins, Hon. George F. Hoar, Cyrus G. Wood.
Second Parish: Mrs. Phineas Ball, Mrs. J. B. Stone, Mrs. Theodore Brown.
CALIFORNIA.
OAKLAND—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Charles W. Wendte, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wilson.
SAN FRANCISCO—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., Charles M. Gorham.
CANADA.
HAMILTON—First Unitarian Church: Rev. J. H. Long, Peter Bertram, J. W. Millard. Alternates: Mrs. J. H. Long, D. S. Thompson.
COLORADO.
GREELEY—First Unitarian Society: Rev. C. Howard Wilson, Oscar B. Hawes.
CONNECTICUT.
BROOKLYN—First Ecclesiastical Society: Rev. and Mrs. James E. Locke, Charles G. Williams.
HARTFORD—First Unitarian Congregational Society: Rev. Joseph Waite, William Francis, Horace Cornwall.
DELAWARE.
WILMINGTON—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Alexan-der T. Bowser, Mrs. Eli Garrett, Miss Helen S. Garrett. Alternates: Daniel W. Taylor, G. G. Cameron.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
WASHINGTON—All Souls' Church: Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Henry F. Blount.
GEORGIA.
ATLANTA—Church of Our Father: George H. Crafts, Mrs. Fanny C. Swift. Alternates: John C. Pick, Mrs. Minnie E. Owen.
ILLINOIS.
CHICAGO—First Unitarian Society: Rev. W. W. Fenn, Hon. D. L. Shorey, Mrs. Beecher. Alternates: Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Follansbee.
Unity Church: Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Mrs. T. F. Gane, Mrs. C. A. Tinkham.
GENESEO—Unitarian Society: Rev. John B. Bidwell, Miss C. M. Allen.
IOWA.
SIoux CITY—First Unitarian Society: Rev. Mary A. Safford, J. C. C. Hoskins, Mrs. E. H. Bucknam.
KANSAS.
LAWRENCE—First Unitarian Society: Rev. C. G. Howland, B. W. Woodward, Tracy Learvard.
KENTUCKY.
LOUISVILLE—Church of the Messiah: Rev. Charles J. K. Jones, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Caroline Thompson. Alternates: A. G. Munn, F. N. Hartwell.
LOUISIANA.
NEW ORLEANS—First Unitarian Church: Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Pierce.
MAINE.
BELEFAST—First Parish: Rev. and Mrs. James M. Leighton, Mrs. David Alexander.
EASTPORT—First Congregational Society: Rev. Has-ket D. Catlin, Mrs. S. B. Hume, Miss A. A. Milliken.
PORTLAND—First Parish: Rev. John C. Perkins, Hon. and Mrs. Selden Connor.
MARYLAND.
BALTIMORE—First Independent Christ Church: Rev. Charles R. Weld, Hon. Enoch Pratt, Judge Thomas J. Morris. Alternates: Mrs. M. N. Perry, Miss Eaton.
MONTANA.
HELENA—First Unitarian Society: Rev. J. H. Crooker, Hon. Henry M. Blake, A. D. Edger.
NEBRASKA.
OMAHA—First Unitarian Church: Rev. Newton M. Mann, William Wallace, Thomas Kilpatrick.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
ANDOVER—Congregational Unitarian Society: Rev. Lyman Clark, Walter S. Carr, Mrs. Maria Carr.
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DOVER—First Unitarian Society of Christians: Rev. Duren J. H. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Worthen.
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The Pulpit.

GEORGE W. BRIGGS, D.D.

A MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. W. H. JOHNSON.

"A cloud of witnesses."—HEB. xii. 1.

I do not know how better to introduce a discourse on this theme than by quoting from a sermon of our late beloved senior minister on the same text. He says: "Honored and loved as men may be, they seldom exert their deepest influence until they die. A thousand misconceptions may often attend living excellence. We do not yield it a fitting reverence while it stands by our side. But the dead truly begin to live in the better judgment, in the reverent feeling, of human hearts. When they leave the earth, they begin to exert their noblest influence. When Jesus went away, the Comforter came." Here is eloquently set forth that aspect of death which so greatly helps to reconcile us to it. I mean its idealization of the departed, in their removal from the environment which, in some degree, obscured our vision. In life the accidents of daily occurrence and of familiar intercourse form a medium, more or less dense, through which the object of our regard is seen, as the full moon is seen on the horizon, veiled by the intervening mists. When death has lifted one out of this environment, these obscuring accidents fall away, and he is seen in his essential character, as the moon risen above low-lying vapors shines in unclouded effulgence.

In this way those of the dead who, living, possessed character and individuality, are, in a peculiar and significant sense, a "cloud of witnesses." They testify to great principles, to vital truths, to social virtues or domestic graces. Their lives, though ended here, form an enduring testimony to the things which cannot be shaken. One witnesses to the need of singleness of purpose as the essential requisite of success; another, to the glory of that self-forgetting love which throws life and energies without stint into some work for man. In short, every life that has been worthily lived bears its testimony to some enduring principle.

May we not, then, with especial emphasis, say of the revered and loved man whom we commemorate to-day that he has joined the great cloud of witnesses? His life and work bore no uncertain testimony. Let me briefly and with no little self-distrust, since I address those the most of whom knew him far better than I, point out how, as a minister of the gospel, he seems to me to have borne strong and faithful witness. Before all, I would say, his work testified to the need of personal consecration and the value of a vital sympathy between minister and people. His was no service of brilliant but cold intellectuality, far removed from the every-day needs and struggles of his people. With warmth and sympathy he entered into their life, fatherly to the young, friendly to all. With whatever power he spoke from the pulpit,—and we all know how great that power was,—I venture to think that he was, even more than the fervid and eloquent preacher, the pastor of his people, the loving shepherd of the flock, rejoicing with them in their joys, sorrowing with them in their griefs, carrying with him in his daily intercourse that gentleness of demeanor, that quick responsiveness, flowing warm from the heart, which we all knew and loved in him, and these endearing qualities combined with such readiness of wit and playfulness of speech as made his presence a perpetual sunshine. I dare assert, without fear of a dissenting voice, that, forceful as he was in the pulpit and on the platform, he is remembered and loved still more as the man of warm heart and sweet spirit, the faithful and sympathizing pastor, the constant friend and father of his people. This I affirm, not because it has been told me, but because of the conviction growing out of my own observations. I am well assured that a preacher only, however powerful and brilliant, could never have taken a hold so deep and enduring in the affections of his people. His throne is pre-eminently in the heart.

Did not his whole public ministry make its appeal mainly to the affectional side of our nature? I should say so. As I glance over a volume of his sermons, printed in 1854, I find these discourses glowing with

the fervor of an intense personal piety. I should judge that the speculative aspects of religion—those which deal with it as a logical system—had little attraction for him. But he was profoundly interested in applied religion; i.e., in the employment of those doctrines which he accepted to the daily guidance, stimulation, solace, and inspiration of life. If I may venture to interpret his inner habit from these discourses, I should say that he lived in an atmosphere of deep religious feeling, and that these utterances are but the outpourings of his own secret springs of strength and sweetness. The source of their power over hearers was that they flowed from heart to heart. He did not labor to convince. He did not argue a point. He did not state a proposition and array his proofs in support of it. He simply uttered his own burning convictions in language singularly felicitous and moving. The hearts of his hearers responded, because he was handling, with the deep earnestness of an unquestioning faith, themes that vitally concern every human being. The positiveness of his own beliefs must have been peculiarly grateful to those whom it distresses to hear any point of the faith which they have early been taught to receive brought into debate.

To him the life hereafter was a vital reality, to be spoken of with the same certainty as that with which we say that to-morrow will not be essentially different from to-day. Hear this strongly positive passage from the sermon already quoted: "The spiritual world is no longer a land of shadows, when loved and cherished friends have gone to dwell there; and, in proportion as such witnesses increase, it will appear like a great reality to the soul. It cannot be shadowy, then. We know its inhabitants. Familiar voices are speaking there. Well-known feet are busy in its blessed ministries. Hearts whose deeper life has been manifested to our eyes throb there unchanged, except as their earthly graces have brightened into a heavenly glory." What language could be more reassuring to one contemplating the life to come and accepting the statements made with reference to it as parts of an inerrant revelation than the following passage? "As the presence of dear friends on earth gave to life its dearest joy, so now their presence in the spiritual world invests the state beyond the tomb with the same attraction. In well-remembered tones of love they seem to say, 'Come up hither to dwell again with us.' The cloud of witnesses is gathering. We are only passing from our home below to our home above. As the new-born child is received into the arms of love which wait to bless it, so is the new-born soul welcomed and blessed in that higher world. And a still better welcome may await that better birth. It may be as if the infant here could instantly share the first full rapture of the mother's heart."

How delightfully reassuring to those who mourn such words as these! "The souls of the holy departed are represented not merely as quickening the faithful by their memories, but as invisible yet assisting angels, present with them in their earthly pilgrimage. If the earthly life has been a quickening, spiritual ministry, we can scarcely question the continuance of that ministry when this life is ended. The departed child whose angel always beholds the face of the Father, whose soul was never clouded by sin, may now be sitting in the midst of us, like the child whom Jesus once placed in the midst of his disciples, to reveal to the heart the spirit of heaven. Perhaps it is near to us, to whisper messages from the Father more directly to the soul." "When Jesus shall touch our eyes, we may open them at once upon the now invisible scenes of the spiritual world. The bonds of love that once connected us with the departed in visible communion are not severed, but strengthened, as they vanish from our sight. God, who makes all things his angels, forever sends out the spirits of the pure with revelations of his will. The earth is covered with the ashes of the departed, and we are compassed about by their present spirits. They speak to us, it may be, while we wake and while we sleep. They whisper thoughts of encouragement in our hours of weakness. They speak no longer in imperfect words, as when here by our side, but in clear revelations. The departed mother may be one of the angels who watch over the child. The ascended child may come with consolations

to the weeping mother; and, while we linger at the tomb of the loved, they may be standing, as it were, behind us, as the risen Jesus stood behind Mary at the sepulchre." "Communication between the spirit world and this is a necessity. The unseen ocean of spiritual life washes all the coasts of present being, and the waves and tides from afar forever come to bring their reviving influence to its shores. We cannot see these spiritual forms with mortal eyes. We cannot hear their swift wings, as they fly on their errands of love and joy. Still, their spirits pass before our face; and, though we do not discern the form thereof, yet, in the silence of listening reverence, we may hear a voice, speaking words of truth, messages of God."

He had an intense conviction of the "witness of the Spirit," as superior to the deductions of reason. He was not of those who, in his day, sought to prove immortality by labored arguments, still less of those who, in this day, declare that it is not matter of demonstration, but of hope. To him it was a subject of inward conviction. This is strikingly illustrated in the sermon on "Present Experience of Immortal Life." In this he says: "Would you gain a bright faith in immortality? Dwell in the life of lowly prayer, till your intimate relationship to God becomes a fixed and present thought. This practical assurance of immortality, the proof which grows from the life of the heart, may be manifest to those who know nothing of human wisdom, but who humbly dwell in the divine love. It may be hidden from the wise and prudent, while it is revealed to babes."

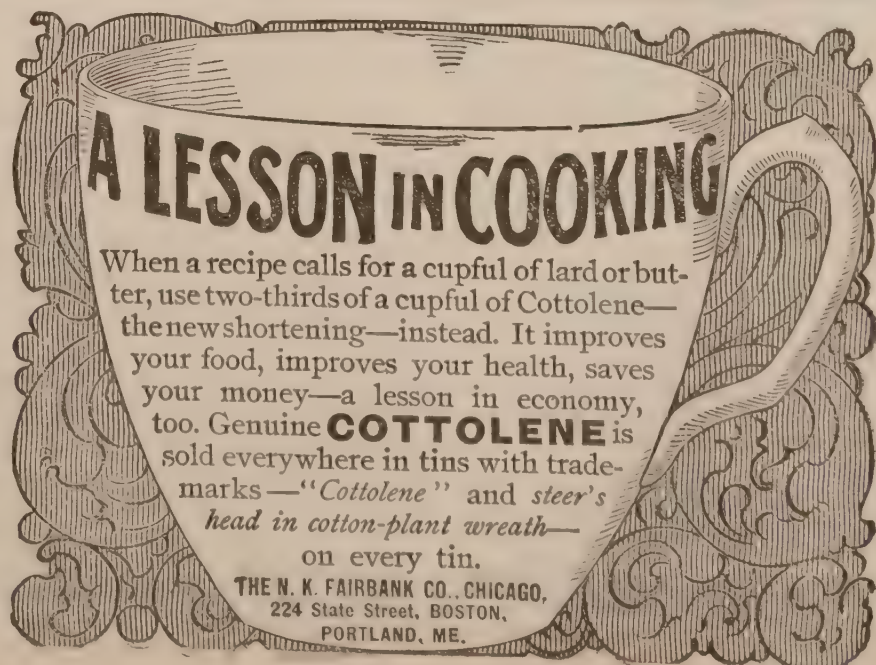
To him the Bible was not the literature of an ancient and deeply religious people, abounding with passages of high inspiration. It was the Word of God. Where its utterance on any point was clear and unmistakable, he quoted it as conclusive. Its statements and affirmations were those of a divine revelation.

So, also, Jesus was more than an inspired teacher, a Divine Man, "the Son of God, whose life and death laid the cornerstone of the great temple of truth and holiness." The reported utterances of this exalted being are absolute truth. We read, "The declarations of Jesus, the words of him who was clothed in the majesty of wisdom and of miracle, come to the yet undeveloped soul like the words of a friend on whom we implicitly rely." To him the prophet of Nazareth was a savior of men, not merely during his earthly life, but one still carrying on his redemptive work in heaven. Thus we read: "A love like that of Jesus could not change its nature when he entered into the invisible world. It became more intense, as he ascended into heaven, to sit on the right hand of the Father. Jesus did not breathe his last prayer for the sinning, when he implored forgiveness for the crucifiers. His intercessions did not cease when his voice of love was no more heard on earth. His ministry was not closed when he vanished from the disciples' sight. As he himself said, he went away only to enter upon a mightier work, to send the all-sustaining, all-illuminating Comforter into their souls. I hear his promise of love, 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

Briefly, he had such a deep conviction of the supernatural, as inwoven with and manifesting itself in the natural, that his religion glowed with the fervor of mediæval

saintliness. He seems to have dwelt in such unquestioning faith in the Hebrew interpretation of life, set forth in the New Testament, as gave tone and color to his whole ministry. It is true that the sermons from which I have quoted were published forty-one years ago, before that great flood of light from the scientific study of life in its various manifestations, which has so profoundly influenced recent religious thought. And it is not supposable that a mind of such alertness as his could have escaped being affected, in some degree, by this new and potent influence, which is in itself a revelation. But that the essential character of his religious thinking and feeling and teaching was not thereby changed, I presume, is certain. His ministry was one of power and helpfulness to those whom it reached, because it had in it the same elements as those which made mighty instruments for good of those great preachers of an older time, some of whose names will readily occur to us. He was, like Stephen of old, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He spoke with power, because he spoke with conviction. He shared the common beliefs of the people; and he gave them the ideas that were precious and sustaining to them, clothed in beautiful form and touched with fine poetic imagination. To a faith that was childlike in its absolute simplicity he joined a beauty of diction and an oratorical fervor that thrilled the hearts of his audience. When to these was added the influence that came from the mutual affection of preacher and hearers; there was a combination of rare power. While his faith was distinctly of the older type, now rare among us, he was in warm sympathy with the progress of modern life. In the sermon delivered here in October, 1891, after his recovery from his long illness, he says: "Amid my joy there sometimes comes a sadness that my eighty years cannot be the eighty that are coming instead of those I have already had. For it seems to me that life could never have been so truly worth living as it is to-day, and must be in the coming time. . . . One year to-day accomplishes more for humanity than the thousand years of patriarchal time."

It is needless to say that Dr. Briggs's long service in this parish was a happy ministry. Pastor and people were, from the beginning, singularly well adapted to each other; and, as the years rolled by, the ties of affection bound them the more strongly together. Only a few months ago he wrote to a friend here, "My long service in Cambridge was full of pleasure to me, only lessened by the wish that I could have served such faithful friends more nobly." I doubt whether a minister and his congregation were ever in more complete accord. Such, as I have poorly and inadequately sketched him, was the man whose beautiful life and helpful ministry endeared him to so many hearts. Of his activity in other relations than the ministerial I shall not attempt to speak, except to remind you how into all his work he carried the same intensity of conviction and the same emotional energy that made him everywhere felt as a power, while the gentle and peace-loving nature of the man won him hosts of friends. Let us be deeply thankful for what he has been to us and has done for us. As one of his brother ministers, his neighbor during twenty-five years, has beautifully written: "All that heart-felt devotion could contribute to the help and heal-



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ing of his time he has freely given, and that with courage. Any of us will be happy to be as gratefully remembered when we have fought our fight."

ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES.

The following are extracts from tributes delivered at the memorial service by members of the congregation:—

BY MRS. W. W. WELLINGTON.

The power of Dr. Briggs in the pulpit can hardly be overestimated. His prayers were reverential, tender, and fervent. His sermons were emotional without being sensational. There was little in them that was speculative, controversial, or dogmatic, their aim being to stimulate and develop the religious nature. The text was selected with care. The various lessons to be deducted from it, bearing upon daily life and conduct, were clearly mapped out; and, as he presented them one after another, the text would be repeated, so that the impressions thus deepened could not readily be effaced. The influence of his whole life upon us was one of uplifting and inspiration. Whether in the pulpit, unfolding the great principles and truths of Christianity, or in our homes bringing benediction with his entrance, his one aim seemed to be a thorough consecration of himself to the ministry of Christ and the service of humanity. The very sight of him was magnetic: little children would meet him with a kiss, young men and maidens gave to him their confidence, and older ones rejoiced in his warm and loving friendship. His words to the bereaved were few, but his tender bearing toward them was replete with sweet and loving sympathy.

BY MISS C. F. ORNE.

From the very first of his coming Dr. Briggs took that place in our affection which neither time nor change has been able to shake for a moment. He fulfilled every expectation and justified every confidence. Baseness and wrong fled from his righteous indignation, yet justice and love held even balance in his hand. The joyousness of his temperament gave that buoyancy to his life which is so universally attractive; and the oldest and the youngest were alike drawn to him, won by his pleasant smile and greeting, adding another joy to the most joyous occasion. In his long illness and declining age the bonds that held us did not weaken. They became silk for softness and steel for strength.

BY MR. JOHN LIVERMORE.

Dr. Briggs, either as a pastor or as a man, needs no words of eulogy. I could only echo the universal accord, "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." It only remains for us to profit by the noble life which it has been our high privilege to be associated with for more than a quarter of a century, to follow his instructions and his example. We can honor him in no better way than by doing all in our power to carry on the good work.

The Sunday School.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Directors' Annual Report for 1895.

AIMS.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society was organized in 1827: it is therefore sixty-eight years old. The first President was Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D.D. This movement took place two years after the forming of the Unitarian Association. There has been a steady growth of the work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society ever since that time, but great advances have been made at special seasons. It is a fact worth noticing that in 1852, when a new set of manuals was prepared, neither the Sunday School Society nor the American Unitarian Association appeared to have the financial ability to publish them. All matters of organization in the Unitarian body were then weak and groping their way. Now and then a discussion has arisen as to merging the Unitarian Sunday School Society with the Unitarian Association. But this has always been very decidedly met by considerations which are certainly of great force.

The moral and religious education of the young is something so important that it can never safely be left as a side matter. Whatever is undertaken for this purpose should be on an independent, energetic, and wisely planned basis. We meet again, not only to

review the past, but to take a look at the future. What have been the aims of the Unitarian Sunday School Society? They might be summed up as an effort to assist the home in its nurture of disposition and character in the children, a coworker with the Church in making loyal and intelligent members, an associate power with the public-school system to add to intellectual training ethical and spiritual teaching, and to aid, in particular, in methods of spreading the cause of liberal religion. It should never be forgotten that, as a denomination, we stand for a free and reverent treatment of the Bible, a broad humanitarian use of the Church, and a fresh, vital application of Christianity to the world's needs. There is nothing so remote in philosophy or so near in practical life but finds a place in educational training. What we wish to realize in the manhood and womanhood of our land must first be planned for and started in the youth. It is as stewards of this great trust that the directors of the Unitarian Sunday School Society would again render account at this annual meeting.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Since our last annual gathering we have published "Studies in Character," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, treating Bible men and women. This is "Series IV." in Mr. Dole's suggestive "Questions for Bible Study." It has already found a large welcome among our Sunday-schools. The scholarly lessons on "The Acts of the Apostles," by Rev. W. W. Fenn, were issued in permanent form. They constitute a valuable treatise on a part of the Bible which has not been very much touched by our Unitarian authors thus far. We have also published a new tract, number six in the series, for free distribution, entitled "Music in the Sunday-school," by Rev. William H. Lyon. The current leaflet lessons of 1894-95 were bound up and made available for permanent use. These Advanced lessons on "Scenes in the Life of Jesus" were prepared by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, and the Intermediate lessons on the same subject by the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. They now form helps for instruction which will be of value for many years to come, since they are written in the light of the new criticism, and under the influence of a broad treatment of Christianity which is now in vogue. Rev. Charles F. Dole has prepared a book of mark and merit, entitled "A Catechism of Liberal Faith." This will prove exceptionally valuable in Bible classes. Its topics cover the range of beliefs which are the leading ones in theology; and the treatment is of a kind to elicit thought and lead the student to strong, guiding conclusions. We have in the two catechisms prepared by Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mr. Dole remarkable helps for workers in Sunday-school instruction. They are quite different; yet each is sure, when properly used, to stir thought and lead into clearness of belief. Our new catalogue, just issued, shows at a glance what a variety of manuals is now provided. The chief deficiency is in material for the youngest pupils, belonging to what is termed the "kindergarten" grade. We are now considering the publication of certain cards and leaflets in the style of those used for the common-school kindergarten. These we hope to issue by the first of the New Year. They will meet a great want, and, we trust, meet it adequately. Many of our manuals are capable of being used in the graded system or the uniform lesson. It is a significant fact that our friends, the Universalists, are becoming more and more our customers. The past year has brought many applications for our text-books from them.

GENERAL WORK.

The detail duties of the Sunday School Society steadily increase from year to year. During the past twelve months we have been taxed as never before in meeting the individual demands upon us by correspondence, orders, and requests for information. All this is very gratifying, and we speak of it as a sign of promise. The letters which come to us with regard to advice on all matters connected with Sunday-school work have multiplied. The farthest parts of the country have drawn near to us in this way. The headquarters at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, seem now to be in co-operative touch with the borders of our denomination. We have made donations to college libraries, home Sunday-schools, and struggling movements in the South and West. The president has, as its executive officer, represented the society at conferences, on Sunday in the pulpit and in the vestry, and to associations and meetings of various kinds presented the general and the special features of our great work. We wish to report with increased satisfaction the fact noticed before in our recent annual reports, that a deeper interest is now awakening with regard to Sunday-schools. The committees of churches are attending more carefully to the financial needs of the Sunday-school department. The Women's Alliance is showing a desire to join with us in strengthening this particular work. The ministers are arousing to a clearer vision, and seem to be throwing themselves more earnestly into the execution of Sunday-

school duties. All this is quite natural, though we may deplore the apathy which has often rested upon our work in parishes. There is dignity in Sunday-school work, and dignity arising out of its importance and its sacred nature. To see the opportunity and to improve it is, we believe, the better state of things in our denomination.

"EVERY OTHER SUNDAY."

We need to make special mention of our paper, since it is the only one published for the young people in our denomination. The circulation of it is now between 11,500 and 12,000 copies every issue. This includes, of course, a large number distributed as missionary material. We have received many pleasant testimonies to the worth of this paper and its use in the home and church. There would be a great gain to the Sunday-schools if we could issue this paper once a week, but that does not seem possible now with the means which we have at our disposal. Considering how much there is now printed appealing to young people, we feel fairly well satisfied with the success of our paper. Yet our hope rests on a larger list, for we know of many Sunday-schools which do not take it and many homes where it ought to go.

ONE-TOPIC COURSE.

This new line of lessons, commenced two years ago, deserves special notice. We, as a board of officers, have always contended that a graded system is the only true one in theory. But we have recognized the obligation upon us to meet the wants of the denomination, not to gratify our preferences. Accordingly, from time to time there have been lessons issued prepared by Rev. Mr. Piper and Rev. Mr. Spaulding which were available for one-topic uniform lessons. Two years ago we commenced this new series of one subject, three grades, and a continuous issue every week for the school year in leaflet form, the first grade being illustrated. This course of lessons has succeeded beyond our expectations. We have always met with two obstacles in a matter of this kind. First, many schools are not large enough or homogeneous enough to allow for a one-topic lesson. Second, there are many ministers and superintendents who do not wish to adopt a denominational course, preferring to pursue their individual plans. All things considered, there has been a hearty support. We print now about five thousand copies every week of the Intermediate and Advanced lessons on "The Teaching of Jesus," and the Primary grade is meeting with great favor. The first year on the Old Testament, the second year on "The Life of Jesus," and this third year on "The Teaching of Jesus and the Beginning of Christianity," form not only a valuable course at the time, but put into our permanent stock the bound-up results in the shape of manuals which will surely serve the wants of Sunday-schools for a long time to come. There are many of our Sunday-school workers who continually ask for something new. They ought to remember that pupils are constantly changing in schools, and what is good at one time for a certain age of boys and girls will prove equally valuable for another set coming up in their places. There ought to be judicious action among those who provide text-books for schools, not unduly desiring the new, while wisely discarding the old. We hope to follow up the lessons of this current year with some other courses equally suggestive and valuable.

FINANCES.

Religion, as well as commerce, deals a great deal with money, and depends a great deal upon financial support. We report a satisfactory condition of our treasury, taking the finances of the past years as a criterion. Our work could be expanded beyond measure if we had larger and more numerous donations. We do not think we are exaggerating in saying that there is not another part of denominational affairs so important as that of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It relates itself with the young people. It seeks to train them and pledge them. It sows the seed for the coming harvest of the liberal faith. The larger we can work in this preparatory stage, the larger will be the results. As it is, the treasurer's report, which is before you, shows that we have received about the same sum of money as last year, which is very encouraging, when we consider what kind of a financial year we have passed through. We make the happy announcement that more Sunday-schools and churches have contributed this year than ever in the history of this organization. This is a forcible evidence of the wider-spread loyalty to our society, and shows a desire on the part of a greater number to work together for our common objects.

We call attention to the opportunity offered to those who wish well to our work of increasing our endowment funds. It will be seen by the treasurer's report that we have already five. Here is a wise way of permanently sustaining this society. Incorporated as we are, there is perfect security in giving such endowments into our charge. With larger resources of this kind, the Sunday School Society would be able to meet the various financial vicissitudes of

different years, and go steadily on with its work. Who will be the next friend to increase the list of our endowments?

NEW SONG AND SERVICE BOOK.

A marked event the past year was the publication of a new "Song and Service Book." This had been in careful preparation for some time. The difficulties in the way of such a production are known only to those who have undertaken such a task. We have to consider the varied tastes, circumstances, and past habits of the different Sunday-schools in our denomination. Probably in no other body is there such a varied and marked individual preference for music and hymns. The book was issued in its first edition toward the close of last April, when the Sunday-schools were drawing their year's work to an end. Without any effort on our part, beyond a proper advertising of the book, it has found its way into about eighty Sunday-schools, representing all parts of the country. We are now printing the seven thousandth. It is a book of song and service calculated not only for Sunday-school use, but for guilds, conference meetings, and home needs. It has been especially welcomed by the young people of guilds, who desire a variety of service and music which combines the church psalmody with other music of somewhat lighter and brighter kind. We wish to call attention to our action in putting this book out in attractive form and at a very low price. It will be noticed in the treasurer's report that we have a very small balance on hand. This is as it should be, for the money that is given to us we are expected to use. But the difference between the balance of last year, which was over a thousand dollars, and the balance of this year, which is about three hundred dollars, is accounted for by the publication of this "Song and Service Book." In order to serve the Sunday-schools and join hands with the poorest and weakest, we put this book at a price which not only furnishes no profit, but entails a loss. We sunk \$1,200 on the first edition. It will be necessary for us to sell fifteen or twenty thousand copies before we can even get our money back. We merely mention this to prove to you that we are acting in good faith. A song and service book is something which is needed by every school. It enlivens the exercises, attracts the children, and makes everything move on with greater spirit. Therefore, we deemed it wise to put such a universal help at the very lowest possible terms, sacrificing in this, and trying to make ourselves whole in some other way. Meanwhile the former hymnal and service book is printed, and between the two it would seem as though our schools were well equipped in this direction.

CHANNING HALL "TALKS."

These valuable Saturday afternoon addresses by Rev. Mr. Pulsford have become very profitable and popular. They are to be continued this winter. During the past season the Primary was conducted with efficiency by Miss Dockham. It has been deemed wise, since there are so few Primary teachers that can avail themselves of the opportunity, to merge the Primary with the Intermediate and Advanced, all of which are now under Mr. Pulsford's skilful guidance. It is not simply that Boston and

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vicinity are served by these talks: the spirit of concentration is illustrated, and helps to shape other communities. The result has been that in various cities similar meetings have been held during the winter. One essential part of a uniform lesson course is to have teachers' meetings or joint gatherings of some kind. Then information is made common to all, and enthusiasm is increased.

OUTLOOK AND APPEAL.

Under no other government is there such a need for complete education as in a republic. Intelligence, uprightness, and justice are the first requisites for a successful democracy. We are recognizing this in ample provisions for industrial and mental training. But it behooves the American people to increase the supply of religious and moral training. Citizenship must draw support from noble sentiments, conscientious motives, and grand ideals. The churches of our denomination are more and more closely relating themselves to the people at large. They are recognizing that they have a vigorous duty to perform. They must not stand simply for Sunday altars and occasional periods of worship. In this awakening to the hour and the opportunity, the Sunday-school interests have a part,—a most important part. We are thankful for the support that has been given to the Unitarian Sunday School Society in the past, and we bespeak for it a still larger attention from the men and women of our denomination. This organization can serve great ends in the next twenty-five years, if given the power to meet the emergencies as they arise. One thing needed is a clearer understanding as to the possibilities of Sunday-school work and its chief object. Phillips Brooks very wisely says: "It is easy to praise and easy to blame that much discussed institution, the Sunday-school. Just now I think the blame inclines to outrun the praise, and no doubt the Sunday-schools have faults enough. But, first of all, we must have some clear standard to judge them by; and that can come only from a clear idea about the nature of religious teaching. If to teach religion is primarily and fundamentally to impart knowledge, the Sunday-schools are a failure. With their limited time, their changing administration, their voluntary attendance, they must be failures. But, if the teaching of religion is the bringing of Christianity to men, then I can see great cause for hope, congratulation, and gratitude in what the Sunday-schools are doing." To apply Bishop Brooks's words, the meaning is that the Sunday-school influence on the pupil consists of a personal element, the associative tie, the power of example, and those various phases of education which are operative on the heart as well as on the mind. In other terms, it is the making of Christian character, and not simply the imparting of detail knowledge.

There is still another appeal which comes home, especially to those in the membership of our denomination, and also to others who are in sympathy with us. What kind of belief do you wish your children to have? Shall it consist of false ideas as to God, duty, and immortality? or will you give your children true, happy views of life and destiny? Whatsoever truth makes life nobler, sorrow and pain better understood, the future brighter, and death less terrible, should be taught and fixed in the young mind. If this liberal faith of ours is of such worth as we claim, and ought to be more widely accepted, then the true way of securing this result is to lodge it permanently in the convictions of the young. You may establish new churches and lavish money on their support in missionary fields; but, if they are lacking in support and membership from the ranks of the young people, there is no hope for their continuance. It is useless to think that the Unitarian denomination can be enlarged by simply appealing to the adults in any community. They are often too fixed in their views to be changed, and do not make always the right material for successful organized work. The only sure and wise way is to begin with the young in our own homes and in missionary fields. Then there is some guarantee of a denominational future.

To these great ends the Unitarian Sunday School Society has constantly devoted its energies. Its manuals have lighted the way for progressive knowledge as to the Bible and theology: its every endeavor has been to equip the Sunday-schools with modern and enlightened methods. According to its ability, it has sought to arouse enthusiasm and loyalty in the young. Now that at the last National Conference at Saratoga a new stand was made for unity and renewed vigor, we feel sure the same zeal and hope will enter into our work. What was pledged at Saratoga cannot be executed without the aid of the young people. What is hoped for in growth, increase of churches, and general prosperity cannot be achieved unless the rising generation are secured on our side. To this end we ask your increased support. Examine our work and judge us on our merits. Infer from what has been performed as to the likelihood of the quality and measure of what we will do if thus more amply aided. We want to have every Unitarian Sunday-school

in the land a member of our organization. We crave the time when churches will regularly recognize the importance of our work and provide for it. With the encouragement of the past and the hopes of the future, we offer this account of our stewardship, and enter joyously into the field of another year. Respectfully submitted,

For the directors,
EDWARD A. HORTON,
President.

Literature.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGIC DEFINITION.*

Mr. Palmer is the rector of an Episcopalian church in Andover, Mass., a brother of Prof. Palmer of Harvard University. The little finger of his heresy is thicker than the thigh of the Andover theological professors. His book is another case (*sic*) of new wine in old bottles. It develops a system of thought of which we are told that the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds are adequate symbols. The α of algebra would be quite as adequate. Mr. Palmer never got his fine meanings out of those ancient symbols until he had first put them into them. The book is brilliantly ingenious, and the same amount of ingenuity could make out a very plausible case for the proverbial constitution of the moon of green cheese. Mr. Palmer's idea of the proper use of creeds is near akin to Mr. Balfour's and Thomas Hill Green's and Dr. E. A. Abbott's. We are justified, he thinks, in holding and proclaiming this or that creed when we believe substantially what its original framers were trying to express by it,—not what the creed says, but what it doesn't say. If Mr. Palmer can once get this idea generally accepted, there should be no more sticking at any of the creeds or confessions. If every man is to be allowed to judge for himself what the creed-makers tried to say and didn't, the latitude thus encouraged would include the most diverse and even opposite opinions. Mr. Palmer has had no difficulty in discovering that the makers of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds were trying to anticipate his personal theology. If he had tried his hand on the thirty-three articles of the Church of England or the thirty-nine of the Westminster Confession, they might have proved somewhat more intractable; but such confidence have we in Mr. Palmer's ingenuity that we believe he could have convinced himself that those articles were prototypes and shadows of his rational and cheerful faith.

The most liberal and rational thinker will find much in Mr. Palmer's book to agree with and admire. If a Unitarian, he may think the criticism of the traditional Orthodoxy somewhat too stern and harsh. It would grate upon the ears of almost any Unitarian congregation. But, on the positive side, the book abounds in large and helpful thoughts, in just and liberal discriminations. In the chapters on "Salvation" and "Forgiveness" there is very little with which even the radical Unitarian would not find himself in heartiest sympathy. With Mr. Palmer's doctrine of the Trinity he could find little fault, if any; though he might wonder if the older Trinitarians of our time would not "smile a kind of sickly smile" in reading it. With his doctrine of the incarnation it is much the same. The trouble with both of these doctrines and with all the others is that, where Mr. Palmer thinks that he can step across from his pure thought to the specialization of Jesus as set forth in Christian theology, the scientific mind will find an impassable gulf. We cannot conceive that any reader the habit of whose mind is even moderately scientific would allow the validity of Mr. Palmer's passage from his general to his particular theology. It is as purely arbitrary as any process could well be. It is the genial acceptance of a foregone conclusion. Mr. Palmer's personal theology is very far from that of the traditional Orthodoxy. It is as different from it as a pleasant day in June is from a biting day in March. And still the specialization and isolation of Jesus in his scheme are wholly without warrant. There is always at this point a gap in his argument through which you could drive a coach and four.

The trouble with Mr. Palmer's book is that it begins at the far end, and travels by "the high *priori* road" to its selected goal. So far as this road at any time runs parallel

with the New Testament writings, it is with those of the Fourth Gospel,—a trait it has in common with Dr. A. V. G. Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought," and with the obscurantist expounders of the New Orthodoxy generally. So, beginning, not with the New Testament documents, but with the last attenuation of the traditional theology, and under no bonds to subject itself to the results of critical research, it would be strange if any difficulty were found in arriving at such a specialization of Jesus as we have here, or even at one far more traditional in its character. But to begin at the near end is to begin with the New Testament, to seek the most authentic portions in it and, finding them in the Synoptic Gospels, to understand that even here we have veil behind veil of misconception and idealization disguising the actual lineaments of history, and finally to be convinced that, in what actually transpired, we have an order of events to segregate which from the normal processes of history and human life we have not the least temptation or excuse. But herein is no deduction from the impressive individuality of Jesus or the grand and noble inspirations of his life and death. J. W. C.

SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS. By Ruth Ashmore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—The name of Ruth Ashmore has become well known through the department which she conducts in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and these chapters are reprints of articles that have appeared there. There is much good sense in her advice to young girls, and she gives many hints that may be followed with advantage. She writes of social life and duties; but at the same time she does not ignore the country girl and the working-girl, to whom afternoon teas and card etiquette are of less immediate importance than some other things in life. She talks earnestly of common mistakes and faults, of visiting, travelling, and home duties, of friendship, and of love. The chief lack of the book seems to come from a certain timid conventionality. Her strong feeling that a girl needs especial "protection" leads her to pass in silence certain qualities of what seems to many the noblest womanhood. To make this clear, it is only necessary to compare the ethics of the book with such a work as Miss Cobbe's "Duties of Women," with its bracing helpfulness, both morally and intellectually. For instance, Miss Ashmore finds the best proof that "a woman without religion is like a rose without perfume" in the fact that even men of no belief like to have "the women who belong to them" believers. She begs her girls not to become "advanced women," and defines this undesirable class of humanity to suit herself. She condemns

women's clubs for "malice and evil-speaking," preferring the time when women met with their fancy-work in the afternoon, and husbands and sons came to the supper afterward. Still, as has been said, there is much good sense in the book; and one of the best chapters is that wherein she addresses the mothers of girls.

SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES ON THE STAGE. By Charles E. Wingate, author of "The play-goer's Year Book," etc. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—The method of Mr. Wingate's book is to take up Shakspeare's heroines one after the other, and, emphasizing the qualities of those actresses that have impersonated them, and of those most popular of late, make briefer mention of the less celebrated. The book resulting is one that will commend itself to the habitual play-goer, and not to many others. Some of the actresses mentioned lend themselves to a lively and gossiping treatment much better than some others. What is purely personal is frequently more interesting than what is critical of the stage performance. Few readers will regret the emphasis upon the modern actresses, which is, no doubt, out of proportion sometimes with their relative importance. Admirers of Ellen Terry and Modjeska will be well contented, if not satisfied, with the admiration they receive. The illustrations, many of which are very interesting, are not a fair presentment of the several actresses. The earlier suffer from the abortive efforts of the painter, the engraver, and the primitive daguerrotypist. But the unfairness is not confined to these. Ellen Terry as "Portia" is as beautiful as one could wish; but what shall we say of Ada Rehan as "Rosalind"? It is an exaggeration of her worst defects. Her "Rosalind" is too rollicking and boydenish, but it is far from being so vulgar as it is represented here.

AN UNLESSONED GIRL. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.—"Her Majesty" is one of the prettiest of the recent romances, in which a princess figures as the heroine; and, although its scene was laid far from America, yet the author made it quite evident that, if she had chosen to draw a genuine American girl, she could easily have done so. In this second book she has given herself the opportunity; and the result is one that will commend itself to her young readers, and will surely be satisfactory to the girls whom her heroine represents. These maidens are true to the life, unaffected, fun-loving, ambitious, enthusiastic, as American college girls have a right to be, not always doing the right thing, but growing in the right direction. An older reader smiles now and then at the ingenious hints that are given concerning the proper bearing and manners of young women, and it is safe to say that girls will profit by them unconsciously even more than by Miss Ashmore's elaborate directions.



The Strike in the Choir

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

How a Western choir quarreled with the minister of the church. Told in Mr. Burdette's most humorous vein in the October issue of

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* STUDIES IN THEOLOGIC DEFINITION underlying the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. By Frederic Palmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE SALOON KEEPER'S LEDGER. A Series of Temperance Revival Discourses. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D., Pastor. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—Rev. Dr. Banks has been studying the book-keeping of intemperance, and in this volume he gives us a trial balance from the saloon-keeper's ledger. The influence of the saloon on disease, immorality, lawlessness, and crime, political corruption, and pauperism, is brought out in a graphic, forcible way. Dr. Banks does not mince matters. He strikes hard, but he has a terrible demon to fight. Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D., furnishes a brief introduction.

The Magazines.

"A Singular Life," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's serial, which has been running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, closes in the pathetic yet triumphant strain characteristic of the writer. It is well done, and its theme is significant of the present era in social progress. Susan Coolidge contributes an interesting article about the Countess Potocka which will give to many long familiar with her picture more information about the beautiful, ardent, undisciplined original. One of those experiences which stir the blood of the ardent camper or tramp is narrated by Alvan F. Sanborn in "The Wordsworth Country on Two Shillings a Day" although to the lover of summer hotels and summer hops its raptures may well be incomprehensible. Ellen Olney Kirk's "Weather and Weather Wisdom" makes the most of a topic of perennial interest, and is poetic, scientific, reflective, by turns. Altogether, this number of the *Atlantic* is one that gives genuine satisfaction to the reader who goes to his magazine neither for his history, his politics, nor his scientific information.

Robert Herrick, in his article on "The Chicago University," which opens the October number of *Scribner's*, dwells less on the phenomenal birth and growth and the material side of it than on other aspects no less important, perhaps. An institution that never closes its doors, where matriculation and graduation may take place four times a year, where a student may spend six months of the year in bread-winning and six in full academic residence, or where he may earn his bachelor's degree by three years' continuous work, without increasing the strain at any one point, has many points of difference from the universities with whose methods most readers are familiar. There are other interesting points studied, as the success of the absolutely sexless education offered, the causes of the fact that student government is one of the least perplexing problems, and the possibility here demonstrated of understanding the individual work and needs of each student. The present interest in posters is recognized in an article by H. C. Bunner. Lloyd Osbourne describes "Mr. Stevenson's Home Life at Vailima," N. S. Shaler writes of "Domesticated Birds," and Mr. Smalley gives us bits of description and gossip about Huxley, different from the earlier articles that have been appearing since his death.

Literary Notes.

Miss Bouvet has written another of those tales that fairly entitle her to a good place in the list of writers for the young. Last year she brought from France the love story of "My Lady." Now she is home from Italy with a little romance that she calls "A Child of Tuscany." The publishers are McClurg & Co., Chicago.

In the *Writer* (Boston) for October the series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," which was begun in the September number by the superintending editor of the *Independent*, is continued by Robert E. Bonner of the *New York Ledger*, who tells what the *Ledger* wants and does not want in the way of manuscripts. This series of articles will be continued monthly in the *Writer*.

Mrs. Molesworth's annual story for children, published by Macmillan & Co., is called "The Carved Lions." A. C. Swinburne wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* in regard to children's writers, "Since the death of George Eliot there is none left whose touch is so exquisite and masterly, whose love is so thoroughly according to knowledge, whose bright and sweet invention is so fruitful or so delightful as Mrs. Molesworth's."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Co. are taking their time in bringing out their beautiful edition of the Baroness Tautpoeus's novels. They are appearing at yearly intervals. First we had "The Initials" and then "Quits," and now "At Odds" follows in due course. It is not so famous as the others; but it is a very charming novel, much better worth reading than many novels that are now appearing for the first time, and will soon be hidden in "death's dateless night." But no novel could be so excellent that it would not win a fresh attraction from such agreeable externals as we have here.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From the American Unitarian Association, Boston. Hymns for Church and Home. With Tunes. From Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

The Postulates of Revelation and of Ethics. By Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. Price \$1.50. From Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.

The Lives of Cornelius Nepos. Edited with Notes and an Introduction on the Rapid Reading of Latin and the Art of Translation. By Isaac Flagg. Fifty Selections from Valerius Maximus. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Charles Sidney Smith, A.M. Paper covers. From Little & Co., Boston.

Littell's Living Age. Sixth Series. Vol. VII. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Tower. With Legends and Lyrics. By Emma Huntington Nason. The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Cambridge Edition. Price \$3.00. A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price \$1.25.

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RAY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ANNIE ROGERS.

Mrs. Howard sat by her chamber window that looked out upon the sea. The sunshine, sparkling on the waters, made her think of the light that often danced in the big blue eyes of her little boy who lay asleep in the next room. As she thought of Ray, she sighed. A stranger, looking in upon him as he slept, his golden curls tossed out over the pillow, his eyes closed so that their brown lashes swept his rosy, dimpled cheek, might have wondered why Mrs. Howard sighed when she thought of him. She knew that beneath the clothes, which covered a body scarcely larger than that of a five-year-old boy, was hidden a poor, misformed little leg that would make Ray a cripple for life. He could walk, to be sure, but it was always with a pitiful limp that made his mother's heart ache. Nor was this all that Mrs. Howard thought of when she sighed. Ray was, to-day, despite his size, which seemed to contradict the fact, seven years old. She knew he would not expect any present she might long to give him. Baby though he was, he understood that all mother's money had been spent to obtain for her this visit to the seaside, which the doctor had told her was positively essential to her health. Yet Mrs. Howard, in her mother love, would have been glad to let her health suffer for Ray's enjoyment, except that upon her untiring labor depended his welfare. So she looked over the sea, thought of her boy, and sighed.

Very soon, however, a clear, sweet voice said,—

"Mamma, are you there?"

Mrs. Howard went into the adjoining room, and found Ray busily at work putting on his shoes and stockings.

As she entered, he stopped, pushed the curls from his face, and said eagerly,—

"Mamma, it's my birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied, kissing him seven times.

"Mamma, what are birthdays for? I think," after a pause, "they're meant for you to do something for somebody, aren't they?"

Surprised and pleased at this unselfish interpretation of the meaning of a birthday, Mrs. Howard sat silent a moment, till Ray said wistfully:—

"Isn't that right, mamma? Have I made you feel bad?"

For answer his mother took him in her arms. Tears stood in her eyes as she replied:—

"No, no, darling. You are quite right. It pleases mother very much to have you think of it."

Quite happy again, Ray continued his dressing, chatting merrily about the flowers, the waves, and the sunshine, till Mrs. Howard forgot his momentary seriousness, and thought it one of his many passing moods.

Immediately after breakfast Ray put on his hat and started outdoors. He told no one his errand; but, as he never wandered far alone, Mrs. Howard felt no uneasiness. After an hour had passed, however, she began to wonder at his long absence. She stepped to the door to look for him, and was surprised to see what at first sight seemed like a great bouquet of golden-rod and asters coming straight toward her. At

last she saw that a pair of little hands were clasped in front of this strange bouquet, and two little feet appeared beneath it. Above showed a head whose shining curls were scarcely less bright than the golden-rod.

It was indeed Ray, who panted up to the steps, and threw the bright-colored heap on the piazza.

"Haven't I done well?" he said, stepping back proudly to survey his treasures, and putting up his hand just in time to catch the hat that was falling off the back of his head.

"I picked 'em all myself; and now I'm going to take 'em to her, can't I?"

"Take them to whom?" his mother said, bewildered by this sudden announcement.

"Why, to the poor sick lady. Don't you think she'd like 'em? It was the only thing I could think of," apologetically; "but it's rather nice. Don't you think so?"

It took Ray several minutes to make his mother understand that there was an invalid (Ray called her "sick lady") a few houses away for whom he had picked the flowers. As he had said, this was the only way he could think of for carrying out his idea of what should be done on a birthday. As soon as Mrs. Howard learned his plan, she gave him permission to do as he wished. Though she was not acquainted with the "sick lady," she felt sure Ray, with his sweet offering, would not be unwelcome to her. As it chanced, Ray found the invalid sitting on her piazza. She was by no means as ill as Ray had believed her to be, though she was not able to take much violent exercise. Mrs. Howard was right in supposing Ray's offering would not be misunderstood. Though it took the "sick lady" some time to gather, from Ray's quaint remarks, just what he had in mind, she found out at last. When she learned it was his own idea, she appreciated the sweet unselfishness of the action, and became so much interested in the little lame boy that she kept him talking to her till nearly lunch-time.

Nor was that all. While Ray was repeating to his mother, in an eager, breathless way, all the lovely things his "sick lady" had said to him, a fine barouche drove up to the door of the cottage, and the "sick lady" herself called Mrs. Howard to the carriage.

They talked for several minutes. A little later Ray could hardly believe his senses; for he found himself dressed in his best suit of clothes, and sitting beside the "sick lady" in her beautiful barouche, while two black horses, driven by a black coachman, drew them rapidly along over the smooth, hard road.

What a glorious drive that was! How Ray enjoyed the little supper he and his "sick lady" ate together under some trees at a short distance from the water, just where they could hear the splash of the waves. And then there was the long ride home again, during which Ray counted the fireflies that glimmered now and then among the trees by the roadside.

And, after it was all over, and he had told his mother about "the loveliest birthday he ever had," he fell asleep to dream of fireflies who ate luncheon with him and black horses who seemed to be talking to him about a wonderful fairy he called his "sick lady."

That evening, as Mrs. Howard looked out over the sea, where the moonlight was just beginning to tinge the waves with silver, she no longer sighed, but smiled.

A DAY AT AUNT HARRIET'S.

"Children, come here."

"Children" meant my cousin Polly, who was visiting us, and myself. We both ran at the sound of mother's voice.

"Do you want to go on an errand up to Aunt Harriet's?"

"Yes'm."

"No'm."

"Yes'm. Let's, Emily."

"I don't like to go there," I grumbled. "You wouldn't, Polly, if you lived as near Aunt Harriet as I do."

"Emily," said my mother, in a reproving tone. "Your Aunt Harriet is a very good, kind woman; and I am surprised to hear you talk so."

"Well, I'll go if Polly wants to."

"And do you want to stay all day?" asked mother. "Because, if you do, I will say so in the note I am writing to Aunt Harriet."

"Yes," again said Polly.

"I wonder if the pony is there yet," I said.

"I think he is. Your aunt wishes to sell him, but I hadn't heard of her doing so yet."

"I think it's real mean of her to sell him," I whimpered. "I think she ought to keep him for us children when we go there."

"Aunt Harriet needs the money she would get for the pony," said mother. "Now take this basket, and don't loiter too long on the way."

It was late in the morning when we reached Aunt Harriet's. Hulda, the maid, always greeted me with a smile; Aunt Harriet, always with a look as if she was wondering what I might do before I left for home. As I watched her read the note from mother, I thought I fancied a little cloud coming over her face, and felt sure it was because we were to spend the day. This was a mistake, as I learned afterward. Mother had told her of the death of an old friend. But I jumped to my silly conclusion at once, and my heart was filled with a spirit of opposition to Aunt Harriet.

"I don't care if she don't want us. I don't care whether I am a good girl or not."

I felt it as Aunt Harriet explained that she had been very busy in the hot kitchen all the morning, and was now going to take a little rest. She told Hulda to bring us some cool milk and gingerbread, and told us to amuse ourselves in any way we liked.

"The pony is out in the meadow," she said. "I suppose you will like to ride him. You will have to be contented with riding, for the cart is broken."

"Oh, dear! I wanted to drive," I said.

"Too bad, dear."

We rode the gentle little creature, taking turns, until we were tired of it. "I do wish we had the cart," I said. "It's a great deal more fun when we can ride together. I'm going to see how it is broken. I know just where they keep it."

We went to the carriage-house.

"It looks all right to me," I said. See, Polly, I'm sure it would do just to ride 'round the meadow. We won't go out in the road. Here's the harness. I've hitched Bob up lots of times."

"I don't believe we'd better," said Polly, doubtfully.

"It won't do a bit of harm. See, the cart runs just right."

I drew it out, and we soon had Bob harnessed to it. We climbed into the cart, and turned it into the meadow. "Now isn't this nice?" I began. "Didn't I tell you, Polly?"

Polly never disputed me; for at this moment she gave a scream, in which I joined. The cart went over, throwing us both out. Bob, good little fellow that he was, made no fuss, but stood quietly, only looking round as if to ask, "What are you girls up to now?"

Hulda heard us, and came out.

"Oh, I hope Aunt Harriet hasn't heard, Hulda," I sobbed, as she took us in and bathed our bumped heads. She had not, and before long Polly and I were looking for some new amusement. Very soon we found it. Wandering around the house, we came upon a little shelf outside a window in the woodshed.

"Oh, Polly! look there!" I exclaimed.

"Blackberry jelly! Doesn't the sun shine through it beautifully?"

"I should think Aunt Harriet might have given us a little," I said, trying hard to build up a reason why we should help ourselves. I stole into the kitchen, and got a spoon. Then I stood on a peck measure, so that I could reach the jelly; and we took spoonfuls turn about.

"That's enough," said Polly, at length.

"No," I said, "we must even them all down."

"Now let's go," urged Polly.

"Wait," I said. "There's just one more. We must take some out of that, or they'll surely know."

I leaned over toward the back of the shelf. I pushed against it; and—crash! Down it went; and the jelly, mixed with broken glass, lay on the ground. Aunt Harriet heard this time. She and Hulda came out to gaze with dismay at the wreck. Hulda scolded.

Aunt Harriet did not scold. She looked at us two naughty, woe-begone little culprits, splashed with jelly from head to foot, in sore perplexity.

"There's only one thing to do, Hulda,"

she presently said. "You must put their dresses right into a tub of water. This hot sun will dry them in an hour, and then you must iron them. I'll go and make some starch."

Three hours later, as, very meek and subdued, we were ready for our walk home, Aunt Harriet gave me the basket, saying:—

"Here are a few fresh eggs and a note for your mother." The mention of the note sent a chill to my heart.

"Polly," I said, as we walked home, "I know it's to tell mother how naughty we've been."

"I s'pose so," said Polly, with a sigh.

"Say, Polly,—s'pose we don't give it to her."

"Oh! but we ought to," said Polly, a little startled at the idea. We talked about it nearly all the way; and the end of it was, as we crossed the bridge over the creek, I held it high over the water, and let it fall. A moment later I said,—

"I wish I hadn't."

"We can get it again."

"But it would be all wet. That would be just as bad."

"Why, dears, how nicely you have kept yourselves!" said mother, as we went in in our clean dresses. I'm sure you've been good girls."

We were both so quiet and said so little that mother, thinking we must be tired, sent us to bed early. And there I had to face the full ugliness of my ill-doing. I didn't mind much about anything except the deception; but, with every moment in which I restlessly tossed, it grew darker and darker to me. Mother trusted me, Aunt Harriet trusted me. I bore my burden of unconfessed wrong-doing for two weeks, and then carried it to my mother.

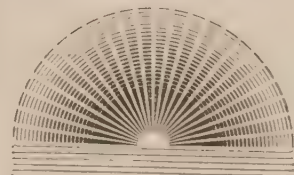
"I know what you'll say," I said. "I must go and tell Aunt Harriet."

"You can't do that for a while," said mother. "She has been sent for to go down to Virginia to a sick sister, and must not be bothered now. O my little girl, I hope you will think well before you again do a thing which you may be tempted to conceal. A concealment means a lie, for it is a covering of the truth. We will wait until you can tell her yourself."

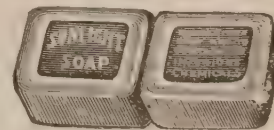
I expected Aunt Harriet to look dignified and severe when I told her about the note. But she did not. She looked only earnest and grave and kind, as she said:—

"We all of us do wrong, dear child; but it is not all of us who have the courage to confess our misdoings, even to our God. Don't ever forget that that is the sure and the only way to atone for a sin. Let me see," she added, after a moment of thought. "What did I write in the note? Oh, it was to tell your mother that I couldn't sell the pony till the fall, and that, if she wished, I would let you little girls have him through the summer. If I did not hear from her the next day, I should conclude that your father did not want him about, so I would let Robbie Hays have him, which I did."

Ever since I have had an ache at my heart thinking how Polly and I would have enjoyed the pony that summer.—*Sidney Dayre, in the Interior.*



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Mina stood by the window looking out upon the snowy street, "just fine for coasting," wondering how it happened that there was always a reason why she should stay at home when she wished most to go to some place. She was quite sure that she did not have "the least bit of a cold." All of her classmates were going coasting that afternoon, and Mina knew what a splendid time they would have; but mamma had said "No" so firmly that Mina knew it was of no use to tease.

Grandma and Jessie, Mina's little sister, sat by the fire roasting chestnuts, and making a "cat's cradle" out of string. They paid no attention to Mina until she came and stood by grandma's chair.

"Let's play something, Mina," said Jessie, who was always happy and cheerful.

"I don't want to play," answered Mina, very crossly; for she was still thinking of the coasting party.

"When I was your age, dear, I would have been glad to have any one to play with me," said grandma, gently, as she drew Mina up on the arm of the chair.

"What did you do when you were a little girl, grandma?" asked Jessie. "Didn't you have any little brothers or sisters or next-door folks to play with you?"

"No, not one," answered grandma. "The only playmates I had were a huge shepherd dog that I called 'Dan' and a tame fawn."

"Tell us about them, grandma," said Mina, who had nearly forgotten about the coasting party.

"Well," continued grandma, "when I was only eight years old, my father moved West to search for gold; but my mother died in less than two years, and I had to take care of myself most of the time as best I could.

"We lived in a rudely built cabin half way up the side of a high mountain, and our nearest neighbors were more than two miles away. Dan and I kept house; and, when our work was finished, we played the games which I taught him, and sometimes went to the mine. Dan could play hide-and-seek, and could jump rope almost as well as I.

"The mine was only a short distance from our cabin; and, when it was pleasant weather, Dan and I always took father's dinner to him. Dan persisted in carrying the bucket, and he was always careful not to drop it or shake it.

"One evening in early winter father came home, bringing a little fawn which had been wounded by hunters and then lost from the herd. We made a bed of dry leaves for it in a shed near the house. For a long time it would not eat anything; but at last it grew more tame, and would eat bread crumbs out of my hand.

"I thought a great deal of the pretty little thing, and it grew more playful and tame every day; but it was a long time before Dan and the fawn became friends.

"When at last the fawn was able to walk, father built a fence around the shed, so that it might come out and play in the sunshine. Dan would lie by the door, and watch it; but he never ventured to join in its frolics.

"I kept it all winter; and by spring it was so gentle that I could let it run loose, and it would always come home in the evening. By the close of summer Dan and the fawn had become warm friends. They would play together for hours; but, if Dan became too rough, the fawn would come to me for protection, or, if Dan got too hard a blow, he would come whining, and lay his head in my lap.

"One afternoon early in November the sky began to look dark, and the wind commenced to blow terribly; and in less than an hour the snow was falling so thick and fast we could not see a dozen yards from the house. The fawn had gone away in the morning, and had not returned. Dan could not be still: he would lie down by the fire, and then go to the door and bark to get out, until I had to let him go. But he would not go without me. When he found that I was not coming, he came back. So I put on my cloak and hat, and followed him. He went down the mountain path, and then started across a very dangerous piece of ground where the rocks were loose and there were many deep holes. I followed Dan as faithfully as I could, until at last he stopped by one of the holes, and began to bark. I leaned over the hole; and, not

far below, I could hear the cry of the lost fawn.

"I could not help it out, so I returned home; but Dan would not go. By this time father was at home, and we carried a rope and ladder to the place where the fawn was imprisoned. Father placed the ladder down in the hole, which happened not to be very deep; and, fastening the rope about its body, he drew the little frightened thing to the top.

"It soon recovered from its few injuries; but, at daybreak one beautiful spring morning, father saw a herd of deer on the opposite side of the valley, and, when I went to look for my fawn, it was gone. I never saw my little playmate again."

"But what became of Dan, grandma?" asked Jessie.

"Dan died of old age, and we buried him on the mountain-side. Those were the only playmates I ever had," said grandma, as she arose to put away her knitting.—*Ella Mayhew, in the Outlook.*

SNOWBALLS AND ORANGES.

It had rained and rained. The skies were dull and dark. The streets were like rivers.

Lou and Clara stood at the window, scowling. They complained of the weather. They found fault because the mountains were hidden. They did not know what a wonderful treat was being made ready for them behind that gray cloud curtain.

Like many other children whose homes were among the orange groves in the valley, Lou and Clara had always lived in Southern California; and the only snow they had ever seen was that which in winter capped the far-away peaks.

So, when they awoke the next morning, and saw the great mountains, the foothills, and even the near mesa covered with snow, the sight almost took away their breath.

When Lou and Clara ran downstairs, they found that papa and mamma had planned to make the most of the snow.

"We will take the first car," said papa, "and go up the avenue; and you shall see what snow is like."

Papa seemed almost as pleased as the children. He remembered how he used to play in the snow when he was a boy, and he had been so many years away from it.

Lou and Clara were in a hurry to be off. They could scarcely eat any breakfast.

"What if we should miss the car?" they kept saying. "Or what if the snow should melt before we could get to it?"

It seemed as if the snow might melt very fast, the sunshine was so bright and warm; but they did not run any risk of missing the car, for they were out by the track fully fifteen minutes before it was time for it to come along.

A lady and two children came from a house near by, and joined the little group; and they talked together as people do in this country, although they did not know each other. Lou and Clara soon became acquainted with the two children, whose names were Bertha and Ralph; and they all had a nice time.

The strangers had just come from the East. Bertha and Ralph had never seen orange groves before; and they looked in wonder at the stocky trees, bent down with the weight of the big, bright fruit.

The ride up the avenue seemed long to the children, who were in a hurry to reach the snow; but it seemed too short to the little strangers, there was so much to be seen along the way.

"O Ralph, look!" cried Bertha. "Oranges on the ground!" And she pointed to a few windfalls under a tree.

"Oranges on the ground!" echoed little Ralph; and he leaned out of the car window, and looked at them as long as they were in sight.

Lou and Clara leaned from the windows, too; but they did not look at the orange and lemon orchards, nor at the roses blooming in the door-yards. They looked ahead at the snow on the mountains, and they said:—

"Oh, isn't it lovely! Isn't it lovely!"

When they reached the head of the

avenue, the children saw that the ground was white; and they fairly tumbled over each other in their haste to get out of the car. There were several who, like Lou and Clara, had never seen the snow, and others who had not seen any for a long time. Then there were those who had just come from a cold country, and to them the sight of the snow brought back thoughts of home.

They stayed on the mesa an hour; and I can't begin to tell you how much fun they had, playing in the snow, snow-balling, and washing each other's faces. When they were on their way back to the car, a man who was picking oranges from some trees near by called to them.

"Here are some oranges to go with your snowballs," he said, and tossed each one an orange over the hedge. So every child carried an orange and a snowball into the car.

The Eastern children soon threw away their snowballs, and began to eat the oranges; but the little Californians left their oranges lying in a corner of the seat, and they sucked the cold white balls, and smacked their lips, and cried,—

"How good snow is!"—*Mary Elizabeth Stone, in Youth's Companion.*

AN ORDER OF MERIT.

A society in France for the prevention of cruelty to animals has founded an order of merit, insignia of which are bestowed on dogs who distinguish themselves by deeds of bravery. A tastefully designed collar of honor is awarded. Among the animals decorated, one of the most celebrated is Bacchus, a large bull-dog, whose specialty is to stop runaway horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. It is said that the intelligent beast has already saved the lives of eight persons in this way. Pataud, another bull-dog, received a collar in 1887 for saving his mistress from the attack of a foot-pad; and Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has had a similar honor conferred on him for saving three young children from drowning, on as many occasions. *Southern Presbyterian.*

Coughs,

* Consumption.

The greatest cause of terror of the present day, formerly considered hopeless, is now conceded by the best physicians as curable under proper conditions. Its cause—a depleted condition of the system; a mal-assimilation of food; a wasting away of the tissues; an impoverishment of the blood. The result—a diseased condition of all the organs of the body; a formation of eating ulcers; and the result death from collapse or hemorrhage. But the cure is

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AN ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY JOHN CODMAN.

[On the thirtieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Dr. Stebbins in San Francisco.]

As Moses o'er the desert led
Jehovah's chosen race,
Their wants by heavenly manna fed
In token of his grace,

So may you lead your loving flock
Not over barren plains,
Where water gushing from some rock
Miraculously rains,

But through sweet fields of living green,
By Nature's hand supplied,
Lead them to sweeter fields unseen,
Beyond the swelling tide.

Round out your term of forty years,
Until your setting sun
From Pisgah's distant height appears
To show your work is done.

Till then lead on, like him of old,
When time was in its youth,—
A pioneer, but not for gold,
The pioneer of truth.

LAKE MOHONK PLATFORM.

I. We, the members of the Lake Mohonk Conference, in this its thirteenth annual meeting, reaffirm its utterances of past years, and especially of last year. The reservation system is an insuperable obstacle to civilization, and should be abolished, the tribal organization destroyed, the lands allotted in severalty, the Indians intermingled with the whites, and the Indians treated as other men.

II. Until the Indian comes into complete ownership of his allotment, he should have the special protection of the federal government, special federal officers should be endowed with magisterial authority for the administration of local justice, the bureau should have power and means to employ and assign counsel for the legal protection of his rights, he should be guarded by adequate legislation from the land robber, the gambler, and the liquor-dealer, he should not be allowed to sell or lease his lands except upon permission first obtained from a federal judge, and provision should be made for the secular and industrial education of all Indian children of school age in schools supported by and under the exclusive control of the government, State or federal.

III. It is un-republican and un-American to permit the existence of any landed class in the community exempt from taxation. Such exemption is equally unjust to the taxed and to the untaxed. The taxes otherwise due on the allotment of the Indian citizen, so long as by a protected title his land is exempt, should be provided for out of Indian funds in the hands of the national government, or, if there are no such funds, out of the general treasury.

IV. No Indian tribe should be transferred from one reservation to another without its consent, and rarely, if ever, even with its consent. Rations should be given only where required by existing treaty stipulations or to avert imminent starvation, and should be done away with entirely as soon as practicable. Distribution of money per capita is often disastrous, and should be made with increased caution.

V. The nation possesses a supreme sovereignty over every foot of soil within its boundaries. Its legislative authority over its people it has neither right nor power to alienate. Its attempt to do so by Indian treaties in the past does not relieve it from the responsibility for the condition of government in the reservations and in the Indian Territory; and, despite those treaties, it is under a sacred obligation to exercise its sovereignty by extending over the three hundred thousand whites and fifty thousand so-called Indians in the Indian Territory the same restraints and protection of government which other parts of the country enjoy.

VI. The best of laws are useless unless they are faithfully and equitably enforced. Such enforcement through the Indian department is impossible unless appointments are made only for merit, removals only for cause; and the tenure of administrative officials is to this extent made permanent. We congratulate the country upon the evidence which the history of the past year has afforded that it is the purpose of the department to administer the Indian Bureau upon this principle, and we call upon Congress to co-operate with the Executive in such measures as may be necessary to secure permanently the Indian Bureau from the fatal incursion of the spoils system.

VII. The government alone cannot solve the Indian problem. Our American civilization is founded upon Christianity. A pagan people cannot be fitted for citizenship without learning the principles and acquiring something of the spirit of a Christian people. The duty of the Church is increased, and the hopefulness of accomplishing it is made more reasonable, by every advance the government makes in providing protection and secular education for the Indian race. The progress already made toward the dissolution of organic barbarism, the opening already afforded for free

Christian work, eloquently summon Christian philanthropists to furnish that contribution which nothing but unofficial, voluntary, and Christian service can furnish toward the emancipation and elevation of the Indian.

Spiritual Life.

Every mean purpose renders a great hope more incredible: a mean heart cannot believe in a majestic destiny, and a poor soul has no faith in an everlasting growth.—*H. W. Crosskey.*

Rejoice in the joy of life. Be touched with tenderness and sympathy for all this life that can feel and can suffer, and do not dare to add a pang to the burden of the world's sorrow.—*Minot J. Savage.*

Between soul and soul, even the greatest and the least, there can be, in the things of righteousness and love, no lordship and servitude, but the sublime sympathy of a joint worship on the several steps of a never-ending ascent.—*John Learned.*

No one has any more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred. He owes it to himself, to his friends, to society and the community in general, to live up to his best spiritual possibilities, not only now and then, once or twice a year, or once in a season, but every day and every hour.—*Lilian Whiting.*

All human help is God's help. All human pity is God's pity. All human love is God's love. All human tenderness is his. Let us have done with looking for his help, his tenderness, his love, and his pity where they never are, in lawless interference, and look for them in human faces and in human hearts; and we shall not look in vain.—*John Chadwick.*

He who will gauge the future of the religion of the Spirit by the yard measure of his experience, however devout his thought, will paralyze all hope and aspiration, will shut out the range of his destiny, and look back to the past as the end of the glorious possibilities of God. The revelations of the past are great, indeed: our hearts glow with thankfulness when we return to them. But man's own powers and possibilities are more glorious still.—*Mozoomdar.*

Here and There.

The value of pure black skunk skins in the furrier's trade has led to the breeding of these little animals, and there are now several farms for this purpose in the United States.

So far as can be learned, the only regular pigeon post service on this side of the continent or the other is that which bears messages every day in the summer season between Los Angeles and the little town of Avalon, on Catalina Island, and bears them at a speed which can be beaten only by the telegraph or telephone.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It is truly a singular discovery that the outlines of the "Defender" are almost precisely identical with those of an ancient Egyptian boat, 5,000 years old, recently found by De Morgan and Meir at Gizeh. It has the extreme overhang at bow and stern which is the chief characteristic of the 1895 racing yacht. Perhaps, if we could find the ark, we might get some pointers for our transatlantic liners.—*Springfield Republican.*

Great Britain has been striving for several years to change the taste of the tea-drinkers of the world,—to convince them that Indian and Ceylon teas are better worth using than those of China, Japan, and Java. The success crowning these efforts, says the *New York Times*, is shown in the fact that the consumption of the British product has increased in the five years, 1890-94, from 13,400,000 pounds to 28,400,000 pounds.—*Journal of Commerce.*

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Education.

The Cincinnati souvenir, presented to visitors of the Atlanta Exposition, is an artistic pamphlet, entitled "A Plea for American Decorative Art," with illustrations and designs by Benn Pitman. It explains the requirements of beautiful and suggestive decoration, developed by advancing civilization, describes the characteristics that are likely to distinguish the American decorative art of the future, and gives a brief account of the artistic work of the Cincinnati Art Academy since 1872, when the movement was started by Mr. Pitman himself. A second brief essay defines the place of decoration in a classification of the fine arts. The illustrations show beautiful examples of wood-carving, china and pottery painting, mural decorations, etc., done by the girls and women of Cincinnati.

Charities and Reforms.

Emily Balch, Bryn Mawr, 1889, has lately prepared a manual for use in dealing with juvenile offenders of the State. It is published by the State conference of child helping societies, of which Miss Balch is secretary, and is intended for distribution among the lower courts and children's aid organizations. The edition is limited to 750 copies, and may very shortly be obtained on application to the secretary of the Children's Aid Society, Boston.

The legislation of France during the last ten years, in view of helping the laboring classes, has been prodigious. The institution of the Bureau of Labor, the laws limiting the labor of women and children in factories, the laws in reference to the responsibility of employers in the case of accidents to employees, the laws giving special privileges to trades-unions, and the recent laws for the housing of workmen will do more to stay socialism than the most Draconian laws of repression could have done.—*The Congregationalist*.

The Chinese Christian Home of Boston, situated at 49 Clarendon Street, was dedicated to its present work by the late Dr. Gordon, who was deeply interested in it; and it has been largely supported by the Clarendon Street Church. Now, however, since the accommodations have become totally inadequate for the needs of the hundreds of young Chinese who frequent the home, an appeal is sent out to friends of all denominations to help on the work. The home is open for social intercourse through the week, and is helpful in many practical ways besides the regular Sunday services.

There is a practical training school in New York to fit students or "Rescue Volunteers" for practical rescue work in missions, or as pastors' assistants, to reach the non-church-going public, especially those who have fallen through drink and accompanying vices. They are trained and practised in personal work in the rescue missions of this city, and by visiting the tenement districts and the slums of New York, under the direction of expert workers. During the term of training they reside in the East Side tenement houses in comfortable apartments especially furnished for them, mingling with the residents, observing their ways, habits, and temptations. The school is in connection with St. Bartholomew Rescue Mission; but Christians of any denominations will be welcome. The cost of the term is \$190, to cover everything; but a class not to exceed fifty will be taken for \$50 per student. The remaining \$50 will be provided by friends of the work. Applicants desiring to enter this fall class are requested to apply immediately, with recommendation as to character from their pastor and two prominent citizens. The illustrated report of the spring class, with thirty photographs, fifteen testimonies, and full description, will be forwarded free to those who intend to come. Others who may desire the report will please forward twenty-five cents for it. Applications or letters requiring further information should be sent at once to Col. Henry H. Hadley, Superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, 205-207 East 42d Street, near 3d Avenue, New York City.

Temperance.

The government of Canada has prohibited the sale of intoxicants among the Indians of Hudson Bay territory, and punishes severely any violation of this law.

Chicago is preparing for a notable celebration of Father Mathew's day next month. Archbishop Feehan has consented to preside at the public meeting that is to be held, and Archbishop Ireland has been invited to be the orator of the evening.

The city of Cambridge, Mass., has been under the no-license system for several years, with such excellent results that, it

is said, even many who opposed the idea at first are now strongly in its favor. What makes the case of Cambridge more notable is the fact that it is the seat of a great university, and the suburb, in reality, of a large city. If the policy of no-license can be enforced under such circumstances, it ought to be enforceable in any town. A significant bit of testimony in regard to the results of no-license in Cambridge is given in the following statement of savings-bank deposits. The last year under saloons there were \$140,000 of new deposits; the next year under prohibition, \$586,000. The last year under saloons 861 new accounts were opened in the savings-banks, while in the first year under no-license 992 were opened.

Russia has determined upon nothing less than a complete government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the liquor supply for the entire empire. Somewhat more than two years are to be allowed for the system to attain completeness. It is to be put in force in eight provinces on the first day of July, 1896, in seven other provinces on the first day of July, 1897, and throughout all the rest of the empire on the first day of January, 1898. Saloon-keeping as a private business will be altogether abolished. The French attempt at a monopoly of wholesale supply has been based very largely upon considerations of public revenue. It does not appear that the new Russian policy rests so much upon financial motives as upon a desire to rid the Russian people once and for all of the demoralizing influences of the liquor traffic as privately conducted.

Science.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in the mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists above an altitude of two thousand feet.

Science will some day measure the influence of the weather upon man's capability of work. The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen once reckoned that on a disagreeable day his workmen turned out about ten per cent. less work than on a day of pleasant weather.

Prof. Emery E. Smith of California has succeeded by experiments in cross fertilization in producing an entirely new violet, highly scented and of great beauty. In size the flower covers an American silver dollar. Its color is a clear violet purple, which does not fade. The fragrance is very powerful. The result is characterized by *Knowledge* as "one of the most remarkable botanical achievements of this century."

The latest hygienic craze in Paris is the use of porous glass for windows. This is declared to possess all the advantages of the ordinary window-framing; and, while light is as freely admitted as through the medium of common glass, the "porous" further admits air, too, the minute holes with which it is intersected being too fine to permit of any draught, while they provide a healthy, continuous ventilation through the apartment.

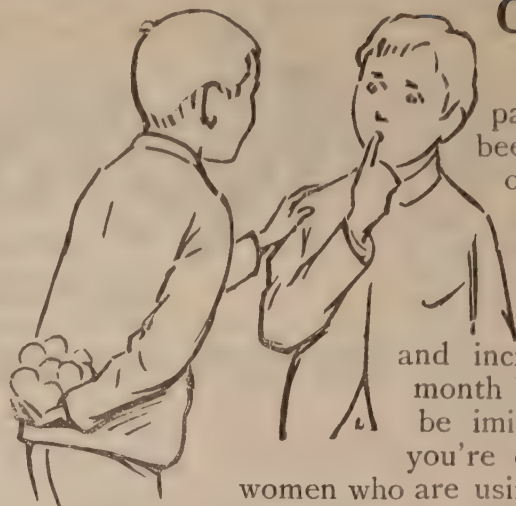
The city engineer of Munich has devised a new paving material composed of finely ground serpentine mixed with a binding substance, moulded into bricks, and fired in kilns at a high degree of temperature. The blocks are seven inches square and four inches thick, and cost a little more than four dollars a square yard. The unequal wear of the serpentine and the binding substance roughens the surface and prevents slipperiness. The wear is said to be less than granite, and equal to the best porphyry.

Salt

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Mother: "Jack, what have you done with the money you saved up last week?" Johnny: "Papa told me to save for a rainy day. Yesterday was the first one we had, so I spent it."—*Harper's Round Table.*

"Mamma," remarked Johnnie Runkles, after he had absorbed a potash lozenge which had been given him for his sore throat, "wasn't Esau an idiot to sell his birthright for a mess of this stuff?" — *Brooklyn Life.*

At a young ladies' seminary, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated thus: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."—*Exchange.*

An Englishman sat at a restaurant table, critically viewing the soup he had ordered. "What is it?" said he. "It's bean soup," answered the waiter. "I don't care what it's been," retorted the Englishman: "I want to know what it is."—*Christian Work.*

Mr. Wheeler: "I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson?" Miss Emerson: "Why, yes, Mr. Wheeler. Even the beans go through a course of browning before they come to the table."—*P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.*

Johnny and Jenny were quarrelling, and Jenny began to cry. "Oh," said Johnny, "don't cry. I'll take back all the mean things I've said." "Yes, you'll take 'em back," sobbed the girl, "so you can have 'em ready to use over again."—*The Evangelist.*

The most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window, and tried to hang his cigar on a peg. No! But the man who put his umbrella to bed, and went and stood behind the door.—*Selected.*

A Boston woman, who was trying to recover a parcel that had rolled under an electric car, turned apprehensively to the conductor, and inquired if she would receive a shock if her foot touched the rail. "Not unless your other foot is on the trolley wire," gravely replied the official.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

The following were answers received by a teacher in an up-town school from her pupils during a recent examination: "The cotton-gin was invented by Robert Morse shortly before the war broke out." "The Boston tea-party was a famous dinner given by one of the colonists to the Indians. Many celebrated people were there." "The gold fever is a fatal disease which those who dig gold sometimes get."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A pretty story is about a little boy whose elder sister is much interested in photography, and who gives the family the benefit of many observations about her work. The little boy was taken to the courthouse to see the end of a certain trial. He came home, and told his mother about it. "The judge made a speech to the jury," he said, "and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."—*Boston Transcript.*

SUGGESTED TITLES.

The editor of a London journal lately offered a prize for the wittiest list of titles for twelve sham books on a dummy shelf. The following were some of the titles received in the competition:—
"A Binding Oath," by Scott.
"Badly Brought Up," by the author of "Molly Bawn."
"A New England Puss," by M. E. W.
"Thoughts on my Bed," Stead.
"On Different Tacks," by Van Hammer.
"Lizzie Wouldn't," by John Wood.
"The Fatal Blow," by John Knox.
Porter's "Tales of Lost Luggage."
"Lost in the Wash," by the author of "Bachelor's Buttons."
"Grinding the Poor," by Mill.
To this list a Yankee humorist adds:—
"Owe No Man," by O. W. Holmes.
"Against Shiftlessness," by Thoreau.
"A Treatise on Abbreviations," by the author of "Ben-Hur."
Poe's "For Effect."
"Harvard Freshmen," by the author of "Innocents Abroad."
"After the Ball," by the author of "Our National Game."
Morse on "Our Old Houses."
"Woodchucks and Rabbits," by Burroughs.
"E. E.," by the author of "My Double." *Youth's Companion.*

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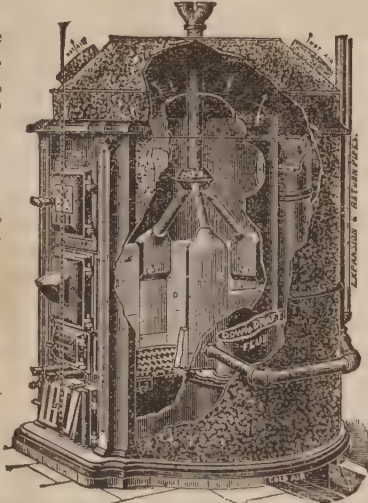
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VOLUME LXXIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

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Editorial.

THE spring used to be the anniversary season, but now church conferences seem to ripen most in the fall. The triennial council of the Congregational Church held its session at Syracuse last week, and its action is noticed below. The American Board met in Brooklyn, the Episcopal General Convention is still holding its sessions in Minneapolis, and this week the Unitarian National Conference meets at Washington. There is room for all these bodies in this country, and they need not jostle each other; and there is room, too, for a greater unity of spirit among them all, and, the closer they get together in this sense, the less friction there will be.

THE National Council of Congregational Churches held its ninth triennial session in Syracuse, October 9-14. This council, though without authority to dictate the policy or methods of the individual churches represented, is yet the chief exponent of the thought and work of orthodox Congregationalism. Its meetings were characterized by able papers on important, present-day subjects, free and earnest discussion, and by a general spirit of harmonious co-operation in working for high ends. Considerable time was taken up with a consideration of "The Christian Ministry" and the standard for ministerial service. It showed its interest in practical methods of reaching and helping the people by commending the institutional churches, which were defined by Rev. C. S. Mills as possessing these three characteristics,—that

they are open week-days as well as Sundays, that their pews are free, and that they are evangelistic in the sense of speaking a message of salvation by every part of the church life and work. The subject of Christian unity was discussed through one afternoon; and a proposed basis of union was adopted, looking toward fraternal co-operation with other bodies. The principles of this basis include the acceptance of the Scriptures as the only authoritative revelation of God to man, discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ, belief in the Church of Christ, and liberty of conscience in the interpretation of the Bible and church administration. The council did not think of organic unity as either near or desirable, but evidently wished to do its part toward a vital spiritual harmony and co-operation.

THE abstract we publish this week will give our readers a good idea of the tone, spirit, and argument of the "Dudleian Lecture" delivered last week by Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford at Harvard University. To lecture on the text furnished by Judge Dudley is something like taking a text from one of the imprecatory Psalms. But the imprecatory spirit was wholly absent from Dr. Herford's lecture. He did not, however, use the text as a point of departure. In perfect good faith, and with characteristic frankness and thoroughness, he took up the claims of the Catholic Church, and considered them from the standpoint of modern liberalism. In the larger part of his address he dealt directly and essentially with the Catholic Church as an organized institution. He considered no claim which it has not made in official documents and through official representatives. It cannot be said, therefore, that he was dealing with figments of imagination or hypothesis without official or historic character. There can be no doubt as to what the claims of the Catholic Church are; for it has constantly reasserted them, and there can be no doubt that such claims are incompatible with the enlightened reason and knowledge as well as spiritual experience of our own day.

IN dealing with the Roman Catholic Church as an institution, Dr. Herford was precluded to some extent from dealing with it as a spirit. There is hardly any church in which there is not some divergence, contrast, or antagonism between its spiritual and its corporate life. It is notably so in Presbyterianism. If we judge of the claims of the Presbyterian Church by its standards and confessions, they are simply monstrous and as untenable as those of Roman Catholicism. Indeed, there may be advantages in having the dogma of infallibility invested in a living man instead of in a dead book. But, though the Presbyterian Church, interpreted through its standards and its assemblies, is sternly Calvinistic, the Presbyterian soul to-day is more and more progressive. Such movements as that represented in Union Theological Seminary and in Lane Seminary are not temporary eddies, but new channels of thought and movement through which that Church will eventually flow. Just as truly there is a soul in Catholicism which cannot be pent up in the documents and institutions of that Church. Catholicism as a religion is much larger, freer than Catholicism as a Church; and, if we differ from Dr. Herford, it is mainly in thinking that these progressive manifestations of modern Catholicism are something more than local accommodations. They seem to us attempts to adjust the spirit of Catholicism to modern life, thought, and political institutions, which eventually must react upon the Church itself.

ONE extraordinary claim of the Roman Catholic Church which Dr. Herford did not include in his criticism is the claim of the temporal and political supremacy of the

pope,—a claim which, as we have lately shown, has been reasserted by his delegate in this country. At the same time this very claim serves to illustrate the reaction which has taken place within Roman Catholicism itself. As the laity do not control the administration of that Church, they could not directly reform its abuses; but they could and did in Italy overthrow its political power and extinguish in all except name the claim of papal supremacy. While in Spain the Church has unchecked dominion, and an ascendancy through its clergy in Belgium, in France the Catholic laity are uppermost, and have secured victories for liberty which have not been won even in this country. Somewhat grudgingly the clergy have been obliged to submit to the taxation of church property. Instead of Catholicism being a menace to government either local or national, France has a degree of freedom under its republican constitution, especially a liberty of the press, not enjoyed even in Protestant Germany. In this country the services which Catholics rendered in securing the victories of liberty in the war of the Revolution were publicly recognized by Washington; and their loyalty here during the Rebellion was as marked as Dr. Herford shows their loyalty has been in England. The pope himself has formally admitted, in his last encyclical to the Church in America, that, for the prosperity of the Catholic Church here, "thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America, and to the customs of the well-ordered republic. For the Church among you, unopposed by the Constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance." Such a concession is all that the Catholics of America need; and it does not concern them that, further on in the same document, the pope tells them that they must not "draw the conclusion that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced." Catholics are very likely to believe that what is a good form of government here may be just as good on the other side of the ocean, and there are thousands of Catholics in Italy who are working and hoping for democratic government. Thus it is that the Catholic Church, in spite of decrees, councils, and buried popes, is gradually abating its own claims and adjusting itself to the conditions of the nineteenth century.

A TRIBUTE TO UNITARIANISM.

THE new and striking book, "The Christ of To-day," by Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., minister of the Old South Church, Boston, will command much attention. Like "The Oriental Christ," by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, it may be said briefly to be a consideration of the Christ ideal in its universal aspects. Later on we shall have occasion to notice it more fully. We call attention to it now simply to show the new attitude which liberal and independent Orthodoxy sustains toward Unitarianism. In the Unitarian controversy of sixty years ago, one saw how wide apart Orthodoxy and Unitarianism could be. In this volume we see how close they may be together, yet without absolute identification. Mr. Gordon is not a Unitarian denominationally or theologically. Yet his tribute to the work and influence of Unitarianism is one of the most generous that has ever been paid to it.

In his introductory chapter Dr. Gordon says: "For the most part, then, the persons addressed in this discussion are those who have not broken with historic Christianity, who stand in the consciousness of its grandeur and finality, but who desire a better understanding of that which holds them with a grasp so beneficent. If any of my

Unitarian friends should read what I have written, let me here make plain the fact that I am not trying to raise from the dead a deeply and decently buried controversy. It is the duty of the Unitarian, as surely as it is mine, to endeavor to ascertain the worth of our common Christian inheritance; and, if upon the central part of this vast bequest—the person of Christ—we differ in our estimates, it must strengthen him in his own conclusion to see it victorious against mine. Perhaps this consciousness of the duty resting upon Unitarian and Trinitarian alike, to open up afresh the whole question of the significance of Christianity, may subdue both from the mood of self-confident controversialists to the temper of patient and reverent thinkers. Any words of mine bearing upon Unitarianism are written, I trust it is needless to say, in honor and gratitude for the great movement of thought whose power for good has been so vast, but from whose conception of Christ I differ. Mutual recognition is the basis of all fruitful discussion. As a tenacious Trinitarian, I rejoice to recognize the benefit to the Christian Church of the Unitarian contention. No intelligent religious person can fail to honor its insistence upon the fatherhood of God, the real and therefore the divine humanity of our Lord, the function of history as a revelation of God, the place of the Bible at the centre of religious history, and salvation as a moral process under the Spirit of God. Against a Trinitarianism that was tritheism, in opposition to a view of the person of Christ that slighted his humanity and dishonored the Eternal Father, in the face of opinions that made history godless and terrible, that construed salvation as outward, forensic, mechanical, that regarded religion as alien to the nature of man, at war with the intellectual and moral wealth of the world, and that turned it into a provincial and deformed thing, the Unitarian protest was wholesome, magnificent, providential. On the other hand, the ceaseless assertion, in the face of militant Unitarianism, of the enlightened Trinitarian's conception of God, his search for the basis in the Infinite for human society, his construction of the person of Christ, his view of the differentiating character of the Bible and history within the Christian Church, his persistent plea for the meaning of an outraged conscience, his appeal for an authentic and authenticated Mediator of the Eternal Pity, his proclamation of obedience to Christ as the path to spiritual freedom, the exalted personalism in which his ideas have lived, and the contagious enthusiasm with which he has expounded them, have doubtless told for good upon his stout theological antagonist, and constitute a tradition of faith of the utmost significance. Whoever enters into both these moods, whoever studies both these traditions, if he is a deep-hearted man and alive to the sublime reach of his Christian inheritance, will feel the call as from God, whether he be Unitarian or Trinitarian or neither, to fathom to a lower depth, and explore on a wider scale, the unsearchable riches of Christ. To such a man, whatever his name or order, I would venture to repeat the invitation of the Hebrew singer, burdened as it is with the meaning, the privilege, and the hope of this new day,—

"Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together!" *

In another chapter, in treating "Christ and the Faith of To-day," on a page with the head-line "Our Debt to Unitarians," Dr. Gordon says:—

"Under the supremacy of the Augustinian and Calvinistic conception of human nature, the consciousness of sin necessarily tends to become exclusive, and the task of Christian living to become more and more a lamentation over the defect of character and a despair of goodness. More and more

* Psalm xxxiv. 3.

salvation must become, not the act by which God educates his children and claims his own, but the triumph of Almighty pity over sheer worthlessness. This overdone sense of depravity, hardened into dogma, stood for centuries against the truth that the morality of God in Christ is the morality for mankind. The truth has at last prevailed; and, at this point of belief, Christian people everywhere are under an immense debt to the great Unitarian leaders. It is impossible to be too thankful for these words of Dr. Channing: 'Expect no good from Jesus any further than you clothe yourselves with excellence. He can impart to you nothing so precious as himself, as his own mind. Look up to the illustrious Son of God with the conviction that you may become one with him in thought, in feeling, in power, in holiness. The most lamentable scepticism on earth, and incomparably the most common, is a scepticism as to the greatness, powers, and high destinies of human nature. In this greatness I desire to cherish an unvarying faith. Tell me not of the universal corruption of the race. Humanity has already, in not a few instances, borne conspicuously the likeness of Christ and God. In such men I learn that the soul was made in God's image, and made to conform itself to the loveliness and greatness of his Son.' ('Channing's Works,' p. 316.) The title of the discourse from which these words are taken, 'The Imitableness of Christ's Character,' might well serve as a summary of the vast service that Unitarianism has rendered to the Christian belief of the century. Channing and Hedge and Peabody and Furness and their contemporaries refused to be forever shut up within the consciousness of moral defect and infirmity. They held that the morality of Jesus has power to give life to the spirit to which it comes, that it elicits into clearness and strength the aboriginal human endowment, sets free the divine in man's constitution, and invests it with new vigor and prophetic invincibility. The leaders of the Unitarian movement were men of exalted spirit: in them the ethical and religious principles lived in great power. They were unimpeachable examples of the high doctrine that they proclaimed. Largely through their inspired fidelity to their high teaching, the idea has become current again that the example of Christ is the standard for man.

"There is no reason why this clear achievement of Christian faith should not remain. It has far less to fear from the avowed enemies of high morality than from a narrow religious zeal. Nothing can obliterate the modern sense of amenableness to the ethics of Christ except a fresh deluge of the old exclusive consciousness of human sinfulness."

Dr. Gordon's tributes to Unitarianism do not mean that he has accepted the Unitarian position, but that he simply recognizes the contribution it has made to the development of Christianity in modern life and thought. Many Unitarians will be the more interested in reading his presentation of his own conception of the Christ, because it diverges somewhat from their own.

THE UNSATISFIED HEART.

It is not the selfish, grasping heart which is unsatisfied: it is the loving and generous one. The baby born with such a nature makes friends with all the world. As a child, it claims the whole school as playmates. Arrived at maturity, there is still the eager outstretching for more to love. The happy wife is not satisfied till little ones of her own give a still wider opportunity for the tendrils of affection to clasp and cling. She watches them grow in turn to manhood and womanhood, and rejoices in grandchildren on whom to pour out the rich balm of her heart. While she lives, she loves: she is unsatisfied else.

There is a world of difference between the unsatisfied and the dissatisfied heart. The latter might well envy the former. One feels out for the infinite, and gratefully accepts every good that comes. The other frets and fumes because the infinite is not thrust into its bosom. One thinks of others: the selfish, cynical soul, only of itself.

The man or woman with the tender, loving heart may see dear one after dear one pass away; yet there is this ever on-reaching of affection which holds like a magnet all who come within its influence. There may be no outward attempt to win friends;

but the gentle qualities of the nature draw every one to it, as the mellow influence of the sun in spring wins to the surface every seed which has within it the responsive germ of life. One might indeed speak of the sun as unsatisfied in the same sense. It awakes the spring, it lures the summer, and it summons the fall with its wealth of fruitage. It is ever calling on and upward. So with the unsatisfied soul. It sees ever in perspective joy and love, and stretches out its wings to reach them. The immortal life is to it an unquestioned reality. How else could the instinctive longings of the heart be gratified? When there are enough such souls in a community to leaven it, the tone of that place is optimistic. If things are not right, they will be made so. There is no halting-place for the unsatisfied heart. It springs from better to better, finding satisfaction only in the Infinite Life and Love.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

The old reproach that our Unitarian churches are too intellectual is one that has been often heard in the past, and is sometimes still repeated, although it must seem to many of us that a little modesty in this regard is not unbecoming. It may be that our ministers are occasionally led into the mistake of preaching too abstrusely for the edification of the average listener; though the general tendency seems to us to be in the direction of practical, earnest talks, fitted to actual needs. Every attempt to have sermons clear and straightforward is to be commended; but the cultivation of the intellect, both of minister and people, ought to lead to definite gain in these very qualities. When a man knows where he stands, and has a clear idea himself of the thought which he wishes to express, he is not likely to confuse the minds of his hearers. Intellectuality is not opposed to spirituality, and we can hardly hope to increase the love of goodness in our churches by decreasing the intellectual element of the sermon. Take the ministers whose sermons have attained the most wide-spread influence among all classes of readers, both in the denomination and out of it. To what do they owe the secret of their influence? It is not that they build on any simpler theories of evolution or of the higher criticism than the others, or that their thought about Jesus is very different. Partly, at least, it is because they are so absolutely clear in statement, and because they draw no lines between the truths which they accept in the study and the truths they think suited to the needs of the people. They have no place for an esoteric religion. If a minister wishes to secure the best results among his people, it is far wiser to trust them intellectually, even at the risk of being a little ahead of them sometimes, than to underestimate their power of receiving and assimilating the truths which he himself accepts.

As for the higher criticism of the Bible, our people have long ago come out from the hard-and-fast literalism which accepts everything, contradictions and all, as literal inspired truth. Nevertheless, until the general misconceptions as to its place and value are cleared away, it is useless to expect the general use and appreciation of it which we desire. It is true that all the detailed pioneer work in this field is far too difficult for any but the deepest scholars; but the results of their labors, so far as they touch broadly the place and relation of the Bible itself, are not difficult. When a mother, teaching the old Bible stories to her children, can no longer truthfully claim that they are literally or historically true, and yet wants her children to feel their power and value, it is more study that she needs, not less. She needs to be freed from the uncertainty that takes away every atom of one's enjoyment of the Bible as literature. She may, it is true, confine her teaching to the inexhaustible riches of the New Testament; but even there she loses much, if she is not quite sure of her own attitude toward certain unavoidable difficulties, as, for instance, the genealogy of Jesus in the very first verses of the very first book.

The truth of it is that we older persons do not realize how naturally children take to a common-sense presentation of something that puzzles one brought up on miracle and ancient dogma. They are quick to discern symbolic beauty and truth, and we make a great mistake when we assume that

they must necessarily reach conviction by the same painful steps which we have been forced to take. Which is easier, to explain to a child what a miracle is and why it should have been allowed to interrupt the orderly course of the universe, or to show him how miracle stories have always grown out of loving hearts naturally and unaffectedly? What more easy than to show how, even to-day, with all our means for quick and reliable communication, such a story as that of John Brown's kissing the little black child when he was on the way to the scaffold is as often repeated as disproved? What does that sweetest and most significant of all stories, the wonder-story of the birth of Jesus, lose when it ceases to rank as literal history? Its symbolic truth and beauty appeal none the less to child hearts.

No one fancies that we should try to keep the young people in our Sunday-schools up to date in the slow process of disentangling the different threads of Old Testament history; but let us, at least, build on the basal facts which have been rediscovered for us, and not insist that our children should go on through the various stages of uncertainty, distrust, and "general muddle-headedness," as Mr. Pulsford calls it, where we ourselves have wandered. Ministers need not make the mistake of putting the facts of the higher criticism up on an artificial pedestal, as if too good for common use. The truths of the Bible have their roots deep in human nature; and, the younger our children are when they approach it from the new and rational point of view, the less they will have to overcome in appropriating to themselves its rich helpfulness and appreciating its genuine intrinsic interest.

Musings.

THROUGH a dim vista of many years a pleasant picture opens before me. It is a picture from days of early childhood. The streets of New York were quieter then than they are now. It was an event to have a certain buggy stop at the door. Not that it came seldom,—for it came rather frequently,—but that its coming was so welcome. There was always a smiling, benedictory face inside; and sometimes it was a special privilege to get a ride "around the block." Shall I call him the doctor or the minister? Really he was both. I know at least two men who, during their active work as ministers, have studied medicine to enlarge their usefulness. But this man, contrariwise, was educated as a physician, and enlarged his usefulness by preaching the gospel and taking no pay for his ministrations. It could be literally said of him that he preached on Sunday and practised during the week. The church was but a little room, a sort of upper chamber, like that of the primitive disciples; and the congregation was small. The good doctor seemed the largest part of the establishment. To the small boy his visits were never associated with bitter medicine, either physical or religious. The youngster did not run away or hide under the bed to escape the infliction of his pastoral calls, as he did when a later and more ghostly minister came; nor was there a fear of drastic remedies for physical ills. The combination of doctor and minister seemed to neutralize the terror which either profession might sometimes have, and to combine the virtues of both.

I HAVE been led to ponder during the last week the question whether, since the days of Luke, the pastoral and healing professions have not been more frequently combined than we imagine. I have been thinking of one who was distinctively a medical man, honored in his profession, and who externally was as far as possible away from the clerical profession. He never preached, and did not often lecture: he did not covet the publicity of the platform. He was not an ecclesiastic. But, if not a preacher, he did become a pastor. In these days, when ministers cannot visit their flocks as much as their forefathers, it is possible that the doctors will have to do a good deal of pastoral work; and this doctor was certainly a physician of souls. He had a great capacity for keeping secrets, which was, perhaps, one reason why so many secrets were intrusted to him. His sympathy was not effusive, but it was wonderfully wise. He did not wait for

people to put burdens upon him: he took them up. He worked quietly, without ostentation. I happen to know of families in which he seemed to combine all the functions of doctor, counsellor, lawyer, guardian, and friend. On his Messianic spirit were laid the burdens of us all. He did not gossip about his patients, and he never magnified their illness. People who tried to "pump" him about the condition of his patients found him wonderfully dry. He had a high sense of professional pride and of professional ethics, and his opinions were decided about those who did not have. He more than paid his own debt to his own profession. In these days of patent medicine the healing art has become more or less commercial and impersonal. There are many people who transfer their allegiance from the physician to some nostrum which they have seen advertised. They assume that the remedy they need is corked up in some bottle. But I am persuaded that his success as a doctor was largely due to his unique personality,—a quality which could not be bottled and sold. He was a Christian Scientist. I do not mean that he talked gibberish, and that he disdained material agencies, or that he belonged to the sect by that name. On the contrary, I mean that he was thoroughly scientific in his methods and thoroughly Christian in his spirit; and I am sure that Christian Scientists would be more successful in their healing of body and mind if they added his knowledge to their faith. A whole regiment of people have lived more abundant lives because he mitigated their sufferings and their sorrows. If not the rector, he was pre-eminently the cure. Perhaps there is no profession in which the man may not be more than the art. It is so in the ministry and in the law, and it is pre-eminently so in medicine. And Dr. Benjamin Cushing was infinitely better than anything in his *materia medica*. His sagacity, his prudence, his intuition, his reserve, his quiet sympathy, and a certain undefinable authority over disease enabled him to expel evil spirits and demons in nerve and blood which possess the body and the mind. He has gone to a well-earned rest. But I think of him there, too, as still engaged in that highest service of bringing imperfect souls into harmony with the eternal laws.

Brevities.

We call attention to the notice in our department of "Charities and Reforms," on the fourteenth page, of the annual meeting of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, to be held in Copley Hall, Boston, Tuesday, October 29, at 3.30 P.M.

The North Carolina *Christian Advocate* apparently credits the statement "that a phonograph was used recently at a funeral service on Coney Island. It was difficult to procure a minister. So the friends gathered around the bier, and the deputy coroner touched a button, and the instrument began to work. The words of the service and the hymns followed." It thinks that there are many ministers just as dead as the phonograph. "They go through the service like a machine. There is no life in it."

There are many churches that have baptistries; but St. Mary's Church of Ardmore, Pa., is the only church we know of that has a laundry. It is not, however, a part of the church itself. A new building has been purchased, enlarged, and fitted up for the purpose, and a stable built where a horse and delivery wagon are kept. The laundry yields a net profit of \$1,200 a year, largely through the business energy and support of two parishioners. Considering the part that water has played in religious services, it does not seem violent to apply it to the laundry business. And the exchange containing this item reminds its readers that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

The New York *Christian Advocate* rebukes the custom which some parishes have of first contriving to get rid of their minister, and then sending him off with the most laudatory messages: "Instances in every denomination have occurred where people have disliked a man so as to cause his removal, and then, having accomplished it, seem to relent and perhaps repent of all that they have said concerning him. By a natural operation of the mind, they try to make amends by giving him what they call

a good chance to get another place. We have known men in the Methodist Church, of high character, to do this very thing, and not only to do it orally, but to pass resolutions that would have suited only a description of such an orator as Bishop Simpson concerning a man whose removal they had caused because they were not satisfied with his preaching."

Pro and Con.

AMEN!

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I wish to cry "Amen!" to the righteous words of Rev. Charles Graves in your issue of October 3. I think that, when our brother from without gains a wider acquaintance with the Unitarian ministry, he will find that he has been mistaken in saying that "there is scarcely a preacher or minister among us." You and I, Mr. Editor, know many such; and we have seen rich harvests of the spiritual life resulting from their labors. Nevertheless, the chief reason why our faith does not stand forth as one of the most conspicuous and moving influences of the time we live in is that our ministry as a body is not dead in earnest for making spiritual things shine out as the only stable foundation on which to build a noble life. It is not our business to conduct schools or to organize high-minded politics or to write books, or to become so overwhelmed with the glorious deeds and thoughts of other people as to neglect to do anything fine ourselves. We shall of course engage incidentally in these works of practical righteousness. They offer scope for our overflows of energy. But the full weight of our energy should be given to the creation of religious earnestness in human souls. If we succeed in that, our especial work, then our hearers will go out in such force to do the righteous things that we shall not have to do them in person. We must preach about politics and reforms when the need arises, but always in such a way as to show how God can be put into them. Our preaching is a clear failure if, in addition to preaching, we have to go out in person to try to do all the good things that are done in our community. A preacher's business is to inspire other people to do great things. In that success he has done the greatest deed it is ever given to man to do. Every moment which a minister devotes to doing what a layman could do as well as he is a moment lost from the more wide-reaching things he ought to be about.

But that larger work of inspiring human souls by imparting to them a vital religious earnestness can be done by none but men and women who are all on fire with religious zeal themselves. By our intensity of conviction, by our insistent interest in their spiritual growth, by our determination that they shall know the truth, we shall succeed in awakening human souls,—not minds simply, but immortal souls. To do the work which we might do, and which none others can do so well, we must insist that men shall know and trust the love of God, our Father, must insist that they can attain no lasting strength until they believe with a mighty assurance in the immortality of their souls, must yearn for the welfare of our people until, by the nobleness of our anxiety, they are helped to gain the power of a personal religious life. Until these things are accomplished for all our people, there is nothing else so important to be done.

Brothers in the ministry, let us thank Charles Graves for his searching word. Let us join his utterance of scorn for all religious feebleness in the pulpit, and let each one of us see to it that in his own work one thing shall shine out through all else that he does, and be the message carried by every sermon. Let that one thing be the holy zeal which carried Paul into Macedonia and Theodore Parker into loneliness and Emanuel Bayard into the back alleys of Windover. Let us resolve again that men everywhere shall care more for religion (love for God and love for man) than they do for anything else. The men and women whom we arouse to that spiritual earnestness are the ones who are going to shape the future of America. They, and none different from them, are going to purify our politics, spread abroad intelligence, and root out all iniquity. They will be the only souls who cannot

faint by the way. God forgive every man who shows the dilettante spirit in a work like this. But we cannot forgive him until he steps out of the pulpit or gets a change of heart.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

Pittsburg, Pa.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY EDITH CALLENDER.

The corn in shocks of russet gold
Gleams out against the quiet sky,
Soft purple lights the hills enfold
And over all the meadows lie;
Red, red, along the pasture slopes
And boulders gray, the sumachs burn;
The woodbine trails in scarlet ropes
Through beds of bronzed and withered fern.

O wealth of light and color flung
Once more by Autumn's lavish hands!
O breath of balm that floats among
These peaceful, sun-embosomed lands!
As if there fell a sweet delay,
A gracious pause, in Nature's haste,
And every mellow, golden day
Poured out her heart in loving waste.

Though soon the touch of winter freeze
These depths of calm and crystal air,
And shake from off the maple-trees
The royal garniture they wear,
O smile of God that lingers still
On field and mountain, wood and glen,
We feel thy sweet assurance thrill
That life and beauty come again!

TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It would be superfluous to say that there is no correspondence between the circumstance narrated here and the possible experience of any actual human being. For one thing, the mountain does not exist from whose summit more than the meanest fraction of the kingdoms of the earth is visible. But what of that or any other formal incongruity between the New Testament poem and the universal fact? There is nothing to prevent the essence of the temptation to which Jesus was subjected in this imaginative construction of his experience from being that of the temptations to which ambitious men and women have been subjected every day since Jesus walked the earth, and were subjected long before that. And the New Testament symbol is all the more pertinent to the general situation because it is a symbol of political temptation. The appeal is to the political ambition of Jesus: the conditional promise made to him is a promise of political advancement. For nowhere have the temptations of ambition been so conspicuous as in the field of politics, nowhere has the devil been so ready with his promises, so magnificent, and nowhere has his success been more phenomenal than here. I say the devil: I mean the personal devil, whose name is legion. A budding heretic asked me a few days ago if I believed in a personal devil, assuring me, with an anticipatory gleam of satisfied superiority, that he did not. "Not one," I said, "but many." The town is full of them in these last days. Primaries and political conventions are their opportunities. They are the political bosses and their representatives, making their cautious approaches to the honest citizen, the would-be reformer, the young political aspirant. Their promises are not so liberal as those of the New Testament tempter. They only promise what they can reasonably be expected to perform. And what they ask is not that the honest citizen, the would-be reformer, and the young political aspirant shall fall down and worship them. That would be too absurd, considering who they are. It is only to support their candidate, or to go upon their ticket, or withhold your opposition to this or that nomination with the understanding that you never shall regret it. The god Heimdal in the old Norse mythology could hear the wool growing on the backs of the sheep. If we had ears like that, and went the round of conferences and conventions in these last days, how often we should overhear some fine, earnest fellow saying to himself: "Well, until a man is *inside* politics, he can do nothing to improve them. I should like to go in with my port erect and my face toward heaven. But, if I *must* crawl, I *must*. Once well inside, I'll stand upright enough." And I am bound to say that

here and there the expectation is fulfilled. Here and there we see men, who began with indirection, straightening themselves as they go on. But, where one succeeds in this way, many fail. One can know nothing of political history and biography, and not know that worshipping the devil, making terms with wrong, is a note that runs all through it with a hideous and painful jar. How many have fallen away from the promise and performance of their first estate! In our own politics the tragedy has had many illustrations,—the saddest, possibly, of them all that afforded by Daniel Webster. In 1829 the devil came to him in the most gracious semblance of a Boston manufacturer; and it was no wonder that he was deceived, and straightway unsaid all that he had said so memorably in 1824. In 1850 he came to him with the promise of a presidential nomination, if he would support the "Fugitive Slave Law" and the compromise of which it was a part; and that great brow was buried in the dust.

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!"

And still the old, old tragedy goes on; and now its victim is an aspirant for some small municipal office, and anon it is an aspirant to the Presidency, trimming his sails to catch at once the wind from Colorado and New York. And, again, it is some great political convention, framing a platform that means something or nothing, according to the exigencies of its local application.

But the ambitious are not all in politics, nor anxious to be there. They are in business and in medicine and law. They are preachers and teachers. They are men and women anxious for social distinction and social standing, kingdoms of the earth, and glory enough for them to get on a little faster,—

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,"—

to get into some charmed circle, some enchanted ring. And how often is the apparent cost some base concession, some falling-off in one's allegiance to one's personal ideal, some stooping lower than we know we ought to stoop for anything which we desire!

A CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

AN AUTUMN LEAF DISCOURSE.

BY P. THORNE.

Old age and cheeriness to many people seem to have little in common. The season symbolized by the sere and falling leaf, the dying year, the setting sun; the period when the body wanes in strength and charm, when the mind begins to lose its grasp, when we walk largely alone, bereft of many dear friends whose tender love warmed our younger years; when we begin to realize that we are no longer necessary, that we are out of the race, which speeds merrily on without us; when death looms up, a certainty near at hand,—are we bid to be cheerful then? Patient resignation, at the best, would seem to be the highest degree of virtue reasonably to be expected of the old.

But, as by the goodness of God every phase of life has its compensations as surely as its drawbacks, there must be sources of cheer and happiness possible even in declining years. There is the satisfaction and repose of certainty. In youth all life lies before us, a wild, surging sea of possibilities, amid which, bewildered, we know not which way to turn. Our crude, untried powers tempt us now this way, now that. Everything hinges on our decision, yet we know not which path leads to the success we mean to attain.

In old age the years lie behind us. In some fashion or other we have travelled through them. Our success may be largely of the kind indicated by Browning,—

"What I tried to be,
And was not, comforts me."

The years have done their worst and their best to us, and we have come out of the struggle bearing scars of battle thick upon us. But, at least, it is over; and we are what we are. An old Puritan on his death-bed said to Judge Sewall, "God does by us as a goldsmith,—knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, to finish the plate." The knocks may have been many and sore to bear, but the plate is finished. We

might wish it other and better, but there is a sense of rest in being through.

The "time for remembering" has come. The peaceful pleasures of retrospection await the old. By a merciful law of our nature, while past joys loom up with ever increasing brightness, we see past sorrows through a softening haze of distance. On many trials that seemed almost unbearable at the time we look back from the heights of age with the indulgent smile with which we comfort the little troubles of a child. Once they were so grievous: now they seem of such slight consequence. Possibly, after the change we call death, we shall look back on all our life here in the same spirit. Often, with the perspective lent by distance, we can see why it was good for us to have been afflicted; and, for the rest, we can trust the Love whose guiding hand we see so plainly now, looking back.

No doubt we should all agree with Jean Paul when he says to Poverty: "Be welcome, so thou come not too late in life! Preserve, just Providence, the old man from want! . . . I have no objection—since he has already made his best preparation for the other world—if now, in the morning, he should rejoice over his breakfast, and in the evening take comfort in his bed; and now, when he is a second time a child, the world should appear again under the innocent form of delight in which it first came before him." But if, unfortunately, the trials of narrow means, and, worst of all, a grudging dependence, befall the old, what remedy then? Always the remedy of patience. The patience often displayed by the old under trying circumstances is both beautiful and pathetic. It is a part of the peace which belongs to that border-land between two worlds, where they dwell. They, even more than others, may take to heart the lesson of the anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott in a letter to Lord Byron:

"A sultan once consulted Solomon on the proper inscription for a signet-ring, requiring that the motto be one equally adapted to moderating the presumption of prosperity and tempering the pressure of adversity. Solomon gave this motto, 'And this, too, shall pass away.'"

Because this is so especially true for them, the old can afford not to be selfish and grasping. Why clutch and grab, when the hand, even at longest, must very soon relax its hold on all earthly possessions? The serenity of giving up may belong peculiarly to the old.

What compensation for failing powers and the being set aside as no longer of use,—probably one of the sorest trials in advancing years to those who have been active and prominent? The first remedy is *not* to fail,—at least, to use every power you have as long as you can, keeping your faculties bright with use. An old friend, a retired minister, wrote a sermon weekly during his life, as conscientiously as if expecting to preach it. It was he who read the hard books in the village library,—the books for the few everywhere. He kept up with the most advanced thought of the day, and rejoiced "in the sunshine that would be when he should see it no more." His mind was in unimpaired vigor when, on his ninety-second birthday, the light of life flickered gently in the socket, and went out.

Lucretia Mott, unable to thread her needle, said to George Combe, "Thee sees I am growing old." "So you may be," he replied. "But, then, the last thing we should do is to admit that, and so give time the vast advantage of our will. We should fight for our powers, I think, as we have to fight for everything best worth holding."

No doubt we all make a great mistake in, as it were, welcoming age, in saying we are old, especially that we are "too old" to do thus and so. We need not affect juvenility: neither need we court old age. Often, if we should analyze this plea of old age, we should find it but a form of indolence to be resisted now, as ever. In spite of Jean Paul, we must beware of rejoicing in our breakfast, and taking comfort in our evening bed too soon. We are never too old to do anything we can. An old lady whom I knew took up oil-painting after she was seventy, and became quite an artist, whose fruit pieces were admired and sold; while her husband, not to be outdone, at the same time studied medicine, and hung out his sign with all the confidence of youth. Their spirit was certainly commendable.

We should try not only to retain the

powers and accomplishments. we already possess, but to acquire new ones. One of the keenest delights in life is to develop a new power. I always sympathize with the serene joy diffused over the face of the white-headed old gentleman who spins by me on his bicycle, while I admire his wisdom in not thinking he was "too old" to learn. If we do not wish to be laid on the shelf as useless, we must be of use. The world teems with good causes suffering for help; and we can always do something to aid if we will. To be sympathetic and interested and eager to help the world while we stay in it is one sure recipe for a cheerful, happy old age.

And another is the love of nature. Those who love nature carry within themselves a source of happiness that nothing can dim, that will only increase with advancing years. "The world seems more beautiful to me every year I live," said a friend who was soon to lay down a long life that had known many sorrows. Always will there be radiant sunsets and morning dawns, river meadows and mountain heights, October foliage, wild flowers nodding in forest depths or along pleasant country roadsides, pine woods, spring's tender haze of new leaves, the ocean's wide expanse; and more and more, as the years go on, do we feel something underlying all this beauty and glory, something inexpressible, yet more real than the things we call tangible,—the peace of God, which fills and uplifts our hearts as we stand in his holy places. To those who are "stepping westward" it is hardly imagination which perceives a hint of the glories of the next world in the dear, familiar beauty of this.

One desiring a cheerful old age should be sure to have grandchildren,—if not his own, then some one's. Grandchildren are certainly a wonderful and delightful provision for brightening the end of life. A little girl, laying her rose-leaf of a hand beside her grandmother's, wrinkled with age, said, "Your hand is old, grand-mamma; but mine is new." Thanks be to God that into the end of our lives come these little ones, full of eager interest in the world which has become "a tale that is told" to us. Life has a fresh charm as we view it through these bright "new" eyes. "The eternal child dwells in fine natures," said De Quincey. The child's instinct detects the immortal boy lurking under grandpapa's white hairs, and finds in him his best comrade. Grandpapa is old: that is a way grandpapas have; but he has so much leisure, and who so sure as he to appreciate the new cart or kitten or whatever is the child's absorbing interest? It never occurs to the child that grandpapa or grandmamma are not beautiful. They are always charming and delightful to him.

The many friends that have fallen by the way and vanished from our sight,—those loved more dearly than ourselves, without whom our lives must go but maimed and broken to the end,—is there any possibility of cheer as the aged think of these? Yes, if always we cling to the joy of having had these dear ones. What love God showed in giving us all the happy years brightened by their presence! The Love which gave could not have taken away wantonly or cruelly, but because it was best for them and for us that they should go first, while we must stay awhile. But the aged can truly say, "Because the way is short, I thank thee, O my God!"

Rarely do those "outlive their usefulness" who, not suffering their powers to fail from indolence and luxurious pampering, love more and more the beauty of this beautiful world; who rejoice in all new movements to help man's progress, aiding them so far as possible; who keep the mind bright with high thoughts from good books, the heart warm with the love of little children; who, indeed, cultivate a lively interest in human beings generally; above all, whose souls are filled with that ever-present consciousness of God's love which gives repose for this life and trust for the next. The peace of God that passeth understanding fills their hearts with quiet sunshine to the last. The dying year wanes to a December close, only to usher in a joyous New Year, full of larger possibilities. The sun sets, but its radiant afterglow hints the glories of the coming dawn. The autumn leaf, bright to the last, falls from the tree, but only because pushed off by the eager new life crowding behind, the bud already formed, ready to expand in the tender warmth of the quick coming spring-time.

MYTHS AND THEIR USES.

BY J. LEONARD CORNING, SR.

If I should gather up the fruits of years of study in the story of art into a single moral inference, I would put that inference into the following proposition: the practical worth and beneficent power of a religious faith is not to be measured by its objective truthfulness, which is only another way of saying that the mythical element in the faiths of mankind has had its uses, and still continues to be an important factor of spiritual culture and influence. I was thankful, after years of study and reflection, to find this to be historically true; and I wonder that I was so slow in its discovery. I was forty years old before I read that noble sentence in Plato's Republic, in which he makes confession of his disbelief in the myths of the conventional religion of his time, but likewise takes pains to add that, as long as these myths seemed useful to the people, he would not by word or deed attempt to destroy them, or in any way to diminish their moral influence. Had I read those words twenty years before, and duly reflected upon them, a well-meaning ministry would have been saved from much useless and, mayhap, hurtful iconoclasm. I remember well in those unripe days how sturdily I smote at old faiths with my battle-axe, as soon as those faiths ceased to be true to me, never once thinking that they might possibly be true to several other people, and useful as well. I know very well that myths, like people, often outlive their usefulness, surviving in formulas and ceremonial customs out of which much of vital credence has departed. But, looking at the history of religion as a whole, I find that, when a myth has really ceased to do any practical good in the world, it makes ready to get out of the world, and give place to some faith, whether objectively true or false, which is better suited to the wants of the time.

It was my good fortune several years ago to visit Greece, and the week that I passed in Athens and its environs I have written down as the golden week of my life. There is no spot on this earth so populated with visible memorials of the grandest epochs of history as Athens. And probably there is no spot so populated with glorious memories of dead and almost forgotten faiths. When Paul preached his memorable sermon on the Areopagus, he could have thrown a stone over to the Acropolis. The architectural and sculptural glories of that historic citadel were then in a good state of preservation, albeit nearly five centuries old.

I have often wondered if it ever occurred to Paul, as he looked from his improvised pulpit under the very shadow of the Acropolis, to ask of history what faiths and their consequent moral consecrations were responsible for the wonderful architectural creations before him. I wonder if he had the curiosity to ask under what moral and religious inspirations the Parthenon was built, and the Propylæa and the Erechtheion and the Temple of Nike Apteros, to say nothing of the thousands of sculptural marbles and bronze statues with which that sacred area was crowded. Already the faiths here so grandly materialized were sick unto death, and for long centuries they have been only antiquarian curiosities. But, when they were vital in the heart of Greece, they showed themselves equal to grander achievements of their kind than the world has ever known before or since. We call them myths; and such they were, and religious myths as well. But, unlike some Christian myths that I can think of, they had the good fortune to be profoundly believed, else they would have been as infirm in moral power and practical results as many Christian myths have come to be.

We will leave Paul with his sick patient on Mars' Hill, and take a ride—or walk, as you please—to the field of Marathon. Possibly, Paul might have taken half a day and gone out there; but it is far more likely that he left it out of his itinerary, as he was in Athens on quite another errand than sight-seeing. At the battle of Marathon the Persians outnumbered the Greeks in a proportion of ten to one. But the Greeks had a celestial inspiration, and the Persians hadn't anything celestial to speak of. On the morning of the critical day in the most decisive battle of antiquity, Miltiades thought he saw the spirit form of Theseus floating in the sky and beckoning the

Greeks on to victory. He told his vision to his captains, and they told it to the soldiers; and, with almost telegraphic celerity, it spread throughout the entire army, till everybody heard of it, and probably nearly everybody saw it. Theseus, you know, was, in the popular legends, the founder of the Grecian nationality, albeit it is doubtful if such an individual ever lived; and, if he ever did live, the vision of his materialized spirit was, like many similar visions of our own day, a creature of subjective imagination, but objectively a fiction. And so the myth of Theseus, with its surprising inspirations, gave to history the grandest victory of antiquity in its influence upon the tide of modern civilization. I doubt if Paul thought of that. On the contrary, it is presumable that he considered the religion of which he was so noble a champion as the only one on earth entirely exempt from mythical mixtures, whose mission it was to banish from the earth all the myths of the past. This little reminiscent word of history shall suffice to suggest the one thought which I would like to lodge in the minds of my readers,—that the religious myths of old pagan peoples have had noble uses, and, when their mission was accomplished, they seemed to be endowed with a sense of the fitness of things, and took their exit from the realms of living faith.

And now for a brief concluding word as to Christian myths and their uses. Is there a Christian myth? Of course there is. We who are Protestants recognize its existence among the Catholics; but not a great many of us recognize such a thing as a Protestant Christian myth, of which I am persuaded quite a number of representative examples could be cited. Of the myth discoverers within the pale of Orthodoxy, perhaps Prof. Briggs may be regarded as a sort of Columbus, whose path over the sea will probably be followed by a host of navigators of lesser grade, on the score of scholarship and moral courage. But the myths of Christianity, whether they be Catholic or Protestant, will die of themselves when their time comes; and some of them, conserved in verbal and ceremonial formulas as regards the shell, seem already to be anæmic at heart, and making ready for respectable funerals. As we lay them away one by one in their sepulchres, let us not forget the good things which they wrought in the transitional term of their existence, when they were slowly and unconsciously making ready for the emancipation of faith and the dawning of freedom's long day.

Munich, Bavaria.

NEW YORK LETTER.

An abstract of Mr. Savage's National Conference sermon reached New York several days before Washington began to be besieged by the Unitarians. One ringing sentence in it so fitly and grandly stated the motive that has led to arranging some "Forward Movement Meetings," to be held in Brooklyn early in November, under the auspices of the Middle States Conference, that to quote the sentence is to reveal the heart and soul of the Brooklyn programme. Mr. Savage says: "With such a gospel as ours, we ought not to rest until we have made it known to every man and woman in all the world. We are unworthy of such a divine message if we are content to take it, and rejoice in it alone. Let us not be content, even if it were possible, to enter into any heaven, in this world or in any other, so long as one poor soul is wandering and stumbling in the darkness outside." After such a statement, it is needless to say that Mr. Savage is himself to be one of the speakers in Brooklyn at the first of the meetings. There are to be three in all, held on successive Sunday evenings, November 3, 10, 17, at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, corner of Bedford Avenue and Madison Street,—a section of the city never before reached by Unitarian preaching. At the first meeting Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the First Church in Brooklyn and Rev. John W. Chadwick of the Second Church will aid Mr. Savage in convincing their hearers that Unitarianism is the "forward movement" needed to-day. A week hence two others of our ministers, with Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., will talk upon the influences that have brought about "The Religious Situation of To-day"; while on the following Sunday evening Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Stephen H.

Camp, and "Rev." George W. Stone, as our new treasurer is beginning to be called, will enlarge upon our own beautiful text, "that Unitarianism is the religion of Jesus, as summed up in love to God and love to man."

It is hoped that the immediate effect of these meetings will be to interest some of Brooklyn's unchurched citizens in the three Unitarian societies so long established in the city, and that they will deepen and increase the loyalty and affection of all the Unitarians across the East River in other respective churches and their activities.

But the Middle States Conference is not going to let the opportunity escape of reaping a harvest and an aftermath as well in Brooklyn. The "Forward Movement Meetings" are to be quickly followed by the annual meeting of the conference in the First Church, on November 19, 20, and 21. The programme, covering three days, is too lengthy to be given in full; but it is a good one, of a strongly missionary character. Possibly, its most attractive feature may prove to be the Thursday afternoon session, when there will be personal testimonies from four of our ministers as to how they came out of Orthodoxy, and how they hope to lead others out. Rev. J. W. Scott (Baptist), Rev. W. M. Brundage (Methodist), Rev. S. R. Calthrop (Episcopalian), and Rev. James C. Hodgins (Presbyterian) are the men who will give their experiences. Mr. Batchelor and Mr. Stone are coming on from Boston to take part in the programme.

It is a good thing that there is no American authority who can issue decrees forbidding those of differing faith to take part in religious conventions, as Pope Leo XIII. has just forbidden the Catholics; for, if there were, Rabbi Gottheil and Rev. Dr. Crowe of the Universalist Church would be missing from the "outside talent" which will address the conference. Certainly, the stay-at-homes, who would fain have gone to the National Conference, have got a good deal of pleasure and profit ahead of them.

In view of the coming elections, it is dreadfully hard, just now, to get away from politics. It is only the careful readers of the press who can untangle the snarl into which local option has thrown reformers, Republicans, and Democrats. Much to Dr. Parkhurst's disgust and just wrath, the killing of the Tammany tiger has become a secondary issue, and the Sunday laws have taken its place. Most of the members of the German-American Reform Union, whose votes did so much to elect the reform candidates last fall, have gone over to the enemy's camp; for they want their Sunday beer, and Tammany has promised to give it to them. The Reformers and the machine Republicans have agreed to lie down peacefully together, and a fusion ticket is the result; while the "Good Government Clubs" have gone off on a tangent of their own, and have put forward their own candidates. No wonder that it is difficult for Dr. Parkhurst and a few others to keep heart and patience, and to leave the issue to the people at the polls!

Next to the all-engrossing "political situation" comes the interest of the public in the reopening of the educational institutions. The annual report of President Low of Columbia was pleasant reading for the friends of the university, which began its one hundredth and forty-second year on October 7. It is the president's wish that henceforth it shall be known as "Columbia University," or the "University of Columbia College," and that the School of Arts shall be known as the "College." The faculty has lost a beloved and prominent member in the late Prof. Boyesen, who was literally snatched to heaven, as the poet puts it, so sudden and unexpected was his sad death. His three young sons have been made wards of the university by its board of trustees, and will receive their education free of cost.

Next year Columbia hopes to open its fall term in the new buildings on Morning Side Heights. To-morrow, the 19th, its youthful rival, the University of the City of New York, which is only sixty years old, opens its new buildings some distance above Columbia, and on the east side of the Harlem River, at what is now called "University Heights." Great preparations have been made to make the occasion conspicuous. Gov. Morton is expected to be present; while Mayor Strong is announced for the dedication of the fine athletic field, which will throw open its cinder track, a

quarter of a mile in length, to bicyclists for the first time. A part of the dedicatory exercises will be the breaking of ground for a new library. Its architect is Stanford White, a graduate of the university, as was his father, Richard Grant White. The last work done by Richard M. Hunt was to look over Mr. White's plans at his request, and to suggest some additional architectural details.

The colored kindergarten, of which mention was made last winter, has also reopened its small doors to the tiny folk of the neighborhood. Mrs. James H. Morse, one of our prominent Unitarian women, is a sort of mother superior to this kindergarten; and she is about to make an appeal for funds to keep it open during the coming season. One session of the New York League is to be devoted to a discussion of the social position and rights of the colored people. Mrs. Morse is to be chairman of this meeting. In connection with this subject, it is worth mentioning an unusual sight which was seen in our streets the other day. Among a gang of workmen mending the pavement were four colored men. The latter have been so constantly ostracized as workmen by city departments that this change in policy augurs a better intelligence or heart at the head of affairs.

New York has gained a new art treasure in one of Turner's masterpieces, his famous painting, "St. Mark's Place, Venice." It is now on exhibition at the Avery Gallery, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Avery purchased it in England this summer, paying \$50,000 for his treasure. One is surprised to find less splendor of color and carelessness of form in this than, it is said, is found in the other Venetian canvases of Turner. Venice appeared to him "a city of rose and white, rising out of an emerald sea against a sky of sapphire blue"; but he has left out the gorgeous iridescence of St. Mark's, and it rises white and misty under an early evening sky, while the setting sun sends a flush of color over the crowd surging in the open Place. The perspective of the vanishing vista of palaces and the warm night air are rare examples of technical skill.

M. A. M.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

When Mr. Lord suggested that Providence had given the Sunday School Society better weather than Newport furnished last year, he did not refer entirely to heavenly rulings; for Rhode Island hospitably received the society again within her borders, and the city of Providence was besieged by those eager to accept the wide invitation "to all individuals." People had been asked to provide a night's hospitality for a hundred expected guests. Thrice that number descended upon the Unitarian fold, and received the most delightful care and kindness. The two great churches were filled, one for the evening session and one for the day meetings; and the five hundred or more were not only amply fed at the material collation, but an abundant mental and spiritual repast was spread before the multitude. Four religious bodies were represented by the speakers,—Universalist, Congregationalist, and Jewish, as well as Unitarian. Boston and vicinity furnished most of those who took part in the exercises; but Maine sent Mrs. S. C. Beach and London lent Dr. Herford, whose contribution on "The Minister and the Sunday-school" was full of pleasant autobiographical touches.

Instead of a sermon for the opening evening, there were three good essays by Messrs. Pulsford, Van Ness, and Cuckson. Mr. Pulsford spoke on "The New Criticism"; and the belated ministers who think that the results of the higher criticism of the Bible should be confined to the clergy, and not shared with ordinary folk, ought to have heard him. One of the main hindrances to high living, said Mr. Pulsford, is the lack of clear ideas. And nowhere are clear ideas so much needed as regards the Bible. Nearly all of us are troubled with the disease of muddle-headedness about the Bible. It is a disastrous disease. The higher criticism, instead of being, as some think, bent upon the destruction of religion, is a bitter enemy, not to religion, but to muddle-headedness; and in the Sunday-school, if we are to have any power over the moulding of the characters of the children, it will be a great help. Indeed, in one sense, we

may say that the higher criticism has rediscovered the Bible. Since the ban was taken off from inquiry, it is possible for us to know what the Bible is, and to have clear ideas about it. The higher criticism is doing for the Bible what the skilled picture-cleaner does for a canvas that has been changed by additions of paint and by quantities of varnish. So long as you try to look at the Bible through the thick varnish of ancient ecclesiasticism, the story of Jonah, for instance, may seem to you as wonderful as the stories of the Gospels. You learn the comparative value of the different parts of the Bible, and how to use it as a whole. The young girl who binds herself to read a certain number of verses or chapters of the Bible daily that she may read it through in a given time, who goes to a cold room at the end of the day, and, driven by conscience, reads the portion assigned by the table which she follows, perhaps a bit of the Song of Solomon or an imprecatory Psalm, hastening through it, and then tumbling into bed, where she may forget the indistinct impression she has received, is handling the Bible in an absolutely useless way. The higher criticism takes away our false ideas, and lets us see in its beauty and freshness that we are reading the story of how out of the early darkness men groped their way to that genius for religion of which Jesus Christ was born.

The new criticism rediscovers the Bible as literature. It makes the prophets no longer dead dummies, but living men. It puts meaning into the Psalms. You come to understand that the Psalms were the passionate utterance of hearts speaking out of the ignorance and dimness of their vision, but also out of the fulness of their hope. And these clearer ideas help us to feel the beauty and truth of the Bible.

Again, the new criticism discloses the fact that the Bible falls into line with the greatest of human thoughts,—the thought of evolution. The story is of ever-growing light. The golden age was not in the time of Moses. The story of the Bible is the story of the universe, which is an unfolding of God when you rightly understand it. God works ever from the lower to the higher. In this study you catch gleams of a dawn to come, fairer even than our dreams.

To bring this back to the Sunday-school. Is it not essential that the children should have clear ideas about the magnificent literature which we use as a text-book? They should know that the Bible is not a dead, supernatural, unnatural thing; but it is a story of men like ourselves, who were making endeavors for a higher life, from whom we may learn lessons in life. Then is it not all important that we teach the children to look forward, to know God, not as an Almighty Non-person, something, somewhere, way out of sight, but as the great Heart beating in our hearts, the great Spirit lifting our spirits? That is where the Bible may become life and power, filling the imagination of the children with the stories of heroes who sought for strength and divine guidance, and so making life real to them, teaching them that we are all on the great road which begins in the darkness and ends in a glory which we cannot yet understand. Let them feel that the prophets are our brothers, that the psalmists are kindred of theirs; that the men whom we have looked at as far-away, impossible creatures are of the same stuff as we are; that we may learn to dream the dream and live the life of Jesus; that we may grow strong in our own time because we find how men were strong in the darkest hours, and were able to press forward for truth, for life, for God, for the laying in human hearts of that kingdom whose strength is righteousness, whose inspiration is love, whose lord and master is Jesus Christ. These are some of the things which criticism, free and fearless, loving God and truth, will do for us, that we may do it for those who are to fill our places when we have passed on.

Mr. Van Ness's paper was full of practical advice. He began by taking the ground that the object of the Sunday-school is to fit children for citizenship in the kingdom of God. He would have the school-room bright, cheerful, flooded with sunshine, material as well as spiritual. The children should find it a place of delight, a place of education, and a place where they should have a chance to learn practical philanthropy. There should be red-letter days,

devoted to the study of the lives of great and good men and women. There should be review days, if possible on some other day than Sunday, when the lessons learned should be illustrated by photographs of persons and places or by stereopticon views. He emphasized the importance of teachers' meetings, and of the necessity of what might be called home rule in the Sunday-school. That is, the children should be allowed to vote on subjects coming up for decision, including the expenditure of money, the purchase of books, and the giving of picnics and parties. This is an education in itself, and will be of great help when they graduate into the church and become members of the older congregation.

Rev. John Cuckson took up the relation of the home to the Sunday-school, and showed how hard it is to train children in reverence when the tone of the home is irreverent. Yet the development of the religious nature is the vital thing in every child's education. He made a strong plea for more religious culture in the home.

These three addresses were so fine that many of the listeners would have been satisfied, had they been all. But Thursday was brimful with equally good things. There was, first, the address by Dr. Herford; then an excellent paper on "Woman and the Sunday-school," by Mrs. S. C. Beach; one on the line of work in the orthodox Congregational Sunday-schools, by Mr. C. N. Goodrich; and in the afternoon another trio by Rev. James De Normandie, Rev. S. H. Roblin (Universalist), and Rev. C. F. Dole. Mr. De Normandie spoke on "The Value of Bible Study," using Jonah as an illustration. His paper will assuredly set people to reading that much abused book. In the same way, Mr. Dole's address must have made catechisms seem as attractive for study as Browning's poems; while Mr. Roblin's clear-cut and altogether admirable address must make for unity of spirit and purpose in all liberal Sunday-schools.

There were several notable features about the meeting. One was that the time limit was observed to a minute, from first to last. In that respect it was one of the most moral meetings the *Register's* scribe ever attended. There was absolutely no theft of time on the part of any one. Then there was uniform excellence throughout. No one star eclipsed another in glory, but all shone with serene and even light. Mr. Horton presided with wit and geniality from the great perch of a pulpit, which, like Mohammed's coffin, seems suspended twixt heaven and earth. The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury, and the president's report was full of cheer and promise. On the whole, the meeting well matched the rich October day.

BUSINESS RECORD.

The following Committee on Credentials was appointed: Messrs. H. D. Sharpe, Johnson, Tingley, Billings, and Mrs. Bagley. The report of the Committee on Nominations was made by Rev. G. H. Young, and was accepted; and the following persons were elected by ballot: Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, president; Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., East Boston, Mr. Robert C. Metcalf, Boston (Roxbury), vice-presidents; Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., Boston, clerk; Mr. Richard C. Humphreys, Boston, treasurer. For directors to serve three years, 1895-98: Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., Dedham, Mass.; Mr. Frank A. Page, Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. Clara Beatley, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. Charles E. St. John, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Allen G. Jennings, Toledo, Ohio.

Messrs. Tripp, Baldwin, and Billings were elected a committee to choose a Nominating Committee for the ensuing year, the nominations to be printed in the *Christian Register* at a suitable time. This committee was afterward elected as follows: Rev. J. C. Jaynes, Rev. C. G. Ames, C. H. Sheldon, Miss Hannah Kimball, and Rev. E. J. Prescott.

SALT LAKE CITY TO-DAY.

BY ELLA A. GILES.

On reaching Salt Lake City, every faculty takes on new alertness. The mind is aroused to fresh activity. For the moral, social, and political atmosphere is surcharged with questions. When will the Territory of Utah, of which Salt Lake City is the soul and centre, become a State? What will Congress do? What position will Cleveland assume? Can women vote on the formation of the constitution? What will be the effect of woman suffrage

if the ballot is given to all the ex-wives and their children who live in non-polygamous Utah to-day? An optimist sees that the disintegrated forces of the old régime are now working for good as well as harm, and that ultimately the good will prevail. Advantages will grow out of the disadvantages from which Salt Lake City must suffer for a time, as having been the seat of polygamy.

At the present period of certain progress, modern Salt Lake may be studied with even more interest from a political than a social standpoint. In everything to be attempted, to be accomplished, to be discussed, to be settled, one factor is sure to arise,—women. Not woman, but women! They refuse to be silenced or ignored. On first arriving at Salt Lake, the writer was invited to a woman's Democratic reception, as it was called. There were several hundred ladies present. Three men were discovered eating ice-cream and chatting with the well-dressed, even ultra-fashionable throng in the handsome parlors. Two of the men were famous public speakers. The third was a registrar. He was constantly surrounded with fluttering fans and bright ribbons, amid which he looked self-complacent and not at all embarrassed, as he wrote name after name in his official book. It was presumed that all reluctant women who did not at once register would do so after hearing the eloquent addresses of the men and women selected to convince or convert them. Opposing factions of women have been very active for months. A test case in the Supreme Court, relating to the right of a woman to vote on the formation of the constitution, has been somewhat discouraging; but the two parties, Democratic and Republican, are alike hopeful, eager, determined, and methodically busy. In the women's political clubs are both Mormons and Gentiles. They work together harmoniously. They are forgetting personal or religious differences in their desire to gain the ballot for women when Utah's Statehood is established.

This possible early admission of Utah as a State induces the usual revolutionary ideas in all conceivable lines. The air is full of new ambitions, new hopes, new systems. There is the constant clash, too, of personal, self-seeking interests. It is said that there is no longer hostility between the Saints and Gentiles; that, after twenty-five years of strife, they are tolerant. But new political lines divide them, and human nature asserts itself in envyings and purely selfish aims and purposes. While barriers are broken down between warring religious sects, and Mormons cheerfully announce that the Church has gained rather than lost by the abolishment of polygamy, other barriers of bitterness and hatred are being built among the Mormons themselves by partisan greed. In matters relating to the work of the Chamber of Commerce, however, the Mormons and Gentiles are hand and hand; and mineral resources, coal, natural gas, manufactures, products, and irrigation enlist general and enthusiastic attention.

New homes have been created by the cessation of polygamy, and the social and artistic impetus thus given make Salt Lake a charming place for a stranger to visit. Such must be shown both the old and the modern public buildings and private residences. The Tabernacle must be marvelled at, and the New Temple must be admired. The latter, recently dedicated, was forty years in building, and cost five million dollars. It is sacred to the elect. The Gentile can gaze and wonder, but may not enter the sanctuary.

The conditions of the Unitarian movement in Salt Lake City are entirely unlike those in any other part of the country. Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, the very popular representative of liberalism in this region of superlatively orthodox growths, thinks Salt Lake a most promising field for his work. His views are substantially those already given in this article. But they may be fitly used as a summary in trying to mirror the Salt Lake City of to-day. In Mr. Hudson's opinion, "the more" intelligent Mormons, who break away from blind, superstitious obedience to the dictation of the elders, and begin to do some of their own thinking, find no congenial church home except in a rational religion which seeks to preserve all that is true and sacred in the religion of the past brought into harmony with all that is clear and rational in modern thought." More than one-third of Mr.

Hudson's Unitarian congregation and membership is made up of ex-Mormons, including some of the brainiest business men in Salt Lake City. Very few converts from the Mormon fold are found in the other Gentile churches. And, again, the Gentiles who come to Salt Lake have, in many cases, left their creeds and associations behind. In most instances they have been gradually growing out of the limitations of orthodox theology, but have been kept in the orthodox churches by the force of family and social ties. On coming here, if they unite with any church at all, they are apt to turn to one in which they can consistently uphold their real beliefs.

Mr. Hudson takes a practical interest in all local discussions, and intelligently answers many of the important questions which the Utah metropolis is perpetually asking. He admits candidly that the "woman suffrage question seems on the surface to be more complicated here than elsewhere on account of the influence of the Mormon Church over Mormon women." But this difficulty is, he thinks, seeming and temporary rather than real and permanent. In referring to it, he stated the results of his own observations as follows:—

With the passing away of the older generation the Mormons will cease to be a peculiar people. They are rapidly assimilating with the common life, now that isolation and persecution are no longer present to weld them together. The spirit of the time is as potent in Salt Lake as in New York or Boston, and Salt Lake rules Utah. Even the new fads and conventions in thought and taste and manners spring up and meet you here, along with the new styles in hats and bonnets. There is an eager desire here to be up to date, and this alone will make church domination difficult. Moreover, the women both in and out of the Mormon Church are showing a disposition to investigate public questions for themselves in preparation for the coming responsibility; and such a spirit will not submit to church dictation. Any effort of the elders to control their political action will tend to weaken their own authority and disintegrate the church. They will doubtless attempt it. Old systems rarely change to fit themselves to new conditions. And this will introduce for a time a complicating and demoralizing element into the political life of the new State. But the muddle will clear itself; and the moral power of liberated womanhood will be, upon the whole, a healthful factor in solving the problems that lie before us.

The writer has most heartily enjoyed sojourning in this lively city, full of society events, concerts at the Tabernacle or Beehive, where five hundred well-trained Mormon voices unite in magnificent choruses, trips to the great resort, Saltair, which for rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian, Mormon and Gentile, old and young, is a rendezvous unrivalled elsewhere in America for the immensity of its ball and assembly-room, the saltiness of its lake, and the indigo blueness of its sunset skies. At no time, perhaps, in all its unique history, could a visit to Salt Lake City have been more satisfactory than the present. While political pyrotechnics abound and surprise one in all public places and in all private homes, while the new order of life has crowded out the old to all outward appearances, still there remains the inquisitive spirit which leads one to ask questions audaciously. The answers all touch upon three features of Salt Lake City life,—that of the past, the present, and the future. The spectator grows more confused. For most emphatically the bright Salt Lake City of to-day means that of a dark yesterday, and by no means a quite cloudless tomorrow.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The assistant secretary and Miss Close are in charge of everything at headquarters this week. The secretary and treasurer are in Washington, serenely confident that everybody and everything will be cared for during their absence. It is too early at this writing to speak of anything that the Conference has done, but that it will strike some blows that will tell for the truth as we understand it.

The new books this week are as follows: "Parables by the Lake," by W. H. Thomson, M.D., LL.D. (Dr. Thomson is a son of Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book.") The author of this book was born and spent his youth in the land of Palestine. It will no doubt have a wide

reading. Price \$1.50. "The Christ of To-day" is by Rev. George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church, Boston. This is not the place to discuss this book. Probably it will receive attention from our Unitarian writers in due time. The book is attracting considerable attention from Unitarians, especially that part of it which alludes to them in the chapter on "A Supreme Christology." It is difficult for a plain layman to understand why the men who can say such things as are said in this book—and there are many of them—cannot take their places under the Unitarian name. "The Saratoga Declaration," which is the definite and unanimous expression of the Unitarian Church, surely covers all the very nice distinctions which Dr. Gordon draws between some of the "first great leaders" of Unitarianism and those who now carry its banners. It further appears that this book has much more in common with Unitarianism than it has with the Calvinistic theology. Why not all join hands under the simple declaration of love to God and love to man, and let theological opinions be determined by each individual? No doubt the fathers were good and wise, but wisdom did not die with them. Light will continue to break forth from the word till time shall be no more.

VISITS.

The last visit noted under this head was at Taunton. Wednesday, 16th, South Middlesex Unitarian Club, at Young's Hotel. A large number of "solid men" gathered about the table, and, after a good dinner had been disposed of, listened to Mr. Batchelor and Mr. Dole, with a few words from the treasurer sandwiched in between. Mr. Batchelor told them about the Washington Conference and what was expected of it, and exhorted them to go and help. Mr. Dole proposed an excellent plan for missionary work; to wit, make your own churches so helpful, so interesting, that all the world will want to get into them, so that they may enjoy with you the blessings and privileges so precious and so great. Thursday evening a guest at the "Harvard Club," in the parlors of the old Second Church, the students and ministers,—a club that should have the earnest, cordial, and regular help of our older ministers. This club is related to the Unitarian ministry, as the Sunday-school is related to the Church. The future work of the Church can be greatly moulded and influenced by this organization if it is only used.

Friday evening, First Parish (Dorchester) Unitarian Club,—a vigorous organization, with men in it adapted to every branch of its work, speakers, writers, poets, workers. No fear need be entertained that anything will be overlooked or neglected in this parish, where there is somebody to look after everything. If all our four hundred and fifty parishes were animated by the spirit that dwells in this old parish, we should conquer the world in time.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributions to the American Unitarian Association will now be in order, and the treasurer hopes that the spirit of the Conference will so thoroughly inspire the Unitarians of the whole Church to move *en masse* along the missionary lines of our work that the contributions will come in as never before. Let every plan that is adopted for collecting these contributions have this feature,—that every Unitarian in the parish shall be personally asked to help. Taking up a collection on Sunday is the worst possible way to do it.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

WHAT UNITARIANS BELIEVE.

The question is often asked by those outside our Church, "What do the Unitarians believe?" and sometimes the impression is given that we do not have very strong or deep religious convictions. Often, too, those within the Church have similar impressions. One of my parishioners, reading the enclosed statement, said, "I like it, but I thought Unitarians had no creed." "I think that is a mistake," I replied: "we have a thousand creeds. We believe in all things true and good." Will you not print the enclosed service used at the First Unitarian Church, Somerville, last Thursday evening, as one of the many statements of the things commonly believed among us? W. H. PIERSON.

SERVICE OF DEDICATION AND CREED.
Read responsively by the congregation and the minister.

DEDICATION.

Minister.—We dedicate this church, O Father, to thy name, to thy worship and truth, and to that religion which is love to God and love to man.

People.—Glory be to the Father, the High and Holy One, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end!

Min.—We dedicate this church to righteousness, to freedom of thought, to the perfection of character, and to the service of our fellow-men.

Peo.—To these best and highest things we would now, O Lord, in thy name, dedicate this church.

Min.—We dedicate this church, O Father, to sacred human ties, to friendship and brotherhood, to love of children and youth, and their consecration to the service of this church, to the purity of home life, and to comfort and sympathy with all who mourn or are in sorrow or want.

Peo.—Peace be to young and old who enter here. For our friends, our brethren, and companions' sake, we will never cease to say, "Peace be within thee."

Min.—We dedicate this church to the blessed memory of those who have lived and labored with us and are no more. We dedicate it to those who shall worship and labor here after we are gone.

Peo.—So dedicate we this church. Our fathers thou hast called to thy higher praise, and gathered to their fathers must all the children be. The dead and the living, O God, praise thee.

Min.—We dedicate this church to undying hopes, to faith in things unseen and eternal, and to those moral and spiritual duties and influences to which we should be loyal above all things else.

Peo.—So dedicate we this church. O house of the Lord's praise, peace be to them that love thee!

THE CREED.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.

So we believe.
I believe in Jesus, beloved prophet of God, born of Joseph and Mary, crucified under Pilate, author and founder of the Christian faith.

So we believe.
I believe in the Bible, book of religion, book of prayer and psalm, legend and history, and in every Scripture which shows not only the infirmity, but also the dignity and value of the human soul.

So we believe.
I believe in the Church, the Holy Church, throughout all the world, and in the spiritual fellowship of devout men of every race and clime.

So we believe.
I believe in the forgiveness of sin and in the grace of God,—though evil bears its penalty and pain,—and in that sympathy of man which is a foretaste and pledge of love divine.

So we believe.
I believe that out of sorrow cometh joy, out of darkness light, out of struggle success, and, amid all the mystery and trouble of earth, have hope of heaven and eternal peace.

So we believe.
I believe, for this present life, in the beauty of noble words and deeds, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest and just, whatsoever things are lovable, gracious, and of good report.

So we believe.

The Sunday School.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—On Monday, October 14, the Union held its opening meeting of the thirteenth season at the Church of the Disciples. Mr. Frank B. Thayer of Boston, the new president, greeted the new members, and introduced Rev. A. M. Lord of Providence, who spoke on "Unsolved Sunday-school Problems." The problematic element in the Sunday-school is the challenging voice of the great world. To know what to teach grows more difficult as we find the religious use of other books than the Bible, and as we learn more and more about the nature of childhood. The problem of the relation of the Sunday-school to the church and of the church to the school may be solved if the church makes the school interesting and the school makes the church so. Each should be a recruiting ground for the other. Rev. A. P. Reccord of Chelsea considers the Sunday-school itself an unsolved problem, but thinks that reverent superintendents, an able corps of teachers appointed by a committee of the parish, and thoroughly instructive teachers' meetings would help us to solve it. Miss Glidden of Neponset finds one problem in the fact that so few men are engaged in Sunday-school work; another, in the indifference of the parents; a third, in the unwillingness of the children to accept a substitute teacher; a fourth, in the gap caused

by young men and women leaving the church when married. Mrs. James Beatley enumerated several problems that she had encountered, but at the same time offered a solution of each. Rev. E. C. Guild of North Pembroke urged the teachers to impart religion by (1) having it themselves, (2) by means of sympathy, love, and effect of good example to the little ones. Rev. B. F. McDaniel of Newton thought we should not allow the schools to be simply an annex of the church, and we should use the guilds as a helpful agency in cultivating the affection of the young people for the church.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. JOHN DUMONT REID, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

ASHEVILLE, N.C.—Unitarians and other New England people who expect to spend the winter in Asheville and vicinity will find it to their advantage to open correspondence with our minister at Asheville, Rev. Henry A. Westall.

ATLANTA, GA.—The date of "Unitarian Women's Day" at Atlanta Cotton Exposition is changed from November 18 to an earlier time to accommodate those who attend the Washington Conference. It will be either the 30th or 31st of October.

BROCKTON, MASS.—The installation of Rev. Rush R. Shippen as pastor of the First Unitarian Society of Brockton, Mass., will take place on Thursday, October 31. Rev. Eugene R. Shippen will preach the installation sermon.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis will preach in the First Parish Church in Brookline on Sunday, October 27.

CANTON, MASS.—Rev. Henry F. Jenks completed last summer ten years as pastor of the First Congregational Parish. Last Thursday being his birthday, the parish celebrated the double anniversary by a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Jenks in the pleasant parish parlor and a generous birthday gift.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church offers for the ensuing winter three courses of study: "Social Science, based on Kidd's 'Social Evolution'"; "French Revolution, based on Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities'"; and "Shakspeare." The club's reception to the new pastor, Rev. A. P. Reccord, on Wednesday, October 16, was like a reflected sound of "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" About one hundred and fifty persons were present, including Rev. George W. Cooke, agent of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, and representatives from the Young People's Societies of the First Baptist, Cary Avenue Baptist, Horace Memorial, Central Congregational, Universalist, African Methodist Episcopal, Walnut Street and Mt. Bellingham Churches of Chelsea, and the Bethel of East Boston. Monday, October 14, under the auspices of the Women's Alliance, Rev. M. J. Savage lectured on "American Wit and Humor"; and on October 28 Rev. Thomas Van Ness will lecture on "Street Views and Incidents of St. Petersburg."

STOW, MASS.—A very pleasant social event in connection with the Unitarian society of this town occurred on the even-

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ing of October 4 at the house of Mr. Isaac Fletcher, when a company of over seventy of the parishioners of Rev. J. S. Moulton (who boards with Mr. Fletcher) surprised him, and presented him with a handsome pocket-book containing ten crisp five-dollar bills. The presentation was made by Mr. W. A. Wood, superintendent of the Sabbath-school, who stated that the cause of the gathering was the fact that Mr. Moulton had labored faithfully and successfully as their pastor for ten years. Following the presentation were very appreciative and touching remarks by the pastor, after which a bountiful repast was served.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At a special meeting of All Souls' Church, held October 16, the resignation of the pastor, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, was accepted; and resolutions were passed bearing grateful testimony to his fidelity as a pastor, his energetic ministrations as a preacher, his consistent Christian life, and his influence throughout the city, and tendering to him and Mrs. Shippen assurances of enduring love and gratitude.

WEST DEDHAM, MASS.—Rev. Obed Eldridge has been obliged, on account of his health, to resign the charge of the Unitarian society in Dover, Mass.

MONTANA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—Rev. A. A. Spencer, in his report to the United States government, says: "The great event of the year to this school has been its transfer to the United States government. This was consummated on the first day of July, 1895. For nine years previously it had been conducted as a contract school between the American Unitarian Association and the United States government. But now, more and more, it has become the settled policy of the government to do away with all contract schools as soon as possible, and to assume full and exclusive responsibility for the education of its Indian wards. The American Unitarian Association has been prompt in recognizing the justness of this policy, and so has voluntarily surrendered the school into the hands of the government. The school buildings have been transferred at a mere nominal sum, and the school property sold to the government at a reasonable valuation. The school is now running under the immediate care, support, and control of the United States Indian agent at Crow Agency, Montana. This school will never lose the sincere good wishes of its founders and former friends. I am positive it is earnestly hoped by the American Unitarian Association and the denomination it represents that success and usefulness shall ever attend the school, and that its free, liberal, and unsectarian policy and its family system of administration, for which it has stood from the beginning, shall continue to be dominant and uplifting characteristics." Mr. Spencer might have added that the hope of the friends of the school for its continued prosperity are assured for the present, at least, by the retention of himself and his corps of workers in the positions they have filled so long and in so satisfactory a manner. Mr. Spencer and his family are deserving of the gratitude of the Unitarians of America for the self-denying faithfulness with which they have devoted themselves to this work. It is to be hoped that some friends of the school will keep up a feeling of interest, so far, at least, as to send some Christmas presents for teachers and scholars. Packages sent as early as November 15 by freight directly to Rev. A. A. Spencer, Custer, Mont., Northern Pacific Railroad, will reach the school in time to help on the Christmas merriment. Letters should be addressed to Mr. Spencer at Blakeley, Mont. No more contributions of money or clothing are needed for the school, as the United States government provides everything.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE.—On Friday, October 11, at 10.30 A.M., the Executive Board met at 25 Beacon Street, fourteen being present. The corresponding secretary reported 26 new Branches during the year. The total membership is now 7,684. A very interesting letter was read from Rev. Mr. MacCauley in Japan, which caused some discussion. Whether or not it is wise to have foreign missions, the Alliance is in sympathy with the solitary man representing Unitarianism in Japan. It was voted that the money on hand already appropriated for books for the library in Tokio should be expended at once, and that the Branches should be asked to send each at least \$1 the coming year. The contributions need not be limited to \$1, but that amount from each would supply all that are now asked for to complete the first requisition. One new life member, Mrs. J. W. Winkley, has been added to the list. The new "Study Class Leaflet" on "Unitarian Belief" has been distributed to the Branches, and additional copies may be had at 25 Beacon Street. The movement at Willimantic was discussed, and the needs of Chattanooga were also presented. Mrs. Chaney reported concerning the Unitarian booth at the Atlanta Exposition, and wished to urge as many of the Branches as could do so to send representatives to the

fair. Letters from Miss Everett show that much interest in Unitarians is already awakened. Emily A. Fifield, Recording Secretary.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The eighty-ninth regular session of the South Middlesex Conference was held Tuesday, October 15, in Billerica. Rev. Loren B. Macdonald conducted the devotional service, taking for his subject "The Optimism born of Faith in God." At 11.40 A.M. the president took the chair, and, after the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, made a brief address of welcome and congratulation. There being no business before the conference, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford was introduced, to speak on "What the Higher Criticism has done for the Bible." At the close of the address a collection was taken, amounting to \$19.50. After the singing of a hymn, the conference adjourned till 2 P.M. The conference reassembled at the time appointed for the afternoon session; and, after a hymn had been sung and the roll of the churches called, Rev. Mr. Heizer opened the discussion of the morning subject. The discussion was continued by Rev. Messrs. McDaniel, De Long, Bygrave, Livingstone, Macdonald, Staples, Cooke, and G. C. Wright of Lowell. At 3 P.M. the conference adjourned.

CHANNING CONFERENCE.—The sixtieth session of Channing Conference was held in the Unitarian church, Norton, Mass., on the evening of October 8 and the following day. Rev. E. A. Horton preached the sermon to a well-filled house, taking for his text some passage in Isaiah about breaking down walls. The walls that are tumbling are the walls of sectarianism that separate reason from revelation, science from theology, the Church from the world, and life from death. The spirit of sympathy, of brotherhood, of co-operation, of hospitality of thought, is gradually levelling the old-time, hurtful barriers between religious believers. It augurs well for man. The Church is a necessity because the religious sentiment is an ineradicable part of humanity. The Church is to grow broader in its fellowship, and to become a more and more powerful factor among the forces which make for civilization. Stand by the Church, and help it to grow into its noblest form and service.

The next morning the devotional meeting was led by Rev. H. L. Buzzell of Fairhaven, who took for his theme the need of a deeper religious life. Rev. Messrs. Young, Hoagland, Furman, and Rev. Mary A. Leggett took part in the meeting. President Job C. Tripp opened the business hour of the conference with congratulations to the Norton society on the improved appearance of the church, which has been renovated inside and out recently. An interesting feature of the secretary's report was the reading of an autograph letter from Rev. Dr. James Martineau, sent in response to a vote of the conference at its last session, extending greetings to him, as was understood, on the occasion of his ninety-ninth birthday. I am sure the readers of the *Christian Register* would like to see it in print:—

"REV. WILLIAM H. SPENCER:—

"Dear Brother,—Among the many congratulatory greetings which cheer and bless the close of my ninety-ninth year, there is not any that speaks more home to my heart than the message which, enriched by your own and Mrs. Spencer's, you send me from the Channing Conference, as embodied in the resolutions passed at its recent fifty-ninth session. To influences shed on me in my youth from your country, and especially from Channing's early writings, I largely owe my 'call' to the ministry and the ultimate direction of my thoughts and aims in it. And nothing can be more welcome or more affecting to me than, at the end of my career, to receive, under the very seal of his name, a responsive benediction from the field of his labors and the disciple of his spirit. I tender through you and to you my heartfelt gratitude for so touching a recognition. If on a smaller scale and under the resistance of an older world, it has been granted to me in some measure to fan the flame which Channing kindled, and foster the pure fervors of his faith, life would have given me all that my most earnest prayer could ask.

"Ever truly yours,

"JAMES MARTINEAU.

"P.S.—No importance attaches to the relative dates of your resolution and my birthday. But the terms of your private letter seem to imply that Dr. Smith's, Dr. Hale's birthday, and mine coincide on April 3. Mine, however, is not due till April 21. Our beloved Dr. Furness, born on April 20, says, 'I know I am a day younger than you, but how many years older I cannot tell.' I am happy to be, anyhow, the associates of one or all these dear sharers of my longevity."

"35 London Square, London, W. E.,
"April 16, 1895."

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$1,812.41, of which \$1,045 has been appropriated for the prospective church in Vineyard Haven. We expected that church would materialize last spring in

time for summer use; but the builder consulted estimated the cost of it \$600 more than the architect's estimate, from plans submitted and accepted by the conference. The committee having the matter in charge did not feel authorized to pledge the conference to this extra cost without a formal vote upon it. This was obtained. A committee, consisting of Rev. Messrs. George W. Cutter, A. M. Lord, Paul R. Frothingham, President Tripp, and Treasurer Sheldon were elected to proceed as soon as practicable with the construction of a building suitable for the place, costing about \$2,100. In response to a petition for a little temporary aid from the church in Brooklyn, Conn., \$100 was voted, the same amount also to the church in Tiverton. The conference voted to raise by apportionment among our churches \$600 during the year. The by-laws were amended so as to hold our spring meeting the last instead of the first Wednesday in April.

"How to enlist Young People in Church Work" was the topic for discussion. Rev. W. F. Furman opened the discussion with a carefully prepared paper. He emphasized the importance in home training in habits of devotion. Children should be taught a "living faith in God and in Jesus as the hope and goal of the world's salvation." Unity Clubs and church guilds, and even a pledge such as the Christian Endeavors take, are valuable auxiliaries of church and home influences. Rev. Mr. Forbes said he believed the root of the trouble was in the home. A mother said to him that she believed her child should be "left free to grow up as naturally and beautifully as the lilies of the field in religious matters." The speaker did not believe in such "horticultural Unitarians." Even the lilies needed cultivation. It is the duty of parents to have some beliefs about the great cardinal doctrines of deity, duty, and destiny, as Rev. Mr. Potter once characterized them. If they are indifferent to the church, the children will be to the Sunday-school. How to enlist the parents in church work is the deeper question.

The last regular speaker of the day was Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer. Mrs. Spencer said she did not covet such organizations as the Christian Endeavors for our young people of the liberal faith. It is not good for our young people to be alone, not good for them nor for the older people to be thus separated. They should work together.

Such organizations are stimulating and helpful in certain ways; but there are counterbalancing dangers, both social and religious, connected with them. The Sunday-school must do a large part of the education of our young people in the principles of our rational, spiritual religion; and, thanks to the Unitarian Sunday School Society East and West, we have a wealth of material with which to do the training. The Sunday-school, like the church, should stimulate and direct not simply how to get new carpets for our church and new gowns for our minister, but to go out in large, general philanthropies. The speaker deprecated the tendency seen among some Unitarians of copying the ways of a good many Episcopal churches in having "parish charities," emanating from "parish houses." Separate lines of this sort drawn in philanthropic work hinder the growth of true, scientific, civic charity. She had found the best method to be enrolling the young people in a Lend a Hand Club, and having the members year by year choose some city or State charity for which to work, thus schooling them in the performance of civic duties, tying on their church work to the great life of the world.

Devotionally, she believed our young people grow most healthfully in the spiritual life, not by any hot-house forcing of the religious sentiment and its expression by means of "pledges to take part in meetings," or by separate "young people's meetings," but rather by the use of rich liturgical forms, by companionship with devout elders, by required attendance upon the devotional part of the public worship (and excuse from the preaching, where this is practicable, in case of small children), and by all the means of spiritual culture which they can share with the parents.

It is difficult to solve the amusement problem. Our young people in cities, as a rule, have too much excitement, amounting to social dissipation, but not those in the country. The church should accommodate herself to local needs, remembering that whatever truly recreates, and makes mind and body fresher, stronger, and better equipped for useful work and the cheerful bearing of life's burdens, is right, and whatever enervates the moral purpose or weakens the mind or lessens bodily strength for daily tasks is wrong.

The subject being open for volunteers, several speakers addressed the audience. Rev. Mr. Lord and Mr. Frothingham thought, with Mrs. Spencer, that there was danger of fumbling too much with the emotional nature of children. Rev. Mr. Knapp half believed that the Sunday-school had hurt about as much as it had helped the church, by dividing the allegiance of the children. Perhaps more ritual, more of what appeals to the æsthetic sentiments, would attract more of the cultivated-youths. Rev. Mr. Mott believed the young should be taught more generally, so as to ground

them thoroughly in the principles of our liberal faith.

While the different speakers laid stress on different agencies, they were quite agreed that the way to enlist young people in church work is to enlist them, to set them at work, put them early into responsible positions, make them feel that the church business is their business, and, above all, that its business has vital relations with the good of society, with the welfare of the State.

The discussion was divided in the middle by devotion to a bountiful collation served in the church vestry. Autumn leaves and flowers tastefully arrayed about the pulpit gave their benediction. The day was pleasant, and at every session a good-sized audience thoroughly enjoyed the exercises. The one-subject plan proved so satisfactory that it will be tried again. The president was empowered to appoint two delegates from the Channing Conference to the National Conference. He appointed Mrs. Spencer for one. The other is not known to the secretary at the time of writing. After a vote of thanks to the Norton society for their generous hospitality, the conference adjourned.

W. H. S., Sec'y.

If there is one truth truer than another, it is that no man or nation ever neglected a duty that was not sooner or later laid upon them in a heavier form, to be done at a dearer rate.—Lowell.

Business Notices.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

Are your eyes good? Do not trifle with them, but use a good Lamp; and no better can be found than the Miller, which gives a light at once strong, soft, and steady.

The china loving cup is the one thing this season that has taxed the dealers to keep up with, although its use is more as a flower-holder. China brush and comb sets and collar boxes are among the novelties at Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's.

An Interesting Sight.—A "Chair Exhibit" is now in progress at the Paine Furniture Company warerooms in this city. It is wonderfully interesting and well worth a visit. They have collected the most curious easy-chairs of all nations and periods, and placed them on sale. You can make some rare purchases in this exhibition at low prices.

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Marriages.

At Newton, 17th inst., by Rev. S. W. Bush, Rev. Philip S. Thacher, of Needham and Alice Morton, of Newton. At Clark's Island in Plymouth, 19th inst., by Rev. Charles P. Lombard, Albert M. Watson, Jr., and Henrietta C. Walker.

Deaths.

In Jamaica Plain, 30th ult., Mary A. Walker, widow of the late James P. Walker.
In Taunton, 15th inst., Mrs. William B. Crandell, in her 88th year.
In Minneapolis, Minn., 13th inst., William Abbot Pike, only son of Frances W. A. and the late Rev. Richard Pike, formerly of Dorchester.

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LIBERALISM AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.*

BY REV. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.

[Abstract of the Dudley Lecture delivered at Harvard University, Oct. 16, 1895.]

"The third lecture to be for the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, their tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places; and, finally, that the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church, spoken of in the New Testament."—*Extract from the Will of Judge Paul Dudley, 1750.*

As one reads the title of this lecture in the very words of Judge Dudley, one's first feeling is of wonder that even so late as a hundred and fifty years ago a thoughtful and educated man could write such words about any form of religion.

The wonder partly ceases when it is remembered that it was hardly as a form of religion that the Romish Church presented itself to the minds of New Englanders in the first half of last century. It was not till forty years after Paul Dudley's death that the first little Catholic church was set up in Boston. So that of the religious fervor and the quiet charities by which Catholicism has in later times won respect in England and America he could know little. To the men of his day it was simply a foreign ecclesiasticism which had claimed tremendous powers over the governments of Europe, and still pushed those claims wherever it could.

It is not surprising that in his old age, seeing the Puritan spirit of absolute exclusion beginning to give way, and looking onward to the possibility of Catholicism, even, sometime claiming an equal foothold in New England, he should desire that at least some intellectual argument should be permanently maintained against it in this great centre of New England education.

However, all that is past,—so past that it is a little difficult to realize that things ever were really so. Alike in America and England not only have the old exclusions and disabilities so long maintained against Catholics been removed, but they actually enjoy in these countries a freedom and a security greater than they have even in many Catholic countries. Especially what may be called the liberalism in each desires them to have the most entire freedom and equality, both of action and opportunity. Perhaps there could be no stronger instance of this larger modern spirit than the fact that, when these Dudley Lectures were revived a few years ago after a period of suspension, one of them was assigned to an eminent Catholic ecclesiastic. That was well. It was good to let the world know in such an unmistakable way that America—at any rate at the heart of its most progressive learning—no longer bears any grudge against Rome nor desires any "protection" except that of open argument and equal laws.

And yet, having shown that, and having given the first place to Catholicism's voicing of itself, it is perhaps as well for a word to be given,—not, indeed, from any antagonistic position, but from that calm and dispassionate standpoint which Harvard occupies to-day, whatever it may have done in Dudley's time. Catholics will certainly not regard it as an exaggeration if I say that the Church occupies an important public position. It is not simply a church analogous to the other churches of our time. It is a great public institution. No party, no statesman, can leave it out of account. Its claim is the most tremendous that is made by any church or institution in the world. The fact is, the claim of the Catholic Church is rarely understood by Protestants, and but imperfectly by many of its own adherents. It claims to be the representative of the Omnipotent Creator among men, and as such entitled to the same absolute submission as God himself. It is, indeed, over "faith" and "morals" that its authority is specialized; but, as "morals" have to do with almost every action and relation of life, and the Church itself is the sole judge of how far this jurisdiction applies, it practically means religious absolutism. The claim may not be pressed to this extent. It is seldom pressed to-day in England and America,—or, at least, it would be truer to say it is seldom pressed at first. The usual aspect of Catholicism in free countries is that of one of the churches, standing apart, indeed, but with a courteous word for others, and content to urge its antiquity, its lofty part in history, its stately ritual, and its offer of a sure resting-place from the perplexities and doubts of the human soul. But its larger and ultimate claim is always there; and, as individuals are drawn within its lines, its authority closes more tightly upon them, often in ways which touch not themselves alone, but the whole community of which they form a part. It is therefore, a matter of public

concern that this great claim to the religious overlordship of the world shall be distinctly known and examined and answered. It is here where this foundation of Judge Dudley's may, in the essence of it, be just as useful as ever, securing that this criticism and answer shall be deliberately given from time to time. It is a thankless task to undertake, and one I should hardly have attempted had it not thus been laid upon me. But, having been thus committed to me, I dared not shrink from it, and will give, as I understand it, the answer of Liberalism to the claims of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE CLAIM OF INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY.

Of this primary claim, to be an infallible divine authority in faith and morals, I must speak first, because not only all else rests upon this, but also this has such a distinct attraction to society in these days of widespread questioning and doubt. The perplexity of individual responsibility, of having to think out one's own faith, and judge each for one's self of truth and duty, presses very heavily upon many hearts; and to these there is something inexpressibly restful and attractive in a system which lays down all truth and duty with the certainty of a divine and absolute authority.

But is the authority genuine and really divine, or is the whole claim one of those "usurpations" and "fatal errors" which Judge Dudley perceived, and desired to have men permanently warned against? That is the question, and the answer is not really very obscure. There is no need to enter into any of the textual or historical points which are commonly regarded as lying at the root of the papal claim.

The real impossibility of the claim is seen, not so much in the inadequacy of its origin as in the impotence and falsity of its results. If there really were, indeed, such a permanent agency of direct communication of God's truth, one cannot help feeling that in so many ages it ought to have clearly told upon human knowledge. It ought surely to have brought men a little earlier to the truth on any subject about which it claimed to be able to speak. It ought to have been able to deliver its followers, earlier than others, from the ancient superstitions of the world. But what do we actually find? That, again and again, in the gradual progress of human knowledge as to the nature of the world, the Catholic Church has not only not anticipated the general intelligence of its time, but has actually lagged behind it. Nor has this been only on subjects of which it has taken no cognizance and on which it has pronounced no opinion. It has pronounced opinions, but it has pronounced the wrong ones. I pass by for a moment the question of its actual treatment of Galileo; but it stands broadly on the page of history that the Copernican theory was excluded as false, heretical, and contrary to Scripture from all Catholic teaching for generations after it had been accepted by the world; that it was not till 1757 that the ban against teaching it was removed by Benedict XIV., and not till 1822 that it was admitted to be true by an edict then ratified by Pius VII.

OPPOSITION TO THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Indeed, it is difficult to speak too strongly of this general opposition of the Church to the progress of science and to the exposure and extinction of what the educated world now recognizes as superstition. The Church did not merely tolerate the belief in witchcraft (it may be said to do so still in Catholic countries): it everywhere stimulated the persecution of those accused of the crime. "The Puritans did the same," it may be replied. True; and therefore, as Edwin D. Mead aptly puts it,—“therefore we say that the Puritan churches were far from infallible.” None are readier to say this than the present representatives of the Puritans themselves. But the Catholic Church has no such frank admission, and, if she does not any longer stimulate the superstition, does nothing in Catholic countries to uproot it.

But the fact is that, even on the closer inspection of careful scholarship, the claim fails equally. This century of Science has placed the question of such an infallible revelation as the Church claims under conditions which never existed before; and the examination of ancient documents, which has become almost a branch of science, supplies the final link in the evidence against it. And here, in this last matter, we are upon the Church's own special ground. In science, indeed, the Church claims that her infallibility is saved by the fact that, while Galileo was condemned by the Congregation of the Index, the papal brief which would have added the stamp of technical *ex-cathedra* infallibility was not issued. Even this is doubtful, in the light of more recent documentary evidence; but everything short of this was done. Both Paul V. and Urban VIII. instigated the proceedings against Galileo, so that, as Prof. Tomlinson re-

marks in his careful monograph, "All that can be said is that the two popes were in error as men respecting the theory, but not as popes."

INFALLIBILITY IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

But, if the Church thus just technically saves her claim to infallibility in regard to that matter of science, not even such a technical plea can be put forth in regard to her decrees on the canon and inspiration of Scripture. The fatal mistake of Rome, which is coming every year into stronger light, was when, at the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent, she undertook to show that she revered the Bible just as much as Protestants did, by decreeing its absolute verbal inspiration. True, Protestants were affirming the same thing, but even then, as some of Luther's critical judgments show, with variations of emphasis and loopholes for fuller knowledge; but the Council of Trent decreed, authoritatively and finally, the divine authorship of every part of the Bible, even of what we call the Apocrypha, and this so absolutely as to make the writers simply inspired amanuenses. She thus raises up against her all the real Biblical criticism of the world; for it is every day becoming more evident to scholars of all sects, Catholics included, that that older claim of absolute verbal inspiration for the whole Bible is simply contrary to fact. Catholic scholars are very quiet upon the subject, few books are published about it, and many people are quite unaware of it; for the chief emphasis of the Catholic appeal to the world is not to the Bible, but to the Church. Efforts have been made to obtain from Rome some distinct permission to give up verbal inspiration, but in vain. Cardinal Newman (as I am reminded by one who knew him as a fellow-Catholic) tentatively tried to take refuge in a sort of inspiration "as to the substance of passages," but his efforts practically came to nothing; and at the Vatican Council of 1869 the Tridentine decree was reiterated in terms equally as strong and explicit as before. Moreover, the recent encyclical of Leo XIII. on the study of Holy Scripture in the Church has, if anything, made matters worse by reiterating some of the most obsolete ideas respecting the Scriptures, and insisting on their being read and interpreted exclusively in the light of the teaching of the Fathers. Here is the point at which all real scholarship is absolutely united against statements on which Catholicism has staked its infallibility. Simply the facts are not as Rome insists that they must be received. There can be no real question nowadays of reconciling the cosmogonic ideas of the fourth century Fathers with modern science. Thus some of Rome's best scholars have already been compelled to withdraw from their allegiance, while others are hesitating between what they are obliged to accept as doctrine and what they know to be the facts.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND LIBERTY.

But there are other points which touch the leadership claimed by Catholicism in our modern world more closely than these questions of theoretical infallibility. Perhaps there is no question on which men—not the foes of Catholicism, but its well-wishers—are more exercised than this: How does the Catholic Church really stand in regard to liberty?

At first sight there is much that is encouraging. We find leading Catholics among the most emphatic eulogists of this America, the very *raison d'être* of which is its large, trustful, self-governing liberty. We find Catholic ecclesiastics taking part in public

affairs and discussing legislation and statesmanship with the avowal of principles of liberty which sound like echoes of the Declaration of Independence, and especially to the front with intelligent interest and help in the great problems of labor and social economy.

So full and hearty, indeed, are these expressions of liberty that it seems almost carping and ungenerous to go behind them, and to ask: Do they really represent Catholicism in its permanent policy, or are they merely local accommodations to the circumstances in which it finds itself here and there? The claim of the Church is that it is always and everywhere the same. Other churches have acted, at this or that time, as if they believed that they would be always the same; and sometimes, when inevitable changes have come, they have been very slow to acknowledge them. We have seen orthodox Protestants, whom Calvin would have indignantly disowned, even if he had not burned them along with Servetus, publicly declaring that they stand by the old faith of Calvin. But their more thoughtful leaders frankly admit the changes, and we know that the advance is real, not a mere local accommodation to the thought of others, and liable to be disowned to-morrow. But how is it with this apparent advance of Catholicism toward liberty? Is it really changed, or is it indeed always the same, and this a mere temporary and local keeping of its real principles in the background?

"Always and everywhere" the same, is its claim. We have then to compare this modern tone of freedom in free countries not only with its older tone, but with its character elsewhere. We want to know how far the liberality which Catholicism professes and pleads for here is carried out among its own people or allowed to others in parts of the world where it still holds paramount power. We are the more entitled to ask this, because the Catholic Church is not, like Protestant Episcopacy, a group of federated national churches, each of which can go on its way without interference from the rest. It is one church, with an infallible head, and claims to be everywhere the same in dogmatic teaching. So that what perplexes the student of modern Catholicism is that, while in England and America it stands forth as the champion of liberty, in countries where it is in the ascendancy nothing is heard of liberty, and nothing is known of it. How much liberty did Rome allow in Austria so long as it could make its concordat on its own terms? Or take it in Spain,—or even in Belgium, under the recent revival of the Catholic régime. What about liberty of worship? What about liberty of education? The simple fact is that the Catholic Church holds an entirely different tone when pleading for the right of equality in free states and when dealing with the appeal of other religious bodies even for toleration, let alone equality, in states where it holds paramount power. If any one wants an illustration of this, let him read up the official pleas put forth by the authorities of the Romish Church during the struggle in England for Catholic emancipation, and compare them with the claims which are now habitually made from the same quarter. The point which was most anxiously questioned, both in Parliament and throughout the country, and with a sincere desire to know the facts, was whether Catholics were really free to render a complete and undivided allegiance to the civil government of their country, or whether, as Catholics, they were subject to such instructions and authority from Rome as might conflict with their own free judgment and action as loyal citizens. Especially were questions pressed as to the present status of the claims which in the past

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*The full text of Dr. Herford's lecture, of which this abstract presents about two-thirds, may be had in pamphlet form of Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston. Price ten cents.

had created some of the worst scandals of papal interference among European kingdoms. "Did the pope claim any temporal jurisdiction? Did he still pretend to a power to depose kings, release subjects from their allegiance, and incite them to revolt? Was faith to be kept with heretics? Did the Church still teach the doctrines of persecution?"* To all such questioning, answers came in abundance from the highest Catholic authorities in the kingdom. Parliamentary committees were held in 1824 and 1825, and various high Catholic dignitaries were examined, all of whom scouted the idea of any obligation to obey the pope in civil matters or to believe that he is infallible. And solemn declarations to the same effect were put forward by the Vicars Apostolic who in those days ruled the Catholics of Great Britain; while the hierarchy of the Roman communion, in its "Pastoral Address to the Clergy and Laity of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland," declared on oath their belief that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither are they thereby required to believe that the pope is infallible. The strongest and most influential of these Catholic exponents was Bishop Doyle, who exhausted language in repudiating either idea. "Our obedience to the law," he said, "and the allegiance which we owe to the sovereign are complete and full and perfect and undivided, inasmuch as they extend to all political, legal, and civil rights of the king or of his subjects"; while in his "Essay on the Catholic Claims," addressed to the prime minister, Lord Liverpool, he broke out into the following still stronger language: "What, my lord, have we to do with the proceedings of popes, and why should we be made accountable for them?" †

And so the measure of Catholic emancipation was passed, and I do not think any Englishman now regrets it. But, all the same,—emancipation attained,—the Catholic hierarchy has since carefully explained away every one of the plainest meanings which the people and statesmen of the time understood, and were intended to understand, by these statements. In all fairness, let it be said that their authors understood them in the same sense also. They stated what they believed at the time. But, really, no Catholic can claim a mind of his own; and they have had to retract in obedience to Rome. For, since then, the infallibility of the pope, so emphatically and authoritatively repudiated in 1826, has been absolutely decreed by the Vatican Council; and this, it must be remembered, covers not merely all matters of "faith" and "morals," but also whatever concerns the government and discipline of the Church, the limits of this large category being only determined by the same authority. This may appear at first sight a vague claim, not really touching the practical matters of civil government and allegiance. But this charitable interpretation is rendered impossible by the fact that within this very generation, especially in the Syllabus and Encyclical of Pius IX., every one of the special interferences with civil life and action which have most roused the hostility of modern civilization, and which the friends of Rome have liked to regard as really, if not formally, dropped, have been distinctly reaffirmed, under cover of anathema against those who would teach otherwise. The liberty of speech and of the press; the liberty of conscience and worship, and that in countries called Catholic the free exercise of other religions may laudably be allowed; the teaching that the Church may not use force,—all these ideas have been directly and explicitly condemned; while, by the equal condemnation of all who hold that bishops and Ecumenical Councils have "transgressed the just limits of their power, or usurped the rights of princes," every worst wrong in history—from the persecution of heretics to the power of deposing rulers and releasing subjects from their allegiance—is claimed as a right capable of being used wherever needed, and the Church itself the only judge of the need!

I do not mean that all this is likely ever to become any great practical danger in America or England. I think national patriotism is too strong. I cannot help believing that in any great emergency, in which some "usurpation" of Rome might come into conflict with men's duties as Englishmen or Americans, the spirit of loyal citizenship would prevail every time, just as it did with English Catholics in the time of the Armada. But, then, the steady welfare and progress of a nation do not depend upon these decisions in such great emergencies. They depend upon municipal self-government, and the innumerable questions of law and order and civil policy, which are constantly intertwined with "morals," if not with "faith," and so can at any moment be included in the scope of

Catholic authority. It is in such lesser matters that we need our citizens to exercise intelligence and freedom. Let the Catholic leaders urge what seems to them the course most consonant with Catholic principles, as the religionists of any kind are entitled to do; but let them do it as one of the elements of free citizen judgment. But, when the Catholic Church claims not only this general advice, but the absolute direction of the action of Catholic citizens, then—and it has done this again and again—it makes a claim which is just as much a "usurpation" as in the time of Judge Dudley, which must always be a perplexing mischief, and is only not dangerous, because it can so seldom be enforced. So it needs to be understood that all this eulogizing of American liberty on the part of Catholic ecclesiastics has behind it necessarily an attitude of mind toward Rome and her authority which is wholly inconsistent with it. One is glad to hear such professions of liberty: one cannot help believing that they are, often, personally sincere; but the local and personal attitude does not alter the real character of the institution itself, which was a burden upon liberty in the past,—and claims to be always the same,—and still is the same wherever it has the power.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND TRUTH.

But this discrepancy, between the Catholic eulogies of liberty in Protestant countries, and both its permanent claims and its practice in countries where it is in power, touches a great deal more than the question of liberty. It concerns very closely the attitude of Catholicism in regard to truth.

It is one of the strong points made by Catholics that, alone of all religious bodies, they have absolute, reliable, unchanging truth. The ordinary Protestant reliance on the Bible they treat as mere delusion. The reliance on the individual reason and conscience, which Liberals regard as the ultimate ground of belief, they ridicule as a mere *ignis fatuus* leading men only into bogs of doubt or cloud-lands of speculation. No! To the longing of the common heart for some clear truth Catholics reply that they alone have truth. That which the pope pronounces, *ex cathedra*, to be truth, that must infallibly be so. Thus on the matter of truth they claim to be before all others.

And yet how far does this go—even if it were so—into the deep reality of truth? Truth, in the deepest fact of it, is a spirit in the heart, not a mere statement about some external thing. At least, it must be first a spirit in the heart,—the spirit that reverences the fact as it is. It must reverence the fact close by; and so it shall grow into the faculty which reaches out and has a chance of apprehending the further fact, say, of ages past, or of realms and worlds outside our personal ken and knowledge. So a man's deepest relation to truth is determined not by his having some special source of information about heavenly things, and submitting his own thinking to that, but by his having a clear open eye to the fact of things close about him, and standing by that fact, and refusing to say or do anything at variance with that. Now, this spirit of truth is a very great thing, far more important to the life of man than any list of alleged truths. When Paul Dudley ordained a lecture for exposing not only the "tyranny and usurpation" of the Romish Church, but also its "heresies" and "fatal errors," he probably had in his mind some of its doctrines about divine and future things. The world has gone forward since then. It has become sceptical as to any church having special information about those more distant verities. Certainly, the only religious teachers who will win much attention to their claims of divine truth are such as are palpably trustworthy in the matter of human truth, honest and straightforward and sincere in all the common dealings and relations of life. Now, in all this—and I speak no mere opinion of my own, but what I know to be the misgiving of even the most liberal and friendly observers—the Catholic priesthood seems curiously weak. It has elevated mental reservation and evasion into a system, so that the world is always puzzled how far to receive Catholic assurances and declarations at their "face value." It officially sanctions such misrepresentations of history as its own best scholars are ashamed of; and even in regard to the most sacred matters of faith it admits pious frauds such as no other church in Christendom would allow for a moment.

Let me give an illustration or two. It is not without significance that two of the most disliked expressions, for subtle double-dealing and for skilful reasoning apart from any real truth,—"*Jesuitical*" and "*casuistry*,"—have grown up from one of the chief orders of Catholicism and from one of its chief methods of reasoning. I have been struck with this: that, even from the best outside friends and admirers of Catho-

cism, it is almost impossible to obtain any clear answer when you ask them what they believe to be the truth about the charge that Catholicism teaches that faith need not be kept with heretics. As for history, Catholic history strikes the average mind about as railroad geography does. Every one knows how the railroad companies, in those neat little maps which illustrate their folders, represent their own lines by broad straight lines from end to end, while rival railways are either left out altogether or put in thin and devious lines, as if of no account. Yes, that makes very pretty maps; but it is not geography! It is about the same with Catholic history. Of course there have been real Catholic historians, who have written fairly even about such subjects as the Reformation; but, take the histories which are specially written and officially recommended for Catholic education, and the comparison of the railroad folder-map is none too strong. Everything is right. The line is perfectly straight. The trouble is it is a little too straight. You find Luther represented simply as an ambitious, turbulent, and vain hypocrite, whose protest against indulgences was due to his anger at their sale not being given to his own "Augustinian" order, but to the Dominicans; while Tetzel was a learned and excellent man, whose success in their sale was due "to the faith and devotion of the people," and whose masterly defence of them was burned at Wittemberg simply out of dislike of free speech. You find the enormities of the Inquisition explained away as the excesses of individual Catholics, but which the Church disowns. You find the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day explained away as a merely political uprising of loyal Frenchmen, with which religion had nothing to do; and the medal and Te Deum with which Pope Gregory XIII. had it celebrated at Rome were in thanksgiving not for the massacre, of which he was kept ignorant, but for the preservation of the French king from death and of the French nation from the horrors of a civil war. If any one would study in closer detail the minor untruthfulnesses of exaggeration and suppression with which Catholic school-books abound, he will find a curious collection of them in Edwin D. Mead's pamphlet on "The Roman Catholic Church and the Public Schools." Mr. Mead is well known as one of the fairest of American writers, and by no means sparing in his exposure of the meannesses and persecutions perpetrated by Protestantism; but, as he points out, there is no denial or suppression of these things in Protestant histories. They are recorded and deplored as the blots upon times when no church understood freedom or Christianity. But Catholicism cannot admit that it has had anything to mend or learn. Its misrepresentations in this direction are such as are entirely without parallel among other religious bodies, except to some extent among some of its Ritualist imitators. Nearly all the valuable inventions of the world are summed up as "due to Catholics." The Holy See has been "God's instrument in conferring upon Europe all the real good she enjoys." Much is said about the Salem witch trials, but nothing about the incomparably greater numbers put to death for witchcraft in Catholic countries; and, perhaps, the climax is in this choice summing up of the comparative history of Catholicism and Protestantism by Bishop Gilmour: "To make converts, Catholicity has ever appealed to reason; Protestantism, like Mohammedanism, to force and violence!" No wonder Mr. Mead

winds up his examination with the pregnant verdict: "This is not history."

[Dr. Herford then gave a number of illustrations derived from personal observation and Roman Catholic Records concerning the absence of truthfulness.]

THE INSTITUTION MORE THAN THE SOUL.

Perhaps it may seem hard measure to argue against an institution from such acts of individuals. There is no church but has among its clergy some less worthy than others; some, perhaps, against whom things as tricky or as unfeeling might be told. But these things I have quoted, out of my own personal knowledge, have been official acts; and I know too well from others, whose experience has been like my own, that they are no extreme exceptions. They are not illustrations of what unworthy men may do in the name of the claims of Rome, but of what those claims lead to even in average men, in lowering the standard of natural truth and right.

Indeed, I think it all comes back to this: that, in Catholicism, the institution, exaggerated by these tremendous claims, has come to be so much more than the soul or spirit of it. I think, indeed, that this is felt by many of its own adherents. Even those who are entirely loyal to it constantly excuse, as necessary for the Church, actions and requirements which in themselves they cannot defend. I am not the only Protestant who has had considerable money intrusted to him by poor Catholics. The first time, I wanted to decline such a trust. "Why don't you place it with your own priest?" He is a very good man, isn't he?" "Oh, yes," was the eager reply. "He is a very good man, but still I would rather you took care of it for me. You see, if anything happened to me while I am gone, I know you would give it to my people all right." "Well," I said, "wouldn't Father — do the same?" "Well, I don't know"; and, after a pause, "Maybe he'd be wanting it for the Church."

The same kind of feeling is constantly coming out with regard to the Public Schools. You seldom hear any of the Catholic parents speak against the parochial schools,—"*the Sisters' schools*," as they call them. When they speak of them at all, it is usually as institutions which, "of course, are quite right," "of course the Church ought to have them," and so forth; but, all the same, every one who has had much to do with the Catholic poor in American cities knows perfectly well that they greatly prefer to have their children go to the public schools. They do not want them brought up apart. Before all things, they want them to grow up American citizens. When a Catholic school is opened in a dense district, at first numbers of the Catholic children are withdrawn from the public school, and swept into the Sisters' school. But, after a while, you as constantly hear that many of the children are one by one, some on one excuse, some on another, finding their way back to the old institution,—the school of the people. Only by the strongest appeals through pulpit and confessional, and by threats of withholding the sacraments, are the specially Catholic schools kept up in any strength.

And so it is in many things. The institution overrides freedom, overrides the parent. At times it comes out with the most eloquent pleas for freedom; but they are always qualified by that claim of the Church to obedience in every matter which comes within the range of its authority,—a range of which itself is the sole judge. So it has at times put forward the most plain-

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* Gladstone on the "Vatican Decrees," p. 12.

† Any one desiring to refer to these matters more fully should consult the pamphlet by W. E. Gladstone, "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance."

spoken and unmistakable claims for parental rights in choosing the education of their children. "By the law of nature," says Cardinal Manning, "fathers and mothers have the guardianship of their own children"; and, again, "Parents have the right to control the education of their children." But, when this comes to be interpreted, it turns out to be simply a plea not for parents to obey their own judgment, but to obey their priests.

Thus, while there is so much that is beautiful and admirable in Catholicism,—in its venerable services, in its frequent heroism in dark ages, in the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which it wins from its votaries,—yet the whole free life of man is overweighted and dominated by the organization to an extent unknown in any other church in Christendom. This is the conviction not of the enemies of Catholicism, but even of those who are most friendly, and most desire to see the Catholic Church take its true place among the helpful institutions of the world. There have been few men more appreciative of all religious institutions, more fair and kindly in criticising them, than James Freeman Clarke; and this is his testimony: "All the evils of the Roman Catholic Church have come from this source [the organization of the Church being set above the religion of the Church]. It has made conformity to its ceremonies, submission to its authority, the essential thing. Hence its persecutions, its Inquisition, its resisting truth, its arrogant claims, its desire for wealth, its lust of power, its insatiate ambition." And Edward Everett Hale, writing to me of the Roman hierarchy, says: "They have never made the world believe that they regard truth first, second, and last. They have made the world believe that they regard the Church as first, second, and last."

Do I say all this in any spirit of hostility? Not for a moment. There is need, in this confused and doubting and struggling modern life, for all the forms and ways in which the great spirit of Christianity has embodied itself among men. If any one would see how great—to the simple student of history and of man—may seem the work that the Catholic Church has done, and might still do, let him read the essay of James Darmesteter, the Jew, on "The Religions of the Future," and the possible destiny of the Catholic Church, if this "admirable instrument of unity and propaganda," as he calls it, could rise to its true height. "If the Church misses its opportunity," he says, in closing, "if, in the name of an immutability which is simply a fiction of dogma, contradicted by its history from the very beginning, it opposes the summons of the future with a *non possumus*, the necessary work will be done otherwise and with greater difficulty."

It is in that spirit that the best modern Liberalism owns the possibilities of the Catholic Church as a venerable and marvellous human institution. But the same Liberalism just as earnestly and emphatically rejects its fatal claim of being the one only divine institution, the infallible representative of God. It is a claim which has all along been fatal to the highest spirit of truth, and the fancied authority of which has encouraged tyranny and spiritual oppression. Whether the needed reform is possible, who can tell? But, meanwhile, not its enemies, but its best well-wishers, are those who would try to clear it from such exceptional and tremendous claims, and to set it free, in wholesome human liberty and in frank and manly truth, to do its part in the further religious development of man.

SPONGE FARMS.

When the sponge fisheries of the Bahamas and the Florida coast showed signs of exhaustion, attempts were made to grow sponges. Sponge farming has proved a profitable industry, and hundreds of acres along the Gulf Coast of Florida are devoted to it. The site for a sponge farm usually chosen is a creek, into which the salt water flows freely. The process is very simple.

It is only to drop into the water stones and other substances for sponges to fasten themselves to, and then to dam up the lagoon so that the sponge seeds shall not be blown out to sea. The farm requires little attention when it is once started. The seeds were at first obtained from the fish commissioners, but lately they have come direct from the sponge fisheries. In the autumn the farmer buys a seed supply of sponges, taking care to get both the male and female cells. During winter the sponge seeds are usually kept in small enclosures, where they develop. The spores are liberated early in spring. They swim about, the eggs grow rapidly, and soon attach themselves to the rocks or coral under water. The sponges grow slowly, and are rarely pulled until the end of the third

year. And then only the largest are gathered, the smaller ones being left to produce new seeds and grow larger. Sponge farming has decided advantages over deep-sea sponge fishing. The danger and difficulty of the latter are eliminated. The sponges may be easily and regularly gathered in the smooth and shallow water of the farm, and under proper cultivation they are of better quality and command higher prices. Moreover, if no enemy or disease invades the farm, a large crop is assured every year.—*Selected.*

Literature.

"THE UNIVERSITY HYMN BOOK."*

It is a pleasure to hold so beautiful a specimen of the book-maker's art as the new "University Hymn Book," published by Harvard University for use at the daily prayers and the vesper and Sunday services in Appleton Chapel. A better example of handsome typography has never issued from the University Press. The music has evidently been printed from an entirely new font of type, the paper is heavy, the margins sumptuous, the binding a rich black leather, with gilt edges and lettering. There is but a single hymn on each page. Many hymns cover two pages, words and music being set opposite each other; and a few hymns extend over four or six pages. The pages are not numbered, the hymn number alone standing at the top. The indexes are ample; and the book is enriched by biographical indexes of authors and composers, compiled by Rev. Charles F. Russell, which are models of their kind, and which minutely trace the origins of every hymn and tune.

The work of editing this hymn-book has extended over eight years, and has been the volunteer service of many of the ablest of American preachers and musicians. In 1887 four of the preachers to the university for that year—Phillips Brooks, D.D., George A. Gordon, D.D., Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and Alexander McKenzie, D.D.—made a choice of the fifty hymns which each deemed indispensable to the proposed collection. In 1890 Lyman Abbott, D.D., and Brooke Herford, D.D., revised the list, and made additions. These lists were taken as the basis of selection, the final choice and arrangement being left with Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D. Within the last ten years many excellent hymn-books have been published. A wealth of material has been collected. Every language and literature has been ransacked. Every hidden song traced and brought to light. After all this labor, here are the two hundred odd hymns which these competent judges declare to be of permanent value, and upon which Harvard University places the seal of its approval. This is not a comprehensive, but a discriminating, collection. It is well known that only a small proportion of the hymns in the large collections are ever used. Yet, of well-known modern books, the "Hymns of the Church Universal" has 612 numbers, the "Plymouth Hymnal" has 638, the "Evangelical Hymnal" has 647, and the "Hymn and Tune Book of the American Unitarian Association" has 885. The "University Hymn Book" contains only 288 hymns. This is indeed the winnowed grain of the harvest of sacred song. It is interesting to note that of these 288 immortal hymns 77 are by American authors; and, though the fact is nowhere proclaimed and is probably unknown to the compilers, a careful search reveals that 92 of the hymns can claim a Unitarian origin. Whatever may be the errors and shortcomings of Unitarianism in the eyes of its neighbors, the importance of the Unitarian contribution to the poetry of religious feeling cannot be disregarded. A communion that can produce so many and such noble hymns must be pervaded by a genuine Christian piety.

The dominant note of this hymn-book—let us be thankful that the good name is not perverted into the modern Anglicanism, "hymnal"—is its Christian manliness. The prevailing spirit of the hymns is cheerful, sanguine, and confident, as befits a collection which is primarily adapted to the use of large congregations of young men. The hymns are rarely meditative. They are not metrical definitions of doctrine. They are not poems mainly useful for devotional

* THE UNIVERSITY HYMN BOOK. For Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. Published by the University.

reading. They are hymns to be sung. They are, for the most part, expressions of grateful praise, of invitation, of hope, or of resolution. At the same time the more tender and personal experiences of the Christian life are not left without a door of utterance.

The editors have scrupulously regarded the strict verbal accuracy of the hymns. The practice of altering hymns to suit the individual taste or theological prejudice of an editor has grown to alarming proportions. Scores of fine hymns have been so mangled in successive collections as to have become almost unrecognizable. The University has set its countenance against the perpetuation of these altered forms. Scholarship and integrity have alike prescribed that the authors' exact words must be used. Hymns have occasionally been abridged by the omission of irrelevant or infelicitous verses, but there is not a garbled hymn in the book. Theologically, the hymns express the religious feelings and desires that are common to all Christian sects. The orthodoxy or heterodoxy of a hymn has not been called in question. The only tests for admission have been intrinsic literary merit and power to express spiritual experience. Preachers of every denomination can find here dear and familiar hymns, but no local or transient dogmatism mars the pages.

The same high standards which dictated the choice of the hymns has prevailed in the selection of the tunes. This work has been done with rare skill and loving zeal by Mr. Warren A. Locke, choir-master of the University. With unflinching sense of fitness, the words have been set to the tunes which best express their meaning. Each tune has distinct character. There is in the book no "emptiness of fluent noise." With the possible exception of "Bethany" and "Coronation," there is no trivial music. Sometimes it has been found necessary to break the familiar associations of hymns and tunes; but, when this has been done, those who cherish the old associations must often confess that the new setting is the worthier. The same manly and invigorating spirit that breathes in the hymns is to be found in the tunes. Many of the finest of the old German chorals have been utilized, while the productions of the modern English school of Dykes, Barnby, Stainer, and Hopkins have been largely drawn upon. The American contribution is by no means so important as in the case of the hymns. We are still musically a dependent and provincial people. There are only eleven American tunes in the book;

and these do not, as a rule, compare well in musical richness and spiritual value with their neighbors. This is not in any sense a compromise book. Its musical standard is high, but experience is rapidly showing that it is as easy for a congregation to sing fine music as it is to sing trivial music. To secure good congregational singing, familiarity, not simplicity, is the important thing. This book is another sign of a true reformation of taste in the matter of church music.

The adoption of this book will greatly enrich the worship in American schools and colleges. By the omission of a few purely academic hymns, and the addition of hymns for baptism, communion, and other religious occasions not observed in the college chapel, its unequalled resources can be made available for ordinary congregations. Such an edition is in preparation for use in several well-known churches.

RHYMES OF OUR PLANET. By Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Carleton hit the popular fancy and touched the popular heart in a few of his early poems; and ever since he has been

"Dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Once in a great while he manages to write something that approximates to the quality of his original successes; but all that he has written deserving of popular favor could be compressed into a volume of the size of his latest one, which has just come to hand. There is one good thing about it,—that it is not so formidably big as the half-dozen volumes that have preceded it, and costs only half as much. Much of the work is very slovenly, the writer allowing himself lines which are defiant of all prosody. Moreover, having won his reputation as a master of realistic homeliness, he indulges in such evasions as "white pearls of toil" for big drops of sweat upon a farmer's forehead. "Farmer Stebbins at Football" is the most timely poem in the collection, and is in Mr. Carleton's most characteristic manner; but even here we have "zephyr breaths" and "angry waves of strife,"—phrases which are not precisely in the manner of rough farmer-folk.

ECHOES OF THE PLAY-HOUSE. By Edward Robbins, Jr. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The history of the drama which tries to record not its literary development, but its triumphs, as illustrated by actual performances, has a difficult task cut out; for no words can revive adequate impressions of the manner in which one star differs from another in glory. For instance, the reader accepts such a statement



The Girl and Her Church

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as that Peg Woffington was charming, but still he wonders uneasily about her "squeaky voice." The book does not claim to be a complete history, but is rather presented as "remembrances of some past glories of the English stage"; and Betterton, Bracegirdle, Oldfield, and the rest pass before us, gently remembered, as would have pleased them best. These chronicles of players who have played their parts and gone their ways are naturally diversified by many anecdotes, and have considerable interest even to the ordinary reader; while for him who is versed in matters histrionic it offers a convenient book of reference, including a record of the main happenings on the stage from the time when young men acted in petticoats up to that June night of 1776, when Garrick played King Lear for the last time.

COLLEGE GIRLS. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.—It is perhaps not unfair to compare this book with the recently published Harvard, Princeton, and Yale stories. One of this trio has not happened to come under our observation; but, considering the others, the most prejudiced reviewer could hardly help admitting the superiority of this, the latest, the most original, the freshest in manner, the most varied in subject-matter. There are fourteen stories in all, not by any means equally good, but all clever, and some deserving earnest words of commendation. As a rule, the more serious ones are the best. They not only strike a deep, true note, but they show good dramatic instinct, and indicate other and more ambitious work to come in the future. Still, the fun and sparkle of the lighter stories make them occasionally quite as good in their own way. The illustrations are by Charles Dana Gibson.

THE FORCES OF NATURE: A STUDY OF NATURAL PHENOMENA. By Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis. Columbus, Ohio: Harrop & Wallis.—In the space of a hundred and fifty pages the authors have endeavored to present a compendium of all the physical sciences. The book is, so to speak, a kind of charcoal sketch of the universe. The scientific specialist may find it superficial, but the general reader will find it interesting. If the book should persuade the reader that he knows all or a great deal about the universe, it would be unfortunate; but, if it suggest to him that there is a great deal more to know on every subject than is here indicated, it may be very useful. If not profound, it is certainly interesting.

Miscellaneous.

"The Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston," compiled by Herbert Small, with contributions by C. Howard Walker on "The Architecture of the Library," and by Lindsay Swift on "The Significance of the Library," is published by Curtis & Co., and will be sent postpaid for sixteen cents in stamps. It is an indispensable aid to the proper understanding of this beautiful building, its art, and the significance of its collections. The illustrations are numerous, and the book is especially valuable for sending to friends outside the city, who may be interested in this "the most important of all American libraries."

Literary Notes.

Anthony Hope's new romance, "Chronicles of Count Antonio," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., in a handsome volume, with a frontispiece by S. W. Van Schaick.

A number of quaint West African prototypes of the "Uncle Remus" stories, collected by the late Col. A. B. Ellis, are to appear in the November *Popular Science Monthly*, as illustrating "Evolution in Folk-lore."

Rudyard Kipling's new "Jungle Book," to be published by the Century Company, November 10, will contain a great number of ornamental cuts,—initials, emblematic head-bands, etc.,—made by Mr. Kipling's father. The advance sale of this book to the trade is very large.

Robert Grant's final paper in "The Art of Living" series, which appears in the November *Scribner's*, deals with "The Conduct of Life," and contains some scathing criticisms of certain aspects of spurious Americanism and very timely comments on the multi-millionaire society out of which has grown the "Four Hundred."

Macmillan & Co. will publish at once, in their "Ex-Libris Series," "Bookbindings, Old and New: Notes of a Book-lover," by Brander Matthews, which will contain much new matter relating to bookbinding of the past and the present. It will contain, also, a chapter on "The Grolier Club of New York." The book will be profusely illustrated with fine examples of ancient and modern bookbindings.

The November *Century* is to be an "Anniversary Number," celebrating the beginning of the twenty-sixth year, and inaugurating the use of a new font of type and new paper. It will contain first chapters of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, a discussion of "The Issues of 1896," by Theodore Roosevelt (Republican) and ex-Gov. Russell of Massachusetts (Democratic), contributions from Bret Harte, Howells, and others. The right to reproduce a number of Tissot's remarkable paintings illustrating the life of Christ has just been secured for the *Christmas Century*.

Books Received.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
A Victorian Anthology, 1837-95. Selections illustrating the Editor's Critical Review of British Poetry in the Reign of Victoria. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Price \$2.50.
Anna Poetae. From the Unpublished Note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Price \$2.50.
The Constitution of the United States at the End of the First Century. By George S. Boutwell. Price \$3.50.
Little Miss Phoebe Gay. By Helen Dawes Brown. Price \$1.00.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston.
In the Okefenokee. A Story of the War Time and the Great Georgia Swamp. By Louis Pendleton. Price \$1.25.
A Jolly Good Summer. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Price \$1.25.
My Honey. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Price \$1.00.
Through Forest and Plain. By Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle. Price \$1.50.
Frowzie, the Runaway. A Fable for Children. By Lily F. Wesselhoft. Price \$1.25.
Dorothy and Anton. A Sequel to "Dear Daughter Dorothy." By A. G. Plympton. Price \$1.00.
Joel: A Boy of Galilee. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Price \$1.50.
The Mushroom Cave. By Evelyn Raymond. Illustrations by Victor A. Seares. Price \$1.50.
Under the Stable Floor. A Christmas Story. By M. Carrie Hyde. Price 50 cents.
Yan and Noddie of Tappan Sea. By M. Carrie Hyde. Price 50 cents.
Goostle. By M. Carrie Hyde. Price 50 cents.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Uncle Remus. His Songs and his Sayings. By Joel Chandler Harris. New and Revised Edition with One Hundred and Twelve Illustrations. By A. B. Frost. Price 60 cents.

From the American Book Company, New York.
Contes et Legendes. Hième Partie. Par H. A. Guerber. Price 60 cents.
The Academic French Course in Accordance with the Latest Grammatical Rules adopted by the French Academy. By Antoine Muzzarelli. Price \$1.00.
Music Reader. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. 5 numbers.
The Music Primer. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. Price 30 cents.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
The Three Apprentices of Moon Street. From the French of Georges Montorgueil. Price \$1.50.
Famous Leaders among Women. By Sarah Knowles Bolton. Price \$1.50.

From Fowler, Wells & Co., New York.
How to study Strangers. By Temperance, Face, and Head. By Nelson Sizer. Paper covers. Price 70 cents.

From Macmillan & Co., New York.
Miscellaneous Studies. A Series of Essays. By Walter Pater. Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell. The Carved Lions. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. Price \$1.00.
The Crooked Stick; or, Pollie's Probation. By Rolf Boldrewood. Price \$1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
The Sketch Book. By Washington Irving. The Author's Revised Edition. Edited by William Lyon Phelps.
The Art of Living Long and Happily. By Henry Hardwicke.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. Price \$1.25.
Children's Stories in American Literature. By Henrietta Christian Wright. Price \$1.25.

From Laird & Lee, Chicago.
The Heart of a Boy. A Story by Edmondo de Amicis. From the 166th Italian Edition, by Prof. G. Mantellini.
From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.
Darwin, and after Darwin. By the late John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Price \$1.50.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.
Said the Wind One Day. Words by George Cooper. Music by Frances A. M. Bird.
Star Violets. Music by Frances A. M. Bird.
"Sleep, Baby, Sleep." Words from the German. Music by Frances A. M. Bird.
Forget-me-nots. Words by F. F. B. Music by Frances A. M. Bird.
Pussy Willow Polka. By Sara H. Reed.
If Summer Skies were always Blue. Words by Belle Willey Gue. Music by Fanny Snow Knowlton.
La Sultana Gavotte. Intermezzo. For the Pianoforte. By F. Boscovitz.
Mohican Waltzes. Composed by Richard Robitzek. For Pianoforte.
Four Ship-mates. Song. Arranged by Charles Page. Written by Fred Conran. Composed by Felix McGlenon.
Never Told. Song. Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Otto Cantor.
For Love of a Poor Young Man. Song. Words and music by Edgar Selden.
My Soul thirsteth. Sacred Song. Words by Samuel G. Young. Music by Sir Jules Benedict.
Souvenir d'Arditi. Waltzes. For Pianoforte. On Themes by Luigi Arditi. By Geo. Lowell Tracy.

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Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song,
Till in slowing time
Early sweetness grows completeness,
Floods its every rhyme.
Who together learn the music
Life and death unfold
Know that love is but beginning
Until love is old.

Play it slowly,—it is holy
As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music
Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
Rise and set like stars.

—W. C. Gannett.

AT A FRONTIER POST.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The isolated frontier post becomes the thriving town, cattle graze where the buffalo roamed. The ranchman gazes after the retreating forms of scout, trapper, and soldier. A few more years will doubtless find our little army concentrated near the large cities, and few "army girls" will look back upon such a summer as that which my sister and I passed at Fort Abraham Lincoln in 1876.

We were then little flaxen-haired girls, and my father's company of infantry formed part of the garrison of Fort Lincoln during the absence of the Seventh Cavalry on their summer campaign against the Sioux.

Old Fort Abraham Lincoln consisted of two forts. The infantry post, built for four companies, was perched on a bleak hillside. The cavalry post was spread out below on the Missouri River bottom. Neither fort had any regular defences: nothing but a single block-house, called "the tower." This commanded a wide view of the surrounding country, and was therefore occupied night and day by sentinels as a lookout station.

Back of the tower ran a deep ravine; and the low river bluffs were "criss-crossed" by "coulées," or dry gulches. Through these ravines and coulées Indians might easily creep within striking distance of the post. The helplessness of the garrison in case of surprise was so evident that an outpost, called "Camp Clark," was established on one of the surrounding hills, about two miles from the lower post.

What a glorious sight the Seventh Regiment of cavalry presented as it passed in review! The spirited war-horses, splendidly ridden by troopers in holiday garb, with arms glittering in the sun, marching to thrilling strains of music, roused us children, who had but recently come from a distant infantry post, to intense enthusiasm. We never doubted that those riders were enough to defeat all the Indians we had ever heard of.

Preparations for the campaign sped quickly to a close, till one morning the sun hid his face behind a veil of mist, as though refusing to look upon the warriors setting out, all unconscious of their doom. From our porch we could see manly forms, clad in army blue or in fringed buckskin, break away from the last embrace of wife or sister, and, waving a cheery good-by to friends, hurry away to join their troops.

Soon through the mist there began to sound strange cries. "Can any of the soldiers have been getting drunk by way of a final celebration?" was our first thought. No: as the sounds came nearer, we could discern the forty Ree scouts singing their war chant as they moved along. Next came the band of the Seventh on their white horses, playing "The Girl I left behind me," saddest of all airs to an army woman, in spite of its careless lilt. Even we, who had no dear ones in those gallant ranks, could not repress the tears.

Next the gray-haired Gen. Terry and his staff passed by; and not far behind we saw a slender form in buckskin, accompanied by a lady "passing fair,"—Gen. Custer and his wife, at the head of the Seventh Cavalry. It was a brave show, and our small hearts leaped and exulted. Were we not a soldier's daughters? But why were

we not a soldier's sons? We chafed at the fate which made us miserable girls, till the showy forms on horseback passed out of sight, and the close files of the infantry took their places. There was a steady quietness about the little column which showed that it was made for business, not for show.

Behind the infantry came the Gatlings; and, last of all the baggage-wagons wound their slow length along, closing up a procession about two miles in length.

When I recall those long-vanished days, I know that we children felt but slightly the importance of the expedition against the Sioux and the dangers it involved. We had heard many jests about the "scarceness" of the Sioux when their presence was really desired. We thought there might be fighting, but that the expedition would more probably have a holiday march. Of course there were anxious women in the garrison who cherished no such illusions, but I am trying to picture events as they appeared to a romantic child of ten years.

The three companies of infantry and the detachment of cavalry left to garrison the fort soon settled down into the usual routine of duty. The pickets occasionally desecrated parties of Indians, and the possibilities of a surprise were often discussed. We decided that the stone building of the post-trader would prove the best refuge for non-combatants in case of attack.

Still, we did not abide in continual fear, but rambled over the hills in search of wild flowers, though we were strictly forbidden to venture beyond Camp Clark. What we really dreaded was passing the kennel where Gen. Custer kept his hounds. How our legs used to quake when the hounds "gave tongue," as we went by their enclosure! There is one large, smooth rock on the hillside where I often sat for half an hour or more, trying to gather courage for a dash past the pack.

Indoors we said our lessons, read all the books we could lay hands on, and acted with profound seriousness dramas of our own composition. We issued, too, a weekly paper, toward which we stood in the triple relation of editors, publishers, and sole contributors.

Of Mrs. Custer we caught occasional glimpses when she came to call on our mother or when we received permission to go to see her. A sort of fairy lady she seemed to us children, deeply read in the "Arabian Nights." Indeed, would not "Coral Lips" or "Cluster of Pearls" have recognized a sister in this lady with dark hair and rosy cheeks, whose kind smile was ever ready, and who knew so well how to charm children with stories of rides, hunts, and masquerades?

The general's library, too, with its skins and trophies of the chase, formed a very satisfactory setting for the romances we were constantly weaving. How our fancies, which had always been cooped up in a set of "double quarters," revelled in the spaciousness of Headquarters House! To us it was a palace, and the beautiful young wife of the general was its princess.

A loyal subject I was to that princess, though my lady had done no more for me than lend me a book or two and greet me with a pleasant smile; while the only act of open homage I can remember having paid her was the presentation of some yucca blossoms. Girls of my age burn their incense in secret, and I cannot help feeling even now that the telling of my then unrevealed worship is an act of treachery to the child who bore my name.

So the summer wore away till one June morning, the 25th, we were awakened by the infantry alarm,—the "long roll" on the drum. Instantly the whole garrison was in motion. There was mounting in hot haste by the officer of the day, while the "dough boys" and the cavalry detachment took up the line of defence previously agreed upon in case of attack.

Soon the roar of cannon was heard: the "Parrott" was inquiring the intentions of a band of Indians whose appearance had caused the commotion.

Presently three from their number were seen making their way toward the post, where they exhibited papers testifying to the especial "goodness" of their hearts and kindness of their dispositions. Even if we suspected that these guileless souls might find the peace path ending in Sitting Bull's camp, what right had the military to interfere?

That morning, after the Indians had

dwindled to specks and disappeared, we raced gayly as ever over the hills, with two ladies of the Seventh Cavalry. And that morning three hundred men of the Seventh Cavalry, wearied by twenty-four hours in the saddle, charged three thousand Indians in the far-away valley of the Little Big Horn!

A few days more brought in the Fourth of July, the hundredth birthday of the nation. It was celebrated in the usual manner; and in the evening the enlisted men gave a ball, to which they invited the officers and ladies of the garrison, some of whom attended and danced till a late hour.

The night of the 5th of July was oppressively hot. Every breath seemed a burden, and the mosquitoes raged outside the bars. We lay courting the sleep which would hardly come, and waited for the dawn.

My next distinct recollection is of voices in the parlor, and the sound of my mother's sobs. After a while she stole back to the room where we children had lain, troubled by a vague dread of we knew not what. Then we listened with positive unbelief to the tidings which the steamer "Josephine" had just brought, together with the wounded and their escort from the Custer battlefield to the Lincoln hospital.

This tale of a steamer, with a ghastly freight of forty wounded men, seemed a fearful spectre which the morning sun must dispel. It could not be that those gallant horsemen whom we had seen ride away had lain dead, with white faces turned to the mocking blue sky, while we had been filling up the days with trivial joys and sorrows! Yet how old seemed our grief when, little by little, the truth forced itself upon our hearts!

The news had been brought to the infantry quarters; and the day was yet young when the infantry officers, their wives, and the medical staff, who had been holding a hurried consultation, decided that they might not grant to the ladies of the Seventh the poor boon of a few more hours of ignorance. The news might reach them through their kitchens.

Arrangements were therefore made to inform all the stricken women at the same time. Reveille was sounding when my mother rang the door-bell of the lady of the Seventh who lived nearest us. As she did so, a shriek arose from the bereaved women in the "laundress row," where the wives and children of the rank and file dwelt; and my mother knew how wise was the haste which seemed unkind. So the woful tidings spread to all. Then the tasks of the day resumed their tyranny, as they always must in spite of sorrow.

That night, the night of the 6th of July, it happened that my father was officer of the day,—executive officer of the garrison,—in virtue of his position, which was second in command. In that capacity he had reiterated the usual nightly commands to each sentinel. In case of alarm or other imminent danger, he was to discharge his gun as a signal.

About midnight a shot was heard from the direction of the tower. In a flash we had a vision of the deep ravine, overgrown with bushes, now, perhaps, the lurking-place of hostile Sioux. And the hospital was close by where the helpless wounded were lying!

But there was scant leisure for thought. The long roll of the infantry drums shook the air. Every man in the three scant companies fell into line. From the hill resounded the shrill notes of the bugle, with its fearful iteration of menace; and then came through the night the voice of the cannon on the hill. It seemed as if Death spoke in that solemn tone.

My father buckled on his sword to make, with his orderly, the tour of the sentries' posts,—a ride of three or four miles, since

the upper and lower posts and the outpost at Camp Clark must all be visited. Delaying but a moment to tell my mother what to do in case the enemy broke in over the defenders, he was gone.

We neither said much nor wept when left to ourselves; for "duty" is a word which silences a soldier's family. But Apprehension clutched so tight at our hearts that they almost ceased to beat in his iron grasp.

We had heard that day things fearful for children's ears,—stories of torture and mutilation. I tried to banish the fearful images from my mind, and to pray for my father's safety; but, though my whole being went out in supplication, words would not come.

"Wait till we hear the rifles: then we shall know that fighting has begun," I could hear my mother whisper. How our strained ears listened in sick dread for the sound of volley firing between the deep accents of the cannon, still fired at intervals from the hill! Throughout the suspense I tried to keep quite still, so that my anxious mother might not feel my terror deepening hers.

Thus we waited. The darkness weighed down upon and added to the burden of dumb agony against which we fought; though, like dreamers struggling with a nightmare, we seemed to have lost all power of speech or motion. But it is a physical impossibility for the mind to continue long in such a state of tension. As our ears caught no hostile war-cry nor ring of musketry, we gradually began to breathe more easily.

Then, by the early light of dawn, we saw the companies file quietly back to their stations; and even before my father returned we learned it had been a false alarm. A sentinel, stricken with epilepsy, had fallen at his post, and, in so doing, by accident or by design discharged his piece. The relief guard at the tower, believing him to have fallen by a hostile bullet, gave the alarm.

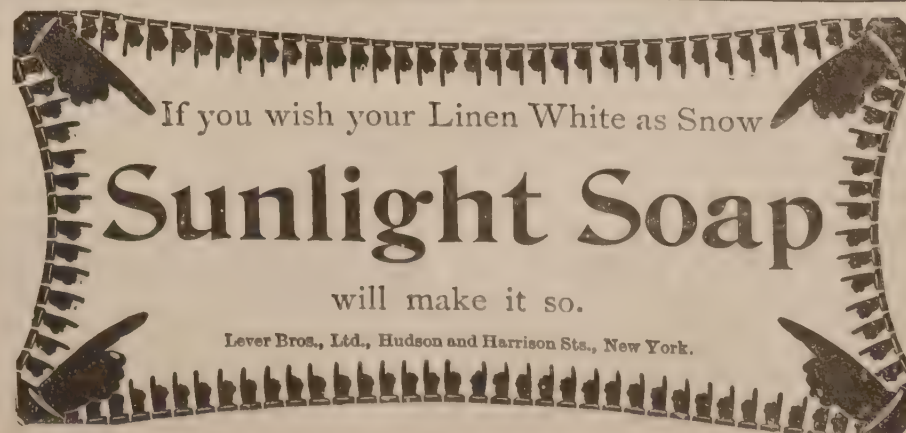
Many other memories of that summer crowd up before me as I write; but some seem too sacred for print, and some, perhaps, belong to history, with which I claim no right to meddle. I have but striven to reproduce a bit of that frontier army life which in a few years will have taken its place with the things which were, but are no more.

Who could have dreamed that I, who trembled at the very name of Sioux, should within ten years be teaching the children of those dreaded warriors to read and spell! *Edith Manley, in Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE BUSINESS WOMAN.

A poor family the Millairs were,—not of the wretchedly poor sort, actually suffering for want of food and clothing; but they often found it hard work to "make both ends meet," as the saying is.

They lived in a little house on the edge of a great common, where their one cow was pastured. All through the summer and autumn Antoinette and her two little brothers took turns in watching the cow, lest she should stray away so far that they might be unable to find her. Sometimes the children found it pleasant,—this being in the open air for hours, with little to do. If they could have been together, it would have been a happy play-spell for the three; but, while one watched the cow, the others were obliged to keep busy about something else, so that it was often very lonely for the watcher. During the pleasant summer weather it was not so bad, at least so far as Antoinette was concerned; for she found that she could read and watch at the same time, and spent many hours sitting under



the shade of a friendly old tree, glancing up from her book often enough to call back the cow when that animal was about to stray. But when the cooler weather came on, and the girl, wrapped up in a heavy blanket, found it too cold and damp to sit on the ground, and was compelled to keep moving about in order to drive off the chilliness, it was anything but pleasant. But one day, wandering about among the tangles of weeds, shivering now and then, Antoinette grew thoughtful. She began to wonder if this must go on, if she could never have a chance at school, if her little brothers must grow up without an education. "I could learn a great deal from books by myself," she said, thinking aloud, "if I only had money to buy the books; but father has all he can do to buy us all food and clothes. If only there was some way by which I could earn a little money!" Presently, as she moved about, the fringes of her blanket caught in the tiny hooks of a tall plant that grew in abundance upon the common. She turned to disentangle herself; and, just then her brother appeared, having been sent to take her place.

"What's the matter, Nette?"

"Nothing, only these troublesome weeds are always catching into things. I wonder what they are good for, anyway."

"Why, don't you know? They use them in cloth mills to rough up the cloth. Raising a nap, I believe they call it."

"How do you know?"

"When I went to the mill where Joe works, I saw them. They fasten the heads of these teasels into a round thing that turns very fast,—a revolving cylinder, they call it; and the cloth passes over rollers under this and is scratched by the little hooks. It was the queerest thing I ever saw, and about the cutest, too!"

"I should think," said Antoinette, thoughtfully, "that a machine with little hooks all over it would be better."

"That is just what I thought," returned Johnnie, "but a man there said they had tried one that somebody invented, but they threw it aside; and he said there had never been anything tried that worked as well as these teasels."

"Well, I must go home," said the girl; and she drew her blanket closer about her, and set off on her dreary walk across the common. That night she tossed restlessly upon her pillow; and for a day or two she went about very still, and with a look on her face that, had any one noticed it, would have told of a new idea slowly taking shape.

Joe, of whom Johnnie had spoken, was a cousin who worked in a factory a few miles distant. He was an orphan and Mrs. Millaird was accustomed to perform many little services for him. A day or two after the talk which I have recorded, the good woman said:—

"I wish I could send these socks to Joe. The weather is growing so cool he will need them."

"O mother, let me go, and take them!" exclaimed Antoinette.

"You, child! Why, what can you be thinking of?"

"Yes: let me go," persisted the girl. "I could get a ride part of the way. I have never seen the factories, and I am so tired of the old common!"

The mother was astonished, and would have refused outright; but something in the little pleading face restrained her. Then the father said:—

"Why not? The child can go as well as not. She is old enough to take care of herself for a day's pleasure. I can put her on Neighbor Dubois's market wagon, and she can come back with him at night."

So it was settled, and the next morning Antoinette set off. In due time she arrived at the factory, found her cousin, who was very glad of the stockings as well as of the dainties which his aunt sent in Antoinette's basket. He managed to show the little girl over the establishment, but was much surprised when she insisted upon seeing the superintendent of the mill.

"What can you want with him?" asked Joe. "Are you going to try for a place? Because if you are, I tell you it is no use. They won't take any hands as young as you are."

"It isn't that. But I must see him!" And so he took her to the office.

"Shall I come in with you?" he asked.

"No. I want to see him alone."

The timid, shrinking child stood before the man whom all the workmen feared, and told her simple story,—how the common was covered with those burrs which she had seen in one of the rooms, and she wanted to ask if he would buy them if she should gather and bring a quantity to the mill.

"Why would you do it?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Because I want to earn some money."

"What for?"

"I want some books, so that I can learn more and be able to teach my brothers. We are too poor to go to school, and I thought, if I had books, I could study by myself; and, seeing all those teasels, I thought maybe you would buy them."

"Who sent you?"

"Nobody. That is, nobody sent me about the teasels. Mother sent some things to my cousin, and I planned to ask you this myself. Nobody knew I thought of it."

The superintendent looked down into the beseeching eyes watching the expression of his face. To her it was an important matter; while to him, a man who wrote out his orders for materials by the ton or by the thousand, the few seeds which a child could gather on a village common were too insignificant to be noticed.

"So you want to earn some money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my child, gather all the teasels your common affords; and I will pay you a good price for them. And see here! Does anything else grow on your common?"

"Yes, sir. There's horseradish growing along by the ditches."

"Horseradish! Well, do you suppose those brothers of yours would gather and put up a few bottles at a fair price?"

"I think they would, sir; and, if they don't, I will."

"All right."

When she had gone, and the man turned to his books again, he said, half aloud:—

"What did I do that for? If anybody had told me half an hour ago that I would stoop to such small transactions, I should have laughed at him. But, someway, I couldn't help it!"

And this is how Antoinette became a business woman.—*The Pansy.*

INDIAN WALKERS.

All travellers in South America are impressed by the wonderful endurance of the Indian couriers of Peru and Bolivia. A Frenchman declares that they filled him with admiration. The manner in which they journey over the Cordilleras on foot he pronounces astonishing.

They climb and descend at the same pace. They speak rarely, scarcely ever complain, and never stop. If the traveller halts for moment to light a cigar, they are at once some hundreds of feet in advance.

The gait is slow, but without relaxation. That is what makes them such incomparable couriers.

Often, when a man has a journey of several days to make, he takes his wife along. She bears her baby upon her back, and the dog follows. The husband carries the provisions. And this is how they travel:—

The Indian chews coca and spins cotton. The wife sings to the baby, and spins also. They eat without halting, and make but the shortest stop to drink. Toward night, "to comfort themselves," they chew some "roasted beans." I was escorted by an Indian and his family who travelled after this fashion.—*Youth's Companion.*

HE GOT IT.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis train recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy, about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face, without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any sharpness, the mother chided her sharply.

Finally, the mother composed herself for

a nap; and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing in, and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand, and said coaxingly: "Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:—

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a"—

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp, and caught it.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat, and said confidently,—

"He's got it, ma'am!"—*Selected.*

A LITTLE HEROINE.

"Nannie, dear, I want you to hem those napkins this afternoon, without fail. Can I trust you to do it? I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother, dear, I will. You can trust me," said Nannie.

Now Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do; but she went at once to her work-basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard the sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped.

"No: I promised mother, and she trusted me," said Nannie to herself; and she sat down again and went to sewing. Soon the door burst open, and in rushed several little girls.

"Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here and a trained dog, and they're playing lovely tricks! Come on!"

"I can't. I promised mother, and she trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no purpose. So they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. "My little heroine!" she said, as she kissed Nannie.

"Why, mother, I didn't save anybody's life or do anything brave: I only kept my promise," answered Nannie, wonderingly.

"It is sometimes harder to keep a promise and do one's duty than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing; and I thank God for you, my dear!" said Mrs. Barton.—*Our Little Ones.*

A FLORIDA CRANE.

When I was a little girl, my home was in Florida; and one of my friends at school was Annie Hunter. Annie had a pet crane, which had been caught on a Florida prairie, where there are always flocks of them. His color was a light silvery blue. His body was about as large as that of a turkey-hen; and his legs and neck were so long that, when he stretched himself up, he was almost as tall as a man.

Annie called her crane Stuart. He was fond of her, would come when she called him, and, when he saw her coming from school, would meet her and walk by her side.

I longed to be friendly with him; but, when I walked softly up to him, he would raise his head and look at me, with his long bill so close to my face that I was afraid he would pick my eyes out.

He had a fancy for picking at bright buttons. He spent much time in the yard and garden, but would walk into the house like one of the family, and liked to come to the table to eat bread and potatoes.

Now, you will not think that such a pet could be of any use. But he was useful. He filled the place of a watch-dog. He slept on the back porch at night, and no

one dared to enter the yard without first calling some of the family.

No chickens were stolen from the yard. No stray dog came prowling around here. He was fierce and watchful, and fought with his large, strong wings. I am sure that he could have beaten down a large boy.

Anna R. Henderson, in the Presbyterian.

STORY OF A BELL.

A very pretty story is told of the way in which a church bell was paid for. The bell hangs in the church tower of the little town of Grosslasmtz in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, Oct. 15, 1729.

The bell was wanted in the village, because the one already there was so low of tone that it could not be heard at the end of the town. But the people were poor; and where was the money to come from? Every one offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough.

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of wheat, the seed of which must have been dropped by a passing bird. The idea struck him that perhaps this one stalk could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the wheat was ripe, and then plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced, and sowed it again and again till at last he had not enough room to do so longer. Then he divided the seed among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing it until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that, when it was put together and sold, they found that they had money enough to buy a beautiful bell.

And there it hangs, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and above the legend a cast of the wheat-stalk to which the bell owes its existence.—*Exchange.*

Impoverished

* Blood

whether due to the inheritance of some scrofulous disorder, or caused by a depleted condition of the system, is the cause of much agony. A terrible complexion, foul eruptions, and loathesome ulcers are but outward symptoms—the sufferer should remember that all of the great organs of the body are likewise diseased, and the day cannot be long distant when death must surely ensue.

Bovinine

when taken for this trouble, is a means of salvation. It creates new flesh tissue and pure red blood corpuscles, and by giving strength to the great vital centres of the body, it enables them to perform their functions naturally, and thus dispel the existing poisons by the natural channels. It is not a medicine, but a powerful food preparation and invigorant, and is endorsed by over 25,000 physicians.

A. P. BUSH, 149 Pearl St.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

GOOD WIFE! YOU NEED

SAPOLIO

A TOAD FOR A BAROMETER.

In a conservatory in Plainfield, N.J., is a wonderful curiosity in the form of a living barometer. This indicator of weather changes is a diminutive tree-toad, whose apartment is so arranged that the slightest change in the density of the air is foretold with wonderful accuracy. The toad was caught at Feltsville about a month ago, and Mrs. Lissignolo placed the little reptile in a large glass jar. Standing at an angle in the jar about two-thirds full of water is a small but perfectly formed ladder, and upon this the toad rests continually, never moving a muscle except when a change in the weather is to occur.

When the earth is dry and the skies clear, the toad squats contentedly upon the topmost rung of the ladder. Just as soon as a storm approaches, and many hours before it can be seen or felt in New Jersey, the tree-toad begins to descend the ladder step by step. The nearer the storm comes, the lower the toad goes, until at close approach of stormy weather it sits half submerged in the water. The little fellow has been christened "Mr. Dunn of Plainfield."

Last Sunday was beautifully bright and clear, both by day and when the moon arose in gorgeous display at night; but all day long Mr. Dunn persisted in submerging himself in the water, with only the tip of his nose showing above the surface. He could not be tempted to climb out and enjoy the beautiful day. Sunday night came the furious rain-storm that lasted several days. "Mr. Dunn of Plainfield" gave earlier notice of the storm than the head of the Dunns in New York.

The board bill of the Plainfield Dunn is inexpensive, inasmuch as he eats nothing apparently. He gets fresh water regularly and often, and obtains sustenance from that, just as a fish does. He refuses all offers of flies, bugs, and leaves.—*New York Tribune.*

Charities and Reforms.

THE NEW ENGLAND HOSPITAL.—The annual meeting of the New England Hospital for Women and Children will be held at Copley Hall, Tuesday, October 29, at 3.30 P.M., and promises to be a great success. Addresses will be given by Dean Hodges of Cambridge, Dr. Maurice H. Richardson of Boston, Dr. Emily Blackwell of New York, and Julia Ward Howe of Boston. It is hard to realize that this institution was the pioneer in the great movement for women physicians. The good work it has accomplished during the past thirty-three years is incalculable. In its early days of poverty and unpopularity, when it meant social ostracism to espouse openly the cause of women physicians, there were several noble women who gave, without stint and with no pecuniary compensation, of their time and strength to the building up of this hospital, thus giving an opportunity of study and practice to women who by qualification and taste were led to the study of the art of healing and surgery. Several of these women are living to-day, and reaping the fruits of their labors. We ask no better proof of the success of this institution than the list of speakers who are to testify to the good work it has accomplished and the following patronesses who will insure the success of this meeting: Mrs. Charles Fairchild, Mrs. Alfred Bowditch, Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Robert S. Peabody, Mrs. Samuel Cabot, Mrs. Henry S. Russell, Mrs. Moorfield Storey, Mrs. John Graham Brooks, Mrs. Henry Whitman, and Mrs. Augustus P. Loring. After the reports and addresses a tea will be served, giving an opportunity for social intercourse and congratulations. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the hospital to attend.

Temperance.

The Canadian Temperance League recently presented a gold medal to the pupil in the public schools of Toronto who passed the best examination in the study of temperance and physiology.

When any one wants to open a saloon in Mississippi, he must first get a majority of the voters of the place to sign his petition for license, and then he must publish the list in a local paper for three weeks.—*Ram's Horn.*

The cause of temperance in Europe has found great encouragement in the Anti-alcoholic Congress, which was held at Basle the latter part of August. There were about five hundred in attendance from different parts of Europe,—physicians, schol-

ars, churchmen, laborers, men of every class and condition in life. There were several reunions of "The Blue Cross," and twenty-five of the attendant physicians formed a total abstinence association.

A new organization, the "Loyal Cadets of Honor," has been formed in Boston, having for its object the promotion of love, purity, and abstinence, and embodying in its plan of work many of the successful features of the older organizations for the promotion of temperance and purity, and also some peculiar features of its own. It is specifically planned for the young people during the character-forming period of life; and active membership will commence at the age of twelve, and cease at twenty-one. In this an effort will be made to give a pleasant meeting-place for the young, free from the dangerous influences of the saloons and other places that furnish attractions for young people. The meetings are made interesting by having just enough and not too much training. The general plan is to have an earnest and impressive rendering of the society ritual, a few crisp, concise remarks from older helpers, and then a good time, varying in character on different evenings. The organization is warmly indorsed by Parker B. Field of the Barnard Memorial, R. Kidner of St. Andrew's Parish House, and others. Any one interested in this work or in the young is earnestly asked to correspond with either of the following members of the Propagating Committee: Allanson M. Phillips, State Regent, No. 31 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.; William J. Stanton, State Secretary, No. 43 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.; Emily H. Osborne, State Treasurer, No. 10 Melrose Street, Boston, Mass.

Here and There.

That a plant appreciated by the cultivator in one country is but a weed in another is exemplified by the sensitive plant. In our gardens few are more welcome. In India it is such a pest that it is regarded with as much disgust as the Canada thistle, horse nettle, or other notorious plants are by the American cultivator. It is considered one of the vilest weeds in India.

Europe's first automatic restaurant appears to be a success. At the Italian exhibition in Berlin this peculiar mechanical eating-house attracts large crowds. A number of nickel-in-the-slot machines are arranged in rows around the walls, and dispense sandwiches, wines, or liquors, and even a cup of hot coffee. It is not necessary to wait for the waiter to get a meal. Ten pfennigs put in the slot of the respective machine will not only secure the required article, but the machine will clean the plate, rinse the cup or glass, and wipe it dry before the customer's eyes.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The German botanist, Alfred Möller, though not a sluggard, has gone to the ant and considered her ways; and a writer in *Good Words* tells of the wisdom which accrued therefrom. He discovered that tropical ants never eat the pieces of leaves which they may sometimes be seen carrying. Instead, they knead them for a quarter of an hour, forming them into doughy little pellets. These form a vegetable soil over which a fungus grows, on the surface of which appear little knobs of mushrooms about the size of a pin-head. These mushrooms are the only food of the ants, who work hard at fetching and kneading leaves all their lives.

Perhaps the oddest pavement ever laid is one just completed at Chino, Cal. It is made mostly of molasses; and, if it proves all the success claimed for it, it may point a way for the sugar-planters of the South to profitably dispose of millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand. The molasses used is a refuse product, hitherto believed to be of no value. It is simply mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt, and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly, and becomes quite hard, and remains so. The peculiar point of it is that the sun only makes it drier and harder instead of softening it, as might be expected.

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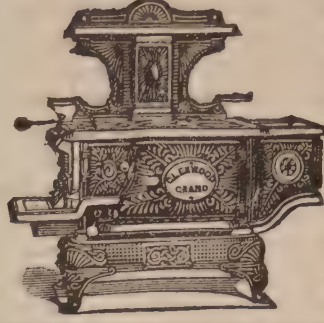
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BENJAMIN OUSHING, M.D.

Dr. Benjamin Cushing of Boston passed away at his home on Percival Avenue, Dorchester, on Wednesday last, at the age of seventy-three. Dr. Cushing was born in Hingham, Mass., in 1822, and was brought to Dorchester when two years old. He fitted for college at Derby Academy in Hingham, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1842. During his college course he made a trip to Cuba for the benefit of his health; and this disturbance of his course, though he kept up with his class, prevented him from taking the rank which naturally belonged to him. On leaving college, he made a voyage to Calcutta in a sailing-vessel, and was gone about a year, doubling the Cape of Good Hope twice, the sea voyage occupying some eight months of that time. He began his medical studies under the supervision of Dr. Winslow Lewis of Boston and his uncle, Robert Thaxter. He entered the Harvard Medical School, and received his M.D. in 1846. Immediately after he went to Paris for medical study, and remained a year, Dr. George A. Gay and the late Dr. Henry Williams of Boston being fellow-students. Together they witnessed the first application of ether in the hospitals of Paris; and Dr. Cushing contributed but recently an interesting article to the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, describing this event. In 1847 he began the practice of medicine in Dorchester, Mass., with his uncle, Dr. Robert Thaxter, whose daughter, Anna Quincy Thaxter, he married in 1848.

During the Civil War Dr. Cushing served a few months as a volunteer surgeon at Fortress Monroe. He took a high standing in his profession. He was on the Consulting Board of the Boston City Hospital, chairman of the Visiting Board of the Danvers Asylum for the Insane, and was an authority on alienism. He was interested in securing a State Dipsomaniac Hospital in Massachusetts, and gave much time and thought to the preliminary discussions which led to the establishment of the institution at Foxboro, which, he thought, ought to be conducted more as a hospital than as a penal institution. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and of the Dorchester Medical Club.

He visited Europe in 1866 and 1875. He was a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and had a deep interest in the local history of Dorchester. During his sickness for the last fifteen months he beguiled the hours by correspondence with Mr. Thomas Mowle, the curator of the museum in Dorchester, England, who warmly reciprocated his interest in that interesting old town. He served on the Dorchester school committee for some time, and was influential in introducing drawing in the schools. He was likewise much interested in the history and fortunes of the First Church, Dorchester, and was instrumental in introducing a paid choir. His love of music was one of his distinguishing features, and the last weeks of his sickness were made brighter by vocal and instrumental selections furnished by family and friends. He was a man of strong individuality, independent opinion, united with a rare modesty. This brief outline of his external career cannot do justice to that quiet, kindly, and humane service which he constantly rendered in the community where he was respected and loved.

Spiritual Life.

No soul is happy until it has learned that to be happy is not a necessity.—M. C. Klingelsmith.

It is not the people who are helping the world who are pessimistic over the condition of things: it is the idle on-lookers.—M. J. Savage.

The decoration and enlargement of the heart are the direct end of truth, and without this result knowledge is not power, but is treasure buried and forgotten—like the fabled gold of Capt. Kidd—by some unknown sea.—David Swing.

Out of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grew on the hard ground of unbroken self-content. There bloom in them sympathy and charity for other erring mortals and patience under suffering.—Sacred Heart Review.

Every thought we think, every word we speak, every action we perform, every opportunity of service neglected or improved, is a seed sown by us, the fruit of which shall multiply either untold miseries or myriad blessings.—William M. Taylor.

The great secret of all peace lies in the ascendancy of some strong love. Love—the admiring or reverent direction of the heart on some object—is the positive power of our life; and on its free action, on its due match against the problems it undertakes, depend the tranquillity and unity of existence.—James Martineau.

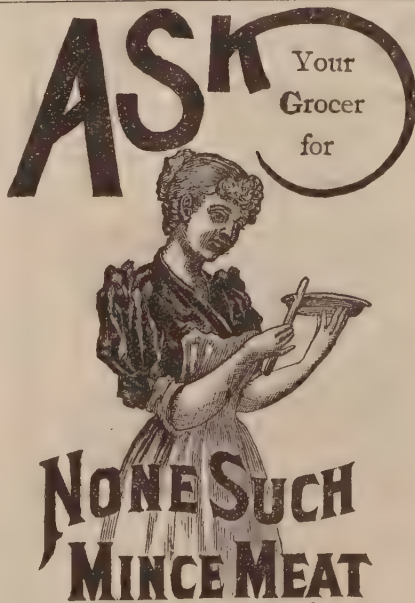
Education.

It used to be argued that there was no demand for courses of lectures in pedagogy in the universities of this country,—that there would be no students to take the courses, even though they were offered. Perhaps the best answer to this argument is the number of students pursuing such lines of instruction wherever offered. Out in California, at the Stanford University, Prof. Earl Barnes's three most important courses had the following number of students enrolled the opening week of this term: history of European education, 115; history of American education, 70; psychology of childhood, 103.—*General Education*.

Dr. C. A. Clinton of San Francisco Board of Education has made a special study of the effect of cigarette smoking among the public school children of that city, and expresses himself in the following unmistakable language: "A good deal has been said about the evils of cigarette-smoking, but one-half the truth has never been told. Cigarette-smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the system. It first stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and it sends them to the insane asylum. I am physician to several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten, it is caused by the cigarette habit. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces and straightforward, honest boys made into miserable cowards by cigarette smoking. I am speaking the truth, that every physician and nearly every teacher knows."—*Phrenological Journal*.

Science.

The remarkable discoveries of Dr. Garman of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy of Cambridge are thus described in the *Commonwealth*: "These queer fishes which Dr. Garman has studied belong to the genus *Anableps*, the haunts of which are in warm waters from South to Central America. There are several odd things about them. In the first place, they bring forth their young alive instead of depositing eggs in suitable places and leaving the rest of it to good fortune. In the second place, they have a very curious eye: it is the exact counterpart of the divided spectacle lens which is so commonly in use, one-half for far sight, and the other for reading. This is literally true: the eyeball of the fish is divided into two portions by a black curtain, so that there is an upper half-eye and a lower half-eye. The division begins very early in the development of the young fish, there being first a little encroachment of the black border into the eyeball, and, having entered it, finally stretches clear across horizontally. So the fish has two half-eyes in each socket. *Anableps* is a fish of rather large horizontal proportions; and, as he swims, his head lies partly out of the water, the water-line being, in fact, just at the division in his eye. The upper eye he uses for vision through the air, seeking for food in the vegetables floating on the surface. The lower half of his eye he uses for vision through the water, and thus gets timely warning of the approach of his enemies."



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Pleasantries.

A countryman gave an order at a book-store, and among other items called for "2 Sambux." He wanted two Psalm Books.

Little four-year-old Ray, being asked why he did not put his knife in his pocket, replied, "My pocket hasn't got any floor in it."—*Youth's Companion*.

When little Rupert saw a vender's horse whose ribs were plainly visible the other day, he said to his nurse: "O Ellen, just look at the horse with corduroy skin!"—*Harper's Round Table*.

"Well, we have a feminine attorney among us now," said one Pittsburg lawyer to another. "Yes," was the reply. "What relation is she to us, a sister-in-law?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Little Fred, visiting in the country, and seeing for the first time a pair of oxen attached to a cart, ran in to his mother, exclaiming: "O mamma, mamma! Come out and see this cow-buggy going by!"—*Selected*.

Dog Fancier: "Yes, madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular kind you wish?" Old lady (who reads the papers): "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Let me see an ocean greyhound."—*Standard*.

Hoax: "I was trying to think of a man's name to-day, and I couldn't. Then all of a sudden a shower came up." Joax: "Well, what had that to do with it?" Hoax: "Everything. His name was McIntosh."—*Erle Messenger*.

Doctor: "Well, my little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my blow-gun."—*The Standard*.

Roy's grandpa (to Frankie, aged five): "Frankie, Roy's grandpa was a little boy like you once." Frankie: "My grandpa wasn't never a little boy, I know. Coz I was to his house a great while ago, and he wasn't then!"—*The Standard*.

The vexed question of conjugal obedience was settled by Spurgeon in a characteristic way. In an address at the marriage of the daughter of a friend he spoke thus to the bride about her future lord: "Let him be the head, and do you be the neck, and turn him which way you please."—*Gleanings*.

An Afterthought.—He: "I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot." She (after a pause): "Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something: the anchor fell overboard awhile ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?"—*Truth*.

Here are some sample questions and answers from a certain New England school. Teacher (after a lesson in physiology on the names and structure of the teeth): "Now, John, name the teeth." John (hesitatingly): "The teeth—the teeth—are the cupids, the bicupids, and the morals." Teacher: "What is the opposite of 'orthodox'?" Boy: "'Paradox.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

Papa was speaking of Dr. Kane's remark in his book on arctic exploration to the effect that Esquimaux women have a habit, apropos to nothing in particular, of "bursting into a gentle gush of woe." There were some wonderings by several members of the family circle as to the reason of this, when Master Hall, eight years old, said, "Perhaps it's because they eat so much blubber!"—*The Presbyterian*.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch." "What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor. "Oh, when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says it's time to get up. And, when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says, 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.'"—*The American*.

An old Highland sergeant, in one of the Scottish regiments, was going his rounds one night to see that all the lights were out in the barrack-rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out, "Put oot that light there!" One of the men shouted back, "Man, it's the mune, sergeant." Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return: "I dinna care a tacket what it is! Put it oot!"—*Army and Navy Journal*.

A recently published book on railway systems contains this new version of the old story of an aged lady's first journey by rail. As the train was pitched down an embankment, and she crawled from beneath the wreckage, she asked a passenger, "Is this Stamford?" "No, madam," replied the man, who was pinned down by a piece of timber. "This is not Stamford: it's a catastrophe." "Oh!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here."

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Editorial.

IN the discussion of social problems at the National Conference at Washington Hon. Carroll D. Wright was called on for a word. Mr. Wright said that the strongest feature of the whole movement for reform to-day lies in the fact that there is no solution. It would be easy to misunderstand and pervert these words into the language of pessimism or despair; but such was not the tone in which they were uttered, nor was it their real significance. There is no solution, according to Col. Wright, because the question is of the everlasting struggle of mankind upward and onward. "And what is there to solve," he asks, "except to keep that struggle up?" He showed that the facts which may be gathered on these questions have no force until they are electrified by the spirit and movement of religion, and a religion which embraces the whole welfare of humanity. It is easy in these days to find patent solutions for the labor question and all other social difficulties. Some of these would lead us into worse difficulties than those they undertake to remedy. Col. Wright puts the whole thing on a larger and broader basis; that is to say, on the necessity of human development. For an improved society we must have an improved man. This is what Lavelaye meant when he said, "More light, more justice, more love."

ANOTHER thought of Col. Wright is that, as we advance in the study of these questions, we are getting deeper and deeper in the complications that come of a higher intelligence. The more we advance in the study of social problems, the more we find that the whole subject is reticulated with difficulties. It is a higher intelligence and a higher sense of justice which enable us to recognize these difficulties at all. Ignorance and short-sightedness would not perceive them. It is just as in the physical universe. The discovery of the telescope revealed thousands of worlds unseen before by the unaided eye; and the discovery of the microscope has disclosed still another realm of existence, and made the problems of sanitary and medical science to-day far more complex than they used to be. But, while this growth in intelligence and in ethical perceptions renders these problems of reform more difficult, it furnishes us with forces better equipped to grapple with them. It is something to know what are the real conditions with which we have to deal. Only then are we prepared to meet them. Thus, while more knowledge reveals more difficulty, more justice and more love and more intelligence help us to grapple with them.

WE have claimed that there is a good deal of liberty exercised by the Roman Catholic laity independent of its clergy. This ought to be a matter of gratitude, and probably is among progressive Catholics. Our Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, however, makes it a subject of complaint. It protests against what it calls the danger of compromise. "Look for instance," it says, "at the large number of Catholic students at Harvard, at Yale, at Brown University, and other Protestant institutions. They are counted by scores, while Catholic institutions are deprived of the benefit of their presence. Even the Protestant Chautauqua, we are told, has had to provide accommodations for the Catholics who go there." The *Review* thinks this indicates that Catholic parents "are sadly lacking in loyalty and devotion to their principles." But there is another view to take of it; and that is that many Catholics find that such institutions as those named are conducted in no sectarian spirit, that they can attend them without having their religion interfered with, and that they can study history and science with much more freedom than when under the bias of sectarian instruction, whether Protestant or Catholic.

WE have heretofore refrained from making any comment upon the public dispute carried on in the newspapers concerning the relation of Prof. Bemis to the University of Chicago. We have withheld an opinion because we do not wish to pass judgment on *ex parte* testimony. The case is now pretty well before the public, Prof. Bemis having made personal declarations which have been answered by statements of President Harper and by Profs. Small and Butler. We have also had the opportunity of an interview with one of the trustees who has been connected with the university from the beginning. Mr. Bemis has charged the university with being under the influence of capitalists who found his teaching offensive, and therefore secured his discharge. He has failed, however, to produce any evidence whatever that the university has been restricted in its freedom by the gifts it has received. Profs. Small and Butler both make a most emphatic and unreserved assertion that the freedom of teaching has never been involved in the case, which would have been precisely the same if the subjects taught had been Sanskrit, psychology, or mathematics. President Harper absolutely denies statements which have been put into his mouth. The issue raised he characterizes as an entirely false one, and based on charges without the shadow of a founda-

tion. This is one of those cases in which trial by newspaper is not easy, and the result is often to bring in a verdict before the case is fairly heard. To us it seems that the University of Chicago has treated Mr. Bemis with much consideration, and that its wholesome freedom of scholarship has not been successfully assailed.

AN association of men has been formed in Massachusetts to prevent the extension of suffrage to women. It has just issued a circular to show that women already possess under the law "certain privileges which are denied to men." Among the privileges enumerated are the exemption of women from the payment of a poll tax, from doing jury duty or military service. "Women selling liquors illegally, though on their own account, are not punishable therefor; but their husbands are held accountable. Women, though able through past accumulations or present earnings, are not obliged to support their husbands nor their children nor themselves, if their husbands are living." Not all of these privileges, however, are enjoyed exclusively by women. Male idiots and aliens are not obliged to pay a poll tax, to do jury duty or military duty. Non-citizenship and natural inferiority always secure certain exemptions, without regard to sex, so that the Man Suffrage Association is not correct in saying that all these privileges are denied to men. It probably meant to say "male voters." Even then, doctors and clergymen and men over forty-five have certain exemptions without losing the ballot. Does the Man Suffrage Association wish us to believe that, on the whole, the privileges women have without the ballot are greater than men have with it? Evidently, for it declares that, "with equality for suffrage, special privileges to women should cease," and it therefore, though it does not believe in women voting, somewhat inconsistently urges women to vote "No" at the State election on the suffrage question. If the Man Suffrage Association looks with covetous eyes on the special exemptions which disfranchised women enjoy, why not offer to change places with them? On the contrary, though male aliens are not liable to jury duty, to poll taxes, and to military service, we find them crowding the court-rooms in order to become naturalized, and give up these special privileges which they enjoy together with women. We doubt, therefore, if many women will be deceived by the gallantry of such logic.

WE suspect that the circular is similarly inaccurate when it says "that these privileges women desire to retain." Undoubtedly, some women do; but we very much doubt if the majority of women in Massachusetts demand the privilege of freedom from punishment for the illegal sale of liquors, or to be exempt from the privilege of supporting their own children when they are able to do so. On the contrary, we suspect that the women of Massachusetts would like to stop the illegal sale of liquor altogether, and that they would be in favor of punishing either men or women who did not support their children when they could. Such laws as these show the curious conception that men sometimes have of the nature of privilege, and what a botch they often make of it when they attempt to legislate for women. We assure the Man Suffrage Association that there are a large number of women who would not only be willing to pay their poll tax, but to do jury duty, and would be willing to be held personally responsible for the illegal sale of liquor to their husbands and brothers. In case of war, many of them would promptly go to the front with Clara Barton and Mary Livermore, and those who did not would render a service to the State at home quite equal to that rendered by their brothers in the field. We object to such discriminations in favor of women as those we have

mentioned. With the adoption of woman suffrage, they ought to disappear. Let us have equal rights and equal duties, but not unjust discrimination against either sex.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Unitarian National Conference, which was held in Washington last week, is the most representative of all Unitarian gatherings, not only geographically, but in every other way. It is an exposition of what Unitarianism is thinking, feeling, and doing to-day. To any one who wishes to know the attitude of modern Unitarianism in theology, social science, and religion, we should say read the full reports of the Conference.

The Conference has never struck a higher note nor sustained it better. It was sounded in the opening sermon on Monday night, and was held like a dominant organ point all through the week till the culmination in the platform meeting of Thursday night, when Mr. Savage, whose discourse had opened the Conference, spoke the closing word. The sermon sounded "Our Gospel," the last meeting presented "Our Outlook," and there was nothing between these two meetings that was not in some way gospel or outlook.

Great waves of discussion which had broken high in previous Conferences, arrayed Unitarians in opposing parties, and threatened collision and shipwreck of the barks manoeuvring for position, were wholly lacking at Washington. But there was no stagnation in the great calm which these storms of disputation had given place. It was the calm of spiritual unity, of a completed fellowship. It was the calm of the deep ocean, not of the way-side pool. And one could not help feeling the quieter tide of the spirit which rose to full height, and bore the whole Conference on its bosom. It was unalloyed pleasure to feel that no one was left out, and that brethren who had before come in under protest or had watched the Conference from the outside were standing and speaking on the same platform, urging the same cause, and advocating the same principles. These were some of the rich fruits of the last Conference, which, let us hope, will continue to bear fruit for years to come.

The organic spirit which has impelled Unitarianism with renewed energy and effectiveness in the last ten or fifteen years found new expression at the Conference. There was here not only an exhibition of spiritual motors, but plans for laying the wires to connect this energy with every department of our Church and associated work. Unitarianism is moving more and more toward unity of action as well as unity of sentiment. A new evidence of this is seen in the wise endeavor, unfolded and accepted at the Conference, to unite all the young people's societies in our churches into organic association.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that the denominational mechanism was uppermost at this gathering. It was, above all, an occasion for the development of that inspiration and motor power without which all organization becomes idle and rusty. In evidence of this, though it is difficult to transfer the personal force of the speakers to the printed page, we may refer to the earnest, living reports of our missionaries, and to the kindling sermon, essays, and addresses which will be found in this and the next number of the *Christian Register*.

The voice of the Conference strongly protested against the outrages upon Armenians under Turkish rule, and affirmed the responsibility of the treaty powers. There was an earnest declaration in favor of municipal reform, independent of party affiliation; a

broad resolution in regard to temperance; and a resolution setting forth the basis of the National Conference as the best basis for religious unity.

The Conference was largely attended, and we have not heard from a single delegate who did not pronounce the meeting in Washington a great success.

SERVING TABLES.

The early apostles were shrewd as well as good. They were wise enough to let others do a share of their work. When they were busy preaching, and there were outside matters to be attended to, they thought it entirely out of reason for them to "leave the word of God and serve tables." They said that men of wisdom and business experience must be chosen to do these other things, and the apostle must be left free to attend to the ministry of the word. So they chose Stephen and Philip and Prochorus and Nicanor and Timon and Parmenas and Nicolas as "seven men of honest report." Stephen, having apostolic zeal as well, suffered martyrdom for his devotion to his faith; and so his fame as well as his name have come down the ages. Philip, too, took to preaching, and is better known for baptizing the treasurer of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, than for serving tables. But probably Prochorus and the rest of them smoothed the way of the apostles, and saved their precious time for better work than these honest men could do.

It is the work that is done out of sight that is like the famous oiled feather for making things run smoothly. This applies in homes, in churches, in business, in conventions,—in fact, in all places where human beings of varying ability and grace meet together.

The winter gives occasion for many times of meetings of conventions, conferences, Sunday-school unions, and similar gatherings. If for each there should be chosen not only those who arrange the spiritual and intellectual fare, but what might be called the housewife's duties, the looking after the details of the comfort and convenience of those who are to dispense the spiritual blessings, an era of reform would there find its inauguration. It is an old, old trouble, this neglect of minor things on large occasions. Way back in the time of the Exodus Moses had to give directions to "bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it: to bring in the candlestick and light the lamps thereof," which, being interpreted, means a good, large table for the presiding officer, with a gavel that can make itself heard above the uproar of voices, a good drop light, well shaded from the eyes of both congregation and speaker, a pitcher of water, and a goblet. Flowers are not explicitly mentioned, but they might well come under the "things that are to be set in order upon it." A vase of flowers, not too large, is restful to the eyes as well as pleasant to look upon.

Ezekiel gives minute directions about tables also, several to be on each side arranged according to a given order. One might think this was an arrangement for reporters, so often forgotten even where meetings are to be reported. But the context shows that they were not for the slaughter of good papers into poor abstracts, but for the killing of animals. It was Daniel who had the really bad reporter in mind when he says, "They shall speak lies at one table; but it shall not prosper." But he did not prophesy correctly as to the papers themselves when he adds, "The end shall be at the time appointed." That rarely occurs at any public meeting.

There is yet another table that should not be forgotten in this service for the public good. That is a table supplied with pen, ink, papers, and envelopes, just as the housekeeper sets forth her guest-room for the convenience of guests. In the old days when envelopes were so costly that frugal people always turned those which they received wrong side out, and used them over again, this might have seemed rank extravagance; but it is a trifle in itself, and a thing of great magnitude in its convenience. But that lack is likewise one of long standing. Even Zacharias, in the temple, had to "ask for a writing table" before he could write a note about the naming of his baby,

and from his time to this there has been more or less trouble in temples and halls to find a chance to write a necessary letter.

These are such trifles in themselves that it seems as though any well-appointed place for public gatherings would have them, but long experience shows that they must be looked after. The man who has to turn his back to an audience to catch the light on his paper, or who has to read with a kerosene lamp flaring in his face at the imminent risk of knocking it off from the little top-knot of a reading-desk, or, almost worse, one who has to stumble through his paper without sufficient light either before or behind, will welcome the observance of Levitical instructions as to candlesticks and candles translated into gas or electricity.

THE ART OF SKIPPING.

One result obtainable by the constant and systematic use of books is the power to wrest the secret of their value out of much which is accessory and comparatively unimportant to the mind experienced in similar lines of thought. There are many books which must be read leisurely and gratefully for pure enjoyment's sake, or for their power of inspiration; but there are many others that contain, compressed in a few pages, sometimes even in a single sentence, the heart of gold, to which all the rest is introduction or corollary. It is quite possible for some people, too, to read sentences as others read words, following the thought with no painful attention to detail. Anybody who is not just learning to spell can catch the meaning of a long word quite as quickly as a short one. The significance of the word "incomprehensibility," for instance, is imprinted on the mind as readily as a word of four letters, and in the same way a sentence may flash its meaning to the brain with little more delay than does a single word.

A man who can see at a glance whether or not a book has an especial word for him has an immense advantage over one who must read laboriously and conscientiously, fearing to miss the message he is seeking or the argument which the writer has worked out and carefully elaborated. We have known men whose instinct in this respect seemed infallible, to whom the important passage seemed to be a very magnet, drawing the hand to open at the right page, the eye to fall on the right paragraph with no preliminaries of search. This intuition of selection seems marvellous indeed to one who does not possess it; and yet it is not uncommon, and its practical value has been often tested.

It would be a good thing were such faculty of selection more fully developed in other lines also. The art of skipping is no mean accomplishment in this busy world, where there are only seven days in the week and where the common assertion that there are twenty-four hours in a day is continually disproved by actual experience. Many people are trying to do one thing so exclusively as to miss all sense of proportionate values. They seem trying to spell out every word and read every line in the great book of life, and so take things forever in detail, beginning at the paragraph first opened to them. Each trifle absorbs their attention and assumes magnified importance, but they never discover the relation of these trifles to the great world around them nor the significance of experiences not their own. They occupy themselves forever with the little things, never combining their words into sentences that follow the line of some universal thought. The words are necessary, the single sentences are also necessary; but, if we study them only for their own sake, disregarding the great purpose running through them all and binding them coherently together, life is over before we have grasped the idea of what it is all about.

Most of us have to learn the judicious art of skipping by stern experience, and then practise it vigorously. We face the fact that many opportunities must go unheeded, many good books must be left unread. There are many interesting people we have no time to know as we would like, many philanthropic claims asserting themselves which we cannot answer. The conscientious worker who has never learned to say "No," the woman who has acquired the lecture habit, and goes to clubs that other peo-

ple may do her intellectual work for her; the busy man who lengthens his day at both ends, that he may add a few thousands to his increasing bank account,—all need to study the art of skipping, the secret of taking the important things, and serenely letting the rest go.

To separate wisely the unimportant affairs of life from those that are permanently valuable, this is indeed the art of living, the art which we spend our lives trying to master. Our years are a succession of opportunities offered and choices made. It is worse than useless to murmur because we cannot grasp all the gifts the gods provide, and turn them all to our individual use. If we choose wisely, they grow in value; but the worst of mistakes is that of wasting life in the vain endeavor to grasp all its good, and thus failing to hold even the blessings most rightfully our own.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A few weeks ago Mr. George W. Stone, the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, received the following letter from Rev. F. Hayward, pastor of the Unitarian church at Marlboro, Mass. :—

My dear Sir,—A parishioner of mine, Mr. S. H. Howe, heard you speak last winter at a meeting of the Unitarian Club, and has since followed you in the words you have printed in the *Christian Register* with great interest and approval. Feeling that such faith and earnestness merit recognition, he desires to respond with the enclosed check for \$100, which he would like to have you use as seems best to you for the cause you have at heart.

The gift was prompted by a recent reading of the *Register*, and of Mr. Horton's admirable paper, *Every Other Sunday*, and the feeling that it would be an excellent thing to circulate these publications more widely among those who do not or cannot now take them. It is, however, his preference that you should be left unlimited in the application of the money, even if you should think best to add it to the general fund of the American Unitarian Association.

With cordial greetings and good wishes,
Heartily yours,
EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

We call attention, not only to the gift, but to the spirit in which it was given,—that of a business man's generous appreciation of the work of the Association and its treasurer, his conception of the importance of our periodical literature, but his wise desire to have his gift applied where it would really be most needed.

EX-GOVERNOR AMES.

Ex-Gov. Oliver Ames, who passed away at his home at North Easton, Mass., last week, was born Feb. 4, 1831, in North Easton, his parents being Oakes and Eveline Ames. He received his early education in the public schools of his native town and in academies at North Attleboro, Leicester, and Easton. He then entered the shovel-works of his father, where he served an apprenticeship of five years, mastering the business in its most minute mechanical details. He then took a special course at Brown University, and at the age of twenty-two returned to the shovel-works. In 1863 he was admitted a member of the firm of Oliver Ames & Sons, and for several years personally superintended the mechanical business of the immense establishment. At his father's death, in 1873, the numerous financial trusts held by him devolved upon the son; and he became directly concerned in a fiduciary capacity with various corporations, banks, and institutions with which his father held monetary relations. Mr. Ames was elected to the State senate in 1880 and 1881. He was four times elected lieutenant governor, and three times governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Ames was a Unitarian in religion. His chief characteristics were a genial, cordial disposition, freedom from hatreds or enmities, a quick, ready sympathy, a most democratic feeling and entire absence of aristocratic sympathies, a wonderful approachableness and affability, warm and ardent domestic affections. He was ready to meet all persons on equal terms. He had great financial and executive ability, marked by entire honesty and probity. He was perfectly pure in his social relations, absolutely temperate and interested in helping temperance work. His frankness was so utterly uncalculating as sometimes to become a fault, and exposed him to criticism,

that he might have escaped otherwise. He showed a fine taste for music, painting, architecture.

Conference Notes.

The address of the Council was comprehensive and business-like.

The *Register* this week is large and weighty, but not heavy.

Mr. Savage's words were the Alpha and the Omega of the Conference.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer showed not only the strength of our Congregational polity, but some weaknesses of our application of it which Unitarians may well ponder.

Rev. John Cuckson presented a lofty ideal of the function of worship in a Christian church, and his address met with warm response from many hearers.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was absent from the Conference, but not absent from its sympathy and love, as the warm resolutions sent to him in his bereavement and anxiety show.

A noble list of distinguished names was on the roll of the Washington church, as may be seen from the address of welcome by Hon. Carroll D. Wright. The historic bell ought to have been tolled for the Wednesday afternoon meeting.

Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., received a warm greeting. It was pleasant to see again his genial face among the hosts of the Conference, yet not quite natural to see him on a furlough from the English Unitarian army instead of being one of the active officers of the American. He brought a greeting from Old England, and gave a welcome address on "The Outlook of Unitarianism in Great Britain."

Metzerott Hall, where the Washington Conference was held, seats fifteen hundred people. An intelligent janitor who was present when Mr. Savage preached there on Monday night was overheard to say the next morning: "I went up in the top box, and took a look at the people. There never was such an audience in the place before. Every seat was taken, and all the standing places were full. It was a perfect sea of fades, and intelligence shone out of every one of 'em."

One of the most impressive scenes of the Conference was that of the Wednesday morning devotional meeting, when Rev. Dr. Furness made the address. To see this grand old apostle, ninety-three years of age, sitting on the platform surrounded by leaders younger in years, but not younger in spirit, and to hear his deep, rich voice through the hall, speaking on his beloved theme, and at last to receive his impressive benediction, was worth going to the Conference for.

That not every one who can keep a hotel is a commercial truism, and not every one can personally conduct with success a large party of travellers. Messrs. Nason & Durbin, who conducted a goodly host of visitors to the National Conference, must therefore be much gratified at the testimony they received from a large proportion of their travellers, complimenting them upon the way in which they had made and handled arrangements for the trip to Washington. Such a spontaneous and genuine expression of satisfaction is not the least pleasant part of a successful business venture.

At the last moment a hasty placard was prepared announcing the opening sermon of the Conference. This was confided to the man-of-all-work, who attached it to the placard board ordinarily used, without tearing off the previous announcement, which chanced to be a foot or two longer than the modest Unitarian sign. Passers-by were therefore informed that Rev. M. J. Savage would preach on

"OUR GOSPEL,"

WITH THE AID OF
LUDICROUS COLORED CARTOONS."

Thursday evening, before the meeting was called to order, an envelope was passed to Mr. Batchelor from the audience, addressed to Mr. Morehouse. Mr. Batchelor explained that, at the close of the missionary meeting in the morning, he found two ladies waiting for Mr. Morehouse to write the address of the Association, in order that a check might be drawn. The envelope contained a check from one of them for \$5,000, made out to the American

Unitarian Association. On asking permission to announce the gift, which was made without conditions, it was replied that the announcement might be made, but that the lady, who was present, did not wish her name to be mentioned. Her previous generosity, however, has made her name familiar to all lovers of our cause.

We do not share Mr. Hosmer's objection to the church with the big "C." It is not nearly so bad to our thought as the word "denominational" with a big "D"; and it is not necessarily any more exclusive. To Congregationalists, whether Baptists, orthodox, or Unitarians, it is simply a collective noun, meaning an association of orthodox, Baptist, or Unitarian churches, as distinct from clubs, guilds, or organizations of a secular character. There is no other collective noun, whether we use the word "body," "denomination," or "fellowship," which is any freer from objection. We see no reason why Unitarian churchmen should surrender that word to Episcopacy or Roman Catholicism. On the contrary, we would spell the words "Unitarian Church" in capital letters.

Unitarian National Conference.

The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches held its sixteenth regular meeting at Washington, D.C., October 21-24. We present this week the opening sermon, the official reports, some of the essays, and a full record of business. Other essays and addresses will be published next week.

OUR GOSPEL.

SERMON BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 TIM. i. 11.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."—LUKE ii. 10.

A certain section of the Christian Church has for a long period of years assumed to itself the name "evangelical,"—"the bearer of good tidings." These churches have claimed to be in some special sense the keepers of the good news of God. They have their "gospel" services, they publish "gospel hymns," they hold "gospel" meetings of every kind.

Another section has tacitly admitted, or has at least allowed the impression to go abroad, that it is not evangelical, that it does not represent and proclaim to the people the good news of God, that it has only the philosophy and the wisdom of men.

Yet these churches that claim to be, in some peculiar sense, the bringers of the good news of God, do not now place and have not been accustomed to place that which was the peculiar first great message of Jesus in the forefront of their proclamation: "The kingdom of God is at hand," "The kingdom of God is among you." They have placed this kingdom in the next world, where Jesus did not place it. They have built around it a wall which Jesus did not build, and they have set at its gates keepers whom Jesus did not appoint. They have given them passwords, shibboleths, terms of admission of which Jesus has never spoken. For there is only one place in all the gospel story where Jesus, of set purpose, deliberately declares who it is that shall enter into and become partakers of the divine kingdom, when he formally separates between the sheep and the goats, when he assigns to the right hand those who are to inherit the kingdom of the Father. And it is most noteworthy that not a single one of these conditions to which I have alluded does he anywhere speak of. He says nothing about the necessity of accepting a certain scheme of belief. It was not a question as to whether they held certain opinions about God or about himself or about the origin and nature of man. The one only condition which he there establishes,—and we would suppose that he would have felt it incumbent upon himself to set forth the true conditions there, if anywhere,—the one only condition to which he refers is the simple one of character and of human service.

I do not propose to-night to antagonize the beliefs of others any more than is absolutely necessary. I would that I might avoid one single reference which could in any way be construed into antagonism. I

shall speak as briefly as may be, by way of definition, for the sake of clearness, and that we may realize our position, and understand the glorious gospel of the blessed God that is committed to our care. For it seems to me that we have so long been accustomed to think of ourselves as critics, as seekers after truth, rather than those that possess it, as only trying to find our way, those who are on the road and should lead the way, that we do not half understand how magnificent is the message which is committed to our keeping, and for the deliverance of which to the modern world we ought to hold ourselves responsible.

I shall, then, discuss for a little a few of the great essentials of the creeds, as they have been held in the Christian churches of the past. My purpose will not be to discuss whether they are true or false, and I wish you to bear that point in mind. That is too large a theme to enter upon in a popular discourse like this. I propose to ask, rather, whether these great beliefs, as they have been held and are held and proclaimed to-day by the so-called evangelical churches, even if true, are entitled to the name of "gospel,"—"good news"; whether the claim is valid that these old churches do peculiarly represent the gospel of Jesus, or whether it is to us, perhaps unknowing, that has been committed this precious charge.

Let me pause long enough for one preliminary word. If there are any here to-night who sincerely and devoutly cling still to the old faith, I beg they will give me credit for the same sincerity which I freely concede to them; and I beg that they will not think I am animated by any spirit of denominational discourtesy, but that I simply seek with all my soul, as I trust do they, to find, to stand for, and proclaim the truth of God.

Let us, then, note, first, the old doctrine of revelation. It is conceded on all hands, I suppose, if God exist, and if he loves his children, that he would not leave us without sufficient light and guidance to enable us to find the pathway in which he would have us tread. We might, then, naturally expect a revelation to be given to his children at some time and in some form. What is the claim in regard to this revelation as set forth in the old creed? I will try briefly to declare it.

During a period of four thousand years, according to the traditional estimate, God, by means of angelic messengers, through prophets, through inspired writers, delivered portions of his truth to a little people inhabiting a country about as large as the State of Massachusetts. The rest of the world was left to wander and stumble in darkness, finding its way as it might, according to the utterly inadequate light of natural reason, this natural reason perverted so that it had no power to discern the truth of God. At the end of this four thousand years a wider, newer revelation is given. Christianity becomes the dominant power of the so-called civilized world. Yet, after Christianity has been in existence for nearly two thousand years, this revelation is made known to hardly more than one-third of the inhabitants of the earth. The rest still wander and stumble in darkness. Then this revelation has been couched in such terms and delivered in such a way that thousands and thousands of the best scholars and the noblest men of the modern world do not see their way to accepting it as a divine revelation. Beginning in barbarism, with barbaric conceptions of God and men, the Bible rises as civilization rises, ever growing up toward a fairer and a nobler ideal. So these critics, to whom I have referred, are compelled to feel that the revelation bears everywhere the marks of human origin, human limitations and defects.

Then we must remember that, according to the revelation that has been made to the modern world, the human race was in existence at least a hundred thousand—probably two hundred thousand—years before the dream of Adam or of Eden ever entered the human mind. Here, then, are all these countless prehistoric millions on millions of men and women who never had even one single ray of divine revelation vouchsafed to them. I submit to you, men and women accustomed to think and to feel and to aspire, that, if this be true, it is not good news. It cannot, in any proper use of human language, be proclaimed as a gospel. It is not what we should expect to be the method of the loving and impartial Father

who cares equally for all his children. The popular doctrine, then, as to revelation is not good news. Even if true, it is not entitled to be called a gospel.

Let us turn now to consider the character of God as set forth in the old creeds. I can only touch upon this briefly.

God, we are told, is infinite, a Being of all power, all wisdom, and all love; and yet this Being, who is all power and able to save all men, has vouchsafed his light and the message of his salvation to only the smallest part of his creatures. We are told that he is good; and yet for thousands of years he has been proclaimed as the embodiment of the principle that "might makes right." Paul, for example, says: "Who art thou that repliest against God? Has not the potter power over his clay to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor?" Yes, we freely concede that the potter has power over his clay, because it is clay, and because it cannot possibly concern the clay whether it be made into one kind of vessel or another. But, if the vessels could feel, if they were capable of infinite pain, would the potter then have power over this clay to do with it merely as he pleased? Can we accept, then, this conception of God as a Being of infinite love, one who does what he will with his creatures, choosing one here and another there to be saved as monuments of his infinite mercy, and passing by the great majority of mankind in all ages, leaving them to suffer eternal pain as monuments of his so-called justice and his wrath? We submit that the infinite God, who has created the universe and all the creatures that live and breathe, is under a responsibility at least equal to his power,—a responsibility to his own character of justice and of love. And we submit that even Infinite Power has no right to do that which is wrong.

If God, then, be the one who has been pictured in the creeds, who makes human souls for happiness or torture merely as it pleases him, then we are compelled to say that, measured by any human standard of right or wrong, he is not Infinite Goodness, though he may be Infinite Power.

You remember that dreary, terrible poem of Tennyson's called "Despair," in which he refers to this conception of God:—

"I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?

Infinite Cruelty, rather, that made everlasting hell,—

Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with his own!

Better our dead, brute mother, who never has heard us groan!"

This is the way the tender-hearted, magnificent poet expresses his indignation against that conception of an Infinite Power who rules the world according to his own whim and caprice. Read the poem for its terrible indictment of the old-time creed.

If there be this kind of God in the universe, we will bow our heads perforce, because we must; but we will not stultify our own sense of that which is tender and human and true and loving by calling him good. And, if I believed that there were such a God, I would not bend in worship at the foot of his throne. I would rather stand erect and bear the lightning of his wrath. If there be such a God, the proclamation of that fact certainly is not good news. It would be the saddest news that was ever brought to this poor, sin-stricken, discouraged, troubled, yet so far hopeful world.

Let me turn and consider the doctrine of man as held by the old creeds,—man created perfect six thousand years ago, so perfect that old Dr. South, in the time of Charles II., declared Socrates and Plato to be only broken remnants of an Adam. Yet at the first temptation he fell. This might not be so strange or so contradictory of the grace of God; but this first man was so constituted that in him all the unborn millions of the world fell, too. When children come into the world, in their helplessness and sweet infancy, they are under the anger of the Infinite One. They are born in such a way that they have no power to discern the right or to choose it when discerned. They must wait helpless until moved upon by the Infinite Pity, if so be that the Infinite Pity is for them. And so these countless millions of men, drifting, floating upon the tide of being, are hurried by the relentless years until they plunge moment by moment over the Niagara of Death, into the seething waters of torment below.

When I was a boy and attended the monthly missionary concerts, I used to be told—and that was the great motive for doing all that we could for missions—that the heathen by the thousand every moment, at every tick of the clock, were being plunged over into the abyss of everlasting woe. Is this the kind of humanity which the loving, wise Father has created? If so, we will accept it. We will bend our heads to the inevitable fact; but we will not contradict truth and goodness by proclaiming this message as a gospel of good news to the world. It is most assuredly not glad tidings of great joy to be proclaimed to all people.

Next we will consider the doctrine of the incarnation as bearing on this condition of things. I shall not deal with the subject of the character of Jesus so much as with the dogma of the incarnation as a part of the scheme of salvation, and note the logical outcome of it. For four thousand years God was presumably doing all that he could to save mankind. He sent prophets, angels, messengers: he inspired men to write and record his will. And, as the result, at the end of four thousand years there was one small people a part of whom were trying to be obedient. But the majority, even of them, were still astray concerning the truth of God and their relations to him. They were obdurate, stiff-necked, disobedient. At the end of this time God himself comes down to the earth. He takes upon himself our human form, becomes a man, lives, suffers, teaches for thirty years, and dies an ignominious death. Then he ascends on high to sit on the throne of the universe. He organizes his Church, and sends out his infinite Spirit to inform and inspire this Church, and lead it in its missionary operations for the salvation of the world. And, presumably, for the last nineteen hundred years he has been doing all that he can to save mankind; and yet to-day what is the result? The outcome of this stupendous miracle of revelation and incarnation is that hardly one-third of the world has ever heard of him. The majority of that third does not believe. Thousands do not care; and even in the churches themselves they tell us that there are large numbers of those who profess to accept this scheme who are not hopefully saved. I submit to you that, if this be true, it is the most stupendous and lamentable failure in the history of mankind. It is certainly not a gospel to be proclaimed as the good news of the blessed God.

A word now upon human destiny. This has been implied all along in what I have already said. The destiny of the great majority of the human race, after everything that God has devised and has been trying to do for it, is something so terrible as to be utterly inconceivable by the imagination of man. Not only we who dare to hold what we believe to be a brighter, more cheery faith, but those who have held the old ideas, have been pressed upon by the difficulties of it until they have bowed their heads and been unable to speak. Dr. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia, in his time one of the ablest leaders of the Presbyterian Church, has left his thoughts in this respect on record. I quote only his thought, not being able from memory to repeat the words. He says: Friends tell me that they have been able to find light on this problem. I have listened to their explanations, and have tried to understand them; but, when I look over the world and see millions on millions of men utterly careless, indifferent, and going down to everlasting death, and, when I remember that only God can save them and he does not, I am struck dumb. "It is all dark, dark, dark, to my soul; and I cannot disguise it." Albert Barnes, then, were he here, would join with me in saying that, even though he were compelled to accept it as true, he could not proclaim it as good news, as part of the good tidings of the blessed God.

I am aware that there are large numbers of men in all the churches who will say that they do not believe this doctrine; that they do not hold any longer these horrible conceptions of God and man and destiny. I am aware that there are exceptional men, occupying exceptional positions, who proclaim to their intimate friends their rejection of their ideas. But so long as they are published broadcast over the civilized world in all the great creeds of the great churches; so long as the Episcopal Church, for example, through its House of Bishops, has declared to all its communicants that

"fixity of interpretation is of the essence of the creeds," and that they are to hold in all their old meaning unchanged forever; so long as no young man proposing to enter the ministry would be deemed fitted for a pulpit while rejecting any of these doctrines; so long as the American Board, which is the missionary organization of the freest of all the orthodox churches, refuses to send a missionary to the heathen because he dares to hope—he does not express it as a positive belief—that the heathen who have never heard of Christ in this world may possibly have an opportunity in the next; so long as all these doctrines are in the basis on which is organized the so-called Evangelical Alliance,—so long we have a right to say these are the general beliefs of the old churches. If they are, then certainly the old churches not only have no monopoly of the gospel of Jesus, but I submit that they do not preach his gospel at all. That which they preach, misnamed the gospel, is made up of bad science, of false philosophy, of tradition, of barbaric conceptions, of superstitions,—a scheme about Jesus instead of the gospel of Jesus. It seems to me that it is time for us to claim and to make proclamation to the world that we preach the gospel of the blessed God, that we proclaim to the world the good news of Jesus.

I ask you now to turn to the more grateful contemplation of some of the positive aspects of our glorious gospel.

What is our doctrine of revelation? We do not reject the blessed insights, truths, and revealings contained in this magnificent book called the Bible: only we hold that "the word of God is not bound" in covers, not bound in any book exclusively. We hold to the truth that has come through the lips of Confucius. We believe that a part of the divine revelation was vouchsafed to Sakya-Muni; that Zoroaster gave some part of the message of the Infinite to his people in Persia; that from the beginning of the world God has been revealing himself to his children who have been listening and catching some sentences of his blessed truth. We believe that in every nation, under every sky, in every age of the world, God's revelation has come as fast and as far as men have been able to receive it. We believe that there never has been more than one religion in the world, in the profoundest sense of that term. All men everywhere have been "feeling after God, if haply they might find him who is not far from every one of us." We do not believe that God has left any of his children to wander and stumble in darkness. All truth that has ever come to the world is, as far as it goes, a revelation of the divine. When the astronomer studies the heavens to find out the true system of the stars, he is entitled to say, with Kepler, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee!" When history is accurately written, it is an unfolding of the method of God in his dealing with the origin, the growth, the decay, or the prosperity of nations. When we are studying the development of the moral nature, the growth of conscience, we are reading the revelation of God's law of righteousness written on the hearts and recorded in the lives of his children. When we catch glimpses, intimations, ideals, of those things that are finer and better than have ever yet been incarnated in the life of the race, we are anticipating that which is to be written on those new leaves of God's book, to be clearly read when they shall be turned, in his ever-progressive, always advancing, and never completed Bible.

All truth is from God, as all light is from the sun. Gas-light, electric-light, the light of the wood fire or of the coal in your grate, the gleam of the diamond,—all is sunlight, no matter through what medium it may come or in what country it may be seen. So all truth is God's truth, whether it come by the lips of a speaker in China or in the islands of the sea, whether it be called pagan or Christian. All truth that bears on the culture of the human soul, the development of human life, is part of the unfolding revelation of the divine. So we believe that God has never left any of his children without some rays of light, and the word of God anywhere is the truth of God. It is infallible, in so far as it is demonstrated to be true.

Is not this entitled to be called good news? We do not believe that God has pets and favorites, that the heavenly Father has vouchsafed only to us some rays of

guidance, but that all men everywhere, from the far-off beginning until to-day, have been equally favored according to their ability to accept God's truth. God comes as fast as the world is able to receive him. He always stands at the door and knocks, not only here, but in India, in China, and all over the world. He comes to the mind as truth, into the heart as love, and into the character as righteousness. Millions of those whom we carelessly call pagan have reverently read some divine message written by the finger of God, and have been able to open wide the doors of their nature for the coming in of the divine.

What is our doctrine of God? We believe that he is not only Infinite Power, but Infinite Love; that he loves every child that he has created, and that he holds them close to his own infinite heart. We do not believe that there ever has been any gulf between God and his children that needed to be supernaturally bridged. We believe that he is nearer to us than our pulse-beat, nearer than the thoughts we think, nearer than the most secret feelings of our hearts. God is all power not only, but all love. As we look down the ages, hundreds of thousands of years, and see the first man beginning to lift his eyes toward heaven, we believe that God is by his side leading and helping him there. When he stumbles in his life or stammers in his speech, God holds him to his heart, and guards him as his child with unspeakable tenderness and care. Is it not good news to the world to believe that God is the Father of every child that has ever been created, has never for a moment forgotten his love, but that he is ever leading and lifting every one in his struggle toward the higher and the better life?

Let us note next our doctrine concerning the nature and origin of man. We do not start with a perfect man in the Garden of Eden six thousand years ago. We do not go up the pathway of history, which implies that the progress of man has been a descent. We go back and down the ages; and the Garden of Eden that we discover is a jungle, and the man Adam, the first of his race, instead of being a perfect and magnificent creature, we see close on the borders of the animal world. We discern him hardly distinguishable from the animal, having just climbed upon his new-found feet, having newly discovered his hands, having just turned his meaningless cry into a voice, just beginning to look about and above him with that infinite question in his eyes which has been the root, the mainspring, the motive force, of all human advance from that day to this. We discover no fall. We believe it to be scientifically settled—that is, established by the scientific revelation of God's truth—that there never has been any fall of man. Rather do we place, as the corner-stone of the theology of the future, the ascent of man! From that far-off age, ignorant, animal, climbing by a pathway watered by tears, stained by blood, stumbling, falling, rising again, making endless mistakes, but striving with infinite patience to correct those mistakes,—we believe, I say, in man's ascent up the ages. In those far-off, prehistoric times, man, as the result of self-sacrifice as noble as our own, laid the foundations of the world as it exists to-day. These men climbed on and up until we see such heights as those represented by the names of Homer, of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Plato, of Virgil, of Dante, of Goethe, of Shakspeare, such heights of spiritual attainment as Confucius, as Zoroaster, as Sakya-Muni, and, above them all, the magnificent figure of the meek and lowly Jesus, in whose presence we bow, Son of God and supreme product of humanity.

Man, then, has climbed until he has shown us such names, such characters, such achievements, such manifestations of all that is high in human nature, so that we are able to exclaim, "Now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be!" For we believe that, as we go on to gain finer and finer and fairer and grander visions of the divine, this poor human race of ours is to be transformed and glorified. Man, then, has been progressively climbing up out of the animal into heart, into brain, into conscience, into soul. In thousands and thousands of cases in every land there have been men who have stood masters of themselves, masters of their conditions, looking lovingly in the face of the sweet heavens, conscious that they were children of the Highest.

This is our doctrine of the origin, nature, and progress of man. Is not this entitled to be called good news,—the gospel of the blessed God? Is it not full of inspiration? Is there not that in it which should kindle our enthusiasm? Should we not be fired by a message like this, not content until we have proclaimed it in every nation, every city, every hamlet, every home in all the world?

And what is our doctrine concerning Jesus and the incarnation? I say to you frankly that I speak for myself, but I think I speak for Unitarianism as well, when I say that we believe Jesus was man, born as we are; that he died as we die,—a man. I do not say a "mere man"; for I am not able to measure the depth, the height, the magnificence, of even "mere" manhood. I do not say a man "like us"; for Shakspeare was not a man like us, Dante was not a man like us, Socrates was not a man like us. He was at least differentiated from each of us of this generation by the magnificence of his genius, by the greatness of his natural endowments, by the power which he was able to wield over his time and over the world. I believe that Jesus was a man, and this is not to degrade Jesus: it is to lift humanity. They who tell us that they cannot comprehend Jesus unless they think of him as something more than human generally begin their argument by assuming a very low type of humanity, and then no wonder they are not able to include Jesus under that category. Rather do we look upon Jesus and see in him that which is possible in us all. As I read in the opening of the gospel the story of the birth, the childhood, and the life of Jesus, I cannot reconcile this reading with anything else than the humanity of the Nazarene. If his brothers knew that he was God, supernaturally born, how is it possible that they should not have believed on him? If his mother knew that she held in her arms the Almighty God of the universe, could she have wondered as he developed a precocious boyhood and an unusual knowledge? Could she have been timid about leaving him alone over night with his friends on the visit to the temple when he was twelve years of age? I cannot read the records, and believe that Mary herself understood anything other than that he was a lovable and wonderful child, as so many mothers have felt since.

Then, as I study the records of his heroism and of his death, I love to believe that he who expired on the cross that Friday afternoon was a man. If he was the Almighty God of the universe, would he have shrunk at facing that for the express purpose of accomplishing which he came into the world? It seems to me that that scene on the cross is theatrical, if he was God. But, if he was man,—if a man hangs there, and with his last breath prays for the forgiveness of his murderers; if a man hangs there, and, as he swoons in that last dreadful hour, there sweeps over him the chilling breath of a doubt as to his own mission, so that he exclaims in his weakness and agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" if, even then, with his hand growing numb in death, he still clings to the hand of the infinite Father in a faith that is mightier than death, dying thus for his faith, dying thus because he will be faithful to his message, dying thus that he may draw all other faithful souls after him to himself,—then can I bow in awe, in love, in reverence, glad that there is a son of God, my brother, a man like this, who indeed can be my elder brother, my friend, my inspirer in all coming time!

We believe, then, not in an incarnation that confines itself to one historic character. I believe, rather, that God is progressively incarnating himself in the human race; that in the very first man that ever lifted his eyes to heaven God was present, working through, informing, and lifting him. So, in all that is beautiful, all that is true, all that is tender, all that is high and fine in the human race, from that day to this, has been so much of the presence and gracious power of God.

As the years go by, God is more and more to become incarnate in the human race. The significant and central thought, to my mind, in the character and life of Jesus is his consciousness of oneness with the Father,—the same kind of oneness which he tells us he expects us to develop. As he is one with the Father, he wishes us to be one with the Father and with him. If he be not man, if being divine be differ-

ent from the divinest humanity, then he cannot be my exemplar, and I cannot attempt to copy him. Dr. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, the editor of the *Outlook*, said, in an article in the *Forum* three or four years ago, that he did not believe there was any difference in kind between God and Jesus and man. He believed that man was God minus infinity, and God was man plus infinity. Our conception of Jesus is that he is divine as man may be divine. Did you ever stop to think of it? If the Almighty God were determined to put all possible of the divine into the life of a single man, he could put in no more than the man could hold. That is, he could not possibly be anything more than a perfect man. Perfect man is that which Jesus has pointed out as the ideal for all of us to seek to attain. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

And now I come to speak of one more point,—our gospel as to the destiny of the race. I do not believe that death came into this world as the result of the invasion of evil from without. I do not believe that death is the result of human sin or a token of divine anger. I believe that it is as natural as birth, that it is a part of the universal and eternal order of God. I believe that all men, as they pass through this experience which we call death, are five minutes after that experience precisely what they were five minutes before. I do not believe that there is anything in this experience that determines destiny or limits probation. Everywhere men are under the universal law of cause and effect, and under that law are creating their own character, their own heavens, their own hells.

What is our doctrine of salvation? We do not believe that the acceptance of any formal creed necessarily changes character. We do not believe that the partaking of any sacrament necessarily changes character. We do not believe that placing water or oil on the forehead necessarily changes the soul within. We believe not even that character is the condition of salvation. We go deeper than that, and assert that character is salvation, in this world or any other world; that there is no salvation beyond the limits of character. We have learned enough to consider as utterly shallow and antiquated the old idea that place determines hell or heaven. I used to imagine when I was a boy, and I used to dream over it as a part of that dreadful closing scene that filled my imagination, that, if I could only get through the gate before it was closed for the last time, I should be in heaven as really as Peter or John or any of the saints who were haloed with the glory of the past. But we know enough of this world and of human character to-day to take a deeper view than that. There are men and women whose houses are the receptacle of everything that money can buy, filled with art, with books, with musical instruments. They have at their disposal servants to come and go at their will, and yet they may be burdened with life-long sorrow and pain. And there are men living in rude hovels, in cabins, scattered over the land, with little money, living from hand to mouth, without books or music or pictures, lacking almost everything which men in civilized lands are supposed to care for, who have a song of joy and peace in their souls. We know, then, that salvation does not depend on where we are: it depends upon what we are. Gen. Grant used to say, during the last years of his life, that he had learned to recognize two tunes. He knew "Old Hundred," and he had heard "Hail to the Chief" played so often at his approach that he came to recognize that. Would the way to make Gen. Grant happy have been to take him to a symphony concert? Would you take a blind man to the top of a hill overlooking a river, and including a wide range of landscape, that he might enjoy the view? Would you take a man with no taste for books or reading to a library, and expect him to find it Paradise? We know, then, that, if men are to be happy, there must be adjustment between their tastes, their feelings, their desires, and their surroundings. Their happiness resides only in this adjustment. If a man is perfectly attuned physically, mentally, morally and spiritually to the universe, then the universe, with its million fingers, plays upon him; and the result is the music of happiness. If, then, you wish to be happy in the spiritual world, is there any other way than by cultivating the spiritual faculties, the spiritual tastes and

feelings, so that you may be at home there? We cannot escape ourselves in this or in any other world. We have come at last to recognize the profound truth of those two lines from Omar Khayyám,—

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

James Russell Lowell has put the secret in three lines,—

"Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first:

Man, woman, nature, each is but a glass
Where the soul sees the image of herself."

Let us remember, then, that in this world the result of every thought, every feeling, every wish, every purpose, every action, inevitably treads upon the heels of every thought, feeling, purpose, action; that day by day and hour by hour we are creating character under the changeless laws of God,—the laws of cause and effect. Let us also remember that neither in this world nor in any other shall we ever be able to get into any more of heaven than we first get into ourselves. We do not preach universal salvation in the sense that universal and perfect happiness comes the moment after death. We teach that in this world and in any other world men reap what they sow, that they cannot escape the results of transgressing the laws of God, that they find peace only as they discover and obey the eternal laws of the Divine.

Do you remember the old Eastern apologue that puts this truth with such force and vividness? A soul, recently freed from the body, is treading the unaccustomed pathways of the other world; and he hears behind footsteps as of one that pursues. He turns and sees a hideous shape upon his track, and, trembling with fear, cries out, "What art thou?" And the answer comes, "I am thine own actions: night and day I follow thee."

Here, then, are hints of our doctrine concerning salvation, concerning the destiny of man. Only we believe that, as God has almighty power and is almighty wisdom and almighty love, that somewhere and somewhere he will bring all souls unto himself. We believe that he will scourge his children, if need be, until they are whipped out of their sins, out of their wrong, and brought to recognize the inevitable and eternal conditions of good.

Is it not the good news of the blessed God that all men everywhere are his children, that he folds them all within his arms, that he follows them with pain in which is love, if they go astray, that he follows them with peace and happiness, if they find and obey his laws, but that no one can finally escape him? Each man may say in the words of Whittier:—

"No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fringed palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Here, then, are hints of the glorious gospel of the blessed God committed to our care. We, then, are entitled to say, to cry aloud: Good news! God has never left any of his children without a ray of guidance! Good news! There is no gulf between God and his children that needs to be supernaturally bridged! Good news! The world is not lost: God is forever guiding it and holding it, whether it is conscious of that guidance or not! Good news! Sin is only a means by which we climb into higher knowledge and development of soul and character! Good news! Pain and anguish and death are not our enemies or the enemies of God, but only ministers by which he trains and leads us into something better and higher than we have yet been able yet to attain! Good news! God is love, God is life, God is wisdom! God is caring for the world, and forever lifting it to himself! Good news!

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world!"

O friends and fellow-religionists, if we may rationally believe in a doctrine of revelation, of God, of man, of Jesus, of destiny, so universal, so magnificent as this, ought we not to feel the finger of God touching each of us upon the forehead as with a chrism of divine consecration? Let us then pledge ourselves to God and to each other, so long as men are wandering in darkness, wandering in fear, misconceiving God, misconceiving themselves, and so falling and dying on every hand, that there

shall come to us no rest until we have proclaimed this gospel of the blessed God in every home from the North to the South, from the East to the West, in all our land!

ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL.

BY REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR, CHAIRMAN.*

The principal object of this address must be to present such facts as shall serve to bring into view the nature of our being, the purpose of our action, and the contents of our message to the little Unitarian world in which we live and to the greater world of which we are a component part.

1. ORGANIZATION.

The first fact which confronts us is a demand for more and better organization. The ears of this Conference are always open to that cry. For out of such a demand made thirty years ago this Conference came. Since that event the following things have happened:—

One hundred and fifty churches have been organized.

All the local conferences have been formed, excepting the Maine, New Hampshire, and Western.

The Ministers' Institute was created by act of your Council.

The Women's Alliance has come into existence, and become a national organization.

Unitarian clubs have sprung up, and have revealed a new possibility in the organization of men.

Unity Clubs, religious guilds, and Lend a Hand Clubs have been multiplied throughout the land.

The Sunday-school societies, East and West, have enlarged their work and greatly improved the quality of their publications.

The Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books has sifted literature for our children with signal success.

The Unitarian Association, which thirty years ago was a private corporation, has become a national representative organization.

Young men and women to-day are often impatient because our organization shows defects of many kinds; but they who can recall the life of a generation thank God for the progress we have made. We have better organization than ever before; but we see, as never before, that all these minor devices—clubs, guilds, conferences, the churches themselves—are but the incidental forms of an organized life which they may contain, but which by aid of machinery alone they can never produce.

2. THE CHURCH.

During these thirty years great things have been going on in the world of the spirit. The minds of men and women among us have been turned toward new problems of moment in the history of religious thought. There has been advance and retreat, the clash of ideas, the din of spiritual armor resisting the blows of intellectual weapons, the turmoil and tension of a life of struggle, out of which has come for us the one thing for which all these forms of organization exist. At Saratoga, last September, the complex forces in our body, which had been holding each other in tension in so many ways, passed through antagonism into a new and higher form of sympathy. At last, after a hundred years of labor and travail, our Unitarian Church was born into consciousness of itself as a unit,—humane in origin, divine in purpose, indivisible in destiny, self-consecrated to the service of the world. That dramatic climax was the fitting conclusion of a hundred years of Unitarian history in America. The natural consequence of that event has been a deepening consciousness of the value of the church as the organ of the spiritual life. From men and women of the most diverse beliefs there comes the expression of a new confidence in the church, and the desire to make it, under the law of perfect liberty, an institution which shall satisfy the intellect, sustain the conscience, implant the noblest sentiments, and give them perfect forms of expression in the common life of man. The true church must have its beliefs, its wor-

*The chairman of the Council being also secretary of the American Unitarian Association, this address, presented with the advice and consent of the Council, is also accepted and adopted by the Association as made in its behalf; and no other report will be offered.

ship, its natural sacraments, and its practical work. We have made much of truth-seeking and truth-telling. These functions we must honor and magnify. But the conviction is growing that we can make much more than we have of forms which will give free expression to the sense of fellowship, which shall mark not only birth, marriage, and death with special sanctions, but also recognize and assist the successive births of the spirit. The human soul has certain permanent spiritual needs. The church which attends to these needs will prosper, although it may carry a load of superstition, bigotry, and unreason. The church which neglects the permanent needs of humanity will falter, although it may rejoice in its intellectual emancipation. It is our business henceforth to invite our churches to better forms of worship, by furnishing them, under the perfect law of liberty, with prayers, hymns, psalms, and forms of musical expression which will convey the best life of the ages into the hearts and minds of the people.

3. THE CULTURE OF THE YOUNG.

The allies of the church in this work are the Sunday-schools, guilds, Unity Clubs, and Lend a Hand Clubs. Like all the other agencies of the church, they have the twofold object: to make the intellectual culture of the young increase their moral and spiritual power, and to give them work to do. This evening, under the chairmanship of Mr. Horton, there will be a meeting to consider the work carried on by these societies, with the conviction that the spiritual welfare of the young lies at the very heart of our denominational life. We are assured by workers in these various societies that they have a new desire to make them tend to the one common end; namely, to bring the young of every congregation into loving relations with the Sunday-school and the church. With this end in view a movement toward consolidation will be discussed this afternoon. Your Council and the directors of the Unitarian Association stand ready to assist all movements for the ethical culture and spiritual inspiration of our young people.

4. MISSIONARY WORK.

The foreign missions carried on by the Unitarian Association have always been, in contrast with the great operations of other churches, like a fine and almost invisible wire compared with the largest trans-oceanic cable. But along that little wire have travelled electric impulses of human sympathy. To some of us it is a satisfaction to know that in Hungary Channing and Parker are quoted as ideal patriots, and that an American Unitarian is always certain of a cordial welcome, because the service we have rendered there testifies that we are the friends of humanity. In Japan our modest mission is but an atom compared with the bulk of other missionary institutions; and yet some of us take pride in the fact that everywhere in Japan America is regarded as her truest friend, and Unitarians as typical representatives of the American idea. The effect upon the national life and progress of Japan of our Unitarian message, some of the most influential Japanese themselves being witnesses, is vastly out of proportion to our missionary equipment.

Our domestic missions come nearer to the knowledge and sympathy of our people. We have now five missionary superintendents. No one but a director of the Unitarian Association of long experience can know what an improvement has been wrought in our missionary methods. Thirty years ago our frontiers were infested with religious adventurers. Men of brilliant parts and damaged reputations fled to the outposts of civilization, where they often had a meteoric and brief career, leaving behind the disheartening memory of a moral catastrophe. Now the pulpits of all our missionary churches, and of all other churches that are willing, are supplied directly by our five superintendents, each in his own department. Now and then a black sheep from another flock breaks into the fold. But it will soon be certain that the churches shall be served only by men of good repute and tried ability. An onward movement is now inevi-

table. It is called for by the spirit of the people, by the needs of new communities, by the increasing number of men and women willing to work, but unable of themselves to found institutions which will be self-supporting.

Connecticut has become hospitable to our thought. We must have more churches there soon. The Middle States are prepared for many new churches. A few we must establish. At the South, Atlanta is, we hope, prepared for the immediate building up of a strong and influential Unitarian church. In the Middle West the ministry of reconciliation is in order. After that a new wave of progress. Ohio is good ground, and must be tilled. On the Pacific Coast new hopes spring up after a period of financial disaster. In all these departments the ministry at large is demanded. By preaching, by holding conventions, by the spread of Unitarian literature, by a wide diffusion of the ideas for which we stand, our constituency should be greatly enlarged without immediate reference to the founding of churches. But, to carry out this large purpose, it is also necessary to have influential churches as object lessons and centres of influence. The Unitarian Association is prepared to undertake these tasks with enthusiasm and energy. By the appointment of Mr. George W. Stone as treasurer, to give all his time to the financial interests of the Association, the churches have expressed in the most emphatic way possible their hope and desire to make our resources adequate to the demands made upon us. \$150,000 for the current year will serve only to carry on the work which our constituents require of us, and which they often blame us for not doing. Seventeen years ago Dr. Henry W. Bellows, then chairman of the Council, said of the Unitarian Association: "It is its office to receive the fault-finding of the denomination. But the Council thinks all the criticisms it suffers are nine parts misapprehension, and the other part due to what is inherent in the case, and can only be mended by larger contribution in the churches."

In all our missionary work the women of the Alliance are heartily engaged. They give sympathy, money, and, what is of much greater value, personal service. They have raised for philanthropic work and the uses of the local parishes in which Alliances have been formed about \$16,500; for the general cause, about \$24,000 in all \$40,500.

The ancient church at Plymouth made its appeal to the Conference last year, a committee was appointed, and has raised \$2,500, making in all \$36,500, and they now ask for \$18,000 more. Is there not some one, or are there not several men and women, of means, who will not give money for our missionary purposes, but who would give to the First Church of Plymouth enough to enable the custodians of a rich historical inheritance to erect a suitable memorial?

5. THE MINISTRY.

We have three sources of supply,—the unsectarian Divinity School of Harvard University, the Unitarian Theological School at Meadville, and the ministry of other denominations. One of the inconvenient results of our progress is that the change in other churches takes effect with the ministry before it does with the laity. The result is an increasing demand for admission to our ministry and work under our auspices. Under these circumstances we say to the faculties of our schools that the needs of the Unitarian Church now require not many graduates so much as graduates of a high order. Let the sifting process which will surely be applied after graduation in the work of the churches be applied to the successive classes in the schools, so that no man shall come to Commencement Day who is merely a student, with no qualities of manhood which will fit him for vigorous service in these stirring times of change and progress. Some of our best men have come to us from other churches. Some, also, have come who are not capable of good service in any church. Some ask for our certificate of fellowship because it has value as a guarantee of social standing. Let the Fellowship Committee encourage no man to enter our ministry merely because he is of blameless character.

6. LITERATURE.

All literature is divided into two parts,—literature and denominational literature. It has been the good fortune of our Church to produce men and women who could contribute to the literature of the world. It has been our good fortune, also, to stand so near the common life of man that all humane literature has served our purpose. It has been our aim and is still our desire to produce denominational literature which may serve our immediate purpose for special reasons, but which shall be of such a quality as to escape denominational uses and become the common property of the world. Periodical literature is now the medium of communication between the best thinkers and the best readers. We have now such periodicals as the *Unitarian*, the *Pacific Unitarian*, the *Southern Unitarian*, the *Christian Register*, and the *New World*. The *New World*, sustained in part by the American Unitarian Association at first, now takes its place among the influential unsectarian organs of thought, known and respected throughout the world. While it is non-denominational, it needs further endowment, and asks for \$20,000, which it cannot hope to collect from any Church but ours. The *Christian Register* needs a guarantee of \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year,—a need which would vanish, however, if every member of this Conference would send in five new subscribers. The Unitarian Association hopes soon to increase its store of publications which may be sent in answer to questions which come every week from remote parts of the country and the world.

7. RELIGIOUS UNITY.

A new sense of the need of unity pervades the religious life of the world. Among the many indications which might be cited are the Lambeth Proposals, the Grindelwald Conferences, the letter of Leo XIII. inviting the Protestant world to return to the Roman Church. Less notable, but nearer to us, are the Liberal Congress at Chicago in May, the one at Toronto in July, and numerous meetings of ministers of different denominations, such as those at Ayer and on Cape Cod, Mass. With the purpose of these meetings your representatives are most heartily in sympathy. But they hold that, to succeed, all such plans must look toward a voluntary co-operation of churches and individuals who are prepared for union. There can be no union under compulsion. There is no value in a union of the disintegrated remains of institutions that have been broken up for that purpose. The law of evolution in nature is that the highest forms of life express themselves in the most refined and beautiful variety. For four thousand years denominations—that is, groups of men and women drawn together by some common purpose and important enough to be denominated—have been the forms through which the advancing religious life of the world has expressed itself. Where there are no religious denominations there is no religious life. That they are numerous and active in any country is the token of a high stage of religious evolution. The true method of union is to go forward into sympathy and co-operation. The true type is a happy social union like that in which many families cordially unite for common purposes.

When the oldest men and women here present were young, evolution had not been mentioned; but the air was filled with the hope of progress. It was expected to be swift, direct, conclusive. With Tennyson the youth of that generation were looking forward to the time

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

The war-drums are not yet silent; the Parliament of man has not yet been convened; the Federation of the world has not been accomplished. We assemble now with a more chastened hope, but with a more enlightened confidence. We accept the disappointments of the past as interpretations of the law of progress. But with Tennyson, sixty years later, we say:—

"Forward, then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve."

We have to report an increasing friendliness in other churches and a steadily enlarging fellowship. During the year your chairman has carried messages of good-will to the Quadrennial Christian Convention and the General Convention of Universalists in New England. Messrs. Lyon and Barrows represented us at the British anniversaries in London. Mr. Lyon was our delegate to the Hungarian Synod. By letter greetings were exchanged with the French Liberal churches assembled at Nimes, and plans are laid for a systematic correspondence with liberal Christians throughout the world.

8. UNITARIANISM AND DEMOCRACY.

How shall we meet the needs of a thinking democracy? How shall we commend religion to the multitude who have no interest in the church? An urgent sense of duty and a generous impulse to be helpful are stirring in the hearts of all our men and women of the most favored classes. But how shall they reach a thinking democracy? Certainly not by imitating the manners, adopting the forms of speech, and accepting the ordinary standards of the multitude who need instruction and guidance. Gained in that way, popularity is fleeting, influence is small, and the good done to a few is less than the injury to the many. Now, we trust in human nature. Let us say then that for the multitude of our fellow countrymen in America there is nothing too good, too great, too refined, too beautiful, too spiritual. What the Unitarian Church needs to put off, in order to commend itself to the heart of the people, is not its learning, not its refinement, not its respectability, not its ethical quality, not even the fastidiousness of its good taste; as witness the meetings on Boston Common. The bushel which hides its light is not made of these things, but of apathy, indifference, formalism, a fatal facility of faith that all things are going our way, and a lack of faith in the stuff of which our common humanity is made. There is nothing in a Unitarian Church too great or too good for a thinking democracy, whose favorite pictures are the Sistine Madonna and the Angelus. The forces which wrought for us in the past were great preaching, a noble literature, monumental lives. If, by lowering the standard of excellence, we could immediately create ten thousand churches, it would avail us little. Ten thousand liberal churches of no particular quality would simply be lost among the seventy millions of American citizens with their established institutions. But a thousand churches with a natural creed, simple and humane, with an order of worship dignified and inspiring, with something to mark with impressive sanctions the natural sacraments of human life and the progressive religious experiences of the people, with congregations alive to the spirit of the religion of Jesus,—such a band of churches would be a city set on a hill in sight of all the world.

The true American Church, when it comes, will have grown into the hearts and minds of the people. By the vigor of its leadership, by its courage in the presence of arrogant wickedness, by its tender sympathy for all who suffer wrong, by the wisdom of its counsel and the breadth of its charity, it will commend itself. It will be in the true line of apostolic succession, and will never need to show its historic credentials.

9. THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

The last thirty years have given us a revelation of the laws of religious progress as notable as that which marks any religious epoch in the history of the world. The application of the law of evolution to the institutions of society removed many an obstacle to faith. Religion is now seen to be not only one of the most important products of evolution, but also a constant power working in the progress of civilization. Thirty years ago, when this Conference was organized, for example, many believed that the Church Universal was but the creation of the hopes, the fears, the fancies, and the desperate longings of the human heart, projected upon a background of such mists and vapors as ignorance, superstition, credulity, and priestcraft. Before the light of science we knew that the vapors would melt

and vanish, and we feared that even these solemn temples dissolving in the clear air of knowledge would leave not a rack behind. The vapors—ignorance, superstition, credulity, and priestcraft—grew thin, they melted away; and, as the pageant faded, they rewarded the eye of faith with the most glorious sight that ever dawned upon the soul of man. For these domes and gorgeous pinnacles of the Church Universal were not foreground, but background, Science dispelling the darkness and dispersing the clouds did not destroy the Church of the living God, but revealed it as the most permanent result of the progress of civilization. Religion abides and grows, and the Church Universal in all its changing forms is its growing body.

10. LOYALTY AND LIBERTY.

A careful study of this new revelation removes a doubt which pervaded our body thirty years ago. It was then held by the vast majority of Christendom, and admitted by many of our own most conscientious souls, that loyalty to the Church Universal implied an obligation to accept her authority, submit to her discipline, conform to her worship, and repeat the words of her creed. Now we learn that loyalty to the Church implies submission to the authority of the moral law for which she stands, acceptance of the truth of which she is the mouth-piece, and conformity in belief, discipline, and worship only in so far as they set us free to express the highest spiritual longings. Studying the new laws of religious progress, we learn that the ends which seem most important to the majority, in the Church Universal, are temporary ends, with something better just out of sight beyond; that the truths cherished by the majority in the Church Universal are only half-truths, with better things out of sight beyond. We learn that they who are faithful, wise, and far-sighted, may in utter loyalty serve the true ends of the Church Universal while they seem only to be rebels and antagonists. There have always been chosen individuals or groups of selected souls, loyal children of the Church, who, because they saw that better thing which was to come, did not obey so much as they commanded, did not learn so much as they spoke with authority, did not receive guidance so much as they gave it. Seeing these things in all humility, the Unitarian Church may note the vacant place at the head of the moving column, and earnestly desire the gracious power which would qualify it for promotion to fill it. In the swarming middle ranks there is no place prepared for us, and no place anywhere that we are called of Heaven to occupy unless we are qualified and willing to accept the leadership in ethics and religion.

11. BROTHERHOOD AND PROGRESS.

If we think of all the races, religions, and churches in the world as looking in one direction, each one occupied with the ends and ideas which are nearest, but all together slowly advancing toward the real ends and the whole truth, then we can say that we agree with them all, and that we are opposed to none, not even to those that are nearest to us nor to those from whom we differ most.

This Conference agrees with the Church Universal in believing that the kingdom of God upon this earth is only a part of a larger kingdom in a spiritual universe, and that our human duties and holy hopes would lose their meaning, were we not consciously living in the atmosphere of an eternal life. We differ, however, from the majority of the Church Universal, and probably must differ for generations to come, when we say that the highest duty and the supreme object for which the Church exists is the perfection of human nature and human society upon this earth. Putting this end first and highest, instantly a new glory falls upon this earth. Man assumes dignity. The daily tasks of family life are ennobled. An impulse is given to every work of benevolence, of reform, to education, culture, and social progress. The Church that is alive with this thought must become the fruitful source of everything which benefits mankind. Our duties are simple, but magnificent. From the religious kindergarten up to the church, through

all our institutions one purpose must run; namely, to put before every growing child and undeveloped man the ideal of his own perfection, and excite a desire to attain to it. Then, that this human being so striving may have comfort in his sorrow, strength in his temptation, courage for his duty and the inspiration of progress, we shall strive to give him a happy outlook into the universe of infinite and eternal being. Further, also, because man was not made to live alone, it will be our purpose to set such human beings thus happily striving together in churches, that through their accumulated power each one may act for the betterment of human society with the momentum of the concentrated energy of many.

12. CONCLUSION.

This Conference has come to the place and time when it ought in spiritual things to assert itself with power. When we pass our superficial and technical differences, we find ourselves heartily agreeing as to our Church and our work. Just as we believe in the attraction of gravitation, in the revolution of the earth upon its axis, in its motion round the sun, in heat, light, and electricity as modes of motion in matter, so also we believe and trust and stake our spiritual welfare upon our belief in the realities of the spiritual life.

Believing these things, is it not possible for us to lay aside the sins that so easily beset us,—private creed-making and mutual criticism,—and join with one heart and with one voice to say these things, and then to do the works which shall manifest them with power?

THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

BY MRS. EMILY A. FIFIELD.

In coming before the Conference so soon again to speak for the Alliance, I am forcibly reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous Katydid, who continually reiterated

"An undisputed thing
In such a solemn way!"

not that we have been merely "buzzing our wings" during the past year, or that our story is a secret. On the contrary, we are glad to proclaim it, and to sing our song as often as we have an opportunity.

Those who have watched the onward sweep of this movement, and its rapid growth during the past year, are glad the Conference came again so soon, and think they can show the advance of one short year to have been as successful as that of the previous three. The unfolding of the work has been marvellous, and is all the more remarkable in that it appeals only to the religious element, and is not dependent for its interest upon a popular agitation.

The women like to think that each Alliance Branch has helped to make the Unitarian Church the centre of culture and progress, representing in the community all that is best.

The leaven of the Alliance works a transformation in many a society, shaping and moulding its civic, educational, and religious life.

Between members themselves it has become a strong bond. The woman from Eastport travelling to San Francisco seeks the Alliance member for a friend, sure that they will be drawn together by community of views and interests. The Alliance is thus fulfilling its first design.

Nearly every one here knows that this organization is not an Association, but an Alliance of groups of Unitarian women, these groups being Branches of the National body.

With similar aims and purposes to those of the American Unitarian Association, just set forth by Mr. Batchelor, the methods of the Alliance are radically different. According to the Congregational polity, each Branch is complete and independent, electing its own officers, conducting its own meetings, and raising and spending its own funds. No money is disbursed from a central treasury,—there is no "general fund." The Executive Board suggests, devises, and advises, but does not execute; and representation is on the basis of numbers, each Branch being entitled to delegates to all

national meetings according to the number of its members, and not dependent upon the amount of money contributed anywhere.

At the same time the Alliance believes that combination and co-operation are intelligent forces, and, while recognizing the Puritan principle of individual freedom, strives for that unity which is strength and power. If Branches preserve a close connection with the Executive Board, there will be no wasteful duplication of activities, but strength and energy will be concentrated and economized. The officers who are chosen from every section of the country need not take long journeys, at stated intervals, to confer with each other, but are kept always in touch with the work in hand, through monthly reports of the secretary sent to every absent member after the meetings of the Executive Board. The votes and motions of those unable to be present are received by mail. In this way every Branch and every individual member may know from month to month, not only what is contemplated by the officers, but what has been done and what is planned to be done by every other Branch.

This plan of reporting is peculiar to the Alliance. It is probably the only society in the country which has adopted such an idea. Four years' trial has proved these methods to be good, and no reason has been seen for changing them. The By-laws originally framed have not been materially altered. They are sufficiently elastic to suit individual ideas, and general enough to meet all national questions.

The Alliance as it stands to-day is an effective, national society, with a constantly increasing strength and with possibilities ample to absorb all the energy and devotion of Unitarian women. Like real branches on a living tree, each sending out its leaves which catch the light at different angles, yet all dependent on the same life current from the great tap-roots, so the Alliance, with Branches varying according to circumstance and environment, each reaching out to the light which it may need, draws its inspiration and life from the same great principles of fellowship and belief which nourish the whole body.

And now what is the work? The By-laws say "to quicken the religious life of our Unitarian churches, and bring the women of the denomination into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."

Fellowship! and loyalty to our denomination!

There are no better words in which to state the purpose of the Alliance and what it stands for. The church work of women is nothing new. It has comprised all forms of philanthropic, financial, educational, and social activity. For practical efforts in every direction, from adding to the minister's salary to establishing kindergartens and reading clubs, the "Sewing Circle" is still potent and all-embracing.

The importance of social duties, the pleasure and profit of intellectual and literary pursuits, have been recognized and provided for; but the nobler religious and spiritual matters have usually been left for the pulpit and the minister. The Alliance, without neglecting the other things, gives to its members a sense of personal responsibility for spiritual improvement and growth. Through it the women keep abreast with religious and Unitarian thought, and learn to appreciate the grandeur and beauty of the Unitarian faith and its adaptation to the needs of human life. As they comprehend its high hopes, its freedom, its aspirations, and its glorious ideals, their own lives must become richer, their individual faith stronger. At their meetings they are no longer reserved and silent on these deeper themes, but are able to discuss and debate such questions as relate to vital concerns, and to hold and express positive convictions about religious things. An Alliance woman can now tell why she is a Unitarian.

To aid in this, the Alliance publishes from time to time Study Class Leaflets, containing courses of study and suggestions of topics for discussion and collateral reading. The last one, just issued, on Unitarian belief, a monument to the industry and research of the one who prepared it, will be specially valuable to Alliance members and to the denomination at large.

Studying the great truths for which Unitarianism stands and confident that they may be helpful to others, the women become animated with the true missionary spirit; and so the Alliance joins in the missionary work of the denomination, planting the seeds of faith, gathering new groups of workers, and establishing new churches. Giving out what is received quickens and deepens the interest, and constantly renews the sources of supply.

The first gentle hints of this missionary effort are given through the *Cheerful Letter*, which, without being sectarian or denominational, carries the ideas of liberal thought in every direction. Isolated mothers and "shut-ins," while receiving well-chosen literature and often material help, are insensibly made conversant with and are influenced by the liberal ideals. The little sheet, so full of rational hope and comfort, is fulfilling a beautiful mission.

With similar aim the silent agency of the Post-office Mission, which is denominational, carries the best thought, the highest inspiration, to thousands and thousands of waiting souls. As the little tracts and leaflets, with the larger bundles of magazines and papers, are dropped into homes where children are growing to be men and women or into lonely camps and prairie farms, where thoughtful men are often found, fresh opportunities are opened for cordial words and unstinted sympathy. Many applicants for our literature are or have been connected with some church. Some have never heard the name Unitarian, or, hearing it, know nothing of its meaning. So they often write, "I am a Unitarian, but I did not know it." Others are curious or critical, but all are glad to know something of a religion which can be applied to the affairs of every-day life. Sometimes groups of Post-office Mission "parishioners," who have never heard a Unitarian sermon, and gathered in places far from a Unitarian church, form little centres ready for the State agent or the "circuit minister." In this missionary activity, so contrary to the old traditions of conservative Unitarianism, lies a bright hope for the future of the denomination.

It is not too much to claim for the Alliance that it has opened channels of life-giving irrigation through many arid fields overgrown with the prickly burrs of Calvinism or the noxious weeds of agnosticism and unbelief.

Having so prepared the ground, comes the great opportunity, through the American Unitarian Association, to make figs grow upon thistles and to turn barren wastes into fruitful fields. To help in every suggested enterprise will be the further purpose of the Alliance. The multiplication of "circles" and "centres of liberal thought" will be fostered in every way, and in establishing new churches the Alliance will hope to have a hand.

Not long ago a report of the American Home Missionary Evangelical Society contained this statement: "The Congregational Church ought to build at least one church a day. It must build five per week in order to keep pace with the demands of the home missionaries. Last year it built only two per week." The same report told the marvellous story of Oklahoma Territory, which had then been inhabited a little over one year, and yet contained already seven orthodox Congregational churches.

A little later our own Mr. Reynolds, speaking of the need for liberal churches, said, "Under the best of circumstances a new society can be gathered, housed, and confirmed in vigor only by years of wise and arduous effort." The women of the Alliance, who enjoy the benefits of our faith and have seen the results of personal efforts in educating others to the same joy, are startled at such differing statements. They feel that, with the great resources at the command of Unitarians, every community should have at least one church where the grand truths of the liberal faith, its warmth, its broad charity, its religion of service, may be promulgated.

The Alliance, without dropping any of the good work of the past, will be glad to take a broader sweep, and accept the greater opportunities which may be presented to it. Sometimes, forgetting its own immediate needs, a Branch may forego the purchase of a new organ or a new carpet, that the

money shall strengthen other churches than its own, and give to new places a share in their priceless possessions.

Yet the value of our work must not be estimated by the number of churches founded. The Alliance is always willing to sow the seed, and let who may gather the fruit. It will continue to distribute the literature of the denomination, and to add to it by printing sermons and leaflets of its own. The demand is still greater than the supply, and the Alliance may well make this its specific function. There is no Branch, however small, and no woman, however poor, who cannot join in spreading the truth, if only by sending a paper to a cripple in Dakota or lending her copy of the *Christian Register* to her next-door neighbor. The fascination of a far distant correspondent should never lead us to forget that in the next street there may be spiritual desolation needing comfort and sustenance, and that all giving, to be useful, should be thoughtful and systematic.

The Alliance will continue to gather into groups those who receive the literature, who are waiting for teachers to explain and confirm their thoughts and aspirations, and tell them how to make use of the liberal thought which they have read. If there cannot be a church or a preacher for every town or village, preachers must go from point to point. As you have heard, a wise and well-considered distribution of effort in this direction over every portion of our land is demanded.

Already carefully arranged circuits in the South have been presented to the Alliance and have enlisted the interest of the Branches. Sunday services are held, and Sunday-schools and free libraries have been formed, and needful appropriations been given to the Southern superintendent. The women of the Pacific Coast have authorized the establishment of circuit preaching in some of the smaller towns of California on their own responsibility and at their own expense. In every town will be formed a "circle," to which will be left the arrangement for services and the raising of funds. If any church results, they must build it.

The successful efforts made in the Middle States, resulting in Alliance Branches, Sunday circles, and churches, and the proposition that in New England "the ministers of small parishes should add to their salaries by preaching in neighboring towns or where no liberal church had yet been organized," appeal to the women as a true conservation of energy; and they will do their best to help carry out such plans.

It will be a privilege to assist our one foreign mission. Whatever may have been thought at the outset, the clear-sighted, logical Japanese have won our interest; and the hearts of Alliance women have gone out to the solitary American minister who alone represents the Unitarian Mission at Tokio.

The library now contains eight hundred volumes, largely secured by the Alliance, which will take pride in adding to it from time to time. Having once begun such a work, the Alliance shares in the responsibility of maintaining it, and in fulfilling the implied pledges of the denomination.

Meanwhile nothing at home must suffer, no vital interest must be neglected. The Sunday-school must be sustained and improved, the Temperance Society must be indorsed, the Church Building Loan Fund be re-enforced, and the publications of the denomination must be kept up. No activity which has proved of value must be allowed to languish. An Alliance Branch in a church means willing hands and stout hearts ready to act together for whatever will strengthen the church and the denomination.

You will see that the secret of the Alliance Katydid is not "she did, she did, she did!" but "she must, she can, she will!"

All this demands a vigorous and wise policy, and we depend upon the enlistment of every Unitarian church and every woman to demonstrate the ultimate success of the Alliance. With enthusiasm, self-consecration, and high ideals, we will work "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest."

THE UNITARIAN OUTLOOK IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY REV. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.

It is not easy to see which way things are moving when you yourself are in the midst of the movement. But my absence from England during the period of my life in America gave me, as I may say, a parallax of seventeen years by which to observe the change of position; and the whole period of my ministry, now forty-four years, gives me a still larger parallax of observation as to that outlook for Unitarianism in Great Britain, about which you desire me to speak.

The whole subject divides itself inevitably into two parts: (1) as to the outlook for Unitarianism as a system or a tendency of thought; and (2) for Unitarianism as an ecclesiastical organization for promoting that tendency of thought and establishing church life and worship upon the basis of it.

To take the question of the general tendency of thought, first, I can briefly say that there, as you feel it here in America, the whole movement of strong and free thinking, both in and out of the churches, is in the direction of what we call Unitarianism. Others may not call it so. Indeed, many of those who really come nearest to it are most afraid of that name; but the tendency is so, unmistakably. It is not merely on the subject of the unity of God, but along the whole line of theological thought,—there is this advance. They may still nominally adhere to the old position; but then, where they used to stand behind it, they now stand in front of it. Formerly it was their boundary: now it is simply their point of historical departure, and often a pretty far departure. Even where they sedulously maintain the old statements, they lay the emphasis quite differently. Really, out in the world, it is not any longer the question of a Trinity: the question is of God; and, as science and philosophy contemplate that Infinite Energy which is all that they can clearly see, even those who are not sure that it is God are sure that it is one. And in the churches, where they used to lay the emphasis upon the Trinity, they now lay it upon the Fatherhood. So the emphasis used to be laid on men being sinners by nature. They lay it now on men being sinners in fact, which is a very different thing. So, again, the emphasis used to be laid on the number who would be lost: they lay it now on the number who will be saved. They all repudiate the idea that their creeds involve the damnation of the vast majority, which is very good; but, all the same, that is what those who made the creeds intended that they should involve. And in England, even more than here, the idea of any eternal life of torment is yielding to the gospel of the larger hope. Even with regard to the nature and the work of Christ, in which there is, I think, the strongest clinging to the old position of Orthodoxy, there is at least a broadening of thought, if not toward our humanitarianism, at least toward a higher appreciation of Christ's humanity, with less attempt at minute definition, and a warmer recognition of all who love Christ, whatever their opinions, as his disciples. While, on the subject of the Bible, the "newer criticism" is advocated, even in very orthodox quarters indeed; and altogether a more human and living interest in the Scriptures as literature is quite taking the place of the old high-and-dry doctrines of absolute verbal inspiration. So the thoughts of men are widening. Even the very reaction toward a stronger sacerdotalism of form and outward service, in some ways,—especially on the subject of the Bible,—seems to leave the mind more free; and the world keeps moving, and the outlook for the gradual progress of those great thoughts and hopes for which we Unitarians have so long stood is more hopeful and encouraging than ever before.

But, when you invited me to speak on "The Outlook for Unitarianism in Great Britain," it was something more definite and objective than this gradual broadening of thought that you had in mind. Our fathers in Old England, as yours in the New, when they were working themselves free from the entanglements of Orthodoxy and Calvinism, felt that that simple gospel Christianity to which they were coming was a great deal too good a thing to keep to themselves, or to keep sealed up in the old

bottles of the creeds. To be honest Christians, they had to build up churches for themselves. To be earnest Christians, they had to tell their thoughts to others, and do their part to gather them into the light and help and joy of it. They did not want to establish a new sect to do this; but they had got to do it openly, and they had got to do it somewhere. And so, about simultaneously, though without any co-operation, there grew out of the old English Presbyterianism and out of the New England Congregationalism these two groups of free churches in England and in America. They both disliked the sectarian position, and shrank from any sect name; but each of these groups of churches, if they were to do any work for truth and for worship, had to do it by drawing together in each country, and had to accept, practically, the name by which other churches described them, and so grew into the religious bodies which in America and England respectively stand to the world as "Unitarianism." And it is of this organized Unitarianism, distinctly striving in England, as you do here, to make these great thoughts of ours publicly known and to win men to church life based upon them, that you ask as to the outlook for it.

England moves slowly. English Unitarianism has had special reasons in its very origin and nature, as well as in the opposition of the world around, for slow growth. Like American Unitarians, so your English brethren have kept dreaming of some rapid progress. But, really, in its very origin it had nothing of a missionary impulse in it, but was the quiet witnessing for truth of the quietest and most thoughtful element in the old English dissent. And so its inherent character, involving individual conviction,—in which men had to think their way into it one by one,—was fatal to any hope of wholesale conquest and conversion. Moreover, during the past forty or fifty years there have been several special causes which have retarded the growth of Unitarianism as an organized church life.

1. Of these, I unhesitatingly put first the immense improvement in the character of the Established Church. One cannot help rejoicing in that improvement; but it has made the work of all the free churches in England unmistakably harder. Why, when I began my ministry in 1851, in the rural manufacturing districts of the north of England, my nearest Episcopalian neighbor on the one side was a notorious drunkard, and on the other a man of harmless character, indeed, but with a physical defect in speech which, even in the familiar burial service, made it almost impossible to follow what he was saying. All that kind of thing is past. The Anglican clergy to-day are about as good as others, and, on the average, men of better education; and so their social prestige has its full weight, and, in the country districts especially, puts the work of all non-conformity at a far greater disadvantage than ever before.

2. Then another great difficulty has been the scattering tendency of the new scientific thought of the past generation. Even in the days of Priestley and Channing that immense amount of free thought which was set in motion found it hard to keep together in any workable body. Why, the line extended from semi-Orthodoxy to barest Theism! It was a splendid freedom and breadth that they proclaimed; but one is reminded of the difficulty of the Irishman returning home from the fair, whose friend commiserated him upon the length of the way he had to go. "Ah, sure," said Pat, "it isn't the length of the way that is troublin' me, but the breadth of it!" And, then, that breadth was still further increased by the brilliant developments of science touching everything, questioning everything, and not only moving things to the foundations, but sometimes threatening to leave no foundation. I heard Oliver Wendell Holmes say that he was proud of Unitarianism, "because, alone of all the churches, it had faced the new light of science with perfectly open eyes." But was it possible for that to be so, and yet for all to hold together as a solid, workable force for religious truth?

And, then, a third difficulty has been the divided counsel among ourselves as to how to co-ordinate our truth and our freedom. You have happily not had so much experience of this here. Almost from the beginning your greatest leaders have accepted the Unitarian name as fairly indicating our "whereabouts" to the world, while always

upholding that it means not only the special doctrine connoted by it, but the liberty which brought men to that truth, and may bring them to more and other truth, and become synonymous with largest freedom. So in America the Unitarian name has lost almost all its opprobrium. But in England our leading men, or a large number of them, set themselves dead against it. Instead of widening its meaning to include liberty, as you have done, they have pinned it down to its narrowest doctrinal meaning, and have refused to have anything to do with it as any designation of our church movements or workings. The consequence has been weakening and confusion in our whole position and work. In the great movement for promulgating our simpler thought of Christianity, and which has been forced upon us by the very fact that it was this thought the world has most inquired about, those whom we would have gladly looked to as our leaders would not lead. So our battle, for forty years back, has been, as was said of Inkerman, "a sergeant's battle."

Of course there are other reasons for slow progress, such as the tendency of population from the country toward the cities. But, then, such causes apply to all religious movements here, as well as in the old country; and I have desired to speak only of those which are peculiar to England, or which arise out of the nature of our Unitarianism and our freedom. And, as a fact, these have told heavily upon our work; and for some years past, before I returned to England, I had felt in various ways a considerable discouragement among my old English brethren, both among our ministers and our laity,—a doubt whether they were making any progress, a hesitation at starting any new efforts, or even keeping up then existing ones, and here and there the question raised whether perhaps they were not making a mistake in trying to do the liberalizing work in a separate church life of our own.

So it was an intense interest to me, in returning, to see what the real outlook was. I eagerly embraced every opportunity of being present at our district conferences and associations, as well as of visiting individual congregations. I have been in close and frequent communication with our leading workers in every part of the country and in every branch of our work. Of course, it was to myself a matter of the deepest moment to know the facts, and to find out whether I had gone back to a failing cause, to the tail end of a losing battle, or whether the discouragement which I had sometimes perceived was merely such as is inevitable at times in every long, slow struggle from Christ's time downwards.

Well, I come back to you to say that, the more I have looked into the life and work of our churches, the more I have found, comparing the state of things when I came away twenty years ago, and, still more, comparing it with what it was when I first knew it forty-four years ago,—the more clearly I have found that there has been a decided though slow improvement and increase.

Let me speak of some of the special heads under which I note this improvement and increase.

I note it in the generally more prosperous and well-kept condition of our separate churches, and the much greater activity of our congregations. It must be remembered that it is only just fifty years since our tenure of our churches and chapels has been secure. Previous to that time our possession of them was constantly being threatened on the ground that they could not have been intended for use by Unitarians, inasmuch as, when they had been founded by the old English Presbyterians, Unitarianism was prohibited by law, and consequently it would have been illegal to establish buildings or endowments for it. Of course, it was pointed out that those old Presbyterians purposely left their trusts "open,"—not, indeed, specially with the idea that their successors might become Unitarians, but distinctly to enable them to freely follow the truth, and worship as from time to time they might deem right. This plea, however, was disregarded; and we were in danger of losing all our older meeting-houses, when, in 1844, Parliament took the matter up, and the "Dissenters' Chapels Act" was passed, confirming all congregations in their chapels and properties which had not been distinctly tied up by special orthodox trusts, and could show a

twenty-five years' usage. That "Dissenters' Chapels Act" is our free church "Magna Charta"; and from its passing (in 1844) dates the era of this rebuilding of our churches. I was counting up the cost of these new buildings a few days ago, and found that, even as far as my own recollection extended, it amounted, in England alone, to over £300,000, equal to a million and a half of dollars, and all this raised out and out. There are very few church debts in England. And this really stands for much more than money. The services in these churches are more dignified, more beautiful than they were a generation ago; and they are doing far more work in all kinds of missionary and educational and charitable work, and more, too, in special address to the world around them and in publicity to make the views we hold better known.

Closely connected with this, in the outlook upon our work, is the much stronger and more effective organization among these churches. Of course, we have not the organization we would like to have. We are all deploring that we have not more. But the old farmers have a proverb about their wheat, "You can't have it both in meal and in malt." So we cannot have both the independence which is necessary to make Unitarians and to keep them standing apart from other Christian organizations and the cohesion of a closely organized ecclesiasticism. What organization and machinery we have has to be purely voluntary; and we ought not to be discouraged, therefore, that it cannot class with the strong organizations of the great bodies which have real church government. But the hopeful thing for our outlook is that it is steadily strengthening and increasing, far beyond the increase of our churches. Our churches have, during the past forty years, increased very slowly,—about eighty new societies against thirty-nine or forty weak causes closed, a net gain of forty in as many years, equal to an increase of twelve and one-half per cent. in that period. But during that period the support of our British and Foreign Unitarian Association has increased fourfold, four hundred per cent.; and that pecuniary increase may be taken as fairly indexing the increase of all organization among our churches.

One specially interesting branch of our English organization to you will be our local and district associations. These are the equivalent to your local or State conferences, but with this difference,—that the English local associations are all actual working missionary organizations, each with its own treasury, each practically managing the missionary and church extension work within its own district. They do not have very large treasuries: I suppose that, all together, they will raise a sum about equal to the income of the national organization,—the British and Foreign. It is worth noticing that in every case the formation of these district organizations, each collecting funds for its own work, has strengthened, not weakened or lessened, the amount contributed to the central organization.

It is part of this same development of our organization, and yet so distinct as to require a separate and special mention, that a few years ago our English friends began to follow the example of America in the appointment of district superintendents,—your State missionaries. A large proportion of our local conferences or associations have now these superintendents. They are usually supported half by the central treasury and half by the local funds; and they have been found a great strengthening of our work by looking after small congregations in danger of lapsing, organizing the missionary work of the districts, and gathering into effective help the work of our lay preachers. It is worth noting that in England there is much more done in the way of preaching by laymen than is at all known in America. As an illustration of this, I may mention that, on looking into the *Inquirer* for the calendar of our London churches for August 25, I found that in the announcements of the services in twenty-two churches there were no less than nine laymen announced, among them being men of good business and professional standing. This is one of the hopeful things in the outlook for Unitarianism on the other side of the ocean,—the readiness of our laymen to take an open, unashamed part for their faith. I should not like to say that our English laity are more religious than are

Americans; but, certainly, they are a little less sensitive about expressing it,—partly, I think it is that Americans never like to do a thing unless they are sure they can do it well. Englishmen, if the thing has got to be done, will stand up and do it,—clumsily, it may be, but still they will do it. And this is closely connected with another hopeful sign in the English outlook, and that is what I cannot help calling the splendid tenacity of English life. Our English people are nothing like as good at going ahead as Americans. I miss the dash and enthusiasm of American life in our churches there just as in everything else; but, for the staying quality, I know nothing finer than English life. Our struggling little congregations hold on through losses and discouragements that would scatter a small American church to the winds, for the time at least; though here, also, as I remember Dr. Bellows remarking, a Unitarian church is very hard to kill: it may be closed for years, yet some day it will start up again. But in England they do not close. There is no stopping for summer or vacations: if they cannot procure a minister, then, as I have said, they set a layman to take the service; but service there has got to be.

Not a rapid quality, you see, but one that gives great confidence in the eventual working through of whatever needs to be done. So the outlook is encouraging, not because it gives us yet much visible victory or progress to rejoice in, but because, in face of all the opposition and distrust that our cause has had to work through, it shows us, at the worst, making some slow but real progress, even in the number of our churches, and making far greater progress in our own preparedness for the work as it still lies before us. The case is with us very much as it was with Unitarianism in America up to twenty years ago. Up to that time you will remember there had been hardly any perceptible advance here. Great efforts had been made at times, and especially after the war there was considerable stir among your churches and institutions; and yet it seemed to come to curiously little. Why, for a generation before the founding of this conference your Year Books show that the American progress had been less than one a year, and that with all the marvellous extension of the States over the West. Then came the war, with its great national awakening; and this Conference was formed amid great hopes, and yet for twenty years after, though things were a little better, with an average increase of six new churches a year, yet it seemed very unsatisfying. But, then, you began really to see the fruits of all that strengthening organization and more bold forward-policy; and a steady gain of from twelve to twenty churches a year has been going on, and could be considerably increased if only you can find the men and the money necessary. It looks to me as if we, in the old country, may have very much the same experience to look forward to. We have never gone back. Even in the days when we made no strong effort to enlarge our work, it kept enlarging a very little, more than enough to balance the lapses in small country parishes which could not be kept up. And, even since we began to feel the impulse of the duty to organize and make our faith known, we have still kept on with very little increase, though always some. But with us, as with you, this patient effort must surely tell by degrees. It will be more slowly, because, as I began by showing, our whole battle is a harder one; but I believe that it is coming. Over and above the hopeful signs in the permanent current and drift of our own church life and the progress of thought around us, there are some things which have happened of late or are happening now,—only temporary factors, perhaps, in the religious situation, but still distinctly hopeful items in the nearer outlook.

One of these is the recent School Board struggle. You know something of the way in which the Established Church in England, seeing the progress of board schools,—our English "common schools,"—and foreseeing that their own denominational schools were weakening and becoming increasingly difficult to maintain, began to feel that, if they were to keep education in their hands, they must try, practically, to capture the Board Schools for their Church. They have been doing this for some time. Where they can, they try to keep out Board Schools altogether; but, where they cannot

do this, then they move heaven and earth to get their own clergy and people appointed on the "Board" (what you would call the "School Committee" of the district), and then edge in the "Apostles' Creed" and as much orthodox teaching of the Episcopal sort as they can. There has been a good deal of this up and down the country, and very often they have got the orthodox dissenters to work with them. But, at last, in London they took a stand which began to open the eyes of the public. In London there had been for over twenty years a scheme of undenominational religious education, drawn up in 1871 by representatives of all religious parties,—a real honest attempt to give the Board School children some good instruction in the elements of religion without any bias toward any special sect. It is true that most of the teachers are orthodox, a large majority even trained in Church of England normal schools, so that, without intending to be denominational, it was largely of a vaguely orthodox character; but still it was, in the main, well and honestly given, and this "Compromise of 1871," as it was called, was recognized by moderate men of all parties as working well. Suddenly, a few extreme High Churchmen raised an alarm that the compromise was being worked for "Unitarianism," and began a movement to have it set aside, and to substitute for it doctrinal conditions and tests to which all teachers must be submitted, which would at once turn the religious teaching into narrow theological and doctrinal channels, absolutely exclude all Unitarians, and give the clerical party an immense hold upon the whole future teaching. They reckoned on drawing the orthodox dissenters—Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and all the great Methodist bodies—on to their side, and being able, so, absolutely to crush out, not "Unitarianism" (for there has never been any serious charge of that being taught directly), but all that broader teaching which the best teachers were giving, and which Unitarians could give also. But the very opposite was what took place. The orthodox dissenters unanimously said: "We want to keep that broad, undenominational teaching of the compromise. We are satisfied with that; and, if Unitarians can give that, so much the better." They perceived, in fact, that it was a "clerical" scheme to capture the schools for the Church of England, and they refused to join in it; and, as the battle grew more distinct, here for the first time were Unitarians and other dissenting bodies working side by side, fighting shoulder and shoulder. This brought them better acquainted with us and with our principles; and, while there was a wide-spread disclaiming of any sympathy with our views, there was an almost equally wide-spread recognition of our belonging to the common family of Christian bodies. The whole struggle brought up the question of "What are these Unitarians, whom there is all this talk about?" as never before. Even the very abuse heaped upon us did us rather good than harm. In one great district, in which the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Rev. W. C. Bowie, had for years been a representative, a special effort was made to oust him. Placards saying, "If you want your children to go to hell, vote for a Unitarian!" were broadcast through the district; and one hundred ladies from the West End High churches were sent into the district.

And the result was that the Unitarian, Mr. Bowie, was returned at the head of the poll for his district; while all through London the liberal vote was enormously increased, and the great secular papers of both parties frankly agreed that clericalism was beaten. I think that one result of that contest is that there is more interest in Unitarianism among those quite outside of us than ever before.

And in this wide-spread interest and inquiry one name has stood us in such stead as to constitute in itself one of these immediate factors in the situation and the outlook. I mean the name of James Martineau. Fortunate is the church that has a man to refer to, as one of its members and ministers, of world-wide fame and known throughout England as one of the noblest religious thinkers, and perhaps the foremost philosophic mind of the age. There is not a minister of any church who has felt the perplexities of religious faith in presence of the investigations of science, who has not recognized in him the very

strongest defender of a spiritual philosophy of the universe. Add to this a catholicity of spirit which has made him the friend of the greatest leaders in every church, and a venerable age which of itself makes him one of the wonders of England, and you will readily understand that his simple name, as one of us, and our most honored man, is a tower of strength. Again and again, in these recent controversies, I have heard men say that they are themselves no Unitarians, but they cannot refuse the Christian name to a body that counts James Martineau as one of its members. This is itself an immense gain to our cause. It puts us, for the first time in our history, in the category of a form of religion that may be fairly inquired into. Hitherto, to a large majority of the Christian—even of the Protestant—world, Unitarianism has been simply *taboo*,—something not to be touched, something dangerous even to investigate. That state of things is breaking up. It will still be slow enough work. But, as I look back and remember the absolute ostracism of Unitarians from any Christian fellowship forty years ago, I cannot help feeling the immense difference in feeling which there is now, and recognizing the far opener outlook for our work. So, friends, dear friends and fellow-workers of so many of the happiest years of my life, from whom in those years I learned so much and got so much new courage and confidence, and from whom I went back in that stronger confidence to take my part again in the battle of religious liberalism where that battle is hardest,—dear friends, I bring you from across the water the greeting, not of a perishing or feeble cause, but of a movement that never had so much of life and energy and hope in it as it has to-day. It is a cause the very weakness of which lies largely in the fact that its principles are already leavening the other churches of the time with enough of liberalism to gratify the mind, though not enough to do justice to God's truth! Yes, that makes our work a little harder; but it does not make it one whit less necessary. For it is not only truth man needs, but truth held in reverent openness and freedom; and we have to work on and witness and build up churches for Christ's own broader thought, until that thought has come to be the open light of man.

THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.

BY REV. JOHN CUCKSON.

The Church and the masses. By the Church in this connection I do not mean any particular variety of Christianity, nor by the masses any special class of society. My object for the moment is to consider the position of the Christian Church in general as it stands related in our own time to the vast multitude of men and women who dwell in the great centres of population. It is obvious to every patient, discriminating mind that the subject is of the deepest importance, and raises questions which no serious person can disregard. Whether we look at the comparatively meagre attendance at most of the churches, despite the frantic and, for the large part, pitiable efforts which are continually being put forth, without avail, to reach the masses; or consider the drift of modern life toward worldliness and an absorption in secular pursuits and pleasures to the utter neglect of organized religion in any form,—the outlook, to say the least of it, is not encouraging. While it may certainly not be said that Christianity has lost any of its intrinsic power and grace, it nevertheless cannot be denied that from one cause or another its influence has not been commensurate with the needs of the age and the increase of population. And there is growing up in our midst, throughout every social grade, a disregard of its ordinances and an indifference to its claims. It is not enough to say that there is more of it in the atmosphere, and that in some shapeless and undefined fashion it pervades the public mind. That may or may not be; but, if it can be shown that the trend of life is toward material prosperity and self-indulgence, whether coarse or refined, and away from an institution in which are trained ideal faiths and unselfish hopes and affections, then there is abundant ground to fear that our common Christianity is losing its control of the forces which are shaping civilization. Very

much of the prevailing indifference to the Christian Church is the result of arrested spiritual development,—of persistent and habitual neglect of those faculties common to mankind, which, "be they what they may, are yet the fountain light of all our seeing." It begins in the home. Religion has largely ceased to be a plant of domestic culture; and secularism grows out of a defective religious training, or from no religious training whatever. If children are born and bred in homes from which religion in every form is exiled, and are left to pick up their knowledge of God and Christ and sacred things from casual and, necessarily, fitful and imperfect teaching for a few brief years in the Sunday-school, the result must be disastrous to them. It matters little whether the home be one of wealth and refinement, or of commonplace mediocrity, or of hopeless poverty. If the prevailing atmosphere be secular, unideal, undevout, the result will be the same,—a generation of men and women, possibly free from vulgar vices, but with no sense of infinite relations, no enthusiasms for lofty ideals, and devoid of spiritual experiences.

Does not this fact alone let us into the whole secret of the alienation of so many young men and women in all ranks of life from religion and its institutions? Parents and ministers bewail their indifference and isolation, look upon their estrangement with pain and sorrow, now reproach them for their carelessness, and then ply them with tender and beseeching solicitude, but all to no purpose. The mischief was done in early life, and of all places in the home. No definite religious bias was given to the mind in the most sensitive and plastic period of its growth; and they, who might have been ardent disciples of Christ and devoted church members, gradually drift away from all religious association, and soon come to be stolid pagans in the midst of a civilization which professes to be Christian. Then the ranks of the unchurched are further increased by a growing body of men and women, mostly men, who profess religious opinions, and then take no further thought about them. They are nominal Christians, not unfriendly to the Church and its services, but simply indifferent. They do not ignore Christianity altogether, but distinctly and habitually give it the smallest place in their regards. The neglect of religion which goes to the length of atheism or agnosticism is not common. It is speculative, not practical, and can hardly be counted as one of the working forces of civilization; but the conduct which is logical and rational only on the supposition that religion is a matter of no consequence is lamentably common. In other words, there are thousands of men and women in whose daily lives there is only the most fleeting reference to God and scarcely any disposition to worship. They would be ashamed to doubt the verities which they systematically ignore. Their faith in God is a mere idol of the mind, a cold and passionless creation of the intellect and imagination. They believe in Christ, but shrink from anything like pronounced and helpful discipleship. The Bible may be all true from Genesis to Revelation,—they would most likely say that it is,—but the book does not deeply interest them, and exercises no authority over them. The Church is a great institution, and they are not unwilling to admit its power and place in the community and recognize its beneficent influence upon life; but they respect it at a distance, and seldom, if ever, enter its precincts. Prayer is beautiful; but, so far as they are concerned, it is a lost art. Their lives are so thronged with other things, which touch them far more closely and affect them more vitally, that they have neither leisure nor inclination for spiritual worship. There is neither reality nor force in their religion. It is wholly inoperative, and might just as well be called by some other name. Suggest to such people that for their own good as well as for the benefit of their children and neighbors they might make a difference between week-days and Sundays, and encourage with their presence the Church which needs them far more than their good opinion or their annual subscriptions, and they will most likely indorse the suggestion, and promise to turn over a new leaf; but, once under the spell of religious indiffer-

ence, repentance is difficult, if not impossible. Once relinquish worship, whether in the home or in the church, and it is hard to rekindle the ashes of a dead or a dying faith.

How to revive in the unchurched a lost devotion, and restore to the Church a worldly backslider, is the toughest problem an earnest minister has to face. And the problem is all the deeper, if this otherwise good man, as frequently happens, is the head of a large family, or a person of commanding public influence and position. The better the man, the more insidious and wide-spread is his influence and example, in this particular respect, both in the home and in society. His children and associates will take their cue from his habits rather than from his precepts. Himself heedless of the claims of religion and indifferent to its institutions, he is apt to be reckless of the tendencies in his household. Whether his children go to church or stay at home is a matter of indifference to him, and it soon becomes of no concern to them; and it is not long before the last link between his family and his church is severed, and the pew once filled with a united and happy group is empty altogether or only occupied at intervals by an occasional visitor. Is not this a true story of religious declension written on the records of a thousand churches? When a man becomes oblivious for a long time to the eternal trusts, reverences, aspirations, and contritions of the soul, prayer becomes an unwonted and tedious experience, and anything worth the name of religion a forgotten story.

But, if we may judge by the multiform and plausible excuses for non-attendance at church, the chief obstacle of the delinquent to his full allegiance to organized religion is found in the existence of what he calls social caste. He does not tell

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us by what process the differences between wealth and poverty are to be obliterated either in the church or elsewhere; but he somehow thinks that, so long as they exist, they constitute an insuperable barrier to fellowship. If he is poor, he flatly refuses to sit in a church which is mainly occupied and supported by the wealthy; and, if he is rich, there is a strong disposition to go to church with his own class or not to go at all. And so there has sprung up a wide-spread sentiment against the costly church, on the one hand, and the so-called mission church, on the other. If we look deeply into the grounds upon which this prejudice rests,—for at its root it is nothing more than a prejudice,—we shall find that wealth and poverty are not movable at pleasure, but are here to stay. They exist in business, in politics, and in society; and nothing that we can do will keep them out of the churches, and the best thing is simply to recognize the fact, and eschew the demagogism which continually magnifies and emphasizes the difference between them, and sets them farther and farther apart, instead of doing everything that can be done to adjust their inequalities and bring them closer together. Besides, the social character of any particular church is not determined on any abstract principle, but on the needs of those for whom and by whom it was built, and the character of the neighborhood in which it is situated. Even its size and seating capacity is no unimportant factor in determining what it can do and what it cannot do in accommodating worshippers. A church is usually built to meet the needs and requirements of a limited number of people. A few families in a given neighborhood meet together, and decide to erect an edifice to suit their religious needs and tasks. It is to be a house of worship for them and for their children, and for so much of the general public as they are able to accommodate with seats. The sense of proprietorship and privilege enters, and I venture to say ought to enter, into all their plans. The church is for them and their families, and is their spiritual home in a sense in which it can never be the home of casual visitors and strangers.

You may say that this is exclusive if you choose, but it is an exclusiveness which is both inevitable and justifiable. It does not arise from social pride or narrowness, but from conditions, mainly outward and unavoidable, which are inherent in the constitution of voluntary churches, which have always existed and will continue to exist. If the State were erecting churches at its own cost, and to provide for the religious needs of the general public, then private ownership of pews and claims to special privileges would be unjust; but, when a limited number of people build a church for themselves first, and for the outside public so far as their resources will allow, they are not to be reproached on account of the social character of the congregation. There is no reason whatever why, under the principles of Congregationalism, the members of any particular church should not regulate their own affairs without regard to the outside public; and, since they have to pay the annual cost of public worship, it is their business to adopt that plan of covering the expenses which best guarantees an adequate and permanent support, and which suitably provides accommodation for their families. To say that this is unsocial and undemocratic is to talk mischievous nonsense.

But, having done this, it may be fairly argued whether a church so constituted ought to stop at that point. Having satisfied the claims of its own people, if it is wise, it will provide one service on Sunday for the public, a service in which proprietorship and privilege are relinquished; and, wherever this is done, it ought to be done handsomely. In our efforts to be inclusive and to meet the demands of people who cannot be accommodated comfortably at our regular services, do what we will, there ought to be nothing that seems like patronage. The working classes whom we long to reach, because we believe that we have a gospel that will help them, are averse to condescension. They don't want any inferior seats in our churches any more than they want our churches built meanly for the poor, and conducted just as meanly. If we are to do anything for them, let us

give them nothing short of our best, and let whatever is done be done out of our abundance, and not according to our necessities. Something of this kind has been attempted at Arlington Street Church, Boston. That is, as you know, a proprietary church. Its pews are all owned, and are all taken; and at the morning service visitors have to risk their chance of being accommodated with seats. If they will only wait a little while,—and there is no earthly reason why they shouldn't,—there is never much difficulty about seating them. The owners of pews, there as elsewhere, with very rare exceptions, are courteous and hospitable to strangers. No man, however poor, is judged by his poverty. A seat is found for him, and books; and, unless he carries pride in his own heart and morbidly broods over social disparities, nothing happens to him to discount the truth there that rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all. But at the vesper services in the afternoon the entire church is given up to strangers, and a service is provided which in no respect falls behind that which is held for church members in the morning. It is not a service for the poor, and there is nothing poverty-stricken about it. It is a service for the masses; and of all the vast throng which gathers there from week to week, from October to the middle of May, not one man is made to feel that his self-respect is injured or that he is being patronized. If he wants to contribute something in return for his church privileges, he has an opportunity of doing so three or four times during the season, not, however, to the church itself, but to the various charities in which it is interested. It is true the church is comfortably furnished. Everything has been done which wealth and good taste can do to make it comfortable and attractive, but these ought to be helps more than hindrances. I rather pity the man who prefers to worship God in the open air or in some unattractive hall or Bethel, and who makes the material surroundings of a church a hindrance to Christian fellowship. He is surely poor material to work upon, and it is futile to attempt to conciliate him. Meet him on his own ground if you will, preach to him in public places and the slums, but do not permit his prejudice against decent and becoming surroundings to be cast as a reproach against the churches.

Then, further, it is alleged that the average minister and his message are out of date. We are told the churches are deserted because their services are not in touch with the intellectual and moral requirements of the age. The forms of worship are too stiff and ecclesiastical, and the preacher has seldom anything to say which is either new or true. The atmosphere of the church is mediæval, and the minister dwells too habitually upon thoughts and things which belong to antiquity. The non-attendant at church is nearly always a superior person. He is apt to be more or less of an intellectual Pharisee. And his sweeping indictment of the mental condition of the churches rests upon very inadequate data. It is true enough of some churches and of some ministers, but it is absolutely false and unjust as applied generally to churches and ministers. The churches of Christendom at the present day are full of modern thought, and are keenly alive to their duty in respect to the social and industrial problems of the hour, even though some of them do continue to employ forms of prayer sanctified by long use, and born in an age of faith and deep spiritual repose, in preference to the crude, hectic, rambling, and often unspiritual utterances of an age in which faith is feeble, and repose is the exception, and not the rule.

And, then, as to the ministers, they are not persons requiring much commiseration either as to what they are or what they do. And yet how much of it is condescendingly given to them! It is positively revolting to be compelled to listen to the supercilious, flippant criticism of the ministry from the lips of superior persons, who boast how seldom they enter a church, and from men of the world. One wonders where they have studied the clergy, and whether they have attended church long enough or taken a sufficiently creditable part in religious work, to be able to speak with confidence of men who

not only stand valiantly for the best things in modern civilization, but who give their lives unselfishly to every humane and righteous cause. There are no set of men more democratic in their sympathies than the clergy of all denominations; and, when I try to recall the names of those who have contributed to the solution of the social, industrial, and economic problems of our age, not a few of them have been clergymen in active ministry or laymen who were once clergymen. A clergyman's first duty is, of course, to his parish. The work which is nearest to his heart is naturally that of which his church is the centre. He cannot leave the spot he is set to till, and the special task he was educated to perform, and which, if rightly attended to, will tax all his powers and monopolize the greater part of his time, and stump the country as social agitator or partisan politician. His education, not less than his commission, defines and fixes the orbit in which he must move. To reproach him for not doing more, or not doing something which he apparently elects not to do, is often as unreasonable as it is ungenerous. But it is said he is a man of leisure, and is moreover obsequious and the apologist of his wealthy supporters; and so the masses have little or nothing to expect from him. This is a misapprehension, coupled with a rather contemptible implication of cowardice. What the clergyman of a great city parish is called upon to do, whether that parish be rich or poor, is best known to himself. He knows much better than any outsider what is the responsibility, the care, the incessant toil of brain and heart, incidental to the effort to hold rich and poor, fervent and indifferent, loyal to the loftiest ideals and devoted to unselfish service and sacrifice. He knows all the demands which are involved in his pastoral duties and obligations, some of them easy and pleasant to the last degree, while others are a constant tax upon the nerves and heart. He knows how numerous are the calls upon his time and thought outside his parish and mainly in works of public charity; and the taunt so often levelled against him that on the whole he is more ornamental than useful is inconsiderate, flippant, and pointless. And as for the obsequious clergyman, truckling to the rich and neglectful of the poor, subservient and cowardly, in my long experience I have never met him; and I do not believe that he exists anywhere except in the prolific imagination of a wretched demagogue.

So far we have considered alleged obstacles to the power of churches over the masses, some of which are obviously not very serious. They are either unreasonable or trivial or unavoidable. Let us now probe this question a little deeper, and see whether there be not something in the quality of our customary worship, its tone and spirit and purpose, rather than in its forms and material environment, which accounts in no small degree, if not entirely, for not a little of the popular indifference to churches. Have we settled in our minds very definitely and clearly what is the normal function of a church? Is it not too true that the popular idea of the Church is, like the popular notion of Christianity, somewhat hazy and ill-defined? To many minds Christianity is everything, and everything is Christianity; and it would almost seem as if the religion of Jesus were reduced to the alternative of being a conglomerate of metaphysical theories and conflicting principles or a cloud of nebulous mist. Now it is spoken of as a general philosophy of religion, and is identified with speculations to which Jesus must have been an utter stranger; then it is held to be a cluster of rites and traditions in the custody of a privileged body of priests; here it is little more than higher criticism, and there nothing better than a code of ethical precepts.

The popular conception of the Church partakes of the same miscellaneous character. Sometimes it is set forth as a mere storehouse of ecclesiastical curios, old creeds, obsolete usages and customs. At other times it is either a platform for the discussion of all the problems in philosophy, science, and literature, or a bureau of charity. There can be little doubt, I think, that the nondescript and indefinite character of the Church militates against its popularity. We have not sufficiently emphasized the

fact that the Church exists primarily and mainly to cultivate instincts and feelings and aspirations which ripen into character, and that, if it fail at this point, its failure is as disastrous as it is conspicuous. Our natures imperatively demand occasions for the exercise of religious emotion, for gratitude, reverence, contrition, sympathy, affection, opportunities for the growth of faculties which are as distinct from the reason and conscience as art is from logic or poetry from science; and for ages it has seemed to men that in the quiet of the sanctuary and the religious fellowship of kindred minds they found the conditions of worship not to be met with elsewhere or amid other surroundings, and so the true church has, and ought to have, a unique place in human regard. Its work is distinct, unrivalled. It is not that of the school or college or lecture lyceum or charity organization. It may, and it does, touch these at all points; but it exists to accomplish that which lies forever beyond their power. It is all the more necessary to emphasize this truth, because there is a strong tendency to think lightly of worship in itself, and a disposition to make the church purely educational and philanthropic, the centre of practical utilities rather than the temple of the religious imagination and the palace of the soul. But follow the movements of human history, examine the forces which have been most potent in the progress of humanity, and you will find that faith and worship have been the great factors in human civilization. Not brute force, nor material energy, not even intellectual prowess, but sympathy and affection, service and sacrifice, reverence and worship, have inspired the noblest pages of human history.

Do not misunderstand me, I have no desire to underestimate the value to the Church of scholarship and practical benevolence; but I want to state the plain, blunt fact that men and women owe more of what is highest and best in them to the church than to the college, to their prayers than to their possessions, to religious quickening than to fussy activity in any direction, to the preacher rather than to the essayist or lecturer. Turn where we will, to the silent, secret life of the individual, to the permanent well-being of the family, to the moral condition of the community, the energy that inspires and quickens is an impulse from within, a rich, full tide of invisible trust and affection, which can only arise in the heart of a religious man, and which meditation and prayer can alone create and sustain.

The thing I am contending for as lying within the special power of the Church is that rare something which constitutes the difference between life and creed, between sermon and essay, between the preacher and any other public teacher. Surely, the first object of religious services is to create an atmosphere which is stimulating and inspiring, which produces a conscious sense of communion with God and a conviction of life's infinite and spiritual relations. We do not ask whether worship is useful or instructive, but whether it brings the devotee into helpful and uplifting relations with the object of all worship, the source of all power, the God of all comfort. In

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other words, it is the special function and privilege of the Church to do for the average man and woman what Nature does in the summer, though in a different and perhaps less adequate way. In the sunny season of the year we abandon ourselves without reserve to the Infinite Spirit of the earth and sky. Our life with Nature is not so much a study as a delight. We look into the star-lit heavens with eyes of wonder and divine surprise. We gaze long and often upon the vast ocean, in storm and calm, thinking far less of its utilities and the vast commerce which rides upon its waves than of the Deity who, without weariness and without rest, holds its countless drops in the hollow of his hand. We ramble through the woods, and are contented to be hushed by their solemn stillness and awed by their shadows. We gather wild flowers in the dells and meadows, not as botanists, but simply as lovers of the fragrant and beautiful creations of a mind that seems to riot in its own splendor. We allow the Spirit of the Universe to have its way with us, and yield ourselves to what Wordsworth calls "a wise passiveness." Now it seems to me that the church and its services should be made to facilitate some measure of the same abandonment and communion. It ought to be the function of the written and spoken word, of the prayer and hymn, of the music and sermon, to kindle in a degree the rapture which glows in the face of Nature,—nay, to awaken emotions which Nature has no power to disturb. This is what the busy, crowded masses need: not simply instruction, which they can obtain in better form through a hundred channels outside the Church; not dreary homilies, which too frequently only deaden still further the moral sensibilities; not musical pyrotechnics, which encourage criticism rather than devotion; not a dull and cheerless treatment of secular topics, with which they are only too familiar in the monthly magazine and the daily press, but a devotional service which from its opening to its close lifts them for a brief space into unclouded regions of trust and hope, and gives them relief from their burdens of care and solace and healing for their sorrows. Call this sentiment, if you will, but don't forget that in religion, while thought may be necessary, feeling is indispensable; and the mass of people gather more benefit from strong and elevated emotion than from any purely intellectual exercise of which they are capable.

But it may be asked, Has the Church nothing more to do than to create religious ecstasy? Has it no other function than to kindle feeling? Well, if it can do that, and do it as it ought to be done, I venture to think that its power would be greatly augmented and its influence for good extended. We cannot afford to think lightly of services which, though they produce no tangible or material results, go right to the centre of life, as nothing else does. We cannot measure the services of the Church by any mere utilitarian standard. Their best results are wrought where measurement is impossible. But why apply our prosy, matter-of-fact tests to religion? We do not apply them to art or music or poetry. When we enter a gallery of great pictures, and are stirred by the form and beauty of the artist's creating, we do not stop to gauge the exact worth of our emotions, and wonder whether there is any utility in beauty. We simply yield ourselves to the inspiring sight, and then let it have its way with us. When we listen to the strains of Handel or Mozart or Beethoven, we do not drop into a mood of prosaic questioning as to whether music produces results in us adequate to the time and money we give to it. No, we simply drink in the divine harmonies, and open every ear of the mind, that we may catch the sublime strains and enjoy the rapture of sounds we cannot hear too often, and with which we cannot be too familiar. When we read a great poem, and come under the spell of a mighty imagination, we no more think of dissecting it than we think of separating the colors of the rainbow or analyzing the hues of black and gold which glorify the dying hours of an autumn day. So it is with religion. It is enough that it inspires, quickens, soothes, and sanctifies, and by going to the

springs of human feeling controls all the currents of being and of action; and he who is able to open the fountains of strong and pure religious emotion to any extent need not envy any man his power for good.

But there is where our difficulty lies; there, if anywhere, is the secret of our spiritual impotency. It is no great task to wrestle with men's doubts, to grapple more or less successfully with the crucial problems of theology, politics, and social life, to enter into the arena of fierce controversy, and fight like gladiators against the champions of conflicting creeds, or to create by some theatrical device a passing sensation that will draw the crowd. But to make men feel the reality of God instead of merely discussing him with them; to kindle their love for Christ until they give their hearts to him, instead of confusing and perplexing them with speculative Christologies; to present the virtues in such guise that they win men by their beauty and simplicity instead of telling the twice-told tale of the theory of ethics; to convince them that this life, despite its cares and sorrows and sore disappointments, is essentially beautiful, and may be made increasingly so, and that the life to come is more than a shining possibility, is, in fact, "an everlasting day of perfect knowledge unbroken by a shadowing cloud or a deepening twilight," that is a nobler and more difficult task, and one which taxes all the powers.

I have not by any means exhausted the long list of apologies for neglect of religious fellowship. It would be impossible to do so, for human ingenuity has never been so sorely tried in anything as in finding plausible excuses for not going to church. Their name is legion. Every minister encounters them daily whenever he tries to quicken the sense of duty among the lax members of his flock. But I have tried to dispel some of the most powerful prejudices against the Church, and to correct some hurtful misrepresentations. The Church is fallible. It makes mistakes, and often sins against its best interests; and it is common enough for non-church goers, of a certain calibre, to assume that light and liberty and progress are with them, and not with the churches. But, while the Church may at times be slow in its movements and conservative as to change, it is, nevertheless, in close touch with the rising tides of knowledge and of duty. It is still what it ever has been,—a beacon-light amid the gloom. It is the inspirer of the best living reforms and the generous supporter of every just and humane movement. The strength of the best manhood and womanhood of our time is still consecrated to its service; and, although beset and frequently hindered by prejudice and misjudgment, it is doing more than all other institutions put together to make and keep the world in which we live a safe and healthy place for human souls to dwell in.

OUR CONGREGATIONAL POLITY.

BY REV. F. L. HOSMER.

Our Congregational polity, as a fellowship of churches, is an inheritance. To understand it, therefore, involves some historical retrospect; and to this I shall devote a part of my paper. I shall then consider some practical bearings of the subject upon the individual church among us and upon our associated action as a fellowship of churches.

But may I first say a word as to the importance of the subject to our portion of the Israel of God at this time? By many outside and by not a few inside our fellowship, our polity is imperfectly understood. We are looked upon not simply as a denomination, which I suppose we are, but as a sect, which from the beginning we have in the main striven not to be, and which the most honored of the fathers, whether radicals or conservatives in theological belief, have alike disclaimed. Not long ago a gentleman standing among the foremost of his profession in one of our largest Western cities asked me in regard to the position of the individual church in the Unitarian fellowship and the degree of authority exercised by the latter over it; and, though I found his impressions correct, yet he needed to have them confirmed. And a little longer ago a woman of unusual intelligence

spoke to me of her special interest in a sermon which her minister had then recently preached upon the beginnings and growth of the Congregational polity in New England and the Unitarian inheritance therein, giving her, as she said, a clearer idea of the whole subject than she before had. And just now especially, amid the awakening of a freer spirit which is our opportunity, and when the idea of a church of the people is proclaimed as if it were the creation of to-day, and Scrooby and Southwark and Leyden and Plymouth were not historic names, we need to make very clear and to emphasize the free Congregationalism which is our inheritance, and the palladium of our fellowship amid the diversity of thought and method that mark the religious movements of the hour.

Our inheritance, I have said, of this free congregational polity, but not ours alone. We share it with some others. If we go back to the primitive churches, then it is the early inheritance of Christendom, though great branches therein have left it behind under the strong influences of political association and ideals. At no time, however, in all the centuries of Christian history have the spirit and methods of those first communities been wholly lost. The fresh study of them and return to them have marked revivals of personal religion and the inflow of new forces at many a point. But the particular illustration of most interest to us in this present connection is to be found in that little congregation gathering within the house of William Brewster at Scrooby, England, in 1603.

The separation of England from Rome had served to give freer play to the religious questioning and the growing national hopes and ideals of the people. There were many who desired to see the old ecclesiastical order maintained with no more than a change in name. Others would retain Episcopacy, but with a larger measure of individual freedom in matters of ritual. There were others, including many of the best minds in the realm, who held no less strongly to the idea of a national church, but who would fashion that church after the Genevan pattern. Of these were the Puritans. But within this Puritan party there arose still another party of men who despaired of a church under whatever control of the secular power. They felt that religion must begin with the individual and groups of individuals, and thus create the Church; that no State could create a church or have proper authority over its matters of ritual and doctrine. Very naturally, these people came to regard any acceptance of or identification with the national church as in itself wrong. They became known as "Separatists" or Independents. Sir Walter Raleigh in 1593 estimated that there were then twenty thousand of these in England,—not a great many in proportion to the whole people, but men on fire with their convictions, and who already were anticipating in their way that entire separation of Church and State and the grounds thereof which are the commonplace of to-day's thought in this country.

Of these Independents was that little congregation meeting at Scrooby manor. It is one more illustration of which the more intimate study of history shows us so many, of good coming out of the Nazareths. For this was a rural district; and here it would seem, as on a nearer and more familiar occasion, were for the most part "embattled farmers," whose shot, at first of little report, came to be "heard round the world." It was these men of whom Bradford wrote: "They shook off this yoke of antichristian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by a covenant of the Lord into a church estate, in the fellowship of the gospel, to walk in all his ways made known or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatever it should cost them." Of the vicissitudes experienced by this first free Congregational church within modern times, the persecutions suffered at home, the sojourn in Leyden as in a strange though friendly land, the brave hope of better carrying out their ideals on the New World's virgin soil, the embarkation and the memorable words of Pastor Robinson at parting, the landing at "New" Plymouth and the beginnings of that settlement so pregnant with after re-

sults, there is no need to speak here in detail. But this is to be borne in mind, that these people were Puritans of the Puritans, disbelievers in a national church of any sort, and who had given up all dreams of such a fulfilment, whether under out-and-out prelacy or its cheap imitation and thin disguise.

We have now to turn to the beginnings of one other New England colony, which, together with that of Plymouth, was to shape the religious and civil polity of that portion of this new shore, and thereby very materially the subsequent history of the whole country. The story is interestingly given in Dr. Bacon's "Genesis of the New England Churches." It shows us how streams that could not become one in the Old England came together in the changed conditions of the New, and formed one strong and widening river. I refer, of course, to the settlement of Salem under the direction of the Massachusetts Company (London) in 1628. Under this company there landed at Salem in August of that year some forty persons with captain (afterward governor) John Endicott. They were not Independents. On the contrary, they viewed the Plymouth colonists and their ilk at home as schismatics, while they themselves still held to a national church, which they hoped to see completely reformed. In this connection is an incident with a moral that loses none of its force by lapse of time. Other persons, classed as "servants," had come out to the colony either with Endicott or soon after; and the supply of food and shelter was wholly inadequate for so many. Several died, and more sickened. In this dire strait Endicott sent to the Plymouth colony for a physician, of whose skill in curing "divers of the scurvy and other diseases" he had heard. When this Dr. Fuller took his departure from Salem, he left Endicott and the Salem folk with very much modified opinions of the views and practices of the older colony, to which Endicott's frank and grateful letter afterward to Gov. Bradford bears witness. Thus already the supposed gulf between the two settlements was beginning to be bridged over. Common needs and mutual service are a great solvent of ecclesiastical differences. In May of the next year (1629) another expedition was fitted out for the Salem colony by the Home Company, now newly incorporated under a

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the entire system has more or less of a struggle to fortify itself for the cold of the coming winter. In cases where the body has become over-exhausted by the prostrating effects of the past warm weather, an inability to cope with the change is experienced. Loss of appetite, weight, sleep, or strength are dangerous symptoms that foretell coming troubles.

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charter from the king. In a list of necessities to be provided the first item is "ministers." (Bacon's "Genesis," etc., p. 458.) The care with which these ministers were selected is matter of much interest to us, and throws light upon the religious aspects of the settlement and the sympathies and aims of those composing the company that projected it. These ministers were not to be of the Independent sort, who had broken with the idea of a national church, but such as should establish in the New England the Church of the Old, purged from those errors of ritual and doctrine which seemed impossible of reformation under king and parliament. The men finally selected were Francis Higginson, Samuel Skelton, and Francis Bright; and these sailed each in one of the three ships of the expedition. The words attributed to Higginson as the shores of England faded from sight may be supposed to voice the views of all three, and certainly they speak for his tenderness of heart. "We will not say, as the Separatists are wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome!' but we will say, Farewell, dear England, farewell, the Church of God in England and all the Christian friends there. We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practise the positive part of church reformation and propagate the gospel in America."

It seems a striking instance of coming events casting their shadows before that in this expedition, and apportioned to the same ship with Higginson, was one Ralph Smith, an out-and-out Separatist minister, and who later came to be pastor of the church at Plymouth. There was much misgiving on the company's part when they learned about this man; but his goods were on board, and they did not refuse him passage at the last hour, though they deemed it proper to write to Gov. Endicott a word of warning in regard to him, and he was expressly enjoined from exercising his ministry within the company's jurisdiction. In view of all this solicitude in the selection of these ministers, the events following their arrival at Salem are most noteworthy, and show the forces already at work on this New World soil.

Though these ministers were sent out to the new colony by the men who had projected it, and in answer to the colony's need, yet this seemed not of itself to constitute them rightful shepherds of the little wilderness flock. The people themselves were to have something to say and to do. Accordingly, a day was solemnly set apart by Endicott, whereon Higginson and Skelton, after some statements made by them in regard to their views of the ministerial office and the call thereto, were duly elected, the one as teacher, and the other as pastor. But this action was deemed incomplete, for election was not ordination; and, though both these men had received ordination in the Church of England, yet this fact was not interpreted as investing them with authority to exercise their office in the new community across the sea. Accordingly, as we learn from a contemporary letter to Gov. Bradford, "they accepting the choice, Mr. Higginson and three or four of the gravest members of the church laid their hands on Mr. Skelton, using prayers therewith. This being done, then there was an imposition of hands on Mr. Higginson." (Bacon's "Genesis," p. 473.) Not much of reluctance in this surely, but a most signal recognition of authority in the people, whose forecast and full reach could hardly have been realized at the time. But what is yet more significant, when it came to the choice of deacons and elders, there was pressed upon the attention of these people the fact that there had been no clear determination who had the right to exercise this suffrage. Evidently, the church must exist before it could officer itself. Who constituted that church? This was a leading question. It led then and there to the organization of a church, with some thirty persons selected as charter members; and thereupon not only were deacons and elders duly chosen, but even Mr. Higginson and Mr. Skelton were again ordained, that there might be no question as to their authority and its sufficient source. Thus these people who had held

aloof from independency, and had cherished the hope and ideal of a reformed national church, were making the principles of free Congregationalism the corner-stone of that first church to be organized in New England; for the Plymouth Church, bear in mind, was already organized before the Pilgrims landed on this shore. The national Puritan had unconsciously gone over in practice to the principles of the Independent. The task in hand was not to re-form, but to form a church; and he did it in the simplest and most natural way,—the way in which those earliest Christian churches were formed as Paul preached from city to city. This event Dr. Bacon significantly calls "the beginning of a distinctively American church history."

In this connection is a pleasing incident, which illustrates the principle of fellowship under this free Congregational polity. There were on their way to this Salem ordination representatives from the church at Plymouth, with Gov. Bradford at their head; but, by reason of a stormy voyage across the bay, they did not arrive until the day's work was nearly over. But their presence had not been judged necessary to the proper conduct of the occasion. They heard, however, what had been done, gave approval, and extended the good will and fellowship of the church which they represented. "The church that had been brought over the ocean," says Dr. Bacon, "now saw another church, the first-born in America, holding the same faith in the same simplicity of self-government under Christ alone. . . . Robinson had not lived to see that day; but he had foreseen it, and his prophecy was fulfilled. 'For,' said he, 'there will be no difference between the conforming ministers and you when they come to the practice of the ordinances out of the kingdom.'"

I have reviewed at this length these historical facts, though so familiar to many in my audience, because apart from them the spirit and principles of New England Congregationalism cannot be understood. But I need follow this history no farther in detail. The impulse and direction were already given, and what came after was only development in accord therewith. As the settlements increased along Massachusetts Bay and inland, new churches were organized on the same general principles as those of Plymouth and Salem. As these churches multiplied, there was mutual recognition and the sense of a common faith. But that faith was not turned into a covenant of doctrinal creed. Those earlier covenants were affirmative rather of life purpose. The grasp of those sturdy pioneers was upon principles far more than upon theological particulars in their church bonds. The prevailing theology, as we all know, was Calvinism, as it was the theology of the dominant forces of Protestantism at the time; but that frequent and excellent phrase in their covenants as to obeying the truth "made known or to be made known to us" still throbbed with the spirit of Pastor Robinson's parting words. And in the extension of these churches, with the fellowship recognized among them, the independence of each individual church was stoutly maintained. Councils there were, called on occasion of an ordination or of some serious division or difficulty arising in a particular church; but these councils had simply advisory power, acted only by the delegated authority of the church in question, and ceased to exist when their advice was given or office performed. It would be easy to quote authorities to this effect all along the way. To be sure, one church might withdraw fellowship from another for supposedly good reason. This is involved in the fact of its independence. But this is not to be construed as any exercise of authority over such church. As matter of fact, such withdrawals were very rare for a century and more, when the bitterness of theological controversy began to blind men to the larger unities of faith, and culminated in the banded exclusion of the Unitarian portion of the Congregational churches of New England, at the opening of the present century. That these earlier churches were broad in their theological sympathies or tolerant of opposing doctrines none would affirm. An intelligent toleration was not the possession of that age. But with refer-

ence to their Congregational polity there is, in the main, no question. There have been at times influences at work to infringe that polity and to presbyterianize the churches; but they have never succeeded on any wide scale or for any long period. The "consociations" that flourished in Connecticut could not stand the climate of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay.

Of the results of that early church-planting on the shores of New England, both on the religious and the political side of our national history, there is here no time to speak; nor is there need. But none can study those results without recognizing the commanding power of that free Congregational polity which the Pilgrims established. It has given wider welcome and play to the new moral and intellectual forces of each age, and has furnished many a forlorn hope in the onward march of the Church at large.

In this historical line we, as a fellowship of churches, stand. To-day those two churches of Plymouth and Salem, which shaped the Congregational polity of New England, are in the Unitarian fellowship. We are wont to think that we stand more directly in that line than our cousins of the Trinitarian wing, that we have stood more loyally even than they by that principle of the independence of the local church. Whatever we may have lost thereby in organization has been gained in the freer course of such message as our churches have had to give.

The widening recognition of those principles and main beliefs underlying the Unitarian movement has been beyond all proportion to the organic increase of the churches within that movement. But "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall" is good Scripture, and may here have some bearings pertinent to our own case. If any have confidence in this flesh of good traditions, we more. But of this we are not wont to need reminding. Self-depreciation in this matter was never our chief defect. Self-inquiry is far better for us than self-content. For it is possible to preserve the letter, and yet lose the spirit which was its life. No form of church polity works itself or has inherent efficacy to create and sustain a church or a fellowship of churches. It is but a method to an end.

Behind it must be the working power in the live interest and conviction of the men and women who use it. And here, it seems to me, some things are pertinent to be said in this gathering. It may fairly be questioned whether some of our churches are not less Congregational in spirit and in practice than many others under a system theoretically less free and democratic; whether there really be, in not a few of them, that practical faith in the people which is the root of all popular government, whether in State or Church.

It has often seemed to me that our earlier social and intellectual traditions have worked to our limitation as well as to our enlargement, and have kept us from that measure of outward growth with the people which our theoretical teaching would seem fitted to secure. There has been lack of that robust assimilating force which can work on new material, though it come in rather raw and crude shape, and make it supply the natural waste of changes incident to every community. It is to be feared that with too many among us there is more joy over one evangelical believer of good standing who repenteth than over the ingathering of ninety-and-nine obscure people outside all folds.

But I am sure Paul never would have taken more satisfaction over the conversion of one worthy Jew than over that of a dozen Gentiles, even though these were slaves in Cæsar's household; and in our time and country, vastly more than in the Greece and Rome of Paul's time, the humblest of to-day may become the strength of to-morrow. I wish our Unitarian churches were more alive to this fact. No, friends: the sources of our weakness are not where we best like to imagine them. They lie in no small part in what I have here intimated,—in a certain social and intellectual daintiness and fastidiousness in practice which do not match with our theoretical beliefs, and which no mere resolutions of love to man are to cure us of, but only a new baptism of the Spirit. I speak plainly, for the disease is deep. Upon its cure depends the issue whether we lead the liberal forces in the measure possible to us in the next quarter-century or give place to new movements that will supersede us if we do not. Not long ago the minister of one of our churches remarked in my presence that he did not see how his church was going to survive the losses it had met by death and removals; for, said he, there are not people enough in the town qualified to maintain a Unitarian church. Yet there was a population fourfold that of the town where his church was founded a generation ago. If we have a gospel so fearfully sublimated as his remark would imply, all I have to say is this: that, if it goes utterly under, it will only be by the great law of the survival of the fittest. And the lack of a real confidence in the people,—yes, the "common people," such as heard Jesus gladly, we are told,—shown in this unconscious, intellectual Pharisaism, is matched by like lack of faith shown in the social life and the general management of too many of our churches. With perhaps the best intentions, often with no intentions, good or bad, but by mere drift and lack of life, our Congregational polity comes to be such only in name.

Of one of our old "first" churches in a New England town a friend not long ago told me that at the annual business meeting there were present only seven men, and these, for the most part, men of wealth from the near city, to whom the church was a social club rather than a source of spiritual life to the community. Yet a generation ago that church gathered a large congregation, mainly of the sturdy middle class; and the population of the town is now thrice what it was then. I was credibly informed recently of one of our churches, not in New England,—a church of large wealth and representative of what I suppose would be called "best society,"—whose board of trustees is practically a close corporation, from time to time filling its own vacancies when vacancies occur: while in many of our churches, I suspect, there is as little rotation in office, either for the recognition and better representation of new elements or for the training of young men and women to stand in the fathers' and mothers' places, as if a like practice prevailed. It really makes little difference when a church is practically run by the same set from year to year, and the safety and standing of the society come to be thought dependent upon their official tenure, whether they are called presbyters or wardens or what not. The vitality of Congregationalism passes, touch with the people is lost, and the future of the church can be prophesied. Yet once more: I may in-

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stance another church, of which I was informed during the past year that in its management, whether in determining its covenant or electing its officers or in any other matter, by the articles of organization each member had as many votes as he paid for sittings. Thus, for example, the man able to rent a whole pew could cast five votes, though he might seldom come to church; while his neighbor, who paid for one sitting, had but one vote, though he might teach in the Sunday-school, be active in church work, and a constant attendant on the Sunday. Do we not need a revival of Congregationalism among us, of the thing itself, to make good the name we claim? Say all that may be said in explanation or excuse of such instances as I have cited; yet, when all is said, it remains none the less true that the only way to have a true Congregational church is to recognize the whole congregation, to assimilate constantly new material, though it be "raw" material, to develop interest by enlisting interest, and to bring out hidden strengths and possibilities by the widest distribution of responsibilities and trusts.

And now one word more as to our associated action. There are those among us who are wont to speak of the Unitarian Church,—with a big C. And there are those to-day for whom the Unitarian fellowship seems too small a patch, and who talk to us of the Liberal Church,—also with a big C. But both phrases imply an ecclesiasticism that does not and cannot exist. In view of the historical retrospect we have taken, there manifestly can be, properly speaking, no Congregational church with that big C, whether Trinitarian or Unitarian, though Congregational churches there have long been, are now, and, I trust, will be to the end of the world. It is the failure to recognize this vital distinction that has led us as a fellowship into all our bogs, from which, happily, we seem now to be getting out upon solid ground and with an open country before. Our so-called "battle of Syracuse" and all that has followed therefrom in this National Conference since, our Year Book controversy, and the more recent action and policy of the American Unitarian Association toward the Western Conference—soon, I hope and trust, to be righted in re-established relations of co-operation and mutual good will,—have all had their origin here. We are not a Church, but a fellowship of churches. We can say our word, we can bear our testimony in conference assembled touching any wrong in the body social or politic, or proclaim the things commonly believed among us; and I, for one, believe in bearing such testimony and proclaiming such beliefs. But it must always be done with the distinct understanding that such utterance is the expression of the time and of the majority only, and that the rights of the minority in the matter are carefully observed. Our mistake, in my judgment, has never lain in bearing such testimony. What else are we for, as organizations charged with communicating light and bettering the moral and spiritual life of society? Are we to cover our candle with a bushel, and wait for people to come and peak under it? We have never yet done enough of this testifying. We have been too timid and too little assertive. No, our mistake rather has lain in trying to do this, not as a fellowship of Unitarian churches, but as The Unitarian Church. In this we have handicapped ourselves.

There is among us as a fellowship of free churches, as Mr. Savage in the opening sermon of last evening so eloquently set forth, a body of truth held in common which is the very gospel the people are waiting to hear proclaimed with conviction and power. I truly believe that there is in our uncreed fellowship less divergence between its extremes than exists to-day in any of the great communions that subscribe a common creed. O friends, let us rejoice anew in that free polity which is our high inheritance. Let us be steadfastly true to it, guarding always the freedom of the minority in our associated action and word. And let us go forth from these meetings, not in an attempted unity of the letter, which can never be ours, but in a renewed unity of the spirit to the work to which we are called. And, as with the fathers, so be God with us!

Discussion by Rev. S. B. Calthrop.

Three great peoples type the world's civilization and progress. Their successes and their failures teach us yet in almost every human direction; and very especially they emphasize in much of their experience the magnificent success of the Congregational polity, and also its sometimes almost inexplicable weakness.

The Hebrew was the seer of the ancient world. He saw things without argument, by direct insight. He uttered the deepest philosophy without knowing that it was philosophy. To him it was almost always adoration. He saw the facts and laws of the world as you and I see the sunlight, by looking up; and, when the genius of his race culminated in Jesus, through his lips it uttered laws for all time. Freedom of prophecy was the Hebrew key-note. They have set the key to that which is noblest and best in every one of us independent ministers. But the Hebrew had the defects of his qualities. The Hebrew never saw things in the clear light of the mind. He always saw them tinged with emotion. He had then two great faults. In the first place he never could argue straight. Did you ever think of it, there is not one argument in the whole Old Testament. There is no argument in the New Testament, except Paul's; and he always argues wrong. He always advances from erroneous and sometimes perfectly absurd premises to magnificent conclusions. The second fault was that the Hebrews never could combine. Judah always envied Ephraim, and Ephraim always vexed Judah. The genius of David for one brief moment held Israel together; but, the moment the hand of genius was taken off, Israel as a nation went to pieces. It was a series of selfish, self-seeking little tribes. At the siege of Jerusalem three sects, mutually hating each other as they hated the Romans, defended the city with no concert of action. So for these two things, however, to look at things in the clear light of the mind and capacity to organize men, the Hebrew can teach us nothing. We have got to learn about organization elsewhere.

When we turn to the Greek, he has one great thing the Hebrew lacked. He is the scientific thinker. Before the scientific methods of modern times were born, the Greek had the scientific mind. When Aristotle argues, if you don't agree with him, you had better quote 1st Corinthians against him; for otherwise he will take you along with him. The Greek had the true philosophic and scientific insight. He was able to take a thing and merely look at it, and say to himself exactly how it looked. When the word of Jesus got into Greek hands, then there was a blossoming out of the human mind very much like the blossoming out in our own community. They had, as we have, perfectly free minds to study the Old Testament anew, and to study with it Christianity, Greek philosophy, poetry, or science. Clement of Alexandria and Origen lectured, to-day on Plato, to-morrow on the Fourth Gospel, on Wednesday upon, let us say, the first of Corinthians, on Friday on Aristotle, to the same audiences. They felt that, as God had led men by the prophets in Hebrew times, in Greek times he led them by the philosophers. And so you have the same beautiful blossoming out of the individual mind that you and I have seen in our own times in such men as Emerson.

Now let us study the history of Greece with reference to our Congregational polity. Greece was a system of warring tribes from end to end. Athens vexed Sparta, and Sparta vexed Thebes, and Thebes pitched in whenever it saw a chance, and so on from end to end of the chapter. So the most wonderful creation of God—the power of nation-making—could not be achieved by either. Consequently, we have to look for this power of organization elsewhere. Hebrew and Greek can teach us nothing. Now in comes the Roman. He took the Hebrew inspiration, and believed it literally the word of God from end to end, and made the most abominable hash of it we can conceive. Augustine makes all men solid in Adam, Clement made all men solid in Christ. There is the difference. Clement had an eternal hope; and he felt that God

was God, the instructor of the world, leading all men to himself. Augustine saw the world lost in Adam, and no help except in the ark of the Church. The Romans took hold of the highest inspiration of the Hebrew. They took Greek philosophy and Greek science, and added no word of insight to either. They discovered no new plant, they dissected no new animal, they added not one thing to what Dioscorides had said on botany or Aristotle on animals. They took astronomical science from Hipparchus, and added no single observation. They never added a word to what Plato and Aristotle had given in abstract philosophy. They spoiled the philosophy of Greece. And so you feel as if they hurt philosophy and science and religion irretrievably.

But wait a moment. We have got to have nation-making.

Aristotle quotes three hundred and thirty constitutions that the Greeks had made: Rome made one. Three hundred and thirty constitutions went by the board, but Rome's one ruled all nations with a rod of iron.

Now, the early Church had the priceless Hebrew and the priceless Greek contributions; but it needed Roman organization, and it got it. Bishops and presbyters and deacons were appointed. Wherever there was a Roman prefect, there the Church set up a bishop; wherever there was a proconsul, the Church set up an archbishop; and, where there was an empire, the Church set up an Archbishop of archbishops. They imitated the Roman organization with the most minute particularity, and with that they conquered the world. They turned the barbaric desert into a civilized garden.

Now, it is exactly here that we touch upon the frightful weakness of our own work. We are too apt to be complacent. I agree with almost everything that Mr. Hosmer has said, except this one thing in which he will not agree with me. Episcopacy is a divine institution because it is a natural one, and it comes up inevitably in every large society of men. In 1851 I went to Niagara from New York, and in doing that I had to go by six or eight different lines. Then it occurred to somebody that that was a terrible expense. So somebody organized the New York Central; and, instead of having so many lines, they have one great organization, and they have elected Chauncey M. Depew as the archbishop of the New York Central Railroad. That is to say, he looks at the concern as a whole; and Mr. Webb of the Transportation Department is the bishop or prefect, as you like. Names are nothing.

I am in Syracuse, and in winter my hands are terribly full. I cannot see to the needs of Homer and Canastota and Oneida and other places. I have no time. But here's my dear old friend, Bishop Huntington, close by; and it is his business to see the needs of all these places. He has time for it: he is there for the purpose. If we mean to do our duty toward God's new America, we've got to do the same thing. We are just beginning to elect our bishops. We don't like the term, and so we call them secretaries or writers. "My tongue is the pen of a ready 'Secretary'!" But we have got to have the thing, and multiply it as the fields enlarge. Somebody has got to be responsible one day for New York State alone. There is more work in New York now than

one man can do. Here is our dear Wendte, the bishop of the North-west,—how wide this man's work is! And I know dear old Morehouse's work. I am his faithful servant. Where he orders me to go, I go, because he is my ecclesiastical superior. I trace his modest work everywhere. You had Moors in New England, whom the heavens have claimed, and the beloved Wilson, who has just been promoted. You must multiply these men, or your Congregational polity isn't worth a cent, there is no policy in it, anyway.

With our policy we have perfect freedom. I stand Sunday after Sunday in amazement in my own pulpit. I know that the people want my exact thought, that I should keep nothing back. Our Congregational polity, our freedom, is something that has never been enjoyed from Clement of Alexandria until now. I rejoice that I am a part of it, and I want to strengthen it.

And now the women are going to teach us a good deal. You will find that they have an archbishopsess and a bishopsess and lots of deaconesses; and they are doing such wonderful work that I heard of some forty odd thousand dollars raised by the Alliance this last year, and I heard that they raised a good deal of it by selling doughnuts.

This, then, is my word; and I beg and pray, if you want success and lasting success, to hear, mark, and learn the words of wisdom which the Lord has spoken through my lips this afternoon. [Laughter and applause.]

CHURCH EXTENSION.

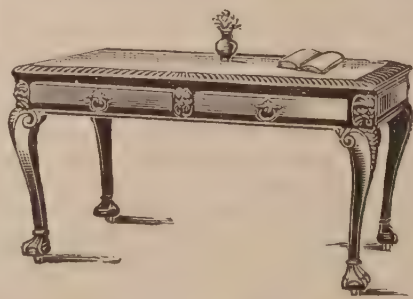
BY REV. D. W. MOREHOUSE, SUPERINTENDENT FOR THE MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA.

One of the surest indications of a growing interest in our church extension work is the criticism to which our missionary policy is beginning to be subjected. A few years ago the indifference with reference to this policy was so great that one never heard a word of criticism about it from one year's end to the other. But that period of quiet satisfaction has passed by. Now everybody is asking questions and finding fault with our missionary organizations and their officers for what the critics regard as the meagre results accomplished. Some of this criticism is wise and helpful, some of it is foolish and hurtful; but it all indicates a deepening interest in our missionary work, and is on that account to be welcomed as a hopeful sign of better things to come.

I think it is well, therefore, that the critics are finding fault, and complaining that the expenditure on missionary work, judged by the net result achieved, seems wasteful. The truthfulness or falseness of this complaint matters little, provided the mere fact that it is made will lead to a more careful and intelligent study of our missionary problems, to the end that better missionary policies may be devised and made to yield more satisfactory results in the future.

That our methods have been, and still are, faulty, I think no one will deny; nor will any one deny that to these faulty methods are to be attributed many of our failures. In their origin these methods were adapted to very different conditions from those which now exist. For a long time we were content to be merely seed-sowers. Then to this period there suc-

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ceeded one of a hit-or-miss kind of constructive work. Once in a while a man with ability as an organizer would take in hand some field where the conditions were all ripe for a constructive movement; and the result would be the organization of a church which in a short time would become self-supporting. But, for every case of this kind, our history will show several where the right man has prematurely attempted to organize in a community not yet fully prepared, or the wrong man has entered a field white for the harvest, and, in his unfitness for the work of ingathering, has spoiled and wasted the harvest. In either case the result was failure, and the failure prejudiced our chances in that field and its neighborhood for years to come.

But all these phases of our experience in dealing with our missionary problems have been profitable to us. What we needed was knowledge to guide us, and this knowledge we have had to gain by our own experience. The experience of other missionary organizations can throw but little light on our problems for the reason that other bodies pursue their church extension work under entirely different conditions from those which confront us. The masses are familiar with their doctrines and aims. Moreover, they have the advantage of having on their side a great popular sympathy and support,—conditions which are attended with social considerations which have a determining weight with a great many people. We, on the other hand, have to begin by making our doctrines and our religious ideals known in communities where the sentiment created by the already established churches is hostile to us, and where the dominant social forces are employed to our disadvantage.

Still another point in their favor which the large, popular churches have over us is found in the fact that, with their great numbers and large resources, they can go into newly started suburban towns, as well as into frontier communities, and establish mission stations and maintain them until the increase of population assures their success. We, on the contrary, on account of our meagre resources, are obliged to wait until there is a large population to work upon. But, long before that time arrives, the church relations of the great majority of the people are fixed and their social ties formed within the existing churches. Under these circumstances it is by no means an easy matter to secure the support and co-operation of those thus attached to other churches, even though they acknowledge themselves to be of our faith.

In view of these facts it must be apparent that the means and methods which would make the establishment of an evangelical church an easy matter would be altogether inadequate to establish in the same community a church of our liberal faith.

But can we devise and employ means and methods which shall be equal to all the necessities of the case? Can we discover or create a missionary policy which shall be uniformly successful? After ten years of experimental work under departmental superintendents, it would seem as if the missionary field and its possibilities, and the conditions under which these possibilities can be successfully turned into missionary results, ought to be pretty well understood. Our experience ought to have taught us to discriminate between the methods by which we can succeed and the methods which are sure to lead to failure. The pioneer methods which have so largely been fruitful in failure have proved wastefully extravagant, and it is now high time to make a business of our missionary work; and, if a business, then we must adopt and adhere to business methods. Our work from this time forth is that of organization, and the organization of churches is as strictly a matter of business as the organization of banks and railroads; and practical knowledge and skill are as much required in the one case as in the other.

The lines upon which our work must be done have already become plain to us. In our experience we have worked out the methods by which we can and must succeed. We have demonstrated that on grounds both of feasibility and economy the old hit-or-miss personal venture style of carrying on our church extension work must be abandoned. The one-man enterprises are no longer adequate to the speedy and successful overcoming of the obstacles that confront us. This is an age of large

and strongly supported enterprises, in competition with which the weak individual undertakings stand little or no chance of success. The syndicate method, with its large massing of resources, is the one that now succeeds, and crowds out all competitors. Let us be wise in our day and generation, and learn this lesson from the business world. It is the only way in which we can eliminate our failures; and, when we eliminate these, we shall have taken a long step toward making the most economical use of our resources,—toward preventing waste, and making every dollar of our expenditures yield its full return in some successful venture.

Our first duty, then, is to carefully plan our campaign of church extension on lines inclusive of the whole field East and West, North and South. The first step should be taken by carefully selecting the most eligible strategic points. (By most eligible I mean those where the present conditions are most favorable to the successful prosecution of our work.) From these we should select in each of the five departments just the number which this year's financial resources of the American Unitarian Association that can be devoted to the initiation of new work will safely permit us to undertake. On these places all our resources should be concentrated. All other new ventures of every kind whatsoever, except those which can be undertaken under the auspices and support of some neighboring church and its pastor, should be cut off. Fewer undertakings and more successful ones should be our policy. This, I am sure, would, in the end, require the minimum expenditure, and yield the maximum result in well-established, self-supporting churches.

These places having been selected, the next thing to be determined is the manner of beginning. This, I am persuaded, should never be by one individual alone, no matter how wise or earnest or able, unless he be the pastor of a neighboring church, who on that account is well known in the community. Few who have not had experience of this sort of work can realize how much the final success of an undertaking of this kind depends upon the favorableness of the first impression that is made. I am almost prepared to say that the success or failure of the enterprise is, in the majority of cases, determined by the impression made at the initial meetings.

In planning to produce this impression, we must always keep in mind the kind of constituency which it is necessary for us to bring into hearty accord and co-operation with us, in order to insure success. It is a very easy matter to bring together all the people of a community who, for one reason or another, are antagonistic to the existing churches. As all the malcontents and the refugees of every description flocked to the cave of Adullam where David had established himself as the leader of a revolt, so all the opponents of the existing churches will gather at the announcement that an anti-orthodox church is to be established. But it is usually a very heterogeneous lot of people who are thus attracted, many of whom it is impossible to assimilate. They have but one thing in common,—their discontent with existing things; and so their divergent and clashing purposes (for each has his own peculiar social vagary or religious hobby, which he is intent on imposing upon the others) insures their falling apart just as soon as constructive work is undertaken that requires co-operation for the attainment of a common end. A movement that is dominated by such people is doomed to disintegration and failure. The sane and responsible people of the community are sure to hold aloof from whatever undertaking they take charge of. To prevent them from imperilling a new movement then, it must be so guarded in its inception that all risk from that quarter shall be avoided. To this end, before holding any public meeting, the superintendent or minister in charge should make sure that at the first public service there shall be present a good nucleus of liberal-minded people of the highest standing for sanity and good character who will stand as sponsors to the movement. This is very important, as otherwise a lot of irresponsible persons are sure to come to the front, and thus repel the solid, thoughtful people of social position, whose identification with the undertaking would at once give it a good reputation in the community. We must in this way protect ourselves at the

beginning from the damning approval of people who are eager, not so much to efface themselves in an effort to magnify and exalt the cause of truth and righteousness in their midst as they are to show their antagonism to Orthodoxy or gratify their desire to be engaged in anything that will yield them incidentally a little more notoriety. Now, of course, we want to reach and help "all sorts and conditions of men"; but, in order to do this effectually, we must keep our work under the control of those who are perfectly sane and responsible, those who want to build up a church that shall be a constructive and saving power in the midst of society.

All necessary precautions against the wrecking of the enterprise having been taken at the beginning, the way is clear to arrange for the first public meetings. This should be done with great care. The subjects to be treated should be selected with a view to exhibiting Unitarianism as a positive and constructive religious faith,—a faith that is perfectly consistent with modern knowledge and with the utmost freedom of thought, but a faith which makes use of these only as a means of promoting that religious progress which makes for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God among men. There should be not less than three or four speakers, and each should be heartily in sympathy with this purpose. They should be selected from among the strongest and most effective speakers in our body, and among them there should be at least one of national reputation.

The reason for taking our strongest men for this kind of service and putting several of them together on the same platform is obvious. The single minister, no matter how able and eloquent, going alone into a new field to inaugurate a new movement, is handicapped by the distrust of the people,—first, as to whether there is a sufficient power back of him and supporting him; second, as to the ability of any man alone in the face of strong opposition to carry forward a feebly begun undertaking to a successful conclusion. There are many persons who, no matter how strongly they may sympathize with our views, will be prevented by their distrust from casting in their lot with such an undertaking. Reasons of mere worldly prudence influence their action. They do not want to be identified with a movement that, in their judgment, may be doomed to failure; nor do they want to become responsible for the financial support of a movement where the weakness of the members numerically seems to indicate that the tax upon the few who engage in it must be necessarily a heavy one. To these considerations are often added the social objection to being associated with a weak and struggling cause. These are potent reasons with many, and they are all-born of the distrust which follows from the sort of single-handed beginning I have described. They are sufficient to keep aloof from us the very people whose co-operation and support, if secured, would make success not only possible, but easy.

Now, a beginning which gives rise to such distrust is most unfortunate for the minister who, single-handed, undertakes to create the new society; and it is disastrous to the cause which he represents. It is unfair to put any minister in such a position that, for no fault of his own, his chances of failure are increased many-fold. This is a condition which, for his sake and for the sake of the cause, ought by all means to be avoided, as it surely can be, by following a more business-like method. To remove at the very beginning all grounds of distrust concerning the possibility and certainty of success is to go half-way toward winning success, for it makes it possible at once to bring to our standard

nearly all those in the community who belong with us. To go one step further and convince the whole community that the supporting power and influence of the entire Unitarian denomination is behind a new movement, and that the undertaking will be carried forward to a successful issue, is to deprive timid ones of their last excuse for holding aloof. Both these ends can be accomplished by simply bringing together before the community where the organization of a new church is to be undertaken several of the best speakers and official representatives of the denomination. This will give ample assurance that it is a denominational rather than a merely individual undertaking. It will give the impression that there is staying power back of it. Besides, there is a cumulative effect that comes from putting several such speakers on the same platform on the same evening. The impression produced is the very one that is best calculated to create the conditions favorable to the organization and upbuilding of a new Unitarian church.

Having in this way, by a series of public meetings, made the desired impression, and helped to create the most favorable conditions, the movement is then ready to turn over to the minister who is to have charge of it; and he thus comes to it well introduced, and, with the community, assured that the whole power of the denomination is back of him and supporting him in his efforts. Nothing more than this can be desired, and anything less than this is insufficient to meet the necessities of the case. This is the syndicate method of massing our resources for the accomplishment of a difficult enterprise, and it is the only one that fulfils all the requirements of a true business method.

Now, a word in regard to the economy of this method. By wise planning on the part of the superintendents and the officers of the American Unitarian Association, missionary tours could be so arranged as to include a series of these meetings in well-selected places at the greatest possible economy of time and expense for travelling on the part of the speakers engaged for this service. This, too, would help to unify all our missionary work and keep it under a strict central supervision, so that all wasteful expenditures could be prevented. So much for the economy of the field work.

Now, for the economic effect of this method in the local community. The greatest difficulty encountered by the old method in getting a new society set upon its feet, so to speak, is due, as I have intimated, to the fact that so many of those who are in sympathy with our views distrust the feasibility of our success. By holding themselves aloof, they not only keep our numbers small, but—what is quite as discouraging—they keep the local financial support small. The method, therefore, which will make it possible to bring these people in and secure their personal strength and service, and their financial support, justifies itself on the ground of economy alone as being most business-like. Moreover, the method which thus develops the fullest measure of local financial support is the one that will make the least demands upon the treasury of the American Unitarian Association,—another strong point in favor of its economic value.

Such, as I have tried to describe them, are the missionary methods which I believe are demanded by the conditions which confront us to-day. No intelligent observer of the signs of the times will deny that, in the present state of knowledge and religious thought, a great reconstructive movement in religion has become a necessity. Who shall lead it? An attitude of wider hospitality to the truth than ours no one can occupy. To more inclusive principles of



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intellectual freedom no one can hold. To a freer spirit and a higher ethical aim in religion and life no one has yet attained. And, since by nothing short of truth untrammelled, of intellectual freedom of the most inclusive range, of a spirit the broadest and most catholic, and of ethical aims the most righteous, will the true constructive movement in religion be inspired and directed, why may we not hope to bear an honorable part in the van of this great movement that is destined—if we are faithful to our trust—to establish religion on broader and firmer foundations than ever, and make it a mightier force for good in shaping the destinies of mankind? If we are but true to the great opportunity that the present conjunction of circumstances opens to us, we can make the faith and the principles which we hold an unspeakable blessing to the world. If we fail in our duty at this juncture, we must expect to see the present movement in religious thought deflected from its rightful course by the unethical, truth-sacrificing, compromise methods and ideals of so-called liberal Orthodoxy. If that takes place, the triumph of our principles and our ideals will be postponed, perhaps, for two or three centuries.

The present, then, is the auspicious time for us to put forth our efforts in a measure commensurate to the greatness of our opportunity and of the end to be attained.

BUSINESS RECORD.

The sixteenth meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was held in Washington, D.C., October 21 to 24.

The opening sermon on "Our Gospel" was preached in Metzert Hall on Monday evening by Rev. M. J. Savage.

TUESDAY MORNING.

On Tuesday morning communion service was conducted by Rev. C. C. Everett.

In the absence of the president, Hon. George F. Hoar, the Conference was called to order by Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, who spoke as follows:—

Hon. DORMAN B. EATON.—*Ladies and Gentlemen, Delegates of the National Conference.*—I congratulate you upon the great number present and the promising opportunity of doing some worthy work for the great cause of Unitarian Christianity which has brought us together. You regret as I do that your distinguished president, Senator Hoar, does not appear in this place. Unavoidable circumstances have compelled his absence; and, in venturing to undertake the performance of some part of his duties, I shall have abundant occasion for your indulgence. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chairman of the board of trustees of All Souls' Church, that worthy congregation which represents us at the National Conference, will now address you."

Hon. C. D. WRIGHT.—*Mr. President and Delegates.*—It is a very honorable service that has been assigned to me, and I perform it with a great deal of pleasure. All Souls' Church representing you at this capital is one of the few historic churches in our town. It is celebrating this year its seventy-fifth birthday. Formed in 1820, it has passed through historic times and has had varied experiences. The invitation to meet here which you have so kindly accepted came from All Souls' Church. Not that we expected to carry on in any sense the business of the Conference, but we wanted you to come here. It was through your generosity that the present church edifice was erected. It was through that generosity that the church has had a season of prosperity, growth, and activity. Reaching back into the past as it does, it feels that it stands for something. The early days of its existence were the early days of the departure into Unitarianism from the other churches. It has numbered among its adherents and among its active worshippers some of the greatest men of our country. During the first half-century of its existence there joined in its service Chief Justice Marshall, Justices Story and Miller, Presidents Adams and Fillmore, Postmaster-general Hall, Senators Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Archer of Virginia, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, John P. Hale and Timothy O. Howe, Judge Cranch and George Bancroft.

This list could be extended almost to a round hundred of the greatest names of our country, so that All Souls' Church has a pride of its own as well as a pride in its historical reminiscences.

Some of you attended church on Sunday, and you went at the call of the very first bell that was used in a house of worship in this city. Mr. Shippen has told the story in his history of All Souls' Church.

"Although there were ten other churches

in our city, they were without bells. The first bell in our city bought and rung for a Christian church was the bell which hangs in our church tower at the present time. It was purchased with subscriptions by John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and other leading citizens, and was cast at the foundry near Boston, established by the famous Paul Revere, who died in 1818."

So we have romance connected with our church here as well as history.

In 1859, when this same bell that called you to worship on Sunday tolled a requiem for the death of John Brown, it was labelled "The Abolition Bell," and properly. But the next year, in the heat and excitement which prevailed here, the bell was silenced by the city authorities. But its tongue is not silent now, and it speaks words every Sunday as eloquent in historical lore as religious enthusiasm.

We have had grand men, too, in the past in our church here; and a few of the names may interest you. Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached here at the age of twenty-two. Then we had Dr. Orville Dewey, who was settled three times, Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, Moncure D. Conway, W. H. Channing, Dr. R. P. Stebbins, Frederic Hinckley, Clay MacCauley, Samuel Longfellow; and now we have in All Souls' a man who has made it what it is and who brought up your interest in it so generously, Mr. Shippen. He has carried on his work here for fourteen years. He brought the church to its present beautiful proportions as an organization. He has been successful, and his earnest and faithful pastorate comes to a close now as you come here to witness the work of All Souls' Church and his work.

We have put ourselves in straight accord with your utterances. Last year at Saratoga you made this declaration:—

"These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man; . . . and we invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims."

Last Wednesday evening, at a very full meeting of the members of All Souls' Church, this declaration of yours, which you sent out to the world as representing the crystallized thought of Unitarians, was unanimously adopted as its own declaration perhaps the first to take into its constitutional law the declaration of the National Conference.

We are now seeking a new departure, not a better one. We cannot much improve on the past; but there always comes a time when every church must turn its face in other directions, and, recognizing all that has been done before, press on to the things ahead, keeping its face to the light always. You can help us. One of your most distinguished clergymen said to me this morning when I said, "Come to All Souls' Church," "You lead me on to the mountain, and show me all the possessions of the earth; but I must resist the temptation." [Laughter.] So the old lessons are taught over and over again, but we hope that this old church may tempt one of your brightest men to come here and represent you at the national capital; and the welcome which we shall give him when we find him will be as cordial and as hearty as the welcome which All Souls' Church, through me as its official representative, extends to you this morning. [Applause.]

Rev. George Batchelor moved that the order of business usually adopted be adopted for this meeting. Voted.

Several changes in the program made necessary by the impossibility of those who were expected to read papers to attend were accepted by vote.

Mr. Batchelor also presented the following telegram, which by rising vote it was decided to send to Dr. Hale:—

To Dr. E. E. Hale, first secretary of the Conference and veteran of the Council, the National Conference sends affectionate greeting in memory of his many distinguished services, and with tender sympathy with the anxiety and sorrows which deprived the Conference of his presence and fellowship.

On motion of Mr. Morehouse the five following assistant secretaries and three standing committees were elected:—

Assistant Secretaries: Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Carl G. Horst, Athol, Mass.; Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, Passaic, N.J.; Rev. W. S. Key, Winthrop, Mass.; Mr. William T. Salter, New York City.

Committee on Business: Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Hon. Charles H. Porter, Hon. D. L. Shorey, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, Rev. Charles E. St. John.

Committee on Nomination: Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Mrs. R. H. Davis, Rev. J. Edward Wright, George H. Ellis, Rev. Joseph May.

Committee on Credentials: Prescott Keyes, Rev. George H. Young, Rev. Carl G. Horst, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Rev. Charles F. Russell.

The report of the chairman of the Council, Rev. George Batchelor, was read. A

paper was also read by Mrs. E. A. Fifield, secretary of the National Alliance; and an address was given by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

The following letter was read by Mr. Batchelor from the Hungarian Unitarian churches:—

BOLON, HUNGARY, Aug. 25, 1895.

TO THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES FRATERNAL GREETING:

Dear Christian Brethren.—The Rev. William H. Lyon, of Boston, who visited Hungary, and at the same time gave us the pleasure to attend the meetings of our Synodical Chief Council, informed us that the meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will take place in the month of October.

We make use of the opportunity with the greatest pleasure to appoint the Rev. W. H. Lyon as a representative of the Hungarian Unitarian churches at your National Conference, who was such an able and worthy representative of our American brethren, and at the same time he added very much with his personal presence and eloquent addresses to the success of our Synod.

Through his personal experience, he will be able to give you a full report of our ecclesiastical life. Nevertheless, we feel it our most pleasant duty to express in these lines, on our part also, our fervent and most fraternal greeting, wishing that the sacred blessing of God may be on your gathering; and every thought and feeling which move your councils may promote the wide spread of liberal Christianity and pure Christian love for the happiness of humanity.

With most kind regards we remain,
Your Christian Brethren,
GABRIEL DANIEL, Chief Curator.
JOSEPH FERENCZ,
Bishop of the Hungarian Unitarian Churches.
LUIS NAGY, Chief Notary.
For the Synodical Chief Council.

Rev. W. H. Lyon was introduced, who spoke as follows:—

• *Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.*—It was my very great and unexpected pleasure in the course of a journey down the Danube to be present at the Quadrennial Synod of our Hungarian brethren. It seemed to me a great pity that, even after the eloquent message which you have received from the second of the three great bodies of Unitarians, you should not receive also a personal message from the third and farther distant. Even if I had the eloquent tongue of a Hungarian, which I think is the most eloquent tongue of any nation, I could not convey to you the warmth, the amplexness, and the generosity of the hospitality which our Hungarian friends poured out for English Unitarians in the person of your representative. You know they live so far separated both from English and American Unitarians that, if they have a chance to show their sense of fellowship, they pour out the best they have in the most eloquent words they can use. As long as I live, I think I shall not forget the faces of the men and women at that great Conference.

More than that, it would take more than their eloquence if I could properly express the admiration I feel for the steadfastness, the loyalty, the fearlessness, the constancy, with which they have stood for the faith given to them at the Reformation. While the nobility and learned classes have allowed their churches to be closed and their faith to be extinguished, these peasants have kept alive at least a hundred churches and sixty-five thousand brave and consistent Unitarians. And they have done this in the face of persecution that you can hardly conceive of. Their very churches are surrounded by fortified walls; but so universal is the courage of that people that there have been times when even the women—and I make the bull consciously—manned the ramparts and kept back the enemy while their husbands and brothers were summoned to the distant field. And their persecutions are not over. Even to-day they are ground between the upper mill-stone of the numerous and intolerant orthodox Lutherans and Calvinists and the lower mill-stone of a corrupt Catholicism, the most corrupt in Europe, led by a priesthood which, I think, is the most sensual in all the Catholic Church,—a priesthood that an American priest told me had learned nothing in faith or morals from the terrible lessons of the Reformation.

Their persecutions are not over. I have been told since I have been here of some vague rumors of a rising against the Magyars. If that be true, and the Wallachians on the south, and the Germans and Saxons on the north, are being stirred up by the Austrians to oppose any kind of growing Hungarian national sentiment, then our love of liberty as well as our love of the Unitarian faith binds us to sympathize with our distant brethren. I therefore would ask that the following message may be sent:—

The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, assembled at Washington, District of Columbia, in the United States of America, to the Synodical Chief Council of the Hungarian Unitarians, and to the brethren whom they represent, greeting: Though you are separated from us by space and language, we are glad to feel you near in a common faith and a common love of liberty. We have heard of your loyalty under great hardship and temptation, and we rejoice with you in the liberty which you have attained. May the bonds which already unite us draw us closer for the defence and the spread of the faith we both hold so dear!

On motion of Mr. Batchelor it was unanimously voted to send this message to Hungary.

Several resolutions which were offered were on motion referred to the Business Committee.

Daniel Albright Long, president of Antioch College, was introduced, and read brief extracts from a paper which he asked to have referred to the Business Committee.

The following resolutions, which were reported back by the Business Committee, were adopted:—

Resolved, that this Conference wishes to express its profound sense of the serious nature of those evils which have their origin in habits of intemperance, and in the demoralizing influence of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. These evils not only cause the needless expenditure of vast sums of money without useful results, the serious impairment of physical and mental energies, the general debasement of character, and much of the corruption in politics and government; but they are also a chief obstruction to the triumph of morality and religion, a reproach to an enlightened people and to Christian civilization.

Resolved, That, without attempting to estimate the relative merits of the diverse practical methods upon which men, equally conscientious, mainly rely for suppressing these evils, we wish to emphasize the stern and universal Christian duty of all the friends of good government, virtue, and religion, that they shall exert themselves to the utmost, at all proper times, and in every way which seems to them most effective, for such suppression.

We think that no pulpit should be silent on this subject, and that every Unitarian layman has a duty in connection with it which he has no right to ignore.

Resolved, That the serious and increasing corruption and venality developed, in recent years, in connection with the government of American cities, have not only made good municipal administration much more difficult and costly, but have so obstructed the advancement both of morality and religion as to make it a grave duty of all friends of municipal reform to exert themselves for the arrest of such evils in the future, and to make common cause in urging all good citizens to discard mere party spirit and interests, and to unite in common efforts for good municipal government without regard to their party affiliations.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

A paper on "The Church and the Masses" was read by Rev. John Cuckson.

By general consent the following resolution was passed without reference:—

Resolved, That this meeting at the earnest desire of Dr. Hale give ten minutes' time to Miss Deans of the Manassas School, Virginia, to speak of her work, after the discussion of the afternoon is closed.

A paper on "Our Congregational Polity" was read by Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

An address on the same subject was made by Rev. Samuel Calthrop.

Rev. R. R. Shippen introduced Miss Jennie Deans, commending her and the work which she has done at Manassas in establishing an industrial school for the colored people. Miss Deans then spoke in behalf of her school, and in gratitude for what has already been done for her by people of the North and South.

In another hall a meeting took place to consider the proposed consolidation of Guilds, Unity Clubs, and other young people's societies.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The evening was devoted to "Our Young People," Rev. E. A. Horton, presiding.

Addresses were made by Rev. E. A. Horton, Dr. Stanley Hall, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, and Rev. Thomas R. Slicer.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The devotional service Wednesday morning was conducted by Rev. S. H. Camp. An address was given by Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.

The regular session was called to order at 10.15 A.M. by Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. The Business Committee reported resolutions concerning Antioch College. Referred to the American Unitarian Association.

Mr. E. B. Haskell reported on the *New World* as follows: At the last Conference the scope, conditions, and needs of this publication were presented by Dr. C. C. Everett, and the Conference adopted the following resolution:—

The National Conference hereby declares its great satisfaction with the honorable record made since its last meeting by the *New World Quarterly*, and repeats its recommendation, made three years ago, that this review should be substantially endowed. We approve the plan of raising an endowment of \$50,000, which shall be placed in the hands of the American Unitarian Association as a trust fund, the income only to be paid over annually to the editorial board. A committee on the endowment and current support of the *New World* shall be appointed by the chairman of the Conference to invite subscriptions, under such conditions as shall insure the continuance of the *New World* as an unsectarian, liberal review. In case of its discontinuance or of the failure of the editorial board to comply with these conditions, the endowment fund shall revert to the American Unitarian Association as a publication fund, unless the donors otherwise direct.

In accordance with this resolution a committee was appointed early last season. Several meetings were held, and there was a free interchange of views. Although the resolution approved of the plan of an endowment fund, the committee seemed to be authorized to adopt any plan to insure the continuance of the *New World*; and the practically unanimous judgment of those present was in favor of a guarantee fund, with a limit to the amount of a subscription which might be called in any one year. This judgment was based on the difficulty of raising an endowment fund of the requisite amount in the depressed financial condition of the country at that time; the hope and expectation that the *Review* will become self-supporting in a few years, when an endowment fund will be no longer needed; and the greater convenience of this plan for all who are willing to help the *New World* until it can revolve alone.

Again, it seems to be the best opinion of all the friends of the *New World* and the liberal cause it represents that it should maintain its non-sectarian character to the fullest extent. The committee decided to raise a guarantee subscription instead of an endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars, with the conditions that no subscription should be binding unless or until the whole subscription amounted to ten thousand dollars, and that no more than fifteen per cent. of the subscriptions shall be payable in any one year. It also appointed three trustees to take charge of the subscription and to have a general oversight of the finances of the review.

In theology and ethics the *New World* is of the highest authority. In its review of new books it is invaluable for all men who have any claims to scholarship. It is conducted with economy astonishing to those who know the prices paid for literary labor in the secular press. Its articles are written by the best scholars and thinkers in Europe and America, and in no other publication is the reader so sure to find the last word of the higher criticism on questions of theology and ethics.

In the *New World* is found the last word of the highest education on this greatest of all subjects. No claim of infallibility, but by patient, honest effort the steady invasion of the unknown and the enlargement of the field of the known. The best scholarship of the world here presents clearly and courteously its latest conclusions. It is beyond question the ablest review of its kind in the English language. The remark naturally occurs that, if such a publication is wanted, if its work is required in the world, it will find abundant patronage, and so be independent of assistance. So we believe it will in time, but reviews of so high a class get patrons slowly. It is hard to understand why there are not five thousand or even ten thousand clergymen, scholars, enlightened business men in this country, who will take and appreciate this review. I can say for myself that no other publication comes to my table which I open so gladly. We believe that it only needs to be known to be self-supporting. Gradually, slowly, but surely, it is getting to be known.

Another point which should strengthen its appeal to liberal men and the friends of the liberal cause. Its readers are by no means confined to so-called liberals. The results of its high scholarships are carried with noble courtesy to the minds and hearts of many clergymen in the orthodox communions. Even those who are not liberal orthodox show a desire to know what liberal thinkers are thinking and saying, what doctrines they must defend or abandon. So it is a missionary enterprise of great promise, and as such makes a strong appeal to all liberal men.

But there is neither time nor occasion for a long argument to show that the *New World* deserves support. The Conference has settled that question by its previous action. The amount of the guarantee fund already subscribed, without going much outside of the committee itself, is about \$6,500. We want to raise it, at least, to \$20,000. If a larger amount is subscribed, so much the easier for all subscribers. If \$20,000 is subscribed, not more than ten per cent. to be payable in any one year. Less than that, if less, will answer.

Blanks of two kinds will now be handed to you, one for subscriptions to the review and one for the guarantee. We call your attention first to the former. With a thousand new subscribers the review will be self-supporting. But please do not neglect the guarantee subscription. We should like, say, five subscriptions of \$1,000 each, ten of \$500, and fifty of \$100 each. The blanks with your signatures will be gathered here, or, if you prefer not to sign now, they can be sent to the secretary here or to Rev. N. P. Gilman, Meadville, Pa.

Prof. C. C. Everett said that the *New World* is circulated more largely among orthodox ministers than among Unitarian. We need to have a ministry interested and trained in theological study. This review will do perhaps more than anything else to interest young men in theological questions, and induce them to enter the ministry. It would be a great misfortune if the review were not sustained.

Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo said a common saying among orthodox friends of Unitarians is that they need to have their humility increased. But we know that what we need is a re-enforcement of our pride. We ought to have some pride in sustaining the *New World*. It becomes us, who have boasted that we are the leaders of the intellectual life of America, to demonstrate that we are the leaders into the light of those who need pre-eminently the last word in theology and the higher ethics.

The following resolution, presented by Mr. George W. Stone, was referred to the Business Committee:—

Whereas, this Conference at its last meeting adopted the following:—

"These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man."

"And we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims."

Resolved, That the National Council give the above the widest possible publication as a sufficient basis not only for "Christian unity," but for the religious unity of the world.

Addresses on "Church Extension" were made by Rev. Messrs. D. M. Wilson, D. W. Morehouse, George L. Chaney, T. B. Forbush, A. W. Gould, and C. W. Wendte.

The resolution introduced by Mr. Stone on Christian unity was reported by the Business Committee favorably, and was unanimously adopted.

President Bumstead of Atlanta University made a statement in reference to his work.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The meetings of the Women's Alliance and of the Unitarian Temperance Society were held in All Souls' Church. At the latter addresses were made by Rev. D. N. Beach, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and a paper by Rev. A. P. Doyle was read in his absence by Rev. C. R. Eliot.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

At the opening of the session subscriptions were taken from the different churches to raise the two thousand dollars necessary to pay the expenses of the Conference.

Papers were then read by John Fiske, Ph.D., on "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America," and on "Our Unitarian Theology" by C. C. Everett, D.D., LL.D.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. H. B. Frissell, president of the Hampton Industrial School, who invited the members of the Conference to visit that institution.

The Conference was called to order at 10 A.M. by Judge Shorey.

The following resolution was offered by Rev. S. J. Barrows:—

Resolved, That this Conference extends its deep sympathy to the suffering people of Armenia, whose loyalty to their Christian faith has brought upon them anew the terrible rigors of persecution, from which they have suffered for centuries. In the name of humanity we protest against the outrages committed under Turkish misrule. We recognize the responsibility of the treaty powers to secure governmental reform, the better administration of justice in the courts, and the enjoyment of perfect liberty of conscience. We look with expectation and confidence to the results of the determined action of the English government in this direction.

Referred to the Business Committee.

Papers were read by Rev. Howard N. Brown on "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Incarnation," by Rev. W. H. Pulsford on "Atonement," and by Rev. Mary A. Safford on "Forgiveness."

Rev. W. I. Lawrance reported on "The Japan Mission."

The Committee on Credentials reported through the chairman, Mr. Prescott Keyes, that 236 societies and churches were represented by 405 accredited delegates, and that probably 1,500 persons were in attendance.

The Committee on Nominations reported by the chairman, Rev. T. R. Slicer, the following list of names:—

President, Hon. George F. Hoar. Vice-Presidents, Carroll D. Wright, Roger Wolcott, Dorman B. Eaton, Daniel L. Shorey, Horace Davis, Hon. Thomas J. Morris. General Secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse. Treasurer, William Howell Reed. Council, Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, Rev. Samuel Crothers, Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Charles G. Ames, Mrs. William C. Gannett, Hon. George E. Adams, Hon. George S. Hale, George W. Stone, Rev. Daniel W. Morehouse, William Howell Reed.

Committees on Fellowship: Eastern States, Rev. D. Munro Wilson, Rev. Austin S. Garver, Rev. Edward A. Horton; Middle and Southern States, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Rev. Stephen H. Camp, Rev. George L. Chaney; Western States, Rev. T. B. Forbush, Rev. William W. Fenn, Rev. Mary A. Safford; Pacific States, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Rev. Thomas L. Eliot.

On motion it was voted that the secretary should cast one ballot for the whole. This was done, and three persons were declared elected.

The Business Committee reported through Rev. C. E. St. John that the resolution on the Armenians, offered by Mr. Barrows, was recommended for adoption. The resolution was then unanimously adopted.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The following resolution, favorably reported by the Business Committee, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, recognizing the great need of religious training for our young people, and the great good already accomplished in some of our churches by guilds and other organizations for that purpose, earnestly urges upon all of our churches the desirability of trying to start some form of young people's religious societies.

Papers were read by Prof. F. G. Peabody on "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems," and by Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer on "The Modern Application of these Principles." Discussion followed, in which Rev. Messrs. J. H. Crooker, Paul Frothingham, Hon. C. D. Wright, and Rev. Alexander Kent took part.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

The last session was devoted to addresses on "The Outlook," Rev. R. R. Shippen presiding. The speakers, besides Mr. Shippen, were Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, and Rev. Minot J. Savage.

The Conference adjourned after the singing of "Old Hundred."

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

BY F. H. R. P.

Youth to immortal youth! So hath he fled,
In life's unclouded morning borne away.
Scarcely a space had I of Death to pray.
Bereave us not: hearts he hath comforted,
And I have grown to listen where he led
The clear-voiced bards who choir the waking day.
O Death, stay thy dread hand till evening gray!
Mid-noon hath not abated that firm tread!
That lofty cheer, that high-souled charity,
Unconsciously inform his hourly ways.
Entreat thee, Death, canst spare not such as he?
The joy of life is his, the budding bays!
Then almost lovingly Death said to me,
"Like him, fill thou the measure of thy days."

GOWNSWOMEN.

There has been enough said for the present about the sweet girl-graduate and her charming scholastic garb. But the question as to the suitable gowning of the less numerous sisterhood, comprised of women of somewhat maturer years and richer experience in life, who have taken up publicly the work of the ministry in the "liberal" churches, is one that has apparently not received serious consideration either from women pastors themselves or from the lay women to whom they minister.

The absorbing interest of a life devoted to others may well account for the indifference of the former to what is in reality of no small importance. A feeling of delicacy has doubtless prevented the latter from raising any question as to the propriety and desirability of the use of the dress of to-day in the pulpit.

There seems to be no sign of an approach to a consideration of it from the clerical side as yet. It must come, then, if it comes at all, from the laity.

Although the use of the gown by the ministers of the Established Church in England and by those of the Episcopal Church in this country has come to be considered by both clergy and laity as pertaining to a function of the Church, as adding weight to the service and ecclesiastical dignity to the man, still it originated, without doubt, in the wearing of the purely scholastic garb. Now, the ecclesiastics of early days, almost alone among men, set themselves to acquire learning, so that it became distinctive.

In the "liberal" churches where it is used to quite an extent to-day, particularly in our large cities and towns, the gown carries with it no particular odor of sanctity. But few of the Universalist or Unitarian ministers who use it would admit that it adds dignity to the man or to the office. They look upon it rather as a suitable and fitting garment, the form of which has been handed down by honored usage, and as lending ease to the wearer. These men do entirely as they please with regard to it. Its presence or absence is not remarked upon.

And yet, when a woman unexpectedly enters our pastor's pulpit some Sunday morning, with the involuntary start of surprise comes the unfailing feminine instinct. Let her manner be irreproachable, her reading full of meaning, her sermon

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exceptionally fine, and, in spite of our best efforts, if her dress be ill-fitting and out of date, or noticeably smart and over-trimmed, the woman preacher has failed to win from at least the feminine portion of her congregation that undivided attention which every serious preacher would wish to hold and every serious listener choose to give.

Such is the endless diversity in women's dress, such the sudden changes that come over it from time to time, that to be merely inconspicuous in private life is a study. Must the rising tide in sleeves and crinoline swell even to the platform of the pulpit? We may be to blame when our mind wanders from the discourse of the hour, either to approve or disapprove the garb of the preacher; but, surely, we are sorely tempted!

Would the woman preacher not only not challenge, but actually avoid, all criticism on the score of dress, let her adopt the gown. Why should she not cast aside all further thought on the question, and choose, once for all, as her pulpit dress, the scholastic garb?

From a mere point of economy of time and money, this would be worth her consideration. But there is also a fitness in it. The gown is already in high repute in many of our women's colleges, and in some cases it might mean merely a continuance of what had become already familiar to the graduate.

At present a woman must be either singularly indifferent to appearances or suffer real annoyance in deciding what is the appropriate thing for her to wear into the pulpit. For ordinary, every-day life it matters little how much stress the minister lays upon conformity to custom in dress. Nothing is at stake if she be criticised; but, if the full effect of every service is to be marred because of a mere misapprehension of the fitness of things, it is time that the matter should be taken into serious consideration.—Margaret Cary Pratt, in the Transcript.

Spiritual Life.

Love is the way to true spirituality. The spiritual are the men and women who love their fellow-men, who bear the burdens of their brothers and sisters, and so fulfil the law of Jesus Christ.—A. B. Bruce.

Jesus will always supply us with the best criticism of Christianity; and, when Christianity has passed away, the religion of Jesus will in all probability survive. After faith in Jesus as God we shall come back to faith in the God of Jesus.—Amiel's Journal.

True prayer consists not in words shaped by the mouth, but in the interior attention of the heart; for the sounds which sink into the ears of God are not the words which fall from our lips, but the holy desires and aspirations of our hearts.—St. Gregory.

Every one's real life consists in his reach into other lives. Whoever shares in the experiences of others helps them to be true and to make the best of what they have, strengthens their faith in God and love to men, lives and grows.—The Congregationalist.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants that will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life that will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.—Ian Maclaren.

The Sunday School.

The next Channing Hall "Talk" will be held Saturday, November 2, at 2.30 P.M., at 25 Beacon Street, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. Subject, Lesson VIII., "The Broad and the Narrow Road." All cordially invited.

The "Annual Report of the Unitarian Sunday School Society" is now published in pamphlet form, together with the list of contributing churches and general announcements. Copies furnished without cost by mail or at the Book-rooms on application.

A revised edition of the new catalogue is just out, giving full titles of the publications of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Send for a copy to 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

NEW YORK UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Regular meeting Monday, November 4, at the Parish House of All Souls' Church, 104 East Twentieth Street, New York. Directors' meeting at 4.30 P.M. Business meeting at 5.30 P.M. Supper at 6 P.M. Discussion at 7 P.M. Subject,

"Doctrinal Teaching," to be opened by Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, Mass. George H. Badger, Secretary.

PRIMARY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—There will be held, under the auspices of the Boston Primary Union, at Berkeley Temple, Boston, on Monday, November 4, at 3 P.M., a Primary Teachers' Institute, which will be addressed by many of the most noted primary Sunday-school teachers of this vicinity. The topics will cover every phase of primary work, and the speakers will present many new ideas that have been practically worked out in their own schools. Every primary teacher is invited to attend. Admission is free; and programmes can be obtained from F. P. Shumway, No. 25 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Religious Intelligence.

(Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.)

THE regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, November 7, at twelve o'clock.

THE regular meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Monday, November 4, at eleven o'clock. Officers of other Branches are cordially invited.

BOSTON.—Church of the Disciples: Rev. Charles G. Ames has returned from his vacation, and will occupy his pulpit next Sunday, November 3. On Friday evening, November 8, a "Pastoral Reception" will be held in the church parlors, to which the congregation and friends of Mr. Ames are cordially invited.

Ministers' Monday Club: November 4, 10.30 A.M. Rev. J. M. Marsters will preside. Rev. Messrs. Batchelor, Horton, and Cooke have been invited to address the club on the doings of the late National Conference in Washington.

On Tuesday, November 5, the "Children's Mission Home Circle" will meet at the Home, 277 Tremont Street, at ten o'clock A.M. Subscriptions will be in order. All interested are cordially invited to join. M. A. Merrill, Secretary of the Children's Mission Home Circle.

BILLERICA, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. M. O. Simons on Monday, November 4. Train leaves Boston at ten o'clock. Subject of paper, "The Priesthood of Israel." Collation at 2 P.M. Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. Earle M. Wilbur of Portland, Ore., will preach in the First Parish Church next Sunday.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Third Congregational Society: A service commemorative of Rev. G. W. Briggs, D.D., will be held Sunday, November 3, at 7.30 P.M. Addresses by Rev. Messrs. George Batchelor, H. N. Brown, F. B. Hornbrooke, and E. A. Horton.

CHELSEA, MASS.—Miss Margaret B. Barnard will preach at the First Unitarian Church on Sunday, November 3; and on Monday evening, November 4, at the church, under the auspices of the Women's Alliance, Miss Barnard will lecture on "Hawthorne: His Life and Times." The Alliance announces lectures for November 11 by Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, on "The Enjoyment of Poetry," and for November 18 by Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston, on "Good Society."

LAWRENCE, MASS.—The Unity Club of the Unitarian church began a series of lectures on "Phases of Current Thought," October 25, with a talk by Hon. William S. Knox, on "The Money Question." "The Political Parties," "Woman Suffrage," "The New Theology," "The Single Tax," "Modern Charity and Municipal Reform," are among the subjects announced for future discussion.

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The Branch of the Alliance connected with the First Religious Society of Roxbury, Mass. (Rev. James De Normandie, minister), extends a cordial invitation to all the New England Branches to meet with them at their church, Eliot Square, on Wednesday, November 13. There will be but one session. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will preside. Exercises will begin at 10.45 A.M.: address of welcome, by Rev. James De Normandie; address by Miss Sarah L. Arnold, supervisor of Boston Public Schools,—subject, "Moral Training"; an informal talk by George W. Stone, Esq., treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, on "Woman's Work in Denominational Affairs" (it is also hoped that Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, R.I.,

and others will speak); general discussion; election of officers, etc.; box-lunch at 1.30. Tea and coffee will be provided by the ladies of the Roxbury Alliance. "Norfolk House" electric, from the Union Station, via Washington Street, come directly to Eliot Square. Several other lines of green cars cross Dudley Street, near by. It is a ride of thirty-five minutes from the Union Station.

THE Plymouth and Bay Conference will meet with the Third Congregational Society in Hingham, Rev. C. T. Billings, pastor, Wednesday, November 6. Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy will give the morning address. Subject, "How to build a Church." Programme: 9.30 A.M., devotional meeting, led by Rev. E. C. Guild, Pembroke; 10 A.M., business meeting; 10.30 A.M., address by Rev. Mr. Butler; discussion; conference collection; 12.30 P.M., collation; 1.30 P.M., address by Mrs. Charles T. Catlin of Brooklyn, representing the Women's Alliance; 2 P.M., address by Mr. George W. Stone, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association.

THE IOWA CONFERENCE.—The seventeenth annual session of the Iowa Unitarian Association was held at Anamosa, October 15, 16, 17. The delegation was smaller than usual because Anamosa is not easily reached by most of the churches of the State. But nine of the thirteen were represented; and all save one sent in reports. The sessions were enthusiastic and helpful. Miss Gordon's paper on "The New Pulpit" compared the pulpit of a century ago and the pulpit of to-day, showing that, although the minister no longer depends for his leadership upon his superior knowledge, it is still his part to quicken moral faculties, to inspire high ideals, to deepen man's trust in God, and to enlarge man's hope. In the evening the attendance was large. After the welcome, by Charles I. Deyo of Anamosa, and the response by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, the conference sermon was given by Rev. Charles E. Perkins, and followed by the conference hymn. The devotional service on Thursday morning was conducted by Rev. Mr. Baker of Sterling, Ill. The secretary's report showed twelve churches in the State as against seven three years ago, six missions,—all save one of which have been created in the last two years, and two since the last conference. The Treasurer's report showed that \$1,147 had been raised through the year. At the Sunday-school meeting Wednesday morning Mr. Gould made clear the kind of teaching needed in our schools, and at the close of his talk outlined the aim of the "Nature Studies" he is preparing this year.

The Wednesday evening service was a platform meeting, when Mr. Forbush spoke on "What the Bible means to Unitarians." Mr. Gould presented "Our Thought of

Man," and Mr. Palmer told of "Our Faith in God."

The important item of business on Thursday morning after the reports of churches was the question of co-operation with the Western Conference and the American Unitarian Association. After some discussion the following resolutions were passed, with but two dissenting votes:—

Whereas, in the judgment of the Conference, the time has arrived when the best interests of Unitarianism demand that an effort be made to determine the respective rights and limitations of our State, district, and national bodies, and to so adjust their functions that the overlapping of authority and the duplication of agencies may be done away.

Resolved, first, That the Board of Trustees be instructed to nominate a director of the Western Unitarian Conference to assume such duties in that capacity as are indicated in the plan of co-operation between the American Unitarian Association, the Western Unitarian Conference, and the State Conference, proposed at the last meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Resolved, second, That, in case this plan should not be indorsed by a sufficient number of the State and district conferences to recommend its adoption, the member chosen as director shall then become the member from this Conference of a Committee on Co-operation, whose membership shall consist of representatives from each State or district conference within the bounds of the Western Conference, to be chosen by each conference or the board of trustees thereof, and two representatives from the Western Conference, to be chosen by the board of directors thereof, and three from the American Unitarian Association, to be chosen by its board of directors. This committee to meet in Chicago the second Tuesday in March, 1896, at 10 o'clock A.M.

It shall be the duty of this committee to prepare a plan of co-operation to submit to the Western Conference and to the American Unitarian Association at their May meeting in 1896.

It shall be the duty of the secretary of the Conference to notify the secretaries of all the other conferences concerned in this action, and to invite their co-operation.

At the Thursday afternoon session steps were taken looking to the organization of Young People's Religious Unions throughout the State. The evening sermon was by Miss Safford, and was a plea for loyalty to ideals, a fitting close to the conference, deepening the consciousness of the obligations which our able gospel brings.

The officers for the ensuing year are:—President, Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City; vice-president, Dr. L. J. Adair, Anamosa; secretary, Leon A. Harvey, Des Moines; treasurer, Hon. B. F. Gue, Des Moines.



Forming a Literary Club

BY LOUISE STOCKTON

How it is best done: the rules of successful conduct; duties of officers, books to read, topics to discuss. A complete article in the November

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Literature.

THE HEART OF LIFE. By W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mr. Mallock is so bright a man that he could not write a book that would not contain many good things. This one contains a great many. Some of them are bright, and some of them are beautiful. But why the book was written is by no means clear. A chance sentence carries the suggestion that by "the heart of life" is meant domestic happiness, but there is very little in illustration of this theme. The hero is a hero in the most conventional sense. Probably it would be a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Mallock has any sympathy with him or admiration for him, though he never brings to his character or conduct one direct word of rebuke. He is a man of splendid culture and large political knowledge, who is made a cabinet minister on the very threshold of his entrance into Parliament. But he has his silly side. He has been in love with many women, and to one he has been very kind in her German exile from her worthless husband. We are considerably surprised when we find that an adulterous connection was an incident of this kindness. For this connection Reginald never has a twinge of conscience. He has merely the dumps when the lady goes back to her husband, and writes to him less frequently and more briefly than he desires. At such times he hastens to console himself with some other lady. Never was man caught so quickly on the rebound. First, within so much of his orbit as is visible in the story, it is by the Countess Shimmer,—truly a fascinating creature,—then by Miss De Louza; and she, declining his overtures of marriage, he turns sharply to a woman of the town. Of course, if any one objects to this combination of political genius and emotional instability, Mr. Mallock would revive your recollection of Dilke and Parnell. But Reginald is represented as being as big a fool in money matters as in love, and this does not so well agree with his political ability. There is a Dr. Bulman in the story,—a canon of high standing, in whom, consciously or unconsciously, we seem to have himself reflected as in a glass, and pilloried for our warning and his shame. This gentleman has a tremendous predilection for the subject of personal purity,—in fact, because he has a dirty mind and a very dangerous weakness of the flesh. No one could write as Mr. Mallock has written here, and in "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" and "The New Paul and Virginia," without a sensual mind or morbid sexuality. It is sincerely to be hoped that his picture of English social life does not approximate reality; that sexual immorality and illegitimacy are not the subjects into which gentlemen and ladies, married and unmarried, plunge with inevitable haste, however casually meeting, or if they have never met before. It is a pity that such great talents as those of Mr. Mallock should not be put to a cleaner and a better use.

CHRIST, THE SOCIALIST. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.—The political economy of this book is questionable in its form and admirable in its spirit. What is the test of Christianity? "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." But love must have its method and its law. However brotherly our disposition, there is still plenty of room to question whether the coming of "the kingdom of established peace" would be any whit advanced by socialistic methods, and, if so, by what measure of their application. That the book is not without humor we could give many proofs. On the last pages we have a dream of the return of Jesus to the earth. "And a young man, a reporter, said, 'How can we elevate journalism?' And Jesus said, 'Art thou a journalist?' And the young man, being modest, said, 'Nay: I am only a reporter.' And the Master, looking at the young man, loved him for his modesty; and he said: 'The mission of a newspaper is to give the news and to tell the truth. Follow this course, and thou wilt succeed.' And the young man marvelled at this answer, and said to himself: 'Verily, this is news to me. I never knew before that a reporter was expected to tell the truth.' " "And there are many other things that Jesus said" which are well worth considering.

The Magazines.

Macmillan & Co. send us the first number of the *American Historical Review*. If it keeps the promise which this number makes, it will justify itself as one more periodical in a field where there is a legion already. Its managing editor is Prof. J. Franklin Jameson of Brown University. The other editors are George B. Adams, Albert Bushnell Hart, Harry Pratt Judson, John Bach McMaster, William M. Sloane, and H. Morse Stephens. Prof. Sloane furnishes the salutatory article,—an elaborate discussion of

History and Democracy; i.e., of the relation of democracy to the study and writing of history. In conclusion the intended scope of the new review is set forth in a lucid manner. Moses Coit Tyler follows with an admirable article on "The Party of the Loyalists in the American Revolution,"—such a good word for them that we may possibly have the sons and daughters of the Loyalists organizing themselves for purposes of honorable commemoration at no distant day. Henry Adams takes for his text a slip in his own history of Madison's administration, and gives the interesting story of a French adventurer, Count Edward de Crillon. Frederick J. Turner writes of Western State-making in the Revolutionary era. The reviews of books are an important feature, and take up nearly one-half the entire space,—208 pages. Goldwin Smith reviews Prowse's "History of Newfoundland"; Edward M. Shepard, Bigelow's *Life of Tilden*, making some necessary strictures; Francis A. Christie, Dr. Briggs's "Messiah of the Apostles," with such refreshing directness as we should expect from a critical historian dealing with a theological apologist. It may be objected that such a book as Dr. Briggs's does not come within the

proper range of such a review as this; but it will do excellent service if in every number it brings to book some theologian who has endeavored to confuse the processes of dogmatism and science. The fourth volume of McMaster's "History of the United States" is criticised by Dr. C. H. Levermore, who is as free to praise or blame as if Prof. McMaster were not upon the editorial board. All the reviews are characterized by much fairness and ability.

Books Received.

From Wright & Potter, Boston.
The Annual Statistics of Manufactures, 1894. Ninth Report.
From Lee & Shepard, Boston.
Life and Light from Above. By Solon Lauer.
From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
The Rabbit Witch, and Other Tales. By Katharine Pyle. Price \$1.50.
From Henry Holt & Co., New York.
A Man and his Womankind. By Nora Wynne. Price 75 cts.
From Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
The Spirit of Judaism. By Josephine Lazarus.
From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
Social Theory. A Grouping of Social Facts and Principles. By John Bascom. Price \$1.75.
From Harper & Brothers, New York.
A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories. By John Fox, Jr.
The Sowers. A Novel. By Henry Seton Merriman.
His Father's Son. By Brander Matthews.

The Story of the Other Wise Man. By Henry van Dyke. Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu. By Constance Fenimore Woolson.
Stops of Various Quills. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Howard Pyle.
From Macmillan & Co., New York.
Julian Home. A Tale of College Life. By Frederic W. Farrar. Illustrated by Stanley Berkeley. Price \$2.00.
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From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Papers of the American Society of Church History. Vol. VII.
Cherryfield Hall. An Episode in the Career of an Adventuress. By Frederic Henry Balfour.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
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From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. 1847-1865. By Ward Hill Lamon. Edited by Dorothy Lamon. Price \$1.50.
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The Home.

For the Christian Register.
OCTOBER.

BY KATHERINE S. MASON.

The hills look blue and strangely near,
Seen through this perfect atmosphere:
The light leaves, falling thickly down,
Fill all the ways with gold and brown.

In sheltered nooks belated flowers
Make summer of the sunny hours;
A summer chastened and more fair
Than August's sultry noontides are.

No hint of winter's frost or snow
Lurks in the sunshine's golden glow;
But all is soft and sweet and calm,
Like far-off lands of spice and palm.

O rare, ripe days! their radiant light
Makes every common pathway bright;
And sorrowing hearts, who will, may hear
Some words of hope that lift and cheer.

For the Christian Register.

BETTY'S BLAZING STAR.

BY DOROTHY E. NELSON.

Little Abigail Sweet was sitting out under the big elm, working on her sampler. The air was full of soft summer sounds; and, as the wind blew the grass in long ripples, it seemed as if the clover blossoms were dancing up to her feet; but she never looked at them. Her serious blue eyes were fixed on the straw-colored sampler and the patient black stitches she was setting in it. Her mother knew she could trust Abigail when she let her go out under the elm-tree.

Abigail was working the date,—July 18, 1768. When she finished that, she was going to put in the motto, "Learning is an ornament, a portion never to be spent"; and then there still would be room to put in a house and a tree and perhaps a rooster. Diantha Green had a beautiful red and brown rooster on hers, and had promised to show Abigail how to make one. The thought of that red and brown rooster cheered her through all the dull monotony of the alphabet and her name and age.

There was a little rush from the door, and Betty came out with her hands full of pieces. Betty was older than Abigail. Her sampler had been hanging in the best room for five years. She was making a quilt now to put away in her chest. She bent her dark brows discontentedly over the pieces. Finally, she threw them down impatiently. "Twere a fine thing to make a Blazing Star with such dull pieces," she exclaimed. "Twere better suited to call it the Thunder Storm."

Abigail lifted her serious eyes.

"Why, I think 'tis beautiful," she said in slow surprise.

"You!" returned Betty, scornfully. "What do you know about it? I tell you no girl in the village has such a horrid quilt! 'Tis not your fault, Abigail. You are too small to know."

Abigail said no more. She bent over her work, but there was a grieved expression about her childish mouth. Betty sat with her chin propped in her hand, looking gloomily at the pieces in her lap. Presently Deborah Green came up the path. A bag was swinging from her arm, and her round face was beaming with smiles. Betty sprang up in delight.

"O, Deborah!" she cried.

"Mother said I might spend the afternoon," said Deborah. She nodded to Abigail, and then sat down by Betty.

"What were you doing?" she asked.

"I purposed to make a Blazing Star," answered Betty, "but my pieces are all so dull! It needs yellow ones for these joins."

"That blue cheney is of a neat pattern," said Deborah.

"Yes, but 'tis so sombre."

"'Twould be pretty in my quilt," said Deborah, reflectively. "I know, Betty! My sister Lovis is making some new valances, and they're yellow. I will get you some pieces of those if you will give me some of your blue cheney."

"Oh, will you?" cried Betty, radiantly.

Deborah looked critically at Betty's pieces.

"Lovis's yellow is real India," she said. "'Tis far finer than this blue. 'Twere scarce fair to trade evenly." Her sentence trailed off into doubt as she looked up at Betty.

"Take all the blue," answered Betty, beginning to pick it out. "I am weary of the sight of it. But when can I get the yellow?"

"I fear mother will not let me come again soon," answered Deborah.

"Perchance I could walk home with you when you go," suggested Betty. "I'll ask mother."

She ran into the house, and found her mother; but she refused to let her go. "'Twere enough for you to have the afternoon with Deborah," she said; "there will be barely time for your tasks after that."

Betty walked slowly out to her guest. Abigail saw her sister's gloomy face, and her own grew shadowed. Her otherwise serene and happy little life faithfully reflected the lights and shadows of her sister's.

"Can't you go?" asked Deborah.

"No," answered Betty.

Deborah fingered the blue pieces longingly.

"I would I had known about the yellow," she said, "for I need the blue for to-morrow's piecing."

"I have scant time on Saturday," said Betty.

"'Twill be Saturday,—I forget. O Betty!"

"What is it?" asked Betty, looking up eagerly. She caught the note of hope in Deborah's voice.

Deborah glanced at Abigail. "Let us walk down the road a piece," she said, with an affectation of indifference.

The two girls walked down the shady road. When they were out of sight of the little figure under the elm, Deborah stopped. She looked cautiously around, but could see no one.

"I thought"—she began.

"What?" asked Betty, impatiently.

"I might—bring them, and give them to you after meeting."

"On the Sabbath?" asked Betty, in a shocked voice.

"And why not, pray?" returned Deborah, defiantly. "You need not look at them. Surely, 'twere no great sin to carry them home in your pocket!"

"But where could I get them?" said Betty, wavering.

"In the noon-house," answered Deborah.

Betty stood thinking. It seemed to her that she had never wanted anything as she wanted pieces of Lovis's yellow India bed-valances.

"Does your mother know why you wanted to walk home with me?" asked Deborah, suddenly.

"No," answered Betty.

"Then she would think I brought them to-day: she wouldn't ask you."

Still Betty hesitated. Finally she looked up, but she avoided meeting Deborah's eyes. "I will do it," she said.

"I might take mine to-day, then you need not bring them," suggested Deborah.

"Yes," answered Betty, eagerly, "Perchance that would be better."

The girls went back, and Deborah put the blue pieces in her bag. She did not stay very long after that: she was afraid Betty would take back the blue until she had seen the yellow. In her heart Deborah was a little doubtful about getting the yellow. But Betty had no such suspicion: she was only glad not to carry the blue to meeting.

When she dressed on the Sabbath, she tied her big pocket under her skirt. Abigail looked at her in surprise.

"Why are you putting on your pocket, Betty?" she asked.

"And why should I not?" asked Betty, impatiently. "You are ever asking questions, Abigail. Mother wears hers: why should not I?" But she crept guiltily downstairs, keeping the side where her pocket hung away from her mother. She felt as if her mother's eyes could see it through her dress.

As they reached the meeting-house door, the Greens were just coming up. Deborah gave her a triumphant little nod, and touched her dress. Betty's face flushed; and she hurried in, anxious to hide her burning cheeks in a corner of the big pew. But all through the sermon she could think only of the yellow pieces.

After the meeting was over, the people all went out to eat their lunches. The

noon-house, a long, low building where they ate their lunch and warmed themselves in the winter, was quite deserted. The open door showed a dark, dismal interior; and a cool, musty draught met any one who looked in there. Betty tried to eat her pork and peas and gingerbread with the others; but she was not hungry, and as soon as she could do so she slipped away. Deborah was watching for her, and they crept unnoticed into the noon-house. Deborah reached into her pocket, and pulled out a roll of yellow pieces. It was a very small roll,—not half as many as Betty had given her.

"I would there were more," she said shamefacedly, "but Lovis could not spare many."

"'Tis no matter," answered Betty, taking the pieces nervously. It seemed as if that little yellow roll illumined the whole room. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely open her pocket. Deborah eyed her curiously as they went out into the light.

"How queer you look!" she said.

"Do I?" asked Betty, frightened.

"Yes, kind of red and white in spots!"

"I guess I'll go back to mother," Betty said.

She walked over to the group where her mother was, and stood silent beside her. Presently her mother looked at her.

"Are you sick, Betty?" she asked.

"I feel kind of—dizzy," answered Betty.

"Pep'mint's real good fur dizziness," said old Mrs. Baker. "I've got some here. I allus carry it."

Betty's mother gave her some peppermint, and they all looked at her with interest. "Do you feel better now?" they asked.

"Yes," said Betty, faintly. Then they all went in for the afternoon meeting.

As soon as Betty reached home, she slipped upstairs, and hid the yellow pieces. She felt better then, and almost persuaded herself that she had done nothing wrong. She wanted to look at the pieces, but she would not.

The next day she spread them out: there were not many, but they were very pretty. She sewed several of them, but, when she heard Abigail coming, she put them away, and took out some dark ones. Somehow, she didn't want Abigail to see them.

After a while the yellow pieces disturbed her less. She was quite proud of the effect of them, and yet even then there were times when she wished they were not there. But she had lost all fear of detection.

One afternoon her mother called her to go on an errand to a neighbor. She left her work hurriedly. Presently her mother saw it.

"Betty is making a handsome quilt," she said proudly. "I wonder where she got those yellow pieces. I never saw any like them. Do you know, Abigail?"

Abigail looked at the yellow pieces with frightened eyes. She remembered about Deborah and Betty's wearing her pocket, and how strangely she had acted that Sabbath; and she could not look at her mother. Her faithful little heart took Betty's sin to herself, and she looked the picture of guilt. But she did not know anything, and she would not betray Betty.

"No, mother," she said in a low, shamed voice.

Her mother glanced at her sharply. "Abigail Sweet, you are not telling me the truth," she said sternly. "I will ask you once more, and only once. Do you know where Betty got those pieces?"

Abigail lifted her eyes to her mother. They were full of pitiful pleading. "Truly, mother, I know not," she said.

"That will do, Abigail Sweet," answered her mother. "I care naught about the thing, 'tis that a child of mine should tell a lie. Instead of working pictures on your sampler, you may work this: 'Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.' Now go. Begin at once."

Abigail went miserably over to the settle. Usually she worked under the elm, but she felt as if the burden of those terrible words would be heavier out in the sunshine. She tried to work faithfully, but her tears fell so fast that she had only formed the L when Betty came in an hour later. Betty looked at her in surprise.

"Don't speak to Abigail," said her mother. "She is in disgrace. She told me a lie."

"Abigail!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes. I asked her where you got the yellow pieces in your quilt, and she said she did not know; but her looks belied her. I have given her a text to work in her sampler. She will have no room for pictures now." The mother's voice was hard and tense. No one knew how the sight of the pitiful little figure, trying so patiently to work in spite of tear-blinded eyes, cut her heart.

Betty stood still. It seemed as if something was choking her.

"Mother," she cried desperately, "Abigail told you no lie. She didn't know,—she but guessed. Deborah Green gave them to me."

"Then why did she not say so?" asked her mother astonished.

Betty caught hold of the table, and looked up at her mother with a white, resolute face. "Because," she said, "Deborah brought them to me on the Sabbath. She gave them to me in the noon-house. I had my pocket, and brought them home. Abigail wanted to know why I wore my pocket, and I would not tell."

"You got them on the Sabbath!" repeated her mother.

"Yes," answered Betty, wretchedly.

"Elizabeth Sweet, go and bring down those pieces, and rip out every bit of yellow, and then take them back to Deborah. Glad am I that you told me. Such a quilt would be a disgrace to any girl."

Betty went upstairs, and ripped out the pieces. It took her a long time, for her stitches had been fine and strong. When she came down, Abigail was ripping out the letter "L."

"Now, Betty, you must tell Deborah why you return them. And I shall give you some brown to put in their place, to serve as a reminder to you always."

"Yes, mother," said Betty, humbly.

As she reached the door, she looked back. "May I borrow Diantha's sampler for Abigail?" she asked.

"Well, 'twill do no harm," answered her mother. "She'll be ready for it to-morrow."

Betty went slowly down the road to the Greens'. Diantha met her at the door.

"I've brought back your pieces," she said. "Mother made me because I got them on the Sabbath."

"But you've used them," said Deborah, curiously.

"Yes. I had to take them out."

"I'm real sorry for you," said Deborah, "but I'm glad to have the yellow. Lovis would give me no more. I think 'twas downright stingy of her. I s'pose you'll want yours back?" she added, grudgingly.

"No, keep them," answered Betty.

"'Tis real good of you. 'Twas a pity you had to take them all out."

"Oh, I didn't mind so much," said Betty. "Can I borrow Diantha's sampler for Abigail?"

"Why, of course," answered Deborah. "What a queer girl you are, Betty! I would be real mad."

But Betty walked home with Diantha's

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sampler in her hand, and her heart was full of sunshine that not even the gloom of the sombre pieces in her quilt could shadow.

THE NEW BOY AT FAIRMONT.

"Hello, fellows! The doctor says we can go to the pond," announced Ben McKay, on his way through the school play-room.

"But he told us to ask Mr. Finley if the ice would bear," added Ben's younger brother Will, following close at his heels.

"What do you say to going along, Jack?" asked Ben of the new boy. Jack Shippe had been at school only a few days; and he had kept so quiet and so much to himself that the others had nicknamed him "Softy," and had said there was nothing in that chap.

But he had brought a fine pair of skates along, and seemed ready enough to join Ben's party. The pond was two miles away, and the boys trotted off over the snow at such a lively pace that they were in a fine glow by the time they reached it.

"Bother! Why didn't we bring a broom?" said Ben. "This skim of snow is going to make things rough."

"We forgot to ask the farmer if the ice would bear," said the new boy, opening his lips for the first time.

"So we did!" exclaimed the rest, looking blankly at one another.

"Oh, well, it is too late to go back now," said Ben. "We can find out for ourselves."

"I'm going back," said the new boy, shortly.

"I wouldn't be such a molly-coddle!" cried Ben. "I believe you are afraid. See here! I'll show you how strong this ice is." And he slid on it for a foot or two.

"You can believe what you like," said Jack, coolly. "I'm going back."

The others couldn't have had much fun on the ice, after all; for nothing was said about it when they got back to the Study Hall.

But, before the ten o'clock bell tapped as a signal for bedtime, Will hurried up from his desk to the platform. The doctor was confined to his room with acute bronchitis, and Mrs. Maxwell was keeping order in Study Hall for him.

"Mrs. Maxwell," said Will, in a very unhappy voice, "please come and see what is the matter with Ben. He is sitting down there, just shaking all over, and behaving as queer as anything."

No wonder! Poor Ben had a tremendous chill on him, which was immediately followed by a hot fever, delirium, and pain in his side. Then it came out that he had broken through the ice.

"How can I get the doctor?" cried Mrs. Maxwell, in distress. Her husband was too sick to be disturbed; and the hired man had asked to go off for the night,—this of all nights! Dr. Alexander lived two miles from the school.

"I'll go for him," said Jack, promptly.

"You, Jack? Why, you don't even know the way!"

"Yes, I do!" he answered. "The boys showed me the place when we were going to the post-office."

He was already buttoning up his overcoat; and, before Mrs. Maxwell could feel sure that she ought to let him go, he was off. Several other boys volunteered then, but Jack was on the road before they could get ready.

Ben heard the offer, and knew who it was that had gone for the doctor; and his excited and unsettled imagination gave him wild visions of the trip. He raved about the snow-covered roads, the dark way through the woods, the slippery foot-bridge to cross. Every little while he would cry out that Jack was lost, that he was drowned, that he was buried under the snow, that something had caught him in the woods, until his companions felt the cold chills creep down their spines.

But Jack got back safe and sound, snugly tucked under the doctor's buffalo-robe; and poor Ben was soon relieved by the doctor's wise skill.

From that very night the new boy lost his nickname of "Softy." He lost it on that cold, snowy, lonesome walk to Dr. Alexander's; and his loss was the school's gain, for our boys found something that same night. They found this,—that a boy who refuses to do wrong is, nine times out of ten, both the bravest and tenderest boy of the crowd.—*The Morning Star.*

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In 1819 John H. Eiffert, who lived in Lexington County, South Carolina, died, and left surviving him his widow and three infant children. During his lifetime he was in very good circumstances, and he was believed to be entirely solvent; but, after his death, his estate was subjected to the payment of security debts, and it was soon discovered that nothing would be left for his widow and children. Mrs. Eiffert was left without money and without friends; and, believing that she could better provide for her children by leaving the State and going into a new country, she determined to go into the Far West, although, as there were no railroad facilities in those days, she knew that she would have to make the trip in a one-horse wagon.

Accordingly, in 1820 she put her little children—John Henry, John Jacob, and James John, whose ages ranged from six to twelve years—into a one-horse wagon, and drove out of the State of South Carolina into a country wholly unknown to her; and not a word was heard from her nor any of her children until the year 1889.

In September, 1889, an old gray-haired gentleman got off the train in the town of Leesville, S.C., and made diligent inquiry of the old people of that town concerning the old homestead of John H. Eiffert; and, after much trouble, he at last succeeded in locating the old place about seven or eight miles north of Leesville. Probably he would not have succeeded in finding the old place at all but for his recollection of a little branch, a spring, and a mound of earth near which the remains of John H. Eiffert were interred, a short distance from the place where the old dwelling-house was standing when Mrs. Eiffert left it.

This old gray-haired gentleman, who was a stranger to every person in Lexington County, was the same little James John Eiffert whom his mother carried out of South Carolina in a one-horse wagon when he was only six years old. From him it was learned that Mrs. Eiffert continued her journey for hundreds of miles, camping out in the wild woods in the night-time; that is, she travelled through the States of Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and into the Indian Territory, where she settled down among the Indians, who were numerous in those days, and who were very kind to her. After her children were large enough to help her, she removed from the Indian Territory to the State of Illinois, where she died in the year 1850, leaving her three children still surviving.

How many men or women in 1820 would have undertaken to drive a one-horse wagon, with three little children, from South Carolina into the Indian Territory, camping in the wild woods in the night-time, alone and unprotected? E. T. G.

CAN A DOG THINK?

That is the question our teacher asked in school one morning. Some of us said "yes," some "no." I believe, when you hear about Carlo, you will say "yes."

Carlo used to live with Uncle Lewis and grandma in the city six miles from here. We all go often to see them; but one day, some years ago, it happened that papa went alone. He went in the sleigh.

It was a cold day; and Carlo was sitting in front of the fire, not far from grandma's chair. Then, when she got up, he was right in her way. Now, grandma is the only one in all our family that is not fond of a dog or cat. Papa never told us all she said about Carlo, but I know something she did say. It was, "Stephen [papa's name was Stephen], I am going to get rid of this tiresome dog. He is old and worthless; and cold days he is always in the house, round the fire."

"I should be glad to have him," said papa. "The children are so fond of him, and so am I. Lewis has often said we could have him; and I've tried to coax him to go with me, but he never would. I don't believe it is any use to try again."

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

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"Well," said grandma, "I shan't keep him. I told Lewis so this morning."

Just then Uncle Lewis came in, and no more was said about Carlo. When papa came away, he thought he would try to coax him to come; but he could not find him.

But, when he was in the sleigh, and all ready to drive away, there was Carlo under the seat. And, if ever eyes spoke, said papa, his said, "Do keep me!"

How glad we children were to see him! He has lived with us ever since. And he does not seem old at all. He is very useful. He is always glad to ride, and capers when he sees the horses harnessed; but—here is the brightest thing—he never will go to the city where grandma lives. We have tried him over and over again; but he seems to know we are going there, and refuses to go.

Now, does not Carlo think?—*Pamela McArthur Cole, in Little Men and Women.*

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

Farmer William H. Ellis of Bloomingburg, N.Y., owns a little white mare called Whitefoot. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis's two little girls in a wagon to the school-house, a mile from home; and, after leaving the children there, the little mare turns round, and trots back to her master's house without any driver. When the school-closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitches Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the school-house, and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she never has a collision or damages her harness.

On Sunday night last Mr. Ellis's hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middleton on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars here, he tacked a piece of paper on the wagon seat, containing this notice: "Don't stop this mare. She belongs to William H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right"; and then, turning the mare's head homeward, he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance—a long nine miles—in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

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STEVENSON'S YOUTHFULNESS.

In those early days he suffered many indignities on account of his extreme youthfulness of appearance and absence of self-assertion. He was at Inverness,—being five or six and twenty at the time,—and had taken a room in a hotel. Coming back about dinner-time, he asked the hour of the *table d'hôte*, whereupon the landlady said, in a motherly way, "Oh, I knew you wouldn't like to sit in there among the grown-up people, so I've had a place put for you in the bar." There was a frolic at the Royal Hotel, Bathgate, in the summer of 1879. Louis was lunching alone; and the maid, considering him an eligible quantity, came and leaned out of the window. This outrage on the proprieties was so stinging that Louis at length made free to ask her, with irony, what she was doing there. "I'm looking for my lad," she replied. "Is that he?" asked Stevenson, with keener sarcasm. "Weel, I've been lookin' for him a' my life, and I've never seen him yet," was the response. Louis was disarmed at once, and wrote her on the spot some beautiful verses in the vernacular. "They're no bad for a beginner," she was kind enough to say when she had read them.—*Edmund Gosse, in the Century.*

DR. FRANK C. BURRINGTON.

Dr. Frank C. Burrington has recently died in Windsor, Vt. He was a son of L. M. Burrington and Elizabeth M. Brewster, and was born in Hartland, Nov. 8, 1867. He prepared for college at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., and entered upon a course of study in Tufts College. He began the study of medicine with his uncle, Dr. Brewster, after leaving college, and later graduated from the University of New York Medical College with the highest honors. Soon after graduating he received an appointment in the Hartford (Conn.) hospital, of which he was house surgeon at the time he was taken ill in June last. Death ensued from quick consumption following upon a severe attack of pneumonia. Dr. Burrington was a young man of fine ability, both natural and cultivated, and until stricken down with illness had apparently a brilliant future before him. His death is truly untimely, and his many friends will sincerely mourn his loss.

MRS. JAMES P. WALKER.

The death of Mrs. Walker at the Nervine Asylum, Jamaica Plain, on the 30th of September, will recall to many readers of the *Register* the prominence and interest her husband once had in the affairs of our body. Immediately upon his death, called to self-support, she opened a school for girls and boys in Jamaica Plain, which successive generations of children for twenty years will remember with gratitude and affection. Mrs. Walker made the school a real home, with the first demand for a pure atmosphere, and for the training of character, and then mental training. One who knows better than all others of the school almost from its beginning says, "I can speak from experience of the generous hospitality and quick sympathy of her large heart."

She bore with uncomplaining fortitude the sudden death of her sweet and gifted daughter; but it was an unceasing strain upon her life-strings, and just a year after she fell asleep. Her funeral was from the Parish House of the Jamaica Plain Church; and her minister, Rev. Mr. Dole, paid a tender tribute to her gracious and devoted life.

Charities and Reforms.

Finland has an Elizabeth Fry,—a Miss Wrede. For the past twelve years she has visited every prison and every prisoner in Finland, at least once a year; and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

The subject of public baths maintained at municipal expense is one that commands public attention. That we are so slow in the United States to establish such baths in our large cities is the more surprising since they have proved such successes in many foreign cities. In Leeds, Huddersfield, and Bradford, England, the public baths and wash-houses have had a positive effect on the public health, actually reducing the number of applications for admittance to the hospitals.—*The Outlook.*

The Woman's Improvement League of Minneapolis, Minn., is engaged in carrying out plans for the beautifying of the city and bettering the condition of its people. Shade-trees have been set out on several streets.

7,108 school children have been furnished with flower-seeds, with instructions how to use them for the best results. They intend also to interest the children in exterminating the Russian thistle. The League will soon open cheap bath-rooms with competent persons in charge.

The charity organization society of New York is calling attention to the work-rooms for unskilled women, which were established by them a few years ago. One object of these work-rooms is to train women to do better work, but it is also designed to furnish work for deserving applicants. The enterprise thus far has been successful, the weekly attendance averaging from 50 in warm weather to 130 and 140 in winter. The plan has been found good of selling tickets at 50 cents apiece, to be given to worthy applicants for aid. These tickets entitle the holder to a day's work, a hot meal, and, as wages, some clothing or food enough for five persons for one day. Some societies and churches use the tickets, and it is hoped that gradually other work-rooms of the same sort will be started in other quarters.

Science.

It is proposed by means of the electro-telephone to connect London's churches and chapels with the hospitals, so that the sermons preached each Sunday may be heard by the patients without leaving their beds.

Acetylene, the brilliant new gas, can be easily liquefied and stored until needed. When it is to be used, the pressure is lessened; and it becomes gaseous again. It gives more than ten times the light of coal-gas burned in the best burners.

In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins, again to the heart.—*The American.*

Scientists are greatly interested in the phenomena occurring at the town of Pinotep, State of Oaxaca, Mexico, where since November 2, of last year, not a day has passed without an earthquake shock. People have abandoned their stone houses, and are living in huts made of wood and matting.

Aluminum is not proving to be of such value for surgical instruments as was expected. To be sure, it does not oxidize; but it is deficient in elasticity, and stays bent after pressure. It is also so light that the surgeon does not feel as if he had hold of anything when grasping a knife made of it.—*Medical Times.*

Temperance.

The Belgian government has ordered hung in every school-room the following placard: Of 125,000 deaths, as many as 25,000, or one-fifth, are the result of alcoholism. In a period during which the population has increased by 14 per cent., the consumption of alcohol has been augmented by 37 per cent., cases of madness by 45 per cent., crimes by 74 per cent., suicides by 80 per cent., and vagrants and beggars by 156 per cent.

The Council of the Church of England Temperance Society have submitted a scheme to their various branches, in which they invite all the members to concentrate their efforts on the following reforms: to remove clubs and friendly societies from public houses; to do away with statute fairs, village feasts, hirings, and mops, or to remove the temptations to intemperance connected with them; to reform the drinking customs which so largely prevail at marriages, burials, and public gatherings, especially the drinking of toasts and healths; and to discourage the practice of giving beer to servants, tradesmen, and messengers; and to discourage the practice of treating to drinks, whether for service done or in commercial transactions.—*Alliance News.*

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LITTLE LAKE.

[From the Armenian of Bedros Tourian.

Why dost thou lie in hushed surprise,
Thou little lonely mere?
Did some fair woman wistfully
Gaze in thy mirror clear?

Or are thy waters calm and still
Admiring the blue sky,
Where shining cloudlets, like thy foam,
Are drifting softly by?

Sad little lake, let us be friends!
I, too, am desolate;
I, too, would fain beneath the sky
In silence meditate.

As many thoughts are in my mind
As wavelets o'er thee roam;
As many wounds are in my heart
As thou hast flakes of foam.

But, if heaven's constellations all
Had dropped into thy breast,
Thou still wouldst not be like my soul,—
A flame-sea without rest.

There, when the air and thou are calm.
The clouds let fall no showers;
The stars that rise there do not set,
And fadeless are the flowers.

Thou art my queen, O little lake!
For, e'en when ripples thrill
Thy surface, in thy quivering depths
Thou hold'st me, trembling, still.

Full many have rejected me:
"What has he but his lyre?"
"He trembles, and his face is pale;
His life must soon expire."

None said, "Poor child, why pines he thus?
If he beloved should be,
Haply he might not die, but live,—
Live, and grow fair to see."

None sought the boy's sad heart to read
Nor in its depths to look.
They would have found it was a fire,
And not a printed book.

Nay, ashes now! a memory!
Grow stormy, little mere;
For a despairing man has gazed
Into thy waters clear.

—Alice Stone Blackwell, Boston Transcript.

A GREEK INSCRIPTION.

Prof. Mahaffy has had a strange bit of luck with a Greek inscription from Egypt. Mr. Grenfell, who has just returned with a number of important newly discovered papyri of the second century before Christ, brought him the squeeze from a mutilated stone found at Dimeh, in the Fayum, giving the beginning only of a number of lines. It belongs to 104 B.C., and contains several proper names. Prof. Wilcken, of Breslau, heard of it, and thought that an inscription on another mutilated stone in the Berlin Museum, having only the ends of lines, might have something to do with it. He sent a squeeze to Prof. Mahaffy, who put the two pieces together, and found that they fitted exactly, though a few letters along the fracture are lost.—*The American.*

GOLD.

Probably the gold that was employed in decorating Solomon's temple is in large part doing duty at the present time somewhere among men. With the enormous increase of commerce, home and foreign, in modern times other influences came in which accelerated the gold-cheapening process. One of these was the introduction of labor-saving devices, which greatly increased the productivity, and hence the value of labor. As gold was cumulative, and not dependent upon the labor of immediate production, other lines of labor shot ahead of it in productive value. But much the greatest influences in cheapening gold were the labor-saving devices of finance, which by far exceeded anything possible in mechanical invention. Gold is worth less than a third—between that and a fifth—of what it was worth in Queen Elizabeth's time. There were counterbalancing causes which prevented its decline in proportion to its real and its practical increase. A shekel of gold will now do as much commercial work as one hundred shekels could do in Solomon's time, though it has not declined in specific value in nearly that proportion. Financial devices have given it almost incredible celerity in practical movement. Artaxerxes owed Egypt a hundred shekels in gold. He loaded it on camels, and sent a small army to guard it; and the caravan wended its way, occupying a month in reaching from the Euphrates to the Nile. But now Chicago owes London the hundred shekels, and it is cabled into the London bank in four minutes. London owes it to Amsterdam, and the gold plunges beneath

the North Sea and rises in the Dutch city, while you are winking twice. Amsterdam owes it to Paris, and with a flash it is there, Paris owes it to Chicago, and back it is again where it started from, ready to be flashed to Calcutta or Tokio. Thus working one hundred times as fast, our telegraphic shekel is equal to one hundred of Artaxerxes, leaving ninety-nine pieces for other employment and practically increasing the supply in proportion to demand to that degree.—*The Interior.*

Here and There.

A Sister of Charity is the first woman to receive a decoration in Holland. She was made a knight of the order of Nassau-Orange by the two queens of Holland during their recent visit to Overysel.

An ibex, killed in the mountains of Arizona this last summer, is said to be the third of these animals ever killed in the United States. The two others were found in Oregon. The ibex is a big-horned wild goat, belonging to the Alps and the Pyrenees, and never supposed to exist in our American mountains.

The captive balloon which the French expect to employ at the World's Fair in 1900 will be 144 feet in diameter, and is to ascend to an elevation of 1,950 feet. This is twice as high as the Eiffel Tower. The balloon is to be managed by a wire cable, varying in diameter from 3.93 to 4.71 inches, and will probably be capable of taking up 160 passengers at once.

It is said that the post-office system of British India is the most up-to-date concern of the kind to be found anywhere. Besides collecting and delivering letters, parcels, and other articles, it acts, to a certain extent, as a banker to the general public, sells quinine and salt, pays military pensions, and collects the revenue accruing to the government from land and other sources.

It is stated that in Japan massage is practised almost exclusively by blind persons. The idea is that the sense of touch is so much more delicate and developed in those who have lost their vision that the employment of them as "masseurs" and "masseuses" is quite in accord with the natural fitness of things. Blind persons are largely used for this purpose in St. Petersburg, and at a massage school there the professor is also blind.

The Negro Building and its exhibits are likely to be the most significant part of the Atlanta show, and will probably be looked back to in coming years as marking an epoch in the rapid advance of a race from slavery to the full possession of its long-delayed birthright in the arts and sciences, the occupations and industries so long monopolized by the Caucasian. If the Atlanta Exhibition does nothing more than to afford this opportunity to the race to demonstrate its fitness for progress and citizenship, it will be worth to the South and to the whole country all that exposition cost. *The Interior.*

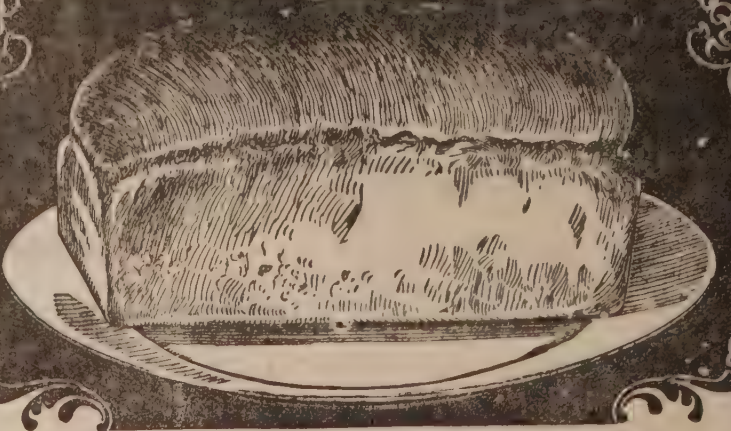
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Said a little boy who, during a visit to Florida, was obliged to drink condensed milk, "Mamma, I just wish that condensed cow would die!"—*The American*.

Artist: "I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer (after inspecting it): "Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Why, Howard, child, how did you cut your lip that way?" cried Mrs. B. "Playing," said Howard. "I was playing I was a goat, an' I tried to eat a tomat-ter-can." *Harper's Round Table*.

Dealer: "Can't I sell you one of these stylographic pens? The price has come down to \$1." Scribbler: "Is that so? Now, if you can persuade the ink to come down, I might buy one."—*Standard*.

George W. Cable, the novelist, electrified a Sunday-school class of pretty little girls by telling them that he had three children at home, half of them girls! Rapidly scrambling through their mental arithmetic, they fairly rustled with surprise at the startling statement, and then heard with an audible sigh of relief his explanation that the other half were girls, too.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Moses, and the teacher of Freddie's class asked the boys what they knew of him. Freddie's face brightened. "Well," said the teacher, "what do you know about Moses, Freddie?" "Oh," said Freddie, "I don't know much about Mr. Moses; but I know his boys, Johnnie and Will. I play with them every day."—*Selected*.

Prof. A.: "Do you know, I find it difficult to remember the ages of my children?" Prof. B.: "I have no such trouble. I was born 2,300 years after Socrates, my wife 1,800 years after the death of Tiberius Cæsar, our son John 2,000 years after the entrance into Rome of Titus Sempronius Gracchus for the re-enactment of the 'leges Licinæ,' and our Amanda 1,500 years after the beginning of the Folk-wandering: that is perfectly simple, you see."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

At the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon a lady had just picked up a pebble from the walk to carry home with her, when a workman came up with a wheelbarrow full of gravel, which he dumped on the spot. "Have you—have you fixed up the place that way recently?" the lady asked, in a slightly apprehensive tone. "Bless you, miss," was the reply: "we has to do this about every two weeks, so as the tourists can have something to carry away for mementums."

The editor brought home with him from Chamounix the business card of a "boot merchant," which serves not only as a souvenir of the man whom he patronized, but as an excellent example of foreign English:—

"Claret Tournier Joseph
Boot merchant

in front of the Hotel Croix-Blanche.

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An exchange tells a story which may be taken as a fresh manifestation of a certain well-known Scotch characteristic. Upon his accession to the throne, the emperor of Russia was appointed colonel-in-chief of the Royal Scots Greys. While dressing for dinner, an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his soldier-servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir!" replied Donald. "It is a vera proud thing." Then, after a pause, he inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"—*The Interior*.

MEDICAL CHIMES.

A certain esteemed clergyman, whose church is in the most attractive part of the city, but who for present purposes must remain nameless, was feeling a little "pardonable pride," as the outgoing political office-holders express it, in having succeeded, after years of soliciting, in raising enough money to provide his church with a set of chimes.

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Editorial.

THE pastoral letter of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church this year is of much more interest to the members of that Church than to those of other communions. Last year the letter was largely concerned with matters of doctrine, especially contending for a narrow interpretation of two doctrines which have come to have a broader meaning than the bishops like to have put into them. This year, however, methods of denominational administration and of ritualistic observance which have little interest outside of the Episcopal Church are the things mainly discussed. The question of Christian unity is the main subject in which the bishops deal with the relation of their Church to the larger world of Christendom. The subject continues to excite their "earnest solicitude, though the prospect of any immediate or tangible result is not encouraging."

THE bishops regret that their overtures have not been accepted. They declare, however, that they do not mean to budge from them. "But, however earnest and persistent our endeavor to keep alive this great movement and the deep yearnings which inspire it, we can imagine no circumstance that would induce us to consent to any departure from the ancient deposit of the faith and order committed to our keeping for the common benefit of mankind, or to the impairment of any truly apostolic and catholic tradition of the Church, or to any measures which, in bringing us nearer to post-Reformation communions, would create any new obstacles to reunion with the old historic branches of the Catholic Church." These utterances show that the bishops are willing enough that all the world should become Episcopalian, and mean that there shall be no Christian unity without it.

UNITARIANS, on the other hand, at their National Conference have made what it seems to us is the only really practical overture concerning Christian unity that has yet been made, and the only one that can be realized. They offer as a basis not a form of doctrine, a liturgy, a method of government, a traditional form of priestly succession, but the essence of Christianity itself, as summed up in the life and teachings of Jesus, that practical religion is love to God and love to man. This is a basis of union which is older than that offered by Episcopacy or by any other denomination. It lies at the foundation not only of Christianity, but of Hebraism and all true religion. In accepting it, the Episcopalian is not obliged to give up his Prayer Book or his doctrine of the apostolic succession, the Methodist is not obliged to give up his bishops, nor the Presbyterian his elders, nor the Roman Catholic his ceremonies, nor the Baptist his love for immersion. All this matter of form and government is secondary. This is the real faith delivered to the saints, and on this basis Christians of all denominations may find a field for co-operation.

COMMENTING upon the basis of unity proposed at the National Conference, the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, the organ of the Christian Church, says: "That is very good. But we are not hungering after religious unity or religious union merely: we are seeking Christian union and Christian unity. We seek union in Christ. We wish you to say Jesus Christ and Christ Jesus. If you are unwilling to say that, you do not 'hold in accordance with the teaching' of Jesus. Take out the Christ, and the unction will disappear, the anointing with the Holy Spirit will depart. The Unitarians are better than their creed. If their intellects are not Messiah-ed, their hearts certainly have been in contact with the Christ spirit, their souls have received the anointing from above, as is seen in their many works of philanthropy, their constant, broad, and deep love for humanity. All this indicates the Christ spirit. They have been drinking of the River of Life, that flows not only 'from the throne of God,' but 'of the Lamb,' even though imagining their drafts were only from some artesian well they had sunk to the same hidden flood as the Mohammedans and Buddhists. No: the Unitarians have been drinking of purer waters. Brethren, put Christ not only into your conduct, but into your resolutions; and they will taste sweeter to the rest of us. Your conduct says, Christ: let your resolutions say, Christ." Unitarians are more concerned in propagating the spirit of Jesus than merely repeating his name, and for this they have good authority in his teachings. But in the resolution referred to the name of Jesus is gratefully recognized, and all the more clearly because it is not confounded with the Messianic ideas of later Christology.

THE utter inadequacy of the historic episcopacy as a basis of union is shown in the fact that it has never been an element which has made for Christian union. The divisions which separated Peter and Paul very sharply have been repeated all through the history of the Church. Bishops have stood over against each other, and fought and wrangled for supremacy. From the very beginning Christianity became divided into sects. The unity of the Church was only secured through political supremacy. It was enforced by the sword, not by the gospel, with the result eventually that political as well as doctrinal divisions obtained. The Western Church was divided from the Eastern; and the Eastern Church divided into political segments, as it remains to-day. The historic episcopate has never been able to furnish anything more than an external basis of Christian union, and it has not succeeded in that; for men cannot any more readily agree on the external elements of Christianity than upon those which are internal and fundamental. In spite of the historic episcopate, the Episcopal Church is not at unity with itself. It is divided strongly into parties, and the tendencies they represent are as divergent as those which separate episcopacy from other communions. It is evident, therefore, that all that could be obtained through the basis of union proposed by the Episcopal Church would be one that is purely external and that would be of little or no value. In this matter we must work from the centre, not from the circumference; and this is what Unitarians are proposing to do.

NO MAN is better qualified to speak on the Armenian question than Mr. James Bryce. He is familiar with the subject in all its relations: he visited the country, and wrote a book long before the perpetration of the recent massacres. He knows the Turk as well as the Armenian, and the complicated diplomatic problems which enter into the recent questions. His article, therefore, in the *Century* for November is the work of one of the best informed English statesmen. His statement of the condition of the Armenian people and the injustice and outrages to which they are subjected only confirms the mass of evidence already put before us on this question. "The massacre of Sassoun," says Mr. Bryce, "was absolutely unprovoked, and has all the appearance of having been deliberately planned, in order to exterminate the Christian population of a district almost entirely inhabited by Armenians."

ONE of the greatest difficulties in mending affairs in Armenia Mr. Bryce finds in the jealousy of the European powers. Experience has shown, he points out, that there is only one way of reforming an Oriental government, and that is by putting it into leading-strings "either by superseding the chief officials and putting Europeans in their place, or else by giving them European adjutants who shall virtually direct them. This might be done in Turkey if the European powers were willing." But this is less practicable under the jealousy of the European powers than the present plan, which "is to introduce small changes in local government which may give the Christians a better chance of preserving their lives and property, and to institute a commission of supervision at Constantinople with which the European ambassadors may be in communication, conveying to it the reports of their consuls, and pressing it to see that justice is done in the provinces. This scheme, though somewhat complicated, may, in the opinion of several judicious British and American residents, be made to work. But it will require the closest attention by the European consuls and ambassadors; and the most unrelenting pressure must be brought to bear on the

sultan if its provisions are not to be neglected or evaded in practice. Nothing but fear and threats will move a government which has up till now never expressed the slightest penitence nor shown the slightest remorse for the Sassoun massacre, nor taken any serious step to put an end to the hideous prison tortures which the British embassy has so often brought to its notice."

IN closing his article, Mr. Bryce treats of the influence which America may exert in this question. She does not hold such a responsibility as any of the six great powers; but she is entitled to protect her schools and missionaries, "and she has the enormous advantage of being obviously disinterested in all Mediterranean questions, having nothing to gain for herself in that region of the world. . . . The position of America is therefore a very strong one. The appearance of her gun-boats off Turkish ports has before now had a wholesome effect upon the Turkish mind, and these gunboats would do well to appear promptly whenever the rights of her citizens and the safety of their educational establishments are threatened." Without naming our minister at Constantinople, Mr. Bryce significantly says, "At Constantinople much depends also upon the capacity and the firmness of the envoy who embodies and speaks the will of a foreign power." It is evidently as clear to Mr. Bryce as it was to Secretary Gresham that our present minister at Constantinople does not embody and speak the will of the American people in this crisis, and it is a mystery why President Cleveland should keep him there.

THE UNITARIAN POSITION.

Any one who reads this and the last number of the *Christian Register*, containing the papers, addresses, and reports given at the Unitarian National Conference at Washington, will be able to form some idea of the characteristic features of the Unitarian position. He will see that there are certain advantages in the Unitarian position.

1. Unitarians have the advantage which comes from complete mental liberty. They are not committed to holding some creedal fort which ought to be abandoned. They are not fenced in by articles, standards, and confessions. They are not bound by allegiance to infallible popes or infallible bibles.

2. Unitarianism is free to move and free to grow. There are certain of the old churches which claim that all the truth was revealed eighteen hundred years ago: they deny the possibility of any progress in theology. Their faces are turned toward the past; but Unitarianism, while it accepts gratefully all the past has to offer, is perfectly free to move and to grow,—as free as the tree is to put forth new blossoms and bear new fruit. While sucking up nurture from deep roots below, it drinks in the rain and the sunshine from above. Hence Unitarianism can adjust itself to the new revelations of life and truth which pour upon it to-day.

3. Unitarianism is thus free to accept the facts and revelations of modern science. The churches bound to the mediæval creeds have had a great struggle to adjust themselves to the simple facts of geology, astronomy, and the story of the development of physical life on this planet. Some of them are still struggling to reconcile Genesis and geology, the story of Jonah or of Samson with the facts of history and experience. Unitarians, on the other hand, find no conflict between the facts of religion and the facts of science; and to them the story of the evolution of life on this planet, so far as it is evident, is more a help than a hindrance in the interpretation of religion.

4. Unitarianism is free to accept new ethical conceptions. Many other churches are bound not only by the science and the-

ology of the past, but also by its ethical standards. Their views of the moral character of God stand in the way to-day of the development of the moral character of man. Ethics, like physical science, have been subject to growth. While we find the germ of all ethics budding forth and coming into utterance in the noblest prophets of the past, humanity has had to wait centuries for the full unfolding, development, and application of ethical principles. It is a notable fact that our views of the moral duty of man have grown faster than our views of the moral character of God, but each of these must react upon the other. Unitarians do not teach their children, therefore, that it was right for Abraham to take his son on the mountain to sacrifice him to the Deity, any more than it was right for the crazed Pocasset murderer some years ago to slay his child under a similar delusion. The lesson they find in the old story is rather that of the voice which came forbidding such deeds, and eventually showing that mercy was better than sacrifice. Unitarians, therefore, are not tied up to any scheme of ecclesiastical or traditional morality. They may heed the prophets of righteousness of our day.

5. Unitarianism is wholly free in the matter of service and ritual. Its worship is not controlled by synods and councils, by prescribed forms and traditions. Unitarian churches are not compelled to use a certain hymn-book or service-book, or to read the Bible in a certain order and to use certain epistles on certain days. Their ministers are not compelled to pray according to book and rule. They may read prayers if they want to, or they may pray from the fulness of their own hearts and the inspiration of the hour. They may wear gowns or not, white cravats or black ones, long coats or short ones with side pockets. The order of worship is controlled not by somebody outside of the congregation, but by the congregation itself. In the exercise of this freedom every congregation may adopt just such forms of service as minister to their needs.

6. Unitarians have the advantages of the Congregational system of church government. This secures to each church all the liberties of independency. This means not only the liberty to stand aloof from ecclesiastical control, but also the liberty and right to establish fellowship with every other church that is working for the same ends. The freedom of independency is the freedom to organize.

All this means that Unitarianism is not simply a religion for yesterday, but a religion for to-day, that it is a religion for the nineteenth century, adjusting itself to the advanced thought, knowledge, ethical conceptions, æsthetic tastes, and organic methods of to-day.

CONCERNING KEATS.

The recent hundredth anniversary of Keats's birth (October 29) has naturally made him the subject of a good many critical remarks. The most original of these, if not the most intelligent, we find in the columns of the *New York Times*. It is to the effect that only by the perfection of their execution are his poems taken out of the rank of minor poetry. His posthumous career is "an excellent illustration of the preservative power of fine workmanship." "Keats wrote nothing that, if reduced to prose, would have outlasted his own life." "It is by the purely literary quality of his work that it has come to be more extensively admired, as the decades of the century have passed," etc. A more perfect example than this of the fallacy *lucus a non lucendo* it would be hard to find. "He was so dry," the poet sings, "that you might call him wet." The criticism of our contemporary is so bad that you might call it good,—at least, good for nothing. It says the wrong thing so absolutely that a genius for blundering is evident in every phrase. The workmanship of Keats was indeed very perfect at its best; but there were stages in its growth, there were degrees in the perfection of his art. The failure of "Endymion" was a failure of faulty workmanship, a failure of excess. It was "over-languaged." It lacked self-restraint. Its main conception was sufficiently poetical. Its wealth of fancy was exuberant. But there was too much of a good thing. It cloyed the palate, much as Porphyro's table set for Madeline

in "The Eve of St. Agnes" would have done with its

"Candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon."

And while thus the most unripe or over-ripe of Keats's longer poems attests an essential quality that went far to palliate the excesses of his verbal luxury, of those things the workmanship of which was the most perfect, it is quite as true that what gives them their perdurability is not their perfect form, but their possession of "that penetrative and sympathetic imagination which belongs to the poet, of that imagination which identifies itself with the momentary object of its contemplation." It is Lowell's opinion that Keats had more of this than any man of these later days. He found him more essentially a poet than Wordsworth or Byron. Matthew Arnold, a critic as little likely as any one to be snared in Keats's sensuousness, has said that "in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation, in what we call natural magic, he is with Shakspeare."

Surely, these lofty praises were for something more than any mere perfection of external form, mere literary quality, mere fine workmanship. They mean a wonderful perception of the beautiful in things and their relations, and a marvellous gift for expressing what he saw and what he felt in words that answered to his thoughts as the shadow to the swan on "still St. Mary's lake" in Wordsworth's lovely poem. And take a dozen of the sonnets and the "Ode to a Nightingale" or that "To a Grecian Urn," and the whole conception is as beautiful as the most perfect phrase. Written in prose, these poems would have lived; for it would have been the prose of a poet. Indeed, we have prose of Keats's that is as poetical as his most lovely poems.

Of course, "fine workmanship" is a term that may mean much or little. It may include all that went to make Keats's poetry what it is,—his passion for the beautiful, his exquisite fancy, his strong imagination, his inevitable gravitation to the word that would express his thought and feeling. With this large inclusion it would be true that Keats's "fine workmanship" has kept his verse alive. But the same thing could be said of Shakspeare's or Milton's or Dante's. If, however, by "fine workmanship" are meant literary finish, perfect rhyme and rhythm, the use of words for their external light and color, nothing is further from the truth than that to such fine workmanship Keats owes his growing fame. Fair workmanship of this sort was never so abundant as in these last days. If it could make immortal poets, what a crop of them we should be gathering in! But because they have not in them the root of the matter, the soul of poetry, that which made Keats immortal, they will pass, and leave no sign more permanent than a ship's furrow in the sea.

MYTHOLOGY FOR CHILDREN.

We print in this week's issue the address given by Dr. G. Stanley Hall at Washington. It is rather beyond the wisdom of the little ones; but, if they could comprehend it, they would rejoice in his advocacy of fairy stories and myths "to fertilize the roots of life about the child's heart." We all know how sober, matter-of-fact people often discourage such reading for children; and it is interesting to know from Dr. Hall why they do so. We say of them, They have forgotten that they were ever children themselves. The scientific man says: "The traces of childhood in our soul are hardly more definite than the filmy lines of an acorn from which a tree has grown. The rudimentary organs of childhood in us have all vanished, and it is very difficult to keep *en rapport* with the child." So he makes a plea for works of imagination for them, and rebukes those who would weed out the crass supernaturalism from the Bible when it is "the very thing that the childish heart needs."

Many parents who guide their children's Bible reading can easily testify that, when the mythical parts of the Bible are given to young readers as they would give any other legendary story, it is accepted as naturally and does as little harm as any mythology.

It is only when these are given as literally true that little sceptics are produced. Great danger lies here; for this early scepticism asserts itself against reason in later years, and is a very witch-grass to exterminate.

It is odd that, while a liberal-minded teacher recommends the early reading of the myths and miracles of the Old Testament, the Hebrews, who rest their teaching on the Bible, should defer such reading till children are in their teens. A Jewish rabbi, who spoke at the Sunday-school meeting in Providence, said that, though he was brought up in a very strict orthodox Jewish family, and could repeat large parts of the prophets in Hebrew when a mere child, he was not allowed to learn anything of the story of the creation and the deluge till he was thirteen. Evidently, the fear of making sceptics was at the basis of such training.

Those whose rudimentary child faculties have not wholly disappeared, and who still delight in mythology and fairy tales and "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and witches and elves and goblins and sprites, feel that children are actually defrauded if they have been deprived of such pabulum in their early years. To such friends of childhood it will be a satisfaction to know that the instinct to gratify this craving in the child heart is but an instinct to enrich the growing life. There is no danger in yielding to this taste so long as the other half of Dr. Hall's advice is remembered. Though he would plant the educational ladder down deep, among the very roots of things, where it shall be garlanded by the clinging vines of the imagination, he would not therewith be content. If that were all, the life would soon be strangled in a jungle of Oriental fable. "Do not," he says, "forget the going up." But, if the beginnings have been rich and sweet and happy, the upward way will be all the more full of life and promise, and blossom out into a symmetrical unfolding of the soul; for the life that is close to nature is also close to God, and must reveal his attributes in its own development.

NATURAL AND REVEALED.

Dr. Charles Carroll Everett, in his notable essay on "The Theology of Unitarians at the National Conference," which we publish in this number, effectively disposes of the antithesis which theologians have insisted upon maintaining between these words. They have usually separated them with a disjunctive "or." Dr. Everett unites them with a conjunctive "and." The whole attitude of Unitarian theology he finds illustrated in its thought of Christ and Christianity in their relation to other religious teachers and to other religions. "To the older Orthodoxy Christianity stood alone. It was true, while other religions were false. It was revealed, while in other religions are found simply human guesses. It came from heaven; while other religions were of the earth, earthy. Indeed, other religions were more often referred to as illustrations of the depravity of human nature than of its divine possibilities."

In contrast to this, Prof. Everett shows that "to the Unitarian the divine force is a constant element of history. It was present in the earliest period of the world, as the force which is to blossom into the beauty of the flower rests already unnoticed in the seed. When human life began, this strange and varied life of man, with its loves and its longings, this divine force, was still present, guiding and uplifting. The divine life in man, hardly conscious of itself, was yet responding in some vague, imperfect way to the Infinite Source from which it came."

It is curious to note how many errors in Christianity have been committed through a failure to apprehend this truth that natural and revealed religion are one and the same. The error of the Jews in thinking of their religion as a special descent from God was repeated in the Christian view of the Greek and Roman religions. It is amusing to see some of the old commentators ridiculing the absurdities of pagan mythology while teaching Christian mythology as veritable truth. The Protestant interpretation of the Bible is marked by the same forced distinction. It was not regarded as a natural literary growth, but as a book which came down from heaven like the tables of stone to Moses. The Puritans carried that idea into their politics. Only those who were church members, and therefore had received the special light of re-

vealed religion, were allowed to vote; and they expressed their view of the inadequacy of natural religion to save men in words which are still retained in Presbyterian confessions to-day, and still believed by too many. Indeed, many of the old Unitarian churches, which in the Unitarian controversy became the natural heirs of Puritanism, are still hampered by this erroneous distinction in a double form of ecclesiastical organization in which a corporation, known as the "Church," and which was originally a select circle of believers, revolves within the larger circle of the parish organization.

In the Episcopal Church the same idea mischievously lurks in the theory of the historic episcopate, in which it is assumed that a certain line of priests received their authority centuries ago from apostolic sources. In the Roman Catholic Church the authority of the pope is supported by the assumption that he obtains special illumination from God by reason of his ecclesiastical office.

These are only a few of the unfortunate consequences of false conceptions of the nature of religion, when treated as though it were some *æreolite* dropping from heaven instead of a sentiment flowering naturally in the human heart, and coming to full fruition in the development of human society. Unitarians can render no better service than in watering the roots of natural religion in the confidence that in its normal growth we shall have the fullest revelation of God and of man.

Brevities.

Miss Frances E. Willard hit the nail on the head when she said, "What the world waits for is not the new woman alone, but the new man."

Election day in Massachusetts was bright. The day after the weather is always mixed. To the victorious it is bright enough, to the defeated somewhat cloudy.

The often expressed wish that Mr. Gannett's little book, "The House Beautiful," might be issued in more permanent form, has been gratified in time to make it available for Christmas gifts. Its suggestive chapters on the building and furnishing of a house and the best way to make a home ought to be put into the hands of all "the blessed twos" everywhere.

At the close of his bright and able article on "Woman's Position in Pagan Times," in the *Forum* for November, the late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen says, "Until we cease to teach our girls the pernicious folly that they are to live only to love, they will, in my opinion, not be worth loving,—besides being exceedingly trying to live with."

Many who attended the National Conference would have been glad to consult a register of the names and addresses of those in attendance. Cannot arrangements be made next time to have an indexed blank-book kept by one of the secretaries, where the names and addresses of all in attendance may be entered? This is the custom in many other large conferences, and is of great service for reference.

In the business record of the National Conference which appeared in last week's *Register*, it is stated that the Thursday morning devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. H. B. Frissell, president of the Hampton Industrial School. This is a mistake. The meeting was most satisfactorily conducted by Rev. Frederick Gill of Arlington, Mass., who at a moment's notice consented to take charge of the meeting in the place of Rev. Edward Hale, who was announced on the programme, but was prevented by illness from being present. It is due to Mr. Gill that this correction should be made.

The *Interior* does not believe in the traditions of the churches that a minister is not good for much after he has passed the "dead line,"—his fiftieth year. But it says to ministers who are approaching this line: "Prepare yourselves for it. The first care should be of your health. Do not overwork. Do not fret. Cross the dead line in perfect health, and make it an object of life to do so. Then you can let yourself out for fifteen to twenty years of superb ministry, and be four times as good at sixty as you were at thirty. The dead line is already fading out. In another ten years it will only be a hateful reminiscence."

Unitarian National Conference.

We published last week the business record of the National Conference and various essays and reports. In this double number we present essays and addresses not included in the previous issue.

THE ORIGINS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN FISKE, PH.D.

In approaching the subject of the origins of liberal thought in America, one cannot help remembering that the discovery of the new continent was itself such a stimulus to free thinking as the world had never before witnessed. From time immemorial the trade between Europe and the remote parts of Asia had followed certain customary routes. From ancient days, long before Olympiads were heard of, when Assyrian kings with curly beards commemorated their victories in arrow-headed inscriptions, men had used those same routes. Up the Red Sea, in the early prime of hundred-gated Thebes, came ships from the Indian Ocean, with gems and spices to exchange for Egyptian fine linens and amulets of amber from the Baltic; and five thousand years later Venetian argosies at Alexandria were laden with just such gems and spices to distribute to the merchants of Augsburg, the royal household at Paris, the lords and ladies of Haddon Hall. Empires rose and fell, creeds and pantheons came and went, stately temples reared their heads for centuries and slowly crumbled in ruin, and still, amid all the secular change, the world's great stream of trade flowed through the same unshifting channels, and there was nothing to show that this state of things, to which men's ideas and habits had always been adjusted, was not to endure forever. So it was in that recent time when Henry V. of England was smiting the French chivalry at Agincourt, and his cousin, Prince Henry of Portugal, was beginning the search for an ocean route to the Indies. Never did the human mind get such a wrench out of its ancient grooves, never were such vistas of new possibilities laid open, never was beheld such glorious hardihood, such startling romance, as in the time when Columbus sailed westward to find the East and Cortez met warriors of the Stone Age face to face. The men of Europe suddenly found themselves placed in new and unsuspected relations to the planet on which they lived. Worlds of barbarism and savagery, unheard of and unspeakably bizarre, were brought to their notice; strange constellations arose in the firmament; strange beasts and birds were encountered amid outlandish trees and shrubs in new climates beyond unknown seas. The old familiarity with nature's aspects received an abrupt shock. On every side loomed up new questions to be answered, new practical problems to be solved. All man's inventive faculty, all his patient inquisitiveness, all the courage he could summon, were forthwith called into play. The dreams of boundless riches, the eager thirst for new knowledge, the superhuman bravery which characterized the epoch of maritime discovery, are symptoms that reveal to us the highly wrought condition of the European mind at the time. A study of contemporary chronicles and letters cannot fail to bring home to us the singular intensity with which the thrill of venture-some romance was felt in every fibre of man's being.

The impulse thus given to free thinking must have been extremely powerful. It is customary to attribute the brilliant efflorescence of the human mind in the sixteenth century to the revival of Greek learning. Without seeking to diminish the respect due to that mighty cause, it may be contended that the influence of maritime discovery was equally important. While the Greek renaissance brought men into wholesome and stimulating intercourse with the highest achievements of literature, art, and philosophy, the discovery of the New World impressed upon them as nothing had ever done before the feasibility of doing things in novel ways. With the wholesale displacement of commercial relations, the European mind burst the bounds of the snug little

world to which its habits and theories, its politics, civil and ecclesiastical, its science and its theology, had been adapted. The sudden and unprecedented widening of the environment soon set up a general fermentation of ideas. There was nothing accidental in Martin Luther's coming in the next generation after Columbus. Nor was it strange that in the following age the English mind, wrought to its highest tension under the combined influences of Renaissance, Reformation, and maritime adventure, should have put forth a literature the boldest and grandest that had ever appeared; that the era of Raleigh and Frobisher and the early Puritans should have seen even the highest mark of Greek achievement surpassed by Shakspeare. The gigantic revolution set on foot by Copernicus was already in full progress, the era of Descartes was just arriving, and the next century was to see modern scientific method receive its supreme illustration at the hands of Newton, while the principles of freedom in thought and speech were to find invincible champions in Milton and Locke.

Such was the age in which the work of English colonization in America was beginning. In looking for the origins of liberal thought in America, it is chiefly with English-speaking America that we are concerned. The Spanish mind, indeed, felt strongly the stimulus of the maritime discoveries, and the contact with strange races of men, until an age of chivalrous enterprise bloomed forth in the literature of Calderon and Lope de Vega and Cervantes; but the new spirit was not strong enough to prevail over an ecclesiastical organization that had been growing in power since the Visigothic times. The higher intellectual life of Spain perished in the fires of the Inquisition, and art and song failed to lead the way to science and free thought. No Spanish Locke or Newton followed in the train of a Lope and a Murillo, but so lately as the year 1771 the university of Salamanca prohibited the teaching of the law of gravitation as discordant with revealed religion.* With such a state of things in the mother country, liberal thought in the Spanish colonies was a plant of very slow growth. As for France at the end of the sixteenth century, there was a sturdy intellectual life there which no efforts of tyranny could more than partially repress; but circumstances threw the work of colonization into the hands of the Jesuits, and accordingly the history of New France, while eminent for devoted bravery and heroic endurance, shows scarcely a trace of liberal thinking either in politics or in matters pertaining to religion. Not with the French and Spanish portions of America, therefore, but with the colonies that developed into the United States, is our inquiry concerned.

The first and most obvious consideration which strikes us is that, while the two centuries following the discovery of America witnessed an unprecedented awakening of the European mind, yet it was only with those nations that had retained self-government that this intellectual awakening was to come to prompt and full fruition. From the British Islands and the Netherlands came the kind of public policy that allowed free thinking to take deep root and send up a thrifty tree of liberty. The planting of such seed in the spacious virgin soil of the New World was doubtless the greatest of all the manifold unforeseen results for which Columbus opened the way. It made political freedom the strongest power on earth, and thus favored the attainment of that equable flexibility of mind which allows the thought to play freely about the facts which are laid before it. Not in a moment was such a grand result achieved. Its complete realization has not yet come, and none of us may live to see it; yet toward that goal the whole impetus of men's civilizing work is tending, and there is no power that can prevent the consummation. Year by year, no matter how grave the questions with which we have to deal, we are becoming more and more able to let our minds play freely with them, to turn them hither and thither till all sides be seen and all aspects duly considered.

Not all in a moment, I say, has such a desirable result been achieved. So far is it,

* Sempere, *Monarchie espagnole*, II. 152; Buckle, II. 92.

moreover, from having been brought about by conscious human effort that mankind have in general struggled desperately against it. Compared with the mass of men, it is only a few minds that have learned to regard absolute freedom of thought as something to be desired. Though the colonization of America came at a time when men's minds were stirred by novel ideas as never before, though the men of that generation were moving irrepressibly toward liberality of thought, yet there were very few who had any liking for liberal thought or any good word to bestow upon it. There were few who doubted that absolute truth was attainable concerning the most abstruse questions of philosophy and religion, and an exactly true belief on minute points of theology was deemed necessary for one's personal salvation. Changes in opinion simply wrought a transfer of allegiance from one orthodoxy to another, and the new orthodoxy felt bound as much as the old one to persecute all who refused such allegiance. From this point of view the history of the progress of liberal thought becomes curiously interesting, for it shows how one of the most momentous revolutions in human life has steadily gone on in spite of the inveterate antagonism of the very men concerned in bringing it about! To a considerable extent the history has been the same over a large part of the globe. The causes which have been at work in America have also been at work in Europe, and even beyond; and the liberal thought with which we are familiar is characteristic not so much of America as of the latter part of the nineteenth century. But along with the general causes there have been local causes which have especially concerned the New World, and a clear account of the matter requires us to indicate both the one and the other.

From the revolt of Henry VIII. against the Papacy down to the Revolution of 1688 there was in England a progressive movement toward liberal thought. It was at first a crude, unconscious movement in the direction of toleration, which is a necessary condition for the development of free thinking. When we have arrived at a truly cordial toleration of opinions, allowing to all free play to stand or fall, just as hypotheses in science are suffered to stand or fall, then is men's thought for the first time really untrammelled. Whatever, therefore, tended toward toleration of diverse forms of creed or worship was a step in the path that led to free thinking, and whatever tended to democratize the Church and relieve it from State control was a step toward toleration. The revolt of Henry VIII. at first but realized what the *præmunire* statutes of Edward I. and Edward III. had threatened. But by breaking up the religious orders, expelling abbots from Parliament, and making the headship of the Church a subject of fierce dispute, it contributed immensely to weaken and relax the bonds of conservatism; and it afforded a rare opportunity for the thoughts of laymen and small preachers to assert themselves. Thus the Lollardism which had been partially suppressed for more than a century now reared its head again defiantly, and, after learning lessons in democracy from Calvin, came forth as Puritanism, clad in full panoply for one of the world's most fateful contests.

In the course of Elizabeth's reign we find this Puritanism taking three different shapes. There were the moderate reformers, whose wish was simply to trim and prune the tree of Episcopacy; and, secondly, those who were afterward known as "root and branch" men, whose name is descriptive enough. Instead of pruning, they would uproot the tree and cast it away. To these Presbyterians the royal supremacy was no more than the papal a part of the living growth of Christ's Church: it was but stubble fit for burning. Kings looked with horror upon such views which threatened political danger no less than ecclesiastical. "A Scottish presbytery," cried James I., "agreeth as well with a monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasures censure me and my council and all our proceedings." The case could not have been more pithily stated, yet even Presbyterianism stopped short of full-fledged

democracy. For Jack and his friends, by means of synods and general assemblies, could create a governing body with power of enforcing conformity upon unwilling congregations. In protest against this somewhat oligarchical method, Puritanism assumed its third form, that of Independency. The beginnings of Independency are to be sought among the Brownists of Elizabeth's reign, though their day of glory first came with the Civil War. In the theory of the Independents, as fully developed, any group of persons wishing to worship God in common might come together and organize themselves into a Congregational church, existing by as good a warrant as any other church, and entirely free from the control of any bishop or synod or council. No outside power could prescribe its creed or interfere with its ceremonial. Each church became, therefore, a little self-governing republic, as completely autonomous as an ancient Greek city; and the union of such churches was based solely upon the spirit of spontaneous Christian fellowship. Such was the theory of Independency.

In these successive stages of Protestantism we may see the preliminary steps toward general toleration and toward liberal thought. In each stage the strength of the coercive power that could be exercised over men's opinions and expressions of opinion was sensibly diminished. From the coercive power of the universal Church, which had once been able to direct a crusade against the Albigenses, it was a long step downward to the coercive power of Queen Elizabeth, whose will to suppress Puritanism was perpetually held in check by motives of public policy. It was a yet further step downward from the coercive power of a sovereign to that of a synod, and thence again to that of a congregation. So striking is the progress that one who knew nothing of history might easily mistake the theory of Independency as providing practically for something like complete toleration. History tells us that this was far from being the case. Heresy, or dissent from the commonly accepted orthodoxy, has been no more tolerated in Independent churches than elsewhere; and, even in the absence of serious differences in dogma, persecution has been visited upon divergences from the customary ritual, as, for example, in the treatment long accorded to Baptists. In their militant days neither Presbyterianism nor Independency ever professed to be tolerant. The gravest reproach they could imagine was to be charged with encouraging free thinking. The eminent Scottish divine, Rutherford, gave expression to the prevailing sentiment when he declared, "We regard toleration of all religions as not far removed from blasphemy." Nevertheless, the movement which gave rise to Presbyterianism and to Independency was sure to advance to the announcement of the principle of universal toleration. That movement was itself the expression of a vast amount of free thinking, and it was not to stop short of recognizing the claims of free thought. The century that witnessed the beginnings of an English-speaking America saw also the genuine principles of toleration laid down by Roger Williams and Sir Harry Vane, and demonstrated with resistless wealth of learning and logic by Milton and Locke.

In an account of the origins of liberal thought in America, this English development is all-important; but it does not cover the whole field. America's inheritance from Europe comes chiefly, but not entirely, from the British islands. In the early days of the Protestant Reformation there were European countries in which religious toleration had advanced practically much further than in England. The England of Henry VIII. as compared with the Netherlands was in a crude and backward condition. The contrast might be likened to that between rural life with its narrow mental horizon and the varied cosmopolitan life of the city. England politically was a land of unrivalled promise, but she was not quite abreast with the most advanced culture of the time. Her government was mainly in the hands of country gentlemen who lacked some valuable elements of experience that were possessed by the burghers of commercial Antwerp and Ghent. A

careful survey of the Middle Ages shows plainly an abiding antagonism between commerce and the ecclesiastical spirit. A general connection between the predominance of international trade and the secularization of public life is distinctly traceable. On the map of mediæval Europe one may point out peculiar spots where the Papacy never gained complete sway. In some of these, as in Bohemia and Southern Gaul, the resistance was due to Manichæan heresies brought in from the Eastern Empire, giving rise to a kind of mediæval Puritanism. In these we do not find a spirit of liberal thought developed, but rather an anti-Catholic fanaticism. The other peculiar spots lie in the great pathway of commerce between the Levant and the northern seas. In the free cities of Northern Italy and Southern Germany, in the Hansa towns, and in the Netherlands, priestcraft had less sway than elsewhere; and the general tone of thought was more liberal and modern. No city came so completely under the secularizing influences of maritime commerce as Venice; and it is significant that the Papacy, at the very pinnacle of its power and arrogance in the thirteenth century, utterly failed in its attempt to force the Inquisition upon that republic of merchants.

In similar wise we find the commercial Netherlands in the sixteenth century exhibiting practically such toleration in matters of religion as the British islands attained only much later and after prolonged and distressing struggle. From the time of Edward III. commercial intercourse with the great Dutch and Flemish cities was one of the most potent civilizing influences at work in England. It was a liberalizing influence in religion and in politics, and must be named among the causes which made the Eastern counties pre-eminent for heresy. In later days, when the Dutch provinces had saved their Protestantism, and recovered political freedom, they adopted a policy of toleration so broad as to seem to most contemporaries very eccentric. Their noble country was stigmatized as "the common harbour of all heresies" and a "cage of unclean birds." How it harbored heretics escaping from England is something that no American is ever likely to forget.

If after this glance at European conditions we cross the Atlantic and observe the group of twelve colonies that were planted during the seventeenth century, we find that five of them were especially notable for pursuing from the outset a policy of toleration, a policy favorable to liberal thought. These five, naming them in order of seniority, were New Netherlands, Maryland, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania, with Delaware. In New Netherlands the Dutch simply maintained their traditional secularized policy. On the hospitable island of Manhattan all the varieties of European religion met on terms of equality,—Lutherans and Catholics, Quakers and Puritans, Moravians and Jews. After the English conquest this liberal policy was continued by the bigoted Duke of York, for reasons similar to those which made toleration a necessity in the province of the liberal and sagacious Calverts. The Catholic proprietors of Maryland wished to make their province a desirable home for Catholics who were inclined to leave England; and the only possible way of accomplishing this, without interference from the British government, was to pursue a policy broad enough to include Catholics along with all other kinds of Christians in its benefits. A similar necessity confronted Charles II. and James II. In order to secure as much protection as possible for Catholics, without interference from Parliament, it was necessary to pursue a policy broad enough to include Quakers along with Catholics. For such reasons James refrained from disturbing the liberal Dutch policy in New York. For such reasons both these Stuart kings supported the schemes of William Penn, in whose proprietary colonies of Pennsylvania and Delaware the principles of toleration were carried out on the whole more completely than anywhere else in English-speaking America. It is interesting in this connection to observe that the mother of William Penn was a Dutch lady, though perhaps it is possible to make too much of such a fact. The Quakers, who formed the strength of

the colony, represented a phase of Puritanism more liberal than Independency. As contrasted with Independency, Quakerism was a notable advance in the direction of Individualism: it had outgrown the set of notions according to which a civic community ought to consist of a united body of believers. Pennsylvania, therefore, with its appendage Delaware, profited by the late date at which they were founded. They represented a more advanced stage of opinion than the colonies which started in the time of James I. Their proprietary government remained undisturbed until the Declaration of Independence; and in 1776 these two States were the only ones in which all Christians, whether Protestant or Catholic, stood socially and politically on an equal footing. For, after the accession of William and Mary had made the Episcopal Church supreme in New York and Maryland, the Catholic inhabitants of those colonies were disfranchised and made the subject of various oppressive enactments. Even the laws of Rhode Island, as first printed, early in the eighteenth century, expressly prohibit Roman Catholics from voting. The date of this statute is not known; but it was probably subsequent to 1688,* and may be due to the strong antagonism aroused by the conduct of James II. However that may be, the statute was not repealed until 1784.

The disfranchisement of Catholics was contrary to the spirit of the Rhode Island charter and to the views of Roger Williams, who certainly understood the rational grounds for religious toleration better than any other man of his time, save perhaps Milton and Vane. He represents the Protestant principle of the sacred right of private judgment carried out with unflinching logical consistency. In him the transition from Independency to Individualism is completed. The contrast between the two is illustrated in the controversy between Williams and Cotton which was called forth by the publication in 1644 of Williams's book entitled "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution."

John Cotton was a typical Independent, and by no means a man of persecuting temperament; but his view of the matter is extremely one-sided. He admits that it is wrong for error to persecute truth, but he holds it to be the sacred duty of truth to persecute error. Williams, on the other hand, sees that truth stands in no need of violent or artificial support, and that error contains within itself the seeds of death. He feels, too, that, when I venture to persecute what I call error in others, I virtually assume my own infallibility. Thus not until pure Individualism is reached is the fundamental fallacy of Catholicism escaped. In order to protect this sacred Individualism, Williams would have a complete separation between Church and State. Under no pretext whatever should the civil government interfere with religious matters. There should be no more statutes against heresy or heretics, no enforced attendance upon public worship, no support of churches by taxation. Roger Williams not only proclaimed such doctrines, but he lived up to them. He never took pains to conceal his dislike of Quaker doctrines. In his seventy-third year he once rowed himself in a boat the whole length of Narragansett Bay, in order to conduct a dispute against three valiant Quaker champions. Yet, in spite of vehement pressure from the neighboring colonies, he resolutely refused to allow the civil power of Rhode Island to be used against Quakers. Massachusetts in fury threatened to cut off the trade of the weaker colony, but nothing could intimidate Williams into what he termed "exercising a civil power over men's consciences." Among the public men of the seventeenth century Roger Williams deserves a pre-eminent place. He was the first to conceive thoroughly and carry out consistently, in the face of strong opposition, a theory of religious liberty broad enough to win assent and approval from advanced thinkers of the present day.

The separation of Church from State, which was effected with such remarkable success in the founding of Rhode Island, did not become general in the United States until after the winning of independence. On this issue the eighteenth century had its

memorable struggle, in which the protagonist was Virginia, and the victory was achieved under the leadership of Jefferson and Madison. The early policy of Virginia was to drive out dissentients or subject them to civil disabilities; and, of the Puritans who went thither, for a while the greater part left the colony, many of them retreating into tolerant Maryland. After 1660 for three generations the Episcopal folk had it all their own way. But about 1720 began the wholesale immigration of Presbyterians and Lutherans into the Shenandoah Valley; and after the middle of the century trouble began when the tide-water Cavaliers tried to impose taxes upon these people for the support of the Established Church. The most numerous and powerful opponents of this narrow policy were the Presbyterians; and, inasmuch as these had come not from Scotland, where their own Church was established, but from Ireland, where it was persecuted, their experience had led them to approve the separation of Church from State. Their political notions were also strongly Democratic; and with the aid of their votes Jefferson's party not only abolished primogeniture and entail and other old English customs, but also carried the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. Madison's Religious Freedom Act of 1785, which not only effected this, but likewise did away with all religious tests, is a very important event in the history of the United States. The statute which declared that "opinion in matters of religion shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect civil capacities," attracted attention far and wide. It was translated into several European languages, and published with admiring comments; and in the course of the next forty years it was imitated by one State after another, until all over the land religious freedom came to be almost as complete as legislation could make it. The qualifying adverb is still needed; for by the constitutions of Pennsylvania and Tennessee no man can hold office unless he believes in God and a future state of rewards and punishments; in Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, the two Carolinas, and Maryland, belief in God is required; and in Arkansas and Maryland a man who does not believe in God and a future state of retribution is deemed incompetent as a witness or juror.* Such curiosities of law-making—survivals from a lower state, like the caudal vertebrae in man and the higher apes—are common enough in history.

The various stages here mentioned in the progress toward religious toleration and toward the separation of Church and State are important symptoms of the progress of liberal thought. Of course, Madison's Religious Freedom Act could not have been proposed by an Endicott or sustained by a community that would not endure the presence of Baptists or Quakers. The sketch here given shows an enormous advance in liberal thought in the course of two centuries and a half. But such a survey is far from telling us the whole story. A further inquiry into causal agencies is needed; and the best field for it is furnished by that theocratic Puritanism which cast out Roger Williams, the Puritanism of the four confederated New England colonies, and especially of Massachusetts. No one can deny that in Massachusetts during the nineteenth century liberal thought has advanced further and has permeated the community more thoroughly than in any other State of the American Union. For at least three generations the intellectual ferment upon which liberal thought in the United States has thriven has come chiefly from Massachusetts. Yet among our colonies which attained social maturity during the seventeenth century there were none which made such emphatic exhibitions of intolerance and bigotry as Massachusetts. She was as clearly and avowedly founded upon an illiberal principle as Rhode Island was founded upon a principle of liberality. The Endicott type of mind is the very antipodes of the Roger Williams type; yet it was in the land of Endicott, and in a congenial soil, that Theodore Parker lately flourished. Whence came so great a change? The answer will remind us that there are two sources from which liberal thought is nourished. The one is the secularized Gallic

spirit that deems it folly to interpose obstacles in the way of the natural working of reason and common sense: the other is the intense devotion to spiritual ideals, which, in spite of all inherited encumbrances of bigotry and superstition, never casts off its allegiance to reason as the final arbiter. The former spirit is of vast use in the world, although its tendency is to deaden into mere worldliness, as typified in a Franklin. The latter spirit may commit many an error, but its drift is toward light and stimulus and exaltation of life, as typified in an Emerson. In the darkest days of New England Puritanism the paramount allegiance to reason was never lost sight of; and out of this fact came the triumph of free thinking, although no such result was ever intended.

The aims of the Puritans who settled in New England were not all alike, but one dominant aim with many was the founding of a Commonwealth in which Church and State should be identified, somewhat after the pattern of the old Hebrew theocracy. To this end the suffrage in Massachusetts and New Haven was limited to persons qualified to receive the sacrament in Congregational churches. This Massachusetts idea was never adopted by Plymouth, and the founding of Connecticut was at least in part a liberal protest against it. In New Haven it was soon suppressed by the act of Charles II., which put an end to the separate existence of the colony. In Massachusetts, where this theocratic policy prevailed for half a century, the result was the growth of an unenfranchised class, which came to include four-fifths of the community. During the first generation, when the policy was administered by broad-minded, sagacious men like Winthrop and Cotton, its evils were not flagrant. But after 1650, with such fanatics as Norton and the aged Endicott at the helm, it soon became evident that the rulers were at variance on many points with the mass of the people. This was shown with glaring force in the Quaker persecution, when the violence of Endicott's party produced a popular reaction of feeling, which enabled the Quakers to carry their point, and remain in the colony in defiance of statutes. It was further shown in the Half-way Covenant and the founding of the Old South Church in 1669, as parts of a movement toward extending the suffrage; and again in the rise of the Tory party under the lead of Joseph Dudley, opposed to the pretensions of the clergy. The magnificent work of the Massachusetts theocracy in resisting the crown throughout the whole reign of Charles II. can never be forgotten. Nothing was ever done in America that contributed more toward the maintenance of political freedom. But, in spite of its merits, the faults of the theocracy were such that we cannot regret its speedy overthrow. When that overthrow was effected, by the charter of 1692, there were a great many people in Massachusetts more or less hostile to the kind of Puritanism entertained by their grandfathers, and thus prepared for a more liberal mental habit. There was also a marked secularization of thought, a diminution of interest in theological problems, and a deadening of religious zeal.

A wonderful series of changes was set on foot by the writings and preaching of Jonathan Edwards, and the group of revivals between 1735 and 1750, known as "The Great Awakening." Few figures in history are more pathetic or more sublime than that of Jonathan Edwards in the lonely woodlands of Northampton and Stockbridge,—a thinker for depth and acuteness surpassed by not many that have lived, a man with the soul of poet and prophet, wrestling with the most terrible problems that humanity has ever encountered, with more than the courage and candor of Augustine or Calvin, with all the lofty inspiration of Fichte or Novalis. An interesting historical essay might be devoted to tracing the effects wrought upon New England by this giant personality. The "Great Awakening," in which he took part, and to which his preaching powerfully contributed, revived the popular interest in theological questions, disencumbered of the ever-present political implications of the previous century. In many ways his theories acted as a disintegrating solvent upon the beliefs of the time. For example, the promi-

* Hildreth, i. 461.

* Stimson, *American Statute Law*, § 46.

nence which he gave to spiritual conversion, or what was called "change of heart," brought about the overthrow of the doctrine of the Half-way Covenant. It also weakened the logical basis of infant baptism, and led to the winning of hosts of converts by the Baptists. Moreover, the uses to which Edwards put his doctrine of the will produced a reaction toward Arminianism, which not only affected the teachings of the Baptists, but predisposed many persons to join in the wave of Methodism which was just about to sweep over the country. A similar reaction against Edwards's views of divine justice, re-enforced by some first faint inklings of Biblical criticism, pointed the way toward Universalism. Still more, the discussions aroused by Edwards's speculations on original sin and the atonement began to undermine the doctrine of the Trinity and prepare men's minds for the Unitarian movement. No such results would have been possible save in a country where education was universal and the Sunday sermon a favorite theme of discussion. Sooner or later the perpetual appeal to reason, with the familiar use of metaphysical arguments and citations of Scripture, must lead to novelties of doctrine and to negative criticism; while for the education of the popular intelligence nothing could be more effective. In seventeenth-century Puritanism, therefore, in spite of its rigid narrowness, there were latent the speculations of an Edwards, the further conclusions to which some of them were pushed, the reactions against them, the keen edge of the critical faculty in New England, and much of the free thinking of a later age.

In the course of the eighteenth century some influence was doubtless exercised in America by the English Deists, and at the very end of the century by Thomas Paine. There is no reason to suppose that any appreciable effect was produced by the atheism of the French Encyclopædists, which was mainly a reaction, largely emotional and aided by the shallowest of metaphysics, against the effete ecclesiastical system in France. It was too remote from American ideas to exert much influence here. The Deism of Voltaire found a few scattered admirers. A quiet religion of humanity, which set little store by miracles or abstruse doctrines or the divine authority of Scripture, was held by a number of eminent persons of strong, prosaic common sense and feeble spirituality, among whom may be named Franklin and Jefferson and John Adams. This phase of free thought was of considerable importance, but the dominant influence in New England down to the rise of the Transcendental movement was that which could be traced back to Edwards.

In the early part of the present century the most advanced phase of liberal thought, represented by the Unitarians in Massachusetts, was trying to hold an utterly untenable position, half-way between narrow Orthodoxy and untrammelled free thinking, when the ground began to be cut from under it by the Transcendentalists, whose native temperaments, not wanting in kinship with that of Edwards, were stimulated by a brief contact with Kantian and post-Kantian speculation in Germany. In Emerson's poetic soul the result was a seminal influence upon high thinking, in America and in the Old World, the power of which we cannot but feel, but which it is as yet too soon to estimate. In the middle of the century some wholesome destructive work still needed to be done, and it was well done. When German criticism, with the other weapons in the powerful hands of Theodore Parker, freed us from the spectre of Bibliolatry, it might indeed be said that the promise of the Protestant Reformation was at length fulfilled. The change wrought in the Unitarian Church since Parker began his preaching has been to some extent followed by analogous changes in other churches. On every side the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been pre-eminently the age of the decomposition of orthodoxies. Here and there and everywhere they are crumbling into ruins; and, as the world has long since left behind the age of trilobites and the age of dinosaurs, so in the world to which we are coming there will be neither a place nor a use for orthodoxies.

For, as I must observe in conclusion, there is all about us a resistless and world-

wide influence at work, to which all the temporary and local causes I have mentioned have been but the ministering servants. From age to age our knowledge is growing from more to more. From the discovery of America, from the astronomy of Copernicus and the physics of Galileo, down to the universal Doctrine of Evolution in our own time, there has been one grand, coherent, and consecutive tale of ever-enlarging, ever more organized and rationalized knowledge of the world in which we live. By this enlarged experience our minds are affected from day to day and from year to year in more ways than we can detect or enumerate. It opens our minds to some notions, and makes them incurably hostile to others, so that, for example, new truths well-nigh beyond comprehension, like some of those connected with the luminiferous ether, are accepted, and old beliefs once universal, like witchcraft, are scornfully rejected. Vast changes in mental attitude are thus wrought before it is generally realized. Into the new scheme of things old beliefs no longer fit, and are therefore cast aside and forgotten. Now, our orthodoxies are of older date than the goodly fabric of modern knowledge. They are the outcome of more primitive and childlike thinking. They have ceased to fit the world as we know it; and, therefore, they fade and fall away from us in spite of all our efforts to retain undisturbed the venerable and hallowed associations. In this inevitable struggle there has always been more or less pain, and hence free thought has not usually been popular. It has come to our life feast as a guest unbidden and unwelcome; but it has come to stay with us, and already proves more genial than was expected. Deadening, cramping finality has lost its charm for him who has tasted of the ripe fruit of the tree of knowledge. In this broad universe of God's wisdom and love not leashes to restrain us are needed, but wings to sustain our flight. Let bold but reverent thought go on, and probe creation's mysteries till Faith and Knowledge "make one music as before, but vaster."

THE THEOLOGY OF UNITARIANS.

BY CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D., LL.D.

In these days of differing and changing beliefs it is not easy to define accurately the theology of any body of Christians. At the first glance this difficulty might seem to be greater in the case of Unitarians than in that of most others. Almost every other denomination expresses its belief in a formal statement of faith. To know what each believes, it might seem that one had only to read its creed. I am not sure, however, that the existence of a creed does not increase the difficulty. It introduces a complication. In these days, to learn accurately the theological position of the members of any denomination that has a creed, one must do three things. One must ascertain the real meaning of the creed; then one must learn, as best he may, the beliefs actually held by those who profess this creed; and, finally, one has to ask in what relation these beliefs and the creed stand to one another in the minds of those who profess them. In order to learn the belief of Unitarians, only one of these things has to be done. There is no common theological formula to which all subscribe.

It is not necessary to compare the belief of Unitarians to-day with that held by those even of the last generation. That their theology has undergone changes in the past, and that it is still undergoing change, is a fact that Unitarians frankly and somewhat proudly accept. Development in theology is regarded by them as a sign of life. There has been a great movement in the thought of the world in regard to all other matters, they insist: why should not theology advance with the rest? This change is very obvious when we notice the way in which Theodore Parker is spoken of by Unitarians of the present day, and compare it with the way in which he was spoken of by those who were his contemporaries. I do not say that all Unitarians would to-day accept the teaching of Theodore Parker; but he is recognized as one of the heroes of the denomination that during his life held itself aloof from him,

the names of Channing and Parker being often linked together, while preachers who hold views similar to his are welcomed to the pulpits from which he was excluded. The task is further simplified by the fact that, as I believe, there is a greater uniformity of belief among Unitarians than among the members of most other religious bodies. A creed is intended to promote unity of faith. In practice, however, it tends to produce divergence. The belief which a man holds, or thinks that he holds, is apt to be a compromise between what he would believe if left to himself and what the creed teaches. There is no natural line where these two meet. So the line in any individual case is more or less individual and capricious, while the fact that a certain belief is forced upon one tends to produce a recoil to a greater or less distance from it. Unitarians being unhampered by any constraint, trusting merely to such faculties as God has given them, tend to reach results more or less similar.

There are, however, two real difficulties that meet us in our attempt to describe the theology of Unitarians. The first of these springs from a tendency which is met to a certain extent among liberal preachers of every name, but which is, perhaps, most marked among Unitarians,—the tendency to keep what is commonly known as theology somewhat in the background. Comparatively few of our ministers have to any great extent an interest in theology, as such. In this the Unitarian preachers of the present generation differ from those of the past. We love chiefly to preach religion in its simplicity and in its uplifting power. We dwell to a large extent on the ethical and humanitarian aspects of religion. There is a tendency to keep in the background points of difference, and to bring forward the great positive principles in regard to which all unite. This is a healthy tendency, but it makes a little more difficult the attempt to define accurately the theological views held by Unitarians in general. In saying this, I have, however, already stated one of the most important points in the religious beliefs of Unitarians. It is the belief that religion is more than theology, that true life is the essential thing. This, however, may be in part my excuse if my presentation of Unitarian theology should be found one-sided or imperfect.

The second difficulty to which I referred meets us when we attempt to make our definition of Unitarian theology a distinctive one. There is, I suppose, no body of Christians that does not contain many advanced thinkers. If, by some irresistible call, all those in the various Christian denominations and outside of them who hold views similar to those which Unitarians cherish as their own should come forth and range themselves under a common name, great would be the multitude. These beliefs are found masquerading under strange names. Some of the treatises, for instance, on the doctrine of the Trinity put forth by one theologian and another of orthodox sects are read by Unitarians with some surprise. When they have brushed away the obscurities that result from the use of technical phrases, they are surprised to find that what is announced as Trinitarianism is what they have always cherished as Unitarianism. Perhaps one important distinction between the Unitarian and Christians of other name is that he is content to speak the language of the nineteenth century. He sees no reason why he should not call things by their simplest names. When, therefore, he sees some theologians calling by the name of Trinity a conception of the Deity that Theodore Parker might have held, in order that they should speak the language of those whose thoughts they had left behind them, he sees no reason why he should follow their example.

I have said that the Unitarians have no generally recognized and formal statement of belief. The nearest approach to this is a sentence that was introduced a year ago, with much enthusiasm, into the preamble of the constitution of this body. The statement is this: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and man." This, you will notice, speaks only of practical religion. There is no word of theology in

it, yet it throws much light upon the theology of Unitarians. It suggests what appears to me to be the most characteristic feature of Unitarian theology. This theology contains no hint of anything similar to what has been called a "scheme of salvation." By a scheme of salvation I understand some artificial and indirect way by which men may be saved. This has generally involved a plan by which men may be accepted as being what in fact they are not. If we look over the history of religion, we find such schemes of salvation at almost every turn. Sacrifices, and, indeed, nearly all religious rites, represent some such artificial and often ingenious method of winning the favor of the Divinity. All such schemes are swept away at a stroke by the sentence that I just read. It insists upon natural relations instead of artificial ones, real relations instead of substitutes for them, life instead of expedients for covering up the lack of life. Religion is simply love to God and love to man. Man cannot be saved by any scheme, for his salvation consists in the development of his best nature.

The "scheme of salvation," which under various forms long prevailed in the Church, was based upon certain legal fictions. The suffering of another and the righteousness of another were, in a certain sense, imputed to the Christian. This is what has been known in a special sense as the "scheme of salvation." The expression has been very dear to the Christian, and has called forth his gratitude for the love displayed, and also admiration for the divine ingenuity by which the desirable result has been reached. This—the typical scheme of salvation—is now losing much of its prestige; but it is succeeded by other, though more tenuous schemes, the number of which increases almost yearly. These often lack to a large extent, if not wholly, the fictitious element which marked the earlier one. They have, however, in common with the historic scheme, the element of arbitrariness and artificiality. They represent something outside of the life of the world and of history. Such a scheme is often assumed to exist even when it is not understood. Many put their faith in Christ on the ground that, in some way which they do not understand, he makes the divine forgiveness possible. It is not necessary, they believe, that they should know the way by which their salvation is secured.

The great tendency of orthodox theology to-day is to what is known as a Christo-centric religion. Christ is all. In this form of religion, little is known or thought of God except as he is manifested in Christ. Christ is all and in all. In some forms of this Christo-centric faith the work of Christ is fulfilled in the establishment of his kingdom upon this earth. In others there is recognized more of a mystical relation to him. In these views of Christ and of his work we have still, in a more sublimated form, a scheme of salvation. Christ and his work are superimposed upon the world. They are something apart from the great movements of history and of life. There is still an artificial narrowness. We still have something foreign, not only in degree, but in kind, to any other religious movement that the world has seen.

There remained something technical. Among the older Unitarians something of the same view of Christianity was recognized. To some of them Christianity still assumed the form of a scheme. At present, however, the tendency is to look upon Christianity in a larger way; and I am inclined to think that this tendency has to a very great extent reached its legitimate result.

Perhaps this fact may in part account for that comparative lack, among liberal Christians, of interest in purely theological discussion of which I have spoken. On the one hand, there is less interest in the controversy in regard to these narrower forms of belief. It is felt that the battle has been fought, and that to renew the strife is to a large extent the threshing of old straw. On the other hand, the study of theology under the large form in which Christianity is now generally held by the Unitarian lacks something of the zest which was connected with the narrower modes of thought. A scheme is never quite perfect, do what

you will with it. You cannot draw a circle that will include the earth and the heavens. You cannot make an artificial scheme that will at every point fit in with the realities of the world. You cannot make such a scheme which the human spirit will not in time outgrow. Do the best that you can, the result will need constant patching and enlargement and readjustment. To explain and to readjust such a creation has furnished occupation and interest to many a theologian. The view of the Bible which has been so largely held in connection with the "scheme of salvation" has furnished a most interesting field for such labor. The Bible was believed to be from beginning to end the directly revealed word of God. While it was regarded in this way, it was necessary to show that it was without self-contradiction, and that it was at every point in accord both with science and with our highest spiritual and ethical sentiments. Looked at in this light, it became one of the most fascinating of riddle books. Of course, in many passages the theologian introduced much into it that was not found there. So far as these passages were concerned a most interesting transformation took place. That which the interpreter introduced into the Bible was his own human thought. When he drew it out, it came with all the authority and dignity of a divine revelation. From the nature of the case the Unitarian has not this kind of interest in theological discussion and Biblical interpretation. Such artificial construction, such ingenious riddles, have no place in his thought. There remain to him, however, the great mysteries that have stimulated and awed the thought of the most profound spirits in all ages, the mysteries of life and of death, of mind and matter, the mystery of freedom, of the great movements of history, of God's revelation of himself,—not merely within the pages of a single book, but in all of nature and of human life. From this point of view the study of the Bible assumes an interest far grander and deeper than could be offered by the ingenious efforts toward a superficial harmony to which I have referred. Such study naturally appeals to fewer, but there are among Unitarians on both sides of the ocean those for whom they have great attraction. It may be that some of these profound problems can never be wholly solved, yet the wrestling with them gives strength and inspiration; and, if the shadows do not wholly pass away, yet there shines from time to time light out of the darkness.

We can here see the difference between faith as it is understood by the Unitarian and faith as it has been to a great degree understood in the historic Church. To this latter faith has been very largely concerned with special and superficial matters. Faith had to do with the Bible, the infallible word of God. It had to do with the creeds that men had formed. The mysteries that made most demand upon it were those connected with the scheme of salvation. Human reason must be humiliated. Human love must be narrowed. An eternity of suffering the result of sin in the little span of human life must be somehow reconciled by faith with the infinite love of God. How many noble and tender souls have striven to blindfold their reason and hush the protests of their hearts, that they might yield themselves unquestioning to the faith that was demanded of them. Because the Unitarian had not faith such as this he has been regarded as unbelieving. But to the Unitarian there comes also the demand for faith. There are mysteries enough in the world, and there is no need that men should invent them. It requires faith to recognize the supreme goodness that is working in a world where there is so much of suffering. It requires faith to look at death, and see there life. It requires faith to hold fast to the highest in spite of all that would drag down toward the lowest. It requires faith to trust to the best instincts of the soul, where there is so much that would mislead. There is much to help this faith. There are scenes in nature, there are moments in human life, in the presence of which faith alone seems possible. There is the great movement which the history of the world presents, to which faith seems the proper climax. But, with all such help and such inspiration, faith remains faith.

Though she may climb to the loftiest mountain summit, she reaches at last a point where she must spread her wings and soar. Such faith is not faith in an ingenious scheme, but in the eternal verities.

I have spoken of the absence of any scheme of salvation as one of the most characteristic marks of Unitarian theology; while I have been careful to claim for the Unitarian no monopoly of this or any other special form of thought. I have referred to this, because more than any other aspect of the case its influence is felt in every part of the theology we are considering. If I had spoken of any one doctrine as distinctive, as of the unity of God or the nature of Christ, it would have stood very much by itself; but in the characteristic that I have named we have a fundamental principle, the effect of which is all-pervading. I have spoken of it as though it were a negation. In fact, the Unitarian belief is sometimes regarded, when compared with the older Orthodoxy, as being made up chiefly of negations. It has been regarded as a somewhat colorless residuum that remains to theology after certain positive elements had been removed. On the contrary, the negations of Unitarianism have been largely negations of negations; and their result is not negative, but positive. What has been denied are certain limits which theology had imposed, certain shadows which an imperfect theology had cast. The wind that sweeps the heaven clear of clouds does a negative work; yet its result is really positive, for it reveals the glory of the heavens. When a traveller sees for the first time the Pantheon at Rome, it does not always at once occur to him that the two little belfries that stand one on either side of the dome were not parts of the original building. He is conscious only of a certain cheapening of the effect, of a certain lack of complete satisfaction in the structure before him. A moment's reflection, however, shows that these appendages were added when the building was adapted to ecclesiastical usage. As he in imagination sweeps these impertinences away,—the grand old temple stands before him in the simplicity of its original perfection,—Christianity has given to the world more of good than we can ever fairly calculate; but this Roman temple is not the only thing that ecclesiasticism has robbed of its true beauty.

The world with all its manifoldness of form and of life is yet one. The course of its history, from the lowest to the highest, follows a single line. This grand unity of nature, material and spiritual ecclesiasticism has also cheapened and disfigured. The theological schemes of which I have spoken form excrescences upon the unity of the world, and stand to it in a relation similar to that in which the petty belfries stand to the temple of the Pantheon. When these are swept away, the process is one of negation. The result is a grand affirmation.

The ecclesiastical schemes do not merely add excrescences to the simplicity of nature. They draw lines and erect partitions which represent no fundamental division, but simply confuse and conceal the simple proportions of the whole. The world, according to such scheming, does not represent a single life. Its history has not been a growth, but an accretion. It has been built by a series of creations, one larger being superimposed upon another. Above all, the great glory of the spiritual life, the beauty of the love of Christ, does not belong to it. It is something foreign. The Christ came from afar. He stooped to this poor world. He moved through it, substituting other laws for its laws,—rather, setting all laws at naught,—and departed, leaving a method by which not those who merely share his spirit, but those who in addition to this, sometimes even without it, fulfil some technical requirement, may be saved. I recognize as deeply as any other the wonderful beauty of much that has gathered about this scheme of salvation. The story of the descent from heaven, and all the marvels that are connected with this strange career, have a fascination for the imagination and for the heart. To many the world looks bare and cold without them. Many feel helpless and forsaken without some such special scheme by which they may be saved; but in the simplicity and unity of the world's history there is a grandeur and a beauty that no invention of man can equal. I have no doubt

that, when the complicated theory according to which the movements of the heavenly bodies were once explained, the theory of crystal spheres,—of cycles and epicycles,—was given up to many who had become accustomed to this cumbersome machinery, the heavens seemed empty and uninteresting. But who to-day, so far even as æsthetic interest is concerned, would give up the simplicity of our modern astronomical science for this antiquated and complicated arrangement? Man's inventions may be ingenious, but in nature there is something better than ingenuity. It is the simplicity of nature that the Unitarian theology seeks, and, as we believe, in part has found.

In what I have said I must not be understood to affirm that all Unitarians deny the truth of all the stories of so-called miracles that are recorded in the New Testament. This is not the case. For the reasons that I have already given, I cannot state to what extent this is done. I am confident, however, that very few, if any, Unitarians would to-day base their belief in Christianity on any such foundation; and I am inclined to think that all, or nearly all, who accept as true these stories of the miraculous, would see in the so-called miracle the manifestation of some higher and unfamiliar law, and not a suspension or violation of all law.

It is this interest in the simple and natural manifestations of the life of the world that led to the glad reception on the part of many Unitarians, of the theory of evolution, as this was made something real and tangible in the work of Darwin. This theory has slowly made its way to a somewhat reluctant acceptance by many Christians of every name; but I think that among Unitarians there were many more than elsewhere who hailed it with delight. At the same time this theory has done much to make the Unitarian conscious of his true position.

In the light of this theory, many distinctions that have seemed absolute had to disappear. There is no material substance that is not in some way and in some degree instinct with the promise and potency of the higher life. The lowest forms of being point toward the highest. The whole history of the world is animated by the impulse toward a common end. As Emerson sang,

"There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all."

It is the soul in its pressure toward the full realization and consciousness of itself and of its divine relationships that has made the world.

This whole attitude of Unitarian theology is well illustrated by its thought of Christ and Christianity in their relation to other religious teachers and to other religions. To the older Orthodoxy Christianity stood alone. It was true, while other religions were false. It was revealed, while in other religions are found simply human guesses. It came from heaven, while other religions were of the earth, earthy. Indeed, other religions were more often referred to as illustrations of the depravity of human nature than of its divine possibilities. One theological writer, more liberal than many others, has in somewhat recent years affirmed that in Christianity God came down to man, while in other religions man was struggling up toward God. This statement is dishonorable to Christianity as well as to the other religions over against which Christianity is placed. In Christianity also there was found the aspiration toward God. Jesus himself looked up with prayer and felt his spirit enkindled and exalted by the thought and by the presence of the infinite Spirit. And not alone in Christianity was the divine life manifested in man. Not alone in Christianity did the divine stoop to the human. It is impossible that the human soul should lift itself, however little way, toward the Father unless the Father draw it. There can be no breath of earnest prayer and upward aspiration unless the divine Spirit manifests itself in the utterance.

To the Unitarian the divine force is a constant element of history. It was present in the earliest period of the world, as the force which is to blossom into the beauty of the flower rests already unnoticed in the seed. When human life began, this strange and varied life of man with its loves and its longings, this divine force, was still present,

guiding and uplifting. The divine life in man, hardly conscious of itself, was yet responding in some vague, imperfect way to the infinite Source from which it came. The mistakes, the degradation, the abominations, of some of the lower religions, are still indications of the lofty nature and relationships of man.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best."

In the religions of the world it sometimes appears really as a fiend prompting to all devilish excesses. Indeed, the selfishness and lust and cruelty of man have often been blended with the religious impulse, just as a spring of living water may be defiled by the impurities of the soil up through which it has pressed. But this living spring of the religious life in the heart of man, this spring that has its source in the divine heights, has tended to free itself from this defilement and to bring pure refreshment to the souls of men.

Theologians have spoken of the revealed religion as if there were only one, as indeed there is only one; but they have spoken of it as if it manifested itself only under one special form, that of Christianity and of the Hebrew preparation for this. What, then, shall we say of the other religions that have seen something of God? We cannot see even a landscape that does not manifest itself to our vision. We cannot see a work of art unless the artist has revealed himself to some extent in his creation. How, then, can man anywhere or at any time have seen anything of God, unless God had shown something of himself to him? When the Vedic worshipper sang the praises of Varina, the just and the holy punisher of sin, by whom the winkings of men's eyes were numbered; when the Mazdean bowed before Ormuzd, from whom all the goodness of the world came, and who was himself the good and the hater of evil; when the ancient Chinese recognized a divine ruler of the world who was no respecter of persons, who looked not at men's descent and position, but at their deeds,—had there not come to all these some revelation of the highest? These visions indeed appeared in the midst of beliefs and forms that were of a lower order, but the visions were no less real. There is, then, no religion that is not a revealed religion; and there is no religion that is not a natural religion. That these statements seem to contradict one another, and their combination seems to suggest a meaningless paradox, shows the low and imperfect view which many take of nature and of man.

It is this low and imperfect view so generally held of nature in general and of human nature in particular that makes it so difficult for the Unitarian to make his position fairly understood. If he says that Jesus was a man, he is understood to say that he was *mere* man, as though there were ever such a thing as a mere man. If he says that Christianity was the result of a natural religious development in the world, he is understood as saying that it is only a human invention, as if there were ever a natural or human religion which was not in some degree the manifestation of the divine Spirit that has been all along present in the world. If, on the other hand, to avoid such misunderstanding, he insists that Jesus was divine, he is understood to be separating him from the world, and placing him in the heavens. When he denies this interpretation of his statement, he is accused of juggling with words.

The source of such misunderstanding is in the fact that men have been so accustomed to place, in their thought, God on the one side and the world on the other, the Divine on the one side and humanity on the other, that any community between the two forms of being seems impossible unless they are forcibly brought together in an external combination. Unitarianism did well to insist, especially through the voice of Channing, on the dignity of human nature. The words "dignity of human nature" sound sometimes to us strange and meaningless enough, as we look upon the selfishness and greed that play so great a part in the affairs of men. We must remember, however, that the greatest and the best are as truly men as the lowest and the meanest. Both belong to the same race. If the one class shows piti-

fully enough somewhat of the actual condition of humanity, the other class shows no less clearly something of its possibility. The Unitarian formula which I have quoted implies something of this dignity of human nature. It speaks of love to man, just as Jesus did, as one side of the religious life. The phrase you will notice is "love to man." It is not pity for man, it is not merely sympathy, it is not merely duty toward man: it is love. Love implies that to the lover there is something lovable in the object of his affection.

The dignity of human nature consists in the grandeur of its possibilities. These possibilities result from the fact that in man the divine force which has been the moving power in the development of nature may attain to consciousness of itself, and thus to a more direct manifestation of itself. If the world is a godless world, then it is well that a God should descend from the heavens for its redemption.

Within a few days I have met a pamphlet written with great learning and strong logic to prove that, without the supernatural birth of Jesus, Christianity would be without basis and without significance. I imagine that few Christians would take such extreme ground as this; but, to very many, the power and significance of Christianity consists in the fact that it came from above to the world, and was not the natural outgrowth of nature and history. Our theories do not change the nature of things. If you call Jesus a God, none the less does his humanity remain. If you call him a man, he is no less divine. The Unitarian bases the honor which he pays to Jesus, the reverence that he feels for him, and the obedience that he owes him, not upon theories, but upon facts; not upon any official dignity that he finds in him, but upon the work which he actually accomplished. If nothing is so important to man as religion and morality, then he who has done the most and the best for these deserves the highest place in the reverence of man. If, as most, if not all, Unitarians believe, the moral and religious teaching of Jesus was higher and more complete than the world had known, and if the religion that owes its origin to him is loftier and better adapted to man's spiritual nature than any other, and if his life was so in accord with his teaching that it adds to his power and is glorified by it, then there is needed no thought of superhuman origin or of official rank to draw forth the deepest gratitude and homage.

"All hail the great Immanuel's name,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Thus has the church sung often in inspiring strains. The Unitarian knows little of diadems and prostrate angels. A different note fits better with his faith:—

"And those who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the Life, Light, Way, which thou
hast given."

It appears to me that these humbler and more human strains express the truest homage.

But, it may be asked, what, then, is his authority? What right have we to find in him in any sense a revelation of God? The Unitarian takes from Jesus his definition of religion, but he does not hold it merely on the authority of Jesus. The scholar thanks his teacher not because he has solved his problem for him, but because he has trained him so that he can solve it for himself, or, at least, so that he can see for himself that the answer that the teacher has given him is the true one. So the Christian may be grateful to Jesus for such development of the spiritual life as makes confidence in its largest utterances possible rather than for any statements that are to be accepted merely because he made them. Yet for these highest utterances there is an outward authority,—

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

So sang Emerson in a poem that well might seem the prelude to the later religious thought. Because they rolled out of the heart of nature, do they reveal the power that is working in and through nature less than if they had been grafted upon it from

without? "Out from the heart of nature" must come the revelation of what nature is, and of what the power is that is manifested through nature; and of such revelations the highest, because it is the highest, must be the truest.

Thus does the liberal thought restore to the world the fair products that had been torn from it. And the beauty of the Christ life, not merely lent it for its brief adornment, remains to testify to the richness of the soil from which it sprang, to testify to the fact that a divine force is working through this life of ours that seems to us often so low and meaningless; that even in our hearts it may work some fruition if we will suffer it.

In regard to the thought of God, I know of few Unitarians who are greatly attracted by metaphysical speculations or theosophical constructions. In the formula that has served us in some sort as a text the Unitarian speaks of love to God as the first great element of religion. If God is to be loved, then God must be thought of as a being whom it is possible to really love. This by itself would sweep away beliefs that make it difficult or impossible to love him if he be such as they describe. Unitarians love to think of God as Jesus taught us,—as the wise and loving Father. Moved by the influence of the later scientific thought, they love to think of him as one who reveals himself in the order and beauty of his universe rather than in interferences with this. What is loftiest and best reveals him most truly. In the mother's love for her child, in the friend's love for his friend, in the patriot's love for his country, in the good man's love for his kind, in the true man's condemnation of sin, in the aspiring faith of the saint, in the great heart of Jesus, full of tender love of his fellows and of generous indignation toward those who would oppress their brethren, full of the consciousness of God and of longing to lift men into the same consciousness,—in all of these the Unitarian finds revelations of God; and in the inspiration that sometimes comes directly to the devout heart, and sometimes with its warning and condemnation to the sinful soul.

To the Unitarian the thought of the future life fits in with his other religious faith. "Eye hath not seen," cried the apostle, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart to conceive what things God hath prepared for them that love him." So the Unitarian does not picture the coming life in the likeness of the earthly life, with the trouble all left out. He does not picture a hell where lost souls suffer for evermore. The next life is to him simply the natural flowering of this. But what special shape this flowering will take, how can he know? He believes that there the highest aspirations shall find their fruition, that spirits shall somehow live in God. And this means that they shall live the highest life that is possible for each.

In regard to the dear ones who have gone from us, he says with the poet, whose words have been so often on our lips this evening:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

Such, most imperfectly stated, is what I conceive to be the theology of at least most Unitarians. Would that we were more worthy of it!

Tuesday Evening Meeting.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Rev. E. A. Horton, before introducing the speakers for the evening, said that he was ready to maintain in calmness and with judicial equity that there was nothing of more importance before the Conference than the question, what to do with the young people. They have been running away from us while we have discussed metaphysical papers. They have felt the frigidity of our churches, and have gone to a more genial religious hearthstone. You may come here, and crown the past with your garlands of praise; you may discuss the nebular hypothesis and its relation to the evolution of Unitarianism; you may do other things of equal gigantic stature. But, until you come down to the practical

matter of handling the young people, the chimes may be hung in the future Church of Unitarianism, but there will be no happy throng of young people coming together to worship God in spirit and in truth.

We are to consider to-night, he said, the young with reference to the great word of "education." Millions of free men seem to find in this watchword the talisman that will make men nobler and grander. "Education" is the watchword of the republic. But what kind of education is meant? The American republic must fully understand that a public school system, however fully equipped, graduates simply smartness, without rounding out and balancing the moral nature, unless in some way the conscience be made sensitive.

One of the most serious problems that ever challenged the progress of this nation confronts us,—its religious development. Take in and assimilate all you can from every other denomination, but remember the church we represent is of the people, for the people, and by the people. While it is quite possible that we may have bishops,—I am told we have them now,—let us remember that the great heritage to us is the freedom to think. We want to teach our children that, and rally the young people, so that they will carry on the campaign of religion for the people.

Remember, too, that we are to teach the young people something about citizenship. As Mr. Batchelor has said, the great aim of our teaching is to make children of God. He who remembers truly what the flag means will recall, also, the truth that, unless the government is preserved in its integrity, you will have no church. We want our young people to admire the past and listen to its eloquent whisper, but to remember that America is given for our trust and stewardship, and we should look upon it with respect, and know that the soil here is as sacred as that of Greece or Rome.

Besides this enthusiasm, we must interest our young people in the practical matters of to-day. If the union of young people's organizations is a success, as by the grace of God we mean to make it, that will prove one of the most helpful means of reaching and educating the young and bringing them, through the gates of the Sunday-school, into the church.

Mr. Horton then introduced Dr. G. Stanley Hall as the first essayist.

PEDAGOGICAL METHODS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

BY G. STANLEY HALL, PRESIDENT OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I bring you to-night no eloquence, but a plain, homely, frank, earnest, and, I hope, practical talk.

Some three years ago several of us at Clark University began to collect data for a history of religious instruction throughout the world. We have progressed a good ways in the collection of documents. We have a great many original letters from all over the world and from many different faiths; but we soon found that we must go back of the documents and history, and study the soul of the growing child and youth. So, nearly two years ago, we issued sets of questions which we widely distributed, asking for answers. We have upwards of six thousand sets of answers from as many people, some answered by parents, some by the children themselves, with regard to their religious experience and training. I should be glad if any of you who may be interested in this work would send for these questions, if you will answer them. As briefly as I can, I will give you some of the results.

If I could imagine myself a clergyman for a moment, which I really wish I could for my half-hour,—although I am so much of a pedagogue that I should want to be turned back at the end of that time,—I would take as a parable one not found in any Scripture,—the biological parable of the tadpole's tail. I know a lady in Cambridge who some years ago did what so many have thought might be done,—snipped off the tail of a tadpole, thinking that thereby she could expedite the growth of the hind legs of the frog; but she found that, if you amputate the tail, the hind quarters never develop. The legs do not grow, and therefore the tail is an organ absolutely essential in the growth of the legs.

That is a parable of very deep and wide

biological significance for our theme. It would apply to every rudimentary organ. It would apply to the prehensile toe of babies,—to Mr. Robinson's babies, for instance, who hung from a stick over the bed some seventeen minutes, and not one of them could do it at the end of two or three or five months. The reason is that the muscles that are involved in that particular movement are developed as rudimentary muscles; and after a few months, having no use, they pass into something better. So the rudimentary organs of the human body are absolutely indispensable for growth.

There is nothing that more conduces to a sense of the presence of God than to see under the microscope the development of an embryo. As it changes, you say it is going to be protozoa, or later metazoa. When further developed yet, you say it is going to be a vertebrate, then, perhaps, a mammal, a dog, an ape, man. And the strange part of this mysterious development is that by it you and I and every member of the human species, since we were a drop of protoplasm, pass through in our own individual lives every stage that life has passed through since it began on the globe. The stages, to be sure, are telescoped into each other, so that the embryo passes with great rapidity from one to the other, so that it is not always possible to note the growth of the different stages.

If you will bear in mind my text, the first point to which I wish to call attention is that, in order to teach children religion, we must begin, not with revealed, but with natural religion. Revealed came later. No matter for the definition, but what we know now as natural religion is the only pedagogical basis for teaching any other kind of religion later. It is an elementary organ; and, if you snip it off, the higher forms of religion will not grow well or be strong.

Every child that lives and is normal is an abject fetiche worshipper: it is an animist, a polytheist. It passes through all the stages of idolatry, and it must pass through them if its finer, higher qualities are to be developed. We find that every normal child has its own amulets, charms, fetiches, mascots,—things in inanimate nature to which they ascribe elements of psychic life, with which they are symbolically *en rapport*, by which these rudimentary organs of the soul find exercise. How many of these rudimentary organs of the soul there are we do not know, but more than the seventy of the body of which Weismann speaks. These instincts and feelings are deeply stirred: they are reverberations from the remote ancestral past, and are set in sympathetic vibration in the unspoiled child. He lives in a closeness with nature which the adult knows nothing about. Saint Francis d'Assisi gives us some gleams of this as he addresses the Brother Wind, Brother Sky. It shows itself in other ways, as when Richard Jefferies said that he wished to have his body burned and the ashes scattered that they might return to nature; or, as when poor James Thompson wants to be eaten by the worm, that the worm may be eaten by the bird, and so he might be diffused through the cosmos, because he wished to become a part of animate nature.

I have been a frequent visitor at the crematory at Forest Hills; and I have been much struck with this fact,—that a great many people scatter the ashes of their friends over the ground. Some take them carefully away to strew them on some mountain-top or lake, getting something in this way that might be called a religious satisfaction; and yet it is only a part of that old, deep, animistic *rapport* with nature which is the common root and the only root of religion, of science, of literature, and of art. If we dwarf it, if we do not allow it to develop rightly in its season, all the aftergrowth will be like the legs of the tadpole whose tail has been prematurely cut off.

You remember that Socrates says, in substance, O Miletus, you certainly would not dare to say that I do not believe in the deity of the sun, the moon, and the stars? That would be going farther than I would go. If an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout biologist is mad. These things are at the root of the ontological passion of man.

These rudimentary organs must not be interfered with. It is a very dangerous thing to have an inflammation of a rudimentary organ. It makes the worst kind of cranks. It arrests the development of adjacent rudimentary organs. They need to have free growth.

Every child has something in his soul that is in common with the soul of the flower. We have facts coming to us from all our experience with natural children to show this. One child lies on his stomach for three hours, gazing into the root of a harebell, and says he never was the same being afterward that he was before, because something had taken place between them, and he felt different after that toward all animated nature. We have known children who have fallen in love with flowers, with names of plants. Love animates the great majority of the signature names. Take any book of flower lore, and try it on your own children, and you will have a revelation. You will realize among other things what the old doctrine of signatures meant, and how old cures were originally suggested. Froebel said he gazed into a flower until he was hypnotized, and said, "Kindergarten," and cried, "Eureka!" and the thing was done. So of animals and birds. Mythology is full of the *rapport* of children with these. Polytheism, animism,—these are indisputable fertilizers of the heart out of which are the issues of life.

We are coming to see nature in the new light. Go to a book-store, and you will see that nature books are demanded,—White of Selborne, Burroughs, Audubon, Thoreau. I see one house advertises forty-three nature books of various kinds for the coming year. They help in the revival of the love of nature, and it is a blessed thing for the children and for us. If we have passed the golden age, it is a blessed thing for the children that we are coming to understand that nature is dynamic,—that it is not dead matter, but full of life. It is not unclean: it is a reservoir of infinite force. We are coming to acknowledge the claims of nature in its original meaning about to be. Horus utters its only song of "Hush, all hush!" and seems to describe nature as though it were veiling something about to be revealed. We are coming to see, in the language of Francis Thompson, as he draws a picture of his lady-love, who is not very good-looking, "I cannot see your countenance for your soul." That is what we are saying to nature. It is not an inanimate influence, but it is dynamic. Nature, all that constitutes the external universe, is bringing us to this new great knowledge. There is no such thing as a vacuum, no empty space. The old doctrine of the plenum did not express it. All is law throughout all visible life. If there has been destruction, it is to make way for higher life. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest means the survival of the best, so that goodness and love seem to be at the core.

I almost wish I might address you with the unction of a clergyman I used to hear as a boy, when, at the climax of his discourse, he would say, "Do you love the Lord, you, and you, and you?" (pointing.) I want to say to you, ladies and gentlemen, and I say it with no less solemnity, Do you, and you, and you really love nature? Do you know what that love is? Has it been shed abroad in your hearts, or are you still, in this day of the great revival of nature love, strangers and aliens to this new moving of the Spirit of God?

I believe that a real love and sympathy with nature gives us consolation in affliction. I believe that it gives eloquence and earnestness and background and depth to the inculcation of every Bible truth and of all religious instruction. I believe that it gives an earnestness that lifts us far above that kind of pessimism that sometimes grows about the word "evolution," which says that life is mostly painful. That is the tone of the decadent soul of the present time. To look with the fulness of life, of joy, of love, at nature,—that is the first condition of religious teaching. And so I say that every teacher of religion in the Sunday-school should be an ardent and earnest lover of nature.

My second point is this. There is a period of great importance called "adolescence," which is the religious teacher's peculiar opportunity. How should it be met? Adolescence is the time when every young maiden and man in the early teens ceases to be an individual, and becomes more interested than ever before in others. Before that every natural child is and ought to be selfish. There are physiological reasons for that. Every child that is not precocious and not spoiled is naturally selfish up to that time, but then the soul turns instinctively toward others. The social instinct is developed; and the great passion

of love, love for others, that shrinks self, begins, and this we are coming to understand as never before. It is a second birth physiologically. All the cortical layers of the brain function more than in years before or in years after. Many of the small granules probably develop into cells. All the physical features of the body are changed, and very many of the remote ancestral strains of the blood appear. The likeness to parents that has not been seen before comes out. Blood from many different ancestral stocks is poured into the veins at once. We have all eight grandparents in three and a half generations; and Galton tells us that we each have some twenty million ancestors, if we reckon back to the time of William the Conqueror. These hereditary traits, then, are poured in, and appear at this time. In this country there is a very deep and significant biological law that is illustrated here. Where the blood is mixed, as it is in this country, the strain is far greater, and the problem of teaching young people during these critical years—for the period lasts from ten to twelve years before perfect maturity—is far greater than where the blood is pure. Compare, for instance, the Russians, Germans, and the Jews with our own people. They go through this crisis in a far different way. The period is less prolonged, less intense, less dangerous. The difficulty of meeting this strain and this critical period is seen in the many books addressed to adolescents. I have myself collected over two hundred text-books written to use in this country bearing upon this period, and I find that there are more here than I can trace in four of the chief countries of Europe. Plainly, we have recognized the needs of adolescence here.

Its importance is great. It has always been recognized. In every country where it has had indigenous origin, education has always begun at this period, in the early teens. Every savage race begins its authority at that time,—tattoism, initiation, instruction in the symbols of the tribe. That is the time when the Catholic Church, the Russian Church, and Episcopal Church confirm. It is the time when the Greek youth passes from earlier training to instruction in music and arts, when the Roman gets his *toga virilis*. It is the time when most conversions in Protestant sects take place. This is the period when real education begins; and the important law is that it works up toward the university and down to the kindergarten, just in proportion as civilization advances. There is a possibility of degradation here that does not exist afterward, and the main thing that the Sunday-school teacher should look at is that there must be now a radical change. Every boy and girl takes a certain area of their education into their own hands. The most confidential parent is almost certain to be deceived. It is a time of changing from fear to love; and the lack of recognizing this great power of youth with the lessons that are obvious here is one of the greatest lacks, and a lack that brings to my third point, What is the want of education in the world?

What we want is education of the heart. These instinct-feelings, as they are coming to be called,—these constitute the man and the woman. It is out of these that are the issues of life, and all the newer studies of the human soul are drifting toward that conclusion: that the intellect is but the echo, the frothy crest of the wave; that it is a shadow from some greater and more substantial thing that is away off, unseen; that we have knowledge not for its own sake, but knowledge for the sake of life.

Who has made history? Not the great intellects of the world, but the great hearts,—Wesley, Loyola, Buddha, Christ, the great hearts of the world, its prophets. Young men and young women,—especially, young men, as I have learned from my experience in teaching all these years—need first to feel emotion. They must tingle, burn. The erectile tissues must be brought into exercise. It is necessary that the new-forming tissue of every part of the body should be supplied with blood, that they should glow with excitement. If they cannot get excited about their lessons, if we teachers cannot interest them in them, then they will paint the town red, they will have dissipations, and will make no end of trouble to the faculty; but excitement they must have. These calentures are a part of them.

The great danger, the great evil, that threatens this country to-day is the lack of

enthusiasm and heartiness in our young men. I do not know a single college where, within the last few years,—I think I may say since my experience as a college teacher began,—where there has not grown up a fashion of *nil admirari*, of apathy, affected when it is not real. The young men put on a critical spirit, a lack of enthusiasm. This is not only so in the colleges,—especially true in the colleges toward the East,—but it is creeping down gradually into the high school, and especially into the fitting schools. Young men are ashamed of enthusiasm. But what is youth without enthusiasm? Nowadays there is no such a thing as a green, gawky Freshman to be found. He appears rather a tired man of the world before he enters college even. He wants it distinctly understood that he has cut his eye teeth, that he knows what is what, and that there is not much that his elders or his youngers can teach him.

That reminds me of a passage of Dr. Holmes, who tells us that the world is full of people who belong to the tribe of the "Pooh Poohs." You find them in every walk of life. When one glows with enthusiasm and wants to do a great thing, they cry, "Pooh, pooh! it can't be done." I am sorry to say that, when I see them, I often feel as if I wanted to be an Indian; and the tribe I want to join is the Kickapoos.

My fourth point is that we must recognize that all education is genetic. I am fanatic enough to believe that we are living in an age when "education" is coming to be the largest word there is. It is akin to the word "evolution," and I do not think it is an unworthy designation to say that it is akin to what the Darwinian calls "environment,"—the entire environment from protoplasm up that makes man man; and therefore I believe that the highest test of a religious denomination, of a school system, of a college of civilization, is whether it can bring its young men and its young women safely through these calentures and dangers of adolescence up to full and complete self-mastery.

What we want is to begin down, and set the end of our education ladder deep down into the very mud, if need be. The eternal vice of all Orthodoxy is that it takes a cross section view; that it is always afraid of doubt, when doubt is the only engine of progress, so long as we doubt what is below us, and never doubt what is above us. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to keep *en rapport* with childhood, because the traces of childhood in our soul are hardly more definite than the filmy lines of an acorn from which a tree has grown. These rudimentary organs of childhood in us have all vanished, and it is very difficult to keep *en rapport* with the child. But we must do it; and my plea is for superstition, if you please. I may use that word, for you will strip it of all its dangers. I want to plead for superstition; for it is essential as dung to fertilize the roots of life about the heart, for they do lie warm about the child's heart. Why in the world do we who have reached Christian maturity, who have cast off these things of childhood, attempt to weed out from the Bible all that we consider crass supernaturalism, the very thing that the childish heart needs? We do not do that for the opera. If the child is going to see "Hamlet," we do not say so much is true and so much is myth. That would be to emasculate it all. But we do just that for the Bible. These are things for the adult. I do not find any better reading than Unitarian Sunday-school literature. I have read the text-books which you furnish, thanks to your secretary. But I do not find gradations in it. It is too much like an impressionist picture. It could be turned upside down. The main thing we want is to get down to where the children live. That is what we need. I do not want to say or to leave the impression that I think a child ought to be brought up a crass Catholic, and then allowed to work his way up to the Unitarian faith; and yet I could qualify that so that it would be about what I do mean. But symbols, rituals, saint worship, mass, some of the sacraments, and many more things of this sort, are essential, are indigenous to child nature. If you do not believe it, go to St. Paul's School in New York, and see what effects are produced by the Paulist Fathers. I do not know where, with such poor teaching, such tremendous effects are produced. The point is, then, that you must rouse in the child those emotions which shall stimulate the things which are to be developed.

Exhaust each stage. Rise through all the lower ones, and not over them. That is the thing Mr. Petrie complains of in missionary methods. He says a great deal could be accomplished by taking the savage fetich and developing all there is in it, not making a *tabula rasa*, but developing the best there is in it; and that is the pedagogical method.

We must not forget the going up. Develop children to the highest possible. We have hitherto lacked the means of doing that. Our congregations get good preaching, but our colleges are also now getting it more than they have had. But, to give adequate religious instruction to young men our philosophical lecture-room has not been adequate; and I welcome as one of the best signs of the times this Neo-Christian movement in France, which has enlisted over five thousand young students and professors without any dogmatism. Catholics, agnostics, Jews, Protestants, are all enlisted; and they call themselves "Neo-Christians." I beg you to look into that movement, and to read Des Jardine, who is, I think, the saint of the movement. That suggests something not unlike the Vedanta in India, or Sufism for the Mohammedans who wish to rise toward new possibilities.

We have reached a new epoch. Science and religion are one; and, just as the Unitarian body has unified culture and religion, the next step is to unify science and religion. And religion will be just as much larger when that unity is accomplished as it has been made by the unity of culture and religion. Year after year is to see progress in this respect, if we have the vigor for this severe mediatory work which is impending.

The world seems never to have been so ready for great movements as it is to-day. It seems as if all the best things were coming together toward this one centre,—this unfolding the soul of man, and bringing it to a higher standpoint. It is as if God had come to consciousness in the human brain—that most complex of all tissues in the universe—more than ever before, as if it were a mouthpiece of things that never could have been spoken before.

And the children are the hope of it all. The test of every civilization and of every culture is what they do for minds that are growing, that are most plastic. And we are most blessed in this; for there is nothing so worthy the love and reverence, the life-long devotion, as the soul—yes, and the body—of the healthy, growing child. Unity with nature,—that is the glory of childhood. It is the basis of religion and the unity of childhood with nature that is the glory of the Sunday-school teacher, of the day teacher, and of the parent.

CULTIVATION OF THE SPIRITUAL NATURE.

BY REV. BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.

When we try to teach people by beginning at the bottom, we must never end there, but must remember that the ladder goes on and reaches up to spiritual things. It is to this thought I address myself.

The cultivation of the religious nature, the spiritual nature, in young people, is one of the most important objects to which we can turn our attention. We were reminded of that when we saw those crowds in Boston lately, and felt what they meant for the advance of Christ's kingdom in the world. It stirred our enthusiasm, and made us feel that we lacked something. I believe that, if we can inaugurate a movement which shall command the allegiance of our young people, we shall give such an impetus to the progress of Unitarianism that we shall have hard work to parallel it. The cultivation of the spiritual nature has been one of the objects of our guilds. The guilds have taken the young people who have not found their mission, who have wished to do something, and have made them part of the church life. Young people have left our churches because there has not been any particular organization devoted to them. The elders have felt that they could not trust the affairs of the church to the young people, that there was too much at stake; but, if you can with the guild train them, they will eventually take their place in the church work. You say to us, perhaps, that in our enthusiasm we distinguish between the young and the old, that we make lines of division. But we do not make them: the Lord made them. He has assigned to

every special period something to do, something to bring, some necessity to face. The old can bring wisdom, the young can bring strength; and the young can bring elasticity and freshness which the old do not possess. There is, therefore, something for the young to do. Unitarians are always afraid of cant, of running into set phrase, of using the old forms of Orthodoxy. But I never heard a Unitarian talk too much about religion. The young people will not be too forward in that direction. What we need is the kind of organization that will welcome the young people, and will meet their aspirations and willingness to work, and provide a channel that shall enable them to express themselves. Ministers sometimes confess that there is nothing in their churches which a young person can join unless it is to rent a pew, but there is no organization which shall respond to the young. There must be some way provided to secure a closer union between the young and the spiritual life of the church. It is a shame to us that our churches should not have some simple form of confirmation whereby the young soul can meet with response when it says, Here am I, Lord: send me forth.

The guild is important because it gives to the young person something definite to do. It is on that account one of the most helpful agencies we can throw around the young life. In any training for the young we should begin at the bottom of religion. What we do in the church must be done religiously. Out of that may grow charity, study classes, hospitality committees, temperance meetings, every beautiful purpose under heaven; but let all these courtesies begin and end as the crown in the thought of the relationship between God and man.

So I say that one of the most promising agencies which we can use, toward which we turn ourselves, is gathering together all the young people, and massing them in one Christian endeavor (perhaps that is the best name that can be used).

One other thought. It has been suggested that there may be a possible union of the different organizations for young people,—the Unity Clubs, the temperance societies, the King's Daughters, the guilds, and all the rest that have a common purpose. Let the union be planned in this thought, the thought of the guild. You may not take the guild as a model; but let them blend in one great organization, which shall have for its purpose the furthering of the kingdom of God. Let us bid God-speed to this promising movement, wherein there shall be this massing of young people for one consecrated end. And, as during the time of trial of our Civil War, when the call came from "Father Abraham" for young life to save the country, the cry came back, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" so, as our denomination feels its need that the young people should come and help, let the cry be, We are coming, we are coming, to do thy will, O God! Send us to the bringing in of thy everlasting kingdom!

THE LEND A HAND CLUB.

BY REV. E. E. HALE, D.D.

The Lend a Hand Clubs ought to be represented in this meeting because of their past history, of their present activity, and of the future which seems to be before them. They are not denominational clubs in any sense, nor would any discussion of theological or ecclesiastical distinctions seem in place at one of their meetings or in their charters or constitutions. Yet the range of their work is very wide. It is even said that a Shakspeare club would become a Lend a Hand Club if at every meeting its members consciously arranged for some work to be done unselfishly for the benefit of other people.

In practice the Lend a Hand Clubs may be called so many institutions for the education of young people to public spirit. A Mutual Improvement Society is a very good thing: so is man's own personal introspection and resolution to improve his own life, which is called self-culture. But, just as self-culture may become very dangerous, so a Mutual Improvement Society may become a Mutual Admiration Society, and may show every weakness of selfishness. No Mutual Improvement Society, unless it goes farther than its name implies, is a Lend a Hand Club or a Ten Times One Club. As an integral part of the constitution of

such a club, it must be of use to some person or persons outside itself.

Some of the largest and most efficient Lend a Hand Clubs formed within the last twenty-four years have been of men and women, leaders in the towns in which they lived. There are at this moment a few chapters of the order of "Send Me," in which some of the leading ladies of a town unite, belonging to all religious organizations, and meeting at regular times, to be of any service which they can for the kingdom of God. If a freshet sweeps away a town, if a fire leaves homeless a hundred families, the alarm may come upon other people unprepared: it does not find the order of "Send Me" unprepared. There is a treasury, there is system of action, there is experience, ready for the contingency. But in the clubs which belong to our organization there are only a few of these societies of men and women. By far the larger number of our clubs represent the boys and girls or the young men and maidens. They belong to exactly the classes whose needs and whose future are considered in this evening's meeting.

We give entire liberty to any club to form its own constitution, to adopt its own ritual. But, naturally, we are called upon to select ritual and constitution for a great many clubs which enlist under the "four mottoes." In nine cases out of ten, therefore, I may say that these clubs are made up of young people, of either sex, who are willing to

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand."

In formal and informal ways we undertake to carry out the spirit of these mottoes, which are the translation into modern life of the three words, "faith" and "hope" and "love," representing the three eternities. Generally, each club has a leader or adviser, a person rather older than most of the members. The meetings are generally once a week or once a fortnight. They are opened by the singing of a hymn or by some form of prayer. The repetition in concert of the four mottoes, follows, and the club is then free to address itself to whatever training or work has been laid out by its committees.

The immense range of the work undertaken by the clubs still surprises us. No year passes that we do not have some curious additions to the enterprises which young people can take in hand. What pleases us at the central office and what satisfies us is the evident success of the arrangements in showing to boys and to girls that they are of use in the world, and in introducing them early into unselfish life. For we are encouraged, as we see them passing from childhood into manhood and womanhood, with the spirit of work, and with some certainty that in their attempt they shall succeed.

One of the oldest clubs, beginning as a society of Sunday-school girls not ten years old, made in one winter the flannels and other underclothing for one little child: it was quite an enterprise for girls not used to sewing. The same club now consists in its central organization of thirty or more matrons, many of them with children of their own, who maintain still the meetings which they have carried on for more than twenty years, and who do not scruple, on occasion, to furnish all the underclothing necessary for a large asylum. How many offshoots from this club are established in different parts of the nation it would be hard to say.

The Lend a Hand Club of Wellesley College dissolved itself when it learned that one of its members had established a "Ten," as we call it, in the State of Kansas. That is to say, each of the remaining nine undertook the formation of a separate society. This is in exact fulfilment of the missionary law which we prescribe in theory for all our societies.

Among the largest of the enterprises which have fallen upon the organizations of these clubs has been a very considerable influence in the regulation of the reading of prisoners, observable more in the State of Illinois, perhaps, than elsewhere, under the direction of Miss Winnie Taylor. In three or four of our large towns the reading-rooms and public libraries have been set on foot by the agency of these societies. It is easy to see that, if in a prosperous town fifty of the young men and fifty of the young women, of good character, energy,

and public spirit, determine that there shall be a public library or a public reading-room, such a result is apt to follow. In one such town the president of the central organization said, in joke, to the leader of the Ten Times One Club, "Why, you are the Tammany of the place!" to which the young man replied, perfectly seriously, "That is exactly what we are, and it is exactly what we intend to be."

The truth is that a boy of fifteen, at the end of ten years, becomes a man of twenty-five. Even if the girl of fifteen does not advance so rapidly, or her friends think that she does not, she is still a woman at the end of so many years. If our young people have been trained, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, to live for others and not for themselves; if they have been shown that such life is practicable, even in details which appear somewhat trifling,—it will be quite sure that as men and women they will assert themselves, with modesty, if you please, but with dignity and with effect. And the officers of the central board have every year to express new confidence in the power of such education, because every year they receive some new and remarkable illustration of the truth that time is certainly with us in our effort for bringing in the kingdom of God.

The clubs themselves are modest and reserved in reporting their separate action. Naturally, however, enterprises turn up, from time to time, which require or suggest their union. The central office tries to carry these forward, and does so with encouraging success. Prominent among these may be named the work of the "Tens" for Jennie Dean's school at Manassas, Miss Brigham's immense enterprise in providing reading for the blacks at the South, the relief in their starvation of the Sea Islands planters and farmers, and the summer outings for sick men and boys in the neighborhood of Boston.

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP.

BY REV. THOMAS R. SLICER.

When I heard the statement of President Hall that he was a fanatic, it occurred to me that we had before us a fanatic of the best ordered mind that I had ever seen, as he presented to us the new Pantheism, whose new name is the immanence of God,—God central to the atom and central to the soul. And I was reminded that before some audiences to exalt such love of nature as he did might have been misconceived as a phase of that old Pantheism, of which so many people are afraid. It reminded me that in my own subject there was a change of term that corresponded to the change of term in his own. I can remember when to discuss citizenship was a reproach to the pulpit, because it was considered politics, and when to put into the minds of children the idea of their obligation to the State was considered something antagonistic to the purposes of religious instruction. But we have got by those days. We may love God at the centre of this world, and we may serve the State as the highest duty that man can render when one is the most religious in his purpose.

Three fundamental principles lie at the root of our religious instruction. Every child is taught these three principles in the Unitarian Sunday-school. First, that essential honesty is necessary to manliness; second, that questions are to be dealt with on their merits, and not by virtue of their traditions or associations; third, that man is not to be religious for the sake simply of being a better man, but that he may make the world better for his having been a man in it.

If I were dealing with an orthodox Sunday-school as to the first of these principles, I should have to say it is absolutely essential that you shall be rid of all sophistries and all dignifying of mythologies, as though they were realities. That we have not to meet. If I were speaking to a teacher brought up on the old lines of creed as to the second of these propositions, I should have to say it is living in the theory, and not in the reality, that divides men one from the other, and makes it almost impossible to reach the essential merits of any question that is dealt with. And so of the third principle I should have to say to those children who have been brought up under different conditions, It is impossible for you to be a fit citizen of any right State so long as you believe in the efficacy of "imputed righteousness."

Happily for us, the broad principles that underlie the teaching of our schools are principles that have to do with character and citizenship, essential honesty, dealing with things on their merits, and living not to be better one's self, but to make a better world for our successors through the influence which we exert. So, then, we have this formula growing out of the situation which confronts us in our schools. It is proper to say to our children that society is the divinest thing we have, whether you judge it by its accumulated influences of the past, or whether you judge it by that strong tie of spiritual inspiration that runs through it, by which the average man becomes the savior of the State, and by which we trust the common heart of the common people because it is divinely inspired and its purpose is divinely directed. It is diviner than the church. The church is a segment cut out of society. Or take a biological illustration, one used by a professor of Prague, who says that "society is an organism in which every cell has consciousness." The business of the teacher in the schools is to teach that the health of the organism depends on the absolute healthiness of each individual cell. It is not an organization: it is an organism in which every cell has consciousness.

In dealing with this question of the Sunday-school, every boy and girl should have set before them the ideals of citizenship which shall be so sacred that they shall rise through all stages of development, as President Hall pointed out, from the "fetich worship" of the flag, from the "hero worship" of the soldier, to the admiration of the statesmanship which has glorified our nation's history, and from that to the consciousness that in each soul is carried a kind of secret holy enthusiasm for the State of which that soul is a part. This seems the first duty of our present age.

It is not an accident that in every great movement for the common weal the men and women of the Unitarian churches have led. It was not an accident that in Buffalo, when a committee was appointed from the civil service executive committee to organize the good government movement,—it was not an accident, I say, that of those six young men five were Unitarians, bred in Unitarian Sunday-schools. It was an accident that they were appointed, but not that they should be chosen. It was not known that they were Unitarians, but they went to their work as naturally as to a divinely appointed task.

So it behooves us, as Unitarians, to understand that there is in this revival of civic righteousness an appeal that even the youngest can be made to understand. It is not first a question of politics: it is a question of ethics. All questions at their root are ethical questions, and all questions in their flower are social questions. It behooves us, therefore, in implanting the teaching of the Sunday-school, never to leave them without some ethical root in their souls. The ministry of this time, whether of the pulpit or the school, has no higher duty than to inspire the children with the kind of courage that is going to redeem this land after a while. The reformation will come first in the great centres, and then spread through the rural districts, watering them with streams of righteousness. This is an age of religious revival of political righteousness and civic virtue. He is not of this age, but is suffering from that curious affection called *detachment from the contemporary*, who does not understand that his business is with the daily life of men and women, so that the place where he works shall be saner and sounder because there has been a centre of Unitarian church and Sunday-school work.

Church Extension.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY REV. C. W. WENDTE.

Ten days ago I stood on the Pacific shore, and saw the sun set in splendor in the golden gate at San Francisco.

Turning away from the brilliant spectacle, I began the long journey over the lofty mountains and vast treeless plains that stretch between those far distant outposts of our Unitarian cause and the populous Middle West where our churches more thickly cluster.

Still journeying eastward, I reached at last the Atlantic seaboard, and greeted the rising sun, gazing once more with delight upon the scenes among which my eyes first opened to the light of day and the glorious birthright of a free, rational, and liberal religion. I represent in this symposium the missionary and church extension interests of a territory comprising the three great States of California, Oregon, and Washington. This vast district contains, if the adjacent State of Nevada be added, nearly three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, an area about equal to that of the fourteen States which, with the omission of Florida, form the Atlantic seaboard. But in population the Atlantic States contain over thirty millions of people, while the Pacific coast counts little more than two millions. It is not unreasonable, however, to believe that the population of the Pacific States will in the near future increase very rapidly, and ultimately number twenty or thirty millions. In view of this fact the question as to what is to be the religious future of this section of our country becomes one of profound interest and importance, and especially so to our Unitarian fellowship. For it has been amply proven by the experience of the past few years that the present order of society on the Pacific Coast is extremely susceptible to the influence of the Unitarian form of Christianity.

A FAVORABLE FIELD.

In California especially there is not a town of five thousand people in which a Unitarian society cannot be successfully planted, if wisely undertaken, and aided for a few years with missionary funds.

This is testified to by the large comparative increase of our societies during the past eight years or since a systematic policy of church extension was inaugurated on the Pacific Coast by the American Unitarian Association. The five or six previously existing congregations have swelled to twenty-five or thirty, covering most of the larger towns of the coast. Among these are some of the largest and strongest churches in the Unitarian body, such as San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, and Oakland. There are also several local conferences, Unitarian clubs, Post-office Missions, a general headquarters in San Francisco, and a denominational newspaper. It may be maintained that, in proportion to its population, more Unitarian churches exist in California to-day than in any other State in the Union outside of New England.

That this denominational growth is not forced and ephemeral is proven by the fact that during the past two years of general financial distress, a distress which has been exceptionally severe on the Pacific Coast, we have not lost a single society or church edifice save the one that went up in flames at San Diego. Two or three churches, it must be admitted, are now dangerously near the vanishing point, chiefly because they have overbuilt. They will need the immediate and generous attention of our missionary boards. Three or four missionary movements have been temporarily suspended until better times return. A few ministers, unable to stand the large reduction of their salaries, have withdrawn. But, on the other hand, during those two years we have begun several new movements, dedicated at least one new church edifice, and paid off nearly \$50,000 of church indebtedness.

The intense conservatism of religious opinion and opposition of the established sects, which so dishearten and retard the efforts of our missionary workers in other sections of our country, do not exist for us. Our California communities, especially, are eager to hear and ready in goodly numbers to adopt the liberal faith. This is true also of the State of Washington, and measurably so of Oregon.

The only question, therefore, is whether our Unitarian body will be equal to the great opportunity thus presented to it. Will it display the necessary sagacity, generosity, and enthusiasm, availing itself of this opening for its free and rational gospel, while these young communities are still impressible and hospitable to new truth? If so, it will largely direct and shape the religious future of the Pacific West. Or will it, repeating its former mistakes, wait until other

creeds possess their minds and other church organizations occupy the ground and forestall our missionary activities? No such missionary opportunity was ever presented to a religious body in America as California and its sister States offer us to-day. Five years hence it will be too late to avail ourselves of it. It must be now or never! Can it be possible that we shall pass it by unheeded?

OUR MISSIONARY POLICY.

Our present missionary policy on the Pacific Coast, so far as it goes, is judicious and successful. Its leading features are the grants of money from denominational treasuries to young and feeble churches, and the maintenance of a superintendent to whom is committed the general oversight of missionary affairs. I trust my testimony may not appear suspicious when I affirm that the office of superintendent, in a community so far distant from the centres of our denominational life, is one of great importance and responsibility. This feature in our denominational policy needs in every way to be fostered and developed. The superintendency is still in process of evolution with us. Some day, when we get over our idle fear of ecclesiasticism, and adopt wiser and more effective missionary methods, we shall select for our superintendents the most eloquent, able, and influential men in our body, and so increase the emoluments and dignities of the position as to make it the most honorable and desirable our Church has to offer.

With their natural aversion to all forms of religious propagandism, our Unitarian people still too often look upon the office of such a general missionary as fit only for a broken-down minister, who, perchance, has failed in all else. The time will come—let us hope it will not come too late for practical usefulness to our cause—when we shall give to our superintendents the same consideration and influence which other churches accord to their bishops. The title matters little; but, if you desire an able and consecrated supervision of your church-extension interests, you must not treat with indifference but confer honor and compensation upon those who devote themselves to this work, and make every Unitarian superintendent the unmitred elective bishop or overseer of our Unitarian missionary work.

The time has now arrived, it seems to me, when the Pacific Coast should have *all* the time and strength of its superintendent, and the latter should not be compelled, as until now, to devote the major part of his labors to the pastorate of a single church.

GRANTS TO CHURCHES.

As for the present system of appropriations to infant or feeble churches, it seems to be eminently wise. Many years of practical experience have taught me that, with few exceptions, such grants of money should be made directly to the churches, and not to the minister, the superintendent having, however, discretionary power in certain cases.

NEW FEATURES. THE CIRCUIT.

I said a moment ago that our present missionary policy was good as far as it went. But it needs to be supplemented by certain new features, whose desirableness has become apparent during the past years.

The first of these is the adoption of the circuit plan of missionary operations. By this method the pastoral oversight of several towns, contiguous to each other, is committed to a single missionary, who may reside in one or the other town, and visit each of his congregations in regular order, to preach and perform his pastoral duties. The American Unitarian Association should make a grant of money for every such circuit sufficient to defray at least half the income of its incumbent. The balance he will be expected to raise from the field, and his aim will be to make one or all of his church organizations independent of all denominational aid as speedily as possible.

In view of such grant from the denominational treasuries, the work of these circuit missionaries should be placed under the supervision of the superintendent, who will aid their individual efforts by occasional visitation, and in other ways. This plan is not entirely unknown to us, but needs to be formally adopted as a part of our missionary

policy, and to be so systematized that these circuit missionaries shall be wisely chosen and their fields of labor assigned so as to prevent duplication of effort.

The Pacific Coast is admirably adapted for this method of church extension. Ten such circuits, covering twenty-five or thirty towns, could at once be arranged for. The result could not fail to be of great advantage to our cause.

NEWSPAPER PROPAGANDISM.

In the second place the time has come, as it seems to me, to supplement our present methods of literary propagandism by means of the printed tract, with a larger and more discriminating use of the secular newspapers. The modest advertisement of our Post-Office Mission, and the occasional sermons by our ministers, printed in the daily journals, point the way to a more general and systematic use of this great organ of public expression.

The newspapers would not only economically print our Unitarian utterances, but also give them a wide circulation, carrying our views to vast numbers of people whom, by our present methods of tract distribution, we could never hope to reach.

Without elaborating my thought here, I would suggest that, to begin with, we secure, if possible, a column a week in the leading newspaper of a number of towns in which as yet no Unitarian church exists. To this local syndicate of newspapers there should be delivered once a week a column of carefully prepared Unitarian matter. Not long, prosy extracts from sermons, but brief, pithy, pointed, pregnant utterances, setting forth our principles, aims, and history. If furnished to these journals in the form of plate matter, it would find the readier acceptance. In the Pacific States it would be easy to arrange such a syndicate of country newspapers willing to print our matter, either as editorial or advertisement, at comparatively slight expense. The editors' hearts are generally with us. If this plan were successful, it might lead to other and larger uses of the newspaper press, such as our Roman Catholic, and in some cases our orthodox Protestant, friends already enjoy.

Our present methods of literary propagandism are becoming antiquated, and need to be supplemented with fresher and more effective agencies.

APOSTOLIC VISITATION.

Finally, as a greatly needed auxiliary to our missionary work in the Far West, I desire to make an earnest appeal for the personal visitation of representative Unitarians from the denominational centres at the East.

We, of the Pacific Coast especially, are separated from these centres by long distances, making our own visits to them a very costly and occasional thing. Your aims, your doings, your very selves, are almost unknown to us. We are fighting for a cause without ever laying eyes upon its leaders. Only faint echoes of your conferences and May meetings reach us through denominational journals, or the report of some fortunate clergyman, on his return, of our membership. But few were to the Unitarian manner born, and the number of those even who were born at the East is rapidly decreasing. I hear of one good woman who, in an isolated community, is toiling to lay up money enough to go to Boston and hear with her own ears the preacher of Unity Church, whose weekly printed sermons are her spiritual comfort and inspiration. What a vast gain for our cause in general if Mr. Savage could once a year be released from his local engagements, and sent all over the country to preach with the living voice the glorious gospel of the blessed God!

Brethren, we need more often your personal presence and word. We need to feel that, in spite of our isolation, we belong to a goodly fellowship, and that you have a living and personal interest in us. You yourselves need to understand better to what you are devoting your money, your efforts, and your prayers. You need the broadening and quickening of transcontinental sympathies to keep you from becoming narrow and provincial.

We have known in past times and been

thankful for the apostolic presence and word on the Pacific Coast of Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. Furness, Dr. J. H. Allen, Robert Collyer, M. J. Savage, Grindall Reynolds, Edward Everett Hale, William R. Alger, John Chadwick, and others. But these mostly came as seekers for rest and recreation, and it is long since any came. Send us, we beseech you, next spring an apostolic delegation, the general secretary, Mr. Batchelor, and the treasurer, Mr. Stone, among them. Let them visit and speak to each of our leading societies, and not entirely forget the weaker and needier ones. Thus shall we be strengthened for our arduous work, and be kept from developing a purely local form of Unitarianism, indifferent, if not hostile, to the general denomination. Thus, too, our cause will grow in the public esteem. Your own minds will be enlarged, your aims lifted higher, and together we will press on to actualize our ideal, and bring the good news of Jesus Christ to every creature.

NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. D. M. WILSON.

Something worthy in the way of church extension ought to be done in that God's country of the East, where there are more people and piety to the square foot than in any other part of America, where, among the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the majority of our churches have been gathered, and where the sternness of the climate and the soil is tempered with what a Southern clergyman recently called the fad of liberality. Some money, too, New England has given to the cause; but her most characteristic production is notable men and women. And, when our Washington church here boasts of the great men who have adorned her pews, she utters names which are the valued possession in an especial degree of the part of the country which I have the honor to regard as my field. President John Quincy Adams and Webster, Everett, and the Quincys, Sumner, and John P. Hale,—who are these but Unitarians bred and born in our old New England parishes?

Much as we have done and much as we may be proud of, however, we do not in New England rest content with past achievements. Indeed, we are sorely disappointed that we have not done more, and are anticipating that our greatest triumphs are yet to come. We are full of hope for the future. And the first word I really have to say to you is that the prospects of church extension in New England are growing brighter every day. The newer methods we have adopted, following upon our better organized Unitarianism, are beginning to have their effect. We have put our zeal and enthusiasm to harness, and so are making more satisfactory progress. These methods are applied both to old churches and new enterprises. The old and dependent churches which are so distinctive a feature of our New England conditions are being stimulated to new exertions, and are being united with other churches under one pastorate, and so brought as near self-support as the state of things will allow. The closest economy consistent with the most abundant life is practised with regard to all our churches which need help. To the newer churches we rigorously apply the principle of the reduction of a certain amount of the appropriations every year, and look forward to the regular and speedy enfranchisement from dependence of most of the churches now assisted.

Due regard for economy and business-like methods would, of course, dictate such a policy as this; but I must say I have pursued it as much, if not more, because I hoped something would be saved for new enterprises. The growth of the church is the thing. It is all very well to stop leaks and encourage habits of self-support; but, as I take it, we are not set in our places, we superintendents, just to effect the more economical management of a pension bureau. Here is a vast revolution in human thought going forward, here is a world of men seeking a newer faith through the grand old instincts of the human heart and conscience; and shall we have small part in it all? Shall we not organize into companies and corps,—the hosts who will have no religion but that which is rational and no other God than a loving and lovable one? I know what you would answer, and in

my work I am anticipating that answer. While with one hand I am aiding the Association to bring dependent societies to self-support, with the other I am trying to build the new city of our God. With you, I feel that, even to exist, we must be more aggressive in our efforts to organize the great multitudes who are really with us, and who, when they stand together, will count for pure Christianity. I take to heart the saying of Carlyle, that no living thing in all this world can exist without fighting strenuously with those weapons or faculties or principles with which nature has endowed it.

In this spirit I am planning things to achieve. And, as we cannot too soon establish strong, influential churches of our faith, I am taking for guidance this principle; namely, that we must go to the towns and cities where we can do this work with the least expenditure of money and the least lapse of time. Like the apostles, where the people are, there must we go.

To this end, I am making a careful study of the large and growing cities and towns in New England. I have visited most of the populous centres where there is no liberal church, studied the character of the people, pored over the census returns, searched out all the liberals I could find trace of, and soon hope to test the most promising places by holding in them a series of meetings. Many interesting and instructive experiences have come to me in this work. At first, to my surprise, the effort to find avowed Unitarians seemed to be unavailing; that is, outside the parsonage of the orthodox church. There the avowal of Unitarianism is often plainly made, but, as it would appear, for private circulation only. In Connecticut I have done considerable of this work. That State invites consideration because it is one of the three New England States whose population is rapidly increasing, and because we have thus far established but few churches within its borders. Religious thought, too, is broadening there; and our ideas are gladly received, although comparatively few as yet call themselves Unitarian. In one of the last places I visited I could not find a single adherent of our faith. The nearest approach to such was an old gentleman I accidentally met, who assured me, with a shrewd look in his eye that people didn't think as they used to, and that there were many who did not now believe the moon was made of green cheese. Still prosecuting my search, I called upon the postmaster and the editor of the leading paper. I even ventured into the enemy's camp, and walked into the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association to inquire. As a last resort, I visited the Baptist minister. I frankly told him my errand, said it was a duty laid upon me to look after my own flock, and asked him if he knew of any such. No, he did not. "And, if I should meet any," he said, "I would hammer at them until—No," he continued, "I'll take that back. I would do my best to lift them higher." "Keep to your first statement," I returned. "Hammer at them as much as you please, but the other thing you can't do." After half an hour spent in pleasant conversation, we parted courteously; but it was the courtesy of duelists who were about to measure swords. And yet, notwithstanding this fruitless search, we have already succeeded in drawing from this town to meetings held in a neighboring town a number of loyal Unitarians. Some for years have been recipients of literature sent out by the Post-office Mission. Some are born Unitarians, who, with tears in their eyes, expressed delight at hearing once more their own faith preached. The most of them have enough knowledge of our faith to convince them that it is the only faith they can accept. With regard to that adjoining town in which the meetings are held, some facts as interesting have come to light. A young lawyer and his wife, formerly attendants of an evangelical church, have become ardent Unitarians. They have been distributing our literature, they have been gathering about them kindred spirits; and, now that we are holding services in the neighborhood, they make all arrangements for them. Whenever I fail to send a preacher, our young lawyer reads some printed sermon or delivers an address of his own. In the last letter I had from him he states that new faces are seen at every meeting, and that all present listened with the deepest attention to one of Mr. Savage's sermons which

he read. Now here are some promising symptoms in a population numbering about thirty thousand. We should continue to work in this field, and develop it to the uttermost. Only a few miles away there is another large and thriving city of about forty thousand inhabitants. It is my hope that services can be held in both places, and that one minister be put in charge.

Two Sundays ago I began meetings in the historic old city of New London. New London is the centre of a population of about twenty thousand, and within half an hour's ride on the cars are other large and thriving towns. One enterprising minister could at first occupy this entire region, and influence to some extent the thoughts of fifty thousand people. There is some inspiration in preaching where there are such multitudes. We feel that our labors are effectual, and that, in time, we must draw enough to our standard to give it strong support. Here, too, when I first looked over the field, I had not been able to find a single born and bred Unitarian. A number of people I did find who believed in rational religion, and some who were in revolt against all religion in consequence of what they had been hearing in the evangelical churches. Yet in the opening meeting held that stormy Sunday evening we had eighty people present; and, to my surprise, I discovered among them a good sprinkling of genuine and loyal Unitarians. What will be the result of these meetings? No one can say, but the promise is that we shall have in the near future a flourishing society.

Two more movements have been started this year in this State of Connecticut,—the one at Willimantic and another at Rockville. The Willimantic movement is popular, having congregations of from two to three hundred. The Rockville movement has a nucleus in its fifteen or twenty earnest and intelligent supporters. But we can just as easily start other four societies in Connecticut. Believers in rational religion are numerous in other towns, and only need to be brought together to form new centres for the radiation of the light of our truth. And I do not see why it is not my duty to nourish these into existence. We cannot have too many churches, providing the communities need them and the expense of giving them a start is not too great. And it is my place, by virtue of such experience as I may gain, to devote myself to finding out the right place to gather a church and the right way to bring it to self-support, and, having given it a good start, turn it over to the care of some competent minister. This leaves me free to do the same thing in other places. In this way church after church may be organized, and perhaps at no great expense. And this is the only kind of church extension worth our gospel, the only missionary enterprise that will ever arouse the interest and enthusiasm of our entire denomination. "It is as easy to do a great thing as a little thing," is one of the easily remembered phrases of Dr. Bellows. In this case the great thing is the most natural thing, and employs in the most economical way the machinery we have. When we regard New England, with its dense population and its wealth, its intelligence and its religious faith, it seems a possibility to be realized. Then, too, we have in New England, and near by in New York, to aid in such an accomplishment, a notable body of liberal clergymen. These able and devoted ministers, most of them in a position to serve, have expressed their willingness to do their utmost in this cause. Their duties to their own churches performed, they stand ready to go to any point where they can advance our rational Christianity. It is not too much to say that I have at command in my department enough ministers to supply evening services without money and without price all the year round to a dozen different posts. The best preachers this country produces can be put one after the other into these centres of population I have been speaking about; and who then can say it may not be a comparatively easy thing to bring at once into existence eight or ten new churches in New England?

So far, in speaking about the possibilities of Connecticut, I have said nothing of the most important place of all in that State,—the city of New Haven. For years we have looked upon it as the one place in New England where we should have a Unitarian church. The services held two years ago afforded abundant evidence that Unitarians and liberal Christians are in sufficient

strength to give a good start to any well-conducted movement. I have spoken chiefly of but one of the New England States.

There are cities and towns in the other States which call for Unitarian churches. Indeed, New England, as a whole, is still one of the best departments for building up churches. Here it can be done.

THE CENTRAL WEST.

BY REV. T. B. FORBUSH.

What is the opportunity for church extension in the Central West, and how shall we improve it?

The territory thus designated begins with Ohio, and reaches to Utah and Montana. It includes Manitoba at the north and Oklahoma at the south. It has more than twenty-five million inhabitants,—two-fifths of the population of our country. Scattered over this wide domain are some eighty-seven active churches, besides some twenty mission stations. Forty-six of these churches are self-supporting. Forty-one have received aid during the past year from the American Unitarian Association. There are also twenty-three organizations in a comatose state, waiting more favorable conditions or the coming of some prophet at whose word the dry bones shall live. Within the territory thus sparsely occupied there are thirty-seven cities of over twenty thousand inhabitants, ninety-five of more than ten thousand, two hundred and three of five thousand and over, in which there is no Unitarian church. Our word gets itself spoken in less than two-fifths of the larger cities of the Central West, while not one-sixth of smaller cities and large towns hear its glad tidings. Then there are the villages without number and the wide-stretching country-side. These unreached millions are, for the most part, thrifty, intelligent, more or less well educated, full of intellectual curiosity, eager for fresh thought, giving it hospitable reception. They are beginning to distrust traditions and authorities, and are dimly or clearly seeking after some larger truth concerning human life, if haply they may find it.

This questioning multitude of thoughtful men and women, scattered or in groups all over the Central West, earnestly looking for clearer light on the great problems of being, and rather in a state of spiritual adolescence, gives us our magnificent opportunity.

How shall we meet it worthily? That we have not heretofore been equal to it, that we are not equal to it now, is evident. We need more thorough method, and a more persistent and consecrated energy behind our method. One fact we must recognize. With our limited means, we cannot send men everywhere. We must often substitute the printed page for the living voice. This our excellent Post-office Mission workers are doing in praiseworthy fashion. They are sending out a steady stream of the living thoughts of our noblest thinkers all through the land. But this work should not be left in a few hands, however excellent. Every Unitarian should be an individual Post-office Mission, scattering winged words along highway and byway. Only thus can the great mass of the people be reached. There are those who think contemptuously of the tract. But it is a very subtle and pervasive power for the dissemination of truth. It goes where the foot of the preacher has never trod. Its white leaves fall silently as the snowflakes, moulding thought and influencing life, quietly sowing the seed whose harvest shall be the rational religion of the twentieth century.

But the printed page, valuable as it is, is not sufficient. Personal presence is the lever that moves the world. The Post-office Mission opens the door for the preacher, prepares the way before him, pilots him where eager minds and earnest hearts welcome his coming. The Central West waits the Unitarian missionary, who, in these hundreds of towns and cities, shall proclaim his message. There ought to be twenty ministers-at-large in this field instead of two. They would find abundant occupation, not only Sundays, but on week-days also, speaking to willing ears. And each one would soon make work for two others. The occasional gospel would create an appetite for regular gospel. The missionary would become an itinerant. Neighboring communities would group together, circuits of two, three, or four churches

would be formed, and a settled ministry established. Out of these circuits self-supporting churches would eventually arise, having life in themselves, centres of life and light to the world. This propagation of the faith must not be left wholly to the missionary. Every local minister should take a hand in it. It should be his labor of love, his devout passion. No one who, having health and strength, is content to give one sermon on Sunday, or to preach only on Sunday, should take a pastorate in the Central West. The minister who there fills the measure of his opportunity must be evangelist as well as pastor. Every day must be Sabbath, every place a pulpit. If he is instant out of ecclesiastical season as well as in ecclesiastical season, he will find open doors at every hand. And, the more he cultivates it, the wider his field will grow. Experience steadily demonstrates: that, in any wise and successful missionary propaganda in the West, the men on the ground, the local ministers and the local conferences, must take the lead. Boston or Chicago may furnish money and advice; but church extension will really prosper only as it secures the interest, the care, the hearty co-operation, of the experienced workers already in the field. The future of organized Unitarianism in the West is largely in the hands of the men who compose the local conferences. Whatever strengthens those conferences, whatever inspires and aids them to do more and better work within their own boundaries, helps to make that future secure. Anything which weakens the sense of responsibility or lessens the enthusiasm of the local conference inflicts serious damage on our sacred cause.

The inquiring spirit which gives our opportunity is not one of criticism and denial, but rather one which is seeking larger thought and more solid foundations. It wants religion co-ordinated with modern knowledge. But it wants and will have religion. Science will not satisfy it. Literature will not satisfy it. Historic criticism will not satisfy it. Sociology will not satisfy it. It wants the church rather than the lecture-room. Science, criticism, literature, sociology, are all welcome; but religion is the chief concern,—rational religion, freed from disfiguring dogmas, yet gladly recognizing its historic root, and proclaiming love to God and love to man as its supreme ideal. Such religion is not only the need; but it is, I believe, the desire, the aspiration, of thoughtful men and women in the West. They welcome advanced ideas, but they hold fast to religion as the pearl of great price. They seek the field where it is to be found. If the necessity is laid upon them, they will sell all they have to possess it. There are hundreds of thousands, whose thought is substantially the same as ours, who shun the Unitarian Church because they believe it stands for cold negations, for criticism and denial, and has no deep, vital faith. They remain in evangelical churches because they can excuse errors of doctrine more readily than lack of a religious spirit. To win such, we must show that we stand, first of all, for religion. Only as we win them will our work have permanence. It is easy to attract attention by fighting old dogmas. It is easy to transiently draw a mixed crowd to hear some novel doctrine. The world is full of curious, restless, dissatisfied people ever seeking some new thing. But you cannot build churches of such material. Having no root, it speedily withers. Every popular breeze blows the dry stalks away. If the Unitarian Church is to prosper, it must win the sober, thoughtful, religious people. It must convince them, not only that its theories are correct, but that it stands for the largest faith, the grandest hope, the divinest religion the world has ever known.

With a wise method of propagandism and an earnest religious message, what more is needed save faith and consecration? We must have faith in our message as God's living truth, faith in its adaptability to the world's needs, faith in ourselves as divinely commissioned to preach this inspiring gospel. We are sometimes accused of self-glorification. Possibly, the charge has some color of truth. Possibly, the boasting may sometimes hide faint hearts. But we do not have, we cannot have, too strong faith in our gospel, or too profound a conviction of the greatness of our mission in this America. When we really believe that the one thing our country needs—needs

more than scientific discovery, more than political reform, more than educational improvement—is rational religion; and, when we as really believe that our vision of this rational religion is a divine command to preach it,—we shall not need to plan church extension. It will come of itself, come faster than we can care for it.

Hand in hand with this faith must go consecration,—consecration of us ministers,—so that we shall seek not ourselves, our own comfort, emolument, or advancement, but shall be ready to put our hand to whatever work, however remote or difficult, that will most advance the kingdom of God; consecration of our young men and women, so that, when the call for service in any direction comes, the ready response shall be, "Here am I: send me!" consecration of you laymen and laywomen, so that these volunteers in our gospel crusade shall not go to war at their own charges, but shall know that you are standing by to comfort and sustain. Next to the feeling that God is on his side, nothing so cheers the isolated worker as the knowledge that he is not alone, but can unwaveringly rely upon the common fellowship for sympathy and support. Consecration is giving,—giving that which costs dearly for a sacred cause. Are we thus giving most precious things out of our lives for the faith that we cherish? To give is to live. God gives eternally. Only as we freely give—give ourselves and our substance—do we share that divine Life of beneficence which is above all treasure. We need a consecration which shall inspire the head, kindle the heart, and, going deeper still, shall touch the springs of power in the pocket, combining all into a great stream of helpfulness "whose waters shall o'erflow the world." Then, indeed, shall we begin, in the words of our constitution, "to do more and better work for the kingdom of God."

PROBLEMS IN THE WEST.

BY REV. A. M. GOULD.

The problems of church extension doubtless differ widely in different parts of our great country, and I shall speak only of those problems as they present themselves to us in the Central West.

The first and most serious problem we have to face there is the division in the ranks of the Unitarians themselves. When, a few years ago, I passed from the Congregationalist Church to the Unitarian, I found the men in the West divided into two hostile camps, disputing as to what Unitarianism really was. One side said it was "pure Christianity," while the other side maintained that it was pure character. But it seemed to me that these embattled theologians were something like the two knights who fought about the substance of a certain shield. These knights had come up to the shield, you remember, from opposite sides,—one from the east and one from the west; and one of them claimed that the shield was gold, while the other asserted that it was silver. I do not remember how the battle of the knights came out; but, when it was over, they both found that each was right. For the shield was gold on one side, and silver on the other.

So it seemed to me that there were two sides to the Unitarian shield in the West. To some it was "pure Christianity," and to others it was pure character. But I could not see any need of quarrelling over that difference; for, as I understood Unitarianism, there was not the slightest necessity that men should be agreed as to the substance of our religious shield. The other churches do indeed require that all who join them should see only one and the same side of their religious shield, and should describe it in the same words. But we stand for freedom in religion. We believe in letting each man call his religious shield gold or silver or brass, just as he sees it, with none to molest or make him afraid. Our shield has as many different sides as there are thinkers in our churches; and, when we talk of Unitarians in such an assembly as this, we are like the soldiers in Bayard Taylor's poem, singing "Annie Laurie" in the trenches the night before the battle,—

"Each heart recalled a different name,
While all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

So each heart recalls a different religion, while all sing Unitarianism.

And I think that the men of the West

and of the East are coming to see that, though they may differ, they need not be divided. But the old separation was still existing when I was chosen secretary of the Western Conference two years ago, and I soon became convinced that some form of union in the West was the first requisite of all successful church extension. Consequently, I suggested the plan of having the different State conferences of the Central West each choose one or more directors to serve on the Western Conference Board, and take the general direction of the missionary work. That suggestion was referred to a committee, of which Mr. Fenn was chairman, and was adopted with improvements at our last May meeting. And this idea of union and co-operation has since been approved by all of the State conferences which have met thus far this fall, and two of the three conferences have adopted the plan. If this plan or some similar one can be carried through, we shall have a united West, and can enter upon a united work, instead of being so largely crippled and helpless as we are by the present division. We can build up strong State conferences, like that in Iowa, where the churches have been more than doubled in the past five years; and we can develop a vigorous and life-giving centre at Chicago, which is absolutely necessary for every real and permanent religious life in the West.

This, then, is the first great problem of the West in church extension,—to achieve local union and co-operation; and we are in a fair way to solve it.

The second great problem is the money question. Of course, money is necessary, even for religious work; but, as far as my observation goes, the money so generously poured into the Central West by New England the last five years has done more harm than good. It has enfeebled and pauperized the societies that have received it. Perhaps it may be necessary to pension churches in other parts of the country, but it is not necessary to do so in the West. With the exception of a few strategic points, like university towns or State capitals, money is unnecessary, save to help the societies start. Any Western town of four or five thousand inhabitants, which has a church helpful to the community and a minister who is respected and loved, can easily support that church and minister, and will do it if it has to.

Within a week I have heard of a church, in a town of less than four thousand people, which had been helped regularly by the American Association. They expected the help this year, and had promised their minister all they thought they could raise and the few hundreds more from the East. But, when word came to the trustees that the Eastern money would not come, they immediately raised the sum among themselves without even letting their pastor know anything about it. And, within a month, I have heard of something precisely similar in another part of the West. The West has to pay for everything else it gets, and it has money enough to pay for any religion it really wants. What the liberal churches of the West need is not more money, but more religion. We need to have the religious spirit of the churches kindled by some well-planned missionary campaign. This would cost money, no doubt, but not nearly so much as the present system of subsidies costs; and, instead of leaving the churches weaker, it would help many to self-support.

The third problem and the last that I will mention is how to reach the young. Of course, if we do not have children and youth growing up into our liberal societies, those societies will be only transitory. They will speedily die of old age. And, in some cases, we already find the ministers burying their churches. Most of our societies try to have Sunday-schools for the smaller children; but nearly all of those Sunday-schools are weak in numbers and in courage, while only a few of the churches have any young people's religious societies at all. It seemed to me that the very first requisites of a healthy, growing church life was a large and interested Sunday-school. Consequently, I have put my hardest labor into this part of my work. I found that many of the Sunday-schools were actually teaching the little ones negations,—teaching them the stories of Genesis, and then telling them that those stories were not true, teaching them the plagues that befell the Egyptians, the passage of the Red Sea,

the bread from heaven, and so on simply to criticise the stories or deny them. And, when I urged that such teaching was contrary to all laws of pedagogics, I was told that there were no other lessons than these published for the littlest ones. So we had to go to work and devise and print for the youngest pupils a series based on that conception of nature which President Hall set forth so clearly last evening. The child is close to nature, as the early savage was; and, just as the early man learned his earliest religion from nature, so the latest child can reach the child's religion best through the study of nature. Our first year is called "Mother Nature's Children," and takes up, first, "Cradling the Baby," showing how all life, from the human mother to the plant mother, cradles its little one. The next topic is "Tending the Baby," showing the careful nursing which Mother Nature provides for all her children from the human to the plant. The third topic is "Setting the Table," and so on, with one topic each month, and four leaflets in each topic. These leaflets are illustrated, because it is only through the eye that you can reach the youngest minds. And I may perhaps be allowed to say that, so highly are they appreciated in England, our Unitarian coworkers there have asked the privilege of reprinting them.

Besides this attempt to furnish to our schools material based on scientific principles, we have also tried to introduce some sort of local Sunday-school unions, though as yet without much success, the distance being so great that it has been difficult to bring the schools together.

For the growing boys and girls a Young People's Religious Union has been developed in Sioux City, and steps were taken at the conference in Iowa last week to organize Young People's Religious Unions throughout that whole State. I trust that this may be the beginning of better things in the religious life of our young people in the West.

These, then, are the three great fundamental problems of church extension in the Central West:—

1. To do away with the present division in our own ranks, and to develop a strong centre at Chicago, directly in touch with all the State conferences that centre about that great city, and so put new life and strength into those conferences.

2. To put the ideal of prompt self-support before all of our churches, and use our missionary money to kindle the religious spirit of the present churches and to start new self-supporting societies.

3. To improve and enlarge our Sunday-school, and create religious organizations for our young people.

If we can find the right solution for these problems, the future of the liberal movement in the West is secure; and there is no reason why there should not be five years from now two hundred churches, instead of one hundred, in that great natural centre of our country, and twenty-five years from now there ought to be twice as many societies there as there are in all New England. We have the only free and democratic religion of America; and, if we of this generation are equal to our opportunities, our children will find Chicago, and not Boston, to be the natural centre of our great and growing brotherhood of free churches. That great Mississippi Valley is to be the heart of the coming American nation, and the religion that is established there will find its way into the circulation and the life of the whole country.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY REV. GEORGE LEONARD CHANEY, SUPER-INTENDENT FOR THE SOUTH.

We have had on our hands for thirty years a disunited Union. There are three things which may reunite it,—a common land, common interests, and a common religion. Nature has given us the first. Diversified industries will give us the second. Who or what will give us the third? Who, if not you? What, if not the Church which seeks for union in religion on the basis of its eternal principles?

We meet under happy auspices. At this very hour when I am addressing you the President of the United States is receiving in Atlanta the welcome of a loyal and hopeful South. The capital city of Georgia salutes in its foremost citizen the capital city of the republic. A free and indepen-

dent State greets with trusty devotion a free and interdependent Union. I have heard within a few weeks, at the great Exposition in Atlanta, two thousand school children of that city singing "My Country, 'tis of thee," as they gathered around the old liberty bell of the first Revolution, and listened to eloquent addresses by leading men from North and South. This is one of the signs of the times,—signs of a deepened consciousness that we have one land and one country, a Union perfected at last in liberty, one and inseparable.

Again, on the very hills still scarred by the earthworks of war one may see palaces of art and factories of industry, in which are collected the evidences of that industrial development on new lines which is to tie the South anew to the Union by the bands of common interests. Visit the beautiful and significant building devoted to Georgia manufactures, and see how rapidly the ravelled sleeve of our national unity is reknitting in machinery that seems to think, and whose "thoughts are thoughts of peace." Once identify men's interests, and they will be one in act, though of two minds and divided hearts.

But add to these outward conditions of reunion the sweet influences of a common religion, and the Pleiades themselves are not more steadfast than such a constellated group of States would be. I invoke for the South whatever light and love the liberated Church may have to give. It is needed there, to complete the testimony of God, in which each church has its share. One-third of the land and one-third of the people of this country are in the Southern States. Only one thirty-third of the Unitarian churches are there. Already in a few years we have doubled our organized societies at the South, and extended the knowledge of our way in religion to many people who only knew its truths before, as secret longings and forbidden hopes which it was singular to believe and perilous to avow.

I do not carry our word to the South, or ask you to send it there, as if it were the all-in-all of religion. But I believe it is a needful part of the many-sided jewel of divine truth and life, and without its presence that jewel cannot give out all its lustre. I believe that, among the powers making for a better man and a better country at the South, the Church of the Two Commandments has its place. The historian of the future may discern what we cannot fully see; but, whether our church work is ever seen and known or not, it has worked hitherto for the reunion we all love and long for, and will work.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY REV. HOWARD N. BROWN.

It is, perhaps, a sufficient definition for our present purpose if we say that the Holy Spirit is God made manifest in the mind and soul of man. Going back for our typical illustration to that day of Pentecost enshrined in Christian history and tradition, when the twelve were together in one place, and the room was suddenly filled as with the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, the essential feature of that narrative is the belief of the apostles that they then and there received a new measure of heavenly power from a source above their own life. They were like a piece of soft iron brought in contact with an electric current which straightway receives new properties and develops new activities. In Christian speech the Holy Spirit is, properly, the divine Life thus acting upon and transforming the life of humanity.

As to the basis of this belief in a Holy Spirit, the testimony of consciousness and experience in all times and among all peoples above the savage grade is hardly to be called in question. Everywhere in human life we find evidence which has led thoughtful people to conclude that man is capable of being visited and helped by a power outside himself. It is inherently probable that this should be the case. There must be in the universe about us an energy finer and higher than any whose undulatory movements we have thus far charted; and it would only be strange if our being were not sufficiently receptive and responsive toward that mysterious Presence to be sometimes moved and stimulated by it to a degree which yielded quite unusual results in thought and action.

But, though we accept and uphold the

name "Spirit" which has come down to us as a fitting designation for what confessedly transcends the limits of our knowledge, we must admit that the circumstances of the time demand some explanation of the qualifying adjective. No one professes to know exactly what "Spirit" is. It is our word for an elusive Reality which we cannot wholly bring to the test of our ordinary standards of measurement. We do know, however, what we mean by holiness; and, when challenged to say why we speak of a Holy Spirit, we are bound to make reply.

It is to be observed, in the first place, that denial of our right to use this time-honored name almost always springs from confusion of two very different questions. This generation of men is, as a whole, supremely interested in the study of the outward universe; and it is only natural, perhaps, that this should become their chief oracle. But the question whether or not God is a holy being, as judged by what we know of the facts of outward nature, while perfectly legitimate, should not be confounded with the different question whether or not there is in us a "power not ourselves which makes for righteousness."

We might even grant that, so far as the testimony of the outward world can be gathered, it gives us no certain knowledge of a supreme Power which is holy; and this does not destroy or invalidate one fraction of the evidence which tells of an overruling Will that has given the law of righteousness to men. To decide against the presence of a Holy Spirit in the human mind, because not much trace of moral purpose is found in the process of evolution, is as if one should deny the presence of a magnetic current in soft iron because the characteristic signs of its activity cannot also be evoked from sticks and stones.

It is true that God cannot be a moral being in one place and an immoral or an unmoral being in another place. If there be a Holy Spirit made manifest in our life, there must be a Providence of good over all created things. But any difficulty we may meet in trying to establish the rule of goodness throughout nature is not to be used to discredit the evidence that God is in us working for righteousness.

One may reasonably predict that, when the investigations of natural science are carried to a more complete stage, this difficulty over which so many minds have stumbled in our time will, in large measure, vanish away. Nature is not so destitute of moral qualities as some have supposed. But, let that be as it may, the appeal to the outward world is, for the present, to the more uncertain tribunal. The facts there at our command are less sure, less immediate, and less complete than the facts to be gathered from our own history and experience. We may confess that we have need of much faith to believe in a divine Love which has created birds and beasts of prey; but we know very little on that subject, and there is at least a much closer approach to knowledge in our certainty of a Will and Wisdom above our own, working to establish in our life virtue and equity.

It must be plain to us all that recent doubts and questions as to the real existence of a Holy Spirit spring mostly from those interpretations of the life of the external universe which have made the picture black with stains of cruelty and injustice. Even if these interpretations should stand (as they probably will not), we have our refuge from them in a domain much more accessible to our thought, where we may walk with much more certain footing, and where the reverent and the wise have always found themselves face to face with an Eternal Goodness.

The very blackness of that picture of the struggle for physical existence which recent speculation has drawn does but emphasize the faith of religion that what is best in human life is derived from a different source. It is fundamentally impossible and unthinkable that a self-sacrificing love should be no more than the later modified form of an original savage hate; and no dream of the alchemists of the Middle Ages that there must be a way to transmute all substances into gold could be more fanciful than the notion of some people to-day that all the elements of our spiritual being are to be resolved back into the one physical impulse of self-preservation.

The more Godless the outward world is made to appear, the more we shall insist that man's spiritual development has come from no such ancestry, and is inexplicable

without the Holy Spirit as its inspiration and guide. On the other hand, as men learn that nature is not Godless, and that evolution unfolds the story of a progressive incarnation of creative Life, or Spirit, so will religion stand ready to complete that lesson with its gospel of a holy Presence most clearly revealed by and most nearly akin to the good desires and aspirations of the human mind.

We speak of a Holy Spirit, believing that the law of holiness represents a Will higher than our own, and that more than our reason and determination is involved in the moral progress which humanity has made. We appeal to philosophy, affirming that no reasonable explanation of what has come to pass can be given, if we eliminate the Holy Spirit from our thought. We appeal to experience, being persuaded that the consciousness of all men testifies, more or less clearly, to the fact of help and guidance received from a living Power, which, however else it may be described, is at least superhuman in its origin and extent.

One great advantage which the doctrine of the Holy Spirit possesses at this present time is that it goes part way to meet the agnosticism of the age. It does not profess to know too much, but leaves many questions concerning which men are now hopelessly uncertain, or divided, entirely on one side. "Spirit" is as vague a term as the most cautious critic could desire, and all that the doctrine affirms of it is the quality of active goodness and beneficence.

How far this teaching by itself will suffice as a basis for religion is an inquiry to which we can here give only a passing glance. To enter upon its adequate discussion, we should be obliged to consider the fact of personality as one of the supreme facts in the life of man, and to ask what is before us while that is left without foundation in the groundwork of all being. Probably there can be no doubt that, so far as reason has an interest in religion, mere belief in impersonal Spirit must forever fail to satisfy its demands.

On the other hand, it has to be said that some working hypothesis in which men can confidently trust, even though it may go but very little way toward a satisfactory explanation of things, is, on the whole, of first importance. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit provides such a basis for effort and experiment toward right living. Without calling upon the untrained mind to subscribe to ideas which it cannot fathom or comprehend, it promises what is most needed; namely, a sure help for all honest endeavor after the good. Its very inadequacy from the theologian's point of view may constitute a practical gain. At all events, one may hazard the assertion that no small part of the most productive faith and piety of the present time is rooted in this idea of a Holy Spirit, and in not much conscious belief beside.

In a day when great numbers of thinking people are in rebellion against systems of theology which assume to know much more than they have adequate means for knowing, it is to be accounted some commendation of a belief that it asks these people only to assume the existence of a principle of goodness planted in the nature of things, and to order their lives on the supposition that, as they try to do good, the prevailing powers of the universe are on their side.

Beyond these negative considerations we shall find positive implications of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, even when stated in its lowest and simplest terms, which make it in itself a kind of gospel, full of significance and cheer. One of its corollaries is that we can safely trust the instincts and impulses of our higher nature,—especially and above all, the dictates of an unselfish love,—holding them to be the motives and guides given us by a protecting Presence, wiser and better than any skill of our own. And that trust, after all, is the bed-rock alike of religion and of ethics, to which the race again and again returns for safety and security after its sand-heaps of speculation have been washed away.

Such a consuming passion for knowledge as that which animates the human mind, one would think, must some time be crowned with success. Yet, up to this present time, it can only be said of systems of philosophy that they "have their day and cease to be." Every ardent quest comes at last to a veil that can neither be penetrated nor rent in twain. The discoverer may sail swift or slow: the end of his voyage is, all the same, a zone of mystery

through which nothing can drive his adventurous prow; and then he who set out to find huge new continents of truth must perchance look about him to see where, amid the oceans of uncertainty, he can find some speck of island large enough and safe enough to call his home.

Complete and final intellectual satisfaction is not now attainable; and he who thinks he has reached the ultimate truth is merely too short-sighted to see, behind his definite conceptions, the long perspective of uncertainty. Yet our case is by no means desperate or even tragic, since it remains to us to accept the voice of conscience as the voice of God, to obey the promptings of the higher self, not, indeed, as if it were an authority that could not err, but as a directing agency controlled by great world forces, which is in the main constant to one far-off end, and whose deflections from the true pole we have the means to correct.

Such reliance upon the "inner light" made in our minds by the presence there of a Holy Spirit should naturally come to us in larger measure than to any who have lived before us. We begin with a trust in external nature which, however it first arose, has been fed and strengthened by a century of growing intimacy with Nature's ways, and of increasing wonder at the beauty and skill of her arrangements. In all that concerns insects and animals we have profound respect for the teachings of Nature, and we do not dream that our wisdom could provide them with more useful instincts than they have already learned in life's great school.

The step beyond this which men are sure to take connects their own ethical and spiritual being with the life of Nature, and carries forward to the intuitive or instinctive hopes and aims and desires of the mind all the confidence that is felt in the ability of life to protect and perpetuate itself on lower levels.

For example, our belief in an external reality is a leap of faith, and philosophy has been at endless pains to construct a bridge of logic over the chasm between the subjective and the objective worlds, which chasm every sane mind passes on the wings of an unquestioning trust. When asked what right he has to possess and use these wings of faith, the man of the future is likely to answer that God gave them. It matters not how they were given, by miracle or development: the fundamental postulate being that our spiritual life, like the framework of physical existence, is the workmanship of an indwelling Holy Spirit, we shall know that there is a gravitation of souls as well as of planets and suns, and that the groundwork of our mental being is supplied from a Source which, whatever its method, far surpasses our intelligence in its results.

Once more, it is a positive teaching springing from this doctrine that the future is full of hope for all those who strive to be fellow-laborers with the Spirit. We are familiar in these days with attempts to depict, even in minute detail, the more perfect society that may be before us; and these word-pictures excite so much popular interest that they must mean something in the life of our time. For one, I am inclined to regard them as signs of weakness rather than of strength. Socialism, as we know, is largely atheistic; and to be without God is still to be without an abiding hope in the world.

It is not the busy man of affairs, with the certainty of a good dinner before him at the end of his day's labor, who spends his time constructing the imaginary bill of fare of a supposititious feast. For him the knowledge that his dinner hour will bring some kind of ample repast is sufficient. It is the poor prisoner, or castaway, who, seeing no prospect of anything better than starvation diet, dreams out banquets of many courses, and gloats over the rich viands as one by one they are set before his fancy.

He who is at heart sure that the world is growing and is to grow better and better has little disposition to look beyond the reforms of the hour to a perfection which he cannot yet see. On the other hand, when men are noticeably haunted by waking visions of an earthly paradise upon which they feverishly linger, that is some evidence that hope of the future is becoming hard to support. It may even be said that belief in the immortal life of the soul is probably least vital where religion has wrought out its most elaborate pictures of the future state, and that confident expecta-

tion, such as Jesus manifested, makes little attempt to describe the glories of the hereafter.

Now there is but one secure basis for confidence in what is yet to come, and that basis the doctrine of the Holy Spirit essentially includes. Let people put on what appearance of bravado they please, they know well enough that they can do little or nothing if the stars in their courses fight against them. We must work with some native tendency of things, or we spend our labor in vain; and it is not truly admirable, but is really a kind of swindling, if we try to plant orange groves in arctic valleys simply because oranges are beautiful and good to our desires.

What the Holy Spirit would foster and build, that the future at last will surely see. Nothing else has the ghost of an opportunity to live and grow. He therefore who, in all he has to do, reverently and soberly reckons as with a Higher Will, which is directing the course of things toward good, and who, not mindful of himself, asks what that Will demands of him, as its servant and instrument, for the suppression of wrong and the furtherance of right,—this man has belief in the Holy Spirit; and that means the root of all spiritual religion. Let him add to that what he can; but let no man deny him a place in the kingdom, if that be all he has, while, obedient to the moving of the Spirit, he spends his life in service or in sacrifice.

INCARNATION.

BY REV. W. C. GANNETT.

The great affirmation of religion is that God and man are in essence one. All forms of anthropomorphism, all types of incarnation, are but varied expressions of this one affirmation. God and man are in essence one: in its low and far beginnings Religion said that, when it personified the powers of the sky and the storm and the sea, when it told their biographies in personal myths and legends, when it carved their faces with human features and gave them perhaps a hundred human hands, when it endowed them with all of the human vices and some of the human virtues. This we call anthropomorphism. Man could not do otherwise. He cannot do otherwise. He has to imagine, to image the invisible in terms of the visible, the unknown in terms of the known. He has to think of the Power without in terms of the Power within; that is, in terms of self-consciousness. Though we will to mask the process by refusing to christen the image in the mind, no less it is there,—the image; and the image is always a personal one, dimmed away perhaps into vagueness, shredded away perhaps into fragments; the human only approximated, it may be, as when Egypt, singling out some part or quality of the human for the god, divinized cats and rams and bulls. But always and everywhere man has had to think of, still has to think of—that is, to mentally image—the unknown Powers in terms of self-consciousness. Do we call them "impersonal"? Try as we may to disguise it, the impersonal is still the imp of the personal. One way or another, therefore, man always makes God in his own image. The Genesis verse, where God says, "Let us make man in our image," only states the same truth the other way round.

The belief in incarnation is but one form of this anthropomorphism. Given the God, and grant him the wish to make himself visible, he must choose between rock, tree, brute, and man, or these enlarged to their greatest. Let rock stand for the sky and the star and the mountain and sea. According to the chronicles of human religion, the Powers have chosen all these forms of self-manifestation. But, when they would manifest themselves at their fullest of being, inevitably they have climbed into manhood. They could not do otherwise, because, so far as we yet have explored either earth or the heavens or the hells, we find, or at least we are able to recognize, nothing above human semblances. The very archangels are our saints, with wings; and the very devils are our "bosses," with horns. If we knew anything higher than man, our gods would have taken that higher form. As it is, they have to content themselves with the human.

So here and there over the earth we find

these theophanies,—the gods becoming man, as men have believed. Of all the lands whereon they have lit in flesh, the lands of the Hindu and the Greek have given, perhaps, the most gracious examples. "In Vishnu land, what avatar?" asks Browning, in his poem of "Waring, the Traveller." For in Vishnu land the god has not done arriving: he is still breaking forth in the flesh, as many a time before he has come,—now as the fish that saved the good Manu at the time of the deluge, and now as the tortoise that supported the world in the churning throes of creation, and now as the man-lion who routed the demon-king, and now and again in some favorite hero of legend, and most of all in the good Krishna, he of miraculous birth and the shepherd companions, he who, in the Bhagavad-Ghita, proclaims himself the Supreme, the Redeemer; in all his incarnations gentle, humane, self-sacrificing, and a god that bringeth salvation. So with the Buddhas, who from the mystic other-world emerge as men, whenever this world needs redemption. Four-and-twenty times had they come before our Buddha appeared; and already in Thibet the worshippers worship the unborn Buddhas elect who are yet to come in the flesh, named and known in advance from their future feats of salvation. The Orient loves incarnation, and has what it loves. Only forty-five years ago the Incarnate God was executed in Persia. His title there was the Bab, or "Gate,"—the young prophet whose lofty morality, whose charm of personal presence, whose power to inspire lowly followers to be heroes and martyrs of faith, whose fate after six years of teaching, whose idealization in legend after his death and before, are such correlates all to the story we love so well,—as Estlin Carpenter has just been reminding us. Only three years ago the Bab's successor died in Acre,—again the Incarnate God, as his followers call him.

But more familiar to us are the incarnations of Greece. "Imitate God," was the conscious aspiration and maxim of Plato; but "Let the gods imitate man" was the unconscious law by which the ancient myths of Plato's race had already constructed themselves. God's manlikeness was fundamental in the Greek mind. Coleridge's phrase, "the fair *humanities* of old religions," was right both in its noun and in its adjective for the Greek religion of old. Very human the maidens that glance in the forest and stream; very human allies haste from the skies to aid the heroes of Homer's tales of the battle; and the marble statues that glowed in the shrines of the temples and lined the Greek streets tell what the average Greek would hardly have been surprised to meet in the flesh,—had he not been brought up on the stories of incarnation? and here was the story in marble. That scene in Acts, of the hill-town in Asia Minor, where the two apostles were taken, the old man for Zeus, and the young man for Hermes, and barely escaped from the sacrifice offered them,—and then barely escaped being sacrificed,—is, doubtless, a glimpse of the mind of ten thousand towns of the time. And what shall we say to the apotheosis of the Roman emperors as another glimpse at the incarnation capacities of the time in which Christianity rose? It has been described as a "popular religion" of the provinces in the second century,—that deification of the man who as emperor embodied the power and the majesty of Rome, the god-man of Rome, with altars and temples and priest-hoods dedicated to him.

And now we must come to our own Christian religion, which, because it is a lofty religion, has emphasized as no other religion on earth has done the man-likeness of God. Even when we name God "Our Father," we humanize him. But it is only a small part of Christendom that, outside of the prayer of Jesus, prays to "Our Father" by name,—so small a part that, practically, we may say, *The God of Christendom is a man.*

How came it to be so? The half-familiar story can be told in three years or three moments. Shall we try to hint it once more in the moment way? It is a story of the meeting and blending of two great rivers of thought. One was the Jewish dream of a Christ, a Prophet-king, who would deliver the people from the oppressor, and lift them up to righteousness and glory, and establish

the kingdom of heaven on earth. It was the old national dream, springing from the older and deathless faith that the Jews were God's "chosen people." The other stream of thought was Greek. All around Jewry lay the bright Greek world. That world, too, had its old religion; but in the time of Jesus the old faiths were dying and dropping from the mind, like brown leaves from the trees of November. In their place monotheistic philosophies were rising; and one idea among the Greek thinkers was that God created all things by his *Logos*, his Living Word. It is easy to think of a word as projected outside of the uttering mind, and having operant force of its own; easy from this to personify that word as living; easy, then, if it be God's Word, to conceive of it as a secondary God, acting as Creator, Inspirer, and Providence. We ought not to find the idea hard to understand, if we think we understand our Emerson's phrase, "The good laws are *alive*," or his line, "And *conscious law* is king of kings." This *Logos* idea for the Greek had its rise in old Platonic and Stoic sources; but Philo, the Greek-minded Jew of Alexandria, living when Jesus lived, gave it clearest expression and vogue. Now, when Paul bore Christianity out into the Greek world,—thereby saving it from being a tiny Jewish sect of which we might never have heard,—the "Christ" he preached was already in his mind a being far above a merely Jewish Christ. He was a new Adam, the Image of God, a universal Christ. And Greeks who heard of this Christ soon began to say, "This is no other than our Creative Word of God *made flesh* and come on the earth as man." So Jewish "Christ" and Greek "Word" began to blend into one being, and in that blending the *God of Christendom was born!* In that blending the God of Christendom was born. The Jew had furnished the human, the Greek had furnished the divine element; the Jew furnished the ethical, the Greek the functional element; the Jew furnished the historic and the temporal, the Greek furnished the transcendent and eternal element of the new god. Jew gave him body, Greek gave him soul. The figure is Jew, the transfiguration is Greek. Son of Man, Jew,—Son of God, Greek. Both parts were essential to the "incarnation." An august ancestry!

The Gospel of John, so called, the Greek Gospel of the four, and the latest written, is the biography of this new Jesus. It is one of the books of the world's unsparable scripture, but we seek in vain in it for a Sermon on the Mount or for parables of the kingdom of heaven. Its emphasis is not, as in them, on morals and life, but on the person of the Christ, the word and light of God, that "lighteth every man who cometh into the world," and that at last took flesh and dwelt among men, full of grace and glory. As years went by, the emphasis upon the person of the Christ grew greater. John's Gospel shows the thought as it was, perhaps, about the year 125. Justin Martyr, a generation later than that, expands the thought a little, dwelling more than John upon the spiritual and essential Christ, of whom every race partakes. Abraham and Socrates were Christians in virtue of the indwelling Christ, to whom they were obedient. The year 200 comes, and the word "*trias*"—a little later, in Tertullian's Latin, *trinitas*—is dropping into Christian theology, though as yet with a very embryonic meaning; and Clement is teaching that Christ is the immanent God enstructured in the constitution of the world, enstructured in the human soul, redemption being the progressive education of the human race by this indwelling teacher. The year 250, or thereabouts, brings Origen with his momentous and far-reaching phrase, "the eternal generation of the Son." It brings Sabellius, teaching that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are but three forms or aspects of the one. And it brings into Christian theology, but only to be repudiated at this time, the star-word *homoousios*. And the year 325 brings the Council of Nicæa, in which the doctrine of the Trinity flowers full-calyxed, and *homoousios* ("same-natured," "consubstantial") becomes the test of orthodoxy; and Christ is henceforth "very God of very God." And the Trinity was but a midway point in the mighty speculation! What is the nature of the

Christ? How is he perfect man, yet perfect God? has he two natures, or but one? has he two wills, or only one? Over such problems the Greek Christian world thought and wrote and quarrelled for three centuries more. Council after council met to settle them, and met in vain.

And what is our comment on this birth-story of Christendom's God, so much more wondrous to thought than the shining Christmas stories that make the pearl-gate into the Gospels,—what is our comment to-day, after fifteen hundred years, and in the light of the evolution idea? The comment looks in two directions. One way is this: be the doctrine what we call true or what we call false, it is well for the world that Athanasius won the field of Nicæa. Well, for three reasons, at least:—

(1) His triumph made God real, the Infinite, Absolute, Unknown God,—no less being than that,—real,—real as a person, real as sandals on feet and tunic on body and look in the eyes and words from the lip could make him; real, too, as goodness; real, too, as love.

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think? So the All-Great were the All-Loving, too,—So through the thunder comes a human voice, Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here! Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself! Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine, But love I gave thee, with myself to love, And thou must love me who have died for thee!' The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

So writeth Browning's "Karshish": so say we with him, "strange"; and, fact or not, a blessed faith for that time's need. It was an immense equipment of faith for Europe to start on the stormy centuries that followed the break-up of the Roman Empire with a good God as solid as incarnation had made him.

(2) Athanasius's victory made the *unity of God and man real*. This was in truth the great point at issue, the unity of God and man, not the unity of God with Christ as an individual. Men often fight, as they build, better than they know. The Christ was very man of very man, as well as very God of very God. In him the *whole race stood*, when the signers signed at Nicæa their names below that word *Homoousios*, "Consubstantial," God and Son of God, one in their nature. It is really much more to say *one with than like to*. It takes one into the family: it is the difference between the kin and the guest. And that is a difference almost worth quarrelling over. Had Arius triumphed, man as represented in Christ would have stood outside of God's being, the guest of his welcome, not the child of his inmost nature. Again, we must own, it was a great equipment for faith to enter the stormy centuries of Europe's remaking, with this fact—God and man one—locked fast in its creed. Even if the casket were as seldom unlocked for inspection of contents as the shrine that held the bone of a saint, the bone, the sacred fact, was there, dimly believed in, some day to kindle with resurrection.

A third gain should be credited to the incarnation belief, though perhaps an Arian victory would have been as good as the Athanasian for this end: the belief in the incarnation of God in Christ has made it forever impossible that any character less good than that of Jesus should be accepted as symbol of Christendom's God. The Father *must* be as good as the Son, and we know *he* was good. The Father *must* be as good as the Son whom we know. The words are simple, the thought is deep and far-reaching; for to make God as good as his saints is to put the axe to the root of a good many dogmas.

This, then, is half of our comment. It is well for the world that Christendom's God was born as the God-man. The other half of our comment is this: that the whole story is a *kindergarten* story. The great central doctrine of Christendom, God incarnate in Christ, is but an *object-lesson* in the kindergarten of faith. It puts a vast truth in the concrete form in which minds can most readily take it. The vaster a fact, the truer a truth, the more we need the symbol, the type, the object-lesson, to represent it. If the symbol is not given us, we make one

for ourselves,—we as individuals, we as the race. It is another psychological law, akin to the law with whose statement this paper began. You remember Tennyson's words, touching this very theme of ours in his musical way:—

"Where truth in closest words shall fail,
The truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

"And so the word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

"Which he may read that binds the sheaf
Or builds the house or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

See, thou that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type."

Is this saying that the central dogma of Christendom is an error,—an age-long, world-wide mistake? Yes, if the object-lesson is taken as literal history and the whole of the fact, its rounded and final statement. So is any kindergarten story an error taken in that way. If *not* taken so, then *no*, not a mistake. The trouble is that of our theologies we like not to say "kindergarten," whereas theology is nothing *but* kindergarten statements. That, when we know it, is what makes it safe to have a theology. Till we do know it, it hardly is safe, though inevitable. And certainly too long, and too widely still, Christendom's kindergarten story has been taken to cover the whole of the fact of incarnation. Even where it is not so taken, the advent of the God-man as unique historic fact there in Palestine eighteen centuries since is the centre of faith as held by many of the wisest and best that we know,—by such men as Phillips Brooks, to name one for type. By no means does a man like Brooks hold that Christ was the whole of the incarnation. All the thoughtful orthodox theologians are saying to-day, I suppose, that the incarnation not only revealed God to man, but *man to himself*,—his oneness in nature with God. They are making return to the Gospel of Origen, Clement, Justin, and John,—that the same Word that took flesh in Jesus is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the old Stoic gospel of the immanent God, the *pre-Christian* gospel, which they are returning to with stress and delight. It is saying much the same thing to say that a new Christ is emerging in Orthodoxy, the human within the divine. It is Christ, the All-manly, Christ, the All-brotherly. "All-manly" means character: "All-brotherly" means daily service. And more than ever his true worship is felt to be imitation. "*Be a Christ!*" Everything is summed up in that," cries Mr. Stead; and many an orthodox heart amens. None the less, or rather all the more in virtue of this participation in incarnation by men, allowed by the new Orthodoxy, is it true, as we were reminded last night, that the orthodox theology is becoming more and more Christocentric. And this means that the Palestine incarnation is still held as centre of faith by those wisest and best just referred to. So what shall we do? We must choose. The incarnation as held by friends is either actual, localized, dated, historic fact, as they say, or else it is a kindergarten statement of a fact that transcends history,—an object-lesson which the mind of man made for itself at that wonderful era, and in which it has ever since faced, hardly knowing it, the dim outline of the greatest of all truths.

Now, just what the light of evolution gives us is the power, to some of us the necessity, of looking at old doctrines in this latter way. It is no longer a question of "error" versus "truth." Priestley, a hundred years ago, could treat of the dogmas that rose around the "Sermon on the Mount" and its preacher as the "corruptions" of Christianity. We cannot speak that way. The Nicene Creed rose as naturally—I would almost say, as grandly—in the mind of man as the Beatitudes rose in his heart. Jesus would have been amazed at it, to be sure; but bring him across the years, set him down in the Darwin century, train him a bit in its thought, then bid him look back to Alexandria and Nicæa and

their incarnation-feat over his memory, and I think he would have recognized that feat's true nature,—parable work! He was a great kindergartner himself in his method; and I think he would know an object-lesson in history, when he saw one. In every case,—is that any too strong a statement?—in every case where an old orthodox doctrine differs from the later form of that doctrine, the earlier form is the concrete, dramatic "object-lesson," the "kindergarten" form, of the truth aimed at, while our later form is some larger statement of the same fact or law, of which the object-lesson now appears as parable or symbol; now appears,—of course it did not so appear then, when men first wrought it in a sad sincerity as the verity of God. It is thus with the Incarnation doctrine, thus with Vicarious Atonement, thus with Original Sin, thus with Election, thus with all the old dogmas of Christendom, formulated three hundred and fifteen hundred years ago. In each and every case the difference between the earlier and the later form is not so much the difference between error and truth as men have been wont to think. It is much more the difference between the concrete and the universal, the illustration and the law. No: the true name for Orthodoxy is not "Error" any more than it is "Right-thinking." It is no good omen for Unitarianism when Unitarians break into applause over bright slurs upon Orthodoxy. Is that all the *acumen* we have,—not to say, all the heart?

I hardly know whether orthodox friends, however, will like the word "kindergarten" better than "error." It sounds less hostile, but more patronizing; and patronage is harder to forgive than hostility. And yet I suspect that many of them, so expansive is their own thought to-day, will thank you for suggesting it. It covers the case, as they themselves recognize the case; that is, it is a word that leaves their old thought true, but their new thought truer,—this the large of which that was the small. And we all like to find we have grown, as long as we don't have to call our childhood an "error." So I recommend you to try the word "gently." I have tried it, and really thought it gave some orthodox friends relief. It is psychological and illuminating.

The crown of my paper ought to be an answer to the question, "What is the larger form of the incarnation thought, of which the Palestine incarnation is the concrete illustration?" I have short time to hint it. That object-lesson, be it said, has much work yet to do in the world. Nevertheless, it is beginning to fade by expansion into the larger truth. This larger truth, of course, is *God incarnate in humanity*. It is the old pre-Christian, Stoic truth, *immensely intensified and deepened and ennobled by the eighteen centuries of Christendom's object-lesson*. I spoke of the help that Orthodoxy is already giving in the new interpretation of the truth, and I cannot but think that its part is destined to be far larger than ours in the beautiful transfiguration; for we are a very small body, and will be, if true to our principles. They should still lead us onward, and give us our home, as before, among visions that must wait to be popular. But in simplest truth we may say that the larger incarnation is the central truth of Unitarianism, even as the smaller incarnation has been the central truth of the older Christianity; and that no one soul in modern time has been so eminent a prophet of this grander meaning as our own Channing. The distinctive faith of Unitarianism has never been its thought of God, although that gives us name: it has been our thought of man. It is our faith in the dignity of human nature. When this faith in the dignity of human nature comes full circle, it is faith in the intellectual and moral unity of God and man. It thus rounds again into a thought of God, and gives us back the incarnation doctrine in nobler form than ever,—God incarnate in humanity, not merely in the one man Jesus. This, I suppose, is what Dr. Hedge had in mind when he said that Unitarianism would better have been named "Humanitarianism." It certainly is the faith which Channing calls his "one sublime idea." "One sublime idea has taken hold of my mind: it is the greatness of the soul, its divinity, its union with God by spiritual likeness." "In ourselves are elements of the

divinity." "All minds are of one family." One could quote passage after passage: it is Channing's constant emphasis. Emerson has it, of course, at the height of his ethical rapture. "If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God: the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice."

God incarnate in man, in humanity! Break the thought into syllables. This very *body* of ours, its blood and its bone and its mystic nerve, the holy microcosm to his macrocosm; our *mind* thinking out his thoughts inbreathed, inspired in us,—he the Raphael behind Raphael, the Newton behind Newton, the Edison behind Edison; his justice, his right, organizing itself in the instincts of *conscience*, the whispers and thunders of *ought*; he becoming incarnate in Garrison, incarnate in Frances Willard and their armies of followers, incarnate in myriads of saints hung upon many a cross; his heart of *love* beating in mothers and fathers and children, making two one the wide world over of life, and out of the oneness again repeopling his worlds; and waking in hearts here and there "love for every unloved creature, lonely, poor, or small," and so setting new ideals, new incarnations of love, at work in the world. "In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said dying Bunsen, looking up in the face of his wife bending over him. He spoke for millions of living. "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers," said the old Jewish proverb with splendid audacity, voicing the fact of his incarnation that way. In the "Bonnie Briar Bush" book you remember how the poor girl comes home from her wayward London life to her hard, proud, righteous, heart-broken father in the home in the Highlands, and how she afterwards says to Marget, the wise woman-friend who sent for her, hinting the broken heart,—"It iss a peety you hef not the Gaelic," Flora said: "it iss the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one that night I came home." "Fifty words for darling," and God put them all into just his one Gaelic tongue, an almost dead language at that, and into just a single softened heart; "fifty words for darling," and the Father of all trying to utter them every one in his millions of parents.

All this is mystic, is pantheistic, I know. Well, let it be so: the doctrine of incarnation is always mystic, always verges on pantheism, whether that be a bad or a good thing; and this is the new-old doctrine of incarnation, God in humanity. I know, too, that there is the fact of evil in man, and the conundrum waiting in ambush, Is the good God incarnate in evil? I shall just pass it by for now, only turning in passing toward the evolution thought that has some light to throw on that problem. This new form of the doctrine calls incarnation continuous, progressive, ascendant, as well as universal. It recognizes *grades* of projection of the word into the visible flesh. It recognizes lower and higher. The brute and the cousins below him, the angel and the cousins above him, come into the scope of the plan. It takes all nature, all history, and all of humanity to reveal the whole of the God. One can insist, if he will, on a foolish question, "But who *best* embodies the God?" And the answer of course is, The best man,—if you know his name. But you do not, for you do not know all God has done and is doing in history; and, therefore, the question is foolish. But, answered or not, the great fact is,—incarnation universal, continuous, perpetual, progressive. The true church of the incarnation is the Church of All Souls.

This is *human theology*. To-day there is a conscious, deliberate, scientific exploration of human nature to find man; and the result of the exploration is also the discovery of God. Of this human theology the poets as yet are the best interpreters. It is good to rise above differing doctrines to poetry that solves them and makes them as one, to poetry that knows doctrines to be lower forms of itself. The old theology argued too often, or tried to, from God to man: this human theology argues from man to the God. We find it of old in Jesus, who argued in both ways. We can find it to-day in the prose of professors and preachers. But we find it perhaps at its clearest in

simple verses like Whittier's or Blake's. Who can forget the sounding rhythms of Browning, his "Saul," and how the argument climbs at the end, proving God's love from the man's?

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?
Here the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what began? . . .
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou,—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown;
And thy love fill infinitude wholly. . . .
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek, and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

It is the boy-prophet's vision of the God who is Infinite Man, his chant of the incarnation potential. But we will close with lines that are simpler and larger still,—verses that once I found pinned at the end of Theodore Parker's last sermon,—the one in which he told, "What Religion may do for a Man." With these in his heart he left his people, and died. The verses were not printed with the sermon,—perhaps strength did not allow him to read them; but there they wait in the manuscript, attesting his thought, if he could not return, to have them his last words. They are by William Blake, "the mad poet," whose madness named them

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,—
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling, too.

ATONEMENT.

BY REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Some one has said, and I think said wisely, that one hindrance to high living is the lack of clear ideas; and I do not know that there is any department of Christian thought in which the lack of clear ideas has been more conspicuous than in that which concerns itself with the atonement. The original doctrine is clear enough. Right or wrong, the originators of the great orthodoxies of Christendom were generally, to do them justice, extremely lucid. Since then the art of getting down on both sides of the fence simultaneously has been brought to such perfection, and so many have maintained that the new wine of truth (carefully diluted of course) can still be held safely by the old bottles of mediævalism, that people have become thoroughly confused. Even among ourselves there is here and there a lingering suggestion that somewhere in behind it all there is something in this doctrine of atonement that we are unable clearly and fully to grasp. As has been said to me more than once, when I have asked for a definite statement as to what the death of Jesus has actually done, "Well, I cannot tell you; but I know that there is something there." To this the obvious retort is, "Produce your something." A something which cannot be produced we cannot be expected to deal with.

It is, then, perhaps not out of place to try to make perfectly clear that we have entirely departed from the old theory of atonement. All forms of it go back, if you analyze them carefully, to that cruder theory

which now the more thoughtful orthodox reject,—that man is, owing to the fall, a creature naturally evil; that he is at enmity with a just God; that God because he is just is bound to impose penalty; that the penalty was exacted in the death of Jesus; and that thus man, according to the compact, can go free if he believes in and accepts "the atoning efficacy of the propitiatory work of Jesus." You may say that that is now all obsolete, but it is not so obsolete after all. An anonymous friend, who is presumably interested in my salvation, has recently sent me a pamphlet for prayerful consideration, stating just what I have set forth as the only way to salvation. We have wholly outgrown this old doctrine and the thoughts on which it rests.

We are not accustomed to take things on any authority of facts; and the doctrine of atonement as commonly presented rests not on the authority of facts nor on the authority of reason, but on the supposed authority of Scripture. If you ask a man why he believes it, he says, "Because the Scripture says so"; and, if you demand his reasons, he cites proof texts. To us the idea that a thing not true in itself can be true, because it stands in the Bible, belongs to the past. The Bible is no longer to us a repertory for the theological brickbats of controversy. The statement "Paul has said so, and therefore you must accept it," is no longer valid for those who think of the Bible as an imperfect record of the long, slow way whereby men have been climbing out of the darkness of the earliest days toward that fuller light of God which gleams more brightly on our horizon than on theirs.

The beginning of humanity was not that of a perfect creature in a glorious Eden of innocence, that paradise of the idle man. His birth is a slow, upward struggle out of primitive darkness. There has been no age in the history of the world so dark as the earliest. When we see the savage hewing himself an idol out of a piece of wood and bowing down to worship it, we no longer regard him as having lapsed from the days when God and man walked together, but are stirred with wonder and delight that away down yonder, where there seems to be no God, there are in that savage heart promptings which lead him to hold out blind hands toward a something which he cannot see, feeling after God if haply he may find him.

The next point, that which concerns the justice of God, can only be fairly attributed to the wanderings of an imagination distorted by an overdose of scholasticism. You know the story whereby the writer of tracts seeks to make clear the propitiatory work of Jesus. A schoolmaster lets the bad boy go free of the punishment he has deserved, and at his own request visits the punishment on an innocent boy who offered to take it instead. I imagine that, if any schoolmaster under any school committee should show no better sense of justice, the result would be his instant dismissal. The received doctrine of atonement in its picture of the justice of God makes him unjust to Jesus. A God who could crucify Jesus is no God for me. It also makes God unjust to man because the only way whereby we are learning little by little to draw nearer to the higher life is by being brought to understand that there is steadfastness in the ways of God, that no sin ever goes without its consequence. The old doctrine is not just enough for the new thought.

Moreover, when God is described as being satisfied with this sort of jugglery, when he is presented as a God who needs to be appeased before his love can forgive, a God is set before us who may have been possible in the dark ages, but is not high enough for our reverent adoration. The God we love must be at least as good as his creatures. Imagine an earthly father whose boy has gone from home, and has fallen into evil ways. After many years the son comes home broken-hearted, and would have his father stand by him in the endeavor to build up out of the broken fragments of a wasted life something better and nobler. You cannot imagine that earthly father demanding that he shall be paid, propitiated, his justice satisfied, before he can reach out the father's hand to take the boy home, and give him a father's help toward

a new and better life. God must be nobler than any earthly father if he is to be God for you and for me. We can accept no doctrine of an atonement which sets forth to us a God who must be propitiated before he can forgive.

As a matter of fact, we have no real right to the doctrine. I, for one, do not care to keep the old labels when we have changed the goods. I prefer to leave the old labels with the old articles, and, using a nomenclature which is Scriptural, to speak rather of reconciliation, "word over all beautiful as the sky," as one of our own poets has called it. Reconciliation is not a passport system for heaven in the hands of a few, but the interpretation of the whole process of the universe, whereby God, unfolding himself little by little in all human life, brings peace and harmony out of the jarring discords of earlier things. Life, because it is imperfect, is full of contradictions. When Mr. Stevenson, half in play and half in earnest, wrote the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he was describing human character more truly than he perhaps thought. Only too often there seem to be two natures within us. Desire prompts us to pleasure, to make things easy for ourselves. Over against it, opposing and denying its behests, is the stern imperative of right and duty. In the same way the individual stands in opposition to society. We are impelled to make a place for self, to win wealth and power somehow, to make good our claim to the pleasant places of the world, whatever may be the lot of the surging crowd about us. Our self-interest is one thing, our compassion for the less fortunate is its denial. There seems too often to be no common ground where both can stand. In the world of thought, too, how continually what I might call the larger truth of religion presents itself as a denial of that which has gone before! The very fuller freedom and deeper life for which we stand seem to too many to be mere negations of and to threaten to destroy the religious life from which they have sprung. In short, on every side and in every department the conflicts of human interests and of human thought call for reconciliation. The old and the new, the lower and the higher, the truth of the past and the truth which is at hand, the individual and the social, are apparently in irreconcilable antagonism. The ideal is at war with the real. Man and God are in a state of alienation.

Reconciliation is the process whereby a larger thought and larger life solve the antagonism. When men, learning the lesson of the high inspiration of life, enter into their inheritance, they find that duty is but pleasure made wise and worthy of the human heart. They learn that the passion for their own delight can be fully satisfied only in so far as that delight is the joy of humanity. When you find your true self, you know that your interest and the interest of those about you are identical. When the enthusiasm of humanity fully reveals itself, it is found to be, after all, the same thing as personal blessedness in its highest form. The selfish man, when his selfishness is on the plane of the high living of Jesus, discovers that so to love one's self is to know the blessing of the unselfish life. Thus it is that the process toward more developed life and fuller thought which is the whole open secret of the universe is the process of reconciliation. God is no task master outside of us, and has no law in antagonism to our true life. In him there is no contradiction to that which is the highest we desire. God is our father, and we are God's children. God's life is in our life, and our life comes to its mightiest only as God is within. When the dream of the great Teacher is fulfilled, and the rule of God shall be over men's hearts, we shall know it only as the rule of the hidden nature which still slumbers within. Men shall then be brothers in a great home where love is the law of life and service blossoms into liberty. Then shall we know that the contradictions which are about and within us now are but the discords which prepare for the larger harmony of God which draws near as men grow into the stature of the Master, and learn to work together for the coming of that yet fuller reconciliation which is the day of the love of the Eternal.

FORGIVENESS.

BY REV. MARY A. SAFFORD.

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest."
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

The poet sees the highest truth. We are indeed environed by God; and our lives unfold in strength and beauty as we come into right relations with this envining reality, through obedience to the moral law. But this spiritual growth is checked by our own feelings, thoughts, and actions. We are envious, unkind, unjust. We transgress the divine law. We wrong the divine love. Is there forgiveness for us? If we repent and pray for pardon, will God set aside the law that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and utterly blot out the consequences of our wrong-doing? Once it was easy to believe that the moral law might thus be set aside, even as it was thought that the majestic order of nature could be changed by human petitions, that the rain might be brought from the clouds, the destructive whirlwind turned aside, the plague and the earthquake averted. But, gradually, there was developed that conception of the unvarying order of the universe which the discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler and Newton rooted so firmly in the human mind that to-day the intelligent, thoughtful person does not expect the steadfast laws of nature to be set aside in his behalf. He knows that frosts will whiten all the plain, when those conditions occur which cause its glittering crystals to be formed, although his corn may not be ripe. He knows that floods will follow melting snows and heavy rains, though life and property are swept away. He knows that the sun will not stay in its downward course, though at its setting he must die. Ay, more: he knows that moral laws are as immutable as those of nature, that whatsoever is sown must be reaped. He sees the repentant prodigal turning homeward, he hears the father's words of welcome, and marks his loving embrace of his long-lost child; but he also notes the fact that the law of consequences is not set aside, that the penalty of wrong-doing is not remitted.

The father forgives his repentant child, but years of dissipation have planted in the constitution of the prodigal the germs of physical disease and suffering. In unsteady nerves and weakened frame he must bear with him to the grave the effects of his evil deeds. In his licentiousness he has robbed an innocent soul of the white flower of its purity, and no forgiveness can destroy his bitter memory of the ruin he has wrought, can remove the terrible effects upon himself and others of his base act. Only by patient striving can he slowly outgrow the evil and win the good. But, if neither the inner nor the outer effects of his sins are removed by his father's forgiveness, in what does this forgiveness consist?

When you sin against your friend, and he forgives you, his act does not blot out the consequences of your wrong-doing: it only makes you feel that, despite your sin, he loves you still. As long as you doubt his love, as long as pride prevents you from seeking his pardon, there is a wall of separation between you and your friend; but, when you have confessed your sin and have been forgiven, this wall is broken down, and, conscious that his love is still your own, joy and peace succeed to doubt and vague unrest. This, I think, is the real nature of forgiveness, both human and divine.

The Father loves us while yet we wander far away. He loves us while he leaves us to bear the penalties of our transgressions. Even in the law of retribution this love is manifest, because in and through the action of this law God seeks to lead us home. But, while we continue sinning, we are not conscious of this divine love. Between it and our souls there is a wall of separation which we ourselves have builded by our own wrong-doing. But, when we sincerely repent of our transgressions and seek the better way, this wall of separation is broken down; and, made conscious that God's love enfolds us, we feel we are forgiven. As the sun does not cease its shining because we close our eyes to the light of day, so God does not cease to love us because we turn away from this love and wander in the paths of sin. But, as we

must open our eyes if we would enjoy the sunlight, so we must repent of our wrong-doing, turn from evil unto righteousness, and open our souls to divine love, if we would be conscious of its healing power.

Sin builds the barrier between us and God that nothing save true repentance can remove. Law is not set aside.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

But, as those who have long attempted to swim against the current, and have been bruised and beaten back when once they change their course and take the opposite direction, are helped upon their way by the same waters that before buffeted and punished them, so we, when we cease to oppose God's laws and strive to act in harmony with them, are helped onward by the very same forces that before seemed ready to crush us. We bear with us the marks of past strife; but, while before it seemed as if the might of the universe were arrayed against us, we now feel that all its powers are leagued to bless us. There comes to us a consciousness of strength and peace and rest that words cannot express. We are reconciled to law, to God. We feel the touch of divine love; we know the joy of forgiveness. God has not changed, divine law has not been set aside; but we ourselves have changed our relations to this law.

God's love was in the law when we opposed it, even as now, when we strive to act in harmony with it; but the love that was then "a consuming flame" is now "like sunshine in the air,—

"And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the everlasting name."

Because divine law is as love-full as divine love is law-full, divine forgiveness for the most sinful soul is not only possible, but inevitable, when that soul truly repents and turns from evil unto righteousness. If God's love were not unchanging, the soul might fall short of divine forgiveness, even as it sometimes fails of human forgiveness; but, in the keeping of Eternal Love, the soul is safe, because love seeks ever the highest good of all. It waits but the opportunity to bless. It asks for no atoning sacrifice, but, like the sunlight, pours its wealth of good into every chamber of the soul that is open to receive it. This is the consoling, inspiring truth that makes it possible for us to bear the shame of sin, and yet press forward for the prize of our high calling.

"Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

"Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand.
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise."

Friends may forsake, human love may fail; but in the blackest night of the soul's sin and shame God's love abides. This is the life-giving truth that we must strive to make more and more a divine reality in human consciousness, if we would be true to the faith committed to our keeping, and lead many souls out of darkness into light. In our strong reaction from the popular view of forgiveness as the blotting out of the inevitable consequences of wrong-doing, in our eagerness to teach that character is salvation, we must not ignore the saving power of hope. Souls burdened by sin and shame need not to be pointed to the law of consequences; for of this law they are already despairingly aware in the bitter harvest they are reaping of their past evil deeds. What they need is something to inspire in them new hope, to make them feel that they may be what they might have been, and constrain them to earnest striving for the best. Despite what seems to us its irrational doctrines, the Salvation Army is strong to uplift and save the fallen, because it sings and preaches and incarnates forgiving, saving love, thus quickening hope and aspiration in souls indifferent, sullen, or despairing. And we also need to preach and sing forgiving love, need to preach and sing it as never yet it has been preached or sung,—love revealed not in Jesus only, but in every loving life; love

not for the few alone, but for all; love that ever flows around our incompleteness, to bless and to save. This is the love we need to preach and sing, and more and more incarnate, that what Dinah Morris was to Hetty Sorrel, what Victor Hugo's good bishop was to the poor galley-slave, each one of us in some degree may be to souls that will have faith in God when they shall have more faith in man, when they shall find the divine in the human, and learn the meaning of unfailing love.

UNITARIANISM AND PHILANTHROPY.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

Two years ago, at our Chicago meeting, I had the privilege of narrating in part the history of the early Unitarianism of New England, in its relation to philanthropy; and it has now seemed best to your Council that this story shall be told again, with such new aspects by it as have within two years come into view. And, certainly, it is a part of denominational history which with each year appears more significant. The growth of Unitarianism in New England seventy-five years ago is commonly—and rightly—described as a movement of theology. Certain men of that community found themselves burdened by the thought of God then dominating the Congregational churches, and emerged from it into a simpler and, as they believed, a purer statement of Christianity. That was certainly the essence of the early Unitarian position. It has often been criticised as an intellectual rather than a religious movement, and it certainly may be thus contrasted with an emotional movement like that of Wesley or an ecclesiastical movement like that of Newman. It was primarily an intellectual protest, a philosophical and theological transition. It stood for the simplicity that is in Christ, for the human leadership of Jesus, for the universality of the love of God, for the immediate presence of the Holy Spirit. Its theology was not traditional or ecclesiastical or even primarily exegetical. It was experiential, ethical, intuitional. I remember, in my first interview with the saintly Prof. Tholuck, how, in answer to my statement that I was a Unitarian, he exclaimed, "Ah! the Unitarians: they are mystics." So from the beginning they have been. Instead of an elaborate system of theology, carrying with it a scheme of salvation demonstrable to any logical mind and capable of defence against "Jews, Turks, and infidels," as the phrase used to run, the Unitarians found sufficiency in the briefest statement of the nature of God himself,—that infinite Wisdom and Love which Jesus had interpreted and to which human experience naturally responds. Such must always be the first claim of Unitarianism to a place in history,—its thought of God, its conception of the work and place of Jesus Christ, and its expression of an immediate relation between the spirit of the Father and each human soul.

There is, however, another aspect of this New England movement, of which the historians have taken scarcely any notice, but which is quite as exceptional and quite as significant. It is its contribution to philanthropy. That which was primarily a theological departure developed at once a new humanitarianism. The new thought of God carried with it a new care for man. The first generation of New England Unitarians were in an extraordinary and a hitherto unrecognized degree the originators of the modern spirit in American philanthropy. This proposition which I wish to maintain is not so surprising as may at first appear. It is not only natural that a new philanthropy should have begun at this point: it is inevitable. Whenever in the history of religion a new simplicity and reality have been discovered in the relation to God, there a new responsibility has been felt in relation to man. Out of the religious revival has flowed the ethical quickening. So it was, for instance, in the beginnings of Buddhism. The moving ideas of Buddhism were theological and metaphysical, but the first practical teaching of Buddhism was ethical and philanthropic. Still more was this true in the beginnings of Christianity. The message of Jesus primarily concerned religious truth. It was of God's kingdom and its eternal principles that he spoke with a new authority. And yet, in a degree which has only been appreciated within the last few years, Chris-

tianity made a transition which was almost a revolution in the spirit of charity, of humanity, of social reform. The classic world abounded, indeed, in prodigality to the poor; but it knew nothing of that intrinsic worth of a human soul which unites the poor with the rich under Christianity. To the early Christians the outcast, the prisoner, the infirm, were all essential parts of the one body in Christ. If one suffered, all suffered with him. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God carried with it the deeds of the brotherhood of man. From the new faith sprang a new philanthropy. The "Caritas" of the Christians was a different quality from the "Liberalitas" of the Romans. Help for the helpless, hospitals for the sick, almsgiving as a part of worship, respect for woman, fraternity between employers and employed,—these qualities of social life became as distinctly Christian contributions to society, as were the faith in Jesus Christ and in his resurrection. Thus any religious teaching or transition may be fairly tested by its effect on philanthropy. The test is indirect: it is often unanticipated by the leaders of a theological movement; but it is as good a test to-day as it was when the apostle said, "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." Let us offer the Unitarianism of New England to this test. I do not deal with persons or influences of our own time. I speak only of that first group of Unitarians of which Channing was the centre. Other results of that early movement have often been noticed. It has been frequently remarked—and it is undoubtedly the fact—that the great names of American literature are almost completely included in the circle of this influence. But how is it with the history of philanthropy in this country? How did the modern science of charity practically begin? Where were the defective classes, the insane, the blind, the feeble-minded, first cared for as a special charge? By whom among Americans were the elements of modern education, the kindergarten, the training of women, the modern university, first suggested? What is the early history of the now universal movement of temperance reform? Where, among Christian churches, was the national curse of slavery most keenly realized and most unsparingly met? These were the great philanthropic movements of this country during the last fifty years,—the movements of charity, of education, of temperance, and of liberty. What is the historical position of Unitarians in these movements of reform? It would be, of course, preposterous to make exclusive claims. In each of these great movements there have been leaders not of the Unitarian faith, and there have been Unitarian leaders not singularly devoted to these causes. But I suppose it to be open to demonstration that in the years from 1835 to 1850 the part taken by Unitarians in these affairs was altogether unique in its importance. Modern philanthropy in this country is, I suppose, practically to be dated from this epoch and from the influence of a small group of men and women moved by the ideas which were most associated with Channing. The historian of philanthropy in this country, who proposes to describe any one of the phases which I have named, will find himself inevitably forced to deal at the outset with one or another name within this narrow circle; and it is certainly a very curious fact that this relationship to modern philanthropy has never been systematically described even by Unitarians themselves. The outlines and statement of Unitarian history, even when officially put forth, have been almost wholly devoted to its controversy with Orthodoxy, or its relation to primitive Christianity, or its theological attitude and claim; and the humanitarian side of the Unitarian movement has been dealt with, even by the warmest apologist of Unitarianism, in little more than the most cursory way. The only adequate appreciation has proceeded from a manly and thorough scholar, not of the Unitarian communion, who has noticed the single and extraordinary utterances of Channing on these themes. It is certainly a remarkable proof of the rapidity with which the mind of the age has turned from theology to philanthropy that within a dozen years a formal series of lectures on the history of Unitarianism should be published by the denominational board, and that the contribution of Unitarianism to philanthropy should have been left quite unrecognized. Other relig-

fous movements, I repeat, have other titles to a historic place. The New England Congregationalists of the elder branch will forever be distinguished through their magnificent vision of a converted heathen world. The Methodist movement stands for the extraordinary extension of the privilege of worship in the remotest hamlets and darkest places of the land. But the early Unitarian movement, insignificant as it was in many other aspects, had, beyond a doubt, a unique relation to the movements toward a better society which are the most marked characteristics of the present age. "Which sphere of useful action," said Dr. Channing in 1833, "is particularly commended to us Unitarians?" "It seems to me," he answers, "that we understand better than most Christians that it is the object of our religion to establish a fraternal union among all classes of society, to break down our present distinctions, and to direct all the energies of the cultivated and virtuous to the work of elevating the depressed classes to an enlightened piety, to intellectual and moral dignity." "To us, it seems to me, this great work peculiarly belongs. . . . We ought to be by eminence Christian philanthropists."

It is, of course, impossible in a half-hour to verify in detail this view of Unitarianism; and I do not care to present a mere catalogue, either of names or undertakings. The systematic historian of the subject will have a long and varied story to tell. He will review the beginnings of temperance reform in the hands of Unitarians, the organization of the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance in 1813, and the dramatic conflict of John Pierpont, minister of Hollis Street Church. He will describe the epoch made in American education by the work of Horace Mann, whose statue justly stands before the Massachusetts State House, side by side with that of Webster. He will add to this Unitarian contribution to education the beginnings of the kindergarten system on the one hand, and on the other the development of Harvard University under seven successive administrations of Unitarian Presidents, five of whom had been Unitarian ministers. He will recall the beginnings of the movement for international peace at the hands of the personal friend of Channing, Dr. Noah Worcester. He will record how the wars of England have been alleviated by the service of the Unitarian, Florence Nightingale, and how the War of the Rebellion in this country bore its fairest fruit in the beautiful ministry of the Sanitary Commission, directed by the Unitarian, Henry W. Bellows. He will enumerate the benefactions of Peter Cooper, of Ezra Cornell, and of Enoch Pratt. All these and many more incidents in the story of Unitarian philanthropy wait for the competent historian. Finally, he will deal with the crucial test of humanity in that generation, the anti-slavery cause; and he will conclude, as he looks back on that troubled time, that the Unitarian body, divided as it was in judgment as to the means of giving freedom to the slave, stood, after all, quite alone among the Christian churches in its absorbing interest and serious dealings with the question. On the one hand, a very large part of the strength of the anti-slavery agitators, with the exception of Mr. Garrison, was drawn from the Unitarian circle. May and Parker were Unitarian ministers. Sumner was a Unitarian layman. But the conservatives, no less completely than the radicals, recognized the issue, and met it with their consciences. Henry Ware, Jr., was able to say, as truthfully as Theodore Parker, "I am in principle an abolitionist." Strife was bitter among the brethren, and the moderates seemed to the radicals to be recreants to the cause. But it was not because the two parties were widely divided that they came to strife. It was because they were so near together. There was no conflict within the evangelical or ecclesiastical communions, for in no such communion was there any generally quickened sense of the crisis. The issue lay among the Unitarians, because the Unitarians, from the time when Channing uttered his great word on slavery, were awake to this test of their religion. In what other Christian communion could have happened that which is recorded of one Unitarian minister, John Gorham Palfrey, a Southerner, inheriting property in slaves, freeing them at the loss of his heritage, and, when applauded for the act in a Unitarian meeting,

simply answering: "How could I have done otherwise? Am I not a Unitarian?" Such are some of the chapters of Unitarian history which will some day be dealt with as they deserve. For to-day, however, I limit myself to a single phase of philanthropy,—the undertakings which, in the common sense of the word, we call charitable, the institutions and methods for relief of the destitute and the defective classes. Limiting myself in this special sense to the work of charity, I simply inquire what made the years from 1830 to 1840 an epoch of philanthropic renaissance. And, first, it is beyond a doubt that the original source of this new humanitarianism lay in the extraordinary influence of William Ellery Channing. I suppose I am one of many to whom the work of Channing has been rather an object of reverence than of special study. Most persons of the present generation think of him, I imagine, as a religious seer whose views have at last become general property, and whose work now chiefly interests the historian of opinion. Quite another impression, however, must be made on any student who goes to him in these days for instruction in philanthropy. It soon appears that his doctrine of the dignity of man was no theological abstraction, but a direct and tremendous impulse to plans and hopes of social redemption. The fact is that Channing anticipates in a most extraordinary way the problems and needs of the present time. He perceives all the perils of the social order: he faces the now fearful problem of the great cities; he prophesies the demands of the laboring classes for a greater share of the rewards of industry. He recognizes the burden which American society has borne, first through slavery and then through drink. His addresses on "The Education of the Laboring Classes" and on "Temperance" are not only profound: they are as modern as if written to-day. In many of his utterances he would be now counted a radical reformer. "It seems to me," he says, in 1833, "that the signs of the time point to a great approaching modification of society, which will be founded on and will express the essential truth that the chief end of the social state is the elevation of all its members as intelligent and moral beings, and under which every man will be expected to contribute to this object according to his ability. The present selfish and dissocial system must give way to Christianity, and I earnestly wish that we may bear our full part in effecting this best of all revolutions." The journals, the letters, and the formal writings of Channing all abound in

Business Notices.

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A Boon to Embroiderers.—It is hardly more than a year ago that a progressive concern hit upon an ingenious way of putting up its justly celebrated "ASIATIC DYE" Wash Silks in paper holders in such a manner that embroiderers are saved the trouble of unwinding the skein and rewinding it again on cardboard, as was customarily done with the old-fashioned skeins to prevent them from coiling and snarling. The Brainerd & Armstrong Silk Co., New London, Conn., which holds the exclusive right to put up its silk in this manner, has again demonstrated its originality by the recent publication of a "Doyley and Centrepiece Book," which has chapters on Embroidery Stitches, Centrepieces, Doyleys, Ideal Honiton, Luncheon and Tea Cloths, Cut Work, and Table Spreads in Denim. It contains over seventy engraved illustrations of patterns, and full information as to where they can be obtained, and the proper stitches and threads to be used in working each individual part. In a word, the book deals so comprehensively with the subject that every lady who embroiders cannot fail to find it useful.

To California with Raymond & Whitcomb.—Persons expecting to visit the Pacific Coast will be interested in Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's announcement of their annual series of delightful winter tours to California. Every advantage that trains of superb palace vestibuled sleeping and dining cars can afford will be enjoyed by the members of these parties. The date of departure of the next party from Boston is Tuesday, November 19. There will be numerous opportunities of returning with personally conducted parties; and the tickets are also good, independently, any day on any train. An illustrated circular fully describing these tours will be furnished, free of cost, by Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston. A party will leave Boston for Mexico January 23.

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utterances like this. If he had not been historically classified among the theologians, he would now be claimed by the historian of charity, of temperance, and even of social revolution as a prophet of the new time. His journals in 1834 testified to this direction of his interest. "Causes of poverty to be traced," he writes. "Is not the social order wrong?" "Let the poor be my end." And again, in more formal phrase, he writes, "Were I, on visiting a strange country, to see a vast majority of the people maimed, crippled, and bereft of sight, and were I told that social order required this mutilation, I should say, 'Perish this order!'" Such was the fruitful seed scattered over the field of philanthropy by this epoch-making man. No wonder that, in the small circle of thoughtful men and women of whom he was the centre, a renaissance of philanthropy began.

What, I now go on to ask, were the signs of this renaissance in the special field which we call that of charity? What was the relation of these early Unitarians to the helpless and dependent classes, to pauperism and its relief? And, first, let us answer this question in its most general terms. What are to-day the principles of scientific charity? They are, I take it, first, the abolition of out-of-door relief; second, the union of forces applied to charity,—the principle of registration; and, third, personal visitation,—the principle of the friendly visitor. These three principles make, I suppose, the chief articles in the creed of the new charity. Where were these principles first set forth by an American? I answer that forty years before they were generally applied they were thoroughly expounded by a Unitarian minister of Boston in a series of reports which anticipate almost the whole of our present science of charity. This remarkable man, Joseph Tuckerman, was a classmate and intimate friend of Channing; and, after twenty-five years of parish life, he turned to the work of a city missionary among the Boston poor, wisely giving it the title, not of a mission, but of a "ministry-at-large." Six years of this service undermined his health; and, after six more years of lingering invalidism, he died, in 1840. This very brief and inconspicuous undertaking, which was directed and sustained by the newly organized American Unitarian Association, must always remain the starting-point for any history of scientific charity in this country. Dr. Tuckerman's reports dwell on almost every aspect of charity work which has since grown important. He calls attention to the need of improved dwellings for the poor half a century before this modern enterprise was undertaken. He anticipates the congestion of life in our great cities, and calls for more attractive rural homes. He discerns the radical importance of the child-problem, and sets it by itself as a special form of charity. He sees that the secret of judicious charity is the continuous visitation of individuals by individuals. He expressly advises a bureau of registration for the common use of the overseers of the poor and the benevolent societies, and he estimates that such a measure would give to the voluntary societies thirty-three and one-half per cent. additional value for their funds. His most elaborate report, however, is devoted to the general subject of municipal relief; and in it he advocates, with a radicalism which is for his time simply amazing, the total repeal of the "poor-law system" of that period, tests of work for the able-bodied poor, houses of industry worthy of the name for the more incapable, and the reference of all temporary poverty to private relief. Thus his counsel is prophetic of the most radical judgment of the present time, and so far outruns his own age that even his editors in 1874 take pains to state that they only partly share his views as to outdoor relief. I remember a young divinity student who, on reading for the first time Lessing's "Education of the Human Race," remarked that the treatise seemed to him rather behind the age. He was, of course, in a certain sense right; and it was the best of compliments to find that a work which appeared to its own time almost revolutionary should appear to the new generation somewhat commonplace. Something of the same effect is made on the modern reader by the reports of Joseph Tuckerman. They are so wholly modern, so like the familiar talk of our Associated Charity experts to-day, that it is difficult to believe them written sixty-seven years ago. The

prophecy of 1826 has become the wisdom of 1893. The times have at last caught up with this unique statement of principles, drawn from the experience of an early Unitarian minister among the Boston poor.

I turn to more specific forms of charitable work. The most obviously successful and the most rapidly extended form of modern charity is that which deals with children. There is a hope in child-saving which no other reformatory work permits, and the science of charities for children is among the best developments of modern philanthropy. Its first principle is anti-institutionalism. A child in a city institution is, speaking generally, injured at the very start of life. "Institution boys," says the last and one of the most sympathetic experts, Mr. Riis, "are generally the least desirable apprentices. They are saved from being toughs only to become automatons." Thus, as Dr. Tuckerman clearly laid down, the elevation of children becomes a specific form of charity. They must not be herded with adults or imprisoned in poorhouses or refuges. Work for them must be personal, domestic, natural. In the home, not in the institution, lies their hope. The second principle, therefore, in such charity is that of deportation. The children of the city must be removed from city life and placed in rural homes. This is not only good sociology, but wise economy. The New York Children's Aid Society has thus domesticated more than one hundred thousand children in the last twenty-five years, at a cost of about \$25 each; while it costs about \$120 a year to maintain a convicted person in a New York jail. How did such rationally directed charity for children in this country begin? It is very difficult in so extended an enterprise to fix a single point of departure; but this, at least, is certain,—that the Boston Children's Mission, founded in 1849, was the direct fruit of the ministry of Tuckerman, and antedates all other conspicuous undertakings of the same nature. The first president of the Children's Mission, John E. Williams, a Unitarian layman, moved later to New York, and became the first treasurer of the newly created Children's Aid Society of that city. Thus the work of the Children's Mission and the kindred service of the Warren Street Chapel, under the leadership of Charles Barnard, must be reckoned as the most immediate, if not the only American antecedent of the great modern works of child-saving charity.

I turn once more to a second specialized form of charity,—the most affecting, and the most laborious form,—the care of what are known as the defective classes, the blind, the feeble-minded, the insane. In this touching service of the helpless, two names stand quite by themselves in the history of American reforms. Both of these persons were intimate members of the group of Unitarians who had been inspired by Channing, and one of them was a member of Dr. Channing's family circle. Samuel Gridley Howe, the most picturesque figure in modern philanthropy, began the teaching of the blind in 1832. "In him," said his pastor, a man of the same type, James Freeman Clarke, "were united the qualities of Sir Lancelot and of the good Samaritan." For forty-three years Dr. Howe directed this miraculous form of education. The same gallantry which in 1822 burned to rescue the down-trodden Greeks now freed from a still darker slavery the soul of Laura Bridgman. "I would rather," said Horace Mann, in 1841, "have built up the blind asylum than have written Hamlet; and one day every one will think so." In 1848 Dr. Howe added to the task of giving eyes to the blind the still lowlier service of instructing the feeble-minded. It was a work then greeted with derision, and it has been treated with contempt by a governor of Massachusetts in our own day. "The only thing to do with an idiot," said that governor, in opposing the appropriation for the School for Feeble-minded Youth, "is to let him sit in the sun." None the less, this same school, begun by Dr. Howe, and still generously supported by the State, is, on the whole, the most beautiful, as well as the most pathetic, illustration of the Christian law of service which our own time affords. Certainly, if Jesus could come again into this modern world, looking for the triumphs of his spirit in the institutions of men, there are few places on earth where he would discover such un-mixed sacrifice for the weakest members of

his one body, or so gladly say once more, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The other name which makes a similar starting-point in a still more dramatic reform is not only the name of a Unitarian, but, as I have said, of a member of Channing's family. Dorothea Dix, as her biographer says, "has no peer in the annals of Protestantism. To find her parallel, it is necessary to go back to the lives of Saint Theresa of Spain or Santa Chiara of Assisi." At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were but four insane asylums in the United States, and but one of these was the property of a State. Before Miss Dix's death she had by her indefatigable devotion converted twenty States to a rational system; she had received testimonials of gratitude from the American Houses of Congress and from the British Parliament; she had touched the hearts of kings and of the reigning pope; and she lived long enough to see the lot of thousands of her unfortunate fellow-creatures changed from that of fettered animals to that of befriended invalids. Such, in a few words, was the influence of the small group we are considering in the development of charity. These three names—Tuckerman, Howe, and Dix—are, on the whole, the most important names in the departments which they represent; and they are as distinctively representatives of the epoch of Channing as is the literature of Bancroft, Palfrey, or Prescott, or the verse of Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, or Holmes. Through the one channel, as through the other, flowed the new faith in human nature. The new philanthropy sprang with the new literature from the new belief in the essential dignity of man.

I can go no further within the limits of my time with even this hasty survey of one aspect of my theme, but I cannot part from it without indicating very briefly a few of its most obvious lessons. First, let us be taught by this fragment of history the extraordinary and permanent influence which may be exerted upon a nation like ours by a very small group of people, and even by a single person's word and work. It often seems in these complex days as if individual effort were quite in vain in the midst of the great popular tides and currents of the time; but, in reality, there never was a time when the individual or the small group had so much power for good or evil. Intimacy of communication in modern society, the interworking of its industrial and social life, multiply a thousand-fold the voice and service of the leaders. The great advances in our day in political action, in educational reform, in religious progress, as well as in schemes of philanthropy, are due to very limited groups of thoughtful persons, often so inconspicuous that the masses are quite unaware whence the influence comes by which they are so strongly led. Of such leadership, as yet only half recognized in its effect on modern thought and conduct, is this work of the Unitarians in 1840; and it gives courage and comfort to every intelligent effort for religious or social reform.

Secondly, this history points out with precision the peculiar mission of Unitarianism in the present age. It is an age peculiarly devoted to philanthropy. Never before was it so fully realized that the purpose of Christianity is a practical, regenerating, redemptive work. There is a great reaction from theological discussion and a great renewal of ethical activity. Our churches have taken up sociological studies and schemes. Our theological seminaries are accepting sociology as an essential part of a minister's training. In this humanitarian revival the Unitarians have a hereditary right to lead. They are the heirs of the doctrine of human capacity and of the scientific patience and devotion of Samuel Howe and Dorothea Dix. The times call for a new definition of the work of the Christian minister; and this new opportunity is most naturally offered to the descendants of Tuckerman and Channing.

Lastly, however, in the indications which Unitarian history offers there is one of warning. This emphasis on human pursuits, beautiful as it is, carries with it a distinct danger. The absorbing interest in philanthropy may involve a certain contempt for that which is not immediately practical. Theology begins to look like an outgrown science. The church may be regarded as an organization for social reform.

We are inclined to beat our spears of theological conflict into pruning-hooks of social redemption. Thus the age of works succeeds the ages of faith. Instead of the study of the Hebrew prophets, we have the study of the prophets of socialism. Instead of salvation by Christ, people begin to look for salvation by legislation and hygiene. So strong and so beneficent has grown this practical tendency that it seems almost antiquated to criticise it; and yet, if the history of philanthropic renaissance which we have traced has any lesson to teach, it is the lesson of a motive much deeper than philanthropy itself. Whence, I ask, then, did the new quickening of moral responsibility in early Unitarianism proceed? It proceeded primarily from a more rational thought of God and of his world. The inspiration came, let us remember, not from a worker, but from a preacher. Out of the larger thought flowed the wiser deeds. Back of the works of love lay the ideal truth. Beneath the manifold branches of activity were the roots of stable conviction with which the mind of Channing laid hold of the universal life. It must always be the same. A wise humanitarianism is always the fruit of a rational idealism, and without the root the fruits will quickly wither. This is the chief lesson for Christian churches to learn in their dealings with philanthropy. A time like this is not a time when the churches should turn from their ideal interests of worship, and devote themselves to practical affairs. It is, on the contrary, the very time when the interests of universal thoughts and aspirations should be most thoroughly maintained. The life with God, the sentiment of worship, the conception of humanity as organic and perfectible, the impulse of the ideal life, as manifested in Christ,—these are not extraneous interests, set apart from the practical problems and needs of the time: they are the lofty source from which the whole stream of modern philanthropy derives its freshness and its breadth. Let that source dry, and the stream will shrink. Lower this ideal, and the stream will lose its headway. Divert the churches from their spiritual aims, and the thirst of the time will not be satisfied. What this busy age most needs in its philanthropy is a constant renewal of spiritual courage; and this is a growth which descends from above upon hearts which wait on God. So the Christian Church and each humblest branch of it finds a place for its special service in this practical age. Never before was the water of life so freely and beneficently used for the good of the world. It is being turned into every corner of the social world, as men dig their canals and trenches in some thirsty land until it is transformed by the streams of water from a desert into a garden. And yet, the more this great and wholesome movement of social irrigation goes on, the more essential it becomes that in the high places of experience this same water of life shall be abundantly collected and securely stored. So the Christian Church, high up on the mountains of the ideal, fulfils its essential and preliminary work. The thirsty fields wait for the stream of service which descends from those heights of prayer; and the stream comes down to them, singing as it flows, "I am come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."

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MODERN APPLICATIONS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES TO SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

BY REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Social problems are of two general classes,—those pertaining to charity and those pertaining to reform. "Charity" is our name for that social office by which the laggard, wayward, and weak members of society are helped or carried along in the march of life by the advanced, the virtuous, and the strong. "Reform" is our name for that social office by which, from time to time, the specific institutions of human relationship—that is, law, government, industry, the church, the school, and the home—are changed in obedience to a developing moral standard.

Charity is the gift from him who has to him who has not,—the effort to provide external uplift to all lacking in personal initiative. Reform is the effort to remove the social condition of progress which creates or increases the need for such external uplift. Charity is the attempt to render evil circumstances of human existence tolerable; to prevent, both in the individual and the social organism, the natural consequences of defective inheritance, training, and character. Reform is the attempt to remove evil circumstances by right adjustment of human relations, by liberating the weak from unjust social pressure, and by such general and external education as shall ultimately, it is hoped, prevent defective inheritance, training, and character. These two social offices blend and interact, of course; but all philanthropic movements can be classified more or less exactly under these heads. For example, several years ago one of our Southern cities was ravaged by fever. We saw then a beautiful exhibition of charity. Men and women who could have fled to safe places stayed with the plague-stricken, nursed the sick, buried the dead, comforted the mourning with a self-forgetting tenderness that turned the horror into a sacrament of human heroism. Afterward, however, when we counted the cost of the epidemic, not only to the original victims and their care-takers, but to the whole country in its varied social and economic interests, the spirit of reform determined that future fever plagues must be prevented; and the medical commissions and sanitary boards were set the task of discovering and removing the causes of disease. If we add to the first response of benevolence made so generously to the call of the afflicted, and to the general movement for sanitary reform, local movements to teach and enforce the hygienic laws announced by the experts, we shall have an example of the three stages of effort in all cases where charity seeks to ameliorate and reform to cure the evils of life. First, the help of brotherly love to the suffering one; next, the investigation that teaches why he suffers and how to prevent such suffering; then the preventive action enforced by law and applied by education.

The relation of religion in general to philanthropic work of all sorts is that of motive power and director of method. The love that prompts to social service is born at religion's altar of devotion. The channels through which it flows are shaped in large part by religion's philosophy of human destiny and duty. In the first influence, the Christian Church is one, from the first impulse given by the great heart of Jesus to the last and humblest response of consecration to others' service. In the second influence, the Christian Church has broken its commandments of method into fragments, as many in number as are its creeds. Our personal characters, as respects our scale of moral values and our balance of achieved excellences, are not more surely determined by our religious beliefs than are the direction, limits, and methods of our charitable and reformatory work. The distinctive quality of our liberal faith is its sensitive response to the modern philosophy of divine unity and human growth. That philosophy sees everywhere immutable law governing human betterment or degeneration, and hence leads us to look for natural causes for human ills (both in the individual and in the race), and to rely upon natural rather than supernatural, evolutionary rather than revolutionary, educative and flexible rather than spasmodic and arbitrary methods for the amelioration and cure of those ills. This has given to our own more than to any religious movement a profound im-

pulse toward learning the laws of the divine purpose in human growth, in order that we may learn how to co-operate with them in all ways by which human love becomes a providence to human weakness. This impulse, translated in terms of practical philanthropy, tends toward a union of charity and reform in a co-ordinated social service of tenderness and wisdom never before seen or even imagined. The two principles of amelioration and cure for social ills and personal defects have been held to be antagonistic. To-day the world at large so esteems them. Still, in the rude birthplaces of infant reforms, which in their giant youth are to rock the world in throes of moral conflict, you will hear the name of charity hissed in scorn. Still, in ancient centres of loving help to individuals in need, you will find the spirit and special aims of social reform alike feared and shunned, and some of the noblest prophets of a newer and better institutional order among mankind misunderstood and opposed. Yet is it true that, in all highest places of ethical direction, mercy and truth are already met together, tenderest love and austere wisdom have kissed each other. The powers that make for relief and the powers that make for prevention of human misery are even now wedded fast beyond divorce. The most "dismal sciences" of economic order, the most mechanical measures of social reform, have already been flooded with a warm tide of most scrupulous consideration for the single life: the most lavish charity has begun to fibre itself upon social science, and learned to add moral discipline to its list of precious gifts. The exact point of jointure where these two elements meet for a higher social regeneration is the precise field of effort for that philanthropy which is stimulated and directed by a rational and spiritual religion.

The problem of problems in charity is how to make the abnormal and incompetent classes comfortable, and yet neither retard nature's training of the individual life by hard but indispensable experience into the virtues of an independent, moral creature, nor induce race degeneration. The problem of problems in reform is how to generate and concentrate sufficient moral power to effect, in fit time and place, each needed institutional change in law, government, industry, the church, the school, and the home, and yet not disturb moral balance nor lessen the stock of general moral devotion needed for regular and personal character-building. The first problem is well understood by workers of the liberal faith in religion; and they have helped more than those of any other church affiliation in solving it, as you have just heard in the splendid showing by Mr. Peabody.

The second problem has not been so well mastered by Unitarian thought and effort. Their religious optimism and their social fastidiousness, the breadth of their philosophy and the calm balance of their ethical ideals, have united to make Unitarians as a body shy of mixing in the moral strifes of the world. They have seen so clearly that personal character is the aim and test of all social movements that they have not been so quick to see also, that, until the average life is freed from oppressive and unjust conditions, it cannot respond to the noblest appeals and influences of the church and the school; and that such liberation of the personal life from bondage has always been accomplished by separate steps, on hotly contested fields of moral conflict. They have believed so devoutly in the Eternal that makes for righteousness, they have felt so safe for themselves and for others in this universe, that they have not always seen God on that field where he is most invisible, yet most sublimely present,—the field "where ancient good" made by "Time uncouth" is warred against by some manager-cradled champion of a new revelation of truth and justice. They have sympathized too much with Emerson in his occasional mood of the witty philosopher, viewing life merely as a spectacle, who sees a "faint touch of the burlesque always lingering about the reformer." They have not sympathized enough with Emerson in his more constant mood of the moral teacher, when he declares that, "seen in their natural connection, all attempts of the people for the better are sublime," and "that our part is plainly not to block improvement or to sit till we are stone, but to conspire with the new works of new days."

It is true, however, that the partial solving of the deepest problem of charity has

already led the most philosophic of observers toward a better appreciation of the deepest problem of reform. The application of the laws of social science in the administration of charity shows to a candid mind the need of mending customs, laws, and most external conditions surrounding the single life, if all single lives are to be made whole.

Let us consider together some of the ways in which thoughtful help of individuals and earnest study of the causes of their need have already led us into the arena of special reforms. It is estimated that our charities in America cost us annually about one hundred millions in dollars, besides the enormous and unreckoned wealth of private, volunteer service by uncounted workers. By diminishing the death-rate, charity has by the same ratio increased the proportion of human defectives whom charity must care for; and, by demanding a more and more tender and generous treatment for all in need, it has still further increased the load which the normal and competent must carry. We care for the aged poor, for dependent children, for paupers, the insane, idiotic, and feeble-minded, the epileptic and blind and deaf-mute, the partially defective in mind, body, and moral nature, together with those temporarily disabled physically or by unemployment for self-support. We care for all these by means of this vast and varied social office we name "charity." The burden of it does not rest alone or chiefly upon the rich: the middle class feel it most, and the struggling poor, only slightly above the need of material aid themselves, stagger under its weight. Thus the increase of charity is marked, both in extent relative to size of the community (by saving alive so many who would die under harder conditions) and in quantity and quality of aid to each needy individual. And this increase threatened at one time, along with other social tendencies, to topple society over by its weight. The element of reform has already entered into charity, and demands more and more imperiously, as an aim, the cure of chronic pauperism and the vast lessening of severe poverty. In studying how to carry out that aim, we have come upon most significant proof of the interrelation of scientific charity and institutional reform. C. D. Kellogg, an authority in charity organization (that is to say, an authority on the application of the principles of social science to relief-giving), tells us that two-thirds of the destitution now relieved by material aid "could be wiped out by a more perfect adjustment of the supply and demand for labor, and by a more vigorous and enlightened police administration." We see more fully the force of this estimate of Mr. Kellogg's when we study more carefully the "causes of poverty" as tabulated in the carefully kept records of charity organization societies. That "enforced idleness" which is due to industrial changes and financial crises leads to very marked decrease of mental and moral power in the wage-earner, and thus tends toward chronic poverty. Hence charity necessarily given to the "unemployed" and their families takes us at once into the field of economic reform. Again, "sickness" is reckoned on all tables of relief-giving agencies as a steady and large producing cause of poverty, about one-fourth of all applications for aid, and a much larger proportion of first applications, arising from that condition. And Dr. Dugdale declares not only that "pauperism in general is an indication of physical weakness of some kind," but also that "hereditary pauperism rests chiefly upon disease." Now we know that disease is engendered by insanitary conditions of houses and streets, by poisoned water, poor drainage, tenement-crowding, and by all bad external conditions of the home, as truly as by insufficient and poorly cooked food, im-

pure air, ignorance, or carelessness within the home. Hence reform in the administration of charity is seen to require not only vastly multiplied agencies for the instruction of the stupid in better ways of living, but also strict government inspection and legal control of all the public conditions which make for health or disease in the community; and this carries us into the field of municipal reform. Moreover, "accidents" affecting the wage-earners of families, and resulting in either death or crippled conditions, form a large part of the physical disability of the very poor. And, when we learn that the railroads of the United States alone kill in one year 2,554 bread-winners, and injure, more or less seriously, 28,268; and that many mines and manufactories have bloody records of similar extent; and that the conditions of many trades are so unhealthful that the workman has an average of from ten to fifteen years only in which to keep his physical power to labor,—when we learn all this, and more than can be here recounted, we see the deep connection between charity and labor reform. For, be it remembered, many of the worst conditions which beget disease and invite accident in labor can be prevented by means already known. It needs only vigorous and legally applied public sentiment to reduce such evils to their minimum. The employment of children, also, and of the mothers of young children, has marked effect in producing personal and social degeneration. Besides this, the employment of children is the most serious of economic disturbances, because decreasing the wage of adult workers through illegitimate competition. All this ties the giving of temporary relief to one family brought to distress, through the causes named, to those great world-movements of social reform that are now profoundly stirring modern thought.

Look, also, at the more distinctly moral elements of social problems, as scientific charity reveals them. Idiocy, feeble-mindedness, and abnormal moral condition in the individual are now easily traced to vicious life in the ancestry. Intemperance and sexual vice are the great producing causes of mental and moral incompetency; and that incompetency, in turn, is the most potent cause of crime. And thus the special moral reforms of temperance and social purity, as truly as the economic reforms, are found linked to charitable effort. To prevent spreading this degeneracy of mind and will, we are learning to apply to the criminal manifesting acute moral disorder graded systems of "indeterminate sentence," extended legal control, and strict tutelage toward ends of personal reformation. More than this, we are learning to establish permanent isolation and wise custodial care for the more chronic cases of human failure,—mental and moral types which, if left to freely reproduce after their kind, will overburden society and seriously retard the progress of the race. Still more than this: many are learning that far-reaching, radical, and specialized movements toward the prevention of the two vices most productive of this degeneracy of mind and will are absolutely necessary to social welfare.

The problems specially involved in the care of dependent and wayward children turn attention toward another distinct moral reform. One-fourth of all dependent children—those who, thrust out of their natural homes, must be fathered and mothered by society at large—are such because of the parents' fault,—fault so flagrant as to be easily traced. And wayward children, when sentenced to reform schools under the age of twelve years, are very many of them the victims solely of the same parental incompetency. This fact leads to the dismal and puzzling maze of domestic wrongs,



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the frequent desertion of wife and young children by the husband and father, the frequent divorces and more frequent temporary separation of parents which throw the children out upon the world. These evils and the blacker problems revealed by the inner history of prostitution among young girls, take us into the very heart of the world-movement toward equality of rights and opportunities for both sexes. This movement, working industrially, has already (in large areas of civilized life) procured for women the power and self-protection of self-support as recognized wage-earners; working educationally in the same area, has opened to women the wealth of mankind's storehouse of knowledge; working legally, has increasingly changed the position of woman from that of dependent and ward to that of a responsible individual, mistress of her own person and estate; working politically, is on its way to round the circle of equality by giving women that governmental franchise which is the symbol of independent social responsibility.

The heart of this movement (alas! so little understood even now by some of the leaders in our liberal faith) is the freeing of the mothers of the race from conditions which destroy the home and thus blight the life of childhood. Conditions of cruelty, neglect, and outrage upon personal dignity through enforced bondage to unholy passions. These conditions arise from false ideals of womanliness, which, by inducing woman's subordination and dependence, inevitably tend to vulgarize marriage into a commercial bargain, and thus make short and easy the step to illegal sex relations. The pit of woman's supremest degradation is dug by white hands of those who, themselves escaping the worst effect of these false ideals, yet support their decaying strength, and crucify the prophecy of a higher domestic order, "not knowing what they do." It is the pit of woman's degradation from which emanate the worst evils that helpless childhood suffers, and that society vainly seeks to cure. And the deeper depth of every problem in charity centres in neglected childhood. The wisest and most foolish social care for dependent children, the best or worst governed reformatory for wayward youth, are therefore (together with the effectual treatment of divorce and prostitution) vitally and indissolubly linked with that greatest institutional reform of the century just closing,—the liberation from bondage of the moral and intellectual initiative of women.

Two institutional reforms will make the next century memorable for mighty moral battlefields. One is peculiarly the work of Americans for America. It is the reform in the political administration of social interests. The other is a world struggle, in which our land will bear but a part,—the struggle to translate democracy in terms of the industrial order. For the first, the leading forces of our liberal faith are prepared and already in command. It is now proved that generals and captains nourished at the altars of Unitarian churches will in America lead to victory the hosts of municipal reform and purification of governmental order. This is a social service peculiarly fitted to the historic genius of Unitarian faith, because it is an application of individual wisdom and conscience to the realization in social order of advanced but fully accepted moral standards. For the greater movement of industrial reform I believe men and women of the rational and liberal faith will also prove peculiarly fitted, not so much by their historic genius as by their own newer missionary impulses to more unselfish consecration. Of the methods and ultimate detail of that greatest reform movement of the coming century we cannot yet know. The industrial order which is to be reformed is still so newly formed that the highest expert guidance is yet confused and confusing. Hence the minister of religion must be cautious and humble to the last degree in attempts to affix the sanction of duty to any proposed economic reform. But one thing the ministry of the liberal faith can do now, and that it ought: it can unite with the ministry of other households of faith, and step out into the very midst of the market-place, where selfish scramblers push the weak and ignorant into the mire, and where childhood's birthright of education and happiness is bartered for gain; and there it can plant its standard of human brotherhood, and write upon it for all to read,

"And a man shall be more precious than gold,—yea, than much fine gold."

All of these reforms enumerated have their weakness of direction and method, as well as their strength of interior purpose. The modern specialization of function gives a new force to the old one-sidedness of the special reformer. His one-sidedness is proved by history to have sublime use in the economy of human growth. Did he not shout his one note of social duty too loudly, the world would never get the pitch for its new marching-songs of moral progress. What the special reformer needs for his own deeper wisdom, what the world needs as balancing corrective for his extravagant demand, is not coldly critical condemnation of his narrowness by those who feel no stir of response to his appeal. That but isolates him the more, and makes the conflict he inaugurates the sharper and more exclusive. What he needs and what society needs in order to get the most and best out of his partial but essential service is that a great chorus of sympathetic but independent and well-rounded workers for righteousness shall take up his single note of appeal, and deepen its shrill call to harmonious setting in the great oratorio of humanity's ethical passion. Who is the natural leader and director of that chorus of sympathetic yet balancing response to the special reformer? The minister of the liberal and rational and spiritual religion we celebrate to-day, and dare to call our own. He is pledged to a philosophy of life and growth which gives that nice sense of proportion in moral values which can alone secure the true synthesis of social reform. He is pledged to a full understanding of religion's law,—the law that the kingdom of heaven is within; the law that from better men and women alone grow better economics and states. Therefore, he can best apply the ultimate test to every so-called remedy for social ills.

What then? Shall the church become an ethical workshop merely, and the minister of religion only its chiefest supervisor? Ah, no! Then were there no atmosphere wherein to set in true interrelation the wheels of the reformer's machinery and the fine handiwork of the wise dispenser of personal help. Nay, more: although the Church, if she is to live as an institution, must from now on be prompt to undertake any personal or social service, from free baths to free concerts, which the world needs and no other social force supplies,—be prompt to do it, as proving her human sympathy,—yet is she under bonds to take her hands from every such form of external service so soon as it has grown strong, specialized, and mature enough to become a civic interest, lest the much doing of things clip the wings of her upsoaring ideal. Truly says the great Mazzini, defining the order of moral progression: "Every epoch of human history reveals one fragment of the ideal. A philosophy prepares the way for the discovery, a religion then sanctifies the new idea by making it a duty, a social science then translates it slowly into facts, and, last of all, an art symbolizes it."

To build here and now the kingdom of God is the aim of lovers and workers of the true church life. Just there is our place in the world's service of practical righteousness, just there at the point where the new discovered truths of the few sages are pressing for entrance into the common thought and life so sorely needing them, just there where the high sanctions of religion are needed to make the new wine of the prophet's vision the cup of daily communion for all humanity. For this service the church must keep at flood-tide its faith in the present perfection of God. For this it must make men glad and strong by conscious communion with that Perfection, while it helps mankind's feeblest and poorest effort toward the better humanity. For this it must keep unclouded its trust in the final outcome of all earth's struggle, while sensitively responsive to every effort to lessen every ill which shadows human existence. At our altar of the Ideal, built

"Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man,"

no most audacious hope for better life in the single soul is to-day a stranger. To it no struggling leader of any force of social service should be unwelcome. As the mediæval knight received at the hands of the church his accolade of youthful consecration, and to it returned, when scarred

with battle and aged by daring feats, to lay his gifts at her feet, so now! The church of the broadest truth, of the deepest rooted righteousness, of the most daring and tender upreach toward the Divine,—this church (and no other can) should be the spiritual home of the knights of the new crusades. At her altar they should get rest, as they bathe their fevered energies in her clear testimony to the "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." At her altar they should gain strength, as at her own command they wrestle fearlessly with those inclusive problems of all for each and each for all which embrace their narrower field of effort. At her altar they should gain humility, as they listen to her never-ceasing and never-changing command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness in thine own soul, and all these things of social betterment shall be added unto you." At her altar they should gain sweetness and the beauty of wholeness, as they learn from religion's universal tongue to interpret all partial service in the language of universal love.

To such ministry of religion are we called. Of such may we be worthy.

Discussion.

REV. J. H. CROOKER.—I believe most profoundly in a deeper and wider religious organization, but we must remember that no amount of organization can ever serve as a substitute for deep personal religious conviction. For nothing whatever can do the work of religion but religion. I believe in a warmer social administration of the Church; and my belief in this direction is even strengthened when I go, as I sometimes do, to a New England church that impresses me like an ecclesiastical refrigerator. But no amount of attention to social matters can do that work which can come alone from a man of lofty thought, of profound spirituality, of large experience and tender devotion to the unseen sanctities and divine realities of the religious spirit. I believe most earnestly in translating religion broadly, comprehensively, into all of these philanthropic agencies and methods.

If our piety does not bear fruit, it is not a saving piety. But, unless the gracious showers of spirituality descend upon the soil and water it, there will be no stream of power in the channels of our faith to turn this philanthropic machinery. Every one to-day is interested in these things; but it is not for us to substitute even sociology for theology, but to annex social science to the field of religious thought as a new chapter added to the revelation of the great God, to that unbound word which he is unfolding before us.

It is entirely proper to take all facts into the pulpit. There is a religious significance in almost all facts, however commonplace. But every fact taken into the pulpit must be treated while hot with religious conviction, and moulded into a thing of beauty that shall be given wings to lift the soul to some higher estate of living. There are a great many things which the Church need not undertake to do, but the Church must furnish motive power for all the departments of our human life. And so, putting it crudely in the form of an illustration that will come home to us all, I think of the church as a great power-house, where all facts and all discoveries and all revelations may be used as fuel to generate motive power. However they may be used, if they are not used to generate power, they are misused, they are lost, and the opportunity is squandered.

But this motive power is generated, not that it may stay there in the power-house

to operate the machinery under some ecclesiastical roof, but it must run out on all these trolley wires,—these mystic arterial channels that go through the length and breadth of society, moving individuals on, helping them to make the up-grade pull to some noble goal, bearing the freight of human lives.

So it has been my custom,—if you allow a personal allusion,—in dealing especially with young people in some large ways for fifteen years, to speak freely and frequently on the social questions. The people need interest and instruction and enlightenment and enthusiasm along all these lines of our complex and troublesome social life. But we must always remember that this dealing with social problems must be from the point of view of clearer conviction, that we may kindle an authoritative and creative enthusiasm. We must always remember that we are dealing with these things as teachers of religion, as artists of the ideal.

We hear of the ideal Church; but the ideal Church is as yet but the Church of the ideal. If it fails to be the Church of the ideal in the things that come home to us as sons and daughters of the living God, if it fails to set the solitary in families, if it fails to wipe away tears and uproot the bitterness that makes tears flow, all its machinery will be naught, all its social philosophy will be lost. As Sunday after Sunday I look into the faces of my congregation, I say to myself, The great thing that I can do for this people this morning is not simply to give instruction: I must instruct them; but the great thing is to kindle upon the altars of their hearts the flame of devotion, to open the windows that they may see the beauty of the Lord and feel his presence, to bring them more emotional, sympathetic, and religious life that will tide them over the hard places of life and give them courage and hope. These are the ideal forces that are the strength and the safeguard of our civilization.

REV. PAUL FROTHINGHAM.—I was interested in the distinction which Mrs. Spencer made between charity and reform. Charity simply aims to bind up the wounds of poverty, to pour on them the oil of sympathy and the wine of material help. But reform seeks to find out the causes of those wounds, and do away with them. I believe that this distinction between charity and reform has introduced into the Church a deep and difficult problem for it to solve. I believe it is opening a new line of approach, a new direction in which ministers are to work. All concede that it is a road full of difficulties, full of trial; and it would be the greatest satisfaction to me, as I doubt not it would be to the other ministers here, if we could have a word of advice, of encouragement, and of direction from the authority on these matters who is with us this afternoon (Col. Carroll D. Wright).

Let me show you what I mean, and let me put it in the most practical shape.

Mrs. Spencer quoted some figures to show that two-thirds of the money expended in relieving poverty might be made unnecessary if only a better balance might be secured between the supply and demand of labor. She went on to say that some of the great causes of poverty to-day are enforced idleness, low wages, the employment of women and children. The very instant that the Church leaves the simple fact of relieving that poverty and directing its energies to those causes, it comes into the very centre and pith of all the difficulties of the labor problem. If it continues to take the side of the poor, and to say, We must help them, we must do what we can for them, we must take their side, then it finds itself face to face with the danger of

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antagonizing the rich. If it says, We must do what we can to do away with these causes, then at once the corporations and capitalists say, You are opposing us, and the daily practical problem of the minister is to know how to act and where and how far to move.

A word has been said about the question of labor and the attitude we can take toward that great conflict, and there are those who tell us that the problem of labor is to-day simply another opportunity for the Church to throw itself into a righteous cause. And there are those that tell us that the Church is backward and weak and cowardly, because it does not go down on the side of the poor to aid them. If the justice were all on one side, it would be simple; but I cannot see that it is. And so I come back to the old, ever-present difficulty of the Christian minister to-day to help in reform, and to keep himself and his church above these two warring classes, and to say, with freedom and energy, to each of them, Beware of selfishness, beware of covetousness! and to hold up before them the ideal of brotherhood, of sympathy, and of humanity. That is the ideal, but it is certainly difficult.

In listening to Dr. Peabody's paper, I was struck by one thing. His paper was a record of individual activity. It was a record of single laymen and ministers who had gone out ahead of their brothers, and had done what they could for humanity. But it is the weakness of our body to-day, as it has been in the past, that in all these things it has been a record of individuals; and the one thing I think we need, the one thing that we hope we can have, is something organized, solidified, on these questions. Take the record of Methodism in the past: the one thing that has made it prosperous is its unity of action, as is seen in its work among the miners and laborers of England. What has made Quakerism grand? Because it stood against war as a body, against miserable methods in prison discipline, because it studied as a unit the great problems of the age; and that is what we are needing to-day.

We talk about organizing the young people in religious work. I believe what we want is to organize our ministers to oppose the municipal and industrial evils of our age. And we younger ministers, who are coming upon the stage with enthusiasm in our hearts, want to feel that there is some organization of wisdom, of caution, which shall not only point to us the way, but shall be able to give us that moral support which shall send us out into society to do the work of the ministry of religion, and to do thereby the work of the ministry of humanity.

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.—I think the very strongest feature of the whole movement for reform to-day lies in the fact that there is no solution. It is my custom, when solutions are up for discussion, to move an adjournment simply because it is not in the power of the human mind, with all the experience of the ages behind it, and with all the culture of the world, to intimate even a solution for cosmos. And the labor question, which is the crucial one in the papers we have heard, is the question of the eternal, everlasting struggle of mankind upward; and what is there to solve except to keep that struggle up? It is my duty in the official pulpit which I occupy to furnish the facts from which the gentlemen who occupy other pulpits can draw and in their peculiar capacity furnish the ethical side of the facts. Those facts receive greater vitality, and have more force when they are electrified by the spirit and the movement of religion, and a religion which embraces the whole welfare of humanity. In reaching out through the discussion of these facts for the spiritualizing influences which are coming faster and faster and stronger and stronger through the work of the pulpits, we are finding that, instead of a solution, we are getting deeper and deeper in the complications which come of a higher intelligence. The solution and the encouragement are that we are stepping ever and ever from bad conditions into better ones, and into an intelligence which enables us to recognize the fact that we are stepping into better ones. That is the solution day by day as we go on.

I have sometimes said that, if I could solve the labor problem as it exists, I would gladly lay down my life instantly. You would be glad to do the same thing, but it would not solve the problem of the everlast-

ing struggle of human nature into a higher and a better and a holier atmosphere. So, while the proposed solutions that flood the world are interesting, and all have their force and their power in contributing something toward understanding the prevailing condition, they cannot be accepted as full solutions because in the final analysis the great fact is evident that there is no limitation to human development.

REV. ALEXANDER KENT.—I never could understand why the Unitarian denomination, with such a magnificent inheritance as it has from Channing, who projected the lines on which true reform must be carried out, should have kept silent on all the great topics which he considered in such a masterful way. It was not the theology of Channing that led his works to go all over the world: it was their great human interest, the annunciation of those great principles which he put before the world as the outgrowth of his theology. I believe that the solution of these problems lies in the direction of the lines which he projects. The great fundamental principles which the Unitarian denomination stands for to-day—love to God and love to man—are the principles that point the way to the solution of every question that can possibly come up. The particular method by which we shall apply the principle at any particular time to any particular problem will give rise to differences of opinion; but that these principles are eternal, and that we must find some way of applying them, goes without saying, and to me it seems that the great work of the Christian ministry is to make these principles so clear that men cannot sit in the pews who are carrying on business in direct violation of these principles. I am happy to believe, with Col. Wright, that these problems are the result of the struggle of men from lower to higher. What we want to do is to find out what is our duty, what is the particular thing that devolves upon us, by which we can best help those about us.

Adjourned.

OUR JAPAN MISSION.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

Our mission in Japan is the most important single enterprise under the care of the American Unitarian Association. If it be all that those who have worked in the mission declare it to be, it presents a unique opportunity for the spread of our word and work. If, on the other hand, that mission is a mistake, then its very costliness makes it important that we consider it carefully, so that we may cut off so serious a drain upon our limited resources.

My connection with the mission extended from 1891 to 1894. During those years the Theological School was founded, the scope of the magazine was enlarged, and its name changed from the *Unitarian* to *Shukyo*,—meaning "religion,"—several tracts and two important books were published, and the new building was erected. Short, therefore, as was my stay, it fell upon those years in which the work assumed its present form. I beg that, in my advocacy of the mission, these facts may be borne in mind.

I am here to say, with what earnestness I may, that I believe it to be our duty, as Unitarians, to give to that mission a steady support. I ask you to consider, with me, some reasons for that opinion.

1. First, it ought to be maintained because to do otherwise is to invite denominational disgrace. If by this it were meant that we must, even at so great a cost, avoid criticisms aimed at ourselves as individuals, the reason given would not be worthy of consideration. It is not ourselves, however, but our principles that are on trial. Our Japan Mission has a prominence in the religious world which we may not appreciate. Any failure of that work would be heralded almost all over the world as conclusive evidence of the impotency of liberal Christianity. As we value the truths for which we stand, let us beware of throwing so serious an obstacle in our own path.

2. Second, the mission deserves our support because of the wisdom shown in its management. As a single illustration of the wisdom with which its financial affairs are conducted, let it be noted that out of the total cost of the mission building, which was a little over 14,000 yen, the sum of 4,000 yen was saved out of current expenses by an economy so rigid that few would have been willing to practise it.

While this economy was being exercised, the work was, nevertheless, being steadily enlarged. A management which at once enlarges a work and reduces the cost is one which should inspire confidence. Turning from matters of economy to a consideration of the amount and kind of work being done, a few facts culled from Mr. MacCauley's last report will be of interest. There we find that the mission had issued and circulated 71,000 copies of the monthly magazine. They had translated, published, and distributed 130,000 tracts, including the writings of Channing, Parker, Emerson, Bellows, Gannett, Hawkes, MacCauley, and Savage. James Freeman Clarke's "Steps of Belief" and J. T. Bixby's "Crisis in Morals" were translated and published. An edition of Kanamore's "Present and Future of Christianity in Japan" was bought and circulated. In the Post-office Mission they received 2,500 letters in 1894, counting only those containing inquiries concerning our faith, from the thinking people of the country, Buddhists and Christians. The mission maintains a school second to none in the respect which it commands among the people of Japan. It is the only school in that country in which theology is studied purely as a science,—a fact which wins it the admiration of the most intelligent people.

In the department of church extension the mission is not able to report great results. Upon this point more than a passing word is necessary, not by way of apology, but in order to point out more clearly the policy of the mission. From the first your representatives in Japan have wished to see churches established, but they have carefully refrained from taking the initiative. This course has been pursued partly because the mission has had neither the money to establish and maintain such churches nor the men who could be intrusted with so important work. Reading circles, however, have been formed in many cities and towns which are visited from time to time by our representatives from Tokyo, and which are valuable centres for the propagation of our work.

But, even if the money and the men to establish churches were at command, it still remains true that, among a people so widely different from us as are the Japanese, any institution which we could devise must be so foreign to their ideas and their habits of life and worship as to give little promise of usefulness or permanence. One mistake which some of the Christian bodies have made in their foreign work is that they have tried to establish on Oriental soil an Occidental institution. The wisdom shown by our representatives is illustrated by the fact that the religious world to-day is greatly disturbed by misunderstandings between missionaries and the mission churches. An important committee of Congregationalists has recently gone to Japan, hoping to avert a threatened disaster in the missions of the American Board, the difficulty with the native churches having arisen out of differences of opinions both as to theology and the management of the churches,—differences which have their origin in the widely varying attitudes of Oriental and Occidental minds. Wisely

avoiding the disastrous drain upon limited resources, avoiding with equal care the inevitable misunderstandings which would follow upon a policy of forming churches among people whose ideas and methods are so different from ours, your representatives have labored for other, for larger, and, I believe, for more important ends.

Let it not be forgotten that our work in Japan marked a new departure in missions. The old method was based on the hostility of religions, ours on the sympathy of religions. The old proceeded by the method of extermination, ours by the method of conference and the preservation of what is best. The old had for its outcome the undoing of a great part of the divine Providence among men: ours has for its aim the conservation of all that is holiest in human thought, and looks forward to the development of the universal religion. A work so simple, so sublime, ought to kindle our enthusiasm and command our unwavering loyalty.

3. I have said that we ought to support our mission because to do otherwise would be to deter the advance of liberal religion, and because the mission shows itself wise in its policy in things small and large. I now say, in the third place, that it ought to be maintained because of the urgent need that exists there,—a need which we are peculiarly able to meet. Why, it is sometimes asked, do we go to Japan? Is there not enough to do in our own country to employ all our limited resources? Yes, there is; and not only so: all those resources of men and of money could be employed profitably in any one of the geographical sections of our country. But the only question which we ought to ask is, Where, in whatever State, section, or country, can we use such resources as we have to the greatest advantage?

A year ago last May the superintendent of the mission, in an address delivered at the Second Church, Boston, gave a most complete and masterful statement of the situation of religion in Japan. He laid emphasis upon the fact that, in the emergence of that country from its former isolation to its present position in the world, the Japanese people have parted forever with the central idea of their ethical system; namely, the divinity of the imperial family. One needs to be somewhat familiar with the history of Japan and with the Shinto faith to appreciate how fully all ideas of ethical conduct centred in that one belief. Losing that, Japan seemed to have been suddenly cut adrift, and to have no longer a complete and commanding system of morality. Distressing as is the thought of a nation lacking an adequate religion or system of morality, this is but the beginning of the story. Since Mr. MacCauley's address was given, a great change has taken place in the position of Japan among the nations of the Eastern world. Then a little country patronized by the great powers, now recognized as one of the great powers, and able to cope single-handed with nations whose voices have struck terror throughout the world, Japan occupies a position widely different from that which it held even a year ago. More than ever is it apparent that that country holds the key to the East-

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ern situation. In the dramatic scenes of the last year Japan has demonstrated in a way which must convince the most conservative Oriental that, in the struggle for existence going on between nations, only those methods and ideas which are characteristic of Occidental civilization have any hope of permanence. Japan is to-day the representative of Western civilization to the myriad peoples of the East,—an armed teacher, whose voice is clothed with authority. How, then, is she fitted for this great responsibility? While we glory with the Japanese people in their rapid advancement, we must remember that they are not exempt from the laws of human life, and that rapidity of growth may be at the cost of solidity. A nation is not born in a day,—no, nor even in thirty years,—so that, while Japan may, as a military power, even as a centre of speculative thought, take a prominent place among the nations of the world, it may be at the sacrifice of institutions and traditions which for centuries have been the stay of their moral and religious life. Japan adopts our mechanical improvements, our arms, our philosophy, especially that of a materialistic tendency; but we believe that the permanence of the best achievements, that the highest welfare of the people, rest not upon railways, telegraphs, iron-clads, nor even upon speculative philosophy, but upon principles of religion and morality. The rapid advancement of Japan to her present place of authority simply increases the opportunity there presented and the duty that rests upon us of carrying to them such teachings as we believe to be the result of the world's wisest thinking and deepest experiences.

Three systems of religious thought claim to-day the attention of the people of Japan,—Shinto, Buddhism, and Christianity. Shinto, which is the native cult, has been declared by imperial decree to be no longer regarded as a religion, but as a State ceremonial; while Buddhism, which thirty years ago was the established religion of the country, is to-day neglected, dishonored, and often disgraced. Moreover, while we recognize the value of the two great underlying principles of Shinto,—filial piety and loyalty,—and acknowledge the sublimity of much that is taught in the name of Buddhism, neither of these systems appears able to command the moral obedience of the thinking people of Japan or to serve as a guiding power in the working out of their destiny. Shall we say, then, that Christianity is the religion that can do for them what they need? Yes, if by Christianity we mean its purest and highest interpretation, and if that religion can be taken to them in such wise as to insure the utmost freedom of thought. The Japanese are a race of free thinkers; and the idea that creeds or councils, or even practical considerations, should restrict the utmost liberty of thought and speech is wholly foreign to them. Hence, when Christianity reaches them handicapped by creeds and by traditions, it is not strange that they either reject it wholly or adopt it with such modifications as give the missionaries much concern. After thirty-five years of the most devoted labor and the most lavish use of men and of money, the utmost that can be claimed for Christianity in Japan to-day is that, including Catholics, both Roman and Greek, the Christians number one hundred thousand in a total population of forty millions, or one-fourth of one per cent. of the whole. And among these are not only many whose Christianity is merely nominal, but many who decline to accept anything but the underlying principles of that faith, and who scorn almost the whole of evangelical theology. Thus, in the last report of the most successful mission in Japan, it is stated that the "foremost writers and thinkers" among their churches "seem well-nigh reckless at times in their destructive criticism. Not merely do missionaries and foreign boards, present methods of work and existing creeds, come in for sweeping condemnation, but the Bible and the Church are attacked with alarming freedom. Dissatisfied with the Christianity developed and taught in the West, and feeling that there must be some meeting ground for the best of the East and the West, some writers have tried to find it in a curious mingling of Ritschlian Christianity, Confucian ethics, and Oriental mysticism."

Among a people so inclined, and yet needing, with pathetic urgency, the principles of pure religion, our Unitarianism

goes, bearing the simple gospel of freedom, fellowship, and character. We not only acknowledge with frankness, but accept with gratitude, all that is true and uplifting in the faiths already there. We hold up to them the pure theism and the deep-rooted optimism of Christianity. We accept, and even proclaim, as the latest revelation of God, the most advanced teachings of science and philosophy, and show, by example and by precept, that it is possible to be a thoroughgoing rationalist and at the same time to live a religious life.

To such an appeal the Japanese people are not deaf. In their own way they are reaching out for a satisfactory religion and a system of ethics that will speak with the voice of authority. If, through our representatives, the Unitarian body simply holds a place in that country, and testifies to the reality of a rational faith; if we do no more than to remain visibly present, as living witnesses of the great truth that religious thinking, feeling, and living are perfectly compatible with the utmost freedom of thought,—it may be that, in the providence of God, we shall be among the most potent factors in saving religion in that country from final rejection. Beside such an ideal all results capable of being tabulated in a missionary report shrink into insignificance. By as much as we value those principles which have made our hearts sing for joy,—nay, by as much as we realize the indispensable importance of religion itself as a factor in the well-being and development of man,—let us be loyal to this as to a God-given trust, and do for this people, and through them to the vast millions of Orientals, such a service as few in the history of the world have been called upon to perform for their fellow-men.

Thursday Night Meeting.

THE OUTLOOK.

The Thursday evening meeting was opened by Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, the presiding officer. Mr. Shippen began by expressing his satisfaction that the Conference had come to Washington. He had tried his best for several years to bring it about. At last he had succeeded. Saratoga is a good place. It has the advantage of great hotels, where fifteen hundred people can be under the same roof; but in thirty years the Conference has never been published to the world as it has been this week. Washington has not only great city papers, but also it is the centre of a corps of correspondents of the great metropolitan papers of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. When you see the papers of the cities, you will say you have not been reported before as you have been this week. We wish to thank the city press and also the correspondents of these metropolitan papers in the other large cities for their handsome treatment of the Conference. Prof. Fiske had spoken the night before on the wonderful development of liberal thought in Massachusetts, but in the city of Washington there is a wonderful progress of liberal thought in the same way. If we had a hall double the size of this, we should have filled it.

The word to-night is "The Outlook." We have been in looking too long. Unitarians had paid much attention to self-culture. Fifty years ago the Unitarian denomination was saying, Sinner, save your own soul, and let the rest of the world take care of itself. Self-culture, self-examination, self-salvation, all the other self which begin and end in selfishness, belong to the kingdom of the devil. We are beginning to feel now that, if we lend a hand and do our part in saving the world, God will take care of us in this world and the next.

Mr. Shippen then gave an outline of the history of the development of the Unitarian church in Washington and its growth in the last twenty years. The church had been built by the inspiration of the Conference; and, if the Conference had never done anything else, that work alone would have justified its existence. When he first came to Washington as pastor, a Methodist lady said to him: "When your church was built, there were two boys playing on the sidewalk. I said to one of them, 'What church is this?' He said he did not know. The other spoke up and said, 'It is the church of all sorts.'" [Laughter.] Well, I am happy if it is so. It is representative of the American people: they are of all sorts.

Father Taylor, the devout Methodist, had a Unitarian son-in-law, Judge Russell; and he said of him, "If he is not a saint, he is a lovable sinner." So he had not found a more lovely set of sinners and saints than in All Souls' Church in Washington.

Passing to speak of the growth of liberal thought in the community, Mr. Shippen referred to the Roman Catholic Church. "I find some people attacking that church," he said, "talking of the iniquities and persecutions of three or four hundred years ago, in which Protestants and Catholics are both mixed up together. But go up to the new Catholic University growing in magnificent proportions on the hill, and we find Bishop Keane, a broad man of liberal thought, who in the Unitarian Club at Boston uttered a word about human nature which is akin to that of Channing. Go into the reception-room. There are three portraits. One is of Leo XIII. On the right is a cardinal, on the left is George Washington. I ask you if that portrait of George Washington beside the pope is not a proclamation to every young student of that university that manhood counts higher than allegiance to Rome. Two men that have pews in All Souls' Church—one a most accomplished scholar and scientist, Prof. Ward, and the other the president of the board of trustees of the church, Col. Carroll D. Wright—are lecturers in Washington University."

Turning to Presbyterianism, Mr. Shippen said that the most popular preacher in the city, who had just retired, was largely popular because he preached a doctrine which was close to that preached in All Souls' pulpit. After hearing a Thanksgiving sermon, one of his people said, "It is magnificent"; but one of my people answered, "It is fresh and new to you, but it is what we have been hearing all our lives." The speaker thought that this change to liberal thought in Washington was indicative of what is going on throughout the land. He then introduced Hon. Horace G. Wadlin of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

In the late war a certain major and his color-sergeant were the bravest of the brave in their regiment. They were always at the front, always leading. But, after a gallant attack which failed, they both lay on the ground close together, each with a leg shot off. The major kept on bemoaning his fate, until at last the color-sergeant burst out: "Why, major, you have been my model soldier! I had resolved to imitate you in everything, but now I must say you ought to copy me. I have not said a word; and yet I, too, have lost a leg." "Ah," said the major, "but your leg did not cost three hundred dollars!" It was his wooden leg that was shot away, and he had got to buy another. I tell you this, dear friends, for the consolation of those of you who are reluctantly quitting your old ideas. It is only the wooden leg that has been shot off, or, rather, it is something wooden in your creed. It is only the scaffolding that has been knocked away, and the splendid temple behind it is now revealed.

Your doctrine of incarnation is true if it is inclusive, if you see God incarnated in man. Your doctrine of atonement is true if you see in it a universal law,—that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, and, if need be, suffer in their stead. Your doctrine of the Bible was true as far as it went. You saw that God inspired certain Hebrew souls, and he did. That will teach you to see now that other holy souls spake divine words when moved by

the Holy Ghost. Your Jesus remains, and will lead the ages yet,—the man of men, our beloved and tender and loving brother. "The Son of God?" Yes, that remains true forever; for we all are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, and he is the glorious instance of what you and I in God's long eternity may become. Above all, your devout thought of God remains. All your trust will be found complete in him. He is at the bottom of your best thought. He is the consolation of all your sorrow, and the cherisher and promoter of all your joy. He is the force inside of man: his holy Spirit is the life-power that is impelling man onward. The Spirit of God is God not far away, up yonder, but right here, working inside of men. I never saw God minus man do anything in the human world, did you? I have seen God in man, God plus man, God and man together, do a great deal. He is the force in the thinker that brings out pure mathematics, that gives true physics, sound physiology, good engineering, high statesmanship, splendid business faculty. "O God! by these things men live, and in these is the life of thy Spirit." So everything truly human is divine. God is a man's integrity, a woman's tenderness, a child's trustfulness, a teacher's inspiration, a scholar's reverence and receptivity. He is Browning's noblest verse, Emerson's deepest insight. Give me any noble thing that any man, woman, or child has done, and I will show you God. God is the eternal element in man. He is some great Cause that rouses man's enthusiasm, for which men shall be content and joyous to die. He is some great new Principle that unites man's thoughts. He is inside the artist's plastic fingers, inside his creative brain. He is the invisible music that Beethoven hears. God compels you and me to goodness, as the poet compels us to thought by singing creation's unfathomable song in our ears. His commands are the finger-posts pointing to us the direction where lie our best and highest hopes.

Dear sceptic, I love you very much, also, and understand you a little. You criticise the ways of God: they are not just enough, not wise enough, not loving enough. You do not yet know that your criticism is the presence of God in you, God finding fault with past definitions of God. If your thoughts, my dear sceptic, were to climb up into heaven, you would find God there. If you could penetrate into the deepest things below, God was there before you. If you dream of an impossible and ideal goodness, God is the wings of your soul that bid you rise. Is life mean, low, and contemptible (that is, the life you see)? That, my dear sceptic, is the voice of God inside you. If your criticism is just, you are part and parcel of that august judgment upon past methods of thinking, acting, and living which is the mind of God getting inside the mind of man. God puts mathematics into the atheistic mathematician's brain, making him do good mathematical work. I worship a God who cares nothing for himself or his own glory. I worship a God who cares lovingly for man, who is urging social improvement upon man, agitating men's minds with the state of the lowly and the feeble and the forlorn. Nature is unmoral, is it? I am nature, and I am not unmoral. [Laughter and applause.] The mistake of some scientific men, even of Tyndall sometimes, is in saying that nature and man are two things. No: they are one thing. I am, or ought to be, the flower of nature. I am nature's spokesman and lord. I tell that hill to come down, and down it comes. I tunnel that mountain, and the tunnel abides. I bid the waters

Timely Warning.



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spring out of the stony rock with my rod of power, and out the water comes.

And so, dear friends, I bid you welcome to God's new and beautiful time. The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them. O believer! your faith is not large enough. You have not asked of God gifts enough.

"Thou coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring."

I ask of God lives innumerable. I demand an account for yonder horse in the street whipped to death by some brutal carter. I insist that its redeemer as well as mine shall live. It is not too much for faith to ask that not one atom in God's galaxy shall be destroyed or lose its identity. It is not too much for faith to ask

"That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

And God answers that prayer abundantly.

This is the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which is committed to our trust. It is our business to sow it broadcast over the world, and to bid lonely hearts take courage and sorrowing hearts rejoice. God is above us, all around us, and within us; and in his might we shall conquer all the hosts of sin and death. God is the hater of all disease, the lover of all health, the suggester of all nobleness, and the Father of all souls. The Father! That one word is enough.

ADDRESS OF HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

References to the army seem to come to the minds of the speakers, and I want to tell you in my opening remarks of a little incident showing the flash of the spirit of God through one of the most lawless soldiers I ever knew. This man was a bummer in every sense of the word. As a soldier, he was a complete fraud at one time. He was tall and spare. It was almost impossible ever to get him on a detail of duty. He was ill, as a rule. [Laughter.] But one day, when the regiment was going into battle, this man, of no great intellectual power, of no particular strength of moral spirit in him, was placed next the color-guard in a post of honor. As the waves of battle swayed back and forth, and men went down and the color-sergeant was shot, and the next man to the color-sergeant raised the flag, to be shot down immediately, and the third and the fourth and the fifth man fell, and all the colors of the whole division were down, and there was not a single rallying-point on which to assemble the charge, this man, that we had considered as a mean, contemptible soldier of no spirit, seized the staff and raised the stars and stripes in the centre of the brigade, and made a rallying-point for the whole division, and carried the flag fearlessly through the fight; and it made of this man ever after and now a man of grandeur, a man of character, a man of moral force. [Applause.] There was in him at that moment something of the spirit of Christ-like sacrifice that enters into men at moments in their lives, that raised him to the supreme height of his whole existence. He saw something of a spirit that he had never realized before,—the spirit of duty, the spirit of patriotism, the spirit of sacrifice; and he has told me repeatedly, as a successful business man, that that moment in his life turned the point with him. There was something of reality to it: there was a factor of immortality before him. There was the everlasting reality that he himself had something God-like in him in that instant. This experience was repeated and repeated over and over again on the battlefields of the Civil War, and has been repeated on every battlefield of every war. There was something in that that typifies the whole essence of faith,—that faith which develops the individual character in man until he sees that there is only one life for him to pursue, and that is the life of duty to the higher Power.

A good deacon in my town (I will not describe him too conspicuously) said to me one day, "Wright, you are a Unitarian?" I said, "Yes, I am." "Well, what makes you a Unitarian? If I was a Unitarian, I would do everything that is bad. I would drink and steal and lie, and do all sorts of things, because I should know very well that it was not going to harm me." There was but one answer to make to the good deacon, and that was, "My friend, so long

as you are a neighbor of mine, stick to your old doctrine. [Laughter and applause.] You are not big enough nor good enough to be a Unitarian." "Well," he said, "what do you mean by that?" I said I mean by this that it is the hardest theological doctrine in the world to live up to [applause]; that a man who would be a good Unitarian must take the responsibility of his own acts upon his own shoulders; that he must develop a character which will carry him through this world and into the next, and that, if he doesn't develop that character here, he will not find it there. "By your belief, as you have just confessed it to me, you can get rid of the results of your sinful acts by the processes of your belief. But a Unitarian can never get rid of the results of his sinful acts: he must live them out through eternity, if need be, until he is a perfect man." [Applause.]

I am orthodox enough, Mr. President, to believe that, if a man does not live a pure, clean, sweet life here, he will have to live some kind of a life somewhere else until his life does become clean and pure and sweet. [Applause.]

So the Unitarian faith, instead of being an easy one,—one which would allow a man to do as my friend the deacon said he would do,—holds him to the line, and points to the chips he makes in hewing to it.

You remember the story of good old Father Ballou of Universalist renown. It is a good story, and often told, and similar to my experience with the good deacon. A young theological student in the town where Father Ballou was to preach one Sunday said, if he could get hold of him, he believed he could get out of him all that nonsense of universal salvation. And so he waited upon him, and said, "I believe you are Father Ballou?" "Yes, I am sometimes called that by my true and affectionate friends." "Well, Father Ballou, if I believed as you do, I would do all sorts of evil things,"—the same story that my deacon friend told me. Father Ballou said, "My friend, you look to me like a young man that would." [Laughter and applause.] The spirit of Jesus Christ had never got inside of this man's being: it was not in his mind nor in his soul. He had not learned to develop his own individual character and to fight the evils of this world. It is in learning that, in doing that, and in living up to that article of faith that makes the Unitarian denomination what it is,—small, to be sure, but powerful. It cannot convert the whole sixty-five or seventy millions of people in this country, and never will; but it has shaken off the shackles of some of the old doctrines, and has led men and women everywhere to know that there is something better than the old-fashioned traditions of the hell of which we learned. We never hear of that now in the old sense, or but rarely. Unitarian propagandism has carried thought and feeling to the whole community. The Unitarian Church stands as strong as a rock on the basis of what Dr. Fiske calls the everlasting reality of religion, and upon that other reality which to my mind is the great point in all religious faith,—not the belief in immortality, but the knowledge of it as a fact in our everyday life. If I were to urge anything upon the clergy in the matter of their preaching, it would be to insist upon immortality as the very essence and fact of this life, not as the result of a belief in something to come. If everybody realized that there is immortality commencing now, and that they were laying the foundations for it, not through the processes of some belief or some intellectual gymnastics, but through the reality of positive fact and experience, then I believe there would come, as I believe there is coming, that great revival of religion of which Mr. Wadlin spoke. That revival of religion is coming not only to the pulpit, but through the emotions of the people in their struggle to see the sunlight, in their struggle to know some great truth on which they can rest. Every man must pass through some Gethsemane, must find in his or her life some suffering, must bear some cross, endure some trial, in order to fashion the individual character of soul and mind which makes the perfect man at last. Our God is the God of perfection, not made up of attributes and elements, not a God of justice, who must, in order to be just, realize injustice, but a God who is a perfect being; and the work of the masses of this world, as they are toiling to higher

standards, leads to this idea of God, leads to the idea of perfection.

A frequent illustration in my line of work comes through mechanics. God does not take into his economy the value of the individual life. A little misplacement of the switch, a little turn of a little piece of steel, and a hundred lives go back to their Giver. Does the world lose? Are the lives lost? No. But the world is taught the necessity of perfection in all things; for, with perfection, the hundred lives would have lived on. That is the great idea of God that comes to us through the industrial laws, through mechanics, through science,—the idea of perfection, the highest ideal we can have of the Godhead. Unitarians do not fear science, they do not fear discovery: they do not fear anything that comes of research, because the result of their discovery or research is only another view of the face of the ideal which we call God. And the outlook for Unitarianism is, with persistency of purpose, to insist with all its power upon perfecting the individual character, taking for the grandest type that of Jesus, who led the people of the world around him always to the ideal of perfection, always to the idea that there was something to live for within themselves.

I am not a deep student of Scripture; but, as I read the gospel contained in the New Testament, it seems always to be aimed in the one direction of bringing in the kingdom of God on earth. With the kingdom of God on earth the kingdom of God hereafter need not exercise the minds of men. Phillips Brooks, in that masterly course of lectures which he gave to the divinity students of Yale University, said, substantially, to the young men, "Do not, I beg of you, when you get into the active work of your ministry, preach much about Christ; but I beg of you, with all the spirit and power of which I am possessed, to preach Christ. Not so much about him, but preach him and the lessons which his life gives to us." A grand injunction, by which he meant to be understood that they were to take into their lives in all their conduct and in all their preaching the very spirit of the great Master of all preaching.

Can the Unitarian denomination claim, then, to have an outlook? To my mind it has the brightest, the most cheerful outlook; for its spirit—the spirit of building the individual character—is the spirit of to-day, and it is moving the masses in their struggle upward. It is that spirit which makes them restless at times, discontented with the fact that they are not moving on as they wish. Contentment with one's lot is not happiness: often contentment with one's lot is degradation. But contentment with the idea that a man is moving on makes him the man that you want him to be, and helps him to perfect his own character; and out of that perfection of individual character which is the basis of religion there comes a community of saving power, a community that recognizes the nation as something more than a number of people met together for the purpose of government. This perfection brings to man the recognition that the nation, as well as the man, was born of God, and that in it is the power of the Supreme Ruler working to make the world what it should be,—the

abiding-place of the sons and daughters of God.

This is the outlook for Unitarianism. There is something ennobling and stimulating in this outlook. We need only to press forward and meet the foe of ignorance every day, and do something in that part of constructive evolution which means that every man shall give to the world the very best of his own social service; and the reward that shall come to him will be the best reward that social service can receive. This, to my mind, is practical Unitarianism, and the outlook that comes with a struggle with poverty and with every adverse condition that interferes with the happiness of man. Whoever retards that struggle by any idleness on the part of himself, by any lack of attention, or by withholding any social service that he can give, is an enemy of humanity; and he who aids it, be his aid ever so insignificant, is a friend of humanity.

ADDRESS OF HON. HORACE G. WADLIN.

The subject of this meeting is itself evidence that we are entering upon a broader and fuller religious life. The Outlook! It has long been a reproach, not always deserved, that Unitarians have confined themselves mainly to the inlook; and yet I think that this, if true, is not altogether a reproach. For no individual, and certainly no church, can move onward and outward, until first inspired by the inner vision. The life which is within must inspire us ere we can fitly minister to others; and the divine Spirit, when first consciously felt in the soul, carries one out of self, opens wider vistas, and is the source of a broader religious life. An outlook, then, becomes not only possible, but inevitable.

To-day we are feeling the inspiration of that Spirit. The grand meetings of this Conference, marred by no inharmonious word, the enthusiasm, the deep and fervent interest manifested by audiences limited only by the capacity of this hall coming together in this city, which has wide attractions outside,—these testify that, no matter what may have been the fact in the past, we are to-day to apply a warlike figure to a movement which is as far as possible removed from warlike purpose,—an army moving with united ranks in the van of religious progress under a banner whose folds fly back as we march forward.

And we march not to conquest, not to dispossess any from that which is sincerely held. To him who is secure within the limits of his present faith we offer no disturbing element. But to him who feels the stirring of something higher, to whom old beliefs are no longer quite conclusive, who seeks a wider vision and a larger hope,—to him we come with words of cheer. We march not to conquest; but, having come to ourselves, we seek to occupy the inheritance which the Lord giveth us.

It has been said that Unitarians have no common bond of union. There is an old story which some of you have heard, but which I venture to give wider currency, that aptly illustrates that assumption. I assure you that the story is true. It happened that a Unitarian clergyman—a friend of mine—went to spend the summer in one of those remote parishes where the con-

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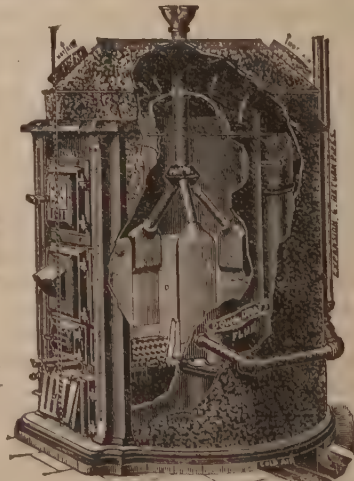
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gealed tenets of a primitive faith have not yet felt the warmth of the wider spiritual life. And there came to him a native of the hamlet, who desired to supply his household with milk. He said to my friend: "I hear you are a clergyman. May I ask of what denomination?" "Most certainly," was the reply. "I am a Unitarian clergyman." "Well," said the native, with that uplifting eyebrow which indicates the critical temper, "I am a Unitarian milkman." "What is that?" asked my friend a little curiously; for the designation did not seem particularly obvious. "Why," responded the native, "I furnish sweet milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk,—*anything to suit the customer.*" [Laughter.]

Well, there possibly might be worse things than that; for was it not Saint Paul who was all things to all men under the spur of a noble purpose? But, if he meant it as a reproach, if he meant to imply that Unitarians have no common bond of unity, that implication is, I believe, no longer true. For now upon the folds of the banner under which we march is inscribed a legend sufficiently broad and yet sufficiently definite,—as definite, I believe, as any concrete, concise, religious statement ought to be,—"The churches accept the religion of Jesus." The religion of Jesus! Is not that sufficiently definite? Not what men say about it, not what they have said, but the thing itself! This it is that unites us. And this, I take it, is the one fixed fact at the heart of a changing world. This never changes. Your ideas of it and my ideas of it, our feeble attempts to express it, change; but the religion of Jesus, profoundly true before he taught it, to-day unchangeably true,—this it is that we seek for, stand for, and abide by, so far as we apprehend it to-day, receiving thankfully the higher vision which in God's providence will come to us on the morrow. This alone, as your resolutions yesterday most fitly stated, is a sufficient bond of Christian unity.

I take it that we have come to this position not altogether of our own will, but because we are moved upon by that which is the underlying spirit of this age. It is God working through us, in this our day, that inspires us. I know that men say this is a material age, and it is. Never have men so wrought upon material things for comfort and prosperity and wealth. We see the evidences of material progress on every hand,—in the palaces of trade, along our busy streets, in the ever-extending systems of transportation, in the expansion of industry; but the movement does not stop there. Some men think it does, and they have written us down as decadent. Do not believe it. There are decadents in every age; but this is the age of progress, progress to other and higher things, such progress as the world has never seen. This material activity is only the outward manifestation of the movement by which God is drawing men together into fraternal relations, abolishing frontiers and boundaries, so that in the fulness of time there may be realized that brotherhood in unity and that supreme Fatherhood which is the cornerstone of our religious faith. All this movement toward the higher education, not merely of the intellect, but of the spirit, bounded by no race, confined to no sect,—for, as President Hall so truly said, education is the grandest, most all-inclusive word of this age,—all this effort for the help of the poor in hospitals and in asylums, for a higher and better treatment of the criminal, toward purifying systems of government,—what are all these but the signs of progress which indeed accompanies and rests upon, but is not limited to, the material development of the age? It is the divine Spirit that inspires it all. It is that which moves us toward higher ground. It is that only which can support us in any true religious progress. It is not, then, a dead Christ for which we stand, but for a living, vital, spiritual principle, which indeed came to fruition, if you will, in Jesus, but is to-day in the world, appealing to your soul and mine as fully and completely as it did in that far-off time. That is the outlook before us.

And now one supreme thing we need. I do not place the need of money first, although any one who has taken part, as I have, in the meetings of your directory, who has heard the appeals that come to us from all over the land, must appreciate our lack of funds to push our work; but there

is another need which is more important. We need,—and you will permit me to use an old phrase, and will not misunderstand me,—we need a revival of religion. We need a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit that shall touch us personally, and bring us to a conscious recognition of what it means to be members of a Church like ours. We need to get outside the limits of tradition, outside our duty to ourselves and to our own immediate parish, and recognize that we are now part of an onward, progressive, active, Christian Church. We need that. And, when we have that, as we are beginning to have it, the question of funds will take care of itself.

I listened recently to an address by my good friend, Mr. Dole, in which he said truly that it perhaps argued a certain conceit for the members of a small body like ours, comprising a few hundred churches, each with a small membership, to claim to stand for a forward religious movement which should have for its object the conversion of sixty-five millions of people. That is true from one point of view; and yet we ought not to forget that every movement toward religious progress has been supported by the small, sincere company of believers. The standard is with the advance-guard. They carry the banner over the outworks, and plant it within the stronghold of the enemy. It was the three hundred that won honor at Balaklava. And we ought not to forget that the religion of Jesus found expression in the beginning, not through the mouth of the rich and powerful, but through one of low estate, who never wrote one line of doctrine, who simply lived his religion in the sight of men, and died,—actually dropped out of the pages of secular history. And that little company of followers, who gathered in the upper chamber, flung themselves alone and unaided against the mighty Roman power; and it crumbled at their touch. That should be encouraging. Call it what you will,—legend or history or miracle,—it had its beginning there; and its influence has moved onward till our day. And so I have not the slightest doubt of ultimate success. We may not, indeed, see it; but the work which we have at heart is going to be done. God wills it, and he makes no mistake. And whether it succeeds or not is not the question for us. It is our duty, united as we now are, marching together as we are, to gird ourselves anew, with the deepest personal consecration, that we may advance, so far as we may, the cause that lies just at our door, and leave the future to God.

ADDRESS OF REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Since I became a Unitarian, I have heard a great deal of discussion concerning the question as to why Unitarians are apparently a small and feeble folk, why they do not grow more rapidly, why a gospel that seems so simple and so grand does not take possession of the country. Something has been said this evening as to the relative size of the vanguard of an army. One way by which we can get to be with the majority in this country is to stop growing. Disraeli once said that, when you can find an opinion which is already popular, you will find one which is about to pass away. If humanity grows, it means that it is led onward by an ideal,—an ideal that is higher and better than has yet been incarnated in actual life or in the existing institutions of society. When the main body of humanity gets up to the position occupied by the vanguard, there is always another vanguard, led on by a still higher ideal, away in front. I am content, not in pride, but in consecration, in devotion, in earnest sacrifice, if need be, if I may be one of that small number which is pursuing the ideal that by and by is to catch the eyes and lure forward the movement of the great body of humanity.

I care little as to how large we are. The principal thing I care for is what we are and what we are trying to do and become.

Let me speak somewhat out of my own experience as to the things that stand in the way of our rapid denominational growth. As I look over the world at other churches, at the general condition of society, I note that one thing that keeps people by the thousands in the old churches is the force of inertia, of tradition, of habit. There are thousands on thousands of people who, if they should wake up and do a little

thinking, would come to us; but they drift by the simple force of habit and inheritance. The great majority of people—and this is true of Unitarians also, I am afraid—simply inherit their religion, as they do their politics or the color of their hair. Nine-tenths of the men I meet are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers were. Chauncey Depew said four or five years ago that he did not believe there were four hundred men in New York who did any political thinking. I suppose the number of men who do religious thinking on their own account is very small. So the majority of people drift.

Again there are large numbers of people who are in the other churches because it is a matter of personal self-interest. Let our cause once be popular and fashionable, and people will crowd and flock to us, to use the old Scripture words, "like doves to their windows."

Let me give you an illustration. I have a letter which, if published and the authorship given, would create a sensation. It is from an ex-governor of one of our States. He says that he is practically a Unitarian, but the reason he does not attend Unitarian service and support it is because it would kill him politically. He adds that he wishes me to know that fact, for it unburdens his conscience; and he believes there are many others similarly situated. He closes by saying, "I ought to call this the confession of a hypocrite."

I know places in this country where, when a new family moves in, they are waited upon by people of other churches, and are told that it will be for their interest in business to have nothing to do with Unitarians. I had a letter from the South-west, rejoicing in the principles of Unitarianism, and stating that the writer would like to help establish a Unitarian church in that place, but it would be fatal to all his business prospects to be known to cherish Unitarian ideas.

This condition of things is true of large parts of the country.

Then thousands are held where they are by their feelings and friendships. I have been told by many persons that they were really Unitarian, but it would break the heart of father or mother or intimate friend to have it known. A lady in this city, hearing one of the addresses since this Conference began, told a friend of mine that she agreed perfectly with what had been said. She is an Episcopalian, and, when asked why she did not leave the Episcopalian Church, replied that she was bound to it by social ties, and could not leave it. There are thousands of people in this country who are in the old churches because of social relations. It has been a matter of tradition with them, and they do not find it easy to break away. In other words, the conviction of what they ought to do is not strong enough to set them free from these other ties.

Then I have found a large number in my own experience who are held in the old faith by the force of fear. Five or six

years ago I was talking with one of the most intelligent women I ever met. She had attended a Congregational church in Boston all her life. She said she would give the world if she dared to believe as I do, but she had been trained from a child to believe that there is a certain kind of God in heaven ruling this universe; and she said, "If he is that kind of a God, I am afraid of him." I had an old man come to Boston from the western part of Massachusetts on purpose to talk over this matter with me, and it was one of the most pitiful cases I ever knew. He said: "I was trained in the old Calvinism of Edwards, and I suppose it has become part of the fibre of my brain. When I was a young man, I fought against it, and thought I had outgrown it; but now it is sweeping over me again, and I am palsied with fear. I am afraid that that old doctrine may be true; and, if it is, I do not dare to die so long as I am defying it." He came to plead with me, if possible, to help him break his chains. I have had hundreds of cases like this; and I believe, if you could get at the secret thoughts of thousands of people, you would find they would be glad to break away from the old ideas if they dared.

I know what that means myself. I was trained in the old ideas; and I remember the first time I read a pamphlet in favor of universal salvation, and how my heart leaped to it. It was written by Dr. Belows. It seemed to me I would give the world to believe it; but I prayed against it, and I wept as I prayed, lest it was a temptation of the devil. I feared not only for myself, but lest I might endanger the souls of others.

There are, then, many things that prevent the rapid growth of Unitarian ideas. Some think because our gospel is so simple people ought to leap to the acceptance of it. But simplicity in art, simplicity in literature, simplicity in music, simplicity in dress, is the result of the highest culture. It is not simplicity which common people, who have not thought much, care about.

But there is one thing which stands more than anything else in the way of organizing Unitarian churches, and that is the real growth of Unitarianism. On the way from Boston to Washington I have been reading a book written by Rev. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church. I spoke of it to a friend in Philadelphia, and he exclaimed: "Liberalism in the Old South Church! When I was a boy in Boston, we used to make matches by picking up sticks on the street, and poking them into the keyhole of the Old South Church to get the brimstone on them." [Laughter.] In this intensely interesting book there is not a single shred of the old faith left except a belief in the supernatural character of Jesus. The book is frankly Universalist in regard to the next world. The writer says that the scheme of Orthodoxy which has been held and taught leads necessarily and logically to atheism; and, if the Christian Church is going to be saved as a force in

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the nineteenth century, it has got to get rid of all that. Most of the people who attend that old church would feel no sort of necessity of going to hear Mr. Van Ness in the same square, or to Dr. Hale's, to get liberalism. They get all they want at home. It is a popular boast, "Our minister is so liberal that we don't need to go anywhere else to get Unitarian ideas." This is true so often that it stands in the way of organizing Unitarian churches. People get their liberalism without the necessity of paying for it by independence and courage.

But, as we look forward, this obstacle is to be regarded as one of the most hopeful successes. The old churches look like fortresses that we need to capture; but, when you get inside, you find they are manned by those who are really our friends. When I look at conditions like this, I sometimes think of the iceberg on its journey from Greenland to the equator. When it first breaks off from the glacier, it is blue, solid, hard as rock. But it begins to float and drift, the sun shines upon it, the airs play around it, the waves beat against its side, and by and by it gets away to the south into warmer seas and more tropical airs; and, though it looks just as solid, just as blue, just as hard, as when it first started on its journey, if you examine it carefully, it is only a shell of its former self. It is honey-combed through and through; and by and by the time comes when something strikes against it, and it topples over and disappears forever.

I believe that these solid-looking orthodoxies that are around us on every hand are being played upon by the spirit of the age, by the forces that surround them, and, though they look as solid and defiant as ever, that we shall seek for them some morning, and the sunny waves of the blue sea will be rolling over where they were, and the blue sky will be overhead, and we shall look in vain for them on the wide ocean of human life.

What is in our favor? We ought to be ashamed to be in the slightest degree discouraged or troubled, for everything is in our favor. The stars in their courses are fighting for us. All the recognized science of the world is in our favor, all the recognized historical criticism, the history of the origin and growth of religions, all scholarly Scriptural criticism,—all these things are in our favor. The growth of civilization, the increasing tenderness of the human heart that refuses to bear any longer the burden of the old cruel creeds,—all these things are in our favor. It does not make any difference how long we have to wait. I feel as certain of the victory of our ideas as Galileo felt of the victory of the Copernican system when he caught sight for the first time of the moons of Jupiter. When he first saw those moons, the Ptolemaic system ruled all Europe. It was entrenched in every university. The pope supported it, everybody believed it. But the minute that Galileo saw the moons of Jupiter, that moment the Ptolemaic system was dead. It was merely a matter of growth, of time for the people to find out the facts. God's great facts were inconsistent with the Ptolemaic system,—facts which had been discovered by a few lonely scholars. So all the great truths of the world are in our favor. It does not make any difference if the old beliefs in their outward form last another thousand years. The future of humanity,—I will not say belongs to Unitarianism, for that name may be changed, though I hope not, for it is a magnificent name,—but the future of humanity is bound up with the ideas which we represent.

In order that we may help on this victory,—a victory which enslaves nobody, but only sets free,—what are we to do?

We must get over the easy-going optimism which believes the world will go just right, whether we do anything about it or not. We must come into possession ourselves of great, earnest convictions. How many of you have a conviction? I have met a great many people who supposed they had them, but, when I investigated, I found that they had inherited opinions, beliefs, traditions, prejudices; but, even with a microscope, you could not discover a conviction about them. A conviction means something of which you have become convinced. It implies study, thought, ponder-

ing on problems, making up your mind which way the work of God would lead you, and which way you ought to go. We are not worth a straw in the kingdom of God until we are informed and animated by the spirit, and moved by conviction. I would rather have six Unitarians armed with convictions than a mob of them who had only prejudices and inherited notions. Some Unitarians seem to think that they are like men who belong to a club when they unite with a religious society. They think they have paid for their pews, and will drop in when they feel like it. I have attended within twenty-one years the funerals of hundreds of Unitarians of this kind, who paid no attention to religious services during their life, but felt they must be buried by a Unitarian minister; and there is nothing in which I take more satisfaction than in burying such people. I wish I could attend the funerals of all of them at one time. Unitarianism would be the stronger for it. I don't know how you feel about it; but, if I could get along all my life without a church and without a minister, I would "play a lone hand" all through. I would never ask a man whom I had never helped when I was alive to say a few words over my body. I would take my chances without them. The only kind of Unitarians worth our having are those who are Unitarians every day in the week; who on stormy Sundays, as well as fair ones, are to be found wherever there is anything to be done; who, wherever there is a cause to be pleaded for or a battle to be fought, are to be counted on. They are the only kind of Unitarians that give strength to the cause. The man who says to me, patronizingly, that he thought he would drop into my church, I do not care to see there. I want people who believe that this church comes nearer to representing the truth of God than any other that the sun shines on, and who are willing to help fight for the principles for which this church stands.

We have at last succeeded in organizing a church to which Mr. Lincoln, were he living, would be glad to come. The story is told in Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House" that, in discussing these matters, Mr. Lincoln one day said, "If the time ever comes when there is a church organized on the simple basis of the ten commandments, love to God, and love to man, I shall be glad to join that church." Here it is! After thirty years of struggle the Unitarian Church has at last come to the consciousness that what it has been about all the time was trying to define itself as the Church of love to God and love to man. Let us, then, proclaim all over this country that here at last is organized Mr. Lincoln's religion,—a religion grand enough to appeal to the mightiest leadership that this country has ever developed, grand enough to bow in reverence the most magnificent head that has ever been raised among the American people. This is the religion for which we stand, and to which we are to consecrate ourselves.

Study the history of the early Church, and you will note that three or four or a dozen men and women who were touched by the enthusiasm of the new life, who believed in God and were filled by the new spirit, got together in an upper chamber or in a private house, no matter where, and determined that they would help each other live this life, and spread the holy contagion through the community. They were a church, but they did not have any meeting-house. The trouble with us is that we are haunted by a fatal, pestilential heresy that we have got to have a meeting-house before we can have a church. Did you ever notice God's method in the natural world? He does not create a shell, and then try to coax a shell-fish to get into it. He creates a centre of life; and, as it grows, it secretes its own shell. If people would go about it, we might have five hundred new churches, centres of religious life, religious inspiration, religious enthusiasm, religious power, within the next year. It is the people who make a church, not the building they meet in. The church is an organization of people ready to work together in the love of God. I believe Unitarianism will never be much of a power until it shall take hold of the brain and the hearts and the consciences of men and women who have come together in their little circles to

say, Let us work together for the coming of the kingdom of God. When they do that, when you get the life, God will take care of the business of creating the shell.

Let us not, then, keep still while we speculate as to what the outlook is or ought to be. Let us go to work and take possession of the outlook, and make it a forward movement for the life of God among men.

The Sunday School.

New editions are just out of "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," Toy's "History of the Religion of Israel," and Dole's "Questions for Bible Study, No. 4: The Bible Men and Women."

The usual Channing Hall "Talk" will be held next Saturday, November 9, at 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 P.M., conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject treated will be Lesson IX., "The Pharisee and the Publican." All cordially invited.

Bound copies of *Every Other Sunday*, Vol. X., are now ready. Price 75 cents a volume. These collected numbers for the last year form a large resource of stories, anecdotes, and reading material for the young, of high order. Nothing better could be put into the hands of children for their amusement and edification. Orders can be sent to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

BOSTON.—Ministers' Monday Club: November 11, 10.30 A.M. Rev. George T. Hosmer will preside. Rev. William R. Alger will give the essay on "The Historic Development of the Practice and the Theory of Prayer." The public invited.

South Congregational Church: The "Class in Good Citizenship," organized two years ago, will resume its meetings on Sunday next, November 10. Names will then be taken for the class of persons who wish to attend regularly. It is hardly desirable for any person to attend who cannot be present at least as often as two meetings out of three. The work for the first month will be upon the subject, "The State and its Dependents." The conversation on successive Sundays will be conducted by Col. Stone of the Bureau of Charities, by Dr. Woodbury, and by Mr. F. G. Pettigrove. For succeeding months the subjects proposed are: December, "The Citizen before the Courts"; January, "The Citizen and the Legislature"; February, "The Relief of the Poor by Private Organizations."

ATLANTA, GA.—"Unitarian Women's Day" at the Atlanta Exposition is finally and definitely set for the 18th of November in the afternoon. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe preached to an overflowing church on the morning of Sunday, November 3, at the Church of Our Father; and in the evening Mrs. Emily A. Field addressed also a full church on the subject "The Work of our Women in the Churches."

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. George W. Cutter of Newport, R.I., will preach in the First Parish Church next Sunday, November 10.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—The first of a series of three "Forward Movement" meetings was held in Brooklyn on Sunday evening, November 3, at the Aurora Grata Cathedral. It proved to be a genuine Unitarian revival. Fully twelve hundred persons, occupying all the seats and every available foot of standing room, were present; and several hundred more were turned away from the door, unable to find room within. As was hoped and expected, fully three-fourths of the audience were strangers to the Unitarian churches of the city. Their interest in the programme from the beginning to the end was evident. The service opened with excellent choir singing and an invocation by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, secretary of the Middle States Conference, under whose auspices the meetings are being held. The Scripture reading was by Rev. Charles H. Porter, Jr., the prayer by Rev. Stephen H. Camp. The speakers of the evening were Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the First Church, Brooklyn, Rev. John W. Chadwick of the Second Church, Brooklyn, and Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston. Each spoke for about twenty minutes, and never more earnestly and convincingly. The full programme of this and the succeeding meetings is given below. By an admirable arrangement the sermons at the morning services of the three Brooklyn Unitarian churches on the days of the meetings are to be preached on the same subject, so that, no matter which of the churches is attended, the same line of thought will be presented. Even the stanchest Unitarian

present at the first meeting was stirred and aroused by the eloquence of the speakers, as they set forth anew, in ringing terms, the great affirmations of the liberal faith. A revival of this sort cannot fail to do good to those within the fold as well as to those still unchurched. Programme of "Forward Movement" meetings: Sunday, November 3, morning,—subject, "Unitarianism: A Constructive Faith." Preachers: First Church, at 11 A.M., Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston; Second Church, at 11 A.M., Rev. John W. Chadwick; Third Church, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Stephen H. Camp. Evening: public meeting in Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison Street, at 7.45 P.M. Subject, "The Forward Movement in Religion that is needed to-day": (1) "It must be away from the Old Dogmatic Systems," Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; (2) "It must be along Lines that are Consistent with Modern Knowledge," Rev. John W. Chadwick; (3) "We affirm that Unitarianism is such a Movement," Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, Mass. Sunday, November 10, morning,—subject, "Unitarianism: A Proclamation of Intellectual Honesty." Preachers: First Church, at 11 A.M., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; Second Church, at 11 A.M., Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge; Third Church, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Stephen H. Camp. Evening: public meeting in Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison Street, at 7.45 P.M. Subject, "The Religious Situation To-day: What Influences have brought it about?" (1) "The Higher Criticism," Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N.J.; (2) "The Liberalizing Influences of Modern Literature and the Scientific Spirit," Rev. Merle St. C. Wright of New York; (3) "The Broadening Influences of the Modern Humanitarian Spirit," Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass. Sunday, November 17, morning,—subject, "Unitarianism and Christian Unity." Preachers, the ministers of the churches. Evening: public meeting in Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison Street, at 7.45 P.M. Subject, "Unitarianism, the Religion of Jesus as summed up in Love to God and Love to Man": (1) "The Teachings of Jesus and the Unitarian Gospel: Their Identical Character," Rev. Stephen H. Camp; (2) "Their Undogmatic and Practical Character, and their Application to the State," Mr. George W. Stone of Boston, Mass.; (3) "This is the True Religion for all Mankind and for all Time," Rev. Robert Collyer of New York.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn will preach in the First Church November 10.

CHARLESTOWN, N.H.—The following is the inscription on a tablet placed in the Unitarian church last week: "In loving

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"Tables Turned; or, A Christmas for Santa Claus."

By Misses Emerson and Brown. Santa Claus gets tired of his Christmas duties, so all the children in the world give him a Christmas of his own. Full of humor, pretty dialogue, and charming music. There is a beautiful tableau of the Christmas star. Eleven characters and choruses.

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memory of Eliza Wetherbe Gage, born Aug. 25, A.D. 1829, died Nov. 28, A.D. 1894. Generous in affectionate sympathy, a sincere and devout worshipper, the welfare of this church lay near her heart. She lived the faith she loved, a persuasive witness of its beauty and gladness. Her presence was a benediction: her memory is precious."

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.—The Liberal Religious Society organized last May has arranged for free platform meetings November 6 and 7, in order to promote a better comprehension of Unitarian principles. In these Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, and Rev. W. M. Brundage will speak about the religious situation to-day, the duty of liberals in religion, and the distinctive Unitarian affirmations.

HYDE PARK, MASS.—A harvest festival was held in the First Unitarian Church last Sunday evening under the auspices of the Sunday-school. A large congregation was in attendance. There was special music by the choir, and an offertory by Violinist Arnetz. The children gave recitations, and Miss Kate Brown addressed the little folk. The pastor spoke in place of Mr. Horton, who was detained by illness. The church was very prettily decorated with autumn leaves, fruits, and vegetables.

NEEDHAM, MASS.—The First Parish gave a reception on Friday evening, November 1, to Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Thacher, who had just returned from their wedding trip to Washington. The chapel and parlor were prettily decorated with palms, vines, and white chrysanthemums. A beautiful clock and several pieces of silver were the gift of the parishioners. A large company was present, including Rev. S. W. Bush, the former pastor, and the pastors of the Congregational and Baptist churches.

NEW YORK.—On Friday, November 1, the first regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held at the Church of the Messiah. The subject, the speakers, and the beautiful weather combined brought together a large audience. The programme announced the meeting as "Unitarian Day." The three speakers were Mrs. Hannah Priestly Catlin of Eastport, Me., Mrs. Goodwin of Alabama, and Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City, Ia. Mrs. Goodwin told in an exceedingly interesting way how she came out of Orthodoxy, and of her conversion to Unitarianism through the Post-office Mission. Miss Safford preached a short sermon on growth through conflict, and Mrs. Catlin spoke on how Unitarian women can do efficient missionary work. The usual lunch and social hour followed at the close of the meeting.

PEPPERELL, MASS.—On October 30 the old church in Pepperell was bright within to match the glorious autumn sunshine outside. The occasion was the ordination of Miss Emeline Harrington, lately of Meadville, to be minister of the Unitarian church. Mr. Shaw of Ashby and Mr. Young of Groton assisted in the opening and closing services. Mr. Dole of Jamaica Plain began his sermon on "The Presence of God" with the beautiful words recently published in the *Christian Register* from Mr. Mozoomdar in India: "The everlasting snows are overhead. In front of me the deep, dark forests are around, and enshrined in my heart the adorable Spirit of God, to meditate upon whose glory is the privilege and joy of my existence." Prof. A. W. Jackson, Miss Harrington's teacher at Meadville, made the very earnest ordaining prayer. Mr. George G. Tarbell gave the hearty word of welcome in behalf of the parish. The two newly ordained classmates of the new minister, Mr. and Mrs. Boynton of Roslindale, followed with friendly words of charge and fellowship; and Mr. White of Ware told the people how good he knew that they were, and what constant church-goers he expected the men in particular to become. The exercises were all the more hearty and unconventional in that none of the parts were read. The presence of the venerable Dr. Babbidge, whose long usefulness was referred to more than once, was a marked feature of the occasion. A large choir of young people led the music. After the services were over, the ladies of the parish—a loyal and generous company—fed the hungry in the parish rooms. All looks auspicious for the new ministry.

TRENTON, N. Y.—This historic church (the oldest Unitarian church in the State of New York) still keeps the fires of a liberal gospel burning on its altars. An effort is being made to raise the amount necessary for a parish house. A neat two-story wooden building is very much needed, with parlors, kitchen, and boys' club-room on the first floor, and a suitable hall for lectures and entertainments on the second. Such a building would cost two thousand dollars. Of this amount about eleven hundred has been contributed by friends of the church. The pastor, Rev. Edward Foster Temple, would be glad to receive good-will offerings from other friends of the Trenton

church, to whom our wants have not yet been made known. Isolated Unitarians, too, who have no home church to support, could do good by sending a mite to this worthy project. The Trenton church is the only liberal Christian church between Utica and Canton, and it is capable of influencing a vast territory. Rev. Mr. Temple will gladly acknowledge gifts, however small.

WEST DEDHAM.—Rev. Obed Eldridge has been obliged to give up all work for a while. Rev. George Hill of Norwood will supply his pulpit for the present.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Children's Mission, June to November, 1895, for current expenses:—

Sunday-school, South Congregational Society, Boston.....	\$35.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, South Hingham, \$7.80; Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters, Easter offering, \$5.00..	12.80
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Hartford, Conn.....	6.50
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Dublin, N.H.....	2.30
Sunday-school, First Parish, Cambridge, in mite-boxes.....	21.84
Sunday-school, First Church, Wayland.....	2.17
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, Petersham	6.50
Sunday-school, First Parish, Concord, Mass.	43.31
Sunday-school, East Church, Salem, Miss A. E. Lovejoy's class, \$3.03; Miss A. L. Lovejoy's class, \$1.50.....	4.53
Sunday-school, First Congregational Society, W. Bridgewater.....	4.75
Sunday-school, First Congregational Parish, Milton, from mite-boxes.....	17.00
Sunday-school, First Parish, Beverly.....	50.00
Sunday-school, Unitarian Society, West Newton, in mite-boxes, \$64.96; Easter offering, \$23.60.....	88.56
From a sale held by Misses Martha Hinman and Ethel Richardson at Roslindale.....	5.00
A Friend.....	1.00
Mrs. Eliot Stoddard.....	10.00
Mrs. Eliot Hubbard.....	25.00
Mrs. A. L. Hollingsworth.....	25.00
Mrs. J. W. Winckley, for life membership.....	20.00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by children in Kingston.....	3.00
Sunday school, A. S. Church, Roxbury.....	47.43
Howard Sunday-school.....	16.00
	\$447 69

H. PICKERING, Treasurer.

Mr. C. W. Jones, 215 Federal Street, will act as Treasurer of the Children's Mission during the absence of Mr. H. Pickering.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Aug. 6. Miss R. Butler, Stockbridge.....	\$100.00
6. Society in Billerica.....	126.75
6. Mrs. Mary A. Fitch, Erie, Penn.....	5.00
9. Society in Oklahoma City, O. T.....	5.00
16. E. W. Emery, Waterbury, Conn.....	1.00
Sept. 5. Mrs. Mary T. Porter, Apalachicola, Fla.....	5.00
7. S. H. Howe, Marlboro.....	100.00
7. Nora Church, Brown County, Minn.....	12.50
10. Miss Mary Grew, Philadelphia, Penn.....	10.00
10. Society in Lawrence, on account.....	10.00
16. Oakes A. Ames, North Easton.....	500.00
16. Society in Barnstable.....	37.02
25. Third Congregational Society, Hingham.....	106.05
26. Frederick Grinnell, New Bedford.....	50.00
27. Ladies' Aid Society, Camden, N.J.....	26.25
30. Third Congregational Society, Hingham, additional.....	2.00
Oct. 1. Friend in Aurora, N.Y.....	50.00
2. Sophie A. Titcomb, Rockland, Me.....	1.00
3. Bequest of the late Miss Sophie J. Snow, of Brunswick, Me.....	5,000.00
5. British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for Japan Mission (£50).....	243.00
5. Ladies' Aid Society, Canton City, Col.....	5.00
14. Unitarian Ladies' Guild, Greenwood, W.I.....	2.50
15. Helen Condon, Branchester, N.H.....	10.00
16. Anonymous gift, to be invested and called the Whitney Fund.....	25,000.00
17. Miss F. H. Curtis, Jamaica Plain.....	5.00
19. Miss Olive Bagley, Detroit, Mich.....	30.00
22. Society in Wilmington, Del.....	100.00
23. Society in Madison, Wis.....	50.00
24. Mrs. William Gore, Freeport, Me., on account of life membership.....	10.00
25. Mrs. Frances A. Hackley, Tarrytown, N.Y.....	5,000.00
29. Grace Chapel Society, Marshfield.....	20.00
29. Society in Belmont, on account.....	60.00

INDIAN SCHOOL, ETC.

Aug. 6. Mrs. Mary A. Fitch, Erie, Penn., for Tuskegee Normal Institute.....	5.00
Oct. 4. Friends in Littleton.....	15.00
10. Women's National Alliance.....	51.00
31. Friends in Littleton, additional.....	1.00

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

There is generally no such thing as duty to the people who do it. They simply take life as it comes, meeting, not shrinking its demands, whether pleasant or unpleasant; and that is pretty much all there is to it.—Gail Hamilton.

I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—Phillips Brooks.

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man left to say, "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt." Charles Kingsley.

Duty is the command of our highest nature or highest self, bidding us, in scorn of transient consequences, acting as if we belonged not to ourselves, but to a universal system or order, to render unconditional obedience to the highest law or highest measure of values that we are conscious of. W. L. Sheldon.

We are never more discontented with others than when we are discontented with ourselves. The consciousness of wrong-

doing makes us irritable; and our heart in its cunning quarrels with what is outside it, in order that it may deafen the clamor within.—Amiel.

The real measure of the religious spirit in a man is not, as so many mediaeval teachers believed, absorption in devotions and continual consciousness of sin: it is rather the keenness and completeness of one's consciousness of the presence of God in all things, and of the revelation of God through all things.—The Outlook.

Literature.

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN. By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—This is a beautiful Eastern story, full of elevated thought and word pictures. It breathes the spirit of the desert, and is alive with vivid descriptions of events and scenery. The whole turns on the following outline. Artaban, of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, awaits the arising of Sosuch, the victorious one as prophesied in the Avesta. He had computed the time for the appearance of the star; and, turning his wealth into a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl to offer to the king at his coming, he starts out to join the three Magians at Babylon, who wait for him ten days. As he is about to enter the city at the appointed time, he delays to aid a wounded man, and arrives too late. He gives his sapphire for a camel train, and crosses the desert on his way to Bethlehem, where he learns of his brethren's departure and the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. Failing to find the Christ even after thirty-three years of wandering, he enters Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, and dies during the earthquake. The death scene at the close is full of pathos. As the young girl bent over him, there came a voice from the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from a distance, in which the notes are clear, but the words are lost. At last a calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban, like the first ray of dawn on a snowy mountain-peak. One long, last breath of relief exhaled gently from the lips. His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The "other wise man" had found the King. This volume, with its type and paper, fine thought, beautiful illustrations, and artistic taste, delights the eye.

A SINGULAR LIFE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This is one of many stories written in our time to show, as Browning says, "how very hard it is to be a Christian." But Miss Phelps's hero is not the socialist or semi-socialist of the ordinary novel written for the establishment of this thesis. He does not attempt to make the

world over or to turn it upside down. He is simply a young man who is so progressive in his Orthodoxy that he is refused ordination after he has received a call. Whereupon he sets up a little Bethel of his own in a big fishing town where the saloons are many, and tries to save men from the immediate fiery hell of strong drink. He gets on well with the fishermen; but the saloon-keepers do not like his influence upon their trade, and at last they compass his destruction. The story is exceedingly pathetic, and one to fill many a clerical Sybarite with burning shame. That here and there it has the hectic flush which is generally a marked characteristic of Miss Phelps's work goes almost without saying. There is an old theological professor buried in his studies of *Hoti* and the enclitic *De*, and that sort of thing, who is immensely interesting, and relieves the strain of the intenser parts. It is very good and sweet to meet Miss Phelps again on her own ground, after such monstrous aberrations from it as "The Master Magician" and "Come Forth." Even if one should feel obliged to question the reality of certain particulars, the spirit of the book is absolutely good, it being that of one who went about in Palestine doing good a great many years ago.

BROWNING'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The publishers have presented us in this one-volume edition of Browning's poems with a remarkable piece of book-making, which shows that unusual care must have been taken in its preparation from the beginning. The thought of crowding all the poems into a single volume seemed presumptuous, when it was first announced; and probably no one was prepared for a result so satisfactory as has been achieved. The book is no makeshift, adapted to poor students who could not afford the more expensive editions, but a convenience and pleasure even for him to whom Browning, like Emerson, became long ago one of the necessities of life, not a luxury. This octavo shows that a volume of over a thousand pages may be sewed in such a manner as to open easily and be held in the hand conveniently. The covers fall back naturally, the thin paper is opaque, the type is clear. So much may be said for the form. For the rest the volume is equipped with Mr. Scudder's biographical introduction, with helpful notes all the better for their brevity; and there is included not only the prose essay on Shelley, but various poetical fragments to be found in no other edition. In looking it over, we have happened on only one or two errors of proof-reading; and it is safe to say that the text is given with unusual accuracy.

AMERICAN CHARITIES. By Amos G. Warner, Ph.D. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.75.—This study of philanthropy and economics is



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written out of wide knowledge and extended practical experience. It is one of the "Library of Economics and Politics Series," edited by Richard T. Ely, and might profitably be put into the hands of every student and worker in these lines of social progress. The book is divided into four parts. The first of these is introductory and theoretical, studying the philanthropy and economics of the past, the causes of poverty and degeneration, and charity as a factor in human selection; later, studies the dependent classes in detail, analyzing the various methods of relief, and showing by many instances and carefully prepared tables what influences tend toward the permanent help of the unfortunate. His tone is always cheery and sane, even when discussing the most discouraging problems, and in this respect it is a needed encouragement to the growing army of workers for social reform. Besides that, its suggestions are eminently practical, so that altogether it is most valuable as a manual on this pressing important subject. Nothing better has appeared for use in the class-room or for definite study.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NUMBER, AND ITS APPLICATIONS TO METHODS OF TEACHING ARITHMETIC. By James A. McLellan, A.M., LL.D., and John Dewey, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume is one of the excellent "International Education Series" which have been marked throughout by a high order of learning and execution. Dr. W. T. Harris, the editor of the series, contributes a characteristic preface. The authors have presented in a thorough manner the psychological aspect of number. They are particularly opposed to the "fixed unit" method, the shortcomings of which are suggested by the editor as not leading toward the highest mathematics, but away from it. In the whole study of arithmetic, and indeed in every other branch of education in recent years, the teacher has had as much to learn as the pupil. In the multiplication of subjects in modern school life, where the demands are constantly made upon the time and strength of children, one solution of the difficulty is in better methods of teaching. In this volume arithmetic is presented in relation to the mental laws by which it is to be grasped. With the principles of this book thoroughly absorbed, the teacher is no longer a mechanic, and the pupil no longer a machine.

THE HERONS. By Helen Shipton. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.—This is a love-story pure and simple, but the love it celebrates is that of one brother for another. It is another rendering of the Prodigal Son, only in this parable the prodigal is the elder brother, and the younger anticipates the father's good will to him,—indeed, brings the father round, in which respect it agrees better with our traditional theology than does our New Testament parable. In short, it is the story of what a good brother can do in a discordant family. It should be said that there is also a love-story of the common sort interwoven with the other, but it is quite subordinate to the principal affair. In the closing chapter there is the sound of music and dancing: the smell of roasting veal pervades the happy air. However uncongenial such a conclusion may be to Mr. Howells, the book is a good book, and is particularly well suited to the older scholars in a Sunday-school and to young people generally, the more so as it was not written specially for these.

THE KANTER GIRLS. By Mary L. B. Branch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.—Little girls who are fond of fairy stories will find much to interest them in the adventures of Prue and Janet, as related here and illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. These sisters lived in one of those queer, delightful worlds known only in imaginative fiction, where anything may happen at any time, and the only thing one is sure about is that there will be no monotony in the happenings. They had all sorts of wonderful experiences with dryads, kobolds, and the like; while invisible rings helped them out of difficulties, obedient boats bore them down rivers flowing obligingly in either direction, and other strange things occurred which only the book itself can adequately explain. While it is not one of the best of fairy stories, yet it is fairly good.

AT WAR WITH PONTIAC. By Kirk Munroe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. This story of frontier adventure will need no further recommendation to boys than its title and the author's name. In many respects it is really one of the best of his recent books; and the dread with which the ordinary reader (that is, anybody but a boy) approaches a story of Indian warfare is in this case almost needless, for Mr. Munroe has touched as lightly as possible on the inevitable horrors, and the adventures are quite legitimate with this subject. The totem of the bear, which is tattooed on the arm of the young hero, is the mysterious sign which saves him more than once from death. An element of comedy is supplied by one of his companions, who insists on

travelling with his patent bath-tub, which plays an important part in the drama of danger and escape.

A MAN AND HIS WOMANKIND. By Nora Vynné. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—This little tale, in its tidy buckram suit and clear, beautiful print, has a real lesson for the reader, who will find it rather entertaining as well. It is pleasant to find a mother-in-law who is not the butt of senseless jests. The "man" in the case is not worthy of much respect till the last pages are reached, when he springs into one's respect at a bound. The "woman-kind" have many of the failings of woman-kind in general, but are lovable in spite of them all; though one does not quite like to have the heroine smoke cigarettes, even if she is a journalist.

AT TUXTER'S. By G. B. Burgin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.—This is a bright and entertaining story, which moves along at a rapid pace, and introduces characters and scenes that are decidedly original. It describes life among poor people, though some of them attain wealth and honor before the close of the book. The first part, which narrates the adventures of two little waifs adopted separately into the same family, shows in some respects better work than the latter part, which is more ambitious and more sensational.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Edward Robins, Jr., author of "Echoes of the Playhouse," one of the noteworthy books of the season, is a nephew of Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") and a brother of Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

"Corruption," the new novel by Percy White, author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," is said to offer a very striking and internal view of political and social life in London. It is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

The *Arena* for next year will contain papers each month from representative thinkers among our leading women on vital and fundamental issues which affect present-day life. The subject of women's enfranchisement will also be exhaustively discussed in a series of brilliant papers.

In view of the present interest in the Armenian atrocities and the effect of European intervention with the Turks, a special interest attaches to the stirring romance, "Djambek, the Georgian," translated from the German of A. G. von Suttner, and published by D. Appleton & Co. This is a tale of modern Turkey.

The publishers of *Littell's Living Age* announce a reduction in the price of that unique eclectic from eight dollars to six dollars a year, the change to take effect with the first of the new year. New subscribers, however, remitting before the first of January, will receive the intervening numbers of 1895 free. The *Living Age* is now nearing the close of its fifty-second year. It has ever been the faithful mirror of the times, and has received the commendations of the highest literary authorities.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, are to publish this month a book called "Principles of International Law," which will embody the latest results of discussion and research, and present the subject in a fresh and readable form. Its author is Dr. Thomas J. Lawrence, who acted as Professor of International Law in the University of Chicago from its opening in 1892 till the close of 1893. Before that time he had lectured on the subject in the University of Cambridge, and his qualifications as a teacher are well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ginn & Co. announce the publication of a high school Botany by J. Y. Bergen, Jr. It embodies the main features of a course which has been gradually developed in their class-room work by the botany teachers of the Boston English High School. Structure and function are taught side by side. Much attention is given to observations and experiments by the pupil; but the work is all of such character that it can be done at the school desk or at home. The student's own observations are made to lead up to general statements and discussions of the structure, functions, life-history, and classification of plants.

Readers of "The House Beautiful," the bright and tender little book by Mr. Gannett, will be interested in the announcement of the work in a new form. New plates have been made, arranged for wide margins, making a book of sixty pages; and the volume is neatly bound in cloth with appropriate stamping. The thin editions, in paper, may still be had, the fifteen-cent style in plain, white cover, if preferred to the light, antique blue. The price of the cloth edition is fifty cents. Of the three styles ten thousand copies have thus far been printed. The publisher is James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston.

Books Received.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. In the Young World. By Edith M. Thomas. Price \$1.50. This Goodly Frame, the Earth. Stray Impressions of Scenes, Incidents, and Persons in a Journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. By Francis Tiffany. From James H. West, Boston. The House Beautiful. By William C. Gannett. Price 50 cents. From Roberts Brothers, Boston. Margaret and her Friends, or Ten Conversations with Margaret Fuller. Reported by Caroline W. Healey. Price \$1.50. The Helen Jackson Year Book. Selections by Harriet T. Perry. Price \$1.50. From Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Victor Hugo's Letters to his Wife and Others. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Price \$1.50. From the Library Bureau, Boston. List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs. Edited by Augusta H. Leopoldt and George Hles. Price 50 cents in paper; \$1.00 in cloth. From Ginn & Co., Boston. The Letter of James the Just. By M. Woolsey Stryker, LL.D. Money and Banking. Illustrated by American History. By Horace White. From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Fact and Fancy. Humorous Poems. By Cupid Jones. Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin. Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great. By Elbert Hubbard. Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving. 2 vols. Buckthorne edition. From Macmillan & Co., New York. Stories from Virgil. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. Price 50 cents. Roman Days. Life in the Days of Cicero. Sketches drawn from his Letters and Speeches. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. Price 50 cents. The Stickit Minister. By S. R. Crockett. Price 50 cents. In the Smoke of War. A Story of Civil Strife. By Walter Raymond. Price \$1.25. Considerations on Painting. Lectures given in the year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. By John La Farge. Price \$1.25. Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. Price \$2.00. From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York and London. Private Tinker, and Other Stories. By John Strange Winter. With frontispiece by W. A. McCullough. Price 50 cents. Stolen Souls. By William Le Queux. Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis. Price \$1.00. Anne of Argyle, or Cavalier and Covenant. By George Eyre-Todd. Price \$1.00. Rhymes and Roses. By Samuel Minturn Peck. Dead Man's Court. By Maurice H. Hervey. Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory. A White Baby. By James Welsh. Frontispiece by William A. McCullough. A Comedy in Spasms. By Iota. Illustrated by Izora C. Chandler. From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Echoes from the Sabine Farm. By Eugene and W. Roswell Martin Field. Price \$2.00. The Unity of the Book of Genesis. By William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D. Price \$3.00. Reflections and Comments. 1865-95. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Price \$2.00. From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Farrar Year Book. Selections from the Writings of the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. By W. M. L. Jay. Price \$1.25. The Witness of Denial. By Vida D. Scudder, A.M. From the Century Company, New York. The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. From D. Appleton & Co., New York. The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. From Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Practical Christian Sociology. By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. With an introduction by Joseph Cook, LL.D. Price \$1.50. From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The Prophets of Israel. By Carl Heinrich Cornhill. Translated by Sutton F. Corkran. Price \$1.00.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Consider the Lilies. Sacred Song. By A. F. Loud. I cannot Tell. Sacred Song for Contralto. By U. G. Burnap. My own Dear Home. For Soprano or Tenor. Words by Susan F. Henry. Music by Charles F. Scott. The Trolley Mall Gallop. By T. H. Rollinson. A New Year's Frolic. For the Pianoforte. By Fred. L. Morey. To the Lord our God. Tenor in E minor. By Alfred R. Gaul. They shall Hunger no more. Soprano and Contralto Duet. By Alfred R. Gaul. Come, ye Blessed. Contralto in G. By Alfred R. Gaul. My Soul is Athirst for God. Tenor in E. By Alfred R. Gaul. Oh taste, and see that the Lord is Good. Sacred Song. Alto in B-flat. Music by J. E. Trowbridge.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

THE SECRET KISS.

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

[From the German of Chamisso.]

That night we kissed, O maiden,
In the darkness still and deep,
The stars alone beheld us:
Sure they would our secret keep!

But one, from its place down gliding,
Fell into the restless sea;
And there, to a gossiping wavelet,
He whispered of me and thee.

The wave to the oar repeats it,
And the oar has told it to one
Who sang it in song to his sweetheart
Or ever the day was done.

And now the whole world knows it.
Alas for a chance like this!
They loudly sing in chorus
The song of our secret kiss.

For the Christian Register.

GUY FAWKES AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

If any of our readers had been in England on the morning of November 5, very likely they would be awakened by a chorus of voices singing some doggerel lines like the following:—

"Remember, remember,
The 5th of November:
Gunpowder, treason, and plot!
We know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Hullo, boys! Hurrah!"

If they should look out into the streets, they would see a crowd of boys marching about, carrying an effigy dressed in rags; and, if they should follow this troop of merry-makers, they would arrive at the square, or common, where they would see a stake stuck in the ground, surrounded by straw and fagots. After a while this combustible material is lighted, and the image placed in the flames and burned, the people chanting all the while the above doggerel, or other words quite as appropriate.

In some of the English country towns the municipal authorities assist in this bonfire; and the festivities of the day are concluded by a great feast, at which patriotic speeches are made. Even in this country there used to be the same kind of a celebration; and in the times of Myles Standish and Gov. Winthrop the boys of Boston and Plymouth had their effigies of straw and their bonfires, and repeated the doggerel verses as they did in Old England.

As you may have a little curiosity to know what the effigy means, we will begin with that. It represents Guy Fawkes, or Vaux, who was one of the conspirators, engaged in the famous "Gunpowder Plot." This was a plan devised by the Catholics of England to destroy King James I. and the Parliament, so that they might have rule themselves. At least, this is the story usually told. But others think it was more a personal plot on the part of a few men to gratify their pique or disappointment than any real conspiracy with a political or moral significance. This is supported by the facts that James I. was himself a Catholic, and that nothing was ever proved against the two Jesuits who were arrested as being accessory to the plot.

Still, it must be remembered that all those who were engaged in the plot were ardent Romanists. Catesby and Percy, two gentlemen of fortune and ancient name, were the leaders. It is pretty hard to tell just what they meant to have done, had they succeeded in their atrocious plan, though the rising that was gotten up in Warwickshire by Percy was in the name of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the very king they intended to murder.

Guy Fawkes, whose sinister name is inseparably associated with the plot of which he was the most prominent partisan, was a soldier and adventurer, a man of the most desperate character. There is not much doubt about this. He is represented as a dark, Spanish-looking fellow, with a black beard and ferocious eyes. In some prints he is pictured as dressed in a padded doublet and baggy hose, big Spanish boots, flaring at the top, a wide-brimmed Flemish hat, with a large black feather in it, and armed with a blunderbuss, rapier, and a pair of pistols, which give him quite the look of a buccaneer of the Spanish main.

Fawkes was in Flanders; but, when Catesby sent for him, he came to England, and the plot at once took definite shape. Percy went to London with Fawkes as his servant, and hired a house close to the Parliament building, from the cellar of which they calculated to work a mine to the vaults under the two houses. Upon working four or five months upon this, they ascertained that the vaults were for rent; and Percy at once leased them for a storage-room, as he explained. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were conveyed into this apartment by the indefatigable Fawkes, from time to time; and the whole was covered over with wood and rubbish.

All was ready, when Parliament suddenly prorogued until Nov. 5, 1605. Of course there was nothing to do but wait, though the conspirators were very uneasy lest their plot should be found out. There were now about fifty of them who were engaged in the nefarious business, and the only wonder is that it was kept secret by so many.

They went on with their preparations, however, hiring a ship and keeping it ready on the Thames, in order that Fawkes might embark after he had fired with a slow match the train that was to explode the powder. They also arranged to have a hunting party at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, on the fatal day, so that Catesby, Percy, Digby, Gresham, and all the leaders could ride through the country, and rouse the Catholics after the Parliament had been blown into the air.

The autumn days of 1605 rolled swiftly on; and the last of October had come, when nobles and commoners were going up to London for the session of Parliament, and Fawkes and some of the other conspirators went up, too, so as to be ready for their part in the dire business. There was to be no mistake this time, if they could help it. And, indeed, it was by the narrowest chance in the world that it came to be discovered.

One of the members, Lord Mounteagle, received a letter from an unknown personage (probably a friend who was among the conspirators), warning him against being present at the meeting of Parliament, and making all sorts of mysterious threats. So singular a missive aroused the lord's suspicions; and he carried it to Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State, who read it to the king. What they made out of it was this,—that somebody had a project to blow up Parliament, which was pretty good guessing, upon the whole.

So a search was ordered to be instituted; and on the afternoon of November 4, only the day before the terrible deed was to be done, a party of soldiers entered the cellar. There they found Fawkes skulking about. When interrogated as to what he was there for, and what was stored there, he answered, boldly enough, that he was Mr. Percy's servant, and that he was watching his master's winter supply of fuel.

"A right sufficient quantity, I should say, too," said the commander of the soldiers, and went away without further investigation.

But they had seen enough to be pretty certain that something was wrong; and a warrant was accordingly issued for the arrest of Fawkes, or, as he called himself, Johnson. It was served by Sir Thomas Knevet that night.

The clock had just struck twelve, ushering in the 5th of November, when Fawkes, who had remained in the lone, darksome cellar, on going to the door, was seized by two soldiers with halberds in their hands. He was dressed with his boots and spurs on, ready to ride to the ship. In his pockets were a watch, slow matches, tinder, and touchwood; and behind the door was a dark lantern, with a lighted candle in it. And there, too, were the *thirty-six barrels* of gunpowder, which they pulled out from under the wood and timber. Evidence was too strong as to what Guy Fawkes meant to do for him to either lie or equivocate.

He was conducted directly to the king's bed-chamber; and James, who was a born coward, trembling all over and standing at a distance, asked Fawkes how he could have the heart to wish to kill so many innocent people. "Because desperate diseases require desperate remedies," answered that man of iron, who was as cool as though he had been lord mayor and King James himself the criminal.

And that was all they could get out of him; for he positively refused to name his accomplices, or give any knowledge beyond that of which the government was already

possessed. He was carried to the Tower, where all State criminals were imprisoned. In January he had his trial, and on the 1st of February he and the other conspirators were executed for their wicked designs.

Most of those engaged in the plot were discovered by their own acts. The hunting party that had assembled on that bright autumn day broke up suddenly when they heard of the discovery of the plot, which was reported by a private messenger on the same day. But affairs had gone too far for them to disperse quietly to their homes like peaceable citizens. Besides, Catesby and Percy were as determined as ever to raise an insurrection against King James. Nobody, however, responded to their call. Even Catholics drove them indignantly from their doors, and, at last, being hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcestershire, the large number of the conspirators took refuge in a strong manor house, where, in the assault that followed, several were killed, including Catesby and Percy. The others surrendered to the king's mercy, which was strict and stern justice this time. And this was the way the "Gunpowder Plot" ended, and this is the reason that the 5th of November has been kept ever since as a holiday by the boys of England.

KASSY'S BOOMERANG.

Strangers always said of Kassy Westbrook, "What a charming child!"

The remark was well deserved. She was exceedingly pretty and dainty and sweet-tempered. She was always unselfish and courteous, and ready to run her feet off in the service of her elder brothers and sister.

But the members of her family would one and all shrug their shoulders when Kassy's perfections were the theme. "Oh, yes," they would answer readily, "Kassy is a dear; but if you had to live with her!" What was the matter? Simply an absolutely untrustworthy memory for everything she was told to do. "Her outrageous and abominable forgetfulness," to quote Max, "was no end of a nuisance."

Rarely a day passed but she plunged somebody into trouble, and oftentimes no end of mortification, by regularly forgetting every message, errand, or letter she was intrusted with.

"I don't like to forget," she said, miserably, when she had forgotten a message given her on the street, thereby spoiling sister Rose's afternoon, disappointing two friends, and losing them all the flower-show. "I never mean to, and then I always go and do it."

"Go and don't do it, you mean," returned Wilfred. "Don't you ever remember, by mere chance?"

"There's no Edmund Sparkler about Kass," said Max.

"She never even 'stumbles into sense'; that is, memory."

"The trouble is, my dear," said papa, "that you do not pay attention. And attention, you know, is putting your mind on a point with a view to remembering it."

"I do put my mind on the point," returned Kassy. "I put it on so hard that the point sticks through; and then, of course, I can't remember."

"If Kassy ever gets a good, hard rap herself, as a consequence," said Wilfred, "perhaps she'll realize that it's not exactly pleasant to have one's plans for the day upset and business letters unposted. Somehow, she herself always escapes scot-free. I wish her forgetfulness was a boomerang arrangement."

Wilfred was still sore from the episode of an undelivered note at the house of a young lady, which seeming neglect had involved him in the appearance of much discourtesy.

"What's a boomerang?" questioned Kassy, with interest.

"A boomerang, my dear," answered her brother, "is a curved stick, which, on being thrown, travels for a distance in a horizontal line, and then most unexpectedly turns and comes whizzing back, more probably than not whacking the head of the thrower."

"Oh," said Kassy, "I'd willingly take a little whack, if it would help me to remember."

"You'll get a big one, some of these fine days," remarked Max, strolling off.

As fate would have it, Kassy's boomerang was nearer than she knew. She attended a private school, held at the residence of the principal. One Wednesday morning the maid brought to the recitation-room a note for Mrs. Westbrook, with "By favor of Kassy," written on it.

Kassy put it in her pocket. It might as well have gone into a coal mine, as far as its delivery was concerned; for she did not think of it again.

It chanced that she did not wear that particular dress again till the next Wednesday. In the course of the morning, putting her hand into her pocket, she brought up the note.

"Where did this come from?" she thought, bewildered. "Did somebody give it to me coming to school?" She could not recall it, but thought it must be so. With unusual wisdom she pinned it on her waist in plain sight, whence mamma rescued it later.

Her mother read the week-old note without suspicion, merely remarking to Rose that Mrs. Rallston wished Dr. Westbrook and herself to dine with them, very informally, that evening, to meet an unexpected guest, Mrs. Lynn, the well-known lecturer, who was giving her a flying visit.

Then, as Kassy left the room, she added:

"Mrs. Rallston says that she is going to have a little *matinée* company for Emily on Saturday, to see the 'Old Homestead,' and invites Kassy. She has been wild to see it, and I shall let her go. It is to be a surprise to the children, and they are only to know they are invited to luncheon."

The invitation was duly delivered to Kassy in its abbreviated form. A lunch with Emily Rallston always meant the height of bliss to her companions, for Mrs. Rallston was as perfect a hostess to her little daughter's guests as to her own. Therefore, Kassy was in wild spirits at the idea. Emily had a governess, so the children did not meet her at school.

That night Dr. and Mrs. Westbrook went to dine with Mrs. Rallston, as invited. They were often sent for in this informal way; for, though the Rallstons did not attend Dr. Westbrook's church, they had always been warm friends.

To the surprise of the family, it was only half-past eight when papa and mamma walked in upon their family circle.

Mrs. Westbrook had a very queer look on her face.

"No, no one is ill," she said, in answer to the chorus of inquiries. "Kassy, when was this note given you?"

"This morning, I think. Wasn't it this morning I brought it home?"

"It was certainly this morning you brought it home. Please think when it was given you."

"Honestly, mamma, I don't remember how it came in my pocket. I suppose some one gave it to me on my way to school, but I forget when. What's the matter, mamma?"

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"Wait a moment. Do you think somebody could have left it at school for you?"

"I can't remember,—yes, I do, too. But that's long ago, and"—Kassy stopped, suddenly crimson.

"Exactly. It was long ago. How long do you think?"

"Ever so long," faltered Kassy, more and more disturbed.

"Last week!"

"I—guess—it—was," said Kassy, very low.

"Then there was no dinner to-night?" cried Rose.

"Not at Mrs. Rallston's," answered Mrs. Westbrook. "Kassy, listen to what you have done. Mrs. Lynn, whom I was most anxious to meet, was with Mrs. Rallston for a day or two only, coming unexpectedly. So Mrs. Rallston hastily wrote a note, asking papa and myself, as you know, to dine there 'to-night,' dating the note simply 'Wednesday.' She added a few lines about which I will tell you presently. She had the note left with you, thinking that was the quickest way of reaching me. That is the way it got into your pocket."

Kassy was silent and scarlet. She remembered now the maid's coming into the class-room,—how long ago?

"That was Wednesday,—a week ago," went on mamma, relentlessly. "I suppose that you forgot it when you came home. How did you chance to remember it at last?"

"I found it in my pocket," answered Kassy, very miserable indeed.

"Why didn't you find it before?"

"I don't know,—yes, I do. I tore the ruffle; and Sarah did not mend it for ever so long, so I couldn't wear it till yesterday."

"That explains it. Last Wednesday—a week ago to-day—was the dinner. Only Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, besides ourselves, were invited. As we sent no word to the contrary, they expected us, and waited dinner an hour. Mrs. Lynn left the next day."

"To-night papa and I encountered Mr. and Mrs. Rallston at their door on their way out. Our mutual surprise was great; but, as they were invited out themselves, and the carriage was waiting, they could only stop a moment to explain."

"And the coincidence of the days of the week," put in Rose, "prevented your noticing it."

"Yes, of course. They had thought it strange we sent no word; but, knowing I had not been well, they thought it an oversight on my part. They regretted exceedingly their own engagement to-night; but, as it was, there was nothing to do but come away. So we went to the Brunswick for dinner."

Kassy lifted a very wretched face to her mother's, but she had not a word to say.

"So much, my dear, for the annoyance and disappointment you have caused us and others. Now for your side."

Kassy's distress visibly increased. What else was coming?

"Mrs. Rallston," pursued her mother, inexorably, "made up a little matinée party for Emily, last Saturday, to see the 'Old Homestead.' You know you were invited to lunch, and the theatre was a surprise. Well, the party came off last Saturday, and the children had a most delightful time. Mrs. Rallston made a charming affair of it. After the matinée the children were all taken to Delmonico's to dine, as a bit of grown-up pleasure. The note you forgot to deliver contained, you know, the invitation for you."

"O mamma!" as much utter misery as one word could hold went into that one.

The rector disapproved of the theatre for children, and Kassy had never been but once or twice in all her fourteen years. To see the "Old Homestead," as all her friends had done, was her dream of bliss. This, added to all the rest that she had missed, made her feel like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

She succumbed to the pressure of the situation.

"O mamma," she sobbed, "it's too dreadful for anything. I can't bear it! To think I"—sob—"might"—sob—"have gone"—sob—sob—sob.

"This is a boomerang, and no mistake," said Wilfred, mischievously, though he really pitied his little sister. "Come, Kassy,

take your whacking like a man. You'll know now how it is yourself."

"Make him stop, mamma," sobbed wretched Kassy. "I don't want to hear about boomerangs and things. I'm always sorry when I forget your things."

"Yes," assented teasing Wilfred, "it's easy to bear another man's misfortune like a Christian. I'm awfully sorry for you, youngster; and, if you'll promise not to forget the next time that I ask you to leave a note at Miss May's"—

But Kassy put her fingers into her ears, and retreated into the library, whither papa had long ago retired, in silent disgust.

Mamma followed her, and gathered her, still sobbing, into her arms, after a serious talk.

"Truly, mamma, I never did realize it before," she said; for she was an honest little soul. "But you see if I catch any more boomerangs, or throw any to hit other people!"

And, to do her justice, her improvement was wonderfully rapid. Six months later, on her birthday, teasing Wilfred presented her with a curious curved stick of hard wood, about twenty inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick.

"A boomerang, my dear," he announced. "Tie it up with dear little ribbons, as girls always do, and use it as *memorabilia*. You're getting to be as reliable as a district messenger boy. We can give you an errand now with forty-nine chances out of a hundred that it will be done."—*Elizabeth Timlow, in the Churchman.*

A TRUE STORY.

Little Mary had had a volume of Hans Andersen's fairy stories given her at Christmas. The story she liked best was "The Princess and the Pea"; for, like all little girls, little Mary had a natural desire to be a princess.

When she went to bed at night with her doll, little Mary would think to herself, "Oh, how beautiful to be a real princess of such very fine blood as to feel a little bit of a pea under twenty mattresses!"

One morning a comforting idea came to little Mary. "Who knows," she said to herself, "with all my very many great grandfathers and grandmothers, but p'raps I am related to some king or queen way back?"

Thereupon she went to her mother's pantry, and took a bean from the jar,—as large a one as she could find,—and, going to her room, put it carefully under the hair mattress. That night she went to bed happy, with joyful hopes.

In the morning little Mary's elder sister found her with her head buried in her pillow, crying. "Oh," little Mary sobbed, "I did think I might have just a little speck of royal blood in my veins, but I couldn't feel even that big bean under just one mattress!"

Nothing would comfort little Mary until her mamma explained to her that even princesses were not happy unless they had good hearts; and she could have, if she tried, just as good and royal a heart as any princess under the sun.—*Little Men and Women.*

THE FOUR APPLE-TREES.

Many years ago there was a man who wanted to have a beautiful orchard. So he sent for some young trees, knowing that he should not have to wait so long for his orchard if he planted trees which had already had a good start in growing. Unfortunately, however, the trees arrived just at the time when the man was obliged to leave home for several days. He was afraid that they would not live unless they were planted very soon, and yet he could not stay to attend to them. Just then a man came along who wanted work.

"Do you know how to set out fruit trees?" asked the owner.

"Yes, indeed," said the other man.

"Then you may stay, and set out these young apple-trees. I am going to have an orchard, and I have marked the places for the trees with stones."

By and by the owner of the trees came back, and went to look at his orchard. He had been gone two days. "How is this?" he asked. "Only four trees set out?"

"This is all I had time for," answered the

other man. "I dug great holes, so that the roots might be spread out to the farthest tip. I hauled rich earth from the woods, so that the trees might have the best of food. I set the trees straight, and filled the holes with care. This took all the time, but these four trees are well planted."

"That is too slow a way for me," said the owner. "I can plant the whole orchard in one day."

So he went to work, and planted the trees in his own way. He did not dig holes large enough or deep enough, and therefore many of the little root mouths were broken off when he set the trees in the holes. He did not take pains to get soft, rich earth to fill the holes, and so the trees could not have as good food as they needed. The poor little trees lived for a while; but they were never very strong, never bore very good apples, and at last were cut down. Finally, all that was left of the orchard were the four trees which had been planted with such faithfulness and care. These four trees are now older than an old man, and have long been bearing delicious great apples.—*From "In the Child's World."*

MUTUAL SURPRISES.

Acts of mutual kindness change strangers to friends, and are among the most pleasant of remembrances. Madame de Lamartine, in describing a journey with her children through Switzerland, gives the following graceful incident:—

The progress of our little party was rather noisy, so that a stranger might have thought that a troop of banditti had taken possession of the mountains. And so seemed to think some poor little shepherds guarding their goats and sheep at the edge of the wood; for they had fled in terror, and hid themselves in the heather.

Presently we came on a fire lighted between two big stones in the middle of the path, and by the side of this rustic hearth was a pair of wooden shoes. Evidently, the owner had been too frightened to stop and put them on.

I proposed, to the delight of the children, that we should give the fugitives a pleasant surprise, putting into each sabot a half-franc piece and some sugar-plums which the children had saved from dessert.

As we went on, we talked of the fright of the poor little shepherds, and of how delighted they would be when they had gathered courage to come back. They would be sure to tell their mothers at night that the "good people" who are said to haunt the mountain had given them these treasures, and so it proved.

The children, finding their sabots full of money and sugar-plums, gave all the credit to the fairies. But their parents were not so easily taken in, and, with the tact and refinement so often found among the peasantry, determined to show how much they appreciated our kindness by giving us a surprise in return.

The following morning, when our servant opened the door, he found on the step four little red baskets filled with walnuts, cream cheeses, and little pats of butter made into the shape of sabots.

The bearer of these little presents had run away, so as to give us back mystery for mystery.—*Youth's Companion.*

LARGE SPIDERS.

Spiders are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them. A spider of enormous size, which has taken up her residence in a cathedral at Munich, regales herself with a large supply of lamp oil. A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half-dozen little ones, cuts the thread, and away goes the airship to some far distant point on the prairie.

Premature

* Old Age

is deplorably prevalent in this nineteenth century. Thousands die annually— young in years, but as completely worn out as though the full allotment of their time had passed over their heads. The man who feels that he is "breaking down," experiences loss of strength, sleep, and appetite, should at once take

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SAPOLIO

For the Christian Register.
MOTTO TO SONG XXXI.*

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

Sometimes there stirs within a young child's soul
A dim forecasting—hardly yet a thought—
Of his place in the Universal Whole.
Oh, foster it! Let it not pass for naught.
Meet every question. Help him still to see
And trust the inner 'neath the outward show.

Teach him that things apart in space may be
United in his thought. Help him to know
That to the heart attend all things may speak.
So shall he, listening, learn to understand;
And all the overhanging mists shall break,
And joyfully he'll live as God has planned.

GOOD ROADS.

When travellers go to Italy, they are struck with amazement with the remains of ancient roadways, which, they tell us, are evidently far superior to the roads which we in modern times construct. Those who are interesting themselves in the history of the Peruvians find precisely the same thing to admire. The remains show that their roads, even in these days of engineering, we should think almost impossible to build; and it is believed that some of these first-class roads extended for many hundreds of miles. Even sheet asphalt, or bituminous cement of some kind, was used for surfacing.—*Exchange.*

A FORTUNATE FIND.

Some frescos by Correggio hitherto unknown have been discovered in the old fortress of Mantua by M. Charles Yriarte of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. They are medallions painted in the cupola of the study of Gabriela d' Este, Duchess of Mantua. The study was inaccessible for nearly two hundred years, as the Austrians, who held Mantua from 1706 to 1866, would allow no one to enter the fortress; and, when it came into the possession of Italy, the town archives were piled up in the room. M. Yriarte, knowing that Correggio had worked in Mantua, obtained permission of the Italian government to make a thorough search, and succeeded in discovering the paintings. They are perfect, and in the artist's best style.—*Exchange.*

Spirit of the Press.

The Boston *Herald*, in an editorial on "A Ministry without Tobacco," says:—

The Methodists have improved upon the usual forms of ordination by compelling their candidates for the ministry to promise to abstain from the use of tobacco after they are ordained. No one who smokes or chews tobacco can hope ever to be a Methodist minister. While to many this regulation may seem more nice than wise, it is undoubtedly a drawback to the usefulness of many clergymen that they indulge too much in the use of tobacco. When they are engaged in their special duties, it is not helpful if they carry the strong scent of tobacco into the sick-room; and it was not exactly pleasant to have it said of a distinguished bishop that he could not travel on his visitations without resorting to the smoking-car for his habitual smoke. The Methodists may seem to many to be too careful; but, if they err at all, they err on the safe side.

Education.

Boston University has bought the empty Mount Vernon Congregational Church, its former tenants having quarters in a fine stone house up on the Back Bay. The university purposes to locate its School of Law in the old church.

A specially interesting exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston, which occupies one of the upper balconies, is made by the Boston public schools, illustrating the teaching of sewing and other manual work. A class of boys from the new school of Mechanic Arts can here be seen actually at work. These exhibits are attracting the attention of educators all over New England. The display of sewing is even finer than that which brought the Boston schools so much honor in Chicago.

Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has just made a notable address to the students of Atlanta University, warmly commending the work of higher education for the Negroes, as carried on in that institution. Without depreciating the importance of elementary and industrial training for the masses of the Negro race, he held that nothing is

more "practical" than getting an insight into the civilization with which we are in contact and of which we form a part. As our civilization is largely derived from the Greeks and Romans, and as the Negroes of America are to share it with the Anglo-Saxons, it is very important that the bright minds among them should get acquainted with it, as others have done, through the study of Latin and Greek. This is the more necessary, since, with the advance of civilization and the development of machinery, the proportion of manual laborers in every community is steadily diminishing, while the proportion of directors of labor and of other brain workers is correspondingly increasing.

Temperance.

"If it were not for drunkenness, there would be no crime in Ireland at all. As it is, there is no crime which does not arise out of that evil," says Archbishop Croke of that country.

The Christian Endeavor Union of Cleveland has placed drinking-fountains in different parts of the city, on all of which are inscribed the words: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the Temperance Congress, in which he says: "While profoundly sensible of the immense importance of the liquor question, I cannot pretend that I have mastered its difficulties. I see it clearly in certain of its aspects, but as a whole it baffles me. I have no doubt that the local option principle is sound; but they must be of sanguine temperament who believe that it is sufficient to dispose of the entire question. The method of the sale of liquor for public account, which exists in parts of Scandinavia, presents great advantages, and, if adopted here, ought to be adopted in its best form. The plan of free trade with strict police supervision and adequate taxation was, unfortunately, refused a fair trial in Great Britain. Of the scheme of mere limitation by reducing the number of licenses I have a poor opinion."

Here and There.

A new kind of cloth is being manufactured at Lyons from the down of poultry. It is light and warm.

The thoughtful everywhere agree to frown upon very early marriages. And, when it is realized that in a recent year 39,457 girls who were under age were married in England, and 12,257 lads, there would certainly seem to be some cause for apprehension and for the discouragement of the practice.—*Exchange.*

In Cuba the cucojo, the famous firefly of the tropics, the one that affords the most brilliant light of any land animal, is confined in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Thirty-eight of them yield one-candle power. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for travelling in the dark. They also use them as ornaments for the hair and dress.

A fruit-dealer at Leeds advertises for a young assistant,—"one that does not wear shoes with more than three lace-holes in each side." It is very likely that the advertiser has calculated how much time will be saved by the absence of superfluous lace-holes. This reminds one of Carlyle's saying: "The race of life has become intense: the runners are treading upon each other's heels. Woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings!"—*Indian Messenger.*

Toads and frogs have sometimes been taught to stay in a house to catch flies and other insects. They will take a corner of the kitchen for their own, and come out at regular times for their meals. The lightning-like rapidity with which they run out their long tongues and take in the unfortunate fly that ventures within range is very interesting—to all but the fly. However, the victim's misery is quickly over, which is not the case when it is caught in the long agony of fly-paper.—*The Secretary.*



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Round some low promontory leap and wrangle,
And 'mid the rocks you see the fowler hide
Where sea-birds stoop for food in oozy tangle;
When, hidden in the hollow of his boat,
The practised marksman in his boat lies rocking,
And, wheeling round with curious eye, you note
The hapless sea-birds to destruction flocking;
When on hard rock or crimsoned wave they fall,
And at the slayer's feet in heaps are lying,
And now for food their unfledged nestlings call
In vain, on yon bare cliff by thousands dying,—
By whom is nerved the sanguinary hand
Which spreads a cloud of woe o'er cliff and water,
And drives these living sunbeams from our strand?
By thy fair sister, wife, or gentle daughter!
Who, to set off the glory of her hair,
For her brave father demands the sea-birds' glory,
Nor will one feather from her tresses spare
To put an end to all this tragic story.
She is the sea-birds' foe! She gives the word
Their snowy plumes to plunder, not to cherish.
That she may buy, the murderous guns are heard;
That she may dress, the lovely sea-birds perish!
—Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A.

WOMAN IN BURMAH.

The number of the *Journal of the Maha Budhi Society*, issued in Calcutta, lately received in Europe, brings, we are informed, the following from Mr. H. Fielding in regard to the Burmanese woman.
No country in the world has accorded to its women such absolute freedom, such complete control over their life and property, as Burmah. In regard to law, religion, and morals, woman stands on an equal footing with man. Boys and girls inherit in equality of rights. Woman manages her own property; and, if she marries, it belongs solely to herself. The husband has no authority therein, and no legal power over her. From childhood up she is unfettered. The chivalry which represents her as a divine ideal, and treats her as a slave, has never appeared in Burmah. No Burman lover extols the loved one as a super-terrestrial creation, and treats her later as a being infinitely inferior to himself.
The religion of Burmah has not labelled her the source of all evil, has never warned man to beware of her as of serpents which would lead to perdition; and no pope has designated her the "sole hope of the church." No mediocre literary efforts have inculcated in woman false ideas about themselves, men, and the world. They have always been regarded what they in reality are, and have had freedom to fulfil the duties of their position, untrammelled by conventionality and rules. Men, as well as their own sex, have always accorded them ample room for activity; and they have been esteemed the best judges themselves of what would degrade them. There are no more womanly women in the world than the Burmanese, none possess in higher degree than they the indefinable charm of womanhood.
Whether married or single, every woman, from her sixteenth or seventeenth year on, has an occupation beside her domestic duties. In the higher classes she manages her own property, in the lower she conducts some industry. In Burmah there are no special fields of employment which a woman is allowed to enter or forbidden access. As there is no caste for men, so, also, none exists for women. Freedom has been granted them to attempt anything in which they believed they could excel, without fear of public opinion. This freedom in a choice of vocation has been of profit in appropriateness of selection, and each sex has left to the other that which it felt incapacitated for itself. Strangely enough, we find that in Burmah sewing and embroidery are especial occupations of men. Women are mostly shopkeepers. The retail trade in Burmah lies in their hands, and nearly all are in trade on their own account. As the men cultivate their own land, so the women conduct their own business. They are not the agents of others, but independent tradeswomen; and this activity does not interfere with their domestic duties. Those of business take three hours of the day. Accordingly, they have ample time to devote to their housekeeping, after the daily business is over. Domesticity is the central point always of woman's life,—on no account would she ever neglect this; but the effect of this tutorship—that every woman conducts her own business—is a

great influence on her life. Her outlook is enlarged. She learns things she would never acquire in the narrow sphere of home life, thus imbibing a forbearance and understanding which impresses every one with whom she comes in contact. She learns her own strength and weakness, and reckons accordingly. Divorce is as easy to obtain as the most advanced reformer could desire, but one case in a hundred marriages is rarely to be found.

Charities and Reforms.

The annual meeting of the Young Travellers' Aid Society will be held in the chapel of Trinity Church, entrance on Clarendon Street, Thursday, November 14, at 3 P.M. Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant will address the meeting, and speak of the welcome that should be extended to unprotected travellers to a large city. The public is cordially invited to attend and learn of the great work the society has done toward making it safe for our country girls to come alone to Boston.

For thirty years the homes of Dr. Barnardo in England have never closed their doors on any waif, orphan, or destitute child, "without distinction of age, sex, creed, birthplace, or physical conditions." Over 26,000 children have been rescued from lives of misery and crime, and educated and trained for useful lives. 7,500 have been sent out to the British colonies, where good homes have been found for them, many having grown up to fill positions of influence. Nearly 5,000 boys and girls are now under training in the institutions.

A Brotherhood House has just been opened on East Newton Street, Boston, by the Boston Local Council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Three members of the brotherhood are expected to reside at the house permanently; and young men from the country, recommended by the clergyman of the parish from which they come, will find a homelike place to live, with excellent influences about them. What are known as "settlements" are increasing in every large city, and the value to the neighborhoods in which they are located is now recognized by thoughtful people.—*Lend a Hand*.

Science.

In England houses are compelled by law to be supplied with the Phillips fire extinguisher. When in action, carbonic acid gas is generated. You press a button, place the vessel in a room where the fire is, and close the door. The gas finds its way into every crevice, and the fire is soon extinguished.

Herr Otto Schulze of Strasburg has been at work for three years on an electric incubator, in which the heat required to hatch the chickens is supplied by the electric current in a way that is now well known. The difficulty in such an application of electric heating lies in regulating the current, and consequently the temperature; but it is stated that Herr Schulze has devised one which maintains the temperature within one-tenth of a degree.

Dr. Kitasato, the brilliant Japanese bacteriologist who discovered the cause of the plague in Hongkong last year, has found, he thinks, not only the cause, but also a cure for this terrible affliction. Severe as it is for the sufferer himself, it is a comfort to learn, from authoritative sources, that it is not as contagious as we sometimes fancy; and also we get in these days of scientific explanation interesting glimpses of the value of the Mosaic isolation regulations that caused the leper to be banished "without the camp." It is needless to say that Dr. Kitasato's studies lead him in a steady advance from position to position in the road that is illuminated by the discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, and Behring.—*Ex*.

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Louise (aged four): "Please tie my bonnet-strings, and please tie 'em in a *Psyche knot*!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"Do you think I can see through you?" The burly old gentleman in front smiled good-naturedly as he retorted, "You ought to be able, sir: I've a pain in my back."—*Presbyterian*.

Mamma: "I hope you said something pleasant when you gave Tommy his birthday gift?" Bob: "Yes'm: I told him he was welcome to it, for it was one I had left over from last year."—*The American*.

Upon a gentleman's tomb in Warwickshire we read that he was "accidentally shot by his gamekeeper." Under this piece of information is the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—*The American*.

"Who's there?" cried little Binks, egged on by his wife, who insisted that there was a burglar in the room. "Nobody," returned the burglar. "There, my dear," snapped Binks, "that's exactly what I told you."—*Harper's Bazar*.

At an evening entertainment in one of our country parishes recently, a stranger was conversing with the minister's wife, not knowing her personally, and asked innocently, "Do you like your minister as well as ever?" The lady (the minister's wife) replied, "I like him just as well as I ever did."

Willie (who was travelling alone for the first time, to conductor): "What is the meaning of 'W' and 'R' on the sign-posts along the road?" Conductor: "'Ring and whistle.'" Willie (after a pause): "I can see how 'W' stands for 'wring'; but I'm blessed if I can see how 'R' can stand for 'whistle.'"—*Harper's Round Table*.

Mother of Nine Children (looking into the stocking basket): "Well, Bridget, for one thing, I am sure we shan't have to darn stockings after ten o'clock at night in the next world." Bridget (sympathetically): "Shure, an' that's thrue for you, ma'am; for all the pictures av angels that iver I saw was barefuted."—*Worthington's Magazine*.

The residents of Jamaica Plain will appreciate these: A teacher in one of the public schools asked a pupil which was the most fertile plain in America, and for what was it famous, meaning the valley of the Mississippi. The answer was promptly given, "The most fertile plain is Jamaica Plain, and it is famous for being the place where Jamaica ginger is made!"—*The Transcript*.

One of the best stories told by Dean Hole in his "Memories" is of an old-fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him, and said in a tone of indignant excitement, "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

At a local conference recently held in a country town, where the delegates had to be conveyed from the station to the church, the society generously furnished teams. The minister, always ready to help in every way, went to the station with his carriage. Returning with a lady beside him socially inclined, she said, "Have you a good minister here?" not knowing her companion. The minister replied, "We ought to have: I'm the man."

In one of the fashionable "Kurorte" on the Rhine, reports a writer in the *Realm*, he came across some queer entries in the visitors' book of the principal hotel. One of the Paris members of the Rothschild family had signed "R. de Paris." It so happened that Baron Oppenheim, the well-known Cologne banker, was the next arrival; and he immediately capped the above by signing "O. de Cologne."—*Youth's Companion*.

The young man had gone into a department store to buy a fountain-pen. The girl in charge of the fountain-pen show-case had supplied him with a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink, and several of the pens; and, in trying them, one after another, he covered the sheet with the words *Tempus fugit*, the girl looking on with a kindly interest. "If you buy one, and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit," she remarked, "you can bring it back and change it."—*The Pacific*.

There has been a discussion in the *English Daily Telegraph* on "Sunday clothes." It reminds us of a story of a good, honest old lady who volunteered to bring the working men and farm laborers to church. She succeeded admirably; and, when asked by the rector how she reasoned with the men, she replied: "Why, I told them that God did not look on the clothes, but on the heart, and that the minister exhorted us on Sunday morning 'to render your heart, and not your garments.'"—*Churchman*.

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Editorial.

IN the *Century* for November Mr. W. D. Howells writes on "Equality as the Basis of Good Society" in a style in which the qualities of the literary artist and the social prophet are blended. There are those who may doubt whether any one using such polished English can make an impression in social agitation in a heated atmosphere, and with the air full of whizzing adjectives. But the fact is that these discussions have already made their way into the drawing-room and to the dinner-table, and are amenable to the ordinary rules of politeness, and, what is still better, to the spirit of kindness and brotherly interest which is the basis of true courtesy. Though Mr. Howells begins by apparently using the term "good society" under the conventional social limitations of that term, he carries us to something much further,—unto an ideal which has a very close resemblance to that of the kingdom of heaven as Jesus used it in its relation to reformation in society.

THERE are inequalities of circumstance and endowment which are beyond our control; but it will not do to make these an excuse for a failure to establish that equality which is feasible and practicable, and which comes through the dethronement of human selfishness. This does not mean a radical reconstruction of human nature so

much as a revolution which shall bring the better part of human nature to the top. In closing his article, Mr. Howells says: "We have had inequality so long in the world that it is the convention to justify it, as it once was the convention to justify slavery, and I dare say cannibalism more remotely. It is supposed to be human nature; and it was undoubtedly human nature once, as those other things were in their time. But I do not believe that any enlightened person thinks it just; and the other sort of persons are no longer the majority in good society, or, at least, they do not dominate the ideals of good society. There is some prospect that they will not always dominate the ideals of society in the sense of humanity, but will presently be so powerless that this sort of society can be safely included in good society; and, as people are apt to become finally what they have long seemed to be, professed to be, goodness in manner will end in goodness of heart, and we shall have an equality which is at once polite and sincere."

MUCH of the interest of the election last week in Massachusetts lay in the fact that all registered voters, whether men or women, were asked to vote "Yes" or "No" on the question whether it is expedient that municipal suffrage should be extended to women. As was expected, the "Noes" were in a decided majority. The unexpected feature of the election was the large affirmative vote, amounting to over ninety thousand men and nearly twenty thousand women. Had the vote been for a constitutional amendment, or anything but a mere expression of opinion, undoubtedly a larger vote would have been cast on both sides; for many women, like a large fraction of the male voters in Massachusetts, are indifferent to the privileges of the ballot. Yet, of the women who voted, a strong majority were in favor of suffrage. Undoubtedly, the indifference among women, like the indifference among men, is largely to be attributed to the conception of suffrage as a right instead of as a duty. Many women, like many men, are perfectly willing to waive their rights, who feel bound to fulfil their duties. The right of suffrage belongs where the qualifications as to citizenship and character and education exist for exercising it; and where the right exists the duty goes with it. Let this be recognized, and neither men nor women will stay away from the polls.

HERETOFORE a Western governor or land agent, in booming his State, has had to rely mainly upon its size, fertility, and its unclouded future. But the governor of Arizona is not confined to such modern aspects of advantage. Of course he does not let us forget, as we certainly do not wish to, that "Arizona is the sixth largest political division in the United States, embracing an area of 113,000 square miles, or 72,320,000 acres, that its resources are unlimited, and its mountains are the depositories of gold, silver, copper, lead, onyx, marble, and precious stones, that it contains nearly forty million acres of grazing land, much of which is a perpetual pasture, unknown to frost or snow, on which are maintained vast herds of stock, that its valleys comprise an area of more than 10,000,000 acres of land, which, when brought under cultivation, gives marvellous returns in grain, fruits, and other products of the soil, and that it contains the largest unbroken forest area in the United States, there being from eight to ten hundred thousand million feet of standing saw-lumber."

BUT, lest any of the old countries of the world should say that, though Arizona has a present and a future, she has no past, lest Rome should point to her Coliseum, Greece to her Parthenon, and Egypt to her Pyramids, the governor declares that "this region rightly claims a history or a civiliza-

tion which antedates the Christian era, —yes, and probably the Egyptian and Assyrian dynasties; for, truly, this is a favored portion of the earth's surface." And the executive may challenge Rome, Greece, Egypt, or Assyria to disprove his statements. The governors of Dakota and Montana may look with envy upon this historic claim; but let them dig up some old ammonites and other early inhabitants from their cretaceous beds, and claim that the history of their States goes back beyond the advent of man. It is dangerous enough when the great North-west and the great South-west rush at each other with volumes of statistics and prophecies; but, when they dig up the buried past and set the mound-builders and the Zuñis at warfare, they will not stop when glacial man is brought on the stand, but we may expect to see the megatheria, ichthyosauri, and other early citizens of this locality engaged in a fearful conflict for historic precedence.

OUR Catholic contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, seeks to apologize as well as it can for the pope's injunction to Catholics of this country to refrain from participating in religious congresses where other denominations are represented. The *Review* says, "Leo XIII., who has undoubtedly given the matter long and careful consideration, has evidently reached the conclusion that the advantages consequent from Catholic representation at such religious congresses do not compensate for the disadvantages attendant upon participation in them." "The pope does not mean to be illiberal nor intolerant," says the *Review*. It is simply that Catholics have nothing to gain by these congresses. The pope does not seem, however, to have considered the question whether the Catholics have anything to give. Certainly, a church of its historic importance and imposing organization should be able to contribute something. It looks as though the pope were afraid to bring Roman Catholicism into fair comparison with other religions. But in this respect he is not worse than the archbishop of Canterbury.

WE are glad, however, to have the assurance, which the *Review* thinks it is almost needless to give, "that the instructions which the Holy Father has sent the American prelates on this matter by no means forbid the co-operation of Catholics with their Protestant fellow-citizens in any movement that seeks to promote the public welfare or morality, to foster fraternal feelings and good will, or to further any other commendable cause. That no such sense attaches to the papal letter is plainly shown by the action of Cardinal Gibbons, who this very week sent a congratulatory message to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which is holding its annual convention at Baltimore, and who delegated one of his priests to bid the delegates welcome to the city in his name." A pleasant feature, too, of the Unitarian temperance meeting at Washington was the participation of Father Doyle of Baltimore, whose paper we publish this week.

CONGREGATIONAL ORDINATION.

WE have taken pains to set before our readers this week the exact order of service followed by King's Chapel of Boston in installing, last Sunday, its pastor, Rev. Howard N. Brown. There are many noteworthy points in the history of this ancient Chapel, and that of its relation to Congregationalism is one of the most interesting.

There was something in the independence of the Plymouth Pilgrims which was healthfully contagious. The Puritans who came to Massachusetts Bay ten years later were not Separatists; and, when they left England, they were, in more than one sense, somewhat at sea. They were loath to cut

the cable which bound them to the Church of England; but, when they reached New England, while the ties of memory and affection remained, the ecclesiastical ties had been thoroughly dissolved. They at once felt the influence, and to some extent caught the spirit of the church at Plymouth. The result was the development of New England Congregationalism.

In this early Congregationalism two tendencies were manifest. One was the tendency, which had distinct and decided expression, to regard the individual church as the source of authority in all matters relating to the installation and ordination of the ministry. Every church not only called its ministers, but ordained them, the laity representing the church in the ceremony. This tradition has been sacredly preserved in some of the oldest churches. On the other hand, a tendency also developed to recognize as authoritative the collective will of the churches as expressed in a Congregational council. This collective will was at first fraternal and advisory, but it threatened to become mandatory and prelatical. What some of the earlier Independents feared, actually took place. Councils directly veered toward Presbyterianism, assumed synodical authority, and interfered with the liberty of the churches. New England Congregationalism gradually developed a body of traditions and precedents; and it is easy to quote from time to time, from epochs in its history, in which each of the tendencies referred to may be recognized.

To-day the Unitarian branch of the Congregational body represents most distinctly and uncompromisingly the principle of the independence and authority of the individual church, and of the right of its lay members to call, constitute, and ordain their own minister. The Orthodox Congregational body, on the other hand, has yielded, in a large degree, to the other tendency, which recognizes the associative action of the churches, in the form of a council, as essential to Congregational ordination. The extent to which this tendency has grown and overpowered Independency in the Orthodox Congregational body was seen in a recent case brought into one of the police courts of Boston, in which an orthodox minister, who had been ordained by his own church in defiance of a council, was actually fined for conducting marriages, it being assumed by the court that he had not conformed to that feature of the law which requires a minister to be ordained according to the usages of the religious denomination to which he belongs. Unitarian Congregationalism, on the contrary, stands so decidedly for the inherent right of each church to ordain and install its minister that, if any question of validity were to be raised, it would be rather that of ordination or installation by a council, apart from a church. A council of churches, as called on such occasions by Unitarians, is simply to recognize and ratify, not to constitute or ordain. It is now with them simply one of the pleasant amenities of the fellowship of the churches. Though other churches should refuse to come and extend the hand of fellowship, it would not affect, in any way, according to Unitarian practice and precedent, the validity or legality of the action of the church in ordaining its own minister.

As will be seen by the reports we publish of the proceedings, the form of service used by King's Chapel is as absolutely Congregational as it could well be. The senior warden, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, read the call and the acceptance, and, representing the members and proprietors, formally installed and ordained Mr. Brown as the pastor of the church. There was no laying on of

hands by other ministers, but simply a prayer; and the benediction was pronounced by the warden.

This strict adherence of King's Chapel to a purely Congregational form is the more interesting when we remember that that church was established in 1636 as the first Episcopalian church in New England, and that in polity as well as in liturgy it stood over against Puritan Congregationalism. Giving up its Trinitarianism and returning to the early simplicity of the Christian faith in one God, it also accepted the simple polity of the early Christian Church. Its modern assertion of the doctrine of the historic episcopate is simply its affirmation and exercise of its own right to ordain men inspired by the Holy Ghost through lay representatives and without priestly intervention. When we think of the harm that has come through the innovations of prelatical and ecclesiastical authority which are seen in the Anglican Church, and still more in the Church of Rome, it is gratifying to see King's Chapel standing for the practice as well as for the faith once delivered to the saints. And this is not merely because it is old, but because it has proved to be better than the innovations which have attempted to supplant it.

King's Chapel is not only a landmark of Boston, but a landmark of Christian faith and practice. We congratulate the old church upon its continued and abundant life. Peace be within its walls, and prosperity within its palaces!

LIVING UP TO THE CHINA.

In the Indian boarding-schools established by the United States government on the reservations the thought of economy has been one of the first considerations. The next, perhaps, has been that the Indian is to be fitted to return to a condition of life not very unlike that from which he was taken. The thought of a possible better future for him has often been lost sight of. He was born in a tepee, and ate with his fingers, without dish or table; and, if raised to a grade of civilization which might require an uncovered deal table, a steel knife and fork, a pewter spoon, and a tin pannikin, that was considered enough of a rise for a savage.

That was some years ago. Better airs breathe round the savage now. The superintendent of Indian schools reports that into some schools white table-cloths and napkins have found their way recently, and white china has been introduced in place of tin. And the result? "It has a marvellous influence on the soul-development of the children." And we all believe it. Cleanliness and beauty, two qualities fundamental in soul-development, are not associated with tin; and, though the common white ware, which is probably meant by "china," is not famous for beauty, it stands for that in the eyes of the Indians, who associate it with white civilization.

This way of reaching the inner man by attention to simple external things, and thereby securing an advance in civilization, is not confined to methods adopted for Indians. In the Lancaster Industrial School there was manifest "soul-development" when the girls, some years ago, were taken out of the coarse, uniform, baggy gowns, to which they were condemned as good enough for sinners, and clad in tidy calico, properly made and fitted. In the same way their moral atmosphere was purified in proportion as the material atmosphere, befouled by the odors of swashing mops over unpainted floors, was renovated once for all by the introduction of polished boards. And, though the tax-payers groaned when the kitchens of the Elmira Reformatory were paved with marble, the superintendent found it a cheap expenditure when he looked at the better civilization it brought into that department, especially since the labor was furnished by the inmates. At the Sherborn Reformatory the dishes from which the prisoners eat is an index of the height of the moral attainment of the inmates. One has but to cross the thresholds of the spotless dining-rooms, and see one table set with attractive cups and plates, each whole and unmarred, and another on which the dishes, though clean, are nicked and ugly, to know to which grade of prisoners each belongs. It is the old story

repeated in experience a thousand times. They try to "live up to their china," like the old woman in the tale.

Between the filthy Indians squatted round a handful of burning coals, over which they were half-cooking scraps of fly-blown meat, skewered on sticks and eaten without fork or knife, such as we used to see years ago, and the neatly dressed children in the government school, eating well-cooked food, served at a white-covered table on decent dishes, there is a difference that marks the ascent of many rounds on the ladder of civilization. And it is not a sudden fashion thrust upon them; but it is the result of patient education, which means training in manners as well as morals, a broadening of interest, sympathy, and appreciation, which helps in no small way to bind these late-comers into our civilization, into a common bond with the white men among whom they live.

But education is doing vastly more for the Indian than to teach him good manners. It is teaching self-control and self-government. When government schools for them were first established, one of the important duties of an agent was to force the children to attend, not quite at the point of the bayonet, but on peril of punishment. If they did not come, they or their parents were surely punished; and, if they did come, they were just as apt to be punished for what was called sullenness and stubbornness, the inefficient teachers of those days not recognizing homesickness and heartsickness in their captive pupils. The evening study hours especially were their dread and horror. What did a wild bird of the forests know of the trammels of books and forced lessons? But some wise man turned the study hour into a recreation hour, where the lesson of the day was reviewed and brought into some sort of connection with real life. A song was sung in which all united, a story was read to which all listened, and, lo! the hour of suffering became an hour of delight. The school began to stand for something real, and the rod disappeared and corporal punishment vanished. No wonder that the superintendent of schools says, "This is well." And the remainder of his words may as well be quoted for those benighted teachers from whose hands the rattan has not yet fallen, and who have not discovered, though red savages may be held to firm discipline without the rod, that Yankee boys are amenable to rational methods. Says Dr. Hailmann, "Punishments which inflict pain as a sort of compensation for the wrong done give a wrong tendency to the moral nature. They lead the child to believe that he can buy off wrong-doing by bodily suffering or by paying something to the party who has been offended by his wrong-doing."

Indian youth who have learned this great lesson in morals are fast climbing the ladder and leaving their savagery behind them.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The Unitarians in New York and Brooklyn, under the leading of the secretary of the New York Conference, Rev. D. M. Morehouse, have planned a "forward movement," and are holding a special series of Sunday night services to set it going. This is what ought to be done all along the line. Let us have a forward movement.

Unitarians ought to be the forwarding agents of every good cause, whether social, ethical, or religious. But just now they have a splendid opportunity to work through their own organizations. Of their ability to work through other organizations or independent of organization, there can be no doubt. In literature, science, philanthropy, in social and political reform, they have shown their progressive spirit. But what they need to do now is, without becoming any less broad or liberal in their sympathies, to give impulse and effect to the very machinery they have created. A locomotive is a machine constructed for a forward movement. It needs a prepared pathway and an engineer and a motive power. But what shall we say of a locomotive that stands on the track with a full head of steam and plenty of freight to draw, and is content simply to advertise itself by ringing its bell and blowing its whistle? Or what shall we say of such an engine, beautifully fitted up and polished, but with insufficient fuel to move freight or passen-

gers? Let there be a forward movement on lines already open; let new pathways be cleared, and new fuel be provided.

Unitarians need little exhortation to accept the results of advanced thought, and they are fairly hospitable to new discoveries and encouraging to new inquiry. But what they need is a new power, organic and personal, to forward their own cause. It is their cause only by conviction and acceptance. The forwarding power they need is that of the gardener who directs the sun and waters and enriches the soil, so that it yields its fruit days and even weeks before it would have done if the intelligence and effort of man were not joined with the forces of God. Every Unitarian church ought to be an organization of fruit-growers, and the American Unitarian Association a sanctified chamber of commerce for moral and religious ideas.

SENTIMENT.

Every noble action is the expression of a noble feeling. Back of the deed is the sentiment from which it proceeded. It matters little how persistently a man may talk of his sympathy with the oppressed or of his enjoyment in the higher things of life, if his daily conduct continually gives the lie to his words; and, on the other hand, a man need say little about his religion or his theory of ethics, when day after day he is evidencing the genuineness of his convictions by kindness to others and repression of selfish impulses. If any proof is needed of the existence of good in natures that seem sometimes most given over to evil impulses, the frequent occurrence of deeds of flawless self-sacrifice even there shows that, so long as men cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs from thistles, so long must actions of tenderness and unselfishness proceed from something akin to their own nature. If this is true of single deeds, it is even more inevitable in deliberate courses of action, persisted in despite of difficulties and discouragements, shaped by the hours of insight, and unaltered by the hours of depression. When a man comes to a great conviction of duty, he is not to be turned aside by trifles from the carrying out of its logical sequences. Thus a reasonably adequate philosophy of life is important beyond estimate, since it decides for us what manner of creature we shall be; and the old theology was right in insisting on the need of a new life,—that is, a new principle or a new conviction of duty as the foundation of a new character or course of action.

In an adequate philosophy of life there is place for every exalted sentiment. Whatever makes for harmony and beauty in the world of contemplation or in the world of action must be a help in the general progress toward goodness. Lower aims are less attractive, as one listens to a symphony by Beethoven or gazes at the Sistine Madonna or yields himself to the word music of a great poet. The beauty of the mountains or the sea, the masterpieces of art, serenely pure or eternally true, are all in league with the great forces that make for morality; and they conspire together to lead the soul to the recognition of the unity of truth and beauty and goodness.

Nevertheless, the dulness of a nature that never refreshes itself by art or music is hardly more—no, not as much—to be dreaded as the paralysis of action that sometimes comes from regarding these things as an end in themselves. No state of mind is more hopeless than that which looks complacently on its own capacity for æsthetic enjoyment, and rests satisfied therewith. The people who can stand unawed and unshushed by the grandeur of a mountain or the glory of a sunset, chattering all the time about their love for nature; the people who tell you that they adore poetry until you wish to hate all rhymed expression; the people who are so sorry for the Armenian martyrs that they cannot even read accounts of their sufferings, and yet have no morsel of practical help for them,—these are the ones whom Emerson must have meant when he talked of souls that are lost by mimicking souls.

One of the most significant chapters in Dr. James's "Psychology" is that in which he warns young people, from a scientist's point of view, that no reservoir of maxims or fund of sentiment is worth anything in the formation of character unless every opportunity is taken for putting these principles into concrete action. Every time a

fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; for it actually hinders the next emotion from accomplishing its proper result. He notes, for instance, the relaxing effect that music may have upon character when indulged in to excess by those who are not performers, nor sufficiently gifted to take it intellectually as well as emotionally. He advises such never to suffer themselves to have an emotion at a concert, for instance, that they do not afterward express in one way or another. "Let the expression be the least in the world," he says, "speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers; but let it not fail to take place."

It can never be asserted too often that fine feelings are worth anything only when they embody themselves in fine deeds. If the feelings are genuine, they cannot help thus revealing themselves; and then they do not need much explanation or talking about. Once allowed to degenerate into sentimentality, they become the basis of insincerity,—that most fatal element of character.

Perhaps there is a lesson in this for those who have felt the enthusiasm and onward impulse of the Washington Conference. Unitarians were never more sure than now that theirs is a religion worth acknowledging and propagating. If this conviction bears fruit in more generous giving and more devoted support of the work of the denomination, it will mean added strength, not only to the organizations which do this work, but to the individuals and churches which thus translate feeling into action. At once, before this enthusiasm is a thing of the past, let us testify generously to the depth of our purposes and aims there made manifest.

Brevities.

Although it is called "King's" Chapel, the President of the United States would be welcome to a seat.

We call special attention to the admirable sermon of Rev. Dr. Peabody delivered at King's Chapel, which fully rose to the demands of the occasion.

The photograph and inscription of the mural monument to Dr. Holmes in King's Chapel will be seen with interest by many who are not able to view it where it stands.

King's Chapel has one of the best choirs in Boston, with Mr. B. J. Lang as leader. Mr. Lang has been for several years the leader of the Apollo Club and of the Cecilia, and has now been made conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The Scriptural selections read in King's Chapel last Sunday, at the installation of Mr. Brown, contained the text, "They will deliver you up to their councils." But this is just what King's Chapel did not do. No council was called, and therefore their minister was not "scourged in the synagogue."

When a man does not enjoy his work in life, he may not be fitted for the work, or the work may not be fitted for him. The late Bishop Brooks said: "It may be truly said that no man does any work perfectly who does not enjoy his work. Joy in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done, indeed, but without its finest perfection."

The numerals in common use are not the only Arabic survivals in America, as will be proved at the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, on Friday, November 15, when Col. Bourke, the distinguished student of the manners and customs of North American Indians, will lecture on "Some Arabic Survivals in the Languages and Folk-lore of the Rio Grande Valley."

The hard times of the past two years have been specially felt in all schools supported by private subscriptions, and our South End Industrial School has not escaped. To eke out the scanty income, a sale of useful and fancy articles will be held next Saturday, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., at 46 Bartlett Street, Roxbury. We are also assured that home-made candy will be on sale: whether this comes under the head of "useful" or "fancy" we do not know. This enterprise, conducted by Unitarian societies, should be most generously supported.

We often hear the expression "prison-birds": in Michigan it has a literal as

well as metaphorical meaning. In the State's prison there are six hundred canary birds kept by the convicts. During the day the cages are hung outside the cells, to give the birds light and air. At night the cage is placed in the cell. There is no danger from the communication of these prisoners,—the bird prisoner and the prison-bird. At the Elmira (N.Y.) Reformatory the windows of the corridors are opened, and birds are allowed to freely come in and fly about, as many of them are pleased to do.

During the recent terrible so-called riots in Constantinople, good evidence was given of the readiness of the Armenians to accept the decisions of the Great Powers, and of their faith in the friendliness of those powers. For days the great churches were crowded with Armenians, who fled to them for shelter,—a thousand in one church, fifteen hundred in another, two thousand in a third. In vain the sultan bade the people go home, and trust to him for security. But by and by there came messengers from the representatives of England, Russia, and France, and distributed among the people in the dim churches the personal cards of these ministers. Trusting in these, the harassed people quietly dispersed, and through byways and side streets found their way to their stricken homes.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

We give herewith the addresses delivered at the meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society held at Washington, September 23, all of them important contributions to the study of this question.

THE NORWEGIAN PRINCIPLE:

ITS RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THE PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE OF ITS APPLICATION IN TEMPERANCE REFORM.

BY REV. D. N. BEACH.

I. THE HOLE IN THE TUB.

In the fight of civilization with the drink evil there are two objectives, not one,—two giants to bring to earth, not one. Of these, one is the drink itself: the other is human rapacity, availing itself of the enormous gains to be had by the drink traffic, and of the weakness of human nature in the direction of drink, to gather riches at what, in the large proportion of its gains, is the price of blood. Drink and human rapacity are the two giants.

As in the case of the parson who said that he always liked to take two texts in preaching, so that, if they persecuted him in one text, he could flee into another, these two objectives have proved the convenient cover, by the process of fleeing from one to the other of them when hard pressed, for the virtual immunity of the drink evil from decade to decade, and from generation to generation.

For two generations have come and gone, and a third has neared the farther side of the stage, since the movement of civilization against the drink evil became virtually war; and during this period, while much has been accomplished in educational directions, while great improvement has occurred in many individuals among certain classes of persons and in particular territories, and while there is a general and promising toning-up on the subject in the whole field, the sum total of the evil has abated not one whit, but has terribly increased. This nation, as a nation, is more drunken to-day than it was when the temperance reformation began within it. The closing nineteenth century is more drunken, as a whole, than the closing eighteenth. Learning, zeal, eloquence, literary skill of the first order, organization, personal effort to the point of utter self-sacrifice and even of martyrdom, great uprisings of whole masses of people, prodigious and pious contributions of money, the appeal of patriotism and the solemn sanctions of religion,—all these, and much besides, have been freely thrown into the war; and yet, as a whole, the drink evil is greater than it was when the struggle began.

In some insane asylums, it is said, they have this test by which to pass the more diseased patients out of that class to the class of those who are mending: A tub with a large hole in its bottom is set in a sink, and the patient is asked to bring

enough buckets of water to fill it. If he goes patiently on by the hour bringing water in the vain endeavor, they do not promote him, much though they may admire his persistence; but, if he protests that, owing to the hole, the proposal that he fill the tub is tantamount to a request that he fill the sewer into which the sink beneath the tub empties, they take courage, pronounce him improving, and pass him on into the next class of patients.

That is precisely the pass to which the average movement in temperance reform has come. Its patience, its persistence, its serene hopefulness, are an impressive spectacle. Its bringing buckets of water to a tub with a hole in its bottom so large that the tub not only does not fill, but that its water level is steadily dropping, raises fairly the question of the movement's right reason. The only plea for it, which can save its sanity, is that it does not see the hole; but why it does not see it is a question not helping out its case very much. I have, for example, within two months, heard, perhaps, the most eloquent, certainly the most direct, pointed, moving, and dead-in-earnest temperance advocate in America solemnly tell an immense audience that he expected to live,—and he is well on in middle life,—that he expected to live to set his own feet upon the neck of the drink evil. And yet, in the face of the steadily increasing force of the evil, he offered no suggestion which has not been diligently pressed for a generation. I regard the person to whom I allude as, upon the whole, one of the most sagacious men now on the temperance platform; but he does not see the hole in the tub.

What is the hole in the tub? It is the failure to divide the question. It is the endless confusion of fighting two antagonists at once under the delusion that there is but one. While you are smiting one of them between the eyes, the other of them knifes you in the small of the back. It is the old juggler's trick of concentrating attention in one direction, while the trick is wrought in the other. It is the game which Tammany tried to work off upon Dr. Parkhurst. As he puts it: "Their newspaper men would come to me, and would solemnly inquire what I thought of the social evil. I told them to go home and mind their own business. Our question just then was not about the social evil, but a vastly different one; namely, whether Tammany was fattening upon the social evil. We went almost to hell to prove that it was: we would have gone all the way, if necessary." Had Tammany succeeded in thus confusing the issue, had it played off the old juggler's trick on the movement for good government in New York, had it side-tracked Dr. Parkhurst in the sinuosities of the problem of the social status, scores of clergymen who turned a cold shoulder on the preacher of Madison Square would doubtless have made the air lurid in behalf of personal purity; and, as a result of such well-meant but unavailing effort, the police captains, their subordinates, and their superiors would have gone on their way unmolested, and would be collecting hush money from brothels to this hour.

Just this, and with entire success, the drink evil is doing. It is greatly pleased to have us discuss the problem in general. It likes our speeches, our resolutions, our literary bureaus, our platforms. What white paper we print upon in that way will not be used, it reflects, as white paper might be used, really to hurt it. It does not seriously mind even our more substantial triumphs,—the tens of thousands induced to abstain, the thousands delivered from a living hell by the Keeley cure, or a Brockton, a Chelsea, or a Cambridge recovered from its thrall. For every bucket of water thus poured into the tub, it knows how to draw off anywhere from two to a dozen. It almost applauds us in the fight, knowing that, the intenser the holy rage in these directions, the remoter will be the day when anything really effective will be undertaken.

II. AN INSTANCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The most recent successful use of the hole in the tub, of the juggler's trick, of the side-tracking of a Parkhurstian movement in sinuosities alike futile and nowise pertinent, has occurred in Massachusetts.

Under its local option law of 1881, by which each municipality, at each annual election, must decide by "Yes" or "No" vote whether liquor may be sold within its

limits, great headway began to be made in a well-enforced exclusion of the saloon. Responsibility was fixed locally, and in many instances was bravely faced.

In 1886 certain circumstances led Cambridge, then having 70,000 people, and now 84,000, to vote the saloon out. The vote was secured and the law enforced by the employment of certain rational but unique principles and methods, which have not only rendered success perennial, but its beneficent results phenomenal, and such as no one, not even the most sanguine, could have foreseen. At once it became apparent that the reform in Cambridge had come to stay. The unexampled triumph thus scored became contagious. The swift copying of its methods and success by Chelsea—a city of somewhat above half its size, but presenting very peculiar difficulties—accentuated the contagion. Many large towns and some cities swung into line, in generous rivalry; and Chelsea and Cambridge speakers and literature were in large demand, as, in fact, they still are. Nor was this phase of the movement confined to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. As a result of such a chain of circumstances, somewhat above one-half of the population of the State was delivered from the saloon.

But some of those who were in the thickest of this second stage of the agitation, who were much on the platform within and beyond the Commonwealth, and who were in consultation and correspondence as experts, saw clearly that dead line beyond which, even by employing the Cambridge methods, very little further success could reasonably be expected under existing conditions. The liquor traffic was entrenched. It held Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Lowell, Fall River, and other large places. At the most, only spasmodic reform had occurred in them since the advent of the local option law. Worse than this, the lethargy, the lack of public spirit, and the reluctance even to accept the rational and successful Cambridge principles which prevailed in many communities, convinced the persons to whom I have alluded of the necessity of introducing an auxiliary weapon.

What weapon was called for? A weapon which would impoverish the liquor traffic, which would deprive it of the means for systematically extending its plants and augmenting its sales, which would stop its steady stream of corrupting gold from flowing wherever it might avail in any no-license campaign throughout the commonwealth. Cambridge itself had never yet won, owing to this stream of gold, save by the skin of its teeth. Salem and Lynn, which had hopefully expelled the saloon, were bought back to its enslavement by the same gold. To find a weapon which would do this—which would insure local option that fair field which it had never yet had even in Massachusetts—was the quest.

The weapon was found in Norway. That country had greatly perfected the application of the Scandinavian principle. Better than this, as showing how alive and virile its movement was, it was steadily improving that application, as, for example, by turning, in the act of 1894, much of the profits of its "company system" of selling liquor, where liquor is sold, to so remote an object as the pensioning of old age, and, for another example, by enfranchising the women of Norway to vote on the license question.

What was proposed in Massachusetts was, accordingly, this: A trial of the Norwegian principle, applied, however, to all alcoholics, and not to spirits alone, as in Norway. This principle carried much further in yet other directions; but this principle only permissively applied, by an extension of the already existing local option legislation, surrounded by many safeguards, and only possible of application in municipalities definitely committed, by long usage, to license. The law submitted,—which failed virtually by but a single vote on its third reading in the Senate of 1894, after it had passed the House and the Senate thus far by handsome majorities, but which was defeated more than two to one on the first vote in the House of 1895,—the law submitted, I say, so improved the application of the Norwegian principle as greatly to outdistance Norway, but did not set it up, only authorized, in certain exceptional cases, its tentative trial where a community should be bent on having liquor sold, and stands, defeated though it is, as a document which cannot fail to

mark a new day in the fight of civilization with the drink evil.

III. WHAT IS THE NORWEGIAN PRINCIPLE?

But what is the Norwegian principle? It is a blow at the sinews of war of the liquor traffic. It strikes at its base of supplies. "It is," as the Rochester (N.Y.) *Democrat* said editorially last March, in opposing it the morning after it had been advocated in that city, "it is a proposal that the liquor traffic commit *hari-kari*." No man under it may profit by the sale of liquor.

This principle,—which abundantly justifies itself by the awful economic drain upon the body politic which the liquor traffic is, by the tens of thousands of men whom it annually slays, and by the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children whom it reduces to utmost misery,—this principle, when a long-suffering people shall once have asserted it, will have divided the question. There will then be no possibility of this vaster Tammany's hiding its deliberate trapping and destroying of human beings for gain, by diverting men's attention to abstract questions about sumptuary laws, about individual liberty, about the relation of alcohol to the human system, etc. Under this juggler's trick, under this solemn mockery,—like trying to entangle Parkhurst in the casuistry of the social evil,—yes, under this devilish fraud, the great vintners, brewers, and distillers of the country are very generally enlarging their outputs, setting up, under chattel mortgages, the retailers as their creatures, and, through the retailers, are violating every law, and, by the salted free lunch, by ropers-in and hangers-on of the saloon, by games, gambling, sex, and every other allurements which will work, are slaying men, women, children, wrecking homes, and draining away not only the moral, but even the economic life of the people. Were this rendered forever henceforth impossible, were the last dollar coined which might ever be coined in this way, drink would remain, one giant, and a very great and terrible one; but the other and the greater giant,—which, while you are smiting the first between the eyes, and are doing so even by its crafty incitement, knifes you in the small of the back,—that other and greater giant would be dead.

IV. HOW TO HAVE BEEN APPLIED IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The application of this principle was proposed in Massachusetts:—

1. In no town of less than five thousand people, lest some small town that had no excuse for a saloon might be tempted by novelty to have one of this kind.

2. In no municipality except those which the preceding three years had voted license, and so seemed bent on license.

3. In such a municipality (1) one per cent. of the legal voters must first have petitioned for a vote on it; (2) bonds, with heavy indemnity, must have been filed, guaranteeing the organization of a suitable company; (3) then, after the regular question on the ballot, "Shall licenses be granted?" should be inserted a second question, "If granted, shall they be granted under the Norwegian system?"

4. In case of a "Yes" vote, and also of a Norwegian vote, precautions were introduced, (1) insuring that the best of two or more applying companies should get the licenses, and (2) that no person having aught to do with the liquor traffic might own any stock in the company.

5. Furthermore, (1) it was made obligatory on the State Commissioner of Corporations to have oversight of each such company, to supervise its accounts and its methods, and to wind up any company which should violate the law; and (2), in the same direction, any citizen whatever might head off wrong-doing by the company through appeal for investigation to his county probate judge.

6. The company getting the chance to do business under such exceptional circumstances, and under such manifold safeguards, (1) should have a monopoly of all the licenses granted; (2) might take out only one license to three thousand people (one to five hundred in Boston, and one to one thousand elsewhere, is our present law); (3) should have a three years' trial (fairly to test its workings); (4) should accumulate a reserved fund large enough to protect it from losing its capital stock in case it should be put out of business, but only available by it for that purpose; (5) might have, after that accumulation, five per cent.

interest on money actually invested (only from one-half to one per cent. more than the interest usually paid by Massachusetts savings-banks); (6) should devote all additional proceeds—(a) not exceeding one-half to coffee-houses and reading-rooms to allure men away from drink, (b) not exceeding one-fifth to the city or town to prosecute violations of the liquor laws, or for extra police to secure better order, (c) not exceeding one-tenth to the county for extra probation officers (largely engaged with cases growing out of liquor), and (d) the remainder, which would be at least one-fifth of all—to the State for asylums, reform schools, etc., mainly rendered necessary by drink.

Local option, in its prevalent and salutary form, was left untouched, and, in fact, was carefully guarded. Local option was simply so extended that, if certain municipalities persisted in voting license, they might substitute a vastly less objectionable method of licensing for the prevalent one. This was forced on no community. It, as I have indicated, wiped out at one stroke, if tried, five-sixths of the saloons of Boston and two-thirds outside of Boston. It devoted all proceeds of liquor-selling, after about a savings-bank interest on money actually reinvested, either to alluring people away from drink or to paying the bills caused by drink. For so beneficent an organization as a railroad, if it maim or kill a man, must pay for it; but the saloon may kill men right along and get off scott free, except as, in Massachusetts, this proposal to turn a large part of its proceeds into its damages account was first advocated.

In short, a vast advance over anything in Norway, a proposal suited to the self-governing temper of our people, an experiment ready to be tried by men in the foremost rank in practical victories over the saloon, and a measure sure to eliminate from the liquor traffic, where persisted in, (1) private profits, which alone push it, (2) the awful, systematic, and elaborate allurements of men to drink, (3) the sale of adulterated and highly inflammatory liquors, and (4) saloon politics, with their paralysis of good government, in most instances,—all these were rejected in Massachusetts.

V. HOW WAS IT DEFEATED?

How? By prodigious efforts of the liquor interest of the State, of New England, and of the United States, aided by the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the State Prohibitory party, the State Total Abstinence Society, the Good Templars, and many leading clergymen and others prominent in the fight with the drink evil. They and the giant traffic joined hands to forbid a rational and hopeful experiment in Massachusetts in the direction of disarming the money power of the giant, and joined hands to compel municipalities determined on selling liquor to sell it in the worst possible way rather than in the best.

For, unlike the town agency in Massachusetts in earlier days, and unlike the State's going into the business, according to the South Carolina plan, the matter was to be left, should a community refuse to prohibit the sale of liquor, in private hands. The State was not to touch it; but those private hands must be private hands hating the traffic, and only taking it up where communities would have liquor sold, in order to sell the least possible amount rather than the largest possible.

Why did so many great temperance organizations and so many prominent temperance advocates thus join hands with the liquor interest of Massachusetts, of New England, and of the United States, to defeat a proposal which it was evident that the liquor people dreaded as they had not dreaded anything for years? Because they did not see the hole in the tub. Because they failed to perceive that the question needs dividing. Because it escaped their attention that the fight of civilization with the drink evil has two objectives, two giants to bring to earth, not one. In fact, conceiving there to be but one,—namely, drink,—and conceiving that to give place, even for an hour, to the assumption that drink will be sold for yet a bit longer was affording that giant aid and comfort, they sought to smite that giant between the eyes; while the other giant—human rapacity in selling drink and in multiplying the victims of drink—joined with them, apparently to strike the same blow, but really to knife their cause in the small of the back. It

was the old juggler's trick. It was the greater Tammany trying to side-track a Parkhurstian endeavor.

VI. RECAPITULATION.

In speaking thus far, I have avoided the propositional, or logical, method. I have sought, the rather, to be suggestive, to create mental images, to percuss your moderation.

I think, however, that, notwithstanding such a method, I have succeeded in making three points somewhat plain, namely:—

1. What the Norwegian principle is;
2. Specifically, how, in an improved, skilfully adapted, and carefully guarded form, its application was proposed in Massachusetts,—the high-water mark of its proposed application anywhere in the world as yet; and
3. What an example, *par excellence*, its rejection in Massachusetts by the combined forces of the State, New England, and national liquor interests, and of several State temperance organizations and many Massachusetts temperance advocates,—what an example, *par excellence*, its rejection by such an amalgamation of forces affords of the hole in the tub, of the failure to divide the question, of the facility with which two antagonists, by persuading good men that there is but one, succeed in furthering passionate onslaughts on one of them, while the other renders that onslaught more than futile. It is a big bunco game, and the noble men and women who are deluded into playing it are legion.

If, now, I have made these three points moderately plain, what I have to say in closing is in a different method.

VII. THE NORWEGIAN PRINCIPLE RIGHTEOUS.

And, first, the Norwegian principle is righteous.

It is righteous to divide the question. It is righteous to simplify issues.

The slavery question was complex. The question whether "Old Glory" should be fired upon was simple. A handful of gunpowder burned in Charleston Harbor divided the question. Everybody could understand it then. It was not unrighteous to give the older wrangle a short rest, and to march to avenge that insult. But, by doing that, the older wrangle, the vaster question, the issue which hitherto had been so confusing, emerged, simplified itself, and got settled, too.

The drink question, in the abstract, is similarly complex. It divides the best men. Nearly three generations of the most arduous discussion have left them still at loggerheads. The jury ought to agree, but it won't. But there is one strand of the knotted cable of evidence which is clear, perfectly clear. You may know it, every most recalcitrant jurymen, by its unique blackness and by its spots of human gore. To untwist that strand, and to cast it out forever, the jury is competent,—ay, and willing,—if the judge will but recall it and so charge it.

That strand in the knotted cable of evidence, uniquely black, and spotted with human gore, is the systematized, steadily enlarging, and lawless pushing of the sale of liquor. While there doubtless are law-abiding liquor-sellers, as there were humane slave-holders, the class is lawless. It will sell adulterated and poisonous liquors. It will sell out of hours. It will sell to minors and intoxicated persons. It will lend itself as a cover to the vilest politics. It is shamelessly aggressive; it systematically allures in the weak; it salts its free lunch; it distributes gift packages of liquor to start men on speers. Amusements, gambling, sex, are the bait which it freely uses to induce drinking. Its retailers, mainly, are but the tools of the manufacturers or wholesalers, who use them and their methods to create a market for an ever-increasing output. It is a leech upon human society.

To untwist that strand in the knotted cable of this great question, and to cast it out by suffering no man to profit by the sale of liquor in those communities which insist on having liquor sold, is righteous.

On the one hand, no equities on the liquor side stand in the way; for the underlying assumption of existing legislation is that the State may regulate or prohibit sales as it will, and the crimes of the liquor traffic, and the desolation which follows in its track, abundantly justify such an overt act.

On the reforming side, on the other hand, to divide a complex question, to unite a now discordant people on a proposition to which, when they understand it, most of them will agree, is righteous; that is, if it is righteous to exercise common sense.

This blow at one giant, indeed, for the moment, neglects the other; but it is not unlawful to let up on one highwayman, if another is stabbing you in the back.

Besides, this proposal nowise prejudices the fight with the other highwayman. Our rejected Massachusetts law was framed sedulously to conserve in every way the interests of the direct fight with drink, while it provided a new way of fighting the rapacity of the drink traffic, if communities should insist on having drink sold within their limits. Communities were allowed and incited, as now, to cast out the drink traffic; but, if they would not, then haters, rather than the lovers, of the traffic might undertake it, in from one-third to one-sixth of the present places, without profit, proceeds to be used to allure men away from drink, or to pay part of the damages caused by drink, and sales to be made with the object of selling the least possible rather than the most possible.

That haters of the traffic should undertake it seemed, however, to opponents of the law in Massachusetts a moral offence, a doing evil that good might come. The answer to this is that motive affects moral action; that to give whiskey in a Keeley cure or in sickness is no moral offence; that this was to give whiskey where men would have whiskey, in order to give the least, in order to bring drinking to an end, and in order to compel that traffic to commit *hari-kari*, which, so long as it may go on unmolested in any place, will find ways to stab in the back the most arduous temperance effort. To do this, so far from being immoral, were a moral act, a highly moral act,—an act of heroism, indeed, worthy of a Moses who did certain regrettable things because of the hardness of men's hearts, and of the Nazarene who made wine at Cana because a more excellent way was not as yet practicable.

VIII. PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE OF THE NORWEGIAN PRINCIPLE.

But the Norwegian principle is more than righteous. Its application in temperance reform is of paramount importance.

I. Though conditions in Scandinavia, and even in Norway, are far from satisfactory, and though, in excepting fermented drinks from its operation, direct tests of its workings there are difficult, still, in the judgment of the fairest and most competent minds, the principle has there done, relatively, more than any other single principle has done in any other country for temperance. On its record, therefore, it is important that it be tried in America.

II. But, even had it failed in Scandinavia,—and its imperfect trial, under difficult conditions, might readily have caused it to fail,—its underlying ideas are the dictates of common sense. These ideas are:—

1. Go on with the total abstinence reform. Go on with efforts for prohibition in its likeliest form; namely, local prohibition. Push local option all you can.
2. Where that is impracticable, damage the liquor traffic all you can, and by a new method involving:—
 - (1) No profits.
 - (2) No allurements.
 - (3) Only pure drinks, with as low a per cent. of alcohol as the buyer will take.
 - (4) A multitude of restraining regulations which haters of the traffic, joined in a company to carry it on, will make and enforce, but which could scarcely under the other régime be got upon the statute books or enforced.
 - (5) Politics eliminated.
 - (6) The proceeds used by the Massachusetts proposal, partly to allure men away from drink by maintaining coffee-houses, reading-rooms, etc., where men's social needs may be met instead of, as now, in the saloon, and partly to pay so much as may be of the damages caused by drink.
 - (7) Motive: sell the least possible, not the most possible, as now.

In short, the record (I.) and the reason in the case (II.) alike call for the Norwegian principle.

When it prevails, the question will be divided, the people will get a chance at it, the hole in the tub will be stopped, the worse of the two giants will be dead, and the other of them will be doomed.

THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY.

BY REV. F. G. PEABODY, D.D.

Mr. President,—Before I speak of the matter which I have been asked to present, I should like to call attention to the significance of the programme which has been prepared for this meeting. Rev. Father Doyle is the secretary of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Alliance, the editor of the *Catholic Review*, and a member of the House of Paulist Fathers. He comes to us as a representative of the new awakening of the spirit of temperance reform in the Roman Catholic Church,—an awakening which had its expression a few weeks ago in a great convention in New York,—an awakening which, on the whole, is the most promising aspect of temperance work in this land to-day. Then, on the other hand, my dear friend, Mr. Beach, comes to us out of the circle of orthodox Congregational churches. He has long been the centre of philanthropic and municipal reform in Cambridge, where he is sometimes described as the "altruistic cyclone," and sometimes as "the incarnated Cambridge idea." These two men, thus bidden to our meeting, come to us from as different schools of thought as can well be imagined; yet there is no communion too remote from their own faiths and no association too small to claim their help. This is a cause which unites all thoughtful men in its constant and burning interests. It deals with the one great, overwhelming evil of our day, and it needs all the light and all the help there are to testify and to condemn. So we gather round us here those who will strengthen our hands, and all conditions of creed or sect or judgment in detail disappear as we all stand together with the one great hope before us of a redeemed and purified land. I think we ought to realize the large unity into which we enter, and appreciate what it means, and to give our friends a hearty and cordial greeting.

When I turn from the burning words of Mr. Beach to the plain statement I have to offer you, I find myself in the position of a man who was once at a crowded meeting, and who wanted to have the windows opened. He tried repeatedly to get the attention of the chairman, but was repeatedly called to order, and at last had to protest: "I don't want to make a speech: I simply have something to say." Your president has asked me to say something of the special enterprise now being arranged by the so-called Committee of Fifty, and the first thing to say is that this work of this Committee of Fifty is not properly to be described as a new method of temperance reform. It does not take its place among the temperance agitations of the time. It has no partisan end to gain. It proposes no competition with prevailing measures of temperance work. The Committee of Fifty is solely an organization in the interest of research. It sets before itself the problem of discovering a little more truth on a subject manifestly complex and obscure. The committee was formed on the assumption that in many details of the drink question there is much yet to learn. It observes on every hand differences of judgment on most important aspects of the question among most intelligent persons, and it seeks to find the truth. The origin of this Committee of Fifty has always seemed to me suggestive. Two years ago a young student of physiology in Harvard University came to one of his instructors, and reported what might be called a young man's vision. This youth had been concerned with many phases of temperance work, and had observed the lack of confidence which many persons feel as to the scientific truth on which reform must rest. So this young man said to himself: "Is it not possible that there should be brought together on this subject some consensus of the competent? Is it not conceivable that we should get, approximately, all the learning there is, and unite it for this service, and publish its evidence for the good of all? Is it not possible, for instance, that the scientific physiologists of this country should be so brought together that they could speak one message, and give as nearly as may be the weight of all their knowledge on this subject? Is it not possible, again, that the varied legislation of this country may be so studied and interpreted by competent observers that their conclusions shall be regarded with a degree of confidence which does not now exist? It was out of this

young man's vision that the Committee of Fifty came into being. Thus the committee is a body of men who are concerning themselves solely with investigation. The same philanthropic desire which moves any of us is, of course, their motive; but they strictly limit their immediate purpose to scientific and competent research. This committee is composed of persons of the most varied creeds and professions. There are Roman Catholic priests and Protestant bishops, physicians, lawyers, presidents of universities, professors from different parts of the land. It has for its president President Seth Low of Columbia University, New York, and for its vice-president Charles Dudgey Warner, for its treasurer W. E. Dodge, and for its executive committee Dr. J. G. Billings of Washington, President C. W. Eliot, President Francis A. Walker, and Col. Jacob L. Greene of Hartford, Conn. The committee has the privilege of paying its own bills. Each member pays his own expenses, and there are also procured from members of the committee and from its friends the considerable funds needed for the researches which it undertakes.

The Committee of Fifty is subdivided into various sub-committees devoted to the different aspects of this research. The so-called physiological sub-committee represents what is practically the whole of scientific physiology in this country. It has associated with it a large number of associate members; and this sub-committee is now engaged in laboratory researches and in procuring statistical information as to the habits of educated men. The Legislative Committee is composed of President Low, President Eliot, and Hon. James C. Carter of New York. These gentlemen have instituted at very considerable expense large researches in comparative legislation. They have examined the legislation of Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, South Carolina; and an important report on this most difficult and much debated subject is now in course of preparation. The so-called Ethical Sub-committee is now engaged in a large number of researches regarding the relation of the drink problem to the home, to the social instinct, to food, and to various other aspects of social and ethical life. Thus a large series of inquiries is already begun, and there is reasonable hope of obtaining a body of facts which, then, in their turn, the practical and philanthropic movements may turn to account.

When one examines this serious investigation, he is struck by several things. Its first remarkable trait is the extraordinary degree of interest manifested by busy men in this subject of public welfare. Sometimes we grow discouraged at the lack of interest in public affairs among the leaders of our thought. Those who should be the most competent seem to withdraw themselves from public concerns. But the experience of the Committee of Fifty renews one's faith in the capacity for public spirit. From all manner of business and cares, from the banker's desk and the professor's study, with the scientific man's wisdom and the philanthropist's zeal, this body of busy people come together from time to time, spending a whole day in conference, and giving themselves with a singular devotedness to this matter which seems so slightly to concern their own lives. It is a great thing to be assured that, if a subject of public welfare can be approached in a scientific spirit and with a comprehensive purpose, there is likely to be no lack of faithful service. Still further, it is plain that a large number of the most conscientious and the most competent of our people are not yet attached to service in the temperance cause, and have not found themselves able to enlist in the current methods of reform. While they bid God-speed to many a practical movement, they find themselves, by conviction or by business, debarred from active service. In the work of the Committee of Fifty many of these men have found their place. They are most interested in the discovery of truth. They believe that the truth makes men free, and so they give themselves to this new form of scientific philanthropy with a peculiar zeal.

The second point of interest in the work of the Committee of Fifty is this,—that it is concerned with the search for wisdom. Here is the service which seems to be most necessary in the social movements of the time. We need wisdom, scientific method,

a solid basis of truth. It has, indeed, been a great blessing to the American world that in successive generations it has been swept over by great waves of emotional activity in temperance reform. It is even now true that the heart of the nation, if it is to be touched at all, must be touched, not by an appeal to reason, but by an appeal to enthusiasm. And yet, as society grows more complex, and as we perceive the intimate relations of one social movement to others which at first seem remote, we recognize the demand for a science of reform; and we turn with new interest to scientific investigation. We have seen this of late in our charity work. For years philanthropy went its way as an expression of emotional interest, without any thought of scientific method. But of late we have attained something which may be called a science of charity. Many people find it a hard, unsympathetic science; and it is hard and unsympathetic, just as the rock on which you build your home cannot contain the sympathies of home, and must be hard under your feet. And yet the security of the sentiment of charity is in that rock of scientific method on which it now rests, and which gives it stability and confidence. It will be the same with the movements of temperance reforms when they are known to rest on verified and generally accepted truth.

There is still another aspect in which the Committee of Fifty is interesting. It represents a quite unprecedented union of forces, and the most discouraging thing about trying to do good in the modern world is the cohesiveness of evil and the divisive tendency of the good. Here is the Christian Church, which ought to be a single mighty power for the redemption of the world, rent with dissensions, robbed of its power, and exhibiting through all its history the curse of its sectarianism. One of my colleagues returned not long ago from Athens, and told us that an American woman came one day to the American school, and asked for a guide to the Acropolis. One of our scholars went with her, and showed her the temples, and said to her, "Here was a temple of Pallas Athene, and here one of Victory, and here, perhaps, the very altar where Saint Paul read the inscription dedicating it to the unknown God." And the American woman responded, "Why, this seems just like home,—so many denominations!" So many denominations; and meantime the devil laughs at the impotence of the divided Church! So many denominations in our politics, and political profligacy chuckles at the divisions among the good. So much sectarianism in the temperance cause; and, meantime, the drink traffic, self-contented, united, smiles at these divisions among its enemies. And so this Committee of Fifty makes its contribution to that unity of spirit which is the bond of strength as well as peace. Are we not one army in this common cause, with different weapons, indeed, with different ways of attack,—some gallantly leading the charge, some called to be engineers, and to plan the scientific method of attack,—and yet all one army, with one great enemy to conquer,—the temptations and lusts that beset our modern life,—with one banner above us all, and on it written those greatest words of human history, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," and with one victory to win,—the victory of the spirit over the flesh, which shall give us a redeemed and purified people, a nation with foundations of soberness and self-denial, wherein the weak shall be upheld by the example of the strong; and no man shall so live, while the world standeth, as to make his brother to offend.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND INTemperance.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA.

To the Members of the Unitarian Temperance Society:—

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America extends you greeting. It means much for me to be here. My presence here, besides being indicative of the passing away of the age of fierce theological antipathies and religious animosities which have so long divided the human race into many contending camps, lays special stress on the fact that there is common ground on which we may unite our forces if we would lift up man to that higher morality and larger

spiritual life which, in the designs of his Creator, is his ultimate goal.

It may not come in our day that all men will consent to sink their theological differences, and be of one mind on all the many points of dogmatic belief; but it is a long step toward Christian unity when we have joined our hands against a common foe and consecrated our hearts to the same high and holy purpose. To bridge the chasm through which for generations have flowed the dark and noisome waters of religious bigotry, it will not be found an inconvenient thing to have a middle ground where we can firmly plant the pediments of our structure, on which we can both stand with equal confidence to swing the arches that will make a broad roadway for the children of the next generation to come and go. No higher ground can be found, and none that will give us surer footing or inspire us with higher courage than the sacred ground of temperance.

Temperance work has for its special purpose the cultivation of a higher natural manhood, which is the fertile soil wherein the highest religious virtues flourish. The practice of total abstinence tones up the physical man, elevates the standards of morality, enlarges the sympathies of the heart, and thus creates the very best substratum on which the civic virtues of patriotism and good citizenship as well as the supernatural virtues of love for God and the truest charity for our neighbor can be built.

It is my privilege, then, to bring to you the fraternal greetings from sixty-five thousand total abstainers organized in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

They are the choicer spirits in all parts of the country who have seen and have been infatuated by the higher type of physical, civic, and spiritual manhood, and have consecrated their best energies to its development in themselves and its realization in others. They are the heroic souls who have been willing to sacrifice their best efforts in a cause which would save humanity from the withering scourge of drunkenness, a cause that would protect the homes of the land from the ravaging wolf of vice, a cause that appeals to the highest instincts in a man's heart,—the sacred cause of temperance.

In this sacred consecration that is born of devotion to the same ideals we have found a new brotherhood that sooner or later will eliminate our differences, and eventuate in that Christian unity for which the Christ prayed when he begged his heavenly Father to keep them in his name that, "as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, art one, that they may be one in us." There is no need of enlarging here on the virulent character of the drink plague as it affects the American people or its widespreadness, exempting no rank or condition of life, or the awful havoc it has made wherever it has held sway. Too often have our hearts been wrenched in agony over the pitiless ruin it has caused. No need is there to convince ourselves anew that, if the danger is not averted, the springs of the civic and religious life will be poisoned, and not only will America fail of her mission,—that of bringing a larger liberty and a higher happiness to all classes,—but the divine purpose in the saving of souls will be defeated.

This conviction, already deep in our hearts, has brought us together to-day. But, rather, I deem it my duty to bring to you a knowledge of our methods and a statement of results obtained, hoping in the communication of these truths that we may be the more closely united in the work, and be urged on to more heroic effort in the accomplishment of the task set us to do.

Our common purpose is to antagonize all those agencies that foster the vice of drunkenness. The end we strive to attain is to make men temperate: the means we use is the preaching by word and pen and enforcing by example the practice of total abstinence.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union does not affirm that intoxicating drink is an evil in itself or that the use of it, theoretically speaking, is wrong; but it does assert that here, in the highly complex life of our American civilization, with its high-strung, nervous tension, where we live faster, think more rapidly, act more quickly, and die sooner, the use of alcoholic stimulant is exceedingly liable to abuse, and, if we would avoid the abuse, the safer way is to deny ourselves the use of intoxicating drink. We do not say that by any primary

law of God or man all men are bound to the practice of total abstinence. But we do say that many, with whom to use is to abuse, are bound to abstain; that many others who would themselves never abuse drink for the sake of the weaker brother should never use it. And, finally, if alcoholic stimulants were completely eradicated from the common life of the people, the physical health of the race would be better, many of the great problems that perplex our commonwealth would be solved, and religion would have a better opportunity of carrying out its regenerating influence in the hearts of the people.

Therefore, we claim it to be the part of the Christian liberty wherewith we are all endowed to be free to deny ourselves if we choose; but we preach that, in the presence of a wide-spread evil, men who would serve their race and generation cannot do choicer work than come up with us on the high battle plain and fight under our white banner. It becomes almost a paramount duty among men of light and leading to shine as models of abstinence, that they may stand out as brave fighters against this deplorable evil among the people of this generation.

We recognize in the liquor traffic, as organized in this country, an agency whose whole purpose is not simply to satisfy the legitimate thirsts of the people; but it is a conspiracy whose avowed object is to create that thirst.

It is the thirst for the stimulating alcohol that is at the bottom of the drink habit. By methods known to itself, the American saloon conspires to create that thirst: hence we have set our faces fixed and resolute against the American saloon. If to-morrow we could do away with it and place in its stead a substitute that would be simply a purveyor of the legitimate wants of the people, we would say the word, and watch it go down to its destruction with happy glee. Politically, as a body, we are not Prohibitionists, nor are we anything. We have kept free from all political entanglements. There is no member instructed to vote with any party, nor is he instructed not to vote with the Prohibition party. He is left free to his own political conscience. Our Union has defined its attitude over and over again as one of uncompromising hostility to the saloon power. It esteems it not only as the fostering mother of intemperance, but it is the great national menace of our liberties that must go down if America would live.

OUR METHODS.

This is our platform: our methods are the choicest American methods of agitation. We make it our business to enforce public sentiment. In every possible way we can we preach the gospel of total abstinence. From altar and platform, through the press, from the house-top, we frown down on and endeavor to make odious the drinking customs of society. Our publication department has sent out in the three years of its existence twenty-five million pages of literature. Our local societies are organized on religious, social, or literary lines: we care not what their nature be as long as the members enlist under the banner of total abstinence.

Personally, we are total abstainers, first, last, and all the time, and then in public life, by eternally keeping at it. We hope to create a sentiment that will sooner or later relegate saloon-going and saloon-keeping to the shades of undesirable things. It used to be considered that a temperance society was merely a reformatory institution wherein broken-down drunkards were straightened out and kept sober. But we have advanced away beyond that stage. Recreative work among children, the organization of cadet societies among boys and girls, the ladies' auxiliary societies, the formation of young men's societies,—all these have incorporated a class of people under our movement so large that the vast majority of our organized members is made up of those who have never known the taste of intoxicating drinks.

WHAT WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

Last summer our organization celebrated its silver jubilee: it was a happy time to sit down and reckon with the past. It was over fifty years ago, in 1838, that Father Mathew began his great crusade. Of him your own Channing has said that "history records no revolution like his." Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution, ranks far above heroes and statesmen of his time. But not until then were all the

scattered societies united into the national organization. What have we accomplished in the past twenty-five years? A knowledge of the times is needed to compare results. The war has settled forever the great problem of human slavery on American soil; but a complex set of conditions existed which were destined to create a slavery far deeper and more galling than the black slavery of the South. A spirit of lawlessness was abroad, born of the wild life of the camp, increased by the ruin of so many homes, leaving thousands of irresponsibles without stake in the evil and far from the softening influences of home life. Then came reviving material prosperity. The smoke of thousands of factories, built seemingly in a day, began to blacken the sky. Then came the great rush to the cities, the people turning their backs on the quiet rural avocations to plunge into the fevered, exciting life of the cities; and, as though to make city confusion doubly confounded, there came to our shores a mighty tidal wave of humanity fleeing from the thralldom of despotism. The emigrant enlarged our already congested cities. He brought to us a sturdy nature and no little virtue, but he brought his weaknesses and vices as well. Not the least of his weaknesses was in many instances to misconstrue his newly gained liberty into license, and to make it the occasion of rioting and dissipation. Such a spectacle I do not think ever presented itself before a seething mass of people, with little of the restraints of home life, with newly acquired liberty, with plenteous stream of labor earnings flowing into them. Such a hot-bed was fertile soil for the rank growth of the saloon with all its vices. Ambitious place-hunting men seized the convenient avenues the saloon offered to rid the place of mastery over their fellow-men. To pander to the appetites of this motley urban population afforded an easy way of making money. Hence the saloon easily became a corruptionist factor. It prospered and waxed fat by draining the workman's home of his generous earning. It added the glitter and tinsel of wealth to its fascinations; while in the same ratio the homes of the wage-earner were robbed of its little luxuries and, in too many instances, of the necessities of life. The pitiless demon of intemperance set up his shrine behind the gilded bar, and lured his victims on to fill the jails, the work-houses, the penitentiaries, and the insane asylums.

These few side-lights, as it were, give us a picture of the American city over a generation ago. To the earnest believer in the mission of America it was a disheartening sight. Although Wendell Phillips was a stout champion of manhood suffrage, yet the sight of our saloon-ridden cities made him declare that "universal suffrage was a sham as long as rum ruled the large cities." A generation has passed; and what a change has taken place during these fleeting years! Make the contrast, and see the onward and upward tend of the tide of Christian sentiment. In the early days of our movement it was not an unusual thing to account drunkenness an amiable weakness, and the drunkard a good fellow, but a little weak: to-day the vice has been stripped of its false disguise, and is pilloried in the open mart as a horrid and disgusting evil; and, in the place of pity and sympathy, the drunkard receives condemnation and punishment. A generation ago the drunkard-maker moved in the best society; he held the first seats in the synagogue: to-day there is none so poor to do him honor, his business is put under the ban, and, where permitted to be at all, is surrounded by abundant safeguards in order to paralyze its evil-producing power. Twenty-five years ago the social glass adorned every festive occasion: to-day the best public sentiment of the land is arrayed against the saloon power.

Undoubtedly, a great change has come over the face of our cities; and the change has been wrought to a very great extent by an agency that many who have not known this have given her the least credit for it, yet her work has been done *silently, constantly, at close range, and effectually*. In the midst of the fevered city of this country there has been silently going to and fro, in and out, a vast army of noble-hearted and self-sacrificing men and women, who had put away from them all the joys of domestic life, who were eager with a desire to uplift humanity, whose duties took them into the tenements of the poor, by the sick-

bed, who exhorted in season and out of season to cleaner and better lives, and who were able to enforce their exhortation in the solitudes of the confessional and by the death-bed.

It has been the characteristics of these religious factors that they have not been content to sit idly within the sanctuary rail, but have boldly attacked the ravening wolves who have made desolate the homes of the poor. This quiet, silent, but mighty force has been working for the last generation amid the great mass of our city populations; and little wonder that the ferment has leavened the whole mass. The urban population of America has been by a large majority Catholic; and, because the saloon has been a city upgrowth, the unfriendly critic at times said that there was an alliance between the Church and the saloon. The same unfriendly critic found the Catholic name above the grog-shops and the saloon money in the church collections.

But it is well known to the thoughtful that in the Baltimore Plenary Council of 1865 the Church officially assumed the attitude of most decided antagonism to the saloon. She repeated the denunciation of the saloon in no unmeasured terms frequently since that time. This spirit of her official decrees has been effectually enforced in the ethical teaching of her practical ministry, and it is to this constant practical and effectual antagonism of the Church to the saloon that we may credit much of the regeneration that has taken place in our city life. It has been acknowledged by the most unfriendly that there has not been in our great cosmopolitan cities an ethical power so potent in its influences for the regeneration and uplifting of the masses as the Church, and the right arm of the Church in this work has been the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

The success that has been achieved in the past is a pledge of what will be done in the future. To purge the Augean stables was not a work to be done in a day. The aspirations for higher and better things once developed and fostered by the same small possession will rapidly grow in its growth and increase in its strength. Many of our most perplexing problems have been already solved or are on a fair way to their solution. The twentieth century will usher in a new era of prosperity for Church and country. We are better equipped for more effectual work. The time of rough ploughing and grubbing up of unsightly stumps has gone by: the time of cheering harvests is at hand. The pioneer work has been done, and the fruitage of all this hard work needs but to be gathered in.

BUSINESS RECORD.

The meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society was held in All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C., on Wednesday afternoon, October 23, the president, Rev. C. R. Eliot, in the chair.

In opening the meeting, Mr. Eliot said, in substance: We come here face to face with one of the greatest social problems of our time. When I use the word "social," I point to a change that has taken place in this temperance discussion. Not many years ago the temperance problem might have been called a problem for individuals, that is, it dealt chiefly with the rescue of individuals from intemperance. The problem remains the same to-day, only it has taken to itself a still larger meaning. Individual rescue is still the object of our endeavor, but we are now looking at the question as one which deals with society and the welfare of society at large. The temperance question enters into the problem of a people's health, the problem of crime, the problem of poverty and its remedy. It is from that point of view that we are to discuss it this afternoon. We are looking at it with calmer eyes than has sometimes been done, and the watchwords are investigation on the one hand and education on the other. The agencies that are at work to-day—and we may be thankful that it is so—are science, the Church, and the law. All three of these agencies we have represented here this afternoon.

The addresses printed above then followed, Father Doyle's paper being read in his enforced absence by Mr. Eliot.

During the meeting a telegram was received from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was holding its session at Baltimore, bringing cordial greetings from that body, to which a reply of the same tenor was sent by unanimous vote.

The church was well filled, and the meeting was certainly one of the best the society has ever held. Regret was expressed that Father Doyle was unable to be present personally.

IN JAPAN.

There are thirty palaces belonging to the imperial family in various parts of Japan; but the present emperor has never occupied more than three or four of them, and some of them he has never seen. There is a stock farm at Nikko belonging to the mikado; and tourists are always amused at a large, oddly painted sign which advertises milk from his cows for sale. The emperor seldom leaves the new palaces at Tokyo, which are more modern and comfortable than any of the others, and were only completed in 1888. They consist of a labyrinth of one-story buildings, all connected by covered passages and surrounding beautiful courts. Their architecture is of the ancient Japanese style, with high roofs at sharp angles and heavy gray tiles; and the interior of most of them is finished in the native fashion, with partitions of sliding screens and floor matting, which the inmates use for beds, chairs, and tables, as it happens to be necessary. But several of the rooms have French furniture of ornate and expensive workmanship, much of it being rosewood, handsomely carved and inlaid. The apartments occupied by both the emperor and empress are furnished in that way. Both prefer to sleep in a modern bed and sit on a chair before a table, with knives and forks and china when they take their meals; but the emperor is understood to wear the native dress, except on occasions of ceremony, and, when the empress retires to the privacy of her apartments, she throws off her close-fitting waist and corsets and puts on the more comfortable kimono. *The Churchman.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The great Conference, with its inspiring and encouraging influence, has been held; and the *Register* has reported it fully, and, I am sure, satisfactorily. The Treasurer did not dare test Mr. Barrows's generosity by offering any Book-room talk while the columns of the paper were so crowded; but, now that the report is completed, perhaps we may come again with our little budget of books and notes.

First we want to call attention to a new edition, "The House Beautiful," by Rev. W. C. Gannett. This is a fine edition that sells for fifty cents net, and it comes just in time for the holiday trade. We need not speak of the book itself. Few books in our rooms are better known or more generally admired. We hope to be able to announce the publication of Mr. Gannett's admirable paper on "Incarnation," given at Washington, before very long. Meantime it may be found in the last number of the *Register*.

"Ethical Addresses," by various lecturers of ethical societies. Ten addresses by Felix Adler, William M. Salter, W. L. Sheldon, M. M. Mangasarian. 194 pages. Price \$1.00 net.

"This Goodly Frame, the Earth," by Francis Tiffany. A book of travel delightfully written, and one that is sure to meet with a large sale. Mr. Tiffany is so well known, and his writings so generally admired, that any work of his would be favorably considered by the public. But this book, which is made up of personal impressions received during his recent journey round the world, will be doubly enjoyed for the information it contains and the very attractive manner in which it is presented. 361 pages. Price \$1.13.

We also have some copies of Dr. Herford's *Dudleian* lecture at Harvard College recently. 10 cents per copy.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., gave us one of the most interesting and valuable addresses of the Conference. President Hall is the editor of two quarterlies, both devoted to the special branches of study and investigation in which he is engaged. One is entitled the *Pedagogical Seminary*, the other, *The American Journal of Psychology*, \$4.00 per annum. Single copies, \$1.50. We have a few copies of such on our table, if any of our friends would like to have them. Dr. Hall's work is along the most advanced lines, and no doubt he will soon make some very important additions to our stock of information on the subjects of Psychology and Pedagogics.

VISITS.

The National Conference, of course, was the great event of the year. Sunday after Conference, with old friends at Wilmington, Del., a day of refreshment, though perhaps not of rest; but there are some occupations make us glad to be weary, and this was one

of them. Thursday, October 31, with "Ministers' League for Practical Work," a delightful meeting at the lovely home of Dr. Bradley, at the "Three Arches" in Brookline. This organization is a helpful one to all of us engaged in the work of the denomination. Some steps were taken at this meeting that were surely in the right direction. Framingham, Mass., Sunday, November 3, to speak concerning the work of the Association. A lovely day, and a fair congregation. From Framingham to Worcester in the evening, to speak to a union meeting of our three churches there.

A few weeks since we tried to have this meeting; but the rains descended, and prevented it. This time the heavens smiled upon us, and we had a large congregation. We hope to hear a good report from the churches in Worcester; and, judging from the past, we think we have a right to expect it.

Wednesday, November 6, Plymouth and Bay Conference at the old town of Hingham, in the North Church. A fine day, the tone of the meeting was healthy, and the views expressed were generally hopeful.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNITARIAN UNION.

This new national organization is slowly getting into form to present its propositions to the young people of our churches. If the spirit of criticism does not get the better of our enthusiasm, this movement ought to result finally in a combined attempt to promote the cause of truth, as understood by Unitarians, and those who naturally find their spiritual home with them,—an attempt that is sure to be successful if it can be made *all together*.

We understand that it is not intended to interfere with existing organizations, but rather to supplement and bind together what we have into a national organization.

GEORGE W. STONE, *Treasurer.*

The Sunday School.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The second regular meeting, thirteenth season, 1895-96, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, November 18. Subjects: "The Place and Function of Sunday-schools in Church Life," by Rev. S. H. Roblin, pastor of Second Universalist Church in Boston; "The Place of Doctrines and Morals in Sunday-school Instruction," by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of Boston, Committee on Hospitality, Mrs. Christopher R. Eliot, Miss Bertha D. Eaton, Miss Frances I. Rust, Miss Emma W. Lee, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys.

The usual Channing Hall "Talk" will be held next Saturday, November 16, at 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 P.M., conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The "Review Lesson" will be treated. All cordially invited.

Following its custom, the Unitarian Sunday School Society is now sending out its "Annual Appeal to Individual Donors." For many years friends of the society and those interested in Sunday-school work have assisted by donations of various sums of money, according to inclination and ability. The Sunday School Society appeals through the *Register* for remembrances of this kind. Remittances can be forwarded to Mr. Richard C. Humphreys, treasurer, 141 Franklin Street, Boston. This organization has expended more money than ever the past few years in providing helps for Sunday-schools. Will those interested in providing a future for our Unitarian churches, and in sustaining the moral and religious training of our youth, hold up the hands of the Sunday School Society by contributions to its treasury?

No. 7 of *Every Other Sunday*, November 24, will be the Thanksgiving issue. The honored day of household memories and gatherings is pleasantly recalled by various stories, pictures, and poems. Christmas has done a great deal to draw away from Thanksgiving Day commemoration, but there is still good reason for cherishing this fireside anniversary.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning: announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

WORCESTER LEAGUE.—The Worcester League of Unitarian Women will meet on Wednesday, November 20, at the Church of the Unity, Worcester. Subject, "Our City Schools." Morning session at eleven o'clock. All women are invited.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Afternoon services will begin next Sunday, November 17, at 3.30. Some changes have been made in the old form of evening prayer, and a small book has been printed which will be used next Sunday for the first time. There will be a short sermon, and more than the

usual amount of music. A special feature of these services will be the introduction of some piece of music, like a violin solo by some competent performer. The choir consists of Mrs. Francis Wood, Miss Lena Little, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. Max Heinrich. Mr. B. J. Lang is the organist. All seats are free, and the public is cordially invited.

The Wednesday noon services will begin on Wednesday, December 4, and will continue until Easter, as in former years. The first service will be conducted by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

Ministers' Monday Club: November 18, 10.30 A.M., Rev. Richard W. Boynton will preside. Rev. Theodore P. Prudden of the Congregational church (Trinitarian) of West Newton will give the address on "Christian Unity." Prof. Herron of Chicago Hull House will be present. The public invited.

Parker Memorial: The Sunday evening services at this place (corner of Berkeley and Appleton Streets), which have been so popular during the past two winters, will be resumed November 17, at 7.30 o'clock. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Special music by the Weber Quartette. The general subject for the entire course is "Outlooks over Life, Duty, and Destiny." All seats free, and a welcome to every one. The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, under whose auspices all the work at the Parker Memorial is conducted, will carry on Sunday evening services at various points in the city. One object is to provide a church home for the churchless.

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): A special series of Sunday evening meetings will begin on November 17, at eight o'clock. The general subject will be "Makers of Modern Society"; and the following order will be observed: November 17, Rev. John Graham Brooks will speak upon "The Wage-earner"; November 24, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, upon "The Preacher"; December 1, Rev. M. J. Savage, upon "The Business Man"; December 8, Rev. S. W. Brooke, upon "The Poet"; December 15, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, upon "The Home-maker." To these, as to all other meetings, all are cordially invited. The regular afternoon service is held at 3.15 o'clock; Sunday-school at 1.45. The Winkley Guild meets at 7.

Second Church: There is considerable stir and activity in the Second Church this season. Mr. Van Ness has the added help of Mr. C. A. Langston of the Divinity School, and Miss Kate L. Brown in the Sunday-school primary. The ladies of the Benevolent Society are to hold a reception and fair November 20 and 21, proceeds to go toward a "General Improvement Fund" for the church. It is expected that this entertainment will be more than an ordinary fair, as great preparations have been made by the ladies for more than a year looking to the success of the undertaking. It is particularly requested that ladies from all the other Unitarian churches in Boston be present in the evenings at the receptions, in order to promote acquaintance and good fellowship among those of our denominations.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Rev. John C. Kimball is taking charge of the Unitarian work in this place during the absence of Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton will preach in the First Parish Church next Sunday, November 17.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—All Souls' Church has extended a call to Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sprague of San Francisco. Mr. Sprague preached here October 13, and Mrs. Sprague has been supplying the pulpit since.

CARTHAGE, MO.—The ordination of Mr. F. W. Bennett of the last class of Harvard Divinity School took place Monday evening, November 4. The quaint little chapel, which had been newly improved and decorated, was filled with an interested congregation. The programme was: voluntary; anthem; invocation and Scripture by Rev. Abram Wyman of Topeka; "Lead, Kindly Light"; sermon by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago; hymn; prayer of ordination, Rev. A. Wyman; charge, Rev. T. B. Forbush; fellowship of churches, Mr. Wyman; act of installation, Prof. J. M. White, chairman of trustees; address to the church, Mr. Forbush; doxology and benediction by the pastor. The musical selections were rendered by an excellent choir, and the service was very impressive and satisfactory. Carthage is in the Missouri zinc and lead district, and is the oldest and most beautiful town of the section. It has some eight thousand inhabitants, and is connected by both electric and steam railways with Joplin and Webb City, containing twenty thousand more. The location is favorable for the promulgation of liberal Christianity, and Mr. Bennett has both the ability and incentive to become its evangelist.

DIGHTON, MASS.—A harvest festival was held in the Unitarian church Sunday evening, November 3. The pulpit was brightened with flowers and fruits, and songs and recitations voiced the harvest thanksgiving. The Helpers' Guild, which was organized a year ago, has been very successful, and the means of spiritual awakening among the younger people of the church. During its first year the guild earned by its entertainments \$135 for the purchase of new books. The winter's course of programmes includes a series of religious subjects, illustrated by studies from Channing, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier. The Children's Band of Helpers also holds regular meetings Saturday afternoons, consisting of a praise service with responses, Lend a Hand motes, etc., with short stories and poems. The children have also practical lessons in helpfulness, and are preparing the second in a course of entertainments for the purchase of juvenile books. Rev. Mary L. Leggett has been in charge of the work here a year; and, although she has not accepted its permanent pastorate, the old church already responds to her efforts with glad, new life.

GARDNER, MASS.—The fair for which the ladies of the Unitarian church have been planning was held successfully November 6 and 7. A unique feature was a table where the best religious books were put on sale, and sermons and other Unitarian literature given away free. "The Faith that makes Faithful" and Dr. Everett's "Ethics for Young People" had especially large sales.

GREEN HARBOR (MARSHFIELD), MASS. Rev. William H. Savary closed two years of missionary labor in Grace Chapel with the month of October. There is an encouraging progress made toward a more complete union of Grace Chapel society. At a church social on October 25 Mr. and Mrs. Savary received a testimonial of affection in the presentation to them of a silver vase suitably inscribed. They are to reside at Jamaica Plain for the present.

NEWPORT, R.I.—The winter's campaign has begun in this parish with full force and unabated zeal. As the summer friends depart, the regular parishioners, who have been inland or to the mountains, return, and make good the average Sunday congregation. The Sunday-school resumes its fall work and study, with an increased membership. The officers of the Young People's Guild have published an interesting programme of moral and religious topics to be taken up and considered upon twenty successive evenings, an original paper being read at each meeting. The Unity Club will pursue a regular course of study upon "Russia: Its Past, its Present, and its Future," besides having a concurrent series of papers upon various literary and scientific subjects. The club now numbers two hundred and sixty-five members, which completely fills the church parlors, and compels the names of new candidates to be laid upon the table until a vacancy occurs. The ladies of the Women's Alliance have shown great energy and enterprise during the summer months in securing excellent public speakers to address their meetings.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Olney Street Congregational Church gave a "Birthday Party" in the church vestry November 8, which netted the handsome sum of \$80. As this sum was supposed to represent the combined ages of all who contributed, at the rate of one cent per year, it will be seen that this was a very venerable gathering. If we may trust the returns, the ages ranged all the way from one year to five hundred. Certainly, a happy combination of youth and old age in the service of the church.

ROXBURY, MASS.—At All Souls' Church parish house, Warren Street and Elm Hill Avenue, will be given, on the evenings of November 20 and 21, a unique exhibit of *tableaux vivants*. The proceeds of the two evenings will be devoted to Alliance work. Admission is fifty cents, and the exhibit will begin promptly at eight o'clock.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Second Church: Rev. A. J. Wells of Redlands is supplying the pulpit temporarily. The Sunday-school and the young people's Sunday evening meeting, over which Mrs. Sprague presided so ably, are being cared for by Dr. G. L. Danziger, formerly rabbi of the Jewish congregation in San José. During October the pulpit was ably supplied by Rev. George Heber Rice of Stockton, Mr. John Monteth, and others. The Unity Club has recently given under its auspices a course of three lectures for the benefit of the church. Mr. Monteth and professors from the State University delivered the lectures.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The excellent impression made upon the local population by the recent session of the Unitarian National Conference in this city was evidenced by the large attendance Sunday morning, No-

vember 3, which filled every seat on the floor and many in the gallery. Rev. C. W. Wendte, on his way to his California work, occupied the pulpit morning and evening. During the week he has met many old-time parishioners and friends, now residing here, and been the recipient of many courtesies. He will preach again next Sunday morning, and in the evening lecture on "Joseph Haydn," with musical illustrations by the choir, and leave by the late train for San Francisco. The society, while somewhat bewildered at its sudden loss of its long-settled and beloved pastor, Mr. Shippen, is full of heart and hope, and will presently take in hand the question of his successor. For the present it will avail itself of such pulpit supplies from Sunday to Sunday as it may be able to secure. Rev. Thomas Van Ness was to preach for the society the following two Sundays; but, illness preventing, Rev. L. W. Sprague will take his place for one Sunday.

THE PLYMOUTH AND BAY CONFERENCE held its autumn meeting Wednesday, November 6, with the Third Congregational Society in Hingham, Rev. C. T. Billings pastor. The day was one of rare beauty; and the attendance was very large, three hundred and twenty-five being entertained at dinner. The devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. E. C. Guild. The business meeting was opened by the president, Mr. C. D. Nash of Whitman. Rev. C. A. Allen, Rev. C. T. Billings, and Mr. J. H. French were appointed a committee to raise \$150 to help the East Weymouth society in paying for its church building, as a memorial to Rev. Dr. Moors. The morning address was given by Rev. E. C. Butler, on the subject "How to build a Church." The bright stream of wit and anecdote had always its deeper current, and the speaker drew the audience to recognize the profounder source of success and prosperity. Discussion was opened by Rev. R. R. Shippen and Rev. W. R. Hunt, and continued by Rev. Messrs. Allen and Fish. After the collection and the serving of a collation in Loring Hall an essay was read by Mrs. C. T. Catlin of Brooklyn, N.Y., which was suggestive and instructive in its description of the progress and possibilities of women's work in the church. An address by Mr. G. W. Stone followed, in which the opportunities of the new era in our denominational life were set forth clearly and persuasively. Mr. Turner of Norwell and Rev. C. A. Allen also spoke. After a cordial vote of thanks to the speakers and to the people of the New North Church the members of the conference sang a hymn, and received the benediction from Rev. Dr. Osgood of Cohasset. This session must be marked as one of the most helpful of later years, and proves, if proof were needed, the great value of such meetings, not only to those who attend, but throughout the churches which must catch their spirit and impulse. John W. Day, Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Additional donations for year ending Sept. 30, 1895:—

Sept. 5. Fitchburg Sunday-school.....	\$10.00
" 7. Orange, N.J., Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 7. Mrs. Mary T. Porter.....	5.00
" 9. Brockton Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 9. Marlboro Sunday-school.....	20.00
" 10. Andover, N.H., Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 10. Worcester South Unitarian Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 10. Roxbury First Parish Sunday-school..	75.00
" 11. Uxbridge First Congregational Society	10.00
" 11. Miss Mary Grew, life member.....	10.00
" 11. Brooklyn Conn., Sunday-school.....	3.00
" 13. Whitman Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 13. Beverly Sunday-school.....	25.00
" 16. Fairhaven Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 16. Turner's Falls Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 16. Lexington First Congregational Society.....	20.00
" 16. Barton Square Society, Salem.....	25.00
" 16. Medfield Sunday-school.....	11.10
" 16. Oakland, Cal., Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 17. Littleton First Congregational Society	20.00
" 17. Farmington, Me., Sunday-school.....	3.75
" 17. North Andover Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 18. Wellesley Hills Society.....	15.00
" 18. Ayer Sunday-school.....	4.00
" 18. Taunton Sunday-school.....	25.00
" 18. Baraboo, Wis., Sunday-school.....	1.00
" 18. Hudson Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 18. Wm. J. F. Drummond.....	5.00
" 19. Passaic, N.J., Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 20. Kennebunk Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 20. Athol Second Church Sunday-school..	10.00
" 20. Leicester Sunday-school.....	4.00
" 21. Newton Centre Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 23. Portland, Ore., Sunday-school.....	20.00
" 23. Milton First Parish.....	3.00
" 23. South Natick Sunday-school.....	50.00
" 23. Rockland Sunday-school.....	7.00
" 24. Santa Ana, Cal., Sunday-school.....	2.75
" 24. Church of the Messiah, N.Y., Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 24. Concord, N.H., Sunday-school Association.....	20.00
" 24. Chelmsford Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 24. Wychendon Church of the Unity.....	33.50
" 24. Concord, N.H., Second Congregational Society.....	14.05
" 24. Barnstable Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 24. Lawrence Sunday-school.....	20.00
" 24. Saco, Me., Second Parish.....	13.40
" 24. Lebanon, N.H., Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 24. Gardner Sunday-school.....	2.17
" 24. Sherborn Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 24. West Dedham Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 24. Wollaston Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 25. Framingham First Church.....	7.00
" 25. Framingham First Church.....	4.25
" 25. Milford, N.H., First Unitarian Society	5.84
" 25. Exeter, N.H., First Unitarian Society	10.00
" 25. Milbury Sunday-school.....	3.00
" 25. Pepperell Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 26. Portsmouth, N.H., Sunday-school Society.....	25.00
" 28. Hamilton, Can., Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 28. Norton Sunday-school.....	2.00
" 28. Westford Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 28. Sharon Sunday-school.....	4.00
" 30. Medfield First Parish.....	20.00
" 30. Dorchester Third Religious Society	10.00
" 30. Weymouth First Unitarian Society.....	20.00
" 30. Scituate First Parish.....	2.60
" 30. Bolton First Parish Sunday-school....	10.00
" 30. Melrose Sunday-school.....	25.00
" 30. Second Church Sunday-school, Boston	50.00

Sept. 30. Watertown Sunday-school.....	\$5.00
" 30. Norwell First Parish.....	11.00
" 30. Montpelier, Vt., Church of Messiah Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30. Second Parish in the town of Worcester.....	51.36
" 30. Grace Chapel Sunday-school, Green Harbor.....	2.00
" 30. Chatham Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30. Weymouth First Parish Sunday-school.	27.05
" 30. Pilgrim Sunday-school, San Francisco, Cal.....	25.00
" 30. Peterboro, N.H., Sunday-school.....	3.36
" 30. Hyde Park Sunday-school.....	7.48
" 30. Chitroepe Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 30. Bangor Independent Congregational Society.....	25.81
" 30. Springfield Unity Sunday-school.....	40.00
" 30. Yarmouth, Me., Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30. Providence, Olney Street Sunday-school.....	10.00
" 30. Duxbury Sunday-school.....	1.83
" 30. Manchester, N.H., First Unitarian Sunday-school.....	5.00
" 30. Mrs. J. W. Winkley, life member.....	10.00

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Treas.

Business Notices.

The Most Simple and Safe Remedy for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

Washington Excursions.—The Royal Blue Line announces another series of personally conducted seven day tours to Washington, D.C., the first party leaving Boston Wednesday, November 20. The rate of \$23 covers every expense of the entire trip. An illustrated itinerary may be obtained by addressing A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

A Thing not to see.—The luxury-loving reader should be careful to avoid seeing the engraving of the new Morris chair shown in another part of this paper by the Paine Furniture Company. It is such a creation in cabinet work as would tempt the veriest anchorite, and undermine his whole ascetic theory of life. The announcement explains that this chair is executed from a private design, and is intended as a possible presentation chair or for use in a private library or club. It is certainly not expensive.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Tiverton, R.I., 9th inst., John S. West, aged 70 years and 10 months.
In Winchester, 6th inst., Mrs. Margaret S. Hixon, aged 74 years, 11 months, 6 days, wife of Lewis A. Bruce and daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Hixon.
In Medford, 31 ult., Silas Gibson, aged 93 years, 9 months, 3 days, formerly of Nashua, N.H.
In Dayton, Ohio, 27th ult., Mrs. Abby F. Smith, daughter of the late John R. Miller, formerly of Northboro.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. O. K. Crosby is Yarmouth, Me.

Training of Attendants for the Sick Room

will be resumed by the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, with Miss DELIA KNIGHT as Instructor, November 5, Tuesday, 3 P.M., at 9 St. James Avenue, where applications can be made to her daily from 3 to 5 P.M., or apply to Secretary, Mrs. K. G. WELLS, 45 Commonwealth Avenue.

JAMES KAY APPLEBEE

is open to engagements for PREACHING or LECTURING. Address: ALLSTON, MASS.

South End Industrial School,

45 Bartlett St., Roxbury.

SALE.

Saturday, November 16, 1895,

10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Literary Lectures

—FOR—

UNITY CLUBS, WOMEN'S ALLIANCES, Etc.

By Rev. GEO. H. YOUNG

—ON—

Madame de Stael.....	Jane Austen.
Elizabeth Frye.....	Mary Lamb.
Louisa Alcott.....	Charlotte Bronte.
George Elliot.....	Jane Welsh Carlyle.
Dorothea Dix.....	Margaret Fuller.
E. B. Browning.....	Alice and Phoebe Cary.

For circulars and terms address

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Series of attractive lectures.—Lawrence American. Delightful lectures.—Lawrence Eagle.

Large and select audience gathered to enjoy the literary treat offered. Mr. Young is a very interesting speaker, and held the attention of his audience closely. All who listened to this lecture will be anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity offered for the remainder of the course.—Portsmouth Times.

AMONG THE UNITARIANS OF HUNGARY.

BY REV. W. H. LYON.

II.

If hereditary gout is the meanest of diseases, since your ancestor had all the port and you have all the pain, so vicarious reward is the easiest of gains, since others do the service and you get the grateful return thereof. I had difficulty in recognizing myself as an obscure American parson while I received the respectful bows and courtesies of the villagers whenever I took my walks abroad or found myself placed in the uppermost room at the feasts and the chief seat in the synagogue. I tried to remind myself that there were just as good men in the English or American ministry as I was, and that I should not exalt myself beyond measure above them because the parable was reversed, and the sons who stayed at home were eating the husks of obscurity, while the prodigal son in the far country was feeding on the fat of the land and shining in the fierce light that beats upon a throne.

Yet to these elder sons there was sent a special message. Hardly had we finished breakfast on the morrow, which was Sunday, than one of the Uzon boys came running into the house in great excitement, saying that the ministers were coming; and we could already hear the tread of many determined feet on the road beneath our windows. Uncertain what the purpose of this throng might be, whether, perhaps, in my zeal to speak Hungarian I had said some horribly malapropos thing for which I was now to be led to the stake, I gave one thought to home and friends, and composed my countenance to a compromise between conciliation and fearlessness. Scarcely had this complicated operation been finished, when thirty-one ministers poured into the room, clad in their silk and velvet robes; and Rev. Salomon Gál, in excellent English, gave me the message of the Hungarian clergy to carry to those of England and America,—a message of fraternal greeting and of the common joy of a common faith and service. Nothing could have been more gracefully done or more gratefully received and hereby transmitted.

As we walked out into the morning air after this, I had leisure to see the village and its people. The village consists of two or three long streets, diverging more or less from the brook that runs through its centre. The houses are never more than one story in height, built of stone covered with plaster and painted white, sometimes with light blue trimmings, and roofed with tiles or thatch. Behind almost every dwelling stands a barn, which is one of the most picturesque of buildings, having a very high and steep thatched brown roof, over the ridge-pole of which project the ends of the rails, placed astride it to keep the straw down. The romantic, semi-barbaric look which these barns give the village is among the most ineffaceable of the stranger's recollections. I have another cause to remember them from the fire which on that hot Sunday afternoon destroyed over thirty of them. The long drought had made their great expanses of thatch as dry as tinder, and from one burning roof the flying wisps of straw kindled others, till it seemed as if the whole village must go. The one little hand-engine was brought out; but, as the only water to be had was in the almost dry brook, and the only hose carried hardly a hundred feet, it was of little use, and the farming tools and stores of grain burned pitifully, unchecked.

The Szekler people, like their Hun ancestors, are short of stature and dark of complexion, and, unlike them, gentle, kindly, and serious of aspect, the women often looking sad and worn. The men, in their Sunday clothes, look a little like English parsons, with low, soft, black felt hats and waistcoats buttoned to the throat. Their light gray homespun trousers, sometimes embroidered on the sides with black, are tucked into high top-boots. The women wear dark kerchiefs over their hair, sometimes surmounted by straw hats, a single upper garment of heavy white cotton cloth, covered in colder weather by a jacket of dark and often embroidered woollen stuff, voluminous skirts, and top-boots like those of the men. All the Szeklers are hard workers; but their faces are as intelligent and sensible as they are honest, their family life is lovely, their patriotism fervid,

and their hospitality simple, unaffected, and generous. Now that the weight of tyranny has been lifted from them, and they are recovering from the dreadful confusion that followed the rebellion of 1848, their minds are expanding and blossoming in the warm air of liberty. Their children are going away to the higher schools, and the readiness with which they take on the polish of culture shows how firm and fine is the substance of which they are made. The ministers and professors of the land are the sons of Szekler farmers, and are prophecies of light to come. The Szeklers have always loved learning, and have clung to all they could get. In one of the old fortified walls that surround some of the churches there is a large room where, it is said, the schoolmaster continued his teaching while the fathers manned the ramparts and the mothers cooked the food. That room is a symbol of the love of education which has never been slackened by any of the hardships through which the Szekler race has had to pass for so long.

The exercises of the day began with a meeting of the Consistory. As the bishop was passing from this to the church, he was stopped by a throng of people in the colonnade of the school-house; for they were bent upon celebrating his *Jubiläum*. Forty years had passed since he was ordained to the ministry; and, though fortieth anniversaries are seldom celebrated, his flock could not restrain their enthusiasm any longer, or else they remembered how often forty is mentioned in the Bible, as if it were a sacred number. I have never seen a more genuine and hearty demonstration. Bishop Ferencz is one of the real Unitarian leaders of to-day. Though, as I have said, having but little nominal power, his ability, his eloquence, and his character give him great influence. There is little in his appearance to suggest the Hungarian, or even the foreigner of any nation. His face is quite American. His manner is simple and sincere, unaffectedly cordial, and winning. He has the Hungarian natural eloquence, and always commands attention, though his speech is quiet and unpretentious. A man singularly compounded of power and gentleness, he gains the affection and reverence of all who meet him.

The throng that stopped him in the porch of the school-house was headed by representatives of the Consistory, of the professors of the university, of the deans and ministers of his former church in Kolozsvár, of the Unitarian women and of the young Unitarian women, each of whom gave him some handsome gift, as a large silver double inkstand, a gold pen-holder, a great Bible, books of portraits, etc. Search had been made for a Doré Bible in English; but none could be found, and one in German had to be substituted. As the bishop wishes to learn English, perhaps the book could be found for him in our own country. Each present was accompanied by a speech, to which the bishop answered in Hungarian, which, if it was as fit as it was musical, must have struck home with every word.

Then we went on to the new church. Crowds of people had gathered, and shouts of *Eljen! Eljen!* greeted the good bishop at every turn. It was a beautiful Sunday morning; and great numbers had come from the surrounding villages, partly to celebrate the special occasion, and partly to have a holiday. Gypsy and Wallachian beggars, with all kinds of horrible deformities and pitiable mutilations, dogged our steps. Any one more filthy or ragged than many of the other gypsies it would be hard to find. One sees here the pure (or impure) type, which rarely, if ever, gets into the northern lands, reckless, stealthy, yet sometimes with a certain wild beauty that fascinates the stranger. The Wallachians are often as repulsive to see, with their dark faces, the men with lank, black hair trailing to their shoulders, long, drooping mustaches, straw hats with wide, hanging brims, white shirts, and baggy trousers tucked into high boots, and kept on by wide belts, the women with richly embroidered jackets and aprons, and sometimes of strikingly beautiful, voluptuous faces. The larger part of the crowd was, of course, Szeklers. It was estimated that five thousand visitors had come in, and against the walls and along the street were booths where meat and drink and fancy articles were sold. Wine was abundant; yet there was no sign of intemperance, and the

throng of men and women wore innocent holiday faces.

The church to which we were going is a very handsome building, pure white all over, excepting the great octagonal dome, which is covered with bronze tiles. It is cruciform, with the dome over the intersection, and with two towers on the front. It stands on the one hill of the village, and, partly surrounding it and contrasting with it in color, is the gray remnant of the old, high fortifying wall into which the inhabitants used to flee from invasion. In the rooms which are built into this wall are still to be seen the large chests in which the inhabitants kept their grain against such time of need,—a sort of mediæval safety-deposit vault. Inside the church is also pure white, except the handsome oak pulpit and the painted organ-case in the gallery over the door. There are also side galleries around the entire church, except the chancel. The ceiling is open into the high dome, under which, in a large, open space, stands the small communion-table, covered with rich brocades.

The church is a striking contrast to the humble village that lies below it. The reason is that, while the people are poor, the congregation as such is the richest in the Unitarian body, having about 300,000 florins, or \$120,000, in lands and forests. Of this property about 44,000 florins were put into the church, making a building that would do honor to any town.

The services of dedication differed little from what they would have been with us, except that there was no reading of Scripture. I think that Scripture is seldom read at any service. Prayer is reverent and solemn, and always ends with the Lord's Prayer. The singing is congregational, led by a zealous choir of young people at the organ, and was hearty, though, as in Germany, very slow. It was only by close attention through several verses that I could recognize in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" our old friend "Greenville." The sermon was given by Prof. George Boros, without manuscript, fluent, direct, and earnest. As Charles Dudley Warner, looking down into the bed of a Nova Scotia creek at low tide, realized for the first time how much water adds to a river, so I, looking at the refined face of the preacher and the attentive air of the crowded church, but understanding not a word of what was said, realized for the first time how much it adds to a sermon to know what the minister is talking about. He pleaded, I was told, for reliance upon the distinctive purposes of a church and for the importance of preaching our faith more urgently now that other and less spiritual modes of gaining converts were failing. Prof. Boros, by the way, is one of the Hungarians whom we must see in this country some time, a most attractive and cultivated young man, of American rather than Magyar countenance, a hard-worker, both for our faith and for the education of his people.

The dedication was immediately followed by the Lord's Supper, which always accompanies a meeting of the synod. Upon the little table under the dome were tall, quaint goblets of gold, studded with gems, and plates filled with bread in small cubes. After an earnest prayer the elements were distributed to the ministers and officers, standing in a large circle around the table, then to other men, and, last of all, to the women. The church was full, holding perhaps a thousand persons; and, of the crowd outside, the majority were also waiting their turn. Those of us who had received came out, therefore, and proceeded to the banquet shed, where we were joined at last by the bishop and his helpers. Our Hungarian brethren believe, with the hymn, that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," and pass, with the utmost *naïveté*, from religious to convivial joys. An English socialist writer incidentally scoffs at Puritan "reverence," by which he understands the setting apart of certain times and places as sacred, to be regarded with sober faces and spoken of with bated breath. Of this the Hungarian has very little; and the bishop and his helpers went directly from the Lord's Supper to the banquet with its laughter and good cheer, its wines and its toasts and its gypsy band playing the music of the day. So, at the ball of the next evening, the young ministers who had been ordained in the morning appeared as floor managers and participators in the dancing, with all the zest of Seniors on "Class Day." Yet they have

their little "reverences," also, and looked askance at my cool, thin, gray suit (the weather was hot enough to change one's ideas about future possibilities), and seemed to think me not quite a minister till I had put on a sweltering black suit that decidedly made my pleasures less.

The banquet was a most delightful and unique affair. A large temporary shed of rough boards had been erected, holding about five hundred, and filled with long tables, with a cross table at one end for the leaders and guests, and a platform for the gypsy orchestra, which played superbly without any notes at the other. The fare was excellent,—soup with spaghetti, boiled corned beef with sauce of horseradish or currants, small turnips hollowed out and filled with minced meat and rice, worthy of being naturalized here, roast goose and cucumbers, pastries, luscious musk and water melons, grapes, and other fruits. There were three kinds of wine, and two of mineral water, to be mixed therewith.

Most enjoyable of all were the toasts. These are not reserved for the end, but, after the bishop had given the formal toast to the king, were scattered throughout the rest of the dinner. A man rises, and shouts, *Höljen es uraim!* ("Ladies and gentlemen"), the conversation and clatter slacken, the band is cried down, and the speaker pours out his speech, at the end of which there is a clinking of glasses, and the din of tongue and fork goes on, if, indeed, it has very much stopped. It was delightful to listen to these impromptu speeches; for the Hungarian, if these were fair specimens, has a natural eloquence such as marks no other nation, except, perhaps, the Irish. Pastor or layman, he spoke as the bird sings, because he must, because his soul pressed at the gates of his lips, and must utter itself. I felt abashed when, as a matter of course, the representative of the foreign Unitarians was toasted; but I had prepared a little strategy which won the hearts of my hearers, and made them forget the slower tongue and colder temperament of the Westerner. I had Prof. Kovács hammer into my memory a few appropriate Hungarian sentences, which I fired off upon this occasion. Two exploded at the beginning of my speech, and the house roared with delight at what they saw was meant as a compliment; and two more sentences ended the chaotic address, after which I sat down, panting, but victorious. Prof. Kovács then translated the English body of my talk, and gave to my thoughts an eloquence of his own which was put by the hearers to my credit. I had expected, when I went to Hungary, to speak in German; but I soon found that, for reasons to be given when I come to speak of the hopes and aims of the Hungary of to-day, this would not have given anything of the delight which came from my clumsy recognition of the fact that the Hungarian is one of the languages of the nations.

So closed the exercises of the day. There was to have been a ball in the evening; but the fire, with its sad effect on the poverty of the village, made it seem out of place. In a more modest form it took place the next evening for the benefit of the needy. The crowd melted away, and dispersed to the surrounding villages in quaint vehicles. There were carts made of poles, with heavy wheels, and drawn by from one to four yokes of buckskin-colored oxen, with beau-

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tiful, long, projecting, polished, and sharp-pointed horns, or by black buffaloes, with heads stretched straightforward almost on a line with their necks, and black horns curving backward close along their cheeks, and lighter wagons drawn by small, wiry horses, such as those on which Gibbon says the dreaded Huns thundered down upon the Roman legions. The carts and wagons, however, have no springs, and are the only instruments of torture left over from mediæval days. By sundown most of the throng had disappeared, and the villagers were left to condole with those who had lost almost all their subsistence for the winter by the conflagration. All night the air was heavy with the smell of burned hay and timbers, and reddened with the flames that were reluctant to leave their prostrate prey. Bölon will have sad as well as glad memories of the synod.

King's Chapel.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

King's Chapel, the first Episcopal church planted in New England, was established A.D. 1686. Its first clergyman was Robert Ratcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, and a pulpit orator of more than common ability. Services were held for a time in the town house, the doors of every meeting-house in Boston being resolutely closed against the new society. The opposition was based partly on dislike of the Prayer Book, but still more on fear of the encroachments of Episcopal authority and royal prerogative. On the other hand, adherents were gained from those sincerely attached to the mode of worship adopted by the Church of England, and from those who rebelled against the tyranny of the Puritan government.

In 1687 Gov. Andros virtually forced an entrance to the South Meeting-house (afterward called the Old South), and compelled the owners of that building to yield it part of the time to Mr. Ratcliffe's congregation. Though this joint occupancy was attended with much friction, there was, on the whole, less trouble than might have been expected. The first house of worship erected by the society was finished in 1689, and stood on the same land still occupied by the church. This small wooden building was enlarged in 1710, but was afterward taken down to make way for the stone chapel still standing, which was first used for public worship in 1754. Among the original contributors to the building of this venerable edifice, we find the well-known names of Peter Faneuil, Gov. Shirley, and Sir Henry Frankland.

Samuel Myles, Roger Price, and Henry Caner followed Mr. Ratcliffe in order as rectors of the chapel, down to the time of the Revolution. Gifts of plate and books and furniture were from time to time received from the successive kings and queens of the mother country, and each royal governor was made first warden of the chapel during his term of office. In making choice of its fourth minister, the Chapel deliberately signified its claim to congregational liberty. The question having been raised, the society voted not to refer the matter at all to its diocesan as hitherto, but to choose a minister for themselves from "the clergy in New England." Mr. Caner was therefore called from Fairfield, Conn., and was installed as rector, "no mention being made of the Bishop of London throughout the whole affair."

Dr. Caner remained in office till the evacuation of Boston by the British army in 1776. He was a staunch Loyalist, and left for Halifax with the troops, taking with him 2,800 ounces of silver plate, "the gift of three kings." The Chapel was closed for a year, and was then offered to the congregation of the Old South, whose sanctuary had been temporarily spoiled by its transformation into a riding-school for British troops. King's Chapel thus paid its debt to the Old South, contracted nearly a century before.

In 1782 the wardens invited James Freeman to be their reader for six months, and the following year he was chosen pastor of the church. In 1785 the proprietors voted that it was necessary to make some changes in the Liturgy, and chose a committee to consider and report such alterations. These changes, when reported, were adopted by an

overwhelming majority. They were for the most part a substitution of other and more Scriptural phrases wherever the doctrine of the Trinity was referred to in the service. The effect of them was, in Dr. Greenwood's words, that "the first Episcopal Church in New England became the first Unitarian Church in America."

After these changes had been effected, it was quite impossible for Mr. Freeman to secure Episcopal ordination; and in 1787 the officers of the Chapel proceeded to ordain him for themselves. The church thus adopted the Congregational theory of the right and power of the individual church to ordain its ministers; and this position it has again and again solemnly reaffirmed at the installation of those whom it has chosen to be its pastors. Of these, since Dr. Freeman, there have been but three,—Francis Greenwood, Ephraim Peabody, and Henry W. Foote. Mr. Brown, the minister just installed, is therefore ninth in an order of succession reaching back more than two hundred years.

to the "Book of Prayer and Praise" issued by the Association.

Mr. Brown's devotional feeling, his culture, and rare intellectual ability, his patriotism, historic spirit, and practical wisdom, all combine to fit him for the pastorate of a church, distinguished in the past for these qualities in both pulpit and in pew.

INSTALLATION SERVICES.

The services of installation, by which Rev. Howard N. Brown was formally received and recognized as pastor of King's Chapel, began with a voluntary, rendered by the organist, Mr. B. J. Lang, during which the senior warden, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, Rev. F. G., Peabody, D.D., and Rev. H. N. Brown entered the desk. At the conclusion of the voluntary the senior warden, Mr. Lyman, said:—

"Proprietors and members of King's Chapel: at a meeting held in this place April 15, 1895, the proprietors of King's

and guard and inspire him by thy Holy Spirit to be the minister of these people's souls. And so direct this people and their minister into thy most gracious favor, and further them with thy constant help, that in all their works begun this day, to be continued and ended in thee, they may glorify thy holy name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Warden Lyman then continued: "Brethren, the wardens and vestrymen of this church, acting for the proprietors, and agreeably to their instructions, have taken order for the ordination and installation of their elected minister, according to the forms and usages of this church in ordaining its ministers, as first adopted at the ordination of Rev. James Freeman, 1787, and followed in the installation and ordination of Dr. Greenwood in 1824, Dr. Ephraim Peabody in 1845, and Rev. Henry Wilder Foote in 1861.

"With this action of an independent church, these ministers have all tried to make King's Chapel stand in its place in Christ's kingdom and in fellowship with all Christians. By the forms and terms adopted we do not seek to abridge the liberty of our minister; for we do not hold him responsible to us alone for the instructions he shall give, knowing that he is already responsible to his own conscience, to his master Christ, and to God, who, we trust, has called him to this work. We only seek to settle and define the meaning and extent of the compact formed between us and the man we have chosen to this sacred office.

"We, the wardens, vestrymen, and other proprietors of King's Chapel, in Boston, by virtue and constitution of the laws of this Commonwealth, have elected and constituted and appointed the Rev. Howard N. Brown to be our minister, public teacher, and pastor, to preach the word of God, to dispense lessons and instruction in the duties of piety, religion, and morality, and to minister the holy ordinances in this congregation, and to do, perform, and discharge all other offices which of right belong to any minister, public teacher, or pastor, by the authority of the laws and constitution of this Commonwealth; and it is hereby intended and understood that the authority and rights here given to Rev. Howard N. Brown to be our minister, public teacher, and pastor, are to remain in full force so long as he shall continue to preach the word of God, and dispense instructions in the duties of piety, religion, and morality, among us, conformably to our sentiments and opinions of the Holy Scriptures."

The warden then addressed Mr. Brown, saying:—

"Reverend Sir,—You have been chosen by the proprietors of King's Chapel to be their minister, public teacher, and pastor; and you have accepted this appointment and trust. Therefore, we, the wardens, vestrymen, and proprietors of this church, by virtue of our lawful authority, do, before God, and in the presence of these witnesses, solemnly ordain and declare you, Howard N. Brown, to be our minister, public teacher, and pastor; and, in testimony thereof, we deliver to you this book containing the basis of our precious Christian faith, and enjoin upon you the due observance of all the divine lessons and precepts contained therein, especially those which relate to the office and duties of a minister of Jesus Christ, and whatsoever else of truth and duty consistent therewith shall be made known unto you.

"And may the Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace now and forevermore.

"And let all the people say Amen."

The congregation responded, Amen.

The Bible referred to in Mr. Lyman's address, and delivered to Mr. Brown, has been used in King's Chapel since 1768.

RESPONSE BY MR. BROWN.

Having already signified my willingness to assume the sacred office to which the vote of this church has called me, and being here present to receive the solemn charge now laid upon me, I need not reaffirm a decision that has passed beyond my recall. I desire, however, at this time to express to the



REV. HOWARD N. BROWN.

Rev. Howard N. Brown was born in the town of Columbia, near Richfield Springs, Herkimer County, New York, in 1849. His father was a Baptist minister. His son early found the trammels of the old theology too strait for his intellectual or moral growth. He then determined to enter the Unitarian ministry. He studied at the Harvard Divinity School, and began work in a missionary church in Ilion, N.Y. From this post he was soon called, in 1873, to succeed Rev. Dr. Hedge as pastor of the First Parish in Brookline, Mass. Here he remained for twenty-two years, until his call to King's Chapel in May last. Other churches in Chicago and Boston had tried to secure him without success. It was only a strong sense of duty that led him to dissolve the ties at Brookline, and take up the work at King's Chapel. During his ministry at Brookline a new and beautiful church was built under his inspiration and leadership.

Mr. Brown has not only ministered faithfully to his own church, and maintained a high order of devotional and pulpit service, but has rendered invaluable aid to American Unitarianism. For many years he has been a director of the American Unitarian Association; and his wise counsels have been of great value in the practical work and exigencies of that organization. Among other things, he gave much time and labor

Chapel made choice of Rev. Howard N. Brown, and invited him to become your minister and pastor. [The letter to Mr. Brown and his reply were then read.]

"That invitation having been given and accepted, Rev. Mr. Brown is here, and we are assembled to ratify before God, and in his presence, the compact thus entered into; and to the end that we, a portion of Christ's flock, and this man, our elected minister and pastor, may duly feel and acknowledge the importance and sacredness of the relation which is now to be formed between us, and that it may be ordered for his and our good let us humbly implore the blessing of Almighty God."

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Peabody as follows:—

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we come to thee for thy blessing upon our worship here this day. We thank thee for the abundant blessings visited on this church through the generations that are gone. We thank thee for the words of grace which have been spoken here, and the examples of godly living which have abounded here, for all the rich tradition of piety and integrity, of sweet and saintly souls, which make this place a holy temple of the living God. And now, we pray thee, grant thy best blessing to this thy servant. Illuminate his mind by the visitation of thy spirit. Speak to his heart from day to day the words that he shall deliver here, and keep

officers and members of this religious society something of the gratitude I feel for the kindness they have shown to me, and to declare my humble but earnest trust that the blessing of God will be upon the relation here established. While I have no confidence whatever in my own unaided ability to meet the requirements of this



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

place, I firmly believe that I have been led to it by something more than the will of man, and that, in trying to be a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ, I shall have such help that I need not wholly fail. Such, at least, shall be my constant prayer to Him who is the giver of all good; and I entreat that your petitions may go with mine for the prosperity of the holy work committed to our hands. Let us pray.

Mr. Brown then offered a prayer, which concluded the installation service. The regular order of morning prayer, according to the King's Chapel Liturgy, was then followed, and the following sermon was delivered by Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D.

A SURE FOUNDATION.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his; and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—2 TIM. II, 19.

The apostle in this chapter is looking at the growth of Christianity, as a builder stands and looks at the growth of his building. He is, as he says elsewhere, a wise master-builder. He is not the designer of the building. He and Apollos and Cephas and the rest, as he wrote to the Corinthians, are simply working out in various materials—costly stone, it may be, or wood or stibble—the design which has been put into their hands. Behind the builder, that is to say, stands the architect. God has, as it were, sketched his design for the Church that is to be; and these are his workmen, to build what has thus been planned; and the master-builder in this



THE FIRST KING'S CHAPEL.

master-builder knows to have been the architect's design. Some of the workmen have thought they knew more than the designer. Hymenæus and Philetus have been putting up in one corner of the structure a new doctrine of their own about the resurrection; and it stands there, a grotesque blemish on the great architect's plan. The master-builder is indignant. He calls these perversions of the truth "profane babblings" and "foolish questions," and

he points out to young Timothy the tawdry little additions, which, if they are not taken down, will deface the great design. But then, with a great sense of relief, this master-builder recalls one incident in the history of the building which has practically fixed its essential form and plan. God, the architect, while he may tolerate great variety of method and material in the superstructure of the Church which he designs, knowing that it can be easily modified and replaced, has seen the foundation of the whole laid under his own eye. The foundation, he knows, is what will determine both the shape and stability of the whole structure; and, whatever else may happen to the Church, the foundation is fixed. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,—which is Jesus Christ." Beneath all the varieties of superstructure in thought and life, which may deface God's plan for the Church of Christ, lies

this one substantial and unchangeable foundation, hidden—as this apostle says—"with Christ in God." That is the first thing which gives comfort to the man who begins to see how many false and foolish superfluities are to be built into the structure of Christianity. But there is more than this to comfort him. Not only has God laid this foundation, which not even mistaken Christians can change, but, still further, he has given this foundation a special mark and stamp, so that we may know that it rests in Christ. God has set, so says this passage, in the corner of this foundation a corner-stone, and has inscribed on it, just as men do now, the words which mark the nature and purpose of his building. And so, as Christianity grows, men will make their mistaken contributions to the towers and pinnacles above; and perhaps the day will come when a better appreciation of Christianity will see the mistakes and will correct them. But meantime there shall be no mistaking the fundamental purpose of the great design. It shall always be known, at least, what this slowly rising structure was designed to be and do; for that is forever indicated by the shape of the foundation and by the place and inscription of the corner-stone. That gives the master-workman courage for the Church that is to be. It is disturbing enough, God knows, to watch the bad work of Hymenæus and Philetus, intruding their new teachings into the simplicity of Christ; but, after all, it renews the apostle's confidence to be able to say, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure."

A sure foundation! Let us, first of all, try to repeat this note of confident hope with which the apostle settles down on the

things which cannot be moved,—this great sense of relief which comes to any man when he discriminates between the thousand things in Christianity which may be superadded to the Christian foundation and the plain, permanent, unmistakable foundation which lies often hidden from view beneath. For in our day, as in that of Paul, the heresy of

Hymenæus and Philetus is common enough,—the desire to make of Christianity a complicated, overloaded structure of elaborate doctrines such as quite obscure the original design. To such a heretic—and he commonly thinks himself as far as possible from heresy—Christianity is a theological system, wrought out into details of opinion, so that the first thing which catches the eye and gives character to the structure is this multiplicity of beliefs. Each creed-maker

adds a new pinnacle or buttress, and gathers round him his own little communion of sympathizers, and cries: "See! We never knew till now what the Christian Church was meant to be!" And so the process of sect-making and heresy-building goes gayly on. Now, over against all this subdividing and super-refining of truth, which this Christian apostle does not scruple to call "profane babblings" and "foolish questions," he settles back with a great peace of mind on what he calls the "simplicity that is in Christ,"—the clear distinction between the prodigious number of superadditions which may or may not be in harmony with God's plan in Christ, and the extraordinarily few fundamental beliefs which make the permanent foundation and support of Christianity. And I suppose that this glad return to the sure foundation is the note in any age of a deepening religious life. A young beginner, like Hymenæus and Philetus, wants a perfect system. He builds up his pretty structure of doctrines, as a boy builds with his blocks, and points to it and says, "There never was anything so elaborate in this nursery before." But, as he grows older in religious experience, the sense of value shifts. We grow—do we not?—to care less for a great many beliefs, but a great deal more for a few beliefs. We begin to value systems less and foundations more; and this progress of conviction comes not so much from adding new truths to our

the flickering light-houses that mark the coast; and then, in some awful night of trial, from the reeling deck of some shattering experience, you came to see these same lights as the only things which can save you from total shipwreck and guide you to your port. And then, at last, in that darkness, lit only by those trembling beams, you come to know why the Power that rules that stormy coast has set there even a few scattered lights which you can absolutely trust. That is the new courage with which, in a time like this, when many old beliefs are called in question, one settles down in the things that are sure. This is, from many points of view, an age of destruction in the Christian Church. Many a belief is shaken, many a creed is shortened. Many of the elaborate theories of the past seem to many a man like the vain babblings and foolish questions of Hymenæus and Philetus. But does all this mean—as so many suppose—a decline of faith? On the contrary, it may be the sign of a renewed stability. A time when all beliefs are questioned is the best time to sift out the beliefs which are fundamental. It is a time of discrimination. Quantity gives way to quality. The issue of these tumultuous controversies is to be this,—that men shall settle down on a few great truths, against which neither history nor criticism has any weapon, and that on this broad and plain foundation not strength alone, but unity, will be found. There never was a better



INTERIOR, FACING THE CHANCEL.

creed, but by leaning very hard on a few old truths, and finding them strong under the strain. When a man in the oil fields of Pennsylvania counts up the value of his property, he does not say, "I have ten wells, while my neighbor has one, so I am richer than he"; for he knows that ten wells may be dry, and one, if it but be the right one, may be a fortune. What he wants is not ten wells, but one that flows. If he has one such, he is rich. Out of its mysterious depths there leaps an overwhelming flood which fills his tanks and pipes, and makes him cry, not for more wells, but for storage room for the wealth which he has found. That is precisely the way a man strikes truth. It is not the number of shafts he sinks which counts: it is finding something in any one of them. It is not many beliefs which you need: it is much belief in something. You do not ask for many gods lest some of them should fail you. One God that is real is a great deal to a man. One truth that is a real truth is a great deal to a man. Out of its mysterious depths there wells up to him a whole flood of assurances and consolations, as though the whole truth of God had but that single outlet. Yes! that is the story of Christian experience. To the deeper life the creed grows shorter, but it grows more real. You rest on fewer things, but you rest your whole weight. It is not multiplicity you want, but reality; not a little belief in many things, but much belief in something. Truths which once seemed unimportant have come to flash on you with their full significance. It is as if once you had been sitting on the shore idly watching

age for religious faith than this which calls men so absolutely from the uncertainties of their own superstructures to the sure foundation of God. It is like the time when, through the midst of traditionalism and ritualism of his day, there swept the cleansing wind of the influence of Jesus Christ. His people were believing many things, but they were not believing much of anything. They were adding new turrets to their temple, while its foundations were crumbling below. Then he recalls them to the few great facts on which the whole was built. "Behold! on these," he says, "rest all your law and prophets." And they dealt with him as a destroyer of the faith, for he shook some of their pet pinnacles till they tottered and fell. But he was not come to destroy: he was come to fulfil,—to fill out, that is to say, the fundamental faith with its tremendous meaning. The return to simplicity was the note of supremacy. The deepest secrets of the soul were in its simplest utterances. The world's great epoch came when beneath the mistakes and accretions of the thoughts of men there was laid bare the plain and sure foundation of God. That is the doctrine of the foundation, which makes the one great source of peace and hope among the conflicts of one's experience and of this perplexing time in which we live.

But the apostle does not deal with the foundation alone. In the corner of that foundation, he goes on to say, the designer of the whole has set a stone; and on either side of that corner-stone he has set his own inscription. It is the custom of builders to-day. It was the custom of the Jewish

law. "These words which I command thee this day," says Jehovah in the earlier time, "thou shalt write upon the posts of thy house and upon thy gates." Now what has God written on this corner-stone of the Church which men are to build from his

the apostle means when he reads on the one side of God's corner-stone this fundamental truth, not "We know the God who is ours," but "God knoweth them that are his." Here is no controversy with theology. It is simply that, at the beginning,

other stable Christianity than that which, first of all, makes a man depart from iniquity. How often in the history of the Church of Christ has it seemed as if it were something else than a school of character! How often have the ecclesiastics and theologians tried to write some other text on the corner-stone! But other foundation cannot be laid than that which is laid. There is no discipleship of Jesus Christ except through the cleansing of individual character. By their fruits ye shall know them. There is no conceivable elaboration of beliefs, or forms, or rituals, or authority, which can make a body of people into a church of Christ, unless on their corner-stone is written the simple pledge of the consecrated character. That is Christ's test of Orthodoxy: that is his mark of the true Church. All this has grown, by this time, plain enough. The Christian Church is ready to accept the moral test; and no church can have the allegiance of the practical age which does not, first of all, say, "Let every one that names the name of Christ depart from iniquity." But in our day we are come to the opposite heresy. If the good life is essential to Christianity, what is Christianity but the good life? Is it not adding a difficulty to demand any relation to God? What have we to do with the supernatural? Let us have ethics without a creed, character without religion,—that is the talk of the time. What difference does it make what you believe, so long as you do right? Let us take this corner-stone of the Church, and turn to the wall as superfluous its first inscription,—the Godward-looking one,—and turn to the world the other writing,—the demand for righteousness,—and on that still simpler foundation rest content. Now, to all this talk of duty divorced from faith, of ethics without worship, as a foundation-stone, the apostle's answer is simply this,—that these two ways of life are simply different sides of the same corner-stone, different aspects of the same foundation. What is your

changeable discussions of the time, but on this sure foundation. On one side of its corner-stone is a deep and humbling sense of God, and on the other is a clear integrity toward man. The marks of a true church are, first, its contribution to worship, and then its contribution to character. Its foundation stands sure, having the seal, "The Lord knoweth his own" and "Depart from iniquity." Let us thank God together that we meet in the name of such a church to-day,—a church which through its centuries of history has stood on this corner-stone of piety and righteousness. The first thing which any stranger perceives on entering these doors is this,—that it is a place of worship, not an auditorium or a concert hall or a social exchange, but a place to say one's prayers, in the quiet, calming sense of God's loving care; and this sense of a worshipful church grows with each year of loving association with this place, and sweetens the memory of every child of this church, as he looks back on his happy privilege of nurture here. From year to year these scattered lovers of this place return, not to some great occasion of oratory or of festivity, but to the sacred hours of personal prayer, or the quiet partaking of the Lord's Supper amid the holy memories of devout ministers and of many a domestic saint. About us here are the generations of worship. The words of prayer speak to us from the silent lips about our chancel walls. They are wrought into the very frame of this ancient building. Her gates speak of salvation, and her walls sing of praise. And then on the other side of our corner-stone is set the praise of character. Out of these generations of a prayerful church has issued a history of integrity and consistency such as few congregations inherit. We look back across our personal experience for the types of absolute, high-minded integrity in our community, for the souls of honor in the world of affairs, and there rise up in their familiar places here the men of that genera-



INTERIOR, FACING THE CHOIR.

design? It is a twofold seal, says the apostle. The one teaching faces one side of the building: the other looks the other way. One is a teaching about God: the other is a teaching about man. One has to do with religion, the other with ethics. One is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity concerning our relation to God: the other is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity concerning our relation to men. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: first, "The Lord knoweth them that are his"; and, then, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Let us look, for a moment, at these opposite sides of God's corner-stone, as it lies there in its place in the one foundation. What, on the one hand, is a Christian's fundamental relation to the life of God? What is the foundation of his religious experience? I suppose we should be inclined to answer: "First of all, he must find God, he must believe in God. He must be sure that there is a God, and must know something of his ways with men." And no doubt the workings of the human mind do find their natural culmination in these thoughts of the method of God with men. That is theology; and, no doubt, theology is the queen of the science, not to be despised or ignored or outgrown, but only to be renewed and strengthened as the other sciences contribute material to it more and more. But, after all, this knowledge of God to which man's thought is led,—how slight a thing it is! How it stands like a baffled explorer at the edge of the little island of what is known, and gazes out upon the sea of mystery! The ocean before it is real, but it is unexplored. It is not to be denied, but it is not to be fathomed. So man's wisdom stands before the depth of the life of God; and the wisest push out a little way into that ocean, and to them it seems vaster than before. Is this attitude, then, of the theologian and philosopher, this way of exploration,—justified and manly as it is,—is this the attitude which represents the religious life of man? Hardly do you ask the question when the whole history of practical religion rises up and answers, No! When we deal in such researches, we are in reality reversing the way in which religion makes its first approach. We are not in religion, first of all, inquirers and explorers: we are, first of all, receivers. Religion is, first of all, not our discovery of God, but God's discovery of us. What we feel sure of, first of all, is not the scope of our knowledge of him, but the completeness of his knowledge of us. It is not the sense of our searching for God and finding him which moves us: it is the sense of his finding us. That is religion: it is ignorance in the hands of knowledge, weakness led by strength, the child accepting the Father, not to understand him, but to obey him. And that, I suppose, is what

as at the end, of our knowledge of God, we are surrounded by the larger truth of God's knowledge of us. That is what leads men, not to philosophize, but to pray. That is what builds, not a hall for lectures, but a church for worship. Out of the sense that, in all our ignorance and blindness, we are yet held in the love and life of God, flow forth the psalms and prayers, the peace and hope, which give a church its place in the history of man. Oh! when one thinks of all the long, sad history of human endeavor to establish the religious life on man's knowledge of God, the presumptuousness of the theologians; the formalism of the ecclesiastics, the foundation of the Church sought in organization or ritual, then one begins to feel the relief with which the apostle settles down on the sheer and simple sense that God knows him. O Hymenæus and Philetus, he says, cease your speculative babblings about past resurrections and future mysteries, and read again what is written on the corner-stone! God does not ask of you all knowledge of the heights and depths of Providence. The foundation of your faith is neither in your wisdom nor your guesses. There are a great many things in heaven and earth which you will not understand until, perchance, you stand in the clearer light of another world. But just to take your life as known of God, as a part of his vast design, working out its own salvation because God works in it to will and to do,—whatever else you may build upon that confession,—that is the sure foundation of a church of Christ. Such a church is created, not for speculations of philosophy, but for expressions of worship. When you enter such a church, you are recalled, first of all, to the thought that God knows you. You bow yourself in prayer, and say, "The Lord knoweth them that are his"; and on this plain foundation you rest, and your heart sings the psalm of this dependence and trust:—

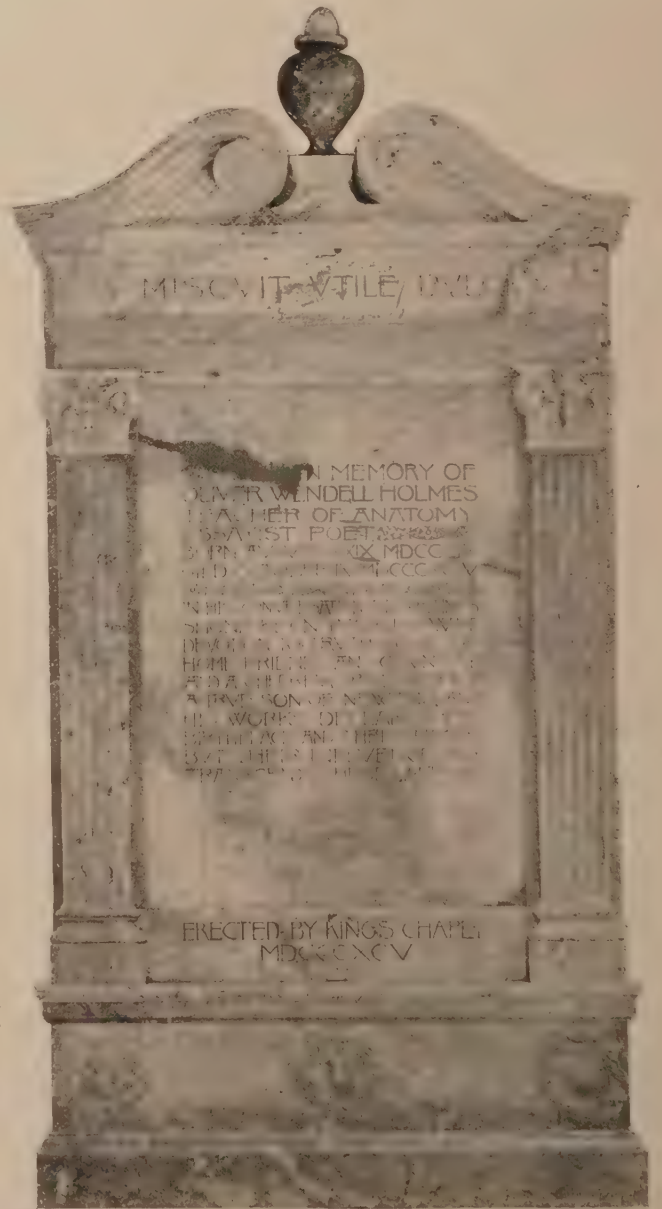
"Thy calmness bends supreme above,
My restlessness to still.
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will.
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy Providence turns all to good."

That is the writing which Saint Paul saw on one side of the corner-stone,—the side which faced toward God. Look now, for one moment, at the opposite side,—the side, as we saw, which looked toward man. On it is written the other half of the one seal. And what is it but simply the demand for Christian integrity? "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." That, to the apostle, is the other mark of the corner-stone of Christianity. The test of religion on its human side is nothing else than conduct. The fellowship which is in Christ is, first of all, a fellowship of character. There can be no

duty? It is your faith turned toward man. And what is your faith? It is your duty turned toward God. Live out your duty broadly enough, and you come out into the mysteries of religion. Live out your religion definitely enough, and it controls and inspires every simplest act of duty-doing. The reason people are satisfied with duty without faith is because they have not begun to perceive the extension of duty to its ideal ends, and the reason they are satisfied with a religion which is not tested by conduct is because they have not really come close to the power and judgment and fear of a living God. Here are not two things, but one. Given a large enough duty-doing, and it reveals your God; given a real enough God, and he quickens your duty. It is as if you had been born on some small island, and did not know it was an island. It is real ground under you, and you live in the interior, and do your duty there. But then, some day, you go up to the heights above your home or out to the margin of your land; and there, beyond you, stretches the infinite and unsuspected sea. So the life of faith holds the life of duty in its arms; and round about the pressing realities of the daily service of man lies—often unsuspected—the vaster reality of the infinite and encompassing life of God.

Such, then, is the Pauline doctrine of the corner-stone. The Church of Christ, which is to outlast the babblings of any age, is to be built, not on the turbulent and

tion, and there pass before our memories such names as Emerson and Lowell and Minot and Perkins and Thomas and Jackson and Appleton and Curtis and Stevenson and Bulfinch and Eliot and the long series of other upright leaders of this congregation forty years ago. We look about us in this place of ancient memorials, and



MURAL TABLET TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

the same consistent character is celebrated in its monuments, from that of Samuel Vassal, "who boldly refused to submit to the tax of tonnage and poundage," to that of William Sullivan, *Homo nobilis, humanus, atque beatus*; of John Lowell, *Vir integerrimus*; of Charles Apthorp, *Prudens et liberalis*; of Joseph May, "of inflexible integrity, exact, untiring, unselfish"; of Samuel Appleton, "a Boston merchant, without guile." Finally, we pause at yonder doorway, and see the same sort of piety come to its natural fruit of heroism in the young men of this church who

"Heard the voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

So the Chapel stands, on its sure foundation, having this seal with its twofold text,—on the one side worship and on the other character,—"The Lord knoweth them that are his" and "Let every one that names Christ's name depart from iniquity." So she stands, with her fine symbolism, close against the crowded thoroughfare, at her door the bustle of the world, and just within the quietness of prayer, at one end the hurry of the street, and at the other the peace of the Lord's table. So she stands, strengthening souls for life by the power of their prayers, setting those two things close together which are often set apart,—the world and the spirit, the altar and the street, the soul's need of worship and the world's need of righteous men. And so she still shall stand, in this new period of her prosperity and usefulness which she gladly begins to-day. Into the lineage of gracious souls who have served at her altar my brother and my friend reverently enters. The traditions of this place become his own desire. On the same corner-stone he is to build the piety and the character of the new time. O my friends, surround him with your loving prayers this day! Strengthen his heart and his hands in every generous endeavor. Permit him to serve you in the ways which God may make plain to him as best; that so, in the mercy of our God, the Chapel still shall stand, in its spirit as in its walls, not a noisy, showy influence among us, but quiet and calm and gray, a great, gray rock amid the turbulent tide of the city street, a rock of rest and refuge whose foundation standeth sure, and hath its seal set upon it by a living and a loving God.

OVER SUMMER SEAS.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The southern line to the Mediterranean and Italy is so diverse in experience from crossing the great Northern Atlantic basin, especially when the waves are charmed and the winds are whist, all one's impressions of sea life become modified; and the quiet, eventless run of eleven or twelve days to Genoa seems more like a coasting tour or tranquil yachting excursion than a venture upon the great deep.

Day after day you slip along shining parallels, and find the ocean tame, with its claws pared, robbed of violence, with no getting up of its wide back, no foaming and fury, but utter peace, with a gentle wash of waves against the ship's side, a placid trail upon the mirror-like sea made by the big ship as it steams onward. Warm winds attended us until we crossed the Gulf Stream, low hanging, sultry clouds, a pervading sense of heat. Port-holes were wide open by day and night.

The people on board were mainly well, only languid, with a sense of sea change, the lotos-eating of the ocean that comes to all who cast off from land, a sense of unreality as if partial death leaves you suspended in some strange limbo between sleeping and waking.

The things left behind grow dim and formless, the future lies cloudlike on the horizon. You cannot grasp what you have abandoned, you cannot forecast the future. Vast horizons, shining spaces, the trembling, furrowed flow of the sea, pale, evanescent colors that come and go, dissolve familiar ideas, like morning mists. You come into new time. You cannot reckon any longer with the friends at home. Your world narrows to the small ship's company, and perhaps to the people who sit with you at table,—the humorist, the musical young lady, the doctor, the professor, the people of various

nationalities and tongues. The ship's deck becomes a little world. You study races there, but by hints and indirections and asides. The shadow of an idea seldom crosses your mind. To lie in a steamer chair, wrapped like a mummy in a travelling rug, to hold a book in your hand you never read, to watch some active children play at shuffleboard, and to wonder at their energy, to think remorsefully of the letters you must prepare for the post at Gibraltar,—these are the vague images painted on the background of sea until some glorious burst of color out of the gray waste strikes a spark from the dull surface of your mind.

There are people about you; but you have nothing to say to them unless a flight of gulls or a string of porpoises flirting their tails in air draws out a commonplace remark. The half or wholly sea-sick ones look at such as visit the dining saloon three times a day with a weak species of animosity. Eating becomes to them a gross and vulgar exercise, remote from the limbo of loathing in which they live. But suddenly from the lookout there is a cry of "Land!" that sends all feet scudding to the port-rail, and touches a nerve of vigor in all minds, weary of the burden of the old man of the sea. We are nearing the Azores. Flores looms gently on the horizon, out of a violet haze. She is but a dim picture; and we steam too far north to catch a glimpse of Fayal and St. Michael, but come close in to Terceira, with its broken mountain line, its fertile slopes, carrying the palm, the olive, and vine down to the sea, its lovely, clean-looking little harbor guarded by a giant rock, its string of villages, each with a church spire, clasping hands round the entire island. All seemed so friendly, so peaceful, so clean, and wholesome on that little island in the purple semi-tropic seas, we were sorry to say good-by and be delivered to a shoreless waste of brine.

But a day more, and you come to Cape St. Vincent, the southern point of Portugal, a dull reddish mass of naked rock, cut out in terraces as cleanly by the sea's tooth as if hewn with a chisel and hammer. The light-house on the barren point, where the waves spurted and foamed, was the first we had seen since leaving New York Harbor. The Azores are destitute of such aids to the mariner. Next to the light-house tower is seen the low brown roof of the house of Henry the Navigator, that farsighted prince whose deductions of new worlds were strokes of genius that led to the triumph of Vasco da Gama and Columbus.

We passed Palos in the night, and thus lost the sight of the monastery where Columbus was sheltered, and the little port from whence he set forth to track a new hemisphere, in his three tiny caravels. But all pales on this southern line before the excitement of an approach to Gibraltar. In the roseate dawn of a perfectly cloudless morning, when the sea was all a-shimmer with tender gray and soft, transparent mist, and the side of every baby wave caught a pink reflection, we rose hurriedly to see the red eye of the light-house gleaming on the point, and the great rock looming like a lion couchant through velvety brown shadows, while lights sparkled from the town and shipping, and a moon worn very thin and silvery hung belated in the sky. Great flocks of gulls were circling round the steamer. The bay was alive with odd craft, fruit boats, coal barges, fishing-smacks with lateen sails, and coastwise tugs and steamboats. Africa lay in mysterious shadows on the hither side. We tried to believe that Tangier was just "over yonder," with its towers and mosques, and just beyond the desert. All around us circled the shores of Spain; and the rock itself, one huge fortification and engine of war, loomed over our heads.

We dressed with excited fingers, swallowed a cup of something warm, and then quickly descended the gang-way to the lighter that was to take us ashore. The pilot, a swarthy Spaniard, wearing hoop ear-rings and with the cunning of half a dozen languages at the tip of his tongue, received our good money, and tried to pass upon us some of his own bad Spanish coins. Little boats filled with venders of laces, knick-knacks, and "bull-fight" fans, whereon are depicted scenes from the bull ring, darted about us, like swallows. But in a

moment we were steaming toward the town where the rock showed its thousand mouths, garnished with the black muzzles of great guns ready to belch forth fire and smoke. The sea-wall shows strong and handsome that matchless masonry the English know so well how to build. The landing-place was alive with motley groups of Spaniards, Moors, red-coated soldiers, and nondescript curs and boys. We were on the debatable ground between Europe and Africa. The Moors from Tangier, who trade in Oriental goods, were by far the most dignified and handsome men we saw. One man in particular was a beautiful object amid the varied grime of the unwashed Gibraltar rabble. His skin was like olive satin, set off by a muslin turban of snowy whiteness. His flowing yellow robe was of stand-alone, window-curtain brocade. His yellow slippers were pretty enough for the feet of a girl baby, and above rose spotless white silk stockings.

We passed a paved court and under an archway, and received a ticket permitting us to remain on the rock until gun-fire, seven in the evening. The "cabbies" were all waiting outside to capture us; and in a moment we were whirling away in a queer little carriage through the one long street of the town, lined with blank walls and queer little shops, where we jostled donkeys and donkey-drivers, and the straggling, dark-skinned people who brought to us the sense of delightful foreignness and the thrill of the picturesque. Over the walls little gardens showed glimpses of verdure, and through doorways we saw cool courts and a gleam of flowers. Details of soldiers passed us, looking glum and bored, as if life on the rock were a prison-like existence. Through the embrasures of the sea-wall great guns poked their black noses. You are shown a hundred-ton one, as a special curiosity, that can carry death and destruction fifteen miles, the whole width of the strait.

The hanging gardens are filled with semi-tropical plants, and the palm shows its feathers over many walls. The public garden is wedged between the north and south ends of the town, and in the way of art has tricked itself with a bust of Eliot and a statue of Wellington. Its bowers and shady nooks were dusty from the long drought, for the rock burns in summer and freezes in winter. The south town is the court end; and here is a pretty drive along the sea, with a fine view of the Spanish coast. Far above is perched the signal station and Queen Anne's tower. Above, where the road ceases to crawl painfully along the bare face of precipices, a series of steps are cut in the rock for the weary feet of the soldiers.

A whole day is required to penetrate, by aid of a government order, the inner galleries and casemates that circle and worm their way through the body of the rock, making a kind of venous and arterial system for its vast, strong interior. The Cerberus of a thousand mouths is watched by five thousand soldiers, who live under strictest military discipline. The town and garrison are fed by Africa and Spain. Meat comes from the latter, vegetables from the former. As cholera has broken out in

Tangier, owing to the return of the Mecca pilgrims, a strict quarantine is observed; and a kind of famine seems to impend for the people on the rock.

Spanish town lies so near the great fortress, the soldiers, Spanish and English, patrol within a few rods of each other. The Gibraltar people are expert smugglers. To evade the high Spanish duty on tobacco, they train dogs to carry tin boxes of cigars fastened under the body, and concealed by green boughs. The dogs are of marvellous sagacity. They allow themselves to be shot at by the coast-guards, and then run and plunge into the sea. They scale every sort of barrier, and make nothing of penetrating high barbed-wire fences. If the boxes of tobacco are dropped in the sea, smugglers in boats are at hand to pick them up. And thus the illicit trade goes on merrily.

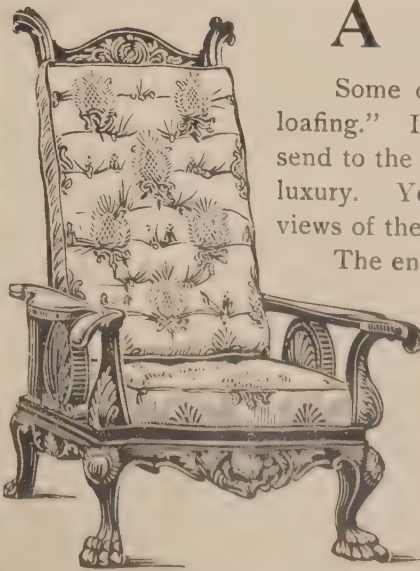
We returned to the ship, laden with Manila baskets filled with fruit and huge, stiff bunches of autumn flowers. Steam was got up, and the big liner was soon ploughing through dark blue Mediterranean waters, as tranquil as our familiar Hudson. We watched for a long time the coast of Spain, the Sierra Nevada Mountains rising in long undulations, with dreamily shadowed crags, and spurs, and belts of forest up to the perpetual snow-line, shining like a pearl crown. Then came the opaline outlines of the Balearic Islands, the dark blue sea against the faint rose of Minorca, pencilled like a flower with aerial colors. Then the French Riviera rose upon our vision, Nice sitting in white loveliness by the sea, and the maritime Alps impending in air, and tantalizing the mind with half-discerned suggestions of beauty. So we glided on to the Italian coast, past Mentone to San Remo, and on a perfect day closed our beautiful voyage by steaming into the harbor of Genoa.

Spiritual Life.

The highest art, the highest literature, lead always out on to the high ground of morals. No culture is complete which informs the mind and educates the aesthetic taste, and does not open its various channels into the larger one of human character.—*L. Harvey.*

What men at any time feel and believe socially is precisely what they feel and believe in their religious life, the rule of their conduct showing their thought of the divine. If they have a living righteousness, from hearts loving, forgiving, not judging, generous not according to exact measure, without servile fear of others or a desire to inspire such fear toward themselves, then to them God has this same living righteousness, from the same disposition of heart.—*Henry Mills Alden.*

If any man should escape temptation, it will not be because he is strong, but because he is weak. There are natures so shallow and thin as to be below temptation. The tempest which raises the billows of the Atlantic does not make a ripple on a street pool, and the tares that strive with the wheat unto harvest in the deep rich loam would wither on the stony soil. Pharisees and prigs are not tempted; and, therefore, they must always be less than men.—*Ian Maclaren.*



A Private Design.

Some one has described Brahminism as "spiritualized loafing." If that is so, this chair should be a good one to send to the Hindoos; for it comes very close to spiritualized luxury. Yet it would surely play havoc with the ascetic views of the Brahmins.

The engraving shows a private design for an Improved Morris Chair. It is of extra (or "Club") size, with deep, wide seat and broad arm-rests. The frame is of Mahogany, superbly carved, with massive claw feet enclosing concealed casters.

In its size and appointments it is one of the most imposing Morris Chairs ever exhibited. It is an admirable selection for a gift or presentation piece of furniture.

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THE CENTENARY OF KEATS.

BY EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Keats has just passed; and it affords a convenient point from which men can consider afresh the work of the poet, and estimate how far it has been an influence in the life of the century. There is nothing more eternal than the words of a great, creative poet. He is the interpreter of life, and he comes close to the everlasting verities of the universe and of human nature. By his power of mental vision, he sees how the ideal is often more real than the actual, and he attains intuitively to truths that the scientist and the philosopher must later spell out after him with infinite pains. He is the leader of men. His name, of all others, is never writ in water; and his spirit lives in the world that struggles on after his ideals, alive and potent after the lapse of years.

The great test of a poet's greatness is, perhaps, his final universality, that power of insight and expression which bring him in close touch with all sorts and conditions of men. John Keats was not at first, indeed he has never been, one of those poets who succeed in coming into first-hand, immediate relation with the life of the people. *Blackwood's Magazine* wrote at once of "the calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiocy" of *Endymion*; and the *Quarterly Review* set down the same poem as "unintelligible, rugged, diffuse, tiresome, and absurd," two choice collections of adjectives, which might well be the despair of ambitious reviewers to-day. Yet the greatest influence does not always belong to him who succeeds at once in gaining his audience. A great thought once uttered, even if it enters but one or two minds, is sure of repetition, development, explanation, and commentary, sooner or later. It filters through the words of others, influences those who can repeat its message in a form more fitted to duller comprehensions, and, recognized or unrecognized, it reaches at last all the people, blending with the thoughts and words of others to help on the eternal search for the living truth.

The neo-pagan poetry of Keats seems in one sense to stand apart from the movement of the century as we can see it to-day. Its passion for beauty and its joyous acceptance of Greek ideals seem to be unconscious parts of a reactionary protest against the limitations and realities of the world as we are forced to know and meet it. His immortal lyrics seem bounded by dreams and divorced from this workaday sphere of action. His life was too brief to let us assert dogmatically what his future work might have been; but even in its few short years he had time to prove the truth of his words, that he had loved the principle of beauty in *all things*. It was Keats himself who saw that life, to be beautiful, must first be true, and that the eternal quest of poet, philosopher, educator, must be to make the truth beautiful. It is not forcing a point to take Endymion as a story of the progressing spirit of man, awakened, he knows not how, to a vision of perfection, and drawn by his very nature to seek after it. In a letter written Jan. 30, 1818, Keats said indeed that he intended the poem to show "a regular stepping of the imagination toward a truth. My having written that argument will perhaps be of the greatest service to me of anything I ever did. It set before me the gradations of happiness even like a kind of pleasure thermometer." The golden butterfly of pleasure cannot satisfy the soul deepened by the contemplation of something higher. Soon the suffering of the world presses close, and hope dawns only with renewed faith in the early vision which shall unite even the present pain and sin and sorrow into an abiding beauty. This vision must hold its own, not only on the heights where the evil of life fades into soft obscurity, but in the deepest depths. He must follow the airy voices even through the silent mysteries of earth, and only faith in the eternal Love may "undo this tangled thread and wind it to a clew." The final lesson that no love is true which is not part of a larger, holier love is hardest to learn; but he understands at last "that all love and beauty is one, that the truth of the finite is truth of the infinite, that the fitful

and dimly realized beauty in common life and the beauty gained through suffering is one with the beauty of light and joy." This is the lesson of the century, that we are bound together in a fellowship of common sorrows and common joys which yet reach out into realities far beyond our sight.

Keats was by nature and perhaps by choice a poet of contemplation. Yet his contemplative thought has been translated again and again into the calls that have stirred some of the deepest thinking and the truest living of these later years, and his words have not yet been outgrown. We are his debtors still, not only for the rare beauty of his expression, but for the thought that often matched it.

Literature.

"THIS GOODLY FRAME, THE EARTH."*

Many have taken in hand to set in order the things they have seen in a journey around the globe. But, for the most part, the books have been more interesting to the writers than to the readers. The gentle reader sets out, like Pliable with the Pilgrim, fully intending to accompany him to his journey's end. But, alas! after a few chapters, he finds himself in the Slough of Despond, where he wallows in a bottomless abyss of irrelevant facts. Then said Pliable, "Ah, Neighbor Christian, where are we now?" "Truly," said Christian, "I do not know." Whereupon Pliable "makes a desperate effort or two, and gets out of the mire at the side nearest his own house." And the chances are that, while the Pilgrim author is conscientiously trudging on through custom-houses and bazaars or is crossing deserts on dromedaries, Pliable is taking little journeys in the world, all the more interesting because their geographical range is so limited. Rather than follow the traveller around the world, he prefers to go with Thoreau down the Concord River, or walk with Charles Lamb around the London streets, or even to join Wordsworth on his leisurely and unadventurous excursion. And I must confess that, for one, I am inclined to sympathize with Pliable; for in a book of travels more depends on our companion than on the number of miles he has gone over. The globe-trotter has not usually time for the one thing we value most,—"the harvest of the quiet eve."

But what if, Thoreau and Charles Lamb could have enlarged the scope of their rambles, until they found themselves wandering meditatively around "this goodly frame, the earth"? What if, with the happy facility of forgetting burdensome details, they had jotted down their reflections and impressions? That would be a different matter; and it might not only reclaim Pliable, but might even convert Obstinate, who has vowed that he will have nothing to do with travels. A peripatetic philosopher, with a wholesome sense of humor, quaintly philosophizing around the globe, is not to be confounded with the ordinary literary tourist, note-book in hand. Such a peripatetic philosopher is Rev. Francis Tiffany, who has given us not another book of travels, but a series of delightful and suggestive impressions. Other books will tell you how to get to Tokio or to Delhi: this will tell you how you would feel when you got there, if you were Mr. Tiffany.

In his memorable discussion with the returned traveller, Parson Adams declares: "Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal further than you, without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities and countries is travelling?" And then he tauntingly asks the poor fellow who has been carried about the world on ships rather than on the wings of his imagination whether he had heard Scylla or seen Charybdis or passed the spot where Dædalus fell into the sea. "Nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis to see if there is ever another golden fleece?" "Not I, truly," answered the host: "I have never touched at any of these places." "But I have been at all these," replied Adams.

Mr. Tiffany, in most charming fashion, combines for us the two kinds of traveling. To be sure, he has the assistance

*THIS GOODLY FRAME; THE EARTH. Stray Impressions of Scenes, Incidents, and Persons in a Journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. By Francis Tiffany. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

of ships and other means of bodily conveyance, including, on one occasion, a philosophic elephant provided for him by the Maharajah of Jeypore; but these are unobtrusive accidents of his journey. While the body is traversing space, the mind is making still longer excursions into past time, and visiting the scenes we dream of. Here is the kind of a traveller who will have time to call at Colchis, and make kindly inquiries about the golden fleece.

What pleasure awaits the reader, on some winter evening, when he comes to the chapters on Agra and Delhi! He is not merely taken to the British India of the present, but he catches an entrancing glimpse of the India of the Moguls,—vast, mysterious, luxurious. He is transported to the times when

“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.”

There is exquisite art in the contrast between the light touch of the chapters on Japan and the sombre reflections which come in the presence of the deserts and the temples of Egypt. But the reflections are never too long drawn out, and the reader is not asked to take them too seriously. Here is a picture of a caravan of camels, as "the ships of the desert, heavily freighted to the sand-line," heave in sight: "Camels in the desert are no intrusion. They simply enhance the sense of its loneliness and desolation. Gaunt, withered, silent-footed, a root out of dry ground, with no form nor comeliness, they look as natural a product of its forces as Mohammed of old or a Mahdi of to-day. Simply blown together in a loose-jointed way by the winds, creatively playing with the whirling sands, do they seem."

The fortunate readers who long ago discovered "Bird-bolts" need not be told that Mr. Tiffany belongs to the small and select circle of American humorists whose humor has ripened till it has attained a delicate literary flavor. Of humor of the hearty aboriginal sort we have no lack; for Mark Twain we have always with us, and other approved workmen who can turn out jokes of continental proportions. The good American prides himself on these, as he does on the Rocky Mountains or any other obvious features of the landscape. But there is another sort of humor of the unobvious, evanescent kind. It never surprises us into laughter, but plays around a subject like summer lightning, and only now and then betrays us into a smile. It lurks in a whimsical turn of a phrase, and escapes in the next sentence. It is consistent

with underlying seriousness, and even with a gentle melancholy. This kind of humor implies a full mind and quick sympathies. It perceives the great in the small, and the small in the great: it is quick to see the disparity between men's ideals and their achievements, and many a time it is a mere "toss up" whether a given scene produces sorrow or amusement. Or, rather, it is a matter of temperature, as on an early spring day it is a question of only a degree or two whether there shall be rain or snow. The unmitigated optimist, who dwells always in the unclouded sunshine of dogmatic assurance, has little understanding of the changing moods of those whose temperaments belong to the season when, without warning, snow and rain and bright sunshine follow each other. The steady summer heat is the best for corn, but it is in the fickle spring weather that we look for the arbutus. If Mr. Tiffany were a Mark Tapley, equally cheerful under all circumstances, he might personally have had a better time; but he would have written not nearly so good a book.

To illustrate by a single instance: one fancies, in reading the paragraph entitled "A Borneo Philosopher," that, when Mr. Tiffany perceived in the uncouth orang-outang a striking resemblance to the intellectual countenance of Immanuel Kant, the suggestion was an exceedingly painful one. Here was the beginning of a meditation on the vanity of humanity in general and of philosophers in particular. But, before such a meditation came to be written out, the temperature had risen above the freezing point; and the result is a whimsical and genial little homily, not belittling to the Transcendentalist, and delightfully consoling to the orang-outang. Appearances are, perhaps, against him: his forearms are a trifle too long, and he is generally not in good form; but those eyes and that brow are not for nothing! We shall have "The Critique of Pure Reason" when he gets around to it. In the mean time what a pleasure it must be to have "jaws powerful enough to chew up whole cocoanuts"!

By the way, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added greatly to the attractiveness of the volume by cutting it up into paragraphs, which he that runneth may read, rather than hewing it into solid chunks of chapters. Our book-makers have too long discriminated in favor of the steady-going people who like to read a book through consecutively against the equally deserving persons who prefer to pick and choose and to take "here a little, there a little." It



is the same principle which makes the railway managers discriminate in favor of the patrons who give them "the long haul" at the expense of those who only require the "short haul." That a book should be read in the same order in which it was written is a superstition derived from the days when we were under the beggarly elements of the text-books. In this case the author's words have been so rightly divided and the salient points have been so enticingly indicated that one may begin where he will, with the sense that all shall be well with him. If he prefers to begin, Hebrew fashion, at the last page, and read back discursively from Athens to Minneapolis, as at least one reader has done with great pleasure, he will find the path made easy; and he need fear no typographical pitfalls for his wayward feet.

But, though, thanks to its literary style, it is easy reading, we have in this book materials for those who are interested in earnest thinking. On its title-page it purports to give only stray impressions of "scenes, incidents, and persons." This hardly does it justice. The author's deepest impressions are evidently not of "scenes, incidents, and persons" so much as of the principles, ideals, and persistent forces which have moulded the countries through which he has passed. We are made to see, not Chinamen, Hindus, and Egyptians, but China, India, and Egypt. Above all, the author loves to place before us the religion of each land as the best expression of its interior life. The renewed interest in the ancient religions of the East will make many turn to the pages where the impressions which each makes are recorded. They will find here what is characteristic of our time,—ready sympathy with all forms of faith; and they will find, also, what is more rare,—keen discrimination. S. M. CROTHERS.

Miscellaneous.

Harper & Brothers publish a new edition of Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" in attractive type and binding. It is one of the best of Hardy's novels, and those who have made his acquaintance since it first appeared will do well to read it. There is an impressive etching of the lonely heath which is so impressive in the story, and a map of Wessex; but we miss the quaint bird's-eye, topographic picture of the heath which we had in the original edition. Because the story is Mr. Hardy's, it is desperately sad. But life is larger and better than the part of it his vision circumscribes.

"The Romance Publishing Company" have put a book on the market called "Love Fugue." Some one objected to "Psyche" as a queer way of spelling "fish," "Fugue" is a queer way of spelling "fudge." And yet, if "fudge" was not intended, it describes the book better than "fugue." Such a mush of gush and slush we have not often seen. It is very silly gush and very dirty slush; and yet, strange to say, there is a ready-made notice sent by the publishers which is furnished by two Unitarian ministers. They should take the advice of Arthur Hugh Clough, and "consider it again." "Perhaps," says one of them, "there is nothing like this work in all literature." There is comfort in that.

D. Appleton & Co. have made a new edition, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings," which is all that Joel Chandler Harris, or his friends, or the most enthusiastic lover of Uncle Remus and his stories, could desire. It contains one hundred and twelve illustrations by A. B. Frost; and it is a case of "two hearts, one beat," in such perfect sympathy are the author and the artist. Mr. Harris may well question whether this new edition will not be more popular than the old one, because Mr. Frost, "by a stroke here and a touch there, has conveyed into the quaint antics of these amiable brethren of wood and field the illumination of his own inimitable humor." If hundreds and thousands of Uncle Remus's readers do not reread him in this altogether fascinating book, we will never prophesy again.

Literary Notes.

The publishing committee of the Channing Auxiliary of San Francisco have prepared a unique and interesting calendar for 1896, which will be for sale in this city by W. B. Clarke & Co. Price \$1.

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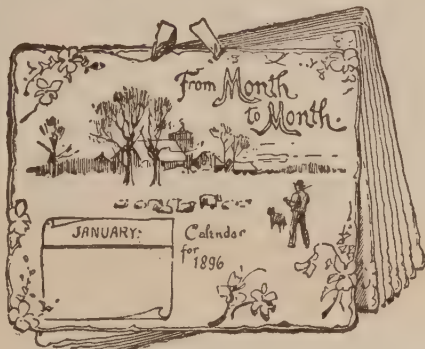
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The Home.

For the Christian Register.
DESTINY.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

Fine traceries of birch, and here and there
The heavier scrawl of maple, ash, and oak,
Scribbling of larches, with the bold black stroke
Of Norway pines, and dash of spruces where
The forest clammers on from knoll to knoll,
And writes in hieroglyphics on the scroll
Of sunset all her children's names with care,—
A cabalistic language understood
By sturdy men, not wise in books or schools;
And on the morrow, 'gainst their glittering tools
And brawny arms, I know the brave old wood
Will battle mightily, till by and by
Upon the waiting stream below will lie,
Conquered and prone, the stalwart brotherhood.

Conquered and prone, indeed, but not destroyed!
Nay! thus prepared for use, and some erelong
Shall stand erect again amid the throng
Of stately ships: the tall, straight pine employed
Just as befits its height,—a towering mast,
Strong to resist the stroke of every blast;
While oak, ash, maple, and the supple birch that
toyed
With every breeze ribs, beams, and rafters make.
The spruce, too, and the larch with boughs like lace,
But fibre firm as iron, shall find place
In many a home throughout the land, and take,
'Neath carver's tool, new beauty on its face.

Each finds at last its destiny; and we
Are Nature's children, too, and know erelong
By test of fibre just where we belong.
Why should we strive for what we cannot be?
Better it were to own the High Decree
That orders for us from our very birth
Our own one place and work upon this earth.
Ay! wise is he who yields to Destiny.

LESLIE'S LUCKY SIXPENCE.

Leslie Sylvern was a little girl who lived in a little house in a little town. The town was named Bubble, and was in Nebraska. Leslie was seven years old when her aunt from "back east" came to pay her mother a visit.

"She is just exactly like a fairy god-mother," Leslie confided to Billy. "She has silk dresses in her trunk, Billy, and I think one is velvet! She has the prettiest hands, with nails like the inside of the sea-shell that papa bought at the State Fair. She speaks soft, but the words sound as if they were loving you. And there's a smell about her clothes like our sweetbrier bush and the sweet peas mixed together."

"Can she shoot?" questioned Billy.

"I," faltered Leslie, "I don't—know."

"'Cos she ain't of much account," decided Billy, critically, "if she can't shoot. I seen a woman at a circus over in Kansas who could bust nine glass balls out'n every ten."

"My!" breathed Leslie with round eyes.

"Oh, she was smart!" condescended Billy, with a swagger. But before long he, too, surrendered to the stranger within the gates. He took Aunt Elyssa down to the old mill near which the wild ducks flocked. He drove her in a buckboard over the prairies. He hunted up for her the flowers she admired. He experienced a consuming sense of the vanity of all human affection when his Aunt Elyssa asked his mother to let Leslie go home with her.

"I intend," she avowed, "to saunter eastward at the most leisurely rate. I'll stay in Omaha a week, in St. Louis a week, and in Chicago a month. I have been such a rover all my life, I really believe I have friends in every city on the continent. I'll spend May in Washington, and spend about a fortnight in Philadelphia. I expect to get home about the end of June."

"But, Elyssa dear," her sister cried, protestingly, "what would you do with a child in all that travel? She would be a great care to you."

"She would be a great delight and comfort to me, Alice. You know I lost a little girl just Leslie's age. To have Leslie with me for a while would be almost like finding Fay. I'll promise to bring her back safe in the fall."

Mrs. Sylvern hesitated. She would miss the sunshiny presence every hour; but, if the child were to grow stronger, to be happier,—"Leslie may go," she decided softly.

Billy went out to the coop, and began throwing sticks at the chickens. He felt at war with the world. He, too, desired to see the wonderful world where there were shops and street-cars and crowds of people, the world where there was something to see beside corn, and that he could not—yet.

The day of Leslie's departure arrived. Billy swallowed his disappointment and a

lump in his throat. He was genuinely sorry to lose this merry little sister of his, who looked so sweet and kissable in her new fawn-colored Gretchen coat and big rosetted hat. It was with a feeling of surprise he recollected he used not think Leslie as pretty as Janie Simonds, because she had a tooth out in the upper front row and freckles on her nose. He thought her beautiful just then.

"I'll mind your red bird and the rabbit," he promised, giving her a kiss redolent of the peppermint drops which had been bestowed upon him in compensation for staying at home.

"Will you? And the hen with the white forehead? She's mine, too. Yes, I'm coming, Aunt Elyssa! And tell Gracie Lanse she can play with my doll that has the legs loose,—not the one in the party dress, for the dress won't wash, and,—oh, mercy me, Billy," the words rising into a shriek of dismay, "if I didn't 'most forget my lucky sixpence!"

Billy's eyes rolled and blinked curiously, and he gulped at the air once as if struggling to speak.

"Jiminy!" he exclaimed, with a kind of perfunctory sympathy.

Leslie flew upstairs. Presently she was down again, clutching a tiny purse tightly.

"Goodness knows what might have happened," she later confided to her aunt, "if I hadn't remembered to bring my lucky sixpence. You see I found it one day, and old Mammy Mame was washing at our house; and she said, 'Long's you wear that round your neck, honey, or carry it in your pocket, you won't have no bad luck, nor nothin's goin' to happen you!' So it would be terrible if I'd forgotten it now!" And tighter still she held the little purse, as if therein lay immunity from all evil.

Leslie saw sights in the days that followed which made her dusk blue eyes open like morning-glories in the sunshine that follows dawn. She saw Omaha, precipitous, picturesque, progressive, with its odd little houses perched high on its clay banks, its homelike streets, and its electric cars whirring up and down. She saw St. Louis, staid and conservative, its fine old residences looking strangely desecrated by the smart shop buildings which had sprung up around them.

She saw the crowded streets of Chicago, and looked from the Auditorium tower across the tossing waters of Lake Michigan. She trotted down the shallow steps leading from the Capitol at Washington, saw Pennsylvania Avenue all gayly glittering at night, and peered in at the pillared portico of the White House. She wandered through the quaint parks, the handsome streets, the tempting stores of Philadelphia; and she felt herself the wisest of little women when she reached New York.

"If," she said to her aunt, with a sigh of satisfaction, as they ate their breakfast on the dining-car steaming into the Empire City, "if it wasn't for my lucky sixpence, we'd never be eating these lovely griddle-cakes now, would we?"

Mrs. Chalmers smiled at the solemn little face opposite. "How is that, dear?" she questioned.

"Well, you see there was that bridge outside Omaha that burned up. The train we came on might have been on that bridge at that time, if we hadn't come the day before. Then there was that cyclone in Illinois. We might have been blown away in that, if we got to Chicago before the day after. The rain in Philadelphia that made streets so muddy might have drowned us if there was enough of it; and the train that took us over the river might have tumbled off into the water, but," triumphantly, "nothing bad happened to us because I brought my lucky sixpence!"

Her aunt nodded.

"Once," Leslie continued gravely, "a cat came into our back yard. We think she was mad, 'cause she talked through her teeth. She would have bit Billy, only I came out and throwed a stone at her, and she ran away, because I had my lucky sixpence in my pocket."

"Indeed," Mrs. Chalmers said interestedly.

"Yes, and there," impressively, "were our chickens. A great big hawk was just a-flig-gering down to catch them; and I chased

them quick into the covered coop, and fastened the door, so she couldn't. I had my lucky sixpence tied around my neck that morning."

"Gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Chalmers.

"Oh, that wasn't much!" averred Leslie, deprecatingly. "Once my lucky sixpence saved my life. There was a lovely fair at the county seat. They had a merry-go-round there, and some colored people who sang in a tent. A boy got run over and killed; but I didn't!"

"How did that happen?"

"That I didn't get killed? Oh, I couldn't find my lucky sixpence, so I stayed at home."

"Oh!" comprehensively.

There never in this world was a little girl who kept her ears so wide open for accidents and calamities and catastrophes of all kinds as Leslie did that summer, and she was quite positive each and every one of them was only averted by her lucky sixpence. Taller, radiant, and healthy, her aunt took her back to Bubble in the fall.

"O Billy!" she cried, giving him a fusillade of kisses when she escaped from her mother's embrace: "I've brought you a real, sure-enough steam-engine; and—what's the matter?"

For Billy was looking strangely downcast and remorseful. "You didn't ought to bring me anything, Leslie. You know what I done," he said.

"I don't. Let her play with my doll with the party dress on?" in sudden suspicion.

"No. Worse'n that."

"Forgot to feed my red bird?"

"No. Can't you guess, don't you know?"

She shook her head.

"I—I took your lucky sixpence, just the loan of it, out'n the fastened-up part of your purse before you left; and I hadn't no chance to put it back."

A silence followed the confession.

"And I hadn't it at all?" said Leslie, staring amazed.

"No," replied Billy, penitently.

"And you had it all the time?"

"Yes." He timidly extended a battered dime with a hole in it. She took it from him.

"Billy," she declared magnanimously, "I'm almost glad you had it; for, if you hadn't, something would have happened to you, sure. Let's go and start that steam-engine!"—*Kate M. Cleary, in the Youth's Companion.*

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

Aunt Bell sat on the veranda, reading. It was warm in the sunshine, but in the shadow behind the vines a little breeze shook the leaves and played with the stray locks of her pretty hair which Marjie loved to twine about her little fingers while listening to one of auntie's stories.

Marjie was not on the veranda this morning. She had been busily playing "house" with a little friend under the maple-tree; but at last they had grown tired, and seated themselves on the soft green grass.

Marjie and Louise had been the warmest of friends ever since the first day that Marjie had come to visit grandmamma and Aunt Bell, and had slipped one of grandmamma's cookies through the picket fence to the little girl next door. After that each morning Marjie would take Ida May and go next door to see Louise or Louise would bring Maud Irene to see Marjie. The children had played happily together until this morning, but something to-day had gone wrong. Perhaps Maud Irene's new hat caused the trouble. It had been sent all the way from Europe to Louise, and had a lovely white feather drooping over one side. It certainly was very becoming to Maud Irene.

"O Marjie, just see how beautiful Maud Irene looks!" cried Louise, clapping her hands. "I wish some one would send Ida May a hat just like it, don't you?"

"No," said Marjie, shortly, in a cross little voice, as she caught Ida May in her arms, "I don't like feathers, anyhow! And we're going to play hop-scotch the very next thing, so you needn't choose hide-and-go-seek."

"But I do choose," cried Louise, hurt at Marjie's sharp tone. "I'm the visitor to choose, and I don't like hop-scotch."

And then such cross words were said by these two little girls that Aunt Bell, who had been watching it all from behind the screen of honeysuckle, wondered if she had better call to them and end the trouble. But Louise had put Maud Irene in the carriage, and trundled her out of the yard so fast that the wonderful hat with the beautiful feather rolled off on the sidewalk before she could catch it. Then Marjie had the yard all to herself. She found a nice stone for hop-scotch, and began to play; but somehow there was no fun in playing alone. She tried to think of other games, but all seemed to need two to play them. She wandered slowly about the garden, feeling lonely and forlorn, not knowing exactly what made her so sad. At last Aunt Bell saw a little figure coming slowly up the veranda steps toward her. It sank down in a chair, and said plaintively,—

"Please, auntie, tell me a story."

Aunt Bell sat thinking for a moment, and then began:—

"Once there was a little chicken who lived in a beautiful yard. He was very happy running about among the flowers, but the best times he had was when the little bantam next door came to play with him. How they enjoyed themselves! Our chicken was kind and polite to his visitor."

"One morning as they were playing the lady of the house came out with a nice crust of bread in her hand. She saw the chickens together, and threw the crust down between them. But what do you think they did? Instead of nicely sharing the crust, each one flew to it, and seized it with his bill. They pulled and tugged with all their might until our chicken, who was the stronger, gave a sudden jerk, and pulled the crust away from his friend. The bantam was so angry that he ran as fast as he could home."

"And then our chicken had everything to himself, the beautiful garden, the lovely flowers, and the big piece of crust; but he felt very badly. He tried to eat the crust, but it didn't taste good after all. He tried to run about and play, but he felt too sad. He did not know what was the matter."

Aunt Bell paused, and looked toward the big piazza chair.

"Is that all the story?" asked Marjie. "I don't like such a sorrowful one. Why don't you make the chicken and the banty be friends again?"

"Don't you like the story, Marjie?" asked Aunt Bell, with a queer little smile.

"There's Louise alone on her piazza. She looks as though she had been crying."

Marjie slowly walked to the veranda steps and looked toward the house next door.

"Auntie," she said suddenly, "I think I'll go to Louise's house. Maybe she'll play hide-and-go-seek."

Then Marjie did not understand it, but Aunt Bell smiled at her so brightly, and said in her most loving tone,—

"Good-by, my dearest little chicken."—*Eliza P. Sulphen, in the Christian Work.*

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She matched the world in arms against man's right;
And, when the Fates would stay victorious France,
With her own conquests must they dull her lance,
And legions worn with fadeless battles smite.
O laughter at the shocks of time, her might
Rejoiced in more than arms; the great advance
Through Europe of her triple ordnance
Man owes to her! O Century, born to-night,
Fulfill her glory! Europe still hath slaves,
Scourged by the Turk, mown by the Scythian car.
Siberia, more rich in heroes' graves
Than the most famous field of glorious war,
Yet waits; and by the bloody Cretan waves
Man suffers hope, and pleads his woe afar.

—George Edward Woodberry.

For the Christian Register.

THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS.

BY SOPHIA FRIEDLAND OF ST. PETERSBURG.

"Have you seen the empress to-day?" asked my friend, as we were strolling down the Nevsky Prospect toward the Anitschkoff Palace.

"Not yet. But if we can take our stand before the palace for fifteen minutes, unnoticed by the policeman, we will surely see her. The papers announced her arrival from Peterhoff, where she spent the summer; and this is the hour for her afternoon drive."

I had just finished my sentence, when I heard a voice close by saying in a loud, awe-struck whisper, "*Gossoudarinja*" (the Czarina). I gave a hurried look at the peasant, who at the approach of the imperial landau had taken off his cap; and in the resigned, gentle features of the man I once more read the deep love and devotion, the readiness to sacrifice his life for the czar and czarina, that characterize the common classes of Russia.

While the gates of the Anitschkoff Palace were being opened, I had sufficient time to look into the face of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of all the Russians, Queen of Poland, Grand Duchess of Finland, etc.

She is still in mourning for her father-in-law, the late czar; and the sweet face looked even paler than usual (her health is not very strong at present), but the smile with which she returned the greetings of her subjects might well win her every heart. Her eyes have rather a sad expression, but I am told by those who come in closer contact with her that the Russian czarina is anything but sad. That look is but the result of great seriousness and deep thought.

The sympathies of the Russian people were always hers. Some years ago, when the young Princess Alix of Hesse had been a visitor at her sister's, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of Grand Duke Serge, governor-general of Moscow, it was rumored that the Czarowitz Nicholas had fallen in love with her.

The Russians, as a rule, do not favor the German element in our country, least of all the number of Protestant princesses that crowd the emperor's court; and the powerful Panslavistic party actually hated the idea of another German for their empress, hoping the heir to the Russian throne would marry the Princess of Montenegro, a member of their own Church. But, when it became known that the little German princess was as good and intelligent as she was beautiful, the good-natured Russians made the sign of the cross, and asked God's blessing for her.

A year ago the young princess was suddenly called upon to leave her home and enter Russia, under the saddest circumstances, and the Russian people felt deep pity for her; but the prevailing sentiment all through the nation was hope, hope for the future.

Young, beautiful, highly educated, intelligent, kind-hearted, and beloved by her husband, would it not be easy for her to use her influence with him for the benefit of the Russian people?

Until now the Russians have not been disappointed, and they know whom to thank for the many improvements in their social institutions.

Life at the Russian court is not quite so attractive as foreigners usually believe. At least for the czarina it involves as much work as pleasure. She holds no "Drawing Room"; but, as the patroness of a great many benevolent societies and the imperial institutes, where the children of the nobility are educated, she has to receive a number

of people on business, and also those who are entitled to a presentation. It requires a great deal of tact and a very good memory to say the proper thing to everybody.

The dowager empress was famous for both. Never did she forget to inquire after a sick daughter or an absent son. Once only was she known to make a mistake. When the veterans of the Turkish-Russian war were presented to her, she asked General Verofkine, who had lost his hearing in the war, whether his eyes were still troublesome.

The court is crowded with a number of young grand-duchesses, who, not having the responsibilities of the monarch's wife, lead a life of continued pleasures.

The great court balls at the Winter Palace are a brilliant spectacle, but a great nuisance to those who are unlucky enough to be invited. Unless it be their first experience, they actually hate it; but as nearly all of them occupy high positions, and are personally acquainted with their majesties, they have to be there when the czar and czarina take their round through the magnificently decorated ball-rooms. They arrive at half-past nine precisely, and leave at midnight. During these hours the visitors may be compared to dummies, as they hardly dare to move.

Woe to the dame whose *modiste* has been tardy; for, if her carriage stops before the palace at one minute after nine, she may as well, or rather the horses may as well, turn their heads homeward, for at nine o'clock the gates of the palace are closed.

Etiquette has to be observed by the czarina as well as by those who surround her; and I have often heard that the dowager empress, when much younger, used to tremble under the scrutinizing regards of the old Princess Kotchubey, the Great Mistress of Ceremonies.

On great national occasions, like the wedding of the czar or the coronation festivities, all the ladies invited have to appear in the national costume, the *kokoschnik* (diadem) and veil; but at the ordinary balls the length of the train and the *décolleté* of the waist are only subject to court etiquette.

A PRINCE'S GIFT.

One of the most remarkable stories of princely ingenuity in the making of gifts is published by the German newspapers, and is undoubtedly true. The English governess, to whom is intrusted the education of the German emperor's children, recently celebrated her birthday. The emperor and empress loaded her with gifts; and each of the imperial children, save one, gave her "something nice," as they had learned to say in English.

Prince Oscar, the fifth son, who is now just seven years old, brought his governess nothing but a small, empty pasteboard box. As the young lady showed some surprise, Prince Oscar said, "Don't be afraid, governess: there isn't anything in the box; but to-morrow papa's going to pull my first tooth, and I'll give you that, and you can keep it in the box!"

Next day the German emperor, with the persuasions and coercions customary in such cases, pulled the first tooth which his son Oscar had shed. True to his word, the prince came rushing with it to his governess, and deposited it in the pasteboard box. *Youth's Companion.*

THE GIRLS OF JERUSALEM.

Of social life the girls of Jerusalem know nothing, absolutely nothing, writes Edwin S. Wallace, United States consul at Jerusalem, in November *Ladies' Home Journal*. They occasionally meet, a few together, and appear to enjoy each other's company a little. They talk about their household work, —which is really everything they know,—and indulge in some light, gossip chat about friends, though their gossip is never of a harmful kind. In conversation they

show some little animation and spirit; but, being ignorant and illiterate, they have no idea of grammatical form of expression. Occasionally cards, dominos, and checkers are played; but the native girls have little inclination for any pastime involving mental effort. Such things as dances, fêtes, and fairs, are unknown to the girls of Jerusalem. Occasionally, they are taken on a family picnic to some olive orchard near their homes, where they pass part of the day. From these and all similar gatherings men are barred. There is absolutely no commingling of the sexes. For a girl to appear at any assemblage where there are men would be regarded as audacious and shocking. No Jerusalem girl would do such a thing: she would not dream of committing so fatal a breach in the unwritten though well-defined law governing the conduct of her sex.

HOW A BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

Dr. Hoffmann, of Frankfort, Germany, whose "Shock-headed Peter" is one of the most famous child's books in the world, tells as a good joke how he happened to make it; for he is a quaint old German scientist, though good-humored. One Christmas he had been searching high and low for a suitable picture-book for his two-year-old boy, but in vain. At last he purchased a blank copy-book, and told his wife he was going to make a picture-book for the boy, "one he can understand, and in which the tedious morals 'be obedient,' 'be clean,' 'be industrious,' are brought home in a manner which impress the young child." Dr. Hoffmann was the head physician of the Frankfort Lunatic Asylum, and knew nothing of drawing; but he set to work and produced the gruesome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody knows. His child was delighted; and, when some of his circle of literary friends saw it, they urged him to have it published before the boy spoiled it, and Dr. Loning, the publisher, said he would bring it out. "Well," said Dr. Hoffmann, "give me eighty gulden (about twenty-five dollars), and try your fortune. Don't make it expensive, and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear books as well as to read them, and nursery books ought not to be heirlooms. They ought to last only a time." An edition of fifteen hundred was quickly sold, and now one hundred and seventy-five editions have appeared in Germany, and forty in England; and it has been translated into Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, Italian, and Portuguese, and it has penetrated India, Africa, and Australia.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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THE SAORED WHITE ELEPHANT.

The white or pink-splashed elephants are very rare; and in 1,352 years, between A.D. 515 and 1867, only twenty-four were captured, making about one in every fifty-six years. The last one captured was in 1885, and was conducted to the court of the King of Siam by his Royal Highness Somdetch Chowf Mahamalah Bramrah Parapako, amid much parade. His majesty accepted, and made the fortunate finder, with his mother and son, all poor natives, a present of a sum of money. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bangkok were honored with an audience by his Majesty, and also given a number of valuable presents.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin: he was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life, and presented with large sums of money, the king himself giving him one thousand dollars. As soon as the capture was made, a special courier was despatched to the king, and a posse of nobles, with gifts and robes, started immediately for the scene of action. The ropes which the captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk-embroidered mosquito net was provided at night. To remove it to the capital, a boat was built expressly for this purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented, and bedecked as were the king's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner; and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the king and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers was appointed, and a large retinue of nobles to attend to the wants of his elephant majesty.

The priest of the king was appointed to see after the elephant's spiritual needs, and eminent physicians ministered to his physical requirements. Gold and silver dishes were supplied to feed him from, and every want was attended to as became one of the royal family. The city devoted three days to festivities, and the rich mandarins made it presents of great value and rarity.

When a white elephant died, the ceremonies were the same as those of a king or queen. The body lay in state for several days, and then it was placed upon a funeral pyre and cremated. This pyre often cost thousands of dollars, being made of the choicest sandal, sassafras, and other valuable woods. After the body had been thoroughly cremated, it was allowed to remain three days more. Then the ashes were collected, placed in costly urns, and buried in the royal cemetery, a magnificent mausoleum being erected over the spot.—*S. C. Carrington, in California Magazine.*

Music.

The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial on "The Musical Conductor," says:—

Three conductors who are now enjoying a special measure of European renown made their richest and most valuable experiences in the United States. Mr. Henschel has been conducting symphony concerts for ten years in London, and has achieved with them financial as well as artistic success, in spite of English conservatism. And Mr. Henschel won his spurs as a conductor in Boston. Instead of thinking his brief American sojourn unprofitable, he went back to Europe a decade ago with the confession that he had learned more in the last six months of his American career than in as many years in his native Germany. Mr. Gericke and Mr. Nikisch were men of larger experience than Mr. Henschel in the department of conducting; but they, too, found the opportunities offered to them in this country incalculably greater than they had ever enjoyed abroad or are likely to enjoy again, unless they should return to take their old place at the head of Mr.

Higginson's superb institution. America has thus had a much larger part than seems ever to have been suspected in developing these artistic prophets and lifting them into public view. Perhaps, too, America is responsible for a widening of their ideas, which has not produced such unalloyedly amiable results. Mr. Gericke returned to his old home and one of his old posts in Vienna. He took unto himself a wife, and thus riveted the bonds which held him to the Austrian capital. But, alas! there came reports of disagreements with the time-honored customs of the "Society of the Friends of Music"; and Mr. Gericke retired from his post as their conductor. Mr. Nikisch left us before the expiration of his contract, to become director of the Court Opera at Budapest; but he had been there scarcely a year when there came an explosion between him and the royal powers that be, and now he is going to conduct the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig regularly, and play the part of "star" conductor at the Philharmonic in Berlin. Did these good men imbibe social and political notions incompatible with the régime under which they were brought up along with musical experience while here?

Temperance.

An anti-saloon league has been working with great success in Ohio. It unites all opponents of the saloon, as it exists upon a common platform. It has a paid officer who traverses the State, and who has effected the organization of two or three hundred branches throughout the State.

Brockton, Mass., has built a magnificent city hall, at a cost of \$310,000. At its dedication Hon. Z. C. Keith, ex-mayor, said, "The cost of this building has been more than saved to the people of this city during the seven years last past by the banishment of the saloon and the licensed places by your votes, supplemented by the action of the several boards of aldermen; and, ere this debt is paid, fourfold its cost will have been saved in this direction alone."

Here and There.

There are a good many new inventions on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston. One of the most curious is an auger that bores a square hole.

One of Switzerland's mountain lakes, the Maerjelen See, at the foot of the Eggishorn, was completely emptied in one night during the hot spell in September. The lake was a mile long by a sixth of a mile wide and one hundred and thirty feet deep. The water probably escaped through fissures in the ice of the neighboring glaciers.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears that all the land and fresh-water shells are peculiar to the locality. Fifty-seven out of the seventy-eight species of birds and seven hundred out of the one thousand species of insects do not exist in any other portion of the globe.

"The safeguards adopted by the Bank of England to prevent that institution being robbed are about as thorough and complete as human ingenuity and mechanism can devise," says Mervin O. Todd, of Manchester, England. "Its outer doors are so finely balanced that a clerk by pressing a knob under his desk can close them instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. The bullion department is nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery; and in some of the banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-apartments, so that an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near this person's head.

"If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink, and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every one in the office know of the theft."

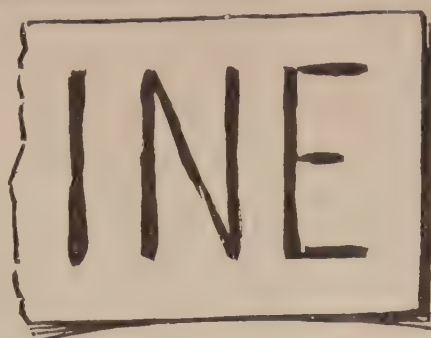
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Personals.

The Countess Marie von Linden has been graduated from the University of Tübingen with the degree of Ph. D., *cum laude*. She studied zoölogy, physics, and botany. The countess now intends to take a course in medicine at Zürich.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has been appointed chaplain to Manchester New College, Oxford, and will preach in the college chapel on Sunday evenings during term time. We understand that the principal and professors will, as hitherto, preach on Sunday mornings. The session of the college was opened on Tuesday with an address on "The Old Non-conformity and the Theory of the Church," by Rev. J. Edwin Odgers, M.A., Professor of Ecclesiastical History under the Hibbert Trust.

All France is talking of the extraordinary attainments of Mlle. Jeanne Benaben, who received the college degree of bachelor of arts two years ago, when she was sixteen. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. The examiners, though prepared for a prodigy, were amazed at the extent of her erudition and her serene composure in dealing with the vexed problems of Descartes, Kant, and Comte. She was third on the list of two hundred candidates, all of them older than herself, and is now a lecturer on the science of the mind in the College of Rouen.

Charities and Reforms.

The Andover House Association has decided to change its name, and will henceforth be known as the South End Association,—undoubtedly, a change made for wise reasons. A new building has recently been leased on Harrison Avenue, which will afford facilities long desired. A group of Technology students have taken up their abode on Rollins Street, directly opposite the settlement.

It doesn't take long to raise a few hundreds of thousands for a popular charity in New York. At a recent meeting of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital it was decided to secure an endowment of \$200,000 for the pathological department, in order to make it the most complete in the world. Within twenty-four hours the sum was secured by use of the mail and telephone. *The Congregationalist*.

The twelfth annual report of the South End Industrial School gives a good idea of the worth and value of this work, which will be needed so long as present school arrangements remain unchanged. This manual and industrial training tends to make people self-reliant and useful. The sewing-school and the dressmaking department, the classes in drawing, the printing-room, which last year graduated fifteen pupils into good places, the cooking, house-keeping, carpentry, and stenography classes, the boys' club, and the "Stamp-saving Society" have all contributed their share to the aggregate of useful and encouraging results accomplished in the school.

The fourteenth annual report of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is marked by the manliness of purpose and hopefulness of tone that characterize all the utterances of Booker T. Washington, its principal. Through the year the attendance has been eight hundred and nine, representing seventeen States and one Territory. Instruction has been given in twenty-two industries. The influence of school and Negro conferences, the household and domestic economy of the school, the financial prospects, growth, and needs of the school, are all explained in the report, which may be had from Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.

Education.

Every department of the great Exhibition of the Mechanics' Association, Boston, is filled, and in successful running order. All floor space is appropriated, the exhibits are almost endless in variety, representing every conceivable branch of industry, the whole constituting an industrial and business show worth going many miles to see.

It is a liberal education to spend a day at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston; and, if so much time cannot be spared, a couple of hours of an evening will enable the average visitor to learn much that he did not know before. The art gallery this year is not filled with the laudable efforts of amateurs, but is an art gallery in reality, of which its director, Mr. Frank T. Robinson, may well feel proud. The poster exhibit, too, is something unique in the way of art exhibits, and will serve to interest, and also, it is feared, to give a strong impulse to the

craze for collecting posters, which has already sent so many excellent people to the lunatic asylum.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.—This institution is located three and a half miles north-east of Xenia, Ohio, central to the colored people of the United States, near the territory of the South, yet free from the depressing influences of slavery, which existed for so many years. By its peculiar trusteeship it is brought into close touch with more than a million of colored people. The University was reorganized by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in 1863, to be used, irrespective of denomination or creed, as an institution of learning for the colored race, which at that time was excluded from all the schools of higher education except a few, of which Oberlin was chief. Their admission into others, if admitted at all, was on such conditions as few persons of color would accept. On the 3d of July, 1863, the school was reopened. Six students only were present. In 1865, on the evening of the 14th of April, the large, beautiful frame building, worth about \$40,000, was burned to ashes. On the same ground a large and substantial brick building was erected, at a cost of about \$45,000. This institution since its reorganization in 1863 has sent forth between four and five thousand undergraduates, quite well prepared to play an intelligent part in life; also nearly two hundred graduates. They have come from every section of the country. During the last three or four years from twenty-five to thirty States have been represented annually. These students are to be found in almost every section of the country in the various grades of useful and honorable employment. The enrolment of last year was over three hundred. It will be larger this year. Connected with the faculty have been instructors from Edinburgh, Berlin, Harvard, Amherst, Oswego, Oberlin, Ann Arbor, and other prominent institutions. There are nineteen instructors. The departments include theological, collegiate, law, normal, business, music, industrial, and preparatory. The state supports the normal and industrial department. The military department is supported by the United States. The property consists of sixty-three acres of land, on which are located three substantial brick buildings and thirteen frame ones. The usefulness of this institution is only limited by its meagre amount of means.

Science.

It is said that in future firemen's clothes in England will be made of asbestos or mineral wood. It is non-combustible, a non-conductor of heat, and is in no way injured by water.

According to the *Boston Journal of Commerce* there is something quite unaccountable in the behavior of telegraph wires through the four and one-half miles of Hoosac tunnel. According to the journal, the electricians have so far failed to cause signals to pass through the wires traversing the tunnel; and they can assign no reason for the failure.

The Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says of one exhibit in the great Mechanics' Fair, now in progress: "Would the visitor see a far greater wonder, in colors, made by Nature, let him step on to the platform just back of this brilliant turnout, and observe the collection of butterflies. It is most wonderful. Such warmth and variety of color, such changing tints, such delicacy of form, man cannot reproduce. There are butterflies from India, from Colombia, and other foreign countries, as well as from our own locality. They are mounted in a most skilful way, so as to display their colors to the best advantage; and a letter could be written about them alone."

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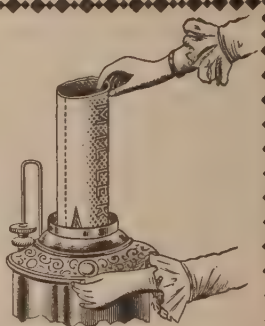
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Pleasantries.

"What time does the last train leave?" asked the traveller. And the gate-keeper at the Boston depot gave him a haughty look and replied, "When the road quits business."

The Deacon's Wife: "I hope you have been careful about the new minister's qualifications?" The Deacon: "Yes. We made him define exactly what he means by 'a few words.'"—*Brooklyn Life*.

"No, Willie dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—*Harper's Round Table*.

A district school-teacher in New Hampshire has had great difficulty in explaining adverbs to a class of children. After toiling faithfully with them, he said: "Bring in a list of adverbs to-morrow. Remember that a great many adverbs end in ly." The next day one boy's list began, "Slowly, fastly, lily, emily!"—*Harper's Round Table*.

Wife (coming down from the store-room): "There you are! We'll have a treat to-day,—two cans of oysters I bought when Firkin sold out last May." Husband: "Last May? Heavens! why have you kept them all this time?" Wife: "The idea! What ignorance! Don't you know oysters are only fit to eat during the months that have an R in them?"—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Dr. Guinness Rogers, the well-known Congregational minister in England, was recently in Oban, Scotland, and was expected to preach. As is customary, the town-crier's services were invoked to secure an audience, and the people learned that they were to listen to Dr. Genesis Rogers, until Dr. Rogers's son heard the man, stopped him, and corrected the distortion.—*Independent*.

Echoes from the Syracuse Convention.—Dr. Wells said: "When I heard the address of the retiring Moderator, I felt that we were getting the quintessence of wisdom. Then came the burning brand from Oberlin, setting fire right and left. But, when I heard the Chicago pulpit orator (Dr. Gun-saulus), I felt like a barnyard fowl tied to the tail of a meteor which went gleaming and flashing through dizzy depths of space."—*The Advance*.

Near Hartford, Conn., where the aged Harriet Beecher Stowe lives, they tell a good story of her small grandson. A neighbor found him swinging rather too vigorously on another neighbor's front gate, and warned him that Mr. Smith might not like it. Whereupon the independent young gentleman remarked that "I don't care for Mr. Smith, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his." "Do you know who wrote those words?" asked the friend, deeply shocked. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "I d'no,—Grandma Stowe, I suppose!"—*Boston Commonwealth*.

During an exciting debate in the House of Representatives the members sometimes indulged in mixed metaphors. The *National Tribune* prints these specimens: A member, in referring to one of his colleagues, said: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his oar where it is not wanted." In another speech occurred this expression: "The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." And another member, in a very forcible and dramatic manner, asked the House this startling question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

A DEPARTMENT STORY.

Some years ago the Agricultural Department at Washington received a scrawly letter from a Wisconsin farmer. It was one of many, of course, but was noticeable for its laconic indefiniteness.

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Editorial.

WITHOUT waiting to agree upon a basis of union depending on belief, the Massachusetts Committee of Congregational Ministers are seeking a plan for practical co-operation in actual parish work. There is no town in the Commonwealth in which there are not certain families, many of them living at a distance from the centre, who are under the ministerial care of nobody, as arrangements are at present. Various methods have been suggested by which the ministers of our churches might agree on some plan for visitation of these outlying families, in order to bring them under sympathetic care. It is proposed that this subject of co-operation be considered at the union meetings which are held in many towns on Thanksgiving Day.

THE situation in Turkey grows more and more complex. The government seems to be absolutely demoralized. All Armenians are in terror of their lives; and, allowing for the exaggeration of newspaper reports, there is every probability that thousands have been sacrificed since the Sassoun butchery. At Harpoot eight of the twelve buildings of the American missionaries have been burned. It is possible that this event may change somewhat the attitude of our own government. Germany, it is reported, is to take a hand in securing a settlement. The European powers are jealous of each other on the principle that all men join to guard what each desires to gain. In the interest of civilization, nothing

better could happen than the dismemberment of Turkey. Nothing but European occupation can secure justice for Christians in Asia Minor.

DR. S. F. SMITH, the author of "America," did not die without knowing the success he had unexpectedly achieved. The tribute paid to him last spring showed how many elements of patriotic and personal satisfaction were blended in the offering. Dr. Smith reached an age far beyond the average. But, though eighty-seven years old, he was still vigorous enough to preach, and was on his way to an engagement at Hyde Park, Mass., when he died suddenly on the train. His life was nobly lived and nobly ended.

IF it is disheartening to turn to Armenia, it is sickening and humiliating to read that but a few days ago a Negro was burned to death in Texas, under circumstances of fiendish cruelty which the Turks and Kurds could not surpass. It is one of the weaknesses of our American system of government that crime is treated as a local matter, and that, though the vast majority of people in the United States do not believe in lynching, it can still be carried on in communities which have not accepted the standards of modern civilization. There is no State in the Union that is not able to put down lynching if it deems it worth while; and, until lynching is forever banished as a relic of barbarism, the United States must bear the disgrace and the Negro must suffer the injustice.

THE Baptists of New York have been discussing the question of Christian unity. Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, said, in part: "We hair-splitting religious denominations, striving after unity, are a kind of a fusion ticket; and it does not appear to be any better day for fusion in ecclesiastical circles than it is in politics. After the leaders of the different denominations have talked themselves hoarse over unity, they go straightway and vote straight tickets. We Episcopalians have had a good deal to say lately about Christian unity; but, if you look at us real hard, you will find out that our unity means that we want you all to believe as we do. I believe that Christian conduct is the first and ultimate ground of Christian unity." And this leads the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, the organ of the Christians, to say: "This is only another way of teaching the doctrine of the Christians,—that Christian character should be the only test of fellowship. Conduct determines character. There is no other ground for Christian union."

THE English people, after they get through with Turkey, will need to turn their attention to Zanzibar and Pemba. Results of inquiry made by the British Anti-slavery Society, and set forth in the *New York Observer*, show that a terrible system of slavery exists in these territories: "Of the population of 400,000, no less than 140,000 are slaves, only five per cent. of whom were born in slavery, the rest having been captured in slave raids in the African interior, and sold to the Arab planters and employers in the islands. These unfortunates are forced to work without wages, are sold from hand to hand, imprisoned in jails if they attempt to escape; and, though in Zanzibar they have some right of appeal, in Pemba they are absolutely at the mercy of their masters. Under British permits, owners may transfer their slaves from one island to the other,—a privilege used to run cargoes to the slave marts on the Persian Gulf; and, to make good this drain and the loss by death, no less than 6,000 new slaves are smuggled in from the interior every year. As every slave reaching a market represents four blacks killed in

slave raids, or dying en route to the coast, the total of slaves in the British protectorate stands for a slaughter of more than half a million blacks in the interior, and the number of new ones annually added for a slaughter of 24,000."

THE excuses given for the maintenance of this system are such as have always been made to the emancipation of slaves; namely, the "violent dislocation of all interest." It is said that the British protectorate is only five years old, and there has not been time to eradicate slavery. "It is urged, too, that the economic consequences of general emancipation would be disastrous, the chief industry of the islands—the growth of cloves—depending for success on slave labor; that the Arab owners would emigrate to the German territories; that freed Negroes will not work; and that the criminal class would be largely increased." But our contemporary shows that these are mere excuses prompted by love of gain or fear of loss, and that no serious attempt has been made to accelerate emancipation. Undoubtedly, so long as this is left to the traders, it will not be done. Fortunately, the public mind of England is waking up to this evil.

OUR contemporary, the *Religious Herald*, ventures the assertion that "the unexpected always produces the greatest effect." But this assertion, drawn from its "Wellsprings of Thought," is a dangerous precept as a controlling element in either art or life. The minister who accepts it will make his sermons a constant series of surprises, and there is no great difficulty in achieving a cheap sensationalism of this kind. The artist will run to the bizarre, the novelist become fantastic, the actor extravagant. The effectiveness of a surprise depends somewhat upon its nature. In music it may be an unexpected modulation or a crash of sound. The modulation may be as agreeable as it is unexpected, and the crash may be an abomination of noise. Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" received the name from the sudden introduction of the drum at an unexpected point. The interest of the symphony, however, has very little to do with the surprise feature from which it is named. While there is a certain crispness in art, music, literature, from piquancy and originality, it is just as well to remember that the expected need not be the commonplace. In music, as Mr. Curwen well says, "the ear remembers, and expects." It remembers a theme or a strain, and delights to hear it again, especially after it has wandered through some unexpected wilderness of discord. Neither spring nor autumn is any less beautiful because we expect the bloom and the fruit. It will be found that, after all, the solid enjoyments of life are those which depend upon the constancy of Nature and her laws,—the things we expect and are reasonably sure to get. Surprises are the condiment, not the nourishment. Dr. George Putnam, in his day one of the most popular preachers of Boston, used to preach over a great many of his sermons because his people constantly demanded to hear them; and one of his most popular sermons was preached fourteen times in his own pulpit, showing that with sermons, as with music, people may delight to hear that which has already become familiar.

THE *Independent* has been holding a symposium on the observance of Sunday, and has articles from a large number of contributors. The question how Sunday shall be observed so as to secure all the rest and all the profit which the day may furnish is one thing. The question how far we are bound by Mosaic traditions is quite another. It is time that the two questions were separated; and Prof. J. Henry Thayer of the Harvard Divinity School does separate them in his article, in which he shows

that Sunday is not a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath, and that there is "no law of the Sabbath" for a Christian man. Prof. Zahn of the University of Erlangen likewise says: "It never entered the minds of the Christians of the first three centuries to regard Sunday as a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath or to call it the Sabbath. Not until the fourth and fifth centuries do we find the beginnings of this way of regarding the subject. The early Christians called it not Sunday, but the 'Lord's Day.' Sunday was a weekly-recurring Easter festival. Therefore, too, it was in every particular conceived as a day of joy. That on these festival days ordinary work was left aside as much as possible was matter of course. But it is significant for the earliest idea of Sunday that in the earliest church literature there is virtually nothing said about this point. Even as late as the fourth century nothing is said except that, as far as possible, Sunday should be marked by rest from labor. In the writings of the first three centuries there is but a single passage in which even as much as a mention is made of rest from labor on Sunday."

THE QUESTION OF CONFORMITY.

SOME months ago the writer was present at a Sunday service in a chapel of one of the English universities. It was an important day in the ecclesiastical calendar. There was much pomp and ceremony, and the occasion was made illustrious by the presence of various guests. Among them was a Roman Catholic scholar, who sat with the other dignitaries in the choir of the church. During the services, which were wholly liturgical, the Anglican tradition of reverence required the audience to stand most of the time, which was somewhat fatiguing to the flesh, whatever effect it may have had upon the spirit. After the service, among a knot of fellows and professors who dined together, the Roman Catholic guest was criticised for not standing during the service. The question was immediately raised, however, whether the Anglican scholars who were criticising him would have knelt and crossed themselves if they had been guests in a ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church. Possibly, some of the High Churchmen would be glad of such an opportunity. But it was evident that several of the critics would have been afraid of compromising themselves by such a mere physical act in a Roman Catholic Church.

The question of conformity or nonconformity which this question opened is an interesting one, and to European travellers it is sometimes a matter of practical importance. The Protestant visitor to a Catholic church during service time has to decide whether he will kneel during the mass, whether he will sit quietly in his seat, or whether he will walk around and look at the pictures, as travellers often do, paying no more attention to the service than if it were a puppet-show. The question of conformity may be sometimes a matter of principle and sometimes a simple matter of courtesy. To take off one's hat when passing the colors is a part of the ritual of the United States army, and there are many good citizens who observe it likewise. But, if Congress or the President should issue an order that every American should doff his hat to the flag under penalty of fine or imprisonment if he neglected to do so, there would be a revival of the story of William Tell. The free act of reverence or courtesy is one thing, and a compulsory act is another. The Puritans revolted against certain practices in the Roman Catholic and in the English churches. Their hatred of bands and surplice and Prayer Books may seem trivial to us to-day. But they stood heroically for certain principles of liberty and simplicity. The things they objected to were the symbols of the oppression they

resisted. The battle they fought was worth fighting, and the English Church and the Roman Catholic Church have both been benefited by the liberty which the Puritans helped to bring in.

Nevertheless, the Puritans and reformers, in their search for breadth, dropped into narrowness themselves. They became formal in their rejection of forms, and they tended to magnify the few which they retained. This was illustrated by the Quakers. Drab clothes and broad-brimmed hats, a decided formalism in conversation, was the result of a too rigid and too literal contention for simplicity.

The principle of freedom for which the Protestant conformers contended has been won; and, now that every one is free in this and other civilized countries to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, the question of conformity assumes a new aspect. We have now not only the freedom to reject, but the freedom to choose. In the exercise of this freedom the children of the Puritans are using liturgies and responsive services, the Quakers are taking to music, their children are copying the fashions of the day; and, in the cathedrals of Holland, Protestants are trying to restore on the walls the frescos which their fathers covered with white-wash.

When a devout Protestant attends a Roman Catholic service, it does not follow, when he bows and kneels during the service, that he accepts the infallibility of the pope or believes in transubstantiation any more than it follows that a Methodist believes in Calvinism when he stands in a Presbyterian church during prayer, or that a Presbyterian is an Arminian when he kneels in a Methodist meeting. The Protestant who enters a Turkish mosque is none the less a Christian, but perhaps a little more so when he takes off his shoes; and the Turk is no less a Mohammedan when he takes off his hat in a Christian temple.

We are coming to a time when, without sacrificing our own convictions, we may hold in due respect not only the convictions of others, but the forms which represent them. We may wish, indeed, to beware of encouraging superstition by accepting superstitious practices. But, even under idolatry, we may recognize the primal sentiments of religion, and seek to avoid giving unnecessary offence. A missionary among the Indians may not wish to give his sanction to the orgies of the sun-dance, but the sympathetic study of their mythology and traditions would show him much that was worthy of respect. There are symbols and practices which are obstacles to progress and enlightenment, and we must sometimes get rid of the practice before we can kill the superstition concealed in it. But the way for doing this is sometimes made easier when we recognize that which is æsthetic and poetic in rituals which we are not accustomed to use, or when we pay courteous respect to forms which are not a part of our own heritage.

CHURCH COMMERCE.

Word comes from over the sea of an English archbishop who has published a letter discountenancing church fairs of every kind as an unsuitable way of raising money for religious purposes. He does not actually forbid it, but that would be a brazen parish which would dare open a bazaar in his see. We have no archbishop to issue such a mandate here; but public opinion is practically changing concerning the holding of fairs, with their attendant raffles, and voting contests and similar dubious ways of raising money for religious purposes. From the best church fairs the element of chance has disappeared, though hardly a week passes during the winter that reports do not appear in the papers of voting contests and guessing trials which are little better. The fair, as a rule, is now more in the nature of a sober sale, where hand-wrought articles are set forth. The more closely they can be kept to this plan, especially if the articles are not such as can be purchased at any shop in the vicinity, the less objectionable they are; for the things that are made may supply a genuine want in the community. But, even where they profess to be only "apron sales," there are often to be found the wearisome products of the common fair,—tidies, mats, cushions, all sorts of useless, dust-catching contriv-

ances,—that make one sigh to think of the time and labor they have cost.

Yet we must have money to carry on the work of churches, of charity, of art, of libraries. It is a pity that these things in themselves should not appeal to the generous motives of people, and that there should seem to be any necessity of wheeling the money out of their pockets by apparently giving them a just equivalent for what they purchase, and still leave enough in our hands for the object for which we are trying to raise funds. It may be true, as many claim, that only by a fair can money be raised in certain cases; but it is equally true that, if the time, labor, and actual cost are counted, it is the most expensive way of raising money.

There are many, however, who argue that, though costly in one way, the fair has its compensations. It creates an *esprit de corps* among church workers: it brings people of all classes together in behalf of a common object. It creates good fellowship,—when it does not engender hard feelings and jealousies; and at the close of a successful fair there is a genial sense of comradeship and mutual congratulation which even the offices of the pulpit too often fail to produce. That is the best side of fairs.

But could not these be engendered in some other way? Concerts, lectures, even with home talent, or some other form of educative entertainment, may have in some churches taken the place of the annual fair. If there must be sales and bazaars, let them be reserved for rare and special necessities. One of the delights of the old-fashioned country winters used to be the singing-school and the concert at the end, which paid a handsome sum into the treasury of the church.

If there is a deep realization of what a church fair stands for, it is possible, after estimating the amount needed for various purposes, to collect it in small sums from the whole society, without recourse to these forms of money-making. This has been done with good success in some parishes. The ladies of the parish are asked how much they would contribute to a fair, and instead have been urged to give the value of the materials they would have used in money. Sometimes, as in the case of farmers' wives who have as a rule little enough spending money, that has been impossible. In those cases the products they could furnish—eggs, butter, cake, or whatever it might be—have been purchased by the committee and the money turned into the treasury direct without the intervention of a fair. Yet, conversely, we occasionally hear of people who have money given outright for a special object; and some would-be church speculator has bought with it sundry articles to stock a fair, and thus run the risk of losing on the original gift. At a time when the most astute business men find it hard to make a profit on their goods, it is doubly risky to expect to make large sums on small sales.

It is not, however, the extravagance of the fair or bazaar that is its worst feature. It is that people, instead of being inspired to give to a good cause, even if it involves self-sacrifice, are allowed to believe they are giving to support the church or the Alliance or the Sunday-school, when they simply make a purchase for their own use. And it is also an objection that it allows the women who contribute the articles to get wrong impressions of the commercial value of the materials they use and the time they expend. The church fair, properly conducted, may not be morally objectionable; but it is an expensive and laborious way of raising money.

WHY DR. GREGG RANG THE BELL.

Rev. Dr. Gregg of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn has made a reputation in Boston and New York for his independent sounding of the gospel trumpet; and now he seems to be equally efficient as a gospel bell-ringer. The bell he has been ringing is that of All Souls' Unitarian Church in Washington, and the incident is dramatically related in the *New York Tribune* of last Saturday:—

There was a sensation last Sunday evening in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, when Dr. Gregg told how he rang a church bell in the city of Washington. The sensation assumed the form of incipient applause. Had it been a week evening, the applause would have made the rafters of the old church ring.

The doctor was urging on Christians the duty of giving expression to their faith in God. His text was Psalm cvii. 2, "Say so." In speaking of the way Satan silences the witnesses of God, he told the incident of his ringing the church bell. "When I was in Washington, I went up to the roof of that towering bank building, the Washington Trust Company. Standing there, one has a bird's-eye view of the national city of the republic. The sight is full of beauty. It is grand and inspiring. It makes one feel proud that he is an American. Before me was the Capitol, with its vast dome,—\$17,000,000 in massive stones. Beyond it was the new Congressional Library,—\$6,000,000 in dazzling whiteness. Off in the distance was the White House. Shooting up into the sky was the great shaft of the Washington Monument; while stretched out at its base were the shining waters of the Potomac, quietly floating down toward Mount Vernon. But what interested me more that day than anything else was a little church to the left,—All Souls' Church. It is scarcely visible among the imposing government buildings of the city. In the tower of that church there hangs an historic bell, and it is this bell which makes the little church an object of interest. This bell was cast in the foundry established by Paul Revere. When John Brown of Harper's Ferry was hanged, this bell tolled his death knell. All Washington heard it as it tolled. Its solemn sound, announcing the fall of the champion of liberty, set the people who walked the streets thinking and asking questions relative to the crime of slavery inflicted upon the black man. People all over the country were thinking. I was a lad that day in the preparatory school, and I remember how we boys talked over the execution of that gray-headed old man. The hour set for his execution was an hour of hush in the school-room. There was a stillness in the school which every boy felt, and it told on our after lives. The tolling of his death knell, as the historic bell fearlessly rang it out, was heard in the White House and in the homes of all the government officials; and for its faithfulness the bell was silenced by the administration.

"I said to myself, 'If I do not see another thing in Washington, I shall go and see that bell.' And go to see it I did. There was not a soul in the church, but the church door was wide open. It was noon. I looked up into the belfry, and saw it from the outside; but that did not satisfy me. I wanted to see it from the inside. I wanted to lay my hands upon it and bless it. Entering the church, I climbed the stairs to the belfry; but, alas! the upper belfry door was shut and locked. But there was the bell-rope reaching down to the floor of the lobby. The temptation was irresistible. I found myself saying: 'Old bell, there is not power enough in the government of the United States to silence you to-day. You and I have always been the friends of John Brown. Now let us 'Say so!' Listen, all Washington! Listen, and you shall hear the name of one of the grandest of American heroes pronounced, just now, with honor and affection!'

"Having made this little patriotic address, I took hold of the bell-rope, and pulled it with all my might, once, twice, thrice. As I looked up and listened, between each pull of the rope, I heard up there the grand old bell, with its tongue of eloquence, pronounce in clear tones, which could be heard at the White House and in the Capitol and away down the Potomac, the name of the long-fallen leader of liberty whose soul is marching on. There was no mistake about it. As I listened, I heard it call out the old man's name, as it swung to and fro: 'John Brown!' 'John Brown!' 'John Brown!' When I had made Washington City hear that honored name once more, and that from the very bell which the United States government had once silenced, I felt that I had done my duty for one day; and I turned, and left the church.

"The sexton of the church was down street during my visit. When the bell rang out into the air the name of the hero of Harper's Ferry, he recognized its familiar tones, and in alarm flew up to the church. He reached it just as I was leaving it; and, all out of breath, he greeted me, 'Some one has been ringing the church bell.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I rang it; and I rang it in honor of John Brown!'

"'Good for you!' was his response; and I said, 'Amen!' And this closed the church service of that day.

"Every man who has an experience to relate in honor of Jesus Christ is a gospel bell. God forbid that any power on earth or under the earth should be allowed to silence a single gospel bell! My aim is to keep all the gospel bells of Christendom ringing, that God may be magnified among men, and that all mankind may be called to salvation!"

Dr. Gregg is not likely to be tried for heresy for ringing a Unitarian church bell; and we are sure that the trustees of the church will not prosecute him, nor will the government send him to Fort Warren. It is the same old bell, but it rings out on a different atmosphere. Its tongue is now

free to tell its story. It will not be true to its traditions if it does not always make a proclamation of liberty and humanity. And him that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Musings.

ONE day last week my ship came in,—not a ship, but a steamer. It brought me three letters, which I found lying on my desk. One was from Greece, another from Italy, and another from France. The letter from Greece proved to be from my friend, the eminent German archæologist, Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld. It brought Germany and Greece together in happy association. The letter from Italy came from an Italian lady in Florence whom I rank among the world's nobility, and the envelope from France contained two letters, one from a French Nightingale and the other from a Butterfly, as I have been accustomed to designate them.

THE letter from Greece carried me back to a delightful sojourn in that land, and to the kindly hospitality of the German Archæological Institute. There was the trip through the Peloponnesus and among the isles of the Ægean with Dr. Dörpfeld, and the memory of the sermons in stones which he so beautifully rendered at Mycæne, Tiryns, Epidaurus, Megalopolis, and Delos, and at last the identification of the Homeric city at Troy, where I had the pleasure of being the first American to see the result of Dr. Dörpfeld's surprising work. With it all came back the softness of the Greek climate, the beauty of landscapes, the impressiveness of ancient ruins, and the generosity, kindness, and friendship of Dr. Dörpfeld. The letter closed with the pleasing intelligence that next fall Dr. Dörpfeld is coming to America for a few weeks to accept an invitation long urged upon him to lecture before some American colleges. No man in this century has made such a contribution to Greek archæology and its scientific interpretation as Dr. Dörpfeld. And it is a great stroke of enterprise for the American colleges to secure him.

THE letter from Italy brought back again the rich associations of Florence,—the Tribune, the Pitti, the cathedral, the Campanile, the Arno, and Fiesole. But I have a picture before my eye and another photographed on my memory of two faces more living and as sweet as any to be found in the Pitti Palace. I would not exchange the pictures for any one of the Madonnas in the galleries, much as I love them. The sunshine, the warmth, the joy of Italy furnished the atmosphere; but the aureole is the light which is radiated by a beautiful personality. That is a crown of life which can never be put on outside: it is kindled from within. The two faces in my mental picture represent one a mother and the other a daughter, and I am accustomed to say that one can hardly know the best that is in Florence without knowing them.

THE Nightingale and the Butterfly brought on their wings the greeting and the suggestion of beautiful Paris. Externally, Paris, I maintain, is the most beautiful city in the world. But one who sees Paris from the outside, as the tourist generally does, only sees the shell. Paris is not only beautiful streets and noble buildings. Paris, like Florence, means to me personality. If there is a dark and turbid side to its life, there is a side that is bright, transparent, and beautiful. The French character, like the American, is more rapid, excitable, and mercurial than either the English or German. It has something of the warmth of the southern nations; but it is not thereby wholly superficial and trivial. Strength and solidity, moral earnestness, sincerity and poise of character, I do not know where to find better exemplified than in the Nightingale of Notre Dame de Champs. And then the Butterfly, coming from the south of France, light and gay, is a *scherzo* rather than an *andante*, but with serious aims in life, and with so much soul that one is reminded that the Greeks used the same word for "soul" and "butterfly," suggesting the combination "Psychic Papillon." So, when I think of Notre Dame in Paris, I think not merely of the great cathedral, but of a home in Notre Dame de Champs, as the street is called, and of the purity, devotion, and affection which centred in the family there.

And, when I think of the many other noble French men and women I met in Paris, the view I get of the city and of France, when taken from the altitude of these characters, is a great deal higher than one can get from the Eiffel Tower; and the foundations go even deeper.

PAUL, in his letters to the Corinthians, makes no mention of its ancient temple, whose monolithic columns still stand; and, when he writes to the Romans, he does not speak of the Forum, the Coliseum, or the Palace of the Caesars. But he has a long list of salutations to send to Priscilla and Aquila, to Mary and Andronicus and Junia, to Amplias, Urbane, Rufus, and the rest; and he is glad of the coming of Stephanas, Fortunatus, and Achaicus, "for they have refreshed my spirit and yours." More than stones and temples, it was personality that loomed up in the mind and heart of Paul. So, as I think of the Old World, it is not merely to think of its temples and its ruins, its galleries and its landscapes, but to think still more of the ties of friendship which are linked all the way from France to Italy, from Greece to Hungary,—fresh memories of which have been vividly renewed by Mr. Lyon's charming letters,—from Hungary to Germany, and from Germany to England and the north of Scotland.

Brevities.

September lingers in the lap of November.

The Seniors of the medical department of the University of Michigan have chosen a Chinese girl to be secretary of the class. This is a credit to the girl and a credit to the students.

The *Investigator* has investigated the life hereafter. It has held a symposium on the subject. Some of the answers are positive denials of a future existence for man, others are agnostic, and a few are hopeful. One of them says, "I, as a materialist, rest confidently in such a hope."

There is the church boss as well as the political boss, and sometimes both are combined in one person. He appeared in a virulent form in a Vermont Congregational church, and turned out the minister because he was a Democrat. He publicly declared, "I would rather cut off my right hand than hear the gospel preached by a Democrat."

Referring to the "Musings" on the tooth-pick shoe, a correspondent thinks that the true history of a horse's foot is that the four toes of the primitive horse have "aborted," the middle toe of the five, only, persisting in the hoof of the modern horse. Whatever the history of the horse's foot, it can, like the human foot, easily be spoiled with bad shoeing.

The *Investigator* is rather hard on the ministers. It finds encouragement in the fact that many clergymen are finding it difficult to obtain positions, and it gleefully hopes that "many of them will be compelled by absolute necessity to earn their living by some useful occupation." We wonder how these unemployed ministers would rank the *Investigator* in the scale of utilities.

Long in the Year Book of the American Unitarian Association have we seen the name of "Thomas Treadwell Stone, D.D., ordained 1824." The name will be missed from the roll of the honored patriarchs of Unitarianism in the issue to come. Dr. Stone has passed away in the serenity and beauty of his old age. Those who had the good fortune to live within the influence of his personality will miss the man, as others miss the name. In our next issue we shall publish a fitting tribute to his memory from one who knew him in his home and study, as well as in his public career.

Mr. Kimball's comparison of the Unitarian churches to the United States seems to us to tell rather against his argument than for it. Shall we say because the United States are forty-four in number they do not constitute a nation? The right of local government is maintained; but it is something more to be a citizen of the nation than of any one State. We need have no more fear of a church with a big "C" than of a nation with a big "N," especially when we are at liberty to put into the word the meaning conferred by Unitarianism, and not that imposed by other religious bodies.

Pro and Con.

SHALL WE REMAIN CONGREGATIONALISTS?

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:—

I hope it may not seem invidious against other excellent things to make the distinction; but to an outsider, reading carefully the proceedings of the late Conference at Washington, the paper which stands out pre-eminent for its historical interest and its pertinency to our own immediate condition is that of Mr. Hosmer on "Our Congregational Polity." It touches exactly what an experience and observation of thirty-five years among our societies have confirmed as the one great source of their weakness,—the many of them that have departed from Congregationalism in everything except the name, and in which the trustees, or, it may be, the corporation, are just as much popes and star-chambers as any that ever existed in Romanism or Episcopacy. In early Puritan Congregationalism the religious society or parish covered the whole town; and its interests and needs were voted upon by all the citizens precisely the same as its secular affairs, and racy enough some of their proceedings were. With the growth of the country, this had to be given up; but, with some gain, it was in other respects a distinct loss, helped on that separation of religion from business by which each has been equally a sufferer, and prevented the town idea from playing the conspicuous part in ecclesiasticism that it has in civil government. In Orthodoxy the church, as distinct from the congregation, took charge of its special religious interests, though even there the congregation for the most part kept control of its larger interests; but in Unitarianism, while the church in this sense has become almost a nonentity, the corporation too often has taken charge of both, leaving the congregation to be only attendants on the services. What we need is to get rid of Corporationism and get back to Congregationalism. It is a great deal more than a mere matter of polity. It is a matter of life. The seat of all religious authority ought to be where the seat of all religious life is,—in the individual man. The difficulty is precisely the same as that which makes the problem of our large cities, the separation of the common people from the management of their affairs by leaving them to aldermen and councils, till now the people cannot be got to the polls. To keep an American citizen interested in anything, he must be kept interested in its management. When we were children, the best part of Thanksgiving was to be around with our mothers in the kitchen, helping to make the goodies,—was ourselves having "a finger in the pie." And now we are grown up, and the pie is the gospel, the principle is the same; and, no matter how rich it is made for us, or how much in our big Conference dining-rooms we pass resolutions of its being filled with love to man, never will it have all its sweetness and draw around it all the children till down in our Congregational kitchens they can all have again a finger in its making.

Consistently with this idea, is not Rev. Mr. Hosmer correct in what he says about "a big C Unitarian Church"? Its use is aping those bodies whose fundamental principle of government is different from ours, and which, consistently with it, have a right to the name. There is and can be, under the Congregational idea, no "Unitarian" Church. What with others is the Church is with us, as we have very properly named it, "a conference of churches." It is as incongruous to speak of "the Unitarian Church" as it would be to call our country "the United State."

Rev. Mr. Calthrop's word, however, about the need among us of officers having the function of bishops is not necessarily a departure from Congregationalism, if it be provided that they get their authority, as the minister does, from the churches they are to serve. It is when the bishop controls the churches, and not they him, that the office becomes objectionable. A rudder is a good appendage with which to move a ship when there is somebody on the ship to move the rudder; but it is the worst of all things when it becomes fixed in its place, and is what the intelligence of the ship can no longer control.

J. C. KIMBALL.

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

Work thou for pleasure: paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.

Work for the work's sake, then; and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—*Kenyon Cox.*

GENOA.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

If you wish to know how modern an old city can look, come to Genoa. Here you will find electric lights, electric trams, bicycles, open omnibuses that resemble our street-cars, and a stir of business not unlike that prevailing in some of our Western towns. But the street cries, the cracking of the coachmen's long whips, and the mingling of soldiers with civilians would soon bring you back to a consciousness of Italy, even were not the air and the sun, the verdure, and the architecture so utterly unlike anything we have at home. The busy modernity, absent from so many quiet Italian cities, is in Genoa only a veneer. The heart of the city is very old. From any bit of rising street—and everything does rise in Genoa—you see wedges of old, brown, decrepit roofs, that bulk among the newer buildings splashed with their little courts and garden greenery, and which show the remains of the old city of the doges. Such places are not more clean or odorous than other archaic parts of foreign towns; but the city, as a whole, is very clean.

At first, on landing, we met our old acquaintances, the customs' officers,—the same suspicious, prying, obtuse species that live on the docks in New York, and are to be found in every other port of the world. These gentry insisted that we smoked, and must be smuggling in cigarettes. They opened every bag and bundle of scraps and necessities to find the prohibited weed, but could not lay their claws even on a bottle of Florida water or a pack of playing cards. Why their fury is so hot against Florida water we could not discover. The custom-house Cerberus does not eat you alive: he only leaves you with a rumpled and disordered trunk and a good deal of frilling to your temper.

We had left July in New York on the first day of the abortive race between the "Valkyrie" and the "Defender." We found an even more fervid July in Genoa, where it had not rained for nearly three months and there were fears of a water famine. But the New York heat was not all we found. Other old acquaintances were ready to welcome us. We could hardly believe for a moment that we had not landed at Sandy Hook, greeted as we were at once by these buzzing familiars. Their voices were just as exasperating and unmusical as those of our old house-mates at home, their probosces as skilful at blood-letting, and they do not dip their colors even to the American cousin. The Italian flea, supposed to be the wicked one of Holy Writ, pales before the Italian mosquito; and no charm of climate or loveliness of golden haze or tender blue can compensate for the nightly pest. The Italians seem to cherish much the same fiction in regard to the mosquito as in regard to the cold. If you ignore a thing long enough, it does not exist for you. You do not hear complaints. It is *patienza* in this, as in other things that cannot be helped.

In Genoa you look about for the superb city of the old doges and a great historic past; and you find its remains in the little Via Balbi, the street of old palaces and faded magnificence. Genoa was always a commercial city. Its burghers were fond of fighting, also of getting and spending. It created no school of art. Most that it possesses in the way of pictures or statuary was bought or borrowed; but it could afford a grandiose and costly style of architecture, as its fine palaces still attest. They are especially distinguished for noble courtyards and staircases. The Palazzo Du Razzo-Pallavicini is in the noblest style. Its grand entrance is like a poem of the old time, when doges, with their velvets and gold chains, trailed up and down, and ladies as fair as Desdemona or Juliet leaned over the marble balustrade. Such a house is not livable, if one may coin a word: it is only showable. Not a nook or corner for comfort, or where a mouse could rear her

family with a sense of domesticity, but magnificent and satisfying in a large repose, an adequate and just ostentation. The perfect proportions of the rooms, the rich yet rather sparse decorations, the coved-ceilings painted mythologically, as all great houses are in Italy, the mosaic floors, the amplitude and lavish waste of room,—all bespeak an existence in no sense modern, but fitted to the slow and stately ceremonial of other days.

It is hard to picture the existence of a modern woman in such a place. Do children ever cry or romp in these great, stately rooms, with their crowded memories that always seem to hold finger on lip? They are so far removed from anything simple, homely, and natural, one fails to imagine a work-table or a tea-table in any corner, or how that tangled web of tears and smiles and sorrows and rejoicings of fun and tragedy called human life can ever go on inside these walls.

And yet how alluringly beautiful they are, with their exquisite gardens adorned with mossy fountains and old statuary and crowded with palm-trees and ilexes and the jointed cypress! It is the realization of our dreams of Italy, something mysterious and remote from the every-day life we know.

The old palaces are the things best worth seeing in Genoa, even though their vaunted original pictures, by great masters, are mainly copies, and not all good copies at that. The stock sights of a foreign city are not those most to be enjoyed. Generally, the things and places that linger lovingly in your memory are those you find out for yourself, and that smell least of the guide-book. The element of surprise counts for a great deal in one's pleasure. Thus I would give five hours spent in the Campo Santo of Genoa for one spent on the hill drive about the city called by the long name of *Circonvallazione del Monte*. This exquisite road, one of the loveliest in the world, has been nearly twenty years in building, having been projected in 1876; and it is not yet finished. A superb piece of engineering, it has carried with it a new city, whole districts rendered habitable on these dizzy heights by the steam-tram. Beautiful gardens and plaisances are carried up with the great stucco apartment houses, and the clean, bright streets that come into neighborhood with the Apennines, the sea, and harbor, and large villa suburbs planted in olive orchards and vineyards, with outlooks that afford unrivalled views over a wide extent of sea and land. It is a series of hanging gardens; but the gardens are the fringe of a beautiful city, and, turn where you will, the prospect is enchanting. The Apennines are at the back door, the sea at the front door, of Genoa. No divorce has been proclaimed from this smiling, delicious nature. Every spare nook is a little plot of flowers and beautiful greenery, with a fountain and benches for the repose of the wayfarer. The upper streets are lined with the Spanish chestnut, in full bearing. The linden is also a favorite shade-tree; and between all the white, yellow, and gray houses, old convent walls, and against church towers rises the pointed cypress, with its dark blue-green contrast.

You descend easily to the drive along the bay. A mile of unbroken sea view and sea air in the heart of a big, bustling city like Genoa is no small blessing to its people.

After you have enjoyed these drives, you feel that you have skimmed the cream of the Genoese pan; but the Campo Santo remains. You may not have a taste for graveyards and mortuary marbles, still you must see it. It is a piece of ostentation that only the greatest port of Italy could afford. An immense cemetery, where the poorer and humbler people lie, their graves marked by simple crosses and touching tributes of affection, is entirely surrounded by a grandiose marble colonnade, double lined with the most remarkable collection of statues and monuments to be seen. A few are appropriate and in good taste; but the greater part are of an execrable style, and seem sadly to illustrate the decadence of Italian art. But, surely, these works were not executed by artists, but by clever handicraftsmen, who knew how to make a similitude of bodies devoid of souls. Wearisome is the number of stone babies and overdressed children kissing stone papas and mammas, grandmas, sisters, cousins, and aunts, who themselves might stand for modiste's lay figures. The display of modes

for the past thirty or forty years is depressing. Laces, buttons, fichus, fringes, flounces, ruffles, and frills are given to perfection. There is portraiture in abundance, but it is worse than the stone millinery. A mortuary fashion show! A magazine *des modes* in marble! This is the impression you bring away from all these misdirected efforts. But there is one fact that seems to glorify the Campo Santo of Genoa for those who love the idea of Italian liberty, and still seem to feel the heart-beats of her heroes through their ashes. Mazzini is buried there. Genoa cherishes the memory of Mazzini. A beautiful arcade bears his name, and there are other tokens that he did not live or die in vain.

The churches did not occupy us long. The cathedral is small, but more interesting than the gorgeous Annunziata, heavily overlaid with gilding and finished like a jewel-box. The big, bustling city shows no such miserable class of poor Italians as those who come to America to dig and delve and build our railways and do our heavy, dirty work. But poor there must be, of a wretched kind; for some of the streets where they live in the old town are like cracks in the thick walls, only fit to harbor spiders and lizards, and yet human beings exist in these sunless, airless passages, babies are born there, the middle-aged and the old, if ever they do grow old, live and die there. It is with a heart-pang that one remarks the crowds of soldiers who throng the streets, and reflects on the hideous poverty that reigns in many places, due to this over-armed and over-taxed Italy.

We were in Genoa on the 20th of September, the national holiday, commemorative of the entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome. It was pleasant to see how the Italians took their pleasures, how orderly, how sober, how quiet, was their enjoyment, and how genuine their patriotism. This year's anniversary was especially marked as completing the quarter-century from the liberation of the capital. The whole peninsula was unusually stirred with patriotic fervor. For days the railway service, easily overstrained at any time, was put to its utmost resources to accommodate the crowds who streamed toward Rome. The clericals, of course, deemed the demonstration unseemly; but their protests were lost in the acclamations that went up for United Italy. Genoa tricked herself with flags all over the shipping in the harbor, on the streets, in the squares and gardens. Everywhere broke out the red, white, and green colors that suit so well the pure contrasts of sun and sky, pale or white walls, brown roofs, and rich clumps of verdure. In the evening there was a beautiful illumination of the city.

RUSSIAN ART AND ARTISTS.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

Kramskoi, like nearly all our great artists, has sprung up from a lower and poorer class of society. He was born in 1837, in the province of Voronezh, of poor parents. He first went to a grammar school, then to a gymnasium (high school), from each of which he graduated with a gold medal. Until he was sixteen years old nobody, not even himself had ever noticed any particular talent or inclination for drawing or painting. But the first touch of the brush pronounced him an artist. Still, he had no desire to develop his talent: his sole ambition was to become a student at the university,—an ambition that could not be gratified on account of his mother's poverty. He became apprenticed, first to a village painter, then to a photographer, where he earned three roubles a month. In 1857 we find him a student at the Academy in St. Petersburg; and five years later he received a medal for the picture we notice as we pass into the gallery of Biblical paintings,—a picture called "Moses drawing Water from the Stone."

Mr. Constantin Makovsky has been called the "Painter with the Enchanted Brush"; and, indeed, as we look at the four panels representing scenes from the Greek mythology, we do not wonder at the name. The figures of the gods and goddesses, of the shepherds and shepherdesses, do not seem to be painted: they seem to be thrown on the canvas by a magic hand. The critics mostly praise Mr. Makovsky's imagination and his coloring, but now and then we hear a reproach as to his drawing. The fact is, he works too quickly. He is an artist who

has a beautiful, fashionable wife; and he needs a great deal of money. I am told he makes a hundred thousand roubles a year, and he spends every copeck of it.

Mr. V. G. Vereschagin and his works are nearly as well known across the ocean as they are here. No doubt, Mr. Vereschagin is a great artist, but he can hardly be called a national one. He has none of the tendencies of the Russian artist; for nearly every painting of his reminds us of the pronounced passion of the great French painter for ethnographical types and the anecdotal side of the chosen subject. A look at his Oriental paintings will convince us that Vereschagin also has concentrated his sole interest on the reproduction of the ethnographical type. And nearly all his best pictures bear the same melodramatic character. Heaps of dead bodies, vast, snowy deserts, human brutality, destruction, misery, and suffering form the main subject of his paintings. The impression they leave is an unpleasant one, and those who have a preference for historical pictures turn with pleasure to the productions of Mr. V. G. Schwartz.

Although the brilliant career of Mr. Schwartz was cut short by an untimely death, it has undoubtedly left indelible traces in Russian art. Born in the wild regions of the Caucasus, where his father served as a general of the Cossacks, the boy became early acquainted with the agitated disturbances of a military life, which made a deep impression on his mind. At the age of three the walls of his nursery—to the great annoyance of his governess, a prim Englishwoman—were covered with drawings of soldiers, horses, ramparts, and mountains. Years later, at the lyceum in Moscow, his sketches in pen and ink, representing war scenes, were the delight of his comrades. His illustration of "Wallenstein's Camp," now in the possession of the academy, dates from that time.

After a brilliant examination he leaves the lyceum, and for some months he occupies a public office; but this is not the work to his taste, particularly as it leaves him little time for his beloved art. He gratifies the wish of his father, and enters the university for a course of studies in history and philology. Meanwhile his art has progressed as much as his studies in history; and now at last he enters the academy. His wonderful innate talent, however, forces him to give up his professors, and to plunge into a sphere of subjects which till that time no artist had regarded with the eyes of a realist. "The Meeting of Prince Svjatoslav with Tsimischy," "The Entry of Schuisky and De la Gardie in Moscow," the scenes taken from our historical dramas, are masterpieces of which the National Gallery might well be proud.

Some years ago it became the fashion for our great artists to paint scenes from the life of that monster who in Russian history is called Ivan the Terrible. Makovsky, Repine, Gé, and others have furnished the czar's galleries with pictures that have revived the interest of the public for ancient history; but Mr. Schwartz, in attempting his historical-psychological picture, "Ivan the Terrible before the Murdered Body of his Son," has been the messenger of a new era in Russian art.

Another representative of realism in Russian art is Mr. Repine, the painter of "The Cossacks' Answer," a picture which has found a great many admirers in the Russian section at the Columbian Exposition. "The Cossacks' Answer" is a masterpiece; but, like a great many others, it is too typically Russian to be understood by all. Mr. Repine's picture represents a crowd of Cossacks surrounding a Russian scribe, to whom they have confided the task of writing an insolent letter to his Turkish Majesty. The smile of amusement in the face of every one, as he puts in a word which he thinks would add to the strength of the letter, and principally the half-cunning, half-stupid expression of the Russian peasant writer, shows how well Mr. Repine renders typical expressions.

I, for my own part, prefer "The Cossacks' Answer" by far to the picture of "Ivan the Terrible stabbing his Son." Czar Alexander III. has bought this masterpiece of artistic realism at the price of seventy-five thousand roubles, but I doubt whether he has put it into his reception-room.

Russian art has this strange peculiarity,—that it belongs to no school, has no ten-

dencies, at least none that could be compared to the tendencies of European art. Russian art does not subject itself to any principles. In fact, Russian art represents nothing but a poetical and genial artistic disorder.

BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.

WHAT SPIRITUAL SERVICE CAN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH RENDER?

The monthly session of the Unitarian Club was held at the Hotel Vendome on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th, the president, Hon. Roger Wolcott, in the chair. In opening the meeting, Lieut. Gov. Wolcott said:—

During the last two weeks there have been coming to us, on the printed pages of daily or weekly newspaper or in the speech of those whom we meet in the cars or in the street, reports of the intense interest and zeal which characterized the recent National Conference at Washington. One of the prominent benefits of a National Conference is not in the discovery or enunciation of new truth, so much as in bringing together men who are working in one faith and along the lines of a common purpose, that they may touch elbows and be brought in contact with that spirit which inspires large bodies of men.

The subject which has been assigned for discussion to-night is "What Spiritual Service can the Unitarian Church render to the American People?" It is a question which can be, and doubtless will be, answered in many ways. We Unitarians are pretty well assured already that the Unitarian Church has in its time rendered important spiritual service to the people of America. That service consists not alone in virtuous living or in good citizenship, for those are not the sole possession of any creed or any denomination. We may perhaps say that it has been rendered by bringing man more directly to his Maker, without the intermediary of creed or dogma, and also in not emphasizing so much the mystery of the divine incarnation of Christ as in laying emphasis on the brotherhood of Christ, and in making his life and his example and his teachings very near and very real to all mankind.

The president then introduced Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS BY REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

A year ago last month I had the honor to report in this place something concerning our eventful meeting at Saratoga. I come now to report in regard to a still more eventful meeting lately held in the city of Washington, not regarding the detail of work, but in regard to the total effect and the suggestion that is made to us concerning our own forward movement, our responsibility, and our duty. Many described that eventful hour at Saratoga, when for once in the history of the Unitarian Church in America our men and women, with tears, with cries of applause, with hand shaking hand, gave way to an outburst of enthusiasm such as is not common to our self-contained New England Puritan nature,—many described that as a high tide. And a high tide, you know, always suggests an ebb tide. I have now to report, Mr. President and gentlemen, that, instead of an ebb tide, or a tide flowing backward and forward with no meaning or purpose, it is a stream of which the volume has been increased, because the head-waters are filling. That which was a temporary mood of excitement and enthusiasm at Saratoga was taken for granted at Washington,—a solid basis of confidence, enthusiasm, expectation; and every day we reached some mountain peak, some nobler outlook into the world around us and the heavens above us.

Now I am to speak upon the spiritual service which the Unitarian Church can render to the people of America. What I mean by the word "spiritual" is just that which is suggested in the life of every man and woman who attempts at all to live the true life,—the feeling which sometimes impresses itself in a wonderful way in the "I will" which the young man utters when he takes the hand of the woman to whom he has given himself; a feeling that arises in the heart of a man when he looks into the eyes of his baby-boy or baby-girl, and says, "For the sake of this child I will be a better man"; the feeling that changes a commonplace man, when he comes face to face with the law of duty, into a hero, a patriot, who is ready to die for his country, and to rejoice in that death. It is that touch of something mysterious which rises in the heart of the politician and makes him a statesman, a pure-hearted and upright leader of men, having before him the ideal of a country which is not a mere aggregation of men, women, and children. From this point of view it is that I speak. For it is this subtle something in the heart of man which furnishes him the means of inter-communication between heaven and earth, which gives to all common life its glory, its beauty, and its power. It is no airy abstraction: it is a reality of the real life of the common man. Now what is the service which can be rendered?

Let me add one word more to indicate my point of view. It seems to me that the declaration of our religious purpose and spirit which was made at Saratoga marks for our Church a crisis at the end of its first hundred years of history in this country, and, more than that, that it is one of the things which at last have made it clear to men in our time that, when this generation goes into history, when time enough has passed so that the majestic work done in the latter part of this century shall appear, it will be seen as an age of religion, an age of heroism, an age of spiritual discovery. I verily believe that greater progress has been made in the interpretation of the spirit of religion in the last fifty years than in any thousand years before, and that, when the record is made up, it will stand to the ages to come as an age of revelation to be compared only with some of the great historical religious epochs of the past.

The revelation that has been made to us in the doctrine of evolution that religion is one of the most potent forces in the advancing life of man, and has been through all the past,—this revelation suggests always that a new service is to be rendered. We have come to the time when we see the vacant place, not filled to-day by any church in the land. There is a chance for spiritual leadership. Where is the church that will rise to the level of the opportunity? Shall it be the Roman Catholic Church or the Episcopal Church or the Congregational Church or the Universalist Church or the Unitarian Church? It may be one, it may be several; but the probability is that, in accordance with the law of evolution, some existing institution will feel the impulse and the power of this new revelation, and that those who have the work in hand will step forward to lead. What shall the service be?

In the briefest words possible I shall say that it will consist of three things. In the first place, it will be an explanation of all the religious history of the past. The principal obstacle to the advance of liberal religion in this country is the unfounded fear in the hearts of the majority that our success means the destruction of the things dear to them, means the putting aside of all that the past has given. Now, this is not in accordance with the law of evolution. We can render no service to the American people more marked than to make it plain to them that this simple declaration of religion, "love to God and love to man," contains in it the fulfilment of all that went before.

In the next place, to-day the world waits for the men and the church who are able, without circumlocution, without putting any bar before the intellect of man, without demanding assent to anything which is not of the essence of pure religion, without laying any ecclesiastical authority upon the hearts and minds of the people, to show that this spiritual function of the human child of God, exercised, furnishes the solution of all the problems of society, that it furnishes the means of intercommunication between man and man, that it establishes a basis of mutual confidence, and, better still, it shows that all reforms, that all philanthropies, all works of charity, are mere external palliatives, and that the real thing needed is for the Church of God to address itself to discovering what sort of man one ought to be who shall live up to the spirit of this declaration of love to God and love to man.

Doing this, the next service follows as a matter of course. Explaining the past, using the present, we make a programme for the future that shall have in it inspiration and power for all the sons and daughters who are to enter into the inheritance of the twentieth century and possess it.

There are three stages in the reception of this doctrine, or of any doctrine, preparatory to our addressing ourselves to the work in hand. One is the stage of opinion. You assent: "Yes, that is right. Yes, I agree to that; but I go about my business. I leave the care of these things to those who are set in charge." There is another stage,—the stage of belief which becomes operative in a man's life. He has plans to carry out, and the things that he believes he uses to gain the ends that he has in view. He becomes a valuable member of society. But that is not the highest stage. The third stage is that in which a man not merely says he believes, not merely acts upon his belief, but it is the stage of conviction. Those who are to do the world's work must come under conviction of the truth: they must feel that there is laid upon them a compulsion which they cannot resist. With a cheerful outlook into the world, seeing its need, seeing the magnificent inspirations which are now awaiting the world's workers, seeing what can be done by those who are free, who are devout, who are obedient to the law of righteousness, it may well happen that upon every successful and happy man there may be laid this hand of power, so that he shall become a convict of righteousness, a convict of truth.

In introducing Col. Carroll D. Wright, the president explained the absence of Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, and said:—

We have in his place a distinguished son of Massachusetts, who, when summoned to

Washington a few years since, carried with him one of the best things to carry to Washington as a part of one's outfit,—an excellent Massachusetts reputation. That State reputation has since grown into national fame. He is occupied there in trying to solve some of the great sociological problems which present the greatest difficulty, next to vice, of our nineteenth century. No greater service can be performed than that which we look to him ultimately to perform in establishing some *modus vivendi* between the great forces of capital and labor. If he shall promote a better mutual understanding, an abandonment on the one side and on the other of unreasonable demands, or unreasonable response to fair and just demands, he will have rendered to the United States of America and to the world a very distinguished service.

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS BY COL. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

Prof. Lester Ward has told us that optimism is born of ignorance, that pessimism is born of oppression, and that under neither of these can there be any satisfactory solution of the great questions that press upon us. We like to be called optimists because the optimist looks forward always to a better state of affairs. The pessimist looks forward always to a continuance of bad conditions. Now, the world cannot succeed under either of these philosophies. A better expression is that of meliorism. Meliorism means a constant and active evolution which will enable us to remove difficulties. Through meliorism, through fighting ever for the better, striving always to bring uppermost the God-like stirring within men, we can remove some of the hardness of this life. So we must neither be optimists nor pessimists, but meliorists, in the sense that we are doing each one his share to carry on the work of the world.

The general principles underlying the question which we have before us to-night are broad and grand; but, if I catch the spirit of this club at all, it is that they expect to have some distinctive suggestion as to what particular service or particular line of service can be rendered toward spiritualizing the American people. The denominational work of the Unitarian Church has been doing this all through its years of existence, is doing it now. The echoes of the Conference at Washington have not died away. The practical and immediate result of some of the sermons and discourses there are grand in themselves. One little instance to illustrate what the power of speech is I can repeat to you. As that vast crowd came out of Metzerott Hall at the close of Mr. Savage's grand gospel of Unitarian faith, a gentleman, accompanied by his wife and two daughters,—the whole family having all their days attended an evangelical church,—said to his wife: "Mary, that is what I believe. I think that is true." And one of the daughters said, "Why, papa, I have always believed that." "Very well," he said, "henceforth we are Unitarians. We will give up our pew, and take one at All Souls'." And they have done it. As a result of that Conference, the Unitarian church in Washington is letting its pews to people who have during their whole lives attended some other church, but who were inspired by the utterances at that Conference or by the character of some of the men who made them.

That is the work which the denomination can do in a national sense. But it can do more. It can teach people the two sides of the great questions that are pressing us by establishing some work of this nature. This club, for instance, can establish somewhere a lectureship which shall do something toward removing the alienation which now exists between all churches and a certain order of the people. You know—and sad it is to know it,—that between the great universities of the country and the churches, on one side, and the working people, the industrial forces, on the other, there has been a feeling of alienation. It is good to know that it is wearing out, and that the ground of sympathy between the universities, the common people, and the Church is strengthening every day. The Church is strengthening every day by step-universities have done their share by step-universities down and helping people up, by university extension, by taking into their curricula the work of social science, by teaching a new political economy, by doing their share as teachers in the great work of melioration. To the Church belongs the preaching of the doctrine of Christ, of those grand principles which, for convenience' sake, we concentrate into the word "Christianity." Now, I would have the Unitarian order take a step in advance. You cannot get these people into your churches: I would therefore bring the churches to them. I would not close a single church in existence: I would open their doors wider. You cannot make changes in your church methods; but you can establish here and there, in the great industrial centres, lectureships, the object and purpose of which shall be to teach the vital and spiritualizing essence of industrial service, as well as of church service. You can teach the work of church service. You can teach the workingman, as Mr. Batchelor said, that there is something on his part to do. You can teach the capitalist and the great employer

of labor that there is something on his part to do. You can teach the spirit of that grand man at Washington who settled the great railroad trouble a year ago. The Great Southern Railway, which employs five or six thousand people and controls six thousand miles of track, was besought a year ago to restore the wages of two or three years previous. The manager of that road met the committee who came to the Washington headquarters of the system, and said to them: "I do not blame you, gentlemen, for your demand. All the business of this road shall be laid before you in minute detail; and, if you will come here on such a day, we will meet you and talk it over between ourselves." He was as good as his word: they were as good as theirs. They met; and this great volume of information, brought into compact form, was laid before the men. They had a week of conference. That conference demonstrated the power of ethical forces brought into business relations. And the result was that the men went home, satisfied that the road was doing all in its power, and satisfied, furthermore, that the integrity back of the management was so great that, when an opportunity did come for the restoration of wages, that restoration would be made. That man received his ethical instruction in the Unitarian Church: he embodied in practical work the great principles which underlie our grand faith; and his name is William H. Baldwin, Jr. [Applause.]

To give you another concrete illustration of the power of this faith when put into practical use: I have a friend in Washington, who was a delegate to your Conference the other day, who is the president of a great manufacturing establishment in the West. He told me last year that in twenty-five years' experience they never had had any difficulty in their works. There never had been a strike, there never had been any reduction of wages, during that whole period; and yet there had been a constant reduction in the price of their goods and in their cost. A neighboring establishment has a strike about every year. The manager of this, seeing the prosperity of my friend's establishment and its freedom from difficulties, came to him when they were suffering from a strike, and said: "Colonel, what is the secret of your management? What do you do to escape strikes and these labor troubles?" "Well," the colonel said, "I probably do some things that you would not." "Well, what is that?" I want to learn." "To bring the thing down to a point, let me say that we have now on our pay-roll a man who has been with us twenty years,—a skilful man, who knows his business thoroughly, who has worked for our benefit and our success. We never have reduced his wages. He has been sick on his bed six months, and is likely to be there several months more. Yet his name stays on our pay-roll, and we pay him just the same as ever. Now, you wouldn't do that." "No," he said, "I wouldn't." "Very well," said the colonel, "have your strikes."

Now, that was simply making a practical application of what the pulpit tells us every Sunday,—that is all. There is nothing Utopian in it: there is nothing difficult in it. It is simply decency. [Laughter and applause.] There is no going back to the days of the early Christians in it: it is simply recognizing the debt which that concern feels that it owes to those men who have worked in season and out to bring success to this establishment. They do not do it in charity: they say it is due. I know very well, Mr. President and gentlemen, that you cannot with safety undertake to substitute ethics for economics. But, when you have established an economic relation, you have merely brought into force an ethical one. And it is not so much a question what wages you pay, or what action you take in business, as what spirit you have behind it. [Applause.]

Now, I undertake to say that the Unitarian pulpit has done an immense service in the world in these respects. It has had in its various congregations the great managers of business. It has not had yet enough of the other side, and it must reach them. Instead of organizing here and there a feeble church, it must organize a strong church for the people, in a great industrial centre, as an experiment. Then, with the ministers that you can send there, reaching these people and bringing into their hearts that God-like spirit that Carlyle speaks of, you can work a service in spiritualizing the American people. For in service there is a spiritualizing sense of something different from theological spiritualizing, something different from that which we speak of in our pulpit,—a sense of a social service rendered. There is a social exchange, then, something to society as well as to himself.

Doing this, you would bring to men who are not now reached a spiritualizing influence,—the spiritualizing influence which comes through industrial forces. Whenever you bring this to man, you have helped him. Whenever there is God-like stirring in the hearts and souls of men, whether it comes with the experience of the boy who pledges his boy love to the little girl of his choice, and resolves then and there, at ten or fifteen years of age,—you have all been

through that experience, gentlemen [laughter],—that he will live a life that shall be an honor and a credit to her, or whether it comes with those greater and more vital experiences of manhood,—however it comes, in service to the church, service to your neighbor, or in any other way, that God-like stirring helps to spiritualize the community in which the man who feels it lives. And there is no better way of preaching than to illustrate these great truths by the practical work of every day. A German socialist, Rudolph Todt,—not a destructive socialist, but a constructive one,—said that political economy was to the body politic what anatomy is to the human body: it teaches its construction and the working of its parts. Socialism is to the body politic what pathology is to the human body: it teaches the action and the development of disease. But religion is to the body politic what therapeutics is to the human body,—the cure. And there is no other cure for all the evils which come to us in this life than a practical application of the Christian religion in every-day life. [Applause.] He says, in order to study social conditions, he wants always on his right hand the works of political economy, on the left hand the works of social science, and in front of him the New Testament. Then he is equipped to study social problems.

Can the Unitarian Church help along such things? Can the Unitarian Church render a service to the American people in helping to spiritualize it? I believe it has a mission before it. I believe that that mission is to bring out the very declaration of the Conference at Saratoga, reiterated at the Conference at Washington, that the basis of the whole business of Christian unity in the world is love to God and love to man. It is the source of our success, it is the source of our inspiration. With it, practically applied, there can be no failure to the Unitarian order. [Applause.]

Mr. Wolcott then introduced, as the last speaker of the evening, Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston.

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS BY REV. E. A. HORTON.

The Conference at Washington—in whose stream I wish you had all been baptized—marks the highest mark reached yet by the zeal and intelligence of the Unitarian denomination. But, when my friend Batchelor tells us that the Fiske and Everett night was the star night, I must be permitted to put in a little plea for Tuesday night. That was the young people's night; and I mention it because Unitarians are waking up to the consciousness that, if they wish to see their churches perpetuated, and the grand cause they have at heart prolonged, they must take heed to the young people. [Applause.] And that night they rallied and listened to a man who, from his high presidential office, has never yet scorned to reach down and join hands with the humble Sunday-school worker. Dr. G. Stanley Hall has seen that the religious and moral education of the young is as necessary as the intellectual polishing going on in college and academy. Have we a message and service for the people? Yes, it seems to me, just as much as when I, a green and gawky Freshman, was wandering about the precincts of the University of Michigan, and feeling in my ignorance that the religious drop, small though it may seem to be, put into the cup of life is that which makes it what it ought to be. Groping, fumbling thus, I had a message from the Unitarians in the works of Theodore Parker. I heard his voice, and followed it: I found in Unitarianism a spiritual service which has given me whatsoever of joy, of usefulness, I have had in this world. It is the same to-day. Keep touch with the boys and with the young men.

And what must our service be? We must see to it that we stand now, as before, for sincerity. If sincerity were more predominant in the theological world, in sermons, in the actual consistency or inconsistency of organized religion, we should see a manifestation of light breaking in, such as we should remember. The wastes and burdens of inconsistency and contradiction are taking the heart and life out of the powers of organized religion. To-day we have Whittier in the choir in almost every church, and Dean Stanley said you could always hear Emerson in the pulpit; and yet the creeds and the covenants flatly contradict them. Here is where a part of the great trouble is; and the Unitarian comes modestly but firmly to say: "I will bring a spiritual service to this country by standing, first and last, for transparent genuineness and sincerity. I will affirm what I do believe, and no more; and I will trust God if I make a blunder."

And the Unitarian Church is also to be of service to-day by showing that we get more of faith to-day and larger view in withdrawing from tradition, in going out into the great highways of science and gathering testimonies there. Thus we shall gain a deeper and a more magnificent faith than that we are thought to destroy and take away.

But, friends, if I can read the signs of the times, you will be called upon, not to defend this particular doctrine or that or-

ganized form of the recognition of God. You will be called upon to stand for a church polity that means the Congregational system as against one taking its authority from bishops or synods. I am not talking any A. P. A. doctrine; but there are Protestant churches that are now pressing with urgency their claims upon New England and the country at large. And those who thoughtlessly train in their company are tying their hands and denying their heredit, and coming into the possibility of mental and spiritual bondage. New England Congregationalism is a church government of the people, for the people, and by the people; and, if we surrender that, we are in danger of losing ground that we have fought for and gained,—the right to think for yourself, the immediate communication with the Almighty simply as a child of God, the ability to organize a church and keep it independent.

The joy that lies in the religion of Jesus has never yet burst in all its glory upon the world. The Unitarian Church can give to the American people that good news which brings sunshine for men all along his struggling pathway. And one word more: the Unitarian Church, when it talks about unity, talks about the only sense that you hear promulgated in this country. Do you suppose the dear Christian people are going to flock into that quadrilateral that was promulgated by that council? Do you suppose that ecclesiastical unity is the goal of man? Do you believe that we are going to write the same vertical style of religious tradition? No: we have found the sesame which shall open the doors of the future. It is "love to God and love to man." And diversity in unity is the only possible system that intelligent freemen can expect in a Christian republic. We have laid the basis for it; and it is a spiritualizing thing to lead people to understand that to bow this way, or to write that way, or to pronounce a shibboleth, can never bring that Christian unity for which all pray and labor.

Friends, it is refreshing to a minister, even though he meets you constantly, to see you gather here and look one way, with your faces lighted with the glorious inspiration of this faith, which, whether it is called Unitarianism or something else, will enter in and conquer, because it is germane to the spirit of our principles, and was in the ink in which the pens were dipped which wrote the charters of our freedom and our privileges. [Applause.]

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, November 12. There were present Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Williams, and Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Butler, Dole, Fox, Hosmer, Howe, Long, Lyman, Savage, and Stone.

The treasurer made the following statement for October, 1895:—

INCOME.	
Cash on hand, October 1.....	\$417.64
Special gift (to be invested).....	25,000 00
From donations.....	5,586 50
From Indian School.....	2,511.57
From bequests (to be invested).....	5,000.00
From sale of books, Income Fund, etc.....	1,273.69
\$39,789.40	
EXPENDITURES.	
For missionary work, etc.....	\$6,131.55
For book department, expenses, etc.....	1,337.94
For Indian School.....	2,792 11
For investment.....	1,000.00
Cash on hand.....	28,527.80
\$39,789.40	

On recommendation of the Finance Committee a bequest from Ira P. Farrington of Portland, Me., to the Church Building Loan Fund of \$20,000 was accepted, and the treasurer authorized to receipt for the same.

A plan presented by the treasurer, and approved by the committee, for raising money was read and approved by the board, and the treasurer authorized to take the necessary steps for carrying the plan into execution.

On recommendation of the Publication Committee new editions were authorized of "Hymns for Church and Home, with Tunes," Channing's "Works," and Martineau's "Endeavors after the Christian Life."

It was voted to print as tracts "The Theology of Unitarians," by Charles Carroll Everett, D.D., LL.D., "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett, "The Church and the Masses," by Rev. John Cuckson, and "Our Gospel," by Rev. Minot J. Savage; to buy one thousand copies of "The Forward Movement of Unitarianism," by Rev. George Batchelor, and one thousand copies of "A Personal Statement by a Layman," by George W. Stone; to buy copies of the *Christian Register* containing reports of the National Conference; to grant Unitarian books to the Willcox Library, Girard, Pa., and to the Washington City Free Library.

On recommendation of the Pacific Coast Committee the following appropriations were made for the year beginning Dec. 1, 1895: to the First Unitarian Society, Alameda, Cal., \$250; to the Unitarian Society, Pomona, Cal., \$250; to the First Unitarian Society, Ontario, Cal., \$200; to the Uni-

tarian Society, Stockton, Cal., \$400; to the Santa Maria Unitarian Society, Santa Maria, Cal., \$300; to the First Unitarian Church, San José, Cal., \$750; to the Unitarian Society, San Diego, Cal., \$600; for missionary work in Eugene, Ore., \$100; for missionary work in Medford, Ore., \$50; to the First Unitarian Society, Puyallup, Wash., \$300; to the First Unitarian Church, McMillin, Wash., \$100; to the First Unitarian Society, Spokane, Wash., \$350; also to the First Unitarian Society, Redlands, Cal., for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1896, \$250; and to the First Unitarian Society, Seattle, Wash., for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1896, \$600. It was also

"Voted, That \$1,000 be appropriated, with travelling expenses (for six months), to pay for the services of Rev. C. W. Wendte as superintendent for the Pacific Coast, for the year beginning Dec. 1, 1895, all sums received for preaching to be credited to the Association.

"Voted, That \$250 be appropriated for one-fourth of the expenses of Unitarian headquarters at San Francisco, for the year beginning Dec. 1, 1895."

On recommendation of the Southern Committee, it was

"Voted, That the appropriation asked for by the First Unitarian Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., be for the present laid upon the table, to await further information concerning the prospects of raising money in Chattanooga."

On recommendation of the Western Committee the following appropriations were made: to Unity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, for six months, beginning Oct. 1, 1895, \$150; to the Unity Church, St. Cloud, Minn., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1895, \$200; to Rev. A. H. Norman, for missionary work among the Scandinavians in Brown County, Minnesota, under the direction of the superintendent for the Central West, for six months, beginning Oct. 1, 1895, \$200; to assist the society at St. Anthony Park, Minn., in gaining a clear title to the land upon which their building stands, \$280; to Unity Church, St. Joseph, Mo., \$340.

The consideration of our Japan Mission having been especially assigned for the November meeting, the Committee, on Foreign Missions recommended, and it was

"Voted, To appropriate the sum called for in the estimates of Rev. Clay MacCaulley for the support of the Japan Mission, for the year beginning Nov. 1, 1895, \$4,350."

This includes the income of the Hayward Fund and \$50 contributed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

A long and earnest discussion preceded this vote. The reasons which influenced the minds of the directors may be summarized as follows:—

First, the mission is established, has a commodious building, is doing a work of great value, attracts the attention of all religious parties in the empire, whether native or foreign, is regarded by many orthodox missionaries as a most dangerous obstacle to the methods of old-fashioned orthodox views of salvation, is opposed by conservative Buddhists, is the most efficient and successful foe of ancient superstitions, and by thousands of Japanese, as twenty-five hundred letters of inquiry in a year testify, is regarded as the friend of all those who would live in the spirit.

Second, the abandonment of our mission, already foretold by its enemies in Japan, would be telegraphed throughout the civilized world as one more evidence of the spiritual incapacity of Unitarianism to meet the needs of humanity.

Third, the directors were convinced that, if the real state of the case were understood by their constituents in America, they would be held responsible for committing a great blunder, and ceasing their efforts just at the time when the fruit was beginning to ripen. The tendency of the majority of the native Christians, according to the testimony of eminent orthodox authorities, is in the direction of Unitarianism. These reasons seemed so urgent that, when the vote was taken, there was but one negative vote.

The secretary announced as gifts to the Association the receipt of a portrait in oils of Rev. S. H. Winkley of Boston, also one of Hon. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Md., and that these additions to the gallery of portraits are on exhibition in Room No. 4 of the Unitarian Building. The secretary was instructed to thank the donors.

An application for \$300 for the "Beneficiary Fund" of the Meadville Theological School was referred to the Committee on Education; also a communication from President Long of Antioch College was referred to the Association by the National Conference. Mrs. Thomas Talbot of North Billerica, Mass., was elected to the vacant place upon the board of directors of the Association. Adjourned.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, Sec'y.

Treasurer's Notes.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

A book with the title "Stories and Poems for Children," by Celia Thaxter, has just been issued. The name describes the book. It is neatly printed. The au-

thor's work is too well known to call for any comment. 257 pages. \$1.13.

The new hymn-book entitled "Hymns for Church and Home" is meeting with general approval. As the holidays are approaching, this might be used for a Christmas gift. It would be a valuable addition to the music of the home, and would be useful many times when the family and friends gather around the piano or organ for a Sunday evening sing. The old tunes are there, and many beautiful new ones also. Price \$1.50.

The "Manual" for 1895 of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Christian Women has been issued; and it is evident, from the amount of work that was carried on by the officers for several days in this building,—folding, directing, and mailing them,—it has been very widely distributed. This organization is growing in importance and usefulness every year, and its management has been very able and successful. The Publication Committee has authorized the publication of four of the papers given at the last meeting of the National Conference in tract form; and, as soon as they can be printed, which we hope will be within a few weeks, we shall be ready to distribute for Post-office Mission and other work. The tracts will be as follows: the Conference sermon, "Our Gospel," by Rev. M. J. Savage; "The Church and the Masses," by Rev. John Cuckson; "Our Unitarian Theology," by Dr. C. C. Everett; "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett. These tracts will give the latest Unitarian word on the subjects treated, and will no doubt have a wide circulation, as they ought to have. We also have a tract nearly ready, entitled "The Forward Movement of Unitarianism," by the secretary, Rev. George Batchelor, preached by him in Unity pulpit, November 8,—a tract that ought to be used extensively, a strong and encouraging statement to Unitarians generally.

We have this week received a fine oil portrait of Hon. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, which is now on exhibition in the building. Mr. Pratt is one of our oldest and strongest Unitarians. It was a rare sight to see the cordial greeting between him and the venerable Dr. Furness at the late Conference in Washington. Mr. Pratt does not often, we imagine, have an opportunity to greet any one his senior; but eighty-seven is less than ninety-three, and the minister is the senior.

FINANCES.

The Association is not receiving the contributions it needs, by any means. It has received several bequests; but they are all, with one exception, for investment, and they do not help our present needs very much. It is a great disappointment to those charged with the executive work that they are unable to carry out the excellent plans that have been prepared; but we must wait on the churches. If we could have a fixed income for a few years, independent of the contributions from the churches, we could lay out some work that it is not possible to consider now.

We are constantly hearing of bequests and gifts from Unitarians to the many excellent charities that are being carried on; and we sometimes wonder if our good friends are not laboring under a misapprehension as to the missionary work of our Church, and if many of them do not think that somebody else is looking after us, so that we do not get the attention we deserve, and that we would surely get if our generous friends really knew how much we needed their help. Remember, friends, that the way to help the Unitarian cause is to help the American Unitarian Association.

VISITS.

Sunday, November 10, at the old Second Church in Boston, one of the most interesting of our older churches, and one that will always be identified in many minds as the church which had Ralph Waldo Emerson as its minister. Monday evening, at Jamaica Plain First Congregational Society, a very pleasant meeting of the Congregational Union of that church. The vestry of this church is one of the most convenient, and in all respects one of the finest, I have yet seen. The meeting was a pleasant and, we hope, a profitable one to all. Wednesday, November 13, at the old church in Roxbury, to attend a meeting of the New England Associate Alliance. This is the New England Branch of the Women's Alliance, and therefore a very important part of the body of Unitarian workers to which many of us are looking to supply a quality of work sadly needed in our denomination.

Wednesday evening, Unitarian Club of Boston, at Hotel Vendome,—an enthusiastic and inspiring meeting, in which the last and best words of our faith were spoken with eloquence and power. Thursday evening a reception to our secretary, Mr. Batchelor, given him by the Unitarians of the First Parish of Cambridge in their spacious vestry,—a cordial welcome to Mr. Batchelor, who has taken up his residence in this old parish. Such occasions as these, that draw together socially the Unitarians of the parish, and indeed of many parishes, can but do good.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "Talk" will be held next Saturday, November 23, at 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject will be Lesson XI., "The Good Samaritan." All cordially invited.

As aids to the observance of Christmas, the Unitarian Sunday School Society offers reprints of their successful services, published in 1888, 1892, and 1894. Price 5 cents per copy, \$4 per hundred. These pamphlet services contain responsive readings, prayers, and a fine collection of appropriate music. No new service will be issued this year.

The current leaflet lessons on "The Teaching of Jesus" are now ready for December. The subjects are "The Shepherd and his Flock," "The Laborers in the Vineyard," "The Ten Virgins," and "The Lighted Candle." The Advanced lessons are prepared by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, the Intermediate by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Primary by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. The Intermediate and Advanced are printed together on one leaflet. Primary illustrated, also a four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents by the dozen or hundred, postage not included.

Primary Education, a monthly journal for primary teachers, is one of the best publications of its class in the country. We have occasion constantly to turn to this magazine, and we find ample resources of suggestion and help. Mrs. Eva D. Kellogg is the editor, and her outlook over the department she has in hand is very broad and clear. The variety of articles, the pertinency of the illustrations, and the progressive spirit of the whole journal are evidenced in every number. In the articles by leading teachers in our common schools, which constantly appear, there is a great deal calculated to aid Sunday-school workers. This valuable help for work among the primaries is issued by the Educational Publishing Company, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston. Subscription price \$1 a year.

Religious Intelligence.

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall, Boston, on Monday, November 25, at 10.30 A.M. Dr. Charles Carroll Everett will give the address. His subject will be "The Relation of the Present Age to the Doctrine of Immortality." The meeting will be open to the public.

THE Essex (Mass.) Unitarian Club held its fall meeting last Friday evening in Salem. Seventy-eight gentlemen were present, and enjoyed the fine addresses Mr. Savage and Mr. Horton gave upon "The Meaning of Unitarianism." This meeting ended the second year of the club, which has so far had a very successful existence, both in regard to membership and interesting discussions. The club hold three meetings annually, one of which is "Ladies' Night."

BOSTON.—Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Rev. Thomas Van Ness will speak upon "The Preacher" on Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, in the series upon "Makers of Modern Society." Rev. S. H. Winkley will preach at 3.15.

The policy of Morgan Chapel has greatly changed during the past few months. Classes have been organized in printing, carpentering, shoe-repairing, and tailoring, in which twenty-three men and women have already enrolled. They meet on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 till 9 P.M.; and we invite any of our friends to come in and see their work. Public baths will be opened this week. It is the present policy to help men and women help themselves, and any help sent us will go toward defraying the expenses of this work. Any one wishing to help a worthy person to a Thanksgiving dinner will find no better way than by sending his gifts either to Miss E. S. Emmons or the pastor of Morgan Chapel, 87 Shawmut Avenue. Good use can be made of cast off clothing.

G. S. WARNER, Associate Pastor.

Parker Memorial (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): The Sunday evening services for the third winter were commenced November 17. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., gave the opening sermon on "A Review of the Progress in Religion during this Century." Dr. Hale's remarks were highly interesting. He referred to Dr. S. F. Smith and Dr. T. T. Stone, both of whom had so recently passed away, in advanced years. He drew a comparison between the conditions existing when these men were born, at the beginning of the century, and those that are now surrounding us at the close of the century, as a background for a very graphic portrayal of the great theological changes which have come to pass in New England theology. Dr. Hale also mentioned true freedom, spiritual courage, and a real Christian brotherhood

as three prominent traits in the development. Next Sunday evening, November 24, Rev. Minot J. Savage will speak on the subject of "Heresy." Services begin at 7.30 o'clock. Fine music at each service. Seats free, and a welcome to all.

ATHOL, MASS.—Second Church: The Athol Transcript publishes every Tuesday morning a column of Second Unitarian Church news. The following four items appear every week: "This church welcomes to membership, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality, all who, 'in the love of the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ, wish to unite for the worship of God and the service of man.' This church is supported by voluntary subscriptions and offerings. The pews are not rented, sold, or taxed, but are all free, so that any one, rich or poor, may occupy any seat at any time. All that consider the Second Unitarian Church their church home are requested to share its burdens as well as its privileges. Members will confer a favor upon their pastor by informing him of any case of sickness or trouble." An impressive service of the Guild of the Good Shepherd was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, Sunday evening, November 10. He gave a short address upon the duties, which were really privileges, of the members of the guild, after which thirteen persons were received as members. The weekly meetings have a large attendance.

BROCKTON, MASS.—Rev. Rush R. Shippen was installed pastor of the Unitarian church in Brockton, October 31. An interesting feature was the preaching of the installation sermon by the son of Mr. Shippen, Rev. Eugene R. Shippen of Dorchester. Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. C. A. Allen, Rev. A. W. Littlefield, and Rev. Mr. Humphrey took part in the exercises. Brockton ministers from the Orthodox, Episcopal, Methodist, and Universalist churches were present by invitation. Rev. F. A. Warfield, pastor of the Porter Evangelical Church, and Rev. Albert Hammatt, pastor of the Universalist church, welcomed Mr. Shippen to Brockton, and extended to him the hand of fellowship. It was an impressive service. Mr. Shippen has been warmly welcomed by the press, as well as the clergy, who realize his ability and earnestness. Mr. Shippen commenced his labors November 3.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The reception which the Unity Club tendered Rev. Mr. Reccord on October 16 preluded another, which had in it an added element of rejoicing. On November 12 the society of the First Unitarian Church assembled in strong numbers to meet the new minister and his young wife. The hand-to-hand greetings and responses betokened singleness of hope and purpose in pastor and people. During the evening Major Gould presented Mrs. Reccord with a box containing \$75 in gold coin, as a gift from the society, for which Mr. Reccord responded in his happiest vein.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.—A correspondent writes: "November 17 was a specially interesting and impressive day. Dr. Fisk entered upon his fourth year of service, and gave an inspiring sermon, full of thought and fervor. The Sunday-school is well officered and equipped for work, with Mr. Reuben Peterson as superintendent, and a corps of faithful teachers, Mr. Roby, leader of the singing. The death of Dr. Smith, author of 'America,' led Dr. Fisk to tell the school something of his life, and to suggest that we close in singing this grand old hymn, which thrilled the hearts of those present."

GRAFTON, MASS.—After a service of four years in Grafton Rev. T. E. Allen read his letter of resignation last Sunday, to take effect February 14.

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KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., held its first meeting for the year on Wednesday evening, November 13. Dr. George B. Twitchell presided. The speaker was the Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester, N.H., who gave a very interesting address on the theme "The Christ of Sentiment and the Jesus of History." He was followed by Hon. Edward Gustine and Rev. C. B. Elder, the pastor of the church. This is the fifth year of the existence of the club, and thus far it shows no signs of waning interest. The membership is larger than ever. The club has undoubtedly served to create a stronger feeling of fellowship, and to develop a deeper interest in the liberal cause.

NEW YORK.—The stirring editorial in last week's *Christian Register* erroneously credits this city with an experience which, no matter how much she needs it, she has not had. It speaks of the "Forward Movement" in New York and Brooklyn; while it is not here, but there, across the river, that this "forwarding" has been going on. The last of the meetings in its interest was held on Sunday evening, the 17th. The series of three have given entire satisfaction to their initiators, and have completely vindicated the somewhat disputed fact that interest in Unitarian thought can be called out almost anywhere if it is gone about in the right way. And the successful way in the Middle States seems to be the Napoleonic one of massing the forces for the first attack. The strongest and best known of our ministers always have a part in the first meetings. The three or four addresses they make revivify even the old-time Unitarians, of which there were a considerable number present at the Brooklyn meetings, while they interest and captivate the newcomers at the start. This method creates a wave of enthusiasm which rarely dies away in a mere mill-pond ripple if a strong and well-directed wind is kept stirring in the neighborhood. In the case of Brooklyn it is the eleventh annual meeting of the Middle States Conference, which occurs on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of November, at the First Unitarian Church of the city, which is expected to roll along, for a time, the "Forward Movement" wave there. The Middle States have now thirty-seven active Unitarian churches. If they are all represented at the conference by their authorized number of delegates, there will be present a substantial nucleus. These, together with the congregations of our New York and Brooklyn churches, and even a small proportion of the strangers who attended the meetings above referred to, will make the coming session, in point of numbers, a brilliant one. The programme, as given in the last New York letter, promises a rich spiritual and intellectual feast.

PETERBORO, N.H.—The first of a series of popular platform meetings, to be held this winter in Southern New Hampshire, was held in this town November 10. About four hundred listened to the group of speakers for this occasion: Rev. Messrs. A. J. Rich of Milford, J. C. Mitchell of Wilton, and Enoch Powell of Nashua. On Sunday evening, November 24, another meeting will be held in Wilton; and the speakers will be Rev. George E. Littlefield of Peterboro and Messrs. Rich and Powell. At similar meetings held in Brooklyn and Gouverneur, N.Y., last week, hundreds were turned away from the packed halls.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—One of the pleasant features of the Unitarian church service is the music, which is well rendered by a volunteer chorus and orchestra under direction of Miss Georgiana Smith. The concerts given by choir and orchestra for the benefit of the church are deservedly popular.

PORTLAND, ORE.—The William G. Eliot Fraternity of the Church of Our Father has printed its programme for the present season, together with a list of officers and half a dozen committees of work. The subjects of the Sunday evening meetings are given up to May 10, and an interesting course of Shakspeare studies is announced.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—The ordination and installation of Rev. Adelbert Lathrop Hudson took place in Unity Hall, November 10. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, who also gave the charge to the minister and the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the Unitarian ministry. The ordaining prayer and the charge to the people were by Rev. David Utter. Rev. Clarence T. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city, after having held services in his own church, came, and in a catholic spirit welcomed the new minister to Salt Lake City and his new field of labor, saying that his greetings were none the less cordial because his opinions were not identical with those of this church. An interesting feature was the installing address of Hon. N. M. Brigham, the president of the society, who voiced with peculiar force and clearness the forward-looking policy of the Unitarian church.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.—Rev. J. C. Park of Pittsfield is ill; and the supply of his pulpit is made by brother ministers, who are glad to serve him. Rev. Mr. Huxtable preached there several Sundays ago, and Rev. S. J. Barrows went last Sunday. Rev. R. E. Birks, who is a member of the parish, has been rendering most efficient help. Rev. S. Thomson has been settled in the sturdy little parish of Rowe. He takes with him all the devotion and energy bred in him while minister in the Trinitarian Congregational Church. The newspapers in Dover, N.H., recognize that "two stars of no small magnitude have commenced to shed their brilliant rays" in that city. They name one Rev. Dr. Ward of our Unitarian church. That church, after a season of depression, is growing in strength and influence under its new pastor. The "Unitarian evangel" was earnestly preached in Peterboro, N.H., on the morning and the evening of the 10th inst. by Rev. Mr. Littlefield, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Rich, Mitchell, and Powell. In New London a week ago Rev. W. H. Pulsford preached; and last Sunday evening there was a platform meeting at which addresses were delivered by Rev. C. P. Lombard, Archibald M. Howe, Esq., and Superintendent D. M. Wilson. The same day these three gentlemen began services in the town of West-erly, R.I. In the town of Derby, Conn., two lawyers, E. L. Staples and John H. Light, conducted the services. The church in Ellsworth, Me., after a vigorous campaign of two or three years under the lead of Mr. Cochrane, finds that it is essential to take a rest during the present winter. It is the ardent hope that in the spring services will be resumed. In Waverley special platform services were held last Sunday, which were participated in by Rev. L. B. Macdonald, Rev. L. G. Wilson, and Rev. C. A. Staples. Next Sunday there will be another platform meeting, at which Rev. Albert Walkley, Rev. W. H. Pulsford, and others are expected to take part. D. M. W.

ILLINOIS CONFERENCE.—The twenty-first annual session of the Illinois Conference was held at Shelbyville, November 5 and 6. The annual sermon was by Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, on "Pure Religion and Unfiled." The Shelbyville society, having just completed repairs and decorations on their church, used the occasion for a very delightful and tender service of rededication. Wednesday forenoon was devoted to an "inspirational meeting" led by Rev. Seward Baker of Sterling, business, and an address by Rev. Ada M. Kepley of Effingham on "The Relation of the Church to Temperance." The reports from societies were for the most part of an encouraging nature, but some did not hesitate to exhibit a sense of failure in certain lines. The afternoon session began with short reviews of notable books. Rev. Seward Baker reviewed Caird's "Evolution of Religion"; Rev. W. M. Backus, Balfour's "Foundations of Belief"; Rev. W. W. Fenn, Blass's "Acts of the Apostles." Then followed an address on "Liberty and Religion" by Col. John Sobieski. The business session was largely occupied with the discussion of the resolution passed by the Western Unitarian Conference at its May session, and commended to the consideration of the conference by the American Unitarian Association. The meaning and purport of the resolution becoming clearly understood, the following was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, That this conference cordially approves the general spirit and purpose of the plan of affiliation presented by the Western Unitarian Conference, and commended to its consideration by the American Unitarian Association, and hereby nominates Rev. C. F. Elliott as its representative on the Missionary Council and the Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference.

"Inasmuch as the plan has not been unanimously accepted by the State conferences, and therefore at present cannot be carried into effect, this conference recommends that the council, so far as constituted, call a meeting of conference with representatives of the disapproving State conferences, the Western Unitarian Conference, and the American Unitarian Association, in order that the plan may be better understood, or that another of similar purpose and character may be formulated, which shall be acceptable to all concerned, and that the result of this deliberation be presented to this conference at its next session for final action."

The conference closed with a platform meeting, presided over by President Fenn, and taken part in by Rev. Messrs. Bulkeley, Blake, Backus, Douthit, and Elliott. A conference of exquisite spirit and helpfulness.

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE.—The Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference met in its fall session, November 6 and 7, with the Unitarian church at Wichita, Kan. On the evening of the 6th a most interesting and profitable platform meeting was held. The subject was "Aspects of Unitarianism that have impressed me most." The speakers were: Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, who

spoke on "The Freedom of Unitarianism"; Rev. W. G. Todd of Kansas City, Kan., who spoke on "Its Unrecognized Spiritual-ity"; and Rev. T. B. Forbush, superintendent of the American Unitarian Association in the Central West, who was "impressed" by Unitarianism as a whole, its men and women, its spirit, its doctrine, and the rest. Thursday morning Rev. C. G. Howland of Lawrence, Kan., gave a paper on "Socialism," which was discussed by those present. In the afternoon there was a sermon by Rev. F. M. Bennett of Carthage, Mo., on "Authority in Religion." Rev. A. W. Gould gave a report of the National Unitarian Conference held at Washington. In the evening the conference sermon was preached by Rev. W. G. Todd, whose subject was "The November of Religion." At the business session of the conference Thursday morning a resolution was passed expressing the desire of the conference to have a Unitarian periodical published at Chicago, either a new one or one of the present publications transferred. Another resolution was passed, asking that, if possible, the American Unitarian Association send some of the prominent Eastern preachers to hold services in the various churches of the conference, thus doing what the conference thinks would be a valuable missionary work. The following action was unanimously taken on the proposition submitted to the conference by the Western Unitarian Conference. In regard to the resolutions submitted to this conference by the Western Unitarian Conference, looking toward the union of the Unitarian forces in the Central West,

"Resolved, That the Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference deems the proposed plan of union undesirable and impracticable.

"Resolved, second, That this conference does favor some form of union of forces of the American Unitarian Association and the Western Unitarian Conference in the Central West." A. WYMAN, Sec'y.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The regular monthly meeting took place at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on November 8, twelve members present, besides Mrs. Andrews, the former president. The secretary being absent, Mrs. Cleveland was chosen secretary *pro tem*. The corresponding secretary reported that she had spoken to four Branches during the week,—Taunton, Fairhaven, Waltham, and Dorchester,—and intended to visit Lawrence and Portsmouth before returning to New York. Mrs. Dix reported for the meetings at Washington during the Conference. She also gave an account of the acceptable work of Miss Everett at the Unitarian exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition. On motion of Mrs. Hooper, it was voted that whatever additional sum of money be required to continue Miss Everett's excellent services at the Exposition should be appropriated from the treasury. A letter was read from the Somerville Branch, asking assistance for a fair which will occur December 1. This is referred to the various Branches of the Alliance. The Committee on Appeals read an appeal from the school at Calhoun, where Mr. Dillingham has charge. It was voted unanimously to act in harmony with the following: "The Committee on Appeals urgently recommends to the various Branches the claims of Calhoun, at once a school, a settlement, and an institutional church, of which Rev. Pitt Dillingham is in charge. Though not strictly denominational work, the spirit of it is so much in accord with the spirit of our work that we hope each Branch will feel inclined to aid it to the extent of its ability." Mrs. Hooper recommended the Branches to found scholarships. Mrs. Andrews presented the claims of Green Harbor, which is again without a pastor. Mrs. Dix gave an account of the November meeting of the New York League, and mentioned the great interest in Alliance matters in the Brooklyn churches. Mrs. Ellis Peterson, the newly elected director for Massachusetts, was warmly welcomed. The new "Manual" was presented to the Board, copies of which may be obtained at 25 Beacon Street, or from the secretaries. The Board adjourned till December 13, at which time reports are due from New England, Rocky Mountains, and Pacific Coast.

Business Notices.

Singers and Artists Generally are users of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat Irritations. They afford instant relief. Avoid imitations.

The dinner table has become a more important feature of the home since the reduced cost of china and glass has turned the taste of housekeepers that way. The change of fashion from white ware to decorated has taxed the dealers to keep pace with the demand. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's establishment is a notable one in this line.

A Striking Feature of the forthcoming volume of *The Youth's Companion* will be a group of articles by famous authors and authoresses. Mrs. Burton Harrison describes her girlhood in Virginia, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett tells "How I became an Authoress," and Frank R. Stockton has written reminiscences of his youth and early struggles in the profession of literature.

No need to remove the chimney when lighting the Miller Lamp, while its screw and plunge lift for regulating the wick and its simple design for reworking make it emphatically the best.

Littell's Living Age for 1896. Founded in 1844, this sterling magazine will soon enter its fifty-third year of a continuous and successful career seldom equalled. This standard weekly is the oldest, as it is the best, concentration of choice periodical literature printed in this country. Those who desire a thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world will be spared the trouble of wading through the sea of reviews and magazines published abroad; for they will find the essence of all compacted and concentrated here.

To those whose means are limited it must meet with especial favor, for it offers them what could not otherwise be obtained except by a large outlay. Intelligent readers who want to save time and money will find it invaluable.

Its prospectus for the coming year, printed in another column, presents a feature of unusual interest; for its publishers announce a reduction in price from \$8.00 to \$6.00 a year. For the amount and quality of the reading furnished, the new price makes THE LIVING AGE the cheapest as well as the best literary weekly in existence. Reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals offer still greater inducements, and to new subscribers remitting now for the year 1896 the intervening numbers will be sent gratis. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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Marriages.

At Charlestown, N.H., 12th inst., in the Unitarian church, by Rev. T. D. Howard, Nahum Charles Dodge, of Springfield, Vt., and Mary S. Miner, of Charlestown. At Charlestown, N.H., 18th inst., by Rev. T. D. Howard, Samuel A. Nye and Gracie E. Rumwell, both of Acworth, N.H.

Deaths.

In Athol, 12th inst., Earl H. Goodrich, 34 yrs. In Winchester, 6th inst., Mrs. Margaret S. Kitson, aged 74 yrs., 11 mos., 6 days, wife of Lewis A. Bruce, and daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Kitson. In Baltimore, 12th inst., Susan Mayhew, daughter of the late George N. and Susan B. Eaton.

In Asheville, N.C., 14th inst., Mrs. Eva Wilson Case, wife of Everett Case.

The death of Mrs. Case occurred after a lingering sickness of two years. The deceased was an active member of the Unitarian church of Troy, N.Y., and was well known. She had a most lovable disposition, and possessed many excellent traits of character which endeared her to all. She is survived by her husband, two daughters, Mrs. Fish of Dedham, Mass., and Miss Case of Philadelphia, and one son, John D. Case of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. O. K. Crosby is Yarmouth, Me.

THE address of Rev. Herman Haugerud is 1328 9th Street, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

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the benefits to be derived from Bovinine. A well-known champion bicyclist heartily commends it. Fred Titus, of the Spaulding Racing Team says, "I have been taking Bovinine while training, am surprised at the strength and renewed vigor I derived from its use. It is grand to take after hard riding, as it very soon restores the life you lose at such times."

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is strictly and solely a food stimulant, prepared by a special cold process from lean, raw beef. Its great blood and flesh creating qualities combined with the ease with which it is digested, makes it invaluable as a restorer of depleted tissues, and as strength-maintainer in all cases of exhaustion, whether caused by disease or over-exertion. All Druggists.

A. P. BUSH, 149 Pearl St.

For the *Christian Register*.
AT BREAK OF DAY.

BY MARY S. BACON.

O little birds that wake and sing,
 That madly sing at break of day,
 My waking heart can scarce endure
 The heavenly sweetness of your lay.

Upon the mountains, flushed and still,
 One late star hangs, then sinks away;
 Across the glowing sky the dawn
 Casts streaming signals of the day.

Save your bright notes, dear singing-birds,
 No sound is in the wondering air;
 The world lies wrapped in wearied sleep,
 Scarce resting from unceasing care.

A bird sang in my nest one day,
 The mists hung darkling at the dawn:
 She felt no lack of light and love
 As she all joyously sang on.

She sang until a storm arose,
 Dashed the poor earth-made nest away;
 And now where skies are free she sings
 At break of an immortal day.

Colorado Springs.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

The President's Thanksgiving proclamation is a warning that Thanksgiving Day is the practical limit of our "vacation of work" in Boston, our understanding of "vacation" for the last fifteen years being "working like a horse" from Independence till Thanksgiving Day in Boston, as a preparation for working like a span of horses the rest of the year down South. In our "account of stewardship," last July, we informed the readers of the *Christian Register*, "outside of our own personal earnings, we should have on Thanksgiving Day \$2,500, as the minimum outfit for the work of the present year," our mission year meaning from July 1, 1895, to July 1, 1896.

We take this opportunity to thank old and new friends of the work for their remembrance since our July call, and are happy to say that our own contribution of paying work to the collection is more encouraging than in any former year. But the entire sum of \$2,500 mentioned still lacks somewhat of being made up. As every day until December 1 is booked for two days' work, will not such of the readers of the *Register* as have not already or before favored us ask themselves if there is any better way of "laying up treasure in heaven" than sending to our address, No. 25 Beacon Street, Rooms of American Unitarian Association, their donation, however moderate, to the general fund? If anybody is afraid of being asked next year, we will suggest that money sent without the donor's name is receivable throughout the length and breadth of Dixie. We make no comparison between our own "ministry" and the excellent work done in the great and little schools for the colored folk or the devoted labors of our Unitarian missionary to "boost" the solid South above its present dead level of "evangelical" theology. We only say, first, that, as far as we know, our own ministry of education is the only direct method by which our people can contribute to the building up of the people's common school in every State of the South, and that, from every point of view, the progress of this entire region depends more on this than on any or all other influences, public, private, or ecclesiastical.

Second, journeying through these sixteen States, all of which have been visited within the past fifteen years, our religious and political opinions nowhere concealed, we address every year, through sermons and lectures in the churches of every Christian and Hebrew denomination, save the two or three to whose pulpit no speaker save the priest of the church is admitted, more people of "all sorts and conditions," including the most influential classes, than the entire congregations of our own churches in every Southern State and border city.

Third, the final result of the admirable school work for the colored race, to which our Unitarian people are contributing their thousands every year, depends on the increasing disposition of the masses of the white Southern people to support the common schools, where the graduates of Hampton, Tuskegee, Atlanta, and Calhoun must find their chief opportunity for work that tells on the general uplift of their people. Our work is just at this point, and the recognition of its value is so well known that it is unnecessary to quote testimonials to

the readers of the *Register*. Surely, a call for the \$500 that would make November 28 for us a day of genuine "thanksgiving and praise" is not crowding anybody or getting in the way of any good cause, but simply asking for an investment to that extent in what every intelligent worker in the Southern field will acknowledge a hearty and useful co-operation.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING AT WASHINGTON.

The meeting to consider the proposed consolidation of guilds, Unity Clubs, and other young people's societies, was called to order at 2.30 p.m. October 22, by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, in a brief statement of the object of the meeting. The meeting was organized by the election of Mr. George W. Stone as chairman and Rev. J. M. Scott as secretary. Rev. C. R. Eliot, in behalf of a committee from existing young people's societies, made the following statement:—

I have been asked to give a brief account of the steps which have led up to the present meeting, in order that those present to-day may understand its motive and purpose.

In May last, at the annual meeting of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, held in Boston, a vote was passed as follows: that a committee of three be appointed, consisting of Rev. C. R. Eliot, Rev. L. B. Macdonald, and Miss Kate L. Brown, to confer with a similar committee to be chosen by the National Guild Alliance in regard to a union or closer co-operation of these two organizations, and to report at the annual meetings in May, 1896.

According to this request the Guild Alliance, through its president, appointed a committee of three, consisting of Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. George W. Cooke, and Mrs. Laura B. Martine.

This joint committee held its first meeting in June, and after considerable discussion came to the general conclusion that it would be wise, if possible, to bring about a closer co-operation of guilds and Unity Clubs and other young people's societies, and that all legitimate means be taken to further such a union.

The summer intervening, no meeting of this committee was held until October.

In the mean time this idea of co-operation or union, this hope of a national union of Unitarian young people, took hold of many minds, at the Unitarian headquarters and out in the field. Its spread was hastened by the great gathering of Christian Endeavor Societies and of the Universalists' Young People's Christian Union held in Boston in July.

The result of this growing enthusiasm was several conferences between Mr. Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Stone, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, and Mr. Horton, president of the Sunday School Society, Mr. Van Ness, president of the Unity Club Bureau, and Mr. Macdonald, president of the National Guild Alliance, which conference resulted in calling this meeting at Washington, for consultation with representatives of the Unitarian young people from other States.

After this step had been taken, it became evident to the joint committee above referred to that some sort of informal statement of its opinion would be expected, and would be of value in giving point and purpose to this meeting, especially as those who called this meeting had certain propositions to make.

Understand, therefore, that this committee has no authority to express final opinion to-day, nor to urge any plan upon this meeting, having been instructed to report to the guilds and Unity Clubs next May. It may be said that at least four of its members concur in the following opinions:—

1. We believe that the time has come for some forward movement in the direction of organizing our Unitarian young people. We believe that new life may be infused into existing organizations, and many new young people's societies formed, if the denomination as a whole will unite in such a purpose.

2. We believe that the work done hitherto by our Unity Clubs, guilds, and other young people's societies, has been most admirable. It is because of this good work that we think the hour has come for a closer union and a united forward move.

3. We heartily believe that the centre about which our young people wish to rally is the religious motive; and we see evidence of this, not only in the success of such bodies as the Christian Endeavor Society, but in our own guilds, which have always centralized their efforts upon the religious life. We believe, therefore, that, whatever forward step may be taken, it should be toward this end. It not only should not interfere with the existing guilds, but it should make the guild idea central.

4. We therefore feel inclined to concur in the proposition to be made, as we under-

stand, by those in charge of this meeting; namely, that a national organization of young people's societies be formed, to be called the Young People's Unitarian Union. We are in sympathy with the purpose proposed by the Union. We believe it to be one to which all the guilds now existing can give their allegiance, and with which other young people's societies can readily agree.

Brief and earnest addresses were made, indorsing the need and idea of such organized union by Rev. L. B. Macdonald, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Rev. A. W. Gould, and Rev. B. F. McDaniel.

The following suggested plan for the organization of such a union was read by Mr. Van Ness:—

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNITARIAN UNION.

Alliance of Head, Heart, and Hand for Truth and the Right.

The object of this Union shall be to strengthen the young people of the Unitarian denomination, in order that they may do more and better work for the kingdom of God.

Holding, in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man, each branch of this Union promises to take part in some religious, philanthropic, or charitable activity connected with the Unitarian Church or with the cause at large.

THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

The cardinal principles of this Union shall be Truth, Service, Righteousness.

I. TRUTH.—"Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"Thy law is the truth."

"Search for truth."

"Revelation is not sealed:

Answering unto man's endeavor,

Truth and right are still revealed."

—Longfellow.

Every member of the Unitarian Union is urged to aid the cause of truth, either (a) by reading each week some Unitarian or other religious literature, (b) by disseminating the same, or (c) by joining in some study class connected with the church, which shall have for its object the direct furtherance of religious truth.

II. SERVICE.—"I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "To work is to pray." Save others, and thus thyself.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone:

Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."

Every member is urged to take part in some religious or charitable activity, or else strive to bring to the Sunday services some stranger or person unacquainted with Unitarian thought and life.

III. RIGHTEOUSNESS.—"Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." "Character is the man." Saved by the life.

Every member promises to attend the particular Unitarian church in his town or city at least once a week, or, failing to possess such a church in the vicinity, to engage in some devotional exercise which shall keep in memory the great principles of life and duty for which the Unitarian church is founded.

Rev. L. W. Sprague offered the following resolution, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That the plan presented through Mr. Van Ness by the Joint Committee, appointed last May by the National Bureau of Unity Clubs and the National Guild Alliance, appeals to the representatives of our churches, guilds, and other organizations here present as practical; and

Resolved, That we adopt it as a general plan of action, referring it back to the said committee for them to consider an ultimate plan of organization, we returning to our various fields, and doing what we can to

perfect organizations in sympathy with this general scheme.

Voted to adjourn to meet October 23 at 2.30 p.m.

The adjourned meeting was called to order by the president at 2.30 p.m.; and the minutes of the yesterday's meeting were read, including Mr. Eliot's statement of the reasons for calling this meeting, and Mr. Van Ness's suggested plan for organization.

This was followed by a general discussion, without motion, as to the plan and name,—chiefly in regard to the name, the line of thought dividing between wanting the Unitarian name and the desire for some other name which would make the work of organization easier in the newer fields.

Mr. Gould offered the following resolution, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, recognizing the great need of religious training for our young people and the great good already accomplished in some of our churches by guilds and other organizations for that purpose, earnestly urges upon all of our churches the desirability of trying to start some form of young people's religious societies.

Mr. Sprague offered the following, which was carried:—

Moved that the committee to whom this matter of a national organization was referred shall be enlarged to include the president of the Sunday School Society, the secretary and the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. Mary A. Safford, and Rev. Earl M. Wilbur.

Moved by Rev. C. R. Weld, and carried:—

That persons in this meeting and others interested be requested to send to this committee their suggestions of a name for the national organization.

Moved by Mr. Sprague, and carried:—

That the committee to whom this matter is referred be instructed to report to a meeting called to assemble in Boston during Anniversary Week next May; and

That the committee be instructed to send to the secretary of each young people's organization in our denomination a copy of a proposed constitution; and

That an attempt be made to secure representation of each young people's society at the meeting to be called in May.

Moved and carried that this meeting adjourn without day.

The Committee on Organization held a meeting in Washington, and organized by electing Rev. Thomas Van Ness chairman and Rev. George W. Cooke secretary. A committee, consisting of Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. A. W. Gould, and Mr. George W. Stone, was appointed, to prepare a circular to all ministers and young people's societies, setting forth the importance of the work of such societies and urging their organization. A committee, consisting of Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Mary A. Safford, and Rev. L. B. Macdonald, was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for a national organization, and submit it to the whole committee for consideration. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

Resolved, That the union committee be requested to correspond with the officers of the local conferences, asking them to give place on their programmes for the consideration of the question of the formation of young people's religious societies within their respective conference limits.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that the proposed organization shall be national in its character and denominational in its aims.

The resolution offered by Rev. A. W. Gould, asking of the National Conference the recognition of the interests of the young people, was presented to that body by Col. Carroll D. Wright, and was unanimously adopted as the sense of the Conference.

Any suggestions as to name and place of

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organization should be sent to the secretary of the committee, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Literature.

A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY. 1837-95. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, author of "Victorian Poets." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Mr. Stedman offers his book as a volume of "selections illustrating the editor's critical review of British poetry in the reign of Victoria." Its value, however, is quite independent of that admirable book. There are many who delight in poetry for one who delights in the criticism of it, even by a hand so skilled as Mr. Stedman's. In making this anthology, Mr. Stedman has done a great service to society. Many, of course, will question the proportionate amount of space allotted to this or that poet. They will think that Mr. Stedman would have done better to consult his own taste more freely, feeling sure that in many cases the relative proportions reflect the popular standing of the poets rather than his own. Would it not have been better for him to do something to correct the popular judgment? And, then, as to the selections made from the various authors: frequently the reader will find himself asking, "Why this, and not that?" Often, no doubt, the answer is that the better known thing has been avoided, the endeavor being made to widen the range of the reader's acquaintance. Here and there the preference is unaccountable. Why, for example, when Aubrey De Vere has written so many strong and lovely things, should the sonnet on Cardinal Manning have been chosen,—a piece of nauseating flattery to the effect that in Manning Aquinas and Dante were united? Some one said the same thing of Jonathan Edwards long ago, and of him it was measurably true. There were elements in him that suggested both the angelic doctor and the Florentine. But what there was in Manning to justify the flattery it is hard to see. Moreover, except as a puff for Manning, the sonnet has no reason to exist. It has no poetry in it to justify its absurdity. Some of the selections in their meagreness are hard on reputations that were considerable in their day. Thus there are only two pieces from Lord Houghton's many. But from Landor we have about fifty pieces,—his tiny skiffs that keep afloat when all his great three-deckers have gone down. The material is divided and subdivided in an interesting and effective manner. First we have one hundred and eighty-four pages devoted to "The Early Years of the Reign"; and these are divided into "Distinctive Poets and Dramatists," "Poets of Quality," "The Roisterers," etc. The next general division is "The Victorian Epoch," led off by Tennyson, this followed by "The Close of the Era" and "The Colonial Poets." Under each of these general divisions there are various subdivisions reflecting the clearness of analysis that Mr. Stedman has brought from his critical studies of poetry. A double pleasure awaits the reader of this delightful book,—that of meeting again many old friends, and that of making many new ones; for the reader must be exceedingly well read who does not find many beautiful things here that he has not seen before. The book is of generous bulk (744 pages). It has a fair outside and a large, open page. An admirable picture of Queen Victoria serves for frontispiece, and on the title-page there is a beautiful photogravure of the "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey. Surely, here is a book which no gentleman's library can afford to be without, if the gentleman is a lover of the poets.

REMINISCENCES. By Thomas M. Clark, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Rhode Island. New York: Thomas Whittaker.—Looking at the picture of Bishop Clark, which fronts the title-page of his pleasant book, we should take him for a Roman Catholic prelate, so strongly Celtic is his face. Indeed, but for the Episcopal toggery, we should think he was some Tammany chief, so much less does he look the ecclesiastic than the genial politician. Moreover, something of this sort is true of the picture which the good bishop has painted of himself in his "Reminiscences." It is the picture of a man who never took himself with the tremendous seriousness of the average bishop of the English Church in America. Had he taken to politics instead of to the Church, his success would probably have been more brilliant. That his life would have been happier we are permitted to entertain a doubt. It has apparently been very happy as actually spent. Evidently, he would have been well content to go along in the old way; but, if he has not taken kindly to the Romanizing of his Church, he has not disquieted himself in vain. The several accounts of great ecclesiastical functions are in agreeable contrast with the manner of A. H. K. Boyd, "the Country Parson," and others of his cloth. They tend to minimize the glory of such things rather than to exalt it. So with the comment upon the bishop's ecclesiastical contemporaries. It is some-

times very amusing, and nowhere more so than in the account of Bishop Eastburn; and the best touch in the book is that concerning the intelligent English lady who was always profited by his discourses, such was the benefit of the discipline she got in trying to follow him. Bishop Griswold feared the distraction of much dining out; but in the course of many years he got but one invitation, and that from one of his own clergy. Verily, the Boston of those days was not "given to hospitality." But, then, it was well known that the bishop's table-talk was heavier than lead. The concluding chapter is on "Phillips Brooks"; and it suffers from the fact that much of it is taken from a memorial discourse, and has not the colloquial freedom which is so engaging elsewhere in the book.

THE JOURNAL OF COUNTESS FRANCOISE KRASINSKA. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. Chicago: McClurg & Co. \$1.25.—What a fascinating story have we here! A little eighteenth-century countess of sixteen—who afterward became the great-grandmother of Victor Emmanuel—takes us most heartily into her confidence; and with her we dance in the old castle and run in the woods, "in morning gowns, without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes." We enjoy the excitement of her sister's wedding, pitying her because she is marrying a solemn man who does not care for dancing! The vivid picture of Polish court life is most interesting, but the chief charm is the sweet personality of the little Framulka. Though she becomes the greatest belle in Warsaw, she retains the same simplicity that she showed when her honored mother graciously permitted her second daughter to help her. "Twice already I have had the key of the medicine closet intrusted to me, and I really think since then I have grown more serious." Her romantic admiration for the young Duke Charles of Courland, the king's son, is the key-note of her story. She wonders if she shall ever see him. How charming he must be! How proud of him is his father! Consequently, we anticipate the end before she does. The journal breaks off abruptly when the countess is eighteen. As the translator tells us, "Continual sorrows and misfortunes took away her strength and her wish to write about them any more." Yet we are assured that, after sad years of wandering, our lovely countess finally had a happy home in Dresden; and, furthermore, it is shown that the king and queen of Italy are the great-great-grandchildren of Françoise Krasinska.

THE GARDEN BEHIND THE MOON. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—It is interesting to follow the clever artist of the pencil into the mazes of literature. But Mr. Pyle's venture here is not quite clear. His spiritual suggestions will hardly be followed by the little children, who crave the mythical; and older boys and girls, who might discern the beautiful truths woven with the fable, will be a little impatient with the imaginary part. There are touching and exquisite passages, and the spirit throughout is sweet, pure, and humane. Lovers of the immortal "Wonder Book" will hardly forgive the translation of their beloved "Pegasus" into the "Black-winged Horse," even though "Pegasus" shines all the brighter by contrast. And the severe moralist will shrink with horror at the marriage of the half-witted youth to the beautiful princess, even if such an unhallowed consummation takes place only in the "Garden behind the Moon." With ninety-six thousand souls in the United States, each of whom might be called a "moon-calf," there is a sad reality to be considered. Mr. Pyle might think that the expression of such views fulfilled his prophecy: "I dare say there are some wise folk who will tell you that it is all nonsense. Well, well, may be it is all nonsense; but sometimes there is more solid truth in a little nonsense than in a whole peck of potatoes."

THE POWER OF SILENCE. An Interpretation of Life in its Relation to Health and Happiness. By Horatio W. Dresser. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street.—This book is conceived very much in the spirit of those who are devoted to the ideas of mental healing and Christian Science. But every scheme of thought is subject to the individuality of the person holding it and expounding it. Every scheme has interpreters so simple and sincere, or so eloquent and persuasive, that we are almost persuaded to join ourselves to their assembly. Mr. Dresser brings to the exposition of his scheme an individuality that would give to any scheme he might adopt a charm peculiar to himself. We may or may not go with him the length of his conclusions: we may accept much of what is most peculiar in them, or little. But one must be strangely unsympathetic who can read this book without finding many things in its plea for "a wise passiveness" that commend themselves as sound and good and expressive of what he has himself dimly felt after, and nearly come upon, or quite, many and many a time. One thing that helps is

a certain pleasant harmony between the matter of the book and its form. The tone is very quiet; and, if sometimes the meaning is extremely vague, it is with a pleasant vagueness. We are invited to feel that we are in a good world, and that it is not by anxious striving that we get the best it has to give, but by doing the duties nearest to our hand, and trusting for the rest.

SONGS FROM THE NORTH. Vol. I. Collected and edited by Valborg Hovind Stub. Minneapolis: Century Piano Company. \$2.—Very welcome is this collection of Scandinavian songs. Though Americans have long loved Grieg and Kjerulf and Ole Bull, they have had little opportunity to know many of the minor writers of Northern song. Mrs. Aubertine Woodward Moore (Auber Forestier) has furnished the songs with English text, and her translations are most apt and musical. So at last we, too, shall be able to sing these lovely songs in our own language. To those who are familiar with Grieg and his school the book will come as an old friend: to those who are not it opens an enchanting vista of appreciation. It must have been hard to choose from so many good things, but the choice has been well made. There is a literary as well as a musical interest in the English versions of the songs and the biographical sketches of the composers which accompany their portraits. The edition, in flexible covers (price \$2.50), will make a charming Christmas gift for the singing daughters of the family. A second volume will appear later.

THE STICKIT MINISTER. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. Paper, 50 cents.—The sketches themselves are happily the same familiar stories; but the illustrations which appear now for the first time are characteristic and attractive. Though the work of nine or ten artists, all lovers of the Stickit Minister and the "common men," the illustrations are remarkably harmonious. There are glimpses of old Edinburgh, sketchy bits of the Galloway moors, the Duchra, the Nether Dullarg, and the Manse of the Marrow Kirk, and the other places that we know so well. There is a prefatory poem by Robert Louis Stevenson,—to whom the book is dedicated,—the last verse of which is touching enough,—

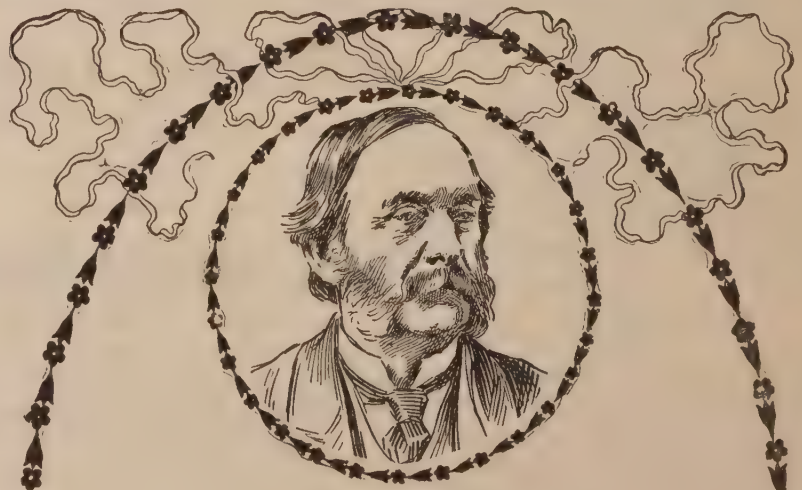
"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call,—
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,—
And hear no more at all!"

UNC' EDINBURG: A PLANTATION ECHO. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by B. W. Clinedinst. Charles Scribner's Sons.—"Tis hard to spile Christmas, anyways," is the doctrine promulgated by

Unc' Edinburg in the opening sentence of Mr. Page's charming book. But there are books that help to "spile" it,—gift books that lack intrinsic merit. "Unc' Edinburg" is not one of these. It is a book to warm the cockles of the heart. The story is told entirely by Unc' Edinburg, as he drives the author, *in forma*, to Wenowcoke from the railroad station. We must confess that sometimes his Negro dialect is not a little baffling. It becomes a subject of domestic conference; and, if the conference ends in victory at last, that is an added joy. Plantation manners may not have made good life; but they make good literature, when such a master plays as Mr. Page. The illustrator has seconded his text most admirably. Many will follow the example of "Marse George," and fall in love with Miss Charlotte, as she comes down the steps, "smilin'."

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson and others. Charles Scribner's Sons.—These stories have all enjoyed the currency of one or another of the magazines, and they now make their appeal to a much smaller company in such a beautiful book that it lends a grace beyond itself to the matter it contains. They are of different degrees of excellence, "An Eye for an Eye," the second on the list, being the last in point of merit. The story which names the book is the pleasantest of all; and the most amusing is "The Matrimonial Tontine Benefit Association," an institution for delaying matrimony, the last married to have all the money in the pool. When only two were left, there were some very interesting complications; and the man who got the pool waited too long for it, and missed the girl he meant to marry, after all. One must not come to these stories expecting too much, or he may possibly be disappointed. But they are very bright and entertaining and amusing.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The best part of Mr. Crawford's "Constantinople" are the illustrations by Mr. Weeks, which reveal the spirit of that city much better than the text. Indeed, Constantinople is a series of pictures. It is one of the most pictorial and kaleidoscopic cities in Europe, and one of the dirtiest. Mr. Crawford writes too much from the outside to give us an inside view. He is a Turkophile, and abuses the Greeks and the Armenians, who, he says, have given the Turks a bad name by calling themselves Turks, and sometimes by misgoverning his country. But, if the author had had a real taste of what the Turkish government is, he would pass this off for reportorial sarcasm. A slight experience with a Turkish court of justice or a Turkish prison would probably cure him of such ideas.



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THE NIMBLE DOLLAR. By Charles Miner Thompson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.—Most of these stories, if not all, have already appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, which is perhaps as good a guarantee of their merit as any boy would ask. They are original in conception, and offer no examples of the wild Indian or hair-breadth escape type of book, depending rather on some not impossible but hitherto unthought of complication for their interest. The longest story, which gives the book its name, is perhaps the least interesting; though the idea itself is as well worth developing as any of the others. The story of the boy who wanted to be a reporter, that of the young man who was well punished for frightening his little brother, and the tangled web woven by the boy betrayed into an untruth seem to us the brightest of the lot.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.—In this remarkable account of what is called an episode in our Civil War there is none of that glamour sometimes thrown around battle scenes by a romantic imagination, or even by the partial mellowing that comes in the lapse of years. This is realism of the most uncompromising sort. It tells the inner history of a young private through the three days of fighting that followed a long period of inaction. It is surprisingly well done, and shows a vigor and sincerity that makes one forget certain faults of style and imperfect English, if indeed these do not add insensibly to the realism of the book. It is alive with the suppressed passion of actual experience.

MASTER AND MAN. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—One lays down this little book with the sensation that he has experienced a bit of Russian life. The story could be told in a few words: a sledge journey results in the freezing to death of a man and a horse. But with what inimitable skill it is told! The reader will not lay it down till the last page is finished, and not a word can be skipped. Not only is the picture of a Russian winter storm admirable, but the spirit and character of master and man are delineated with masterly skill. The money-loving master, the passive, patient serving-man, the comfortable villagers, the nervous wife, are living personalities.

MISS JERRY. By Alexander Black. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.—The first "picture play" was originated by Mr. Black last year, and was so successful that the author has published the story in book form. Though the printed pages cannot reproduce the novel effect of photographic action, one scene melting into another,—"the whole company of actors and a scenic and spoken drama comprised in a traveling equipment of two men and a magic lantern,"—yet the illustrations taken from life give a suggestion of the whole. Miss Jerry is a sweet and unaffected girl, and the story is simply and naturally told.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN OF SONG. Selected and arranged by William L. Tomlins. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.—For kindergartens and children's singing classes the simplicity of these songs is well adapted; and, though the tunes are somewhat monotonous, the words are very good. The designs by Ella Ricketts are attractive and pleasing.

Books and Authors.

"Listener," in the *Transcript* of Saturday, November 9, thus speaks of a young Boston poet: "If it were not that the priesthood of nature exacts a continual advance from generation to generation,—a steady readjustment of thought and expression to suit the powerful ebb and flow of the spiritual cravings of man,—one might almost fancy an old Druid re-embodied in Mr. Philip Henry Savage, the young poet of Boston, whose volume of verse the 'Listener' has just taken up. Here is certainly a high priest of nature,—a bard who understands the innermost mysteries! But, if he is a Druid, he is one who knows very intimately the spirit of this time,—this moment, when a world bereaved of its idols sighs for a new god, when it will not have any old god in a new guise, when it looks with yearning eyes into the woods and hills and brooks for its divinity, and, though seeing more there than even Wordsworth or Emerson saw, and rejoicing in it, and at times giving itself utterly to the revelation, yet turns away again, only half daring to believe. Mr. Savage is a pantheist,—that needs hardly to be said of any poet of nature at this day; but, though he sees and sings the 'little god within the brook,' which is the fish, and truly feels his own heart beating within the golden breast of the meadow-lark, he must now and then lament the other gods he has lost. What is there in recent verse that surpasses in fine audacity the idea contained in the following lines? Mr. Savage first compares his heart to the dead leaf that rolls along the ground:—

"Green faded into red, and red to brown;
Life to decay, and death the latest crown!
So is my life, and lacks the heart of power
Here to lift up the god that's fallen down.

"Alas! why, in the days of mighty Jah,
Did I pull down thy pillars, Asherah?
Baal, where art thou? Egypt, even thou
Hadst faith for me beneath the wings of Ptah!"

It is not always in this regretful spirit, however, by any means, that Mr. Savage writes. His moods, especially when he writes of the early spring and the early morning and the great mountains, are often joyous. There are some fine sonnets in the book; and the 'Listener,' who feels particularly grateful to Mr. Savage for writing much about his own mountain of mountains, which is Moosilauke, would like to quote some passages which refer to it. But this he cannot do. The public, no doubt, will be interested, and will have a right to be interested in the verses wherein the poet refers to his father, Rev. Minot J. Savage. The lines that are inscribed 'To M. J. S.' end with a couplet which may, indeed, become famous,—

"The heart that travels seaward brings
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Miscellaneous.

Macmillan & Co. are the American publishers of Dean Farrar's "Julian Home: A Tale of College Life," a new and beautiful edition. If less successful than "Eric; or, Little by Little," because dealing with a more difficult situation, the book is one that has been justified in its passage heretofore through thirteen editions. We fancy that college men have been less taken with it than those anticipating college life. The illustrations are below the level of the matter of the book and its general appearance.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s holiday edition of Mrs. Jane G. Austin's "Standish of Standish: A Story of the Pilgrims" is so beautiful that the reader cannot but be sad that it did not delight the eyes of the author before they closed forever on the scenes whose traditions she had endeavored to perpetuate and adorn, not without good success. "Standish of Standish," if not the best of her novels, has no superior among them; and in these beautiful volumes, with charming photogravure illustrations, many will renew their pleasure in the book, and many more will make its acquaintance for the first time, and wonder that they have not known so good a thing till now.

The republication of G. P. R. James's "Richelieu: A Tale of France," by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a natural incident of the prevailing inclination of the public to historical romance. Written in 1825, it was the first and one of the best of James's innumerable historical novels. It was read by Sir Walter Scott in manuscript, and received his too generous approval. James has been called "the English Dumas," and there is about as much truth in the epithet as there is generally in epithets of this sort. He has Dumas's skill neither in plot nor description, and still less could he make his people talk well and entertainingly. But he had skill as a narrator, and did much to please an appetite that Scott had first created and then somewhat dulled. It goes without saying that "Richelieu" is better worth reading than many of our recent ventures in this kind; and Messrs. Putnam's edition in two handsome volumes, uniform with their edition of the Tautphoeus novels, is entirely satisfactory.

Literary Notes.

An amusing paper on "The Plague of Jocularly," by the late Prof. H. H. Boyesen, in the November number of the *North American Review*, attacks the seeming American inability to treat serious things seriously.

Books Received.

From *Estes & Lauriat, Boston*. Constantinople. The City of the Sultans. By Clara E. Clement. Illustrated. Price \$3.00. Ruby's Vacation. By Minnie E. Paull. Price \$1.00. From *Harper & Brothers, New York*. Dixie, or Southern Scenes and Sketches. By Julian Ralph. Illustrated. Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories. By Constance F. Woolson. Illustrated. The Red Cockade. A Novel. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated. From *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*. The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age. By Ernest DeWitt Burton. Price \$1.50. An Old New England Town. Sketches of Life, Scenery, and Character. By Frank S. Child. With illustrations. Price \$2.00. The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. 2 vols. Price \$2.50. The Private Life of Napoleon. Memoirs of Constant. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. 4 vols. Price \$5.00. From *A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York*. The Book of Deuteronomy. By Rev. Andrew Harper, B.D. The Expositor's Bible. From *Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York*. The Blessings of Cheerfulness. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Price 35 cents. The Hidden Life. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Price 75 cents. L'Avril. A Novel. Translated from the French of Paul Margueritte by Helen B. Dole. Price \$1.00. Tartarin of Tarascon. By Alphonse Daudet. With illustrations. Revised Translation. Price \$1.00. Beautiful Houses. A Study in House-buildings. By Louis H. Gibson. With over 200 illustrations. Price \$3.00. From *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York*. Westminster. By Sir Walter Besant, M.A., F.R.S. Lakewood. A Story of To-day. By Mary H. Norris. Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis. The Red Spell. By Francis Gribble. With frontispiece by Frank M. Gregory. Bohemia Invaded, and Other Stories. By James L. Ford. With frontispiece by A. W. B. Lincoln. From *Macmillan & Co., New York*. The Grey Lady. By Henry Seton Merriman. Price \$1.25. The Master of the Musicians. A Story of Handel's Days. By Emma Marshall. With illustrations by A. Ansted. Price \$1.50. From *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York*. Poets' Dogs. Collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson. Mimosa Leaves. By Grace Denio Litchfield. Illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. From *Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago and New York*. Headwaters of the Mississippi. By Captain Willard Glazier. Illustrated. From *The American Book Company, New York*. Electra. Old Greek Stories. Third Reader Grade. By James Baldwin. Price 45 cents. Fairy Stories and Fables. Second Reader Grade. Retold by James Baldwin. Price 35 cents. Stories for Children. First Reader Grade. By Mrs. Charles A. Lane. Price 25 cents.

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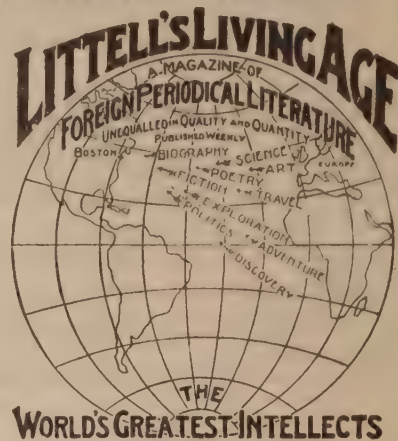
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[Translated by James Freeman Clarke.]

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But princes seek and prize the one—the other's
thrown away.

The chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its
food to find,
While helpless lies for months and years the child
of human kind,
Which yet, by gradual growth, o'ertops all else in
strength and mind.
O slow of thought! remember this,—be thankful
and resigned.

—Saadi.

For the Christian Register.

JIM ELKINS'S STRIPES.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

Jim had coveted them from the time he had viewed the first dress parade of the "Wharton Guards," as the company at Wharton School had voted to style themselves.

He had grown up with the company, as he felt; for he had never missed an exercise on the parade ground, which adjoined the pasture back of his aunt's little house on the side hill. He knew every one in the ranks, from tall Jack Barton, whose stiff, soldierly bearing he so much admired, down to Harley Stowe, whom he pitied from the bottom of his heart because he had such a terrible time learning to keep step.

He had followed every new recruit who came to Wharton with both sympathy and impatience, as the young drill-masters put them through the awkward squad,—sympathy for the scathing criticism they poured out upon the learners, and impatience because these clung so long to shuffling steps, unwieldy legs, and crooked shoulders. But he glowed with pride as well, when they were brought out at last, able to take their place in the ranks under Lieut. Kerr, as fit subjects for him to take the remaining kinks out of, preparatory to being invested with the acme of soldierly dignity,—a uniform.

"I wonder if I couldn't make one," Jim ruminated, after drill one day,—an unusually enthusiastic one.

"One what?" demanded his cousin Sally, who shared the fence with him, also his enthusiasm for the Guards, but who was far from fervent concerning any of Jim's aspirations. Jim longed for her sympathy and good comradeship; but her manner rarely failed to express her contempt, if her tongue did not utter it.

"Why, make a soldier," answered Jim. "Not one of them in the ranks,—I wouldn't give shucks for that place,—but one of the fellows with stripes on his sleeves. My!" he ended longingly.

"You'd look pretty with stripes!" Sally flung back the sneering rejoinder. She was fond of throwing his small stature at him. "There wouldn't be room for 'em," she continued tantalizingly. "Not more'n one," she yielded, "and that don't mean nothing. Bob Starr has to have two 'round his wrist just for corporal; and, just for sergeant, Bill Mills wears two upside-down V's on his shoulder."

"I mean to have four V's," Jim stoutly affirmed, hiding his hurt over the first taunt. "That means captain. Three, anyway, for a lieutenant," he conceded.

"How are you going to get 'em?" Sally demanded, with unfeeling triumph.

It was left unanswered. Jim was loath to tell what was in his mind. He and Sally both knew, however, that his aunt would not be able to send him to Wharton. It was entirely out of the question, when she washed for Lieut. Kerr, and when Sally had to tend their baby every Thursday evening, while they went to the hall rehearsals. Still, he did not entirely despair: he could play soldier, at least. And there was where he would have liked to have won Sally's co-operation, or, at least, her approval of his plan. But that was out of the question, too; and he refrained from subjecting himself further to her merciless ridicule.

He knew where he could obtain strips for his trousers,—from his aunt's rag-carpet balls. There was a dirty white cap in the garret, left over from some past political campaign; and his aunt would never suspect its presence in her logwood dye, if discreetly managed. A pair of white

gloves, unearthed with the cap, would do capital, after a surreptitious bath in the Monday's boiler; and his uncle's old gun must complete the outfit.

Everything went well in preparation. He would have liked Sally's help when it came to the attachment of the white carpet strips to his Sunday trousers and coat,—for he meant to have the full complement of stripes; but he managed to accomplish even that, and, if the V's did straggle in a very unsoldierly line up his shoulder, he tried not to see the defect, as he viewed the effect in his bit of a mirror.

Sally, however, was not ignorant of his movements. She resented the fact, too, that they had not been unreservedly laid before her. She had forgotten the frequent humiliations her tongue had inflicted; and, in her offended state, she planned for the utter downfall of the little self-conceit she had left him.

It was the night that she was to carry home the wash for the Kerrs that Jim had arranged for a drill by himself in his impromptu uniform. He knew she would be absent the whole evening to care for the baby, as well. Various society meetings would claim the attention of the boys. There was one thing, though, that Jim did not know,—that Sally took a long detour by Parson's Hall, in order to overtake Jack Barton and Harley Stowe, which resulted in a consultation which grew to include a score of their companions.

By the light of the moon Jim's accoutrements did not look badly. His aunt's carpet-rags were not specially adapted to such ornamentation, and the puckered lengths bore testimony to the work of a novice; but Jim was enjoying himself as well as one lonely boy could under the circumstances. He had not watched the drills for nothing; and he now marched and countermarched under his own commands,—a company in himself. He remembered a previous slur of Sally's to the effect that his running was like a crawfish's,—looked as if he were going backward. So at last he set himself to a double-quick along the pasture fence, when something happened.

"Squad, halt!"

Before he could recover from the astonishment of the sudden command, a circle of boys enclosed him, and Jack Barton faced him.

"I'll take command of this squad," said Jack, briskly.

"Give him a 'setting up.'"

"Put him through the steps."

"Try him on the manual of arms."

The suggestions were simultaneous. Jim knew he was powerless for the time; and he stood still, with heaving breast and flashing eyes.

"Do you know your primer?" demanded Jack.

"Yes, I do," Jim snapped.

"All right, sonny: then fall in. Attention!"

Jim saw the futility of the least show of resistance, and he took a sudden resolve.

"Hanged if the beggar don't work at it pretty well," drawled Harley Stowe, at Jim's prompt, if ridiculous, effort at the execution of commands fitted for a company, to say nothing of a regiment.

Jim's face flushed; but for the next fifteen minutes he was put through a series of evolutions that would have given pointers to a naval academy. He was marched forward and back, in line and to rear, by flank and in column, right, left, wheel, and turn. There was no command too ridiculous for the assembled crowd to give, and none to which Jim did not faithfully endeavor to give some interpretation more or less correct.

"Squad, halt! Whew!" Jack brought his victim to a standstill.

"Haden't you better call for 'port, arms, dismiss'?" queried Harley, with a laugh, as Jack wiped his forehead.

"Yes," said Billy Mills; "for I'd like to call attention to this new style of uniform. What tailor do you patronize, Jim?" Billy carefully pulled out a raveling, to hold it up in the moonlight.

"When did you take out the patent?" "What have I done for you fellows to act this way? I've got a right to wear what I please," flashed out Jim, indignantly. He had suffered himself to be made their butt partly because he knew he could respond to orders as well as the most of them, but he could not stand the jeers at his outfit.

"Why, you've done enough to give you a whole suit of stripes," retorted Billy.

"Stealing from a rag-bag is a penitentiary offence." He gave a quick jerk at an insecurely fastened strip, to leave it dangling from one arm; while Bob Starr served the opposite side likewise the next moment.

"You're big, and there are more of you, I know," Jim blurted out, unable longer to suppress his anger. "You go to Wharton, and I can't; but Lieut. Kerr says himself it takes something more than all that to make a true soldier."

"What is it?" The unexpected defiance roused a noisy clamor. But, before Jim could decide whether further altercation would be best on his part, a sudden glow lighted up the sky,—a glow that was not of the moon's rays. A simultaneous cry broke forth, as all eyes fell upon the nearest hall.

"Fire! Fire!"

Right out from the roof had shot a tongue of flame. Every boy fled in frantic haste. Jim tore off the old gloves as he ran. He remembered that it was Thursday night; and—where was Sally?

An excited throng quickly gathered about the building, the sole entrance to which was filled with smoke. Lieut. Kerr himself answered the question that Jim's heart was thumping out. The lieutenant pushed his way through, and would have entered; but he was held back.

"But my baby,—and the girl Sally,—they're there! Let me go!"

"You can't, lieutenant. We're going to see if we can reach them another way," said a man in front. "Nobody could get up that stairway. There the boys go for a long ladder."

Jim saw the movement, but he did not wait. His mind ran to the time when the new hall was built on the site of an old one. He remembered a gutter running across the front of the mansard roof,—how he and Sally had dared to traverse it more than once. Sally would never let him outdo her. If he could only reach that, he could get to Lieut. Kerr's room. There was an old wistaria vine on the south side. Its strong stem had been trained up the new hall, and he was little. Just then there was a queer feeling of mingled regret and gladness as he thought of it, and it was heightened as he tore off his coat and touched the dangling stripes.

While strong arms were holding the lieutenant from rushing into certain danger, Jim was climbing the wistaria. He remembered another thing as he struggled up. The vine had been wound about the water-pipes, and far up a coil of the stem had been given a firm hold at a transverse joint. It gave him courage, though he knew the flames might reach vine and pipe before he could return. Cinders were falling as he swung himself up on the gutter.

A cry arose from below, where his movements were seen for the first time; and it was answered by another at the middle oriel window, as Sally appeared, with a terrified scream, a bundle in her arms. Like a nimble monkey, Jim traversed the gutter, and jumped in at her side.

"O Jim, you can't do anything for us!" cried Sally. She forgot that he had reached her, at least.

"Tie the baby to me; and you follow, if you can," was all he could find breath to say. "Hurry!"

Sally was always glad he said, "If you can." Just then she had lost her ordinary courage. The situation seemed hopeless, but that was a dare. It appealed to her genuine self. She could and would dare do what Jim did.

Her fingers nervously wound the long scarf-shawl about the child, then around Jim's waist and neck. The baby was small, too; and Jim was thankful for that, and that it was not yet awake. Just as the flames burst into the room behind them, and another cry arose from beneath, he stepped out with a hurried direction to Sally, "Come fast and close, but don't touch me."

Sally obeyed, with a strange feeling that Jim was greater than she. Only cool resolution helped the two, as they darted back along the gutter to the end of the building, Jim scarcely feeling his little load in its improvised hammock. But there a wave of heat met them. Would the wistaria hold to the walls till the descent was made? He heard shouts; but he did not dare look down, nor think of the distance three stories below.

It was growing hotter, and the air seemed full of flame. He must trust to the vine. He did not dare to think of the burden at

his back. He only could hope. There was no choice; for Sally was right behind him, saying hoarsely, "Go on, Jim."

"Can you hang to it? Let me get to the next floor, if you can."

"I'm going to," said Sally, setting her lips together.

With the turn in the gutter, he backed over the edge, hanging to pipe and vine. Down he slowly slid. The bundle stirred. His heart stood still. He clung desperately as a swirl of smoke from a window almost took away his breath. A crash somewhere caused him to take a closer grip. There was a cry from above, and a burst of flame. Then he was conscious that Sally, too, had grasped the vine. A tendril broke, and he gasped. Then came a welcome sound:—

"Steady, Jim! Reach for the ladder."

With dry lips, as his feet touched the rungs, he called up: "Hold tight, Sally! The ladder's here."

The next thing he knew he was lying on the ground. Somebody was saying something at a great distance, seemingly.

"'Twas a tug, together with the excitement."

He tried to rise. He asked for his coat. For a few moments it was not altogether clear to him what all the bustle about meant. It came back, as Sally helped him on with it, with a whisper, "They're 'most torn off, but I'll fix them on again."

"Why, it is one of the Wharton boys?"

questioned Lieut. Kerr, coming over to him, and reaching out for his hand.

"It's Jimmy Elkins." Somebody nudged his elbow; and he turned to catch Jack Barton's aside, "Please, lieutenant, don't seem to notice his clothes."

Jim was glad to get home. He knew that the baby and Sally were all right, though the hall was completely gutted; and he knew, too, that he had been the means of saving the two. Lieut. Kerr had told him so, with warm praise; but he did not feel right. It took days before the effect of the strain subsided. The excitement came near developing into a form of heart trouble. He did not want to see any one; but Sally saw to that, and he was not troubled.

As for Sally, he was thankful that she never said anything about the stripes. He did not know the part that she had played in the early evening of the fire, and he hoped that the boys would never tell her that. His ambition seemed such a foolish thing, now that he looked at it all. It was a sham: he realized the fact, and he was sure that the boys had a right to poke fun at him. So the more he thought of it the less he felt like seeing any one. As a consequence, he knew little that was said or done over at Wharton; and Sally was very reticent, for her.

The feeling grew stronger, as he crept out one day to look at a distance upon the parade; for it made him feel smaller than ever to see how tall the boys looked. So he crept back. He went into the back yard, out of sight, behind the hen-house. He heard Sally calling him soon after. It did not take long for her to discover his whereabouts.

"Come on, Jim," she cried, in high ex-

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citement, "and get on your suit for parade!" He did not answer. He had hoped that Sally would never taunt him about those stripes. He had not had on the suit since that night. His aunt, even, had not mentioned them, stained and torn as they were; and they hung in the closet just as they were then left. No one had fixed or unfixed them.

But Sally unceremoniously pulled him to the house, and into it. Harley Stowe and Jack Barton were there, and a big bundle, besides. There was a note, too, which Harley gravely gave him, after saluting him in soldierly fashion. The salute made Jim feel hot.

"Read it, read it!" exclaimed Sally, dancing all around him. "Let me do it." Jim was too slow; and, catching it from him, she read triumphantly:—

"Mr. James Elkins is cordially invited to become a member of the 'Wharton Guards.' His outfit accompanies the invitation."

And there it was. Jack and Harley had it open in a trice,—the soldier blue, the cap and gloves, even belt and sword; but what he saw plainest of all were the stripes on the shoulder,—four of them.

"It's captain, sure," said Jack, laughing at the dazed look. "We told Lieutenant we knew you knew the manual. Get into them, old fellow, and stop staring."

"Jack resigned," said Sally, who could not leave the news untold; "and they elected you to the vacancy."

By this time Jim hardly knew who was talking. He had a confused idea that the process was irregular somewhere, but the boys left him no opportunity for questions. Sally was summarily dismissed to the kitchen, and Jim speedily invested in the new raiment; while his own endeavor to wink fast enough not to let fall some ridiculous drops kept him busy. He was only conscious of one thing, as Sally burst back into the room to exclaim,—

"Soldier clothes make anybody lots taller."

But that was not all. The boys hurried him to the fence. Once on the other side, a sight met his eyes that embarrassed him. A double line of boys was posted from the fence to the band-stand. As he passed between with his escort, the lines saluted, then fell in behind, and marched to where Lieut. Kerr was stationed, awaiting him.

What the lieutenant said he hardly heard; but he knew it was a speech made up of commendation, welcome, and surprise that he had learned so much by looking on. Jim was glad that the officer had the tact to say little about the fire. But there was still something more.

As the boys clustered about him to offer a welcome to their new captain, Jack took his opportunity.

"Jimmy, you and the lieutenant are right. It does take something more than bigness and going to Wharton to make a soldier. It takes bravery. Hurrah for our soldier,—the only one among us that has won his stripes!"

"Didn't they do too big a thing by me?" said Jim to Sally, as he took off his belt that night. She had been silently hovering over him with critical eye. He did wish Sally's approval in this day of gratified desires.

"No," she snapped, bouncing around to face him. "Anyway, 'twa'n't anywhere near as big as what you did." And Jim was fully satisfied.

THE CHAPERONES.

Polly and Molly came out to play one morning, and brought with them their dolls, their garden tools, and their twin kittens. These last were exactly alike, only Molly's wore a red necktie, and Polly's a blue one.

Polly and Molly were very much alike, too; and so were their dolls. They usually played together very happily. But to-day Molly wanted to play party, "with me for a shamprone," she said.

"What is that?" asked Polly, much surprised.

"Well, the minister's wife came to see mamma yesterday; and she said she was shamprone for some girls at a picnic. They kind of look after 'em, I think. Anyway, it must be nice, or the minister's wife wouldn't be it. I'll shamprone Arabella and Rosa, and you can dig in the garden.

"I want to be shamprone for Rosa, my own child, myself," said Polly, decidedly.

"You can't, child," said Molly, firmly and with a superior air. "You don't know how." Polly fired up at this.

"You always want to be the best of everything! And you are as selfish as the lions in Daniel's den," she cried, stamping her foot.

"You are the greatest child to get things twisted," said Molly, laughing, while Polly got very red in the face. "Daniel didn't have a den, poor child."

There is no telling what would have happened next, if Polly's kitten hadn't growled and spit at Molly's, and then the two rushed across the lawn to a hole in the fence. Polly's kitten jumped through this, and Molly's looked through anxiously from the other side, when—slap! came a soft gray paw through the hole, and struck Molly's kitten, who instantly slapped back.

"Well, will you look at Fly!" said Molly.

"And Spy, too," said Polly.

Then they ran and caught them, and sat down on the grass to give them a good lecture.

"Twins fighting! whoever heard of such a thing?" said Molly. "It's perfectly scandalous!"

"I'm as 'shamed as I positively can be," said Polly, rubbing Spy's pink nose against Fly's.

"Kittens are very silly sometimes, I think, don't you, sister?" said Molly, dimpling at Polly.

"Kind of; exactly like girls sometimes," answered Polly, dimpling, too.

Then they looked straight ahead and blushed a little.

"I'll tell you what, let's play we're both shamprones. There's dolls enough and kittens, too, for that matter," said Molly, presently.

"Well, let's," said Polly, cheerfully.

And then they leaned over and kissed each other.

There was a tall woman weeding a flower-bed near by, who had been looking sorry; but now she smiled, and looked glad.—*L. E. Chittenden, in the Churchman.*

A BIRD'S NEST OF METAL.

In the Museum of Natural History at Soleure, in Switzerland, there is a bird's nest made entirely of steel. There are a number of clock-making shops at Soleure; and in the yards of these shops there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks. One day a clock-maker noticed in a tree in his yard a bird's nest of peculiar appearance. Examining it, he found that a pair of wagtails had built a nest entirely of clock springs. It was more than four inches across, and perfectly comfortable for the birds. After the feathered architects had reared their brood, the nest was taken to the Museum, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to advantage in building their nests.

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For the Christian Register.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VAN.

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[From the Armenian of Raphael Patkanian.]

Our heavenly Father, hallowed be thy name,
Restore to us our kingdom here on earth.
Thy will be done in all things, but let not
Armenia groan beneath the Turkish yoke.
We ask not now for bread, or soft or hard:
Only give weapons to us every one.
We do not pray to-day, "Forgive our debts":
Only take off the taxes of the Turk.
Lead us into temptation, even of war,
So thy Armenia may again be free!

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.

The fourteenth regular meeting of the New England Associate Alliance, and its first meeting for this season, was held in the First Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, on Wednesday, November 13. Mr. De Normandie, in welcoming the ladies, spoke of the early associations of the church, and also of some of the Revolutionary memories connected with the neighborhood. The church was gathered in 1631, the present building erected in 1804. When Dean Stanley came to this country, he most cared to visit the spot where the Pilgrims landed and the church where John Eliot preached. After brief devotional exercises, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, the presiding officer, introduced Miss Sarah L. Arnold, supervisor of the Boston public schools. Her subject had been given as "Moral Training," which she had been asked to treat, she said, in its broader aspects, not merely from the point most familiar to her,—that of teacher and pupil. The general principles are, however, the same, whether applied by parents or teachers. We must teach the children to know and love the right, and then make them strong to do it. How shall this be done? First present the pattern unflinchingly. As in language, even in gesture, the child copies its elders and takes the form of its surroundings, so will it receive the stamp of character. Abstract theories of right will be of little use if the child sees them contradicted in practice. They will do what they see their elders do, not merely what they hear their elders tell them to do. Children are keen and somewhat stern critics. All that we do, all that we are, comes out in them by inheritance and by imitation. We owe it to them to try to be and to do all that we require from them, but our own shortcomings are no reason for too ready excuses for them. We should demand from them not only prompt obedience to orders, but that steady, long-continued, daily, and hourly conformity to the laws of living, that regard for the convenience and comfort of others on which true family life is built, and which is the best preparation for their future life and work in the world. We cannot indulge them, from a foolish affection, in selfishness for five days, and expect them to be spontaneously unselfish when some sudden demand comes upon them to which we think they ought to respond. The ideals presented must hold no such element of caprice. If you let them pass years in idleness and thoughtlessness, can you expect them to be self-denying and industrious when the work of life calls upon them? Accustom the child to the steady habit of right-doing, so that he will work with the laws of life, and find them wings, not bonds.

Miss Arnold was followed by Mr. Stone, the new treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, whose subject was "Woman's Work in Denominational Affairs." Mr. Stone presented a plan—he himself would say "suggestions"—for a broader work, which might, he thought, be the outcome of our Post-office Mission. Something of this work has already been done by the National Alliance. Mr. Stone has kindly consented that this paper should be printed in full, and no attempt will be made to give an account of it here. The discussion which followed this paper showed the interest it had excited; and it is to be hoped that, when it appears, we shall hear comments upon it, not only from the Alliance, but from the denomination at large.

Mrs. H. B. Goodwin spoke of a very interesting letter she had just seen, written in 1837 by Dr. Ephraim Peabody to Dr. Putnam. In this he outlined a plan for sending our preachers into the Western field, which then seemed so much more remote than now.

Miss Channing, who is always listened to with affection as well as interest, spoke on the theme she has so much at heart,—“The Religious Education of the Young.”

Mrs. Richardson of Lowell gave an account of the work of the Lowell Branch. Mrs. Richardson is president of this Branch, and also one of the directors of the National Board. The Branch is one of the earliest formed, and her account of their methods proved most interesting. One lady said she had found this the most helpful meeting for practical Alliance work which she had ever attended.

Rev. Pitt Dillingham gave an account of his Southern work. This mission among the freedmen may be considered as appeal-

ing to us to-day as the work for the Indians did to the apostle Eliot. The Executive Board of the National Alliance was directed to recommend this work to all the Branches.

Time forbade more than a word about Atlanta from Mrs. Fifiield. The roll-call showed forty-eight of the Massachusetts Branches represented and one from Vermont. We usually have more members from distant Branches, but many of these ladies have too lately returned from Washington to undertake another journey so soon.

The report of the Nominating Committee appointed at Lawrence was then read. This report had been printed, and sent to the secretary of each Branch. This report was accepted by the delegates present, and the following officers declared elected (fourteen Branches sent their vote by mail): president, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston, Mass.; vice-presidents, Mrs. E. C. Jordan, Portland, Me., Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, Cambridge, Mass.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. G. S. Hale, Boston, Mass. Directors: Mrs. E. M. F. Bartlett, Waterville, Me.; Mrs. Mary C. Warder, Brattleboro, Vt.; Miss Mary A. Downing, Concord, N.H.; Miss Phoebe M. Waldo, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. Cleveland, Providence, R.I.; Mrs. John C. Kimball, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary L. Hall, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Theo Brown, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Laura Dewey Russell, Plymouth, Mass.

Miss Mary L. Hall moved that Article VII. of our by-laws be amended by the insertion of the words “and speakers” after the word “officers.” The by-law would then read: “Branches which feel able to do so are asked to contribute yearly to the New England Associate Alliance from \$1 to \$2 to defray expenses of postage, printing, and the travelling expenses of those officers and speakers whose presence may be requested at any meeting. Such contributions shall be sent to the secretary.” No officer has so far asked or accepted payment for travelling expenses; but experience has shown that it is always courteous and desirable and sometimes necessary to pay the expenses of speakers, especially when they come from a distance. There has been no authority to do this with any of the money contributed, but this vote enables the Branch to pay them when in their opinion expedient. Since the by-law was passed, January, 1893, \$34 has been contributed by eighteen Branches. This has been ample for postage, stationery, and printing,—the only uses to which it has so far been applied; and there is now a balance on hand of \$15.04, with one unpaid bill. But this vote will make the contribution of more money desirable from those Branches who feel interested in the object.

Mrs. Goodwin offered a vote of thanks to the Roxbury ladies, by whom we had been so agreeably and hospitably received; and the thanks of the meeting were also given to Miss Arnold for her address. The meeting then adjourned to the vestry for lunch and social intercourse.

ELLEN S. HALE, Sec'y.

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THANKSGIVING.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God which has been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just past call for sincere acknowledgment and devout gratitude.

To the end, therefore, that we may with thankful hearts unite in extolling the loving care of our heavenly Father, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all our people.

On that day let us forego our usual occupations, and in our accustomed places of worship join in rendering thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy marts of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity, and for the blessings that have been showered upon us from an open hand.

And, with our thanksgiving, let us humbly beseech the Lord to incline the hearts of our people unto him, that he will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us his mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, imbuing us with rectitude and virtue, and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given to us as our national heritage.

And let us, also, on the day of our thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show the sincerity of our gratitude.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

Done at the city of Washington this fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and in the one hundredth and twentieth year of the independence of the United States.

By the President:

RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

JOHN S. WEST.

Few laymen in the Unitarian denomination have been more intimately connected with its history or more devotedly attached to its interests than John S. West of Tiverton, R.I., who died a few days ago, after a short illness of paralysis. For three generations the influence of his family has been felt in the promotion of liberal Christianity in South-eastern New England. His grandfather, Samuel West, D.D., for forty-two years pastor of the old church in Dartmouth, still existent under the name "The First Church of New Bedford," was the pioneer of Unitarianism in that section, and one of its most prominent divines. He was the one to meet Jonathan Edwards in a metaphysical tilt on the subject of "Liberty and Necessity." Rev. William J. Potter, in his history of the New Bedford church, has written a just and most interesting account of Dr. West and his influence in bringing his wide parish over to the side of Unitarianism.

The only son of the clergyman was Samuel West, the leading physician of Eastern Rhode Island half a century ago. So deeply implanted in him was his sympathy with his father's religious views that he became one of Dr. Channing's strong supporters, and one of the most active promoters of the movement to establish a Unitarian church in Fall River. For many years the family, though resident nine miles away, were regular attendants upon its services. In connection with Dr. Channing's little church near Newport, Mr. West was fond of telling the story of his childish experience. Dr. Channing was in feeble health, and could not preach regularly. The drive from the Tiverton home to the island church was too long to take on uncertainties, so an arrangement was made with a friend living near the little church to raise a certain signal on Sunday morning if Dr. Channing was to preach. Regularly, at the appointed hour, the old Negro servant of the West family climbed to the attic window with the spy-glass. If the signal was out across the bay, the chaise was harnessed, and father, mother, and child drove the nine miles to service.

Upon the son of this family fell the mantle of his fathers; and for years John West has been one of the most active workers of the denomination, both as chief guardian of the interests of Bowen Memorial Chapel in Tiverton, and as a sharer in the general work of the cause, a regular

attendant upon its assemblies, and an ardent reader of its literature. One fact of itself will show something of the intimate connection of the family with the Unitarian church. Recently, in a fit of reminiscence, Mr. West began to count up his acquaintance with Unitarian ministers, counting only those who had been guests at his table. The list numbered fifty-six, and that, too, though the table was in a remote country district, quite out of the beaten path of ministerial travel.

With a strong, impressive face and commanding form, Mr. West was a noticeable figure in any gathering; and he will be missed by many who never knew either his noble, winning nature or the rare charm of his endless fund of reminiscence,—the accumulation of threescore years of wide experience and marvellous memory.

Mr. West's death has made a vacancy that will never be filled, not only in the church of his love, but in the town of which he was one of the most honored citizens, and in a circle of friends wide as few men in private life can claim.

Personals.

Mrs. Margaret S. Bruce, whose death was announced in last week's Register, was one of the faithful workers in the Winchester church during its early years. The firmness, gentleness, and broad-mindedness which characterized her life knew no change even in the physical suffering of the last months. Her death has taken away another of the older Unitarian residents.

Charities and Reforms.

The thirteenth annual bazaar for the benefit of the Home for Aged Couples opened at Horticultural Hall Monday, November 18, and continues one week. Friends are asked to contribute useful or fancy articles or provisions for the dinner that will be served daily. The home needs many and large donations to meet the expenses of the present year, increased as they are by the new building.

The English Society for the Protection of Birds is again agitating for the abolition of plumes and aigrettes in ladies' headgear. "When one thinks," writes a member, "of the agony inflicted on the parent birds by the plume hunters, who, in their haste, often tear off the wings, and fling away the mutilated bodies to rot in heaps, while the fledglings are left to starve slowly in the nests, one wonders how ornaments procured at such a cost can give pleasure to the wearers."

Education.

A course of eight lectures by Mr. John Graham Brooks will be given at the Prospect Union, 744 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport, once a month, from November to June, beginning November 21. This is the same course that he is giving before the Discussion Club of Brookline, and also in Buckingham Hall, Cambridge. The subjects of the lectures are as follows: "What the Social Question means," "The Modern Industrial Struggle for Existence," "Socialism up to Date: Its Strength and Weakness," "The New Socialism in the Catholic and Protestant Churches," "Luxury as an Individual and Social Problem," "The Socialistic and Literary Attack on the Monogamic Family," "Woman's Relations to Certain Social Evils," "Some Fundamental Truths which concern us All." A list of books is suggested which members of the class may profitably read in preparation. Circulars or tickets may be had from Miss M. L. Drew, 19 Jay Street, or the Prospect Union, Cambridgeport, or from the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, or Denison House, Boston.

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Friend: "Did you meet with much hospitality in India?" Tommy Atkins: "Yes, I was in hospital nearly all the time."—*Investigator*.

Dolly, after surveying her last summer's hat, critically remarked, "Mamma, the hat is nice enough, but the ribbons look rather withered."—*Youth's Companion*.

Editor: "John, take that cat away: I cannot write with the row it is making. Where is it?" John: "Why, sir, you are sitting on it."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Pedler: "That little book on 'How to preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldhead: "I am very sorry, but I haven't a single lock that it would fit."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

"Have they named your baby brother yet, Adams?" "Yeth, thir. They've called him Georgy, after Uncle George; and I don't like it a bit. I wanted him named Adamth, after me."—*Harper's Young People*.

The Philadelphia *Record* has a new and undeserved slur at Chicago: "Gimme a piece of apple-pie, quick," said a customer at a railway restaurant. "Chicago or Boston?" asked the waiter. "What do you mean?" "Knife or fork?"

A doctor waiting for his dinner grew impatient at the delay in serving, which was noticed by a lady near by, who remarked to her friend that the doctor had no patience to-day. He remarked that it was enough to provoke any doctor not to have any patients. *Ram's Horn*.

A lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand." At another time he exclaimed, "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands."—*Christian Work*.

Little Mary went to church; and, when her pastor called next day, wishing to be social, she said to him, "I heard you speak your piece yesterday." "Did you?" he said, surprised and amused. "How did you like it?" "Oh," was the honest but unexpected reply, "it made me awfully sleepy."—*Youth's Companion*.

A good mother was hearing her little child repeat the Lord's Prayer the other night. As the child hesitated a bit over the expression, "Forgive us our trespasses," she interrupted long enough to ask, "Do you understand, dear, what 'trespass' means?" "Oh, yes," replied the little one: "it means 'keep off the grass!'"

Relationships are very confusing to the juvenile mind, but there are not many children so delightfully at sea as the small girl of the following story: She appeared with a small brother at a public school, and gave in their names as "Ralph and Edith Johnson." "Brother and sister, I suppose?" said the teacher. "Oh, no, ma'am," said the little girl, "we're twins!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A disappointed fish-hawker was belaboring his slow but patient horse in the street one day, and calling out his wares at intervals, as: "Herrin! Herrin! Fresh herrin!" A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window, "Have you no mercy?" "No, mum," was the reply: "nothin' but herrin'."—*New York Clipper*.

In the early days when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was becoming known as a public speaker, she met with some opposition both among her friends and the people generally. Walking down Charles Street one day with a friend, Mrs. Howe noticed the sign over the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, and read it over slowly: "Charitable Eye and Ear— Can it be that there is a charitable ear in Boston?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A CURIOUS OLD BILL.

Here is a scrap actually taken from the old church records of a church in Winchester, England:—

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Liberty, Holiness, Love.

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

WITHIN the last week two Unitarian ministers have passed into the beyond. One was Rev. Augustus Woodbury, widely known among Unitarians, and who, after his long pastorate at Providence, had withdrawn from the active work of the ministry. In another column his services and character are fittingly recognized. The other was Rev. Charles W. Park of Pittsfield, Mass. He had served an honorable term of years in the ministry of the orthodox Congregational Church in India and in this country. In scholarship and in intellectual power he did credit to the family name rendered famous by his uncle, Prof. Park of Andover. Within a few months he had identified himself with the Unitarian fellowship, and had just entered upon its ministry at Pittsfield, when he rapidly succumbed to an attack of bronchial consumption. His death is a severe disappointment to the society at Pittsfield and to the many friends who had expected new abundant fruits from his ministry.

WHEN Episcopacy was established in this country, it felt, as we have before shown, the influence of Congregationalism. This resulted in giving the congregations the right to choose their own ministers. In England appointments are made through the bishop or through a patron who dispenses the living. In England the question of giving congregations more power or influence in the choice of pastors shows the dissatisfaction which exists with the present system, and a tendency toward the Congregational habit. In this country, on the other hand, there are some tendencies in the other direction; and they are recorded in the last number of the *Churchman*. There are many unoccupied parishes and unoccupied clergymen; and in Pennsylvania it is proposed to give the bishop the power of appointment such as exists in the Methodist Episcopal Church. But it is doubtful whether Episcopal congregations in this country will be willing to surrender the right they have so long enjoyed of selecting their own ministers.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* reads with regret the statements of some newspapers that the churches do not believe that the heathen are doomed because it finds some truth in these declarations: "There is a lack of backbone and courage in some pulpits which is exceedingly injurious." Yet it has never required much backbone to stand up in the pulpit and damn the heathen. It has required more courage to proclaim the possibility of their salvation, and many have been marked as heretics who have done this; but even the *Intelligencer* shows the influence of the new missionary motive. "The heathen," it says, "are manifestly unfit for heaven. If heaven is a happy place, it is a holy place. Happiness without holiness is impossible. The heathen are not holy, and are condemned by their own moral codes, as every man is. What is to make them holy and fit for heaven?" Of course, the answer, though the *Intelligencer* does not give it, is naturally moral and spiritual education; and this can be applied without relighting the smouldering bonfires of the old hell.

ANOTHER Spiritualistic charlatan has just been exposed in New York. Séances were held by this "doctor," and materialistic frauds were enacted night after night. When the detectives exposed the fraud at a séance, they were attacked by men armed and retained for the purpose, and only succeeded in conquering the rogues after a hard fight. It was, indeed, a reproduction of the Albro case, which excited much attention last winter in Boston. Mr. Hodgson of the Psychical Society has likewise just returned from England after having exposed there another Spiritualistic magician who had had a large following. We confess that we have but small sympathy with the people who allow themselves to be deceived night after night by such manifestations. If proof of life after death must depend upon such stuff as is uttered and such scenes as are enacted at many of these séances, the question whether life is now worth living may be changed to whether it is worth living hereafter.

THE authority of Jesus has so often been rested by his disciples upon his power to heal physical ills that it is not surprising that modern messiahs should acquire influence by their possession of personal magnetism. Father Schlatter, the so-called "Messiah" in the West, has secured a large following by his healing power. This is not a wholly rare phenomenon. Undoubtedly, the science of medicine has paid a little too much attention to the compounding of drugs and herbs, and too little attention to those healing forces which may reside in personality. Possibly, the time may come when it will be considered

an essential qualification for every physician who graduates from a medical school to have some of that healing power which, for want of a better name, we now call magnetism. There are so many well-attested facts concerning the possession of this power, and regular practitioners so often owe their success to their personal influence rather than to the medicines they carry with them, that it would seem the next step for medical science to take would be to study the operation of these mysterious forces. The doctor would then become more and more, not merely the purveyor of medicines, but a medicine-man, in whom health is more contagious than disease.

THE *Independent* thinks that "a more beautiful sight was never seen than the celebration of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's eightieth birthday by three thousand women, who gathered last week at the Metropolitan Opera House to do her honor. These women represented the various associated organizations of women for literary, benevolent, and missionary purposes; and they did honor to a woman who has been foremost in a womanly crusade for the removal of every political or social disability under which women suffer." The *Independent* is not quite willing, however, to accept the demand of Mrs. Stanton "that all unworthy reflections on the sacred character of the mother of the race, such as the allegory of her creation and fall, and Paul's assumptions as to her social status, be expunged from our church literature. Such sentiments cannot inspire the rising generations with respect for their mothers." We agree with our contemporary. We see no reason why these archaic stories and precepts should be expunged from the Bible. The story of Eve is mythological, and as mythology it has no more authority than other fables. There are things in Paul's letters that were written for his age, and do not belong to ours; and all that is necessary is to distinguish between the transient and the permanent. We suspect that no one would be more surprised or disappointed than Paul to learn that his local letters had attained a universal and immortal character, and that passages were used to block the wheels of progress instead of accelerating them. What Mrs. Stanton should ask for is not an expurgated Bible, but a more intelligent interpretation of the one we have.

THE movement in Boston to establish an association whose object it shall be to secure the presentation of standard plays by a standard company of actors will undoubtedly meet with opposition from more than one direction. Those pious people who are totally opposed to the theatre, who think it something essentially bad, will not support it; and the thousands of people who prefer poor art to good will smile at the Herculean task which the new association has undertaken. But, whatever may be the final outcome of this endeavor, there cannot be the slightest doubt that dramatic art is in a lamentable condition in this country and in England, and that something is needed for its elevation. Of this fact none are more conscious than the great actors of the day, as well as the more intellectual patrons of the theatre. Letters from Joseph Jefferson and Sir Henry Irving in support of this enterprise are sufficient proof that it is not an impracticable or undesirable scheme. This association, however, has not launched upon the large work of dramatic reform. Its members simply say at present that they propose to have something better themselves than is now generally provided for them, and will take steps in that direction by hiring a theatre and securing good plays and good actors. By and by may we not look for an endowed theatre, as we have endowed colleges and schools and museums and music

conservatories? Such is the suggestion of Sir Henry Irving. The fact that Mr. Henry A. Clapp, Rev. Leighton Parks, Mrs. Erving Winslow, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson are aiding and guiding this enterprise is one indication that it is moving in the right direction, and under the best artistic and moral influence.

BLESSINGS TO COME.

The Thanksgiving account is not to be made up simply by a ledger account of blessings received. That is indeed a natural and reciprocal expression of gratitude, especially in human relations. We are thankful to those who have helped us in the past: we cannot be sure of their gifts in the future. They may become impoverished, or we may be removed from the circle of their beneficence. But in our relations to God it is different. We can never pass beyond the circle of his beneficence, and we may have perfect confidence that his blessings and mercies to us will never cease. This is in itself an inspiration to gratitude. Our Thanksgiving Day does not depend alone upon the number of bushels of corn or wheat that have been garnered. These furnish indeed a part of the basis of our physical existence, and the divine bounty is signified in them as in the air and the light. But, when we seek a final basis for our gratitude, we shall find it not in exports or imports, but in those spiritual elements which give life its deepest and richest reality and register within us the prophecy of a life beyond.

Thus, when we view the occasions for gratitude in our life, we shall find one of them in the promise we have of blessings to come, of life that is to unfold into larger experience, and which is so adjusted to temporal events that even its failures, sorrows, and deprivations may yet enrich it.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

To raise the question at all on Thanksgiving Day is to cast a shadow over the President's proclamation. Yet there are always some to raise it. Those broken down in body or in mind, or followed by disaster, may or may not ask it. For those who suffer most in body or in fortune often cling to life most tenaciously, and find some sweetness even in its bitterness. If the testimony on this question were to be taken from the hospitals, where men are suffering physical distress, or from the slums, where they suffer the evils of poverty, we doubt altogether whether the answer, taking life not in patches of hours and minutes, but in all its dimensions, would be that life is not worth living. The spirit of contentment is by no means so rare as it seems; and the amount of sanctifying patience and resignation which are daily exerted by the sorrowing and suffering is beyond all computation, because it is seldom published and exposed. This is especially true of those ills which come or seem to come from causes wholly beyond human control. Providence has a way of sending balm with the wounds that are inflicted by its forces; and, though many people could not possibly formulate their philosophy, they are able to do what so many metaphysical philosophers are not,—apply that philosophy to life, and get some inspiration from it.

The evils hardest to bear for many are those which come from the wilfulness of man, the evils we bring upon ourselves or those which come upon us through human cruelty, oppression, and injustice. We cannot blame the order of the universe, for instance, for the Armenian horrors, for the terrors of lynching in the South, and for the injustice which comes from human selfishness. There is nothing in the physical laws of the world, nothing in the moral laws, which compels injustice and cruelty. Long ago, in the Greek epic, one of the

gods was made to say that men bring upon themselves vastly more evil than the gods send to them. It is under such self-reproach that men often commit suicide. It is not that they are disgusted with the universe, but that they are disgusted with themselves, and wish then to escape from their own society. When it comes to the injustice inflicted by others, there is another element in human nature which often comes to the rescue. It is, in its crudest and lowest form, the desire to live until vengeance has been effected,—in a higher form, the heroic resolve to combat oppression and injustice until they are slain or driven from the field. This combative element, this power of moral indignation, this love of liberty and justice, have nerved men to endure the most terrible hardships to effect their noble purposes.

In his subtle article in the October number of the *International Journal of Ethics* Dr. William James of Harvard University has treated the subject, "Is Life Worth Living?" with characteristic originality. "By many men," says Dr. James,—and we should add the great majority,—"the question of life's worth is answered by temperamental optimism that makes them incapable of believing that anything seriously evil can exist." Such a fact ought to have more place, perhaps, in answering this question than is assigned to it. If in the great majority of cases life furnishes verification of its own value, then life cannot be considered, on the whole, a failure. It is worth something to share with the animals that abundance of what we call "animal spirits," which gives a normal zest to life. A good basis of physical health affects not only physical, but moral and intellectual views of life. We cannot eliminate the personal equation in any report which observers make of the universe. No one is empowered to speak for the whole of humanity: each one is reporting his personal experience. If the optimist cannot convince us that his views are not colored by his temperament, neither can the pessimist. The universe that Schopenhauer reports to us is Schopenhauer's, and that is all. With a different temperament and experience, Schopenhauer becomes a glowing optimist.

It is a question whether purely philosophical pessimism is very influential in the world, and whether philosophy can furnish itself a cure for it. Yet there are many thinking men and women who ought to read Dr. James's article, not because they are in danger of committing suicide, but because they are not living really in a way to prove that life is worth the living. Their lives are apathetic and half-hearted. They are willing to let the universe take care of itself. Brushing aside all sophistries of speculation, metaphysical or scientific, Dr. James says, "This life is worth living, we can say, since it is what we make it, from the moral point of view; and we are bound to make it from that point of view, so far as we have anything to do with it, a success." And, again: "For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight, as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem."

We have no space to give an outline to Dr. James's argument. We refer our readers to the *International Journal of Ethics*. But, after all, it is not so much argument as inspiration which is needed; and this is what makes the article most valuable. It closes with a trumpet call:—

"These, then, are my last words to you. Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The 'scientific proof' that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of Being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV. greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained,—'Hang yourself, Crillon: we fought at Arques, and you were not there.'"

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REMNANT.

Matthew Arnold had a favorite lecture, in which he took his text from the Hebrew history, to illustrate how reforms and forward movements are all worked out by a few persons,—“the remnant.” There is much in the present situation of liberal religion to re-enforce Mr. Arnold's doctrine. It might, indeed, appear to sanguine readers of the *Christian Register*, especially in view of the eloquent papers lately read at Washington, that we are on a vast rising tide of freedom and light. There is no need to dispute this buoyant confidence. It is really involved in our faith in God. On the other hand, it is not true to suppose that any large number of the people of the United States have caught our splendid vision.

Grant that the tide runs our way. There are too many counter-currents and eddies in sight upon the surface to make the deeper and central flow obvious. In fact, it is the few, and not the many, in our little group of churches who have really read the inspiring Washington addresses. How many of our own people can tell what the words are of the beautiful Saratoga motto?

Here, for instance, are straws which do not seem to float our way. A recent number of the *Outlook*—that most genial and advanced of “evangelical” papers—prints a plan for church unity, which, while most gracious to others, distinctly limits its fellowship in a form to exclude James Martineau! On our own side of the line, we face the fact that never in our history were so many persons using the time of the Sunday church service for riding and bicycling. “See,” say even our friendly critics, “what the liberal faith comes to in the new generation!”

The doctrine of “the remnant” may seem to go for the discouragement of the heroic few, and to make the many more timid. Mr. Arnold did not use it so. This is not its real interpretation. On the contrary, it is a tonic and inspiration. Let us face it, as a child in his bath faces the cold water, and see how invigorating it is. When, in all the realm of nature, some new and higher thing is to be achieved, there is a call for volunteers. Nature does not throw all her forces into the new species. The great mass of material remains, and waits for the result. There is an element of hardihood, venture, and risk about the new thing. The new flower or fruit is a type of moral life. There is nothing disheartening in this. When, in the spring-time, the volume of the sap goes, upon the conservative side, to fortify the trunk, to thicken the limbs of the tree, and to make the bark solid, there is nothing disheartening, if only a little radical remnant rushes to run the risks of drought and devouring insects and beasts, and to feed the tender graft of the new kind of fruit. This is the rule of evolution. It has its analogies in the realm of human life, and not least of all in the growth of religion.

Grant that mankind had its childhood in animalism, and there is nothing seriously to depress us, but much to stir vigorous, new life in us, at the fact that materialism and even material and sensuous forms of religion survive. The wonder, rather, is at the glorious ideals, the illustrious examples, and the actual achievements that man has to show in the way of a higher life.

Suppose, now, that it is given to any of us to catch vision of the new needs and the new movements of life; suppose that we hear God's call to be among his volunteers for the ventures and risks of the new growth,—what is this but a noble privilege! “The remnant” proves to be the vanguard of God's forces. The opportunity and responsibility are so great and our accomplishment is so inadequate as to keep us at the same time very modest and exceedingly glad.

But is it not depressing when members of our own churches and our young people care little, give little, and make no sacrifice for this ennobling faith? This is only a part of the general rule about “the remnant.” It is not only that few are enrolled on the side of the higher thing. It is also that the remnant is only a fraction of the few. From the days of “Gideon's band” it has always been so.

There are special reasons why this rule holds to-day with us. It is hard to realize how grand and costly a thing we undertake in religion. Men once said, “Give God

one day in seven and a tithe of your income.” We preach a religion that makes all time divine service and all property a stewardship for the welfare of man. There is no corner of life into which the spirit of the religion of the Golden Rule does not enter. It is small wonder that it is easier to praise the Saratoga motto than to trust it as the law of life.

All this has a practical application. The danger is that earnest people will trust too easily that our cause has conquered. “Do not the stars in their courses fight with us?” But when was ever the time that the Almighty let the stars bring victory to his sons! The fact is, the special need to-day is loyalty and devotion. We will not say “sacrifice,” holding that the word ceases to have any meaning whenever men have got a gospel. It is well, then, to make up our minds that the work of the present, like all the most glorious work in the past, must be done mostly by the few who love it and believe in it. If new activity is demanded in our churches, let no one be disappointed to discover that a few must take the lead and give their time, before the many will follow. If a Sunday-school, a guild, or an alliance is to be started or maintained, let not the few complain that they must bear the brunt of the effort. What else are they here for? Least of all, let them ever despise the majority for their apathy. They will win the many rather by their courage, patience, good temper, and cheerfulness.

The truth is, history is a continuous record of what the few, if on right lines, have been able to accomplish, whenever they have taken a definite aim. The world has become a vast system of answer to their prayers. Let “the remnant” in any one of our churches resolve to bring our new motto into effect, to reinvigorate their church life, to fill their seats or their treasury,—above all, to bring their religion to bear for the welfare of their community. There was never more excellent human material, albeit somewhat slow and cautious, ready to hand, waiting to be generously led. It will not move of itself. It wants the warm, hearty touch of life. If one-tenth of the people in our churches began to tell the other nine-tenths and their neighbors outside how good, restful, and uplifting our religion is, we should straightway have a new kind of revival.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

The mystic words of the old prophets frequently escape our understanding; but the burdened heart has comforted itself often with the expression, applied to suit its own needs, “It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.” At this special season, when the devout soul counts over its mercies to increase the sense of gratitude, there is one cause that is never too often recalled,—the blessing of the noble example of long lives in whose evening shines the bright, uninterrupted, serene light of Christian faith and hope. The soldier goes into the battle inspired by martial music, and looks death for himself or his comrade unflinchingly in the face. The weary invalid, tired of pain and exhaustion, sighs for repose, and cares not how soon the end shall come. The active business man, with clear head and steady purpose, unharassed by care, may feel that life is bright now; and, no matter how long he may live, his light of faith will always shine. But he may be cut off in the midst of his years, and we cannot know whether the prophecy for him would have held good. We may comfort ourselves with thinking that our own faith will keep bright to the end, and that for us at evening time it shall be light; but our great inspiration must come not from our inward confidence, but from seeing those who have left the fever and heat of the day far behind, whose feet no longer stir up the way-side dust, but who in sweet serenity lay aside the cares and duties of the outside world, and brighten by their calm sunshine the homes which they still bless. What has proved possible for them may be possible for us.

Such lives may have much physical suffering over which the spirit shall triumph gloriously, so that lessons of courage and heroism, as well as faith, are learned in their presence; or they may be quiet and uneventful, undisturbed by care, untouched by sorrow. Sometimes we ask ourselves how sorrow would affect these placid souls?

Would the torrent of grief tear new channels in the quiet hearts that are beating out the measure of a life that began almost with the century? Could they bear anguish, sudden grief? To the one who can say, “My heart is fixed, my heart is fixed, O God, on thee,” the shock may come; but it does not loosen the invisible ties of trust. The blackness of sorrow may roll over the soul; but it does not eclipse the clear shining of the light. The agony of the loss of the beloved may come like a Gethsemane; but the heart accustomed to looking always for blessings surmounts the wreck of hopes, and finds even there things for which to give thanks.

“Oh,” said one of an aged friend, called to bear deep sorrow, “why could she not have been spared this? Why did she not go first?” “Nay,” said another, “what would the world have lost in the lesson it has received of the way to meet grief?”

Who would not be willing to live to be old if every added year brought added friends and added graces? Who would not even bear trouble, if need be, if thereby the character could be made like refined gold, spotless and pure? But the shining of the light at evening time is not a will-of-the-wisp, a fitful gleam coming with the decay of powers. It is the steady flame fed for scores of years by the oil of perennial faith. It has been shining all the way through, and will burn brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Let us kindle our tapers at the same source.

LEVITY IN DRESS.

We learn in our school-books that the love of decoration precedes the love of comfort, and that the primitive man—that incomplete creature with whom his remote descendants delight to compare themselves—covered his body with red ochre for the sake of beauty long before he made clothes for the sake of warmth. Traces of this early preference may still be found in civilized society,—a survival, perhaps, that indicates the domination of instinct over education. The genuine difficulties that meet a woman who has once made up her mind to breathe and move naturally are evidences of this. It is in vain that artists insist on certain standards of beauty, and tell us that these abide, though fashions change. They tell us that dress, to be artistic, must follow the lines of the body, that materials must fall in their natural folds, unrestrained and undistorted by stiff linings, that nothing is beautiful which suggests useless suffering, and that everything must be judged in its relation to something else. We all listen with absorbed attention, and proceed to put our newly acquired knowledge into practice by studying works of art with enthusiastic agreement; but the capricious dictates of the dressmaker or the milliner are unaltered, and their rule goes on forever.

In the woman's column of a contemporary magazine lately it was authoritatively announced that pink ribbons were entirely suitable for elderly ladies. No one who has noticed how a bit of that color sometimes sets off the soft white hair and still fresh complexion of some beautiful grandmother will wish to dispute this; but it recalls irresistibly the scene when Mrs. Thoreau, with her pink ribbons, called one day on Mary Moody Emerson, a woman who had no hesitation in admonishing others for the good of their souls. Miss Emerson closed her eyes, and conversed with Mrs. Thoreau for a time. By and by she said, “Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut?” “Yes, Madam, I have observed it,” said Mrs. Thoreau. “Perhaps you would like to know the reasons?” “Yes, I should,” was the answer. “I don't like to see a person of our age guilty of such levity in dress.”

Her telling phrase, “levity in dress,” occurs to the mind often when one sees the foundation principles of beauty ignored in the desire to put the main emphasis on decoration, no matter in what department of life it occurs. Michel Angelo declared that the essence of beauty must be sought in “the purgation of superfluities,” and the art of omission is everywhere a secret of power. If one has the opportunity of watching the course of instruction in English by a competent university instructor, it is interesting to note how this removal of superfluities seems to be the point mainly insisted on. Have something to

say, have an idea to start with, and then say it, don't talk round it, is the insistent word again and again repeated. Seek first the kingdom of simplicity and directness, that the graces of style may be added unto you. This is as true in dress as it is in literature or in art or in character. Everywhere beauty is the consistent expression of a thought that is true.

When the artist tells us that nothing is fair which suggests useless suffering, we see at once why it is that no face, however beautiful in itself, can express anything but thoughtlessness or cruelty when it is shaded by a hat on which is placed the soft breast of a mother bird, taken ruthlessly from her starving little ones, or wings torn from some bright creature that might still be making the pure air and the golden sunlight more beautiful by its glancing presence. One thing can be beautiful only when it is in proper relation to other things. Let us have pink ribbons by all means, but not as the one essential. Let us have rich materials, but always with artistic consideration of surroundings. Beauty is not a reluctant, far-away goddess, tempted only by lavish expenditure and exclusive devotion. It is the companion of sincerity and perfect adaptation of construction to purpose. It delights to reward the seeing eye and the listening ear and the appreciative heart when it is least expected or sought; and yet, on the other hand, its demands are imperative, for it admits nothing that is untrue into its realm.

Musings.

I SPOKE last week of some letters that had come over the ocean. This week I am thinking of a message that came under it. I have seen the lightning play around the heads of the grand mountains of Switzerland, when the bolt threatened to descend into the valley. But now the bolt has struck five thousand miles away as well as near at hand. The message which came in letters of fire, with its vivid surprise, was a message of death. Switzerland is a grand country to live in, and it is a grand country to die in. One may look unto the hills from whence cometh our help; and it must be a cold heart, as cold as the everlasting glaciers on the mountain sides, that is not kindled in the presence of these monuments of the Eternal Power, when with this vision there goes the faith that this Power is one that makes for righteousness and goodness.

WHAT a superb mausoleum under the shadow of Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, or the Rigi, and the peaks that are marshalled around them! But a few months ago I was rejoicing in the beauties of the Valley of Chamounix; and I carry in my mind ineffaceable memories of Lucerne and its exquisite lake and mountain walls. To me they are all associated with the new vigor of life which seemed to come from companionship with nature then and there, from putting these mountains under my feet and crossing the glaciers and sailing on the calm waters. But now I think of Switzerland as a place to step off, as a mount of ascension for my friend. "Switzerland," he wrote, "is a paradise of beauty." It was grandly enjoyable, but as grandly inexpressible.

HE celebrated his birthday among these inspiring scenes; and I think that, even more than mountains and glaciers, was he touched by the flowers that loving hands had brought to his doors. "How pleasant it is," he wrote, "to have people love you!" There was music for him in the vibration of souls delicately attuned to each other; and he had often made this music in the heart, as well as music on the air. In the midst of love and grandeur and beauty he ascended, leaving behind the glow of his own heart, which was never benumbed by any chill in the world, and which left it warmer than when he came into it.

Brevities.

A subject which will receive much attention to-day: the dismemberment of Turkey.

"I found this a pleasant world to live in," said the late Dr. Edward Bright of the *Examiner*; and thousands will gratefully say, "Amen!"

People who like to combine philanthropy and pleasure may do so at the entertainment to be given at Copley Hall, Boston, next week in behalf of the Armenians, though their pitiful state should of itself command a large sale of tickets. Full particulars are given in our column of "Charities and Reforms."

Prof. Herron of Grinnell College, Iowa, won a good hearing in Boston last week by his lectures on different aspects of Christian socialism. He is no more orthodox in his theology than in his political economy. But the *Observer* shakes its head, and speaks of his "mongrel philosophy," and that he "mixes enough false doctrines to destroy the good."

"We receive everything," says Amiel, "both life and happiness; but the manner in which we receive,—this is what is still ours. Let us never be afraid of innocent joy. God is good, and what he does is well done. We must dare to be happy and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors, of our own joy."

"On Thanksgiving Day," says Rev. W. C. Gannett, "as we draw our chairs around the table, stop a moment and think over the familiar story, so wonderful and praiseful,—think what miracles have been enacted to spread the table for us, how last spring the dinner lay in minerals and was blowing in the air, and how rains and storms and rise and set of suns and summer noons and starry nights have wrought, till, lo! the squash for our Thanksgiving pies, the cranberries for our sauce!"

The *Advance* sees in the sermon of Dr. George A. Gordon, delivered before the American Board, "an astonishing unconsciousness of an insidious danger." The dangerous statement is that Christianity has the power to assimilate truth of all religions. Christianity had this assimilative power at the beginning; and, if it is true to its genius, it will have it now. Dr. Gordon's position is not any more insidious or dangerous than the address of Paul on the Areopagus. And, having made this comment ourselves, we find as an interesting coincidence that the *Congregationalist* has made precisely the same point.

If the old Puritans could come back to-day, they would find a marvellous change in many directions. What with the wonderful growth of our country, the introduction of railroads, telegraphs, electric lights, telephones, ocean greyhounds, printing-presses, electric cars, and other inventions, they might be a good deal bewildered and dazzled by the simple scenery of existence. But they might take occasion to remind us—and it would be well worth listening to their words—that existence does not depend merely upon external scenery, that the kingdom of heaven, after all, is within us, and that, if we look to find it in luxurious materialism, we shall be disappointed. All the improvements we speak of are really only improvements as they may and do help to conserve and promote truth, beauty, and goodness in the world.

Pro and Con.

WANTED.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Sunday-school at Beachmont would be helped by the gift of new or second-hand books suitable for the Sunday-school library. They would be called for on notice to the minister. E. R. BUTLER.

Revere, Mass.

KING'S CHAPEL NOON SERVICES.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Will you kindly call special attention to the Wednesday noon services which will be held again at King's Chapel, beginning on December 4? The marked success of these meetings during last winter insures an equal interest during the season now to commence. The meetings will be held on Wednesdays until Easter, at twelve o'clock, and will close each day promptly at 12.30. They will be conducted by ministers of Boston and vicinity. The hearty co-operation of all is invited. The first service will be led by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT, *Committee.*

HUMANE LEAFLETS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

The Study Class Committee of the Women's Alliance desire to call the attention of those Branches which have the topic "Humanity to Animals" on their list for discussion to the leaflet, "The Wearing of Egret Plumes," printed by the Humane Education Society of Rhode Island (see address below). This leaflet should be added to those already recommended for this topic. It would do much good if all Branches, whether studying this subject or not, would order a hundred copies of this leaflet for distribution among members attending their meetings. A single copy, as a specimen, may be obtained by addressing the chairman of the committee, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Otherwise order from the Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Room 32, Providence, R.I. Price 20 cents per hundred, postage 12 cents.

For the *Christian Register*.

148th PSALM.

BY JOHN CODMAN.

Praise ye the Lord in heaven above,
Ye angels who around him move,—
Ye glorious band of satellites
Who people his eternal heights

Ye first creations of his hand
Who sprang to life at his command,—
A life that by his own decree
Shall lengthen to eternity.

Ye stars in the empyrean height,—
The bright reflectors of his light;
Ye waters from his throne that spring:
Praise ye the name of Zion's King.

Praise him, O earth, in hills and deeps,
Praise him who all thy creatures keeps.
Ye elements, his praise declare,
Ye who his earthly cohorts are.

Mountains and hills and fruitful trees
And cedars waving in the breeze,
Cattle and beasts and creeping things
And birds that spread their snowy wings,

Princes who earthly sceptres sway,
All people who their rule obey,
And ye who give the world its law,—
Stand in your Maker's solemn awe.

Let all mankind, the young, the old,
Praise him for mercies still untold.
Let all his mighty sceptre own
Whose name is excellent alone.

Above our faint conceptions, far
Higher than heaven's remotest star,
Transcends the splendor of his fame,
The honor of his sovereign name.

There are those glorious courts above,—
The many mansions of his love,—
And we, the children of his care,
Shall dwell with him forever there.

ALL SOULS'.

BY ALICE BROWN.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new"; and festivals vary with the years. All too quickly they outgrow their former significance, and become not necessarily lovelier, but something better suited to the altered time. When Thanksgiving Day had birth, the national hardships were concrete and tangible. There was much to endure and something to fight, and there were definite mercies to celebrate when we had overcome. And, though to-day we may be in sadder case than our struggling forefathers, our dangers are in ambush, and not yet to be averted. They are tendencies rather than things. Woful downfall lies latent in our lack of brotherly love, our pseudo-classes, our arrogance of wealth; but all that is a slow fire which need not stop our fiddling for years to come. Therefore, being prosperous, we are the less devout; and the national day is not inevitably a litany of mercies. But it still has tender significance, and chiefly, I think, as a sort of All Souls' Day, wherein we feel the welding of old ties, the strenuous appeal of bygone associations. We go back in spirit, as souls released may let their longings wander down to earth, clasping invisible hands and owning allegiance to human vows. And those of us who were born in the country return there, fancy-led, on this one day when New England especially is never so much herself, when she betrays in every look her birth and growth and state, unlike the conditions of any other land. Then does she clothe herself in a solemn bloom of delight. Every house is a ship from the East, redolent of spices: a bacchanalian prodigality diffuses itself from

door to door. The good wife outdoes herself in mince-meat; and the child, though never so strictly reared, puts in his thumb and pulls out forbidden plums, the while his elders wink and turn their backs. We banquet, like emperors, on what is distinctly not good for us, so far as we can obtain it. We have no way of showing an abandonment to bodily delight save by the delicacies of living, and our revelry in pie is simply mutinous. Even the patrons and superiors of the household are not forgotten; for the dog wags himself into marvellous cupboard favor, and pussy dines delicately upon honestly gotten fowl. In families where giblet sauce is not an article of belief, she inherits those necessary appendages of barnyard economy, and, eyes closed in contentment, puts her head on one side, and chews the gizzard very far back in her cheek. Some households there be, of an idealizing tendency, who insist upon the pig's sharing the general feast, and deposit thick triangles of pie before his grunting swinishness. These are they who give the cattle an extra fodder all round,—a loving demonstration that the day is actually a family affair, and that their elastic circle is capable of stretching till it holds the world.

But, when you come to the world, it is very old; and so there is the more need of "dreaming true." The past grows every minute more crowded with images, some of them of such loveliness that we are poor indeed who may not shut our eyes and think ourselves back into other scenes, pouring out for our enriching the precious ointment of the years. In the sweet pauses of our Thanksgiving Day where shall we go to rest? What waters will refresh us, when the mind forsakes the games and tumult of the hour? Most of us, I think, must flee straight to the country. Nay, all,—young and old: there shall be a spiritual exodus, for those who were not born to its observances have an inheritance there, even though it be in the general life of our older forbears. Sit still, and hear the clock tick, and you will remember! Better still, you may even catch glimpses of what you never knew. The ground rings hollow under a "sprinklin'" of snow, not too much to cover delicate branching weeds or blanket the bushes out of sight. All the spent riches of the fall are still ungarnered,—the feathery fruiting of the golden-rod, the red vessels of the rose, the brown leaves clustering on the oak-tree, too thick to rustle sadly. Little flocks of birds shadow the ground, and then whirr into the friendly wood to talk it over. The pine-tree is benignant, comforting. The apple has given her fruitage, and withdrawn serenely into her winter state. Only a scattering of all her store hangs bobbing and shivering on the tree, frozen into that piquant taste we know so well,—a flavor set aside for wild life and gypsy moments. Within doors all is savory warmth and sweetness; and he is a crusty soul indeed who does not yield to the coaxing finger of the time. Guests who are all unused to going beyond their own door-yards "tackle up," and drive miles to renew a lax relationship. They hurry in, not frost-bitten, but briskly stung. (For in our memory-tryst we will have the weather just cold enough, not a shade too cold!) They bring with them into the luxurious kitchen the outdoor air, tangible, penetrating,—the breath of life.

Whom shall we invite to our party? for, in the fairyland of fancy, "what you can do you may do," and we can have anybody we please. Do you remember the dear and gentle old lady whose seemed always to be sitting by the window, knitting, when she was not "helpin'" with the dishes"; who could always fish up peppermints from her long, long pocket; who was afraid of dogs, and yet never saw one without purring a benevolent "Puppy! puppy!" and smuggling a bone for him into the shed; who, though she "set by" her gold beads to the point of idolatry, would thrust them upon any bored child for a plaything, hovering near, meanwhile, in altruistic agony lest they be swallowed; who put forth strenuous ideas on the rearing of children, and yet found it impossible to defend her strongholds against their marauding, and regarded them, from dawn till sundown, with a mild ecstasy of delight; who was a Calvinist by inheritance, and secretly cherished certain schemes for the reformation of the devil, if one could but run him to earth? We will have her.

We will have "Cap'n" Ezra, who was

born to serve the sea, and whose every-day talk is flavored with nautical salt. He it is who tells you, when you set the table, that the cloth "needs pullin' a mite to the no'th-east," and remarks that he thought it was going to storm because last night "the rut" was so loud. (The "rut," the ceaseless clangor of the sea,—the prophecy of ill.) He shall come, "and welcome."

John Jeffries, too,—not alone that we love him, but because he has been a pedler all the years since his young wife died (striving to breed patience out of homely wandering), and carries strange histories with his pack. He knows the story of the haunted house "up to Madrid," where the ghost turned out to be Lis'beth Ann's discarded lover, fain to go sighing round the place at odd hours of the night, frightening the family into such hysteria that they bolted the doors as for a siege, and dared not, for their lives, investigate. He can tell us about the wicked bride who stole her father-in-law's tin kitchen because she did not propose cooking without a range, and who sold it for Parian statuettes, and thereafter was well come up with by having the old gentleman's money left to Dely that married the Baptist minister and settled out West. And, having always a heart for business, he shall bring with him, in that delectable black bag, cotton laces, side-combs, cologne, and attar of roses; and we will all buy, and be beautified.

Then there is the little dressmaker who used to go about from house to house, to mend and make, and who, though she had no earthly tie remaining, was a beam of radiance because she believed so heartily that every ill thing would turn to good, and that this must be the best of all possible worlds. She was glad when her mother died, because the call mercifully came just when "mother couldn't seem to bear her cough another minute."

"But ain't you goin' to miss her?" interposed a tactful neighbor; and the little creature answered, with a soldier's lip of steel:—

"I ain't goin' to allow myself to, more'n' I can help. Why, how cropin' I should be if I wanted to keep mother here sufferin'! And, then, 'tain't so long before we shall all be there!"

That was always her cry,—"Tain't so very long!"

On feast days, when families are wont to be together, and when the solitary feels her loneliness at every breath, she seemed to diffuse and scatter gladness, because then she said, "Folks that are gone seem so near."

"Why, I guess they think o' me to-day more'n' common, whatever they're engaged in," she would insist, with happy conviction. "I guess they do!"

And, though acrid old Captain Saunders, who said he was an atheist, and "mighty glad of it because 'twas so coolin' in hot weather," one day scoffingly asked her if she "s'posed" the Thanksgiving proclamation was read in heaven, or whether her folks bought Thomas's "Almanac" up there, her simple faith remained undaunted.

"I guess 'twould be queer if they couldn't find out," she said happily. "If there hadn't been no arrangement till father got there, I guess he'd ha' seen to't. Father's a terrible inventive kind of a man."

We will have her, not out of our charity, since she has nowhere else to go, but because the windows of her faith let in sunshine, and we need it.

And thus, bringing together, by the power of the spirit, the great company of the ever-loved, the never-to-be-forgotten, there shall be at our feast no taint of the bitter aloes of regret. Instead of sadness shall spring up that sweet patience which is willing to abide by the intangible witness of spiritual things. One thought to each of the absent, and the horizon widens, that love after love may come trooping in. The house walls no more contain them: they crowd at the windows, and throw a smile in passing, with the one look that tells how truly they are ours. And, when the day is over, we shall lie down to sleep, wrapped about with the certainty that we have been in that blissful state which we name "heaven" (because, in our stammering, we must name it something),—the state of love renewed which in itself makes an immortal life. The day will have sent its breath, lovely with warmth and spice, into that unknown whither we are joyfully going, and built of it the rainbow bridge of happy dreams.

FLORENCE IN AUTUMN.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

You arrive late at the railway station, and drive in the dark to the place where you are to stay, catching, in transit, a glimpse of the square and the black and white cloister of Santa Maria Novella, just sufficient to convince you that you are again in the city of flowers. You go to bed too tired to realize anything but a sense of fatigue. But toward morning the soft, melodious hum of bells awakes you,—bells all murmuring low and musically together, filling the air with a delicate harmony. Where but in Florence will you hear these singing bells that seem so gently to invite sinners to rise and repair to the church for prayer? You do not rise and repair to the church, however deep your personal sense of sin may be; and, when you again awaken from semi-somnolence, the bugles of the *bersaglieri*, Italian sharpshooters, are sounding from the neighboring barracks a cheery good-morning.

It is all that is needed to convince you that you are in Florence. Perhaps, however, you may be welcomed by a slight earthquake shock,—one of those little shivers and shudderings that still continue to run through the underpinning of the peninsula, and to frighten the nervous. But there is a theory prevalent here, which seems to do something toward quieting the public mind. It is to the effect that these slight movements are a healthy sign, and denote the settling back of the earth to a normal condition of repose, just as a dog turns round his own tail three times before he settles down upon the hearth-rug. The great earthquake of last May is still an absorbing topic of interest, because of what it did, and also because of what it did not do. Its freaks and caprices are told over and over, and the places injured and those which escaped show how endlessly varied experiences were. The number of the killed seems constantly to diminish; and those who walked the streets for nights together, not daring to repose in their beds, are now thought to have acted foolishly. But, still, the extent of the actual injury was very great. Florence is like a cracked vase of rare and precious material, which, though mended with nicety, and altogether as good as new, still carries the memory of the fracture. Had the quake lasted a few seconds longer, it is believed that the city, with all its lovely monuments and treasures, would now be a heap of ruins. Happily, the great spasm ceased just in the nick of time, and the baby convulsions still felt do not count.

The cathedral sustained but a single unimportant crack and the wrenching out of an iron support. The campanile of Giotto, it is said by those who were observing it at the time, swayed at the top about a metre, somewhat more than eighteen inches each way, and then settled back upon its grand old foundations unharmed. As the earthquake occurred at nine in the evening, the means of observation would have been less good, had not the electric lights in the Piazza del Duomo made a mimic day. The effect of these lights in both the great squares is certainly very pleasing. The cathedral wall with its mosaics and statues glows with soft splendor, its warm colors coming out as under sunlight; and the rugged old Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi are seen under new and charming conditions.

Happily, the great galleries, the important churches, and works of art escaped injury; but hundreds of apartments were partially shattered, and the autumn has found many people practically homeless and seeking shelter. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the artisans of Florence have reaped and are still reaping a golden harvest from the earthquake devastations. They needed it sorely; for the general bankruptcy of two or three years ago rendered the poor people still poorer, not to speak of the constant pressure of excessive taxation. This season a great drouth came to lay burdens on the cultivators. There were three rainless months, of burning, cloudless weather, which dried the grapes, withered the olives, and ruined the chestnuts. But, happily, abundant rains came at last; and we are having Florentine days in perfection. So like our American October

in the splendid blue of the skies, so unlike it in changeless verdure and the transparent golden and rosy mists that veil soft distances only to heighten the perfection of outline and rich coloring. Jewelled lights burn on the heights of Bello Sguardo and San Miniato. The Apennines that fold Florence about as with a garment of beauty gleam with white villas and old brown walls through the grayness of olive orchards, and heights accented by the pointed cypress. The ways between gardens are perfumed with the late-blooming oleander and the indescribable sweetness of oleofrancia. Far up the hills are dark chestnut groves; and, as you climb the steep roads that never pause in their course to give you breath, you seem to get into the mind and heart of the old painters who have reproduced every feature of the living landscape. You see with their eyes the clouds, those little rounded masses of golden cumulus, hovering over the hills, and on which angels and cherubs can so conveniently be placed. You see the high-perched convents, their old cloisters and gardens; the little villages, each with its church and campanile; the light-colored villas, with long roads walled in through the vignas. The intensity of the blues, the clumps of dark foliage,—cypress and pine,—recall the old pictures, those bits of landscape of Titian and Filippo Lippi and Ghirlandajo, that linger in your memory long after other painted scenes have faded.

These are the days for country junkets and excursions to the hills about, where from every point of vantage you look down on Florence, with the river like a main artery running through its body, spanned by its charming bridges, and the streets and squares, the cathedral dominating so easily with its dome like a brown bubble of gigantic size, the campanile always like a graceful, slender wife beside it, the Palazzo Vecchio, the dome of San Lorenzo, the black and white façade of Santa Maria Novella, all so slightly, so distinct, so familiar and friendly. No other city can compare with Florence in this peculiar neighborliness that peeps in at window and door, and takes your hand as you walk,—Monte Morello and Fiesole and the heights of San Miniato and Bello Sguardo manifesting themselves in the thick of homes, and refusing to allow the city to become altogether urban. Blue distances with the dark ilex and pointed cypress peep in at the end of every street, and thrust the hills before your eyes, whether you walk on the Viale or saunter along the Lungarno or ramble in the Cascone, or drive out of the Porta Romana to the Colli and the little high-perched square of Michel Angelo, where the grand figure of the great master's David is drawn in bold lines against the sky. There you may lean over the wall, and seem to gather the whole of the dear old city into your heart, with all its traditions and memories,—the city of Dante and Boccaccio and Giotto and Donatello; for, like a magic garment, the past and present are woven in all its fibres.

One who has been absent half a dozen years comes back to find changes. A steam train now crosses the iron bridge, and puffs up the steep incline to San Miniato, and thence to the Certosa in Val d' Ema. It is well to linger there until sunset, when the peaceful little vale is buried in soft purple shadows, and the light rests like a golden crown on the mountain tops. A stately old monk in the cleanest of white woollen robes shows you over the monastery, so dim, and beautiful, and rich with pictures and statuary and stained glass,—those empty colonnades where the steps of the old inmates are fast dying away. The earthquake has tumbled down a large piece of the west wall of the cloister, where the pretty well so often photographed stands in the midst of the little garden and burying-place. Now it is a scene of desolation, and many of the Luca della Robbia heads that adorned the arches lie in ruins. Big cracks are shown you in the monastery wall, but a far larger crack was made in the whole monastic institution in 1870; and the monk in Italy can never again hope to regain his importance of former times.

The trolley, or electric, tram up to Fiesole is even a greater innovation for the Florentines than the Certosa steam one. It starts in that old square of San Marco, almost beside the venerable church and clois-

ter where Savonarola lived and preached, and saw visions, and thundered anathemas against sin and wickedness. The road up the conical hill of Fiesole is very high and steep, unfolding as it goes a panorama of matchless beauty. It twists and twines upon itself like an immense anaconda, with perpendicular slides and sharp turns that make one dizzy to contemplate. On one of the trial trips, when it was first opened some years ago, five persons were killed through the carelessness of a guard, and for a year or more the Florentines would have nothing to do with the dangerous thing; but gradually convenience and cheapness overcame fear, and now the people of Fiesole especially would find it difficult to live without the electric tram. Every car goes up and comes down crowded with passengers. You wind dizzily through the long corkscrew, and are landed on the piazza of Fiesole, where deplorable beggars abound, more persistent and tiresome than others of their class, and withered old women crowd around, seeking to dispose of their fragile straw baskets and fans.

Aside from the glorious prospect of Florence on one side, and on the other of the Apennines, with their broken vales and steep as far as Monte Cinerio and Vallombrosa, the interest lies in the new excavations carried on by the municipality of Fiesole, and which have brought to light an Etruscan wall of large stones laid up without mortar, and a Roman bath in a fairly good state of preservation. Three arches of the bath have been restored; and the tanks, which were evidently floored and lined with marble, and the heating chambers, have been exposed to view. The work is carried on in a vigna and olive orchard, and may yet bring to light objects of even more interest than those already discovered. There are people who deplore the existence of the electric tram, as it is now dangerous to drive along the precipitous road in places bordered by narrow ledges and steep descents. But there are also people who regret the old grand duke and the Austrian rule of twenty-five years ago, and the putting down of the papal power. They cry out at every innovation, and have a special moan to make over the transformed marketplace of Florence, where the tide of change has swept away some foul and disgusting places to make a featureless square, modernly ugly, with a particularly bad statue of Victor Emanuel in the middle. The place is clean, cold, and unimpressive, whereas formerly it was foul, unhealthy, but picturesque. In this day of microbes and bacteria, modern Italy prefers sanitary ugliness to unwholesome artistic effect. Science was ruthless when she decreed the destruction of the old market-place, and undoubtedly she was right.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

Our literature is by no means new. It dates from the time of Ruric, the founder of Russia, and the establishment of Christianity in the year 988. Since that period, with the exception of the time when Russia was under the yoke of the Tartars, every century boasts of more or less brilliant writers; but never before has Russian literature attained such a significance as during the last forty years. For the first time Russian literature stood at the head of the intellectual movement in our country, and could be acknowledged as a social power. It answered to all the problems of Russian life, raised and solved them, and reflected, as in a mirror, the faults, weak points, and vices of society, its passions, its noble impulses, and its ideals.

In the awakening of society after the disasters of the Crimean War could be felt the awakening of a giant who, after a sleep of centuries, stretches his limbs, and prepares to make up for his long inactivity.

Society seemed determined to rouse itself and do something for the benefit of humanity; and there was a hope that the old Russian spirit would revive, and Russian life would once more flow in strong, majestic currents.

This social frame of mind was described in a literature at the head of which stood Count Saltikoff, the well-known satirist,

who died but a year ago. This literature, denouncing all the faults of the past, the apathy, egotism, and hollowness of our society, strove to point out in glowing colors the benefits of an honest and useful activity, and tried to support the holy flame of the good intentions of its members.

But it soon came to light that repentance, self-accusation, and virtuous endeavors did not lead to the expected result. Abuse remained abuse, disorder remained disorder, and falsehood and ignorance reigned as before.

How could such a thing be possible after so much sincere repentance, such an enthusiasm for a future in which the sins of the past should be redeemed? Count Saltikoff, under the *nom de plume* of "Tchedrine," answered this question in a number of sketches on "Provincial Life." In these sketches, written with sparkling wit and cutting irony, he pictures the true Russian nature, quickly inflamed to enthusiasm, always ready for heroic self-denial, constantly upbraiding itself for weakness, vulgarity, and uselessness, but without the energy and the moral force to conquer these faults.

The Russia of forty years ago swarmed with gifted people; but, although not devoid of good qualities, they were of no use either to themselves or to others.

Tchedrine pictures them spending the greater part of the day walking about in a dressing-gown and, for want of something better to do, whistling.

Others, who were able to conquer their laziness, became provincial Mephistopheleses. A third group dealt in horses or gambled; a fourth drank great quantities of brandy, regretted the past, and protested against the present state of things.

The so-called intellectual class, the leading class of society, Tchedrine has described in two satirical novels, which were the cause of his banishment to Vjatka.

Tchedrine paints the poverty and suffering of the Russian peasant, his silent resignation and his simple faith, and succeeds in awakening a sad consciousness of the true state of social affairs.

Our best writers, Gouchevoff, Tourguéneff, Tolstoi, Ostrovsky, Peesemsky, and others, have treated the same subject; and we meet in every one of their works the same characters,—described in a different frame of mind, which plainly denotes the character of the writer.

Saltikoff (Tchedrine) criticises society with an inexhaustible wit,—not in a genial way, but with cutting scorn and a humor which makes society wince. Through the works of Tourguéneff flows a broad, deep wave of melancholy.

His chief domain as a writer are the poor, the weak, the untrustworthy, the superfluous, and the abandoned. His stories, "A Correspondence," "An Unfortunate Woman," "The Diary of a Superfluous Man," "Jacob Passinkoff," and, principally, "The Living Relic," are the best specimens of these monographs of misfortune. Still, it is not these minor works which have made Tourguéneff's name renowned throughout the world. It is his greater novels, masterpieces, like "On the Eve," "Rudin," "Spring Floods," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil," that have rendered his name great.

Tourguéneff is certainly the greatest artist in Russian literature, and foreigners have understood him better on this account; but it is not the describer of Russian culture that Europe and America have admired in him. He has peopled the great Russian empire with human beings of the present time. He has given pictures from all ranks and classes of society, from the Russian forests and steppes, from spring and autumn. He has drawn the serf and the princess, the peasant and the proprietor, and the Russian student. Although the greater part of his life had been spent in Paris, he never described anything but his own country. His last great work is "Virgin Soil," a work of which Russians do not approve. We involuntarily feel that the author belongs less to us than before: we feel clearly that he has lived for a long time out of the country. Although his works were not prohibited, yet the Russian government looked with distrust at the growing interest of our youth in Tourguéneff's works; and I have heard it said that the czar refused, at first, to have

his body buried on Russian soil. I do not know whether this is true, but I very well remember his funeral. In perfect quiet, like a convict, the man was buried who had given the widest reputation to the name of Russia.

Count Tolstoi is more appreciated abroad than at home. He also, like the greater number of our writers, is a friend of the people.

He teaches, above everything else, that a people can only be happy when they have the fewest necessities. Hence the return to the primitive condition, which he finds in the simple life of the peasant.

The government is not afraid of Tolstoi: the genial dreamer is not regarded as dangerous.

Of late Tolstoi has devoted his efforts to writing for the people. He has determined to turn to the hundred million instead of the upper ten thousand. He has written a series of short narrative legends, symbolical stories, and tales, which, thanks to his disinterestedness, are sold for about two copecks (one cent) a number. These books are meant to give to the Russian peasant, who is by degrees awakening from a sleep of a thousand years, the food which is suited to his mind. They are, to a great extent, of a religious nature,—of that religion which teaches to hold out the right cheek when the left has been struck. That is what our people have been doing all along. It is time they changed.

Tolstoi believes in the Russian people, and distrusts the culture of Western Europe. Tolstoi does not advance our literature, which is not in its decadence, but in full prosperity. "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Boyhood and Youth," as well as his short stories, are masterpieces.

THOMAS TREADWELL STONE, D.D.

The death on the 13th inst. of Rev. Dr. Stone of Bolton, Mass., at the age of ninety-five, has taken from the Unitarian ministry and from Bowdoin College their oldest representative. His life was the uneventful one of a country pastor, save for six years spent with the First Church in Salem. This exception gave Dr. Stone the opportunity to show that moral and intellectual perdition which consists in being "safe."

"When for the truth one ought to die."

He saved his soul alive by faithfulness to the cause of the slave, and accepted with cheerfulness the comparative obscurity which followed his heroism, instead of the prominence which his noble character, his inspiring eloquence, and his refined culture should have secured such a man in a more normal world. He was born in Maine, was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1820, ordained in Andover, Me., the same year, taught in the Bridgeton Academy, and was settled over the First Congregational Church in East Machias for fourteen years. His liberality in theology (Dr. Stone always belonged to the Broad Church) led him to join the Unitarian body. In Salem he learned, like others before and after, that the world had not yet made up its mind to accept Christianity, "liberal" or otherwise, in a way to interfere with vested interests. It is hardly conceivable now that the abolition of slavery in the way that so true a friend of all men (white as well as black), so fervid a preacher, so winning a gentleman, so evident a son of the spirit as Dr. Stone, must have preached it, could have alienated people in the pews worthy to be saved. But the saints of abolitionism had to suffer as well as its fanatics, and none could have borne his testimony with more "sweet reasonableness" than he. Preaching at Bolton, Mass., for a number of years, he afterward had charge of the small society in Brooklyn, Conn., and returned to Bolton to spend the remainder of his life in the lettered quiet which he loved, far from the madding crowd, which never attracted him.

Dr. Stone was a born Platonist and Transcendentalist; and the movement of thought which did so much between 1830 and 1850 to broaden and quicken the thought of America found in him a ready convert and an inspired herald. My acquaintance with this Israelite without guile began when he was seventy-five years of age; but even then one could easily imagine, from his occasional public discourse and

from his elevated converse of every day, how the winged words must have flown from his youthful lips with great power to uplift and edify the inward man. Dr. Stone was not one of those accommodating preachers who take one's hand on the common ground of ordinary fact, and lead one easily up, step by step, to the highest view of truth they have attained. Rather, with one strong beat of its wings, his seraph-thought rose to the supernal ether of divine principles and celestial ideals, and there moved about rejoicingly, beholding the fair intelligences of the heavenly vision. Though the common people may have heard gladly such a sublime gospel, it is no cause for wonder that they did not always hear understandingly! So this "modest, retiring, deep, and interior man," in Mr. Frothingham's words, "a child of the spiritual philosophy, which he faithfully lived in and up to, and preached with singular fulness and richness of power," had to be content with effectually reaching a few. Having the happy gift of eternal youth, he rejoiced in his age that he could listen to the preaching of others receptively rather than critically; and, as he looked for the best always in others, it was aroused to friendly life in all who met him.

Dr. Stone was one of the most thoroughly cultivated men whom I have known. If culture means, above all, loving converse, year after year, with the choice and master spirits of our kind, Dr. Stone pursued the path of the highest culture with singular diligence. Chapters every day from the Hebrew and Greek Testaments, Plato's Dialogues, Milton's godlike strain, Wordsworth's devout verse, with many another classic of literature and religion, formed his usual fare. His Transcendental faith had no hostility for the late words of natural science: his interest was intelligent and active in the great events of the outside world. But in the pure, substantial sphere of the noblest books of all time he found his dearest joy and his deepest life. Not a critic or a pedant, he sought everywhere the tokens of increasing truth and broadening love, dwelling upon the unities of the faith of man with a constant preference. Blessed with a wife whose practical genius admirably supplemented his own more spiritual bias, he was more than blessed in that she revered the gift that in him lay, and allowed nothing superable by her to obstruct his intellectual growth and his devotion to the things of the spirit. Who that knew them knew a truer marriage, a more faithful and consecrating bond of love and service?

Of Dr. Stone's volumes "The Rod and the Staff," "Sermons," his contributions to the *Dial* and other periodicals, and his course of Lowell Institute lectures on "English Literature," I may not here speak: the volume which might more effectively have preserved his name among the authors of his time remained an unsubstantial reality. The influence of such dedicated spirits upon those who knew them in the flesh is often their greatest achievement. Every friend of Dr. Stone respected the pure strain of unaffected devoutness which converted this world into a temple of God, and loved that childlike simplicity which saw the best in every man. For those who were privileged to know him closely his departure impoverishes the earth; and confirms their faith in the eternity of the spirit.

NICHOLAS P. GILMAN.

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, D.D.

Another prominent and highly esteemed Unitarian minister has passed away by the death of Dr. Woodbury, which recently took place at Concord, N.H. For some time he had been a sufferer from a chronic illness, but not until recently was his immediate death looked for. He was born in Beverly, Mass., Dec. 4, 1825, studied at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N.H., was graduated from the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1849, and was very soon ordained as minister over the Second Congregational Society at Concord, N.H. After a few years, to the great regret of his parishioners, he resigned, to take charge of Lee Street Church, which had been organized in Lowell, Mass. He continued his acceptable labors in this city until he was installed Aug. 2, 1857, as the successor of Dr. Hedge to the pulpit of the Westminster Congregational Society of Providence, R.I. Here he remained during a ministry of thirty-five years.

Dr. Woodbury, in addition to his parish duties, filled very many places of trust and honor. He was a member of the House of Representatives, General Assembly of Rhode Island, 1863-64, and again 1874-75. He was chairman of the inspectors of the Rhode Island State Prison, 1866-77, and was one of the commissioners for building the new State Prison, 1874-79. He was chaplain, Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, 1872-74, and chaplain-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, 1873-75. He was a director of the Providence Athenæum for sixteen years, from 1859, and for a number of years vice-president. He was also for years treasurer of the Providence Charitable Fuel Society. For two terms of three years each he was chosen director of the American Unitarian Association, and was also at one time president of the Alumni Association of the Divinity School of Cambridge, and received in 1866 the degree of A.M. from Harvard University. For a long time he held a very prominent place in the government of the Channing Conference, and was interested in the affairs of Brown University, from which institution he received in 1888 the degree of D.D. At the beginning of the late war he became chaplain of the Rhode Island Regiment, of which Burnside was colonel; and he not only filled this position with great acceptance, but also rendered by his efficiency such valuable service as an aide that, when his colonel was promoted to a higher command, the latter urged him to accept a permanent place on his staff. This he declined because he preferred the work of the ministry. So wide-spread were his activities that few, if any, ministers of his time left so deep a mark upon the civic, charitable, educational, and religious life of the city of Providence.

Notwithstanding the variety and extent of his labors, he concentrated his efforts chiefly on the duties of his pulpit and his parish. As a preacher, he was marked for his ability and clearness of thought. His mind was pre-eminently practical; and his favorite themes were those which bore on daily life, and aimed to stimulate a pure and lofty religious growth. The variety of his published sermons and books illustrates both the activity and bent of his mind.

Though Dr. Woodbury was a devoted minister, he was also pre-eminently a man of administrative ability. As chaplain in the army, director of the American Unitarian Association and the Channing Conference, or at the head of the Unitarian Mission in Providence, he showed a practical sagacity, sound judgment, and wise discernment, such as distinguish those who have been trained in business enterprises. In him were joined the prescience of the man of affairs and the faithfulness of the devotee. In private life he was attractive by his genial spirit; and many were drawn to him by his kindly cheerfulness, rich-toned voice, and ringing laughter. He entered with quick sympathy into the joys and sorrows of others; and, though entirely free from gush or cant, he could feel for those who were in tears and rejoice with those who were in gladness. This added to his efficiency as a pastor and endeared him to many hearts. Perhaps his crowning quality was that of faithfulness to duty. What he had to do he did with thoroughness. He was a man of clear and fixed convictions, and valued most of all religion as a vital power in the soul to work out moral and spiritual results. His faith was pre-eminently cheerful; and, though lately he often suffered acute pain, he bravely bore the infliction with serenity and courage. Cared for and watched by those nearest and dearest, he passed on. His was pre-eminently a faithful and useful life.

S. W. BUSH.

Conferences.

THE MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Conference of the Middle States and Canada held a splendid series of meetings in the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N.Y., from November 19 to 21 inclusive. The first day was stormy; and this, no doubt, prevented some from coming out who would otherwise have been present. But during the night the weather cleared, and on the second day the people were present in large numbers. The attention was eager and earnest, and it may safely be said that the many fine papers that were read did not fail of their intended purpose of uplifting

and instructing. The ladies of the society served a substantial luncheon in the chapel adjoining the church, on both days of the sessions; and a charming feature was the small tables, around which six or seven congenial spirits could be seated. If the Conference accomplished no other definite good than to promote the fellowship and acquaintance of the ministers and laymen of its constituency, its work would not be small nor unimportant. And this it does, and much else besides.

The conference sermon was preached on Tuesday evening by Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia, from the text, "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us" (John i. 14). Mr. May most eloquently showed that incarnation was not exceptional and miraculous in the case of Jesus, but that it is realized in the experience of all men just in the proportion to which they are faithful in living the divine life and in receiving the spirit of truth into their minds and hearts.

The Wednesday morning session opened with a devotional meeting which, in the absence of Rev. W. I. Lawrence of Meadville, Pa., was conducted by Rev. George H. Badger of Rutherford, N.J. That Nestor of our Unitarian fold, Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, then read his remarkable paper on "The Naturalness of Jesus,"—the same that he read before the National Conference at Washington. A particularly beautiful and touching incident in connection with this morning service was the christening of a baby girl by Dr. Furness, who twenty-eight years before performed the same service for the little one's mother.

The business session was then opened, and the appointment of committees and the secretary's and treasurer's reports followed. The latter showed that the balance on hand at the beginning of the year was \$3,456.60. The receipts during the year were \$3,875.85. The expenditures were \$3,825.67, leaving a balance on hand of \$3,506.78.

The report of the secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, reviewed the year's work, and showed that, in spite of the financial stringency, it had been one of the most prosperous in the history of the conference. Three new churches have been organized, all in New York State,—one at Albany, one at Gouverneur, and one at Parkside, a suburb of Buffalo. "Forward Movement" meetings have been successfully initiated and carried on in Brooklyn, N.Y. Some of the newer churches—notably, that at Pittsburg, Pa., and some of those in New Jersey—have made very satisfactory progress. The report further recommended the subscription plan for raising money for missionary and other purposes. In every case increasingly satisfactory results have followed its adoption.

The remainder of the morning was devoted to a paper on "The Missionary Motive," by Mr. George W. Stone of Boston, and one on "The Missionary Method," by Rev. Arthur H. Grant of Newburg, N.Y. Mr. Stone said that the real missionary motive was to save men from sin and error; and that this is one of the underlying principles of the Unitarian Church, the real missionary motive of which should be to make religion, as accepted and interpreted by Unitarians, universal. Mr. Grant's paper was full of novel suggestions as to missionary methods. He advocated the use by the church of the modern newspaper as a means of making known, through its advertising columns, certain important truths. Rev. George Batchelor, owing to the lateness of the hour, did not discuss these papers in detail, but gave a stirring address on our mission as a Unitarian Church.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of nominees: president, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton of New York; vice-presidents, Rev. Robert Collyer of New York, Mrs. J. P. Illsley of Philadelphia, Henry B. Wells of Plainfield, N.J., Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia, Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper of Brooklyn; secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York; treasurer, Howland Davis of New York; trustees, Rev. James T. Bixby, Edward W. Clark, John Harsen Rhoades, and Rev. John W. Chadwick; directors, Rev. J. P. Illsley, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Merle St. C. Wright. These officers were unanimously elected.

The topics for the afternoon were particularly interesting. "Our Work in Country Towns" was treated by Rev. John M. Scott of Ithaca, N.Y. He favored the formation of Sunday circles in the rural neighborhoods to receive the same recognition as churches in the matter of sending delegates to conferences, etc. He believed that in small communities there should be one union church among the orthodox believers and one among the liberals. The latter should not be called "Unitarian" or any other denominational name, but by some such title as the "Church of the Good Samaritan." Rev. W. M. Brundage, Ph.D., of Albany, spoke very eloquently and earnestly on "Our Work in Cities," which, he believed, lay in reaching the young men whose minds reject the supernatural religion of the evangelical churches, and who have not yet found that rational and natural religious faith which we have to offer. Rev. Hobart Clark of Plainfield, N.J., followed with an admirable paper

on "Reasons why Unitarians should go to Church." The first reason is that, if he (the Unitarian) is not there, the church itself is not there. Each Unitarian is himself a church. He should go not merely for what benefit he may receive, but for the benefit he may confer. The foregoing papers were discussed by Rev. Charles E. St. John of Pittsburg, Pa., who took the high ground that no man could be a whole man, normally developed, except as a regular helper and follower of the church.

The platform meeting in the evening was presided over by Rev. Stephen H. Camp, in the temporary absence of Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, the president. The subject, "Religious Tendencies, or the Change of Base from Supernatural to Natural Religion," was divided into three parts. "The Contribution of Universalism" was assigned to Rev. W. S. Crowe, D.D., of Newark, N.J. "The Contribution of Reformed Judaism" was given to Rev. Gustave Gottheil, D.D., of New York, and "The Contribution of Unitarianism" to Rev. John W. Chadwick. Dr. Crowe's address was full of wit and fire, and aroused a good deal of enthusiasm. His argument was that the change from supernatural to natural religion had not been one of base, but of superstructure. The original base is unchanged, but the mediæval superstructure is removed. The new building must be on the basis of the dominance of spirit. Dr. Gottheil said that the ancient race of which he was a member had done much to remove some of those conceptions of Deity under which we have suffered so long. The question was often asked him whether the ancient law was still binding with them. The wise answer was that all outward institutions have only a temporary value. Have we given up the idea of a chosen people? Yes, in the idea of a physical continuity; no, in the sense of a mission to teach the world the truths of a sublime and rational religion. Mr. Chadwick, the last speaker of the evening, gave one of his most thoughtful and scholarly addresses. He said that Unitarianism had had a threefold character,—a movement of thought in the interest of science, of ethics in the interest of reform, and of religion in the interest of humanity.

On Thursday Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks of Passaic conducted the devotional service, speaking for a brief space on "The Moral Responsibility of Admiration." His warning that we should praise with care and discrimination for fear of establishing low ideals brought Rev. Robert Collyer to his feet, who, in line with what Mr. Wicks had said, spoke a few acceptable words on the graciousness of praise. In lieu of a women's meeting, as heretofore, two papers by women were given as part of Thursday's regular programme. Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper spoke on "The Pews in Relation to the Pulpit"; and she gave so much sound advice and so many suggestions to the pulpit, as well as to the pews, that there has been a request from many of the ministers and others present that the paper should be printed as a tract. Mrs. Hooper was followed by Mrs. A. Wendell Jackson, who gave a suggestive essay on "What our Young People can do for the Church." "The Church as an Educational Institution" was treated by Rev. E. M. Fairchild of Troy. His paper was an earnest and eloquent plea for a church modelled somewhat after the university pattern, with graded courses of instruction in ethics and religion. He contended that the old model on which the Unitarian Church was organized has become obsolete. While its spirit is undogmatic, its form is dogmatic, and does not fit the liberal tendency of the age. It should cease to be a propagandist Church, and become, instead, simply a school for instruction in ethics and religion. Rev. Theodore C. Williams, who led the discussion on Mr. Fairchild's paper, said that the essayist's position was radically inconsistent. If the Church is not to stand for and proclaim the truth, then why make a tremendous educational effort to arrive at the truth? As to the scheme for making the Church a university, the Lord help us if our faith and religion are to be only an academic extract from courses in ethics and philosophy! Rev. W. I. Nichols, who followed Mr. Williams, discussed the papers by Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Jackson. In both, he said, the central thought had been the supreme importance of unselfishness. The church, he contended, that is truest to the spirit of unselfishness in all its worship, work, and social life, will grow and win the masses to it; while the church that is dominated by a spirit of selfishness, that makes self-interest its first concern, is sure to become exclusive, and so lose its hold upon the masses.

As was expected, the Thursday afternoon meeting proved to be one of the most interesting in the whole series. The programme consisted of personal testimonies from Rev. J. M. Scott, formerly a Baptist, Rev. Dr. Brundage, formerly a Methodist, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, formerly an Episcopalian, and Rev. A. H. Grant, formerly a Presbyterian, as to how they came out of Orthodoxy, and how they hope to lead others out. In the evening a second platform meeting was held, at which there were four addresses on the general subject "The Mission of the Unitarian Church to the Local Community." Rev. Edward Hale of

Orange, N.J., was the first speaker. He said that the mission of the Unitarian Church was indicated by the fact that we stand free as regards our thought of God, the Bible, Jesus, and human life; and in this freedom we are to lead in the movement for a forward-looking and progressive religion. Rev. Charles E. St. John, speaking on the second topic, said that, although our beliefs are unwritten, and therefore modifiable, they are practical in their bearing upon life and conduct. Our conceptions of God, of man, of character, and of heaven, are all practical truths that can and should guide us to live as Jesus did. Mr. John Harsen Rhoades of New York spoke on the duty of the Unitarian Church to promote good citizenship. He defined good citizenship as obedience to law, reverence for religion, honesty, sobriety, and devotion to the highest social interests. Our service to the church and the world requires us to help in all practical ways in educating men to be good citizens. Rev. George Batchelor, in speaking on the fourth topic, said the task of those believing in God and humanity is to take the intrinsically divine element in men, women, and children, and raise it to command. In so doing, we do not turn our backs on God, on Jesus, or the Bible. No: these inspire and encourage us.

Mr. Batchelor's address brought to a close a very interesting and successful meeting of the Conference. D. W. M.

THE "NEW WORLD."

THE GUARANTEE FUND.

The *New World* is a quarterly theological review. It had its origin at a large meeting of ministers in Anniversary Week. Their proposal was laid before the National Conference; and its committee appointed the present editorial board, Dean C. C. Everett and Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard Divinity School and President Orello Cone of Buchtel College, Ohio, Prof. N. P. Gilman of Meadville being the managing editor. With the exception of a small salary paid to the last-named, the editors receive no compensation. The review is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at \$3 a year.

The aim of the *New World* is to represent the latest and best result of theological thought and learning in Europe as well as in America, and from liberal scholars of all denominations. How well this aim has succeeded can best be seen in the tables of contents of the fifteen numbers already issued. They have contained articles by Wellhausen and Holtzmann of Germany, Réville and Darmesteter of Paris, Menzies of Edinburgh, De Saussure of Amsterdam, Bosanquet of Oxford, Bann of Florence, and others; while among the American contributors have been President Andrews (Baptist), Bascom, Paine, Moxom, and Munger (Congregationalists), A. V. G. Allen, J. P. Peters and S. D. McConnell (Episcopalians), Kirkus (Presbyterian), Cone and Alcott (Universalists), and Everett, Chadwick, Savage, Allen, Dole, Slicer, and many others of the Unitarians. Besides the main articles every number contains between twenty and thirty reviews of important books by the above scholars and many others. It is confidently claimed that no review, at least in the English-speaking world, is doing so valuable work for liberal thought and scholarship. The *Christian Union* declared that the *New World* has taken "a place at once in the front rank of periodical literature,—a place where it may be said to fill a void." A prominent Episcopalian scholar, himself a contributor, has repeatedly said that it is the only place where independent articles of any denomination can appear, while a well-known Congregationalist is so interested that he refused to take payment for a very valuable article. To this it may be added that the *New World* has an even larger circulation among evangelical than among liberal ministers.

Now, no such review can hope to support itself upon its circulation, at least in its earliest years. The Conference of 1894 appointed a committee to raise an endowment fund of \$50,000, which would have placed the review upon a permanent basis; but, in view of the many calls just now for other purposes, it has been decided to raise instead a guarantee fund of \$20,000, of which no more than fifteen per cent. shall be called for, and nothing till the whole amount subscribed shall reach \$10,000. About \$7,000 has been easily obtained, and the rest is confidently expected. With this fund it will be possible to secure the best contributors, and to bring the review by judicious advertising to the notice of its natural constituency. The subscriptions already obtained are given below, and those which follow will be acknowledged in the same way. The trustees of the fund are Messrs. E. B. Haskell, F. C. Lowell, and N. P. Gilman.

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AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

Three new books have been placed on our tables since the last issue of the *Register*, as follows: "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age," by Washington Gladden. This is the essay that was awarded the prize by the trustees of Dartmouth College that is given every two years from the income of the "Richard Fletcher Fund," a book of 299 pages. Price 94 cents, net. "College Sermons," by the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, edited by Dean Fremantle,—twenty sermons on a great variety of subjects. 348 pages. Price \$1.50, net. A pamphlet, the proceedings of the fifty-second regular meeting of the Philosophical Union of the University of California, giving in full an address by Prof. Josiah Royce, Ph.D., of Harvard University, on "The Conception of God," together with comments thereon by Dr. Sidney Edward Mezes of the University of Texas, Dr. Joseph Le Conte, and Dr. G. H. Howison of the University of California,—a valuable publication of 84 pages. Price 50 cents, net.

This building is a busy place nowadays, the committee-rooms are used daily, and the business of the various offices is brisk. And still we ought to do a great deal more business for our friends at a distance; and, now that the holidays are approaching, we trust our Unitarian friends that propose to remember their friends, their ministers, and their families with gifts of books, will send their orders to us. We can send you catalogues if you so desire, and shall be glad to do so.

FINANCES.

Not much to be said about finances that is very encouraging. The treasurer is afraid that too many people are expecting other people to do their duty. It was Artemas Ward, I believe, that during the Civil War was willing that all his wife's male relatives should enlist, and die, if necessary, for their country. And so it appears now to be probable that we have many Unitarians that are willing other Unitarians should give their money for the missionary work. There is no doubt any longer about one thing; and that is that indifference and apathy, not of the churches as churches, but of individual Unitarians, is the great danger that threatens our future.

VISITS.

Sunday, November 17, in the morning at the old First Church, or "Church of the Saviour," in Brooklyn, N.Y., one of the most active and influential churches outside New England. This church carries on an extensive missionary work of its own in Willow Place Chapel and other places. It is a staunch and faithful church that uniformly does its duty in a way that other churches may well imitate. Sunday evening at the "Aurora Grata Cathedral,"—a place with an imposing name, having, we believe, a Masonic signification. The place itself is a church edifice with a seating capacity of about one thousand or twelve hundred. This was filled that evening, and people standing everywhere they could find room. This was the third meeting of the "Forward Movement," or, to put it in old-fashioned phrase, a Unitarian revival meeting. All the meetings were crowded. It seems certain that they must do our cause good. These meetings might be held in many cities and towns in New England, and elsewhere, too, with good effect. The American Unitarian Association backed these meetings with help, and will do the same with other localities if our friends will give us the means to do it. It is difficult to find any work that pays better than this. The spoken word, and then the tract. It is as important to revive our work when we have churches as it is to found new churches. We shall get better crops if we cultivate our fields. Tuesday evening, November 19, Middle States Conference opened, and continued two days, closing with a platform meeting Thursday evening. The meetings were held in the First Church in Brooklyn, and were well attended throughout. No doubt the *Register* will contain a full account of the proceedings. Sunday,

November 24, in the morning in the old church at Fitchburg, Mass., a healthy and prosperous church, doing good, steady work, with a good Sunday-school, and therefore a future before it that can be viewed with equanimity and confidence. In the evening of same day a union meeting of the two churches at Athol, Mass., a vigorous and active manufacturing town. The Unitarians in this town need not be ashamed of the record they have made and are still making as citizens, as well as Unitarians. The churches are doing good work, and we hope to see this town a model for others in public spirit and devotion to the Church we all believe in.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

The usual Channing Hall "Talk" will be held next Saturday, November 30, at 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject will be Lesson XII., "The Shepherd and his Flock." All cordially invited.

Those Sunday-schools wishing a stereopticon, or magic-lantern outfit, for illustrating lessons and similar purposes, can obtain a great deal of information by writing to A. W. Muclow, 244 Washington Street, Boston. Such equipment can be secured on instalment payments.

At Hudson, Mass., the "New Song and Service Book" has been made to serve quite a revival of interest. It has not only been vigorously introduced into the Sunday-school; but it has also been adopted for the Sunday evening popular meeting in the church, and meets well the demands upon it. Any information with regard to the use of it in both directions will be furnished by Mr. Caleb L. Brigham, who is one of our most intelligent and successful Sunday-school workers.

The Western Sunday School Society is publishing for the winter's course a series of lessons by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "The Flowering of Christianity." This is the completion of the six years' course. Mr. Gannett's work is always most suggestive and helpful. His essay at Washington was one of the conspicuous features, and the heart of it was the masterly way in which he interpreted and harmonized different elements. This quality of an interpreter and a reconciler is carried into his lessons. Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Sunday School Society, is also furnishing a course called "Nature Studies," consisting of a four-page leaflet, illustrated, and quite attractive. Their chief use for most of our Sunday-schools would be as a supplementary aid to some more strictly religious line of subjects, illustrating and enforcing the ideas. These lessons are written in Mr. Gould's well-known clear and sympathetic style.

Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., is developing the possibilities of his Sunday-school in the First Unitarian Church at San Francisco in all directions. Among several happy helps, he has a printed form which serves as a "Notice of absent pupils." It also contains suggestions to teachers. These slips can be obtained from Mr. Eliot at a low rate. The Unitarian Sunday School Society has a few samples which can be had on request. Mr. Eliot sends out, at the beginning of each winter session, a circular addressed personally to each member of the Sunday-school, containing a friendly word and some happy suggestions. He also has from time to time a conference of the superintendent with the parents and guardians of the pupils of the school. This is the only way in which the much-discussed department of the Sunday-school can be made successful; namely, by earnest and intelligent work. When this zeal and planning are put into the Sunday-school, it flourishes.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The second meeting of this Union was held, as usual, in the Church of the Disciples on the third Monday of November. After the social half-hour and the supper Mr. Frank B. Thayer, the president, introduced Rev. S. H. Roblin of the Second Universalist Church of Boston, whose subject was "Place and Function of the Sunday-school in Church Life." Its place, he believes, is to be an auxiliary of the church in Christianizing mankind. Its functions are to teach and to develop character. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells next spoke upon "The Place of Doctrine and Morals in Sunday-school Instruction." Mrs. Wells considers a knowledge of psychology, methodology, and school economy as requisites for the highest success in Sunday-school teaching,—in other words, that the teacher should understand the working of the child's mind, should be familiar with the best methods of training that mind, and should know how to adapt the methods to the needs of the school in which he is placed. There was some little time for discussion from the floor; and Rev. Richmond Fisk, Mrs. Clara A. Beatley, Mr. Robert C. Metcalf, and Rev. Edward A. Horton engaged in it.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

MIDDLESEX ALLIANCE.—The regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, December 5, at twelve o'clock.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Suffolk Branches of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women will be held at 25 Beacon Street on Monday, December 2, at eleven o'clock. Officers of other Branches are cordially invited.

BOSTON.—Church of the Unity: Rev. Robert Collyer will preach next Sunday. Service begins promptly at 10.30 A.M.

King's Chapel: Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., will conduct the Wednesday noon service on December 4, commencing promptly at twelve o'clock, and continuing thirty minutes.

Ministers' Monday Club, December 2, 10.30 A.M.: Rev. W. H. Savary will preside. Rev. Dr. G. D. Herron of Iowa College will give the address on "Applied Christianity." The public invited.

Arlington Street Church: The "Charity Lecture," for one hundred and seventy years a conspicuous feature of the Boston charities, will be given at the Arlington Street Church on Sunday afternoon next by Rev. John Cuckson, the pastor, in connection with his vesper service. J. Capen, Secretary.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): The third discourse in the Sunday evening services will be given December 1, at 7.30 o'clock, by Rev. Stopford W. Brooke. Subject, "Marching Orders from God." Special music by Mrs. L. M. Bartlett, soprano, Mr. L. M. Bartlett, tenor, and Mr. E. M. Goldstein, violinist. Mr. Howard M. Dow, organist. All seats free, and a welcome to all.

ATHOL, MASS.—Second Church: Every Saturday evening one of the young men of the Second Church visits the hotels, and, after learning the names of the strangers that are to be in town over Sunday, directs an envelope to each one of them, which contains an invitation to attend church. In this way the pastor made the acquaintance of a young man from Plattsburg, N.Y., the other Sunday, who, because of the invitation, attended the Unitarian church. It was the first time he had ever been in a Unitarian church or heard a Unitarian sermon. He expressed himself as much pleased with the service, and said that hereafter he should make it a point to attend the Unitarian church service wherever he could.

BELMONT, MASS.—Last Sunday, at the Unitarian church, Dr. Alfred Worcester assisted the pastor in presenting the claims of the Waltham hospital. A collection amounting to \$165 was taken up at the close of the service. At the Sunday-school on the same day an offering of fruit, jelly, vegetables, etc., more than filling two barrels, were presented to the Parker Memorial in Boston for its Thanksgiving dinner.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Dr. William Everett of Quincy will preach in the First Parish Church on Sunday next, December 1.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge will meet with Rev. W. H. Johnson on Monday, December 2, in the vestry of the Austin Street Unitarian Church, between Essex and Norfolk Streets, Cambridgeport. Collocation at one o'clock. Essay at 2 P.M. Subject, "Ultimate Protestantism." Hilary Bygrave, Scribe.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—A correspondent writes: "All Souls' Church is rejoicing in the prospect of having Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, as well as his wife, Rev. Lila Frost Sprague, for the month of December, at least. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague hesitate to accept the call extended them, and, anxious to discover the field of usefulness and prospects of growth open to the church, are to spend December in testing the material. They will not as yet place themselves under obligation beyond that. The society is showing decided activity; and more money has been raised at this canvas, under the stimulus of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, than has been secured for several years back. The good work shall go on."

NEW YORK.—The Unitarian Club of New York held its first meeting this season at the St. Denis Hotel on Friday evening, November 22. The president, Hon. John A. Taylor, was in the chair. The club was fortunate in having secured, among other speakers, several of the ministers who had taken part in the meetings of

the Middle States Conference, which closed its sessions the night before. The general subject for consideration was "Our New Creed"; and the first and principal address was made by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Crothers warned us against the danger of looking upon the Saratoga declaration as a finality; for, if it were so accepted, there would be an end to our religious development. We must beware of giving our loyalty to a person or an institution rather than to principles and ideals. The former arrests progress: the latter promotes it. Better the differences and controversies that marked our history before the Saratoga Conference than a peace that results in stagnation. The president then called on Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia, who showed his hearty sympathy with Mr. Crothers's position by continuing in the same general line of thought. He did not think that our entire agreement in opinions, resulting in an absence of controversial discussion in our conferences and clubs, was at all desirable. He further urged an absolute sincerity on the part of all our ministers in making their phraseology, when speaking of Jesus, agree with their convictions as to his simple humanity. Rev. George Batchelor, who spoke next, said that he did not share the fears of the last speaker that perfect concord of opinion among ourselves was likely to destroy all opportunity for controversy. Those who enjoyed that sort of thing could have all the enjoyment of that kind they wanted if they would only improve the opportunity for contending for the truth which was afforded them in the truth-opposing attitude of the orthodox sectarians by whom they were surrounded. Mr. Batchelor closed by reminding his hearers that what the Saratoga action called for on our part was not loyalty to a person or an institution, but to a religion the principles and ideals of which are an inspiration to progress. Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse followed with a characteristically clear, eloquent, and forcible address, which he concluded by showing that, to fulfil its perfect work in us, our religion must develop the possible Jesus that is in every human soul.

The president of the Philadelphia Unitarian Club, being present, was called upon, and responded by giving the hearty greetings of his club. The last speaker was Rev. John M. Scott of Ithaca. His address was full of the poetry and grace of expression which marked his addresses before the Middle States Conference. Mr. Scott saw in the unanimity with which our Saratoga affirmation was made and accepted no reason to expect that we should fall into a state of self-satisfied indifference. He looked upon it as a fortunate circumstance that there was no longer occasion for wasting time in controversies among ourselves, for now we are made free to work together as a united band in waging that warfare which makes for human progress. In this work we shall find plenty of occasions for controversy; but let it be with the opponents of the world's welfare, and not among ourselves. Mr. Scott's address brought to a close one of the most enjoyable meetings the club has ever held.

POMONA, CAL.—Services were resumed October 1 with new zest. The minister has just completed a series of sermons entitled "An Honest Man," the different subjects being "An Honest Man in Religion," "An Honest Man in Society," "An Honest Man in the State." Services are well attended.

SALEM, ORE.—Our church is in a flourishing condition, the Unity Club, under our pastor, Rev. W. E. Copeland, is doing good work in Shakspeare, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, with Mrs. William England at the head, is making extensive preparations for an entertainment on Thanksgiving night. Our Sunday-school, with Mrs. W. E. Copeland as superintendent, is doing good work. On Sunday, November 10, Rev. Stanley M. Hunter, late of Salt Lake City, preached most acceptable sermons morning and evening. He also delivered a course of lectures on "Phrenology" in Channing Hall. Mr. Copeland preached at Eugene November 10. He is in hopes soon to be able, with the generous support of the American Unitarian Association, to establish a strong Unitarian society in that university town.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—First Church: Dr. Stebbins has fully regained his strength, and has preached with great vigor and power during all the month. Mrs. Booth's address to the Channing Auxiliary aroused a good deal of admiration for her and sympathy in the work she described.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Young People's Guild of Unity Church have printed a programme which gives the topics of their meetings from October 27 to May, together with the names of the leaders. The pastor, Rev. William R. Lord, announces a series of lectures on the following subjects: "Scientism," "Christian Science," "Spiritism," "Theosophy."

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The November meeting of the

league was held on Wednesday, November 20, at the Church of the Unity, Worcester. The subject of the day was "Our City Schools"; and so great was the interest that about one hundred and forty women gathered to hear the papers and take part in the discussions. The morning session opened at eleven o'clock; and Miss Mary Trumbull of the English High School gave an entertaining description of the University Convocation held at Albany, and the National Educational Association meeting at Denver, combining both under the subject of "Educational Gleanings of a Summer." "Co-operation between Parents and Teachers" was discussed in two papers,—one from the standpoint of the parent, by Mrs. Nathaniel Seaver, and the other from the standpoint of the teacher, by Miss Lydia W. Ball.

Adjournment for luncheon came at noon. The first paper of the afternoon was on "The Health Conditions of the Schools," by Mrs. Everett H. Warren, followed by Mrs. Emma E. Foster, who discussed the question of "The Curriculum: Does it include the Proper Studies, and give them the Proper Perspective?" Mrs. Foster gave prominence to the thought that education is not simply to get information, but to form character. Mrs. Harriet G. Waite, principal of the Freeland Street School, came by invitation, bringing with her examples of the real work done in language study in the third and ninth grades in her own building. It was voted to send to the church at Somerville, over which Rev. Mary T. Whitney, a former president of the league, is settled, \$10 as a contribution to the fair to be held early in December. At four o'clock the meeting adjourned.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.—J. Martineau.

Wrong, though its title-deeds go back to the days of Sodom, is by nature a thing of yesterday; while the right, of which we became conscious but an hour ago, is more ancient than the stars, and of the essence of heaven.—James Russell Lowell.

Business Notices.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket. Sold only in boxes.

1500-1600, A.D.—All the antique furniture which is most valuable was built before mahogany was introduced into England. Oak was then the wood, and its dark color to-day is the natural result of three hundred years of use. The cabinet work which the Paine Furniture Company, on Canal Street, sell as Flemish Oak is a very exact imitation of this old English oak.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Boston, 19th inst., by Rev. Eugene De Normandie, Edward H. Houghton and Helen R. Cushing, both of Boston.
In Dorchester, 19th inst., in the Richmond Street Unitarian church, by Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, Benjamin M. Greely and Helen P. Folsom, both of Dorchester.

Religious Notices.

THE address of Rev. O. K. Crosby is Yarmouth, Me.

THE address of Rev. Herman Haugerud is 1328 9th Street, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

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For the *Christian Register*.
"VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT."

BY REV. EDWARD RANDALL KNOWLES, LL.D.

"Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment."
 "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion."
 "Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

"The banners of the King progress,"
 Thus sang the Church in ages past;
 And now the Right demands redress,
 And Truth asserts its power at last,
 Whilst Armageddon's thunders bring
 Forewarnings of the coming King.

Great Brahma's truth lacks Love Divine;
 Lord Buddha's precepts fail to bless;
 And, where the Moslem powers decline,
 The crescent wanes to nothingness.
 Love, mercy, holiness, demand
 Zion's sceptre for Messiah's hand.

The Christian lands reject their God,
 His justice is no longer feared;
 For Mammon's sway is now adored
 Where once the Saviour was revered.
 No lordly champions proudly claim
 To wear the cross in Jesus' name.

Yet soon the banners of the King
 Shall grandly wave o'er Zion's wall,
 As 'neath Messiah's ordering
 The cross and crescent both shall fall;
 And, whilst all wrongs obtain redress,
 A King shall reign in righteousness.

Sermon Gleanings.

THE HARVEST.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

What is a harvest season? It is death, but a fruition. It is stripped fields, but barrelled apples; stubble in the field, but wheat at the mill; out-of-doors a naked world, the summer things all gone, empty nests clinging to the boughs, brown leaves swinging their last hour in the wind or rustling crisply under foot; and, indoors, thanksgiving for the populations saved again, and for glad homes nestling closer.

Fruition and a death. That does not mean success becoming failure then. The dying is part of the success. The loyal leaves,—they would resent a funeral sermon preached or dirges sung above them. Their very last word, their death-murmur, is *Life*. "We have not been destroyed," they say. "We have been fulfilled in fruit that we have made. In it we have eternal life."

It is the secret of *all* God's harvest fields, the way in which he hoards the gains of all his work from waste. It is the miracle within the miracle of snow and resurrection and flowers. Thanks to the Harvest-secret we need not mourn for anything as lost, perhaps need mourn for nothing as wholly vanished. The trials, the disappointments, the wane of friendships, the temptations that are hardly put under foot, are leaves which the seasons bring and the seasons take away. To no purpose? Nay: they give us the new preciousness of ourselves, our strength of spiritual fibre, our wiser philosophy of life, the beautiful lines on the face, the quiet cheer in the heart, and our increasing helpfulness.

In us all and through all life the secret of the harvest is the same. The laws of the seasons reign in us. "Herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Either by doing or by bearing we must *act* in order to harvest anything. Action is to thought and feeling what the leaf is to the crude sap: then of action habit is the blossom, and of habit character is the fruit. Character is the concentrated result of life, its organized deposit, its harvest in us, and the seed of after-life.

THANKSGIVING.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it."

We often talk—perhaps we often feel—as if there were no sanctity or divinity where we are, as if our own time were profane and vulgar, or merely secular, as if the glory of the Lord were far off in space or withdrawn from the passing hours, as if we were dwelling in a world forsaken and forgotten. But why need we look backward through the centuries or forward to some final consummation for the age of gold? Why need we climb the heights or descend into the depths to find the dwelling-place of the Spirit that fills the universe? Why need we cross the seas to ask leave of the

Turks to visit the Holy Land? The throne that is high and white is set up in every atom and in every conscience. The place where we stand is holy ground. And *this* is the day which the Lord hath made. Shall we not rejoice and be glad?

One must often repeat words used by Lessing more than a hundred years ago, "This is not an enlightened age: it is an age becoming enlightened." On every side there is a mingling of light with darkness, of good with evil. On every side the conflict of elements and the confused noise of battle. There is not a truth spoken but somebody contradicts it, not a good thing attempted but somebody resists it, not a wrong but somebody defends it, not a folly nor an absurdity but somebody appears as its apostle, and finds converts and followers. All the more let us say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." For it is through these very processes of struggle that humanity makes its way. Not every change is an improvement: it is well that every proposed reform should be challenged and every argument sifted. All our mistakes are costly; but they are instructive, for we learn to walk by stumbling. And the wrangling of human selfishness, the clash of classes, like the quarrels of children, proves at last to be a school of social justice and brotherhood; for, when we find there is "no thoroughfare," we turn back to the King's highway.

Our duties to each other are coming to the front. The demand for an applied Christianity is sending creed, ceremony, and profession to the rear, to be looked after when man is a little surer of his fair footing on the planet. And the beauty of it is that all this is coming to be accepted as a divine leading, a new chapter in Genesis, a step in the long march of continuous creation,—the progressive incarnation of the life of God in the life of his human children. The new faith affirms that this is the day of the Lord, and these the years of his right hand.

Now we have found our deepest ground and largest reason for Thanksgiving. The earth is the home of God as truly as it is the home of man.

The low state of development in which mankind are found is not an absolute evil, and the spirits that have risen highest and become purest are only a little in advance of their brethren. The existence of all slow, sluggish, and inert creatures is the divine opportunity. They all come into the beautiful order when we associate them with the mighty forces that work continually for redemption.

Spiritual Life.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—*Spenser*.

God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving songs of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*George Dana Boardman*.

He that hath so many causes of joy and so great is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

We have had a precious inheritance in the old homes of New England. Our fathers builded better than they knew when they erected them; and he shall be the benefactor of his children who shall under altered circumstances of time and place transmit to his children a true home.—*J. F. W. Ware*.

The Jew is but a river, and humanity is the ocean. If we be faithful, we shall speed the time when Judaism will cast out narrowness, and Christianity cast out heathenism; and, reconciliation being established, the world will repeat the motto of the New Jew, "Truth is my creed: God is my guide."—*Rabbi I. Leonard Levy*.

Let us acknowledge the goodness which fills the earth with food, food for the body and food for the souls of God's creatures,—the glory of knowledge, the light of religion, the strength that comes in time of need, the faith and peace that follow sorrow. Oh, let us be filled with joyful thanksgiving, and all that is within us bless his holy name!—*Selected*.

MY CITADEL.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

Beleaguered in my citadel,
 My outer wall shows gap and breach.
 I feel the shock of shot and shell,
 But me they cannot reach.

Still flies my flag, for God is here.
 I grasp his standard in my hand.
 What should I know of craven fear
 Beneath his strong command!

He sends his legions forth each hour
 To build afresh my shattered wall,
 And angels from each clarion tower
 His ringing watchwords call.

Literature.

"THE POSTULATES OF REVELATION AND OF ETHICS."*

To those who had a personal acquaintance with Dr. Hill, and who knew how full to overflowing were his fountains of thought and intellectual activity, it was a surprise and disappointment that he published so little during his life. Profoundly versed as he was, not only in theology, but in physics, skilful with his brush, an expert in botany, a musician of taste, a successful inventor, and a distinguished mathematician and educator, he exhibited a versatility rarely seen in this day of specialists. The eminent offices he had filled as president, successively, of Antioch College and Harvard University, had given his word authority, and brought him into close personal acquaintance with the leading minds of his day. Men like Horace Mann, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Peirce, and Prof. Wyman were numbered among his intimate and admiring friends.

It is fortunate, then, that we have at length a volume containing in permanent form the ripe fruit of his thought, as he gave it in his later years to the students of the Meadville Theological School. The reader who had the good fortune to become familiar with the series of articles which he published during his life on "The Natural Sources of Theology" and upon "Geometry and Faith" will probably find some things in the present volume reproduced, with but moderate changes of diction and illustration. But the undeservedly small circulation and temporary form, which was all that those learned and cogent papers obtained, and the fuller and final form here given to Dr. Hill's thought, entirely justify whatever repetition may be found in the present volume. Dr. Hill had an unusual equipment for dealing with the great questions he was so fond of discussing. For the remarkable scientific discoveries of modern days have made it necessary that the competent theologian should be much more than a theologian. He should also be well versed in those scientific laws and facts which have put so many religious issues in an entirely different aspect. The result of this has been that, in the usual lack of scientific knowledge among theologians, the men of science have been led to take up the rôle of theologic expounders; and, being oftentimes as unfamiliar with the principles of theism and philosophy as the theologians were with nature's laws,

*THE POSTULATES OF REVELATION AND OF ETHICS. By Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

the *ipse dixit* of these amateur theologians have been equally erratic. Dr. Hill, by rare good fortune, united in himself a first-hand knowledge, not only of the arsenal and weapons of faith, but of the methods of physics and the calculations of the mathematicians. His knowledge was exceptionally wide, accurate, and diversified, his judgment keen and positive, his spirit most devout, and his grasp of philosophic principles and the laws of nature were characterized by a comprehensiveness and firmness rarely to be found; and a careful reading of these weighty and richly freighted chapters fully confirms the judgment of the editor that "for intellectual strength, wealth, and variety of acquisitions, and the vigor and justness of his thought, Dr. Hill had very few equals and fewer superiors among the men of his time." The fresh and solid arguments which he was thus able to supply in maintenance of faith in an intelligent and guiding Wisdom informing Nature are notable contributions to modern thought. Attention should especially be given to the noble chapters on "The Unseen Real," "The Infinite Knowable," "The Universe a Work of Art," "Beauty," and "Relativity and Reality." By illustration upon illustration, drawn from his rich storehouse of scientific facts, he shows the fallacy of the scepticism, lately so common, as to the validity of human knowledge, and inspires his readers with a trust not only in the visible and tangible phenomena of the world, but in the unseen and intangible Real that lies behind it, as its basis and condition. Dr. Hill saw in the universe a constant revelation of the great First Cause from which it had proceeded,—a Cause that cannot rationally be looked upon as other than intelligent, good, and personal. In the human mind—unquestionably the loftiest product of the Creative Power—Dr. Hill discerned the surest key to the nature of that Power. It is only through will that we have any direct knowledge of the force that forms the activity of the universe. The intellect of man, with its unwillingness to stop its flight of thought at any limit short of the Infinite and the Self-existent; the heart of man, affirming that the divine nature cannot be lacking in that which forms the blessedness and glory of the human and which is most needed for man's daily support; the conscience, intuitively recognizing a Law-giver who impresses on the moral sense the law which is felt to be transcendent to the claims of life itself,—all these are natural sources of religious knowledge, deserving of our trust. The modern forms of scepticism, especially the fashionable agnosticism of the hour, stand, as Dr. Hill keenly shows, on unstable foundations. They are not scientific, but the reverse of that, a large part of them drawing their conclusions from logical fallacies, which, instead of reasoning up from the finite to the Infinite, as cautious thinkers do, rashly try to reason down from certain metaphysic concepts of an Infinite, left utterly indeterminate, to distrust of the rational and beneficent traits of the Universal Spirit, plainly manifested in the world and directly discerned by candid observers. Dr. Hill was a stout champion of teleology, and brings most convincing arguments and striking illustrations to support his position. His luminous presentation of the argument from design, and his

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sympathetic statement of the rational order and ideal plans that pervade the universe, lift this most persuasive of theistic pleas quite above the current aspersions of it as a mere "carpenter theory."

It is to be regretted, however, that Dr. Hill's early intimacy with Agassiz and loyalty to the views of his scientific friend should have led him to ignore or disparage as he did the memorable work of Charles Darwin in establishing the genetic development of species, and in tracing the influence of natural selection and sex selection in the development of life. Had Dr. Hill been able to enter more sympathetically into the labors of the scientific world during the last thirty years, he would have found this dreaded Saul, called Evolution, also among the prophets of God; and, in its ascending and orderly progress, he might have shown us still more forcible illustrations of the purposiveness that guides the movements of the world, and fresh demonstration that the Power that steadily generates this cosmic growth must be that which alone can grow,—a Life equal to the wondrous flower and fruit that its quickening sap from age to age produces. And in his system of ethics, also, Dr. Hill would have gained not a little if he had not looked with such aversion at the very shadow of evolution. For, instead of being the natural nurse and teacher of utilitarianism, as is so often thought, the steady index finger of Evolution points to a higher end than that of happiness,—to that loftier goal of the fullest possible development of the human faculties and the ideal perfection of our race.

Dr. Hill made no effort to dress his arguments with any of that brilliant rhetoric that lends such a fascination to the writings of our revered Nestor among English theologians, James Martineau. But his style has the merits most useful to the student and the reading public,—those of transparent lucidity and simplicity, a homespun vigor and directness, logical cogency and pregnant thought. There is no suspicion of padding, no need to puzzle over enigmas of fine phrase; and the autobiographic anecdotes and illustrations that abound give a personal spice and savor to the train of reasoning that is most agreeable. The editor does well to call attention to the fact that, like Dr. William B. Carpenter, James Martineau, and other leading defenders of the modern spiritual philosophy, Dr. Hill began his intellectual course as an advocate of necessity and utilitarianism, but, like these distinguished English thinkers, thought his way out to a diametrically opposite intellectual faith, earnest in his conviction of moral freedom and the sovereignty of duty. And there are not unjustly deduced from this encouraging auguries of a brighter day of rational conviction and religious trust. Prof. Barber has done his editorial work with commendable care and judiciousness; and the readers of this memorial volume will not only be grateful for these invaluable discussions of the deepest problems of our age and the forceful defences of pure theism and sound ethics that it preserves, but will be equally thankful for the glimpses of a sincere and earnest thinker, an untiring student of nature, and a pure and devoted Christian life, ever walking humbly before the face of God that it embalms for us. The book, in short, is one that every theological student and young minister of our day who, amid the "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" of modern speculation, desires to keep a level head, ought to own and study.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

THE MOGUL EMPERORS OF HINDUSTAN. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The period covered by Prof. Holden's book is that extending from 1398 A.D. to 1707; and consequently his first emperor is Timur, better known as Tamerlane. But, in sober, historic truth, Timur did not found the Mogul Empire in India. He overran the country, and went back to Samarkand; but in 1525 Babar, the fifth in descent from Timur, and fifth Mohammedan conqueror, fired by the fame of Timur's conquest, invaded India, and set up a government which lasted in name until 1857, but entered on its long decline in 1707 with the death of Aurangzeb. Prof. Holden passes at a bound from Timur to Babar, and then to his successor, Humayun, whose successor was Akbar the Great, whose toleration of the most diverse creeds excited the admiration of Tennyson, and was made the subject of one of the last poems that he wrote, and which was published almost simultaneously with his death. Akbar's successor

was Jahangir, after whom came the Empress Nur-Mahal, then Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb, the history of whose reaction and ruin, as written by Sir William Hunter, Prof. Holden introduces bodily into his book. It is a pity that his own chapters are not written in the agreeable manner of his borrowed one. He is not a literary artist, and his presentation of his matter is loose-jointed in the extreme. This effect, however, is produced in part by the introduction of extracts from native historians and sayings of the emperors that we could ill afford to spare. The fine sentiments of Timur weaken the argument against the Davidic authorship of the Psalms, based on their incongruity with David's personal character. Timur talked of his "pure soul," and built a pyramid of seventy thousand skulls. Akbar was a great ruler in every sense of the word, while yet it may be questioned whether his religious individualism did not detract something from the practical efficiency of his reign.

THE BEGINNINGS OF WRITING. By Walter James Hoffman, M.D., of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution. With an Introduction by Prof. Frederick Starr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The editor's introduction is very brief; and there is no good reason why its useful matter should not have been presented by Dr. Hoffman under his own hand, except as it reports the indefatigable zeal and energy of his investigations. At first the savage, trying to carry over the thought of to-day to the morrow, used *quipus* (knotted strings) and wampum belts, and such tangible reminders. Picture-writing came next, its pictures being always ideograms, representations of ideas. Next came the phonogram, which was the representation of a sound. Dr. Hoffman's monograph covers all these stages, especially as they were developed among North American tribes. These made much use of tangible reminders. They drew very expressive pictures, developing complicated systems of pictography equal to the exigencies of a continuous narrative; while some peoples of Mexico and Central America were passing from ideograms to phonograms,—a transition full of interest for the student and the general reader. Such a treatise would be futile without illustrations; and the book has a great abundance (one hundred and thirteen), some of which are in several parts. There is nothing engaging in the manner of the book. Its value consists wholly in its matter. Yet must one be very dull of heart not to find a certain pathos in this struggle to express man's early thoughts. Will they never know—these children of the dawn—how grateful we are to them for their patience, whereby we have profited so much?

TWO LITTLE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS. A Story of the City Beautiful. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Mrs. Burnett's latest juvenile is in her best vein, and both for interest and fine feeling may be placed beside "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The story centres around two children,—Meg and Robin,—who were twins and orphans, and were taken in charge by their aunt, a woman of unusual energy and practical faculty. She was the devotee of thrift and industry, and her life was prosaic in the utmost degree. Her mind was narrowed by her farm, which absorbed her entire thoughts. The children, on the other hand, were highly imaginative, and lived in an ideal world. Left alone to care for themselves, they spent most of their time in a "straw parlor" in the barn. Here they lived in a world of their own. On hearing the men of the farm talking of the Chicago Fair, their imagination was intensely excited about it. They read with avidity everything they could pick up from the newspapers, until at last they hit upon the plan to earn and save money to go in search of the wonders of the "City Beautiful." With their bags in hand and a meagre purse, they left at night, unknown to their aunt, but rich in faith, trust, and hope. The story of their trip, their meeting with John Holt, their devotion to Ben, and other incidents are given with that grace and exquisite feeling which mark Mrs. Burnett's juvenile stories. The way in which the children walked in fairyland, as told by Meg, throws an ideal brightness over the lives of the twins. The readers of Mrs. Burnett will hail with pleasure this new story, which is all alive with the touches of moral beauty and heroism, and full of a clear insight into the deepest and highest things in life.

THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS. A Book for Boys. By Capt. Charles Young. With illustrations by J. Williamson. London: George Bell & Sons.—The aim of the author in this work is to make a fairly accurate historical romance by filling up here and there, at his own risk, such gaps in his hero's career as cannot be satisfactorily accounted for in history. The style is exaggerated, and the descriptions are overdrawn. Still, the book will be read with excited interest by boys, because it deals with thrilling incidents and personal exploits. The hero sketched is Harold Hard-

rada, who, through a marvellous career and by great force of character, reached the throne of Norway. He was the last of that race who, in the early history of Northern Europe, made war their business, and were simply roving pirates, who, by their personal prowess, manly strength, and dauntless courage, seized what of land or treasure they could lay their hands on. In their age they were a terror, and spread desolation and death along their track. The career of Harold has all the features of romance. His portrait as warrior, pilgrim, poet, monarch, is drawn with an exaggeration deeply colored with the marvellous. It was a period of "blood and iron," and some of the descriptions of slaughter in battle are so graphic and vivid as to be harrowing. We have in this historical romance a picture of society and men in very striking contrast to our own industrial age.

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. Edited and arranged by A. Conan Doyle, author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Those who like the kind of thing which Dr. Doyle has given us in "Sherlock Holmes" and "Round the Red Lamp" will be disappointed with these "Letters," if they go to them expecting the same kind of things they found in those books. Others—and Wisdom will be justified of her children in the event—will prefer this book to the others. It is weak where they are strong. As a story, it is poorly conceived. Dr. Doyle was apparently seeking a vehicle for the transmission of his ideas on theological and religious subjects. He did not care to make us a present of his opinions in a theological treatise, preferring to make hay while the sun of popular favor is shining out of any grass that grows upon his land. His opinions, if not always valuable, are often interesting. The author is extremely versatile; and on pages 113-116 he has given us a poem called "With Either Hand," which is a notable contribution to the literature of pessimism, or, rather, to the indifference which finds the Eternal Powers about equally good and evil. No doubt we may expect a volume of poetry from Dr. Doyle mainly in this line before long.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. By Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Since "The Prisoner of Zenda" Mr. Hope has given us nothing so pleasant and agreeable as these "Chronicles." Some of his intervening things may have been as bright or brighter, but they were more or less off the color. Some may object that the color of this one is too red, as if the author were trying to make up the loss of blood and slaughter consequent on the demise of Mr. Stevenson. It is a story of the merry green-wood, and the audience which has for generations applauded the doings of Robin Hood and his merry men

can be relied upon to give it a cordial reception. A story makes its impression by its dominant trait, and that in this case is the nobility of the outlaw. Should it fall into the hands of any rich men who have time to read a book, it will probably make them wonder if they would not prefer to be robbed in Count Antonio's simple and straightforward manner than by the legislator, the lobbyist, and the walking delegate.

AGAINST HUMAN NATURE. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper's. \$1.25.—Miss Pool is one of those writers who, like Mary Wilkins and Alice Brown, delight in the study of humble types of character, developed amid narrow surroundings; and, although her work is far less artistic and delicate than theirs, yet she usually succeeds in producing a novel that is interesting as a story and effective as a study. The New England spinster is reproduced here with her purity, her fidelity, and her unsophisticated wisdom; but the heroine is an emotional North Carolina girl, who becomes converted at a revival meeting, and marries the minister in order to help him save souls, ignoring the question of love. This is "against human nature"; but the husband and wife experience the vicissitudes and uncertainties of the usual love affair, only with the difference that they come after marriage instead of before. Miss Pool has approached bravely the difficult task of interesting her readers in a certain enthusiasm that seems to many hysterical and abnormal. If she has not entirely succeeded, the fault seems to be less that of treatment than of subject.

THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS: ITS RELATION TO EVOLUTION IN MORALS AND IN DOCTRINE. By J. D. Black. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—No term has been used more vaguely than that which Mr. Black has made the title of his book. If he had defined it clearly at the outset, his frequent use of it would have been much less baffling and irritating. But, as one goes, he finds that he has here another straw which tells which way the wind is blowing, and that it is not in the direction of the traditional Orthodoxy, or, if in that direction, with a volume and momentum that bode nothing good for the stability of venerable constructions. The book touches current problems at many points, and always in the interest of a more liberal interpretation of principles and a more humane devotion to the common good. The main contention is that the Christian consciousness is not something backward-looking, fixed, immovable, but something that allies itself with evolution, and makes for freedom, progress, and reform.

LITTLE RIVERS: A BOOK OF ESSAYS IN PROFITABLE IDLENESS. By Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.—Dr. Van Dyke is not only a fisher of men, but a

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fisher of fish, as Peter was before him; and the smell of fish may be caught from more than one chapter in this book. It is a very agreeable odor, at least in the delicate and charming way in which Dr. Van Dyke suggests it. But that is not the only odor in this volume, redolent with balsam, spear-mint, and pine boughs, and blossoming with heather, clover, gentian, and forget-me-nots. You may hear the note of the cuckoo, the song of the lark, and the white-throated sparrow. The author is a true lover of nature, and he easily kindles his enthusiasm in the reader. His ten essays in this volume take us to the Adirondacks, to Canada, to Switzerland and Scotland; and we delight to follow our genial guide. The book is beautifully illustrated, and will bring some of the best spirit of outdoor life into indoor leisure.

THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: The Century Company.—How eagerly a second "Jungle Book" will be welcomed! But we should do well to remember that there can be but one original "Jungle Book." The charm of novelty, which so greatly enhanced the interest of the first volume, is somewhat worn off in the second. We have a well-established friendship for Baloo and Bagheera; but their wisdom and skill are familiar, and we are inclined to share Mowgli's superiority. It is trying, too, to pick up the old threads, and find Shere Khan limping through the jungle, when we know already that his hide has been stretched on the Council Rock. There is a made-to-order flavor about some of the stories; but some of the old charm is in the "Spring Running," when "Man goes to Man at the Last," and we bid farewell to the "Little Brother," Mowgli.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES. By Kirk Munroe. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.—"The Fur Seal's Tooth," which was published about a year ago, left its anxious boy readers in a most unsatisfactory state of uncertainty as to the fate of its characters; and the present volume is necessary for an understanding of the outcome of Phil's search for his father. These adventures in arctic Alaska are as thrilling as ever, and the perils overcome are quite as great. The mysterious happenings that took the fur seal's tooth into most unexpected places show that its influence was not impaired by change. The book seems rather long drawn out, but that only makes the pleasure of reading it less brief. We cannot help feeling with this, as we often have before in considering the books of this writer, that he might do something a great deal better for the boys if he were willing to take the time for it.

A WHITE BABY. By James Welsh. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Company.—This little book is unique in subject-matter, as well as in treatment. An underlying faith in the Negro race is manifest; and, though the majority of the characters command little love or respect, Loo and Abram redeem the whole community of "Pine Open," and their idyllic love is a beautiful thing. The story of the interchange of babies is improbable enough, and the end is melodramatic in the extreme; but these, which are meant to be the main features, sink into insignificance beside the charming story of the black man's love for his white-souled wife and the triumph of his faith in her goodness and purity. These give a glory to the commonplace life, and make the book well worth reading.

THE COMING OF THEODORA. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.—One gladly recognizes here the author of "Miss Brooks." Theodora is one of Marcella's American cousins. With the best of intentions and the firmest will, she tries to make herself a useful member of her brother's household. The people of Edgecomb feel, however, that her fine powers of management are wasted in their quiet town; and Theodora finally finds her sphere in a college settlement. The charming brother and his sweet little wife and the lovable minister are very real characters. The jarring note is the little seven-year-old Essie, who interferes in a most effectual way with the plans of her elders. The types appeal particularly to Bostonians, and are distinctively of Miss White's creation.

MAID MARIAN AND CROCHET CASTLE. By Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—In this revival of Peacock we gladly welcome "Maid Marian," for with Robin Hood we meet ever willingly. The satire, the humor, and the merry songs give freshness to the familiar tale; and the artist has caught Peacock's very spirit. One cannot, however, expect "Crochet Castle" to become popular again. The long, wearisome conversations strung together with Peacock's usual disregard for plot, the endless discussions of the Anglicized Scotchman, Mr. Crotchet, and his specialist friends, Mr. Eavesdrop, Mr. Too-good, Mr. Chainmail, Rev. Dr. Folliot, and

their ilk, are of but passing interest to-day. The introduction is by Mr. George Saintsbury.

PRIVATE TINKER. By John Strange Winter. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.—These short stories are of the old-fashioned kind, such as used to appear regularly in *Godey's Magazine*, though they are higher in the order of merit than most of those productions. The short story of modern days is something more than a condensed novel which might with equal propriety be expanded into the conventional three volumes. These are written with the vivacity which readers have learned to expect from their writer; but they do not draw from those phases of English life in which she is most at home, and they fail to do justice to the cleverness which produced "Bootles's Baby" and one or two of her other garrison stories.

THE CROOKED STICK. By Rolf Boldrewood. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—Rolf Boldrewood has repeatedly shown his ability to construct a good story, as most stories go; and his familiarity with Australian life lends itself effectively to their backgrounds and general atmosphere. Pollie, his colonial heroine, is a bright and winning girl, who goes through a small forest of lovers, and comes dangerously near picking up the crooked stick at last. She is saved in time by the letter of the woman to whom her lover is morally bound. There is no harm in betraying thus much of the plot, since the chief interest of the book is in its graphic pictures of Australian life. The weak point is in the ease with which Bertram gives up the fair heiress.

A JOLLY GOOD SUMMER. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.—This is the seventh "jolly good" book that has appeared from the pen of this popular writer, and it seems to us decidedly one of the best of the series. Its natural tone and the genuineness of the characters give it an interest that requires no startling adventures. Children are always interested in the stories of other children whose lives are not unlike their own, and the book may be recommended from both the child's and the mother's point of view. Readers of the *Register* do not need to be reminded that the writer has been a favorite contributor to our own columns.

CHERRYFIELD HALL. By F. H. Balfour (Ross George Dering). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.—This story is called an episode in the life of an adventurer; but "adventurer" is a harsh term to apply to the prying, meddling Miss Jorkaway, whose imagination interferes so disastrously with her lookout for the main chance. Fortunately, there is a younger and more attractive heroine in this unraveling of mysterious and romantic happenings. The story is less sombre than "Dr. Mirabel's Theory," by the same author; but the comedy element ought to be more artistically managed.

YAN AND NOCHIE. By M. Carrie Hyde. Roberts Brothers. 50 cents.—This is a story of Revolutionary times among the Dutch colonists on the Hudson River, and tells us how Jacob Van Tassel, after opposing the Tory freebooters with his great goose gun, was at last taken prisoner, and only rescued after much trouble and privation by clever Yan, the playmate of his little daughter, Nochie. It is a bright little story, in which Saint Nicholas acts as patron, protector, and comfort; and the book ends with a merry Christmas, when families are reunited after the war.

GOOSTIE. By M. Carrie Hyde. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 50 cents.—No subject for a story is more pathetic than that of little children left alone in a great city to take care of themselves. Brave Hans in this story provides for his little golden-haired brother by giving him away to people who love and care for him, while he himself takes the full burden of loneliness and poverty and struggle on his own shoulders. It comes out right in the end, however; and the two brothers are reunited after Hans has become a successful artist.

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Literary Notes.

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* is to contain the first series of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters to young friends in England, describing his Samoan home life.

The December issues of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "Riverside Literature Series" are (No. 87) Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and (No. 88) Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The "Robinson Crusoe" is printed from new plates prepared for this edition. It is attractively bound in paper at 50 cents, and in linen at 60 cents.

"Anarchy of Government," written by William M. Salter, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., states the problem of government, and balances the advantages and disadvantages of the two opposing systems in defensive war, in protecting life and property, in promoting the higher ends of life, and in the industrial realm. While he is willing to acknowledge that theoretically absolute freedom is an ideal state, he makes it evident that, so long as human nature is what it is, there must be safeguards from irresponsible and selfish aggressions. He therefore clinches his argument by a powerful example taken from a careful study of the Pullman Chicago strike of 1894. He believes fully in extending the province of government rather than in curtailing its powers. Nationalism has never received a more convincing help than this keen piece of reasoning.

The Magazines.

The Christmas number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* comes before Thanksgiving; but it is none too early for the many who will doubtless desire to make use of its many suggestions for holiday gifts and decorations. Serial articles are begun by Hon. Benjamin Harrison on "This Country of Ours," by Rudyard Kipling, Mary E. Wilkins, and Julia E. Magruder. The usual departments, conducted by the regular editors, have something of a Christmas flavor; and the entire number amply maintains the traditions of this popular journal.

The *Phrenological Journal* for November gives a phrenograph of Mme. Francesca Janaschek from personal examination, with the addition of a short biography and photograph. The letters of George C. Bartlett, "How Three People did Europe Afoot," are continued, as well as the story by Anna Olcott Commelin, "A Phrenologist's Predictions." There are the usual interesting departments.

Books Received.

From *Estes & Lauriat, Boston.*
Cricket. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Illustrated by Harriet R. Richards. Price \$2.00.
School-boy Days in Japan. By André Laurie. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.
From *Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.*
The Minute Man on the Frontier. By Rev. W. G. Pufferfoot. A.M. \$1.25.
From *Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.*
Ruling Ideas of the Present Age. By Washington Gladden. Price \$1.25.
From *Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston.*
Little Jolly's Christmas. By Harriet A. Cheever. Price 50 cents.
From *Roberts Brothers, Boston.*
A Daughter of Eve. By H. De Balzac. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. \$1.50.
Some Unconventional People. By Mrs. J. Gladwyn Jebb, author of "A Strange Career." \$1.25.
History of Dogra. By Dr. Adolph Harnock. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. I. Price \$2.50.
From *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.*
In Scripture Land: New Views of Sacred Places. By Edward L. Wilson, with 150 illustrations from original photographs by the author. Price \$1.50.
Amos Judd. By J. A. Mitchell. Price 75 cents.
Domesticated Animals: Their Relation to Man and to his Advancement in Civilization. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Illustrated. Price \$2.50.
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From *Macmillan & Co., New York.*
The Modern Reader's Bible. The Proverbs, edited with an introduction and notes by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. Price 50 cents.
The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888, collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. Two volumes. Price \$3.00.
The Year that the Locust hath eaten. By Annie E. Holdsworth. \$1.25.
From *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.*
About Men: What Women have said. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. Price \$1.00.
Great Men's Sons. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Price \$1.50.
From *Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.*
The Elements of the Higher Criticism. By Andrew C. Zeno. \$1.00.
From *the Arts and Letters Company, New York.*
Fables and Essays. By John Bryan. Vol. I.
From *Clark W. Bryan Company, Springfield, Mass.*
Souvenir Verse and Story. Memorial of fifty years. By J. E. A. Smith.
From *Harbette & Co., Paris, France.*
Le Congrès des Religions à Chicago en 1893. Par G. Bonet-Maury. Ouvrage contenant 14 portraits.
From *the Philosophical Union of University of California.*
The Conception of God: An Address before the Union by Josiah Royce, Ph.D., with comments thereon.

Music Received.

From *Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.*
The Mighty Lord. Sacred Song in E-flat, arranged from J. L. Roeckel. Adapted by Geo. B. Nevin.
Hark, the Hosts of Heaven are singing. Sacred song. Words adapted by Geo. B. Nevin. Music by W. H. Pontius.
There was a Joy in Heaven. Duet for soprano and contralto. By Henry Smart. Words by Bishop Heber.
The Shores of Life. Song. Words by Rev. Epiphanius Wilson. Music by R. A. Kaiser.
Sweet Land of Dreams. Waltz Song. By Will Allen Dromgoole. Music by E. L. Ashford.
Annie Lee. Song. Words by H. Francks. Music by J. A. Robertson.
I sat at my Latticed Window. Poetry by Miss Mae Duryea. Music by Herman Perlet.
I love only You. Words by Geo. B. Seevers. Music by J. L. Meyle.

SCRIBNER'S FOR CHRISTMAS

Is full of short stories and pictures. It is a magazine that primarily entertains and incidentally instructs, but does both in a way that fits into the spirit of the holiday season. It fills both the mind and the eye with enjoyment.

The most artistic thing in the Christmas number is "Alma-Tadema: His Career and Work," an elaborately illustrated article by Cosmo Monkhouse.

"Wild Beasts as They Live" is an illustrated article by Capt. J. C. Melliss, Bombay Infantry, vividly describing lion and tiger hunting.

"The Kinetoscope of Time," by Brander Matthews, an original and imaginative piece of fiction, fancifully illustrated by Oliver Herford.

Christmas Stories

Frank R. Stockton has a Christmas love story, which bears a characteristic title,—"The Staying Power of Sir Rohan." Its illustrations are quaint and exactly suitable.

A thrilling Detective story by C. E. Carryl, entitled "The River Syndicate," perhaps equalling Sherlock Holmes' best work. Illustrated.

Joel Chandler Harris' characteristic tale of a faithful slave, "The Colonel's Nigger-Dog."

Other Christmas stories are "A White Blot," by Henry Van Dyke, a poetic and imaginative tale of a picture (illustrated); "The Heroism of Landers," by A. S. Pier (illustrated); and "Hopper's Old Man," by R. C. V. Meyers.

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The Home.

For the Christian Register.

IN THE BORDER-LAND.

BY MABELLE P. CLAPP.

I wonder if the angels come to thee
As thou art waiting in the border-land,
And whisper low, the while they hold thy hand,
Of that new home thou canst but dimly see;
And if the heavenly light hath pierced the mist
That shrouds the vast beyond until its glow
Transforms to gold the river's turbid flow,
Whose waves e'en now thy tired feet have kissed.

I wonder if the voices thou canst hear
Of loved ones waiting on the other side,
Calling to thee across the ebbing tide
With loving words of hope and faith and cheer;
And if the flower of life will slow unfold
Before thy wondering eyes at last in heaven,
Until—O rapturous thought—to thee is given
To gaze deep down into its heart of gold.

And, more than all, I wonder if God's face
Grows nearer, dearer, as the shadows flee;
If thou canst feel his arms enfolding thee,
Through all the waiting, in a close embrace.
Thou answerest not, but words of comfort come
In the grand promise of the long ago,
"Lo! I am with you always"; and I know
No harm can touch thee on thy journey home.

For the Christian Register.

JACK MERRILL'S THANKSGIVING.

BY LYMAN HAMLIN.

It was the Saturday before Thanksgiving, sixty years ago; and Jack Merrill and his mother sat before the fire, talking of the coming holiday. It was snowing gently outside, and the landscape had a very wintry look.

"I guess, Jackie," Mrs. Merrill was saying, "we can't have any turkey this Thanksgiving. You see I haven't been paid yet for last month's vests; an' I have to save every cent I can toward that mortgage, an' that's due next week."

Jack had been expecting, for a week, to hear this, so now he was prepared to say cheerfully:—

"All right, mother: we can get along first-rate without one, I guess. But will the squire turn us out if the mortgage ain't paid?"

"Oh, no," replied his mother. "Why, Squire Billings is a very kind-hearted man, and probably wouldn't say a word if we never paid it. But I shan't feel right unless it's all settled this year. I've saved all but about twelve dollars; and when it is all paid to the squire," her eyes brightened, "then we shall own our dear little home. O Jackie!"

Jack's eyes sparkled, too, as he looked at his mother with pride. "Won't that be fine!" he exclaimed, jumping up to take the vests she was finishing down to Felton's.

She helped him don his outdoor wraps, sighing involuntarily as she beheld the forlorn appearance of almost every garment, and said:—

"Tell Mr. Felton how much I need the money, and I'll try to plan a magnificent Thanksgiving dinner while you're gone." She gave him a kiss; and off he went, ploughing through the deep snow. The flakes had ceased falling, the air was clear and bracing; and he enjoyed the walk immensely.

"'Twon't be the first Thanksgivin' we ain't had a turkey," he mused, throwing up a spray of fine crystals at every step. "Fact, we never had one that I remember, 'cept when the parson lived with us. An' that was a rooster. My, but wa'n't it fine!" His mouth watered at the recollection. "Wonder what mother'll make out to have. Punkin-pies, o' course." And so he went on, picturing to himself a royal feast, so that before long he found himself at the shop.

Having done his errand,—unable, however, to obtain any pecuniary satisfaction from the proprietor,—he thought he would go over to the store. Not to ask for letters,—for his mother never received any,—but to have a possible chat with "Cap'n" Simpson, the friend of all the boys of the neighborhood.

"Simpson & Co., Meats and Provisions," was over the porch of the establishment; and under the porch was the "Cap'n" himself.

"Hallo, Jack!" said he. "You're just the boy I want to see. Want a job this week?"

Jack was surprised.

"What doin'?" he inquired.

"Takin' Frank's place, sweepin', makin' fires, deliverin', an' takin' orders. He wants ter spend the week ter hum,—that's Tassamog, next town but one; 'n' I don't blame him much."

"Well, well," thought Jack, "here's a good chance to help mother on that mortgage." So he said aloud,—

"I'll be glad enough to do it, sir, if you think I'm able."

"Oh, bless you! I'll risk that," said the genial "Cap'n." "Come to-morrow mornin' at six,—no, Monday mornin', o' course. It'll be only a dollar a day."

If the "Cap'n" had said a shilling a day, Jack would have been satisfied. A dollar a day! The idea of earning such enormous wages so bewildered him that he ran plump into a tree when he left the store. This had the effect of rousing him, and sending him home with all possible haste.

Greatly to his delight, his mother gave her consent to the plan. "I've never let you work, Jackie," said she, "because I want you to get a good education first; but it may do you good to get a little business experience durin' vacation."

So Jack was on hand punctually Monday morning, and resumed Frank's duties. It was a new experience for him, and he liked it. So well and so conscientiously did he perform all his duties that the "Cap'n" remarked one night to Ed Scott that he was "a capital hand, an' no mistake."

Jack had intended to buy with a part of his wages a turkey as a Thanksgiving surprise for his mother. But, on second thought, he decided to give every cent toward the mortgage; for a turkey was a luxury, anyhow, and perhaps they might have one Christmas.

So, as he was shutting up the store Thanksgiving morning, just before meeting-time,—for in those days no one stayed away from Thanksgiving service unless to watch the dinner,—he was somewhat surprised when the "Cap'n" handed him a package, saying:—

"Well, Jack, you've done so well, so fur, that I'm goin' to give you a little bird for dinner. Tell your mother I'm 'most ashamed to send it up so late; but, I 'clar', I never thought of it till you said this mornin' you were goin' without."

With no little confusion, but with due expressions of gratitude, Jack accepted the gift, and trudged homeward with it, the "Cap'n" beaming upon him from the store piazza.

He had just turned up the lane that led to his house, and, with his eyes on the ground, was thinking how fine the turkey—for it was a turkey—would be with the cranberry sauce, when suddenly two rough-looking, shabbily attired men stepped from behind a snow-laden bush, and stood right in his path.

"Hullo, bub!" said one. "Wot yer got there?"

Jack was tremendously astonished.

"Strangers," thought he; "but uncivil enough, surely." A few years later he would have called them *tramps*; but at that time members of this erratic class of society were almost unknown in New England. However, he was quick to reply, "Never you mind," and dodged aside to avoid them.

But the one who had spoken was quick, also; for he made a grab for the boy, and, gripping both his arms like a vise, tripped him up and held him, face downward, on the snow. Meanwhile his companion wrenched the bundle from Jack's helpless hands, and investigated.

Jack, finding that struggling was useless, now began to cry out; and the tramp at once returned the turkey, saying:—

"Here, bub, take yer turk, an' scud. 'Tain't nothing' but a raw turk, Bill," to his pal; "an' I'd rather hev mine coked, eh?" with a wink and a nod up the lane which Jack did not see.

"Thet's so," said the other, with a grin, releasing the boy. "Ta-ta, bub: you're plucky."

Jack, only too glad to have the precious fowl once more in his possession, jumped up, instantly, planted a farewell blow in his captor's stomach, and sped for home, without once looking behind him.

As soon as they returned from meeting, Mrs. Merrill prepared the dinner; while Jack brought in wood, picked out the apples, and cracked a bowlful of nuts. For fear it might spoil her dinner, he said

nothing to his mother about his unfortunate experience before meeting.

"We shall have a late dinner," said his mother, "but it will be a grand one—for us. And, being so rich to-day, we must remember old Mr. Dacre."

Mr. Dacre was a poor old man who lived in a little house all by himself.

At two o'clock the turkey was over the fire; and Jack assumed the pleasant though monotonous duties of turnspit. Outdoors the clouds were thick and dark, and there was every prospect that the dinner must be eaten by candle-light.

In about an hour Mrs. Merrill brought a chair to the hearth, and sat opposite him. The turkey looked delicious and tempting; and, to make the time pass more quickly and pleasantly, she entertained him with some charming stories of her girlhood. At length Jack asked her to tell him something about his father.

"Well," said his mother, thoughtfully, "let me see. You are fourteen now,—yes, I guess you are old enough to hear about Thanksgiving night thirteen years ago."

Sure of an interesting story, Jack settled back, and listened attentively.

"You've often heard me tell what a genius with tools your father was. He was a locksmith by trade, but spent most of his time in fashioning little contrivances, which he very often sold. Well, when Philip, who died, was about two years old, father got the idea that he could invent a bit that would bore square holes,"—here she made a feeble attempt to smile; while Jack, to whom such a scheme suggested little less than insanity, listened anxiously for the sequel,—“and, against all my entreaties, worked at it steadily for over two years. He became hopelessly in debt; and at last we had to live in such poverty that it seemed to spur him on to greater efforts. He worked late every night, and bent all his energies to what I considered madness; but, at length, his genius prevailed: he mastered the last difficulty, and exhibited the model to the townspeople. What pride he felt in the device! It was clumsy, but it worked well; and he sent it to Washington. After a lot of red-tape and lawyer's fees, which he paid with borrowed money, the patent came; and, oh, how happy he was! I myself never could see much good in the paper, for it didn't mean money to me as it did to him."

"He found it would take too much capital to manufacture the tool, and, to avoid being cheated out of royalties by unscrupulous men, decided to go to New York and sell the patent to some capitalists he had once known. He said, as he left, 'I shall be home Thanksgiving Day, surely, Emma; and I will bring you a few thousand dollars for a present.'"

"Even then I didn't think his trip would amount to much; and I felt very lonely during his absence. Thanksgiving morning I had a fowl roasting at eleven o'clock, for I couldn't afford a turkey; and I expected he'd get along to dinner. So I stayed away from meetin'; but he didn't appear."

"Noon came, and I began to feel uneasy. I couldn't eat anything; and I sat by the front window, and heard the clock strike one, two, three, four, and five. I felt sure he had met with an accident, when suddenly I saw a sleigh coming up the lane. Father was in it, of course, with a stranger, to whom, upon alighting, he gave some money. The man drove away; and father entered, with such a triumphant look upon his face that I knew his trip had been successful. I tell you I was glad to see him, and he was glad to get home. The stage had broken down about twenty miles from here, and after dinner he hired this man to drive him over. His voice was very hoarse, and I thought he looked extremely weak. He had evidently taken cold, but he said it was nothing serious. He declared our dinner, or supper, was the best he ever ate; and—What was that noise, Jack?" she exclaimed, interrupting herself with a start.

Both listened, but it was not repeated.

"Only the creaking of the roof, mother." "Well, I've always felt uneasy about that shed-roof coming so near the ground," said Mrs. Merrill. "Any ill-disposed person might go right up and come down the chimney while we were all asleep."

"Nobody'd be likely to come up the lane for anything valuable."

"Well, p'r'aps not. P'r'aps I'm nervous,

Anyway, as I was saying, after supper, which was really dinner, your father took out of his valise a little tin box; and out of this he took a small package of papers, which he waved triumphantly. It was the payment for all his patent rights. How I admired him, then! I believe that evening was the happiest of our lives."

"When he retired for the night, he locked the precious box in a bureau drawer, and put the key under his pillow."

"In the morning he was very feverish, and I went out for the doctor. When I returned, he was out of his head, and could talk of nothing but signatures and contracts. He remained in this condition for almost a week; but the exposure had been fatal, and he died Wednesday night." She paused a moment to wipe the tears from her eyes, and then went on:—

"During his entire sickness I had not given a thought to the little box; but, after a long time, when I had recovered from the shock, I opened the bureau drawer. But the box was gone! I was almost overcome with grief, not merely at the loss of the money, but because your father had worked so long and so hard for it. I searched the house from garret to cellar, and the shop, too. But it never appeared, and the mystery of its disappearance has never been solved."

"The capitalists, I think, must have put some one at work on an improvement of the bit; for I never heard of their manufacturing it. And I never saw one for sale. I have always thought since that your father was considerably ahead of his time."

"The rest of the story you know,—that is, how ever since I have been trying to buy back our dear little home."

"How persevering father was!" said Jack. Then he added, "I mean to search the place for that money to-morrow."

Mrs. Merrill smiled through her tears, and went into the dining-room to light the candles. Presently she called, "Leave the turkey a minute, Jack, and help me move the table, please." Jack obeyed. "There," when it was done, "that's all right. Now"—Her words were drowned in a sudden commotion in the kitchen,—a long, loud rumble, followed by a crash. They rushed to the spot; but, for some reason, the fire was extinguished, and they could see nothing. Mrs. Merrill ran back for a light; while Jack, hearing a noise upon the roof, and, in an instant guessing its cause, rushed outdoors, bareheaded.

He could just discern a man with a basket, running like a deer down the lane. The next minute another man, with a coil of rope under his arm, came around the corner of the house, and shot after the other. Jack, never hesitating, made after the thieves as fast as the snow would permit. But the man's long legs gave him a decided advantage; and he was fast leaving the boy behind, when Jack noticed that the rope was uncoiling and trailing after him. "Last chance," thought he; and, making a desperate effort, he managed to grasp the end of the rope. This had the effect of throwing the man to the ground; and Jack quickly ran up to where his captive lay, stiff and still. The tramp, however,—for

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Sunlight Soap

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

Jack quickly recognized him as one of his morning's assailants,—was only feinting; for he arose at once, knocked the boy into a snow-drift, and vanished.

Jack was only dazed a little, and, realizing that further pursuit was useless, picked himself up, and hastened home.

As he opened the door, a wretched sight met his eyes. A stifling dust filled the room; and all over the floor were strewn bricks, soot, bits of mortar, and ashes. The crane and the spit were upset, and the turkey was gone!

He sank, breathless, into a chair. Then he examined the rope which he had captured. "Look, mother!" said he, holding up a large iron hook, fastened to one end. "It's greasy! Don't you understand now what's been done? And the rope is part of our clothes-line." Then he related his morning's experience.

"And I was right about those noises on the roof," said his mother. "It was something besides nervousness. Evidently, they knocked down a lot of loose brick while pulling up the turkey."

"It's a mean, contemptible trick," said Jack, angrily. "Think of it,—the first turkey we've had for years!" And he burst out crying. For several minutes they sat thus, gazing in silence upon the debris; and then Jack arose. "Well, that milk's spilt; and there's no use crying. Let's have what's left, anyway. I've got some appetite left."

He accordingly began to dig out the buried apples. "Probably won't be fit to eat," he muttered gloomily. However, he rescued them all; and his mother brushed them off as well as possible. He then proceeded to excavate for the fire, when his shovel struck something metallic. Hastily throwing up the ashes, he disclosed a small black box. Trembling with excitement, he took it up in the shovel,—for it was too hot to touch,—laid it on the table, and called his mother, who had gone for a broom.

"O Jackie!" she exclaimed, when she saw it. "I believe it's the very!"—And, without finishing, she hurried upstairs. In a few minutes she returned with a tiny key.

"Oh, what if it should be!" cried Jack, as his mother applied the key to the box, which was now cooler. He was not disappointed. It fitted the keyhole exactly, the cover opened, and a small white package, sealed with red wafers, was disclosed to view. "It's the very one," said Mrs. Merrill, opening the package very tenderly; and her eyes were moist as she counted the precious papers.

"Will it pay the rest of the mortgage?" asked Jack, who had a very vague idea of patents and their values.

"Yes, dear, and more besides, if they have any value at all now. It will support me several years, until you are able to do it. For I hope you will want to, some day."

"I should rather think so!" said Jack, earnestly. "But isn't that fine! Hurrah!"

"Yes, dear, it is very fortunate for us. I think your father must have felt that the money was not safe in the bureau, and so took it out in the night, and hid it behind some loose bricks in the chimney, where I never thought of looking for it."

"And where it has remained safe for thirteen years," said Jack, "to a day."

"It is truly the work of Providence," replied his mother. "But we must think of some one besides ourselves. Now, if you'll take a basket of food down to old Mr. Dacre, we'll have our dinner when you return."

So Jack took a bountiful dinner to the old man, who was glad enough to see him, and was very profuse in his thanks and praises of Mrs. Merrill.

Thus, at last, Jack and his mother sat down to their so happily delayed dinner. And it was a glorious feast, notwithstanding the loss of the turkey. What pies they had! What cranberry sauce! What pudding, apples, and nuts!

"I hate to think of such villains enjoying our turkey," remarked Jack; "but they did us a good turn, as it happened. We wouldn't have had the little tin box if we hadn't lost our turkey."

"I'm real glad it is found," said his mother. "It is a night to be thankful for, and I think the least we can do is to thank God for it."

So, as they sat with bowed heads, the widow gave thanks to the Father for his goodness. It was a heartfelt Thanksgiving, in its truest sense.

GRANDMA'S DRAWER.

It was a rainy Saturday. Bertha was helping grandma arrange the drawer in her sewing-table; and that was such delightful work, because everything in grandma's drawer had a story.

There were little heart-shaped pincushions, made out of flowered silk, which grandma's schoolmates gave her long ago; and she had some funny anecdote about each of the little girls that made them.

Then there were queer outline portraits cut out of black paper, and rings and ribbons, and a handkerchief with two doves drawn in the corner, which grandma carried once at a wedding.

"Oh, what cunning red shoes!" cried Bertha, pulling a little pair out of the corner.

"I remember the day they were made," said grandma, looking at them through her glasses. "There was no shoe store near us, and old Preserved White used to go from house to house making shoes for the neighbors. When he came to our house, he took out of his box a piece of red morocco and a piece of black, and asked my mother which she would have for my shoes. How pleased I was when she chose the red!"

"I remember the first time that I wore them, too. My father and mother took me with them on a journey. We travelled in our own carriage, and stopped at the neat little taverns along the way. One day we visited the governor, and I wore my new shoes and a dress of cream-colored Canton crepe."

"I was very much afraid of the governor, and afraid, too, that I should slide out of the great slippery chair, with a horsehair cover, where I sat, dangling my little red shoes. So I was very glad when his little girl said to me, 'Come upstairs, and I will show you my 'winky doll.'"

"We went up the long stairs and into little Clarissa's room. She opened the great mahogany wardrobe, and took out a sweet-smelling box, and out of the box such a wonderful doll."

"You would not think much of it, I suppose; but I had never seen or heard anything like it before, and, when it snapped open its black eyes and stared straight at me, I could hardly believe it was not alive. I think I was never so proud in my life as when little Clarissa actually laid in my own lap that beautiful 'winky doll!'"

"The next year my little friend came with her parents to our country home; and, while they were with us, such a funny thing happened."

"It was when they had just arrived, and we were sitting in the best parlor, looking very prim and dignified: that was the fashion then. The grown folks were talking slowly and gravely, while we children sat as still as two little statues, when we heard a queer noise in the hall."

"You see my father kept several hundred sheep; and that spring had been cold and stormy, so that six little lambs lost their mothers. We took them into the warm kitchen, and fed and petted them a great deal, they were such helpless little things."

"But, when they grew big, they were very troublesome; for they remembered how well they had been treated in the house, and they used to run in at the open door whenever they had a chance. So we had to turn them out in the pasture with the other sheep."

"Now it happened on the very day the stately governor came to see us that our unruly pets got loose in some way, and all came trotting toward the house. Clatter, clatter, went their little hoofs up the front steps and through the long entry, till they reached the parlor door; and there they all stood still for a minute, with such a comical look of surprise, and then they scampered away, pell-mell."

"We children giggled; but the governor was a gentleman of the old school. He never smiled, and went on talking politics as if it had been a very common thing for a flock of sheep to go racing through a parlor."

"What a pleasant visit it was! while

little Clarissa and I wandered all over the farm, trying all the wild playthings that country children can find in the woods and fields. I am sure that we enjoyed them more than all the 'winky dolls' and fine red shoes in the world."—*Youth's Companion.*

GOOD FOR THE MAYOR.

The following incident took place a few years ago in a city of Tennessee:—

A poor little girl was peddling apples in a railway station. A train was about starting; and almost at the last moment a tall, ruffianly passenger stepped off the cars, and called for fifteen cents' worth of the apples. The girl counted them out, the man took them, and then, as he moved toward the car, began feeling in his pocket as if for the money. The change was not forthcoming, he was on the steps, the train began to move, the girl ran eagerly after it; and there stood the man on the platform, laughing at her.

By good luck the mayor of the city happened to be among the bystanders,—a war veteran, with a tender heart and a contempt for all meanness. He ran at once to the superintendent's office, and said,—

"I'll give you a hundred dollars to stop that train, and have it backed into the station."

The offer was promptly accepted, a telegram was despatched, and very soon the player of the joke found himself in the hands of the police. He paid the girl her fifteen cents, of course, and offered to pay her a good deal more; but the officers were inexorable, and, to the gratification of the lookers-on, he was marched off to jail.—*Exchange.*

ABOUT THE RAINBOW.

We all know the Scriptural interpretation of the rainbow, but mythology has also had its say upon the same theme. The Scandinavians thought it was a celestial bridge, by which the gods passed to and fro: it was doomed to break down at the last day. Children are still sometimes told that, if they will walk to the spot from which the rainbow springs, they will find a pot of gold. There was an idea that the rainbow draws up water by means of two golden dishes, which it sometimes lets fall, and which have been secured by lucky finders. A Black Forest legend asserted that the rainbow draws its water by a golden goblet, and that a shoe thrown into a rainbow would return filled with gold. In Serbia the folk used to say that to pass beneath a rainbow changed the sex,—made a man a woman, or the reverse. The Suabians, when there is a double rainbow, say that it is the devil trying to imitate the work of God.—*Harper's Round Table.*

The introduction of mahogany into England and the commerce of the world was caused by the repairing with a plank of that wood of one of Sir Walter Raleigh's vessels in 1595.

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due to disease, or an impoverished condition of the blood, are a source of annoyance to the medical fraternity. While continually growing deeper and larger the circle of diseased flesh surrounding them is all the time extending, closing up the ducts through which replenishment of tissue should come. For such troubles physicians everywhere are praising the results obtained by the use of

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A PHYSICIAN'S WIDOW, who has travelled extensively abroad, will conduct a small party through Spain, Southern France, Italy, and Egypt, leaving New York by S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm," Jan. 22, 1896. References exchanged. Address Mrs. Dr. RAN-DOLPH, 179 Herkimer Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE STARS.

I lay at my ease in my little boat,
Fast moored to the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed in the breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the world,
And the pain and the grief they bring;
And I marvelled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray,
And faded from sight; and I grumbled at Night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a face
Peeped forth from its window bars,
And I laughed to see it smile at me.
I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is sombre and cold,
And the day was warm and fine;
And yet, if the day never faded away,
The stars would never shine!

—Robert Beverly Hale, in *Harper's Weekly*.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Of brilliant and showy meetings we Gothamites have been having a surfeit of late.

In combined interest and brilliancy the last meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club must be accorded the palm. It secured the privilege of a lecture from the English author, Mr. Hall Caine, who spoke on "The Novel and the Drama, and the Moral Responsibility of the Author,"—the almost identical subject discussed at the New York Unitarian Club last winter. Mr. Caine, as might be supposed, believed that the author should have complete liberty of conscience, that he should be free to find his subject in any scene of life, that he should be allowed to get very close to human nature. But woe to those authors who abuse this intimacy, who wrong it by want of sincerity or reticence, who use it without discretion! Such are moral anarchists, armed with a dynamite that ought to be called damnation. A very large audience was present to do honor to Mr. Caine's scholarly address, which was followed with keen appreciation, and rewarded with abundant applause.

Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, who is so well known in our Unitarian body, is president of the Excise Reform Association, the object of which is to secure the best possible excise laws. To this end it has carefully studied all the experiments for the regulation of the liquor traffic which have been tried in other States and countries, in order that it may frame a bill which will reform the administration of the excise laws in this city, provided its enactment into a law can be secured at the forthcoming session of the legislature. It will also introduce a local option bill. The result of our recent political campaign has not lessened the intense public interest in this whole excise matter, and whether liquor shall be sold on Sunday is still a burning question. It appears that some members of the association favor the sale of wines, beers, and ale on Sundays, and believe that the European beer gardens would be beneficent institutions in this country. Undoubtedly, the Germans, and some others who are not habitually addicted to drinking strong liquors, would approve a law embodying this provision. But, whether or not the association finally determines to embody in its bills any relaxation of the restriction on the Sunday sale of liquors, it is pretty certain that any bill framed with that end in view could not become a law, owing to the fact that the country legislators who were elected to Albany a few weeks ago, and who are in the majority, are not in favor of changing the present unpopular excise law.

It is interesting to note that the New York League of Unitarian Women is to make its contribution to the general discussion of the temperance question. Among the very timely and interesting subjects on its annual programme, which has just been issued, is "The Economics of Temperance."

The Presbyterians of this city have been giving our great dailies subject-matter for some fine editorials on the advisability of aiding foreign missions. One of them was by no less a personage than ex-President Harrison, who presided at a large gathering of Presbyterians in Carnegie Hall, and made the chief address of the evening. Mr.

Harrison evidently belongs to the old school of Orthodoxy, and favors missionary work for its efficacy in saving heathen souls from the torment of an endless hell. He would offer salvation to the heathen because there is but one name under heaven whereby they can find it. His emphasis of this point, and his praise of the Presbyterian Church for its "steel-beam stiffness" in standing for the faith delivered to us by the fathers, clearly indicate that he is unaware that the world, and the Church, too, as the editorials mentioned have clearly pointed out, have changed since the days when these old doctrines could be appealed to with the certainty that they would arouse enthusiastic interest in the salvation of the so-called heathen world.

M. A. M.

Here and There.

The old Spanish weights and measures which for so long a time have been in use throughout Mexico are to be abolished, since a decree recently passed makes the metric system alone legal from Sept. 16, 1896.

A curious engineering feat is about completed at Superior, Wis.,—the raising of one of the big grain warehouses of the Globe Elevator Company clear of its pile foundation, and letting it down upon a foundation built of masonry six inches higher than it formerly stood. The work was done by means of forty-eight five-ton jackscrews.

The Egyptological Museum in Cairo possesses the oldest herbarium in the world. It consists of a collection of wreaths and garlands taken from ancient tombs. All the flowers are perfectly preserved. The green rind of the watermelon retains its color. Most of these objects are four thousand years old.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

A great scheme has been laid before the London County Council by a committee of that body for supplying water to the metropolis from the mountains of Wales. The proposed source of supply is more than one hundred and fifty miles from London. The whole scheme involves the construction of two great aqueduct lines, entirely independent and miles apart, over this long distance, and the delivery of more than four hundred million gallons of water a day. The estimated cost of the work is almost two hundred million dollars, but it is proposed to construct only one of the two lines at present.

In Mexico there is a plant known by the name of "Palo de Leche." It belongs to the family of *euphorbia*. The Indians throw the leaves into the water; and the fish become stupefied and rise to the surface, and are then caught by the natives. In this case the effect of the narcotic soon passes off. The milk of this plant thrown upon the fire gives out fumes that produce nausea and headache. The milk taken internally is a deadly poison: it will produce death or insanity according to the size of the dose. There is a popular belief among the lower class in Mexico that the insanity of the ex-Empress Carlotta was caused by this poison.—*San José Mercury*.

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If all those who live and are strong by Scott's Emulsion should give thanks to-day, what a great shout would arise! Both Americas, Europe, Asia, Africa and all the islands of the seas would be singing in the grand thanksgiving anthem! The English of it would be: "How good it is to have the strength and beauty of health! How good is **Scott's Emulsion!**"

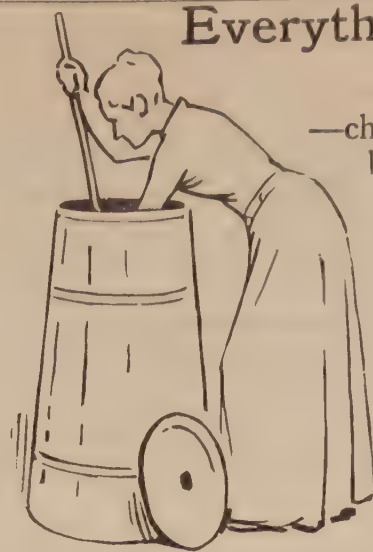
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MRS. STEPHEN H. BULLARD.

The Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books have placed on record their sense of the loss in the death of Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard: "We wish to record our sense of the loss, not only to the commission, but to the community, in the death of Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard. Succeeding Miss Lucretia Crocker as president of the commission, Mrs. Bullard held it fully to its original standard, and brought to it a conscientiousness that cared for the smallest details, a clear judgment, and a determination to give fair hearing to every person and every opinion.

"And we have been glad to know that, after she retired from office with us, these qualities were enlisted in the service of the public charities of Indian interests and of our own denomination. It is hard to estimate the value to the community of such faithfulness, and we wish to extend to her family our sympathy in their great loss."

Charities and Reforms.

IN BEHALF OF ARMENIA.—Three entertainments are to be given in Copley Hall, Boston, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday and on Saturday afternoon, December 5, 6, and 7, in behalf of the Armenian cause. The entertainment consists of a series of tableaux representing the marriage customs of different races. The manager is Miss Charlotte H. Allen, who works under the auspices of the United Friends of Armenia, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president. The tableaux are not only beautiful and attractive in themselves, but this offers an opportunity for people interested in Armenia to help a noble cause. Tickets for sale at the hall, at the *Woman's Journal* office, and the office of the *Christian Register*. Reserved seats, \$2; unreserved, \$1.

The Illinois Humane Society at Chicago reports that during September it investigated and remedied the condition of nineteen children, surrendered five children to institutions, placed seven children in institutions temporarily, four persons prosecuted for cruelty to children, six persons for cruelty to animals, laid up twenty-seven horses unfit for service, removed thirteen disabled animals by ambulance, killed twenty-six incurable and abandoned animals, reprimanded sixty-one teamsters and others, and imposed \$212 in fines.

The desire for amusement is a part of human nature, and it should be met for all classes and conditions of men. Our best entertainments are too costly for the people who have to earn their own living by small salaries. For them especial efforts should be made. Berkeley Temple does its best in this way by providing twelve entertainments for a dollar, comprising readings, tableaux, concerts, bell-ringers, and stereopticon pictures. They give great pleasure to hundreds, and this practice might well be imitated by churches all through the city.

Personals.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher was elected one of the sectional vice-presidents of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The honors to Miss Fletcher are the first of the sort extended to a woman by the Association, and the reading of her name was received with applause. But her conscientious and able studies of the customs and life of the Indians of the North-west have well earned for her the distinction.

Her section, the anthropological, appointed her one of the delegates to represent the Association at the International Congress of Americanists at Mexico.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Journal of Education* on "Overcrowded Schools":—

Chicago had 20,000 children in half-day divisions last year. She began the year with 19,843, and closed with 17,545, going as high as 20,221 for one month. Nor is Chicago alone in this practice of having half-day sessions: nearly every city relieves itself at times in this way, but Chicago has simply done it to a greater extent than any other city. If a half-day is all the school life that 20,000 children need, then it is wasteful to have 174,000 children in school all day. It is a great enterprise, this providing schools and school-houses for 200,000 children in a single city. Chicago requires at a conservative figure twenty new large school-houses at once; and, before they can be built, she will need several more. It is an endless conflict, this of providing ample accommodations for the school-children in a growing community. The public must insist that the supply of the buildings shall be equal to the demand. If a city falls behind one year, it is practically impossible to "catch up" with the demand. Eternal

vigilance and prompt appropriations are needed. There is much talk of turning children away from school. This is all talk. There are few instances in the country in which any considerable number of children are refused admission; and, when they are, it is only temporary. In Chicago, with nearly 200,000 pupils in school, the largest number whose admittance was delayed was less than 90; and the average is less than 40, or 1 for 5,000, and Chicago has probably suffered more from overcrowding than any other city in the country.

Education.

The years of compulsory attendance at New York schools are from eight to fourteen. The arrests for truancy now amount to less than five hundred in a year, against one thousand, the average of ten years ago.

In Norway a law has recently been passed which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are proficient in knitting, baking, and spinning. Certificates of proficiency have to be earned, and without these no girl may marry.—*Examiner*.

The announcement is made of the opening in 1897 of an institute of female physicians at St. Petersburg. The privileges to be accorded to women who obtain the diploma of doctor of medicine, after having followed the course of instruction at the institute and undergone the examinations required, are much more considerable than they now enjoy. Up to the present time they have found the conditions to be unfavorable. Their right to practice medicine has been poorly defined, and has given rise to a number of misunderstandings. *Medical Times*.

Two hundred and fifty-eight students are entered for the course in "Modern Novels." The course is more popular than any other in Yale. The students who take the course are to read such modern novels as may be selected for them by Dr. Phelps, to examine their theme, style, and quality, and to compose a critical review of one or more of them, which composition will be brought before the class, where it may be made the subject of comment by the instructor. It is the opinion of Dr. Phelps that "the best literary thought of the day is going into the novel," and that "the novel is the most important form of literary art."

Temperance.

Forty-eight million pages of temperance leaflets have been published within the year by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association.

Cardinal Gibbons sent through Rev. William E. Bartlett greetings from the Catholic churches to the Baltimore convention, and a letter, in which he said, "The temperance cause is a most vital subject in our day, as on it hangs social order with domestic peace and comfort."

Dr. Bollinger, director of the Anatomico-Pathological Institute, in Munich, asserts that it is very rare to find a normal heart and normal kidneys in an adult resident of that city. The reason for the kidney disease is the tax put upon these organs by the drinking of excessive amounts of beer; and the cardiac hypertrophy and degeneration are secondary lesions, for the most part.

The Norwegian explorer, Dr. Nansen, who crossed Greenland, says: "My experience leads me to take a decided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds, from tea and coffee on the one hand, and tobacco and alcohol on the other. The idea that one gains by stimulating body and mind by artificial means betrays, in my opinion, not only ignorance of the simplest physiological laws, but also want of experience, or, perhaps, want of capacity to learn from experience and by observation."



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Pleasantries.

Jack explained a misstatement the other day by saying, "I misunderspoke."—*Youth's Companion*.

Baby had bumped his head. "Does it feel better?" asked mamma. "Yes," said baby: "it feels some better, but not all the better there is."—*Youth's Companion*.

A wee resident has been taught to save a piece of everything nice for "papa." When castor-oil was being administered, a bright thought struck the youngster. "I dess I'll save the rest for papa."—*Advance*.

Little Helen, who had never been in the country before, was taken to see nine little pigs, with their mother, in Farmer W.'s pig-pen. "How many are going to be drowned, mamma?" she inquired.—*Youth's Companion*.

It was a very cold morning, and Bobbie came rushing into the house very much excited. "Mommer," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor. I'm breathing fog!"—*Harper's Round Table*.

"You don't tell me that Prof. A. has been struck dumb?" "He has." "And wasn't he master of seven languages?" "He was." "And is it possible that he was struck dumb in all seven? How extraordinary!"—*Texas Siftings*.

A little three-year-old had often watched with much interest his grandpa stirring his coffee before drinking; and, one morning, thinking that grandpa had forgotten to do this, he said, "Why don't you wind up your coffee, grandpa?"—*Advance*.

It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question, "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly as he replied, "Oh, no, sir: I am one of the choir."—*Standard*.

May: "Just think, Bob is playing on the Yale football team!" Clara: "That's jolly. What is he, half-back or quarter-back?" May: "Neither. He's a drawback. Charley Pruyenne says he's the greatest drawback the team ever had."—*Exchange*.

"Papa," said Jimmieboy, "you are the nicest man in the world." "And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father. "Yes: I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family?"—*Harper's Round Table*.

A musician, brought to despair by the playing of a lady in a room above his own, met her one day in the hall with her three-year-old child, and said in a most friendly manner: "Your little one there plays remarkably well for her age. I hear her practise every day."—*Tid-Bits*.

An exchange reports that the teacher of a city school received the following ample apology from the mother of an absentee: "Dere mam: ples eggscuse Willy He didn't have but one pair of pants an' I kep' him home to wash them and Mrs. O'toole's goat come and et them off the line and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respec, Mrs. B."—*Youth's Companion*.

In a Vermont granite-quarrying town many Italians are employed, and are much liked by the Vermonters who "boss" them. Last year one of the Italians, after trying in vain to eat some of the beef furnished by the corporation, gave up in comical despair, and began to wrap it in a scrap of tinsel paper that he drew out of his pocket. "What are you doing there?" asked the foreman from the head of the table. "I senna heem to de World's Fair," answered the Italian, indicating the beef. "What for?" "Because I be sure dat beefa he de same what geeve milk for my countryman, Cristoforo Colombo!"—*Youth's Companion*.

PASTEUR AND THE MICROBES.

There is a rather good story told about Pasteur to-day. He was dining with his daughter, her husband, and their family one evening in their country residence in Burgundy. Cherries formed part of the dessert; and the savant ate a good many, taking care, however, to dip the fruit well in a glass of water, and then to wipe it thoroughly dry before putting it to his mouth. His scrupulous care caused mild laughter at the table, whereupon Pasteur gently rebuked his relatives for their indifference to the fact that the exteriors of the cherries were covered with infinitesimal and invisible microbes. He then launched forth into a long argument to prove the existence of the unseen animalculæ, and wound up by advising his hearers never to touch fruit without washing it. A few moments afterward the savant, who had fallen into one of his fits of abstraction, suddenly seized the glass in which he had washed the cherries, and drank the water and the microbes contained therein at a single draught.—*London Telegraph*.

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Editorial.

THE Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute (Tuskegee, Ala.), of which Booker T. Washington is principal, has just met with the serious loss of its barn by fire. The barn was the largest and best built of any in the State. While the building was insured for two-thirds its value (all that could be secured), the loss of many valuable cows, a large quantity of feed, tools, dairy outfit, etc., falls heavily on the school in the midst of the winter season; and Mr. Washington earnestly asks for help to replace the loss at once. This is the first fire in the history of the institution, and we hope it will kindle the generosity of our readers.

THE church which fails this year, at least, to equal the contribution of last year to the work of the Unitarian Association, is recreant to its duty. There is but one possible excuse for such delinquency, and that is no excuse at all. The church may think, where there is so much new enthusiasm, a little falling-off on its part will not

be noted or missed. This is as if the soldier should say that, where there are so many to fight the battle, he might as well retire to sit behind a tree. If the yearly gift does not at first reach the sum justly required of it, each church owes it to its own self-respect, as well as to other churches engaged in the common work, not to rest till the deficiency is made good.

THE economical value of Negro education is suggested when we read in the fourteenth annual report of Mr. Booker T. Washington, as principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama, that in one community near Tuskegee there are nineteen colored persons who have recently bought land or engaged in buying homes. This shows a determination not to solve the so-called Negro question by going off to Africa or to any other part of the country, but by settling down in the South and laying the basis of industrial and social prosperity. This means not only gain for the Negro, but a gain for every Southern State whose industries they help to develop. It means the growth of Southern trade, but it represents a moral as certainly as an economical force. The qualities which help to produce thrift in the Negro, wrought out as they are by good, honest, productive labor, mean self-command, respect for property, and social order.

MR. G. E. MORRISON has written an extremely interesting narrative of his journey across China, in which he has much to say of the missionaries. His testimony to the moral excellence of these men and their pure devotion to their work should set at rest all doubts of their fitness on this score to represent Christianity in the East. Unhappily, his impressions of their intellectual capacity are not so satisfactory. He quotes one as saying, "Those Chinese who have never heard the gospel will be judged by the Almighty as he sees fit." In other words, there may be some hope for them. "But those Chinese who have heard the Christian doctrine and still steel their hearts against the Holy Ghost will assuredly go to hell." By his own showing he had saved six "dubious converts," and had destroyed the last hope of some hundreds or thousands more, who might have been better off if they had never been offered the chance he set before them. He was himself apparently too dull to see this point; but Mr. Morrison has a quiet laugh over the "equanimity with which this good man contemplates his work in China."

ALL this enables us to mark the contrast between the ordinary mission and the work which Unitarians have undertaken in Japan. No attempt is there made at formal conversion. The aim is simply to put into Japanese thought and life whatever can be communicated from our own stream of belief and hope and endeavor. There is no question of saving souls from eternal torment, but there is the opportunity for making a contribution to the spiritual life of Japan which will set its mark on the national character. Already there is plenty of evidence that no other mission has succeeded so well in getting the attention of the more intelligent portion of the native mind. It has set in motion currents of thought which are certain to make themselves felt throughout the literature of the country, and must inevitably help to determine the religious future of that people.

WE question whether the *Journal of Education* can establish its statement that "journalism has its code of ethics as well defined as has any other profession." One may obtain very definite ideas of what the code of ethics is in medicine, the law, or the ministry; but we should like to know just what the code of journalistic ethics is. It would be hard to formulate its principles

if one were to deduce them from the practice of many journals. We are inclined to think that one of the misfortunes of journalism lies right there,—that it has no well-established professional code of ethics. If it had, there would be less need for the *Journal of Education* to say: "It is not good journalistic 'form' to deal editorially with the private life or strictly personal characteristics of any man, whatever his official position or whatever his attitude on public measures. The fact that a man is in public life gives the editorial pen no privileges with his unrelated private life, no right to wound his feelings needlessly."

LYNCHING would be bad enough if it always killed the right man; for it is barbaric to add fiendish cruelty to the penalty of death, and it helps to brutalize the community that inflicts or permits it. But the indictment which must be read again and again against lynching is that it often kills the wrong man. Indeed, the probability is that two innocent men are killed to every one whom the law would judge guilty. In Texas last week a mob hanged a Negro who was accused of having driven over a little white girl in the road. After the Negro was dead, the lynchers discovered that they had killed the wrong man, and that the man who had run over the child had made good his escape. This only shows that the outrage of lynching is one that is not committed merely against the Negro as an individual, but against his race. The murderer may go free; but, as long as some other Negro is killed, the mob's thirst for blood seems to be satisfied.

ONE of the things which renders modern Spiritualism so suspicious to an investigator is that it literally loves darkness rather than light. And we are glad to find in the *Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, the ablest and best of the journalistic exponents of Spiritualism, writing against the practice of holding dark circles. It quotes a letter from Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, a veteran Spiritualist lecturer, who says that, for the first years of the Spiritualist movement in America, not a single dark circle was held. Home, one of the most prominent of Spiritualists, held his séances in the light under conditions admitting of observation and verification. The editor of the *Philosophical Journal* says: "We have attended a number of dark circles in pursuing the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. They never made any impression upon our mind, for the reason that there were present the conditions of possible fraud; and there was no opportunity to observe or prove anything where observation and proof were all-important,—indeed, absolutely necessary,—in order to make the tests of evidential value."

IN an article in the December *Forum* on "The Pilgrim Principle and the Pilgrim Heritage" President Hyde of Bowdoin College presents a table giving the results of a recent canvass of a portion of Plymouth County, Mass., in which the religious preferences and habits of church attendance of 5,875 families are given. His conclusion is that the Congregationalists have retained but little more than one-fifth of these families. By Congregationalists President Hyde means simply the Trinitarian branch of that body. Hence his conclusions as to how far the Pilgrim principle is adhered to in Plymouth County, judged by the form of church government, is wide of the mark. Strangely enough, in this calculation, the large town of Plymouth, where the Pilgrims settled, is altogether left out of account, together with the church which is the historical and spiritual heir of the Plymouth settlement. But, taking the towns represented, when we add the percentage of Unitarians and Baptists and Universalists, we find the number of Congregationalists rep-

resented to be forty-four and a half per cent. instead of twenty-one per cent., as given by Prof. Hyde; while there are seventeen per cent. whose religious preferences are not given. Thus the showing for Congregationalism and the Pilgrim heritage is by no means so bad as the article makes it.

NUCLEUS AND NEBULA.

THERE are certain nebulous collections of matter floating between the earth and the depths of infinite space. They are believed to be the stuff of which the worlds are made. To the astronomer they reveal various stages of condensation in the process of world-making. Among them there are clouds of matter which seem to have no central points of attraction. They are merely clouds of matter floating in space like the clouds which float in our upper air. Their destiny is to be absorbed. In other nebulae the careful observer may sometimes note several points toward which matter seems to be attracted. As the process of condensation goes on about these several points, the destiny of the nebula is to break up into several clouds, which will finally become solid bodies, and will be attracted into well-established systems, and there join other planets, fall into some central sun, or perhaps become a comet or an asteroid with a regular orbit. The third and most interesting class of nebulae is that in which a central point of attraction has been established, about which begins to revolve the nebulous mass which surrounds it. The destiny of this nebula is to become a solar system, with a central sun, surrounded by its attendant planets and satellites.

NOW these three forms of matter and motion have each, in turn, at some time in its history, seemed to be a symbol of the history and the fortunes of Unitarianism. Sometimes it has seemed to be designed to remain in an inchoate state. Sometimes it has seemed probable that it would break up into independent bodies, which would finally swing off under the influence of some strong attraction. But, last of all, it seems to have entered upon the state of real creation, with a definite and desirable destiny in sight.

A compact, coherent, and workable church organization can be made in two ways, by external compulsion or by internal attraction. Since the Conferences at Saratoga and Washington, it appears to many who have a wide outlook as if at last a central attraction was realized. We have passed from all declarations concerning persons and personal authority to a central declaration concerning the principles of life. The attraction is from the centre. If there be any part of the nebulous matter surrounding that centre which is too far away to feel the central pull, such remote parts will drift into space until some other power lays its grip upon them.

NOW a word as to the relations of nucleus and nebula. The nucleus in every club, church, conference, and other organization of benevolence and religion will consist, first of all, of the principles which give the institution a right to be. Secondly, and of next importance, it is made up of the persons who are loyal to those principles, who are willing to work with them, who take it for granted that it is a part of their common life and duty to maintain these principles, to make them effective not merely in the institutions to which they are loyal, but to the world about them for the welfare of which the institution exists. The persons who constitute this nucleus, instead of regarding it as a hardship that upon them come the duty and responsibility of maintaining the constant pull toward the centre, ought to regard it as a position of the highest honor. They ought to rejoice in it, and, without any regard to the gratitude or ingratitude of those upon whom they work, should look to the end to be gained by the

exertion of influence. Comparatively a few must constitute the nucleus; but, they being faithful, the nucleus grows, the central attraction increases, the new world begins to shape itself.

There are many signs that throughout our body the central attraction is felt in a new way. Old churches, of which it had been said "the iron of conventionality has entered their souls," feel the thrill of a new life. Men and women who have been repelled by every form of ecclesiastical authority feel the attraction of a simple principle which seems to be ultimate and central; namely, love as an ideal for the conduct of life,—love to God as its highest aim, and love to man as its final duty.

Some cannot see the difference between declaring loyalty to the person of Jesus and loyalty to the religion of Jesus; but the difference is great. To some it is vital. Kepler, the great astronomer, discovered certain laws of planetary motion. They have ever since been called Kepler's laws. The majority of men who accept the laws accept them on the authority of Kepler. They believe the laws because Kepler stated them. But others, who have verified the laws by independent calculation, believe in Kepler because he revealed the laws. The acceptance of the truth includes both forms of belief and loyalty.

The idea which has been entertained by some people, both within and without the Unitarian ranks, that other and stronger attractions were to lay hold upon the materials of which our body is composed, seems to have passed away almost instantaneously. The most serious criticism that comes to us appears in the charge of a too ardent "Unitarianism." This charge comes from one who does not feel the pull of the central attraction, and cannot understand what it is that has transformed many who had been (whether indifferent or interested) merely spectators of our work into ardent advocates and supporters. Shall this new wave of unanimity and enthusiasm be merely a wave, or shall it be a strong current, flowing on with increasing volume? The most serious question which we have heard asked ought now to come home to every one, Are our people worthy to stand before the world as the representatives of the great declarations they have made? To set up a high ideal is to invite condemnation unless the common life is seen to be rising to the level of that ideal. In this way, and in this way only, is our Church on trial before the world.

A SIDE ISSUE.

The changes in our ideals of education which have been taking place for many years show themselves in almost every department of study, from the university to the reading class of half a dozen girls who meet to compare notes on some subject of mutual interest. The college education, which consisted in reading Greek and Latin through the years of boyhood and early manhood, and then never reading it again, has been rightfully laughed out of countenance as the exclusive training for culture; and to-day there are a multiplicity of scientific courses in our universities, as well as manual training schools, and numberless facilities for all kinds of practical study, designed to bring certain and speedy rewards of success. This is true in the education of women no less than in that of men. Our college graduates have distinguished themselves in the establishment of cooking-schools, and our clubs forsake the study of Dante and Emerson for lectures on sanitation and hygiene.

It is no wonder that these advanced studies of domestic science have appealed strongly to women, and are likely to interest them more and more. The possession of a housekeeping conscience is a distinction to which every genuine New England housekeeper can lay legitimate claim. It has descended to her from the days when her great-grandmothers used to hold the kitchen as their domain, and when they wove cloth and made cheeses and skimmed bayberry-wax for candles. It is true that certain daughters of the soil may transfer their homes and affections to New York or Chicago, as Mrs. Rollins has done, for instance, whose recent article, "How to make Home Happy," has at least set people thinking; and they may discover, as she has done, that sometimes the same ends may be accomplished by the use of different means. But, commonly speaking, the real

New England housekeeper's conscience widens slowly, and is warranted against unproved innovations.

While her conscience, however, has lost little of its early dominance, the outward conditions which affect it have gradually changed; and the housekeeper grapples with difficulties more complex and elusive than those which her grandmothers knew. She may not knead her dough with her own hands; but there are unmistakable indications that she is no longer permitted to remain in ignorance of the chemical changes it must undergo before its reappearance in light, crusty loaves, and she must understand its proper relation to the meats and vegetables with which she is planning to bring her children to the exact height and weight she considers desirable. She must understand the chemistry of foods, and know how to calculate dietaries. Courses of lectures on food economics and domestic science are presented to her as absolute necessities of common education, offered like pills, and warranted to cure the evil tendencies of the hearers. She is considered not quite womanly unless she knows all about hypophosphites; and even the advertisements hurl at her the reproachful question, "How often does your butcher wash his meat-cutter?" until it stands to her as a symbol of all the things she ought to know and doesn't.

This new and general interest in matters vitally connected with our well-being is a healthy and promising sign of advance, and yet it is inevitable that we should find the same tendency to superficiality and incompleteness in practical studies as in the study of philosophy or ancient history. It is a little discouraging to look over the courses of work offered by the programmes of our women's clubs, and observe how rarely they indicate individual work or concentration of thought. More women study in these days, and they study in many new directions; but they have not as yet settled down to methods that promise the best results. Lectures often demand little more from the individual than the ability to pay the fee and listen to what somebody else has found out. It is just as true to-day as ever it was that there is not much gain where knowledge obtained is not put to use, and where no pains are taken with it. The increase of the lecture habit almost leads one to believe that fewer women care for immediate contact with books than before the general wide-spread diffusion of general knowledge. Women's clubs are certainly a step upward; but they will prove to be not an end in themselves so much as a help to the something better that must come later. We look back to the days of the old-fashioned reading-class, which still exists, perhaps, in many places, where each member came prepared with a distinct individual contribution to the work of all, and see that it, too, had advantages which ought to be combined with those of the lecture courses now so numerous. We need not forget the classics entirely in our devotion to domestic science; for a judicious combination will be to the advantage of both, and our study, to be really practical, must be so in method as well as in subject.

A GOOD IDEA.

They have in Jamaica Plain a "Fraternal Council," composed of the ministers and representatives of six churches,—the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Universalist, and Unitarian. The council has an excellent agent, who looks up and welcomes strangers and new-comers, and each month reports all such to the church which each may chance to prefer. She also cares for cases of destitution and need. A committee from each church co-operates with the agent, and follows up her reports with personal calls. Three times in each season there is a large social meeting at each of the church parlors in turn, with addresses bearing upon the church work for the community or the city, and with opportunity for friendly acquaintance.

On Thanksgiving Day, under the auspices of the Fraternal Council, a pleasant and largely attended union service was held in the Baptist church, at which all the ministers took part. A collection was taken for a common object,—the local Friendly Society. The Baptist minister preached an earnest sermon on "Christian Citizenship." Would not the idea of the Fraternal Council be a good one to adopt in other places?

SEEKING FOR KINDRED.

I would like to find my mother and two sisters we belonged to a slave owner by the name of Jacob Wootson, he kept a livery stable on Maine street in Richmond, Va. We were separated before the war; my mother's name was Mahalie Wootson, and my two sister's names were Margaret and Marinda. Jacob Wootson had three sons, Randolph, Putnam, and Chesterfield, at the time of our separation I was taken to Harrisburg, Va. The last time I saw my mother she was living on Clay street Richmond, Va in 1863. Any information concerning these parties will be cheerfully received.

So many years have now passed since Abraham Lincoln placed his name to the document that freed the slaves that the present generation cannot in the least appreciate what the separation of families meant in the days of slavery. One has a dim idea that with freedom came all the joys of liberty. It is true that many families that had been sold apart were reunited after the war, when the Negroes wandered back to their old homes. Many, too, found relatives in Washington, which for a long time was the Mecca of the blacks, where they hoped to get a glimpse of their great liberator, "Massa Linkum." But those who never came across papers published by the colored people may be surprised to know that to this day, more than thirty years after their manumission, the Negroes are still seeking their kindred.

A copy of one of these papers lies before us, with more than a column of such advertisements. By far the larger number are for mothers. It is touching to see how men and women, now of middle life, are still longing for their black "mammies." Those who maintain that slaves were rarely sold so far away as to lose all trace of their friends might find in these advertisements proof enough of that frightful cruelty. One writes: "I would like to know the whereabouts of my mother, who was sold from Georgia to Louisiana. When sold, my mother was taken away from her two children, my sister and myself. This separation took place in 1845." Fifty years! and these sisters, now nearly sixty years of age, are still seeking the mother who was lost to them so long ago!

The names of the slave dealers and "Negro Trader" (spelled with capitals) are given in full. Happily, only one is a woman, "Betsie Perison," who sold a mother from Arkansas to a man in Texas. Several have two or three persons mentioned as their owners in succession, showing that they underwent the agony of separation many times. These advertisements make history real, and one might well wish that he could be the means of giving tidings of the lost kindred to those who promise "devout and lasting gratitude" for such intelligence. It seems strange that, in these days of rapid interchange of information, scores of years should elapse without knowing anything definite about friends in the same country; though in most of these cases the silence of death probably hides the story of these old colored men and women.

It is sometimes easier now to get news of one's friends from far-away lands than it was in the early days after the war to hear from neighboring States. The terrible massacres in Turkey have given fresh illustration of this. As one report after another comes of the destruction of villages and the killing or driving away of all the Armenians from a city, the Armenians in this country who have friends in that unhappy empire are harassed with anxiety. The distance is so great, the disturbances are so serious, that, if one had to wait the slow and uncertain mails, it would seem unbearable. But the cable and electricity may bring joy as well as sorrow; and, when a rumor came that many Armenians had been killed in an inland town, and the American consul was asked by cable for a certain family, there was "devout gratitude" when the flash came under the sea, "The A.'s saved."

So, too, the many friends of the American missionaries, who are practically imprisoned in that blood-steeped land, have sought and found their kindred by means of the cable, and are rejoicing that they still live.

But there is many a one whom fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters mourn, to whose eyes can come no advertisement, for whom no telegraph can appeal. They are in dreary Siberian exile, in Algerian gal-

leys, or on the oases of Sahara. The family group will never be reunited, and no word can come from them any more than if they were on the other side of the grave.

It may be sad that the ex-slaves should never be reunited in the home circles where they originally belonged. But, at least, these wandering ones, if still living, have comparative freedom and happiness wherever they may be; while the exile and the hunted Eastern Christian have neither. Much as there may be to deplore in our own land, grave as are the evils which should be remedied, there is yet room for deep gratitude in the fact that homes need no longer be broken by slavery nor made desolate by the sword.

OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.

With Octavius Frothingham's death passes away the most brilliant and interesting figure—excepting one—of those who were the younger liberal leaders of the last generation. His services to our common life of thought were so many and his contribution to it was so rich that it is not easy, at first glance, to fix upon a point of view for seeing it as a whole. Happily, he has given us the hint of what we seek in the title of the hymn written for his graduation from the Divinity School,—that by which most of us, it is likely, know him best, "The Soldiers of the Cross." That militant phrase strikes the key-note which seems most readily to bring that instrument of many strings into clear harmony. The invocation it addresses to the Almighty is that valiant Hebrew one, "Thou Lord of hosts." The hymn itself is the very finest idealized conception of the holy war that summons the faithful and brave. Its imagery is of the arming, the vigil, and the vow of a young knight, to whom the crusade he embarks in is a glorious thing, for the joy of conflict it offers, no less than for the nobility of the cause it fights for. And, then, the proud humility of the knightly temper! for, with all his militant quality, no one ever saw or listened to our friend without being chiefly impressed by the knight, not the mere soldier, that was in him,—the consecration of an austere vow, the sweetness and courtesy of a perfect gentleman.

In his eight years at Salem, we who knew him at a little distance thought of him, perhaps, as one especially fitted for the thoughtful, refined, and cultivated companionship which is easiest found—by a stranger, at least—in little provincial capitals where life has already grown mellow, and is even, it may be, slightly touched in spots with gray. It is probable, however, that these were not merely years of preparation for the wider, noisier field, but that just then his mind more craved solitary study than many companions in his thought. Among his clear-cut recollections of one who was the best of companions, John Weiss, he speaks of that goodly fellowship known to the initiated of that day as the "Hook and Ladder,"—an association of something less than twenty, which included such names as Dr. Hedge, Starr King, William Green, Charles Brooks, John Ware, Charles Brigham, Thomas Stone, Dexter Clapp, George Briggs, Nathaniel Hall, John Merrick, and (I think) David Wasson, of whom only three remain. But, if I can trust my memory here, what he appeared to seek in it was personal acquaintance rather than discussion of opinion. It is as a cheery and bright presence I recall him, as one who seems in the retrospect during those years to have held his forces in reserve.

It had something, accordingly, like the ring of a declaration of independence, or the manifesto of a fresh career, when we heard that the wave of the anti-slavery conflict had reached him in those troubled days, lifted him from his moorings in that quiet haven, and set him afloat upon a wider and lonelier voyage. In the five years that followed, of his residence in Jersey City, he sometimes gave expression to a somewhat forlorn sense of solitude, as if he either did not find the field of work congenial, or else had come to feel that no constructive and satisfying outside work was to be done in it, so that it is easy to imagine that the experience was something like an experience of exile. Still, they were years possibly the most needed and fruitful of all, to save him (if ever there were danger) from growing into a mere man of letters or a mere platform orator,—

years that made him, instead, a consecrated scholar, a well-equipped as well as eloquent interpreter of advancing thought in many of its higher ranges. Of the evidences of this growth, among the first and ablest was his exposition, in 1858, of the great critical work of Baur, which gave the earliest clear indication of the ground he held firmly, ever after, in the disputed province of historical criticism. Here, too, in a series of noteworthy papers, he first proved his mastery of the extraordinary fluency, ease, vigor, and brilliant touch which marked his literary handling of topics that in most men's hands lie quite outside the pale of literature.

The large opportunity of his life and the full assertion of his powers came with his removal to New York in 1860. The story of his work here should be told by some one who knew face to face this remarkable group in which he was the chosen leader, and could report first-hand of a movement that will be better understood and more significant as years go by. The personal qualities he brought to bear in it were described by Mr. Chadwick in well-chosen words in the funeral address. I venture to add to this estimate only a few points suggested to me at a much greater distance; for during those years I saw little of Mr. Frothingham personally, and heard only a single address of his in the actual scene of his ministration. It was such an address as he is well known to have been a master in,—clear, ready, self-possessed, carefully studied, but extemporaneous in delivery, forcible, but not impassioned or in the least declamatory, rather broad than vehement or especially vigorous in grasp, about an hour in length, in substance an exposition of what Comte's "Religion of Humanity" really means, at once comprehensive, critical, and sympathetic. It seemed to imply a movement of positive or constructive rather than merely critical theology, and in this view was perhaps a fair example of his ordinary address. If so, it was quite too purely intellectual, too destitute of appeal to feeling or even to imagination to more than hint, in the range of practice, the possibilities of a far-off future. It might even react, in some minds, toward a certain despondency and sense of helplessness. I wrote to him once, expressing somewhat warmly my appreciation of what he was doing and his own quality as a leader in such high paths; and the first words of his reply were, "What good angel inspired you just then to write just that letter?" implying that it had helped lift him out of a black pit of self-distrust and sense of failure. The "thin sheet of ice," he lamented to his friend Chadwick, was too effective a non-conductor to the rays of common sympathy.

It was very likely some expression of this feeling that led to the report when he left New York that he confessed his effort there to be a failure, even if he did not react into a conservative shrinking from it as something false and wrong. There is no reason whatever to suppose that his mind as to these matters was altered in the least. Of course, he understood that the period he worked in was a "drift period in theology,"—a phrase (by the way) sent him, as title and text, by the then editor of the *Christian Examiner*, and wrought by him into one of his most characteristic essays; and, naturally enough, a drift period is not just the time to find firm standing-ground. But it sets its own preparatory task, nevertheless. And that task, in his hands, was honestly and ably done, not needing (we may hope) to be repeated; while the conviction that it had to be done may well have deepened the sense of weariness that comes in looking back on the patiently trodden way. It may, too, have deepened the grateful sense of relief and repose with which one reverts, at sixty, to tasks more quiet and genial, better suited to his advancing years than to those when he courted the stress of battle. To the wearied soldier the furlough was well earned.

The work of these later years speaks pleasantly for itself. The wonder was that the hand we thought tired out was still so diligent, deft, and swift; that the faculty we feared was permanently lamed was still so prompt and adequate to whatever might be required. I had occasion once to suggest his name as biographer and editor of the unfinished record left by our dearly honored friend, David Wasson, not knowing that he was (probably) the one living man competent to that task. Such a memo-

rial as that, or as the Life of William Channing; such a pair of thick, genial, and readable volumes as those which tell his recollections of Boston Unitarianism and Unitarians; such a series of papers as those appearing within these years, giving no hint that they were years of partial retirement and frequent invalidism,—these might well make an ample record of a literary life in its best noontide, not in its lingering afternoon.

A word might here be said to tell how good and how pleasant was the companionship of these later years. And this word might include mention of a trait which his friends have noted with perhaps as much admiration as any achievement of his robust years,—the untiring and perfect courtesy of his presiding, through many an hour that must have been unspeakably weary, in sessions of the Free Religious Association, whose very title seems to invite what is most formless and weary of all modes of human speech. If any such quality ever did appear in those debates, I am sure that no one could have been more keenly sensitive of it than he, though that fine dissimulation let no one else suspect it. For his judgment of persons as well of things was swift, keen, inevitable. By that bright rapier the dearest friend or the dearest foe was sure to be touched in the one vulnerable spot. No emotional heat ever spoiled the temper of his shining blade or warped its straightforward thrust.

J. H. A.

Musings.

THERE is a time, said the Preacher, for everything,—“a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to keep silence and a time to speak, a time to cast stones and a time to gather them together.” In these days the newspaper is supposed to be nothing if not timely. The timely article is the one an editor is always looking for, and always trying to write. I have been impressed with the timeliness, fitness, and strength of the editorials in the Boston *Transcript* on the Armenian question. They have said the right thing in the right way. They have been intelligent, just, and sympathetic. On the other hand, I was impressed last week with the decided untimeliness of some paragraphs written by "Listener," a regular contributor to the same paper, who seemed to assume that it was "a time to cast stones," and to cast them at the bruised and beaten Armenians. Bad as the priest and the Levite were in passing by on the other side, they did not, at least, throw any stones at the wounded man. There are a sufficient number of indifferent people who pass by the down-trodden Armenians. But, as long as they do not cast stones or javelins, they are not adding to the acuteness of these wounds. The stone that "Listener" throws is one that has been used by Marion Crawford and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and others, who look at the struggle in the East through the eye-glasses of a cool dilettanteism. It is the proverbial reproach that an Armenian is tricky in trade, and cannot be depended upon to speak the truth. Whether this wholesale characterization of the race be true or not, it is the weakest sort of apology for murder, destruction, and rapine. I do not mean that any of these gentlemen would justify these barbarities. I am not accusing them of inhumanity, but simply pointing to a cold, critical dilettanteism which, looking toward Armenia, where rivers of blood are running and the cries of widows and orphans are raised to heaven, and the world is shuddering with horror at this butchery, can, instead of a word of ringing protest and heartfelt sympathy, fling an old Oriental diatribe, which has come out of the conflicts of races in the East: "The Armenian,—well, he does not tell the truth, you know; and he is sharp in trade. He is competent enough to look out for number one."

It is a curious thing to find literary men adopting the proverbs which tradesmen have hurled at each other the world over, and which have been applied to half a dozen different races. This and many other reproaches have been hurled at the Jews, and it has been repeatedly applied to the Greeks. English tradesmen have succeeded in getting the term "Greek" into the English language as a synonyme of a cunning

knave. I remember that the correspondent of an English paper in Italy poured out the most violent denunciation of the Greeks; and an English tradesman went so far as to say to me that he never found one whom he could trust. Yet, after living among the Greek people for six months, in closer relations than this superior Englishman would accept, I reached the conclusion that the Greeks were not a nation of liars and thieves; and, with no more precaution, my personal property appeared to be as safe in Athens as in London. Some of the grandest men and women I have met anywhere were those I met in Greece. Imagine Byron, or that noble lover of liberty whom Greece holds in everlasting remembrance, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in the sad, bloody days when Greece was suffering under the Turkish yoke, putting on a pair of eye-glasses, and saying: "They are sharp at a bargain,—these Greeks,—and can't be depended on to tell the truth. I think we can safely leave them to take care of themselves." I would just as soon expect William Lloyd Garrison, after reading an account of a lynching in the South, to write an article for the *Transcript*, and say, "Well, you know the Negro will lie, and will visit hen-roosts."

I HAVE travelled enough over the world to distrust a good deal the wholesale proverbial characterization of races, especially when it has sprung from the fierce competitions of business. In the East no one expects to do business without haggling. The buyer always expects to beat down, and the seller to abate some of his price, if he must, though he yields only inch by inch. Occidental traders have not the highest opinion of Oriental veracity; and I have found, also, that the Orientals have not a high opinion of Occidental brow-beaters. I have found that those English who dislike the Greeks are just as heartily disliked in return, and with just as much reason. I have come to feel that race hatred is, after all, among the most detestable things in the world. I have been in Constantinople, and travelled in Asia Minor under the escort of a potent Turkish cavalryman. I have been out on the "Sweet Waters," and seen thousands of Turks enjoying their Friday afternoon holiday in quietude, and have been struck with the spectacle of domestic affection and filial love; and I am sure that, if an irresponsible and despotic government of Christians were to loot, burn, murder, and ravage the Turks simply because they were Mohammedans, I should want to raise my voice against such cruelty and oppression. The old race hatreds still persist, and it will be long before they yield to the deeper kinship of our common humanity. But it is not a matter of race hatred, but a simple fact of common experience and observation, that Turkey is one of the worst governed countries in the world, and that its standards of justice and humanity are those of a past age.

"LISTENER" must be careful how he flings his charge of sharpness in trade against the Armenians. The Yankee must speak with reserve on this subject. If the word "Greek" has been unjustly dragged into the English dictionary as a synonyme for a crafty rogue, he will see, on turning to the Century Dictionary, that New England has made a distinct contribution to the language of hypocrisy. The word "deacon" is used as a verb, and one of its meanings in the United States is thus described:—

To arrange so as to present a specious and attractive appearance; present the best and largest specimens (of fruit or vegetables) to view, and conceal the defective ones: as, to *deacon* strawberries or apples. (Slang, U.S.) This sense contains a humorous allusion to the thrifty habits ascribed to the rural New England deacons. Hence: to sophisticate; adulterate; "doctor": as, to *deacon* wine or other liquors. (Slang.) "Deaconed veal," veal unfit for use, as when killed too young. (Connecticut.)

Prof. Whitney lived in New England, and cannot be accused of any race hatred in this definition, which is a description of fraud joined with hypocrisy. If, now, some Armenian daily paper jumps to the conclusion that the Yankees are all hypocrites and frauds, and capable of taking care of number one, it will be doing what superficial observers are apt to do,—draw a wholesale conclusion from a few retail

facts. Surely, New England must look out for its reputation. As for the Armenians, one of the most sublime things in their record, which has marked them all the way down from the earliest centuries of their Christian history, is their unflinching devotion to their convictions of the truth. If they had only been willing to be hypocrites, and renounce their religion, they would have been spared over and over again. And now, if they would only embrace Mohammedanism against all their convictions of truth and duty, they would be spared the terrible anguish of seeing their little ones murdered before their eyes, their homes burned, their husbands and fathers killed or cast into prison or forced into exile. To ignore this heroic element in their history and their sublime devotion to their religion is as if a newspaper paragraph, in referring to the character and the history of the Puritans, should forget their magnificent struggle for liberty and their grand devotion to their convictions, and should flippantly sum it all up in a sentence,—“Oh, yes, they knew how to put their best apples on the top of the barrel.”

Brevities.

Once Columbus was said to have discovered America; but now, according to the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, he discovered turtle-soup.

Dr. S. F. Smith could ask for no better monument than that which he has written in every hymn-book in the land, and which is sung without regard to race or creed.

The Queen of Italy means to travel on a gold basis. She has received the present of the most costly bicycle in the world, the wheels of which "are of pure gold." But we suspect that the Pope of bicycles, not the pope of Italy, would recommend some other material, such as is used in the bicycle named after Christopher Columbus.

The sad intelligence of the death of Rev. Helen G. Putnam has been received from Fargo, No. Dak. The word was not wholly unexpected, because we had heard of her serious illness. With characteristic devotion, she had begun to take up her work before she was out of the sick-room; and our last tidings from her came through her nurse, who wrote in her behalf, with reference to the Alliance. Miss Putnam won warm friends in Boston when she was at the head of the "Country Week" here, and she has increased the number by her self-sacrificing efforts for humanity ever since. Her genial presence and cordial word will be sorely missed in many a home.

Gov. Greenhalge of Massachusetts has evidently not the fear of the A. P. A. before his eyes; for he has just appointed Dr. Mary V. O'Callaghan of Worcester, Mass., to the vacancy on the Massachusetts Prison Commission caused by the resignation of Miss Katherine E. Conway. But, in doing this, he is simply following precedent; for Miss Emma Forbes Cary, who served the board with great faithfulness and ability, was a Catholic, and Miss Conway, also. Dr. O'Callaghan was born in Worcester, graduated at the high school and normal school, and taught in the public schools before beginning her career as a doctor. She is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

The *Congregationalist*, referring to Dr. Gordon's sermon before the American Board, says: "It is no more wise to attempt to Americanize Oriental converts to Christianity than it was in Paul's time to Judaize them. Their literature, their morality, their religion, have much in them of value to the world; and it is our business not to destroy these things, but to discover what is precious to mankind in Japan, China, and other nations, and to infuse into it the spirit of Christ. Do we assume that God in his providence has wrought nothing good in all the history of these lands,—that he has neglected them all in his absorbing interest in Christian Europe and the United States? Is there nothing in them worthy to be assimilated into Christianity? Is it not the mission of Christianity to take up into itself the wealth of thought, of devotion, of achievement in the Orient, and thus to show itself in greater splendor, as the gospel of redeeming grace, the supreme gift of God to all mankind?" It is on this principle that the Unitarian mission in Japan has been conducted.

ONLY ONCE.

Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass.
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To my suffering fellow-men,
Let me do it while I can,
Nor delay it; for 'tis plain
I shall not pass this way again.

—Joseph A. Torrey.

THE CARLYLE MEMORIAL, LONDON.

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Late in the year 1894 a scheme was set on foot among the admirers of Carlyle to preserve permanently, as a memorial of the great historian, essayist, and censor of his time, this place, where he had lived and worked for more than forty years. On the 22d of last July the influential committee appointed to raise £3,500 for this purpose issued a circular, announcing that they had secured subscriptions to the amount of somewhat more than £2,000, and on the basis of this had bought the house, put it as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when occupied by the Carlyles, and that they would open the place to the public on July 26. It was the good fortune of the writer of this to be present on that day.

It was particularly fitting that the house should be opened during the present year,—the one hundredth since Carlyle's birth. It is proposed to mark the exact centenary (December 4) by a fitting celebration; and it is earnestly hoped that by that time the full sum asked for by the committee will have been secured.

Chelsea is an interesting part of London, situated on the Thames, perhaps six or seven miles below the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey. Cheyne Row (pronounced Chaney Row) leads back directly from the river bank; and a walk of a minute or two brings one to the spot sought. The house has a plain front of dark brick, and there is nothing particular to distinguish it from others in the row of which it is a part. Carlyle seems to have chosen the house as much as anything because he could get it cheap; for, when he came here in 1834, his purse was painfully light, and he could rent the place for £35 a year.

Let us enter. A dozen persons have arrived before us. The custodian receives us, and shows us through the various rooms and garden. One of the secretaries of the Memorial Committee is also present to welcome us.

The entrance hall leads straight through the house. From it we pass through a door on the left into the dining-room, or ascend by a rather handsome carved-oak stairway to the stories above. At the rear we pass down by stairs into the kitchen and the garden.

The kitchen is half beneath ground, yet well lighted. Here is a large fireplace and an old-fashioned range, on which the Carlyles did all their cooking. We do not wonder that, with such cooking appliances, poor Mrs. Carlyle found it hard work to humor sufficiently her husband's dyspepsia.

The dining-room occupies the front of the first story. There is a grate with a white marble mantel, a brass fender, and bright steel shovel, tongs, and poker. The other Carlyle furniture in the room is a large, round oak table, a lounge covered with red cloth, and two silver candlesticks.

Ascending the hall stairs, we come to the drawing-room, which occupies the whole front of the house, its size being, perhaps, eighteen by twenty-two feet. The paper on the wall is a reproduction of that of the old Carlyle days. In the centre of the room is an oval oak table, before the open grate is a richly wrought fire-screen, on the mantel are two more silver candlesticks, and on one side is a large bookcase half full of books from Carlyle's library. Several pictures are on the wall,—one an etching of Carlyle sitting in his large arm-chair, in his dressing-gown, smoking a long pipe, one an etching of him in his garden, reading, his hat on, his cat standing behind his chair, and one a very lifelike representation of him on horseback, riding his "Fritz."

In this room Carlyle died, he having been brought down here for his last days because the place was larger and sunnier than his room above. In this room Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle met, for forty years, the

greatest literary men of Europe and the world, who eagerly came here to pay homage to the intellectual king of his time. Here or in the garden took place those conversations which were events of a lifetime to those who were privileged to have part in them,—conversations which, as the years went on, tended more and more to become monologues, but such monologues that those who heard could never forget them, or get quite away, however long the years, from the spell of their memory.

Back of the drawing-room is the small apartment which was Mrs. Carlyle's room. It was here that that impetuous, radiant, sensitive spirit thought and dreamed and loved and acutely suffered. To this room, on the fatal 21st of April, 1866, her lifeless form was brought from the carriage in which her driver had found her sitting, dead. It was here, in those later years of his loneliness, that her husband poured out some of his bitterest tears of regret over his thoughtless neglect and selfish absorption.

The room is painted a delicate cream color, as in the old time; but it is as yet without furniture or other memento of its former occupant except a handsome dark mahogany corner bracket, or small cupboard.

Ascending to the third story, we find in front the "spare room," in which Emerson slept (now occupied by the custodian of the house), and in its rear Carlyle's bedroom. Here he was taken sick, and remained until removed to the parlor. As we enter the room, we see Carlyle's tall, four-post, dark oak bedstead, surrounded by the red damask curtains which guarded his uneasy slumbers. Beside the bed is his five-drawered, cherry dressing-bureau. In the little dressing-room back is his marble-top wash-stand, his wash-bowl of old blue ware, a small, plain table painted blue, and his tin bath-tub. Perhaps most interesting of all, under a glass dome stands Carlyle's tall, old-fashioned silk hat, in a good state of preservation; while on the floor is his leather hat-box, in which he had brought the stiff and hated thing from Paris, as we can see by the label still on the box, marked "Paris à Londres, Charing Cross, via Folkestone, 251."

One more flight of stairs, and we are in that "sublime garret, double-doored, double-windowed, impervious to sound," in which Carlyle went through his tremendous wrestle with the "Frederick."

When Carlyle first took the house in 1834, the garret was too low and small to be of much use. In 1853 he had the roof lifted, and the present spacious room finished off. To make sure that all neighborhood noises would be shut out, he determined to have no side windows except two opening through closets. But the room was a failure. It was too large to be warmed in cold weather by its one open grate. The window in the roof let in abundant light; but it also let in so much heat in summer that they tell ludicrous stories of the frantic student sprinkling the floor with the watering-pot to keep the place tolerable, and at last flying in wrath to the garden to escape his torment. The only furniture now in the room is the arm-chair in which Carlyle wrote his great history. On the wall are two well-worn maps of Scotland and Ireland, and old pictures of Goethe, Schiller, Voltaire, and other persons of less note.

We have now seen all except the garden. It is as wide as the house, and about seventy or eighty feet deep. As we enter it from the back hall door, we come first to a small paved court, beyond which is the small lawn, with remains of old flower-beds, all surrounded, in English fashion, with a high brick wall, partly covered with ivy, grape-vines, and in one place a jessamine that Mrs. Carlyle brought from Scotland and planted with her own hand. Close to the back garden wall is a pathetic little mound with a very small, unlettered stone at its head. It is the grave of the beloved little dog, Nero.

Now we have seen all, and we turn to go. We take a last look about us. What visions arise in our minds! This small garden and this plain house, with nothing external to distinguish them from a thousand others, these well-worn floors, these commonplace walls and ceilings, these old-fashioned fireplaces and articles of furniture and wall prints, and these old books in very common bindings suddenly become transformed and luminous with great associations. Memories that the world will not consent to forget rise and wreath them-

selves about every object. Are we wrong if we think we hear voices speaking to us as to him of old, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground?"

THE WOMEN'S ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.

BY MRS. MARY HICKSON.

Will you help our cause by letting me tell of the practical work started last summer in Van, Armenia, by the American Mission there, and supported by the Women's Armenian Relief Committee of London, for the help of the starving people of that out-raged and desolate land?

Dr. Grace Kimball, a physician attached to the mission,—with more than four years' experience of the needs of the people,—has opened a labor bureau for the purpose of supplying work to the unhappy inhabitants of the district.

"The plan is to buy wool and cotton, and give it out to the people to be spun, woven, and made up into the various articles of clothing common to the country. The spinners, weavers, and knitters are paid liberally for their work; and, as each allotment of wool is made up, another is given out. The manufactured articles are sold for cash, and the proceeds returned to the fund for the purchase of more wool and a continuance of the work of relief." In this way the people are lifted out of their hopelessness, the danger of pauperism is avoided, and we are told that the money thus contributed goes four times as far and does many times as much good as if given directly to the poor.

It is hard for any save an eye-witness to realize the utter helplessness and want in which a very large proportion of the people now find themselves. Mr. W. Willard Howard, a gentleman connected with Reuter's Agency, who spent some weeks this year in the devastated region, and has embodied his observations in a pamphlet entitled "Starvation in Armenia," from which I have just quoted, adds, "The present condition of the country is much worse than it is reported to be; and, unless substantial assistance be given immediately, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people, will die of hunger and despair." He adds that the distress is greatest in the vilayets of Van and Bitlis, and continues: "No matter what may be the outcome of the scheme of reform for Armenia, these poor people must have help in its most practical and beneficial form. They do not ask for charity, but for a chance to work. If work can be given them, they can keep themselves in food until this crisis in their wretched lives be past." Mr. Howard emphasizes the fact of the beneficent work done by the labor bureau: "Miss Kimball writes me that she is providing work and food for about one thousand people,—a remarkable showing. I cannot hope to make you understand the need of more help for these wretched creatures, for no one can understand who has not actually visited the interior of the distressed region. I earnestly hope you will persevere in your good work."

The labor bureau is under the inspection of her Majesty's vice-consul at Van, Mr. C. M. Hallward, who in a letter to our committee testifies to the ability of Miss Kimball for the work she has undertaken. She organizes the work, and administers the relief, assisted by Mrs. G. Reynolds, and thus writes to the London committee:

"The scheme works admirably so far, but my ever-present nightmare is bankruptcy. . . . I am perfectly besieged with demands for work. I cannot show myself in the street without being followed by a pitiful crowd. Even to go to my own door means being besieged by the never-failing group of people who often wait from morning till night in the hope of catching me. Oh, they are so wretchedly, hopelessly poor! How do they live?" At the present time Miss Kimball is finding work for nearly five hundred individuals, which, taking the families at an average of four, is probably saving about two thousand people from starvation. The wages paid are a little higher than market value; and respecting this fact Miss Kimball writes, "I hope that the price paid will, if ever prosperity returns to this blighted land, serve to raise the price of labor to nearer its living standard."

In the present state of the country it is

too much to expect that the bureau will be self-supporting; and, as a matter of fact, the loss involved has been from five to ten per cent. Now, however, that the long Armenian winter has commenced, and bitter cold is added to bitter hunger, it is thought right, if it can possibly be managed, to give the clothing made to the poor workers instead of selling it elsewhere; and the deficit therefore will be very largely increased. The Armenians give of their poverty what they can spare to their more unhappy brethren; but it is to the Women's Armenian Relief Fund that the mission turns as its chief support, and up to the present time we have been enabled, from the generosity of friends, to forward to them nearly £700. This, however, as will readily be understood, can only serve to stem for a very short time the ocean of suffering that threatens to engulf the unhappy people; and, if the beneficent work is to continue through the winter, and we are to assist in starting other centres of usefulness on the same lines, it is necessary to plead with those who have of this world's goods to spare some little part for their sorrowing and starving brothers and sisters in this far-off land. Can we stand quietly by and see the annihilation of this patient people, whom we are told by Rev. F. D. Greene, so long a Christian worker in Van, "are known as being bright, practical, and moral, and a very important element in the population? They have the distinction of being the first race who accepted Christianity. Their martyr roll has grown with every century, and the fact that Armenian stock exists at all to-day is proof of its wonderful vitality and excellent quality." Since the infamous Bahri Pasha was dismissed, things have been rather better for the people. It was this Vali who said he would like to reduce the country to a "mere geographical province," and ruthlessly imprisoned any one who tried to help the poor. His dismissal was a good object-lesson to other Valis. In a private letter we learn that one of these gentry in a neighboring province paid a propitiatory call on the English consul in the afternoon, and sent him a "huge jam tart" the same evening. Had this gentleman read Charles Lamb's eulogium on jam tart, and did he imagine that all Englishmen loved, with that great wit, the melting combination of flaky pastry and hot jam? What hopes and fears must have centred round that pie, and what a *mauvais quart d'heure* must the Mary Anne of the kitchen—or her Turkish equivalent—have suffered ere it safely reached its destination! We are sure that this scheme of help must appeal to every practical philanthropist. Mr. Howard tells us that in the village of Van "no fewer than one hundred thousand persons out of a total Armenian population of one hundred and forty-five thousand are actually in want of food." It is probable that that number has been greatly increased; for the cold and damp have driven the country people into the towns, and the amount of suffering is almost incalculable. These sufferers have been virtually condemned to death by cold and hunger, not because they are malefactors or law-breakers, but because they are Christians, are true to the faith for which their fathers suffered and died, and have so incurred the hate of their oppressors, who think they do their God service when they thus torture and kill their Christian fellow-subjects. Their ruler—"the Shadow of God upon Earth," as they call him—rewards the slayer of Christians: witness the case of Bahri Pasha, the infamous Vali of Van, who, in being dismissed from Van on the representations of Sir Philip Currie for cruelty in his province, has, on his arrival at Constantinople, been decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh Order, as "a reward for good services."

But I have trespassed long enough on your space, and would only add that, strong as is the tie between coreligionists in every nation, it is not only because these people are Christian that we ask for your help and your pity. It is because they belong, also, to the common brotherhood of humanity, because they are our suffering and sorrowing fellow-creatures, because "fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do on the earth it is for fellowship's sake ye do them."

Our banker is Mr. Francis Baxter of Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale & Co., 50 Cornhill, E.C.; and our treasurer, Mrs. Made-

leine Cole, 93 Trebevir Road, South Kensington. Any donations will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by her or by myself.

6 Pelberton Road, Highbury,
London, N.

RUSSIAN SOCIAL LIFE.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

There is no country in the world in which humanity is divided into as many classes as in Russia, each class separated from the other by customs and habits of its own.

Traditions, prejudices, and a strong feeling of conservatism keep the great merchant class in our country almost isolated from the rest of society; and it is only lately that common education has begun to bring its younger members in closer contact with the outer world.

Another class which forms a body of its own is the class of lower government officials, policemen, letter-carriers, scribes, and all those who serve the government at the rate of twenty-five roubles (\$12) a month.

Among all the different classes of society there are two, however, which, on account of their characteristics, draw most on our sympathies,—the one the representative of highest culture in our country, our aristocracy; and the other our Russian peasants.

Russian aristocracy is divided into two classes, called *la grande et la petite noblesse*. To the former belong the nobles of oldest lineage, whose ancestors had boasted of imperial blood in their veins. The second is composed of names which are neither so old nor so illustrious.

Among our aristocrats there are many who are not blessed with earthly fortunes, but I do not believe that there are many who are devoid of a good education. Education in Russia is expensive, as there are no free schools; but the government takes care that the nobility, if ever so poor, shall have the advantages of good instruction. We have in St. Petersburg and Moscow a number of imperial institutes for girls, all under the patronage of the czarina, in which for the amount of four hundred roubles (\$200) a year a first-class education, including board and the uniform they have to wear, is given to the daughters of nobles who cannot afford to give their children an education according to their rank. Most of our statesmen have graduated from the Imperial Lyceum and Law School, where they have been educated, fed, and clothed for next to nothing, while the rest of humanity in our country sometimes have to starve in order to pay the expenses of five or six years at the university.

The education of a young aristocrat begins at a very early state; and, although he is always surrounded by foreign tutors and governesses, it is entirely Russian, as it is in most cases superintended by the parents, who impress upon the child that it is his duty some day to serve the government. The girls of the wealthy nobles are mostly educated at home; and formerly it was considered sufficient if a young lady could speak the foreign languages well, draw a little, play the piano, dance gracefully, and sit on a horse with perfect ease. Her own language she spoke incorrectly and could not write at all. Now times have changed; and, although French and English are still heard in society, the prevailing language is the Russian, thanks to Czar Alexander III., who first gave the order to the different schools that more attention should be paid to the culture of the Russian language. For the last ten years it has become the fashion for the daughters of our nobles to receive a thorough training in all scientific subjects, and I know many who have passed their examinations as externes at the university.

The study of foreign languages here is begun in the nursery, usually with a French nurse and an English governess, and is continued until the boy, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, enters the Lyceum or Law School, where it is kept up theoretically as well as practically by the rules of the institute.

For the girl the study of foreign languages is a part of her life; for, even when her education is considered a thing of the past, she still retains her foreign governess (sometimes two or three), whose duty it is to converse with her in a foreign tongue,

make her acquainted with the literature of foreign countries, and accompany her wherever she goes, for a young lady of the higher classes is not allowed to walk or drive or see her friends unless it be in the society of her parents or elder brother or her governess, whose title usually changes for that of *demoiselle de compagnie*. Nowhere is the position of governess, tutor, or even nurse so enviable as in an aristocratic family in Russia. The children are brought up to respect the person who takes charge of them; and, as the parents set the good example, there are few instances in which the governess has not been considered a friend of the family long after her pupils had left the paternal roof.

Conversation in society mostly turns on the best novel, on yesterday's concert, or the new picture on exhibition. Politics are never referred to. People in Russian high life are too near the throne to criticise our government, whatever they think of it. Even when abroad, where they are allowed the liberty of opinion, they consider it a want of tact to criticise the conditions of their country. The winter season in St. Petersburg and Moscow is composed of a long line of social pleasures, and it is said statistically that there are forty balls every evening in the first capital of the czar. Supper is usually served at three o'clock in the morning, and it is in the dining-room that Russian hospitality is most admired. It is said that there are but two drinks in Russia,—“champagne” and “vodka” (whiskey of the worst kind); and both flow in torrents, the one at the table of the aristocrat, the other in the peasant's hut.

We have a great many aristocrats who, not having any private fortune, are entirely dependent on the sum of money which they receive from the government for their services. Rent is so much higher in our capitals, hospitality so much greater, and life in general so much more expensive than in other capitals that a great many of our aristocrats are obliged to live a greater part of the year on their country estates, where there is always a pleasant home, which has been in their family for centuries, waiting for them.

Even the wealthy aristocrat leaves the bad climate of St. Petersburg in April or early in May, and goes to his estate, where he remains, in spite of our early unpleasant autumns, until September or October. Life in the country is delightful, particularly after a long season of gayeties. If the number of servants in the city has only been fifteen, in the country it has increased to twenty; for friends are invited from all parts of the country, and during the hunting season the house, which sometimes contains a hundred rooms, is quite full.

In a country house the lady, in spite of a butler who has been in the family for thirty years, and the many servants, has her hands full. Early in the morning she receives the butler and the cook, to whom she gives her orders for the day. At the breakfast table, contrary to her habits in town, she presides herself; and during the whole day she sees to the comfort of her visitors. If her husband has not been able to leave town, she has to listen to the complaints of the steward, to arrange matters with the peasants, and talk to the head-gardener on flowers, fruit, and vegetable questions.

As the hospital and the physician are often at a great distance from the estate, it is the lady of the manor-house who treats the peasants; and in most cases they have more confidence in her than in any professor. The aristocrats have a great love for the people on their estates, and these people pay them with a lifelong devotion. In some parts of our country the estates are close together, and the hospitality practised on each makes the long stay in the country very pleasant. To every visitor full liberty is given, and the many duties of the hostess permit her to withdraw from her guests as often as she pleases. Altogether, life in the country is simple and unconventional.

A very elaborate dinner table—that is, more than four courses—is considered as vulgar as a showy toilet. The aristocrat in Russia is easily recognized by his simple manners and his way of showing attention to the ladies, which differs entirely from those of the lower classes of society. The aristocrat always kisses the hand of a married woman, who in return kisses him on the forehead. Although our aristocratic women are not as advanced as those of

other countries, they are always well educated, well read, and good talkers.

I have heard it said that Russian society is the most immoral in the world. The intercourse between men and women in Russian high life is, perhaps, more free than in other countries; and this may be the reason for so dreadful a reputation. A married woman has the right to receive a gentleman in the absence of her husband, walk with him, or, if he is out of the city, write to him. He is considered her particular friend, with the sanction of her husband. Of course, here, as everywhere, there is many a domestic drama; but, as the Greek Church prohibits divorces, and the Russian aristocrat is too proud to parade his outraged feelings before a court of justice, society is not often shocked in regard to the want of morals. Tolstoi has painted the true Russian character in Mr. Karenine, the husband of the heroine, who suffered martyrdom in order to guard the honor of his name.

St. Petersburg, Russia.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Unitarian Churches of America,
Greeting:—

At the close of the sixteenth meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, it becomes once more the duty of the Council to issue an address to the churches, with the request that it be publicly read.

The meeting at Washington has been a marked success. In point of numbers, in sustained interest, in religious enthusiasm, in the quality and power of its papers and addresses, and in the importance of the work started or accomplished, it ranks with the best that has ever been held, even if it does not stand as our high-water mark. Though something of the social intercourse of Saratoga may have been missed, this loss has been more than balanced by the consideration that we have been speaking to the country, and so have done effective work in proclaiming our gospel in new fields. As never before, we have spoken through the press, and so sent our message all over the land. This seems to us a very important gain over the old times when we spoke only to each other.

The influence of the new declaration, adopted last year at Saratoga, has been felt in a most gratifying way. Many hearts were made happy at the sight of a united body of believers and workers, in which the spirit of cordial fellowship was supreme. The right wing and the left wing, apparently forgetting that they were on opposite sides of the body, remembered only that it was their office to sustain that body in its flight. Perhaps the best thing about the Conference was its series of grand meetings, its strong papers and addresses, the consciousness of its power in impressing the country, and its increasing enthusiasm for the work that waits us; i.e., the total impression of the Conference itself. Some of its special features, however, call for mention. Each day was marked by the unanimous passage of some resolution by which the Conference put itself on record concerning some great question of the time. It declared for such a reform of our municipal administration as should make good government in our cities supreme over all questions of partisan politics. It put itself on record as against the present pressing evils of intemperance. While advocating no narrow views, it pointed out the saloon as the centre of personal, social, and political corruption. It pleaded with humanity in behalf of Armenia, and in favor of religious liberty throughout the world. It reached out its hand in sympathetic fellowship to the Unitarians of Hungary, who for so long have stood for religious freedom in South-eastern Europe. It offered to the world its own basis of love to God and love to man, as a satisfactory formula for religious union. It took the first steps toward a union of all our young people's societies, so as to organize their power and enthusiasm, and bring them into vital relations with the churches and with the religious needs of the time. A special resolution of sympathy with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and of regret for his enforced absence from the Conference, was unanimously adopted.

The meetings of the Women's Alliance, of the Sunday School Society, and of the subsidiary bodies, show fine work done, and an advance of interest and power all along the line.

The Council would call attention to the fact that, while the Conference is free to use any and all agencies for the carrying on of its missionary work, its main agency is naturally our central and oldest missionary organization, the American Unitarian Association, which was never so well organized and equipped for its work as it is now. With its new, capable, and broad-minded secretary, and with an efficient and experienced business man as treasurer, who is ready to give all his time and enthusiasm to the raising of its money and managing its finances, we ought to give the Association our undivided and hearty support. It is our arm, strong enough to do all the work for which we are ready to furnish the means. The new departure in the organization of the Association is so important that it must have ample time to develop its power and show what it can do.

With a united front, then, let us march on to that victory which means release, liberty, and a higher life for the world. The trend of science, the progress of philosophy, the increase of scholarship, the results of the best criticism, the growth of civilization, all are with us. God is leading and lifting his world into a higher enlightenment and a wider and freer religious life. While awed by the thought that we can co-operate with God to this great end, let us feel the touch of consecration and the thrill of enthusiasm, and so give ourselves as never before to the great work which waits for our accomplishment.

For the Council,

M. J. SAVAGE, *Chairman*.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S FUNERAL.

The funeral services were held at Mr. Frothingham's late residence on Marlboro Street, Boston, and were conducted by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham and Rev. John W. Chadwick. Mr. Frothingham's selections were singularly appropriate and beautiful, concluding with a lovely hymn written by Mr. N. L. Frothingham, the father of Octavius. Mr. Chadwick's address was as follows:—

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN CHADWICK.

Yesterday it was Thanksgiving Day, and it is Thanksgiving Day again to-day. Yesterday we were thankful for the gathered harvest: to-day we are thankful for a man gathered to his fathers, like a ripe ear into the garner; for “the harvest of a quiet eye,” which, brooding much on many things, enriched our lives with many noble thoughts, with many happy inspirations. It is no little matter for thanksgiving that the clear mind of whose integrity he was so jealous, and whose failure to respond to his demands upon it was the ill he dreaded most, kept to the last its unabated strength. Nor can we be too glad that, since the issue of the imperative command for him to lay down the work he loved so much, some sixteen years ago, he has never been without congenial tasks, thoughtful appreciations of the lives of other workers in the wide fields of humanitarian reform. And, almost to the last, he held the pen of which we can say, as truly as his beloved Thackeray said of his,—

“You never wrote a flattery
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.”

A certain brave sincerity was of the inmost heart, the very essence, of the man. Was it a character or a cause or a doctrine with which he was dealing, there he stood; and, so help him God, he could not otherwise than say exactly what he thought. His account of the matter might be more or less final; but it had the cardinal merit of sincerity, of sterling honesty, of exact conformity to his conviction of the truth. So shocking to him was the incongruity between men's private thoughts and public speech in the deep things of the spirit that he often minimized his own belief unduly through seeking to avoid an exaggerated tone, a possible expression in excess of his real thought. Then, too, he had his moods. He was a man of moods, always an optimist (he told a friend) on Saturday night, a pessimist on Monday morning. This meant that he was sensitive to physical conditions, to cerebral reactions, and that they determined his moods. And sometimes he spoke from these instead of from his deeper self, which was habitually hopeful and courageous. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that by temperament he was doubtful and misgiving, but serene and joyous on the heights of thought above the mists of temperamental zones.

So much sincerity and candor might have made him angular and hard if with it there had not been such lively sympathy,—sympathy at once intellectual and moral. He had what Renan—whom he greatly admired, and with whom he had much in common—called “the fatal disqualification of being able to see the other side.” Fatal to what? Fatal to dogmatism, certainly, and fatal to the inability to see the good in

others and in their thoughts and ways. He preached a brace of sermons once upon the soul of truth in error and the soul of good in evil; but, in truth, all his sermons were illustrations of these principles. Sometimes his hearers objected that he stated the other side so handsomely that he made it more attractive than his own. He had a wonderful gift for entering into characters and ideas very different from his own character and ideas, and plucking out the heart of their mystery with a kindly hand. His orthodox friends frequently confessed that they never heard their position so well stated in their own churches.

He believed greatly in liberty, not as a need, but as an opportunity; and his was, above all things else, a liberating mind. There never was a less dogmatic spirit. He was always saying to his hearers, in effect, "Beware of me." Not for his friends to think his thoughts after him, but for them to think for themselves, to think freely, to think honestly, to think courageously,—these were the ends for which he worked, the goals of his desire.

So large his message was, so lofty and serene, that I have sometimes wondered that he could find in the great city of New York a thousand people willing and glad, from week to week, to come and sit under his spell. True, there was the noble style, the exquisite phrasing, an oratory that had been without a parallel in our pulpits since Edward Everett had abandoned them for collegiate and political activities. But there were no concessions to a promiscuous assemblage, to a lower taste: the thought and manner always kept the lofty heights. His hearers must go up to him: he could not go down to them, nor would they have him. Rather, they rejoiced, even if they could not always follow him upon his eagle flight, that,

"Native to the sky,
He could not hie

Downward, and give low hearts the wine
That should reward the high."

I remember that, when he was obliged to rest from his labors in New York, his friend Col. Higginson, who better than any other—William J. Potter being dead—could to-day declare his worth, spoke the most obvious and yet penetrating word of all our sad farewells when he said that Mr. Frothingham was "not one of these who are born radicals, who by their very nature are iconoclasts and in antagonism from early life with the position of those around them. He belongs," he said, "to a class that I might almost call higher, only that one does not wish to discriminate,—the class of those who, without being born radical, have radicalism by a tyrannous conscience thrust upon them, and spend their lives in doing, not the work that their whole natures long to do, but a work from which much in their temperament shrinks, and would gladly be excused."

What Mr. Frothingham would have liked best, I suppose, was a life spent in "beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." It was not so to be. His immortal garlands were "to be run for, not without dust and heat"; and he went down to the arena, and ran for them as if the dust and heat were dearer to him than literature or art or brooding thought. He would not "accept private individual salvation." He would not "enter into final peace alone."

Conservative by instinct and by training, it was in the anti-slavery struggle that he first found himself obliged to break from his traditional moorings and tempt the open sea. He never went back to them. He went sailing on and on, finding new islands of belief and hope, new continents of truth and right. For many years his position was a very lonely one. It became less so at the last. The things which he had criticised and opposed in the ancestral house of faith passed into obscurity. The things that he had prophesied and longed for came out into the light; and he was very glad to have it so, and to find himself at home again with those from whom his heart had never been estranged.

Few, if any, of his immediate contemporaries did as much as he to ring out the old, ring in the new.

"We sit here in the promised land,
Enjoying freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas he won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk."

There was no kinder heart. In the days before scientific charity—to which, perhaps, he never was converted perfectly—Dr. Belows said to me: "He will ruin me financially. He gives his purse to every beggar, and then sends him to me for mine." But he gave "more than the hand can hold." He gave encouragement to young men, sympathy with lonely struggles, new heart and hope to men and women hard pressed in life's unequal fray. And, though he had an inner circle of the warmest friends, his heart was often hungry for a wider sympathy and affection than he felt himself able to inspire. "My heart is warm enough," he once said to me, in a moment of pathetic confidence; "but I seem to have a wall of thin, transparent ice about me, so that people can't get at close quarters with me, nor I with them." But many a time

the good, warm heart dissolved the icy wall, or some braver spirit broke it down; and who then so glad as he!

Though doubting and denying many things which other men believed, his sinking bark failed not to find the deeper sea; and to the last, I doubt not, he could say a large Amen to that superb denial of all fundamental doubts which one of our own poets flung one radiant morning, like a banner, to the breeze:—

"I do not doubt that the majesty and beauty of the world are latent in each iota of the world.

I do not doubt that there are realizations I have no idea of waiting for me through time and through the universe.

I do not doubt that the passionately wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of little children are provided for.

I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere, at any time, is provided for in the inherencies of things."

Ay, in the bosom of the Eternal God and Father of all, in whom we live and move and have our being, to whom be the glory forever!

REV. HELEN G. PUTNAM.

At the communion service held at the Church of the Disciples the first Sunday in December, Rev. Charles G. Ames paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Rev. Helen G. Putnam, the word of whose death had just reached him. Miss Putnam's noble work is said to have been inspired by the influences she received some years ago at the Church of the Disciples.

Such a soul would draw inspiration from some source as naturally as a child draws breath or a plant seeks sunlight. The Church of the Disciples rejoices in its share, with other heavenly influences, in feeding the springs of a noble woman's life.

"Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives."

THE CALHOUN SETTLEMENT.

Calhoun desires to report a few facts about its school farm and neighborhood work (leaving much unsaid). Two hundred and fifty students in on November 1. Some delay in the cotton field. School kept by the overseer. Eight academic and five industrial teachers on hand, in training and in earnest. Girls on the grounds, studying, and using the broom, the wash-tub, the ironing-board, the oven, dish-pan, needle, etc., for the cabin house that is to be. Boys on grounds have filled the barn to bursting with good things. They are digging for gold with hoes and shovels, and finding it. Class-room work in the eighth year "Elementary Course" never more satisfactory,—from kindergarten to new and first Senior Class.

Mr. Lemon's farm report will appear in the *Southern Workman*: \$3,000 worth of stuff from sixty acres, not a dollar spent for commercial fertilizer. One-third of an acre of artichokes, cost \$5, yields \$500 in hog food. Compost heap, worth \$750, 1,503 one-horse loads. Twenty-five acres of peas and melilotus for building up the land. Cost of farm per year, \$1,186. New cow-house (built by friend in Somerville) and new poultry-house. Increase of hogs, from two to thirty-four. Experiment acre of cotton yields about one-half bale of lint, this cotton being put into pillows for students, and object-lessons in tufted mattress-making to be given to the mothers. \$800 worth of eggs, milk, chicken, bacon, potatoes, syrup, etc., with promise of much more another year. Abundant garden yield in summer. Drought has killed the winter vegetables.

Farmers' conference vigorous. October meeting statistics showed more food-raising, less debt, and determination to buy land and escape from the new slavery of debtor-farming. Land company formed during summer, shares at \$10. \$60 deposited in bank November 1. Movement of population on to eighty acres for sale near school. Thrifty Negroes bound to have their children near the school.

This land selling at \$50 an acre, worth \$5 when school was started three years ago. Senior students making first payments, and determining to own land near the settlement. Last year very hard year in Alabama. Four and one-half cent cotton, yet \$600 in tuitions paid by scholars. Work students are doing more and more for younger brothers and sisters. Financial year began June 1. Last year cost \$20,000, about \$7,000 going to new buildings and furnishing them. Living things will grow, but Calhoun has all the buildings it wants now. It will remain a settlement on a modest financial basis.

We have balance—a small one—on the right side, to begin December with. Calhoun issues urgent appeal for \$6,000 to be paid in by January 1, that it may not be crippled, and may, during the balance of the school year, pay as it goes, and allow both principals to be at work in Calhoun. The writer is kept North by needs of securing money. He asks to be sent South soon. The expensive part of the school year is

upon us. We trust the friends of the past, and expect new ones. A special effort is being made just now to get churches to give \$50 scholarships. One church gave three of these last week. The National Alliance has heartily indorsed Calhoun, and urges the Branches in the various churches to give Montana School money to this settlement among the plantation Negroes of the Black Belt.

We are deeply in need of large and immediate help, and we believe it will come. Pray do not disappoint the boys and girls and fathers and mothers of Calhoun.

PITT DILLINGHAM.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

The only new book this week is an English book that is highly recommended, "The Life of Robert Rodolph Suffield," who left the Catholic Church and became a Unitarian in 1870. The book contains an account of his experiences, and also his conferences and correspondence with Dr. Martineau, who, it seems, was his counselor in the trials through which he passed in making the change. 327 pages. \$1.25, net.

FINANCES.

The question of church contributions is at present the all-absorbing one at these rooms. It is, of course, too early to determine fully the results that we may reach; but enough has been learned from the collections thus far reported to show continued financial depression, or, what is more likely, to show that the real interest in our work has not yet become intense enough to affect the "pocket nerve." The "financial depression" is a very convenient excuse; but, even accepting it as an actual fact, it is not an adequate excuse. Suppose it does require a sacrifice to keep up the contributions: what has ever been gained that was worth having that did not cost a sacrifice of something? Contributions that represent only what can be conveniently spared represent nothing in the way of love for the work. "The gift without the giver is bare."

This is the time when we shall learn the real estimate in which the second great commandment is held by our churches and the people in them. The ministers are all mixed up with this emergency. The methods pursued, the word spoken from the pulpit and in personal conversation, the careful canvass of the congregation so that all may be given an opportunity to contribute,—these duties are all within his jurisdiction, and largely dependent upon his performance. There is no man or woman who bears the name of Unitarian, or who sympathizes with our work, that is not directly responsible for the manner in which this duty is met. Nor does the duty end with a contribution: it extends to the use of one's influence over others, that they, too, may be induced to do their duty. It is absurd to say that our churches have given all they can afford to give to our missionary work: almost any local charity can command more contributions than are given to the missionary work. The vast majority of our people will spend more money in pleasure or luxuries in one month than they give to this cause in two years. It is not poverty of purse, it is poverty of spirit, that prevents the coming of the kingdom; and it is time that the poor, hungry spirit took, at least, a "light lunch" of love, so that it might get strength enough to do at least a small part of its plain duty. The trouble is that we have so many men and women who have not even a "bowing acquaintance" with duty. It is to be hoped that the contributions that shall come in after this will bear evidence of greater respect for the principles which we are so fond of preaching, and which we take so much pride in pointing to as ours.

VISITS.

Sunday, December 1, Beverly, Mass., one of the old parishes, organized in 1667. An address upon "Our Denominational Work" to a good congregation. What a gain it would be to us all if these splendid old churches scattered through New England would take up this missionary work of ours with the zeal, the enthusiasm, with the spirit of self-sacrifice, which used to be put into "Foreign Missions," by our orthodox friends! Why is it that superstition and unbelief must be in a foreign land to entitle it to the continued, sustained attacks by those that are opposed to them? I hope this old church in Beverly will lead off in a crusade against Paganism at home, and begin by a good subscription to our missionary work, which has just this thing in hand. December 2, 10.30 A.M., Ministers' Monday Club. Dr. Herron of Iowa College gave a remarkable address, full of suggestion, intense, powerful. Dr. Herron occupies an advanced position in his view of the mission which Jesus came to accomplish. It is difficult to locate, or, rather, to classify Dr. Herron denominationally: he may not be willing to be classified as a Unitarian; but there is no reason why he should not be so classified, as he is emphatically on the side of the "Two Great Commandments." But, while it is true

that he can be a Unitarian if he wants to be, it would be absolutely unreasonable to classify him as "orthodox." To hear him once is to make one want to hear him again. Whatever may be thought of his theories, no one can listen to him without the unqualified conviction that he is in "dead earnest" about what he says.

December 2, 1 P.M., Cambridge Ministers' Association. An interesting paper by Rev. W. H. Johnson, and a prolonged and edifying discussion. December 2, 7.30 P.M., "Starr King Club," East Boston. About fifty or sixty of East Boston's "solid men." A supper and a good time. If anybody says that men do not like to hear about religion, we can prove that it is not so by this very club.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

Mr. Dole's "Catechism of Liberal Faith" is meeting with a good sale. The paper-covered edition is well adapted for Post-office Mission work. Price in cloth, 35 cents a copy; \$3.50 per dozen. Paper covers, 20 cents a copy; \$1.80 per dozen.

The usual Channing Hall "Talk" will be held at 25 Beacon Street on next Saturday, December 7, at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject treated will be Lesson XIII., "The Laborers in the Vineyard." All cordially invited.

The reprints of "Christmas Services" for sale by the Unitarian Sunday School Society are every way acceptable in exercises and music. No new service is issued this year, but the old ones seem to meet almost every want. They are the issues of 1888, 1892, and 1894. Price 5 cents a copy; \$4 per hundred.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

MRS. LAURA ORMISTON CHANT will speak at the North End Union, 20 Parmenter Street, next Sunday, at 3.15 P.M. All are cordially invited.

REV. WALTER KNIGHT of Clifton Springs, New York, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

THE next meeting of the Norfolk and Middlesex (Mass.) Ministerial Association will be held with Rev. Philip Thacher of Needham on Wednesday, December 11, at 11 A.M. Rev. George W. Cooke will be present to confer with the members in regard to young people's societies and the new "Guild Services," after which the reading and criticism of sermons will be in order.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. James De Normandie will conduct the Wednesday noon service on December 11.

Ministers' Monday Club, December 9, 10.30 A.M.: Rev. W. H. Savary will preside. Rev. Leverett R. Daniels will give the address on the question, "Why do not People attend Church?"

Bulfinch Place Church (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Rev. Minot J. Savage will speak on Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, upon "The Business Man."

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): The Sunday evening services are continuing with success. Next Sunday evening Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will speak on "A Look Ahead." Music by Mrs. Jennie Crocker Follett, soprano, and Mr. Leon Van Vliet, 'celloist. All seats free, and a welcome to all.

Arlington Street Church Branch: The ladies of the Arlington Street Branch of the Women's Alliance have arranged for Miss Charlotte W. Hawes to give her extremely interesting lecture on "The Music of the Bells," for their benefit. It is to be illustrated by the remarkable Shipp Brothers, with their wonderful bells, besides voices with bell accompaniment. This will be a unique entertainment, and one quite fitting to this Branch, there being a chime of bells on their church. It is hoped that the ladies of other Branches will take an interest, as they will be well repaid, and their support will encourage those interested in this good cause. The lecture and concert will be given at Copley Hall, Grundmann Studios, Clarendon Street, on Monday afternoon, December 9, at three o'clock. Tickets \$1.50 each, to be had of the Oliver Ditson Company, 453 Washington Street, and at Kelley & Durkee's, 392 Boylston Street.

ATHOL, MASS.—A union service of the First and Second Unitarian Churches was held in the Second Unitarian Church last

Sunday evening, when Mr. George W. Stone of Boston, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, gave an address upon the organization and work of the Unitarian Church. Both of the local churches were represented in the presence of their pastors and of a full congregation. It was an inspiring service, splendidly assisted by the quartette of the Second Unitarian Church. A collection was taken, the suggestion of the pastors, as a free-will offering from the two churches to the Association. This is apart from the larger annual offering of each of these churches.—*Chronicle*, November 28.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. Minot Osgood Simons of Billerica will preach in the First Parish Church on Sunday next, December 8.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The ladies of All Souls' Church are preparing for a sale the middle of December, to help raise money for our much needed work. Contributions from friends everywhere will be gladly received, directed to Mrs. E. H. Price, President Women's Alliance, 404 Georgia Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—The Unitarian church of this city has called Rev. W. A. Pratt of Keokuk, Ia., to its pastorate, at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Those who know Mr. Pratt's admirable work at Keokuk will congratulate Colorado Springs if it secures his services.

DENVER, COL.—Unity Church has given a call to Rev. G. W. Cutter of Newport, R.I., to become its pastor at a salary of \$3,500 a year. There is a strong hope that Mr. Cutter will accept, and that, under his leadership, the church will have renewed prosperity.

HYDE PARK, MASS.—The class of young men in the church of this place, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. A. G. Pettingill, is showing much interest both by attendance and work. The church has been recently supplied with a new set of hymnals and psalms, and the Sunday-school with a new service and song book. The praise and thanksgiving service was helpful to all.

LOWELL, MASS.—The new Unitarian movement, fostered by Rev. George C. Wright outside of and unrelated to his other ministry in Lowell, is progressing well. "It started fifteen months ago in the request of some young men, mostly skilled mechanics, and having no church relations, that he give them some talks on Unitarianism. They hired a disused school building, which Hon. A. P. Bonney of this city rented to them at a low rental. This was fitted up simply and artistically, and named the Unity Congregational Church. There is in it a good gymnasium, of which Axel Pallander de Vega, a Swedish instructor, has the charge, also reading and dressing rooms, and a large lecture hall adorned with pictures and statuary. In the latter hall are held the church services on Sunday evening. There has been no advertising of the services beyond the usual Sunday notices. The congregations are not remarkably large, but are steadily increasing. The past year's expenses were fully met by the members, and this year additions are being made to the furnishings and to the gymnasium."

MADISON, WIS.—Madison is experiencing a genuine revival of interest. The morning congregations number upwards of two hundred, while the evening audiences tax the full capacity of the church. The "Contemporary Club" has outgrown the parlors, and is forced to meet in the main auditorium. For the first time in the history of the church its minister, Rev. W. D. Simonds, is invited to preach the Union Thanksgiving sermon in the Methodist Episcopal church. A Southern Wisconsin Ministers' Association has recently been organized, to which ministers of all denominations were invited. The Unitarian ministers of Madison and Janesville were cordially welcomed by their orthodox brothers, and Mr. Simonds was made one of the committee to draft the constitution. "Verily, the world does move."

MANKATO, MINN.—The Mankato *Free Press* of November 19 has a full account of Unitarian services held in that place by Rev. W. R. Lord of St. Paul and Rev. Carlton F. Brown of St. Cloud. Other meetings are announced to follow. Mankato is the most important town in the State in which there is no liberal church.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.—The work of the Friendly Aid Society of All Souls' Church has been practical and suggestive. Their programme of work shows how thoroughly the workers have studied the needs of the district which they have taken in charge, and how earnestly they are applying themselves to the difficult task of improving the conditions there. The new Friendly Aid House on 84th Street was formally opened on the evening of Novem-

ber 25. Ex-Mayor Hewitt, Rev. Lyman Abbott, John Harsen Rhoades, and others addressed the meeting; and a reception was held, while the house was open for inspection. A fine gymnasium with shower-baths, a lunch-room, to be made in the evenings a rival attraction to the saloons of the neighborhoods, a beautiful Assembly Hall, and a roof garden are among its many attractions. Rev. Frederick J. Gauld, the assistant minister of All Souls', is secretary of the Friendly Aid Society, and is in charge of its important and interesting work.

The liberal ministers of New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity, at their monthly meeting, December 2, unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That the death of Rev. Octavius Brooks Frothingham takes from our fellowship one who was for many years a preacher and teacher of remarkable culture and intelligence, independence, and sincerity, a pulpit orator second to none among us in the force and beauty of his speech, a fearless advocate of the good causes of his day, a herald of the coming truths, of the new science and religion, and one who, by his manly protest against our defective liberality, did much to make it more consistent and complete,—as broad as his own intellectual and moral sympathies."

NORTHBORO, MASS.—The ancient and notable First Church in Northboro has found in Josiah C. Kent, who graduated from Meadville last June, the minister who is to continue its good work. Already he has begun his labors, but will not be installed for a few weeks yet. The union promises to be both profitable and lasting.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A highly interesting event was the union Thanksgiving service at the First Church, in which joined that and the Spring Garden Unitarian societies with the New Jerusalem Church and the Rodef Shalom Synagogue. The rabbi of the latter, Rev. Henry Berkowitz, D.D., preached an eloquent sermon, full of a noble spirit of good will and religious liberality. He traced the progress of the principle of liberalism from early times in Europe, when all men were enemies, every castle a fort and robber's stronghold, through the period of developing commercialism, which his own people did so much to promote, and which carried not only the wares, but the ideas, of each country into every other, down to the present era, in which liberalism is becoming a recognized ideal, and gaining practical recognition in the relations of peoples and the constitutions of States.

He predicted, not the effacement of religious distinctions or associations, but the cordial union in spirit and in all good works of religious men, of every creed, of which the present service was an omen. A large audience, filling the ample church, in which representatives of the Old and of the New Jerusalem mingled with Unitarians and orthodox Christians, listened with close attention and many tokens of cordial sympathy to this remarkable discourse. Rev. William L. Worcester, pastor of the New Jerusalem Church, joined with Rev. Mr. Nichols and Rev. Mr. May in the devotional exercises. The impressiveness of the occasion was heightened by very beautiful special music. It was sincerely felt by many that this delightful service marked a new era in religion.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Rev. Stanley M. Hunter, formerly of the First Unitarian Society, Salt Lake City, has been delivering his lecture, "The New State of Utah," illustrated with many beautiful stereopticon views, at various points in Oregon. It is not improbable that he may be seen East with his lecture before long.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Rev. W. R. Lord and the trustees of Unity Church have taken the initiative in raising money for the relief of Armenian sufferers, and the citizens of St. Paul are responding to their appeals.

TORONTO, ONT.—By invitation of the Public School Teachers' Association of the city, Rev. H. H. Woude, the minister of the First Unitarian Church, is delivering before the teachers a course of five Shaksperian lectures. This has led to his further engagement by the authorities of the Provincial School of Pedagogy to deliver three lectures—two on Shaksperian subjects, and one on Robert Browning—before the students, as a substitute of Prof. Goldwin Smith. The programme of Unity Club of the First Church shows a wide variety of subjects chosen.

WESTERLY, R.I.—The movement which was begun in this town three Sundays ago has in it much that is interesting and much that promises success. A number of lifelong Unitarians are taking hold, and those to whom our thought is new exhibit a quite pathetic eagerness to learn about it. The people gathered in groups around Rev. Mr. Lombard, Mr. A. M. Howe, and the superintendent, and plied them with questions or expressed their sympathy. Some

of the leading people in the town were present, including merchants, the chairman of the town council, and manufacturers. The second service, on the 24th of November, was conducted by the superintendent; and last Sunday Rev. H. M. Mott of Providence preached on "Soundly Saved."

WINONA, MINN.—The Unitarian church has invited Mr. Joseph Cady Allen, late of the Meadville Theological School, to its pastorate. Mr. Allen's ordination is set for December 11. Winona is to be congratulated on securing a young man of such ability and earnestness as Mr. Allen to work for liberal Christianity.

General Religious Notes.

A prominent Protestant citizen of Petersburg, Va., has given \$250 for the purpose of a memorial window to be placed in St. Joseph's Church now in course of erection in that city, "to the glory of God and in honor of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons."

The bishop of Liverpool, while recently presiding over a diocesan conference, urged a needed reform of the Lower House of Convocation in both provinces, the reform of ecclesiastical courts, and a revival of order and godly discipline in matters of doctrine and discipline, a reform and reconstruction of the canons, and a larger recognition of the rights of laymen in the management of the affairs of the Church. The position of the laity was nothing more nor less than a rag and remnant of popery.

The first Russian Orthodox Church has recently been consecrated in the Mohammedan Transcaspian province, not far from Geoktopo. It is intended for the use of three of the new Russian colonies. Gen. Kuropolkin, after the ceremony, cautioned the Russian congregation to live at peace with their Mohammedan neighbors and fellow-subjects. "Although," he said, "they are not Christians, they are just as much human beings as yourselves. I hope that in all your dealings with them you will show by your peaceful temper that you are not Christians in name only."

The first congress of the Dutch Reformed Church has been recently held at Amsterdam. The number of societies and consistories represented gave the assembly especial importance, and its success surpassed all expectation. The great National Church discussed for the first time the question of the attitude which it ought to take toward social questions. The congress is divided into eight sections, which have studied the practical questions of the struggle against alcoholism, the line of political policy which it should follow regarding the different parties, reports of capital and labor, and similar subjects.

The New York *Witness* reports a remarkable ride made by a pioneer priest, Father John Begley, stationed at Kingman, Kan. A lady from New York was dying at the ranch of her son in the wilds of Texas, and Father Begley was sent for to give her the consolation of religion. "The distance was three hundred and ten miles. One hundred and sixty miles of this distance was over the wild prairies of Western Oklahoma, No Man's Land, and Northern Texas. Six relays of horses had been arranged for him by the ranchmen along the route from the end of the railroad at Englewood, Kan. He rode the entire one hundred and sixty miles in twenty-one hours and thirty minutes, and arrived at the ranch five hours before the sick woman became unconscious. He ate nothing during the ride, and took only one drink of water."

The returns which have been received from the Methodist conferences show that the delegates have voted for the admission of women to the General Conference. As far as heard from, the vote stands 4,365 for and 1,662 against it. The amendment has therefore received the constitutional number of votes to pass it.

"The order of King's Daughters," says the *Troy Times*, "organized nine years ago in New York City by ten women, now has a membership of more than four hundred thousand. One of its rules is 'to perform all services as silently as possible, not to talk about them unless it is necessary in order to stimulate others to do likewise, to forget the good done as quickly as possible, and move forward to the next opportunity.'"

Rev. William H. O'Connell of St. Joseph's Church, West End, Boston, will be the rector of the American College, Rome, in succession to his namesake, Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, who lately resigned the office.

On November 25 nine new cardinals were created at Rome. It is noticeable that six of these belong to other countries than Italy. Among them are Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate to this country. Of the three Italians about to be elevated to the Sacred College, two, according to the *Pilot*, belong to the lowest orders.

Mgr. Francesco Satolli, who has just been created a cardinal, was born of a modest village family in July, 1839, at Marciano,

in Umbria, and in the Diocese of Perugia. An elder brother of his entered on the ecclesiastical career; and he himself, who was gifted with ready talent and a good disposition, followed his brother. At the age of twelve years he was admitted into the Bishop's Seminary at Perugia. He was distinguished in literary and philosophical studies, and has held various positions of responsibility.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Nov. 6. Bequest of the late Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester.....	\$2,000.00
" 7. Society in Belmont, additional.....	65.00
" 11. Society in Concord, on account.....	500.00
" 11. Society in Mendon.....	14.25
" 12. New York League of Unitarian Women.....	10.00
" 16. Legacy of the late Mrs. Anne M. Sweetser of Boston as final payment.....	1,913.14
" 18. Society in South Natick.....	36.25
" 19. Mrs. Otis Norcross, Boston.....	100.00
" 22. Society in Lawrence, additional (in all \$77).....	67.00
" 22. Society in Arlington.....	228.00
" 22. First Congregational Church, Athol.....	20.00
" 23. Society in Milford, N.H.....	17.07
" 25. Society in Ware.....	10.00
" 26. Society in Framingham, on account.....	131.00
" 26. Society in Trenton, N.Y.....	40.00
" 27. Society in Milton.....	502.00
" 27. Friends in Athol.....	10.71
" 29. Society in Waltham.....	298.00

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Business Notices.

For Irritation of the Throat caused by Cold or use of the voice "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are exceedingly beneficial.

A positive necessity for evening work of any kind is a strong, steady light; and there is none better than the Miller Lamp affords.

Only a Few Offered.—We doubt if there is a better suggestion for a Christmas gift at an expenditure of \$10 than the special Christmas Writing Desk described elsewhere by the Paine Furniture Company. Our readers should not overlook one important fact in connection with these desks,—namely, that the number is limited; and immediate application is necessary to secure one at this special price.

Holiday Tours to Washington and Atlanta.—A special holiday tour via Royal Blue Line leaves Boston for Washington, D.C., Thursday, December 26. Trip occupies seven days, and rate covering hotel accommodations and every expense is but \$23. On same date a party leaves Boston for the Atlanta Exposition, stopping at Philadelphia, Luray, Natural Bridge, Chattanooga, etc. Time occupied, ten days; rate \$58. Both parties personally conducted. For itineraries, address A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

Journeys through Old Mexico.—Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's programme of travel through the Southern States, Mexico, and California cannot be equalled either in extent or variety, or in the completeness of the arrangements made for the comfort and well-being of their parties while en route. They have arranged for two parties the present winter, the dates of departure from Boston being January 23 and February 13. Elegant trains of palace vestibule sleeping and dining cars will be employed, thus providing every comfort and luxury for the journey. Both parties will visit New Orleans, the second one being there at the time of the *Mardi Gras* carnival. Full particulars of these comprehensive tours are given in a circular, which will be furnished free to any applicant by Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In Cambridge, 26th ult., Susan Elizabeth Chapman, eldest daughter of Lucy A. and the late Francis L. Chapman.

Chandler & Co.

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FAITH REBORN.

"The old gods pass," the cry goes round,
 "Lo! how their temples strew the ground";
 Nor mark we where, on new-fledged wings,
 Faith, like the phoenix, soars and sings.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

BY EX-GOVERNOR HOWARD OF RHODE ISLAND.

Although brought up and still remaining within the Congregational fold, I have long been a warm admirer of the works of Rev. Minot J. Savage. Recently I have happened upon a volume of his which had before escaped my attention, and which I have perused with such a degree of satisfaction that I am impelled to the effort to revive its contents in the minds of those who were once familiar with the work, and to attract to a contemplation of them, from the intelligent and thoughtful class, those who, like me, have been hitherto strangers to these particular papers of Mr. Savage.

Like most of the teaching of the distinguished author, the subject is treated argumentatively, and may be stated generally as a demonstration in concrete form of the existence of God, our certain possibility of access to him, and the duty and satisfaction resulting from a constant and practical recognition of this nearness. As it is not my purpose to enter upon a review of the entire subject, I content myself with a reference specially to the primary and most important contention,—God's existence proved. So far as I am aware, in this Mr. Savage has not only invaded a new field, but has made a pronouncement which may well arouse, not to say startle, the most profound thinkers on religious subjects. It is to be observed that the treatment makes no requisition upon revelation; neither does it summon to its aid any collateral support in the direction of abstract or metaphysical reasoning. It postulates certain admitted, well-understood facts,—solid facts, and from these, proceeding along a direct line, without aberration or assumption, arrives at the ultimate conclusion so clearly and distinctly that the candid reader is forced to concur. To illustrate, starting with the idea, or, rather, fact, that the child's first act of cognition is the knowledge that there are two things,—itself and something outside of itself,—its next step is the discovery that this not-self is the wonderful world, presenting itself in many wonderful aspects. It then realizes that this which is outside of itself is beyond its control, but that it is controlled by it. Its existence preceded that of the child, and will continue after its death. In some mysterious way out of it we must have come,—not only our bodies, but our minds as well. Out of it has come all that we call life,—foot and hand and brain; and, out of the brain, thought, feeling, love, fear, and hate,—not only an animal that hungers, but a Shakspeare who thinks, a Jesus who thrills the centuries. Whether we call this power a "he" or an "it," it is that which has made us, and not we ourselves. We must obey its laws: in its favor there is life, in its anger is death. Whether we call it God or world or universe or being, whatever it is, it is an ever-existing law unto us. How old is it? We cannot possibly conceive of its beginning or its ending. Therefore, it is, as to us, eternal. This much is proved: everything but ourselves is outside of us. It is not controlled by us, but controls us. Out of it we have come, and into it we must return. Obeying its laws, we live: in the infraction of them is death. And it is eternal.

To proceed a step further, as we cannot know its beginning or ending, so we do not know its limit. Take the wings of light, and travel to the farthest star, the light of which has been thousands of years in reaching the world, and, when you arrive, there are suns and stars and worlds an unmeasured distance beyond. This Being, then, is not only eternal, but infinite. Not only is it infinite, but it is omnipotent. In a drop of water there is a chemical power equal to that which is manifested by the flash of lightning that streams athwart the sky and the thunder that reverberates through the heavens. Consider the power of gravitation, how it holds the moon and all the little orbs of light in their places. All of this power resides in this Being which is outside of us, and so we stand face to face with an Omnipotent Being.

Again, this Being, which used to be wor-

shipped in the ten thousand forms of polytheism, is now known to be essentially one, not many. "The grandest result of modern science is the demonstration of the unity of the universe." And the time seems to be approaching with swiftness when it will be settled that the whole material universe is of one substance. The doctrine of the conservation of force settles it that there is but one power in the universe, all the varieties being but different manifestations of this one. As Tennyson has it, "One law, one element."

The progress of an intelligent purpose is distinctly traceable from the beginning until now. Therefore, this Being has knowledge. It may not be like human intelligence, but it has a purpose which has run through all the ages.

Whatever this Being is, it has inspired the minds and souls of men. It has inspired sentiments of awe, of worship and reverence. If all is material, how can a pile of dead matter inspire one to bow down and worship that which contains nothing but that which is dull, inert, insensible? It is impossible to conceive of a sense of the sublime in connection with such a thing. Nobody can feel like going down on his knees to anything like this. The sentiment of aspiration is called out by a sense of the grand and magnificent.

Having shown that the Being that constitutes all outside of ourselves is self-existent, eternal, infinite, out of whose life we have come, a Being controlling us by its laws, a Being omnipotent, a Being that is one, a Being that can inspire awe, reverence, and aspiration, he asks, "Now, then, shall we call this Being God, or shall we call it Nature, or shall we call it Law or Power or Universe?" He then proceeds to show in terms of great power and eloquence, which can be only alluded to in a communication of this nature, that no other than a God of the high attributes with which our God is invested by us can possibly answer all these requirements. In this part of this remarkable paper the reasoning of the author is as close and direct and as irrefragable as in that to which I have referred more at length. And I am free to say that to me the argument is absolutely convincing and satisfying. It is because of this, and because I believe that it will be so to any intelligent, candid reader, that I have endeavored to enlist and re-enlist public attention.

Be it observed, there is nothing in the work which can be objected to by the most bigoted sectarian. There is nothing in the least degree polemical. It comes within the purview, not only of all Christian denominations, but of the entire human race. It touches the foundations of Buddhism and of Islamism, and every faith that is based on the concept of a divine Fatherhood. Although, as is the case with all of the productions of Mr. Savage, the subject is treated with a degree of simplicity and lucidity befitting a work intended to reach the common mind, it is my special desire to attract to the consideration of it that large class of thoughtful, cultured, and philosophic thinkers now concerned, as never before, in matters of religious and theological inquiry.

ECHOES OF THE CONFERENCE.

A correspondent in Kalamazoo, Mich., writes:—

"I write a line just to say that I could do excellent work with a number of the *Christian Registers* of October 31, those which contain a number of the sermons delivered at the Conference in Washington. I took one number to my Bible class last Sunday, and read Mr. Savage's sermon. I thought it was the best thing I could do; and a number spoke to me, saying: 'Oh, can I get that paper? I want to send that paper to such and such a one.'"

A UNIVERSALIST OPINION.

A correspondent, a Universalist, writes: "I see that Dr. Atwood of Canton has tried hard to say some smart things derogatory to Mr. Savage's sermon, preached at the late National Unitarian Conference. As one born into the Universalist church, and who has been in its ministry even longer than Dr. Atwood, I have very different opinion of Mr. Savage's sermon. To me it was a simple and yet a masterly statement of the most vital truths of religion and theology. If some of these things, or all of them, are old, they are also forever new. They never can be 'old straws.' The mode of threshing them may be such as to get no wheat from them. Mr. Savage seemed to succeed in getting an abundant harvest of noble and

inspiring thought out of these truths. No more rational, hopeful, helpful, and inspiring sermon has been preached. Mr. Savage has given these truths a modern setting. He has put them into new relations. He has adjusted them to the present time, to the environment of modern progress and modern scientific methods of thought. It represents the broadest and best and bravest and most progressive type of Unitarianism, and of Universalism as well.

"I have not only read this sermon with great care, and with deep interest and admiration, but have also read every word of the twenty-five or thirty addresses made at the Conference; and, in our judgment, for number, variety, and importance of the themes, and for the able manner in which they were treated, no public religious body in America has, in the same way, done such a conspicuous, able, and illustrious service to the cause of truth and righteousness, and to the interests of freedom and progress in religion. It gives us pleasure to hold honestly such a judgment of the work of our Unitarian brethren.

"JAMES GORTON."

Literature.

"THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY."*

It is difficult to write a satisfactory review of Dr. Gordon's book within the limits that must here be observed. There are so many things to say that one hardly knows how to select the few things for which space is allowed. The whole book is wonderfully fresh and suggestive. It is written in a spirit of entire candor worthy the highest praise, and is plainly the fruit both of wide reading and of profound thought. One feels that in every part of it it is the work of a vigorous, clear-seeing, and manly mind.

With a great deal of it—perhaps with almost the whole of it—every reasonable Unitarian will find himself in entire agreement. To begin with, the book abounds in generous tributes to the worth of the work that has been done by the great leaders of the Unitarian movement. From no other author having a standing within "orthodox" ranks have come such words of sincere and intelligent appreciation of what these leaders have accomplished. Not once or twice only, but again and again, acknowledgment is made of the debt owed by all enlightened thought of the present time to men like Channing and Martineau and Hedge.

Traditional Orthodoxy is disposed of in even more vigorous terms than the Unitarian commonly employs. All partialistic schemes of salvation are utterly repudiated and abandoned. Even modified Calvinism is said to embody an "ultimate blasphemy of thought." God is for humanity, we are told, not for a mere remnant of the race. All men are, in their spiritual being, sons of God; and "salvation is righteousness." Progress toward the kingdom of heaven is an ethical movement; and whoever is outside this moral movement, "in this world and all other worlds, is outside salvation."

All this is so plainly the gospel which Unitarians are trying to preach, and is set forth with such fervor and depth of conviction, that points of disagreement might be easily forgotten or ignored. But one has some curiosity to see what root of difference or wall of division may be left, and it is as well perhaps to indulge that curios-

* THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY. By George A. Gordon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ity to a moderate extent. Dr. Gordon has spoken his mind about Unitarians with perfect frankness, both in criticism and in commendation. No doubt he expects an equal frankness in return.

The difference between the two schools of thought first comes into view in what he has to say of the kingdom of Christ and the kingdom of the spirit. He insists that these two kingdoms are, and must be, co-extensive and identical; but in Unitarian thought they are not necessarily the same. We are shown a line of thinking, through Fichte, Carlyle, and Emerson, which maintains that the kingdom of Christ is something other than the kingdom of the Spirit. Christ is in the latter "as superlative servant, but not as king." And then we are told that persons who think thus have "parted company with historic Christianity." If this be a charge of heresy, it is gently made; but what else can it mean?

The first answer is that here is no more a break with historic Christianity than Dr. Gordon himself has made. He dissents entirely from what he calls the "historic declaration that the Eternal is for a portion of mankind, and against the rest," basing his dissent upon what he believes to be the consciousness of Christ. The Unitarian does not believe that Christ claimed to be equal with God, or that historic Christianity lays upon him any obligation to hold the kingdom of Christ identical with a possibly larger kingdom of the Spirit.

If men had been thinking up till this present time that the sun was the centre of the whole visible universe, and that all the stars were made manifest by his reflected light, they might now discover that our solar system does not include the whole firmament, without sacrificing any of their relations to the great source of earthly light and heat. That discovery would not call upon them to part company with the astronomy of the past, but would carry this science on to larger and nobler results. The Unitarian does not see how it makes much difference to the work of practical gardening whether or not the sun is believed to send its life-giving beams through universal space. He has some interest, however, in the question whether the Christian world is to go on making the belief that its sun of righteousness is the centre of the spiritual universe a test for fitness to be employed in the vineyard of the Lord. He more than suspects that this belief is now somewhat out of date, and that the result will be decidedly unfavorable henceforth if it stands as a condition of membership to the Church.

Dr. Gordon earnestly counsels the Unitarian movement to return to the "essential and eternal truth hidden in the old creeds," and to seek a "profounder interpretation of historic Christianity." It is good advice, though, in point of fact, the leaders of the movement have not so much abandoned this "meditation" as he would seem to imply. But what is this essential truth? Since Dr. Hedge, Unitarian thought has generally taken the side of Athanasius against the Arians, though its interpretation of that controversy does not bring it into agreement with Orthodoxy. Dr. Hedge taught that the idea of a divine humanity was the great idea sheltered and protected for a time by the dogma of the Trinity. If this be the true view to take, then the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus is not much more than the husk of a great truth.

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Perhaps the weakest part of this book is that portion which argues for the possible supreme divinity of Christ by a chain of reasoning which, apparently, might equally well be employed to prove the possible supreme divinity of any other great character in history. But Dr. Gordon says that "Christ gives the possible stature of every man"; and is not this the "essential truth hidden in the old creed"? As to the value of the idea of a divine humanity, it would be hard to find a better statement than the one here made: "Faith exults in our time over the kinship which it beholds between God and man, and well it may. An essential community of being between divinity and humanity is the great postulate of a reasonable religion. All knowledge of God, all profound trust, and all intelligent worship must depend upon the assumption that men are the children of the Infinite."

This, then, is the foundation. The Unitarian of the present day is not specially concerned with the truth or falsehood of beliefs that may be erected upon this foundation, and it is very desirable that this point should be made clear. His denial is that secondary beliefs can rightly be made fundamental. He does not say that the Trinity is altogether false doctrine, but he does say that it is not essential to Christian fellowship. Christendom is united in saying that God is one: must it go on to say that there are three persons in this one? This is the issue which yet remains to be tried to a conclusion. No one can deny the right of a Christian to make that affirmation if it appears to him to be truth. Can Christian fellowship rightly be denied to one who does not so affirm? Unhappily, this book does not declare itself on that point.

For the rest, the greatness of the mind of Christ, the weight of his influence in every department of modern life, the mine of spiritual riches existing in the Gospels not yet coined and made current in the life of the world, the hope and faith and cheer which every sincere Christian derives from his Master's precept and example,—all this is so convincingly set forth that we cry, Amen and amen! The Christ of to-day stands before us, the divinest figure in human history, and our greatest witness to the validity of the dearest hopes of mankind. Dr. Gordon has written one of the most helpful books of our generation. Perhaps, as time goes on, there may be reason to say to him, "Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies."

H. N. B.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: Copeland & Day. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's poem on Robert Louis Stevenson is not a cold, formal elegy. All through it there is the warmth of fervent admiration and personal affection. The only suggestion of chill in it is the questioning of immortality, and yet this is rather the more passionate appeal for revelation and light than the cold speculation of the agnostic. But of the immortality of Stevenson's fame he has no doubt.

"Strange craft of words, strange magic of the pen,
Whereby the dead still talk with living men;
Whereby a sentence, in its trivial scope,
May centre all we love and all we hope;
And in a couplet, like a rosebud furl'd,
Lie all the wistful wonder of the world.

"Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while love lasts, and honor, and the brave,
Has earth a grave,
O well-beloved, for you."

There is fine workmanship in the chiselling of this tombstone,—no rude, cemetery carving, but work fit for a cameo. About thirty other poems are added, written in a variety of keys, most of them in the major, but with that minor chord here and there which is needed in even the most cheerful of music. There are songs of love, and friendship, poems of nature, bits of philosophy in small frames of verse, and some sweet and hopeful psalms in which the faith of religion is sung in the gamut of the modern poet.

THE MOTTOES AND COMMENTARIES OF FRIEDRICH FROEBEL'S MOTHER PLAY. Mother Communings and Mottoes rendered into English verse by Henrietta R. Eliot. Prose Commentaries translated and accompanied with an introduction treating of the philosophy of Froebel by Susan E. Blow. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.—The *Register* has often had occasion to express its sense of the value of the "In-

ternational Education Series," with its systematic arrangement of the best educational writings, both old and new. Miss Blow is well known as a prominent kindergarten, equally familiar with the theory and the practice of Froebel's philosophy. Of her rendition of the prose Commentaries Prof. Harris says in the introduction: "This work is something more than a translation. The ideas of Froebel are transplanted into English, as if they had been thought and expressed here for the first time." Several of Mrs. Eliot's free translations of the mottoes have already appeared in the *Register*. She has skillfully interwoven with the substance of the original mottoes many of the ideas worked out in the Commentaries. This book is intended as the handbook for mothers or teachers, and a second volume will contain the songs and music which the children sing in their games.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS. By S. B. Crockett. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.—Mr. Crockett has matched his "Raiders" in producing this stirring tale of the old Covenanting days, when the later Stuarts persecuted the signers, and when Richard Cameron preached, and when John Graham of Claverhouse rode up and down among the poor Highlanders, devastating the country and hunting down his victims. The story is told in the first person, as a transcript from the papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun. The book is especially remarkable for certain great chapters which it contains, chief among these being that story, one of the most pathetic in all literature, of Westerhall frightening the little children, the drowning of gentle Margaret Wilson, the preaching at the great conventicle at Dee Water, the last charge at Ayr-moss, and finally the adventure of Maisie Lennox, Gordon's faithful sweetheart, who dresses herself as a man, stops the king's messenger, captures his despatches, writes the names of her father and lover in two blank pardons, and, riding to Edinburgh, saves the prisoners before the messenger can arrive. The book takes immediately high rank as an historically faithful novel, dramatic and living.

THE LIFE OF NANCY. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.—Miss Jewett shows no failure of invention in this last group of her stories. It is doubtful whether she has ever brought together the same number of more even excellence. We cannot help wondering at the fertility of her genius, and also to what extent she helps herself from observation and recollection, and to what extent she spins her thread from out her imagination. "Fame's Little Day" is one of the slightest of these stories, but it is a very jolly one. "The Only Rose" has a most interesting dénouement. How often do our grave debates come to such strange conclusions! but it is not often that the fates are so particularly kind in thwarting us. Miss Jewett is not given to tacking morals to her tales, or she would have found one here close to her hand, "Service of the living is the best remembrance of the dead." "All my Sad Captains" has very recently appeared in one of the magazines, where it was worth the subscription price for the whole year. We cannot be too grateful for a succession of stories so full of local color and of sweet humanity and delightful humor as are these.

DON. By the author of "Laddie," "Tip-Cat," "Pomona," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—To say that a book is by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" has come to mean that it is wholesome, bright, and pure, moving sometimes with a pathos that contains no hint of weakness, and merry with the genuine joy not unfamiliar even in common lives of common people. This book, which begins a second dozen, is like "Pomona" in that it is the story of a girl left motherless in babyhood and intrusted to the care of one who brings her up with all a mother's devotion. The love story is charmingly, because naturally, told. Miss Whateley is as dear as bonny Sybil herself; and rough, faithful Don certainly deserves his happiness in fiction, whether the same result would be as satisfactory to all in real life or not. It is good to have our story-writers hold up ideals of happiness that are not dependent on conventional values, and this is an additional reason why this book is especially to be recommended to girls.

A KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CROSS. By G. A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.—The boy of to-day who delights in tales of stirring adventure and heroic daring is rich indeed; for close to his hand are the books of Stanley Doyle, Conan Doyle, S. B. Crockett, and Robert Louis Stevenson, that unrivalled master of pure English. While Henty is not to be compared to these present masters of fiction, he must yet rank far above the many writers who concoct the stories of Indian warfare and hair-breadth escapes in order to gratify the taste for something sensational and melodramatic. There is nothing to be regretted in the fact that such stories as "The Knight of the White Cross" are popular with boys. It is

a tale of the siege of Rhodes, when the Knights of Saint John were the great bulwark of Christendom against the invading Turks in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a good story, and has many points that might be selected for especial mention.

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he is run over, and obliged to have his leg amputated, she is able to pay the debt of gratitude in kind. It would be impossible to write of life among New York newsboys without introducing plenty of slang and bad English; but it cannot be denied that Mr. Otis is generally considered a popular writer, and that he tries always to encourage manliness and sympathy among his small readers.

CUORE: AN ITALIAN SCHOOL-BOY'S JOURNAL. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.—De Amicis is known best to Americans as a traveller whose charming books on different countries are a pleasant alternative to Baedeker. But in Italy his "Cuore" is more popular than any other of his writings. Miss Hapgood's translation was made ten years ago. We are told that upwards of one hundred and twenty-five editions have appeared in that time. This school-boy's journal is made up of a series of charming little stories calculated to inspire heroism, patriotism, manliness, industry, kindness, and courage. The new edition is illustrated with twenty-one full-page cuts, and ought to be popular among American school-boys.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF GOOD MEN AND GREAT. By Elbert Hubbard. Published in New York and London by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—We have in this volume brief sketches of many of the eminent English writers, "the background being washed in with impression of the scenes and surroundings made sacred by the lives of certain good men and great." It contains much fresh matter, including personal incidents and facts. The book bears the stamp of the author's mind, and is full of virile thought. The incidents are told in a vivid style, and there is a vein of strong and vigorous thought running through the whole, which is both suggestive and stimulating. It is a book of unusual interest.

POETS' DOGS. Collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This collection of poems about dogs shows thorough search and careful selection. From the "Mahabharata," the Greek of Anaxeas, and the Latin of Virgil, down to the recent poetry of Richard Burton and Willis Boyd Allen, these short poems are taken, testifying to the love of these friends of mankind. Mrs. Browning's "Flush," Sir Walter's "Lufra," and Cowper's "Beau" hold equal place with dogs less celebrated or others who have lived only in the poet's fancy. It is a charming book for children, and humane societies will find it a useful ally.

WHERE HIGHWAYS CROSS. By J. S. Fletcher. With illustrations by Jayton Symington. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.—The author of "When Charles the First was King" has given us in this volume a story which abounds with vivid descriptions of events and persons. It is chiefly a love-story, and the chief characters are well drawn. It portrays the growth of affection in Hepworth, and the constancy of woman's love in Elizabeth, and has touches both of pathos and tragedy. The sentiment of the book is wholesome.

WASHINGTON IN LINCOLN'S TIME. By Noah Brooks. The Century Company.—Mr. Brooks was a newspaper correspondent in Washington during the Civil War, and a personal friend of President Lincoln at that time. In this volume he has given us personal recollections of Lincoln and his household members of his cabinet, and describes graphically the course of events, and introduces pen-portraits and historical incidents of interest and value. It is a good contribution to our war history.

LYRE AND LANCET: A STORY IN SCENES. By F. Anstey. New York: Macmillan & Co. (\$1.25).—In amusingly ambiguous conversation and clever situations Mr. Anstey always succeeds, particularly in this little book. The horse doctor and the poet become hopelessly mixed up, to the embarrassment of the other characters and the delight of the reader. The fun lasts a little too long, perhaps; and there are over many characters. The apt illustrations are a strong point of the book.

THE HELEN JACKSON YEAR BOOK. Selected by Harriet T. Perry. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—From the rich mine of Helen Jackson's writings are gathered a few gems of thought, both in poetry and prose, suited for each day, and put in the form of a Year Book. The selections are both suggestive and helpful, and are well fitted to uplift and stimulate thought and lighten the burdens of daily life.

THE RABBIT WITCH, AND OTHER TALES. By Katharine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West Twenty-third Street. The children will welcome this dainty volume, with its series of tales told in verse, and fitly illustrated. The table of contents gives a varied list of stories told in verse, with illustrations, both of which are full of mirth and fun.

Recent Poetry.

Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York, publish a charming little book called "Rhymes and Roses," by Samuel Minturn Peck, one of the younger Southern poets. He has the lyrical gift to a remarkable degree, much ingenuity in the way of metrical arrangements, a happy art for turning things, a fancy pure and sweet. So qualified, he has of course given us *multum in parvo*, a great deal of pleasure in a little book. We find ourselves liking his simplest measures best, and his lyrics of nature and *vers de société* better than his love-songs. Not without good self-knowledge did he set "The Winter Rain" in the forefront of his battle with the critics.

"In the Young World," by Edith M. Thomas (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a book of genuine poetry. Coming from Miss Thomas, it could be no less. It must, however, we imagine, look for its audience rather to grown people of the finest taste than to children or young people, if for these it was primarily intended. We fear the child must be precocious or the young person uncommonly mature in thought and feeling who can appreciate the majority of the pieces. There are some

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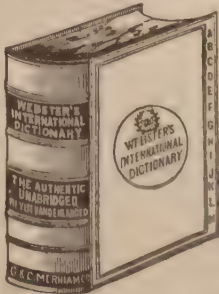
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Miscellaneous.

Lee & Shepard publish the second of the "Hazelwood Series," written by Grace Le Baron. "Little Daughter" contains the story begun in "Little Miss Faith," published a year or so ago; but its interest is independent of the earlier book. It is intended to give moral teaching and general instruction to its young readers as well as to supply them with harmless reading; but much of it, especially the main incident of the book, is unnatural and sentimental.

Those who are seeking for Christmas booklets should not overlook "All of Nature's Fashion in Lady's Slippers," by C. S. Young, just published by Bradlee Whidden, 18 Arch Street, Boston. Those who have hunted the slipper, not in the household game, but in the woods of New York and Northern New England, will be delighted to see some of their old friends reproduced in the beautiful photogravures from the living plant. A charming little booklet for the flower-lover. 75 cents.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons publish Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" in two large octavo volumes, in what they call the "Buckthorne Edition." They are elaborate in their magnificence. Every page has an ornamental border. There are many beautiful, full-page illustrations, photogravures; while the initial letter of each chapter is associated with a little woodcut engraving of suggestive character and artistic beauty. In paper and typography the same high standard is attained, and the binding is in keeping with the things enclosed. Of the "Tales" themselves it is unnecessary to speak at this late day. With "The Sketch-book" and "Bracebridge Hall" they give us Irving at his best; and that is very good,—something that time has not withered yet, nor custom staled. Here is the ideal "gift-book,"—one the spiritual substance of which would commend it to us, though it came dressed in the meanest fashion.

Literary Notes.

"Meadow Grass," the delightful book written by Miss Alice Brown, and published by Copeland & Day, has just reached its third edition.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a striking paper for the December *Forum* on "The Nature of Liberty," contending that liberty and poverty are incompatible.

Roberts Brothers make the important announcement of an illustrated edition of Balzac's works as translated by Miss Wormeley. The edition will be in forty octavo volumes, limited to one thousand numbered sets. The work will be sold by subscription.

The announcement of a reduction in the price of *Littell's Living Age* from \$8 to \$6 will be of interest to lovers of good literature. This standard weekly is the oldest, as it is the best concentration of choice periodical literature. It brings together the current productions of brilliant writers and profound thinkers; and, for the amount and quality of the reading furnished, the new price makes the *Living Age* the cheapest as well as the best literary weekly in existence.

Mr. Leslie J. Perry has gathered together a number of interesting letters and indorsements of President Lincoln relating to prisoners of war; and they will appear in the *Christmas Century*, under the title "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency." It is said to have been almost impossible in the early days of the war to secure Mr. Lincoln's consent to the execution of a soldier for desertion; but later he was obliged to give less attention to personal appeals. A characteristic indorsement is one found on a large bundle of papers covering a single case, and that unimportant: "What possible injury can this lad work upon the cause of this great Union? I say let him go. A. Lincoln."

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

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The Boys of 1745 at the Capture of Louisbourg. By James Otis. Illustrated. Price 75 cents.
Zigzag Journeys around the World. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Fully illustrated. Price \$2.00.
Five Minute Stories. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by A. R. Whelan, E. B. Barry, and others. Price \$1.25.
Hildegard's Neighbors. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. \$1.25.
Melody. By Laura E. Richards.

Chatterbox for 1895. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. Price \$1.25.
Round the Yule-log. Christmas in Norway. By P. Chr. Asbjörnsen. Translated by H. L. Broekstad. Price 50 cents.

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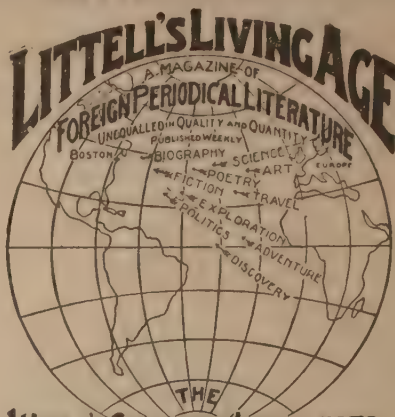
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The Home.

TO A SIMPLE HOUSEWIFE.

Who dough shall knead as for God's sake
Shall fill it with celestial leaven,
And every loaf that she shall bake
Be eaten of the blessed in heaven.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

WANTED: A BOY.

Perhaps you have heard about this boy already; for Mr. Winchester is a business man now, and is very fond indeed of telling this story. But, if you have not heard it, I'll tell you as nearly as I can in the way he gave it to us, one evening at dinner, when the conversation had turned on "making one's way in life."

Old Mr. Adams—for so he was called to distinguish him from young Adams, his son, who was in partnership with him—owned a large hardware establishment in a prosperous Massachusetts town. He was rich, and growing steadily richer; for he was as keen and capable as he was kind and honest. Moreover, he had the reputation of being the best of employers toward those in his service. So that when, day after day, that sign, "Wanted: a Boy," appeared so regularly in the Adams window, everybody wondered why the boy wasn't found.

It certainly wasn't for lack of boys. There was a steady stream of them passing through the doorway day after day. Sometimes they left in less than ten minutes, sometimes they stayed all day. But, as regularly as the sun rose and shone on that square little sign, the inquiring "boy" came and went.

"He wants a full-fledged angel, with a dozen pairs of wings,—that's what the old Adam wants," snapped one disappointed fellow, who had been airing his grievances with a little knot of other youngsters on the sidewalk in front.

The boys were shown one by one into his office, and one by one were told what it was that Mr. Adams wanted. That was a trusty, faithful, capable sub-clerk. Of course, each youngster was delighted to find out that it was not merely a boy to run errands, but a genuine assistant clerk that was being sought for. Why the owner of the establishment should be willing to take a boy instead of one of the many grown men who would have been glad of such a place they could not understand. But they could understand that it was a splendid place for a young fellow just beginning life, and all were eager to obtain it.

Andrew Mathers stayed just one day, Frank Scolley one hour, Matt Wyman twenty minutes; and some of the boys who applied never got further than the office door and a three minutes' interview.

What could the matter be? Suppose we see.

Andrew was a bright, pleasant-faced young fellow, and came from a good family. The boys thought that, if any one stood a chance, that one would be Andrew.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mr. Adams, politely, as Andrew entered the office. And the boy answered with his best bow and with his most courteously business-like manner. So far, so good.

Mr. Adams briefly explained that long-felt want, "a boy to be a sort of assistant clerk." Andrew held his head a little higher, as if he already saw himself a real live clerk instead of the drudging boy of all work that he had been before. "And to help around generally, for odds and ends." The young fellow's face fell. That sounded rather too much like an errand-boy's work. But he brightened up, and asked where he should begin. For an hour or two he was busy helping the clerks. By and by Mr. Adams came into the back part of the store, where his new sub-clerk was engaged in marking a keg.

"Almost through there, Mathers?" he asked. "Well, I wish you'd tackle the back storeroom. It's in such confusion, and we've all been too busy to see to it properly."

"You want it put in order?" asked Andrew, doubtfully. He foresaw more sweeping, etc., than seemed dignified for a sub-clerk.

"Yes, it needs it decidedly," and the merchant passed on. He wondered how Andrew would hold out. He was "the best of the lot, so far," he thought regretfully.

For the trial was coming, and by the boy's face it looked rather dubious.

Andrew explored the old back room, and decided on what he considered a most brilliant scheme. Calling the errand-boy aside, he told him about the storeroom, and showed him a bright half-dollar. Jim was tempted, and accepted the offer, promising to have the place ready that afternoon at the earliest hour possible. But there were so many errands to be done that by three o'clock Jim had found not a minute's leisure; and Mr. Adams, as ill luck would have it, happened to go to the storeroom for something he wanted about that time, and discovered the still forlorn condition of matters, and the fact that Andrew had secretly hired Jim to do the work, while he loafed in the front of the store, anxious to show off the fact of his rise in the business world.

And that night Andrew Mathers received a day's wages and a politely regretful dismissal, reason unassigned.

Matt was so careless in his dress, and his hands were so evidently at home with the dust of the earth, that, with a short lecture on cleanliness, he was summarily dismissed.

Joe McCarthy was too rough. The clerks complained of his insolence within half an hour. And Tim McCarthy, his cousin, proved an inveterate liar.

So they came and went, good (in spots), bad, and indifferent.

It was almost two weeks after the sign had first gone up that Charley Winchester applied at the office.

In all that time no boy had seemed to suit. Evidently, the need was not a pressing one: there were plenty of clerks, seemingly, and a fairly good errand-boy. The Adams store seemed able to exist without that peculiar kind of a boy; and yet its owners were still on the war-path, apparently searching for some as yet unheard-of specimen of boyhood.

Charley had not thought of applying at first. He was attending school still, and working hard and steadily every moment outside of school hours; for the Winchester were poor, although they had once known better days. That poverty is the hardest of all to bear, as Charley well knew; and it was his hope and his aim to bring about brighter times as soon as he could.

He was anxious to be in school, for he realized that his education would fit him to fill a higher position than he could find without it. But, after a talk with his principal, with the minister, and the leader of a night school, he found that he could advance as rapidly by attending the evening classes, with the addition of two studies in which the principal could still allow him to continue, as though he were to remain in the high school. And he had learned from the other boys that the sub-clerk was to have two hours a day free for school work, for Mr. Adams knew very well what was the value of an education.

About ten o'clock, on Charley's first morning, Mr. Adams, Sr., came down the store to the counter, where his young sub-clerk was doing up a little bag of nails for Johnny Smith.

Charley smiled pleasantly at the little fellow, and he evidently was as courteous to such customers as to their dignified elders.

"Oh, by the way, Winchester," said Mr. Adams, "I wish you'd tackle the old back storeroom, the ell to the large storeroom we use now. The old one has been waiting some time for a good cleaning out. You can begin when you see a chance, some time." That was leaving Charley quite a margin; and Arthur or Tom, his predecessors, would surely have put it off until a more convenient season,—till to-morrow, at any rate.

But Charley soon found out from the clerks that he was not needed in the store, and would not be, probably, for the rest of the morning; and he went at once on his fateful expedition. He discovered the same chaos which had conquered the explorers before him, but he set resolutely to work. He could not help wondering at, and rather criticising, the carelessness of his employer, though he tried to excuse him as far as he could.

"I suppose he has so much to attend to," he said to himself. There was no one else, unless you counted the rats, who now and then scampered out from their hiding-places to see who their invader was, to whom he could talk. "But, if I were the

proprietor, I'd see that my clerks or errand-boys or *somebody* kept things in order, if I didn't do it myself."

Nevertheless, Charley determined that order must be restored, even at this late day; and how he did work! All the rest of the morning he rolled and piled the barrels and boxes, until he had the "centre of the deck cleared for action," as he put it. Then what do you think he tried next? Something that most boys do not especially enjoy. And how Mr. Adams's eyes danced when he looked in about noon to see young Winchester down on his knees, scrubbing with all his might!

Charley straightened himself with as dignified an air as was possible under such circumstances (his sleeves were rolled up, and he was wearing as an apron a large dusting cloth which happened to be the only clean thing Anderson, one of the clerks, could find for him). He flushed a little, but tried to make his greeting very quietly courteous and indifferent.

"It is rather damp here for you, I fear, Mr. Adams. You will find that place rather soapy. I'm just letting the soap sink in on that spot, as the only way to take it out. Toward the left you will find it dryer, I think."

There was a little defiant ring in the boyish voice, but Mr. Adams could easily pardon that. He knew that boys do not especially enjoy being caught in such attire or doing "girl's work," as some rather foolish fellows choose to designate it.

He noticed that the windows were washed and polished. "And dust and cobwebs have revelled there ever since I thought of this scheme!" thought the owner.

"I couldn't see plain till they were clearer," said Charley, calmly scouring away at a spot where lampblack must have been reposing for years, so indelibly did it seem imprinted there.

"I won't get it done to-day, sir; but you said there was no hurry," Charley went on, devoutly hoping that the proprietor would betake himself elsewhere very speedily; for it is embarrassing to have a man stand by and watch you mop, especially if you can't find any mop-handle, and are obliged to kneel more or less gracefully to the work.

"Oh, no, no hurry,—not in the least," Mr. Adams hastened to assure him.

"And the air was close and dusty. It will be fresh, and easier to breathe here by to-morrow," the new sub-clerk continued, decisively. The decision in his tone was due to the energy with which he was scouring that black spot.

"If I do it at all, I'm going to do it up fine," the young fellow had determined. "And I don't care if the other fellows *do* think it's woman's work. I don't know why it should be. I consider it harder than waiting on customers. Why, my back's 'most lame now. I don't see how women can do it. I've often done it for mother, only our floors were not so utterly awful as this old storeroom. And it's honest work; and I won't be ashamed of it, so!"

Mr. Adams must have read young Winchester's thoughts. For he was softly chuckling to himself as he went back to the store: "He'll do! he'll do! He thinks it's girls' work, but he won't be ashamed of it; and he is as thorough as can be!"

The next day it was rainy; and there was not much to do in the store, so Charley had a long, busy day in the shed-room. And by night the task was done. Everything was cleaned, sorted, and neatly arranged, and what seemed utterly worthless laid aside in a heap just outside the door, where Mr. Adams could glance at it and see if anything in it proved fit to save.

And young Winchester was retained. The sign did not appear again; for that particular, especial, wonderful, superhuman kind of a "boy" that was "wanted" had certainly been found.

Mr. Adams invited all the applicants into his store one day. The office could not hold them; and he gave them a pleasant but very frank "talk" indeed. And he explained the shed-room scheme,—the rock on which so many had struck; and he gave them some good advice for future service, too. He was interested in boyhood, and he was a thorough business man. Many of the listeners carried its help with them through life, but some of the boys were angry.

"I should say it *was* a scheme," declared one, angrily, as they talked it over on the grocer's boxes and other loafing places that night.

"I should have thought we'd have caught on to it," complained another.

"Well, he didn't try it on them all, you see. Found out all he wanted to without it. And, then, he had such an off-hand way, we never thought of that old shed's being a test," concluded a third.—*Jean Halifax, in Independent.*

CANARIES.

About three hundred and fifty years ago a ship, returning from the islands in the Atlantic, which the people then called the Fortunate Isles, but which were undoubtedly the Canaries, went ashore on the coast of Italy, near Leghorn. A cage of beautiful birds, captured in those islands, was broken, and the birds were liberated. Through some caprice, they did not take refuge on the Italian mainland, but went to the island of Elba, where in due time they nested and bred, and increased in numbers. The Italians discovered that they were admirable singers, and began to capture them, and sell them in cages. This gave rise to a traffic which soon completely cleared the island of Elba of "canary birds," so that not one was left there in a wild state.

From that time the history of the canary has been a record of perpetual imprisonment, and of the transformation of his appearance and character. He has become what may well be called an artificial bird. Every nation of Europe has produced a canary of a special type.

In their natural state, as they still exist in the Canary and Madeira and other Atlantic islands, the birds are of a grayish-green or greenish-brown color, and are not remarkable for beauty; but they are such exceedingly energetic singers that they have been known to burst the membrane of their throats in pouring forth their song.

Now and then birds are taken in a wild state in these islands, and sold for good prices in Europe or America. But the ordinary canary of commerce is the offspring of captive stock, and has been greatly modified by breeding. Canaries have, moreover, been crossed with linnets, finches, and other birds, until their real race is uncertain.

Canaries are now known as "German," "French," "Belgian," "English," "Tyrolese," and so on, according to the forms and colors that have been produced in them. The Belgian canaries are sometimes eight inches long,—the wild canary is never more than five,—and are remarkable for the elegance of their form and their rich orange color.

French canaries are light in color. Some of them, which are entirely white, command a high price.

The Germans and Tyrolese, on the other hand, breed more for beauty of song than of plumage. Many of their birds have reverted to the original greenish-brown color; but their powers of song have been developed in a high degree by selection or training. Many of them have been trained by being kept in the dark, in the hearing of nightingales, to imitate those wonderful singers.

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For hundreds of these Tyrolese singers a fearful fate is reserved. They are sold to gin-shop keepers in England, who keep them suspended above their bars to make their places "cheerful" and attract custom. In the atmosphere of such a den the bird languishes and dies before many months or years, and another is purchased to take its place.

The "English" bird, so called, is not remarkable for song, but for plumage. To be esteemed highly, it must have a head and body of bright orange, while its wings and tail must be black. A single "wrong" feather will diminish the value of the bird.

Exhibitions of canaries are regularly held in Sydenham Palace, London, and no canary has a chance of winning a prize unless it is properly marked with black wings and tail. The production of them is a great art among breeders, and is attained only by infinite care.

Many books have been written about the canary, and several cases in which birds have been taught to "talk" have been duly recorded. In all these cases, it is fair to suppose, the talking is more or less inarticulate, and requires to be helped out with the imagination of the listener.

A bird in London, named Titchie, which had been neglected from its hatching by its parents, and was reared entirely by human care, was taught to utter a succession of sounds in which people heard the words,—

"Dear, sweet Titchie, kiss Minnie, kissie! kissie! kissie!"

The same bird was taught to whistle clearly the first three bars of "God save the Queen." This, though an unusual accomplishment, is not extremely rare in canaries, finches, linnets, and other birds.

A CHANGE OF MEANING.

There is a common word which has had a curious change in meaning. At one time a "stove" was any place where air was heated, as in a bath or a hot-house. We may find proof of this if we search in the literary strata of three hundred years ago. There we read, for instance, that "when a certain Frenchman came to visit Melanchthon, he found him sitting in his stove," holding his baby with one hand and a book in the other. It seems very ridiculous; but on some clear evening in winter, when you have been out coasting or skating in the pure, wholesome air, and go home to a close room, where people have been sitting in air becoming more and more heated by radiator or register, or perhaps by a coal stove with its escaping fumes and by oil lamps or unfragrant gas, perhaps you will think of the good and learned Melanchthon sitting in his stove, and will feel that it is of very little use to avoid

the mistakes against which those other words have warned us, unless we can breathe plenty of good, fresh air.—*Zion's Herald*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PEACH.

A young lady sends to the *Chicago Tribune* a little anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. She says that a good many years ago, when her father was a small boy, her grandfather brought Abraham Lincoln home one night to supper. He was then a poor young man, practising law in Woodford County, Illinois.

"It was a cold, stormy night; and grandma hurried around getting supper. To have something nice, she opened a jar of preserved peaches. Lincoln spent a long time over his peach, and finally left it on the plate.

"Grandma noticed this; and, as soon as he and grandpa had gone into another room, she went to look at the dish. Then she saw that, instead of a peach, she had given the visitor the little muslin sack which contained the peach kernels and the spice. She hastened into the other room, and began an apology; but Mr. Lincoln said:—

"That was all right, Mrs. Perry. My mother used the same thing, and it was so good that I wanted to get all the juice out of it."

COLLECTIONS.

A New York paper gave not long ago an account of an attractive collection of dolls made by Miss Alden, the young daughter of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Her wish at first was to have a doll dressed in the costume of the country in which it was made. She has more than gained it, as she has now not only little miniature men and women of many nations in appropriate garb, but dolls representing sects and noted individuals on her shelves.

American children and young people are, undoubtedly, the most energetic collectors in the world. There are accumulations in this country both large and costly, not only of the objects usually gathered together, such as seals, autographs, stamps, and postmarks, but of things utterly valueless outside of a collection.

One lad in one of our large cities has cabinets of old shoes, including those worn by noted statesmen and authors, and slippers once belonging to Josephine and to Marie Antoinette. Cigarette pictures are objects of pursuit, and so are buttons, bill-heads, and scraps of gowns worn by noted women.

Nearly all young people who have begun to gather collections of objects have found that the desire to help them by friends, acquaintances, and even strangers, is almost universal.

If the pursuit, then, is easy as well as fascinating, why not choose an object to collect which is of interest in itself? The dolls, in their national or individual costume, are a lesson of historic importance. But cigarette pictures surely convey little significance except to dealers in tobacco.

In the great National Museum at Amsterdam one of the most interesting apartments is that in which may be seen miniature houses with glass sides, which represent the dwellings of wealthy burghers, of nobles, and of peasants during four centuries. Each apartment is accurately furnished, and the dolls and figures representing the people of these centuries are dressed in the costumes of their time. It is an object-lesson of the social history of Holland of great value. It was begun by a child, continued by his father, and is now in charge of the government.

When zeal and money can accomplish great results, why waste them on valueless rubbish?—*Youth's Companion*.

A QUEER CORN-POPPER.

"Here are six ears of pop-corn left. We'll use them to-night," said grandma; and she gave them to Rob, telling him to put them with the corn-popper.

Grandma didn't tell Rob where that was, for she kept forgetting that he had not been there since he was a baby, and did not know where things were kept. Off the little boy went, and nothing more was said about the pop-corn until evening. Then grandma said,—

"If Rob will go down cellar and get some apples, I will get the corn and the popper."

Back she came with the popper, but no corn.

"Didn't you put it with the popper, Rob?"

"Yes, ma'am, but not with that one: it's in the one that stands by the tall clock in your room."

"What, Rob?"

Off went Rob to the room so full of queer things; a tall clock, a bed with curtains, and the spinning-wheel grandma's grandma used. And what do you think he brought back? A warming-pan with six ears of corn in it. How everybody laughed, until grandpa said:—

"Never mind, Rob. It does look like a corn-popper, doesn't it? I'll tell you what they used that for. It was to warm up cold beds for little boys, and we'll warm yours to-night with it. Bring it to me, and I'll explain it.

"This stout brass pan held the hot coals. Then this cover with so many little round holes shut down to keep them in; and this long handle made it easy to slip the hot pan

up and down between the cold sheets. How I did like to see my mother put the hot coals into the warming-pan! It was cold going to bed in those days. That was long before there was a furnace in the house. We had fireplaces downstairs, but no fires upstairs. As soon as we finish our apples and corn, we'll try the warming-pan."

Sure enough, when it was bedtime, grandpa and Rob tipped the cover back on the hinge. Grandpa put in a few ashes, so the pan should not become hot enough to scorch the sheets, then some live coals; and Rob put down the cover.

And they warmed three beds that were already warm, just to show Rob how little boys were made comfortable cold nights a hundred years ago.—*Gertrude L. Stone, in Youth's Companion*.

LITTLE PHEASANTS.

"Walking down a road in Ceylon one morning with a neighbor," says a writer in *Nature*, "I suddenly noticed a little ball of fluff between my feet; and I could hardly avoid stepping on it, as it stuck close to me. Almost immediately another appeared at my friend's feet; and we saw they were newly hatched pheasants, the mother probably carried off by some wild-cat. As it was difficult to walk with these little things running so close and in the way, we lifted them into the short grass alongside, and hurried on some fifty yards. On returning, we had forgotten them; but one ran out, and so pertinaciously stuck to my boots that, to save it, I put it into my pocket, and on our arrival at the bungalow tried to feed it with small fragments of hard-boiled egg, rice, and white ants. Of all these it took no notice. Next morning the other chick was found at the foot of the bungalow steps, having probably followed us unnoticed the day before. I then called my 'babu,' as I could not get them to eat; and he said, 'They must be taught.' He put the gauze wire cover they were under and the crushed rice, egg, etc., on a hard-wood table; and, taking a pencil from his pocket, and collecting the eatables together, close to the edge of the gauze cover, he lifted its edge, and, with the pencil point inserted, began sharply tapping among the rice *débris*. The two chicks at once ran over to that place, and bent over, watching the tapping; and, to our astonishment, they began tapping with their little beaks in the same way, and before long had begun to feed on their own account, just as the 'babu' had predicted, and after that lesson we had no trouble."

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender, to look for the budding flower and the opening heart, to hope always, to love always,—this is duty.—*Amiel*.

General Harrison's First Article

In his series on

"THIS COUNTRY OF OURS"

is in the current (December) issue of



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THOMAS TREADWELL STONE, D.D.

"He is a man with a most remarkable combination of qualities." Such were the words of the late Dr. Ezra Abbot concerning the revered and saintly man who died last Wednesday in his quiet home in Bolton, Mass. In the sixteen years since Dr. Abbot made the remark, I have often recalled it as exceptionally pertinent. His mind was a storehouse of riches; and it was a great delight to sit by him in these latter years, while he opened, without reserve and yet without ostentation, its treasures old and new. In such delightful communion one could not fail to find that Hebrew prophet, Grecian mystic, and American patriot were here united in a "strong son of God." Among the many good men and true whom I have known, he was perhaps most "as a little child"; and truly the riches of the kingdom of heaven were in his heart. He lived a life of love toward all men. Slow to believe ill of man or nation, abounding in charity for all, his whole nature revolted against injustice and iniquity. When speaking of these, his frail body took on a new aspect. It became tremulous, as though a new life was coursing through it. The face lit with the spirit's glow. Language, always free and rich, rose to a greater dignity. The whole aspect of the man, as well as consideration of what he said, made a hearer feel the meanness, the utter ugliness, of all injustice.

I write of him only as I have known him in the quiet of his retirement from active life. Others can better tell of the earlier years. Here he was lovable and gracious, always interested in the new life around him. Though secluded and rejoicing in the still air of delightful study and contemplation, he was no recluse, and never for a moment lost his grip upon the present nor his sympathy with men young and active. That there was change he was glad. It was the good order of the immanent God that there should be change, and for the better, on the whole.

On those rare occasions when he met with the Worcester Association it was delightful to note the sympathy that was always shown between him and the youngest men. The last time he met with that Association was after a message of sympathy had been sent to him in an hour of affliction. The thought that it "might be the last word" found utterance; and then he spoke with simplicity and beauty of his gratitude for the message received, ending with a grand word of hope and encouragement. "I am glad," he said, in substance, "to see the young men of to-day coming forward to take up the great problems which they must meet and face, better fitted than it was possible for us of the generation now almost gone to be when we took up those which were ours." May all of whom he spoke as "better fitted" be as faithful to their trust as was this blessed man who so tenderly gave us his parting benediction!

In the winter of 1880, soon after the death of his wife, for whom he thought it "not wrong to mourn, though I would not repine in the memory and presence of so many blessings," in a private letter he wrote: "I feel as if I should preach quite otherwise than I commonly did if I could only have the opportunity brought back. Especially do I feel that I should more clearly and earnestly present, not 'doctrines' of the Church nor 'views' of Unitarians or any others, but the divine beauty of true virtue, of justice and mercy, and likeness to Him who is Love." Such counsel as this is the seed, already beginning to show fruit, of a new era in the Church, when pride of opinion will cease to hold men apart who are one in the "love of true virtue, of justice and mercy, and likeness to Him who is Love!"

C. A. R.

THE CHURCH'S OPPORTUNITY.

This is one of the burning questions of the hour, and its right answer involves the future welfare alike of the Church and what it stands for. From time to time, among much that is commonplace, we have an utterance full of vigor, wisdom, and vitality. A notable example of the latter is seen in the paper by Canon Barnett in the September *Contemporary Review*. Though he writes from the standpoint of the Anglican Church, what he says will apply with equal force to churches of every name. The Church's opportunity which he has in mind "is the Church of England, as by law established." Personally, he believes that the Church cannot be effective and justify its national position unless it submit to further reform; but, as much can be done with the Church as it now exists, the canon gives himself to outlining the means of doing what is most needed. Among the pressing problems for solution, he cites "the two nations of the rich and poor, of which Disraeli wrote," who have developed their characteristics; and, after vividly sketching the spirit and features of these two classes and how they resent each other, he points out the Church's opportunity, and asks, "How can that organization, whose aim is a righteous nation, whose

methods are worship, teaching, and charity, bring together rich and poor, raise the fallen, and comfort the sad?"

The Church, by its buildings, its music, its services, its sacraments, puts men into this attitude of worship, collects and lifts up their thoughts. "What a great gain it would be, toward the solution of some of the social problems, if both rich and poor learned to go more humbly, if they from self would cease! What a relief it would be to the sad and broken-hearted if they could be lifted out of themselves!" But the majority of the people do not so worship; and the fault is largely on the side of the Church, which has not fitted the means to the times. These remain the same, although the fashion, the thought, the whole organization of society, have changed. The Church might surely offer out of its resources means of worship which would capture minds fed on the food of the nineteenth century, and subdue their vanity. The teachers sent by the Church have, therefore, to interpret Christ of the first century to the people of the nineteenth century. They have to give him a form which may be recognized and a voice which may be understood by contemporaries. They have to make him present. It is not wanted that they should take either one side or the other in the controversy between the rich and the poor. If in the past they have been too often on the side of the rich, it will not mend matters if now they exclusively take the side of the poor. A "Labor Church" will not right the wrong done by a "Capital Church." It is not wanted, either, that the teachers should be arbitrators in disputes, interfering in things outside their experience. What is wanted is that they should interpret to rich and poor, to masters and to men, the power which by pricks makes itself felt in all alike, and gives a voice to the call which, sweeping as a wind over society, makes the stronger things of the earth to shake and the light things to bow. After alluding to the charitable agencies which the Church has promoted and the good work which they have done, he thinks they would now complete their career of self-sacrifice by the extinction of themselves. Then the Church would have at its disposal the men and women whose energies are now absorbed by the old societies, and who would be free to act either as individuals or as members of new societies in connection with State and municipal action.

Charities and Reforms.

The sixtieth annual report of the Industrial Aid Society for the Prevention of Pauperism shows steady work along their usual lines. The number of people given work is the largest since 1854. A trial has been made of the Detroit plan of cultivating vacant lots free of charge in or near the city, and the report given is interesting. The results of the undertaking have been very satisfactory.

The South Friendly Fair in aid of the charities and hospitalities of the South Congregational Church will be held in the vestry on Thursday, December 12, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. There will be tables of fancy and useful articles, books, original poems, and pictures, housekeeping articles, including preserves and jellies, a Sunday-school table, with home-made candy, and a café. The object-lesson table, under the charge of Dr. Hale's "Welcome and Correspondence Club," will be a unique feature. It will contain articles produced more or less directly by the members of the congregation. The largest latitude is allowed. The ladies may give a picture or jar of mince-meat: the gentlemen may give woollen cloths, India-rubbers, or bank stock.

AMERICAN PURITY ALLIANCE CONFERENCE IN BOSTON.—The American Purity Alliance has arranged to hold a conference in Boston in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, December 9 and 10, kindred in character to the late National Purity Congress in Baltimore. Following the opening address by the president of the Alliance, Aaron M. Powell, addresses of welcome will be delivered by Bishop William Lawrence (the successor of Phillips Brooks) and President Sawyer, of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. Among those who will address the conference are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, upon "Moral Equality between the Sexes"; William Lloyd Garrison, "The Relation of Poverty to Purity"; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; Rev. Dr. W. T. Sabine of New York, "Social Vice and National Decay"; Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, "Immortality of the Regulation System"; Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin of New York, "The Religious Aspects of the Purity Movement"; Henry B. Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*,

"Equal Suffrage as Related to the Purity Movement"; Mrs. Anna Rice Powell, corresponding secretary, "The American Purity Alliance and its Work"; Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis of Plainfield, N. J., "The Sacredness of Fatherhood"; Rev. Mary H. Whitney of Boston; and others.

Education.

A congress on Africa is to be held in Atlanta in connection with the Exposition, December 13-15. It is to be under the direction of the Stewart Missionary Foundation for Africa in Gammon Theological Seminary, and a long list is announced of speakers. These include representative men of both races who are interested in the Negro problems, both in Africa and in this country.

The general theological library is now permanently established in its new building, 53 Mt. Vernon Street. It has never been so well accommodated with rooms for all purposes, but the greatly increased accommodations involve much larger expenses. Therefore, the institution, being but partially endowed, needs to be constantly remembered by those who have the means to aid a worthy cause. Its fund for the purchase of new books should be greatly increased. The library is a great help to the pastors of churches of every denomination, to authors, to theological students, to Sunday-school teachers, and to all readers of a Christian literature; and its books have been circulated in more than five hundred towns and villages in twelve different States. Many churches in town and throughout New England have become perpetual members of the society, whereby all of their pastors forever may use the library and draw books *gratis*. If a much larger number should become members, the institution would be greatly strengthened and increased in usefulness. It can be aided, also, by donations by persons becoming founders, patrons, and honorary, corporate, life, and annual members.

Science.

It should be mentioned, in the interests of antiseptic purity and suffering humanity, that a good, stout tooth-brush, plenty of water, and some antiseptic dentifrice, applied morning and night, afford a greater safeguard against more diseases than many people are aware.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for December Prof. G. Frederick Wright furnishes new evidence of glacial man in Ohio. The discoverer was Mr. Samuel Huston, a graduate of the scientific department in Jefferson College. This gentleman, a public surveyor, has aided scientific men a good deal by collecting fossils in his neighborhood; and it was he "discovered" for Prof. Samuel H. Scudder the fossil insects of the coal measures which attracted so much attention two or three years ago." The discovery now reported consists of a chipped implement one inch and three-quarters long and three-quarters of an inch wide in its broadest part, evidently intended for a knife. This instrument was exhibited at the American Association for the Advancement of Science last August; and such experts as Prof. F. W. Putnam, Mr. F. H. Cushing, and Miss Alice Fletcher testified to its antiquity. All the indications show that the implement was deposited with the material of the terrace in which it was found. A few years ago, had such a discovery been announced, it would have been attacked in the pulpit and in the religious press as inconsistent with the record in Genesis; but it is not likely to-day that anybody will make it a matter of pulpit denunciation. We are slowly coming to understand that there is an older Genesis than that written by Moses, and that the calculations of the antiquity of the earth derived from the Biblical legends are as imaginative as the tales they are connected with.

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A TRIBUTE TO DR. S. F. SMITH.

The Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass., was a classmate of Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, and in a letter to the *Boston Journal* says:—

When your representative came last evening to tell me of the sudden death of my friend and classmate, Dr. Samuel F. Smith, it was almost too much for belief; for I had left his house at Newton Centre only a few hours before, and had exchanged with him farewells with reference to a journey to Iowa, which he was preparing to take this week. He had come to the door with me, and helped me at the steps. He was to all appearances in firm health and excellent spirits, and he was to go at four o'clock to a neighboring town to preach to-day. We are slow to learn what a day, what an hour, may bring forth.

I passed the hour from one to two o'clock with him and his family. He was never more himself,—cheerful, full of faith and of courage,—rehearsed in a happy way several recent personal occurrences which had given him great pleasure, showed me some tokens of love and respect which had come to him from East and West, and referred to his two visits abroad, especially to his short stay in Athens and in India.

How, then, can I respond to your request for a tribute to his memory? But I swiftly remember that none is needed,—none, surely, for his sake. Has not the whole nation, within a few months, spoken out in his honor and praise with one consenting acclaim, such as is granted only to one man in millions? And will not his noble hymn, "My Country, 'tis of thee," continue in the future to swell that chorus, and keep his name in grateful and fragrant remembrance?

Before and beyond and above all that was his beautiful character. He had that charity of which Saint Paul says it is greater than faith or hope, but which so few of Paul's professed admirers even now either believe or understand. He practised it. From the time of our Latin School days in Boston, where I sat with him for three years, through our college days, in our very intimate class associations, ever since, no flaw in that friendly, helpful, brotherly nature has ever been seen. He was the very soul of generous good will.

Whatever his outward connections, whatever his creeds,—and he never swerved in them,—the perfect charity, the practical recognition of every man's "soul liberty"—which is the great honor of the Baptist body, to which he "belonged," as we say—dominated the whole. If I wrote on endlessly, I could say no more, no better, than that. The blessings of multitudes whom he has helped and comforted and uplifted, and guided into the ways of peace and into the kingdom of God, are his forever. He has suddenly gone on a longer journey than that he was anticipating; but his feet were shod for it with the apostolic preparation. Fearful is the shock of parting; but, when it is passed, will not his friends, will not his nearest and most loved ones, say, This man was as happy in his death, and in the manner and time of it, as ever in his life?

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, D.D.

In the First Congregational Church, Providence, the pastor, Rev. Augustus M. Lord, referred in a sermon to Mr. Woodbury as follows:—

"To-day you and I are thinking together of still another leader of our thought and life,—one whose face and presence was known in this city for thirty-five years. How much of your life, the strength and the joy of it, you must owe to such a man, whether you are conscious of it or not! How much of his life must have gone out into yours to make it more abundant, more deep and wide and full!

"This is not the place, nor am I the man, to speak of that thirty-five years of service in detail, of all that Dr. Woodbury accomplished for his city, his State, and his country. It is written in the hearts of those of you who lived through these strenuous years with him. But I, who knew him only at the last, may yet speak of the winning force of his personal character which made itself felt upon me as upon you.

"And the winsomeness, the masterfulness of it, seem to me to lie in the breadth and constancy and steadiness of his spiritual vision. He was always the same, the man at the heart of it all. He had his vision, his ideal, of religion, of the Church; and no circumstances ever moved him to change or lower it, or to think that another method or another gospel was better because for the moment it happened to be more popular. The reality for him was in his conviction, not in the numbers he could win to it.

"He had his vision of the perfect community and the perfect nation, and no Hebrew prophet was ever more courageous in declaring it to men; and always from reverse or disappointment he fell back on his vision, his conviction, which was as

real to him as to most men are the walls of brick and stone, the wealth of gold or silver, which they may see with their eyes or handle with their hands.

"He had his vision of the meaning of human life, the purpose for which he was put into the world; and no pain of body could ever conquer or turn aside the spirit that followed after that vision. I remember the last time he spoke from this pulpit he was in such suffering that he had to sit instead of stand as he preached; and yet none of you who heard could suspect his physical pain, as his deep, clear voice spoke to you the message, of what?—the message that the world was a vale of tears, that pain was dreadful, and that by and by there should be no pain? No, not a word of that! The message of the beauty of the quiet life which no pain could move. That was the man."

Spiritual Life.

They serve God best who do well their simple duties,—not some fanciful sacrifice at a distance, but the plain, homely, everyday task that lies before them.—*Religious Herald.*

The love and aspiration which once really existed live forever before God, and in him ye shall find the fruit thereof; that is, to all eternity it shall be better for you than if you had never felt them.—*J. Tauler.*

Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous as you will; but be religious because you are liberal, be devout because you are free, be pure because you are bold. Cast away the works of darkness because you are the children of light.—*Dean Stanley.*

The varied relationships in which people meet in a complex civilization must give the characteristic of the higher religious unity. The earlier and cruder method was to unite by external pressure, crushing out individuality. The higher union is the weaving of many threads into a seamless fabric.—*S. M. Crothers.*

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting,—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it who is the fountain of loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Ruskin.*

The Love which created possesses and rules the world. It is not the devil's world, but God's world; and he is in it, bringing out the permanent good against the dark foil of the transient evil, promoting every right endeavor, conserving every right achievement, and suffering no pure purpose and aspiration to fail of their final aim.—*Philip Moxom.*

To recognize with delight all high and generous and beautiful actions; to find a joy even in seeing the good qualities of your bitterest opponents, and to admire those qualities even in those with whom you have least sympathy,—be it either the Romanist or the Unitarian,—this is the only spirit that can heal the love of slander and calumny.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Yesterday's conscience will not do for to-day's need, nor to-day's for to-morrow's. Conscience is a thing which must be growing all the time,—must grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength. If it be stationary, it becomes stagnant, it deteriorates, it may die. It must be kept up, its tone always equal to our best individual advances.—*The Presbyterian.*

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Mr. Sunderland's *College Town Pulpit* is necessarily suspended during his year abroad, but is to be resumed on his return. The next number may be expected in September, 1896. Back numbers (sermons for 1894-95) can be furnished to order. Subjects: 1. "The Soul's Cry for God"; 2. "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal"; 3. "Sectarianism: Its Causes and Cure"; 4. "The True Cross of Christ"; 5. "Was Jesus God? How did he come to be worshipped?" 6. "Loyalty to Conviction"; 7. "Is Life a Blessing?" 8. "Mr. Ingersoll's Treatment of the Bible"; 9. "A Religion for a Republic"; 10. "The Surest Way of doing Good."

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Pleasantries.

Ninety-five: "Say, Blanks, have you read 'Romeo and Juliet'?" Ninety-six: "I've read 'Romeo,' and I intend taking up 'Juliet' soon."—*Exchange*.

A little girl, somewhat noted for her quaint and original sayings, said the other day at the breakfast table that "she had got a piece of bread head first down her cough-pipe."—*Standard*.

Bessie Norris: "Oh, dear! I wish I could ride a bicycle." Grace Quint: "Well, there's no law to prevent your doing so." Bessie: "Only the law of gravitation."—*The Standard*.

Martha had gone off to learn a geography lesson; and mamma, missing her, inquired, "Where's Martha?" "Oh," replied Jamie, "she's in her room studying her forgotaphy."—*Youth's Companion*.

Kathi (in the museum, viewing the Venus de Milo): "Sepp, see here: they have knocked both arms off this woman." Sepp: "Come, let's get out, or they'll suspect that we have done it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A little girl heard a sermon from the words, "My cup runneth over; surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." On returning home, she was asked if she could remember the minister's text, and replied: "Yes, indeed. It was this: 'Mercy! Goodness! My cup's tipped over.'"—*Exchange*.

This story is told of the late Dr. Edward Beecher: On one occasion he was dining with friends, and inadvertently took a mouthful of exceedingly hot coffee. Immediately he deposited it upon his plate, and, turning around, remarked in a way characteristic of all the Beechers, "A fool would have swallowed it."—*Universalist*.

"Have you 'Japan Saw-na-dass'?" (accent on last syllable.) "What is it, madam?" asked the clerk in the music store of the lady who had propounded the conundrum. "Have you a book called 'Japan Saw-na-dass'?" "Yes, certainly, we have it," replied the quick-witted clerk, as he brought her a copy of "Chopin's Sonatas."—*Etude*.

I have before me a letter from a Parisian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and a dictionary, without any other instructor; and he adds, "in small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A clergyman was explaining to a class of boys the passage of Scripture, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." He told them that this very strong expression was meant to show the extreme difficulty, adding, "You know it would be impossible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." "Of course it would, sir, on account of its hump," responded the naturalist of the class.—*La Fame*.

An old Scotch woman, who had never heard about or seen a telephone, went into a butcher's shop for a rabbit. The butcher had two shops which were connected by telephone. As they did not have a rabbit in that shop, they telephoned to the other shop, and had one sent up. The old lady, on meeting a friend, said to her: "I've just been at the butcher's for a rabbit; and he gaed to a hole in the wa', an' said, 'Bring up a rabbit.' And in twa or three meenits in comes a laddie wi' a rabbit. Ma certie, I'll no eat it: it's no cannie. Ye can dae what ye like wi't."—*Evangelist*.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The late Prof. Huxley used to enforce upon young men the lesson of definiteness by telling them a story of his own experience. He was attending a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Belfast, Ireland.

All the savans in the town assembled regularly at a certain hall. Prof. Huxley, having been up late one evening, rose late in the morning, and feared he should be late at the meeting. Coming out of his lodgings, he hailed one of the Irish vehicles known as an outside car, and mounted it.

"Now drive fast," he said to the driver, "for I am in a great hurry."

Off went the driver at a mad pace, which almost threw the professor off his seat, and began charging along the road in a somewhat indefinite way. Presently it occurred to Huxley to say, as he held on for his life,—

"My good man, do you know where I want to go?"

"No, yer anner," answered the driver, coolly. "You didn't tell me where to go; but, annyway, I am driving fast!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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Editorial.

If any further proof had been needed of the utter demoralization of the sultan's government, it was furnished a few days ago, when Said Pasha fled from the palace, and took refuge in the English embassy. What ground the Armenians have for fearing the government may be imagined when a Turk of such rank and influence is compelled to fly for his life to a European embassy. Next to the sultan's letter to Lord Salisbury, this act of Said Pasha has revealed more to the outside world of what is going on behind the scenes at Constantinople than any number of newspaper despatches. If affairs at Constantinople are growing worse, those in the interior are growing no better; and we are cut off here from the information which we may get from the capital. No one knows what horrors have been perpetrated in the mountains of Armenia in the last few weeks, or what suffering from cold and hunger are endured, under a government which is hardly able to keep itself together, and whose soldiers and officers have now full range to murder and rapine. But that several European nations, stayed by diplomatic courtesy and fired by mutual jealousy, should look on, and allow the Armenians to be exterminated, is a spectacle almost as sad as the horrors furnished by their extermination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the New York Nation, which seldom indulges in military rhetoric, should say: "A single division of cavalry in Asia Minor would be worth more to the Christians than all the fleets put together. Failing this, every effort should be made to supply the Armenians with arms and ammunition."

THE new movement in Boston noticed recently in these columns in the way of a protest against the present condition of the theatre in this country has attracted the attention of the *Congregationalist*. It devotes a leading editorial to the subject, the tone of which presents a striking contrast to that in which the theatre has often been treated by the religious press. Our contemporary says: "The confessed demoralizing influence of the theatre has kept the majority of Christian churches opposed to it as an institution, and that is their position to-day. Yet the playhouse is not now more positively antagonized by the churches than was the novel in the early part of this century; and now, while immoral and intellectually debasing stories have an immense circulation, novels fill our Sunday-school libraries, and the high and powerful mission of fiction is discussed freely in our churches, novelists themselves being invited to set forth the relation of their work to the life of the spirit. Mrs. Margaret Deland spoke at Shawmut Church, Boston, on a recent Sunday evening, on 'The Mission of the Novel.'"

It is not too much to assume that in the vast number of those who go to the theatre a good proportion of church-going people are now represented. Indeed, while Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Orthodox Congregationalists, as church organizations, stand in antagonism to theatrical representations, many members of these churches may and do attend the theatre without sacrificing their church connections. "Indeed," says our contemporary, "dramatic entertainments are also not wholly foreign to orthodox Sunday-school celebrations, and not a few Christians speak of wholesome plays they have witnessed with benefit and pleasure. If these could be wholly divorced from the theatre as an institution whose influence is confessedly evil, they would prize them as an innocent recreation and a valuable mental stimulant." But the danger and the probability is that the churchly theatre-goers will accept the drama pretty much as it is, demanding a higher standard of cleanliness, but nothing more, so that little improvement from a literary or artistic point of view is to be expected from this direction. The Church in this country has done little that we can think of for art as art, and has often stood in the way of art's doing what it might for religion. Yet there are immense moral forces latent in the theatre, and the time may come when religion and the drama may be as closely identified as they were in the early days of the Greek theatre, when the altar was in the very centre of the orchestra, now called the stage.

THE difficulties of the independent voter in politics become apparent when he goes to the polls. For the mere partisan the matter is easy enough: he simply votes the regular ticket. He knows just where to put his cross because he obeys implicitly the dictum of party leaders; and no doubt many people continue to vote as they have been accustomed to simply because it is the easiest thing to do. For the independent voter the task is no light one. As to measures, tendencies, and principles, he can inform himself and inform others; but, when it comes to choosing between the men offered him, he may be compelled to say, "A plague on both your houses!" This may be because he knows too well the character of the men he is asked to vote for. But another difficulty rises because he cannot know them sufficiently well. The man who is voting for aldermen at large in a great city may be able to know something about a candidate in his own ward or neighborhood; but he may be absolutely in the dark as to a candidate who lives on the other side of the city, and what he may

pick up about him in the papers may only serve to darken counsel. The need, therefore, in every city of good government clubs, municipal leagues, and citizens' associations, non-partisan in character, which shall seek to secure the nomination of good men, and to furnish just such information as an independent voter needs, is very evident.

It is interesting to see our Universalist brethren so wrought up over the subject of higher criticism. The early Universalists, like the early Unitarians, loaded their guns with Biblical proof-texts; and the Universalists have not yet been delivered from the strained view of Biblical interpretation which marked both sides in that period of controversy. But, unless the conservative Universalists wake up, their Calvinistic brethren, under the lead of Dr. Briggs, will be far ahead of them in a scientific interpretation of the Bible. Not that the Universalists have not good Biblical scholars. Dr. Orello Cone, president of Buchtel College, is one of the leading New Testament scholars in that body; and he has presented the principles of modern criticism with great fairness and ability. But now we find Rev. Jacob Straub, in an article in the *Christian Leader*, answering Dr. Cone with such logic as this: "With President Cone facts and scientific methods are everything. He should have pointed to the missions at home and abroad which his school of interpretation, now a century old, have established and maintained; how many hospitals, how many churches, colleges, and universities they have built and endowed—not captured, but built—with money from their own pockets?"

It is somewhat late to apologize to Theodore Parker for insults offered to him when he was alive; and it is possible that those who are now praying for Ingersoll are not ready to apologize for the maledictions of an older generation. But Rev. Dr. Buckley of the *Christian Advocate* does not mean that his own position shall be a matter of doubt. In an editorial four columns in length, entitled "Presumptuous Prayer," he considers in detail the Scriptural and rational grounds for the recent action of three thousand members of the Christian Endeavor Society at Cleveland in deciding to pray exactly at noon on Thanksgiving Day for the conversion of Col. Ingersoll. The *Advocate* maintains that publicity will not add anything to the strength of prayer, and says, "Superstition fancies that, if there be a concentration at a moment by a large number, something will be done by God that otherwise might not be done." Dr. Buckley admits that the history of all great revivals of modern Christianity, as well as much observation, has convinced him "that where men's names, without their consent and professed penitence, are announced publicly as subjects of prayer, whatever the effect upon other persons of the announcing of them, in the majority of instances the strongest characters have repudiated the proceedings, and have become more determined than ever against God."

REFERRING now to the case of Theodore Parker, he says: "The examples of public prayers for men of this sort are not favorable to such a performance. We were present in 1858 when large evangelical meetings prayed for Theodore Parker, that God might 'put a hook in his mouth,' that he might be led out into the wilderness, and 'removed as a stumbling-block'; and we denounced it then. The effect was reactionary to the last extent upon public sentiment and upon Theodore Parker, who, from his point of view, most justly satirized a revival such as would lead to such prayers as were offered in Boston and elsewhere with respect to himself. Similar prayers were offered for Abner Kneeland, the atheist, who defied God, and for

Thomas Paine. We apologize to the memory and friends of Theodore Parker for introducing his name in connection with these men: he was a great and learned, a reverent, and, doubtless, a sincere man, but related to the evangelical movement of the time in such a way as to be spoken of as 'an arch enemy' by those who prayed for his conversion or removal." Dr. Buckley has the courage of his convictions; but we should not be surprised if some of the old-fashioned Methodists shook their heads about his views of prayer, for nothing has been more common among Methodists and Baptists than to seek to influence divine action by securing a great number of petitioners.

MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

When Don Quixote was riding forth in search of adventures, he caught sight of one whom he declared to be "a knight on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head." "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters."

When the test was made, and Don Quixote had couched his lance and advanced to meet the unknown wayfarer, he was compelled to admit that, to all outward appearance, Sancho was right. The supposed knight was a barber, and what he had taken for a helmet was evidently only a barber's brass basin. But here the delicious humor of Cervantes comes in. Don Quixote admits the unwelcome fact; but what of it? His explanation is ready and ample: "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this which, as thou sayest, doth look indeed like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it repaired in the first town where there is a smith, so that it shall not be surpassed or even equalled. In the mean time I will wear it as I can; for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

This reads like a pleasant satire on the present theological situation. Nothing is more evident than the way in which the advance in knowledge has acted upon ecclesiastical pretensions. Doctrines which have gleamed in the distance as with supernatural light have, upon closer investigation, been proven to be illusions. Events and institutions which have been held to be the miracles of history are shown to belong to the ordinary course of nature.

Now, the singular thing is that a great number of people will admit all this, and yet go on as if nothing had happened. When you tell them that there has been a great transformation in modern thought in regard to the origin of religion and its authority, they readily assent to the statement; but then they add, with Don Quixote, that "the transformation is of no importance." The old dogmas are apparently badly damaged, and the facts seem to be all against them; but, then, they can be patched up, so that they will be as good as new, and perhaps better. Ambitious systems, which in the past were received with implicit faith, as part of a supernatural scheme, are now seen to be susceptible of a naturalistic explanation. Their adherents are quite ready to accept such an explanation. Indeed, when science has compelled them to go with him one mile, they offer of their own accord to go with him twain. And it is so pleasant, as they walk on, to talk of evolution: it throws so much light on the part of the way they have gone over. To be sure, some of the explanations

it gives are a trifle too simple; but that is an easy fault to mend. They can readily be elaborated and sophisticated by those skilled in such matters. The scientific method is accepted as an admirable one, but there is not the slightest suspicion that it will lead to anything but the orthodox conclusion.

And, somehow, they do come out at last at a sound orthodox conclusion. As honest Nym would say, "That's the humor of it."

Modern apologetic literature is sorely puzzling to the unskilled reader. The writer starts out boldly, like a man who is going into a far country. He bids a touching farewell to tradition, and declines the help of a special revelation. He appeals only to reason, and is a little sceptical of that. He will put everything to the test. No wonder that one is a little afraid to start off with so bold an adventurer.

In such a case the prudent person looks only at the title-page. If there he sees some safe name,—as, for example, a bishop or a Bampton lecturer,—he dismisses all anxiety, knowing that he will have all the exhilaration of thought without any of its dangers. He may be taken into a far country, but in these personally conducted excursions he is sure to be brought back to exactly the spot he started from. How he got back he will never know; but there he is. Back in the shelter of his inherited creed, his thought is only a little broadened by his consideration of cosmic forces, of eternal laws, of the age-long human struggle, and of spiritual currents that sweep around the world. Toward those who are outside the fold, and who call themselves by another name, his attitude is more kindly; but, still, it is only that downright intolerance has softened into a "certain condescension" toward those whose religious condition is assumed to be inferior to his own.

The churchman who admits freely that the idea of apostolic succession has no historic justification, and that the great creeds were formulated according to the exigencies of ecclesiastical politics, might be supposed to be ready to give up the arrogantly exclusive claims that were first put forth under a misconception as to the facts. Not at all! Now that the facts are out of the way, the claims have room to grow to more astonishing proportions.

Biblical criticism has proven conclusively that there are errors in the Bible, as we now have it. "Certainly," says the theological Don Quixote; "and that makes it all the more necessary that I should seize my lance and ride forth to destroy the wicked heretics who deny the infallibility of the Scriptures,—that is, that the Scriptures were infallible when they were first written." As the part of Mambrino's helmet which was of indisputable genuineness was, according to the knight's convenient theory, the part that was lost, so the sacred manuscripts which were miraculously free from error were long ago buried in oblivion, and no man knoweth their grave unto this day. The fact that they have disappeared and cannot be of the slightest guidance to any living soul does not seem to make the belief in their inerrancy any the less important or precious.

This theory of infallibility, which in some of the great churches of our country is made the test of Orthodoxy, is curiously incapable of any practical application. About all that can be said for it is that "something is better than nothing." It is a helmet, however, that may for the time defend its wearer from stones.

All this has its amusing side, but it has real seriousness, also. The great danger to religion in this age of transition is that of falling into obscurantism. To do so is to lose power, and to become a victim to illusion.

There is an earnest, pathetic cry for truth; and the religious teacher who fulfils his function is the one who with most simplicity and directness seeks to answer the demand. One cannot have all the satisfactions of freedom and all the satisfactions of authority at the same time. He must make his choice, and stick to it. When any idea has been shown to be an illusion, it is sheer Quixotism to go back to it and take it up, because once it had been full of power. Those are foredoomed to failure who put their trust in make-believes and makeshifts. Too much energy already is wasted in the attempt at mere accommodations and temporary expedients.

We need to educate people to think

clearly, to speak sincerely, and to act bravely. There will be no danger when this is done but that the religious nature will find enough to sustain it. For the life of real religion is nourished, not by illusions, but by reality.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

We present this week Dr. John Fiske's essay on "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," delivered a few weeks since before the Unitarian Club of Boston. Dr. Fiske follows here a new line of argument, with fresh illustration, but leading to the same grand conclusions as to the everlasting reality of religion uttered in his little books, "The Idea of God" and "The Destiny of Man." This essay is another illustration of the inspiration which may come to the religious sentiment from the doctrine of evolution. "Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man," says Dr. Fiske, "I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion."

On the other hand, from the standpoint of speculative philosophy, Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard University, at the end of an elaborate and subtle paper on "The Conception of God," delivered before the Philosophical Union of the University of California, has recently made the following decided affirmation:—

I myself am one of those students whom a more modern and radical scepticism has, indeed, put in general very much out of sympathy with many of what seem to me the unessential accidents of religious tradition as represented in the historical faith; and for such students this scepticism has transformed, in many ways, our methods of defining our relation to truth. But this scepticism has not thrown even the most radical of us, if we are enlightened, out of a close, a rational, a spiritually intelligent relation to those deep ideas that, despite all these accidents, have moulded the heart of the history of religion. In brief, then, the foregoing conception of God undertakes to be distinctly theistic, and not pantheistic. It is not the conception of any Unconscious Reality, into which finite beings are absorbed; nor of a Universal Substance, in whose law our ethical independence is lost; nor of an Ineffable Mystery, which we can only silently adore. On the contrary, every ethical predicate which the highest religious faith of the past has attributed to God is capable of exact interpretation in terms of our present view. For my own part, then, while I wish to be no slave of any tradition, I am certainly disposed to insist that what the faith of our fathers has genuinely meant by God is, despite all the blindness and all the unessential accidents of religious tradition, identical with the inevitable outcome of a reflective philosophy.

At the same meeting Prof. Joseph Le Conte and Prof. Howison, on different pathways of argument, reached the same practical conclusion. Thus, by differing methods, leaders of thought and science and philosophy are reaffirming the fundamental faith of the soul.

WOMEN AS OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

The traits in women which have been developed by long generations of experience are beginning to be appreciated by the body politic, and their aid asked for the public good. There is not a State in the Union which would not be better for the help of women in the care of the poor; but comparatively few States have found this out, and even in the States where in certain cities women have been appointed overseers of the poor the other cities and towns lag behind. In the year 1877 the town of Brookline, Mass., and in 1891 Boston and Winchester, made this attempt; and in all these places the presence of women has been most beneficial.

This work may be considered rather disagreeable and unattractive, and the question may rise why women are specially fitted for it. It is true that whoever undertakes it must be thrown more or less into association with uncongenial and unkempt members of society. The paupers of a commonwealth are naturally hopeless and almost helpless; and it takes a strong spirit and a willing heart to minister properly to their needs. One reason, perhaps, why women are well adapted for this work is the fact that they are by nature self-sacrificing and usually buoyant in temperament. But other reasons may be assigned. A committee known as the "Committee on Women as Overseers of the Poor" has been formed in

Massachusetts, with its headquarters in Boston, 12 Marlboro Street, made up of men and women deeply interested in caring for all the suffering classes.

This committee has issued a circular giving several reasons why women are eminently fitted to take their places among the officers for poor relief. Among these reasons are the following:—

Because the time necessary for this important work is more often at their disposal.

Because the classes to be aided are largely composed of women and children.

Because of their special fitness to advise with the matrons of almshouses about the domestic arrangements of these institutions.

Because of their fitness to discharge the duty now devolving upon boards of overseers of the poor, of towns as well as of cities, of finding suitable homes outside the almshouse for dependent children.

This circular is signed by such persons as George S. Hale, president of the Boston Children's Aid Society; Robert Treat Paine, president of the Associated Charities of Boston; Mrs. Anne B. Richardson; Elizabeth C. Putnam; Elizabeth G. Evans; Charles P. Worcester, M.D.; Frank B. Fay, general agent of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; Rev. Frederick B. Allen; William P. Fowler, chairman of the overseers of the poor, Boston; Horace James, chairman of the overseers of the poor of Brookline; Joseph Lee; James H. Lewis, agent of the overseers of the poor of Springfield; Clara T. Leonard, Springfield; Rev. Charles Gordon Ames; and Gen. Francis A. Walker.

Now, the fact that a woman is a woman is in itself no reason why she should be appointed to do this work. Nor, if it could be proved that twenty selected women would do the work as well as twenty selected men in any town, would the town be justified in making up its board of overseers wholly from the women of the place. A mixed board is far better, that the masculine influence shall be felt as well as the feminine. There should be a union of the two in proper proportion. The women should be selected not alone because they have a generous desire to do good. That should lead; but it should be so tempered by wisdom that there will be no danger of the heart running away with the head. There are kindly women who are prudent, but are not observant. The truly valuable woman in such a place should have eyes that are trained to see, a brain that can weigh evidence, and a tongue that can speak at the proper time, and at no other. These, combined with the warm heart and willing purpose, make a person, whether man or woman, fit for the work, if physical health accompanies such desirable graces.

But, in addition to natural qualifications, there should be some sort of training to fit either men or women for this work. A certain amount of reading should precede the attempt to care scientifically and humanely for the poor of the State. A knowledge of the best methods of charity organization societies should also be a part of the mental equipment, and of simple industries, that, wherever possible, occupation should be found for every inmate of a poorhouse who is able to use hands or feet. When our almshouse population is properly classified, and the really invalid class is kept by itself, it will be found that many more inmates are capable of employment than often appears when the idle and the invalid are massed together, and all are alike left in idleness.

In Ohio every county has its board of visitors, one-half of whom are women; and the excellence of their work in improving the condition of the poor is everywhere acknowledged. Were that influence extended judiciously to every township and city, the effect would be an untold blessing.

Musings.

THERE is a new book of Numbers, and I confess that I am much more interested in it than in the one in the Pentateuch. I have never cared much for numbers in the abstract. I was much more fond of algebra than arithmetic when a boy. Perhaps the letters made it seem a little more literary; and by and by the literary interest dominated the arithmetical, and I dropped figures altogether. Numbers meant much more to me when they had some concrete association; and I remember that, in learn-

ing the multiplication table, the horses on a New York "Dry Dock" omnibus going down Columbia Street hill, so called, clattered out with their hoofs, "Seven times seven are forty-nine; seven times eight are fifty-six." These numbers were thus literally *inculcated*, stamped in with the heel,—or *ungulated*, if you prefer; though neither the horses nor the driver had any idea of the part they played in my education. There were other numbers, too, that had a concrete significance. There was "Big 6" and "41" and "44" and "33," otherwise known as "Black joke," and "17" and "31," and a few other numbers that loomed up into great importance, so far as certain boys were concerned, in the old New York Fire Department. It cost New York a good deal to pay for the career of "Big 6," whose foreman was William M. Tweed; but the number still has a fascination for me in spite of the smell of fire and the burnt reputations with which it is connected.

I NEVER expected to have so much interest in figures again. But the new book of numbers I find to be authoritative and useful, not for its historic value, but for putting me into right relations to the present. The new book of numbers is a product of Genesis and Revelation,—the genesis of power and the revelation of science. There were voices that spoke in the old book of Numbers, and there are voices that speak through the new. Sometimes they speak with authority, with knowledge, with tenderness and persuasiveness. In prison every man has his number. He may be 5,253 or 3,525. But I find that people outside of prison are coming now to have a great numerical interest for me. It may be that these numerical designations will become so strongly fixed in the community that by and by it will be customary to introduce people by their numbers rather than by their names. This will be of great advantage in the case of women, one of whom, to my certain knowledge, had four different "last names" in the course of her life.

THE modern book of numbers is the telephone book. In his day David was forbidden to number the people. But the telephone managers have not been obstructed in this way, and they have numbered everybody to their liking. They see that it is taken for granted that people are attached to their personality. Family relations have been created by the danish habit of naming babies; and it is in the future such family jaunts avoided by simply numbering entry into the world. My friend, the vicar in Greece, who has twenty-four children, would have been saved a good deal of name-hunting by the device. I wonder what percentage of the telephone companies in the United States or combinations. Certainly, the number of age; for one of my dear lady friends, who is only in her ninetieth year, they have numbered 101. I certainly hope that she will live as long, not so much for her own sake as for the sake of her friends who enjoy her ripened age. Though the telephone numbers do not seem to confer significance, I find that they are gradually absorbing significance from the personalities with whom they are connected. Thus 45-2, instead of being merely an abstract expression of quantity, represents a sweet, refined, and charming personality. 508 is the arithmetic of radical, uncompromising independence, sterling integrity, and conscientious adhesion to conviction. It is the symbol of the reformer.

I would affix to Luther if I could him in a telephone book. 906 has a slight ecclesiastical flavor; but it is humane, sympathetic, earnest, and artistic. 10-3 is physically and mentally broad, generous, genial, jovial, somewhat agricultural rather typographical, but none the less religious, and just to a fault. Then there is 664, very dangerously near 666, the number of the beast in Revelation; and I suppose the A. P. A.'s would say it ought to be the telephone number of the pope of Rome, forgetting that 666 is Arabic, and not Roman. I am glad my friend escapes by a safe margin this reproach. He is a splendid man, whether at home or abroad. If he does not write some more letters from Hungary, I shall "call him up"; and, if his wife or baby answers the telephone, all the better.

Brevities.

Col. Ingersoll was probably more diverted than converted by the concerted Cleveland prayers on his behalf.

The *North-western Christian Advocate* thinks this is an era of hymn-book making. It might find some support for the statement in the Unitarian denomination which, we suspect, has gotten up more hymn-books in proportion to its size than any other denomination.

Robert Collyer's recent visit to Boston, where he preached to a great audience in Unity Church, gave many of his friends a chance to see his "solar face." He beamed in the *Register* office, and pronounced his apostolic benediction. His birthday was last Sunday.

Three thousand extra copies of the two Conference papers of the *Christian Register* were printed; but so great was the call for them that the demand exceeded the supply by several hundred. If, therefore, any of our readers have copies of the issues of October 31 and November 7 which they may wish to have sent on missionary tours we shall be glad to receive them at this office.

Whatever may be the outcome of football, the college crews, with a more rational form of amusement, have furnished some stalwart men. Hon. N. M. Brigham, who made the address at the installation service of Rev. A. L. Hudson in Salt Lake City, was the stroke oar of the winning crews at Harvard of 1877, 1878, and 1879; and Mr. Brigham, as president, seems to be the stroke oar of the Unitarian church, and will no doubt help to pull it to a similar success.

The *North-western Christian Advocate* "has two photographs of the terrible scene of the deadly burning of a live Negro in Texas, and those who know the crowd surrounding the awful stake can recognize the faces of a few members of Southern churches." This is not the first time that church members have roasted their fellow-beings alive; and it is quite possible that, with self-righteous complacency, they contributed on the following Sunday to the cause of foreign missions.

There is the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) coming to the defence of Thomas Paine to the extent of defending him against the SPIRIT of atheism: "A despatch from New Rochelle, N. Y., speaks of an old homestead on the road to White Plains, which was SCENED, as having been 'frequently visited HERE' by the atheist, Thomas Paine." Thomas PLEA, in 'The Age of Reason,' explicitly denied being an atheist, and affirmed that he believed in one God. If he ever avowed himself an atheist, or hesitated to declare that he believed in one God, we should like some reader who is in possession of the original to communicate with us."

This week Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn will write his one thousandth sermon, and will complete next Sunday the thirty-first year of his pastorate in Brooklyn. It was said of Increase Mather that he never preached a sermon but was worthy to be printed. Taking form and substance and spirit, we do not believe that there is another preacher of whose thousand sermons this could be more truly said than of Mr. Chadwick; and, as a matter of fact, many of them have met this well-deserved fate, and some have been translated into other tongues. In the full maturity of his power, Mr. Chadwick's one thousandth will be not least, of the series. We from the have an esteemed contributor of the from the same present at the service next Sunday. We wonder how many articles and how many thousand book reviews he has written for these columns.

Pro and Con.

AN INADVERTENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:

By an inadvertence, a marginal note explicitly naming the book of Mr. Savage which was referred to by me in your latest issue was omitted. Kindly permit me to state, therefore, that it was entitled "Belief in God." The edition which I have was published by Mr. Ellis in 1888. I trust I may be able to revive an interest in it.

HENRY HOWARD.

Providence, R. I., December 9.

NATURAL RELIGION.

Up through the mystic deeps of sunny air
I cried to God, "O Father, art thou there?"
Sudden the answer, like a flute, I heard:
It was an angel, though it seemed a bird.
—Richard Le Gallienne.

THE EVERLASTING REALITY OF RELIGION.*

BY JOHN FISKE, LL.D.

The visitor to Geneva, whose studies have made him familiar with the richest human personality of all that are associated with that historic city, will never leave the place without making a pilgrimage to Ferney. In that refined and quiet rural homestead things still remain very much as on the day when the aged Voltaire left it for that last visit to Paris, where his long life was worthily ended, amid words and deeds of affectionate homage. One may sit down at the table where was written the most perfect prose, perhaps, that ever flowed from pen, and look about the little room, with its evidences of plain living and high thinking, until one seems to recall the eccentric figure of the vanished master, with his flashes of shrewd wisdom and caustic wit, his insatiable thirst for knowledge, his consuming hatred of bigotry and oppression, his merciless contempt for shams, his boundless enthusiasm of humanity. As we stroll in the park, that quaint presence goes along with us, till all at once, in a shady nook, we come upon something highly significant and characteristic,—the little parish church, with its inscription over the portal, "Deo erexit Voltaire." And, as we muse upon it, the piercing eyes and sardonic but not unkindly smile seem still to follow us. What meant this eccentric inscription?

When Voltaire became the possessor of the manor of Ferney, the church was sadly out of repair, and stood where it obstructed the view from certain windows of the chateau. So he had it cleared away, and built in a better spot the new church which is still there. It was duly consecrated, and the pope further hallowed it with some relics of ancient saints; and there, for many a year, the tenants and dependants of the manor assembled for divine service. Nowhere in France had Voltaire ever seen a church dedicated to God. It was always to Our Lady of This or Saint So-and-so of That: always there was some intermediary between the devout soul and the God that is worshipped. Not thus should it be with Voltaire's church, built upon his own estate to minister to the spiritual needs of his people. It should be dedicated simply to the worship and service of God. Furthermore, it was built and dedicated, not by any ecclesiastical or corporate body, but by the lord of the manor, the individual layman, Voltaire.

This, I say, was highly characteristic: it gave terse and pointed expression to Voltaire's way of looking at such things. Church and theology were ignored, and the individual soul was left alone with its God. The Protestant reformers and other free thinkers had stopped far short of this. In place of an infallible Church, they had left an infallible book; if they rejected transubstantiation, they retained as obligatory such doctrines as those of the incarnation and atonement; if they laughed at the miracles of mediæval saints, they would allow no discredit to be thrown upon those of the apostolic age. In short, they left standing a large part, if not the larger part, of the supernatural edifice within which the religious mind of Europe had so long been sheltered. But Voltaire regarded that whole supernatural edifice as so much rubbish, impeding the full development of the human mind, and which ought as quickly as possible to be torn to pieces and cleared away. His emotions, as well as his reason, were concerned in this conclusion. Organized Christianity, as it then existed in France, was responsible for much atrocious injustice; and in neighboring lands the Inquisition still existed. Ecclesiastical bigotry, the prejudices of ignorance, whatever tended to hold people in darkness and restrain them from the full and natural use of their faculties, Voltaire hated with all the intensity of which he was capable. He summed it all up in one abstract term, and personified it as "the Infamous"; and the watchword of that life of tireless vigil-

* An Essay delivered before the Boston Unitarian Club.

ance was, "Crush the infamous." Supernatural theology had been too often pressed into the service of "the infamous," and for supernatural theology the lord of Ferney could find no place in his scheme of things. He lost no chance of assailing it with mockery and sarcasm made terrible by earnestness of purpose, till he came to be regarded as the most inveterate antagonist of the Church.

Yet, among the great men of letters in France contemporary with Voltaire, the most part went further than he, and denied the reality of religion. Few of them, indeed, believed in the existence of God, or would have had anything to do with building a house of worship. It is related of David Hume that, when dining once in a party of eighteen at the house of Baron d'Holbach, he expressed a doubt as to whether any person would anywhere be found willing to avow himself dogmatically an atheist. "Indeed, my dear sir," said the host, "you are at this moment sitting at table with seventeen such persons!" In that group of philosophers were men of great intelligence and lofty purpose, such as D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Condorcet, Buffon,—men with more real Christianity in their natures than you could find in half the churches of Christendom. The roots of their atheism were emotional rather than philosophical. It was part of the generous but rash and superficial impulse through which they had disowned all connection with a church that had become subservient to so much that was bad. Their atheism was one of the fruits of the policy which had suppressed Huguenotism in France. It was an early instance of what has since been often observed, that materialism and atheism are more apt to flourish in Romanist than in Protestant countries. A form of religion which is already to some extent purified and rationalized awakens no such violent revulsion in free-thinking minds as have those more heavily encumbered with remnants of primitive thought. Moreover, the rationalized religion of Protestant countries is very commonly found in alliance with political freedom. In France, under the Old Régime, the Catholic religion was stigmatized as an ally of despotism, as well as a congeries of absurd doctrines and ceremonies. The best minds felt their moral sense shocked by it no less than their reason. No very deep thinking was done on the subject. The phase which religious sentiment had assumed in the Middle Ages had become unintelligible. The most highly endowed minds were dead to the sublimity of Gothic architecture, and could see nothing but grotesque folly in Dante's poetry. They seriously believed that religious doctrines and ecclesiastical government were originally elaborate systems of fraud, devised by crafty tyrants for the sole purpose of enslaving the multitude of mankind. No discrimination was shown: they were as ready to throw away belief in God as in the miracles of Saint Columbanus, and to scout the notion of a future life in the same terms in which they denounced the forged donation of Constantine. The flippant ease with which they disposed of the gravest questions, in ignorance of the very nature of the problem to be solved, was well illustrated in that remark of the astronomer, Lalande, that he had swept the heavens with his telescope and found no God there. A similar instance of missing the point was furnished about fifty years ago by the eminent physiologist, Moleschott, when he exclaimed, "No thought without phosphorus!" and congratulated himself that he had forever disposed of the human soul. Perhaps those are the two silliest remarks that ever appeared in print. A very different spirit was shown in the reply of Laplace, when reminded by Napoleon that his great treatise on the dynamics of the solar system contained no allusion to God,—"I had no need of that hypothesis." This remark was profound; for it meant that, in order to give a specific explanation of any single group of phenomena, it would not do to appeal to divine action, which is equally the source of all phenomena. Science can deal with secondary causes only.

In the eighteenth century men of science were learning that such is the case, and they believed that the logical result was atheism. This was because the only idea of God which they had ever been taught to entertain was the Latin idea of a God remote from the world, and manifested only through occasional interference with the

order of nature. When they dismissed this idea, they deemed themselves atheists. If they had been familiar with the Greek idea of God as immanent in the world, and manifested at every moment through the orderly sequence of its phenomena, their conclusion would probably have been different.

To these philosophers Voltaire's unshaken theism seemed a mere bit of eccentric conservatism. But Voltaire saw a rational principle at work which atheism could in no wise account for. To him the universe seemed full of evidences of beneficent purpose; and more than once he set forth, with eloquence and power, the "argument from design" which received its fullest development at the hands of Paley and the authors of the "Bridgewater Treatise." There is, thus, yet another significance added to the little church at Ferney: not only was it the sole church in France dedicated to God, not only was its builder a layman, hostile to ecclesiastical doctrines and methods, but he was almost alone among the eminent free thinkers of his age and country in believing in God and asserting the everlasting reality of religion.

In the English-speaking world there has never been any such divorce between rationalism and religion as in France; and among the glories of English literature are such deeply reverent and profoundly philosophical writings as those of Hooker and Chillingworth, Butler and Paley, and, in our own time, of Dr. Martineau. Nowhere in history, perhaps, have faith and reason been more harmoniously wedded together than in the history of English Protestantism. But the disturbance that affected France in the age of Voltaire now affects the whole Christian world, and every question connected with religion has been probed to depths of which the existence was scarcely suspected a century ago. One seldom, indeed, hears the mockery in which the old French writers dealt so freely. That was an ebullition of temper called forth by a tyranny that had come to be a social nuisance. The scepticism of our day is rather sad than frivolous: it drags people from long-cherished notions in spite of themselves; it spares but few that are active-minded; it invades the church, and does not stop in the pews to listen, but ascends the pulpit and preaches. There is no refuge anywhere from this doubting, testing spirit of the age.

In the attitude of civilized men toward the world in which we live, the change of front has been stupendous. The old cosmology has been overthrown in huddling ruin. Attacks upon old doctrines multiply; and rituals, creeds, and Scriptures are overhauled and criticised until a young generation grows up, knowing nothing of the sturdy faith of its grandfathers save by hearsay, for it sees everything in heaven and earth called upon to show its credentials.

The general effect of this intellectual movement has been to discredit more than ever the Latin idea of God as a power outside of the course of nature, occasionally interfering with it. In all directions the process of evolution has been discovered, working after similar methods; and this forces upon us the belief in the unity of nature. We are thus driven to the Greek conception of God as the Power working in and through nature, without interference or infraction of law. The element of chance, which some atheists formerly admitted into their scheme of things, nobody would now waste his time in theorizing about,—a fortuitous concourse of atoms. We have so far spelled out the history of creation as to see that all has been done in strict accordance with law. The method has been the method of evolution; and, the more we study it, the more do we find that one part of the story never gives the lie to another part.

So beautiful is all this orderly progression, so satisfying to some of our intellectual needs, that many minds are inclined to doubt if anything more can be said of the universe than that it is a reign of law, an endless aggregate of coexistences and sequences. When I say that one star attracts another star, we do not really know that there is any pulling in the case. All we know is that a piece of cosmical matter, in the presence of another piece of matter, alters its space-relations in a certain specified way. Among the coexistences and sequences there is an order which we can detect, and a few thinkers are inclined to maintain that this is the whole story.

Such a state of mind, which rests satisfied with a mere body of observed facts, without seeking to trace their ultimate implications, is a characteristic of what Auguste Comte called Positivism. It is a more refined phase of atheism than that of the guests at Baron d'Holbach's; but its adherents are not many, for the impetus of modern scientific thought tends, with overpowering force, to the conception of a single first cause, or prime mover, perpetually manifested from moment to moment in all the universe. As I have elsewhere argued [in "The Idea of God"], this is practically identical with the Athanasian conception of the immanent Deity. Modern men of science have called this view of things Monism; but, when questioned concerning the immanent First Cause, they reply with a general disclaimer of knowledge, and thus entitle themselves to be called by Huxley's term, Agnostics.

Just here comes along the materialist, and asks some questions, and tries to serve on us a kind of writ of *quo warranto*. If modern physics leads inevitably to the conception of a single infinite power manifested in all phenomena of the knowable universe, by what authority do we identify that power with the indwelling Deity as conceived by Saint Athanasius? The Athanasian Deity is, to some extent, fashioned in man's image: he is, to say the least, like the psychical part of ourselves. After making all possible allowance for the gulf which separates that which is infinite and absolute from that which is finite and relative, an essential kinship is asserted between God and the human soul. "By what authority," our materialist will ask, "do we assert any such kinship between the human soul and the power which modern physics reveals as active throughout the universe? Is not it going far beyond our knowledge to assert any such kinship? Would it not be more modest and becoming in us simply to designate this ever-active, universal power by some purely scientific term?" This argument is to-day a very familiar one, and it wears a plausible aspect. It is couched in a spirit of scientific reserve, which wins for it respectful consideration. The modest and cautious spirit of science has done so much for us that it is always wise to give due heed to its warnings. "Let us beware of going beyond our knowledge," says the materialist. "We know nothing but phenomena as manifestations of an indwelling force, nor have we any ground for supposing there is anything psychical in the universe outside of the individual minds of men and other animals. Moreover," he continues, "the psychical phenomena of which we are conscious—memory, emotion, volition—are but peculiarly continued manifestations of the same indwelling force which, under other conditions, appears as light or heat or electricity. All such manifestations are fleeting; and beyond this world of fleeting phenomena we have no warrant, whether in consciousness or common sense, for supposing that anything psychical exists. This world, cognizable through sense, is all there is; and the story of it that we can decipher by the aid of terrestrial experience is the whole story. The unseen world is a mere figment of the fancy of primeval man." Such is the general view of things that the materialist urges upon us, with the plea of scientific sobriety and caution; and to many minds it wears a plausible aspect.

Nevertheless, when subjected to criticism, it soon loses this appearance, and is seen to be rash and hasty. In the first place, I have argued that there is no such correlation as is alleged between physical forces and the phenomena of consciousness. I have put that argument into print so many times that I will not stop to repeat it here, but simply mention the point, and go on to the second place. When we come to the denial of all kinship between the human soul and the infinite Power which is revealed in all phenomena, we shall find the materialistic theory raises difficulties quite as great as those which it seeks to avoid. The difficulties which it wishes to avoid are those which evidently encumber the attempt to conceive of Deity as personality exerting volition and cherishing intelligent purposes. Such difficulties are undeniably great: nay, we may as well confess at once that they are insuperable. Words which have gained their meaning from finite experience must inevitably falter and fail when we seek to apply them to that which is infinite. But we do not mend matters by em-

ploying terms taken from the inorganic world rather than from human personality. To designate the universal Power by some scientific term, such as Force, does not help us in the least. All our experience of force is an experience of finite forces antagonized by other forces: we can frame no conception whatever of infinite force, comprising within itself all the myriad antagonizing attractions and impulses of which the universe consists. We go beyond our knowledge when we speak of infinite force quite as much as when we speak of infinite personality. Indeed, no word or phrase which we seek to apply to Deity can be other than an extremely unsatisfactory symbol. From the very nature of the case, it must always be so; and, if we once understand the reason why, it need not vex nor puzzle us. It is not only when we try to speculate about Deity that we find ourselves encompassed with difficulties, and are made to realize how very short is our mental tether. This world, in its commonest aspects, presents many baffling problems of which it is sometimes wholesome that we should be reminded. [Here followed some examples of the difficulties of conception involved in sundry physical problems connected with the compressibility of matter, and with the luminiferous ether.] Such difficulties are not confined to theological subjects: they confront us upon the occasion of every fresh extension of our knowledge of the physical world. What must we expect when we come to speculate upon the nature and the modes of existence of God? Bearing this in mind, let us proceed to consider the assumption that the Infinite Power manifested in the universe is psychical in its nature,—in other words, that between God and the human soul there is kinship, though we may be unable to render any theoretical account of it.

Let us consider this assumption historically and in the light of our general knowledge of evolution. Let us look at it after the manner of naturalists. It is with purpose that I use the word "assumption." As a matter of history, the existence of a quasi-human God has always been an assumption, a postulate, something which men have all along taken for granted. It probably never occurred to any one to try to prove the existence of such a God until it was doubted, and doubts on that subject are very modern. Omitting from the count a few score ingenious philosophers, it may be said that all mankind—the wisest and the simplest—have taken for granted the existence of a Deity, or deities, of a psychical nature more or less similar to that of humanity. Such a postulate has formed a part of our human thinking from the primeval ages down to the present time. The forms in which it has appeared have been myriad in number, but all have been included in this same fundamental assumption.

Take away from our symbolic conception of God the human element, and that aspect of theism which has from the outset chiefly interested mankind has gone. That supremely interesting aspect of theism is part and parcel of the general belief in an unseen world in which human beings have an interest. The belief in the personal continuance of the human soul after death is a very ancient one. The savage custom of burying utensils and trinkets for the use of the deceased enables us to trace it back into the glacial period. We may safely say that for more than a hundred thousand years mankind have regarded themselves as personally interested in two worlds,—the physical world and another world, comparatively dim and vaguely outlined, with which the psychical side of humanity is more closely connected. This belief in the unseen world seems to be coextensive with theism. The animism of the lowest savage includes both. No race of men has ever been found destitute of the belief in a ghost world. Now, a ghost world implies a personal continuance of human beings after death. These ideas are extremely crude in their symbolism, and the refinement in the conception of Deity is paralleled by the refinement in the conception of the other world. From Walhalla to Dante's Paradise what a distance the human mind had travelled!

In our modern monotheism the assumption of kinship between God and the human soul is the assumption that there is in man a psychical element, identical in nature with that which is eternal. Belief in a quasi-human God and belief in the

soul's immortality,—these appear in their origin and development to be inseparably connected. They are part and parcel of one and the same efflorescence of the human mind.

Our account of the rise and progress of the general belief in an unseen world is, however, not yet complete. No mention has been made of an element which apparently has always been present in the belief. I mean the ethical element. The savage's primeval ghost world is always mixed up with his notions of what he ought to do and ought not to do. The native of Terra del Fuego, who foreboded a snow-storm because one of Mr. Darwin's party killed some birds for specimens, gives an excellent illustration. In a tribe living on the verge of starvation, any wanton sacrifice of meat must awaken the wrath of the deities who control the weather. Thus whatever conduct the necessity of clan or tribe have prohibited soon comes to wear the aspect of sacrilege.

Thus inextricably intertwined, from the moment of their first dim dawning upon the consciousness of humanity, have been the notion of Deity, the notion of an unseen world, and the notions of right and wrong. In their beginnings theology and ethics are inseparable: in all historical development of religion they have remained inseparable. The conceptions of primeval man have given place to conceptions framed after wider and deeper experience; but the union of ethics with theology remains undisturbed, even in that most refined religious philosophy which ventures no opinion concerning the happiness or misery of a future human life, except that the seed sown here will naturally determine the fruit to be gathered.

We are now prepared to see what is involved in the reality of religion. Speaking historically, it may be said that religion has always had two sides. On the one side, it has consisted of a theory, more or less elaborate; and, on the other side, it has consisted of a group of sentiments conformable to the theory. Now, in all ages and in every form of religion the theory has comprised three essential elements: first, the belief in Deity as quasi-human; second, belief in an unseen world in which human beings continue to exist after death; third, recognition of the ethical aspects of human life as related in a special and intimate sense to this unseen world. These three elements, I should say, are alike indispensable. If any one of the three be taken away, the remnant cannot properly be called a religion. Is, then, the subject-matter of religion something real and substantial, or is it a mere figment of the imagination? Has religion, through all these centuries, been dealing with an eternal verity, or has it been blindly groping after a phantom? Can that history of the universe which we call the doctrine of evolution be made to furnish any lesson that will prove helpful in answering this question?

We shall find, I think, that it does furnish such a lesson. First, let us remember that, along with the three indispensable elements here specified, every historical religion has always contained a quantity of cosmological speculation, metaphysical doctrine, priestly rites and ceremonies and injunctions; and a very considerable part of this construction has been abolished by criticism. The destruction of beliefs has been so great that we can hardly think it strange if some critics have taken it into their heads that nothing can be rescued. But let us see what the doctrine of evolution has to say. Our inquiry will for a few moments seem to take us far afield, but that we need not mind if we find the answer directing us homeward.

One of the richest contributions made to scientific knowledge in our day is Herbert Spencer's luminous exposition of life as "the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." The extreme simplicity of the subject in its earliest illustrations is such that the student hardly suspects the wealth of knowledge of various sorts to which it is opening the way. The most fundamental characteristic of living things is their response to external stimuli. If you come upon a dog lying by the roadside, and are in doubt whether he is alive, you poke him with a stick. If you get no response, you presently think that it is a dead dog. So, if a tree fails to put forth leaves, it is an indication of death. Pour water on a drooping plant, and it shows its life by rearing its head: this is a result of

a continuous adjustment of relations within the plant to relations existing outside of it. All life upon the globe, whether psychical or physical, represents continued adjustment of inner to outer relations: the degree of life is low or high, according as the correspondence between internal and external relations is simple or complex, perfect or imperfect. The whole progression of life upon the globe, in so far as it has been achieved through natural selection, has consisted in the preservation and propagation of those living creatures in whom the adjustment of inner relations to outer relations is most successful. This is only a more descriptive way of saying that natural selection is equivalent to survival of the fittest.

The shapes of animals, as well as their capacities, have been evolved through almost infinitely slow increments of adjustment upon adjustment. In this way, for instance, has been evolved the vertebrate skeleton, through a process of which Spencer's analysis is as thrilling as a poem. Or consider the development of the special organs of sense: among the most startling disclosures of modern embryology are those which belong to this subject. The most perfect organs of touch are the *vibrissæ*, or whiskers, of the cat. These are merely specialized forms of such hairs as those which cover the bodies of most mammals, and which remain, in evanescent shape, upon the human skin, imbedded in minute sacs. Now, in their origin, the eye and ear are, like these, sundry specialized, differentiated hairs. The implication of these facts is that sight and hearing were slowly differentiated from the sense of touch. We seem to discern from it how, in the history of the eye, there was at first a sensitive pigment, making one spot particularly sensitive to light. Then came, by slow degrees, the increased translucence, the convexity of surface, and the multiplication of vesicles arranging themselves as retinal rods. And what was the result of all this for the creature in whom organs of vision were thus developed? There was an immense extension of the range, complexity, and definiteness of the adjustment of inner relations to outer relations. In other words, there was an immense increase of life. There came into existence new marvels for those with eyes to see,—a mighty visible world that for sightless creatures had been virtually non-existent. With the further progress of organic life the high development of the senses was attended or followed by the increase of brain development and the correlative intelligence, immeasurably enlarging the scope of the correspondence between the living creature and the outer world.

In the case of man the adjustments by which we meet the exigencies of life from day to day are largely psychical. Our actions are guided by our theory of the situation; and it needs no illustration to show us that a true theory is an adjustment of one's ideas to the external facts, and that such adjustments are helps to successful living. The whole work of education is directed toward cultivating the capacity of framing associations of ideas that conform to objective facts. It is thus that life is guided.

So, as we look back over the marvellous life-history of our planet, even from the time when there was no life more exalted than that of conferva scum on the surface of a pool, through ages innumerable until the present time, when man is beginning to learn how to decipher nature's secrets,—we look back over an infinitely slow series of minute adjustments, gradually and laboriously increasing the points of contact between the inner life and the world environing it. Step by step in the upward advance toward humanity the environment has enlarged, from the world of the fresh water alga, with its tiny field and its brief term of existence, to the world of civilized men, which comprehends the stellar universe during æons of time. Every such enlargement has had reference to actual existences outside. The eye was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light, the ear in response to the outward existence of acoustic vibrations. The mother's love came in response to the infant's needs. Fidelity and honor were gradually developed as the nascent social life required them. Everywhere the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Such has been nature's

method: such is the deepest law of all life that science has been able to detect.

Now there was a critical moment in the history of our planet, when love was beginning to play a part hitherto unknown, when the notions of right and wrong were germinating in the nascent human soul, when the family was coming into existence, when social ties were beginning to be knit, when winged words first took their flight through the air. This is the moment when the process of evolution was being shifted to a higher plane, when civilization was to be superadded to organic evolution, when the last and highest of creatures was coming upon the scene, when the dramatic purpose of creation was approaching fulfillment. At that critical moment we see the nascent human soul vaguely reaching forth toward something akin to itself, not in the realm of fleeting phenomena, but in the eternal presence beyond. An internal adjustment of ideas was achieved in correspondence with an unseen world. That the ideas were very crude and childlike, that they were put together with all manner of grotesqueness, is what might be expected. The cardinal fact is that the crude, child-like mind was groping to put itself into relation with an ethical world not visible to the senses. And one aspect of this fact not to be lightly passed over is the fact that religion, thus set upon the scene coeval with the birth of humanity, has played such a dominant part in the subsequent evolution of human society that what history would be without it is quite beyond our imagination. As to the dimensions of this cardinal fact, there can thus be no question. None can deny that it is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth.

Now, if the relation thus established, in the morning twilight of man's career, between the human soul and the world invisible and immaterial is a relation of which only the subjective term is real and the objective term is non-existent, then I say it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. All the analogies of evolution, so far as men have been able to decipher it, are overwhelmingly against any such supposition. All the analogies of nature fairly shout against the assumption of such a breach of continuity between the evolution of man and all previous evolution. So far as our knowledge of nature goes, the whole momentum of it carries us forward to the conclusion that the unseen world, as the objective term in a relation that has coexisted with the whole career of mankind, has a real existence; and it is but following out the analogy to regard that unseen world as the theatre where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation.

The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom; but, in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling, it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion.

So far as I am aware, the foregoing argument is here advanced for the first time. It does not pretend to meet the requirements of scientific demonstration: one must not look for scientific demonstration in problems that contain so many factors transcending our direct experience. But, as an appeal to our common sense, the argument here brought forward surely has great weight. It seems to me far more convincing than any chain of subtle metaphysical reasoning can ever be; for such chains, however invincible in appearance, are no stronger than the weakest of their links, and in metaphysics one is always suspecting some undetected flaw. My argument represents the impression irresistibly forced upon one by a pretty broad general familiarity with nature's processes and methods. It therefore belongs to the class of arguments that survive.

Observe, it is far from being a trite repetition of the old argument that beliefs universally accepted must be true. Upon the view here presented, every specific opinion ever entertained by men regarding religion is exceedingly crude; yet the everlasting reality of religion, in its three indispensable elements, as here set forth, remains

unassailable. Our common-sense argument puts the scientific presumption entirely and decisively on the side of religion, and against all atheistic and materialistic explanations of the universe. It establishes harmony between our highest knowledge and our highest aspirations by showing that the latter, no less than the former, are a normal result of the universal cosmic process. It has nothing to fear from the advance of scientific discovery; for, as these things come to be better understood, it is going to be realized, I think, that the days of the antagonism between science and religion must by and by come to an end. That antagonism has been chiefly due to the fact that religious ideas were until lately allied with the doctrine of special creation. They have therefore needed to be remodelled and reconsidered from new points of view. But we have at length reached a point where it is becoming daily more and more apparent that, with deeper study of nature, the old strife between faith and knowledge is drawing to a close; and thus, disentangled at last from that ancient slough of despond, the human mind will breathe a freer air and enjoy a vastly extended horizon.

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

There are few countries in the world of which so little is known and of which so many false reports are spread as of the empire of the czar. Russia includes all climates excepting the tropical. Russia is not a state: it is a world by itself. Inhabited by numerous tribes of people, differing in language, manners, customs, and religion, it is certainly a country worth a visit, and more: it is worth studying.

The traveller, as soon as he has crossed the Russian border, finds that he is in another world; for Russian customs differ greatly from those of other countries. They unfortunately prove that, with all our progress in science, art, and literature, our people are still in an undeveloped state of existence. Of course there are many reasons for this; but the predominating cause is to be found in the rules of the Greek-Catholic Church, and the fanaticism with which these rules are executed. There are no less than twenty great church holidays besides Easter and Christmas, and a number of state holidays, like the czar's, czarina's, and czarowitz's birthdays and namesdays, besides coronation and burial days, and a number of saints' days; and on all these days the Russian Church bids its adherents not to work, to go to church, and rejoice. Rejoicing with the lower classes of our population means drinking, and there is not a day in the week on which the saloons are so crowded as on Sundays and holidays. It is very fortunate that the Russian is as good-natured and harmless in a drunken state as when he is sober, else it would be impossible to go out in the streets; for in some parts of our capitals every third man we meet is tipsy. In our smaller cities and villages, where the priest takes part in the rejoicings on the occasion of a christening, wedding, or burial, it is usually he who drinks most. The Russian peasant respects in the priest the representative of his beloved church: the intelligent man despises in him all that is greedy, dishonest, and intemperate. In olden times, meeting a priest in the early morning foreboded evil, which could only be forestalled by spitting three times on the ground. The social position of the priest is very low. The landed gentry invite him mostly on account of the many orthodox servants to bless the house. On these occasions he arrives in full state, accompanied by his deacon, who carries the incense-box, the contents of which are used in great quantities. The priests are invited on these occasions to partake of a meal, which is usually served apart from the family.

The country priest is very poor, as he entirely depends on the peasants, who have little more than their respect to offer him. Poverty has often driven these priests to steal and commit other crimes; but in the eyes of the peasant the *catuschka* ("little father") never loses his prestige. The country priest has, aside from the clerical instruction he receives at the seminary (insoluble for priests), no education whatever; but he is as good-natured, as hard-working, and as satisfied with fate as the peasant himself. The Russian priest has to get

married before he takes orders, and his wife is mostly chosen for him while he is at the seminary.

As a rule, marriage is looked upon by the Russian peasant and the lower merchant class as an unavoidable evil; and, the sooner it is over, the better.

One day an opportunity was offered to me to see something of peasant life. My little maid, Mascha, presented herself before me, telling me that her mother had engaged her to be married, and that her formal betrothal was to take place the same evening.

"Do you know the man you are to marry?" I asked.

"No. Why should I know him? My mother knows him."

"But perhaps he will not please you when you see him."

"Perhaps. But the priest says it is my duty to obey my mother."

And Mascha makes the sign of the cross.

"May I assist at the ceremony of your betrothal?"

"*Milosti prossim*" ("We ask you heartily," says Mascha, her face beaming with hospitality.

I was anxious to see the man to whom my nice little maid was to be sacrificed, and I went.

On the threshold stood Mascha's parents, bowing low, and thanking me that I had honored them by my appearance. The room was crowded with friends and relatives, but the future bridegroom was not visible.

"He is gone to fetch the *batuschka*," said Mascha.

Meanwhile, an altar was erected in the corner under the image of the Holy Virgin. Two candles were lighted and placed upon the altar, on which stood a tall cake called *kulitsch* and a salt-cellar with salt. The priest arrived, followed by the *fiancé*, a boy of nineteen, and the deacon, who carried a Bible, a crucifix, and an incense-box, which he brandished all the time. The young people placed themselves before the altar, and the ceremony began. The priest first read a chapter from the Bible; while the whole assembly kept crossing themselves and falling on their knees, the forehead touching the ground. Then came the blessing of the priest, while the deacon repeated the "*Gospode Ponnilui*" ("Lord, be merciful to us") at least a hundred times, and in a most melancholy tone of voice. This finished, the affianced couple said the Lord's Prayer, and exchanged their brass rings. Now came the congratulations, beginning with the girl's mother, who took the cake and salt from the altar, while the father offered the young couple an image. Then the parents of the young man advanced. Both parents first offered their hand and then their face to be kissed.

Russian law considers a betrothal as valid as a marriage, and the breaking of an engagement is severely punished. I asked Mascha when her wedding was to be. "In a week," she answered cheerfully, although she knew quite well the sad, degrading position of a married woman of her class. A few proverbs will explain more than a description: "The Russian man does not love his wife if he does not beat her." "Love your wife as your soul, and shake her like an apple-tree." "Beat your wife once before dinner and once before supper." "The dog is more reasonable than a woman, for he never growls at his master." The Russian lower classes are not thrifty. Of course, they do not earn much; but the money they make is spent in the celebration of the numerous holidays and namesdays. On these occasions tea is drunk in such quantities that a looker-on might be alarmed. The peasant, if ever so poor, possesses a *samovar*, the indispensable household article of the czar as well as of the pauper. The *samovar* is made of silver, nickel, or brass; and the Russian imagines that water for tea is only good if it is boiled in the *samovar* (self-boiler). On holidays this article never leaves the table; and friends and relatives are invited, *pitj tschai*, to drink tea. The lower classes drink tea out of tumblers; and they drink it without sugar, mostly with jam and lemon. A person who has perhaps not tasted meat for weeks will not hesitate about spending the little money he has on tea of the best quality and dainties that go along with it. The main food of peasants is *borscht*,—a food prepared of beet-roots, —*tchi* (cabbage), and *kascha* (black porridge). These are the national dishes of

our country, besides the *ptrogg*,—a big pie filled with chopped meat.

The servants never receive the food that is served on the table of their masters. They cling to the national dishes, which agree better with them than the dainty dishes of the French cook.

St. Petersburg, Russia.

THE INDIANS AND THE DAWES BILL.

BY JOHN J. JANNEY.

In the notice of the Lake Mohonk Conference, in its issue of October 17, the *Register* says: "The exemption from taxation on the part of Indians holding allotted lands has worked no end of trouble in every direction. It is a great pity that this could not have been foreseen by the framers of the severalty bill." It surely is a pity. It was foreseen by others. The writer opposed the enactment of the bill, among other reasons, because the Indian, holding his land clear of taxation, would surely get no protection from the State, and the moment he received his allotment he ceased to be a member of his tribe, and lost the protection of the government; and I wrote at the time that, if the act should be enforced in accordance with the design of its friends, "we might confidently expect that at the end of fifteen or twenty years from that time we shall have eighty or perhaps one hundred thousand pauper Indians, which the public, and not the government, will have to support."

The *Register* says: "But the truth is there was no thought at that time that the land would be allotted in hot haste to whole tribes at a time. It was supposed that here and there an Indian might be found progressive enough to want to take up land." That had been the practice for twenty years or more. That the law authorized; and, under wise agents, such as Gen. Milroy and Agent Edes, the Puyallups and neighboring tribes, with at least a thousand years of savage life behind them, and how much longer no one knows, were changed in one generation into a thrifty farming community, living on good farms, in good frame houses, better than their white neighbors. But the Dawes law did not contemplate any such process. It provides that the "President of the United States be, and he is hereby authorized, whenever in his opinion any reservation, or any part thereof, of such Indians is advantageous for agricultural or grazing purposes, to cause said reservation, or any part thereof, to be surveyed, or resurveyed, and to allot the lands in said reservation as follows," giving the amount to which every Indian is entitled. Section 2 provides "that all allotments set apart under the provisions of this act shall be selected by the Indians. . . . Provided that, if any one entitled to an allotment shall fail to make a selection within four years" after the President has directed allotments to be made, the Secretary of the Interior may have the allotment made by the proper Indian agent, or by a special agent. The Indian has no choice in the matter except to choose his land when directed to do so. The good of the Indian was not the purpose aimed at in the enactment of the law. If the land was not fit for "agricultural or grazing purposes," the Indian might keep it.

The avowed purpose of the law was to break up and destroy the tribal organization and the reservation, not piecemeal nor by degrees, but at once. The purpose of the law was tersely expressed by Lyman Abbott at the Mohonk Conference. He said: "The white settler looks across the border, and sees great prairies untouched by the plough. He sees thousands of acres of grass with only a few ponies grazing upon them. It is the great quantity of unused land that tempts his greed. . . . No one wants to live next to an Indian territory." No: he wants to own it.

All the information I have leads to the conclusion that the effort to force civilization on a blanket Indian by giving him a section of land, with the injunction that he must make a living from it or starve, will result in the latter.

But does the *Register* propose that the government shall pay the taxes on the Indians' lands out of money that belongs to the Indians? That would not be a wide departure from the government policy, but it surely would be no approach toward honesty.

Columbus, Ohio.

REV. CHARLES WARE PARK.

It is thirty-two years since the writer first saw Charles W. Park, the nephew of the famous Prof. Park of Andover, a bright-eyed, clean-hearted boy, just graduating at Phillips Academy. The acquaintance was resumed four years later, when the boy, grown to be a young man, was about to graduate at Amherst, at the head of his class save one. He had grown in many ways during those four years. Always a book-loving child, carefully trained in this by wise and tender parents, learning to love study from association with his father, a quiet country clergyman, he had thrown himself into college work with zeal, especially into such studies as astronomy, botany, and physics. He was a delightful companion then by night or by day, especially if the stars were out or the flowers were blooming; for he knew them all by name, and could introduce them as one would introduce a friend. But for his devotion to humanity he would have become a devout astronomer, but work for his fellow-beings appealed with greater force to his willing hands and strong heart. Even in college he was busy in trying to better the morals of those who needed help. There are those who can still recall the regular Sunday trips made by Mr. Park and three college mates to a neighboring village to conduct Sunday-school and religious service. The fact that they always went on a hand-car, lent for the purpose by the railroad officials, may have added an element of spice to the undertaking; but it was genuine good work that they did in that sleepy district.

We can also recall the pleasant fact that those were the days of "love's young dream"; for, about the time he won his laurels at college, he won the nobler gift of the hand of a charming girl, the daughter of Rev. Henry Ballantine, who for many years had been a missionary in India. This daughter was born there, and could speak the Marathi tongue like a native. Their engagement not only decided the question of foreign mission work which Mr. Park had been weighing in his mind, but probably led to the determination of the place where he should be sent by the American Board.

The next three years were spent in teaching for a time as principal of a school in Sherborn, Mass., and in theological study at Bangor and Andover. At the latter school he graduated, and was ordained in Amherst, June 14, 1870. The next day he and Miss Ballantine were married, and soon after were established in India as missionaries.

While yet a boy at Phillips Academy, Charles Park was one of the editors of the *Phillipian*, and his taste for editorial work was never lost. Not only did he preach and teach in India, beginning to preach in the vernacular nine months after landing,—a feat very seldom surpassed in that extremely difficult language,—but he soon established a valuable missionary quarterly, which for eight years he carried on, with the assistance of his able wife. He was also the English editor of an Anglo-Indian weekly in Bombay, and every year published a religious almanac. Besides all this editorial work, he found time to deliver various courses of lectures to the intelligent and thoughtful English-speaking Brahmans of Bombay, among whom his broad and sympathetic views secured him great respect and friendship,—a friendship which he warmly returned.

With all this amount of work in a hot climate, it is not strange that at the end of eleven years Mr. Park should have come back to this country for rest. Circumstances prevented his ever returning to his chosen field of work; but he was a man who always found plenty to do, and wherever he was placed did with his might what his hand found to do. For two years he preached here and there, under the auspices of the American Board, with which he was still connected. For two more he was settled over a church in New Haven. Then he was called to Birmingham, now Derby, Conn., where he ministered to a devoted flock for ten busy years, growing ever broader in his sympathies, and giving to his people his best and freest thought. His one aim was to find the truth; and, as fast as it was revealed to him, he gladly shared it with those who came to hear him.

By a curious geographical circumstance his parish was divided. Many of his parishioners lived in the borders of an adjoining town. When a new church was built in their immediate vicinity, it was easier for them to worship in Shelton than in Derby; and the division so weakened the society that it was no longer able to support a minister with a family of six young people to educate. So, with sore wrenching of heart, pastor and people parted; and a new home was found. This new home was in Pittsfield, Mass., where Mr. Park was called to take charge of Unity Church. He had entered upon his duties and preached two months when the germs of consumption, which those who loved him had long feared were at work in his system, sprang into sudden life; and, after a few weeks of suffering, he passed quietly away on Sunday night, the 24th of November, 1895.

There remain in the stricken home at

Pittsfield Mrs. Park and four young daughters. The oldest daughter is in the graduating class at Wellesley, and the only son in the graduating class at Yale.

The loss of Mr. Park is a loss to the Church Universal, for he was a lover of truth and a fearless defender of what he believed to be right. A man of absolutely pure life and habits, tireless in study, genial in presence, warm-hearted and hospitable, his loss will be keenly felt in many homes besides his own.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

We have this week a new book which will be warmly welcomed by many,—“Historical and Other Papers,” by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D. The book includes, in addition to the papers, seven of his sermons. The book is edited by his daughter, Mrs. Alice Reynolds Keyes. It has an introduction by Hon. George F. Hoar. We hope it will have a large sale. 499 pages. \$2, net. This is the only new book we have to notice. The interest in Dr. Gordon's book, “The Christ of To-day,” remains unabated. It is doubtless one of the most valuable theological contributions of recent years, and one that must have a wide-spread influence with free-minded men of all denominations; for it breaks through many prejudices, and proclaims with no uncertain sound the new theology advocated by modern liberals of all denominations. This book and the volume of “Essays and Addresses,” by Phillips Brooks, published last year, ought to create a revolution in theology. Phillips Brooks said in this book: “We hear much to-day about the new theology: it is not a name, it is not a thing to fear. If man is really growing nearer to, and not farther away from, God, every advancing age must have a new theology. One may freely use that term, ‘the new theology,’ just as he freely speaks of the ‘new astronomy’ and the ‘new chemistry.’” Dr. Gordon has certainly done this very thing; and his theology is certainly new, when compared with that of the old catechisms and creeds of all orthodox churches.

Two new tracts are also now ready,—the Conference sermon, by Rev. M. J. Savage, “Our Gospel,” and “The Theology of Unitarians,” which is the remarkable paper given by Dr. Everett at the National Conference. Two more tracts—one by Rev. Mr. Gannett and one by Rev. Mr. Cuckson—will soon be ready.

FINANCES.

It is hardly necessary to add anything to what was said under this head last week. All that was then said is still true, and nothing specially encouraging can be said as yet. The contributions that are to come in will be watched with anxiety, and it is to be hoped that they will make it possible to speak more hopefully.

VISITS.

December 5 Women's Alliance meeting at Chelsea. Unfortunately, a heavy snow-storm prevented a full attendance. This society shows a determination to push ahead, and we have no doubt that its zeal and devotion will carry it through. December 8, Concord, N.H., a beautiful church in a beautiful city. This church impresses me as a very strong one, doing an excellent work. The day was a beautiful one, and a good congregation came out. The visit was very agreeable in all its features.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

The regular Channing Hall “talk” will be held next Saturday, December 14, at 25 Beacon Street, at 2.30, conducted by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject treated will be Lesson XIV., “The Ten Virgins.” All cordially invited.

Every Other Sunday for December 22 will be a Christmas number. It will contain a great variety of stories, poems, and illustrations appropriate to the season. Special liberties were given to Santa Claus, and he assumed the editorship of the paper for that issue. The young people will govern themselves accordingly, and bear in mind what they can obtain out of that paper at that time.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—The third regular meeting, thirteenth season, 1895-96, will be held in the parlors of the Church of the Disciples, corner of Warren Avenue and West Brookline Street, Monday, December 16, 1895. Subject, “The Mutual Relation of Minister and Sunday-school.” Speakers: Miss Margaret B. Barnard, Chelsea; Rev. William H. Fish, Jr., Dedham; Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, Dorchester; Mr. Lyman M. Greenman, Cambridge; Rev. William H. Johnson, Cambridgeport; Rev. William H. Lyon, Roxbury; Mr. William I. Scandlin, Boston. Committee on Hospitality: Mrs. Christopher R. Eliot, Miss Bertha D. Eaton, Miss Frances I. Rust, Miss Emma W. Lee, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys.

Religious Intelligence.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be sent in by Saturday Morning; announcements of meetings which are to take place must be sent in before Tuesday Noon.]

REV. WILLIAM H. LYON of Roxbury will preach in the First Parish Church, Brookline, on Sunday next, December 15.

THE Worcester League of Unitarian Women will hold their December meeting on Wednesday, the 18th, at the Second Parish Church, Worcester. Morning session at eleven o'clock; afternoon session at two o'clock. Subject, “How shall Religion be made Manifest in the Home, in Social Relations, and in Politics?” All women are invited.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. John Cuckson will conduct the Wednesday noon service December 18.

Ministers' Monday Club, December 16, 10.30 A.M.: Rev. Henry C. McDougall will preside. Rev. John W. Day will give the essay on “The Preacher's Relation to Social Subjects.”

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): The attendance last Sunday evening to hear Mrs. Livermore was very large, the hall being crowded and many people standing. Her address was inspiring, portraying the possibilities of the human race in its future development. The number of men who attend this service is so large that comment has often been made upon that fact. While it is true that such a speaker as Mrs. Livermore draws out an overflowing audience, it is also a fact that speakers of less fame are heard by what would be called a very large congregation. This indicates that there is now created a regular following at Parker Memorial. Next Sunday evening, December 15, at 7.30, Rev. Thomas Van Ness of the Second Church, Boston, will speak. Subject, “The Heart of Socialism.” Special music. All seats free, and a welcome to all.

AUGUSTA, ME.—The union Thanksgiving services at the Unitarian church were, it is said, the largest attended of any that have ever been held here. It was a gathering assembled with the true spirit of Christianity in their hearts, a feeling of gratitude for the many blessings of life. There were present on the platform the following pastors of evangelical churches in the city: Rev. C. S. Cummings, Rev. J. M. Wyman, Rev. J. S. Williamson, Rev. E. C. Hayes, and Rev. C. A. Hayden. Rev. E. E. Newbert's sermon was followed with close attention. It was full of deep thought and high ideas.

ATHOL, MASS.—Second Church: A union service of the Advent, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Trinitarian Congregational, First Congregational Unitarian, and Second Unitarian Churches was held Thanksgiving Day morning in the Second Unitarian Church. Two fine anthems were sung by the quartette. Rev. Mr. Mansfield (Methodist) preached a strong sermon from the text, “But sin is a reproach to any people.” The congregation was one of the largest that ever attended a Thanksgiving Day service.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Rev. Thomas J. Horner was installed as pastor of the Independent Congregational Church Wednesday, December 11. Rev. Charles G. Ames preached the sermon, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett gave the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley addressed the people. Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. G. W. Buckley, Mr. Albert C. Kingman, Rev. John C. Kimball, and Prof. Hamilton King also took part in the services. On the following day a joint conference of the liberal churches of Michigan was held here, in which State organization and missionary work, the Sunday-school problem, and the mission of a free church were discussed. Rev. John C. Kimball read a paper on “Is a Liberal Religion Capable of Inspiring its Adherents with Enthusiasm, Altruism, and Self-sacrifice?”

CANTON, MASS.—Rev. Henry F. Jenks occupied his pulpit last Sunday for the first time for four weeks, during which, with his wife and son, he has been travelling in the West, visiting Denver and Salt Lake City, in the former of which places, as well as in Chicago, he preached during his absence. In his sermon he spoke of the importance of consecration and self-restraint, of self-respect, and of the maintenance of a high ideal on the part of those who were engaged in carrying on our missionary enterprises in remote outposts as an element of success, and also of the importance of fostering the same qualities in our home churches, that those who grow up in them and go forth to engage in these new enterprises should do so with a lofty ideal of their faith, a persistent enthusiasm, and an earnest consecration that will enable them to triumph over discouragements, urging the duty of all, in both situations, for the sake of such others as they

might influence by their characters and their example, to follow the example of Jesus, and sanctify, or consecrate, themselves.

CASTINE, ME.—Rev. Walter C. Green finishes his pastorate February 20, 1896.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague and Rev. Lila Frost Sprague began their ministry at All Souls' Church December 1. Mrs. Sprague has begun the organization of the Sunday-school. The “Weekly Calendar” contains the usual statement of purpose and an invitation to the services and membership of the church.

CHELSEA, MASS.—Mr. George W. Stone, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, addressed the Chelsea Branch of the National Women's Alliance Thursday evening, December 5.

CONCORD, N.H.—Rev. Frank L. Phalen preached an earnest sermon on “Responsibility,” December 8, urging the duties of Christian citizenship.

FARMINGTON, ME.—A correspondent writes: “A notable event in the religious life of this part of the State of Maine was the dedication, on December 5, of a Union Chapel at Fairbanks by representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Orthodox Congregationalist, and Unitarian churches. Until quite recently no liberal service had been held in the village, and no one supposed for a moment that the Union Society would need the service of a Unitarian minister. But, by accident,—if one can speak of a funeral service as an accident,—the Unitarian minister at Farmington was called upon to speak of the gospel of the liberal faith. It became apparent very soon that there were quite a number of Unitarians at Fairbanks who were not themselves aware of the fact. Having heard one brief address, they decided that they must have more; and so an invitation came to Rev. W. H. Ramsay to hold regular services in a hall. The attendance has been remarkably good from the first. There have never been less than fifty, and twice we have had nearly sixty persons present. It is needless to say that these liberal services created a feeling of intense excitement in the community. Those who have been prominent workers in the ‘Evangelical’ services have shown bitter opposition. The brother who conducts the Union Sunday-school declared that Unitarians were ‘infidels.’ Meetings of counsel were held among the adherents of the old faith, and our services were ‘boycotted.’ But the boycott was innocuous. One thing was positively decided upon: the Unitarians must hold no service in the new chapel. This announcement brought the liberals, who had contributed to the building of the chapel, together. A meeting of all the contributors was called; and, very much to the astonishment of the ‘Evangelicals,’ it was found that a majority was in favor of giving the Unitarians and Orthodox Congregationalists an equal right with the Baptists and Methodists in the new chapel. So we are to have Unitarian services regularly at Fairbanks. It is not likely that any permanent liberal society will grow out of this movement; nor is it, perhaps, desirable. But the movement will help to strengthen our work here in Farmington, as well as to spread the leaven of liberal thought among a large number of people, whom otherwise we should not be likely to reach.”

HOLYOKE, MASS.—Much to the regret of the Holyoke church, Rev. J. W. Carney has sent in his resignation. He has been too ill to conduct the work with any satisfaction to himself, and will for the present take a vacation. Speaking of his resignation, one of the Holyoke papers says: “His friends are not confined to any denomination; and his popularity, because of his breadth and liberality, was fully attested to by the remarkably warm greeting accorded

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him at the big anniversary celebration of the St. Jerome society a year ago. Holyoke will lose a great, big, whole-souled nobleman in Rev. J. W. Carney."

MEADVILLE, PA.—A correspondent writes: "The situation in Meadville is most encouraging. The morning congregations have been exceptionally large, and new families are coming in. Mr. Lawrance has preached every Sunday since the church reopened the 1st of September, except that he exchanged with Miss Buck in November. His health and vigor seem entirely restored. Dr. Mayo is to preach on the 15th inst., on which day Mr. Lawrance goes to Buffalo. The Sunday-school is growing steadily. It recently received the gift of a large and beautiful American flag from the Young Ladies' Auxiliary, and on November 24 a patriotic service was held to accept and dedicate it. The 'Look-up League' (Guild) has charge of the evening services, which begin with a half-hour of song service led by Mr. Lawrance, after which follow the league service proper and a paper. Recent essayists have spoken on 'Augustine,' 'Saint Bernard,' 'Phillips Brooks,' 'Stopford Brooke,' 'The Enforcement of Law,' 'Evolution and the Future,' and 'Recent Religious Music.' Dr. Mayo is to address the league on two Sunday evenings. Much interest is taken in the proposed federation of young people's societies, and at the last meeting the league voted informally upon the question of a name. Seven preferred the name 'Unitarian Union,' ten voted for 'Christian Union,' and twenty-seven for 'Religious Union,' to which some added the words 'of the Unitarian Church.' In the Divinity School there are thirty-one students in residence. Just now the chief interest centres in the special lectures by non-resident instructors. Rev. J. L. Corning gave a series of ten illustrated lectures on 'The History of Art,' coming from Munich for that purpose. They were largely attended, some of the audiences testing the capacity of the church to the utmost. At present Dr. Lyman Abbott is delivering a course of eight lectures, extending over two weeks, on 'Christianity and the Social Problems.' These are so highly appreciated in the city that not only are all the seats in the church occupied, but the aisles and the space about the pulpit are also filled. At least one evangelical church holds its prayer-meetings at an earlier hour, that the minister and his people may attend. Dr. Mayo follows, beginning the next week after Dr. Abbott concludes. These lectures are most useful to the students, and are helpful to our cause in the city. Mr. Lawrance is a member of the Ministerial Association of Meadville, and had a prominent part in the union Thanksgiving service. The church and school command the respect of the people of Meadville."

NORTHBORO, MASS.—Josiah Coleman Kent began his permanent work as pastor of the church here December 1, and is to be ordained and installed soon. Rev. Joseph H. Allen will preach the installing sermon.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—There will be a commemorative service to Dr. Woodbury at the Westminster Church at 4 P.M., next Sunday. The Sunday meetings of the Fourth Society have been closed indefinitely. On the following Sunday, however, a new movement was begun in another portion of the city adjoining, known as Elmwood. The interest and promise are good.

WALPOLE, N.H.—This society, which has been hearing candidates, has been much pleased with the services of Rev. F. W. Pratt. That gentleman, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly recovering, and will very likely preach in Walpole the 15th inst.

WHITMAN, MASS.—Our society in Whitman has extended a unanimous vote to Rev. H. D. Stevens to become its pastor. If he accepts, the society will undoubtedly prosper under his ministry, and become one of our established and influential churches.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Rev. William Everett will preach here next Sunday, the 15th inst. in the Church of the Unity.

ENGLAND.—Rev. Minot J. Savage, who delivered the opening sermon at the recent Unitarian Conference at Washington, also gave the closing address. His sermon was a magnificent utterance of the "good news" of Unitarianism to the world, and it is not surprising to hear that an audience of far above a thousand listened to it intently. We are glad to be able to state that English Unitarians will have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Savage next June. It may be remembered that, at the recent council meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the secretary stated, on behalf of the executive, that it was then impossible to announce the name of the Essex Hall lecturer for 1896, as negotiations were still pending. Dr. Herford has since reported on his return from America that Mr. Savage consents to deliver the

lecture, the object of which will be to give a presentation of religious thought in the light of the doctrine of evolution. Those to whom Mr. Savage's writings are at all familiar will expect a great treat on this occasion.—*The Inquirer*.

SUMMER PREACHING.—The superintendent for New England succeeded this year in securing more than the usual number of places for students to preach during their summer vacation. Mr. S. L. Elberfeld was stationed at Middlesex, Vt. There he preached in the Union Church, to a congregation of from forty to forty-five. He also preached in Middlesex Centre, four miles away, where he had a congregation of about thirty. In both these places he succeeded, during his three months' stay, in increasing the interest in liberal Christianity. Rev. J. Edward Wright of Montpelier, bishop of all that centre, commends the work done by Mr. Elberfeld. Charles H. Porter, Jr., went to West Gouldsboro, Me., where he won the affection of the entire town by his attractive personality and profitable services. Our cause was much advanced during his stay. At Prospect Harbor, near by, Rev. C. A. Langston conducted services to the great satisfaction of the liberal people in that community. His congregation averaged about forty, and he aimed with measurable success to make the church life more organic and to deepen the church idea. Winter Harbor was supplied by the occasional preacher from Bar Harbor and elsewhere. Mr. Flint, who has done so much for this place, had charge of the services. Mr. F. C. Brown from Meadville went to Warren, Vt. He found a congregation discouraged by removals. He renewed their spirit, and drew a congregation averaging about forty. He also went over to Waitsfield, a neighboring town, and brought back to life a little society there, preaching to about fifty people on the average. The work he did was surprisingly good in its results. Farther up in Vermont, at East Charleston, Mr. Greenman from Cambridge carried on the work so successfully begun by Mr. Reccord last year. Unitarian preaching is a new thing to the people in this neighborhood; but it is gladly received, the congregations sometimes numbering as high as seventy-five and over. It is a good place to sow the liberal seed, as there are several thriving communities in the neighborhood. In Sullivan, Me., the services were conducted by Rev. T. J. Horner; and something was accomplished toward getting the people there to organize a liberal Union Church. In the town of South Hope, Me., Unitarian services were held for the first time. Mr. E. P. Pressey went there for three Sundays, with the condition that they would ask him to preach further if he was liked. He remained during the rest of the summer, having an average congregation of over twenty. Rev. L. M. Barrington, one of our older ministers, residing in Belfast, went regularly to Stockton Springs, Me., during the summer, holding the only religious services conducted in the town. It is his hope that the people will unite in these services, and that they may be held regularly throughout the year. In Fitzwilliam, Mass., Rev. Mrs. M. C. Aitkin preached during the entire summer. This is the little church to which Rev. Dr. Reynolds ministered so successfully during his vacations. In Sudbury, Mass., there has been an awakening of the church under the preaching of Rev. C. W. Heizer, who during the summer and up to the present time has been going over from his parish in Wayland. Several other places indicated that by next summer they would like to have preachers, and the outlook is very good for the employment of a still larger number of students. D. M. W.

General Religious Notes.

Rev. Dr. John Barrows of Chicago will go to Calcutta to give his lectures on the foundation established by Mr. Haskell.

The new chaplain of the House of Representatives, Rev. Henry N. Couden of Michigan, is a Universalist. This is the first time in the history of Congress that a Universalist has been chosen for this position. Mr. Couden is totally blind. He is a graduate of the Canton Theological School, and he is an interesting public speaker.

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* says that Rome has, with flexibility and absoluteness, changed front in Uganda. The French bishop, Monsignor Hirth, has been replaced by an Englishman, who has taken out with him a body of English priests. Bishop Hanion is a Manchester man, and was formerly a missionary at Seh in Sakh.

Dr. Selah Merrill, formerly United States consul at Jerusalem, says that of the 47,000 inhabitants of the Holy City 27,000 are Jews. "It appears from recent statistics that the idea of Hebrew being a dead language must be classed as a popular delusion. More people to-day are using Hebrew as a literary vehicle than when Moses drove his chariot through the Red Sea.

Shakspeare and Goethe have been completely translated into Hebrew, and are read with avidity by thousands who enjoy at the same time the sublime poetry of Isaiah and Solomon, the son of David."

The Danes are nearly all Protestants, the Catholics and Jews numbering less than ten thousand. But the number of Catholics is increasing; and, according to their own figures, the relative progress is enormous, unless it includes a movement of immigration as well as of conversion. As for the Jews, their number is growing less continually, and has diminished one-third since 1860.

The Evangelical Free Churches of Bristol and district have united in a council for common work. The constitution states the following as some of the objects proposed: "the formation of districts for house-to-house visitation, supplying the religious needs of hospitals, workhouses, and similar institutions, to take action on questions relating to education, religious persecution, disabilities, or intolerance in urban and rural districts, to disseminate Free Church principles by means of lectures, public meetings, etc." It is supported by all the churches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Donations since Oct. 1, 1895:—

Oct.	2. Channing Memorial Church, Newport	\$20.00
"	9. First Independent Christ Church, Baltimore.....	5.00
"	10. Dedham First Parish.....	14.24
"	17. Brighton First Parish Sunday-school.....	10.00
"	21. Keene (N.H.) Sunday-school.....	10.00
"	25. Sandwich Sunday-school.....	2.50
"	28. Hubbardston Sunday-school.....	2.50
Nov.	6. Toronto (Can.) Sunday-school.....	5.00
"	13. Henry Humphreys.....	10.00
"	13. Mrs. Otis Norcross.....	10.00
"	13. Ebed L. Ripley.....	10.00
"	13. R. C. Billings.....	10.00
"	13. E. B. Haskell.....	10.00
"	13. S. A. Carlton.....	10.00
"	13. Henry L. Pierce.....	10.00
"	13. Franklin King.....	10.00
"	13. John Capen.....	20.00
"	14. Mrs. S. W. Farwell.....	10.00
"	14. Mrs. Susan E. Cabot.....	50.00
"	14. F. H. Peabody.....	10.00
"	14. Thomas Gaffield.....	10.00
"	14. Wm. Endicott, Jr.....	10.00
"	14. Mrs. E. M. Barnard.....	20.00
"	14. Otis E. Weld.....	10.00
"	14. H. H. Hunnewell.....	10.00
"	14. Nathaniel P. Jones.....	10.00
"	14. Hartley Lord.....	10.00
"	14. Oakes A. Ames.....	10.00
"	14. G. W. Clark.....	25.00
"	14. Mrs. W. W. Warren.....	10.00
"	16. Caleb Chase.....	10.00
"	16. Mrs. Anna C. Rumrill.....	10.00
"	16. Joseph B. Glover.....	10.00
"	16. Rev. Samuel May.....	10.00
"	16. Mrs. F. L. Ames.....	25.00
"	18. Beachmont Sunday-school.....	3.00
"	20. Lucius G. Pratt.....	10.00
"	20. James W. Tufts.....	10.00
"	20. Mrs. Edward Chase.....	10.00
"	20. Mrs. John Capen.....	10.00
"	20. Augustus Flag.....	10.00
"	20. Milton Reed.....	2.00
"	21. Dorman B. Eaton.....	15.00
"	21. Arthur F. Estabrook.....	10.00
"	21. Jesse Metcalf.....	10.00
"	21. Miss E. A. Haven.....	10.00
"	23. John C. Haynes.....	15.00
"	23. H. S. Grew.....	10.00
"	23. D. W. King.....	10.00
"	23. John C. Olin.....	10.00
"	23. Mrs. John Lowell.....	10.00
"	25. Mrs. T. Talbot.....	10.00
"	26. South Church Charity Fund, Portsmouth.....	25.00
"	29. Frederic H. Hedge.....	5.00
"	29. George H. Eager.....	10.00
"	29. Miss A. E. Appleton.....	10.00
"	30. Cambridge First Parish Sunday-school.....	25.00
Dec.	3. Winchester Sunday-school.....	10.00
"	3. New Bedford First Congregational Society.....	25.00
"	3. Thompson Baxter.....	10.00
"	3. George Hutchinson.....	5.00
"	3. A. Friend.....	10.00
"	3. Charles W. Parker.....	10.00
"	7. Miss A. P. Rogers.....	10.00

RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS, Treas.

PLYMOUTH PILGRIM MEMORIAL CHURCH.

John D. Long, 5 Tremont Street, Boston, for the committee on rebuilding the above church, acknowledges receipt of the following contributions:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,427.46
May 20. Women's Alliance, Hingham.....	50.00
Aug. 21. H. S. Marcy, Belmont.....	25.00
Nov. 26. Geo. L. Stratton, Concord, N.H.....	10.00
Nov. 29. Two friends, Worcester.....	2.00
Dec. 4. John Capen, Boston.....	20.00

Dec. 4, 1895. \$2,534.46

Business Notices.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

A Tour through Unfamiliar Lands.—Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb will send a small tourist party abroad January 15 for a novel Old World tour. Landing at Naples, the travellers will visit the interesting parts of Southern Italy, including Rome and the picturesque regions lying about Naples, and thereafter make an extended round of Sicily. Tunis and Algeria will next be visited; and the latter country especially will be widely traversed from the Tunis boundaries to the borders of Morocco, and from the Mediterranean shores to the great range of the Atlas Mountains. At one point the mountain wall will be crossed, and there will be a visit to the quaint desert town of Biskra. Southern Spain will also be seen, and there will be an opportunity to join a party for a more comprehensive round through the latter country and to other parts of Europe. A party which is to devote its attention to Spain, Portugal, France, etc., will sail from New York March 21. A circular giving all needed details may be obtained by addressing Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, Boston.

\$3.50 Gift.—In another part of this paper there is the announcement of a very low price made by the Paine Furniture Co. on some fourfold Japanese Art Screens. They make a very acceptable Xmas gift at a very moderate cost.

Holiday Tours to Washington and Atlanta.—A special holiday tour via Royal Blue Line leaves Boston for Washington, D.C., Thursday, December 26. Trip occupies seven days, and rate covering hotel accommodations and every expense is but \$23. On same date a party leaves Boston for the Atlanta Exposition, stopping at Philadelphia, Luray, Natural Bridge, Chattanooga, etc. Time occupied ten days; rate \$58. Both parties personally conducted. For itineraries, address A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Tyngsboro, 4th inst., by Rev. William Brown, John Monahan and Mabel Chick, both of Tyngsboro.

Deaths.

At her home in Darien, Conn., 28th ult., Mrs. Adelaide C. Bass.

Mrs. Bass was born in Boston, June 7, 1816, and was the daughter of Otis Norcross and Mary Cunningham Homer. She was married in 1844 to John W. Bass of Boston. Six children were born to them, two of whom died in early childhood. The four surviving children are John W., Adelaide N., Stephen G., and Mary C. In 1855 Mrs. Bass moved West with her family, and after a short residence in several Western towns finally settled in Quincy, Ill. In 1875 Mr. Bass died, and his remains were interred in Mount Auburn. In 1888 Mrs. Bass moved to Darien, Conn., where she has since resided. For sixty-nine years Mrs. Bass has been a devoted member of the Unitarian church. At the age of ten years she was baptized into the service of Christ and the faith of the liberal church, Rev. Dr. Samuel Barrett officiating. When the Unitarian society of Darien was organized, Mrs. Bass was the first person to sign the covenant. Her life has been given to the practice of good works, and the influence of her beautiful character will live on for all time. The keynote of that character was hope. No gloomy fears were hers even when she knew that she must bid farewell, for "earth's little while," to those she loved there best. May her bright, brave cheerfulness follow them, as it did her, even to the "valley of the shadow."

"Till just as any other friend's they press
Death's hand, and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Her funeral took place from her late residence in Darien on Saturday, November 30, and was conducted by Rev. W. L. Utley, pastor of the Unitarian society of Darien. Later burial services were conducted at Mount Auburn by Rev. Mr. Horton of Boston.

Thus another of the saints has been gathered home. Her marriage was a happy one, and the home life will always be an inspiration to her children.

"Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished springtime
Will bloom in their spirits' track.
One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
A love that outlasted time."

Don't let the

✱ Baby Die

from want of nourishment.

Thousands of them succumb from

this cause daily. No fault of the

parents either, simply they are

unable to find food that can be

retained by the poor, weak stom-

achs, and then that continual

decrease in weight, that pinched

and forlorn look on the little

face with the inevitable end.

Try while there is yet life and

be rewarded with happy success,

as thousands have done before

you, that greatest of food

products

Bovinine

It is a concentration in the least

possible bulk of the life-maintain-

ing elements of lean, raw beef,

prepared by a special cold pro-

cess. A few drops added to

babies' milk will make rich, new

blood, create flesh and bone, and

give the necessary strength to

the vital organs to start them on

their long life's work. Cholera

infantum and bowel troubles are

prevented by its use. Over

25000 physicians endorse it.

A. P. BUSH, 149 Pearl St.

Sermon Gleanings.

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

To see the immanent Spirit enveloping the universe means that glorious omnipresence of which nature is the fitting temple. It enlivens, inspires, intoxicates the seer, and obliterates all sense of the meanness and misery of life. The interpretation of God in nature shall one day furnish a new world to religion and a new wisdom of all things. The Isopanishad says: "Whatever objects there are inside the universe are infused with the Spirit of God." "For-sake all earthly temptations, and enjoy him. Do not covet other men's wealth." "On all four sides is the Eternal spread out. On all four sides is the Infinite, and what seems to be the finite. He who is the Supporter of the universe knows all: knowing the past and future of all things, his Spirit moves in it." When the intensity of spiritual immanence was realized thus, the ancient Hindu could not but perceive that God was in his heart also. Faith in the Indweller necessarily follows the conscious presence of the Spirit in all things. Nay, it is the Presence within that projects itself upon all matters of perception. There is nothing truly profound observed without that did not at first arise within. When faith in the revelation of God does not embody itself in beholding his Spirit permeate all time and all space, and when his self-revelation does not open unsuspected depths in man's own soul, well may we doubt whether the revelation is genuine revelation at all. The Upanishads are full of this profound insight: "In the great, golden recess of the soul the immaculate essence of Brahma abides. He is the white light,—the light of all lights." "That glorious sinless One dwells inside the body, inside the mind. The man of communion, when he has purged himself from sin, beholds him." "He abides in the soul; but the soul knows him not, he of whom the soul is like unto a body, who rules the soul, he is the Immortal, the great Person." This is not far from "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." See God where? Not "Lo! here," "Lo! there," but within thyself. Nay, only too often and too repeatedly is the sentiment harped upon that the presence of God is to be realized in the heart only: that insight, wisdom, communion, and ascetic self discipline are the means of purifying the inner perception; that passion, sin, and mental obscurity inevitably obscure the medium of vision. The weakness of man to effect this internal purification is once or twice confessed in accents of Pauline tenderness. Every Hindu quotes the well-known verse from the Vishnu Dharmottara: "I know what is righteousness, but I have not the readiness to perform it. I know what is unrighteousness, but have not the power to abstain from it. O Rhishikesa, thou art in my heart. Dispose of me as thou wouldst, and I would act accordingly." The ring of the apostle's cry faintly echoes in the ear: "The good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do."

In the future dispensation of the ways of the Spirit the Hindu religion will surely play a prominent part, because at every step profound responses meet the seeker of God in all his lofty aspirations amid the world of Hindu spiritualities. Their helpfulness and truthfulness are without end, though, indeed, care and discretion be needed in their study. Some day, when the one great Spirit-God is worshipped all the world over, the unbroken continuity of the race of spiritual men, wherever born, shall be established. But all great accomplishment of ideal, while it re-explains the past and inspires profound impulses in the present, must be a hope and a promise, and rest with the future for its final effect. Does not this mean ceaseless prayer, ceaseless faith, and ceaseless work on our part? The dispensation of the Spirit is a daily unfolding, a daily light and progress for the individual and for the race. When in this blessed though difficult process no personal experiences, even of the meanest of God's apostles, can be set aside, who dare think that the spiritual history of one of the most contemplative races of the world is to be ignored? But, to be included among the children of light, we must claim no more than is our due. We must be always conscious of our want, one-sidedness, and ignorance, always hail the Spirit's

guidance and self-revelation from whithersoever it may come, give honor to all ages and the dealings of God with his people everywhere.—From "The Spirit of God," by P. C. Mozoomdar.

Literature.

"STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS."*

Mr. Howells was a writer of poetry in the earlier part of his career, but concluded that poetry was not his true vocation, and for a long time left it entirely in abeyance. A rumor says that this was a great disappointment to him, that to be a poet was his heart's desire. Emerson quotes somewhere, "What we desire in youth comes to us in heaps in old age." The application of the proverb to Mr. Howells is not complete. He has not yet attained to old age; and he has neither given us a heap of poetry now, nor is he likely to reap from it a heap of popular fame. But these forty-three poems are of such force, such individuality, and such significance that they may well raise the question whether in the whole range of his prose writing, admire that as we may and must, there is anything which rises so securely into the height of genius as do these poems. They have every one of the three notes on which Matthew Arnold insisted so vehemently. They are "simple, sensuous, impassioned." But Arnold did Milton much wrong in quoting these words as an exhaustive statement of what good poetry should be, and Mr. Howells's poems lack one note which is essential to the best poetry. They are not musical. They do not sing; nor are they poems that are likely to command a popular appreciation, notwithstanding the fact that their sympathy with the heart of popular defect and misery is one of their most striking notes. Several of them reflect Mr. Howells's well-known tendency to the socialistic criticism on the present order of society. It is a tendency most creditable to Mr. Howells's heart, but less so to his head. The incongruities of our social state are horrible, but that Mr. Howells's remedy would be worse than the disease seems not impossible. The subjects of several of the poems will give some idea of their character and range: "Race," "Temperament," "Society," "Good Society," "Hereditry." But in many others the title is the "x" of algebra, and one must read the poem to know what the title stands for: "If," for example, and "Question" and "From Generation to Generation,"—an old bottle in which the wine is new and strange. One of the shortest is called "Calvary." Its real subject is the damnation of a mean success. It is a poem to make many hundreds shiver on the warmest day. Since Jesus made that bitter cry upon the cross, his words have never, we imagine, been turned to such unique account and enforced such a terrible lesson:—

"If He could doubt on his triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be.
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

There are several of the poems that have, in a hardly less degree, this searching ethical quality. They hold the mirror up to many a secret fault. And there is blame for God as well as man. A different strain—the tenderest and most beautiful of all—is that called "Change." It must have come out of the writer's own experience of parental loss. Here is no painted flame, but one that actually burns.

The outward beauty of the book deserves the warmest praise. Mr. Pyle's illustrations are in perfect sympathy with Mr. Howells's text. But there is a fly in the ointment. There is no paging to the book, and there are no numbers to the pieces corresponding to those in the table of contents. Consequently, the search for an individual piece is sometimes maddening. Secure of his possession of this treasure, the judicious reader will proceed to number the pieces for himself as neatly as may be.

ANIMA POETÆ. From the unpublished note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—From 1795 to 1832 Coleridge filled

*"STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

more than fifty note-books with his thoughts on various subjects; and from these Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, the competent and careful editor of the "Coleridge Letters" that appeared a few months ago, has made an admirable selection. They take a wide range. Some of them show a remarkably observant mind, especially of cloud scenery and meteorological effects. In some of these we breathe an atmosphere very much like that which we have in some parts of "The Ancient Mariner"; and we are made aware that the meteorological elements of that wonderful poem were not by any means developed out of his inner consciousness, and that the lovely sonnet, "Fancy in Nubibus," was the exponent of a pretty constant habit of the writer's mind. There are, besides these concrete parts, many reflections on men and books and all sorts of ethical, philosophic, and religious problems. There is much interest in dreams, and here and there passages which do not seem unrelated to the writer's opium habit. Some of the ethical notes are very penetrating; but the theology tends to a theosophical presumption and obscurity in many places. Taken altogether, the book is one that no lover of Coleridge can afford to do without; and, if strangers to his genius make a trial of it, they will be pretty sure to look up "The Friend," the "Biographia Literaria," and the "Aids to Reflection." The scope of the book is quite different from the "Table Talk," and we are nowhere surer that we have exactly his own thought than there. The book is a distinct addition to a body of literature which was already remarkably rich.

LAST POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—It was fit that these poems should be brought together in this lovely brochure by themselves, before their incorporation, which should not be long delayed, in the edition of Lowell's collected works. We have had no better picture of the later Lowell than the frontispiece here, and it is interesting to find that its reminiscence of Rowse's portrait is quite positive. Lowell's friends must have stood somewhat in awe of him, or he would never have trained his mustache in such an affected and highly fantastical manner. The poems are but ten in all, and three of these stand out from the others as pre-eminently the best. These are "The Nobler Lover," "Turner's 'Old Téméraire,'" and the lines "On a Bust of Gen. Grant." These last tell the plain truth concerning Grant, and are no mere panegyric. The poem on Turner's famous picture is remarkable. It is a splendid metaphor in ten stanzas,—a metaphor because throughout he is speaking simultaneously of the old war-ship and the Church. "It is magnificent, but it is not"—what Lowell felt as a man, and not merely as a poet. He would not have had the Church of Hildebrand back again. And he did not really think so ill of science, whose type he finds in the tug—"a black demon, belching fire and steam"—which is dragging the fighting "Téméraire" to her last moorings. Nevertheless, it is a great poem, rich in splendid lines and phrases; and the scientist would be churlish who could not enjoy it, notwithstanding the scunner that it takes at him and all his ways.

RED ROWANS. By Mrs. F. A. Steel, author of "Miss Stuart's Legacy," etc. New York: Macmillan & Co.—It would appear from this book that the course of vagrant fancy sometimes does not run any smoother than that of true love. There is true love in the book, but not much of it is in the hero's breast. He is a most unheroic hero, going from one girl to another, and working not a little damage on the way. At last he seems to settle on a particular flower, which might be called a golden coreopsis. That is to say, he con-

cludes to club his fortune with a lady's that attracts his selfish greed. But his goes to pieces, and hers cannot be made to combine with the fragments. Whereupon he makes a virtue of necessity, and carries his "routed leavings" to the girl whom he had loved the most of all the general choir. The reader takes a mournful pleasure in her death as a kind of poetic justice; but to his serious disappointment the woman he had served the worst comes to the rescue, and coddles him in his despair. Why the book was written is not plain. The only moral seems to be upon what worthless men good women waste their hearts. What is certain, however, is that the drawing of the several characters is admirably done.

ECHOES FROM THE SABINE FARM. By Eugene and Roswell Martin Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The recent death of Mr. Eugene Field gives a pathetic interest to this volume of Horatian verse, sounding so merrily when the hand that wrote it has forgotten how to hold the pen. It is another evidence of his remarkable facility,—a facility that gave us frequently a moment's pleasure, but little that has any staying quality. Improvisation is a pleasant gift; but Thoreau was right when he declared,

"If, with light head erect, I sing,"

it does not greatly matter. A few tender notes of tenderest parental love and grief, such as "The Little Boy ben always in the Way," and "The Tin Soldier," and, in prose, "The Yaller Baby," will outlast the rest of his production, and especially these "Echoes," some of which are very clear in their Horatian note, pretty close translations of the "Odes," while others are the freest paraphrases, or even burlesques, of the originals. Some will laugh, but others will resent the incongruity of the old Roman singer dressed in modern clothes, and talking modern slang. They will recall a certain essay of George Eliot's in "Theophrastus Such," which was called "Debas-ing the Moral Currency." Perhaps these echoes and travesties would not be fairly amenable to the strictures of that essay on the parodying of noble things; but, if they escaped, it would be by a narrow chance.

A MAD MADONNA, AND OTHER STORIES. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.—The six stories of this collection have all a mystic and far-away quality; and most of them are based on the love of art, seeking to express artistic longings. The Sistine Madonna leaves her corner room in Dresden, and seeks through Italy for Raphael, with this prayer in her heart: "I would be as other women are. Thou hast made us immortal in the likeness of this flesh. We cannot die and be at rest as others are. We would die and be forgotten." The unknown painter of "La Velata" in the Uffizi Palace haunts the gallery, bewailing the cruel fate of one who won the right to be in that company of painters, and must yet remain nameless. Clarion Vaughan, the living embodiment of the Apollo, shows the Greek type in the midst of nineteenth century life, "joyous in a world that has forgotten to be glad." The stories are original in conception. Photographs of the Sistine Madonna, the Apollo, the Velata, Lake Thun, the Uffizi Palace, etc., add to the interest of the book.

THE WERNER PRIMER. By F. Lilian Taylor. Chicago, New York, and Boston: The Werner Company. Price 30 cents.—The beautiful little "Werner Primer" is certainly one of the best first readers that has ever come to our notice. No child, teacher, or parent could fail to be delighted with it. The once dark and stony road to knowledge for little feet has gradually been cleared till few obstructions remain; and particularly in texts for the lowest grades



\$3.50 GIFT.

These are the well-known Japanese 4-fold Art Screens. Within a year they have sold elsewhere as high as \$15. The regular price in Oriental stores is \$9. Our Christmas price for them after to-day will be \$3.50. They are splendidly made. The frames are in close sections, cross-ribbed at intervals of six inches, with mortised joints. With ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

The screen when opened measures 67 by 88 inches. It is covered on both sides with heavy Art Chintz. In a deep indigo cloth panel on the front are storks, reeds, etc., hand-embroidered in gold. We warrant this gold not to tarnish.

The reverse side is covered in a dull red, flowered in silver. Extra stout hinges. These screens are very close folding. As an inexpensive Holiday Gift it has no equal.

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FROM DREAMLAND SENT. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The wonder is not that we have so many poets writing in these days, nor that so many write with ease, but that so much of their poetry is really good. Miss Whiting's is not of the best among the many who compose the general choir; but it is all the better because a great deal of it has been written from the impulses of friendship and affection, without one side glance at the prospects of the rewards of publication. The personal equation is so prominent that the poems here collected must have given the editors very little trouble and the friends for whom they were written a great deal of pleasure. The quality is distinctly lyrical. They sing, and yet they sing a little out of tune, there being a good many lines that are not musical. Of curious felicity in the choice of words and phrases there is very little. There is much more expression of feeling than of thought; but it is genuine feeling, and makes us friends with one who clearly enough likes to be liked and to give love for love.

OAKLEIGH. By Ellen Douglas Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a young people's story. The situation is that of an older daughter who, on the death of her mother, succeeds to the charge of her father's house. She has a good deal of trouble with her smallest sisters, a sister younger than herself doing rather better. Then the father marries again, and there are new and interesting complications. The oldest daughter is decidedly intractable to the new mother, but she is conquered by her affection in the end. A brother of the new wife has a wildish streak in him, and gets into pecuniary perplexity, but pulls himself together handsomely, and marries one of his sister's step-daughters. There is a good old aunt in the story, who does herself great credit, and adds much to the reader's pleasure. A nice, simple, pleasant book.

LITTLE JOLLIBY'S CHRISTMAS. By Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.—Little Jolliby was an invalid hunchback boy who for two years was one of a group of little ones in a home for the friendless. His sweetness of spirit, combined with a gift for story-telling, made him the peacemaker among the children. It is not a story for very little ones, nor for Unitarian children, who would be confused by the transformation of the New Testament Jesus into the Christ to whom the children pray for forgiveness of sin. Written for orthodox Sunday-schools, it will find its mission there. Our children should learn that the dear Father is "the Loveliest One," and that they can come to his love as to an earthly father's, without a mediator to plead for them.

THE TIGER OF MYSORE. By G. A. Henty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.—There is certainly a great deal to commend in the books for boys which Mr. Henty sends out so punctually year after year. They are clean and manly in tone and instructive in setting. They presuppose a certain degree of intelligence in their youthful readers, which is more than can be said for most books of adventure, written for boys. They introduce boys to foreign scenes and historical periods; and the unusual feats of valor performed by the young heroes are quite legitimate under the circumstances. This is a story of the war with Tippoo Saib, which offers abundant material for incidents of danger and heroism.

DR. MILLER'S YEAR BOOK: A YEAR'S DAILY READINGS. By J. R. Miller, D.D. New York, 46 East Fourteenth Street, and Boston, 100 Purchase Street: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—In this volume we have another of the practical manuals which are becoming so common. For each day there is a Bible text, oft-times only a fragment, followed by selections of prose and poetry which illustrate the text. A large part of the present book contains matter which is both new and interesting. The thought is put into an interesting form, and is fertile in suggestions. It is pervaded by a deep religious tone; and no one who would begin each day with one of these selections, and heed its teaching, could fail to have their lives enriched and improved.

UNDER THE STABLE FLOOR. By M. Carrie Hyde. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 50 cents.—Small children will be fascinated

by this story of the rats and mice who lived under the stable, and plotted and planned how to secure their share of the good things provided for the children who lived in the big house. Even the adventures of a small mouse may be thrilling, especially if one looks at them from his point of view. The story would have been more artistically carried out, had the writer kept closer within bounds as to the actual accomplishments of the four-footed band. Children are glad to believe in a wonder-world just out of sight, but it needs much care to intermingle it successfully with the one they live in.

NAUTILUS. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 75 cents.—A pretty tale, for which the text should have been

"A fairy ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was deeply laden
With pretty things for me."

An imaginative little boy, with a New England conscience, the dark-eyed skipper from the Bahamas, and a most villainous old miser are the chief figures of the story. As the title suggests, shells are the connecting link between these three oddly assorted characters. It makes an attractive gift-book, and will be welcomed by all who love New England fairy-tales.

JACK ALDEN. By Warren Lee Goss. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.—This is the third of a series of historical stories of the war for the Union, based on actual experience in the Virginia campaigns. It will be found interesting, and it contains descriptions of such stirring events as the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment through Baltimore and the famous tunnel escape from Libby Prison. The account of the latter in veritable historical records is far more thrilling, however, than when woven into stories such as this. The spirit of the book is excellent, and the author confirms the truth of every description of battle scene or incident of army life.

THE MUSHROOM CAVE. By Evelyn Raymond. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.—These three hundred and fifty pages describe the ups and downs of a brother and sister, who are left alone in the world with the care of an aged grandfather. Devoted to scientific studies, the old gentleman has neither thought nor care for much else; and Gerald and Geraldine have need of all their bravery and brightness when they once realize the severe conditions forced on them. Their disappointments and successes in earning money and making friends combine into an interesting story, which might be improved by condensation, perhaps, in spite of its animation and various exciting incidents.

THE LONG VACATION. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York & London: Macmillan & Co. \$1.—Unless one is familiar with certain earlier stories of which this is a continuation, he must read far into the book before discovering the relative position of the characters, and understanding what it is all about. For "The Heir of Redclyffe's" sake, one likes to trace resemblances to it in these later books; but they lack its interest and unity, and one wearies inevitably of these incoherent conversations. If one has the patience to conquer these preliminary difficulties, the close will bring partial reward. It need not be said that the tone of the book is elevated, and that it presents a high ideal of home life.

STORIES AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN. By Celia Thaxter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.—The poppies on the cover and the shells and sea-birds would suggest Celia Thaxter, even if her name did not appear. For who else loved poppies and hollyhocks, kittens and kittiwakes, and everything living and growing as she did? The stories and poems were chiefly arranged for her grandchildren, who, under her influence, learned to love nature as she did. If this book could be used in the public schools, it would seem that it ought to result in less birds'-nesting and an earlier appreciation of the beauties of sea, sky, and flowers.

LOTTERY TICKET. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers, 10 Milk Street.—Mr. Trowbridge in this book has, with his well-known gifts, given us a true picture of life in some of its phases. It is the story of a boy who leaves his country home to engage in business in the city, where, under the fascination of a plausible and unscrupulous associate, he is induced to buy a lottery ticket. The various stages by which this lad, really honest at heart, is led into falsehood, are both graphically and vividly described. The book is interesting and thoroughly wholesome, and deserves a wide reading.

LITTLE MISS PHEBE GAY. By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.—The mothers of little girls ought all to put this book on their list of Christmas

presents immediately; for it is one that will not only delight the fortunate recipients with its natural, joyous stories of child life, but mothers, too, will enjoy the delicacy and refinement of its spirit, and laugh sympathetically over the amusing passages. Miss Brown sees things from the child's point of view, as any one must confess who has not forgotten similar experiences. Altogether, it is one of the best books for small girls that we have seen for a long time.

INMATES OF MY HOUSE AND GARDEN. By Mrs. Brightwen. Illustrated by Theo. Carreras. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.—Mrs. Brightwen has given us in this small volume another of her charming sketches of her pets. The previous ones have won the favor of the public, and the secret of her success is that she writes with knowledge gathered from first hand, and therefore speaks from experience, and not from hearsay. Moreover, she has an intense delight in the subject of which she writes. A book like this is valuable in many ways, and interesting to all the members of the household.

RUBY'S VACATION. By Minnie E. Paull. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—This fourth volume of the "Ruby Series" will be found even more interesting by little girls than the earlier ones. How Ruby tried hard to overcome her faults of selfishness and self-conceit is told with real appreciation of the struggles of childhood. The story of Ruby's mishaps while visiting her grandmother will awaken the ardent sympathy of other little girls who find it equally hard to be quiet and good when there is "nothing to do." Ruby is certainly a more agreeable companion now than when we first made her acquaintance.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD. By H. Butterworth. Estes & Lauriat. \$2. Books like these of the "Zigzag Series," which have been before the public for fifteen years, are now so widely known that a new one requires only the merest announcement. The new volume of the present season describes a trip across the continent, visiting Niagara Falls, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, across the Pacific to Japan, China, and India, through Europe, visiting many of its principal points of interest, across the ocean to South America, thence home. There are over one hundred original illustrations.

MY HONEY. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.—This writer has put out two books for girls this season, both fresh and readable, bright in description and natural in conversation. "My Honey" is simpler in regard to plot than the other; but perhaps it is not less interesting, and its quiet pictures of English country life are refreshing after the excited scenes of

other books which have lately appeared. This is a love story, of course, but free from sentimentalism and exaggeration; and mothers will enjoy reading it quite as much as their daughters.

FARRAR YEAR BOOK. Selections from the writings of Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., archdeacon and canon of Westminster. By W. M. L. Jay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 11 West Twenty-third Street.—We have another evidence of the increase of books designed for private and family daily reading in the recent issue of selections from the writings of Archdeacon Farrar. These are made with care and discrimination, and are enriched by poetical quotations. The prose is an illustration of the variety and religious characteristics of this distinguished English Churchman.

WOMAN'S CAUSE. By Carol Norton. Christian Science Publishing Society.—The first twenty pages of this attractive little book are devoted to sketches of what noble women have accomplished in establishing goodness in the world. It is a worthy list of names that Mr. Norton presents to illustrate the belief that freedom granted to women means the purification of womanhood and the exaltation of manhood. The latter part of the book is devoted to a consideration and exaltation of the work of "Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science."

ABOUT MEN: WHAT WOMEN HAVE SAID. An Every-day Book. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Long ago the philosopher Comte planned for the worship of women; but here we have a modern editor who arranges for the worship of men! With its unique form of daily quotations, it might make a good lover's *vade mecum*. Perhaps one had better not rely too much, however, on the opinions here expressed. The composite man of this year book is not a lovable person.

HILDEGARDE'S NEIGHBORS. By Laura E. Richards. Estes & Lauriat. \$1.25.—This new volume in the "Hildegard Series" is likely to be as popular as its predecessors. There is no writer for children more generally enjoyed than is Mrs. Richards. Her humor is of the sort that appeals to children and grown people alike, and the natural charm of the boys and girls to whom she introduces us needs no sentimental or exaggerated incidents to give it effect.

UNDER THE OLD ELMS. By Mary B. Clafin. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.—A pleasant ramble does one take with Mrs. Clafin under the old elms on their beautiful Newtonville estate, in company with so many charming and distinguished people. One enjoys the society of Charles Sumner, Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Clarke, Mr.



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Whittier, and Dr. S. F. Smith, as well as of many less fortunate but equally appreciated guests at the hospitable mansion.

Miscellaneous.

“Our Mutual Friend,” just issued by Macmillan & Co., is a reprint of the edition corrected by the author in 1869, with an introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger. There are forty illustrations by Marcus Stone.

Thackeray’s “Novels by Eminent Hands” is reprinted in the dainty “Fly Leaves Series,” with rough, red leather binding, brightened by gold lettering. It hints unmistakably of Christmas possibilities, and its well-known humor and readability deserve remembrance in this form and at this time. It is issued by G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

The calendar recently issued by the Channing Auxiliary of San Francisco shows much patient care both in choice of selections and in illustrations. It is rather complicated in its suggestiveness, and ought to be studied with the accompanying leaflet in hand. It may be ordered from W. B. Clarke & Co. of this city.

Chatterbox for 1895 retains all the characteristics of its predecessors,—double columns, small but clear type, full-page woodcuts, and the usual number of stories, anecdotes, and short readable articles. The book is always a favorite with little children, who never weary of its pictures; and it will doubtless sell as readily as at any time in the quarter-century since Estes & Lauriat assumed the American copyright.

Among the Christmas books that seem especially worthy of mention is an attractive little story, “Round the Yule Log,” describing Christmas in Norway. It is both humorous and pathetic, and the holiday customs of the country are faithfully portrayed. P. Chr. Asbjørnsen is the writer, and he has found a sympathetic translator in H. L. Brockstad. The publishers are Estes & Lauriat, and the book is sold for 50 cents. It is so beautifully illustrated and bound that it will surely find ready welcome at this season of the year.

It is interesting, in these days of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Howells, Du Maurier, and Mr. James, to see the old novels rising from their graves, and stalking into the book-stores. Many of them are sure to be greeted with smiles and applause. Some of them never have really been buried, but have circulated with ghost-like quietness. And here comes “Jacob Faithful,” by Capt. Marryat, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just issued, with illustrations by Henry M. Brock, and with an introduction by David Hannay. \$1.25.

The publishing section of the American Library Association have printed a list of books for girls and women, with especial reference to the needs of clubs and classes. About twenty-one hundred books have been found worthy of place here, grouped in various departments, such as education, fiction, mythology, etc. These lists will be found nearly as useful for boys and men as for women. Notes indicate the chief value of many of the books, and there is no doubt about the usefulness of such lists. The selection of certain novels for recommendation might reasonably be questioned, considering the length of the list.

Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons have just issued, gathered up, and bound two sheaves of stories which ought to be garnered in many a library. One is “A Chosen Few Stories,” by Frank R. Stockton, which the author says were chosen by virtue of a sort of literary civil service examination, in order that they might be grouped together as a representative class of the author’s best known work in this line. We suspect that, for the most part, the public verdict will agree with Mr. Stockton’s. The preface gives a few hints of the circumstances under which they were composed. The other is “A Little Book of Profitable Tales,” by Eugene Field. It contains about twenty of what Mr. Field undoubtedly considered his best, from a money point of view, at any rate. Each volume is illustrated with a portrait of the author by W. H. W. Bicknell. \$1.25.

Literary Notes.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who has lived among the Indians for some years, depicts a phase of life that has an historical interest, and that is fast passing away, in “Tribal Life among the Omahas,” to appear in the January Century.

Rudyard Kipling’s famous “Jungle Stories” had their origin in the suggestion of the editor of St. Nicholas that he try his hand at writing stories for the young readers of that magazine. This Mr. Kipling was the more ready to do, as he said he had “grown up on St. Nicholas.” He will write for it during the coming year.

An entirely new edition of the works of Lord Byron is announced by Macmillan &

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The Jewish Publication Society offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best story relating to a Jewish subject for young readers. The story must be in English, of not less than twenty thousand words, and not more than thirty thousand; and manuscripts must be in the society's hands by March 1, 1897. Miss Henrietta Szold is the secretary, 702 West Lombard Street, Baltimore.

The *Fly Leaf* is the name of another little magazine of the "Chap Book" order, hailing from Boston, and gotten up in an attractive form. It is conducted by Walter Blackburn Harte, a writer whose work is well known to readers of current literature; and it is devoted to the new,—to new men, new women, new ideas, whimsies, and things.

Mr. J. W. Bengough, whose fame as a caricaturist and humorist is wide-spread throughout the United States and Canada, has introduced something new in the way of book-making which will carry laughter and instruction wherever the new book goes, "The Up-to-date Primer: A First Book of Lessons for Little Political Economists." It is composed of words of one syllable, with pictures, and is an amusing travesty on the child's primer in use in the public schools. The series of lessons presents a complete exposition of the theory taught in the works of Henry George,—notably, a very clear conception of the idea promulgated in his "Progress and Poverty," a book which many fail to clearly understand. It is claimed that no person can read this primer and not thoroughly understand the whole matter. It will be sold at 25 cents per copy. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, are the publishers.

Books Received.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books sent to the CHRISTIAN REGISTER will be promptly acknowledged under the head of "Books Received," with statement of publisher's address and price, if known. But we can guarantee no other return, as the rapid multiplication of new works compels us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By George Eliot. With an Introduction. Tom Brown's School-days by an Old Boy. By Thomas Hughes. With an Introductory Sketch. Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. With a Supplement by the author and a Biographical Sketch.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Selections for French Composition. By C. H. Grandgent, Director of Modern Language Instruction in the Boston Public Schools.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston. Essie. A Romance in Rhyme. By Laura Dayton Fessenden. Illustrated by J. H. Vanderpoel. Price \$1.50. Old Boston Reproductions of Etchings in Half-tone. Etchings and text by Henry R. Blaney. Price \$1.00. The Boston Charades. By Herbert Ingalls. Price \$1.00. The Boy Officers of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Price \$1.50.

From Alice Reynolds Keyes, Concord, Mass. A Collection of Historical and Other Papers. By Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., to which are added seven of his Sermons. Edited by Alice Reynolds Keyes.

From the American Book Company, New York. Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans. Second Reader grade. By Edward Eggleston. Price 40 cents. The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Price 35 cents. The Comedy of "As You Like It." By William Shakespeare. Price 20 cents. Third Reader grade. By Edward Eggleston. Price 50 cents. Elementary Lessons in Zoology. A Guide in Studying Animal Life and Structure in Field and Laboratory. By James G. Needham, M.S. Price 90 cents. Zoology for High Schools and Academies. By Margaretta Burnet, Teacher of Biology, Woodward High School, Cincinnati. Price 75 cents.

From Macmillan & Co., New York. The Brown Ambassador. A Story of the Three Days' Moon. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Price \$1.25. Stories from English History from Richard II. to Charles I. By Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. With many illustrations. Price \$1.00. Heredity and Christian Problems. By Amory H. Bradford. Price \$1.50. The Place and the People. By Grace Kline. With illustrations by Frances E. Jones. Price \$2.50.

From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Sermons for the Principal Festivals and Fasts of the Church Year. By the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. Edited by Rev. John Cotton Brooks. Seventh series. Price \$1.75.

From Harper & Brothers, New York. Methods of Mind-training, Concentrated Attention, and Memory. By Catharine Aiken. The Journal of a Spy in Paris during the Reign of Terror, January to July, 1794. By Raoul Hasdin. 'Cension. A Sketch from Paso del Norte. By Maude Mason Austin. Illustrated.

From the Century Company, New York. Illustrated Monthly Magazine from May, 1895, to October, 1895. St. Nicholas. An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Vol. XXII, Part I, November, 1894, to April, 1895. Part II, May, 1895, to October, 1895.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. The Babe of Bethlehem. Song for Tenor or Soprano voice. Words by J. G. Holland. Music by Smith N. Penfield. One Quiet Night. Christmas Song. Alto or Baritone, in E-flat. Words and music by Bardsley Van de Water. Steadfast, my Heart. Alto or Baritone, in E-flat. Words by Samuel G. Young. Music by James B. Goe. In my Dreams I see him. Song and Chorus. Words and music by H. A. Shualess. La Pollette. Waltz. Composed for Mandolin and Guitar. By C. de Janon. Polsson d'Avril. For the Pianoforte. Designed especially for teaching purposes. By Fred L. Morey. Dancing by the Brookside. Moreau Characteristique. For Pianoforte. By J. J. Gallaher. Mon Chéri. Valse Mignonne. By Charles Becker.

BOOKS THAT WILL DELIGHT LITTLE CHILDREN

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THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

I hear a wail from the woodland,
A cry from the forests dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedgerow,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass
I hear the fitful cry, alas!

It drowns the throb of music,
The laughter of childhood sweet;
It seems to rise to the very skies,
As I walk the crowded street;
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings
His song of grace in the archer's face,
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,
'Tis the voice of helplessness,—the cry
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O lovely, unthinking maiden,
The wing that adorns your hat
Has the radiance rare that God placed there;
But I see in place of that
A mockery, pitiful, deep, and sad,
Of all things happy and gay and glad.

O mother, you clasp your darling
Close to your loving breast;
Think of that other, that tender mother,
Brooding upon her nest!
In the little chirp from the field and wood
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,
Is it worth the cruel wrong?
The beauty you wear so proudly there
Is the price of a silenced song:
The humming-bird on your velvet dress
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,
A voice from the forests dim;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedgerow,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, my sister,
Above the heartless behest
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,
Despoiling the songful nest?
Above that voice have you never heard
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

—Carlotta Perry.

THAT MISS BENTON.

"I have some bad news for you, girls. Don't call me an eavesdropper, unless it is in the sense of dropping from the eaves. If our genial host, Mr. Tuttle, persists in holding his domestic conferences beneath my window, in the tone he uses to his oxen, on a subject intimately related to my peace and welfare, I consider myself justified in listening."

When she had made this speech, Lou Saxe dropped on the bed, already occupied by Bertha Lewis and Jeanie Foster, in an attitude of mock despair.

"What has happened?" asked Pris Armstrong, whose room they were in. She was at the bureau, where she was trying to heat a curling-iron over the flickering flame of a small lamp.

"Some one is coming to-night to take the corner room," answered Lou. "She is an invalid,—at least, Mr. Tuttle said she was 'coming for the quiet'; and nobody but a sick person wants to be quiet, of course."

"Ah!" remarked Pris, after an ominous pause.

"This means," went on Lou, "that we must give up our evening kettledrums in your room; for, when the invalid goes to bed, she will want to go to sleep. We must not sing when we come home from a hay-ride or dance down the corridor after we have retired for the night. Neither must we gather here for midnight ghost stories, because an invalid can hear every whisper."

"It is too bad that she should come here to spoil our good times!" said Pris, indignantly. "Sick people should stay at home!"

"I know all about the way a person who has nervous prostration behaves, because my Aunt Kathleen had it," went on Lou. "Would you believe it, girls, she could not bear to see the dog wag his tail, and she put her hands to her ears if he threatened to bark. She did not like to have any one eat toast, because the crunching affected her nerves; and, if I sat down in front of her in a rocking-chair, she would beg me to stop rocking, for the motion made her so nervous!"

"Mere affectation!" exclaimed Pris. "If people let such notions take possession of them, there is no knowing to what extremes they may be led, like the nuns in the Middle Ages, who had a nervous epidemic of barking. I really think we have

a mission work to perform, girls, in the midst of our good times."

"Aunt Kathleen didn't like clocks, either," pursued Lou. "Her power of hearing them tick was simply supernatural. Her room was at the top of the house, but she could hear the clock in the dining-room. She said she should like to emigrate to the village in South America that Darwin tells about, where there was not a single clock or watch, but the hours were guessed at by an old man 'who had a good idea of time.'"

"It is clearly our duty to keep our neighbor from developing into a hypochondriac, like your amiable relative," said Pris, decisively. "She should not come to a summer hotel for quiet. We are here to have a good time, and not to look after invalids!"

The gong sounded, and the girls scattered to their rooms. Later they gathered on the piazza to watch the arrivals.

"That is she!" whispered Lou, as a round-faced, dark-eyed young woman came up the steps.

"But she doesn't look like an invalid," demurred Jeanie.

"They never do! Nervous invalids always look the picture of health," returned Lou. "That is one way you can tell them. Another way is by their bags, to which they cling as to dear life. These bags contain little pellets, or a bottle of caffeine-bromine, or a treatise on how to cure nervousness, according to the mental endowments or disendowments of the owner."

Miss Benton—as the name of the new guest read simply on the register—retired early; but a light gleaming beneath her door showed that she was still awake when the girls assembled in Pris's room to exchange their gossip. Pris had dragged the rocking-chairs from the other apartments into her own chamber, and they began their discipline of their unwelcome neighbor by a series of thumps. The door was left open. A small, round clock having wonderful ticking powers was placed in the entry.

If the four girls, after this, could appear at the breakfast-table looking as fresh as though they had gone to bed with the sun, such was not the case with their neighbor. Miss Benton's heavy eyes and languid manner bore witness to a disturbed night.

The people in the smaller dining-room, having come early in the season, had fallen into the pleasant intimacy for which even a few weeks together in a summer hotel are sufficient. Miss Benton made no attempt to join in the merry, desultory chatter, which was, indeed, skilfully directed by Pris to the end of excluding her. What had begun in a mere spirit of frolic and a passing resentment developed, as the days went on, into scarcely concealed dislike, the reason for which none could have told. There was certainly no apparent reason, for Miss Benton was well-bred and attractive in appearance.

Even gentle Mrs. Forsythe, who had hitherto welcomed so kindly any solitary stranger, was swept along by the current, and save for a stately inclination of her head and a formal greeting ignored Miss Benton. She was very fond of her niece, Lou Saxe, and "A summer hotel was not a hospital," she said.

So in the picnic at the Rapids, during the long, bright day spent at the Shaker settlement, and at the climb up Saddleback, Miss Benton was ignored. She was not invited to join in the evening games, in which even the elders participated; nor did any one suggest that she was included in the bidding to the hop at a neighboring hotel, or to the concert given in the village by the summer residents.

The next festivity was a "lawn party," given by an enterprising youth in the near neighborhood, who, in the hope of remuneration, had showered his rustic attentions upon the city visitors. The saw-mill of which he was the owner stood on the brink of a great, dark pool, that had been named by the girls the Styx. Mark Mudgett was his name; and "Mark" was an abbreviation of "Marquis de Lafayette," a given name originally bestowed under the impression that the French patriot's title was a Christian name. The girls politely called him "the Marquis."

Ice-cream was to be sold at his lawn party, and boats were to be let on the Styx. The girls had enlisted the interest of the other hotels, and the Marquis fête was a great success.

The girls all enjoyed it much; but the crowning festivity, the last frolic of the season, had been reserved for the following day. There was to be a twenty-mile drive to the lake, a sail around it, and a moonlight drive home.

Early on the morning following the Marquis's lawn party Lou entered Pris's room to find her friend, with a ghastly face, seated upon the side of the bed.

"It was the ice-cream!" Pris gasped. "Oh, dear! Is this the way it feels to be sick?"

Poor Pris clasped the bed-post with both hands, as though she could thereby stop the dizzy whirl in her aching head. The other girls came in, and suggested various unsuitable remedies.

"Leave me! I don't care if I die! I'd rather die than feel like this! I heard the clock strike every hour till four,—think of it, girls! And then, just as I began to feel sleepy, the cows commenced to low, and Mr. Tuttle began his usual conference through the kitchen window."

Mrs. Forsythe was called. The remedy for a sick headache, she declared, was to lie abed all day in a darkened room; and to that treatment Pris was condemned.

"Please go," she said, when Mrs. Forsythe wished to give up the proposed expedition. "You can do nothing by remaining, and I do not want to feel that I have robbed you of a day's pleasure."

"You will be quite alone. Every one is going but Mrs. Tuttle and that Miss Benton," urged Mrs. Forsythe.

"I don't want to talk. I am going to sleep all day." The other girls, with noisy sympathy, yielded commiseratingly to Pris's command that the expedition should not be given up.

Presently she heard the groaning wheels of the mountain wagon roll up to the door. One horse was restive. Would he neigh again? The girl put her hands to her ears in an agony of apprehension. What a shrill voice Lou Saxe had, and how long they were getting ready!

They were gone at last, and the girl turned her pillow to see if there were not a cool spot upon it; but no sleep came. The day was intensely hot. She had closed the window to shut out the sound of Mrs. Tuttle, the hostess, beating eggs in the kitchen. Her sense of hearing was a torture to her.

By and by Mrs. Tuttle came to the room, seated herself in the rocking-chair,—the one that had been utilized in Miss Benton's treatment,—and entertained the invalid with a graphic account of all the funerals, accidents, and illnesses that had come under her observation.

"Seems as though you'd ought to have something for dinner," she urged. "Couldn't you eat a bit o' cheese?"

"No, thank you," answered Pris, struggling to speak gently.

"It's home-made. 'Twouldn't hurt you."

"But I don't care for any, thank you."

"Jest a grain. You could soak it in your tea."

"Please, no!" murmured Pris.

"If you soak it in your tea, it would make it soft."

Pris's self-control was at an end. Desperation gave momentary strength. "I—don't—want—any cheese!" she cried fiercely. "I never mean to eat anything again as long as I live. Do go!"

Mrs. Tuttle moved toward the door in evident alarm. With her hand on the knob, she hesitated and turned, with a feeling akin to that of the deserter condemned to be shot and expectant of the word of command, "Fire!" Pris dived beneath the bedclothes. The next moment the bang of the door quivered through and through her aching head.

How the hours dragged! In the silence of the great house a creeping sense of loneliness came over the girl, till it amounted almost to terror.

"If I live to get home, I'll never leave it again," she thought. "How do you do?"

The last words were spoken aloud, in sudden frenzied desire to hear a human voice, and to ascertain whether she had not lost the power of speech.

"Not at all well, thank you," she answered herself, still aloud. "I am in a position to realize, as I never did before, the figures given in the arithmetic, beneath the 'Table of Time Measure,' of the appalling number of seconds there are in a day!"

Presently there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" called Pris, ready to welcome even Mrs. Tuttle. But it was Miss Benton who stood upon the threshold!

"I thought I heard you speak," said Miss Benton. "Can I do anything for you?"

It was more in the tone than even the kindly words; but the last vestige of Pris's self-control vanished, and an incoherent outburst was the only answer. Miss Benton listened at first in astonishment, and finally with a look of understanding; while her mouth, which Pris noticed for the first time was so fine and true, lost its smiling curves. But, in the gravity that had stolen over the face, the girl was vaguely aware that a rare depth of feeling was revealed.

"Oh, it is awful to think of the way we have treated you!" Pris concluded, breathlessly.

The smile came back for a moment to Miss Benton's face.

"This is the first I have known of my ill-treatment," she said calmly. "I should have gone home to-morrow under the impression that this was a remarkably agreeable household. I have been so unutterably thankful that you let me alone, did not force me to 'talk shop,' ask for my autograph, inquire if it were not necessary for me to 'keep my mind calm,'—a query with which one poor unfortunate agonized me at Scranton,—and, above all, did not allude to me as an 'authoress'!"

"An authoress!" repeated Pris, in a dazed tone. "You are not—you cannot be Kate Eleanor Benton? Why, yes, you are the Miss Benton!"

Oh, the difference conveyed in a girl's tone between "the Miss Benton" and "that Miss Benton!"

"Please!" The owner of the name made a funny little gesture of abhorrence. "That word—'authoress'—always conveys to my mind an impression of a being with long curls, who writes verses for the 'Poets' Corner' of the local newspaper. You see," she went on, in a communicative tone,—for Pris was too much overwhelmed for speech at the discovery that the occupant of the corner room was a woman whose name was a household word wherever there were girls to read and love her stories,—"I had work that I must finish, and at Scranton I was not left in peace for a moment. So I stuffed my manuscript into my bag, and fled. I could devote myself to my work here without one ear pricked up for fear of interruption. It was so delightfully quiet in my room!"

"Quiet!" interrupted Pris, in amazement.

"Wasn't it?" queried Miss Benton, innocently. "But I acknowledge that I am deaf, dumb, and blind when I am at work on the last pages of a story. I did hear your good times together, though, after you came upstairs for the night, and sometimes longed to join you. Your extempore orchestra of whistling and blowing on combs was my evening refreshment."

"We wouldn't have done it for the world if we had known," murmured Pris, abjectly.

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"I am a disappointment, of course," returned Miss Benton, laughing. "Confess that you thought an authoress must be seven feet tall, with a dictionary under one arm, an encyclopædia under the other, goggles on her nose, and a pen in her hand! I'm sorry you're ill. I will have your floor and mine open, so you shall not feel lonesome; and perhaps you can sleep. Oh, no, don't thank me just for being neighborly."

A crowd was gathered around Miss Benton the next morning, and a chorus of lamentation arose that she was going by the morning train.

"This is what I have escaped!" she exclaimed, in mock despair, as autograph fans and albums were produced by the adoring circle of girls.

In one album there was written a line that, as Pris Armstrong, who felt quite well the next day, looked upon it, choked back her "Thank you,"—

"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in!"—*Edith Robinson, in Youth's Companion.*

For the Christian Register.

TOMMY'S PROCESSION.

BY R. P. U.

It was the children's hour,—the time for bed-time stories and chat. Tommy sat in his mother's lap, white-robed, ready for bed. The air that floated in through the open window was the very breath of summer, and the only light in the room was that which came from the young moon. It filtered through the maple-trees, resting on Tommy's yellow curls, and making shadows of leaves and branches on the floor. There was no sound of breeze or bird. Even Tommy's industrious little tongue was resting from its labors; and his mother's thoughts, which had for the moment wandered far away, came suddenly back to wonder at the silence, and to question what Tommy might be thinking about.

She was not long left in doubt. "Mamma," said Tommy, in a slow, mysterious half-whisper, "s'posin' right now, when it's all still and half dark, and there's nobody left but you and me, all of a sudden, walking slowly down the street, a great, big, huge mastodon should come, and after him an elephant, and after him a rhinoceros, and then a giraffe, and then a unicorn, and then a zebra, and then a gorilla, and then a kangaroo, and then a bear, and then a lion, and then a tiger, and then a wolf, and then a squirrel, and then a thousand miles of crabs! Wouldn't you be surprised?"

"I certainly should," said his mother. "I should be so astonished I should not know what to say or do."

"I shouldn't," said Tommy. "Maybe it will happen so some night when it's very still, and nobody's looking but you and me."

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

Public interest in the deeds and words of Abraham Lincoln seems to increase as the years come and go. Mr. Speed, of Kentucky, has been giving *McClure's Magazine* some personal reminiscences which have never before appeared in print. This selection will be read with interest:—

The last time I saw him was about two weeks before his assassination. He sent me word by my brother James, then in his cabinet, that he desired to see me before I went home. I went into his office about eleven o'clock. He looked jaded and weary. I stayed in the room until his hour for callers was over. He ordered the door closed, and, looking over to where I was sitting, asked me to draw up my chair. But instead of being alone, as he supposed, in the opposite direction from where I sat, and across the fireplace from him, sat two humb e-looking women. Seeing them there seemed to provoke him; and he said, "Well, ladies, what can I do for you?" One was an old woman, the other young. They both commenced talking at once. The President soon comprehended them. "I suppose," said he, "that your son and your husband are in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. Where is your petition?"

The old lady replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I have no petition. I went to a lawyer to get one drawn; and I had not the money to

pay him, and come here, too. So I thought I would just come and ask you to let me have my boy."

"And it is your husband you want?" said he, turning to the young woman.

"Yes," said she. He rang the bell, and called his servant, and bade him to go and tell Gen. Dana to bring him the list of prisoners for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

The general soon came, bringing a package of papers. The President opened it, and, counting the names, said: "General, there are twenty-seven of these men. Is there any difference in the degree of their guilt?"

"No," said the general: "it's a bad case and a merciful finding."

"Well," said the Pre-ident, looking out of the window, and seemingly talking to himself, "these poor fellows have, I think, suffered enough. They have been in prison fifteen months. I have been thinking so for some time, and have said so to Stanton; and he always threatened to resign if they were released. But he has said so about other matters, and never did it. So now, while I have the paper in my hand, I will turn out the flock." So he wrote, "Let the prisoners named in the within page be discharged," and signed it. The general made his bow, and left. Then, turning to the ladies, he said: "Now, ladies, you can go. Your son, madam, and your husband, madam, is free."

The young woman ran across to him, and began to kneel. He took her by the elbow, and said impatiently, "Get up, get up, none of this!" But the old woman walked to him, wiping with her apron the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. She gave him her hand, and, looking into his face, said: "Good-by, Mr. Lincoln. We will never meet again till we meet in heaven."

A change came over his sad and weary face. He clasped her hand in both of his, and followed her to the door, saying as he went, "With all I have to cross me here I am afraid I will never get there, but your wish that you will meet me there has fully paid me for all I have done for you."

We were then alone. He drew his chair to the fire, and said: "Speed, I am a little alarmed about myself. Just feel my hand." It was cold and clammy. He pulled off his boots, and, putting his feet to the fire, the heat made them steam. I said overwork was producing nervousness. "No," said he, "I am not tired." I said, "Such a scene as I have just witnessed is enough to make you nervous." "How much you are mistaken!" said he. "I have made two people happy to-day. I have given a mother her son and a wife her husband."

Washington had many admirable traits worthy of imitation, and one of them was rigid punctuality. This was well illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston a hundred years ago. Having appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles River bridge.

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The death of three of the old Essex County ministers who in the last of the forties and the early fifties were near neighbors and coworkers in the liberal pulpit and on the anti-slavery platform brings back to many of us the memory of those stirring days when it cost something to stand up for the right and for that liberty which only now has at Saratoga in 1894 and in Washington in 1895 been fully recognized as the true basis of the liberal faith called Unitarianism.

One can hardly believe that these words were spoken at the installation of the successor of the older of the trio,—words which were supposed to apply to his ministry: "Our congregations generally are willing to allow their minister all the liberty that he can rightfully ask; but they do not allow him to be a monomaniac, constantly iterating and reiterating certain peculiar views, simply because he knows them to be disagreeable to his hearers. Nor do they allow him to mix up his personal feelings of anger, indignation, or scorn with the solemn message that he is to deliver with love and sorrow as a minister of Christ."

It is difficult now to understand that the elder was driven from his pulpit in Salem, that a similar movement was made against the second, and that the third was obliged to find his place outside of the body into which he was born and ordained, in order that he might have that liberty not accorded in the Unitarian body as controlled and governed from 1850 to 1894.

The writer recalls the first time that he heard Mr. Woodbury preach, with that manly, straightforward, persuasive force that always characterized his preaching; and then in the evening he heard him speak before the Salem Female Anti-slavery Society, to an audience, he thinks, of not more than twelve people, because of a most violent rain-storm, with all of the earnestness and fervor which he could command, upon a subject that enlisted his whole soul, and with the same power and care as if he had been speaking before a sympathetic audience in a hall crowded to its fullest capacity.

This incident in Mr. Woodbury's public life was characteristic; and an intimate acquaintance from that day to the day of his death has only deepened and emphasized the appreciation of his character, which was marked by the same manly, truthful, courageous, and faithful qualities which were that day revealed, and which never failed him up to the end.

Of Mr. Frothingham's deep earnestness and broad liberality, combined with a degree of literary culture and rare beauty of expression, which we as Unitarians will now claim as our inheritance, too much cannot be said. Some felt that Mr. Frothingham was cold, but the writer is not one of those who found him so; but little wonder that the young man who sprang with enthusiasm and with unflinching steps into the liberal thought foreshadowed by Channing, confident that he would have a sympathetic following and companionship in the paths to which it led, should have grown less fervid and somewhat reserved when he found these to whom he had a right to look for sympathy and support failed him, or turned the cold shoulder, or secretly, if they did not openly, oppose him.

Stone, Woodbury, Frothingham,—different in their life, in their temperament, and in their habits of thought, alike in their fidelity to truth, to humanity, and to the dictates of their consciences, liberal leaders into broader fields of enlarged liberty, in which the right of private judgment is recognized as the God-given prerogative of every human being,—you have lived to see a large fruition from the seeds which you have sown.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

In the many tributes to Rev. O. B. Frothingham, beautiful as they are, there is one note in the harmony of his life that is seldom touched. I mean his high spirituality, which to many, who knew him intimately, seemed the key-note to his character, dominating every action.

It showed itself in his radicalism by triumphing over his natural conservatism and forcing him to do the work of an iconoclast, not from an inherent love of destruction, but that he might reveal the eternal verities. He often expressed great regret that ill-health prevented him from building up the new religion, which, he maintained, must be a more spiritual religion, and was the great need of the age.

Large numbers of his sermons testify to this divine gift: in fact, it underlies them

all. To recall his prayers is to enter the holy of holies, so fraught were they with reverence, even to the tones of his beautiful voice; and many souls in that vast congregation in New York, with the weight of their cares and sorrows, were borne on the flood-tide of his pure aspiration into the very presence of the Infinite, there to find consolation and strength and uplifting.

To many who knew Mr. Frothingham slightly, and simply as a man of fine intellect, this statement may be a surprise; but to me who had known him for more than forty years, and to whom he had always been the truest of friends, this trait of spirituality seemed the most prominent in his character.

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The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and, when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.—William Penn.

Even if in the midst of an avalanche of work he calls you "apart into a desert place to rest awhile," and even if the desert mean only a headache, or a rainy day instead of a journey, make no complaint, but follow close.—Anna Warner.

A faith that does not make desire purer, and motive higher, and conduct holier, and character more beautiful with truth and sympathy and charity, can not be an orthodox faith, though it claim the sanction of innumerable creeds; for orthodoxy means right thinking, and right thinking is only the rational side of right living.—Philip Stafford Moxom.

The presence of God is not a vague sense or abstract feeling or arbitrary faith, but shapes itself in every object of light and lustre, of strength and terror, sweetness and tenderness, in every kind of order, beauty, progress, and righteousness, in every insect, bird, animal, man, or angel. The sense of it inevitably grows as the mind grows in spiritual fervor.—Mozoomdar.

The way of life is by no means smooth, but let us not make it rougher than it is. The world is not all we could wish; but, if it goes wrong, let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather let us make it a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners, and deeds. If men in general are out of sorts, there is the more need of our being in sorts.—John Learned.

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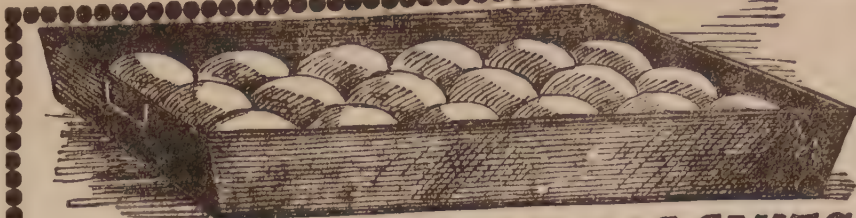
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Charities and Reforms.

In Brussels, by order of the city council, the infant schools are to be kept open the entire year. The purpose is to note the physical and mental development of the children of the very poor. The plan will be accomplished by having two relays of teachers.—*Lend a Hand.*

The New Jersey Training School for feeble-minded Children sends out an interesting annual report, which shows that the manual training department has been extended and improved, that the children are better classified, and that there is continual endeavor to find the wisest methods of caring for their unfortunate charges.

English statistics agree with ours in showing that insanity or lunacy is on the increase. According to the report of the British Commissioners on Lunacy, issued recently, the total number of lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind was, on January 1 of this year, 94,081,—an increase of 2,014 over the number for the preceding year. The increase was confined almost wholly to the pauper class, however. This is said to be due to the more general reception in asylums of cases of simple mental decay, resulting from extreme old age.

A practical move is on foot in England, under the direct supervision of Lady Henry Somerset, whereby an inebriate home is provided for women of the better class needing other than the help of their own resolutions to reform. The "Duxhurst Home" includes, first, what is called the "Mansion." This building, which has been rented by the National Board of the Woman's Temperance Association, will accommodate seven guests. Its entire conduct will be that of a home where comfort and refinement abound. The profits arising from the "Mansion" are to be expended in the support of a home farm for poorer women; and, besides these, there will be a nursery cottage and an intermediate home for ladies' maids, wives of small shopkeepers, etc. Into this home patients will only be admitted upon a pledge to remain at the home under entire abstinence for twelve months at least.—*Union Signal.*

Prof. Estlin Carpenter, speaking on "The Problems of the City" at the public meeting which concluded the London Provincial Assembly, referred to the vast and complex social life of London, and remarked: "We shall never touch the hearts of those who live in the midst of it till we press less upon them the claims of a literary and philosophical argument remote from their lives, and depend less upon a reference to a Master whose ideas were in many ways far different from the workman of to-day. How could they help being bewildered when we offer them a Book which it is difficult to understand, and which contains doctrines we do not believe and records that we consider unhistorical? We must approach these men, showing them that their own lives include the working of the principles of religion, that great moral and spiritual forces are moulding this vast city life, and there teach them to seek the voice of God."

Education.

Prof. Charles F. Thwing says, in the *Forum*, that the average cost of the student per year at the leading colleges is larger than the total income of the average American family. Every element of the cost of an education has in the last sixty years increased three or four fold.

A stroke of good fortune has come to the American Education Society in the shape of a gift of \$60,000 from a modest New England man who wishes his name to remain unknown. This sum is to constitute an endowment fund, the income of which will go toward the general work of the society.

Science.

The habits of our ants have been reported on by Mr. G. B. King in the entomological journal, *Psyche*. He has found forty-one species in Essex County, Massachusetts; and, while Wasmann mentions thirty-four species of mites dwelling as fellow-boarders, or parasites, on ants in Europe and elsewhere, King has found half that number already in Massachusetts.

One of the novelties on board the new American steamship "St. Louis" is an electric organ, with a switch attached, by means of which the current can be cut off when the player fails to please his audience, or when, for any reason, one wishes the music discontinued. It is asserted that the switch was put in to save the passengers from the annoyance of incompetent players.

A recent paper gave an account of an arrangement of electric wires, by which in India a man hoped that a snake intending

to enter his house would receive a fatal shock; and we can see what a blessing such an arrangement would be when we learn that in 1893 21,213 human beings and 5,122 cattle were killed in India by snake bites, notwithstanding 117,120 snakes were killed in the course of the year.—*Independent.*

One of our medical exchanges calls attention to the harmfulness of cough mixtures, which should be regarded as a relic of ancient and unscientific methods of practice. The principal ingredient is usually opium, which, indeed, lessens the tendency to cough, but at the same time arrests every secretion of the body. Says one physician, "You might as well take a brush and varnish your patient all over as to cover him up with cough mixtures."

Here and There.

In Denmark an industry has been commenced during the last year in exporting milk in a frozen state. The milk is frozen by means of ice and salt, and it is sent in barrels by rail and steamer to London. The milk keeps quite fresh for twenty days. The details of the process have been patented.

Few industries involve so great loss of life, in proportion to the number of men engaged, as the cod fishery. Every year the little city of Gloucester, Mass., the headquarters of the industry, makes up its list of lost, and holds a memorial service for them. This year the number of Gloucester men who were lost on fishing-vessels was ninety-two.

Persia is about to be provided with a new railroad. The line is being engineered by the czar's officials, and constructed by means of Muscovite capital. Apart from the political consequences of this line, the practical opening up of a great country so rich and yet so undeveloped as Persia cannot fail to prove of immense interest to trade and industry in every part of the civilized world.

An historic elm-tree at Plymouth, Pa., three miles from Wilkesbarre, was cut down recently for fear it would collapse during a heavy blow and cause damage. The elm was voted on March 2, 1774, by the town meeting as a place of public rendezvous, and was then referred to as "the noble tree upon which our ancestors have gazed." Subsequently to 1774 it served as an auction mart, village market, and whipping-post. A count of the rings upon it showed that the tree was three hundred and seventy-two years old.

The Greek girls of families of high social position make their debut at the age of ten, the occasion being a children's court ball held by King George and Queen Olga, every year at the palace, toward the end of November. They dress, like most debutantes, in white, and wear silk mits, their dark hair, nearly always curly, hanging, but tied together with ribbon. After the first appearance, they go to the ball every year until they marry or are too old for this festivity. Chaperonage is very strict, and arranged marriages very early, most girls being married before they are sixteen years old.

In this country rice-growing is principally confined to the four States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. South Carolina raises nearly as much as all of the others together. Rice was first known there about the year 1700, when a vessel from some Pacific voyage put into the harbor of Charleston in distress. It had on board a sack of rice, which, as a curiosity, was presented to the city authorities. It was tested for garden culture, and, being found adapted to the lowlands of the Carolina coast, became at once popular, its cultivation spreading rapidly. In a few years it was taken to Louisiana, where conditions were somewhat similar; while to some extent the cultivation has spread to the West Indies, Central America, and some of the South American coasts.—*Good Housekeeping.*

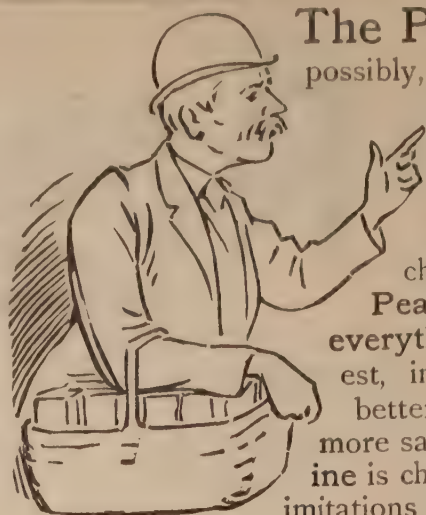


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Pleasantries.

"Oh!" groaned Tommy, the day after Thanksgiving, as he took a bitter dose of medicine: "I wish I hadn't been so thankful yesterday."—*Harper's Round Table.*

Sub: "Here's a letter from 'Anxious Subscriber.'" Chief: "What does he want to know?" Sub: "He wants to know how long a man would live if there were no such thing as death."—*Spare Moments.*

The Summer Girl: "Oh, I love to hear you read your poems. It makes me realize how brave you are." Poet: "Brave?" Girl: "Yes, brave. You said you took them yourself to the publishers."—*New York Ledger.*

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Boggs: "I honestly believe that Smythe married his wife on account of her good looks." Dudley: "Took her at her face value, as it were." Boggs: "And I've no doubt that Browne married his wife because her father was wealthy." Dudley: "Took her at her pa value, as it were."—*American.*

Little Helen dearly loved to hear her mother sing, and often listened while her mother was singing, as she worked about the house. Mrs. A. sung one song a great deal, in which occurred the words,—

"Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!"

Helen astonished her mother by suddenly asking one day, "What does he want the gopher to get him for?"—*Pacific.*

A striking sight in connection with the balloon ascent at Aberdeen Highland games was the stolid indifference of a policeman to the exciting event. Never for once was he seen to lift his eyes skyward to witness the fate of the parachutist. The circumstance called forth the remark that that Bobby's rigorous attention to duty would insure his promotion in the ranks. A wag retorted, "I question that, for no person will rise in his profession who does not see above his head."

Little Carrie had been instructed to learn a Scripture verse with the word "good" in it. Accordingly, her parents taught her, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." The little maid repeated her text many times softly to herself before the beginning of the general exercise, in which all the Sunday-school classes were to join. Then, when her turn came, she sent a ripple over the audience by reciting, in clear but lisping accents, "It is awful to be good on the Sabbath day."—*Youth's Companion.*

The following story is from a good source: A former well-known Master of Balliol College, Oxford, came to a turnpike gate in a part of the country where he was not known, and found, on putting his hand into his pocket, that he had left all his money at home. The gatekeeper would not let him pass, whereupon the master, little accustomed to be thwarted by anybody, and much less by a rustic, showed signs of wishing to force his way, expostulating in utter amazement: "But, my good man, it will be all right. I am the Master of Balliol!" "Don't care what you're the master of; but, if you aren't master of twopence, you don't go through this gate," was the inexorable reply.—*Churchman.*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A first-hand authority told me, the other day, an amusing story of Hans Christian Andersen's naiveté. That prince of fairylore received one Christmas a box of cakes from an unknown admirer, and at first was all gratification at the compliment. Suddenly a strange apprehension assailed him. He had just read some account of poison conveyed in this fashion. Possibly, the gift was the murderous device of a rival. With more aptitude than grace, he decided, in a half-absent fashion, to send them on to his friend, Mme. A., to test their quality. A day or two later he called. "Is Mme. A. in?" "Yes, sir." "Is she quite well?" "Quite, sir." "Could I see her?" "Certainly, sir." Face to face with Mme. A., he recurred to the same anxiety. "She was well?" "Yes." "The children well?" "Yes." "And had she received the cakes he sent? Eaten some? And was quite well? And the children had eaten some? And were quite well?" And then at last the old man's excitement boiled over. "You can't think how pleased I am," he said. "Those cakes were sent me by an unknown admirer, and I was afraid they might be poisoned. So I sent them on to you. And you have eaten them, and are quite well. You can't think how pleased I am!" And he passed out, smiling, and in high good humor.—*Critic.*

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these horrors is immediate European occupation, and this ought to have been effected ten months ago. In spite of war talk the United States cannot furnish this occupation. But Russia could occupy Armenia within a week, and, if England would back her up, would probably do so. The time for diplomacy has passed: the time for action has come.

THE wave of immigration which so many years ago first beat on American shores has continued to surge. But the movement from the East to the West has not been confined to the movement from abroad. There has been another migration within the States themselves,—a strong movement from the East to the West, and but a slight movement in the other direction. This movement from the New England and Atlantic States to the great West has been fraught with no disaster or danger to the Western communities. It has furnished, rather, a foundation of political order and social stability upon which many of them have been built. That there has been less migration to the South is partly due to the conditions which prevail there. It might have been supposed that the enfranchisement of the Negro would be followed by a large rush of the colored people to the North. But this has not taken place. Indeed, the mobility of the Negro in the Southern States themselves is less than might be supposed.

AN interesting article on the general subject is that of Prof. W. F. Willcox in the *Political Science Quarterly* for December on "Decrease in Interstate Migration." In a series of tables and charts Prof. Willcox presents some interesting facts in regard to the movement of population in the United States. In recent years the great region of increased migration is found in the North Central States, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas. "Between 1880 and 1890 over half a million natives of these three States alone must have migrated across a State line,—an outflow equal to nearly one-tenth of the total immigration to the United States during the same period." Taking the country as a whole during the ten years between 1880 and 1890, Vermont and Nevada sent out the largest percentage of emigrants; but it is shown that interstate immigration has relatively decreased during the last score of years, both in the country as a whole and in nearly every one of the States east of the Mississippi. It does not follow, however, that there is not a movement of population within the States themselves. Indeed, there is now a strong movement of population from the country to the city, which does not overstep State lines. But the general conclusion of Prof. Willcox is that the mobility of the population of the Eastern United States is slowly decreasing. This is a matter which has been left to the regulation furnished by natural social and political laws, and which, fortunately, legislators have not sought to hinder or to interfere with.

THE suggestion that the "Red Cross" should take up the work of Armenian relief has met a response from the noble pioneer and leader of that organization, Clara Barton, who, though in advanced years, is willing to go to Turkey and personally supervise the relief work. The society is now organized not only in America, but in Europe, and even in Japan, where its work in the recent war was highly valued. It would seem most practical to send scouts ahead, so to speak, or commissioners, who should secure the necessary condition for successful work. If the sultan will allow such work to be done, it matters little whether it is done under the name of the Red Cross or the Red Crescent. It is work for humanity, under whatever symbol it is administered. If it is found that the Red Cross and the Red Crescent can work to-

gether to save this winter thousands of people from perishing of starvation, there can be no better way of spending our Christmas than by making offerings to this fund. We talk so much about sending munitions of war to Armenia: let us show our good faith by sending munitions of peace.

IN days gone by royalty was the patron of literature and art. To-day it is the newspaper and magazine. The *New York Herald* has just awarded a prize of \$10,000 to Julian Hawthorne for the best serial story in a competition started by that journal. In Paris *Le Petit Journal* announces that it will give 155,000 francs in prizes in a similar competition for the best French novel. The first prize will be 50,000 francs, or \$10,000; the second prize, 40,000 francs, the third 35,000, the fourth 30,000. This is a large sum of money to devote to prizes. The object of these papers is, of course, not so much to promote literature as to promote their own circulation. It remains to be seen whether the successful competitors will really make any important contribution to modern literature. Undoubtedly, a good deal of good literature and of good music have simply been pot-boiling composition. In later times we do not expect men and women to work in old garrets at starvation prices. The "successful author" to-day generally has a fair amount of money mingled with his success. The literary standard has been joined to the commercial one; and it is doubtful if any book would be regarded as "successful" to-day, whatever its intrinsic worth, that did not bring its author a good return in money. If the best things are the best paid, all the better; but this has not yet been proven. As a matter of fact, with few exceptions, the plays which yield the most money to authors and managers are mediocre; the authors whose works have the largest circulation in the United States are story-writers for the cheaper weeklies, whose names are scarcely known in the realm of higher literature; and the most popular song-writers, some of whom have made out of a single song as much as Mr. Julian Hawthorne has received from his story, are not musicians, and some of them cannot read a note.

THE sixteenth annual report of the Associated Charities of Boston shows that there has been more than the normal amount of distress during the past year, as a whole, although things have improved from the hard times of the year before. The report is valuable, showing clearly the aim of the Association, the importance of friendly visiting, the value of work already accomplished, etc. The conference reports are most interesting in their accounts of individual cases.

A MANY-SIDED FEAST.

Christmas is one of the most comprehensive of feasts. Though it is affected by local customs, it is universally observed through Christendom. It is a feast of the home. It appeals to children and parents, old and young, rich and poor. It is a festival of the fireside, but also of the altar. It matters not whether Jesus was born on this day or on some other. The day has become for the Christian Church the feast of the incarnation.

It is a festival, not only for the home and the Church, but for the mart. It stimulates trade and industry. Immortal treasures in art, music, and literature, have been born from the Christmas festival.

Thus there is no festival more comprehensive than that of Christmas, which kindles two continents and the isles of the sea with its cheer, which fans the flame of domestic love, glows in the altar fire, quickens the pen of the writer, the brush of the artist, the soul of the musician, and most of all

rings out on the ear of the world the millennial notes of the gospel of peace on earth, good will to men.

CHRISTMAS.

We are a little puzzled by the unrelenting hostility with which the Puritans set their faces against all recognition of Christmas, not understanding readily how even their somewhat gloomy imaginations were able to construe the festivities of the season into that awful figure of the "Scarlet Woman" which continually haunted their thoughts. But it is not so very difficult to understand those fearfully earnest people, when we make a picture of the times in which they lived; and, if we have not already judged and condemned them for their intolerance, we soon discover that the wild license of the age furnished much more than a flimsy pretext for their action.

After all, the Puritan has won more often than he has been defeated. If a reasonable representative of that faith could now come back to earth, instead of being horrified by what our present life would show him, he might find abundant reason to say to himself that he had not lived in vain. One reason why he did not observe Christmas was because he had learned that there is really no adequate historic evidence to determine on what day of the year Christ was born. So far as his knowledge went, he was bound to stand for the truth of things, against "popish and prelatial customs" that made slight account of such a needful basis. Well, we have come to a time when History is free to tell all she knows or can discover, and when no fear of Churchmen held before their eyes can have so much as a feather's weight in restraining honest students from publishing the exact and entire results of their investigations. We may therefore unite with Christendom to celebrate the birth of Christ on the day that tradition has assigned, without fear that we thereby prejudice the interests of veracious history; and the aforesaid reasonable Puritan would no doubt join with us if he were here.

Moreover, the revelries of the twelve successive holidays by which old England celebrated Christmas have now been shorn of their coarse and boisterous features, so that, again, the Puritan has triumphed in the stand he took against the drunken observance of a religious festival. Whether, if he were to sit in judgment upon our customs of to-day, he might not find his conscience troubled by the extremes to which our exchange of Christmas gifts has been carried is a fair question for debate. Doubtless the shop-keepers would maintain that the more we make of such a laudable custom the better. But some slight suspicion of an interested motive might attach to their evidence; and, from the standpoint of the wearied shopper, whose ribs have suffered from the thrusts of frantic elbows at many a crowded counter, and whose brain is well-nigh exhausted by the effort to match a long list of friends by an equally long list of appropriate gifts, there is much to be said on the other side.

If one could think that all these presents are bestowed in pure love and good will! But, alas! too many of them are the payments exacted for favors past or the hopeful bait of favors yet to come. These things would trouble the Puritanic conscience not a little, and perhaps lead to some very solemn questionings. Let us hope, however, that these considerations would produce no more than a passing cloud of righteous reproof and indignation on the face of our good Puritan. After all, there is an immense deal of Christmas cheer which is as pure and sweet and wholesome as heart could wish. Just where the balance lies between this brighter and the darker side who can say? Certainly, there is not enough of the abuse to justify us in making a wholesale onslaught

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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

NOTHING is more discouraging in regard to the Armenian question than the general apathy of the Christian powers to whom we must look for its settlement. It is now thirteen months since the first news was received of the Armenian massacre. The difficulty then was to get officials to believe that such a massacre had taken place, and so we had to wait for the slow methods of diplomacy in securing the appointment of a commission to make the necessary investigation. Even the newspapers were lacking in enterprise in securing information. The necessary corroboration of first reports was furnished by American missionaries; and afterward English and American newspapers waked up, and gave detailed reports. There is no one of the five great powers that has not had official information for many months of these atrocities; and yet nothing has been done about it,—at least, nothing but talk. Thousands of Armenians have been sacrificed in the mean time. The only thing that can stop at once

on the practice of Christmas giving; and the children's stockings in the chimney corner are probably, on the whole, the most significant, as well as the most pleasant facts we are called upon to consider.

One of the best things about Christmas is the way in which old pagan customs and traditions have got tangled up with the Christian celebration. It would be a sorry day for us if ever the blood of our pagan ancestors should cease to flow in our veins, and the influence of their strong, nature-loving vitality should cease to be felt in our minds. The growth of Christianity would have been impossible in the Western world except for the soil which Paganism had prepared, and it is most fitting and inevitable that some natural fruit from this soil should still mingle with the Christian harvest.

The objection that Christmas is so largely a pagan festival is not well taken, or, rather, the criticism rightly understood becomes a commendation. We decorate our houses and our churches with branches from the forest, not knowing, perhaps, that this is what the Druids taught our forefathers to do, in order that some influence from the spirits of the wood might bless and protect their homes. But, though we have lost the superstition, we have kept the love for nature's green boughs which is our legacy from that distant past. Christianity is intensely—one might almost say exclusively—human in the circle of its thoughts and interests. It needs the setting and the counterpoise that a strong love of outward nature affords; and the Christmas decorations twined about the columns of our churches furnish a very good symbol of the way in which many an Old World legend, dear to our hearts, helps to keep our life in touch with wholesome, out-of-door realities.

CHINKING.

When the pioneer goes into the wilderness and builds his cabin, he first lays up the tiers of logs one above the other; and, when that part of the work is done, he drives smooth-trimmed saplings into the slits between the rough timbers. The walls are then nearly impervious to wind and weather. Still, gleams of light come through; and, if a winter storm were blowing, snow would sift in at the cracks, and wind would find entrance in chilly draughts at unwelcome seasons. So the careful builder goes over the work once more, and chinks the crevices with moss or clay or mortar till the wall is a strong, close surface, warm and substantial, serving for shelter, and not unbeautiful in its varied tones of brown and gray. The logs have given strength; but the chinking has added to the warmth, the snugness, and the beauty of the home.

There is a deal of chinking that might be done in other ways than with clay or mortar. One of the bugbears of some people is a fear of overwork. They are industrious for certain hours in the day, and then allow hands and brain to collapse, and idle away more time than they have worked, thinking that thus the body regains force and strength. The truth is that, making allowance for necessary sleep, the body and mind recover poise more by change of occupation than from cessation, so long as there is a normal degree of health. The scientific gymnast does not run till he is exhausted, and then lie down to rest his legs. He runs as long as is wise, and then exercises his arms and the upper part of his body, to counteract the weariness of the lower half. The man who has been sitting at his desk all day, if he is prudent, will take a brisk walk to change the course of the life current and even up things. If he has been poring over figures during the business hours, he will spend his evenings over some utterly different thing, if he wishes to keep his brain active and well.

Prison experience shows that, where the men are allowed to chink their time with a variety of employments, their health is invariably better. There are some sentimentalists who deplore the hard work that prisoners are obliged to do as part of their punishment; but some of the most humane as well as intelligent wardens testify that in the prisons in this country they have never seen prisoners overworked. If they fail in health under the monotony of prison life, it is because, after their work, they are shut up in their cells in idleness the rest of the time. As soon as studies

and lectures and amusements are introduced, so that there is no time for idleness, the discipline improves, and the men are better in health. For it is not work itself, but monotony, worry, and friction, combined with unhygienic habits, that are responsible for most physical break-downs in or out of prison.

In boarding-schools it is the same. It has been the experience of more than one large school that, where too much time was left for recreation, which usually meant sitting about doing nothing for the greater number or opportunity for unworthy things for some, the discipline of the school fell; while, if every hour had its appointed task, the standard rose. At Hampton there are nearly a thousand boys and girls together. From five in the morning till bedtime every half-hour has its duty. It may be study or recitation or play or industrial training or religious service, but there is not a cranny left unprovided for. They are not driven with hot haste from one thing to another; but the hours are simply fitted together by invisible links, so that each day is like a well-built and well-chinked wall.

In homes there might be more judicious evening up of the time without hurting the children. When the boy comes home from the school-room, where he has been laying up the logs for the walls of his educational home, let him be sent to play in the open air or given employment of hand or definite recreation,—anything to keep him from learning to loaf about the house. So, when the little girl comes home, it is folly to let her throw herself down in the easiest chair in the room, after the too frequent manner of American girls, and sit in absolute idleness. The good old fashion of a bit of "catch-up work," always at hand, is better than that. Or there may be light domestic employment that would be far better than lounging for the girl whose brain is a little tired with study all the morning. The thing to be avoided is hurrying, worrying, nagging, the child; but at the same time the chinking should be done, that habits of consecutive thought and consecutive industry may be learned. Otherwise it is never easy to turn from slothful ways to do genuine work. As a country farmer expressed it, "The hardest job I ever done was gettin' at it."

This chinking of the minutes means, in the course of the years, ability to play all sorts of games, to use the hands in deft and useful ways. It means ability to read in other tongues. It means music and art. It means being useful and accomplished; and, above all, it means a steady holding to purpose and a life so full of interest and variety that there is no time left for the indulgence of vicious tastes and immoral habits.

THE OBLIGATION OF THE SURPLUS.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, at the close of one of his visits to this country, in an address at the Cooper Institute on the evening before he sailed, declared, as the result of his observation, that what most impressed him was the great amount of money which was given by rich men to public objects. Since the time of this statement there has been a marked increase in this direction. There are several cases of individuals who have given millions of dollars for various public institutions. The growth of the altruistic spirit, which is only a scientific form of defining the great Christian law of love to our neighbor, is a marked feature of modern civilization, and is recognized by social philosophers, like Herbert Spencer and Benjamin Kidd, as well as by practical philanthropists, like Dorothea Dix and Edward Everett Hale. When a rich man dies and leaves no public bequests, the fact is noted in a way which demands an excuse for the omission. No observer of modern society, especially in this country, can fail to note the growing conviction of the moral obligation on the part of the rich that they ought to use their wealth as a trust; and the causes which have already stimulated this conviction will stimulate its fuller development. When a man says, "What I have is mine, to be used as I please," this is true only in regard to his legal power. Morally, he holds his wealth as a trust, just as every power or gift; and to deny this is to set at naught the fundamental truth of moral obligation.

For a rich man to live a life of mere idleness and selfish indulgence, without using

his surplus for the advancement of the public good or the benefit of others, is to fly in the face of the first principles of morality, to say nothing of the positive precepts of the religion of Jesus. This is so obvious that we believe the time will come, if it has not already dawned, when a life of mere personal gratification and idleness on the part of the rich will be regarded as ignoble, and that the man or woman who has no higher aim than self—whatever the social position—must take a low place in the moral world, and fall in the estimation of the better class of people. Such a life has the stamp of meanness and moral degeneracy, and lacks the nobler elements of manhood or womanhood.

The instances are by no means uncommon for a man, after a grasping, miserly life, to leave his accumulation for public objects. Thus in death he recognizes the principle which he has ignored during his life. The moral value of the bequest is also vitiated by the fact that he gives away what he can no longer hold. It also often happens that his bequests are used in a way he would not have them. This proves the wisdom of giving away money before one's death, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie is doing. Recently, in Allegheny City, a part of "the greater Pittsburg," a large public institution, embracing a library, reading and lecture rooms, art gallery, and museum, has been set apart by impressive public services. This will stand as a monument of his munificence and public spirit. It is stated that his public gifts already are more than three millions of dollars. How much better this is than to run the chances of having the will broken or the money wasted and misspent! Enoch Pratt founds his institution in Baltimore, and sees that it is done before he dies. Samuel Tilden bequeaths a large sum for a library in New York City; and his will is contested in court, and, after the expenditure of a large sum of money and time and the risk of losing the whole, the work begins. These cases are impressive reminders of the wisdom, when possible, of a man's being his own executor; and it is pleasant to note that this is now being done more than ever before, and will probably become more common in the future.

To see the possessor of wealth during his or her life using it to make the lives of others sweeter and brighter, to aid those institutions which alleviate suffering, lessen poverty, ignorance, and crime, is to call forth the esteem and love of mankind.

To avoid firing into the air, and to shoot at a specific point, we would make a special application to the aid and support of religious institutions. To be still more specific, take, for example, the Unitarian body. As expressed in the words and action of the last two National Conferences, the conviction has dawned and been expressed that Unitarians have a mission which is not of their own seeking, but is God-given. If this body has any reason for existence, it is because God has given them a special work to do. The executive officers who have looked over the ground assure us that the time is ripe for a vigorous policy, that the soil is prepared in various parts of our land for the sowing of the seeds of this gospel. The opportunities are open for a larger and grander work in the establishment of new churches, the scattering the truths broadcast by tract, newspaper, and the living word. To aid in this work, the officers of the Association make an appeal to all, and especially to those who are able of their abundance to give on a much larger scale than heretofore. This call should receive a hearty response. What nobler object can present itself to the generous mind than to give freely and largely for the advancement of true religion, which holds in its keeping the dearest human interests, affecting alike the welfare of society and the happiness and uplift of the individual soul!

Musings.

Of all the bequests which Christmas has made to art or music, Handel's "Messiah" is one of the grandest. Struck off at a white heat, it is one of the finest examples of musical inspiration. Nordan might have some ground for accusing this age of degeneracy if it grew tired of "The Messiah." But choral societies do not tire of it, nor do audiences. It is a work in which the choral part is supreme, though the solo

singers have their share of opportunity. There are not a great number of soloists, however, who can sing Handel's music effectively, with the demand which it makes upon flexibility, range, breadth, and dramatic fervor. Bach, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, and others of less repute have written Christmas oratorios. Bach's, with its exquisite pastoral symphony, beautiful chorals, its slumber-song, and its joyful choruses, has been given in part several times in this country. But nothing of later origin has taken a deep hold upon popular feeling and reverence. It is one of the great achievements of musical genius that such a grand composition as Handel's should be so popular. That Nestor of musical critics but lately passed away, John S. Dwight, wrote six years ago an article for these columns on "Christmas Music," in which he said of "The Messiah": "An inspired tone-creation, if there ever was one, it has influenced the hearts and minds of men more than all the Christian music of the ages, whether great or small, artistic or rude, commonplace or vulgar. . . . It always draws a crowded audience; and there are hundreds of people, not otherwise much interested in music, who never fail, if possible, to hear 'The Messiah' at Christmas. It has become an act of religious commemoration, and appeals to the pious instincts of generation after generation, as well as the musical taste and culture of those who know most of what is good, enduring, and uplifting in the productions of the art of music." These words are still true and the fact that every seat in Music Hall is already engaged for the oratorio this year proves that this "act of religious commemoration" will be loyally observed.

It has been left for a Boston musical critic—if "critic" is the proper designation—to discover that the choruses of "The Messiah" are not joyful, and therefore should not be joyfully rendered, coupled with the suggestion that the oratorio be given but once in ten years. If that had been written by a deaf-mute, it would at least be explicable. But we venture to say that Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb as she is, could not have written anything about "The Messiah" so wide of the mark as this bit of studied cynicism in the Boston *Herald*. May Lupercus protect the shepherds who watch their flocks on Christmas Eve against the tooth of such gnawing prejudice! Handel's "Messiah" not joyful! Of the three parts of "The Messiah" one is devoted to the passion; and this is appropriately tender, sad, and beautiful. But the other two parts are essentially triumphal. Of the numbers in the first part, —twenty-one in all,—all but one of them may be said to be distinctly joyful in subject and treatment; and, of the fourteen numbers in the third part, all are triumphal. The second part, beginning in subdued sadness, soon passes into a higher atmosphere of resignation, uttering its joy in "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" and culminating with the "Hallelujah Chorus."

WE wonder why it is that the perfectly intelligent, just, and learned musical critic is such a rare bird. There are those who know too little, and there are those who know too much. Some like to parade their knowledge, and others their ignorance; while others, whose musical knowledge none can deny, seem to be incapable of appreciating anything beyond the narrow range of their sympathy. It is quite likely that, if they had heard the original symphony of the pastoral angels, they would have criticised it as not being written on principles of modern harmony or as lacking in a desirable spice of deviltry. Mr. W. F. Apthorp, who has well stated the canons of musical criticism, says its chief aim is "to raise the standard of musical performance and popular musical appreciation. To my mind criticism should be nothing but an expression of enlightened opinion,—as enlightened as possible, but never dogmatic. What the critic *knows* is valuable to himself mainly: it is what he *thinks* and *feels* that is valuable to others; and it is extremely important that the public who read criticism should know with whom they have to deal." If the public always knew with whom it dealt, it would place much less value upon the thoughts, and still less upon the feelings, of so-called critics who mask their prejudices under the impersonality of the daily press.

Brevities.

Merry Christmas!

Though we do not approve of hanging, we make an exception when it comes to the Christmas stocking.

A decision of the Supreme Court in North Carolina will put a stop to raffling at church fairs in that State.

If all who are planning to give Christmas presents would divide the money laid aside for this purpose, giving half to those they love and half to the Red Cross for the Armenian sufferers, to whom the words "Merry Christmas!" must seem a cruel mockery, Miss Clara Barton would have the gladdest day of any one in the land.

We have purposely withheld the name of prison and State in which the prisoner is confined who writes the article on "A Christmas in Prison." His history is a very interesting one. We see in this instance how the immortal and spiritual Easter hope—the resurrection to true manhood—may be blended with Christmas cheer even in prison.

The Unitarian Sunday School Association of Concord, N.H., offers to any Unitarian Sunday-school or society several dozen copies of "The Sunday School Service Book and Hymnal," "compiled and edited by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding." These books are in good condition, and will be sent to any one who is willing to pay cost of transportation. Address Rev. Frank L. Phalen.

The common expression, "Merry Christmas to all!" must be modified in many a community. There are homes where the holidays will bring no merry-making. The vacant chair at the table suggests only the sorrow and loneliness of the empty heart. Yet grief, if borne unselfishly, may put aside its own weight of woe, and be glad that to the great multitude Christmas Day may be a day of joy.

Our Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Pilot*, makes an earnest appeal in behalf of the Armenians: "Boston, as usual, has come forward with an appeal which will be found in another column. It is one which should meet with a prompt and generous response. The *Pilot* will gladly receive and forward any subscriptions to that good object. There is nothing sectarian about the movement. The Armenian sufferers are Christians,—Catholic, Protestant, and Greek. They are our brethren, and their distress appeals to our common humanity."

A religious exchange has a new department called "The Kodak at Conference: Snap-shots at the Men who did the Talking." One would rather like to see the victim of the shot who is thus delineated: "S. S.—A spiritual soda-fountain, with the latest attachments. If you don't see what you want, ask for it: a comforting chocolate, a stimulating cup of coffee, the finest tea brewed while you wait; a cool limeade, heavily charged with carbon-dioxid gas to give it zest; a good lunch, a toothpick, a pleasant after-dinner feeling to go away with."

Pro and Con.

JOHNSON, NOT BEECHER.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The original hero of the story which you quote in the *Register* of December 5 from the *Universalist* as applied to Dr. Edward Beecher was Dr. Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson spat out some boiling hot pudding on his plate, with the remark, "A fool would have swallowed it." H. D. S.

THE TURK AT HOME.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The quality of "bumptiousness," which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith so lavishly bestows upon American missionaries in Turkey, seems to me an important element in his own composition. In his own opinion, he is very much of a Daniel. His strictures upon the missionaries have been ably answered by "Ashmont," "Calcutta," and other writers, including the versatile staff of the *Register*. There may be an honest difference of opinion among our various religious denominations as to the methods employed by some of our missionaries in foreign countries. That they are adversely criticised by educated men in those coun-

tries is in evidence, a notable instance in a letter of a Japanese having recently appeared in your columns. Discussion, however, with a man of Mr. Smith's mental build seems supererogatory, because by his sweeping diatribes he has put himself outside the pale of rational argument. Therefore, though I might desire, I should hesitate to cross swords with him on the religious issue. But there are two misstatements of Mr. Smith's which I would like to correct; and a residence of nearly three months in Constantinople gives me, I think, the ability so to do. These refer to the Turk's cleanliness and his humane treatment of animals. First, as to his statement about Turks, donkeys, and dogs, in which he displays a "fellow feeling" that is "wondrous kind"! There are few merchandise conveyances in Constantinople; and goods of all description are carried on pack-saddles or in panniers. As a matter of fact, donkeys play a very unimportant part as beasts of burden in that city. The animal, which staggers through its streets under a mountainous load of cord-wood, hay, building material, etc., is a small, ill-bred, ill-fed, ill-treated apology for a horse: it would rank as a large pony in this country. The creature is mercilessly overloaded, and is goaded and pinched along by its brutal driver. The passenger vehicles are small victorias, or, more properly speaking, *voitures*, such as are common in Paris. Visitors usually prefer walking on account of poor pavements and rough roads. When a visit to a distant point is necessary, one must employ this vehicle. The driver of the animal—which is a horse, and not a donkey—thrashes and belabors as much speed as is possible out of the wretched creature; and the air resounds with his cry of "Oosh! Oosh!" to warn the dogs off the road. If the dogs get out of the way, well and good. If not, they are run over; and there are scores of broken-legged, broken-backed dogs which show that this fate has befallen them. These are not even mercifully put to death: the Turk's fatalism and superstition forbid that. So they drag out a miserable existence, till a more merciful wheel runs over a more vital part. The driver who stopped his team and tenderly lifted a dog out of the road rather than run over him was, presumably, "playing to the gallery," in which Mr. Smith was a receptive spectator! When driving in Constantinople, I often implored my dragoman to command the driver to stop lashing his horse; and more than once I threatened to take the whip away from him. On one occasion, when driving to Yildiz, we overtook a drove of horses laden with building material for the Kiosk, then being erected near the palace. Our driver deliberately drove his horse against one of the poor brutes, which was struggling to get out of the way, and, in doing so, ran the wheel over the animal's heel. Maddened by the sight of the pain which the poor creature plainly showed, I seized the driver by the throat, and was on the point of pitching him off his seat, when the dragoman interposed.

I wonder if Mr. Smith ever sat in the rooms of Hotel d'Angleterre, and watched the flocks of sheep driven each morning up the steep, side street from the pens in Galata, for a day's browsing on the barren, sandy hills beyond Pera. If so, he would have seen a panting, bleating, footsore flock goaded along by their inhuman shepherds, and accompanied by two or more horses with empty pack-saddles. And he might have seen the same limping flock returning at evening, minus those which had fallen by the way, but which, with their throats cut, were loaded upon the backs of the attendant horses.

Perhaps Mr. Smith never had these experiences, perhaps he resolutely shut his eyes to them, or perhaps his idea of humane treatment of dumb animals and mine may differ.

About the filthy habits of the Turks as a race I had intended to write, and to mention instances to prove my statements; but perhaps I would better not. *Quantum sufficit*. You who have had a Constantinople experience can doubtless corroborate all that I have said.

It strikes me very forcibly that Mr. Smith, before again submitting statements to the "cold permanence of print," would better ponder well the remark of the late Mr. Joshua Billings: "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so." TERTIUS.

For the Christian Register.

A BETHLEHEM TOWN.

BY REV. JOHN M. SCOTT.

A Bethlehem town my heart would be,
Above it angels singing,
Within it born the dear Christ-child,
The love of heaven bringing;
My soul a Mary's holy breast
To bless the homeless stranger,
Who comes to bless my sinful earth
That greets him with a manger.

My wisest thoughts bend the knee,
In costliest gifts adoring;
My shepherd loves come from their hills,
Their hearts in psalms outpouring;
Until with these and Mary's arms
There is most royal greeting,
For heaven's holiest soul and mine
In such a loving meeting.

Yet Herod seeks to kill my Christ,
The first of many sorrows,
That lurk in every frowning face
Through all my earth's to-morrows,
Until at last upon the cross
My cruel sinning nails him,
The Mary of my soul pierced through,
As, loving, she bewails him.

Yet Easter dawns from out that night,
And shows him ever-living,
A higher holiness of love
To all my wide earth giving;
The angel hymn at last fulfilled,
My heart and God's heart blending,
My soul transfigured with the Christ
In love and life unending.

Dear Love, who such a Bethlehem
Hast sent in holy dreaming,
Awaken all my deepest heart
Till it be more than seeming;
That I a living Christ may know
To give him all my being,
That more and more in me thy face
Its other face is seeing.

That more and more thy Christmas love
Be everywhere fulfilling,
No inmost, outmost earth of man
But blossoms to thy willing;
No Herod anywhere enthroned,
Nor hate nor cross appalling,
Just Mary love and shepherd psalms
To one another calling.

THE GIFT AND THE GIVER.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

"Our Christmas gifts are, for the most part, barbarous, dull, and cold, because they do not represent ourselves. Then let the farmer give his corn, the sailor his shells, the artist his picture, and the poet his poem." This from Emerson is one of the remarks that at first strike one as admirable, but prove, on close examination, to have merely a literary value. How very embarrassing it would be if in actual fact on Christmas morning the farmer should drive up with his load of corn, and the sailor with some of those awful shells only to be seen on the front parlor mantel-pieces or decorated dooryards of very remote villages! Suppose the man willing to give even the devil his due should inadvertently take us for the devil; or that the benevolent individual who "gave to misery (all he had) a tear" should insist on coming to weep it out upon our shoulder! We should not so much mind the artists giving us their pictures; but it is safe to say that, on this coming Christmas, we shall not receive so much as a poster from one of them, in these days when a picture to illustrate a story commands a greater price than the story it illustrates. As for poems, of course it is a comfort to be able to take our complete works to a friend when our enemy will not buy them; but how much better it would be if the friend would buy them beforehand, and let us purchase for him something else from the profits!

And yet, as is usual with the sententious expression of literary half-truths, there is both a good idea and a false one in Emerson's advice. It is a good idea that gifts should express something of the relation between the giver and the givee, so that you shall know at once what you mean to present to sister Julia or Miss Harriman, and not float at random on that terrible sea of "something for my wife" which is the distracted husband's last appeal to the inappreciative clerk, who, perhaps, is not even married to any one, and certainly not to any one of the precise tastes of Mrs. Distracted. But the false element in the idea lies in the assertion that the gift should express the giver. Not at all. He gives twice who gives you what you want, and not what he himself likes. There is a certain picturesqueness in the practical carrying out of the corn-and-shell idea which actually prevails even now at the

tithing-place of the Mormons, where each person does pay his taxes in the commodity he happens to have. And yet, while it was impossible not to be touched at the sight of so much individual and personal interest, I confess that even in Salt Lake City I was quite sure I should rather purchase my lettuce, and even the potatoes, from the regular shops. A quart of stringed beans or a dozen tomatoes looked so much more jaded from their journey to the tithing-place than would a bushel or a barrel where companionship kept them fresher from the sun and better protected from the dust. "What you want is sometimes so much better for you than something better!" said once a philosopher. Stevenson expressed the right spirit of giving when he said, "I don't care much myself about thistles; but, if any donkey does, I'm delighted to use my jack-knife in his behalf." True, if your friend wants the Century Dictionary or the Encyclopædia Britannica or the earth, it is not always possible for you to give it to him, even at a sacrifice of your personal tastes; but there are times when you have given most because you gave up giving what you wanted to give. "I shall get Marion 'The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' said a thoughtful brother to his mother just before Christmas. "I wouldn't," was her advice. "You know she doesn't like heavy reading; and she does like pretty things for her dress or her new house, now that she is just engaged. Do get her something for her house!"

"No, mother: the 'Empire' ought to be in every house, whether she likes it or not, and I shall get it for her; and, if she exchanges it for anything else, I'll never make her another present as long as she lives." So, to this day, the elegantly bound and expensive volumes are reposing on her bookshelves; and she tries to love her brother just as well. In a different spirit was the gift of flowers at a recent funeral. "I thought you didn't like set pieces," said an acquaintance to the friend of the family who had sent a floral pillow. "I don't," was the reply; "but I knew that they did. For my own funeral I would have loose lilies; but for theirs I sent what I knew would please them best." Is there really any greater pleasure in life than to give your boy or girl some exquisitely silly thing that you know they crave? Of course, it mustn't be a harmful thing; but, if they want a new tennis-racket which they don't need, or a football which you dread to have them enjoy, or a bangle which you think very poor taste in comparison with a book of engravings, you are a cruel, cruel parent if you insist on giving them engravings. "This is my Christmas present to my husband," said a good lady recently, exhibiting some exquisitely embroidered centre-pieces that she had bought for her dinner table! I must have looked disapproval, for she half apologized. "He likes to have things nice when we have company," she explained. Of course he did; but, as they were extremely wealthy, they could have purchased at any time the most expensive table ornaments, and the gift lost the pretty significance it might have had if they had been poor, and if she had done the embroidery herself. What would she have thought if her husband had presented her with a fine box of cigars to be laid away for company, because she liked to have the gentlemen satisfied when they came to dinner?

Ah, yes! there is a science in giving. But be sure, even when you have decided on giving Julia what she wants, that she will appreciate, not only getting it, but getting it from you. Arthur Donnithorne gave Hetty what she wanted,—the lovely pearl and garnet ear-rings; but one of George Eliot's light touches went to the secret of the matter when she wrote: "No, she was not thinking most of the giver when she smiled at the ear-rings; for she is taking them out of the box, *not to press them to her lips, but to fasten them in her ears.*" Assure yourself, when you think with pleasure of eyes that will dance at sight of your gift, that it will be pressed first to the lips, wherever it may be worn later.

But remember that gifts are to express love, never to win it. Even devotion palls upon a woman, when it is merely a lavishing, and not a claim. "I will devote my whole life to making you happy," said the conventional lover to the Princess Osra; but she touched a wonderful spring of human nature, when she answered, at once

haughtily and wistfully: "Thank you, but I don't wish you to make me happy: I can make myself happy. What my lover must tell me is that I make *him* happy, and without trying to." Kate Douglas Wiggin touches the same spring in a humbler individual when she makes the poor, neglected New England housewife explain that Joe doesn't come home early, and bring in her wood and water, but that he brings back such good stories and good humor from the tavern, and is so pleased with all she has done that he ought to have done, that she likes him a heap better than if he were merely attentive. Ah! that is the secret, gentlemen! You may go to the club occasionally, if you will only come home after it *pleasant*.

What shall we give? It is sometimes a wearing problem; but, oh, be sure and give something! If you are very poor, give little jokes, like the happy family whose Christmas-tree was the hat-tree, hung with greens and small things made out of paper and ingenuity. Of all things, do not aim to save yourselves trouble, and at the same time avoid hurting other people's feelings by agreeing beforehand, as I have known even some very rich people to do, to "pair off," and "suppose we don't give each other things this year, but just let the children exchange." I really think this cold-blooded suggestion the worst of all. And do not forget to look over things you do not want, but that somebody else may. I have heard it ridiculed when anybody gave away what they did not want themselves; but, in reality, such things are just as valuable gifts as any, provided the person they are given to does happen to want them. Moreover, let everybody know how busy you are, and how much you are going to give. Announce even your charities; for "let not your left hand know" means only "let not your own left hand know." Do not boast, but simply let other people's left hands feel a gentle squeeze, and be conscious of a quiet reminder to let *their* right hands go and give something, too. The silent giver only half gives: the thing to his friend, the pleasure to himself; but he who tells may inspire, since as Shakspeare hath it,—

"One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that."

No: be not afraid to give, either out of your abundance or your poverty, remembering the epitaph of the Duke of Devonshire:—

"What I spent I had;
What I saved I lost;
What I gave I have."

CHRISTMAS DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY HON. NOAH DAVIS.

If Jesus of Nazareth were now living on our earth, he would on this day have seen eighteen hundred and ninety-five of his own birthdays; and, with the recurrence, he would have seen, year by year, the wonderful changes and events of our revolving world. He would have seen man's new discoveries of the vaster worlds, parts of his Father's universe, and of the inflexible laws that hold and guide them obedient in their majestic orbits.

He would have seen the birth, growth, and death of new nations, new dynasties, vast kingdoms, great republics, and mighty empires. He would have seen the destruction of that Jerusalem that "accepted him not," and the scattering of her children all over the earth as a great people without a land, at length finding their safest home in our land, and beneath the shadow of his wing. He would have seen the fall of the Rome whose officers condemned him to the cross without a fault, and the rise and power of another Rome, claiming in his name to hold the keys of heaven and to sway the conscience of mankind.

He would have seen the long and fearful struggle of Christian and Saracen over the possession of his own tomb; the age of chivalry and the degradation of serfdom; the invention of gunpowder, by which the serf rose slowly to his manhood; the ignorance of the Dark Ages; the revival of learning and the conquests of science; the wane of superstition; the exaltation of his religion and the elevation by it of the masses of mankind; the aggrandizement of thrones and their destruction; the discovery of new continents; the founding therein of new states, new empires, and new republics; the birth of new liberty and new

ideas of the rights of man, and the consequent elevation of manhood; the marvellous triumphs of mind over matter; the innumerable inventions of genius in the mastery of steam; the subjugation of electricity; the conquest of time and distance; the growth of philosophy; the victories of medicine in the arrest and palliation of pestilence and disease; the triumphs of surgery in the relief of human suffering; the elevation of all the humanities devoted to the knowledge and happiness of man; the administration of justice in new and better ways; the growth of charity in all her sweet and beautiful forms; the elevation of woman in all her rights, powers, and influences, with the sure promise of her just equality of rights before the law.

All these he would have seen; and in them he would see the spirit and power of the holy religion he founded as the greatest and truest operating cause in all our world's advancement, and in the growth of man in the wisdom and virtue that insure the equality of rights of conscience and of liberty to all men.

But Jesus of Nazareth is not here in the form in which he once walked the earth. But on this his birthday we own, with joy, the power, the beauty, and the holiness of his religion, and the universal blessing it has been to all the races of mankind.

New York City.

CHRISTMAS DAYS IN PRISON.

BY A PRISONER.

All the world keeps holiday at Christmas-tide, the "shut-in" as well as the "shut-out," together with all who have full liberty. The writer has spent Christmas Day in two prisons,—once, many years ago, in a now famous Southern prison, where the incarcerated were by far the most jubilant, and the prison guards depressed and gloomy. For the Federal troops were gaining all along the line, and the poor Confederacy felt the coil daily tightening about her. With little to eat, without the common comforts of life, half-clad, and shivering with the biting cold in old Libby Prison, we shouted for very joy, and sang patriotic songs all day and half the night; for was not "Old Glory" forging its way with Sherman to the sea, and old "U. S." and our own comrades of the Army of the Potomac thundering away almost at the very gates of Richmond? What were hunger and cold and nakedness in the face of such good news? And then—there was no disgrace attended with incarceration in Libby Prison.

Alas! the Christmas Day spent in that other—a Northern prison—is attended with sore remorse and sad disgrace.

Outwardly Christmas is spent in prison very much as it is spent outside. True, the greetings are more subdued; yet they seem to carry the fraternal wishes more seriously, I think more earnestly and feelingly. Breakfast comes an hour later than upon working days, and brings to the prisoner some extras,—fruit, eggs, a bit of cheese, or other dainties. An hour or so after breakfast the entire prison is marched to the chapel, or main auditorium; and a choice entertainment is witnessed. Of course, the Roman Catholics have had their early mass, no service, however, being held for the Protestants. Then, returning from the chapel, the men are given the freedom of the yard for an hour or two of air, exercise, and visiting; and good use is made of the time. A prison community differs but little in its main features from the community at large outside. Acquaintances are made, friendships are formed, and attachments in some cases become very strong; and so this time in the yard is improved for social intercourse, the exchange of gifts, and such other matters as prevail elsewhere.

From the yard, at 12 M., the men are marched to the kitchen slide, or window, where they receive their dinner. This is usually extra at all prisons. The dinner in this prison is excellent, including the proverbial "English pudding." From the kitchen slide the men are marched to their cells, and are locked up for the remainder of the day. It is here in their lonely cells during the long hours of the afternoon and evening that the prisoner's real Christmas is spent. Some receive boxes of good things from the friends outside. The more fortunate receive visits from loved ones, and by these and many other things one's

thoughts are likely to be turned back to the happy Christmases of other times.

The writer's thoughts have turned naturally to the time when his own life was happy, and seemed at least to be useful to God and fellow-man. In the quiet of his iron-barred room the still, small voice has spoken to him, not only of the past and the dear ones who once peopled his little world, but also of the future and the struggle required to redeem his shameful present. Nor are these utterances without promises of hope for that future, so that, while corporally within prison walls, imagination and spirit have carried him both backward and forward until he is miles and months away from cell No. —. During those hours of self-communion one of the many conclusions forced upon him has been that a term in prison need not be *all* loss, but that actual and lasting gain may come of it.

In confinement the thoughtless and shallow-minded sleep much of their leisure time away, and so go out, when released, ill fitted to take up the struggle of life again. Prison walls, however, shut in many who are earnest and thoughtful. Though fallen into crooked ways, they do not intend to return to those ways again. The latter occupy themselves quite differently. Reading of every kind is furnished from the prison library. Text-books for study may be had for the asking, and others pass the long hours in useful labor. Many of those one meets in prison are busy "making something"; and, generally, it is something requiring patience, skill, and close application upon the worker's part. Many lessons, but two great and important ones, may be learned in prison; namely, obedience and patience. And the sooner a prisoner learns both of these by heart, the more comfortable will be his lot and the less tedious will seem the dragging hours.

The writer fumed and fretted during the earlier months of his confinement, and the authority and regulations seemed irksome and quite unnecessary in *his* case. But, after his second Christmas Day was ended, he had thoroughly gone over his past life; and, rightly considering the present situation and future hopes and prospects, he concluded that, as in the past, so in the present and future, he and his were in the hands of the Supreme One, and there was nothing left for him to do but to obey and wait. So, beginning right there, the fight went on for months, until victory was his.

The exactions and rules of the prison régime, at first so irritating, became easier than habit when the habit was formed; and the days came and passed, and events happened or not, it made no difference to him. He has reached the restfulness of perfect trust in Providence and patient bearing of all things. Though powerless to protect, or even to assist, the dear loved ones outside, or even to aid them in any way, he has left them with perfect assurance in the hands of the One mightier. Restitution and reparation of injury wrought in the past are for the moment impossible, but he can wait and hope. The future, surely and swiftly nearing, looks dark; but he puts all care away with the hope

"That it would brighten as it drew near."

One Christmas afternoon contemplation revealed much to be thankful for. His very arrest seemed a special providence; for by it he was removed from the opportunity to feed the appetite that had led him into crime. The jail became a veritable "Keeley Cure," and, without doubt has saved him from death by alcoholism.

Then incarceration brings a man face to face with himself; and he soon learns what sort of a man he is, fictitious values fall away, and only the real appears, and, if he will let conscience, "sitting alone with him," direct him in the right way, all will be well, and Christmas will become a new birth into salvation of a better life. In the outside world there is so much to see and do that diffusion oft becomes the rule, while prison life brings closest attention and careful concentration of thought and action; and the individual gain is great. Then, again, the writer has found other blessings to be grateful for, among them good health. A prison may become a perfect health resort for an intemperate and self-indulgent person. He will begin to improve from the day he enters. Thoughtful, earnest people become more thoughtful and earnest; and the thoughtless and frivolous often become thoughtful and staid. In

a word, if one has lost self-control, lost his rule over his appetites and passions, lost his grip on life even, if the evil that is in him is "on top," a prison then will more likely than otherwise work a cure for him; and the stricter the prison life and the more thorough the discipline, the better it is for the imprisoned, and the more likely is his incarceration to work a reform.

So, while the Christmas bells are ringing outside and the world beyond our walls is happy with its joys and carols and gifts, we, the shut-in, are not deprived of all share in these happy things. We are learning lessons of obedience to human as well as divine authority, and patience amid everything likely to tend to impatience and unrest.

"Before I was afflicted, I went astray." Before arrest, I doubtless would have given everything possible to avoid arrest: months later, with health restored and freedom from the burning fever which accompanies intemperance, I did thank God from a full heart for incarceration; for the Great Father alone knew what was best for me. "No chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, *afterward* it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby." All are not *exercised* aright by confinement. The writer was not for many months at the first. He was hard and bitter toward former friends, the restraints of prison life were frightfully irksome, and his heart was full of hate and vengeful feelings toward those who had shut him in; but the sweeter things the Christmas carols bring softened his heart, and cheerful patience and willing obedience opened the way for the Christmas joyousness to come in with its "peace on the earth and good will to men," to be followed by the whole troop of "the peaceable fruits."

THE ANGELS' SONG.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!" How can we but be glad that such a sentiment, worthy of being sung by angels, was rescued from oblivion, and preserved for us in the forefront of the gospel history? A sentiment so pure and high might well be the saving salt of any legend in which it is contained. And who shall say that it has not been the sentiment that has preserved the legend rather than the legend that has preserved the sentiment? But, whether it has been or not, the sentiment has been preserved; and, though it did not prove prophetic of any immediate change in the habits of individuals or states, I dare believe that by the music of this angel song the hearts of men have been allured to gentler ways than they would otherwise have known, that there would have been still less "peace on earth," still less "good will to men," if the Christian world for nineteen centuries had not been confronted and rebuked by this ideal, however unattained, however unattainable for centuries to come.

But are we any nearer to its attainment now than we were fifty years ago? Chronologically, yes. Practically, no. Then the peace societies were flourishing. But do they flourish now? Then Charles Sumner gave the great oration of his manly youth on "The True Grandeur of Nations"; and there were many who believed on him, though the great thieving expedition into Mexico was already ill begun. Would as many now believe on a young man, of whatever splendid parts, whatever wonderful nobility of face and form, whatever voice of deep-toned melody, who should come thinking such things as Sumner thought in 1845, and saying such things as he said? I doubt it very much. I am not sure that good men should desire to have it so. "In our age," he said, "there can be no peace that is not honorable: there can be no war that is not dishonorable." Could he himself say that in 1861, when the war for union and emancipation was marshalling its rival hosts? Lowell was with him in 1845; but in 1861 he recognized that "the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin." Without shedding of blood there was no remission. Peaceable emancipation, with compensation for every slave, would not have cost one-third as much, to speak of money only, and say nothing of the loss of life and joy and the general entail of misery and crime. But peaceable emancipation was impossible. The South

did not wish to sell her "divine institution" for mere sordid cash. And so there had to be another war, and one cannot so pierce the future with his prophetic eye as to affirm that such a situation never can recur.

But what is absolutely certain is that the situations which to the war-like editor and politician mean inevitable war do not mean anything generally but that which wise diplomacy or peaceful arbitration can decide. Hardly could there be a more miserable complication than that of the "Alabama" claims, and yet we got all that we were entitled to without the firing of a shot. So with the Canada fisheries, so with the Bering Sea difficulty. In either case hundreds of editors and politicians did all they could to make a peaceful settlement impossible, and yet the peaceful settlement was brought about.

Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that to be "first in peace" is an ideal which is unsatisfactory to a great many of our people, and it is becoming less and less satisfactory to them every day. We have editors of all dimensions declaring war on several foreign countries at once, senators and representatives elongating the tail of the national coat, and daring now England and now Spain to tread on it, a Congressional chaplain, quick to echo the prevailing sentiment, praying the astonishing prayer, in his name whom we have called the Prince of Peace: "May we be quick to resent anything like an injury to this our nation! . . . So may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!" One would suppose, to hear the talk of Jingo editors and politicians and many others, seemingly well disposed in their habitual walk and conversation, that war was the greatest fun in the world,—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and that, the more wars we have on hand at once, the better.

Various factors have contributed their several elements to this condition of affairs. Tyros in evolution have stopped short with its first chapters; and, because war was formerly a divinity that rough-hewed the ends of social justice, they assume that it must be looked to for the shaping of them to the finest issues of the present and all coming time. But Herbert Spencer, first among evolutionists, is the most inflexible antagonist of the military spirit in our day. Another factor, and a far more general one, in our fighting temper is the increase of our national strength, and with it the increased consciousness thereof. Here, too, men learn by halves, remembering that it is good to have a giant's strength, forgetting that it is tyrannous to use it like a giant, and especially that crushing pygmies is not a giant's proper work. Another factor is the hope of gain which feeds upon the recollection of the splendid fortunes made by the army contractors of the Civil War, the nation's torn and bloody plumage but an opportunity to feather their own nests. But the principal factor in our altered temper is the idealization of war in the abstract in the light of our great national contest and our glorious victory.

Now is there anything in the history of that contest, and in its subsequent results, that should make war seem any more desirable to us, any less terrible, any less to be avoided, shunned, and hated than if it had never been? It was inevitable. It justified itself. The end crowned the work as right and good; and, horrible as was the killing, glorious was the voluntary sacrifice of life, the dying for one's country, the *being killed* with sacred joy, if haply so the bonds of the oppressor might be broken and the oppressed go free. And yet the proverb has been made good in our experience which says that every war leaves behind it an army of heroes, an army of cripples, and an army of thieves. So many of our cripples must have been heroes that we may doubt the wisdom of the double entry, but we have also had the thieves. They came down like the Assyrian on the national treasury, and captured Grant's administration by a more subtle strategy than he had encountered on the field of battle. They invaded every form of private business. Another legacy of the contest was the inflation of all business methods, all standards of prosperity. The modest gains of former times no longer satisfied. The bounty money was soon spent; but at the bottom of the purse there was a charm that made lavish expenditure henceforth the habit of

the poor. Much of the pension money has no doubt had the same morbid action. And to how many it has gone who had no honest claim on it, while thousands of the more deserving have preferred the "crown of wild olive" to a purse of gold! Where great moral issues are at stake, it may be contemptible to count the cost; but to do so is good instruction for the war-like crew who are going about among us, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, and taking many foolish people in their snare. The contemporary cost of war is but the smallest part of it. England has recently been doubling her army and navy budget; but a year or two ago our war that ended in 1865 was costing us a good deal more than her war footing. What a drain is here upon the life-blood of the nation! What an enormous bias on our questions of taxation and finance! What a strain upon the health of business enterprise and the common weal! Then, too, we hailed as wonderful and beautiful the melting away of our great army into private life. There, but for the political manager and demagogue, it might have been contented to remain. But, rallied by this pair, *arcades ambo*, how heavy on our municipal and State and national administration has been its powerful hand!

Could we stop here, there would be nothing in the history and subsequent effects of our great national conflict to make war *as such* seem any more desirable, any less terrible, any less something to be shunned and hated, and, if possible, avoided, than it was before that grand and awful series of events. But we cannot stop here. Every great war, and every little war in a proportionate degree, means a catalogue of horrors that does not appear in the statement of the national debt nor on the pension roll; nor is there any adequate account of it in the histories and fictitious narratives, trailing which clouds of glory the old wars come down to us along the centuries. The stories and the histories do not go into the details of slaughter,—the shattered limbs, the lacerated flesh, the broken lives, the broken hearts. We do not hear in them the children's crying and the widow's anguished moan. And war means all these things,—a great war the multiplication of them to an unconscionable degree. Only Verestchagin and Wiertz have painted war true to the life,—the death!—and we can hardly look upon their work, and live. It is the same with Tolstoi's "War and Peace." It is nothing to the discredit of Napoleon III. that, when he saw the field of Solferino after the battle, he sickened at the sight, and resolved straightway upon a proclamation of peace.

What are we going to do about it? The fond illusion that industrialism was going to

"Ring in the thousand wars of peace" is by this time pretty thoroughly dispelled. Will the perfection of the machinery of war serve us a better turn? The more warships, the more soldiers, the more deadly weapons, the less war! Well, this may be the way out; but, if it is, it is like Jean Valjean's way out of Paris,—*by the sewer*. It is a foul and hideous way. But it is no way out. If the fear of another nation's armament gives some collective bully, called a nation, pause, the strength of his own armament will make him insolent. It is an axiom of political economy that nations on a war footing are always spoiling for a fight. The soldier and the sailor hate inaction. The officers of our beautiful white cruisers are not satisfied with speed. They want to know their fighting qualities: they want to have a brush. But, if the mighty armaments could bring us peace, it would not be an honorable peace. It would be peace on earth without good will to men,—a pitiful perversion of the angels' song.

The revised translation helps us to a better thought. William Makepeace Thackeray did it no violence when he sang,—

"Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will!"

We shall continue to have wars and fightings so long as our communities are made up of captious and contentious people who delight in making trouble, whose doctrine is that every least offence *should* bear its comment, and that the comment should be as harsh as possible, whose prayer to "the God of all peace" is, daily, "May we be quick to resent anything like an insult to this our nation." But, given a habit of

good will in all our personal affairs, and extend this habit to our international affairs,—assuming that there is one moral law for nations and for Christian gentlemen,—and there might be a general disarmament at once. This happy consummation is remote; but in the mean time every one of us can do something in the direction of "the things that make for peace,"—something that will bring us just a little nearer to the hope and promise of the angels' song.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

BY JANE SMITH.

Christmas time, the one time of all others universally given up to mirth and innocent joy, ought to be darkened by none of the contrasts that pain us continually throughout the year. It seems as if there were no place for any but happy people at a season when love and good wishes overflow to all mankind. The churches, the stores, the good-natured crowds that throng our streets, the eager children, busy with their planning and their delightful mysteries,—all seem involuntarily to hint of the time when the dream of a universal brotherhood shall work itself out at last in the lives of men.

But we are not all happy. For many of us this first snow that is covering the ground to-day covers, too, the outward form of all that made Christmas dear and fair one short year ago. Many of us have come closer than ever before to a knowledge of the bitter starvation of body and spirit, which holds a part of our fellow-creatures in a bondage unrealized by those more fortunately born and bred. Many of us have had our hearts so torn by the suffering of dear ones in distant countries that it seems wicked to be happy, and the desire to give up comfort and peace to share the danger and the torture is stronger than love for wife or child or adopted home.

Many of us, again, are in the first shock of a terrible awakening to realities of our individual lives, which seem to cloud the future and paralyze our powers of recovery. In the festival which celebrates the birth of Jesus is there any place for him who is so burdened with the sin and sorrow of the world that the calm peacefulness of the saint is as far removed from him as the innocent joy of childhood? What shall we do? The very joy that floods the world about us and the apparent indifference to the close-pressing trouble hurt us with their contrast; and the Christmas sorrow grows until it seems a mockery to call this a true celebration of the birth of One who was a man of sorrows, and whose own tenderness would not have suffered a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed nor a lamb to go astray through the night.

The Christmas meaning, though rightfully expressed by merriment and gifts and unusual generosity, nevertheless lies far deeper than these. Its revelations are not alone for the young or the happy. Our hearts may ache with the unspoken longing for the one who was the centre of joy a year ago; but the Christmas message comes to bid us live for the peace that is in the heart of the pain itself. No one knows what that peace is save he who has won it through the suffering; but it is there, and day by day we begin to catch glimpses of it, and it is so wonderful and so much more precious than mere happiness that life is worth living even in loneliness and un-forgotten longing. When the Christ is born in our hearts, we know that such love cannot go to waste, but that, put into selfless service for others, it must deepen and sweeten all the other meanings of life, and that the Christmas thought is more, not less, to us than it could ever have been otherwise.

When we are burdened, too, with new thoughts of the world-sorrow which seems to shame us out of our comfort and ease with reproaches that we do so little to help, the Christmas message may come to us with wholesome, sane correcting. Our moods of despair and bitterness are not the ones in which we do the most to remove the conditions that we weakly lament. It is better to be brave than to be cowardly. The true helper of his fellow-men will put these moods away as temptations, and recognize that those who have done most in the past and are doing most to-day to lift people out of hampering conditions, and to make possible the magnificent dreams of

optimists, are men who, like Phillips Brooks, know that "the needed tonic and medicine of the human spirit is a persistent, invincible, and exuberant hopefulness." When the Christ is born in our hearts, we know that to growing, aspiring lives must come inevitably the pain and the self-sacrifice that mean ultimately the highest joy and service. Humanity makes its way through the long centuries from "the peace that brooded over Eden" to that "which crowned Gethsemane," from the low state of personal ends and enjoyments up to the passion of love which is willing to endure defeat and shame in its supreme self-surrender.

Then for that sorrow—most hopeless, perhaps, of all, when opportunities have been wasted and years lost, when we ourselves have kept the heaven away from earth by our follies and mistakes, when life seems to be only the vapor that vanisheth, and when the hurt of a purposeless existence, the stain of ignoble desires, seem to touch through us the lives of those nearest to us,—is there any Christmas message that can yield fresh hope and courage? There must be, else were Jesus born in vain. The Christmas message is one that bids us see the Infinite Right overarching the finite wrong and blundering, even when these are our own. God needs us all, every one of us; and the tenderness and love of Jesus would not be still waiting after these nineteen hundred years for perfect appreciation, had he included only the successful in his beatitudes. A new loyalty awakens in our hearts when we pass beyond the ordinary limitations of our own judgments and see even our own marred, unbeautiful lives in the light of those divine possibilities that he held out so freely to all. God be thanked for the Christmas hope of a new birth! The Christmas message is more than one of temporary good will to men and partial peace on earth; and the Christ-child may be born in our hearts again in new purpose, new, even though chastened, hope, and new aspiration.

THE HUMAN CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Not only is Christmas essentially human more than it is Christian, but, at first sight, many of its celebrations seem totally out of place in any dogmatic view of the Christian day. If all the race was lost, and on this day a supernatural being comes into the world to live an outcast life, to suffer and to die, to redeem a part of mankind from an endless hell, it might seem fitting that this part, at least, should offer up a solemn and sad thanksgiving,—solemn, as befits such a dreadful deliverance; sad, because only a part were to share in it. But what have carols and games and gifts, and mummeries and boisterous mirth, and garlands and laughter to do with such a day and such a deliverance?

This, indeed, has always been the view of the more serious part of the Church. Tertullian, one of the most famous of the Church Fathers, declares it to be "rank idolatry to deck their doors with garlands or flowers on festival days, according to the custom of the heathen." Another Church Father, Gregory, protests against it. A church council in France once (614) forbade Christians "to deck their houses with laurel, ivy, and green boughs." More than once in England attempts have been made to abolish the festival, as being a relic of Paganism. If you wish to see how such things were regarded in old New England, read Hawthorne's "May-pole of Merry-Mount." It is only in very modern times that Christmas has had a place in our New England churches and homes. When the Puritans came to this country, they hoped they had left this behind as a pagan corruption of popery, which itself was as bad as Paganism, if not worse. In that part of New England where I was born, it was practically unknown. I never received a Christmas gift in all my boyhood, and do not remember a case of anybody's else receiving one.

Instead, then, of Christmas originating with Christianity, its spirit and genius are foreign to it. It is human, not dogmatic. Supernatural dogmatism has never taken kindly to it. It has flourished best where human, natural sympathies have had freest scope. Its universal prevalence to-day coincides with and indicates the decay of

dogmatism and the flourishing development of the humanities.

We come back, then, now for a moment to our old question, Why did the Church select this day, already universally celebrated, as the birthday of Jesus? The answer is, Just because it was already universally celebrated. Listen to Saint Chrysostom: "On this day the birth of Christ was lately fixed in Rome, in order that, while the heathen were busied with their profane ceremonies, the Christians might perform their holy rites undisturbed." The simple fact is here. The Church found this day a universal festival, fast fixed in the hearts of the people. They could not uproot it. They then took the more practical course of adopting and rechristening it. They took it whole, with all its features and ceremonies unimpaired. Only they put new meanings into the old customs and sought Christian symbols in the pagan rites.

But do these facts make it any the less rational for us to accept and use the day? Rather, the very contrary of this seems to me to be true. It comes to us with all the gifts and joy and hope of all the ages. The gentleness of Christ and the humanity of all our forefathers look out of its eyes. Whether with human and natural or Christian interpretation, it is still the day of the birth of light and genial warmth. Its garlands and evergreens are the new life of spring, the life that only dies to be perpetually reborn, extemporized in the darkest hour of winter. It is human hope always forestalling reality, always believing in the coming of better days. The framework of Christian dogma is only temporary: it is put up, it will be taken down; but the building of human hope and joy will rise still in ever grander proportions. The Christian dogma is only a passing fashion in which humanity clothes itself. The dress will wear out, and the eternal Worker will weave a new; but the living child of God—his one child, man—will grow in stature and beauty. This Christian dogma, called orthodox, can be paralleled almost completely in ancient Egypt, and also in the Buddhist faith. Both have the virgin birth, the human mother, the superhuman father, and the whole cycle of rite and ceremony that make up the outward form of the Church. All these things pass and change. But the human hope and faith and joy that are the life of our Christmas time,—these "spring eternal in the human breast."

But, after all, is there no peculiarly Christian significance in our Christmas Day? Most certainly there is. And most certainly we, who care for humanity more than for any sectarian name, and who believe that Christ was a product of and wrought for humanity,—we can, least of all, afford to overlook the significance and glory of his work.

However perverted the record and meaning of that wondrous life may have been, it is still true that it marks the advent into human history of a new and higher ideal. It is an epoch in the upward progress of the race. The old Christmas meant the birth of light and warmth and joy. So Jesus, freed from the dogmatism with which harsh and cruel centuries have clothed him, stands for the light of trust in man and God, for the warmth of charity and good will, and for the joy of those who receive help, and the greater joy of those who give it.

But, preceding all this, including it, and in its permanent elements, what is it that our human Christmas means? Recur for one moment to its origin. It was the birthday of the sun. That meant the death of the darkness and the cold, and the far-off coming of the gladsome spring, with flowers and birds and rippling waters and bursting buds. Do you not see the old parable, ever new and fresh as the blue skies of May? It is the parable of human hope. As the old poets have sung it, when Eden was lost, when the peaceful and happy reign of Saturnus had passed away, when discord and murder and war had driven Peace and Mercy back to their native heaven, Hope remained true to men:—

"Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind."

Christmas, then, is the festival of that faith that, in the midst of present ill, describes the far-off features of the coming good. Through the snow-storm it sees June. Above the howling blasts of Decem-

ber it hears bird-songs. Beneath the snow it sees the thrill of seed and root that promise harvests. Across the storm-cloud of war it sees the bow of peace. Surrounded by squalid poverty, it describes the dim outlines of a time when man shall no more hunger. It hears the wail of sorrow and crime swell and change to a psalm of triumph and a song of thanksgiving. Thus it is that Christmas, shutting her eyes to the present and opening them on the "good time coming," sings her glad carols, decks herself with garlands, trims her doorways with green, and makes real to our heart and our hope the coming era of light and love and joy.

And, when she opens her hands and makes glad the children and the poor by her gifts, she prefigures the extinction of selfishness and the coming kingdom of perfect "good will toward men." Selfishness is not the desire of good things. This is right and natural to every human heart. It is only that disregard of the rights and happiness of others that is willing to take its good things at the expense of evil and injury to some one else. There is enough of all things in the world to-day to make the whole world happy, if only this fiend of selfishness were once destroyed. It is the death of this the one great happiness-killer of the world that the gift-giving and taking of Christmas prefigures and prophesies. We shall hasten the coming of that day, then, just in so far as we try to make the Christmas spirit pervade the whole year.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at their rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, December 10. There were present Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Williams, and Messrs. Batchelor, Brown, Butler, Dole, S. A. Eliot, Fox, Hosmer, Howe, Little, Lyman, Savage, Stone, and Wells. Mr. Lyman took the chair in the absence of the president.

The treasurer made the following statement for November, 1895:—

INCOME.	
Cash on hand, November 1.....	\$28,527.80
From donations and legacies.....	6,467.42
From other sources.....	780.84
	\$35,776.06
EXPENDITURES.	
For missionary work.....	\$6,244.93
For book department, expenses, etc.....	918.82
Cash on hand.....	28,612.31
	\$35,776.06

The above shows only the operations for the month of November. It does not show the actual condition of the treasury December 1. On December 1 the Association owed for borrowed money the sum of \$21,665.92 that does not show at all in the above statement.

Rev. D. W. Morehouse, superintendent for the Middle States, explained the needs of churches asking for aid in his department; and, on recommendation of the Committee on the Middle States, the following appropriations were made for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1896: to the First Unitarian Society, Ithaca, N.Y., \$1,500; to the Reformed Christian Church, Trenton, N.Y., \$300; to the First Unitarian Society, Plainfield, N.J., \$500; to the First Congregational Society, Vineland, N.J., \$300; to the Church of Our Father, Newburg, N.Y., \$400; to the First Unitarian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., \$300; to the First Unitarian Church, Hamilton, Ont., Can., \$500; to the Unitarian Society, Passaic, N.J., \$300; to the First Unitarian Society, Albany, N.Y., \$1,500; for new missionary work, \$200; for one-half the salary of Rev. D. W. Morehouse, superintendent for the Middle States, \$1,250.

On recommendation of the Committee for the Middle West it was voted to grant to the First Unitarian Society, Winona, Minn., for six months, \$200; for Post-office Mission work of Rev. John S. Brown, \$50.

On recommendation of the Committee on Education, \$300 from the income of the Perkins Fund was appropriated for the benefit of the Beneficiary Fund of the Meadville Theological School.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in a discussion of the general aspects of our work in various parts of the country. While no immediate and definite results were reached, a lively desire was manifested to begin the new year with operations which would improve the quality and increase the influence of our work. The secretary was warmly seconded in his plan of reaching the centres of influence by his personal presence. Missionary conventions will be arranged for, and new efforts made to spread our literature and deepen our influence and enlarge our constituency. Due notice was taken of the fact that for work done during the present fiscal year more

than \$21,000 has been borrowed, and that less than six months remain in which to receive the income adequate to our expenses.

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Sec'y.

Spiritual Life.

Jesus will always supply us with the best criticism of Christianity; and, when Christianity has passed away, the religion of Jesus will in all probability survive. After Jesus as God, we shall come back to faith in the God of Jesus.—*Amiel*.

As the birth of Jesus ushered in new dreams of love and good will between man and man, so let the recurring festival renew in our hearts tender thoughts of service to others, seeking with one accord to bring the kingdom of heaven upon the earth.—*Selected*.

Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. . . . Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth to take possession of his world.—*R. W. Emerson*.

The life of Jesus is wrought ineffably into the higher civilization, the nobler social conceptions. . . . We are what we are largely because a Galilean peasant was born and grew to manhood, and preached and loved and died. Granted that the true story of Jesus of Nazareth was from the beginning obscured by error and mistake; granted that those errors and mistakes which were once the strength of Christianity are now its weakness, and are threatening, unless we can clear them away, to lessen the hold of Jesus on the love and remembrance of man. The fact is merely a call to you and me, who recognize it, to go back to the roots of things, to reconceive the Christ, to bring him afresh into our lives, to make the life so freely given for man minister again in new ways to man's new needs.—*Mrs. Humphry Ward*.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "Talks," in charge of Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, will be omitted next Saturday, December 21. The Sunday-schools as a whole will be engrossed on the following Sunday in Christmas exercises. Mr. Pulsford will resume his interesting addresses on December 28.

The following paragraph from the *Cheerful Letter* contains a pleasant word about our paper for young people:—

"You cannot fully realize what a great blessing it has been to this backwoods settlement to get reading matter, and every paper that comes here is read and reread until worn out. I want more especially to thank the Sunshine Club for the *Every Other Sunday*. The children will wade the creeks and break the ice to get the paper. Mrs. Zara L. Cotton, Mt. Ida, Ark."

The list of acknowledgments in last week's *Register* from individual donors shows the kind interest which many take in the work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. There never was a time when money could do so much through the channel of this organization for spreading our principles and perpetuating our form of belief. The manuals of the Sunday School Society comprehend the broadest and most permanent phases of liberal thought. They are also full of the modern spirit of ethical training and character-making. Those who have our cause at heart can do no better than to assist the Unitarian Sunday School Society in laying the foundations for a broader and nobler religious faith among the young people.

There is probably no greater opportunity given to Sunday-school teachers for enforcing the cardinal principles of Christianity than through the Christmas observances. All Christendom blends together at that time. Young and old break down artificial walls, and unite in one happy interpretation of the mission of Jesus. Music, Christmas-trees, appropriate talks, joint services in the church, gifts for the poor, and the bringing together of all elements in a church ought to give new life and nobler spirit to organized religion. Christmas appeals to the individual, who, in turn, freshly inspired, imparts loftier motives to the work which he does in common with others. Christmas, we repeat, is the grand opportunity of the year for bringing Jesus back into the Christianity which so often misunderstands him. It is not simply, we would note, that the world is made more genial and joyous by the Christmas observance, but churches themselves are freshly Christianized, and made to see what their duties are in this struggling world. By all means, let us have in the Unitarian churches and Sunday-schools a most hearty commemoration. Christmas is peculiarly ours, for it marks the advent of a leader whose sole mission was to bring the kingdom of God on earth.

Religious Intelligence.

BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.—The regular monthly meeting of the club was held at the Vendome the evening of December 11, the president, Roger A. Wolcott, in the chair. The feature of the evening was an address by Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., on "Christianity and Socialism." He was followed by Rev. G. A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, and Mr. Edward Atkinson.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. William Everett, Ph.D., will preach Sunday morning, December 22. Service on Christmas Day at eleven o'clock, to which the public is cordially invited. This will take the place of the usual Wednesday noon-day meeting. There is service every Sunday afternoon at 3.30, at which all seats are free. These services are very interesting, and have an increasing attendance.

There will be no half-hour noon service at King's Chapel on Wednesday, December 25.

Ministers' Monday Club, December 23, 10.30 A.M. Rev. Philip S. Thacher will preside. Essay by Rabbi Raphael Laskar on "The Jewish Idea of Immortality."

Arlington Street Church: There will be a service in this church on the morning of Christmas Day. The service will commence at 11 A.M. The Christmas festival will be continued on the following Sunday.

New South Branch Women's Alliance on Friday evening, December 27, at 7.30, at church, corner of Tremont and Camden Streets. By request Mrs. Laura Tilden Greene will read her paper on "Lucy Larcom," assisted by singing, with piano accompaniment. All friends are cordially invited to attend.

Parker Memorial, corner of Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Sunday evening, December 22, special Christmas service conducted by Rev. James De Normandie of Roxbury. Subject, "New Wine in New Bottles." Appropriate music by a selected boys' choir in charge of Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper. All seats free, and a hearty welcome.

Dorchester: The Norfolk Unitarian Church is having a course of six Wednesday evening entertainments. Rev. M. J. Savage gave the first last Wednesday,—a lecture on "American Wit and Humor." The remaining five are as follows: Wednesday, January 1, Carolyn M. Field, "History of Spire Growth"; Wednesday, January 15, Damon Sisters' Orchestra; Wednesday, January 29, Gen. A. P. Martin, "The Battle of Gettysburg"; Wednesday, February 12, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, "Present Condition of our Public Schools"; Wednesday, February 26, grand concert (talent to be announced). Tickets for the course, \$1.

Benevolent Fraternity of Churches: The ministry at large representing this organization takes pains, on the approach of Christmas, to see in what directions it can wisely work. There is always a danger in these days of indiscriminate dispensing Christmas good cheer. The Benevolent Fraternity is able, through its ministers and workers, to reach many homes and cases which are not on the surface. It will this year, as heretofore, make the day a happy one to children and adults in all parts of the city where its work is carried on. Any individuals who wish to contribute to this end can send to any one of the well-known ministers representing the Fraternity, or to the president, Rev. Edward A. Horton, 25 Beacon Street.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. Howard N. Brown of King's Chapel, Boston, will preach in the First Parish Church on Sunday next, December 22. Communion service immediately after the sermon.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—The Church of the Saviour is in possession of another beautiful memorial window given by the children of the late Mr. Isaac Frothingham. It was unveiled on Sunday morning, December 15, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion from the text, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" These words appear on the window, which is the work of the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, who probably have never produced anything more lovely and artistic. The lower part is a landscape picture, representing a running brook in the midst of a forest, and a hart quenching his thirst at its waters. The setting sun sheds its glory over all. Two angels in flowing robes, carrying large, up-lifted trumpets, fill the upper part of the window.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—On the evening of December 10 the Young People's Society of the First Parish Church gave a reception to the Unitarian students of Harvard and Radcliffe in the church parlor. Several hundred young people were in attend-

ance, and the occasion was an enjoyable one. A new Bible class is being organized for the young people, in connection with the Sunday-school, to be taught by Prof. Toy. The last meeting of the Women's Alliance was largely devoted to a review of the work of the late Helen G. Putnam, who had many warm friends in the parish.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—A correspondent writes: "The most interesting event which had taken place for several years in Unitarian circles in Cincinnati was the ordination and installation services of George R. Gebauer as pastor of Unity Church, on Sunday evening, December 8. Mr. Gebauer, during his three months' stay in Cincinnati, had already, through his own personality, endeared himself to the hearts of his congregation; while his helpful and scholarly sermons had attracted considerable notice in the outside world. There was little wonder, therefore, that College Hall, which is the place of worship of Unity Church, was tested to its utmost capacity on this occasion by the presence of almost all the people of Cincinnati best known for their encouragement of liberality in religion. Upon the stage, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and tropical plants, were seated Rev. T. B. Forbush, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. David Philipson, rabbi of the Holy Congregation Children of Israel, Rev. John Goddard of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Rev. Hugo Eisenlohr of St. John's Evangelical Protestant Church, Mr. Gebauer, and Mr. Stephen G. Jones, chairman of the board of trustees of Unity Church. Behind these was seated the choir, under the direction of Prof. Joseph P. Donnelly of the College of Music. The installation sermon and charge to the minister were delivered by Mr. Forbush. The right hand of fellowship was given by Mr. Thayer, and the address of welcome by Rev. H. G. Eisenlohr. In the absence of Rev. E. A. Coil, late pastor of the church, who was to have delivered the charge to the people, Mr. Thayer read Mr. Coil's manuscript. Mr. Jones gave the installation address. The services were interspersed with excellent music by the choir and congregational singing. At the conclusion all present felt uplifted and encouraged by the wise and helpful words which had been spoken, and the members of Unity Church especially felt that they could take up their work again with renewed vigor."

DENVER, COL.—Rev. George W. Cutter of Newport has declined the call extended to him by Unity Church.

IOWA CITY, IA.—Rev. Charles E. Perkins is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures in the Unitarian church, under the general name "World Helpers of Modern Times."

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Young People's Unitarian Union of Leominster was organized on Sunday evening, October 27, with the pastor, Rev. George M. Bodge, as president. The meetings are held on Sunday evenings; and the first series has been given to the general subject, "The Religion of the American Poets." Evenings have been given, thus far, to Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes. The attendance of the young people has been large, and constantly increasing from the first. There is a growing readiness on the part of the members to assist at the services by sketches, brief essays, select reading, singing, quotations, etc. A general invitation is extended without any age limit to membership. At the last meeting the attendance overcrowded the chapel parlors.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Of recent events here there has been nothing of nearer and of more tender interest to Unitarians than the tribute paid by the Ethical Society a week ago Sunday to the memory of Mr. Frothingham. Carnegie Music Hall was filled by the usual congregation that gathers there to listen to Prof. Adler, plus the large number of friends and old parishioners of Mr. Frothingham in this city. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, Mr. George Haven Putnam, Justice George C. Barrett, and Prof. Felix Adler spoke successively on the life, character, and influence of the illustrious preacher, whom Mr. Stedman called a New Englander of New England and an Athenian of ancient as well as modern Athens. Prof. Adler, who gave the concluding address, spoke of him as an inveterate doubter who never doubted; for, although, like a pilgrim, he was ever seeking the truth, he was always sure of his underlying strata. "He climbed many a crag and jutting stone, until he at last arrived at the dizzy height where shone upon him the light of God, and from where he could see the glories of the completed great city below him."

A correspondent writes of a sermon upon the thought and work of the late O. B. Frothingham by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright on Sunday, December 15. He adds: "Having been a frequent listener to Mr. Frothingham, I could not but feel the truthfulness of Mr. Wright's estimate of him as a thinker. He spoke with becoming enthusiasm of his lofty plane of

thought, of his fearlessness in the advocacy of the right, of his incisiveness of style, and especially of qualities which he was not generally credited to have had in any large degree; namely, those of tenderness and affection. . . . There is no blinking the fact that he was far in advance of his contemporaries in his opinions, and far more fearless in giving them expression. . . . The whole discourse was a glowing tribute of respect and veneration from a later, though not less ardent, seeker after truth, for one who in his day was in the very vanguard of liberal thought."

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—On Sunday, December 8, Ernest L. Staples, Esq., occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church. He was formerly a member of the church in Derby over which Rev. Mr. Park was settled. He contracted a strong affection for Mr. Park, and had a very high estimation of his ability. It seemed very appropriate, therefore, to arrange to have Mr. Staples deliver a discourse in Pittsfield the Sunday following the funeral of Rev. Mr. Park. He seized the opportunity to speak of his friend, and to express the feelings in his own heart and in the hearts of the members of the congregation with respect to their great loss. At the funeral, which occurred the Wednesday before, the services were in charge of Rev. D. M. Wilson. Most of the clergymen of the town were present, seated on the platform; and Rev. Dr. Davis of the Trinitarian Congregational Church and Rev. Mr. Ballantine, another Congregational minister, took part in the exercises. It seemed as though the speakers could not say too much of the sincerity, devotion, and loyalty to truth manifested by Rev. Mr. Park throughout his life. The services were deeply affecting, and the entire experience has brought Mrs. Park and her family very close to the hearts of our Pittsfield congregation.

SANDWICH, MASS.—A platform meeting has been arranged for the 19th inst., in which the following gentlemen will take part: Rev. Messrs. J. A. Bevington of Barnstable, Albert Walkley of Brighton, James Huxtable of Boston, and Superintendent D. M. Wilson. It is anticipated that this meeting will increase the interest in our faith, not only in the parishioners of the old church, but in the people of the town generally.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Rev. A. J. Wells has just received a unanimous call to the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church in San Francisco. Mr. Wells was a few years ago pastor of the First Congregational (orthodox) Church of Los Angeles. His present charge is but one block away from the church in San Francisco over which he was pastor ten years ago. Most amiable relations have always existed between these two societies, and under Mr. Wells the same pleasant relations will undoubtedly continue.

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church, of which Rev. A. W. Martin is pastor, has passed the following resolutions relative to the death of Rev. O. B. Frothingham:—

"Whereas we have heard with deepest regret of the death of Octavius B. Frothingham of Boston, one of the foremost thinkers of his time, an honest, earnest, and fearless advocate of the cause of universal religion, a warm friend and honorary trustee of this society, a frequent contributor to the pages of its organ, the *Free Church Record*,—therefore,

"Be it resolved, by the members of the First Free Church of Tacoma, That it is the feeling of this organization that we have lost a true and tried friend, and the cause for which we stand a valued supporter and exponent, whose services, so valuable in the past, will continue to bear fruit in the years to come; and also

"Be it resolved, That this preamble and resolution be entered upon the records of the First Free Church of Tacoma, and copies thereof be sent by the secretary to the family of Mr. Frothingham, and for publication in the *Free Church Record*, the *Christian Register*, the *Unitarian*, *Unity*, the *Southern Unitarian*, and *Pacific Unitarian*."

WHITMAN, MASS.—Rev. H. D. Stevens has accepted a unanimous call extended to him by the church in Whitman. He has already begun his labors, in which he will obtain the hearty co-operation of the society.

NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The second meeting of the year was held December 6 at the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, with an attendance of about two hundred and twenty-five. Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper in the chair. A letter was read from Rev. Helen G. Putnam, gratefully acknowledging the receipt of some money sent to her by the league to use for rest. This letter, and the telegram bearing the sad news of her death, were received here about the same time. Mrs. Bishopric read the "Religious News Report," and that of the Philanthropic Committee was presented by Mrs. John W.

Chadwick. The subject for the day was "The Rights of Capital and Labor." Mrs. Benjamin B. Kenyon of New York read a paper in which she held that, rather than advocate the extreme views of capital and labor,—either that labor creates and therefore should give a title to the profit, or that capital is the real creator to which belongs the gain,—the intermediate ground is nearer the truth,—that both capital and labor assist in creating. The status of the laborer was reviewed from the days of practical slavery in England to the present time. In 1348 a day's wages were a penny, and any lord paying more was liable to a fine. About this time the workingmen began to combine, and what was practically the first trades-union was formed. The trades-union has resulted in the serious consideration and improvement of the condition of the laborer. Their wages have increased, and they have succeeded in securing the passage of laws for their protection. Since both capital and labor assist in creating, a system of profit-sharing enterprises was advocated by the writer. It has been proved that under this system the quantity and quality of work done are superior to that of any other method.

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell presented the second paper. She said that capital and labor are essentially equal under our social conditions. The capitalist is helpless without the laborer, and *vice versa*. Each has something the other needs. The trades-union has introduced a new feature into the labor market. Formerly the laborer must take the wages offered or starve; but now labor, as well as capital, can subsist while they bargain, and there is more opportunity for reasonable discussion of their needs. When the bargain is at last struck, instead of being an end to the matter, it is but the beginning of the new relation,—that of employer and employee; and it is the rights of these two classes which cause so much disturbance. Mrs. Lowell preferred to change this word "rights" to "duties" in her further discussion. There are no rights without corresponding duties. As the laborer demands good pay and short hours, so should he give fair measure and honest time. The community, also, has a duty,—to be willing to pay a fair price. It must no more be willing to be the recipient of stolen hours and strength than of stolen goods. Mrs. Lowell strongly advocated arbitration and conciliation in the settlement of troubles between employers and employees. She cited several instances, such as the Bricklayers' Board of Conciliation of New York, to prove that this free discussion of the concerns of both is the wisest way of settling troubles and preventing strikes.

Miss Woodbridge, secretary of the Working-women's Society of New York, was then introduced, and gave some interesting figures, showing the average wages of women and children for skilled and unskilled labor, the number of hours employed, and time lost in enforced vacations. When one realizes that seventy-five per cent of our insane come from this class, the cruel fact of their unsanitary surroundings, their low wages, and hard work, forces one to the determination to urge the passage this year at Albany of the bill providing for factory inspectors to enforce the law here in New York. Miss Presky followed with an earnest talk of the condition of her fellow-workers in the factories. She bitterly felt the wrong done to working-classes by the low wages paid to women and children, crowding out the men, the bread-winners, and lowering the condition of every family. With the women supplanting the men at a lower figure, she felt the working-classes would never have a chance to rise.

General Religious Notes.

The Lutherans are to hold a national convention of Lutheran societies at Pittsburg, Pa.

According to Bishop Merrill there are more Methodist churches in Chicago than in any city in the world.

The number of British Societies of Christian Endeavor has reached three thousand,—an increase in the year of about eleven hundred.

A new series of "Forward Movement" lectures has been planned for London and other cities. They will begin in January, and go on through February. The general title is "Protestant Principles as understood by Unitarians." Nearly all the London congregations will take part in this fresh attempt to enlist public interest in progressive religious thought, and it is hoped that many in the country will adopt the same course.

The Dutch Protestant Union has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Dr. Groenewegen from Rotterdam delivered an address on "The Relation of Free Protestantism to the Learning of our Times," which seems to have been one of the most important and well-received utterances of the convention. Dr. Groenewegen is a young man, pupil of Dr. Kuenen, whose earnestness made a decided impression. "The future lies not in the hands of

scholars," he said, "but with men full of religion and ethical energy. Our highest duties toward the world lie in this direction." There is a certain division at present in the union. The older members are apparently united in the desire to keep the objects of the association as they have been from the beginning,—namely, to advance religious thinking and doing; while there is a strong younger element who consider the study of social questions and effort toward their solution the most worthy aims of the union.

The pawn-shop connected with St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City has accommodated, since it was opened eighteen months ago, about thirty-three thousand people, with loans in amounts less than \$100. The aggregate amount advanced on these loans was \$550,000. About \$200,000 has been paid back, with interest; and last week some four hundred unredeemed pledges—opera-glasses, clocks, revolvers, music-boxes, silverware, jewelry, etc.—were sold at auction. In every case where the article, on being sold, brought more than the loan and interest, the surplus was returned to the owner: if less, the society—the Provident Loan—stood the loss. It will be remembered that this enterprise was started by wealthy parishioners of Dr. Greer's church, to help the worthy poor. They subscribed a capital of \$100,000, which was afterward increased to \$200,000. The rate of interest on loans was fixed at one per cent. per month: regular pawnshops were charging thirty per cent. The enterprise has been conducted on strict business principles, and great help has been given, while at the same time the projectors have been paid interest on money invested.—*Zion's Herald*.

Business Notices.

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation that induces coughing is immediately relieved by using "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." A simple and safe remedy.

A Fine Gift.—Every music-lover will be deeply interested in the Music Cabinet which the Paine Furniture Company offer for their holiday trade. It is described in another column. It is, in reality, an exceptionally fine \$15 cabinet, on which they set a price of \$11.

Tours to the Orient.—Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb are extending their tours abroad with very marked success. They have coming trips advertised to all parts of Europe, and also to the Orient, where one party is now travelling. After two months spent most delightfully in touring through Japan, this party is now in Southern China, and, in fact, about sailing from Hong Kong homeward. A second tour is announced for the spring, with February 24 as the date of leaving Boston. Only a limited number of passengers will be taken. It should be noted that the visit to Japan is to occur during the cherry-blossom season, which is everywhere the occasion of festivities. In connection with this tour a visit can be made to the Hawaiian Islands. An illustrated book descriptive of the tour may be obtained free by addressing Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington Street, Boston.

Holiday Tours to Washington and Atlanta.—A special holiday tour via Royal Blue Line leaves Boston for Washington, D.C., Thursday, December 26. Trip occupies seven days, and rate covering hotel accommodations and every expense is but \$23. On same date a party leaves Boston for the Atlanta Exposition, stopping at Philadelphia, Luray, Natural Bridge, Chattanooga, etc. Time occupied, ten days; rate \$58. Both parties personally conducted. For itineraries, address A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington Street, Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Marriages.

In Leominster, 27th ult., by Rev. George M. Bodge, Orson E. Emerick and Harriet A. DeWolfe, both of Leominster.
In Leominster, 11th inst., by Rev. George M. Bodge, Walter E. Davis, of Fitchburg, and Nellie Pierce, of Leominster.
In Barre, 10th inst., by Rev. A. F. Bailey, Herbert L. Carruth, of Hardwick, and Jennie M. Stone, of Barre.

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Christmas Opening
Duchesse Gloves.

Nothing but the best quality will do for a Christmas Gift, and a box of nice gloves is always sure to please. Those who buy the DUCHESS GLOVE have the Best Glove made.

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For the Christian Register.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY IDA M. COOKE.

A time when Joy holds Carnival. When Love,
All unrestrained, speaks deep what Love must
feel.
When Hate burns not so fiercely, as above
The clamor and the discord rife the peal,
"Peace on the earth," rings sweetly. When the
heart
Of Charity beats warmest, and the hand
Reaches out farthest. When the tears that start
Are tears of gratefulness, not tears that stand
For Woe. Then gather in the holly fair,
The world-famed laurel bring. And far and wide
Let the glad chimes' resounding fill the air
To usher in the joyous Christmas-tide.

Literature.

A STUDY OF DEATH. By Henry Mills Alden, author of "God in his World." New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Alden has given us another remarkable book, as mystical as "God in his World," and quite as impressive as that. "There is no life that is not unto death," said Bunsen, "no death that is not unto higher life." This is the ground idea of Mr. Alden's book. Many things combine to make it interesting. While it is as mystical as Tauler, it takes up into itself a great deal of modern science, assimilating what it wants to further its own ends and letting go the rest. The book is written in a style that is quite magical, and there are scores of sentences and passages that have a value quite independent of the general purpose. There are allegorical interpretations of surprising force and beauty,—that, for example, of "The Divided Living," a cosmic parable of the specialization of the Infinite Life in myriad forms. In the book called "Native Impressions" we cannot help believing that Mr. Alden has imported much of his own thought and feeling into his imaginative reconstruction of the early world as dealing with the mystery of death. The concluding part is the least satisfactory. The stress upon the personality of Jesus and his resurrection is out of place in a conception of the world so little orthodox or conventional,—a conception that demands Mr. Emerson's doctrine, "The soul knows no persons," in his sense,—none that are unique, none that are not illustrations of universal spiritual laws. There is not the least attempt to keep on good terms with the traditionalists. Their opinions are traversed with naive indifference to their solemn claims. But what is intellectually surrendered seems to have an emotional persistence in the writer's brain. Like all mystical writers, he finds what he wants most abundant in the Fourth Gospel, where we are furthest off from the hard earth of historical reality. But we are crushing a butterfly upon the wheel,—no, not a butterfly, but a skylark. We are treating Mr. Alden as if he were a prosaist, and he is a poet. His book contains a thousand beauties, which suffer no detriment from anything in his illogical procedure. In this noisy time it is a book that will make

"A bower of quiet for us,
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet
breathing."

MUSICIANS AND MUSIC LOVERS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Foster Apthorp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—We know of no musician in America who has a finer equipment as a musical critic than Mr. Apthorp, and we know of no one who uses it to better advantage. Mr. Apthorp has gone through the whole range of musical literature, studying scores, biographies, and the scientific and theoretical aspects of musical history and expression. He has drunk in enough knowledge to produce intellectual drowsy, if he had not such complete powers of assimilation. As musical critic of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and for many years of the *Boston Transcript*, and as editor of the programmes of the Boston Symphony concerts, he has attained a wide reputation. Perhaps no American writer has had a finer command of English in musical criticism than the late John S. Dwight. But Mr. Apthorp is quite the equal of Mr. Dwight in this respect,—which is saying a good deal,—and is wider in his musical sympathies, besides having had the advantage of a more thorough musical education. In this volume Mr. Apthorp has brought together a number of his essays, some of them given as Lowell lectures in Boston, others printed in the *Contemporary Review*, the *Atlantic*, the *International Review*. In these essays music is treated in various aspects of biographical, emotional, artistic, literary, and scientific interest. There is a noble essay on John Sebastian Bach; and we can imagine Mr. Dwight singing a loud "Amen!" in the heavenly choirs when Mr. Apthorp says "that there is no more trustworthy gauge of a man's musical nature and culture than his appreciation and love for Bach." There are critical studies of Meyerbeer, Offenbach, a learned essay on "Ad-

ditional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores," and especially interesting are "Some Thoughts on Musical Criticism" and on "Music and Science." The book is an alluring one to music-lovers; and no musician, of course, will want to be without it.

WESTMINSTER. By Sir Walter Besant, M.A., F.S.A. With 130 Illustrations by William Patten and others. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.—The papers in this volume first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They have been revised and enlarged. Mr. Besant does not offer us a history of Westminster. It has been his endeavor, rather, to show, contrary to received opinion, that the Isle of Bramble was a busy place of trade long before London existed at all; second, to restore the vanished palaces of Westminster and Whitehall; third, to portray the life of the abbey, with its services, its rule, its anchorites, and its sanctuary; fourth, to show the connection of Westminster with the first of English printers; and, lastly, to present the place as a town and borough, with its streets and people. Of the ten chapters of the book, three, however, are devoted to the abbey. Nearly every one who has treated of the beginnings of Westminster Abbey has assumed that the place on which it stands was chosen as a fitting place for a monastic foundation because of its seclusion, silence, and remoteness. Mr. Besant, in his opening chapter, examines this assumption, and endeavors to upset this cherished opinion. He approaches the whole subject in a scientific spirit, and without ecclesiastical prepossessions. Excavations show the remains of Roman villas, so that it is now impossible to doubt the existence there of a Roman station. "Before London existed, Thorney had become a place of the greatest importance." Mr. Besant treats this old subject in all its aspects with characteristic freshness. The volume is profusely illustrated; and, in spite of all that has been written about Westminster, this book will make a place of its own as a fit companion to the author's "London."

MARGARET AND HER FRIENDS; OR, TEN CONVERSATIONS WITH MARGARET FULLER UPON THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE GREEKS AND ITS EXPRESSION IN ART. Reported by Caroline W. Healy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The conversations reported were held at the house of Rev. George Ripley in 1841. It would probably have been better for their vague, elusive fame if Mrs. Dall had not reported them. Emerson, in his "Memoirs" of Margaret, says there were five of these conversations, and that he was present at the second only. There were ten of them, and he was present at three. So, evidently, they "profited him nothing"; and he does not appear to have done much to improve their quality. Miss Fuller was frequently dissatisfied because the conversation wandered from her text. But, as reported here, her text was that soft cheese of the Spanish proverb which you can with difficulty take upon a hook. The book is mainly interesting as an illustration of the way they did things in the days before science. Neither Miss Fuller nor her friends seem to have been well furnished for their work. Doubtless, our means of knowing something of the Greek mythology have much improved since 1841; but, even for that time, the talkers do not appear to have been well informed. Sometimes there is a penetrating remark, such as Emerson's "We are not finite." Miss Healy's (Mrs. Dall) own contribution shines in comparison with that furnished by the others generally, so that it is impossible to avoid the wonder if she did not succeed better in reporting herself than her friends.

JOSEPH, THE DREAMER. By Robert Bird, author of "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Encouraged by the unexpected success of his "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth," Mr. Bird has attempted "to set forth in a living way the story of one who, next to the Holy One of Galilee, is to children the most attractive figure in the Bible." The paraphrase is extremely free, as may be imagined from the fact that we have here nearly four hundred pages printed very solidly. For ourselves, we much prefer the original form, and should much prefer that our children would read that one hundred times over instead of reading this once, as they might do in the same time. But there is no accounting for tastes, and the success of the former venture makes it every way probable that this one will be well received. Gen. Lew Wallace may object to such evident poaching on his preserve, but he and Mr. Bird must settle that between them. Mr. Bird could do David, perhaps, better than the general; and the general could certainly do Solomon better than Mr. Bird. "Divide et impera."

SUNSHINE AND HAAR: SOME FURTHER GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT BARN CRAIG. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers.—In a preface to this volume Mr. Setoun (if it be not Mrs.) informs us that, although some part of it was

written before "Barn Craig" (a book which has been well received), it is intended to be something of a sequel and something of a supplement to that series of sketches. Those were intended to give an impression of the every-day, uneventful life of Barn Craig, while the present series is intended more to give an impression of the collective life of the village in its days of special rejoicing,—"sunshine" and "haar," its fog and gloom. The book is divided into two parts. The first part has quite independent value, and its chapters are very entertaining. The second part harks back to one of the stories in "Barn Craig"; and to its full enjoyment a previous knowledge of that story, "What Santa Claus brought to the Poet," is quite indispensable. One of the pleasantest customs delineated in the first part is that of "First Footing,"—i.e., the first calling on New Year's Day; and the story illustrating this custom, "Rob Allen's First Fort," is the best jewel in the carcanet. But some others are not far behind.

THE CITY OF THE SULTANS: CONSTANTINOPLE. By Clara Erskine Clement. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Illustrated.—At no time could this book be received with wider interest than at present. When every one is speaking and thinking of Armenia, it is well to know the history of Constantinople. In beautiful form, as a companion volume to Mrs. Clement's stories of Naples and Venice, we have the fascinating story of one of the most remarkable cities in the world. In addition to the history of the past, there is an excellent account of the customs of the present. While wondering if the days of the Turk in Europe are not numbered, Mrs. Clement thus concludes: "However this may be, and whoever may succeed him, it is true that, if any spot exists on earth where peace and good will to men should reign, where the influences of nature should develop all that is lovely and elevating to mankind,—poetry, art, and all the gentler virtues and graces of human life,—it is in and around this city of Constantine, which for nearly four centuries and a half has been the home of the Sultans."

THE WONDERFUL VISIT. By H. G. Wells. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—The writer of this book has set himself to consider what would happen if a beautiful, unspotted angel should suddenly appear upon earth, introduced to the conventionality and pretence and petty ambitions of our ordinary life. This is not the angel of the Hebrews, "of whom only Watts has caught the shadow, of whom only Blake has seen the splendor," nor the angel of popular belief, with domestic and sympathetic callings, but the angel of Italian art, gay and polychromatic, dweller in the land of beautiful dreams, untouched by sin or sorrow or suffering. In this conception there is ample room for bright imagination, keen sarcasm, and effective humor; and the writer has succeeded in indicating as much, for the thought grows on one up to the time when the angel "saw this grim little world of battle and cruelty transfigured in a splendor that outshone the angelic land, suffused suddenly and insupportably glorious with the wonderful light of love and sacrifice."

AFTERMATH. Part II. of "A Kentucky Cardinal." By James Lane Allen. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is certainly a queer book. It is the book of a man who does not take himself quite seriously enough,—an unusual thing, suggestive of some cerebral lesion. He does not seem to stand in sufficient reverence of his own good genius. With things delicately beautiful, he gives us things which are the mere horse-play of the humorist. Take Sylvia's poems, for example. They affect like pieces of raw turnip suddenly encountered in one's *biscuit glacé*. The touch on natural things, as in Mr. Lane's previous ventures, is entirely satisfactory. A capital bit is his rabbit-hunting with the West Point student who had looked down upon him. Kentucky duelling and "self-defence" come in for a powerful thrust. But the general impression is that Mr. Lane was in haste to make another book, and so dragged together various things that have no necessary or appropriate connection with each other.

CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1660-1860. By Henrietta Christian Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—This can hardly be considered a successful book. Evidently, it has been hastily compiled, and without much regard to the children for whom it is nominally intended. The best opportunities to make the stories interesting for them are neglected in the strangest manner. For example, Parkman's heroic battle with adverse conditions receives only the most casual mention. Everywhere as little as possible is made of the personality and the incidents of the life, and the treatment resolves itself into a catalogue of the author's books characterized in the driest manner. Poe might have been a model of all the virtues, Cooper the mildest-mannered man that ever

lived, for anything to the contrary here. Bryant's "Green River" was not "a retrospective poem"; and the statement that it was is one of many that in one way or another miss the mark.

L'AVRIL. A novel translated from the French of Paul Marguerite. By Helen B. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—The outward daintiness of this book is exactly suited to the character of its contents. The author is an artist by vocation, and it is with him as it is with many: the work of his avocation has a particular felicity. There is nothing improbable in the story,—that of a lovely girl falling sick from the shock of disappointed love, seeking new scenes, making new friends, and piecing together the fragments of her broken heart so that it is quite as good as new. So simple a plot tells nothing. The story having it might be extremely commonplace. But "L'Avril" is not. The young girl and her surroundings and her friends are all indicated with much delicacy and charm. And a story book which does not end with a murder or a funeral in these days is something which, when seen, we should make a note of.

AMOS JUDD. By J. A. Mitchell, editor of *Life*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—The author of this story has been enticed by Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" and Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," and has resolved that he can carry the same kind of thing a good deal further. He has made the attempt, and his efforts have been crowned with more than tolerable success. The book is made up of improbabilities and impossibilities in about equal parts; but they are woven together with so much consistency that we allow ourselves to be fooled to the top of our bent, like Locker's "Nurse, called Anne," "without the least objection." The prosperity of such a book lies very much in the taste of him who reads it. If one likes such things, it will be vastly entertaining. If one does not, he may not continue to the end unless the extreme felicity with which the whole thing is done beguiles him on and on.

FABLES AND ESSAYS. By John Bryan of Ohio. Vol. I. Complete in itself. New York: The Art and Letters Company. Mr. Bryan's book is handsomely made, and has the cheerful external appearance that suits well its spiritual contents. He has had the manuscripts of these things by him for years, and been trying to suppress, even "sitting on the safety-valve"; but out they had to come. He hopes the public will buy the book, for then they will know something of him, if he knows nothing of them; and that will be "friendship half-seas over." Many of the fables are very bright, and some of them are more forcible than elegant in their expression. At page 119 there is a new preface, the first having proved the wrong one to the wrong book. He begs not to be judged by a few of his pieces, as if they were all. But he has little to fear on this score. Those who dip into him will want to drain his well.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. Introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—As Mr. Burroughs says of the book, in his introduction, "It has a perennial charm: . . . it is simple and wholesome, like bread, or meat, or milk." We feel its "rural England atmosphere," the genial personality of the country parson who a hundred years ago spent such happy hours in studying the fauna and flora and even the weather about him. His letters have nothing of scientific dryness; and one cannot fail to be interested in the barn-owls who hooted in B-flat, the old tortoise who took his winter nap under the hepaticas, and all the other Selborne neighbors. To those who have never known Gilbert White before it is enough to be introduced by John Burroughs.

OLD BOSTON. Reproductions of Etchings in Half-tone. Etchings and Text by Henry R. Blaney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.50.—Boston has not a great deal of antiquity compared with many cities of the Old World. But it is proud of what it has, at least some of its people are. The march of improvement, however, has destroyed not a few of the old landmarks. These and other buildings which still stand are pictorially brought together in this volume by Mr. Blaney. In all there are thirty-five illustrations, some of them reproduced from rare old etchings, and others etched by Mr. Blaney from photographs. The reproductions bring out well the characteristic feature of the etchings, so that this excellent collection, attractively bound, and with an explanatory text, is brought within the reach of many readers.

THE HORSE FAIR. By James Baldwin. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50. Mr. Baldwin has already made children love legends and mythology with "The Story of Siegfried" and "A Story of the

Golden Age." The present book is of like character, but different arrangement. The plan of having all the celebrated horses of history and mythology meet at one great horse fair in the land of Morgan, the Fay, is original, but somewhat confusing. A little American boy—a Philip, of course—is taken by Cheiron to see the wondrous show, and is told the story of each famous horse. From all lands and ages come representatives; and in the same lists we see the steeds of Day and Night and the chargers of our own American generals. It will be a good thing for boys to read this book and pick up little knowledge of the classics while sharing Mr. Baldwin's fondness for horses.

CRUISING AMONG THE CARIBBEES. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.—Dr. Stoddard is the editor of the *New York Observer*; and he has written several books of travel, one or two of which, notably the one about Russia, has received considerable adverse criticism on the ground of inaccuracy of statement. The present volume, however, is mainly a recital of personal experiences. It tells us of summer days in winter months, as he cruised leisurely among the Windward Islands. The descriptions of the places visited and the sketches of the people with whom he came in contact seem to be carefully considered and impartial. These chapters offer considerable information about a part of the world concerning which there are comparatively few books of value.

CHILHOWEE BOYS IN WAR TIME. By Sarah E. Morrison. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—The first book about Chilhowee boys, published about two years ago, told how Parson Craig, with his household and neighbors, making in all a caravan of about twenty people, emigrated from North Carolina to Chilhowee Valley in Tennessee. The close of the book left them happy, prosperous, and useful in their new home; and the present volume takes them through a new set of experiences. The War of 1812 interfered with all plans for study, since the boys had to take the places of their elders on the farm until the treaty of Ghent put an end to the trouble. These books are not at all sensational; but they are bright and interesting, giving a good idea of a kind of life that required patience, industry, and often bravery.

KATAWAMPUS: ITS TREATMENT AND CURE. By his Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Illustrated by Archie Macgregor. London: D. Nutt & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.—This is a story which the little ones will find delightfully funny and interesting, because it will probably appeal to their own experience. It sets out to diagnose truthfully the trouble that ensues when little boys and girls insist on having their own way, and it tells how the four children of the story were finally provided with new tempers and good manners that worked to perfection. Katawampus is the name of this trouble, and it has already become a household word among certain children; and its symptoms are recognized with uncomplimentary frankness. Some of the jokes will be better appreciated by the older readers.

VEXILLA REGIS. Quotodie. L. B. S. Boston: Berkeley Updike.—The book takes its title from the first words of the ancient passion-tide hymn written by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers. The hymn, written in 609, is stamped with the errors of that age, and the false Christology that marked it. However, that has little to do with this book, which is simply a selection of passages or verses for every day in the year. The selections are made in a catholic spirit. We have even such a cosmic philosopher as John Fiske furnishing daily food with Pascal, Bishop Brooks, Longfellow, Lowell, and various churchmen and heretics. The selections are classified with reference to various subjects, and even the animals have a place. This is the second edition, the first having been privately printed.

SONG-BLOSSOMS. By Julia Anna Wolcott. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. Miss Wolcott's "Song-blossoms" are fragrant, and certainly not without color. They bloom with delicate tints rather than with gorgeous hues. Some of them are poems of nature, to whose whisperings Miss Wolcott has a susceptible ear. We have odors here of river-side and meadow and the breezes from the hills and the charm of the wayside flowers. There are pleasant hours with the children, poems in lovely mood; and there are others with incense of the sanctuary. Many of these poems have appeared in current periodicals. Miss Wolcott has an easy command of versification, and her verses are rhythmic and melodious.

DEAR LITTLE MARCHIONESS: THE STORY OF A CHILD'S FAITH AND LOVE. With an introduction by Bishop Gailor. Illustrated by W. L. Taylor. New York, 46 East

Fourteenth Street, and Boston, 100 Purchase Street: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—The name of the author of this simple story is not given; but we are told in the preface that it was written by one who ministered in person to the sick and dying during the epidemic of yellow fever in the city of Memphis in 1878. The sketch of the little girl with her faith and love is full of pathos and beauty, and is enhanced by "Uncle Wise," with his Negro fidelity, quaint speech, and pathetic narrative. The illustrations and general make-up are also attractive.

THE BOYS OF 1745. By James Otis. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—It is a new departure for James Otis to send out a book with a certain historical setting; but it is no wonder if he is beginning to seek a change from his numerous newsboys and homeless waifs. This tells of two boys who set out together from Portsmouth, N.H., to share in that attempt to help the mother country which ended in the capture of Louisburg. The one went with the simple intention of doing his duty, disagreeable or not. The other was bent on the personal advantages he hoped to gain, and their different experiences will doubtless be found interesting by young readers.

THE THREE APPRENTICES OF MOON STREET. From the French of Georges Montorgueil. With illustrations. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.—John, Johnny, and Jack are the three lads whose adventures form the subject of this story; and their characters may be inferred from their names. John is the proper model of virtuous apprentices, Johnny is sometimes good and sometimes bad; but Jack is the mischievous little imp, always in trouble on account of his misdeeds. Nevertheless, he is the most interesting of the three, and is evidently the reason of existence for this beautifully written story intended to edify as well as amuse French children.

JOEL, A BOY OF GALILEE. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.—It is no new thought to present the life of Jesus in the form of a story about one who lived in his times and was touched by his influence. Provided the reader is willing to accept the literal interpretations of the wonder stories of the New Testament, this book ranks above most attempts of this kind. The story is told with simplicity and even a certain dignity that are in accord with the subject; and we see the figure of Jesus more through his influence than by personal contact. Still, the story itself is too great to be subjected to retellings that add nothing to its power.

HALF A DOZEN BOYS. By Anna Chapin Ray. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell. \$1.50.—This book was first published about five years ago; and in the mean time the real boys, from whose experiences together the story was drawn, have grown up, and the new preface tells us that the next Yale catalogue will show the names of four of them. The book is evidently the outgrowth of a genuine liking and respect for boy nature. Its influence is wholesome; and the social times which the half-dozen have together were such as would only strengthen them for the experiences of later life, though they liked fun as well as the boys we all know.

IN THE OKEFENOKEE. By Louis Pendleton. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.—This is a story of the last days of the Confederacy, and introduces the reader to a group of rough men who have deserted from the Southern army, and are in hiding in the great Georgia swamp. Afraid that their hiding-place may be revealed, they keep as prisoners two boys who have lost themselves in this wild waste, known as a stronghold of the Seminoles in the Florida-Indian war. The attempts of the two boys to get away—attempts that were seconded by an old Negro who had been kidnapped by the deserters—form the main incidents of the story.

A CHILD OF TUSCANY. By Marguerette Bouvet. Illustrated by Phillips Hooper. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—The author of this interesting story has woven into it many incidents and scenes which illustrate the ways and people of Florence. The contrasts of life are vividly presented, and the characters distinctly outlined. Foremost on the canvas is Camillo, to whom every reader's heart will warm for his genial kindness and deep human sympathy. This book will have a general attraction to the public, but especially to those who have visited "Florence, the fairest and most famous of the daughters of Rome."

THE MARVELS OF OUR BODILY DWELLING: PHYSIOLOGY MADE INTERESTING. By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D. Ann Arbor, Mich.: The Wood-Allen Publishing Company.—Some years ago "The Man Wonderful and the House Beautiful" delighted teachers of physiology and fascinated their pupils. Dr. Allen, who was joint author

of that earlier book, has succeeded in making the present one still more interesting. While suitable for a school text-book, it is also in very readable form, and should be put in every child's library. Part II. contains excellent advice on the use of tobacco and alcohol, as well as the other "guests man entertains in his bodily dwelling."

SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PEOPLE. By Mrs. J. Gladwyn Jebb, author of "A Strange Career." Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This book completely justifies its title. The people it describes are nothing, if not unconventional. But their unconventionality does not make them particularly interesting. Some of them are too "low down" to be good company, and the undoubted firmness and piquancy with which they are realized make them all the more repellent. On the other hand, there are touches of great tenderness and beauty; and "The Detail of a Journey" is tenderness, and nothing but tenderness, in warp and woof.

THE BOY OFFICERS OF 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.—The material which Mr. Tomlinson uses in this series of stories is probably less familiar to most young readers than some other periods of our national existence, and it is certainly rich in suggestion for one who desires to weave together an exciting story of adventure. The historical allusions are true, and many of the incidents have a true historical basis. The expedition against Toronto, the attack on Sackett's Harbor, the defence of Fort Meigs, and Perry's victory are the most important events here described.

THE ART OF LIVING. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50.—One of the foremost of modern fashion-philosophers is Robert Grant. To those for whom he writes his *causerie* is pleasing. To those for whom he does not write—the Rogers type, whom the author mentions as "the salt of the earth, a highly respectable man and deacon of a church"—the style seems unsympathetic. But any one who can live on \$2,200 a year and bring up a family is not expected to express an opinion on this book, as it is not intended for him.

TURNING POINTS IN SUCCESSFUL CAREERS. By William M. Thayer. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.—It is not always possible to find the pivot on which a career has turned. Characters do not always turn: they grow, and the growth may be very gradual. Yet in the lives of many men there are epochs and opportunities which, being improved, make all the difference between success and failure. Mr. Thayer has great facility in biographical writing of the popular order, and this book bids fair to be as popular as its predecessors.

CRICKET. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Illustrated by Harriet R. Richards. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—This is a very simple and pretty story of a little girl who had many ludicrous adventures, was always getting into trouble and out again, and, in trouble or out, was "a winsome, wee thing," who should be floated into many a household on the coming Christmas tide. She will be well received, and do no one any harm, which is more than can be said of many books that are written for children in these times. The illustrations are better than common.

THE KNIGHT OF LIBERTY: A TALE OF THE FORTUNES OF LAFAYETTE. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume is no commonplace story, but is lighted up with brilliant cases of moral heroism, and abounds in striking incidents. The life of Lafayette is full of thrilling contrasts; and the narrative of Francis K. Huger, said to be substantially true, equals in noble generosity and fidelity the tales of knightly chivalry.

FROM THE BLACK SEA THROUGH PERSIA AND INDIA. By Edwin Lord Weeks. Illustrated by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this book we find combined a series of charming sketches and studies, notes on Oriental art and customs, a journal of travel, and a tale of adventure. The perils which Mr. Weeks and Mr. Child encountered together are exciting enough, and their varied experiences are of special interest. The great attraction, however, lies in the pictures.

NOTES IN JAPAN. By Alfred Parsons. Illustrations by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Lovers of Mr. Parsons's pictures will find in his writing the same charm that lies in his drawing. The graceful touch and the delicate atmosphere are refreshing. There is an undeniable fascination about Japan; and one seldom hears too much about the splendors of the cherry viewing and the chrysanthemum glory, all of which Mr. Parsons saw and describes with the artist's touch.

WINDOW AND PARLOR GARDENING. By N. Jonsson Rose. With illustrations by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Besides a suggestive introduction, the book is divided into two parts,—one devoted to the propagation and care of house plants, and the other on the selection of house plants. A great deal of useful information is given. The text is enriched by a large number of illustrations. We cordially commend this book to all who desire to add beauty and joy to the home.

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS IN JAPAN. By André Laurie. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. The books by André Laurie have been very

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popular in France. The series of "College Life in All Countries" have been translated into German, French, English, and Spanish. This is the latest volume of the number. It is graphic and conversational in style; and a good many facts are woven into the story, embellished by the author's imagination.

SESAME AND LILIES. By John Ruskin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This dainty volume—one of the "Elia Series"—contains a preface to the first edition and a long preface written later. The main portion comprises three lectures,—“Of King's Treasures,” “Of Queen's Gardens,” “The Ministry of Life and its Arts.” These stimulating and inspiring lectures are full of the characteristics of Ruskin's genius.

MELODY. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—The holiday edition of Mrs. Richards's pretty story is illustrated by Mr. Frank T. Merrill. The little blind girl, Melody, of the heavenly voice, is one of the most charming of Mrs. Richards's dream-children.

NEAL, THE MILLER. A SON OF LIBERTY. By James Otis. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—This is one of the series of "Stories of American History," and gives us a lifelike picture of the early period before the actual hostilities began.

Recent Poetry.

I. E. A. Smith's "Souvenir Verse and Story" (Springfield: Clark W. Bryan Company) is a book of doggerel verse which has much in it of a very real love of nature, and the scenes by which it has been inspired. The narrow circle of Berkshire County friends for whom it is published will, no doubt, appreciate its modest worth.

"Poems of the Farm," selected and illustrated by Alfred C. Eastman (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is more successful in its illustrations than in its selections, some of which are excellent, while some are quite inferior, and the dominant tone is sadder than one could wish. It is a pity that the exigencies of space have abridged Whittier's "Forsaken Farm-house." We are glad that no such fate has overtaken Col. Higginson's "American Stonehenge."

Mary Yale Shapleigh's original verse and illustration, "On Wings of Fancy Blown" (Boston: Lee & Shepard), are certainly very pleasant to the eye and ear. The verses are musical, and the artist's habit of looking through her eyes instead of into her own heart has helped them to many a lively touch. The illustrations are much better when they deal with flowers than when they deal with landscapes or cherubic heads. Indeed, the flowers are done with quite remarkable felicity.

G. P. Putnam's Sons republish Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club," with a pleasant introduction by Richard Henry Stoddard. It is made up of very skilful parodies on a score or two of poets and conversational comments on their peculiarities. The book is a capital illustration of Taylor's immense facility; and the parodying is not of that kind which is amenable to George Eliot's charge of "debasement of the moral currency," as there is no attempt to make great things ridiculous. The ambitious leather binding does not impress us as a complete success.

"Whiffs from Wild Meadows," by Sam Walter Foss (Boston: Lee & Shepard), impresses us with the author's facile productivity. His muse must have been running like a mill-race since he published "Back Country Poems" a year or two ago. But it has run to good purpose. The present volume is a great improvement on its predecessor. There is some excellent fooling in it, and much poetry that is very tender and pathetic. It may be doubted whether Mr. Foss should have broken our hearts with his first poem, "Behind the Hill." He has grown more judiciously selective of funny things than he was in his first book. Inevitably, he challenges comparison with Will Carleton. He is raising flowers from his seed. But they are better flowers than Mr. Carleton has been getting in his own garden of late years. The merits of this book, as compared with Mr. Carleton's latest, are as ten to one. It might have been still better if more care had been spent on the mechanism of the verse.

Mr. William Wells Newell's "Words for Music" (Cambridge: Charles W. Sever, publisher) will be no surprise to those who have known the thoughtful and poetic temper of the man. It is a book of very genuine poetry written by a true lover of nature, and one who is, if not enamoured, fascinated by life's various mystery. The poems run to riddles, and some of them are hard to understand. Some of them only attempt to state the riddle, leaving us to guess it if we can. It is a book of

"airs and distant echoes that convey A melancholy into all our day."

It is such a book as would more naturally

have appeared fifty years ago than now. It has the Transcendental quality. Some of the measures have a sing-songish character which may find its justification in the title, "Words for Music." The writer may have had singing rather than reading in his mind in writing them. But any one who finds himself "weary of the surfaces" of recent poetry and likely to "die of inanition" may well come here for temporary restoration.

Miscellaneous.

One of the daintiest of Christmas books is a translation of "Tartarin of Tarascon," with illustrations (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Those who do not know this amusing creation of Daudet in French ought to make its acquaintance in English. The book is well printed with wide margins, and is daintily bound and illustrated.

What better fitted to heighten the spirit of Christmas cheer than Holmes's "Complete Poetical Works," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued in the "Cambridge Edition"? It contains, also, a biographical sketch by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. The volume forms the fourth in the series, which includes the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning.

J. Stilman Smith & Co. are the publishers of a set of six small books, each of which contains a single short story by Edward Everett Hale. They are artistically bound in white and color, and are among the best of Dr. Hale's short stories. Nothing can be more acceptable for a Christmas gift than a set of such entertaining tales. Single copies are sold for 40 cents, or the set for \$2.

Among the Christmas books which are not experimental, but which have already won a recognized place, is "The Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued an edition, with forty-three original illustrations by Ross Turner and George H. Clements. While the new books make their appeal, there are many who will turn with confidence to this established favorite.

Not only from its abundant illustrations, three hundred and seventy of which embellish this volume, but from its pleasing stories and poems, the *Little Ones Annual* for 1895 will be as popular as ever. It is edited by William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), and the illustrations are engraved under the superintendence of Mr. George P. Andrew. It is attractively bound; and, if the little reader's eyes do not twinkle when they see it, we are mistaken. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.75.)

Among the every-day books with nourishment for mind and heart which are now so common is "Daily Messages from the King by his Messengers to his Children." Selected and arranged by S. R. Z., with a preface by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster (London: Marcus Ward & Co.). As the title suggests, this has been especially prepared for the use of the order of King's Sons and Daughters. But its value is by no means confined to these princes. The selections are mainly practical rather than simply reflective; and there are several thoughts for each day, with verses interspersed.

The remarkable address by Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard University, on "The Conception of God," delivered before the

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Philosophical Union of the University of California, together with comments thereon by Sidney Edward Mezes of the University of Texas, Prof. Joseph Le Conte, and Prof. G. H. Howison of the University of California, has been published in pamphlet form by the Executive Council of the Union, and may be had of J. S. Lockwood, 6 Franklin Street, Boston. 50 cents. No student of philosophy can afford to be without this, one of the latest and most brilliant discussions on the idea of God.

"Which the Reader will find very Easy to read," is the title of the first chapter of "Mr. Midshipman Easy"; and this prophecy of Capt. Marryat's applies so well to the whole book, which so many thousands have found easy to read, that it is not surprising that Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons should issue a new edition on heavy paper, with excellent illustrations by R. F. Zogbaum. There is enough fighting, duelling, slaughter, and adventure in "Midshipman Easy" to furnish material for a library of dime novels. But there is more philosophy in it than a dime novel ever attains to. The boys of this generation will be pleased to see what sort of literature their fathers liked, and it will be safe to say that the boys of to-day will be very apt to approve of their fathers' taste.

The *Magazines*.

The *Philistine* for December has a poem by Rudyard Kipling, a vigorous article by Elbert Hubbard, and six lively pages of book notes.

The *Charities Review*, a journal of practical sociology, entered on its fifth year with the November number. Arrangements have been made whereby this magazine will devote a large amount of space each month to the special work of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. In this department Dr. John H. Finley, the editor of the *Charities Review*, will have the assistance of Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows.

A library and an art gallery combined is a bound volume of the *Century Magazine*. While some of its articles are necessarily ephemeral, it makes every year a solid contribution to American literature. "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which is now being published, is an example. The illustrations are in the highest order of art. The volume for May-October, 1895, is before us, and will make in itself a handsome Christmas present.

It is only telling half the truth when we say that some of the best writers have made *St. Nicholas*. It is also true that *St. Nicholas* has helped to make some of the best writers, Mr. Kipling among the rest. The bound volumes for 1895 are already out. The very name of the magazine has a Christmas suggestion. History, poetry, athletics, entertaining stories, and beautiful illustrations make *St. Nicholas* incomparable. For particulars see the charming volumes. (Century Company.)

The *Bookbuyer's* Christmas annual is full of talk about the many books that crowd each other for the notice of holiday purchasers. The leading reviews are by well-known writers. Kenyon Cox writes of "The Abbey Shakespeare," Mrs. Sangster praises generously Mrs. Burnett's "Little Pilgrims," Thomas Nelson Page studies the claims of "Immortal Uncle Remus," while Grosvenor's "Constantinople," "The Art of Modern Living," "Victorian Songs," and "Another Jungle Book" are among the other books that receive particular mention. The holiday and juvenile books are fully described.

THE "NEW WORLD" FOR DECEMBER.—The current number of the *New World* might be called almost a Congregationalist number, since four out of the eight articles are by writers of that denomination.—Rev. W. E. Griffis, Prof. Paine of the Bangor Seminary, Prof. Starbuck of Andover, and Prof. Fairbanks of Yale. Three of the rest show the cosmopolitan character of the review, being by Prof. Albert Réville of the Collège de France, Paris, Karl Budde of the University of Strassburg, and Prof. Philipson of the Hebrew Seminary in Cincinnati. The book reviews are by Benn of Florence, Estlin Carpenter, Drummond, Upton, and Smith of England, Everett, Allen, Toy, and Rand of Harvard, Tyler of Cornell, Barber of Meadville, Vincent (Presbyterian), Slicer (Unitarian), Whiton, Paine, and Hincks (Congregationalists), Cone (Universalist), and Nash (Episcopalian). Surely, the *New World* is becoming an organ of the Broad Church. Prof. Philipson's account of the "Tendencies of Thought in Modern Judaism" is a very readable as well as able treatment of a very interesting subject. Prof. Réville writes of the "Miracles of Jesus in the Synoptic Gospels," which he considers a *quantité négligable* by the historian, as they were by Jesus himself. Mr. Griffis writes sympathetically of that much misrepresented sect, or, rather, set, of Christians known as Anabaptists. "Anabaptism, so called, was really Christianity seeking to realize itself, as Christianity ever will, in forms most closely agreeing with the Master's teach-

ing." In "The Pseudo-Athanasian Augustinianism" Prof. Paine contributes a subject of great importance, learnedly and broadly treated, to be followed by an account of New England Trinitarianism. Prof. Julia Gulliver contributes an ethical study of "Tito Melema," from "Romola." Prof. Starbuck, in "Popular Protestant Controversy," shows the injustice of A. P. A. attacks. Prof. Fairbanks writes of "Local Cults in Homer," and Karl Budde of "The Nomadic Ideal in the Old Testament." The guarantee fund of the *New World* gains constantly, but still needs additions, and should have them from all who wish to see liberal thought represented in this country by a strong and leading review.

W. H. L.

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whose door stood hospitably open. Seeing him look up, the sexton beckoned; and Hermann mounted the steps. "Walk right in," the man said kindly; and, having nothing better to do, the boy followed the word of invitation, and entered the church. It was evidently some children's festival. A Christmas-tree occupied the place of the pulpit, and a few children were already in the front seats. It was warm and dark, the seats were comfortable; and, slipping into a corner of the pew, Hermann stowed himself out of sight, and fell asleep.

The Christmas exercises commenced. The children sang their carols, and the boy in the last seat heard them through his dreams. The organ pealed out the strains of "The Messiah." The children read in high, pleasant voices the words of their service. Still the lad dozed on, dreaming again and again of his departure from his father's house, his night with his worthless friend, and his wanderings about the street. Through his dreams came the sound of the music and of the children's voices; yet he could not wholly wake, but, restless in spirit, saw himself in a hundred places working and leaving work, yet always haunted by his father's face, as he had seen it last, gazing at him.

"I wonder if any of you know what it means to be a carpenter's son?"

There was no response from the children; but, if the superintendent had only looked far enough, he would have seen a figure in the back of the church start up, and, sitting erect, hold itself tense in the attitude of attention. Hermann was awake.

"It means," the voice went on, "to live all your life among such pleasant things. When I was very little, I had a friend whose father was a carpenter; and I used to think, when I went to see him, that he had the very happiest, jolliest place to grow up in. We were allowed to play among the shavings and to build houses of the pieces of wood. I never smell timber now but what I think of those days, and of the good times we had in that shop. And so, when Christmas time comes around, I love to remember that Jesus of Nazareth lived among just such simple surroundings, that there was nothing strange or unusual about his boyhood, that he had no 'superior advantages,' as we would say now, only the greatest of all blessings,—a home where we know love entered, and where there was honest work for him to do. A poet has sung of how Jesus worked at his father's bench, handling the saw and plane. I believe that he did, too. I am sure that he would never have refused his help to any one who needed it, last of all to his father. And, when his time came to go into the world and preach his gospel, he did not change much. He only gave without stint the best that was within him, and he did that as a youth when his message had not yet been given him. Through the long years that he worked at his father's bench the spirit of love was deep within his heart. We in our lives will only have the long working at the bench: we shall never be called upon to preach a gospel that will gladden the world for centuries. But, if we work with the spirit of love, willing and helpful in all our task, we shall surely be worthy to be called the followers of our Master, even the brothers of the Carpenter's Son."

The children sang another hymn, the Christmas-tree was stripped of its good things; and, with laughter and many cries of "Merry Christmas!" the service ended. But long before this Hermann had gone out into the night.

It was twilight when he reached the street. There had been a slight flurry of snow, and as yet the whiteness was unspoiled by the travel of many feet. As Hermann walked upon it, he felt that all the world was at peace. Then, as the clear, keen air struck him, the Christmas gladness that he had pushed away from him all day came with such a rush that he wanted to shout aloud. He did not walk: he flew over the ground. Every drop of blood in his veins tingled, and he forgot that he was hungry and tired. At length a horse-car passed, and he remembered that he was five miles from home. Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out eight cents. With a shake of the head, he thrust the money back in his pocket, and strode on. Only once in the long walk he stopped. Then he turned into a German bakery, and with his precious bit of money bought a little cake of which he knew his father was very

fond. The smell of the pastry made him faint with hunger, but every cent went to the Christmas cake.

There were a great many people in the street; but he did not heed them: he was too anxious to get home. Only, when he went by the Christmas-trees, he had to walk a little slowly, that he might catch whiffs of their delicious fragrance. There would be one at home, he knew.

Night came on, and the stars shone down on him. He was very tired now; and he liked to fancy that he was following one of the stars, as the shepherds followed the star of Bethlehem. It made the way seem shorter to him.

The house was reached at last.

Suddenly all his strength seemed to go from him; and he had only a miserable feeling of wounded pride, of complete helplessness. The look of contempt that had been on his father's face when he had last seen him came back to haunt him. He who had felt himself so superior, had scorned his father's work and his father's ways, must return to him for shelter and for food. It was too humiliating. Without thinking, he put his hand in his pocket, and found the Christmas cake. Then the spirit of love in which he had been reared, and which had never wholly left his heart, came back stronger than ever before; and he buried his pride so deep that it should never come up again.

There was a light, a very faint one, in the shop. The blinds were closed, and business was over for the night. Opening the door with the key that was in his pocket, Hermann entered the room. Beyond was the kitchen, in which he knew his father sat; but he avoided looking there, and walked stealthily across the room to a corner where stood a half-finished piece of work. It was a picture-frame which he had started to make long ago. Taking up a chisel, he began, as quietly as he could, to cut into the wood.

"Who is there?" a voice called from the adjoining room.

Hermann did not answer, but went on with his work.

There was a sound of footsteps, the door was thrown open, and Otto Weber stood upon the threshold. He held a lamp in his hand; and, as he held it up that the light might fall upon the room, Hermann, had he looked, would have seen that the face was drawn with care and anxiety. But the boy did not raise his eyes. He was watching his chisel, trying to make it cut the wood, while all the time his hand shook. But he heard a little cry of love and joy and thankfulness, and his father was across the room and by his side.

Then the lad looked up. "Father," he said, "I have come back to thee. I have come back to be a carpenter's son."

THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM.

'Tis Christmas night, the snow
A flock unnumbered lies:
The old Judean stars aglow
Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds
The pulses of the night:
A deeper mystery infolds
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till, lo, with reverence pale
That dims each diadem,
The lordliest, earthward bending, hail
The Light of Bethlehem.

—John B. Tabb,

For the Christian Register.

NANNIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY C. BAIRD.

Papa had promised to take Nannie to the Christmas festival of St. John's Sunday-school. Nannie was only four, not quite old enough to be in sister Madge's class; and it seemed very hard that so much enjoyment should be missed on account of a trifle like this. Therefore, papa, who was Nannie's chief consoler, was to take her to the festival, although she had never been out in the evening before, and Madge was sure she would be tired and sleepy long before the exercises were over. Madge was ten, and wise accordingly.

Christmas Eve was cold and clear; and mamma buttoned Nannie up warmly in her white fur coat, tied the strings of the little white cap under the round, rosy chin, and smiled into the eyes that were dancing with excitement and anticipation, as she gave the good-by kiss. Nannie clung to papa's hand as she trotted along, carrying on a

brisk conversation regarding Christmas-trees, Santa Claus, and the presents she expected to receive the next day; and in a few moments the church was reached.

Nannie had never dreamed of anything half so beautiful. The pealing organ, happy voices, the tree with hundreds of tiny, sparkling candles and innumerable gifts, and the heavy, delicious fragrance of flowers and evergreens pervading all,—it seemed as if it could not be real, it was too wonderful. Soon, however, she spied Madge, sitting with her class, sedate and self-possessed, and by her serious countenance rather discouraging Nannie's nods and smiles of recognition.

The service began; and in due time the roll was called, each child advancing to the chancel to receive the gift provided. Nannie watched with interest, as the children returned to their seats, displaying and comparing their presents, and, in her unselfish little heart, was happy in their happiness. Now only a few names remained, and the tree was not quite bare. Nannie's eyes grew wistful: it must be that some one had put something there for her. It could not be that she was the only child in the church left unremembered. The tears came, and she turned to papa for comfort; but papa was speaking to a friend behind him, and Nannie felt very much alone. Dr. Atkins, the dear old pastor, who was always so good to her, was waiting to announce the final carol. He smiled as he looked into the happy faces before him, and Nannie imagined that he was looking straight at her. Of course, he had not meant to leave her out, she thought, even though she did not belong to the Sunday-school. He was probably waiting for her to come to him, as the other children had done: she would go at once. She smiled back into the kind eyes, and, slipping from her seat, sped up the aisle, climbed the chancel steps; and, before any one could move, the baby figure, all in white, stood before the tall, gray-haired old pastor. He bent toward the child; and the church was very still, as all the other children listened eagerly, breathlessly. The little voice was clear and confident. "Nannie wants her pwesent." The good man lifted her in his arms. "Bless your dear heart! you shall have your present," said he, and turned to the tree once more. And Nannie's arms were full of treasures when she was given back to her father, who stood at the chancel steps waiting to receive her. As they went down the aisle, Nannie, too happy for words, hid her head on papa's shoulder and hugged him close. She had her "pwesent," she had been remembered as well as all the other children there; and she felt that, after all, it didn't make so very much difference whether or not she "belonged" to the Sunday-school.

HIS CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Capt. Marryat, who, when he had reached middle age, lived the simplest possible life, overseeing his farm and entertaining his friends there, was a delightful companion to his children. He was like an elder brother to them, and yet seemed to lose none of their filial respect through such intimacy and freedom. When he was forced to punish them, the devices he chose were very original; and he seemed to pet them twice as much for the entire day after, as if to take the bad taste out of their mouths.

One day the nurse complained that two of the children had been very naughty in persisting in playing on their father's violin while the dressmaker had vainly attempted to try on their new gowns. The father lifted the two culprits one on each side of his bureau; and there he kept them sitting for a time, like two little images. At last they had enough of keeping still.

At another time the two came to him, as the dentist of the family; and the elder exclaimed, in high glee,—

"Here's somebody with a tooth to come out!"

He looked into the child's mouth, and twisted out the loose little peg. Then, turning to the elder child, he quickly pulled out one of hers, saying,—

"There! that's for coming to tell of it!"

Whatever the size of the culprit, she was always addressed with great formality while in disgrace. "Good morning, Miss Marryat," or "Good evening, Miss Marryat," was the portion of a little creature of six until such time as she chose to "be good."

He was an excellent counsellor to an unambitious child. If one pleaded, "It's of no use for me to attempt it: I'm not clever enough," he would exclaim:—

"Not clever enough! Don't talk such nonsense to me. You're no fool. You can do it if you choose, and I expect you to try and to succeed."

The children came to him with all their little troubles, always addressing him as "my father,"—a term he had taught them. One small creature of nine or ten appeared one day, with a very blank face, and showed him a rent in her dress.

"Oh, my father," she said, "what am I to do? Miss — [the governess] will be so angry. She will give me lessons to learn."

Her father took hold of the breadth, and tore the hole six times as large as at first.

"There," said he, laughing, "show her what I did!"

He was so fond of young people that on one occasion, when he was invited alone to a dinner, and the younger members of the party were asked to come in the evening, he was quite aggrieved.

"I don't want to go to dinner," he said to his chosen mates, in an injured tone. "They only ask me to amuse their guests. I am not going to 'talk clever' at the dinner table. I shall go in the evening with you."

And so he did, and was very happy, playing games and merrily taking his share of the forfeits.—*Youth's Companion.*

"CHOW-CHOW."

"Chow-Chow" was not a pickle, but a chicken, and a real funny one, too.

I made friends with him when he was no bigger than a robin. He was an only child. Of course, his mother had enough to do to pet and fuss over him. But he would leave her any time, when we called "C-h-o-w-C-h-o-w," and then "Chow-Chow-Chow-Chow" as fast as he could talk.

His mother was a beautiful buff Shanghai; but he was a long-legged Brahma, dressed in a speckled black and gray suit. As the days got chilly, in the fall, it seemed as if he suffered dreadfully from cold feet. He was always cuddling down in the warm feathers on his mother's back, even when he was a pretty big fellow.

One day I said: "Come, Chow-Chow, don't trouble your mother. I'll give you a good warming by the kitchen fire." I carried him into the kitchen, opened the oven door, and gave his cold feet a toasting. Oh, how he enjoyed it! He opened and shut his claws as he lay on my lap, and *chow-chowed*, and pecked at the buttons on my dress.

The next day it was pretty cold; and the first thing I heard, when I went into the kitchen, was a tapping at the window-pane. There was "Chow-Chow" on the window-sill, pecking at the glass, and holding up one foot and then the other. He was talking or scolding at the top of his voice.

I let him in. He went straight to the stove, and waited for me to take him in my arms and warm his feet. He seemed to think it was ever so much nicer than his mother's feathers.

One cold morning I was busy when he came in. The stove was very hot; and "Chow-Chow"—silly bird!—could not wait for me to attend to him. He flew up on top of the stove. Then he gave a scream, and landed on the table. That was the first and last time he tried to warm his feet without my help.—*Our Little Homes.*

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For the Christian Register.
TO MY FATHER'S QUADRANT.
1899.—NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH.—1895.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Poor homesick thing, I fear I do you wrong,
Far from the smiting of the eastern seas,
Here in my city house to hang you up,
My pride to flatter and mine eyes to please.

If you were conscious, you would ache and moan
Through every fibre of your mystic frame,
In this dull place to find yourself bestowed,
Nor hold me clear of treachery and blame.

How would you long to find yourself once more
Where the great waves go rolling up and down,
And the loud winds that spur their steaming flanks
The sailors buffet and their voices drown!

How would you wonder if the honest hand
That held you sunward on the heaving main
Had quite forgot the trick it knew of old,
And never so would manage you again!

Yea, verily, it *was* an honest hand,
Warm with the beating of an honest heart;
Never from stouter did good courage come,
Never from truer the good impulse start.

You were his guide on many a dangerous sea,
Through storm and darkness led him safely home:
As you to him, so he shall be to me,
Whatever seas I sail or lands I roam.

So onward sped, I cannot steer amiss,
Whatever darkness gathers round my way:
Let night come down, I set the faithful watch,
And wait it out until another day.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.
BY ROBERT S. LORING.

The position of the Meadville Theological School has greatly changed during the last few years. Now that the Harvard Theological School is no longer a Unitarian institution, Meadville stands forth as the only theological school in this country, whose trustees, faculty, and students are, almost without exception, of our liberal faith. Founded to educate Western men for the Western ministry, Meadville to-day receives many of its students from New England, sends most of its graduates into Eastern parishes; and its alumni now occupy important positions throughout the country. In material matters, also, the school has gained. Owing to the gift of a valuable private library, and through the efforts of Mrs. H. P. Kidder, the school for the first time has an adequate number of modern theological works. Its endowment, though far short of what it ought to be, has nearly doubled in the last ten years, its faculty has been strengthened and increased, and it now can offer more and better courses than ever before.

This gain in position and resources should enable Meadville in the future to take a prominent place among the theological schools of the country. Now that the school has so much more to offer students than formerly, she can afford to demand more of them, both during their residence at the school and before they enter. With many other theological schools, she can require entrance examinations in such subjects as elementary ethics, logic, general history, psychology, and can insist that all the students who enter her doors shall be thoroughly prepared to profit by her teaching. In this way the professors can be relieved from the necessity of having to give some elementary instruction, and can devote more time to the advanced courses of the school.

Such a change in the standard of admission would make some of the courses now given much more beneficial to the students. Meadville can well boast of the fact that she offers courses in logic, ethics, psychology, political economy, and sociology, and thus prepares her men to apply their religion clearly and effectively to the every-day problems of life. In its practical spirit the school stands among the first in the country. But, helpful as these courses now are, they can be made even more valuable when students are required to give some time to their study before entering school.

Again, the school can now look forward to the time when it can increase the number of courses given and offer more than are required for graduation. This would make the school much more attractive to students, as it would allow them to a certain extent to choose the studies they wished to take. Such an increase in the number of courses would also make it profitable for a man to remain four years at Meadville, registering for his last year as a graduate student. It would also have a

tendency to attract advanced students from other schools. Especially would this be the case if some one would found a few fellowships to be held by such graduates as might be approved by the faculty.

New courses on "The Apostolic Age," "The Middle Ages," "The Reformation," "Systematic Theology," and a second course on "Sociology" would be of great benefit to the school. A few of these are possible, even now, if the professors will only consent to give their present courses on alternate years, and thus allow themselves time to add new lectures in their several departments. Others, however, cannot be given, until the friends of the school so increase its endowment that it shall be able to add one or more new professors to the faculty.

In these three ways, then,—by increasing its faculty, its list of studies, and its entrance requirements,—Meadville can make itself more attractive to students of theology, and assume a higher place among the schools of theology; and all these things are possible for it, if the rulers of the school, its friends in the denomination, and its alumni will only work together.

BIRDS AND THE FARMER.
BY E. P. POWELL.

Not long ago there was held in Paris an international conference for the protection of birds useful to agriculture. Most of the European countries were represented; and some Americans also were present, taking, I believe, no active part in the discussion. The conference drew up a list of birds which it specially desired should be saved from destruction, and whose nests and eggs should be protected. This list was published, and is said to be very generally circulated throughout Europe. The aim is to secure a general adjustment of laws to cover the list given out as consisting of useful birds. The *Scientific Review* adds that it expects inside of three years to have all Europe organized to prevent the ruinous destruction of our feathered friends. The widow of Casimir Périer, late President of France, has begun a movement in Paris to second the work of the convention. It has the co-operation of the leaders of society and of fashion. On this side the water the government has been sending out bulletins carefully noting the comparative value of all birds to agriculture. The lists correct many notions that are prevalent, especially concerning owls and some of the hawks.

Many of the birds are quite capable of changing their habits of living, so that it is not well to pronounce from a single year's investigation exactly what they are capable of doing. I have seen decided modification in food habits going on with our most common birds. Ten years ago robins made it nearly impossible to raise cherries in Central New York. But the vast increase of berry gardens and fruit orchards has led them to desert cherries and currants almost entirely. Orioles were a pest to our gardens, destroying peas so that we could not grow them to any advantage. Now not a pea is touched. Hawks rarely approach grounds where king-birds are encouraged. Catbirds fight off blackbirds and sparrows. We have to study the changes going on, and we shall find our opinions of special birds quite altered from time to time.

Dr. Lintner lays the increase of worms in our elms to the driving away of insect-eating birds by the sparrow. This is probably true, although we had successions of many sorts of canker-worms and caterpillars before an English sparrow ever saw America. We change our modes of life constantly, and birds and insects adjust themselves to such alterations. Before we came to this country, the swift built in hollows in trees. It took to chimney-building as a suggestion from new environment. Now our small flues and coal-gas have almost wholly driven the bird back to old habits. Wrens and barn-swallows were able to enter the old-fashioned barns, and they did so to make their homes. But now our barns are constructed so tightly boarded that the birds have gone to wilder life. Few wrens visit us.

On the contrary, other birds are becoming familiar. In my boyhood, before twelve years of age, I never heard a catbird sing: they were to be met with in the wild berry fields, where they nested in thickets, and fed their young on raspberries. I think

they seldom ever did sing. Their sharp scold gave them their name, from its resemblance to the snarling of a cat. But I can never forget the first time I heard a catbird sing. It was near the foot of our garden, where a thicket of plums tempted a pair to build. What delicious joy was in that song! Peering about, I found the brown singer, who at once squawked at me in its coarsest fashion. But I petted it, and loved it; and it soon understood me. Now half a dozen pairs are nesting every year close by my house. In late May I hear some morning a chirrup, and then a soft whistle. Ah! Miss Kitty has got back from the South. We go at it, whistling and jabbering to each other, like crazy lovers. They do little for the first day but talk to me. We have large berry gardens, and so our songsters have come closer to us. Twenty years ago a red-breasted grosbeak was as rare as a bird of paradise: now they are for a few weeks as common as robins. Robins, on the contrary, are on the decrease. This is probably because robins are blundering, clumsy house-builders, wholly lacking the wonderful art of concealment shown by their cousins, the catbirds. As houses grow quite near together, cats multiply, and robins are picked off. Crows also plunder their nests, because built in full sight of the rascals. I have seen a great black scamp sit on the side of a robin's nest, look in, and take his pick, while I was helpless to get at him, as, of course, he comprehended. The wood-thrush has become quite at home in our larger lawns of trees, and the hermit-thrush sings out his silver echo close by. The former does not hesitate to make friends of us, and sings from the ash-trees by the barn. The scarlet tanager made attempts from time to time to become one with us, but its superb plumage was too serious a temptation: it was shot by collectors. But this year once more I hear its queer "Ch-hat! ch-hat," monotonous, and rather tedious, but a sign that our most beautiful bird is making one more attempt to make its home in our orchards. It is a flame of fire,—something so tropical that it is difficult to believe it is not an Occidental stranger.

Of all our beautiful friends, I like none better than the indigo-bird. This is a rarely seen, deep-blue-all-over bird. It eats some berries, but is not a pest in any sense. I came on a nest in my red raspberry field, full of brown babies. The nest is not unlike that of the sparrow; but it is better built, and better stayed. This one is tied by cords to the canes, so that it cannot be capsized. It is a quiet bird, chirping like a song-sparrow, and singing a friendly but shy song, down at the edges of the orchard. The indigo-bird, with encouragement, should increase as our berry gardens increase.

Troublesome birds nearly all hunt in flocks,—the English sparrow, the blackbird, and the crow. Crows, contrary to common opinion, do not winter in the South. They collect by thousands hereabouts, feeding to the south of us, sleeping to the north. Their haunts are only a few miles apart; but they go in great cawing clouds at daylight to the feeding ground, stopping along the way, if desirable. They return at sunset. Where so many secure food enough is a marvel. They destroy a vast amount of mice, grasshoppers, and carrion. On the whole, the rascals are not a damage to agriculture. They pull corn in the spring to some extent, but do little other direct mischief. I find that the only real scarecrow is ears of corn tied on the top of poles. Offer them food, and at once they become suspicious. "Blackbirds haven't an honest hair in their heads" insists my neighbor behind the wood-lot. She lays, perhaps, too much to their charge; but, truly, this bird seems to love mischief for mischief's sake. It is curious to see their schemes for making a raid successful.

Hawks do less damage than that brave little fighter, the kingbird, who never fears to attack the hawk. The kingbird is apparently only an innocent fly-catcher; but, if you have bees, you will observe that he is busy much of the time flying over the bees' houses. He is really catching your honey-makers. Dissect one, and you will find that he has mainly fed on bees. Still, I like nothing better than to see one of these birds, smaller than robins, dart into the air, sailing as high as he pleases, and chasing a big thief clear out of sight. His manœuvres are those of audacity. He flies

with undoubting determination into the face of the foe, dabs here, there, and everywhere. The slower-moving hawk does not know what to make of the little gunboat, and is shortly bewildered and quite rattled. It is not seldom, in cases of danger, that half a dozen kinds of birds chase a hawk, all led on by the commanding notes of the kingbird.

It is, of course, our policy to protect and encourage the insect-eaters, and to discourage the grain-eaters. This can be done by feeding and preventing the slaughter of the former. The orioles are troublesome in gardens, for they love green peas, cherries, and berries; but they eat vast quantities of worms and bugs. Their stay is brief with us, and one is rarely seen after the middle of July. The seed-eaters, such as the gold-finches and some of the sparrows, come later. But these live, for the most part, on thistle and other weed seeds, without molesting the grain-fields. The English sparrow alone rivals the blackbird for mischief. As soon as the wheat and oat fields grow yellow, they come in vast swarms, and, covering the fields, devour in a gluttonous way bushels of grain. They give us for this no compensation. The English poison them by scattering grain soaked in arsenic along the highway. The trouble with this method is that other birds are also liable to be poisoned, if not also fowls. It is impossible to catch them twice in the same way. Poison a few, and away go the rest. You may not kill, but you can drive them off with poison. It would not be a bad thing if we had a national sparrow-killing day annually. The pest is fast getting beyond control, as well as beyond endurance.

"Blessed is the man whom the birds love." This is true every way, for we have no allies and protectors like the birds. And it is also true that they learn to choose people, and take a fancy to special families. They learn to know where they are welcome and who is kind to them. I fancy the robins and catbirds feel a sort of joint ownership in my lawns. If I were to sell, would they stay with my successor? I have one catbird that comes into the English elm by my study balcony, and has a whispered conference with me almost every day. When bird time is over, the world grows lonesome. No amount of pleasant human companionship fully compensates. Our best way in planting is to count the birds in as members of the family, and plant enough for all of us.

Chronic
* Alcoholism

is a disease hard to cure, as is the morphine habit. Every organ of the body is affected. A continual demand for a stimulant is called for. Food ceases to gratify, in fact, often cannot be retained on the stomach, or when it is the vitiated blood ceases to absorb nourishment from it. Give such sufferers that greatest of *food* stimulants, blood-enrichers, flesh-creators,

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A. P. BUSH, 149 Pearl St.

For the Christian Register.
THE OHRISTMAS STORY.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Away, away in Bethlehem,
In ages that are gone,
Within a manger bleak and bare
A helpless child was born.
Jesus the little babe was called
By Mary, mother mild;
And a bright star the wise men led
Unto the wondrous child.

With gold and myrrh and frankincense
They fell down at his feet,
And worshipped him with solemn joy,
As fitting was, and meet.
For he the nations all about
From all their sins would save,
Glad tidings of great joy would bring,
And peace which all men crave.

And there in distant Galilee,
In lowly Nazareth town,
The little child grew to a man,
And wandered up and down,
Teaching the people as he went
Of new and better ways,
Of faith and love and charity,
Of holy prayer and praise.

To heal the sick, to feed the poor,
His work by night, by day,
To bid the sinner sin no more,
To cheer the mourner's way,
And still to tell where'er he went
The story of God's love,—
This was the message Christ of old
Brought to us from above.

Now far away from Galilee
And lowly Nazareth town,
We strive to tell the little ones
The tidings he brought down:
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
We chant it o'er and o'er;
And every blessed Christmas time
We prize the message more.

For love is still the best of life,
As Jesus taught of yore;
And little children never cease
To tell the tidings o'er,
Of Jesus and the deeds he did
By Jordan and the sea,
The words he spake in Bethlehem
And by blue Galilee.

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

The ringing of bells, the decorated streets, and the joyous faces of a people not disappointed in their hopes proclaim a holiday, an important day for Russia,—the anniversary of a new reign, and a reign full of promise for the future. So little was known of our young emperor but a year ago that we doubted whether the change in the government would bring "the better days" for which the Russian people have been looking forward. It was also known by the manifesto that the new czar would continue to act in the spirit of his deceased father, and the barometer of hope fell at once.

Lately it has become an open fact that the dying czar, fully aware of the liberal ideas of the young heir to his throne, and perhaps afraid of a sudden overthrow of the old system, which in our country would at first do more harm than good, made his son promise not to change the old government for five years.

Grand Duke Nicholas gave the promise; but Czar Nicholas evidently finds it hard, or, better, he does not intend, to change his liberal ideas and principles. Soon after his ascension to the throne a petition for more freedom in the expression of public opinion was made by our press; but it was refused. But what does this editorial in the *St. Petersburg Gazette* mean, of which I here translate a few lines:—

"For us men of the pen, whose wish it is to express the sentiments of the public, this year of the new reign has been of the greatest importance, and worthy to be immortalized. We shall forever remember it with gratitude. Not only was it acknowledged from the heights of the throne that the endeavors of the press are of the greatest use to the government, but we have also found an enlightened and highly material protection in the generosity of our young czar."

This means simply that, though we are not to have a free press before five years,—before the beginning of a new century,—there will henceforth be no danger in the bringing to light certain things at which a year ago it was impossible even to hint. Our papers, which mostly expressed the opinion of the foreign press, are beginning to have opinions of their own.

The law concerning the Jews, which has been so strongly in force during the reign of Alexander III., has not yet been retracted; but the order has been given to a

great many governors to stop their banishment. Books that had to disappear from the libraries for the last thirteen years are once more on sale; and dramas like Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness" and others, which give a true picture of the ignorance of our people, have been the "vogue" here recently. The fact is that the ignorance of our people will soon be a matter of the past, for it is quite an open secret that the young czar intends to organize compulsory education.

With the election of the new minister for the home department the fate of our peasants seems assured; for no man is more qualified to be at the head of a department, which now, more than ever, has to solve the difficult problem of the present question, than Ivan Loginovitz Goremykine. Mr. Goremykine is neither a wealthy nor an ambitious man; and, if he now occupies what in Russia—now on the eve of great reforms—is considered the most important position, it is owing to his own merit. I have known Mr. Goremykine personally for many years, and I feel sure that he is the right man in the right place. He is highly educated, and reads six languages, which he speaks like his own. The papers are well informed if they acknowledge him hard-working and honest, as well as just and liberal.

There are air and light for all in the wide Russian Empire. All loyal subjects, whatever their race and religion, find a shelter under the mighty protection of the Russian eagle. In his centre he bears the holy knight gloriously conquering the dragon: under his outstretched wings he unites the arms of nations and countries which long since have flowed into one "Russian Sea." We wait and trust. Russian administration in our frontier countries will bring peace to divided and hostile interests, will destroy the power of the strong over the weak, and establish justice everywhere. Oppression and arbitrariness have seen their last days. There is a difference between an open combat and slow resistance: the zealous endeavors of a well-meaning government cannot but win at the end; and the time is not far off, if it has not come already, that the different opposing elements in our country will submit to its wise and liberal judgment. It seems to me that particularly in such an administration the new courts of law are called upon to be one of the principal leaders in our frontier countries.

Foreigners can hardly realize how troublesome the Poles and Germans have been and still are in the history of our country; and it is only now, thanks to the new reforms, that they are kept from openly revolting. I hope, with Mr. Muravjev, that the time will come when the different races, united under the Russian sceptre, will have reason to agree that an absolute government, with a wise and liberal monarch at the head, is not the greatest evil. Much depends upon our statesmen, and we are thankful that the men who have lately been elected are as just as they are honorable. If report says true, the government of Mr. Pobedonosseff, the director of the Synod, the man most feared, most hated on account of his fanaticism and his influence

over the late czar, is at an end. If Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews have had less liberty in Russia than in other countries, it was owing to this influence; but Czar Nicholas has lately asked him whether he considered religious persecution a divine law.

St. Petersburg, Russia.

SIGMODENTS.

Chicago had a visit the other day from a family of foreigners whom no one had ever seen so far north before. They had come smuggled in a big bunch of bananas from Cuba, and had their ride free. They were sigmodents, a species of animal belonging to the rat family, but only living in the torrid zone. There were a mother and her six cunning little babies. When they were disturbed, the little ones jumped upon their mother's back, and clung to her fur with their little hand-like feet; and for further protection they twisted their tails around their mother's tail. Very unfortunately, in the excitement of discovering the little creatures, the mother and five little ones were killed. A lady who happened to be present rescued the other one and took it to her home.—*The Evangelist.*

Charities and Reforms.

A representative committee, with Robert Treat Paine as chairman, will draft a law, and appeal to the next General Court for such legislation as will prevent the classification of unfortunates with criminals.

Edward Everett Hale is to give a course of readings at the Old South Meeting House for the benefit of the Central Lend a Hand Office. Two of the readings will be on "Recollections of People I have known," and will be given Thursday, December 26, and Saturday, December 28, at four o'clock P.M. At the third, on Monday, December 30, he will read "Col. Clippam's Calendar" and "Susan's Escort."

HELP FOR AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NEEDED.—A few years ago an industrial school for colored youth was started in Mayesville, S.C., in a region where the colored people outnumber the whites, and where there is gross darkness, ignorance, and poverty. An industrial education is the best way of overcoming such conditions. This the Lowry School is trying to furnish. Mr. Joseph T. Walsh, for many years a member of the South Carolina board of education, has made an appeal for this school in the *Boston Transcript*. A debt of a few hundred dollars on the school plant must be met before the 1st of January, or the doors must be closed. Contributions may be sent to William Lloyd Garrison, 35 Federal Street, Boston.

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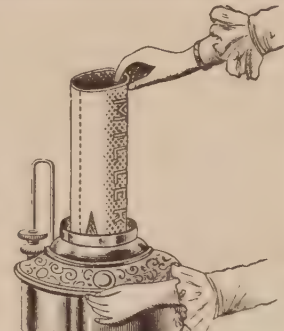


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8.	3	"	8	"	\$5,	\$6,	\$7,	\$8,	\$10.
9.	3	"	12	"	\$5,	\$6,	\$7,	\$8,	\$10.
10.	3	"	8	"	\$5,	\$6,	\$7,	\$8,	\$10.

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THE MAN OF NAZARETH.

A cloud received him out of sight,
Even so; and then men knew no more
The human presence warm and bright,
As he had walked the earth before;

The preacher of the mountain side,
Teaching the kingdom's reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin.

But, sceptred now and throned afar,
They watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift,
No king in wrath descends to reign;
Yet, king-like, through the shining rift
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near,
The while thy festival we keep;
Diviner shall our lives appear,
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

—Frederick L. Hosmer.

Christmas, 1890.

REV. OBED ELDRIDGE.

Rev. Obed Eldridge, pastor of the Third Parish Unitarian Church, West Dedham, died Saturday night. He was born in Sandwich, Dec. 6, 1838. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and learned the trade of nailer. While following his trade, he devoted his evenings to studying for the ministry. He was ordained at Dighton, Mass., in 1881, and preached in the Unitarian church in that town, going from there to Northboro, and from that place to West Dedham. He was active in temperance work, and was a member and officer of the Dedham No-license League. He was also a member and the chaplain of Constellation Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Dedham, and of the Knights of Honor Lodge in Dighton.—*Boston Transcript*.

MENTAL HEALING.

It remains yet to be proven that "Christian science," "mind cure," "faith cure," or whatever it may be called, has yet produced any cure which is not the result of the direct action of the mind on the body. Undoubtedly, we have not appreciated the scope and power of the mind in relation to the body or the quickening psychical or magnetic influence which may come through another personality. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October Dr. Berdoo of London says of faith healing: "It is entirely of a scientific order, though its domain is limited. To produce its effects, it must be applied to those cases which demand for their cure no intervention beyond the power which the mind has over the body. Herbert Spencer points out that muscular power fails with flagging emotions or desires which lapse into indifference, and, conversely, that intense feeling or passion confers a great increase in muscular force. It is brain and feeling generated by the mind which give strength to the person who thinks strongly. A gouty man, who has long hobbled about on his crutch, finds his legs and power to run with them, if pursued by a wild bull. The feeblest invalid, under the influence of delirium or other strong excitement, will astonish her nurse by the sudden accession of strength she may exhibit."

WHAT BOYS AT RUGBY LEARN.

The boys of Rugby School in England are required to read the newspapers in order to familiarize themselves with the geography of the world and the great events of the day. The sort of education they are expected to get from the newspapers is indicated by the following examination paper used recently in the school:—

1. Describe the east and west coast routes to Scotland. Give an account of the "Race for the North."
2. Where are the following places, and with what recent events are they connected: Foo Chow, Madagascar, Sofia, Cuba, Congo?
3. What do you know of the following: Khama, Col. Shervington, Nasrullah, Khan, Sher, Afzul?
4. Explain the cabinet, privy council, spiritual peer.
5. What was the business done in the

last session of Parliament? Who are at present speaker, colonial secretary, foreign secretary? What offices are held by Mr. Goschen, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Long?

6. An account of the races for the America's cup.

7. What are the present difficulties in Armenia? Describe the situation.—*Transcript*.

Here and There.

A memorial tablet to Mary, Queen of Scots, has just been placed in Peterborough cathedral. It has been subscribed for by ladies in England bearing the Christian name of Mary.

Greek finances are in a worse condition than those of the Indian government. The credit of Greece is so low that its coin, nominally equal in value to that of the Latin Union, is worth only a little over half as much.

As a curious relic of the feudal laws of the Middle Ages, when the perquisites of the rulers embraced much more than they do now, it is a fact that to-day the queen, as sovereign of England, may claim the head or whalebone half of every whale and sturgeon caught in British waters.

Germany carries on a large trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries; and the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domains of that empire, away up among the Hartz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding but much smaller nurseries, no fewer than one hundred and thirty thousand birds are despatched every year to the United States and Canada; while in the same time at least three thousand go to Great Britain, and about two thousand go to Russia.—*Harper's Round Table*.

Science.

Attempts to construct overland telegraph lines along the river Amazon in Brazil have been abandoned, owing to the rapid and dense growth of the tropical forest. A cable will now be laid in the bed of the river, and the steamer "Faraday" will be used for the purpose.

The anthropologists of the national government are engaged in one of the most interesting expeditions ever sent out by their department. It is intended to invade the strongholds of the Seri Indians, on a rocky island in the Gulf of California, which has never before been visited by white men.

"There is," says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, "a remarkable difference in the density of mahogany as it comes to the cabinet-maker. A square foot of Cuban mahogany one inch thick weighs, on the average, six pounds. A like piece of San Domingo mahogany weighs four pounds, and a like piece of Mexican mahogany weighs two and one-half pounds. The difference in weight between old pieces of San Domingo mahogany taken from the wreck of antique furniture and a piece of seasoned new San Domingo mahogany is much less than might be expected."

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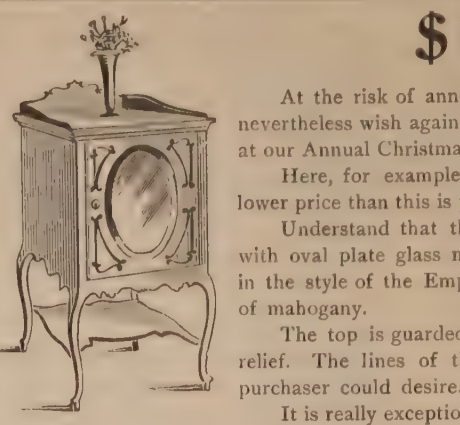
Somatose-Biscuit.—(10% Somatose). Palatable, nourishing—a valuable addition to the diet.

Runkel Bros' Somatose-Cocoa (10% Somatose), for nursing mothers, invalids and convalescents. A desirable addition to the diet of children, and a pleasant beverage, both nourishing and stimulating, for table use.

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Here, for example, is a \$15 Music Cabinet offered at \$11. No lower price than this is possible during the other eleven months.

Understand that this is a four-shelf cabinet, superbly constructed, with oval plate glass mirror and outside shelf. The gilded mouldings in the style of the Empire, shine out from the surface of the dark finish of mahogany.

The top is guarded by a gallery. The carving on the door is in full relief. The lines of this cabinet are as graceful as the most critical purchaser could desire.

It is really exceptional value.

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Pleasantries.

"What do you think of the 'Origin of Species'?" asked one man. "I have never read it," was the other's reply. "In fact," he added, "I am not interested in financial subjects."—*Transcript.*

"I cannot understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman. "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A little girl "in the fourth grade" was troubled in school with the twitching of the muscles of the eye. Being asked what was the matter, she said, "I've got the hiccoughs in my eye."—*Congregationalist.*

"Dear me," cried the nurse, "the baby has swallowed my railroad ticket. What shall I do?" "Go and buy another right away," returned the mother. "I am not going to let the conductor punch the baby."—*Comic Cuts.*

A little fellow, who had his wits about him when the contribution plate was passed at church, administered a rebuke to his mother, who on the way home was finding fault with the sermon. "Well, mother," he said innocently, "what could you expect for a cent?"—*Selected.*

A mother, commending her daughter for a situation, was asked if she was an early riser. "An early riser!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! Why, she's up in the morning and has breakfast ready and makes all the beds before any one else is up in the house!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A small boy demanded an explanation of the names applied to the four classes of the college course. He listened attentively, and sat buried in thought for some time. At last he asked anxiously, "Papa, if you are James Little, Sr., and I am James Little, Jr., will my son be James Little, Sophomore?"

An Early Intimation.—"Johnny," said the boy's father, "I suppose that you are going to hang up your stocking next Christmas." "No, I'm not," was the reply, after some thought. "Why not?" "Because," he answered, looking his father straight in the eye, "you couldn't put a bicycle in my stocking."—*Washington Star.*

Cholly: "Me good fellah, would you kindly arwest and fine me for shooting deer out of season?" Game Warden: "How many did yer shoot?" Cholly: "I didn't shoot any; but, if you'll arwest and fine me for shooting six deer, and have it put in the Adiwondack News, I'll take fifty copies of the papah and give you fifty dollars bonus."—*Judge.*

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately overheard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen. "How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked the first man. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born."

One Sunday morning not long ago a certain young boy was playing with a small step-ladder. His mother saw what he was doing, and asked him what he was playing. "Oh," he said, "I'm playing this step-ladder is my bicycle." "But," replied his mother, "don't you know that it's wrong to ride a bicycle on Sunday?" "I know, mamma, but I'm playing I'm a Jew."—*Life.*

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's wit was one of his most striking characteristics; and it was conspicuous in his counsels to students, a fine selection of which may be found in "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," which has just been published. Some of the "hints" which are recalled to memory might certainly with advantage be borne in mind by ministers, both young and old. As, for instance, "Mind you avoid inappropriate texts. One brother preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven'; and another, returning from his marriage holiday: 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring me out of my distress!' Mind your illustrations are correct. It will never do to describe Noah, as one did, sitting outside the ark, reading his Bible: always get the true meaning of a text. One local preacher took 'He for our profit,' and preached on 'The Prophetic Office of Christ.' Mind your figures of speech are not cracked. Don't talk like the brother who said, 'I fly from star to star, from cherry-beam to cherry-beam.' Get among your people, or somebody may be saying of you, as one old lady said of her minister, that he was invisible all the week and incomprehensible on Sundays. Shun all affectation in the pulpit, and mind you never get into the goody-goody style. One of this sort said, 'I was reading this morning in dear Hebrews.'"

Timely Warning.



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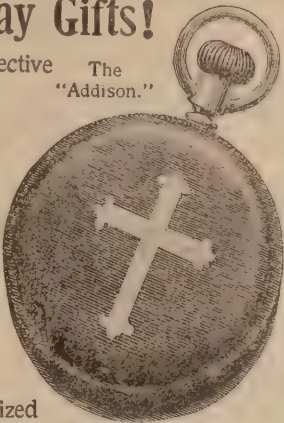
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CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION,
141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Editorial.

WITH the march of modern civilization many provincial peculiarities disappear which are found to be obstructive to the intercommunication of nations. A new standard of ethics is gradually wrought into international law. People in England, Europe, and this country wear essentially the same style of clothing. Beef and corn raised in the United States are eaten in England and on the continent. The barrier of language still remains. In music, fortunately, there has been the same notation, but, unfortunately, a difference of pitch. English voices have been screwed up terribly high since the days of Handel, and the piano-makers are largely responsible for this wickedness. In America the continental pitch has at last been adopted by the majority of pianoforte-makers, and in England the reaction against the tyranny of the high pitch has set in. A pitch-pipe is a small thing, perhaps, with which to gauge the march of human brotherhood; but such a movement has its moral as well as its musical significance. If the angels have any ear for music, they will be glad in heart as well as in ear that the Christmas oratorios the world over will soon be sung to the same pitch.

A WRITER in the *Presbyterian* apparently takes it for granted that the minister of a generation ago did more work than the minister of to-day. Certainly, the old-time ministers were not idle; but, for the most part, they did not work at such a pace as the minister of to-day. Their industrious life was adjusted to the age of candlesticks and lamp-oil, not to that of the electric light or the locomotive. We do not mean that their work was relatively less valuable, but that it was far less multifarious and exhausting. The numerous societies which have sprung up in our churches, while they are a help to the minister, also make additional demands upon him. There is less change in the position of the country minister in the more remote rural districts than in that of the city minister. The movement of population has been away from the country to the city; and the increasing demands of metropolitan life upon the minister are more exhausting than ever, so that for the work of the modern ministry a good basis of physical health is one of the first requisites.

A VERY timely utterance, and all the more so because it was not brought out by the President's proclamation, is the article in the December number of the *North American Review* by Prof. N. S. Shaler on "The Last Gift of the Century." Prof. Shaler begins by pointing out the singularly favorable opportunity to those who would work for peace. He finds it in the "slow extinction of the ancient and therefore abiding prejudices which separate the races, the nations, the tongues, and the creeds, in the prepossessions and interests arising from the maintenance of military castes, and in the exceeding difficulty which has been encountered in forcing the public opinion of this time through the walls of tradition that encompass governments." To make use of this opportunity, Prof. Shaler advocates "a determined system of education which shall bring before the youth a true sense of the moral and economic abominations of war."

THIS education must begin at the bottom, in order to reach to the top. It is a pretty hard task to go to our legislatures and to Congress, and educate our representatives after we have chosen them. And yet a great deal of time must be spent in just this effort to educate our rulers in Congress unless we take sufficient pains to train them before we send them. Prof. Shaler says: "There can be no doubt that the time has come for the deliberate and systematic teaching of those truths which will serve to build in the minds of the people right notions as to the relation of violence to society. We have trusted too much to the secondary effects of advancing culture to keep down the old evil of militarism. We have relied on the absence of a great standing army and on the uses of peace to develop among our own citizens a horror of war; yet, with the shadow of the greatest conflict of modern days still upon us, we find the leading representatives of a great party, even men who have been exposed to all the cultivating influences which our country can afford, who know, or who have had every opportunity to comprehend, the misery which war entails, yet who are ever seeking to embroil their own nation with others. It needs but a glance at the records of the last Congress to show that our lawgivers lack all sense of what they are seeking, when they clamor for war as a means of vengeance or of national self-assertion. We need to breed up men who have a more civilized view of human relations."

WE hope the American Peace Society will take the opportunity, by public meetings and through circulation of its literature, to educate the people on peace principles. Our legislators, as well as the voters

who choose them, need a good deal of education in this respect as in a good many others. The phrase "our national honor" is bandied about too freely, as if the only way to defend it was by force. This theory is derived from the code of the duellist, and ought not to command the respect and adhesion of those who have come to accept a more enlightened code for the settlement of disputes. We hear, also, of "national humiliation," as if a nation were to be humiliated by backing down from a position which it has discovered to be a wrong one. The humiliation may be apparent in the wrong step, but certainly not in acknowledging it. In this respect a nation ought to be as honorable and as courteous as an individual who confesses his mistake, and apologizes and makes reparation for it. A nation's code of ethics ought to represent the best element in its life, and not the worst.

THE *Presbyterian* is shocked to find Dr. George A. Gordon allowing that "the Christian thinker of to-day has the right to affirm, if he solemnly believes it, that all the divine punishments are chastisements, that God's final purpose in scourging his children is to bring them back to himself, and that even in hell the worm must gnaw and the fire burn in the service of eternal grace." The *Presbyterian* hopes better things, and protests against dropping the undying worm and the unquenchable fire out of the category of emblems of eternal punishment.

THE American people are reputed to have a sense of humor, and there is some foundation for the assumption. But it would seem as if all sense of the ridiculous had deserted a vast number of our people in the last week. To see the way in which newspapers and politicians have put on war-paint and feathers, one might suppose that we were getting up a grand national exhibition of "fantastics and horrors." Such displays ought to be confined to Fourth of July processions: they ought not to take place at the national capital, when there is serious business on hand. The American people, as seen in the newspapers, have presented a strange spectacle to foreign nations during the past week; and we advise our foreign friends not to take us too seriously. Already newspapers that sounded the war-cry at first are getting a little tired of their own music, and are beginning to ask who is responsible for having started the tune. By and by, when the chief agitators have had a chance to see themselves in the glass before they have washed off the war-paint, they may become keenly conscious that their position is somewhat grotesque.

THE WAR CLANG.

It is a sad jar in our ears at Christmas time, this discord of war harshly grating against the angel song of peace. We have become so used to Jingoism as an element in our political campaigns that we have had very little occasion to take it seriously. The talk of a more aggressive foreign policy is so childish that the majority of the people have not been deceived by it any more than by juvenile street parades or the bombast of a Fourth of July oration. To the credit of President Cleveland be it said that he has not been hitherto much affected by this war bluster. There have been those who have urged a more aggressive action toward Turkey, though it has not been clear to the President nor to many other citizens just how such action could be taken. But now it would seem as if the President by too much of this rant had been forced from the composure of his patriotism, and that he felt the necessity of paying more respect to the Jingo element than it deserves. It is greatly to be regretted that President Cleveland should

have been deflected from his established course, and it is still more to be regretted that the Jingo element should have triumphed in both branches of Congress.

We are therefore compelled by the action of the President and Congress to take this war-cry much more seriously than we wish, because it is evident that those who are raising it are not taking it seriously enough. They have not in mind all the fearful consequences involved in a war between England and the United States, or they would not hang it upon such a slight pretext as a boundary dispute between England and Venezuela.

The Monroe doctrine has never been definitely formulated. It has been useful thus far in keeping us from entanglements in European affairs. America has been reproached more than once by the *Saturday Review* and other English papers for not taking some active part in the settlement of European questions. But we have not yielded to such solicitations. We have been willing to admit a larger share of interest and responsibility in foreign affairs on our own continent. But the Monroe doctrine, as is freely admitted by Secretary Olney, does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American States; and it does not relieve any American State from its obligations, nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations. He assumes that the Monroe doctrine has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European power or combination of European powers shall forcibly deprive an American State of the right and power of self-government, and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies. Without discussing the tenability of this definition of the Monroe doctrine, which seems a fair statement of what it meant or has come to mean to the American people, there are many who think that the present case does not come within its scope. On the contrary, it seems to them that, by his very definition of the Monroe doctrine, Secretary Olney has succeeded in excluding the Venezuela case in any aspect which the diplomatic correspondence has revealed. The United States has no general or direct protectorate over Venezuela, and cannot relieve that State from its just obligations, as fixed by international law. Nor is England engaged in an attempt to forcibly deprive that country of the right of exercising the power of self-government and of shaping its own political fortunes and destinies.

The most prominent case in which the United States has been called upon to assert the Monroe doctrine was in the invasion of Mexico by Louis Napoleon during our Civil War. This was a high-handed outrage against the republic of Mexico, and a blow directly aimed at the life of our own republic. If the Union had gone to pieces, Napoleon was ready to get some of the spoils. Mr. Seward's famous despatch, insisting on the withdrawal of French troops from Mexico, had the support of the whole people at a time when, at the close of the war, with an immense army, we were ready to maintain it. But, fortunately, the question was settled by diplomacy, not by war; and Napoleon did not represent the real feeling of France toward the United States, any more than President Cleveland now represents the real feeling of the United States toward England.

In the present issue there is nothing whatever similar to the French invasion. The title of England to Guiana is not disputed by the United States, any more than its title to Canada. It is merely a question of boundary between two territories, the validity of whose governments is not questioned. We pass no judgment upon the merits of the claim. Boundary lines often fray out into indefinable fringes, and encroachment may be easy on both sides for want of a perfect understanding as to where

the boundary is; and, therefore, no subjects have been more fruitful of dispute between private estates and public domains than questions of boundary. But they are questions to be decided not by the knife and the revolver, as the miners formerly settled such disputes, but by courts of law in civilized communities and by courts of arbitration by civilized nations.

The United States, after marking out reservations for the Indians, has had more than it could do to keep its own citizens from trespassing upon them; and it has frequently been obliged to protect the South American republics against similar aggressions by American citizens, as in the case of the island of Alto Velo, which a number of Americans tried to wrest from St. Domingo. We do not assume that British subjects have been guilty of such aggressions in Venezuela. But, if they have been, the thing to do is to demonstrate the fact, and make an appeal to the conscience of the English people. Under this view, we do not condemn the proposition of the President to appoint a commission to examine the case and to report the facts. What we regret is the belligerent tone with which the President's message concluded.

We are far from excusing the English government from responsibility in declining to submit the whole question to arbitration. If it is confident of the strength of its position, it may as confidently submit it to arbitration. But we are not in a position to criticise England in this respect, for we have not responded to her appeal in regard to arbitration. The English Parliament passed a bill to arbitrate all matters of dispute between this country and the United States. But the proposition was not accepted by Congress, and nothing more has been done about it. If we wish, therefore, to develop the arbitration sentiment in England, we must begin by developing it in our own country. If the commission authorized by Congress is of any value, it will be in showing that here is a question that England and Venezuela may well submit to arbitration; and, should the question then arise whether the United States has any right to intervene in the matter, that, too, might be a legitimate subject to arbitration. If President Cleveland, after asking for such a commission, had prudently waited for its report on the facts without the bombastic threats which disfigure his message, he would have disarmed the Jingo and represented much better the real spirit of the American people.

War between England and America on such an issue would be a crime against humanity, and the American people do not want it and will not have it. This ought to be made very clear to the whole Jingo element in Congress, whose theatrical posing in this matter is as untimely as it is ridiculous.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

The close of another year is a suitable opportunity for reflection upon the purpose and aim of life. We cannot live on continuously and watch the years go by without putting to ourselves some serious questions as to what the old year bears away and what the new year brings with it. There is, or ought to be, for each of us, something that we fain would ring out, and a few things, nobler and better, that we desire to ring in. It is, whether we think it or not, a momentous thing to live in a world that is a passing show, "for man's illusion given." While it recedes and disappears, we hold on our way; and, as in setting out on a delightful journey we bid adieu to familiar and much loved sights, we also strain our eyes forward,—

"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail."

One of the most interesting incidents in the early life of Thomas Carlyle illustrates for us the attitude in which we all stand at the opening of a new year. He had a noble and devoted mother and a rugged and hard-headed father. The time had come when he was to leave the quiet hillside home at Ecclefechan, and enter the university at Edinburgh. His mother, tenderly solicitous of her boy to the last, rose early in the morning, that she might see him off and accompany him on the way. Having put in his bundle all that he required, the two set out together on foot; for there were no railroads in those days, and they were too poor

to travel by coach. The anxious mother trudged along the rough mountain road with her son, and only at the end of the third mile did it occur to her that she would be required at home. Then they sat together on a heap of stones, such as one meets on the wild moors of Scotland, and had such communion as is only possible under like circumstances between mother and son. She fell on the young man's neck, and kissed him, and said: "God be with you, my lad, in the big city. Do not forget your prayers, and make a companion of your Bible." Having said this and wiped the tears from her eyes, she turned her face homeward; while her son fronted life with a brave heart, and went on alone to render a good account of himself at the university and to honor his mother's love.

Something like the same position comes to each of us at the parting of the years. Whether our friends be many or few, whether our circumstances be affluent or meagre, the necessity is upon us all of facing a new responsibility and of determining just what we shall do with it. It is cowardly to drift at such a moment, and heroic to drive; but, if we take the reins in our hands, it is well to determine beforehand what shall be our destiny. And so with every new year we draw our chart and map out our journey, and count the cost. We drop all superfluous baggage in the shape of idle regrets and futile repentances and besetting sins, and, bracing up for the journey on an untried way, trust in God and keep a stout heart. Who is there among us all that is not doing exactly this at the present moment? We hear the Christmas and New Year's bells as they ring from Tennyson's noble and heroic verse, and resolve that they shall bury our vices and greeds and lusts and enmities in a tumult of sound, and stir the better life within us by their hopeful and inspiring melodies. What if our lot is hard? We will at least try to mend it. What if our fortunes seem broken? There is within us the power to repair them. What if we have committed errors and mistakes? There is no reason why we should repeat them. What if the dreams of the past year have ended in a rude awakening? There are boundless resources of hope and enterprise still remaining. To indulge in fruitless remorse or morbid self-introspection at such a time is a disease. It is a sure sign of moral distemper and low fever, which we can only shake off by resolute will and invincible courage.

But, in facing the future, we are not justified in supposing that anything belongs to us by right which we ourselves do nothing to win. The way before us will not always run along the valleys or bend round the hills. It is generally like the roads made by the Romans. The conquering path is straight, no matter what is in the way. And, if there is a steep bit here and there, why it has to be scaled; and, if there is a river, it must be forded, and, if there is a bog, it has got to be drained. Difficulty to a true man is the spice of life. The captain of a ship is stimulated to increased watchfulness by the thought that a storm may overwhelm him, and that he holds in his hand other lives besides his own. The father of a family has a new motive for industry and thrift, for uprightness and pure living, when he knows that his indolence or dishonesty or immorality reacts not only upon him, but upon his innocent wife and children, and even upon those still unborn. The knowledge that our earthly work and progress may at any time be cut short without warning—a fact which comes home to us with added force at the close of every year, as we reflect upon many a vacant chair and desolate hearth—is no small incentive to resolute and sustained exertion. We live in a fool's paradise when we look into the future with a vacant, purposeless stare, and wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up. The necessity for enterprise, fortitude, effort, is always with us; but it seems to front us with added sternness on the 1st of January.

And so our word to everybody at the opening of the year—to the young and inexperienced, to the mature and discouraged, to individuals perplexed and sorely troubled, to struggling churches in suspense and anxiety—is this: There will be difficulties on your way, but keep a good heart and a stout resolve; and in all likelihood you will find a road through the difficulties, and not improbably the difficulties themselves will be the road.

MISPLACED CHIVALRY.

In the strange war-talk that has been raging over the land it is rather difficult to distinguish what motives are behind it. They seem to range all the way from a low, mercenary jealousy of English trade or a depraved desire to make partisan capital, and get an advantage for the next presidential election, up to an imaginary zeal for a great and social principle, and even a lofty, chivalric devotion to a supposed under-dog in the teeth of a mastiff. Seen in the dim distance, through the fogs of the Gulf of Mexico, it seems glorious to pledge the honor of the nation, and even to take deadly future risks for the sake of poor, little, oppressed Venezuela.

Let us grant that a real chivalry is the main factor, just now, in the hearts of editors and Congressmen; let us suppose that this is the noble sentiment that has stirred Mr. Cleveland, that inspires Mr. Olney's pen, that swells the soul of Senator Lodge, that is abroad over the country in this Christmas season; let us acknowledge that we all wish to do something handsome, humane, beneficent, for the weak and oppressed; yes, we wish to make sacrifices, and to take some heroic venture, so as to rebuke the greed and arrogance of wicked foreign powers. It may be safely assumed that the American people are a unit in this grand and generous purpose. Who that recalls the splendid heroism of our Mexican war, and our more recent benign conduct toward Chile, can doubt that all our traditions bind us over to the defence of the weak?

It happens, opportunely for us, that among other chances to win glory for ourselves there are now two fields specially open for our chivalrous undertaking. First, we have Venezuela on hand, with her terrible boundary dispute. But, though this dispute, it appears, is older than many of our voters, we have yet to hear of any great human suffering that has come from it. Who has lost a life over this dangerous fence in the wilderness of the Orinoco? It is true that the feelings of the Venezuelan government may have been hurt. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney have suffered in their sympathies; but it is not yet clear that any person has lost his sleep for this hurt.

There is also a slight danger, in case we take up the wrongs of the Venezuelan government, that we may incidentally do injustice to some millions of innocent English people, many of whom we might have to shoot in the discharge of our quest. Is it not, therefore, quite possible, inasmuch as we cannot set the whole world right immediately, that we may at least lay our Venezuelan business on the table for a little while, and go in search of bigger game?

There is much bigger game waiting for our chivalry. To be sure, it is in Turkey; but Turkey is nearer to us to-day than Mexico was in Monroe's time. We could most of us draw a map of Turkey better than the map of the undisputed portion of Venezuela. How many Americans know what the capital of Venezuela is, or ever saw a native of that country? But we have considerable business interests with Turkey. Many Americans visit the shores of that land every year. Thousands of the subjects of Turkey are living in the United States. We owe the origin of our religion to a little Turkish province. The Armenians, cousins of ours in race and language, were among the first of the peoples of the world to embrace Christianity.

Meanwhile the civilized world has been aroused by the most frightful and wholesale oppression, devastation, and butchery, not only unchecked by the Turkish government, but abetted and encouraged from Constantinople. Hundreds of thousands of persons are now said to be starving and freezing. Hundreds of American citizens of the highest character, engaged in trade or in educational or missionary work, are threatened.

Here, then, if our nation wants a crusade worthy of its traditions, its humanity, and its civilization, is a field for our beneficent activity. There is nothing here on a small scale. The evil to be abated is big enough even for America. Is it not rather Quixotic to be galloping to the rescue of Venezuelan forest and swamps, when within actual touch of our own fingers we know

that a whole race of men is being exterminated?

But what shall we do for Armenia? This is the difficult practical question in any case. It is very certain that we do not know what to do for Venezuela. It is not very likely, if we send an *ex parte* American commission, that we shall ever wisely find out. We might, however, try certain experiments. We will not insist that the President shall pour out the vials of his wrath upon the sultan. We will not say that Mr. Olney shall use his acumen to urge Lord Salisbury to take definite action becoming that Power which is specially responsible to-day for the maintenance of the Turkish barbarism at Constantinople. We will not demand that the white fleet shall sail for the Bosphorus. We will only suggest, in the first instance, a slight labor test for the trial of our chivalric feeling.

If Miss Barton and the Red Cross are going on their beneficent, life-saving errand this winter, let us see how many of our Venezuelan philanthropists will give her the moiety of money—the half the cost of a gun-boat—that she needs for the starving and oppressed Armenians. Let us boil down some of our affluent, popular enthusiasm into the form of a little hard cash.

BEGINNING WITH THE CHILDREN.

At a time when the Christian world is turning with one accord to the little child who, nearly two thousand years ago, came into the home of the Nazareth carpenter, it is appropriate to consider the relations of childhood to citizenship.

Scientists, physiological and psychological, show the value of the early formative years; yet the community is slow to heed them. Primary school teachers are frequently the youngest, most inexperienced and ill-paid of any in the list. Outside the school-room the little ones are allowed to play on the street, picking up all sorts of acquaintances, and forming bad habits of mind and body at a susceptible period, when it is important to acquire habits that will foster good character through life. If one wants proof of the inconceivable importance of good early training, he has only to turn to the records of the San Francisco kindergartens. Of nine thousand children who during the past few years have passed through those kindergartens connected with the public schools, children from the homes of the so-called "common people," not one has ever since been arrested for crime. Here, surely, is a strong proof that prevention is far better than cure.

Judicious care of children includes not only wise ways of dealing with them so as to prevent crime, but it must also consider how best to meet every stage of delinquency from the moment of suspicion up to the time when permanent reform may be assumed. There is a vast difference in the way these questions are met in the forty-four States of this union. It is not enough to be born in the United States: one may well be grateful for being born in one State rather than another. Some of the Western States, like Michigan and Minnesota, have made special studies of child-life, and have many excellent features in their laws in reference to children. In the East perhaps no one State has more active workers in behalf of the young than Massachusetts.

A manual, prepared by Miss Emily Greene Balch, for the use of those who have to deal with juvenile offenders, shows how humane, wise, and far-reaching are the arrangements for the treatment of boys and girls who have transgressed the laws. This manual of nearly fifty pages, with copious footnotes, citations of statutes, regulations and decisions, covers almost every question that might arise in dealing with these juvenile delinquents. In reading these lucid pages, we see at once what a vast amount of adult crime might be avoided if the provisions here so clearly set forth were uniform in all the States of the land.

But, running parallel with this after care or, better yet, preceding it, should be the education that prevents juvenile crime,—the kindergarten, the sloyd school, the vacation school, and the wise and tender home influence,—in some home, even if not the home into which the child is born. Who can tell how much of the character of

the little Nazarene boy was evolved by learning to work with his hands at his father's bench, with the gentle, loving, peasant mother refining all by her presence?

The home influence in strengthening and purifying character, in teaching generosity and self-sacrifice, cannot be overestimated. It is precisely this influence, which any honest home must exert, which makes it so much better for a child than an institution.

In this respect, again, the States that are doing most in the way of child-saving lead. They are doing away with institutions for children and finding instead homes,—not mere abodes into which children may be thrust and left to such fate as may befall them, but homes that shall be searched out, inspected, and composed of such parents as shall gladly welcome the co-operation of visitors under whose continued oversight the boys and girls shall be placed, the visitors acting not as spies, but as counsellors and friends to foster parents as well as to the wards under their care.

Massachusetts has been a leader in this work, through the praiseworthy efforts of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity. Hundreds of children have reason to bless their work. But, now that the children under their supervision are counted by thousands, it seems only wise that, as the department of health was severed from the State Board, so now the children should be put under a special bureau. As one reads the report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, it is seen how absolutely impossible would it have been for the State Board of Lunacy and Charity to have carried on such stupendous undertakings. So, after ten years of the work of the Children's Bureau, it will seem strange that this work was not sooner transferred to a separate bureau.

A children's bureau should not only look after the class of children whose young lives come close to crime, but it should so look after the smallest details of the training and education of the children coming under its influence that they shall be headed in the right direction from the very start. We can make good citizens only by beginning with the children.

Brevities.

A Happy New Year to all our readers!

Dr. Miles, being dead, yet speaks to us on his beloved theme, in the article entitled "A Name above Every Name."

The University of Chicago is to be congratulated on Miss Culver's gift of a million dollars, and on Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's ability and willingness to double that gift for scientific work.

We commend Dr. F. G. Peabody's thoughtful address, which we give on another page, to those who have forgotten the well-forged links that the years have wrought between the patriotism of the forefathers and that of our own day.

An exchange calls attention to the fact that two Jews of Bagdad have bought all that remains of Babylon. This strange reversal of fate has been illustrated many times in this country, where the descendants of slaves own the soil on which their fathers were captives.

We extend the hand of fellowship to a new Baptist paper, the *Commonwealth*, which just on the eve of Christmas has its advent among our exchanges. It is to be published weekly in Philadelphia; and the editor is Rev. J. S. James, D.D. We wish for it calm waters and smooth sailing.

Booker Washington is a man who may well be quoted. Here is one of his latest utterances: "I am not ashamed to confess to you that I have the greatest sympathy with the South. I have grown to the point where I can love a Southern white man as much as a Northern white man. To me 'a man's a man for a' that.' As a race, I believe that we strengthen ourselves at every point by extending this sympathy; for no race can cherish ill-will and hatred toward another race without its losing in all of those elements that tend to create and perpetuate a strong and healthy manhood. I propose that no man shall drag me down by making me hate him."

Pro and Con.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

Permit me to call attention to the little Book of Hymns for Children, written many years ago by Mrs. Mary Eliot Parkman, and now, in answer to many requests, reprinted and for sale at W. B. Clarke's bookstore, for the price of 40 cents. These hymns are already very familiar in many homes, and about many firesides children have repeated such lines as—

"God cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth;
He gives them home and food and clothes;
And more than these God giveth."

The present reprint will be welcomed by many parents for the sake of their little children. The hymns have a gentle, motherly sweetness and simplicity; and some of them remind one in their unhesitating, direct movement of the early Christmas carols.

The last hymn is, for persons of all ages, one of the most perfect of our evening prayers:—

"Another day is numbered with the past,
Another night is given us for rest.
Father, my spirit at thy feet I cast:
Oh! gather it unto thy loving breast."

"Look on its failures, efforts, and mistakes,
Look on its inward stubborn roots of sin,
See how the law that it accepts it breaks:
Lord, to thy secret presence take it in."

"Bless those that love me, those that love me not,
Strengthen the feeble and uplift the grieving,
Send to thy children, in whatever lot,
Riches and peace and strength in true believing."

"So to thy arms my body I commit,
My weary body to thine arms outspread:
Prepare me to accomplish what is fit,
And peace and pureness watch beside my bed." F. G. P.

THE NORWEGIAN SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the *Christian Register* :—

I have carefully read the Washington address of Rev. David N. Beach printed in the *Register* of November 14. I still fail to see the value of his logic or the force of his argument. There is certainly a "hole in the tub" touching the real practical merits of the so-called new improvement of the Norwegian principle.

The haters of the drink traffic, the total abstiners, are virtually asked to haul down their flag, so to speak, in all large New England towns. It is assumed that in certain cities of Massachusetts the battle for no-license is manifestly and totally futile.

Even were the churches of a given municipality all enlisted for the fight, even with honorable men and women not a few who never bow the knee to the rum Baal, this cause for the time being must be abandoned, in order to try the experiment of a kind of whitewashed saloon. A business intrinsically lawless and disreputable can, forsooth, be baptized, born anew, regenerated. Think, for a moment, of the paternalism involved in this new Cambridge notion. The salaried, total-abstinence bar-tenders are to have glasses that are similar to the scale-marked vessels of our apothecaries. The drinking public of New England are to be served much as the nurse feeds cracker and milk to infants. Imagine the horny-handed workman taking his straight drink according to this temperance standard! Is it not a ridiculous posing all round?

Again, were our virtuous Christian stockholders in these new liquor companies to part with some of their five per cent. shares to more easy-going temperance reformers, the suit were lost! This new shape of paternalism assuredly presents "holes," even a very skimmerful!

What, now, is the better form of the Norwegian system? In the matter of no-license to tippling-shops, our motto may well continue to all time:—

"Wrestle and fight and pray,
The conflict ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

Let us agree to a form of very carefully restricted low license to wholesale dealers and family grocers, but never any permit

to saloons, even to benevolent corporation bars!

Where the no-license cause is once won, let companies be organized and incorporated to open coffee-houses, Holly-tree Inns, reading-rooms, etc., with all kinds of hot and cold temperance drinks. Let these places be more or less luxurious according to the immediate locality. This is, indeed, the more excellent way. In time, perhaps, even Boston will grow to the experiment of the correct Norwegian plan.

WILLIAM H. SAVARY.

Jamaica Plain.

For the *Christian Register*.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR, GOOD-BY!

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Good-by, old year, thy days are done,
Thy record endeth here:
Thy battle fought, the victory won,
Thy name is hero dear.
But all thy race, like human kind,
Have little while to live:
They pass like music on the wind,
So sweet and fugitive!

Good-by, old year, our hearts retain
Thy pictures painted clear,—
The spring's surprise, the summer's plain,
Fair fall, and winter drear.
Each season gave us joy profound,
As Nature loves to give,
Then in our hearts the beauty bound,
That else were fugitive!

Good-by, old year, the new will come,
And wear thy graces well;
And thus we see the added sum,
The space wherein we dwell.
But as for time, 'e'en so for man,
Through change he still must live,
And read creation's wondrous plan
In moments fugitive!

Good-by, old year, this is the word
Retold again, again:
Our souls the inspiration heard,
And said a sweet Amen!
We are the better for the years,
For joy and grief they give,
For hopes and fears, for smiles and tears,
In time so fugitive!

A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

BY HENRY A. MILES.

It is noteworthy that after nearly two thousand years of controversy the most descriptive name of him here referred to was given by the first Christian writer,—first in time as well as ability. He had broad views. He appears to have cast his eye over the course of history. He went back to the creation; and, as he saw in the first Adam the progenitor of human beings, so he saw in the second Adam the progenitor of a renewed spiritual race.

And what does he say? If he had thought of anything more important to affirm, he probably would have stated that. The needs of the times, the need of his own perilous condition, the needs of his hopes for the success of his cause, required the most distinctive title he could announce. He defines Jesus to be "a quickening spirit,"—not a philosopher, not an orator, not a reasoner, not a discoverer of new truths, not the inventor of new arts, not a warrior, not a conqueror, not the head of an ecclesiastical hierarchy.

Because he was not an example of any of these types of distinction, we are apt to underrate the greatness that was his. A few poor parallels may show what that greatness was. The triteness of the illustrations may be pardoned if they reflect some little light on a world-wide agency.

There comes into your town a man who has brought a new life there. He has broken the ice which had frozen everything. He has awakened fresh social sympathies, led many unconsciously to catch his tastes, aims, and habits; and, while hearts have been drawn to him, they have been drawn to one another. In time he has lifted up your whole neighborhood. You find the springs of its progress all centering in him.

Who is he that has done this? He has not the wealth, the social position, the learning, the eloquence, which others possess. He makes no noise in the world, aims at no immediate startling effects, follows his course in a self-restrained way; but, somehow, an influence goes out from him, beginning at first with his nearest associates, working silently to outer circles, until he becomes the magnet of his little world. What is it that achieves this?

The sources of personal influence are often obscure. No two writers would agree

in describing them. But beyond all analysis and argument one fact is clear,—the man referred to has been "a quickening spirit." These are very simple words; but they have a deep meaning, and fully account for what he has done.

An inspiring power is seen in another case. The school-teacher who is most successful does not necessarily have the profoundest knowledge, does not show the greatest number of diplomas, does not rule his classes with the exactness of a military drill, does not attract the widest outside attention. It is the instructor of whom it may be said that his kingdom is in the hearts of his pupils.

You would smile at one who should ascribe his influence to any external cause,—such as bodily size and strength, or descent in an eminent pedigree, or to the name of the school, or the plan of the school-house, or the peculiar methods he employs, or any supposed fabulous arts. We must go back of all these. We find the explanation only when we recognize a power to awaken ambition, to elevate aspirations, to give life and earnestness to all the processes of learning. Do we not find the summit of success where there is "a quickening spirit"?

Then, again, look to the mother in her household. Perhaps it seems strange that she should have such a formative influence. She has no outward constraint like that of the father of the family, he peremptory and she gentle, he hurrying and she quiet, he anxious to have certain ends accomplished, and she more thoughtful of the temper in which they should be undertaken, he filling his home with anxious cares, and she diffusing a serene atmosphere in every room and in every heart.

Which does the most for the souls of the home circle? Whose spirit best wins affection? To whom do children most freely repair for sympathy and counsel? Whom are they most careful not to displease? Whose image stands before them as the guiding star of their life, and is remembered with undying love?

We all know the answer to these questions. It is the parent—usually the mother, though not always so—who is the "quickeningspirit." If we think that he to whom these words were first applied had a large endowment of feminine qualities, this is not disproved by his knowledge of the deep springs of action in our nature and his sublime trust in them.

Another illustration in a lowly sphere may be briefly added. During the War of the Rebellion large hospitals were erected in Washington for the badly wounded, and hundreds of our soldiers were for months under medical care. Among the nurses was one woman whom none of the sufferers ever forgot.

It was no charm of youth, no personal beauty, no rich attire, no rare science or skill, that gave her pre-eminence. Her singular influence, some might say, might have been in part explained if she had been connected with persons in power. But no one knew who she was. Nurses came from different Northern States; and she went unheralded and unknown,—one among a hundred. She may have been born in a stable, and had not where to lay her head.

But she had not long been there before her superior influence was felt. It was not so much what she said and did as her supreme power to touch human hearts. There was something radiating from her looks, from the tone of her voice, the outpouring of her soul, which won the love of every one there. The convalescent drew health from her presence. The dying fixed on her their closing eye. She became the angel of the hospital, the Messiah of that little world.

These are very unworthy illustrations. And yet we may see that, while the influence of the good man who comes into your town ceases to a considerable extent, though not wholly, with the generation in which he lives, and the teacher's uplifting power rarely extends beyond his school, and the mother's formative care is confined chiefly to her family, and the angel of the hospital was little known beyond its wards, One there was whose field was the world. But all worked on essentially the same principles, and with a proof of like success. His name is above every name.

In comparison with the grandeur of his aim, how evanescent the power of Alexander and Napoleon! while all our controversies about orthodoxy or heterodoxy seem puerile.

ENVOI.

I walked with poets in my youth,
Because the world they drew
Was beautiful and glorious
Beyond the world I knew.

The poets are my comrades still,
But dearer than in youth;
For now I know that they alone
Picture the world of truth.

—William Roscoe Thayer.

A HIMALAYAN SETTLEMENT.

BY P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

The English have a wonderful gift of founding cities in wild places. During the last century, at least one hundred old towns have been made new, and many new towns have been created in unlikely places. They have interspersed the Himalayan Mountains, for a length of about seventeen hundred miles, with settlements and sanitariums at various distances from each other. Each great province has its hill station, where the military and civic chiefs retire during the heat of the summer months with their families and followers. Bengal has its Darjeeling, the north-western provinces have Masuri and Naini Tal, which last, high as it is, has a beautiful mountain lake of about a mile long. Punjab has Murree and Simla. Besides, Bombay and Madras have their respective hill stations on other mountains. The queen of these hill sanitariums is Simla. This is the summer retreat of the governor-general of all India, the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's Indian forces, the lieutenant governor of the Panjab, with their secretaries and official establishments, extensive premises having been built for their residences and offices. Besides, many Europeans and Indian princes have their private houses. The Brahmo-Somaj has built here a place of worship, and also a hermitage, or *Asram*, in a romantic spot, where I am allowed to dwell.

Simla is noted not for its political importance only, but also for its climate, its scenery, and for its surroundings. Its lowest point is fully seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. It commands a fine view of the everlasting snows, with celebrated sanctuaries spoken of in the Hindu book of ancient and legendary fame. Kailasa, the abode of Siva and Parvati, his mountain bride, is not more than a fortnight's march in the interior; and, though you cannot climb the heavenly height, it is said that you can hear the sacred bells jangling day and night. And, if you knew where to take your stand at Simla, you could get glimpses of the far-off plains of the Panjab, through which the lordly Sutlej winds its course, like a chain of silver. About eight or nine hours' jolting climb in a wofully constructed hill-carriage, called the *tonga*, drawn by a pair of half-tamed country horses, which kick and bite whenever they get an opportunity, you reach Simla from the foot of the hills, which foot itself is over two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The *tonga* is a vehicle made to accommodate four persons, two before and two behind, with a canvas hood on the top. It is mounted on two sturdy wheels which rattle and creak and bump, and throw up as much dust and mud as they can. The road to Simla is full fifty-eight miles, and on account of heavy traffic is loaded with tons of white dust that burns in your eyes and chokes your ears and nostrils, as you make the weary ascent. The heat and glare are great. On the right and left are great mountains crowding above each other, right away as far as you can see,—gaunt and tawny, and almost destitute of vegetation in summer time. But, as you roll upward, the atmosphere grows clearer and cooler, and at last cold, till you have to cast about for a warm coat amid your luggage, which is crammed into every corner of the ill-shaped *tonga*.

But, after your troublesome ride, as you approach Simla, the scene wonderfully changes. Springs trickle down the hillsides, streamlets glimmer in the distance; trees and creepers and shrubs, one after another, start before your eyes, later on spread in patches, then grow continuous, differing from the vegetation you so well know in the plains. They grow dense and green, the dust affects them not, till the Himalayan pine makes its appearance in thousands. These are light, long-leaved pines, locally called *cheer*, giving out a thick gum, which smells of turpentine, and cones that are not conical at all, but

straight and scaly like ant-eaters' tails. These mountain trees grow so thick that sometimes two thousand of them are known to be cut down on one piece of ground which did not exceed two hundred yards square. In and about Simla this long-leaved pine is as abundant as forests of gloomy, conical fir that rear themselves, like giant temples, sometimes as high as sixty or seventy feet, on the hillsides and on the summits. Their giant arms are grizzily with masses of thin, bristling foliage, on which the pretty cones stand perpendicularly and spread their aroma. Forests of rhododendron also appear, shading the darkness of the fir with a milder hue, and blazing with glorious clusters of pink bloom in March and April. Every slope is green, every hill-top is crowned with its wood, every gorge has its little stream; and the valleys below are terraced and carpeted with crops of many colors, with here and there the picturesque huts of the peasants. The white hedge roses hang in silky clusters, spreading the delicate perfume in the crisp, transparent air. The endless mountains rise and rise till they are lost in dreamy haze. The whole place is lighted and shadowed with a strange brilliance and softness when the sun shines. The rareness of the atmosphere gives increased lustre to the evening star and deeper blue to the sky. The nights are still and glorious. The temperature varies from twenty-three degrees in winter sometimes to eighty degrees in summer. The frosts begin in November, the snow-storms blow in January, the monsoon rains descend in July and August; but in the spring and autumn months the climate of Simla is fit for the abode of the Olympian gods. There are colonies of monkeys, red-faced and black-faced. The fat, furry, bushy-tailed flying-squirrel sometimes visits you of a night, and, if you try to catch him, as I did, gives you a bite which makes the blood flow copiously. I imprisoned him in a stout box, but found in the morning he had escaped, cutting a clean hole in the bottom. The birds are many, small, and richly feathered, having each a little song that resounds in the woods; but they are shy, for fear of the Englishman's gun. You seldom see them, but hear them almost all day.

Simla, being in the centre of a large number of hill principalities, all of them Hindu, and not Turanian or Buddhist, as is the case in Darjeeling, has an almost exclusive Hindu population. The town itself, where more than thirty thousand people live during the season,—that is, from April to November,—is nondescript, as all towns are where Europeans settle in large numbers, because they are followed by their Mohammedan servants and clerks; and coolies and camel-drivers and muleteers and *syces*, of all nationalities, flock in. What I mean is that the original inhabitants in hill states and suburban villages are all Hindus, finely made Rajputs, fair-complexioned, tall, slim, with dark eyes, Roman noses, and well-cut mouths. Some of the common female laborers are remarkably handsome. They are exceedingly poor and simple, but in holiday times put on much finery in the shape of gaudy red or blue blouses and *chadars*, flowered calico trousers, immense nose-rings, ear-rings, ankle-rings, toe-rings, and chains of all sorts for the neck and waist. There are annually two fairs,—one in a valley called Sipi, and the other on a summit called Tara Devika Tibba. All Simla, official and Indian, flocks to the former; and even the viceroy is there with his staff. The picturesque hill people gather under their Raja; and there is buying and selling and chaffing and dancing, but absolutely no drinking, except on the part of the Europeans and their camp-followers. There is a wonderful difference between the hillmen in the town of Simla and those in the outskirts. The townsmen, who mostly come to sell milk, butter, and fruits, are as astute, money-loving, and unmindful of truth as possible; while out in the villages every one who goes there is charmed with the simplicity, contentedness, honesty, and goodness of the natives. Here is a living instance of how civilization in some cases spoils without improving either the body or mind.

The natural advantages of Simla as a health resort were found out a long time ago, when it was an obscure village, under a petty hill chief, about the year 1817. The British had a cantonment not far from there; and the officers, in the abundance of

their leisure, often came to Simla for the purpose of wandering about, and shooting any game they might find. The place thus gradually got known, houses were built here and there, the abundant timber growing on the hills supplied ready materials. The great pines and oaks had only to be cut down and squared to be made into beautiful residences. The first house built is said to have been by Capt. Kennedy, who was a political agent of the British in the neighborhood. English invalids flocked in from all parts of the country: a viceroy occasionally came up from Calcutta. In 1830 Lord William Bentinck sent instructions for a house to be built for him at Simla; and from that time it became a place of fashion for Englishmen, especially the military. In 1864 Lord Lawrence, "the Lion of the Panjab," who had been given the viceroyalty, made it a condition of his acceptance of this office to be allowed to come up to Simla every year, with his council and all the secretariat offices. Since then every viceroy has been coming up and staying here for six months, so that Simla has grown to be a second metropolis. It is crowded with European pleasure-seekers of both sexes, who cannot number less than three thousand. They fill the place with the din and clash of their amusements: they perpetually gallop over the mountain paths with their dogs behind them. They roll about in jinrickshas, with which the coolies rush at a mad speed. They have big dinners and dances almost every night, keeping late hours. They have established hotels and clubs and liquor-shops. They kill sheep and cattle by hundreds. Some people say, when the English leave India, the mementos of their rule preserved on the Himalayas will be shin-bones, empty beer-bottles, and stumps of cigars. Indeed, this madness of incessant pleasure-seeking jars on the soul of the quiet Hindu, whose forefathers sought these solitudes for worship and meditation. But there is a seamy side of everything; and who but the English could have made this distant hill settlement what it is?

The Brahmo-Somaj has taken two or three acres of land on one of the quietest and woodiest hillsides. There a Mandir has been built with contributions from many, some of the contributors being Indian chiefs and princes. The hermitage is a modest little abode; and both these premises are as far from the noise of the bazaar and the clatter of hoofs and wheels as one might wish. The place was consecrated nearly ten years ago, and since then I have sometimes been here to spend months both for my own spiritual advantage and the benefit of the local public. Here the relations between the Indian and English communities are less strained; and at public meetings held by the Brahmo-Somaj not only our own people, but English officials of high rank, are generally present. Of late, however, there has been a good deal of falling off in pleasant relations between the two communities. No cause is apparent on the surface, but underneath there is much mutual jealousy. This is a subject which I would not just now touch. Let my general description of Simla suffice for the present.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING.

It might be well were nations to die early, like those whom the gods are said to love. For countries, as for men, survival after grand achievements is often but a shadowy existence. In comparison with a glorious past, "this present of theirs" is like "moonlight unto sunlight," or "as water unto wine." There is hope for a nation only when the past lives on in the present, when memories become inspirations, and pride in heroic ancestors is a spur to new heroism. Such thoughts have been suggested by a recent sojourn in Holland. The country is so small that tourists usually "take a run" through its chief cities, glance at the pictures in its galleries, and catch passing glimpses of its windmills and canals. But Holland has rich rewards for those who linger in its famous historic towns, and penetrate some of its less frequented provinces. The first and most enduring impression which the traveller receives is that of the fight which man has waged here with nature. For it is literally true that "the Dutch have taken Holland." They have lifted it out of seas and lakes, and made these into dry land. It cannot be

said in the Netherlands that "God made the country, while man made the town"; for here cities and plains are alike the creation of human genius and human energy. These innumerable canals are the arms of a Briareus who has risen dripping from the ocean, and stretches forth his hands to grasp the commerce of the world. These windmills at every turn are so many flag-staffs bearing the banners of a people who have transformed bogs and marshes into fertile polders and blooming gardens. And to-day, as in the times when the Dutch were founding their colonies in far-off lands, and whitening every sea with their sails, the waterways of Rotterdam and Amsterdam groan under the burden of heavy-laden ships, and their warehouses are filled with the products of every clime. But all the time one hears through this march-music of a nation's industry and commerce the *leit-motif* of a grand and triumphant past. We can never forget the great admirals and commanders who raised Holland to this pinnacle of success. Their sea-fights with the navies of older countries opened the way for these substantial victories of peace. The "Admirals' Room" in the magnificent Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, with its portraits of heroes and paintings of ocean warfare, is but a single pictured page out of the history of the Netherlands. The bravery and strategy of hundreds of officers, through long years of conflict, made possible the Holland of to-day. And to their achievements must be added the splendid courage and heroic fidelity of leaders and people through the ever memorable struggle with Spain, which throw such a glamour over the rise of the Dutch Republic. All this brilliant past of Holland lives on, not alone in the memory, but in the imagination and the feelings of the people. In painted canvas and on sculptured stone the story is ever present before the eye. Each town has its historic monuments, and feasts and spectacular processions commemorative of the ancient days are of frequent occurrence. Most of all is this pressure of antiquity felt in the reverence which is paid to these warrior princes and kings, who wrought the deeds that give to men an immortality of fame. The founder of Dutch liberty, William of Orange, seems almost a living presence; and the young Wilhelmina has the love of a people who see in their girl queen something more than a royal figure-head on the Ship of State. She is to them the last link in the shining chain of the Nassau-Orange line. In her person the real royalty of the kings and princes of this famous house is recognized and felt.

But Holland has had other rulers than her kings. In three of the most interesting cities of the Netherlands the foreign visitor realizes in a special degree the subtle influence which the Dutch intellect and imagination have exerted upon the thought and art of the modern world. In the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam we are under the spell of the artistic genius of Rembrandt and his great contemporaries among the Dutch painters. From the walls of the venerable Hall of the Senate, in the University at Leyden, four centuries of science and learning look down upon us as we gaze upon the portraits of such thinkers as Grotius, Scaliger, Arminius, and Kuenen; while at The Hague we uncover the head at the tomb of Spinoza, the father of modern philosophy. The painters, however, will be the most lovingly remembered. For here in Holland was an art which glorified the human and the natural, finding in man and in the common incidents of his daily life unfailing sources of inspiration. Some of this Dutch art, it must be acknowledged, is of the earth, earthy. It delights in depicting the pleasures of conviviality. Jan Steen and Adrian van Ostade show us many a boisterous drinking-bout, and paint with equal skill a tavern brawl or a peasants' merrymaking. Pieter de Hooch and Gerard Douw, besides the charming effects of light in their interiors, give us at times a foretaste of the unedifying realism of much of our modern fiction. But Dutch *genre* painting rises, also, to the height of the fiction of Balzac and Thackeray in representing the actual comedies of life; while Frans Hals and Rembrandt give us color-portraits that are as ideally truthful as the characters of Shakspeare. Indeed, we best describe Rembrandt when we call him the Shakspeare of Holland, who used the brush as England's great dramatist used the pen. The witchery of his color is com-

parable only to that of the style-color in Shakspeare's richest verse. Both of these men knew life in its infinite variety, and, with the power which a sane genius wields, gave the world undying pictures of "the human heart by which we live." Rembrandt is not usually classed among the great religious painters. But, in addition to the exquisite painting of the child Jesus in old Simeon's arms and the wonderful etchings of "The Healing of the Sick" and "The Descent from the Cross," he has left other etchings, less widely known, in which scenes from the gospel history are treated with a quiet and reverent naturalism which is far more effective than the "Nativities," "Ecce Homos," and "Crucifixions" that "cry aloud" from so many grandiose canvases in the European galleries. A few of these rare etchings, which are carefully guarded in the library of the Amsterdam Museum, are worth a trip to Europe to see.

So pervasive is this influence of art and history that it requires an effort to shake it off sufficiently to study the Holland of to-day. To make such a study with any approach to thoroughness, one must of course make a lengthened stay in the country, and have a good command of the language. But even the transient visitor learns that the Dutch have practically the same problems of thought and life to solve that are perplexing the wise and humane of every land. In their Parliament parties divide on the burning question of religious education in the schools. In the large cities, and equally in many of the rural districts, poverty and pauperism are the "ghosts that will not down." Directors of Associated Charities and kind-hearted burgomasters are often staggered and baffled in their efforts to help those who seemingly cannot help themselves. In sparsely settled hamlets one finds in the thatched cottage the same overcrowding of a large family in a single living-room which is the scandal of our city tenement houses. The drink curse also presses heavily on the people of Holland, in spite of brave efforts for the temperance reform. It is curious to note how the natural conservatism of the Dutch mind makes of Socialism an interesting stranger rather than a near acquaintance. Yet even in the land of windmills signs are not wanting that new tests are to be applied to the way in which men can best live together in the social body. In the province of Gelderland a Social-Democratic *Bunte* has been carrying on what has so far proved to be a successful experiment in this direction. This community was formed only a year ago; but already it has established various industries and manufactures, and finds a field for the employment of talents of different orders, from chemists and teachers to field-hands and dairy-maids. As practical business men are at the head of the *Bunte*, it is not likely to be a second Brook Farm; but the fact of its existence, the enthusiastic loyalty of its members, and the opinion one hears so often expressed in Holland that something must be *done* to bring in the better day are as important to be noted as the older and not yet settled disputes of theological factions among the Dutch. The land of Arminius and Gomar is still the field of contending sects, who set up their opposing standards even in the poorest and most thinly settled regions of the country. The liberal thinker cannot help crying out, "A plague on both your houses!" Nor can he fail to regret that the land which honors the genius of Kuenen as among the brightest stars in its national constellation exhibits so little of the sweetness and light of a rational Christianity. Among thinking men, and especially with the students of theology in the Leyden University, the influence of Kuenen's views is strongly felt; and it may be that the country of Spinoza and Kuenen will yet have its Channing and its Martineau.

NEW YORK LETTER.

It is to be deplored that the beauty and gayety of the holiday season has been marred by the present grave national issues and by the local disasters which have crowded fast upon each other in Wall Street. What should be the gladdest and merriest time of all the year has received a tinge of sadness. Not a newspaper seems to have its usual space for the time-honored Christmas and New Year congratulations

and hopeful prophecies. There is but one topic—the Venezuelan question—with editors, clergymen, citizens, at the clubs, and at formal public dinners. Even the members of the New York "Society of Pilgrim Mothers" at its annual feast this week took pains to state their views of the trouble, and how it could be settled. Silence from every one who is not an authority on the history and causes of the dispute would materially help the situation, but it is the one small virtue no one here seems to possess. It is as if one and all were trying to obey the last clause of the injunction of the Irish judge who said to an attorney in his tribunal, "All the court wants out of you is silence, and as little of that as possible."

Happily for two institutions, the Hebrew Technical Institute and the Educational Alliance, the Hebrew Fair held for their benefit during the last two weeks at the Madison Square Garden was an assured financial, as well as social success, before these troublous times began. Stupendous energy on the part of the projectors of the undertaking and skilful management have resulted in the fair netting over \$150,000. This very handsome sum signifies that the Hebrews in New York have been generous patrons of the fair, and that they are earnest believers in the charitable work to which their money is to go. And, in truth, there are no better managed institutions, nor any exerting a more helpful influence than the two which the Hebrews have established and maintain for educating the poor of their own faith. The Educational Alliance, which occupies a handsome building on lower East Broadway, was suggested to the Jews of New York, as the People's Palace in London was to its projectors, by Walter Besant's well-known novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The men and women who seek the benefits of the Alliance may enjoy in one week thirty-six forms of activities, and the officers state that the average daily attendance in all the classes is four thousand one hundred and seventy four. The Hebrew Technical Institute was organized for the purpose of offering free to the sons of Jewish parents a general education, combined with such training in the mechanical arts as will fit them to gain for themselves a comfortable support.

With the possible exception of the Chamber of Commerce, which is famous for the important part its members take in matters of public interest, there is no place in the city where more conferences concerning the public good are held or where more valuable work is done than at the United Charities Building. Innumerable schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor or for some form of social betterment receive here a careful and intelligent consideration. Often the subjects discussed are only indirectly germane to the special work of any one of the associations occupying the building. Such was the case the other day, when a conference was held "On the Causes of Agricultural Depression throughout the State." The subject incidentally presented itself for discussion to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, after an ineffectual attempt had been made by its officers to find work in the country for a great surplus of men who could get nothing to do in the city. Why this stagnation in the country and over-population in the city? Why deserted farms everywhere and ruined farmers on all sides? asked these keen-sighted investigators. Their answer was given at the conference above mentioned. It is worthy of wide publicity, and should be carefully considered by those who are on farms and want to get off them and those whose dream it is to retire to a farm for the sake of a living and liberty. The conclusion arrived at by the specialists whose testimony was given at the meeting is that shallow brains are responsible for the trouble. Actual ignorance on the part of the farmers of all agricultural science is the chief cause. Were there no sterile brains among them, there would be much less agricultural depression. It was found that, while there is an actual deterioration of soil through the State, and that this is one of the causes that impel people to the city to seek their fortunes, there is a large amount of fertility left; and

scientific knowledge is alone needed to unlock the treasure. The soil could be restored, and more than restored, to its original productive condition if the tillers of it would use the rich fertilizing material at hand which is now allowed to go to waste. If the farmers would inform themselves of the results obtained at the experiment stations, if they would send their boys to be trained at agricultural colleges, and if the colleges would in turn send out teachers in the natural sciences, organize farmers' institutes, and impart a knowledge of modern methods of restoring the land to its original productiveness, a better state of affairs in the country would soon set in.

It is well to note in connection with this subject the success that has attended the experiment made by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in the cultivation of vacant city lots by the unemployed. A practical and scientific farmer has supervised the work, and many a hungry man and woman has found lucrative, healthy employment. Tools and seeds were supplied the applicants, and the crops that they raised were theirs to sell or use as they pleased. A woman has proved herself the best farmer of the lot. On one-half acre of land she raised sufficient potatoes and cabbage to supply her own wants, and disposed of the remainder of her crop for \$100. Thus the association has demonstrated that a comfortable support can be made from working the land if it is gone about in the right way.

All Souls' Church, Rev. T. C. Williams pastor, has adopted some of the manifold ways which are now recognized as legitimate ones to help the backward social classes. In its Friendly Aid House on East 34th Street it has a most perfect plant for use in carrying on its important sociological work. This building was thrown open for inspection recently, and it was found to be a veritable "house beautiful." Its gymnasium, baths, café, library, and other educational and social opportunities ought to prove a boon to the neighborhood in which it is situated,—a neighborhood in which saloons and bad tenement homes abound.

The Church of the Messiah has just taken a step of the utmost importance to its own interests and to the interests of Unitarianism in this city and throughout the country. For some time it has been the purpose of Rev. Robert Collyer, to seek a measure of relief from the burden of his work which he feels has begun to weigh somewhat heavily upon him. This purpose he made known to his society at the annual meeting held early in the present month. So devoted are his people to him that for him to wish anything from them is to have it granted. After consultation with Mr. Collyer it was decided that so great is the present opportunity in New York for doing a magnificent work for Unitarianism that the place demands a man of no less prominence, ability, force, and sagacity as a leader than the Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston. Mr. Savage's national reputation as a popular and eloquent preacher, and his clear, comprehensive, and masterly treatment of modern religious problems, mark him out as the one best fitted to strengthen and build up the Unitarian cause in this great city. Therefore, at a meeting of the society called for that purpose on Wednesday evening, December 18, a most hearty and unanimous call was extended to him. The Church of the Messiah has taken this step in the full conviction that its own interests and the interests of the denomination would be best served by placing Mr. Savage with Mr. Collyer in its pulpit. For it holds that nowhere except in New York, the metropolis of the New World, radiating its lines of influence to all parts of the country, can there be found for Mr. Savage such a splendid opportunity for the largest usefulness and for the most far-reaching and constructive work. It seems hardly gracious in a letter addressed to a Boston paper to dwell upon the exultation that New Yorkers are feeling over the prospect of Mr. Savage's coming here. But on every hand, among the liberal-thinking people, there are open rejoicings and congratulations that this call has been extended, and anxious solicitude that it shall be accepted.

In a previous letter an account was given of a series of Forward Movement meetings which were held in Brooklyn. Their suc-

cess demonstrated the fact that there are large numbers of people ready to renounce the old harsh doctrines of Orthodoxy, and to accept the broader, sweeter Unitarian faith, whenever we employ the right means of making Unitarianism known to them. Profiting by the enthusiasm that was aroused in Brooklyn, the superintendent for the Middle States has arranged to continue these meetings in the form of regular Sunday evening services in that part of Brooklyn called the Park Slope. The ministers of the city are co-operating with him, and will each take their turn in preaching. The first service will be held on the first Sunday evening in January, and the preacher on that occasion will be Rev. Robert Collyer.

Among the attractive Christmas services held last Sunday in our churches, that at All Souls' should be mentioned. It was made particularly interesting and significant from the fact that Mr. Williams preached an appropriate and timely sermon on "Peace on Earth," in the course of which he deprecated in the strongest terms the war spirit which has been stimulated among our American people by the message of President Cleveland on the Venezuelan affair. He made a strong and able argument against "Jingoism" in all its aspects. The musical programme was rendered by a chorus choir, and was very pleasing.

M. A. M.

"NEW WORLD" GUARANTEE FUND.

Rev. W. C. Gannett writes: "There are few things I'd like so well to drop \$500 into the pockets of as the *New World*: it seems to me so excellent of its kind and so helpful to ministers in particular. The good workmanship shown is a delight. I almost wonder that the managers have not yet found the rich man or woman who would put \$20,000 into the *New World* as into a chair in a college. But are there not ministers, like me, for instance, who would be glad to combine in squads of four, and guarantee \$100, each one being held, however, only for his own \$25? You may set me down as one in Squad I."

Are there not many ministers who will act upon this plan of Mr. Gannett's?

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,950
Mrs. T. E. Hackley (cash).....	500
William Endicott, Jr.....	250
Charles P. Curtis.....	250
Rev. J. C. Perkins.....	100
Alex. S. Wheeler.....	100
Edmund Dwight.....	100
Carroll D. Wright.....	100
Epes S. Dixwell.....	100
Thomas Gaffield.....	100
A. L. Hollingsworth.....	100
Prof. James Barr Ames.....	100
R. C. Humphreys.....	100
Col. T. W. Higginson.....	100
Col. Henry Lee (cash).....	100
J. P. Hopkinson.....	50
A Friend (for permanent fund).....	25
	\$9,125

WILLIAM H. LYON, Sec'y,
519 Beacon Street, Boston.

Spiritual Life.

Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.—Arthur H. Hallam.

Nothing less than the majesty of God and the powers of the world to come can maintain the peace and sanctity of our homes, the order and serenity of our minds, the spirit of patience and tender mercy in our hearts.—J. Martineau.

The ecstasy that fills us on a day in spring, when through budding boughs we see the shining clouds and the brilliant rain-washed blue; the eclipse of happiness in the heart of the child who feels "cross"; the willingness of love to one another, and a worthier preferred,—these are inexplicable without God.—The Coming Day.

To see that there is no life lived alone, no personality for itself, but that real success lies in what service one can render to others in love's name, will bring all one's forces into line with the highest principle of life, and conserve them for their fullest realization. With the intellectual life must be wedded the life of truth and sympathy, or it is barren: it brings no fruit to perfection. H. P. DeForest.

What a splendid symphony is life to one who knows how to interpret it, with its four movements and its one theme! For that one theme is love and God, and love and God are one. First the dance-music of childhood; then the love-music of youth;

then the labor and martial music of manhood, mingled with the sweet home-music of womanhood, with strains of pathetic minor enriching both; and last of all the peace-song of old age.—*Outlook*.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The Executive Board held its monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on December 13, at 10.30 A.M., ten ladies being present. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Wells presided; and, after the usual business routine, Mrs. Peterson reported for fourteen Branches in Suffolk County. All these Branches are beginning the new year with much earnestness, and present indications point to a prosperous year in every department of Alliance work. The work of the Arlington Street Branch is the same as usual, an increased number of letters having been received by the Post-office Mission Committee. The Church of the Disciples Branch has taken up a course of Emerson studies, suggested by Mr. Gannett's Leaflet on Emerson. One barrel and sixteen boxes of miscellaneous literature have been sent to different places South and West since April. Second Church Branch reports much interest in Mr. Gibson's work at Bristol and Mt. Pleasant, Fla. At the Church of the Unity Mr. Savage has given the first of a series of lectures on "The Universe." This Branch is sending out large quantities of literature and letters. South Congregational Branch held its annual meeting in November, when Mrs. Whitman gave an interesting account of her visit to Jennie Dean's Colored School at Manassas. Dr. Hale was spoken of as Miss Dean's early and strong friend, and one of the buildings will be called the "Hale Building." The Branch at the First Parish, Dorchester, reports a very large attendance and a delightful programme. All Souls' Church Branch continues the plan of a morning session, with lunch and a social hour. Rev. Mr. Lyon has begun a series of Bible lessons. Jamaica Plain Branch has sent \$70 to Hampton for a scholarship for a girl in the senior class, whose expenses have been borne by this Branch in previous years. First Religious Society, Roxbury, has a flourishing Post-office Mission and Cheerful Letter Exchange, and has sent \$25 to Green Harbor. New South Branch feels keenly the loss of its minister, but is working as earnestly as ever. The Hawes Church Branch has increased in membership, and has an excellent Post-office Mission Committee. First Parish, Brighton, Branch has given a reception to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Walkley, and has held a fair to help pay for a new organ. Has sent a box of service and hymn books to Pine Mountain, Tenn. Harvard Church, Charlestown, is much interested in Mr. Dillingham's work at Calhoun. Chelsea Branch has given a reception to the new minister, and completed a course of lectures. These Branches hold monthly meetings at 25 Beacon Street; and Mrs. Peterson says: "The reports call out many questions; and much that is helpful is brought to notice, and discussed. In this way, I believe, each Branch may find it profitable to be represented at each of these monthly meetings."

Miss Waldo, as director for Essex County, reports that the interest expressed by the Branches, as they begin their work, has been very gratifying. One new Branch has been formed in the old church in Beverly. The Branch was formed from the old parish society, and they expect new life and inspiration. The Lynn Branch is doing excellent work, and has sent \$5 to North Platte, \$5 to Proctor Academy, \$1 for Japan Library, 50 cents to Evanston, Ill., and 50 cents to Memphis. The energetic Branch at Lawrence is full of life, and has an attendance at meetings of sixty or seventy. The report speaks with feeling of the death of Miss Putnam. The Haverhill Branch is working for a fair, and members read while they sew. The Newburyport Branch has been addressed by some fine speakers. Still, the secretary is somewhat troubled; for she thinks the objects of the Alliance are something more than entertainment. The Salem Branches are, as usual, most active, with regular meetings, lectures, etc. Barton Square has held a fair, and sent a Christmas box to Montana. \$10 has been given to the Ministers' Relief Fund, \$2 to Japan Library, and \$150 to its own church. The North Church Branch appropriated \$15 for the Saturday Club, \$5 to North Platte, and \$5 for Japan Library. Mrs. Richardson reported for Ayer. Littleton, which has sent \$5 to Proctor Academy, Pepperell, Westford, and Lowell, in all of which much good work is done. In Lowell the following subject has been discussed, "What do 'Women's Columns,' 'Women's Pages,' and 'Women's Specialties' indicate as to the Seriousness of Women's Lives?'"

At Quincy the Branch is more prosperous than ever, and plans for Bible study and discussion. Brookline continues "The Study of the Sects." This Branch has sent \$25 to Tuskegee and \$25 to Calhoun, with barrels of books to Bristol and Provincetown.

Dedham, Longwood, Canton, and Third Religious Society, Dorchester, are most prosperous. Milton has sent \$5 to Proctor Academy. The Leicester Branch is building a much needed addition to its church, but has sent \$5 to "Country Week" and a barrel of clothing to Tuskegee. The Branch at Uxbridge has sent \$10 to Calhoun for a day pupil's tuition. Worcester South Branch report successful meetings and money given to local work. Athol Centre is busy providing the means to run its own church. The Worcester League has held most interesting and valuable meetings, and has sent \$10 to Mrs. Whitney's fair. Among the most interesting Branches in Massachusetts are those recently formed on the Cape, including Sandwich, Brewster, and Cohasset. The Branch in Plymouth is looking forward to its new church. The Hingham Branch has an excellent programme for the winter, and has sent \$5 to the Japan Library.

The director of the Channing Conference reports the six Branches under her charge to be in a "healthy, growing condition." The Taunton Branch numbers over one hundred members, and has sent \$10 to Rev. Mr. Headle at Rockville, Conn. At the First Church in Providence a room in the chapel is open every Tuesday afternoon, as a reading-room for those interested in Unitarian literature.

The director from New Hampshire reports that she has received enthusiastic and ready accounts of plans for the winter from each of the Branches under her care. "Not one Branch falters or lags behind; and I am sure that New Hampshire is gaining ground, and is ready to do most effective work in the interest of the Alliance." The new Branch at Portsmouth, organized October 1, has now seventy-six members.

Reports from eight Branches in Maine—Bangor, Portland, Saco, Waterville, Augusta, Eastport, Houlton, and Farmington—show much perseverance and energy in the attendance on meetings and in carrying out plans of work.

From the Pacific Coast the reports are concise, but of great interest. In Alameda there are sixty members doing much to advance and sustain Unitarianism in Alameda. They have contributed to the Sunday-school, and have given \$500 to the trustees for the use of the church. Berkeley has eleven new members, and has given \$25 for hymn-books and \$200 to the minister's salary. Two members have been elected to the church board of trustees. Oakland has been addressed by Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Carr. The Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco, has a membership of two hundred and twenty, and has given \$50 to Mrs. Carr, \$50 to the church at Berkeley, and has a fund of \$500 for its work. This society has recently become incorporated. The Society for Christian Work Branch meets twice each month, with fine programmes. These two San Francisco societies shared in an open-air fête in September, each receiving \$514.80, which will enable them to carry out many plans. At Santa Maria the Ladies' Alliance pledged itself in July to raise \$50. By the aid of a birthday party, a social, and a chrysanthemum fair the members have paid \$25 toward the pledge.

It will be remembered that the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast have authorized Rev. E. T. Wilkes to undertake Unitarian preaching in the smaller towns of California, with a view to extend the growth of liberal thought. Services have been held in Hayward, Vacaville, Woodland, and Palo Alto. In all these places the reception has been cordial, and the work seems of especial promise and value. In consideration of the satisfactory reports of this movement the Executive Board of the Alliance calls attention to the most excellent missionary work done, under the direction of the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast, by Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, who is also preaching at Stanford University.

The Committee on Appeals recommends the church at Sharon, Mass., Mrs. E. M. Hickok, minister. The society is small, and does all it can, but greatly needs \$100 to make up the minister's salary of only \$600 a year. Will the Alliance Branches help a little?

"Study-class Leaflets, Nos. 2 and 3," are out of print, but will be reissued at once. The *Cheerful Letter* has a larger number of actual subscribers than ever before, but still wishes more. Extra copies of the last months have been sent to Atlanta.

The following communication from the vice-president for the South was read, and seemed of so great importance that it was voted to present it to the Branches in full:

"In compliance with a suggestion that I should present at this December meeting of the Executive Board the especial needs of the South for the coming year, the following statement is made:—

"First, Austin: Important as are other branches of our work, it is of the first necessity that this work be sustained. The report of Rev. Mr. Wheelock's sermons, by B. T. in 'Church News' in the October, November, and December numbers of the *Southern Unitarian*, will show the scope and direction of his preaching.

"Unless he can rely upon a salary sufficient to meet his expenses, he may feel

obliged to resign his pulpit. Austin is the seat of the State University; and Mr. Wheelock's congregations are large and appreciative, though many are students or other non-contributing members. While the American Unitarian Association contributes to the support of the church and the people themselves are doing all that can be expected of them, considering their numbers and pecuniary ability, the church must depend to a considerable degree upon the Alliance and other friends.

"Second, Richmond: Rev. Mr. Saton, the minister in charge, was ordained at the last session of the Southern Conference at Baltimore in April. He was enabled to return to his work there solely by the aid of money appropriated by the Alliance Branch of the Church of the Unity, Boston, as no appropriation has yet been made by the American Unitarian Association for the year. The Association Board does not make its Southern appropriations before the January meeting; and the Richmond people, who had held lay services regularly for three months, were anxious for the earlier return of a minister. A very satisfactory hall has been secured and underlet for week-days. The attendance is increasing. Last Sunday, with simply the usual announcements, the congregation was thirty in the morning and fifty in the evening. There is a strong attachment between pastor and people, and an earnest desire and effort among the people to do all in their power. Money is most carefully spent here, and anything sent this church will be most heartily welcomed. They are in no condition to hold a fair at present, but may ask assistance in that direction another year. Richmond, then, we recommend most heartily.

"At Chattanooga the Women's Alliance has pledged itself to raise \$200 toward the support of the church this year. The ladies will hold a Christmas sale on the 19th of December. Contributions of goods or money will be gratefully received by Mrs. E. H. Price, 404 Georgia Avenue. Money may be sent the day after the fair, if necessary, and yet figure in the receipts. This is the crucial year with Chattanooga.

"Memphis is working hard. It has to raise a great deal of money. The American Unitarian Association appropriation pays a little over one-third of the minister's salary. The remaining two-thirds and the current expenses of the church are raised by the people. Lately services are held in the New Lyceum Theatre on Sunday evenings. The seven services arranged continue from November 3 to December 15, inclusive. Even the rainy-night audiences have been four hundred, and there are six hundred or seven hundred present on favorable evenings. Mr. Clare is an able preacher. Help Memphis with all you can give.

"Mr. Gibson of Florida and Mr. Dukes of North Carolina are working in fields untitled by other liberal Christians. They are earnest men, working in the true spirit among people grateful and responsive to their word, and yet able to do little for their support. Unless we help them, no one will. Mr. Gibson has organized two churches recently. That at Bristol numbers thirty members. Anything sent to Rev. J. C. Gibson, Edwards, Fla., or Rev. J. G. Dukes, Wallace, N.C., will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by them.

"Opportunities to employ men of ability and zeal are so frequent that we can only regret that we cannot put into new places those whose knowledge of the field, knowledge of methods, interest, and eagerness might be employed at mere living cost. For ability to do that we can only pray for a special dispensation of knowledge as to the way to unloose the purse-strings of Unitarians who have full purses. The American Unitarian Association does all it can for the South, in justice to the other demands made upon it. But the best it can do is inadequate to the mission work to be done, which must be done, if Unitarians are just to the opportunities put into their hands. The Women's Alliance has also been generous. If those who have given will continue to give, and if those who have not given will remember the South, the white people, the Unitarians of the South, in their division of gifts, we who work there will take heart again, and be grateful. To enumerate again the places sorely needing all they may receive,—Austin, Memphis, Richmond, Chattanooga, Rev. J. C. Gibson, and Rev. J. G. Dukes.

"The Unitarian Exhibit in Atlanta has met to the full the expectations of those who planned it. The appropriation of the American Unitarian Association, with the personal contributions of those interested in having such an exhibit, secured a fine collection of the portraits and works of prominent Unitarians, clergy and laity, attractively arranged in comfortable quarters. A full collection of the publications of the Sunday School Societies, Eastern and Western, and of the American Unitarian Association, is shown. More than three thousand tracts have been judiciously distributed in two months,—not thrown broadcast,—most helpful conversations have taken place, many inquiries have been answered, the names of a great many people desiring sermons to be sent them regularly have been

taken, and visitors from all over the United States have registered. The photographs of a hundred and fifty of our clergy are shown in albums, and nearly enough to fill another book have been received. No one could spend a day there without being convinced that the exhibit is worth all it cost. Every member of the Women's Alliance may feel that she has personally contributed to the success of this undertaking; for it is on account of the appropriation of an amount sufficient to pay the travelling and other necessary expenses that Miss Everett, who has taken this work as a labor of love, is enabled to be here. She is always present at the exhibit; and her knowledge of our theology, of our church resources and history, and of its conduct and methods, enables her to fill this important post as perhaps no one else could do. And this work is not without its discomforts and annoyances. As there is no way of warming the building, and the cold has been sufficient to freeze the water in the metal vase holding our chrysanthemums, no small amount of physical endurance is required. There are still three weeks of work before the close of the Exposition, and they may prove to be the most fruitful ones."

It was unanimously voted that "the Executive Board recommends to the Branches the circuit and other work at the South as of the utmost immediate importance, as the Unitarian Exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition is emphasizing its needs. Contributions may be sent to Rev. G. L. Chaney or to Mrs. Chaney, or through the Alliance treasurer.

Two earnest calls for books have been received,—one for the Sunday-school in Salt Lake City, the other for the Icelanders at Winnipeg. Branches are desired to send boxes or barrels of (good) books to Rev. A. L. Hudson, 35 South Fifth, East, Salt Lake City, Utah, and to Rev. Magnus J. Skaptason, 648 William Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Parcels and single books may be sent by mail or to 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.; and it is hoped that each Alliance member may give one book, if not one to each place.

Before its adjournment the Executive Board passed the following resolution: "The Board wishes to place on record an expression of its deep sorrow at the death of Rev. Helen G. Putnam, and of its high appreciation of her self-sacrificing labors, high aims, and excellent success in preaching and teaching the Unitarian faith from house to house and church to church in Dakota and elsewhere."

The next meeting will be held January 10, when reports are due from Branches in the Middle States, Southern States, and Middle West.

EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Rec. Sec'y.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOOK-ROOM CHAT.

Three books by George D. Herron, D.D., entitled "A Plea for the Gospel," "The New Redemption," "The Christian State." These are small books of about one hundred pages each. Prof. Herron's work is now attracting a great deal of attention. He spoke in Channing Hall in this building quite recently, and made a decided impression upon those who heard him. His views are not familiar to many, and these books will help those who desire to learn what he advocates with so much earnestness and ability. Price 56 cents, net.

"The Golden Rule in Business," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, a small publication by the Chautauqua Century Press, a capital treatment of the subject. This little book is worthy to have a very wide reading. Every business man would be better for a careful reading of it; and employers could not do a better thing than to put it in the hands of every clerk and every workman, who could understand it, in his employ. It may be made to do a very valuable work. Price 15 cents.

It may not be generally understood that we have the following publications on our tables for sale at these rooms,—the *New World*, the *Unitarian*, the *Christian Register*, the *Lend a Hand*. We also have Dr. Hale's short stories in attractive bindings: "Tell it Again" series, "Hands Off," "Aunt Caroline's Present," "One Good Turn." Price 40 cents each. These little volumes are very useful for holiday gifts; and, by the way, would it not be a good thing for you, when you read this, to look over our book-list, and see if you cannot find something that you would like to give your minister or your Sunday-school superintendent at Christmas? Books are always acceptable and useful. Do you think you really appreciate the work the Sunday-school workers do for your church? What would become of the church if we let our young people drift away, and our children grow up without any thought of the church and their relations to it? It is certainly right, prudent, and just to remember those who are doing the work that, perhaps, you ought to be doing yourself.

The Year Book for 1896 will, in all probability, be ready for distribution by the

day before Christmas. This book is sent to the life members of the American Unitarian Association. All others can procure copies from these rooms by sending 20 cents for it.

The lectures given by Rev. Mr. Pulsford on Saturday afternoons, to our Sunday-school teachers, are very interesting and helpful; and many more of our friends might come and enjoy them if they wanted to do so. Channing Hall is large enough for many more, and no doubt Mr. Pulsford would be glad to have them come.

Mr. Batchelor is away this week, visiting the Southern churches. We hope that he will be able to discover some way in which our work can be strengthened and improved in the South, although the financial depression makes it very difficult for the Association to cover so wide a field with its work in the most effective way.

The news from the Western field is quite encouraging. The new work there gives great promise of success. The fact is that with sufficient means we could do a very great work in the near future. There has never been a time when the prospect was more inviting. But the trouble is that the outflow pipe in our tank is considerably larger than the inflow pipe just now.

Perhaps things will be better pretty soon. Let us all try to make them so: then things will be better, surely.

FINANCES.

The later contributions from the churches show some improvement, and there are some faint signs of a realizing sense of shortcoming among those who have sent in smaller contributions than heretofore; and some evidences are in sight that these short contributions will be made up,—that is, that another contribution will be taken.

It would be a great improvement in our methods if our churches would give us a fall and a spring contribution: then we should avoid burdening those who could subscribe better at some other time than the one now in use. And some earnest soul, that wanted to give, might be in prosperity at one of those dates, although in adversity at the other.

It may as well be understood now as later that, unless the Association receives from some quarter more than it did last year, its policy of expenditure will have to be revised and adjusted to a smaller scale. It is a matter of very great importance to those who have the Unitarian cause at heart that this contingency should receive early and earnest attention. The "General Fund" is no longer available for making up deficiencies between receipts and expenditures; and the only relief possible must come from voluntary subscriptions, either by individuals or churches.

VISITS.

December 9, Boston Association of Ministers to talk about denominational matters,—a very interesting occasion.

Wednesday, December 11, Boston Unitarian Club at the Vendome. The meetings of this strong organization are always interesting and instructive. On this occasion we had the pleasure of listening to a clear and strong paper from Prof. Peabody, and a stirring address by Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Congregational Church. Dr. Gordon wins all hearts by his frank and courageous methods of dealing with his subjects. It is impossible to listen to him without a thorough respect for his ability and sincerity.

December 13, Providence, R.I., the Unitarian Club at Trocadero Hall,—a large gathering. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, Rev. W. H. Lyon of Roxbury, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, and the treasurer of the A. U. A. The endurance of the audience was thoroughly tested, and they bore the ordeal with unusual fortitude; but there was no mistaking the evidences of weariness, until Mr. Slicer came in with his awakening and inspiring utterances.

The hospitality of the club was generous and hearty, and let us hope that good may result from the meeting.

Sunday, December 15, Peterboro, N.H., preaching morning and evening in the Town Hall, a neat and commodious building. The Unitarian society in Peterboro is thoroughly overhauling and refinishing the interior of its church building; and during the time necessary for this work they are occupying the Town Hall. The congregations were good at both services, although an orthodox revival meeting was in progress, being conducted by the united efforts of the different churches in the town, with assistance from ministers from a distance. If any one doubts the usefulness of Unitarian churches, let them take the time and trouble to attend one of these "revival" meetings, and note what it is that is being revived.

The "revival," however, did not affect the attendance of the meetings in the Town Hall unfavorably.

The Unitarians of Peterboro can be trusted to keep the fires burning upon the

altar. The scenery among the hills that surround this pleasant village, the towering form of old Monadnock, and the glorious air of this elevated region ought to impart to the people who dwell there spiritual strength enough to lift them out of the old and narrow views of religion, and into a higher and serener confidence in the divine beneficence.

GEORGE W. STONE, Treasurer.

The Sunday School.

The Channing Hall "Talks" will be resumed next Saturday, December 28, at 2.30 o'clock, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The subject treated will be Lesson XV., "The Lighted Candle." All cordially invited.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF BOSTON.—An unusually large audience met at the Church of the Disciples Monday, December 16, to discuss "The Mutual Relation of Minister and Sunday-school." There were eight speakers on the evening's programme. Miss Margaret B. Barnard of Chelsea, who first spoke, believed that students in the divinity schools should have better opportunity of becoming acquainted with Sunday-school work. The minister should be the court of appeal, and not a Court of Common Pleas. Rev. William H. Fish of Dedham believes that the minister's chief hope and encouragement lie in the Sunday-school, and says that he finds he can best reach the young through the confirmation class. A few weeks before Easter he invites the boys and girls of fifteen or sixteen years to meet him weekly or fortnightly for a talk which shall throw the emphasis on the religious side of life. Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge of Dorchester is opposed to the minister's being the superintendent of the Sunday-school, as he thinks the influence of the clergyman greater, if it be divested of all official relation; but he would have the pastor present at the opening exercises to aid in maintaining the spirit of devotion or occasionally to conduct some special programme for the day. The next speaker was Mr. Lyman R. Greenman of Cambridge, who says that the minister may be of great service by coming into close personal relations with school and scholars. To do this, he must be there every Sunday; and it would be well if he should at the close of the session sum up the day's work in a five-minute talk or devote a few minutes sometimes to a talk on some great truths of our belief. Rev. William H. Johnson of Cambridgeport expressed surprise that there should be in any mind a question as to the relation of church and school. The school is the junior church, where the pupils receive lessons which they can understand. The Roslindale school was represented by Mr. William I. Scandlin. If in the Sunday-school of the present is to be found the church of the future, the relations cannot be too sympathetic, cordial, and even personal. Mrs. L. A. Kimberley of West Newton differed from most of the speakers in asserting it to be the duty of the minister to be superintendent, because he holds such a relation to the children that they do not question his right to speak to them on subjects which they feel should not be broached by others. She also differed from those who think the minister should be teacher of a class, since he is needed by the whole school, and not by the few. If he conduct teachers' meetings, he will thus have a most beneficial unity of interest with the teachers. The last speaker was Rev. William H. Lyon of Roxbury, who said that he thought not so much of his duty to the school as of the good which the school did to him. He considers that minister indeed fortunate who has the power to speak to the children so as to guide their future. If he cannot do this thing, he should strive to find a superintendent who can do it for him.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.—The next meeting of the New England Associate Alliance will be held in Salem on Thursday, February 27. The invitation comes from the Branch connected with the Barton Square Church.

THE Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall, Boston, Monday, December 30, at 10.30 A.M. The address will be given by Rev. William R. Alger. Subject, "The Antichrists of Christendom." The public is invited.

BOSTON.—King's Chapel: Rev. Charles G. Ames will conduct the noon service on Wednesday, January 1.

Bulfinch Place Church: Rev. S. W. Brooke will preach on "The Poet," Sunday evening, December 29, at eight o'clock.

Roxbury, All Souls' Church: A "watch meeting" will be held at eleven o'clock Tuesday night, December 31. Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant and the minister of the

church will conduct the services. All are cordially invited to welcome the New Year in this way. A car for the city will probably leave the church at 12.15.

The next meeting of the Ministers' League will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, December 30, at 2 P.M. Superintendent Wilson will be present to talk upon matters connected with his work. Other speakers will follow. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance, as important business will be up for consideration. Leverett R. Daniels, Secretary.

Parker Memorial, corner Berkeley and Appleton Streets (Benevolent Fraternity of Churches): Rev. Mary T. Whitney will speak next Sunday evening, December 29, at 7.30 o'clock. Subject, "What do we mean by Practical Religion?" Music by Mrs. Louise Bruce Brooks, alto, and Mr. Frederick W. Jameson, tenor. All seats free, and a welcome.

The Ministers' Monday Club passed resolutions of sympathy on the death of Rev. Obed Eldridge, as follows:—

"Inasmuch as our brother and fellow-worker in the ministry, Rev. Obed Eldridge, beloved by us, has left us, we desire to express our esteem for him as a minister and a Christian gentleman. He was unselfish, enthusiastic, and deeply interested in his work and in all work for the highest welfare of humanity. With the patience of a martyr and the firmness of a hero he bore his trying illness. In his heart God's kingdom of righteousness had already come, preparing him for the spiritual life into which he has entered."

(Signed) PHILIP S. THACHER,
"ALFRED E. MULLETT,
"LEVERETT R. DANIELLS,
"Committee."

ARCADIA, WIS.—A series of meetings were held here December 12, 13, 14, and 15, that were quite successful. The audiences were good for a country town, and steadily increased. The interest also deepened day by day. Those who participated were Pastor Owen, Rev. Messrs. F. C. Davis of Winona, Charles F. Niles of Menomonie, and T. B. Forbush of Chicago. Arcadia is only a country village, and the congregation is always slender; yet there have gone out from it during the last twelve years more than a hundred men and women, mostly young, to take their part in the life of the larger communities of the West. Is it not worth while to keep the fire burning on these minor altars for the sake of the contributions these churches so steadily make to the welfare of the world? These remote parishes may never be self-sustaining; but they send out fresh, pure streams to invigorate the life-blood of humanity.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Rev. John C. Kimball of Ann Arbor occupied the pulpit of the Independent Congregational Church on Sunday morning and evening, in exchange of pulpits with Rev. Mr. Horner.

The recent joint conference of Unitarians, Universalists, and Independent societies was a pronounced success, the different elements blending perfectly in the deliberations and in inaugurating vigorous missionary undertakings throughout the State. The Independent Congregational Society here, over which Rev. T. J. Horner was ordained as pastor by the conference, is a marvel of numbers and vigor. The regular audiences range from six to eight hundred, and the Sunday-school is of corresponding size.

BELMONT, MASS.—The regular monthly meeting of the South Middlesex Branches of the Women's Alliance will be held at the Unitarian Building on Thursday, January 2, at twelve o'clock.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Rev. William F. Furman of Providence will preach in the First Parish Church on Sunday next, December 29.

CLINTON, MASS.—Rev. Christopher C. Hussey, formerly of Billerica, Mass., who has been preaching at Clinton for the past few Sundays with great acceptance, has been asked to supply the pulpit until the 1st of February.

GREELEY, COL.—Rev. C. Howard Wilson, to the regret of all concerned, has been compelled by illness to resign his position as pastor of Unity Church. Mr. Oscar B. Hawes of Cambridge, Mass., has been called to take Mr. Wilson's place.

KEENE, N.H.—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., met on Friday evening, December 13, with an attendance of seventy-five members and guests. The president, Dr. George B. Twitchell, presided. Hon. Sherman Hoar of Concord, Mass., spoke to the club on the theme "A Day with a Member of Congress." The address was a very happy statement of the labor and vicissitudes of the average day for a member of Congress. It was full of bright and suggestive ideas, and gave great pleasure to all the members of the club. After a few words from different speakers the club was adjourned for a month.

JACKSON, MICH.—Rev. Walter A. Taylor, who has been supplying at this place for the last three years, was, at the society's annual meeting held December 8, unanimously and enthusiastically re-elected pastor for another year. Jackson is a busy, growing town; and Mr. Taylor is greatly respected among all classes of its citizens, and is doing in it a valuable work.

SALEM, MASS.—The First Church will be open for a series of special services Sunday evenings in January. The East Church Guild is flourishing, and has invited the Barton Square Guild to join in its Christmas service December 29. The guild of the Barton Square Church recently formed has held several interesting meetings. The young people have taken hold of this work with much spirit. The North Church was the scene of a pleasant service on the 22d of December, when the four Unitarian Sunday-schools united in a Christmas service at 3 P.M. The Alliance of the North Church invited the Alliances of Salem and vicinity to their vestry December 12 to hear Rev. Mr. Dillingham speak on "The Calhoun School." The meeting was very fully attended, and was very pleasant to all.

WESTBORO, MASS.—The Westboro Chronicle published in a recent issue a sermon of Rev. J. H. Weeks, with the title "Wanted: A Christian." On Thanksgiving Day a union service was held at the Baptist church of the place, in which the different denominations were represented, the Unitarians alone being excluded on the ground that they are not Christians. The aim of the sermon was to show what a Christian is, and how far Unitarians should claim the name. It was an earnest, thoughtful appeal for the religion of Jesus.

WINONA, MINN.—The ordination of Mr. J. C. Allen, late of the Meadville School, took place Monday evening, December 16. The invocation and Scripture lesson were by Rev. F. C. Davis, the sermon and ordaining prayer by Rev. T. B. Forbush, the charge and fellowship of the churches by Rev. F. C. Davis. The address of ordination and installation was by W. C. Brown, Esq., of Winona, who in the name of the congregation ordained and installed Mr. Allen as its minister. During the last two months five young men have been ordained in the Central West; and in each case the old Congregational method has been adhered to, and the congregation, either by its own voice or by the voice of its official head, has performed the act of ordination and installation. It indicates a revival of the Congregational forms and spirit among our Western churches.

General Religious Notes.

The present crisis in educational affairs in England was discussed at a special meeting of the Provincial Assembly of Presbyterians and Unitarians of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in London. Rev. R. A. Armstrong presided, and explained the resolutions, which were to be offered, as protesting against the granting further State aid to the voluntary schools, branding as usurpation the application of money publicly granted for educational purposes to denominational ends, and resisting "that policy of a clerical capture of the people's schools which has the benediction of Lord Salisbury."

Le Protestant, the journal of liberal Christians in France, thinks that the chances of holding a Parliament of Religions in Paris in 1900 depend mainly on the state of the pope's health or on his successor. Leo XIII. is understood to favor the plan, judging, probably, from the warm support it receives from journals like *Le Monde* and *Le Gaulois*; but he is old and feeble, and the high ecclesiastical dignitaries of France hesitate to declare themselves. Had it not been for his supposed approval, *Le Protestant* thinks the idea would have been dropped as soon as formulated.

Business Notices.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are unequalled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

A Noteworthy Exhibit.—Some of the finest old pieces of eighteenth century furniture have this season been skillfully reproduced, and are now on sale at Patne's, on Canal Street. These old historic shapes are of absorbing interest to the student of times and manners, and it is not easy to visit these warerooms during this exhibition and come away without purchasing.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder Gives the most perfect satisfaction. It has a world wide reputation. Recommended by dentists.

Deaths.

In North Uxbridge, 18th Inst., Dandridge G. Taft, in the 68th year of his age.
In Luzerne, Switzerland, 21st ult., E. Herbert Clapp, formerly of Boston, Mass. Buried in Germantown, Pa., December 24.

DIVINE DISCONTENT.

Be not content, contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest;
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mould hiding,
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower,
Were not an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails un-
furled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve:
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.
—Author unknown.

The Pulpit.

THE GREATER PURITANISM.*

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEARBODY.

"These all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect."—HEBR. xi. 39, 40.

This is a very remarkable view of the place and office of the Old Testament. The heroes of that dispensation, according to this writer to the Hebrews, were all witnesses of faith. Their history was a religious history. From Abel to the prophets, all had lived and died in faith, and what they had achieved was done under the living sense of the authority of God. And yet they never completed their own work; they never realized their own ideal; they did not receive the promise. They did things which seemed to later generations unjustifiable and deplorable. Jacob cheating his brother, David wronging his friend, Rahab the harlot, and Samson the tool of a harlot,—all these are included by this writer in his catalogue of the heroes of faith. The imperfections of the Old Testament, that is to say, are squarely faced. And yet, through this varied history of spiritual vision and sensual shortcomings, of primitive faith and primitive morals, there was, this writer sees, a continuous preparation for the better things which God had provided for those who should come after. Apart from us, he says, this prophetic past is not made perfect. Many things then revered had come to seem blots on history. God had provided better things for us. Yet ancient Israel builded better than she knew, and the greatness of her history lay, not in its achievements, but in its unconscious preparation for a better future. Her beliefs perished, while her ideals survived. Nothing could be more contrary to much of the Old Testament than the spirit of Jesus Christ. Indeed, he was put to death for heresy toward the law. Yet he always held that the spirit of Israel was perpetuated in his gospel, that the law and the prophets were fulfilled in him, that the faith which had glorified his people's history made possible his larger mission, as the growth of the stem and branch makes possible the blossoming flower. Thus there was a lesser Israel and a greater; and, while the lesser passed away, the greater Israel was the foundation of Christianity. Looking back on all that mingled story of aspiration and limitation, this New Testament writer sees its temporary traits drop away, and its essential faith accomplishing its evolution in the better things provided for the later time. "Therefore," he says, "seeing that we are compassed about by these witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is now set before ourselves."

Two hundred and seventy-five years ago this November the "Mayflower" made her first harbor at Provincetown, and in December a little expedition was sent in the ship's shallop to circumnavigate the bay and find a better home. "The water froze in their clothes," says the simple record, "and made them many times like coats of iron." A flight of Indian arrows fell among the little party as they breakfasted one day on the beach. Their rudder was disabled in a storm of snow and sleet. Their mast was carried away. At last, with great difficulty, they got under the lee of a small island, and landed on it on Fri-

day night, and kept their Sabbath. The Monday following—the day corresponding to December 21, but which for a century and a half has been kept on December 22—the battered little boatload made a landing on the opposite shore. "They sounded," as they write, "the harbor, and marched into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks,—a place very good for situation." So they returned to their people at Provincetown with this good news, which, as the story says, "did much comfort their hearts." Such was the first preliminary landing at Plymouth of these sturdy explorers, self-exiled and undis-mayed, whose stock gave its character to New England. We come, indeed, in this community of a different strain; and the traditions and intentions of Church of Eng-land Puritanism would seem to have kept the founders of our colony far from the in-fluence of the Separatists of Plymouth. But spiritual kinship had its way; and, when after nine years the Puritan migra-tion came to Salem, it promptly accepted the method of the Pilgrims. Candidly and nobly Gov. Endicott writes to Gov. Brad-ford: "God's people are marked with one and the same mark, and sealed with one and the same seal. . . . I am satisfied touch-ing your judgment of the outward form of God's worship." Thus, by legitimate spiri-tual descent, we of this college are derived from the lineage of the Plymouth Separatists through their kindred of Massachusetts Bay, who made it, as is written on our college gate, "one of the first things they longed for and looked after, to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity" by founding this Puritan college. The college was the natural fruit of the spirit which so soon made Separatists and Puritans at one. When John Harvard, in his turn, crossed from England, with that little library which he bequeathed to the high school at Newtowne, and of which but a single vol-ume now survives, one of those books was the Essays of John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrims at Leyden. Perhaps it is the very book which he holds on his knee, as he sits in effigy yonder, with the western sunshine lighting up the dream of the fut-ure in his face. And so, as that little shallop, almost shipwrecked by the storm, struggled under the lee of Clark's Island with its disabled rudder and its broken mast, it bore within itself the destinies of this university; and, rightly and reverently, we look back from the better things which God has provided concerning us, and com-memorate our Forefathers' Day.

The story of the Pilgrims, and still more the story of New England Puritanism, re-produces in many ways the story of ancient Israel. There was the same sacrifice for religious faith: there was the same inti-mate sense of Jehovah's control; there was the same migration to a strange land; the same limitation and exclusiveness of creed. New England was, indeed, practi-cally constructed on the model of the Old Testament. Its laws were Hebraic, and its children were baptized with the names of Barzillai and Ephraim, of Deborah and Mehitabel. But, underlying all these like-nesses of detail, there is the profound analogy which my text describes,—the unconscious and unintended preparation by the Puritans for better things. The Puritan has been called the founder of our civil and religious liberty; and, in a large sense, this is true. Yet the fact is that nothing was farther than this intention from his conscious thought. On the contrary, he meant to found a commonwealth of extreme illiberal-ity. "Democracy," wrote John Cotton in 1636, "I do not conceive that ever God did ordain as a fit government either in church or commonwealth." The Puritan exiled Roger Williams as a disturber of the peace. He dealt with the Quakers under the name of "persistent intruders." No man might be a freeman except as a member of his church. So felt the Hebrews to the de-spised stranger in their midst, and the Puritans simply regarded themselves as an-other peculiar people of God in the midst of the unconverted. And yet, as there was a greater Israel, so there was a greater Puritanism. Within that gnarly shell of stern conformity there was ripening, half unrecog-nized by Puritanism itself, a more genial fruit. All unawares, the lesser Puritanism gave way, and the greater Puritanism emerged. The letter perished, and the spirit had life. The Puritan thought he could have the exclusive domination of a small colony, and his scheme failed; but,

instead of realizing his scheme, he became the spiritual inspiration of a continent. He meant to identify Church and State, and establish an intolerant oligarchy; but again he failed, and within twenty years after Plymouth was settled Church and State began to be separated, and the Puritan became the sponsor of religious liberty. He meant to be loyal to his mother country, but again he failed; and it was his inde-pendent spirit which foreordained the re-public. He meant to be loyal to his mother Church. His first ministers were ordained priests of the Church of England; and, as Higginson sailed for Salem, he is said to have stood at the stern of the ship, and cried: "We will not say, as the Separatists are wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome!' but we will say, 'Farewell, dear England! fare-well, the Church of God in England!' We do not go to New England as separatists from the Church of England, but we go to practise the positive part of church refor-mation." So the Puritan intended; but within that very year he had joined with those same Separatists in their ways of worship, and Gov. Bradford came from Plymouth to give—as the record says—"ap-probation and concurrence" at the ordina-tion of this same Higginson over a church whose only charter was the New Testament, and whose only allies were those same Sep-aratists. Finally, the leaders of Puritanism meant to make of this college a minister-governed institution, and it is quite terrible to consider how nearly Cotton Mather came to being our president; but, with a wisdom which must have been almost instinctive, not a word of such limitation crept into the statutes of the college, and from its begin-ning, and at the hands of a community singularly devoted to their own opinions, the college was dedicated to comprehensiv-ness, liberty, and truth. So, like the peo-ple of Israel, the Puritans builded better than they knew. It was as if some timid band of sailors should plan to cruise along some well-known coast, and as if, in the night, some great current of the ocean should sweep their vessel away through the darkness, and they woke to find themselves the discoverers of a land which was nobler than their own familiar shores, but which they had never meant to reach. So the Puritanism of the letter was swept on by the greater currents of the Puritanism of the spirit, with its conscious purpose in the hands of that greater destiny foretold for it in the great words of its prophet, John Robinson: "If God shall reveal any-thing to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive anything by my ministry; for I am confident that God hath more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word."

We live in a time which finds in this grim and sober past an object, for the most part, of amusement or contempt. There was so much of hardness and sternness in it, so little of playfulness and joy, such a Sabbath view of life, and such a Spartan view of duty, that we rejoice in the era of a softer temper and a kindlier creed. The Pilgrims—as we just now pityingly remem-ber—did not even keep their Christmas Day. Though they well knew all that the season was meaning in the merry England they had left, they shut its festive gratitude out of their hearts; and, as the stern narra-tive says, "Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry, so no man rested all that day." And now, with a more generous and a more Christian joy, the Christmas season holds us all in its embrace; and we leave behind us all this Puritan reaction from Pagan observances, as one who hears the solemn curfew change into the merry chime of Christmas bells. And yet what serious observer of the pres-ent time can fail to hear the message which Puritanism has still to give? Is it not plain that the weakness of our age lies just where the Puritan was strong? Is it not true that, while the Puritan method has finally and happily gone, the special perils of American life to-day lie in the threat-ened disappearance from among us of the Puritan spirit? Look for a moment at this greater Puritanism, the unconscious and unintended bequest of that rugged past to the America of to-day, and consider whether it is an inheritance to be despised or lightly thrown away.

First of all, then, the Puritan stood for simplicity. His habit of life was unosten-tatious, thrifty, democratic, plain. "And

to-day we have come upon a degree of lux-ury in American life, of vulgar ostentation and tasteless extravagance and competitive foolishness, which have tainted our social life with sensualism, and have become the laughing-stock of the civilized world. I do not dwell on the immorality of this degra-dation of prosperity; for its victims are, for the most part, as much beyond moral argument as the victims of any other epi-demic disease. I only point out that for the social restlessness and threatening dis-content which mark the present time this misuse of prosperity is chiefly responsible. What stirs the poor among us to revolution is not chiefly the fact of wealth: it is the misuse of wealth. It is the shamelessness of luxury and the ostentation of self-indul-gence. To see a man begin life poor and end it rich is not necessarily an exasperat-ing spectacle. It may be regarded by any poor man who has energy and force as an encouraging sign. His, too, are the chances of the world; his, too, the rewards of frugality. But, in a time when any serious person must perceive the gravest possibility of social change, and when the masses of the people are realizing to the full their political power, the chief insti-gator of social revolution, and the element much more dangerous to national peace than any petty group of anarchists, is the idle, spendthrift, insolently worldly class. And no lavishness of almsgiving or ran-som for peace can redeem this situation. The hope of our people lies in some degree of restoration of less material standards and ambitions,—the renewal of simplicity as a principle of social life. Even this happy Christmas time, which seems so much better than any joy the Puritan knew, has become to many a weary home so over-burdened with demands, so commercial in its relations, so showy and excessive in its expressions, that one begins to ask whether we are much better than our forefathers, who used their Christmas, "some to rive, and some to carry, so no man rested all that day." Less festive were they in those harsh winters on that sandy shore; but, at least, they have their message to deliver to this restless time of the simplicity that is in Christ.

There is a second aspect of Puritan char-acter which speaks to the life of to-day. The Puritan was, indeed, severe, unbend-ing, and rigorous; but it was chiefly be-cause one great principle of conduct was with him supreme. It was his loyalty to duty. He knew but one law of life,—the law of righteousness. He had but one au-thority,—his conscience. And now in these softer days, with a less sterile nature and a less rugged creed, the reaction from Puritan duty-doing is in full sway. What is the curse that seems to lie on much of the literature of the present time, much of its drama, much of its poetry? It is the substitution of beauty for duty as the source of power. Nothing seems to these artists so prosaic and jarring as the ethical note. Beauty for beauty's sake; truth—even if it be the nakedest truth—for truth's sake,—that is the shibboleth of realism. Rarely

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*Preached in the chapel of Harvard University December 22, 1895 (Forefathers' Day).

enough does literature now take up the martial note of Wordsworth,—

“Stern daughter of the voice of God,
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove.”

Rather is it a time when the lighter instincts of literature, as Wordsworth goes on to say,—

“Upon the genial sense of youth rely,
And joy becomes its own security.”

I heard an educated man, a descendant of the Puritans, quoted not long ago as saying that he objected to the use of the word “earnestness” as introducing a false note into literature. An objection to earnestness,—why, that was just what the Cavaliers and the Churchmen of England felt when they encountered the Puritan spirit, and just what drove the Pilgrims from the fleshpots of their Egypt to the wilderness of New England. And what shall we say of this loyalty to conscience in our political world of to-day, and of that political righteousness which the Puritans, like the Hebrews, believed the only thing which exalted a nation? I do not here propose to discuss the political aspects of the solemn crisis into which this country finds itself abruptly plunged. I do not dwell upon the monstrous discord which breaks upon the Christmas note of peace on earth and good will among men in these inflammatory appeals to spurious patriotism. But it is not the political or the commercial or even the bloody possibilities before us which are most startling and ominous. It is the amazing disclosure of the slight activity of the national conscience, and the evidence of a fickle, passionate, irresponsible light-mindedness, which in a vast number of our citizens seems to have usurped its place. Why are the investors of Europe at this moment abandoning business dealings with us? Simply because they cannot trust us, because, instead of a sober and consistent people, they have suddenly discovered us to be variable, excitable, precipitate. Where is to come the lasting humiliation of this week? It is in being forced to acknowledge that in the American character so much remains of the frontier cow-boy, with his hand on his revolver and his tongue provoking to a fight. To be regarded by the nations of the world as unsafe to deal with, as an unstable, fickle-minded, South American kind of republic,—that is a national humiliation. Into the midst of this national light-mindedness, which talks of the inconceivable horrors of war with next of kin as if it were an international sport, comes to-night the grave, self-searching, sober Puritan. The Puritan was not afraid to fight. As he stands here before us, he has his sword girt on his side and his flint-lock is in his hand. But he is afraid to do wrong. He would not dare to fight for any cause that is unjust or superfluous. He is not a free-booter, looking for a chance for glory: he is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, taking orders for a holy war. His commonwealth rests, not on bluster, but on righteousness; and his legislators are chosen under this counsel of John Robinson: “Whereas you are to become a body political, let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good. And this duty you may the more willingly and conscionably perform because you are to have those only for governors which yourself shall make choice of for that work.” Do not let us mistake the lesson of the present issue. A country like this is not likely to be taken captive by external foes, but we may as well face the evidence that its permanence is not yet beyond the possibility of disaster. One condition of prosperity no nation is strong enough to defy,—the necessity for soberness, consistency, and self-control. Republics quite as strong as this, in comparison with the powers of their own age, have had their day and have ceased to be. The real perils among us are internal,—a soft theory of life, a limp literature, reckless politics, and conscienceless competition. These are foes which no navy is large enough to repel, and no coast defence strong enough to exclude. The stability of the republic rests just where the Pilgrims planted it, on the rock of a national conscience; and the only secure coast defence is along the line of the stern and rock-bound coast of righteousness.

Finally, the Puritan was sustained in his conquest of a wilderness by an ever-

present and intimate sense of the leadership of God. His religion, like that of Israel, was often exclusive, partial, and narrow; but, like that of Israel, it was intense, continuous, and supreme. The principal reason of his great adventure was, as he said, “the great and inward zeal he had of laying some good foundation for the propagating of the kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world.” But, in these more favored days, what has become of that living, simple sense of God which guided daily life among our forefathers, as if by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night? Sometimes one comes out of a frosty night into a genial, firelit room, and his energy slackens as he settles himself into that warmth and peace. Is it not somewhat so that we have come out of the spiritual energy of that frosty past into the genial conditions of the present time? O yes, the Puritan’s faith, like his climate, was harsh; but it was bracing. The Puritan’s God, like his soil, was hard; but, at least, it was a God who made man do his duty when that duty also was hard. The Puritan religion was described some years ago under the title of the “Hard Church”; and it is a great blessing to have emerged from that stern literalism of the lesser Puritanism. But is it not time to face the perils of the “Soft Church,”—the un-vertebrated creed, the molluscos liberalism, which consents to any faith because all faith seems to it unreal? The Soft Church is not promoting free thought, but free thoughtlessness: it stands not for liberty, but for license. It is often very broad, but it is always very thin. Out of the historic past the greater Puritanism recalls us to the stability of character wrought out of responsibility to God. The fear of the Lord is still the beginning of wisdom; and, whatever better things may be prepared for us in these later days, they will slip from our hands, and the nation whose prosperity has been unexampled in the history of the world will forfeit its own mission unless a new degree of soberness and accountability administers its politics and controls its heart.

So, from among the abundant blessings of to-day, we look back to that simple, duty-doing, God-fearing past. There was but one rock in all of Plymouth Bay, and the Pilgrims drew their boat beside it as they possessed the land. We enter more richly into that great possession; but on the rugged boulder of simplicity and duty and faith the feet of those who would hold this heritage must first be set. The Puritan spirit was like one of those bulbs which this country imports, as it did Puritanism, from Holland, in its dull, rough husk, with no perceptible grace or fragrance. Set it, however, in the sun of the later centuries, and that same rough importation blossoms into a flower which would have seemed to the Puritan almost too fair. So the blessings of the present have their root in that sterner past. We do not outgrow the past: we grow out of it. First come the severe virtues of the forefathers; and then, and only then, the softer graces of the modern age. First the lesser Puritanism of form and letter, then the greater Puritanism of spirit and truth. First the primitive college of plain living and high thinking, and then, resting on that precious tradition of simplicity and integrity, the richer learning of the later time. First in a community and in a heart, robust and simple duty-doing, and then the sweeter chimes of the Christmas bells. First the character of those who, not having attained the promise, still died in faith, and then the better things which are prepared for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Sermon Cleanings.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY REV. T. D. HOWARD.

The little child, scorned by the proud or deemed beneath notice, appeals to the common heart. Pitying love prompts to the raising of the fallen one because he is fallen: the strong man is moved to defend the weak because he is weak and sorely beset. Those whose home circle is unbroken bring offerings to comfort mourners, because they are bereaved. Would, indeed, that answers to touching appeals were many times multiplied! but the little child is abroad, and enters with quickening ministration many

hearts. In the community, be it city, village, or hamlet, illustration is at hand of the child-love’s guidance and of beneficent yielding to its sway.

But still wider is its sphere. It is the hope of those whose organized effort is put forth to promote “peace on earth” that the love of which the little child is the symbol will prevail to the permanent blending in the mutuality of friendly intercourse of the nations of the world. There has been adopted by the French government a resolve in the form of a proposition to be presented to the Congress of the United States. A mutual agreement is by this document proposed, that any difficulty arising between the two countries shall be settled not by an appeal to arms, but by arbitration. This proposition is yet to be acted on by Congress. There is, moreover, no immediate prospect of the need of arbitration. But encouragement is found in the pacific advance made,—the first, I think, which has taken this form. It seems like the revival of the friendship which cheered the birth-time of our republic, of which Lafayette was the embodiment, and the effective co-operation of France the full fruition. The promise it holds forth is of the good time coming, when human love shall be ascendant to the silencing of discord, and nations shall learn war no more.

All this grandly inclusive expanse to which the optimistic eye looks with confident hope is but the enlargement of the sphere of the child-love. I need not say where its primal domain is located. It would be but an old story, coeval with the birth of human history, to tell how the welcome little child leads the father and mother. The attempt would be vain to measure the wealth of love that is born into the home. Paul speaks of the families in heaven and on earth each receiving its name from the Father in heaven. It might be said that the precious gift of God received into parental arms brings the celestial atmosphere into the earthly abode. But its radiation is speedy into sympathetic hearts. The aged Simeon, when he took the child Jesus into his arms, blessed God for the fulfilment of long-cherished expectations. Peaceful hope has been shed abroad in many a spirit whose earthly ties were loosening by the birth of expectant hope.

If hope is encouraged, purity is by the infantine appeal winsomely enjoined. I have read a story of an infant born amid strange surroundings. It was in one of the rude cabins which, with its neighbors, constituted a mining camp. In due time the miners assembled, and the baby was held high before them. There was no noisy demonstration; but there is traced by the writer the thoughts to which in the silence the little child led the men,—thoughts of home long ago left behind, chastened memories which lay in their hearts as a rebuke, and, best of all, love which flowed through channels which had been dry toward the object that typified helpless dependence.

The mother and child! In art this tender relation is idealized, and the affection it shadows forth is sanctified. The mother is the Madonna,—the one among women whom this title of dignity most adequately befits. In the paintings seen in the picture galleries of Europe the Madonna and Child are the oft-repeated subject. The attitude of tenderness in which the mother is represented is the choice of each artist, but the persons are always the same. A not unusual variation is that of the child John standing at the side of the infant Jesus, and holding in his sight a reed cross, as if in reminding prediction. With this exception, only the two figures usually appear. It would seem as if such sameness would become tedious. It has not been found so. Those whose taste is cultivated by viewing the paintings of the old masters seek each new Madonna with fresh interest.

Now the majority of foreign tourists who frequent the picture galleries are Protestant; while this subject, as treated, reflects the doctrines and sentiments of the Roman Catholic Church: the Child is glorified and Mary adored as the Mother of God. But dogmas are lost sight of in the presence of the beauty that glows from the canvas. A rich significance invests the picture of the mother and child,—a profound meaning which rests on the deepest sentiments of the heart. Love is its breathing,—love flowing spontaneously from the mother heart, and returned by the wistful look of the child.

If there is instruction to be drawn from the scene, it comes not to the intellect in the form of a system of theology, but, rather, as the unfolding of the naturalness of religion to the human heart. Each loving mother and trustful child freshly symbolizes the human relationship to the divine. The love, at first only instinctive and without the power of expression in words, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. The advance, ideal and replete with beauty, is made concrete in the hymn which traces the growth in grace along with the flower’s expanding, and sings of the infant heart, with influence sweet, “upward drawn to God.”

A few salient touches in the most realistic of the Gospels are made to suffice for the early biography of Jesus. The first describes the scene in the temple at what we should term the christening, when Simeon pronounced his farewell benediction. Again, when the boy was to enter on the period of youth, we see him at the temple, under parental guidance, for sacrificial dedication. Hand in hand with nature still was the spiritual development. And then, for the term of domestic life, there is given a bald summary. But, even in its brevity, the harmonious union of nature and grace has further portrayal: the obligations of the obedient son are conjoined with reverent listening to the voice within his soul: “He came to Nazareth with his parents, and was subject unto them”; and “Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men.” May we not say that the life-story was so told that it might be in touch at vital points with our lives, its initiation being in the love that beams from the childhood of Jesus?

UNION OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

One of the most important features of the Conference at Washington was the agitation with regard to a combination of young people’s societies. Also, beyond that, the creation of new ones in which the chief motive should be of a religious nature. Two or three public meetings were held where expression was given as to details. To the main purpose no one seemed to have any opposition. The chief discussion arose as to a title and what it implied. Some were opposed to any name which would keep out individuals not desiring affiliation with distinct Unitarian movements. Certain tentative plans were offered, in order to concentrate matters and economize time. It was finally voted at a public meeting in Metzerott Hall that the general committee should act upon the suggestions read, with full powers, the chief duty of the said committee being to present an appeal to the churches, with the view of having a final settlement on Anniversary Week in Boston.

This committee, into whose hands the matter was placed, consisted of the presidents of the Unity Clubs, Guilds, Unitarian Sunday School Society, Western Sunday School Society, Unitarian Temperance Society and two or three others, representing the East and West in many respects. This committee was considered satisfactory in its elements, and had held a good many previous meetings in Boston to talk over the whole subject. The members were therefore deemed especially qualified to mature some proposition for the consideration of the churches.

Accordingly, this committee, acting upon the vote authorizing them to proceed, and keeping in view the different expressions at the public meetings, met, and subdivided their work. It was first determined that as a provisional name the title “Unitarian

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Union of Young People's Religious Societies" should be used on the circulars. It was necessary that there should be some heading and identity even in the preparatory stages, which could be set aside, if necessary, on Anniversary Week. This movement is the outcome of a wide desire. All earnest workers in our Unitarian churches seem anxious to bring this union about. If there are any differences, they are over titles or minor matters. Rev. Thomas Van Ness is chairman of the general committee, and also chairman of the sub-committee to prepare a constitution and form for the national organization. He will also take in hand the general correspondence. There is another sub-committee of the general one, selected to assist the churches in their local work of organizing or reconstructing. This last sub-committee, in obedience to its instructions, has prepared a circular which has been sent to every minister in the denomination. We give it below. It is earnestly hoped that this appeal will be attended to rapidly and widely. Already reports have been sent in of movements in this direction. It will be noticed that accompanying the circular were certain suggestions as to different methods of forming new societies. These "suggestions" will be sent by mail to any one applying to Mr. Horton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, chairman of the sub-committee.

UNITARIAN UNION OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

At the Conference in Washington, in October, several meetings were held to consider the creation of an organization which should include all the young people's societies now existing, and also encourage the establishment of new ones. As a provisional name, the title "Unitarian Union of Young People's Religious Societies" was accepted. A final choice of name will be made when matters are more matured. The time is certainly at hand when the question is pressed home upon our denomination, "What shall we do with our young people?" Good work has been done by the Guilds, Unity Clubs, Fraternities, Lend a Hand Clubs, and similar movements. There is lacking, however, a common ground of action and a general spirit of enthusiasm. Our forces are scattered. Our results are not in proportion to the size of our efforts.

Believing that it is possible to make a great improvement in this condition of things, a committee was chosen at Washington to send out an appeal to the churches of our denomination. We submit to you the necessity of acting in this direction. First, if there is no young people's organization in your church, will you not take steps at once to organize one? Second, if something already exists, will you not indicate your willingness to join this larger organization which we now propose.

With regard to the first suggestion the aim should be to make religion the leading consideration. The society should be avowedly a religious society for the young, with some simple order of opening and closing the services, though the objects considered at the meetings may be purely literary or scientific or philanthropic. The purpose is not so much to talk about religion as to gather in the name and spirit of religion for mutual interchange of thoughts and feelings on such topics as touch the life of the young. Everything should converge on the double purpose of maturing character and strengthening the church. As to the second suggestion, there will be no need of abolishing the names and characteristics of the organizations already existing. If you have some young people's society bearing a name which you wish to preserve, keep it. Simply indicate your willingness to join the national body. You will then be the "_____ of the Unitarian Union of Young People's Religious Societies."

A statement is to be made on Anniversary Week in Boston from a committee appointed by the Guilds and Unity Clubs. It is desirable that the committee appointed at Washington and indorsed by the National Conferences should have something to report before that time. Action cannot be taken on Anniversary Week unless sufficient returns have been made to show what is desired on the part of our churches.

In conclusion, we beg leave to say that, in our judgment, this is one of the most important movements which our denomination has seen. If the opportunity is improved, we shall gain greatly in church life and denominational vigor. We can in this way keep our young people, gain others, train them all in the belief and traditions of our own faith, and in manifold ways increase the strength, numbers, and extension of our cause.

Accompanying this circular are some

hints as to the best methods of forming new societies.

EDWARD A. HORTON,
GEORGE W. STONE,
ALLEN W. GOULD,
Sub-Committee.

Now is the time for action. The desires and needs of our churches with regard to the young people ought to take helpful and permanent form. This can be done with perfect adjustment of part to part, and with the preservation of freedom in the different churches. Let it be remembered that, so far as the details of this organization are concerned, they are open for full and free consideration at the meeting on Anniversary Week in Boston. Meanwhile, on the essentials, let every one go forward.

Literature.

DR. REYNOLDS'S BOOK.*

It was Dr. Reynolds's desire and intention to make such a collection of his historical papers as we have here, and the filial piety which has done for him what he could not do for himself deserves and will receive the gratitude of many friends who prized his living strength and would fain do what they can to keep his memory green. Posthumous publication is too frequently a painful comment on the ability of the deceased, for any one to enter on it rashly or unadvisedly. Mrs. Keyes has not done so. To what extent her father's own judgment guided her she does not say; but, certainly, she has not erred upon the side of a too liberal inclusion. In a brief introduction Hon. George F. Hoar expresses the opinion that his taste and capacity for historical investigation, together with his admirable style, "would have enabled him to gain great distinction in that department of literature if he could have devoted his life to it." This estimate is well advised. It is impossible to read the four papers on different subjects of American history without feeling very sure that it does not exceed the truth. They have the qualities of patience, fairness, and lucidity to an eminent degree. There is the general view, without which history becomes a mass of wearisome details. Moreover, it is a general view developed from the facts in hand, and not a foregone conclusion subordinating them to its eager stress. It will be nothing strange if many, reading these papers and afterward the sermons which conclude the volume, find themselves wondering if the work of his vocation was not inferior to that of his avocation in its general effectiveness. If he had given himself up entirely to history, he would have been one of the readable historians, not one of the Dryasdusts who can commend themselves only to a narrow circle to whom the dullest books are by that sign the best. If Judge Hoar had not followed Dr. Reynolds so soon "into the silent land," the task his brother has discharged so pleasantly would probably have fallen to him; and in that case the shading of some things would have been a little different. Dr. Reynolds's Unitarianism was somewhat less traditional than we should gather from Senator Hoar's expressions. It was never stationary, and its detachment from the supernaturalist theory of Christianity was complete before his death. If "scepticism was not congenial to him," neither was it a stranger to his mind, nor his faith such as had not looked it fairly in the face. He held no opinion as a dogma, but every opinion as a rational achievement. And, if "he cared little for discussing questions about which Christians differ," he cared very much to make his own meaning plain, and to distinguish his beliefs as differing widely from those of the orthodox majority. A "mush of concession" was as little to his taste as to any man's that could be named.

Senator Hoar has recently put himself on record as caring more for his antiquarian society than for anything else; and, therefore, his appreciation of Dr. Reynolds's enthusiasm for the history and antiquities of Concord is only what we should expect. His identification of himself with the local sentiment and tradition was as vivid and complete as that of any one to the manner born. Senator Hoar's judgment that "he probably knew more about the town than

*A COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL AND OTHER PAPERS. By Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D. To which are added seven of his sermons. Published by the Editor, Concord, Mass.

any other person" is a remarkable testimony, if it is not excessive, when we consider what well-informed persons it brings into comparison with him.

There are five papers in this volume that have Concord for their theme in one aspect or another of its important history. They are of much more than local interest. There are two on the history of the First Parish in Concord, which will be serviceable memoirs for those who are studying the religious life of New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "The Story of a Concord Farm and its Owners" is, we trust, uncommon in its exhibition of the instability of ownership. For the hard facts of the Concord fight, "touched with emotion," the chapter on that great event is probably unique; but even more interesting, because dealing with an obscure passage in our history, is the paper on "Concord during the Shays Rebellion." Of the more general historical papers, that on "King Philip's War" contends that it was much less deliberately planned than we have generally conceived. That entitled "From Ticonderoga to Saratoga" brings out the fact that "the campaigns of 1775, 1776, and 1777, found the Canadas disposed to rebel, and left them glad to be loyal," and shows why it was so.

Six "Miscellaneous Papers" are given, the most entertaining of which is "Saints who have had Bodies." This was, I think, originally a counterblast to some depreciation of the physical health of men given up to intellectual pursuits. "The Memoir of Grindall Reynolds, Sr.," is all the more interesting because of the light it throws on Dr. Reynolds's antecedents. If my arithmetic does not miscarry, the lives of father and son covered one hundred and thirty-nine years,—1755-1894,—a period of remarkable length for two generations. The father was sixty-seven when the son was born. "Our Bedouins: What can we Do with them?" demands justice for the Indians without even verging on a sentimental misinterpretation of the facts.

Of the seven sermons that have been selected, four or five were probably taken in deference to a tradition of their effectiveness, which is easily understood, especially when we put the man behind the words. One might go far and long, and not find a better statement of our Unitarian development than in "The Sermon at Baltimore, Oct. 29, 1893," or a more impressive statement of "The Power of Jesus' Life" than that which brings the handsome volume to an end.

J. W. C.

DOROTHY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who thought, when "The Front Yard" was published a few months ago, that it was the last precious legacy we should receive from Miss Woolson's spiritual estate, will be much pleased to get the present volume from her publishers, and all the more because only one of the stories has been published heretofore,—"A Florentine Experiment." The others now appear for the first time; and they have not only the advantage of greater freshness as compared with those of the last volume, but also that of dealing more largely with American situations, where the genius of Miss Woolson was most at home, and of being of a more cheerful strain than that. Regret as we may the withdrawal of a gift so fine, we have every reason to be grateful that it was exercised so long and with so much sincerity.

THAT DOME OF AIR: THOUGHTS ON POETRY AND THE POETS. By John Vance Cheney. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Mr. Cheney might just as appropriately have named his book by another phrase in the same with "that dome of air." He might have called it "That Sunny Dome," for it is a very sunny book. The plea in his first chapter for making religion a matter of poetry rather than a matter of science or theology is well worth considering. Then follow chapters on Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and others, all admirably conceived, with much excellent criticism and a cento of liberal quotations that give the book much additional value, especially as they refresh one's memory of many precious things. On the whole, this is a delightful book for those who love the poets. For others it has no message.

ESSIE: A ROMANCE IN RHYME. By Laura Dayton Fessenden. Illustrated by J. H. Vanderpoel. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Reduced to prose, this novelette would not be much; and the additional attraction of imperfect rhyme is not such as to recommend it to the reader of good taste and feeling. The mechanism of the verse is sadly out of joint, and "Daisy Miller" is nowhere in comparison with this American girl abroad for rattling slanginess. There is certainly some brightness in the progress of the adventurous maid; but those who are most likely to read it are those whom it is least likely to profit. The *Times* announcement of the wedding caps the climax of the pervasive unreality.

BROKEN NOTES FROM A GRAY NUNNERY. By July Sherman Hallock. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street.—The title of this book, taken literally, would be misleading; for it is no voice from the convent, but comes from a woman who, with a companion, spent



Blasé Billy

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The first of six short "Stories of the Town" by Mr. Jerome, is in the January issue of

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a year in an old country home. The notes, instead of having the air of the cloister, are full of real life. The writer has the eye to see, the heart to feel, and the mind to interpret the scenes in which she lives. The book is also illustrated by many half-tone vignettes scattered through its pages.

NYMPHS, NIXIES, AND NAIADS: LEGENDS OF THE RHINE. By M. A. B. Evans. With Illustrations by W. A. McCullough. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The alliterative title of Mr. Evans's book is a warning on the threshold not to expect much in the house, and there is no happy disappointment. The handling of the old legends is not felicitous, and the quality of the verse is very bad indeed. The illustrations, however, are extremely good; and the book is so pretty that one cannot but regret that the poetry is not equal to its several accessories.

TWO COLLEGE BOYS. By Rev. Edward A. Rand. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents.—A college story without the real flavor of student life will not appeal to the average boy, nor do the glimpses of a camp in the White Mountains atone for its lack. We are told that the good boy of the story is attractive, but we are not greatly impressed by his personality. The bad boy is uninteresting, but is early disposed of. The pleasantest feature of the book is the friendship between Robert Merry and his father.

HEART OF OAK BOOKS. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.—We have seen no books for children more satisfactory in scope and achievement than these six volumes, which furnish in themselves a library of the best literature for young people. Even the rhymes and jingles show careful selection, and the more advanced books are directly adapted to encourage a love for good reading and assist in the cultivation of taste and imagination. The books are substantially bound in dark red linen.

THE BOY SOLDIERS OF 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street.—This volume is one of the "War of 1812 Series," and the story is told with spirit and is true to the facts. It deals with a period when the patriotism of the people blazed out with great intensity, and led to many acts of personal courage and heroism.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Washington Irving. Edited by W. L. Phelps. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This "Student's Edition" is quite as well adapted for use in homes as in schools. The large print, copious notes, and carefully prepared introduction make this edition of the ever-charming collection of sketches just the thing for the family. Price \$1.

THE WATCH FIRES OF '76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street.—The incidents and deeds of the early heroes of the war for independence are told in this volume with that liveliness of style and accuracy of detail which mark the writings of the author.

Recent Poetry.

"Fact and Fancy: Humorous Poems," by Cupid Jones, is a large and handsome volume, the contents of which do not go far to justify its beautiful appearance. "Cupid Jones" is the pseudonym of Mr. F. H. Saltus, whose picture fronting the title-page is that of a pretty girl with a mustache. It must have been taken some years ago, for Mr. Saltus was born in 1849. His wit is such that, if it could have been married with a good heart and good taste,—a polygamous arrangement against which in this order of existence there is no law,—the children born to it might have been most presentable. As it is, they are ill-mannered, mordant, and in subject and treatment often in bad, sometimes in execrable, taste. We cannot help wondering that a volume of moral coinage so debased and counterfeit should have been put in circulation by so reputable a house as that of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miscellaneous.

In the series of "Eclectic School Readings," published by the American Book Company, are two new readers for the first and second grade respectively,—the one containing short stories, well adapted for interesting the little beginners, the other given up to fairy-stories, many of them already familiar, and none the worse on that account.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* opens so freely and lies so flat on the table that its bulk will be less of an obstacle in the way of enjoying it than one would think at first. It contains a variety of serials, short stories, anecdotes, instructive articles, athletic advice and informa-

tion, and other matter of interest to young people, with whom this magazine has long been a favorite.

Two small but choice volumes of selections from the poetry of Alfred Tennyson appear as "Locksley Hall, and Other Poems," and "A Dream of Fair Women, and Other Poems," published by Macmillan & Co., and sold for forty-five cents each. These pocket editions are invariably popular, offering, as they do, something one is really glad to own at a small price.

Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is published as a quadruple number of the "Riverside Literature Series," and ought to receive honored place in the libraries of all our boys and girls. It is supplied with biographical sketch and notes, which fits it especially for the use of students, though this is one of the books which need no promotion to the list of college admission requirements to bring it to notice. The brown linen covers of this series are especially serviceable and attractive.

Every one who knows German literature at all has heard of Von Scheffel's "Eckehard," which has passed through one hundred and thirty-eight editions in the original. The present translation, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., is practically made over by Nathan Haskell Dole, and has been enriched by the notes of the recent German edition and by a series of illustrations by German artists. In its gilt-embellished covers the two volumes have rather a foreign appearance. The price is \$2.

The best to-day is not too good for the children. Once it was supposed that anybody could teach a child: now we find that it requires not only a special genius, but the most thorough study and preparation. Froebel was the prophet of the new dispensation; and to-day he has a large number of disciples, and among them are Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, who are preparing three volumes entitled "The Republic of Childhood." They are the outcomes of talks and conferences on Froebel's educational principles for the last fifteen years. They are a combination of theoretical principles with practical experiences. The first volume has just been issued by Messrs Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled "Froebel's Gifts." The book will be cordially welcomed by kindergartners.

The Magazines.

The two handsome volumes which appear as *Scribner's Magazine* in bound form please the eye and taste of the book-lover as much as they tempt his closer acquaintance with the contents. There are many articles between these covers which are well worth rereading, even by those who have followed the magazine through the year.

The American Health Club is to have a new means of expressing its principles by the magazine recently started under the editorial management of T. A. Bland and M. Cora Bland. It aims to be a magazine of practical information for the people. The first number contains a talk on "How to cure Dyspepsia," hints on the value of deep breathing, the relative value of foods, and other matters of interest.

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* continues to prove itself a necessity for those who wish to keep fairly in touch with the university life. It reprints in this number the much quoted words spoken at the last Commencement dinner of the Alumni by George A. Gordon, and also the address of last Memorial Day delivered by Judge Holmes. I. N. Hollis contributes a study of the Lawrence Scientific School, Barrett Wendell continues the series of articles on historical portraits in the college collection, with a description of Nicholas Boylston and his successors in the professorship that bears his name, and Prof. Hart explains "Harvard's Athletic Policy." There are the usual departments and interesting class news.

Literary Notes.

Rev. William Bayard Hale has written a suggestive paper for the January *Forum*, entitled "A Study of Church Entertainments."

J. M. Barrie was four years writing the serial "Sentimental Tommy," which is begun in the January *Scribner*. The scene of the tale moves from the East End of London to Thrums.

The *Outlook* is to issue monthly a magazine number. This for December contains an interesting autobiographical article by Edward Everett Hale, which is supplemented by several pictures. Ian Maclaren contributes a Drumtochty story, and there are other features which are valuable in themselves and suggestive of more good things to come.

St. Nicholas Magazine recently offered prizes for the best corrections of a misspelled poem. More than ten thousand answers were received; and the committee has been overwhelmed with work, the results of which and the names of the prize-winners will appear in the January *St. Nicholas*. Answers came from all over the

world,—from Turkey, from Egypt, and from Europe, from a little countess in Vienna, and from the grandchildren of Emerson and Hawthorne in America. The committee reluctantly make the admission that the penmanship of the English and Canadian children excels that of Uncle Sam's boys and girls.

France, Scotland, England, Japan, and the United States are represented by the writers of the five articles in the January number of the *International Journal of Ethics*. The main articles are: "The Hegemony of Science and Philosophy," Alfred Fouillée, Institute of France; "Social Evolution," D. G. Ritchie, University of St. Andrews, Scotland; "The Ethical Life and Conceptions of the Japanese," Tokiwo Yokoi, Tokyo, Japan; "The Social Question in the Catholic Congress," John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.; "National Prejudices," John Code Bayly, London. The article by Prof. William James in the October number (Vol. VI., No. 1) on "Is Life Worth Living?" is discussed by Thomas Davidson and Prof. J. Arthur Thomson.

Books Received.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. 80 cents. Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 80 cents. From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The Heart of Oak Books. Edited by Charles Elliot Norton. Six books. From the Boston Book Company, Boston, Mass. Commentaries of the Constitution of the United States. Historical and Juridical. By Roger Foster, of the New York Bar. Vol. I. From Ginn & Co., Boston. Studies in the Science of Drawing in Art. By Aimée Osborne Moore. From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. By Thomas Jay Hudson. \$1.50. From the Sigma Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill. In Story-land. By Elizabeth Harrison, Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College. From the Student Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn. The Stars of God. By E. Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D. From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Scribner's Magazine. Two volumes, January-June and July-December, 1895. From Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Toxin. A Story of Venice. By Ouida. Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis. From Macmillan & Co., New York. The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Locksley Hall, and Other Poems. The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Dream of Fair Women, and Other Poems.

Music Received.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. There is Rest. Duet for Soprano and Alto or Tenor and Alto. By Augusto Rotoli. Veni Creator. Sacred Song. For Baritone in G. By Alois Bartschmidt. A Lamb of God. Sacred Song. For Alto or Baritone in D-flat. By Th. Brackley. There is an Hour of Hallowed Peace. Sacred Song for Alto or Baritone in E-flat. By C. Cheney. Sparkling Eyes of Blue. Song with Waltz Chorus. By J. W. Wheeler. Words by Winnifred B. Vickerson. Only a Little Dearly Dirl. Words and music by Addison F. Andrews. McNally's Family Band. Song and chorus. Written and composed by Miles F. Jordan. If you love me, tell me so. Song and Waltz Refrain. Music by Eduard Holst. Words by Alfred Hoover.

Gift Books.

Baltimore American.—There is a tranquil, strengthening, uplifting power in these little books that makes one cherish for them, when they have been enjoyed and laid aside, the warm, grateful sentiment with which we treasure dear friends.

"As Natural as Life."

Studies of the Inner Kingdom. By Charles G. Ames, Minister of the Church of the Disciples, Boston. 109 pages. "One of the most satisfying treatises we have ever read. The little volume is a spiritual poem, expressed in a human form called prose; but the beauty of its truth has root in the Infinite. It will prove a keen delight to the appreciative thinker."—*Boston Ideas*.

In Love with Love.

Four Life-Studies. By James H. West, author of "The Complete Life," "Uplifts of Heart and Will," "Poems," etc. 109 pages. "There is something singularly fresh and strong in Mr. West's way of putting things. Any one of these studies read at night would sweeten a man's slumber, and waken him in the morning to some better sense of his great opportunity."—*John W. Chadwick, in the Christian Register*.

A Child of Nature.

Studies of the Outward as related to the Inward Life. By Marion D. Shutter, D.D., author of "Wit and Humor of the Bible," "Justice and Mercy," etc. 111 pages. "Rev. Marion D. Shutter is well known as an essayist and thinker of exceptional ability. This little volume ought to be in the hands of every parent and teacher, as Dr. Shutter has grasped in a notable way the soul of the new educational methods, and in these five chapters he employs them in a most striking manner."—*The Arena*.

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The Home.

ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over!

—Exchange.

For the Christian Register.

PRINCE BLADUD.

STORY OF A LONG-AGO CHRISTMAS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"Come, uncle, won't you tell me a story?" asked little Guy Leavitt one evening just before Christmas.

Uncle Paul laid down his *Scientific American* with a sigh, and, taking off his spectacles, looked at his nephew benevolently.

"Well, what shall I tell you about?" he kindly asked.

"Oh, anything: only I want it to be true, and there must be a real, live prince in it," said Guy.

"I would not tell him another story, Uncle Paul," interposed his sister Edna. "He has been hid away all day, reading the story of 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"I thought you said, Guy, that you were going to study your history more and read less of fiction," observed Uncle Paul.

"But it is so tedious, uncle; and I can't find just what I wish to. I had much rather listen to you."

"Oh, what teases boys are!" cried Edna. "I should think Uncle Paul would get tired of you." Saying which, she swept out of the sitting-room, humming the gay air of a waltz she had recently heard.

"Don't mind anything about her, Guy," said Uncle Paul, as he marked the boy's reddening cheeks, "and I will tell you a Christmas story."

"A Christmas story!" echoed Guy, disappointedly. "I don't believe I shall like that. There's a lot of them in my new magazine, but I haven't read one of them. They are all about old apple-women or birds getting lost in the snow,—just right for girls."

"Nevertheless, I shall tell you a Christmas story; and there will be a prince in it, too," continued Uncle Paul, quietly. "And now, first of all, you must know that the twenty-fifth day of December was celebrated as a holiday long before Christ was born. Our British forefathers, when they were heathen, honored the day much after the same fashion as we do now. They called it 'yule-tide' in those days, after one of their false gods; and the oak, the pine, and the mistletoe were sacred to it. Finally, when they were converted to Christianity, they showed their respect for the old religion by attaching many of its rites and ceremonies to the new, so that really the Christmas that we honor with such festivities to-day is as much an ancient heathen memorial as it is a Christian one. Still, none of us have in our minds any thought of the fierce, bloody gods of our far-distant ancestors when we eat our annual Christmas goose or put our presents on the evergreen for you and Edna."

"The story I have in mind, however, goes back beyond the time when England was Christianized. It was in pagan Britain, three hundred years before the Saviour was born. Very different was the country then from the England of to-day. The great city of London, with its vast population, its culture, its wealth, was then unbuilt. No great fleets came sailing up the Thames. No church bells rang in the valleys; no castles towered on the hills. For those were years long before the flash of Roman spears or the sound of Saxon horns were seen or heard in the green, beautiful isle of the Northern Sea. Magnificent forests clothed the land, among which lived half-barbarous tribes, who subsisted by hunting and cultivating the ground in their rude way."

"The king of one of these tribes was Lud Hurdebras. His queen was named Nowa. Their only child was Prince Bladud; and at the time we speak of he was about fourteen years old, a manly little fellow for his age. His bold step, his air of dignity, marked him noble by birth,—the son of a warlike chief."

"Unfortunately, however, young Bladud was attacked by that loathsome disease called the leprosy. This malady is very common among uncivilized peoples; and, as it was infectious and considered incurable, whoever was afflicted with it was compelled to leave the habitations of men and wander into the forests and deserts, to take care of himself as best he might. Nor were princes excepted in this rigorous treatment; and so, when it became known that Bladud was a leper, the chiefs and elders of the kingdom decided that he must leave the royal city and go forth a wanderer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Guy, with a little shudder: "that was cruel!"

"No doubt the little prince thought as you do, but he had to submit. King Hurdebras and his mother were loath to part with their child of whom they had been so proud. The queen, Nowa, slipped a ring into his hand, telling him to wear it for her sake, and, if ever he was cured of his leprosy, to bring it back to her; for by that token she should know him, though years should change him to a man, since there was no other ring like it. With this ring in his bosom, and still wearing the garments brightly stained with figures, which denoted his royal birth, the unlucky young prince left the palace to wander out into the world alone."

"It was in the spring-time of the year, when Nature wore her loveliest hues, that Prince Bladud, his eyes full of tears, set out on his hopeless journey. He travelled many weary days before he met with any one who showed him compassion. At last, nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue, his painted garments travel-stained and worn, he reached the hut of a peasant, who took pity on the royal youth, without, however, being conscious of the rank of his visitor. With this man he secured a situation as a swineherd, an employment the meanest and humblest in the rude society of that day."

"Bladud, metamorphosed into a swineherd, did not much resemble the princely youth who had been petted by the chieftains in the royal palace of Lud Hurdebras. For the royal robes, dyed after the fashion of the Britons to show his station, were substituted undressed sheepskins from which the wool had been shorn. His bed was a couch of rushes. His food was of the coarsest kind, consisting of black, unleavened cakes and roasted nuts and acorns; and he was obliged to be in the fields all day with his porcine charge. Still, with all these hardships and discomforts, he found that he enjoyed life better than when he had lived in a palace; and, indeed he would have been quite happy, could he have seen his father and mother now and then."

"He was troubled, however, with one anxiety. He noticed that several of his master's pigs were infected with his disease; and this, he feared, would draw upon him the displeasure of the old peasant. But, fortunately, leprosy and its contagious nature were unknown among the simple people of that remote section. Besides, the old man was nearly blind, and, convinced of the faithfulness of his servant, left the swine entirely to his management. Bladud's misfortune was, therefore, undetected; yet he sincerely lamented being the innocent cause of bringing the sore disease upon his master's property."

"Bladud often led his grunting charge a week's journey from the hut he called his home; and, as the season grew late, he went deeper and deeper into the forests. One day he saw the bright waters of the river Avon sparkling before him in the glow of the morning sun. On the opposite banks grew noble oaks, and the red acorns covered the ground,—an ample feast for his herd of swine. He crossed the stream at a shallow spot, which to-day, in memory thereof, is still called 'Swinford,' or 'Swine's Ford.' But what was his surprise, on arriving at the further bank, to see his charge scamper away, as though seized by a sudden frenzy. Upon following them, he found they were wallowing in a low swamp, where there were some springs of water which oozed out of the boggy land. All his efforts to drive them from the bog were unavailing; and, after a while, the youth, naturally thoughtful and observant, began to think there must be good reason for their action, and determined to watch the cause and effect."

"I guess it was witches' work," said Guy, considerably interested.

"You must discard such ideas, Guy,"

replied his uncle, with a grave smile. "There never was a witch like those you read of in fairy stories. It was a natural instinct that guided the swine; for, unknown to Bladud, this spot was remarkable for its natural peculiarities, being nothing less than those medicinal springs of Bath, whose properties are beneficial for certain diseases to the present day. He soon noticed, however, that the diseased swine were improving in their appearance; and, after a week or two, he saw that all the leprosy signs had left them."

"Who can imagine Bladud's feelings when the thought presented itself that he, too, could be cured by similar treatment? In his fond hopes he was not disappointed. He took daily baths in the bubbling springs, and had the satisfaction at last of perceiving by the clear mirror of the stream that his skin, once blotched, was now smooth and ruddy again with health."

"All the boy's thoughts were now of home. Pressing the agate ring, his mother's gift, to his bosom, he guided his herd homeward. To his master he told his story,—how he had been driven from a palace to take shelter in the wilderness on account of his leprosy, and how that now he was cured."

"And who art thou?" asked the wondering old man.

"I am Bladud, the son of thy king," answered the youth. "Go with me to the court of Lud Hurdebras, and thou shalt be well rewarded for thy kindness to a prince."

"It was the time of the great festival of Yule, and they found all the court celebrating the occasion. The king's palace, which was a very rude affair compared even with our poorest comfortable modern dwellings, was everywhere decorated with the sacred mistletoe. The minstrels were singing songs. The Druid priests, in their long white robes, were offering sacrifice; and Bladud saw his father and mother standing at a long table spread with bounteous cheer, while a crowd stood about them. Watching his chance, the prince stole slyly up and dropped his ring into the queen's goblet, unperceived. He knew that she would recognize the ring, though she would not know him, clad as he was in his rough swineherd's clothes. She did recognize the ring, and then Bladud knelt at her feet. Sunburned and weather-beaten, taller than when he had left her, and wearing the indigent garb of a laborer, she did not know him at first; but, when he spoke, she clasped him to her breast, exclaiming, 'My son! my son!'"

"It was not long before the king and the whole court knew that Bladud had returned, and was cured of his leprosy. There was rejoicing that night such as was seldom witnessed in the royal palace. Oxen and swine were slaughtered, the harpers sounded their loudest strains, and there was dancing and revelling till a late hour. It was the happiest Yule-tide in all King Hurdebras's life."

"O uncle, you haven't finished, have you?" cried Guy, regretfully. "I am not the least bit tired yet."

"There is not much more to tell you," concluded Uncle Paul. "Prince Bladud lived to succeed his father, and he reigned prosperously for many years. He founded a city near the springs whose healing waters had restored him to health, and a kingdom; and in many other beneficent ways he civilized his country. When you grow older, you can read a very fine tragedy by the great poet, Shakspeare, called 'King Lear,' which character you will perhaps be glad to know was the son of our Prince Bladud."

For the Christian Register.

THAT BLESSED OLD OAT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"It's my belief that woman's in want, or next door to it."

"You don't say!"

Mrs. Marshall, Miss Pringle's next-door neighbor, who had dropped in for a friendly chat, gazed with interest at the pretty cottage across the way.

"Yes, I do." The genial old maid drew down the corners of her mouth into an expression as severe as it was possible for her face to put on. "And all because of the hatefulness of that Wright family."

"Now, Barbara!"

"It's so. Don't I know the Wrights as

well as I know myself? They never forgave it to her that she married Archibald, she having no money of her own."

"She was plenty good enough for him."

"Too good, to my mind, altogether. Although I don't mean to criticise Archie, poor fellow, now that he's in his grave. He and I were always good friends; and I'd feel a drawing to help his family, even if I didn't feel it for her sake, which I do. And now I'm just as sure as I'm sure I live that she don't know where to look for the next dollar."

"Don't they know it,—the Wrights?"

"They won't know it. They shut their eyes to it. It's my belief they're letting things drag along on purpose,—not settling up the will when they might. Now there,"—Miss Barbara opened her purse and showed a bill,—"there's fifty dollars that I've carried over with me time and again, hoping and watching for some chance of offering it to Mrs. Wright, just for a present accommodation, I'd put it. But, bless your heart, I don't dare. With all her mildness and her dainty prettiness, she's as proud as Lucifer, and as firm as a rock when you get right down to it."

"The Wrights are fond of the children, aren't they?"

"In a way. Send them fiddle-faddle presents, when they don't know whether the poor lambs have enough good food." Miss Barbara sniffed with energy.

"Oh, but they know she wouldn't let them get to that."

"I suppose not," agreed Miss Barbara, with a thread of doubt in her tone.

"And Christmas 'most here," went on Mrs. Marshall, with a voice of distress and a face of dismay.

"Yes," Miss Barbara solemnly chimed in. "And there are people just hard enough to let the blessed Lord's birthday pass without caring to make it a time of happiness to the widow and the orphan. Two years since he died."

"Can't she urge them to a settlement?"

"She won't. She's too proud. And his affairs were so mixed up with theirs I suppose they can do as they please about it."

"Some time in autumn." "By the holidays." Now it was, "Early in the year," in answer to Mrs. Wright's modest requests that some provision for the needs of her children should be made out of their father's estate.

"It won't come in time for Christmas, Felix," she said, folding up the letter, after showing it to her eldest boy. "What are we going to do about it?"

"What are we, mamma?"

The boy turned a pair of sober eyes upon her, not at all in the appealing inquiry of a child, but with the look of one accustomed to share in deliberation on all serious questions.

The twelve-year-old boy had already grown to be his mother's sympathizing counsellor. Far earlier than this in his life his childish observation had recognized the light regard in which his mother, worshipped by him in all the fulness of boyish enthusiasm, was held by her husband's relatives. He resented it loyally, and warmly

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shared the feeling which led her to avoid any direct appeal for an advance of money to tide over present difficulties. Only Felix shared her knowledge of how pressing were their needs.

"I suppose we might urge the matter a little on your Uncle Marcus."

"I wouldn't," said Felix, bristling. "I'd starve first, mamma."

"We won't go so far as that, dear," she said, smiling. "But there won't be much Christmas for us, you know,—no fine dinner and no toys."

"We'll make our presents, mamma. Lots of the girls and boys do. I know what I can do for Hetty and the boys. And I know,—oh! but I won't tell!"

Clapping his hands upon his mouth, Felix, still unable to hold in the laugh which forced itself along with the host of charming new ideas with which his brain suddenly teemed, rushed away to his sisters.

A great rummaging in the garret followed. The little girls accepted with delight Felix's ideas on the subject of home-made Christmas gifts.

For the week following the cottage was a scene of lively industry. Scraps of silk, lace, and velvet, gum-bottles, paint-boxes, notions of various sorts, were to be found on every hand. Mysteries brooded everywhere. Consultations were held in corners, fingers meaningly laid on lips holding in a smile. The sudden entrance of any one into a room was sure to elicit exclamations of dismay, accompanied by a tumultuous gathering-up of scattered work. Little squeals and jumps would follow the opening of a drawer or the lifting of a lounge pillow.

In short, mother sometimes half wondered if a moneyless Christmas might not have its bright side.

Very near the blessed holiday Miss Pringle dropped in for one of her almost daily visits. Her entrance, as usual, created a small breeze of delight.

"O Miss Barby, just look here!"

"This way first, or some one might see."

"You wouldn't breathe a word!"—

"Mine's finished!"—

"You must come up to my room, and take a peep, Miss Barby."

Miss Barby, as on every day before, gazed and admired and counselled. She basted Hetty's silk patchwork, got the snarl out of Ruth's crochet work, and put some dainty touches to Felix's drawing, all the while being intrusted with the keeping of more secrets than she could ever have thought to tell, even had she been so disposed.

Between times casting looks at mother which mean —

"If only I dared!"

"You haven't heard the bad news yet, though, Miss Barby."

Hetty and Lill drew down their faces, and the twin boys each applied a fist to an eye.

"Bad news. Why, what?"

"Our kitty's gone."

"Dear—me!" The surprise and concern with which the exclamation came were fully satisfactory. "Why? How? When?"

"We haven't seen her since yesterday morning."

"I don't believe we'll ever again see her," said Felix.

"She must 'a' been stole," said one of the twins.

The two little girls gave affectionate sniffs.

"She was such a smart cat that everybody wanted her," said Felix.

Then followed stories, all of which Miss Barbara had heard many times before, all in proof of their cat's phenomenal smartness.

"She always sat on Felix's shoulder at lunch-time."

"But never expected to eat a bit, 'cause she knew it wasn't a cat's place to eat at the table."

"Used to mew at the window to get in, and then go to the door, 'cause she knew somebody'd go to let her in."

"And the way she whirled round when Felix tied a piece of paper to her tail!"

"But," said Lill, a little remorsefully, as all laughed at the remembrance, "I always did think that a little too bad. It used to make her so dizzy."

"Susan believes she's somewhere 'round yet," said Hetty, hopefully. "She puts a saucer of milk for her in the back porch, just as she always did; and she says sometimes it's gone."

"I don't believe it, though," said Lill, with a mournful shake of her head. "Why would she stay away from us if she was anywhere here?"

The atmosphere became so heavy that Miss Pringle sought to lighten it by some new suggestions in regard to the Christmas gifts, with the happy result of sending the small girls up to the garret to seek new supplies of silk scraps.

"What's the matter?"

Mother started to her feet a minute later. Cries and excited movements sounded in the garret, whether belonging with delight or distress could not be determined. The boys rushed up, followed by mother and Miss Pringle.

"Oh! oh! oh! She's found."

"The dear old cat!"—

"And kittens!"

If ever a cat was loaded with caresses and congratulations, it was this particular Maltese, who, now that her charming secret was discovered, made no objection to her treasures being examined and admired.

"Her Christmas present to us!"

"It would be enough if there wasn't to be another one."

Miss Barbara went home still discouraged. She had not seen any opportunity for the carrying out of her daring.

"And yet more than ever I believe that woman hasn't a cent."

It was really almost as she believed. Mother and Felix talked it over after the others had gone to bed, he holding one of her hands, as with the other she smoothed his hair, gazing up into her face with his soft, loving eyes full of wonder if ever before had lived anything so sweet, lovely, and altogether adorable as this little mother of his, one moment with a heart swelling with anger at those who might have made her way smoother and would not, the next softening and warming with the thought of how he, in years to come, would take delight in blessing her life with all which could serve to compensate her for present trials, never dreaming that in his thoughtful affection he was already bringing her richest compensation.

In the discussion on ways and means in which he shared with such pride he yielded with a little sigh to mother's decision.

"It must be one way or the other, my dearie. Either I must send you on the little journey to your uncle's or we must have a plain, every-day dinner for Christmas."

How very plain their every-day dinners had come to be!

"Not even a chicken?" he asked wistfully. "A little bit of a one?"

"Not unless you will go, my little man."

"Do you want me to, mother dearie?" he asked, patting her hands.

"No, I don't, dear boy."

"Then I won't." Felix said it doggedly.

"I'd rather have corned beef and potatoes every day of my life."

"You—don't hear anything lately from Mr. Marcus Wright, I suppose?"

Miss Barbara ventured the question on the occasion of her next visit to Mrs. Wright, it then being the afternoon of Christmas eve.

"No," said Mrs. Wright. "Except," she added, "that I have received a parcel containing gifts to the children. I'll show them to you if you like."

"It was all I could do to contain myself." So Miss Pringle afterward declared to her friend, Mrs. Marshall. "Do you think they took a loving thought of the widow and her children,—of trying to make the blessed season a time of rejoicing for them? Not they! Any one could tell what a swell, purse-proud set those things came from. A grand cut-glass and silver ink-stand for Felix, rich lace handkerchiefs for the little girls, and cuff-buttons for the twins. Not a thing that one of the darlings would care for, and their mother not able to buy them a toy. And, as for their Christmas fare,—well, I can't say."

But at the time Miss Barbara smothered her indignant feelings, and expressed due admiration for the costly gifts. Very soon,

however, her attention was claimed by the children, who came to her with an inconsolable wail.

"Kitty's gone again."

"Oh, but you may be sure she'll be found, as she was before."

"But the kittens are gone!"

"H'm! Well, I wouldn't mind that, either. Cats have a way of carrying off and hiding their kittens. They'll turn up again."

She comforted and cheered them to the point of turning their attention to the finishing touches to some of the Christmas gifts.

"I've done all mine except this little thread basket for mother," said Hetty, "and I haven't been able to find anything to line it. There was a bundle of soft silk pieces about, a few days ago; but I can't find them now."

"Didn't I see you putting them into the back hall closet?" asked Lill.

"Oh, so I did. One day when I thought mother was coming, and I was afraid she'd suspect. I'll get them. You can wait, can't you, Miss Barby? I won't be a minute."

It took longer, however, than the little lassie had anticipated to find the pieces. Mother had been "settling" the closet since her hasty throwing in of the bundle of silks. It was a large closet under the stairway, the lower shelves of which ran far back under the slope of the stairs, making them wide and commodious.

As Hetty felt about in the half light, her hand came upon a basket which had been placed there a year before. It was a work-basket, elaborately trimmed with silk and lace and well stocked with everything belonging with a work-basket in silver and finest steel. It had been one of the Christmas gifts to Lill.

"A work-basket, for a bit of a six-year-old!" had been Miss Pringle's silent comment. Mother had put the dainty thing away for future use.

"It must be behind this!"— Hetty gave the basket a jerk toward her. It was heavier than she had expected; and, as it balanced for a moment at the edge of the shelf and then toppled over, she gave a scream,—half of fright, half of amazement, which mingled with a rattle of the various small utensils which had fallen to the floor.

Other things had also fallen.

Hetty had started away on a run, but stopped suddenly.

Miss Pringle was the first to come at the sound of her cry.

"Well, if it isn't!"—

"Those kittens!" screamed Lill.

"Poor little kittens!" Hetty turned to gather them tenderly in her arms.

"Poor Aunt Dorothy's gift!" said mother, stooping over the fallen basket.

"O you naughty old cat, how you have abused it! Look, dears: it is all clawed and torn."

"Well, it's no use fretting over what can't be helped." Miss Pringle had joined the group, and was busy picking up the scattered articles. "Here they all are, just as good as ever; and the basket can be re-covered, when the cat's done with it. Here, Felix, carry them all up, and lay

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them on your mother's bed. Yes, that's all."

"Don't be stooping so, Miss Barby," said mother, in affectionate concern. "Your face is so flushed, and your hands positively trembling. Really, you'll have an attack of headache. Come and sit down."

"I can't wait another minute," said Miss Pringle, as she hurried away.

A few minutes later, as his mother was engaged in sorting the tangle of working implements and materials, Felix heard an excited call.

"My boy, come here! Look!"

Half in and half out of the needle-book was a folded bank-note. Felix drew it out and opened it.

"A fifty-dollar bill!"

"O poor, dear, old Aunt Dorothy," said mother, wiping her eyes. "I thought her gift such a useless one; and now see what a kindly thought she had of helping us! It has lain here all the year. And now I never can thank her."

At about the same time Miss Pringle sat alone in her little parlor, laughing like a girl.

"You did that well, Barbara Pringle. An 'attack,' dear little soul! Yes, not of headache, but of daring. Was ever a happier inspiration than came to me with one hand on that needle-book and in the other that bill that I'd made up my mind I *could not* bring home again, and Christmas so near? Yes, poor old Miss Dorothy, you are welcome to all the credit of it; and there isn't the slightest danger of any one ever knowing it was not you except myself and that blessed old cat."

For the Christian Register.

THE ECHOES OF A CHANCE REMARK.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

"Christmas?" said Mr. Selwyn at the breakfast-table. "Christmas is giving somebody something you know he doesn't want, in the hope that he will give you something that you do."

He was surprised at not receiving any remonstrance: he had expected an entertaining chorus of rebuke. But there were no reproaches. The Breakfast Table had its own plan for an effective reply. Suddenly Tommy suggested calmly:—

"I believe that is so, papa. If I worry you to death about it till Christmas time, I believe you'll give me that pony just to end the discussion."

"Thomas!" gasped Mr. Selwyn. "That is not—not exactly what I meant."

"But it is what you said, papa,—giving somebody what he doesn't like, so that he will give you something that you do."

No remonstrance which he had ever received had so stunned Mr. Selwyn as this sudden acquiescence on the part of his next-to-the-youngest.

"That—that was only intended for a joke, Thomas," was the only reply.

But the family took it very seriously. In the mail at his office the next morning Mr. Selwyn found the following letters:—

- I.
- My dear Husband,—I shall not want a box at the opera this winter.
- Your grateful wife,
MARGARET SELWYN.
- II.
- Dear Papa,—I shall not want the opera cloak I spoke of the other day, as mamma will not want the opera box.
- Your affectionate daughter,
HELEN.
- III.
- Dear Father,—Last year I told you that I didn't want a college education, as I thought you couldn't afford it.
- Your converted son,
ALBERT R. SELWYN.
- IV.
- Dear, kind Papa,—This is the list of things I don't want:—
- A grand piano.
- A picture of Meissonier's.
- A coupé.
- A new dress from Worth's.
- A sealskin sacque, trimmed with chin-chilla.
- A season ticket to the Philharmonics.
- Anything else you might give me I am sure I should want. So, to be consistent, you must make it one of these.
- With love,
SALLY.
- V.
- Dear Papa Santa Claus,—I used to tell you beforehand what I wanted for Christ-

mas; but mamma says that isn't the way they do now. The only things I don't want are the things I've got already. So please don't send me:—

Not any more jack-knives (at present).

Nor any more sleds.

Nor any more skates.

Nor any more books.

Most anything else will do. What I should like best would be a new bi— But mamma says that would be telling.

Very truly your friend,
ROBBIE MONTGOMERY SELWYN.

VI.

Dearest Papa,—I don't care for a new doll this Christmas; but Nellie Hartwell wants one dreadfully. So, if you should give me one, I could let Nellie play with it sometimes.

Your little girl,
MINNIE.

Mr. Selwyn groaned; but I have always heard that he met his obligations manfully.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Inquirer*, in referring to the death of Mr. Richard Bartram, says:—

It is chiefly to his initiative and sagacity that the excellent series of "Tracts for the Times," "Theological Essays," and other publications are due that have been issued in late years; and the wide-spread appreciation of many of these show that his efforts were wisely directed. He was a prime mover in the establishment of the "Essex Hall Pulpit," and was especially anxious that by its means the devotional side of our movement might be nourished. We know the scanty demand for that series was a trouble to him, but it must not be forgotten that this journal supplies a pretty copious store of this kind of literature. Mr. Bartram's acquaintance with the writings of many of our American brethren enabled him to give special help in selecting essays and other material for republication on this side of the Atlantic.

Charities and Reforms.

The forty-sixth annual report of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute maintains the hopeful, earnest tone of previous reports. 232 children have been under care during the year, of whom 207 have been sent to places and returned to parents or friends, leaving 25 now in the home. The report includes the speeches of Rev. Albert Walkley, Rev. Albert Lazenby, Rev. E. I. Galvin, and Rev. Samuel M. Crothers at the annual meeting.

The forty-eighth annual report of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-minded at Waltham shows that there are now 423 inmates of the school. The usual annual increase in numbers and the general development of the institution was checked last year by the general financial depression, but within the old numbers the results have been as gratifying as in any previous year. The trustees urge the necessity of stricter classification and the need of a new building for women.

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O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The recent death of Octavius Brooks Frothingham recalls to me some incidents in connection with his preaching in New York City, which possibly may not be without interest to the readers of the *Christian Register*.

I notice in one article on him a statement to the effect that he probably felt discouraged and disappointed over the apparent results of his work in New York; and, though it is too late for him to know it, I wish to give some publicity to what I happen to know of his influence upon myself while I was attending Columbia College Law School in that city. I had thought myself beyond the Orthodoxy in which I was reared, and used frequently to go to the Masonic Temple to be charmed by the oratory and the air of complete religious freedom of Mr. Frothingham. He was, I think, the first liberal religious preacher I had ever heard; and it was invigorating to me to find so many of my own solitary musings indorsed, confirmed, and amplified by a religious thinker of his power. As I listened to his eloquence, I used to think that what he was doing, standing Sunday by Sunday and liberating the minds of men from depressing superstition, was the charming thing in the world which I could wish I had the power to do. But I recognized that to do it, to stand "Independent," as the signboard displayed each Sunday morning on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street read, required a force and power and oratory beyond me, and possibly beyond even him, had he not been able to make first a reputation in connection with some organized church body,—a thing which I then felt I could not conscientiously do.

I never made the acquaintance of Mr. Frothingham, deterred therefrom by my diffidence, re-enforced by stories of his coldness and want of personal interest in others,—stories which the orthodox, fearful of his influence, did not spare to spread. I have always since regretted that I did not risk the possible repulse; and, had I done so, I might have been saved some years of doubt and unrest perhaps.

What I write this for, however, is to pay my little tribute to his influence for good, and to suggest the reflection that there may have been other silent young men in those Masonic Temple audiences, and men and women not so young, whose currents of life may have been altered, and whose subsequent lives may even now be spreading the influence there given, even if no credit is known to belong to that fearless preacher of righteousness to that "Independent" congregation in Masonic Temple.

I remember that on one occasion, after returning from hearing Mr. Frothingham preach, I was asked what he had talked about; and, starting in to give an idea of the discourse, I surprised myself by going through all the outlines of it from start to finish in the order given,—a thing I had never been able to do of any other preacher I had ever listened to. Rarely ever was he tempted into any branches of his subject, however alluring; and, when he did so leave the main thought, he apologized for the digression, and soon returned. In general, he kept to the main trunk, from very roots to topmost twig of it; and I have often run ahead of his words in my mind, and anticipated the points to which he had not yet come in his discourse, but to which he did come in due time.

One more reminiscence will show his singular convincing power. A young man from the same Western city as myself was in attendance upon the Union Theological Seminary in New York. I had been with him on two or three Sundays to hear various orthodox preachers of note; and one Sunday I said to him, "Now I have been to hear your favorite preachers, come with me once to hear mine." Put upon this ground, he could not well refuse, though he did demur some; and I took him to the Masonic Temple. On that particular day Mr. Frothingham went into an analysis of the orthodox Christian as found in our society. He pictured him with all his merits and all his limitations,—the average unthinking believer, the man of business and affairs, of few books, including the Bible and excluding Darwin,—all without malice, perfectly fair, but cutting in its implications. My friend sat leaning forward in his seat, his eyes riveted upon the speaker from opening sentence to closing word.

The service closed: we passed out and down Sixth Avenue. I resolved not to be the first to break silence. We walked nearly a block with no word between us. Then my friend broke out impetuously, "Well, H., if the Lord will forgive me for going to hear that man to-day, I'll never go to hear him again as long as I live!"

H. T. R.

REV. OBED ELDRIDGE.

By the death of this pastor of the Unitarian church of West Dedham, our ministry has lost one of its most consecrated and faithful members. Educated in the public schools of East Wareham, Mass., he began his active life as a mechanic. Although he had not the privilege of academic or divinity school training, he aspired to the work of the ministry; and, while supporting himself and a rapidly increasing family at his daily work, he devoted his spare time to the cultivation of his mind. He was possessed of rare moral and spiritual qualities; and these, together with his habit of mental industry, made him a good student and a good worker in the sphere of church activity. The world was his university, and he was a devoted student of all that ennoble human life. He became well read, and attained great facility in the use of strong, pure English. Gradually, in Fairhaven, Mass., and elsewhere, he became accustomed to taking part in church services.

His relatives say that from the age of five years he was always "preaching," and it was with great joy that he entered upon the work of the Christian ministry when in his forty-third year.

In 1881 he was ordained in Dighton, Mass. Later he had a term of service in Northboro. In connection with his pastorate at West Dedham he preached at the First Parish Church in Dover, Mass.

In all of these places he has left a strong influence for good. He loved to work for the young, and drew out their hearty respect, and led them to heights of character. He was deeply interested in social questions, being active in temperance work. A wish has been publicly expressed that the lecture which he recently gave at the Library Building in West Dedham might be printed for distribution. He was of a social disposition, and was a member of several fraternal bodies.

Kind-hearted and sincere in his friendship, he was much beloved by all who knew him. His work was by no means limited to the sphere of his own parish, but was freely given in behalf of all good causes.

In his own family is an object-lesson of what he tried to do for his young people in the various parishes to which he ministered. He leaves a widow, five sons, and a daughter,—a family in which the highest principles of Christian character have ruled with the noblest results.

There was a very large gathering at his funeral at the church in West Dedham. Representatives of all his parishes were present, as were prominent people from all denominations in town.

No better example than his is needed to prove how much a man may do to overcome the obstacles to the fulfilment of a noble ambition, and to enter upon such work as shall make him a true minister of God to men.

A. M.

Some harps have been discovered in Egyptian tombs. It is said that the strings in several instances were intact, and gave forth distinct sounds after a silence of three thousand years.



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Sammy: "Who is the father of his country?" Jimmie: "George Washington." Sammy: "Correct. Who is his uncle?" Jimmie: "Why, I don't know." Sammy: "Uncle Sam."—*Harper's Round Table*.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, was applied to by a stranger for his autograph before the collecting mania was so fully developed as now. He replied by letter: "Sir, I never send autographs. Yours, Daniel O'Connell."—*Exchange*.

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"Laura writes from home that she has bought a wheel," said Mrs. Figg to the aunt with whom she is spending the summer. "I am glad to hear that the old fashion is coming in again," said the old lady. "I allow I'll have to come up and teach her how to spin."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

A little girl who is accustomed to the plainest style of living was taken by her mother to dine with a rich friend lately. On her returning to her humble home, she called out to her sister, in an ecstasy of triumph and delight, "O Polly, we had four dinners, all one after another!"—*American*.

"Seems to me," remarked Wilbur, as he thought about certain things, "that, if they have an insect called a bee and a bird called a jay, there ought to be things named after the other letters in the alphabet. For instance, a Q would make a splendid animal, because it has a tail to start with."—*Harper's Young People*.

An old woman walked into a bank in Inverness, threw down her deposit-book, and said she wished to draw all her money. Having got it, she retired to a corner of the room and counted it. She then marched up to the teller, and exclaimed: "Ay, that'll do, ma man; jist pit it back again. I only wanted to see if it was a' richt."—*Dundee News*.

Brown (expert shorthand reporter): "I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?" James (a novice): "All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is." Brown: "Oh, just put in 'Great applause,' and let it go." James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading: "'Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer.' [Great applause.]"—*American*.

The following story of bucolic ignorance is told in Mr. Perry Fitzgerald's newly published biography of Sir Henry Irving (Chatto & Windus). Once, when visiting Stratford-on-Avon with Toole, Mr. Irving saw a rustic sitting on a fence, whom they submitted to an interrogatory. "That's Shakspeare's house, isn't it?" it was asked innocently. "Ees." "Ever been there?" "Noa." "How long has he been dead?" "Dunno." "What did he do?" "Dunno." "Did he write?" "Oh, yes, he did, summat." "What was it?" "Well, I thing he writ Boible."—*New York Observer*.

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Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over-well pleased tone, said:—

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